



BIOGRAPHY FORM  
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

KEOWN, E.S. (MRS.)

INTERVIEW

9933

Field Worker's name Bessie L. Thomas,

This report made on (date) February 11, 1938

1. Name Mrs. E. S. Keown,

2. Post Office Address Mt. Scott, Oklahoma,

3. Residence address (or location) \_\_\_\_\_

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month \_\_\_\_\_ Day \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_

5. Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

6. Name of Father \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

Other information about father \_\_\_\_\_

7. Name of Mother \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

Other information about mother \_\_\_\_\_

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheet if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 5.

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Bessie L. Thomas,  
Investigator,  
February 11, 1938.

An Interview with Mrs. E. S. Keown,  
Mt. Scott, Oklahoma.

Jack Mullins.

This is part of the story of one little Indian boy. Jack Mullins was a full blood Comanche Indian. He was reared by a white man of the name of Samuel Mullins who took Jack when he was a very small boy, perhaps about seven years of age. Jack knew he was an Indian but did not know what tribe he belonged to. He had been captured by the Wichita Indians in a war with the Comanches. It was a custom of the Wichitas to brand their people, or anyone captured by them, with three blood-red crosses on the forehead above the eyes and so the little Comanche boy was branded.

The Comanches in an exchange of prisoners bought Jack back, then again in warfare in Texas the Comanches lost him and Jack being away from his own tribe for a while did not remember them very well and did not remember the name of his tribe.

Mr. Mullins was among those helping to quell the Indian

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uprising. He saw this little Indian boy and was afraid that he would be killed and liking the bright looks of the child and his sparkling black eyes, decided to save his life, keep him and raise him. So Mr. Mullins took Jack with him to San Antonio and later into Mexico, rearing him among the white people, educating him in the public schools. Jack liked to live among the white people, did not want to go back among his people, especially if he had to live their lives.

As a young man Jack came into the Kiowa-Comanche country to live. He worked for a while for the Holmes Dairy, a small dairy west of Fort Sill. This dairy sold its products to the families in and around the fort.

Jack did not try to become acquainted with the Indians or try to find out who he was. An old Indian trail led past the dairy and almost every day a band of Indians would be traveling this trail.

One morning while Jack was in the cow lot milking, some squaws were riding past. He glanced up and one squaw looking his way looked him full in the face. She seemed to recognize

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Jack immediately, jumped down from her horse, came running into the cow lot, and threw her arms about Jack's neck. He pushed her back as she wasn't a very appealing sight. The Indians were having a hard time in those days, their clothes, if they had any, were not very good and they generally were dirty and filthy looking and not having much to eat either, sometimes looked starved. This squaw kept on embracing Jack, screaming, jabbering, making signs, and talking her language which Jack could not understand. He didn't want to try to talk to her and kept pushing her away and when she saw she couldn't make him understand she climbed back on her horse, still jabbering, and she and all the other Indians in her party turned back toward Fort Sill. This squaw went to General McKenzie, who took her to the Indian interpreter, D. A. McClaskey. Mr. McClaskey went with her to see Jack and succeeded in making him understand that the squaw was his own Indian mother. The brand of the Wichitas helped to prove it, but even after it was definitely proven that the squaw was his mother, Jack was not excited about it. The Indian mother was over-joyed at finding her son but the son

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while he always respected his mother and was good to her, never loved her enough to go back to his tribe or to their savage way of living because the teachings of the white man had been instilled into his heart.

This Indian mother had believed her son dead all these years but still never ceased her search for him until it ended in the cow lot that morning. Jack later secured a Government position at a good salary, his work being among the Indians. He was always good to them and was a great help to them and he married an Indian girl, Chi-You-Beah. Their son, Samuel Mullins, now lives in a neat little cottage on the Jack Mullins allotment on Highway 29, east of Lawton. Samuel Mullins was reared in the Carothers Mission after his mother's death. Samuel's wife is a white girl and was a school teacher in the public schools before her marriage to Samuel.

Many people think the Indian entirely savage and that what good qualities they do have, have been "forced" upon them by the white people. I do not think so. They had many fine tribal rules and regulations, and a study of their

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history proved that many of their chieftains were diplomats. Their religious customs and ceremonies proved that they worshiped their Deity with great love and respect.

Jack Mullins' son lives on Highway 29, east of Lawton.