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Nannie Lee Burns, Investigator.
November 16, 1937.

Interview with Leander Zane,
Route 2, Baxter Springs, Kansas.

My mother was Mary Ann Long, the daughter of Alexander Long, who during his life was an official in Washington, D. C. He was a drum major.

She first married Wesley Garrett and after his death married my father, James C. Zane. My father was the son of Isaac Zane who married the Wyandotte Chief's daughter, Myerah, and who founded Zanesville, Ohio.

Before the founding of Zanesville, Father with his wife and other Wyandottes settled there and my grandfather built a large fort that he wanted to be a rallying point for the alarmed and distressed. He was given the name White Eagle by the Wyandotte Chief, Tarhe, of whose household he became a member when he was captured by the Wyandottes with his brother, Jonathan; when Isaac was nine years old.

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He remained in the home of Tarhe and after he was grown he was taken to his relatives in Virginia and there he made his choice and of his own accord returned to his Indian friends, the Wyandottes.

My mother and father were first cousins.

The Wyandottes' New Home.

Among the things that made our people dissatisfied in Kansas was that the time was at hand when those who accepted their allotments were to become citizens of the United States and thus destroy their tribe affiliations. Much of their land was being sold for taxes and purchased by the white settlers, the matter of taxes not being understood from their treaties. Then, too, the railroad building to the Pacific and the influx of white settlers made the Wyandottes see that they would soon lose their tribal relations. Having no place to go some of them had already come to their

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old friends, the Senecas, here in the Seneca Nation. The Senecas had received them and given them a home because the Wyandottes had given the Senecas a home when the Senecas were driven from their home near the Great Lakes. When the railroad was built south from Fort Scott, Kansas, all who cared to come were given a free ride by the railroad so some sixty of the Wyandottes came on to their friends, the Senecas, and wanted to rejoin the tribe of Senecas here according to the old agreement.

John W. Grayeyes, John Hatt (Tauromie) and John Carrico were appointed to counsel with the Senecas and the Senecas agreed to sell their friends, the Wyandottes, 20,000 acres in the south part of their nation for 50 cents per acre. This sale, of course, had to be ratified in Washington and when the Senecas here went to their agent Mitchell to get their credentials to go to Washington, he, Mitchell, objected and said they should have \$1.00 per acre. Thus it

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stood when the representatives met in Washington. John Grayeyes telling his brothers that so many of the Wyandottes were already in the Seneca Nation and that they had nowhere else to go persuaded his party to consent to the \$1.00 per acre so that was the price paid for the land.

Mother Moves to the Indian Territory.

Mother's brothers, James, Irvin and William Long, were here already raising cattle. She had a fruit farm close to Wyandotte. She sold this to a man named Slutt for \$9,900.00 with the provision that he was to ship to her each year the apples and fruit that she needed until she could raise an orchard here. So each Fall we received twenty barrels of apples and other fruit in season.

Mother's brother William decided to return to Kansas so she traded him her cattle there for his

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interest in the cattle here. She chartered a car and shipped her furniture and other goods to Baxter Springs, Kansas, then the end of the railroad. Father was dead and I was the oldest so Joel Bearskin and I drove through a wagon and brought five head of horses. Mother even shipped flour here.

That Winter, Mother and we children stayed at the home of Uncle Irvin and my half-brother and his wife and child stayed with Uncle Jim.

During this time, I had my pony and rode around a great deal, helping with the cattle and I came to love a view from the hill just northeast of what is now Wyandotte. Many times, I would ride up this hill and sit there on my pony and just look at the scene before me. In front of me lay a beautiful valley with beautiful Lost Creek flowing through it. Then there was no brush and it was just a grassy valley. I wanted to live here.

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Our Home.

One day I heard Mother talking to her brother and he was suggesting that she buy a certain claim south of Lost Creek. I got on my pony and taking Eli Pipe with me to interpret went to the place I loved so well where there was a log house of one room twenty feet square that had been built by Tauromie but was then occupied by Tom Punch. I had Eli ask Punch what he would take for his claim. Punch said \$50.00 but Mother would not let me have it as she had decided on the other location so I went back and asked Punch if he would let me have the place for my pony and we traded. I took the saddle off my pony and put it in his house and left walking but happy. The next morning my pony was missing and I rode another horse. In a few days Mother became alarmed over the pony and hired Eli Pipe to look for it. He knew where it was but he pretended to look for it for a few days when I told him to tell Mother where it was and what

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I had done. He did and she started to my cabin. I cut through the woods and was there when she arrived. Punch told her of our trade and offered to let her have the pony back so she paid him \$50.00 for the pony and I told her that I had already traded and I did not want the pony back so she gave the pony to my younger brother. I overheard her tell my half-brother that he could move into the house but when he arrived I was there and had the house swept out and when he came he thanked me for having it clean for him.

I told him that it was my place and I was staying and I did stay and when Mother saw I intended staying she had my half-brother move into a smaller house nearby that had a smaller spring near it than the one at this place had. Mother moved in with me.

As soon as the railroad was built to Wyandotte, Mother ordered a car of lumber and built a five room house on my hill overlooking the valley that to me was

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a beautiful park. There were three rooms downstairs and two above. This was the first frame house to be built here among the Wyandottes. This was in 1872.

My half-brother Bryan's home was near ours and at a smaller spring.

Tribal Affairs.

After so many of the Wyandottes were here, they decided to call a council and to elect a chief.

They called a tribal feast which was held on the ground at the old Star Young place on Sycamore Creek. Here they brought the Wyandotte Belt, the history and government of the tribe. It was read by an Oneida Indian and according to the belt Uncle Irvin was the oldest Wyandotte but my mother was the oldest woman so as the woman carries the tribe they brought the beef head and placed it on the ground before my mother.

