

HAGEMAN, F. LETTER-CHEYENNE-ARAPAHO EXPERIENCES.

HUME, C. ROSS

4332

1

COPIED LETTER, ORIGINAL LETTER SENT TO C. ROSS HUME
ANADARKO, TELLING OF EARLY HISTORICAL EVENTS AT
FT. SILL, DARLINGTON, FT. RENO. LETTER WRITTEN BY
F. HAGEMAN, SALINA, KANSAS, BANKER.

CHESTER A LAMB
PROJECT S-149
JUNE 8, 1937.

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

Field Worker's name Chester A. Lamb

This report made on (date) June 8, 1937 1937

1. Name F. Hagenan

2. Post Office Address Salina, Kansas

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month _____ Day _____ Year 1854

5. Place of birth _____

6. Name of Father _____ Place of birth _____

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother _____ Place of birth _____

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 _____

Hume C. Ross
3-12-37

Salina, Kansas.
March 12, 1937.

Mr. C. Ross Hume
Anadarko, Oklahoma.

Dear Mr. Hume:

I have your letter of the 6th in which you state among other things, that you would like to have me write you a long letter regarding some of my reminiscences during the time I was at Ft. Reno and suggesting that possibly I knew George Bent and Jesse Chisholm and perhaps Indians of this reservation.

Unfortunately for your purpose I cannot qualify in answering either of these latter questions. I never met either of the Bents or Chisholm and had no acquaintance with the Indians at Anadarko and scarcely any of the Indians at Darlington. I did meet a few of them. At one time we had Whirlwind, who I believe was the main Chief of the Cheyennes and Little Raven of the Arapahoes, over to dinner. I envied them their capacity for food. I am of the opinion that the human race would be better off if they only ate once in three days. I am not intimating that that was the only meal they had in three days but it seemed to me at the time as though they ate enough to last three days.

I arrived at Ft. Reno in August, 1876. My job was to keep the books for H. W. Evans & Co. This firm was comprised of J. S. Evans and Charlie Schiffbower. J. S. Evans & Co. had the Agency Store at Ft. Sill at that time and had had it for several years previously. When the new post at Ft. Reno was opened, H. W. Evans secured the license as Military Trader. Charlie Schiffbower had been with the Evans at Ft. Sill for some years and he became a partner at Ft. Reno.

It seemed somewhat strange for a young fellow of less than eighteen to go so far from home to get a job, or to be offered one, but it came about naturally enough.

My father brought his family to Leavenworth from Beardstown, Illinois, in 1859 and engaged in the wholesale grocery business which at that time consisted largely of the out-fitting of wagon trains to the West. Schiffbower had worked for him in the late Sixties and was very fond of us children and we of him. After he left Leavenworth he wrote us occasionally - sometimes sending us little presents. I remember he sent me a bow and set of arrows. The bow was a real bow and I was not strong enough to string it. Sometime after they had opened the store at Ft. Reno he had occasion for a book-keeper and he thought I would likely want to come there. Of course, going to a new

-3-

country appealed to me and the fact I was to work for an old friend induced my parents to let me go.

Ft. Reno was established principally as a cavalry post for the purpose of controlling some 7000 Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The cavalry was the most useful arm of the service on the plains although eventually we had some infantry and artillery. Ft. Reno was 165 miles from Wichita, the nearest railroad point and was two miles from Darlington where the Indian Agency was located. The North Fork of the Canadian River ran between Darlington and the post which was located on a beautiful site on high level land. Major Mizener was in command at the Fort and Major Miles was Indian Agent. Major Miles was a Quaker and at that time the Interior Department, which had charge of the Indians, had adopted the policy of giving Quakers the control of the Indians. Therefore, the title of Major was a courtesy title which, I think, was usually accorded Indian Agents. When I arrived, there were four troops of the cavalry there, and never was there more than six companies of all kinds while I was there. Theoretically, a company consisted of one hundred men but as the United States had not had anything but Indian wars since the close of the Civil War, eleven years before, there had been no effort to maintain the numerical

strength of the company. Later on during the Spanish War, these same companies would run well over 100. Ft. Sill was a larger post and they usually had a whole regiment there. At that time, or just before, they had a darky regiment located with them - the 10th cavalry I believe. The colored troops were the post traders delight. They were great spenders for the things that they bought made the most money for the trader and as they had white officers the social life of the Post did not suffer.

