

OWENS, GEORGIA..

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Ruby Wolfenbarger,  
Investigator,  
Feb. 15, 1938.

Interview With Georgia Owens,  
Sentinel, Oklahoma.

My father, George Taylor, and my mother, Mary Goodwin, were both born in Texas and in that state I was born May 20, 1872. My mother died when I was about ten years of age.

My father who was a farmer and cattleman brought his cattle to the Territory in the early day. When he started to market with them he brought them here and grazed them for a while as the grass was very plentiful. On one of these trips he decided to come here and go into the cattle business so in 1886 we made the change. We brought three wagons, one of which I drove. After my mother died I had to do all the house work as I was the only girl in the family. I cooked all the meals on the trip, also packed the camping outfit. My brothers and three neighbor boys drove about twenty head of cattle through.

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Progress was very slow for we had to make our roads and hunt our water for the stock. We started out from Texas with enough water for our needs. The men took time about guarding the stock at night. However, we never had any trouble but we saw lots of Indians on the road as we came across the country.

When we came to a good grazing place we stopped and let the cattle graze for a few days and when we arrived at our place our cattle were in extra good shape.

My father had leased land on his last trip through here. We located near Comanche where we lived in a double log house with a fireplace in one end. The top was covered with boards made from oak trees. We had the logs split at a sawmill near our house.

We had plenty of wood to burn. Part of our land had been cleared. We put a rail fence around part of the land but our cattle ran out on the range. Each man had his own brand.

We got our groceries and other supplies from Duncan but we didn't buy very much or go to town very often.

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The first few years we didn't plant any crops except a little corn and feed for my father had planned to buy up several hundred head of cattle. As the old settlers came into the Territory most of them took up land to farm and my father didn't think that there was enough room for both the farmers and cattle so we sold all of our cattle except just enough for our milk and butter and the next year we farmed a little.

I didn't get to go to school very much. I had too much other work to do. I kept the family in plenty of home-made lye soap, hominy, cornmeal, milk and fresh butter and we always put up our meat every winter.

We lived there for about ten years, after which we sold out and went back to Texas but I came back to this part of the state with my husband in 1912.