

1931

Andres Martinez

Helen E. Marshall

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

Recommended Citation

Marshall, Helen E.. "Andres Martinez." *New Mexico Quarterly* 1, 4 (1931). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol1/iss4/11>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by the University of New Mexico Press at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Mexico Quarterly by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact disc@unm.edu.

Andres Martinez

By HELEN E. MARSHALL

THE conquest of the plains is over. The Oklahoma prairies have given way to well-stocked farms, comfortable farm-houses, and busy cities with trim avenues, and church spires enshrouded in smoke from mills and factories. The Indian tepee, the cow-pony, the tom-tom, and the covered wagon are no more. Where the pow-wows and the green corn dances were held a generation ago, today one sees broad acres of cotton, corn and maize. Steel bridges span the muddy Washita and noisy turbines generate power for the many little towns that have sprung up along its banks. Even Anadarko, seat of the Indian agency, is changed. No longer do blanketed and moccasined Indians loll about the streets, idly waiting for their government allowance. Today they wear the white man's clothes, and they speak the white man's language. And the faces that I see are new strange faces, all save Andele.

The conquest of the plains is over. The Oklahoma Indian is fast losing his identity. He is being submerged in the white man's culture. He thinks as a white man thinks and he worships as a white man worships. And intimately bound up with it all, as part and parcel of this change is the story of Andrés Martínez, pastor of the Indian mission. He is now known as Andele the Apostle, but when he first came upon the Oklahoma scene, he was only an Indian captive and his captors, the wild Mescalero Apaches of the plains.

How he came to be the confidante and spiritual advisor of hundreds of Kiowa, Apache, and Comanche Indians is one of the most fascinating tales that I have ever

NOTE: To Mr. Andrés Martínez, Anadarko, Oklahoma, and to his biographer, Rev. J. J. Methvin, Anadarko, the writer is deeply indebted for permission to reproduce the details of this story.

344] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

heard. I reveal that as a child, I heard some of the incidents from the lips of Andele himself. More I learned from his neighbors and from the little book entitled, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*, written by J. J. Methvin, then missionary to the Wild Tribes.¹

Memory quickens at the sight of Andele. I came to know him shortly after the Indian territory was opened for settlement. He was already "proving up" his allotment in the Washita bottoms. His integrity and his industry, together with his success as a farmer, early won for him the respect of the new settlers. The Indians who held the coveted valley lands were for the most part indolent and allowed the few acres that they planted to be overrun by weeds and cockle-burs, but the fields of Andele were clean and the rows straight. In the fall, his bins were full and his cattle sleek. And so Andele came to stand head and shoulders above his neighbors.

Andele is now seventy-six, straight as a poplar and lithe as a willow. His hair is silver, and his face the red brown of an autumn leaf. There are lines and scars which bear witness to a life once inured to privation, and pain, and struggle, but now overshadowed by the calm of triumph and peace. His voice is low and earnest, with a trace of Spanish warmth and softness, and his words fall as benedictions upon those who hear.

Andrés Martínez was born twelve miles west of Las Vegas, New Mexico, near the village of San Gerónimo about the year eighteen fifty-five. He was of pure Castilian descent.² His father first settled at Las Alemas, Nuevo, Mexico, but as he became more prosperous, and his family increased, he removed to the San Gerónimo country and began the development of a larger ranch.

1. Rev. J. J. Methvin, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. Andarko, Oklahoma. 1899.

2. The father of Juan Martínez migrated from one of the interior provinces to Nuevo, Mexico in 1773. Juan Martínez was born in 1807. In 1841 he married Paulita Padillo, who bore him four sons, Victorino, Dionicio, Regordio and Andrés, and three daughters, Francisca, Sabina, and Marcelina.

The country there was wild and unbroken; settlements were sparse, and ranches far apart, and at certain seasons of the year danger from the Indians was almost constant. The Mescalero Apaches were the most to be feared. This wild tribe from the plains was wont to descend upon the Mexican villages, pillage their granaries, carry off stock and scalp the inhabitants. During the Civil war, government protection had become somewhat lax and the Apaches had grown bolder and more daring.

In 1866, as early as September there had been reports of marauding bands but as nothing came of the rumors, the community of San Gerónimo grew careless, and went about its work as if there were no impending danger. October is threshing time in New Mexico, and under primitive conditions it was an arduous task. Every available worker was pressed into service. The grain had to be brought in clumsy ox-carts from the ricks where it had been curing in the summer sun since the harvest, to the improvised threshing floor where it was to be threshed. The threshing floor was little more than a shallow adobe-walled circular pit where the ground had been tramped hard, dampened with water, left to dry and then swept clean, moistened again, and finally left to dry in the heat of the October sunshine. Here the grain was ground under a huge rotary log drawn around the pit by a horse or team of oxen. When the heads were broken off and the hulls loosened from the precious grain, the straw was raked aside. It was later carried to the corrals where it was placed on top of *jacales*³ to be used as winter forage or to be mixed with adobe in the spring brick-making. The chaff that remained had to be carefully winnowed and sifted until only the shining berries were left. The grain was then carefully stored in *tinajas*⁴ or in

3. *Jacales*. Shelters for stock and a form of hay-mow common in Mexican villages. An arbor made of notched poles is covered with branches and huge piles of straw. An adobe wall on two or three sides is sometimes constructed to give protection in winter.

