

Well, I was talking to this Mexican. I said, "How did you -- ?" "Well," he said, "I was going to drill my--I was gonna make my listing rows here--I got a little corn patch over here. And I went out there and there's a lot of piles of trash around. Some of these cactus plants--dead, decayed, ears of this (?) cactus-- And of course they blowed this plow where there's accumulated dust and trash. And I went out there," he says, "And I felt something and it seemed like I felt something or heard somebody and I came back to the house to look for the top of that lister. This lister could break the ground up at the same time it's listing the corn. And I was looking for that lister top. I didn't have to have it. But it always belong there, and I seen it around the yard. And I came back and I found that lister top over there by that pile of cactus or whatever it was -- the cactus had died, you know, and the dead ears were laying there -- I came back and started to put that cap on. I had low shoes on. I had to go on out to the field, and I thought I usually go out and put my high top shoes on, but I had my low top shoes one. All of a sudden it was just like fire hit me. I swung around and grab the handle of that lister and swung myself around and I hollered at my wife and called her, said, "A snake--rattlesnake--bit me." So right away she came out with a knife and we called the dog. And right on the side here, in the inside, it where he bit me--inside the ankle. I gashed it and I called my dog, and the dog smelled it and he started licking it. What it needed was to suck it out, but the dog just licked it, you see. However when the blood came out, it licked some of the venom out. Anyhow my leg swelled up for two or three days. So I just kept drinking whiskey and then . . . I decided to use peyote. So Saturday I didn't drink no whiskey at all, all day Saturday. Sunday morning I told my wife to go over and get my uncle and bring us some peyote. She brought eleven, and I just start eating them. The same evening after I had the effects (?) I didn't want to eat, I didn't want to sleep, I just thought I could see snakes -- I could feel snakes. I just let that go, whatever it wanted to. I guess I went to sleep. Somebody -- I heard someone--said, "Wake up. There ain't nothing wrong with you." Something like that--in Mexican." He said that. "So I opened my eyes--nobody around. My wife is asleep in the other room and my girl and boy is asleep in another room and I was in the front room where we had a davenport and table, and I was laying there. So my wife