Autobiography
Of
Lyman Franklin Beard

Compiled and edited
By
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The following account was dictated by Lyman F. Beard to his daughter Mildred, at Sapulpa, Oklahoma in April 1941.

I, Lyman Franklin Beard, was born August 1, 1872, at Fredonia Kansas. My parents lived on a farm and I went to a one room country school and built fires for the teacher and swept out the school house for one dollar a month.

We lived near Fredonia until I was seventeen. In 1889 my two older brothers, John and Henry, went to Oklahoma and I tended sixty acres of corn, twelve acres of oats and six acres of flax alone. My father had rheumatism so bad he couldn't walk and so could not help me, but he was better by fall. Henry homesteaded a place and sold it and put in a produce place in Oklahoma. John came back and helped me gather the crops in the fall. The corn was shipped to Oklahoma.

When I was fourteen Mother and two of my brothers, Henry and Herschal, had typhoid fever and Herschal died. He was nine months old.

In 1890 I rode my pony and drove thirty-four head of cattle to Oklahoma City. Father drove a wagon and Mother came on the train. We came through Tulsa and crossed a ferry there. There were about a dozen or two houses in Tulsa then. The railroad went through Redfork.

I ran a water wagon in Oklahoma City and hauled water to slake the lime for some of the oldest buildings in Oklahoma City. I also helped move houses. My father, Alfred Berry Beard, leased a piece of school land northeast of Oklahoma City on the Canadian River. I batched out there the first year. This was 160 acres and we lived there until the Kickapoo country opened up. This is east of Oklahoma City.

I went to the opening of the Cherokee Strip in 1893 and got a claim in the run. I traded it for a team of horses and a wagon and never did put in my claim. I was at the opening of the Sac and Fox runs, too. This was before the Cherokee, in 1892, and I wasn't old enough to stake a claim then. My brother John, my sister Lola, and my brother Henry's wife, Etta Ray, all got claims. I helped hew the logs for the first house in Shawnee which was Henry's and Etta's house. This is the house in the city park of Shawnee today. I also helped hew the logs for Lola's house and hauled two loads of lumber from Oklahoma City for finishing these log houses. I helped move some of the first families from Oklahoma City to Shawnee, hauling freight, including furniture and groceries.

We had to ford the North Canadian with a load of lumber, and Luther Troxel, my cousin, and I had to carry the lumber over on our backs. Henry and Etta were living in a tent in Shawnee at this time. John had killed some squirrels and cooked them. He came to meet us on a horse and we got in about midnight. Those squirrels sure tasted good!

We hunted a lot during this time. There were lots of squirrel, deer, quail, rabbit, turkey, geese, and ducks. There were lots of fish and I had a couple of nets in the river.

I went to the opening of the Cheyenne-Arapaho with Jerome Hollis, a cousin on my mother's side. I didn't try for a claim. Hollis made a try but didn't get anything. I came back to Chickasha and worked on the south end of the Rock Island railroad for several weeks. One day I walked

from Oklahoma City to Chickasha, leaving at daylight and getting there after dark. I slept in a boxcar at Chickasha and ate cheese and crackers when I finished working on the railroad at night.

After a few weeks of this I went back and helped Father on the farm. The next opening I went to was the Kickapoo. I made the run and Father and I each got one hundred and sixty acre claims northeast of Shawnee, all upland prairie, not a bit of timber. Father's claim was west of mine and adjoining.

I had built a small house and fenced my claim when one day a couple of men came up in a wagon. They got out, unhitched their horses, and started digging a well. About this time Ed Ray, Etta's brother, and John came by and went down where these men were. John asked them what they were doing. They said they were making a settlement on that claim. We all had six shooters at our hips, and John said, "Can't you see this place is fenced?" as they had come through a gate, "We'll give you ten minutes to get off." They did, and gave us five minutes of it back.

When the railroad first went through Shawnee, Henry had a good number of lots on main street. There was a man who wanted to put up a tent and sell home-made candy. Henry let him and didn't charge him any rent. He had the understanding with him that he was to get off with a three-day notice if Henry got a chance to put up a building, which he did, and the fellow wouldn't get off. Henry hired some fellows to dig a place for the foundation which wouldn't disturb the tent until he could be put off by law. Henry, John, and I went down to clear some brush off the back of the lot, which wasn't disturbing the tent at all. The candy man came out and drew a gun to shoot John. Henry had just picked up a short piece of timber to throwaway. Instead he threw it and knocked the gun out of the fellow's hand.

