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Interview with Burl Taylor  
1101 1/2 South 21st Street  
March 18th, 1937  
By  
H. L. Rummage, Field Worker

Burl Taylor at Chehuahua Old Mexico in 1872. (Colored)

MR:

Burl Daniels, born at Tahlequah, Oklahoma in 1825; died about nine miles northwest of Talala, Oklahoma on the Cansy River in 1910.

MR:

Mary Daniels, born on the Beatty prairie near Tahlequah in 1821; died where she was born in 1904.

FATHER:

was born in Mississippi; came to this country as an immigrant with my grandmother. My grandparents were named Taylor.

My father was sold to Ossie Daniels at Tahlequah. My mother and father went by the name of their last master, Ossie Daniels; they had to do this as they were on the rolls under that name but the children took the name of Taylor. My father was Daniels' slave during the Civil War; he was a teamster hauling supplies from Coffeyville, Kansas to Tahlequah. He did this until the war was over. His master was a very mean man when he was drinking, and my father was the only man that could do anything with him when he was in a bad mood. A lot of times Mrs. Daniels has sent someone up the trail to Coffeyville to overtake or meet my father and tell him to hurry home and take care of our master. When he was overtaken or met by the messenger he would turn the supply wagon over to him and take the buggy and get home as soon as possible.

When the war was over and the slaves were set free my father, along with other colored people, was run out of the country. There was a long wagon-train of them; they were taken to Old Mexico and made peons, my father was sold to a Jew. During the trip to Old Mexico they were attacked by wild Indians several times, some of them were killed. The wagons were all drawn by mules, the chuck wagon had four span of mules hooked to it. There were five or six different ones in the party killed by the wild Indians while they were out scouting for wood at night. It took them about six months to make the trip.

My father was in Old Mexico about seventeen years, he worked all this time for the Jew that he was sold to who owned the sheep ranch. One night my father decided to run away, he swam the Rio Grande and went to El Paso. Not long after that the Spanish and American War started; soldiers went into Old Mexico and freed all the slaves and brought them to El Paso, Texas. My father shod the horses and mules to pay his expenses with the troops. He went as far as San Antonio, Texas with them and stayed there about three years. He had the job of lighting the street lights which were oil lights. He then went to Faith County, Texas and farmed for himself he used ox teams to do the farm-work; he farmed for two years.

He got a letter while in Faith County from his mother who lived near Hulbert  
or Fourteen-Mile Creek asking him to come to this country; when we arrived at the Nevins Ferry my brother and myself went ahead and were waiting at the ferry when my father arrived, we were talking about my father's mother and wondered just where we would locate her. The man working on the ferry asked who we were looking for and my father told him his mother's name; he answered my father saying his name was Frank Taylor and that she was his grandmother and lived in a little log house at Mrs. Nevins' home.

It was located in a group of pecan trees just back of the Nevins' home, it was just south of where the city pump station is now located at Hyde Park. We stayed there with my grandmother; I did odd jobs and chores for Mrs. Nevins.

#### SCHOOL

My first schooling was at the old Canon church, and I went there about four years. It was located north of the Arkansas River. I went to another school located near the Spaulding bridge, don't remember the name of the school, went there about two years and that was the extent of my schooling.

#### FERRY WORK

When I was fifteen years of age I went to work on the Nevins ferry. My first job was to stand on end of ferry and guide it. I did that for two years; then did anything there was to do around the ferry. Mrs. Nevins owned the Telephone ferry (some called it the Rogers ferry). I also worked on this ferry several different times.

I have hauled most of the outlaws across the river on the ferries. I hauled the Dalton boys when they were U. S. Marshals, also hauled them after they became outlaws. There were three brothers, Bob, Emmit and Frank; also hauled other outlaws such as, Cherokee Bill, Jim and Bill Cook, Jim French, Virgris Kid, whose real name was Sam McWilliams, he was born and reared near the mouth of the Virgris river. There was a white man with this gang called Skeeter. I used to ferry the hack from the Fort at Ft. Gibson, it was called the ambulance and only hauled army officers. This hack was drawn by six mules. They used to come over to Muskogee quite often and when they returned to Ft. Gibson most of them were drunk. The mail hack hauled the mail from Tahlequah to Ft. Gibson. When the high waters arrived in the spring it was what we called the June rise. When the water was pretty high Mrs. Nevins would not allow us to ferry any thing except the mail hack.

