

**CRAIG, J. W.**

**INTERVIEW**

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Lillian Cassaway,  
Investigator,  
October 11, 1937.

An Interview with Mr. J. . . Craig,  
Carnegie, Oklahoma.

My father came to Purcell, in 1889, when I was only nine years old. We moved from there to Minco where we did general freighting for J. D. Lindsay, who had the Government contract to haul all general supplies to the different Forts and Indian Agencies. This included the issue supplies for the Indians and hay for the forts for the horses. We hauled from Minco until the railroad came down to Chickasha. Then we hauled from the Marlow wood camp to Fort Sill. I think this was about 1892. In 1890 we hauled the other way, from Henrietta, Texas to Fort Sill, and then from El Reno to Rainy Mountain, through Anadarko. At the time we hauled from Henrietta and El Reno we had our own contracts. We got \$.65 per hundred pounds when we hauled from Minco and \$.80 per hundred hauling from El Reno to Rainy Mountain.

We hauled the first targets for Fort Sill that were

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used for target practice by the soldiers behind Lookout Mountain. All these hauls were made with ox teams. We had two six yoke teams. My father drove one team and I the other. We never had very much trouble with the Indians while hauling for the Government. Once in awhile they would run our steers off, delaying us a few days. Once when we were at Fort Sill putting up the hay for the Fort, the Indians ran our horses off and it took us two days to find most of them. Some of them we never did find. I located some by going up on the mountain side and looking over the country. It did no good to ask an Indian if he had seen them/<sup>for</sup>he would say, "No sabe. Five dollars, me get 'em." Maybe he knew all the time where the horses were.

We saw more trouble with the Indians after I went to work for the cattlemen. I worked for Driggers for awhile. Mr. Driggers was later a banker at Chickasha. Then I went to work for D. R. Fant, who had cattle all over the Kiowa and Comanche

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country. Mr. Pant had the beef contract with the Government, and supplied the beeves for the Indians.

I was at Red Moon when the Cheyenne and cowboys had a squabble. Two brothers had leased some land from some Indians. The brothers had been giving the Indians beeves along as they wanted and needed one. The Indians got to where they thought the men should give them one pretty often. They had gotten so many that the supply was getting low, and the brothers decided that they wouldn't give the Indians any for awhile. So one day when the Indians came after a beef the men refused to let them have it. This made the Indians mad and they began to fight. They killed one of the brothers. The other brother killed two of the Indians and wounded another. When he had emptied his gun, the brother turned and rode away. The Indians turned away too. In a little while the brother came back to get his brother's body and the Indians were getting their dead men. Words passed back and forth until there was serious danger of war, or at least serious trouble. It seemed

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that in a very short/<sup>time</sup>there was an army of both Indians and cowboys. The agent of the Cheyenne country heard of the trouble and came out and talked to the Indians and soon had them quiet.

My father filed on a place near Mountain View. I didn't stay there very long but came back to Minco for awhile. I went back to the Cheyenne country. I went horseback. One night I camped at the old stage crossing on Criner Creek near where Hinton now stands. I unsaddled my horse and tied him to the horn of the saddle. I spread the saddle blanket down to sleep on and covered/<sup>myself</sup>with my slicker, resting my head on the saddle. Along about four o'clock in the morning the horse wakened me by snorting and stamping around. I knew something was wrong but I dare not get up. I turned over without raising up and pulled my guns close to me where I could get to them easy. I had a rifle and a six shooter, I looked all around the best I could but could not see anything. I knew

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if I raised up that if it were Indians after men  
they could see me by <sup>the</sup> skyline and kill me. So I  
didn't risk getting up. The horse soon quieted  
down and I went back to sleep. Just before day  
the horse wakened me again in the same way, and  
again I turned over without raising up and drew  
my guns up to me. I still couldn't see anything.  
When day came I went down to the creek to inves-  
tigate. There I found moccasin tracks all up and  
down the creek. So I knew what had scared my  
horse. I found out later that the Indians had  
killed a man who had camped in this same spot about  
three months before.

While I was hauling for Mr. Lindsay, there was  
a Mr. Shane who had the beer contract with the Govern-  
ment to haul to Fort Sill. He had five eight yoke  
teams with three wagons to the team. He always hauled  
a carload of beer at a time. Some of the men had mule  
teams but oxen were more commonly used.

Note:

Mr. Craig lives on an Indian lease southeast of  
Carnegie. SE $\frac{1}{4}$  SEC 34 Twp 7N Range 13W.