

They had what they call poke potatoes. That was a potato, but the name was poke root potato.

(Poke root potato; what was it like?)

Oh, something similar to a sweet potato when you first take it out of the ground before the skin has got dark, kind of a cream color. They are about that long and about that big around. They are nice. All they have to cook on is a fireplace. Mama said she cooked on a fireplace when she was about six years old.

(Well.)

Well, they didn't grow anything but punkins, and the root potatoes and beans and they had pork, that was about all they had to live on.

(Was that poke root potato--was that a native to that part of the country?)

Well, I suppose it was, but I think they said it came from Canada.

(Yeah. But you've never seen it down this far south?)

I ain't seen it since we left Indiana, long years ago. But I saw it growing there. (much static on tape) 'Course there's so many things that we never thought of using.

(Oh yes. There's so many things.)

Oh. Yes.

(The Miamis never did use a wigwam or Indian tents?)

Oh yes. Yes they did.

(I had often wondered if they did.)

Right along the rivers.

(Yes. Along the rivers.)

I said to them--I said, "Why shoot--they ain't full-blooded Indians anymore. Because they are all different." I said, "If there are, they've got the ways of the white people till the Indians ways are just crowded out, and they don't have Indian ways anymore." They never had stoves and everything to look after the fire like we have today and could go and buy like we have now. Mama said her first stove she could remember, was