One spring day the mail hack showed up and the Arkansas and Verdgris Rivers were both out of their banks, backing the Grand River up causing it to cover most of the Ft. Gibson bottoms, about all there was in the bottoms then were trees and cane breaks. This particular time when the mail hack showed up there were three passengers aboard, one was a preacher, the others were a lady and her daughter. The ladies name was Mureka Belle, don't remember what her daughter's name was. We told the passengers how much danger there was in crossing the river when the water was so high, and asked them to go back to Muskogee but they refused saying if the mail hack could make it they could. Instead of going across the way we always did, we went across to the mouth of the Verdgris and through the bottoms on the north side of Grand river. We traveled by pulling the ferry from tree to tree, we were about where the M.O. railroad bridge is located when I heard a roaring up the river and asked old Henry Hawkins what it was, he said he didn't know, about that time a head-rise from up Grand river hit us. It hit us with such a hard force that we lost control of the ferry. When the rise hit us, Alex Bishop was sitting on the side of ferry taking his shoes off. It hit with such a force that it knocked Alex into the water. Another ferryman, Henry Taylor who was my cousin, got scared when Alex was knocked off and jumped in the back-water and swam to a tree. The balance of the crew, whose names were, Henry Hawkins, Alex Hawkins, John Brown, Walter White and myself stayed with the ferry. The current carried us toward the main channel, the ferry struck a big cotton-wood that stood near the bank of the river. The tree was leaning when the ferry struck this tree one end went straight up the tree, causing the other end of ferry to dip down in the water. When it at last stopped we were all in water up to our shoulders; we got the ferry off the tree and waded the water out. Henry Hawkins, who was head ferryman; ordered us to grab our oars, that we were going back to the landing where we started from.

This landing was about even with where the pump station now stands at Hyde Park. We did not run the ferry any more until the high water passed, the mail was carried across in a skiff. While trying to make the ferry with the preacher, Mrs. Belle and her daughter, the preacher never uttered a word; all Mrs. Bell could say was, "Oh, My God, save my child."

There were lots of cattle drove through from Texas to Kansas on the Texas trail which run from Texas to the Nevens ferry. After crossing the river the trail was called the Baxter Springs trail on to Kansas. I have helped to ferry thousands of cattle across the river, we did not ferry them across on the ferry, they were swam across. When the river was low it was not very much trouble to get them across, but when the water was high it was a mighty hard job to get them across. The way we handled them when the water was high, we would start two or three into the river and after they got to where they had to swim we would pull up to their side and get on their backs. We had a stick and when the steers tried to turn back or go in the wrong direction we would beat them on the side of the head and make them go straight; after we got the first few started, the others were easy to make follow. A lot of times when the water was high it would take us three weeks and longer to get them across. Quite often we would start a large bunch across the river, lose control of them and they would come out anywhere from one to two miles down the river on the same side we started from. We would ride the steers' backs, jumping from one to the other; we had to leave the steer we would be riding before he got on the bank for if we rode them out on the bank they would turn and charge us, they were the long-horned Texas steers. There was a drifter with a herd one time that was going north, a long-horn steer killed him while ferrying them across the river. No one knew his name, he was a white man. There were always someone along close in a skiff to rescue us if we were thrown into the river and could not catch another steer to ride.

The Nevins ferry ferried at the mouth of Grand River, across to the Arkansas trail that went by the way of Ft. Gibson, Tahlequah and Fayetteville, Arkansas.

There was another ferry that ferried across the Arkansas river a short ways back from the mouth of Arkansas river before it emptied into the Verdgris. This ferry was run by Mrs. Lake Brewer, a Cherokee woman. After crossing the river the trail from the ferry to Kansas was known as the Baxter Springs road. Mrs. Brewer would at times when the river was high ferry cattle across the river on the ferry boat.