I helped make the survey for the Frisco from Sapulpa to Dennison, Texas. I was head chain man and drove the first stake at Claremore. They first thought they would start at Claremore, then Redfork, but finally started at Sapulpa. This took about six months to a year. There were about sixteen in this survey crew. Five miles was the average and thirteen was the most for anyone day. Sometimes we wouldn't change camp for a week.

When I came off the survey one day I saw a bunch of outlaws. It was Al Jennings and his bunch. There were twelve of them. I ate my dinner where they were having their rendezvous and I was alone but they didn't bother me.

In April, 1898 at the age of 26 I volunteered for service in the Spanish War. Bud Honnicutt and I were the first two volunteers from Shawnee. Seven Rough Riders went from Shawnee. John went later in a regiment as a volunteer. He wasn't married yet and went to Guthrie to volunteer. We went from Shawnee to San Antonio for training and we trained there for a month. We got our horses there and we trained at the old fairgrounds south of town. Bud and I got a bunch of horses and were ordered to lead them back to camp but we didn't want to walk so we rode them back with just a rope around their necks, no saddle, no bridle. They were pretty wild. The horse we rode had another horse tied to his tail. A rain was starting to come up and so we tore out of there on a dead run. People stared at us like we were a couple of wild Indians. We arrived at camp just as the rain broke and got off and led our horses proper like into camp. It was a very hard rain and we were the only ones who didn't get wet.

We had dog tents and slept on blankets on the ground. Before we got the tents we were in the fairground building. This was about three miles out of town. Bud and I used to get leave to go to town. We were supposed to get in by nine o'clock and if late we would have to go to the guard house. We never got put in the guard house although we seldom got in on time. We always had a way of getting in.

One boy had a loco horse who ate loco weeds in Texas. He asked me to ride him in drill one day for him and I did. The horse reared and bucked all the way through, about seven miles in all. I managed to keep him in line some of the time and when we were nearly back Roosevelt rode up to me with a grin on his face and said, "Corporal, you did a pretty good job. You kept him in line part of the time!"

We went by train from San Antonio, Texas to Tampa, Florida. We had three days' half-rations and were six days on the road. Bud Honnicutt, Clyde Stuart and I saw to it our troop didn't go hungry. There were a little over a hundred men in the troop. It was a freight train with coaches as we took the horses with us. In one town we raided a milk wagon, a fruit stand, and ended up going by and getting a free order of beer. That night the train stopped for wood for the engine at a little way station. There were two or three stores there. Guards were posted to keep the men from getting off the train. I saw to it that Bud was on guard at one of the doors so that Clyde and his brother and I and one other fellow could get off when Bud conveniently had his back turned. We got three geese and fifteen chickens out of a coup that was in front of a store. Next day we stopped at a little town and managed to get hold of a hundred pounds of potatoes, some canned goods and a pig.

That same day they had to stop the train out in the country for about three hours on account of a wreck ahead of us. We got out on the creek bank and dressed the poultry and the pig, and we had a mulligan stew. Did we eat! We invited Colonel Roosevelt to come and eat with us. He asked our captain where we got all those eats. The captain pointed to me and said, "There's the captain of the chicken thief gang!" We had two big cans of stew and finished it all off.

When we got to New Orleans - this was before the stew - there were fellows peddling fish and sandwiches. One came up with a big basket full and I said, "I'll take that," and I took it. I passed it around and he started to get in the coach. The guard wouldn't let him in. Several boys got a basket that way. An old white-haired Negro came up with a big basket and said, "Here's a basket I'll give you boys. I'se patriotic!" We took his basket and when he got it back there was more money in it than the fish would have cost. Some of the boys went down to the docks and they gave them all the bananas they could carry, stalks of them.

