

## EARLY HISTORY OF CATESBY AND VICINTY

*By F. P. Rose\**

I arrived in Woodward, Oklahoma, the morning of Friday August 29, 1901. With two other cousins, Charlie Paine and Gilbert Nixon, we left the Nixon home, near Madison, Wisconsin, early the morning of July 15 for Oklahoma. It was my twenty-first birthday. We had a new wagon and each a good young horse. Since there were no main roads in those days, and people were not well acquainted beyond their own neighborhoods, we placed a yardstick on a map of the United States and drew a line from Madison, Wisconsin, to Woodward, Oklahoma.

This route took us across the Mississippi River at Dubuque, Iowa, to St. Joseph, Missouri, down the river bottom to Atchinson, Kansas, at which point we crossed the Missouri River into that state. Thence through Topeka, Newton, Hutchinson, Kingman, Medicine Lodge to Hardtner, where we crossed the border into Oklahoma headed for Alva.

The history of our experiences on this trip would make an interesting story of itself. People along the road would beg us not to go on but to turn back, telling us it was but a short distance further to the Indians, outlaws, and the homes of desperadoes. This idea prevailed through Iowa, Missouri and Kansas even as late as that year of 1901. However, of course, as we proceeded we passed fine cities, prosperous farms and peaceable people. I recall as we passed through Medicine Lodge viewing the effects of Carry Nation's hatchet on the large mirror behind the bar in their "blind tiger", as saloons were referred to in those days.

Leaving Hardtner late in the afternoon we camped our first night in Oklahoma a few miles south of that little store and post-office. From there on the houses became farther apart and the country had the appearance of newer settlement. We forded the Salt Fork of the Arkansas River and reached Alva about noon. At

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—Ed.

that time, as I remember, it seemed as though most of the business buildings were along the north side of the square, with only a few scattering houses between there and the Northwestern State Teachers College about a half mile to the south.

From Alva, since nobody could tell us how to get to Woodward, it was suggested we go west ten or twelve miles to a little postoffice and store named Cora, turn south there to the Big Timber Crossing at the Cimarron River. It was the dry summer of 1901, and other than a good wheat crop among the homesteaders along the road, the crops were completely burned up, there had been no rain for months. People were heartsick and discouraged, and we could have secured about any of the present fine farms west of Alva for a song.

On the road south from Cora, which was very dim, I don't remember a house, we had reached the land of the large cattle ranches, the land of which was open for homestead entry. We camped that night at Big Timber Crossing on the Cimarron. We began to feel sort of lonesome and to realize that from here on we were "on our own." About sundown a cowpuncher rode up to see what was going on, and visited with us a couple of hours and tried to tell us how to get to Woodward across the big pastures, as we were just about lost.

He warned us to watch for rattle snakes. I remember the story he told us about the experience he and another cowpuncher had together with a rattle snake. It seems that this other rider rather thoughtlessly got off his horse for some reason and lit on the ground within a few feet of a large rattle snake which bit him on the leg. It was a hot day and it would not take long for the poison to bring on serious results. He jumped off his horse and tied his handkerchief tightly above the wound and they made a dash for the timber about a mile away, where he securely bound his pardner to a tree with both their lariat ropes. He built a fire and proceeded to heat his iron picket pin to a bright red heat, and then placed the point of the pin as close to the wound as he could without touching the flesh.

As the heat from the iron drew the poison out it turned a greenish color whereupon he would reheat and apply the iron again. After several applications of the iron it failed to turn green and he concluded the poison had all been drawn out, and the rider recovered. He said that if he had not been so securely tied, the rider would have broken loose from the terrible agony of the treatment.

We were in the Quinlan pasture, which was said to be about thirty miles square. About the first thing when we started the next morning was to get lost trying to find our way up through the red hills out of the Cimarron bottom. We wandered around all that day and camped again for the night, still lost, out of anything to eat. A spring we found the water was so gypsy that even the horses would no more than sniff of it.

About the middle of the next morning another puncher found us and escorted us to the Quinlan ranch home, where the cook really filled us up. From there it was but a few miles over a plain road to the little village of Quinlan on the Santa Fe Railroad. Here we spent the last dime we had with us for a few things to take with us to eat, and started on for Woodward along beside the railroad track.

We camped that night about a mile south of the little town of Curtis, about six miles east of Woodward. One of the boys saw what appeared to be a melon patch a little distance from the road. As soon as it was dark the other two boys headed for the melon patch and soon returned with a large melon under each arm, their eyes shining like stars. They were so hard they couldn't stick a knife in them. After a few more trips with the same result, we decided it was not melon time. We later discovered they were pie-melons and had to be cooked to eat. In those days pie-melon sauce flavored with lemon or orange was quite a treat.

My father, Eben Rose, was to come on the train and meet us on arrival at Woodward. The next morning, broke and nothing to eat, we made an early start and reached Woodward about ten o'clock. We drove up the crooked old main street lined on both sides with mostly old frame buildings, and got our first sight of a real western frontier cow town. Woodward in those days, while on a little "milder scale" was about like Dodge City. Quite a shipping point for the range cattle of those days, it was naturally full of cowboys. The hitchracks were lined with saddle horses. A few buggies and wagons could be seen, and occasionally a covered homeseeker's wagon.

We found a place to hitch the team, and while the other boys stayed with the wagon, I got out to hunt for the Old Cattle King Hotel where Father was to be waiting for us. The sidewalks were crowded and everything seemed to be in full blast. Every few buildings would be a saloon or an eating place. The mercantile stores were mostly large concerns for equipping the cattlemen and their ranches. The old Cattle King Hotel, which was Woodward's finest, was located on the southwest corner of the street, diagonally across from where the post office used to be. The land office was an old frame building where the federal building now stands.

It is needless to express my pleasure to see my father sitting on the hotel porch reading a paper. I had not seen him for nearly four months. After we explained our hunger and poverty, he gathered us up and we started to look for an early dinner. About all we could find among the eating houses that early in the morning was some half cooked navy beans but they went down with great relish.

Woodward was full of "locaters," men who would take homeseekers out to locate a claim for a fee of \$15. Like all new land

openings, there were always "sharks" and Woodward had its share. Often they would show a fine location over and over and then give the homeseeker the location numbers to a worthless piece of land. Several instances of this kind resulted in some "shootin'."

My father who had been waiting for us for three or four days had talked with a good many of these locaters. He selected a man by the name of Will Carey who lived about thirty miles west of Woodward and was the founder of what in a short time became known as the Chaney neighborhood and Post Office. After "dinner" we hunted up Carey and made arrangements to have him start at once with us, leaving our horses and wagon in a feedyard at Woodward.

