

## Stage 4

Starting at the Washington Irving Trail and Museum  
West across Oklahoma, traveling north of the  
Cimarron River, the Red Fork,  
South across the Cimarron near Coyle, to Langston  
South along the Indian Meridian to Meridian  
To Guthrie and Edmond

### ⇒ **WASHINGTON IRVING TRAIL & MUSEUM**

- Return to OK 51 and turn left/west and continue until you reach Mehan Road.
- Turn left/south and drive for nearly three miles.
- You will see the Washington Irving Trail & Museum on your right/west.

### ⇒ **STILLWATER**

- Turn left/north on Mehan Road and retrace the route back to OK 51.
- Turn left/ west on OK 51.
- Continue west on OK 51 to Main Street in Stillwater and turn left/south.
- Continue south on Main Street which will become OK 177.

### ⇒ **PERKINS**

- Continue on OK 177 to OK 33.
- You are on western edge of Perkins.
- Turn right/west on OK 33 and continue until you see the IXL Community Center on your left/south.
- Travel two more miles and cross over Wild Horse Creek.

### ⇒ **COYLE**

- Continue toward Coyle on OK 33.
- Less than a mile from
- Coyle, cross the Cimarron River, the Red Fork.

### ⇒ **LANGSTON**

- Continue on Highway 33 and turn to the left/south at Langston.
- Make a sharp angle left on Indian Meridian and travel .7 miles to the Meridian Monument.

### ⇒ **MERIDIAN**

- Alternate trip.
- Continue seven miles directly south toward the town of Meridian.
- Retrace the mile north back to OK 105.
- Turn left/west toward Guthrie.

⇒ **GUTHRIE**

- Continue through Langston to Highway 33 and on to Guthrie.

⇒ **MERIDIAN**

- When you reach US I35 in Guthrie, you will turn almost immediately back on OK 105 to the left/east.
- Turn right/south on the Indian Meridian to Meridian.

⇒ **GUTHRIE**

- Retrace your path back to Guthrie.

⇒ **EDMOND**

- Turn left/south off OK 105 on US I 35.
- Continue south on US I 35 until you reach Waterloo, just to the east of Edmond.
- Turn off I 35 to the left/east and continue on Waterloo until you reach Midwest Boulevard and turn right/south.
- Turn left/east into Stone Valley Ranch just south of Waterloo on Midwest Boulevard.

*Enjoy!*

## ⇒ WASHINGTON IRVING TRAIL & MUSEUM

- Return to OK 51 and turn left/west and continue until you reach Mehan Road.
- Turn left/south and drive for nearly three miles.
- You will see the Washington Irving Trail & Museum on your right/west.

After a stormy night, the party headed on to the west, still north of the Cimarron, Red Fork. In the afternoon, they found a deserted Pawnee encampment. Near the camp was the skull of a buffalo at least a year dead. The Tourists stopped after a fourteen-mile trip. The Count called this the Fountain Camp, not for its pure limpid water. It was maybe limpid, but not pure. Carla Chlouber has done the research and found a spring in the right place that matches the description in the journals. The natural staircase is now often filled with water because of a dam across the rivulet. It is also on private property. On October 20, Irving slept at Fountain Camp.

*At a few steps from our camp there was a very pretty little spring in the rock, which formed a natural staircase down to the little pond. Although the water was not sufficient for our needs and it upset everyone's stomach, the camp took its name from it and was called Fountain Camp. CP 61 About half a mile off (from the Pawnee camp) we encamped in a beautiful grove, watered by a fine spring and rivulet.*

WI 109

Begin at the Washington Irving Museum created by Carla and Dale Chlouber. It is on Little Stillwater Creek. You will see a sign on Highway 51 at Mehan Road leading you to the museum. Travel three miles south and you will see the museum on your right/west. The Museum time line indicates some of the exhibits at the Washington Irving Museum. The exhibit on the Cross-Timbers will make the remainder the Tour that much more interesting. Be certain to view the plaque, which identified the Wild Horse Camp, next on your Tour. It was placed at the IXL Community Center on Highway 33 in 1932. Again, the date is wrong. The Wild Horse Camp was on October 21, 1832. Off the Beaten Path and Out of the Ordinary...Follow the Washington Irving Trail and discover the history behind some of Oklahoma's most dramatic events! The native stone building is on the Chlouber's land in Payne County which is near Fountain Camp.



