

## NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

ORDER THE INDEX FOR *The Chronicles*, 1955

The Index for Volume XXXIII of *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, 1955, compiled by Mrs. Rella Looney, Archivist, is now ready for free distribution to those who receive the quarterly magazine. Orders for this Index should be sent to the Secretary, Oklahoma Historical Society, Historical Building, Oklahoma City 5, Oklahoma.

A cumulative index of *The Chronicles* beginning with Vol. I, No. 1 (January, 1921) through Vol. XXXIII, No. 4 (Winter, 1955-56) has been completed by Mrs. Rella Looney after several years of work when she could spare the time from her duties in the Indian Archives Department, of the Historical Society. This cumulative index is not available to the general public since it is still in the form of cards on file in a special file case in the Indian Archives Department where researchers may have access to these thousands of index cards in their work. There have been many requests for a cumulative index of *The Chronicles*, 1921 to 1955, which the Historical Society hopes can be published in book form sometime in the future when funds are available for the project.

There is an increasing demand for back numbers of *The Chronicles*. Single copies beginning with 1938 (4 numbers to the volume) and including the current issue (Winter, 1955-56) may be ordered from the Oklahoma Historical Society at a cost of \$1.00 each (or \$4.00 for the volume, unbound). Some numbers before 1938 are no longer available, the extra supply having been exhausted. Available numbers from 1921 to 1938 (Vols. I through XIV) can be ordered at a cost of \$2.00 each (or \$8.00 for the volume, unbound). A complete bound set of *The Chronicles*, Volumes I to XXXIII, when available on our shelves can be ordered at a cost of \$320.00 at this time.

—M. H. W.

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OKLAHOMA HISTORICAL MARKERS ON THE CHISHOLM TRAIL  
AND AT INGALLS ERECTED, 1955

Four additional, official Oklahoma Historical markers have been erected this spring through the active interest of local groups that have special projects to promote and preserve their community history: the Blaine County Historical Association; a citizens' group at Dover, Kingfisher County; the Delphian Club at Waurika, Jefferson County; the Ingalls Activity Club, Payne County. The inscrip-

tions giving the history in each instance have been prepared, and the large metal markers have been erected under the sponsorship of the Oklahoma Historical Society in co-operation with the State Highway Commission. The local group in each community has supplied the funds for the manufacture of the metal plaque, which is enameled in colors and bears the State insignia at the top, approved by the Oklahoma Historical Society and the State Highway Commission in the program of marking historical sites in the state. The inscriptions and locations of these four new historical markers promoted by the above mentioned local groups are respectively, as follows:

- (1). *JESSE CHISHOLM*: Grave about 4 miles N. E. Born in 1805, Jesse Chisholm was Indian trader, manufacturer of salt in Blaine Co. before 1801, and pathfinder on noted expeditions in Oklahoma. Returning from Kans. in 1803, he traveled a path east of here, beginning the famous Chisholm Trail. His last camp was at Left Hand Spring where he died in 1838.

*Location of Marker:* On U. S. Highway #270, at the end of the tree lane, 1¼ miles north of Geary, in Blaine County.

- (2). *THE CHISHOLM TRAIL*: Over this exact spot, millions of Texas cattle were driven to the railroad shipping points in Kansas from 1867 to 1880. Red Fork Ranch, established one-half mile south about 1874, was a well known holding ground for the trail herds in this vicinity.

*Location of Marker:* On U. S. Highway #81, in park at north edge of Dover, in Kingfisher County.

- (3). *WAURIKA*: On 94th Meridian, West Long. This is the only county seat on the 98th Meridian in Oklahoma. Townsite, on west side of line, was in Kiowa-Comanche Reservation opened to settlement Aug. 3, 1901. Moneka was the post office, established 1895, on east side of line, in Plekens Co., Chickasaw Na. Waurika post office opened June 28, 1902.

*Location of Marker:* At Waurika, Jefferson County, where U. S. Highway #70 crosses the 98th Meridian west of the railroad, about two blocks off Main Street. This site is about 4 miles west of the old Chisholm Trail, the fences of which can still be seen overland from south to north.

- (4). *OCTOBER BATTLE*: Site about 3 miles S. E. A battle at Ingalls, on Sept. 1, 1863, between a Dalton-Isbell gang and U. S. marshals was a climax in bringing law and order to Oklahoma and Indian Territories. Three marshals and two residents were killed; several persons were wounded; one Indian was captured. Ingalls was once the home of "Rose of Cimarron."

