

Seem like they don't that anymore. You go around these church camps. You see they have those little old iron pots sitting around cooking, you know. And maybe some of them beating corn you know. And making that sofky. I've beaten many a buckets of corn. I know me and my sister and mother used to, three of us beat one time.

We could beat a bucket full in no time.

(What did you say you call that (speaks Creek?)

Uh-hum pestle. (speaks Creek) is a mortor.

(Mortor.)

What we called it. I guess that was right.

(Some of them women don't know it, you know)

OH.

(And I think you're about the first one that gave a name for it.)

Well. I must be pretty old then.

(No, they just probably don't know how to say it in English. I don't know it either.)

(Speaks Creek.) You know just a small one to show my grandchildren.

(Yeah. That'd be nice. I know my grandma used to have one but I just wonder what ever become of it.)

Well I've used it. I've beat corn on it.

(My great-grandma.)

That's your mother's mother.

(I call her mama and my mother's mother. I called her grandma.)

Oh I see. Well.

(They said my mother's mother was Nancy and I call her mama. And I call my mother her own name.)

Oh, I didn't know that. ((laughter.))