

SCARBERRY, NECY

INTERVIEW .

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Ida B. Lankford, Interviewer
Indian-Pioneer History
July 21, 1937

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Necy Scarberry, Hobart, Oklahoma
Born August 13, 1870, Nashville, Tenn.
Parents N. P. Jones, born in Tennessee
and a carpenter. Mother Elizabeth
Stenson born in Tennessee.

I came to Washita County, December 24, 1897.

We came from Alvarado, Texas; we were fifteen days on the road. There were two families in one covered wagon and we had to ford the river and were ~~we~~ scared!

We didn't have any roads and at times we hardly knew where we were.

We raised Kaffir corn and sweet potatoes and other garden truck. We did not have any fruit at all. We gathered our corn and piled it on the ground as we did not have a barn or shed to put it in. We had biscuits once every two weeks; a cake only on Christmas.

I had two dresses a year, and we walked four miles to church and carried our shoes to keep from wearing them out; we put them on just before we got to the church so we would have them on during church services.

We lived in a half dugout covered with willow switches and dirt, and of all the gopher rats we had in the dirt roof!

As we came to this country we saw one hundred Indians marching. They were all dressed alike; they were at school and were marching inside. We were afraid of the Indians and thought it awful to see them eat stock that had died of a disease. When an Indian would die the others would build a fire by their tepee and dance all night and give their war whoops.

The first post office we had was at the place where Salem school is located now (south and west of Cordell, about seven miles); it was in a deep dugout.

When I first came to Washita on every side there was a rattle snake.

I can remember very plainly a young man who had built a dugout there. He went away and stayed about two weeks and when he came back he went to bed and the next morning the young man was dead, lying there with rattlesnakes on him.

We lived in a dugout which didn't have any door; sometimes my husband would go forty miles to get wood and other provisions and the children and I would be there alone. We would pick cotton while snow was on the ground to buy a side of meat and the wolves and coyotes would howl so close to the dugout that we were afraid that they would come in and get

the meat, because it was so hard to buy and it was very dear to all of us because sometimes it was all that we had to eat.