*Location of Marker:* At northwest intersection of State Highway #91 and #108, one and a half miles west and two miles north of the town of Ingalls, in Payne County.

## THE FIRST DAIRY HERD ON THE CHICKAHOLA TRAIL

Mr. J. G. Clift, member of the Oklahoma Historical Society from Duncan, has contributed the following interesting notes on the dairy industry near old Fort Sill when it was still known as Camp Wichita in 1869:

### *First Dairy on the Chickahola Trail*

There was a 150-cow dairy on the Chickahola Trail, near Duncan, prior to 1870. This dairy was owned and operated by Theodore Fitzpatrick. One is naturally skeptical that there was a dairy at that early date, and the question arises as to where the products from the dairy were sold.

When the Trail was established about 1867, Fitzpatrick who lived at Ft. Arbuckle, moved over on the Trail and put in a general store on Cow Creek, about one and one-half miles northwest of the present City of Duncan. There were no settlements at that time west of Ft. Arbuckle, but Fitzpatrick traded with the trail drivers and cowboys who came up the Trail. He began buying cows heavy with calf from the herds that came up the Trail, which he could get very cheaply, and sometimes for nothing. When Camp Wichita was established in 1869 at the present location of Ft. Sill, he found a market there for his butter, and later at Ft. Sill. Two trips were made each week to deliver the butter at Camp Wichita and at Ft. Sill.

Fitzpatrick was a man of many parts. He was born in Ireland, served in the Confederate Army, was a business man, a stone mason, a dairyman and a rancher. As a stone mason he helped to build the old stockade at Ft. Sill.

On his trips to Ft. Sill he became acquainted with William Duncan, who was born in Scotland, and who was a tailor at Ft. Sill at the time. He sold his store to Duncan in 1872, and the store was thereafter known as Duncan's Store. When the Rock Island Railroad was built in 1882 Duncan moved to the present site of the City of Duncan, and established the first store there. The City of Duncan was named for him.

After selling his store to William Duncan, Fitzpatrick established a cattle ranch about two or three miles northwest of Bradley, Oklahoma. He was also interested in a business in Chickasha, known as Fitzpatrick & Terry, which was located where the New Chickasha Hotel now stands; and also a business at Rush Springs known as Fitzpatrick & Lowe. Later he moved to Chickasha, where he died in 1909.

Fitzpatrick's oldest son, Jim Fitzpatrick, left Ft. Arbuckle before his father did, and established a ranch about eleven miles east of Duncan in 1866, on a creek which was later known as Fitzpatrick Creek. Lake Duncan was built on this creek. He died in Grady County in 1916.

Another son, Bob, became involved in a feud among cattlemen and was killed on July 4, 1902, at a picnic on Bearings Creek, near Bradley.

Most of the above information was obtained by the writer from another 40th. Sillan (Buck) Fitzpatrick, later known as "Uncle Buck", who was born at Ft. Arbuckle in 1860 and died near Rush Springs in 1945. He has four children now living in or near Rush Springs, the oldest of whom, Bob, is now seventy years of age, who remembers from statements of their grandfather and father practically all of the incidents and facts herein given.

Was the dairy established prior to 1870? Perhaps so. Uncle Buck was a modest man and not given to exaggeration. He remembered dates by reference to his own age. He stated that he was seven years old when his father moved to the Chisholm Trail. This could have been in 1867 or early 1868. He thought it was in 1867 and that they had just begun driving cattle up the Trail.

He remembered that they sold butter to the soldiers before the fort was known as Ft. Sill. If so, this must have been prior to 1870. Uncle Buck was not a literate man, and perhaps never read a history, but depended entirely upon his own memory. It would therefore appear that he would not have known there was a Camp Wichita before there was a Ft. Sill, except by his own memory.

—J. G. CHB

### BUFFALO WALLOWS

Newspaper writing may and often does reach heights of literature. True it has its own style, but all literature of quality has style. Quickly read and passed by, it may be too often forgotten. The writings of our own RGM often meet all of the tests of the yardstick of quality, and the subjoined piece on "Buffalo Wallows" is a good example.<sup>1</sup> It has received more than passing notice, and its wide spread interest renders it worth reprinting here:

--G.H.S.

