



# Muskogee County Genealogical Society Quarterly

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April—June, 2011

## INSIDE THIS ISSUE

<i>Central High School 1911</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>Connors State College</i>	<i>39</i>
<i>Genealogy Technology</i>	<i>40</i>
<i>Alice E. Cummings Interview</i>	<i>43</i>
<i>Muskogee 1926</i>	<i>47</i>
<i>Muskogee c 1940s</i>	<i>48</i>
<i>Tornado Alley</i>	<i>52</i>
<i>Hope: Life with Real Okies</i>	<i>53</i>
<i>Centenarians Reviews 20th Century</i>	<i>56</i>
<i>New Titles at the Library</i>	<i>58</i>
<i>Mrs. George Bassler Interview</i>	<i>62</i>
<i>Contributors This Issue</i>	<i>65</i>
<i>1890-1907 Marriages Cont'd</i>	<i>66</i>
<i>Taylor Ancestor Chart</i>	<i>71</i>
<i>Membership Information</i>	<i>72</i>

## Muskogee County Schools

### 1911 Senior Class

Muskogee Central High School

Muskogee, Oklahoma

(First class to graduate after the building was completed)

Transcribed by Mary (McLain) Downing



### OFFICERS

Bert Vogel - President

Esther Tenney - Vice President

Bessie Huff - Secretary

Wheeler Haines - Treasurer

Class Sponsor - Miss Maud H. Davis

# About MCGS

## Our Purpose

The MCGS was formed in 1983 for the purpose of promoting the general study of genealogy through workshops, seminars, and monthly programs; and to discover and preserve any material that may establish or illustrate the history of Indian Territory and Muskogee County and its families.

## Meetings

MCGS meetings are held on the fourth Thursday of each month (except July and August) at 6:00 PM at the Muskogee Public Library, 801 West Okmulgee, Muskogee, OK. The Board of Directors meetings are held the third Tuesday at 5:30 PM at the library. All members are invited to attend the Board meetings.

## Membership

Membership in MCGS is open to anyone promoting the purpose of the Society. Individual or family membership is \$21 per year and includes the Quarterly publication. An \$11 per year membership is available for those that do not wish to receive the Quarterly.

**Our Research Policy** is outlined on our website or you may write to us for a Research Request Form at:

**Muskogee County Genealogical Society**  
c/o Muskogee Public Library,  
801 West Okmulgee,  
Muskogee, OK 74401

**Quarterly Copies:** Back issues of the Quarterly (issued Mar, Jun, Sep and Dec) are available for \$5 each plus \$1.50 for postage.

**Books/Publications:** A current price list of our publications is in our website shown below.

## Manuscript Submission

Persons wishing to submit manuscripts or material for publication in the MCGS Quarterlies are requested to send their electronic files in Rich Text format to the following email address: [mucogeso@yahoo.com](mailto:mucogeso@yahoo.com)

All other material may be mailed to the address listed above. Material that has been previously published must be noted.

## 2011 MCGS Board Officers

Sue Tolbert, President  
Jere Harris, Vice President  
Linda Stout, Secretary  
Barbara Downs, Treasurer

## Members at Large

Tim & Jere Harris, Publications  
Mary Downing, Library & Research  
Stacy Blundell, Workshops, Education  
Alissa Hill, Publicity  
Nancy Lasater, Editor  
Nancy Calhoun, Library Liaison  
Sue Tolbert, Three Rivers Liaison

**Muskogee County Genealogical Society Website:** <http://www.okgenweb.org/~mcgs/>

**Society Blog:** <http://muskogee-county-genealogical-society.blogspot.com/>

Please visit these Muskogee County Websites:

[Muskogee County-UsGenWeb;](#)

[Muskogee County History and Genealogy;](#)

[Three Rivers Museum;](#) [Five Civilized Tribes Museum;](#) [USS Battfish;](#) [Boynton Historical Society](#)

Webmaster: Sue Tolbert

## UPCOMING EVENTS YOU WILL WANT TO ATTEND

From Nancy Calhoun  
Muskogee Public Library

**September 7-10: Federation of Genealogical Societies holds "Pathways to the Heartland: A Conference for the Nation's Genealogists" in Springfield, Illinois. A flyer is available in the department.**

**October 29-30: Gregath Publishing again hosts their Genealogy Retreat in northeastern Oklahoma. Registration information is available on their website.**

**New and Renewal  
Memberships on  
Page 72**

## CONNORS STATE COLLEGE

At the turn of the twenty-first century Dr. Donnie L. Nero, as president of Connors State College and the first African American to hold that position in an Oklahoma higher education institution other than Langston University, was charged with responsibility for continuing the college's legacy that had begun in the twentieth century. Before statehood, men gathered in Guthrie, the territorial capital, to frame a state constitution. Because agriculture would be a leading industry, the constitutional framers made provisions for state-supported agricultural instruction through the public school system.

The Oklahoma Constitution mandated that no less than eighty acres be donated to the state for agricultural schools in each of the Supreme Court Judicial Districts and that the schools be administered by the state's Board of Agriculture. As a result, lively competition developed between two towns over the location of an agricultural school in the First Judicial District. It appeared that Muskogee would be chosen, but a group of influential citizens of Warner, led by their State Sen. Campbell Russell, carried petitions to Guthrie. Warner was finally selected as the school site, due to Russell's influence. Warner citizens donated 160 acres for the school's campus; J. K. McClarren and Campbell Russell were the largest donors. The institution was named in honor of the Board of Agriculture's first president, John P. Connors, who assisted in locating the school in Warner.

The institution opened February 3, 1909, with four faculty and J. A. Liner as president. The first classes of thirty-five students were held in the Warner public school at night for the first semester and later moved to the second floor of the T. G. Overstreet Building. In 1911 the first permanent building was constructed on the present main campus, located one mile west of Warner.

By legislative act in March 1927 the institution became Connors State Agricultural College, a fully accredited junior college. In 1941 oversight was transferred from the Board of Agriculture to the newly created Oklahoma State System of Higher Education and in 1944 to the Board of Regents for Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges. In 1967 the state legislature changed the name of the institution to Connors State College of Agriculture and Applied Science.

In 1977 Connors offered off-campus extension courses in Muskogee with classes held at night in public school buildings. The school leased the Holly Building and purchased it in 1986. By 1988 the college was granted branch campus status. With title to the eight-story Charles N. Haskell Building given to Connors in 1992, the branch campus moved to that facility. In 1993 Connors acquired 1,316 acres five miles south of Warner, where the Harding Ranch and Research Station was established. In 1996 the 28,500-square-foot Ronald D. Garner Science Building was constructed on forty acres in northeast Muskogee.

With two Muskogee campuses, Connors at the beginning of the twenty-first century had adequate room for future expansion at its Three Rivers Port Campus location. As Connors State College approached its centennial, it claimed a nationally recognized Phi Theta Kappa chapter, national championship men's and women's basketball teams and livestock judging teams.

Submitted by Linda Stout

Article available at: <http://digital.library.okstate.edu/encyclopedia/entries/C/CO045.html>

# Genealogy Technology

By Alissa Hill

Muskogee County Genealogical Society has a blog that is maintained by Sue Tolbert. You can go to the MCGS website and click on the link to our blog at the top of the page, or you can type the following address in your internet browser window:

<http://muskogeecountygenealogicalsociety.blogspot.com/>

Below is Wikipedia's definition of a blog:

A blog (a blend of the term *web log*) is a type of website or part of a website. Blogs are usually maintained by an individual with regular entries of commentary, descriptions of events, or other material such as graphics or video. Entries are commonly displayed in reverse-chronological order. *Blog* can also be used as a verb, meaning *to maintain or add content to a blog*.

Most blogs are interactive, allowing visitors to leave comments and even message each other via widgets on the blogs and it is this interactivity that distinguishes them from other static websites.

Many blogs provide commentary or news on a particular subject; others function as more personal online diaries. A typical blog combines text, images, and links to other blogs, Web pages, and other media related to its topic. The ability of readers to leave comments in an interactive format is an important part of many blogs. Most blogs are primarily textual, although some focus on art (art blog), photographs (photoblog), videos (video blogging), music (MP3 blog), and audio (podcasting). Microblogging is another type of blogging, featuring very short posts.

As of 16 February 2011 (2011 -02-16)<sup>[update]</sup>, there were over 156 million public blogs in existence.

Blogs can be very useful in your research. You can find a blog on any topic, for example, Dick Eastman and Dear Myrtle blogs are usually about the latest genealogy news and resources. The Family Curator is a blog about photographs and family heirlooms. You can find blogs on cemeteries, regional specific, personal family histories, specific surnames, just about any topic you can think of. Other genealogical blogs that you might find interesting are:

<http://www.geneamusings.com/> by Randy Seaver

<http://www.genealogywise.com/profile/MyraVanderpoolGormley> by Myra Vanderpool Gormley

<http://blog.eogn.com/> by Dick Eastman

<http://genealogytipoftheday.blogspot.com/> by Michael John Neill

<http://blog.dearmyrtle.com/p/bio.html> by Pat Richley-Erickson

<http://www.thefamilycurator.com/> by Denise Levenick

Please note that you can subscribe to most any blog and the authors encourage you to post comments about their blogs, they love to have the interaction with the public and love to know your thoughts and experiences.

