

Katherine: (I never knew that...)

Fern: And they mix - what is it Esther? How do you make it? Esther, how do you make the squaw bread?

Esther: You could use somethin' like that. My idea of squaw bread is that you take the corn and skin it, pound it, and put scaldin' water over it and scald it, or the beans...

Fern: You are right. That's squaw bread.

Fred: Now they could call that squaw bread, yeah.

Esther: And put that in that dutch oven and pat it all down and put the coals all under it and on top of it and bake it. That's what I call squaw bread.

Fern: Tell them how you make the fried bread, Esther.

Esther: Well, so many of 'em uses milk and all that stuff, but I don't use milk. I just take my flour and salt and bakin' powder and water, stir it all up, and fry it. And work it hard and then fry it. Yeah, break it off - I don't even use no rollin' pin, nuthin' - I just break me off a biscuit and get it real thin like I need it and drop it in that grease.

Fern: Boy, it puffs up 'bout that thick. Pat it on your leg? (laughter) Well, that's truth. They said the women used to pat it on their legs.

Fred: Yeah. I told a school teacher that one time, that was 'fore she married my brother, you know (laughter). I don't know how come me to ever say it. I said, "Well," I said, "Well, Grandma told me they way they used to do, you know, they'd spread it on their finger tips, swap it back and forth ya'see, and then they'd pull their dress up and put it on their leg and pat it on their leg. (laughter) She got a biggest kick out of it, I'll guarantee. It embarrassed her.

Esther: When I bake that bread down there, I just do it this way until I get it to fit this, and I put it down there and turn it over. (Everyone talking at one time here)

Fred: After this school teacher and my brother got married, why then they got a big kick outta that. It was pretty good.

Katherine: (Well, I think there's an art in making it.)

Fred: My grandma told me that's the way they used to do.

Esther: I'm baking lightbread.

Woman in background; your bread is full. Do you want me to work it down or will you?

Esther: I go in a minute.

LOSE INDIAN LANGUAGE AT GOVERNMENT SCHOOL

Fred: Well, they finally made a white man outta me when they shipped me off to school, you see. But I did save my language. I managed to hang onto it. I lost a lot of it though. A lot of it I can't think of. All of that I shore can't. Now people ask me stuff, y'know. I been awful lucky. Now Nora, she'll come up here, she'll asks me about somethin' and I been fortunate enough to