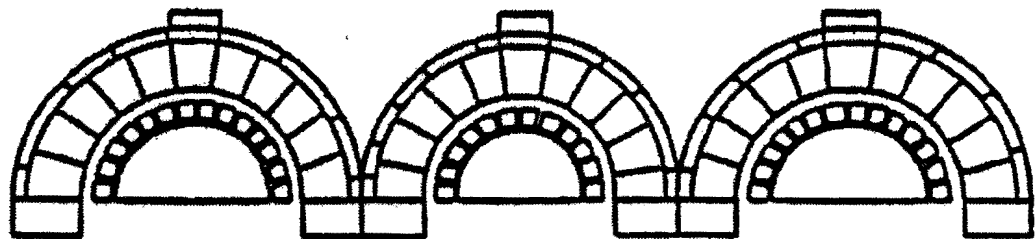


# Payne County Historical Review



*PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY*

Volume XXI

SPRING 1998

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The *Payne County Historical Review* welcomes readers' comments, news, or requests for information. Family histories, photographs, or maps are also welcome. No payment is made for articles published in the *Review*.

## Editorial Notes

This number of the *Payne County Historical Review* includes some very special material:

First, with 1998 being the centennial of the Spanish-American War, the Payne County Historical Society is focusing on Oklahoma's Rough Riders, including Payne Countian Billy McGinty of the Ripley area. A number of other Rough Riders were neighbors from Pawnee, Oklahoma and Perry, Oklahoma. We are pleased to include "Getting Acquainted with Some of Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders," by O. W. (Jack) McGinty, based on his memories of his father's old comrades-in-arms. Continuing this theme, our September 12 general meeting will feature a presentation on the territorial Oklahoma National Guard by Joe Todd of the Oklahoma Historical Society. The meeting will be at 2:00 p.m. at the Stillwater National Guard Armory at 1207 W. Airport Road.

Second, we include the first of several essays, based on interviews conducted by the students of the 1942-1943 Oklahoma history class at Oklahoma A and M College, now Oklahoma State University. Students in the class interviewed '89ers, gathering material on pioneer experiences and life, under the direction of Dr. Berlin B. Chapman. The result is a collection entitled *Memories of Oklahoma*, which compares favorably with the Works Progress Administration *Indian-Pioneer History* compiled in 1937. Chapman's introduction, reproduced in this edition, conveys the patriotic spirit of Oklahoma during World War II by memorializing pioneer endeavor while it allows us a glimpse of the war-energized campus. The essays are valuable to lovers of local history and genealogy for the details of early settlement, education, religion, community development, and daily life. We plan to publish the rest of the essays in succeeding numbers of the journal. Meanwhile, the scanned essays will be available for research in the Payne County Historical Society Archives at the Stillwater Municipal Library.

Last, we include a follow-up to pioneer days in "Memories of the Old Settlers' Reunion at Camp Frame" by Elnora Stanley Flaherty. This unusual piece describes the development of the Old Settlers' Sons and Daughters Association, the founding of Camp Frame near Goodnight, Oklahoma, and the 1930s-vintage community celebration that recalled pioneer days.

We hope you enjoy this issue as much as we have enjoyed putting it together.

# Robert A. Lowry Camp No. 24, The United Spanish War Veterans<sup>1</sup>

By Mary Jane Warde

This year, 1998, is the centennial of the Spanish-American War. Fought ostensibly to liberate colonial Cuba from oppressive Spanish control, it afforded the United States its first opportunity to become a world power. Not only was Cuba liberated, the United States acquired the remnants of the old Spanish empire, including Puerto Rico and the Phillipine Islands, and began to look toward building a canal through Panama. The war, which began with the mysterious sinking of the *U.S.S. Maine* in Havana Harbor, lasted only about six months and seemed easily won. One commentator called it the "splendid little war." The men who slogged through the jungles of Cuba and the Phillipines, or sweltered through a Florida summer while waiting for transportation to Cuba, knew better. Behind the headlines were dysentery, yellow fever, malaria, heat stroke, and growing suspicion among Cubans and Filipinos that they were exchanging one colonial power for another.

Still, the war evoked a great deal of enthusiasm among Americans, and young men were eager to enlist in what they perceived as an idealistic cause or, perhaps, the chance for a rip-roaring adventure. Most public attention, then as now, went to Col. Theodore Roosevelt's "Rough Riders," conceived as an elite unit of athletic outdoorsmen who could ride and shoot. The young men of Oklahoma and Indian territories, particularly its white and Indian cowboys, were naturals. But young men from many other units, including the black "buffalo soldiers" of the territories' frontier days, also participated in the Pacific and Atlantic theaters of the Spanish-American War.

The United Spanish War Veterans memorialized their service. William M. Brandon Camp No. 11 was organized in Stillwater in May 1911. Brandon, for whom the camp was named, was killed in action on Luzon in the Phillipine Islands. The founding officers of the camp were

Commander (Capt.) Edwin H. Brown  
Senior Vice Commander (Capt.) Robert A. Lowry  
Junior Vice Commander John O. Slack  
Adjutant Bert A. Ray  
Quartermaster Carter C. Hanner

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<sup>1</sup>See *United Spanish War Veterans and Ladies Auxiliary, Department of Oklahoma, Historical Souvenir Edition* (Wilburton, Okla., c. 1942), 86-88. "Spanish-American War," Section X, Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Officer of the Day (Capt. ) Michael McDonald  
 Officer of the Guard C. C. Ingersoll  
 Trustee P. M. Greiner  
 Trustee Carter C. Hanner  
 Trustee M. A. Gilbert  
 Chaplain Paul Boone  
 Chief Musician P. M. Greiner  
 Sergeant Major Wilbert Harrington  
 Quartermaster Sergeant Albert D. Williams  
 Color Sergeant John O. Slack.

Carter C. Hanner was the Commander when the last meeting was held on January 5, 1914. At the time, there were forty-seven members on the rolls. Four years later, Hanner was killed in action at St. Ettainein, Meuse Argonne, France, on October 8, 1918.

On September 26, 1926, twenty-one Spanish-American War veterans reorganized as the Robert A. Lowry Camp, No. 24. Its membership was made up of men from central Oklahoma and border areas. About 1942 the roster of thirty-two members included:

Boone, Paul	Stillwater	Pvt., Co. L., 1st Terr. Vol. Inft.
Byers, John	Perkins	Pvt., Co. L., 4 <sup>th</sup> Reg., Vol. Inft.
Ferguson, John J.	Lela	2nd Lt., Co. B, 21st Reg. Kans Vol. Inft., 3 Inft.
Fisher, Roy T.	Stillwater	Corp., Tr. 11th N. S. Calv.
Freudenberger, J. A.	Guthrie	Pvt., Co. A. 45 <sup>th</sup> Mo. Vol. Inft.
Frost, Earl	Prescot, Ark.	Pvt., Co. L, 1 <sup>st</sup> Terr. Vol. Inft.
Green, John H.	Cushing	
Hansbro, H. J.	Eufaula	Pvt., Co. L, 1 <sup>st</sup> Terr. Vol. Inft.
Henderson, S. W.	St. Johns, Kan.	Pvt., Co. L, 1 <sup>st</sup> Terr. Vol., Inft.
Herrington, Wilbert	Depew	Pvt., Co. L, 1 <sup>st</sup> Terr. Vol. Inft.
Hossleton, Levi G.	Oklahoma City	Pvt., Co. L, 1 <sup>st</sup> Terr. Vol. Inft.
Hoover, Guy	Yale	Corp, 21 <sup>st</sup> Kans. Vol. Inft.
Howard, R. B.	Stillwater	Pvt., Co. L, 2 <sup>nd</sup> Tenn. Vol. Inft.
Hutchinson, M. M.	Stillwater	Pvt., U. S. Marine Corps
Ingersol, C. C.	Stillwater	Pvt., Co. F, 6 <sup>th</sup> Reg. Ill. Vol. Inft.

