OU
THESIS
BAR
cop.5

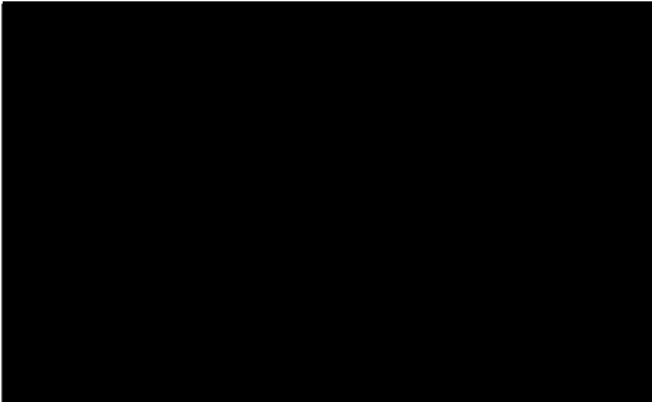
THE COMANCHE AND HIS LITERATURE

WITH AN ANTHOLOGY OF HIS

MYTHS, LEGENDS, FOLKTALES, ORATORY, POETRY, AND SONGS

A THESIS

APPROVED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



229700

General

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA
LIBRARIES

THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

GRADUATE SCHOOL

THE COMANCHE AND HIS LITERATURE WITH AN ANTHOLOGY OF HIS MYTHS, LEGENDS, FOLKTALES, ORATORY, POETRY, AND SONGS

A THESIS

SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE FACULTY

in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the

degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

BY

HERWANNA BECKER BARNARD

Norman, Oklahoma

1941

This work is respectfully dedicated to the memory of my mother, who worked as a missionary and United States Field Matron among the Comanche Indians.

PREFACE

In the preparation of this thesis, I have received generous assistance in guidance and criticism as well as continual encouragement, from Dr. Martin S. Shockley. I wish to express appreciation, also, to Professor L. N. Morgan for his helpful aid in bibliography and research; to Dr. Roy Hadsell and Dr. Charles C. Walcutt, for their suggestions; and to Mrs. S. B. Townes, thesis adviser, for her help in organizing and correcting the material.

Among the native Comanche, without whose co-operation this work would have been impossible, the following released information concerning tribal history and lore: Herman Asenap, an educated Comanche who for more than thirty years has served as an interpreter for the tribe in an innumerable variety of circumstances; Mow-wat (No Hand), one of the narrators among the older Comanche; his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Spenser Mow-wat (formerly Rachel Pewo), who served as interpreter; Teh'qua kuh, another of the few excellent story-tellers; Felix Koweno, an interpreter; Randlett Parker, who was reared by To-pay', the last living

wife of the last Chief of the Comanche tribe, Quanah Parker; Morris Sunrise, a grandson of Quanah Parker; Baldwin Parker, a son of the chief; Marguerite and Vida Tahchaw-wickah, Nathaniel Woomavovah, and Max Pahcheka, young Comanche informants. In addition to these, my father, Rev. A. J. Becker, who has served as a missionary among the Comanche since 1896 at Post Oak Mission in Comanche County, has furnished valuable information.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

		Page
INTRODUCTION		1
	PART I	
Chapter		
I.	ETHNOLOGY	7
II.	HISTORY	14
III.	ECONOMY	29
IV.	SOCIETY	37
V.	ARTS AND CRAFTS	55
VI.	LORE	61
VII.	LITERATURE	70
	PART II	
Division		
I.	STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL	78
II.	STORIES OF THE WARPATH	122
III.	STORIES OF HEROES	143
IV.	ORATORY	156
V.	STORIES OF SPIRIT GUIDANCE	168
VI.	STORIES OF ANIMALS	200
VII.	MISCELLANEOUS	247
BIBLIOGRAPHY		271

INTRODUCTION

During the last two decades there has been a rapidly increasing interest in the backgrounds of American literature and culture to which the Indian of North America contributes his part. Ethnologists, anthropologists, folklorists, historians, and students of literature have been attracted to the various phases of this past. This attention has come relatively late, and the Indians' tales and mythology have received least attention of all. A prominent author has said, "The Indian has so long been an object of interest that the neglect of his mythologies and tales is difficult of comprehension."[1] The Comanche, in particular, has had very little attention.

America has a wealth of traditional lore that is based upon the heritage of the early peoples of this continent: their traditions, customs, beliefs, philosophies, superstitions, myths, legends, and folktales. American literature of the Southwest has its own peculiar past, sep-

[1]Lewis Spence, Myths and Legends, The North American Indians (Boston: David D. Nickerson and Company, n. d.), p. v.

arate and distinct from the development that the literature of any other nation has experienced. The Indian is in that historical background that serves to guide, color, and enrich the present. His importance in history and anthropology cannot be denied; but with the exception of the attention he has received from Longfellow, Freneau, and a few later writers who have drawn their inspiration from the Southwest, the Indian has been utilized to only a minor degree in literature. A few recent writers who have studied their subject and territory have given the public accurate representations of him, but, as a whole, he has been pictured in two quite divergent ways, both of them stereotyped: the brutal, blood-thirsty, painted savage on the warpath; and the romantic, all-glorious, sentimentalized, mistreated redman on the other. Neither is a true picture. The Indian in literature needs to be humanized, personalized, and individualized. Such a portrayal will not be created until he is understood, and he will not be understood until he and his folk background are rationally and unemotionally studied. After that, perhaps, the currents of the Indian in literature and Indian literature itself will gradually flow more naturally into the main stream of American literature. The reason for this situation is, perhaps, that the folktales and legends of the Indian have been neglected. One authority

on folktale collections says, "The literary forms of oral tradition undoubtedly have much more to offer than we have thus far extracted from them."[2]

Even before the white man brought civilization to the land of the redman, the American Indian, in his way, had systems of education, standards of literature, and records of events although these were not formal systems. Story telling, an oral art, was his literary achievement; the stories embodied his history and furnished the medium for his training. Today, having taken on much of modern civilization (education, the white man's religion, and his mode of living), the Comanche is faced with the danger of losing that heritage with the passing of older tribesmen. Tribal customs, practices, and beliefs are vanishing with the passing of their art of story telling, through which tradition is preserved.

I have written a thesis attempting to show the value of the literature of the Comanche Indian. To achieve my purpose, I have found it necessary to relate the history and general background of the tribe; to discover, classify, and evaluate the lore and literature to be found and to reveal its purpose; and to present the literature itself as evidence to

---

[2]Erna Gunther, "The Folk-Tale Collections of Oklahoma Indians," Folk-Say, ed. by B. A. Botkin (1st ed.; Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1929), p. 410.

support my statements. I have organized the entire study into two parts: The first contains the general information necessary to understand the Comanche. The second part consists of the myths, legends, folktales, oratory, poetry, and songs that have been collected, classified, and annotated.

In Part One, the first five chapters giving the ethnology, history, economy, society, and arts and crafts of the tribe furnish information concerning the Comanche. These chapters have been carefully sifted so that they include only that information necessary to understand the mental processes of the Comanche mind, to understand the content of his literature, and to appreciate his creative capacity. Chapters six and seven include the classification and analysis of the lore and literature of the tribe and attempt to reveal the purpose of his literature.

The research led in two directions: to published historical, anthropological, and ethnological works; and to the Comanche Indians themselves. Although able to understand the native language, I secured the aid of an interpreter for accuracy. By comparing the information released by one member of the tribe with that of another, and in turn relating it with publications by authorities on the subject, I have tried to achieve some degree of authenticity.

The stories in this collection have never, as far

as I could ascertain, been reduced to writing. The Comanche still have no written language, and only minor attempts have been made to record them in English. A few published variants exist as subsequent notation will show.

Some details may have unwittingly been altered or omitted, but in general the stories remain as they were given, and their main features are intact. In a few cases the story was told by a child or youth as he heard it; in others, by an adult who had repeated the story occasionally during his life; but most frequently by an aged member of the tribe who for years had imparted his store of knowledge of the tribe's traditions to the child, the youth, and the fellow-tribesman.

As one who has heard the stories related in both the Comanche and English languages, I find that there is something in the native version that more truly reflects the original natural atmosphere, the vigor, and the reality of the stories and retains the figurative expressions. The Comanche have a vivid oral art in which mimicry, gestures, onomatopoeia, pantomime, impossible to reproduce in writing, carry much of the literary, as well as the dramatic, element.

A few explanations that cannot properly appear in the introductions and notes accompanying the narratives are included in the first part of the thesis for a better understanding of the close relation of the narratives to the life of the

Indian. Additional references to specific tribal aspects with which the stories are concerned and the particular purposes which the tales serve will appear with the legends and folktales in Part Two.

PART I

CHAPTER I

ETHNOLOGY

To understand the Comanche, a knowledge of his former locations, affiliations, environs, and his ethnological background in general is necessary.

Linguistically, the tribe is most closely related to the Shoshone of Idaho and Wyoming[1] and there is evidence that they were residents there before the eighteenth century. "According to the Crow tradition the Comanche lived northward in the Snake River region" [Idaho].[2] Both tribes (Shoshoni and Comanche) are divisions of the large Shoshonean group comprising approximately twelve tribes.[3] Kroeber divides the group into four main branches: the Plateau Branch

---

[1]Franz Boas, et. al., Anthropology in North America (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co., 1915), p. 37.

[2]J. S. Powell (director), Seventh Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1885-86 to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Inst. (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1891), p. 109.

[3]Clark Wissler, Indians of the United States ("The American Museum of Natural History, Science Series"; New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., 1940), p. 212.

composed of Shoshoni-Comanche, Mono-Paviotso, and Ute-Chemehuevi; the Kern River Branch; the Hopi Branch; and the southern California Branch comprising four tribes.[4]

The Shoshonean is the second largest language group among the American Indians, being exceeded in size by the Algonquins.[5] The Shoshoneans have been classed with other groups to form a larger linguistic family called the Uto-Aztecan.[6] These other Uto-Aztecan groups are the Tanoan, Kiowa, Nahuatlan [Aztec], and Maya Branches.[7]

All the Shoshonean tribes lived in the region of the Great Plateau covering southeast Oregon, southern Idaho, southwestern Montana, western Wyoming and Colorado, Utah and Nevada, and most of California south of the Tehachapi.[8] The outlying tribes later were the Hopi of Arizona and the Comanche of the Southern Plains, the latter being the only one of the group living entirely on the plains.[9] The Shoshoni and

---

[4]A. L. Kroeber, "The Bannock and Shoshoni Languages," F. W. Hodge, ed., American Anthropology ("New Series," XI, American Museum of Natural History; Lancaster, P.: American Anthropological Association, 1909), p. 266.

[5]Frances Densmore, The American Indians and Their Music (New York: The Woman's Press, 1926), p. 19.

[6]Boas, op. cit., p. 36.

[7]Wissler, Indians of the U. S., p. 212.

[8]Boas, op. cit., p. 37.

[9]James Mooney, "The Ghost-Dance Religion and the

Comanche, who had lived adjacent to each other in southern Wyoming, were separated during the seventeenth century. The Shoshoni were beaten back into the mountains by the Sioux, while the Comanche were driven steadily southward by the same pressure.[10]

When the North American Indians are classified as to customs and habits, the Comanche is grouped with the Southern tribes of the Plains Indians, who, in general, are recognized by a few main cultural characteristics: "the use of the buffalo, the tipi, the horse, the soldier-band, and the sun dance,"[11] all of which will be elaborated in succeeding chapters.

Making up the Plains Indians group, as Wissler classifies them, are the Northern Tribes; the Southern Tribes, composed of Arapaho, Cheyenne, Comanche, Kiowa, and Kiowa-Apache; the Village or Eastern Tribes; and the Plateau or Western Tribes.[12]

Sioux Outbreak of 1890," Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1892-3, Doc. No. 230, Part 2 (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1896), p. 1043.

[10]Ibid.

[11]Clark Wissler, North American Indians of the Plains ("Handbook Series No. 1"; New York: American Museum of Natural History, 1912), pp. 15 f.

[12]Ibid., p. 17.

As a Plains Indian the Comanche lived by the chase; although he fought only for his hunting ground and the necessities of life, he was war-like. He is usually proud and reserved, courageous and determined. To strangers he is cautious, but kind and hospitable. His enemies found him cruel and unmerciful preceding the present era, but today there is no more peace-loving, inoffensive group to be found anywhere. Mooney comments that the Comanche "have a high sense of honor and hold themselves superior to the other tribes with which they are associated."[13] Spence, however, says, "The Shoshoneans or 'Snake' family . . . comprise the Root-diggers, Comanches and other tribes of low culture. These people, it is said are probably nearer the brutes than any other portion of the human race on the face of the globe."[14] Powell calls them "practical and businesslike."[15]

In height the Comanche is considered average. High cheek bones, a medium-to-light brown complexion, and coarse, well-groomed, black hair are typical.

The word, "Comanche," the exact origin and meaning

---

[13]Mooney, op. cit., p. 1046.

[14]Spence, op. cit., pp. 28 f.

[15]J. S. Powell (director), Seventeenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1895-6, to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Inst., Part I (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1898), p. 234.

of which seem to be unknown, came into use shortly after 1700.[16] The word itself, when adopted by Americans, was spelled in at least twenty-four different ways.[17] This was the result of various attempts to interpret, with alphabetical symbols, the pronunciation of the word. It is generally believed that the word is of Spanish-Mexican origin.

The name "Snakes" was commonly applied to the Shoshoni-Comanche groups when "Lewis and Clark explored the upper Missouri country."[18] Mooney reported in 1897: "The tribal sign for the Comanches is 'snakes' with the finger drawn toward the rear instead of thrust forward as for the Shoshoni, showing separation of the tribes."[19] This establishes the Comanche's original affiliation with the Shoshoni and indicates his former location in the Snake River region of Idaho.

The French referred to them as Padoucas, a name given them by the Osage and other tribes between the Arkansas and

---

[16]Rupert Norval Richardson, _The Comanche Barrier to the South Plains Settlement_ (Glendale, California: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1933), p. 15.

[17]Frederick Webb Hodge (ed.), _Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico_, Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 30, Part I (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1907), p. 328.

[18]Wissler, _Indians of the U. S._, p. 222.

[19]Mooney, _op. cit._, p. 1043.

Platte rivers.[20]

The tribe probably had as many names as there were groups with whom they came in contact. A most universal custom among Indians is to give an indicative name to any newcomer.

The Comanche, an unwritten language, is "sonorous and flowing: its chief characteristic being a rolling <u>r</u>. It has no <u>l</u>."[21] The <u>v</u> is usually labial. The <u>ch</u> sound is an aspirate <u>k</u>. Euphony in a gliding phonetic softness is noticeable. Many of the words end with a whispered vowel which strengthens the preceding consonant and brings about clear enunciation. These consonants, however, are often dropped for elisions or for the compounding of words. The compounding of words is an exceptionally prominent element in building entire statements as well as in forming new words.[22]

In general, the sign language proved adequate for gatherings involving several tribes. Nevertheless, the Comanche language seems to have been intelligible to the tribes of the Shoshonean family,[23] and, because it was not difficult

---

[20] Richardson, <u>op</u>. <u>cit</u>., p. 16.

[21] Mooney, <u>loc</u>. <u>cit</u>.

[22] W. J. Becker, "The Comanche Indian and His Language," <u>Chronicles of Oklahoma</u>, XIV (September, 1936), 332.

[23] Richardson, <u>op</u>. <u>cit</u>., p. 23.

to master, many of the Plains Indians understood and spoke it. Indeed, the language of the Comanche has often been referred to as the "court language" of the tribes.[24]

---

[24] Dan W. Peery, "The Kiowa's Defiance," Chronicles of Oklahoma, XIII (March, 1935), 31.

CHAPTER II

HISTORY

Whether the Comanche was naturally a rover, or whether he was forced from his land by economic pressure and by invaders, at least he was continually moving. There seems to be evidence to support both conjectures. In the seventeenth century, Wissler states, the Comanche, Kiowa, and Shoshoni (allied tribes of the Uto-Aztecan family) lived east of the Rocky Mountains on the plains. The Kiowa seem to have occupied that part west of the Black Hills, the Shoshoni camped between them and the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming and Montana, while the Comanche held the land south of the Kiowa. After the turn of the century, with the Shoshoni remaining in the north, the Kiowa moved south of them covering the area between Denver and Amarillo and the Comanche moved south and east of Amarillo. The tribes presented a formidable front stretching from Montana to Mexico.[1] It is known that the Comanche were moving southward at the beginning of the eight-

---

[1]Wissler, Indians of the U. S., p. 222.

eenth century, but the previously mentioned Sioux encroachments may have been partially responsible.

Soon after 1705, when the Comanche were first reported in New Mexico,[2] they were attacking the Apache band. Bourgemont,[3] the French explorer, found a Comanche tribe on the Upper Kansas River (in Kansas) in 1724, according to Powell's findings.[4] Omaha tradition, he says, places them on the Middle Loup River (in Nebraska). These reports indicate that their line alone was of great length. Mooney explains, "It must be remembered that from 500 to 800 miles was an ordinary range for a prairie tribe."[5]

The remainder of the eighteenth century was taken up with attacks on the Apache, clashes with the Spanish, and trade with the French. The Spanish, who had founded San Antonio in 1718 and had established an Apache mission to bring the Gospel to the tribe,[6] were welcomed by the Apache because

---

[2]Richardson, op. cit., p. 55.

[3]Bourgemont's journal is printed in Pierre Margry's Dè couvertes et etablissement des François dans è ouest et dans le sud de l'Amèrique Sepentrionale, 1614-1754, vi, (Paris, 1875), pp. 398-449.

[4]Powell, Seventh Annual Report, p. 109.

[5]Mooney, op. cit., p. 1043.

[6]William Edward Dunn, The Apache Mission, Reprint from The Southwestern Historical Quarterly (Austin: State Historical Association, April, 1914), XVII, No. 4, 388.

of the protection the Spanish soldiers offered against the Comanche invasions that were becoming more and more frequent.[7] Stealing horses and supplies from both the Indians and the Spaniards, capturing many women and children, and winning most of the battles, the Comanche drove the Apache south and west and took possession of the land.[8]

The coming of the French, whose position in the new country was strengthened by the middle of the century, had previously been opposed by the Comanche, who feared his trades with the Apache would equip their enemies with arms and munitions. Now, Richardson says, after the Apache had been pushed back, the Comanche were eager to trade with the French and secure firearms for themselves. In 1758 there was a Comanche attack on the Apache mission[9] in which the attackers were reported mounted and carrying French firearms. In 1785 a peace treaty, involving gifts to the Comanche chiefs from the Spanish, was effected. Keeping peace, however, by the continued presentation of gifts (tobacco, bright colored cloth, needles, knives, awls, wearing apparel, beads) became an expensive burden to the

---

[7]Richardson, _op_. _cit_., pp. 67 f.

[8]_Ibid_., p. 15.

[9]Dunn, _op_. _cit_., pp. 403-408.

Spanish.[10]

During the nineteenth century, as clashes with the whites prevailed, uprisings and border warfare among the Plains tribes were simultaneously occurring. Peace with the Cheyenne and Arapaho, who appeared on the northwest border along the upper Arkansas river around 1830, was not effected until 1840.[11] Around 1834 the Comanche were at war with the Pawnee,[12] who occupied the territory north of them and east of the Cheyenne and Arapaho. This period, also, included wars with the Osage, a tribe of the Sioux family who about 1802 had drifted as far south as the Arkansas river to the east and northeast of the Comanche country.[13]

After the peace with the Cheyenne and Arapaho in 1840, all the important Plains tribes seem to have been friends or allies.[14] They probably allied themselves to

---

[10]Richardson, op. cit., pp. 70 f.

[11]George Bird Grinnell, The Fighting Cheyennes (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915), p. 39.

[12]Josiah Gregg, Commerce of the Prairies, or the Journal of a Santa Fe Trader, 1831-1839, Vol. XX of Early Western Travels, 1748-1846, ed. Reuben Gold Thwaites (32 vols.; Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1905), p. 125.

[13]Richardson, op. cit., p. 50.

[14]Rupert Norval Richardson and Carl Coke Rister, The Greater Southwest (Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1934), p. 30.

strengthen their position against the further encroachment of the white man. In most instances, immediately after an inter-tribal peace had been negotiated, the tribes involved became allies in subsequent raids. The tribe that was allied with the Comanche most closely and for the longest period of time was the Kiowa. Whatever differences the two tribes might have had were settled many years before, perhaps as early as 1790.[15]

It is inevitable that confusion and violence appear so prominently in the history of the frontiers, because, in the adjustment of the Indian to the white man, there were climactic clashes. More often than not, Wissler says, "Indians and whites were in friendly contact, exchanging goods, information and knowledge of woodcraft, and were occasional guests in each other's homes. . . . Most of the time each was busy seeking food, providing shelter, clothing, and other necessities. The climaxes came when organized pressure was brought by either group to retain or acquire more land and to limit hunting rights, as the case might be."[16]

There was very little contact between the Comanche and the Anglo-American until about 1820 when traders began drifting to the Comanche villages, bartering guns and other

---

[15]Powell, Seventeenth Annual Report, p. 163.

[16]Wissler, Indians of the U. S., pp. xiv-xv.

articles, in demand by the tribe, for horses and pelts. Bent's Fort, established in 1829 on the north bank of the Arkansas river, served the Indians, trappers, traders, and adventurers.[17]

In 1834, while wars among the Plains tribes west of the Indian Territory were in progress, the United States sent the famed dragoon expedition commanded by Brigadier-general Henry Leavenworth, and later by Colonel Henry Dodge, into the plains to settle differences between the tribes and to establish more friendly relations between them and the Government.[18] The expedition, launched at Fort Gibson (established in 1824), included George Catlin, famous artist and contributor to Indian history.[19] The Comanche tribe must have presented an imposing front because Catlin estimates their number to be between 30,000 and 40,000.[20] Colonel Dodge invited the leading chiefs for a "big talk," presents, and smoke, according to Catlin.[21] He further reports that the Comanche, after presents were accepted, became very

---

[17]Stanley Vestal, The Old Santa Fe Trail (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1939), pp. 247-256.

[18]Richardson, op. cit., p. 80.

[19]George Catlin, North American Indians, Two Volumes (Edinburgh: John Grant, 31 George IV Bridge, 1926).

[20]Ibid., II, p. 77. [21]Ibid., II, p. 63.

friendly and gave a hearty welcoming speech. The friendly relations thus established bore fruit in the next year when the treaty of Camp Holmes was signed on August 24, 1835, during another council with the Wichita and Comanche tribes on the bank of the Canadian River.[22] Although all the Comanche bands were not represented, it was the first treaty with the United States in which any part of the tribe had participated.

Before the middle of the nineteenth century the Comanche covered southwestern Kansas, southeastern Colorado, northwestern New Mexico, western Oklahoma, and northern Texas.[23] They had become friendly with the Americans, generally, but fought desperately against the Texans,[24] to avenge real or imaginary wrongs.

On March 19, 1840[25] in a council at San Antonio with twelve Comanche chiefs, commissioners from the Republic of Texas brought before them a body of troops to force the Indians to promise that a release of their white prisoners would be forthcoming. Upon refusal, a fight ensued in

---

[22]Joseph B. Thoburn, A Standard History of Oklahoma (New York: The American Historical Society, 1916), I, p. 146.

[23]Richardson, op. cit., pp. 262 f.

[24]Mooney, loc. cit.

[25]Richardson and Rister, op. cit., p. 281.

which all the chiefs and several of their tribesmen were slain. The Comanche then began a war of revenge in earnest, the first attack being upon Victoria on August 6, 1840.[26] In their raids they also took cattle and horses that could be found and captured women and children.

After Texas was annexed to the United States in 1845, the federal commissioner of Indian affairs found the problem of restoring peace thrust into his hands.[27] There is no doubt that the Texan-Comanche enmity was aggravated by the San Antonio fight and was prolonged by differences that were rarely settled except by blood. Each succeeding clash added fuel to the fire that had been smouldering since the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Comanche, naturally warlike and merciless, now became uncontrollably savage.

During Jackson's administration as president, a vast area was designated for the Indians which later came to be known as the Indian Territory. It embraced the land from the Red River to the northern boundary of Nebraska and east of the Mexican boundary to the Arkansas Territory. When the Kansas-Nebraska Act was passed in 1854, however, the old Indian Territory was automatically restricted to the limits of the present state of Oklahoma.[28] This naturally

---

[26]Thoburn, _op. cit._, I, p. 227.

[27]Richardson and Rister, _op. cit._, p. 282.

[28]Thoburn, _op. cit._, I, pp. 73 ff.

reduced the lands for the Indians, causing further dissatisfaction.

With the close of the Civil War new treaties were made to appease the still marauding Plains tribes. The Medicine Lodge treaty, negotiated on October 18, 1867, in the valley of Medicine Lodge River in southern Kansas, assigned the Comanche and Kiowa the land extending from the 98th meridian westward to the North Fork of Red River and from the Washita southward to the Red River. Besides specifying the limits of the reservation for these and other plains tribes that were now brought to Oklahoma, the treaty provided for the privilege of hunting buffalo as far north as the Arkansas River. It also provided for the establishment and maintenance of an agency and schools to serve the tribes. In return they were to cease depredations and allow construction of posts and roads.[29] Because of misunderstandings and discontent resulting in renewed outbreaks, they did not settle on the land until 1874 and 1875.

Fort Sill, which at the beginning was called Camp Wichita, was established in 1869 to guard against further outbreaks,[30] and it was to this government post that the

---

[29]Thoburn, op. cit., I, pp. 393-402.

[30]William Brown Morrison, Military Posts and Camps in Oklahoma (Oklahoma City: Harlow Publishing Company, 1936), pp. 159-174.

warring Indians were asked to come to surrender. All the Comanche and Kiowa bands were accounted for soon after that except a few outlaw Comanche groups, among which were the Quahada Comanche.

Among the reasons for the discontent and rebellion of the Comanche on the reservation was the entrance of the white hunter on their grounds, a violation of one of the terms of the Medicine Lodge Treaty which set aside the land south of the Arkansas for the sole use of the Indian as a hunting ground. After the railroad reached Dodge City in 1872, this situation between the two factions became critical.[31]

Haworth, in 1874, reported a Cheyenne-Comanche raid in Texas, the object of which seemed to be confined to "horse stealing as but few murders were committed."[32] The horses were used for fresh mounts in their expeditions against the white man.

In his report, Haworth also tells of a new "medicine man," Isatai, springing up among the Quahada Comanche and claiming to have miraculous powers.[33] He claimed the abil-

---

[31]Thoburn, _A Standard History of Oklahoma_, II, pp. pp. 480-495.

[32]U. S. Office of Indian Affairs, _Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1874_ (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1874), p. 219.

[33]_Ibid._, p. 220.

ity to bring forth cartridges from his stomach and the power to influence the guns of the whites and soldiers so that they would be ineffective against the Indian. Saying that it was time to avenge the deaths of tribesmen in frontier settlements of Texas and to exterminate the buffalo hunters, and that it was the will of the "Great Spirit," the medicine man urged his kinsmen on the warpath into the region of the Texas Panhandle.[34] Here the buffalo hunters and traders from Dodge City had established a trading post known as Adobe Walls on the site of the old Bent's Fort to expedite their work. The Comanche, Cheyenne, and Kiowa made a combined attack upon the post under the leadership of Quanah Parker, a Comanche chief. The Battle of Adobe Walls began at daylight, June 27, 1874. An estimated 700 Indians made the attack against less than two score white men. Most of the Indians were killed or wounded and more than fifty dead horses were found on the field.[35] The overwhelming defeat of the Indians several days later shook the confidence of the Comanche leader in the medicine man. It was as the result of this battle through the false guidance of their own medicine man that the Quahada Comanche, which had been the most defiant band

---

[34]Powell, Seventeenth Annual Report, p. 201.

[35]Thoburn, A Standard History of Oklahoma, II, pp. 496-499.

of the tribe, became submissive. Part of the Quahada band surrendered at Fort Sill in April, 1875; the remainder, numbering about four hundred and following the leadership of Quanah, surrendered June 2, 1875.[36]

The most influential Comanche during these years after the Civil War was Chief Ten Bears, who was a prominent spokesman for his tribe in all councils until his death in 1872. Although chief of the Yamparika band, he spoke for all the tribe at the Medicine Lodge council in October, 1867.[37] He spoke for peace, but, according to Comanche custom, he could not bind any group outside his own band. It is for this reason that many of the treaties with the Comanche were not kept. There were too many small divisions and bands, each headed by a leader whom they called chief.

Of the thirteen original bands of the Comanche tribe, only five have been known to exist since the middle of the nineteenth century, and, today, in the tribe that numbers around 2,000, the younger generation hardly know that there were such divisions. The Penateka ("Honey Eaters")[38] were

---

[36]Joseph B. Thoburn and Muriel H. Wright, Oklahoma, A History of the State and its People (New York: Lewis Historical Publishing Company, Inc., 1929), Vol. I, pp. 440-443.

[37]Powell, Seventeenth Annual Report, p. 161.

[38]Mooney, op. cit., pp. 1044 f.

229700

in Texas during the nineteenth century. The Ditsakana, or Yamparika ("Root Eaters," sometimes translated "Root Diggers") occupied the extreme northern part of the Comanche country. The Kochtsoteka ("Buffalo Eaters") roamed around the Canadian river country. The Quahada ("Antelopes"), the most outstanding and warlike band, lived on the edge of the timber country in eastern Texas. The Nokoni ("Wanderers"), came to be known as the Detsanayuka ("Bad Campers," still conveying the idea of "wanderers" in the sense that they did not stay in one place long enough to erect good camps) when the name was tabooed, according to custom, after the death of a chief who bore the same name.[39] The Nokoni band, prominent in frontier raids, seems to be associated with the Quahada division. Nokoni, a Quahada Comanche, was such a dominating figure in his later years that his branch of the tribe is often referred to as the Nokoni Comanche.[40] His son, Quanah Parker, succeeded him as chief of the Quahada, and, eventually, he was recognized as the sole chief of all the Comanche tribe.

The story of the Comanche since his surrender and

---

[39]The Northern Shoshoni indicate local groups with names consisting of the word "eater" to which the kind of food was prefixed. Robert H. Lowie, "The Northern Shoshone," Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History (New York, 1909), Vol. II, Part II, p. 206.

[40]Paul I. Wellman, "Cynthia Ann Parker," Chronicles of Oklahoma, XII (June, 1934), 163-170.

confinement on the reservation is one of development and change from the roving warrior to the peace-loving, self-sustaining citizen who is loyal to his country's government.

