Form A-(S-149) 52

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

HODGE, MINNIE WIMBERLEY INTERVIEW 13131

Field Worker's name Mary D. Dorward,

This report made on (date) March 4, 1938

Name Minnie Wimberley Hodge,

Post Office Address Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Residence address (or location) 1332 East Admiral,

DATE OF BIRTH: Month May Day 1 Year 1877

Place of birth Logtown, Arkansas.

Name of Father Charles Wimberley Place of birth

Other information about father

Name of Mother Euphemia Pauley Wimberley Place of birth

Other information about mother

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and history 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 59

HODGE, MINNIE WIMBERLEY INTERVIEW 13131

Mary D. Dorward,
Investigator,
February 18, 1938.

PIONEERING IN INDIAN TERRITORY
An Interview with Minnie Wimberley Hodge,
(1332 E. Admiral, Tulsa, Oklahoma.)

Minnie Wimberley Hodge (Mrs. John N. Hodge), daughter of Charles Wimberley and Euphemia Pauley Wimberley, was born at Logtown, Arkansas, May 1, 1877, coming to old Indian Territory with her parents in 1879. Her father, a logger and freighter, had with his family left the old home in Pana, Illinois, and gradually worked his way to the Territory, stopping at lumber camps enroute where he would work for a few weeks, then moving on farther south to another camp where he would work again, until finally they reached the Territory. It was at such a stop at Logtown that Mrs. Hodge was born.

The family entered the Territory and settled for a time along Pond Creek just over the border from Elgin, Kansas, living, as always, in a tent. It was while living here that Mrs. Hodge first came to know the Indians, usually Osages and Pawnee here, saw much of their ceremonials, and even heard their war whoops. As she relates, probably the only thing that kept her and her sisters from

harm was the love and respect the Indians bore her red-haired father.

About 1882 the Wimberleys left the Pond Creek neighborhood and moved to old Skiatook where there was logging to be done and where they again lived in a tent along the banks of Bird Creek. It was here that they put up their first icehouse. This event Mrs. Hodge remembers particularly well, for, when the walls were about four or five feet high one of the logs became loosened, and rolling down over her, fortunately not hurting her much but giving her a good scare.

After a short time at Skiatook the family journeyed back to Coffeyville, Kansas, for a few months, then returned to Skiatook, but, since the old lumber camp was deserted, they went this time across Bird Creek to put up their tent. It was here that during a severe wind storm the tent blew down. Mrs. Hodge had that experience impressed upon her memory also, because it deprived her of her dinner.

There had been guests for dinner that day and, following the custom of the time, the children waited

until after the elders had eaten to have their dinner. The children had barely seated themselves at the table, which was set out of doors, when the storm struck. The table was over-turned, breaking most of the dishes, while little Minnie was blown clear out of her chair. The tent was torn to shreds and the old high cupboard was tipped over but a cake sitting on the cupboard, which Mrs. Wimberley had baked for her husband's lunches and had just removed from the oven, by one of those freaks of chance, fell to the ground undamaged. As it struck the ground a hog tearing around outside the tent saw the cake and sticking his snout into it got severely burned and with a loud squeal dashed away again.

That was the end of living in a tent for Mrs. Wimberley. She had had enough and demanded a house. Her husband built one near the old Shannon graveyard. While living in this log house Mrs. Wimberley and her daughter Nora became lost one evening. They had gone to hunt the cows in a place called Panther Hollow, so named because a panther made it his habitat. As it began to grow dark the two were unable to find their way home. They thought

they heard Mr. Wimberley calling them and started to follow the sound only to find it was the panther they had heard. Mr. Wimberley, who at the time was ill with pneumonia, became worried, and as the darkness increased, felt sure they must be lost. He got out of bed, loaded his gun, and fired both barrels simultaneously, thereby making such a loud report that the lost ones heard it and were able to find their way home again.

Not long after this the Wimberleys moved on to another lumber camp, this time along the Verdigris River near Claremore. It was here that they had their first Christmas celebration, the first time that the Wimberley children heard of the old fellow called Santa Claus. Each child received a little china doll about five inches long and a few sticks of candy, and their joy at receiving them was unbounded. Minnie's very little sister Jennie thought Santa should come every night so for several nights after she hung up her stocking at bedtime, Mrs. Wimberley each time putting a lump of brown sugar in it.

One time while still living along Bird Creek the four little girls ran off. Without telling their mother any-

thing about it they started to follow their father who had gone to help a family of Indians do their butchering, something which Indians knew very little about. (This old Indian, incidentally, had two wives, one about his own age, the other a young woman, the two wives living quite peaceably together with the old man.) On the way to their father the little girls encountered a wild sow with eight little pigs. The sow started to attack the children, whereupon Nora, the oldest turned and ran away, but Etta, next oldest, putting Minnie and Lilly behind her fought the enraged animal until it finally turned and ran off.

In 1884 the Wimberley family moved to Tulsa, their first home being at about what is now the intersection of North Main and Easton Streets, a little so-called box house having one room with a sort of shed at one side which served as the kitchen. At that time the road from the Osage Nation led past the Wimberley home, along what is now Main Street. North of the Frisco tracks there were only three dwellings in addition to the Wimberley home; namely, the Billy Burgess house, a two-room log;

the Poo Sunday house, one-room log; and the Dick Richard house, two-room. Close to the tracks north along Main Street was the only hotel, that maintained by Jane Owen. Back of the hotel was a large orchard, where, at the east end Mrs. Owens had a goat house and several goats. The goat house, incidentally, was occasionally rented to human occupants.

At about what would now be the intersection of Archer and Elgin Streets was a sulphur spring, the overflow from which created a nasty boggy area in that vicinity. The depot was a little two-room affair. There were two mixed trains daily, one at ten in the morning, the other at about four in the afternoon. The railroad track came to an end just east of the Arkansas River, where a barricade was set up, and it was always a source of wonder to Minnie Wimberley that the train did not run right through the barricade and go on.

South of the Frisco was the principal part of old Tulsey town. On the east side of Main from the tracks south was the Archer hardware store, then the Burgess barber shop, Dr. Newlon's residence, McElroy's residence,

and Bob Bynum's residence. On the west side of the same street was Hall's store in the rear of which was a room for the postoffice, Bob Bynum's store, Joe Trootman's coffin shop, Dr. Booker's drug store, McElroy's harness shop, and, about a half block farther south, was the A. T. Hodge residence. Back of the Hodge house toward the west was the Bob Childers home, while south of the Hodge house about a half block was the home of Jane Perryman. The roundhouse stood between what would now be Boulder and Cheyenne.

