

LOCKE, WILSON

INTERVIEW

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THE LOCKE WAR.

Interview with Wilson Locke, Hugo,
Oklahoma.

Son of Dr. B. Frank Locke.
By Field Worker, Hazel B. Greene,
May 20, 1937.

V. M. Locke, Senior, commonly called "Uncle Dick" Locke, was a white man, who was raised in East Tennessee, Maiga County, not far from Knoxville. He was a prisoner of war some place in Ohio, when the war ended, along about 1865. So he never did go back home when he was released, he just came to the Indian country right here in the Choctaw Nation and settled near Old Doaksville. He married a half breed Choctaw Indian girl named Susan McKinney. Several children were born of this union, among them were Victor M. Locke, Jr., who is now Major V. M. Locke, of Oklahoma City. Mr. Victor M. Locke, Junior was office Superintendent of the Five Civilized Tribes: another son of Victor M. Locke, Senior, was Ben: a daughter Dollie is now Mrs. Dollie Archer of Antlers: "Shub," Locke was another son.

Once in a drunken row in Antlers, "Shub" shot and killed Jim Ashford. Officers attempted to arrest

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him and he resisted. Then a bunch of the Choctaw officers headed by Gilbert Duke, came down and attempted to arrest "Shub" Locke. By that time Uncle Dick had a whole lot of Choctaws at his command, so when Duke came down they had a battle right there at Uncle Dick's house, and one shot took out a bunch of Dollie Locke's hair. That infuriated Uncle Dick. He really went to shooting then. The officers retreated, and reported to Governor Wilson Jones, Principal Chief of the Choctaw Nation.

The first news that my father, Dr. B. Frank Locke, had of the trouble, was when a freight train pulled into Goodland. We had moved to Goodland at Clear Creek Mill at about the time of the "Wilson War." The engineer said he was scheduled to stop at Antlers, but that when he came through the Winchester's were popping like popcorn and he was afraid to stop. Then my father went up there to help Uncle Dick out. You see my father was Dr. Frank

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Locke, Uncle Dick's brother.

Always, when fullblood Indians of this Choctaw country got into trouble they ran to Uncle Dick Locke for protection. So, by the time my father got up to Antlers to help them, he had about thirty Indians together and they had fortified themselves in the bend of Kiamichi River, about a half mile out of town, just where the bridge is now on the highway going out north. They were determined that "Shub" should not be brought to justice and to the place where they were, there was only one approach from the landward side. The Principal Chief, Wilson Jones, had by that time sent down some of the Choctaw National Militia to subdue the Locke sympathizers but they were not having much luck.

A bunch of the militia was camped at Goodland to watch our place, to see if and when some Lockes would come there. We children with our step-mother were

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at home while Father was gone, I remember my step-mother did not seem to be worried a bit. Frequently, we would see members of the militia slipping around the place, spying upon us, but since we had cows to milk, hogs to feed and horses to attend to, we were just not interested in the militia. Joel Spring had a store there and he furnished supplies to the militia and made a small fortune out of the encampment. He accepted Choctaw National scrip in lieu of money; accepted it at a discount and got interest on it; this trouble really broke up Uncle Dick Locke.

It was about thirty days from the beginning of the trouble till United States troops were called and the Captain talked Uncle Dick into surrendering "Shub," on condition that he would receive little or no punishment. So the Lockes went home to Antlers in peace.

A long time after that "Shub" and Will Everidge were both drunk on the train coming from Paris, Texas, to Antlers, Indian Territory, and had a little battle,

in which both were shot. It subsequently caused "Shub's" death, but Will Everidge is still living down close to Frogville, at the old Everidge home.

When Victor M. Locke came out here from Tennessee, he owned a team of oxen and a wagon, and he made his living by freighting goods with this yoke of oxen, for the merchants over the country. Goods were freighted mainly from Caddo to Doakville and to my grandfather John Wilson's store at Clear Creek. Victor Locke was so poor that he went in rags and tatters; he wore an old hat that had no top and his hair stuck up out of it. My father, his brother, would often offer to help Victor but he would not let him. He was independent and wanted to make his own way. And he did too for he became very wealthy.

Uncle Dick had been here several years when my father was sent out here as house physician at Spencer. That was old Spencer, where Spencerville is now.