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Chisholm Trail
Ranches
Chickasaw and Comanche Country
Cow Brands
Marlow City
Purcell
Tribe-Comanche, Cheyenne
Chief-Baldwin

Warren D. Morse, Field Worker
Indian-Pioneer History
May 17, 1937

Interview with Mr. Ed Adkins of
Marlow, Oklahoma, as given to
Warren D. Morse, Field worker.

Mr. Ed Adkins, Marlow, Oklahoma, was born in
Wise County, Texas in the year of 1861.

I came into Oklahoma in 1886 over the old Chis-
holm trail with the Wade boys up to Marlow Cabin.
Well, in fact the Wades bought the Marlow boys out.

Bill and Tom built a ranch house out of Burr
Oak logs just three miles north of the site of Mar-
low City. They ran cattle on both sides of the creek
over in the Comanche country too. They ran their
cattle back across the line though several times.
They wanted the \$1.00 a head for grazing the cattle.

Their brand was the boat brand and the ranch was
called the Rod Ranch. Now, I did quite a bit of buying
and in doing this I had several running brands. I
branded the L & L and the O. F. I used the 77 bar
brand for horses. I was about the only man who ran
a separate brand for horses.

People talk of the Marlow outlaws, but I don't
think they were any tougher than most men at that

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time. You know they would stampede trail herds when they stopped at the camp for water. When the herds would be gone they would pick up the strays that were left behind and when rewards were offered for strays or stolen cattle the boys would get in touch with the person offering the reward, then they would go to their pen and pick the cattle out and return them for the reward. That is the way they made their money. Their place was near Beasley and there was more in the ring than just the Marlow boys.

Now, when we came our closest store was Aaron Springs store. It would take almost a week to make that the trip for at/time there were no trails made and we had to break trail. Our cotton, we took to Belcherville, Texas, which was our best market then.

Later Purcell started, and we started trading there. It was a little nearer.

I remember one time, I roped a fox. It had run up a limb of a tree and I roped it, jerked it down, and killed it.

As you know there were no fences at that time. I had a bunch of cattle taking them to the Cheyenne

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country to graze. I must have had about 650 head in the bunch. I got over near the Agency when Old Baldwin stopped me and told me I would have to pay for trespassing on the reservation. He wanted to know how many head I had. I told him 321. He said if I had any more than that he was going to make me pay for the extras besides throwing me in jail. He said he was coming out the next morning to count them. I rushed out to my bunch and told them what Baldwin had said. We got busy and drove our bunch over into the Cheyenne that night. I knew I was in for it if he did come out and make the count.

I was camped with a bunch of cattle one time when five or six big Indians rode up. They circled around us and one old big ugly one went around to the wagon wheel and picked up my Winchester. I turned, grabbed him by the collar, and gave him a good shaking. I told him not to come around our camp after sundown for I went crazy after sundown and he might get killed. Oh, they wanted a beef.

There was a store built by McDuffey near the railroad over east of where the U.S. 81 makes its curve. It was a shabby affair but had a pretty good stock of goods.

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I talked to a man not too long ago, who told me he ran an outfit on Mud Creek. I happened to know he was only their cook.

I was whipped one time because I didn't bring a man back to the ranch. He was caught stealing. I didn't lead him back. Oh, I don't know I just felt sorry for him.

We organized the First National Bank in 1901. Since then I have been either vice-president or President. I have seen thirty-seven years' service.