### THE SMOKING ROOM

By R. G. M.

COMES NOW THE SUBJECT of buffalo wallows. At the moment we cannot think of anything with less appeal to the entertaining, cultural and educational senses than a buffalo wallow, yet there may be something to be learned by consideration of it. The new learning may be of the so-what variety bet, even so, some of us are grandparents and others are making daily headway along that route and some day the grandson may ask grandpa what is or was a buffalo wallow, and why. So it is well to pick up these little bits of wisdom as we go along. Being able to describe a buffalo wallow and tell how it got that way in time may return us much dividend in glory and satisfaction as knowing who made the first cross-tie, who found the lost chord or who originated the darning of socks. So we proceed with the wallowing.

\* \* \*

The thing that brought all of this on was mail received after the announcement that the old Chisholm trail would be toured May 3-4-5 by the State Historical Society. Many old-timers from the Red river to the Kansas line have invited the tourists to stop and view the buffalo wallows, made a century ago, that still are plainly visible. The younger folks, those under 70 years of age, are beginning to ask what is a buffalo wallow,

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> R. G. Miller, Editor "The Smoking Room" in *Oklahoma City Times* for March 9, 1956.



SILAS ("DUCK") FITZPATRICK



BGM is grateful to Arthur Halloran, the game management biologist of the Wichita Mountains wildlife refuge, for professional guidance and light on buffalo wallows. It is part of his business to keep up detailed notes of the ways, habits, ailments and joys of buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, moose, squirrels, turkeys, longhorns, prairie dogs and other animal life rabbits. 45,000-acre refuge. People who never have seen a buffalo wallow is the best place to visit the open spaces of grassland in the refuge. There they are invited to visit the open spaces of grassland in the refuge. There they will see buffalo wallows that are being manufactured every day, by the herd of several hundred buffalo on the range, and also they can see left-over wallows that were made 100 years ago and never used since. Any ranger riding herd in the refuge will gladly lead you to an old or a new buffalo wallow.

\* \* \*

In our travels in the state we have been shown buffalo wallows near Harrah, Okemah, Leedey, Elk City, Geary, Laverne, Beaver, Guymon, Woodward and a few other places. Chances are any sidling farmer in any west-side county can take you to a never-cultivated pasture and show you a buffalo wallow, made before 1877.

\* \* \*

Getting into the meat of the situation, what is back of a buffalo wallow? Why does the buffalo wallow? It's because of the itch. The big bison is nearly always bothered by the itch. He can't reach around and scratch the itching hide we editors, bankers and teachers do, so he lies down in the grass and begins to rub and roll. He gets the itch from small black flies that pester him almost constantly. The buffalo can soothe his itch more effectively by starting a new wallow in fresh grass, but sometimes uses the ones already started. To begin a new wallow the buffalo saws up a little grass, flops down and rolls on one side. He never rolls completely over because the hump is in the way. It itches on the other side, too, so he gets up, goes down again and rolls and rubs the other side, his feet waving in the air. When the buffalo rolls in a dry wallow he gets a dust bath: if it's a muddy wallow he comes out with a poultice. You probably didn't know these things; we didn't either until Mr. Halloran told us.

\* \* \*

Nobody seems to know just why the buffalo wallow should be round, but all of them are circular. Winds blow dust from the slight depressions, and the mud carried away in the buffalo's fur also helps to make a shallow, saucer-like dish in the earth. Typical buffalo wallows, old or new, are 12 to 15 feet in diameter and usually no more than six to ten inches deep in the center.

\* \* \*

Since the wallows persist for many years and were ever so numerous when the buffaloes ranged western Oklahoma, Mr. Halloran says it is probable that many of the wallows remain unrecognized on level, never-plowed lands throughout the plains sections. The wallows collect a little more water than the surrounding land. Very often you will find water-loving plants growing in the wallows. Botanists are intrigued with the diversity of plants and flowers which exist in and around the old wallows.

\* \* \*

When the Chisholm Trail tour bends far enough westward to visit the Wichita refuge some of the old and new buffalo wallows will be flagged so that the inquisitive ones may see them.

