

SHIPLEY, ADDIE

INTERVIEW

#12272

455

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

Alena T. McDowell

Field worker's name _____
November 10, 1937
This report made on (date) _____

Addie Shipley

1. Name _____
2. Post Office Address 106 S. Cheyenne, Bartlesville, Okla.
3. Residence address (or location) 106 S. Cheyenne, Bartlesville
4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month March Day 5 Year 1874
5. Place of birth Dandridge, Tennessee

6. Name of Father John Hickman Place of birth Tenn.
Other information about father Buried in Bartlesville, Okla.
7. Name of Mother Sarah Hicks-Hickman Place of birth Tenn.
Other information about mother Buried southwest of Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

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 _____

Alene D. McJowell
Investigator.
Indian-pioneer History, 3-149
November 10, 1937

457

LIFE AMONG THE PA'NEE
AND OSAGE INDIANS.

Given by
Mrs. Addie Shipley
106 S. Cheyenne
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

Mrs. Addie Shipley was born March 5, 1874
at Landridge, Tennessee.

Father - John Hickman was a native of Tennessee
and spent his early life in that state. He came
to the Indian Territory in 1888 where he died in
about 1922 at Bartlesville and is buried in the
White Rose Cemetery here.

Mother - Sarah Hicks-Hickman was also a native
of Tennessee and died in Bartlesville when the town
was quite small. It was her wish to be placed in
the cemetery at Coffeyville, as that was the only
cemetery of any size near here then. At the time
of her death Bartlesville was surrounded by water
and it was impossible to reach Coffeyville, so she
was buried in a country cemetery on the west side of
Circle Mountain about three miles southwest of Bartles-
ville, on Jessie Creek.

I came to ~~Coffeyville~~ Coffeyville, Kansas, from Tennessee

with my parents in 1877, when I was three years old. We settled on the Adam Beaty farm near Coffeyville where my parents followed agriculture for several years. We later moved to Coffeyville where my father worked as a common laborer. At the time we came west, Coffeyville was a new town with a population of about 2,000.

My uncles, George and Dow Hicks worked for Colonel Coffey, founder of Coffeyville and for Mr. Montgomery, for whom Montgomery County, Kansas was named.

In 1888, when I was 14 years old I removed with my parents to the Indian Territory and settled at Vinita where we resided for about three or four months. We brought two wagons and two spans of mules on this trip. There were five or six wagons in the party. One evening we stopped a few miles from Big Cabin to camp for the night. A man rode up to our camp and asked if we were camping there for the night and my father told him that was our intention if there was no objection. He agreed it was all right but said one of our wagons was

standing on the spot where two horse thieves were buried. We started to break camp and hitch our horses to the wagons, for we were looking for another camping ground. The man laughed and told my mother, who was greatly excited, that he would guarantee the men were dead and would not harm her. She asked him if he helped put them there. He would not commit himself, but said he knew they were dead. It was a greater crime to steal horses than it was to commit murder. We traveled on and camped at the edge of Big Cabin that night.

We next moved to Claremore, where we resided for three years, then came to Bartlesville in 1891 and lived here for two years.

In 1893 my parents decided to enter the race for land in the Cherokee Strip. We went to Stillwater and made the run from the South boundary, near Stillwater. We made the run in a wagon and my father secured a claim one and one-quarter miles South of ~~Lawson~~ near Major Gordon W. Hillier's buffalo ranch. We lived there for two years then returned to Bartlesville where I have resided since.

At the time set for the run there were not enough people left in Stillwater to have put out a fire. Those who had not entered the race, were there to witness the excitement.

There were numbers of tragedies, killings, fights and disagreements. Many crooks were there to take a claim from the honest home seekers. There were numbers of people trampled to death by the mad crowd. There were two men in a buggy near us and when the signal was given some one ran into them, tore two wheels from their buggy. The men were thrown clear of the vehicle and were trampled to death by the thousands of land crazed people. There were many similar accidents.

