

FERGISON, LAURA.

INTERVIEW

10801

241

BIOGRAPHY FORM  
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

FERGUSON, LAURA

INTERVIEW

#10501

Field Worker's name Lillian Cassaway

This report made on (date) April 23 1938

1. Name Laura Ferguson

2. Post Office Address Anadarko, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) 118 West Washington Street

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month March Day 20 Year 1872

5. Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

6. Name of Father \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

Other information about father \_\_\_\_\_

7. Name of Mother \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

Other information about mother \_\_\_\_\_

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 4

FERGUSON, LAURA

INTERVIEW

#10501

Lillian Cassaway  
Investigator  
April 23, 1938.

Interview with Laura Ferguson  
112 West Washington  
Anadarko, Oklahoma.

We came to this part of the country in April 1900. We lived in the Keechi Hills in a tent and I carried all our water from a creek. My husband was a cattle man. The night we got there we pitched our tent and got settled for the night. The grass was pretty and green but when we woke up the next morning everything was covered with snow.

Our tent was walled up two boards high and we had gunny sacks on the dirt floor. One time a rain storm came. My daughter was only a baby then and I put her on the table so she wouldn't get wet, then I went out to hold the tent ropes so the tent wouldn't blow down. The hail had beaten on the tent and the rain had sprinkled in and when I went to her some time later she was still on the table but she was soaking wet.

One day several men came to our camp and said that they were hungry, so I gave them something to eat. After they were gone I found out that they were cattle rustlers. Another

FERGUSON, LAURA

INTERVIEW

#10801

-8-

time a bunch of men, I think there were fifteen or more, came to our tent and asked for something to eat so I fed them. They all had guns and I was scared. They were officers looking for the Casey gang. This gang had held up a boy near Cement but only got a pocket knife and 50¢. They were caught later in Woods County.

We used to come to Anadarko to do our shopping. We didn't have section lines then, but just followed the old cattle trails. I often left home about four o'clock in the morning with my four year old daughter and came to Anadarko in a wagon pulled by mules. We came by Randlett, did our trading when we got here and got home about nine o'clock that night. I nearly always took back five barrels of salt for the cattle and a box of provisions for ourselves. We bought in quantities then - enough of everything to last until we had to come to town again and lots of times we hauled things for our neighbors.

The roundups for branding were usually held at our place or Ferrels, for they were the only places that had a place to brand. I had my horse and saddle and did my share of the work

FERGUSON, LAURA

INTERVIEW

#10501

-3-

around the corral. I would help until almost meal time, then I would go and get the meal ready. I had from fourteen to twenty men to feed. Several cattlemen would go in together and have these roundups which were almost always a two weeks job. At that time Mr. Barefoot, now of Chickasha, was the largest cattle buyer.

We later came up to Tom Woodard's farm. Mr. Woodard, who was the first president of the First National Bank of Anadarko, built us a little house and we had just moved in when we were awakened one morning by the light of a prairie fire which was coming toward our place and I was scared. Mr. Ferguson went to the barn to take care of the stock, while I threw water round the house. He got his eyebrows singed and I got my dress burned. We burned the grass around the house and when the fire got to this line it died out. We had some pretty scary times but I'd like to live them all over again.

When we lived down on the ranch I never knew who would be at our place for meals. I was the only woman in the country for a while and all the men would come there to eat. We never had anything stolen. Whoever might come around at meal time

FERGUSON, LAURA

INTERVIEW

#10501

-4-

would help themselves to food, but always left a note saying so.

Later, a family by the name of Hatters moved in the neighborhood.

My little girl rode horseback six miles to her first school.