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I came to the Kiowa country in 1902 and secured employment in the trading store of G. M. Harris, one mile west of Cache, near Cache Creel. It was a trading store for the Comanches, and it was three miles south of the Quannah Parker home.

I had never seen an Indian but I soon began to learn their language. At first it was difficult but as we did not have any white trade at all and my associations were with the Comanches, I learned it faster. I went out and helped butcher the cattle and the Indians would follow us and eat the raw meat. The Comanches are great lovers of raw meat and live chiefly on meat.

After working there five years, I went to Fort Sill and worked two years for Haddon M. Paschall, who had a trading store between Fort Sill and Lawton. While there I became acquainted with Geronimo; he traded with us. For two years he was a prisoner of war and came to the store every day. The officer

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in charge, Lieutenant Purington, gave all the Apache orders and one day Geronimo came in to buy a saddle and bridle. I put the saddle on his horse, thinking he had the customary order. However, he did not have it, so I started to pull the saddle off and he grabbed me and choked me and threw me on ground. I was alone at the time but I ran in store and secured a gun and came back and took the saddle off. He was muttering something. Geronimo's sixteen year old son was with him and he could speak English, but Geronimo could not. I finally took saddle back into the store and it made Geronimo angry and he hit me with a tin foil ball. I started to shoot him but he got out. I never will forget his keen blue eye. He was a very squatty man with extra large chest and had a sharp eye like an eagle eye. I noticed his expressions and motions several times very closely. I had heard he had a robe made out of women's scalps he

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had taken in Arizona and Mexico and I was very much interested in him.

It cost the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars to capture him. I associated with him two years and had occasion to observe him very closely.

The Apache Indians are treacherous and cunning but the Comanches are not, they are kind and loving, notwithstanding the impression otherwise.

The Comanche Chief, Quannah Parker, was a personal friend of mine from 1902 until his death in 1911. at Cache. He was on a hunting trip and took sick and was brought home and Dr Linville was sent for. But Quannah Parker called for the medicine man to administer the last rites to him before he died, although he clung to white man ways. He came in store every day and traded with me.

Quannah Parker was, of course, half white. His mother, Cynthia Parker, was captured when nine years old in Parker County, Texas, and grew up among the Comanches and married No-Co-No, Comanche Chief.

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She was one time returned to her white relatives in Texas but never was happy there and Prairie Flower, her little girl, died while she was in Texas. Quannah Parker talked for five years to try to get her bones removed from Texas and they brought her bones to Oklahoma and buried her in Post Oak Mission, near Cache. This made Quannah very happy. I saw him several days afterwards and he said, "I am happy now-can sleep beside my mother now? The Government has built them both a nice monument.

Quannah had three wives when he died, To-Ni-Ca, Su-Te-Qua-Qua and Tau-Pa, his favorite wife. The Government tried to get him to discard two wives in 1903 but he told the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to pick out two and tell them to leave because if he told two to leave, they would get mad at him. So the Commissioner made arrangements with the Washington officials to let Quannah

keep them all. He only had two when he died. One had left his house before his death.

He was invited to speak at Frederick when Theodore Roosevelt hunted in the Big Pasture. He made several trips to Washington and thought Teddy Roosevelt a great president.

The Comanche Indians were allotted land in Comanche, Cotton, Tillman Counties, and they cannot sell it. It is restricted.

A few farm their lands, probably 10% of them. They are a lazy tribe when it comes to farming, because they are not accustomed to it. They have a branch Agency at Indianola and one at Walters, in Cotton County, where they receive their annuity money and rents from land.

From 1890 to 1912 the Government had about two payments a year and paid them from \$100.00 to \$200.00 each. But in 1912 they discontinued this practice.

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They lease their land for oil and a great part of it is now leased. A. C. Birdsong, who now lives on the old Quannah Parker homestead, was Indian Agent for a long time. He married Laura Parker, daughter of Chief Parker, in 1905. They have one daughter.

Mr. Birdsong was from Dallas, Texas, and is no part Indian.

The Comanches carried on their Peyote Bean Rites until the last few years. They would send to Mexico and get a lot of peyote bean (or mescal some call it) and boil these beans, making a drink. This made them drowsy and had the effect of an opiate. They used it as a religious ceremony. However, the young Indians do not use this peyote drink much now.

The Indians beat the tom toms at these ceremonies all night. Every Saturday night in 1903 and 1904 they had this Rite at the George Gable home near Cache.

The Comanches were recognized as a very wild tribe. They had many good warriors in the tribe but they are

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not treacherous nor mean. They are very kind and generous.

Quannah Parker died a poor man, although at one time he had thousands of cattle on the prairie. He gave them away to the members of his tribe. I have seen a hundred Indians camped around his home for weeks at a time eating beeves he furnished.

The Comanches are are very considerate of their children. They do not whip them or scold them; however, the children are taught obedience and they mind their parents.