Quanah Parker, the son of Cynthia Ann Parker and Peta Nokoni, the famous leader of many war parties, and the last chief of the Comanche, stands as a symbol of the "before and after" picture in the history of the tribe. After his surrender in 1875, he used his influence in behalf of peace and civilization and urged his people to take up the "white man's road." He established a beautiful home, which still stands, at the foot of the Wichita Mountains in Comanche County. He adopted the family name of his white mother, of whom he was very proud. Cynthia Ann Parker, as a girl of nine years, was captured from her home by the Quahada Comanche band after an attack in 1836 on Parker's Fort, a wooden barricade for the defense of neighborhood families.[41] Many years later she was recaptured by the Texas Rangers. Quanah, as far as can be ascertained, was the only chief who was the son of a chief. The position was not an inherited one, but an honorary one designated to a warrior who

---

[41]James T. DeShields, Cynthia Anne Parker (St. Louis: Chas. B. Woodward Printing and Book Mfg. Co., 1886), p. 10.

had proved himself a natural leader of his people and worthy of the responsibility that the position held.

He is buried in the Post Oak Mission cemetery four miles west of his home, beside his mother, where every Memorial Day the Indians gather with flowers and flags to decorate graves in an elaborate fashion. A monument erected to his memory carries the inscription:

RESTING HERE UNTIL DAY BREAKS AND
SHADOWS FALL AND DARKNESS DISAPPEARS IS
QUANAH PARKER
LAST CHIEF OF THE COMANCHES

BORN 1852
DIED FEB. 23, 1911
THIS MONUMENT ERECTED UNDER ACT OF CONGRESS
APPROVED JUNE 23, 1926

CHAPTER III

ECONOMY

In discussing the economy of the Comanche, I shall stress the life of the tribe in the traditionary period before 1900 rather than that of the present. What is written of the Indian of yesterday is hardly true of him today and will be less true of the Indian of tomorrow, but it is the past that is reflected in the oral literature to be found today.

The Comanche were essentially nomad buffalo hunters and not agriculturists.[1] The economy of the tribe is so closely linked to the buffalo, from which food, shelter, and clothing were derived, that the Comanche are sometimes thought of as the "buffalo Indians." The wanderings of the tribe were more often than not governed by the habits of the migratory animal, that roamed from north to south or from east to west for forage.[2]

Several early hunting methods were used by the Co-

[1] Mooney, op. cit., p. 1045.

[2] Edwin Eastman, Seven and Nine Years Among the Comanches and Apaches (Jersey City: Clark Johnson, 1873), pp. 142-149.

manche: He sometimes drove the buffalo into traps. He also has been known to approach them in buffalo robes or the skins of a wolf for disguise. Prairie fires set in a circle were used, at times, to enclose any desired game.[3]

Hunting expeditions, under ordinary conditions, were made twice a year, spring and fall. The one in the fall was most important for securing food to be stored for the winter. "Soldiers" of the tribe were used to control movements in a large expedition after "scouts" had previously located the herds of buffalo.

Of equal importance to the existence of the Comanche was the horse. This animal, too, was so linked with the tribe that they have often been referred to as "horse Indians."[4] It is difficult to determine the date at which the Comanche acquired horses, but the earliest ones seem to have been of the wild breed. Catlin says:

> The wild horse of these regions around the Comanche village is a small but very powerful animal; with exceedingly prominent eye, sharp nose, big nostril, small feet and delicate leg; and undoubtedly, have sprung from a stock introduced by the Spaniards, at the time of the invasion of Mexico; which having strayed off upon the prairies, have run wild, and stocked the

---

[3]S. G. Goodrich, The Manners and Customs of the American Indians (Boston: J. E. Hickman, 1844), p. 223.

[4]Warren K. Moorehead, The American Indian in the the United States, 1850-1914 (Andover, Mass.: Andover Press, 1914), p. 311.

plains. . .[5]

The Comanche of today give a similar account. They say the animal, according to tradition, was small, powerful, long-winded, fast, and agile. Some tribesmen recount stories of capturing these horses from the wild herds of the plains and mountains. Three methods seem to have been used: laying a trap, which was a sort of natural pit over which a blind of branches was placed; chasing them into a natural enclosure in which they were cornered; and, after a few had been captured and broken for use, chasing the wild horses until they were run-down, and then lassoing them. The lasso is a "thong of raw hide, some ten or fifteen yards in length, twisted or braided, with a noose fixed at the end of it. . . ."[6]

The introduction of the horse revolutionized the mode of life for the Indian, and its importance cannot be overestimated. Without it, as Powell explains, the Comanche was a "half-starved skulker in the timber. . . . With the horse he was transformed into the daring buffalo hunter, able to procure in a single day enough food to supply his family for a year, leaving him free to sweep the plains with his war parties."[7] In addition the horse provided more con-

---

[5]Catlin, <u>op. cit.</u>, II, p. 66.

[6]<u>Ibid.</u>, p. 65.

[7]Powell, <u>Seventeenth Annual Report</u>, p. 161.

venient group mobility, and, as will be brought out later, created a greater variety of interesting sports and games. From the point of view of capital and wealth, the worth of a warrior was measured by the number of horses in his possession. In trade, the horse was often used as a medium of exchange when the value involved was comparatively high. On the march, in early times before the coming of the horse, dogs were utilized to pull whatever baggage was not carried on the human back. An A-shaped contrivance, as described by Wissler, was made of poles upon which packs were placed. These were known as travois. The smaller end was hitched to the back of the dog. With the introduction of the horse, a larger but similar carriage was formed by binding tepee poles to the sides of the saddle and lashing the pack of rolled-up tepee at the back.[8] Large units on the move were accompanied by a band of "soldiers" that served as police.[9]

The weapons of the Comanche were simple. Besides the guns that they acquired from traders, they used the bow and arrow and a lance. The arrows were carried in a quiver. The lance that was used while the Comanche was mounted on a horse was somewhat shorter than the one used

---

[8]Wissler, North American Indians of the Plains, p. 32.

[9]Ibid., p. 16.

earlier.

A method for preserving meat for winter or summer storage has long been in use, that of drying it in the sun. A thick chunk of steak is cut into a long, broad, thin slice much as one would peel an apple by cutting around and around but going directly to the core instead of remaining on the surface. These slices are hung on poles or racks out of reach of the dogs, which, besides horses, were their only domesticated animals. After the meat is throughly dried, it may be eaten as it is with salt and grease; it may be boiled and served as a warm dish; or it may be left dry, pounded with a stone until it is fine, and then seasoned with grease and salt. This dried meat, for which the English term is pemmican, was carried or stored in parfleche, bag-like holders of rawhide.[10]

For spoons, buffalo hoofs were used. When the hoofs are boiled for a long time, the top and inside come off, leaving the clean shell. Buffalo hides, dried into various shapes for use, served as dishes and containers. The flint was their match.

The lodge of the Comanche, instead of being of grass, logs, or sod, was a tepee ("Mootchekee") of buffalo skin, later replaced by canvas. The tepee, differing from the

---

[10]Wissler, N. A. Indians of the Plains, pp. 26 f.

dome-shaped wigwam of bark or mats, is a conical framework of long slender poles covered with bark, skins, or mats and was used between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains.[11] At the top, where the poles can be seen protruding, are extra wing-shaped protectors to keep the wind out of the hole at the apex where smoke escapes. They can be regulated by the outside poles to which they are attached. The fire is built near the center, and the beds of buffalo skin are placed around the sides on the ground. Many tribes use a tripod formation of poles,[12] but the Comanche, among a few others, use four main poles. The tepee is made, cared for, and set up by the women of the tribe. Near their tepees are erected brush shades and arbors, made by throwing branches of trees over a framework of poles. They call this a "her kee."

Women of the tribe wore more clothing than the men. The garment, made of deer or elk skins originally, and cloth later, was a simple, one-piece sleeveless dress, bound at the waist by a girdle. The chief garment for the men was a breech clout and leg coverings of skins. The foot wear for both men and women was the moccasin with leggins of pliable-textured skin and soles of stiff rawhide. Attached to the

---

[11]Wissler, Indians of the U. S., p. 303.

[12]Wissler, N. A. Indians of the Plains, p. 35.

heel of a moccasin was a fringe of leather or the tail of some hairy animal.

Before the introduction of cloth, skins were used everywhere. The dressing of pelts was, thus, an important industry, which was carried on by the women of the tribe.[13] Soft bags, thongs, the uppers of moccasins, cradles, and garments were made of the pliable texture, involving an elaborate process of preparation. Rawhide was used for parfleche, shields, dishes, drums, soles of moccasins, and other articles. Hide scrapers were, at different times, of bone, stone, and curved iron blades with wooden handles.

Face paint, considered an improvement in their appearance, was general, the prevailing color being red. In his journal Gregg says, "With respect to dress and other ornaments, . . . the idea of the civilized world is reversed among the Indians. The fair sex paint less than the men--use fewer ornaments generally. . . . A mirror is his idol. . . . He is also rarely without his tweezers . . . "[14] These comments are still applicable to the old-timers. Smoking the clothing and body with "sage, sweetgrass, and other aromatic plants was practiced."[15] The men pride themselves

---

[13] Ibid., p. 52.

[14] Josiah Gregg, op. cit., p. 329.

[15] Wissler, Indians of the U. S., p. 303.

with long tresses or braids that are sometimes lengthened with buckskin, buffalo hair, or bright silk fashioned into a smooth "role." Even these minor customs show the vanity that so often is attributed to the Comanche.

In general, the Comanche, as well as the other tribes, in their struggle for existence, "acquired a store of knowledge as to the kind of life necessary to live in this country . . . . and, by experience, knowledge and achievement laid an economic foundation. . . ."[16]

---

[16]*Ibid.*, p. xvi.

CHAPTER IV

SOCIETY

The leisure of tribal life in the earlier days afforded participation in many games and sports, even among the women. The contests were conducted among members of one tribe or camp or in inter-tribal tournaments. It is surprising how many of these games are crude forms of games played today.

Besides horse-racing and hunting, among the sports, arrow shooting was the most popular. The target, about the size of a brick, was placed at a distance of about one hundred-fifty feet. Usually eight or nine took part in the arrow shooting contest. The archer who hit the target became owner of all the arrows shot at the target. An expert arrow shooter never had to worry about making his own arrows.

Perhaps the roughest of all the sports is the stick ball game, a combination of basketball, hockey, polo, and football, played with as many as fifteen or twenty on each side. All the players carry two sticks about a yard in length. The ends are cup-shaped to hold a small ball that

is relayed by means of these sticks from one player to another. It is surprising how far the ball can be thrown in this manner and how skilfull the players become in handling the sticks. The game is played on a rectangular field two hundred feet or longer in length. The goals are two six-foot poles, placed two feet apart, at each end of the field. As in polo the small ball must pass between the poles, counting one point. As there are no rules governing foul plays, anything can happen and usually does. Tripping and shoving and the use of sticks for clubs are quite common. The players assemble on the field, painted and dressed to suit their own taste and fancy. While the acting official is announcing the game, the players gather under their own goal and proceed to mill around, chanting in unison. Then the official calls the teams to the middle of the field, lines them up facing each other, and then tosses the ball in their midst. The scramble begins. When a player gains possession of the ball, he slings it toward his goal where another waits to receive it, passes it on, or tries for a score. When a predetermined score has been reached by one side, the game is over.

Other popular games include foot-racing, a hand game of sticks, a hoop game, and a hand ball game. According to Lowie, the hand game is still one of the most popular games among the Northern Shoshoni,[1] with whom the Comanche were

[1]Lowie, "The Northern Shoshone," op. cit., p. 195.

at one time affiliated.

The Comanche were long noted as the "finest horsemen of the plains and bore a reputation for dash and courage."[2] Their sports, hunts, and attacks on the enemy, in which the horse was used, bear out this statement. Horse-racing, in which the winner of each race took the competitor's horse, was a popular sport.[3] The small wild horses that had been captured and brought under control made excellent race horses. The breed was developed and trained, and as late as the early twentieth century many of the members of the tribe still possessed excellent race horses. As a child I possessed one that had been used as a race horse and had previously belonged to Mow-wat. As long as I had the horse, the nose of no other horse was allowed to get past his. Even in his age he was active and useful.

In hunting, since the Comanche had learned the art of what practically amounted to trick riding, he manipulated his arrows in an equally skillful manner, sometimes shooting under the horse's neck, along side his body, forward or backward. Swinging his body down on one side with his heel hanging over the back of the horse, the rider was held in a com-

---

[2]Mooney, op. cit., p. 1046.

[3]T. A. Babb, In the Bosom of the Comanches (Dallas: John F. Worley Printing Company, 1912), p. 58.

fortable position with the use of a hair halter braided into the horse's mane. His heel on the back of the horse steadied him and aided in restoring him to his natural position or, in some instances in changing to the other side of the horse. Prairie chickens, as well as the larger prey, were often shot in this manner.

This feat was learned and practiced by every young man of the tribe. The Comanche adapted its use to engagements in battle as well, falling to one side or the other to use the body of the horse for protection from the enemy and still preserving the ability to handle the bow and arrow. Catlin gives one of the best descriptions of this "stratagem of war" as he terms it. The illustration that accompanies his discussion is equally good, as well as accurate.[4] The shield was also handled with dexterity. Upon approaching the enemy the warrior allows the shield to hang in front, but, in a sudden dash to the side or in retreat, he shifts it to the proper place for protection.

The Comanche, through family and tribal association, acquired a love of nature, a reverent obedience to his parents and older members of his tribe, and a primitive dignity and refinement that is hard to describe. With the child there was no "pampering and spoiling, and the period of in-

---

[4] Catlin, *op. cit.*, II, pp. 73 f.

fancy spent wrapped to the cradle board . . . protected the child and taught self reliance and patient waiting."[5]

Babies were laced into cradles made of dressed skins strapped or fastened to two narrow boards that extended about eighteen inches above and three inches below the main part of the carrier. This cradle could be worn on the back of the mother, stood upright against a wall or post, or set in a reclining position.

In connection with their practice of applying appropriate names to children, adults, and neighboring tribes, the Comanche also finds pleasure in naming his white friends and neighbors. This seems to be a custom among all Plains Indians.

My name, for example, was selected by my parents with the aid of the Indians. My father had been a missionary among the Comanche for several years before converts were brought into the church. Around the date of my birth, a woman by the name of Herwanna (pronounced herg'wah'ne in Comanche) was among other early members of the church who were baptized. The name signifying "dawn of day" seemed appropriate enough to designate my birth as the approximate beginning of the Post Oak Mission church membership.

---

[5]Mrs. E. B. Lawson, "The Indian Child," Oklahoma Yesterday--Today--Tomorrow, edited by Lerona Rosamond Morris (Guthrie: Co-Operative Publishing Company, Dec., 1930), Vol. I, p. 149.

Naming a child, especially a boy, is an important matter with the Indian. As soon as a distinctive event, or circumstance associated with the child, or an assertion on his part occurs, a name is given. Any distinguishing mark of behavior or appearance may also determine the choice of a name. That name is often given by an elderly tribesman. Then throughout the rest of the boy's life his name may be changed as often as a new name seems to be more designative for that individual. These intervals are usually at six years, in adolescence, and in adult life. When he goes to war and performs some meritorious deed, he most assuredly wins a new name of honor.[6] Girls are seldom known to change their names, not even at marriage.[7] Most Comanche are kind to their children; cruelty to children is looked upon with contempt. Besides the father and mother, there are the medicine man, the grandfather, uncle, and old members in the tribe that make up the group of instructors under whose direction the child is to come to maturity. Each boy looked forward to the time when "he would be a great warrior and hunter and he was eager to learn from his elders the lore and rites of his people."[8] He tried to live up to the ideal

---

[6]Salomon, op. cit., pp. 379-383.

[7]Wissler, N. A. Indians of the Plains, pp. 86 f.

[8]Lawson, "The Indian Child," op. cit., p. 151.

of manhood set before him. The ideal embodies courage, ambition, endurance, bravery, generosity, nobleness of character, fidelity, honesty, and skill in the hunt and war. Boys are taught bravery and are trained for the fight at a very early age. Great pride is taken in the male child by the entire tribe, but more especially by the father who hopes for a brilliant future for the lad. Sometimes the paternal grandparents adopt the first born if it be a boy. Girls are taught to be patient, virtuous, obedient, faithful, loyal, and industrious.

Children as young as six years are invited to join the dances and allowed to enter the inner circle. Early, then, they learn the "rhythm and song of the dance."[9] The children learn a certain degree of co-operation by playing in groups, romping, climbing trees, swimming. The boys were furnished especially constructed bows and arrows for play and practice, and the girls had miniature dolls, cradles, tepees, and other similar toys.

The Comanche child was taught his place and manners in the presence of his elders or guests, not speaking unless spoken to. He acquired, through his training, a pleasure in fellowship with his kinsmen, especially with the members of his own family which in the tribe was a closely knit unit.

---

[9] *Ibid.*

Great importance is attached to the first "kill" of a young brave. Any adult who first hears of the event or discovers it by witnessing it may enter the tepee of the boy's family to take any article that suits his fancy, even though it be a prized possession such as a gift from a member of another tribe; or it may be an article of great intrinsic value such as a ceremonial suit, blanket, or saddle. If the mother of the boy realizes the situation early enough, she places the things she most cherishes in a secure hiding place.

When grown to adolescence, a boy's place was on the prairie or with his horse, and a girl's place was around the tepee and in the camp.

In establishing a home or family, a man was permitted to marry as many women as he desired, but very few had more than three wives. Nokoni, the previously mentioned chief, remained faithful to one, his white blue-eyed, blond-haired Cynthia Ann Parker, whom he honored highly.[10] As no slaves were kept and servants were unknown, the aristocratic family, Wissler says, could meet the situation only by increasing the number of wives and regarding the first wife as the head of the family and the others as subordinates.[11]

---

[10] Wellman, "Cynthia Ann Parker," op. cit., p. 166.

[11] Wissler, N. A. Indians of the Plains, pp. 86-87.

In some instances, captive boys were used as servants; the captive girls, after they had grown to womanhood, were usually married to some tribesmen. Although the captives taken in "revenge" raids were often tortured, many have experienced such excellent treatment that accounts relate their subsequent attachment to the tribe.

In general there was virtue among the women, but if a man's wife were untrue to him, he had the right to disfigure the woman's face to make her, henceforth, unattractive by slashing her nose, her ears, or by mutilating her in some other way. An odd custom, reversing the American custom of giving a gift to newly weds, is the one allowing a sister-in-law or brother-in-law to take anything belonging to the couple, such as a horse, blanket, saddle, bow and quiver, or some other article of real value, as a souvenir. These were highly prized "takes." A young man and woman enjoy a period of courtship before marriage, the "marriage" being nothing more than a mutual agreement between the couple and the girl's relatives, involving no formal ceremony or publicity. Gregg, however, reports marriage feasts and dances in the early nineteenth century.[12] Child marriages are unknown, a girl often playing with her dolls and other children until eight-

---

[12]Gregg, op. cit., p. 345.

een. The usual marriage age was around twenty-one. The bridegroom often takes the bride on the warpath with him; that trip probably corresponds to the white man's honeymoon.

Just as the Comanche lacked political organization, they, also, are not known to have much civic or social organization, having few societies, lodges, and orders. One secret order known to old-timers is the Black Crow Lodge. According to Burlin, an organization may "bear the name of some animal whose virtue or psychic power it incorporates."[13]

Burial rites, in the early days, were crude but simple. Upon the death of the member of the tribe, the body was wrapped, placed over the back of a horse, and taken toward the mountains that were usually in the vicinity of a Comanche village. Two or three men usually accompanied the body. After the procession had reached a place part way up the side of the mountain, one of the men would give a signal to halt. Dismounting he would look around for a cave, opening, or crevice into which the body was to be placed. When the body had been lowered to the selected spot, stones were set on it until it was completely covered.

Women of the tribe, in mourning, cut their hair to

---

[13]Mrs. Paul Burlin (Natalie Curtis), The Indian's Book (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1907), p. 31.

shoulder length and dressed in drab-colored garb. A family deserted, moved, or destroyed the tepee in which a death had occurred. All personal possessions and articles which in any way had been associated with the deceased were destroyed, burned, or buried.

Some of these practices are still adhered to by older members of the tribe, though most of them are passing. If a death is foreseen--and the Comanche is quite accurate in foretelling it--the patient is moved from the house to a tent in which to pass his last hours and to receive any last-minute aid from a medicine man. According to the old custom, no souvenirs or relics are kept, not because evil spirits are thought to inhabit them, but because no reminder of their loss, to which the tribe is keenly sensitive, is desired. During lamenting and weeping beside the bier, it is a member of the mourning family that dries the tears of a sympathizing friend to show appreciation and to indicate the time to cease crying. Soon after this action all weeping ends. Within my memory there have been many occasions when many articles of value were placed in the casket and above the box to be buried with the body. The amount sometimes was brought almost to the level of the surface of the ground. Among these articles were jewelry, coins, buckskin suits or ceremonial costumes, saddles, quilts, and blankets. As a

final sacrificial gesture a friend often took the shawl or blanket from his back to be placed in the grave. It seems that it was among the women that most of these sacrifices were made. The women are more demonstrative in material ways, but the men weep just as long and loudly; both, formerly, cried until hoarseness developed. When the women could cry no longer, they slashed their arms and legs or pounded their bodies with stones. At times serious wounds were thus inflicted, bringing much suffering and, sometimes, death. Many of the older Indians bear scars as a result of that practice.

An unusual burial ceremony, that could very well be termed a celebration, was the one that involved the second burial, on December 4, 1910, of Cynthia Ann Parker, mother of the chief. The body had been exhumed from its grave in Texas where it had been buried after her death there. The success of Quanah Parker in gaining permission for the removal of her body in order that she could be buried with "his people" was a triumph not only for the chief but for the entire tribe. A feast, which included a beef, especially butchered for the occasion, and a wagon load of delicacies of every description, was furnished by the chief for the whites and Indians alike at Post Oak Mission.

The dances of the Comanche, like those of the North American Indians in general, impress one as being "clean, beautiful, dramatic, interpretive, rhythmic exercise."[14] Usually accompanied by drumming or music, the dances were often a part of special ceremonies. For that reason, originally, the three (music, dances, ceremonies) were inseparable.

Among the most common dances of the tribe are the War Dance, Crow Dance, Gift Dance, Sun Dance, Buffalo Dance, Forty-Nine Dance, Round Dance, and Two-Step. They took little part in the Ghost Dance that swept through many tribes in the nineteenth century.[15]

The dances of the tribe, especially the Round and Two-Step, which are social rather than ceremonial in nature, employ a rhythmic bending of the knees. They are accompanied by the drumming which begins in rapid unrhythmic beats that finally drone away into regular, heavily-accented ones and then end with the uneven noisy beats again. The War Dance and some of the other ceremonial dances are much more spirited and require nimble ankle and toe action accompanied by rhythmic movements of the entire body, including the arms.

---

[14]Julia M. Buttree, The Rhythm of the Redman (New York: A. S. Barnes and Company, 1930), p. vii.

[15]Mooney, op. cit., p. 1046.

During the years, "social dances increased in favor and with the passing of the old religion the ceremonies waned."[16]

The Round Dance, a typical, simple, and very popular dance is enjoyed by the child as well as the adult. Forming a circle, the dancers face the center and move to the left with a rhythmic stepping to the side, the right foot following the left. Often an inner circle is formed for the younger members of the tribe. For variation, the dancers sometimes move toward the center, while the general movement is to the left, gradually closing in until the dancers are in close quarters; then the movement reverses until they gain their original circle or circles.

The Two-Step can be danced by couples in a circle, each couple facing the one in front of him. This dance, though not especially spirited, is a beautiful one to watch. The step is somewhat more complicated than the Round Dance, but many children delight in participating in its movement and are often better than the older dancers.

The Buffalo Dance was used as a means of bringing the buffalo herds nearer. An unexpected buffalo migration leaves the Indian without food stored. Not wishing to risk hunts that required passage through another tribe, the tribe arranges a buffalo dance that will provide the magic power

---

[16]Densmore, op. cit., pp. 62 f.

of drawing the animal back to the vicinity. As Eastman describes the dance, each participant uses the mask of a buffalo head, dancing day and night until exhausted. Weary dancers sink on all fours; a bow is drawn faking a kill; and the weary one "slain" is carried off. After he has been "skinned" the mask goes on the head of another dancer who takes his place.[17]

The Gift Dance has been explained by a Comanche in the following manner: The Indians are a very friendly and appreciative people. When they once become attached to someone, their friendship is said to last forever. The Comanche expressed this friendship in what they called Gift Dances. If they became friendly with the members of another tribe, they gave a Gift Dance in honor of that tribe. The extended invitation implied (as all Plains Indians knew) the fact that gifts would be presented to them upon their arrival. The big dance lasted for three or four days, as most of them do. In general, the various tribes believed in returning this hospitality. They attempted, of course, to exceed their former hosts in generosity, much as hostesses in white society do today. At times they gave away their most valuable possessions.

The Comanche took very little part in the Sun Dance.

---

[17]Eastman, op. cit., pp. 142-149.

The dance was the tribal ceremony of the neighboring Kiowa tribe, but other Indians friendly to this tribe, among them the Cheyenne and Comanche, generally attended "to watch the proceedings and to sit in council with the Kiowa,"[18] for the ceremony of the sun dance had come to have a social and political significance to many of the Plains tribes.

Dances originally lasted over a period of ten days or several weeks depending upon the purpose of the festivities with which they were connected. The ceremony for the war dance originated through the invitation of any tribesman who had suffered an injustice at the hands of the enemy which he thought called for revenge. The various war dances were for the purpose of securing volunteers and of arousing the fervid excitement, desire, and determination to go on the warpath. When the leader of the ceremonies decided that the time for action had arrived, he caused the dancing to cease and preparations for going on the warpath proceeded.[19]

Their peyote ceremonies that sometimes take place during a "big dance," have not been in existence very long,

[18]Richardson, op. cit., pp. 336-337.

[19]Robert H. Lowie, "Dances and Societies of the Plains Shoshone," Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History (New York: Published by Order of Trustees, 1915), Vol. XI, Part X, pp. 809-812.

the peyote having been brought into the tribe at about the middle of the nineteenth century from Mexico. The peyote, the dried flowering top of the peyote cactus plant, is from one inch to an inch and a half in diameter, one-fourth of an inch in thickness, with a convex under-surface. These brownish buttons are eaten by the participating men of the tribe during the special rituals that proceed within the ceremonial tepee. The effect of the peyote is minor until several have been eaten; then, they say it gives them vision, wisdom, and an ability to understand the course that the "spirit" tells them to follow. Doctors and scientists have diagnosed the peyote as a harmful drug.[20] To the Comanche, perhaps, the effect, if not serious, is similar to that which they experience in their dreams on the mountain top. The Comanche peyote bird is said to be the "sun-eagle" just under the rising sun.[21]

The only musical instruments known to have been used by the tribe are the drum and the flute. The flute, a long slender instrument that was played in a position from the

---

[20] Dr. Robert E. L. Newberne, "Peyote," under the direction of Charles H. Burke, Commissioner, an abridged compilation from the files of the Bureau of Indian Affairs (Chilocco, Oklahoma: Chilocco Indian School Printing Department, 1923).

[21] Weston LaBarre, "The Peyote Cult," <u>Yale University Publications in Anthropology</u>, Number 19 (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1938), pp. 43-53.

mouth downward, was made of very light wood, probably willow, hollowed with the openings necessary to play it. The bugle, it is said, was often used to signal the time for an attack when the tribe was on the warpath, but it was most generally used in tribal rituals.

Having taken little part in the Ghost Dance, that seems to have produced many songs among other tribes, the Comanche have very few traditional songs. Most of the songs that accompany the drumming for any dance are chants. The songs they do have are particularly pleasing for their "martial ring or soothing softness" as the case may be.[22] There is, perhaps, a greater variety of religious songs than pagan songs today because many have been translated from the English, retaining the old tune, and almost an equal number have been composed. The latter are, of course, the more native in quality, both in melody and words.

The radical difference, as Densmore expresses it,

> between the musical reaction of the Indian and our own race is that, originally, the Indian used song as a means of accomplishing definite results. . . . It was used in treating the sick, in securing success in war and the hunt, and in every undertaking which the Indian felt was beyond his power as an individual. . . . The early purpose of Indian music has frequently been designated as "calling on the spirits for help."[23]

---

[22]Mooney, op. cit., p. 1046.

[23]Densmore, op. cit., pp. 62 f.

CHAPTER V

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Traditional Indian art, as Douglas and D'Harnoucourt explain it, can best be considered as "folk art because it is always and inextricably part of all social economic and ceremonial activities of a given society. It creates within a collectively established scope of forms and patterns, and always serves a definite utilitarian or spiritual purpose that is accepted by the entire group."[1]

The Plains Indian, and that includes the Comanche, drew the thing as he knew it and not as he saw it. Painting what one sees as he sees it from a certain point of view, brings perspective to the resultant picture. A horse at a distance appears smaller than the one nearer your line of vision. The Indian knows it is not smaller and proceeds to reproduce it as he knows it to be. All Indian painting lacks perspective. This feature in the picture will automatically

---

[1]Frederic H. Douglas and Rene D'Harnoucourt, Indian Art of the United States (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 Street, 1941), p. 12.

eliminate atmospheric haziness and blurr. The essential parts that make up the finished work of the Indian painter are clear, sharply outlined, and bold in exciting, contrasting colors. The Comanche, as well as Indians in general, are born artists.

In addition to figures, designs and symbols have long been used in the tribe. Before beads were introduced, all designing was done with paint. Paints of several colors, chiefly red, were made by mixing a liquid with soil from a soft rock containing the pigment. In some instances the pigment of plants was utilized. The articles that usually were decorated with the designs created were many: bags, boxes, drums, moccasins, shirts, leggings, buckskin suits, shields, robes, fans, lances, bows, arrows, and tepees. The Plains Indians were quick to take up new elements, such as beads and metal, which the white man introduced. While fitting these new materials into their old designs, they also added new patterns. They began "depicting horses and American flags long ago."[2] Although many tribes used porcupine quills, bird quills, and beads of shell before they used beads,[3] the

---

[2]John Sloan and Oliver La Farge, "Introduction to American Indian Art," Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts (New York: Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, Inc., 1931), pp. 23 f.

[3]Wissler, Indians of the U. S., p. 304.

Comanche seems to have used paint exclusively for designing. Feathers, shells, elk teeth, tusks, horns, and tails of fur-bearing animals are used for decorations, but they are utilized for ornamentation rather than design.

The Comanche has decorative designs that can be recognized as distinctively Comanche, but he does not attach so much significance to symbols in designs as do some of the other tribes. It may be that the white man has tried to interpret too much in them. Much, seemingly, has been said about symbolism in Indian art, but it is often "difficult to trace and is much misunderstood. . . . Actually symbols were and still are used in most Indian civilizations both to convey abstract concepts and to record facts.[4] The latter purpose has resulted in picture writing which most civilizations have at times produced.

