



AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. PHILENA McCABE  
Old timer and member of "The Old  
Settlers Association" of Tulsa  
W. T. Holland, Interviewer  
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I was born in Ogle County, Illinois, on April 25, 1851, and married to Albert McCabe on the 11th of April, 1882. Immediately after our marriage we went to Iowa, where we lived for six years. Then we moved to Kansas near Iola, where we resided two years.

My husband was a farmer and especially interested in raising prairie hay. Knowing of the wonderful supply of this grass in the Territory, we decided in 1891, to come into the Territory, so we loaded up our camping outfit in the Spring of 1891, (this outfit included a mowing machine and hay baler, teams, etc.)

We came in by way of Baxter Springs, and were three days on the way, stopping at Blue Jacket, north of where Miami now is, and on land owned or managed by a Shawnee Indian named Blue Jacket. I might add, that at that time Miami didn't exist.

In the haying season we moved about, cutting and baling hay. We were privileged to cut hay anywhere the grass was good. Most of this hay was shipped to northern mar-

MCCABE, PHILENA. INTERVIEW

7127

2

kets, as there was no local market. My husband shipped hay out to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago via the railroad. We were told by a local white man that we would have to ship this hay out in his name, or some other local man. But my husband told him he had always done his business in his own name and didn't see any reason to change, so he would take the risk if any. He had no trouble and continued to do so for two years, or until we came to Tulsa in 1893. There were not very many white people in that part of the Territory, they farmed on Indian land, leased.

We got a letter of introduction from a friend at Blue Jacket to E. B. Chenoworth, a Methodist minister of Tulsa. He was one of the first people we met when we came here. To my personal knowledge, Reverend Chenoworth was the one who established the first Southern Methodist Church at Tulsa, or the one who established the church here in 1892.

He came here in a spring wagon drawn by two ponies. He came from Colorado. He, personally and alone, hauled the rough lumber from a sawmill near Tulsa on the Arkansas River to the right-of-way of the railroad, and built a one-room church building between Main and Boulder Street,

3

on the north side of the railroad. He was also a teacher and conducted a school in this building. We sent our children to school to him. Our children never attended a public school. All schools were subscription schools. We sent to Mrs. Lila Lindsay, who taught school about 1895 or 1896, in the front room of her home, located on Boston between First and Second Streets, as they are now named. The only street named at that time was Main.

When we came here, we leased a plot of land, where I now live, 618 North Main, from an Indian and built a temporary home there until statehood, when we got a title from the Government. We, however, paid the Indian one hundred dollars for the lease, which was all he asked. At that time Main Street didn't exist, but was just the northern trail out of town.

In 1899 there was a scourge of measles in Tulsa and for one hundred days there was an average of one burial each day for that length of time. Most all were buried in a cemetery on West Second Street, Tulsa.

Early in the year 1900 Oak Lawn Cemetery was opened up. It was east of town and the first person buried there

MCCABE, PHILENA.

INTERVIEW

7127

4

was a boy twelve years of age, also a victim of measles. This was early in 1900 and the boy's name was Avery Pound, I attended the burial.

My husband rented land and cut hay on the land of Noah Gregory, an ordained Indian Methodist Minister. He was educated in Missouri and was the first Superintendent of the Uchee Indian Mission at Sapulpa.

Tulsa was very active just before the Cherokee Strip run in 1893. We watched the wagons come through and especially watched them ford the Arkansas River. However during a time when the river was up the railroad allowed the settlers to roll their wagons across on the railroad bridge. The men, of course, pulled and pushed them across and then swam their teams across the river. I know this to be a fact. I know, too, that Tulsa supply houses had and sold oil well supplies to oil men in Red Fork and Glen Pool and all this at that time had to be hauled across the river. Later, a toll bridge was built which helped business in Tulsa. There weren't many wealthy people in Tulsa then. Tate Brady told me there wasn't a man in Tulsa worth twenty thousand dollars, when the bridge was built,

5

but they built it. However Brady wasn't one of the builders.

One day before the bridge was built, I saw a drove of five thousand head of cattle come by my home here. They were on their way north, and intended to use the railroad at Sapulpa, the terminal then, but they thought the rates unreasonable; so they herded the cattle down near the river the evening before, and the next morning at daybreak they started them across and at eleven A. M. all were over and on their way into the Osage pastures.

Not connected with the history but will say that my husband and Horace Greely were first cousins. Mr. McCabe's father settled at Chicago in the early days when that city was small, Mr. Greely's father east at New York where Mr. Greely established and published his paper. I saw him only once and that was in Minneapolis when he was making the race for President. I saw him there and of course met him, and heard him speak.