

Russ Hotel at Spind

HISTORIA

Quarterly—By W. P. Campbell, Custodian in Charge of the Oklahoma Historical Society—25c a Year.

Vol. 8. No. 4. State Capitol, Oklahoma City, (U. S. A.) October 1, 1919. Whole No. 36

HISTORIA—Entered as second class matter at the Oklahoma City postoffice under the laws of 1896.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON BOOTH IN OKLAHOMA.



Although half a century has passed since the tragedy in which J. Wilkes Booth was the active principal, there has been no lessening in reverence for the name of Lincoln, nor much in the bitterness toward the man who wrought his death. This is not confined to those still living who have personal memories of that day, but the spirit of the parent has been transmitted to the son with added energy to such an extent that any reference to J. Wilkes Booth requires a touch of delicacy lest cen-

sure if not reprimand follow.

Indeed it means a "path of coals" for any one who dares intimate that Booth was not the man killed at the Garrett home in Virginia in 1865; or that he escaped and during his nomadic meanderings made Oklahoma a favorite sojourning place until the "ending of the trial" at Enid, in January 1903, via the suicide route. And yet there is vastly more evidence in favor of that contention than was ever produced that it was Booth who was killed at the Garrett home, instead of some one else. However, it is not the purpose here to go into details of the tragedy further than to throw a little calcium across the tortuous path of him, whom for simplicity sake is here designated as Booth, although that path was under an alias sky, especially that of David E. George; and that path will here be confined as near as practicable to Oklahoma, with only such other references as may seem tending to establish identity of George and Booth as one and the same. As a prelude, reference is made to a letter now among the manuscripts of the Oklahoma Historical Society and which will follow; but before introducing the letter, the reader will be carried back to 1897, when it will be remembered by old-timers, especially of Oklahoma City, occurred the death of General George H. Thomas, whose remains were shipped by his nephew to the old home at Portland, Maine. General Thomas came to Oklahoma City from Texas. He at once inculcated himself with the spirit of the town's active citizenship, and became instrumental in building the City water works, holding 52 shares, or a majority stock, which he transferred to the city in 1892. His son George H., jr., soon after left the country and with his wife wandered over foreign lands, first to Stockholm, Sweden, from whence he wrote friends here enclosing a photo of himself and wife on a log angling for fish from one of the clear streams of northland. The next letter (with photo enclosure) hailed from Russia. Later he took up a residence in "gay Patee," France,

from whence he wrote; this being soon after war had been declared between Germany and France. George suggested a scheme for bringing the Germans at once to their knees—simply send a few Americans over and place them on the trenches, then dare Germany to fire. French women, he declared, had been experimented with in that role, but the Germans cruelly ignored petticoats and fired through, over, beyond, everywhere into the trenches.

The same year in which General Thomas died in this city, General Edward L. Thomas, who did service during the Rebellion on the C. S. A. side, died at McAlester where he had served a number of years as Indian agent for the Sac and Fox consolidated tribe. Seeing an account of the death of the two Thomases, Mrs. Louisa A. Walton wrote a letter from Beverly, N. J., to the commander of the U. C. V. at Oklahoma City making inquiry concerning a certain General Thomas for whom she was searching. On receiving such information as was available at this end of the line concerning the Oklahoma Thomases, she wrote again to the Commander of the Oklahoma division U. C. V., at that time Captain John O. Casler, now landscape gardner at the Confederate home near Ardmore. This letter was under Beverly date of April 13, 1898.

