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INTERVIEW WITH JAMES W. TURLEY.

FIELD WORKER REUBEN PARTRIDGE.

April 20, 1937

James W. Turley was born on a farm in Marion county, Iowa, June 5th, 1866. His father moved to Polk County, Iowa, and from there to a farm on Indian Trust land in Kingman County, Kansas later selling at Osage City, Kansas.

About the year 1885, when Jim was about 19 years of age, he and his brother left Osage City, with their cooking utensils, in a covered wagon drawn by a team of mules, to work for the Santa Fe Railroad which was being built along the Chisholm trail from Arkansas City. There they found lots of work going on; the Gladstone Hotel was under construction, and the two boys got work at \$4 per day under Pat Rainey, foreman for a milling company, helping dig the canal which was being built to straighten the course of the Arkansas river to aid in running the mills. At these mills there was made flour and corn meal, and here there was also a cracker factory. Upon their arrival at Arkansas City, Jim took fright at sight of a blanket Indian wearing leggings and moccasins, and wanted his brother to turn around and go back, saying that he didn't like the looks of that guy. His brother who had had frontier experience was not a bit afraid, and said

to Jim, "You have some Indian blood in you, and you should not be afraid of an Indian."

One day a man drove into Arkansas City who told them of better jobs to be found on the Santa Fe right of way, west of the Ponca Agency, on the Salt Fork stream in Indian Territory. The boys went to this place and worked for 4 or 5 months for John Martin, a contractor, and received \$5 per day for their teams and \$2 or \$2.50 a day for their wages.

It was winter when they started back home, and they were caught in a blizzard and snow storm, and were forced to camp where Black Bear creek crossed the Chisholm trail, beside a big uprooted cottonwood tree whose diameter was as great as Jim's height.

In 1889, Jim and his father came to Indian Territory to make the run for a claim in old Oklahoma. When they reached the Caney river, east of Vera, Okla., they found it out of its banks, and they, together with others, were forced to camp until about 25 of the men cut timber and built a raft which they finished by evening, and during the night they all crossed, and in the morning continued their journey, arriving at Tulsa, Indian Territory, just about dark.

They camped that night at the spring at the Arkansas river crossing, near the Stomp ground, because the Indians would not take them across until daylight.

These were the first civilized Indians Jim had ever seen and he thought they looked no different than the farmers back home. Early the next day, the Indians lined up the wagons, and about 9 o'clock it was the turn of Jim and his father to drive onto the flat boat and he ferried across the river by the Indians who used poles to row the boat. This river crossing was at the point on the river, about even with where the Sophian Plaza Apartment building now stands at 1500 South Frisco Street, Tulsa, Okla.

They were two or three days on the road to Guthrie, and just before they arrived, they camped on high ground near Cottonwood creek, where the old Payne Boomer camp used to be. They saw some of the dug-outs in which the Boomers lived, and many old tin cans, old buckets, and old ash heaps. Jim arrived too late to make the run, so turned around and went back to Pittsburg, Kansas.

Finally in 1892 the father of Jim Turley leased a farm on Bird creek, northeast of Tulsa, at about the present location of Mohawk park, from Jack Jackson, and Jim's wander-

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ings ceased. In 1893 he bought a team and they acquired more land and went into intensive farming. Jim did quite a bit of horse and cattle trading, and made money to increase their stock. One day when they were breaking a young colt, Jim's father got the rope tangled about his wrist and was dragged by the colt, and his wrist joint was dislocated. On this account, Jim hired a young colored boy, who came up to their place looking for work. This boy, wearing a ragged cap, was bare footed, and coatless, and said his name was Crawford Golsby.

In the fall when Jim got a job at Halsell's ranch on Bird creek, this colored boy stayed with Jim's father and did the chores for his room and board. In the spring he was paid wages for his work. That summer, he wanted a horse and saddle to go to Fort Gibson to see his mother. The Turley's gave him the saddle, and Jack Jackson furnished the horse.

Crawford was gone about three weeks, but came back with the horse and saddle. He asked Jim for advice on what to do about his killing a man at Fort Gibson and Jim advised him to go back and give himself up to the marshal. Crawford did this, and in about three weeks was back again with the Cook gang,

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made up of Bill Cook, Jim Cook, Sam McWilliams (alias "Verdigris Kid" and "Mosquita"), and himself- Golsby (alias "Cherokee Bill").

Before Crawford got into trouble at Fort Gibson, he was a quiet, good-natured, hard-working, boy, well-liked by all who knew him. At one time he rode up to where Jim and his father were walling up a well, got off his horse, and said to Jim, "You know you are liable to get shot?" Jim said, "What have you got it in for me for?" Crawford said, "I haven't got it in for you, I'd rather shoot any one else than you. Your father is all right down in the well, There are posses over at your house, looking for me, and there is liable to be a shooting match here. If I could see to pick out Heck Bruner, I'd like to get him."

He stood there motionless, and unafraid with his eyes on the Deputies and their posses, until they left the house, and crossed Flat Rock creek, and were out of sight on their way toward Tulsa, whereupon he turned and asked Jim for food. Jim told him that he or any one else was welcome to eat at the Turley home, so Cherokee Kid got himself a sandwich and rode off toward the North, eating as he rode. The

next and last time that Crawford Golsby was ever seen by Jim Turley was at Fort Smith, Arkansas, when the hangman was preparing to end the life of Cherokee Bill on the gallows.