

T-511

August 21, 1969

Index side b, recording time 2 minutes; interview time 1 hour.

Informant: Lizzie Scarpau, 73-yrs-old full blood Cherokee, Sand Spring community, Adair County, Okla.

Subject: By to-day's measure its the Barpan home is far relieved from the speed and hurry of 1969. Miles back in the hill country, with few neighbors, the people live a happy and contented life. Typical of the houses built long ago, theirs too reflects the taste of three-quarters of a century or more ago. The kitchen and eating areas in one section, and the living and sleeping rooms in another, under one roof and jained with a breezeway. The breeze ay serves many purposes. Here the hunting dogs rest in it of the wind or hot sun, a hen finds an empty box suitable for a nest and to lay an egg, sparrows sit up on the ceiling joists and chirp contentedly, and the chairs and beds provide sufficient comfort for visitors or the patient sick.

Lizzie Scarpau was born 73 years ago and has lived here ever since. Her father was William Swimmer, who had served in the Civil War. Her mother was Lucy Whitefeather, who came from the Ah-ka-ki-zi family.

Up first is the breezeway of their home. Look out across the cabin, to the left is a white cliff mountain, this being the Mingo Mountain range. In the middle, the spruce cuts. In the distance, the mountains, the hills the very low ones of the valley bottom land are on the right.

Just below the cabin is a grassy knoll, just above which are two fields, in the blossoms. Lots of sheep are out and so fly who live on the old cowboyah land are here. I count over a score, many in action for miles, no one living. This is what we used to call, and they are now. The air is fresh, part of the air that goes to a city and after it comes down the mountains settle on a stillness in the hills.

On the right is the red barn and back off in the field is a little tiny little prairie cattle. Under the trees, nestled in a sheltered hollow is a very large ground, for here is only one house, this one, and there, our people are at rest. There too it is easier to be alone, for to our left is returning to the place from which we come. Here is a hyacinth flower of Indian people, which our grandfathers taught us to make red.

Our cabin is over 200 years old, my family have a variety of live stock, chickens, a pig, and lots of children around. The town of Irish village take root on the prairie side, it is there we've had their own school.