One winter after I taken over the ferry located about one-quarter of a mile north of the Frisco bridge, (This ferry was also owned by Mrs. Nevins and called the Telephone ferry, some people called it the Rogers ferry but Rogers never did own or run a ferry) the river froze over real thick, it had begun to thaw and the ice was slipping, Jeff and Floyd Nevins went to Ft. Gibson and bought a bunch of jake, came back to the ferry pretty drunk. They tried to ferry a load of cattle, they got about a third of the way across the river and all the cattle got in one end of the ferry. When they all got in one end of the ferry, sinking that end and throwing the other end away up out of the water, all the cattle were thrown in the river to swim. As the ice was floating all over the river all the cattle were drowned except one Brindle steer. There was one man on the ferry that could not swim, the others had to hold him on the upper end of the ferry to keep him from jumping into the river as he got scared and lost his common judgment. All the men aboard the ferry got soaking wet, a skiff was taken out to get Jeff and Floyd, on the way back to the bank the skiff run upon a large snag and sank.

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The men managed to get ahold of the snag, they stayed there until another skiff was taken out to get them; their clothes were frozen solid.

In order to put in a ferry you had to go to Tahlequah and get a permit. The permit gave you the rights for a mile on each side of the river, in this way no other ferry could operate within that distance of your ferry landings. The Rogers Brothers tried to start a ferry near where the street car bridge now stands. Mrs. Nevins would not allow this to happen so she armed all of her men with inchesters and six-shooters and stationed them in the woods on the west bank of the river. They fought for a week or ten days, there was only one man injured and he got alright. Connell Rogers was an official of some kind at Tahlequah, he came to see Mrs. Nevins. They came to an agreement which stopped the fight, the agreement was that Mrs. Nevins would ferry the Rogers boys and their stock free.

The ferries in this district were the following:

The Henry Texas ferry was located near the Spaulding bridge.

The Leechers ferry was located about one mile up the Arkansas river from the laty railroad bridge.

Mrs. Lake Brewer owned the next ferry located near the mouth of the Verdgris river.

The Nevins ferry was next, located at the mouth of Grand river.

The Telephone ferry was next, located about one-quarter of a mile north of the Frisco railroad bridge.

The McMickens boys put in a ferry near the old Rabbit ford, it was called the Frozen Rock ferry, but did not last very long.

The Smith ferry was next located near Goose Neck Bend.

There was another ferry, below the Smith ferry near Braggs station.

Mike Fields, a colored man, run this ferry.

I worked on the Nevins ranch, located on Chimney mountain about seven miles south and one mile west of Muskogee. This ranch was owned by Jeff Nevins and Louis Jobe. It was not a big ranch, the cow punchers were Jeff Nevins, Louis Jobe, Frank Marion. There were three others, don't remember their names. The Nevins' brand was N. S. with an under-bit. I worked on the ranch about five years.

There were larger ranches such as the C. W. Turner ranch, this ranch used the 3-Bar and C. A.-Bar. This ranch had about two thousand acres fenced; this fenced acreage was used for feeding purposes, they ran from eight to fifteen thousand head of cattle.

In the fall at round-up time all ranch owners and cow punchers would gather all brands and drive to a certain specified place. When all the cattle were gathered each rancher would then gather his brand and drive them to his ranch and would then do the branding and cut out what stock he intended to ship.

Each fall during the round-up there would always be arguments and a few fights between the cow-punchers. One time a cowboy by the name of Willis pulled his six shooter and shot another puncher through the shoulder, the fight was stopped before more cowboys could get in it.

While I was working on the Nevins ranch Bob Woods and myself were riding west from the ranch just after sun-up one morning. We saw a man cross in front of us riding north, he was carrying something across his saddle. Bob asked me what it was, just about that time there was a reflection from it and I told Bob it was a Winchester rifle. He said he was going to see what he was doing and who it was, I told him that he had better leave that man alone but he went on any way. He started riding northwest to head the man off; he got within about three hundred yards of the man, the stranger stopped his horse, called and asked Bob what he wanted. Bob did not answer, just kept going toward him, the stranger raised his Winchester and shot at Bob, missing him but killing his horse. He then told Bob to head back or he would be the next to drop; Bob taken his advice, we later learned it was one of the Blackstone gang.

