

THOMAS, ROBERT B.

POST OAK JIM.

8808

185

THOMAS, ROBERT B. POST OAK JIM.

8808

Field Worker, Robert B. Thomas,
October 5, 1937.

Story of Post Oak Jim,
Cache, Oklahoma.

When the Kiowa-Comanche country opened for settlement in 1901, the Governor appointed Mr. Painter Sheriff of Comanche County, which at that time was a large county comprising what is now Cotton and part of Tillman Counties. Mr. Painter appointed five Indian policemen, two of whom I remember, Clark Che-u-quer and Post Oak Jim who resided near Cache, Oklahoma. Painter told the Indians to buy themselves both a good gun and holster.

I remember when Post Oak Jim came to Cache, very proud to display his Star and Gun, and he was happy to make people behave. He could talk some English and was a pretty good Indian; however, he liked his whiskey. He had not been appointed very long when he rode into Cache about 9 P. M., rode to Charlie Yahn's saloon

THOMAS, ROBERT B.

POST OAK JIM.

8808

-2-

and went in and shot a few bottles off the shelf. When he began shooting, the bartender jumped under the counter; John Passmore and a Mr. Brooks were gambling and Mr. Passmore jumped under the table or counter, and Brooks ran through the back door. Post Oak Jim filled his pockets with whiskey and went out the front door and when he got on his horse, Brooks shot him in the mouth with a .45 Colt's revolver, knocking out two front teeth which retarded the force of the bullet, thereby saving Post Oak Jim's life. The bullet lodged in his throat and he fell off of his horse; Brooks thought he had killed him and started to pick him up but Post Oak Jim jumped up yelling at the top of his voice, and yelling the Comanche war whoop as loud as he could, got on his horse and rode to the reservation one mile west. Waking all the inhabitants up in Cache, he reached the reservation and told Jim Simmons, agent, what had happened. The Indian Agent took him to Fort Sill to the Government physician, Dr. Shoemaker, who thought he would die. He did not get the bullet out and Mr. Paschall told me later, when I worked for him in his store, that Post Oak Jim sent his wife to his store next day and that she

THOMAS, ROBERT B.

POST OAK JIM.

8808

-3-

took Post Oak Jim two knitting needles, some silk thread and a pair of scissors. Post Oak Jim tied the silk thread around the needles and had his wife push them down his throat. Then pushing the thread down his throat, he clamped the needles against the bullet and extracted it. He had two gold teeth put in and he is living today. He weighs about 235 pounds and lives two miles west of Cache on his farm.

It is needless to say Sheriff Painter concluded that Comanche Indians were not capable peace officers. The Sheriff took all their commissions from them because of this rash act of Jim's.

Jim told me: "I am glad I had extra large teeth, for they saved my life." He displays those two gold teeth today with much pride and he laughs over the incident. He says, "Johnny Passmore sure did duck fast and was sure scared."