Joe Trootman's coffin shop held a kind of terrifying fascination for the little children who had to pass there. They used to peep through the cracks to see the queer-looking old man whose face was covered with curly hair, but it was his small crossed eyes and broad flat nose which really frightened them. Once indeed they ventured inside the shop, where they saw the body of United States Marshal Bill Moody just after it had been brought in to be prepared for burial. He still had on the white stiff-bosomed shirt which he had been wearing when shot by Billy Bruner, and just over his heart was

a hole in the shirt with blood around it.

Before leaving home in the morning, Moody, knowing he was going after Bruner, and having little expectation of returning home alive, had dressed in a white shirt and his good clothes, making the remark, "I'll dress and be all ready; then you won't have to dress me when I come back."

Bill Moody and Minnie's uncle, Ben Pauley, had furnished the music at the first gathering the Wimberleys attended after coming to Tulsa, really not much more than a family picnic. By the Fourth of July of the next year, 1885, both were dead.

Main Street in those days was deep with dust in dry weather and deep with mud after a rain. Hogs, goats, or cattle roamed at will, and not infrequently deer ventured in close to town. The schoolhouse stood at what is now the southeast corner of Boston Avenue and Fourth Street. The path from the schoolhouse to the Wimberley home lay across gullies and small creeks and for part of the way through fairly heavy timver, making the distance seem a long one.

In 1885 Mr. Wimberley traded a pony and thirty-five dollars to Alec McDaniel for the improvements on his land, the improvements consisting of a four-room two-story house, and a chicken house, the land being in about the location of what is now known as the old Archer place on North Main Street. The Wimberleys moved into the house and Mr. Wimberley now added farming to his logging business, growing supplies for his family and feed for his oxen.

In 1888 the Wimberleys lost their home by fire. It was a night in cold weather when the fire occurred and the family barely escaped without being able to save anything. They were obliged to walk barefooted for almost a mile over the frozen rough ground to find shelter with the Will Burgesses who lived just under Standpipe Hill on North Cincinnati. A quantity of cane syrup which was in the kitchen at the time was cooked to taffy, while sweet potatoes stored beneath the house were baked through. The hole in which they were stored was the place where Mrs. Wimberley used to put her children when a storm threatened.

Mr. Wimberley was away from home when the fire occurred and had no word of it until his return a day or two later.

He was met by a freind and informed of the loss before he reached home. He continued on to the place and when they came to the place where the house had been his old coon dog which was with him stuck his nose into the air and gave a long mournful howl.

The family remained in the Burgess home until another house could be built, this time on North Boston, lumber for the house being donated by the lumber company and furnishings and clothing by friends.

The next summer, in 1889, when Mr. Wimberley made the run into old Oklahoma, Minnie went to live with Uncle Billie and Aunt Jane Burgess, Mr. Burgess a Cherokee and Mrs. Burgess a Creek Indian. Mrs. Burgess was quite fond of Minnie and wanted her for her little girl. Mrs. Hodge recalls the unending stream of covered wagons passing the Burgess home all day long, all headed for the new country about to be opened. At intervals during the day Mrs. Burgess would seat herself out under the inevitable locust trees surrounding the house, play her accordian, and sing in a sort of sing-song, "Oklahoma boomers, Oklahoma boomers." While Aunt Jane was singing little Minnie was pounding flint

corn for sofka. After about a week with Aunt Jane, homesickness overcame Minnie and she went back home, suddenly losing her desire to be Aunt Jane's little girl.

About 1892 the Wimberley family took up their abode at a place along Shell Creek near the present site of the dam. Here there nearest neighbor was two miles away, and there was only one house between Wimberleys and Tulsa, a trip to which took the entire day. Minnie and her sister made the trip to Tulsa not long after moving there. Having only one pony for the two of them their mother had advised them to take turns riding while the other walked, but if they had to pass any cattle on the way they were both to ride the pony, riding double. There were so many cattle on the then open range that they rode double almost all the way till they came to the Harlow place, from where they went on in a wagon.

The place on Shell Creek was so lonesome that none of the Wimberley girls would stay except Minnie. She and her mother were alone a great deal of the time. It was while living here that Minnie married John Hodge, whom she had known since her earliest days in Tulsa. During the winter

Mrs. Wimberley had an opportunity to take a boarder, so she told Minnie, "We'll take him in, then you can have half the money to buy your wedding clothes."

The following spring Minnie and John were married. After living with her father for a while they came to Tulsa where they started building a log cabin on part of the land now occupied by Oaklawn cemetary, on South Peoria between Eighth and Eleventh Streets, land which at that time was a part of the holdings of Alvin T. Hodge, John's father. Before finishing the house, however, John traded his interests in the place for a wagon, a cow and calf, an appelucey (?), or speckled, horse, and a box of corn. The outfit was later sold for enough to buy a small housekeeping outfit, and, after living with the Alvin Hodges for about a year, John paid thirty-five dollars for three acres of ground in what is now the seven hundred block on North Boston, where, by getting lumber on time, their home was finally built. It was while living here that John helped Mr. Wimberley haul the stones used in several Tulsa buildings, mentioned below.

In 1897 the young Hodges traded for a farm on Euchee Creek, northwest of Adams Springs, (now known as Sand Springs) where John built a one-room house. This had been intended only for a smokehouse, but they lived in it and it was so small that the fireplace, which was started but never finished, took up almost one entire end. The small cook stove left only about eighteen inches between stove and bed, the bed almost completely blocking the door so that one entering could just squeeze past it. A quilt was hung over the opening to the unfinished fireplace.

While living here the Hodges had an experience with horse thieves and Minnie an experience with a blizzard that she will not soon forget. The weather was already cold when John told Minnie that if she would get in the horses they would go to Tulsa. Minnie went for the horses which just a few minutes before had been grazing under the bank about fifty yards away from the house, only to find to her amazement that the horses were nowhere about. They knew immediately that the horses had been stolen and John wanted to start out to hunt them immediately, but was unable to borrow another horse until the next day when he

set out, leaving Minnie and their baby alone at the house. Finding no trace of the horses John did not return home that night, but continued his search. In the meantine towards evening Minnie could see a storm threatening. She brought in all the wood she could get into the little house, having it ricked under the bed and stowed in every possible bit of space, and filled all the tubs with chips. By the time this was done it was almost dark. She started for the creek to get a pail of water, and, fearing the baby might get into the fire, she left the door open. Instead of getting into the fire the little tot got off the bed and toddled after her mother, but by this time it had grown so dark that Minnie failed to see the child who had gotten off the path. Minnie was frantic at finding the house empty, knowing, as she did, that the woods were full of wolves and panthers. She tore out again into the storm, calling and screaming, and, miraculously as it seemed, the child answered from near the creek where she had strayed.