Among the designs often found on Comanche articles are the border-and-hourglass pattern;[5] the cross, in the form of the well known Greek cross, which may signify the four points of the compass; the arrow and the crossed arrows; the zig-zag and the double zig-zag; the headdress; the thunderbird; the cactus flower; and man.

---

[4]Douglas and D'Harnoucourt, op. cit., p. 14.

[5]John Canfield Ewers, Plains Indian Painting (Stanford University, California: Stanford University Press, 1939), p. 15.

Feathers were used to make the Comanche feathered headdress and war bonnet, the shield, fans, and many other articles. Feathers from the bald eagle were the most desired, but feathers of the turkey, prairie chicken, and other fowl were used. A typical fan of feather used for the peyote ceremonials had a beaded handle and measured about twenty-one inches.[6] The shield, from which several feathers dangled on the lower arc, was made from the thick skin of an old buffalo's neck and was fashioned into a circular saucer-like shape and was covered with heavy buckskin; it was about two feet in diameter.[7] The feather of the golden eagle was not used except in connection with special ceremonies and the magic of the medicine man. In the process of curing the illness of a tribesman, the medicine man wielded a feather of the golden eagle.

In beadwork, there seems to be a special technique that is used by the Comanche and to some extent among the Kiowa and Caddo. Costumes, ceremonial objects, footwear, bags, sashes, jackets, and cradles (among other objects) are decorated profusely with beadwork. The unusual amount of ornamenting that is sometimes found on cradles seems to

---

[6]George C. Vaillant, Indian Arts in North America (New York: Harper & Brothers Publishing Company, 1939), plate 71.

[7]Babb, op. cit., pp. 40 f.

bear out the reputation of the Indian for parental affection.[8]

There appears to have been no weaving among the Comanche. Pottery was but rarely made. A few objects such as the peace pipe were made of clay. The clay procured for the Comanche pipe was usually of a brownish red color and quite brittle. Beadwork on buckskin wrapped and stitched around the pipe formed its most prominent ornamentation.

Elk teeth were used most extensively on the buckskin suits of the women; some of the garments were made to be almost twice their original weight after all the teeth and other ornaments were added.

Appendages around the neck were popular in the tribe. Some of these were made of dried wild berries, elk teeth, and shells. Shells were also worn dangling from the ears, as Catlin saw them. He also describes a boar's tusk that hung from the neck of one of the chiefs.[9]

Metal, after it was introduced by the white man, was utilized for various ornamentation. Metal pendants attached to the pierced ear lobe was a favorite among men as well as women. A carved metal ornament was used for holding a man's brilliant scarf-like tie. Bracelets, rings, and belt decor-

---

[8]W. C. Orchard, Beads and Beadwork of the American Indians (New York: Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, 1929), p. 119.

[9]Catlin, op. cit., II, p. 75.

ations were also fashioned from metal.

The peak of art in general, among the Indians, came in the nineteenth century, but recently Indian arts and crafts of all types have received the attention of educators and the Government (through the Department of the Interior) and a great revival of interest has been the result. Indian schools, art departments of some of the leading universities, and museums have accomplished much in attempting to preserve what has been done and to develop the field. Although Comanche children attend school in many scattered places, the Government Boarding School at Fort Sill in the center of the Comanche area serves the tribe most directly. This year, 1941, represents the seventieth anniversary of the founding of Fort Sill Indian School.

The Comanche, as well as all Indian tribes, have shown their ability to utilize many of the things modern civilization has brought. As Chief Standing Bear of the Sioux said,

> The Indian liked the white man's horse and straightway became an expert horseman; he threw away his age-old weapons, the bow and arrow, and matched the white man's skill with gun and pistol; in the field of sports--games of strength and skill--the Indian enters with no shame in comparison; the white man's beads the woman took, developed a technique and an art distinctly her own with no competitor in design; and in the white man's technique of song and dance the Indian has made himself a creditable exponent.[10]

---

[10]Chief Standing Bear, Land of the Spotted Eagle (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1933), p. 253.

CHAPTER VI

LORE

It is difficult to say just what folklore includes. Linked as it is to history, cultural anthropology, ethnology, and literature, its scope is broad. Mr. Gomme[1] has divided the subjects that constitute folklore into four main classes: superstitious beliefs, traditional customs, traditional narratives, and folk-sayings; the last mentioned group may include jingles, proverbs, nicknames, and place rhymes.

Traditional narratives may, in turn, be divided into groups. Beckwith,[2] Bacon,[3] and Halliday,[4] suggest three divisions for that part of folklore that deals with

---

[1]George Laurence Gomme, The Handbook of Folklore (London: David Nutt, Published for the Folklore Society, 1890), p. 6.

[2]Martha Warren Beckwith, Folklore in America (Poughkeepsie: Vassar College Folklore Foundation, 1931), p. 25.

[3]Janet Ruth Bacon, The Voyage of the Argonauts (London: Methuen & Company, Ltd., 1925), pp. 3 ff.

[4]William Reginald Halliday, Greek and Roman Folklore (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1927), pp. 74 ff.

narratives: myths, legends, and folktales. Myths, they all agree, explain some natural phenomenon; legends relate popular history; and folktales, wholly products of the imagination, amuse. Here we have science, history, and romance in their primitive forms, yet all three types at this stage can be termed a kind of elementary literature because fantasy finds expression in each of them. Even in the legend that is based on true tradition--real places, real events, real people--the veracity of the account, as Beckwith explains it, "lies in its truth to the social experience and development of the group, not in its literal truth to life as we regard narrative."[5]

Folklore, of course, limits itself to the unrecorded traditions which belong to a folk group whose life lies close to the earth. As such, the three forces that allow us to learn of that unrecorded past are best explained by Mr. Gomme:

> Man has at all stages in his career attempted to explain the natural phenomena surrounding and affecting him. When such explanations are universally or generally accepted by any tribe or people, they constitute a mythology and to some extent the religious beliefs of such tribe or people.
>
> Again, man's course of life has been moulded at all stages in his career under the influence of the surrounding natural and physical phenomena; the flora and fauna constitute his means of subsistence; his means of subsistence have profoundly affected his manner of living.

---

[5]Beckwith, <u>op. cit.</u>, p. 30.

Contact between neighbouring but separated groups of men has of course largely affected the mode of life of each group. When such influences produce a general acceptance of certain definite rules which govern the social intercourse between man and man or between tribe and tribe, such rules are termed the customs of any given tribe or people.

Thirdly, man in progressing or retrograding from one stage of culture to another has ever tenaciously held to his old beliefs and to the practice of his old customs. Whatever causes may have produced a change of belief and a change in custom, the change in the first place is rarely accepted in its entirety by a whole people. Change of belief or change of custom would arise--in the stages of progress before that of a settled civilization to which, for instance, Europe is accustomed--from change of habitation, a wholesale migration, or a wholesale conquest of subjugation, of one people by another; also from general progress, acquisition of property and knowledge, &c. Under these altered circumstances, memories of the older life would be preserved and related to future generation.

Noting the operation of these three sets of forces which regulate the life of man, it has been observed that within the circle of almost all human society, whether savage tribes or civilized countries, there exist old beliefs, old customs, old memories, which are relics of an unrecorded past. These very important facts introduce us to the study of what has conveniently been termed Folk-lore.[6]

Hartland[7] calls folklore the "science of Tradition" which includes "customs and institutions, superstitions and medical practice, and many other things besides stories." As to the narratives he classifies them roughly into two groups--those told for amusement and those intended for belief on the part of the hearer.

---

[6]Gomme, _op. cit._, pp. 1 f.

[7]E. S. Hartland, Folklore: _What Is It and What Is the Good of It_ (No. 2, London: David Nutt, 1899), pp. 2 f.

It has been the experience of the writer that narratives are so closely linked with customs, beliefs, traditions, and folk-sayings that it is impossible to segregate them. One explains the other. The meaning, and hence the appreciation, of the narratives is lost if one does not know the background of the folk from which the narratives issue.

Interest in traditional narratives began to appear just as the narratives began to disappear. Among the notable efforts to preserve folklore in general in America is that of the American Folklore Society founded in 1888. The material of the AFLS, however, covers the folklore of the Negroes and white people of America more widely than that of the American Indian. The primitive Indian has been dealt with chiefly by anthropological societies. Recent studies of the Comanche were made by Columbia anthropologists whose publication has not yet appeared as far as I could ascertain.

The religion and customs of the Comanche are steeped in superstitious beliefs and practices. There are those that concern symbols bearing good fortune. The number four, for example, symbolic of the four points of the compass to which they attach much significance, is one that carries special powers of magic. The powers may be for the fortune, health, or general well-being of the individual concerned.

The east, symbol of the rising sun, signifies re-

viving life, renewed strength, youthful vigor, spring freshness, and spiritual growth and power. Journeying east at dawn should dispel misfortune. Weapons, stood against the east side of the tepee, make their power more potent. The entrance to the tepee always faces the east.

The sun, itself, is a symbol of the Great Spirit, giving spiritual strength and physical power. Since the acceptance of Christianity by many of the tribesmen, they have coined the word, "Ta a' pah,"[8] literally meaning day father. Thus, "father of the day," which implies the sun, is the word for God. If there were a special deity, preceding their acceptance of Christianity, I should say it was the Rising Sun, but it is to the indefinable "Great Spirit" that they speak.

To avert an approaching storm, a grandmother goes up on a high hill and throws sand toward the clouds. The gesture bears the power to dispel them.

When a child is given a string of beads strung on porcupine quills, it will not have immediate need of its mother.

Among the beliefs that contain omens of misfortune are the following: If a coyote is heard howling, the one who first hears it (in a family circle) must say, "What

---

[8]Becker, "The Comanche Indian and His Language," *op. cit.*, p. 333.

good news do you bring?" If he does not repeat those words, misfortune will come to the family.

If you touch the tongue of a dead cow and then touch your hair, you will become grey haired in a short while. Even though the Comanche have very black hair, grey hair is seldom seen and, then, only among the oldest.

A dog appearing before the ceremonial tepee at the time of some special rites is an omen of bad luck.

When a medicine man is eating, no one should walk behind him for fear of being afflicted with a curse or incurable sickness.

A belief that has nothing to do with fortune or misfortune is that, long ago, the Comanche lived so close to nature that they were able to converse with the animals of the forest and prairie who, themselves, could talk. Another is that all arrowheads are made by a dwarf or elf who has long flowing hair and a completely red body.

Among the Comanche, as well as other prairie tribes, thunder and lightning are produced by "a great bird, whose shadow is the thunder cloud, whose flapping wings . . . the . . . thunder, and whose flashing eyes rapidly opening and closing send forth lightning. . . . The Thunderbird usually has his dwelling on some high mountain. . . of difficult access. . . . According to the Comanche, there is a place on

upper Red river where the Thunderbird once alighted on the ground, the spot being still identified by the fact that the grass remains burned off over a space having the outline of a large bird with outstretched wings."[9]

The medicine man, who is an important figure in the ceremonies and rites of the tribe, occupies an enviable position, Lawson says, his popularity often rivaling that of the chief. The word "medicine" was introduced by the French traders who called Indian doctors "medicines." The term in time became synonymous with mystery as the medicine man was a man of mystery.[10] The Eagle Medicine Man derives his power from the eagle. It is a feather from the golden eagle that possesses curative and otherwise magic power which the medicine man uses in his practice. He is very careful that a shadow is not cast upon his back, and he says that anyone passing behind him while he is eating will choke. It is only if this person has been considerate of him that he (the medicine man) will be able to effect a cure before death.

The medicine man has to go through certain rites, called the sacred rites, before he is given his power. In order to receive this power he must go to a place where he

---

[9]Mooney, op. cit., pp. 968 f.

[10]Lawson, "The Indian Child," op. cit., p. 158.

can be alone. The top of a high hill or mountain is considered ideal. Here he must go to concentrate upon the particular power he is desirous of receiving. He should go to sleep thinking of his ambition to derive the power. Sometime during the night, a form will appear in a dream and the spirit will speak to him, giving him detailed instructions to follow and informing him just how long he will possess this magic power and of the exact nature the power is to be. Then, as long as he is a medicine man, he need have no fear of being killed for no one possesses greater power than he to harm him.

Besides the power that a medicine man may receive from this spirit visitation, other minor and important spiritual and physical aid can be derived from a similar experience by any tribesman. When one is in need of a cure for an illness, or wants information, or desires a place of honor and distinction, or wishes to accomplish some special feat, he must go at night to a hillside and wait in solitude for the spirit to act. Heemay find that the first night, or even the second, does not bring results, but if he is patient and deserving, he will receive the spirit message.

When a youth of sixteen absents himself from the camp for several days and nights, "no one makes any inquiries but awaits his return, when he tells of his fasting and long

sleep."[11] Sometimes, during the sleep, there is sent to him, by the Great Spirit, the vision of the animal, bird, or reptile which is to be his mysterious protection through life.[12]

Besides the hilltop method of healing, there is the one accompanied by ritual in which the medicine man is the central figure. Since the Comanche conception of healing is through divine power, the act of cure is usually accomplished with song, ceremony, and prayer. Sometimes vegetable substances are given, but "these are usually harmless, the faith being placed entirely in the religious formula.[13]

The medicine man, in addition to being a healer of the tribe, is looked upon as the prophet, judge, counsellor, and moral leader.

To sum up the various factors that make up the life of an Indian, a statement by Chief Standing Bear is quite inclusive in its brevity:

> The spiritual health and existence of the Indian was maintained by songs, magic, ritual, dance, symbolism, oratory (or council), design, handicraft and folkstory.[14]

---

[11] _Ibid._, p. 159.

[12] _Loc. cit._

[13] Wissler, _N. A. Indians of the Plains_, pp. 87 f.

[14] Chief Standing Bear, _op. cit._, p. 254.

CHAPTER VII

LITERATURE

A great hunter, a lover of games and sports, an expert horseman, a brave fighter, a good marksman, an adventurer, an athlete of ability, a firm believer in his tribal ceremonies, a capable artist, a lover of music, rhythm, and the dance, a lover of life in general, the Comanche, in addition, is a convincing story-teller. The content of each of his narratives reflects the life of the Indian, his customs, beliefs, superstitions, rituals, or his continually changing environmental conditions. The various locations of his forefathers--the Rocky Mountains of Wyoming where he hunted the deer, elk, and bear; the dry plains from Wyoming to Texas where he hunted the buffalo and fought his enemies; and the Indian reservations of Oklahoma where, with his numbers reduced, he submitted to white civilization and government protection--undoubtedly give him a singular background and add depth and breadth to his heritage. He has known what it is to conquer and be conquered; to torture and be tortured; to dominate and

be dominated; to plunder and kill and be plundered and killed. The peace he enjoys today, though in a vastly different sphere, is in some degree comparable to the calm and peaceful life he may have experienced as he camped along the streams in the Rocky Mountains, before his descent to the plains and his conflicts with other groups.

Living in comparative peace, the Comanche Indian long ago enjoyed a leisure time that allowed them the pleasure of sitting for hours around the camp in the evening, the mother indulging in various household tasks while the father related stories to the children. These stories were told in simple or complex manner depending upon the ages of the listeners, but always told--no matter how frequently--with all the vigor, imagination, and enthusiasm that the storyteller possessed. The lack of synonyms and the general simplicity of his language leads him to the use of new word combinations, elisions, figures of speech, and an immense variety of gestures, onomatopoeia, facial expressions, and acting antics.

There are few Comanches left who still tell the stories and even fewer who really enjoy the practice. There is one, Mow-wat, who can sit by the hour, without even so much as a refreshing glass of water at intervals, telling his grandchildren bed-time stories. Before he is well into

his first tale, the entire family and relatives or visitors join the circle to listen, though they have heard the story repeatedly. He includes, among other things, the imitations of noises of animals, birds, waterfalls, horse hoofs, thunder and lightning and the mimicry of the actions of characters and animals in the narrative.

The tribesmen, realizing the importance of preserving their lore before the story telling art is entirely lost with the passing of the older members, who are greater masters in the field than those of the younger generation, were very co-operative. One narrator said that the stories were sacred to him and his tribe and he wouldn't tell them to those outside the tribe under ordinary circumstances, but, because he realized the reason for securing them was a legitimate one, he was glad to make his contribution. The narratives were related in the native tongue and in the English by Indians who naturally depended solely upon their memory. They may, therefore, vary in some details or bear a slightly different touch from the versions of other narrators. Then, too, each narrator, although dealing with traditional materials, filters that information through "his own personality and mode of expression."[1] This artis-

---

[1]Morris Edward Opler, Myths and Tales of the Jicarilla Apache, "American Folklore Society Memoirs" (New York: G. E. Stechert and Co., 1938), p. xvii.

tic freedom may be compared with the poetic license allowed writers in literature and accounts for variants within a tribe. Similarities to narratives of other tribes are the result of close association with neighboring groups. Story telling held an important place, especially during visits around friendly campfires. The style of the narrator varies from the serious, conscientious story teller who is exact in every detail and who emphasizes content more than method, to the one who, although not disregarding exactness of detail, glories in embellishments that elicit definite responses from the hearer. The method of the latter, especially in the telling of humorous stories, reminds one of American humor as discussed in Mark Twain's "How to Tell a Story" in which interest depends entirely upon the telling of the tale. A wide range of style thus accounts for variants within a tribe and among affiliated tribes.

I feel that I have barely tapped the surface of the vast store of narratives, but the few in this collection, numbering approximately fifty, are representative of the various types existing. In my experience I have found few accounts of obscene stories among the Comanche although it appears that there are some in existence. Among former associate tribes, say the Comanche, they are numerous, as various anthropological collections seem to bear out. The

purpose these few stories would serve in the subsequent collection is so minor that space for their accounts need not be allowed.

The reader must continually bear in mind that the life of the Comanche as brought out in these chapters is not the life they live today except for remnants of old practices that do exist here and there. The background that colors the narratives collected here is that of the older life, and it is for that reason that I have concerned myself with it rather than with their present status as ordinary citizens in an advanced civilization.

By the treaty of Medicine Lodge the Comanche were assigned reservation territory between the Washita and Red rivers in Southwestern Oklahoma.[2] The narratives contained in this collection, however, have been taken from members of the tribe living in the center of that territory around Lawton, Cache, and Indiahoma. Families may be found dwelling in localities where there are trees, streams, mountains, or springs.

The Comanche tales abound in magic, adventure, hunting exploits, raids for horses and supplies, superstitions; and many of them that concern personal attributes of characters, ideals to be followed, and weaknesses to be over-

---

[2]Mooney, op. cit., pp. 1043 f.

come because of their consequences, suggest a moral or pattern of behavior. By the references to factors concerning the activities of the tribe or to their environment, one is sometimes able to guess at the approximate age of the stories. Some are very old, while others deal with matters of only a generation ago. Grinnell's comment is pertinent:

> The stories which the Indians narrate, covering a wide field of subjects, furnish us concrete examples on their ways of thought. . . . Many of them have a direct relation to the early history of our country, and some tell of events happening on ground now occupied by . . . white people.[3]

Many times when a youth came to one of his elders for advice, the counsel would be given in the form of a story. In the family circle, if a question of behavior came up, as it often did, the correction desired would readily be accomplished through an illustrative story that spoke for itself. Children, in a quarrelsome, pouty mood, could be led to change their attitude and outlook toward life with an appropriate tale.

The purpose of the narratives seems to have been four-fold in providing a primitive system of training: intellectual, moral, religious, and cultural. The narratives that form the means of keeping alive tribal customs, traditions, and information of the past are educational or in-

---

[3] George Bird Grinnell, _By Cheyenne Campfires_ (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1926), p. xviii.

tellectual. Those that form the means of teaching religious beliefs, morals, virtues, and ethics in behavior have moral-religious values. The ones that form the means of entertaining and amusing children (often at bed time) and guests have cultural values. Because one story may contain two or more of these elements, it is impossible to make a perfect classification of the tales corresponding to the functions they serve. Hero stories and romantic legends have cultural values; hero stories, stories related for the amusement of the children, and moral tales contain elements for character building; legends of historical events and tribal ceremonies educate the young tribesman in the traditions and events of the past; narratives containing tribal beliefs and conceptions concerning the Great Spirit provide religious training.

Part Two that follows contains, besides the narratives I have collected, three examples of Comanche oratory, three songs, and twelve Comanche stories that have appeared in other scattered collections.

The stories taken from other works facilitate my references to other known Comanche legends and to variants that appear.

The divisions of the fifty classified narratives that make up my personal collection in Part Two have been

arranged in such a way that their chronology corresponds as nearly as possible to the chapter divisions that appear in Part One. The classification is as follows: Stories of the Supernatural, including origins, are related to ethnology; Stories of Heroes and Stories of the Warpath and Oratory reflect the history; Stories of Spirit Guidance and Stories of Animals have a bearing upon the economy and society; and the Miscellaneous Selections, including songs and poetry, are related to the arts and crafts of the tribe.

PART II

I

STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL

Within this group I have included stories that explain origins of various natural phenomena and stories of sacrifices to appease the wrath of a monster. They bear a mythical element and, in the sense that the mystery of an origin and the mystery of the medicine man is being explained, they have the element of mystery. Races from time immemorial have sought explanations for what they see in the universe or for that invisible superior power, which controls the elements of nature and the destinies of mankind, against which man feels himself so helpless.

ORIGIN OF DAYS AND SEASONS

Every group that has portrayed the animal in its literature has endowed him with the thoughts, actions, behavior, and responses of a human being typical of that group. In the consultation about the universe, the animals in the following story converse and behave in the manner of the Comanche.

The humming bird, who determines the seasons in the narrative, is called _Nah'bi-mu'ah_ (six months) by the tribe, even today.

The story was told by Rachel Mow-wat as she heard it from Mow-wat, her father-in-law, in July, 1940.

Most tribes have versions of the origin of days and seasons. Thompson's _Tales of the North American Indians_, pp. 38-40, includes two: one from the Tahlton and the other from the Iroquois.

When this world was still cold and in darkness, all the animals got together for a big council. Some were dissatisfied with the darkness and wanted light. Others were dissatisfied with continuous cold. All the animals were represented--birds, bears, turtles, o'possums, raccoons, coyotes, and many others. Seated in a circle in the tent they asked, "What shall we do? How shall we settle the question so that all will be satisfied?"

The coyote, who wanted darkness so that he could do his mischievous work, knew there would be several animals

on his side. "Let's have a hand game in the tepee," he suggested, "and choose up sides."

They started the game. The bear, turtle, and humming bird, among others, were on one side--the side that wanted the light. They kept losing until the bear went out of the tent to "make medicine." When he returned his side began winning. Then the bear arose with confidence, put his had forward in an impressive gesture, and then thrust it toward the door.

"It will soon be dawn," he told the other players. "We shall then have daylight. Watch my mouth when day breaks; you will see, there, the yellow streak which henceforth will be the sign of dawn."

The humming bird, pleased with the bear's speech, added, "My friends, when daylight comes, look at _my_ mouth. You will see six tongues that will indicate six months of warm weather and six months of cold weather."

When dawn came, the animals saw the yellow streak on the bear's mouth. The humming bird opened his mouth to shout, "Hurrah!" and the other animals saw that he really had six tongues. Then the humming bird flew happily out the door. The animals on the losing side ran away frightened.

That is how we happen to have day and night and winter and summer.

REGULATION OF THE SEASONS; ORIGIN OF DEATH

> The story that follows illustrates a variant that has existed, and is one of twelve previously published Comanche narratives that I have found. It appears in the collection of "Shoshone and Comanche Tales" by H. H. St. Clair and R. H. Lowie, Journal of American Folklore, XXII (July-September, 1909), 279-280. The entire collection shows clearly the affiliation of these two tribes.

Coyote called all the people together to decide how many winter months and how many summer months there ought to be. They set up a large council lodge. Coyote sat down in the centre on the west side. He said, "Well, listen to me! We are to decide how many winter and summer months there are to be." One man said, "Well, let us have six cold months; let the seventh be cold in the first half, and the remainder warm." Coyote said, "Six cold months would be too much, we should suffer from the cold. Ten summer months would be good." Another man said, "If we had ten summer months, our meat would spoil, we should suffer from heat." Then they debated. One little man sitting by the door, who was named Snow-Bird, said, "Well, let us have six cold months, with one month half cold and one half cool." Coyote was in favor of ten hot months,

because he wished to play a trick on them. They were debating. The little man by the door got up, and said, "Six cold months is plenty for us." Saying, "Six months," he went out. All the assembly rose and followed him, repeating, "Six months." Coyote bade them wait. "What makes you pay any attention to that little man?" But the people did not listen to Coyote, who was thus unable to work his scheme on them. He went out last of all, saying, "We shall have six winter months." All the people laughed at him. "This is the first time you have failed to have your way." Coyote said, "Now we shall have six cold months. Now, then, let us have another council to name the months." When they had gathered, he announced, "The little man shall have just as many tongues as there are cold months." Then he named the months: "October, November, December, January, February, March, April." All agreed. "The little man will have seven tongues; every month one of his tongues will pass away until but one is left."

After the council was over, Coyote said, "Now, do all of you go over there! I shall join you, and we will decide whether our dead should return after the lapse of four days. Long ago that was our way. To-day I object to our dead coming back." They met. He called them all to the edge of the water. He picked up a rock, held it in his

hand, and spoke as follows: "Behold, our dead people shall do as this rock!" He cast it into the water. "This rock will not come back. Similarly, our people will not return. This earth is very large; but if the dead were to come back, it would be crowded. That is why I object to it." All the people agreed with him. Since then our dead have not returned.

ORIGIN OF MAN

Although a different version of the following story may have been in circulation, there are elements in this one which suggest that it has been in existence only since the introduction of Christianity in the tribe. It was written for me by Nathaniel Woomavovah in January, 1939, while he was a student in Cache High School.

The Great Spirit in the days of long winters and short summers, many moons ago, roamed this world all alone; he hunted the deer in the great forest alone; he ate, slept, and fished in the great forest alone.

One day he sat under a tall pine tree that swayed back and forth in the wind. As he sat under the tree he thought of the animals, of how they were never without a companion. He thought of the deer, the birds, the trees, and of all living things. They all had companions, all but he. The Great Spirit had no one to talk to, had no companions to hunt with in the forest. As he sat there under the tall tree, he felt the urge to make an animal with the image of himself.

He started making an animal out of colorless clay, making it in the shape of himself. He made the head, legs,

arms, eyes, and all the physical parts of a human being. Leaving it out in the sun, he went out hunting to allow the new animal time to dry. The Great Spirit came back and found that his new companion had dried, but, to his disappointment, had an odd color, white. Since he could not bear to destroy his work, he breathed life into the new companion.

He tried again, and this time the companion had a different color, black. The yellow man came next. Still the Great Spirit was not satisfied because the first man, who was white, made things of mystery; the black man was lazy and was always under the shade of a tree sleeping; the yellow man was always causing trouble. The Great Spirit began molding another figure, hoping that it would satisfy his want of a companion. He made it with great care--strong, straight, and true. When the body dried, its color was red, and the Great Spirit was very much pleased to find that the red man loved to hunt in the great forest and fish in the mountain streams. The red man was not lazy, or a trouble-maker, and he did not make things of mystery.

The Great Spirit called all his companions together one day and said, "I must go and fix a place for you; when it is finished I will come again and take you with

me to a greater place than this world, a beautiful place with a great forest, clear waters, and cloudless skies, the HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS."

THE SEVEN STARS

This origin story is taken in full from the previously mentioned St. Clair and Lowie, "Shoshone and Comanche Tales," p. 282.

A very long time ago there lived a family of seven. The parents got angry at their children, four of whom were boys, and the youngest a girl. The father declared to them: "We are going to call a council to decide what all of you are to become. I am angry at you. All of you will go far off. Make up your minds as to what you wish to become." Then the oldest brother asked the other children to give their advice as to what they were to become. One of them said, "Our father, is angry at us. Let us all become stars. Would that all of us might become stars! Whatever we choose, that we shall turn into. Let us wait for our father, and tell him as soon as he returns." When their father returned, he consented to let them become stars. Then they left. That is how they became stars. That is why there are seven stars looking down upon us from above. The one in the rear is the youngest child, while the young men are in front.

HOW THE SPOTS ON THE MOON ORIGINATED

This origin story includes a character that the Comanche call Pe'ah-moo'pitz (big owl), which from all accounts is a combination giant, monster, human being, and owl. The above name may be compared with Tsa'ha-moo'pitz (wood owl) and oh-o'hah (owl).

Ek'ah koorah (red neck band) is the name for buffalo calf.

The narrator, Tehquakuh, related the story through an interpreter, Herman Asenap, in July, 1940.

Once, many years ago, Indians were camping along a stream. A group of girls were playing in the woods a short distance from the camp. Playing here and there, they paid little heed to their wandering or to the passing of time.

In the meantime the band of Indians had found it necessary to break up their camp and move on. In their haste they forgot the little girls.

One of the children wandering toward the site of the village saw that all the tepees were gone and that the camp was completely cleared. Running back, she reported her discovery to the others. Believing her story impossible, the oldest girl sent another to see. She told the same story. Fearful of facing such a predicament, the oldest

led the way back toward the camp, hoping there to follow the trail their parents took.

By this time the youngest child, becoming hungry and cross, began to whimper. Nothing that the girls could do seemed to quiet her, and her crying became louder.

Suddenly they heard a far-off voice calling them. They stopped to listen. This voice, that seemed to come from the direction of the stream, spoke again and again.

"Come to me. I shall care for you. Come. Come, my child."

Wistfully, not knowing what else to do, they followed the voice. It led them closer and closer to the stream.

"Here I am," said the voice, affecting gentleness.

There before them sat Peah Moopitz.

"Come nearer; I will not harm you. I will quiet the child. Just leave her here near me where I can watch over her and care for her while you go on with your playing," the great figure said.

Fearful of disobeying so monstrous a being, the girls obeyed and were soon farther down stream splashing and bathing in the water. When they returned, and while Peah Moopitz was not looking, the child confided her frightening experiences with the giant, his abuses, his

threats, and his promises, to her older sister. While the group was gone, she related, he began telling her she was just the kind of little girl that he liked; good, beautiful, and healthy.

"I think I shall keep you. Perhaps I shall keep you always," he had said.

"No! No! Please let me go. I want to go back," she pleaded.

"If you do not do as I command, I shall harm you. I shall eat you!" he threatened.

Then in the midst of her fright the group returned.

The girls were already worried lest they be unable to follow the trail of their parents, but they were now more concerned about their lives under the power of this terrible giant.

"We must think of a plan that will allow us to escape safely. But what can we do? He watches us constantly," the sister whispered as she sought the advice of the oldest girl.

"We can't run. He would overtake us, and then we should all perish," she said excitedly.

"I have an idea. I shall persuade him to let us go a short distance down the stream to bathe the little girl and wash some clothes," said the oldest after some

thought.

Peah Moopitz granted the girls permission to go as she suggested.

"But don't go beyond calling distance. When I call, you must answer and come back here," he instructed them.

