

as long. For instance, the Nuegins have been satisfied with their water supply and pump for over fifty years. Not too long ago, here comes one by name of Crawford trying to get them to put in an electric pump. They did not want an electric pump, but that did not satisfy this man Crawford, so he brought a man from the Indian Agent. This made matters worse, and she told them they were "dog heads". This old Cherokee couple still preserves some of the old ways. They dry corn in the summer, make corn meal, dry pumpkins and fruits on the shed roof. Recipes of Indian foods of long ago are still on their menu. She tells of the old days when they looked forward to "fish killing days". Many Indians would gather at designated places on the river to catch and gig fish. Drying and smoke racks would be built on the river bank where the fish would be smoked and barbequed and preserved for future use. She remembers one time her mother made a sack of fish meal which was used in soup and cornbread and was a favorite dish with the children. Dried soft shell turtle and roasted crawfish was another good Indian food. She recalls the times when the Indians would go out before daylight and gather locusts, which were roasted and fried. At mushroom time she recalls that knowledge of the things of nature, the woods and streams mystifies the whiteman. The whiteman does not understand how the Indian can go into the woods and among the hundred different kinds of mushrooms and lichens, he can select the few edible ones from the poisonous growths, the edible tubers and roots, and the herbs and barks for teas. To preserve dried corn and beans the Indians used to put a little bag of cured homegrown tobacco in the storage sacks to keep bugs and weevils out. At this time of the year the Indians find a bountiful harvest awaiting them in the woods, and they mention that it will not be long before they can go gather the 'oo-sque-ta' (may apple).

When Buck was a young man his father taught him the art of making