BIOGRAPHY FORM

CASTO, CHARLES EDWARD.

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WORKS FROCRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

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Chis report made on (date) October 28,						193 7
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Name Charles Edwar	d Casto				,	
Post Office Address	Edmond, Okl	ah oma	·	·,		
Residence address (or			amphel!	L		
DATE OF BIRTH: Month					Yea:	r 1868
Place of birth Cal		8			,	
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Name of Father Henry	R. Casto	P1	acc of	birth	W.	Virginia
Other information at	out father	Born, 18	43			·
Name of Mother Annie	Casto	•	Place	of bir	rth .	Ohio
Other information at	out mother					*
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Interview with Charles Edward Casto, Edmond, Oklahoma.

I lived on a farm with my parents just over the line in the Cherokee Nation.

I made the Run with my father in the opening of 1889.

I was twenty-one years old then, but I did not stake a claim at that time. He placed his flag ten miles west of Edmond on Deer Creek.

On our journey here we crossed the Akansas River near Tulsa. An Indian ran the ferryboat and he pushed
it across with long poles.

We slept in the wagon with the wagon sheet covering us.

Our food was cooked on a fire, Indian fashion. We had brought a "Dutch Oven" with us in which to bake our bread. We placed it in the hot coals and covered it with more coals.

We drank water from the creek.

We lived in that fashion all summer. In the meantime we were digging a cellar, or dugout. When cold weather arrived our dugout was ready for occupancy.

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In May we had plented a small crop. We raised plenty of turnips and pumpkins. We lived on those and what wild. game we could get until the next season.

In the early spring of 1890, we started to build a log cabin. We had spent the winter cutting and preparing the logs.

We did not have the chinking on the floor in when a heavy rain came and the creek bank over-flowed. It flooded the dugout where we were sleeping and there was a mad scramble for our clothing and bed-clothes. We moved into the log cabin in the middle of the night. We furnished our cabin with furniture we made ourselves from split logs.

People were always kind and thoughtful of one another in the early days. We would help each other with the crops, or in building a house.

The Indians were always friendly.

In 1885, my father and I freighted all through the country. At that time there was quite a flare-up among the Comanche Indians. They felt the government was not supplying them with enough rations.

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The Cheyenne Agency was located just across the river from Ft. Reno. General Philip Shoridan unloaded a regiment of soldiers at Caldwell, Kensas, and they marched all the way to Ft. Reno. They soon quieted the Indians and as far as I know that was the last trouble ever had with them.

While the troops were on this march they carried all guns and ammunition in one wagon and their rations in another. They were on the old Chisholm Trail, where it crosses the Cimarron River.

While crossing, the wagon carrying the guns was caught in the quicksand and lost; however, the teams were saved.

We owned three teams and two saddle horses and in the spring of 1886 we gave up the freighting business and started working on the Santa Fe Railroad. We worked at that until March of 1887.

The crew shot wild turkeys and deer for our meat, until a cattle rancher in the Cherokee Strip started selling beeves to the reilroad company for the crews.

This rancher's name was Oscar Halsell.