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Chickasaw Nation
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Big Pasture

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

4367

Field Worker's name Warren D. MorseThis report made on (date) June 9 19371. Name Roger Golden2. Post Office Address Duncan, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month _____ Day _____ Year 18695. Place of birth Wallaford, Mississippi6. Name of Father _____ Place of birth Miss.Other information about father Came to Texas, 1878, on Chisholm trail

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 _____.

Experiences of Roger Golden
Duncan Oklahoma

I came into Oklahoma in 1887, crossing Red River near the Chisholm trail. The river was up. I was just a kid. My cousin was with me, and I was a good swimmer and he was better. We both jumped in and started out swimming. Someone yelled, "look out, there is a rattlesnake". I looked up, thinking it was a joke but it wasn't, that old rattler was rolling with the water. It scared us and we turned back.

When we came to cross again there was so much quick-sand a man had to run back and forth barefooted to pack the sand hard enough to get the ferry near enough to the bank to let people and wagons on.

I came on up the trail to Monument hills, east of where Addington is now. I settled ^{down} to farming. The first year I slept in an old straw barn. The next year I went back to near Bowie, Texas, and bought an old house, hauled it up there and put it up. It was the only house between a store east of Comanche to the grove near Red River.

I raised cattle more or less but I farmed for the main thing. I had a good team. I borrowed a walking plow from a rancher and managed to break the

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sod. That certainly was hard on my team. The grass roots were deep and the grass was very high. I had to borrow a two horse planter. When I borrowed this, the man told me I could use it until dark but that he had to have it the next day. Well, I had to finish with a small one horse planter. If I had had any sense I would have put a drag behind to drag the dirt down and also pack it. But I didn't understand the new type of soil. Hence, I only made about a half bale of cotton to every three acres. The seed was first covered too deep.

I put up with this for about four years or until Addington started, then I went there and started a general merchandise store, building my trade up until I had a thirty five mile radius of trade.

Addington, like all frontier towns, was tough. Cow-boys came in, got drunk and shot up everything. One time there was a fight started about three doors from me in a hay barn, and some one struck a match and set the barn on fire. We had nothing to fight fires with then and I was cleaned out. About every seventh man at Addington was some kind of a bank robber or outlaw.

I left there and went over in the "pasture" and secured filing papers. I had to bid on land to get it,

the land going to the highest bidder. I paid \$1607 for a farm down at Randelette but didn't get^{to} keep it because I couldn't stay on it the allotted time. They took my filing papers up, too, so I was left without anything.

Those were good old days. Farming was different then, than it is now. Why, we had to make a lot of our farming tools. They were very crude but they served the purpose. Our harrows were made of pieces of logs, using spike rods for teeth.