

HOSTUTLER, DAVID D.

INTERVIEW

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Gertie Goodfox,  
Interviewer.  
May 22, 1937.

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A Copy of Story Written by  
Mr. David Dennis Hostutler  
Route Four, Pawnee, Okla.

My wife and I drove through in covered wagons from near Mayetta, Kansas, to Pawnee County, Oklahoma, and after sixteen days on the road settled on March 31, 1898, on the homestead, which we bought. We have since made our home here where we are situated on 64 Highway, five miles west of Pawnee.

The Indians at that time lived in little villages, mostly in tents along Black Bear, and other streams where wood and water were handy.

My business transactions with the older and uneducated Indians found a number of them to be honest and honorable.

When I wanted wood I would go to the camp and anyone I would ask would tell me to haul them a load and get a load for myself.

A few years later they began to desert the camps, and I moved about seven or eight of their small houses to their land allotted them by the Government. This was called the "Chowee" band. Some of the older Pawnees with whom I have had dealings were Little Chief, War Chief, Sitting Bull,

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Blue Hawk, Sun Eagle, John Haymond, U. S. Grant, George Good Fox, Rome Chief, Eagle Chief, Little Eagle and last but not least was Bill Snyder known as Spotted Horse. (Snyder is a white man who has been among the Indians so long, that he can speak their language).

One day as I was driving around hunting a place, I drove into the "Chowee" Camp about noon and took dinner with Stappes Jake's widow as he had been dead about a couple of months.

The country at that time was a prairie region, you could travel for miles in any direction without coming in contact with <sup>a</sup> fence, and you could lease all the land you wanted on a five-year contract for twenty-five cents an acre. Julius Caesar got into my buggy at the camp and we drove to see the Fido Caesar place which was for lease at twenty-five cents an acre.

There was no market for anything we raised, as our nearest railroad was Perry. The Pawnee merchants hired their products of all kinds freighted and in exchange for hauling would give groceries, lumber, wire, etc. The old freight line passed by the north side of our place where

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the 64 slab now lies, and the old stage coach carried the United States mail over the same route, and delivered our mail in a dry goods box. It also carried passengers, and two different times the stage coach was held up and robbed a couple of miles from our place. Probably the robbers were looking for the express.

I was born in Wetzel County, West Virginia, December 14, 1867, and will be seventy years old next December.