Having reached that time of life when we see our friends who are somewhat older than us, drop off, one by one. like the leaves in the autumn, we pause and take a canvass of our past and search for something worthwhile in the years that have flown. And we dont find anything worth recording. We have not amassed great wealth, for we prefered the many friends we have; we have not won fame or renown, for we prefered to play. So we come to the conclusion that of those things that in the marts of the world are classed as worth while we have failed, we have not built for them.

But we have lived with our fellow men, have laughed and played with him: understood him and in that understanding understood to give and take, and loved him the better for it. The sacrafices that were necessary to gain ~~the~~ wealth we have shunned and turned to watch our fellows at play. Overlooked their faults and their foibles, and in return have found them all willing to overlook ours. The result of all this is that we have lived well, and being philosopher enought to understand such things, we of necessity developed an observance of people and things that they love. This trend of thought naturally brought us to the realization that we were born in the great West, are a part of the great West, have lived on the borderland of pioneerdom, and yet never been quite over the border to the real frontier. Have witnessed the transition of the cow-bow and his business. Have witnessed the passing of the last of the Savage Tribes of the United States. Have been a part and parcel of the development of an area that holds a charm and a whimsical affection for millions of Americans. For forty years have been a resident and citizen of a section of the United States that is just now becoming commonplace and the usual, taking its place in the ranks of the everyday, hum-drum, progressive settlements of civilization. And we dont hesitate to say at the outset that the present day status is far and away the best of it all. Yet there dwells a tinge of regret that it has all passed beyond recall. A whimsical regret at the passing of the quaint characters, the sturdy pioneers A milder regret, but one there nevertheless, at the transition of the savage warrior- arrogant, treacherous, dangerous- into the cringing mendicant of to-day.

So we thought that having ever been ready to add to the pleasures of the friends we have known, and perhaps others who have been interested in the things that we have been interested in, we might perhaps recall from what has seemed to us a very drab life, instances of recollection and experience that are interesting. We were not pioneers, we were born in the West. But we were close enough to the things that the pioneer found to forever admire and respect the hardihood, the strength of character and the fortitude possessed by those people, not only the men, but moreso the women, ~~who~~ they forsook the convenience, the comforts and the safety of the older sections of the country, and trekked into the land unknown, far from the aid of medical science, away from the schools and the churches, away from kindred and friends, into the midst of mystery and unknown, savage foes; dependent entirely upon their own resources and resourcefulness; upon their courage and strength. Dependent upon their gun for provender and also for protection. Sometimes with but a single team, and it subject to climatic changes and natural diseases. With only a canvas drawn tightly over the wagon bows for a covering, and a wagon bed for a home. With only a keg, strapped upon the side of the wagon, for a water supply. Without an intelligent idea of the productiveness of the soil or the extensiveness of the game. Living in a conveyance that was good for something like fifteen weary miles per day. Always and everlastingly confronted with uncertainty.

Yet on they came- hundreds, yes, thousands of them. There were no radios then, no phonograps, no wireless, no telegraph and no telephone; the seweing machine and the repeating rifle a luxury. Dependent upon their own ingenuity for amusement together with a faulty recollection of the homely songs and saga chants of their time. Not knowing where the next water might be had nor what ravine or declivity might hold destruction and death. Yet manfully they pressed forward filled with courage and an abiding confidence in their being. Pressed forward to cut homes from the forest and build settlements on the vast prairies. And many of these have fallen victims to the savage Indian of the plains. We have seen ourselves the wagon train (rounded into a circle of protection) attacked, its people killed, and all burned, so

that to-day no one knows or ever will know who the unfortunates were. The dash of the soldier into the enemy fire, ~~enthused and acrried forward by the strains of a regimental band~~, never surpassed these thousands of henoes who trekked into this far western land.

Of such people as these were my parents, although they came from far different places, to meet on the plains of Kansas and become man and wife. There to rear their family and carve out their destiny. I was born on the plains of Kansas, fifteen miles west of historic Medicine Lodge, in a little dug-out, [redacted], and have ever since lived on the very borderland of the frontier. My father came out from old Virginia and my mother from the hills of East Tennesee. The first a graduate of the University of West Virginia, and the latter schooled in the provincial schools of her native state. But they each had the fortitude and the strength of character that is seldom appreciated, unless one stops and thinks. Thinks of the courage that they never thought of or realized.

