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## BIOGRAPHY FORM

## WORKS PROCRESS ADMINISTRATION Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

**#4163** 

ANTLES, J. B. (MRS.)

INTERVIEW

ield Worker's name		Maurice R. Anders	on	······································
nis report made on (	(date)	May 24.		193
Name		J. R. Antles		
• Post Office Addre		•	70	
Residence address	(or location)	421 Rest 9th St	reet	····
	f = 4 }-	Dan	Year	1886
Place of birth	lear Ardmore, Chi	ekasaw Nation, In	dian Terri	tory.
Place of birth	lear Ardmore, Chic	Place of b	dian Terri	tory.
Place of birth  Name of Father  Other information	near Ardmore, Chic	Place of b	irth Ken	tory.
Name of Mother	near Ardmore, Chic	Place of b	irth Ken	tory.

Maurice R. Anderson, Interviewer May 24, 1937

Interview with Mrs. J. B. Antles, 421 East 9th. St., Ada, Oklahoma.

Mrs. J. B. Antles was born in the year 1886 near Ardmore, Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory. Her father was Samuel Combs of Kentucky and mother, Sarah Combs of Kentucky.

I have heard my father, Samuel Combs, tell about a hunting trip he and some of his friends made long before I was born; they went to the Cheyenne country and one morning after they had been in camp for three or four days they heard a roaring in the south and got on a small knoll where they could see to the south and as soon as Father saw this black bank coming he knew what it was and out of this herd of buffalo they killed one hundred.

My father was a friend to the Indians, although he had to kill one once. He had a place leased from Pike Arkins, a Chickasaw Indian who lived a few miles from Father, south of Dougherty in the Chickasaw Nation and there were some outlaws living in that part of the country at that time, who wanted his lease. They had tried several times to get that lease but the Indian was such a good 'friend to my father that he would not let them have the

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lease, so they thought of a scheme to get it. They went to Gainesville, Texas, got some whiskey and got the Indian drunk and while he was drunk they talked him into trying to kill my father. My father and mother were living in a log house and this Indian came up within about fifty yards of the house, reeling drunk, and shot twenty-seven times at the house. My mother did not want my father to kill the Indian and my father did not want to kill him unless he had to.

My mother was peeping out of one of the cracks just about the time that the Indian fired another shot and that was his last shot. One of the buckshot struck my mother in the head taking out a bunch of her hair. Father could not stand back any longer so he opened both barrels of his gun at the Indian, wounding but not killing him.

The United States Marshals took the Indian to Fort Smith, Arkansas, for trial but he died while on trial from the gun-shot wounds.

This Indian was married to a white woman and the next day she came to our house and got his hat and gun and said that some white men had gotten Pike drunk hoping that he

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would kill my father, so that they could get the lease.

I was three years old when my father moved to Center in the Chickasaw Nation.

My father leased a place from Morris Hawkins, a Chickasaw Indian; this place is now the Bee Bee oil field.

My first school was at old Centur; my brother,
E. C. Combs, was my teacher.

I remember one time my mother had the typhoid fever and my brother, E. C. Combs, went to Young's crossing in old Oklahoma to get some whiskey for her and while he was crossing the Canadian River his horse stepped into a quicksand hole and that threw my brother off backwards and he went up to his necken quicksand, he grabbed the horse by the tail and hit him with his other hand; the horse was wild and when my brother struck him, the horse gave a jump and jerked my brother out of the quicksand.

In the fall of 1899, we had raised a fine crop, had our cribs full of corn and one night when my father was away from home, my two brothers, mother and myself were getting ready for bed when we heard a noise out by the barn and by the time we got outside the barn and

corn cribs were on fire; we worked hard trying to put out the fire, but could not stop it so we lost everything except our teems and wagon and household things.

Some men had been wanting the lease where we lived and they got it, for soon after the fire we moved.

A few years later the men admitted burning us out and said they were at the edge of the timber watching us carry water trying to put out the fire.

There were several outlaws hung at one time between Ada and old Center. I do not remember the date of this hanging.