
NUMU TEKWAPUHA NOMENEEKATU NEWSLETTER

October 2008

Vol. #11 Issue #4

The Comanche Language & Cultural Preservation Committee
1375 N.E. Cline Road, Elgin OK 73538-3086

www.comanchelanguage.org fax: 1-580-492-5119 e-mail: clcpa@comanchelanguage.org

Editor: Barbara Goodin

2008 COMANCHE NATION FAIR

The 2008 Comanche Nation Fair was a success as far as distribution of our material goes. We gave away nearly 2000 pieces of language learning material to enrolled tribal members.

We were there from 2:00 until 8:00 p.m. Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. Saturday, and from 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Sunday. It was a long week-end for us that began on Thursday with the opening of the Code Talkers exhibit at the Comanche National Museum in Lawton.

I personally talked to nearly every person that took home some language material, and they were from all over the United States. One young man was on his way to Iraq in October, and he wanted to have something to study and learn while he was away from home. I shook his hand, and felt proud he is one of our Comanche warriors.

Like last year, there were a lot of new learners out there, of all ages. Some folks much older than me confessed they had not learned our language, and wanted to do so now. We gave away sets of flash cards to all ages, and that was probably our most popular item, as we ran out Sunday afternoon. The Comanche Dictionary is always popular, and now that we have a Sounds and Spelling System DVD to go along with it, we hope that will make it easier for new learners.

Because we are funded by the Tribe, we limit our distribution of language material to enrolled tribal members only.

We tell children that they must bring one of their parents with them to receive material, and most people are very understanding.

Now, if each person that received language learning material would make a concerted effort to study the material and learn from it, then we would have had a VERY successful week-end.

CHIEF TEN BEARS' SPEECH

(*Comanche Chief Ten Bears (1792-1872) was the most influential leader of the great Comanche Nation. He gave the speech below at the signing of the Medicine Lodge Treaty in Kansas on October 20, 1867. This Treaty provided that each man, woman and child would be given a 160 acre allotment in what would be known as the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache (KCA) Reservation. After reading this speech you will understand why Chief Ten Bears was known as the great orator of the Comanche people.)

"My heart is filled with joy when I see you here, as the brooks fill with water when the snows melt in the spring; and I feel glad as the ponies do when the fresh grass starts in the beginning of the year. I heard of your coming when I was many sleeps away, and I made but few camps before I met you. I knew that you had come to do good to me and to my people. I looked for benefits which

would last forever, and so my face shines with joy as I look upon you. My people have never first drawn a bow or fired a gun against the whites. There has been trouble on the line between us, and my young men have danced the war dance. But it was not begun by us. It was you who sent out the first soldier and we who sent out the second. Two years ago, I came upon this road, following the buffalo, that my wives and children might have their cheeks plump and their bodies warm. But the soldiers fired on us, and since that time there has been a noise like that of a thunderstorm, and we have not known which way to go. So it was upon the Canadian. Nor have we been made to cry once alone. The blue-dressed soldiers and the Utes came from out of the night when it was dark and still, and for camp-fires they lit our lodges. Instead of hunting game they killed my braves, and the warriors of the tribe cut short their hair for the dead.

So it was in Texas. They made sorrow come in our camps, and we went out like the buffalo bulls when the cows are attacked. When we found them we killed them, and their scalps hang in our lodges. The Comanches are not weak and blind, like the pups of a dog when seven sleeps old. They are strong and far-sighted, like grown horses. We took their road and we went on it. The white women cried and our women laughed.

But there are things which you have said to me which I do not like. They were not sweet like sugar, but bitter like gourds. You said that you wanted to put us upon a reservation, to build us houses and make us medicine lodges. I do not want them. I was born upon the

prairie, where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures and everything drew a free breath. I want to die there and not within walls. I know every stream and every wood between the Rio-Grande and the Arkansas. I have hunted and lived over that country. I live like my fathers before me and like them I lived happily.

