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BUTT, EARL A.

INTERVIEW

4690

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

185

BUTT, EARL A.

INTERVIEW.

4690

Field Worker's name John F. Daugherty

This report made on (date) June 30, 1937

1. Name Earl A. Butt

2. Post Office Address Davis, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month _____ Day _____ Year 1870

5. Place of birth Texas

6. Name of Father Edward Butt Place of birth Ohio

Other information about father Farmed

7. Name of Mother Laura Lewis Place of birth Ohio

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. _____.

An Interview with Mr. Earl A. Butt, Davis, Oklahoma.

By - John F. Daugherty - Field Worker.

June 25, 1937.

Father was Edward M. Butt. He was born in Nelsonville, Ohio, February 7, 1846. He farmed after the Civil War.

My mother was ~~Laura Lewis~~ born in Ohio, July 12, 1847. I was born in Texas in 1870. I had only one brother. He made the Run in 1889 and staked a claim.

I came to Oklahoma City from Texas shortly after the Run and went on Brother's claim to improve it for him. I was equipped with a Dutch oven, tin coffee pot, a cot to sleep on and a tent to live in. I thought I was having a wonderful time living the life of a pioneer when along came a storm and blew my tent and all my belongings away. As I was gathering up the remains a man with a long mustache and goatee came up and said, "Hello, Kid. What you doing?". I was very discouraged and cared nothing about talking to strangers, so I turned my back to him and did not reply. He went on to say that he was on the claim next to me and that I was to move down and live with him until I could make some improvements.

This sounded good to me so I took what few things

remained and went with him. He was living all alone in a dugout in the bank of a creek. He had no water to drink except that in the creek, and there was not much of that.

I stayed there with him for some time. He was a stone mason and helped me with the foundation of my house which I started building on my brother's claim.

I contracted typhoid fever from the creek water and sent to Texas for Mother. She came and stayed with me through my illness. It was hard to get a doctor although Oklahoma City was only eight miles away. We had no telephones, and had to go for the doctor on a horse; then he came in a buggy and his trips were very few. But I got well, regardless, and Brother sold the claim.

I then went to Oklahoma City about 1891 and worked for a lumber company. Oklahoma City had a population of about ten thousand at that time. I soon moved to Wynnewood, now in Garvin County, and put in a lumber yard for myself.

I had an uncle living at Cloud Chief in the Kiowa and Comanche Reservation. I decided to visit my uncle

in the early '90s, so I hired a buggy and team, and went after a friend to go with me. I was a tenderfoot and afraid of the Indians.

After we got into the reservation we had to ford the Washita River and I got out to find a place where we could cross. I carried my Winchester along. Suddenly an Indian appeared in front of me and I jerked my old Winchester up and looked down the barrel. The Indian looked at me and said, "How, John!". This was a surprise for me. I was sure that he was going to scalp me. When I got to the river there were many Indians coming out. They had been swimming.

When I returned to the buggy, I told my friend what I had started to do. He said, "If you had shot that Indian, they would have burned us alive". I next saw the most beautiful bunch of wild ponies grazing along the river bank.

We drove until we came to a corn field fenced with rails. There was much chattering going on and the corn stalks were moving and as we drove up out came two Indians, one riding a pony hitched to a double shovel, and the other behind the pony and holding the plow handles. The one riding was driving while the one walking was holding the plow in the ground. I

said, "How far Cloud Chief?" There was no answer for several seconds, then one of them replied. "Mebbe so ten" and held up his hands showing ten fingers." Mebbe so ten, mebbe so ten, mebbe so five," meaning thirty-five miles. He held his ten fingers up three times, and held up five fingers when he said "five".

While I was there the Indian Agent had a beef issue at Anadarko. They drove a beef out of the pen and the Indians chased him till he fell. Then they killed and butchered him. Another beef was then run out and again the chase was on. This was continued until the Indians had all the beef they wanted.

This fresh meat was hung up in trees and spread on bushes to dry in the hot sun. Then they took it home and stored it for winter use.

I saw an Indian village being moved while I was there. The squaws did all the work. They took down their tepees, rolled them up on the poles and fastened them to ponies to be dragged to their next location, which was always near water.

The husbands walked along content to smoke their pipes and watch their many dogs. When they arrived at

their destination the squaws erected the tepees while the husbands lolled around or went off to fish or hunt.

Chief Quannah Parker lived in an Indian village between Cloud Chief and Anadarko. He was Chief of the Comanches and very smart.

"Our first bath tub was made of boxing plank, lined with tin and soldered at the bottom. We purchased this while we lived in Wynnewood in the '90s.

I was married to Sally Clemmons in 1893 and we had four children, two of whom are living.