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FARMER, ALICE SMITH. INTERVIEW.

Field Worker: Maurice R. Anderson

BIOGRAPHY OF Mrs. Alice Smith Farmer (White)
Paoli, Oklahoma

BORN December 19, 1863

I was born in Texas, December 19, 1863. Married George W. Farmer in Wichita Falls, Texas, in 1883. We came to Indian Territory, July, 1885, in three covered wagons pulled by oxens. We hauled feed, oats and corn for the Government to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. We had to chain wagons together to ford Red river. I rode in the skiff, there were no fences, all open range just crossed trails.

Saw Indians breaking wild horses in Cache Creek west of Fort Sill, Oklahoma. While the Indian men were breaking the wild horses in the creek the squaws would be up the creek about one hundred yards ducking their little Papooses in the creek to learn them to swim.

Quannah Parker was leader of the Comanche Indians.

I saw old Indian squaw take a knife and cut her ear and slash her arms. She said Old Chief would give more ponies to the ones who cut themselves most. We were there and saw them when their chief died, - They built a big fire with all his possessions it burned all night, they danced and sang war songs, and the next day at sundown they wrapped the chief in a blanket and tied him on a Pinto pony and two squaws

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took him and went west.

Mr. Farmer and Mr. Lee Dwyer went over to watch them but the Indians made them leave, we watched them from where we were camped. These were the Kiowa Indians, I believe. The Indians came and sat on their ponies all day and watched us. They wanted to know what Mr. Farmer was doing, they were afraid he was taking their ponies. I made them understand he wasn't taking their ponies. I made them understand he was hauling cord wood for the Government at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and drove oxen.

We were in Apache, Oklahoma, and there the Apache Indians ran off our oxen. Mr. Farmer trailed them and in over a week we had them back. So we left there as they were not friendly.

The children and I were left at home by ourselves for seven days. One night it snowed, a bear and panther came to our house. Our nearest neighbor was over four miles. I never saw them. Lived there from December to July and never saw another woman. The first woman I saw was a friend from Texas who came on a visit, a Mrs. McNanch. We forded Canadian River at Johnsonville, water came into the wagon bed. Had to shoot to keep oxen straight. The Chickasaw Indians would divide their supplies, they would bring and give them to us. They were good to us. One gave me a beaded purse in 1828, I still have it. I have seen them eat high-land terrapins and prairie

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dogs, they would put them on a fire and roast them. One Squaw's baby was sick and she wanted to trade for my baby, and laid her's down and picked up mine, and started off. I had to catch her and get my baby back. I have gone hunting and shot a deer. The dog caught it and I beat it with a stick until it died. I tied a rope around the deer and threw rope over limb of a tree and pulled it up on pony. I took it back to camp, skinned and dressed it myself. I was in Lexington when old Oklahoma came in, it was a rough town. You could almost see a pin on the streets from the flashes of their pistols.

We ate dried beef, Tom Fuller corn, and had plenty of wild meat, deer, turkey, and wild hog. We moved from Lexington, Oklahoma, to Paoli, in 1906, where my husband owned a blacksmith until his death July 2, 1930 at the age of 82 years.

Mrs. Alice Farmer lives in Paoli, Oklahoma, where she has lived since 1906.