4. *Tinajas*. Large earthen jars used for storage purposes.

canvas bags until it was ready to be ground into flour on the *metate*.⁵

October 6, 1866 was a bright beautiful morning. The sky was blue and clear, the air was warm and still, and Juan Martínez started his threshing operations early. There was a task for every member of the family, even the youngest. Regordio, who usually herded the cows was assigned work with the threshing, and Andrés, the youngest of Juan's sons was to take the cattle to the range that day. Little Pedro, Sabina's son, was denied permission to go along. He was only a little boy, and his grandfather knew that there were times when one boy alone was better than two. However, Andrés had not gone far, when Pedro slipped away, and overtook him at the edge of the clearing. Together the two boys drove the cattle into a vega, where they could be watched easily, and then amused themselves playing in the edge of the timber.

Before noon, the cattle grew restless as if they perceived some evil portent. It was not long before the boys heard voices and looking up, they beheld a band of Mes-calero Apaches in full war regalia. Their bodies were painted, and they carried shields, and spears and bows and arrows. The Indians were interested in a Mexican who was driving two burros laden with flour along the road at the edge of the valley, and they did not see the two boys who quickly crouched in the tall grass.

Andrés cautioned little Pedro to lie still, saying that as soon as the Indians passed on, they would slip out through the timber and run home. All might have gone well, but two Apache braves strayed from the others and came upon the children as they were making their way through the low underbrush to the tall trees beyond. To an Apache it is high honor to be the first to strike a captive and to scalp an Indian. It brings one an especial distinction among his fellows. The two braves singled out their respective captives and rushed upon the terrified children,

5. *Metate*. A stone mortar used in grinding grain into meal.

giving them a harsh blow with their spears. Three Mexican captives had been taken and a mighty shout rang out. In their wild enthusiasm, they ripped open the flour sacks of the Mexican, scattered the meal, and tore the clothes from his back. The captives were then hurried along at the points of spears, and amid the taunts of the victors.

After a mile and a half's march, the party halted on the brink of a little stream. After a consultation of the braves, it was decided to kill Holquin, the Mexican. Before the horrified children, a spear was thrust through his body and then withdrawn. In pain the Mexican plunged over the bank, and a volley of arrows penetrated the body before it could reach the cool waters below.

True to his promise, at noon Juan Martínez set out to take lunch to the young herders. The Apaches were well out of sight before he reached the vega, but Indian tracks, the tell-tale flour, and shreds of the Mexican's clothing were enough to explain what had happened. Terror-stricken, he hastened back to organize a searching party sufficiently large to pursue the Indians. It was late evening before enough men could be assembled, and it was decided not to risk an ambush attack.⁶

After the cruel murder of the Mexican, the Apaches hid in the rocks until nightfall. Then they stealthily hurried on to the neighborhood of Las Vegas. During the long hours of darkness, the little boys feared each hour would be their last. Pedro cried much and was threatened. A horse-stealing expedition during the night yielded new mounts, and at dawn the Indians were headed toward the open prairie. Pedro and Andrés were thrown on horseback behind their captors and their bodies tied fast to them with a raw-hide rope. The ropes were tight and painful, and they bit deep into the tender flesh. Little Pedro begged to be taken back to his mother. All day long they rode as fast as their horses would carry them. When the second night came the boys were quite exhausted. Their

6. J. J. Methvin, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*.

bodies were torn and bleeding, and they were weak with hunger. Pedro fainted and when he revived, he could not stand alone. He sobbed piteously. The Indians realized something should be done about their young captive. Then almost as an act of mercy one of them grabbed a spear and plunged it through the quivering little body. Andrés quickly succeeded in freeing himself from his captor and caught the lifeless little Pedro as he fell to the ground.

But the Indian captor struck Andrés a blow on the forehead with his spear, and jerked him by the hair of the head, back on the horse. The Apaches were on their way again.

"Poor little Pedro's body," says Methvin, "was left alone on the broad prairie far away from home, to be eaten by the wolves at night, or dried into a mummy by the winds and sun by day."

For days Juan Martínez and his neighbors vainly sought traces of the two little boys and their captors. By the time Fort Sumner was reached, hope of finding them was given up by all of the men except Juan Martínez. The sorrowing neighbors returned to their homes, but for three years, the father kept up his quest, finally dying of a broken heart as the fruitlessness of his search engulfed him.

