

forget it, just like aspirin.

(What, this root or the peyote?)

Jenny: The peyote--let's you have good feeling.

(It does?)

Jenny: uh-huh. ,

(You know, I've got some green peyote and it's not doing too well.)

Cecil: Here's another one.

Jenny: Did you dry it?

(No, it's growing. I've got it in a pot.

Jenny: We had some planted. Oh, they came up good and they bloom flowers. And he went and sold them. There was about three or four plants in a big outfit, in a big bowl.

Cecil: Now, if I give you some of then, then you show (unclear) some of them.

Jenny: (unclear)

Cecil: (speaks Kiowa) Hammer boys.

Jenny: Hammer boys.

Cecil: Hammer boys. They'll ask you where you got it. They say "Well, Cecil Horse give it to me." They get mad.

(But why?)

Cecil: Well, they don't want nobody be talking about it. They don't want nobody to break. They use that for ceremony. They use it today yet. And every time you see a tipi--drums--that's what they're doing. They eating that peyote that came from Mexico. It don't grow here in Oklahoma, or any part of United States. It grow--and I dry this myself. See, I got it. It's just like you take a peach, dry it. You gotta dry peaches and apples or any fruit. Well, that's dry. But when you chew it and get it damp