

PAYNE COUNTY

Historical Review



VOLUME VII

NUMBERS 3 & 4

WINTER & SPRING 1987

Cover Drawing

In 1943 the History Class of Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College prepared papers after interviewing settlers who came in the Run of 1889 and the immediate years that followed. A copy of the “Book of Memories” was placed with the Payne County Historical Society. This issue features many of the papers that were written by the Class of 1943.

The cover is a reproduction of the drawing done by Miss Mary Helen Deming for the title page of the “Book of Memories.”

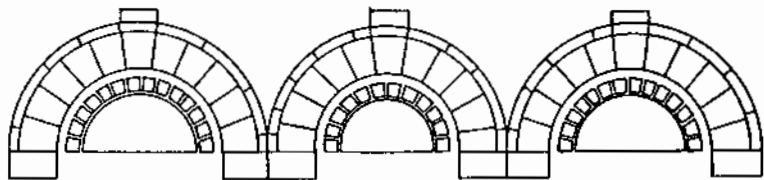
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PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Editorial Policy

The PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL REVIEW is published quarterly by the Payne County Historical Society. It is distributed without additional charge to members of the Payne County Historical Society. Single issues, when available, may be purchased at \$2.50 each.

The PAYNE COUNTY HISTORICAL REVIEW welcomes reader's comments, news, or requests for information from readers. Family histories, memories, diaries, letters, histories of groups or institutions, articles, photographs, or maps are also welcome. No payment is made for articles published in the REVIEW.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Editor. The Society assumes no responsibility for statements made by contributors.

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by John Whittemore

First Days of Stillwater As Told By An 89er

Winfield, Kansas, in the year 1889 was a loaded cannon ready to unloose a charge which would rock the entire Southwest. Adventurers and prospective home builders by the thousands were here and in similar cities near the Oklahoma border. The ever famous "Run" of '89 was on the lips of every mouth and in the air they breathed.

Our story takes us to a small house near Miller's 101 Ranch, just out of Winfield. Here we find the family of Harry Swope, not unlike other people of this time, talking of the soon to come "Run." Harry had come from Pennsylvania earlier because of ill health. He wasn't on his back in bed, so that meant that he would make the "Run." He left earlier than the scheduled date, for the new lands, hoping to get settled on a good strip before the "Run." This, of course, was against the law of the "Run," so he returned to start with the gun."

Several days before the "Run" actually started, committees were organized to go in advance and select town-sites for the "Run" destinations. There were a hundred people to a town-site; Harry Swope found his party and paid five-dollars to belong to an unknown town-site in the new territory. On April 22, 1889, the gun was fired. People rushed into

Oklahoma from all directions; some on foot, others riding wagons and horses, traveling as rapidly as the time would permit.

Soon Harry Swope arrived at his town-site, and along with the rest of the hundred, started organizing the new town. It was finally decided that the town should be called, Stillwater, for the lazy little creek that ran nearby. A small boy was singled out from the group and blind-folded to draw from the hat the numbers for lots. There were to be two lots for each family or individual pioneer, and the numbers were written on gun wadding. This drawing was held on what is now Main Street.

As soon as the people became familiar with the business of home building, it became necessary to elect the first town officers. T. W. Myton was Stillwater's first Mayor, and Harry Swope was the first City Treasurer.

Harry opened the first dry goods and shoe store on his lot east of what is now the fire-station. A grocery store, a hardware store, a restaurant, a livery stable and a hotel in a tent were some of the first businesses to spring up in the busy little town. Harry Swope's father and T. W. Myton built a two story building on the corner where Cookseys Grocery now stands and opened a bank. This was the first bank of Stillwater and is now the First National Bank of Stillwater.

Stillwater's first newspaper started off with a bang and ended just as suddenly. Joe Marifield, the owner and printer had to make a trip to what is now Guthrie and purchase some supplies. He rode out of Stillwater one day and has never been seen or heard of since that day.

Just after the trouble with the newspaper, trouble was coming towards Stillwater's bank. The bank was financially bothered and had to sell out to the Guthrie bank. Soon after this

the Guthrie bank in turn failed and they sent a delegation of shady individuals up to get money from the newly organized bank of Stillwater. The party got into the bank without any bodily harm, but they came out just as they went in, empty handed. The men were held in the bank for twenty-four hours. A man by the name of Keller and Harry Swope were guarding the two entrances to the building and after the Guthrie mob surrendered, peace was restored in Stillwater again.

Thus a town is born—sometimes amid storms and wind, other times in peace and prosperity. Stillwater grows and changes season after season. What was a livery stable then may be a theatre or drugstore now. Stillwater has increased in population, first one hundred, now one thousand. The people do very little thinking about the first days of Stillwater; they do not know, but Harry Swope often looks back and dreams of 1889, for he was one of the first and is the last of the original hundred now living in Stillwater.

The spelling of proper names is based on pronunciation because of lack of detailed information.

by Mary Bickel

Story of An Eighty-Niner, Mrs. Harry Bullen

In 1889 when the Unassigned Lands of Oklahoma were opened for white settlement a group of men in Winfield, Kansas, formed together for the establishment of Stillwater. This Townsite Board consisted of one hundred members; each member was interested in establishing a business and making Stillwater a growing, prosperous town. Each member was allowed one business and two resident lots. They drew for position of these lots. Mr. Harry B. Bullen was a member of this Townsite Board. He came to Stillwater in June 1889. Mr. Bullen was interested in the lumber business and in a few days had established his lumber yard.

On April 5, 1890 Mrs. Bullen arrived in Oklahoma Territory with her three-months old baby. She came from Winfield, Kansas to Perry, Oklahoma, by train. Mrs. Bullen arrived in Perry at nine o'clock at night and was met by Mr. Bullen.

The trip from Perry to Stillwater is still very clear in Mrs. Bullen's mind. It was a beautiful, moonlight night and the trip was made in the family hack. To Mrs. Bullen, who had always seen the black soil of Kansas, it seemed the end of everything when she stepped from the hack on the red soil of

Stillwater. She can still see how white the soil looked on that night.

At that time the town consisted of Main and Ninth streets. The south part of town was filled up more than the north. One mail a day came in a hack from Perry. It was distributed about six o'clock from the town Barber Shop.

Since the country was new, everything had to be built from the ground up. Lumber had to be hauled by horse and wagon from the railroad station at Wharton or Orlando. The farmers who hauled the lumber came into town the night before a trip was to be made, and spent the night at the lumber yard. These farmers would arise very early the next morning and start on their trip. They usually could make this haul in one day. It was through these haulings that many of the farmers were able to pay for the lumber they needed to build houses on their farm.

