

CURRIE, DONA

INTERVIEW

9527

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

CURRIE, DONA

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Field Worker's name Ida B. Lankford

This report made on (date) December 27, 1937

1. Name Dona Currie

2. Post office Address Anaconda, Montana

3. Residence address (or location) 417 Cherry St.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month September Day 30 Year 1899

5. Place of birth Alvarado, Texas, Johnson County

6. Name of Father Edd Smith Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about father Business man

7. Name of Mother Juanita East Place of birth Alvarado,
Texas

Other information about mother Musician and housewife.

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 _____

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Ida B. Lankford,
Investigator,
December 27, 1937.

An Interview with Mrs. Dona D. Currie,
417, Cherry St., Anaconda, Montana.

My daddy was a very hard working man when he was young. He and Mother moved here from Alvarado, Texas when I was fifteen months old. The next year my sister was born in a half dugout. We lived in this dugout for awhile. We had three nice rooms but not much furniture. My daddy rented the farm by cash rent. We lived on the Gyple place for two years.

One year Dad paid \$500.00 cash rent to Mr. Dave Smith, and the cotton was waist high and looked pretty. He and Mother were out looking at the cotton one day and thought they would make lots of money. Before night a little cloud came up and hailed the cotton to the ground. Then there we were without a dime.

My mother used to take me and my sister and put us in a buggy; we had an old mare which was gentle. She would go three miles for my daddy to get his plow points sharpened, and when the blacksmith would get through and put them in the

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buggy this old mare would raise up on her back feet and walk off like a man. The blacksmith would try to hold her and my mother would say to turn her loose. About that time the mare would make a leap and run for a little way.

In 1912, we lived on a farm that had lots of peach trees and most of Sister's and my time was spent in these trees eating peaches. One day, I remember very well, an old Indian buck came by and stopped. He said he wanted some peaches. He couldn't talk very well, and a big knife fell out of his back, but we were not afraid of him. We gave him lots of peaches. The next year we moved close to the Indians and bought a farm. We also leased an Indian farm through Mr. Seger at Colony. He was the Indian agent.

One year Dad had a large herd of Poland China hogs and cholera got almost all of them, and when a hog would die we would call the Indians and they would come and get it and eat it.

At night we could hear the Indians having a war dance and they had a bean they would eat and then say

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that they would "go to happy hunting ground". They tried to get us to eat one of these beans but we were afraid to.

We always liked the Indians and some of the Indian women would come to see my mother at times.

Old Jock Bull Bear was an old Indian who had quite a large family. In the winter time they lived in a warm house all fixed up nice and in the Spring time they would move out into a tepee.

I have seen my mother sell eggs for 10 and 15 cents per dozen and butter for 25 cents a pound.

I can remember when Cordell had a wooden courthouse. It burned though and they built the one they have now. My grandfather Best's name is in the corner stone of the courthouse. Charlie Best stores used to be near the creek east of the town. Mr. Molen had a grocery store where the Farmer's National Bank is now, and Mr. Stineman had a racket store. The town was not very large; I know we used to wear lots of A. B. C. silk dresses when we were all dressed up. We also wore beautiful all-over embroidery dresses. I can remember the first silk hose I ever saw.

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We all wore nice lisle hose. My grandfather Smith bought one of the first Ford Cars that was put out and he had to get out and light the lamp in the Ford with a match.

One time my dad was across the Washita River plowing Indian land to make a crop and a big rolling cloud came up and he took out his team and started for home. Just as he crossed the river bridge, he looked back and the bridge went out and he came on home and tied his team and started into the ave where Mother and we girls were and our house blew away. There we were again without a dime. Dad built back again and kept on trying.

Later we moved to Cordell and bought a picture show and we ran that show eighteen years and then Dad sold the show and at this time he is running a pool hall.