Mr. J. S. Evans, I believe, was a Kentuckian. He was a generous, open handed gentleman, a little austere and quick tempered but with all a fine man with innate southern hospitality. He was in the East when I arrived at the Post but returned some time later and stopped a while with us on his way to Ft. Sill. He drove out a beautiful span of grey horses with a two-seated light carriage and, of more importance, had a lovely young wife with him. Whether he had been married before or not I do not remember. He was considerably older than his wife.

Speaking of horses reminds me of Charlie Schiffbower who shipped a pair of spotted mules to St. Louis at one time and sold them for \$1000.00. Some price for mules.

-5-

Neal Evans was the younger brother and, if "J. S." was open-handed, Neal had two open hands and an angelic disposition. He needed someone to restrain him from giving away everything he had. His family was in the East and I never saw any of them. Once in coming to Ft. Reno from the north he was doused in the Clarron River in crossing and everything soaked including his trunk. The trunk was a fine leather one, belonging to Charlie Schiffbower, and Charlie was a little sore about it.

These Territory people bought the best of everything and we poor clerks were set a bad example. I remember I paid \$4.00 apiece for shirts and that was before silk shirts with extravagant prices.

The United States Court at Ft. Sill had jurisdiction over the Territory and no one cared to be subpoenaed as a witness as the expense allowed was wholly inadequate to pay the cost of the trip and the loss of time.

While I was at the Post about 1000 Northern Cheyennes were brought back from Montana. They had broken loose the year before, committing terrible depredations on their way North. Arms had been given them to hunt with on the way down and when they arrived at their destination they were met a few miles out

-6-

from the Post by officers and were asked to surrender their arms. Not a gun was in sight. There were probably less than two hundred fighting men in the Post and there were some 7000 Indians. Well, the Indians kept their arms. I know some of us at the Post felt a little nervous while the parley was going on.

Among the officers at the Post and whom I was more familiar with were Captain Mint, Lieutenant Wood, Lieutenant Harrington. Later on Lieutenant Bolton and Lieutenant Febiger arrived. Of these two I will speak later. We were visited once by Lieutenant or Captain Lawton. Lawton became Major General in command of the army in the Philippines and was killed in action during the Spanish-American war. I believe Lawton, Oklahoma, was named for him. It apparently is the regular thing to name army posts after army officers as well as some cities. Reno was named for an army officer, the same one I believe, whose reputation was questioned because of the fact that he was not in the battle of the Little Big Horn where Custer and his band were killed. Some of the 4th Cavalry who were killed with Custer had been stationed at Ft. Reno, a few months before I got there and as our people at the post were well acquainted with the officers who were killed, the battle was a fresh theme of conversation at the time, the battle having occurred on June 26.

-7-

Captain Wint became General and one time was in command of the Department of the Mississippi with headquarters in St. Louis. Lieutenant Wood got the appointment as instructor of riding at West Point, a position for which he was fitted as he was a superb horseman. He and Wint were fine officers and entitled to high positions. Lieutenant Warrington, I never heard of afterwards. Of lesser note and one who had performed a great service was Jack Stillwell who was with us a few days. At the battle of the Arickaree, or Beecher's Island (named after Lieutenant Beecher, a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, who was killed in that action), Forsythe and his little band were besieged by a large number of Indians and they had fought them off for several days. Many of the troops were killed and many wounded. Forsythe, himself, shot in the leg and unable to move. Their condition looked hopeless and Forsythe called for two volunteers to try and make their way through the Indian lines to Ft. Hays for help. Stillwell was one who volunteered. He was a reckless, daredevil sort of a fellow but was a good scout and knew where to use caution if necessary. He succeeded in getting to Ft. Hays in time to send reinforcements to Forsythe. I had the pleasure of meeting Forsythe years later when he was in command at Ft. Riley. He said he still suffered from that leg.

-8-

There was an Indian interpreter, Ben Clark, who lived in a little cottage at the Fort. He had an Indian wife but he was a fine man and had the confidence of all the officers, in an unusual degree. He took a liking to me and I to him and he told me a great deal about Indian life. I met him once later.