Johnson, Arthur W.	Stillwater	Pvt., Co. F, 4 <sup>th</sup> Texas Vol. Inf.
Kilpatrick, Chester L.	Cushing	Pvt., Co. G., 33 <sup>rd</sup> Ark, Vol. Inf.
Kingston, Geo. A.	Guthrie	Wagoner, Troop K, 1 <sup>st</sup> U. S. Cavl.
Lamb, William B.	Grove	Co. B, 11 <sup>th</sup> Vol. Inf.
Lowry, H. O.	Yale	Pvt. And Corp., 4 <sup>th</sup> Mo. Vol. Inf.
Mathews, Walter G.	Cushing	Pvt. Co. G., 30 <sup>th</sup> U. S. Vol. Inf.
Meuller, Martin	Stillwater	Pvt., Co. I, 6 <sup>th</sup> Mo, Vol. Inf.
McDonald, Michael	Stillwater	Ser. Maj., 2 <sup>nd</sup> and 6 <sup>th</sup> U. S. Calv
McGinty, William	Ripley	Pvt., Troop K., Roosevelt Rough Riders
Owens, John B.	Cushing	Pvt., Co. B, 4 <sup>th</sup> Reg. Tenn. Vol. Inf.
Pidcock, Oddie	Muskogee	Co. K., 1 <sup>st</sup> Terr. Vol. Inf.
Ridgeway, Hugh	Cushing	Pvt., 1 <sup>st</sup> Div. 2 <sup>nd</sup> Army Hospital Corp
Shivley, B.	California	Pvt., Co. A., 1 <sup>st</sup> Neb. Vol. Inf.
Swallow, Marion	Red Rock	Pvt., Co. L, 1 <sup>st</sup> Terr. Vol. Inf.
Tucker, A. E.	Wilburton	Pvt. Co. L, 1 <sup>st</sup> Terr. Vol. Inf.
Tucker, Victor	Perry	Pvt. Co. C, 33 <sup>rd</sup> U. S. Vol. Inf.
Upham, O. J.	Guthrie	U. S. Marine, Ship Oregon
Wetzel, Thomas M.	Perry	Pvt. Co. H., 4 <sup>th</sup> Reg. Ill. Vol. Inf.
Williams, A. D.	Stillwater	Pvt., Co. L., 1 <sup>st</sup> Terr. Vol. Inf.
Woodyard, L. H.	Stillwater	Pvt., Co. A, 4 <sup>th</sup> Mo. Vol. Inf.

Charter members deceased by 1942 included Edwin H. Brown, David B. Ferguson, Marion A. Gilbert, Bert A. Ray, and John O. Slack. Other deceased members included Dr. William C. Whittenberg, Arthur McVay, Luther B. Wiley, and George W. Harmon.

The Officers of 1942 were

Commander John A. Freudenberger  
 Senior Vice-Commander William McGinty  
 Junior Vice-Commander O. J. Upham  
 Trustee L. H. Woodyard  
 Trustee Victor Tucker  
 Trustee M. M Hutchison  
 Adjutant Arthur W. Johnson.

Officers in the Robert A. Lowry Auxiliary No. 13 were

President Bertha Gilbert  
Senior Vice President Theresia Freudenberger  
Junior Vice President Julia L. Wilson  
Secretary Bertha Barron  
Treasurer Inez Whittenberg  
Historian Vella V. Johnson  
Conductor Bertha Howard  
Assistant Conductor Molly McGinty  
Guard May Fisher  
Patriotic Instructor Zella Hanner  
Chaplain Alva T. Brown.

Past Department Commander L. H. Woodyard filled that post in 1938-1939 while William (Billy) McGinty was concurrently National Vice President of the Rough Riders Organization. The following passage, describing the colorful McGinty of Ripley, Oklahoma, was included in the *United Spanish War Veterans and Ladies Auxiliary, Department of Oklahoma, Historical Souvenir Edition*, published by the Veterans' Colony in Wilburton, Oklahoma about 1942.

He was a veteran of the Spanish-American War and was the only one of eight or nine applicants from Payne County who was accepted in the organization known as "Roosevelt Rough Riders." When Billy received notice to come to Guthrie for examination and induction, he was so enthusiastic he did not go to a river crossing but swam the Cimarron River in his anxiety and zeal to take this examination.

[T]he Rough Riders...were mobilized at San Antonio, Texas for two weeks' training. From San Antonio they went to Tampa, Florida, where they boarded a boat for Cuba. They had not been in Cuba long before the charge of San Juan Hill was made, and the Spanish were chased out of their trenches on the side of the hill. At the close of the war the Rough Riders were mustered out at Montauk Point on Long Island.

He counted as his friends such people as Teddy Roosevelt, Pawnee Bill, Buffalo Bill, "Death Valley Scotty," General [Leonard] Wood, General

[Joe] Wheeler, and others. Also, during his travels and escapades as [a] cowboy, he made the acquaintance of such Western deperados as Bill Dalton of the Dalton Boys; George Newcomb, who was known as "Bittercreek"; Bill Doolin; Tulsa Jack; and Roy Daughtery, who was known as "Arkansas Tom." He is also the same McGinty who in later years has entertained such celebrities as Tom Mix, Will Rogers, and many others.



## Getting Acquainted with Some of Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders

By O. W. (Jack) McGinty

*O. W. (Jack) McGinty's father, Billy McGinty, was born in 1871. He was a cowboy who worked on ranches in Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona in the 1880s and 90s. Billy's parents had settled near Ingalls, in eastern Payne County, in the run of '89. In 1898, Billy and other cowboys from the Southwest joined Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders to fight in the Spanish American War. Billy McGinty was with Roosevelt at the charge up San Juan Hill, and he considered Roosevelt a good friend from that time through the White House years and after. In his book The Rough Riders, Roosevelt wrote of Billy McGinty, ". . . we had no braver or better man in the fights." After the Spanish-American War, Billy traveled with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show for three years. He eventually settled down in the Payne County town of Ripley. In later years, Jack McGinty, who was born in 1906 and now lives in Ripley, frequently accompanied his father to the reunions of the Rough Riders, which were held through the mid-1950s. Billy died in 1961. In 1995, Jack wrote this account of some of the Rough Riders he remembered meeting.*

In the 1920s one of Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, Tom Moran, stopped by and stayed overnight for a visit with Dad. He was on his way to Argentina to take charge of the Armour people's stock ranch. Moran sported a pair of hand-engraved .45 six shooters in his shoulder holsters that were not noticeable on him due to his six-foot-two or -three inch height and weight of around 280 pounds. Then only when he unbuttoned his vest and let the handles drop down, did he say that Pancho Villa<sup>1</sup> had presented them to him in a poker game.

