

it as a cough syrup or something. That's all he remembers. As he got older and started going in to these peyote meetings, everyone tells me that he is the only one that's ever eaten that many.

Bert: Yeah, I ate two hundred and twenty-eight--that tops my record.

Trina: And he's got pretty songs! He's got four songs that he sings, and you can't even tell if it's one or two, but there are four-- And there's a lot of them that was trying to catch his songs. He was really a good song maker.

(End of Side A. Beginning of Side B. Side B about fifteen minutes long)

(What were the names of the men that ran meetings when you first started to attend?)

Bert: Oh, I couldn't tell you. I wouldn't know anything.

Trina: Can you remember one?

Bert: Well, I remember my daddy. He's wdlti

(Did your Dad conduct meetings?)

Bert: Um-hum.

(I hear you're a pretty good singer)

Trina: I want for you to sing her one of your peyote songs. Where's your drum?

(They get a small hand drum, and he takes his drumstick and sings a peyote song, accompanying himself on the drum with a rapid beat. Then he sings another one--one of the opening songs.)

Bert: No, I didn't make the songs myself. Different fellows make the songs.

Trina: Sing one of your songs--those pretty songs, you made, you better sing one so we'll have it.