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When he was a young man he had some trouble with an Indian boy by the name of Palone. They quarreled and Christie killed Palone. Christie was tried in the Indian courts and acquitted. He then settled down and became a law abiding citizen once more.

He was elected Executive Councilor of his tribe and served one term. In the meantime he began drinking. While in company with John Parris, who like himself, was drinking, they were halted by U. S. Marshal Maples, in the north part of Taklequah. Maples had a warrant for Parris and as soon as Maples halted them, Parris began to shoot and Maples returned fire, as stated by Christie who claimed to have no gun at the time. They went back down in town and a little later it was reported that U. S. Marshal Maples was killed. A writ was sworn out for both men, Christie and Parris. To save his own life, Parris turned State's evidence and swore that Christie had done the shooting and he was turned loose. Christie claimed that he had no way of proving his innocence, so he went on the scout.

Like many outlaws at the time he dreaded the U. S. Courts at Ft. Smith. Another U. S. Marshal from Ft. Smith was sent to arrest Christie and bring him to trial. Christie, knowing himself to be innocent, kept fighting off the Marshal's forces, but finally a posse headed by Deputy Marshal Isabell from Vinita, surrounded his home and set fire to his shop, thinking to burn his house also and that this would cause him to run out and give them an opportunity to capture him. In the meantime shots were being exchanged continually, Christie shooting from the upper room through a hole in the gable. One of Christie's shots struck Isabell in the shoulder. Isabell's force retreated, leaving the little log house on fire. It had caught from the shop. Some of Christie's people who lived near came over to see what so much shooting was about. Finding the place apparently deserted and the house on fire, they ran in and looked about and found Christie lying upstairs unconscious, having been shot through the bridge of the nose and putting one eye out. They managed to get him downstairs and out of the house before the house was consumed by the fire. His people and friends took him to the hills, where they kept him concealed from the law and where his wounds

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were dressed and doctored by an Indian doctor. They felt they dare not call a white doctor, for fear he would betray his whereabouts as there was a reward being offered for him.

By some means, the ball was removed from the back of his head and in the course of time he recovered and came back home and finding it burned down, he stood and viewed the spot where he came so near losing his life but as he was brave and was a man of iron nerve, he would not give up hopes of a home. He looked around and soon decided to build a home on a spot not far from the old home. He took his ax and began to cut the logs to build with. Some of his friends came and helped him to build the house, which was soon ready to occupy. He managed to get enough household necessities together to start housekeeping again. He lived in a very simple way. Then he said, "Here I will stay and die before I will let them take me alive" and he was true to his word.

In the meantime the government had increased the reward to one thousand dollars for his body, dead or alive. There were several attempts to capture Christie alive, but were all unsuccessful. The first attempt was made to capture him after he had moved to his new home, by Deputy Marshal Joe

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Bowers but as he slipped up to Christie's house, Christie saw him and stepped to the door, with his trusty Winchester in his hand. When Bowers saw him, he seemed to change his mind about arresting him and started to run, Christie firing at him, claiming to be only shooting to scare him away, but the load struck the Marshal in the heel. He kept running. That made another charge against Christie and so he kept on the scout after that, part of the time in the hills and part of the time at home, still saying, "I will die before I will give up to any number of men." "I will die fighting."

The next man who wanted to make himself a hero by capturing the notorious Ned Christie alive, was a young man by the name of John Fields. He came up to Christie's house one morning while he was eating his breakfast. Someone at the table (perhaps his wife) said, "There is someone coming in at the gate." Christie awoke, stepped to the door with his trusty Winchester in his hand, which he always kept handy. When Fields saw him, he, like Bowers, started to run. This time Christie aimed a little higher and struck Fields in the neck but did not kill him. He like Bowers, kept on running. Christie did not

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shoot any more, as he didnot want to kill him, but to make him quit sneaking around his house. This made one more charge against Christie.

Then the question with the court at Ft. Smith was, how they were to capture Christie. Finally they formed a posse of 27 men and met at Fayetteville, Arkansas, where they were headed by Captain White. All were heavily armed with pistols and Winchesters and a small cannon, a 24 pounder. With this equipment of war material and guided by Tom Johnson and Ben Knight, Sr., they proceeded to Christie 's house. Between nine and ten o'clock at night in November 1892, the posse marched up to Christie's log house. Not desiring to venture too close, they came up gradually, until they spied Christie's wagon. Then they held council to devise some plan to get up near the house and at the same time be somewhat protected from Christie's bullets. They decided to load the wagon in front of them near enough to enable them to throw dynamite under the house. At the same time they began shooting the small cannon against the house, hoping to knock some of the logs out. Christie kept shooting occasionally. The battle lasted all night, one man against twenty-seven.

A boy by the name of Soldier Hair was in the house with Christie at the time but it is not known whether he fired a shot or not, during the battle.

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Some time the next morning, Christie finding himself without leads for his gun, thought he would make a dash for liberty. (This was about day break) He left the house with his Winchester in his hand, acting as though he were going to shoot. The posse began to hide but when they found that Christie was not shooting, they came out in the open and began to shoot. Christie made it through the yard and began to run along the side of a fence like a fox before the hounds. The force all kept shooting the retreating figure and a bullet from one of their guns struck Christie in the back of the head and he fell, to rise no more. He was a man of steel and iron, who feared no man. After he fell, the force then gathered around his body, turned him over and saw that he was dead. They loaded him into a wagon and took him to Fayetteville, Arkansas where they were joined by Alvin Beatty, who was sheriff of Washington County, Arkansas at that time. The body was then taken to Ft. Smith, Arkansas, where it was then turned over to the U. S. Court. Judge Isaac Charles Parker was judge of the Western District of Arkansas (Federal Court). This court had jurisdiction over the Indian Territory at that time.

Ned Christie's body was brought back and turned over to Watt Christie, his aged father, for burial. It was interred at the Christie Cemetery, at what is now known as Wauhilla, Oklahoma.