

over, turn it over again and just over and over and over and over. And when she got done drying it, she'd take a piece of it, and it's ready to put away. Then she'd have some rawhide bags, I'd say they was about 3 foot wide and maybe about five or six foot long, rawhide bags, and they was about two foot high you know. She'd put meat in there, she'd put this jerked meat in there put fat on them meat, then meat, like that, then she'd lace that thing and put it away. And I never saw that thing spoil. Never. And I seen that..one time well, it was just later years, I think in was 1926, I went up in the attic..I had a mainspring, I broke the mainspring on my car, so I had one up there, I climbed up there, I seen them bags lying there. I just wondered what the world them things doing up here? I kicked one, I wanted to kick it out of the road, and I couldn't kick it out of the sight. I picked it up and it was heavy. And to my surprise I just took one of them and I throwed it on the floor, and grandma thought he must have fall and came running in there. I said, "No, I'm up here." She just laughed and said, "you know, I forgot about that thing." They been up maybe about two years, and that meat wasn't spoiled at all. In rawhide bag. That's why I been telling..that was their way of preserving their eats. They done that with everything like with fruit, these plums and grapes, wild fruit, and that was the only sugar our people had..fruit for sweetness. Sugar from the fruit.

(How did they prepare these fruits?)

Well, they just dried. That was the only way. They couldn't put it in no cans. No jars. Cause they couldn't move it, cause they was all the time on the move. See, when they drifted from Minnesota, I told you this the last time you was here, they came to Dakotas, they came to a bunch of Indians there and the Cheyennes was there already in Dakotas. And the