When I was at Washington the Great Father told me that all the Comanche land was ours, and that no one should hinder us in living upon it. So, why do you ask us to leave the rivers, and sun, and the wind, and live in houses? Do not ask us to give up the buffalo for the sheep. The young men have heard talk of this, and it has made them sad and angry. Do not speak of it more. I love to carry out the talk I get from the Great Father. When I get goods and presents, I and my people feel glad, since it shows that he holds us in his eye.

If the Texans had kept out of my country, there might have been peace. But that which you now say we must live in, is too small. The Texans have taken away the places where the grass grew the thickest and the timber was the best. Had we kept that, we might have done the things you ask. But it is too late. The whites have the country we loved, and we only wish to wander on the prairie until we die. Any good thing you say to me shall not be forgotten. I shall carry it as near to my heart as my children, and it shall be as often on my tongue as the name of the Great Spirit. I want no blood upon my land to stain the grass. I want it all clear and pure, and I wish it so that all who go through

among my people may find peace when they come in and leave it when they go out."

The Comanche leaders who signed the Medicine Lodge Treaty were:
Parry-wah-say-men, or Ten Bears;
Tep-pe-navon, or Painted Lips;
To-sa-in, or Silver Brooch;
Cear-chi-neka, or Standing Feather;
Ho-we-ar, or Gap in the Woods;
Tir-ha-yah-guahip, or Horse Back;
Es-a-nanaca, or Wolf's Name;
Ah-te-es-ta, or Little Horn;
Pooh-yah-to-yeh-be, or Iron Mountain;
Sad-dy-yo, or Dog Fat.

The names of the men were written as they appeared on the Treaty, not as we would write them in our official spelling system. They signed the document by making "their mark."

OTHER TREATY SIGNERS

The Treaty of 1835 was signed at Camp Holmes, near the Canadian River in the Muscogee Nation. The Comanches who signed, or "made their mark" were:

Ishacoly (The Wolf);
Qyeenashano (War Eagle);
Tabaqueena (Big Eagle);
Pohowetowshah (Brass Man);
Shabbakasha (Roving Wolf);
Neraquassi (Yellow Horse);
Toshapappy (White Hare);
Pahohsareya (Broken Arm);
Pahkah (Man Who Draws Bow);
Witsitony (He Who Sucks Quick);
Leahwiddikah (One Who Stirs Up Water);
Esharotsiki (Sleeping Wolf);
Pahtrisula (Dog);
Etta (Gun);
Tennowikah (Boy Who Was Soon A Man);
Kumaquai (Woman Who Cuts Buffalo

Meat);
Kowa (Stinking Tobacco Box);
Soko (Old Man);

THE TREATY OF 1846 AT COUNCIL SPRINGS

Council Springs was located in Robinson County, Texas, near the Brazos River. The following Comanches signed (made "their mark") that Treaty:

Pah-ha-u-ca (Amorous Man);
Mo-pe-chu-co-pe (Old Owl);
Cush-un-a-rah-ah (Ravisher);
Ka-bah-ha-moo (Won't Smoke);
O-ka-art-su (Rope Cutter);
Moo-ra-que-top (Nasty Mule);
Ta-bup-pue-ta (The Winner);
Kai-tai tah (Little);
Kai-he-na-mou-rah (Blind Man);
Ho-chu-cah (Bird's House);
Pah-moo-wah-tah (No Tobacco);
Mon-ne-con-nah-heh (Ring);
Po-che-na-qua-heip (Buffalo Hump);
Santa Anna;
Sa-ba-heit (Small Wolf);
Quarah-ha-heit (Small Wolf);
Ka-nah-mak-ka (Nearly Dead);
Ish-a-me-a-qui (Traveling Wolf);
Mo-he-ka (Polecat);
A-ka-chu-a-ta (No Horn);
Ka-he-ha-bo-ne (Blind Man);
Ma-war-ra (The Lost);
Ke-wid-da-wip-pa (Tall Woman);
Pa-na-che (Mistletoe).

