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CAMPBELL, MILES

INTERVIEW

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CAMPBELL, MILES

INTERVIEW

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Carl R. Sherwood,
Investigator,
January 21, 1938.

An Interview with Mr. Miles Campbell,
Briartown, Oklahoma.

I was born September 20, 1901, on what is known as the John Campbell Ranch which is situated two and one half miles southeast of Younger Bend and Belle Starr Canyon. My father, John Campbell, was born in 1869, three miles east of Briartown. He died in 1937 and is buried in the Tom Starr Cemetery, one mile southeast of Briartown ; he was a full blood Cherokee.

My grandfather was Sam Campbell, a full blood Cherokee, and my grandmother was Polly Starr, a full blood Cherokee, who came to the Territory in the movement of the Cherokees over the Trail of Tears.

My mother, was Cora Weaver, a white woman, who came to the Territory in the early days. She was a daughter of Henry and Sarah Weaver.

My father, John Campbell, during all of his active life, engaged in buying and selling livestock. While a young man he worked for the Bell Cattle Ranch of Texas.

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He and other cowboys drove thousands of head of long-horned cattle from Texas over the Chisholm Trail that crossed Red River and went through the old Cherokee Strip to Dodge City, Kansas, where they were sold to cattle buyers. My father's brother, Bean Campbell, also rode the Chisholm Trail. In the early days my father and Uncle Bean left the Trail; my father came back home and Bean went to Pompilla, Montana, where he died May 17, 1917.

In 1898 my father was married to Miss Cora Weaver, a white girl, and four children, Miles, Ellis, Sam and Sadie, were born to them.

I remember, when I was a small boy, my father selling one hundred cattle to Blankenship and Foster of Whitefield, Choctaw Nation. The cattle were delivered to the Whitefield Ferry and my father received \$3000.00 in cash which was paid from the saddle pockets.

In 1922 my father and I bought up \$1864.00 worth of hogs; we fed these hogs about \$50.00 worth of corn each day and then the crash came. The bottom fell out of the stock market and we received less than one-half what we had paid for the hogs.

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My father's home was built out of logs, with a fireplace on the north built out of native stone. The home sits on a hill overlooking a rich valley on the east, which is in cultivation, and dotted over the fields are large native pecan trees. A creek runs north and south through the valley and empties into the Canadian River. This ranch has three dug wells, all built up with native stone. While these wells were being dug, the men digging them passed through a three foot vein of anthracite coal at a depth of forty feet.

The front porch of the house on this ranch is decorated with deer horns and the feet of a large bald headed eagle which I killed when I was a small boy. The eagle measured seven feet from tip to tip.

My father has stood on the front porch and killed deer and turkey, also bobcats and wolves. Today, you can hunt all day long and not find a squirrel.