That was a dry autumn and the day set for the run was hot with a hot wind from the south. The dust rose in a fog when the break was made. The grass was dry and about one foot high and when someone dropped a match in this grass, the fire swept through the grass ahead of the throng and the smoke and heat choked and blinded the people. It was terrible and something I will never forget.

461

My father went to Perry to file his claim and stood in line all day before he could file. Crooked work was also displayed there by many who tried to get land by fair or foul play. Charlie Hyatt, who owned and operated the grocery store at Stillwater where we traced, wanted a lot at Stillwater that another man had staked. The man was in line to file on his lot and was in fourth place from the window, when a lawyer, hired by Hyatt for \$25.00, jerked him out of line and told him if he did not come with him, he would call the law. The man explained that he was only fourth in line and wished to file his claim before he left. The lawyer refused his request and the man left his place in line. Hyatt then filed a contest and finally swindled the man out of his lot.

When the land was opened for settlement the homesteaders were to pay the government \$1.25 per acre, but the government finally issued the land free.

Several years ago I saw a movie of the Run and it looked very familiar.

The Southeast part of the Cherokee Outlet was settled by the Cherokee Indians and we lived among this tribe. They, like the other tribes, celebrated their various customs, of which I have attended. Their pow-wow dance was much different from the other tribes dances I have witnessed. The men in squares dance separately, each have their stomping grounds. They started their dance very slow, gradually getting faster until they were running at the finish. I have seen the squares get so excited their flesh would quiver and they would raise their hands and cry. They held their dances in the winter on ice and one winter night one square danced until she was exhausted and fell on the ice. Someone threw a blanket over her and the next morning she was dead.

They always had a big feast at their pow-wows and this also was different from other tribes I have seen. They all sat in a circle on the ground with their five chiefs in the center. There was a forty gallon kettle of mulligan from which they all

463

ate heartily. After the feast they smoked the pipe of peace, each taking a puff from the pipe passing it around the circle until each had smoked. The pipe was about two feet long and the stem was crooked.

I remember one man who always wore his hair stringing over his face until it could not be seen. He danced on one foot until it was worn out, then changed to the other.

The ~~Indians~~ did not care for the white people attending their celebrations as long as they did not ridicule them. There was a drunk man in our crowd one night when he attended a dance who insisted upon celebrating with them and everytime he fell he would whoop. This made the Indians angry and they did not approve of him.

We were concerned about his behavior and tried to quiet ^{him} to no avail. There was a physician, who had doctored among them, in our party and he asked them to smoke the peace pipe with him, which they did. The drunk man then offered them cigars which they refused and completely ignored him. This frightened us and we went home.

The Pawnees buried their dead in shallow graves about 12 inches deep at the head and feet and 18 inches for the body. If they had enough money a grate, similar to an oven grate, was placed over the corpse before it was covered with dirt. I have seen skulls in these shallow graves of the Indians, and animals which were buried with them, and the Indian skull could not be distinguished from that of the animal. Possums would dig down and eat the flesh from the body, for this reason the grate was placed over them.

The Cherokee Strip was bordered on the east by the C sage Reservation. We became acquainted with the different customs of the C sage Indians. Their burial was much different from the Pawnees. When an C sage died he was set straight up in a rigid position and his face painted with bright colors. The body was hauled to the top of a hill, set in a chair or on the ground and two blankets were wrapped around it. His favorite pony was then driven to the grave, shot and placed beside

465

him and rocks piled around both until they were completely covered. They had hired mourners who were well paid to mourn the dead. The louder they mourned, the more they received. These mourners could be heard for miles and this was continued day and night for several days.

We returned to Bartlesville from Stillwater^{water} in 1895 and my father rented a farm from J.H. Bartles located about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south, on what is now Johnstone avenue in Bartlesville. We had a three room log house with one large room down stairs, a shed kitchen and one room upstairs.

The next year we moved to the Andy Wilkie place, one mile west and one mile north of Bartlesville on Butler Creek. This place is on what is now known as the Mound Road. There is now a large farm house ~~now~~ on the location where our little frame house then stood. This place now belongs to Mrs. Lonnie Young, widow of Mr. Wilkie.

