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BIOGRAPHY FORM  
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

Field Worker's name Thad Smith Jr.  
This report made on (date) 5/13 1937

1. Name Lon Mink  
2. Post Office Address Chickasaw  
3. Residence address (or location) 413 North 10th Street.  
4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month August Day 29 Year 1881  
5. Place of birth Texas  
Male, mixed blood Indian- $\frac{1}{2}$  Pueblo

6. Name of Father Bill Mink Place of birth Ireland  
Other information about father Buried in Tennessee.  
7. Name of Mother Lucy McGrady Place of birth Colorado  
Other information about mother Full blood Indian, buried  
in Virginia.

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 3.

I made my first trip to Oklahoma, in 1893, when I was twelve years old. I stayed with my brother-in-law and went to school at Sulphur Springs, in the Chickasaw Nation. After staying two years I went back to Texas to my father and step-mother.

In 1900 I came back again in a covered wagon, crossing Red river at the "Gunter" Crossing. There was a man stayed at the river with a team for the purpose of pulling wagons across, as one team wasn't able to cross with a wagon. The charge for pulling me across was one dollar.

I paid five dollars to James, the Indian agent at Roff, for a permit to live and farm in the Chickasaw Nation. I first broke out about a hundred acres of land, and later two hundred more. I raised cotton, corn and oats. The cotton made a bale and a quarter to a bale and a half an acre. I had it ginned at Daugherty.. It took from three to three and one half hours to gin one bale, as it was a horse power gin. One horse was used at a time. The cotton sold for four cents a pound.

My corn made about fifty bushels to the acre and sold for twenty-five cents a bushel.

My oats made from eighty to ninety bushels to the acre, and sold for fifteen to twenty-five cents a bushel. My oats were threshed with what was called a tumbling rod

threshing machine, run by horse power. The horses (eight of them) were hitched to a turn table about forty or fifty feet away from the thresher, with a long rod running to the thresher, that turned over and over, as the teams went around. This ran the thresher, where one man cut the binds and one man fed the machine. It took about eight men to do the threshing, and we averaged about three hundred and seventy-five bushels a day.

I built my house out of logs, and used poles about three inches in diameter, for rafters. I shingled my house with water oak boards, they were chipped off of a piece of log about two feet long with wedges.

I have seen lots of Indian homes near me made of logs and covered with elm bark, and grass and mud. The most of them had fire places in their houses, that were walled up with rock and mud.

I had a good many Indian friends there. Jim Brown was one of them; he was a Chickasaw Chief.

The Indians I knew in those days were honest and upright and the very best of friends. They would do anything for a friend, and if they didn't like you, they didn't want a thing to do with you.

Most Indians had what was called "Tom Fuller" patches, patches of flint corn, that Tom Fuller was made of. This flint corn was shelled and put in a mortar, or hollowed out up-ended log, and lye made out of wood ashes was poured over the corn, and the husks were beaten off the corn with a pestle ( a pestle is a round piece of wood about four feet long with a rounded end that fits the bottom of the mortar, with a flange about five or six inches from the point, and one at the other end of the stick , to give it weight). After the corn husks were beaten off, the corn was washed and boiled in water, and, after being cooked, was called Tom Fuller.

The Indians made deerskin moccasins and rawhide ropes, and hackamores. They never rode horses with a bridle bit.

The Indians would gather out of doors on Sunday, and sing songs in their native tongue, and then get down on their knees and paint up. I don't know what their religion was, but they most surely had one.

When I first came to this country there were all kinds of wild game, such as wild turkey, deer and quail, and lots of fish.