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Agencies--Kiowa-Comanche
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Plains Indians
Parker, Quanah

Field Worker: Warren D. Morse
Marsh 18, 1937

BIOGRAPHY OF Mr. Ed Barnes (White)
219 "C" Avenue
Lawton, Oklahoma

BORN Texas
1873

I came to Oklahoma and landed on a ranch on Cache Creek just where highway 29 crosses the creek. My greatest desire was to be a cowboy. I bought a rig and bay horse. It was good looking. I began practicing roping and riding. I wanted to ride and rope as well as the man I worked for.

Later I worked for Cox who was running a store at the Agency. He sent me off up in the Wichitas to trade with the Indians. I was only about seventeen then. I pitched my tent and went out to locate some cattle. I rode up to a brush pile and saw a bundle wrapped in a wagon sheet and tied with a rope. I sat in my saddle and looked at it for a few minutes and thought what a good rope that was. Now all cowboys thought of was ropes and this was a dandy. I got off my horse and went to the pile and dragged the bundle out and began to unwrap it. My, what an odor and to my syrprise it was a dead person. It had blankets they were very pretty, also some rings and other jewelry.

I was just an ignorant kid and did not know the customs of the Indians. I took the rope, blankts and jewelry then wrapped the body back up and went back to my camp. I threw the blankets in the spring to get the odor out. That night I took them out and spread them on bushes to dry. The next day I was in my tent when all at once I heard some jabbering, and jestering. I went out and there were a

bunch of Indians pointing toward the blankets and motioning toward the body that I had found, however it was some distance from my camp. I thought my time had come.

A few days later a white man rode up to camp and told me I had robbed a grave of an Indian. I took the rope and blankets back bad as I hated to. The rings I dropped by a tree near a creek thinking I would come back later and get them. I did go back later but I could not even find the tree.

Another time Cox sent two of us up north of Medicine Creek to buy some cattle. There were a whole bunch of Indians in our tent. These old warriors were telling how they made raids on White settlements the scalping and killing of babies. I think they were just trying to scare me. Any way I got tired of hearing the stories so I pulled my gun and fired it into the ground. It scared the Indians, they did not wait to get to the opening in our tent they went out under the edge all around. My partner told me I had ruined our chance of getting cattle but I did not care.

Quannah Parker wanted to adopt me but I was out for fun then. Wish I had let him now.

We used to go as far as Rush Springs to dances.