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BASS, VIRGLE S.

INTERVIEW

4263

16

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

BASS, VIRGLE S.

INTERVIEW.

4263.

Field Worker's name Jasper H. Mead.

This report made on (date) June 2, 1937. 1937

1. Name Virgle S. Bass.

2. Post Office Address Chickasha, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) 416 North 6th Street.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month April Day 4 Year 1878.

5. Place of birth Fort Worth, Texas.

6. Name of Father Jim Bass. Place of birth Indiana.

Other information about father Died 44

7. Name of Mother Nora A. Williams. Place of birth St. Louis,

Missouri.

Other information about mother 81 still living.

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                     .

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Jasper H. Mead,  
Field Worker,  
June 2, 1937.

Interview With Virgle S. Bass,  
Chickasha, Oklahoma.

My name is Virgle S. Bass. I am fifty-six years old, born in 1878 and came to this country when I was five years old. The first place at which my folks located was at Marietta now in Love County. It was called the old Chickasaw Nation at that time. There were two stores and a blacksmith shop there and about a hundred and ninety people when you got them shaken out of the bushes and raked up.

When I was twelve years old I went to work on Bill Washington's cow ranch for \$15.00 per month with board and room, and all the room we got was in Indian tepees because we were always moving around. I worked for Bill until I was seventeen years of age.

I had only a very little schooling. The school I went to at Marietta was in a log building thirty feet long with two windows and one door. The seats were made out of cottonwood slabs with legs made out of timber about

BASS, VIRGLE S.

INTERVIEW.

4263.

-2-

as big as a man's wrist. The Santa Fe Railroad was built through Marietta about 1880. There were no county or country roads at that time, nothing but cow-trails. The one big trail that was traveled over in that part at that time started at DeQueen, Arkansas, and missed Marietta by about ten miles. This trail went west and came up Mud Creek about half way between Wilson and the Comanche town. It also missed Chickasha about twelve miles west and on up by Bridgeport and on to Dodge City, Kansas, from there it went on to California. It was the only good road to California and was traveled by stage coaches. There were lots of hold-ups on this road by out-laws and Indians.

I was working on Bill Washington's ranch and camped on Mud Creek when Round Tree, an Indian chief, and about a hundred warriors got loose from Fort Sill and headed east toward Duncan, killing people and burning houses and also destroying anything that could be destroyed.\* A man named Red Buck, who was part Indian, and a man named Glover and the United States Marshal heard about the Comanches coming and got ready for them. The Comanches came upon the United

BASS, VIRGLE S.

INTERVIEW.

4263.

-3-

States Marshal and Red Buck and Glover about twelve miles west and a little south of Duncan and almost every one of the warriors were killed except Round Tree, <sup>who</sup> like Crazy Snake, always stayed behind his warriors so he didn't get killed, but he was captured later on. When he was taken to Fort Sill where he was put in a cage. He was a very big Indian, weighing about 200 or 210 pounds. He was nearly a hundred years old when he died.

After the good work Red Buck, Glover and the United States Marshal Hawkins did, sometime later Red Buck turned out to be an outlaw and he shot Marshal Hawkins in a dugout in Day County in 1903.

When I was seventeen years old I left the Bill Wilson Ranch and went to work on the H - D- R Ranch in the old Cheyenne Nation. I worked there until I was twenty-one years old. When I left there I worked for the Widow Ervin on the Bar B Ranch in the southeast part of the Cheyenne Nation.

One time when I was camped on Barnett Creek in Custer County there were about a hundred Indians who drove up in wagons and on horseback and pitched camp right where I was. They acted very friendly. They started in the tepee to fix

BASS, VIRGLE S.

INTERVIEW.

4263.

-4-

their supper and they had several townsacks full of these dry land terrapins <sup>and</sup> what looked to me like fifteen or twenty big old shaggy dogs. They would build <sup>a</sup> ring of fires and roast these terrapin, shells and all. Then they dug several small pits and laid green sticks across them. They would kill these dogs and hang them up in trees and skin them, then they would lay them across these green sticks and barbecue them and that meat surely looked good and smelled good. While the men were doing this, the Indian women had blankets in which they carried their flour and they spread these blankets on the ground and made bread. It looked funny to see them roll their bread on their blankets, but after they got the bread made the Indian women put the bread in an old time Dutch oven and when the rolls were baked they looked good.

The Indians wanted me to eat with them and I tried a couple of the biscuits but I couldn't tackle the dog nor the terrapin.