

ROSS, SHOREY.

THE GHOSTLY DOG.

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INTERVIEW.

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Hattie Turner  
Wagoner, Oklahoma.  
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An Interview with Shorey Ross,  
Park Hill, Oklahoma.

### "THE GHOSTLY DOG"

In the early-day Park Hill locality an extensive colony of strange and ghostly things had their headquarters. Pioneers used to relate many hair-raising stories concerning their encounters with the ghosts, haunts, or spirits, as they were designated. One of such stories is here given:

There was a fine young man named Reese Roebuck, who clerked in a store near the Murrell Home. This man had a sweetie who lived a mile or so down the Park Hill Creek. At intervals the young man walked to the girl's home after his day's tasks were completed, spent several pleasant hours, and then walked back to his quarters.

It was on a beautiful night in late October. The skies were cloudless, the atmosphere chill and bracing, when Reese Roebuck walked along the narrow trail beside the stream, on his return from the young lady's home. Walking briskly, Roebuck whistled a gay tune and soon was half way home, but at a turn in the trail he saw sitting in dejected attitude, in the center of the path, a large black dog--so

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it seemed to be--with a big white spot in the center of its breast. The dog paid no attention to Roebuck, who shouted to the supposed canine to begone. Roebuck then threw stones, which apparently passed completely through the body of the animal, which continued to sit motionless. Impatient, Roebuck now drew his pistol and fired upon the dog--and then something occurred which was altogether out of the ordinary.

The dog abruptly sprang upward. It mounted into the air, arose with rapidity, uttering all the while the most mournful wails and shrieks ever heard by mortal ears. In a brief space of time the dog disappeared in the sky, and all the while the moonlight streamed down in silvery lustre.

Reese Roebuck suddenly felt very ill, weak and tottery. His limbs could scarcely bear his weight. Colic chills chased themselves up and down his spinal column, succeeded by hot streaks. Finally the young man reached his room and he went to bed. A raging fever devoured his strength. Medical aid proved worse than useless. Nine days from the time he fired upon the unearthly dog he breathed his last. His grave lies in one of the old burying grounds of the Park Hill locality.