We finally got into Tampa and pitched camp there. After a few days we got paid off. Every regiment was scrambling to get a boat to get off to Cuba. Colonel Roosevelt couldn't get a train to get us down to the boat, so he kidnapped a train of dump cars. We boys got in them and went to the boats, but when we got there, there wasn't any boat assigned to our regiment. Colonel Roosevelt found a boat assigned to another regiment that wasn't there yet and just took it. This was the Yucatan. There were twelve or thirteen hundred men on the boat. This was one regiment. Some of the boys got pretty seasick and I was one of them. We couldn't eat the rough rations - beans, hardtack, and canned goods. Colonel Roosevelt came by and seeing the situation ordered

us to go down to the dining room where the officers had been eating. The ship's steward didn't want to feed us. It made him mad. About this time Roosevelt came in and told that steward he better feed his boys, or else I Well, we got fed. We were on the boat eight days. We went four' abreast, about a quarter mile apart. Near Cuba we crossed Windward Pass where it is always rough. The sea covered the ship and the boys had to stay in the hold.

When we got there I was on detail to help unload the boats. Bud was with me as usual. That night after the boat was unloaded Bud and I spread down a tarpaulin on a sand bar to take a nap. It was a nice moonlight night and Bud fell asleep first. I saw a big sand crab and took a stick and steered him toward Bud. He crawled over Bud, and did Bud come out of there! He came pretty near going into the ocean.

Next day I was detailed by the lieutenant in charge of commissaries to stay and help. Our regiment had gone several miles up in the hills and established a camp. That day a detail came back for provisions and ammunition. Roosevelt was with them as he always was one of the boys. While they took a swim I prepared a big meal, mostly beans. I went to the lieutenant in charge of the commissary and asked to go back to the camp. "No, you are a good commissary man and I want to keep you," he said. Well, that wasn't what I volunteered for, so about dark I went to a well, filled my canteen, put on my hammersack, got my rifle and pack and stole out the back way from my tent. I started out on that long trail through the hills and brush to find my camp.

About midnight a guard halted me. I asked him where I could find my troop and he directed me. I had just got in and crawled in beside Bud when the order came to march. Well, we marched until daylight and then sat down to a snack of hardtack and that was all. We didn't even have coffee, and that was when I heard the first cannon ball roar over my head. It seemed like I could have reached up and caught it like a base ball, it was that close. I spread out on the ground and I don't think I was two inches thick!

As soon as it was over I raised up real quick thinking the boys would be laughing at me but everybody was as flat as I was. About seventy feet back of me the ball hit and burst. It cut one boy's arms and legs off. I never knew who he was.

We immediately began to form a line of battle and we fought all day with the aid of a battery. We charged San Juan Hill all day and took it about dark. We had to cut barbed wire entanglements and storm block houses. I was in sight of Buck O'Neall when he was killed. Frank Frantz took charge of O'Neall's troops. The bullets weren't as bad as the climate was fierce.

The worst we had to contend with was sharpshooters in the palm trees. They would let us pass and then shoot us. A Negro from the ninth cavalry was going back to a spring to get water. He was loaded down with canteens, all he could strap on. An officer called to him to look out at a certain point where several men had been shot by a sharp-shooter. He immediately dropped down and began to scan the trees like a cat looking for a bird. Soon the sharpshooter put a hole in one of his canteens. The Negro jumped to his feet with all those canteens, like a cat, and believe me he got that sharpshooter out of that tree.

That night I was detailed to help carry Theodore Miller, who had been shot, back to the hospital in the hills. He never recovered. He was shot through the spine and had a chill. I pulled off my

shirt and put it around him as there was no clothing to get. All I had was a jumper until the war was over.

One day, after peace had been declared, Johnson, a pal of mine, and I went out in the country and swiped a couple of sacks of roasting ears. We came by Roosevelt's tent and left him a mess of corn. He didn't ask where we got them, but he asked me where my shirt was. I told him I had given it away and he went in the tent and got me one of his shirts. This shirt was later stolen from me while I was in the hospital.

We had only two cowards in the regiment. One was Adjutant Hall who had been a regular army officer and the other was Dave McClure an Oklahoma City private. Adjutant Hall was in the rear after one battle and he met a soldier who refused to salute him. He had the soldier put under guard. Roosevelt came along and asked him what he was doing in the guard house. He told him he refused to salute a coward. Roosevelt ordered him turned loose.

One day while the siege was going on at San Juan Hill, before we captured it, Hall came up and was talking to Roosevelt. Whenever a stray bullet would come by Hall would duck and pick off a weed or something from the ground. Roosevelt stood as straight as a statue. We boys would say so he could hear it, "Watch him get that weed!" and Roosevelt would grin. Well, Roosevelt got Hall's resignation soon after that.