"General Edward L. Thomas is not the man I mean. The General Thomas of whom I desire information died either in summer of 95 or 96. I tried to find a little record sketch of his war record in Philadelphia; because I saw it in the 'Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.' I put the paper away carefully, but it was accidentally destroyed by one of my servants before I clipped the piece out. They do not remember it at the 'Telegraph office,' and have searched files of papers for it without success; but as several editions are published daily and one only filed I suppose it was in the edition they destroyed. They tell me that Henry 'George' Thomas was a Confederate General. 'George' Henry a Union General, and that the one in Oklahoma must be the one. He is not, for he, (the one I mean,) died earlier than '97. I met him in Philadelphia in 1863. He fainted on the pavement in front of my Aunts' house one summer morning; her servants carried him into the house; and we used the proper restoratives and sent him in the carriage to the depot (Baltimore) when he was able to continue his journey. He was in company with a younger man, who I never saw again until I saw his face in papers as the murderer of 'Lincoln' (John Wilkies Booth). Their faces are indelibly stamped on my memory; also the conversation. Though we urged them to tell us their names, they refused, though, they assured us they were very grateful. I think they feared we would betray them because we were Union women. No true woman would be guilty of such an act, for suffering always appeals to her heart, sometimes against her better judgment. My Aunt daily left her luxurious home to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers at 15th, J. Filbert So. Hospital (now Broad St. Station of Pennsylvania Railroad). There were a dozen Confederates there at that time, and they were just as carefully cared for as the Union soldiers. She lost her life from too great devotion to the work. 'Booth' told us that his friend had been ill, and in his anxiety to reach

from Col. Summers

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Alexander*

Last time Campbell saw him in 1902

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and looking into the upper blank recited a few lines in a truly dramatic vein, though rather low. Cutting short as if to recover from inadvertance, he once more brought his chair to a square position. The writer was impressed at the strangeness of the stranger, at his dramatic bearing and ventured a trifle familiarity. Slapping the stranger on one knee, who at first gave a quick stare between resentment and surprise, but in an instant assumed an attentive pose. It flashed upon the mind of the writer that his new and ephemeral companion was either a theatrical man or a dramatic reader. Acting upon this he arose and gave an inviting glance down at the stranger, who also arose. As a test to surmise, the writer remarked: "I believe I will take a walk over to the new theater." (But recently erected, a block or so west of the Crawford.) "The new the-a-tre," the stranger remarked, as he slightly inclined his head and peered up from beneath black silken brows. Raising his countenance and with a side glance; "then you have two the-a-tres. (not exactly questioning, nor exactly in surprise, but in seeming effort to disguise a knowledge of the fact.) With this he stepped to the writer's side, slightly resting one foot as he placed a hand on one shoulder, more friendly than familiar. "I presume we shall meet again—possibly." (The latter word in a tone of question half aside.) "I hope so," was the reply. "I like to meet people, and never meet anyone without a hope of meeting again. Excuse proverbial Yankee curiosity in asking your name, and I may say, your line." "Well," he returned slightly, turning as he twirled the cane and twisted at his mustache a moment. "I have not been bold enough to ask your name nor your profession. "Campbell" was the immediate interpose: "and yours?" "Let me see," with a trifle meditative pause, then looking his questioner straight in the eye. "how does Thomas, or Johnson strike you, with a traveling suit, for instance?" With this, the stranger lightly pressed the writer's shoulder, and in a manner that bordered on seeming regret at patting, turned away and leisurely passed inside the restaurant twirling his cane. While there was so much peculiar about the incident, the exact date cannot now be recalled. A few years after, while on a Rock Island train somewhere between Pond Creek and Kingfisher, a gentleman entered from another car and seated himself by the writer. There was something in the appearance of the newcomer which at once impressed "Where have I seen that face before," was the first unuttered flash. There was the black curving eyebrows, the black imperial mustache, the black flowing hair, all of which called back the incident at Topeka; but this man was in gray clothes of business cut, and a Scottish plaid cap. At Enid one of the occupants of the seat just in front got off, while another man entered and took the seat, placing a grip on his lap, on which was visibly lettered "C. Carlton." He also carried a bundle of show programs in which the new seat-mate seemed specially interested. Tapping the young man lightly on the shoulder, a program was handed over before he had time to speak. This he held up in front of him with a sort of critical quiz. "Do you belong to the profesh?" was asked by the young man, at which the seat-mate peered over the edge of the program with a staring frown. "The pro-FESH!" as if it was the term that piqued. "No!" And the seat-mate hid his ire behind the spread program a moment. Then as if to amend for inadvertent breach, he asked: "Where do you perform?" The last word after a pause as if trying to coin some word commensurate with "profesh." "O-o—let me see," said the young man, scratching below and behind the right ear. "We show all over—everywhere," with an air of pomp. "I mean your next stand." "Oh," and the young man referred to his memorandum. "At the El Reno theatre." "So! And they have a the-a-tre at that village," with a humorous twinkle. At this juncture Kingfisher station was called and the writer got off the train, reflecting on the peculiar long "a" in theatre that called up the Topeka

incident. In fact this long "a" like an unbidden tune, kept up its intrusion for some time.