Carey himself did not go but sent his nephew John Goodwin with a wagon and a span of large white mules that proved to be good walkers, and we moved right along. From Quinland to Woodward the settlements were very few, but after we got away from Woodward, during the twelve miles to the Wolf Creek Crossing, there were not more than three or four houses. The country began to look better, for though it was still suffering from the drought, the few spring crops looked green and thrifty.

After crossing Wolf Creek we made our camp for the night, out on the raw prairie. As I lay there wrapped in a blanket on the ground beside the wagon gazing up at the bright stars, I heard my first coyote give forth that weird, lonesome, bloodcurdling laugh for which he is noted. Just after dawn John Goodwin announced that breakfast was ready, and with the smell of bacon and coffee in that cool, fresh Oklahoma air, we bounced up at once.

After breakfast John hitched up the mules and we started on. During the twenty mile drive from Wolf Creek to Carey's place there was not a single house in sight, just one rolling open prairie as far as one could see. It was a beautiful sight. Here and there were bunches of cattle grazing, some of the steers with great long horns, five or six years old. In those days where the cattle were fitted for market strictly on the range, it was claimed they had to have the age on them before they would carry the necessary flesh for market. The reason this vast stretch of prairie country, which constituted old Woods, Woodward and Day Counties, had not previously been homesteaded was because the great Cattlemen's Association had fought it in every way and circulated the report that it was too arid a country for successful farming. It was an ideal stock country the way cattle were handled in those days.

We reached Carey's place about noon for dinner. At that time it consisted of a part dugout in a bank with a lumber front and upper story. There were one or two other settlers home adjoining whose names have slipped my memory. The appearance of the country,

still rolling prairie, kept looking better. We were getting into the "buffalo grass" country and it seemed to be plenty of good grazing. Buffalo grass was a short curly grass, heavily sodded, and which matured and stayed good for winter grazing. Cattle would put on lots of flesh, winter grazing in this "short grass country."

We drove six miles straight west from Carey's to the point we were to look at. It was good country and the place my father and I picked sloped gently to the south. The numbers of his land was the Southwest Quarter of Section 2, Township 23, and Range 26. Mine was just across the road south, the Northwest Quarter of Section 11, Township 23 and Range 26. Thirty-three miles straight west from Woodward and three miles north. Two and one-fourth miles east of the Texas line and one quarter mile south of the monument marking the Northeast corner of the Texas Panhandle and the Southeast corner of old Beaver County.

The Dry Prong of Clear Creek, which headed about a mile and a half south ran along the east side of my place and crossed the extreme southeast corner of my father's place, on the bank of which stood an immense, old cottonwood tree, a land mark for the whole country. About two miles farther down the creek to the few trees which were small. There was no telling how old this tree was, as it must have been too old when the first cattlemen started cutting down timber for fence posts.

After some time spent in looking around for corner stones, we went back to Carey's for the night. Early the next morning (Sunday), we started back to Woodward to file on our claims. From our location to Cary's there had been no trace of a road, and this was probably the first time a wagon had ever been over this part of the country. From Carey's nearly to Wolf Creek there were a few faint wagon tracks made by Carey going back and forth to Woodward. No houses in sight, only cattle. It was all virgin country.

We arrived back at Woodward late in the afternoon, and since the next day (Monday, September 2) was Labor Day, we would have to wait till Tuesday to file, since the Land Office was closed on the holiday.

That Labor Day of September 2, 1901, was truly celebrated in typical style of the old western cow-town. I have never seen anything like it since, or even attempted in Western Moving Pictures. It was the last event of its kind for the settlers swarmed in so thick during the next year that when the next Labor day rolled around, all the great ranches and their cattle were a thing of the past. The cowpunchers took over with a bang soon after daylight, as if they were afraid the day was not going to be long enough for the festivities. Some of the most skillful contests of riding, roping, and shooting that their minds could conceive transpired as they dashed back and

forth over the several blocks of Woodward's main street. There were no trained "pitching horses" in those days, they were broken and ridden "in the raw" whenever a fresh horse was needed. They did not use a "hack-a-more halter" in those days; whenever the "roust-about" turned a rider loose on a horse, all he had to stick in the saddle with was his spurs. If there was any serious hard feeling or "feuding" spirit between any body in that crowd, it was laid aside for a day of sportsmanship. Those who indulged in hard liquor seemed to handle their capacity successfully, and if someone did get too much, he was put to bed to sleep it off.

Since we had not participated in the "festivities", we were up bright and early the next morning with Carey. We had a lawyer prepare our filing papers of application to homestead on the land we had selected. After the Land Office opened at 9 o'clock, it was but a few minutes until we were the proud possessors of the "gift from Uncle Sam" of 160 acres for \$16.50, the filing fee.

By the time we had completed our business in Woodward, bought a supply of groceries, grain for the horses, a sod-plow and few other tools, it was early in the afternoon when we got started on the journey back to our homesteads. Gilbert Nixon and Charlie Paine did not file on any claims as they thought it better to wait until their folks could arrive in about two months. We reached Wolf Creek and camped for the night, and the next night stayed at Carey's place. I might add here that about all the vegetables which could be bought were potatoes, and navy beans, which with cans of tomatoes and peaches, just about completed the list.

The next morning we set out across the prairie the six miles straight west to our claims, keeping a watch for the "old cottonwood tree" which was the only land mark to go by. After some meandering around we spied the old tree and reached it about noon. After lunch we put up the tent—12x16—which we had brought with us, making it comfortable. Since there was no wood to burn, we had our first trial using "cow-chips", the standard fuel of those days. They would be kindled by a few handfuls of dry grass, and made a pretty fair "bed of coals" after you learned how.

We had brought a water barrel from Woodward with us and filled it at Carey's, but since we had three horses to water besides to drink ourselves and cook with, water was our first object. As we were several miles from our closest known neighbor, and not knowing the direction or how far to the nearest ranch house, we decided to see if we could find water in the sand of the dry creek bed a few feet from our tent and at the foot of the old cottonwood.

After digging down a couple of feet water began to seep out of the sand. While it was pretty warm from being in the sand it was good water, so we dug out a hole about four feet square and

about three feet deep, and fixed a board curbing, from some wooden boxes we had, to keep it from caving in. We were very fortunate for we lost all trace of the spring a few feet from where we had dug.

