

(What?)

We just liked it.

(They built the log cabin themselves?)

Uh-huh. Yeah, it was real nice. Had a big fireplace. And my mother's father was a full blood Miami Indian.

(What was his name?)

Now, what'd I say his name was?

Man's voice: John Brewry.

Brewry. You heard that over Rosie's. Brewery.

(Huh-uh. She didn't tell us about that.)

We missed that. Well he was John Brewry and my mother, he was a full-blood Indian-- Well you know how Indians used to live, they lived on whiskey and a pipe.

(A clay pipe or a corn cob pipe?)

No, he had these big long ones.

Man's voice: Tell about you used to smoke a pipe.

Yes, I smoked a clay pipe.

(Your father taught you to smoke?)

Why no, I taught myself. (Laughter) I had a tooth ache and mama give me a pipe. Had me smoke well, then I got in the habit of it till I smoked all time. They called it an old, it wasn't an old piece pipe they smoked back in those days. Yes. They called the pipe, peace.

(Conversation.)

Well I can't understand. My mother was a , my grandmother was a full blood Indian and my mother, my grandmother was 3/4's Indian. Make me one-half, wouldn't it? It makes me one half. And then here I am. I ain't hardly any.

Man's voice: You stuck your finger some time and let it all run out.

Yeah it run out. That's something my getting old, getting old.