

their Sun Dances. And these Apaches, some of them get together. They say, "All right--certain day we're going to make that journey." So everybody packed wagons--covered wagons. So sometimes a family--a man, and his wife and a few childrens. And of course there's grown girls, you know, and boys. On the boys' side, well, some of us are just fortunate enough to have horses, you know--riding horses. Boys always got two or three dogs, too. So, well, they start off. We take that Hatchetville road--you know where Hatchetville is? (Hatchetville community is about 9 miles west of Apache; a mile northeast of Boone.--jj) Well, we start towards fort Cobb on wagons. It takes about half a day from Hatchetville to Fort Cobb. It's about fourteen or fifteen miles of wagon trail.

(How many people would go?)

Well, its sometimes be about eight or ten wagons. Maybe twelve wagons. And that's around there--they call us "Cache Creek Apaches," you know. We lived right west of Apache. And then there were "Washita Apaches," too. (Two areas where Kiowa-Apache allotments were concentrated were along Cache Creek, west of Apache, and along the Washita River, west of Fort Cobb.--jj) Sometimes, "Well, we gonna take that certain route." So, noon hour sometimes we'd be right north of Fort Cobb. A few miles out of Fort Cobb everybody stop--where you could water your horses, and pick up a few sticks and have your dinner made. So, boy, there'd be all kinds of noise--dogs barking, somebody hollering--just like a picnic, you know. So everybody enjoy going.

(Well, did they cook?)

Yeah, they cook out. Nowadays they got griddles and all that stuff. Well, they just had open fire then, you know. Gather a few rocks, and just put it around that fireplace. Keep fire from spreading. That's the woman's job. The womens go get what they call "squaw wood." They go to the timber, and even get buckets of water, you know. And that's women's work. Well, it's supposed to be women's work, but nowadays, well, mans perty near do all that work! Well, to come back to the story, you know, well everybody--seems like, is just right on time. Everybody gets through eating at the same time. They start hitching the horses back up to the wagons, and first thing you know, somebody is on down road towards