While it was a beautiful spot to build on, in that fairly narrow bottom beside the old cottonwood tree, we had been warned not to build in a creek bottom on account of high-water which generally followed heavy rains. We took the team and sod plow and went up on the prairie to the southwest corner of my father's claim, where Gilbert and Charlie plowed a couple of acres of the buffalo grass sod. The drought had been continuous for several months here as well as elsewhere, and the ground was hard to plow. The sod did not turn over in long "ribbon", but would break or crumble every few feet, but we thought we could get enough out of what was plowed.

All we knew about sod houses was the few we had seen, but we had found out the method. Most of these sod houses were from ten to twelve feet wide and from twelve to sixteen feet long; if a family was too big, they would build another. The idea was that if any bigger the sod walls might not settle straight up and down and fall either in or out. The roofs were generally slightly rounded or "car shaped"—like the roof on a freight car. They would be covered with tar paper, a rim of sod laid around the outer edges. Then five or six inches of dirt would be put on to hold the tar paper down. This kind of a roof shed the water very well. A few made more of a pitched roof and used shingles.

We had always lived in a house with plenty of room, and could not imagine getting along in anything less than a building 24 x 44 feet inside, since Nixon's and Paine's would have to stay with us until they could build. So we staked out the lines for a building that size. We thought that by making the walls about two and a half feet thick, and not over six and one half feet high, we could put on a shingle roof and have plenty of room. Thus the start of the famous old "Sod Store" at Catesby was began.

In laying the sod wall, we would cut the lengths with a spade about two and a half feet long, and they would average at least four inches thick. To handle them without breaking, we would roll them over on a foot board a little longer than the length of the sod. Then we would load them on a wagon, slip the board out, and pick up another, until we had all the wagon would hold up. Then we would haul them up along beside the wall, unload them in the same manner with the board and place them on the wall. The sods were laid overlapping the joints like brick. The grass side was always laid down. It was hard heavy work and when night came you realized you had done a days work.

When we had about two feet of the wall up all the way around, Charlie and Gilbert started for Woodward to see about the mail and

bring back a little lumber for the door and window frames. During this time, my father who was in frail health and not used to roughing it, got so homesick without mother, and from our poor cooking that he seemed to give up and stayed in bed. About all we were living on was boiled beans, a little dry salt pork, and canned tomatoes. Since we could not make or get bread, we had to use crackers.

A day or two after the boys had left, a young fellow rode up on a horse to see what was going on. His name was Herb Filer, and he told us his uncles, Charles and Hayden Kilgore, had a ranch south of us and their buildings were about two miles south along the Dry Prong Creek. He was very pleasant and sociable, said they had a fine large spring and that he was sure we could get some bread from his aunt. I got on my horse and rode back with him and found the Kilgores very fine people, and from then they were always good friends of ours. Mrs. Kilgore said she would be glad to help us out with making bread for us. That did father a lot of good.

Kilgore's pasture contained about eight or ten sections. Their north line fence extended along the south side of my place, its total length was about five miles east from the Texas line which was their west line; their pasture was two miles wide. Our land laid in a pasture which had for its east line the division fence between the next pasture east. The west line ran north along the Texas line and then along the east line of Old Beaver County, a total length of about five miles. Thence east to meet their north and south line on the east. The last point was at the junction of Clear Creek and the Dry Prong of Clear Creek which headed at the Kilgore buildings and ran north along the east side of our land. This ranch was known as the Springer-Hess Ranch, the name of the widow lady who owned the water-rights. Her parents name was Russian, and the ranch was sometimes referred to by that name. Clear Creek was a fine stream with always plenty of water.

The pasture east of the Springer-Hess ranch was the largest in that part of old Woodward County. It belonged to Ira Eddleman and his brother Frank (I believe that was his first name) who lived in Woodward. It must have contained over forty sections. Its southwest corner was the northeast corner of the Kilgore ranch. From this point it extended eastward, and possibly a little northward, for about eight miles, then northward to the neighborhood of West Otter Creek and then westward to Clear Creek. From its southwest corner it ran north—about two miles east of Catesby—beside the Springer-Hess pasture to Clear Creek, then jogged probably a mile east and then north about a mile after it crossed Clear Creek. This was their northwest corner, and gave them about a mile of Clear Creek, which had become quite a large stream at this point. Their headquarter buildings were on the east side of Clear Creek



in this northwest corner. They had several wells with windmills and tanks scattered over their pasture.

North of the Springer-Hess ranch the next pasture was several sections belonging to Mrs. Sandefer, and controlled about a half mile of Clear Creek. North of the Sandefer Ranch, Tom Harlan held several sections on Clear Creek. North of Tom Harland over on the head of Spring Creek, old Mr. Goodale operated on several sections. From a few miles north of Goodale's to the Beaver River a family named Nesbit had a "holding." The Old Beaver County line or "No Man's Land" was the western extremity for the ranches in Woodward County.

In the southeast corner of Beaver County Frank Wentworth had a small ranch. North of him C. K. Moody (Charlie) had a small layout, and the old Venus Postoffice was located in his house, which was just up on the north bank of Clear Creek, which was dry most of the time at this point. North of Moody's there were several brothers named Taft who held several sections. West of the Wentworth place J. I. Lovell, the old hotel man at Gage, had a small pasture. North of Lovell and west of Taft's, over on the Kiowa Creek, the Petty family had quite an acreage near the old Madison Postoffice.

In the corner of Texas an "old timer" named Gigger had about fourteen sections. West of him another old-timer named Charlie Dennison had a small ranch. South of the Gigger Ranch, Andy McKisson, a famous old cowman had quite a ranch, which I think extended south to the South Canadian River. If I remember correctly it was known as the XYZ ranch. The Stuart family that founded the First National Bank of Shattuck owned several sections on the north end of this ranch.

I think this will give a very good idea of the ranch situation as it existed in the fall of 1901 when we landed in their midst, about as green a bunch of "tender-feet" as ever hit the West. While "homesteaders" were about as welcome as a sheepman in a cow country, yet we found all these cowpeople very pleasant and glad to help us any way they could.

One of the principal reasons which caused the rapid decline of the cattle man and their loss of the range was their own shortsightedness. When the movement of the "homeseekers", who failed at the time to secure land at the El Reno drawing during the summer of 1901, headed for northwest Oklahoma, with hundreds of others from Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas who had also heard about the country, began to arrive, the cowmen started in locating them on claims in their pastures for the \$15 a piece the locaters were charging. It looked like easy money to them, because they figured that these people, arriving in the middle of the winter with no buildings to

move into would soon become discouraged, and in the spring they would all be gone, and they would have their pastures again plus the easy money.

