

was being doctored said, "You sit back there--look at all those screwworms around you. There's some right here." Just his imagination. So Ute said, "Well, we'll take care of it." So he fixed those concoctions and he prayed. And he took his old eagle wing and brushed him with it. "Now," he said, "where do you feel your pain?" This man said, "It's in my head. You see them screwworms?" He was just imagining it. So Ute said, "Well, you won't see no screwworms any more." He told him to fold his arms like that and bend down, and sit cross-legged. So Ute got on the side of him and held his head and he said, "Back here at the root of his hairline--right here"--he said, "Do you feel anything here?" He said, "Yeah, you're touching that place where it kind of bothers me." And you know this Ute--I don't know what he did--but he took and suck that particular--just grab and sucked it. Sucked it. Pulled his mouth away and spit. He crawled around there and spit. And he asked that man now, "How are you feeling?" "I don't see no screwworms any more. I don't see any." "You don't see them any more?" "No," he said, "I don't see no screwworms any more." Just like that. I saw it myself. They suck, you know, where the pain is. They suck it. This man, Ute, doctored him just like that.

(Did this doctor put his mouth right on this man's skin?)

Yeah. Right on the hairline. And he sucked it. Sucked just as hard and as deep as he could. And after he sucked he crawled back and spit. I didn't see nothing in that spit--just ordinary saliva. But them screwworms were gone. I saw that myself! Yeah.

(Did this particular act of doctoring take very long?)

It wasn't more than fifteen minutes. And then of course he gave