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

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Field Worker's name MRS. GRACE KELLEYThis report made on (date) March 10 1937

1. Name Larkin B. Ryal  
 2. Post Office Address Routs 2, Henryetta, Oklahmoa.  
 3. Residence address (or location) Right at the Arbeca Bridge.  
 4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month May Day 6 Year 1854  
 5. Place of birth Neosho, Mo.

6. Name of Father Harrington Ryal. Place of birth Unknown

Other information about father killed in the war.

7. Name of Mother Emiline Place of birth Als.

Other information about mother Early history unknown.

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 10.

## Indian-Pioneer History Project S-149

Interview with (Bun) L. B. Ryal Thomas F. Meagher, Supervisor  
 By Grace Kelley, Field Worker 109 South Main  
 March 10, 1937 Tulsa, Okla.

## LIFE OF BUN RYAL

About the first I remember was when my father was killed in the Civil War. We had terrible time getting along until my mother married again. My step-father was a government blacksmith. We moved among the Senecas and Shawnees in 1866, about three miles west of Seneca, Mo. There wasn't any town there then though. We lived there until 1871.

In 1871 we moved to Mayville Arkansas, right at the Cherokee Nation. I worked on the farm and my step-father was a blacksmith there.

In 1872 we moved again, near Oaktaha, where Cooper had the battle during the war. All these moves were in a wagon drawn by oxen. I remained there until I got grown and started to work for myself.

Then I lived near Broken Arrow for eight years, four and a half at <sup>Wealaka</sup> ~~the~~lock Mission.

A. M. Laughridge was the superintendent when I first started to work there, then J. Hitchhead from Hillsboro, Ill.

There were about hundred children, from six to twenty, there and there were twenty workers including the superintendent and his wife. There was a doctor, a wash woman who washed for the teachers, a cook, teachers and others. The girls washed for themselves.

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The Superintendent and his wife received \$50.00 a month and the rest of us got \$20.00 a month, besides that we got our board, washing and doctor bills. We went from ~~the lock~~<sup>Wealaka</sup> to Muskogee for supplies, 40-45 miles. We really didn't get any mail but what we did get came by Poney Route from Muskogee to Tulsa. Once when the Contract ran out we didn't have a carrier for about a month. Once when he came to ~~the lock~~<sup>Wealaka</sup> he was sick with a hurting in the back of his neck and back. The doctor said he had Spinal Meningitis. He had to stay and be doctored for four days before he was able to travel, the mail was held up there with him, for nobody else could take it. He was responsible for it.

I got married while at ~~the lock~~<sup>Wealaka</sup>. On June 20-1885 I went to Sufaula and was married to Annie Grey, daughter of Jim Grey, by Person McGee. She died Feb. 20, 1917. She belonged to ~~Tulwa-Thlocco (Big Town)~~<sup>Tulwa-Thlocco (Big Town)</sup> and her clan kin was Deer, and was a fullblood. She talked the language well and was a good interpreter. They would come and get her to interpret for the courts. In the ~~Barney~~<sup>Barney</sup> ~~Thlocco~~<sup>Thlocco (Big)</sup> case she had to make four trips before they compromised and said off. Two widows got \$10,000.00 each, they were Mattie and Leslie Fields. The lawyers were Poor and Miller of Tulsa.

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We moved on the North Canadian River south of Henryetta on a farm, when we left <sup>Wealaka</sup> ~~Wheelock~~ Mission. There was no town there. Later I worked for Hugh Henry, cutting hay. He was a rough fellow, raised his girls rough. His widow is still living, she sure had a hard time. I remember him laughing and telling about one time when he had a gang of outlaws camped one place on his land and three wagon loads of Marshalls camped another place, on his land.

Bun Ryal Children.

- Stana Hamilton-----Bun Ryal Crossing, Okl.
- John Ryal-----Hitchita, Oklahoma
- Grover Ryal-----Hitchita, Okla.
- Lewis Ryal-----~~Hitchita~~, Okla., Silver Spring
- Bill (Millie) Ryal-----Rebeca Bridge, Okla.

Dance at Oaktaha.

