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RTON, W. D. (MRS.) INTERVIEW

/ 210

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Field Worker: Amelia F. Harris
April 14, 1937

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BIOGRAPHY OF Mrs. W. D. Barton (White)
Maiden name Mary Donahew
315½ West 3rd Street
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

BORN Kentucky

PARENTS Father, Alfred Donahew, Kentucky
Ear, eye and nose specialist.
Mother, Basie Donahew, Kentucky
Deceased.

After I married R. Barton, we moved to Pittsburg, Penn. We lived there several years, but we thought we would like to go west. We had read a great deal of Oklahoma and I insisted on Dr. Barton coming out to find us a new home. He came to Oklahoma in 1908 and established his business in Frederick, Oklahoma. He bought 160 acres on Deep Red Creek. This farm was 18 miles southeast of Frederick, a fine rich bottom farm. Deep Red Creek empties into the Red River. After Dr. Barton had every thing in readiness for us I had the Red Ball Moving Company, pack our household things and we shipped by freight via Oklahoma City to Frederick.

When our things arrived in Oklahoma City they would not ship them to Frederick until we paid the freight to here and in advance to Frederick. They were afraid some of our things might be damaged I guess. It seemed that we were long time getting every thing to our new home.

Doctor Barton had a nice home in town and one on our farm; and placed my brother and I in charge of the farm, to make a success of it which we did. We raised every thing adapted to Oklahoma on this farm.

We had about 700 native pecan trees. The land was so rich that these pecans were nice and large; we shipped 1900 pounds to Cincinnati and got 18 cents per pound in 1912; after that we found a ready market in Oklahoma. One Christmas we had two teams hitched to a wagon, and the wagon body filled with pecans and then we filled too sacks with pecans and put on top of the loaded wagon. We drove into Frederick (my brother and I). We borrowed a pair of scales from Mr. Ray, a grocery man in Frederick, and parked our wagon on Main Street. We sold pecans all day long; we had an old grip in the wagon, ^{and} as we sold pecans we would drop our money in this open satchel; we did this until the last pound was gone. It was about sun down when we started home, Brother and I both standing and driving in a trot. When we were about ten miles from Frederick our horses jumped and shied out of the road at some ~~some~~ thing. We could tell it was a man. Brother applied the whip, all four horses gave a big lunge and started in a run down the road, and we kept them going as fast as we could. We reached home, ~~We~~ had over \$300.00 of pecan money in that old satchel. We knew that lots of people saw us throw this money into the grip. The man by the side of the road was one of them and intended to rob us. We arrived safely home, unhitched and fed our teams and smuggled this grip under the feed trough in some hay and left it there all night. The next day we put it in the bank. We bought with it our furniture, ^{and} a grist mill to grind corn into meal and chops. We ground lots of stuff to feed chicken and hogs. In this way we kept our hogs ready for the market.

We raised fine wheat, averaged 90 bushel to the acre, and cotton, one to two bales per acre. Cotton grew on this bottom land about five feet high. We shipped two heavily fruited stalks, bales all open, to Kauffman one of the largest ~~Ladies~~ Department Stores in Pittsburg, Penn., and they put these stalks in the window with a cotton goods display. These tall stalks white with cotton were quite a curiosity there and created quite a sensation.

In 1919 we paid \$2.00 per hundred to have our cotton picked and sold it for 44 cent per pound. I always raised lots of chickens and turkeys for the market. I had fine blooded turkeys, the big bronze and that year I sold to Swift and Company \$763.00 worth of turkey. The "Frederick Leader (Newspaper) printed in big head lines across the front page, "Turkey Queen of Tilghman County sold \$763.00 worth of turkeys" and never saw a turkey only in but their shops. This bunch of Bronze turkeys created much comment and people from Lawton, Duncan, Marlow and Frederick would drive out especially to see these turkeys.

We did not have much time for amusements. We had an annual picnic and Rodeo at Loveland, a great place for politicians. You would always see Jim McClintic there, ready to make a speech. So with singing schools, box suppers and country dances and swimming in the creek was the extent of our amusements.

In 1910 Theodore Roosevelt and four rough riders from Texas, J. N. Newland (Editor of Frederick Leader) and Abernathy, all "Rough Riders", were scouting over Tilghman County. They heard so much about our farm, and the good fishing to be had on "Deep Red Creek"

they came down and asked permission to camp a few days, which we granted. They camped there about a week fished and hunted, lots of men came every night from Lawton, Duncan and other towns. They would talk three-fourths of the night. There was lots of game too, especially wolves or coyotes as some called them. Mr. Abernathy would hem them in our hog wire fence and kill them with his bare hands. Mr. Roosevelt seemed very devoted to Mr. Abernathy and admired his bravery. They seemed to enjoy this outing as was evidenced by beer bottles. Before they left Mr. Roosevelt carved his and Mr. Abernathy and two or three of the Rangers from Texas names on a big pecan tree. This tree stood in the center of our alfalfa field. We prized this inscription very highly and as long as we owned the farm watched it very closely. Every spring when the sap would rise and push the bark over on these names we would take a sharp knife and trim the bark back and keep all of the names legible.

Jim Allen, our neighbor, back in Kentucky, came to Oklahoma and made the run in 1891. They brought with them a fine Jersey cow that father sold them. They also brought Jugs of Kentucky whiskey in lard cans covered with sausage and lard. They did not ^{sell} this, they drank it.