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Effie S. Jackson,  
Field Worker,  
March 23, 1937.

An Interview with Mr. H. C. Baldwin,  
Red Fork, Oklahoma.

COWBOY TALES

I came with a Kansas cow outfit to the Osage country in 1889. I shall never forget some Indians and incidents of those days. Among the incidents is one that makes me shiver even today. I was hunting strays and as night came on, I rolled up in my blanket and stretched out in a little glade near some timber. It was in the late fall, and by morning my blankets were white and stiff with frost. When I shook them out I found a timber rattler coiled underneath. Sometimes it got so cold the cows' horns would freeze and drop like they had been boiled.

We were never sure where we would eat while on the range and would try to make places where we knew the food was good, at least clean. I often stopped at the Buck's house. Rufus Buck was over six feet tall, just a natural born criminal. The old man played the violin and as soon as

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company arrived he would get his fiddle and play. One tune he especially liked was "Got Big Taters in a Sandy Land." I knew Salome Buck, too, she was a sister of the notorious Bucks.

The Indian girls had their own little rivalries. Among them was the feud between Nellie Coonhead, a Euche, and Salome Buck. They were leading belles of those days. It was a signal honor to be a shell girl at a stomp dance. First, an Indian would go around the track several times, then a girl with shells around her ankles would fall in behind. Nellie came to a dance and went around the track about twice when Salome went in behind her, jerked her out and took her place. Then followed a fight, even the men took sides, but Coonhead won.

When I was buying hogs on Snake Creek, I used to stop at Chilli Fixico's (Charlie Fox, in English) for a meal. I always had an Indian interpreter, as a white man had to have in order to do business with the Indians. All Indians were superstitious. For instance my interpreter

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believed that Fixico would never die. No bullet, he said, could kill Fixico and he could turn himself into a bird or animal at will. The old fellow weighed about ninety pounds and was wrinkled and dried up like a mummy. He was then the oldest Euchee of the tribe. I always liked to eat with him. A treat was sweet potatoes, sliced thin and boiled in a large kettle of grease. Of course, there was always sofkey. A wooden dish full of it was placed in the middle of the floor and each person given a wooden spoon to serve himself.

Timmie Jack was a Creek Indian living down on Duck Creek, about eighteen or twenty miles south of Red Fork and he was a bad actor. One day a peddler came along selling fancy clocks, but Timmie was not interested in parting with thirty-five dollars for a clock so the peddler offered to take a pony in exchange. Timmie agreed and pointed out the pony he was willing to trade. The pony was a regular outlaw but the peddler didn't know that, so he fastened the clock on the wall and asked Timmie to catch his horse for him. Timmie said, 'No, your pony,

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you catch', and steadfastly refused to budge. The peddler proceeded to take the clock from the wall and Timmie reached for his gun. The peddler departed hurriedly minus clock and pony.

Timmie was later executed at Okmulgee. While drunk, he had killed a little Euchee Indian by the name of Jimmie Brown who had worked for H. C. Hall in Red Fork. He immediately took to the hills but was captured by the Lighthorse and afterwards condemned to death. As usual he was given time to put his affairs in order. On the appointed day he came. He was cool and calm. He went first to the place where the men were working on his coffin and remarked that it was a little narrow through the shoulders. He selected the man he wished to kill him and pinned the paper over his heart. With all the characteristics of a stoic, he got a box, leaned his elbows on it and awaited the shot.

Timmie Fife, a Creek, had a place on Rock Creek, southwest of Sapulpa. I had a string of teams and tents so I went to see him about breaking up some land he wanted cleared. When I closed the deal, I said, 'Got any money?'

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'No, me got no money, my wife, he got money.' They were to board us but the food was almost impossible. I asked for some milk. He said, 'Plenty of cows, but can no milk them'. Plenty there were, but thin as reindeer and much wilder. After lassoing one of them and getting it tied securely front and back to a fence, I undertook to milk it, but it proved an uncompleted task.

When we did not go on horseback, we went in two-wheeled carts. The roads were trails through the timber. Timmie and I started to town (Sapulpa) one day to do some trading. We got there and Timmie suggested we go get lunch at Mary Antone's little place. The lunch wasn't much but the cider was pretty good. We started home through the timber and I began to go 'loco'. I could hardly see, how I ever got home I don't know. The gate was of wire fastened to a tree but I couldn't get it open. I lost Timmie off the cart but I did not know where or when. The last I remember was pulling the harness off the horse and piling it in the cart. Then I lay down under a tree. When the folks saw the horse

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loose, they began to look for us. For three days I was practically paralyzed. Mary's cider was circulating pretty frequently until all the Indians around began to go 'loco', then the marshal paid her a call. He broke in the key head, stirred up the beverage and found fish berries in the bottom. It certainly made a potent drink.

Fish berries grow on a low plant and if stirred in a fish hole, the fish will die and turn 'belly up' in a few minutes.