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Charline M. Culbertson,
Interviewer.
October 6, 1937.

Interview with Addie Taylor,
Kiowa, Oklahoma.

I came to the Indian Territory, Choctaw Nation, after I was married to Mr. Barnett, in 1904. We located at McAlester. My trip was made by train. The depot where I got off was a little one room building. They stacked our baggage on the outside.

I lived two blocks from the All Saints Hospital or what is known today as the Albert Pike Hospital. At this time my name was Barnett. Mr. Barnett, my husband, helped dig the first ditch for the depot that stands in McAlester today.

After it was built we moved to Celestine about fifteen miles south and west of McAlester. There was just a country store and post office there. Tillman Simms had the store and was postmaster; however, the post office ^{has} been moved.

Mr. Simms now lives at Ward Springs east of Ashland.

People would gather at this country store on Saturdays and visit for the day.

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My husband farmed on the Jack Turner place. Jack Turner was a white man but he had married a full blood Choctaw Indian girl. Her brother, Frank Bond, is now mail clerk on the Rock Island Railroad from McAlester into Texas. I raised this boy after his father married the second time. He studied for Civil Service and took the examination while he stayed with me.

We did our trading at Kiowa going by wagon with a mule team. There were only three log houses between Kiowa and McAlester. Some families were living in dug-outs. There were not many farmers but were mostly cattle ranches but I do not recall their names.

The grass was so high that you could just see the backs of the cattle.

Prairie fires were very bad and they would burn for days but we did not live where these fires could damage us.

We would start early in the morning on our trips to Kiowa to trade and we would see lots of prairie chickens and deer.

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There were lots of wolves and we were bothered by their catching our chickens. We could hear these wolves howl all night long.

My close Indian friends were Mrs. Jack Turner and Rady Bond.

My husband was the first to begin to raise and sell watermelons in this vicinity. He would sell a wagon load for eighteen or twenty dollars.