During the winter Charlie Schiffbower's father came out to visit him and his other son, Frank, who was manager of the store at Anadarko. This store, I believe, belonged to J. . . Strange & Co. I guess Frank was the Company. Schiffbower wanted his father to see Ft. Sill as well as Anadarko, so he took his father and myself down to Ft. Sill about 75 miles from the Post. Anadarko was about half way and we stayed there over night. I presume the old gentlemen had a bed but I slept on a counter which was my accustomed bedstead as I had been doing that for some months. The next day we went on to Ft. Sill where I met Charlie Cleveland for the first and last time. He impressed me most favorably. I do not remember anything about the buildings at either Ft. Sill or Anadarko. Some two or three years ago, some one, I do not know who, sent me a copy of the Daily Oklahoman which had quite a write' up of the old "Red Front Store" of Ft. Sill. This was a very

interesting write-up and among other things told of Jack Evans' trouble with the War Department. After getting your letter I hunted for this paper but could not find it. We spent a day at Anadarko on our return and Frank Schiffbower told us of the time the Indians attacked the Agency and of the fight they had. While there I witnessed the Government delivery of beef ration to the Indians. They drove into a large corral thirty or forty head of cattle and the Indians took after them on their ponies uttering terrible shouts and shooting arrows and guns into them. It was not a pleasant sight to see the poor animals running back and forth mad with pain and fear and many arrows sticking in them. I thought it was a poor way to civilize the Indians and that the Government should adopt some other method with their supplies.

We stopped to speak to George Washington, a Caddo Indian, who lived on the Canadian some twelve miles south of Ft. Reno. He had raised some corn but had refused to sell for he said, "There is war in Europe and it will bring a higher price." It was at the time of the Russian-Turkish war. He apparently had imbibed some of the business sagacity of the "Father of our Country."

HAGEMAN, F. CHEYENNE - ARAPAHO EXPERIENCES. 4332

-10-

It is queer, but I do not remember the names of the other clerks in our store, except Will Cleveland. He was a relative to Jack Evans, I think. Later on a young man named Kimball came up from the Ft. Sill store to clerk. He was quite a polished gentleman who was very well versed in the history of many Indian tribes. Later on there was a young fellow named Jack V. Juvenal came out to join us. He was a relative of Evans. About the same time or a little earlier a bright young fellow named Doty came from Iowa to work for Hubbell, one of the traders at Darlington, but I have not heard of him since he left.

There were two stores at the agency, Lee & Reynolds, and Hubbells. Major Misener had started a building program at the Post. A few cottages had been erected for the use of the officers who had their wives with them but the younger officers lived in tents. Some barracks and warehouses had been built. Our store was built of logs for the most part. The cost of hauling good lumber was too much. Part of our building was two stories. We had a two-story mess house and I think that was built of logs as well as our stockade.

-11-

Amusements were rare. There was a saloon in an "L" of the building and in the story above that there was a billiard room for the officers and clerks. Officers came over in the evening and played whist or billiards and drank more or less. When J. S. Evans was there, hospitality was dispensed without charge. However, I never knew but one officer who drank to excess. He was a Virginian and had been noted for bravery in some Indian fight and while the other officers deplored his drinking they still had a measure of respect for him.

We had a civilian doctor for a while who was employed by the Government. He had a marvelous capacity for free liquor. I omit his name as there may be some descendants.

~~Captain Wint kept a pack of hounds and hunted coons, jack rabbits and coyotes. Jack rabbits were not so numerous as we have them in this part of the country - too far from growing feed crops, I suppose.~~

The store maintained the mess for the proprietor and clerks and most of the officers ate with us. Some of them were bachelors and others had left their wives behind them. I think we charged them \$30.00 per month. Any travelers

-12-

coming through were fed without charge. We had two meals a day, breakfast at 9:00 and dinner sometime in the afternoon. I had a boy's appetite and I used to wonder "Do we never eat." I developed a fondness at that time for coe-oysters and crackers, which I have never outgrown.