The Indians hurried across the prairie to the mesa. Only when they reached the hills and upland country was it safe to stop and refresh themselves. The Indians were hungry, and when they stopped, they quickly singled out one of the weakest of the ponies, and sent an arrow through its heart. In a few minutes they were searing pieces of the bloody flesh over a fire. Andrés was weak and faint from hunger, but he found this sight revolting. When he refused to eat, an Indian struck him a staggering blow, so he suffered himself to taste the strange food. In a moment he forgot his aversion to horse-flesh; he forgot his sore and bleeding body, and the possible fate that lay ahead, and he ate as he had never eaten before.

7. J. J. Methvin, *Analele or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. p. 27.

The Apaches moved on into the region of the Pecos, and Andrés gave up hope of ever returning home or seeing his parents again. For twenty days he had suffered all the agony and torture that seemed possible for an Indian captive to endure, his body was bruised and torn, and his heart ached, and he longed to die. So Andrés decided that he would make his captors so angry that they would murder him. Then perhaps he would know the peace of little Pedro back on the prairie. As he was planning how he should do this, his attention was arrested by the cry of women's voices. The Indian wives and sisters of the warring Mescaleros had come a day's march to meet their husbands and brothers. As soon as they saw Andrés, four squaws rushed forward to strike the captive and earn honor for themselves.

When the company made camp, Andrés was turned over to the wife of his captor. She was a little lame woman, and she seemed to have a bond of sympathy for the poor maltreated captive. He slept in her tepee, and in her presence he was safe from the taunts of his captors. It was Andrés duty to carry water from the spring. He helped his captor to make a hole in the ground, and then lined it with cowhide. It was filled with water and some crushed mesquite beans, and then carefully covered. In a few days Andrés and the Indians were drinking mesquite beer, a very intoxicating drink. When Andrés was drunk, he was traded, despite the protests of the little lame woman, to another Apache, and moved to another camp. This Indian soon traded him to another Apache, and his life was quite as miserable as before. Andrés was the burden-bearer and the butt of the torments of the half-grown Mescaleros. One day as he engaged in hand-to-hand combat with about half a dozen Apache boys, he was surprised to see them turn suddenly and run.

A couple of Kiowa braves had appeared at the edge of the bluff. Andrés wondered at these strange Indians re-

350] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

splendent in war paint and feathers. Then one of them seeing that Andrés was not an Indian spoke to him in Spanish. It was Santiago, a Mexican who had been captured by the Indians many years before, and had become as one of the tribe. To him, Andrés told the story of his capture, the cruel death of little Pedro, and his own terrible suffering. Santiago's companion, Heap O' Bears was interested and the outcome of it all was that he arranged to get the boy away from the Apaches and take him home to his daughter who had recently lost her son.

For his fight with the Mescalero boys, Andrés was tortured and lashed, but he endured his punishment, thinking of the escape that lay ahead. That night when the Apaches were asleep, Andrés slipped out and made his way to the Kiowa camp. At the tepee of Heap O' Bears, his wife, Hon-zip-fa gave Andrés buffalo jerky to eat, and together through Santiago as interpreter, they laid plans for the morrow..

Heap O' Bears had seen the Mexican boy fight the Apaches and he resolved to buy him or fight for him. Under the cover of darkness, Andrés returned to the Apache camp, and the next day for a little black mule, two buffalo robes, and a red blanket, Santiago secured his release from the Mescalero Apaches. He now became "Andele," the Kiowa captive, adopted grandson of Heap O' Bears, the chief.

Hon-zip-fa dressed the wounds of Andele. With a butcher-knife, whetted on a stone, she cut away the matted bloody hair. With *yucca* or soap weed, she washed his tender scalp and cleansed it. Next she made him a suit of buckskin. In a short time, Andele was well and strong again. The Kiowas were kind to their captive, and he came to love them. Hon-zip-fa made him a saddle, and in a few days, the Kiowas started their return trip to the Oklahoma country. The journey lay across the desert between the Rio Grande and the Pecos rivers, a long, hard trip in the burning sun across the parched prairies where water was scarce.

When the Wichita mountains were reached, there was plenty of good grazing and water, and the Kiowas rested for some time before going to their homes on the Washita river. They encountered a snow storm which delayed their progress, and then a herd of buffalo. For days they traveled through the herd. Andele had never seen so many buffalo. Each night the Indians killed several. The liver and kidneys were eaten raw as were a part of the paunch and entrails. Other portions of the buffalo were cooked over the coals in a rude barbecue fashion, or dried into "jerky" and used in winter or on trips where game was scarce. The hides were carefully saved for tepee covers. Eight or twelve hides were used in making the family tepees. For communal purposes, wigwams were constructed of many skins. All of the preparation of the hides was done by women. It was a long and laborious process to scrape the skins, dry them and cure them properly, but in the end they were quite as soft as modern commercial leather and much more durable.