*The country today is truly delightful – The prairies are smooth – the streams frequent, and meandering so as to present a vigorous growth of stately tress on every side . . . the autumnal blossoms mixed with the prairie grass never fail to attract the eye with delight, or refresh the lungs by their sweet odours – My late travelling companion Doct O Dwyer says, Eden was here, and not on the Euphrates – ‘Adams paradise was in these prairies!! HLE*

## ≡ Museum times, Washington Irving Trail and Museum | Stillwater, Oklahoma | Oklahoma State University.

**1832** The Fountain Encampment was near the Museum of today.

**1876** Pawnee Indians moved from Nebraska to Oklahoma. Their land became Pawnee whose capitol is the city of Pawnee. Pawnee Bill's ranch is here and open to the public.

**1884** After the death of their leader David Payne, the Boomers made a last incursion into the Unassigned Lands and settled on Stillwater Creek.

**1889** The Unassigned Lands were opened for settlement. It was a Run! The Stillwater Post Office opened.

**1890** Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College was chartered. Perkins and Stillwater both wanted to be home to the new school.

**1893** Shootout between the Doolin-Dalton Gang and the Law took place just to the east of the Museum. It was a last gasp of outlaws on horseback.

**1912** Oil was discovered creating boom towns of Yale and Cushing. Cushing became the Pipeline Crossroads of the World.

**1925** The Billy McGinty Band broadcast Western music by a string band for the first time over radio KFRU in Bristow. The McGinty Band became Otto Gray and the Oklahoma Cowboys and went on to great success, popular on the radio, on the road, and on records. The Washington Irving Trail Museum is located on the homestead of the Gray family.

**1957** Oklahoma A&M became Oklahoma State University of Agriculture and Applied Science. A real honest to goodness cowboy, Frank "Pistol Pete" Eaton rode in the OSU Parade. Frank has morphed into the orange and black mascot below.

**1995** David Payne was reburied in Stillwater near Boomer Lake. His grave is a short trip north of the Washington Irving Trail and Museum.

## ⇒ **STILLWATER**

- **Turn left/north on Mehan Road and retrace the route back to OK 51.**
- **Turn left/ west on OK 51. ☑Continue west on OK 51 to Main Street in Stillwater and turn left/south.**
- **Continue south on Main Street which will become OK 177.**

You continue to travel north and somewhat parallel to the Cimarron, the Red Fork. The 1832 tourists would also have been north of the Red Fork or Cimarron until October 22. As you travel through Stillwater, you travel through one of the first communities founded after the first Run into Oklahoma on April 22, 1889. On the landscape you pass, you will begin to see red, red dirt, red stone, and red streams.

*The color of the soil has been simular for several days, being a deep red – the stones are . . . the same color. From these causes the Red River, and many other streams receive their peculiar hue – HLE 59 60*

The soil you will observe will become increasingly red as you move west. Wildlife sighting is a possibility. The wildlife in the 1832 landscape continued to fascinate Irving. If you stop for a picnic, you can glimpse typical Oklahoma vegetation behind the museum. Irving was also charmed by the weather, now that last night's storm had passed. Deer are often seen in this country. If you take your Tour in autumn, you are even more likely to see a deer.

*We were getting more and more into the game country: as we proceeded, we repeatedly saw deer to the right and left, bounding off for their coverts: . . . seven black wolves and one white one were in full chase of a buck . . . WI 107*

A phenomenon began to occur in the encampments at about this time.

*We found before we had been a week in the camp, that the most decided appetite of barter, or as it was termed "swopping," had descended, or I should perhaps say, arisen among them; and this increased to a perfect contagion. . . . Horses, saddles, rifles, clothes of every kind changed masters, and you could never*

*be certain of an individual till you saw his face. There was a notable green blanket-coat which as borne forth from the garrison on the back of a man named Guess, whom I had hired as orderly, to take charge of my spare horse, and which, before we reached the Fort on our return, had clothed the shoulders of half the Rangers in succession. CJL 47*

The rest of the party awoke on October 21 in fine spirits. With all the signs they had seen, they expected an exhilarating campaign against the prairie's buffalo and wild horses. The march was difficult.

