

I just happened to think. Now, I don't know what kind of corn and where they got that corn. My mother used to make them. It was something like this here sweet corn, you know, the yellow corn?

(Yeah.)

But these were red. They were all wrinklish (?) looking like the sweet corn-- sweet corn that we plant, but they were red.

(Uh-huh)

And she used to poached that. Nowadays, I'd stick it--put it in the pan and stick it in the oven until they swell and get all puffed up. And I wished I had some now. Well, since I'm diabetic, maybe, I couldn't eat much of it. They grind that and sift it and put it in a bowl, put sugar in it, sweeten it up. And we used to--oh, I used to love it.

(Just eat it straight?)

Yes. Spoon and put it in my mouth.

(But that wasn't corn that you grew?)

We grew it.

(Oh, you did grow it?)

Uh-huh. We--we--we planted it. They used to call it Tha sha se. That means "wrinkled corn", something old wrinkled.

(Will you say that again?)

(Wichita Indian word) Oh, I used to love that. Sometimes, mother would take a little grease. Now, that would be that tallow melted and then kind of dampish it. And some would use a little water and they dampen that and they can eat it better, you know than dry.

(Wichita Indian word.)

(Wichita Indian word), that--that cornmeal, but the corn (Wichita Indian word), and when you mix that cornmeal, you say it (Wichita Indian word).

(Wichita Indian Phrase), it's a flour like.