"We promise, faithfully, to do whatever you say if you will let us go," said the girl, taking the smallest child by the hand.

Going down stream along the bank, the girls met a great green frog.

"Frog," said the oldest, "we are in serious difficulty. We are lost from our people and want to find the trail that will lead to them, but a terrible giant has us in his power and will do us harm. We told him we would be here washing, but we want to find the trail before dark. Can you help us? He will soon call for us to return. Will you, kind Frog, please answer for us? Just say, 'We are still busy washing,' and while you are answering him we will be able to run to safety."

"I'll do what I can for you, girls. Run along; I have a good strong voice that will sound so much like yours that he will not notice the difference," said Frog.

Thankful, but not entirely relieved, the girls ran as fast as they could.

It wasn't long before the giant called, "Girls, are you coming?"

"We are still busy, washing," came the answer.

More time passed, and again the giant called, "Come back, girls, you are staying too long."

"We are still busy, washing," Frog faithfully answered.

The giant called again and again. He always heard the same answer. Becoming suspicious after the fourth call, the giant started toward the place where the voice was. As he neared the spot, he was still unable to see the girls.

"Where are you," he commanded.

"We are still busy, washing," Frog croaked and--plunk--he jumped into the stream and was gone.

Too angry to say anything, the giant with a loud roar started down the trail the girls had followed.

The girls, in the meantime, had run until they were completely exhausted. They met Ekah Koorah.

"We are in great danger," they cried; "the giant is chasing us and we can run no farther. Can you help us?"

"I'm not very big, but I shall do all in my power. Form a circle behind me while I face the enemy alone," said the baby buffalo.

By this time it had grown dark, but a bright moon

was shining in the sky. They could see the great giant coming into the clearing over the hill. Hearer and nearer he came, growling in anger with every huge step. Another step and he would be upon them.

Suddenly the little buffalo made a well-timed lunge forward, striking the giant right in the middle, and--oomph--the giant was thrown far up into the night sky. He never fell back to earth, but as the girls looked up into the heavens, they observed dark splotches appearing on the moon. Ever since that time when the girls were saved by Ekah Koorah, we have had dark spots on the moon.

THE DESERTED CHILDREN

The following story is taken from St. Clair and Lowie, "Shoshone and Comanche Tales," previously mentioned, pp. 275-276. As an earlier version of "How the Spots on the Moon Orginated," it contains most of the essential elements of the story in circulation today.

Long ago the Indians were camping in a certain place. Four children were playing by a creek. An older girl with a baby on her back came to join them. In the meantime all the Indians moved away without the children noticing it, as they were still playing by the creek. At last one of them happened to look up towards the camp and could not see the lodges. He called out to his mates, telling them the camp was broken. They called him a liar, and sent another one to look. He reported the same way. They did not believe him, either. A third one went to look, and also reported that all were gone. It was getting late in the evening. All left the creek and tried to follow the Indian's trail.

While they were going along, Coyote met them and warned them. "Right by the side of the road a big Owl has his house. Don't talk loudly when passing there, or he will

hear you." They got to the house, and the little child began to cry. Owl heard him. "Bring my nephew here!" he said. The child thought it was really his uncle, and wanted to go to him. His older sister objected, but he persisted. At last she said, "Well, let us go over there!" Then all went to the Owl. The oldest girl was afraid. "The big Owl will eat us," she said. They got there. Owl immediately wanted to eat the child. The children began to plan how to escape. They said they wanted to wash by the creek. Owl permitted them to go, but bade them hurry back. They met a Frog there. "Frog, we are in trouble, and call upon you to help us. That Owl wants to eat us. "--Yes, I will help you."--"We are going to run off," they said. "When Owl calls us, do you answer for us, 'No, we are still washing.' Just continue fooling him, so that we will have a big start before he finds out." Owl called the children. Frog answered, "We are still washing." He repeatedly gave the same reply, fooling him. Owl at last thought they had run off. He went looking for them, and every few paces he called them as he went along. Frong continued to answer, "For once I have fooled you. The children went away a long time ago." Owl said, "You thinlegged rascal, you have been fooling me! You have let my game run away. I will kill you." He struck at him with his cane. Just as the cane

descended, the Frog jumped into the water, leaving him standing on the bank.

Owl followed the children's trail. He had never been known to lose anything. After a short time he came in sight of them. They were fleeing as fast as they could. He was holding his stone club in his hand. They got to a big creek. There they saw a Fish-Crane sitting. "We are coming to you. That big Owl is after us. Help us!" He took a louse from his head, gave it to the oldest girl, and said, "Put this into your mouth. Though it tastes bad, do not spit it out before you get across to the other side. If you do this, I will make a bridge of my leg, so you can get across." She took the louse in her mouth, they crossed over, and then she spat out the louse. Owl got to Crane. "O Crane! there goes my game. Help me across! I want to catch them." Crane offered to let him cross on the same conditions as before. Owl spat out the louse in mid-stream, and fell into the river. He got out, and again pursued the children. He detected them in the open prairie. Seeing him, they were frightened. "What are we going to do?" A Buffalo-Calf was lying in front of them. "Buffalo-Calf, protect us!"--"I do not know whether I can help you, but I will try. Stand behind me!" Owl came up with his maul. "Oh, you're foolish! You know I won't retreat from you.

That is my game, I will kill you." Calf stood still, pawing the ground. As Owl approached him, Calf charged on him, and threw him straight up to the moon. Hence the Owl is still sitting in the moon with its maul.

ORIGIN OF ARROWHEADS

Ni'ni pi, an elf, in some respects can be compared with Cupid of European origin. He is the maker of arrowheads for the Indians, who may use them against their enemies.

The story was written by George Martin, a former student of Cache High School, as he heard it from Wer'que yah, an elderly Comanche woman who, before her death, lived south of Cache. It was related in October, 1938.

Far away in the mountains lives Ninipi, who is so small he would not stand as high as your knee. He sits high up on a rock, and on bright days he works all day chipping on a special kind of stone shaping arrowheads. He uses them at the tips of his arrows when he goes hunting. You may not believe it, but the little fellow uses buffalo ribs for bows.

You can never really see him, but you may hear him chipping, chipping, chipping. Suddenly, then, you may hear his little footsteps as he runs away as fast as he can.

If you are bad you may be shot in the breast by the little man with his small arrows. The Medicine Man would not be able to cure you and you would be in great pain until death would finally overtake you.

THE DEER THAT ATE PEOPLE

The story, as given here, was related by Rachel Mow-wat in July, 1940.

Many years ago deer ate human beings. For a long while a band of Indians suspected that the deer of the mountains where they camped were devouring members of the tribe who from time to time disappeared. Two medicine men who studied the situation concluded that the victims had been driven back into a large secluded cave. The medicine men went to the large cave to talk to the chief guard who stood at the entrance.

"How are you this morning," one of them said as they approached. "You look so fat and healthy; what do you eat?"

"We eat good; that's all," said the deer. "I'll show you what we have been eating."

Then the deer took one of the four sticks before him, knocked on the door, and, at the same time, called, "One fat buffalo." A buffalo came out.

He hit the door again and called for a buffalo calf. A buffalo calf came out.

"That is all I'll show you," said the deer.

The medicine men were not satisfied because they did not believe they had seen all that was in the cave.

"We must sneak up on him some way," said one.

"Let's change the sticks when he isn't looking," said the other.

There chance came soon, and they grabbed a stick, a different one.

"Two men," they yelled, as they pounded at the door. Two men came out.

"More men," they demanded.

After this last command, many came out of the cave--Indians and white men too. All of them had bows and arrows. These men unitedly fought the deer that now seemed to come from all directions. When the battle had been won and most of the deer killed, one of the medicine men spoke to the remaining deer.

"Now that we have proved ourselves stronger, we will start eating <u>you</u>."

Since that time deer have not eaten people, but people have eaten deer.

TWO BUFFALOES THAT SPOKE

"Voices" usually imparted particular information to the Comanche. Among the animals, the buffalo, an especially cherished creature, was most significant.

Noomah'rah (brother-in-law) is a friendly term of address often used in conversation between animals in Indian narratives. The Apache tales contain the same term.

Pe'ah Quasi Ho'novit (Big Beaver River) joins the North Canadian River in the region of the Oklahoma Panhandle where some of the Comanche were located in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Soko-wechki (Land Searcher) is the name characterizing one of the men, a "scout," in the story.

Tehquakuh, the narrator, told this story, and Herman Asenap, his interpreter, gave the English version in July, 1940.

Long years ago when the Comanche lived north of what is now known as the North Canadian River, ten warriors were selected to go on a raid for horses. After traveling south for some distance, they stopped at a certain place to rest. They were soon aware of two buffaloes approaching on a narrow trail, one jogging along behind the other.

The leader of the warrior group said to one of the braves, "Go over and kill one for food."

Usually every warrior among any group of Indians was an expert in some special field. The leader, knowing

the ability of this brave as a buffalo hunter, chose wisely.

Going forward to meet his prey, the hunter went just so far along the side of the trail and then he remained in ambush; hidden from view, he crawled nearer the path, within shooting distance, to await the passing of the buffaloes. While he sat, he heard a voice.

"Noomah-rah," the voice said, "what river are we nearing?" The sound seemed to be coming from the second buffalo.

"Don't you know this river?" the first and larger one asked.

"No, I don't know."

"This river is the North Canadian; there is a little creek, Peah Quasi Honovit, that runs into it from the north."

"Oh, yes, now I remember," said the smaller one.

The hunter thought it indeed strange that buffaloes could speak his language. Puzzled he ran back to his group.

The leader, Soko-wechki, unable to understand, asked, "Why did you leave without shooting one?"

"Something mysteriously wonderful has happened. Those buffaloes talk our language; I overheard them. Then a strange power came over me, and I couldn't shoot."

Today those rivers are still recognized by the names that the Comanche learned from the buffaloes that spoke.

THE FOX AND THE BOBCAT

There are many variants of the following story among widely scattered tribes including the Unitah Ute (Stith Thompson, Tales of the North American Indian, p. 68) and the Lipan Apache (Morris Edward Opler, Myths and Legends of the Lipan Apache Indians, p. 156).

Old sly fox was going along the creek one day when he saw a bobcat sleeping. Always scheming and thinking up mischievous pranks, he thought, "This is my chance to play a joke on the bobcat. I'll change his looks for fun. Then when he wakes and goes to the creek for water, he'll become frightened at his own reflection.

He rubbed and pressed the bobcat's face in his hands. He chuckled to himself as he saw the result--a round face--and hurried away. The bobcat opened his sleepy eyes, stretched, yawned, and sauntered down to the creek to get a refreshing drink of water. Stooping over, he suddenly drew back in surprise as he saw his reflection.

But he wasn't so dumb. "I know exactly who is responsible for this. It could be no one but the old sly fox. I'll fix him," he shouted.

The bobcat roamed around until he found the old fox sleeping. He squeezed and mashed the face of the fox until he brought the nose and mouth to a long point. When the fox woke, he stretched, yawned, and went down to the creek for a drink. There he saw his reflection. He knew that the guilty person was the bobcat that had come to get revenge.

That is how the bobcat's face happens to be round and the fox's face happens to be long and pointed,even to this day.

THE DIVISION OF TWO TRIBES

The following legend is taken from Charles M. Skinner's Myths and Legends of Our Own Land, Vol. II (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1896), pp. 200-202. Although it is a narrative from regions farther north, it is important in that it indicates the separation of the Comanche from the Shoshone.

When white men first penetrated the Western wilderness of America they found the tribes of Shoshone and Comanche at odds, and it is a legend of the springs of Manitou that their differences began there. This "Saratoga of the West," nestling in a hollow of the foot-hills in the shadow of the noble peak of Pike, was in old days common meeting-ground for several families of red men. Councils were held in safety there, for no Indian dared provoke the wrath of the Manitou whose breath sparkled in the "medicine waters." None? Yes, one. For, centuries ago a Shoshone and a Comanche stopped here on their return from a hunt to drink. The Shoshone had been successful; the Comanche was empty handed and ill tempered, jealous of the other's skill and fortune. Flinging down the fat deer that he was bearing homeward on his shoulders, the Shoshone bent

over the spring of sweet water, and, after pouring a handful of it on the ground, as a libation to the spirit of the place, he put his lips to the surface. It needed but faint pretext for his companion to begin a quarrel, and he did so in this fashion: "Why does a stranger drink at the spring-head when one of the owners of the fountain contents himself with its overflow? How does a Shoshone dare to drink above me?"

The other replied, "The Great Spirit places the water at the spring that his children may drink it undefiled. I am Ausaqua, chief of Shoshones, and I drink at the head-water. Shoshone and Comanche are brothers. Let them drink together."

"No. The Shoshone pays tribute to the Comanche, and Wacomish leads that nation to war. He is chief of the Shoshone as he is of his own people."

"Wacomish lies. His tongue is forked, like the snake's. His heart is black. When the Great Spirit made his children he said not to one, 'Drink here,' and to another, 'Drink there,' but gave water that all might drink.

The other made no answer, but as Ausaqua stooped toward the bubbling surface Wacomish crept behind him, flung himself against the hunter, forced his head beneath the water, and held him there until he was drowned. As he

pulled the dead body from the spring the water became agitated, and from the bubbles arose a vapor that gradually assumed the form of a venerable Indian, with long white locks, in whom the murderer recognized Waukauga, father of the Shoshone and Comanche nation, and a man whose heroism and goodness made his name revered in both these tribes. The face of the patriarch was dark with wrath, and he cried, in terrible tones, "Accursed of my race! This day thou hast severed the mightiest nation in the world. The blood of the brave Shoshone appeals for vengeance. May the water of thy tribe be rank and bitter in their throats."

Then, whirling up an elk-horn club, he brought it full on the head of the wretched man, who cringed before him. The murderer's head was burst open and he tumbled lifeless into the spring, that to this day is nauseous, while, to perpetuate the memory of Ausaqua, the manitou smote a neighboring rock, and from it gushed a fountain of delicious water. The bodies were found, and the partisans of both the hunters began on that day a long and destructive warfare, in which other tribes became involved until mountaineers were arrayed against plainsmen through all that region.

NETAH'S SACRIFICE

It was through cosmic elements, which controlled the means of sustenance, that the Comanche realized the existence of a Supreme Being, who gave and took according to the pleasure or displeasure induced by a corresponding behavior of his people. To appease the wrath of the Spirit, which sometimes was thought to have its existence in a monster, a sacrifice was necessary.

In the following story, written by Randlett Parker, the monster was an alligator, Nun-nu-yer-we.

A long time ago, when buffalo and antelope roamed the plains, a small band of Indians camped at the foot of a great mountain. The Great Spirit had been kind; buffalo and deer were plentiful. There was plenty to eat for the little band and enough left over to give to Nun-nu-yer-we, the monster who lived in the lake from which they obtained their water. As time passed on, food became scarce; even the little snow shoe rabbits which usually were plentiful, now were no where to be found. The best hunters of the little band made daily trips into the forests, only to come home empty handed. The women and the children had to be fed. There was no water to be had, as Nun-nu-yer-we, the monster, had not been fed for quite some time and was guarding the lake.

The Chief of the tribe walked to the banks of the lake and promptly the water began to roll and churn; large waves rolled upon the sand and banks; the monster was indeed angry. The chief summoned the wise man of the tribe and asked his advice.

"Since we have no food to give, what can we do to please the monster?"

The wise old medicine man replied, "To please the monster, some one must give his most prized possession, something near to his heart,as a gift to Nun-nu-yer-we."

Netah, the little daughter of the Chief, heard this and promptly thought of her doll, truly her most prized possession and nearest to her heart. Doll in hand she walked to the edge of the rolling and churning waters. Taking one last look, she laid it near the water's edge. With tears in her eyes she watched the waters roll over and swallow her doll.

As the Chief and the medicine man stood talking, the waters grew calm and still.

"Look," cried the Chief. "Someone has made a great sacrifice by giving his prized possession as a gift to the monster. He is pleased. Now my tribe will have water.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE BLUE BONNET

By Mrs. Bruce Reid

Notice the similarity of the "sacrifice" in the following story to that of Netah's sacrifice in the preceding one.

This legend is given as it appears in J. Frank Dobie's Legends of Texas (Austin: Texas Folklore Society, 1924), pp. 197-200.

There had been a great flood followed by a greater drouth, and then on the drouth came a bitter winter of sleet and ice. Even in the far south, where the cold breath of winter is seldom felt, the woods and grasses of the coastal plains were sheathed with a rattling icy armor. All the game was dead or gone. The Indian people were starving to death. A dreadful disease had broken out among them. It was clear that the Great Spirit had indeed turned his face away from his children. Day and night the medicine men chanted their incantations, danced to the music of the sacred tomtoms, and mutilated their bodies in agony for a promise from the angered Spirit. At last the Great Spirit spoke. This was his message. In penance for the wrong-doing that had brought the evils upon the tribe there must be a burnt offering of its most valued possession, and the

ashes of this offering must be scattered to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south.

Now among those who sat in discreet and becoming silence, beyond the anxious warriors gathered about the fires, was a little maid, too young for the heavy burdens of Indian womanhood to have yet begun to fall upon her small shoulders. Hidden among the folds of her scanty garments she tightly clasped a tiny figure of white fawn-skin, rudely shaped into the likeness of a papoose, with long braids of black horse-hair, and eyes, nose and mouth painted on it with the juice of various berries. This figure the little maid had robed in a skirt, mantle, and high head-dress, out of the feathers of a bird of the rarest of hues in nature--the big, proudly crested, black-collared bird that calls "Jay! Jay!" through the topmost branches of the tallest and largest trees. Very, very beautiful were the feathers of this bird, soft, richly blue as the late afternoon skies when they clear after showers which have lasted through a day, and as an older mother loves her living child, so did the little maid love her deer-skin baby. Almost would she rather have died than have parted with it. Well she knew that it was by far the most precious of things owned by the tribe; and her heart was very heavy indeed for the rest of that day, and the part of a night that she lay beside her

mother in their tepee, sleepless for that she saw her duty so clearly.

At last she arose, and stooping to lift from the smouldering fire within the tepee a bit of wood, one end of which was a glowing coal, she slipped out into the night. Under the twinkling, frosty stars she knelt, and prayed that her offering might be accepted and the fact of the acceptance made known to her.

Then blinking her eyes to keep back the tears, which an Indian child early learns must never be shed, she made a fire of twigs and grasses, and thrust her beloved papoose deep down into the glowing heart of the blaze, till the last bit of skin and shred of feather were consumed to ashes. The ashes she carefully scooped up in the hollow of her hand and scattered, to the east and the west, to the north and the south. Then putting out what remained of the fire, she patted the earth smooth and flat again.

As she did this last she felt beneath her palms something as fine and soft as the plumage with which she had clothed her doll--something that had not been in that place upon the ground when she cleared it to make her little fire. Believing that this might be the sign for which she had prayed, she would have picked up what lay against her hand, but she found it to be rooted in the soil.

So, returning to the tepee, she waited until morning and then with her mother, whom she told of what she had done, she went to the place where she had burned the little deer-skin papoose. But all about, as far as the ashes had travelled upon the early spring night breeze, was nothing but a blanket of such flowers as had never before enriched the landscape; and their thick tassels, in so great a profusion as nearly to hide the tender green of their leaves, were of the same deep, deep blue as the feathers of the bird that calls "Jay! Jay!" through the high tree-tops.

When the chief of the medicine men heard the story told by the mother and daughter, and saw for himself the expanse of blue flowers, he called the tribe together, and solemnly informed them that the command of the Great Spirit had been obeyed and the sacrifice accepted, and that the evil which had for so long pursued them would now be at an end.

It was even so. At once the plains and the open place, between lines and clumps of trees, began to renew their verdure, scattered over with gayly colored wild flowers; the birds and fourfooted things came back to raise their families; and the tribal crops, natural and cultivated, gave every sign of abundant harvest.

In place of the name the little maid had borne, another was given her, a name of many musically flowing

syllables, the meaning of which, in the red men's tongue was "she who dearly loves her people."

Because the great shaggy animals, whose herds of old thundered across the far-flung prairies, were so fond of its succulent green abundance, the blue flower was called an Indian name which the pale-faces translated into "buffalo clover." After the manner of its class of plant, it bore prodigious quantities of fertile seed and rapidly extended the limits of its growth.

THE GIANT COMES FOR MAIDENS

<u>Peah-Moopitz</u> (the giant owl) appears in many tales. Any natural or supernatural object that embodies power, strength, and mystery (the eagle, the alligator, the giant, the mountain top, the buffalo) is viewed with awe. To the Comanche, it commands fear, respect, and obedience from its people.

The following story was related to LuElla Kliewer, who resided at Post Oak Mission for two years, by Abe and Grace Hoah-wah in the spring of 1939.

Once upon a time there was a great giant that lived in the mountains.

Every spring when the Indians had a festival, the giant would come down from the hills and take away a group of maidens to feast upon.

On one occasion, after tragic losses had been suffered by the tribe repeatedly, at an especially elaborate celebration for which much buffalo meat had been prepared, the great giant appeared again. When the giant entered the village, the Indians, young and old, cried and pleaded with him.

As a last resort they offered all the beef that had been cooked or dried if only he would promise never to molest them again. The giant consented to their proposition,

and carried away all the beef in the great bag that he carried. The giant, true to his word, never devoured any more maidens.

THE GIANT RETURNS FOR BUFFALO MEAT

> The following narrative, told by Mow-wat and translated by Rachel Mow-wat, was given me in June, 1940. Whether it is another version of the preceding story or another story entirely is difficult to say. At least, this one reveals that the buffalo meat diet was relished by the giant.

The Indians were camped along the banks of a beautiful stream. One young warrior, standing beside his tepee, preparing his bows and arrows, was suddenly aware of a giant approaching. He had just time enough to warn the other tribesmen in the camp.

"I want all the buffalo meat in the camp," the giant unceremoniously announced in his gruff voice.

"Why--surely--yes, help yourself," the warrior managed to say. Obedience to the giant, Peah-Moopitz, was not to be questioned.

"I'll take this much to my children, who live in a large cave high up in the mountains," said the giant as he filled the great bag on his back.

Watching the giant leave with their prized beef, the Indians gazed in awe at the great hollow places in the earth that marked the footprints of the giant as he walked.

As soon as they had recovered from their astonishment, the tribesmen hurriedly packed their belongings on their horses--even the children helped--and left the camp, to move to more desirable grounds.

PEAH-MOOPITZ KAHNIK

Peah-Moopitz Kahnik (giant's house) is the story of a giant's existence in his cave. The legend was related in May, 1940, by my brother, Daniel A. Becker, who heard it from various members of the Comanche tribe when he was a boy. Elk Mountain, in which the cave is located, is about four miles north of Post Oak Mission. The cave can be seen from the mission.

A giant lived in a cave located on the southern slope of Elk Mountain in the early days before the white man came. Exacting two buffaloes every fortnight from the Indians living south of the mountain, he was a constant and fearful menace. As the years went by and the buffaloes became more scarce because of the frequent buffalo hunts of the many different tribes of Indians, the fulfilling of the giant's request was made increasingly difficult. Slowly the white man came in. They also organized buffalo hunts.

Finally, when the Indians found it almost impossible to furnish the required number of buffaloes, they held a council. A young brave was designated to confer with the giant concerning their problem. Cattle were to be suggested as a substitute.

Approaching the entrance of the cave, the brave

called, "Great Giant, I come before you to ask an important question."

"What is it you want?" said the giant.

"There are not enough buffaloes on the prairies or in the mountains. Will you not accept the beef of cattle instead? We have been eating it for years and find it very delicious."

"Cattle are very small, but I shall be satisfied if your tribe will bring me twenty," replied the giant.

Cattle were thus substituted for buffaloes, but the change of the diet did not agree with the giant. He became increasingly irritable and nervous and menacing. The coming of so many white men, bringing confusion to this quiet mountain country, was also disquieting to the giant. The Indians, trying to appease his wrath, brought him forty beeves.

Finding his new diet more and more disagreeable, and the encroachments of the white man unbearable, the giant left his cave for a more secluded spot in the larger mountain range farther west.

WHAT BECAME OF THE GREAT GIANT

The story of the final disappearance of Peah-Moopitz is revealed in this tale related by Mow-wat and interpreted by Rachel Mow-wat, June, 1940.

No trap, arrow, lance, or other method of destruction that the Indian could devise was strong enough to conquer Peah-Moopitz, the great giant that for so many years had molested the tribe.

One day, however, while the giant was sitting under a large cottonwood tree, a big storm arose. The heavens grew dark with clouds, but it was not yet night. The giant enjoyed the sound of the thunder, so much like his own voice. The lightning flashed; he thought it magnificent. Then suddenly a bolt of lightning struck the tree. A great ball of popping, cracking fire appeared. In an instant it disappeared as if it had evaporated into the air, and in place of the Great Giant, there sat an ordinary owl.

II

STORIES OF THE WARPATH

The narratives in this group are not necessarily about actual fights and raids but about adventures or incidents connected with these movements. They may be termed "interesting side-lights" of the warpath. Since there are over-lapping elements in most narratives, it is impossible to draw a definite line between stories indicating that this one or that one belongs within a certain classification. Many of the accounts of adventures associated with the warpath will be found among "Stories of Heroes" and "Stories of Spirit Guidance."

THE COMANCHE BOY WHO WAS CAPTURED

Legends of captured or lost children were popular because adventures, not ordinary or usual in tribal life, made interesting story material.

The story related here refers to a conflict with the Osages, who for many years were bitter enemies of the Comanche.

The <u>herkee</u> is a brush arbor, but, in the story, the framework without the brush served as the "torture bed" to which the boy was tied.

The legend was told by Rachel Mow-wat in July, 1940.

Once, long ago, when the Comanches were out on the warpath, a boy became lost during a fight with the Osages. He was taken by the Osages as a captive back to their country. There he was tied to the top of a "herkee" frame made of poles. His feet and palms were slashed.

At home his mother, father, and sister grieved for him. The sister's husband and two other warriors went out to search for him.

At last they sighted an Osage camp. Cautiously they remained in hiding until dark when they could approach with greater safety to look for the lost boy.

"You two stay here in ambush and watch the horses," said the brother-in-law after darkness had fallen. "I'll

get him if I can find him."

The Osages, in the meantime, were making preparations for a great war dance, a ceremony celebrating their victory. The boy heard the Osages as they built a fire directly beneath his suspended body. Having had no food nor water during the long afternoon in the scorching sun, he now almost succumbed in his agony. He could hear the tom-toms as they were beating out their dull rhythm nearby.

Stealthily creeping closer and closer to the fire, the brother-in-law suddenly heard groans above him. Looking up, he saw a body in the eerie light.

"Is that you?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Yes," came the weak answer, "but there's no use to try to get me and endanger your life. I can't live much longer." The boy could say no more.

"I'll go back to get my horse and then I shall take you home. I'll be back; do you hear?"

The faint answer, "Yes," came slowly.

Hurriedly, the brother-in-law secured his horse and one companion and returned. The big dance was now nearing its height, and the Osages, happily, had forgot their captive. After cutting the ropes that bound the boy to the poles overhead, the men lowered him to the back of the horse, tied him there because he was too weak to sit, and

started their journey home.

Not only the relatives but the whole Comanche band welcomed the boy home and praised his rescuers. To show appreciation, the father gave the son-in-law one of his best horses as a reward.

NU'AH NUH

This narrative relates another experience during a fight with the Osage tribe. I did not learn the meaning of the main character's name, but its importance in the story is minor.

The story reveals a vein of humor which, even in the midst of tragedy, is characteristic of the Comanche's fun-loving disposition.

Rachel Mow-wat related the story to me in July, 1940.

Long ago, Nuahnuh, a young Comanche woman, was camping with others of her tribe along a stream. The band, suddenly found themselves surrounded by Osages. The scouts watching the camp had not been alert. Horses around the camp that had been tied and ready for a surprise attack had been released and driven away. The Comanches ran for their lives on foot. In the rain of arrows from the enemy Nuahnuh was wounded. She fell to the ground and appeared to be dead. In the confusion the Osages ran over her body, killing others all around her. She had on a beautiful buckskin suit and mocassins, but no one stopped to notice them in the thick of the fight.

Some of the Comanche reached the mountains and the timber safely, but many, many others lay wounded or dead.

Nuahnuh feigned her lifeless appearance until all seemed quiet and safe after the enemy had gone. After dark she started moving a short distance at a time. Those that were alive came back to retrieve whatever possessions they could find. One woman who couldn't find her shoes saw the beaded moccasins on Nuahnuh who she thought was dead.

"Well, my friend," said the woman in Comanche. "You are dead and gone, but I'm still alive on this earth. I am sorry, but I need your shoes."

Nuahnuh, recognizing the language of her own tribe, turned over and nearly frightened the woman out of her wits.

"I'll need my shoes. I'm not dead; I just appeared so because I thought you were of the enemy. You can wear my shoes, friend, if you will see that I am carried safely to my people."

Nuahnuh and many others who were found alive were carried to safety where a new camp was made.

THE CAPTURED NAVAJO

The belief that a medicine man bears a charmed life is brought out in the following successful clash with the Navajo warriors. Scalping was not uncommon among the Plains tribes. The success of a warrior upon his return from the warpath was determined by the proof of such success. Scalps, as in this story, served as definite proof and, also, as cherished souvenirs.

Of the four names of men, only two were translated: *Ek'ah-ah'neah*, the name of the medicine man, means the *red mane of a horse*; *O'ha-tsumah*, the name of one Navajo, means *yellow beads*.

Mow-wat, the narrator, gave the date for the event by explaining in the following manner: "When the three Comanche in this story surrendered at Fort Sill, they were very old men. When they fought the Navajo Indians in this story, they were young men." The clash, then, probably occured in about 1834. Mow-wat told me the story in his own home, June 29, 1941. Rachel Mow-wat again served as interpreter.

Three men, long ago, went buffalo hunting. They succeeded in killing one at the foot of a mountain among some trees. Being a long way from camp, they prepared to eat there. Pee'sah-mah'kah built the fire, and Yeh'reh-qua'see cooked the meat. Eh'kah-ah'neah, the third man, was a medicine man.

While they were eating, they saw a rider come out of the foot of the mountains, loping toward them. They

watched him as he passed and recognized him to be Navajo. Another rider galloped by, and another, until six had passed. The Comanche warriors, showing their bravery in the face of the enemy, did not run but kept on eating. The medicine man, especially, seemed calm. According to custom, he would not allow anything to interrupt his eating. "When we are through with our meal," Peesah-mahkah said, "we will wash our hands and then get our horses." Washing the hands after a meal was an important practice, especially for the medicine man.

Again the Navajo riders came by, this time surrounding the three men. The first two men jumped up and ran for their horses, but the medicine man kept eating. "What's the matter," said one as he came back. "The enemy is here, and you do not intend to fight?" But the medicine man remained calm. When he had finished eating, he rose with dignity and washed his hands.