By now everything was white with snow, and it was so cold that Minnie and the child got into bed with all the bed clothing she possessed piled on top of them. Minnie

could lie in bed and put wood on the fire, but even keeping the stove red-hot the two almost froze. John had taken time from his horse hunt to stop by and leave some spare ribs, and for three days that was all Minnie and the child had to eat. At the end of that time the storm had abated and John had returned, with only one horse, the other not being found for three years.

During her imprisonment by the storm, there was just one time when Mrs. Hodge was really frightened. Their house stood near a trail used by hunters. One man, Jim Beef, Minnie really feared, a sullen kind of Indian, who, if he entertained a grudge against one, had no hesitancy about shooting that person's house full of holes if he happened to be passing by, the really frightening part being that one didn't always know when he might start shooting without having a grudge. Sometime during the first night of the storm, hearing a knock at her door, Minnie at once thought of Jim. She lay there terrified, not daring to make a reply, while the man stood and knocked, saying, "Ho! Ho!" Finally Minnie, seeing the man had no intention of leaving,

screwed up her courage and said, "What do you want?" Came the reply, "Me good Indian," not, to her infinite relief, from Jim Beef, but from Chaponee Rogers, bringing her a message from her father who had been working not far away.

The hodges not long after moved to what is now the Hall addition in Sand Springs, at that time out in the country along the Wekiwa road. It was while living here that the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas railway was built through, the officials of the company promising the residents of the community that gates would be placed wherever the tracks crossed through the fields of the landowners. These gates had to be opened and closed by one of the train crew each time a train passed through, but the trainmen grew careless about closing the gates after having passed through, with the result that stray cattle frequently got into the fields and destroyed crops. John Hodge became tired of having his crops destroyed, nor did he enjoy making a trip to close the gate after each train. One day when it neared time for the train to come he loaded his gun, went down to the gate, and, when the trainmen opened the gate John stepped from behind a tree and said,

"Boys, the next time you fail to close the gate it'll be too bad for you." After that John had no more trouble about the gate.

Mrs. Hodge and her husband once were almost caught in a prairie fire. They had started for a visit with friends who lived along the Verdigris River, traveling in a wagon over the rough trail, when they saw a huge fire in the distance ahead sweeping down hill toward them. They stopped, made a fire themselves which the wind immediately swept away from them, then when a space had been burned, moved their wagon onto it and waited until the big fire had passed by.

Mrs. Hodge well remembers the first automobile she ever saw. It was also the first one in Tulsa and belonged to Mrs. Frank Winters. Each evening the owners would go for a ride, would start up the west end of Poo Sunday Hill (west of what is now Standpipe Hill and not so steep), then a main traveled road. The Wimberleys had never seen one and did not even know what it was. Mrs. Hodge's sister would say to her, "Just watch that thing. Pretty soon they will all get out and push,"

and sure enough, when they approached the top of the hill, all would get out and push, the little chain-driven car being unable to make the top of the hill unaided.

The first ranch house built in the vicinity of Tulsa was the one on the Crane and Limar ranch. It was headquarters for all cattle business in the community, and is still standing at the head of what is known as Flat Rock, north of Tulsa a mile or two.

The name Dirty Butter Creek, in spite of denials, did have a connection with what the name immediately suggests. Mrs. Hodge as a child used to go with her father to the Simmons place when he went to plow. While he did the plowing for Mrs. Simmons, Minnie would stay with Mrs. Simmons, but her father always cautioned her against eating any of Mrs. Simmon's food and especially her butter as it was notoriously unclean. Mrs. Simmon's farm was along the creek which people gradually began to call by the name Dirty Butter, since it was close to "Old Lady Dirty Butter."

Mrs. Hodge, her husband, and daughters were members of the first Sunday School in Sand Springs. It was organized by the Rev. Ralph J. Lamb, Sand Springs, at that time

being Adams Springs, with practically no settlement there. Others present and participating in the organization besides the Hodges were: Bob Ridenour, wife, and two children; Lewis George, wife, and six children; Andy Notchey, wife, and baby; Sunday Norchey; John Rogers; Sonnie Rogers; Bobby Rogers; Robers Fife, and John Goodman. Services were held in the homes of the various members. In addition to the Sunday School, church services were held every two weeks in a little unoccupied shack near Hodge Creek (now Shell Creek) on the Hodge place. A sermon was preached by the Rev. Morris, and services were attended by both whites and Indians. When it came to singing all joined in the song, the Indians singing in their language while the white people sang in English, but all to the same tune. The little shack had neither floor nor windows. Benches were of hewn logs, there was a door at one side and a big fireplace at one end.

Mrs. Hodge used often to accompany her husband when he went hunting. Frequently during the hunting season when the water was high she would swim the Arkansas River on her pony, the water sometimes being to her waist.

At such times it was essential that she keep very quiet, so as not to distract the horse and make him nervous.

INDIANS

In her childhood Mrs. Hodge saw much of the Osages and Shawnees preparing for their ceremonials. The men wore only a belt and breech clout and painted their bodies in bright colors, their faces being striped in the bright colors. The neck and head above the ears would be shaved, a narrow strip about four inches long and three inches wide extending from the forehead to the crown remaining unshaved, the hair in this strip being left about two or three inches long, forming a kind of stiff brush and painted red with red precipitate. Some of the men had their heads ornamented with buffalo horns, some fastened a panther tail in the belt at the back, the tail extending to the shoulders or above. In the dance these tails would quiver and shake, adding to the horrible appearance generally. The bodies of their horses would be painted in the same bright colors used by the men on their own bodies.

They would prepare for the ceremonials by bathing in Bird Creek, and doing the painting of their bodies along

the banks of the creek, then ride at full speed, always bareback, yelling their loudest, to the ceremonial grounds near Hominy Falls about a mile away. During the dance they would run up to each other shaking their tomahawks as if about to commit murder.

After moving to Tulsa the Wimberley children used to see much of the ceremonials among the Creek Indians. The green corn of medicine dance held each year during the green corn season was an important one. This ceremonial lasted through three days, the first day being spent in setting up camp, eating, and dancing, the second day with feasting and dancing and an Indian ball game.

At the ball games the players sometimes became pretty rough, particularly if some of the players became angry at each other, as sometimes happened. Mrs. Hodge has seen players carried from the field with back and head deeply lacerated from blows from the sticks. Since the players wore only breech clouts their bodies had practically no protection from wild blows, not all of which were wild unintentionally. Not only participants but even the spectators sometimes were hit by

the ball, as the playing field was not enclosed and the ball frequently was struck with such force as to send it into the groups of spectators outside the playing field.