## Join the Muskogee County Genealogical Society on Facebook!!!

<https://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=56301068939&ref=ts>

Sue Tolbert

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### Maps



I'd like to suggest the Historic Mapworks site ([www.historicmapworks.com](http://www.historicmapworks.com)). You can get color county maps from the 1800's showing individual land ownership. I now have the holdings of my great grandfather in Crawford County, Kansas, and some others. They aren't free but they're neat to have.

Linda Stout

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### Mid-Continent Public Library (Midwest Genealogy Center)

<http://www.mymcpl.org/genealogy/family-history-forms>

### Charts, Miscellaneous Forms

[Ancestor Chart](#) (PDF, 17K) - simple four-generation family history chart

[Family Unit Chart](#) (PDF, 16K) - two-page chart to detail a husband, a wife, and their children

[Individual Worksheet](#) (PDF, 14K) - worksheet to serve as a guide for biographical information about an individual

[Six-Generation Chart](#) (PDF, 20K) - simple six-generation family history chart

[Research Log](#) (PDF, 14K) - log for recording research completed or planned research

[Research Checklist](#) (PDF, 285K) - checklist for research on an individual

[Family Tree Coloring Sheet](#) (PDF, 2.7MB) - three-generation family tree coloring sheet

[Child's Family Tree](#) (PDF, 673K) - simple three-generation family tree for children

## Census Forms

[1790 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 16K)  
[1800 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 14K)  
[1810 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 16K)  
[1820 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 18K)  
[1830 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 16K)  
[1840 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 19K)  
[1850 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 14K)  
[1860 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 15K)  
[1870 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 15K)  
[1880 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 14K)  
[1890 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 26K)  
[1900 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 20K)  
[1910 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 20K)  
[1920 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 18K)  
[1930 Blank Census Form](#) (PDF, 20K)

Suggested by Christe Castle Blackett

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**Google News Archive Search:** <http://news.google.com/archivesearch>

Here are two websites you might mention concerning the military headstones for the September quarterly. I think they are pretty neat in any case.

<http://www.cem.va.gov/cem/hm/hmcivil.asp> and <http://www.cem.va.gov/hist/hmhist.asp>

**Mocavo - The Largest Free Genealogy & Family Tree Search Engine:**

<http://www.mocavo.com/>

WWII VETS 2 MINUTE VIDEO: This is the link to a trailer for a documentary that will come out later this year. It is pretty emotional and it is a reminder of how much we owe to the WWII veterans who fought in a war that really was in our national interests.

> [http://media.causes.com/1060527?p\\_id=175378540](http://media.causes.com/1060527?p_id=175378540)

Want to find your ancestor's home place, or where you grew up? You need to check out Virtual Turnpike at [ypike.com](http://ypike.com)

Researched by Barbara Downs

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Indian Pioneer History  
November 4-5, 1937  
Mary D. Dorward, Investigator

Alice E. Cummings

A Biographic Sketch

From a personal interview with the subject  
420 West 11th Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma

Alice E. Cummings came to Muskogee, Indian territory from Chamois, Missouri, in April 1886, shortly after the big fire in Muskogee. The husband of Mrs. Cummings' aunt was a foreman in charge of construction of the M.K. & T. Railroad and was at that time stationed in Muskogee.

I was a widow dependent upon my own efforts for a livelihood and through my aunt, was persuaded that there was a good business opportunity in Muskogee so I came and opened a millinery shop.

It was necessary of course before opening a business for a non-citizen of the Creek Nation to secure a permit, which had to be signed by two full blood Creek citizens. I was delayed in getting my permit and was becoming uneasy about it. My first customer, Mrs. Gilmore, wanted her hat for the coming Sunday and I had the hat all ready but could not let her have it until I had my permit. She finally told me to see a Creek named Chisso. I hunted him up and told him what I wanted. He said never a word but turned around and walked off. I returned home much discouraged, feeling that I had failed, but about two hours later here came Chisso and handed me the permit, saying merely, "Here permit." I had in the meantime told Mrs. Gilmore to take her hat but not to pay me until I had the permit. After she had gone I found the money for it, four dollars, on the stove in the kitchen where she had laid it.

That first permit was valid for six months and cost me two dollars. Towards the end of that time I was beginning to think about a renewal of it and was wondering if I would have to go through the same procedure as at first, when promptly on the day of its expiration came Chisso with a new permit.

My shop was in a room at the side of my aunt's house, along what is now Okmulgee Street, known at that time as Okmulgee Road, and along the Katy tracks. Mine was not the first millinery shop in Muskogee, but the other milliners had not yet gotten on their feet again after the fire. My business was good right from the start, and good throughout the year not just for one or two or three seasons. Pleasant Porter was one of my customers. He brought his wife in one day and bought twenty-five dollars worth of stuff. There was a hat for Mrs. Porter and one for a little girl, besides ribbons, velvets, feathers, etc.

The Indians were my best customers. They never asked for cheap things nor asked the price of anything. They just pointed at what they wanted and said, "How much?" and always paid cash. The boys from Bacone College used to come in and buy feathers. I carried little bright-colored feathers, three on a stem which sold for fifty cents. They would buy these and keep in their pockets while they were in town, but when in the country they would bring them out of hiding and put them in their hats..

There were sometimes amusing experiences, too. One day a woman came in and, even before looking over my things, said, "I wish I had bought my hat while I was in the East." Duly impressed I asked, "What part of the East did you come from?" Her reply almost floored me when she said, "Arkansas."

I married again after coming to the Territory. My husband was Walter Cummings, who worked for the railroad. It was forbidden to sell whiskey in the Territory to the Indians, but the railroad was permitted to keep whiskey on its own property and sell to its employees. One of the employees was a man named George Scott who would come and drink along with the others. One day he drank too much and got drunk. All at once he began to gobble like a turkey, grabbed an axe and started to kill the others. They cleared out of the shack in a hurry and that was the first they knew that George Scott was an Indian. He looked just like a white man.

Transcribed by Mary Downing



We sometimes had unusual experiences with the Indians. One morning a big Creek came to my aunt's house and sat down on the porch without ever saying a word. He sat there all morning. Lunch time came and my aunt fed him, still without his saying anything, and he sat all through the afternoon. When it began to get dark he looked up and said, "When do you think Mr. Allen (her husband) will be home?" If he had asked in the first place she could have directed him where to find Mr. Allen early in the morning.

We never had cause to fear them in any way. An Indian once rode up on a horse to my aunt's house at night and said "Wife sick. Want white woman." My aunt got up on the horse behind him and rode off into the country about twenty miles. She was gone for several days and someone said to her Husband, "Ain't you afraid to have her go off with that Indian that way?" My uncle replied, "No, she can take care of herself. They won't hurt her."

When the last Indian council was held at Fort Gibson there were many foreign Indians passing through Muskogee. One morning several of them were lined up along the wall in a butcher shop when my uncle went in. They were wearing blankets and evidently nothing else. My uncle went up to one and said, "Aren't you cold with nothing on?" The Indian pointed to my uncle's face and said, "Cold?" Uncle said, "That's my face. It ain't cold." The Indian said, "Me all face," and with that spread open his blanket and he didn't have a thread on under it.

One family of Cherokees were unusually large and powerfully built. Their name in English was West, but in Cherokee it was Strongarm. They were so strong that the Cherokee Nation had passed a law forbidding any of that family to raise a hand against another Indian because they could kill a man just with a blow from the fist.

Early day restaurants in Muskogee left much to be desired in the way of cleanliness and quality of food. My nephew once got a job in a downtown restaurant where he was supposed to have his meals as part of his pay but he always went back home to eat.

My daughter, Maude Cummings Talley, at one time worked in the allotment office for the Dawes Commission in Muskogee. She has told much of the trickery that was often practiced in getting allotments. One instance was that of a woman who came in one day with several children, one of whom was a baby wrapped up in her arms. The woman was given allotments for herself and each member of her family including the one in her arms. After she had all necessary papers signed and in her possession, she turned to leave, then unwrapped the bundle in her arms and a little puppy dog jumped down. This trick was practiced over and over.

Another ruse that was frequently practiced was such as this: An Indian girl received an allotment in the Cherokee Nation under the name of Cherokee Boles and one in the Creek Nation as Cherry Boles.

Bud Kell was once United States Marshal. He was a full blood Cherokee, uncle of Lahoma the Cherokee nightingale. Bud was as brave a man as ever lived, I expect.. He wasn't afraid of anything but he hasn't been written about as some of the others have. I kept a restaurant then and he used to lie in the shade of my porch to watch for anyone he might want to catch.

