

MOORE, JOHN

INTERVIEW

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

Field Worker's name Margaret McGuire

Report made on (date) September 23 193 7

Name John Moore

Post Office Address Hanna, Oklahoma

Residence address (or location) six miles southwest

DATE OF BIRTH: Month X Day X Year 1855

Place of birth Fort Gibson, Oklahoma

Name of Father Moore Place of birth X

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

Name of Mother Moore Place of birth X

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 \_\_\_\_\_.

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My parents died when I was young. I was born at Fort Gibson. I left Fort Gibson when a young boy. I was only about five years old when the Civil War broke out.

I have lived most of the time in and around Hanna.

When I was grown, I married a full-blood Creek Indian girl. I am of Cherokee and Mexican blood.

We raised two sons. My wife died before the boys were grown. She got her allotment of land. I live now on the land which was her allotment. We built a house up on the hill but that burned down some time ago.

The boys and I moved down into this little log house. I have lived here all the time. I sent the boys to Meksuka Seminole School and when they finished there I sent them to the Carlisle School in Pennsylvania. I gave them good educations.

I did not go to school. I only went a few months to the Meksuka school. I did not want to go, but one time J. S. Murrow enrolled me in school at Memphis, Tennessee, when I was a young man but I did not want to go, so I ran away, went over into the Seminole Nation and stayed a long time before I returned.

J. S. Murrow was a fine man. He was founder of

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the Bacone orphanage home in Muskogee. This orphanage was first at Atoka, then was moved to Muskogee.

I have lived here in this place on the South Canadian River for fifty years. There is an Indian stomp ground near where I live. It is called "Pacontalla Hossa" which means "Tiger Stomp ground." The boys used to go up there at night and listen for a spirit that was watching the ground and if they heard a noise they would run as fast as they could. I have gone with them.

When I was younger I would go to the dances they would have there. They also played Indian ball. This ground has a pole about thirty feet high and has the skull of a horse on top of that. They have to knock the ball with a club and hit this skull with the ball. I don't know just how the game is played I have never played with them.

One time--this has been a long time ago--there were two fellows who came through this country before there were any railroads or telephones. They took a pair of mules from one of the men and carried them over into the hills in Arkansas. I got on a horse and followed them and in a few days I found both mules and brought

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them home but we did not catch the men. Then, a short time after that, two men robbed a bank at Caswell and some men got out to catch them. I was one of them. I arrested both men a few days later and held them in my home until the law could come get them. The next morning after I had caught these men one of them got away. I chained one to the bed post and went to catch the other one. I finally caught him and returned home with him and held both of them prisoners until the sheriff could get there.

There were no prisons here then and these men were sent to Leavenworth, Kansas, for fifty years.

Captain W. G. Grayson was our Chief at one time. He was also the interpreter for the Creek tribes as were L. C. Perryman and Joe Perryman.

Pleasant Porter was the best chief we ever had. He was a man who was never too busy to talk to you if you went to his office or home. He was just as nice to the poor or common people as he was to the wealthy. Chief Porter would take you into his home and feed you. He never felt that he was any better than the average person.

My wife's grandmother, Sarkanarke Kunbhoute's

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husband was a captain in the Southern Army in the Civil War. I remember when Sam Checote was elected Chief. The first oil well I remember was near Tulsa. I was working on the Texas cattle ranch when this well was brought in.