

April 29, 1969

T-422

Index side B, recording time 25 minutes, interview time 1½ hours.

Informant: Lucinda Crittenden King, 69-year-old Full blood Cherokee, Pumpkin Hollow Community, Cherokee County, Oklahoma

Subject: Tom Pumpkin came to Indian Territory in the Trail of Tears march. He and his family built their home in the Hollow that bears his name, close to the Illinois River. In this community far removed from the highway traffic, hurrying people, and the world's confusion, little has changed in the last 130 years, except for the winding gravel roads, modern houses, and fences. It is here that Tom Pumpkin raised three sons and two daughters - Elijan, Jim, George, Genevie, and Chloe. Time and progress have left none of this family in this peaceful hollow.

It is here that Mrs. King was born and has lived here all of her life. She is the daughter of Elm Crittenden and Carrie Ross. From her humble home in a cedar grove surrounded by oak timber land, Mrs. King looks out over the Illinois River valley. This is the country she knows and loves.

She recalls the first country school in the community was one called Scrougeout School. In later years another school was built a couple miles south and it was called Oakdale, which served the community until a few years ago.

Until recent years the people of this community were never able to have a church building. She says their religious worship was held at someones home, or at the campground meeting place in Looney Hollow. In her young days the community was made up mostly by the families of Groundhog, Dinwater, Terrapin, Still, Kirk, Buckhorn, Hair, and Oakball. In later years the church services were held in a log house on Joe Groundhog's place, and more recently a church was built at Long Springs. Community cemeteries did not come into use until probably after statehood for these people, and most families had their own family graveyards. Those still being used are the Long Springs, Hicks, Pumpkin Center, and Tooley Hollow.

She reflects on the old days when medical doctors were not available, and they people had to rely on their own knowledge for treatment of the sick and injured. She says when she was a little girl, her folks would go to see about the sick, and the kids all had to stay outdoors until ready to go home. She remembers her mother would gather all kinds of herbs, bark, and leaves to use as medicine. She tells of an old Indian, Sam Campbell, whose legs became infected and left big sores. The white doctor could not cure them, so he went to the woods and gathered some kind of root and treated himself. In a short while he had cured his infection.