The post trader's business came from the officers, soldiers, teamsters and civilians employed by the Government. We could not sell to Indians. There was a quartermaster's department where officers and soldiers could buy cheaper than from us but the selection was limited. Sometimes the soldiers would draw their allowances for tobacco which was charged to them and trade it to us for something else that they wanted more. Around pay day which occurred every two months, drinking was pretty extensive among the soldiers and on the first two or three days, numerous fights would occur. Then the guard would be called out and the saloon closed until order was restored. Most of the money being spent, peace would reign until the next pay day.

Our Company handled a pretty poor grade of whiskey, usually cost about \$3.00 per gallon. It was surely rot gut, and so fiery that it had to be diluted with water to keep it from killing a man. That was a humane proceeding, also

-13-

profitable, as it made more gallons. For the officers, however, we handled the finest liquors as well as cigars that we could buy. Our main sellers in cigars were the Sultanas which we bought of Simmons-Staiger of Leavenworth. We paid \$70.00 per thousand and sold them three for 50¢. It was not as exorbitant a profit as it might look for the freight from Wichita alone was 7.00 per hundred pounds, besides the usual risks in transportation of merchandise. We paid as high as \$200.00 per thousand in New York City for some imported cigars.

Captain Millett came through once with a herd of 5000 cattle and camped a few miles from the post. That was such a stupendous figure to me that I went out to see them, or rather I accompanied a cattle man named Chastain. It was my first experience in sleeping out on the plains with a saddle for a pillow, then up at daybreak watching them cut out a lot of cattle for distribution, I presume, at the agency. Later on, Captain Millett bought a large ranch 35 or 40 miles west of Salina but it was broken up into small farms years ago and there are no more large ranches in this part of the country.

HAGEMAN, F. CHEYENNE - ARAPAHO EXPERIENCES. 4332

-14-

Charles Schiffbower sold out while I was there and engaged in business in some agency south of Arkansas City, later on going into business in Arkansas City. Then he moved to Cripple Creek where he died. Myself and family met him there and at Colorado Springs several times and he frequently sent us fruit. He always wanted to be in a new country. He had been accidentally shot in the leg while at Ft. Sill. Some years later he had to have some of the bones cut out. The wound healed up but it gave him more or less pain as long as he lived.

Frank Schiffbower moved to Kansas City, Kansas, and he may be living there yet - I do not know. Some years ago, I think during one of Paderewski's tours, a daughter of his played a theme for Paderewski and he gave her fine praise, so I presume she had unusual musical talent.

I met Will Cleveland and his bride, Etta Hutchins, in Kansas City on their wedding trip and some twenty years or more ago, Will called on me here. He had lost his wife and was living with a daughter in Russell, as I remember it. I have not heard of him since and while I have passed through Russell many times it did not occur to me to inquire as it was so long afterwards.

I do not know whether any part of the above will be of any general interest but while struggling with this letter- I am not a historian- one of my daughters came in- I have two daughters and four grand-children- and she wanted me to keep a copy and to please her as well as some of the young women in the bank who expressed an interest, in what grand-a was doing, I am going to extend it somewhat and relate some little personal experiences which will probably not interest anyone but them, and possibly Mrs. Cleveland, who may remember of hearing of one of these experiences unless she was too young at the time.

On my way to the territory, I stayed over-night at Wichita. This was the end of the railroad. Wichita was not much to look at as there was not much there. Some years later when it had prospered greatly on Oklahoma trade and they were booming it, the Wichita Eagle designated it as "The Peerless Princess of the Plains." In 1876 it might have been called the "Windy Village of the Plains."

The next morning several other passengers and myself boarded a Concord Stage pulled by four horses - I for Ft. Reno and the others for places between. The first day's

run brought us to Caldwell for the night. Caldwell was the little end of nowhere, and if you did not see it until 1890 it would be hard to picture that prosperous town then as it was in '76. The hotel had not been built, it had just been thrown together in a hurry but it was as good as the balance of the town. They were all shacks. I traveled all the next day and the next night and arrived at Ft. Reno about 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Older people as a rule cannot sleep in a moving stage but you cannot keep a boy from sleeping anywhere. I had not been there an hour when a fight took place in the store between two teamsters - Fickett and Sherman. I thought if it was adventure I was after, I was likely to see plenty but it was a false promise they were quickly separated. Fickett was a happy-go-lucky sort of fellow and later I heard he was drowned in the Missouri River. Sherman always seemed spoiling for a fight.