There were no church houses during this first part of the period, but church services were held upstairs above where Cooksey's Grocery is now located. Ice cream socials formed the social life for Stillwater citizens. All ice for these socials had to be brought from Guthrie. In case of sickness small quantities of ice could be obtained from the town saloons.

The most vivid memory that Mrs. Bullen has is in connection with the opening of the Cherokee Outlet. In 1893 this strip of land was opened to white settlement by runs. The day before the big opening Stillwater was filled with strangers. Camps were pitched in any and all parts of the town. It was one of those rare, beautiful Indian Summer days, and the whole atmosphere was filled with a sense of anticipation. The air was thick with smoke from the camps, dust from the passing horses and wagons; yet in spite of this turmoil a stillness prevailed that was felt by everyone. As Mrs. Bullen

thinks back over that scene now it seems that every wagon was followed by two or three dogs.

Mrs. Bullen has been a resident of Stillwater since 1890, and lives at 504 West Third. Her first home in Stillwater consisted of two large rooms. This was the only house in town at that time built on a foundation and having built in clothes closets.

Mr. Bullen died in 1929. He was one of the original holders of the first group of bonds, comprising \$10,000, raised by citizens of Stillwater to aid in establishing Oklahoma Agriculture and Mechanical College. Mrs. Bullen owns number eight of these original bonds, and it is a prized possession. There are only three in existence.

Mrs. Bullen has two sons. Both are graduates of Oklahoma A. & M. One is now an engineer in Oklahoma, and the other is a physician in New York.

Since I have talked to Mrs. Bullen, I appreciate much more the glamor and romance inherent in the old, romantic things. I see too the strength and courage that this country is founded on. It has made me love my section of this country more, and to feel proud that I am a part of such a country. I feel akin to all that has gone before in its history, and I shall feel a part of all that will be its future.

by Eugene Wedin

A Story of the Eighty-Niners As Told By Mrs. Alice Pound

It was weeks before the time set for the opening of old Oklahoma that people began camping on the line anxiously awaiting the opening signal. The Eighty-niners that came camped in wagons, buggys, tents; some rode horses with only blankets for protection from the weather. Then on April 22, 1889, at twelve o'clock noon, the United States Marshal gave the signal which was a shot from a pistol. When this shot was fired there was a mad rush and the run was on, everyone trying to get the best land for himself.

As the settlers found the land they wanted they had to stake their claim. Having staked his claim, the Eighty-niner had fourteen days to go to Guthrie to file his claim. When the settler went back to his homestead he had the problem of preparing a place to live. Some of the settlers had tents and some made dugouts, while others made homes from logs because cut lumber was hard to get as there were no lumber mills.

The first year the settlers didn't raise many crops because it was so hot and dry, and because of this the Government helped the people by giving them food such as navy beans, sugar, corn meal, dry salt meat, and some flour.

There were few chickens raised as there was not proper housing available for them and when the Indians got on the war path, they would come into the yards and kill the chickens. They would also look in the windows at night which naturally frightened the children very much. There was nothing the settlers could do about them so the government called out the militia to quiet them. When everything was quieted, the settlers began farming on a larger scale as there were a few small hand implements and supplies brought from Guthrie by wagons. The settlers planted all their seeds with hand planters.

When the crops ripened and the grass died, there was great danger of prairie fires because of the carelessness on the part of the early settlers. When the fires broke out they spread so rapidly that everyone had to fight with all the power he had to get the fire under control as water was scarce. Sometimes the fire would be so bright that one could read a newspaper a mile away.

As time passed the settlers were steadily improving their homes as best they could. Some of the improvements were the digging of caves for storm protection; also for storerooms for keeping food. The settlers dug wells and, besides providing water, they were also used to keep the butter and milk cool. In the early days, mail was very hard to get and sometimes it took weeks to get, as it depended on the weather for the roads were not very good. There were many outlaws here, but they were very friendly to the settlers. The settlers that survived these hardships had many thrilling experiences and are proud to be Eighty-niners who were instrumental in the development of Oklahoma.

by Betty Tourtellotte

How the Eighty-Niner Lived As Told By Mrs. Alice Pound

As I listened to the stories of '89er Mrs. Mary Ann Tourtellotte, I realized how much we have progressed since the time this land was first settled. It is hard to think of Oklahoma as a place without nice homes, roads, and fine brick buildings, but it was once without all these.

The homes of the '89ers were merely shelters. Some lived in tents; some lived in dugouts; and others built themselves what they called "pole shanties." These "pole shanties" were unhued logs laid on top of one another, ends crossing, and the cracks were dobed with mud. They had no floors except that which the earth provided.

There was very little furniture brought down in the run, and most of it had to be made after the settlers came. For a bed Mrs. Tourtellotte slept on two sawhorses with a board top. Her mattress was a straw tick, which she assured me was not very comfortable. The settlers got their water from wells which they dug themselves. On wash day the women carried water from the well and put it in a huge black kettle. They built a fire under the kettle and boiled the clothes until they were clean, stirring them constantly with a stick broken from the limb of a tree.

lumber, and taking it many miles to his home, and unloading it. The women did a great deal of this work.

As soon as settlers began to homestead in Oklahoma a number of robbers began to appear. Ingalls, only a mile and a half from Council Creek, is quite famous today for the notorious gangsters who made their headquarters there in the early days. Mrs. Tourtellotte said that these gangsters would come to homes at any time of the day or night and tell the settlers that they were going to sleep in their barns. At first this frightened the people but the robbers never bothered them or took anything from them. The people dared not report them for if they did they were signing for their own death and destruction. Besides, there was no strict enforcement of the law. Once one of the thieves took a horse from the place he had slept. When the leader discovered the theft he demanded that the horse be returned to its rightful owner. The gangsters did not stop at sleeping in the settler's barns, but they also came uninvited to their parties. The settlers by no means welcomed them, but they could not keep them out.

At this point my interview came to a sudden close. It seemed as though Mrs. Tourtellotte, who is more active at seventy-five than most people at forty, had to work on her victory garden. She promised me, though, that she would tell me more if I would come back, and that is exactly what I intend to do.

