

MARTIN, G. L. * INTERVIEW

#8376 - 456

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

Field Worker's name John F. Daugherty

This report made on (date) August 30, 1937

1. Name G. L. Martin

2. Post Office Address Davis, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) Route 2, Box 52

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month July Day 22 Year 1868

5. Place of birth Arkansas

6. Name of Father Jim Martin Place of birth Arkansas

Other information about father Farmer

7. Name of Mother Drucilla Jackson Place of birth Arkansas

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 3.

Interview with G. L. Martin
Davis, Oklahoma

Interviewer - John F. Daugherty
Indian-Pioneer History, S-149
August 30, 1937

I came with my parents to the Indian Territory in December, 1893, in a covered wagon. We settled at Briartown on the Canadian River in Canadian district, Cherokee Nation. We lived on Tom Star's place.

There was a ferry across the Canadian between the Choctaw and Cherokee Nations near where we lived. Our cows went to the Canadian River for water. It had many beds of quicksand in it, especially after it had been "up."

The cows would step very carefully and if they found a place where the sand shook when they stepped on it they would avoid that place. When they found a place to drink, they all went down the same trail.

Everybody rode horseback in those days and carried a Winchester on his saddle. There was no land fenced except that which was in cultivation, and

2

these garden patches only were small. A farmer did not need much land in cultivation because whatever seed was planted produced an abundant crop.

One day, a short time after we moved here I was hunting squirrels on the creek. There was snow on the ground and I was very cold when I saw a camp-fire in the distance. I made my way toward it and as I approached I noticed three men. They all picked up their guns. I did not think about being afraid of them. As I walked up they asked me how long I had been in the Territory, and I told them only a short time. They all laid their guns down and I stood there until I was warm. Then I went on. When I got home it was almost dark and I told Father about seeing the three men and he said that I had been in a dangerous place. He told me that those men were whiskey peddlers and that they did not want anybody near their camp. He said for me to stay away from camp-fires unless I knew whose camp-fire it was.

Our mail came from Webbers Falls in a hack.