

WISDOM, CLEMENTINE GOLD. INTERVIEW 9107

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BIOGRAPHY FORM

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION 9107

Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

WISDOM, CLEMENTINE GOLD INTERVIEW

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Field Worker's name Ethel B. Tackitt.

This report made on (date) October 21

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Lone Wolf, Kiowa County, Oklahoma.

1. Name Mrs. Clementine Gold Wisdom

2. Post Office Address Lone Wolf, Kiowa County, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month January Day 27 Year 1870

5. Place of birth Marion, Illinois.

6. Name of Father Thomas Henry Gold Place of birth Tennessee.

Other information about father Union soldier in Civil War.

7. Name of Mother Margaret Frances Place of birth Illinois

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 _____

Ethel B. Tackitt.
Investigator
October 21, 1937.

Interview with
Mrs. Clementine Gold Wisdom
Lone Wolf, Oklahoma.

I was born near Marion, Illinois, January 27, 1870. My father, Thomas Henry Gold, had served as a Union Soldier through the Civil War and was a native of Tennessee. My Mother, Margaret Frances Gold, was born in Illinois, but early in life was left an orphan and knew little about her people.

My parents moved to Kansas when I was quite small and I grew up there and married Joel Wisdom. We continued to live there until 1891.

We had heard much about the Indian Territory and the opening of the Government lands and, as we were poor and doing our best to get a start in life, we wanted to own a home of our own and have a farm as we then had two children, boys, age two and five years.

To be near the part of the Cheyenne and Arapaho

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country where my husband wished to settle, we, in 1891, came down from Kansas into Old Meeker County and stopped near Campbell's Crossing on ^{the} North Fork of Red River. We camped near Nigal Claunch's cow ranch. We owned a wagon and team, some bedding and cooking utensils, very few clothes, and nothing else except the two boys. The cowmen were very kind to us, permitting us to milk their cows, which they were not willing for all "nesters" to do for the reason that many of them starved the calves, as range cows were always poor milkers and these milk-pen calves, as the cowmen called them, grew up to be dogies. That meant big stomached calves and they did not grow into good beef cattle like range calves.

My husband also worked for Nigal Claunch and some of the other cowmen, digging post holes, building sheds and all kinds of odd jobs, which the cowboys did not like to do about the ranch. This gave us money with which to buy food through the winter.

On the morning of April 16, 1892, the day of

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the Cheyenne and Arapaho Opening, my husband got his horse ready and I packed some food in a flour sack and he went forth to take his place among

thousands of other people who stood long the line.

When the shot was fired, my husband turned made a dash to get to the right side and took hold of a dead tree and most of the people were afraid to go near it, but he held on to it, and after the gun fight he lived in a tent until

my husband built a house with rough logs and poles.

He covered the house with poles, bark, brush, grass and dirt, then covered it up.

Then we got to the cabin to find \$1.25 in money and a little food. My father, who at lived in Kansas, did not approve of our move to the Cheyenne and Arapaho country but after we had been here sometime

I resolved a letter to my father to know if we were staying to together. There was no way for us to make a living so if we were in need to let him know and he would come after us and take us back home. I wrote him but we had never been hungry.

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The cowmen were still allowing us to milk their cows. I churned butter and was sent, for whom family the village of Port au Prince had invited, to teach me to make cheese and to do this to the other city visitors for a sum of money. The men were very kind and friendly.

He was a good man, and I have no objection to his being here, but he is a bad influence on the Indians, and I do not like him. He has been here about two years, and has not been to the village much. He has a little land, and the Indians say he often goes to take game. In most cases, such as field, when some few, are bought by the Indians. There ~~was~~ plant of wild turkey's, peacock, chickens, and mall for least two or three years, afford to be abundant to all Indians.

I tried to raise chickens, but the coulees and pole cats were probably, and probably, the only things that could find the coops to stay around, the Indians eat the chickens away from them at night, and with nothing but a dugout for a hen house it was almost impossible

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to keep the polo mites from digging into the dragon
at night.

Although the settlers were taken from the country
did not settle it so fast as many of the Indians
and did not value their facilities. When they did
bring them, they could not stay long as the
government required them to remain & return to hold
their claims, then they would return to their old
homes. He never left our claim and it was often
as long as three months at a time that I would never
see another claim. I did not think we were having a
hard time for our family enjoyed perfect health; I
never knew what it was to have one of them sick.

After we got the land broke out and began growing
some crops, my bus and hauled lumber and building
material from Hayden, now in Jefferson County,
and built us a home.

The roads were only wagon tracks across the
prairie, with no bridges on the streams, and each
load would take a week to make the trip. The boys

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and I would be left alone; it would be pretty lonely but I was not so much afraid as some of the women. We were happy and I worked hard. We lived on our claim about 4 years. The time required only six months and over but we made it our home till we left.

In 1904 we sold our farm and moved to the city, in Marion County, and went into the hotel business. He did not like that and after the Iowa country was opened we moved on a farm northeast of Long Wolf where we lived until the death of my husband. My sons have grown up and married. I am still living alone in Long Wolf.