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Form A-(S-149)

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

Field Worker's name EUNICE M. MAYER  
This report made on (date) May 13 1937

Name Mrs. H. H. Holden  
Post Office Address Granite, Oklahoma  
Residence address (or location) \_\_\_\_\_  
DATE OF BIRTH: Month April Day 3 Year 1869  
Place of birth Whiteburg, Texas.

Name of Father Izek Gorden Place of birth Florida  
Other information about father \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of Mother Sally Ann Parr Place of birth Georgia  
Other information about mother \_\_\_\_\_

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 4.

Mrs. J. H. Holden came to old Greer County from Wise County, Texas, in 1887.

Mr. and Mrs. Holden were both very young and were anxious to buy a home of their own and they had heard if they would come West they could find one, so with that in mind they moved and located on the old Harper place east of Granite in a two room dug-out.

Mrs. Holden said when they first came, they were very curious about the Indians. They offered them food if they would come to see them. In a few days they began coming in droves. Mrs. Holden said, "we just didn't have food for all of them so we just had to run them away and it certainly wasn't any easy job after we had once tempted them with eats."

Several families would go together once a year to Vernon, Oklahoma, and buy enough food to last a year.

The Holdens were located near the Chisholm trail and Mr. Holden would secure work with the cattlemen. Large herds of cattle were continually passing their dug-out. The cattlemen would give

all the newborn calves to Mrs. Holden to fatten.

After they had lived here for several years, they found that they could raise oats, wheat and small grains. Mrs. Holden said they hauled their wheat as far as Wichita Falls, Texas, to have it ground.

Mrs. Holden recalled having a big grind stone near their dug-out. When the Indian drove by, they would all jump off their horses and sharpen their knives and examine her dress and bonnet. Then they would ask for food. Mrs. Holden would tell them, "I don't understand", Then they would ask for water (when there were streams all around them). She would tell them "I don't understand". One big Indian buck said, "Hell, you don't understand". As they rode off they said, "White Squaw she brave".

The Indians called their tents camps.

Mrs. Holden said for two years the dog fleas nearly ate them up. They would keep devil claws lying around inside the dug-out for the flea to cling on.

Mrs. Holden moved on their home place in 1888 and lived there 40 years.

When the men folks went to Vernon after groceries they would buy enough dry goods to last

them a year. Mrs. Holden would make all their clothing by hand as they were too poor to afford a sewing machine. One time she said Mr. Holden gave her a nice fat calf to sell and buy her a machine and it died with black leg before they could get it to market.

It was a distance of several miles to her closest neighbor.

Mrs. Holden said they ate deer, prairie chicken, antelope, wild turkey and rabbit until they were tired of them and were glad when they got scarce.

Several men would go after wood together so when they had to cross the river, they could "double team". The quick sand was so bad when they started across, if they ever stopped, it was almost impossible to get out.

Mrs. Holden recalls the Indians herding terrapins and grasshoppers into a big fire to roast them to eat and while they were roasting, when one would crawl back near the edge they would pick the fleas off of them and eat them.

Mrs. Holden recalls when one of the Indians died, they wrapped her in blankets and laid her on a

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stretcher made of skins and laid all of her trinkets around her and placed her in a big place. Mrs. Holden was never able to learn if they left her there, or, if not, for how long she was left.

People of other states regarded "Oklahoma" as a very wild place. Mrs. Holden said she fed and watered many a cowman passing on the Chisholm Trail and she never saw a one who wasn't a perfect gentleman.

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Rattlesnakes were so thick you couldn't step on the ground, Mrs. Holden said, and her oldest son was bitten by one.

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