



BIOGRAPHY FORM  
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

DIRICKSON, J. P.

INTERVIEW

8833

Field Worker's name Jasper H. Mead

This report made on (date) October 13, 1937

1. Name J. P. Dirickson

2. Post Office Address Chickasha, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) 1118 South 13th St.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month November Day 19 Year 1891

5. Place of birth State of Oklahoma then called Indian Territory

6. Name of Father T. W. Dirickson Place of birth Texas

Other information about father Died at the age of 56

7. Name of Mother Laura F. Murry Place of birth Missouri

Other information about mother age 67 still living

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 4.

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Jasper H. Mead,  
Investigator,  
October 13, 1937.

An Interview with Mr. J.P. Dirickson,  
1118 South 13th St., Chickasha,  
(Oklahoma.

I was born in Indian Territory, November 19, 1891. My birthplace was on Hell Creek, ten miles southeast of Duncan but when I was ten we moved on an Indian lease about a mile from Duncan.

Duncan at that time had about five stores, a post office, blacksmith shop, cotton gin and a schoolhouse which was also used as a church.

This church and schoolhouse was one big room, built out of 1 x 12 planks. The room was about thirty feet-30 x 18 ft, it had two sets of windows on each side of the building and two doors which were in one end of the building. On the inside we had a big wood stove and some of the seats were made out of 1 x 4 planks and some of them were hewed out of logs.

Duncan at this time had the old time board sidewalks which were about three feet wide except where they passed in front of some places of business.

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There was lots of farming but still there was lots of ranch land and ranch work. Most of this work paid \$25.00 to \$30.00 per month, board and room. In farming the man on the place did the biggest part of his own work.

There were lots of deer, wild turkey and prairie chickens around Duncan. One time my father and uncle drove about three hundred wild turkeys up in a log corral and picked out four of the fattest ones for Christmas dinner.

I have seen as many as fifteen head of deer in one bunch. Oftentimes when we would hole up our sweet potatoes for the winter the wild deer would dig them out. I have seen many<sup>a</sup> deer with his head stuck in a sweet potato hill. One time my uncle caught a half-grown buck by the hind feet with his head stuck in one of the potato hills and he nearly kicked all of my uncle's clothes off of him.

The water supply came from dug wells and springs. On our place we had the old fashioned well with the two wooden buckets in it attached to one rope.

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There were a few Indians around Duncan and a few squaw-men, who were men who had married Indian women, but most of the Indians lived over around Lawton and Fort Sill. Sometimes several Indians would get in a bunch and go horse stealing, and if they got some of your horses all you had to do was go west and hunt up an Indian camp and if you ran across your horses just give the Indian chief \$5.00 and that was all he wanted.

We lived seven miles from the old Chisholm Trail but later we moved within a stone's throw of it.

I once saw the Ringling Brothers Circus come down the old Chisholm Trail when it traveled in wagons. They lost one of their big elephants close to our house, he had laid down in the tall grass and they went off and left him. He stayed around there four or five days until the circus people came back hunting him. I'll never forget; I thought that was the biggest thing walking I had ever seen.

The officers we had were United States Marshals, John Tucker was the only one I remember; his main job was to keep

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the bootleggers from selling whisky to the Indians.

I have seen large Prairie fires that would do plenty of damage, such as burn down people's houses and barns. One time one of them burned three big straw stacks for my father. One way they fought the fires was to take wet sacks and tie them to a lariat rope and drag the fire out.

I have lived in and around Chickasha for twenty-six years; it is my home at present and I am a painter by trade.