She asked why and it was explained and this caused confusion for there was one there who expected to be

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electd chief but he had married a Muncie. Those who had come lately out-voted those who had lived here longer so Tom Punch was elected Chief. We belong to the Bear Clan. Father as well as Mother was a Wyandotte.

I have never cared to take part in tribal affairs. Once I knew I was expected to run for the Council but was so late in getting there that I thought the election would be over but they had not voted when I arrived and I was elected unanimously. They called for a speech, I told them that I would speak later but I did not for I resigned and Jim Robitaille served in my place.

William Long of Commerce was on that council. I had been a member of the councils before then against my wishes and that time my opponent was Silas Armstrong, later elected chief.

Again when they started to allot us, I and some of the others opposed it. I made a plat of

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my land and took it and went or rather drove in a buggy to Chief Richardville's home northwest of Miami, where the men in charge of the allotment were staying and asked for the agent and was told that he had gone duck hunting that day with Milt Drake, so I left my plat of my home and land here with his clerk and told him to tell the officer when he returned that that was my land and that I would meet anyone who came on it with a shotgun.

Uncle Irvin and others agreed to refuse and whether you know it or not three people constitute a tribe and can do business. One day I saw the men in charge of the allotment come into our valley with Uncle Irvin and two others and they began to measure out the land. I went to Uncle Irvin and reminded him of our agreement and he said, "It's of no use to hold out longer!" However without consulting me they had placed my name on the land covered with my plat and told me that by leaving the plat with my name on it I had accepted it.

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The Agency Buildings.

The first Agency building for the Senecas and the Quapaws was built about two miles south of the Star School House which is just east and south of Baxter Springs, Kansas, and is the one referred to in early Quapaw History. The Government Farm of the Quapaws was here.

Later when the boundary of the Neutral Strip was settled, it was found that these buildings were on the line between Kansas and the Quapaw Nation. The only marks left of the old location are some old cedar trees on the right side of the road.

When this was discovered the agency was moved to what is now Green Farm about three miles west of Seneca, Missouri. Two native lumber dwellings and the old jail still stand there. They were the homes of the agent and the clerk. Mr. Green lives in one house and a tenant lives in the other.

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After the allotment and after land was set aside by the Wyandottes for a school and the Wyandotte Mission School was established the Agency was moved to Wyandotte. The agent, Mr. Dyer moved one of the buildings from the location near Seneca to Wyandotte. A few years ago for centralization purposes the agency was moved to Miami and is now called the Quapaw Indian Agency.

Wyandotte Mission School.

When a boy I had attended school at the Six Mile District in Wyandotte County, Kansas, where Anna Falls was my teacher. After coming here until the Mission School was finished I did not attend school but I saw the first load of lumber put on the ground for building the school, watched its building and was one of the twelve students who ate dinner there the first day of school.

At first we only had two buildings. One was a two story frame building with a school-room, dining room and

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kitchen below and the dormitories and bedroom for the cook, a sitting room and two bedrooms for the superintendent upstairs.

Aaron Horner, the nephew of Hiram Jones the Indian Agent, was our first superintendent.

The other building was a one story frame school-room which could accommodate, I should say, fifty pupils.

We soon had another two story building and then the boys and the girls each had a separate building.

I had to be present each morning for roll call and then, my mother being a widow and I the oldest son, I could leave for the day if she needed me. We lived less than a mile just across the valley east of the school.

Farm Life.

Mother's interest in the cattle was managed by her brothers but by an arrangement with them she took over seventy-five Hereford heifers the first Spring

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and it was not long until we had our own cattle but my greatest pleasure was raising horses and I have always been known for my horses.

When still a boy, I went back to Kansas City with my Uncle Isaac to take back for him a team that he had bought down here and was leading my horse and leading him behind the buggy spoiled his gait, so after I got to Kansas I got a chance to trade him for a fine Kentucky race horse that had gotten crippled there that the man had paid \$1100.00 for shortly before. I traded and proudly told my uncle that I had a better horse than his. I brought my Kentucky horse home and put him on the track against Smith from Fayetteville and after I learned the tricks of horse racing I quit and bought a mate to my horse and drove the team to my buggy.

Mother seemed happy here in our new home but the first Spring after we had broken the sod for a garden and she had put the seed into the ground, tears came into her eyes for the soil here looked so different

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from what she had been accustomed to have. We did have a good virgin soil and no weeds and she was surprised at the quantity of things that we raised that year.

While they were building the new house, McLaughlin was putting on the roof and Mother sent me over with some egg-nog and crullers for him and I found him trying to drive the nails into the roof with the heads first. He soon laid off for the day.

Early Wyandotte.

After the railroad was built through our Lost Creek Valley, they built a water tank at the river west of town and Charley Barger was hired to watch and tend the tank.

Then for convenience the people got a post office established here named Grand River and Charley Barger was the postmaster and he continued to be until after the establishment of the town of Wyandotte when the post office was moved into the home of Charlie Robitaille just south of the Mission School and the name was changed

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to Wyandotte. This house still stands; it is an old white story and a half house just north of the railroad track.

Charlie Robitaille also had a store in his house at Wyandotte and as there was no hotel, he kept people overnight.

I saw the surveyors drive the stakes for the town of Wyandotte. We could see the town from our house on the hill.

First I married Emma Hartong, a white woman who was employed as cook at the Mission in 1889, and we had four boys and two girls.

We were divorced and in 1905 I married Nellie Carroll, a Shoshone Indian, and we had one child. She passed on some years ago and I have broken up house-keeping and now make my home among my children, sometimes with my daughter at Cardin, part of the time with my son here and part of the time with my people living near Wyandotte.