

twine and hang them up.

(Then if you're going to grind them up, how do you do it?)

Well, they have these little things that have a lot of holes in them, you know.

(A grater?)

Yeah. Then you just work that thing and all that falls in there.

(Then, like if you're going to fix some medicine for your leg, would you just grate as much as you need at one time or would you grate the whole thing?)

Not the whole thing. Well, we could grate the whole thing and put it, like--

I have to show you my secret. (Gets into her trunk and comes up with two little buckskin sacks tied up.) Put it in a sack like this and tie it up like this. This is paint.

FACE PAINTING CEREMONY TO END PERIOD OF MOURNING

(It's a little busckkin sack, isn't it?)

Yeah.

(Where did you get this?)

I hate to tell you. (pause) I'm going to tell you. You know, these Indians had what they used to call priests, that used to run Sun Dance. His name was Plenty-of-Bear. And when anybody have bad luck, you know, like people dies, and if they want to go back and have good time, they call on the person that's got this kind and they paint them. Paint on their faces, like that. And I don't know--they seen fit that I ought to be the one that take care of it. And they had dinner and they kept calling me and I was cooking. They kept saying, "You're wanted over there." And I told them, "What for?" (She opens the sack and shows me the finely ground red pigment and then a lump of something.) This is fat. So I guess they talked to my husband. He came. "Come on," he said. "You're going over there. They going to give you something." "What they going give me?" He didn't tell