

was wrong, you know. Well, I come to the last--I look in that some of that tobacco they made at Pawnee, you know.

(Mmmm-hmmm.)

Out there one day, I'm going to smoke it, you know.

(Yeah, yeah.)

I didn't have no pipe, but I'm going to smoke a cigarette.

(Mmmm-hmmm.)

I look in there. I feel that. Tobacco was coarse, thick coarse. But we always try to get it where, you know, kind of grind it up. Fix it some way--thick--stick in the pipe.

(Yeah.)

So, well, this man I was in the hospital with. Well, he--he was the one.

He owned the pipe we use, you know. Gosh, it's smoking a little bit, you know, but it go out. It couldn't--he and I couldn't get it through the stem.

(Yeah.)

Well, this man--well, he's my cousin, you know. He come there. He told me, "There must be something wrong." I told him, "No, there ain't nothing wrong." I can't care the way we smoke. We--we was sucking for, you know, smoke. Even if it just--if it just burn just a little, it's all right.

(Yeah.)

Just so I get the tobacco round.

(Yeah.)

But they try to light it. It wouldn't do it.

(Yeah, yeah.)

Well, I looked at that tobacco, you know. Well, I kind of, you know (not clear). Well, I know it's crumbly, you know.