

FATHER WAS AN INDIAN DOCTOR

Lot of things went on and my father happened to be one of the Indian doctors. He had inherit all these herbs by Pawnee people, some of his relations. When their death time comes they call their relatives in. The one that they think so much of they'll always make give 'em the best horse or whatever they got. And so it happened that he got those herbs to doctor people. Doctor children when they're sick. Most sickness in those days.

(It was handed down to him then?)

Yeah that's right, been handed down. No telling how long, but it wind up on him. Well, he doctors the children. Especially woman that's going to have a baby. He pretty good on that. He had good luck with it. Them days, no hospital or nothing, you know. Then he gets blanket or maybe get a horse or something like that. But he always never did want us boys to have it. For this reason, he said, I done lot of good. He said, done lot of good things. And I've got lot of good things people give me. But I had to pay for it, he said. I had to pay for it in life, he said. I couldn't raise my own children. They get so big. I doctor 'em. They don't live. They die, my sister. You get lot of stuff from other people. But you can't do no good for your own.

(He didn't feel like he could pass it on to his own?)

It's good in a way and it's no good. So, he didn't want none of us to have it. He got rid of it some way, you know, when this peyote come.

So, all them Indians--not all of 'em, but you know they--different ways people live. Good people, they're good for something, you know.

Womans are that way, too, you know. Some womans, they're doctors, too,