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by Margie G. Tallman

A Pioneer Woman: Miss Ellen Donahoe of Tulsa

When the famous runs of Oklahoma are studied, the general opinion is formed that those making the run were brave and stalwart men. We perhaps overlook the fact that many women accompanied their husbands in making the run. Even more courageous were the women who came to Oklahoma from distant states, who made the run along with the men, picked their own land, and fought to keep it. Such women as these lived in the nineteenth century and among them was a woman called Ellen Donahoe.

A short time before the opening of the Cherokee Strip in 1893, Ellen Donahoe was living in Wisconsin. She was a young school teacher in her twenties. Upon hearing about the beautiful idle country in Oklahoma and its boundless opportunity she made the decision of accompanying her three brothers to Oklahoma to make the run for land there. She asked for a leave from school for three months.

After the long and dusty trip Ellen Donahoe arrived in Mulhaul, Oklahoma. Until the day of the opening her three brothers got her a job weighing wheat and paying checks in an office.

On September 15, the day before the run, Ellen and her

brothers were invited to the home of Bart Murphy at Marshall. They enthusiastically accepted. Marshall was a town twelve miles from Mulhail and they traveled the distance in a buckboard. Ellen was anxious to see Bart Murphy's place for she had pictured it be a large and splendid home. She was very surprised to see a small house fifteen by twenty four feet, consisting of three rooms: living room, bed room and a lean-to kitchen. When Ellen stepped near the door she heard Bart Murphy's voice, heavy with his Irish accent call out, "Is that ye, Miss Donahoe? Come in until I see ye." Upon entering the room he exclaimed, "Oh, what a buxom young woman ye are."

In a short time dinner was served. It was prepared by a barefooted girl of fourteen. Ellen said that, "It was without exception the best meal I ever ate."

That night a barefooted boy came for the young cook and took her to a dance. It might be added that this young girl grew to be a very fine woman and a leader among the society women of Oklahoma.

After dinner Ellen began to worry about a place to sleep. At nine o'clock one of her brothers said that it was time to retire, so the men left to return with saddles and blankets which were lined up in the small living room for beds. A sick woman from the small bed room called, "Come in here Ellen and get inside with me." When everything was quiet, Ellen thought she couldn't possibly sleep for the intense, nervous excitement which filled the air and penetrated into the soul of everyone. In a short time, however, she was sound asleep, which indicates that Ellen Donahoe was a person of strong body and quiet nerves.

The morning of the great event was a beautiful one. As the people formed on the starting lines it grew hot and

extremely dusty. The excitement was intense and penetrated the air. There was a great deal of joking and talking as the horses, buckboards, and carriages lined up twenty-deep to wait for the signal. At twelve o'clock a gun was fired and the look-out-for-yourself policy was put into effect. Ellen Donahoe's brothers entered the territory on horses, while Ellen traveled in a single buggy with a span of two year old colts that had never been hitched before.

Ellen and her brothers crossed many streams where they had to make a V down to shallow water. Since she was from Wisconsin where the land is rather marshy, she picked a hill and said to her brother John, "I want that hill, John."

"Are you sure?" he asked, for he knew that there was an excellent quarter of land next to it. She took the hill. Her brother John felt that he had no right to have any advantage over the other men making the run, so he stayed and helped his sister get started.

John spread a "topaulin,"¹ gave her a jug of water, a loaf of bread, and boneless ham, coffee, a six shooter and left her to watch over her land while he went to find brother James, who was still recuperating from typhoid.

Ellen said, "the whole thing was a new experience for me and I was terribly frightened." All afternoon she held the gun in case a rattle snake should come near, for she had a distinct aversion to them. Before that day she had had no experience with a gun, but she was sure that if the occasion arose she would do her best to work it.

About two o'clock, those who didn't get claims began to come back. They tried to get her to leave her land but she only retorted, "I'm here to stay, you go where you please."

At five o'clock her brothers returned and had dinner with Ellen on her claim. They had been successful getting land

too.

She invited the neighbors over for lunch so she would have witnesses to prove that she was there. Every four months, according to law, she had to return from Wisconsin to her claim. On every trip she would have the neighbors over for dinner.

Ellen Donahoe said that the people who made the run were on the whole, poor but a good class of people. After the excitement and stir, that the run caused, had quieted down, there was established in Oklahoma, a peaceful, happy people, who were by no means rich but who looked forward to the future. There was no crime in Oklahoma in those days. That was to come later with the advance of civilization.

By November 9, 1898, the whole Donahoe family had moved from Wisconsin to Oklahoma. Even now you will find them all living here with the exception of one, who is in Hollywood, and he has his home in Oklahoma.

Ellen still owns her land and raises wheat. Her land is not over two or three miles from Marshall, Oklahoma.

All those members of the Donahoe family who have passed away have been buried at St. Mary's Church in Ponca City, Oklahoma.

When Ellen was asked how she like Oklahoma in comparison with Wisconsin, she said, "Wisconsin is a beautiful state, but we all love Oklahoma."

¹"Topaulin" is a word used by Miss Donahoe, meaning covering or heavy blanket.

Reminiscence of an Eighty-Niner, Mr. George Yeokum

Not even the terrific strain of city life has changed the elderly couple living at 512 East Park Avenue in Oklahoma City; an energetic couple dividing their life between the city and the farm. Even though seventy-six years old, George Yeokum continues to manage his farm seven miles northwest of Luther.

George Yeokum began the run with thousands of other people at the signal of the gun on the twenty-second of April 1889 at twelve o'clock noon. There were thousands of settlers camped along the boundary of the Oklahoma Lands, awaiting the signal for the formal opening of the territory. Every nerve of man and horse was set to go, waiting for the appointed hour. Would it never come?

At last the appointed hour arrived! Everywhere spring was in the air. These pioneer men and women left the border in a mad search for a home. In Mr. Yeokum's company there were four covered wagons, horses, and nine men.

Along the border many settlers had been encamped for months. Their wagons were in bad shape and when the gun was shot and the race for a home begun tires began to fall off in the mad rush, causing many accidents and prevented many

from getting the homes they so long had sought.

“We ran as long as the horses could possibly hold out. We stopped under a tree which had a few green leaves, for rest—anything was shade then. It was here we got our first knowledge of sooners. We found an Irishman and his wife who had placed two furrows around their tent and there was no sweat on the horses. The ‘ole’ man became excited and tried to make us move. The woman went into the house and brought out the ‘ole’ two barrel shot gun and said, ‘Papa make ‘em move.’

“Well, Papa had enough common sense to make Mamma put up the gun. About twenty minutes later we moved on.