Mrs. Hodge once saw a girl whose face and lips were red and swollen who was said to have been hit by the ball. At another time a team of horses hitched to a wagon filled with children was a bit too close to the field, the ball flew out under the horses and that wild horde of Indian players dashed right in under the horses to retrieve the ball. The horses, firghtened by the mad rush, started to back off down hill with all those children, when fortunately bystanders caught them.

The third day was devoted to taking the medicine and more dancing. On this day no food was to be eaten while taking medicine. A circle was enclosed within a brush arbor around a campfire, and those who were to take medicine sat in a group about the middle of the arbor. (At the time Mrs. Hodge witnessed the ceremonials only a few participated in the actual medicine drinking and these were chiefly the older Creeks.) Tubs of the

medicine were in front of the drinkers, from which they occasionally dipped a cup of the liquid and drank until it began to have the desired effect, voniting. If the voniting did not result fast enough a feather was sometimes bobbed back and forth in the throat, and the vomiting soon followed. The medicine drinking began at daylight and continued throughout the day until each one taking part had vonited several times. The purpose of the ceremony was to cleanse the system and insure health for the ensuring year.

After this thorough purging all would follow the leaders, usually the older men, to the river where they bathed. While they were gone those who had not been drinking the medicine would thoroughly clean the grounds, removing all trace of the medicine drinking by sweeping and scrubbing.. When the men returned from the river the leader would say in Creek, "Hurry and bring lots of wood so we can have a good time." When the fire was started, dancing was begun again, men and women dancing the buffalo, then dancing the ribbon dance, and all making merry until morning when the gathering disbanded.

For the ribbon dance the women wore their usual clothing, perhaps their best, but they let down their hair, parted it in the middle, and wore in it a circular comb with small holes around the top through which long ribbons were knotted. These ribbons were of various colors and hung almost to the ground, completely enveloping the form of the wearer except for a narrow panel about the width of her face, which was covered with strings of beads. The movements of the dance kept the ribbons in a constant wavelike motion, producing a beautifully colorful, shimmering effect as they fell down over the skirts which for this occasion had stripes of bright colors from the knees down.

The movements of the dance were something like this: The women formed a rather large circle and advanced slowly until the man in charge would call, "Ho," when they would turn to the center and move slowly sideways, always keeping time to the music in a slow double step. This slowly-moving circle, the ripple of the ribbons, and the low humming of the women made this dance the most impressive part of the ceremonials.

Music was provided by four old men who sang low and beat the drum, while the women provided a kind of obligato with their low moan.

For the buffalo dance the company arranged itself around the campfire thus: two men facing two women, these groups extending around the fire. The women would dance forward two steps, then back two steps, while the men did the same thing in reverse, at the same time moving slowly around the fire until at a given signal they all turned and the men danced forward and the women backward. The next step was to form a single line, men and women alternating, and dance around the fire.

At the close of one of the dances a man, wanting to have what he thought was fun, brought in fireworks and set them off. Most of the Indians present as well as the white people were badly frightened, few of them ever having seen anything of the kind before.

Another time after everything had become rather quiet through the day Sam Childers and Pete Grayson, wanting a little fun, staged a fake shooting. They loaded their guns with blanks, then seemingly got into a quarrel in

which Sam shot Pete. Aunt Rachel Childers, Sam's mother, cried out to her daughters, "Nora, Susie, run! run! Sammie's killed Pete!" Just then Pete jumped up and dashed out through the crowd, but not fast enough to miss Aunt Rachel's scolding for the trick.

Mrs. Hodge's father always had a stand at the dances, after he came to Tulsa, where he sold ice cream and lemonade, both made at home, and candy. In later years he put up a kind of swing similar to a merry-go-round, having twenty-four seats, propelled by means of a man who pushed a long beam. Music was provided by a boy who was given free rides for playing the French harp. There was no floor under the seats, each swinging free and independent of the others. Frequently the motion made the riders sick, but it was a novelty and quite popular. Mrs. Hodge and her sisters were permitted to ride when any seats were not taken by paid fares, since her father, who enjoyed a good laugh, enjoyed seeing his own children get sick as well as seeing others in the same condition.

For the most part Indians were friendly and peaceable, and, except for Jim Beef, Mrs. Hodge did not fear them.

Jim, who lived near Sand Springs, was of a surly disposition whom many people feared because of his habit of shooting at the houses of those whom he disliked. This bad habit caused people generally to fear him. Jim finally married and reformed, but his bad reputation was of too long standing. He met a violent death at unknown hands.

One morning after a heavy rain his body and that of his horse were found floating in the creek near Lake Station. Those who gathered at his home opened his clothing and found he had been shot before his body was thrown into the creek.

Another such surly Indian was named Big Bird. Oma Hodge's allotment which was west of Sand Springs was a part of the land which previous to the allotting had been held by Big Bird. Big Bird had never been reconciled to giving up his land and continued to sulk because no Indian was permitted to retain more than his hundred and sixty acres, unless, of course, he paid for it.

The Hodges had rented part of Oma's land to a young man named Art Lewis, but Big Bird resented seeing anyone

else benefit from what had formerly been his land and on several occasions had threatened to kill young Lewis. One night Lewis's horses got over into Big Bird's pasture and when Art went to get the horses Big Bird said, "Me kill you." Lewis was unarmed, but he hurried home, got his gun, and when Big Bird walked up to the gate was ready for him. Big Bird sighted his Winchester at Art and was just ready to pull the trigger, but Art was just a little quicker on the draw than Big Bird, shot first, and killed him.

Lewis, who had a load of wood just ready to haul to Tulsa, went on with it and surrendered to the officers, but they, knowing Big Bird's reputation, freed Lewis.

The Creek Indian method of fishing was by the use of the devil's shoestring. They usually fished in groups, each man bringing with him a small mallet, a bundle of roots of the weed known as devil's shoestring, and a hickory post four or five feet long and four or five inches in diameter, one end of which was sharpened into a point, the other end flat. Proceeding to a fairly deep creek they would select a deep hole, wade out into the

water and drive their posts in a circle, a few inches of the post extending above the water. The roots of the weed would then be placed on top of the post and beaten until the juice ran out and washed down into the water. The sound produced by the beating was similar to that of the croaking of frogs in spring. After the beating had been carried on for some time the fish would begin to float to the top of the water, the men then shooting them with bow and arrow. If a fish dived the man who had shot it would dive under after it.