Joe Davis known by most people as Buz Hawkins owned a ranch located about four or five miles west of Muskogee. It was not a big ranch, Joe shipped from twenty to forty cars of stock each fall.

One fall about shipping time, John Euberry who lived near Oktaha, came and told Buz that John Island had four cars of Hawkins stock loaded and ready to ship at Oktaha. Buz saddled his horse and headed for Oktaha; when he arrived at the cars where the stock was loaded, Island was present. Buz drew his six shooter on Island and asked, "What are you doing with my cattle?", and then said, "Just consider yourself under arrest."

At this time Island tried to draw his six shooter, Bus shot and killed him. Bus was later tried before the Creek court, when the case came up for trial it was dismissed.

The Creek court was held at High Springs near where Boynton is now located at the home of George Sugar.

S

There were only three churches around here in the early days. The Canon church, where I went to school.

The fountain church was located across the Arkansas river due north of Leechers ferry; it was built of log.

The New Hope church was located about two miles east of Oktaha, The Agency church was located on Agency Hill.

While I was working at the Devins ferry my horse had strayed and I was out looking for it. I met Bob Elliott just west of Telephone ferry. He asked me where I was going, I told him I was looking for my horse; he then asked me to go with him and warn Cherokee Bill and Bill Cook that Bill Stout had gone to Muskogee to tell the U. S. marshal where there were hiding and he would help me find my horse. I asked him where they were hid and he pointed upon the hill where the school for the blind is now located. And said, "See where those yellow slickers are spread over the bushes for shade well they are under them." We started in behind Bill Stout, when we got just north of the hill we turned south up the hill to where Cherokee & Bill were. When we arrived Cherokee said, "Come on under and cool off," Bob Elliott answered, "We don't have time."

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Then said, "See Bill Stout going yonder," Bill Cook answered, "Yes." Bob told them that Stout was on his way to Muskogee to tell the marshal where they were hiding. Cherokee said he could not believe it, that every time he and Bill made a good haul, they always gave Stout a hand full of money and gave his wife a lot of money to cook meals for them. Pretty soon we saw a dust cloud coming from Muskogee, it was not long until we counted thirteen in the marshals' posse. Bob and I went south across the hill after we got about even with the old Will Robison place Bob stopped and said, "Lets wait here and see the fun." The posse went on around the hill to Will Robison's place and hid in the crib and barn. They told Mr. Robison and his wife to go across the road to the Madden home so they would not get hurt. Cherokee and Bill Cook rode down toward the crib, a man in the crib fired at Cherokee and killed his horse. Cherokee grabbed his Winchester and stood up where his horse was shot, firing at the officers. Cook kept telling him to come on and they would get him another horse; Cherokee answered, that he would go soon as he finished the round of shells in the Winchester. After he finished firing he got on the horse behind Cook, they started south at a fast gait and Cherokee lost his hat in the strong wind. He jumped off the horse and started back after it. He had his Winchester gripped in both hands, raised over his head. He was running as fast as he could, letting out a loud whoopie and curses each step. The posse thought he was coming back after them, they all jumped on their horses and run for it. Cherokee had a big laugh over it, they went on toward Coody Creek and met a man driving a horse and buggy.

Cherokee got off and taken the man's horse from the buggy and went back and got his saddle. Just a few days before this Jim Cook was captured at Bill Stout's place on the river. Jim had been wounded a few days before he was captured, he saw the officers coming and run from the house and hid in the brush. The officers combed the brush until they found him. I taken them across the river as they took Jim to the Ft. Smith jail. They had to turn him free at Ft. Smith because what he was charged with was not a federal offense and happened in the Cherokee Nation. That night Cherokee and Bill came to Muskogee and went to Captain Severs' place, located about where the Severs hotel is now located. They went to the barn and got two sorrel horses that belonged to Captain Severs. They were fine horses. They then went to the Stout home on the river to kill Bill Stout, but Bill was hiding out. They made several trips there looking for him. One night they slipped into the chicken-coop and stayed all night but Bill never did show up.

