

Yes.

And what was the man, the medicine man who saved him? What was his name?)

John Stamp.

(John Stamp. Um-hum. Do you remember any cases like that involving your uncle Abe?)

In my case I had trench mouth.

(Yeah, I've recorded that too.)

Uh-huh.

(And he saved your life. And you were just an infant, weren't you?)

Yes I was. Uh-huh. Oh just about the age where I could recollect things.

And when they--when my grandmother woke up--I used to sleep with my grandmother all the time. And she woke up why the bed was wet. She woke up to see if I had wet the bed, but come to find out I had--

(Blood.)

Yeah, blood all over the bed. And they didn't, course my uncle wasn't--

A.B. wasn't married then, he was still at home. And so they woke him up

and told him I was pretty bad off. And what herbs he used I don't know. But he doctored me. He cured my mouth.

(Uh-huh. Now he was a buzzard feather man too, wasn't he?)

Yes. Yes. These that wore buzzard feather was a sign that they could doctor shot wounds.

(Or any other wounds.)

Any other wounds that--

(Do you remember of any other cases that a white doctor might have given up on a patient who was cured by an Indian doctor?)

I don't know of any. Only that of John Stamps. I--I spent a big part of my time away from home. Going off to school.