*. . . we were checked by a deep stream, running along the bottom of a thickly- wooded ravine. . . . We came to a fording place, but . . . the banks were steep and crumbling, and overgrown with forest trees, mingled with thickets, brambles, and grape vines . . . for my own part, while pressed forward, and hurried over the bank by those behind me, I was interrupted by a grape-vine, as thick as a cable, which hung in a festoon as low as the saddle-bow, and , dragging me from the saddle, threw me among the feet of the trampling horses. Fortunately, I escaped without injury, regained my steed, crossed the stream without further difficulty, and was enabled to join in the merriment occasioned by the ludicrous disasters of the fording. WI 112*

As they left the devilish thickets, Irving thought of the thickets ahead of them.

*It is at passes like this that occur the most dangerous ambuscades (ambushes) and sanguinary (bloody) surprises of Indian warfare. A party of savages well placed among the tickets might have made sad havoc among our men, while entangled in the ravine. WI 112*

## ⇒ PERKINS

- **Continue on OK 177 to OK 33.**
- **You are on western edge of Perkins.**
- **Turn right/west on OK 33 and continue until you see the IXL Community Center on your left/south.**
- **Travel two more miles and cross over Wild Horse Creek.**

Just before you reach Highway 33 on 177, stop and look to your left/east and you will see the remnants of the sight Irving saw on October 21.

*We now came out upon a vast and glorious prairie, spreading out beneath the golden beams of an autumnal sun. The deep and frequent traces of buffalo, showed it to be one of their favorite grazing grounds; yet none were to be seen. WI 112 113*

The prairie has been overtaken with patches of forest and introduced trees, but some of the wide open land remains. Irving was delighted with the natural beauty of the landscape, which seemed to be cultivated by a very talented gardener.

*The prairies bordering on the rivers are always varied . . . with woodland, so beautifully interspersed as to appear to have been laid out by the hand of taste; and they only want here and there a village spire, the battlements of a castle, or the turrets of an old family mansion rising from among the trees to rival . . . Europe. WI 108*

At about mid-day the Tourists were cautioned as to what lay ahead. More will be said about the Cross Timber,

but for now understand that they were called “forests of iron.” Add some brambles and vines to that. Ouch!

*Tonish . . . prepared . . . for a campaign against a wild horse. He took the field, with a coil of cordage hung at his saddle-bow, and a couple of white wands, something like fishing-rods, eight or ten feet in length, with forked ends . . . a lariat . . . It is not flung, however, in the graceful and dexterous Spanish style. The hunter . . . hitches the running noose of the lariat over his head by means of the forked stick; then letting him have the full length of the cord, plays him like a fist, and chokes him into subjection. w1 111*



If you remember the plaque from the museum, you know that Irving again is called the first American Littérateur. Those early members of the Oklahoma Historical Society didn't evade the issue; their plaque says he is first American devoted to the study or writing of literature. The plaque was dedicated in 1932, so these dedications must have been part of an important project at the Centennial of Irving's Tour. Drive into the road to the east of the Center. A column once had a wild horse at the top.

You know that it must have said that Washington Irving and the rangers from Fort Gibson camped near here on October 21, 1832. Here they found the wild horse. Travel on down the road and you will come close to Irving's campsite of October 21. Here a name from *A Tour on the Prairies* remains on an Oklahoma creek.

Irving and friends are getting closer and closer to the buffalo plains. There will be other excitement having to do with wild horses, before a full-scale buffalo hunt begins. The scientist in Latrobe saw beefalo in the future.

*. . . that an enterprising people like the Americans, have not long ago domesticated this animal, and crossed the breed of European cattle, is to me a mystery. CJL55*



Before finding their camp for the night of October 21, Irving watched a black horse that he had seen before far away.

*. . . emerging out of a small valley, on a brisk trot . . . he stopped short, gazed at us for an instant with surprise, then tossing up his head, trotted off in fine style, glancing first over one shoulder, then over the other, his ample mane and tail streaming in the wind . . . he paused in the open field beyond, glanced back at us again, with a beautiful bend of the neck, snuffed the air, then tossing his head again, broke into a gallop, and took refuge in a wood. w1 114*

And that freedom made Irving ponder the lives of city horses.