However, these people were mostly grandchildren of the early settlers in the states from which they came and from the stories they had heard about pioneering they had some idea of what hardships they had to face. Like their ancestors, when conditions became too crowded "back yonder" they headed west where they hoped to better their conditions and have room to expand with their growing families. When spring came and the black spots of plowed ground began to grow, it was a bitter dose for the cowman. Most of them owned very little land themselves, and what they did have was rough land with a spring and along a creek or river and practically worthless for farming.

About a week after Gilbert and Charlie left, I traded the large Northern horse I had brought with me to Charlie Kilgore for a couple of saddle ponies broke to work in harness as well as the saddle. While he was somewhat of a trader, I appreciated advice about the Northern horses not acclimating, and we needed a team any way. He gave me a good clean trade, and in all the years I knew the Kilgore brothers they never tried to take the advantage of me, and were my friends.

Kilgore fixed me up with a good used wagon and harness, and while the ponies looked pretty small compared to the horses we had been used to, they were honest and willing to pull their best whenever called upon. Besides they were used to rustling on the grass and not used to much grain. Having no fence I had to keep them hobbled or on a picket rope. This enabled me to get some more sod laid on the walls of the house.

I guess the boys had been gone nearly ten days when one mid-morning they drove into "camp" and my mother was with them, having met her at the train at Woodward, after receiving a letter from Gilbert's folks when she would arrive. I can't start to express my feelings to see my mother, and father was getting very feeble but he immediately aroused out of his lethargy, and acted like a new man. Mother started to fix him up something to eat, and baked a sort of bread in a skillet over the cow-chip fire. We had no stove yet because we could not use one in a tent, and coal-oil stoves were unknown then.

With mother on the job to look after father and do the cooking, I began to make pretty good headway on the house. About this time some of the punchers from the Springer-Hess ranch had discovered us and would stop and visit every day. They would laugh at me and tell me a house that size would not stand six months, but it actually was standing thirty years later when it was torn down

to get rid of the rats in it. Several times they would jump their horses over the walls. They were, however, very kind and would drive whatever cattle, which might be near, two miles or more down the creek so they would not find the sod house and tear it up with their horns during the night. We could hear the steers and old range bulls bawl when fighting during the night, but they never bothered us.

At last the walls were completed and ready for the roof. I was up on the top of the wall trimming it down smooth on the inside with a spade, when father came through the opening for the back door and called to me to "Look out, quick!" I looked down and there was a large rattle snake about half way up the inside wall below me climbing up the rough ends of the sod. I jumped down on the outside and came in the front door. The snake just hung on to the wall, and I cut him in half with the spade. He had fourteen rattles and a button. It was the first prairie rattler we had seen. Since we saw no more he must have strayed into the immediate neighborhood.

When Charlie Kilgore told us that Gage was about twelve miles closer than Woodward, we decided to go there for our lumber for the roof. It was the first we had heard of Gage, and in fact Kilgore's and the other couple of punchers were all the people we had seen for a little over a month, and they reported no other new settlers. Father and I started one morning for Gage for the bill of lumber, twenty-four miles distant. From Kilgore's south there was a dim trail for about four miles and then we struck an old wagon trail which came from Gage across the corner of Texas to Beaver City.

There was not a house in sight until we got within about eight miles from Gage which belonged to a horse dealer named Miller—I believe his first name was George. He was shot and killed about a month later over a horse trade near Seiling. We stayed all night with him and reached Gage about the middle of the morning. Gage I don't suppose had over about a couple of hundred people at the time, and was a sort of cowtown on a small scale. The main street was only a block long, and was fairly well built up on both sides. The old Lovell Hotel was on the south side of the railroad track facing Main Street. J. L. Yount had a good general store west of the hotel and was a very likeable man. Ed Massey had just built a new building on the east side on the south end of the main street and had about the largest general stock in town. There was another general store in the north end on the west side owned by Ed McDonald. A man named Montfort had a saddle and harness shop. There were a couple of hardware stores, a few eating houses, and barber shop. Jake Pryor was the banker. He had a little frame building about 12 x 15 feet, the front half of which was the "lobby" and the rear half the "bank."

The two rooms were separated by the counter, from which to the ceiling he had 2 x 4's, upright for a grill. They were spaced just far enough apart so you couldn't reach through with your hand. He had an old safe, a desk and a couple of chairs. Jake would stand "behind the bars" with a forty-five Colt's laying on the counter, a pad of blank notes, and two or three stacks of bills. Jake was a pretty good sort of a fellow and became one of my best friends for years. Father made a deposit with him and we went across to the York-Key and Sharp's lumber yards to see which would give us the best figures, since it was going to take quite a large bill to roof the sod building and other things we needed. The Sharp Lumber company sold us the bill and I drove around to load up. We did not know how much the ponies could haul so did not put on too big a load. We got back out to the Miller place again for the night, and got home late the next afternoon and found mother safe and glad to see us. Our little team of ponies had performed wonderfully.

After several trips I got everything hauled out, and was ready to start work on the roof. It still had not rained, but we were so long building the wall that it had plenty of time to settle as I went along, and did not get the weight above up too fast to make it top heavy. I was really proud of my ability. While father was not able to help any with the work, he knew how the work should be done and showed me how to mark out and cut the rafters and to erect the framework for the roof, as well as the window frames, etc. I did it all myself, raised the rafters and ridgepole, tied the rafters across from where each end rested on the wooden sills laid on top of the sod walls, to complete a truss with each one, put the sheeting on, and did the shingling. I don't recall how many thousand shingles it took, but allowing for the roof projection over each end a couple of feet, and that much eave projection on the sides so the rain water would not drip down on the sod walls, the roof was nearly fifty feet long and about forty feet wide.

We were living at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where I was attending school when we got the Western fever. After I left to come through by wagon, mother sold off all the furniture except some beds and bedding, dressers, cooking utensils, personal things and old heirlooms which she store din Ann Arbor till we were ready for them. A couple of weeks before the house was finished, she had ordered them shipped and we were looking for them any time. They came and I hauled them out, and with a cook stove I bought, we got the east half of the building fixed up fairly comfortable, even with the dirt floor. Still there had been no more new settlers. No more houses six miles east to Carey's, and no more in the twenty-four miles to Gage. While waiting for Nixon's and Paine's to arrive, I spent my time gathering up a large pile of cow chips as a start on winter fuel.