THE TREATY OF 1853 AT FORT ATKINSON

The Comanches signing this Treaty were listed with other information:

Wulea-boo (Shaved Head) Chief Comanche;
Wa-ya-ba-tos-a (White Eagle) band Chief;
Hai-nick-seu (The Crow) band Chief;
Paro-sa-wa-no (Ten Sticks band Chief);
Wa-ra-kon-alta (Poor Coyote Wolf) band Chief;

Ka-na-re-tah (One That Rides The Clouds) Chief of the Southern Comanches; and
To-che-ra-nah-boo (Shaved Head);
Wa-ya-ba-to-sa (White Eagle);
Hai-nick-seu (Crow);
Ty-har-re-ty (One Who Runs After Women);
Para-sar-a-man-no (Ten Bears).

TREATY OF 1865 AT THE LITTLE ARKANSAS RIVER

This Treaty was signed in the state of Kansas, eight miles from the mouth of the Little Arkansas River. Even more information was provided for each Comanche signer:

Tab-e-nan-i-kah, or Rising Sun, chief of Yampirica, or Root Eater band of Comanche, for Paddy-wah-say-mer and Ho-to-yo-koh-wat's bands;

Esh-e-tave-pa-rah, or Female Infant, headman of Yampirica band of Comanches;

A-sha-hab-beet, or Milky Way, chief Peen-taha, or Sugar Eater band of Comanches, and for Co-che-te-ka or Buffalo Eater band;

Queen-ah-e-vah, Eagle Drink-lug, head chief of No-co-nee or Go-About band of Comanches;

Ta-ha-yer-quoip, or Horse's Back, second chief of No-co-nee or Go-About band of Comanches;

Pocha-naw-quoip, or Buffalo Hump, third chief of Peen-taka, or Sugar Eater band of Comanches;

Bo-yah-wah-to-yeh-he, or Iron Mountain, chief of Yampirica band of Comanches; and

To-sa-wi, or Silver Brooch, head chief of Pennetaka band of Comanches.

(*All above information on Treaties were reprinted from a publication titled "Comanche Nation," published by the Comanche Nation and funded in part by

the Comanche Nation Games.
Publication date circa 2002.)

SPELLING CONTEST

When I was typing in the above information regarding the names of the Comanche leaders who signed the various treaties, it occurred to me that we should have all of those names written in our official spelling system. What I typed are the way non-Indians thought the names should be spelled.

So I thought about a contest of sorts that would allow those of you reading this, who are students of the Comanche language, to translate the names into our own spelling system. You could use whatever research material you have that would help you, and you would be rewarded with *puhiwi*.

We would like to issue a special invitation to the families who participated in Year One and those participating in Year Two of our "Learning To Speak Comanche" project to be a part of this fun and "rewarding" exercise in language.

We will line out the guidelines for the contest and have them in our next newsletter, which will come out in January of 2009. In the meantime, start working on those names, as we may include a deadline for entries. As of this moment you have three months to work on it. Use your time wisely.

(*We bring you more stories from "Comanche Texts" by Emily Riddles. The overall chapter is about obtaining and preparing food, and the stories are listed by their number, as they are in the book. We hope you enjoy reading and hearing these old stories.)

THE TEEPEE STORY #XXIX (29)

Long ago, we lived in teepees. My mother set up long cedar poles, then she would set our house up on it and tightly stake it. Inside she made a rain house for us. She makes three separate bedsteads for us that we will sleep on. She dug a fire hole where she would cook. In that fire hold she boils for us, roasts for us and cooks on coals for us. She would have a big biscuit oven where she baked biscuits for us. Sometimes she cooked fry bread for us, and in the fire hole she also made coffee for us. When we picked hackberries she would pound them. She would roast fat on a stick for us that would taste good and oily and sweet. When we pulled up wild onions, she would cook it in ashes for us. We would eat it with salt and with meats. That tasted good. We would strip off the bark of a black berry tree, shave off its sap, take it and go to the creek. Then we would chew our shavings. Chew it then wash it in the water. We do it that way, then when it becomes clean, we would chew it as chewing gum. That chewing gum tasted really good. That is the way that we made our chewing gum. That is all.

