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BRINLEY, CARRIE STAN

INTERVIEW

4778

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

Field Worker's name Ethel B. Tackitt.

This report made on (date) July 10, 1937

Lone Wolf, Kiowa County, Oklahoma.

1. Name Mrs. Carrie Steed Brinkley.
2. Post Office Address Lone Wolf Kiowa County, Oklahoma
3. Residence address (or location) Main St., Lone Wolf, Oklahoma
4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month July Day 31 Year 1869.
5. Place of birth Texas

6. Name of Father Henry Steed Place of birth Alabama  
 Other information about father One-fourth Chickasaw Indian blood.

7. Name of Mother Louisa Knapp Steed. Place of birth Indiana  
 Other information about mother Mother died when Mrs. Brinkley  
was five years old.

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 4(four).

BRINKLEY, CARRIE STEED. INTERVIEW..

4778

Ethel B. Tackitt,  
Interviewer.  
July 10, 1937.

Interview with Mrs. Carrie Steed Brinkley  
Lone Wolf, Kiowa County, Oklahoma.  
Born, July 31, 1869.  
Father-Henry Steed.  
Mother-Louisa Knapp Steed.

I was born in Texas, July 31, 1869. There were five of us children and I was the middle one.

My father was Henry Steed of Alabama, one-fourth Chickasaw Indian, I was taught to believe. My mother was Louisa Knapp Steed. Born in Indiana.

Both of my parents died before I was twelve years old, also the two children older than myself.

Our mother died last and a neighbor by the name of Mrs. Ann Springfield took me and one of my sisters to live with her. Her daughter took my other sister. Both of my sisters died so I am all that is left of the family.

I married and moved to the Indian Territory near what is now Healdton, in Garter County, and settled on Walnut Bayen, on Caddo Creek, <sup>in</sup> September, 1884.

We worked for <sup>a</sup> stockman by the name of Mathew Moody; that is we lived around the Moody family for there was no need in those days for any body to work. Wild grapes

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and plums grew all over the bottom, walnuts and pecans could be had for the gathering, and if meat was wanted all that was needed was for some one to take a gun and walk out into the woods and kill a wild hog. They belonged to anybody that wanted them, and turkey, prairie chicken, and quail were to be had at any time; also the creek was full of fish.

I remember when we first settled on Walnut Bayou, there was a band of deer that passed our log cabin every day going from their feeding place to <sup>a</sup> salt lick. That was where salt came to the top of the ground, and these deer went up every day for salt. There was a mother deer with spotted fawns and the bucks. At first they would shy around and run off into the woods, but they got to where they never paid any more attention to us than that many cattle would have. We never disturbed them and they grew perfectly tame. When we had to have clothes or something of that kind it was hauled from Gainsville, Texas, usually by ox wagon.

It was the custom for the white men to lease land

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from the Indians in that vicinity, for a term of nine to eleven years. They would clear a field and build a log house and sheds and sometimes build a rail fence around the farm, then sell out their lease to some other person moving into the country. This was the main way of making money. The old settler would move farther on into the woods.

Mrs. Mathews was a total invalid and Mr. Mathews spent a great deal of money taking her to Kansas City and many other places to doctors; but nothing seemed to do her any good. At last a doctor, I suppose he must have been forty or forty-five years old, moved into the country. His name was Monhan and he had a wife and about six children; and was the most tattered appearing person imaginable.

He went barefotted and wore an old straw hat with side torn off. He called upon his patients in this garb, riding an old horse, with his medicine piled in two saddle pockets, and slung behind him on the horse. The rattling of the bottles could be heard as he jogged along, but he said he seldom broke anything. He gathered his

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herbs from the woods and compounded the medicines himself, and he seldom lost a patient.

Mrs. Moody wanted him to treat her case and Mr. Moody was willing to try him. He gave her a lot of different kinds of herbs and to everybody's surprise she began to get better, and in one year's time she was a perfectly well woman.

Our road to Gainsville and Sherman, Texas, led through where the main street of Ardmore, Oklahoma, now runs, and I have seen herds of deer grazing there.

In 1889 we moved up into the Arbuckle Mountain country. There were very few settlers there, and those who were there told the most terrible tales of outlaws and desperado crimes.

At that time there were many holes over the country which I have often wondered about. They were called natural wells but I am sure they were not made by nature. They were about four feet square, going straight down into the earth all the way from twelve to fifteen feet or so deep. There was no bottom which could be seen; and some had water, but many were dry. These were in the valleys and on the mountain sides alike, and I am sure I have seen at least fifty of such holes in this region.

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While we were in this Arbuckle Mountain there was a story told of a white man and his wife, who had been engaged in stealing horses, with two negroes called Bully July, and Friday. For some reason the white man decided to quit, it was supposed at his wife's request. The white man and his wife were camped near one of these natural wells, when one of the negroes came and told them that they had a band of horses which the man must come to assist them in disposing of. The man went with them and in a short time one of them returned and told the woman that her husband had been kicked by a horse and wanted her to come. She went with him to find that her husband had been killed and it was the intention of Bully to kill her. Friday insisted that they release her but she was killed by Bully July and her body was thrown into one of these natural wells. The officers of the law were after the negroes and captured them and in searching for the body of the woman discovered her shawl hanging on bushes where she had been thrown down in to the well and sent one of their number down to bring the body to the top. To their great surprise the hole was swarming with all kind of snakes to such a degree

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that it was impossible to enter, so her body was not recovered.

We moved back to the Caddo Creek country and continued to work in the same way as usual. We hauled the most of the corn we used from up on the Washita River which was from sixty to sixty-five miles away.

It is harder to make a living now than it was then, as people did not need so much. There were many good people in the Territory then, just the same as there are now.

My husband and I were on the Indian payroll once but for some reason we have been cut off, and I hope we get back.