

LINDSEY, LILAH DENTON.

INTERVIEW

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

LINDSEY, LILAH DENTON - INTERVIEW.

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Field Worker's name Effie S. Jackson

This report made on (date) March 15-16, 1938

1. Name Mrs. Lilah Denton Lindsey.

2. Post Office Address 516¹/₂ N. Frisco, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) 516¹/₂ N. Frisco.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month _____ Day _____ Year _____

5. Place of birth _____

6. Name of Father _____ Place of birth _____

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother _____ Place of birth _____

Other information about mother _____

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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Jackson, Effie S.- Investigator.
 Indian Pioneer History - S-149.
 Mar. 15-16, 1938.

Interview with
 Mrs. Lilah Denton Lindsey,
 516 1/2 N. Frisco, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Memories of Yesterday
 My School Life in Indian Territory Mission Field.

This is a typical Longfellow day, my favorite Poet.

"The day is cold and dark and dreary
 It rains and the wind is never weary
 The vine still clings to the moldering wall
 And at every gust the dead leaves fall."

I am inclined to be reminiscent today and revert to my old school days in Indian Territory, first as a student and later as a school teacher. This narrative is to be about just plain every-day activities and happenings of daily school life. My log cabin home was located on the banks of a beautiful clear running stream called Blue Creek made up of many fine springs. This creek supplied us with all the fish we needed for our table.

When I was near twelve years of age my mother desired and made an effort to place me in Pullahassee Manual Labor Boarding School about eight or ten miles west of Muskogee

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and one and one-half miles north of the Arkansas River. Imagine my sore disappointment when we were informed no children were admitted under twelve years. My mother being determined to succeed, appealed to Hon. David Hodge, an influential young man of education, who each year represented the Creek people in Washington, D. C., before the Court of Claims and Congressional committee, in connection with the interests of the Creek people. He persuaded the Superintendent to admit me with his own sister a few months older than I, as he desired to put his sister in a safe place during his and his wife's sojourn in Washington that winter. The consent was given and from that happy occasion in my life I became a student under the Robertson family.

I entered upon my school life a very happy child. My first teacher was Miss Augusta Robertson, the oldest child of Rev. and Mrs. S. W. Robertson. I can remember distinctly kneeling down on the floor beside Miss Robertson, "Gusta" as she was called, as she laid the little McGuffey Primer on her lap open to the Alphabet, while she pointed with her pencil to the long long rows and said "What is this? A B C - a B C D etc, over and over again until I really had the back-ache. The next day was the same monotonous lesson

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until I had them memorized clear down to X Y Z &c. Years after when I became a teacher I remembered those long rows of letters and refrained from punishing my children in that way. I adopted my own system and taught the child "A cat" "A dog" "A cat runs", etc. and the parents often asked me how it was their child could read and did not know all the Alphabet. I said "The letters they do not need, those they will learn as the lessons become harder and when the letters are in use".

The mission building was a three story brick with living and bed-rooms for the Superintendent and family in the south wing, with the lovely high windows furnishing plenty of light. Across the spacious hall to the north was the large dining room where all the school family ate their three meals each day. The boys marched in under the supervision of a teacher through the north door to the dining room, and were seated at the long tables set aside for them near their entrance. The girls were admitted from the south wing, marching to their allotted places near the south entrance. A teacher sat at the end of each long table of both the boys and girls to supervise the children's table manners. Across the hall in the north wing was the living

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apartments of the Assistant Superintendent and his family. These two doors leading to the boy's hall and the girl's hall were forbidden ground to each opposite sex and a sacred entrance to each. How often, when a teacher opened a door to go over on the boy's side, would a girl peek over to see if she could see a boy. If the teacher was coming over on the girl's side, it was the boy's chance to peek. This forbidden friendship was indeed sacred and mysterious. Among the older students, however, an occasional note like bird feathers fluttered over the forbidden ground to be eagerly appropriated by the one to whom it was addressed.

The second story contained the girl's school-room on the south and the boys school-room on the north in each respective wing. Across the hall from either side above the dining-room was the large chapel or as we called it "the middle school-room" in between. There the Superintendent presided during school hours and the advanced classes from both wings were sent to him at certain hours. Here, too, our Sunday School and church services were held and all public gatherings.

The most attractive day in all the year was Christmas day when the large cedar tree stood in the center of the

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room, reaching almost to the ceiling. As the tree was being decorated by the teachers with stringed pop-corn prepared by the teachers and sock-shaped mosquito-bar bags made by the girls, filled with candy for each boy and girl, the socks being red, white and blue, our childish curiosity was at a high pitch. Every time a teacher opened a door to get more packages to put on the tree, we would run near and peep, peep, peep. How grand that tree seemed to us, and how each one wondered what was on that tree "for me". I can yet today smell that stately old cedar tree spreading the cedar odor everywhere and holding those precious gifts. The tree was decorated and gifts placed on it in the forenoon and continued along in the afternoon until finished. Both doors were securely locked and the teachers took a few hours rest.

