

Cecil: Miss Robertson. I sold a big twenty-five pound sack half full of that root. And she bought part of it. I sold about one hundred and fifty dollars worth.

(Oh, gee, wasn't that nice?)

GOVERNMENT NOW CONTROLS HARVESTING OF CERTAIN ROOTS THAT INDIANS USE

Cecil: Cause they don't grow anywhere in the United States except right there. And it's against the law to pick it. If you pick any, the government, if they find out why they'll bawl you out.

Jenny: They used to didn't mind but now they put stop for someone to go in there and pick. Get something from that white sand. You could go and drive around but you not supposed to.

Cecil: They don't know what it is.

Jenny: But we go out and we know just certain kinds--

Cecil: There's lots of bushes. You got to be careful.

Jenny: There's just one kind of plant. And when we go out, we have to pick them in a hurry.

Cecil: It's just ready right now. They're ripe right now.

(They are?)

Jenny: And we go out there and we pick them in a hurry.

Cecil: I wish I could have a way to go out there. Now that root grows on a mountain. But it don't grow where the sun is at. It grows in a dark place.

(Oh, it does?)

Cecil: It always grows on the north side of the mountain in a dark place.

(What does the top of it look like?)

Jenny: The top of it looks something like carrots--the leaves.