

Chauncey O. Moore, Supervisor
Indian-Pioneer History, S-149.

March 9th, 1937

Frank J. Still
Field Worker

Interview: Millie Pigeon

Millie Pigeon, who lives at Barber, Oklahoma was born before the Civil War in Flint District. She is 95 years old. She is a Cherokee Indian.

Parents - Arjalah - Annie Christie.

They came over the "trail of tears" from Georgia in 1838. They came in an ox wagon. The wagon was full of bed clothing and supplies. All the children had to walk. There was a long string of people on the trip, lots of them died on the road. Her mother says they surely had a hard time.

Her father died the first year of the Civil War. Her brother, Wesley Christie got killed in the war at Fort Gibson. Tom Christie, her youngest brother came out of the war all right.

BASKET MAKING AND WEAVING, OLD WALNUT BED STRAD

I have a picture of my grandfather, Isaac Glass. I have my own spinning wheel and my own sheep (20 head). I spin all winter, using my own wool and in the summer I quilt. I just keep busy all the time.

I live by myself. I have my own hogs and have two old cows. They have no calves yet. I have to keep cows as I like milk so good. I went to school on Hungry Mountain to a little log school house. Janie Ross was my teacher. I used to make all my clothes. I did not know what a calico cloth was. I would spin and weave my own cloth.

(Millie Pigeon was quilting when I got to her home. She has a two room house with a side room. She has her old ash-hooper out in the yard)

I make my own home-made soap. I used to didn't know what it was to buy soap out of the store. I have been a widow woman a long time. I

raised one boy. His name is John Campbell. He is somewhere near 70 ⁴¹⁶ years old.

(Millie Pigeon lives in a small hollow. She has roses and other shrubbery in the yard. She has cane split on the porch, drying to make baskets. She says she just tries to do lots of things to make a living.)

I sell baskets, I make quilts and sell them. My father used to be a help. He was a preacher. He had old books but I lost them. I have an old bedstead made out of solid walnut. I do not know how old it is. I have a neck shawl I made myself out of my own yarn. I have some large balls of yarn I spun myself. I knit socks and stockings. I shear my own sheep. Some time I got some woman to help me shear the sheep. I have seven hens. Most all died this winter. I did not have feed for my chickens. I get old age pension, now I can make it pretty good.

My mother said that one time the little people took some flutes out and kept time four days. She said they would take children and keep them hid up in the bluff. Mother said these little people live in the bluffs and rocks. I have seen and heard rocks fall off of bluffs when I would be walking along but it did not scare me as mother said they would not harm any body if you would attend to your own business. I used to hear there was lots of people had these little clan people.