

four feet high. They all sit in there. And they pray and they sing, and some of them are doctored that are sick in there, by the two in each side of the door that are doctors. And every now and then they pour cold water on those hot stones, and it forms vapor that goes out, and there's hay in there--prairie hay and sage. They always dig into that hay and cover there, you know, so they can't sniff that hot air, you know. For three days and three nights. And they sit up all night, and they sing and pray.

JESS' GRANDFATHER PARTICIPATED IN WATER DRIPPERS LODGE

My grandpa went in there in 1878. That's the last one ever made. None has ever been made. It's extinct. They call it the Water Drippers--a sweat lodge. They sweat in there. Oh, they say all the refuse of your body comes out. They keep wiping themselves off with them sages. White sage is a very sacred thing among the Arapahoes and these Plains Indians. Anyway, when my grandpa's--when they finished that lodge, he came home and all the folks went over there to meet him and bring him home. They're weak, from sitting there. What they do--for each individual they have tipi pegs--sticks, round--and they put a buffalo hide over them sticks and they sit in there in one position all the time. Of course they can go out, but they come back in there. Well, when that lodge is over my mother and some of her sisters and my brother went over there to meet their dad. And one of his daughters was to have a child before he went in there. Of course he naturally prayed for her. When her daughter got over there and met him, coming home while they were bringing him home, his daughter told him, "Papa, you got a grandchild." She