

W. S. Campbell,  
Norman, Oklahoma.

March 16, 1948

Dear Mr. Campbell; (I am always inclined to address you by your writer's name) Yours of the 12th received and noted. I believe every one who has any intimate knowledge of the Indians will agree the Bureau should gradually be abolished and the wards given the same opportunities we give to foreigners. You are also correct in what you say about getting information. I don't think either of us will disagree when it comes to discussing ~~Indi~~ Indians as a people; we might in cases of the individual. Conditions and surrounding circumstances may give each individual a different view.

As you are familiar with these people, who, after all are much the same as the Pueblos in their religion~~s~~ or philosophy of life I should like to tell you of an experience I had a few years ago. It doesn't sound sensible but is absolutely true.

In August, 1938 I wakened one morning with an itching eye, much as if a winker was bothering me. My wife told me to wash it out with boric acid, which I did. The trouble grew worse and an oculist<sup>1</sup> was contacted and pronounced the trouble as ulcerated cornea. It gradually grew worse until I had to take opiates in order to get any rest; also bichloride of mercury salve was applied freely. (this oculist was considered one of the best in the country) The doctor finally told me the eye would have to be taken out if the other eye was to be saved.

Now to go back a little over a year: I am an adopted member of the Hopi tribe and visit them regularly and for long periods. One time I took with me on one of these visits, an old Scotchman, practical, thrifty and hard boiled, but, for some unaccountable reason he took to them and they to him; he believed in their mode of life and became a good friend. He never had a chance to visit with them again, but did write and send presents. One time I started with him on another visit, but when about a hundred miles on our way (about three o'clock in the morning) he was taken violently ill and after receiving temporary aid, I drove back home with him and he was in the hospital for several months, gradually growing weaker and weaker until the doctors said he never would recover (in fact would not let me in the room to see him) I wrote the Indians that Mac was very low and not expected to live, and that, it being time for the Soyal, I wished they would pray for him and make a paho. (This is a sort of prayer stick) In a few days I was asked to come and see the sick man, and when I went into the room he was sitting up and looking much as he had in the past. Astonished, I asked what had happened and he pointed to the feather hanging from a stick over his bed. He also had a letter from my Indian friend in which he was told not to take any medicine, look to the east and hold good thoughts. Today this man still believes he was cured by the Indians. Mind you, he is not a man swayed by the usual bally ho.

To return to my own case: Mac, when I became so ill, wrote to my friend and asked him to do for me what had been done for him. Remember I had been confined to my bed from late August and it was now nearly Christmas. On the 23d of December I got the paho and letter just as Mac had, and giving the same advice. The doctor was asked if any danger would result from trying the Indian method and he replied that, as his treatment was accomplishing nothing it would be all right provided I could stand the pain. Usually, on going to bed I took a sleeping potion, my eyes were smeared