Referring to this incident on the train, the writer calls to mind that in 1893 Charles Carlton, with blonde hair, etc., put on "Nevada the Gold King" at the Kingfisher hall with a local cast, Miss Henrietta Parker (now Camden) in the leading lady role. Mr. Camden, J. S. Ross, Dr. Spangler, Miss Mize, Mina Admire, being among others of the cast, the writer as "Nevada."

The third meeting with the mysterious stranger—and right here it may be well to state that at neither of these meetings did the writer recognize the party referred to as Booth, nor does he now know that it was him. Hence in designating the party as Booth is wholly in the presumptive. It was at the Waukomis Hornet office during the afternoon of January 6, 1903, when he stopped immediately in front of the door, planting one foot on the entrance sill where he paused seemingly to be recognized before entering. The stranger had black hair, brows and mustache and was dressed in a black suit, the coat being Prince Albert, the hat of the Stetson pattern, the entire showing the ravages of wear, but clean. There was the little cane between thumb and finger going through involuntary twirlings. There was a noticeable furlowing in the features, and beneath the veneering black a slight trace of gray, visible, however, only on closest observation, and recallible only through subsequent events. "Well, come in and look out," said the writer as he noticed the stranger, who stepped inside. The wear of years were such that the writer did not at first identify the newcomer with any one whom he had ever met before; although there were outlines on memory's wall that read a previous meeting somewhere at some time, but where? There was a classical bearing, a manly pose of gentility that stamped him as no common tramp, and this was decidedly emphasized with his first utterance. Tipping his hat slightly, working the little cane and looking straight face-to-face with the writer, and in a pleasing voice of culture, inquired: "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Campbell?" reaching his hand as the cane became idle. "That's my name," returned the writer as he reciprocated the gentle grasp of hands. The newcomer referred hurriedly to a memorandum, then: "W. P. Campbell?" "W. P.—that is the name I go by, at least." At this the stranger seated on a high stool which stood near the door, and resting one foot on the floor, gave the little cane a succession of twirls and his mustache as many twists, then looking the writer square in the eye, and with seriously inquisitive tone: "Did you ever know any one to go by a name not really his own." "I may have known many, without knowing it," was the reply. The stranger dismounted from the stool and walked slowly to and fro in a meditative way for a moment, with the now familiar cane and mustache feature. "If not too busy," again taking position on the stool, half sitting, with one foot on the floor. "Always busy, never busy," replied the writer, taking a seat near the stool with his feet cocked on the desk: "Fire away." Again, quite deliberately climbing from the stool the stranger drew near, with such peculiar expression on his countenance that the writer involuntarily arose and squared himself face to face with his questioner. The stranger stepped back a very brief pace as to give his gestures play. Then closely eyeing as if to rivet attention, and with index finger as close as courtesy warranted, with dramatic pantomime: "Before leaving El Reno—I came from there—I was directed by Mr. Hensley to call on you, the same by Mr. Eyler (probably Ehler) as I came through Hennessey." "Very kind in my friends," the writer interposed, "but what's the drive—?" "Exactly," as the stranger re adjusted himself square face to face, preceding with slow yet decisive index-finger gestures and dramatic head accompaniments. "It is a story, the—story—of my life!" with strong emphasis on the last three words. "A story (-ause) that will startle—that will make the very world set up and take notice." For a moment there was a mutual eyeing,