When I lived at Oaktaha white men were like hen's teeth, scarce. For recreation we would have a nail splitting, dinner and All-night Dance. No whiskey, we didn't drink like they do now. The floors were punching floors. Trees split then faced and an edge put on them and join them together. One Jim Buzzieflopper pulled out his beef-leg and shot through the top of the house. Remember we used the Cap and ball pistol then. The cap flew off and hit me on the lip and stuck there. I didn't know but that I was shot. My mustache was just coming in and I wouldn't have taken a dollar a peice for it. I just pulled the cap out but that had

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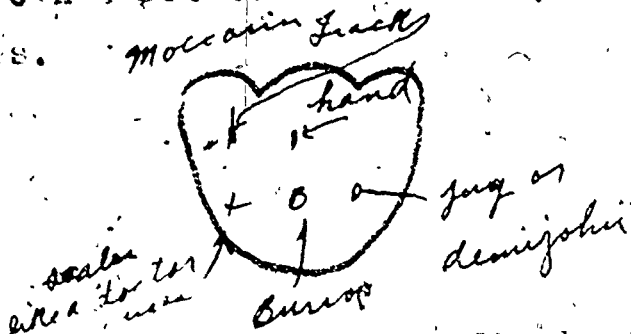
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broken up the dance. Walking Wolf, Cloud, Harbob and Jim Buzzielopper and some I remember being there.

HAND PRINT HOLLOW

There is a rock that is 8 ft. high, it leans over but it isn't a cave. I believe the Spaniards cut the inscriptions I am going to tell you about. You know the Indians drove the Spaniards out of here (L.R. Ryal drew in the sand and I copied what he drew) This place is east of the Bruce Savage ground.

You can't get to it in a car, you'll have to walk about three miles.



On Jan 9, 1895 J.N. Hall, brother of George Wiley Hall, Bert

Crawford and I camped in Hand Print Hollow, it's four mile below here. It snowed us in that night and the snow was black, with dust from Kansas and Nebraska I have been told. While on that trip we ate turkey, deer, beaver which is good to eat. I've eaten most everything. Everything is good to eat all the trouble is in our minds. We think it isn't good so we don't like it.

There was everything besides the bear here I never saw a bear here, but I think I've seen everything else.

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I traded at the first store in Muskogee, Atkins owned it, and also at the first store in Tulsa. It was owned by George and Sirah Perryman.

My first trip to court was to Fort Smith in 1880, 130 miles from Broken Arrow. We crossed in a boat run by Bullet Foreman. The boat was run by pole and oars, not by cable. The channel changed so much was why they used no cable. The crossing was at Webers Falls.

When I first came to the Indian Territory the mail was brought from Fort Gibson to Fort Arbuckle on the old Military Road.

The old Spanish trail that I know of is from the mouth of the South Canadian River north of Eufaula in by Lainey, crosses at Hand Print Hollow, runs north west then south of Okmulgee near Supalpa into the mouth of the Cimarron River and Northwest, is as far as I've been.

North west of Tulsa there is a cave where the Dalton Boys had a camp. I believe it's at the head of the Uchee Creek.

When I lived at Oaktaha a man came along in a buggy, one horse. He had venison and brought it in and had my mother to cook it. He was a fiddler. I do believe it was Jessie James' brother, Frank.

At the mouth of the Cimarron was David Paynes Squatter Settlement.

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#### SNAKE WAR

A man came to me for a Search warrant, I was Justice of the Peace. I issued it and went with him to see that the searching was done right. The Sheriff and some others were in the tents searching for the meat when the negros overpowered them and made them leave. When he was leaving, Deputy A.W. Patty of McIntosh County, turned in his saddle and said, "I'll see you again." The second morning about daylight I heard the firing, I was making a fire in the cookstove, and told my wife, "They had begun up there." I lived about 2 miles south. Timothy Fowler was shot in the eye but he didn't die. Tom Lott was the only Indian there. The white men wouldn't let me in for I had an Indian wife and it might cause a lot of trouble for me. The Snakes were opposed to sectionization and claimed they'd get it back. The negros were taken to Eufaula by train. It cost the Government about \$6,000.00. Soldiers came in after it was over, and pretended to hunt Crazy Snake. Some men went to Crazy Snake's house, ~~from Henzyette~~ where the Snake, Charlie Coaker, Sam Harrod, and another little short Indian were. The Odom boy was killed. In examination of the negros by Horace B. Reubelt, he told them that he was going to turn them loose on their word that they would never congregate, for he couldn't get to them in time to save them if they did.



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Linzey and another Lawyer of McAlester were grafting them out of their money. I went in the jail and talked with them, they had denied everything until then. They promised and scattered and went home. Patty, George Hamilton, Jim Upchurch and Bob Crawford were country folk in it, White men.

#### INDIAN HABITS

The Indians didn't consider anything vulgar. The early way of marriage they would just go to sleeping together and that was called the Blanket Marriage. The couple remained with the bride's people for one year and then they built a house and moved to themselves. The house was of log.