But we children were on a nervous quivive all day. Many days and hours had been used drilling with Christmas songs, recitations, essays, etc., preparing for this wonderful night. Finally the hour arrived after supper when the students were assembled in their respective school-rooms to march into the sacred place. As we marched to seats assigned all eyes were eagerly riveted on that marvelous tree, loaded

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with toys, dolls, and what-not. Every girl of play-doll age singled out the doll she hoped to receive. A literary program about Santa Claus and Christmas was all too long for those eager children. How anxiously they did their best and made an extra effort to do their part well. Final-

ly, as there is always an end to everything, the program finished, and the teachers began distributing gifts. Eager little hands reached out to get what was called for them and eyes popped wide as every name was called. Boys received knives, balls, etc. that were suited to them, girls retired hugging a beautiful doll or something suited to her needs. We filed out to our Dormitory where the teacher put out the coal-oil lamp and in the darkness told us a short Bible story, or repeated a few verses of scripture, sang one verse of a hymn and bade us good-night.

The third story contained the two large Dormitories, the girl's in the south wing, the boy's in the north wing. There were large hall closets with rows and rows of shelves for storing bedding when not in use. On our side of the Dormitory were rows and rows of shelves with a compartment for each girl in which to store her clothes. Each girl had a number and her number was on her box. Instead of calling

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the roll when getting a check on the girls the teacher had us number. My number was twenty-three (23). The Dormitory Matron made a survey every so often to see who kept the neatest compartment.

In the southwest corner of the back lawn was the "Wash-house" with rows and rows of tubs and wash-boards where the girls did their laundry. Monday was wash-day, all forenoon. There were two groups of twenty girls each. The "kitchen girls" set the tables, washed the dishes and otherwise assisted the colored cook. The other twenty were called the "up-stairs girls". They did the laundry and ironing for all the girls for two weeks. This group also mended the boys' clothes. At the end of two weeks the two groups were reversed and the kitchen girls became the "up-stairs" girls. A colored woman laundered the boys' clothes and the "up-stairs girls" mended them. This same colored laundress washed and ironed the teachers' clothes.

Monday afternoon was play or holiday. All the girls were taken for a walk in the woods, either to gather flowers or nuts, haws, wild grapes, persimmons, and such other fall fruits in season and other-wise have a good time. On these trips the girls ran, jumped and skipped like lambs and a

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teacher could not keep up with the fleet-footed youngsters. So the Superintendent set aside one gentle riding pony for the teacher to ride, then she could keep up with the rompers. A walk was made in a halfmoon affair on the south campus. On this the girls were expected to take their constitutional walks. The building was located in a beautiful grove of large oak trees, very tall and stately, furnishing lovely shade. On one of these trees a long rope swing was provided for the girls. The limb on which it was fastened was very high, giving great space for a long high sweep for the rider. Many times two girls stood on the board and rode so high we would cringe for fear they would fall. We had a world of pleasure out of that fine swing. No serious accidents ever occurred, yet falls were frequent.

There was a director in charge of the farming who was assisted by the larger boys. On certain occasions hired help was used. The director took the boys to the woods where they felled the trees, sawed them up in blocks and cut them up in stove lengths. They hauled them in with the farm wagon and team, piled them up on the rear lawn on the boys' side in great ricks ten or twelve feet high. It was a big job to supply the many stoves of this big building.

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I venture to say the second in interest to the girls in all their pleasure and housekeeping was the large well-arranged and regulated kitchen. In this kitchen were wooden sinks, shelves with various compartments for washing and storing away dishes and cooking utensils. The range was a very large one and I remember so well when I watched the old colored cook lift out what I thought then was an immense bread-pan in which was a big brown sweet-smelling pone of corn-bread. In this same big wholesome pan many a quail and prairie-chicken was roasted to a turn with lovely brown gravy that whetted the appetite. These birds were brought in most of the time by our teacher force who enjoyed the sport and recreation after school hours.

Another attraction were the two very large iron kettles about three feet or more in diameter sitting together, around which was built a brick oven with two open doors under each kettle to admit wood for a big fine fire. In these great kettles, large chunks of meat were placed, either to boil or fry. Great long wooden spoons and forks were used to turn and stir.

But the dish of all dishes that made the girls' mouths water and gave them an impatient fever, was when the delic-

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ious old Indian dish "Sofkey" was being cooked. Flint-corn was the best, although field corn could be used. It was pounded with a wooden mortar and pestle into grits. A reed-woven fanner was used to fan out the husks. It was ready then for the cooking. These two kettles were often filled to the brim with this Sofkey with about three times as much water as grits and cooked for about five hours. A few spoons full of ash lye were poured in for seasoning. It was usually for our evening meal. We could smell this dish all over the house, and how it did whet our appetite. Sometimes a few up-stairs girls would sneak in at the back kitchen door and a kitchen-girl would grab a teacup, swipe it into this hot sofkey and rush it to the waiting girl, and out she would go to be chased by a stream of girls, for "just one drink please".