When I was a mere baby we ~~Soon after I was born we~~ moved west a little further and father built a ~~little shack~~ home on the banks of little Dog Creek where mother and I stayed while he pursued the routine of a cow-boy. It was at this place, while father was away on a round up, that an incident occured that sticks in my remembrence, ~~still~~. In those days, in every community, was maintained what we knew as a "stockade". An enclosure of split logs stood u on end, to serve as a fortification from the attacks of the Indians. Such a one as this was located at Lake City, a number of miles away from our humble abode. While my father was away runners came through the country spreading the news that the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians were on the war path, and going north to join Sitting Bull in the Dakatos. People from all over the country thronged into the stockade. We did not go there. Father and mother had prepared a place for such emergencies, it seemed, in the bank of the little Dog Creek, under the protection of some Willows This had been stocked with provisions, or mother did it at the time without my knowledge. Mother's little sister, Jo, but

little older than myself ~~were~~ was staying with us at the time. I remember well mother taking me up astraddle, of her hip and taking little Jo by the hand, walking for a considerable distance (an awful distance my child's mind recalls for me) down the little creek, and then stepping into the waters, waded up stream to the little cave, which we all entered. We remained there for several days, I am not able to remember how long. In fact I cannot recall, although the other parts related are clear as though they happened yesterday, what took place while we lived in there, secure from the savages.

The next thing I remember about the matter was my father being home, and one bright day taking me up on his saddle before him, and together with other horsemen riding out to a place where a battle had taken place and where an entire caravan had been burned and destroyed. I can dimly recall snatches of talk among the men as they viewed the charred remains: " They knocked that baby's brains out over the wagon wheel". "There must of been a bunch of cow-boys came to their help." And then I remember seeing some of the men go to the"cedar breaks" and heard them talking of the number of Indians burried about. Some in the little cedar trees, all trussed up in their blankets, others, many others, in shallow graves. The skirmish took place on the edge of the Salt Plains not a great distance from where we were hidden in our little cave.

Mother's father, Capt. William Mills, was a big cattle man in that part of the west. Father was just starting out. I can remember a rather heated discussion between father and mother a year or such a matter after the occurence above related. Father was determined to go further west, and mother was satisfied to remain where they were. In fact she was insisting strenuously on it, but I remember that soon afterwards I was big-eyedly watching the equipping and provisioning of a ~~big~~ covered wagon. In this the three of us loaded and father tu ned the horses headsto the West. We were trekking further westward, with our destinition just east of the Colorado line.

That journey, or rather infrequent incidents in it, remains as an epoch in my life.

It was in the spring of the year, and as we came out of the breaks that lay for many miles west of the Dog Creek home, out upon the great open prairies, I can remember the first real thrill that came into my life because of the beautiful. The short, buffalo grass (a short of Mesquite) was dotted with blue and white daisies. Thick, in some places so thick as to resemble at a distance, a blue and white verigated carpet. Just as far as the eye could see were thousands upon thousands of these daises. I dont believe that in all the world is there a more beautiful sight than the millions of blue and white daises, some standing upon very tall slender stems, that dotted the prairies in those early days before the plow had gotten outside the little garden patches of the ranch houses. One who has not witnessed such a sight can never really appreciate the plains and prairies. Nothing but dried buffalo grass and daises, with the strident call of the prairie dog as he twiched his tail on the edge of a burrow, ready to plung into the depths upon too close an approach of danger. Now and then the far away call of a curlew might be heard, and the little prairie dog owl, sat, immoble and silent on the crest of a deserted dog burrow. A great expanse, the like of which cannot now be found, perhaps in the whole world. I still remember the first night out, and the camp, and the fragrant smell of the cooking, cooked on a fire of "buffalo chips", and of the night, how the stars seemed to pop out of the firmament and come almost within reaching distance. And how many there were andhow bright. Of a day the team would jog along, father driving and sometimesgetting out and walking along besides the wagon to stretch himself. There were antelopes on the plains then. Thousands of them. I remember one day of a herd that had for some reason been in an old enclosure, one like the Mexicans still have out in New Mexico, I can see those antelope now jumping out of that enclosure, one right behind the other and running paralel with our wagon, and father shooting time after time and never dropping a one of them.