He told the story of his hearing gunfire over on the mountain joining his ranch in old Mexico. He went over and joined these people, and before the evening was over, they were calling him Corporal Moran. Later, he was captured (he said he had joined the wrong crowd). He was taken in and locked up the next day. He said he was taken out and made to dig his own grave and taken back and locked up that night. He said he dug his grave plenty deep. He dug till they stopped him.

That night, some peons slipped him a rapid-firing gun. He marked off a circle around the door lock and shot it out, and no one disputed his leaving. The peons had a horse waiting for him. His first stop was at the Catholic Church, where he picked up their gold St. Mary

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<sup>1</sup>Villa, a bandit turned general in the Mexican Revolution, was infamous for his 1916 raid on Columbus, New Mexico, which nearly provoked war with the United States.



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In 1948, fifty years after the Spanish-American War, the Rough Riders got together in Phoenix, Arizona. From the left are George F. Sharland, Jack McGinty (Billy McGinty's son), James T. Brown, and Billy McGinty. Jack McGinty was called an "honorary Rough Rider" because of his help in organizing the reunions in the group's later years (Photograph courtesy of the Washington Irving Trail Museum).

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idol.<sup>1</sup> This idol he took with him to his ranch and buried it there. Later seven Catholic priests showed up to get the idol returned to the church. He harbored these priests for over three months, knowing if they got the idol, they would dispose of him.

Another Rough Rider, Jesse D. Langdon, came by Ripley one time and picked Dad up and took him to Los Angeles, California, to a Roosevelt Rough Riders reunion. Later, a Roosevelt Rough Riders reunion committee was set up for the national reunion, to be held in Prescott, Arizona. At this meeting Rough Riders President David W. Goodrich, of the Goodrich Tire and Rubber Company, gave a buffalo barbecue at the Grand Canyon resort. After the meeting, Mr. Goodrich stepped down, and Billy McGinty was elected as the lifetime president.

Robert W. Denny, a proofreader on the Whittier, California, newspaper, was the secretary and treasurer of the Roosevelt Rough Riders National Association. The new committee elected to have the next reunion at Las Vegas, New Mexico. There, I met Frank C. Brito, an Indian from Las Cruces, New Mexico, who was at one time the jailer at Las Cruces. When they wanted someone in old Mexico, they would send Brito to bring him back. Brito had a great sense of humor. He would sometimes get his blanket and nail keg and go down to the depot. When people got off the train and saw this Indian on the nail keg with his blanket

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<sup>1</sup>Moran probably meant a statue.

around him, they would sometimes speak to him and his answer was always, "Ugh." He would pull his blanket a little tighter, and when someone would try to talk to him, his answer was still, "Ugh." When they went away with their remarks, he had this inside laugh.

James McGuire, a little Irishman from Burbank, California, was another Rough Rider. He worked before his retirement as a cowboy in Western movies. One time, after returning from the rodeo, I went into the hotel coffee shop and there were Denny, Brito, and McGuire. Brito liked green chiles and enchiladas, and he suggested we go find some. After hunting for some time and not wanting to give up, we went back to the hotel where Brito and McGuire were staying. I happened to remember that the desk clerk would more likely know where we could find what we were looking for. He told us that in Old Town they served green chile and enchiladas. This, we found to be the best.

Denny gave me General Jonathan Wainwright's mementos, making me the custodian of these items until they could be properly placed. This went on for over twenty years, until I placed them in General Wainwright's home lodge where he was first made a Mason.

Other Rough Riders I came to know included Colonel Roger S. Fitch, who was most kind and let me take a picture of him at the entrance of the hotel. I also met Ben H. Colbert, who was one of the artifact collectors for Mr. [Thomas] Gilcrease, of Gilcrease Oil Co. and the Gilcrease Museum at Tulsa. Another Rough Rider, Royal A. Prentice, an attorney from Tucumcari, New Mexico, would sometimes write to me on his retreats to Alaska, and his letters were most intriguing. You felt as though you were riding beside him as he explained the country he saw. Rough Rider Judge Frank Roberts, from Breckenridge, Texas, owned a ranch that joined Lake Whitney. He said, "There is the boat, the tackle, and bait, but you have to catch your own fish and clean them."

James T. Brown, a trumpeter, was one of the Roosevelt Rough Riders who joined up with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. When Dad was riding the bronc on the stage, Brown was in the orchestra pit. When the horse came bucking towards the pit, he went under the stage, feeling there was no room for him and the bronc in the orchestra pit. Star M. Wetmore, another trumpeter, also joined the show and was in the pit. He also went under the stage. At the reunion, they were still asked where they went when the horse came close to the pit side of the ropes. Dad said to get this bronc show on the stage in the Hippodrome they set up the corral and started lowering the size of it down to where it would work on the stage. This did not keep Wetmore and Brown from vacating the pit. Wetmore started coming down from Arkansas City, Kansas, and going to the reunions with Dad and me.

Another Rough Rider was Corporal Eugene W. Waterbury, who when he introduced

himself, told the joke of meeting a fellow and saying his name was Waterbury. The fellow kept saying, "Your name is familiar, but your face I can't remember." Finally, he pulled out an old Waterbuy watch, the cheapest watch made, and said, "There it is, Waterbury."

Rough Rider Craig W. Wadsworth told me that when Buffalo Bill's show came to their town, he asked Dad if by chance he could meet Buffalo Bill. Dad told him to be down at the parade ground early before the parade was to start. When Wadsworth arrived, they had a horse for him, and by the time things were settled down, he was on this horse beside Dad and behind Buffalo Bill, who was leading the parade down Main Street. But when they passed his place, Wadsworth didn't think any of his friends recognized him.

# Memories of Oklahoma

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*“Nothing contributes more to human progress than an understanding of the triumphs and tragedies that have thus far marked the course of human experience. This book of essays will be greatest in value to those who will read it long after all persons now living are deceased.”*

— B. B. Chapman

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FROM THE A AND M COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MAY 1943:

“Memories of Oklahoma,” a manuscript volume of essays of 140 pages completed by the Oklahoma history class at A. and M. College during the semester just closed, upon return from the bindery, will be placed in the College Library. Another volume of this interesting and valuable historical material will be placed in Payne County Historical Society collection and a third in the [Oklahoma] Historical [Society] Building in Oklahoma City. Each student in the class contributed an essay, endeavoring to accumulate and record perishable history that should be preserved.

