

LEGEND & STORY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

6317 213

Worker's name Mannie Lee Burns
Report made on (date) June 17, 1937

This legend was
secured from (name) Mrs. Jane Edwards Nee Jones

Address 708 A SE 1/2 Mrs. Hawkins Miami, Oklahoma.

This person is (male or female) White, Negro, Indian,

If Indian, give tribe Ottawa

Origin and history of legend or story Memory

Write out the legend or story as completely as possible. Use blank
sheets and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets
attached 10

Nannie Lee Burns
Field Worker
June 17, 1937

Interview with Jane (Eliza Jones) Edwards,
702 A SE. c/o Mrs. Hawkins
Miami, Oklahoma.
(Ottawa Indian)

My grandfather, Henry Jones, born in Kentucky and
my grandmother, Matilda Jones, born in Tennessee, came
to Jasper County, Missouri, in 1864, and to what is now
Ottawa County, in October, 1874. My father, a white man,
was born in Jasper County, Missouri, on October 4th.

My grandfather, John W. Early, was a full-blood
Ottawa Indian who came with the Ottawas to the Indian Ter-
ritory at an early day from eastern Kansas. His wife was
a white woman, Elizabeth Early, and my mother, Isabel Early,
was their only daughter, though after my grandmother's death,
he married again and had two children by this second wife.

My mother was born about 1860 and died when I was
about eighteen months old. I had one brother, Frank, older
than I, who died when I was quite small. Afterwards, father
married Sarah Dragee, the daughter of Kathrine Pottawatomie
and they had six daughters, Matilda, Rachel Elizabeth, Martha
Matilda, Christine, Nellie Bell and Eunice Magdalene.

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Grandfather lived one mile south and a half mile east of Ottawa where his son-in-law, Herman Gallencamp, now lives and father lived on my old place here that now is a part of the present Riverview Park and the land east of the park along the Neosho and where the old house still is and where I was born March 14, 1880. Grandfather, after mother's death, wanted us children, but father would not let him have us; but my brother who was the oldest spent much time at grandfather's. When he was four years old he could interpret five Indian languages. Part of this, no doubt, was due to the fact that John W. Early was one of the prominent men of his tribe and made trips to Washington, etc., for them.

Brother Frank had been four days at grandfather's when a woman, Sarah Harris, an Indian woman from the Sac & Fox reservation, stopped at grandfather's and asked him for money to get new shoes to wear to a picnic and when he refused her, she told him "I will make you cry". She came back and stayed a day and a night there. The next day my brother began to cry and told grandfather that he wanted to go home so grandfather hitched the horse to the buggy and started home with him and on the road my brother said, "Good-bye old

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road, this is the last time that I will see you". When they arrived at home, he said to my father, "I hurried home to see you and I want you to take me to the river". Father did and he played there awhile and threw sticks in the river at the old bridge, then he threw a kiss at the river and said, "Good-bye old River, I won't see you again". When they returned to the house he asked father to get him two eggs and some salt which he did. The boy broke them and ate them raw with the salt. In thirty minutes he was in convulsions and died out in the yard under the old cottonwood trees within thirty minutes. Word was sent after grandfather and the man overtook him just as he was getting home.

The Real Dan Clay Story

Dan Clay was a young full-blood Ottawa Indian, who would come to town here, get a drink or drinks when Miami had saloons in '91 and '92 and would when drinking do some shooting. He never tried to harm anyone or steal anything but would not be arrested by the town Marshals. Tom Lewis, now a resident of Miami, was one of the marshals and had not been able to arrest Dan and the Sunday before he was

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killed, Lewis had approached Dan near the old round-house near the present Holton's Mill on SE Third Street and asked Dan to shake hands with him but kept one hand behind him and Dan knowing that he had that hand on a gun, threw his gun on Lewis and told him that he had better go back to town which he did and Dan went on east out of town. This was about six in the evening.

