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Field Worker: Warren D. Morse
 April 14, 1937

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BIOGRAPHY OF: C. S. (Bud) Peniston
 Grant Avenue, Ryan, Oklahoma

BORN: April 4, 1937, in Arkansas

When I came to the Suggs Ranch to work for him everybody told me that he had a bad reputation. I went to work for them in 1887 and worked a long time. The foreman and Suggs' neice took a liking to me when I started to work and raised my pay from fifteen dollars a month, at the beginning, to forty-five dollars in a few months.

Ikas Suggs had charge of this ranch here at Sugdon and it was the headquarters for the Suggs Brothers. The ranch property reached from Lawton south, to Red River, and east to the Railroad. It covered many miles.

The foreman told me to do whatever Suggs told me to do and I would get along with him. Suggs had some men working for him who wanted to take a vacation and go back east to their homes in Tennessee to visit. Ike called me in one day and asked me if I could feed horses. I told him to show me how much he wanted fed and I could do it.

They had gone north somewhere and bought some fine Stallions and Jacks. He placed these in stalls in barns, the top of which were hay and placed on poles. The poles were horizontal to keep these apart. It was big and had a runway with the stallions on one side of the runway and the Jacks on the other side.

Ike was showing me how much to feed them when a horse

got his foot hung over one of these poles and could not get loosed. We set the measure of feed down in the runway and went to unfasten the horse. After we had got him loose and turned to get the feed, there was one of his fine hogs eating the feed, after having turned the measure over. Ike kicked at the hog and missed and when he did that he fell, hurting his hip rather badly.

He got up, fuming and cursing. He yelled at me to drive that hog out and kill him. I drove him up in one corner of the shed and knocked him in the head with an axe and killed him. I went back and helped Ike finish feeding the horses and when we started out I asked him what I should do with the hog. "That hog?" he asked. I told him the one he told me to drive out and kill. I asked him if he wanted it taken to the house for meat. He went in and looked at it, then said. "Don't ever do that again. No, it is too poor to eat, we will drag it off back of the corral."

That scared me, but I kept telling him that I had only done what he had told me to do and I had supposed that he meant it when he told me to kill the hog. I thought I would be fired for that. He told me not to tell anyone about it, if anyone asked about the hog being gone, just to say it had died.

Ikas had a brother in New York who was coming home, so Cal was left here and Ike went to Wyoming to attend to the affairs of their ranch there. I drove Ike over to a railroad station in Texas and brought Cal home. On our way home Cal asked about the hog I had killed for Ike. I told

him that Ike had told me to kill the hog and I did just as he told me. I noticed that Cal kept laughing every once in a while. He wanted to know what I had said, I told him that he told me never to do it again.

When we got back to Sugdon, Cal told me he was going to buy me a Stetson hat for that. Everything had to come from Gainsville and it was about three months later that Cal came back with the hat. I thought he had forgotten it. He said that Ike had told him all about my killing the hog and had told Cal not to tell the boy to do a thing unless he was sure that he meant it.

I was sent up to Maurika to the ranch there and John, another brother, talked about my killing the hog for Ike.

There was a little girl from Virginia who taught school on this ranch and boarded at the Suggs place. She always rode horse-back to and from school except when Cal was in and he would go after her in the buggy. There were only fourteen or fifteen in the school and they paid a dollar a month, each.

When her school was out we all thought she went back home. We never heard of her again until just before Cal died. He told Captain Darity to let his wife know how he was. It so happened that he had taken this girl to Chicago and married her. He made her a fine home and she stayed there all the time. Cal never told us where the girl was never even mentioned her at all. And it seemed to us that he made the ranch his headquarters as he had always done. Nettie Suggs, Cal's wife never came back to this country.

When the Comanche country opened, the Suggs moved out--back into Texas and made San Angelo their headquarters.

Ikas Suggs never married, however he lived with a woman his private secretary, on one of the fine hotels in San Angelo. The church people found it out and asked the Hotel Proprietor to throw him out. When the proprietor told him he would have to move, he said, "Son, see that lot across the street? I own that lot and I'll get out and build a Hotel that you will take notice of." IKas's hotel was the finest hotel in San Angelo. He owned a lot of property in Chickasha and he died there.

Seven or eight miles a day was about the average days' drive on the cattle trail. There would be a bunch of cattle, then the chuck wagon, then another bunch and so on.

Suggs' always paid in coin, never used paper money.

In 1889 Mr. Gilky and I went to Oklahoma City and made the run. We drew a hundred and sixty acres of land, but it was no good. The soldiers had preference. They could file on land by proxy and never even go to look at it.

The dry years set in and I couldn't say, so I went to Oklahoma City and worked in the hardware store. Typhoid Fever broke out and people died by the hundreds, so I left and went to Gainsville, later to Belcher. When the Rock Island railroad came through here, I moved back, under Cleveland's administration. We all lived in dugouts. In the early days men worth seventy-five thousand dollars lived in them and thought nothing of it. I went to a party once in Duncan Store. O. W. See carried the mail on horseback from 1886 to 1889. He made two trips a week. THE END