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BOREING, J. W.

INTERVIEW

#6121

386

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

Field Worker's name Lula Austin.

This report made on (date) June 1, 1937.

1. Name J. W. Boeing

2. Post Office Address Durant, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) 324 North Second

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month May Day 16 Year 1852

5. Place of birth Kentucky

6. Name of Father _____ Place of birth _____

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother _____ Place of birth _____

Other information about mother _____

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 4.

Interview with J. W. Borging,
Durant, Oklahoma.

I was born in Kentucky May 16, 1852, where I received my education. I joined the Texas Rangers in Montague County, Texas, when I was twenty years old and left for Camp Wichita with General Custer, but took sick at Fort Sill, and was sent back to my company in Texas.

I came to Indian Territory when I was 25 years old, settling in the Creek Nation, I worked on a railroad near Chandler for about a year.

While building a bridge it broke through and five of us fell. One was killed, but I escaped with only a rib broken. Later, I bought a rig and began boring water wells. The Indians kept me busy, always asking for the man that could dig a well in a day.

The homes of the Creek Indians were built of logs, almost always two rooms. On their camp meeting grounds little log houses were built around the arbor. They would camp two and three weeks when the meeting was in progress. Water was passed to the people constantly by two Indian boys. One Indian would sing a verse, and then all would join in. There was only one young Indian who could pray in English, and the sermon would be in Choctaw.

This little town Morris, 10 miles north of Okemah in the

Creek Nation, consisted of one store, Gin, ^{and} Postoffice, and was run by an Indian. The nearest doctor was 25 miles away (Okmulgee). Jack Musgraves was always sent for the doctor, he was called "The Runner", and he rode a little Indian pony.

I was sitting in this little store one day when two Indians, who seemed very friendly, came in, did their trading, and left together. I left soon after, and was riding along when I noticed them ahead of me. They seemed to be in an argument, and in a few minutes, one raised his gun and shot the other from his horse, and then rode on. I picked the injured man up and took him to town but he was dead when I arrived there.

While working on a government survey in Kansas on the Oklahoma border, I witnessed a big buffalo hunt. There were 60 of us employed. We had 160 work steers. The Pawnee Indians made us all come in while they rounded up the buffalo. There were 400 warriors, and 500 women and children. The Pawnee Indians from the Kansas side with some Indians from the Indian Territory, whom the Government had given a permit to hunt buffalo on the Kansas side. The warriors rounded the buffalo up, using the bow and arrow, and old horse pistol to kill them with. They killed

between three and four hundred. After they killed them, the warriors would ride off, and the women and children would skin them and cut the meat from the carcass in long strips, braiding it and putting it in the sun to dry. They would make ropes, moccasins, robes, and tent or lodge covers from the skins.

They had two or three hundred dogs, white and black speckled, with eyes like glass. They were half wild and when the buffalo was skinned they were snapping like wolves for their share.

I frequently rode on the stage coaches. On one trip from Jacksonsboro to Roundtimbers near Fort Griffin, a distance of 80 miles, it took us a day to make the trip. The driver would keep the ^{four} horses in a gallop or lope all the way. We changed horses three times, only took a few minutes to change, as the horses were harnessed and ready to be hooked to the coach when it stopped.

When I was mustered out of the Texas Rangers, a man that had been in with me by the name of Blackie, said to me one day. "Jim, no use of us working or worrying about money. We can hold up a stage coach". "No, Blackie;" I said, "I was not raised that way." "Well, I am going to tackle one", he said, and he did, and was killed by the guard on the Coach. Passengers were not often bothered when a coach was held up.