Andele found life with the Kiowas, as the adopted son of E-ton-bo,⁸ interesting, and so much happier than when he was with the Apaches, that in a few months he ceased to think of home and rescue. The Kiowas were considerate of their captive, and Andele determined to make a good Kiowa. Santiago and Heap O' Bears were pleased with the zest which the boy developed for the lore and habits of the Kiowas and they resolved that nothing should be kept from him.

One of the first tribal ceremonies which Andele witnessed was the great medicine dance. Rev. Methvin in his book, has described this ceremonial in detail.⁹ The medicine dance was held once a year. It was a sort of thanksgiving to the Indian gods who had watched over the tribe during the year, and to whom an appeal for further protection was made.

8. E-ton-bo was the daughter of Heap O'Bears. Methvin, *Andele, or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. p. 58.

9. Rev. J. J. Methvin, *Andele or the Mexican-Kiowa Captive*. Chapter VII.

Invitation to the dance is a ritual in itself. The medicine man painted his body white and wore no garment, save a buffalo robe. He took the sacred fetish from the little buckskin bag where it had been hanging inside his tepee since the last hunt, and solemnly hung it around his neck. He tied a similar symbol on his saddle, mounted his pony, and circled the tepees of all whom he wished to attend the dance. It is an evil omen to refuse to go or to be neglected in the invitations. The chief takes no food until he has visited all the tepees unless it requires more than four days to complete the task. At the end of the fourth day, the medicine man may take food and drink if first he builds a "sweat house" and observes certain rituals before eating.

After Heap O' Bears had circled all the tepees, the Indians broke camp and gathered in a central location. The four chief medicine men made an offering and selected a tall tree to be used as a center of the dance. After a smooth level location had been chosen, and the preliminaries were about to begin, the "dog-soldiers"¹⁰ as the Kiowa braves were known, painted their bodies for the festive occasion. There was much shouting and beating of tom-toms. The following day the Indians proceeded toward the consecrated spot. The procession was led by the chief medicine man. His wife followed, carrying the chief idol. Next came the captives and twelve favorite medicine men bearing sacred fetishes, and then the braves, and last of all the women and children. Four times the procession halted on the way. The last stop was made about a mile from the ceremonial grounds. At this time, one of the oldest men of the tribe announced that the great race was about to begin.

Upon the sacred spot a pole had been erected. To the person who first succeeds in reaching this pole and knocking it down will come great distinction and fortune, and even his dog-soldiers will be favored during the coming

10. Methvin, *Andale*. Chap. XX deals with the organization of the five orders of "Dog-soldiers."

year. At a signal, the rush for the pole began. After the first four men had reached the pole and won the coveted honors of first, second, third and fourth chief, the circle was formed. Within this circle, the dancers took their places. On the west side of the circle was located the tepee of the medicine chief. The sacred fetish was carried inside and with it the medicine chief remained during the four days of the dance.

The next morning, a captive woman and the dog-soldiers were sent out to cut down the sacred tree. Even this was done according to ritual. Four times the party stopped and worshipped before they approached the tree. The Mexican woman struck the tree a blow with an ax, and then she and the soldiers paused to repeat mystic incantations. Each stroke of the ax was followed by worship until the tree was felled. It was then dragged by the soldiers to the ceremonial grounds. As on the day before, they stopped four times before reaching the center of the circle. Meanwhile, the other Indians brought in poles and branches and the construction of an arbor was begun.

When the preparations were complete, the dancers stripped themselves except for a breech clout, painted their bodies white, and put on buffalo skins. Making the noise of a bull, the braves circled the medicine man's tepee four times, and next the arbor four times. The medicine man then led the dance. His body was painted yellow, and he took his position behind it. The musicians went through a similar performance, and then began their weird haunting music of tom-tom and the rattle-gourd. The medicine man then lead the dance. His body was painted yellow, and his feet black. He wore a buckskin breech clout, and a belt of panther skin. On his head was a jack rabbit bonnet. Bunches of prairie sage were tied to his wrists and ankles, and he carried a fan of eagle feathers and an eagle bone whistle.

He worshipped before the sacred image, and chewed a wild root which he presently began to spit upon the

354] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

dancers. Then he quickly ran around the circle four times blowing his eagle whistle. The common dancers next joined the circle, yelling and leaping and praying as they entered into the spirit of the dance. This, they continued until all were exhausted. They howled at the sun and at the idol in a wild manner declaring that their enemies were blind and harmless and that they could now scalp them and take their horses. At last the medicine man whirled himself around the circle, and the dancers fixed their eyes upon him until many fell prostrate, and dazed upon the ground, half-conscious, half hypnotized, they dreamed strange dreams.

