

T-692

ROSE CHALEPAH CHALETSIN, KIOWA-APACHE

INTERVIEWED BY: ELIZABETH PILLAERT

TRANSCRIBED BY: JULIA A. JORDAN

DATE OF INTERVIEW: Summer, 1961

GENERAL SUBJECT: KIOWA-APACHE TRADITIONAL STORIES

PARTICULAR TOPICS DISCUSSED:

STORY OF HOW COYOTE AND RABBIT TRICK EACH OTHER

STORY OF HOW COYOTE IS TRICKED BY A QUAIL

STORY OF HOW COYOTE CHEATS A WHITE MAN

STORY OF HOW A YOUNG GIRL MISTAKES A GOAT FOR HER BOY
FRIEND

BACKGROUND OF INFORMANT:

Rose Chalepah Chaletsin was born north of present Anadarko in the early 1880's and died in 1965. Her father was Old Man Achilta and her mother was Maynohonah, one of Achilta's two wives. She attended Cache Creek Mission School briefly. Her first husband was Alonzo Chalepah, well-known dancer and medicine man, who was the father of her children. Later in life she married Apache Ben Chaletsin. Her surviving children as of 1972 are Alfred, Raymond, Clarence and Gertie Chalepah and Irene Poolaw. Rose was a key informant for W. E. Bittle of the O.U. Department of Anthropology in his work with the Apache. She was articulate and well informed concerning the traditional culture and language. She was instrumental in the revitalization of the present Kiowa-Apache Blackfeet Society in the early 1960's, and taught many of the old time Blackfeet songs to the younger generation of singers.

NOTE: These stories were recorded by W. E. Bittle and Elizabeth Pillaert during the O.U. Field School in Ethnology the summer of 1961. They are told in English and are excellent examples of the Plains Indian storytelling art. Other materials on this tape were also recorded by the O.U. Field School in 1961 and are listed at the end of the manuscript.--J. Jordan

COYOTE AND RABBIT TRICK EACH OTHER

Well, I'm going to tell another coyote story. Well, this coyote went from his family, you know. Went out hunting again. Well, they like to hunt. And then he just keep on going, going on there. He travels at night time, but not in daytime. He's afraid of the day, you know. Well, when it's night time he just hunt, hunt, hunt, hunt. He couldn't find nothing. He get tired. And when day break he gets in the weeds and lay in the weeds, that way. And then when night time comes again he go run again, and he just keep going. Finally he gets tired and lay down and then pretty soon he got tired, you know. And finally