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INDEX CARDS

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

Field Worker's name Alene D. McDowell

This report made on (date) May 17, 1937 1937

1. Name Henry Beaty

2. Post Office Address Okesa, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) Okesa, Oklahoma

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month 1874 Day _____ Year _____

5. Place of birth Tennessee

6. Name of Father Jake Beaty Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about father Died and buried in Tennessee

7. Name of Mother Polly Ann Garrett-Beaty Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about mother Died and buried in Tennessee

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 8.

BEATY, HENRY. INTERVIEW.

Alene D. McDowell,
Field Worker.

#6184
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THE CADDO AND COMANCHE INDIANS
Given by Henry Beaty,
Okesa, Oklahoma.

Henry Beaty was born in 1874, in Tennessee.

Father-Jake Beaty, born and died in Tennessee.

Mother-Polly Ann Garrett-beaty, born and died in Tenn.

I came to the Indian Territory on the train in 1894, and settled on a farm about four miles north of Chickasha, in the Chickasaw Nation. We raised corn, wheat, and oats, but no melons.

The second year I leased a place near Anadarko, eighteen miles west of Chickasha, on the Washita river. This place belonged to a Caddo squaw man, named Shirley, who had been adopted into the tribe. Our home was a half dugout of one large room.

The cholera epidemic was severe among the Indians, and hundreds of them died. They would come to my place for help, for they thought the white man could cure them. There would be five or six Indians sitting around the door every morning, waiting for help. Sometimes they would all be dead. It was pitiful for they did not know how to doctor this disease. I would have left the place until the epidemic was over, but they would have stolen everything off the place.

There was a reservation near Anadarko and it was

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at this place I knew Quannah Parker, Chief of the Comanche Indians. His mother was a white woman and the Comanches had kidnaped her in Texas, when she was a child. She grew up among the Indians and married Chief Peta Nocona. It was Quannah who encouraged the Comanches to abandon their Indian customs and become civilized.

I was living on Cache Creek, four miles east of Carathers Mission, near what is now Apache, Oklahoma. This place was near the reservation and if the white man wished to travel or drive his cattle through the reservation, he had to secure a permit from the Indian police, or he was arrested or made to leave the reservation. White people were not allowed to cut wood or posts off the reservation without a permit.

I knew an Apache Chief named Geronimo, who lived on the reservation near Fort Sill. He wore a robe made of scalps, that dragged on the ground. He would kill a dog, singe the hair off each side, scrape off the remaining hair, cut in small pieces, and cook in a pot and make soup. He ate both the soup and meat.

Tom Woodard had a two year old steer that was bitten by a snake and died. The Comanche and Apache Indians skinned it, cooked it, and ate it. If the cat-

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tle of a traveling herd died from weakness, which was often the case, the Indians would cook and eat them. While the men cleaned one end of the entrails of a hog or beef, a child would often be eating the other end. The Caddoes and Comanches would catch terrapins and roast and eat them.

The Caddoes and Comanches made a perfume with a very strong odor that could be smelled for fifty yards. The older ones wore a silver ring in their noses and had holes pierced completely around their ears, with a ring in each hole.

Tom Woodard was a white man, married to a Kiowa woman and was adopted into the tribe. He had been a scout in his younger life. He became very wealthy and was a banker. I rented a place from him and we became fast friends. I attended a Kiowa funeral with him once and this was very interesting. They drove all the stock belonging to the dead man, to the grave, shot them, and buried them with the man.

I remember a fullblood Comanche Indian named Arco, who died with consumption. After he was buried, he came back for food. He was riding an old horse and they supplied him with food and a fresh horse. They cooked the

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food and gave it to him on the end of a long tepee pole. They were superstitious and were afraid to get close to him. After he received the food and horse he never came back. When Arco died his wife tried to shoot his buckskin pony and blue roan horse, but they got away. She burned all of his blankets and saddle near his grave and cut deep places in her arms to show the pain of death.

The Caddoes buried their dead west of the camp, for they claimed the spirit would not go east toward the sunrise.

The Delawares wrapped their dead in a buffalo hide and placed them in a tree.