Andele watched these wierd proceedings and he listened to the men as they told of the visions which came to them as they lay there prostrate in the sun. How different from the faith of the people at San Gerónimo, and the padre who came now and then to baptize and to read the mass. It was all so wild, so colorful, so serious. Andele was enthralled by its barbaric intensity. He was only a child, and he quickly absorbed the Indian tradition and the Indian superstition. Perhaps some day he would be a medicine man

E-ton-bo grew to love the little captive boy. And his adopted grandfather, Heap O' Bears, taught him the lore of the Kiowa brave, the secrets of the chase and the tricks of plunder. Perhaps some day Andele would become a member of the great Kiowa Quo-dle-quoit. This favoritism made Andele more unpopular with the Indian boys of his own age, but something happened one day that proved to the Kiowa youth for all time that Andele could hold his own. It was a hard fight, but on it Andele realized, depended his future peace.

It was on the occasion of a scalp dance.

A scalp dance with the Kiowas lasted about three weeks. It was a season of great rejoicing and thanksgiving; and it could only be held after a marauding expedition when scalps are taken and none of the Kiowa braves

were killed. All the women were privileged to join in the dance, but only the braves who were present when the scalps were taken could participate in the celebration.¹¹ After a successful undertaking, the returning Indians descend upon their homes with a mighty war-whoop. The wives and children join in the shout and preparations for the dance. The scalps taken are hung on a pole, the tom-toms beat, and the Indians dance around jeering at the scalps and praising the victors. When the dance is over, the scalps are offered to the sun or to their idols with a prayer that they may be successful in getting more scalps, and that they may have protection in future expeditions.¹²

Andele joined in the dance with the Indian boys. They dressed themselves in buffalo robes, and bellowed like mad bulls as they jumped over the fire. Suddenly Pakea and Andele collided with such force that both of them fell over dazed. When Pakea arose, he was angry, and he knocked Andele down again. In the fight that followed, Andele showed something of the spirit of *conquistadores*. Attentions shifted from the dance to the fight and Andele was determined to win. Pakea wailed with pain as Andele struck him blow upon blow, in too rapid succession for him to even try to return them. It was enough. The old Indians muttered approbation, and the young Indians took caution. Andele's troubles with the Kiowa boys were at an end.

In the spring of 1869, after the annual sun dance, Heap O' Bears started with his Kiowa braves and some friendly bands of Comanches, Arapahoes, and Cheyennes, to make war upon the Utes. The expedition, however, was not a success and Heap O' Bears was scalped by his enemies. Ten days later, word reached the Kiowa camp. The night was chill and the wind whistled through the cottonwoods, and Andele was no more than asleep when he was awakened by a peculiar wail. A moment later Hon-zip-fa was aroused. She recognized the sound, and gave out a piercing shriek.

11. *Quo-dle-puott*, a secret society among the Kiowa, an exclusive honor.

12. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 71.

356] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

The braves were returning without their chief. By the light of the smouldering fire, she slashed her bare arms and breasts, and smeared the blood upon her face. Then she asked a neighbor to chop off one of her fingers. All night long, Hon-zip-fa and the Kiowas wailed, and screamed and mourned the passing of their chief. Andele, mystified, softly sobbed at the loss of his friend.

At dawn, the last honors to a brave were paid. All of the personal effects of Heap O' Bears were brought together and a great fire made. Several ponies were killed, so that the good chief would not be without sufficient mounts in the life beyond. Heap O' Bears had many friends and for a whole year his tribesmen mourned for him. Each morning and each evening they faced the sun and bewailed the loss of their chief.

Andele now went to live with Napawat, brother of Heap O' Bears, who succeeded to the title of chief. Napawat had two wives who quarreled constantly so that Andele's life was very unhappy. However, Napawat became a great chief, and avenged the death of Heap O' Bears.¹³ He endured the torture necessary to make him a great chief. He painted his body white, put on a buffalo robe with the hair side out, smoked a pipe of tobacco and medicinal herbs, prayed, and made a blood offering to the sun. For four days he sat, mutilating his body, praying and fasting. In a feverish, weakened condition, he fell asleep and dreamed of the successful chief that he should become.

