

He took my foot--it was all just raw. Daubed it on there. Next day I could walk. There was nothing wrong with my foot. I seen that happen to me.

JESS'S AUNT DOCTORED HIS SORE HEAD

Another time we was leaving from Darlington, going back towards north of Geary. And I ate something that morning, or before we broke camp. Anyhow, I got sick on the road. Vomited. And that night when we got back to where we always camped my head broke all out. Just matter running, and just yellow fluid running down. And my aunt, my mother's next to the oldest sister, this Already Kills, she was a doctor. And she said, "Just let him sleep that way. He'll forget it when he sleeps." It wasn't paining or nothing, but it was just a lot of sores broke out on my head. So in the morning after breakfast, my mother's sister told her, "Let's go out and look for a certain kind of weed on the ridge." They brought me out of the arbor and my aunt told them not to bother my head. They came back with a bundle of weeds. I don't know what they was. And they took a skillet and stripped the leaves and scraped the bark, and got it in the skillet with hot water boiling. When it got done, then they laid me on the mattress out there and they shook me up. My aunt came to me and they started to cool this tea. And she tasted it and after that she told my mother to put my head down. She offered a prayer. Then they took an old shovel--these ash shovels--chuck full of coals. I watched her. She took her bag and took some pulverized herb and put it in the coals and told them, she was going to get a blanket and cover my head over those coals--that smoke, you know. Kind of fumigate. When I uncovered my head she picked my head right there, and she put this tea on--some of them leaves and whatever was stripped--grass, whole bunch---...saturate my head with all that tea. It didn't burn or nothing. And after a while they start to dry my hair. And they took one of these old-time horn combs. They used to make combs out of horn--old steer horn made into a comb--and they combed my hair with it. Let it dry. Next morning my head was dried out and all that seabs--Now I still got good hair. That's what they do.