

look for Mexicans and kill those Mexicans and take their horses away... bring them home, or either they fight with those Navajos...(Tape runs out.)

MARY'S CHILDHOOD:

(Who was your mother?)

My mother name was "Chop-ey"

(How do you spell that?)

Chappy. That's her Comanche name. She never did have no English name. Because she can't talk English, never did go to school. My father he leared how to talk English from my oldest brothers, they went to school. He leared to talk English not too good, but he learn pretty good. He understand.

(Did your grandmother raise you?)

No. My mother and my dad raised me.

(But you learned the stories from your grandmother?)

Yes.

(Did she live with you?)

Weah, she live with us all the time. Ever since I was a baby I guess.

(Did she take care of you?)

She takes care of me. She put me in a cradle and she carry me around on her back when I was a baby.. That's what my mother said. In them day, you know, the old people...even if they only that size they carry them around.. just walk around with them and take them down to the creek and show them how to play rocks and things like that. That's what my grandmother