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Field Worker: Lemna M. Rushing
March 17, 1937

BIOGRAPHY OF Mr. Charley Grant (Indian)
Indian name (Mes-qua-ke) Full Blood Sac & Fox
3½ miles east of
Cushing, Oklahoma

BORN July 15, 1886
Indian name (Mish-pe-qua) A Chief of the Sac & Fox

I was born July the fifteenth, fifty-one years ago. My father was Ulyssys Grant, a Sac and Fox chief. His Indian name is Mish-pe-que. All of my boy hood days were spent around my home on the Euche Creek east of Cushing, and I got to know the country around there quite well.

When I was just a boy a family moved to what is now Rose Hill, and established a store there. Cargill was their name. He was a country doctor, and practiced medicine while he ran the store. Dr. Cargill's son, O. E. Cargill, recently ran for mayor in Oklahoma City, and there are Cargills still in this vicinity. His store became known as Rose Hill, because some one had planted many rose bushes there, and then the roses were beautiful along the road.

There were two Indian villages between Cushing and Stroud. One was known as the Doshi Village. It was located eleven miles and three-fourth mile north of Stroud on Edgar Scott's allotment. The other was the Kansas Sans Village, located one mile south, and four miles east of Cushing on Sadie Davis's place. It, however, was wiped out by a plague of small pox, and moved to a different location about two and one-half miles west of Drumright.

I don't remember much about the opening up of the country, as I was in school at the Sac and Fox Mission during that time. However, I was present at the opening from the Creek County line. A thing like that is something you do not see but once in a lifetime. The excitement, the anticipation, the thrill of getting a home, united the men and made strangers old acquaintances. All morning men, women, and children milled around all up and down the line. As noon approached, though, they stuck closer and closer to their wagons, surreys, buckbeards, or horses. At 12:00 the signal was given, and away they went, leaving a great cloud of dust behind them. Being an Indian, I did not run, and soon all I could see was clouds of dust hanging here and there over the prairies.

Cushing was just a wide place in the road. There were a trading post, a blacksmith shop, several saloons, and that's about all there was.
