

HUDSON, RACHEL GREEN

INTERVIEW

#6881

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

HUDSON, RACHEL GREEN

INTERVIEW

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Field Worker's name Alene D. McDowell

This report made on (date) June 23, 193 7

1. Name Rachel Green-Hudson

2. Post Office Address Route #1, Bartlesville, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) 1511 West First St. Bartlesville

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month November 25 Day 15 Year 1873

5. Place of birth Tennessee

6. Name of Father John Green Place of birth North Carolina

Other information about father Union soldier, 5th, Tennessee Infantry

7. Name of Mother Cerelea Talley-Mooney Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about mother Is 94 years, lives with Mrs. Hudson

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 9.

Alene D. McDowell
Research Field Worker
Indian-Pioneer History, S-149
June 23, 1937

HUDSON, RACHEL GREEN. INTERVIEW

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Interview with
Mrs. Rachel Hudson
1511 West First St.
Route # 1
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

Mrs. Rachel Green-Hudson was born November 15, 1873, in Tennessee.

Father - John Green was born in North Carolina and is buried in Tennessee. He was a son of a Methodist minister who preached in the early 40's. He followed agriculture on an extensive scale and owned a large plantation. He was a Union soldier of the 5th Tennessee Infantry.

Mother - Cerelea Talley-Green-Moomey was born in Tennessee in November, 1842. She makes her home with the subject of this review and is 94 years old.

I came to the Indian Territory in 1885 with my mother when I was eleven years old. We made the trip from Chattanooga, Tennessee, to Vinita, Indian Territory on the train, and from Vinita to Bartlesville in a wagon.

Before we left Chattanooga, my aunt filled a clothes basket with cooked food for us to eat on the train. My mother did not seem to realize the extent of the adventure she was taking.

My mother made this great adventure into the Indian Territory with five children and no money. When we arrived here we had nothing, no furniture, no money and no place to go. The Indians helped us get settled and set us up in housekeeping. Our first home was a one room log house, located three miles south of Bartlesville, at the foot of Circle Mountain. This place was owned by Melvin Goodhue, a Cherokee Indian. He furnished us five milch cows and helped us in many ways to get started. Mr. Goodhue was an uncle of President Coolidge.

~~My brother, Luther Green, died in 1895 and was buried in the Stokes Cemetery, five miles north of Bartlesville. His body was ferried across Caney river on Ben Crane's ferry boat. A man named Thayer operated the ferry.~~

I have attended Camp Meetings on the prairie due west of Eighth and Cherokee, where the Junior Senior High School now stands. This was the location of the William Johnstone ranch home in the early days. These were undenominational or Union meetings and usually lasted two weeks. We also attended camp meetings

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at
Silver Lake.

Large boats were run on the lake and our Fourth of July celebrations were often held there. We would dance on the boat and have great times. It was at one of these celebrations I first saw Will Rogers. His mother and sister, who is now Mrs. Tom McSpadden, were attending the celebration with him.

Some of my early day friends were: Flora Goodhue, Eva Ervin and Caroline McLain.

In 1889 I married John P. Hudson and we settled on a farm two and one-half miles north of Bartlesville.

I well remember the flood in 1892, and it seems I had never seen so much water. The water came up to our barn, but did not get to the house.

Bill Hudson, my father-in-law, made the run into the Cherokee strip in 1893, on horseback, and filed on 160 acres where the town of Perry is now located. My uncle, Matt Davis, also made the run on horseback and his horse fell on him, causing his death.

My aunt, Sarah Moore, made the run in 1889, into old Oklahoma and secured a claim southeast of Oklahoma City, at what is now Moore's Station. She was a widow

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and her sons made improvements on her claim and built a home.

Julia Johnson, who married Bob Gilstrap, the Washington County outlaw, lived near us and occasionally staged a big fight. Julia had many rare paintings and dishes in her home and I recall one day Bob came home mad and began shooting the pictures off the wall, and Julia started throwing dishes at him. When the fight was finished, the room was a wreck.