One afternoon, late in November, Gilbert and Charlie arrived from Gage with their folks and my younger brother, Ralph, with all the baggage they could bring through on the train. The next morning Charlie, with Gilbert, started back to Gage to be there when his father, mother's brother Alongo Paine, arrived with their car load of belongings they were bringing from Wisconsin.

In a few days Gilbert and Charley came with a big load of things leading a horse which had come through in the car with their things. Behind them came Uncle Lon with a fine span of grey horses which he had brought in the car and also a big load. It took them several trips to get everything out, including about a hundred bushels of oats for horse feed. The big part of their things they stored in the west half the sod building, and besides all of us living together, the house was none too big. There was Uncle James Nixon and Aunt Eliza, mother's sister; Uncle Lon, a widower, and his family consisting of Charlie, Nellie, Burt, Jennie, and John.

As soon as they had their things all out, Uncle James, Uncle Lon, Charlie, Nellie, and Jennie started for Woodward to file. Uncle James Nixon filed just west of me on the Northeast Quarter of Section 10; Charlie just north of him and west of father on the Southeast Quarter of Section 3; and Nellie on the Northeast Quarter of Section 3, all in Township 23, Range 26. Jennie filed cornering with Nellie on the Southwest Quarter of Section 35, Township 24, Range 26. If Carey had not held this for them it would have been too bad, since all land had been filed on for a considerable distance around us, though none of the claimants had showed up yet. Uncle Lon did not try to file, and Gilbert was still a little under twenty-one.

When they got back, things began to pick up. Nixons started building a sod house about half way west on their place, and Paine's started building their sod house about the middle of Charlie's claim. It began to look like a little settlement. One morning, about the time the others were completing their houses, we noticed a covered wagon camped a mile east of me with some activity going on. It was Otto Brown and his family from Perry, Oklahoma, who had arrived after dark. A few days Orie Haight and family from Edmond drove up; they had filed just west of Charlie Paine. Van Manuel and his bride, also arrived on their claim a mile north of Brown.

Soon families were arriving on their claims at the rate of several every day. When we did start to get neighbors, it seemed as if the whole country settled up all at once. Everybody was busy from daylight till dark putting up sod houses, dugouts, half-dugouts and sod fronts in banks where they had them. People came from Kansas, Missouri, and some from Arkansas, in all kinds of rigs and contraptions hauling their belongings.

My Mother was a wonderful woman and a great manager. After we got ourselves comfortably settled, a sod house 12 x 14 feet inside built across the road from father's and mother's house, on my homestead as well as a board shed for the ponies, we were getting a little low on finances. I knew nothing about responsibility except go to school, but a good education was not going to help much for awhile. While Mother had had no business experience, she could see the wonderful possibilities of a store and post office in the community. It met with the approval of the new neighbors, and a petition was sent in to have mother appointed postmistress. I think the name of Springdale was suggested on account of the spring we had dug down by the old cotton wood tree.

As soon as our kinsfolks moved to their new homes and we had plenty of room again, mother had me take her to Gage to buy a small stock of groceries, and of course bring out the mail for everyone on account of their being too busy to go for it themselves. She bought several sacks of flour (Honey Bee made at Alva) a few sacks of potatoes, a sack of sugar, a couple of cases of syrup, a sack of navy beans, a couple of dozen packages each of Lyons and of Arbuckle coffee; some canned tomatoes, a cady each of Star, and Horseshoe chewing tobacco, some Bull Durham and Granger Twist smoking tobacco, a small scale, and a few other things. I think her "opening stock" came to about \$50. but that bought lots of things in those days. While it cut quite a little hole in our "reserve", mother never winked an eye for she knew she had a duty to perform to her family and the future of the community, and she always had great faith in herself to accomplish whatever she set out to do. If I remember correctly, the store was started in January, 1902.

About this time we had John Goodwin, from the Chaney settlement, come over and dig us a well a short distance from northeast corner of the sod house, which was built the long way east and west, facing the south. Goodwin got us a good strong well of seep water at fifty feet. There were peculiarities in well digging on different sides of a dry creek or deep canyon. At the same ground level on one side water would be obtained at around fifty feet, while the other side the depth to water would go from seventy-five to one hundred feet. Some of the early dug wells were as deep as three hundred feet. In digging a well there would generally be ten or twelve feet of rich black "buffalo grass dirt," then followed a hardpan subsoil down to a sort of mixture of sand, clay and small magnesia rocks in which was found seep water.

The store business rapidly increased, and we were making at least one trip to Gage every week for supplies. We soon began to hire loads hauled as it was necessary to expand with the different kinds of merchandise to meet all the requirements. It was not long till we were using about one fourth of the building for the store.



MRS. ELLA M. ROSE





Hay and grain were out of sight owing to the drought. As soon as Nixon's and Paine's buildings were finished, I went with them north about twenty some miles to the Beaver River, where a ranch family named Nesbit had a lot of fine saltgrass hay for sale at \$4 per ton. It was fine hay and we bought about five tons each. It took two days for the trip, and a ton to a trip on one wagon was a good load since there was no sign of a road the entire distance, and after we crossed Clear Creek four miles north of Catesby, there was no house passed except Goodale's place on Spring Creek. North of Beaver River to the Cimarron River was all in one big pasture, and remained so most of the year 1902.

One afternoon while with Nixons and Paines looking up their corner stones just over the slight long rolling hill north of Catesby, there were three men rode up from the north. They were Lee Polin, W. P. White and A. L. Zartman, who had settled about three miles north a few months before we came. This was the first either party knew of each other. They said that Will Hoke and Fred Ritterhouse had settled neighbors on their north.

Along late in January, 1902, after we got our hay hauled, the homeseekers began to come from Woodward by Catesby looking for locations in Beaver County. Since we had a store, water and some hay stacked up, they camped over night with us. We could not afford to sell them our good hay, so I got one of our new neighbors, who had brought a mower and hayrake with him, to put up about twenty tons of the dead bunchgrass in the canyons. It was coarse and not much good, but it made "filler" for their teams, and I sold it for 25¢ an armful. Lots of the horses would hardly eat it, but I would gather it up and resell it again. Hay was that scarce.

Charlie and Hayden Kilgore's pasture was all settled in the spring of 1902 and they sold out their water holdings and moved to Gage and started a feed yard and livery business.

Eddleman Brothers sold their ranch headquarters land to a man from Kansas by the name of Murray Rader, who later became an early sheriff of Ellis County. The Springer-Hess outfit still held some rough land during 1902. There was considerable trouble from their cattle breaking into crops. Several settlers planted castor beans around the borders of their land, which when the plants were young were deadly poison to stock.

