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Field Worker: Johnson H. Hampton
April 20, 1937

Interview with Mrs. Jane Cole
Antlers, Oklahoma.

Born in 1859
Kosoma, Oklahoma.

Parents: Father, Ben Terry
Mother, Siney Terry, a
Full blood Indian

BIOGRAPHY.

I was born near Kosoma, Oklahoma, then it was Choctaw Nation. I really do not know just when I was born--I figure that I am now 78 years old, which would make me born in 1859--I don't know the month nor the day I was born.

My father was a white man and his name was Ben Terry. I am a half blood Indian. My father told us that he served in the Civil War. I was small at the time, so I don't remember just what he said about the war, and I don't know where he came from nor do I know any of his folks as I never did hear my mother say anything about his kin folks.

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My mother was a full blood Indian and her name was Siney Terry. After my father died she married again-- a man by the name of Turner--he was another white man. I don't know anything about him. My mother said that she was quite small when she came over from Mississippi so she did not remember what they did after they arrived in this country. She said during the war they had an awful time getting anything to eat at times. They could not get any flour or coffee; they parched corn and made coffee out of that--she said that it made a good substitute for coffee. They had to get out in the woods and gather some kind of leaves for their greens. I don't know what they were.

During the war the soldiers came back home with smallpox--it was something dreadful. Lots of Indians died from the disease, while some of them got well, they did not look like anything. They were all scarred up, it left great scars on their faces. It was hard to get anyone to help bury them, they would just roll them up in sheets and roll them into the grave, no ceremony whatever.

I did not attend any school at that time; there

was no school so I was raised without an education consequently I am not able to read or write, and can speak but very little English. I can't read any in my own language.

When I grew up I married a full blood Indian by the name of Morgan Cole. He served as County Judge of Jack Fork County several years, then he was a deputy sheriff for several years. He had to go to Many Springs, the county court ground, every month--he had to ride about 30 miles to court. After that he was converted and finally turned out to be a preacher; he was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. He went out over the country preaching the Gospel. He died several years ago--I don't remember the date he died.

We had lots of cattle, ponies and hogs; in fact we had everything a man needed on the farm. We lived on the farm until my husband died. We raised all the corn we needed and I had lots of chickens.

When Mother was living she would make all the corn bread we ate--she would put corn in a mortar and beat the corn until the husk would come off, then she would sift it through a sifter made out of cane switches plaited together leaving a space between them where the husk went

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through, leaving the corn in the sifter; she would keep beating the corn until it was made into meal--it was called Tanchi Pulaska. By the same method she would make shuck bread (Bana ha), then she would make hominy (Tanchilobona.) This was made by boiling some fresh hog bones with the corn. Sometimes she would make some hominy that was called (Holh-poni hauwashka) sour hominy, and also Pulaska hauwashka sour bread. All these were made out of corn; in fact she could make several other eats out of corn and it was fine eating.

I and my husband used to camp at those big meetings which lasted about three or four days, we would kill hogs and beef and get everything ready, then we would go and camp and feed the people that came to the meeting; there used to be lots of Indians then and it took right smart feed to feed them, but we had lots of hogs, cattle so it did not cost us very much. I wish the country was back like it was then. The Indians are all about gone now, not many left, died out.

Our trading post at Paris, Texas. My husband would go about twice a year after groceries. He would get enough to last us until he got ready to go again. After the Frisco railroad went through this country then we traded near home for there were several little stores put up along the railroad. I think the railroad went through

about 1887 or 1888, I just don't remember just when.

The Indian Cry, as the white people called it, was just a memorial after an Indian died. They would have very little ceremony over him when he was buried. After about six months, or maybe a year after he had been buried, then his kin-folks would set a date for his memorial, notify all the Indians they can that they are going to have a memorial on a certain day, then they would fix for it. They would kill a beef or a hog or two, get plenty to eat for the night before the date set the whole country would come out and camp for the night. They would feed their supper, and after supper they would have preaching. The next day at the hour set for the memorial they would ring a cow bell for them all ^{to} get to the place where the memorial was to be had. The preacher would preach the memorial at about eleven o'clock. It was the most sadiest meeting anyone would attend. They would go over to the grave, get around it and everybody cried. After that they ~~they~~ would be called to dinner; after dinner they would all go home. The Indians called it Ayuksho.

I have had several children--all of them are dead. My last son died a few years ago. He went over to France

and served his country, got gassed, came home. He never did get over the gas he got in his lungs. I am sorry and also glad that I had a son that fought for his country, made a brave soldier.