Life at the Fort was very orderly and peaceful. Fights occurring among the soldiers, but they were usually on pay day. I do not recall a shooting scrape while I was there. Those occurrences were reserved for the wild west towns, and the well policed cities.

HAGEMAN, F. CHEYENNE - ARAPAHO EXPERIENCES. 4332

-17-

I soon met some of the Agency people. Major Miles and wife who was affectionately known as Aunt Lucy. They had two daughters, Jo and Lena Miles, and I think other children but I did not know them. Etta Hutchins and her parents were there and a Miss Williams - I should remember her first name for I took her horseback riding once. This was more than sixty years ago and I am pretty shaky on some of the names, I remember the events better. I had known Major Miles and wife slightly before I came to the Territory. He had been agent for the Kickapoos whose reservation was in the vicinity of Muskotah, Kansas. My father owned some land there and after Leavenworth had been put to sleep by Kansas City, having lost heavily he was induced to go into business at Muskotah. He bought a store and built a big stone warehouse intending to install elevator machinery. Later, I know, there was no elevator in it from personal experience as I spent part of a vacation up there and during that time I carried 100 pounds of flax seed at a time up a long flight of steps. While the family still lived at Leavenworth, we were up at Muskotah a good deal. I believe the Hutchins went from Muskotah to the Territory with Major

-18-

Miles. Jo Miles married a man named Woodward. I never knew him. I lost sight of her completely until I saw her picture in one of the papers. She had gone to Cuba for the Cincinnati Esquirer to interview Butcher Weyler. Some years later I met her and Lena at a Bankers' convention at Lawrence. Lena married a banker friend of mine, Frank March. She had a daughter Lucy, who taught here for a while. She was a lovely girl but died very young.

Some years later while visiting friends at Hutchison, Kansas, they told me they had a neighbor who would like to see me. It proved to be Charles Campbell who was connected with the Agency at Anadarko. I met him once. He is gone now. I see Malcolm Campbell just died in Los Angeles, whose father was an early agent for the Pawnees at Pawnee, Kansas - probably not the same family.

I was always fond of horseback riding. I had always had a pony as a boy. At Ft. Reno there was a little in the way of amusement so I rode quite a little. I did not own a horse. There was no need to. There were always unattached horses in the cavalry troops and the officers were very kind, always in giving me an order for one. The soldiers

HAGEMAN, F. CHEYENNE - ARAPAHO EXPERIENCES.

4332

-19-

picked the best for themselves and were perfectly willing to see someone ride the mean ones and I certainly had some mean ones. Twice a horse ran away with me. One I stopped by steering him into a cannon while the soldiers were on parade. The other one ran until he was worn out.

Frank Schiffbauer rode up from Anadarko one day and his horse developed blind staggers, running away with him and into our stockade where he fell dead.

Lieutenant Bolton and I became intimate friends. Once in the early evening we rode to the agency to call on the girls - Jo and Lena Miles, Atta Hutchins, Miss Williams and another whose name I can't quite remember. The river was high but fordable if you knew how. There were men at the Fort who directed us across in a zigzag course and we spent the evening visiting the girls. I remember I was addressed as "Mr." for the first time in my life and what a queer feeling it gave me. Coming home about 10:00 o'clock, there was no one to direct us and it was quite dark. My horse went into a hole and I went over his head. Fortunately when this happened I was near the other shore and there happened to be some willows which I was able to grasp and

HAGEMAN, F CHEYENNE - ARAFAHO EXPERIENCES.

4332

-20-

pull myself out. Bolton was more fortunate. He escaped the hole but got completely soaked. We caught my horse and we endeavored to sneak into the post without being seen but we were caught and unmercifully "guyed." Another time Bolton and I had a boat built - just a plain fool thing to do. We had it hauled to a pond a few miles from the post but found we were unable to row it against the wind, so we took off everything but our shirts and pulled it to the other end so we could ride back. One of the officers, Col. Loppinger, who afterwards married James G. Blain's daughter, made an imaginary sketch of us which I still have probably but was unable to find. I had still another experience with the river. Besides being bookkeeper, I was assistant Postmaster. Owing to the high water we had had no mail for two weeks. There was not a bridge between Wichita and Ft. Reno. We learned the mail had arrived at Darlington and thinking there might be some delay in bringing it over, I went after it. The river was out of its banks but some people there had rigged up a flat boat with one end attached to a rope to keep it straight. The rope was anchored in shallow water on the south side and the shore on the other

HAGEMAN, F. CHEYENNE - ARAPAHO EXPERIENCES: 4332

-21-

side. I took a skiff out to the flat boat. There was no one there to work it but some little Indian boys who were in swimming. They undertook to ferry me across.

