

INDEX CARDS:

Burneyville
Log Schoolhouse
Ghost Town- Gleen
Ranching
Seminole Nation
Seminole Dances
Governor Brown's Trading Post

BIOGRAPHY FORM
 WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
 Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

Field Worker's name Maurice R. Anderson

This report made on (date) April 29, 1937

1. Name Mr. Roy N. Holt

2. Post Office Address Pauls Valley, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) Joy Avenue.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month X Day X Year 1891.

5. Place of birth Alabama.

6. Name of Father Ruff Holt Place of birth Alabama.

Other information about father deceased.

7. Name of Mother Betty Allesen Place of birth Alabama.

Other information about mother deceased.

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 5.

Maurice R. Andersen,
Field Worker.

447

An Interview With Roy M. Holt,
Joy Avenue, Pauls Valley, Okla.

~~My father, mother, and I came to the Indian~~
Territory, Chickasaw Nation, and settled at Burneyville in 1893. My first remembrance was when we lived at a small place called Gleen. There were two stores, a blacksmith shop and a gin, and post-office, which was in one of the stores. My first school was at Gleen and it was a log school house with logs hewed down for seats, and we had no desks. We used slates and blue back spellers. A Mr. Wallace was the teacher. He was a large fat man and smoked an old corn cob pipe. I have seen him while holding classes light his pipe, and the smoke would fill the room.

My uncle, John Holt, owned a large ranch near Gleen at the foot of the Arbuckle Mountains. I have been at his ranch when I was small and watched them brand cattle. His brand was the Diamond T. It was a big diamond with a T in the center of the diamond. My uncle also owned the gin at Gleen, and it was run by an old threshing machine engine. They would pack the cotton in the press and when the press was filled they would screw it someway, and tie out the bale. There isn't anything at Gleen today, as the stores and gin are all gone. Mr. Will Gardiner

was postmaster at Gleen. He now lives in Ardmore.

In 1898 my father moved to Violet Springs in the
Nation,
~~Seminole/Indian Territory, where there was a good~~

school. I have been to the Seminole Indian dances with my father. They would have a big fire built and the men and women would go around and around singing and stomping on the fire. I have watched them play ball. They would have a pole put up and at the top of the pole was a basket but the bottom was out so if the ball went in the basket it would drop through. They used a stick about three feet long, and had some kind of an end fixed on it like a saucer. When one of them threw the ball through the basket they would whoop and yell.

At Gleen there were negroes, Indians, and white children who all went to one school; but at Violet Springs there were white children only. There might have been some Indian children going to school there, but I can't remember any. I know there were no negro children going there, but I have heard my father say he knew of negro men marrying the Seminole and Creek Indian women.

I have been at Governor Brown's trading post located two miles west of Sasakwa. I was there with my father once when there were about fifty Indian present.

There were four stores at Violet Springs when we moved there, and it was a tough place. My mother was afraid to send me to the store, for nearly every day there would be a shooting scrape. There was a ferry boat crossing on the Washita River east of Berwyn, Oklahoma. A white man ran this ferry, and it cost twenty-five cents to go across the River on it.

I have heard my father say he first came to the Indian Territory when he was twenty-three years old. He stayed three years and worked on the Bill Washington Ranch, located near Hennepin in the Arbuckle Mountains. There was a star mail route from Woodward to Ardmore, Oklahoma, and a Mr. Vaught carried the mail. He used a two seated hack and worked two bay horses. He would haul passengers if there were any to go. I don't believe there are any stores at Violet Springs now.