While the fishing was in progress the women of the party kept a large kettle of lard hot on the bank of the river. As the fish were caught they were cleaned, rolled in corn meal, and cooked in the hot fat. Then they were eaten right there along the river, accompanied by sour bread and coffee.

At one time the Hodges were preparing for one of these fishing parties, when, just before they were ready to start, as Mrs. Hodge was removing some pies from her oven, an Indian boy rushed into the house exclaiming, "Hurry!" Baby there! Nora he want you!" (To the Indian

everyone, man or woman, was "he.") Mrs. Hodge hastened to Nora's, about three quarters of a mile, to find Nora herself attempting to get hot water to wash the baby. Just as Mrs. Hodge entered Nora started to fall toward the stove. Mrs. Hodge rescued her, laid her on the floor, and sent the boy for a midwife who lived nearby, doing what she could for Nora while they waited. The midwife arrived, took charge, and all went well, but through all the excitement and bustle Nora's husband sat out in the yard, never lifting a finger to assist, as unconcerned as if nothing whatever was going on.

After this interruption the fishing trip proceeded as planned except that Nora was not one of the party. On this particular trip, which was to Euchee Creek, the men seigned the river, catching several very fine channel catfish, one of which was close to six feet long and weighed ninety-five pounds. Two other fine ones aroused the envy of everyone, a fact which resulted in John Hodge and another man playing a little trick to get possession of the fine fish.

It was the custom to divide among the members of the party whatever fish were left over, the division being as nearly equable as possible. The fish were divided into piles, then one member of the party was blindfolded and permitted to assign the piles to different members of the party as they were pointed out to him. On this occasion John Hodge and the friend made their plans to get the two fine fish. The friend was blindfolded and John was to point to a pile and say, "Whose is this?". The friend would then name one of the party, but when John said, "AND whose is this?" the friend knew that pile held one of the big fish and named first John and then himself.

One time Mrs. Hodge had an experience which at first was rather startling. She was at home alone with her baby when, hearing a noise outside, she opened the door to see, as she said, "the biggest, ugliest, meanest-looking Osage I had ever seen." The man's head was painted, his ears were split and hung with keys, while he wore nothing but a breech-clout. He was seated on a paint horse whose head was practically inside the door when she

opened it. He could speak no English, but, holding up a dime he pointed to a pile of sweet potatoes lying near the door. Still terrified, Mrs. Hodge ran for John who was working a good half mile from the house. He returned with her and the sale of sweet potatoes was completed just as several wagons came rattling by, filled with Osages, the women who were seated on the floor of the wagons being bounced about in most amusing fashion. As the wagons passed the man who was at the door whirled his horse and followed them. Soon he came galloping back again, rode up to the door, pounded his sack of potatoes, and said something which Mrs. Hodge could not understand. By this time the wagons, too, came hurtling back and Mrs. Hodge began to think someone must be mad or crazy. It happened that one or two of the young boys in the party could speak a little English. They were able to make her understand that the man was neither mad nor crazy but merely wanted to buy more sweet potatoes. Since the Hodges had a dugout full of them for sale they were glad to oblige, but, instead of offering more money as pay, the women jumped

out of the wagons and opened the bundles which they were carrying. The bundles contained calico which had been issued the Osages by the Government. Calico was soon exchanged for sweet potatoes and the Osages left the Hodges in peace, while the little Hodge children wore dresses of Government calico for many a day.

An odd fact about the early-day Indians was that they usually had their homes surrounded by locust trees. Why they sould prefer locust to other trees Mrs. Hodge does not know, but she has observed the fact many times.

The Indians used to grow what was known as flint corn, from which they would make hominy grits and sofky. A large log would be placed upright about waist high, in the top of which a round cavity had been hollowed out. In this cavity the corn would be pounded until the skin came off and the grains were broken up. The broken corn or grits were then placed in a kettle, lye poured over them, then were boiled for several hours. When cooked done, the mass was then placed in a stone jar and allowed to stand until it was sour and sparkling. This was then sofka, and

was much liked by the Indians. When one came for a visit the first thing he or she would ask would be, "Have you got any sofky?"

Besides flint corn the Indians grew beans, goober peas, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and the like, usually such things as could be dried and stored, and just enough for their own use. Their gardens would be fenced with a rail fence around which would be planted peach trees. The gardens were worked with a hoe and the work for the most part done by the women.

AMUSEMENTS

The little Wimberley children had few toys with which to amuse themselves, but, like other pioneer children, managed to entertain themselves in their own way. On sunny days they would go to their playhouse and make doll clothes, using for thread strands of sea grass from the old ropes thrown away by their father.

One time while picking berries they found a fawn. It was about the size of a lamb and spotted tan and white. Their mother wrapped it up in her apron and held its nose so it

would not bleat, for if the mother doe had known they had her baby she would have trampled them to pieces. When their tent-home was blown away little Lilly grabbed the fawn in one hand, a pet puppy in the other, and ran, but as she ran the terrific wind blew her over so that she fell upon the pet fawn, injuring it so severely that it died that night.

Another time the children went into the house to their lunch and when they returned to the playhouse they found that a deer had dashed through it and upset all their pretties.

When she grew older and was living along Shell Creek Minnie found entertainment in the dances held in Tulsa. Some friend would always come for her, bringing along an extra horse for her to ride.

The older people of the community were accustomed in winter to gather at night at the home of some one family, build a huge fire in the fireplace and play games such as blindfold, hunt the button, etc. Always at such gatherings there was a taffy pull. In summer the men would gather on

Sunday mornings, frequently at the Wimberleys and pitch horseshoes or play marbles, usually staying the whole day, the hostess providing food for the group throughout the day. This meant a great deal of extra cooking for the housewife, and also that she had no day of rest the whole week through. Mrs. Hodge firmly believes that her mother shortened her life by the cooking and other hard work that guests meant in those days, as the Wimberleys had a great deal of company at all times.

Among the marble shooters that used to meet at the Wimberleys was an Indian boy who made it a practice to arrive earlier than the others and come into the house and sit, saying scarcely a word to anyone. This had continued for several months when one morning while Minnie was in the kitchen washing dishes he came in bringing two long pretty ribbons, telling Minnie's sister that he wanted to give them to Minnie if she did not have a sweetheart. That was the Indian way of courting, but when Minnie learned of it she was angry and would have nothing to do with him.