My father freighted from Coffeyville for J.H. Bartles, George Keeler and William Johnstone and also hauled freight to Pawhuska and Hominy.

The traders in Osage County were very independent and did not care to sell to the white people. One night my father and the man he was freighting with, were camped at the freighters camp near the reservation and decided to buy some canned goods, cheese and crackers and have a feast. They went into the trading post for their supplies where they were held up, but not by bandits. The clerk asked them 25 cents for a can of tomatoes, 60 cents a can for salmon and 25 cents for a box of matches. They refused to pay such enormous prices and were told that the traders were there to sell to the Indians and that the white peoples trade was not wanted. Their supper consisted of what supplies they had with them.

My brother, Bert, usually accompanied my father on these trips and drove one team but on one occasion my father took a young fellow, John, with him. They camped between Bartlesville and Tahuska that night and John, who was young and full of vim began whooping like an Indian. My father immediately cautioned him to be careful, for the United States officers were

467

always on the look out for whiskey on the reservation. He gave two or three whoops when two officers rode up to the camp and ask^{ed} where their whiskey was kept. My father told them to search his wagon that he did not haul whiskey. They thought John was drunk and when they were convinced that he was just a silly kid they rode away. John was so frightened he did no more whooping.

Texas cattle were driven to this part of the territory and to the Osage Reservation and pastured, then shipped to market. These cattle had long horns and were vicious and wild. One day my brother, Nort, was at Chimney Rock, on the side of a hill about three miles North and two miles West of Bartlesville, in Osage County. He heard horns clicking and thought it was some of these long horn cattle but when he rode in sight of them, it was a drove of sixteen deer clicking horns. The Indians claim this was a sign that they were leaving the country.

I was hunting some horses one day when a little fawn ran out of the brush. My horse was old and

SHIPLEY, ADDIE.

INTERVIEW.

12272

468

refused to run so I jumped off and chased it until I was so far out distanced I could not keep in sight of it.

The first school I recall in Bartlesville was held in the old Bank Hall where all the social gatherings were also held. The first rural school in our community, South of town, was taught by Addie Mc Daniels.

^{this}
In all ~~the~~ wild country of the early days I saw only one out law. One day I rode over to the Cyp Tayrien home ~~one day~~ to visit Nellie Courtney, a girl friend who worked for them, and when I went into the house Mr. Tayrien sat near the door with a Winchester across his lap. I ask him if he intended shooting me and he told me to be quiet that Ed Newcomb was in the kitchen and Nellie was booking his dinner. He said he had \$2,000 up stairs and he did not intend that Newcomb should take it. I wanted to see him so Mr. Tayrien suggested that I go to the kitchen and ask Nellie to put an extra plate on for me, which I did. Nellie and I ate dinner with him, but he never looked up from his

plate. We were disappointed for we wanted to see his eyes. He left as soon as he had eaten and did not take Mr. Tayrien's money.

My cousin's husband, a banker at Harrison, Arkansas, fatally wounded Henry Starr, one of Oklahoma's noted outlaws, when he and two other fellows attempted to rob the bank.

Scott Bruner, who now lives east of Dewey, was a little wild in the early days until he received a bad gun shot wound on one of his wild escapades which destroyed one of his lungs. I was at a picnic at the Bartles Park shortly after Scott's recovery from this wound. He wanted to appear that the wound was nothing and when he started to pick up 50 pounds of ice the wound broke loose and blood poured from his mouth, he collapsed and the doctor was called. He recovered and later became a United States Deputy Marshal.

The Fourth of July was a great day for the old timers and a big celebration was always held in the Bartles Park. The evening was

entertained with a dance. Everything usually went over in a great way unless some of the boys got too much whiskey. One time Silas Longbone, a full blood Delaware, drew his gun and cleared the platform in less than one minute, with the exception of Stella Bales who refused to go. He started shooting at her feet and she decided the platform wasn't very healthy and also deserted it. She had gone with him a few times and thought she could bluff him but he thought different.

