

Hilubbi (?)--Hanna I guess. That's what we call it now. And we have to go to church, a-foot, sometimes. We had wagon and team, but still, sometimes, daddy wouldn't take us--he'd take us but he wouldn't be home. And so we travelled that way on foot and come back. And we used to have little patch of corn, you know, maybe four or five acres. And he'd raise the corn. I mean a lot of it too. And he'd sell corn. And he had a little patch of cotton. We used to work out there. And so we made our living pretty good. But there's lots to it but I just don't know hardly how to tell you.

(Did you all pick cotton?)

Yeah. We picked cotton. Gathered corn and chopped cotton, you know.

(Yeah.)

We made hominy, sofky, blue dumplings and all such stuff as that Indian food.

(Echgo?)

Echgo. Yeah.

(How did you all make Echgo?)

Oh we dried it, boiled it.

(Did you boil it?)

Uh-huh, boiled it and dried it. And we canned a little berries but I had to have to have a great big old pot you know. And I put my glasses in there, fill it up and put in there and boil it. There's one man wanted me to fix him some berries like that you know. So I come out pretty good.

(Oh.)

Like that you know. We used to work different places. When we went to Weogufche (?), we were small and Wash Proctor used to take us off the horses you know-- We stayed at school all day and we came back home.

(Oh. You mean they taught school in those Indian churches?)

Uh-huh. Yeah.

(Oh-h-h.)