“It was impossible to get help because everyone was out to help himself. Even after the settlers had found their homes they still could not borrow for one neighbor was as destitute as another. There were many failures and hardships to face, but the good American people faced it with a set determination to win.

“All records of time were broken on building cities. They sprang up over night. Schools, banks and post offices were set up in tents. Law and order were working in harmony within two or three days.

“I wanted a farm near Stillwater. Only an hour after the run we found farms fenced with logs that had been cut at least a week. They had all gone to file for lands.

“On the second day we arrived in Guthrie. We drove down Oklahoma Avenue to the land office where the present post office is now located. The largest crowd I ever saw was waiting to get into the office of Dennis T. Flynn, who was postmaster and later elected to Congress, who helped put through the Free Home Bill.

“I really didn’t get any land in the run. I settled on a

hundred and sixty acres but never did file. I got a chance to buy my present home so I sold out to a very good friend Frank Tillman. At least half of the people who made the run were disappointed. Why, I almost went back myself. I came here from Southwest Missouri. I had four brothers and four sisters and I was the only one to make the run. They all came later, but sold out and returned home. I have never regretted staying.

“Many interesting things happened in those days. I wasn’t married when I came here, but when I spied a good cook I kinda hung around because batching does get rather monotonous when you have to do it all time. Mrs. Yeokum was the cook at the Van Vorhees Hotel in Guthrie. She could make the best biscuits and she made them every morning for everyone who wanted them. You might say she hunted me up, because I helped build the Ragsdale Bank while hundreds of people looked on. But whether she hunted me up or I found her, we were married in May 1892, in the basement of the bank where the hotel was located. Why, the Governors even lived in the basement of the bank because it was Oklahoma’s best hotel.

“I took a happy bride to a one room log cabin. It was our first home. The old house still stands. It’s full of corn now, just like that I sold your dad.¹

“Between April 1889 and May 1892, many things happened. You have probably heard about the Dalton gang. They visited me once; in fact they stayed all night. I didn’t know who they were. My house was set up on the bank of Coon ‘Crick’ and became better known as the “Batcholor Hole.” The Sanders boys, who lived in a tent on my farm, were waiting for the opening of the Kickapoo Lands. When the Dalton gang came up and wanted food, the Sanders boys came over and asked me about it. Of course I said it was all right to

divide grub.

“Later when they made a raid and were all killed except Emmitt, I saw him in Oklahoma City with a show showing the killing of the Dalton gang. I asked him if he minded talking about the past. He didn’t remember me. I was only the cook, but he did remember Fate Sander.

“One night in the fall of the year, when I was dressing for a dance a wagon and eight horses drove up in my front yard and wanted to buy some corn. I told them I couldn’t be bothered but if they wanted to camp there it would be all right with me. I told them if they’d call me early next morning would sell them some corn. I went on to the dance and next morning when I awoke they were gone and so was some of my corn. I put my revolver in my pocket and ran my horse south to Luther and two miles east, where I found a hunting coat in the road. I picket it up and went on. Shortly I met two men on horseback looking for the coat. A short way ahead I saw the wagon. I ordered the wagon to stop. They just kept going like they didn’t even hear me, so I grabbed the reins and stopped the team myself. There were thirteen of them and only one of me, but they stole my corn.”

“You stole my corn,” I said.

“Stole,” they echoed.

“Yes, you stole it,” I shouted.

“The owner rode ahead and asked the ones in front if they knew anything about any corn. Of course they didn’t, but while he was asking them I got up into the wagon and under the bedding I found my corn. I would have ordinarily sold it for fifty cents a bushel, but I charged them a dollar because they stole it.

“After Mrs. Yeokum and I moved into the one room house on “Coon Crick,” I served as postmaster with the post

office on my farm from 1901-1904. I had a general store. I was the first assessor for the Luther township, Trustee and Assessor for the Deepfork Township where Arcadia is located. I was the first man to hold office of assessor of two districts. In those days all you assessed were cattle, pigs, horses, wagons, and homes. No land was assessable, I was a government enumerator and help build the first school in Guthrie.”²

¹My father bought two hundred bushels of corn from Mr. Yeokum last fall.

²This was written just as it was presented to me in a personal interview with Mr. Yeokum on March 14, 1943.

by Mary McKee Lawson

Opening of the Cherokee Outlet

This is a story of the run told by a bystander. The information was obtained from various stories which were told by those who participated in the run, namely Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Miller, Mr. Charles F. Day, Mr. C. C. Schofield, all from Blackwell, Oklahoma. Other tales were contributed by those who heard and passed down the legends to my generation, keeping alive the vividness of the west and creating within us a greater love for this free land of ours.

For three centuries the white man fought his way through the American wilderness—until only one frontier remained. It was a great area within what is now Oklahoma, to which, through chance, circumstance and governmental policy, the Indians had been restricted. Despite the hardships and failures which attended the first spectacular rush into the Unassigned Lands, there were plenty of frontiersmen, pioneers and adventurers, eager to join the subsequent invasion. Soon the new territory was settled, until only one area remained, the Cherokee Outlet.

The Outlet, however, was to be settled by the horse-race method which had been used in the earlier openings.

Cherokee Strip border. There were nine makeshift offices in that neutral strip, each with three snooty clerks from the Department of the Interior to make out the half-dozen different blanks and affidavits required from prospective settlers. The five days immediately prior to the opening were allowed for the one hundred thousand persons to besiege the nine offices.

It was mid-September 1893. The weather was hot and dry. The dust stirred by thousands of feet was a torment. The dapper clerks from Washington, sweating under the canvas, high-hatted the frontiersmen. Delays, technicalities and inefficiency made honest men furious, and failed to discourage the more daring, determined and unscrupulous "sooners."

Kansas, Texas, and Arkansas furnished the greater number for the run, although every state in the Union was represented. On the south there were fifteen thousand at Orlando, a similar number at Hennessey, and seven thousand at Stillwater ready to start.

As the hour of noon approached, hundreds of the fleetest and strongest saddle horses in half a dozen states, trained and conditioned for the race which might be half a mile or thirty miles across untilled prairie, were drawn up at the line in half a score of strategic points. Behind them were buckboards and covered wagons driven by old men, boys, wives and mothers who would follow the faster pace, to make homes upon the land which would be staked and claimed before nightfall.

Pistol shots by troopers stationed in plain sight in front of the lines had been specified as the signal for the start. A puff of smoke from the troopers revolver carried the signal to those beyond earshot.

