



Field Worker: Jasper H. Mead,  
May 15, 1937.

Interview with: Dewey Lee Hart,  
M. 10th St.,  
Chickasha, Okla.

Born May 22, 1899,  
Indian Territory.

Parents Saul Hart, father, S. C.  
Ella Paul, mother,  
Indian Territory.

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I wish to state that I am one of those unfortunate Indian boys who never received anything from the Government. My name is Dewey Lee Hart. I was born close to Chickasha, in Grady County, in the year 1899. My grandfather, George Paul, was  $7/8$  Choctaw. My mother, Ella Paul, was born in Indian Territory over sixty years ago. She was married to my father, Saul Hart, some time after he came to Oklahoma. He was born in South Carolina about seventy years ago.

When I was nine months old my mother passed away. She now rests in the Chickasha Cemetery. My father, two brothers, and myself lived together for two or three years. However, my father got into trouble with a man by the name of Dan Snell, and later, one morning while my father was

drawing a bucket of water he was shot in the back. This man Dan Snell was tried and set free, and later he became deputy sheriff of Grady County under Matt Sankey.

After my father's death, we three boys were split up and I went to live with my uncle, Joe Hart, who raised me from then to manhood. He put me through the 9th grade at school and he tried to get me to go on in my education, but I decided to go to work. I am a machinist in his factory at the present time.

My uncle is the sole manufacturer of the Hart cotton gin, which is located in Chickasha, Grady County.

My uncle, Joe Hart, went to South Carolina and brought my grandmother back to Oklahoma with him so they could prove my Indian blood, and get me on the records. They finally got that done and I was supposed to draw 160 acres west of Chickasha, on the old Virden highway, but through some mysterious mishap I never did get it. The place that I was supposed to get was known then as the old McCowen place.

My Uncle Joe told me that they told him that there were 4,000 cases thrown out of court at that time. That was why I never did receive my land. But laying all my hard luck aside, I am working in my Uncle Joe Hart's factory, have a wife and one child and getting along very nicely.