

EVANS, W. A.

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5036

368

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Jas. S. Buchanan.
Field Worker,
January 22, 1937.

Interview with W.A. Evans.
Muskogee, Oklahoma.

In the late 80's and 90's there were more deer and wild turkey in the Territory between where the towns of Bristow and Depew now stand than any place I ever saw. For several years some friends and I went regularly every fall on a camp hunt in that district. We always got all the wild game we wanted, but we would never kill any more than we could use.

One hunting trip we took I will never forget; we camped on a place that belonged to Bob Miller, located on Little Deep Fork, had a great time and got plenty of game. We had a ruling in our camp that when we were hunting deer, no one was to shoot anything but deer, and if anybody was caught violating that rule, or if he missed a shot at a deer he was fined \$1.00 which went into a fund to buy our tobacco and "snakebite" medicine during the trip, and of course there were lots of snakes. On this particular trip our supply of snake remedy was getting rather low and the gang in the camp was discussing as to who had the courage to go to Stroud, which

-2-

was across the line of the Creek Nation in the Oklahoma Territory where whiskey was legally sold and bring back a supply of whiskey. After much argument I told them as I was on the ways and means committee, I would furnish the way if they would furnish the means. All necessary arrangements were made and Bob Miller and I started for Stroud in my buggy. On the way to Stroud Bob Miller told me there was a U.S. Deputy Marshal at Stroud who was a tough character and we would have to watch out for him for he made it tough for everybody.

As luck would have it, just as we drove into Stroud the U.S. Marshal, Miller told me about, also rode up and was hitching his horse to the hitch rack in front of the saloon and Bob Miller saw him and cautioned me to be careful and stay shy of him, but instead, I called to the man. He turned around facing me and I walked up and introduced myself and frankly told him I was with some friends from around Muskogee out on our fall hunt and we had come to Stroud to get some whiskey for our personal use and I wanted to know if he had any objection; that if he did object I would not attempt to take any whiskey back across the line into the Creek Nation, but if he gave his consent

-3-

I figured on not being interfered with by anyone. He gave me a very straight look and said, "That will be all right with me for I am not after your kind of people." I purchased my whiskey and placed it in my buggy and started on my way back to camp with Bob Miller having a bad case of the "jitters" for Miller was afraid of him and said to me, "That marshal intends to let you get across the Creek line and follow and pick you up for possession of liquor in the Creek Nation." I told Bob I didn't think so for I had been open and above board with him the same as I had been with all men during my life and had taken him on his word, and if he should attempt such a thing as to follow and double-cross me, the chances were that he would never play that kind of a trick on anyone else. Bob kept looking back all the way from Stroud until we reached the camp, but to his disappointment nothing happened. Our hunt finished, and with all the game we could take care of we returned to Muskogee. Two years later I was sitting in my room in Muskogee one evening and heard a knock on my door, I called "come in;" and in stepped no other than that same U.S. Marshal. He had brought some prisoners to the Federal jail in Muskogee and said he would not leave until he saw me. We spent a very pleasant evening together

EVANS, W.A.

SECOND INTERVIEW.

5036.

-4-

and we became the best of friends as the years went by. In fact a lifelong friendship grew from that peculiar circumstance when I have known men killed for betraying the confidence of another when insignificant matters were involved.