Early in 1902 the travel of the homesteaders became nearly constant.<sup>1</sup> They came in all sorts of contraptions, from good looking covered wagons to covered wagons that looked like they could go

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<sup>1</sup> Most of the names of the list in *Appendix* accompanying this story are of people who came in during the early part of 1902, and others later in that year. They moved in so rapidly I do not remember just the order in which they arrived.

no further, they were so badly cobbled up. One outfit consisted of an old Ozark couple, driving a cow and a mule to their wagon, accompanied by about a dozen razorback hogs herded by some grandchildren. "Locaters" from Woodward would dash by all hours of the day and night with their springwagons loaded with "prospects". Often they would wake us up to inquire if "so and so" had passed. A large percent of those failing to get land at the El Reno drawing came up through Woodward and out into Beaver County.

As I recall the winter of 1901-2 it was pretty much mild and open weather, and although there were several hard freezes, there was very little if any snow. This was a blessing to those coming to their claims, since they had to live in their covered wagons until their sod shanties were completed, for few of the neighbors had room for "overnight guests" in their own generally crowded homes, and fuel was scarce.

Early in January, 1902, my mother started a union Sunday School in her kitchen. There were soon twenty-five or thirty attending, several little groups of children walking from as far away as the Chaney neighborhood, seven miles east. Mother would always give the children who walked, a big slice of bread and butter before they started home. She wrote to old friends in Rochester, New York, who sent her a small portable organ, some Sunday School literature regularly.

The first preacher was Rev. Ed Williams, a Baptist, who heard about the Sunday School, and arrived early one Sunday morning from his home several miles north of the May settlement, west of old Fort Supply on the Beaver River. After a few trips he said the collections were not large enough to pay him for coming, and that was the last we saw of him. He was later the member of the Oklahoma State Constitutional Convention, from the district which became Harper County.

Our sod building was getting pretty crowded with the expanding store business, living quarters, and kitchen where mother would often furnish meals for the locaters and their passengers. My brother Ralph, helped mother in the store while I was kept busy looking after feeding teams and keeping the freight hauled out. On one occasion while at Gage after freight, the barn in the Harlan feed yard caught fire about daylight. I just managed to save our team and some men pulled our wagon out by hand. I lost a roll of bedding and a good overcoat.

Feed yards in those early days consisted of a large fenced in corral, with a barn and hay mow close to the entrance gate. Attached to the barn would be a long shed with stalls and mangers. Across from the barn, at the gate, would be a "bunk-house," where the teamsters stayed. This would be a fairly long building, in the

front end of which would be a small cook stove, a table, a few benches, two or three skillets and a few empty gallon syrup pails for making coffee. The rest of building had a thick matting of loose hay on the floor, for the men to spread out their bed rolls on. I have seen cowpunchers come in all hours of the night, and make coffee, drinking it boiling hot and never "bat an eye." That I could never understand.

One of the most thrilling exhibits of "bronc-busting" I ever saw, occurred at Kilgore's feedyard one afternoon. A bunch of wild horses had been driven in from the plains of west Texas. They were "mustangs" or descendants from the old wild Spanish horses, and weighed between 850 and 950 pounds each. They were tough, wiry animals, and when broke, became gentle and never knew the end of the day, either under the saddle or hitched to a livery buggy. In this bunch of wild horses were two beautiful buckskin colored mares, almost exactly alike in appearance, but one of them had the earmarks of a "mean one." Her movements about the corral and the other horses indicated she was pretty "snakey" and an outstanding animal to break. A purse of \$5 was raised for the one who could ride her. A short, bowlegged, old cow-hand named Johnie Byers volunteered. She was roped and snubbed, but would pitch the saddle off before it could be cinched. Finally she was blindfolded and held by the ears until she was carefully saddled and Johnie Byers crawled "aboard." There was no bridle or anything to guide her, when the word was given to turn her loose. The instant the blindfold was removed, she streaked like a flash out of the corral gate and headed out over the prairie towards the railroad track, on which a freight train was pulling into Gage, with no right-of-way fence along the track. She was so fast no other rider could get near enough to turn her away. She was pitching and spinning like a windmill in a stiff breeze, and pulled every trick she could think of to dislodge her rider. Old Johnie Byers rode her with his spurs clamped into her sides, waving his arms and hat and yelling like a wild Indian. She came up close along the side of the moving train, and followed it still going as wicked as ever. Johnnie rode her like he was a part of her, alternately slapping the side of the box-car and then the side of her head with his hat. Through town they went, where the least false step they both might have went under the wheels. I guess she must have gone nearly two miles when she began to tire and give up. Johnnie rode her back at an easy trot, by this time herded by other riders. She gentled down to a kind disposition, and with her mate became a very popular team for traveling-men to take out.

Early in March, 1902, the settlers started breaking sod to plant a crop, and black spots began to appear all around over the prairies, growing larger every day. Orie Haight started a blacksmith shop on his place a mile west. While he was busy sharpening plowshares, Mrs. Haight drove three little Indian ponies to a breaking plow, to

which he had attached wheels and a seat, carrying a young baby in her lap. Everybody old enough to work, men and women, boys and girls, were working like tigers getting comfortably settled, fencing, digging wells, and starting to get a crop out.

During the latter part of March mother received her commission as postmistress and her supplies to open the postoffice April 1st, 1902. The name selected by the Post Office Department was Catesby. Mother received a letter from Dennis Flynn, the delegate in Congress saying he had given the name Catesby selected after an old general in the Mexican War, since the other names submitted for the new Post Office were too common.

One of the conditions for the establishment of the postoffice was that we would have to carry the mail three times a week from Venus for three months at our own expense, since July 1, 1902, would be the date on which the Government would let all mail carrying contracts again for four years. Thereafter the job of carrying mail to Catesby would be paid for under contract. The mail at that time left Venus three times a week in the morning, carried on horseback by Fred Gigger; going to Old Ivanhoe, twelve miles southwest on the Texas-Beaver County line, thence southeastward through Lipscomb, Texas, to Higgins, Texas, on the Santa Fe Railroad; and then return the next day over the same route.

Venus was a little post office about six miles northwest of us in Beaver County, and was kept by Mrs. C. K. Moody in her house, as a sort of convenience for the ranches adjoining them. Old Ivanhoe postoffice was on the state line and had been established a long time. It was related that at one time while Beaver County was known as "No Man's Land," Ivanhoe had been quite a rough border town.

