

the destruction until better treatment could be had. A few were fortunate enough to find a torn mattress to rest the injured on. Someone brought a wagon load of straw he did not have time to unload the day before to provide a bit of comfort.

Mr. Warren was living with his parents three miles south of Peggs then. He says he would have stayed all night in Peggs that Sunday night with a friend had it not been for a wild horse they were handling. He and his friend had hunted for and finally caught the wild mare north of Peggs that day. When they came back thru Peggs before dark that afternoon, his friend wanted him to stay all night, but he decided he had better take the mare home where he could put her in a corral. He got home, and after supper lay down to rest. He had just dropped off to sleep, when his mother woke him to tell him there was a bad storm up toward Peggs. They went out in the yard and he said you could hear rocks falling. As he saddled a horse, two neighbors came by, and they rode hard for the stricken community.

The sight they found left on Mr. Warren a memory never to be forgotten. Fences and roads had disappeared, houses and buildings were gone. A field of cotton was at the south edge of town, but nothing remained as half a foot of the soil and rock had been completely removed as if by a giant earth scraper. There were places where dirt and rock had been windrowed as if placed for some landscape. Wire, fences, trees, machinery and debris of all kinds were unbelievably scattered, twisted and tangled in grotesque forms. The injured, dead, and parts of human bodies and animals defied man's ability to describe. The torture of that storm drove wheat straws deep into a telephone pole, blew a silver dollar into the shape of a hat, carried the roof of one house and gently settled it over the remains of another where a new baby and mother were in bed, and a man was sucked out of a cellar. 48 years later, old timers remember some of these things as tho they happened yesterday. Mr. Warren says tho he remembers seeing 35 dead laid out that night. 65 people were badly hurt, some of whom never recovered. He does not remember how many were less injured.

This high prairie town was an important center to the economy of Peggs community, as it was the only town between Pryor and Tahlequah east of Grand River in those days. Wagoner was to the west, but the river barred trade in that direction. Boarder towns in Arkansas were too far away. A big hotel in Peggs was a favorite for travelers and drummers to stop on their way thru the country. Peggs was proud of its growing town having a casket factory, big two story school house, three blacksmith and wagon shops, several general stores, a drug store, theater, and other establishments all busy building a better place to work and live. But after an existence of some 30 years Peggs was wiped out in less than a minute, never to be rebuilt. To-day some scars are still a witness to that day of long ago as one looks at what used to be the jail and a few house foundations and cellars. A general store operates on the crest of the hill about where the center of the old town site was and nearby a vacant building stares out on a quiet street. Sometimes a car stops at the store for gas or a few groceries, a piece of hardware, or maybe someone just wants to chew the fat. State Highway of later years now crosses thru the east side of town. There a county road crosses the highway where the post office stands to serve the community. At the north edge of town a low three-room school house offers the Indian and white children from the wide prairie community a change to get thru the eighth grade. Rhoda Sunday,