JONES PORTER

## INTERVIEW BIOGRAPHY FORM

Form A-(S-149)8759 249

## WORKS PROCRESS ADMINISTRATION Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

Field Worker's name	Ruth Kerbo		
This report made on (d	late) <u>September 2</u> 1		•
l. Name Mr			
2. Post Office Addres	ss <u>Mangum, Oklal</u>	Noma	
3. Residence address	(or location) 527	South Pennsylvan	ia
4. DATE OF BIRTH: Mo	onth	Day	Year
5. Place of birth			
5. Name of Father		Place of bir	
Other information	about father		
Name of Mother		Place of birth	
Other information	about mother		
Notes or complete narrestory of the person in and questions. Continuthis form. Number of	ntorviewed. Refer nue on blank sheets	to Manual for su if necessary and	ggested subjects d attach firmly to

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Interview with Porter Jones - Mangum, Oklahoma.

Porter Jones, of Mangum, is one of the earlier residents who recall vividly the great flood at old Frazier, a settlement west of Altus, in 1891.

The Salt Fork, swellen with heavy rains, overflowed its banks, and swept down upon the little frontier community, carrying away houses, buildings and cattle.

Mr. Jones settled at a ranch, called Buttermilk station, two miles south of old Frazier. Here he engaged in stock raising for the next several years.

Cotton farming was something new in those days. Most farmers were unacquainted with this new kind of crop, and preferred to stick to corn growing and cattle raising.

Mr. Jones arrived in Old Greer county in 1887, coming here from Vernon, Texas. His original home was in Missouri. For the past thirty-nine years, he has lived in Mangum where he has held a number of positions.

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For many years he operated a farm at Ladessa, trading cattle. After moving to the city of Mangum, he was employed for five years in the office of the Registrar of Deeds.

At present, he is connected with a business firm and still maintains his cattle interests.

Mr. Jones is an active horseman. He is one of the few old time cattlemen who are still active.

He rides his horses daily, and still has his old boots and spurs.

Mr. Jones formerly led an active life, sometimes being in the saddle ten and twelve hours at a stretch. Range riders never knew when a blizzard might blow up, or when an epidemic of black-leg would break out among their horses.

Riding the range, in those days when ranches were measured in sections instead of acres, was no light chore.

The range rider had quite a different job from that of the modern stock farmers who usually makes the rounds of the farm in a few hours in his automobile.