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

BEALL, KNOX

SECOND INTERVIEW

#10532

Field Worker's name Bessie L. Thomas

This report made on (date) April 15 1938

1. Name Knox Beall

2. Post Office Address Cache, Oklahoma R#A

3. Residence address (or location) \_\_\_\_\_

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month \_\_\_\_\_ Day \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_

5. Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

6. Name of Father \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

Other information about father \_\_\_\_\_

7. Name of Mother \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

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 5.

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Bessie L. Thomas  
Investigator  
April 15, 1938.

Interview with Knox Beal  
Cache, Oklahoma.

My Life With Quannah Parker.

As a boy and as far back as I can remember in my young life, I was always possessed with a wanderlust, a feeling I could not seem to control, so when those spells took possession of me, I just had to wander. My parents could not keep me in school. Always I would pay "hookie", run off, and be gone for days at a time, sometimes working my way to get a bite to eat, other times going hungry for days at a time, returning home only when hunger forced me to. Many a time my father "tanned my hide" for running off, until it was difficult for me to sit down. But chastisement had no effect on me when the urge to wander would strike.

My mother, a first cousin to Cynthia Ann Parker, died when I was very young. Father was not long in re-marrying again. I had an own sister and brother. After our mother died it was "not home", anymore, altho we lived in the same old house for years. I was the only child afflicted with wanderlust.

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We lived in Fort Worth and one day a cheap one-ring circus came to town. My father gave us kids money to go to see the circus. I got a job carrying water to the one elephant and the Shetland ponies, keeping the money father gave me for future use. That day all through the show I was forming in my mind a way to go off with the big tent. It seemed immense to me. I approached the "Ring Master", after the performance and asked him for a job. He looked at me with a friendly smile, and said, "Son, you are too young and inexperienced in the show business". I begged hard but to no avail. Then I began to plan how I could stowaway somewhere in one of the wagons. I rushed home, ate a few bites of supper, and went to bed, with my plan all made. After the house was dark and everyone was asleep, I crept out of bed as quietly as I could, trying not to waken my brother with whom I was sleeping. I got out of the house, carrying my shoes in my hand, walked barefoot almost a block, sat down, put on my shoes, then ran as fast as I could toward the show grounds. When I got there, the last wagon was just beginning to move. I clambered onto the back end and into it, not knowing what kind of cargo it was

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carrying. Luckily, it contained tents, seats and poles. I hunted a soft spot on the folded up tent, and soon was fast asleep. The next morning about nine, I was jerked out by a very mad, young roustabout, and taken before the owner, who was talking with the ring-master, and who recognized me. I sidled up to him and gave him my best grin. He wanted to know how I got there, miles from Fort Worth. I told them what I had done. They discussed sending me back home. But I plead so that I was allowed to remain and given a little job. We moved from one town to another until I almost wished I was home, but after weeks of travel I was afraid to go home.

One day we were showing in a little town near San Antonia and there were quite a few Indians present. After the show was over the Indians were standing around looking at the animals. When I came by leading one of the Shetland ponies one of the Indians stopped and asked to buy the pony but the owner refused to sell. Then the Indian asked me my name, and said he would like to take me to his home in the Indian country in Oklahoma. By this time I was tired of the show business and craved something different. So I told the

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Indian with the pleasant looking face I would go with him if my boss would let me. Together we asked him if I could go away with this Indian Chief, who said his name was Juanah Parker, Chief of the Comanches. The show boss finally agreed to let me go. At this time I was about fourteen.

I lived in Juanah's home until I was grown. When the Spanish American War broke out, Juanah said to me, "Me fought for my people, now you go fight for your people". With his blessing I enlisted and served through the conflict.

I was on guard duty at Fort Sill when Geronimo was a prisoner of war. And never did I see him incarcerated in the guard-house or in chains as has been put down in history.

In February, 1911, Juanah went for a visit and to a Peyote meeting over in the Cheyenne country. When returning home from this meeting he became very ill and phoned me from Snyder to meet him at Indianahoma with his buck-board. When I received the word I knew I would not have time to get there before the train arrived. So I said for him to come on to Cache and I would be there. On the way and after I reached town, I went by and got the doctor. After the train arrived we took him off and I saw he was very sick. He kept complain-

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ing of a terrible hurting in his chest and throat. The doctor gave him a Hypo, then we put him in the buck-board, made him as comfortable as possible and hurried out to his home, three miles northwest of Cache. We were undressing him to get him in the bed, after the doctor had examined him with the stethoscope and he looked up at me, held up his right hand and said, "Son, it's no use, I'm gone." And so, a great Indian Chief died.

Quanah raised several white boys. He certainly was a wonderful friend and counselor to me. And I have never regretted the day I came home with him. He lived in peace and harmony with his family. Each member had a certain amount of work to do each day, and it was always done with a smile and a good will.

The report got started that Quanah had been poisoned while up in the Cheyenne country. This was not true. The doctor said his death was caused from rheumatism which struck his heart. He had, had this disease for years.