The certificate of award offered by the '89ers Association of Oklahoma City, to the student in the College submitting the best essay dealing with the history of the opening of Oklahoma District in 1889, was awarded Stephen H. Ray, member of the class, on Honors Day. The prize essay, and a photostat of the certificate, are included in each volume. Judges of the essays pertaining to '89ers were James W. Moffitt, Secretary of the Oklahoma Historical Society, and Dr. T. H. Reynolds, head of the History Department.

Ray's essay deals with the early life and times of Mrs. Sallie Wallace of Stillwater, who was a young woman when her father, John Van Arsdell, made the run in '89, secured lands near Stillwater, and moved his family there. The chief value of the essay is the clear account given of social customs and economic conditions which were typical of those experienced by scores of settlers in the same vicinity.

In the essays there will be preserved for posterity the stories and reminiscences of other '89ers of Stillwater, including Mrs. Harry Eben Andrews, Mrs. Mary Hand McGeorge, Mrs. Alice Pound, Mrs. Harry B. Bullen, Mrs. Mary Ann Tourtellotte, George Davis, George C.

Cleveland, Tom Hoyt, John H. Barnes, and Harry Swope.

An account of the observations and participation of Dr. A. C. Scott (subsequently president of A. and M. College) in laying out the town site of Oklahoma City is found in a paper written by Jean Horton. In the essays are stories told by George Yeokum and Mrs. Catalina Prater, '89ers of Oklahoma City.

Geographical variety is afforded by the stories of Miss Ellen Donahoe of Tulsa, Mr. and Mrs. Eli McCarty of Hinton, and G. W. Bruce of Guthrie. Mrs. Sada L. Hill, chairman of the committee of awards of the '89ers Association of Oklahoma City, assisted materially in initiating the essay project.

Ann Orr preserves the views of Joseph Colbert, Secretary of the last Chickasaw Legislature, in her article, "An Indian's Impression of the Coming of the White Man to Oklahoma." An effort was made to utilize the experiences and observations of the students. Such, for instance, is the essay by Edna Mae Baker of Helena who wrote on, "My Knowledge of the Great Salt Plains."

Essential facts in the establishment of the town of Sand Springs are assembled around the life of its founder, Charles Page. Eugene Moseley tells of the early days of Watonga, and the establishment of its first newspaper, the Watonga Republican, under the editorship of T. B. Ferguson, later a territorial governor.

The founding of a typical western town, subsisting largely on the cattle industry, is told by Flora Mae Thomas in, "An Early History of Gage."

Among the student writers were Jerome Muhlberg of Vermont and Julie DeArmond of Nevada. The three copies of the book will be bound, and about August will be available in the libraries named.

FOREWORD TO "MEMORIES OF OKLAHOMA":  
ESSAYS OF THE OAMC OKLAHOMA HISTORY CLASS OF 1942-1943

A careful reading of this book of essays gives a wonderful insight into the lives of the common people who settled Oklahoma. To know the course of the families named in the essays, to observe them as there presented, is to establish familiarity with the course hundreds of families followed in establishing homes in this State. Let him who doubts that there was excellence without labor, that there was progress without struggle and serious application, ponder well this book of essays. It is a book, mostly of original sources; it is history told

by contemporaries.

It gives me pleasure to comply with the request of the Oklahoma History Class of the second semester, 1942-43, to write the foreword to their volume of essays. The students, amateurs though they are, submit a volume that will increase in value with each passing year.

Each year students in college write thousands of pages that teachers are paid to read. It is common knowledge that after that reading the papers, directly or indirectly, are consigned to wastebaskets. This essay project was designed in part as an instrument of teaching, as an incentive for students to prepare studies that would be preserved and read. Thus was developed a new and commendable attitude in the history class. In many colleges, students are sadly in need of means to exhibit the quality of their scholastic attainment. True, many awards are given for high grades, but grades alone merely refer to work invisible.

Students who wrote this volume deserve double commendation, for they pursued the work, together with their class assignments, while the campus and country were deafened by the din of war. Whatever may be said for the merits of war, civil or foreign, a greater hope for civilization lies in education, and in the appreciation and development of individual and national talents. Nothing contributes more to human progress than an understanding of the triumphs and tragedies that have thus far marked the course of human experience. This book of essays will be greatest in value to those who will read it long after all persons now living are deceased. Their judgment will consider 1943 as times medieval.

The psychologist may trace in the pages of the book some of the processes in the growth of minds of amateur historians. The effort to learn the truth, and the struggle to express it in correct English, are experiences that most of the members of the history class will long remember.

B. B. Chapman  
229 Whitehurst  
May 3, 1943

## MEMBERS OF B. B. CHAPMAN'S 1942-43 OKLAHOMA HISTORY CLASS

The history class that wrote "Memories of Oklahoma" included Elizabeth Stewart, Janice Jessee, Dan Brannin, Louise Burrow, Margaret Learn, Julie DeArmond, Flora Mae Thomas, John William Weaver, Anna Mae Lund, Ann Orr, Mary Bickel, Margie Tallman, Edna Mae Baker, Tena Franklin, Betty Tourtellotte, Grace Gow, Martha Swinehart., Eugene Wedin Uly Panos, Charlotte Whitford, Merilee Barber, Mary McKee Lawson, Eugene Moseley, John Whittemore, Jerome M. Muhlberg, Bill Rogers, and Stephen N. Ray.

### PREFACE

Under extremely adverse war time conditions the Oklahoma History Class has compiled a book entitled, "Memories of Early Oklahoma." The Class was begun in Life Sciences, Room 217. Within a few weeks the Air Corps moved in and we moved out. We arrived on a dark Tuesday morning in the Dairy Building, groping our way in the darkness in an attempt to find a light switch so we might eventually find the auditorium. We finally found our way about, but someone complained about odor; moreover, other complications arose, so back to Life Sciences [East] we moved. This time we went to Room 214 and spent exactly one day. In moved another group of the Air Corps and out we moved. At last, we found a room which apparently no one else wanted, a biology laboratory. In Room 212, we have spent the remainder of the semester with bugs and stuffed animals to keep us company.

We began this volume of essays on the suggestion of Mrs. Sada L. Hill, Chairman of the Awards Committee of the '89ers Association in Oklahoma City. A certificate of award was offered to the student who wrote the best essay about the opening of the Unassigned Lands in 1889. Essays the class wrote were compiled into this book. We made three copies, one to be deposited in the A. and M. College Library, one in the Oklahoma Historical Society, and one in the Payne County Historical Society.

Since there are only a few '89ers living we decided to interview some of them and see what we could find in the way of unpublished material pertaining to the famous Run of '89,



which opened the lands where we now reside. Little do we of this younger generation realize the hardship these people underwent in establishing the basis of our present economic system. It was only after talking to these '89ers that many of us began to realize how easy life has been for us. Yet, perhaps we have missed a great deal of excitement that these pioneer men and women would not trade for any of the modern ways of life.

However, we were unable to find an '89er for everyone, so others wrote on "The Run of '93," "History of my Home Town," and many other subjects of importance to Oklahoma history.