Dave McClure at the first firing came back to the wharf and went back to the United States. He got a dishonorable discharge. He would have been court-martialed but his dad was a friend of General Miles and got him out of it. He told a big tale about being shot but it wasn't true.

(The following is a copy of a letter, written on tablet paper, tied with a string, wrapped in a piece of wall paper, mailed to Mrs. A. B. Beard, Shawnee, Oklahoma. It was postmarked, 'Rec'd Shawnee, Okla., Aug. 1, 5 p.m. 1898'. The letter was not signed but had a return address with Lyman Beard's name.)

> "Santiago, De Cuba, July 15, 1898
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> My Dear Mother,
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> I will write you a few lines to let you know I am all right. We have had a hard fight. I have not slept with my shoes off but three times since I landed on the Island. The Rough Riders have been in the front all the time. Have had lots of good boys killed, but we whipped them. They surrendered 20,000 soldiers yesterday. One of the Shawnee boys was wounded. Hit in the arm was McMillen. The bullets were thick but not a boy flinched and the Rough Riders is deserving to all the credit they get. I will close for this time."

After the surrender we had to stay in camp a good while before we got orders to come back. We got paid off and were turned loose in the city of Santiago for one day. The boys mostly got a little Spanish rum and wine. As they were weak from the climate the first day out on the water made them pretty drunk. Roosevelt asked all the boys for their bottles. He put their names on their bottles and turned them back to them when we got to New York.

I volunteered early in April. The battle of San Juan was July 1, 2, and 3. The first skirmish was at Las Guasimas when we landed. The sword I have was taken from a prisoner captured at San Juan. Theodore Miller was the son of Buckeye Miller who made the Buckeye mowers and binders. We used to have a Buckeye mower when I was a boy. Dave Gooddrich was my first lieutenant. He was as fine a man as I ever saw. He was about six and a half feet tall. He is the head of the Goodrich Tire Company with headquarters in New York. Ira Hill was a sergeant and I was a corporal. Hill ran for governor one time. Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, was a private in my troop. It was a picked regiment.

Billy McGinty was a bronco rider. He could ride anything, I don't care how tough it was. He lives in some little town here in Oklahoma. Ed Johnston was the clerk of Troop D. He was wounded in the right leg in the battle of San Juan Hill. He was a pal of mine and I took care of him in my camp. He was shot with a steel bullet but he didn't want to go to a hospital. After the surrender of the city we moved camp five miles back and I carried all my equipment and his and acted as a crutch for him. We had blankets and pup tents, canteens, etc., and I strapped it all on my back.

We had one man who was a saddler to take care of the saddles, but we didn't have any horses and saddles with us. So one day Johnson said, "Armine, the captain said you are to do guard duty." Armin answered, "The hell you say!" Johnson always drawled his words out and he replied, "Nooooo, the captain said." That became a byword with us and often we heard someone say, "Noooo, the captain said."

One soldier was out front on guard duty during the siege and when he was relieved and was coming back to the rear the Spaniards began to shoot at him. He came on the run, hollering all the way, "Look out boys, I'm a comin'. Don't shoot boys, I'm a comin'''. This became a byword with the troop also.

On San Juan Hill there were dead Spaniards scattered all over. It was so hot that before we could bury them they were swelled up four times the size of a man. We captured a lot of supplies. And that is where we first got the graybacks (battleships). We could hear the naval battle when they captured the (Spanish) fleet.

When we got to Montauk Point, Long Island we were quarantined for some time. This was in September and we had to camp out. While we were there President McKinley came by and inspected the boys. We all stood at attention. I was pretty sick. Ira Hill, my sergeant, came by one evening and asked if I was able to go on guard duty. I told him I'd try and started to get up but couldn't quite make it. He offered to get me some medicine. Next morning he came by to take me to the temporary hospital to get the medicine. The sun was broiling hot and while standing in line to get this I passed out.

