Form A-(S-149)

BIOGRAPHY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

Field Worker's name Wylie Thornton.

This report made on (date) August 18th, 1937. 193

1. Name Margaret Wolf, age 85.
2. Post Office Address Tahlequah, Oklahoma.
3. Residence address (or location) R.F.D. #3, 2½ miles south.
4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month September Day 27 Year 1852.
5. Place of Birth Atlanta, Georgia.

6. Name of Father James Walker. Place of birth Atlanta.

Other information about father Died at his old home--Georgia.

7. Name of Mother Jane Ann Gilbert Place of birth Atlanta,

Other information about mother Died at Tahlequah. Georgia.

aged 88 years.

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 6.

Wylie Thornton,
Interviewer.
August 18, 1937.

An Interview With Margaret Wolf,
Tahlequah, Oklahoma. (Cherokee)

I was born near Atlanta, Georgia, and at the age of five years, I left my birth place with my uncle, John Gilbert, and my mother, Jane Ann Walker.

We stopped in the state of Texas for six months; the name of the place I cannot recall, but it was near some school by the name of Pine Ridge.

Then we came on to the Choctaw Nation where I attended school until we left there and arrived in this country in the fall of 1867.

My mother lived to be eighty-eight years old and died right here in Tahlequah.

We must have lived in the Choctaw Nation about nine or ten years; then since my mother was Cherokee when she learned that the Cherokees were located here she decided to come on to her own people, and we lived in Tahlequah for the first year, then went to the Bill Balentine place south of town where we lived for about two years.

My uncle, John Gilbert, made two wonderful crops on the Bill Balentine place and at the end of that year I was married to Tom Wolf. We lived the first year in Tahlequah, then we bought a farm down here near Wolf Spring.

Wolf Spring was named after my husband. My husband cleared out all that farm down there in the bottom, and did it by hard labor.

He did it by hard labor, a little at a time, because clearing land in river bottoms is much harder work then most people know anything about. But Mr. Wolf raised crops of all kinds, looked after his stock and cleared land during each winter and also spent a good deal of time working out roads so he could get to town and to other places and to homes that were being opened up along about that time. There was not a single road down the hill to our place at that time and we had to make a road ourselves. We had a pig trail that went down the hill just south of the Houston Tehee place but now the county has made a pretty good road down that hill where we used to slide down.

Tom Wolf and I lived on that place until about two years before his death and he died here in Tahlequah in 1930.

Tom and I adopted two boys during these years as we had no children of our own. One boy, Stauter Bean, is living here with me now; he is my nephew, and the other boy's name was Goingtosleep Looney, but in later years the public changed his name to Looney Wolf. They took his last name for his first and gave him a last name after my name.

This boy's parents were very strange people. Nobody could find out where they came from. They settled on a little island in the Illinois River just north about three miles, and Looney Wolf had an older brother and his parents. His parents both died close together and his older brother just got up and left this little fellow up there all alone. I went up there and got him and brought him home with me, and sent him to the field to learn how to work. I sent him to school a little after schools opened up, but now he lives in Lenapah.

Tom and I were married in that old Presbyterian Mission which is the oldest mission that ever was established in the Cherokee Nation. It was located just to the right of that new road that's been built running from this main highway to Muskogee toward the Cookson Hills just after you cross that first creek or that first new bridge. There was nothing there at that mission site except a dug well, it's still open and there is water in it; it is the deepest dug well in this country, it is a hundred feet deep and the water tastes good.

The man who established that mission married Tom and me; his name was the Reverend Mr. Worcester. Mr. and Mrs. Worcester were certainly the oldest pioneer Christian workers in this country, and were influences that should never be forgotten.

Mr. Worcester and his wife are buried about two hundred yards east of the regular Parkhill cemetery and I think the preacher, Bill Balentine, is buried with them; now this Bill Balentine is really the first Bill Balentine. There are about three generations of these Balentines

named Bill. The mission that most people remember was built after this one which I am telling you about, and it was away east of this orginial one. The mission which was built after this original mission was burned down.

I know how the fire at the Male Seminary started, that is the first fire. Stauter was going to school there and helped to put it out.

A carpenter came out there to the Male Seminary to put in a window up in the place which was called the cupola. There was an old lime barrel up there and this carpenter put the shavings in that barrel. A boy was up there and he lit a cigarette and carelessly dropped the match into this barrel after giving the match a shake, thinking he had put it out, and pretty soon up jumped the blaze. In his excitement this boy grabbed this barrel and pitched it out of this new window which had just been cut out, and there was a bunch of shavings scattered all over the roof which blazed up but our bucket brigade succeeded in putting that fire out. This boy was expelled from school, and the fire that really

burned the Seminary down started around the flue a long time after the first fire and no one ever knew how it started except that everybody knew it was caused by a fault in the flue. The mortar got dry between the bricks and fell out and permitted the blaze to reach the shingles.

The oldest gathering or meeting place for the Indians was located three miles up this river, right in the bend of a curve of the river, and that place was called The Walnut Ground Hollow, and another meeting place, Red Bird Smith grounds near Gore, and one other was the Sugar Mountain Grounds, on top of the Sugar Mountain.

Jim Fadder was the first Indian preacher I ever knew. He lived down in the Cookson Mountains somewhere.

My husband is buried out here in the Parkhill Cemetery among other pioneers of this country.

My father served in the Confederate Army under that famous Cherokee, Stand Watie.