One day just before noon while I was working on the Nevins ferry

I was bringing the ferry from the east landing. I heard someone calling me, looking around I saw a group of men on horse-back on the little strip of land running to a point between the Verdgris and Grand rivers. They wanted me to come over after them which I did. It was Cherokee Bill, Bill and Jim Cook, Jim French, Sam McWilliams, who was known as the Verdgris Kid, Texas Jack and Skeeter.

Just as we landed for them to get on the ferry twenty-five U. S. marshals rode up on the west bank of the Arkansas river where Hyde Park is now located. The outlaws asked me who they were and I told them it was a marshal's posse. The outlaws tried to get us to take them over to where the posse was, but we told them we were afraid to do it. That when the shooting started we would be killed, they said alright then to take them to the east bank on the Ft. Gibson landing. As soon as we landed them the posse began shouting for us to come over and get them, when we got there they wanted to know who the men were that we had ferried across. I told them who they were, they told me they did not want any foolishness, they then went into a huddle a distance to where I could not hear what they were saying; then they came back and asked me if I was sure it was who I had told them it was. I told them it was and they went into another huddle, then came back to me and wanted to know how to get to the Rabbit Ford and how far it was. I told them (they knew as well as I did). The outlaws had been in hiding across the river, when the posse left Cherokee came out and motioned for me to come over. When I got there they were waiting for me and asked, what the dam laws had to say; I told them what the posse was going to do. As the posse had further to go, Cherokee said, "Thanks, we will be there to meet them." Just as they left Jeff Nevins called me back to the other side, when I got there Jeff asked me what was going on. When I finished telling him he said, "Let's saddle the horses and go see the fun." We got our horses and went down the bank of the river on the west side.

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We got to where we could see the ford real good and stopped and waited, it was not long until we saw the outlaws ride around the Rogers' home and hide. Pretty soon the posse rode into the river, stopped and let their horses drink. After they finished drinking the posse started on across the river, just as they got started good the outlaws all started to running their horses into the river and firing their Winchesters at the posse. The posse did not fire a shot but turned their horses and made a run for it; I never saw a bunch run as fast as they did, they did not come back after the outlaws, another time. I saw a gun battle between a posse and Cherokee Bill, Sam McWilliams, and Texas Jack. This happened at my half-brother's house, whose name was Frank Daniels. He lived on Caney River about five miles from Ramonia. Deputy U. S. Marshal Heck Thomas out of Ft. Smith with sixteen deputized in his posse came to Frank's home and told him that Cherokee Bill, Sam and Texas Jack were coming there, (don't know how they knew of their coming) and that Frank, his wife and I had better go somewhere as there was going to be plenty shooting and we might get hit. Frank told him that we could just go to the cellar, that it was safe there; it was a big two-story log house with a big cellar, there were several out-buildings also built of log. They hid the horses and stationed themselves in the house and out-buildings. It was not long until Cherokee and his friends showed up; they rode to the horse-lot, just as they got to the gate one of the posse outside got excited and fired at them, just hit the edge of Cherokee's leg killing his horse. When the posseman fired this shot they all began firing at the outlaws; Texas Jack's horse was hit but not killed.

Texas Jack made a break for the timber and never did show up any more. When Cherokee's horse was shot from under him he got his Winchester and stood there in the wide-open pumping shots from his Winchester at the possemen. Sam McWilliams' horse was shot down and Sam was shot through the leg but not bad. He lost his Winchester when his horse was shot down; he crawled around in the high grass until he found it, then came to Cherokee's side, raised up and began firing helping Cherokee out. Cherokee told Sam that he just had one more shot left in his gun and that there was a dam law kept sticking his foot around the corner of the smoke house and he was going to get it the next time he stuck it out, and then they would make a run for it. Sure enough, the fellow stuck his foot out again and Cherokee made a good hit. The fellow let out a cry and started hobbling toward the house, when he did this Sam shot at him three times, knocking him down with the last shot but did not kill him. Cherokee and Sam then made a run for the timber, the way the bullets were hitting the dust around them as they crossed the road we were looking for them to be shot down any minute, but they made it safely. The posse was afraid to go in the woods after them.

