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FIELD WORKER JASPER H. MEAD
Indian-Pioneer History S-149
May 20, 1937.

INTERVIEW WITH BUCK PERKINS
409 S. Second St. Chickasha, Okla.
Father's name Tom Perkins
Mother's name Louis Ritchinson

My name is Buck Perkins. I am an old negro having been born in Monroe, Louisiana, December 24, 1866, seventy-one years ago. I left Louisiana and moved to Texas and lived there until my first trip into Oklahoma.

I worked for the Bounds Brothers ranch in Texas, and in 1894 we were taking a herd of cattle from the ranch to Kansas City and we camped where Chickasha is now. It was a regular camping place known as Camp Fred. The main part of the camp was located east of the viaduct. I never will forget when we first stopped there. There were about fifty or seventy-five Indian huts and tents there, and the Indians would get in a bunch and come around where our camp was and stare, looking funny and making funny signs, and we would do the same back at them.

Sam Murphy, the foreman, who was with us, could talk Indian. We had seven or eight steers that couldn't make the trip, so we knocked them in the head. The Indians wanted the steers, so Sam told them if they would drag them away from the rest of the herd they could have them. As soon as they

got the steers out of the way, the Indian women jerked out knives from under their old time dresses, and had them skinned and cut up in no time. They had a fire going but didn't use it much.

They had all kinds of hides stretched on the outside of their tents and huts. I noticed two or three bear hides, some antelope, coon, badger, coyote and lots of cow hides. When we came back through, we were short on grub--in fact we didn't have any--and they wanted us to eat with them, so we did. The meat tasted good and after we got through I saw a little boy playing with a dog's front foot, so I told my buddy I believed we had help^{ed} eat a dog.

The Rock Island Railroad didn't come any farther south than Pond Creek, Oklahoma, but they were laying off the ground and making arrangements to build the road on through this strip where it would join the other railroad at Addington, Oklahoma.

We old time cowboys, whether white or black, had some good times, and then we had some bad times.