*It was the first time I had ever seen a horse scouring his native wilderness in all the pride and freedom of his nature. How different from the poor, mutilated, harnessed, checked reined-up victim of luxury, caprice, and avarice in our cities. w1 114*

Irving camped on Wild Horse Creek on October 21. Irving really enjoyed the beauty of this encampment. He also enjoyed the excitement.

*. . . we encamped about one o'clock, that our hunters might have time to procure a supply of provisions. Our encampment was in a spacious grove of lofty oaks and walnuts, free from underwood, on the border*

*of a brook . . . a good neighborhood for game . . .* WI 114 115

At this camp, Irving speculates on American wild horses and their native riders.

*The wild horses which range these vast grassy plains . . . are of various forms and colors, betraying their various descents. Some resemble the common English stock, and are probably descended from horses which have escaped from our border settlements. Others are of a low but strong make, and are supposed to be of the Andalusian breed, brought out by the Spanish . . .* WI 117

It was here on October 21 at the place that would always be known as the Wild Horse Camp, not Wild Horses, Wild Horse, that a wonderful event gripped the fourteen campfires of the party. The party knew that wild horse were near. They way they knew had to do with tracks and manure.

*. . . tracks of wild horses were frequent, and from their pyramids of manure, we expected soon to fall in with them also – The capture of wild horses was uppermost in our minds – I have mentioned the pyramids of manure – this needs explanation – the horses have a custom of depositing manure, one after another, in the same heap, so as to leave the pile often 2 or 3 feet high –* HLE 83

Well, in this way they certainly announced their presence. Beatte was somewhere along Wild Horse Creek when he successfully brought in his horse. The slightly greenish interpreter and guide proved his worth on October 21.

*I was lying by the Captain's fire . . . word was passed that Beatte . . . had brought in a wild horse . . . the whole camp crowded to see . . . a colt about two years old, well grown, finely limbed, with bright prominent eyes, and a spirited yet gentle demeanor . . . For the remainder of the evening, the camp remained in a high state of excitement; nothing was talked of but the capture of wild horses . . .* WI 118

The next morning the wild horse was gentle and tractable. He looked for protection from the very horse and rider who had captured him. Yet when Beatte strapped a light pack on the colt's back, his gentleness was gone.

*The native pride and independence of the animal took fire at this indignity. He reared, and plunged, and kicked, and tried in every way to get rid of the degrading burden . . . the poor animal driven to despair, threw himself prostrate on the ground and lay motionless, as if acknowledging himself vanquished. Astage hero, representing the despair of a captive prince, could not have played his part more dramatically. There was absolutely a moral grandeur in it.* WI 121

*Irving's heart was with the colt each time he saw the young animal with his pack. --one day, a prince of the prairies—the next day, a pack-horse.* WI 122

## ⇒ COYLE

- **Continue toward Coyle on OK 33.**
- **Less than a mile from Coyle, cross the Cimarron River, the Red Fork.**

As you travel on Highway 33, the scenes down into the valley toward the southwest are beautiful and just close enough to a natural state to let you see what Irving saw. As you enter Coyle, you will see the Coyle Museum. Private museums are wonderful for



showing the 21<sup>st</sup> Century Tourist what a place has been during the years of its history and often a bit more. This old saloon holds a collection of “anything that ever was” from around the world including Indian artifacts, rocks, and shaving mugs. Call 580/466-2440 for an appointment. Since October 15, the Tourists have been traveling north of the Cimarron, Red Fork. On October 22, they crossed over this ruddy stream and headed south. The river today is different if for no other reason than that there is a bridge to cross. There is even a new and very modern bridge to go with the new and very modern Highway 33. Find a place to pull off and look up and down the river. Imagine the way it must have been in 1832.

*We left the camp of the wild horse about a quarter before eight, and, . . . arrived on the banks of the Red Fork, about seventy-five miles, . . . above its mouth. The river was about three hundred yards wide, wandering among sand-bars and shoals.* w1 123

The crossing of the river was bothersome, but not impossible. Beatte was traveling on a half wild horse and leading his captive colt behind him. He turned the colt over to Tonish and without hesitation crossed.