The Blane family were waiting excitedly for the sig-

nal. The two men on thoroughbreds were the Blane brothers. Their wives and children were in the covered wagon directly behind them. The wagon would follow at a slower pace. The gun went off. The faster horses gained the lead. Wagons and buckboards made headway through the choking clouds of dust. John Blane was going at a breakneck speed. His horse stumbled crazily in a prairie dog hole and broke its legs. It was tough luck, but the stampede continued on. The other Blane kept his horse running, he was way out in front. Out on the prairie, he stopped his horse at a water hole to get a drink. The horse fell dead from exhaustion at his feet. He could not continue on by foot, therefore, he was unable to stake a claim. Their wives and children who were following in the wagon, rumbled over the rough prairie and hit a ravine and lost a wheel and were unable to continue in the race. Many such accidents happened, but the waves of humanity moved on, engulfing the prairie, stopping where they must or where they would, and declaring the land upon which they stopped their own.

No area of land so great had ever been settled with such speed and completeness in the history of the United States. Those who were there will always remember that day. It was a day as mad as the day of the first rush of 1889, and with greater numbers starting upon a wider front. The final spectacular drama was enacted in this opening of the so-called Cherokee Strip, together with parts of the Pawnee and Tonkawa reservations. In that single movement more than five and one-half million acres were taken over from the Indians and added to the area of Oklahoma settled by the whites. The rush into the Cherokee Outlet in 1893 was the last great spectacle of mass settlement of the last frontier. The wide free lands were gone.

"Notorious" Oklahoma As Told By Mr. Charles Preston Beck

Had not fate taken a hand at the crossroads, Charles Preston Beck would not be the peace-loving, jolly sort of person that he is now. He has lived forty-eight of his eighty-three years in Pawnee County and claims to be a dyed-in-the-wool Oklahoman even if he was born in Missouri. He has little fondness for his native state, and it is not difficult to understand why, when the reasons for his dislike are made clear. The two most important reasons are Jesse and Frank James.

When Mr. Beck was about fifteen years old, he became acquainted with the James boys who also lived in Missouri. They were several years older than he, but the boys and their mother always welcomed young Beck into their home. There was no doubt in his mind concerning their activities. He believed them to be ordinary, peaceful citizens. Frank and Jesse always had plenty of money to spend, and they taught young Beck to shoot a pistol until he became an excellent marksman. Even then he didn't realize that the James boys were engaging in outlawry. Frank told him that he could go along sometime to see the sights when they went to Kansas City or St. Louis. "My mother had told me," Mr. Beck says, "That the James boys were up to no good, but they had

treated me so nicely that I couldn't believe I was placing myself in a dangerous position."

Then it finally happened! The treasury of the State Fair at Kansas City had been robbed, and Frank and Jesse James had been recognized as the guilty ones. It was easy to realize then that a mother's advice is worth heeding, for had not young Beck declined Frank's invitations to go along to see the "sights," no doubt, he would have been regarded as an accomplice to the crime. He would have been the victim of circumstances from which he probably could not have escaped. He might have been swept up into a life of lawlessness or convicted of a crime for which he had not been responsible and of which he had wanted no part. But fate stepped in, and Charles Beck was rejoiced by the fact that he was a free man. Several years later, after the James experience was a mere memory, he turned his eyes toward new lands waiting for settlers. He decided to become one of those settlers and to have a part in the development of this land which was to become the State of Oklahoma.

In the later part of January 1895, Charles Beck left Gerard, Kansas in a covered wagon to search for a claim in the Cherokee Outlet which had been opened to settlement on September 16, 1893. Traveling in a covered wagon was not a very pleasant experience, especially during the cold winter days of January. There were many hardships to endure, but, for a newcomer like Mr. Beck, there were new and interesting things to see—things which the present generation find hard to believe.

Oklahoma weather then was very much as it is now, for when Mr. Beck reached the state line at Caney, Kansas on the second day of his journey, he ran into a snow storm. The snow fall amounted to about ten inches and left only a mere

shadow of a road. Traveling was slow and difficult, but when night came, Mr. Beck had reached a small canyon somewhere in what is now Osage county, and here he decided to camp until morning. In order to make camp, it was necessary to scoop the snow from a small plot of land to provide a resting place for the horses and a place where a camp fire could be started. When Mr. Beck had finished his supper, two rough looking strangers came upon the camp. They did not seem to be very friendly, and soon they were eyeing the fine team of horses which were tied to one of the wagon wheels. As they kept standing before the fire and refused to leave, Mr. Beck soon became very suspicious. He climbed into the wagon, and in a few minutes returned to the men with his six shooter and Winchester rifle in his hands. He was dropping a hint that it would not be very healthy for the strangers if they cared to start trouble. Apparently, the guns had the proper effect, for the men soon left and disappeared into the night. There was, however, a possibility that the men might return, so Mr. Beck chained his horses to the wagon wheel and slept during the night with the cold Winchester in his hands. The men did not come back, and, when morning came, Mr. Beck was once again on his way.

During the third day, the weather had cleared somewhat and traveling was not so unpleasant. When night came, Mr. Beck reached the Osage Mission where the town of Pawhuska is now located. Here he had a good rest, for the night was not disturbed by horse thieves.

His travels the fourth day brought Mr. Beck closer to the Pawnee reservation and the claim where he would later establish a homestead. During this day on the road, Mr. Beck had an unforgettable experience which had to do with Indians, or rather an Indian. As Mr. Beck approached the Arkansas

river, he came upon a very gruesome sight. At any rate, it was gruesome to him, for he was unacquainted with Indian customs and rites. Propped up in a sitting position against a huge oak tree was a dead Indian who was supposedly "buried." It is easy to imagine that such a sight would not be very pleasing to the eye, nor very flattering to the landscape. To make the scene worse, a dead horse was lying close by for the dead Indian's use, probably, when he was ready to make his trip to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The sickening sight was not very fascinating to Mr. Beck's notion, and soon he had crossed the river, leaving the Indian to himself and his horse.

Mr. Beck attended a meeting of the Literary Society in the vicinity where the town of Ralston is now located. At the meeting he was fortunate in learning that the Wismore claim, eight miles north of the town of Pawnee, was for sale.

Dillon Wismore, who had staked the claim in the land run of 1893, had died three months previous to Mr. Beck's arrival, and Mrs. Wismore had found it necessary to sell her land. Mr. Beck liked the land on the Wismore claim and decided that this was where he wanted to establish a home. Mrs. Wismore agreed to sell, but it was necessary that the buyer file for the claim in Perry which was forty miles away. When this mission was completed, Mr. Beck returned to Gerard, Kansas where his wife and two sons were waiting anxiously and wondering where their new home would be.