Next thing I knew I was in the hospital which was in big tents. I was there about two weeks and while I was sick my clothes were stolen, including the shirt Teddy had given me. When the day came for the regiment to be mustered out, the ambulance was coming to take us to the Helen Gould Hospital. She had a hospital and she donated it to the soldiers. While they were loading the others in, Bud Honnicutt helped me slip out the back of my tent and get back to my regiment

to be mustered out. This is where I made a big mistake as I ought to have gone to the hospital. The pants Bud brought me fit pretty good.

I went from Montauk Point to New York and stayed awhile. I took some Turkish baths and got some clothes. One of the boys from Troop L got a little too much liquor in New York and was going along and saw a big "O" in a plate glass window. He took out his gun and shot a hole in the "O". The police just took him to the hotel and put him to bed. They didn't file any charges.

Cliff Scott and I and two other boys chartered the first auto we ever saw for the night to take us to the theater and then allover town. It was built like an old stage coach with solid rubber tires. The driver sat up front like you would drive horses. Next day Cliff and I got on the train for Niagara Falls. We inspected the falls and went down in the mists and over on the Canadian side and saw the springs.

That night there was a banquet being given for those boys who hadn't crossed the water and we were invited down. When the waitresses found out that we had been across and were Rough Riders we were the center of attraction. Cliff Scott nearly married one of them.

I went from there to Kansas City and stayed two days and then I came on home to Shawnee. Mother didn't know when I was coming. Sam Riddle was at the station and saw me when I came in. He took me up to Henry's house and Henry sent me home three miles out in the country. I was convalescent for several months with yellow jaundice. I got home about the first of October having been gone only about six months, but it sure seemed longer.

The next summer I went to Sulpher Springs and stayed a month for my health and then went on down to Ardmore. In the latter part of the summer I went out on a big cattle round-up for a ranchman. I was in town one day and met an old civil engineer I had surveyed with. He told me he was making a survey from McCallister to Ardmore - the railroad has been taken up now - and he asked me to go to work for him and I did. I got on my horse that afternoon and rode thirty miles and slept on my saddle blanket that night. The next day I caught up with the engineering outfit. I worked on that survey about a month and a half. I had a letter from Henry wanting me to come to Shawnee and work in his hardware store. When my survey job was finished I took him up on his offer.

Soon after arriving in Shawnee I met an old friend, Ed Johnston who was now principal of the school there. Sunday night, December 17th, he and I went to Epworth League at the Methodist Church. When League was over and we got up to leave, I turned around in the aisle and he introduced me to a lovely young girl, Miss Buda McCormick - your mother. Well, I could outrun Spanish bullets and dodge cannon balls, but those sharp brown eyes I couldn't dodge. I had to come back to church the next day for one more look at those eyes and then I asked Johnston to get me a date with her which he did. There was a revival that week and we went most every night. We visited oyster parlors and I bought her a box of chocolate candy once in awhile. I used to hire a rig and take her out in the country for drives. I introduced her to my folks.

On the Fourth of July the Rough Riders had a reunion in Oklahoma City and Theodore Roosevelt was there. The Rough Riders had the keys to the town and they told us to go where we pleased. That night my best girl, your mother, came down to the reunion from Chandler. I met her at the

train and took her up to her Uncle Ralph McCormick's house. We went out to the fairgrounds and there is where we first saw Will Rogers, riding a bronco. Next night they had a Rough Riders' banquet. Theodore Roosevelt was there and your mother got to shake hands with him.

I went on back to Ravia where I had been surveying off some town lots. A bunch of us boys went down to the Washita River where there was an old ferry boat. The river was up. Some of the boys proposed that we swim across, which we all did. We then started back to the ferry without resting and I, being weak yet from the campaign, gave out. I was just treading water when a boy named Lee Parker came close to me and stopped. I said, "Lee, I'm not excited, come on," which he did. I put one arm on his shoulder and we started down stream, making toward shore as much as we could. Meantime the other boys got a boat and started for us. We landed safely by using our heads.

One day I wanted to go to another town about ten miles away. There was no livery stable in Ravia and I asked a man where I could get a horse and saddle. He said, "There's a ranchman in that drink joint who has lots of horses." I went in and introduced myself to Cock Bonham and told him what I wanted. He said, "I've been fishing and I've got some fish out there in a basket. I'm going home and get them cooked. Come home with me and have dinner and I'll let you have a horse."

