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INTERVIEW WITH G. GREENLAND  
205 South Lincoln  
Hobart, Oklahoma  
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I was born November 16, 1863, in Warren County, Iowa, about forty miles south of Des Moines. I was reared on a farm until I was about twenty years old, and heard so many cowboys talk of this new country and what the opportunity was for cattle raising with fine grass and some water where you could find it.

I felt that I wanted adventure. I had saved a little money; so I saddled my pony and started out to Oklahoma. I would stop at night with some family that lived on the way, for food and shelter. Most all of the people were neighborly and glad to have a visitor. On my journey through Kansas I picked up about thirty head of cattle and drove on to Oklahoma near El Reno and settled. I was there in 1889. Then the Cheyenne and Arapaho Reservation was opened for settlement and I made the run. I got a farm eighteen miles North-east of El Reno.

Just before the opening the government demanded that we cattlemen get all cattle out of the reservation and make

room for settlement. The railroad was lined with stock cars and they had been rushed for two or three days trying to get all stock loaded and some of the cowboys said, "We are not going to get finished today. What will happen if this bunch of stock stampedes?" They began to talk to the officials and seeing there was nothing that could be done I really believe that someone did stampede the cattle on purpose. Anyway, the cow boys were pretending to be rounding up cattle trying to get them back to the loading pens, when in reality they were getting ahead of the run to get places they wanted.

After staking my claim I proceeded to build a sod house made from the earth by taking a plough and plowing the ground or grass land any depth that I wanted to handle, then taking a shovel and cutting it into squares or lengths that wouldn't tear apart. And so the sod house was built but later I built a two-room frame house. I broke out twenty acres and planted it in wheat. It did pretty well that year, made about twenty bushel to the acre.

I picked that locality because I felt like I would have protection if there was an uprising of any kind. I was close to Fort Reno where the soldiers were camped. About twelve hundred or fifteen hundred were under government supervision all the time. I usually did my trading at El Reno or King-

fisher. I had about fourteen head of horses I had traded around and got to get by on. I never had much contact with Indians.

One time when it was raining very hard two Indian squaws came to my place. I asked them to come in out of the rain. They seemed timid at first but talked in their tongue a minute and then came on in. It rained all day and all night.

A few years later I met the husband of one squaw. He knew me but I didn't know him. So he said, "Heap fine man, gave my squaw and daughter shelter, but they have gone on to the Happy Hunting Ground."

The game was plentiful. We had deer, antelope, quail, and prairie chicken. The streams had fish in them. My father and mother made the run and got a claim close to mine, but they have passed on.

I have a thirty-eight colts revolver that I brought to the opening with me but I never had to use it on anybody only for protection from coyotes or to kill game with.