The girls and teachers all thought a great deal of this Mulatto cook, but a time came when she decided to get married. The teachers planned a real wedding with wedding cake and presents and wedding veil, etc. The wedding took place in the chapel with students and teaching force as an audience. It was lots of fun and excitement. The bride had been all smiles for a week when she finally realized she

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was to have a real show wedding. She went away with the blessing of every one, but we never had another such patient good-natured cook in the kitchen again.

A teacher supervised the mending of the boys' clothes, and also the girls'. The sewing hour was after school and before supper, in the girls' school-room at our desks. We often rebelled at the heavy rough material in the boys' clothes, making the mending really very hard. There were no sewing machines; all sewing had to be done by hand.

The Superintendent, Reverend S. W. Robertson, read a portion of scripture and offered prayer as we finished the evening meal. Quite often each student was asked to give a verse of scripture. This always made us very nervous, because we had to think quickly from memory. Sometimes one a little better versed in the Bible than the one next to her would whisper a verse to her who was timid and backward. On other occasions when verses were flying fast and a girl could not think quickly, the only one they could think of was "Jesus wept", and very often that one verse was repeated by eight or ten students.

A group of boys assisted in plowing, planting and harvesting the corn on the farm, which they stored in barns on

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the place. Hogs were butchered and salted down in great boxes and barrels for winter use. The girls assisted in canning fruits from a fine orchard. This was a part of the busy life of Tullahassee Mission and every one seemed happy. Come with me and I will show you a picture long to be remembered by the girl students. It is the living room and workshop of dear old Mrs. Anna Eliza Worcester Robertson. She always signed her name that way. Sometimes for short she would sign A. E. W. Robertson. In the north-east corner of the room was the big high posted bed with a big fat feather-bed, all snow white. On south of the bed was the old-fashioned commode or wash-stand with china bowl and pitcher always kept full of water. On the south wall were shelves neatly built in, which Mrs. Robertson had filled with old papers, clippings, books, magazines, pamphlets, etc., in fact her working tools. In the south-west corner was a large wood-stove for heat. Next, a door going into a small study-room for Rev. Robertson. Coming on around north we find the door that leads into the hall at the head of the bed.

Now I am to tell you of the most precious place in that room, a sacred place. It sits almost in the center of the room but a little south. It is the little Trundle Bed on

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which dear Mrs. Robertson lay day after day, patiently translating the English Testament into the Creek language, writing with her left hand. She had always written with her right hand, but, in correcting a high tempered girl, an altercation ensued in which the girl broke two of Mrs. Robertson's ribs and wrenched her right wrist and for weeks she lay on this bed propped up with pillows and learned to write with her left hand. She had begun this work months before and was anxious to finish it so the Indian ministers could have it to use in their services. I can see that dear Christian soul today as clearly as I did long years ago, as she met each one who came in with a smile of welcome, reclining on that low Trundle bed, pen poised while she talked. ~~When she~~ was well, the faithful little Trundle bed was rolled under the big broad family posted bed.

I had the honor and sweet privilege to lay for months in that dear old family bed. ~~This is how it happened.~~ On Sunday evenings we had no supper, only one piece of dried apple pie. We were being lined up against our school-room wall to receive our one slice of pie. Soon we were to march into the Middle School-Room for Sunday evening service. Very suddenly I had a sickness of the stomach and the pie

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looked horrible to me. When I said "I am sick and cannot eat my pie", a half a dozen girls rushed up to me and begged for my piece of pie. I gave it away and the group soon had it devoured. I asked the teacher to excuse me from service, went up to the Dormitory and to bed. I lay with a high fever all night. The next day the teachers found me there, burning up. Mrs. Robertson came up, so did the Superintendent. They saw I needed very careful nursing and medical care at once. I knew nothing from the first Sunday evening when I became ill. I was taken down at once to the Robertson apartments and placed in that fat feather, posted bed. I knew nothing for many long weary tired weeks.

~~When I returned again to consciousness I was a very~~
much worn and frail little girl. At my bed-side, kneeling, was the dear old faithful friend and Superintendent, Reverend S. W. Robertson, asking the dear Heavenly Father to ~~restore me to health again, pleading so earnestly~~ "I have done all that I know to do, and all that human hands can do, I am laying this child at your feet, that you may lay the healing hand upon her."

All that these dear teachers had to administer to the sick was a large supply of quinine, salts, castor oil and

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calomel, supported by sincere earnest prayers. This illness came on me some time in November, in cold weather. When I became strong enough to walk, Alice, later Congresswoman, and Grace, her younger sister, supported me one on either side and I took my first out-door walk down to the front gate, about two hundred feet, and would you believe it, the green grass on the lawn was about six inches high, so it must have been sometime in April.

