



W. T. Holland,  
Investigator,  
Nov. 24, 1937.

An Interview with an old timer,  
John W. Hood, Tulsa, Oklahoma.  
Archer and Norfolk.

My father, Anderson Hood, and my mother, Amanda (Mann) Hood, were natives of Illinois where I was born November 2, 1870. My father served thru the Civil War, as a soldier in the Union Army. A few years after the Civil War, there seemed to be a general movement to the West.

My father and uncle Sam Hood decided they would investigate this southwest country so they saddled up their horses; filled their saddle bags with provisions and ammunition; tied their blankets to their saddles; shouldered their rifles and started on this trip which was to take them to the Ozark region of northwest Arkansas, or Benton County. This was in 1872. We lived at that time in southern Illinois, so their trail led thru Missouri.

I have heard my father tell of this trip. They were some two or three weeks making the trip, as they took their time, living on the country as they went thru. They learned some of this way of living in the army.

My father always liked to fish and hunt and on this trip he passed thru some good hunting and fishing ground.

HOOD, JOHN W.

INTERVIEW.

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-2-

They would kill squirrels as they rode along and then toward night they would strike camp and cook their supper.

They spent some time in Arkansas, looking about for a place that suited them, and as they<sup>were</sup> about ready to return, uncle Sam was taken sick with pneumonia and died after a few days. He was buried at Bloomfield, Arkansas, and Father returned alone.

In the summer of 1876 we were all loaded up into wagons and made the trip overland, on pretty much the same trail that my father had come over in 1872.

We lived in and near Cherokee City, Arkansas, near the Arkansas and Indian Territory line. It was there that I was married to Dolly Yates, in 1890. About three months after our marriage, my wife and I moved over into the Territory; this was in the fall of 1890. It was only about three or four miles west of where I had formerly lived. Here I leased land from Lawrence McCurdy, a squaw man. I lived here about two years, clearing land and farming. Our first home was a square log house, which I built of logs, cut by me in my clearing. Very few of these early houses had glass windows; mine did not. However, I cut

-3-

windows and put shutters over them, to be closed at night and in the winter time.

This was a hunter's paradise, as game abounded. I have stood in my house and shot squirrels from my window. They would come out of the wood, run along the rail fences about my house, and they made frequent visits to my corn crib. A Thanksgiving or Christmas was no object then, for game was easy to find most anywhere. Anyone with energy enough and a little ammunition could fare well.

My first child, a son, was born in the Indian Territory in 1891.

In 1892, I moved to the land of Charley Wafford, a Cherokee Indian, near where Colcord now is, and lived on his land for six years. Wafford was a fine man and is one of the best farmers in that section. Along during these years, from 1892 to 1898, after I finished with my crops, I did freighting, hauling goods from Cherokee City and Bentonville, Arkansas, into the Territory and in between times I would haul loads of merchandise. I would load up a wagon with Arkansas Winesap apples and haul these to towns of the Cherokee Nation. I sold these apples in Vinita, Claremore, Nowata and as far as Bartlesville.

-4-

Roads were few and bridges did not exist, so many times I had to camp at streams until the stream ran down. I would pitch camp and as the water receded, I would get on a horse and try the water until I decided it was low enough to cross with a wagon.

Wafford lived in what is Cherokee County now and Hulbert was our trading center. I bought a farm and lived near Hulbert for twenty years. Bob King, a merchant, was my best friend.

Here I raised my family. I was a school trustee and built the first real school building in my community. We neighbors contributed the money, labor and material and built a nice frame building, and furnished it with "patent" seats. This was when my children attended school. I went over to Arkansas, to Gentry, and hired, a young lady, a Miss Minnie Taylor, our first teacher, and we kept her in our home during that term.

I knew the Beck brothers, outlaws. Sut Beck was killed at Maysville; Ted Beck owned and operated a water mill west of Maysville, Arkansas, in Indian Territory. He ground corn and wheat and sawed lumber too. Ted was a

-5-

pretty good man, but Sut and Don were tough Indians.

One thing that contributed to the lawlessness along the border was the "stills" just over the line in Arkansas. Once a government still at Maysville distilled a lot of whiskey, and bootleggers got to selling this whiskey over in the Territory and Don Beck was one of these. He, too, was killed in a fight with officers at Maysville.

These Beck men were Cherokee Indians.

I was in Maysville during this fight and saw Don and his dead horse immediately after they were killed. They shot the horse to stop Beck, for he was about to get away.

I have lived in Tulsa since 1920.

HOOD, T. C.

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45