

Mrs. Marian Cornelius 7-31-41
age 84.

When my mother was about sixty years old she went and nursed obstetric cases among her relatives. She helped some midwife, and when she saw how it was done, she went and took cases by herself, and she was always lucky and never lost a case. When I was over fifty she showed me how to take care of my daughter-in-law, and as soon as some heard of me, they always come after me. Just the other day a neighbor woman sent for me, and I did not know that it was a confinement case until I got over there. They had telephoned for the doctor, but the doctor had not come yet, so I had to get to work and help the woman. Everything was all right. We had no difficulty, and the doctor came after everything was over with. He asked me where I learned to do maternity nursing. I told him

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I had only practical experience, but he said I was just as good as a doctor. I always hate to do this kind of nursing because if any thing goes wrong, and then I would get the blame for it, especially now I am getting too old. I never bought license to do midwifery, and I would rather they would n't ask me, but once they have me they ask me every time. I took care of one woman five times now, she has no trouble at all, and I always stay with her ten days. I never heard of any medicine that would prevent women from getting pregnant.

I had nine children, and I never thought of taking any thing to prevent myself from getting any more children. I always thought that married women were supposed to have children. As long as my children were all healthy, I was perfectly satisfied, and I really enjoyed taking care of my children. Of course my husband did not use liquor, and

he was a good worker, and he tried his best to see that the children did not get hungry. The Oneida boarding school was a great help to us, and our children were just at school age when the school opened up. We sent four of the oldest children there, and when they finished there, we sent them away to a higher government school. My two daughters both married some other tribe of Indians, and both live away from here. One of them is a widow now, and is drawing government retirement compensation. She comes home to visit me, but she does not like to live here. She has lived away from here so many years that she feels like a stranger here. The other daughter has never come home since she got married. We hear from her once in a while, but never mentions of coming home even for a visit. I am lucky that they are not near me, or I would be kept busy taking care of my grand-

children. My children are all married, and two of my boys were divorced and married again. I am not staying with any of my children. I stay with any one who wants to board me. I am getting ^{a month} \$18.00 pension and so I can afford to pay wherever I go. I sometimes stay with my sons now, and then, but I prefer to stay with people who are not related to me. I am still quite spry for my age. I am still healthy, but I am not as strong as I used to be. I get tired easily, and I prefer quiet life, and although I like little babies, I don't like to be taking care of them all the time. I think the old people are better off today than before they gave them old age pension. Of course very few old people were sent to the poor house but many of them were not taken care of by their children. Some of the old people had to work quite hard and steady. I enjoy working, if it is not too heavy. I can't pick beans or cherries any more, but I can cook

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and for some reason my sons like my cooking. If I make biscuits they always eat so much more. My pies taste much better than their wives' pies. One time one of my sons got sick, and he kept losing in weight and he went to the doctor, and the doctor treated him, but he kept on losing in weight, and finally the doctor gave him up. He said that my son was in the last stages of tuberculosis, and there was no chance for recovery. He just had to let the disease take its course. When I heard that I went over there, and I asked my boy if he would let me treat him with Indian medicine, and he agreed to take my treatment. He was nothing but skin and bones and bedridden. I made my medicine, and when I had it ready I started to treat him. I gave him the medicine myself, and I cooked his meals, and I gave him hot milk, and I also gave him raw eggs beaten up.

and I flavored it with nutmeg, or lemon extract. I let him rest, and I gave him sponge baths. I put all of my time on him. As soon as he drank up the medicine, I made some more. The medicine I used is called elacampane (gah deh la go' lat^e) and I used the roots only. It is so strong that it takes only a small piece of root to a gal of water. I stayed there one month, and then I noticed he started to show improvement. I told his wife to continue giving his medicine at regular time, and I left there to rest up myself. I stayed at one of my other sons place for awhile, and now and then I went back to see how he was getting along. I noticed that his wife neglected him, because she had so much to do. They had few cows, and she had to milk the cows. Their children were even then, and could not do the work, but they helped. I went back again and kept on giving him his medicine as regular as I could. If he slept:

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Through the night I omitted his medicine. I never awakened him to make him take his medicine. At the end of six months he could sit up and he was able to eat all kinds of vegetables, but I made mostly soup for him. He began to have good appetite, and to feel gay. I stayed there most of the time, and at the end of a year he was up and around. That was about ten years ago. He is able to work, but of course he has never done real heavy work since, but he is up and able to help with ^{the} work. I had another son that started to fail in health. His trouble was in his stomach, and he started to go to the doctor, and finally quit working and stayed home. I never like to interfere when they are using doctor's medicine because I know that the doctors study a long time before they start to practice doctoring, so I realize ^{that} they know a great deal about their line of work. But

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some how my son did not get any better. Every time he had a bad spell then they would send for the doctor. He was up and around, but he could not do any heavy work. They lived on a farm too, so his wife had to do all the work. They never asked for Indian medicine for. I never tried to administer any Indian medicine to him. One day he seemed to be feeling good, and he went to his brother's ^{place} and had a hair-cut. He took sick there, but he went home and died soon after he got home. I often wished I had tried my Indian remedy on him perhaps it would have helped him - I know of another remedy that is good for tuberculosis and that is princess pine (goddah de' zuba) and mullum (zik'zik / o da'ls ^a), sheep tail

"The women that were called mothers in older times when the chiefs were in power were the mothers of the chiefs, or aunt, or some close relative. They were chosen to be mothers by the chiefs, and they had to be descendant

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from hereditary chiefs. Usually the oldest daughter if she has not done any thing dishonorable. If she has then her sisters or some other relative was chosen. The mothers were sort of guardian to the reigning chiefs. They guide them and advised them. If a chief's behavior was not satisfactory to the people, some one had to report to his guardian, and the mother will investigate his case. If she finds that he is guilty of what he has been accused of, then it is her place to tell the chiefs. The mothers cooked for the chiefs when they held their council. They sat and listened to the discussions but they were supposed to be silent. If a question of war with other tribes or white settlers came up, then the women could favor for or against it, and whichever side the mothers favored, the chiefs always agreed with them. I never heard of a mother not doing her duty, or what they did if the mothers failed to live as the ideal woman.