

my first born boy; well, it was thundering, storming, and my mother and I were alone, my little brother, just the three of us were alone. there. My husband and my father were here at the CC camps, and no way that we could get help. No way that we could go for the doctor. And, oh, it was just lightning and storming. My mother, she made it out, she wanted to call my grandma's sister. She went out there and she told me just to lay on the bed and they'd come. Well, them old folks, they had what you call medicine bag. And they waited on me. I went through it all right. It was my first...I was more scared of myself than I was of the storm. We really had a bad storm. And that old lady, she couldn't hardly make it to the door. She had to have my mother to help her. Oh, the wind was strong, and the rain with it. Oh, she almost blew away. But they took care of their medicine bag it didn't get wet. They had to take care of their medicine bag, it didn't get wet.

(What were some of the things they did for you with the medicine bag?)

Well, when they came in my mother had a cook stove. And she...black jacks don't go out right away like boards or cottonwood, they keep coals longer. We were gone that afternoon. We went up to Fonda. She wanted to go up there. So we drove up there and my aunt said, "Oh stay a little longer." So we stayed, and when it got dark, ...Well we ate supper again. I didn't have no pain or nothing. So after we went to bed she was putting moccasins together, sewing the soles on, we didn't have no electric lights, just kerosene lamps. I was sitting