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ERENT, W. (BUCK)

INTERVIEW

10358

70

BIOGRAPHY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

BRENT, W. (BUCK) - INTERVIEW.

10355

Field Worker's name Ophelia D. Vestal.

This report made on (date) March 25, 8
193

1. Name Mr. W. (Buck) Brent.

2. Post Office Address Faxon, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month August Day 18 Year 1854

5. Place of birth Parker County, Texas.

6. Name of Father _____ Place of birth _____

7. Name of Mother _____ Place of birth _____

Other information about mother _____

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 2.

BRENT, W. (BUCK) - INTERVIEW.

10355

Vestal, Ophelia D.- Investigator.
Indian Pioneer History-S-149.
March 25, 1938.

Interview with W. (Buck) Brent.
Faxon, Oklahoma

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I was born in Parker County, Texas, in 1854. I lived in that county until I was grown. The schools I attended were of about three months term in the winter.

Hunting was the most fun I can remember when I was a boy. In those days in our neighborhood families, as well as our own family, there were lots of girls and boys. The boys during the coldest weather would hunt robins and set traps for red birds, while the girls gathered at a neighbor's or our home and made candy, popped corn and when the boys returned, if it wasn't too late, we played games.

After I had started on my cowboy career I wandered over Texas and Oklahoma, running into new adventures often. I got acquainted with Buffalo Bill, and the younger James boy, Jesse. Jesse told me of his thrilling experiences, and of his hideout at Soyene, near Mesquite.

I hunted bison on the West Texas plains between Lamesa and Lubbock when that was a rough and tough country, having some trouble with Indians occasionally and receiving small

BRUNT, W. (BUCK) - INTERVIEW.

10355

-2-

wounds. During the earlier Indian fighting days, I was much more afraid of the poison Indian arrows than the Indians were afraid of our guns.

Several times I have been working for big cowmen of Texas, traveling to the Kansas City market with large herds of beef cattle, by way of the old Chisholm trail, and when we had our cattle bedded for the night, word would get to us the Indians were following us. We had to be on the lookout all night long, taking it turn about riding around the circle of cattle. On our first trips through this country, the Indians would get very angry if we didn't gladly give them our boss' cattle. Finally the boss would always say, "keep the cattle as long as you can but give up a few steers before your lives."

Those were good days. Usually a negro man did the cooking for the gang as we went to market. The bread was fresh each meal and the bacon and beans had their real flavor. It was no wonder that boys liked to try to be cowboys.

Oklahoma was just a wide open territory in my first days through here. Sometimes we got lost for a few miles when we just took the market direction. That brings to mind my

BRENT, W. (BUCK) - INTERVIEW.

10355

-3-

getting lost one time riding a black horse. It was during the winter and it had turned cold just after dark, getting colder, raining and about midnight it started sleeting. The steers got very restless and started drifting. A few of us had gone to bed for a few hours sleep, when we were awakened because of the drifting cattle. My! it is awful to have to get out of bed on cold, wet nights. I dressed as soon as I could and started out to get my horse, finding he had walked off from where I left him. For a long time, it seemed, I couldn't find my black saddle pony in such a dark night. Finally I located him, covering about ten acres in the search, it seemed.