he seemingly to note the impression he had made; on the writer's part more in a puzzle as to what it all meant. After a mutual suspense, the stranger began a to-and-fro meditative pace with cane and mustache accompaniment. "My friend," said the writer, "from what I have seen of you—" The stranger turned abruptly, and in a tone of surprise-suppressed inquiry: "You have seen me before?" "I surely have." The stranger took a half sitting posture on the stool closely eyeing the writer and with seeming unconsciousness of it, slowly twisting at his mustache. "But just when and under what circumstances—didn't I meet you in Topeka once?" continued the writer, meeting the starry gaze of the stranger, who, with a downward glance: "Possibly," then resuming his recent attitude, "I have—I think I have been there." The stranger had descended from his perch on the stool, and began a meditative to-and-fro as he replied without looking up: "I—HAVE been there." "As I said," continued the writer, "as the stranger seated on one corner of the desk, one foot resting on the floor as he side-faced to the writer. "If you will permit me," once more continued the writer, "from what I have seen of you, and I need not go back of this meeting, right here, and from your manner, your bearing and language—everything, I should judge you capable of writing your own story." "Possibly—probably—that is so," returned the stranger as he stepped from the desk and leaned back with both hands resting on the stool behind him. "But it wouldn't be me," quickly shifting the drift and again assuming the former position on the desk corner. "How would it seem to you to be yourself, and yet not you? No matter what you write, or say, or do, whatever your achievements, how high your ambition may reach—it is not you—" Getting from the desk, and facing the writer, with strong index-finger, "NOT YOU!" Turning with the last words and slowly pacing, in a fairly pathetic undertone, semi-solus: "Not me." In a sort of rambling way that comported with his mind, evidently, the stranger alternated with the stool position, and uneasily to-and-froing, cane and mustache fingering, and talking in a fragmentary way as bits of his story were brought out, mixed with inquiries seemingly to test the writer's familiarity with Washington life, and the Potomac country.

Classing the stranger as more than an ordinary man—dramatic reader past the meridian of use; or a one-time knight of the footlights, now too tedious to be entertaining, yet too noble for slight, the writer made casual notes merely out of respect, being frequently admonished with: "Now, just a minute, I'm not quite ready for that." Finally I asked the stranger's name. With an intimation that more about him would be pleasing. "I advertise as a painter." "Scenic?" "No—well, I guess I could paint a scene—with a brush, but—" and he started as if to leave. "There's a job in this town, if you care for one. A brand new building—" Without waiting for further details, the stranger replied, "Thanks, my friend; however, I will not oppose looking over your new structure." We started. When about midway of the street, Scott's opera house was pointed out, with the remark: "You, see, this little town is on the map—even has a theatre of her own. The stranger stopped in a parley with inclinations: "Rather small place for a the-a-tre." Here the stress on the "a" was as had been the case on two other occasions. "The proprietor wants a set of scenery, and—" "Many—numerous thanks," came as an emphatic interpose, as he placed one hand on the writer's shoulder—the same thrilling touch as that in the Topeka incident. "I would not think for a moment of such a job; the the-a-tre has all the reverse charms for me." With this he turned as if to leave, but he was asked not to rush off, "Oh, no," he replied, "Do you have the time?" He was told the hour, and remarked that perhaps it was so late the story might be postponed and inquired if the writer would be in Enid, soon. On being informed that he often went there: "Come Saturday and we can go more into details." "All right,"

replied the writer, scarcely expecting to do so. "You can locate me by inquiry at the Watrous Drug Store—I am not much on the street." At this, he took the writer warmly by both hands, and looking him straight in the eye in the manner that was a cross with affection, regret at parting, and a sounding of thoughts. "You need not walk," said the writer, reaching into his pockets to bring forth car fare. "No offense, I assure you, and I accept your kindly suggestion for the deed, but I have plenty of funds—enough, at least, and to pay you well for what I am sure you will undertake to do. There are so many things money cannot buy," as he gave a warm grasp of hands: "such as that friendship I am more than persuaded I shall find in you." Still holding hands, but turning as if choking back some bitter emotion—"Good-by." Then facing the writer, and with a firm hand-grasp, in a tone of confidence: "You are a man; you have enjoyed the best in life, yet tasted of its bitterest dregs—no—not the bitterest—only perhaps that slight potion all men taste. A man—I may trust you with—but there has been no secret—as yet revealed. Remember Saturday; and once again—good—no; au revoir." After a warm grasp, he let go hands, and headed for the station.

