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INDEX CARDS

Hunting - In 1881  
Tribe - NezPerce  
Schools - Chilocco  
Freighter  
Pawnee Indian Police  
Run - 1889

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

Field Worker's name Ethel B. Tackitt

This report made on (date) June 10, 1937

Lone Wolf, Kiowa County, Oklahoma

1. Name William E. Aikman

2. Post Office Address Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) 1629 N E 13th.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month August Day 2 Year 1860

5. Place of birth Clinton, Indiana

6. Name of Father William Aikman Place of birth Not given

Other information about father Served as Union Militiaman in Civil War

7. Name of Mother Eleanor Michinson Aikman Place of birth Indiana

Other information about mother Nothing given

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 5.

INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM E. AIKMAN  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma  
Ethel B. Tackett, Field Worker  
June 10, 1937

I was born August 2, 1860, at Clinton, Indiana. My father, William Aikman, served in the Militia through the Civil War. My mother was Eleanor Michison Aikman, also of Indiana. Both of my parents died early and I came to Cherokee, Kansas, when quite a young man. There I met Enoch Jackson Redick who was engaged in hunting and fishing, both for the love of the sport and also for the market.

Daddy Jack, as he was called, took me under his protection and with him I soon became an experienced fisherman and hunter. He in after years became my father-in-law, as I married his daughter Atta Fay Redick, who is yet my wife, and has gone with me on many of my hunting trips from Oklahoma to Nebraska.

In the winter of 1881, Daddy Jack and I brought our wagons and teams, hounds, guns and general hunting equipment down into the territory which is now May County, and were hunting deer, antelope, prairie chicken, and quail. All kinds of game was in abundance and we had fine luck.

Chief Yellow Bull and his tribe, who were part of Chief Joseph's band of Nez Perce Indians which had been brought from the northern territories on account of the part they had taken with the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians in their wars against the whites in Wyoming, Dakota, and Montana, were being held as prisoners of war on the reservation and we got to be very friendly with them. I gave Yellow Bull turkeys and other game. They were not allowed to have many guns and so could not get game so easily.

One afternoon we started to cross the river near his camp on the ice when the weather was cold and the river was frozen over. One of our horses slipped and fell on the ice, crippling itself and breaking the tongue out of the wagon. Chief Yellow Bull and some of his braves were watching us cross. He called to them telling them to go to our assistance. He had some of the braves carry sand and put it on the ice, making a trail to the bank, while others helped us push the wagon across and get the horses out. By the time this was done, night had come on and he insisted that we spend the night with him, which we were glad to do.

Most of the Indians lived round him in tepees, but he lived in a two-room house with his sister, whose husband had been killed in this war for which for which they were prisoners. I do not remember her name. She went out to one of the tepees to sleep and I was given her bed. I have always wondered about that bed, as I have never slept in another like it. It was an ordinary bed and blankets on it, but the head end was at least eight or ten inches higher than the foot board of the bed and I put in the whole night crawling up from the foot board.

Yellow Bull seemed to be very much attached to me because I liked to hunt, and he liked our hounds very much.

He wanted me to allow him to adopt me as his son and he would give to me just as he would to a son. I liked him and his tribe but I did not care to be his son.

I have seen bands of not less than seventy-five antelope feeding on the ground which is now the Chilocco school campus. Mrs. Barnes, a white woman, was overseer of the cooking at the Chilocco school in 1884.

We sold our game to the army posts, Indian agencies, and merchants at Fort Scott and other towns in Kansas,

and also shipped much of it to Whorton-Perry in Chicago.

I sometimes hauled freight from Arkansas City to Shawnee Town Agency. I found a little gold breast pin at Shawnee Town Agency and gave it to Atta, who is now my wife on her fourteenth birthday in 1884. She treasures it yet.

The Pawnee Indian Police one time undertook to take my game away from me, as they were in the habit of doing from some of the other hunters. He went to my wagon, lifted the sheet, and pulled out a turkey. I walked around the wagon, took it out of his hand, put it back and said, "Now you let that alone." To my surprise he never bothered me anymore.

A bunch of my friends came down from Kansas in 1890 on a pleasure hunting trip and came by for me, but I had gone on a day or two before, so they went on by themselves. This was Jess Osbourn, George Haycraft, Duncan, Keller, and Henry Osbourn. They had made a pretty good kill, when the Pawnee Indian Police ran on to them and took their game, guns, and everything away from them and made them get out. They never did get even their guns back, which was quite a loss as they had some very fine guns.

I made the Run when Oklahoma was opened for settlement in 1889, and located a fine place, five and one half miles southwest of Stillwater in Payne County and filed on it, but in looking into the law I found that having been in the district previously in a given length of time made it illegal for me to homestead the place, so I gave it up without any protest.

I have lived in Stillwater, Chandler, and Jenks and have seen them pass from territory towns, through the oil field stage. I have hunted and fished along and in every stream of any size in the state and now spend much of my time fishing in Lake Overholser, and remembering the years when there was no law against hunting or fishing any where or any time. But our game and fish must be protected.