

manding officer and I want you to stay there until he give you an answer. And you come back and meet us right here, we are going on to these mountains to find what we are looking for." So him and this soldier went to this fount. Stopped there and delivered the letter and this man said, to their other man to put 'em up and give them their meal. And they went to spent the fight there and the next day at that time they came back to the place where they started from. Soldiers were not there and they had to wait. They waited around there and after while the army came over the hill and stopped. This other scout told my father that they had killed lots of Indians over there. But they weren't the one they were looking for. And this man says, "I know there's two of 'em two very uh, uh you could know 'em anywhere", he says. They couldn't kill those two, but when we started off and stopped, this one took the feather off of his hand, turn it loose and it flew away. One soldier aimed at him and killed him and then they killed the other one. He said, "Oh yeah I know who they are." So they came back to Ft. Sill, after they came back, why they had to send another regiment and another scout to find the man they wanted. So my father had been a scout and then later years he become a United States officer. Working with the laws, round the country. And one day they went to court. And whatever they was doing, I was playing out there in the yard. Well, that's when I saw and meet Wyatt kEarp. He walk up to my father and said "Well, hello Comanche, what are you doing these days?" He said "Oh, still working". so he had his mustasche corner of his mouth round up and he always like to pull it this way. And he says, "Hello little girl," he says, "Good to meet little Comanche." And he was a nice man I thought, shook hands with me. And there was other officer s there that knew my father and worked with him. Well, I have been that far, but I hadn't know anything so I came back home. And many times the Comanches wouldn't live in their houses when the government build fhem houses, that was the way of my father he wouldn't live in a house we always lived in a great big tipi. And later years when we went into the house, he wouldn't sleep on the bed and he wouldn't eat on the talbe. Everything was on the floor. So that's the way it has been. Lotta Indians houses set way over