Before closing the chapter one other incident is brought up. It was only a week or so since that Col. James Duffey, who was a police official at El Reno, when George stopped there, but who is now employed at the state capitol, exhibited a photograph to the Historia scribe with the remark: "Gaze on that and tell me if you ever saw it before"—this without the least hint as to who it was. "I surely have," replied the writer as he glanced at the face. Col. Duffey still holding the photo in his hand. "That is the man who called on me at Waukomis in January, 1903, and who a week later committed suicide under the name of David E. George—J. Wilkes Booth." "You are mistaken," said Col. Duffey, assuming a super-positive attitude. "John Wilkes Booth was killed at the Garrett home in Virginia, April 25, 1865, by one Boston Corbett. I am sure of this because David E. George, while in a 'spiritually' talkative mood told me so himself—in El Reno—only a short time before committing suicide. George said he knew J. Wilkes Booth was dead, 'because,' said he in a dramatic way, 'the next day after he was killed, the body was taken down the river to a lone island twenty-seven miles from Washington and secretly buried there.'" David E. George might have added that "I know that John Wilkes Booth is dead, because the body was taken to Washington City and secretly buried in a room front of the navy building near the old jail, and a piece of artillery drawn over the place to obliterate it. Further, because the body was taken down the Potomac ten miles from Washington, and weighted with stones and sunk. Also, because the body was taken to a secluded spot between the Garret farm and the Potomac and placed in a pit and consumed by quick lime; because the body was taken to Washington city and secretly buried in a room of the old penitentiary, from whence it was subsequently exhumed and given to the Booth family and buried in Green Mount cemetery, Baltimore, where a marble marks the head of the mound (unnamed, however.) I know that John Wilkes Booth is dead because the doorkeeper at Ford's theatre, who was an intimate of Booth's, and who assisted in the Green Mount ceremonies, declared it was NOT the body of J. Wilkes Booth. As still more invincible proof that J. Wilkes Booth was the man killed at the Garrett home the fact may be cited that the government, so secure in its convictions decided not to submit the body for identification; nor was a single cent of the vast reward ever paid. Further—the body was quick-limed, drowned, buried—variously at various places and curiously enough by different agencies at one and the same time; so let it go at that. He is dead, dead, dead! numerously dead." After quoting "George," Col. Duffey handed the photo over, with: "Now look at the back of the card." On the back was found inscribed the

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name. "J. Wilkes Booth," taken at a spiritual seance in New York, 1894, by the mother of the DuPonts, famous the world over as powder manufacturer.

A friend of Historia states that during a conversation only a few days ago, Mrs. Anstein of El Reno, at whose hotel Booth (under name of George) stopped for many months, declared her belief that George and Booth were the same. She said she was quite well acquainted with him, and recalls many things which now more than at the time, convince her. At one time, she says, when he was slightly under the influence of liquor, some one gravely offended him, at which the offender was dramatically invited to pass on or be passed on, which he reluctantly did, and passed on, muttering an implied or construed threat. "That man has no business fooling with me," said the irate Booth (or George), turning to Mrs. Anstein, side-gesturing toward the retreating offender. "He don't know who he is fooling with—I killed a thousand times better man him—he mustn't fool with me." Then calming, Booth said to Mrs. Anstein in a confidential tone: "Can you keep a secret?" At which Mrs. Anstein replied in a careless way, "Did you ever know a woman to keep a secret?" Booth bit at his under lip as he turned away. "I sincerely believe George, as we knew him, had at that moment in mind telling me his secret," said Mrs. Anstein.

