

WARREN, NED INTERVIEW. 5934.

Grace Kelley,
Interviewer,
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Opening of Kiowa, Comanche, Caddo
Reservations, as experienced by Ned
Warren, Cowboy, (Henryetta, Okla.)

It's already in the histories about the registrations being at El Reno and Lawton in 1901, but I've a story that I don't think is in any kind of book.

We were camped exactly where Hydro now stands. T. B. Jones was the owner and Lee Perkins was the Foreman; there were twelve thousand big steers in our one outfit in the reservation, besides the other outfits who had an equal amount. The different outfits were divided by fences. When the homesteaders came in there they cut our fences and that turned all the different outfits together. Of course we had to get our cattle out of there so we had big round-up. It was the last round up of that part of the country.

Every week we would ship four trainloads; one to St. Louis, one to Kansas City, one to St. Joe, and one to

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Chicago. We stood night guard every night except Sunday night, when we slept. Monday morning we started gathering the cattle and Monday night they were brought in and watched. Every day more were brought in and watched but by Sunday night they had all been shipped out and there were no cattle to watch, so we slept.

I've had as many as three horses turn summersaults with me in the same day. We would be going at breakneck speed and wouldn't see the gopher hole, the horse would step in it and it would throw us. One time we were on a hill, and I was thrown one way and he rolled down the hill the other. I'd change horses four or five times a day, as they weren't the very best of horses but we worked them hard. The round-up started the first of August and was finished in October. I don't remember if we ever missed a shipment or not, but we shipped a lot of cattle. The remainder were taken to Greenville, Texas, and put in full-feed stock pens to fatten for market. My brother, Boom Warren, went with them.

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Only Drunk Indian I Ever Saw in Those Days
(1902)

You know it was against the law to sell whiskey to an Indian and the Government enforced that prohibition law for three reasons; most of the cowboys didn't care to divide with them, the rest were afraid to, and some of the Indians didn't care for it, and the ones who did would have been mean had they gotten it.

I was working on a ranch seven miles below Arapahoe, on the Washita River. Guy Boarding was the owner. Another cowboy and I were hauling a load of corn and saw a horse with his saddle turned underneath him, on the bank of the river. When we went to him we found a half of beef tied to the saddle but no rider. Then we found the Indian, he had long braids on each side but he had been dragged through the cockleburr bushes until his hair was matted with them and stood out about a foot all around. I imagine it had to be cut to the head. He wasn't dead as we at first supposed, but drunk. We took him to the ranch and buried him, all

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but his head, in the hot cotton seed (when cotton seed is stacked it gets real hot). Then we sent for his folks to come and get him. His mother, who was about a hundred years old, came and cried and mourned and took on like he was dead. The reason we put him in the cotton seed was to keep him from freezing to death, as it was very cold and a drunk person will freeze, before a sober person would. We couldn't take him into the ranch because all of those Indians were lousy, and we didn't want to get them.

We used to trade for their blankets and then take them and put them on a red ant hill. They would get all the lice and nits off the blankets.

Kiowas ate dog
(1900)

My brother, Boom, had a cow camp in the Wichita Mountains. There was an eastern boy visiting one of the cowboys. Old Pakee lived close and had a yard full of fat dogs. Brother told this easterner that every Sunday Pakee had a good dog dinner cooked, and if they

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didn't eat Sunday dinner with him he would get mad at them. Sunday morning they saw his wife come out with a big stick held behind her. She picked up first one dog and then another by its hind feet to see which weighed the most. When she found one that she thought was fat enough, she gave it a couple of hits over the head and killed it. That fellow left and stayed away from the camp all day, for he didn't know that Boom was just kidding him about their going up there.

Goat Story

Whenever a pig got sick, it was traded to the Indians to eat; a bunch of them would get in the pen with sticks and beat it to death and take it home. It was about ten miles between the cow camp and the Indian camp. We had a mean old billy goat that would butt the milch cows and horses right in the head and knock them out. We got tired of his ways and decided to trade him to the Indians to eat. We roped the goat and tied him to the coupling pole of the wagon. A bunch of these Cheyennes came and

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one of them got a flint rock about as big around as a saucer. He drew back and hit that goat in the middle of the head, not hurting him and certainly not killing him, but making him mad. Well he hit the Indian in the middle of the stomach and knocked him over backward with the wind knocked out of him. They had a time with that goat and I saw that they would never kill him but might get killed. I got a sharp butcherknife and made the motion of cutting my throat. They understood, and the one who had been butted so badly had the privilege of cutting his throat and seemed to enjoy it.