Bud was once sent by the Government with a group of sheriffs and deputies to guard a train carrying a great deal of money after word had been received that the train was to be robbed at a certain water tank. All the party except Kell went into the coach to wait, but Kell hid in the coal car back of the engine. When the train stopped at the water tank the head of the party of officers, a Kansas City man, opened the door of the coach and looked out to see if he could see the robbers. Just as he did so one of them shot him. Instead of yelling, "There they are boys, go for them," he yelled, "Boys, they've got us." And then all ran for safety except Bud Kell, who instead, ran and hid behind a tree and opened fire on the robbers. He killed two and wounded another so that he soon died. The robbers fought the officers



Those robbers went off and hid in the hills for about two weeks and sent word in to the officers to come and get them but no one ever went. Someone asked Bud Kell why he didn't go and he said, "I'm not doing police duty. I'll go where the Government sends me."

Bud never told me any of this. I got it from the railroad men who stayed with me.

Another time a train had been held up by three men. The train that was held up was just ahead of a lone switch engine, which was being run by an engineer who stayed at our house. After the holdup the robbers walked back toward the engine behind, where the engineer got a good look at them. Afterward when at our house he said about one of our neighbors, "He looks very much like one of those holdup men." The money taken in the robbery was not just an ordinary assortment of cash but was money from a bank and was in bills of just certain denominations. It wasn't long after the robbery that the same neighbor referred to by the engineer sent down to my mother (who kept boarders and usually had quite a bit of cash on hand) asking, "Can you change a twenty-dollar bill?" Of course, mother accommodated him.

This neighbor sent down with the same request many times after that and always it was a twenty-dollar bill that he wanted changed, never any other denomination, so we had our own idea as to the identity of at least one of the robbers. But even if we had had indisputable proof of his guilt we would not have dared give him up to the authorities because if we had our lives wouldn't have been worth much afterward.

But with all the holdups and bank robberies, there was never a store nor a house robbed, nor was a woman ever molested. I never locked my door and never was the least bit afraid.

My sister worked for the Muskogee paper. She was the first woman in Muskogee to work for the paper and because it was a novelty passersby often stopped at the front window where she worked and watched her. One day Belle Starr, the notorious woman outlaw, rode up to the window and called to my sister. "Where's Frank Hubbard?" My sister replied that he wasn't there at the time and Belle said, "It's a good thing for him for I'm going to kill him." She had had a grudge against him for something he had printed about her. She wore a knee-length riding skirt and had her hair in two long braids with a snake's rattle in the end of each braid.

Once at the Muskogee fair a prize of a fine saddle was offered for the most graceful woman rider. There were three women who entered the competition; a full blood Cherokee, a white woman of some prominence in Muskogee, and Belle Starr's daughter. Belle's daughter rode magnificently, but, because of the prominence of the white woman, the judges awarded her the saddle, whereupon the spectators set up such a clamor for Belle's daughter that the judges were compelled to change their decision and give her the saddle.

My daughter, Maude, married James Talley, who once worked on a ranch with Will Rogers. The Cherokees taught Jim to gobble like a turkey, something they seldom taught anyone except their own people. One time Jim was in New York and happened to attend a show where Will was playing. During Will's act when the audience applauded Jim gobbled and at once Will stopped and said, "There's someone in the audience that I want to come right up here on to the stage with me, " so Jim went up. Will had recognized him instantly.

Mrs. Cummings is a great-granddaughter of John Pigman, who came to the colonies sometime before the Revolutionary war. An Italian by birth, he had been compelled for political reasons to leave Italy, went to England for a time, married an English woman and came to the colonies to establish a home. His unmarried brother took part in the Boston Tea Party and was never seen nor heard of again.

John Pigman must have been quite well-to-do for he brought five servants with him as well as what would amount to several thousand dollars in present-day money. The cash he turned over to the colonials when the Revolution came. Mrs. Cummings continues:

I recall hearing my grandfather, John Pigman, son of the immigrant John Pigman, relate how, when he was a little boy he one night heard the gobble of a wild turkey near the Pigman house. He picked up his gun and started for the door, saying he was "going out to get that turkey." His father said, "Give me the gun. I'll get the turkey," and went out. Soon he returned dragging the body of a dead Indian.

My grandfather fought in the War of 1812, and was the one who discovered old Tecumseh dead upon the battlefield. Grandfather always told us that the history books were wrong in their accounts of the way he was found. Grandfather and another soldier had been sent out after the battle to look over the battlefield and report on the killed and wounded. They found Tecumseh and a white man locked in each other's arms, having fought in personal combat until each had killed the other.

Interview transcribed April 13, 2003 by Jeane Barthel Freeman of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. E-mail [Freebok@valornet.com](mailto:Freebok@valornet.com)

Transcriber Note: I am not related to Mrs. Cummings.

Transcribed by Mary Downing



From the Collection of Linda Stout



What a Waste!

These are pictures of the demolition of Muskogee's former Central High School c 1970 after the new Muskogee High School was opened on East Shawnee.

The original photographs belong to a member of the Central High alumnae and were submitted to this issue by Fantley Killebrew, Class of 1959.







This picture was taken in 1926. It is 3rd street (down town) looking south, in the right hand corner is "The Club" now known as the "Club Lunch." In the back was a pool hall where most of us learned to shoot pool, some of the boys would even skip school or classes (the old Central High) and go there (of course, *this was something I would never have done. They were bad boys and a bad influence on the rest of us.*)

Looking under the clock we had a Walgreen drug, I never knew we had one in Muskogee back then. We did have ten "Purity Drugs" and some others in the downtown area during the 40th's and 50th's. I think we all would agree Muskogee downtown was a great place to grow up in. Things always going on you could spend all day down there.

I hope you enjoy the picture. When you come to Muskogee for a visit try to go by the Three Rivers Museum located at 220 Elgin Avenue. They are open Wednesday-Saturday 10-5. Also, across the street on Elgin is the Oklahoma Music Hall of Fame they both have a lot of Muskogee memorabilia.

Fantley Killebrew, Member  
Central High School Class of 1959

[see pages 49 and 50 for more photos submitted by Killebrew from the Muskogee Daily Phoenix c 1940s]

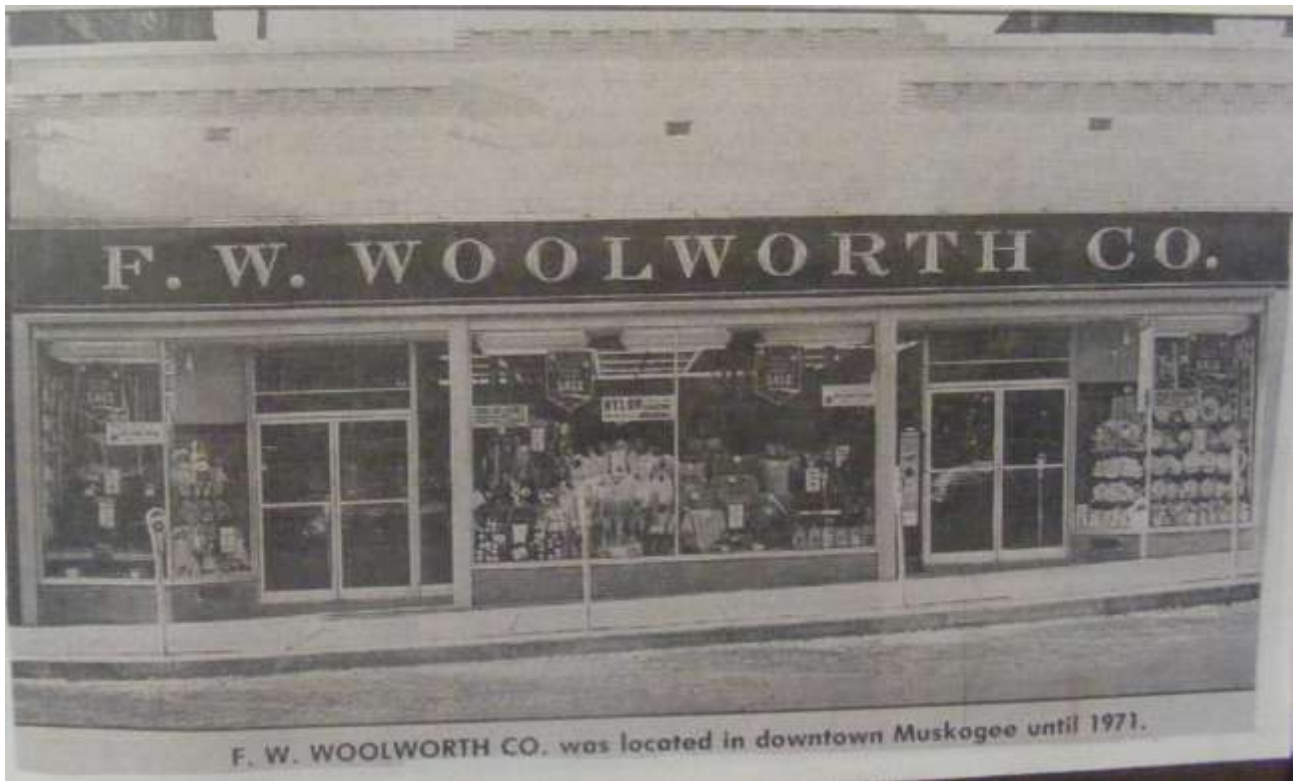
# more Muskogee, c 1940s



Muskogee street scene: Third and Broadway, looking East



Muskogee street scene: Third and Broadway, looking North



**Muskogee street scene: Woolworth's located on West Broadway between North Third and North Fourth Streets, looking South. A fun place to spend a lot of time looking and maybe a little bit of our weekly allowance of .25 cents.**

Remember the monkey cage at Spaulding Park? This picture and others are posted on Facebook at **"Bring Back the Monkeys . . . At Spaulding Park"** page by Chris James. It's a fun place to reminisce.