The fourth and last time the writer saw Booth was at Enid, at Pennyman's, northeast corner of the public square. He was standing with his back to the wall, his head slightly bent forward, and his voice once so resonant with charming melody, gave out no sound. Gray was dusting through the brows, the mustache and long wavy hair, the artificial dyes used in keeping them in raven hue gradually fading away. The starry lustre of once captivating eyes was sealed under closed lids. The hands were white and sinewy, folded listless across the breast. The face was a trifle swollen, over it a faint pallor of wraith, and yet a delicate smile of ineffable sweetness as one in pleasant dreams. It was death. That voice which once so thrilled and charmed, gesturing with eloquence fairly sublime, and held captives in its miraculous power, whether in Taming the Shrew, or in soliloquies over the browless Yorick, my kingdom for a horse, or over his Desdemonia smothered in a pillow of jealous rage. Never again; forever hushed. And as Undertaker Pennyman closed the hinged lid over the ashy face, the old thought came—"Verily the way of the transgressor is hard." One so young, so ripe in beautiful treasure, the world in readiness to prone before his mild sweet will, backed by ancestral glory the future unfolding a promise of kindly worth and benefaction. But he loved his southland too well and not wisely. At this psychic time of dreadful consequence, "a bud doomed in the blooming," by one impetuous rash act, ill-judged and bound in a spirit of revenge, or misconceived duty, matters not. Condemned a wanderer, to face an unforgiving world, shunning familiar haunts and loved people, under the ban of remorse, in the shadow of dread and mortal fear. "Myself, and yet—another!" A pent-up life of hateful suspense, longing for some ear to listen to his story which he dares not whisper lest treachery lurk in the wake of false friendship; but the time of dissolution nears. On a couch of excruciating pain, in last mortal anguish, struggling with remorse, eternity in view, the gates ajar, as entering the dark arcanum where no mortal poinard may ever pierce—he dares. But the story, although there is still material for a large volume, is already too long, much more so than was intended. Besides, it seems needless to tamper further with public patience in recital of the confessions made in the cypress shades. The revelation to Mrs. (Rev.) Harper, to Mrs. Simmons, to Mrs. Bears, and others of his most intimate and trusted acquaintances. These with affidavits may be found in El Reno, Enid and outside publication at date of the final climax, in January, 1903. Those who followed the event will readily recall these things. Hence, let the gates close behind the departed soul—forever shut out from the mortal whirl; forever to

wander in mystery land where spirits reft of dissoluble mould revel in cypress bowers in blissful harmony with sweet-tuned choristers, or tread to sounds discordant among spectral forms ever in the shadow of disconsolate gloom.

A recent contribution to the Oklahoma Historical Society collection is of strikingly peculiar interest, given by Mr. Charles Letzieser of West Second street, Oklahoma City, one of the most reliable jewelers and watch and clock "doctors" in the city. This contribution comprises numerous old theatrical programs, musicales, etc., for the most part pertaining to the stage of New York City, where the donor was born and raised. These are quite old. In the casts may be seen the most eminent names of stage renown—Booth Sol Smith Russell, Lawrence Barrett, Louis James, Wainwright, Salvini (senior and junior), Emma Abbott, Januashchek, Agnes Booth, Mansfield, Lotta, Dixon, Warde, McCullough, Dailey, the Plunketts, Rossi, Skinner, Jefferson, Preacher Miln, Barnhardt, Modjeska, Drew, Keene, etc. The "Bills" took in a wide range, from Shakespeare to Black Crook. Mr. Letzeiser was evidently a devotee of the footlights, from the number of accumulated bulletins, programs, etc., and the care with which they have been preserved.

Hon. Frank Harrah, who has often remembered the Oklahoma Historic Society with valuable items for preservation, has just added two of special interest. One is an Indian drum or tom-tom made and used by the noted Apache Chief Geronimo. It is 14 inches in diameter, with feather pendants swinging from the outer rim. A six-inch circle is painted in red in the center of the drum, and from his circle spokes arm out like the reachers of a devil fish. Geronimo presented this drum to Mr. Harrah during a fair some years ago. Another item is a copy of the Oklahoma City Chief of May 25, 1889, with the name of R. W. McAdams at the editorial head. Eight-column folio containing a good grist of locals and "opinions," as well as advertising. Mr. Harrah is one of the old-timers in the service of Oklahoma City Boom.

