

GOODWIN, FRANK C.

INTERVIEW

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460

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W. T. Holland,  
Interviewer,  
September 27, 1937.

An Interview with Mr. Frank C. Goodwin,

I was born in Pineville, Kentucky, August 18, 1880, and my parents moved to the territory in 1882, settling on Buzzard Spring Creek, near Afton.

My father, Francis Asbury Goodwin, lived at the first settlement for two years and then moved southeast of Afton to the Grand River, when he went into business at Kerries Ferry.

Here, he was postmaster; had a store with the post office in the same building, and owned the ferry. It was a cable ferry, and poles were used to prop the boat. He had a large boat, it could carry two teams and wagons at a trip.

Two men were employed to operate the boat. Later on my father farmed and grazed cattle.

Afton at that time was only a village. F. M. Crowell had a feed store, Dr. Dawson had a drug store

GOODWIN, FRANK G. INTERVIEW 7682.

- 2 -

and there were two or three grocery stores. Father made the "run" into the Strip, but did not find anything that especially impressed him, so he did not file on any claim. He figured that he could lease land so cheap it was neither necessary nor profitable to own it. My early schooling was at a little log school house three and a half miles southeast of Afton, near Sixkiller Springs. We had a four months school.

Luke Sixkiller and Jim Crittenden were two Indian Police I knew in that section.

I have followed ranching practically all my life, having worked off and on for thirty years for Dr. Sam Kennedy of Tulsa. Dr. Kennedy married into the Osage tribe. His wife, a Lombard, was one half or one quarter Osage. Dr. Kennedy operated a ranch in the Osage Nation, but the biggest ranchers I knew were Crane and Larimer.

Part of the time in the early days of 1898, they had the greater part of the Osage <sup>Country</sup> leased. They

GOODWIN, FRANK G. INTERVIEW 7682.

- 3 -

had as high as a hundred thousand head of cattle at one time.

I have ridden with other cowboys twenty to thirty miles to attend Indian Stomp dances. The dance we attended most was at Spy Buck Stomp ground, near Sperry, just east of the town.

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~~I knew personally numbers of the early settlers here, and northeast of here. I have been in and near Tulsa for forty years or more.~~

I was riding in a buggy with my father one day when just a boy, when we overtook John Spurgeon, a deputy marshal, horseback, and in search of Bill Doolin, who had been reported to have been in that community. Father asked John Spurgeon to get into the buggy and ride with us, which he did. We had gone probably two miles when we saw a man on horseback approaching.

As he got nearer, Father and Spurgeon recognized him as being Doolin. He came on, we drove on and met, not a word was spoken by anybody, nor a move made.

GOODWIN, FRANK G. INTERVIEW 7682

- 4 -

Spurgeon, who was known to Doolin, knew it would have been suicide to attempt to arrest him so he did not make the attempt.

These officers usually went in pairs when looking for these desperate characters, but Spurgeon happened to be alone, so he did not make an arrest.

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There is an old cemetery, now abandoned, south-east of Turley. It is on the section road a half mile south of Turley running east and west and about a half mile east of Lewis Avenue.

Aunt Kate Claywell, a Cherokee, is buried there. Bunk Maxfield, an Indian, as well as lots of others, are buried there.

The last time I saw the grounds, the tombstones were piled up, had been knocked down, and now it would be difficult to identify the graves.