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W. T. Holland
 Indian Research Worker

Interview with Mrs. Mary C. Randolph
 105 So. Xanthias Ave., Tulsa, Okla.,
 as given to W. T. Holland, Indian
 Research Worker.

Our second home was the log house near Arcadia about where Bird Creek empties into Caney River. This was good land and there was plenty of timber near, which my husband cut and marketed in the form of fence posts. Anybody and everybody, it seemed, was allowed to cut timber anywhere it could be found. So we did likewise.

We farmed some, too, in a very crude way, as I said, we had only one implement, and that a breaking plow, didn't even have a garden rake. The way we prepared the ground for our garden was by taking up the sod, or turf, after it had been turned, and shaking out all the dirt, in this way we could pulverize the soil, and make nice seed beds. We also had "sod Crop" of corn. (I asked what a sod Crop was). This sod crop was planted right after the plow. I would follow the plow, and every two or three rounds, I would drop two or three grains of corn, and the next round the plow would turn over the sod, and in this way cover the corn. Of course, with the fresh land and enough rain, we would make a very good field, but not a

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yield such as could have been had with modern farm tools to prepare and cultivate the soil.

With the garden, our chickens, and plenty of wild game, we didn't suffer for need of something to eat. And now even thinking of the times and the trials, hardships and ordeals we went through, I have no regrets nor did I at the time for I was helping to make a home and was willing and anxious to do my part, not only in the home, but in actual manual labor.

My husband hunted a good deal, mostly to furnish the table, and in the meantime taught me how to shoot the rifle, and I got to be about as good a shot as anyone around.

My husband in the many trips to Guthrie, met lots of people, and made many friends, I knew he would bring some friends out at various times to hunt turkeys. And the odd part of it was, they would hunt at night. Of course, they would select a moonlight night, and would hunt until they found a roost. Then their troubles were over for they could shoot them right out of the trees, the turkeys not being able to see, were at a disadvantage. They never failed to get as many as they wanted or needed.

Along about the first part of the year 1891, my husband fed cattle for a rancher up in Chickasaw Country.

On his return, the latter part of that year, 1891, we moved to Chandler, Oklahoma. This town was laid out by the government and was one mile long and one-half mile wide, that is the original boundary lines.

Mr. Randolph's first work here was running a freight line from Chandler to Guthrie. He hauled out the produce for the merchants and brought back loads of goods for them. He also assisted the peace officers, deputy U. S. Marshals run down the various outlaws at that time. One of the deputies he worked with was Heck Thomas. I don't recall, now, all of the officers, nor the outlaws. He later was appointed city marshal of Chandler and served in that capacity until 1895.

Our life was very pleasant at Chandler. My son, Will, graduated there from High School. I remember the first school they had at Chandler. That was before any building for that purpose had been erected. So we had to use such a place as was available and that happened to be a building, frame, that had been built for business purposes and was on the Main Street, right on the sidewalk. This served the purpose until a suitable building was built. The town grew pretty fast. But before we had any church buildings, we decided to have a Christmas tree. This, I think was the

Christmas of 1892. The only building we could get, large enough to hold the crowd was a livery barn. The men placed bales around for seats, and all had a very pleasant time.

The social life was very pleasant. No formal introduction was necessary to become acquainted. And, too, in time of sickness or distress, everyone offered their assistance, a custom too soon dropped.

In due time churches of most every denomination were organized and buildings erected, and withal everything moved along nicely. I might add, regarding the social customs and practices of that time, was the hospitality of the home. This was offered to all who might come to your home. If at meal time, he was asked to eat, or if late in the evening, they were asked to spend the night, and all knew that they would be welcomed anywhere night might overtake them, regardless of whether they knew the people or not.

My husband, who went to Kansas at the age of 16 or in 1863, knew many people of that section of that early date. He was always on the side of law and order, even in that early day; and at his early age, 16 to 19 years of age knew Buffalo Bill, and hunted buffalo with him and

Wild Bill Hickock. He also assisted in bringing to justice

the famous Bender gang of Kansas, who operated the Halfway

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House or Inn. A number of people never got any further than that house being slain and robbed by that family and as later found out, they buried their victims under and about the house. Mr. Randolph assisted in recovering the bodies of many of the victims. Mr. Randolph passed away in 1927 at the age of 80. We were at that time and had been for some time before, living in Tulsa.

Within the last few years, I have traveled over much of the country, visiting Washington, D. D. New York City, the New England states, also the old homestead near Peoria, Ill. Have seen a lot of the country, some of it very pretty and prosperous looking--but in all my travel I haven't found any place that seemed so good to me as Oklahoma. And as I approach the twilight days of my life, I can look over the past with a great deal of satisfaction and much pleasure, and never regret any hardship, so called, I might have endured in helping to make a state out of this virgin Territory. I have all my children in Tulsa with me. The Judge and my daughter, May, in the home with me, and Mark here in the city. I have so much to be thankful for.

RANDOLPH, MARY CATHERINE

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