In the latter part of February Mr. Beck once again headed for Oklahoma. This time he was accompanied by his oldest son. They felt it their duty to make a few improvements on their new land and add a few repairs to the dugout before Mrs. Beck and the younger son came.

A dugout could be a little uncomfortable if it were in a run-down condition, and theirs was just that. The walls were

weak and thin, for such walls were made of sod bricks and had a tendency to wash away when it rained. The former owner, Mrs. Wismore, had found it impossible to make the needed repairs. The dirt floor was full of little holes, and when it rained, the little holes would become filled with water which seeped in through the walls and roof. Despite all those faults, Mr. Beck and his son made a fairly livable dwelling out of their dugout. There would come a time when they could build a real house of which they would be proud.

In a short time Mrs. Beck and the younger son arrived by rail from Kansas. On that eventful day when the entire Beck family drove up to their new land, there was the feeling in their hearts that here was their new home. It wasn't much to look at that first day, but it had great possibilities. They appreciated the promises which the property offered and the fact that it was their very own. When Mrs. Beck saw the fresh new land, she turned to her husband and said, "Thank God, it's ours."

Yes, there were many hardships to endure, and the winters were bitterly cold in the little one-room dugout during those first few years. But finally there blossomed forth Catalpa Grove farm, something to be proud of. A shiny new house appeared and with it a new barn. The various farmers' organizations in the county always had their picnics and celebrations at Beck's "place" in the beautiful catalpa grove with which the land had been blessed.

Now the "good old days" are long passed. The Becks are an old couple living contentedly on their somewhat run-down homestead. People have changed." says Mr. Beck. "They aren't as neighborly as they used to be. Oklahoma isn't like it was when I first came either, but I guess I can't complain. I wouldn't change my plans if I had it all to do over again."

by Jean Horton

The Settlement of Oklahoma City As Told By A. C. Scott

The Oklahoma that we know today is covered with a web of highways interlacing through many populated towns and cities; its prairie has been plowed into fertile fields, and the quiet, simple beauty of the red man's time has been lost in the rushing advancement toward civilization. Oklahoma was rolling plains of colorful flowers. There were no roads, except paths and trails cut by the Indians and travelers. Each pioneer that rolled across those plains served to make Oklahoma more and more civilized, until finally in 1889, our government saw fit to open the Unassigned Lands for settlement.

Directly in the center of the state was a site picked for town settlement. That site is now Oklahoma City. But on April 22, 1889, it was merely one general store and a red station on one side of a railroad track. Surrounding them were miles of prairie stretching out endlessly as far as the eye could see. Spring added to the warm beauty of the country, and it was no small wonder that the white man had wished to take it away from the red man.

Every means of travel was used to reach the borders of the Unassigned Lands before twelve o'clock noon, at which time the run was to begin. People came by horseback, in

wagons, buggies, and on trains. The trains were so crowded that people rode on the roofs of the coaches, and clung to the sides. Often a person would see the land that suited his needs, and jump off while the train was still in motion. Everyone was in a hustle and a hurry to get the best land.

In Oklahoma City the individual would take stakes and hatchet and proceed to stake off the land that he wanted for a town site. Anyone can imagine the confusion and disorder that would result from such a method. Since there were no streets or blocks planned out and no governing group to authorize the planning of such, people argued and sometimes came to blows over their rights. Military order was in effect. However, the military could not help in the planning of the town; so on the first day of the run an election of mayor and other town officials took place.

There was an illegal attempt on the part of the Seminole Land and Town Company from Topeka, Kansas, to survey the town into lots and blocks, and to sell the lots for \$25.00 each to individuals who were having trouble staking their claims. No private company had the power to sell the land which the government was giving to the people. A condition existed in the city on the first day of the run which wasn't altogether pleasant and satisfactory.

At six-o'clock a halt was called, and all staking stopped while the people prepared their supper. The night was warm and still, and tents by softly glowing camp fires stretched out as far as the eye could see. Many people slept on the ground, while some more eager souls went on staking their claims far into the night.

The next day the same conditions of disorder existed. There were two individuals who realized the gravity of the situation, and resolved to do something to correct it. William

J. Petty and A. C. Scott gathered around them several men who also saw that all was not going well. They printed hand-bills, and hired boys to pass them out among the people, calling the community together for a mass meeting. This meeting took place at two o'clock, April 23, the second day of the run. Mr. Scott was the temporary chairman of the meeting, and spoke to the great crowd of people for nearly three hours concerning the laying out of Oklahoma City into blocks and streets.

A committee of fourteen men were elected by the people to have full and complete charge of surveying and planning the city. They were elected mainly by their looks, and an attempt was made to choose each of the fourteen from a different state in the union. Mr. Scott was one of the fourteen men, and a representative of Kansas.

The first act of the new committee was to hire a government engineer and surveyor to begin at the southeast end of town and proceed west, then advance one block north each time one street had been completed. Five members of the committee followed the surveyor in his slow march across the town to hear the complaints of the people, and to settle disputes over land rights. They served as a court, since at that early time there was no real court.

The committee constructed a portable office to move along with them through the streets. It consisted of three long and wide boards which were placed like a triangle. The committee placed themselves inside the triangle, and the boards served not only to keep people on each lot from mobbing them, but also as a desk. The people on each lot were assessed a small fee to pay the surveyor and engineer's salary. So the committee continued its slow progress on through Friday.

At two o'clock on Saturday another mass meeting was

called at which Mr. Scott resigned as chairman of the meeting. Under the new chairman a new committee was chosen to continue the work of the first fourteen. It consisted of ten members, five from the north side and five from the south side of town. Forever Oklahoma City has something by which to remember the change in authority by that mass meeting. Where each block cuts into Grand Avenue there a jag in the street.