When she could be trusted to do so Grace, about eighteen, begged her mother to let her wait on me. She brought my food, got me a drink, combed my hair and any other little duties she could think of. There was a very large high back chair, always sitting near the bed; Grace would spread a lovely quilt all over it, pick me up and set me in the chair while she fluffed up and spread up again the old feather bed with clean sheets and pillow cases. She would place me back in the middle of the bed, spread the sheets and quilts smoothly over me, patting them down, so no form of me could show but my head, then she would stand at the foot of the bed and tease me to make me laugh. She would say "I don't think there is any Lilah in this bed but her head, that is all I can see, ha, ha". For days I had pleaded for lots of water, water, and

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more water, but I was given just enough to tantalize me. One day every one had gone into the dining-room to dinner. The little colored girl brought that big tall pitcher full of water and set it in the bowl. That cold sparkling water drew me out of bed, I slipped out to that wash-stand. I pulled the pitcher over to my face, I was so weak I came near pulling it too far, which would have nearly drowned me. I drank and drank and drank my complete fill of that lovely cold water. Grace came just as I was about filled up. She ran to me, gathered me up to rush me back into that big fat feather-bed before Mother Robertson caught me out. Not so, here she comes, "Why Grace what are you doing, my dear?" Then the story was out and all with one accord were sure I would have a relapse, but almost immediately I began to recuperate and very rapidly gained strength and was on the way to recovery. The method of caring for the sick in those days was not to let the patient have very much water. But believe me! I got my share that day.

When I became well and strong again in a few months my mother's health failed about the year 1877 and I was compelled to leave school to care for her. She soon became bed-ridden with the slow moving disease of tuberculosis. We built a

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small house as a temporary abode and moved to Muskogee, to be near a doctor. There on June 14th, 1878, she passed away, leaving me alone in this cold world without a near relative. I made my home temporarily with my cousin, Hon. David Hodge, the son of my Aunt Nancy, my mother's sister. In November, 1879, I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Pleasant Porter on their big ranch in the Wealaka neighborhood. While there I received a letter from Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson of Tullahassee Mission reminding me of my oft repeated statement that I longed to get a finished education in some Eastern School and return to my own (Creek) people as a teacher. She said there was a vacancy for a deserving Indian girl in the Synodical Female College in Fulton, Missouri, and that place was offered to me. I had no superior relative or guardian to consult, and did not need any. I had my own decision to make. I rushed the answer to Mrs. Robertson at once that I accepted gratefully the opportunity and would go at once, as requested, to the Mission and spend two weeks with my dear teachers, the Robertsons and Miss Lida J. Baldwin, before leaving for Fulton.

In the early days of March, 1879, my teachers took me to Muskogee and about 4:00 P. M. put me on the first passen-

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ger train I had ever seen. My school days in Fulton were very happy, because every one, students and teachers, were kind to me.

When school closed in June, 1880, Miss E. J. Baldwin wrote me to meet her in St. Louis to spend the summer in Muncie, Indiana, with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Garner. That fall in September she accompanied me to Hillsboro, Ohio, where she placed me in Highland Institute, a Home school for girls, where they were prepared for teachers and missionaries. I graduated in June, 1883, and received my precious diploma that I had yearned for from early childhood. I bade my dear friend and teacher, Miss Baldwin, good-bye in Cincinnati, Ohio, and returned to Indian Territory to carry out the longing of my soul.

Through Miss Baldwin's influence, a Home missionary for several years at Tullahassee Mission, I received, before I graduated, my appointment to teach in the Wealaka Mission. This was a rather unusual thing. On December 17th, 1880, from a defective flue, the Tullahassee Mission building burned down. School was carried on for a time in some of the larger out-buildings under very adverse circumstances. The teachers held on to the work, keeping the children to-

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gether as best they could. The faithful Superintendent, Reverend S. W. Robertson, died the following spring in 1881. His oldest daughter, Mrs. J. H. Craig, was appointed Superintendent Pro Tem for one year. The building was rebuilt on the cottage plan by the Creek National Government and presented to the colored people for a Boarding school. Mr. Craig having died several years before, Mrs. Craig married Judge N. B. Moore, November 20th, 1882. Mr. Moore was Judge of the Supreme Court of the Creek Nation.

From the sacred ashes of Tullahassee Mission arose the Wealaka Mission, built by the Creek National Government on the Arkansas River across the river from the present Broken Arrow neighborhood near the mouth of a large creek called "Snake Creek". Dr. R. M. Loughridge having returned from Texas to Indian Territory, was appointed Superintendent by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions with headquarters in St. Louis. While teaching here under Dr. Loughridge, I said to him one day, "Doctor, I would love to have you tell me the story of your early Missionary work in Indian Territory. It will be valuable history some day and we should have it." He seemed pleased that I was so interested in his story. He said, "I will write it for you some day, " and the following

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interesting story was given to me by this consecrated Christian Missionary who gave his life work to Missions and preaching the Gospel to the Creek peoples in Indian Territory.

