Form A-(S-149)

INTERVIEW BIOGRAPHY FORM

WORKS TROCRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Figure History Project for Oklahoma

	eld Worker's name <u>Id</u>	١		93. 7
1,	Name Rachel El	ston ~		
2.	Post Office Address	Cordell,	klahoma	
3.	Residonce address	(or location)	Calvary St.	
4.	DATE OF BIRTH: Mo	ath June		871
5.	Flace of birth	Johnson Con	inty	
	Arkansas		. •	
6.	Name of Father	C. C. Stewart	Place of birth Tennessee	
	Other information	about father	Farmer	
7.•	Name of Mother Frances Acord		Place of birth Tenne	ssee
	Other information	about mother	Housekeeper	
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	_	-	ield worker, dealing with the lim fer to Manual for suggested sub	

INTERVIEW

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Investigator, Ide B. Lankford, September 15, 1937

> Interview with Mrs. Rachel Elston, Calvary Street . Cordell, Oklahoma

We came here from Jackson County, Texas the first day of January, 1897. Filed on land within two and one-half miles of the place where New Cordell is now located. We lived in a half dugout and when blizzards came, we would almost freeze and sometimes our stock would die.

El Reno was our closest railroad town and Mr. Elston would freight for H. D. Young, a groceryman, to get our groceries. We raised cotton and hauled it to El Reno and got 5 cents a pound. We had no roads nor bridges and had to ford all the creeks and rivers, sometimes Mr. Elston would haul from four to five bales of cotton and the rivers would be frozen and he would have to break the ice, then put five or six teams to the wagon to get the cotton across the Canadian and Washita Rivers.

When we first came here I would sell hens for 15 cents appiece; a rooster would sell for 5 cents; eggs for 5 cents a dozen; butter 10 cents a pound, and everything in proportion. We would pay \$1.00 for a pair of shoes and make them last a year, we had calico and gingham for our dresses and we wore them everywhere we went.

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I remember one time I bought a hat and wore it to church, my baby got scared and cried until I took my hat off.

We would get in a wagon and go from five to ten miles to church and the roads were so bad that I would have to get out of the wagon and carry my baby and walk. We really had hard times but I would like to go the old days over again.

I well remember going to church once when a group of people came home with us and all we had to eat was blackeyed peas, no salt nor grease to season them with and we had baked sweet potatoes for our bread and that was all we had and all we could get for several weeks, Mr. Elston got a load of freight to haul and then we got meat, flour, coffee and sorghum and boy, did we eat! One day we went to visit our neighbor and all they had to eat was onions and yellow cornbread but we all sat down and ate and we enjoyed our meal too.

We went to a big Indian dance one night and about two hundred Indians were there, they had tubs of water and hides stretched over the tubs and the Indians would beat these skins with large sticks; that was their music and it just went thump, thump, and they danced all night long. I have seen the Indians eat dead animals that had died of a disease but now

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they are educated and live like we white people do. This younger generation can't and don't believe what we elder folks went through to build Washita and Oklahoma into a better county and state. We walked and plowed the soil, dropped corn with our hands but today we have tractors and everything that is needed.

If boys and girls received eighth grade education by the time they were twenty-one years of age, they were proud.