

some cases--rivers, trails
 transportation--horses
 horses--rivers
 cattle--trails, rivers
 ferries--rivers, river
 trading--Indian territory
 fishing--Indian territory
 malaria--Indian territory
 houses--Indian territory
 port houses
 settlements--all, etc.

Mr. J. M. Graham, Okay, Oklahoma .

Mr. J. W. Graham, father of Mr. J. M. Graham came to this country in 1886 from Texas and settled at the mouth of Grand River. He and his family cleared about one hundred acres of river bottom land; drained a big lake one-quarter by three-quarter miles.

The country was full of wild hogs and wild men. Railroad men from Ft. Smith came to Ft. Gibson to hunt ducks which were to be found by the thousands on the lake. Lots of squirrels were to be found in the country. Streams were abounding in fish. Soldiers from Ft. Gibson came to the Graham home often, to enjoy the fishing and the hospitality of their home. Many large cat fish were to be found in the river, which were caught mostly by throw lines. The wild hogs found in this territory were evidently hogs that had gone wild during the war. Some people caught pigs and marked them for their own.

Just above the mouth of Grand River and below the Verdigris where the old military road, or Texas Road, crossed the Arkansas, was a ferry owned by Harry Sisson, on the north west and Mrs. Julian Nivens on the South east, operated as a partnership on a fifty-fifty basis. Randolph Perryman, colored, Bill Hill, and Sam Horn, full-blood Indian, were three men that poled the ferryboat across the river, in the employ of Sissons and Nivens. Sometimes when the river was high wagons would be held up for days, both movers and freighters. As many as nine or ten could be seen at times.

Sam Moody married Mrs. Nivens.

Levi Ackley owns the land where the old Choteau Trading Post was located.

(2)

Mr. Graham states he has seen the soldiers when practicing lay ~~111~~
down on a blanket, and shoot at a garget 500 yards up the river.

JAMES M. GRAHAM, Informant.
Okay, Oklahoma.

-Jas. S. Buchanan

142

As I slowly drift along into the closing years of my life, nearing the end of the sunset trail, my memory goes back to the happy days of my childhood and the little home in McClellon County, Texas, where I was born. So vivid in my memory I can hear my dear old mother yet as she told we children, huddled about her knees, the stories of the great Red men and about our father who had served in the Southern army for three years as a teamster and how she and her sister had scarcely escaped the horrid tortures of the Comanches, who made raids on the settlers each light of the moon. I shall never forget the story of one of my father's brothers, little Sammie, as he was referred to in the story as it was told to us: It was early one morning when little Sammie was called to drive in the oxen. He trailed the oxen through the tall sage brush without a thought of fear. He had only gone a short distance when the sound of horses hoof beats fell upon his ears, he stood in fear as the riders quickly came upon him, and he gazed into the stony face of a giant Comanche who quickly seized him and placed him on one of the horses behind a rider and dashed away with the other Comanche raiders close behind them. Sammie's parents became alarmed by his unusual absence and went to look for him. They found where the Indians had picked him up, and with a band of settlers were soon in hot pursuit of the Comanche raiders. On the second day they overtook the Indians and saw their son huddled meekly behind one of the riders. They came closer and closer, the Indians motioned them back, but still they pushed onward, then as a threat an Indian drew his spear, pushed the child over and motioned with his spear that further pursuit meant death for

JAMES M. GRAHAM

-Jas. S. Buchanan

the boy. Faster and faster they pressed on after them and then they saw the writhing body of little Sammie hurled to the ground and pinned there with a deadly arrow through his body, dead, as the Comanche raiders dashed away.

In the year of 1886 we left Texas in a covered wagon, driving a bunch of horses and cattle, and settled near the town of McGregor on the M.K.&T.Ry. and the old Texas trail. I was then eight years of age and at that place I saw my first herd of Texas longhorn cattle being driven over the Texas trail to Kansas City by group of cowboys with dusty leather schaps and boots, guns in belt scabbards and large sombreros drawn down upon haggard faces made an everlasting impression upon my memory. They slowly plodded along in the light of the evening sky. The herd was about one hundred yards wide and two miles long. In the distance you could hear the rumble of the old chuck wagons as they were drawn along by ox teams.