About the time the Catesby post office was established, another new post office named Speermore was established eight miles north of us. It was named for the two men, W. H. Speer and his partner named Moore, who started a store at that point. At about the same time the Chaney post office was established seven miles east of us by W. L. Hull. I notice I neglected to mention in connection with the Ivanhoe post office, that about the same time also, it was moved about two miles northeast to a point where a man by the name of Mitchell had started a store, which became known as New Ivanhoe. Also six miles southeast of us a family named Howard started a little post office named Alexandria but there was never any store there. Speermore got its mail from Venue. Chaney carried mail from Gage, and I believe Alexandria also carried its mail from Chaney.

I started carrying the mail on April 1st, riding a dark bay Indian mare pony bought from one of the settlers who had come from near the Indian Territory. She was a fine animal but the

instant you started to get into the saddle, she would start to "bolt" quick as a flash, and the rattle of the lock on the mail sack fastened on the saddle made her worse. To prevent any chance of her getting away with the mail sack, I had some one hold her head until I was ready to go. When starting back from Venus, I would lead her into the deep sand of the creek bed in front of the house, and this slowed her down till I got in the saddle. I could never pull her out of a gallop the entire distance to Venus and back.

All the people who settled anywhere within a range of several miles were good, quiet people. They did not have much money but they were thrifty and progressive and the country started to move forward under their efforts. I don't remember of a "tough" family or a scandal during all the years we lived there. There were many people from Kansas City who took claims for speculation; hold them a few months and then sell their relinquishments to someone wanting to become a permanent resident. The claims of these speculators were closely watched and if they did not comply with every letter of the law, their right would be contested at the land office. Generally after a long litigation, they would give up their claims.

Early in April the settlers started planting their crops. Planters were very scarce, and no one had the money to buy new ones at the "hold-up" prices being asked for new farm machinery. Everything the settlers needed had to be bought, and the expression originated among them that they were "betting Uncle Sam their filing fee of \$16 against his 160 acres they could stay the five years necessary to prove up and get title to their land."

The few seed planters in the country that first spring of 1902 were loaned around until they were worn out. There were acres and acres planted by hand with an axe, by making an opening in the sod every three feet and dropping the seed in, then pressing it together with the heel. A few had the old-fashioned hand-jobbers, but they soon wore out. Several made home-made planters by punching a hole in the side of a gallon syrup bucket. It was filled with seed, the cover replaced and an axle run through from end to end. Every third round of the breaking plow, the bucket was attached and as it rolled along on its side in the bottom of the furrow, every time the hole came down it dropped the seed. The next round of the plow covered it.

Since practically all the crops (corn and kaffircorn) planted that first year required no cultivation or attention until ready for harvesting in the fall, nearly all the men and grown boys went to wheat harvest and threshing in Kansas to earn the money to carry on their families and improve their homes. The men took the teams so the women and children generally had to walk to Catesby for supplies and have a little credit until their menfolks could send some money home. Harvest wages were considered very good, \$1.50 per day

single handed or \$3.00 a day for a man and his team. That made a lot of money in those days when 50¢ would buy a pair of the best overalls, and 25¢, a good work shirt.

On July 1st, 1902, the Post Office Department established the first Star Route from Gage through Chaney, Catesby, Venus, Ivanhoe to Logan on the Kiowa Creek in Beaver County. The distance was about forty-four miles, to be made in three round trips a week, or up one day and back the next. The first contractor was James F. Elmore, who had a homestead about half way between Ivanhoe and Logan. His compensation was \$750.00 per year. A short Star Route was established from Venus to Speermore three times a week, the contractor being C. A. Brown of Speermore. After about a year the Venus post office was discontinued, and the Star Route extended from Speermore to Catesby. Alexandria post office was supplied with a short Star Route from Chaney.

Catesby was the first and only store in the 36 miles from Woodward; the same in reference to the 24 miles to Gage, and the 20 miles to Shattuck. In a year or two, it became known as a main spot on the trail. The transient travel of homesteaders constantly grew heavier, and with the establishment of the Star Route, which carried passengers, grandma Rose at "the old sod store" at Catesby soon became known all up and down the way, for her hospitality and kindness in serving the needs of the public. With all her other work in connection with the store, the post office, her household work, she managed to serve meals to the travelers when called on. My younger brother, Ralph, was considerable help, and while she had a woman to help, it required a lot of wonderful management on her part.

I was kept busy looking after the feeding of the teams which stopped at noon, or camped over night. I do not have any recollection of how many tons of prairie hay I got put up that summer. Also I occasionally made trips with the freight wagon when some special business had to be looked after. As the weather got cooler in the fall, campers crowded in their wagons would make beds on the floors in the kitchen and store. The sod cabin on my place was likewise filled in, and I often slept on the counter in the store.

The growing season of 1902 was wonderful. When the men-folks returned from the wheat harvest, they found abundant crops waiting to be harvested. The wild prairie chickens soon became a destructive pest on the shocks of grain. It was a common sight to see several flocks of a hundred or more in one field, tearing into the shocks for the grain. Large coveys of quail were plentiful in the wild plum thickets.

After the crops were gathered the next thought was of winter fuel. The cow chip supply was becoming a thing of the past since



• Sod Building erected at Catesby in 1901, by F. M. Rose





the range cattle were gone, and nobody had the money to spare to buy coal. The problem was solved by putting a couple of extra sets of sideboards on a wagon and going over into the large pastures in Texas where there were still lots of cattle. We would take a wash tub, tie a short piece of rope in one handle, and drag it over the prairie until full of chips and then empty them into the wagon. I remember we gathered a pile about 50 feet long by ten or twelve feet wide, and about eight feet high, or as high as we could throw them without climbing up and mashing them.

Most every one was fairly comfortably prepared for the winter. While they had nothing to sell to buy groceries with, they stretched their summer harvest wages, ate rabbits, prairie chicken and quail and managed pretty well. Every one was cheerful and confident, waiting for spring to come to get out a crop again. Patches on clothes were considered more honorable than medals, in their struggles to gain a comfortable home in the future. All of these people were a credit to any community. It became quite a polite art that first winter to eat boiled corn or kaffircorn, and gracefully and quietly spit the hulls out while at the table. Even the sour wild plums cooked with pie-melons and a little sugar tasted good as a spread on bread.

We had a lot of snow and very cold weather during December, and I recall going down along the Dry Prong with a grain sack and gathering up prairie chicken and quail, starved and frozen during the cold spell. These we thawed out, dressed and ate. The older prairie chicken did not make such good eating because they were tough fleshed and tasted strong of the sage brush they fed on. Even with our store we lived very frugally because there were so many things we needed and planned to do.

