

(Did it bother the doctors to have someone watch while they were doctoring?)

Well, just the immediate relatives.

STORY OF WATCHING A MAN DOCTORED AT CANTON

There's several forms--several different denominations like there was another clan there at Canton--I don't know what clan they were--it was when I was a boy. One of my cousins was sick. He was a young man. When we heard he was sick we moved up there. It was at Carleton. My mother's sister lives there and had a home there. That was their son, I think it was. So we moved there and were camping and it was the rainy season. It must have been about July and August. It was way before allotment--about 1888 or 1889--somewhere along in there. I was just a little boy then. And this young man was laying in that big tipi--laying on the west side there. They had his bed fixed, and everything clean. And they had a fireplace in the center. And I heard in a roundabout way that that evening when the doctors came--the Indian doctors came--they was going to see how he was getting along. And as sick as the man was at that particular moment--that particular individual--evidently he was weak--from my observation. But I head through some of the womenfolks that the doctors were going to make him get up and run out. So he laid there. I don't remember where the doctors sat. There was two doctors--old Indians then. They sung the medicining songs--the doctoring songs. They had these old rawhide gourds, you know--with those little hoofs on the handle. You could hear them. And there were probably some stones inside that rawhide. Then they start. No drum or nothing. And they shake their gourd and