Indian Languages

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes have no alphabet but make peculiar noises and use their hands in a sign language, like the deaf and dumb people.

The Kiowa and Comanches use the Spanish language.

Comanche Wood Gathering

This true story will describe what I mean better than any other way.

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A Comanche went and got into his wagon, sat down and waited. His wife got the horses and hitched them, gave him the lines and got in. He drove off, and hacked came to a tree that was down. She took a hatchet/some limbs off and threw them in the wagon and he drove to where she could get some more wood. When they got all they wanted he drove home (without having gotten out of the wagon) She got down and unharnessed the horses, unhooked at the harness instead of at the wagon, and unloaded the wood. He got down and went in and laid down.

They always did things backward from the way the whites did. They would get on a horse from the right side instead of from the left, unhitch from the horse or harness instead of from the wagon.

Quanah Parker and Big Tree

I was personally acquainted with Quanah Parker and I believe everything has been put into history about him. Cynthia Ann Parker, a white girl whom the Indians had captured and reared, was his mother.

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I've seen Big Tree ride in a wagon. You couldn't get him to sit in the seat for he weighed at least three hundred pounds and ^{he} wouldn't trust the seat to hold him up. He would sit in the front of the wagon and fill it up, with his feet hanging down. Then I've ^{him} seen ride a pony bareback.

Prairie Chicken and Quail

I've seen about two thousand prairie chickens in one bunch in a field of kaffir corn and the quail were about as bad. We had to kill them to keep them from ruining the crops, but we didn't miss them until the sporting class of the people came in and started hunting them.

Caddo Switch (Hydro)

In 1898, the cattle were shipped out of the reservation and what was then called Caddo Switch, now called Hydro. Our camp was three miles northwest on Big Deer Creek, and we saw plenty of deer. There was a man named ^{in our camp, also} Oliver/ Bill Elders, and Jim Tuttle for whom Tuttle was later named.

Okmulgee (1903)

In the last part of April, 1903, I came to Okmulgee.

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so he changed his brand to a 7H on the side and a W on the hip. I've seen the brand after it was changed.

When I came back I went to work on the W. P. Brown ranch at Schulter, it was on both sides of the railroad track and almost to Henryetta, and I worked there all winter.

In the spring of 1904, Brown sent me to the Osage country. Shidler is in their pasture, above Pawhuska and Kaw City, but there was nothing there then. Bill Johnson was my foreman, and was my boss. That fall sixty-five head of four-year-olds were short. I knew where they were going but I couldn't say anything about it for whenever I was out of the way they would disappear.

We shipped out everything but nine hundred head and on the sixteenth of October came back to Schullter and wintered another bunch for Brown, and boarded with Mrs. Beyes' father.

Coal and Oil

In 1905, they made the first test for coal at

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Chalter but I don't remember the name of the coal mine as I was a cowboy and didn't care anything about the coal business.

That same year the Texas Pipe Line was laid along the West side of the railroad tracks and the Gulf line was laid on the east side of the tracks and both are still in use.

High Water Crossings.

One time I was going to Okmulgee when the water was up; I imagine I was out of "smoken" or tobacco. Deep Fork was five miles wide, some places it was ankle-deep a little ways and then it would swim a horse farther. Harve Pickering and his wife wanted to go home, and go home they did. They had a mountain buggy, which was very strong. She sat on the top with the suit cases and a baby, Harve drove the team and we rode on both sides of the team to keep them going right.

One time my brother and mother crossed Red River in the same way.

Later, when I wanted to cross Arbeca and my daughter

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was with me , she squatted in the saddle and held to the horn. I led her horse and rode mine, both horses swimming.

The rivers had to be up, to keep us from crossing for we had good horses and didn't think about not being able to cross.

W. P. Brown Ranch later Wilson Ranch

Thirty years ago the cowboys rode in twos, it wasn't safe to ride alone. Our work was called fence riding. The fence was where a road is now, past the Boney Randall place, Jackson Barnett place, Sancio Johnson's but I didn't know about George Scott or any of Jackson's children. The fence cornered at Pharoah, went to Glearview, then North to Ray Rutland's five or six miles, then northwest to the ranch.

In 1902 I went to Texas with T. B. Jones from the Callahan Ranch, which was southeast of Morris.

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