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FIELD WORKER Alene D. McDowell  
Indian-Pioneer History Project S-149  
April 21, 1937.

INTERVIEW WITH Katie Day (Indian name in  
Delaware Ka-tel-mah Day).  
Rt.2, Bartlesville, Okla.  
Born 1862, Near Lawrence, Kansas, Wyandotte Co.

Father's name Simon Whiteturkey  
Mother's name unknown. A full blood Delaware,  
died in Oklahoma

THE EARLY DAY HISTORY OF A  
FULL -BLOOD DELAWARE  
INDIAN WOMAN.

By Mrs. Katie Day Rt.2,  
Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Among the first to agree to move to the Indian-Territory were the Delaware Indians and they purchased the right to settle in the Cherokee Nation and became citizens. I was among the Delaware Indians, transferred to the Indian Territory from Wyandotte County, Kansas, in 1867, when I was five years old.

I was born at Lawrence, Kansas, in 1862, where my parents lived until I was five years of age. At the time we were transferred to Indian Territory, there were seven children in our family and there were two born after we came to this country. I had five brothers and three sisters.

Father Simon Whiteturkey, a full blood Delaware Indian, died near Bartlesville at the age of 48 years and is buried in the Silver Lake Cemetery south of Bartlesville.

Mother's name not known. She was a full blood Delaware, died near Bartlesville at the age of 74 years and is buried in the Silver Like Cemetery.

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My father was known as Simon Whiteturkey but his name was really Whiteturkey Simon. After we were settled and started to school the teacher enrolled us as "Whiteturkey" and we have always been known by that name.

My parents first settled at Baxter Springs, Kansas, when they were brought here from the east, then moved to Wyandotte County, near Lawrence, then moved to Indian Territory. There were about twenty-five or thirty families brought to Indian Territory at the time we made the trip. We came in a hack or light weight carriage and some of the other families drove buggies, wagons, and ox-drawn wagons, and some were horseback. Our food supplies were transported in a large covered wagon drawn by six yoke of oxen. We would camp about noon and the supplies would not arrive until sundown. The oxen traveled very slow.

A Delaware family named Mahooney was with us, who had one child, a boy 19 years old. After we had eaten our noon meal, this boy rode away on his pony to look for some horses that had strayed away. It was snowing hard and when he was not back in camp early they thought he might have gotten lost. He was gone all afternoon and about sundown they heard a shot and his mother became worried. He did not return that night

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and early the next morning the men started to look for him. They found him not far from the camp, he had been robbed, scalped and stripped of his clothes by the Osage Indians. He was lying face down in the snow with a soldier's blue overcoat, thrown over him. This was a gruesome sight and put a terrible fear in our little band for the safety of our lives. This boy was buried near the camp where we were stationed at the Forks of Caney Cemetery. He was the first person buried in this cemetery and it is the oldest cemetery in Washington County. It is located northwest of Bartlesville.

When we first arrived in the Indian Territory we camped in the Forks of Caney for a while, then moved about one and one-half miles south of Bartlesville on what is now Highway 75.

My parents were each allotted 160 acres and my father bought a house for \$30.00 and we lived in this house for a while, then moved to a log house, which had one long room, where we lived for two years. When I was about 15 years old my father built a seven room frame house. We children all grew to manhood and womanhood in this house. Our family have lived on this place for sixty years and my brother George's

widow, Mrs. Katie Whiteturkey, lives there at the present.

My father and brothers were prosperous farmers and they operated on a large scale. The land was exceptionally good and the corn and wheat crops were abundant. Corn sold for 15 cents per bushel. We also raised hogs, cattle and horses. Our water supply was obtained from the little creek on our farm, Whiteturkey Creek. We used this water for drinking purposes and it was very cold.

Our dining table was a long, homemade table and reached across the end of the room and we used tin cups and plates. We had chinaware but seldom ever used it.

The closest trading post was Baxter Springs, Kansas, and it would take a week to make a trip for supplies. In 1873 Jacob Bartles came to the Indian Territory and established a saw mill at Yellow Leaf Ford on the Verdigris river. Later he established a general store on the banks of Turkey Creek, then moved to Silver Lake and a few years later when he saw Nelson Carr trying to establish a flour mill in the bend of the Caney river, where to get power it was only necessary to build a dam across and cut a sluice-way across the short neck of the bend, he realized this was a favorable location for

a town site. He established a store and flour mill and later a blacksmith shop on this location and this was our first real trading post.

