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Investigator. Nannie Lee Burns
April 30, 1938.

Interview with John W. Apple,
Quapaw, Oklahoma.

My father, David A. Apple, was a native of Gilford, North Carolina, and my mother, Lucinda Apple Alstott was born in Indiana

I was born in Orange County, Indiana, November 30, 1852, but when I was about four years old my father moved his family to Rushville, Illinois, where we lived until 1871 at which time we came to Kansas.

I passed the Civil War days in Kansas and we were living there when Lincoln was elected and a memory of that campaign that has stayed with me is the recollection of an image, or you might say statute, of him that was standing by the side of a log which was mounted with him on a wagon. In his hand raised and ready to strike the log was a maul.

The only disturbance that we had during the War was when the soldiers would return home on a furlough and they would get into arguments and fights with those on the opposite side at the dances and wherever they would meet.

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Once such a fuss was raised that officers took the soldiers back to their companies before their furlough had expired.

Through the soldiers was about the only way that we could hear what was going on between the armies, as we seldom saw a newspaper in those days. Even years later, we considered ourselves fortunate if we could get a weekly newspaper and our magazines were published monthly. We would read the continued stories that were published in them and how eagerly we would look forward to and almost count the days until the next number was due. We had so little to read that we even studied the almanacs.

My father was of a roving disposition and it seemed as though he was not content to settle and stay anywhere many years at a time. When I was older, in 1871, he decided that he was going farther west where he could get cheap land and improve it, so we came by covered wagon to Southern Kansas and bought land one and a half miles north of Columbus. This was a new land to us; it looked like a desert compared to what we had been used to for here on the prairie you could see for a long distance and there

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was scarcely a house to be seen as you traveled over the prairie that was covered with tall grass and whose broad acres were covered with great herds of cattle.

We built a two-room box house and our barn was three ricks of hay; a rick made the east and west wall another rick formed the north wall. The space between was covered with hay and the end fronting the south was open and here our stock was sheltered from the strong cold winds in the winter as well as from the snow and rain.

We had to break the sod for our fields and this was done with two yoke of oxen to a plough. You could break about two acres in a day with them, but you can't control them like you do horses for if the flies get too bad they are going to run and leave you and if they get thirsty they are going to water and you can't stop them; so all you can do is to go along and wait until they have their drink and are ready to go back to work.

We were living here when the railroad between Columbus and Oswego, Kansas, was built past our place. On each side of the track was a hollow or ditch that filled with water after the rains and that season I would be ploughing along

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(had a riding plough then) and he flies would get after the oxen and they would make a run for the railroad ditch. I just went along and stayed on my seat, even when they went into the ditch, and would sit there on my plough in the water or the edge of it and wait until they were ready to start again, then we would go back to work.

We had been digging coal and there on the farm was a place that was about six feet deep and square where we had been watering the oxen. One day when the flies were bothering them, they made a bee line for this place and jumped in, as deep as it was. They got themselves out but did not try getting into it again. That first year, I broke sixty acres of sod with the oxen.

We lived there three years and then we began to have trouble with the railroad men over the right-of-way, etc., so Father got mad and finally tired of it and sold the place to them and then we moved to Iowa and lived near Des Moines.

Memories of this country remained with me, so in the Spring of 1878 my brother and I returned to southern Kansas and rented a place and began farming. We rented one hundred

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forty acres of land and had in ninety acres of corn when my father and the family returned to live with us.

From Kansas we moved to Arkansas near Eureka Springs and here in 1880 I married Malvina Skelton, and we had for our first home there a little one-room log house without even a window and with home-made furniture. Our first daughter was born here and we remained in this state and my wife died here in 1896.

Shortly after her death my children and I came to the Indian Territory, to Quapaw, which after the building of the railroad in 1896 was just a bunch of hay-barns.

The first year I rented from Sam Apple a hundred acres for corn. After the corn crop was laid by, I would work in the hay for Sam and the first and the second year my second son and I raked six-hundred acres of hay for him. We would go out and mow for a half a day then the Indian Agent, Sapp, would come out and they would look it over and agree on the price and the number of acres.

There were still several ranches here then leased by the stockmen and there was one ranch about where Picher

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now is that was a pony ranch, but I forget the name of the owner. The Goodners had a cattle ranch about where Cardin now is and these men would haul out barrels of salt and over the prairie they would dump off a barrel of salt and then break it open and leave it for the cattle.

My brother, George, who came with me liked to break ponies and he would go over to the pony ranch and pick out a span and pay perhaps \$75.00 for the pair and bring them back to break them. We had a big, stout post that we would hitch them to; maybe it would be ten o'clock before we would get the harness on them and perhaps they would kick the end out of the wagon bed. I fixed a set of harness with the breeches so low that they could not kick the end out of the wagon bed. I fixed a set of harness with the breeches so low that they could not kick anything and after they were broke to work and drive, he could double his money on them.

I have never re-married and have lived here since I first came except five years that I spent with a son in California, returning here in 1919.

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Three years ago, I decided that I wanted a little home of my own and I bought the lumber for this place and, with the exception of the doors and the windows I did the work myself. I made my cabinet there and my closet you see. What do you think of that for a man that is eighty-five years old?