

when you get to the end, you can't just turn it and go. You have to turn it, and after you get it back over there, and they kind of turn it so the same sides would be alike. It's funny how that's weaved. I made one here one time, at the Indian Fair, I think it was. We had some kind of exhibit work from each tribe, and we had ...I made that kind. Anyway, and they kept weaving it across, across. And they be about ten, twelve foot long, them pumpkins, you know. And they take that, now, and they put it out in the sun, for days. I don't know how long, I never did figure that part. Say, about two or three weeks anyway. And maybe a month, they put it out. They don't dare to put it away, not quite dry.

When night comes, you don't dare put it out in the damp. Mother would take it, and she would fold it...fold two up, and raise it up and make it all in one, and it'd be a block. She'd fold it up so it could be stuck in a sack, you know. After it's dry. Every day she'd put it out like that. It's wonderful, how they used to do. I watched my mother. I got a picture of her somewhere...she got an old, tall pumpkin, kind of on her knees when she peeled them. We had her picture taken.

(Did the pumpkin ever get brittle?)

It never did, because it's completely dry...so it never spoil. Oh, brittle, yea. When we get down to where the necks of the pumpkin, we slice them up, and we dry them. Like we used to dry peaches. Oh, I tell my grandchildren, we had a big orchard of peaches. We never did know how to can. My grandmother used to say, you kids bring the peaches. How lazy we were at times, too. We'd rather play, go swimming. Have to go out. She'd peel...cut those...Elbertas, great big ones. They were the prettiest. And she'd dry those. Now she used to have big sackful, and in winter time, any kind we want fruit, look like, she'd cook those dry peaches. We'd cook them, mother. But them pumpkin, like you said, when we run out of...these pumpkin necks...after we run out of those, we use them first. When I was telling you, I didn't finish. You remember, I was saying, she used to pick out the sweet ones, like. She lay them to one side until they get soft like, when they get withered up, they get soft,