

up a big log and build a fire at the entrance, day and night, and they was going to starve us out. It got so bad and we got so hungry before that horse stink too bad we had to cut off meat and had to eat some of that dead horse meat, raw," he said, "In order to live. Got pretty desperate towards the last. We had to just get out or die. Die inside or get out. And we just made a race. And two of us got killed there--shot--and the rest of us got away, in the dark. They shot at us but they didn't get all of us. We got away. That's the way we made our getaway."

STORY OF GOOKOTAI COOKING RICE

He lived a long time. I'll give you some of it (his history). He lived over here about five miles from the Mears Post Office, over here by Mt. Sheridan in the Wichita Mountains. They lived there on the creek there. I'll tell you some of his life story he told me about that was funny. He said, they used to, in the early days, when the Indians go down and get rations at Anadarko. It's not necessary that the whole family goes. He said "One day I just sent my wife along, folks go get the rations, and I stayed home. And I start to cook, myself. And I didn't know what to cook.

And I found some rice. When we got rations them days we don't have too much of everything, to cook. I found some rice and I didn't know how to cook rice, so I did see my wife boil it, but how much to put in, I don't know. So I took a pretty good sized pot and fill it half full of water and I put about a gallon or two or dry rice. I thought I could eat a gallon myself and I didn't know they'd swell up, so I just put a couple of gallons in that pot and boil it. And it got to boiling over and I put it in another pot, half of it. Put water in there and both of them got to boiling and I put them in another pot, and it all got to boiling, and they got large and kept boiling over. And I ran out of pots! So I learn how to cook rice!"