On April 18, 1943, we presented, before the Payne County Historical Society, a program, over which I presided. "Recollections of an '89er" was read by Stephen Ray of Tulsa. This paper was judged as the best essay by Mr. James W. Moffitt, editor of the *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, and Dr. T. H. Reynolds, head of the History Department in the Oklahoma A. and M. College. Another top-ranking paper, "Reminiscences of an '89er", was read by Janice Jessee of Durant.

To make the class a better organized group, we elected officers, who presided over the business meetings of the class. Dan F rannin of Ramona was elected President and Louise Burrow of Oklahoma City was elected Secretary. The class is indebted to two friends, Miss Clara Irene Hotchkiss for assistance in the final arrangement of this book, and to Miss Mary Helen Deming for preparation of the title page.

Louise Burrow

April 22, 1943

Stillwater, Oklahoma.

## Reminiscences of an '89'er

By Janice Jessee

Because he “had nothing, only his two hands to work with,” John H. Barnes decided to make the run into Oklahoma when the “Unassigned Lands” were opened. Then he was a young man of 27, alert, and eager for adventure. After fifty-four years, I found him a man with that same eager spirit. He is a man of the past in that he has memories that span the years when the west was new; he is a man of the present because of his interest in today's affairs and his participation in the activities of Stillwater, the town he helped to build.

Born in Maryland in 1861, John Barnes came to Angus, Iowa in 1882. Another citizen of Angus at this time was Robert A. Lowry, a newspaper editor and mayor of the town. Bob Lowry came to John one day and suggested that, while they “could live there until they were old and gray-headed and make nothing,” they could go to Oklahoma and, while living a life of adventure there, make a little money. To the young Barnes, who had nothing to lose, this sounded reasonable. Bob Lowry made this proposition on March 31, 1889; two days later they were in Arkansas City, where they set up their tent in the Boomer camp on the east side of the Walnut River. The two men arranged their camp equipment, and only then did John break the news that as a cook he was a complete failure.

“That makes no difference at all,” Mr. Lowry said, “as I am a good cook and if you will agree to do all of the other camp work, I will do all of the cooking.” This I readily agreed to do, thinking I was getting the best of the deal, but I soon learned that I was being handed the hot end of a poker.

“Well,” Bob said, “you being general factotum of the camp, it is your job to sprint up town and get meat for dinner.” So off I went. It was about a mile and one-half from the camp, making a jaunt of about three miles. As the day was warm, and we were wearing our winter clothes, I was thoroughly steamed up by the time I reached camp with the meat. Bob had been busy while I was gone, preparing the rest of the meal. We soon had a very satisfying meal on the table, and being very hungry, we did it ample justice, which was some compensation for my long walk.

“As soon as we had finished eating, Bob arose from the table with the remark, ‘Now, J.H., it is up to you to clean up.’ And off he strolled to get acquainted with our neighbor campers. So I pitched in and washed the dishes, and as our camp had just been set up, this proved to be a small chore, compared to what it proved to be later. I commenced a day or two

later figuring some way to lighten my labor. So I skipped the morning dishwashing. This seemed to go over all right with Bob; at least he said nothing. I think he was afraid I would throw up the job entirely if he made a kick. Next day I skipped dishwashing for all three meals, and this brought forth a vigorous kick from Bob. So I was obliged to come across with real service after that.

“One day while Bob and I were lounging in front of our tent, two men drove up and inquired if there were any members of the legal profession present. Bob told them that he was a member of the Iowa state bar. The men told him that the bar association of Arkansas City was giving a banquet for the men of their profession that night.

“Bob had brought along his dress suit and some boiled shirts, so about six-thirty he started for the banquet. It was well past midnight when he returned. Several other banquets were held, and finally all of his shirts were dirty. The next morning Bob gave me a significant look and told me that he was going to another banquet and that all of his shirts were dirty.

“I told him that I had not agreed to do the laundry. He seemed to realize the truth of this statement, for he decided to draw straws with me to see who would do the laundry. I got stung again.

“Across the road from our tent a family from Kansas was camping. In front of their tent stood a washboard and tub. I went over and inquired if I might borrow it. The young lady said that I could.

“I carried the equipment over to our tent and heated some water in the boiler by placing it over a furnace that I had built of some loose stones. When the water was good and hot, I got Bob’s shirts and rammed them into the boiler. I boiled them for about half an hour, and then I happened to remember two suits of red flannel underwear that needed laundering. I got them and put them in the boiler with the shirts. After the boiling process had continued for another half hour, I removed the lid. All the garments were the same color, and that color was a brilliant red!

“I wasn’t really worried; I thought it would all come out when I rinsed them. I took them down to the river and gave them a vigorous rinsing, but the red dye was there to stay. Finally I stretched my lariat rope between two trees and hung out the washing. By that time I had quite an audience from the other parts of the camp.

“When Bob returned, he gazed long and earnestly at the line, gave his eyes a vigorous rub, and gazed again. Then he exploded, ‘Didn’t you know any better than that?’

“If I had I would have done differently,” I told him.

“He turned and rode back to town and bought some new shirts. He ordered me never to

touch any of his things again. I was glad to obey this order.

“The proclamation setting the day for the opening had made no provision for the people making the run from the north to cross the Cherokee Strip to the border of Oklahoma, so that they would have an equal chance with the others (those making the run from the other three sides). We pointed this out to Captain Jack Hays, who was in command of the cavalry which was to conduct our wagon train to Oklahoma. He told us that he had wired Washington for permission to move us across the Strip. The permission came, and that afternoon an orderly came to camp with an order for everyone who was going to Oklahoma to be in line on Summit Street at eight the next morning.

“The crowd gathered there the next morning, and in the rain and cold wind that had come up the night before, started moving south. The roads grew increasingly worse, until, six miles south of Arkansas City, they were almost impassable. That evening we camped fifteen miles south of Arkansas City, at Willow Springs. After eating, we gathered around the fire and sang and played the musical instruments that some had with them.

“The next day we reached the Ponca Agency on the Salt Fork River.<sup>1</sup> Here we camped until we could find some way to cross the river. Some had brought material for boats and started building them. Capt. Hays ordered lumber from Arkansas City to put over the railroad bridge. Down the river some young Indians were operating a ferry.

“They had stretched a wire cable across the river, and by bracing their feet against the bottom of the boat and pulling on the cable with their hands, would pull the boat across. They charged \$2.50 a family.

“The next day the railroad bridge was floored and ready for us to use. Every man had to help get the goods across. There were three squads of men, one at each end of the bridge, and one in the middle. Each man drove his team and wagon up to the bridge, where he would unhitch, and then lead his team across. The men then pulled the wagon half way across the bridge, where the squad stationed there took the wagon the rest of the way across the bridge. Here the third squad pulled the wagon off the road and helped the owner to hitch it back up again. This method proved very effective, and we were all across by noon. We traveled all afternoon, and that evening reached the Otoe[-Missouria] Agency.<sup>2</sup>

“By the next morning, the rain had ceased falling. We enjoyed a day of sunshine after all of the rain and were able to travel more comfortably. That evening as the sun was going

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<sup>1</sup> At present White Eagle in Kay County, Oklahoma.

