

They thought that was the only way, I suppose, being specialists. My mother wouldn't--just couldn't bear the idea of amputation, so she went and discussed this with my father. It was quite a problem--a serious one. And they decided that they would call on the Indian doctors to come and help if they would in any way. They were desperate, and among the Osages, we didn't have any Indian doctors like we did years ago. We knew, and my parents knew that the Kiowas and the Cheyennes and some of the southern tribes still had their Indian doctors. So they knew of a man. His name was Hummingbird. He was a Cheyenne and they called him and he came. They told him about my brother. So he--I don't know what he done in the meeting that they had, but my brother couldn't be moved, so he was at home and they had this house meeting--Indian doctoring meeting in the bedroom where my brother was. And what he done I don't actually know because I didn't attend that meeting. However, I was there and I knew what was going on all around, but the actual doctoring--what he done I don't actually know. But they sat up that night and Mr. Hummingbird performed his ceremony. He used the Peyote, I know, for one thing. And with that I don't know exactly what else he done. But the next morning my brother felt so good he was out of pain. No pain in his leg. And everyone was so happy, and there were about 10, 15 men, relatives came; they sat up all night while Mr. Hummingbird doctored my brother. So the next morning he was feeling so well and he was--that was --he was really out of pain. He had been in terrible pain. But it was gone and my mother was so happy that she--she prepared a large dinner for all the people that came. And my brother felt so well, and so good, that they had another meeting the very next night which was ver. unusual. But they did. They held another meeting. It wasn't a doctoring meeting that - the second meeting, it was just a