

STRICKLIN, J. A. (MRS.)

INTERVIEW 10533

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

STRICKLIN, J. A. (MRS.) INTERVIEW. 10533

Field Worker's name Ida B. Lankford,

This report made on (date) April 25, 1938

1. Name Mrs. J. A. Stricklin,

2. Post Office, Address Hobart, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) Hobart

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month July Day 1, Year 1884

5. Place of birth Monmouth, Illinois

6. Name of Father S. J. Thomas Place of birth Ohio

Other information about father Farmer

7. Name of Mother Edmona Myers Place of birth Ohio

Other information about mother Housewife.

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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Field Worker; Ida B. Lankford,  
April 25, 1938.

Interview with Mrs. J. A. Stricklin,  
Hobart, Oklahoma.

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#### History of the Early Day.

My people came from Ohio and settled in Smith County, Kansas, but after a year or two they decided to go back to Ohio; however, they stopped at Monmouth, Illinois, and lived there three years and there was where I was born in the country near Monmouth on July 1, 1884.

When I was a year old they decided to come with a lot of people who were coming to Kinsley, Kansas, near which place they all took claims.

I clearly remember going with Mother to the spring after water. I also had a small kitten that was a lot of company to me and a nice pair of white leather shoes, but the pack rats ran off with one of them so Mother made me some out of cloth.

That first winter in Kansas was very hard on us. Father helped skin range cattle that had frozen to death in a terrible snow storm and he sold the hides. When the men went after coal we worried about them until we saw them coming for the snow was so deep and it was a hard thing to go after fuel. If our fuel ran low before they came back we could get in bed to keep warm.

The next summer one time thunder showers came up and some people stopped at our place out of the rain; they tied their horses to the wagon and lightning struck one of the horses and killed it. It was a beautiful horse and it had grass in its mouth when I went to see it. One day that summer Father and Mother decided to walk around and look at their crops. Father carried me but all at once I decided something was wrong and that something unusual was going to happen. Father gave me to Mother and said "get back, there is a rattlesnake," then Father shot the snake's head off. After I got bigger I realized rattlesnakes were very

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poisonous and they got to be the worry of my life, for I had to go after the milch cows in the evening but I had a faithful dog which went with me and when he would find a snake he never stopped until he had torn it to pieces. The range cows would get in a ring around a snake and try to paw it to death. It was strange but gentle cows wouldn't do that.

When I was ten years old we moved near Great Bend, Kansas, on a five hundred acre farm. He made lots of money there and after living there five years we were able to buy a farm near Stafford, Kansas.

When I was nineteen my Mother died and I kept house for my father for two years, then he married a woman with two children.

I went to work at the Silver Moon Restaurant in St. John, Kansas, and it was there that I met Mr. Stricklin. He was making \$4.00 a day working for a man, doing cement work, and he chose that for his profession and has always made a good living.

We came to Cordell, Oklahoma, in the year of 1906. The next summer I saw a lot of Indians camping near

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Cordell. The squaws went about putting up their tents like it was their business to instead of the old bucks. One old buck had on a red shirt and he wore the tail of it on the outside of his pants. I think he thought it was so pretty he didn't want to hide it.

They had meat strung along on the wagon pole which was hoisted up high. Now, the Indians have changed a lot. They wear shoes and slippers in place of moccasins and the younger ones dress like the white people.

My daughter, Hazel, teaches Indian children and she says they like to change their last name every so often. That is why the storekeeper calls them by their first name.

There are lots of queer things happening to them. One time an Indian man got his money from the Government and it was quite a lot. Anyway, he bought a nice car with it, then he got drunk, ran into a bridge, and wrecked it. He was asked how it happened and he said, "Well, the bridge just came by me too fast."

The first year we were in Cordell. I heard a shot fired and everyone went running to the Baldwin wagonyard to see what was the matter. Well, Colonel Scott

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had shot Joshua Neeley and the funny thing about it was, with Neeley shot he jumped on Scott and almost killed him and although the bullet went clear through Neeley, he got well.

We lived in Cordell twenty nine years and owned three homes, but the last one we owned we had to give up. Now we are fifty-four years with no home of our own.