There were wild horses ~~on the claims~~ in those days- many of them. We showed our inexperience in moving by having a team composed of a mare and a horse. An experienced mover would never have chanced such a combination because the wild horses would invariably try to break the mare loose and drive her off with them. This very thing happened a few nights after this. A commotion arose during the night and father got up and ran the wild horses away but they soon came back, and no relief was had until he fired a shot into the leader of the gang. This quieted them down for the night. But the same thing occured on several odcasions. I dont remember having ever seen a wild horse during the day time on that trip, nor in fact during those days, but the nights were made miserably by them.

We struck the Santa Fe railroad a little west of Garden City, Kansas. It could not have been more than five miles west of the little town. There I saw my first train. To my childish mind the train, which was painted a battle ship grey seemed to be going in a circle in the edge of the town. I have often wondered just what gave me this impression. I thought perhaps the track made a circle at that place but since then I have made an inspection just to satisfy myself on the score but the tracks run directly through the town, due east and west. We camped on the north side of the Santa Fe right of way that night. I was out picking up "Buffalo chips", storing them in a gunney sack- for the fires. That is one thing that has not changed the least in the last forty years- the gunney sack; they are just the same to-day as the one I was using that evening on the old Santa Fe, when the first freight train I ever saw came puffing and coughing by on its way to the west. It frightened me so that I dropped the sack and beat it at top speed to mother. That has been forty years ago and it is still one of the most interesting sights of this life to me to witness a long freight train crawling majestically across the prairies.

The next day we took our way westward down the old Santa Fe trail. The following day after that in the middle of the afternoon, father called our attention to an object hanging to a telegraph pole, a considerable distance in front of us.

I remember that already a great number of buzzards were circling slowly about in that vicinity. When we reached it, for the Santa Fe railroad ran right along by the side of the old Santa Fe trail westward from Dodge City for a considerable distance over into Colorado, we found that it was an Indian. It was a grewsome sight indeed, the toes and fingers had been cut off and were stuffed in the mouth, and the body was riddled with bullets. We learned afterwards that it was Roman Nose, a noted chief of the plains Indians, just what Tribe, I have forgotten, if in fact, I ever knew. He and his band had raided a caravan, killed all the people and burned everything up, as were their habit. It was related to us that the Indians had taken the little children by the heels and knocked their brains out over the wagon wheels. A band of cow boys set out in pursuit and a short distance from the spot where were found the Indian hanging to the telegraph pole, had come upon the band of Indians and killed several, wounding and subsequently capturing their leader, with the result we had witnessed. Roman Nose was a noted warrior in those days, there may have been more than one by that name, for but recently I saw an account my one whom I consider an authority upon such things, which stated that he had been killed in 1776, almost ten years prior to the event I have just related. Thinking perhaps it was a typographical error, I called upon the author, and together we searched the records and it bore out the article published as to that date. However, we learned during the research that there was another called Roman Nose, not so noted, who had been killed in a skirmish by cow boys in about 1885. So it is barely possible that the story related to us may have been true.

The destruction of the caravans and movers was not as frequent, however, as one might be led to believe by reading this narative, for the two here related were more than a year apart; but neither were such occurances at all infrequent I, of course, was too young to realize the danger, in fact it was such a part of the life in those far away places then, that if I had realized I would have accepted it as but natural. I never had known of any safer places than those in which we had lived and were then travelling.

Our journey ended at Kendall, Kansas, then the county seat of Hamilton County. There we made our home and father went into the cattle business. Many of those whom he had known back in Barbar county, were either out there or came later and at this time one who made the move to that country in those days, is still living near Syracuse, Kansas, he was an uncle of my mother, Clum Mills. As before stated Kendall was the county seat. I remember that a very bitter county seat fight took place between the to rival towns- perhaps in 1886. I remember hearing the men folks talking about the citizens of Syracuse coming down to take the records. A remark that has always stuck in my memory "they are coming down and have guns with barrels as big as stove pipes". My young mind drank that piece of information in to its full. I could imagine those guns, although the remark was but an exageration peculiar to the people of that time and place. The old stone houses, built by some English gentleman, at the very northwest corner of Kendall, in which we lived, are still standing and one touring on the Sante Fe trail to-day passes right by the houses and many stop and lunch in the shade of a grove of gigantic Cotton Wood trees, just east of these old stone buildings- trees set out by my mother nearly forty years ago.