*The troop now followed the lead of Beatte, and reached the opposite shore without any mishap, though one of the pack-horses wandered a little from the track, came near being swallowed up in a quicksand, and was with difficulty dragged to land.* w1 123

It was the canebrake on the southern bank that truly tested the Tourists.

*. . . we had to force our way, for nearly a mile, through a thick canebrake, which at first sight, appeared an impervious mass of reeds and brambles. . . . our horses were often to the saddle-girths in mire and water, and both horse and horseman harassed and torn by bush and brier . . . we at length extricated ourselves from this morass, and ascended a ridge of land, where we beheld a beautiful open country before us; while to our right, the belt of forest land, called “The Cross Timber” continued stretching away to the southward, as far as the eye could reach.* w1 123 124

## ⇒ LANGSTON

- **Continue on Highway 33 and turn to the left/south at Langston.**
- **Make a sharp angle left on Indian Meridian and travel .7 miles to the Meridian Monument.**

The Cross-Timbers, Cross Timber, had been teasing the Tourists for a long time. Here at last the Cross Timber appeared in all its glory before the Tourists. The relationship between the Cross Timber and the Tourists was not a happy one. Indian fires made them wicked.

*. . . fires . . . sweeping in light transient flames . . . scorching and calcining the lower twigs and branches of the trees, and leaving them black and hard, so as to tear the flesh of man and horse that had to scramble through them. I shall not easily forget the mortal toil, and the vexations of flesh and spirit . . . through the Cross Timber. It was like struggling through forests of cast iron.* w1 125

On the new OK 33, you will bypass Coyle though it is easy to take a side trip. Watch for the sign on Highway 33 and turn to the left/south at Langston. Make a sharp angle left on Indian Meridian and travel .7 miles to the Meridian Monument. Stop at the monument. All land in Oklahoma, except the Panhandle, is surveyed from Initial Point, which is located close to Fort Arbuckle, which is in Murray County today. Initial Point was chosen by the surveyor of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, Edud N. Darling, in 1870. The ranges are measured east and west and the townships are measured north and south. As you stand by the monument, you are

approximately sixteen townships north and on the boundary between the east and west ranges. Townships and ranges form squares of six miles, enclosing thirty-six square miles. All land ownership in Oklahoma mentions township and range. This monument is on the old road to Guthrie, Oklahoma's first capital and only a few miles away. The monument is on the edge of Langston, a virtually all black town that remains as a memory of segregation. You may want to travel back on Indian Meridian, turn left/west and take a side trip to see Langston University, a historic Black University, established during the term of the third Territorial Governor William C. Renfrow. Oklahoma has many historic black towns. You will travel through five of them on your Tour. The founding of Langston University anticipated the segregation laws that would be passed by the first Oklahoma Legislature after statehood. It is interesting that Negroes, Irving's term, were mentioned as a part of everyday life in the communities in 1832. At statehood they were deeply separated.

## Langston, Oklahoma | Indian Meridian | Historic Black University

- 1832** The Tourists passed here after crossing the Red Fork, Cimarron.
- 1870** Indian Meridian was established. It went right through Langston.
- 1889** Pioneers, black and white, American and immigrants, ran for land in the Unassigned Lands.
- 1890** African American Settlers bought land for a college in Langston.
- 1891** Langston opened a US Post Office.
- 1897** The Oklahoma Territorial Legislature established the Colored Agricultural and Normal University.
- 1941** Colored A&M became Langston University.
- 1949** Ada Lois Sipuel, a graduate of Langston University, entered the University of Oklahoma Law School.

### ⇒ **MERIDIAN**

- **Alternate trip.**
- **Continue seven miles directly south toward the town of Meridian.**
- **Retrace the mile north back to OK 105.**
- **Turn left/west toward Guthrie.**

You are traveling in the center of Oklahoma, with the eastern ranges on your left and the western ranges on your right. You will travel five miles on this road, just a little bit more than one township to reach Meridian.

### ⇒ **GUTHRIE**

- **Continue through Langston to Highway 33 and on to Guthrie.**

Guthrie saw hunters on October 22, 1832 and buffalo and beaver.

