

LEWIS, STEPHEN R.

SEVENTH INTERVIEW. 7651

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Interviewer
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Interview with Stephen R. Lewis,
316 Alexander Building, and Mrs.
Waters, 1748 South Wheeling, Tulsa.

"AUNT JANE" APPLEBY.

America Jane's father was Dr. Wayne Moore, an army physician in the Mexican War. When she was three years old her father was placed as Government physician at the Osage Agency in Missouri, where she grew up among the Osages, later at the Osage Agency in Kansas. She married Augustus Capitaine Ogese, a mixed blood, a quarter French Osage, known to frontiersmen as "Captain the Trader." Augustus' sister, Rosalie, married Edward Choteau, son of A. P. Choteau, and according to the story she was Chief of the Beaver Band of Osages-called "Mother Choteau" because of her benevolent work among the Osages.

It is said the Mrs. Rosie Lane of 1441 South Newport Street in Tulsa, is a descendant of "Mother Choteau".

America Jane and her husband "La Capitaine" came to the Indian country in 1872. They established their

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home among the Osages near Hominy Falls, eighteen miles northwest of the site of present Tulsa. This was the old Judge Schrimsher home during the Civil War,, the scene of the Battle of Hominy Falls. They built a good stone house which is still standing. There were a number of children born to them but only one is living today, Mrs. Rosa Hoots, 1748 South Wheeling, Tulsa. Mrs. Hoots was the owner of the famous horse, Black Gold, the Kentucky Derby winner. She is the widow of R. M. Hoots who leased thousands of acres from the Osage Council in the '80's and subleased it to the Mashed O and 3-D Ranches; another daughter, deceased was married to Green Yeargin, the post rider.

After the death of Augustus Captaine, America Jane married Lew Appleby, one of her cow boys. That is the well known line-up of the ranch territory in the Hominy and Skiatook region, the Lew Appleby Ranch bordered by the Hoots' and Yeargin Ranches, belonging to men who are married to "Aunt Jane's daughters. Each ranch has a well built stone house and retains the appearance of former prosperous ranch days.

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"Aunt Jane", in later life moved to Tulsa and built a comfortable two-story home at the northeast corner of Third and Detroit streets. She invested heavily in various Tulsa industries but her success of ranch days seemed to desert her. She was a very devout Catholic and in co-operation with Pat Coyne and James Egan promoted the building of the first Catholic Church in Tulsa. It was located just east of her home on Third Street.

Always in the Spring of the year the three bands of the Osages started on their annual hunt and crude harvest season. Usually there were about 20 Osages in each band. All the healthy bucks, squaws and children went along provided with plenty of pack horses. All the old and sick were left behind but their horses were taken along to come back laden with supplies for their dependent owners. This was the custom these old and sick Osages had of living during the six months their companions were on the hunt. They made themselves at home among the white people at meal time. They would open the doors of the white people, walk in and sit down and ask for food. ^{They} deemed it the duty of the whites

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to feed them. The whites fed these old and sick Osages very willingly.

The Osage hunting bands proceeded west into the Cherokee Strip to the Big Bend in the Arkansas River. Here they stopped to do their Spring planting in the sub-irrigated sands of the Arkansas. The squaws had brought their sacks of corn, beans, watermelon and pumpkin seeds. Their planting was simple—they would just dig a hole, drop in the seeds and step on it to press the soil over it. The planting done, the bands proceeded west to the buffalo hunting ground. The sub-irrigated land and the sun would cultivate the crops which would be ready for harvest on their return from the hunt.

They spent the summer hunting buffalo. They dried the buffalo hides, stripped the meat and dried it and even took the tongues out and dried them. The dried tongue was considered a real delicacy. They broke up the bones of the buffalo took the marrow out and dried it. Their hunting and preparation of hides and meat completed, they were ready to turn east to the Big Bend, to harvest their self-grown crops. No buffalo were killed except those actually needed for food and pro-

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tection. Then they went to the Big Bend and the harvest, gathering and shelling the corn and beans and gorging themselves with watermelon and drying the pumpkins. This was done by the "scalloping method." The pumpkin was cut round and round in a continuous strip and this was dried on ropes made of buffalo hide. Laden with their meat and with the salt which they had picked up on the Big Salt Plains near where Cherokee is today, and the abundant harvest of the Big Bend the happy hunters turned homeward.

In the meantime the old and decrepit had been waiting patiently. They had their way of figuring out about the time the hunters should return. Out they would go daily to high hills in the vicinity and lie quietly with their ears to the ground. They could hear the horses coming as far as twenty miles away. As soon as they detected the home coming thud of the horses, great was their joy. With arms uplifted and happy grunts they made known the news to their chosen hosts whose self-imposed guests they had been. As soon as the hunting bands arrived and the laden horses were given to their respective owners they immediately divided with

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the whites who had been so kind to them. These old and crippled Indians would bring their choicest marrow and dried tongues and fruits of the harvest in thanksgiving to the benevolent whites who had fed them during the absence of the hunters.