I was as green as they were for they started the boat wrong end first and when the main current hit the boat it swung around. To escape the rope hitting them, the boys jumped out upsetting the boat and throwing me out.

It was early spring and I had no winter clothes and boots. I tried to follow the boys but I was going down stream a good deal faster than I was getting across. The boys reached the shore and realizing my predicament, they swam out to me. Evidently they had received some advice in safety first, for only one came close to me. After the

first plunge I had kept my head out of the water and although I was frightened, I was sensible and did not rush him. They saw I was not going to grab him so came close and I put my hand on his shoulder then the three helped me swim in. I was all in and lay on the bank quite a while before I could walk. Coming back there were men there to manage the boat and I got through with the mail without further mishap.

HAGEMAN, F. CHEYENNE - ARAPAHO EXPERIENCES. 4332

-22-

The floods in the Cimarron and the two Canadians frequently held up travelers for days. They were full of quicksand. Stock would not be permitted to stop to drink while fording. They had to be kept moving. Whether true or not, it was told to me as a fact that a Government schooner and six mules went down in the quicksand of the Canadia south of Ft. Reno and there was never a trace of them found.

Pioneers in a new country endure hardships and dangers and take it all as a matter of course.

A year ago last fall I had the very great pleasure of entertaining Colonel Bolton in my home. I had a Captain Febiger and his wife come up from Ft. Riley to meet him.

The Captain's father was the Lieutenant Febiger that I had known at Ft. Reno. He had been dead some years but he and Colonel Bolton had been warm friends and Bolton was intimately acquainted with his family. Colonel Bolton lived in Berkeley, California, and a few weeks ago I was advised by a mutual friend, Colonel Lark Wheeler, who also lived in Berkeley, that Colonel Bolton had died during the winter. At the time of his death he was the oldest living graduate

HAGEMAN, F. CHEYENNE - ARAPAHO EXPERIENCES. 4332

-23-

of West Point and it was on his way home from a graduation anniversary that he stopped to visit me. He was a fine man and I am thankful I met him again after nearly sixty years and before it was too late.

Just a few months before I arrived at the Fort there had been a good deal of gambling. Some intimation of this had reached the Department at Ft. Leavenworth and a stop was put to it. One of the officers who was killed at the Custer fight had cashed his pay voucher in advance with the Post Trader to the extent of something like \$1400.00 which proved to be a total loss to the trader and J. S. Evans was much put out about it. No one seemingly profits by the experience of others and I had to have a little lesson which I am glad of for what it taught me.

Some Mexicans came in and ran a Monte game. One of the hangers on around the store induced me to back him for a few dollars and I went once to see the game out of curiosity. I won a few dollars but I believe it was Kimball who told me if Jack Evans knew of it I would lose my job. The disgrace of such a thing frightened me and the cure was lasting. I have had an abhorrence of gambling

-24-

ever since. I play golf frequently but I will not play for as much as a golf ball. Preachers and bankers are the ones above all others who should not gamble. They represent the spiritual and the business ideals, both of which principles condemn it.

Another lesson I had. A cattle man visited the fort for a few days, coming he said to cure a cold. He had about \$100 in currency which he had me keep, getting about \$10 at a time from me. After doctoring his cold about three days, he was ready to leave. The last time he came for the money he claimed I had held out \$10. There was no way of proving anything. Since then I have refused to do business with any man who was not sober. He was a pretty good fellow too, but the best of them are irresponsible when they are under the influence of liquor. He was very nice to me afterwards, so I did not know whether he remembered his complaint or not. Some people are so unduly sensitive that in the face of an accusation they are so shocked and hurt they are incapable of defending themselves by a reply. I have known some of these kind of people and unfortunately I belong to that class. Fortunately these occurrences have been rare for me

and I have not encountered any of them for many years.