<sup>2</sup> At present Red Rock in Kay County, Oklahoma.

down, we reached the ridge just north of what is now the Stillwater airport. Brilliant sunshine flooded the valley, the leaves shone, and it was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. It looked like the promised land. That night we camped under a lone cottonwood tree west of the trail. We took turns guarding the horses that night, as there were several men without horses, who were waiting their chance to steal a horse to ride in the run.”

Bob Lowry and John Barnes had hired a driver to bring them to Oklahoma. He was Mr. Chayne, one of David L. Payne’s original Boomers. The two men had furnished the food and supplies and given Chayne five dollars for his work. When the three men were nearing the line, Chayne asked the other two where they wanted to go. They told him that they did not know the territory, and he offered to show them some very good land. He brought them to what had been part of the territory that Mr. Payne had claimed.<sup>1</sup> Here Barnes and Lowry staked their claim. On the northeast corner of Mr. Barnes’ claim were the remains of six cabins from the old Boomer camp. These cabins had been partially burned by the troops that had come to remove the trespassing Boomers from the territory.

Negro troops had been sent first to remove the Boomers from the land. The Boomers refused to leave, and a courier was sent to bring some more troops. The second detachment arrived, with several cannon, and proceeded to prepare for the battle. In the meantime, the Boomers had dug trenches and were preparing to fight back. A group of cowboys nearby heard of the coming war and drew lots to see which of them could go to see the excitement. Fred Davis won. As the troops were preparing the cannon, and about fifteen or twenty minutes before the first shell was to be fired, the Boomers sent up a white flag of surrender.

The Barnes homestead extended seventy feet south of what is now Twelfth Street and went south of Thirteenth Street to Perkins Road. Mr. Barnes still lives on part of this land. Part of his land he donated to the city of Stillwater, which he and Bob Lowry planned on the twenty third of April, the day after the run.

“Bob got out the maps and after tracing our location, said, ‘J.H., this is a good place for a town, why don’t we start one here?’

“I told him that I did not know anything about planning a town, but that if he thought it was a good place, I was with him.

“We sat down there in the shade of the tent and planned the city. A townsite committee was preparing to start a town six miles west of the Stillwater site, but after looking over our location, they decided to drop their project and go in with us. W.W. Duck, David Husband,

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<sup>1</sup> Payne’s last “invasion” of the Unassigned Lands in 1884 established a Boomer camp on Stillwater Creek just downstream from present Couch Park in Stillwater.

Sanford Duncan, R. A. Lowry and I each donated 40 acres.

“Engineers started planning the city, and by the tenth of June, everything was ready for the drawing. Everyone who wished to take part in the drawing of lots paid an \$11.00 filing fee. This entitled him or her to draw one business lot and two residence lots.

“Shotgun wads were used for the drawing. Numbers of two blocks were placed on one side of the wad: one lot in the business section block, and the numbers of two lots in the residence block.”

Mrs. Barnes came down from Iowa in July. With her came the Barnes's first child, Harry, who was at that time about a year old. Being just a baby, Harry did not recognize his father and cried to his mother to “make that man go away”.

Two years later, another son, Clarence, was born. Clarence Barnes and his wife still live in Stillwater and have a neat white bungalow on the original homestead, not far from the red brick house in which John Barnes now lives alone. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barnes live in Texarkana, Texas, where Mr. Barnes is employed as a piano tuner and repairman.

Mr. John Barnes is a member of the First Methodist Church, which he attends regularly, and where for many years he taught a Sunday School class. Mr. Barnes reads all of the time and keeps up with the events of the day. He has recently set out some fruit trees and planted a Victory Garden. Although his memories of the past are still vivid, his thoughts today are on the present. He still has the spirit of the hardy American pioneer.

Source:

Interview with Mr. John Barnes, and with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Barnes.

Newspaper story written by John H. Barnes and published in the *Stillwater Daily News Press* on April 15, 18, 20, 22, 25, 1939.

# A Story of the Eighty-Niners

By Martha Swinehart

In 1889 when Oklahoma District was opened for settlement, people from everywhere rushed into Oklahoma to stake claims for their homesteads. Nine or ten men from near Winfield, Kansas, joined together and formed The Winfield Townsite Company and journeyed to Oklahoma.

The Winfield Townsite Company made their first stop west of Stillwater, Oklahoma but later settled in the new town. Mr. [Robert] Lowry, an attorney from Iowa, staked a claim by the depot. He gave eight acres of land to the Townsite Company, whereas Davey Husband, Sam Duncan, and Frank Duck each gave forty acres. By means of the saw mill, brought to Stillwater by Mr. Millian, and the shingle machine, brought by Bob Randall, the men were able to cut cottonwood trees and make shingles with which they built their homes.

Drinking water was an important problem to the Townsite people. They first drilled a well at the east end of Eighth Street. For quite some time, Oran Keller and Bert Keller had to carry water to the homes, but the men soon drilled two more wells which enabled the people to carry their own water from a shorter distance. These wells had tin cups fastened to them by chains. This method was not very sanitary, but in that day and age the necessity of sanitation was not realized as much as it is today. The most important thing they were looking for was a place that they could go for a drink of water.

They not only used water for drinking purposes, but also to sprinkle the dusty roads. The water was taken from the river, hauled to town in tank wagons, and sprinkled on the roads. Fighting fires also required water; therefore, the wagon tanks and water were used for fire-fighting purposes as well as a means for sprinkling the roads.

Venison, turkey, and turnip kraut were the principle foods used during the time of the opening and settlement of the Cherokee Strip. Horton [Kansas] was the nearest town from which merchandise and food supplies could be purchased; therefore, the people had to make trips there to purchase their needed supplies.

Communication was not very well organized at the very beginning of the opening, but it developed more as the time passed and stagecoaches came into use. Reese Lester, a young lad, made trips twice a week to Pawnee by pony to get the mail for the people who lived in Stillwater. Later the mail was brought to Stillwater every day by the stagecoach. The Indians attacked the stagecoaches occasionally, but as a rule there was very little difficulty with the

Indians bothering the stagecoaches.

Each township was divided into thirty-six sections of which sections sixteen and thirty-six were set aside for school purposes. Sections thirteen, and thirty-three were set aside for the benefit of a future college. To get the location of the college in Stillwater, a bill was passed that said that the people would have to float \$10,000 in bonds. In order to float these bonds, \$33.33 had to be paid from each lot to raise the required amount of \$10,000.

Word was received that the "Perkins Bunch" was trying to get the location of the college too; therefore, the Stillwater people sent a man to Horton and one to Orlando to keep watch. They did not want one of the Perkins Bunch to pass before the Stillwater people did. While these men kept watch, several of the Stillwater men went by train to Wichita where they sold the bonds. [The college, Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College when this essay was written, is now Oklahoma State University.]

Men that were elected to the [Territorial] Legislature in 1890 were George Gardenhire, President; Arthur Daniels, Speaker of the House; G. W. Steele was Governor. The Townsite Company came to Stillwater with the intention of making it a county seat,<sup>1</sup> but gained the location of the college instead. Most of these men in the Townsite Company aided in the building of some of the buildings on the Oklahoma Agriculture and Mechanical College Campus. Since they helped to build some of these buildings, we can understand why they did not want Old Central, one of the buildings on the Campus, to be torn down. The building is really quite dear to the Eighty-niners and they want the building left on the Campus.