The Caddoes and Comanches drew their rations every two months in the summer and once a month in the winter. They would tie two poles together with rawhide so they would hang on each side of the horse, and make a rawhide bag to swing from pole to pole under the horse, to carry the children and supplies in. They traveled in large groups and when they camped, it was similar to a tepee town. They did not wear blankets. The government issued white sheets with their rations, and they wore them instead of blankets. The government issued them live beef and the Indian police usually did the killing. They

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would run and shoot the cattle until they were killed, sometimes shooting a beef a hundred times.

A Mr. Fant, a cowman from Texas, was given a contract by the government to furnish corn fed beef to the Indians. Instead he shipped in poor Texas cattle and unloaded them at Comanche. These cattle were so poor and starved the meat was blue. When an investigation was made, Fant lost his contract and the boss Jim Myers, a half breed negro, who had given the contract, lost his job.

The Caddoes and Comanches made a liquor by soaking mescal beans in water. Once a month they would celebrate and get drunk on this liquor. They called it "Jesus Talk" for they claimed when they drank it they could hear Jesus talk.

July 4 was always a time of celebration among the Caddo and Comanche tribes and the Indians and white people came to Anadarko for miles to attend this celebration. Every occasion was celebrated with a dance and a feast; after the parade the feast started and in the evening they danced. In 1901 I attended the celebration and one Comanche covered himself and his horse with mud and rode in the parade. I do not know what this custom represented

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and they celebrated it only occasionally. The Comanche men did not wear trousers but wore long white shirts reaching their knees.

There was a Mexican settlement at Anadarko that held a picnic in September each year. I do not know what this celebration was for but they held roping and riding contests. The Indians and Mexicans were the contestants and the Indians usually lost in the roping for they were poor ropers.

I remember hearing of a white scout who always rode a mule. The mule would go at a steady lope all day and the Indians had tried in vain to catch him. One day a lone Indian spied him and tried to take him single handed. The scout shot at him for a while and suddenly stopped his fire and the Indian thought the scout was out of ammunition and decided to rope him and take him alive so they could burn him, and this would put a feather in his cap. The scout let him get near him, then shot over his shoulder and shot the Indian's eye out. I have heard this old Indian tell this story and laugh at his ignorance. He was known as "Old One Eye."

The Indians are good ball players and are hard to beat. I remember one time at the Fourth of July cele-

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bration, a team of white boys were ~~phaytag~~ playing a team of Chickasaws and the white boys were cheating, causing a great argument. One of the Chickasaw boys went on a "sit down strike" and sat on first base until the white boys promised to play fair. The Indian team refused to play with them any more.

Charlie Warner, a farm hand who worked for me near Anadarko, had been busy in the crop and could not get to town to the barber shop to have his hair cut. We were about twenty miles from Anadarko. One day he asked John Whiteman, an Indian, if he could cut his hair. He answered, "Me heap savee," and took the scissors and began. He cut it off in bunches until he was about half finished, when two squaws came in, each with a pair of scissors, and the three of them nearly ruined Charlie. He had to let his hair grow for the rest of the summer before it could be cut even.

The old Chisholm Trail crossed the Canadian river, northeast of Chickasha, where the Frisco railroad bridge is now located, at a little town, Tuttle. W. G. Williams, a Caddo squaw man, lived on the north side of the Washita river near Chickasha. The Chisholm Trail passed his place.

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He became wealthy trading cattle to the cattleman on the trail. He got his first start trading old man Chisholm dry cows for cows and calves that could not travel.

Sometimes a crew of cowboys would start from Texas in the spring with a herd of ten thousand and drive them through the Territory to Kansas City, arriving there in the fall. They would camp along the way and fatten the herd. They would sometimes be camped at one place for two weeks.

In August the Indians celebrated what they called the Green Corn Dance. I understand this dance is given at this time to show their thanks for being taken care of through the winter. They danced around the camp fire, smoked the peace pipe made of corn cobs, and played games. The women played a game similar to our present game of shinny.

