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Weather
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Field Worker: Jennie Selfridge
April 2, 1937

BIOGRAPHY OF Mr. Andy Addington (White)
Confederate Home
Ardmore, Oklahoma

BORN July 28, 1852
Georgia

PARENTS Jarrett Addington, South Carolina
(Father)
Lucinda Spivey, North Carolina
(Mother).
Father carried one of the first
colonies into Canada. Addington
county named after him.

I came to Indian Territory in 1862. Father bought up all the land he could in Texas, and leased all he could get in the Indian Territory. He was the first white man to make a lease with an Indian in the territory. He leased a section of land from N. H. (Bob) Love, a Chickasaw Indian. This land was on Red River and was located in what is now known as Addington's Bend.

Nelson and Sarah were the only slaves Father had.

Father later owned a big ranch on Simon Creek. I built the first house on Simon creek, twelve miles west of the present town of Marietta. I built there about 1869. It was right after the war.

I was just ten years old when the war started, but before long I was carrying two big six-shooters. Before I was fifteen Captain White, the man for whom Whitesboro was named, organized forty four of us boys in a company to fight the Comanches and Kiowas. We were all under eighteen years old. The Comanches

The Comanches would come in on every light of the moon, steal our horses and go to Fort Sill. We would chase them to the Fort, then the Blue coats would make us leave them alone. We would kill the Blue coats if we caught them out.

My oldest brother was one of the first volunteers of the Confederate Army. He was wounded near Fort Gibson. Father heard about it and rode a mule to the Fort to see about him. He was dead and buried when Father got there. Father got a team and hack from the Confederates. Had the body dug up and brought it back and buried him at Gainsville. This was the fifth grave in the Gainsville cemetery.

We did all of our trading at Jefferson, Texas. The year the Civil war ended I drove four yoke of oxen to a wagon loaded with wheat, from the stage stand at what is now Gainsville, Texas to Kentucky Town, Texas. Here we had the wheat ground. We loaded our flour in the wagon, hauled it to San Antonio, and sold it for sixteen dollars a hundred.

As we went through Austin the Union soldiers raised their flag over the Texas Capitol. We were four months on this trip, but camped in San Antonio two weeks.

I settled on Bear Creek in 1885. Later Velma was my post office. I had a big ranch there. I bought six thousand head of cattle from one man, and turned them loose this side of the Red River. At that time I had \$100,000 in the bank at Sherman, Texas.

In 1868 we drove six hundred head of cattle from here to where Kansas City now stands. It was three miles from Liberty. We loaded the cattle on boats and shipped them out. I danced in the house there where Jesse and Frank James were born. We followed the old Whiskey Trail on this trip. It crossed the Red River at Burneyville, then came on up to Adam Jimney's point, and went into the Arbuckle mountains near Godfroy. John Chisholm also drove cattle over this trail.

Adam Jimney was killed near the Adam Jimney point, by an Indian. They were both drunk, and started fighting. The Indian hit Jimney with a brass stirrup and fractured his skull. He is buried in the community cemetery at Oil Springs. I paid an Indian by the name of Cutchontubbee, who lived east of the present town of Berwyn, \$4,000 in gold for a herd of cattle. He took the money and buried it in a Toshofa pot. Shortly after this he died, and no one ever knew where he buried the money.

I lost about four thousand head of cattle in 1884 and 1885. They died for want of water. All of the creeks went dry up and down Red river. I saved about fifteen hundred head on Bear creek. We dug wells and every thing else trying to get water.

Red River froze over the winter of 1884 and 1885. It was very low as a result of the drought, and we had a very severe winter.

About this time I took my wife and our two children and travelled all over the United States. We were gone for two years. Mary Knutz who lived at Springer for years travelled with us.

Jerry Washington was my brother-in-law. He married my sister Josie. We were in the cattle business together for years.

I left the ranch about ten year ago.

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