THE HUNTING STORY #XXX (30)

Long ago, it said, from Fort Sill two Indian men went hunting. They camped near many mountains that had little creeks. Their women said, "We just won't make a house. We will have a house of these cedars, standing in a circle." The men said that was good. The women unsaddled their horses for them, took down their packs and made beds for them. One man went to fetch water, and one went to fetch firewood. One woman went to pick huckleberries on to the mountains. She picked a bucket full then went back to her camp. When she arrived, the women were

eating some of their berries when their husbands arrived with their water and firewood. They took their load down and put it on leaves beside their fire. These two made coffee and also made fry bread. When it was all cooked they ate it. After they finished eating, the women put away their dishes. The two men sat down with buffalo meat and deer meat and jerked it. They also ate as they worked. As they worked they told stories. The women made a bed of nice soft cedar limbs. When the men finished jerking the meat, they made coffee by cooking it on coals. They hung their jerked meat over their meat poles. Then they laid down and slept. It was a quiet morning and they got up, made a fire and made coffee. Then they ate. The husbands said, "We will move back." Their wives said, "Very good." They rounded up their horses, saddled them and loaded up their pack animals. Mounting their horses and leading their pack animals, they went back to their relatives. When they arrived, the other Indians came and got pounded meat from them. That is all.

THE GRAPES STORY #XXXI (31)

Long ago, it is said, a woman and her grandchild went towards the mountain on a wagon. When they arrived there were many grapes. They got down from their wagon with their buckets. They picked until their buckets were full of grapes. They dumped their buckets of grapes into the wagon and kept on picking until they tired. Then they took their little ax and chopped down the grape vines and threw them into their wagon, filling it up. As the wagon was filling up, a big, angry bull came running towards them. The child said, "This dangerous cow is coming towards us," and jumped into the

wagon. His grandmother got into the wagon, too. They went to their house. When they arrived, their relatives unloaded the grapevines, and taking their big dishpans, they stripped the vines of grapes and washed them. They placed the grapes in their wooden bowls, and using their pestles, pounded it. Completely pounded, they made balls of it. They placed big boards over their arbors and put the balls of grapes over them to dry. Doing it that way, they spread mosquito netting over the balls. After four days, when it was really dry, they loaded it into big sacks. In the winter they would cook it, as it tasted sweet and good, and eat it. That is the way they fixed wild grapes to eat. That is all.

THE TURKEY STORY #XXXII (32)

Somewhere, it is said, some had a camp. They became hungry. The women asked, "What are we going to feed our children?" One of the women said, "I thought of something good. When it is evening we ought to go over there among the trees with our menfolk. Another woman asked, "What will we do?" The first woman said, "We will drive those various turkeys from among the trees. As we drive them, our men can take their guns and stand along the timber's edge. Long ago that's the way we killed turkeys to eat. Everyone went from their camp on their feet and arrived there. The men, in the way the woman advised them, went to the edge of the timber. Then the women went through the timber and sat down under a big oak on which the turkeys perched. As the women were sitting there, many turkeys came flying and perched on the tree, then jumped to the ground. The women ran towards them, and the turkeys ran to the edge of the timber. The men killed many of them. The men, carrying two turkeys each, went back to their camp.

When they arrived, the women picked the turkeys of their feathers, then prepared a fire and cooked them. They were saved from hunger when they killed the turkeys. That is all.