The Navajo began shooting with their guns but their bullets did no harm. During the fight five of the Navajo warriors were killed and the sixth one, bewildered, was captured. The Comanche warriors scalped the dead men and buried the scalps at the foot of the mountain.

Anxious to take the prisoner back to camp, they began packing their meat on a pack horse to make ready for

the trip. They tied a rope around the Navajo and led him on foot. Late that night, when they arrived at their camp, they called for Oha-tsumah, a captive Navajo that had lived with the Comanche tribe for many years.

Oha-tsumah shook hands with the new-comer and then spoke to him in his native language. "Where did you come from, and how do you happen to be here?" he asked.

"It was a strange fight," the captured Navajo said as he told the story. "The three warriors stood their ground and never ran. Nothing seemed to harm them while we fired all around them. They must be the warriors who, we have heard, never run from the enemy."

"Yes, that is their way," said Oha-tsumah. "Tell me, friend, what is your name and what was your father's name?" As soon as the captive mentioned his father's name, Oha-tsumah recognized it to be that of his own father's brother.

"Why, we are cousins! Your father and my father were brothers," Oha-tsumah said, and then he turned to the Comanche warriors with whom he had lived so long. "What must be done?" he asked.

Previously the warriors had decided to tie the captive to a tree, build a fire, and dance around him. But now, the captive's relationship to the Navajo they had

learned to love and respect caused them to reconsider the problem.

"Let us all do our part in giving my kinsman gifts and clothes," Oha-tsumah suggested. "Then, tomorrow, I will accompany him half way to his own people. To them he will tell the story of his unusual experiences." The warriors agreed.

The next morning several Comanche warriors rushed to the spot where the five Navajo had been slain. They took the riders' horses that were still there, and then searched for the buried scalps. Each warrior wanted one for a souvenir, but there were not enough for the number of warriors. Two had to divide one scalp, and then all were satisfied. Each one tied his scalp with its long hair to the bridle under the horse's chin and after dividing the saddles, shields, knives, and guns, rode home to show their fellow tribesmen the evidence of their success.

The Comanche and Navajo, to this day, have remained enemies.

COMANCHE MEETS NAVAJO

The story of the unexpected meeting of a Comanche and Navajo on the top of a mountain emphasizes the superiority of the former in nobleness of character as well as in physical strength. The name of the Comanche, Poch'ko-to'sapti, means white whippoorwill.

This is one of the few narratives that reveal the infrequent practice of allowing a Comanche on the warpath to take his mate along. The "runners" usually leave their mates a short distance behind while they run ahead to search for the enemy.

Long ago when the Comanche were at war with the Navajo, Pochko-tosapti, a runner on the warpath, took his wife with him to climb to the top of a mountain where he would be able to search the countryside for signs of the enemy. As they climbed, they didn't know that on the other side of the mountain a Navajo warrior and his mate were climbing toward the same peak. Both couples had left their horses tied at the foot of the mountain.

Suddenly, without even the warning of noisy footsteps, the two couples stood face to face at the top of the mountain. So astonished that none could speak, they simply stood there for a short while.

Finally the Comanche said, "Well, I am a warrior.

I suppose you are one, too, but I am at a loss to know what to do. Let us sit down here and smoke while we decide upon the action that we, as brave warriors, should take."

They sat in silence, smoking and thinking. The Comanche smoked the Navajo's long red peace pipe, and then he spoke again. "We shall wrestle right here. Whoever is defeated must submit to having his throat cut." The Navajo agreed. While they wrestled the wives watched, but they never interrupted or disturbed the progress of the fight.

The Navajo soon found it impossible to fight any longer. "You are the winner," he said. "You may do what we agreed upon before the fight."

"I shall not take your life," the Comanche warrior said. "We have witnesses to prove to your people and to my people that I was the victor. You go back and tell your tribesmen what our agreement was; tell them of our fight; and then tell them that I spared your life."

"The honor that is due you is as great as it would be if you had killed me. I shall tell them so."

They shook hands and parted with friendly feelings, but they never promised to be friends.

THE NAVAJO MOUNTAINS

The entire story that follows, including its one-paragraph introduction, was taken from Edward Everett Dale's _Tales of the Tepee_ (New York: D. C. Heath & Company, 1920), pp. 97-101.

In southwestern Oklahoma, about twelve or fifteen miles east of the town of Altus, is a group of mountains called the Navajo Mountains. They are steep and rugged, and rise from the level plain to the height of about a thousand feet. It seemed strange to me that they should be called by this name, for the Navajo Indians live many hundred miles to the west, so one day I asked an old Comanche chief why the mountains were so called, and this is the story that he told me.

A great many years ago there were several villages of Comanches along the streams a few miles east of these mountains. The country was beautiful, with plenty of game and wild fruits and pecans, and there were no enemies near, so the people lived for many years in peace and happiness. They would sometimes make raids against the whites in Texas, and one summer had even sent some of their young men north against the Cheyennes, but no enemy had ever come near their own villages.

They were therefore greatly surprised one day when a scout came hurrying in with the news that a great war par-

ty of strange people had been sighted by some Comanche hunters only a few miles to the west. He said there were hundreds of them, and that they were well armed and equipped and were coming rapidly eastward toward the Comanche villages.

The strangers were Navajos. They lived very far to the westward but had often heard of the Comanches, so a great war party had been organized to come over into the Comanche country in order to fight them and take their ponies and other property.

At once all was hurry and bustle in the Comanche camps. The ponies were quickly driven in, the best ones caught and mounted by the warriors, who had hastily painted their faces and armed themselves with their best weapons. The more remote camps were notified of the impending danger, and as soon as their warriors had arrived, the little Comanche army rode rapidly away toward the west to meet the advancing enemy. As they drew near this group of mountains, they sent scouts ahead who presently returned with the news that the Navajos were encamped in a small grove west of the mountains, where they were resting and grazing their ponies, apparently without thought that the Comanches might be near.

A council of war was hurriedly called, and the chiefs,

after a brief talk, decided to attack at daylight the next morning. Camp was accordingly made in a little glen among some low hills, and the warriors lay down and slept until near daylight. All then arose, mounted their ponies, and moved silently forward to attack the Navajo camp.

The sun was just coming up when they approached the grove where the enemy was encamped. As they drew near, the leaders gave the word to charge, and the little Comanche army dashed upon the camp, uttering fearful warwhoops and firing arrows at the Navajo warriors, who in many cases had just arisen from sleep and were cooking breakfast.

The fight was long and fierce. The Navajos, recovering from their surprise, seized their bows and arrows and fell back from camp, shooting as they went. Some of them leaped upon their ponies, others kept on foot, sheltering themselves as best they could from the Comanche arrows among the big rocks along the foot of the mountain.

Yet the Comanches slowly pushed them backward along the foot of the mountain toward the north. The Navajos kept together, however, and disputed every foot of ground. Their camp was in the hands of their enemies, but the Comanche warriors had no time to stop and loot. They had the advantage, but the battle was by no means won.

The fight lasted for hours. At last, the Navajos

were pushed away from the sheltering rocks, and losing heart fled in wild confusion, each warrior trying only to save himself. The Comanches pursued and shot them down one by one until at last it seemed that all the Navajos were killed. The Comanche warriors believed that not a single one had escaped. They now returned to the Navajo camp, gathered up the ponies, and collected all the booty. There was a large amount of it. There were tepees, saddles, blankets, weapons, and food, besides all the ponies of the Navajo war party. The Comanches then returned home to their women and children, who welcomed them with great delight, and a splendid feast and dance, lasting several days, was held to celebrate the victory.

As the years passed the battle with the Navajos was almost forgotten. Then almost twenty years afterward, a party of Comanches was returning from an expedition against the whites far down in Texas. Late one evening they drew near this group of mountains and decided to camp at the edge of the rocks.

The men were hobbling the ponies, and some of them were lying in the shade of the first tepees erected, when some of the women, who had gone off along the edge of the rocks looking for dry wood, came running back to camp screaming that there was a Navajo on the mountain. The Comanche

braves seized their bows and ran out to meet the women, and when they came near they saw high up among the rocks the half naked form of a Navajo brave running along and leaping from rock to rock.

They pursued him, but it was growing dusk and they soon lost him in the rocks. The next morning they found his home merely a cave among the boulders, but though they searched long, they could never find the man himself. So they destroyed his simple furniture and went on to their homes farther north.

They knew that this Navajo must be the lone survivor of the great battle which had taken place many years before. His companions all dead, he had not dared to attempt to traverse alone the hundreds of miles of prairie that lay between him and his people at home, so he had settled down to spend the remainder of his life as a hermit in this little group of mountains.

What became of him the Comanches never knew. They supposed that he lived out his life and died there. In time most people forgot all these incidents, but along the edge of the rocks flint arrowheads are still picked up by dozens, relics of that great battle, while the mountains are still called the Navajo Mountains.

A RAID FOR HORSES

The following story was told by Felix Koweno in June, 1940, as an example of the many similar versions about raids for horses.

One night when the moon was full, a small but brave band of Comanches planned a daring raid to extend into Mexico in order to secure more horses, the animals that had proved so valuable to their new life on the plains in hunting buffaloes, moving camp, catching wild prairie chickens and Indian road runners, playing games, and fighting enemies. An expedition so dangerous required special prearranged plans which had to be strictly followed. Scouts had located some desirable herds.

Horses on the range were often in the special charge of one soldier or guard who, by holding the leader of the horses by a long rope or rein, was able to keep the entire herd near.

Following directions carefully, the warriors advanced in the darkness of night. At a certain point one of the warriors went ahead stealthily to approach the guard. He knew that only one sound could mean the death of the entire band

by the fire of other aroused guards. He found the guard asleep. When he located the rope, he cut it midway between the horse and guard, and led the leader silently over the range with the other horses following. At a safe distance, each of the several hundred tribesmen caught a horse and galloped across the plains to their distant camp.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA LIBRARIES

A'SE-TOMMY

The story that follows is supposed to have occurred on Texas soil about seventy years ago during the height of the Indian raids on the whites there.

A'se-tommy, in telling this historical episode to his fellow tribesmen, would always begin or end the story by saying, "I used to think it was great adventure to participate in raids on white settlers; but now since I am settled and the tribe is at peace, I realize that great wrong has been done."

A'se-tommy, who has been dead about ten years, acquired his name through a dream that brought him a vision of a grey horse. The name signifies master of a grey horse. In his youth he was quite an accomplished equestrian.

The story was related to me by Rachel Mow-wat in July, 1940.

Out on a warpath the Comanches' warriors reached the top of a mountain and stopped to take a view of what lay beneath them. Near the foot of the mountain they saw a farm house. Some horses were near the house and a washing was out on the line.

Coming down from the mountain and cautiously approaching the house, they found a woman in one of the rooms reading. When they were discovered they began shooting their bows and arrows and giving the warhoop to frighten everyone out of and away from the house. No one was harmed,

but after the whites had fled, the Indians went through the house, tearing up furniture, breaking out windows, and shooting wildly. They found some men's pants as they tore through the clothing. Cutting the pants off at the knees, they put them on and relaxed for a "smoke." Taking what they could with them, they left, riding the horses that they captured.

The next morning, looking down from another mountain, they saw another farm house. Horses were in and around the barn in a lot. Approaching the house quietly with bows and arrows, they found more than just one family. Many visitors seemed to have gathered for a special occasion. In the raid that followed, the whites were killed or wounded. As the women and children ran for safety in the cellar, the warriors grabbed them back to frighten them and then let them go. They killed and scalped many of the men, and took the scalps for souvenirs of their success.

The screams and groans and cries that they heard didn't please the warriors. To quiet them they set fire to the house and watched it burn down. Then they took the horses, their prize of the raid, and drove them home.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA LIBRARIES

III

STORIES OF HEROES

Stories of heroes gave the youth of the tribe ideals and standards of behavior and instilled in him a burning ambition to accomplish that which would bring honor to him, personally, and to the tribe, as a whole. They served as a guide to action, positive or negative, in the face of danger or in a crisis. These narratives, in addition, made the youth proud of their history and heritage. The many accounts of the lowly rising to a place of honor and prestige inspired the poorest, most insignificant, "forgotten son" in the tribe. Since a position of leadership was not inherited, anyone could aspire to it. The members of the tribe, too, were never hesitant in acknowledging heroic efforts with due honor and reward signifying a most democratic way of life. Many stories that could well be grouped here will be found in the divisions called "Stories of the Warpath," and "Stories of Spirit Guidance."

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA LIBRARIES

THE CINDERELLA BOY

The title of this story, which I attached, is more than a mere Cinderella story in that it includes a hero's response to an ambition, his determination to reach it, his success, and, at last, his reward.

In many respects the narrative resembles some European folktales among which are "Boots and His Brothers" and "The Princess on the Glass Hill" in Popular Tales from the Norse by Peter Christen Asbjornsen. They can be found in the English in Johnson and Scott's Anthology of Children's Literature (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1940), pp. 156-162, among the Scandinavian folktales.

The grandmother in the story is a medicine woman. Medicine women are not frequently mentioned by the Comanche. As "witch doctor," they hold a position similar to the medicine men, but they do not have the general and broad powers of leadership in the tribe and in the ceremonial tepee.

The legend was told by Mow-wat and interpreted by Rachel Mow-wat in June, 1940.

There once was a very poor boy who lived and traveled with his grandmother. One day, when the Indians were camped near a mountain stream, some of the hunters of the tribe found an eagle perched atop a tall tree. All of the most skilled arrow shooters attempted to bring down the eagle, but all failed. The chief taking an interest in the contest announced that he would give his daughter as a prize to the warrior who was successful in bringing down the eagle.

This poor boy, greatly moved, ran home to his grandmother to tell her of the remarkable contest and the coveted prize.

"I want to enter the contest. Will you make me some fine arrows?"

"Why, son, you will have no chance in a contest where so many of our best hunters are entered. But if you insist, I shall help you," said the grandmother.

The grandmother made four arrows and a bow. As she watched the delighted boy leave, she knew her hopes were right with him.

All the old warriors and experienced hunters laughed as the young man approached.

"Who is that?" they jeered.

"A ragged, unknown lad like that can't do anything," said another.

"Let him take his chance like the rest of you," said the leader. "This is a fair and open contest."

The boy aimed and shot. No eagle fell. The second and the third arrow brought no results. The men laughed louder. After carefully aiming the last arrow, he let it fly. The eagle dropped down at the feet of the astonished warriors. All of the men, jealous of the poor boy's good fortune in winning the chief's daughter, protested that he

was not worthy. The chief, however, declared his intention of keeping his word.

The boy, torn between the joy of his success and fear lest he should not be worthy of the prize he so desired, returned to his grandmother who was a "medicine woman."

"They laughed at me because I looked poor. Then they said I was unworthy of the daughter of the chief. Could you give me some clean clothes so that I will make a better appearance when I go for her?"

"Don't worry, son. You go to the creek and wash. Then bring all your old clothes to me," she commanded.

When he brought back his clothes, the grandmother dipped them into a pot of boiling water that she had prepared. The water instantly transformed the rags to a complete buckskin suit with beautiful colored decorations. The worn shoes turned into elaborately finished moccasins; an old buffalo hide, dipped into the same boiling water, came out a bright colored blanket; and his shabby head-dress became a magnificent war bonnet.

"Bend over," she directed, "and let your hair touch the water." Immediately the dusky braids became long, black, and glossy.

"Now get some ashes," the grandmother said.

The astonished boy obeyed. When he returned, she

turned them into dried aromatic herbs with which she scented his now complete regalia.

No brave in the memory of those tribesmen was ever seen in such fine array. His athletic body, his graceful step, his manly bearing, all showed the courageous spirit of this ambitious youth, whose determination was undaunted in the face of difficulty. Everyone now realized he was more worthy than all the others to make the chief's beautiful daughter his bride.

CHIEF BRAVE HEART

This is more truly a hero story than the others in the group as it actually relates the heroic deed that brought the main character his name of honor. It is typical of the narratives told for the purpose of instilling the youth of the tribe a desire to do that which is noble and unselfish. Bravery, strength, courage, ambition, and love for his fellow beings were some of the ideals to be followed.

Randlett Parker wrote the story, following the native version as closely as possible, in November, 1938.

A long time ago, when the chief was a little boy, his name was not Brave Heart. He was called Clock Dock. Little Clock Dock was the first baby in the family, and his mother was very proud of him. She wanted him to grow strong for the hunt and brave to defend his people in time of war. Soon Clock Dock was old enough to play with other boys, and, as he became older, he grew taller and stronger.

One day when he had almost reached manhood, he was walking leisurely through the forest near the camp. Suddenly, from somewhere nearby, there burst upon the still air the frantic screams of children. Clock Dock flew like a deer toward the spot where he saw three children trying to scale a high rock. Far off, through the trees, a wounded

grizzly bear was ambling toward them.

Clock Dock had no weapons with him; but he did not hesitate, for every minute was precious. He grabbed the nearest heavy limb that he could find, hid behind a tree near the rock, lifted his club, and waited for the bear to charge. The grizzly was so intent upon the children that it did not notice him. Just as the bear went by the tree, Clock Dock, with his club raised high, brought it down with all his strength upon the bear's nose. The bear fell to the earth, but was on its feet again in an instant facing Clock Dock. Then when it started to rear up, Clock Dock brought his club down directly on its nose again with even greater force than before. With that terrific blow the bear fell again, and this time it lay still.

Clock Dock stood over it for a few moments, to make sure that it was dead; and then, gathering the frightened children together, he took them back to camp.

Word of Clock Dock's brave deed spread rapidly around the camp. When the Chief heard of it, he called Clock Dock to him and told him that for his act of courage he would henceforth be called "Brave Heart." This was his first real name, and he was very proud of it.

Several years later, when the chief of the tribe died, Brave Heart was chosen to succeed him because of his strength,

his courage, and his love for the people. Thus it was that little Clock Dook became Chief Brave Heart and won the highest honor of his tribe.

THE FEATHER HUNT

Feather hunting was a popular past-time because feathers were in great demand for decorating tribal regalia as well as for arrow-making.

The narrative was written in January, 1939, by Vida Tahchaw-wickah while she was a student in Cache High School.

Once there lived an Indian man, his wife, and two sons, who moved with other tribesmen from place to place wherever the grass was good enough for their horses. The oldest son was married to a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a well-known family of the village. Because the younger son was noted for his bravery and skill, he was admired by all including the young bride. The older brother had long been jealous of him.

One day their parents, finding it necessary to be gone for a few days, left the three in care of the camp. The first day they were alone, the oldest son suggested that they go feather hunting. In their wandering they came to a river which was running full with water. Just on the bank was a tall tree at the top of which they could see a mother bird with two little ones near a nest.

"Hurry! Climb to the top and get them before they

they fly away," said the older brother.

After the boy had started his climb, the brother directed his wife to chop down the tree.

"Surely you don't mean that!" she cried.

She pleaded, but when he threatened to kill her, she began weeping and chopping. Just as the boy gained the top and reached out to take the young birds, the tree began falling toward the water.

Realizing his plight, he moved to the side where he would be on the top as it hit the water. Immediately afterwards he found himself floating downstream on the log in the rushing waters.

On the second day after that unfortunate event, his father and mother returned. Immediately they missed their favorite son. The older brother explained that the boy had gone hunting and had never returned. A searching band was organized, but no where was the boy to be found.

On the third day at dusk the log floated against a big stump near the bank. In the stillness at this spot the boy heard voices. Looking around, he saw people running toward him and realized he was by a friendly Indian village. The Indians welcomed him and listened to his story. The daughter of the wealthy chief of the tribe, taking an interest in the boy, volunteered to adopt him as a son. The

parents also were pleased with him.

Six years later, showing himself worthy, he married a girl of the village. In the seventh year he told his family and foster mother that he had a longing to see his people again.

All the Chief's family made preparations for the journey. A week later, when they were near his parents village, they made camp for the night. An Indian man from a neighboring tribe visiting them that night suddenly exclaimed, "Why here is my long-lost, dear friend! Do you know me?"

The two friends spent the evening recalling experiences of their youth. The next morning when they arrived at the village, his own people ran out to greet them. Among the tribesmen he found his father and mother.

"But where is my brother?" the boy asked disappointedly. In his own heart he had forgiven him long ago.

"Upon hearing the news of your arrival," one old man volunteered, "he jumped upon his horse and galloped away at full speed through the village toward the hills.

CHIEF TEN BEARS

An interesting side-light on the life of Chief Ten Bears is the account of his going to Washington to see the Great White Father. According to the reports of several Comanche, Ten Bears was the first chief to journey to Washington on horseback. There the Government gave him another horse, a chestnut sorrel, that he later used for a race horse. The name he acquired was given him by the Ute tribe after he became prominent as a warrior. The name in Comanche is Pah'ruah-su'ahmeno. The Tahkopy family living near Post Oak Mission are said to be descendants of the famed Chief.

The historical legend, as related here, follows the version given by Mow-wat and translated by Rachel Mow-wat, June, 1940.

Long ago the Indians were camping along a creek. One night they were singing and dancing to the beat of the tom-tom, following the ancient rituals of the tribe before going out on a warpath. The next day they left for their duties, traveling at intervals for two or three days. While the others were preparing to camp one evening, a warrior left the group to wander alone along the creek to see if he could find a better location in this deserted far away place.

As he walked, he suddenly noticed the tracks of a barefooted child in the sand. Without going farther he returned to camp for another man. After following the tracks

for some distance, they came to some willow trees.

"We might wait here; perhaps there are enemies in ambush. We'll see what happens," said one of the men.

While they waited unnoticed, a little boy came along, playing in the sand. Hearing their sudden movement, the child (perhaps two years old) started running, but one man caught him. Carrying him, now, they continued to follow his trail, unable to understand how a child could be in this lone place. They were not prepared for what they saw when directly in front of them they found the body, partially decomposed, of what had been, supposedly, his mother. Signs definitely showed that she had been slain. Tracks and depressions in the sand around the body told the story of the child's alternate play, weariness, hunger, and loneliness.

They took the boy back with them to the camp without ever discovering the circumstances of the mother's tragic death. The boy was adopted into a prominent family. The man who adopted him took him wherever he went, even when he was small, to train him for the warpath, the hunt, and the other activities of a young Indian brave. He trained him in courage, skill, and loyalty. When he became older, because he was the bravest and the most capable of all tribesmen, he was chosen to be the chief of the tribe. They called him Chief Ten Bears.

IV

ORATORY

The qualities of Comanche oratory, which may also be true of all Indian oratory, which seem to make it especially effective are the following: simplicity, directness, and sincerity. Avoiding abstractions and generalization and depending upon figurative language to illustrate what he is attempting to express, the Comanche expresses his thoughts in such a way that his hearers find themselves visualizing one vivid mental picture after another.

It is lamentable that much excellent oratory is lost to the reading public. Each time I come into a Comanche gathering, I hear at least one such recitation. Most of their speeches are impromptu, if not extemporaneous, and they convince one of the fact that the Comanche have the ability to express themselves orally. Herman Asenap is one such speaker. I recently heard an impromptu Memorial Day talk in which he compared the old Comanche burial practices with those of the new. Well-worded and well-organized, his talks ring with sincerity.

I have chosen three types of speeches: Ten Bears' oration is most native, lacking all influences of modern education and civilization, and for that reason truly Comanche. Hernessy's talk bears the mark of the schoolroom. The speech of Quanah Parker, given in English, shows a remarkable ability to express himself even in a language somewhat foreign to his tongue.

TEN BEARS' SPEECH

Ten Bears' speech at Medicine Lodge Council is taken from papers relating to the peace commission of 1867, Room 316, shelf I. S. P., 4, 5, and 6, U. S. Indian Office as quoted in Richards, <u>The Comanche Barrier</u>, pp. 303-304.

My heart [said he] is filled with joy when I see you here, as the brooks fill with water when the snows melt in the spring; and I feel glad as the ponies do when the fresh grass starts in the beginning of the year. I heard of your coming when I was many sleeps away, and I made but few camps before I met you. I knew that you had come to do good to me and to my people. I looked for benefits which would last forever, and so my face shines with joy as I look upon you. My people have never first drawn a bow or fired a gun against the whites. There has been trouble on the line between us, and my young men have danced the war dance. But it was not begun by us. It was you who sent out the first soldier and we who sent out the second. Two years ago, I came up upon this road, following the buffalo, that my wives and children might have their cheeks plump and their bodies warm. But the soldiers fired on us,

and since that time there has been a noise like that of thunder storm, and we have not known which way to go. So it was upon the Canadian. Nor have we been made to cry once alone. The blue-dressed soldiers and the Utes came from out of the night when it was dark and still, and for camp-fires they lit our lodges. Instead of hunting game they killed my braves, and the warriors of the tribe cut short their hair for the dead. So it was in Texas. They made sorrow come in our camps, and we went out like the buffalo bulls when the cows are attacked. When we found them we killed them, and their scalps hang in our lodges. The Comanches are not weak and blind, like the pups of a dog when seven sleeps old. They are strong and far-sighted, like grown horses. We took their road and we went on it. The white women cried and our women laughed.

But there are things which you have said to me which I did not like. They were not sweet like sugar, but bitter like gourds. You said that you wanted to put us upon a reservation, to build us houses and make us medicine lodges. I do not want them. I was born upon the prairie, where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures and where everything drew a free breath. I want to die there and not within walls. I know every stream and every wood

between the Rio Grande and the Arkansas. I have hunted and lived over that country. I lived like my fathers before me and like them I lived happily.

When I was at Washington the Great Father told me that all the Comanche land was ours, and that no one should hinder us in living upon it. So, why do you ask us to leave the rivers and the sun, and the wind, and live in houses? Do not ask us to give up the buffalo for the sheep. The young men have heard talk of this, and it has made them sad and angry. Do not speak of it more. I love to carry out the talk I get from the Great Father. When I get goods and presents I and my people feel glad, since it shows that he holds us in his eye.

If the Texans had kept out of my country, there might have been peace. But that which you now say we must live on is too small. The Texans have taken away the places where the grass grew the thickest and the timber was the best. Had we kept that, we might have done the things you ask. But it is too late. The white man has the country which we loved, and we only wish to wander on the prairie until we die. Any good thing you say to me shall not be forgotten. I shall carry it as near to my heart as my children, and it shall be as often on my tongue as the name of the Great Father. I want no blood upon my land to stain

the grass. I want it all clear and pure, and I wish it so that all who go through among my people may find peace when they come and leave it when they go out.

QUANAH PARKER'S FUNERAL SPEECH

The speech that follows was delivered by Quanah Parker at the second burial of his beloved white mother on December 4, 1910. It shows, above all else, his ability to express himself even though he spoke in the English instead of his native Comanche language. When speaking in his own language, he was as eloquent as any speaker of his tribe. The speech is given as it was printed in the Lawton News-Republican of March 3, 1911, Lawton, Oklahoma.

Forty year ago my mother died. She captured by Comanches, nine years old. Love Indian and wild life so well no want to go back to white folks. All same people anyway, God say. I love my mother. I like white people. Got great heart.

I want my people follow after white way, get educate, know work, make living when payment stop. I tell 'em they got to know pick cotton, plow corn. I want them know white man's God. Comanche may die today, tomorrow, ten years. When end comes then they all be together again. I want see my mother then.

That's why when government United States give money for new grave, I have this funeral and ask white folks to help bury. Glad to see so many white folks and so many my

people here to funeral. That's all.

WE COMANCHES

The following speech was delivered for a school function by Richard Hernessy (deceased) with whom the speech is original except for the aid he received from his instructor.

We, the Comanches of today, are standing upon the border line of a new country, a country that cannot be pictured by art nor depicted by the pen of man. We, the Comanches of today, are turning our backs upon the old country with its many traditions sacred to memory, and are speeding with great leaps and bounds toward the new country of which I speak.

I do not condemn our old state of civilization as something of which I wish to be ashamed, but of something which the present generation of Comanches should put aside, as one would an old plow that no longer can be used to turn the fertile fields in the production of food, and then learn to feed the hungry minds of a civilization-seeking race of people.

Before proceeding further it might be well to speak of conditions and environments that surrounded the Comanches of fifty and a hundred years ago. The Comanches were members

of that noble race of Indians who at one time were in peaceable possession of a part of the continent of North America. They roamed its mountains, plains, and valleys, unmolested by the strong stained hands of the white men, possessing more of the virtues that adorn humanity and fewer of the vices that degrade than any humble people recorded on pages of history--ancient or modern.

Nevertheless, it is difficult for an Indian to roll away the huge stone of prejudice in the white man's mind as thousands hate him because they do not know him, and desire not to know him because they hate him. An economical and social condition forces the Comanches, as we are forced today, to seek the path that leads to civilization. His wants once were supplied by the bounteous hand of nature, the nature that unfolds and spreads out her forest robes, bringing loveliness in summer with the shady hills and vales, and a quietness in the calm and mellow autumn with its variegated hues and falling leaves. Yesterday the old Comanche lay down to sleep amid all these beautiful scenes and awoke on the morrow confronted by an unyielding enemy--the onward march of civilization. Then the old Comanche with all the bravery that had been the proud boast of his race for generations, found himself compelled to fight to keep the land that had been the hunting grounds of his people for ages. In vain would he

march his crude methods of warfare against the death-dealing inventions of the white race; but in spite of his bravery, courage, and determination to retain them, his vast domains were swept away from him. Finally he was placed within the narrow confines of an Indian reservation, as has been the fate of all tribes of America. Here he was to make a last stand against the invader. He was not now waging a physical warfare for the retention of his country, but fighting to retain his traditions and customs.

First we find him embracing the religion of Jesus Christ that the missionaries brought. The way was now paved for an easy journey beyond the border line of that old country. The missionaries were also the first to lead the Comanches into that mysterious land called--"education." Primarily it was through their works and efforts that the government was aroused to its duty toward the people it had engulfed. At the present time we find most of the young Comanches being educated in the different schools provided for them by the government; but they are, for the most part, listless, going out from these schools to live the life of the old Comanche, while only a few have taken advantage of the training received.

The time is now upon us when we can no longer live the lives of our fathers, since we are today completely

surrounded by a highly civilized society. We have yet to learn to desire knowledge, to take the initiative, and to know ourselves and our capabilities. We must do something for ourselves and our people.

V

STORIES OF SPIRIT GUIDANCE

The course of action for the Comanche, when it involved serious, sacred, or important consequences, was often determined by the Great Spirit that spoke in dreams or through the voice of the medicine man, who was in communion with the Great Spirit.

The narratives in this division, although having the element of spirit guidance in them, contain five stories of the supernatural, three stories of the warpath, and three stories of heroes. Since stories of spirit guidance are so prevalent among the Comanche, I considered it necessary to give them a special classification.

THE HEALER AND THE HEALED

The Comanche refer to the act of healing on a mountain top as ah'na ha'bin (to lay on a hill). The top of any hill is a symbol of the habitat of the eagle from whom the medicine man is believed to derive his magic power. There are several hills in the Comanche territory that have been designated as hills of healing. One, southwest of Indiahoma, is called Po'ha ko'nee (medicine hill). It is a round, rocky mound. Now, however, a plowed field surrounds it.