Researched and submitted by Nancy Lasater



**Three Rivers  
Museum  
Senior Club**

# Club 55

**Save on  
Wednesdays**



- Located in the restored 1916 Midland Valley Depot
- Visit our vintage diesel engine
- See area pictures and relics from days gone by
- Learn about our rich Three Forks history
- Visit the Whistlestop Gift shop for books, souvenirs, Okie gear, train stuff & more

The Three Rivers Museum is a general history museum featuring the Three Forks area

Normal business hours Wednesday thru Saturday 10:00 A. M. to 5:00 P.M.

**Three Rivers  
Museum**

220 Elgin  
Muskogee, OK  
74401

Phone: 918-686-6624  
Fax: 918-682-3477  
E-mail:  
staff@3riversmuseum.

If you are lucky enough to be 55 or over you will receive \*50% off the \$3.00 admission charge on Wednesdays . . . just mention "CLUB 55"

(If not, you can visit anyway).

\*Cannot be combined with any other coupon or discount.

**Wednesdays  
10:00 A.M. to  
4:00 P.M.**

**Midland Valley  
Railroad Building**



## TORNADO ALLEY EARNED ITS NAME



Oklahoma earned the nickname "tornado Alley" early in its history. On April 11, 1927 a tornado ripped through the small town of Mustang, Oklahoma, at about 9:30 on a Monday night. The storm was accompanied by rain that drove down in sheets followed by an angry hailstorm. The Amos Frank New home, pictured here, was demolished. The only traces of the home were a few foundation stones and a pump bent almost double. Mrs. New, ( Laura May Hoy New), was the only fatality in Mustang. Many were injured including Amos Frank New and his son Lavon. The Frisco railroad rushed a train from Oklahoma City to Mustang to remove the injured to Oklahoma City hospitals.

Most roads were flooded in the area. Mustang and Canadian County had experienced a week of heavy rains and storms. The great flood of 1927 had swollen the entire Mississippi River basin and its tributaries. Both the Red River and the Arkansas River were in flood stage and were out of their banks in the spring of 1927.

Many belongings were returned to the New family by neighbors, including Mrs. New's wristwatch and her bible in which she had recorded family births and deaths. The New home was never rebuilt. The city lot where the little white frame home stood was kept in the family for many years for sentimental reasons.

Submitted by Marlene Leahey

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## TUSKA, OK TORNADO, APRIL 14, 2011

**People are seen looking through the storm damage left behind from a tornado that ripped through Tushka, Oklahoma April 15, 2011.**



# HOPE

## about Life with Real Okies

By Marjorie Barton, who lived it

### INTRODUCTION

Would anyone really want to read this story? Is a century of living without highly technological devices of any interest to the masses? Does anyone care? Does it matter that finding a four-leaf clover might be the most exciting event of a day? Is everyone gone to heaven who endured hunger, cold, heat, dust, and hopelessness of the 1930s?

This may be a grownup viewpoint, but it seems necessary to insist early in this story the philosophy of many people now called "Okies." Except for the Native Americans (and maybe they would be included, not being one I cannot speak for them), those who came to Oklahoma as pioneers had one specific trait embedded in their characters. Its name was HOPE, and naïve Okies probably thought it was written into the Bill of Rights, which they vaguely knew existed. All Americans embraced Hope, but some Okies clung to its philosophy like stickers cling to your socks. So, on with the story:

### PART ONE

#### THE LITTLE HOUSE ON FOURTH STREET

The house on Fourth Street was an ordinary house. It was not on a beautiful, tree lined street in mid America. It was on the last paved street on the NE side of Okmulgee – next were the colored people. That's what my Daddy called them. It was not derogatory – it was just the difference. Our house was similar to all the smaller ones built on that street – called bungalows for some reason. There were three bedrooms, one of which was frequently occupied by the Barton grandparents. The house was on the corner – the Bartons always lived on a corner – it was a personality thing.

It had a front porch and a little screened-in porch on the back. A house with less than a porch would probably be called a "shack." A front porch was significant. Corner posts with ledges three feet high, held the porch roof. We did not own a swing. Porches were meant to be the place you sat to be cooler and more comfortable than in the house. You could have tea parties, if you were little – or you could shell peas or fix green beans, if you were grown up or you could finish your work and sit there to rest like grown ups did.

A porch was an extremely significant part of early 20<sup>th</sup> century American architecture. It may have been a status symbol. It certainly took more lumber and/bricks or concrete to add a nice front porch to a house. A tiny house with a floor and a roof and a couple of interior walls could shelter people, but if they had no trees and wanted to sit outside, they would have to rotate to different sides of the house, according to the position of the sun. The porch on Fourth Street was an OK porch.

The grass was still green in mid-summer in 1932. I am telling you that the grass was green, because it could have been brown and dry and stiff. It was soft and green, probably due to adequate rainfall so far that summer in Okmulgee County, Oklahoma. Parts of other states had suffered from lack of rain, but the worst was yet to come in Oklahoma. So the grass was green, and huge patches of clover were growing in the back yard.

My cousin Mary Jayne, who was probably my favorite person, had shown me how to lie flat on the earth in a bed of clover. Each plant was closely observed and its leaves counted. I was almost four, and I had learned to count by dropping pennies in a jar. In the event you live in a city and have no patches of clover, you need to know that a four-leaf clover was hard to find. When Mary Jayne found one she said, "See? There are some!" We were taught by the era in which we lived, to be moderately superstitious, even if we didn't know the meaning of the word. A four-leaf clover was good luck. However, upon finding one, we didn't think of luck, we just prized it, and maybe pressed it in some safe place in a catalog we could save.

We must have looked for hours or minutes, who knows, when you aren't yet four? Mary Jayne was nine, and that was nearly grown up, and she said she was tired of looking. The clover flowers smelled good, and she decided we should sit up and make a clover chain. Of course, you could do that and make it big enough to wear on your head like a crown, or big enough to go on your neck like a necklace. Mary Jayne

Mary Jayne had not been well much of her life, because she had had many, many operations on her ears. She was the opposite of me in looks, as she was dark haired, sort of olive skin, and never very tall, and certainly never chubby. I was very fair, very blonde with curly hair, which made curls my mother carefully maintained, until I was about seven. I was not without mischief in my thinking, but of course, I didn't think of it that way. I just was a problem solver – like how to get something off the top of Mother's dresser or how to make something with lumber and no tools. I'll tell you about that later.

July was always warm and usually hot, but we weren't complaining. It was warm in Okmulgee at least eight months of the year. How warm was it? It was warm enough to put on a swimming suit and run through the sprinkler. We went in the house to ask Mother if we could do that. She approved. Mother had strict guidelines about swimming and playing in the water. It needed to be above 90 degrees in the shade for several days, before it was warm enough to go swimming. I suppose it was 90 that July, maybe even 100.

For two years already I had worn glasses, so that I could see. Surely before the age of two I was not aware that I could not see. That was before my memory bank began its storage process. I do not ever remember NOT wearing glasses. I could see without them, but definitely not clearly. But, I never went without them, except when Mother took us to the lake to play in the water, which was not often or when playing in the sprinkler.

Sometimes the glasses were left in the house, because who can see even barely anything through wet glasses? It is like looking through a car window without a window wiper. However, I could obviously see better with wet glasses than no glasses. I distinctly remember being in the sprinkler with glasses. Only those with vision problems can understand the reasons for doing that. We had a round flat sprinkler that made a fine, cool spray, which invited races, and jumping in and out, and rainbows, if the sun hit the water just so. The sprinkler was eight inches across and could make a very high spray, if the water pressure was good.

All that exercise made us hungry, and we could smell something cooking. Was it cookies? Probably, as my mother loved to cook, especially to bake. We decided it was time to get dried and dressed and see if the heavenly odor was cookies. We went up on the porch, and knew better than to go in dripping with water.

"Mother" "Aunt Winnie" – we called. "Let us in." Mother came with towels, but we were nearly dry by the time she opened the screen door – except for our wet swimming suits.

"What smells so good?"

"What do you think? Do you think I should let you have cookies?"

"Aunt Winnie," Mary Jayne said, "you know you make the best cookies in the world."

