

with the mercury and I slept until two or three o'clock in the morning, when the operation was repeated. The first night I fell asleep without taking an opiate and slept through until late in the morning. When I wakened there was no pain and I felt rested. My wife removed the bandage and exclaimed "Why the swelling is all gone and you look different". Opening my eyes, which had been swollen shut, and not a ray of light, for four months, I could see as through a fog. The bandage was put back until later in the day (which was December 24) when an eye shade was substituted and I ate supper, the first meal where I had fed myself since August. The following day was Christmas and I went out to dinner played bridge and came home late. The following morning I drove my own car, and went alone to call on the doctor, who simply threw up his hands and said he couldn't understand it. The national medical Association was holding a meeting in New York a little later and this doctor told of my case as one of his experiences.

Two years later I was on my way east and crossed the White Sands of New Mexico and evidently got a grain of sand in my eye. I had told this same doctor I was going east and would he give me the name of a good oculist in case of need. He also gave me a bottle of eye-wash to use if necessary. Using the wash unthinkingly my old trouble returned. Hurrying on to Kalamazoo Mich. where this doctor lived I called on him, but said nothing about who had sent me. On examination, he said "You must go to the hospital at once because that eye must come out before you lose them both. I told him nothing doing, that God had given me the eye and I was going to take along when I went. After two months of agony the pain was stopped and my good eye pronounced safe but the sight of my right eye was gone forever. During treatment he one day asked if I was the man the Indians had cured. When asked where he had heard of it he told of the doctor from Los Angeles tell the story none of them believed. With only one eye we hired a young man to drive my wife, myself and the car back to California

feeling that I might never go east again I wanted to come back through the Black Hills where I had heard the government had given some Indians from Pine Ridge permission to hold a Sun Dance (leaving out the piercing of the skin) At this ceremony an old Indian friend told me there was an old Medicine man there named Black Elk. I asked to meet him. When I asked if still had the bone through which he sucked out bugs, he reached inside his shirt and pulled out the eagle bone. My guide said "We don't use any more. We have doctor like you." I told him it was too bad, to which he agreed. I then said that maybe the old man could help my eye. Carefully opening the lid, Black Elk carefully examined it then said "Dead. Too much medicine."

I don't know why I have written all this but to me, it is as good an example of their belief as anything I have known. The Indians' philosophy of life and belief is something we might ~~learn~~ learn something from. If you ever come to the coast be sure and call me up so that we may have a visit. We have plenty of room and a little something to eat most of the time, so come.

I would enjoy hearing from you whenever you find time to write meantime I wish you the best that life has to give.

Sincerely yours,

Ernest V. Sutton.
