TOBACCO AS MEDICINE

(Did they take him to the hospital or what?)

I don't remember where--yeah, they have to. We don't have no Indian doctor, of course they got their own medicine--chewin' tobacco. That's their medicine, yes. Chewin' tobacco. It's really good.

(You mean on cuts?)

Yeah on cuts. Yeah, that's good. That's what I had on this finger here. I really cut it bad. But I think it's well now. Yeah, that's a good medicine. That's what they use. That's probably what daddy put on him, I don't know. Probably he chewed tobacco.

(Twist type?)

No, it's one of these cakes. That kind. He use to chew. But he use to smoke that twist, Granger twist, that's the kind daddy use to smoke.

(In a pipe?)

Uh-huh. He be looking for his pipe and he be carrying it in his mouth.

(Now, was it a white man kind of pipe or was it--?)

Uh-huh. Yeah, white man pipe. Yeah, everything was white people's stuff when I knew it. No more Indian.

DRESS AND FACE PAINT

(Didn't they wear Indian clothes?)

Yeah. They wear these kind of clothes, since I know. (referring to her "squaw dress".) I don't know what they used to wear. Since I know, they wear these rags! They don't wear no breech cloth or leggings. So I don't know how they were dressed before. I often wondered, how did they dress? They probably had buckskins.

(Uh huh, they probably did. What about moccasins? Did your mother ever wear moccasins?)

Oh yes. They wore moccasins and my daddy wore buckskin leggins' once in a while.