

like, when you get through with the white corn, the next row blue. Don't try. Don't plant any. They mix up.

(What about the red, speckled and yellow corn?)

Red corn. We all had them. We had to plant them separate.

(Did you plant all of these types every year?)

Well, they did. They didn't want to lose anything. Maybe they plant some over here, like I am, and some over there, and maybe some way off. I tell you, they was smart. They never wasted a thing. Now I always say, I tell my grandchildren...these are my great-grandchildren...I tell my grandchildren, now maybe some day or some time, I hope that comes to pass before I die.... these mountains here, grandma used to say and grandpa, that whenever we go off...maybe Wichita, Kansas or Wichita Falls, they had great big caves that they had made...you know. How they made it I don't know. Lord knows, and I don't. Said when we go away we used to store our things in there, put the crops in there. No one ever knowed there was a cave there, but they knew. I don't know how they marked them...I never did get that. And then says when we come back again, in wintertime, them things would be just as nice, no dampness or nothing.

I said, no telling there might be some caves there and some things buried in there yet. Cause there's so much of that. (You mean, they put in food and clothing?)

Food mostly, like corn. Of course, they'd shell the corn and of course they used to make, you like, like them rawhides, you know. They sew them some way together, and they put stuff in there and put them away. Corn and pumpkins. My people used to weave pumpkins. I guess some one told you about that. I can make it yet.

(What's the Wichita word for corn?)

daesh

(What did you call white corn?)

daesh ka?c

(How about blue corn?)

Well they don't call it blue, they call it black. daesh gad?is

(And red corn?)

Now I don't know what it means, they don't call it red like we