

MILLER, J. L.

INTERVIEW

#4387

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Jasper H. Mead, Field Worker.
June 12, 1937.

Interview with J. L. Miller,
203 N. 12th St.,
Chickasha, Okla.

Born April 14, 1875,
Southern Missouri.

Parents J. E. Miller, father,
Ohio.
Mohala Carter, mother,
Iowa.

My name is J. L. Miller. I was born in southern Missouri, on the 14th day of April, 1875.

All of these years I have spent in Oklahoma except thirteen of them, as we left Missouri when I was thirteen years old. We headed for Oklahoma. As we came through Kansas we happened to pitch camp in Coffeyville the night that the Dalton boys were killed and captured. I believe that I would be safe in saying that I heard every shot that was fired. We came on down to Bartlesville which was our first stop in Oklahoma. There is where I spent several years of my young life, among the Cherokee and Osage Indians.

There were three business places in Bartlesville when we got there. A general merchandise store and postoffice,

run by Mr. Jake Bartle, a small eating-joint, and a blacksmith shop.

There were quite a few Cherokee and Osage Indians around Bartlesville, but the main Osage Camp was located at Hominy Post. The Indians didn't do much fighting among the two tribes, but they really carried it out among their own tribe.

The first pony I ever owned in my life I got by smoking the Pipe of Peace with the Osage Chieftain. He and I smoked seven different times, and he gave me a pony every time.

I lived with, and among the Indians so much that I could talk their language and I was almost counted as an Osage Indian.

After I had lived at Bartlesville I became pretty well acquainted with a rich old Indian about seven miles east of Bartlesville. His name was Ellick Papan and he had seven hundred horses and over one thousand head of cattle, and he wanted me to go to work for him.

I finally told him I would, and asked him what he wanted me to do. He said he wanted me to help him raise

a big corn crop. I asked him how much corn we were going to put in, and he said seven acres. We put the corn in and I worked for him for two years, at forty-five dollars a month and board and room. His oldest girl and I used to have a lot of fun out of him. We would call him pie pan and he didn't like it much, but he would always take it as a joke.

After I quit working for this Man Ellick, I went to living with the head marshal of the Cherokee Indians. His name was Jasper Exendine, and he was one-half negro and one-half Cherokee. His wife was a fullblood Seneca Indian. I would work around, and gamble some, and when I would get hold of some money I would let Jasper take care of it for me.

Finally I planned to go to California, and the day that I was to leave Jasper was gone. I tried my best to get his wife to get my money for me but she couldn't understand me and I couldn't understand her language either. In the evening Jasper came home and I told him what I was going to do and that I wanted my money. He jabbered something to

her and she left and in a little while came back and she had her apron full of greenbacks. There was twelve hundred dollars altogether. I took my money and headed for California. I never did get there, as all I did was roam around over Oklahoma, punch a few cattle, live and trade among the Indians.