Dan was engaged to Lizzie Large, another Ottawa, and a friend carried their letters between them. The day before Dan was killed, he sent a letter to Lizzie asking her to see the Rev. McDaniels, a Baptist Minister here, and make arrangements with him to marry them when he came to town that evening as their plans were already made to leave as soon as they were married. The messenger opened the letter and read it and took it to the Marshals, Lewis and Teel, and let them read it; then sealed it and delivered it to Miss Large.

The letter stated that he would be riding a white horse and wearing a large white felt hat and wearing a grey suit belonging to one of the Wright boys and be disguised as Wright.

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Lewis and Teel left Miami in a buggy and waited for Dan on the Spring River road near Wyandotte where he had been staying. They shot him when he came along and put him in the front of the buggy and brought him to Miami and took him out and laid him on the sidewalk in front of the McWilliams Drug Store. Dr. McWilliams looked him over and, seeing that he was dying, temporarily did something to relieve him and he died on the sidewalk. Almost his last words were to Lewis for not meeting him openly and giving him a chance. He was taken to Wyandotte for burial and the Indians were so mad that Lewis and Teel both left. Lewis returned after awhile but Teel never came back. Lewis left again and lived in the southwest until a few years ago when he returned to Miami and the writer sold him his present home here and I have often seen Lewis standing on the street but never anyone talking to him. He has never seemed to have any friends here.

I am also told that the petty thievery that was laid to Dan Clay was done by a Doc Eton and to substantiate this, the thieving did not stop after Clay's death. This same Eton came up town one day, wearing the gray wedding suit of

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W. E. Rowsey, that he had stolen from his home. Just another high-spirited man, misunderstood and misjudged.

Later, Lizzie Large was wearing a plain gold band ring that Dan Clay had given her and the ring was recognized by Lizzie Harris, the Sac and Fox woman, who admired the ring and said to Miss Large, "Dan Clay wore that ring". This together with the incident before this alarmed her so that she buried the ring on my old home place and I do not know whether she ever got the ring again. She afterwards married Dan Peckam, a full-blood Ottawa Indian in this county.

School Days

My father died when I was fifteen years old so my step-mother continued to live on my place and I made my home with her and my step-sisters.

Mother had been sent to school at the Ottawa Mission and my first school was the Wyandotte Mission where Bert N. O. Walker was my teacher. When I was twelve I was sent to Quapaw Mission School and later attended school on Tar Creek east of here where Mrs. Markey was our teacher.

When we attended these mission schools, we were boarded at the schools and the children would get homesick and run

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away. While I was at the Quapaw Mission School, a full-blood Quapaw girl, Mary Goldspring, was brought there by her father. She did not want to stay but he shut the door on her and left her. She could not speak English and one of the children interpreting for her said that her parents had gone on a visit to the Osage Country. She would not eat and really starved herself. Finally, her brother Jonnie came and she asked for some cracked corn. She died that night. She had starved herself to death. McCain was the Superintendent at that time.

Old Landmarks

The old cattle trail was on the west side of the River opposite the Dick Williams place. The present city dumping ground which is southeast of the old home was the Indian corral for the cattle. The old banks of the ford nearby are still to be seen. The Corral had a high fence of home-made rails.

Old man Gordray, a cowboy, kept the corral. One day he was at our house and said, "Someday you are going to find me dead down there in the pig pen". Sometime after that my aunt and I did find him dead as he had said but fortunately

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he had not been touched by the hogs. He is another of those buried on the old place.

Dan Davidson

One cold night in the winter, when the woods were full of smoke, an old man by the name of Dan Davidson came to the house and said he was lost. He had no people as he said all of his people but himself had been captured by the Indians. He lived with my grandfather three years. A flood came and the corral where the horses were was surrounded by water, the men were afraid to try to get to them all except Davidson who rolled up his hair (he had long curly hair), took off his clothes and laid his pipe and hat beside them and started to swim to the corral, calling back that he would be back in time for supper. His hair caught in the limb of a tree, a storm came up. The men could not get to him and he called to them and asked them to sing, "Jesus Lover of My Soul". Twenty-one days after this, Tom Pottawatomie's dog found one of his legs and later the body was recovered and identified as this leg was missing. He is buried almost under the present KO&G R.R. Bridge here. This happened when I was seven years old.

