

(MARY BRINGS IN HER MEDICINES IN A BROWN TRAVEL CASE. THEY ARE BUNCHED INDIVIDUALLY IN BITS OF RAGS TIED WITH STRING AND STRIPS OR CLOTH. THE FOLLOWING IS CONVERSATION AS SHE UNWRAPS EACH OF HER MEDICINES AND WE TALK ABOUT THEM. SHE IS SPEAKING VERY LOW AT THIS POINT BECAUSE SHE DOES NOT WISH HER HUSBAND TO HEAR HER BECAUSE HE IS AGAINST THE IDEA OF HER SHOWING ME HER MEDICINES.)

It's just all tied up where I pick it--pick them up.

(Is that the feather that you use there?) (I'm indicating an eagle feather in her medicine box)

Go put this on the dresser, go on, it's poison. (directed to her grandson) I don't want him to touch my things--always say it's poison. It stinks. It stinks. Here is some of that sweet sage. Smell it.

(That really is. That's sweet sage?)

That come from New Mexico.

(What is that sweet sage called in Comanche?)

Baho, Bah ho.

(What do you use that for?)

You chew that and doctor with it. Just take a little piece of it. Let's see, what is this, oh, this is that one. The one we dig out over there the other day.

I (Bay kwee not sue)

That's what it is. See how fine you could pound it.

(Just like powder.)

Make tea out of it. Give it to sick people.

(What does that do?)

Makes them get well. Stop their stomach ache. Make them get well.

That's the one we dig over there, you know, at the church. Oh, this is some cedar. This cedar is that one with red berries. Smell it.