The above information and the following story were given by Herman Asenap in June, 1940. The narrative, similar to many in this group, has references to the following magic elements: the dawn, the east, healing waters, and the number four.

Once, long ago, a tribesman who wished to be a healer took a sick man with him to a lonely place on the top of a hill. Although he knew that sleep was necessary to produce a vision that would grant him the power, he spent the first night restless and anxious with no rest. He stayed another night with his patient. Becoming sleepy, he dozed off early. The vision came and a voice spoke clearly.

"Wake up at dawn. Go east below the hill. There you will find a creek with plenty of running water. Take a bath in that water and then make two dives toward the east and two dives toward the west. That will be four.

When you come back the last time there will be an alligator there that will serve as a bridge for you to cross over the stream."

Following directions both men swam in the creek at the foot of the hill at dawn; they dived to the east and then to the west two times; and they found the alligator on the west side where they had been swimming. Uneasy and undecided, they stood there. Knowing they could receive no supernatural powers without obeying completely the voice of the Great Spirit, they walked across--and safely enough. On the other side they stopped to pray to the alligator and give thanks for guidance, mercy, and kindness.

Suddenly the two men realized they had received the special powers they had sought: The sick man was made well, and the other became a Medicine Man.

THE HILLTOP

A well-known mountain of healing is Quanah Mountain, near the home of the former chief. Sometimes, as the following story indicates, the cure was effected by combining the hilltop method with that of "making medicine" in the ceremonial tepee.

Anna Gomez, who for many years lived near the mountain, told the story in June, 1940.

One night a tepee was set up at the foot of Quanah Mountain. It was the ceremonial lodge in which the sacred rites of healing were to be conducted. One tribesman, who had long suffered an illness, was carried to the top of the mountain and was left alone. There he lay while his fellow tribesmen sat in the medicine lodge below, singing to the beat of the tom-tom, praying, and "making medicine." All night the rituals proceeded under the direction of the medicine man. In the morning the patient, whose condition was found improved, was taken back to his family to recover.

THE MOUNTAIN GHOST

The following story, related by Rachel Mow-wat, in July, 1940, is a Kiowa story. Many Comanche, however, know the story and tell it.

A girl who was both beautiful and kind was promised in marriage to the oldest of four brothers. The medicine man, who had been interested in her for many years, became jealous and angry.

"If you marry this boy, I'm warning you, he will not live long," he told the girl.

Thinking that the medicine man surely could not be serious, she said lightly, "Well, he has three brothers."

The medicine man, with his power, wished a curse upon the bridegroom. The couple lived happily for a few days. Early one morning, however, the girl found the husband gone. Where his body had lain were only his bones. She suspected the medicine man and blamed him for this terrible misfortune.

Later the girl married the second brother secretly, but the medicine man discovered the truth in a clever manner. As official camp caller he would yell, "Come to my camp.

Smoke. Tell stories. Come to my camp." If the suspected bridegroom did not appear, he would know that the marriage had occurred. Then in the ceremonial circle the irrate man would "make medicine" that the new bridegroom should not live long.

Soon worms came to the body of the second husband, eating his flesh and leaving nothing but the bones for the wife to view the next morning.

The third brother suffered the same end.

The fourth one, very much troubled in spirit, didn't know what to do. He knew that young men often went to the mountain top for help, or information, or power. He needed all three. That evening he climbed to the top of a nearby mountain. On the way he met a coyote.

"Could you help me?" his troubled spirit asked. He received no answer and traveled on, downhearted. He then met an owl.

"Owl," he said, "you are wise. Tell me what to do." Again he received no answer and he journeyed on to the top of the mountain. There he remained all night.

The Mountain Ghost appeared before him in a vision as he slept. He spoke with a voice of wisdom.

"Go back tomorrow without fear. Provide yourself with a large buffalo hide to sleep on. Then when the medi-

cine man calls, go and join the circle and watch him as they go through the rituals. When they smoke, take his cigarette butt, draw a circle in the sand, and rub the butt there. When the ceremony is over go to your buffalo hide and sleep on it peacefully, knowing that the worms will not come to you. The medicine man will die instead."

He did as he was directed and found that the Mountain Ghost had spoken truthfully. The worms came to the medicine man that night. Only his bones were found the next morning.

The couple lived happily for many, many years.

ESH'E-KO'NAH

This narrative concerns the interesting way in which the main character received his baby name, Tatoo'ah-oor'ap, which means Found-in-the-grass. Esh'e-ko'nah, the name he carried in adult life, means gray.

It was not unusual to find an Apache, even the full-blood, among the Comanche, for the tribes were friendly after their earlier differences were settled, and often intermarried. Among the well-known Apache that were found with the Comanche in the late nineteenth century were Pinero, Chebatah, Eshequetah, Pollie, and Eshe-konah. Some of these were Kiowa-Apache (Tah'seenuh), sometimes referred to as the friendly Plains Apache, not to be confused with such tribes as the Lipan or Jicarilla Apache of New Mexico. Pinero was a Lipan Apache who had been exiled from his tribe because of trouble.

Herman Asenap related the following story in June, 1940.

This is the story of Eshe-kohnah, the son of an Apache mother and Comanche father. The mother had no living children; each one shortly after birth or in their youth had died. Finally with a new-born child, a healthy looking baby boy, she went to the Medicine Man for advice. She, also, was seeking a name to give the new-comer.

The Medicine Man told the woman to leave the boy in the grass where an Indian camp had very recently broken up.

"Soon an old woman with a stick will appear," he

said. "She will be looking for something among the remains of the abandoned camp. She will find the boy and then all will be well. She will also have a name for the child."

The hopeful mother did as she was directed. After she hid the child in a bed of weeds, an old woman with a stick came poking around on the grounds. The old woman found the boy, gave it the name "Tatooah-oorap," and gave the child back to its mother.

The mother lived a happy life with her child, whom she reared with care until he grew to be a strong, brave man.

THE SUN DANCE

(How the Indian Found the Sun Dance)

Although this story rightfully belongs in the group explaining origins, "Stories of the Supernatural," its main feature is centered in obeying the command of the Spirit, and for that reason it is included here.

The story was recorded by Marguerite Tahchawwickah as her grandmother related it, April, 1939.

Once a young brave, walking leisurely along, came to a large rock on the side of a high hill. On this rock he found a doll-like figure. He passed by, but being unable to forget this fascinating figure, he turned back and picked it up. Bewildered, he stood there looking at it, inspecting it, and finally he wondered what its significance was. He took it home not knowing that the little object had far greater power than any living being. He was careful to hide it in a place of safety.

When he fell asleep that night, this figure of magic spoke to him, saying, "If you obey the things that I command, you will always be happy and have all the things your heart desires. No harm will ever come to you and you will live until you die of old age. But before you get too old, give

this power you now have to anyone whom you consider worthy of it and willing to do the will of the spirit."

The evil spirit further recommended that he should put up a tepee and call the members of his tribes and tell them that he had discovered a new dance called the "Sun Dance."

"Tell them," the figure said, "all those who want to dance may enter, but they must dance for four days without eating and drinking."

Before he started this dance, he prayed to the spirit and then later told the dancers to begin. The dancers remained for four days without eating or drinking. On the fourth day he commanded them to stop and face the sun. Taking a large eagle feather, he waved it above their heads ceremoniously; the effect, he said, was to be like water to quench the thirst. Being refreshed, they continued their dancing, dancing for six more days without water or food. Those dancers that were forced to give up before the close of the tenth day, were commanded to give some part of their belongingssas a forfeit--a blanket, horse, bow and arrow, or something else of value. The article had to be presented to the leader before the dancer was allowed to drop out. In this way the empowered leader of the dance grew wealthy.

RED ROCK CANYON

The location of the canyon is not definite, but there were many canyons of red earth in the vast expanse of the old Indian Territory. The canyon was of reddish soil and rock that contained pigment that the Indian learned to use for paint. The narrator, Mow-wat, explained that the color was a brownish red or earth red.

The runners in the story were scouts that served as advance agents in locating the enemy camp. Ni' nipi is an elf or dwarf, the same creature that makes arrowheads found in such profusion near Indian camps.

Some tall boys, runners on the warpath, were on their way back home along a red canyon. They heard calls for help in the distance among the trees. "Is there anyone that could give me help?" they heard the voice ask. The calls had the tone of a voice in distress. Looking in the direction of the call, they noticed an eagle fly up and down and then up again. They went to the spot and found Ninipi standing there.

In a weak voice the dwarf said, "I thought my last hour had come. The eagle has been fighting and clawing me. I was about to give up when you came along and frightened him away."

The boys saw that this peculiar person had a very

small body painted red and wore very long hair. They batted their eyes in astonishment, and the little man vanished. They lost sight of him completely, for no where could they find him.

Wondering what had become of the creature, they continued their journey, but not for long. Because they were tired, hungry, and thirsty, they decided to spend the night there in the shelter of the trees.

In the vision of their dreams that night a young man appeared to them. They recognized the dwarf in the form of a young man.

"You saved my life, and now I shall help you. I left two pieces of paint rock where you found me. Each of you take one and eat it. You, then, will never become ill or die," said the man in the vision. "I will give you power to grow old and still remain healthy in age. Arise at dawn in the morning and go east until you find a creek. There you may have water. Beyond the creek and over the hill are some horses that you may catch to ride home to your camp."

They followed the command of the vision and arrived safely home.

THE LOST KIOWA GIRL

Because the Comanche and Kiowa tribes were closely allied, sympathies concerning the misfortune of either group were mutual.

The story probably dates to the middle of the nineteenth century when conflicts with the Osage were occurring.

The qualities of patient endurance, hopeful determination, and initiative in extricating one's self from a serious predicament are found in the character of the girl.

Although girls do not often occupy the main place in the stories and are not so frequently lauded by the tribesmen, they do appear occasionally.

Nimma nuh in the story means I am Comanche.

The story was related by Mow-wat and interpreted by Rachel Mow-wat, in June, 1940

Long ago a Kiowa tribe was camping at the foot of a mountain, when without warning their enemies, the Osage, appeared. The Kiowa men and women leaped to their horses and scattered in all directions. In the excitement one girl of about twelve years was left behind with no means of escape. The Osage chief, who was the leader of the war party, snatched her up on his horse while other members plundered the camp, taking all they could find of value.

Having captured the little girl, the chief took her to his camp. To keep her from escaping at night, he arranged her bed in the center of the tepee with those of the guards

all around. For further assurance that she would not escape, he slashed the soles of her feet. Every day the tribe moved to a new camp, and as time went on they again neared the land of her people. Thoughts of home made her long for her father, mother, and brother.

In the meantime the Kiowa tribe became concerned about the girl as soon as they noticed her absence in the re-assembling of the members. Her brother, deeply moved by her loss, announced a reward to the one who should be instrumental in finding her.

"Whoever finds her and brings her back safely may marry her," he said. The girl was a beautiful good-natured girl and all the tribe loved her. Many brave warriors searched for her, but none was successful.

Back in the Osage camp the girl was learning the ways of her captors. With no opportunity for escape she stayed for many moons. One Osage woman in the group whose duty it was to care for the girl became very fond of her. Her ability to bear sorrow, suffering, and loneliness; her gentle nature; her beauty; her patience called forth the woman's admiration and pity. Confidentially, once, she told the girl of a safe hiding place if it should ever be her fortune to effect an escape.

"And here are some moccasins that I made myself,"

she added. "Keep them where no one will see them, and when you are ready to go, use them, for your feet are still sore."

A dance one night during a special celebration, when all the members of the tribe in their eagerness to participate forgot about the girl captive, afforded the long-awaited opportunity to flee.

She got her moccasins, found her way through the trees to the bank of the creek, and started down the stream in the same direction that the dance was being held in order to lead her pursuers off the track. Because a big rain had fallen the previous night, the stream was swollen, and logs, timber, and trash were floating with the current. She made her way to a log that was caught in a snag, crossed the stream and started in the opposite direction, up stream.

Traveling all night, she became very hungry and tired, but at dawn she saw a deer that had been killed. A coyote was eating at the flesh. After scaring the coyote away, she was able to secure some food for herself. She later found a spot shaded by thick bushes where she hid all day. Lying down, she rested her sore feet. During the day she saw Indian scouts searching for her. Fearing that she would be discovered, she lay very still and waited. They passed on. Thus she lived in fear and pain and weariness from day to day, traveling at night and resting in the daytime.

Within a few days, when she thought she was nearing her own country in the hills, her sore feet became infected. Tired and sick, she fell asleep and dreamed that she heard a kind of voice telling her that her people were near. She dreamed that she wasn't sick or tired. Upon waking, she saw a male buffalo at her feet.

He must have spoken to her in her sleep, for now again he said, "It isn't far, my child."

"Can you help me?" she asked. "I am tired, thirsty, hungry, and sick."

The buffalo walked around her four times, breathed on her, and licked her swollen feet. Remarkably soon she found herself completely refreshed and well. This gave her strength to travel again. On and on she went.

She climbed to the very top of a high hill and there searched the country side in all directions for camps. She saw two men and three horses. "They must be hunters," she thought, "for they have a pack horse with them." The men waved at her, and she waved back, motioning them toward her, fearful yet hopeful that they were of a friendly tribe.

When the men reached her, strong warriors though they were, they cried at the sight of the poor girl's condition. They fed her and wrapped her sore feet.

"And now I want to find my own people, the Kiowas,"

she said.

"Nimma-nuh," the leader said. "We love your people. We shall bring you safely to them."

Then she told them her long story.

They fastened her on their pack horse and began traveling slowly. It was dark when they reached the first Kiowa camp. It was a pleasant surprise to all when they found her parents there. The girl's long, hard journey was ended, and she was happy to be back with her many friends and her beloved family, all of whom were ready to care for her.

EH'KAP-TUH'

The name of the main character in this story means <u>red</u>. He was probably named so because his hair was a sandy black in color.

The Comanche term for the <u>phantom</u> that appears in the narrative is <u>Puch</u>'<u>ta-yi</u>', which is more literally <u>ghost</u>, according to Rachel Mow-wat, who related the story in July, 1940, as she heard it from her father-in-law.

Once in the early days, Ehkap-tuh was out on a warpath with other warriors of his tribe. During a sudden and unexpected attack at the hide-out, many of his tribesmen were wounded or killed. Those who could get away scattered in all directions. Among the horses that were taken was Ehkap-tuh's fine war pony, and Ehkap-tuh soon found himself alone, hungry, tired, and lost.

After sundown he seemed to feel someone following him. He turned around to look. There in the distance on the plains behind him he saw a strange form in silhouette against the evening sky. He stopped and the form stopped too. He walked on and the form again followed. Frightened and exhausted, when he came to the edge of the timber, he sat beside a tree to rest.

It wasn't long before weariness brought sleep, and,

with sleep, a dream in which the form of the phantom follower appeared. It spoke.

"I have been following you, but because you were frightened and suspicious of me, I could not come close. I knew that you were in trouble, that you were hungry and tired and lost; and I wanted to help you." The phantom paused.

"Tomorrow when you arise at dawn, go straight east until you come to a creek. Refresh yourself in the waters of that stream. Then continue your journey eastward. Over the hill there are plenty of horses. Take one and ride it home."

The vision faded.

Early the next morning he did as he was bidden. Going toward the rising sun, he found the creek, took the bath, went over the hill, caught one of the horses that he found on the otherside, and rode safely home.

BIG ARROW

Big Arrow, the name of the hero of this story, characterizes his special ability. The council that he calls is similar to many that were called by a leader, not a chief or medicine man, who had an announcement to make or a problem of general importance to discuss with other members of the tribe.

The story was written by Randlett Parker, in June, 1940, who heard it from Topay, who reared him after the death of his parents. Randlett, who also has a talent for art that should be developed, at present is in a school of aviation in Wichita, Kansas.

Big Arrow was a great hunter, the best in the tribe. When others failed, it was he who came through with food for the hungry ones of the tribe. Big Arrow was a traveler as well as a great hunter. He decided one day to visit the tribes of the north. Knowing that he would be gone for quite some time, he called the hunters of the tribe and held a council to elect ones who were to carry on while he was away. After selecting a party to supply the tribe with food, he started out on his journey to the north. The tribe was well supplied with food for quite some time, but as the buffalo started their yearly drift southward, the young hunters found it increasingly difficult to find and kill game. Great skill was now required to stalk and kill the wary elk and the fleet

deer. As none of the young hunters were skilled in stalking and killing game, the tribe was without food for several days. What were they to do? If only Big Arrow would return!

Far to the north a figure sat in the council house with the Chiefs of the great tribes; it was Big Arrow listening to the leaders who spoke in behalf of their tribes. The slow beat of the tom-tom must have lulled him to sleep for he saw himself standing on a strange mountain, and beside him stood a figure draped in a buffalo robe wearing a headdress of eagle feathers on which was fastened a pair of buffalo horns.

Turning to Big Arrow he said, "Be not afraid, come to the edge of this cliff for I have something to show you."

Big Arrow walked to the edge.

"Look," cried the voice. "Far out into the valley, what do you see, great hunter?"

What he saw was starving relatives and members of his tribe moving from one place to another searching for food. A rattling sound brought Big Arrow out of the dream. He looked up to see a medicine man dancing in front of him, chanting and shaking a rattle over his head. He was strangely familair. Surely they had met before! Instantly Big Arrow knew; he was the figure on the mountain, the robe-clad medicine man of his dream.

Morning found Big Arrow well on his way toward home. Familiar land marks sped by as he headed southward. He arrived at the old camping grounds only to find that the tribe had moved on. Traveling west, he found them camped at the base of a great mountain. News spread that Big Arrow had returned. Good news it was, for now they would have food. Big Arrow called all the hunters of the tribe together. Snares and traps were set out to catch rabbits and other small game. The hunters watched as Big Arrow walked to the edge of the forest and disappeared into the tall grass. Later they saw what appeared to be a strange animal rear its head above the tall grass. They knew it to be Big Arrow with his feet in the air, motionless and very still. Presently a deer appeared at the edge of the forest. Catching sight of the strange animal in the grass, the curious buck walked cautiously, sniffing the air as it went. As it neared him, Big Arrow, quick as a flash, picked up his bow and shot the deer. A yell went up among the hunters, who carried the deer into camp. A big feast was held that night in honor of Big Arrow, the great hunter.

A POOR BOY'S AMBITION

An uncle may take the place of the father in showing an interest in the training of a young boy, as this story shows. The lowly boy's ambition was to accomplish something worthy of a name of honor, which to the Comanche is, simply, establishing a reputation. The concern of the youth, after a desirable name has been acquired, is to live up to that name. Pah'rahyaku'mah, or Male Elk, was the name given him by the Spirit.

Tehquakuh, the narrator, even in his old age and blindness enjoys relating traditions of his tribe to his youthful kinsmen. These traditions he holds sacred, and he deplores the fact that the younger Comanche fathers are abandoning the practice of story-telling.

With accurate detail Tehquakuh related the story in such a way that a listener knew he was himself visualizing every movement as the story progressed.

The narrator's name means talking-for-someone. Herman Asenap served as interpreter when the story was related in June, 1940.

Long ago, a little boy lived with his grandmother whose poverty stricken condition he seemed fully to realize. His special desire above all others was to develop his abilities as he grew to manhood so that he could be of service to his poor grandmother and to his fellow tribesmen. Upon hearing that a party of raiders was being organized for an expedition, he ran home to get permission to go along.

"You are too young, my boy, but we'll ask your uncle's

advice," said the grandmother.

They went to the home of the uncle.

"Would you be willing to let the boy go with the older men on the raiding party?" the grandmother asked him.

After discussing the problem for some time, the uncle not only consented but, to the joy of the little boy, said he wanted to help provide the equipment for the young warrior's complete outfit. He made a bow and some arrows; he found a lance; and soon the boy was ready to go.

The boy, disliking the name that was given him earlier, [the name was not mentioned] had decided to make a name for himself by accomplishing something special in life.

The party of warriors did not care whether the boy went or not; some were uninterested, others disliked the idea of a "tag-along" decidedly; but the boy joined the group. Once to play a joke on him, the men acted as though they were frightened, jumped on their horses, and left the boy on foot calling for help. With a determined spirit that could not be easily discouraged, the boy followed their trail for two or three days. His moccasins became worn; his feet became sore; and his legs were weary from travel.

One night as he was walking along sore and tired, he came by a monument-like rock. After he had gone around and past the rock some distance, he heard a voice.

"Come back and let us have a smoke together," it said, quite clearly.

When he heard the voice a second time, he looked back but could not see anyone. He went on. Again the voice came.

"Did you hear what I said to you?"

He hesitated, but soon journeyed on. He still paid no heed to the third call. When the voice spoke the fourth time, he decided to turn back. Fearfully, he retraced his steps, unable to distinguish much in the darkness.

"Since I have come back so far, I shall stay here all night in the shelter of the rock. I am so tired," he thought to himself. Under a projection of the stone on the south, he made his bed.

While he slept, the Great Spirit spoke to him in a dream, saying, "I saw you and took pity upon you. I want to help you. That is why I spoke to you earlier this evening. Look at this stone. How hard it is! Nothing will harm it. Your life will be like mine; nothing will harm you or kill you. When you awake in the morning you will be refreshed; your feet will no longer be sore; you will be a new person. I am going to give you a new name, also. It shall be Pahrahyakumah. This name shall carry you to the head of your people. You will be a leader."

"On the west of this rock is a hill where you will find a feather, the wing feather of an eagle. If you take that feather, it will protect you on your journey home. You will reach home before night."

Following instructions, the boy started the journey homeward. Just before he arrived at the camp, he met a woman.

"Where do my people camp?" he asked her.

"Very near here, my boy. I often hear your grandmother cry in loneliness for you."

When the boy arrived at the tepee, he opened the flap. His grandmother could hardly believe her eyes when she saw him because she thought he had been killed as the returning warriors had reported.

"Is this really you? Have you really come back to me?" she kept repeating.

Hungry as he was, his first question was for something to eat.

"We don't have much here in the house, son, but I will go to your uncle, Ach'tah."

After reporting the return of the boy, the grandmother came back to say that the uncle wanted to see him. Upon their arrival the uncle greeted the boy.

"My dear child, have you really come home? Eat all

you desire, now, and I will hear your story later."

After supper, the boy told of his experiences--his being lost; his hearing the voice of the Great Spirit in the rock, giving him sympathy, help, and guidance; his dreaming that revealed his place among his tribesmen.

"You must call a meeting for a council to inform them of the Great Spirit's message," said the boy.

The uncle called the meeting. The children that had been playing were directed to be quiet for the solemn and sacred occasion.

"Pahrahyakumah has come home," he announced when all were gathered together. "He is to be the leader of our people."

Some men in the group wondered at the strange name that they had never heard before, but they accepted the new leader and bade others get acquainted with him.

"This is my nephew," continued the uncle. These warriors that you all remember left him during their expedition. He has just now returned home. Once he was just a poor orphan boy belonging to a very poor family."

Some of the leaders in the group agreed to submit to the young man's leadership.

PAHRAHYAKUMAH'S LEADERSHIP

(Sequel to "A Poor Boy's Ambition")

This story is a sequel so closely related to the foregoing one that they are told as one story.
Hero-worship in its purest form can be found here in the legend of another poor boy who in this instance wished to follow in the footsteps of Pahrahyakumah.

There was another poor family in the village that had a young ambitious boy. They urged the young lad to go with this new leader on his expeditions in order to learn how to be successful.

It was Pahrahyakumah's custom to go at certain periods and to be gone for a number of days. The lad, one night, knew the time for him to go was near. Quietly, he arose at midnight, took his spear, his bow and arrows, stole over to his idol's tepee, and asked to go along.

"My father wants me to go with you. I might get a few horses," he said.

"You can't go. I am going on a very difficult journey, and some harm may come to you."

The boy, however, was determined and could not be dissuaded.

"You go ahead so that I can watch for your safety,"

said the leader.

They traveled in silence for a while. Again, growing fearful for the boy's safety, Pahrahyakumah asked the boy to reconsider and turn back before the trip became more difficult.

Still later he said, "If you will go back, I will give you some horses when I return."

"No," said the boy, "I want to go wherever you go and be great like you some day."

For two days and two nights they traveled together. The leader noticed that the boy was becoming very, very weary.

"Are you tired? Go to yonder tree and rest until I return with something to eat."

He was back soon--with a deer. The warrior skinned it, cut it up, built a fire to cook part of it, and built a rack upon which he hung the rest to dry. Later when all was prepared, he placed the dry meat in a bag that he carried, and told the boy to climb on his back.

"Now, when you get hungry, reach down in this bag and eat," he said.

For two days, until the boy was completely rested, they traveled in this fashion. Walking along together, later, Pahrahyakumah disclosed to his partner plans to make a raid

on the Arapahoes and Cheyennes for horses. They were now in the vicinity of these tribes. During one night they rounded up a large herd of horses in the camp and turned them south.

Break of day found them on a mountain from whose summit they could view the surrounding territory for miles. Here the old warrior wanted to rest.

In directing the boy to stand watch he said, "Keep close watch for the enemy; they will be following us. If you see any dust flying, wake me by kicking my right foot first and then my left until you have kicked me four times.

After the warrior had fallen asleep and while the boy was watching, the young lad suddenly saw the fateful sign in the distance--dust. In his excitement, he kicked the warrior four times with more energy than perhaps was necessary to wake him. Pahrahyakumah, in the calm, deliberate manner of one who has great wisdom and implicit faith, asked for water upon waking and washed his face. Perhaps thinking of calling upon the Great Spirit for help in this emergency, he said, "You go on, son, I'll face the enemy alone. I want you out of danger."

The boy obeyed. Pahrahyakumah looked back and saw the enemy coming on horseback, spears and warbonnets bobbing up and down through the dust. Seated on a beautiful white horse on the top of the mountain, Pahrahyakumah, himself,

was a glorious figure with his colorful war regalia, spear, bow and arrows.

The clash came; he realized it would be difficult to escape death, now. Spears and lances struck him from many sides, but none seemed to have any effect upon him. He used his weapons with all the skill that he could command and soon the dead and wounded were lying all about him in great numbers. The enemy, realizing an unquestionable defeat, retreated.

Calling the boy, after all was safe, he said, "Come view the battlefield; with your spear you may strike any number you wish so that you will have the honor of their death and take any war bonnets for yourself to prove your success."

It was the usual custom of Pahrahyakumah to go on raids alone. Never before had anyone witnessed the actual result of his marvelous powers. For his generosity in training a promising youth, his fame went far and wide. In addition, he gave all the horses, except his own white one, to this boy whose determination to succeed was so like his own in youth.

The old warrior and the young brave, as time went on, became closer friends and often went on trips together. As the boy became more and more like his master, he attracted the attention of his tribesmen who later made him their chief.

VI

STORIES OF ANIMALS

Although some of the stories in other sections of this collection include animals, this particular group contains tales of exclusive animal interest that cannot be classified with any of the other divisions. This section could very well be called Fables, as most of the narratives have an implied, if not a stated, moral. What we, today, consider a good moral lesson may not comply with the standards of another civilization, however. The trickster fox who "gets by" without due punishment is an example of the type of story whose general elements parallel that of the fable but whose moral is contrary to our generally accepted standards. Another characteristic that all the tales in this section contain is the "trickster" element. The embarrassment or predicament in which the one who has been fooled finds himself has long been an element which human nature finds amusing. Because children enjoy imagining that animals can talk and, otherwise, behave as human beings, these stories have been used as bed-time stories. These

narratives in this division are among those that help the child form the habit of putting himself in the place of others, thus broadening his sympathies and adapting him to real life contacts.[1]

---

[1]Edna Johnson and Carrie E. Scott, editors, Anthology of Children's Literature (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1940), p. 57.

THE BUFFALOES ARE COMING

There are several interesting versions of the story which usually appears under the heading "The Liberation of Buffalo" in other collections. The "crow" detail in the sequel at the end of the first version and at the beginning of the second one do not conflict exactly, for they could very well be included in the same story and probably were, in other versions.

The following tale, and its sequel, were related by Mow-wat and translated by Rachel Mow-wat in June, 1940.

A tribe of Indians were camping along a stream. Because the buffalo had migrated from that vicinity, the tribe was suffering from a great famine. The Indians knew, however, that an old couple living near the mountains had a large herd of buffalo penned up in a secret pit. In tribal council one night the men discussed the problem. Fox came along and joined the council.

"Do you know what we can do to save ourselves from starvation?" they asked the fox.

Fox knew of this selfish family who would not share their fortune with others.

"Well," Fox said, "I have a scheme in mind that I believe will work. Cut me bald-headed and trim the hair on

my body, get some beads for me to wear, and I'll see what I can do. In the morning break up camp and go to another place."

They did as they were told, broke up the camp, and left Fox with a strand of beads.

When they had gone, Fox wandered around gloomily and acted like a nice pet dog that had been left behind.

The selfish old couple that had the buffaloes lived near the edge of the mountains. Their children mistook the fox for a poor starved dog and took him in for a pet. Fox pretended to be frightened and ran under the bed. After they cornered and caught him, they petted him and tried to make him feel at home. The children at times even quarreled over him. He appeared so innocent that they supposed the dog to be the best and most treasured pet of some family.

"Let's go out and show him the buffaloes in the pen," suggested one of them. When they came near the lot, the dog appeared very much afraid. The children took him out several times in order to accustom him to the animals, coming nearer each time. Of course the fox could hardly wait for the opportunity to begin the work he had in mind. Once when they came very near he jumped into the pen and started howling at the buffaloes and chasing them. The stampede that the fox created caused the buffaloes to break through the trick gate and run away. Now the family realized that they had been

tricked and that the pet dog was really a fox.

The parents, who had disliked the pet and often had warned the children to let him go, now became very angry. The father, with a club, waited at the gate for the fox to come out; but Fox had already sneaked out through a small opening at the back and was chasing the buffaloes toward his comrades whom he had promised to help.

In the camp farther down the stream some scouts at their look-our posts shouted the news to their fellow tribes-men, "The buffaloes are coming."

WHY THE CROW IS BLACK

(Sequel to "The Buffaloes are Coming")

The owner of the buffaloes, beside himself with anger, suspected the Indians that had moved from their former camp. In his heart he swore revenge and told his troubles to the crow, who at this time was white. "I'll get even with those people in that camp up the creek, but you must help me. Fly over while they are butchering a buffalo and tell them the meat doesn't taste good."

The crow did as he was directed. When the Indians heard the message, they didn't believe it. They were very happy over their fortune in securing food after the long famine. When they later tasted the meat, however, they found it to be bitter. The crow has special powers, and they knew he was to blame.

Again the tribesmen told Fox their troubles. The wise old Fox had a suggestion ready as always. "Set a trap for the crow," he said, "just over a butchered buffalo."