Our mode of travel in the early days was and horseback, in wagons and buggies. We had no roads and the trails were rough and rocky. I can look back now where the trails used to be and picture in my mind the big rocks and deep ruts and wonder how we rode over them. There were rocks on the Bartlesville-Pawhuska trail half as large as the wagon, and ruts deep enough in places to half bury the horses. When I look at the hard surfaced road we now have from Bartlesville to Pawhuska I can hardly vision the old time trails.

The church activities in this vicinity, was somewhat advanced in comparison to many other communities for we had some consecrated christian workers in our midst who carried on the work in a wonderful way. The Baptist church was the oldest and had the largest membership of this immediate vicinity. Mrs. Henry Jlay and Mrs. T.A. Stewart were faithful workers in the Baptist church here. Mrs. J.H. Bartles was another devoted worker in this county, later organizing the Journey-ake Memorial Baptist Church at Dewey, a memorial to her father, Rev. Charles Journeycake, a Delaware Chief and a great missionary in this section of the Indian Territory. Mrs. Bartles was the first christian woman along the Caney river and was a faithful worker in the Baptist Church at Dewey until her death.

I was married to Walter Shipley, November 10, 1902 and we are the parents of three sons, Roy and Claude of Bartlesville and Ray of Guthrie. We have lived in Bartlesville all of our married life and in this one house for 20 years.

Cyprian Tayrien, a French Canadian who was stolen and reared by the Osages from the age of four years, was an interesting character and did many strange things which puzzled every one. He was a snake charmer and everyone believed in him. There were lots of snakes in the Osage hills then, and I remember on several occasions of people who had been bitten by these poisonous reptiles were given up by the doctors to die and were cured by Cyp Tayrien.

On one occasion a child in the country several miles from the Tayrien place was bitten by a rattlesnake and his body was swollen until he was ready to burst. His father rode to the Tayrien place to seek help and when he arrived he was told Mr. Tayrien was in town. He rode his horse in a run to Bartlesville and stopped at the hotel where a crowd of men were gathered on the porch. When he arrived Mr. Tayrien dropped his head. The man asked which of the men was Mr. Tayrien and when assured, stated his mission and asked Mr. Tayrien to accompany him to the child's bedside. It was

then about eleven o'clock. Mr. Fayrien refused to go with him but told him the child was better and would recover. When the man arrived home the child was much better and he was told the change for better had occurred about eleven o'clock.

A few years before Mr. Fayrien's death in 1922, a young man was bitten by a Copperhead on the hand. His mother, Mrs. Butts operated the Star Hotel, and when he came home she ask^{ed} if he would rather have a doctor or go to see Cyp Fayrien. He chose the latter and when Mr. Fayrien looked at the wound he dropped his head for a few minutes and informed him it would be all right. The hand did not give him any trouble and was not swollen. The roomers at the hotel notified the officers that a physician had not been consulted and the officers insisted that they call a doctor. Mrs. Butts called their family physician and he painted around the wound with Iodine and in a few days he was all right.

He could also doctor other diseases in the same way. When my youngest son, Ray, was eighteen months

474

old he had typhoid fever and we had given up that he was dyin three times. The doctor had told us there was no hope. My husband and I had a lot of faith in Cyp Tayrien and one morning my husband drove out to see him. While he was gone we thought the baby was dying. He told Mr. Tayrien the baby was very sick and wanted him to come here with him. Mr. Tayrien dropped his head and was in a deep study for a few minutes, then told my husband the baby was very sick but to come home and he would find him much improved. When he arrived home the child was better and continued to improve.

Nell,

My sister, married Mr. Tayrien's son, Charile, who claims he can cure snake bites and our family, like many other old timers here have faith in him.

My sister, Jewel Keefer, lived in the Osage several years ago and the snakes were numerous around their house. They were under the house and made so much noise the family could not sleep at night. My sister told Charlie Tayrien if he could do anything about them to do so. He made

her promise to not kill any snakes if she saw them out in the timber. I don't know what he did, but they were not bothered with snakes any more.