The Indian women built their houses and did all of the work while the men hunted. The houses were covered with bark. They would peel the red oak bark from the tree, let it dry, and cover the house with the bark side up. They usually traveled in wagons and sometimes the line would be five miles long. When they camped, the men

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spread a blanket under the wagon and went to sleep, and the squaw would take care of the team, gather fire wood and cook the meals.

The stage coach traveled from Anadarko to Fort Sill and carried the mail. Our post office was Old Pensey, a little town north of Chickasha. This town is no longer in existence.

The hogs were mule footed. They were scrubby, and black with white spots.

I knew a Mexican named Kinney near Chickasha. He and his sister were captured by the Indians when he was about ten years old. He told me about his capture and said they rode in a gallop day and night until they were nearly dead for water. When they camped it had begun to rain and a squaw spread a hide and caught a little water and gave them each a little of it to drink. He lay on his back and let the rain drops fall into his mouth. They rode on for about twenty miles before they came to a creek where they camped for a few days. They killed a pony and cooked it. The squaw gave him a sign to eat and when he refused she whipped him around the legs until he ate. He said it was good and he ate until they would not let him have any more. His little sister soon grieved her-

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self to death. After he was grown he returned to Texas to his people.

FERRIES

The Mustang Ferry was located four miles west of Mustang, Oklahoma, on the South Canadian river. I operated this ferry for three years and never lost a wagon. This river is very treacherous, for the bottom is quicksand and if a small place is washed out it changes the channel. One day a man drove up with a load of hogs and while I was repairing the cable of the ferry, he decided to drive across and drove his team into the river and was stuck in the quicksand. The bed was not tied to the wagon and soon floated off. The current of the stream uncoupled the wagon and the man was thrown clear. He finally climbed into the wagon box and the bed floated down stream and returned to shore. It took us a half day to get one of the horses out. We would get one foot out of the sand and put hay or straw under it while we pried another foot out.

I remember a Chickasaw Indian walked along the bank of the river one day, stepped into the quicksand and bogged down, and nearly died before he was rescued. One evening a car drove into the river and was stuck in the quicksand. A boy dived down and tied a rope to the bumper but when the team

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tried to pull it out they pulled the bumper off. The next morning the car was out of sight.

MISSION SCHOOLS

Father Isadore, a Catholic priest, conducted an Indian school southwest of Anadarko; where the Caddoes and Comanches attended. There was also an Indian school for the Caddoes north of Anadarko, conducted by a Baptist missionary named Crane.

Fate's Mission was located near Anadarko and operated by the Presbyterian missionaries. These schools are no longer in existence. After the Indians finished their education, the majority of them returned to the reservation and continued to live the free life of their ancestors.

OUTLAWS

I remember when George Isaac expressed \$500.00 (in \$1.00 bills to make the weight the same as \$5,000.00) to himself, and marked the money as \$5,000.00, then robbed the train. He expected the money to be put in the express car, but it was put in a box car. He was recognized and later confessed what he had done. He was given five years for this robbery.

Jim Bolen, a deputy sheriff, who had been an outlaw and his partner, Bert Casey, had committed a crime but I do not remember what this crime was. Bert turned state's evidence and Jim killed him. Charley Robison was the sheriff and when

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Bolen was arrested Robison took his gun, and sent a bodyguard with him. The bodyguard soon disappeared and Bolen secured a gun and went to the sheriff's house. When Robison went to the door he drew his gun and they both shot at the same time. The sheriff was shot in the abdomen and died instantly. Bolen was shot in the leg, breaking the bone. The doctors wanted to amputate his leg but Bolen refused. He said, "I would rather go to hell with both legs, than to live with one leg." He lived eight days and blood poison set in, causing his death.

In 1900 I married Lillie Elder at Chickasha. Her father was killed by John Ellis, a neighbor. They had a dispute over Ellis driving his cattle through Mr. Elder's land and Ellis went to his house and returned with his Winchester. His wife followed him with a gun and a buggy whip. Mrs. Elder saw what they were doing and took Mr. Elder's gun to him. When Mrs. Ellis tried to hold a gun on Mr. Elder and whip him with the buggy whip, Mrs. Elder took a hand and she and Mrs. Ellis had a fight. Ellis killed Mr. Elder and was sentenced to life imprisonment.