Tom Hoyt, one of the members of the Winfield Townsite Company, is the man from whom I received my information for this is paper about the opening of the Oklahoma District and the Eighty-niners. He is now living in Stillwater Oklahoma, at 721 Hester Street. He stated that living in that day was a wonderful life, and he enjoyed it very much.

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<sup>1</sup>*Legislative Journal, Oklahoma Territory, 1890, Vol. 1-2, pp.*



## Pioneering in Oklahoma in '89

By Charlotte Whitford

Back in Indiana in the '80's, word began to drift around that there was land to be had in Oklahoma and that there would be a "Run" for it sometime in the near future. On a little farm in Indiana, George C. Cleveland and his wife debated whether or not they would take their family and seek some of that land. Finally, in 1887, the Cleveland family, together with sixteen other families from that region, left home and traveled westward to Arkansas City, Kansas. They remained there for two years, Mr. Cleveland doing odd jobs to keep his family. In 1889 it was announced that the Unassigned Lands in Oklahoma Territory would be opened to the public on April 22.

The Clevelands left Arkansas City about five days before the Run was to begin. On the appointed day, April 22, 1889, men of all ages, rich and poor, gathered at the starting line. The U. S. Army stationed soldiers along the line. They were to fire guns at 12:00 o'clock noon, signaling that the land was open. As far as the eye could see, there were men on every kind of transportation: horseback, wagon, and even oxen teams. Mr. Cleveland started the Run about five miles north of Stillwater. Most of the crowd, however, began the Run near the present sites of Mulhall and Orlando. [This would have been along the west boundary of the Unassigned Lands with the Cheyenne-Arapahoe Reservation.] Mr. Cleveland tells some interesting incidents that occurred on that historic day.

One man bought a race horse and paid \$150 for it, in order to be the first to reach a certain place where he wished to stake a claim. When the guns were fired at noon, he struck out, confident that he would be the first there. But, as fate would have it, when he arrived at the site which he had chosen, he found another man there ahead of him. The sooner claimed he had made the Run with a yoke of oxen, with which he had already plowed an acre of ground—a story Mr. Cleveland leaves it to the readers to decide is true or not.

Another incident, not quite so humorous, concerns two men who arrived at the same site at the same time. They decided the ownership of the land with guns; and the man who lost, says Mr. Cleveland, was the first person to be buried in the cemetery east of Stillwater. Mr. Cleveland staked a claim to land for a farm, only to find later that it was on section 16 which, together with section 36, had been given to Oklahoma Territory by Congress for common school funds. After the Run, however, he purchased 160 acres, located two miles east and one mile north of Stillwater, for \$130. The deed to this land was the first one issued,

and it was signed by President Grover Cleveland. The original deed was lost in the fire which destroyed the wooden Payne County courthouse in Stillwater, but the deed was replaced in about six months.

When the '89'ers were finally settled on their new land, they began to look around at their neighbors and to get acquainted with them. There were six families in proximity to the Cleveland farm. The most usual method of getting acquainted with neighbors was for one family to pass by the homestead of another family and ask them to accompany them to Sunday School. The family would hitch up the wagon and go with the neighbors to the banks of Brush Creek. There was a large oak tree under which they held their meetings. The wagons had spring seats. These were placed on the ground around the tree, so the settlers could listen to the sermon in comfort. Not long after the Run, the settlers joined together and constructed a log building, which was used for school and church.

The settlers had to make wagon trips to Guthrie for whatever mail they should receive and for the few groceries they could afford to buy. The six families, together with Cleveland's family, would alternate in making the trip and bring back supplies for the neighbors. In that way, it was possible to make trips to Guthrie more often.

Times were very hard for the first several years. The settlers lived in caves [dugouts] or sod houses and usually raised what they ate and wore. The second year after the Run is known as the "turnip year." Everyone ate turnips--even the cows and horses. The cows were satisfied enough and ate the turnips without having to be encouraged, but the horses' turnips had to be salted. At first, they would only lick off the salt, but when they became hungrier, they ate the turnips, also.

Today, Mr. Cleveland is the only living person remaining of the group up of men who brought their families from Indiana to Oklahoma Territory in 1889. He will be eighty-one years old in July 1943. He still owns his farm, although he makes his home in Stillwater, where he is employed in a department store. His wife passed away in 1913, but his three children are still living, one residing in Dodge City, Kansas, one in Tulsa, and one in Stillwater.

# Memories of the Old Settlers' Reunion at Camp Frame

By Elrora Stanley Flaherty

Even though the name of the organization was the "Old Settlers' Sons and Daughters Association," the locals called the celebration held each year about the third weekend in September the "Old Settlers' Reunion." By then the farmers' crops allowed them some time off, and it was a good opportunity to visit with folks they did not often see.

Mary Buffington, in her book *Lest We Forget* told about the beginning of the association, and the *Perkins (Oklahoma) Journal* related her story in an article: One evening John and Sadie Durst, Myral and Margaret Knox, and Bennie and Vera Grant went down to a grove on the Bert Frame place for a picnic supper. Mr. Durst went to the spring for a bucket of water and met Bert Frame there. They reminisced about the old times and early-day experiences. John said they should have a celebration each year to get together and visit. Bert agreed, so they planned to start the picnics.

The first picnic was in 1921. The men cleared the ground for a small basket dinner. The next year they cleared more ground and elected officers for the group: Bill Knipe for president and Nell Youngker as secretary. Each member was invited to bring a log for the cabin they planned. When the cabin was ready, J. I. Reynolds made clapboards for the roof. The cabin was used for the association's office.

For the first planned picnic, John Durst wrote "Sunny Oklahoma" and dedicated it to the reunion. Nannie Mae Chase sang it for the first time. Some of the words were

I'm thinking of the homestead  
I long once more to see  
And hope that I'll be there some day.  
Where the people are so happy,  
O! 'tis there I want to be,  
In sunny Oklahoma far away.

Each year the meeting became larger, and an admission fee was charged. Several neighbors put up food stands. Side shows came, and there were horse races.