\* \* \*

On the refuge ranges, crawfish have been found to make their homes in buffalo wallows. Roaming raccoons sometimes explore the wallows nightly in quest of food. The wallow is significant in other ways. It fits into the soil and water conservation picture by allowing water to sink more readily into the soil. Pioneer folks could have used the wallows as "frail holes" in sudden windstorm emergencies, and an occasional buffalo hunter may have saved his own hide by flattening his tummy in a wallow when arrows flew around him. You probably remember reading in books where trapped troopers sprawled in a buffalo wallow like spokes in a wheel while their blazing guns held off the circling Comanches!

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AT FORT COBB IN 1868,  
AND A VISIT TO A KIOWA INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

Private David L. Spotts, Co. I, Nineteenth Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, with General P. H. Sheridan's column at Fort Cobb in 1868, kept a journal during his sojourn at this old military post in western Indian Territory (Spotts and Brininstool, *Campaigning with Custer* [Los Angeles, 1928]). The young man's description of the soldiers' favorite shelter at Fort Cobb, the dug-out with the "dog tent" for a roof and an adobe fireplace and chimney for warmth, is given in "A History of Fort Cobb," published elsewhere in this number of *The Chronicles*. Spotts gives two other entries in his *Journal* (pp. 83-6), among many others, that are of special interest here:

Wednesday, December 21, 1868.

The train unloaded today, for the Indians are now coming in pretty fast and camping across the river about a mile from the fort. Most of the wagons went to Arbutle in another train after supplies, for there are not only soldiers but the Indians to feed. We have been issued supplies for ten days, and we have to guard them closely. They are piled under a big tarpaulin and there has to be a guard on both sides all the time. The officers' stores are stacked in the center row and the other provisions on either side.

One man of our company is missing and it is thought by some that he went in the wagon train to Arbutle or followed it as his horse is also missing.

I lost my gold pen this evening and will have to use a pencil to keep my records and diary. I have gotten pretty well acquainted with all the men in our squad, all of them very nice fellows. . . . We have pretty good times together and those who command us are fine fellows. The Indians are making lots of noise and they are dancing and yelling until a late hour.

Thursday, December 22, 1868

The Indians are not allowed to camp within a mile of us and we have a double line of pickets besides the camp guard. There are at least three Indians here now to one white soldier.



We drew new dog tents today and put them up near the big tents. We have the sides of the big tent taken off in fair weather so we can see that no one can get under the canvas without being seen by the sentry. My company is camped nearest to me, next to the river and my lower ground. We have put up our tent on a high place where the water can run off if it rains. Three of us occupy one tent. . . .

The whole regiment has dog tents and we do not like them at all as we have to get down on all fours to get inside. The regulars have "A" tents like those of our officers while at the Seventh headquarters they have wall tents, about 12 x 20 feet. It does not look to me that we Americans are all "born free and equal," but perhaps that does not apply to all soldiers. We have to be satisfied with what we get, but is all they have here, and it is a protection from the weather both rain and wind.

I have not heard from home since I left Kansas, and when I see others reading letters, with a smile on their faces, it makes me feel lonesome. Were it not for the tricks we play on each other, our time would pass very slowly.

Our horses are beginning to look better with two feeds of corn daily, and the grass we manage to find for them.

This afternoon six of my comrades and myself visited a Kiowa camp, near Fort Cobb. The tents were widely scattered along the south bank of the Washita, sometimes three or four close together. There were few Indians outside the tents except children.

We soon came to a group of boys who were playing a game with arrows. They had two stakes about thirty feet apart. They stood at one stake and threw their arrows with the hand, sticking them in the ground around the other stake. It was very much like the white man pitches horseshoes. They would put the arrows quite close so very few were more than a foot from the stake. After a lot of Indian talk they would then pitch them back to the other stake. While we were watching the game some dogs chased a squirrel up a tree a short distance away and began to bark when the boys left their game and went to the dogs.

We could see the squirrel lying flat on the top of a large limb about forty feet from the ground. Several boys were soon there with the bows and arrows. One of them who seemed to be a good shot, went an arrow so close that the squirrel jumped higher on the limb and laid closer than before. The same boy shot again and the arrow plowed through the hair on his back. He ran out on a small limb and jumped into space. He no longer struck the ground when one of the dogs seized him and ended the sport.