"I was born at Lawrens ville, South Carolina, December 24th, 1809. My parents were Scotch-Irish descent, and members of the Presbyterian Church. When I was fourteen years of age, I and my brother worked on a farm, attending school occasionally. When twenty years old I was engaged as assistant teacher for several months in Dr. Beebe's school in Green County, Alabama. I professed religion in my twenty-second year and united with the Presbyterian Church under Reverend John H. Gray D.D. I felt directly called to preach the Gospel, and immediately commenced the study of Latin and Greek under my pastor to prepare myself for the solemn calling. I later attended the Mesopotamia Academy at Eutaw, Alabama, for four years in preparing for College. I entered the Sophomore class in Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, and after three years was graduated in 1837, receiving the honorary degree of Bachelor of Arts. After a short vacation at home I entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, where I remained one year only. On account of the

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death of my father, I returned home and continued my theological studies under my old pastor, Dr. J. H. Gray D.D. I was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Tuscaloosa Synod in Alabama at Eutaw, April 9th, 1841.

"I preached six months, then I was appointed by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to visit the Creek Indians west of Arkansas, to enquire whether they would be willing to have preaching and a mission school among them. I set out on horse-back November 2nd, 1841, from Eutaw, Alabama. After a ride of about six hundred miles I met the chiefs of the Muskogee Nation and laid the matter before them. Having to wait about three weeks for the Council to meet to consider my proposition, I improved the time in visiting several parts of the nation. Everywhere there was evidence of the most deplorable state of society. 'Darkness covered the nation and gross darkness the people.' There was not a missionary in the whole territory and the few nations, who kept up the semblance of public worship occasionally, were miserably ignorant. When the Council met, they gave me to understand that they wanted no preaching because it broke up their old customs, their busks, ball plays and dances, but they wanted me to come and establish

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a school. I informed them that I was a preacher and unless I was permitted to preach to the people I would not come among them. After a long consultation they finally proposed that I should establish a school and I might preach at the school-house but nowhere else. After considerable hesitancy I agreed to these terms.

"My experience here led me to decide that I could not very successfully do missionary work among these people without a companion. I needed a helpmeet. I mounted my horse and returned to Alabama. I solicited the companionship of a previous acquaintance of mine, Miss Olivia D. Hills, a school teacher and a Mt. Holyoke graduate. I very prayerfully explained to her the sacrifice it would entail to become my wife and go out to that far distant and benighted field. I gave her a few days to think it over and prayed earnestly about it. At the end of the allotted time I called for her answer. She said she had prayed over the matter very earnestly, asking God to give her wisdom for the decision, and, 'I have decided to share your missionary work and life with you. I have consecrated my life to this most needy field and am happy in this decision.' I returned by steamer and arrived with my young wife in the Nation at the Ver-

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digris landing Feb. 5th, 1849.

"After a few days observation I purchased a horse and saddle and started out to find the most appropriate place for the Mission school. At the suggestion of the Principal Chief it was located in the Coweta Town and called the Coweta Mission, situated one and one half miles east of the Arkansas River and twenty-five miles northwest of Fort Gibson. Very soon a cabin was built for school and church purposes, and the people notified to attend church, and to send their children to school. On the place was a vacant Indian cabin about 12 x 24, a dirt floor, clapboard roof, a small unfenced field and a small orchard. I paid the owner ten dollars for his improvements, hired some men to put in a puncheon floor, and in this place we lived for one year and here our first child was born.

"As soon as the log building for school and church was finished, my wife commenced teaching some fifteen or twenty children, and services were held every Sabbath with a small attendance. During the fall and winter and the following Spring I built a large log house, one story and one half high and at the suggestion and urgent request of some people living at a distance, we received eight or ten boys and girls

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to live with us and attend school. This was the beginning of our system, Manual Labor Boarding School, which has proved itself to be the most effective means of civilizing and Christianizing the Indian youth. It is indeed the best for all classes. Gradually the number of boarding scholars was increased until we had forty. The people became more interested in religious services and attended preaching more regularly. A number became converted and in about two years we had the pleasure of organizing a church.

"As the Seminoles, a branch of the Creek Nation, were entirely without schools or preaching the Board of Foreign Missions directed me to visit them and learn whether they were willing to have schools among them. This was the opening wedge for that good Christian work done among them later by Rev. J. R. Ramsey and John Lilly. In 1847 Honorable Walter Lowrie, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, visited us and gave a new impulse to the cause of Christian education by entering into an agreement with the chiefs for the enlargement of the school at Coweta and the establishment of the Tallahassee Manual Labor School to accommodate eighty pupils, forty of each sex. These schools were sustained jointly by the Presbyterian Church and the Creek

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school fund.

"The Tallahassee Mission was a large three story brick building. The Board sent out teachers and I was appointed Superintendent and Reverend H. Balentine was sent out to take charge of the Coweta Mission. S. W. Robertson A. M., of New York, a graduate of an Eastern College was appointed principal-teacher. The first day of March, 1850, found us ready to commence the school. Out-buildings were erected such as stables, corn-cribs, fences; etc. had been built, cattle, horses, wagons and teams had been purchased, furniture for the building and provision of all kinds, books, paper, etc., had been provided, and the school was opened with thirty pupils. Our full number of eighty was not received until fall

because it was deemed best to begin with a few and get them under training before the whole number of raw recruits should arrive. Later, experience proved the wisdom of the course.

