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INTERVIEW WITH MR. COOK HORTON

FIELD WORKER GOLDIE TURNER

April 16, 1937

Mr. Horton was born November 12, 1856, in Morgan county Kentucky. Came to Oklahoma in 1888.

I first came to the Cherokee Nation in 1888, went to Stillwater in 1889 and came to Pawnee when the strip opened in 1893. I made the run from Angalls and put up my first place of business on the north side of the square. A friend of mine advised me to go to the south side of the square so in three or four months I bought lots about the middle of the block and put up a frame building. I established the first saloon in Pawnee in 1893 and ran it till 1901, then traded it for a butcher shop.

In 1894 when the men who were county clerk and county sheriff exchanged places Governor Henfrow came here to make the procedure legal and made me deputy sheriff where I served for five years. I was on the street and saw the Bill Dooling gang rob the bank and take Mr. Berry, the president of the bank, to the creek. The gang then rode north a few miles, stopped on the side of a hill and rested awhile before going on.

I worked for Frank Canton when he ran a business in Stillwater. Later he came to Pawnee as a United States Marshal. B. Dunn was

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also a United States Marshal and was an enemy of Canton. He said he would kill Canton on sight. One afternoon as I was going to my place of business I saw Canton on the Street and farther down I saw Dunn standing in a stairway. I went on into the saloon for I knew what was going to happen, I had been in there only a short time when I heard a single shot. I knew who had been killed. Canton had killed Dunn for he was faster on the draw.

I always carried a gun but never killed a man in my life. I did shoot an outlaw one time when I was deputy, the bullet went through his head but he lived, was arrested and served his time out in the penitentiary.

I furnished ice for the town for four years, right after the opening. Ice was cut from Black Bear and Camp creeks and packed in saw dust which was hauled from the saw mill at Blackburn. Ice houses were built close to the creek and in the summer I ran an ice wagon. One night about eleven o'clock when I had gone out to Camp Creek to get a load of ice I backed the wagon into the creek bank and on getting out, looked up and saw some one standing close to a tree. I whipped out my gun and almost shot, when I recognized the person to be Eaglechief a Pawnee Indian. He stood and watched me a short time, then walked away

never saying a word.

I built my first home, a large two story building down on the east part of town. It was one of the nicest dwellings in town at that time. Many other nice dwellings were erected down there too, because it was nice and level there. An old Indian had warned against building close to the creek however for he said that the creek sometimes overflowed its banks and backed up sometimes as far as the east side of the court house square, a good quarter of a mile west. Nobody believed this until a year later when that very thing happened. Many of the houses were washed from their foundations. Mine wasn't but everything in it was ruined and we had to get out in boats. I raised the house sixteen feet but the next flood covered up past the fourth row of shingles on the roof. We were flooded out four or five times before we moved to higher ground. Now there are few houses in that part of town.