I dont know whether it is true to-day or not, but am of the opinion that it is, but in those days that was one of the greatest flights for the migratory fowls of the air, of any place I have ever seen or heard about. In the spring and again in the fall, the geese and ducks would pass over that section by the thousands. All day one could see them winging their way in great flocks, and all night long one could hear the incessant calling of the wild geese.. I remember a shot made by Johnny P. Jones, later a United States Marshall in Oklahoma, and a friend of our family, of a wild goose that was the talk of the entire country. I was standing watching him shoot and a lone goose came winging out of the north and he raised his rifle and fired and the goose seemed to take a direct dive for the place where I was standing. It fell almost at my feet, and if it had indeed struck me, without doubt I would have been killed

as it weighed as much or nearly so as I did and came with an awful velocity. I tried to carry it home but couldent nearly do it, and Mr. Jones laughingly shouldered it and carried it to our house for me. I found out from a hearty meal off that wild goose, that wild goose is a mighty cathartic.

Father was a graduate lawyer, and opened up a law office in Kendall, together with his cattle business and a livery stable which he also owned. He was doing well in all lines and shortly became a rather big gun in ~~the cattle business~~ that section of the State. Destiny was against him in this, however, for in January, I believe, it was 1886, that country and the west generally was visited by one of the worst blizzards ever experienced in any section of the country. The old timers out there will yet tell you of the great "blizzard of '86". Cattle by the thousand perished. The Santa Fe railroad had a board fence along both sides of its right af way, and it is an established fact and I witnessed it, that the cattle of that region drifted with the storm until they came in contract with the fence where they perished. Others drifted up and likewise perished until an embankment of dead carcasses permitted the others to drift over and finally come to rest in death at the southern fence. Those located on the south side of the fence drifted away, thousands perished and the balance drifted far into the Panhandle of Texas and western Oklahoma Territory, many were never recovered. In that storm my father lost everything except the mortgage on the cattle. That took him many years to pay out. I saw fourteen dead bodies of men who had frozen to death in that storm laid out in a ~~big~~ building of Kendall, on two boards placed side by side on saw horses. Mother and I slept between two feather beds that night. Hogs froze to death, running about the streets of the town. My father was in Coolidge, Kansas or Colorado, it was right near the line of the two states, west of Syracuse, that night. He had gone up there on some legal business. He caught a ride home on ~~a~~ the engine of a snow plow. It was one of the most remarkable things in the world that he did not lose his life, for I remember one instance where a man had gone out to his stables and horse lot, and lost his way in the driving snow, and froze within a few fet

of his house.

I recall a trip taken in those early days to Colorado Springs, and of course to the Garden of the Gods. We drove through the Garden in buggies, and we climbed from the "Half way house" to the top of Pikes Peak. The greatest attraction that I saw in those days in that vicinity was the trout pool of Mr. Palmer, ~~I believe it was~~, at his palatial home ~~which he~~ called the Eerie. The trout would come up to the surface of the pool for the crums thrown to them, and slowly turn their stripped and spotted sides up to the sun light, much to my delight and amusement.

We moved back to Medicine Lodge in 1887. We dident use the covered wagon on the back trip however, but employed the Santa Fe. We lived in town and father practiced his profession. Grandfather Mills still maintained his cattle ranch west of Medicine, but had moved his family, for the benefit of the schools into the city. Those were the days when Jerry Simpson, the Sockless Socrates, was contesting every inch of the ground on his way to the Congress of the United States, with Chester I. Long, later to become a senator of that state. Simpson lived just across the street from us. I remember father and he starting out one morning on a campaign trip. As I remember it, Kansas, even in those days, at least that part of it was dry; nevertheless I do recall very distinctly two significent brown jugs, stored carefully away under the seat of the buck-board. A buck-board, one might recall was considered the easiest riding vehicle of the times. It was constructed, on springs between the front and rear wheels, of stout, narrow boards, fastened together with steel ties, so that it gave forth a wavey motion as it ran over the uneven places in the roads. The seat was situated midway between the front and rear wheels.

