

## MY FATHER, CAPTAIN JOSEPH MADISON BISHOP

*By Hazel Bishop Franklin*

My father, James Madison Bishop, was born in West Virginia, on November 7, 1837, and raised in Tennessee. He refueged to the side of the North during the Civil War, because he did not believe in slavery. He was made captain of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry and rode a white horse. It was said that one of his men rode in front of him and took a bullet which was meant for my father.

After the war, he came West and made the run in 1889 for land. He was successful in getting land, which later turned out to be just one mile south of Norman, Oklahoma, Cleveland County. This place was also later bisected by the Santa Fe Railroad. There was a spring, a grove of trees and a pond here that was used by citizens and students of the University of Oklahoma as a picnic spot and was called Bishop's Spring. The creek flowing south through the east side of Norman is called Bishop's Creek, I am told.

He raised sheep and we lived there until I came of school age, when he bought a place in Norman near the West Side School, Washington. I went through the grades here. I went to the University Prep School and to the University of Oklahoma.

My father belonged to the Odd-Fellows Lodge, was a 32nd Degree Mason and a charter member of Albert Carter Post of G. A. R.

I believe he may have held a County office at one time, but not sure. He was also co-owner of the ice plant.

He was one of a family of twelve. All boys, except for the last, which was a girl named Mary. I got to know two of his brothers. Uncle John, who lived in New York and was interested in Old Mexico Mines. He visited us on his way down there. He was supposed to belong to the "Four Hundred", a social group in New York at that time. He had two children older than I, Eva Bishop, who came West and spent a year with us and attended the University of Oklahoma, and then a son, Percy, who was a West Point Cadet. Uncle George visited us several times. He was an old bachelor and I don't remember where he lived. Another brother was Preston.

After I got through high school and had one semester at the University of Oklahoma, it became necessary for me to find a job. Father's health had been failing for quite some time. I went to Chandler, Oklahoma, where my Grandmother Buck lived and found a school to teach near there. I was in my second year of teaching when my father passed away. He is buried in Oak Lawn Cemetery at Chandler. He died November 13, 1913. He was a fine man and well liked by all. He was always known as "Captain Bishop."