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13576

340

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Interview with Charles E. Ryburn
Boswell, Oklahoma.

I was born in 1883 near Mt. Vernon, in Franklin County Texas. My father, R. W. Ryburn was a native of Arkansas and my mother, Mattie Orton Ryburn, was also born in that state. Mother is buried at Boswell and Father is buried at Antlers.

I was ten when we loaded in covered wagons and came to the Indian Territory and settled on the Dr. Miller place at Kent, in 1893. It was a pretty wild country then; deer, turkey and wild hogs were thick. White families were few and far apart. There were few churches and schools in the country. We were several miles from any place where they had church, so on Sundays we went hunting, swimming and played ball.

By the time I was a good big boy, big enough to play on the team we had organized a team and named it "Big Tussle" and we played teams from Antlers, and others. O! we had a crack team. I got pretty good at Indian ball, too. My dad farmed and raised stock, and kept us all pretty busy all the week and we looked forward to Sunday with a good deal of eagerness. It was the day of the "Big-get-to-gether" of the community.

We lived in one of the usual log cabins built by the Indians and our neighbors were few and far apart. Nelson was a couple of miles from us and sometimes they would have a short school term there and we would get to attend, but usually we had to walk the six miles to Atlas to school. Miss Sue Oakes, who became Mrs. Ben Denison of Idabel, and Miss Sue Oakes who is now Mrs. Howard Morris of Soper were among my teachers at Atlas. The girls were cousins and very little older than I. After I was a good big boy I went to Antlers and attended school at the Catholic boarding school; I went there a couple of years.

When we left the Dr. Miller place we lived on the Dave Swink place; he was an intermarried citizen. It was just another Choctaw Indian log cabin with the usual bunch of seven or eight graves out in the apple orchard, each with a log pen over it. None of them were marked that I remember. That was a mile southwest of Ant. There were lots of graves around the Indian cabins, but I don't recall any old cemeteries in the country with tombstones.

When I was a boy and a young man I used to go and attend court at the two Indian court grounds. They were about eight

miles apart; one at Mayhew and the other across Boggy. I think they quit having court at each place about 1907.

Ed Dwight was the last sheriff, and he would hire his whipping done for him, also the shooting. I don't blame him; I would have done that, too. A full blood Indian named Bob Jackson usually did the shooting for him. I never saw or wanted to see an execution or a whipping.

Boggy nearly always had to be ferried. It was nearly always too deep to be forded and bridges were unheard of then. The ferry was just above the present bridge.

Indians would come for miles and miles and camp on the Boggy court ground and attend court, which sometimes went on for three and four weeks at the time.

Dillard Duncan married an Indian woman and she allotted the land at Mayhew that the old steel jail was on and after they quit holding court there, they used it for a granary for years and years.

When we lived at Kent and raised cotton we took it to Atlas and had it ginned and then hauled it to Paris, Texas, to market. Thomas Oakes had a gin at Atlas and C. L. Harris had a store there.

Before Dr. John located there, we were fifteen miles or more from a doctor, Dr. Miller down on Lake Roebuck. The Indians had their herb doctors somewhere out in the bushes and some of them were pretty good doctors, too, I guess for some of their patients survived their ministrations and incantations.

I have been a peace officer for many years. I have been deputy sheriff, justice of the peace and I have held a commission under the United States Indian Department, as a special officer. I hold a deputy sheriff's commission now.