

Mexican slaves. And the old, the women, and the children remained at the encampment.

One day a group went plum hunting and the children saw strange warriors. The children told the others not to panic at what they had seen, but they should all act as if they saw nothing. And slowly turn and return to the camping grounds and spread the alarm.

As the children reached the camping area, the intruders attacked, and the massacre began. Many of them fled, while many of the oldmen and boys armed themselves to defend the ones who were left in their care. But the superior force of the intruders was no match for little boys and old men. There were many stories of brave incidents, but the one which always caught my attention was the story of the mother who saved her beautiful young daughter.

During the height of the massacre, a mother and her beautiful teen-age daughter were fleeing into the mountains and brush cover. They were pursued by three warriors. As we all know, in times of danger mother instinct almost becomes supernatural. The mother called to her daughter to flee without looking back, and find a hiding place. The mother then turned to face the pursuing warriors and, with an upraised arm holding a tomahawk, met the three in battle. She succeeded in killing the pursuing men and saved her beloved daughter. As she sat down, wearily, thankfully, she gave the war cry of the Kiowa. The war cry given by the woman was unusual, according to Kiowa tradition. It is only reserved for the brave who get honored through battle and bravery. The mother and daughter were among the survivors of this terrible ordeal.

The braves returned to find the remains of the ravaged camp, and the stunned survivors of the massacre, and the beheading of many of the people of the encampment.

Revenge was the first action. The outraged and grief-stricken warriors searched from camp to camp for the guilty tribe. It was never determined who was responsible for the massacre. The Osages blamed the Pawnee, the Pawnee blamed the Tonkawas, and so forth.

An interesting footnote is told at the close of this story. And it is said by many that on a moonlit night, when the elements of nature are ripe, you can still