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Investigator, Charles H. Holt.
November 16, 1937.

Interview with A. B. (Bert) Pattison,
Hominy.
Father, Lewis C. Pattison.

Before coming to the Indian Territory to live the Pattison family lived about twelve miles north of the Territory line in Kansas, and Bert and his father hunted prairie chickens for the market. So they came quite often down into the Territory hunting chickens around Pawhuska, and for several years they averaged about three thousand prairie chickens per year for the market. Mr. Pattison was a blacksmith and after visiting Pawhuska several times while down there hunting, he decided that Pawhuska would be a better place for a blacksmith than the place where he was in Kansas and also decided that there was more game for hunting in the Territory. He and the boys were very enthusiastic about hunting for sport

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as well as for profit, so in 1889 the Pattison family loaded one old wagon with what belongings they possessed and started for Pawhuska. Their possessions were very few, and they had seven children and had seen many hardships in Kansas. The load consisted of a few bed clothes and an old cook stove and a very few other things, and they hitched an old cultivator on the back of the wagon and put a small coop of chickens on top of the wagon.

It was late in the year and was snowing, but the snow was melting and made a great slush to travel in and a great deal of mileage was not covered the first day.

That night they stayed over night on Salt Creek with a family of the name of Wamsley. The next day was just as bad with snow and rain but they kept on, and on the second day made it to the place which they had leased about two and a half miles up Clear Creek

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from Pawhuska but to get to the house they had to cross Clear Creek and the snow and rain had put excess water in the creek, and in crossing it they stalled with the wagon wheels against a big rock, right in midstream and the small team could not move the wagon and in the jolting and bouncing of the wagon the chicken coop fell off into the water and drowned three of the chickens. Young Bert pulled the heads off these three chickens and saved them for supper but the wagon with most of the family in it was still in midstream, so Bert waded in and carried his mother and the rest of them to the shore one at a time. Then he went into the creek and took hold of the wheel that was against the rock, and between him and the horses they got the wagon across.

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By then everything, even they themselves, were wet so they loaded everything back on the wagon, making sure to put the three drowned chickens on the wagon for that meant more food for supper than they would have had as their food was very limited and it was already supper time. It was just a short way from the creek to the house and they were soon there. The first thing was to set the cook stove up so as to get supper, as they had not eaten anything since early morning. They all worked with the unloading, and supper, and they were ready to eat by eleven o'clock and being wet and having been without food all day the nice stewed chicken and hot biscuits tasted good. Their bed clothing was all wet but they slept on it just the same that night and none of them had any sickness from it.

Bert's father soon got his blacksmith shop started in Pawhuska; the rest of the family farmed and on rainy days and in spare time Bert helped his father in the shop and it was not long until their hardships ended as the farm and blacksmith shop were both thriving.

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After staying at Pawhuske for three years, Bert went to the Kaw Agency and operated a blacksmith shop for himself and at the same time his father left Pawhuske and went to farming near the town of Osage. The father saw great opportunities for a blacksmith shop at Hominy, so he persuaded Bert to leave the Kaw Agency and open up a shop at Hominy which he did: that was in 1893. Bert found business good in Hominy in his shop during farming season but slack during the other months. Bert was a great hunter and the hunters from the East would seek him as a guide while they were on hunting expeditions in the Osage, paying him \$3.00 a day. On one occasion a man of the name of Sheneworth came from St. Louis to Hominy to hunt and he had been told of Pattison's skill as guide and hunter so on his arrival this man went to look Bert up but found that he had already gone hunting, so Mr. Sheneworth got someone else to go with him and he and Pattison got back to Hominy on the same day.

Pattison had some game but Sheneworth had gotten nothing so Sheneworth, who did not want to go back to St. Louis without taking a deer with him, made a bargain

with Bert promising that when he returned he would send Bert, from St. Louis, a good overcoat besides his salary as guide if Bert would go with him next day and get a deer for Mr. Shemsworth to take home with him. So Bert packed all his equipment and they drove to a place twelve and a half miles south of Hominy. It was late afternoon so they pitched camp but Bert scouted out looking for signs of deer for the next morning's hunt. He found plenty of signs, but kept quiet about it.

Bert was up before daybreak and leaving the rest of the party asleep took his Winchester and went to the place where he had seen the signs of deer the evening before. It still was not good daylight and after waiting a short while, he caught sight of what later proved to be a nice, large four-point buck. It was at long range with just its head and a very small portion of its shoulder showing from behind a tree. Bert wanted to take no chances on the deer getting away or seeing him so he aimed his shot to graze the back of the tree so as to hit the deer's shoulder as much as possible. The shot went perfectly and Bert saw the

bark fly off the tree when he shot and going to the spot where the deer was lying a short distance away, Bert dressed the deer as he always did and took it to camp, to find the others still sleeping. Bert went in and called Mr. Sheneworth and said "You will sure have to get that o'coat for me." Mr. Sheneworth said "Surely, I will when you kill a deer for me to take home." Bert said "I already have it," but had to show Mr. Sheneworth his bloody hands before he would believe it. Sheneworth, after seeing the deer, said "Let's go to town as that's all I want to take home." They did, but on account of a certain law Mr. Sheneworth could not ship the deer to St. Louis so he bought a new trunk in Hominy, putting the deer and, of course, the head, too, in the trunk and checked it as baggage to St. Louis.

Bert Pattison made many friends among the Indians at that time, whom he still holds ^{because} he befriended them in the early days. On one occasion in the early '90's the Sac and Fox Indians had come up to visit the Osages and were camping across Hominy Creek not more than three or

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four hundred yards from the place where Pattison's blacksmith shop now stands and one of them died and Pattison made a coffin at his shop and they buried the Sac and Fox Indian on the bank of Housing Creek. They buried this Indian on the opposite side from the camp, nearer Pattison's shop. The next year these Sac and Fox Indians came back again and camped at the same place and another one died. Pattison made a coffin and this Indian was buried next to the one who had died the year before. The two graves are still there.

The large ranches in those days were the 3 D Ranch, operated by a Mr. Blair, the Crane and Larimer Ranch and the Rogers Ranch.

The robbers who used the Osage hills as hide outs, whom Bert recalls, were Ben Cravens, Henry Starr and others.

The deputy United States Marshals were Bob Dalton and Lee Taylor.

Mail in those days came by stage from Elgin, Kansas, to Pawhuska then to Hominy, and they got mail three times weekly.

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John R. Jones moved into the Osage in the early '90's, coming in a covered wagon drawn by a team of oxen hitched to the wheel and a team of horses on the lead. He settled two miles west of Hominy and lived in the same place for twenty-five years. His son, Hal, lives in Hominy at present but the parents are dead. Bert Pattison was a member of the first school board that Hominy had. He has his father's original anvil; the make of it is "Peter Wright." He has had this anvil about forty years, ever since his father's retirement and his father's death.

Bert Patterson has an eight gauge muzzle loading, double barreled, thirty-six inch shot gun, which he has had for over forty years. He used this for his deer gun and a load for each barrel consisted of 11 dr. powder and 40 # 3 buck shot.

On one occasion Bert Pattison was hunting with the gun and a young deer got up and started running off. Bert shot at the deer and when the gun went off, he was knocked to the ground and the gun went to one side some distance from where he fell. On recovering from

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the shock and making an examination of the gun he found that both barrels had gone off at the same time, but that he had killed the deer. The people in the community around thought when they heard this shot that it was an earthquake or an explosion of dynamite. Bert escaped with only a severely bruised shoulder.