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Field Worker: Lenna M. Rushing  
April 19, 1937

Interview with Ida Mullake (Pe-co-tho)  
R. 3, Cushing, Oklahoma  
1 miles south, 3 miles  
east, 2 miles south,  
1/2 miles east of Cushing  
Indian-Sac and Fox and  
Nebraska (or Omaha) half & half

Born In 1872  
In Nebraska

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My parents stayed in Nebraska after most of the Sac and Foxes had been moved to Oklahoma. My father was married to a Nemaha woman, and this was the reason for his staying. However, they moved to Oklahoma during the allotment of land at the Sac and Fox Agency, leaving me behind with some relatives. Later they sent for me, and I was still a very small girl when I came to Oklahoma. We are members of the Potato Clan, and I have been a member of the Medicine Lodge for about fifteen years.

My father was a saddle maker. The Indian saddles in those days were very similar in shape to the old type army saddle. (These are V-shaped with a center opening parallel to the horse's back.) The frame was hewed out of wood into a fork-shaped. Over this was stretched cowhide and sewed with sinew thread. These saddles

were most commonly used by the Indians for their everyday riding, and also for their hunting trips.

We came quite frequently to the Sac and Fox Agency. One time when we were camping there, I was selected with a group of other children to be sent away to school. These children were mostly orphans or from poor homes. When the wagons came--there were four or five-- I was not picked up for some reason or other, for which I was glad. The government officials took them in these wagons to Red Fork, and there they were put on the train, their destination being Hampton, Virginia or Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Few of them ever came back. Some of them died while there, and others preferred to stay after finishing school. Several of the older boys ran off and came back home.

I remember the agency and the stores at the agency quite well. Isaac McCoy's store was across the road north of the trading post. The building is still there. Just back of it east was a livery stable, run by a man called "Missoury". I think his last name was Walker, but all the Indians called him Missoury because he was always raving and going on about his home state, Missouri. He did a

good business, and had a bunch of fine horses. Whenever any of the Indians wished to go somewhere, they often would rent horses and wagon from him. Stroud, Davenport, Chandler, Cushing were some of the towns to which they went. His service was similar to the modern taxi business. The livery stable was the hangout for the men, and there was always a big crowd there laughing and talking together.

Across the street (south) was a hotel run by Del Rosengrant. East of the hotel, Henry Jones had a house, and next it was the home of the Conleys.

The trading post was on the corner due west of the hotel. E. L. Conklin was the trader, and his clerks were Al Grimm, Tal Neal, and the Indian, Alec Conley. The north part of the store contained the dry goods section, and the south, the grocery section. In the back were miscellaneous things. The door into the room where the general hardware was kept was in the northeast corner. The front part of the north side contained a bank, where the Indians could cash their checks or borrow money.

There was a corral back of the store in which horses and cattle were kept. Whenever any of the Indians wanted a horse, all they had to do was to pick it out of the herd and, of course, pay for it.

Due south of the trading post was another store, and next to it was a blacksmith shop.

The houses on the agency property were mostly for the employees. The Indians' homes were further north along the banks of the creek. Many Indians camped there too, but quite a few had permanent homes on the agency grounds.

One time a dog and pony show came through the agency. They had their tent over in the town lots. It was in the early spring, but I can't remember just what year it was. I was still a young girl. The Indians had never seen any ponies so small--they were Shetlands--, and they came in huge crowds to see the show.

One day at the agency a woman was out walking with her baby, and saw some legs sticking out from under a group of small shrubs. Making out as if she didn't see anything she continued on her way until she came to the first house. There she told the men that there was some one out in front of the jail in some brush. Thinking it to a Creek Indian who was a fugitive from justice, she didn't stop and examine him. The men went over there and carried the man back to their home. He was badly wounded and very weak. He told them that he was the one they thought him to be,

-5-

5648

and had been unable to get any further because of his weakness. His horse was around there somewhere, so one of the men <sup>went</sup> after it. It was grazing near by with the saddle still on it, and a Winchester strapped across the saddle. They decided not to turn the Indian over to the sherrif, so his horse was put with a group of other Indian horses in the barn (on the agency grounds). The Creek's wounds were dressed, and he rested all that day and the next. The following evening he decided he had better get back across the Creek County line, and give himself up. That way his punishment would be lighter than it would if he were to stay hidden until they found him. His horse was prepared for him, and when it was dark they sneaked him out and took him across the line. No word was ever heard of <sup>him</sup> after that.

Epidemics and sicknesses have killed many of the older Indians. There are not very many left now; the tribe is dwindling, and it makes me sad when I think of it.

(End.)