A fine large bell was sent out by the Board and hung in the cupola to regulate the various exercises of school and church. By the thoughtful generosity of Dr. Wells of Fort Gibson, the staunch friend of the Mission, a beautiful and appropriate vane representing an Indian standing with bow and arrow pointing the course of the wind as it flew past was presented and

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placed on the cupola.

"The exercises were conducted on the manual plan and the usual time of six hours daily was spent in study. The pupils were employed about two hours daily in some useful exercises, the boys working on the farm, in the garden, or chopping firewood, and the girls in household duties, assisting in sewing, cooking, washing, and the care of the dining-room. The children were provided with three good meals a day and abundant time given for sleep and recreation. Religious exercises were regularly kept up, preaching on Sabbath and prayers morning and evening through the week. Daily at the supper table, in connection with singing and prayer, every pupil was expected to recite a verse of scripture.

Thus the school functioned with a noble band of self-sacrificing teachers and helpers, laboring faithfully and cheer-

fully, content with a mere support in salaries of \$400.00 per annum. The school continued to flourish, laying a good foundation for the education of the youth until July 10th, 1861, when it was suddenly broken up and all the mission property amounting to \$12,270.00 was taken possession of by the chiefs of the Nation.

"Such was the case with the Coweta Manual Labor School.

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The children were sent adrift to their several homes North and South. Thus after eleven years of successful operation this interesting school was disbanded. The Coweta school was never renewed, but at the close of the Civil War, in November, 1866, the former teacher, Reverend Samuel W. Robertson, was sent out by the Board to revive the school to something like its former size and usefulness. Work was begun again in March, 1868, and continued for twelve years, until December 17th, 1880, when from a defective flue the building caught fire and was burned to the ground, and most of the contents were consumed.

"After our work was broken up, in July 1861, I moved my family over into the Cherokee Nation and preached for one year in the churches that had been left by ministers who

fled to their homes in the North, at the beginning of the War. It finally became very dangerous for me to remain any longer so in July 17th, 1862, I packed some of my belongings with my family in two small wagons and journeyed down to Texas where most of my relatives were living. I preached here for eighteen years in vacant churches.

"Having received an urgent call from the Board of Foreign Missions and several prominent Indians to return to

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the Creek Nation, my wife and I returned on January 5th, 1881. I commenced preaching for the Wealaka church in the Broken Arrow District. The Creek Council decided to build another school on a larger scale and locate it farther west, where the Indians were more thickly settled. The Trustees selected a beautiful site on the south side of the Arkansas River surrounded in the distance by several grand old mountains and about forty miles west of the town of Muskogee. A large and magnificent building 110 by 42 feet and three stories high was erected and soon occupied by one hundred children. Having been appointed Superintendent of the school I opened it November 1st, 1882, and continued in charge two years, when I resigned.

"Since then I have devoted myself to preaching in various parts in the Creek Nation and in preparing books in the Creek language. I prepared hymn books, catechism, translated the Gospel of Matthew, a treatise on Baptism and a Dictionary in two parts, Creek and English and English and Creek. On June 26th, 1880, I was honored by my Alma-Mater, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, which conferred upon me the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. In concluding this brief sketch of my life I will remark that during my long pilgrim-

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age of nearly eighty-two years many have been the afflictions I have been called to bear. Three of my six children passed over the Jordan of death. I am now living with my third wife who is seventy-three years of age. I realize that all these dear ones are safely housed in their Heavenly home.

Red Fork, Indian Territory, Dec. 2, 1891.

Dr. R. M. Loughridge."

While at the log-cabin Coweta Mission, Dr. Loughridge's faithful companion and devoted wife died and he was left with two small children. His youngest child was only twelve days old. No medical attention could be given to this suffering mother as the only Doctor was twenty-five miles away and could not come. So resigning herself to the inevitable she passed on, leaving her dear ones in the hands of her Redeemer. Out in the forest under an oak tree she was laid away to await the resurrection. What a life of sacrifice and passing away out in the forests for the sake of the Mission cause. Dr. Loughridge invited Miss Nancy Thompson, an aged Missionary among the Cherokees, to come to his rescue and care for his motherless children until his sister Elizabeth of Mississippi came out and spent several months caring for his

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household and assisting in the Mission work. He continued in this labor of soul-saving, as other helpers were sent out by the Board from time to time. In 1840 his youngest child passed away. He was working his way gradually into the hearts of the people and consent was given by the Creek Council that he might preach anywhere he chose.

