

Field worker; Harry M. Dreyer  
March 31, 1937

BIOGRAPHY OF: Dr. Cary W. Townsend (White)  
629 Northwest 16th Street,  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

BORN: Princeton, Indiana.  
1880

PARENTS: Father, W. E. Townsend, Indiana  
89er and farmer of Indiana  
Mother, Margert E. McKedy, Indiana  
Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Field were  
sisters, each had a family of four  
children.

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I, Dr. Cary W. Townsend, was born in Princeton, Indiana, in 1880. My parents lived on a farm there. We came west with the C. H. Field parents, in a covered wagon to Dodge City in 1886. We led our cow on the back of the wagon. Mother had a few chickens in a coop on the side of the wagon. I walked all the way, following the cow and picking up sticks of wood for fuel to cook with on the way. Lost my toe nails tramping over cobble stones of Arkansas and plains of Kansas. Went into Arkansas in 1889, because it had rained there, and it was dry in Dodge City.

Made run into Oklahoma from Fort Smith, Arkansas; had nothing to eat but parched corn. Father rode horse from Choctaw to Oklahoma City to get a sack of flour. My father, W. E. Townsend, took claim in Capitol Hill, where I lived when a boy. After Father took up homestead, he lost his

team because he had a mortgage on them. So there we were on the prairie with no way to do our farming, with only our milk cow, our dog and one hen.

Our neighbor had a team of oxen and said he would let us use his ox team if we would plow his 40 acres first. I used that old ox team and plowed our neighbor's 40 acres before I could farm any for ourselves. That was a long old struggle, day after day with the ox team in the field.

That year was called the turnip year. We had a shower in May and never received any more rain again until late in the fall. All we raised was turnips, and that is all we had to eat that winter. We chopped up turnips and fed to horses and cows, scraped turnips and fed to chickens, cooked turnips and fed to the dog, who set down and ate turnips with the rest of the family.

Next spring Father made a planter out of old shoe off of corn planter, the one he brought along from Indiana, and used it to plant some cotton. Made handles out of wood taken from a tree; had two large spikes back of shoe to drag dirt in, as you would sit on top of the planter and drop seed through hole. This was the planter that did all the planting of cotton and row crops in the neighborhood for several years. Neighbors who borrowed the planter could not stand to ride over sod and drop seed down into ground as it made them dizzy so as the planter was hired out, I was

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the store, they gave you a credit slip that was worth price of the eggs. This you could use to trade with a later time, when you were in need of articles from the store.

The Indians did not like mixtures in their tribes, and have always adhered closely to their religious ceremonies, feeling always that they were superior to those of white man.

I have never known of a full-blood Indian trifling on her husband or vice versa. The morals were much higher than those of the white man. However, the mixed blood were as bad as the white people.

People speak of hard times today. They do not realize the difference in times now and what they were then.

I have attended many of the how-ows of the Kick-a-po Indians, as Dr. Field had told you, as we were always together when kids, and guess we are the same today. We are both practising in same building. I came here from Choctaw, Oklahoma, after being there for some time in the profession.

So far as trails through Arkansas and Kansas, also from Indiana, my experiences are same as Dr. Field's as our families were together.

~~TOWNSEND, W. W.~~

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