### ⇒ **MERIDIAN**

- **When you reach US I 35 in Guthrie, you will turn almost immediately back on OK 105 to the left/east.**
- **Continue east on OK 105.**
- **Turn right/south on the Indian Meridian to Meridian.**

The land to the south of Meridian could be a match for Irving's description of the Alarm Camp. Look around at the low rises of land and the depression between them. This was not a good camp for the sentinels.

*We . . . had to content ourselves with an indifferent encampment. It was in a grove of scrub-oaks, on the borders of a deep ravine, at the bottom of which were a few scanty pools of water. We were just at the foot of a gradually-sloping hill . . . In the spot where we had encamped, the grass was high and parched. The view around us was circumscribed and much shut in by gently-swelling hills.* WI 127

Here in the middle of Oklahoma, Irving and party slept fitfully on October 22. At this campsite the cries of "Buffalo!" became louder. And they did want buffalo. The pea-vine was nearly gone out here in the West and the horses were hungry as were the riders.

*The hemmed in condition of the campsite brought on the alarming events of the night. In came Captain Bean who saw men far off. He motioned for them to approach, but they paid no attention . . .* CP 64

In came Tonish

*. . . Tonish arrived, all glorious, from his hunting match; his white horse hung all around with buffalo meat. . . we deducted one half from his boastings; but, now that he had something real to vaunt about, there was no restraining the valor of his tongue.* WI 127

It was this event, the inability to see the surrounding landscape, and the possibility of Pawnees that started the alarms at the Alarm Camp. Alarms continued. Tonish suspected Pawnees!

### **PAWNEES!**

*. . . he had observed the fresh track of horses, which . . . he suspected to have been made by some roving band of Pawnees.* WI 127

When the Pawnee alarm sounded in the camp, it was chaos.

*. . . Rangers, who, in my opinion, are not very brave . . . saddled their horses and rushed about in a frightened way. "Lord Jesus Christ! Have you seen my saddle?" was one of the desperate cries. You would have thought that the speaker had already been scalped.* CP 64 65

### **FIRE!**

*. . . there was an alarm of fire in the camp! The flame from one of the kindling fires had caught to the tall dry grass: a breeze was blowing . . . "Look to the horses!" . . . "Drag away the baggage!" . . . "Take care of the rifles and powder- horns!" All was hurry-scurry and uproar.* WI 128

### **THE HORSES! THE HORSES!**

*. . . a ranger from the hill had reached the skirts of the camp. He was almost breathless, and could only say that the Captain had seen Indians at a distance. "Pawnees! Pawnees!" was now the cry among our wild-headed youngsters. "Drive the horses into the camp!"* WI 129

### **FIRE!**

*"The prairie is on fire beyond the hill," . . . "I see the smoke-the Captain means we shall drive the horses beyond the brook."* WI 129

### **A BAND OF PAWNEES!**

*The alarm increased. . . there was a band of Pawnees in a neighboring valley. They had shot old Ryan*

*through the head and were chasing his companion! . . . “There are three hundred Pawnees just beyond the hill,” cried one voice. “More, more!” cried another. WI 129*

The Commissioner added his reportage.

*-- Pawnees “Pawnees. Pawnees . . . get the horses – to arms! To arms! – Shots were heard over the hill!  
-- 2 of our men killed? Next 7 killed! -- 500 Pawnees coming with bows and guns – “every man get his horse and mount” HLE 93*

## **A RIDER!**

*. . . word was now passed that a man on horseback approached the camp. WI 133*

The man on horseback was one of the hunters. He was sound, unharmed, and his horse was packed with buffalo meat. He thought he might have seen an Indian, but it turned out it was Captain Bean. The fire was put out. Old Ryan was gone. They didn't think he could be dead. If there were Pawnees, they never saw them.

## **SLEEP. . . . .**

*After the fatigues and agitations of the day, the camp soon sunk into a profound sleep, except those on guard, who were more than usually alert . . . WI 134*

## **INDIANS AT HAND!**

*About half past ten o'clock we were all startled from sleep, by new alarm. A sentinel had fired off his rifle and run into camp, crying that there were Indians at hand. WI 134*

The Indian was probably a wolf. The sentinel was scolded for leaving his post. Everyone had trouble getting back to sleep, but it was finally quiet at the Alarm Camp.

