

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE SAC AND FOX INDIANS

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Mr. A. J. Curchin, my father, and his little family moved from Ottawa, Kansas, to the Sac and Fox Reservation, Osage County, Kansas, to take a homestead. At that time the Sac and Fox Indians roamed over that country. There was no tilled land, only the little "squaw patches" as they were called in those days where they raised their corn and beans.

There were five camps on my father's land. Many of the settlers had them move, but my father let them remain and he became a great favorite among them. The Tribe named him after their chief, "Eskimo". They proved themselves great friends to all of us.

This Tribe captured an Indian from some unknown tribe and made a slave of him. He was called "Little Wolf". He was not allowed to ride the ponies but was made to walk for miles, carrying their wants on his back. He used grains of corn for his counting and signs for his language, yet he always seemed cheerful.

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In those days they had the big war dances. Weeks before that day, they would canvass the neighborhood to trade some of their beaded work for dogs that could be fattened for the feast. On that day two iron kettles were placed some distance apart one with the dog meat and the other with the corn and beans cooked together. This last kettle was for the squaws as they were not allowed to have the meat. All the warriors were painted in bright colors with feathers crowning their heads. When all was in readiness, they lined up and gave the thrilling war whoop, beating their gourds and tom-toms. The chief led them in their dance around their kettles. This dance was given before they went on their Big Hunt. Later they would get their panies ready with their cooking utensils and start in line, giving their yell as they departed. My father was always remembered with dried meat when they returned.

This Tribe of Indians had a peculiar belief or custom that when one was not loyal to the Tribe he, after death, was taken to some lonely spot in the woods and tied to a tree in a sitting posture. His face was painted, his

head covered with feathers, and his body was wrapped in a blanket. At his side were placed all of his possessions. I do not know how long he was left in this position, but I have seen this sight on my father's place.

Later years they were brought to this country but did not like it, so they returned to the old "Stomp Ground", Osage County, Kansas. Finally, the government officials came after them. One of the Indians had to be tied in the wagon to prevent him from running away. They told my father they would all "nippo" which means die in our language. We bade them farewell. Their stay was short as an epidemic of small-pox came among them and all the older ones passed away.

If any of them were living, they would be a welcome guest in my home.