

They used to all go, these that always sweat. And they couldn't get anybody--there wasn't nobody to--"You must watch the door." And "When they tell you to throw it up, you must always throw it up," she said. "All right," I said. Well, I throw it up twice. And this second time I shut it back, you know. They were singing in there and doctoring in there. I just felt sleepy. And our tent was just a little ways. I got up. I went. "Come here," I told my boy--my third boy, Hannibal--Rosie, then Lewis and Hannibal. "Come here," I told him. "What for?" he said. "Lay down," I told him. He was about two years old. He laid down and instead of him going to sleep, I guess I went to sleep. And I guess they kept hollering, "Throw the door up! Throw the door up!" Here nobody was there! Rosie, she come running. She said, "Mama, Mama!" "Oh, my goodness!" I went over there and here one of them old men--I guess they went out--he was just red! He was throwing the door! I sure blamed my boy.

(Have you ever been in a sweat lodge yourself?)

Huh-uh--no!

(How come?)

I don't know--too hot! And I told my mother-in-law, I said, "This boy wanted to sleep and I brought him over here and I guess I went to sleep. Here he didn't even call me. I come over there myself.

(Why would they go in--was there some reason?)

You know when a person is sick or something, they used to go in there and sweat, and they say wherever that pain was, it used to be gone. They used to use medicine in there. They used to doctor in there. They used to doctor themselves. I don't know--I wouldn't know how they do that inside, but I know they used to put water on them rocks and make the