

DR. CARLOS MONTEZUMA

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come useful servants of humanity.'

"A few months ago I camped one night with thirty boy scouts in Fish Creek Canon. We got there after night and pitched our camp. In the morning we found that thirty Apache Indians had been sleeping about a hundred yards from us. Had we known it we would have slept as peacefully as we did in our ignorance. For these were our friends, and in the morning they took up their work of making the roads smooth and safe. It was probably in this same canon that 50 years ago the raid took place in which the little Apache Indian boy was carried away captive by the Pimas. Today this canon is part of the great Apache trail, over which our tourists travel with more safety than they can walk the streets of Chicago at night.

"The road to friendship and co-operation between the Indian and the white man has been a long one and a hard one. There have been many rough spots and many accidents along the way, but it is a road that has become smoother and better with the passing years. It has been lives like Dr. Montezuma's that have helped to make the road a better one to travel.

"There is another element in the Doctor's life of which I would speak, it has to do with his religion: He was no doubt brought up in the nature religion of his people, and he has always kept that natural religion of his people, and he has always kept that natural love for life out-of-doors. As a man in Chicago he was a member of the First Baptist Church, and in spite of a busy practice, he had time to do missionary work among the foreign element of that city. He taught a Sunday school class in the Bohemia Mission conducted by the Baptists, the same one in which my own wife taught when she was attending our Baptist missionary training school in Chicago.

"Truly this has been a life of service, a life of conquest over difficulties, a life of attainment."

A "NAPPY" STORY

Long years ago there was an old Indian man and the Indians called him Nappy. Nappy had a pinto team. One day he felt very hungry so he went up and picketed his horses on the side of the hill. From here he went down in a little nearby valley where he saw a prairie dog town.

Old Nappy sat on a rock and watched the prairie dogs passing back and forth. An idea struck him. He told the prairie dogs he knew a new game that they could play. The prairie dogs were anxious to learn this new game from Old Nappy.

Old Nappy built a camp fire and said, "I'll jump in and when I get hot I'll whistle and you prairie dogs pull me out and then run into the fire. When you get hot whistle and I'll pull you out."

Old Nappy jumped into the fire and soon whistled. The prairie dogs pulled him out and then jumped into the fire.

When the prairie dogs got hot and whistled Old Nappy wouldn't let them out. He kept them there in the fire until they were cooked and then ate them for supper.

Old Nappy made himself a bed and went to sleep

after watching the stars peeping out through the dark sky.

The next morning Old Nappy got up early and went away into the woods and came upon some birds sitting on an old dead tree and were throwing their eyes at another tree nearby and they would say, "Eyes, come back to me," and they would return. Old Nappy asked them if he might do that trick? The birds said that he might if he would only do it every eighth day. Old Nappy agreed to this. He tried it and it worked alright and the birds flew away.

The next day Old Nappy came along and tried it and the eyes stuck to the tree and wouldn't come back. Old Nappy was blind and became very sad and lonesome.

A Coyote came running by and barked at Nappy. Old Nappy told the Coyote that he was blind. The Coyote felt sorry for Old Nappy and told him that he would take him wherever he wanted to go. Old Nappy wanted to return to his horses, so Coyote told him to hang to his tail and he would lead him back.

Old Nappy asked him to return the eighth day and take him to the tree where his eyes were.

This day came and the Coyote came and took Old Nappy to the tree where his eyes were. Old Nappy yelled, "come back," and his eyes came back and he could now see again.

Then Old Nappy went up on the side of the hill and saw some young antelope grazing along the side of the hill and near the antelope was a camp. He decided to play a trick on the women in the camp. There were three of these women and each one had a baby. Old Nappy sent these old women out after wood. They built a big fire and he told them he would go and get some antelope meat to eat.

He ate all the food the old women had and left when he sent them for wood the second time. He told them that the antelope meat was roasting and that more wood was needed. Before they returned he ran away.

The women chased him until dust was all over him and they could no longer see him, but they still tracked him.

Old Nappy heard something that seemed like singing and drumming and he looked into an elk head and saw a bunch of mice having a big time. He thrust his head all the way into the elk head. At this time he heard the women say, "here is our Indian," and he jumped up and ran with the elk head over his own head. He came to a river and jumped in. Some Indian men saw him swimming in the river and ran along the bank and shot at him. Finally, he had to swim ashore and the old women told their story. The prairie dog told his trick game.

The men took the elk head from his shoulders and tied him to a tree. They were going to punish him for awhile by keeping him tied, but while tied the Great Spirit set fire to the tree with lightning and as it burned two black snakes went up and out of the smoke. It was Old Nappy. He was now two crawling black snakes, and they, too, often go blind as did old Nappy when he didn't keep his promise.—
WILMA KIPP.