We next visited a kind of work shop, where two or three old men were making bridles, lariats, leggings and some other things out of colored leather. The bridles were made from tanned leather cut into strips and nicely braided. Moccasins and leggings were trimmed with fringe on the seams. The work was well done for the kind of tools they used. They did not notice us or speak to us and when we spoke to them they sometimes gave a grunt, but said nothing that we could understand. We did not have any money, so did not offer to buy anything.

There were no men to be seen except a few old ones, and they all seemed to be busy. An old squaw came up to us and offered to sell us a pair of nicely headed moccasins. She could not understand us, nor could she tell us the price. She finally started off and motioned us to follow, which we did. She led us to a nice tent some distance, where the lodges were quite thick, and there we met a very intelligent looking squaw who

could talk English. She was engaged in making fancy work of scenery, buds and flowers, on cloth and leather, and showed us some very gaudy clothing, trimmed with many colored beads. She said she learned to do that kind of work at an Indian School at some place in Texas. She stayed there nearly five years, and learned to do what we saw, and also learned to speak English. She did not sell her work for money, but traders visited their camp about once a month and she exchanged her goods for what she wanted such as beads, thread, needles, clothing, purses and bead bags, which she trimmed and traded back again. She said the white men were very good to her and she would like to have her people become like those she had lived among for several years.

We visited another tent where two squaws were engaged painting pictures. They had the walls of their tent covered with skins of various sizes and on each was a painting of some kind. On one that seemed most beautiful was a picture, in colors, of mountain scenery, a small lake, with an Indian village near the shore on one side. The two women occasionally spoke to each other, but said nothing to us and we went on to the next people we saw. An old squaw and two old men were making a frame of wicker work for an addition to their tepee. The frame was in the shape of a "prairie schooner" made of willows tied with leather. The sides were perpendicular for about four feet and then arched over, making a room 8 x 10. Another one near was finished and covered with buffalo skins. This was to be the bedroom to their home.

Then we returned and found the boys near where we left them but they had bows and arrows and showed us some good marksmanship with that kind of weapon. They could hit a circle three inches in diameter quite often at thirty feet, and some hit it at fifty feet or more.

When they tell you an Indian is lazy, we beg to dispute it, for we did not see one idle in all that camp. All were doing something, even the little youngsters.

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### A STORY ABOUT THE POPLIST PARTY

Mr. Floyd R. Bull has been a resident of Oklahoma City for forty-nine years, having come to Oklahoma Territory in 1901. His recent letter to the Secretary of the Historical Society gives some personal experiences in the days of the Populist Party:

Feb. 14, 1944

Mr. Elmer L. Fraker, Administrative Secretary  
State Historical Society  
City

Dear Sir:

I have been a member of The State Historical Society for many years and take a great deal of interest in Oklahoma history. I was much interested in your splendid article in Autumn, 1935 issue of *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, "The Election of J. P. Callahan." In this article you wrote of beginnings and growth of "Populism" in early day Oklahoma Territory.

I was living in Butler County, Kansas in the same period, a boy of 16-17, and I have a personal knowledge of the development of Populism in Kansas. It was a period of "Hard Times," with the farmers faced with

very low prices for their fat hogs, corn and other agricultural products, and without a corresponding lower price for what they had to buy. They began to blame this situation on the "town people," especially the retail merchants, and about 1888-1890 organized "The Farmers Alliance" widely proclaimed a non-political organization. This spread over Kansas and I suppose was part of a general movement. The object of the "Alliance" was more co-operation among the farmers, and one of the first plans was to organize retail stores, to compete with the town stores, and thus bring prices down. Such a store was actually opened in El Dorado, and I presume in other places. They soon discovered that this was not a cure for the existing condition, and the store in El Dorado soon went out of business. Still no politics.

But it was not long before the "Populist Party" came into existence. But positively Populism did not begin as a political movement. The origin was the "Farmers Alliance." I positively know of these facts; I was living on a farm then near Cheesee, and was a member of the "Farmers Alliance," and a keen observer of following developments. The Farmers Alliance soon was "in politics" as the "Peoples Party" or Populists. They became the dominant party in Kansas, and won county, congressional, and state elections. In the election of November, 1892 the Populists elected their candidate for Governor, also approximately half of the legislature. When the Kansas Legislature assembled in January 1893, trouble at once arose over the organization of that body, resulting in the Populists electing a speaker, and assembling on one side of the chamber, and the Republicans electing a Speaker, and using the other side of the hall. This unrealistic condition, of course, could not continue long; the Populists had a bright idea (they thought).