A book the size of your hand contained the L. W. They would convict a person and he'd leave and come back at the time to be shot or whipped. Fifty lashes were for the first penalty, one hundred for the second, then death. They used hickory switches, some were pretty smooth and others were rough. They would tie him up by a tree so that the switch wouldn't go all around and cut him in the front. Just his back was whipped. His hands were tied up over his head, feet tied together with a pole between them, a man would stand on the pole to hold it down. Five Light-Horsemen would each administer ten lashes. The blood would come, he would squirm and hollow but it didn't do any good. It was just like politics now. if he was a friend to the man who was whipping him the lashes would be lighter than if he was an enemy.

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It's almost time for a big meeting when they will make a lot of soup, Squirrel, chicken and corn cooked together. They will take a spoonful and pour it here and there and little peices of bread and throw around to keep the food from making them sick. When the women will gather around one pot and squat down and eat. The men will go to the other pot and squat down and eat. When I find out they are going to have it I'll let you know and you can come and enjoy it for they like to have company.

Blue Dumplings is another Indian dish, it is made out of corn meal and has lye in it, it is formed into balls and boiled.

When they plant peanuts, they hull them and take the hulls and throw them in the fork of some road. But the Indians aren't the only ones who have superstitions about planting. I've seen white folk shell seed corn and throw the cob in a well or lake that wouldn't go dry so they'd have a good corn crop.

The Green Corn Dance is usually in July, you really should see that too.

Once I was at a Baptising of the Thewaltha church, across the river North East of Dustin. It was absolutely according to the Bible. They went down into the water and "came up out of the water" just as it says in the Bible. ~~Then~~ they all knelt down and prayed, it was a pretty sight.

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Peter McNac started the Hickory Church.

The Baptist Church on Tiger Mountain is called Silver Springs. Every Sunday they meet in a different place. At Home's around then on the fourth Sunday they meet at the Church.

At an Indian funeral each of the relation must throw a lump of dirt into the grave.

I started sending the news in to the Henryetta News.

The teacher of No. 38 gathers the news of McIntosh and sends it to me and I put it with the news from Arbeca and send it to the paper.

I would like to say that people lived better thirty years ago than they do now. We had plenty of hogs and cattle, money was scarce but we didn't need it so much. The Autos and good roads have spoiled the country. People and stock are underfed, they can't do a good day's work. Whiskey is getting worse and worse. There was no drinking in those days. Prohibition is a fraud, why not let us get the revenues on whiskey. I live north of the Arbeca Bridge built by Roy Morgan, over the North Canadian River. It use to be a Railroad ~~road~~ bridge and is the stoutest on the river. He brought it here in 1925. It sets at a 40 degree angle N.W. by S.W. I live with my boy, Bill.

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#### Names of Old-Timers

Light-Horseman Jessie Island-----Bristow, Okla.

Lincoln Post Oak, son of Taylor Post Oak-----North of Sapulpa  
Don't know if he is living or not, has good education.

Bob Fry-----Tulsa, Okla.  
Bill Brunner was hired to kill his daddy.

There was a salt Spring North of Wetumka but I can't  
locate it mabe someone down there can.

These are the brands that I remember, there were so very  
many that I can't remember them all:

Turner-----/// on the thigh.

Severs-----F.S.

Spaulding-----S.

La Coska-----F.S. (That name may be misspelled)

Clinton-----Half circle over S.

Hickory Ground Indians-----H.G. turned in different

Arbecas-----E turned it in different positions  
to show who owned the animal.

Hugh Henry had his corral at the old Hugh Henry down by  
the bridge where that big two story yellow house is.

#### Unusual Fishing Trip

One day I went fishing, cut four inches of ice, thinking  
that I'd get a good mess of fish but I didn't get any. I did  
catch Gar in a most peculiar manner though. They would come up  
for air and I'd snap a steel trap around their bill and jerk  
them out of the water. George Riley Hall saw me and said that  
he never saw fish caught in a steel trap before.

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Indians used quaser medicines, some real and some superstitious.

Black Root was boiled into a drink for different diseases. Cedar was burned and smoked inhaled for colds and fever.

Once when one of our children were small, My wife's breast got a Weed in it. The doctor couldn't do it any good, so I went to an old Indian Woman he told me about. When I told her what the trouble was, she said she would try for four days and if she didn't get any better by that time, she couldn't do anything else. So I told her I wanted to try her way. She took a cloth sack about the size of the yolk of an egg, it contained something, and put it into a jar of water and had her son to blow into the jar. Then she told me to take the jar home and bathe the wife's breasts in the water, and to report every day how she was getting along. I did as I was told and the next day she was better, second day there was no pain, and by the fourth day she was alright. I beleive the sack contained the dirt from an ant hill.

Little Fish is a Medicine Man, lives West of Henryetta.