

DANIEL, JOHN M.

INTERVIEW

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BIOGRAPHY FORM  
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
Indian Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

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Field Worker's name KAIDEE B. BLAND

This report made on (date) January 24, 1938

1. Name John M. Daniel

2. Post Office Address Tipton,

3. Residence address (or location) Davidson Street.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month February Day 19 Year 1896

5. Place of birth Ryan, Indian Territory.

6. Name of Father C. C. Daniel Place of birth Texas

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

7. Name of Mother Artie Freeman Place of birth Texas

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 6.

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Zaidee Bland,  
Journalist.  
January 24, 1938.

Interview with John M. Daniel.  
Tipton, Oklahoma  
Born February 19, 1896  
Father-C. C. Daniel.  
Mother-Artie Freeman

My parents lived in north Texas and spent a good many years crossing over the river every few years, sometimes living on the Texas side of the river and sometimes living in Indian Territory. They were living in Indian Territory when I was born and tragedy came almost as a twin with me for when I was eleven months old they found my mother dead in the bed; I was lying by her side. I was too small to tell when it happened or how.

There were older brothers and sisters to take care of me and I grew up the best I could in a log house. As all the older children went to school by the time I could walk, I spent a large time toddling around after my father. I learned to plow with a sulky plow, driving two mules, before I was five years old. I don't know how I did it but I guess Dad was always so near that he really did the guiding of the team except what they knew themselves.

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When I was five years old the older children were walking five miles to school and took me on their backs because I would get so tired of walking and the teacher let me come to school because otherwise I would have to be at home alone. Dad did a good deal of trading of stock and some freighting and would be gone from home two and three weeks at a time. I had an older sister who kept Dad's house when I was tiny but she had married now and there was no one that stayed at home when school was going on. Sister continued to make all our clothes and there was a continual going back and forth to her house. Dad would take us across the river and put us on the train in the care of the conductor and we would go about seventy miles to where my sister lived.

Sister put me in trousers a little early to what most boys were in those days. I remember she made me a little suit (trousers and vest) with pockets just as much like Dad's as she could. She then put my brother and me on the train and I started back to show the folks my pants and vest with pockets. There was a lady on the train with a baby who cried and cried. I felt so distressed over the baby crying when I was so happy that I kept going to stand by the lady and tried to talk to the baby, I thought if I could make that baby see how very nice I looked and how happy

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I was it would surely hush crying. Finally, I said to the baby, "If you don't hush crying I am going to put you into my pocket and carry you away from your mama" That got the job done for the baby hushed and looked at me round-eyed as I put my fingers into those little pockets that meant so much to me.

There was always all kind of stock around our place; horses, mules, cows and pigs. Our Sunday pastime as I grew up was riding yearlings. A bucking yearling was a lot of fun and not half so dangerous as a bucking horse. You did not have so far to fall off of a yearling as you did a horse and I verily believe that the yearling knew it was all in fun while a horse seemed to know it was a contest of wills. There was no danger to speak of at all riding yearlings unless you got caught in the rope and drug by the horse when you went to rope the yearling you wanted. I came very near causing my very dear friend to get killed after I was about grown by catching my lariat around his neck. My saddle was not strong enough to hold a yearling after I caught him but I was the best roper. My friend had a new saddle. He said to me;

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"John, you rope the yearling and throw me the rope and I will hold him and drag him into the lot where we intend to do the riding." Accordingly, I roped the yearling and, throwing the rope to my friend, wrapped it around his neck. His horse went one way and the yearling another. I was riding a good horse and succeeded in heading the yearling and turned him in the direction my friend was going. That slackened the rope and he was able to loosen it and cast it from him but he carried a red ring around his neck for months where the rope blistered and ate into the flesh.

There were always plenty of horses at home to ride but it was a lot more <sup>fun</sup> to have a new horse every two or three months. You could show off better on a young horse. So all us young bucks made a habit of taking the young unbroken horses from the different ranchmen around and breaking them and keeping them until they were too gentle to be of much interest.

I learned to dance almost by the time I learned to walk, for all my folks danced. There was neither Sunday school nor church in the country until I was nearly grown.

I am sure Dad fed outlaws a lot of times, for our house was always open house at meal time to any one passing. Food

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never seemed to bother us; Dad provided it and some of the older children cooked it and there you were. We had no money but never needed any. The woods were full of birds and animals to eat and hogs and cows at home made plenty and there was always a hog or a cow to trade for flour, sugar and coffee.

We children were not allowed at any time to drink coffee or tea. We could drink milk or home-made wine or beer. I do not know how either wine or beer was made but some one made it, for it was always plentiful and we did not think of liking it well enough to drink too much. I never saw a drunk man until after I was grown.

We never owned our land in the Indian Territory, but always had to have an Indian lease. If there was not a big orchard on the place where we lived there was certain to be one near and fruit was always free for the picking. The woods were full of blackberries, strawberries and dewberries in their season and in the fall there was several kind of haws as well as nuts. Dad did not raise much of anything on the farm but cane, corn, garden, potatoes and things that were used right

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at home. There was not too much farm work to do. There were always chickens, ducks and geese around the place and if Dad wanted a turkey, some one went to the woods for it. Wild turkeys were too numerous for any one to bother about raising them. Prairie chickens were plentiful also.

The hogs ran wild in the woods until we were ready to top them off. A rail pen was built near some water and corn was gathered and piled in a pile handy to feed them until Dad thought them fat enough to butcher and when a cold spell came that Dad thought was cold enough to save the meat, we had a hog killing day. Sometimes we would have several hog killing days between November and March.

Dad never married agin after mother's death but never broke up housekeeping and we had always a home until I married. I do not know why but we boys never thought of leaving home for work or adventure. We moved around a good deal out into New Mexico and back. There was always adventure for us but always home to go to and from. I have been a farmer always except the time I spent in the army and over seas fighting for my country. I have two boys of my own now and hope they will never have to go to war but will make good farmers and stock raisers like my Dad was.