

Cecil: That came from Mexico, in the desert. Now you take a witch that can take that rock and put it on your hand. You couldn't hold it, it get so hot.

(Is that right?)

Cecil: That's a witch. I can't do that. I just keep that rock and that for to show people, you know. Like a peyote.

Jenny: Very interesting when you talk about those things.

(It sure is.)

Jenny: Even if I'm Indian, you know, I like to--there's lots of things I still don't know. Brings back them forgotten things.

(Before I forget it, what's the Kiowa name for this root?)

Cecil: Dótodla. Dótodla, sweet medicine. Sweet medicine, sweet root. Dótodla.

(Wait a minute, would you say that again?)

Cecil: Dótodla.

Jenny: Dótodla. That's a sweet, sweet medicine.

PEYOTE USED AS A PAIN-KILLER

Cecil: Have you got some of this?

(Yeah, the peyote? Uh-huh.)

Cecil: That's dry now. That's--but that there is powerful.

(Yeah, I know it.)

Cecil: You take that and you eat about eight or nine of them, boy, sure work you up. But you don't get on a drunk spell. It just gets in the mind. And you see, you see, what you call it--imagination, birds, snakes or buffalo. It works funny. But this is dry. I keep that. Sometimes I give to some white people. There's a root right there.

Jenny: If you feeling bad, hurting you somewhere, this make you