Although Father Craft's dream of a Native American sisterhood was never realized, he believed that his defense of an Indian sisterhood was a necessary step in the Church's presence among Indian people and their full incorporation into the life of the Church. Foley believes that in this regard Father Craft was a visionary whom the Church never fully understood or appreciated. Upon his return from Cuba, Father Craft was to spend the last years of his life serving a small parish in East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, in relatively anonymity.

In the end, Foley's biography of Father Craft, for all of its attempt to treat Craft as an individual who warrants the reader's sympathy, is a debatable undertaking due to Foley's uncritical approach to Christian missions, with their colonial agenda, and a less than informed treatment of Lakota history, traditions, and religion. Despite its extensive use of archival material and resources, Foley's biography reads more like a nineteenth-century apologia than a scholarly approach to its subject, It's interesting that Father Craft in many ways represents a paradigm for some of the inherent problems of Christian Indian missions—a legacy with which many contemporary Indian Christians are still wrestling today.

Robert H. Craig
The College of St. Scholastica

First to Fight. By Henry Mihesuah. Edited By Devon Abbot Mihesuah. Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 2002. 104 pages. $26.95 cloth.

Devon Abbot Mihesuah has edited and shaped her father-in-law's biography *First to Fight*. This thin volume illuminates certain aspects of Henry Mihesuah's life, military service, and relocation as a Comanche tribal member, but does not delve deep enough, especially when compared to *LaDona Harris: A Comanche Life* (2000). Sometimes it's difficult for an author to remain objective when he or she works directly with a family member in creating a biography. Much in *First to Fight* has been left unsaid. Devon Mihesuah herself admits this problem in the introduction: "As a family we spent hours reminiscing, crying, and laughing over past events. Henry, Fern, and Josh aired plenty of dirty linen—most that won't see print" (p. xvi).

Even with many of the family issues left unwritten, Henry Mihesuah's life is an amazing journey and a fascinating one to read. From his early beginnings in Oklahoma, it was clear that he was destined to be a warrior and to live as a role model for his family and surrounding neighbors, many of whom were white and African American. Mihesuah's father showed him how to be an upstanding man through his interactions with his neighbors. Once a white neighbor stole a turkey and Mihesuah's father "told them, 'You got my turkey, I see it. You take him, but don't you come back no more.' He'd help people, but wouldn't tolerate stealing" (p. 25).

Some of the best insights of the book come when Mihesuah speaks of racism, not only as a child, but as an adult. Mihesuah always confronts the behavior head on, and by doing so usually stops it from happening again. This

provides an excellent and profound lesson: "Those white kids only called us Indians names once or twice. After they found out we wouldn't take it, then they stopped. Back then you have a good fistfight and after the other guy'd had enough, they say so and you could become friends" (p. 32). Later Mihesuah describes racism again when he relocates to California to receive new work as a journeyman, and his employer assigns him to menial work: "I'm a skilled Indian, a skilled mechanic, and I can work on anything. And he told me I had to sweep the floors and he got to cussing me and I hit him and left" (p. 55).

Seemingly the most intense and descriptive part of *First to Fight* is the section on Mihesuah's service in World War II as a United States Marine (pp. 36–49). His accounts are often realistic, insightful, and brutal. It's clear that he found great solace, personal satisfaction, and pride in the routine of military service. During his work as a military policeman, Mihesuah witnessed excessive drinking and violence by men of all types: "And I saw them drinking too much . . . I seen them just walk up and knock down those Japanese men down. I don't drink because my brother drank enough for both of us. Growing up and seeing other people drink, I didn't know why they did that" (p. 41). Some of Mihesuah's accounts of wartime violence were particularly gruesome, for example, his descriptions of Chinese dismembered by trains (p. 42) and a Marine brutally killed by a prostitute (p. 44)

After the war Henry Mihesuah struggled to learn the Comanche language after not being allowed to speak it as a youth (p. 72), stayed up-to-date with tribal politics (p. 71), remained loyal to his marriage to Fern, and spent time on his land, enjoying nature (pp. 73–74). The latter narrative provides a fuller sense of Mihesuah as a Comanche, as a husband, and as an outdoorsman. The reader understands that his life combines traditional and contemporary ways.

After reading *First to Fight*, the reader recognizes that Henry Mihesuah's life is an important one to discover. There's a richness in his stories about his early childhood, his military service, and his relocation to California. Although there remain far more to his life to uncover, the reader experiences a glimpse—however small—that's significant in understanding contemporary Comanche culture.

Paul Brooke
Grand View College

Frontier Blood: The Saga of the Parker Family. By Jo Ella Powell Exley. College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 2001. 331 pages. $29.95 cloth.

Frontier Blood has been awarded the 2002 Western Books Exhibition Award of Merit, given by The Rounce & Coffin Club, and the 2001 Summerfield G. Roberts Award, given by the Sons of the Republic of Texas. The abundance of topics that this book deals with makes it attractive to readers interested in the American West in general, and in the interethnic tensions that characterized frontier life in particular. Drawing on a wealth of contemporary accounts, Exley narrates the experiences of the Parkers, a highly patriarchal pioneer