

GOODMAN, KATE.

INTERVIEW

1382

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

GOODMAN, KATE

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Field Worker's name Ruby Wolfenbarger,

This report made on (date) November 23, 1937

1. Name Kate Goodman,

2. Post Office Address Sentinel, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) \_\_\_\_\_

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month August Day 4 Year 1891

5. Place of birth Chickasaw Nation (Marlow)

6. Name of Father George Hatcher Place of birth Georgia

Other information about father Farmer and cattleman.

7. Name of Mother Ida Johnston, Place of birth Georgia.

Other information about mother Housewife.

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 3.

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Ruby Wolfenbarger,  
Investigator,  
November 23, 1937.

Interview with Mrs. Kate Goodman,  
Sentinel, Oklahoma.

I was born in the Chickasaw Nation, near Marlow, August 4, 1891; my father was a farmer and cattleman. My first home was a one-room log house and we lived there until the Kiowa land was opened then my father went to Guthrie and registered for land and drew one hundred sixty acres near Hobart.

We made the trip from Marlow to Hobart in a covered wagon, we drove the cattle and horses through. Our first home in the Kiowa country was a half dugout and one room made of logs and sod. My younger sister was born in this house and when she was about three days old a big blizzard and snow storm came. My father was out in the mountains rounding up the cattle; the snow came in through the top and other open places in our house and covered my mother's bed. At first she nearly froze but as the snow fell upon her the weight of the snow and the covers became so heavy that she went to sleep and slept until my father came home.

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She was so used to the cold and rough ways of the pioneer life that she soon forgot the experience.

There was lots of timber around there, also lots of mountains. My father went to the mountains and cut his wood to burn, sometimes he had to bargain with the Indians to get it, sometimes he traded them a beef for wood.

Our cattle grazed in the mountains, everyone let their cows run loose. My father's brand was T 41 and we had a roundup every Spring and Fall. The cattleman had to drive their cattle to Cheyenne to a railroad to ship them to market and if the cattle got across a certain line down in the Kiowa country the Indians made the white men pay to get them back.

After the first year there my father went to El Reno and got a wagon load of groceries. It took about one week to make the trip and I remember how afraid we were when my father left us alone over night.

There were lots of coyotes, wolves, deer and a few panthers, we could hear these scream out at night. We didn't have any screens to keep out the flies and mosquitoes. Lots

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of the settlers had the typhoid fever from drinking impure water. We had to drink creek water most of the time.

We went to school in a brush arbor in the Spring, had to walk about five miles. We had dances, parties, picnics, and fishing trips and the boys had hunting parties. We had all day church services with dinner on the ground.

I am using my mother's Singer sewing machine that she brought from Texas, in 1888, it is very old-fashioned but makes a very nice stitch.