Captain P. D. Kenyon of Oklahoma City has deposited with the Oklahoma Historical Society a document of special interest, historical and otherwise to those who remain from the struggle between the States. It comprises a synopsis of the history and description of soldiers and sailors monument in Fairlawn cemetery, Oklahoma City, and includes roster of Grant Post, G. A. R., Ladies of the Relief Corps, Spanish-American Veterans, Daughters and Sons of Revolution, etc., and shows amount of individual contributions to the monument fund. Accompanying is a copy of the wording on the monument, and a blue print of designs and premises. Comrade Kenyon is a member of Grant Post, G. A. R., served during the rebellion in the 17th Corps, 4th Division, Army of Tennessee.

Mr. M. T. Wright of Cushing sends a relic from "The Happy Hunting Ground"—a leather shot punch or flask, with brass cut-off lever and nozzle. The sides of leather, regular flask shape, with artistic embellishments in raised figures of ducks and other wild fowls among the rushes, high grasses, etc., that marking a lake covey. The pouch was used with muzzle-loading gun.

TO MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

In last issue of Historia a request was made for each congressman and senator to send the Oklahoma Historical Society a copy of every utterance made by him touching the European war from its first inception in 1914 to the final closing of the book; also, individual photos, as the present congress will be forever specially historic, having had to do with the closing of the most historic period of

the world. Letters were also sent to members. In response, the Society has received many speeches and other literature, and a few photos of senate and house members. These speeches and other utterances received in separate form will be assembled and bound, making them more readily accessible to the future than where one would have to wade through vast pages of extraneous matter to get war expressions in an individual way. Mr. Senator, and Mr. Congressman: If you have failed to get a letter, or failed to mail your utterances, take this item to your conscience and send these things—photo and all—franked to the Oklahoma Historical Society, or to W. P. Campbell, in charge. Under the head of Accessions Donors you can find what has been sent and from whom.

Mr. L. M. Nichols of the Tulsa World very agreeably corrects *Historia* as to an item in last issue placing the late Cad Allard in the newspaper business at Shawnee, when it should have been Enid. The error was inexcusable, as the *Historia* man knew Cad intimately, and that he located at Enid, not Shawnee. Mr. Nichols is a member of the Oklahoma Historical Society board, and his correction is appreciated as well as is his highly complimentary mention of the Sam Houston story.

One of Dr. Zeimann's latest contributions to the Oklahoma Historical Society is an engraved liquor license which is in large, bold script (except fillings) and in ornate border. It was issued to William Shearer, June 30, 1903, certified by T. W. Blaise, city clerk, per Tadford. License fee, \$100 for three months in Oklahoma City.

IN A REMINISCENT WAY.

Historia was a trifle surprised and extremely pleased to receive a letter quite recently from an old and esteemed friend, Capt. J. S. Works (Buckskin Joe) of Fort Worth, Texas, and under separate cover a large photo group of Mr. and Mrs. Works and sons, Ray and Willis. Mr. Works visited Oklahoma City some years ago, spending a number of days with the *Historia* man and others, that being his first sight of the city since boomer days of the early '80s. He writes that after a slight perigrination he is back in his snug home, happy with his life partner. His son Ray volunteered in the European war at Fort Worth in 1917, artillery service; at Mobile Bay a year, then transferred to Battery C, 45th regulars, C. A. S., landing in France November 1, 1918. In Tierney camp, when the armistice was signed; returned to Fort Worth in February, 1919. Willis was drafted at Walter, Okla., September, 1917, and put on the 24-hour call; April to San Antonio training camp, in Company G, 358th infantry, 90th division; thence to France and "over the top" at St. Michael; and thence to the Argonne front; in Germany three months after the armistice, and was thought to have been lost, in fact, so reported; however, he and his brother Ray both came out without a scratch or mark. The boys are both married and reside at Walter, Okla. Senior Works did service awhile in the shipping yards at Portland and in the paymaster's department at Moline, Ill.