They set the trap and caught the crow. "Now," said the fox, "tie him to the poles atop the council tepee and build a fire inside. The smoke will go up to him through

the opening."

They tied the crow to the top, built the fire, and soon the crow started kawing. They looked up to find that the crow had turned completely black.

"That's all," said the fox. "He won't trouble you anymore. He gave up when he kawed and turned black."

After that the meat was always good.

THE RELEASE OF THE BUFFALOES

In the following version of "The Liberation of Buffalo," a dog causes the stampede, whereas the fox figures in the first one. In the story following this, it is a "small animal" directed by Coyote who releases the herd.

Herman Asenap furnished the main details of this second version, July, 1940.

Without the knowledge of other tribesmen, a man and his wife built a trap, a sort of hidden pit in a lot, to catch the buffalo. Many were caught and the old couple had plenty to eat while others, during a terrible famine, had nothing and were starving.

A crow flying around stopped to pick some delicious meat in his claws from the line where the meat was drying. Others in the tribe were puzzled that a crow should find meat somewhere in the vicinity. Day after day in watching the crow, they traced his flight to the home of this old couple, and found the many buffaloes in the hidden lot. A dog that began barking at the people who were now gathering and wandering around, suddenly noticed the buffaloes. Immediately he went into the pit and chased the buffaloes until they disappeared in a stampede. In the force of their

run they had raised the trap door and escaped.

When the selfish old couple found what the dog had done, they became very angry, but the tribe was thus saved from starvation.

THE LIBERATION OF BUFFALO

The following Comanche tale is given as it appears in the St. Clair and Lowie collection of "Shoshone and Comanche Tales," Journal of American Folklore, pp. 280-281.

The main feature of this version is that it is related as an origin myth, telling how the buffalo came to be on the earth. In that respect it is different from the two preceding ones.

Long ago two persons owned all the buffalo. They were an old woman and her young cousin. They kept them penned up in the mountains, so that they could not get out. Coyote came to these people. He summoned the Indians to a council. "That old woman will not give us anything. When we come over there, we will plan how to release the buffalo." They all moved near the buffalo inclosure. "After four nights," said Coyote, "we will again hold a council as to how we can release the buffalo. A very small animal shall go where the old woman draws her water. When the child gets water, it will take it home for a pet. The old woman will object; but the child will think so much of the animal, that it will begin to cry and will be allowed to keep it. The animal will run off at daybreak, and the buffalo will burst out of their pen and run away." The first animal they sent

failed. Then they sent the Kill-dee (do'i).

When the boy went for water, he found the Kill-dee and took it home. "Look here!" he said to his cousin, "This animal of mine is very good." The old woman replied, "Oh, it is good for nothing! There is nothing living on the earth that is not a rascal or schemer." The child paid no attention to her. "Take it back where you got it," said the woman. He obeyed. The Kill-dee returned.

The people had another council. "Well, she has got the better of these two. They have failed," said Coyote; "but that makes no difference. Perhaps we may release them, perhaps we shall fail. This is the third time now. We will send a small animal over there. If the old woman agrees to take it, it will liberate those buffalo; it is a great schemer." So they sent the third animal. Coyote said, "If she rejects this one, we shall surely be unable to liberate the game." The animal went to the spring and was picked up by the boy, who took a great liking to it. "Look here! What a nice pet I have!" The old woman replied, "Oh, how foolish you are! It is good for nothing. All the animals in the world are schemers. I'll kill it with a club." The boy took it in his arms and ran away crying. He thought too much of his pet. "No! This animal is too small," he cried. When the animal had not returned by nightfall, Coyote went

among the people, saying, "Well, this animal has not returned yet; I dare say the old woman has consented to keep it. Don't be uneasy, our buffalo will be freed." Then he bade all the people get ready just at daybreak. "Our buffalo will be released. Do all of you mount your horses." In the mean time the animal, following its instructions, slipped over to the pen, and began to howl. The buffalo heard it, and were terrified. They ran towards the gate, broke it down, and escaped. The old woman, hearing the noise, woke up. The child asked, "Where is my pet?" He did not find it. The old woman said, "I told you so. Now you see the animal is bad, it has deprived us of our game." She vainly tried to hold the buffalo back. At daybreak all the Indians got on their horses, for they had confidence in Coyote. Thus the buffalo came to live on this earth. Coyote was a great schemer.

COYOTE AND THE PRAIRIE DOGS

There seems to be some uncertainty in the Comanche tales of animals as to whether the trickster is a fox or coyote. While some insist it is the fox, others say it is a coyote. Others say it depends upon the locality in which the story originated. The Comanche terms signifying the fox are three: o'hana kut (yellow under the arm), ka'wash (trickster), and o'ha ee tsahf'pa. The term for coyote is nah'ruh me wat'.

Beside the Comanche variants included in this group, there are innumerable variants among other tribes, including "Coyote Dances with the Prairie Dogs" found in Opler's *Myths and Tales of the Jicarilla Apaches*, p. 272.

Herman Asenap gave me the following version in July, 1940.

The fox and the skunk always work together for their own interests. One evening, because they were both hungry and desired a special feast, they were discussing their plans. Fox did most of the thinking because he was the clever one. With the scheme in mind, Fox went to nearby Prairie Dog Town.

"There's a strange disease coming toward us," Fox shouted to all the prairie dogs sitting on their mounds. "We must forget our differences and combine our strength to prevent its spread or it will kill us all. As soon as you have locked up your houses, you must all come, every one of

you, even the children, and we will have a special council and ceremonial dance at my house."

Fox left after he felt sure that he had convinced them of the importance of the meeting.

According to the plan, Skunk was to lie on the ground as if he were dead so that he could better observe prairie dogs who did not obey the rules of the dance during the ceremony.

The prairie dogs hurriedly locked up their houses and brought their families to the meeting.

"Now, we must have a certain kind of dance in order to make our power over disease effective," announced Fox. "All of you must take part. With your eyes shut, dance around in a circle by me. During this magic dance if any of you open your eyes, the disease will surely come and we will all die."

While Skunk watched from his place on the ground, Fox held a club and killed every prairie dog, as he came by, with a blow on the head. The youngest of the prairie dogs, too curious, opened his eyes to see what was going on. When he saw his mates lying on the ground brutally murdered, he gave a yelp and a shriek that warned all the others. They all ran as fast as they could to their homes with Fox and Skunk, both, after them. Many more were killed before they could open their doors.

COYOTE AND THE PRAIRIE DOGS

The following version was related in fluent English by Felix Koweno, June, 1940.
The Pueblo and Ute Indians, as well as the Apache and Comanche, have many stories concerning the coyote, the fox, and the prairie dog.

A sly, greedy coyote had often enjoyed feasts at the expense of smaller animals by depriving them of their food, or by actually devouring the animals themselves. Nothing seemed to satisfy the enormous appetite of this coyote. Sitting down on the top of a hill overlooking a vast stretch of prairie, he spent hours in thought, trying to devise a means by which he would secure for himself a feast of considerable proportions.

"I know," he finally said, "I'll have a big dance and invite all the prairie dogs from that prairie dog town I see in the distance."

Immediately he set out going from prairie dog hole to prairie dog hole, giving his invitation to the dance.

"Now be sure to cover the holes carefully with dirt when you leave, and then pack the earth down until it is firm and solid. Your homes then will be safe from intruders

who may venture near while you are attending the dance."

The day of the big dance arrived. Every prairie dog, following instructions, closed the entrance to his peaceful home behind him. At the dance the coyote, playing host, announced a "round" for the first dance.

"Now as you dance around, you must close your eyes--close them ever so tight so that you cannot see anything. That's part of the game. You will find it amusing."

As the coyote went a short distance aside, still keeping a close watch on the dancers, he observed a few peekers. Impatient, he returned to the group and voiced his disapproval.

"You are not playing fair," he said, pointing at one guilty prairie dog. "And you, and you, and _you_," he shouted at the others. "I saw you peeking through barely open eyelids. Now close your eyes--and close them tight--and dance with all your might."

All the prairie dogs seemed to obey. Each one, as he danced by the coyote had closed his eyes so tightly that his nose wrinkled and his whiskers stuck up high on his face. The coyote, now on tip-toe, went slinking out of the circle and creeping up from behind, and was ready for his next move.

One lone, suspicious, curious little prairie dog had fooled the coyote by keeping the corner of one eye open.

While watching the coyote's every move, he kept on dancing with his eyes squinted, his nose wrinkled, and his whiskers tickling his lashes.

The coyote suddenly sprang upon one prairie dog and then another. The watchful one, too excited at first, finally screamed a warning of danger to the others, who scampered to their homes. In the confusion the coyote killed others. Before the few remaining ones could scratch and dig through their guarded entrances, the coyote caught more.

Those few who reached the safety of their homes uninjured knew they owed their lives to the alertness of that one little prairie dog, whom they named "Watchful One."

THE HOODWINKED DANCERS

> This tale from St. Clair and Lowie's collection, "Shoshone and Comanche Tales," _Journal of American Folklore_, pp. 273-275, includes a sequel about how Coyote and Skunk disposed of the dead Prairie Dogs. The sequel is still related in the tribe today, but I was unable to secure it for my collection.

Coyote met Skunk. "Halloo, brother! I am very hungry. Let us work some scheme to get something to eat! I will lead the way, do you follow."--"Well, I will do whatever you propose."--"Over there is a prairie-dogs' village. We will stay here until daylight. In the morning you will go to the prairie-dog village and play dead." Skunk followed his directions. Coyote got to the prairie-dogs. "Come, we will have a dance. Stop up your holes tight, let every one come here. Our enemy lies dead before us. Do you all stand in a big circle and dance with closed eyes. If any one looks, he will turn into something bad." As they were dancing, Coyote killed one of them. "Well, now all open your eyes! Look at this one; he opened his eyes and died. Now, all of you, close your eyes and dance again; don't look, or you will die!" They began to dance once more, and Coyote commenced to kill them. At last one

of them looked. "Oh, he is killing us!" Then all the survivors ran for their holes. While they were trying to get in, he killed them. Coyote and Skunk gathered all the corpses and piled them up by a creek. They built a fire and cooked them.

"Well," said Coyote, "let us run a race for them! The one that wins shall have all the good fat ones."--"Oh!" replied Skunk, "you are too swift; I am a slow runner, and can never beat you."--"Well, I will tie a rock to my foot." --"If you tie a big one, I will race with you." They were to run around a hill. Coyote said, "Well, go on ahead! I will catch up to you." Skunk began to run. Coyote tied a rock to his foot, and followed. Coyote said, "The one that is behind shall make a big fire, so there will be lots of smoke rising on the other side of the hill." He took all the meat and carried it home. He cut off all the tails and left them sticking out, with two poor little prairie-dogs for Skunk. Coyote thought Skunk was ahead of him. As he ran along, he said to himself, "I wonder where that fool is! I did not know he could outrun me." He got back to the pile, and saw the tails sticking out. He seized one, and it slipped out. He tried another one. "Oh, they are well cooked!" He tried another one. Then he got suspicious. He took a stick and raked up the fireplace, but could only

find the two lean prairie-dogs. Skunk, lying in his den, was watching him. As Coyote was standing to look around, Skunk threw one of the prairie-dog bones at him. Coyote then espied him lying in his camp. He saw all the meat around him. "Give me some of them!"--"No, we have run a race for them. I beat you, I am going to eat them all." Coyote begged him in vain for some food. Skunk ate it all. He was a better trickster than Coyote.

Another Version.--Coyote was knocking about on the prairie. There was a prairie-dog village there. Coyote got there. "Well, a bad disease is coming to us," he announced. The chief of the prairie-dogs, who was named Elk-Meat, went among his people, saying, "Coyote says a bad disease is coming to us." Coyote said, "Oh, tell your people we are going to dance." The chief told his people. "We will have it right in the centre of the camp." Then they gathered a lot of wood. Towards night-fall Coyote said, "Well, we are going to dance. While they were dancing, Coyote developed a scheme. As they came around to one side, he killed them with a stick while standing at the far end. Two little ones had just lost their mother. The younger of the two, peeping at Coyote, said, "O brother! they are killing us. What are we going to do? Let us run away!" He took the lead, and they fled. Looking back, one of them said, "Why, he is destroying all of us! He was merely deceiving us."

THE INDIAN AND THE BEAR

The short tale that follows is from the collection of "Shoshone and Comanche Tales" by St. Clair and Lowie in the Journal of American Folklore, p. 276.
It is quite different from any that I heard from the Comanche, but it is typical of trickster tales, except that the trickster this time is an Indian. Several narrators have told me, however, that the animal that "gets the better of someone else" in a story is a symbol of the Indian who can "outsmart" his neighbor. When he is "outdone" by another, he still can enjoy a laugh.

An Indian was knocking about all by himself. A bear found him and gave chase. The Indian fled to the prairie. There he stood, not knowing what to do. Then he painted all his body green. "I will let him catch me." The bear caught up to him. The man stood still. Mentulae glandem retraxit (?). The bear said, "Ah, well! I guess he died yesterday or to-day." He went away, but after a while he came back and stood there, smelling the man. "He must have been dead for two days. Judging by the smell, he must have been dead longer than one day," he said.

THE FOX AND THE DEER

The trickster fox in the following tale does not get his just dues, but the point may have been that to get the necessities of life by outwitting another and "getting by" is part of human nature and is to be found in this world. Moral or no moral, it is amusing, especially with its emphasis on the elaborate scheme of the hypocritical fox to pretend mourning.

The story was related by Mow-wat and interpreted by Rachel Mow-wat, June, 1940.

A deer became very ill, and old fox was right there pretending to nurse him back to health. The poor deer died. His relatives came to grieve over his body.

"What shall we do with his body?" they asked.

"The best thing to do is to throw it in that nearby stream," said the fox slyly. They agreed to the suggestion. Then, beside themselves with grief, they left the vicinity of the deer's death.

Fox ran down stream to his family and told them to watch for a deer that would soon be floating by. The oldest boy selected a perch on the bank to watch.

"Here it comes," he shouted after a short while. Father fox jumped into the water and pulled the deer out. Mother fox sharpened a knife, skinned the deer, and cut up

the meat.

Just as fox and his family began their feast, a tiny humming-bird came flying about and begged for a taste of the meat. When fox refused, the humming-bird threatened him by saying, "I'll tell deer's relatives what you have done if you don't give me some meat." Still the fox refused.

Humming-bird flew away without any further protest, found deer's relatives, and told them the whole story. When fox realized that the relatives might come, he hurriedly buried all the meat. Then fox cut his children's hair and rubbed ashes into his own hair and his wife's to show mourning. The children were sent to the top of the hill to watch for the approach of the deer. Soon they were shouting, "Father, there's a whole flock coming."

With a shaky voice, hoarse from grief, and frowzy hair, gray from mourning, Mrs. Fox greeted the relatives.

"Where is the old fox?" they demanded.

"In the house," she said. "He is almost prostrate with grief since his best friend died."

Fox came out of the house crying and saying, "You bring back sad memories, my friends."

Impressed by the seeming sincerity of fox, the father of the deer addressed the others. "We shall not bother fox and his family. Look, even the poor children

are in mourning. Let us go back."

Little fox was sent to the top of the hill again to watch until the deer had disappeared. When he came back and said, "They're gone now," Mr. and Mrs. Fox jumped into the river to wash off their ashes, dug up the meat, and started the feast again.

TRICKSTER TALES
(Comanche Story)

The succeeding three versions of Coyote trickster tales are from the St. Clair and Lowie collection.

In these stories it is an easy mental shift to imagine the Coyote to be an Indian. The comparison, seemingly, is often in the mind of the Comanche narrator.

Coyote was thinking how he might get some money. A great many soldiers were following his trail. Coyote took his kettle and dug out a place in the bank. There he made a fire and placed the kettle over it. He put in water, which began to boil. The soldiers were coming near. Their captain approached Coyote, asking him how he was. Coyote just continued cooking. The captain said, "You have a mighty good kettle!"--"Yes, it is a good one."--"Can't I buy it from you?"--"Oh, I think a great deal of it." The captain said, "Well, I will give you my horse for it."--"Oh, no! You must offer something I care for very much."--"Well, I will give you two horses."--"My kettle is a mighty good one."--"Well, select whatever two horses you wish for it." Coyote then picked out two very fine horses, and departed.

The soldiers left with their kettle. When they camped, they set the kettle down, poured in water, and sat watching to see it boil. They had to wait a very long time. "Evidently Coyote has got the better of us," they said. From that time on, the whites have always traded with the Indians. Coyote taught us to do so.

<u>Second Version</u>.--One white man had heard a great deal about Coyote's trickery. He said, "Oh, I want to see him! Did you ever hear of any person getting cheated right before his eyes? Go, bring him here! I'll see whether he can beat me that way." Coyote was walking along a short distance away. One of them spied him. "There is Coyote, who always cheats everybody." The white man got out to look at him. He put on very fine clothes, mounted a good horse, and loped after Coyote until he caught up to him. "Hold on, my friend! I have heard how you always cheat people." Coyote answered, "Oh, you are mistaking me!"--"Oh, no! Go ahead and cheat me out of something." Coyote said, "My stuff for scheming is not here."--"Where is it, then, the stuff you cheat people with?"--"I have it at my house."--"Well, go fetch it and fool me!" Coyote said, "Lend me your horse."--"Where is your house?"--"Over the hill." The white man dismounted and lent him his horse. The horse was afraid of Coyote. Coyote said, "Give me all your clothes, or he will be afraid of me."

So the white man gave Coyote all his clothes. Coyote put them on, mounted, and loped off. "I have fooled you already. You certainly are easily cheated." The white man stood there, waving to him to return; but Coyote did not mind him, and galloped away.

<u>Third Version</u>.--A short while after this adventure, Coyote was sauntering along a creek. He saw many people moving along with mules and horses. Coyote was eager to get some of them. He addressed the people, telling them they could camp by a certain clump of trees. They were small trees, which he had already cut into. The people followed his advice, and staked their horses to those little trees. In the night all the mules and horses broke loose. Coyote, who was watching at a distance from the camp, then drove them off. This is why Indians long ago always used to steal so many horses.

FOX AND THE QUAIL

Each of the remaining stories of this division concern the trickster who, himself, was outwitted. Most of them represent the type of moralizing and didactic use to which many of the tales are put. The following narrative was told with much expression, many imitating noises, and elaborate gestures by Mow-wat. Rachel Mow-wat served as interpreter, June, 1940.

The sly old fox was wandering along a winding cow trail one cold wintry day. He found a bird's nest in the grass beside the trail and some small birds nearby.

"What kind of birds are you?" he asked.

"We belong to the quail family--the kind that scare people by flying up suddenly in front of them," they answered.

"Scare people? Pooh! You can't scare me," he said in pride and scorn. Then he spit all over them and went on his way.

Soon Mother Quail came home with food. "For goodness' sake, children, what has happened? You're all wet and dirty," she said.

"A man came by and left us this way. He insulted us," they all squeaked.

"Where did he go?" she asked, becoming angry.

"Right on up the trail," they said.

The mother followed the fox and soon spied him. Going around him in the grass, she waited near a water hole some distance ahead for him to come by. When he was very close, she fluttered up right before his nose. In his sudden fright, the fox plunged into the ice-covered pool and broke his leg in the fall.

Moral: Don't make fun of other people's children.

THE OTTER AND THE FOX

The familiar "brother-in-law" greeting found in many Indian animal stories appears in the following tale related by Mow-wat and interpreted by Rachel Mow-wat, June, 1940. The story is typical of the "Bungling Host" series to be found in many collections such as Opler's Myths and Legends of the Lipan Apache Indians (New York: J. J. Augustin, Publisher, American Folklore Society, 1940), pp. 139-142.

Mr. Otter and his family lived at the edge of the creek. The old fox came along and said, "I didn't know you lived here, brother-in-law."

"Yes, we've always lived here," said Otter. "We don't have anything to eat today, but I'll see my wife." Otter knew it was the habit of Fox to visit people just at meal time. To his wife he said, "I guess we'll have to let him eat one of our little ones." Otter called his children in from their swimming. Then to the surprised fox he said, "You can have the fattest one. Take your pick."

After the fox made his selection, Otter killed and cleaned it and cooked it. "Now when you eat this, eat the meat and save the bones; be sure to save the bones," he said.

They watched the fox eat, and when he had finished,

Mrs. Otter gathered the bones together and threw them in the creek. As the bones struck the water, the little Otter came back to life and went on swimming. The fox was astounded, but he wouldn't let Otter know it.

"I live up the creek a short distance where the water is deep. Come over sometime," the fox said and left.

Later, swimming up stream, Otter located Fox among the willow trees and went to visit with him.

When Fox saw Otter, he called to his children, "All you little ones, run out to the creek and swim."

"Well, hello," he shouted to Otter. "I'm glad to see you. We don't have anything to eat today, but Mrs. Fox and I will see what we can do."

Fox called the children in from their swimming. "Take your choice," he said to Otter.

Otter picked the fattest one. Fox killed it and cleaned it and cooked it.

"Now eat the meat, but be sure to save the bones," said the fox, who didn't want to be outdone.

When Otter had finished his meal, Fox took the bones and threw them into the creek. As he stood on the bank, he watched the fish fight over the bones in the water, but he never again saw that little fox.

HOW FOX BECAME BLIND

Various stories of how Fox or Coyote became blind exist. Most of them can be grouped into two divisions: the eye-juggling type and the eye-poking type. In the following story, as related by Mow-wat and translated by Rachel Mow-wat, Fox unsuccessfully imitates Owl in an eye-juggling act. Opler's Myths and Legends of the Lipan Apache Indians includes variants in which Coyote imitates Jack-rabbit.

Fox went to visit Owl one day. "Brother," he said to Owl, "could you teach me a trick? I'd like to do tricks of magic."

"I can show you a trick," said Owl, "but you must be very careful to follow instructions. Watch me closely while I demonstrate." Owl took out one of his own eyes and tossed it up into a willow tree. He took the other eye and did the same. Then calling, "Eyes, fall," the eyes immediately returned to their sockets. He threw his eyes up four times, and each time they returned.

Fox tried the act and found that the magic words worked for him, too. Owl warned him, however, "There are two rules you must observe: You must never perform this trick more than four times in one day; and when you throw your eyes up, you must be sure that you are throwing them

into a willow tree."

Fox went on his way feeling ever so smart. "I am a magician now," he thought to himself. "I don't see why I can't play this trick all day long. Four times isn't enough. And why must I seek a willow tree each time? Perhaps the stupid Owl was just talking."

Taking one at a time, Fox threw his eyes into first one willow tree and then another; calling the magic words, "Eyes fall," he always was able to get them back. He came to an elm. "It's just as well," said Fox. "I'll throw my eyes into the branches of this large elm tree and see what happens. Perhaps I can show Owl that I am a greater magician than he is."

Herthrew one eye up and then the other, but call as he might, the eyes never returned to him.

HOW FOX BECAME BLIND

Similar to the eye-poking Owl and Fox of this tale are the nose-poking Buffalo and Coyote of the Jicarilla Apache story in Opler's collection, p. 255. Thompson's Tales of the North American Indians, pp. 71-73, includes a story of the Thompson Indian tribe that appeared in Teit's Memoirs of the American Folklore Society, VI, 40. In it the Bear and Coyote warm their hands at the fire to secure grease.
The following version was told by Mow-wat and interpreted by Rachel Mow-wat, June, 1940.

Owl and his family lived on the bank of a creek. Mr. Fox came over to visit one day (he was always visiting here and there). Mr. Owl was gone, but he soon came home.

"What did you come for today, brother-in-law?" asked Owl.

"Oh, I just came to see how my little nephews were getting along," said Fox.

"Wife," said Owl, "prepare the best dinner you can cook for our guest."

The wife busied herself pounding some dry meat into a fine pulp. "We don't have any grease in the house," she said after a few minutes.

"Well, maybe I can make 'medicine' and provide some for you." Owl spoke confidently before the wise fox, and

then he said, "you shall eat meat our way and have a treat."

"Here's one trick he doesn't know," Owl thought to himself, and he poked and punched at his eyes until grease dripped from them. He rubbed them and his eyes returned to normal. Although the trick was new to Fox, he said nothing, but he watched curiously, thinking, "I must try that some day."

They ate the well-seasoned meat until their appetites were satisfied. After dinner Fox said, "Mr. Owl, I'm going home now. I live at the edge of yonder mountain. Come over and see me."

Of course, Fox didn't have a home; he just pretended that he did. He hurried to the spot to which he had pointed and started building a house.

"My children and wife, you have a brother and some cousins that may come to see us. Watch for them and welcome them."

Fox was very busy one day when he saw Owl flying overhead. He signalled and Owl flew down.

"Well, at last you have come to visit. I'm glad to see you. Come in," said Fox heartily, and then he called to his wife, "Get busy and pound some meat, wife; I'll provide the grease."

Here is where Fox got into trouble. He tried Owl's

eye-poking trick, but succeeded in doing nothing but punching out his eyes.

"Well," said Mrs. Fox, "I wonder where he learned that trick. He has nothing but popped-out eyes."

Poor old Fox called on Owl to help, but it was too late now. With his pride, he tried to show off, and now he was blind and alone, for his wife left him.

BLIND FOX AND THE TWO GIRLS

(Sequel to "How Fox Became Blind")

In some versions, the sequel and the main story are told as one long story, but they were given to me as separate stories. In fact the sequel was given first, and then the narrator, Mow-wat, turned to me and asked, "Would you like to know how Fox became blind?" I heard the tale in June, 1940.

Blind Fox one day was wandering along the creek. He was lonesome for companions. Since he had become blind, no one cared for him. He tied a cloth around his head so that people couldn't see that he was blind. When he heard the sound of a bell across the creek, he called, "Who are you?"

"We are of the Indian tribe," came the answer from two girls. One of them was wearing a bell.

"So am I," said the fox. "Why are you out here alone?"

"We had a quarrel with our mother. She whipped us," they said.

"What are you doing?" asked the fox.

"Just fooling around," said one.

"So am I," the fox replied. "Let's live together."

"All right," said the girls, and they went across the river.

Fox was very soon busy building a house with poles and brush while the girls gathered fire wood. As the girls returned, they noticed the queer house that Fox had built. On all sides were large openings. Fox couldn't see to build it properly.

"This is no house," they complained. "It has too many openings."

"W-Well," the fox stammered reassuringly, "I purposely built it that way. When the enemy approaches, we can escape from the house in any direction."

After a while the girls saw a herd of buffalo in the distance. "Get your bow and arrow and shoot one of those buffaloes," they yelled. "Hurry."

"Why, yes," said the fox, "I'll do that. You circle them from the other side, while I get my bow and quiver, and don't let them run away." Fox accidentally killed a buffalo, and the girls were very much pleased. The girls prepared some of the meat and hung the rest on a pole to dry.

"We'll have food for many days to come," they said. "You are a good provider."

"Oh, yes," said Fox, "I usually hit my mark." He leaned up against the house and began singing. He prided

himself with being a real warrior. He was also proud of his two wives.

He ate so much that after dinner he had to rest. In keeping with his dignity, Fox rested with his feet on the lap of one girl and his head on the lap of the other. "Louse me, now, while I rest," he said. He was soon sound asleep.

"I wonder why he keeps that cloth on his head," remarked the girl at the foot.

"Let's take a peep at his face while he is asleep," said the other, looking up from her lousing. Immediately after lifting the cloth, she drew back. "Oooh," she said, "he's blind; his eyes are full of sores, and worms are crawling out of them."

"The nasty man!! Let's play a trick on him," said the girl at the foot disgustedly.

Without waking the old fox, they went out to find two stumps. One of the logs had wood ants all over it. This one they placed beneath his head for a pillow; the other they placed under his legs. Then they stood by to see what would happen.

Half asleep, as he stretched, he felt something tickling him. He thought it was the girls and smiled. The tickling continued and soon the ants were biting him. In kicking and moving about he struck wood, and the girls

laughed to see him in his misery. Now fully awake, he heard them.

"I'll kill you for this," he yelled as he stumbled after them with his bow and arrows.

The girls ran to the edge of a steep red-rock cliff. "He can't see us," one said. "He is just following the sound of my bell. I'll throw the bell down the cliff, and he'll follow after it. That will serve him right, and we shall be rid of him."

Fox followed the sound of the bell and fell down the cliff and broke his leg.

THE EYE JUGGLER

The following tale, taken from the St. Clair and Lowie collection, pp. 278-279, contains most of the essential details of the eye-juggling fox and the adventure with the two girls. Instead of the fox, however, we have the coyote; and instead of the owl, we have two yellow birds, which really may be owls because the name of owl (o oh' hah) means yellow.

The Shoshone version in this same collection (pp. 269-270) resembles the Comanche tale in most of its details.

Coyote was always knocking about hunting for something. He came to a creek, where there was nothing but green willows. Two little yellow-birds were playing there. He came up to them. Laughing, they pulled out their eyes and threw them on the trees, while they stood below. "Eyes, fall!" they said. Then their eyes fell back into their sockets. Coyote went to them. He greatly admired their trick. "O brothers! I wish to play that way, too"--"Oh, we won't show you, you are too mean. You would throw your eyes into any kind of tree and lose them"--"Oh, no! I would do it just like you." At last the birds agreed to show him. They pulled out his eyes, threw them up, and said, "Eyes, fall!" Then his eyes fell back again. Coyote was well pleased. He pulled out his eyes himself, threw them up, and said,"Eyes,fall!"

They returned to their places. "Let us all go along this creek!" said the birds. "Other people will see us and take a fancy to us." They went along playing. Coyote said, "I am going over there. I know the trick well now." He left them. He got to another creek. A common willow-tree was standing there. "There is no need to be afraid of this tree. I'll try it first." He pulled out his eyes, and threw them at the tree. "Eyes, fall!" he shouted. His eyes did not fall. He thus became blind. He tied something around his eyes, and left.

Walking along the creek, he met two young girls. "What kind of girls are you?"--"We are Ya'yaru girls."--"We all belong to the same people, then; I am a Ya'yaru young man." The two girls did not know he was blind. He asked them, "Where are you going?"--"We are going over there."--"Well, we will all go together." They debated the matter, then all went to-gether. One girl said, "Just look at the buffaloes there!" Coyote laughed. "I was wondering how soon you would catch sight of them, that's why I would not tell you about them". When they had gone a little farther, one of the girls asked the other, "Why does he not kill one of those buffaloes for us?" Coyote laughed, "I was wondering how long it would take you to think of that, that's why I would not tell you before. Go around that way to the other

side of the buffalo, then they won't see you. Then they will run here, and I will kill one for us." They followed his directions. The buffaloes, seeing them, ran towards Coyote. When they came nearer, he shot at them and killed one by chance. When the girls ran up, they said, "He has really killed one." Coyote laughed. "I was wondering how soon they would see it, that's what I was thinking about you." "Oh, isn't he fat!" Coyote said, "Why certainly, I was looking for a fat one." The two girls said, "Doesn't he know well how to look for a fat one?" Coyote said, "Do you two cut it up, I will build us a house by the creek." He went off to make them a lodge. There were big holes in it everywhere, because he was blind. He made it of brush. The two girls came with the meat. They said, "This must be a house built by a blind man, there are holes all over." Coyote laughed. "Oh, you two don't understand. Why, I built it this way so that if lots of enemies charge on us, we might go out in any direction. There is no danger of our being hemmed in." The girls said, "We did not think of that." They made their home there, both becoming Coyote's wives.

