

(Uh-huh, Irma.)

Jenny: Yeah, see the Indians know that. They keep that kind of stuff. And he bring some and he gets big money for it.

(He brings the sage and this root?)

Jenny: Yeah, and that's where they get-- And then this white clay in the box, he makes it.

(Oh, I've seen you making that.)

Jenny: Yeah, and it happened to be on our place.

(Well, that's lucky.)

Jenny: That's the only place. It's work to get that white clay. He wash the clay and then makes them into little balls. He sells them to Robertson. I said they don't give you enough. And when they sell it, they sell it---

(End of Side A)

SIDE B

Cecil: I just can't place it. It grows on that white sand. Did you ever go out there.

(Yeah, I've seen it.)

Cecil: It goes right on top of that. And it's kind of like this sage around here. But it's different. You get big money for that. They sell that stuff in a little cup just about that big. You know, where they sell that whiskey and the cup comes on top. They sell that for twenty-five cents, full. It sells high. Them people in North Dakota, way back up there--Northern Cheyenne, and Sioux and Blackfoot, they crazy for that. And they run out of it. They used to come down here and buy. I sold sixty dollars worth of that one time to--what's she called?

Jenny: Miss Robertson.