I was in the store one day with Julia and her daughter Jennie, and when we returned to their home ~~Julia had stolen several rings and ice wool scarfs.~~ She was surprised when she ask^{ed} Jennie what she had taken and was informed she had taken nothing. Julia's mother had reared Jennie and when Jennie told her ~~that her grandmother had taught her not to steal.~~ Julia laughed and said nothing.

One day Jake Bartles' store was robbed and his young son, Joe, followed the robber on his pony and tried to capture him. He was shot through the foot by the robber, causing him to limp for some time.

One evening Jake Bartles was returning from a

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trip, when he was held up by Cherokee Bill. He had only ten cents in his pocket and this made Bill mad. He did not harm Jake, but was terribly up-set. Jake had \$500 sewed in the lining of his coat, but Bill over-looked this.

My husband had a race horse and used to race it with the other horses in the vicinity. The races were run where the Dewey fair ground now stands. I remember one horse that ran against our horse was owned by John Johnson. I did not want my husband to match races and one day while he was away from home, I traded the horse to Jack Shailer for a Singer Sewing Machine.

The Delaware-Osage Indian stomp dances and smokes were held near Post Oak, and would sometimes last a week. They always served Barbecued beef and were highly insulted if we refused to eat with them. Lewis Tinker was the favorite dancer. These dances are still celebrated by the Delaware Indians, on the Halfmoon place near Post Oak.

Jake Bartles had the first telephone installed in this vicinity, about 45 years ago. One night a message

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was left at the store for my husband, when his father ~~was~~ was seriously ill at Independence, Kansas, and I recall the charges were \$1.75 for the call.

We used to live on the "Old Whiskey Trail" seven miles northwest of Bartlesville, on Butler Creek. There was a cave on this place where the whiskey was made in the early days.

A few years after our arrival in the Indian Territory my mother married a man named Moomey, who was a prosperous farmer. After their marriage he built a two story, frame house where the Young Men's Christian Association now stands. ~~This was considered a fine home in those days. Mrs. Armstrong, mother of Mrs. Carrie Overless, a prominent early day character, lived in the home north of my mother. This house is now used as the Young Women's Christian Association.~~

One time we started to Bartlesville to buy supplies and especially to buy my husband a suit of clothes. When we arrived at the Caney river ford, on the north end of Delaware avenue, the river was up and my husband was afraid to cross with the children. I left him with them and drove the mules across and did the shopping.

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My step-father would not let me return until evening when the river had receded. When I crossed that morning the water was to the top of the wagon box, but I did not realize the danger until afterward.

When the Santa Fe railroad was completed through Bartlesville, in about 1897, we lived on Coon creek, and the track was near our place. I remember when the first train passed through Bartlesville, my sister and I climbed upon a straw stack to watch the train pass our place.

I lived in Coffeyville, Kansas, when the street car line was built there and the contractors who built part of the line boarded with me. These men were Bartlesville men, Shorty McGuire and Bill Stanton, who were old timers.

In 1922 my husband operated a filling station at 102 Inola in west Bartlesville. One night a car drove up and honked for service. It was about midnight and we were asleep. I dressed and went over to the station and sold some gasoline to what I thought were some late travelers. I thought the man was an oil man and had run out of gas at the edge of town, and our station was at the west edge

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of the city and of course, the first one he came to. Bill Custer's (a neighbor) airedale dog went to the station with me, and the customer ask^d me to give him the dog. I informed him it did not belong to me. While I was inside getting the change for him, he stole the dog. In about two weeks he returned the dog, and a few days later Al Spencer was killed. When I saw his body I recognized my friend "the Oil man," who had bought the gasoline and stole^d the dog.

COMMENTS:

Mrs. Hudson has lived in Bartlesville and vicinity since she was eleven years old, and has not only grown up in Bartlesville, but has also grown up with Bartlesville. She has seen the location where the city now stands, when it was farm land and a cattle ranch.

Mrs. Hudson states she has seen many hard ships in the early days of her childhood when her mother was a lone woman, struggling in this unsettled territory with five dependent children. She tells of many experiences they went through and has lots of respect

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for the Indians of this vicinity, as well as the kind hearted settlers who helped them over many rough places when they came to the new country.