

go work on kinda like this marijuana. Works on this school kids now, you know. Makes them kinda crazy, you know. And then, they go in these round sweat houses, you know, and they'd sweat out, you know. Lots of heat, built fires around.

(That's one of them peyote meetings, they always went to sweat first, you know.)

Huh?

(They used to go in that sweat house before they went to the church.)

Yeah.

(And put them rocks and put that water on there, you know.)

Yeah, /laughter/ I never did know how they do it. But I know down there at the Claremore Camp, they come out of there kinda crazy, sweating all over, and jump in that (interruption) on top of the skin. Damn skin I ever saw. Jump in there, and I'd wonder why in the hell it didn't kill them, but they didn't do it. They'd probably makes sense to them because it didn't to me. They'd-- they'd have these--they didn't have a dance. They have a meeting, you know. They'd have these meetings, and one going on all the time at some camp. One time, up here close to Barnsdall, it was known as Big Heart then. And we was camped down there by Indian camp on Bird Creek. And my daddy, he was kind of a doctor of sorts-- sold medicine all the time on the road, you know. Take a wagon, make up his own medicine himself, chill tonics and linaments and such as that. They used to have lots of chills through this country. And he made up some good chill tonic, too, and good linament /laughter/. At the Big Heart's camp, why, Big Jim Big-Heart, he was chief of the Osages. And so, Jim's mother--they felt she died there, you know. And they all gathered around and mourning in prayer, you know. And my dad went up there, heard them mourning. And he went over and felt her pulse. He says, "Listen, this woman's not dead."