Judge J.D.F. Jennings, the father of Al Jennings, was living in Medicine Lodge at that time. I remember that a bank of the town was robbed one day and a posse was formed and took in after the robbers. They were captured out in the cedar breaks some distance southwest of Medicine Lodge. Al Jennings ~~was~~ the hero of that occasion. When the posse came up with the robbers, they found they had ridden into a cul de sac, a ravine that had no outlet. The posse rode

upon them before they realized it, and totally unintentionally, too. Al's horse ran away with him in the confusion that insued ~~when the robbers were come upon~~, and dashed madly toward the robbers. The balance of the posse had nothing to do but follow, and the robbers gave up without a shot being fired. Al never told about the horse having run away with him until more than a quarter of a century later. These robbers, there were seven of them, were taken back to Medicine Lodge. In the robbery of the bank a man, the cashier I believe, by the name of Stockstill, was killed. The seven men captured were taken out and hanged to a big elm tree that stood on a little creek just west of the town. I saw the seven hanging there, and heard the people say that the tree would most certainly die. It did, I understand, many years afterwards, ~~and~~ but cannot say whether the good folks could corelate the death with the hanging or not. But there was a great deal of talk about the hanging. It was openly stated that the men wanted to talk, and that prominent men of the town hastened their execution. It was claimed by many that if the men had been allowed to talk the prominent citizens would have been implicated and perhaps shown to be the master minds of the robbery, which was claimed to have been a put up job. Stockstill, it seems was not in on the frame up, but was expected to be out of town at the time of the occurance. However he failed to leave and was in the bank and started to make resistance and was shot down.

Medicine Lodge, like all the prominent western towns of that time had the reputation of being a tough place, and I have no doubt it was. The Strong Hotel, the principal hostelry of the county, was said to have been a murder house. It was rumored about that there were divers underground outlets and secret chambers, and that many guests of the hotel disappeared and were never afterwards heard of. I remember a number of boys and myself playing down the railroad track one day, and some other boys that had strayed further down on the banks of Medicine Creek, came running back to where we were and reported that a dead man was in the creek and that he kept bobbing up and down. Of course we all ran away from that playground, and some reported the discovery to their parents. Sure enough a man was

found down in the creek with sacks of sand tied to his feet. The sack about his neck or shoulders had come loose and the current of the stream raised the body up every so often, and it was this that had attracted the attention of the boys who first found the body. Every one said that the man had been killed in the Strong hotel and conveyed by the underground passage way to the very bank of the creek, and there sunk in the stream with the sand bags tied about it. However nothing was ever done about it, and so far as I know the body was never identified.

In 1888 we took a trip down to Gainsville, Texas, on the Sante Fe through the Territory. I remember I lost my little overcoat at a place that is now Guthrie, Oklahoma. Father was restless, I suppose, and was looking out a location. I remember Gainsville as the muddiest place that could well be imagined. Perhaps I was impressed with this idea more by reason of the dryness of the country where I had always lived. However, the memory still dwells that Gainsville is the muddiest spot on earth.

There was great talk following this trip about the Territory being opened up to white settlers. The big cattle men of that section ~~was~~ were resisting manfully, but a man they called Captain Payne was going about the southern portion of Kansas holding meetings and making speeches. He had great painted canvasses with his picture, and the pictures of numberless covered wagons, and people going into a country beautiful in green grass and fine streams and tall trees. I was very anxious to see the trees, for in our trip to Gainsville we had passed through that portion of the t rritory that was wooded during the night time, both coming and going, and I had never seen a tree, except cotton woods and elms and a few scrub cedars or juniper bushes. It wasent long after this until I heard father reporting to my mother that the Territory was actually going to be opened. They began to make preparations for the occasion. It was decided that no run should be made, after we made a trip down to Caldwell, Kansas, (where we found thousands of people encamped awaiting the opening,) but that father would go down on the Santa Fe train, that was advertised as going to run into the new country, and take a lot in the proposed town of Guthrie. This he did.

Father was always fortunate about such things and it develop- that the town lot he staked out was in the middle of a street Mother afterwards made some very pertinent remarks about my father's judgment in such matters. There was much stillness and very little conversation about the Cutlip home for some time afterwards.

But going back to Caldwell, and Hunnewell, and other of those border towns, that experienced a short lived prosperity and ~~accumulated~~ a population, never to be forgotten. Men and women, families; every concievable kind of a vehicle; dust flying thick as clouds; tumble weeds rolling, one after the other, in from the new country; excitement, jabbering almost incoherent on all sides. Stern faced men and women jockeying for advantageous positions on the line. Blue clad soldiers everywhere.

