

HANCOCK, GEORGIA.

INTERVIEW

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

HENCOCK, GEORGIA. INTERVIEW.

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Field Worker's name Ethel Mae Yates,

This report made on (date) January 25, 1933 1933

1. Name Georgia Hencock

2. Post Office Address Flk City, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) Route 2

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month August Day 13, Year 1935

5. Place of birth Missouri

6. Name of Father Richard Henry Gossett Place of birth Kentucky

Other information about father \_\_\_\_\_

7. Name of Mother Sarah Marcus Gossett Place of birth Kentucky

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 \_\_\_\_\_.

Investigator, Ethel Mae Yates,  
January 25, 1938.

Interview with Georgie Hancock,  
Elk City, Oklahoma.

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My parents were Richard Henry Gossett and Sarah D. Gossett.

I came with my parents from Missouri to the Indian country in the year of 1893. Three of the children took the whooping cough after we started and it settled on their lungs. They were so sick we stopped at Fort Sill and camped two weeks and a government doctor treated them. We came from there over to Custer County, one-half mile east of Arapaho and camped one week on Beaver Creek. One of my sisters was so sick we got a little house to move into but were not there long until she died. A man of the name of Armstrong made her coffin out of boards and covered the outside of it with black sateen and lined the inside of it with white muslin. We buried her in the Arapaho cemetery.

After she died Father filed on a claim one mile east of Arapaho. He made a dugout and covered it with

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cottonwood planks, then tar-paper, made a fireplace in the west end and cut some holes on each side of it for a window. He went down on Beaver Creek and cut poles and made a bedstead on each side of the fireplace, then at the other end was the kitchen and a half-bed. Our dugout was just medium-sized and eleven of us lived in it. Father got some planks and made us a table to eat off of. We had brought some chairs with us. We had to haul water three miles from Little Wolf Springs. We broke out some sod and our first crop was whippoorwill peas, kaffir corn and watermelons.

We had twelve hens and a rooster that Mother bought when we came through Duncan. We also had two wagons and two teams that we brought with us. We got our first pig from a man who came through with a load of hogs to sell. He camped on Beaver-Creek and gave Mother a pig to cook for him while he was there. We didn't have as hard a time as some people did for not long after we came here Father got a job hauling water from Little Wolf Spring to Arapaho and selling it for twenty-five cents a barrel; sometimes we would have nine barrels a day. I well remem-

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ber that we had plenty of whippoorwill peas to eat.

We went to our first school at Arapaho in the Methodist Church. They later taught school in a grist mill.

Not very long after we came there, Red Buck and Miller robbed Charlie Narce's store. Mr. Narce had a safe in his store and most of the people who had any money kept it there; they got all the money. They were hiding down on Barnett Creek on Bill Glover's place. They thought Mr. Glover was their friend but they learned that he had tipped them off to the Law, so killed him. They were caught at Ricklesimer's dugout, seven miles north of Canute in Washita County. After Red Buck's hands were shot, he pulled out a watch that he had gotten out of Charlie Narce's store and buried it in the dugout door in the sand. Red Buck was killed and Miller was wounded and taken back to Arapaho. They had Red Buck tied up in a corner of a building to take his picture when we went to see him. Father went to see him but wouldn't go to see Mr. Miller. Mother went and talked to Miller; he told her that Red Buck was a lot

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better man than the one who shot him. Red Buck was buried with his boots and spurs on, and no one to mourn for him. It won Mother's sympathy and she kept up his grave as long as she lived.

Not very long after we came here there was an Indian uproar. The Indians and cowboys up about Red Moon got in trouble over a lariat rope and the Indians killed a cowboy and burned him on a bonfire and put on their war dance. Father had gotten a job hauling some freight and had gone to Minco after a load when this took place. All day long the Indians went by our place, four abreast; nothing on but their clouts and their war paint and feathers, and giving their war whoops. Some people came out from Arapaho and took Mother and us children in town overnight for safety. They called the soldiers out from Fort Reno to settle the trouble. After the trouble was settled the soldiers camped there on the creek for a few days, and I heard one of them tell Mother that they got there just in time to save the Indians. The cowboys had them rounded up in form like a horseshoe and had given their

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last signal and were ready to fire when the soldiers came to their rescue.

We were personally acquainted with Mad Wolf. One day all of our family were gone from home except three of us girls, and he came to our dugout. We had heard so much about him we were almost as afraid as death of him. He fastened the door and hid under the beds until he left. He rode up on a high gyp hill that was there by our dugout and looked all around, then rode away.

When we first came there the Government had a distributing post south of Arapaho about three miles, and would give the Indians supplies about once every six months; they were also given cattle. The Indians would kill the cattle right there and would begin eating liver and heart right out of the beef just as soon as they killed it. The Government also gave them blankets, cooking utensils and other supplies.

The Indians put on one dance after we came; they called it the Sun dance. All tribes came together and hung up scalps of white people; also gave away ponies. They would paint the ponies and take feathers and paint

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the same color. They would give these feathers to different ones and the pony that was painted the color of the feather the person had would be given to that person. The dance lasted about a week. We went one Sunday afternoon and watched them dance. They would dance until they would fall from exhaustion; the ones that could dance the longest were considered the best warriors. I think this was the last dance of its kind that they were allowed to put on.

Father died after we had been there about two years and is buried at Arepaho. It made it awfully hard on Mother with all of us children. But mother and I kept on hauling water to sell and took in washings. I went to the field and plowed. We managed to get by and Mother proved up the claim, but we really went through some hardships in 1903. In May, my sister, her husband and their small boy were drowned in the Foss flood. It was on Sunday and my sister was found on Monday; her husband was found three or four days later in the bottom of the creek, but the boy was never found. There was a



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cloud-burst on Turkey Creek; the flood went down Oak Creek. They had had a home built just a short distance from where that south gin stands now.

We went over on the Washita River and gathered lots of plums, they were about the only kind of fruit we had. There would be several of us get together and go over on the River on fishing trips; we would go on Saturday evenings and stay until Sunday evening.

We had plenty of snakes to visit us in our dugout. One day I stooped over the baby bed to play with the baby and looked up and there was one on the ridge pole, right over its head. Another time, Mother started to go out the door and a large snake fell right at her feet.

Mother lived on the claim until 1926. She then moved to Clinton and lived there until she died, January 3, 1933. She is buried at Arapaho. I can truly say that she was a real hero, that she faced the way and endured the hardships that only a pioneer knows.