Saturday night another mass meeting was called, and a report of the day's progress was submitted. There had been hard feelings and bitter words spoken between the different sides of authority. Grand Avenue shows the scars of that endless struggle. But when a tall stately Southern Methodist preacher spoke to the people and asked them to rejoice and sing, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," the people forgot their petty arguments. They sang lustily, and gladness was in the heart of each and every one of them to know that Oklahoma City was going to be united together as were their voices blended together in song.

by Lida M. Russell

Settlers in Oklahoma

One bright, sunshiny morning in December 1898, my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Eli McCarty, their children and a young man set out from Arkansas City, Kansas in a covered wagon to a farm in Canadian County, near Hinton, which was thought to be the wilds of Oklahoma. The men rode ahead of the wagon on horseback to be certain the way was safe for them to travel over. There was constant fear in the minds of everyone, from my mother (who was three years old) to my grandfather, that the Indians would in some way molest them. They went by a route that was almost parallel to the famous Chisholm Trail. Since they were going to establish a home in Indian Territory, they carried all of their possessions with them. These consisted mostly of things of necessity such as blankets, bedsteads, clothing, cooking utensils, and a small wood stove. They also took three cows, a sow and some chickens to give them a start in farming. When they had set up camp in the evening, the men went out and hunted for their evening meal and for lunch the next day.

One night a blizzard came up so they spent the night in a cave where they were protected from the wind and the weather. Finally they reached the South Canadian River.

Since there was no bridge at that time, they went to a place called Caddo Jake Crossing where they were not bothered with quicksand. When they had started out across the river, they realized that it was gradually rising, but they thought they would reach the other side before it was too high. However, when they reached the middle, they knew it was rising faster than they had anticipated, so they put the women and children on horses that swam the way across. The men finally got the wagon across, but not without losing some of the blankets and chickens.

After they crossed the river, they knew that it was not far to the site of their farm but the hills and canyons they found there all looked alike, so they formed a small party to look for it. The searching party looked and looked for the location, not realizing from what direction they had left the main party; thus they soon found that they were lost. They were afraid to light a fire for fear Indians would be attracted. Finally, as dark was settling in, my grandfather, who had been searching, found them cold, hungry, and very frightened.

At last they reached the location of the farm and pitched their tent between two cedar trees so that it would be well braced from the wind. A few nights later however, a storm arose and the tent swayed and blew until everyone thought that he was going to be blown away; but fortunately the men had fastened the tent securely. They had many storms of this type before they built their log cabin, but the tent never blew down.

After a time a number of families began to settle in this region and thus, a small community arose. The men of this community, after they had built their own cabin homes, went together and built a cabin that would serve as a school house and as a church. One of the women of the community who had

been a school teacher before her marriage became the instructor of the children. The first church service that was held in the building was held by the Mennonite Church. Gradually the community grew and other churches were established.

My grandfather still has this farm—but it is larger now as he bought two hundred and forty more acres of land which adjoined the original farm. Like most farmers of that vicinity, my grandfather hired a family to do the farming, for his herd of cattle had increased and he began growing larger crops. The land being cut by canyons is only good for cattle or sheep raising, but cotton is grown if a farmer has a flat piece of land.

by Grace Gow

Sand Springs, Oklahoma, One Man's Vision

All information was gathered through personal interviews and observations made by the writer.

Interviews were secured with the following people: Mrs. Charles Page, wife of the late Charles Page and personal friend of the writers, Mrs. Rawson, Publicity Manager of the Sand Springs Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. T. H. Stephens, President of the Sand Springs Home Interest and personal friend of Charles Page.

The writer had the opportunity of working as the Summer Recreational Director for Girls at the Sand Springs Home for two summers.

Oklahoma is replete with pioneer history and much of great interest can be discovered by the historian.

One of the most unique developments in the entire state is the city of Sand Springs. Located in close proximity to the large city of Tulsa, throughout her lifetime of thirty-two years she has succeeded in maintaining her individuality.

This is because the vision and energy of her founder, Charles Page, determined to a great extent the development of this community. He encouraged industrial companies to lo-

cate their factories and manufacturing plants in Sand Springs. He built the Sand Springs electric railway between Sand Springs and Tulsa to provide a freight outlet to the trunkline railroads entering Tulsa. He built a huge network of public utilities (electricity, water, and gas), which are now operated by the Oklahoma Power and Water Company. He constructed many warehouses, storage plants, and business buildings including the Tulsa Tribune building. The Commander Mills is a manifestation of his dream; the huge steel mill operated by the Sheffield Steel Corporation and the Southwest Box Factory, likewise, are part of his vision and foresight. He was a dreamer. His dream was an agricultural and industrial empire surrounding the Sand Springs Home for children and widows, which he founded. The Sand Springs Home Farms represent his undertakings in agricultural operations.

With all these interests and many others including huge investments in oil and gas and various holding of bonds and securities, Charles Page established America's unique eleemosynary institution and, himself, became Oklahoma's premier philanthropist.

So, essentially, that which is Sand Springs, is the Sand Springs Home and Charles Page.

A glimpse into the life of this most extraordinary man gives us an insight into a rare character.

He was born June 2, 1860, at Stevens Point, Wisconsin, a new settlement, in the vast cold country, where people had to struggle for the necessities of life.

Charles Page's parents, like most pioneers of this country, were sturdy, honest Christian people. His mother, Mary Ann Gottry, was a native of Alsace Lorraine, whose family came to this country when she was eight years old. She spoke both French and German, as well as English. James W.

Page, his father was of French-Scotch parentage, and the children were brought up with the simple, but enduring faith of that generation.

When Charles was eleven his father died after a year's illness and the boy then became practically the head of the family. Charles seemed older than his years and seriously assumed his responsibility. His mother often became disheartened but Charles assured her that when he became a man she would no longer have to work, and promised that he would take care of all other mothers and poor boys and girls. This was not a mere childish declaration, but an expression of the dominating influences of his life—love of humanity and service to others.

Charles' schooling stopped and his work often took him away from home. He became a dispatch boy on the Wisconsin Central Railroad depot, where he also learned telegraphy. He worked hard, did odd jobs and was constantly on the alert for anything that would bring in money. One winter he trapped rabbits, then sold the pony he had used in delivering messages and bought seven head of cattle, which he managed to sell at a fair profit.

As he grew older he went farther away from home. His experiences were nearly always interesting and full of adventure. He was possessed of two ambitions—first, to make money; second to use that money for the benefit of the unfortunate. Throughout Charles Page's money-making years, the major portion of his earnings came from Nature's storehouse—grain, land, gold, silver, coffee, coal, oil, and gas. He used these earnings principally in industrial development.

It was while he was on the Pacific Coast, that word reached him of his mother's serious illness. She died four days

later, but with the great solace of having had a son who had shown his constant devotion and tender care in providing her with the comforts he had promised. For Charles Page, there were priceless memories of a Mother who had hopes and dreams for him.

He went back to the West Coast, later going to Colorado for new mining ventures. From time to time, as the years intervened, he went back to rail-roading, always still interested in mining and real estate developing.

