

CHADWICK, C. W.

INTERVIEW

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W. T. Holland,  
Investigator,

January 17, 1938

an Interview With C. W. Chadwick,  
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

My father, Charles C. Chadwick, was a native of Rochester, England. He made several trips to the United States, five in all, before he finally located permanently here. All these trips were made on sailing vessels.

My mother, Margaret L. (Young) Chadwick, was born in Kentucky, but moved to Kansas before the Civil War, and she and my father were married in Kansas.

I was born in Miami County, Kansas, April 20, 1869. I grew up in and near Medicine Lodge, and that being a cattle country, I naturally turned to that business, as a cowhand. I worked there several years or until 1887 when I came down into "No Man's Land", the strip north of the Texas Panhandle. This strip was not considered to be under the jurisdiction of either Texas or Kansas.

This country while considered unusually rough, as it was a hideout for outlaws, was just about as quiet as western Kansas was at that time.

I got a job with Jesse Evans, a cowman, who operated a big outfit. This was before the day of the Dust Bowl.

There was an abundance of fine grass and plenty of good water. We were thirty miles south of Liberal, Kansas, on the North Canadian River, which afforded plenty of stock water and where the grass grew right down to the waters edge. A plow had not been stuck in the ground which at that time was all open range without fences.

John Steel and Jack Hardesty were ranchers whose land adjoined Mr. Evans' land, one on one side, one on the other. While there were no fences, still each rancher knew the bounds of his grazing land. We, these three ranchers, had a roundup each year when each one branded and cut out his cattle. There were so many cattle that we divided them into three bunches. There would be ten thousand head or over in all.

These men got along without any friction. The fat cattle were driven to Arkalon, Kansas, for shipment to Kansas City. We always had a full train load of cattle when we shipped.

Our headquarters house was a sod house, sides, roof and all of sod with a dirt floor.

We would go to Liberal, Kansas, for supplies when needed, and store the supplies at the sod house. We lived from the

chuck wagon all during the year, except in extremely cold weather when we slept in the house, otherwise we lived in tents and slept out in the open.

Mr. Evans employed thirty-two men and each cowhand had seven horses for his use, one night horse and six to ride during the day.

We had a wrangler, who watched after our horses. We bought horses, wild ones, from horse ranchers not so far away. We paid from \$15.00 to \$20.00 for these unbroken horses. It was considered a fine sport to break them to ride. Our horses were hobbled at night.

Outlaws came through occasionally. I recall one time when two "wanted" men spent the night at our camp. We did not know it at the time, of course, or we would have probably tried to collect the \$2500.00 reward offered for them by the Government. They were "Peg Leg Dick" and "Blue Haired Kid". Two or three days after they had moved on, officers came through on their trail. The officers caught up with them down in the Panhandle, but were held off by the outlaws, who got away. The outlaws were wanted for train robbery in Colorado.

In 1892 I worked for Gregory Eldridge and Company of Cherokee in the Cherokee Strip, south of Kiowa, Kansas. I was one of four line riders for this outfit. My line was seven miles long, as were the lines of the other three. This included about fifty square miles of territory. They handled thousands of head of cattle.

I made several trips into Texas to buy cattle for Evans, and helped drive them back. Part of this trip was over the old Chisholm trail. On my last trip, we bought a lot of cows, and these calved at the rate of about ten or twelve each night, and it was my job to kill these calves the next morning. I didn't take to this part of it at all, so didn't drive any more cows.

Jim McCarty was our trail boss, and sometimes we would go into the third day before we found water. We would make about fifteen miles a day. The Indians would pick off a steer and horse occasionally, but never made a raid.

In Western Kansas we had some Indian scares. The cowmen resented the settlers coming in to farm, so they would get a crowd of cowhands together, paint them up and put red blankets on them and start out over the plains. The news

would soon get to the settlement and the settlers would scatter.

I was in on the drawing for lots at Lawton, my number being 2816. I also made the Strip run.

I was married in February 20, 1900, to Emma Smith of Nebraska. We have two children, girls. I prefer the old days.