After the posse left, Cherokee and Sam came back to the house and got their saddles and bridles, borrowed two horses from Frank, went about two miles and roped two horses from a pasture belonging to a neighbor of Frank's and brought his horses back. We asked them what became of Texas Jack, they told us that they had a pretty good bunch of money and it was in Jack's saddle bags, and they told him to beat it with the money.

A little more than a year later Cherokee Bill was captured at the home of Ike Rogers, a U. S. deputy marshal who <sup>(claimed)</sup> claimed to be a friend to Cherokee Bill. Rogers had Cherokee's girl friend to come to his house and then told Cherokee to come over that he had told Cherokee's girl to meet him there. So they met at the Rogers' home; after supper Cherokee started to leave and Ike told him to stay all night that his horse had been put up and had been fed and that there would not be any danger. So Cherokee stayed. There was another fellow there by the name of Clint Scales; Ike had deputized him to help capture Cherokee Bill. Cherokee and Scales slept together; Cherokee took his Winchester and six-shooter to bed with him, every time Scales moved trying to get in a position to grab Cherokee, Cherokee would move too. The next morning they could not get a chance at him as he carried his guns at all times, even layed his six-shooter by his plate while eating breakfast. After breakfast he went out and saddled his horse, came back to tell his girl good-bye, while in the house he rolled a cigarette and asked for a match; no one had one, he went to the fireplace and stooped over to get a light for his cigarette. While he was stooped over Ike Rogers grabbed an iron poker that was setting in the corner and knocked him in the head. Just as soon as he fell, Ike and Scales jumped on him, hand-cuffed and shackled him. They then hooked up a team and wagon and took Cherokee to Ft. Smith. They were afraid to go the regular route, by the way of Webbers Falls, instead they went by the way of Fayetteville, Arkansas. Cherokee Bill was later tried and convicted and hung. Cherokee Bill's correct name was Crawford Goldsby. Clarence Goldsby, Cherokee Bill's brother later killed Ike Rogers at the depot in Ft. Gibson.

BLACKSTONE  
BERRY

I was on the Katy train going to Wagoner to see my girl when the train was held-up by the Blackstone gang, it happened at a switch between Wybark and the Verdgris river bridge. I was sitting in the seat with Rossall McKey, who was a tough fellow himself. The train came to a stop, I asked McKey what the trouble was and he answered, it was a train robbery, about that time Charley Belcher and another man came in the north door of the coach with draw guns, Just as they came in the north door two more men stepped in the south door, Belcher ordered every one to stand with their hands plenty high. They all complied; Belcher and his pal then came through the coach robbing each passenger. When he got to us, having known us a long time, he slapped us on the back laughing and said, "How are we doing boys?" Did not take any thing from either of us. Just about that time a lot of shooting started out side and Bus Lucky, one of the gang, came to the south door and yelled for the boys to come on; they made a run for it. The passengers all got down in the floor so they would not be hit by a stray bullet. When I got back at the Nevins ferry Jeff and I started up north of Wagoner after a bunch of steers. We saw some movers camped just north of Wagoner, we stopped at the camp and Belcher came out of the tent with his shirt open, he had gotten shot in the stomach during the train robbery. We asked him if he wanted us to get a doctor, he answered, "No." We then asked him if he wanted us to take him home, he said, "no" that he was going to die and had rather die some place other than home as his folks had enough troubles of their own.

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We went on and got the yearlings; when we got back home we told his folks, they went after him and he died before they got him back home. His folks lived where Cherokee and Fondulac is located in Muskogee.

