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Story as told by C. S. Webber, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile
East of Hobart, Oklahoma to Glenn F. Curd,
Field Worker-Indian-Pioneer History.

I was born November 2, 1871 in Denton County,
Texas and came to Greer County 1889 from Comanche, Texas.

Greer County was then in dispute, whether it would
be Texas, Oklahoma or the Government. But we knew that
we could hold land if we came on over anyway.

There were three families of us and about 300 head
of cattle and we only made about 20 miles all day. We
camped where water was available and as we couldn't know
whether we would have water or not we always carried some
along with us to cook with and drink. The stock would
just have to wait if no water was found at camp.

We settled 4 miles east of Martha in Greer County,
where there was one store and postoffice. We broke out
a little ground, raised wheat, oats and some corn. A year
or two later my father-in-law, M. T. Holly, raised the first
bale of cotton in the county. He laid the rows off with a
Georgia Stock and my mother-in-law dropped seed by hand
and my wife, 15 years of age, then covered them with a
double shovel. After cotton was made, they had to find
some way to get it into money. So they hauled it to

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Vernon, Texas; than shipped it to Wichita Falls, Texas to be ginned, which was hauling it 60 miles to Vernon and shipping it by rail the rest of the way.

After the cotton was taken care of I went to Kiowa County among the Kiowa Indians in 1892 to break horses for the Indians to ride. One experience I had was when I visited a camp of Indians on Elk Creek, south of what is now Hobart--No town at that time. The Indians in this particular camp were under Chief Lone Wolf's command and they were having a big Pow Wow and part of them were all "lickored" up on Mescal, a kind of cactus that grows in Mexico. A bean is found in the blossom and by some procedure of boiling a drink is made. When one drinks this he goes off in a sleep. They were all having a big time and I tried to talk to ~~two or three~~ but they said "no savvy" and wouldn't talk. So as it was getting late and we wanted some place to stay all night, we finally went to one tepee. I raised the flap on the tent and right in front of me on the other side of the tent was a big Indian all painted up and looking right at me. He said, "Maybe so, you better go." I didn't have to be told the second time, I got. So we didn't get any job on that trip

There are about four camps in Kiowa Tribe; two on Elk Creek; one on Rainey Mountain; and, one on Sugar Creek and we always called Indians by their camp.

When they were having a paw wow, they wouldn't do any business at all.

Later we went back and got the job of breaking ponies. Got \$1.00 per year old animal up to 4 years old; after over that the price was \$4.00 flat.

The more you spured the ponies and made them cut up the better the Indians liked it, they thought you earned your money in those cases. I never met a finer class of people than the Indians, for hospitality and honesty. If they knew you, they would do what you said.

I was down on the creek one day cutting some green oak posts out of a green tree. I wasn't supposed to do this. I always said they wouldn't take me in if I got caught unless just by force. So I was working this day and along comes Jack Dayto, a police for Indians under Komalty Tribe which was in Chief Lone Wolf's territory. He was riding a pony and leading a horse. He rode up and looked me over. At that time I didn't know him and I asked him "Where you sit down." Meaning where do you live.

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"Me no savvy," Said the Indian. I asked him what his name was. "Me no savvy." I thought I had done about everything I could do, anyway he had caught me getting wood but he was going to have a battle if he tried to stop me so I went on getting my posts. So after a short time he says to me. "Where you sit down." and I told him same thing "Me no savvy." But I saw he wanted to talk so I stopped my work and said "Where catchem pony. Maybe so, crazy pony." I made signs with two first fingers on left hand and work'd y wrist on left hand up and down giving impression of bucking horse. He said, "Maybe so." "You savvy, crazy pony good." Then he told me he had lost the pony he had. That he had been over in Greer County to get him back. I aske him, "Pony heap crazy?" "Maybe so you help savvy crazy pony?" I said, "Yes, help savvy." "How Much you take." Meaning how much would I take to ride pony. He had a good blanket on the back of the saddle, so I told him I would break the pony for that blanket. Instead of saying ride him, he would say "light um". He said, "I cut heap load of wood while you light um". So it was agreed but I had to barrow his saddle as I didn't have a saddle with me. So I had a pretty good job by myself. I got a rope on the pony, got hold of his ear and tried petting him. I

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was getting pretty hot. So he reared up and knees hit me between the eyes and raised a big knot and the Indian just laughed. I got the other end of the rope and tied his front feet close together, then I began to work him out. Hit him in head with rope, but finally got hold of bridle and mounted him. He wasn't any trouble. I rode him around about 3 hours and he was broke all right to ride. The Indian was worried about how he was going to get it to camp, it was about 15 miles North. So I told him to untie the one he had tied to a tree and he would follow back to camp. So they took off up the creek in a long lope, the other animal right behind him.

And Jack Dayto still lives close to Hobart, I know him well, often talk with him about old times but he says he won't give away any information without pay.

I kept riding for Indians until 1901, when this Kiowa Country was opened. In the meantime, I had made lots of friends with the Indians most all of them knew me and they wanted me to take claim with them. I think now I was foolish not to, but I didn't.

In later years I learned that the tribe had a belief of faith among the tribes that if a newborn baby died

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the mother would have to go through a purgatory of punishment. I happened to ride into camp on one occasion of this kind. Before this, I had been there and had broken some stock for them. She had a beautiful two-year old pony she wanted broke and they had sent me word to come. When I got there, she was crying and her arm was bleeding from wrist to shoulder. It looked like she had just taken the point of a knife and stuck in enough to bleed a little. Although I had rode some of their ponies before and they had wanted to know what to call me, I said, "You wont remember/by ^{me} my name, so I'll name this pony Daisy, and you call me Daisy. She didn't know me and as all ~~the men were~~ gone, she asked me in sign who I was. So I asked her if she savvied crazy pony by my making signs and she said, "You Daisy." and she ran up and grabbed my hand and patted it and hugged my neck. But she told me that her baby had died and they had gone to Anadarko to the funeral. I dressed her arm with some kind of oil she had. But I know that she had punished herself or her Buck had for the loss of her baby.