"I doubt that, but why don't you sit on the front porch, and have a tea party? After you are dry you can come in and get dressed."

My brother and I had a little square table our Grandfather built while he stayed with us. So, Mary Jayne and I had our tea party. I'm sure my little brother was having his nap, so he wasn't bothering us. Mother made had made sugar cookies, which were the least expensive to make and that was beginning to be a concern in Okmulgee in 1932 and 1933.. They were just right and we ate three apiece and would have had more, if she had let us, but we shouldn't spoil our supper. Grownups always said that.

I didn't know then about culinary arts and its influence in our family – then and for generations to come. The cookies were always good. A few years later they would save us from the claws of the Great Depression in a way I could not conceive as a four year old. But, imagine baking cookies in a non-insulated, non-air-conditioned house in July in Oklahoma. I suppose Mother felt obligated to have cookies for supper.

July was always warm, but I don't remember going places in a car very often – like to a lake. Most of what I remember in Okmulgee involved walking. We did ride in a car to church, but that was just on Sunday, and sometimes we went to Aunt Carrie's in Muskogee, and once we went to Oklahoma City to see our other grandparents.

Mary Jayne's Mother was my Aunt Eunice. She probably took Uncle Ralph to work his shift at a refinery, and then came to pick up Mary Jayne. Of course, she and Mother visited or gossiped (Mary Jayne said), so we still had time to play some more. We may have colored in the Metropolitan Life Insurance ABC book. They came from Daddy's insurance company, and we must have colored dozens before we started school. So, of course we knew our ABCs, plus what each letter stood for, including sound advice like to not drink tea or coffee until 21! If we had any blank paper that Daddy brought home from his office, instead of putting it in the trash, Mary Jayne probably drew paper doll clothes. I thought she was the most artistic person in the world.

My first recollection of knowing anything about the term “Indian” was seeing them in stores in Okmulgee. My Mother and her friends talked about a rich Indian woman who had bought and drove a big car. Sometimes we would see the woman in a store downtown, and it was like seeing a celebrity, especially if she was dressed in clothes different from ours. I think her name was Easter Sunday – don’t you suppose that was when she was born? The knowledge of Indians having oil money may have partially come by way of all my uncles who worked in several phases of the oil business.

## PART TWO – About Okmulgee

About Okmulgee – Okmulgee was the location of the Muscogee Indian Nation capitol – the Creek Indians. By 1930 there were about 15,000 people who lived and worked in its usual hot, humid climate – where mosquitoes thrived better than children – and the black population clung to a certain part of town. The Creek Indian Council House stood right in the middle of downtown in the square with stores on all four sides, the way many towns are built. I always loved to go downtown and walk around the Council House, which was a typical Friday night adventure for many people.

Okmulgee was not my Mother’s birthplace, but she came there when she was only three, so it was home. Her mother and father and three other children came on the train to Okmulgee in 1910 from Alton, Illinois. Oklahoma became a state in 1907, so it was not only a new state, but booming with the results of oil discoveries. Okmulgee was within a few miles of several refineries by 1920, and all hard workers could earn a living doing something.

James Herman La Pelle had learned the art of ice cream making in Alton, Illinois, before the advent of the twentieth century. Herman, as he was called, was my Mother’s Father. When the economy became bad in Illinois, he joined other friends who decided to go to the new state of Oklahoma to seek their fortunes. After several efforts, Herman was able to begin his dream, which was to start an ice cream factory. This he did in Henrietta, a town near Okmulgee. The problem was that other dairies with more money to invest and deliver ice cream sprung up in Oklahoma. After years of struggle, Herman finally sold his business to Lindley’s Ice Cream. After not making their fortune in the ice cream business or operating boarding houses, the La Pelles had moved to Oklahoma City by 1932.

Okmulgee was a racially diverse town with Indians, Negroes, and white people. Typical of the times, they did not mix socially. However, no race was restricted in the town, as was in some small Oklahoma towns.

Public schools were built for Negroes, but not for the Indians, as they were not segregated. However, Indian schools had been operated by the government for many years, in an effort to teach them the “white man ways.” Churches, especially from the Northern states, started schools especially for Native Americans in Oklahoma. Most of the Indians in the Okmulgee area lived in rural areas. An Indian mission school near Okmulgee was in Nuyaka..

By the 1930s it was a well-known fact that many Indians came into a lot of money, because of oil being found on their properties. History also makes it clear that they sold their lands to white people frequently, and consequently lost their ability to live on the land as their forefathers had done. The time of the Great Depression affected all Americans, and perhaps the stories of the Native Americans have not been clearly revealed until recent years.

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It is one of a series of “20<sup>th</sup> Century Little House Stories”.

This is parts 1 and 2 of six, to be continued in the September 2011 issue.

## CENTENARIAN REVIEWS 20<sup>th</sup> CENTURY

### For Muskogee Genealogical Quarterly

By Marjorie Barton

Martha Frances Jennings was born to Coleman C and Katie Sledge Jennings on a “bluegrass” farm near Frankfort, Kentucky, on September 24, 1909. Before Martha was a year old her father decided to move the family to the new state of Oklahoma.

Coleman had sheep on his farm in Kentucky, and the drop in the price of wool prompted him to consider his move. He did bale the wool, and Martha still has a blanket made from that wool. The wool was primarily used for the batting in comforters.

Coleman Jennings had always dealt in buying and selling land and related financial ventures, so he sent (four?) of his sons ahead to buy land in or near Morris, Oklahoma. By the time the senior Jennings arrived with the rest of the family, the older boys had a house built. Two of the sons settled in Okmulgee and one in Morris.

The method Coleman chose for moving his family was to rent a railroad car and put all the family belongings inside, including a buggy and the horse to pull it! The horse, by the way, was named Dolly and was a Kentucky horse. The family stayed in Morris a while, but according to the Muskogee City Directory had moved to Muskogee sometime in 1914 at 912 East Side Blvd. They stayed there until 1919, when they moved to 320 Fredonia. (The house is no longer there).

Jennings first wife Alice had died in 1903 or 04, and he had married Katie, who was 28 years his junior. Coleman was born in 1851, and said had the Civil War continued, he undoubtedly would have been involved. Coleman lived 92 years and his wife Katie lived 96 years.

Martha’s early recollections are of attending the Central Baptist Church on East Side Blvd, which started as a mission of First Baptist. She remembers being in Sunday School with Georgia Barton (Storts), a second cousin of this author. Georgia became a teacher in the Muskogee schools, and died of cancer at a relatively young age (50s).

Early recollections include walking to the Orpheum Theatre, which was on the corner of Court and ??? in downtown Muskogee. Twenty-five cents was a movie ticket, plus treats at the concession stand. At the time and for a long time the Orpheum Theatre was considered “the best” in Muskogee.

Another incident of early years that Martha remembered was when she had walked to town and saw a hat she wanted in the Shouse store. It was a “ribbon hat” and cost six dollars, which was a lot of money in 1925. Her mother said, “No,” so Martha asked her Dad, and he gave her the money. So, Martha walked back to town and bought the hat. Hats and the best dresses were important factions for dressing up!

Martha graduated from Central High School in Muskogee, where she was valedictorian of her class of 193 graduates. She then attended the Junior College in Muskogee for two years, before going to University of Oklahoma for a degree in mathematics. She credits Bessie Huff (possibly dean?) of the junior college for making requirements tough so that students transferring to universities would be well prepared. When Martha finished O.U. in 1931, she could not find a job so she continued learning by attending Draughon’s Business College in Muskogee.

At the university, Martha recalled that for five dollars you could have a pass that admitted you to EVERY GAME for one whole semester. That was 1930-1931. Interspersed with acquiring a higher education was the fact that the senior Jennings bought a car, and Martha was to be the “chauffer.” She recalled that the salesman is the one who gave the two driving lessons she received. That was in 1927 and the car was a Buick.

Martha never married and as she lived with her parents, she easily became her dad's "right hand woman!" She not only drove him to appointments, but she was able to help draw up contracts and loan papers. Her mathematical ability helped her to be very cautious and to make sure the agreements were always accurate and not deceitful in any manner.

"Martha was hired and 'unhired' in one day by WPA. When they found out her father earned money, they wouldn't allow her to work."

Martha worked on a temporary job through the Civil Service in Oklahoma City in 1936, where her sister lived. The job entailed work pertinent to Bonuses for World War One veterans.

Next, Martha worked for the Soil Conservation Service in Muskogee, which included work determining if a parcel of land was Indian land, so that the proper people would be paid.

In December of 1936 Martha was able to work for two solicitors in Muskogee who dealt with the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). Martha was obviously an efficient worker, because after another person, who worked with one solicitor, seemed to always be "caught up" with her work, a survey of work was done. It was determined that Martha did five cases for every two the other person did.

Martha retired from her job in the early 1970s.

One of Martha's volunteer works was with the Pilot Club, which placed volunteers at the Information Desk in the Muskogee Hospital every day from five until eight p.m. She and some other members questioned the salaries of the national executives. When they could not learn the answers, they decided they would not be part of the organization, whose members are professional business women. Today, few organizations, if any, can withhold such information.

