

POLLARD, G. H.

INTERVIEW

#8949

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

Field Worker's name Jasper H. Mead
 Report made on (date) October 21 1937

Name G. H. Pollard

Post Office Address Chickasha, Oklahoma

Residence address (or location) General Delivery

DATE OF BIRTH: Month June Day 22 Year 1869

Place of birth Indian Territory

Name of Father Charley Pollard Place of birth Georgia

Other information about father Died at the age of 62

Name of Mother Kate Davis Place of birth Georgia

Other information about mother Died at the age of 57

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

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Interview with G. H. Pollard

Chickasha, Oklahoma

By Jasper N. Mead, Investigator

My name is G. H. Pollard. I was born in the Indian Territory, now called the state of Oklahoma, 68 years ago the 22nd day of June, 1869.

When I first came to remembrance I lived at Fort Gibson, 10 miles of Muskogee. West of Muskogee is prairie country and east is timber land.

In my early days, in this part of the state, I have seen plenty of wild deer, swift turkeys, bears, panthers and prairie chickens. One time when I was driving my wagon down a narrow trail with a load of posts a long, lean, hungry panther jumped off of a high bank right in front of my team. I have also seen plenty of wild hogs. I had lots rather a bear would get after me than a wild hog. My brother and I have climbed trees to get away from the wild hogs.

The Indians who lived around in these parts were called Cherokees and Creeks.

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The main water supply came from dug wells, springs, and creeks and lakes. The dug wells then were few and when the creeks would go dry we had to use water out of old green looking lakes, but we generally boiled all the water that we drank.

The Iron Mountain Railroad came thru Muskogee, but I don't remember the date it was built.

I have also seen plenty of wild horses; one way we had catching them was called creasing them. When you saw a pretty one you wanted, you took a rifle and shot him in the neck, just above his shoulders and up toward his head. This would leave a small gash, then you could run him down; he would get weak from the loss of blood, so this was called creasing.