

He run back to his wagon and got his little pill bag. He had some powdered noxtemia, no, (Not clear), and he run up there and he put a drop of it on her tongue. And, by george, she begin to bat her eyes. Pretty soon, she come to, and he waited about an hour and put another drop of it on her tongue. And she got right up, by george. /laughter/ She would have died if she hadn't got that stimulant, you know. It was a heart trouble--was what it was. And they felt that my dad was a regular god to them, you know.

(Well, they did cause the spirit...)

(Not clear) now.

(Well, they thought he brought her back after she was dead, you know.)

Yeah, they was already mourning for her death, you know.

(But I imagine, you know, like back in them days, they--Indians, they had kinda their own doctor, but sometimes they're not as skilled as they are now.)

Yeah, but some of them--Indian doctors were. They had tough time, you know. They had to boil up these herbs, you know. And make their own medicine, you know. And they didn't know how to handle this drugstore medicine, you know. And they had good medicine all right, but they had to make it, you see?

(Yeah, they just like my mother used to me about--her father used to try to medicine, old /Osage word/.)

/Osage word/, it's kinda like Bill Stevens was the other day. He come up to me, and he says, "Say, I want you to tell me what the name of this creek was--original--"

(End of interview.)