By pre-arrangement they went to the legislative chamber early one morning, took over possessions, and locked and barred the doors. The Republicans reporting at the usual hour, found they were locked out, and the Populists in charge of the hall. They were surprised, and soon very angry. Led by George L. Douglass, a representative from Wichita (Sedgwick Co.), they repaired to the Santa Fe shops, secured sledge hammers, and returned and battered down the locked doors, entered and drove the Populists out. They then proceeded to act as the Legislature; they swore in students of Washburn College as Sergeants-at-Arms, armed them with Winchester rifles, and needless to say, Populists became scarce around there.

Then the Populist Governor called out the State Militia (National Guard.) I was a member of Co. "H" of El Dorado. The company assembled at its armory, under command of its captain, and soon was on its way to Topeka, via Santa Fe R. R. Upon arrival in Topeka we marched to the Capitol, and I assume the Captain reported to the Governor. We were quartered in the large basement, or first floor room, and marched down town for our meals at restaurants. After the Governor got us there, he seemingly did not know what to do with us, although I do recall one day serving in a detail which was assigned the duty of guarding the State Treasurer's office—on the assumption, I suppose, that the Republicans might take over the State Treasury. We remained there for several days, then were sent home.

<sup>1</sup>In another letter, dated February 2, 1956, Mr. Floyd R. Bull added another note to his story about the Populist Party members in the Kansas Legislature: "I might add to the account of 'The Legislative War' that Ervin Covey, First Sergeant of our Co. 'H' was accidentally shot in the left hip by a bullet from a large revolver carelessly handled by a member of the Wichita Battery quartered in the same large, ground floor room, or corridor where we were. He was given hospital treatment by the State of Kansas, and a pension by the State during the following years. This was the only casualty of 'The Legislative War.'"

I assume that the political leaders, come to a realization of serious results that might result, came to some kind of an understanding, or compromise, and called an end to the situation. In Kansas history this episode came to be known as "The Legislative War."

Sincerely,

Floyd R. Ball

P. S.

In the later nineties the following changes occurred on the Kansas political scene: First came "Fusion"; the Democrats had always been the minority party in Kansas and it was "anything to beat the Republicans." Then after a short period of "Fusion," if it is allowable to say that a smaller body can "absorb" a larger body, then I can report that the Democratic Party "absorbed" the Populist Party, along with many of their Socialistic ideas—this was many, many years before F. D. Roosevelt and the "New Deal"—and from then on the Populist Party went out of existence.

#### FIRST CHURCH SERVICES IN OKLAHOMA CITY AFTER APRIL 22, 1889

Captain Daniel F. Stiles, Provost-Marshal of Oklahoma City and the surrounding district, served with Captain Freeman Given, James Downie, L. F. Lee and A. C. Scott on a committee that brought about the organization of the First Presbyterian Church of Oklahoma City in 1889. Notes on the history of this church have been contributed to *The Chronicles* by Miss Eula Fullerton, a member of the present congregation:

Though now sixty-five years old, the First Presbyterian Church of Oklahoma City is not retiring. Indeed, Dr. Halston Smith, in his recent anniversary sermon of the organization of the church, called upon the congregation for renewed spirit and effort as he recounted the struggles of the founding pioneers.

It was a Presbyterian sermon which was the first spiritual message brought to the settlers on Sunday, April 28, 1889, just six days after great throngs of people had made the run into the "Oklahoma Country," and several thousand had settled at the site of "Oklahoma Station" on the Santa Fe Railroad, to form Oklahoma City. This first Sabbath message was given by a Presbyterian preacher, the Reverend C. C. Hembree, who had come down to the Territory from Kansas in a trainload of settlers. He talked forty-five minutes standing by the well which was then located at what is now Main and Broadway, preaching to a sizeable group that had gathered after word had been spread by the soldiers from the company stationed at the military post guarding the new city. His text from the New Testament was an admonition from the Apostle Paul to the young preacher, Timothy, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Hembree commented later that the service was well attended, the people responsive, and he was complimented by the soldier in charge for setting the young community off to a good start. The First Presbyterian Church was formally organized as a mission in Oklahoma City on November 3, 1888, and when it was not yet five years old, it assumed self-support.