THE WILD HOG STORY #XXXIII (33)

Long ago, it is said, Indians went to pick pecans along Briar Creek. They camped among much timber. When they slept, they saw there were many wild pigs. "We should shut our doors tightly, those wild pigs will eat our groceries for us," they said. They went to pick many pecans, also black berries. They loaded their pickings in big sacks. When they went back to their camp, their womenfolk said, "Those wild pigs ate up all our groceries." The men said, "Get your guns ready, we will kill those pigs. We don't have anything to eat." When it was evening they were shooting in their camp and killed many pigs. They cut up the pigs, still in their skin, and hung them up. That night it suddenly clouded up and rained much. It was still raining when morning came. One man, coming out from their camp, looked along towards the creek. The man said, "As you were all going along someway, the water came up. You all know well that Briar Creek overflows easily. Hurry up! It already came up here." Some threw their clothes into their wagons and others carried their clothes and ran onto the hill. As they looked behind them, their belongings and their teepees were floating. One woman said, "I forgot my ax and my skillet." One man, dragging his teepee on horseback, came to them. The woman swam off towards their camping place, where she found her ax and her skillet as they were caught up in the water. The men said, "Our pig meat all floated off. When it dries we will gather it up along the way. When the water went down and dried, they went along

the creek and found their pigs here and there at various places hung on trees. The men said, "We did badly. We lost a lot of our pigs." They moved away from that place and were hunting around. That is all.

THE ROASTED RACOON STORY #XXXIV (34)

Long ago, it is said, somewhere Indians had a home. The father said, "Our firewood is used up." He told his wife he would hitch up (their team) for them and the two of them would go get firewood. They went towards the creek and came to a stop. They gathered wood and loaded it into their wagon until it was filled up. The man saw a snow drift and he went there and poked around in it with a big stick. There was a raccoon in the drift and he killed it. He saw it was a fat one, and he said, "We are about to eat very good." He threw it into their wagon. They went home. When they got there, he unloaded the firewood and made a big fire. They skinned the raccoon and his wife roasted it there in the fire. The family ate the roasted raccoon that their father had killed for them. They ate good. The father said, "Our children really ate good." After they had eaten, the children ran around playing and felt really good about what they had eaten. That is all.

LILY ROOTS STORY #XXXV (35)

A long time ago, it is said, other tribes of Indians camped somewhere. They ran out of groceries. The women set up their teepees. One of them said, "We ought to go dig water lily roots in that big lake and eat them for supper." They took their hoes and went to the lake. Taking off their shoes, with their hoes, they went down to the lake and dug up a lot of water lily roots. One of them said to the others, "Don't blow your

noses while we dig these." Carrying their sacks of roots, they went back to their camp. When they arrived, each one went to their camp to make a fire and cook their diggings. Some of them boiled it with bones, and some of them fried it in fat. One said, "I will just cook my diggings in ashes." All of them made coffee and lots of fry bread. Their men said, "Feed us." The women spread a cloth and set out their cooked things. The men said it was very good, what the women dug for them to eat. They really ate good. "Tomorrow we will kill one of those cowboy's cows," one of the men said. "We just won't starve, as our food grows inside this earth." The next morning they killed a big fat cow, and they jerked the meat. When the meat dried they moved away. That is all.

RATION DAY Story #XXXVI (36)

A long time ago, we went to get rations. Our agent had a house north of Lawton. We went to that house to get rations, to that room. On ration day, our agent told us to camp. That day, all the Indians would move there to camp. Then early on Saturday morning we would get rations, everything to eat, plus soap. Some of the women would throw away the soap. Others would say the rice was worms, and they would throw that away. My father would fix their rations for them. After they ate, they would kill beef. Four families would butcher one cow and divide it evenly among them. My father would fix that for them. The Indians would get lots of groceries and meat, then move back to their own homes. When they opened our country (for settlement by whites), they stopped doing that for us. That is all.

PRODUCTS FOR SALE

Please go to www.comanchelanguage.org