When I was a youngster in the 1930s, part of our year was to go to the Old Settlers'

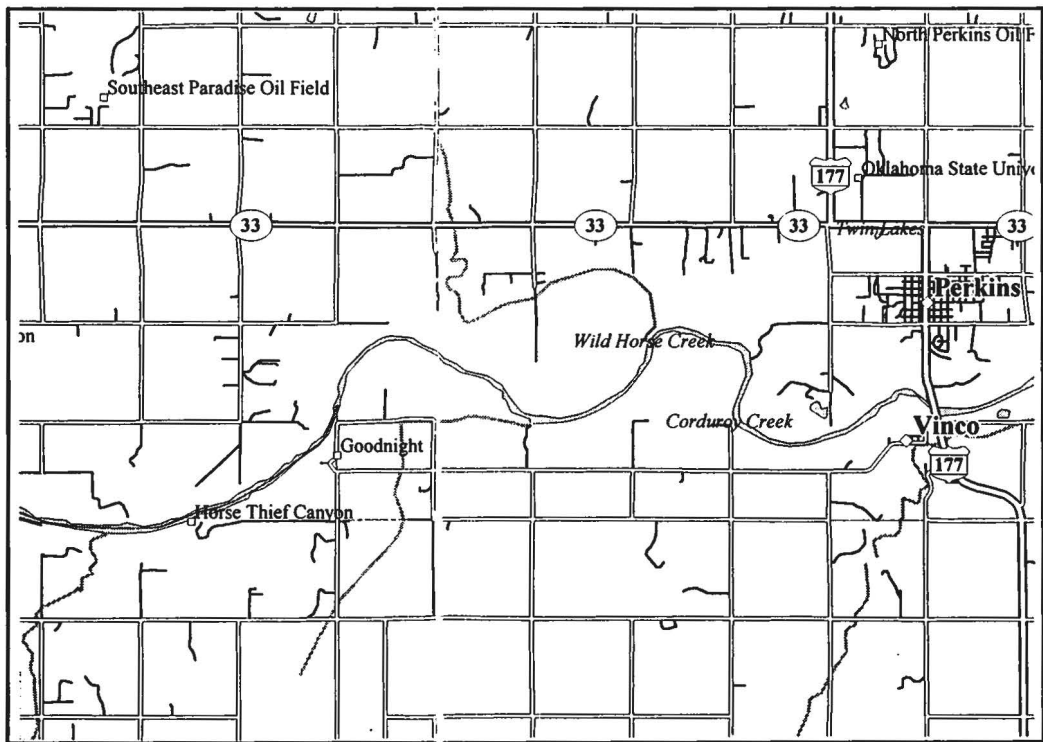
Reunion. It was always on the Bert Frame farm at what was called Camp Frame, near the village of Goodnight on the south side of the Cimarron River [about five miles east of Coyle, Oklahoma in Section 13, Range 1 East, Township 17 North]. We drove on a road through Mr. Frame's crops—I remember tall corn—that had become dusty from the passage of so many visitors. September was usually still quite warm.

My Grandmother and Grandfather Houston (the neighbors all called them Aunt Doll and Uncle Fred) usually brought a big basket of food for their dinner. Our parents visited with folks we seldom saw during the year. Our dad would give us kids a dime apiece and felt quite free to turn us loose to roam the grounds to see the wonders of the games and concession stands. We could smell hamburgers being cooked and hear the concessionaires barking their wares. Sometimes a gypsy fortune teller would be inviting passersby to come and let her tell the future. As we made our rounds, the new stock tank filled with water would entice us to stop and take one of the tin cups that were tied to a wire. Furnished by the association, the water was cooled by a block of ice, a real treat for us country kids.

After covering the grounds, we would decide how to spend our dime. One year my cousin and I found a photographer who had his camera on a tripod. A bucket of developer was hooked on one leg of the tripod. His sign said two photos for ten cents. We decided that half of our dimes would go for pictures, so we stood close together and posed. Sure enough! Two small thin dark card boards appeared. The man dipped them in his bucket, pulled a towel from his back pocket, wiped them off and said, 'That'll be twenty cents.' We told him his sign said two photos ten cents, and we just wanted two. He said that was when only one person was in the picture. We complained so much he said to take them, and we parted with a dime. We bought each of us a hamburger with the other dime and refreshed our thirst at the tank of water. I treasure that little photo still.

There were bleachers on the west side of the rodeo grounds where we watched the opening of the afternoon entertainment. A stagecoach came rushing into the grounds. The driver would be "Pistol Pete" Frank Eaton, and the coach would be pursued by Indians in their native dress, whooping and hollering, throwing tomahawks, and finally stopping the coach. Mr. Eaton wore a red skull cap under a wig, and it looked like the Indians had scalped and finished him off. Later Frank's daughter Elizabeth found the wig and skull cap, and the secret was out.

Our Aunt Willma told us a story concerning the stagecoach used in those exciting battles. It had been used in Guthrie to transport passengers from trains to their hotels. After its service at the Old Settlers' Reunions, the old coach sat in Frank Eaton's yard. Two men came to take it away, place unknown.



The Old Settlers' Reunion was held on the farm of Bert Frame, near Goodnight, Oklahoma (DeLorme MapExpert 2.0, copyright 1993, DeLorme Mapping, Freeport, Maine).

After the Indian-cowboy battle, a rodeo was held. A good many of the contestants were local people. Later professional rodeo people were in charge, permitting any local people who wished to enter competition. My sister and I rode calves one year, and when the first one came bursting out of the chute, our dad stood up in the bleachers and said to the world, "Good Lord, that's my daughter." Since neither of us embarrassed him by being thrown off, he did not say much to us when we got home.

Usually there was a pulling contest in which the local farmers pitted their teams against their neighbors. It was a bit of pride to have the team that could pull the most weight. One year our father let a neighbor use his team to enter the contest. There would be horse races run along the Cimarron River, and for the more inactive there might be home talent music at

the cabin platform. We would listen to fiddle tunes such as “Ragtime Annie,” “Bully of the Town,” “Cowboy’s Dream,” etc.

Down the hill from the reunion space was a sprig. The Iowa Indians camped there in teepees, using the spring water. As evening drew near, we would all watch the Indians, dressed in their leather and beaded costumes as they performed their native dances on the platform around the log cabin. Kate Lincoln made moccasins, and Marie and Josephine Roubidoux made colorful shawls that were worn in the dances. Indian men danced first; then the Indian ladies would dance in a circle around them while the drums kept the beat.

After the Indians had danced, music started and round dancing would begin for all who wished to join in. Dance music was furnished by local people who could fiddle or play guitar, mandolin, banjo, etc. Benches surrounded the platform for observers and those resting between dance sets. Petite ladies sometimes would wear jar rubbers around their pumps to secure them while dancing.

Along in the evening the carnival lights would come on. Games and concessions would be more alive with their different calls. A stand would vocally advertise their lemonade “pint for a nickle, dime for a quart, whippo, whippo....” The rides would gear up for the young dating couples who came in the evening.

My parents were ready to go home, about ten miles away, soon after the round dancing started. We children would think we had had a wonderful day and had seen so many interesting things. We had received full value from our dimes.

Sadly, those days are gone. The folks who arranged for us all to have such good times have gone to their reward. But they gave us lots of wonderful memories.

# **PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

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## Payne County Historical Society

The Payne County Historical Society is organized in order to bring together people interested in history, especially the history of Payne County, Oklahoma. The Society's major function is to discover and collect any materials that may help to establish or illustrate the history of the area.

Membership in the Payne County Historical Society is open to anyone interested in the collection and preservation of Payne County history. All members receive copies of the *Payne County Historical Review* free. In addition, the Society sponsors informative meetings and historical outings several times a year.

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Yes, I want to be a member of the Payne County Historical Society. Enclosed is my check for:

- \$12.00 for Individual Membership
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