While we were eating dinner his cowboy brought up a wild horse. Whenever I would go near him he would whirl around away from me. I saw that I was being taken for a tenderfoot by these men and so I acted the part. Finally I said, "Mr. Bonham, let me have hold of the reins." I grabbed the cheek of the bridle and swung into the saddle. The horse wasn't really an outlaw but whenever anyone got on him he would buck for awhile and then he was all right. I let him buck some and then I threw the quirt to him and rode off and never looked back.

Mr. Bonham had told me that when I came back I could come on into town and meet him there and he would take the horse home. That evening about dark I rode up to the same hitch rack where I had first met Mr. Bonham. The horse was in a lather as I had ridden him about twenty miles altogether. I said, "Mr. Bonham, here's your horse." He said, "Mr. Beard, I didn't intend for you to ride that horse. I had a better one for you." I said, "This horse is good enough for me." And he said, "I took you for a tenderfoot. You're a better rider than I am."

Well, I went to Shawnee and had myself a wedding suit tailor-made. Buda was in Chandler and I met her halfway at the home of some friends by the name of Mapes and brought her back to Shawnee. We were married the next afternoon, August 8, 1900 at four o'clock in the same church within fifteen feet of where we met. I said "Yes" to everything the preacher asked me, but I don't remember who all was there.

The train left at five and we went to the Lee Ruckins Hotel in Oklahoma City, then caught a train at midnight for Davis on the Santa Fe railroad. We got in there about two or three o'clock and stayed the rest of the night in a little hotel. We caught the mail hack for Roff and that was an awful hot dry ride. When we got in we went out to my sister Lola's for dinner. We stayed that night with one of her neighbors. They had a banquet and all the family was there. This was our wedding dinner. Mama got all sunburned and was embarrassed. About thirty miles of wind and sun had done that. There was lots to eat, and Grandpa and Grandma Beard, my sisters, Lola and

Laura and their children, Howard and Myrtle and Naomi, and my brother Henry and his wife Etta, and Miss Emma Dole were there.

The next morning we borrowed Sam Wilson's team and wagon and took our trunks and went to Ravia. We stayed at the Morse Cottage "hotel" until our house was built. When we drove up that first night I asked, "Can we stay all night?" They had just moved it from Reagan and didn't have it fixed up yet, but when they saw that we were just married they said, "Yes, we'll' keep you."

I put up a sixteen foot square room and later put two more rooms on it. All the lumber had to be hauled from Davis. I had bought the rights for my lots from the Indians, and I built a store building and put in a hardware store. Ted was born May 29, 1901 just ten months after Buda and I were married. The newspaper said at his birth, "If anyone doubts that Ravia is a growing town just consult townsman Lyman F. Beard." Henryetta was born February 1, 1903, and Mildred on March 8, 1906.

We had been married about six months when Grandma McCormick (Bell) came to live with us and Buda's sister Gertrude came shortly afterward. She and I both got down with malarial fever. Gertrude was there nearly a year and kept books for the bank and for me. My brother, Ollie, boarded with us, too, for nearly a year while Ted was a baby. Gertrude married in June, 1902 and after that Grandma stayed with us part of the time and with Gertrude part of the time until she married Dr. Bell September 2, 1905.

In 1903 Henryetta got real sick with colitis. Grandma stayed with me and kept Ted while Buda took Henryetta to Kansas City for medical care. She went to Kansas City in June, then on to Colorado in August to get away from the hot weather. She came home in October. I went up to Kansas City twice to see them. Henryetta was sick for nine months.

In 1905 the Rough Riders had a reunion in San Antonio, and Teddy Roosevelt was there. I went down on the train. Ben Colbert of our troop went with me. The city gave us a Mexican dinner and everything was red hot pepper. They served beer to cool us off.

I sold the hardware store about the time Mildred was born. We moved to Madill in September 1906. Grandpa Beard was drilling an oil well and I worked on it for awhile. The oil well was a gusher and created a lot of excitement but there was only one other good well came in around there.

I applied for the position of postmaster in Madill, and in November, 1906 I went to Washington, D. C. to see President Roosevelt about my appointment. I went to his private secretary and asked to see the president, but he said the president didn't take up those matters personally and I would have to see the Assistant Postmaster General. I told him that if the president knew I was there he would see me. He told me that there was a bunch of college fellows going in that afternoon to shake hands with the president and I could write down what I wanted to say to him and walk in with them and give it to him. That was all I wanted.

