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BIOGRAPHY FORM
 WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
 Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

Field Worker's name Ethel B. Tackitt.

This report made on (date) July 12, 1937

Lone Wolf, Kiowa County, Oklahoma.

1. Name Ike Inman

2. Post Office Address Lone Wolf, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) R-No. 1

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month April Day 5 Year 1870

5. Place of birth Onsburg, Indiana

6. Name of Father John Inman Place of birth Not positive.

Other information about father Conducted a Hotel and livery stable.

7. Name of Mother Lucinda Richison Inman Place of birth Indiana

Other information about mother Family Legend of Indian blood from

early American Settlers' time.

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 5 (five).

INMAN, IKE. INTERVIEW.

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Ethel B. Tackitt,
Interviewer.
July 12, 1937.

Interview with Ike Inman
Lone Wolf, Oklahoma.
Born April 5, 1870
Father-John Inman
Mother-Lucinda Richison

I was born in Onsbury, Indiana, April 5, 1870, and with my parents, John Inman and Lucinda Richison Inman and family, moved to Texas when I was a small boy.

In 1885, we were living at Spanish Fort which was ~~about two miles south of Big Red River on the Texas~~ side in Montague County.

I was then fifteen years old and began working for a stockman by the name of Sherman Jones, who owned a ranch on the Territory side of the River, in the present Jefferson County. His range was on Mud Creek and his Brand was (E B). I followed all the duties of a cowhand, that is helped to keep the cattle on the range, which covered all the present counties surrounding Jefferson, and helped with the roundups, the brand^{ing}, keep^{ing} the "varmint" from killing the calves and poor stock, and looking after the saddle horses ^{and} seeing that the cattle and horses were not driven off by rustlers.

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I also worked for the Suggs Brothers, Call and Iker. They owned a big ranch and their brand was (I S); they were located a little farther over in the territory. During these years my parents lived at Spanish Fort and ran a hotel and livery stable.

I would go home quite frequently as Spanish Fort was the only place where the cowboys could spend their money, so my parent's hotel and livery stable was headquarters for many when they came in from the ranches.

My brother Jim and I looked after the livery stable when we were not working on some ranch in the Territory.

It was very common for horses to be stolen by gangs of horse thieves who operated from Kansas through the Territory to Texas and brought cattle across the river at Spanish Fort. The officers of the Law would get the horses away from them if possible.

One time while I was at home an officer came to me and said that he had captured a horse from these thieves and that the owner was offering a forty dollar reward for it to be returned to him. He asked, as I knew the

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country, if I would deliver the horse to the owner at his ranch on the Washita River south of Fort Reno, and collect the reward money.

I told him that I would and started north riding the horse which was a beautiful bay and which I soon learned was a fine racehorse. I thought little about the matter until I was well on my way and found that he was such a fine horse. I then began to wonder what would happen to me if the Indians should see the horse and recognize it and think that I had stolen it. I found that the owner of the horse was an Indian.

The Indian encampments grew thicker as I rode toward the Washita River and toward evening there were literally cities of wigwams but there was nothing to do but pass through. I knew that I dare not turn back toward the Texas line.

Late in the evening I stopped at Doke's Store and there I was told that two white cowboys ^{were in} camp up on a creek and by following certain directions I could find the camp and stay all night with them.

The Indians had not molested me, but I was yet frightened for it grew dark and I had not found the

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camp. The coyotes and wolves began to trail along after me and I thought I was lost and would have to stop for the night.

I had made up my mind to tie my horse and build a big fire, for there was plenty of wood, and then keep the wolves and "varmint" away by throwing firebrands at them until daylight, when to my delight I came upon the camp. The cowboys, who had been there for a long time ~~taking care of a herd of horses and had not seen many~~ white people, were as glad to see me as I was to see them. They had plenty of fresh beef and ^{they} cooked the best supper, it seemed to me, I ever ate.

The next morning I rode on and that day I came to the Indian's ranch on the Washita. He was not there but his wife, who was a full-blood Indian and could not speak English, came out with the whole family, a bunch of children. They gathered around the horse patting and loving him. They paid no attention to me and I could not get down for their being in the way. At last the man came up and he told me how glad they were to get their horse back and what the family was saying.

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I spent the night with them. They lived in a two room log house and I was never treated nicer by any people in my life. Next morning the man took me to El Reno and paid the forty dollars to me and saw me to the train for Texas. The Indians must have known that I was coming with the horse. In the summer of 1886, I attended a picnic at Fort Smith, Arkansas. During the entertainment the notorious Belle Starr, who was there from her ranch in the Indian Territory, offered to give an exhibition of her ability to handle a sixshooter, and her offer was accepted. For some reason the law was not after her at that time. She shot from her horse, over her shoulder and in every position used in that time. I never witnessed better marksmanship exhibited by any person in my life and I have seen many.

I remember her as an ordinarily good looking woman, rather inclined to be heavy, but her daughter who was with her was more than passingly good looking.

The Tucker brothers, George, Bill, and Jack, were all officers of the law and good friends of my father, brother Jim and myself. At one time a band of badmen from the

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Territory came over into Spanish Fort, which they often did for their shooting and general outlaw escapades of killing one another, and anybody else at whom they might have a grudge. At this particular time Bud Starr, Bill Weims, Luke Jacks, Bill Watson, and Sheep Jack, so called for having lost his upper lip in some manner, had shot up the town and committed a number of crimes. The officers deputized my brother Jim and me to assist in an effort to stop them, as they had to pass our livery stable. One of their number was shot and a horse was killed, but they got away.

They sent back word that they would return and burn the town. Sometime after, while my brother and I were sleeping at the stable, they did return and set fire to it.

We were awakened just in time to save ourselves from burning, but they failed in their efforts to burn the town.

Some of the old buildings with their bullet marks are yet standing in Spanish Fort and are preserved as relics of early Territory days.

I lived in that section of Oklahoma until the opening of the Kiowa Country in 1901. After this I moved with my family to the Lone Wolf community ^{and} have since made my home in Kiowa County, farming and watching the changes through which the people and country are passing.