A few years later found us in the old covered wagon and on the trail again coming further north. While passing through the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations some of the skeptical Indians with their heads adorned with many feathers and their bodies wrapped in long beautiful and colorful blankets often rode along with us for miles and would never say a word.

Bridges in those days were unknown in this country, so we either forded the streams or were carried across by ferry boats.

We came by Muskogee and crossed the Arkansas river at the Sisson and Nevens ferry at the mouth of Grand river and located on the north bank where we treaded ponies for several Indian claims, in all, about

JAMES M. GRAHAM

-Jas. S. Buchanan

two hundred acres including a large lake which covered about eighty acres. It was there I spent the most interesting part of my life. My father and I worked for five years digging a ditch to drain the big lake that was on our land. When the ditch was completed it was three quarters of a mile long and sixteen feet deep at the mouth. When the water was turned in at the head of the ditch beautiful fish in great numbers could be seen leaping and splashing, the water appeared to be working alive with them, but they would soon be caught by the current and carried down the rapid a stream. People from Wagoner, Ft. Gibson and all around the community rushed there with gigs and pitchforks to indulge in the sport of gathering the fish as they bounded along in the swift glistening stream.

In the fall of the year my mother would leave with my sister and go to her father, James Dawson, to avoid the malaria which was caused by the condition that existed there at that time, and leave father and I alone to batch in our little log cabin. I soon became the chief cook for father and I. My cooking utensils consisted of an old skillet, pot and lif and a long handled frying pan. Our table was a long cottonwood bench with four legs, this also served as chairs as we placed the food in the center and sit astride of each end of the table.

Our bed was a bunk fastened to the wall in one corner of the cabin.

That place could well have been called a hunter's paradise, for in the fall of the year there were wild ducks and geese by the thousands, wild turkey, squirrel and wild hogs. Fish abounded in all streams, especially the beautiful Grand as its water was crystal clear before it be-

JAMES M. GRAHAM

-Jas. S. Buchanan

came polluted by the population of the country.

We cleared about one hundred acres of the land of its trees and dense foliage that had hidden and sheltered many criminals from the law in the past and converted it into a productive farm.

We did out trading with John Scott of Ft. Gibson located in what is known as "old town". The old rock postoffice is still standing where Mr. Will Ross was the last postmaster there.

There were about five hundred soldiers stationed at Ft. Gibson at that time and occasionally some of them would visit us and enjoy hot coffee, flapjacks and fried squirrel with us.

After several years I moved from the Grand river bottom place to a place on the mountain opposite the old Rock Crusher on the Frisco railroad, cleared the land of timber and put out the largest fruit orchard in this country at that time. Later I moved to the place known as the Dick Southern place which was the allotment of Loucinda Brady. The house was built about 1868 and the many bullet holes in the old porch columns give mute evidence of early day fudes. This place is located one mile north of Okay where I live at the present time.

OUTLAWS.

Mose Miller was one of the most desperate outlaws the Indian Territory ever had. The reason there is not more known of him than there is was because he was killed before he gained so much popularity as some of the others did. He was killed by John Jordan about one mile south of where the town of Reefston now stands about 1897. Joe Jordan, a deputy United States marshal and his brother John located Mose Miller and a pal of his where

(5)

146

JAMES M. GRAHAM

-Jas. S. Buchanan

they had unsaddled their horses, tied their horses to the saddle horns and was lying with their heads on their saddles asleep in the late afternoon south of the present site of Keefeton on the prairie near the timber. The Jordan brothers approached them and Joe commanded them to throw up their hands, but Miller had went to sleep with his saddle Winchester in his hands and the instant Joe Jordan called to them he awoke shooting and killed Joe the first shot and missed John with his second shot which proved the end of Miller's career, for before Miller could fire again, John had got into action and killed Miller and then shot Miller's pal, killing him also. I could never understand just why Jordan taken any chance with him, finding him asleep like he did, but I guess Miller had more nerve than they thought he had.

Mose Miller was a Cherokee raised in the Bras-Sallisaw district and was just as bad as Cherokee Bill, but just didn't get as far along as Cherokee Bill did.