

INDEX CARDS

Ranching--Cherokee Nation
Civil War Refugees--Southern
Elections--Cherokee.
Ross, John
Districts--Cherokee
Rogers, Clem V.
Oologah
Coal--Cherokee Nation
Newspapers--Oologah
Game--Cherokee Nation
Horse Races--Cherokee Nation
Freedmen--Cherokee
Cowboys

SUNDAY, EDWARD. INTERVIEW.

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375

THE LIFE STORY OF "UNCLE ED" SUNDAY
Cologah, Okla.

By Mary Jane Stockton.

One of the most interesting places along the Caney river, on Rogers-Tulsa county line, is the farm and ranch of Edward Sunday, who has spent the 60 years of his life in what is now Eastern Oklahoma, the greater part of which has been in Rogers county.

While he is now a resident of Tulsa county he has made no move for many years. A few years ago, the line separating Rogers from Tulsa county was changed some two miles to the east for the purpose of detaching the City of Billingsville and its environs from Rogers county and making the same a part of Tulsa county. This new survey located the dividing line on the eastern border of the Sunday ranch

when it had formerly been a mile further west, thus Mr. Sunday was "moved" from Rogers county to Tulsa county without any change in his place of a acre.

While this ancient home, now modern in many respects, is a very interesting place it is no more interesting than the old veteran himself. With a mustache and goatée still black, though tinged with gray, his eyes still sparkling and his complexion brown as a chestnut, "Uncle Ed," as he

-2-

is familiarly known; presents a striking appearance, a combination of the old with the new order of things. He was born in the Cherokee hill country, east of the Grand (or Neosho) river but when a mere child moved with his parents to a farm and ranch near what is now the Rogers and Jones county line, some ten or twelve miles northeast of the present city of Claremont. Then a more he learned to ride on horseback and soon became an expert "brand master and cattle roper," at which business he has worked off and on ever since. But a few days ago, during the week of April, 1907, the writer saw him on horseback, driving a bunch of cattle from one pasture to another on the Sunday ranch on Loney river, eight miles southwest of Marshah and about four miles to the northeast from Collinsville. Sitting straight as the proverbial warrior with his even legs floating in the breeze, from under the brim of his "sabrero", he certainly made a thrilling picture.

The home on this ranch is a fine-say, frame building, a typical ranch house of pioneer days, sheltered by a grove of trees. In the yard is a "dug well" of earth, from which it's drawn to the surface by means of a rope, bucket and "old oaken bucket." Mr. Sunday says this well has been their principal water supply for more than half a

-3-

century and has never failed.

The house of four or five rooms is simply but comfortably furnished, much of the furniture being of a very substantial nature that has done duty for many years; the latest acquisition being a radio, a battery set, which Uncle Ed enjoys very much, tuning in each evening to get the market reports, the news reel and such programs as happen to interest him, old-time "fiddle music" and speeches on Indian affairs and the New Deal being of special interest.

A short distance away stands a massive stone barn, built of native stone. It, too, is a land-mark, erected several years ago at a cost of approximately \$15,000.00.

The ranch proper consists of something like 400 acres, title to much of it being held in fee simple by Uncle

Ed or his son, Billy, who lives in Claremore but takes a personal interest in the farm and ranch, making frequent visits there and often spending the week-end there with his wife and two daughters and entertaining friends.

To the south and east of the house are broad acres of fertile lands used for the production of wheat, oats, corn and forage crops, the pastures extending some distance beyond. To the west and north are to be found the "low bottoms" of the Caney river. In this bottom are to be

-4-

found nearly 1000 bearing pecan trees as well as groves of hickory, walnut and oak.

Less than a fourth of a mile from the home is a beautiful lake of about twenty acres, fed by "overflow" waters from the Caney and underground currents. It is well stocked with fish, and makes an ideal location for an outing, picnicking or fishing party, while the annual "Rodeo" is held in the pastures half a mile away, and near State Highway 10.

Mr. Sunday has been married three times. The first wife, Mary, the mother of his sons, Billy and Ed, died many years ago, and a few years after he united in marriage with a "likely widow" who had some children. She passed on several years ago and the third wife, a congenial and fitting companion for this grand old man, meets you with a smile and makes you feel very much at home.

When the Great Civil War broke out, Mr. Sunday, then a mere lad, went south with his parents and there remained until the strife was over, being rendezvoused on the banks of the Red River where he says he had a great time hunting and playing with the Choctaw and Chickasaw boys, sometimes going into hiding when news came that the "Federals are near."

-5-

This family gradually made their way back into the land of the Cherokees, living for a while in the Muskogee, or Creek, Nation.

