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INDEX CARDS

Chisholm Trail

Duncan

Ranching--Chickasaw Nation

Cowboys

Fords--Red River

Grass--Chickasaw Nation

Field Worker: Thad Smith, Jr.
March 30, 1937

1164

81

BIOGRAPHY OF Mr. George A. Brown (White)
2115 Dakota Avenue
Chickasha, Oklahoma

BORN Montague County, Texas
May 9, 1868

PARENTS Father, James Brown, Missouri
Father is buried in Texas
Mother, Rachael E. Thronbrough, Tennessee
Mother is buried in Texas

I was born in Texas, coming to what is now Oklahoma
March , 15, 1890. I was twenty-two years old at the time of my
arrival. I had hired out to Rube Bolen, as a cowboy, to help drive
a large herd of cattle to Oklahoma.

After I arrived in Oklahoma with Mr. Bolen's cattle I
met Fred Brown. He and his brother, George Brown (these brothers
were no relation of mine), had a ranch located on the old Chisholm
trail one and one half miles east of where Duncan is now located.

Bill and Sallie Duncan, (those whom the town of Duncan
was later named after) operated a little frame, country store on
the Chisholm trail, just one and one-half mile north of the Brown
brothers ranch headquarters.

Fred Brown offered me a job on his ranch, at forty-five
dollars per month, which I accepted, as it was more money than
Rube Bolen was paying me. The Brown Brothers brand was a pitchfork
on the left hip. Ψ They had between eight and ten thousand
head of cattle, and around five thousand head of horses. They had
a small horse pasture at the ranch headquarters, the rest of the

ranch was open country, incidentally it took several cowboys to keep the cattle and horses from straying, and to do the branding of the cattle and horses. There was a big round corral on the ranch that was used to catch and brand the horses, but all of the cattle were branded in the open. We would round up about a thousand head of cattle in one bunch and several cowboys would hold the cattle together, while about five good ropers would ride in the herd, and rope the calves around the neck, and drag them out to the big log branding fire, where there would be several men to bull-dog the calves, while others branded and marked them.

My main job was to break horses. The mares were all little spanish mares crossed with Steel Dust and Morgan horses. The offspring of this cross made excellent cow horses, and also good work horses. Some times these geldings would be sold on a contract before they were broken. I remember once, George Brown, the eldest of whom I worked for, came to me and said he had sold three carloads of broke geldings to some man in Florida, and for me to break that many horses just as soon as I could. I only rode some of the horses six or seven times, so it did not take very long. We had one outlaw horse on the ranch, that we called Cyclone, that had never been ridden by anyone but me. He would buck just as long as he could, then rest a while and start bucking again. I begged Mr. Brown to take this horse to Florida with the others, but he said "no, we need him to test out the new cowboys we hire." When we started south with the broken horses, I saw "Old Cyclone" grazing near us,

and I rode out and threw him in the bunch. When we got to Belcherville, Texas, with our horses which was the nearest shipping point at that time, Mr. Brown was there and scolded me for bringing "Old Cyclone" but he took him along any way.

We bought a few things at Mr. and Mrs. Duncan's country store, but we freighted the most of our supplies from Belcherville, Texas, with four head of horses. We crossed Red river at the Cable Crossing, twelve miles east and six miles south of Ryan, Oklahoma, on a ferry boat operated by Jess Kimble.

I had several good Indian friends, that used to come visit me in my camp. One was Lone Wolf, another named Buzzard, both of them Comanche.

There was plenty of deer and wild turkey in Oklahoma, in the '90s, but we seldom killed any as we had plenty of beef.

I worked for the Brown brothers for four years or until 1894. While I was there the Rock Island railroad Company built a road south and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Duncan moved their little store to the railroad and built the first store building in what is now Duncan.

When I quit working on the ranch, I started in business for my self, buying, selling and trading horses and cattle. The grass was good, and there was lots of it. Many mornings when the dew was on the grass a person would get wet up to his waist while riding horseback in it.

I registered for the drawing of claims, when the country opened but, I did not happen to be lucky enough to have my name drawn.