In four years, Andele took on the life of the plains Indians. Their dress became his dress, their language his language, and their gods, his gods. "He caught," says Methvin,

"the spirit of their aspirations, and he hoped to be a great war-chief. He thought the Indian idol or 'medicine' would pity him and help him, and so he cried to it, and often at night he would get up,

13. After the Kiowa custom, Hon-zip-fa soon married Sunboy, the eldest brother of Heap O'Bears.

go to the medicine man, worship, and offer a blanket or a bit of property that he possessed."¹⁴

Andele prayed unceasingly to his idol, and he promised the greatest of sacrifices if he would help him to become a great medicine man. He built a "sweat house," in which to worship. In the tribal life of the Kiowas, the "sweat house" has a peculiar religious and medicinal significance. It was made by driving slender willow poles about two inches in diameter and six feet in height, into the ground in the form of a circle, about six feet across. At the top, the poles were drawn together and tied. This frame work was then made almost air-tight by covering the sides with hides and blankets. The floor was covered with a thick layer of prairie sage.¹⁵ In the center, a hole six inches deep, and a foot across was made. The medicine man brought into the tepee his sacred fetish, a fan of eagle feathers,¹⁶ and a rawhide bucket of water. Rocks were heated very hot and then carried to the hole in the center of the tepee. When the medicine man and his worshipers were seated inside, the robes carefully fastened down, and the preliminary ritual over, the water was poured on the rocks. As the worshipers inhaled the odor from the steaming sage and they perspired profusely, the incantations began.

No fans are used until after the medicine man has completed his part of the worship. For some time he calls upon his grandfather, "Kon-kea, Kon-kea, Kon-kea," his voice keeping the slow rhythm of the eagle tail fan. Later, the others join in the chant, fanning and singing and praying to their idols and ancestors. The worship ends only when the worshipers have ceased to perspire.

The use of the sweat house in time of sickness is somewhat simpler. The patient is placed in the tepee alone,

14. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 96.

15. Sage is widely used by the plains tribes in all their ceremonies. It is thought to have mysterious protective and curative powers.

16. Eagle feathers have a similar significance, and are used in religious and medicinal ceremonies. War bonnets are made of eagle feathers.

358] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

water is thrown on the rocks, and when perspiration is at its height, the sick person is supposed to run from the sweat house and plunge into a cold stream.

Andele very carefully constructed his sweat house, and then sought the services of the chief medicine man. He circled to the left, after the Indian custom, until he came to the idol. This he untied, and retracing his steps, returned to the sweat house. He was followed by the medicine man, who prayed to the sun before entering the tepee. He then issued a call to worship. Outside the sweat house the worshipers disrobed. Entering, they circled to the left, the medicine man facing the east, and with the idol in front of him.

The long-stemmed pipe, well filled with a mixture of ground sumac leaves and tobacco, which according to custom, had been placed near the idol, was taken up by the medicine man preparatory to smoking while Andele stepped out upon the prairie for a piece of dried horse ordure which he lighted, and then took it in a split stick and held it to the bowl of the pipe, while the medicine man proceeded to smoke and mutter some petition to the sun, as he puffed the smoke upward.¹⁷

Outside the tepee a buffalo head was placed with its nose pointing toward the entrance. Beyond the buffalo head was the moon-shaped bed of coals, where the rocks were heated. Four times the medicine man smoked and prayed to the sun, the moon, and to his idol. He offered smoke to them, and motioned to the north, the south, the east and the west, praying to his grandfather to give him power over his enemies, to blind them so that he might kill them, to help him steal good horses and finally to grant him health and long life. The sacred pipe was then passed around the circle, each worshiper smoking in turn.¹⁸

17. Methvin, *Andele*. pp. 101-2.

18. In primitive times the old Kiowa Indians never smoked alone. Regardless of the size of the group only one pipe was ever smoked at a time. It was always passed to the left, and never to the right. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 103.

Andele, who built the sweat house, was then told by the medicine man to bring the rocks. The medicine man went through the four-fold ceremony in receiving them, and in throwing the water upon them, then the wierd incantations previously described were begun. After the worship, the sound of the voice of a woman or a child is a good omen, but the sight of a jack rabbit or a wild animal is very bad.

Andele longed to become a medicine man and a great chief. He tied a lock of buffalo hair to his head. He wore crow feathers and deer hoof charms, and he learned to mimic the buffalo and the wild bull. He had faith in the supernatural. He went on marauding expeditions, and he tortured himself that he might win the approbation of his idol and become a great medicine man.

In 1872, there was a general outbreak among the Indians. The Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches had all been on a terrible rampage. Plundering and scalping expeditions were made into Texas. Horses were stolen and captives were taken, and the white settlers along the border were terror-stricken. An outbreak led by Big Bow upon Anadarko, caused the military posts at Fort Reno, Fort Sill, and Fort Elliott to send out troops. As soon as word reached the Indians that United States soldiers were on their trail, most of the tribes headed for the Rocky Mountains. Napawat and his band of Kiowas were not successful in escaping, and were compelled to surrender. While in custody near Fort Sill, Capt. R. H. Pratt began to take a census of the Indians. Each Indian was called before the officer and questioned through an interpreter. When it came Andele's turn, it was discovered that the youth was not a Kiowa, but a Mexican.