In early manhood and after the death of his parents he settled on Bird creek, a tributary of the Verdigris, a few miles east from the present town of Turley, near a small place called Ringo. Here he attended the first election held in the Cherokee Nation after the war. The election for the entire section west of the Verdigris was held in the Nowawescoowee District Court house. This District Court house was first located there, at Ringo; later removed to Ephart Springs and still later to Clarkshore. Mr. Sunday says the newly formed district was named in honor of Chief John Ross of the Cherokees, whose name in the native tongue was "Goo-tee-goo-tee," meaning a phantom or mythical bird that would fly in front of a loaded gun and receive the charge intended for a Cherokee warrior.

Mr. Sunday later moved to a ranch east of the Caney River. Here his herd grazed over a vast range, and here his neighbor was Clement Mann Rogers, father of Bill Rogers, the cowboy, whom he knew from childhood.

Mr. Sunday was one of the founders of the town of Delight, founded soon after construction of the Missouri-

acific railway. "Oo-lo-gah," so he explains, is a corruption of a Cherokee word meaning "cloud," and a Cherokee family named "Cloud" having lived on Four-mile creek near that place many years ago.

Mr. Sunday opened and for several years operated the Oologah coal mines, from which many cars of coal were shipped each year before allotment of Indian lands. He operated a general store at Oologah, was one of the incorporators of the town, nearly forty years ago, helped finance a boom-town newspaper and served as mayor of the town, a position later filled by his son, Billy.

Mr. Sunday says fish and wild game, such as deer, quail, prairie chickens, were plentiful in those days while wolves were a common pest. Annual round-ups of range

cattle and frequent horse races were "events" of the season, attended by men and women from neighboring ranches. He seldom missed by Mr. Sunday, who looked after his own cattle at each round-up and often put a few dollars on the races when races were held.

He tells us about a rather thrilling episode at one of these races. He says a longhaired, well armed and sturdy appearing man whose name he has forgotten, (but thinks he was a Delaware Indian,) brought a few horses to

-7-

one of the races held near Jologan. "Rab" Rogers, a former negro slave of Uncle Clem Rogers, but then a free man and living near the creek which bears his name, Rabbs creek, a friendly, harmless but, of course, ignorant, negro, was present and displayed much interest in the outcome of the races. The worthy man above referred to induced the negro to match his saddle pony against a fast horse owned by the professional, "one for the other." Of course the unsuspecting negro lost and was resigned to his fate, although much relieved at the loss of his horse. In a make-believe attempt to alleviate the old colored man, the professional proposed to match another race, getting the old man to bet all the money he had and promising him, sure thing, that the race would be pulled, or thrown, so he would be sure to win. The negro lost again and was made the butt of the joke by his successful antagonist, who absolutely refused to make retribution in any form and proceeded to "hoo-rah" the negro. Rab gave way to a paroxysm of grief while the fraudulent and crafty winner laughed hilariously. At this stage of the game an unknown cowboy, a rough looking fellow (possibly an outlaw) sauntered up, seized the long-haired gentleman by the collar of his woolen shirt, drew a dirk knife with

-8-

blade about six inches long and said: "You D--m skunk, to do an old and ignorant nigger that way. Give back his money and his hoss, and do hit instanter or I'll cut your meas-
le head off just above your shoulders. I mean biz, you

know hit, I'm a tawken Chattanooga talk. Jar loose!" The

men jarred loose and rode away with a murmur. Then the man

who had come to the rescue called the d--r to him and said:

"There is your money and your hoss, take 'em, beat for

home and try to have more sense next time, better quit bet-

tin' on the races." The old darky was so confuse with his

words and; so it is said, always refused to bet thereafter.

The rescuer also rode away, saying nothing. "Such incidents,"

Mr. Sunday, "were common in the good old days before

statehood when Rogers county was range country."

Mr. Sunday served one term in the Cherokee legis-

lature and did his dead level best to protect the interests

of his constituents against the machinations of grafters,

but declined to make the race for a second term.

Later a delegation of citizens prevailed on him to

run the race for sheriff of Cooweescoowee District but

he declined to "dabble in politics" any further. "Can't

get interested," he told his friends, "I served in the

legislature, did my best for youall and feel that I got

SUNDAY, EDWARD.

383

-9-

some results, but I lost about a thousand dollars from my business while trying to be a legislator. I should have stayed here on the ranch, where I know the ropes. Can't run, I thank you. I sho' got a lot of good cussin's for my activities while at Tahleuah, and it cost me about a thousand. I cant afford to hold public office, then I ~~ain't~~ got time to be sheriff, nohow, not to look after my cattle, some of 'em need attention now, ood day."