I recall one out-fit there that day that is typical of the occasion. A stern, hard faced, lone woman; in a light wagon to which was hitched the strangest looking team I have ever seen in my life. I should rather say the worst matched team. They were mules: one was a very small animal on the left, flee bitten, poor and scrawny while the one on the right was a magnificent animal a good sixteen hands in heighth. The wagon was covered and pans and wash tubs, I had never seen so many, ~~were~~ hung on to the feed box at the back of the wagon. A gigantic water cask adorned the right side and on the left side was tied, not so very securely it seemed to me, spades, a small plow, a pitch fork and various other such emplements. The woman sat sternly in the seat of the wagon and just before the shot fired that was a signal for the start of the run she drove her wagon right into line over a little old man and a boy in a spring wagon. The big mule just naturally pushed the little old gentleman and his wagon across the line and out of the woman's way. Just as far as one could see from east to west were literally thousands of people and wagons and horses and mules. Men on horse back with a complete camping outfit strapped onto their horses. About all one can remember of the run, however, is a great dust cloud and a multitude of voices, and the shrill whistle of the engine of the Santa Fe train. The train was not allowed to stop until it reached the townsite of Guthrie.

In 1889 we moved to Kingfisher, Oklahoma, going into that town on the first Rock Island passenger train run into the place. The months that followed were difficult ones. A man with $100.00 was a very rich man in 1889. I remember very well the first pair of new shoes that I had after moving into Oklahoma. In those days the Government issued "rations" to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians. These rations consisted of blankets, shoes, different articles of clothing, and various kinds of food stuff. So far as the clothing and shoes were concerned these the Indians sold off for about whatever they were able to get for them. One of these "ration" peddlers came to our home in Kingfisher and mother was able to purchase a pair of shoes (of the brogan type) for thirty five cents. They were too small for me but I managed to get them on and wear them. I really believe that I was prouder of that pair of thirty five cents shoes than any other pair I have ever possessed. I remember getting out and walking proudly up and down the board walks than ran in front of where we lived. We were not the only poor people. Every one was just about in the same fix. Credit at the stores, and things of that kind, was entirely out of the question, and it is no exaggeration to state that some times we were forced to go with mighty slim meals. Father, however, managed to see that I attended the "pay school" which required the expenditure of a dollar a month for my tuition. A Miss Lee tought the school.

After the settlers had managed to get in a crop and harvest it times loosened up considerable, and in a year or two we were enabled to move into a better home, and eventually bought one. Kingfisher was located not more than a mile and half from the Cheyenne and Araphoe reservation line. And in 1892 that country opened up to the white settler, and I remember another such a run as the one of 1889, except on a much smaller scale. Father ran into that country too. He removed his shoes and raced across the prairie barefooted, he and another man by the name of Cummings, race neck and neck, beating the ponies for a considerable distance, to an allottment they had in mind about one hundred yards from the line. Father beat Cummings to it. But with his usual good luck it later developed that the claim was restricted in some

manner, and father had his hard won race for nothing. The next opening was into the Cherokee Strip in 1893. Father did not make the run into that country, but was an official in the land office at Enid. I dont remember that wind actually blew a gale all the time in western Oklahoma in those days, but I do recall that at each of the "runs" or "openings" as they were called a veritable gale was blowing, and the dust was flying in clouds. As a matter of fact, reaching back in my memory to recall the demeanor of those men and people of that time, it seems that these "openings" ~~was~~ really in the nature of a picnic for the people. They looked forward to them and enjoyed them just as much as the people do a rodeo, to-day And they would talk about the different runs and the things that occured to them and about them, for many weeks afterward. A great by-word in Oklahoma territory in those days was: "Oh! Joe, here's your mule." I never could make out where that mule came in, but whenever two '89ers came in hailing distance of each other they invariably yelled:"Oh! Joe, here's your mule."

The neighboring Indians were as yet pretty wild, in those days of 89 and 90, and many rumors that the Indians were on the war path, would thrill the citizenship, and sometimes precaution of placing pickets about the town was thought necessary. However, nothing of the kind ever was threatened in fact. A garrison of soldiers was stationed at Kingfisher for a long time after we moved there. In the very early days the soldiers were about the only law there was, until the people organized their different local governments, city and county. So far as I am able to remember there was very little law violation, however. Not nearly so much as there is in these days. But then, there were not nearly so many people, and not nearly so many laws. One of the first laws that was passed or at least enforced, was a prohibition against wearing "concealed weapons". That law is still on the statute books of Oklahoma, but has been enlarged, of course by provisions against "carrying" them at all. In those early days it was not against the law to have a pistol on your person, but it was necessary that you wear it so that the world at large could see it. It was generally carried in a scabbard aattached to a belt. Every one carried a gun,

Saloons and gambling houses ran wide open. Honkatonks or dance halls did a good business, from all accounts.