In 1882 Mr. Works, as Buckskin Joe, was a leading boomer, staking the town of Navahoe, where Cheyenne now flourishes, and attempted a monument to Capt. David L. Payne. The enterprise, however, failed, and Mr. Works shipped the cornerstone to the Oklahoma Historical Society. Earlier he was at the head of the Texas Colony to invade Greer county, claiming that it was a part of Oklahoma, and therefore subject to homestead settlement. In that behalf he issued script and ran a boomer paper—Buckskin Joe's Homestead Guide. The Historical Society is in possession of a number of these publications and other boomer literature from Mr. W., and an autobiography of him, which it hopes sometime to be in position to give to the public.

Buckskin Joe was arrested as an invader, and at one time slept with Al Jennings in the "prison" at Ardmore, not knowing until next morning who his distinguished bunk-

mate was. Jennings and his pal had preceded to the involuntary cot and were snugly wrapped in blankets when Joe was ushered in. It was bitter cold, and the shelter was not closely chinked. Joe surveyed the vacancy by the touch, as it was dark and lightless. Finally he snugged down against Jennings et al., covering, and by-and-by slipped under an edge of it. "You certainly have your nerve," said Al, as he wrestled the covering from the new invader. Soon after Al surrendered a small strip of anti-frezo and raised up, striking a match to examine the phiz and form of the intruding Joe. "Beg pardon," said Al, when he saw that the newcomer was evidently much his senior; "had I known you were not a young man I would not have spoken as I did, but you should have had the whole blanket." Buckskin Joe made inquiry and found that his bed benefactor was—but that was before Al Jennings had broken so prominently into the limelight.

Special Acknowledgement.

To Sixty-sixth Congress: The Oklahoma Historical Society extends sincere thanks to members of Congress (Senate and House) who have so promptly and generously responded to request for individual speeches and other utterances during the European war, from its inception to final finish. Names of those who had responded up to October 1 will be found under "Accessions—Donors." Subsequent favors will be duly acknowledged in subsequent *Historias*. If by any inadvertance you have failed to receive personal request, kindly accept this as one and add what you can in the behalf.

Respectfully,

W. P. CAMPBELL, in Charge.
JASPER SIPES, President.

MORE ABOUT HOUSTON IN OKLAHOMA.

Those who received the July number of *Historia* will remember the story of Sam Houston's career in Oklahoma, embellished with a finely wrought portrait of the famous general, who became the first president of the Texas Republic. While this story was confined as far as practicable to the Oklahoma career, it necessarily included more or less preliminaries elading up to the general's landing in the west. It also reviewed his domestic life in so far as it pertained to his Cherokee wife, Talihini (or Tiana, the correct name in Cherokee). Some weeks later the Sunday Oklahoman contained an article from the pen of Mr. S. W. Ross confined to Houston's love affairs, including that with his alleged Wichita wife, known in Oklahoma as "Granny Houston," a point not touched by *Historia*, although it was in possession with what was considered all the essential facts. This "Granny Houston" was a full-blood Wichita, and came with that people from Texas in 1859, making her home among a cluster of tepees near Anadarko. She was considered a stoic, even among her tribes people. Although living on scanty fare she was always thoughtful for others, especially the children at the government school, where she frequently visited, and invariably with a generous share of her rations for the little tots, notwithstanding they were amply provided for by the government in this respect. She was an inveterate "coffee fiend," the only tithe acceptable for her generous remembrances to the children being a mead of her favorite beverage. Tea to her was an abomination and the very mention of it was a signal for a shrug of disgust, with grimace and ejaculation of "ugh! Texas!" with a smirch of contempt at the word "Texas," a name she seemed to utterly detest; why, no one knew, but guessed. Accompanying the Wichitas from Texas was Bill Shirley, a quaint full-blood son of Erin, among his peculiar habits being "smoke tobac," and later as a cigarette devotee, as inveterate as was Granny Houston of coffee. It was he who suggested Anadarko for the town which now bears that name, Mrs. Shirley being the last

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