Andy Redale

Andy Redale was another of the cowboys who used to come

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Williams and some others were roping steers when his horse fell on him and the steer on top of the horse. While this was happening, his wife and sister-in-law were on their way to Miami and the man sent to tell them of the accident overtook them in the middle of the river ferry which they were crossing in a buggy. Williams died that night. Geo. Gibson who was working for Williams when this happened, married Mrs. Williams after he returned from the Philippine War. Gibson was later Sheriff of Ottawa County for some years and was killed on the highway one night while assisting some motorist.

On The Neosho

John Whitley was the first ferryman at Miami and Dad Beers took toll when the first bridge was built. The fares were: footman, five cents; horseman, ten cents; buggy, fifteen cents; and a wagon, twenty-five cents.

When I was twelve years old I caught a fish in the Neosho that weighed 60 pounds. May and Ike Whitley and myself had been south of town and were returning to attend Sunday School and when we came to the river decided to ford it, so Ike drove in and when the water started to swing the horse, May began to scream and climbed on top of the buggy where she stayed till her father could run the ferry boat out to us.

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Another time, Rhoda Root, Jim Triplett, Ike Whitley and myself were on Easter afternoon out in a boat in the backwater, trying to get some redbuds. We only had one oar. The boat was leaky and we used our hats to dip out the water. The boat caught on some willow snags and on pushing it off it got away and we were drawn out into the stream. The people on the bank could do nothing for us and some called to us to pray, etc., but finally we landed on the east side of the river near home. In our ride we had crossed the river and gone nearly a quarter of a mile.

I lived at this place where I was born for fifty-two years and the nearness to the river, to the ford and the corral caused us to have many unusual experiences. Sometimes we would be scared and would leave home and go up above Miami to the Horse-shoe Lake and stay till we thought it safe to go back home.

Several people who are not related to us are buried on the old place as well as my twin boys and my twin sister.

Our first home was a log house. Later, my husband built two frame rooms and your father (father of the field worker) and Mr. Moddox built the other two about thirty years ago. You know how I lost the place (here she referred to some unfairness and misrepresentations to her in drawing some

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papers in regard to a small mortgage).

Marriage

I married Marvin Edwards, who was reared near Anderson, Missouri, May 3, 1899, and we continued to live there at my home. He farmed and here our children were born. They were Gladys, Isabel, Bronson called Brontie who is the only one living, Willie and the twin boys. In 1927, we moved from the place and still live in sight of it. I sometimes wonder how I have endured so much, as I have seen all my loved ones, except my son Brontie and husband, pass and my half sisters drift away and then to lose the old home. Father was so good to me and after mother's death took me with him wrapped in a blanket when he went to the Sac and Fox Agency for a visit. At night he would take me and put me on the wagon tongue and rock me to sleep and after we returned home I still wanted him to rock me.

Bugnaw

To make it, you grate your corn and salt it, then put it in a hot oven in pans like cornbread, bake it then cut it in squares. Put in sacks and let dry. Later when wanted, you soften it and eat with pepper and salt or butter.

Cracked Corn

You have a hole in stump and put corn in hole. Then

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you tie rock to end of limb and with this you pound or crack the corn.

Conclusion

This story was obtained some ten days ago from Mrs. Edwards and yesterday the writer visited her again and spent considerable time with her going over some parts of it as this version is different from that of some of the older white people here but I am convinced that her version of the Dan Clay affair is correct.

Mrs. Edwards' son, Bronson, is an artist of considerable talent and his paintings of Indian Sketches has attracted some attention. Bronson is not yet twenty.