In December, 1846, he found another companion, Miss Mary Avery of Massachusetts, who had been a teacher at Park Hill, Cherokee Nation. She was a consecrated Christian, an experienced teacher and proved a marvelous support to the work and Dr. Loughridge. The work continued to grow and prove a blessing to the people, and Dr. Loughridge was in a manner happy as he saw the result of his labor. But his happiness was again short lived, for the hand of affliction was again laid upon him and after several months of illness, on January 26, 1850, Mary Avery, was taken away. For three years he labored on, bringing souls to Christ and educating the youth. Then on October 5th, in 1853, having found another Christian teacher, Miss Harriett Johnson, principal of the Cherokee Female Seminary, and who had also been a teacher at Mount Holyoke Seminary, they were married and again he had a most capable helper and devoted wife. It was my pleas-

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ure to know his fine Christian character at Wealaka Mission.

I went directly from Hillsboro, Highland County, to Muskogee after my graduation. I drove across the country with Mrs. Augusta Moore nee Robertson, to the new Wealaka Mission to attend the closing exercises of this Mission in June, 1883. My friends desired that I attend this closing and get some idea of its management. It was indeed a great pleasure and privilege to know this fine consecrated Christian man, to whom my mother had gone to school at the old Log-cabin Coweta School, and her daughter Lilah was now a teacher under his supervision. He told me he remembered my mother well. I taught in the south wing of this fine building, the girls fifty in number. The rooms were all arranged just the same as were those of Tullahassee Mission, and all the students assisted in the work as at Tullahassee. I had the pleasure of accompanying Dr. Loughridge to Tulsa on several occasions, to assist in holding preaching services on the store porch of Mr. H. C. Hall's store, since there was no building suitable for the service.

Mr. Harry Hall was the pioneer merchant of this small town of about one hundred and fifty or two hundred people. He had some interest in the Frisco Railroad that was build-

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ing into Tulsa, supplying the groceries and commissary for the railroad hands. His brother, J. M., was his clerk and book-keeper.

Here again we discovered a field for Missionary work. There was no established church in Tulsa, but after Dr. Loughridge had preached here for some time, one was organized. The Foreign Board had had charge of all Presbyterian mission work in Indian Territory since February, 1849, as begun by Dr. Loughridge, until 1883 when the Foreign Board, with headquarters in St. Louis, sold out its holdings to the Home Mission Board with Headquarters in New York.

This Board sent Reverend Wm. P. Hayworth of Vinita to Tulsa to begin preaching services and to open up a school. In the latter part of 1864 Reverend Hayworth opened a day school with his wife as one of the teachers, assisted by Miss Ida Stevens of Vinita. Very shortly after school opened, Miss Stevens married the Minister's son and resigned. Mrs. C. J. Stonecipher of Oswego, Kansas, was sent by the Board to fill her place. During the summer of 1886 I was a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clinton of Red Fork; Mr. Clinton being owner of a large cattle ranch. While there I received a letter from Reverend W. P. Hayworth

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soliciting my services as a teacher in the Tulsa school. He informed me that his reason for making that request was the patrons of the Tulsa school had made an urgent request that he solicit my services. They told him I was one of the best school-teachers in the country.

After my school year at Wealaka I had resigned because of ill health. Having been on a long hard strain as a student, I needed a rest. I was married September 17th, 1884, and my husband being a contractor and builder, was away from home much of the time and we had not fully decided in just what town we would make our home. We did, however, live in Okmulgee, Indian Territory, the Capital of the Creek Nation, in 1884-85. I taught the day school in Okmulgee in the old Stone Council House, substituting for Miss Alice Robertson when she attended the Mohawk Conference in New York. The children had become so fond of me she asked me to continue the teaching as she cared very little about it. I refused to supplant her in that way.

I consulted my husband about taking the Tulsa position. He preferred I would not teach but finally through my persuasion he gave his consent, since we were not settled anywhere yet, and I answered Reverend Hayworth's letter, accept-

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ing the offer. Very shortly I received my commission from the Home Board of New York City and in September, 1886, found myself established in Tulsa, teaching the little Indian children as they came from their homes on foot, on horse-back and in buggies. Mrs. Stonecipher was in charge and alone and needed help badly. We worked together very harmoniously and the school grew in attendance to sixty students. About two months before school closed she received a message that her mother in Oswego was seriously ill. She very reluctantly departed, leaving me alone. I continued alone throughout the remainder of the school year, using some of the older and more advanced students as assistants. Alone I prepared the students for their closing exercises in June with songs, dialogues, readings, etc. which meant extra hours. We opened school promptly at 9:00 o'clock and often could not close before 4:15 or 4:20 P. M. I often heard sixteen classes a day. And today when I see teachers and students leaving school at 3:00 and 3:30 P.M. I wonder how the children learn anything in so few hours.

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My salary in Tulsa was \$60.00 a quarter and I received my check every quarter instead of every month.