There was nothing unusual transpired that first year of 1902. Every moment and opportunity were used to improve their homes and homesteads. There were very few festivities or parties, as nearly everyone went to bed when it became dark to save fuel. Sundays most of the neighbors would gather at the sod store for Sunday School in the afternoon, and if there was a preacher in the neighborhood, he was called on for a sermon.

When farms and pastures were fenced along the section lines, the first roads, which generally angled across the country in as nearly a straight line as possible to a destination, became closed. There was lots of confusion caused in locating section lines which did not cross some deep ravine or run out against a steep bank in the rougher country along the river or the creeks. Often one traveled a road to Gage in the morning, but coming back the next day, a new road had to be found.

Fence posts cost from 15¢ to 20¢ apiece, and any one who could afford a fence with the posts closer than four rods apart with two

barb wires was looked upon as a sort of plutocrat. Milk cows had not yet become plentiful, but horses had to be pastured, and travel stopped from crossing fields of crops. Besides for some reason, we were in a "herd law" district, the north line of which was the township line, a mile north of Catesby.

During the year 1902 all vestige of the once great cattle ranges had disappeared, and the prairies took on the appearance of a farming country. The range had forever been destroyed by the plowed fields of the resolute settlers who had come determined to conquer the wild country and establish new homes like their ancestors had done in the older sections in the East. It was just a few miles west to the Texas line, beyond which, there remained the last surviving cattle ranches.

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### APPENDIX

#### EARLIEST PIONEERS WHO SETTLED THE CATESBY VICINITY, OKLAHOMA, DURING 1901, 1902, 1903.

Alderson, Mrs. Jennie (Fout)	Cochran, Charlie
Alexander, George W.	Cox, Leroy F.*
Athen, Ike	Cox, Clyde
Ayers, William H.	Cox, Don
Baker, Frank	Cox, Frank
Baker, George	Davies, Wilburn
Baker, Newt	Davis, Sidney C.
Baker, Perl	Dale, August
Bales, W. I.	Dale, Stephen
Baysinger, Mel	Drolte, Fred
Bemis, James	Drolte, Charlie
Bickford, Ernest	Drolte, Earl
Black, John	Deeds, George
Blanche, David	Deeds, Burt
Brown, Otto	Dennis, Charlie
Brown, Fred	Dennison, Charlie*
Burke, Richard L.	Dennison, G. P.*
Childers, C. C.	DeLate, Clarence
Chance, Ed	Darr, Frank C.
Chance, Walter	Fritz, William
Case, Thomas	Fritz, Mattie
Case, Mona	Fritz, Hattie
Case, Bert	Fritz, Elmer
Case, Nina	Filer, Fred
Crandall, A. B.	Filer, Mrs. Annie
Crandall, Harry	Filer, Herbert*
Crandall, Roy	Fout, Harvey
Cookman, Mel	Fout, Charlie
Cookman, Claget	Gray, Terrel
Conant, W. T.	Gaines, Ernest
Cochran, Albert	Green, George
Cochran, Rosa	Gallamore, W. T.

\* Settlers who had ranches in 1901-02.

- Getz, Sam  
 Getz, William  
 Haskins, Ruben  
 Hutchinson, H. A.  
 Harston, W. G.  
 Haight, Orle  
 Homoky, Antony  
 Hoke, William E.  
 Henke, August  
 Henke, Paul  
 Henke, Fritz  
 Hoover, Mrs. Ada W.  
 Hart, Ralph  
 Hart, Jay  
 Herman, Palmer  
 Hays, Art  
 Hays, J. W.  
 Hibbs, G. A.  
 Hull, Walter  
 Jenkins, Will  
 Jenkins, Marion  
 Jones, James  
 Jolliff, W. A.  
 Klise, Chas. E.  
 Kilgore, Charlie\*  
 Kilgore, Hayden\*  
 King, Charlie\*  
 King, Miss Alpha E.  
 Largent, W. A.  
 Largent, Elmer  
 Lupton, Miss Cordia  
 Luck, Henry  
 Lovell, Millard  
 Lovell, John  
 Lloyd, David  
 Lloyd, Gomer  
 Lloyd, Howard  
 Lloyd, Dick  
 Lloyd, Henry  
 Lloyd, Jack  
 Lloyd, —  
 Larkey, A. A.  
 Larkey, Will  
 Larkey, Charlie  
 Larkey, Alex  
 Larkey, Pearl  
 Larkey, W. H.  
 Light, Harvey  
 Light, Frank  
 Lightfoot, Hugh  
 Lightfoot, Guy  
 Linn, Levi  
 Lydick, Perry  
 Millsap, B. N.  
 Moyer, Frank  
 Moore, A. J.  
 Manuel, Van A.  
 Manuel, Neely  
 Mason, John  
 Miller, Will  
 Miller, Fred  
 Moody, C. K.\*  
 Nixon, James F.  
 Nixon, Gilbert A.  
 Nehrbass, Fred C.  
 O'Hern, Mike  
 O'Neil, Barney  
 Polin, Lee S.  
 Paine, Alonzo A.  
 Paine, Charlie  
 Paine, Miss Nellie  
 Paine, Miss Jennie  
 Paine, Burt  
 Paine, John  
 Peetoom, Perte  
 Peetoom, Richard  
 Peetoom, Coneilous  
 Rose, Eben (Mrs. Ella M. widow)  
 Rose, F. P.  
 Rose, Ralph G.  
 Ritterhouse, Fred  
 Ritterhouse, Louis  
 Root, Asher L.  
 Richards, Tom  
 Roth, Alonzo  
 Roth, Harry  
 Russian, Springer-Hess Ranch\*  
 Ricker, Wesly  
 Ricker, Curly  
 Stout, Barney  
 Shaw, C. M.  
 Shaw, J. T.  
 Smith, J. A.  
 Smith, Ed  
 Tuttle, James M.  
 Teats, Richard L.  
 Thomas, Burt  
 Trekell, Tom E.  
 Terrell, J. W.  
 Terrell, George  
 Terrell, Frank  
 Terrell, Will  
 Terrell, Roy  
 Vinyard, George W.  
 Vinyard, Ed  
 Wingert, James E.  
 Wingert, Earl  
 Wingert, Kay  
 Wentworth, Frank\*  
 White, W. P.  
 Waldron, George  
 Wood, Claude  
 Wiley, John  
 Wiley, James  
 Zartman, A. L.  
 Zartman, Miss Rosa  
 Zartman, Ira  
 Ellison, William E.