When the Wimberleys were living northwest of Sand Springs they sometimes celebrated holidays with a picnic

at the Dalton caves not far away. The Thanksgiving Day of 1892 was celebrated in this fashion and was particularly remembered by Minnie because that time John Hodge, the man who was later to become her husband, was a guest of her family. The romance between the two had started some time before, but, because her mother and father had been sweethearts for three years before they married, Minnie thought that she and John should likewise wait three years. John, however, had different ideas. He had no intention of waiting three years, so, in December of that same year, as they were starting for a dance he unexpectedly spoke up, "If you will marry me April first I'll give you the pony you are riding and my gold watch and you can wear it at the dance tonight." The pony, a beautiful animal of a rich cream color with black mane and tail, had been trained by John to do tricks, and if asked his age would paw the ground the correct number of times. The temptation was too much for Minnie. Her resolve to wait three years went flying and on April first, 1893, she became Mrs. John Hodge.

FOOD

Whatever hardships the Wimberleys had to face, lack of food was not one of them. Mr. Wimberley's work kept him in well-timbered sections where there was always plenty of game to be had. Wild turkeys, deer, and wild hogs were in great abundance. At any time one of the family could take a gun and within walking distance of the house get plenty of fresh meat of one kind or another. Wild turkeys would in fact get mixed with the domisticated ones belonging to the family and frequently they would not know whether they were killing a wild one or one of their own.

When the Wimberleys first came to these parts deer roamed over a great deal of what is now Tulsa, and at the site of the present Brady home on North Denver there was a large prairie chicken roost.

At one time Mrs. Hodge and a friend saw a band of deer in which they counted twenty-one animals. This was an unusually large number to find in one herd, the animals usually running in packs of three, five, or even seven, always curiously enough with an odd number.

Besides meat there was an abundance of wild fruits such as grapes, plums, and berries of various kinds. Such fruits as well as vegetables grown in the garden were always dried for winter use, since cans were scarce. Such cans as they did have were those in which canned food had been purchased at the store. Mrs Wimberley would take hot coals and carefully melt the solder with which the can was sealed, so that the can would not be damaged, and keep the can for preserving such foods as could not be dried.

Grapes for drying were never picked and dried until the fruit was fully ripe. There were few people besides the Wimberleys to get them and they ran no risk of losing them by waiting. In this way the fruit was much sweeter and required less sugar for sweetening when cooked. The only sugar available then was brown sugar, which came in barrels.

In the fall there were nuts to be had. Mr. Wimberley would hitch the oxen to the wagon, load the children in, and off they would go, on the way riding over saplings so large that they would tip the wagon until little Minnie

was sure they would tip over. After finding a good tree- and they never bothered with any except the largest - they would spread a wagon sheet under it, then with a pole, jar the tree till the nuts fell, in an hour or two gathering enough for all winter. Here, too, the fruit could be left until the burs were fully opened, never having to stain their hands with green nuts, and taking only the largest and finest nuts.

Fresh pork was to be had all the year around. In summer when a hog was killed the meat was all fried at one time, then put into great stone jars and hot fat poured over it. It was then dug out of the fat as wanted.

Other foods both for the family and for his oxen were grown on his land by Mr. Wimberley, so that little needed to be bought except sugar, salt, coffee, and sometimes flour. The Wimberleys never had any difficulty in preserving their food even in hot weather, since from the time they first came to Skiatook they always had an icehouse. Their icehouse which they boult on North Boston was the first, and indeed the only one in Tulsa.

Some of the Indian dishes were most toothsome, one in particular, called grape soup, being a favorite of Minnie Wimberley. Grapes were cooked, the juice strained off and thickened, then into it dumplings were dropped.

CATTLE

Although Mr. Wimberley was not in the cattle business the Wimberley family had plenty of experience with cattle. The Tulsa stockyards were along the Frisco track between what is now Boston and Cincinnati. Into these stockyards thousands of head of cattle were shipped yearly, usually in spring, then released for western 3-D pastures. By the time they reached Tulsa many of the cattle were unfit to go any further. The cattlemen, instead of disposing of them, would leave them wherever they happened to fall to roam the town if they ever got up again. The Wimberleys had an old dugout into which they would frequently stray, then start to attack the children when they came to the dugout. Sometimes the exhausted cattle would get into a ravine, be unable to get out again, and just die there,

creating a terrific stench. Then sometimes they were vicious enough to attack people, making it unsafe to have them about, a constant source of worry to mothers of little children. Many times they would be skinned for the hide and the carcass left to decay by the hundred, adding to the stench.

As any cattle-man knows, cattle are very easily stampeded. Sam Blair once tried to play a joke on John Hodge when the two were tending cattle, but instead the joke turned on him when the cattle stampeded. John's horse was rather wild and would buck easily, so one night after the cattle had been bedded down (it was Sam's and John's turn to stay up all night with the cattle) Sam slipped off and filled his slicker tail with old dried bones, which ponies do not like, came back to John and said, "Let's roll one" (cigarette), "John," thinking that John would let go his reins, and cross his feet over the saddlehorn to roll his cigarette. Just as he said that, he dropped the bones under John's pony. John, however, had not dropped his reins, so that when his pony gave a leap and began to pitch and bawl, as a mean horse will do, John

was not caught off guard. But what Sam had not expected was just what did happen. The cattle hearing the bones rattle immediately jumped to their feet and were into a stampede without warning so that it was almost morning before they were quieted again.

Many of the cowboy songs originated from the practice of the men singing to the cattle to quiet them and get them to bed down at night. The men would hum and sing softly, and try to keep the cattle quiet, since even the crack of a breaking branch might easily upset them.

Mr. Wimberley's oxen were stubborn animals, not to say stupid. After one of his long logging trips, not only would Mr. Wimberley be tired but the oxen would be also, as well as sulky. As soon as they reached home the oxen, still yoked together, would make a run for the pond which Mr. Wimberley had dug about a quarter of a mile from his house and plunge in. One time one of them, an old "surly," would not come out again when Mr. Wimberley wanted him to, so Mr. Wimberley started to whip him. This made "old Lion" so angry that he stuck his head under the water and held it there until

he drowned, and the other ox, still yoked to him, had to pull him out.

Old Lion was a mean animal with black keen horns, and so vicious that if left free for an instant he would attack anyone in sight. But he was a great worker, pulling the entire load if the other member of the team shirked. In fact he pulled himself to death. Mr. Wimberley was driving a load on the West Third Street hill which at that time was much steeper than it is now. The load was a heavy one and the other ox began to shirk, leaving old Lion to pull the whole thing. Old Lion never gave up, but just looked back, whined, and pulled so hard that he burst something and died right there in his tracks.