In September, 1887, I had two helpers. The Board sent Miss Jennie Stringfield and her sister, Bettie, from Missouri, because the school had grown so three teachers were necessary. White children were also permitted to attend by permission of the Board at \$1.00 per year. The teachers were called upon to do everything that was needed to be done and the patrons thought we could supply the need. There was no regular preaching every Sabbath for our resident Minister had to hold services in out-lying districts, Red Fork and other places. So we conducted the Sunday Schools, Wednesday evening prayer meetings, leading the singing, reading the Bible, offering the prayers and giving the talks, etc. I have done all of those in one evening's service including playing the organ. It was not unusual for Indians to request us to conduct funerals at a cemetery since there was no minister available.

Having taught here three years I resigned and at the earnest request of the Broken Arrow Community I taught another day-school in the little White Church on the hill. My cousin, David Hodge, a resident there, was the prime

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mover in the establishing of this school. I went to Muskogee to have the National School Board to give me an examination and issue my certificate. They issued the certificate all right, but refused to examine me. When I insisted, they said, "No, we are not going to examine you, you might turn the table on us and examine us." So I returned to the little white Church and opened the school. I roomed and boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Hodge. Children came to me from as far as five miles around the neighborhood. I had forty in attendance every day. I had told Mr. Hodge I would not teach unless I had forty children. He promised them and they came. I did not like day-school work, I felt it beneath my dignity, I preferred and was thoroughly fitted to do Boarding school work. At the end of the one year I resigned and returned to Tulsa.

By this time Tulsa had grown to a size that required a town council. So this little town bought the school property and it became a public school. Bankers and business men's wives came to me and persuaded me to open a private school, because they did not want their small children mixing and mingling with undesirable children of all classes! My husband had just completed a store-room about forty feet

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long on the corner of our lawn, which was about three hundred feet square, so it did not encroach on our private lawn at all. I persuaded him to let me have this building which had not yet been occupied and I opened the school, using straight backed cane bottomed chairs that I bought from a second-hand store. We had a delightful school with forty and forty-five in attendance. I closed this school in June, telling the children I would not open the school the next year.

In the fall I was asked by J. M. Hall, who was on the school board, to teach in the Public Schools and I taught one year. During the summer of 1891 I received a letter from Luke McIntosh of Eufaula, asking me to assist him in the New Coweta School that was to be opened that fall. This school was built on the cottage plan because the Creek Government had so many of their school buildings to burn. I taught in the girl's school-room here two years, then resigned because my husband would not consent to my remaining any longer since he found me in bed with chills on one of his visits to the school. I was the right-hand worker for Mr. McIntosh since he had never had any experience in boarding school work. I assisted him in ordering the groceries

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and other needs for the school and did much of the supervising of the girls in their work out-side of school hours.

Our table was well supplied with wild meats of which the Indians are so fond. The buildings were located on an elevated rise in the prairie and the tall grass around was full of the big fat prairie-chickens and every morning early we could hear them cooing and drumming within fifty yards of the premises. The only other teacher, Mr. Battles, often stepped out only that distance away and brought in fifteen or twenty and we would have a real feast.

I made that my last teaching days, returned to Tulsa and renewed my church work in the First Presbyterian Church of which I was a charter member. I also entered into Temperance work to which I have given about thirty-five years.--

I sang nineteen years in the First Presbyterian Church Choir.

I organized the Humane Society in Tulsa, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, was President of the Indian Territo-

ry N.C.T.U. before state-hood, organized the Women's Relief Corps, the Women's Maccabee Association, the Rebecca Lodge, and was for a time a member of the Chamber of Commerce of Tulsa, being made chairman of a women's committee to head a campaign for women members. I was appointed by Gov. Robt.

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L. Williams a member of the Tulsa County Council of Defense during the World War. All my War work is listed in a history of the organization compiled by the Council. I am a member of several worth-while clubs in Tulsa: the American Association of University Women, the League of Women Voters, the Tulsa Women's Club, and the Women's Exchange. I have taught Parliamentary Law and I organized the First Parliamentary Study Club in Tulsa. I have written many constitutions and by-laws for both men's and women's organizations. I am still now doing my part in all these organizations mentioned except the Lodge work.

I forgot to mention in the Wealaka Mission history that my husband and I were married there and Reverend R.N. Diamond performed the ceremony. He and his wife were transferred by the Board from the Seminole field to the Wealaka Mission. Mr. J.P. Whitehead who succeeded Dr. Loughridge as Superintendent invited us to have the wedding at the school to give the children an idea of a well arranged wedding. Then, too, his wife and I were very dear friends. This wedding was put on with all the pomp the occasion required, being in the chapel in "Middle School Room", decorated for the purpose, with the one hundred chil-

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dren and all the school helpers in attendance. We marched in with one brides-maid and a best man to the strains of the ever popular wedding march. After the ceremony the students were taken to their dormitories and only the Superintendent and wife, the teachers and my invited guests sat down to a sumptuous wedding banquet with the beautiful wedding cake in the center of a lovely decorated table. My husband and I were guests afterward of Hon. and Mrs. P. P. Porter on their ranch. The next day we drove to Okmulgee, the capital of the Creek Nation, for our temporary home.