

ANECDOTE ABOUT GERONIMO SELLING HAWK FEATHER FOR FIVE DOLLARS

(What was he like?)

That's his picture there. He's a full-blood Indian. He's small. And he had quick eyes--oh, just like eagle eyes. I saw him sell a five-cent red bandana dirty handkerchief for five dollars to some visitors from Baltimore. And then we used to go over and they had their own homes there, beyond the corral, and a bunch of us--Comanche boys and myself--used to go over there just to be with him. We used to like to play cards. And one frosty morning--we went through Fort Sill--just as we used to come out of Fort Sill into that timber--went through there and I picked up a hawk feather that had shed from a hawk. It was about so long, and about that wide (5-6" long). And we got in there in the corner of that little old house and he was raking fire. He was all ready, and we said, "Hello, Geronimo!" "Ho, Ho, Ho. Making fire," he said (Jess imitating Geronimo with deep voice), in Comanche. He spoke pretty fair Comanche. So there was some cloth there--a piece of canvas--and we spread it out. "Well, let's play cards." So we sat down. He stood there a while and then he sat down and played with us. Pretty soon a buggy--a two-seated buggy--drove up--black team. A man and woman--well, there were two men, all dressed in black, and a heavy-set woman dressed in black, and the teamster--drove up. Somebody peeked around and said, "Is Geronimo here?" "Yeah, he's here." They talked and he got off. He come in and shook hands. "Geronimo, this is so-and-so from Baltimore." You know, these folks was coming out to see him, I guess. The lady stood there. "Geronimo, do you understand English?" And this Comanche boy told him, "No. No savvy. Understand Mexican." Wasn't nobody could talk Mexican there but him. "Well, you could talk to the officers--" There was one or two officers that spoke fluent Mexican. "I was going to ask him if he had anything to sell." Then they told him. Sometimes he'd sell a ring, maybe, or a bracelet or something like that. And we stuck that feather on his hat--a old slouch hat. And one of those Comanche boys said, "How's that feather on your hat?" He took his