*. . . voices gradually died away; the gossipers nodded and dozed, and sunk to rest . . . silence and sleep once more stole over the camp. WI 135*

*Mr. Latrobe probably saw at least part of the alarm clearly and rationally.*

*An anxious uncertainty prevailed for a few hours, till most of the stragglers came in; and it was believed, after comparing notes, that the Captain and some of his own party had been dodging one another in the misty haze, and thus the mistake had risen. CJL 61*

Find the Alarm Camp Plaque in Meridian before you travel back to Guthrie.

## ⇒ **GUTHRIE**

- **Retrace your path back to Guthrie.**

On the morning of October 23, old Ryan was missing, but was expected to use his skills to get back. It was perhaps on Bear Creek that Irving saw an impressive beaver dam and pond. It was near this commonwealth of dam builders that Oklahoma's first capital was born on April 22, 1889.

## Guthrie, Territorial Capital | First Capital of the 46<sup>th</sup> State

**1832** Near Guthrie, four Tourists slept fitfully on October 22 and peacefully on October 23.

**1888** America had long noticed a large area unassigned to any Indian Nation. This area was surrounded by the following Indian Nations: Muscogee, Seminole, Pawnee, Shawnee, Pottawatomie, Sac and Fox, Comanche, Kiowa, Apache, Kickapoo, Arapaho, Wichita, and Caddo.

**1889** The Unassigned Lands were opened. Guthrie became a well built city within months of April 22. Guthrie and Oklahoma City held local conventions to organize a Territorial Government.

**1890** On May 2, the Congress of the United States passed the Organic Act which formed Oklahoma Territory and provided for a judicial system, a legislature, and a Governor. Guthrie was named the capital.

**1907** Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory came together in Guthrie as the 46<sup>th</sup> State.

**1910** As of June 11, Guthrie was no longer the capital of Oklahoma. Its population began to decline.

**2007** A beautiful Victorian City remained; a place of feast and festival.

*. . . we crossed a deep stream with a complete beaver dam, above three feet high, making a large pond, and doubtless containing several families of that industrious animal, though not one showed his nose above water. The Captain would not permit this amphibious commonwealth to be disturbed. WI 136*

They were close, very close to the buffalo plains. Anticipation grew.

*We were now continually coming upon the tracks of buffaloes and wild horses; those of the former tended invariable to the south, as we could perceive by the direction of the trampled grass. It was evident we were on the great highway of these migratory herds, but that they had chiefly passed to the southward. WI 136*

The hunters went in all directions and when one returned he had quite a story to tell. Just north of Oklahoma City and south of Guthrie, a ranger saw a bear.

*. . . he . . . beheld a huge bear dragging the carcass of the deer along the dry channel of a brook, and growling and snarling at four or five officious wolves . . . The ranger fired at the bear, but missed him. Bruin . . . seemed disposed to make battle . . . night was coming on, the young hunter felt dismayed at the wildness and darkness of the place, and the strange company he had fallen in with; so he . . . returned empty handed to the camp, where, having told his story, he was heartily bantered by his more experienced comrades. WI 138*

There were though big problems for Captain Bean and the company. A decision would have to be made as to the direction to be taken. Would they travel farther west or south? Signs of Pawnee were evident that day.

*Beatte, who generally kept a parallel course several hundred yards distant from our line of march, to be on the look-out for game and who regarded every track with the knowing eye of an Indian, reported that he had come upon a very suspicious trail. There were the tracks of men who wore Pawnee moccasins. He had scented the smoke of mingled sumach and tobacco, such as the Indians use. He had observed the tracks of horses, mingled with those of a dog; and a mark in the dust where a cord had been trailed along; probably the long bridle, one end of which the Indian horsemen suffer to trail on the ground. WI 137*

Irving began to really worry about old Ryan. He was still missing.

*Old M Rian . . . went out hunting last evening with another soldier, and both got lost – we fired guns, and blew the bugle (which is heard a great distance) to direct their foot steps back, but in vain – HLE 95*

Game was sighted and wild horses. Irving responded with delight at wild horses.

