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BIG NOSE, (MRS.)

INTERVIEW

10203

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LEGEND & STORY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

10203

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BIG NOSE (MRS.) -INTERVIEW.

Field worker's name Augusta H. Custer

This report made on (date) March 11, 1938

1. This legend was secured from (name) Mrs. Big Nose

Address Canton, Oklahoma

This person is (male or female) White, Negro, Indian, x

If Indian, give tribe Cheyenne

2. Origin and history of legend or story Care of babies,
A carrier and a hunting story.

3. Write out the legend or story as completely as possible. Use blank sheets and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached four

BIG NOSE (MRS.) -INTERVIEW.

10203

Custer, Augusta H.- Investigator.
Indian Pioneer History-S-149
March 11, 1938.

Interview with Mrs. Big Nose.
Canton, Oklahoma.
Cheyenne.

Indian Babies.

When a baby is born it is dried off and wrapped in a piece of blanket. Later it will be wrapped in a blanket and bound on to a board with a piece of raw-hide. Indian babies are kept straight and not allowed to bend as white babies do. There are herbs in the fields that mothers get to use on their babies instead of talcum. They are changed but not more than two or three times a day. Indian mothers nurse their babies; they do not raise them on a bottle. When they are too small to chew their food the mother chews the food and puts it into the baby's mouth. Then they are fed beef soup.

There are different styles of cradles. Some are beaded and some are made of willows. It depends upon the mother and how handy she is in making things for her children. The Indian men sing songs of hunting and battle to baby boys and the mother sings songs of home and children to the girl babies.

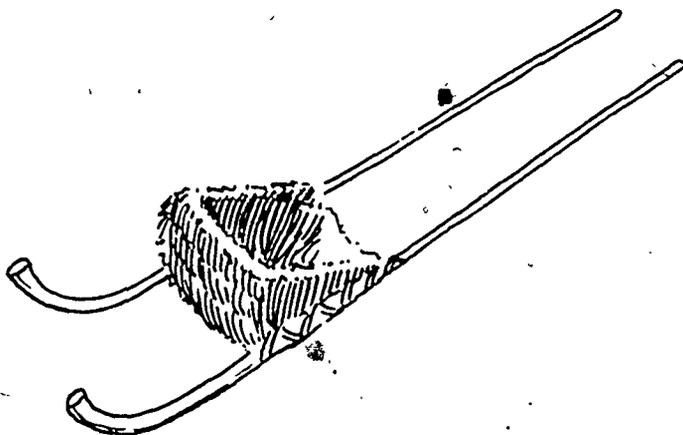
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Carrier

I used to get two long willow poles and remove the bark. I would flatten them on the big end and make them bend up a little. We used to get ligaments from the shoulders of the buffalo and use these in making our carriers. When these ligaments dried they were like glue and the carrier did not come apart.



I would get green dogwood and fasten it to the poles and weave them in and out like a basket and make seats on these poles. These seats would then be covered with buckskin, or sometimes they were covered with buffalo hide with the hair left on. The long ends of the pole were fastened to the sides of the pony to a saddle made of poles and raw hide. I have made many a one. Sometimes we had a large basket made of young willows or dogwood and we put the children

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who were not old enough to ride behind some one, in these baskets which were fastened on the side of the horse.

Baby Lost.

The whole tribe were moving West one time and I had three of my small children in a basket fastened on a carrier. The gentlest horses were always selected to carry the children. They would just follow along and graze if they cared to. I always liked to fix up my children's clothes, and I had made my oldest child a buckskin suit and a cap to match the suit; on the cap I had fastened two large rabbit ears which stuck upward and looked nice. We had one horse who was carrying the sacred arrows, and there were some of these arrows on the horse that was carrying my children. We had not stopped for dinner as it was our custom to start late and camp early and then get something to eat. When the horse came into camp there were only two of my children in the basket. I asked where my oldest child was, the one who had the cap with the rabbit ears. The other children told me that he had gotten tired of riding and had gotten off "back there".

The other children were very unconcerned and seemed to

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think it a natural thing to do, if he got tired to just get out of the basket and stay behind. I was frightened for I knew that many things could have happened to him. I took a horse and started back to try and find him. I had gone about two miles when I met an old couple who could not keep up with the rest of the younger Indians and they had found him and made him come along with them. I gave thanks for the safety of my child.

Every spring and fall we would change camp going a long distance. We always used a weed called soap-weed for our washing. Our hair was always washed with this root.

A Hunt.

My father was called Crooked Nose, and his mother was Winging Woman. One time Father let me go hunting with him. We went buffalo hunting. I have seen thousands of buffalo. This time I rode behind my father. We saw the herd and Father slipped up on them from the direction against the wind. He got off and left me on the horse up on the side of a hill. Father shot and killed a buffalo. While he was skinning it I saw three small buffalo calves. They were just young calves and I thought I could handle one of them. I told

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Father that I knew I could put a rope on one and take it home. He said that I could not hold it. But I said "They are very little. I know I can hold one". He warned me to not wrap the lariat around my wrist and not to tie it to the saddle-horn, but to wrap it around the horn. I went up to those calves and threw the rope over the head of one of them and small as they were, they charged us. Then as I could not make the horse stay where I wanted him to, and there were three of them I got scared and let them alone. Then they ran away and took my lariat with them. Father did not want to lose the rope and he followed them and when he overtook them he took the rope off and let the calf go.

Mrs. Big Nose is blind from cataracts; she is seventy-eight years old and she and her husband live with some of their children. The mother of ~~Mrs.~~ Big Nose was named Big Body Woman.