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As told by
O.L. Blanche.

Hazel E. Greene,
Interviewer,
Hugo, Oklahoma.
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Victor M. Locke, Senior, was born and reared in Tennessee, in Meigs county. He enlisted in the Confederate Army when the Civil war began and served until taken a prisoner. He was a prisoner in Ohio somewhere when it ended, and his folks had moved to Louisiana, so when he got out he went there. He said that the negroes were so mean and "sassy" that he killed one, and as they were trying to arrest him he was shot in the arm, but he just kept running. When he arrived at a ferry on Red River close to old Shawneetown, it was nearly sun-down and he was so tired and exhausted from his several days tramp, he just didn't know what to do. He was just sitting there talking to the negro who operated the ferry, wondering what to do next, and hungry, but too proud to ask for anything to eat. A voice across the river called and in the Choctaw language said to bring the boat across. That was a strange language to Locke. He asked a lot of questions about the Choctaw Indians, as to whether they were good people. The negro replied that they were "fine" people. Locke did not have a cent, so he asked the negro to let him ride over, the boat was going over anyhow. He had on his old Confederate

uniform. He was too poor to buy any other clothes when the war was over. When that Choctaw saw this white man in the uniform, he commenced to talk to the negro, who could understand him, and told him that he had worn a uniform like that and asked what was wrong with his arm, also if he was hungry. Mr. Locke said he was nearly starved. The Choctaw did not go on over the river, but took him to his nearby home and his wife dressed the wound, cooked him something to eat and they just kept him there till his wound got well, before they would let him go. Then he went to Shawneetown.

He had been diligently studying the Choctaw language ~~all the time at the home of the Choctaw Indian (whose name Mr. Blanche had forgotten.)~~

At Shawneetown he clerked in the store that was owned by Robert Jones, the Choctaw Indian millionaire who owned ~~Rose Hill and many other farms along Red River.~~

Later he went to Lukfata and clerked in the store owned by one Abernathy, who lived at Clarkville, Texas. So did Jim Costello, a fifteen year old boy who had drifted in here, a white boy.

Abernathy had a wife in Clarkville, but he also lived with an Indian woman at Lukfata. They had a daughter and Costello, in a few years, married this Choctaw Indian girl, daughter of Abernathy, and Victor M. Locke stole Susan McKinney, about a three quarter blood Choctaw Indian girl

and ran off and married her. They went up about old Doaksville and settled. By that time this white man had made lots of friends. He was a sort of a "father to the Indians." If they got into trouble he advised, counseled and protected them, and had his influence with them about their tribal affairs. He was living at Antlers then.

Once, one Albert Jackson, "a Locke man", killed a "Wilson Jones man". He was ordered to come to old Mayhew, up between the two Boggy's, for trial, after having been put under bond in a preliminary court. He was afraid if he got over there out of his circle of friends, (he lived in Towson County) that he would just be executed, so he didn't show up. A warrant was issued, and instead of the officers just arresting him they opened fire on him which he returned. He said he would not just stand there and be killed.

They went back to Governor Jones and told him that Jackson had resisted. Jones sent Lighthorsemen from each district, making twelve in all, as there were four in each district, after him. They arrested him and handcuffed him. He told them that he had not resisted arrest, that he only returned the fire of these officers to keep from being killed.

The Lighthorsemen were traveling along about the Rock Chimney Crossing on Kiamichi River, when Jackson's friends overtook them. The Lighthorsemen just ran off and left Jackson standing in the road

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handcuffed. They thought they would have a battle if they didn't. And Jackson's friends did not mean to fight, they had meant to catch up and accompany him to Mayhew because they had decided that these Lighthorsemen would just take him off there in the woods and kill him and throw him in the river. They took Jackson back and took the handcuffs off of him. They then sent word to Victor M. Locke as to what had happened. Then the trouble began that really started the "WILSON JONES AND LOCKE WAR".

Jones ordered out the Militia, Choctaw National Militia, to conquer the Locke faction. Locke sent word to those Towson County Indians to come up there, or else they just went. Anyway there were about thirty Choctaw Indians with Victor M. Locke, Senior, fortified in a bend of the Kiamichi River where the bridge now is just north of Antlers, on the highway.

Victor, or "Vic" Locke was a power with his faction .

FIELD WORKER'S NOTE:

O. L. Blanche, Indian Land Appraiser, at Hugo, Oklahoma, told this field worker that V. M. Locke, Sr., told him the story as related in the foregoing pages.