Kingfisher is situated in the forks where Kingfisher Creek and St. John's Creek join. These little streams were lined with what appeared to me then as magnificent trees. And it was a source of the keenest delight to me who had been reared up to that time on the bald prairies to ramble around among the trees, and gaze with a good deal of fear and suspicion in the the thickets of wait-a-bit thorns.

There was a great demand, in those days, for buffalo horns. There were several parties in town who made it a business of polishing them up so that they glistened, and selling them for ornaments for the homes, as well as racks and hooks to hang things on. The horns in their natural state were very rough, like in a measure, the hide of an aligator. This part of the horn was cut away, and then a system of cutting down by means of scrapping with broken glass took place, afterwards some sort of polish was administered. The boys of that community made not a little pin money picking up "bones" and buffalo horns. The plains were covered, in those days, with bones. And I judge mostly buffalo bones, for as I recall that hundreds of bones that I picked up then still had the steel arrow heads stocking in the bones. And it was not uncommon to find a flint arrowhead sticking in a bone. It was so common place that we never thought much about it then, but to-day it would be a source of much curiosity if one could display such a relic.

One of the greatest pleasures we boys experienced was taking wooden barrel hoops out onto the prairie and starting them to running with the wind. They would run for miles along with the wind. After so long a time the farmers began to put up wire fences, and I have seen those wooden hoops running at such a speed that when they came in contact with a wire fence they would bounce back, and many times jump completely over the fence, and continue on their way. The tumble weed was another source of amusement. We could think up all kinds of game, generally guessing as to what the weed would do, where it would stop. Or we would name one for each of us and make a bet as to which one would beat to a certain

point.

Lame Bull and Left Hand, two important chiefs of the Araphoes lived but a short ways west of Kinfisher, and were very often in town. They were always a source of wonder to us boys. Lame Bull, was originally The Bull, but in the fight with Hennesy (near where the town of Hennesy is to-day and which was named after the man) he received a wound from which he ever afterwards limped, and came to be known as Lame Bull. Hennesy was a scout and at the time of the fight in which he and all of his comrades were massacred, he was hauling supplies for the relief of the United States army near what is now Ft. Sill, from Caldwell, Kansas. It was afterwards reported that the Osages prompted the Arapahoes to attack the wagon train, telling them that it was the intention of the white people to take the supplies to the soldiers so that a campaign could be carried on against the Arapahoes and their neighbors, the Cheyennes.

I have seen the Arapahoes and Cheyennes in their Ghost dances and have seen them dance out the fire. Lame Bull was the best of them all when it came to dancing out the fire. This dance was done upon hot coals and the Indians actually danced upon them. The object being of course to show which had the greatest indurance, and also to dance out the fire. Whenever a celebration was had in Kingfisher the Indians were always on hand, usually dressed in just a breech-clout or loin cloth. The people never seem to tire of looking at them, although they were on the streets of the town practically every day. These Indians were a very fine looking people, much stronger, better built, men that any other Indians I have ever lived among. That had the arrogant, far away look of the Arab, with high cheek bones, long black hair, hoked beaks, and black eyes well set in their heads. They invariably road their ponies without saddles. Sometimes one would have a blanket strapped over the ponies back. They were fine horsemen, too. I have seen them run their horses at break neck speed, hanging on with one hand and a heel, while picking objects off the ground. They were highly moral, so far as the sexes were concerned, and in the years that I lived among them, and in fact during the thirty five years I have lived in Oklahoma, I never heard of a Cheyenne or an Arapahoe making an attack upon a woman or ever getting out of place in

that way.

Kingfisher had a big celebration one night; the anvils boomed, and the citizenship shouted and cannon crakers roared. It had heard that the capitol of the territory was to be removed from Guthrie, Oklahoma, to Kingfisher. As a matter of fact the territorial council or legislature had voted to remove the capitol to Kingfisher, but Governor Steel vetoed the bill. It is needless to relate that a few nights afterwards the erstwhile happy citizenship hanged the governor in effigy. It dident seem to hurt the governor, however, for he served his time out, and went on his way rejoicing.

