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Field Worker: Lenna M. Rushing

BIOGRAPHY OF Mr. Osmond Franklin  
 Indian name (Tha-ga-aha- ahe-)  
 Full blood Sac and Fox Indian  
 Residence 10 miles north, 1½ miles east of Stroud  
 Address Avery, Oklahoma

BORN 1880  
 Oklahoma

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I was born in Oklahoma at the Kansas Sac village soon after my parents moved from Kansas. I have a brother named Friar. We are members of the Iotato clan.

I remember when I was too young to go to school I saw a white man coming to the village in a buggy. I heard that the parents were hiding their children and I wondered why. On asking my mother she said that the man was coming to take the children to school. My parents, however, were favorable towards the school and sent their children with out any trouble. The chiefs also wanted the young people to attend school. They said, "Go to school, Later you will be handicapped in meeting and dealing with whites if you do not learn their ways."

When I was old enough I was brought to the Sac and Fox mission (six miles south of Stroud). At that time the buildings were just one story high. The chapel was used as a sewing room as well as an auditorium. The boy's building was used as a dormitory for both boys and girls, the boys on one side and the girls on the other. After I had learned to read and write fairly well I returned home, but I was never any trouble at school.

The trails then were practically impassable. So few wagons went over it that the men often had to cut out the underbrush before they were able to pass through. Equipment and supplies were

brought in on schooner wagons, often taking several weeks for just a short trip.

With my father I joined a group of surveyors who were starting to make camp. There were one or two other Indians, but most of them were white men. They selected a camping spot in a sort of rocky hollow or canyon. It was a rather wierd spot, but had a good spring there. The place was seven miles north and one-half miles west of Stroud. About five o'clock one of the men saw a rattlesnake and killed it, and in just a few minutes afterwards killed another. Nothing was thought of it until about fifteen minutes later when several more were killed. Then the fun started. Rattlers began coming in from all directions, it being near sundown. Every gun available was used, and shots were heard every where. All nightlong a shot here and there could be heard, too. We had settled our camp on a village of rattlesnake dens. However, we did not move our tents since we had gotten most of the snakes.

The springs are called Rattlesnake Springs for this reason. After staying there four or five more days the surveyors moved off towards Tryon in the Iowa country.