

PATRICK, A. L. (Mrs.) INTERVIEW

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Charline M. Culbertson,  
Interviewer.  
October 5, 1937.

Interview with Mrs. A. L. Patrick,  
Kiowa, Oklahoma.

I was born in Cook County, Texas, in 1890.

My parents were George and Arizona Donham. Mother is buried in Texas and Father is still living in Texas.

I came to the Indian Territory, Cherokee Nation, in a covered wagon with my uncle and aunt with whom I went to live when I was very young. Our trip was not made with other groups; our party was made up of only my uncle's immediate family. My uncle's name was Sam Berry.

He had come to take an allotment at Keltnor, a little Indian town between Ardmore and Marietta. You had to stay two years to hold the land but we only stayed one year.

He located between Keltnor and Orr. At Keltnor there was one store and a post office. There were a few one room houses but most of the buildings were dug-outs. These dug outs were hewed out of big rocks. The wall and ceiling were of solid rock.

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At Orr there was also one store and post office. The post office was named after Mr. Orr, who was full blood Cherokee Indian. The people lived in dug outs here also. Mr. Orr had the only nice white frame house there.

We had no school but we did have a little community church. After living here one year we moved back to Texas where we stayed six months then we returned to the Indian Territory and located at Ryan in the Chickasaw Nation. We were two miles from the Red River. We crossed the river on a ferry at Tennell for fifty cents, but I do not remember who operated it.

Uncle Sam farmed two hundred acres. We lived close to Comanche and the Comanche Indians came to Ryan and did their trading, never buying more than 25 cents worth of anything. The Comanches would come by our house in a single file with about twenty five or thirty in the line. They wore red blankets with their hair braided and a braid over each shoulder. I remember I was afraid of them because they talked in such a jabbering and grunting way.

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I never attended any of their affairs.

We killed lots of prairie chickens, deer and wild turkey.

There was a strip of land between Ryan and Comanche which the prairie dogs had ruined. The prairie dogs had ruined this strip of land by digging deep holes in it.

In 1911 I moved to Kiowa where I was married. John Lloyd and H. B. Rowley had general merchandise stores at Kiowa and Mr. Orrell had a drug store there.

Our Methodist Church was where the Cason store is today. This is where I joined the church. School was held at the Presbyterian Church and in the place where the church stands today.

We had our summer camp meetings at Godfrey Springs. The Indians had their Choctaw preacher whom I do not remember but I do recall that Brother Donald was the interpreter. He was also administrator for some Indians whom he had brought from Mississippi to get their allotments.