Mr. Wimberley often sang to his oxen when out working. He could be heard a great distance away, as he had a powerful voice. He has been heard when, as nearly as could be figured out, he must have been at least three miles away.

OUTLAWS

Like other respectable white people of the Territory in the early days the Wimberleys had a healthy respect for

outlaws and had no desire to gain their ill will. Mrs. Wimberley, while she feared them greatly, never refused to feed them when it was necessary.

In those days there were few if any white outlaws, most of them being renegade Creek or Cherokee Indians. The Osages, while not outlaws, would sometimes go on drunken sprees, buying their liquor at a cider "joint" at the foot of Standpipe Hill not far from the Wimberley home. At such times, which usually came at night, Mrs. Wimberley would gather her little ones together and hide them in the bluff back of where the old Morningside hospital now stands.

One evening when Mrs. Hodge and her sisters came home from school they found their mother greatly worried. That day several Creek outlaws had brought Gibsy Partridge, Creek outlaw, to the Wimberley home requesting Mr. Wimberley to care for Partridge who had been wounded in a gun battle with police officers. Mr. Wimberley had refused and Partirdge was taken to the home of Alvin Hodge. The Wimberleys however were caught between two great fears, Mr. Wimberley fearing that if he harbored the wounded

outlaw the Light Horse would hold him responsible, while Mrs. Wimberley feared his refusal would infuriate the outlaws, who would then avenge themselves on her children. Her fears at this particular time were increased by the fact that because of brush and undergrowth she could not see the children until they were almost at the house.

At this time a gang of outlaws were in hiding on the top of the hill and were planning an attack on the town that night, word of which had gotton back to the residents. The attack was made that night as planned, but the Light Horse were waiting for the marauders. Among the officers were Legus Perryman, chief of the Creeks, Billy Burgess, and Mudlokey. Mr. Wimberley, who was a witness of the encounter, used to laugh about how Legus Perryman's hat was shot off during the fray, and when the bullet struck, Legus jumped straight up into the air.

At another time, after Mrs. Hodge's marriage, her husband, John Hodge, and her father were out in the Osage Hills one night and just missed walking into a band of outlaws. They had been out coon-hunting and kept hearing reports of guns again and again and were almost among

them before they realized that the reports were signals fired by the outlaw band as they were assembling after a robbery. Fortunately the two escaped without being seen.

The house in which Mrs. Hodge and her husband lived along Euchee Creek was the house from which Billy Bruner, Creek Indian, killed Bill Moody, United States Marshal. Bruner himself was not wanted by the officers, but he was in company with and helping defend another Indian named Berryhill whom the officers, all white men, were attempting to arrest. The house had been surrounded by the officers and , as Moody approached, Bruner, aiming his gun through a crack between logs, shot and killed Moody. After several futile attempts to get their men, one of the officers rode to Tulsa for Billy Burgess, an officer of the Indian police. Arrived at the scene of battle, Burgess commanded Bruner to come out and surrender like a man, a command which Bruner promptly obeyed, giving himself up to one of his own race, where he would not surrender to a white man. Moody's dead body was placed in a wagon into which Bruner also was put. Immediately Bruner straddled the body of Moody, whooped and

gobbled, his way of challenging the white men to come on and do something if they dared.

Bruner served a term in the Federal prison for his crimes, while the body of Moody still lies in a corner of what was once the old cemetery on West Second Street in Tulsa, having been left undisturbed when the cemetery was moved a few years ago.

Mrs. Hodge's brother-in-law, Jack Burgess, was the first barber in Tulsa and used frequently to be called upon to barber Creek outlaws. The outlaws would stay hidden in the hills until their hair had grown to their shoulders, then, late at night, would slip quietly up to Burgess's bedroom window, tap lightly, and be admitted through the window, get their hair cut and be gone the same way. The only pay Burgess ever received for the service was that he and his family were never molested by the outlaws.

The outlaws Noah Partridge, Gibsy Partridge, Wesley Barnett, One-arm Kim, and others used to stop with the Wimberleys to eat. Barnett, when eating, always sat facing the door, his Winchester across his knees, ready

to catch it up and aim at the door at the slightest noise out of the ordinary. The Wimberley children were posted outside to watch and warn him if anyone approached. He had no hesitancy whatever in shooting to kill at the slightest threat of danger to himself.

Jane Wolf Owen, who at one time conducted a hotel in early-day Tulsa, in later years had a ranch on Turkey Track trail, near the head of Salt Creek about four and one half miles southwest of Mannford, where she conducted a kind of hideout for outlaws. The Dalton boys often stayed with her and her two granddaughters who lived with her, frequently rode with the Daltons on raids. At times when it was unsafe for the men to come as close in as Jane's house the girls would carry food to them, swimming the river on their horses. The house which is still standing had the doors shot full of bullets and bullets buried in the log walls. Years after Jane Owen had gone Mrs. Hodge spent a night in the house.

When the Wimberleys lived along Shell Creek their house was situated on the outlaw trail not far from the caves where the outlaws hid out. Frequently, and at most any hour

of the night they would hear the outlaws, Daltons, or Jennings or other gangs. Though frightened the girls would often get up and peep out the window. Each man would be riding a horse and usually leading two or three others. One night a gang passed bearing the body of a dead man in a wagon, but no one ever learned anything of who it might be.

The so-called Dalton caves were situated in a secluded spot along Shell Creek northwest of Sand Springs. Another cave where they were reputed to hide was in a canyon farther north of Shell Creek dam, so secluded and inaccessable it would be almost impossible to find, and could only be reached on horseback and with the greatest difficulty.

CHARLES WIMBERLEY

Mrs. Hodge's father, Charles Wimberley, was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in January, 1849. In 1879 he came to Indian Territory where he engaged in logging and freighting. Known to his friends as Uncle Jack, he was on friendly terms with probably everyone in his community, particularly

with the Indians. His freighting and logging was always done with oxen and he had the reputation of being an expert driver of oxen.

At the time Tulsa had its first Fourth of July celebration Mr. Wimberley drove in the parade a float to which were hitched thirteen yoke of oxen, eleven yoke being his own animals. The float was constructed of two wagons, on the first of which was seated the queen of the celebration, Grace Mowbray, dressed in white with a silver crown, while on the second wagon were all the other young girls of Tulsa, each dressed in white and wearing a colored band bearing the name of the state in which she was born. On this day Mr. Wimberley set the first flagpole ever erected in Tulsa, near Tenth and Cincinnati.

Mr. Wimberley made the Run into old Oklahoma when it was opened to settlement in 1889. He succeeded in filing on a claim near Chandler, but it was not a very desirable one and Wimberley never went back to it nor took any steps to prove it. He had ruined his best horse in the dash so that it was never any good from then on, and died not long after.

