

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

HOOKER, LUCY BARTON.

INTERVIEW.

12623

Field Worker's name Mary D. Dorward

This report made on (date) January 5 1938

1. Name Lucy Barton Hooker

2. Post Office Address Tulsa, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) 67 N. Utica

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month November Day 24 Year 1875

5. Place of birth Whitley County, Kentucky

6. Name of Father Lytell Barton Place of birth Kentucky

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother Mary Van Noy Barton Place of birth Kentucky.

Other information about mother _____

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 _____.

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Mary D. Dorward
Investigator
January 4, 1938.

Interview with Lucy Barton Hooker
67 N. Utica, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Lucy Barton Hooker is the daughter of Lytell Barton and Mary Van Noy Barton, both now deceased. She was born in Kentucky in Whitley County, November 24, 1875. With the family she left Kentucky when she was about eight years old, going by train to Texas and coming by wagon to Indian Territory in 1886. They settled on a farm near the little town of Tulsa. The Barton farm lay between the Frisco tracks on the north and the Cherokee-Creek line on the south and from what is now Peoria Avenue on the west to about what is now Birmingham Avenue on the east. Much of that farm is still in the possession of Mrs. Hooker and her sister, Flora Barton, including the home at 67 N. Utica and the Barton show grounds on North Peoria.

Mrs. Hooker attended the Presbyterian Mission school in Tulsa and later she attended school in Texas.

Mrs. Hooker recalls that the first white people seen in Tulsa were members of Jack Wimberley's family.

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2

The Hookers had relatives here whom they were seeking and some of the Wimberleys, coming to meet the Hookers, directed them to the Duncan family whom the Hookers were seeking.

Lytell Barton farmed and dealt in cattle after coming to the Territory. Cattle were turned out on the range where they could roam over all that was not fenced in.

During the Civil War Lytell Barton served in the commissary department of the Confederate Army while his brother served in the Union Army. At one time the Union Army forces were encamped near the Barton home in Kentucky. Soldiers had raided the Barton home, carried off all the provisions, and during the raid came across an old Confederate overcoat. Suspecting the family of harboring Confederate soldiers, the Union forces arrested Lytell's father and took him to their camp nearby. Lytell, a little boy at that time, determined to visit the Union camp and release his father. Taking his violin with him he started out and succeeded in reaching the camp in spite of the

- 2 -

In characterizing the two tribes, I would say that the Choctaws were darker and heavier-set than the Chickasaws. The Chickasaws associated with the whites more, and lived and worked in the towns and settlements.

I came through Ardmore two or three days after it was opened. The town was bustling with excitement; wagons loaded with lumber were being brought in for building purposes; men were hurrying about getting supplies and temporary sleeping shelter before their homes were built. The streets were already marked out and the tents were in fairly even rows along them. It was not until the day of the opening that anyone knew exactly where the town site was to be, so there could be no selection of choice lots before the opening.

There was a little trouble handling the mail. For the first week or so it was issued from a temporary post office in a tent. Afterwards, it was moved to a frame building.

After that I came on up into the Sac and Fox Territory. Here there was an entirely different situation. The Indians were typical old-style people, dressing in the costumes of their forefathers. A few

- 3 -

of the younger generation were taking on a few white ways, but even they wore a curious mixture of white and Indian dress. These men wore shawls around their waists with forty-five revolvers stuck in the waist.

It was really a tough country. If you remained healthy, you left the Indians alone. At least, that was my slogan, and I always got along well with them.

My next move was to the district of Muskogee. I had some money then, having worked for some white people in the Sac and Fox Country, so I rented a farm. The Creeks were similar to the Choctaws that I knew. They lived in log cabins, farmed, raised their own corn from which they made "sofke", a crushed-corn dish which was delicious.

While I was a resident of Love County, I was appointed a deputy-marshal. One time I was called to Muskogee by a United States deputy to help search for Cherokee Bill. He was known to be in that vicinity and around Fort Gibson, but he could never be found. Farmers were always sending in clues about him, but we never were able to catch up with him. I finally served my

- 4 -

time of duty and went on home without having captured him. Later he was shot.

At another time I was a member of the posse which surrounded the Dalton boys at a hide-out between Tulsa and Broken Arrow, about seven miles from Tulsa. This was not one of their regular hide-outs, being a dug-out along the banks of a creek. Those Dalton boys were real deadeyes at pulling a trigger. We were unable to capture them, but did succeed in getting two of their followers.

We had quite a long siege and finally I decided I would go in and get the man who was in there. I gave my gun to one of the other deputies and told them that I was going to go into the dugout and if I came out I would come out alive with that boy. I knew he wouldn't shoot if I didn't have a gun, because that was an unwritten code among the outlaws. I walked up to the door, flung it open and said, "I'm coming in and I don't have a gun." The man was standing over in the corner and I told him he was under arrest. I guess he knew that sooner or later he would have to give up, so he did then quite peaceably. We took them into Tulsa to

- 5 -

jail, which was a dinky affair. Tulsa was just a wide place in the road anyway with only a few stores and houses.

In a few years I moved back to the Sac and Fox territory and rented a farm two miles west of the Agency.

In 1916 I saw Henry Starr shot and captured. He and his men came to Stroud early one morning and corralled their horses by the stockyards. They came by the J. F. D. Walker livery stable and entered and robbed the bank. By this time the alarm was out that Starr and his men were in town. Paul Curry managed to get in ambush and shot Henry Starr. The rest of the bandits took out, but one was wounded. They took the road out by the Stroud graveyard east of town. A farmer in a wagon met them and they asked him if he would take care of a wounded man until he was well. He agreed, so they loaded the man onto the wagon, paid him the money and continued their flight. The farmer, instead of going home, went on his way to town and soon met Sheriff Rigney and the posse in a model T car. They asked the farmer if he had seen any horsemen pass.

He replied that five horsemen had just passed and related what had happened, not thinking that this was someone they wanted. The sheriff immediately relieved him of his ward as well as the money they had paid him. The posse, however, was unable to capture the rest of the gang.

I have seen many exciting and interesting things and am still able to enjoy myself even though I am sixty-eight years old. I am thankful that I have lived in this period, for I have seen many remarkable changes take place. I personally am glad for all these improvements in living.

