

NORMAN, LYNN W.

INTERVIEW

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Field Worker, John F. Daugherty,
July 15, 1937.)

Interview with Norman, Lynn W.
Life of Nelson Henry Norman,

Born Bloomfield, Missouri, 1848.

Father W. W. Norman.

LIFE OF NELSON HENRY NORMAN, A PIONEER.

My grandfather was born in Bloomfield Missouri about 1847 or 1848. He was the eldest son of W. W. Norman.

During the Civil War his father was captain of a company of Missouri volunteers. One day everybody left home and my grandfather was left there to care for things. He was seventeen years old at this time, and he was very eager to join the army but his parents were opposed.

On this particular day, my grandfather decided he would join the army. He mounted an old white mule, took a muzzle-loading shot gun and away he went. He rode into the firing line where his father was captain. After a short time my grandfather decided this was not such a happy place to be and started for home. His father went

after him and made him return to the army and he remained there until the close of the war, which was hardly ninety days after he joined.

My grandfather decided the Indian Territory would be an exciting place to live so he mounted his horse one day and rode out of Missouri into the territory. This was between 1867-70. As he was riding south toward Tishomingo he met a covered wagon near Muskogee in which was a young girl, whom he decided might be his future wife. He rode with the covered wagon across the territory and Red River. He left the covered wagon and returned to Tishomingo where he established a blacksmith shop. He married a Chickasaw girl, the widow of an army officer stationed at Ft. Gibson. This army officer died of typhoid fever during the Civil War, and this widow only lived six months after her marriage to my grandfather. He later married Alice Harrison who was the little girl in the covered wagon from Tennessee. During the time he lived with his first wife he was appointed Indian policeman in which capacity he served for nine years. Then he was given a United States deputy marshal job and retained this until

about 1898 when he was appointed post master at Wynnewood by McKinley. This job he held until his death in 1909. He was sent to Washington in 1895 on tribal business for the Chickasaws.

My grandfather was addicted to the use of good liquor, corn cob pipes and fighting game chickens. He was a good father and a respected citizen, a man of few words but much action. He played baseball with the Indians, and many a time he has returned home from a ball game with the Indians, tied to his pony, bruised, bleeding and unconscious. When he was on the trail of an outlaw fear never entered his mind. He would go into dugouts and caves in the dark, strike matches and look around to see if he could locate one of these wild men. He and three other deputies caught some of Belle Starr's gang west of Ardmore. They laid seige to their hiding place, and held the outlaws in there for three days before they surrendered. Finally the deputies shot it out with them and took these outlaws captive. During the time my grandfather was serving as postmaster at Wynne Wood, a large shipment of money was received and two men tried to rob the postoffice. My grandfather shot one man and the other fled. My grand -

father was commended by the President of the United States for this act.

After my grandfather moved to Wynnewood he became interested in fighting game chickens. He bought a game rooster and brought him home. Grandmother had a very fine rooster in the pen with grandmother's rooster. He thought he was going to have some fun. Grandmother heard a terrible squawking and rushed to find out the cause of it. She saw grandfather's rooster lying on the ground dead. Grandfather had put the spurs on wrong and his rooster had cut a gash in his head.

One day my grandfather and two other chicken-fans took a bunch to Lexington to fight. Their chickens whipped the Lexington chickens and the owners of these chickens became enraged and started to fight the visitors. My grandfather had gone across the Canadian River from Purcell in a boat, but they waded back with their chickens in a sack. They did not have time to get a boat on their return trip. Grandfather said "They've weaned me from Lexington," and he never did go there again.

Grandfather had three boys and two girls.

He is buried in Wynnewood.