After her father died, Martha continued to live with her mother, and both eventually went to First Baptist Church. Some of the ladies (Muskogee pioneer names: Shouse and Teel) would take her mother to daytime activities at the church, as neither of Martha's parents ever learned to drive.

Martha tells that before the Baptist Assembly place was chosen for "west" (Ridgecrest, NC is east), options in New Mexico and Harrison, Arkansas, were being considered. Martha said that the decision seemed to rely on the presence of mosquitoes, none of which were deemed to be present at the New Mexico site!

Martha attended the New Mexico Glorieta Baptist Assembly several times.

Martha also enjoyed the many trips she took to various places in the world, including Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, Alaska, and points in Europe.

One special trip in the U. S. was remembered because the family had a new car; a Plymouth that had what was called "free wheeling," which Martha said was a forerunner of automatic transmission. She thought the car was about the best available and it cost \$700. The special trip was apparently in about 1933, when banks were closed briefly. As the family prepared to leave, banks were closed, so they gathered all the funds each had available to make the trip to Washington, D.C.

Martha said that they rented rooms along the way at \$5 a night, similar to our Bed and Breakfast idea of today, and that with all the scrimping they were amazed that they came home and still had money in their pockets!

Martha still attended church at First Baptist in Muskogee until shortly before her death in 2010, attended WMU, Keenagers, and Sunday School. Her niece and nephew Stanley and Kay Clark look in on her almost every day and she lives in the house she bought about 35 years ago. Her smile is always an inspiration for those who encounter her.

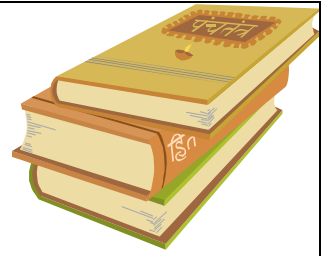
My first acquaintance with Martha was in church a few years ago, when I struck up a conversation with her. She saw my name tag, and I was amazed that she remembered my father Ronald and his sister Audrey, as well as Georgia Barton's mother, who was a favorite great aunt of mine – Carrie Barton (– married to Alfred Barton, brother of Robert Barton, paternal grandfather of Marjorie Barton.)

(Marjorie Barton) Written after interview in about 2007.



**New Titles in the Grant Foreman Collection**  
**2nd Quarter 2011**

**Compiled by Jere Harris**



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**United States: General**

Lincoln Treasury—Caroline T. Harnsberger  
Preserving the American Spirit in the DAR Museum  
Psychic Roots-Serendipity & Intuition in Genealogy-Henry Z. Jones, Jr  
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and Published Military or Civilian—William Dollarhide  
Google Your Family Tree—Daniel M. Lynch  
Hidden Treasures of the American West—Muriel H. Wright, Angie Debo, and Alice Marriott  
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## Wisconsin

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# INDIAN PIONEER PAPERS

## VOL. 77 page 96

### Interview with Mrs. George Bassler

Mrs. George Bassler, Shawnee Apartment #9, Lavenworth, Kansas. Born, Chamois, Missouri, in 1870. Parents, Peter J. Comby, Nancy Jane Comby. White.

#### MRS. BASSLER'S STORY:

My parents came to Oklahoma from Missouri, in 1888. My mother ran a rooming house when we first came.

### MY EXPERIENCES IN MUSKOGEE, I. T.

Father was born near Paris, France, and came to St. Louis, Missouri, at the age of 17. Later, he and his brother opened a store in Chamois, Missouri. Here he became acquainted with my mother and they were married in Jefferson City, in 1868. Father died when I was six months old, leaving mother to care for me and my half sister, who is now Mrs. Alice Cummings of Tulsa.

In 1886, when I was sixteen years old, I visited an aunt, Mrs. Laura Allen, in Muskogee. At this time I became acquainted with a Mrs. Alice Reed, who owned and operated a millinery store. It was the year of "Cartwheel" hats. The demand for these was great and she was destitute for help, so I worked for her that summer. One day an Indian came into the store and wanted to see the feathers. I was at a loss to know what he could possibly want with feather, and was amazed to learn that the Indians wore them in their hats. This fact was proved to me many times in the next few months, since I sold nothing else but "Cartwheels" and feathers.

I was so thrilled with this new and exciting country that I was finally successful in persuading Mother to move to Muskogee in 1888. She bought a house that stood on railroad ground, as "Whites" were not allowed to own land. When we had lived there only a few nights we heard an unusual amount of shooting. 'Twas the Belstead boys and their pals "Shootin' up the town". Their favorite sport was shooting out the lights in the homes they passed.

After getting settled in our new home, I immediately began to look for employment. As I had some experience in a printing office, I went to the Phoenix office and there met Mr. Frank Hubbard, who was the editor. It was unheard of at that time for a girl to work in public and it was several days before Mr. Hubbard would consent to give a "tryout".

I was there five years before the Phoenix was sold to Mr. Singleton. During those five years I had two frightful experiences. One day while working by the window, someone said in a trembling voice,

"Here comes Belle Starr"

I looked up to see just outside my open window the most notorious woman of all Indian Territory. She was not bad looking, but most peculiarly dressed. She had on a divided skirt and a man's shirt. Her dark hair hung in braids over her shoulder and on the end of these braids were tied rattles from rattle snakes. She carried a gun in her belt and with her hand on this gun said to me in a very gruff voice,

"Where is 'Doc' Bennett?"

I told her in a very small voice that he was out of town. As she drove off she muttered that it was a good thing for him that he was not there. An article had appeared in the Phoenix about her which she had resented and she had "come to get him." The other time we were doing some night work, Dr. Bennett came in and laid a sixshooter down on the table between us and said,

"I understand the Book Gang is coming in tonight." I don't know whether it was the size of the gun or the fear of the bandits, but I didn't accomplish much that night.

Miss Alice Robertson had a girls' school not far from the Phoenix office. When she heard a girl was working there she came down to see me, and after we got better acquainted she asked permission to bring her students down to observe my work in order that they might see for themselves that a girl could be independent. She often came in to see about work she was having done and she never failed to stop by my desk for a word or two. On one occasion she said,

"Miss Comby, are you going to the dance tonight?"

Knowing her aversion to dancing I very reluctantly replied, "Yes, I am."

She then remarked,

"I don't approve of dancing, but if you are going, you must have flowers," and with that she left only to come back in a short time with some beautiful flowers cut from her own plants. (This party was at the home of Mrs. Narcissus Owen, mother of Robert L. Owen)

In 1894 I went to work at the Patterson Mercantile Company. It was the largest store in that part of the country, and "Whites, Indians and 'Blacks'" came from a distance of fifty miles to trade there. The trade was so enormous that it was necessary for the clerks to wait on as many as four customers at a time. I had just gone to work there when Charlie Garrett informed me that I would have to pay a permit of \$2.00 to work in the Indian Territory. From the tone of his voice and as he was a native, I lost no time in handing over the money. Never-the-less, as far as I know this was the first and only such permit ever paid.

There were several notorious gangs at this time, one of them being the Dalton gang. One day it was reported that this bunch was on its way to Muskogee to hold up the bank, which was located directly across the street from the Patterson store. Preparation for this raid was made by the installing of an automatic alarm, which when stepped upon could be heard at both Patterson's and the Turner Hardware Store. The owners of these stores had arranged to place guns in their second floor windows and at the sound of the alarm, which when stepped on rang in both places, the men in these stores were to run upstairs, get a gun, and be ready for action. Among these men were: Mr. Patterson and Mr. Robb, owners of the store, Joseph Schmidt, Charlie Hart, Houston Estes and son, Bert, John Dorsey, Charlie Holt, Jack Evans, and Charlie Seekings. A few days after these preparations were completed, at a most unexpected moment this alarm sounded. Immediately the store became the scene of turmoil and excitement. The boys fell up the stairs and down the stairs, getting to their guns. Customers knocked each other down in their haste in getting out the door. Just as suddenly as all the noise and excitement broke forth, however, it ceased and everyone waited breathlessly for the orders to fire. I must have been paralyzed with fear for I had not moved from my place behind the counter. As I looked out the open door, I saw a man from the bank coming across the street. Not until he said,

"Tell the boys that was a false alarm" did my strength return.

At another time it was reported that members of the Starr gang were seen near the old Fair ground. This was on Saturday night and about 0"30 o'clock a stranger walked in through the back door of the store and up to grocer counter. Mr. Charles Seekings went forward to wait on him. As Mr. Seeking was wrapping up his purchase, in order to make conversation he remarked,

"We have heard the Starr gang is coming in tonight, and by George, we're ready for them." Before the stranger could reply another girl clerk in the store, who had just come to Muskogee from Chicago seeking adventure, rushed up to him and said,

"I hope the bandits do come tonight; I'd like to see one of them." The stranger said,

"Girls, you might be interested in knowing that I'm riding one of their ponies tonight." Needless to say, the girl never again had much to say to strangers. Others that worked at Patterson's during the six years that I did were: May Martin, Beulah Hollingsworth, Della Curtz, Rilla Towns, Ella Robertson, Will Keys and son, Dan, Sam McMurray, Theo Stedham, \_\_\_\_ Ford, Bob Hutchinson, H. B. Spaulding and Homer Spaulding.

