

PARKER, CLYDE

INTERVIEW

#4180

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

PARKER, CLYDE

INTERVIEW.

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Field Worker's name John F. Daugherty

This report made on (date) May 26, 1937

1. Name Clyde Parker

2. Post Office Address Sulphur, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month May Day 11 Year 1876

5. Place of birth Near Denton, Texas

6. Name of Father John E. Parker Place of birth Unknown

Other information about father Farmer

7. Name of Mother Mary Carpenter Parker Place of birth Unknown

Other information about mother _____

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 6.

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An Interview with Mr. Clyde Parker, Sulphur, Oklahoma.
By - John F. Dougherty - Field Worker.
May 25, 1937.

I was born May 11th, 1876, near Denton, Texas. I came to the Territory in 1887 with an uncle. There were two wagons. We drove horses. We crossed Red River at Delaware Bend, and settled at Price Falls in Sorghum Flat. We lived in a double log house with one by twelve foot boards for the floors. We had a rock chimney and cooked in a skillet with a lid.

I attended school at Sorghum Flat for five years. Julian Tripp was my first teacher. We did not have school in the winter and as the weather was warm during the three months term we had our classes under a brush arbor.

My uncle raised corn and cotton. He sold his cotton in Ardmore receiving about .06 or .07 cents per pound for it. Corn sold for 10 cents per bushel.

There was an old water gin on Prices Creek belonging to N. P. Price for whom the creek and falls were named. There was a grist mill in connection with it. The creek was dammed up for water to run the mill. They

had a race to run the water into the mill. The wheel was an overshot. The gin baled about four or five bales of cotton a day. We bought our goods from Al Taylor in Sorghum Flat. He had a General Merchandise Store.

My uncle raised cattle. They ranged over the Arbuckle Mountains in which there were many wolves. These animals were a great menace to our calves.

One day when I had been out on the range looking for some cattle and it was just about dark as I was returning home, a panther suddenly appeared from the brush and came in pursuit of me. I was very much frightened. I had a British bull dog six shooter and I was afraid I could not kill the panther with this and I knew if I missed him he would probably kill me. So we just galloped along side by side for some distance. At last the panther suddenly ran into the brush and was gone.

When I was sixteen years old I went to Davis to live with a brother who was teaching school there. I

attended school for two years and then I went to work in a drug store.

After working for two years I became a driver for a livery stable. When a traveling man wanted to go to the stores and towns away from the railroad he had to hire a team and buggy. They seldom wanted to make the trip without a driver, so I drove for them. For this service we received three dollars per day for the team and driver, and the traveling man paid for the feed for the team, and the meals and lodging for the driver.

One night a United States Deputy Marshal came to Davis from Paris, Texas. He came to the barn and said he wanted a team and driver by daylight. It fell to my lot to do the driving. He was delivering summons for Federal Court to be held at Paris, Texas. We stayed with farmers at night most of the time during this trip. We were gone two weeks.

When we got to Tishimingo the Indian Court was in session. There were many drunken Indians on the

street, and they were whooping and yelling as they did at their stomp dances. We had to take a room on the first floor and this Deputy Marshal gave me a gun and told me to use it if any of those Indians intruded. There was no need of the gun though, for they were as harmless as could be. But the Deputy Marshal being from Texas thought these Indians were wild as the Comanches, whom he had encountered in Texas.

We stayed with a Chickasaw fullblood Indian named Hart at Hart. For breakfast we had the fattest meat I ever tried to eat, black coffee and black biscuits. We went as far north as Purcell, then back to Fort Arbuckle and then to Davis.

One day a drummer sent me into a store to buy some cigars. I returned with some cheroots. This was the only kind of cigar that could be bought in this country at that time.

I worked nine years for the McClusky Dry Goods Company in Davis. We had many Full Blood Indians as our customers. They paid for each article as they pur-

those days, when we could buy a good sack of flour for seventy-five cents and a good pair of shoes for \$1.50. A good suit of clothes cost about \$8.00.