*. . . we came in sight of six wild horses, among which I especially noticed two very handsome ones, a gray and a roan. They pranced about, with heads erect, and long flaunting tails, offering a proud contrast to our poor, spiritless, travel- tired steeds. Having reconnoitered us for a moment, they set off at a gallop, passed through a woody dingle, and in a little while emerged once more to view, trotting up a slope about a mile distant. WI 137*

## ⇒ EDMOND

- Turn left/south off OK 105 on US I 35.
- Continue south on US I 35 until you reach Waterloo, just to the east of Edmond.
- Turn off I 35 to the left/east and continue on Waterloo until you reach Midwest
- Boulevard and turn right/south.
- Turn left/east into Stone Valley Ranch just south of Waterloo on Midwest Boulevard.

And then on October 23, the party camped, just north of Oklahoma City and just east of Edmond. Irving camped at the edge of the Cross-Timbers on October 23.

## Edmond, Stop on the Santa Fe Railroad

**1832** East of Edmond, Washington Irving and Count de Pourtalés dreamed of breaking out of the Cross Timbers and on to the glorious prairie.

**1887** Edmond became the water and cooling station for the Santa Fe Railroad and was named for Edmond Burdick, the freight agent.

**1889** Guthrie was born and its settlers built the first church in the Unassigned Lands, St. John the Baptist Catholic Church, in less than two months.

**1891** First classes were held for the new Territorial Normal School.

**1926** Route 66 was named and its path decided. It would go through Edmond.

**1971** Territorial Normal School became Central State University.

**1990** Central State University became the University of Central Oklahoma.

*After a day's journey of fourteen miles in a southwest direction, we encamped on the banks of a small clear stream, on the northern border of the Cross Timber; and on the edge of the vast prairies, that extend away to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. WI 137 138*

They slept, deep in the Cross-Timbers, on the edge of the vast prairies.

*In turning loose the horses to graze, their bells were stuffed with grass to prevent their tinkling, lest it might be heard by some wandering horde of Pawnees. WI 138*

Game was scarce, but one deer was brought to the camp. Old Ryan returned.

*. . . old Ryan came straggling into the camp. . . He had lost himself yesterday, when hunting, and camped*

*out all night, but had found our trail in the morning, and followed it up. He had passed some time at the beaver-dam, admiring the skill and solidity with which it had been constructed. "These beavers," said he, "are industrious little fellows. They are the knowingest varmint as I know . . ."* WI 139

The discussion continued as to the possibility of trapping these creatures in the winter for their wonderful coats. And then it turned to the future progress of the Tour.

*We had thus far pursued a western course; and, having traversed the Cross Timber, we were on the skirts of the Great Western Prairie . . . The season was so far advanced that the grass was withered, and the prairies yielded no pasturage. The pea-vines . . . which had sustained our horses for some part of the journey, were nearly gone, and for several days past the poor animals had fallen off wofully both in flesh and spirit . . . It was determined, therefore . . . to shape our course more to the east, so as to strike the north fork of the Canadian, as soon as possible, where we hope to find abundance of cane; which, at this season of the year, affords the most nutritious pasturage for the horses; and, at the same time, attracts immense quantities of game. Here then we fixed the limits of our tour to the Far West, being within little more than a day's march to the boundary line of Texas.* WI 140

They were days and days away from the boundary of Texas. They had not escaped the Cross Timbers, but could revel in prairies for a while.

*The timber has now changed from the black jack oak, to elm, cotton wood, walnut, and post oak, and I hope we have got through the terrible woods, called Cross timbers . . . they appear dead to the eye of the traveller, but are so unyielding, as to tear his flesh or clothes, without mercy –* HLE 87 88

It was about time for a good washing again.

*The creek on which we encamped, afforded me a good chance to wash a spare shirt, a pocket handkerchief and pair of stockings – I found more difficulty than I expected in getting the collars and risbands clean – the water was cold and the suds not good – some of the dirt was got off and I hung the clothes up in the wind and wore them of course without ironing, which is not thought of here in the woods – I believe my washing, was equal to my friend M Irving who was the neatest man in our mess.*

HLE 98

The Tourists soon entered Oklahoma City, with dismal days followed by the best day of the Tour.

[Go to Stage 5 of the Tour](#) ⇨