The first party I attended in Muskogee was at the home of Dr. Callahan. Games and music provided the entertainment for the evening. Another interesting party was an all day Christmas party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott. They had three girls and a son. Mr. John Cobb, who boarded there, had three girls and a boy, and Mrs. Elliott's niece made her home with them. These girls were called the "Seven Sisters." This was my first Christmas in Indian Territory. About twenty young people had been invited for the whole day and evening. I never saw so much food - - cakes and pies stacked high and everything else customary on Christmas.

We enjoyed programs at the old Harrell Institute and Bacone University, including home talent plays in which "Little Maud" Cummings, now Mrs. Maud Tally of Tulsa, entertained with songs and readings. We also amused ourselves with picnics, lawn socials, and dances. The music for the more exclusive private dances was furnished by the town orchestra, which had the distinction of being the first orchestra in Muskogee, and of which I had the honor of being pianist. Other members of the orchestra were: Mr. Best, leader and violinist; William Bozeman, cornetist; Frank Lockes, Bass viol; and Ben Bellis, clarinet. Later Mr. Massick, a tailor, took over the leadership of the orchestra and his son played the clarinet also. We enjoyed playing the orchestra very much, but were called upon to play at the most inopportune times. For instance, on a busy Saturday afternoon while I worked at Patterson's, a political convention was to be held at Turner Opera House. I wouldn't ask for permission to go, but the leader asked Mr. Robb and to my great surprise he told me to go right along. Another time Mr. Mills, a competitor of Mr. Patterson's, was having a two-day sale and wanted Mr. Best and me to furnish the music. I was allowed to go - most unusual, I would say. We also played at the "balls" at the old Adams Hotel; also, at the home of Robert L. Owen, and many other places.

When Mr. Harsha and Mr. Spaulding bought out the J. E. Turner store, I was offered a position with them with an increase in salary, and after a short vacation I accepted. It was there that I met George Bassler, who three years later became my husband. We had three children, Nancy, George and Sue. The first was born in Indian Territory, the other two in Oklahoma, yet all three in Muskogee. Mr. Bassler went into business with J. E. Chapman about 1905 in the building owned by Mr. Sharum. In a short time the building collapsed and Bassler-Chapman dissolved partnership. Later Mr. Bassler opened clothing store and continued in this line of business until his death in Kansas City, Kansas, in 1931. We lived in Muskogee until 1914.

I was one of the ten that organized the Christian Church and was organist for many years. Our first meetings were held in a school building on third street in the Primary room. After a while the W.C.T.U. built a hall and we were very happy to move into that. The church continued to grow and we finally had to build a larger building, which is the same building in use at the present time.

Transcribed by Barbara Downs

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## U. S. District Court (Western District, I. T.—Marriage Records Index 1890-1907

Currently in the process of being transcribed from microfilm. Information included is the Groom, Bride, Book/Page and the Microfilm No. where the Marriage Record can be found. As each group is finished, it will be added to the website of the Muskogee County Genealogical Society, alphabetically **by the groom's name.**

MALE	FEMALE	Roll OKM #	BOOK	PAGE
Allen, Chas. Raymond	Morris, Nellie	477	K	224
Allen, Claude	Ross, Alley	475	G	101
Allen, D. R.	Sango, Allie	481	T	231
Allen, Dan	Hare, Berdie	474	F	342
Allen, David R.	Breedon, Ida	472	B-1	313
Allen, Doc	Morris, Susie	477	L	282
Allen, Earl	Hilligross, Cute	480	Q	286
Allen, Emmett	Benson, Ider	482	U	441
Allen, F. E.	Gray, Leona	482	U	442
Allen, Frank	Foster, Emma	483	W	411
Allen, Garfield	Austin, Cornelia	484	X	122
Allen, Gus	Bowers, Maggie	478	M	276
Allen, Hardy	Guice, Dorcas	483	W	297
Allen, Henry	Williams, Mary	482	U	429
Allen, J. B.	Higgins, Ethel	482	V	330
Allen, J. G.	Grubb, Rosa	478	M	485
Allen, J. J.	Hood, May	475	G	192
Allen, James W.	Knight, Lula	480	R	213
Allen, Jas. B.	McLemore, Yarlles(?)	473	D	28
Allen, Jesse	Sparks, Minnie	472	A	445
Allen, Jessee	Sheffler, Myrtle M.	474	E	535
Allen, Jessie	Bell, Annie	476	J	264
Allen, John	Foster, Lucy	475	G	301
Allen, John B.	Jackson, Bertha	478	M	60
Allen, John M.	Carpenter, Dell	478	N	102
Allen, John W.	Maddox, Cora L.	474	E	251
Allen, Madison P.	Ragsdale, Elizabeth	481	S	501
Allen, Oscar	McGhee, Cleo	477	K	273
Allen, Oscar	Robertson, Sallie	482	V	140
Allen, Oscela	Payne, Georgia	478	M	92
Allen, Phillip V.	Hyce, Ada	478	M	476
Allen, R. I.	Webb, Maude	477	K	29
Allen, Richard Clyde	Lumpkins, Lillian	481	T	496
Allen, Robert	Freeman, Serena	473	D	421

Allen, Robert	Miller, Mary	483	W	203
Allen, Robert Lester	Pope, Dora C.	479	O	396
Allen, Robert P.	Lamb, Zemmie L.	474	E	*139-242
Allen, S. W.	Smith, Luttie L.	473	C	189
Allen, Sam	Nichols, tilda	481	S	232
Allen, Sherman	Morrison, Etta	476	I	478
Allen, Smithe	Short, B., Mrs.	474	F	230
Allen, T. J.	Hines, Florence	473	C	232
Allen, T. J.	Whalen, Emily	479	O	216
Allen, Thomas M.	Barrett, Georgia A.	476	I	65
Allen, W. A.	Gibson, Elvira	474	E	277
Allen, W. E.	Watkins, Myrtle	476	J.	203
Allen, W. M.	McGathlin, Mary E.	473	C	138
Allen, W. N.	Adams, Ethel	482	V	515
Allen, William	Landrum, Lizzie	474	F	200
Allen, William A.	Sprinkles, Rhoda	477	L	206
Allen, William A.	Watrous, Pearl	482	V	370
Allen, William T.	Barnhart, Hester	476	H	300
Allen, William T.	Robinson, Etta	477	K	77
Allen, Willis A.	Gribble, May	474	F	148
Allen, Wm.	Nelson, Lizzie	474	F	125
Allen, Wm. L.	Bowles, Martha F.	473	D	473
Alley, Edward C.	Hensley, Laura E.	474	F	163
Alley, William	Austin, Addie	479	P	424
Allford, W. A.	Smith, Emma	473	D	256
Allison, A. W.	Bingham, Viola	473	D	224
Allison, B. F.	Willis, Minnie	475	G	396
Allison, Charles E.	Glossip, Irene	472	A	227
Allison, G. W.	Newkirk, V. L., Mrs.	474	F	172
Allison, George Wilson	Smith, Sarah Jane	472	A	111
Allison, H. W.	Dresler, Maggie L.	481	T	556
Allison, Henry	Roberts, Lurra	478	M	354
Allison, J. P.	Westfall, Junie	475	G	415
Allison, Robert L.	Trotter, Emma	474	E	448
Allison, W. F.	Pearce, Della	478	N	317
Allpress, Oliver	Claypool, Phoebe	473	D	468
Allred, Clarence E.	Hall, Gertrude	480	Q	238
Allsberry, A. N.	Collier, Fannie	476	I	89
Allsup, John	Guntry, Irena B.	474	F	44