Kingfisher was where the Dalton boys hailed from. I knew them very well. They lived on the banks of Kingfisher Creek west of town, that is the old folks did, and most of the boys lived with them. Bill Dalton however, lived in town. He wasa icelooking man, well built, clean and manly looking. No one would have ever picked Bill for an outlaw. Many times he has been at our house playing cards. In fact was there the night that the report came of the destruction of the outlaw gang at Coffeeville, Kansas. He left shortly after that and was not heard of in Kingfisher, until the news came many months afterwards that he had been killed in California.

Judge Jennings, and the Jennings boys, lived next door to us in Kingfisher, having moved there from Medicine Lodge. Al and Ed. and Frank, however spent most of their time in Woodward, Oklahoma. It was there that Ed. was killed by Temple Houston. Afterwards when we had moved to Tecumseh Oklahoma in 1895, soon after the Pottawatomie country had opened up, Judge Jennings, was a resident of that place also and was elected County or Probate judge for a number of terms I was his court stenographer for three years. He was a very fine man, and the conduct of Al and Frank, weighed heavily upon, during the days they were robbing trains throughout Oklahoma and Indian Territory. When the news came of Al's capture, the judge was prostrated for many days and it was not expected that he would survive. He did however and lived to hold office for many years after that time.

In 1895, having lived in one place longer than was customery in those days, we went down to Houston, Texas, where father looked out a location for the practice of law.

Mother and us boys stayed with some friends down on the coast at a little place called Angleton. The people of that section ate more black eyed peas, in my judgment, than all the rest of the world put together. I was telling a friend about it in recent years and he said it was still that way down there. He said: "when you shake hands with a man down in that country, you can hear the black eyed peas rattle."

From there we moved back in a short time to the Choctaw Nation at McAlester, and from there in the fall of 1895, came by the first passenger train running west out of McAlester on the old Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf Railroad into Shawnee. We seemed to have had a penchant for riding the first trains out of a place and into another. It was not a very amusing experience some times, either, as I remember that we nearly starved making that seventy odd miles.

Father took p the practice of law in Tecumseh, and is still practicing law there. Mother died in 1902, and prior to that time I had moved to Wewoka, among the Seminole Indians While living at Tecumseh an occurance took place that shows the tendency of those times. Two Seminole Indians had been captured down near Maud, accused of the ravishing and murder of a white woman. When the neighbors had found her she was lying in her yard, disemboweled, and with the little children, just babies playing about her and the hogs rooting her about. The community was so wrought up that they took the two Indians to the top of a nearby hill and burned them. Following this the rumor spread that the Seminoles were in arms and were going to take revenge upon the white settlers. It is a fact that hundreds of people came into Tecumseh from the rural districts, the court house was crowded with people, as well as all of the churches in town. They slept upon the floors, and many, of course, were taken into the various homes of the town. Pickets were placed at the edge of town. A neighbor of ours, Judge W.A. Ruggles, heard a commotion on his front porch that night and going to the door with his shot gun in his hand was startled at something dashing upon the porch toward him. He instantly raised his gun and fired, and was very much chagrined to find that he had killed his faithful bird dog. This just goes to show the really nervous state the people of the west lived in, even up in those days.

I have lived among the Seminole and Creek Indians now since 1901, living at Wewoka, the National Capitol of the Seminoles. One of the really historic places of the State. Have seen this section, as well as the entire eastern portion of what is now Oklahoma, develop from a wilderness, inhabited by semi-savage people, into one of the most progressive and prosperous sections of the United States. That, within itself would make an interesting narative, but is too modern to appeal to the average reader.

The Indians' fires are ashes, and their arrows are broken. Where once the full blood hunted the speeding deer great fine school houses dot the hills. The bridle paths and the wilderness have given way to the graded highways and fine farms. The remount station and trading post on the trail between Ft. Gibson and Ft. Sill, is now a prosperous city of six thousand people. Great oil wells roar in ever direction through the Seminole nation where but yesterday the Seminole brave raised his little corn patch for "sofke" and hunted the wild turkey for meat. And this is indeed the history of all that great, wild country, in which I dwelt all my life.

The early settlers have moved on or been called to the Great Beyond. The old time hospitality that thought nothing of a family of friends moving in with them and staying for months is no more. The red man reads his morning paper on the front porch of a modern bungalow built by oil royalities; and the turkey and the deer that not so long ago, flew and ran across the townsite of Wewoka, are not to be found in Seminole County. Time, the tomb building, has seen a great commonwealth built up where a quarter of a century ago was waste. And while there is a mild regret at the passing of the wild things and that old, wild life, yet there is more than compensation in theprogr ssiveness of of the modern days.