Having heard many unfavorable stories from the Indians, Andele was suspicious of the soldiers and kept away from them. One day Agent Tatum sent for Andele.¹⁹ Napa-

19. In 1869, President Grant appointed Laurie Tatum, a Quaker, as U. S. Indian Agent for the Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches with headquarters at Ft. Sill, Indian Territory. Mr. Tatum took up his duties July 1, 1869.

wat accompanied the captive to the agent's office. The agent smiled and shook hands with Andele, but he could not understand what the white man was saying. Napawat shook his head and grunted disapprovingly. He knew nothing of Andele except that the Kiowas had bought him from the Apaches several years before. Napawat did not encourage Andele to talk and so he told nothing of what he remembered about his home and his people.

Agent Tatum asked Napawat to let Andele go to school but Napawat refused. Mr. Tatum did not relax in his efforts until Napawat finally consented to put the matter up to Andele and let him decide for himself. However, Napawat carefully coached Andele how to answer the agent's questions, and when Agent Tatum presented his proposition, it was flatly refused. And so far as Agent Tatum was concerned, he could do no more. Andele returned to the Kiowa camp, still determined to become a chief and a great medicine man.

The years 1872-73 were filled with Indian attacks, outrages, and carnage. Andele grew sick of war, the talk of scalps, of murder, and captives, and he turned himself more to the mysteries of tribal medicine and tribal lore. However, this was to bring him no satisfaction or consolation. In the spring of 1873, Napawat fell ill, and in spite of the incantations and charms of the medicine men, he died. Onkoite, his brother, succeeded him and took up his idol or medicine. Soon Onkoite became very sick. Andele was deeply worried. He longed to make Onkoite well; he performed all the rituals that he knew, but he was afraid to rely upon his own knowledge of herb and spirit medicines. Far and wide, he sent for the best medicine men in the nation.

The first to come was To-no-kup, a "tall eagle-eyed old Indian." Gifts were always necessary to make the medicine effective and in this case To-no-kup asked for a pony

and a bunch of eagle feathers. These Andele and Onkoite's relatives readily promised. At the door of Onkoite's tepee, To-no-kup made certain signs and incantations. Seating himself before the patient, he smoked a pipe, puffing the smoke toward the sun. Then he applied suction to the throat and chest of the sick man and spat the "accumulations" gathered in his mouth. Presently he spat out a small fish. This, he said, was the cause of Okoite's suffering, and he would soon be well again. Gathering up the eagle feathers and the pony and such other gifts as the grateful family presented him, To-no-kup hurried away.

Okoite's condition became worse. Pho-do-dle, another medicine man, went through a similar procedure and spat out a small, but living snake. This he killed and buried in the tepee. Andele felt assured of Okoite's recovery now, and paid the fee. But Okoite did not improve. Zon-ko, a third medicine man came, and after his ritual spat out a little turtle, took his fee and departed. After the fourth medicine man spat out a small lizard, Okoite breathed his last. Andele said nothing, but his confidence in medicine men was gone. He no longer wanted to be a medicine chief.

Desiring a wife for himself, Andele offered an Indian by the name of Keabi, a pony and two buffalo robes for his daughter, Tonko. Keabi agreed and Tonko became Andele's squaw. The marriage was not a happy one and Tonko eloped with Ton-kea-mo-tle. Andele was rather glad to be rid of his unfaithful wife, but Indian honor forced him into combat with Ton-kea-mo-tle. Fortunately, neither was killed, but Andele and Ton-kea-mo-tle became friends again. It was customary to punish an unfaithful squaw by cutting off her nose, but this Andele refused to do.

Andele's next wife was much older than he, and he soon put her away. After a while, Andele met a young Indian girl whose name was Ti-i-ti or White Sage. He married her and they lived happily until her death.

During these years Anglo civilization moved westward and Andele came to see more and more of white men. There

were others now besides the soldiers. They came in covered wagons and they staked claims, and built dug-outs and soddys where the Indian hunting grounds had been. The buffalo were fast disappearing, and Andele began to think much of the life of the white man. Once more, he thought of home, his mother, and the good padre of San Gerónimo.

One day, George Hunt, the new Indian agent at Andarko, spoke to the Indians through an interpreter. He told them of a way by which the young Indians might come in and learn a trade, how to make a living without hunting, and pillaging, and killing. Andele was interested and he decided to change his mode of living.

Andele became an apprentice to one of the government blacksmiths. He learned the trade rapidly, and he soon discarded the picturesque, but cumbersome regalia of a Kiowa brave for the simpler dress of the government blacksmiths. His contact with white people brought back to him many half-forgotten memories. The post office interested him, and one day he timidly inquired of Dr. Tobin, if perhaps through it, he might locate his people. In the mean time, he remembered that as a child, he was called "Andrés," not "Andele," and that his family name was Martínez, and that his older brother was Dionicio, and that they lived not far from Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Dr. Tobin thought perhaps some of the family could be located and dispatched the following note:

Kiowa and Comanche U. S. Agency
Andarko, Ind., Ter., Jan. 6, 1883.