Allton, Frank	Vance, Maggie	473	D	196
Allton, James L.	Hurst, Nannie	476	J	200
Alman, Ira	Comot, Perla	477	K	77
Almon, Wm. A.	Hoover, Dovie	482	U	495
Alred, Amos	Bruner, Julia	473	D	212
Alrid, Amos	Mason, Mary	477	L	177
Alrid, James	Starr, Lumey Belle	478	N	488
Alrid, Jesse	Mackey, Martha	483	W	191
Alrid, Will	Mason, Dortha	478	N	363
Alston, A. J.	Perryman, Mattie	482	V	167
Alston, John Ruthledge	Cleland, Sallie E.	472	B-1	185
Altman, Frank	Appleton, Millie	477	L	50
Alton, W. J.	Colyer, Mary	473	D	200
Alunson, Henry	Jones, Alma	476	H	54
Alvah, William	Chisholm, Nancy	476	J	398
Alverson, Charles	Fitts, Lucy J. F.	477	L	87
Alvey, Henry J.	Vermillion, Annie	473	D	45
Alwell, W. H.	Welch, Emma	474	E	290
Amerine, J. A.	Inerry, Myrtle M.	479	P	261
Amerson, James M.	Brandon, Mary R.	474	E	242
Ames, S. D.	Brown, Allie	473	D	65
Ames, Wm. S.	Kelly, Minnie L.	474	F	17
Ammons, Joe	Root, Mary	477	K	119
Amos, Bert E.	Turner, Lillie	479	P	198
Amos, Hugh C.	Frazor, Bertha	482	V	383
Amos, S. W.	Burwell, Octoria	482	V	25
Amrey, Robert	Evans, Hettie	482	V	238
Appleby, Alfred	Melton, Francis, Mrs.	480	R	457
Arthurs, James C.	Smith, Ora	478	M	84
Arthurs, James C.	Smith, Ora	478	M	84
Babb, Charles	Smith, Minnie	475	G	55
Baccus, Willie	Hutton, Rebecca	480	Q	342
Back, W. H.	Parker, Alice	478	N	88
Backbone, Daniel	Willington, Jennie	474	F	333
Bacon, B. H.	Hubbard, Emma	478	M	58
Bacon, E. S.	Fowler, P. M.	480	P	46
Bacon, John A.	Fentrall, Anna	475	F	357
Bacus, John	Adams, Lizzie	474	E	32
Bacy, Adam	Potter, Mrs. Frances	481	R	211

Badgers, Edward A.	Robins, Lilie	477	J	371
Badgett, F. W.	Bryant, Rachel	477	J	150
Badgett, T. H.	Higgins, Ella	477	K	496
Baeghman, G. L.	Lynch, Sarah	477	L	178
Bagart, G. W.	Isaac, May	477	J	312
Bagby, Ames	Templeman, Dollie	479	O	177
Bagwell, J. B.	Looney, Georgia L.	475	F	541
Baighman, Wilter	Ligon, Ollie	477	K	458
Bailer, H. Cary	Housen, Minnie M. (Mousen)	472	A	37
Bailer, H. Cary	Mousen, Minnie M. (Housen)	472	A	37
Bailey, A. B.	Johnson, Jennie	474	F	173
Bailey, A. R.	Melick, Grace Pauline	480	Q	280
Bailey, Benjamin L.	Ross, Mollie	476	H	56
Bailey, C. C.	Bergen, Mattie	479	N	378
Bailey, Charles	Bartel, Laura B.	473	B	286
Bailey, E. G.	Frailskill, Doria	475	F	486
Bailey, Garrett	McBurnett, Delia	474	E	38
Bailey, I. B.	Bartlett, Katie	476	I	413
Bailey, Isac M.	Robberts, Lilly	480	P	488
Bailey, J. A.	Murphy, Mattie	472	B	91
Bailey, J. F.	Hartman, Lizzie	475	G	235
Bailey, J. T.	Rich, Sarah	475	G	495
Bailey, John L.	Rhodes, Lucy Belle	473	B	305
Bailey, M. O.	Brewer, Elizabeth	475	G	193
Bailey, R. A.	Mounts, Rosetta	476	I	26
Bailey, Samuel H.	Crumer, Mary A.	480	R	141
Bailey, Thomas P.	Jones, Fannie E.	478	L	322
Bailey, W. H.	Shuler, Tilly	474	F	164
Bailey, Wm. J.	McCants, Katie	477	K	72
Bailey, Wm. M.	Talker, Alice	480	Q	297
Bailor, Lester V.	Bowman, Ollie E.	477	K	97
Bain, Thomas J.	Baker, Martha	480	R	117
Bair, Homer W.	Baker, Ella	480	P	274
Baird, Frank	Harris, Minnie	480	Q	60
Baird, James A.	Fairman, Rosa M.	473	D	284
Baird, R. J.	Moore, Georgia E.	475	G	430
Baird, W. M.	Hines, Addie	473	D	51
Baker, A.	Lander, Ruth	480	P	465
Baker, A. P.	Olson, Bertha	476	H	121

Baker, Antonio F.	Ragsdale, Barbara A.	479	N	398
Baker, B. F.	Jones, Eva	475	G	168
Baker, Benjamin F.	French, Judie	476	H	248
Baker, Benjamin F.	Rice, Pearl	478	N	181
Baker, Bright E.	Wood, Lillie	475	F	497
Baker, C. C.	Crunk, Nellie	480	Q	151
Baker, Charles	Alsem, Annie	477	L	69
Baker, Charles	Corbrey, Rose	477	K	434
Baker, Ed	Cantrell, Emma	479	O	359
Baker, F. E.	Duncan, Clara	479	N	385
Baker, F. W.	Brewer, Edna	474	D	502
Baker, Frank A.	Evans, Sarah E.	473	D	285
Baker, G. W.	Whitten, Maggie E.	474	E	29
Baker, Geo. S.	Bowen, Florence	479	O	201
Baker, George S.	Burns, Ella M.	473	C	17
Baker, H. A.	Fox, Ellen	476	H	179
Baker, Henry	Roberts, Polly	475	F	556
Baker, J. B.	Hiler, Georgia Ann	476	H	246
Baker, J. D.	Wilbur, Mable	473	D	88
Baker, J. L.	Ervin, J. D.	474	D	463
Baker, J. W.	Hogans, Annie	474	D	455
Baker, J. W.	Ladd, Maud	475	G	418
Baker, James L.	Poorboy, Sarah	472	B	125
Baker, James M.	Pool, Nancy J.	473	C	206
Baker, Jason	Elliott, Bessie	480	P	235
Baker, Jesse T.	Gilmore, Mary P.	480	P	425
Baker, Joe	Hudson, Maggie	480	Q	459
Baker, John	Crump, Melvina	472	B-1	120
Baker, John	Dico, Francis	475	G	228
Baker, John	Felter, Bertha	472	B	**6
Baker, John	Roberts, Katie	477	L	4
Baker, John W.	Craig, Lillie	478	N	214
Baker, John W.	Seagraves, Lucy E.	477	J	285
Baker, John W.	Segroves, Fanny B.	474	F	282
Baker, Lafayette	Garrett, Lizzie	478	L	322
Baker, Lee	Brazwell, Ellen	480	Q	185
Baker, Melson	Rowland, Mary	475	G	355
Baker, Nat	Thompson, Malinda	477	L	210
Baker, R. L.	Lowens, Ella	480	P	335

FreemanBarthel

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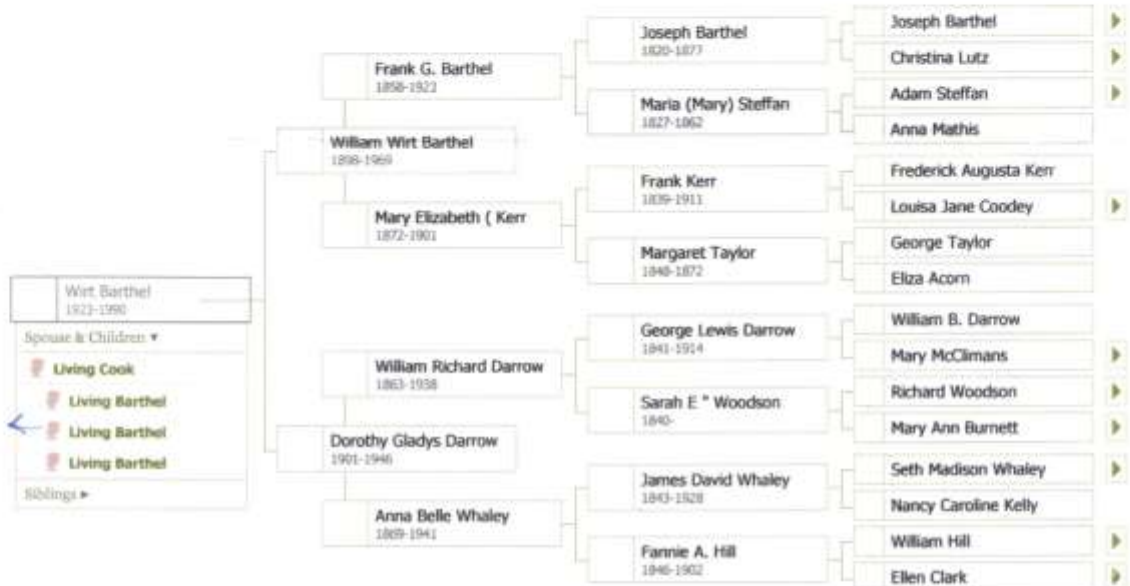
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# New Memberships and Renewals

**Thru May, 2011**

## **NEW MEMBERSHIP WELCOME**

**Rachel Taylor, Georgia**  
Ancestry Chart, Page 48

## **MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS**

**Linda Stout  
Annis Hill  
Mela Ranks  
Carol Payne  
Jeff & Stacy Blundell  
Mary Downing  
Virginia Perry  
Roseann Nunley  
Allen Co. Public Library  
Pete & Mickey Hagan**