KKEP

During the payment at Tahlequah, Mrs. Nevins went there to visit some friends. When she returned home she told me if I wanted to see some sights I surely ought to go over there. I decided to look it over; the next morning I saddled my horse and went to the house to get some money from Mrs. Nevins, as she kept my money for me. She asked me how much I wanted and I told her to give me fifteen dollars; she laughed and said that I could not get through the city limits with only fifteen dollars, so I took seventy-five dollars. I stopped at the livery stable at Ft. Gibson, Andrew Rogers run the livery stable, as I worked on the ferry they all knew me well.

Andrew asked me to leave my horse with him and take a livery hack as he wanted me to take a traveling man on to Tahlequah, so I did.

When we got close to the Gulager Springs we met Bill Newsom, a J. S. marshal, he was driving a hack and had a load of passengers. He stopped and asked me where I was going, I told him I was on my way to Tahlequah. He told me I had better turn back, that the place was full of outlaws, pointed to a man in his hack and said that man just got shot through the chest.

Said they were held-up just after they left Tahlequah; the hold-up men made them get out of the back and line up and this man was a little slow getting out and they shot him. I wanted to go on but the traveling man did not want to go any farther so we turned back toward Ft. Gibson. We had gone about three miles when we met Bill Hudson, another hack driver. I asked him where he was headed, he answered he was going to Tahlequah. I told him to go ahead and I would follow him. The traveling man went on to Tahlequah, said he had rather go on than to walk back to Ft. Gibson. We were about five miles out of Tahlequah when we heard some shooting, we went around a bend in the road and saw it all; Lewis Sanders had rode out from some woods to where a team and wagon, driven by a lady and her son was stopped. He drew his six shooter on the lady and told her to give him her money, she refused and Sanders shot and killed her. Her son was at the back of the wagon doing something when Sanders killed his mother. He then began firing at the boy; the boy grabbed a rifle out of the wagon and opened fire on Sanders. He missed Sanders but killed his horse; Sanders then started running toward the woods but did not get very far as the boy shot him twice. Sanders did not live but a few minutes. Milo Fallie who is now city marshal at Ft. Gibson was herding a bunch of ponies near the road when the shooting occurred. When Sanders started to run for the woods, Fallie takes a few shots at him but he was too far away to do any good. The woman and her son were returning from Tahlequah, the boy was about twenty-five or thirty years old.

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While in Tahlequah I saw Andy Crittenden drunk and running his horse down the street, shooting his gun in all directions. The Indian police opened fire on him, killing his horse. When his horse fell, throwing Andy and knocking him cold, the police thought he was dead and left him. Pretty soon Andy got up, staggered around some, saw what had happened; he then went and bought him another horse and came home. He lived at Muskogee and was a brother to George Crittenden, who now lives on the Goose Neck Bend road. About twenty minutes after this shooting I met the traveling man that I had taken to Tahlequah. He stopped me and wanted to know if there was any way I could get him back to Fort Gibson before he got killed. I told him that I had no way to get him back; I saw him the next day, he was in a store. He was afraid to get out but was happy, said a fellow was taking him away from this hell hole (Tahlequah) in about thirty minutes and if the good Lord helped them out safely he would never be seen there again.

That same day the U. S. marshals and a posse had a battle with the Cook gang about five or six miles west of Tahlequah. None of the Cook gang was killed or captured but Jim Cook was shot in the chest with a shot gun. Cherokee Bill killed an Indian police (don't remember his name). Jim Cook went with the gang as far as Bill Stout's place on west bank of the river at the Telephone ferry.

As he was seriously wounded the gang left him there, he was captured at the Stout home a few days later as he was in no condition to make his get away.