This condition is usually attributed to sullenness but

I can testify that in some cases, at least, it is not.

I am afraid many parents misjudge their children because of a lack of understanding the child.

There was a Bill Thompson hauling freight at this time from Caddo to Ft. Sill for the Evans store. He was unknown to me at that time but later he became a farmer in this county and we found we had some mutual acquaintances of that period.

I had been away from home for a year. I was homesick and my folks wanted me to return. I came out here in '79 at the request of a cousin who was in business here. I have been in this bank forty-nine years. I did not visit the Territory again until 1900. Some man here had a dream of building a railroad from Salina south. We drove as far as Watonga. The Territory had become a great state. Where before was a vast uninhabited prairie stretching for hundreds of miles with no roads and but few trails, now the land was laid out in sections, roads were everywhere and every quarter section occupied by a family with a house and farm buildings.

-26-

Surely it must have been more astonishing to me than to most anyone else. Again in 1909 my wife and I made an auto trip to Oklahoma City to visit friends. We were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mulkley. Mr. Mulkley was a partner in the Kerr Dry Goods Store at Oklahoma City. Oklahoma City claimed at that time around 100,000 or over. This was another jolt to me. We went over to Ft. Reno and on the way I stopped at El Reno. I hunted up Neal Evans. He was looking hale and hearty and I enjoyed meeting him again. It had been 32 years between times. At the Fort everything was changed. A railroad had come through, the old store was gone, everything different. I found Ben Clark, the only one left and was much pleased to have him remember me. We did not go over to Darlington at that time, but a year ago returning from an auto trip to Texas, I came by the Fort again. I saw two or three cottages which looked like they might have been there in '76. I asked a young man at the Post Exchange if there were any old buildings left there, "Oh yes" he said, and pointed to a building which had a sign, "Erected in 1912." As that was before he was born, that spelled antiquity to him.

HAGEMAN, F. CHEYENNE - ARAPAHO EXPERIENCES. 4332

-27-

We went to Darlington. This time I crossed the river on a bridge and thought many times I had forded it and of my experiences in it. There was nothing familiar there. Even the name was changed. The state had a game hatchery to raise quails. The young manager said he had an uncle living in Salina which eased some of the lonesomeness. Major Miles and his wife were gone, and that bevy of fine young girls were gone. Everything gone that I had ever known of and what had been a thriving little village sixty years ago, nothing but a crooked house was left and that was just being built. I felt somewhat like the fairy princess must have felt when she awakened from a hundred years sleep and saw a wilderness around her. Her sadness was lightened, however, by the presence of the handsome prince. Besides she was young and life was opening up before her and I was an old man experiencing again the sadness which is their lot when once familiar scenes are desolated. Rip Van Winkle was a piker: He had only been gone 20 years and I had been gone nearly 60. Mr. Irving should have given him a longer sleep.

HAGEMAN, F. CHEYENNE - ARAPAHO EXPERIENCES. 4332

-28-

Since starting this letter on which I have made several attempts, I found the article in the Daily Oklahoman about the Red Store and have re-read it. It was in the issue of September 20, 1931 - longer ago than I supposed. Secretary Belknap was seemingly the indirect cause of the death of Custer and his band for it is said that Custer was so humiliated by the disgrace which had so unjustly been put upon him that he wished to regain his prestige by some outstanding act of gallantry or die.

I had a copy of John Seegers "Among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes" but I am unable to find it. Presume it was loaned and now I have it not. Undoubtedly, you have a copy for if I remember rightly, it was gotten out by an Anadarko Press. It is probably the most intimate description of life among any of the Southern Indians that has been published. I remember seeing him a few times but had no acquaintance.

My folks have wanted me to write something of my life at Ft. Reno but I did not feel sufficient urge as it seemed so unimportant. Therefore, I thank you for giving me the excuse and I have really enjoyed reminiscing of those early days.

If it should be my good fortune to visit Anadarko in the future, I will certainly look you and Mrs. Cleveland up. Please give her my regards.

Sincerely,

F. Hageman
