

WILSON, CHARLES B. INTERVIEW. #9340

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

WILSON, CHARLES B.

INTERVIEW

9340

Field Work rec'd name Ethel B. TackittThis report made on (date) November 19371. Name Charles B. Wilson2. Post or town Address Rt. 2, Lone Wolf, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) \_\_\_\_\_

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month October Day 3 Year 18725. Place of birth Longview, Texas.6. Name of Father Joseph E. Wilson Place of birth KentuckyOther information about father Confederate Soldier - Civil War7. Name of Mother Hanna Jane Roy Wilson Place of birth MissouriOther information about mother Was a school teacher

Notes or add'l to 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 8

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Interview with C. B. Wilson,  
One Wolf, Oklahoma.

I was born at Longview, Texas, October 3, 1872. My father, Joseph E. Wilson, born at Cromwell, Kentucky, had come to Texas before the Civil War and served as Confederate soldier under General Geno. My mother, Hanna Jane Roy Wilson, was a native of Missouri but had moved with her people to Texas and before her marriage to my father had been engaged in school teaching.

After my birth they decided to go back to Father's home in Kentucky and they often told us children how they took their belongings in a covered wagon drawn by six yoke of oxen and made their way across that long stretch of unsettled country from Longview, Texas, to Cromwell, Kentucky. They were on the road three months.

I grew up in Kentucky and went to school from time to time about like all boys of those days, for the schools were short terms and not so well managed as now.

When I was seventeen I started to school and became more interested in my books than ever before in my life, but I decided that I would quit school and go West to Texas where my mother's brother Rance Roy lived in Hill

Country I never heard of before. It was a long and  
the prairie and desert country. We had to travel all  
the night. After the sun went down we stopped at a  
stationed house. We were very tired and  
too late to stop so we had to camp out. We had to camp out  
and on the following day we had to go to Wagoner  
but as I thought we would be very tired  
would not get back before dark so we stopped at a station  
there where we could get a meal and sleep. We  
spent the same place as before and it took us over a week to  
take much time by halting. I was constantly interested  
in Texas history and in Spanish I enjoyed my work of  
study but in the meantime my Uncle went to the office  
store and got me and he decided to move to Old Town, El Paso  
where he had a brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs.  
Henry Davis, who lived three miles south east of Wagoner.  
So I gave up my work and study and went with my  
uncle. He had a covered wagon and team as well as a camp  
outfit. That was my first experience in traveling so  
far and camping out at night.

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of the same kind.

was a world  
bordered by  
worlds.

for which the following is true:

that night, but I was still up until 2 or 3 AM, talking to  
together as a group, and I think it was a good night.  
WWE only a man + his dog at the time.

to receive the news of the birth of Mrs. George Parker at  
January of this year, and that of my son, George, died in  
over the country. In August with a win from 135-160-11-1

I got into a one-horse split bottomed cart at Mangum and started over into the Kiowa Indian Territory to see how the Indians lived.

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We followed the trail up the valley of the Little Piney  
of Pine River before the present upper river site and continued  
on our way to lower river. On our trail we have located  
on left creek bed and as far as I can see at present  
location of town of Pine River, which is now occupied  
with garrisons in winter traps and traps were set in paper  
in sight, but animals were not seen excepting some tal-  
ing at once.

That morning, a number of Indians gathered and all  
the shock was to be scattered. First, like as had come  
to the strong place at last, after so many hours of suspense  
of the bucks began to come out. Some had been told  
that in days that were not far distant there lived but a  
was hunting horses. It began to make signs to them and  
describe horses and offered a reward for the lost horses.  
They did not hurt us and we did not stay long but a fight  
was all we got for our trouble of coming.

I later became well acquainted with Romulus, known  
Bill, Chief Lone Wolf and many other Indians.

That Fall, I went to work for my Uncle Henry. Daus  
in a camp where we were cutting cord wood for a living

and most of this wood was hauled down river to Memphis and sold for that amount. It is hard to heat their houses. In winter was a great problem among the few settlers.

Our home was located in the Green County - on the North Fork of Red River - in the mountains just south of present Lake Arthur. Here at first there were some fine timber, elm, oak, hickory, cottonwood trees and many cedar trees in the mountains.

I was a tenderfoot from Kentucky and knew nothing about riding or shooting so made fast friends among the settlers. My parents I became especially fond of and after my mother died we were over 10 years apart over the Allegheny Mountains. I have never yet ceased to be a source of wonder and pleasure to me. On these trips I always carried tucked away in my pocket one of my school books, usually a history or grammar and when I would get tired I would sit down behind a rock and study.

One day on one of these trips, I met a man walking across the mountains, and in those days we were glad to meet people because there were so few. This man asked what I was doing and I told him; he then asked what the books

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were that I had in response written him that the books  
were my history and privilege in that I spent my leisure  
hours in study and taught myself to write in English.

He seemed to understand that I was not a  
professor or teacher and that I was a poor boy.  
He said he would let me stop at his road side  
out camp on the Arkansas River where the Big Bend Cut now  
stands in Lakinne Park near New Altus. He said that if  
I would come and live with him that winter that he would be  
glad to teach me and I could pay for my food by working at  
wood cutting as a log wood cutting crew there, he said  
that I was welcome to share his life with him.

I was delighted and I spent that winter with him.  
He instructed me in every way possible and I learned more  
than I had learned in all the previous years in which I  
had attended school.

At that time there was only one house above ground  
between Quartz Mountain where we were located and Mangum  
and that was a one-room shack owned by Abe Bass and only  
one between there and Old Prairie, now Altus which was also  
a one-room shack owned by Sam Pinks.

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Professor Nye did his best to make me understand that the country would settle up and the land would be valuable. He offered to give me his claim if I would stay with him as he was then seventy-four years old but I made friends among the people and learned to ride and shoot and the next year went to work for Eddie Irving, a cowboy and I left Professor Nye and worked with cattle over the Kiowa and Cheyenne country until the Fall of 1903, when I decided to go back to Kentucky. I took my five saddle ponies, riding one and driving the other four and started across the Indian Territory for Fort Smith, Arkansas, where I could take the train for home.

When twenty-five miles from Fort Smith I stopped to spend the night in the home of a settler as I had done when possible throughout the trip, when I could not "make" a house, a alert out on the ground with nothing but my saddle blanket for cover. This was not pleasant for it was then November. In those days a traveler was never refused a night's lodging and was always treated as a welcome guest. That night I lost one of my horses and the man of the house helped me hunt it for ten days. At last, I knew that it

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I took the train to Laramie

Opening, the  
mile south of the city, overlooking the  
Proteus way from St. Louis, and the Mississippi, consisting  
of Great granite blocks, which have been  
so heaped up as to form a great wall, about 100 feet  
high, the greatest height ever seen.