Out of his religious background came the practice of tithing his income. He became known, not as just a "good-hearted fellow" but a humanitarian. Helping others took on a deeper meaning for him. His life gradually became more different and set apart from that of other men. Physically he had attained magnificent proportions, weighing more than two-hundred pounds and was more than six feet tall. He was a skillful wrestler, and often did not know his own strength. His associates were extremely careful not to arouse his anger.

A real estate development in Colorado Springs made him quite wealthy by the standards of that time. The drilling for oil, "liquid gold," had a strong fascination for him. He pioneered in developing several shallow oil wells in Boulder. He later pioneered the present Michigan oil development.

From Michigan, Mr. Page came to Oklahoma, which was then Indian Territory. He engaged in many oil operations, often meeting with great losses. But his indomitable spirit permeated his entire being. During one of his operations he had obtained the land for the Sand Springs Home and it was with the proceeds from the sale of this oil venture that he started the foundation of his endowment of the Sand Springs Home and the development of the town of Sand Springs.

Tulsa, once a sleepy cattle town, and become so

enveloped in the oil boom that it had lost its original identity and became a thriving, bustling metropolis, painfully crude in its overgrown newness. Charles Page's headquarters were there and it was soon noised about that he would contribute to any worthy cause. So if people needed help they were told to "go to see Charlie Page." He not only helped individuals but was also vitally interested in furthering the cause of charitable institutions. He assisted in getting the Y.M.C.A. started in Tulsa and established the Salvation Army there.

But the sufferings of mothers and children, especially since his mother's death, appealed to him more strongly than ever and for a long time his youthful promise to her had been uppermost in his mind. So when some Indians offered to sell him a hundred and sixty acres of land, on which there were everflowing springs of water, he bought it. The land was several miles west of Tulsa a wilderness of tangled briars and undergrowth, over impassable sand hills that increase its inaccessibility. There were no roads or means of transportation whatsoever, unless it be over the "Katy" Railroad which ran along the Arkansas River and could be "flagged at a nearby stop." Because of the springs of cold sparkling water the Indians used the place as a camping site while they hunted in Osage hills.

When Charles Page told people what the land was for, he was the object for great amusement. They thought it humorous that he would establish a home for children in that forsaken spot. They thought it even more humorous when he set up tents to shelter those who had to be cared for immediately. And he was laughed at indeed when he decided to build a railroad of his own because he was irked by the service that the "Katy" had to offer.

It was on June 2, 1908, that Charles Page sent work-

nity, separate and apart from the Sand Springs Home and Widows' Colony. So, among the foothills of the Osages, on the banks of the Arkansas, he built the City of Sand Springs. In a very few months Sand Springs had become an industrial and manufacturing town.

The original townsite of Sand Springs, which was about one fourth of its present size, was planted in 1911. Four years later the town had a population of between four and five thousand people. It was teeming with activity and its plants and industries ran day and night.

Mr. Page was constantly branching out into new projects that seemed to grow out of the others. And as his business interests grew and thrived, his philanthropical interests kept abreast, or just ahead of his business life.

Charles Page, until the very day of his death, was constantly strengthening the organization of the Sand Springs Home, to insure its perpetuity.

His sudden death on December 27, 1926, at the age of sixty-six years was a profound shock to everyone.

Today, in the thriving city of Sand Springs, opposite the beautiful Page Memorial Library, stands the Charles Page Monument, the work of the great sculptor, Lorado Taft. The resemblance to Mr. Page is startling. On one side of him is a group of orphaned children, on the other side a widowed Mother clasping her child. Beneficently he smiles down upon them, all the love in his great humanitarian heart breaking forth in his noble features.

His great work goes on, and the city of Sand Springs grows in wealth and culture, because, one man had a great vision and a heart that felt,

“Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me.”

by Edna Mae Baker

My Knowledge of the Great Salt Plains

About twenty miles south of the Kansas State Line, near a little town named Jet, Oklahoma, is a place that is known as "The Great Salt Plains." These Plains cover an area of about four and one-half thousand acres, some of it being low lands and some of it being hills and timber. Several creeks run through the hilly section and much fishing is done by neighboring people. During the summer months many people go there for picnics or for a night or two of camping.

These Salt Plains are one large bed of salt that looks like snow when the sun is shining brightly on them. In the spring when there is a great deal of rainfall the Salt Plains appear cloudy and grayed and they cannot be seen very plain from a distance. Running through these plains is a river, known as the "Salt Fork River," which gets out of its banks many times in the spring of the year, and floods thousands of acres of farming land that is close to this bed of salt. About three years ago the Government built a dam on this river to try to prevent the flooding of the lands and towns that were in flooding distance. This has proved satisfactory thus far but the rains have not been as numerous as before the dam was built.

This bed of salt has no special purpose except to supply the farm people with salt for their own practical use,

supply the farm people with salt for their own practical use, such as to feed their livestock, to preserve feed in silos or to make ice cream. The Buffalo use to come to these plains and eat salt before the lands were taken for homes and the Buffalo killed out by hunters. Herdsmen would bring their cattle to this river to water them before the land was settled, due to the fact that not many wells existed at this time.

Across these plains are roads leading in several different directions most of them being used by herdsmen for moving cattle from one place to another; however some are used for cars but only a few. It has been reported that cars have hit quicksand on this salt bed and almost disappeared before the people in the cars could get out. These roads are inspected frequently but many times after a rain a great hole appears in the salt where least expected. Oftentimes the top surface does not cave in and people driving along are unwarned of the hole and drive into it before they know what has happened. A few years ago a thrashing machine was being moved from one side of the plains to the other by means of a short cut across the plains. They traveled a good distance when suddenly they ceased to move. Investigating the trouble they found that they had hit some quicksand, so began working as fast as possible to get it out but all was in vain; the machine was lost underneath the bed of salt. Many accidents of this same nature have happened over a period of several years.

When the felt need of preparing for war came about, the United States Government placed a bombing field on these plains. Much construction has been done, homes and training camps built, landing fields for the bomber planes and bombing targets laid out. Now you can hear a constant roaring of these planes at all times of the day or night, some at a close distance or at a far off distance.

that make people wonder about them, they will probably serve the State of Oklahoma in many ways in the years to come.

**Payne County Historical Society
Board Meetings**

The Payne County Historical Society Board meets the first Thursday of each month in which there is not a general meeting. Meetings are held in the board room of the First National Bank and begin at 11:45 A.M. All members of the Society are invited to attend. Please bring a brown bag lunch.

Payne County Historical Society

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