After moving to Tulsa Wimberley with his oxen hauled the stone used in constructing the Lynch building, which still stands at the southeast corner of Main and First Streets. He also hauled the large rock used to make the floor in the vault of Tulsa's first bank. That rock, as nearly as Mrs. Hodge recalls, was about ten feet square and two feet thick. Mr. Wimberley's oxen also plowed all the fields now belonging to the big farm of the Charles Page interests, at that time leased by Wimberley.

MRS. WIMBERLEY.

Mrs. Wimberley, wife of Charles Wimberley, faced the usual hardships of the pioneer woman. Her very first entrance into the Territory was under trying circumstances. In a delicate state of health she was in no condition to endure excitement and her husband was hurrying to get settled in camp before the stork should arrive when just as he started the oxen down the bank of Pond Creek the wagon upset. Mrs. Wimberley seized her two younger children under one arm, placed her other hand on the hip on one of the oxen and jumped just as the wagon went over.

Mr. Wimberley hurriedly righted the wagon, continued across the river, and pitched the tent just in time for the arrival of Mrs. Hodge's new little sister Jennie.

When the family had moved on from Pond Creek to Skiatook and were preparing to seek temporary shelter in a dugout, Mrs. Wimberley found a squaw with a papoose inside the dugout. At once the Indian woman began making signs (she spoke no English) which Mrs. Wimberley finally interpreted as meaning that the woman wished to hold the little baby, Mrs. Wimberley was carrying, Jennie, now about a year and a half old. Unsuspecting and entirely unafraid Mrs. Wimberley yielded her baby and received the little papoose into her arms in exchange, when to her amazement the Osage woman instantly clapped the little white baby to her breast and let her nurse. Always after that Jennie was teased by the family about being part Osage.

When living along Bird Creek, Mrs. Wimberley had to come to Skiatook to do her trading, the trip, from near Avant, being made on horseback and taking the entire day. Wild animals sometimes had to be fought off. Mrs. Wimberley sometimes found a mountain lion after her chickens. Hogs sometimes dragged to the barn with their entire hams eaten out or torn

out by mountain lions. This was when the family was living along Euchee Creek, not very close to other settlers. Once while living on North Boulder in Tulsa, Mrs. Wimberley was in her garden gathering turnips when she was attacked by a huge bull snake. She beat it off with the hoe but was almost exhausted before she was able to hack it to pieces. When the snake reared up it reached almost as high as her shoulders.

When wash day came Mrs. Wimberley, because the water supply was limited, used to load the clothes into the old hack, together with the wash kettles, then with the children she would go to the big spring just under the hill below where the plant of the Sand Springs Bottling Works now stands, on West Third Street. Her little girls each had three dresses, two for school and one for Sunday, and it required much washing and ironing to keep them clean and up to Mrs. Wimberley's standards of cleanliness.

THE HODGE FAMILY

Alvin T. Hodge and Mary Burgess Hodge were the parents of John Hodge, husband of Minnie Wimberley Hodge. Both were

born and reared in the vicinity of Tulsa, Mr. Hodge belonging to the Creek and Mrs. Hodge to the Cherokee Nation.

Mary Burgess belonged to a family which during the Civil War had been in sympathy with the South. The women and children of these Southern sympathizers had been forced to flee to the southern part of the Territory, where they found refuge among the cane brakes along the Red River. Alvin Hodge was also in sympathy with the South, had enlisted in the Confederate Army, and served in the immediate vicinity where Mary Burgess was hiding. Their romance had already budded, and at such times as he could get away from the army for a while Alvin helped to provide food for Mary and her friends.

The refugees suffered great hardships, surrounded as they were by wolves and other wild animals, hunted by bushwhackers, and often being without sufficient food. Children were sometimes lost when families were forced to flee from attacks of renegade soldiers. Mrs. Alvin T. Hodge's little sister was lost in this manner and no trace has ever been found of her.

After the war was over these Indians, about seven

hundred in all, were assembled and started north by Union soldiers. They were so weak, however, that they were unable to travel. The soldiers then ordered several of the fattest mules which were to be used in transporting them killed and fed to the starving Indians. They were soon able to travel and were then brought back to the northern part of the Territory.

Alvin Hodge was Tulsa's first tax collector. At that time every white man was required to pay a tax of one dollar per month for the privilege of working in the Nation. There was also a monthly school tax of one dollar and fifty cents.

Politics and political jobs then as now were shot through with graft and it was difficult for an honest man to hold his job. Alvin Hodge managed it however until a conspiracy was formed to defraud the Creek Nation of certain bonds. One chief and several other Creeks were involved in the plot, a discussion of which one of Hodge's daughters chanced to overhear. The conspirators approached Hodge and tried to persuade him to take part in the fraud, picturing to him the life of ease the wealth could provide, but Hodge would have nothing to do with the scheme. He gathered up the

papers connected with his office and turned them over to the officials and resigned from office, saying at the same time, "I am not living for myself; I am living for my people."

ALLOTMENTS.

John Hodge and each of his three daughters received 160-acre allotments in the Creek Nation. Ethel's extended east and north from the northeast corner of the intersection of what is now Forty-first Street and Harvard, while John's adjoined it on the east. Oma's was part of what is now Sand Springs, known as the Hall addition. Augusta's was along Salt Creek seven miles southwest of Lannford.

FERRIES

A United States ferry formerly crossed the Cimarron River at Leroy, southeast of Sinnett. This ferry was much used by outlaws.

The Chesley Starr ferry was at Wekiwa. The trees there still bear marks of the cables. Wekiwa, incidentally, comes from the Indian word we-kay-wa, meaning lots of water.

A ferry at Sand Springs known as the Postoak ferry was close to where the bridge now extends across the river.

A Negro named John Simmons had come to Indian Territory from Texas and was living near Coweta where he farmed land leased from the Creeks. He became involved in some kind of crooked deal in which he cheated an Indian woman out of certain cattle. He was arrested for cattle stealing and was given his choice of being tried in either the white or the Indian courts. Simmons knew to a certainty what his fate would be with the white courts so decided he would take his chances in the Indain court.

He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to receive one hundred lashes. The lashes were administered, but the man nearly died from the severity of the punishment. After his recovery he sued the Creek Nation on the ground that not being a citizen of the Nation, the Creeks had no jurisdiction over him. A compromise was effected, whereby the Negro was made a citizen of the Nation, and together

with his children was given allotments in the Creek Nation.

Simmons was the last person to be whipped at the old Coweta post.