

a sack. . . peyote field, and I flattened it and tied it outside my suitcase but that sage--a man came to my house about a year after that. He said, "There's a meeting at Calumet. This Eleanor Smith and her husband's gonna be at that meeting--Calumet Cheyennes. He came to my house at Watonga. He was a cousin of mine. And he couldn't talk above a whisper--he had a bad cold. I said, "John how you gonna go--?" "Oh," he said, "I'm gonna just have to sit there and listen. I guess I can't sing--my throat!" He said, "I was thinking of how come you're home here and we could tie a drum up and practice singing tonight, but I can't sing," he said. Well, I said, "I tell you what I'll do. I got some sages in the house that I got in Texas when I was cutting peyote. They got same effect as mentholatum has," I said. "They might help you. I know it opened my nose up--my nostrils." "Say, go get it," he said, "Have you got a drum?" "Yeah," I told him, "Yeah, I got drum, rope and marbles and everything--drumstick." So I went out and got him two or three of those sages, you know--that's about that tall. I said, "Chew it. Just keep chewing them. Swallow your saliva." He done that, and then we had supper. Well, he had turned his horse in the lot--I had a big hay stack there and had long trough and gave him some oats and his horse was eating there. I come back. He said, "Where did you say your drum was?" I says, "Over there in the corner in the closet." I went in house and got my drum. The buckskin was in the dresser drawer--rope and everything. I brought it out. He soaked the hide and tied the drum up. He said, "I'll drum for you, anyhow. I'll be practicing drumming while you sing." I said, "I'm not going to that meeting. I just want to be practicing." So they kept eating that sage. "Say," he said. "That's sure good. It goes up my nose now. My nose opens. You must give me some before I leave. I might be able to sing when I get over there tomorrow night." So we started our singing, and then my brother-in-law and another boy came up. When they heard the drum they come up, and another Indian's place a mile and another place about a half mile. And as we sat there drumming--and the longer we stayed that night, the more he ate that sage, the more his throat got clear. And you know, before we quit he was singing. Just throwed (?) his cold up. He said, "Yeah, I don't feel my cold no more. I don't even cough," he said. And the next morning he got up and he was just normal. So he asked me for that sage, and I gave him a bundle of it. And I gave him some of