

PERRY, JOE B.

INTERVIEW

10489

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

PERRY, JOE B. INTERVIEW.

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Field Worker's name Maurice B. Anderson

This report made on (date) April 21, 1938 1938

1. Name Mr. Joe B. Perry

2. Post Office Address Paoli, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month December Day 10 Year 1865

5. Place of birth Texas

6. Name of Father Tom J. Perry Place of birth Texas

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother Mattie Craddock Place of birth Texas

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 _____

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10489

Field Worker, Maurice R. Anderson,
April 21, 1938.

Interview with Mr. Joe B. Perry.
Paoli, Oklahoma.

I was born in 1865 in Texas and I left that state in 1888 for the Indian Territory. I traveled horseback, stopping at ranch houses and working a few days at a time to get money enough to go on. I was headed for Purcell to make the Run.

I left Texas in the wintertime and sure had a hard time coming through this country with cold weather and no roads or bridges across the creeks. On several occasions had to swim my horse across the creeks and my boots and pant legs were covered with ice. I had to build a fire and dry my clothes out. While coming through to this country, I missed many a meal and several days all I had to eat was roasted rabbit but my horse never missed a meal as there was plenty of grass and in the low places in the dead of the winter the grass was just as green

as it would be in the summertime. This grass was called Buffalo grass.

I rode into Ardmore late one afternoon in December. It was two or three days before Christmas, I had lost my hat and stopped there to buy me one.

There were only two or three stores in Ardmore then I tied my horse and went into the store. It was awful cold that day and I stayed an hour or so in the store after buying a hat and when I came out my horse was gone. I had my bed roll tied on behind my saddle. It consisted of two blankets and a pair of work boots and whoever got my horse took everything. While trying to find the horse, I heard of a big dance that was going to take place at Berwyn the next night so I went to the dance thinking maybe whoever got my horse might ride him there. After getting there, I looked all the horses over but mine was not there. There was a deputy marshal there and I told him the marks on my horse and he was to help me look for it. We talked a while, and both of us were young men and the music

PERRY, JOE B. INTERVIEW.

10489

-3-

was going full blast, so we decided to go in and take part. The dance lasted until daylight and when I went to get my hat it was gone. The deputy marshal gave me his hat and I do believe to this day that the deputy stole my hat and while the dance was going on took it and hid it so he could get it later. Well, this left me without a horse and I never did hear tell of my horse or hat since. I had told my story about losing my horse and saddle to several of the cowboys who were at the dance and after it broke up and I had lost my hat, a bunch of the boys got together and two of them gave me a blanket each and one told me he would be back there in a few hours with a saddle for me. He said he had an old saddle at home, he would go get and the rest pitched in and bought me a horse. The horse was a big black, and when the man came with the saddle I saddled up and mounted this big black and as soon as I touched him with my spurs, he let me have it and believe me, that horse could buck.

I stayed with him for about ten or twelve jumps and he set me on the ground.

Well, the boys had a good laugh and said it was worth it to see me ride the horse. After resting awhile I took another try at the horse, but this time I didn't hook my spurs in him and he never pitched a jump, just trotted off. I waved goodby to the boys and came on to Whitehead, about five miles west of Pauls Valley and went to work for Tom Craddock.

I worked for Mr. Craddock on the farm for three years. Then, I took a job from Sam Garvine, breaking horses on his ranch west of Pauls Valley. I worked for him several years when I quit and started back to Texas, crossing through the Arbuckle Mountains on my way back. In 1900 I married Miss Altha Huffman, the daughter of a pioneer rancher in Texas and in 1904 I came back to the Indian Territory and settled near Whitehead and went to farming and have lived in this country since. I now live in Paoli, Oklahoma.