Once Coyote said to them, "Louse me." The women sat down, and Coyote placed his head on the one, and his feet on the other. For a hile they loused him, then he fell asleep. One of the women said, "Let us pull off this rag from his

head! He won't know anything about it, he's asleep. Let us look at his eyes." She raised the cover. "Why, he is blind! There are lots of worms in his eyes." The one on whose lap his head was resting bade her companion bring a stump with lots of ants on it. "Put it under his head, and fetch another one without ants for his feet." After they had fixed the stumps, one of them said, "Let us go now!" The older sister said, "Take hold of those bells!" They got some distance away from Coyote. Shortly after they had left, the ants began to bite him. He began butting with his head. "Oh, be easy, you two, louse me!" He tried to butt them, but only struck the ground. He woke up, and looked for their trail. Looking back, the women saw him coming. They began to run. "That is surely Coyote there. Let us beat him by that big red bluff." The older sister said, "Tear off those bells of yours." She pulled them off. "He can't see us, he is just following the bells. When we get to the red bluff, drop your bells, and he will fall over it." Coyote was pursuing them. The woman's bells were jingling as they ran along. When they got to the cliff, she dropped them. Coyote, hearing the bells, followed after them, and was crushed to pieces. The women went home.

THE RACE BETWEEN RABBIT AND TURTLE

Thompson's Tales of the North American Indians contains "The Turtle's Relay Race" (a Zuni folktale), pp. 258-259, that may be considered a variant of the following Comanche story. A closer version appears in Opler's Myths and Legends of the Lipan Apache, p. 200.

The Comanche story is so nearly like the fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise" that the similarity is worth noting in detail. The tale, found in the section, "Aesop's Fables" in Johnson and Scott's Anthology of Children's Literature, p. 42, is given here:

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A Hare was once boasting about how fast he could run when a Tortoise, overhearing him, said, "I'll run you a race." "Done," said the Hare and laughed to himself: "but let's get the Fox for a judge." The Fox consented and the two started. The Hare quickly outran the Tortoise, and knwoing he was far ahead, lay down to take a nap. "I can soon pass the Tortoise whenever I awaken." But unfortunately, the Hare overslept himself; therefore when he awoke, though he ran his best, he found the Tortoise was already at the goal. He had learned that "Slow and steady wins the race."

A Rabbit once killed some prairie dogs and was very busy at home roasting them, when along came Turtle.

"Good-day, brother! You appear to be very busy. What are you cooking there?" asked Turtle.

"Yes, I am very busy. I have some nice prairie dogs

roasting in the coals," replied Rabbit.

"When you are through, I want to have a game with you. Let's have a race. You should let me get a head start because you know how much faster you can run than I."

"You don't have a chance. You are so slow that I could take a long nap while you get a head start. And then I could beat you with a stone tied to my foot. If you are ready, start," said the boastful Rabbit.

"Let's go to the other side of the hill," suggested Turtle. "Then whoever gets here first will have a feast with the prairie dogs."

"Very well," agreed Rabbit.

Rabbit, tired from the day's work, sat down when they reached the desired location. It was not really his intention to go to sleep, but before he realized it, he was nodding, and soon he was sound asleep.

Turtle traveled as fast as his short legs could carry him toward the prairie dog feast. As he came within sight of the prize, his mouth watered. He feared now that he would lose the race; he knew it was possible for Rabbit to overtake him at any time. He succeeded in reaching the spot alone. How he enjoyed that hard-earned dinner!

When the last prairie dog was eaten, Rabbit came running in. Angry for having overslept, he scolded Turtle

for not playing fair. There was nothing for Turtle to do but laugh, thank Rabbit for his hospitality, and go on his way.

VII

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

Because this entire collection does not include all the literature that may be in existence among the Comanche, the ones grouped here are too few in number to demand the creation of special classes to include them in their respective divisions. Included here are two stories of animal people, a modern humorous story, three concerning customs, two involving historic incidents, four poems, and three songs.

THE MAN-EATING BABY

The tale related here resembles a Dracula story of today. Stories of such superhuman monster freaks have entertainment value chiefly. In this one, however, the dramatic decision of the parents to sacrifice their child for the general welfare of the tribe, which is always uppermost in importance, receives considerable emphasis.

Rachel Mow-wat related the story in July, 1940.

A baby was born to a family that was camping with other Indians along a stream. Every day the baby cried as though it had the three-months cholic. The parents became very tired of caring for the child that gave them no rest. The other Indians in camp became impatient with the continual noise. At midnight the child usually could be quieted and then everyone could sleep. Of course everyone slept very soundly during those few hours of rest.

No one realized that soon after the midnight hour the child would transform itself into a beastly man-eating adult. From midnight until just before dawn it would prowl about from tent to tent eating a human being here and there. At dawn it would be back in its cradle, and at sunrise it would again start its day-long cry.

No one could explain the mysterious disappearance

of those who were devoured.

Once while some were still awake in one of the tents, they saw the intruder enter. After they had recovered from their astonishment, they grabbed for the beast and grappled with him. The form escaped, but they gave chase and traced it to its tent. There they found it in its cradle, where it had turned back into a baby. The family, aroused by the noise and confusion, learned of the discovery from their tribesmen. Their child was the man-eater! They could hardly believe it. Even though they realized their predicament, they did not know what to do. They knew the beast had to be slain, but they hated to kill their own child. It was a difficult decision that had to be made.

The thought that they might kill the child after midnight while he was in the form of a man-eating beast consoled them. They hired a guard to watch the next night. The child really came from the tent and after he had made his transformation, the guard caught him unawares and killed him. After life expired, the body changed back to that of the baby.

THE COYOTE GIRL

Stories of animal children are not uncommon today, most of them bearing more fact than fiction. Herman Asenap gave me the account of the following story in June, 1940, as he heard it from Tehquahkuh. This particular story may be symbolic of events in the history of the tribe that involve the capturing and adopting of white children, the coyotes representing the Comanche and the coyote girl representing the captive who had learned to love the wild life and who was not satisfied to be returned to her own kinsmen.

A little girl and her mother were camping with their kinsmen quite a distance from the nearest creek.

"Let us get our horses and go to the creek for some water," the mother said one day. She didn't know that a man with evil intentions overheard the conversation and followed them to the stream. The girl was left on the bank to watch the horses while the mother went farther down the stream.

The man followed the mother, caught her, scuffled with her, choked her, insulted her, and then went to the place where the girl was watching the horses. He forced her to get on the horse and the two rode a long distance away. Suddenly he stopped and told the girl to dismount. Here he killed the mother's horse, left the girl in the wild deso-

late country and rode away.

For many years her people grieved for her and hoped for her return.

In her wanderings through the forests, along streams, and over hills she became acquainted with the wild animals and made friends with many of them. She became especially fond of the coyotes. One coyote adopted her, cared for her, and guarded her from all harm. In time her skin became tough and dark from the sun and the weather; her hair grew long; and soon she herself began to resemble the wild animals.

A few of the leaders among the coyotes held a council and decided they should take the girl back to her people. They knew, however, they should have to deal with her guardian coyote. Visiting the den of her faithful friend, they found the little girl.

"We have decided to take you back to your people," they said.

"But I don't want to go," she said. "Besides, I wouldn't want to go without the consent of my guardian."

"But he isn't here," said one of the coyotes.

"Let us take her anyway," another insisted.

Far away was an Indian village beside a stream. Toward evening, one day, the Indians noticed what appeared to be a pack of dogs along the western horizon on the hill

in the distance. Coming closer, and still moving in a pack, they seemed to lay down a burden. Now as the pack moved away to watch from a distance, the Indians saw that what they thought to be dogs were really coyotes.

Some warriors ventured forth with bows and arrows to meet the creature the coyotes left behind. They looked at the frightened animal-like girl and realized, in spite of her wild appearance, that she was the long-lost child of the camp. Her relatives could hardly believe their eyes, but all were made happy by the return of the girl that had been brought back by the friendly coyotes. Their hearts were saddened, later, when they discovered that the child was never entirely happy with them. She always longed to go back to her coyote friends.

THE SMOKED GLASSES

The following story, although it is unmistakably a creation of recent years, shows the Comanche's capacity to enjoy a good joke. Human nature everywhere considers an embarrassing moment humorous, it seems. In addition to the humor found in the harmless humiliation experienced by the young man in the story, there is ironic comedy in the realization that the awkward situation was the result of the Indian's attempting to adopt the white man's invention. It parallels the animal stories in one respect: Just as the fox was unable to imitate other animals without embarrassing, if not serious, consequences, the Indian is unable to fit himself perfectly into the white man's civilization.

The story, a contribution from Nathaniel Woomavovah, was given to me in January, 1940.

When colored glasses first came into use, an Indian brave whose name we shall not mention purchased a pair of black glasses. He went home singing and talking to himself about his extraordinary purchase. He also thought of his girl friend whom he was to meet that night. At home, he cleaned up and then dressed in his finest array, not forgetting, of course, to put on his glasses again. After he had finished, he decided to sleep until dark. A short nap, he thought, would refresh him.

He went to sleep only to wake at sunrise the next morning. With his glasses on, however, he thought it was

still night. The sun, which he thought to be the moon, was still shining.

"Ah, what a night for romance," he said as he crept toward the girl's tent.

The girl's family was eating breakfast as he rounded the corner of the tent. After bumping his head against the leg of the table and at the same time dropping his glasses to find himself in broad daylight, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him from the scene of confusion that he left behind.

GIFTS FOR A WIFE

Mow-wat, in relating the following story, June, 1940, said that the events concerned his aunt and that they illustrated some of the customs of the Comanche. Gifts always meant one of two things: a token of friendship or a trade to be made.

Once a Comanche brave gave four arrows to a young boy. The foster-father, puzzled by the gift, asked, "Why do you give the arrows? What is your want--horse, saddle, blanket?"

"I want this boy's sister," he said simply but definitely.

Understandingly, the foster-father sent his wife to get the girl, who was very pretty but young.

"Get yourself ready to go," they told her. "This young man wants you for his wife."

The bridegroom had an especially large and attractive tepee that was solely his, to which he took the bride. His mother occupied another one nearby.

That night the girl sat, somewhat confused by her sudden transfer, and watched her new mate prepare for bed. When he suddenly gave a whoop and a yell, she found it too

much to bear and ran from the tepee in fright.

Searching for the girl, the man first went to his mother's tent and called, "Is she there?"

"No, son," was the answer.

After searching at her home, he went to the home of her married sister where he found her.

"Go away," the sister told him bluntly, "you can't have her now. We will take care of her."

The next day the foster-mother of the girl, according to custom, sent the brother to the young man to return the four arrows.

The disgruntled and disappointed bridegroom, in revenge, destroyed the foster-mother's saddle by cutting it to pieces and killed the foster-father's favorite horse.

A COMANCHE BURIAL

Although the story below recounts a comparatively recent burial (about 1895), the custom had been a practice for centuries. Herman Asenap told the story, in June, 1940, as one of his own experiences.

Long years ago when one of our Comanches died, the body was carefully wrapped in a blanket, which served as a shroud, laid gently across the horse behind the rider, and slowly taken toward the mountains [Wichita Mountains]. The rider, accompanied by perhaps two or three fellow tribesmen, rode as far up the side of one mountain as the horse could safely travel. There a halt was called. The riders dismounted, searched the surrounding area carefully for a suitable burial place--a cave, excavation, recess, crevice, or gorge. When the spot was located, the body was removed from the horse. There in the selected burial site the body was deposited and then covered completely with stones. Solemnly, then, the "pall bearers" began their long trek back to the camp.

Upon their return all personal possessions of the deceased were destroyed by the mourners and their faithful sympathizers. All regalia, whether of special or insignifi-

cant value, if it were in any way associated with the departed, was burned to erase the last trace of a sad memory.

THE COMANCHE RIDER

The story of "The Comanche Rider," with its introduction, is taken from Skinner's Myths and Legends of Our Own Land, Vol. II, pp. 230-231. The mythical legend relates a burial near Fort Sill.

The ways of disposing of the Indian are many. In some places ground sepulture is common; in others, the corpses are placed in trees. South Americans mummified their dead, and cremation was not unknown. Enemies gave no thought to those that they had slain, after plucking off their scalps as trophies, though they sometimes added the indignity of mutilation in killing.

Sachem's Head, near Guilford, Connecticut, is so named because Uncas cut a Pequot's head off and placed it in the crotch of an oak that grew there. It remained withering for years. It was to save the body of Polan from such a fate, after the fight on Sebago Lake in 1756, that his brothers placed it under the root of a sturdy young beech that they had pried out of the ground. He was laid in the hollow in his war-dress, with silver cross on his breast and bow and arrows in his hand; then, the weight on the trunk being released, the sapling sprang back to its place and afterward

rose to a commanding height, fitly marking the Indian's tomb. Chief Blackbird, of the Omahas, was buried, in accordance with his wish, on the summit of a bluff near the upper Missouri, on the back of his favorite horse, fully equipped for travel, with the scalps that he had taken hung in the bridle.

When a Comanche dies he is buried on the western side of the camp, that his soul may follow the setting sun into the spirit world the speedier. His bow, arrows, and valuables are interred with him, and his best pony is killed at the grave that he may appear among his fellows in the happy hunting grounds mounted and equipped. An old Comanche who died near Fort Sill was without relatives and poor, so his tribe thought that any kind of a horse would do for him to range upon the fields of paradise. They killed a spavined old plug and left him. Two weeks from that time the late unlamented galloped into camp of the Wichitas on the back of a lop-eared, bob-tailed, sheep-necked, ring-boned horse, with ribs like a grate, and said he wanted dinner. Having secured a piece of meat, formally presented to him on the end of a lodge-pole, he offered himself to the view of his own people, alarming them by his glaring eyes and sunken cheeks, and told them that he had come back to haunt them for a stingy, inconsiderate lot, because the gate-keeper of heaven had refused

to admit him on so ill-conditioned a mount. The camp broke up in dismay. Wichitas and Comanches journeyed, en masse, to Fort Sill for protection, and since then they have sacrificed the best horses in their possession when an unfriended one journeyed to the spirit world.

BURIED TREASURE

There are many legends of buried treasure, more, perhaps, among the whites than among the Indians. Anna Gomez related the following account in June, 1940. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Birdsong now live in the Quanah Parker home at the foot of the mountain that figures in the story. Mrs. Birdsong is the well-educated daughter of the late chief.

Many have searched for buried treasure in the Wichita Mountains. Once a man who claimed to know the clue to one spot of buried treasure on a mountain just north of the Quanah Parker home, insisted that he be allowed to pitch his tent at the foot of the mountain.

One morning, a few days later, the man and the tent were gone. Searching the mountain side, Indians found a wooden cross marking the spot where he had dug for treasure. A cast iron pot, showing years of burial, stood empty beside the excavation.

THE SUN DANCE EPISODE

Herman Asenap furnished the information in July, 1940, for the following incident which occurred near Fort Sill. *Potsoquotovt*, translated, means *black otter*.

One evening two brothers with their many guests were having a Sun Dance near Fort Sill. Such ceremonies had been forbidden by government officials since the surrender of the Comanche. When officers came to stop the progress of the dance, the Indians refused to obey their commands and many were shot down in the struggle. The bodies were thrown in a wagon to be taken away and cared for. One of the brothers, Potsoquotovt, who was taken to the hospital at Fort Sill, recovered and lived about forty years longer as an outstanding leader of his tribe.

THREE POEMS

The following lines, poetic in their fashion, are original with a young Comanche lad. Nathaniel Woomavovah wrote the lines in the spring of 1939. The "thunder stick" in the second poem is the gun.

The One Thing

I speak your tongue, Pale Face,
I sing your songs,
I pray to your God and my God,
I let you feed on my corn.
I give--and ask nothing;
You return and take my land.
The One Thing that you shall not have
Is the Indian in my heart.

Where?

Where is my arrow?
Where is my flute?
Give me back my arrow;
Give me back my flute.

White man gave me a thunder stick,
Gave me a flute with many sounds,
But my heart is with my arrow,
My heart is with my flute.

Listen!

Listen to the tom-toms;
Listen, someone's calling.
No, it's not the tom-toms;
It's the thunder,
No one's calling.
It's the cry of triumph:
"IT IS FINISHED."

CYNTHIA ANN PARKER

The following poem dedicated to the memory of his grandmother was written by White Parker, an Indian minister and son of Quanah Parker. It is given as it appeared in The Lawton Constitution, June 11, 1936, Lawton, Oklahoma.

I

The Comanches came riding one day;
They captured poor little Cynthia Ann
They carried her far away.

Oh, freedom is sweet on the prairie!
When she was grown, she married the chief--
The Wanderer loved to roam;
At last the troopers rescued her--
They sent her home.

Oh, freedom is sweet on the prairie!
Come Spring, she sat in her brother's house;
Her thoughts were faraway.
"My people are making new lodges now
On the prairie," she would say.
Come Summer, she sat at her brother's door,
Lonely enough to cry,
"My people are running buffalos now
On the prairie," she would sigh.
Come Autumn, she sat in her brother's yard;
Sadly she would chafe:
"My people are on the war-path now
Oh, Quanah, my son, are you safe?"
Come Winter, she stood at her brother's gate;
The snow fell fast above.
"Nocona, my husband, you're needing things
I'd make to show my great love!"

"Oh, Nocona, my husband, the Wanderer,
My brother is good to me!
But I long to be out on the plains with you--
In our lodge on the wide prairie!"
"My lips are still on your lips,
Though you are far away;
I cannot come to you, Nacona,
And here I cannot stay!"
She laid her down upon the bed--
Her voice was low and weak;
"My people wait for my spirit now
On the prairie," they heard her speak.
She laid her lonesome body down
Where it had pined away:
She died with her face to the open plain--
They buried her next day.
Quanah Parker was her son,
The raider and the chief;
Many a Texan lost his life
To pay for Cynthia's grief.
Oh, freedom is sweet on the prairie!

TRIBAL SONGS

Among the few old songs that are found in the Comanche tribe, three can be found in full in Mooney's *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1892-3*, pp. 1046 and 1047. Two of these are given here with Mooney's comments.

Heyo'hana Hae'yo

He'e'yo!
Heyo'hana' Hae'yo!
Heyo'hana' Hae'yo!
Te'aya' tora'bi ai'-gi'na--He'e'yo'!
Te'aya' tora'bi ai'-gi'na--He'e'yo'!
Te'aya' toa'ha ta'bi wo'n'gin--Ahi'ni'yo'!
Te'aya' toa'ha ta'bi wo'n'gin--Ahi'ni'yo'!

Translation

He'e'yo!
Heyo'hana' Hae'yo!
Heyo'hana' Hae'yo!
The sun's beams are running out--He'e'yo'!
The sun's beams are running out--He'e'yo'!
The sun's yellow rays are running out--
Ahi'ni'yo'!
The sun's yellow rays are running out--
Ahi'ni'yo'!

This song was probably sung at daylight, when the first rays of the sun shone in the east, after the dancers had been dancing all night. The introductory part is a suggestion from the songs of the mescal rite, to which the Comanche are so much attached. Although the words convey but little meaning, the tune is unique and one of the best of all the ghost songs on account of its sprightly measure.

Te'aya refers to the sun's rays or beams; tora'-bi, a possessive form of ta'bi, sun; (mu'a, moon); toa'ha, from a'hap, yellow; ai'-gi'na and wo'n'gin or wa'n'gin, running out, streaming out.

Yani'tsini'hawa'na

Yani'tsini'hawa'na!
Yani'tsini'hawa'na!
Hi'niswa'vita'ki'ni,
Hi'niswa'vita'ki'ni.

Translation

Yani'tsini'hawa'na!
Yani'tsini'hawa'na!
We shall live again,
We shall live again.

The term hi'niswa'vita'ki'ni signifies "We are coming to life again," or "we shall live again;" from nuswa'vitaki'ni, "I am beginning to be alive again."

A SACRED SONG

Mow-wat (no hand) helped compose the following song.

The melody of the song carries the quality of martial music and the rhythm of the older tribal songs. The first few notes are very high, and the last ones gradually descend the scale until the lowest notes have been reached.

The translation, which is my own, may not be accurate in every detail, but the general thought is there.

Je'su'see' k'ut'saz'u'
Tah'me teh'a wich ku'ni tui'
Tah'ma teh'a wich ku'ni tui'

E'ba ite' so'ko vite' hah'beetuh
Pu'ha teck'wap a och'tso
Tah'me teh'a wich ku'ni tui'
Tah'me teh'a wich ku'ni tui'
Tah'me teh'a wich ku'ni tui'

Ok'o to'mo vah'ti'
Nahn'su yah'kit nah'buneet'a ki'
Pu'ha queet'so ite och'tso
Tah'me teh'a wich ku'ni tui'
Tah'me teh'a wich ku'ni tui'
Tah'me teh'a wich ku'ni tui'

Translation

Jesus, my Savior,
I am telling the story,
I am telling the story.

Down here on this earth
The Word must be given.
I am telling the story,
I am telling the story,
I am telling the story.

Up there in Heaven,
Where all appears wonderful,
We will be made whole again.
I am telling the story,
I am telling the story,
I am telling the story.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Applegate, Frank G. Native Tales of New Mexico. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1932.

Babb, T. A. In the Bosom of the Comanches. Dallas: John F. Worley Printing Company, 1912.

Bacon, Janet Ruth. The Voyage of the Argonauts. London: Methuen & Company, Ltd., 1925.

Becker, W. J. "The Comanche Indian and His Language," Chronicles of Oklahoma, September, 1936, pp. 328-342.

Beckwith, Martha Warren. Folklore in America. Poughkeepsie: Vassar College Folklore Foundation, 1931.

Boas, Franz, et. al. Anthropology in North America. New York: G. E. Stechert & Company, 1915.

Brill, Charles J. Conquest of the Southern Plains. Oklahoma City: Golden Saga Publishers, 1938.

Burlin, Mrs. Paul (Natalie Curtis). The Indian's Book. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1907.

Buttree, Julia M. The Rhythm of the Redman. New York: A. S. Barnes and Company, 1930.

Catlin, George. North American Indians. 2 vols. Edinburgh: John Grant, 31 George IV Bridge, 1926.

Chamberlain, Ralph V. "Some Plant Names of the Indians," American Anthropologist, XI (1909), 27-40.

Connelley, William Elsey. "Indian Hero-Legends and Folk-Tales for Children." Unpublished manuscript, University of Oklahoma Library.

Corlett, William Thomas. The Medicine Man of the American

Indian and His Cultural Background. Springfield, Illinois and Baltimore, Maryland, C. C. Thomas, 1935.

Dale, Edward Everett. Tales of the Tepee. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company, 1920.

Densmore, Frances. The American Indians and Their Music. New York: The Woman's Press, 1926.

De Huff, Elizabeth Willis. Taytay's Tales. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1922.

De Shields, James T. Cynthia Anne Parker. St. Louis: Chas. B. Woodward Printing and Book Mfg. Co., 1886.

Dobie, J. Frank. Legends of Texas. Texas Folklore Society, Austin, Texas, 1924.

Douglas, Frederic H. and D'Harnoucourt, Rene. Indian Art of the United States. New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1941.

Dunn, William Edward. The Apache Mission. Reprinted from The Southwestern Historical Quarterly. Austin, Texas: State Historical Association.

Eastman, Edwin. Seven and Nine Years Among the Comanches and Apaches. Jersey City, N. J.: Clark Johnson, 1873.

Embree, Edwin R. Indians of the Americas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1939.

Ewers, John Canfield. Plains Indian Painting. Stanford University, California: Stanford University Press, 1939.

Foreman, Carolyn Thomas. "Col. Jesse Henry Leavenworth (14-29)" Chronicles of Oklahoma, March, 1935.

Foreman, Grant. Advancing the Frontier, 1830-1860. Norman; University of Oklahoma Press, 1933.

Foreman, Grant. Indians and Pioneers. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1930.

Gittinger, Roy. The Formation of the State of Oklahoma (1803-1906). Berkeley: University of California Press, 1917.

Gomme, George Laurence (ed.). The Handbook of Folklore. London: David Nutt, 1890.

Goodrich, S. G. The Manners and Customs of the American Indians. Boston: J. E. Hickman, 1844.

Gregg, Josiah. Commerce of the Prairies, or the Journal of a Santa Fe Trader, 1831-1839. Vol. XX, Early Western Travels, 1748-1846, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1905.

Grinnell, George Bird. By Cheyenne Campfires. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1926.

Grinnell, George Bird. The Fighting Cheyennes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

Grinnell, George Bird. Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912.

Gunther, Erna. "American Indian Literature," Folk-Say. Edited by B. A. Botkin. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1930.

Gunther, Erna. "The Folk-Tale Collections of Oklahoma Indians," Folk-Say. Edited by B. A. Botkin. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1929.

Halliday, William Reginald. Greek and Roman Folklore. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1927.

Hartland, E. S. Folklore: What Is It and What Is the Good of It, No. 2. London: David Nutt, 1899.

Hodge, Frederick Webb (ed.). Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico. Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 30. Government Printing Office, 1907.

Johnson, Edna and Scott, Curie E. Anthology of Children's Literature. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1940.

Judd, Mary C. Wigwam Stories. Boston: Ginn & Company, 1930.

Keiser, Albert. The Indian in American Literature. New York: Oxford University Press, 1933.

Krappe, Alexander Haggerty. The Science of Folklore. London: Methuen & Company, Ltd., 1930.

Kroeber, A. L. "The Bannock and Shoshoni Language," American Anthropology. Vol. XI. Edited by F. W. Hodge. Lancaster, Pa.: American Anthropological Association, 1909.

Kroeber, A. L. Handbook of the Indians of California. Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 78. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1925.

La Barre, Weston. The Peyote Cult. Yale University Publications in Anthropology, No. 19; New Haven: Yale University Press, 1938.

Lawson, Mrs. E. B. "The Indian Child," Oklahoma Yesterday--Today--Tomorrow. Edited by Lerona Rosamond Morris. Guthrie: Co-Operative Publishing Company, December, 1930.

Lee, F. H. Folk Tales of All Nations. New York: Tudor Publishing Company, 1936.

Lindquist, G. E. E. The Red Man in the United States. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1923.

Lowie, Robert H. "Dances and Societies of the Plains Shoshone," Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol.XI, Part X, 809-835. New York: Published by Order of Trustees, 1915.

Lowie, Robert H. "The Northern Shoshone," Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. II, Part II, 169-306. New York: Published by Order of Trustees, 1909.

Lummis, Charles F. Pueblo Indian Folk-Stories. New York: The Century Co., 1910.

Margry, Pierre. De couvertes et etablissement des Francois dans e ouest et dans le sud de L'Amerique Sepentrionale, 1614-1754. Vol. VI. Paris, 1875. Pp. 398-449.

Matthews, Washington. Navajo Legends. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co., 1897.

U. S. Office of Indian Affairs. _Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs_ (1874). Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1874.

Vaillant, George C. _Indian Arts in North America_. New York: Harper & Brothers Publishing Company, 1939.

Vestal, Stanley (Walter S. Campbell). _The Old Santa Fe Trail_. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1939.

Wellman, Paul I. "Cynthia Ann Parker," _Chronicles of Oklahoma_, June, 1934, pp. 163-170.

Wissler, Clark. _Indians of the United States_. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., 1940.

Wissler, Clark. _North American Indians of the Plains_. Handbook Series No. 1. New York: American Museum of Natural History, 1912.

Wissler, Clark. "Population Changes among the Northern Plains Indians," _Yale University Publications in Anthropology_, Numbers 1 to 7. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1936.

Merriam, C. Hart. The Dawn of the World. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1910.

Mooney, James. "The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890," Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, (1892-3). Doc. No. 230, Part 2; Washington, D. C.; Government Printing Office, 1896.

Moorehead, Warren K. The American Indian. Andover, Mass.: Andover Press, 1914.

Morrison, William Brown. Military Posts and Camps in Oklahoma. Oklahoma City: Harlow Publishing Company, 1936.

Newberne, Dr. Robert E. L. Peyote. Chilocco, Oklahoma: Chilocco Indian School Printing Department, 1923.

Nye, Wilbur Sturtevant. Carbine and Lance. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, 1937.

Oklahoma Authors' Club. The Romance of Oklahoma. Oklahoma City, 1920.

Opler, Morris Edward. Myths and Legends of the Lipan Apache. Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society, Vol. XXXVI; New York: J. J. Augustin, Publisher, 1940.

Opler, Morris Edward. Myths and Tales of the Jicarilla Apache. New York: G. E. Stechert and Co., 1938.

Orchard, W. C. Beads and Beadwork of the American Indian. New York: Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, 1929.

Peery, Dan W. "The Kiowa's Defiance," Chronicles of Oklahoma, March, 1935, pp. 30-36.

Powell, J. W. (director). Seventeenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution (1895-6), Part I. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1898.

Powell, J. W. (director). Seventh Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology (1885-86) to the Secretary of The Smithsonian Institution. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1891.

Radin, Paul. The Story of the American Indian. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation, 1934.

Richardson, Rupert Norval. The Comanche Barrier to the South Plains Settlement. Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1933.

Richardson, Rupert Norval and Rister, Carl Coke. The Greater Southwest. Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1934.

Rister, Carl Coke. Border Captives. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1940.

St. Clair, H. H. (collector) and Lowie, R. H. (editor). "Shoshone and Comanche Tales," Journal of American Folklore, XXII, 265-282.

Salomon, Julian Harris. The Book of Indian Crafts and Indian Lore. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1928.

Skinner, Charles M. Myths and Legends of Our Own Land. Vol. II. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1896.

Sloan, John and La Farge, Oliver. "Introduction to American Indian Art," Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts. New York: Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, Inc., 1931.

Spence, Lewis. Myths and Legends, The North American Indian. Boston: David D. Nickerson and Company, n. d.

Standing Bear, Chief. Land of the Spotted Eagle. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, the Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1933.

Thoburn, Joseph B. A Standard History of Oklahoma. 2 vols. New York: The American Historical Society, 1916.

Thoburn, Joseph B. and Wright, Muriel H. Oklahoma, A History of the State and Its People. Vol. I. New York: Lewis Historical Publishing Company, Inc., 1929.

Thompson, Stith. Tales of the North American Indians. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1929.

Tilghman, Zoe. Quanah, the Eagle of the Comanches. Oklahoma City: Harlow Publishing Corporation, 1938.