Dionicio Martínez,
Las Vegas, N. M.

Dear Sir: Did you have a little brother stolen by the Indians many years ago, by the name of Andrés? The Indians call him Andele. If so, write me at once. He is here and we think can be identified fully.

Respectfully,
Hugh Tobin,
U. S. Physician.²⁰

20. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 173.

For two years Dr. Tobin kept writing letters in an effort to locate Andele's relatives. One day an answer came, and a few weeks later Dionicio arrived to take Andele back to New Mexico. The Kiowas held solemn council and consented to Andele's departure only upon the promise that he would return. After a month's journey overland, Andele and his brother reached Las Vegas, March 19, 1885.

Twenty years had passed since that fateful October morning when Paulita Martínez had called, "Adios, mi muchachito, adios," as she saw her little son drive the cattle toward the vega. She was a feeble old woman now. Her hair was white, and her face bore the wrinkled marks of sorrow, and grief, and toil. But she had not forgotten her "muchachito," and even in the garb of a warrior of the plains, she recognized her little Andrés and loved him and welcomed him with passion and tenderness as though he had been stolen away only the day before.

For four years Andrés lived with his people, but in the summer of 1889 he returned to Anadarko and the Indians. White Sage had died in his absence, but Andele had grown to love the Kiowas and he longed to be near them again.

In 1887, while Andele was in New Mexico, the Indian Mission Conference meeting in Vinita, sent J. J. Methvin as missionary to the wild tribes. The Rev. Mr. Methvin's appointment came as a surprise. He had studied law, been admitted to the bar in Georgia, and given up a law practice to enter the ministry. He was at that time thirty-one years of age and had had no contact or experience with the Indians. It seemed an unwise choice, especially to the one who was chosen. However, he said nothing, and manfully resigned himself to the work that lay ahead. Bishop Galloway must have known something of the mettle of the little man from Georgia, his devotion to the church, and the strength and beauty of his character, for the task he assigned him was a most trying and difficult one.

364] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

Methvin convinced himself that his appointment was one to which he had been called by God. He located at Anadarko, and began to organize his work among the Indians. Several months later, as he stood on the bank of the Washita, near one of the government buildings, he saw Andele.

"Are you a stranger?" the missionary asked.

"No, I belong here, but I have been away on a visit," Andele explained in broken English.

"Well, I am a Methodist preacher, a missionary sent here by the church, and I want to know your people and help them when I can. What is your name?"

"My name is Andrés Martínez, but the Indians call me Andele."

"I have a little church right up beyond the post office and I will be glad to have you come."²¹

Andele came. He listened as Mr. Methvin told of the Christian God, who is good and merciful and kind. Andele came often to hear more of the white man's religion. Since the day of Okoite's death, his mind had been restive, and there had been no balm for his distressed spirit. This seemed to fill a need in his distraught religious experience. It brought him peace, and comfort, and order.

Not long after Andele had made his quiet confession at the altar of the little Indian mission, he started to school. He learned to read and write, and he progressed so rapidly that in a short time he was given the position of industrial teacher and interpreter in the Methvin Institute, near Anadarko. This school was operated by the Women's Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In 1893, the Board sent out Miss Emma McWhorter as matron.²² She was soon greatly loved by the Indians and by Andele. In the young convert, she saw much that was fine and cour-

21. Methvin, *Andele*. p. 179.

22. Emma McWhorter was the daughter of the Rev. P. T. McWhorter of the Indian Mission Conference, one of the prominent early Methodist ministers in Oklahoma.

ageous. Theirs was a common cause, and on the seventeenth of October, 1893, they were married by the Rev. Mr. Methvin.

After Methvin Institute was discontinued by the Board of Missions, Andele and his wife moved to their allotment of land in the Washita Valley near Cottonwood Grove. Although he was prosperous, Andele was not content to farm. After several years, he sold his land and moved to Anadarko. There, with his friend the Rev. Mr. Methvin, he took up his work as a pastor of one of the Indian missions.

Today, the Oklahoma Indian wears the white man's clothes, he speaks the white man's language, and he worships as the white man worships. But the story is not so simple as that. It has been a long hard journey, and the annals of the transition from nomadic to civilized life are fraught with tragedy and disappointment. An Indian may cast aside his quiver and his bow, his moccasins, and his tepee, but he is likely to continue to think as an Indian thinks. The Indian is being submerged in the white man's culture. No one knows better than Andele, the gift and the price of that culture. And so, when the Indians are troubled, or sick, or sad, they send for Andele. Andele understands.