I was back there that afternoon and as soon as I stuck my head in the door the president recognized me and came over and shook my hand and asked me what I wanted. I grinned and handed him the paper stating what I wanted. We had a nice chat and he told me to go to the First

Assistant Postmaster General which I did. I headed back home in a few days. After I got back home I saw where Governor Frank Frantz and committeeman Cash Code had gone to Washington and I sent a telegram to Frantz to see about my appointment which he did the next day. I was postmaster close to six years.

Laurine, Frank, and Ruby were all born in Madill. We built a six room bungalow while there and sold it when we left. I had a real estate partner named Fitzgerald and sold out to him and came to Sapulpa in 1913. Grandpa lived in Woodville when we were in Madill. He came to Sapulpa shortly before we did. Henry was already in Sapulpa.

I dressed tools when I first came to Sapulpa. I also helped to build this bridge here on Polecat Creek. Once when I was dressing tools on a well down here by Polecat I was trying to break the drillers screws so we could pull the tools out. When they broke they came out with such a sudden jerk that it threw me down across the circle track and broke two ribs. I worked twelve hour shifts after they were broken. Buda finally got me to go to a doctor.

We moved to Siloam Springs, Arkansas in February, 1915. This was two years of hardships on a fruit farm. It took a race horse to catch a dollar down there. Mildred and Laurine had typhoid fever while we were there and were near death for several weeks.

I came to Sapulpa in September, 1916 and stayed with my mother and dressed tools to get money to move back to Sapulpa. I came home on Halloween and then went back in a day or two. I dressed tools until December and then went back and helped Buda move. When we got to Sapulpa there was a terrible cold spell and we moved into a little house out here on this farm. I would work a twelve hour shift dressing tools and then walk home to the farm, getting in about 3 a.m. I got up at 9 a.m. in order to get to work by twelve noon. I got seven dollars a day. Buda sold $40 worth of milk a month from three Jersey cows. In July, I bought a buckboard and a horse and about four more cows and went to selling milk.

After two years I bought this eighty acres where we live now and what house there was. I moved the house and rebuilt it, dug two more wells, built a good barn with a concrete floor, put in a milking machine and electricity. I built a silo, horse barn, corn crib, modern dairy house, cross fences, and put in an orchard. I started with three heifers and two ponies. I had as high as seventy-five head of cattle at one time.

Since I have been here I have spent ten or eleven thousand dollars on sickness and operations and raised eight children. (Note: Elinor and Marjorie were born on the farm. Ted died in El Paso, Texas, March 18, 1931 after a long and costly illness.)

In 1929 Sapulpa organized a cooperative creamery and I was elected president of the board of directors. We hired a manager and he was a failure. We hired three or four more, but I lost in this venture.

One morning while Mama was in El Paso taking care of Ted, my help didn't show up. We were milking forty cows at this time and I had two fellows helping me. They had taken off the night before and didn't come back and I had to do all that milking by myself and deliver it to town. I was batching then and Ruby came down from Kansas City and kept house for me. Her husband

Paul came a short time later and helped me with the work. Then Ruby and Paul spent three months in Dallas and while they were gone Laurine and her husband Earl came. Ruby's child, Carol, was born here on the farm, and so were Laurine's child, Nelson, and Mildred's child, Pat.

(Note: Dad doesn't say that he took his daughters and their husbands and children in during the depth of the depression, as he had always done for anyone who had "no place to call home". R.T.)

After I had been in the creamery about four years I went back to bottling and peddling milk. While Mama was with Ted in El Paso I had sold about eighteen hundred dollars worth of cattle, but not all of my milk cows.

I had lots of ups and downs getting over this old road in bad weather; sleet and rain and creek flooding. The last time I remember we had a big sleet was in 1939. I could hardly drive a truck on this road in good weather, let alone in the sleet. I went in a ditch on the hill to town and had to phone a wrecker to come and get me out. I slid allover town that morning.

I went to the Veteran's Hospital in July, 1938 and stayed a month. Mama delivered the milk while I was gone. In 1939 I sold my last cows and quit peddling milk. My pension was raised to $100 a month for total disability. At the hospital they told me I had arthritis but they couldn't do anything for it.

THE END

Lyman Franklin Beard died on October 17, 1941