I received my early education in a little Cherokee Indian school house located near Silver Lake, which schoolhouse was later used as a Baptist church, known as the Delaware Baptist Church, now Silver Lake Baptist Church; however, this church is now located a mile east of the original church. Mrs. Carrie Overlees was one of my teachers. I was later sent to a boarding school at Baxter Springs, Kansas, and completed my meager education. We had very little education in those days.

Our clothes were all hand-made and the women and girls' dresses were made to fit tight in the waist with skirts gathered full. The Indians had lots of money, because they had no place to spend it. We paid \$10.00 a hundred for flour and \$6.00 a hundred for meal.

My brothers would go to Osage County on hunting trips and stay for a week or ten days and would bring great quantities of fresh venison, quail and wild turkeys.

My brother, Albert Whiteturkey, was married to Jennie Johnson for eight years and after their separation, she married a Cherokee Indian named Gilstrap who was an outlaw. After he was killed, she married Ernest Lewis, another outlaw, who was killed Statehood day in Bartlesville, and then she married Emmett Dalton a few years later, Emmett was the youngest of <sup>the</sup> notorious "Dalton gang."

The Dalton boys used to camp near our place and have eaten with us many times. They were always very friendly and nice with our family.

In 1888 I was married to James Day, a full blood Delaware, at the Alluwe Baptist Church, by Reverend Richard Adams. My allotment was located south of Bartlesville, Cherokee Nation, and our first home was a log house built on my allotment about two and one-half miles south of Bartlesville on what is now Highway 75. This house was on the west side of the road and stood there many years, until someone burned it a few years ago. We lived in this house a number of years, then built a seven room house on the east side of the road and about one-half mile south of the old house where I now live. I have lived in this house for twenty-

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seven years and I still own 80 acres of my allotment where this house is located. When we built this house, the land was not laid out in sections and when the land was surveyed my house is located about one-quarter mile east of Highway 75 and faces the highway, the road running east and west is on the south side of my house.

Our family consisted of seven children, all deceased except two. My husband died many years ago and is buried in the Silver Lake Cemetery, located about one mile west of my home.

The first wagon bridge was a swinging bridge across Caney River, located on my place about the same location as the bridge on State Highway 23 now. This is one mile west of U.S. Highway 75.

There is a log house located on the banks of Little Caney river, west of Copen where we used to hold camp meetings for three or four weeks. It was about 15 miles to this house and it would take us all day to make the trip. This house still stands in the same location.

One day Mr. Day and I went to the Bartles store for supplies and a Delaware, Frank Leno, was loading his gun to kill Gilstrap, the outlaw, who was reported coming to the



store. Mr. Day tried to keep down trouble and when he saw Leno was determined and his efforts to reason with him failed he took our baby and ran out of the store out of firing range. I also ran for cover and hid behind a barrel. When Gilstrap came into the store Leno shot him, killing him instantly. This happened about one year after the store was opened.

I do not know much about the Osage Indians because they were not friendly with the other tribes, but I remember when an Osage died, the mourners would face the east and cry before sunup.

When I was about fifteen years of age, as services were being held in a log church at Silver Lake, Frank Rogers and George Shelley, white men, and an Osage named Akin and a Cherokee named Elmer Brown attacked the church, killing John Sarcxie, a Delaware, one of the guards. Immediately the whole congregation grabbed their firearms and pursued the invaders. Rogers was killed outright in a running fight by Bill Halfmoon. Shelley and Akin were captured and Brown made his escape. They were all drunk when they came looking for trouble. George Keeler hauled Rogers' body away and buried it.

The two prisoners were taken in charge by the tribe and, of course, executed. What the manner of execution was or what became of their bodies is not known to this day, except perhaps by some member of the tribe who would never tell.

We had many exciting things happen in those days, we had lots of hardships and privations but we were happy. My children have their homes on their allotments near me and although I live alone I see them every day.

Comments:

Mrs. Day is very jolly and interesting and, in spite of her advanced years, seems to be hale and hearty. She remarked to the field worker she would like to walk to town, a distance of three miles, with her. Mrs. Day has passed her 74th milestone but is very active for one of her years.

Mrs. Day gives us this story from her heart and enjoys talking about the early days and wants to help the younger generation understand the hardships of their forefathers, the builders of Oklahoma. She gave her name in Delaware as Ka-tel-mah Day.