

[George Albert Pinkston]

[S 241-KEI DUP?]

NAME OF WORKER [Bessie Jollerston?] ADDRESS Ogallala

DATE SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT George Albert Pinkston

George Albert Pinkston was born in Kentucky, Feb. 28, 1875, as a child came to Comad, Nebraska with his parents to live, and at the age of 10 they pioneered to Kearney, where they lived for 40 years.

It was here he grew to manhood, and married Blanch [Meta?], who was born in Harrisburg Pennsylvania 1878, to them three children were born.

Mrs. Pinkston also pioneered to Kearney, at the age of 10 years she rode he own pony and helped drive their cattle behind the covered wagon.

Mr. Pinkston and his family, moved to Ogallala, in [1936?] where he bought a farm, where he still resides, about one half miles west of the Kinsley Dam. Mr. Pinkston has a full section of land and paid \$18.00 per acre and now figures his improvements worth \$3,000. He wants \$7,500 for all. [???

Mr. Pinkston's son Lynn and family came from Kearney in 1931 they lived with him 4 years after which time they bought a home in [Lemoyne?], Nebr. where they and their three children, (Warren, Harvey and [Edna?]) Still live.

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A daughter, Virgie May Anderson and her husband and five children also came to live with them in 1935. However, [both?] men were carpenters and worked their trade most of the time, until Mr. Anderson and his family moved to [Ava?] Missouri, June 9, 1938.

Mrs. Pinkston sends a poem she wrote:

[OGALLALA MY OGALLALA?] I've the prettiest girl out in the west, She always tries to do her best, And rides a bronco without fear, [Now?] see her [?] and drop that deer, [T'ks?] Ogallala, My Ogallala.

CHORUS She picks her [Stetson?] from the grass, Her horse is running very fast Now see her rope whirl in the breeze Her beaded [skirt?] is at her knees. The prairie roundup time is here A time the cowboys love so dear, O! see her bulldogy that big steer, They swore that he could not be tied O! look now boys; see her ride, Ogallala My Ogallala. He was cold as he could be And just as mean as mean could be She jumped from her horse and grabbed his nose, [Ben?] came to her rescue the story goes. Ogallala My Ogallala.