Sam Sixkiller, a Cherokee Indian, was at one time an Indian police at Tahlequah. Later he was city marshal at Muskogee. Sam was a very mean and overbearing man, it was a shame the way he treated a lot of people while he was city marshal. He killed several men while he was an Indian police and city marshal. There were a bunch of half-breed Indians living at Goose Neck Bend; every <sup>time</sup> they came to Muskogee they would get drunk and Sam would beat them up with his gun. Sam was later killed by Dick Vann and Alf Cunningham, it happened on the platform on north side of the Patterson Mercantile Store. The platform was made of wood and had a long set of steps on the east end. Sam had just got to the top of the steps when Dick Vann and Alf Cunningham rode up and Dick called to Sam. Just as Sam turned around Dick shot him with a double barrel shot gun. Dick fell off the platform, as he hit the ground he started to pull his six shooter and Alf started shooting at him with a six shooter and several slugs entered Sam's body. Sam managed to get up and run around in a circle a few times like a hog does sometimes after it has been stuck. Sam then dropped dead.

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Alf Cunningham was Dick Vann's brother-in-law. A posse started after Dick and Alf, but they made their get-away. I was standing behind a tree not very far north and watched it all.

**PEACH**

IR I was living on the old Bert Harris place during most of the Green Peach War. It was located about one mile northeast of where Bacone College now stands. The war was caused when Sparacher (spi-o-was chee) defeated in election for chief and Sam Checota was elected. Sparacher left the tribe and his followers went with him; it was called the Green Peach War because it was in green peach time and Sparacher and his men did not have much to eat, other than green peaches.

They had one battle on what was called the old field, located about two miles north of the Spaulding bridge. There were several killed in this battle. Sparacher's men won this battle and took Sam Checota's men prisoners. They would take the prisoners to their main camp and hold them there.

There was another battle on Caney Creek about one and one-half miles up the creek from Yahola. I knew a Sparacher-man that got killed in this battle, his name was Nero; it was Will Nero's father who was a Creek Freedman.

One night while I was at the little, log cabin near the Nevins' home there were several there, most of them were playing cards. We did not know any one was on the outside until some one was knocking the daubing from between the logs.

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I was about thirteen or fourteen years old. Old man Henry Hawkins saw who it was and told us there were about thirty of the Green Peach warriors outside and had the place surrounded but did not know if it was Sparacher or Checota men. There was only one window in the cabin, it was on the west side and opened into a horse-lot. Henry told us to go out the window when he opened the door, said they would not hurt him but if they got us we would have to join their side or they would kill us; so we escaped through the window and got away.

There was a big place called the Point located about one mile west of Nevins ferry on the Texas road. There was about forty Creeks there that had come from all over the Creek Nation to hide as they did not want to join either side in the war. A band of Sam Checota's men attacked the place one night, they surely treated us bad; several were beaten-up and some died. I was just a boy but they knocked me in the head with a pistol. Those that were not beaten-up very bad were made prisoners and were taken to the Checota camp, located at about the head of Caney Creek.

Archie Davis was leading a band of Sparacher men that attacked a bunch of Checota men near Wybark. There was no battle, the Checota-men were taken prisoners, some of them did not want to go as a prisoner and were shot down. The prisoners were taken to Coweta, where they held court.

All of the Checota-men were moving west with Sparacher-men following. Just as they were getting about close enough to start a battle, The Ninth and Tenth United States Cavalry captured them stopping the Green Peach War.

They were all taken to Ft. Gibson; they used the Nevins ferry to cross the river. It took over three days to get them all across.

All the Creek warriors dressed like any other person, only thing different was all the warriors wore a big red feather sticking straight up in the front of their hats.

GHOST  
TOWNS

There was a little town about half way between Muskogee and Okmulgee named Lee. There was a postoffice and mercantile store run by Dave Lee. Old man George Lee run a small store, there was a hardware store but I don't remember who owned it. From the best I can remember there were over a dozen houses there. When the Frisco railroad built through everything moved to what is now Boynton. There is nothing where Lee used to be located.

JACKSON  
BARNETT

I have known Barnett ever since I was a small boy. He used to live with the Leechers, that run the Leecher's ferry located on the bank of the Arkansas river. Every one called him Crazy Jack. He had a brother there that worked on the Leecher's ferry; don't remember his first name. One time when the river was high, Jackson's brother was taking the ferry across the river. He stuck his ferry pole into some sand and it stuck, the current pulled the ferry against the pole with such a force that it knocked him in the river. His body was later found in a drift near Webbers Falls.