

POSTON, GEORGE LLOYD

INTERVIEW.

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W. T. Holland, Field Worker
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Interview with Geo. Lloyd
Poston, Cherokee, 1127 So.
Yorktown, Tulsa.

My early life was very interesting to me, in fact although 80 years of age now, I still see something of interest every day, and life to me has never been a burden.

I mentioned school. I never got further than about the fourth grade. Could have gone further, if I had been willing to apply myself, but the confinement of the school room, and the task of studying just didn't go with my nature much. The books we used were the "Blue back Speller," McGuffey's Reader, the dictionary, and an arithmetic, I don't remember the author of the arithmetic. Our teachers were kind but firm.

My great concern was hunting and fishing. There was game in abundance and the Illinois and other streams and creeks were full of fish, so I spent a good portion of my time in the woods and along the creeks.

My people didn't farm any to speak of nor did anyone else for that matter. Most every family had a Tom Fuller patch, that was the name applied to a truck patch, the most of which consisted of corn. We were fortunate in having a government grist mill near us,

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so we didn't have to use the "pestle" and "mortar" to grind our corn.

Speaking of "Tom Fuller" it was a food similar to our present day hominy grits, and when cooked like the Indians cooked it, it was a "filler" and was really good. In fact, it was almost a meal within itself as it was highly seasoned and was a rich food. The government issued money regularly, so the Indians thought it was useless to work for a thing when it was furnished free.

Religion

My grandfather and his son, my uncle Connors, were both preachers. They were what was and still is known as the "Hard shell" Baptists, and too, my grandfather was chief of the Cherokees when they came west.

Marriages

In the social life, I suppose our tribe was similar to others in lots of customs, however, in marriage it was different. In our community and in my early days, the mother, or squaw, had absolutely nothing to say about the marriage of her daughter, as that was left to the Chief. So when a young man and a maiden wanted to marry, they went together to the Chief and

and gave him the details relative to name, parents, age, etc., and if everything was all right according to the Chief's idea, he made them man and wife; but if he objected to the marriage, there was no appeal. So the couple would go away and forget about it, apparently. At least they would not marry only upon the consent of the chief.

I had some harrowing experiences during the last year or two of the Civil War period. "Bushwhackers" were in this country, as well as in other states, robbing, killing, and burning. Quite a bunch came into our neighborhood and finding out that my father was a miller, kidnapped him and took him to a water mill not far away from us and kept him captive for quite awhile and made him do the grinding for the bunch.

While my father was away, this bunch came near us to the home of an old Indian named Painter who was reputed to have large sums of money hid or buried near his place. They captured the old man and began to question him regarding his money and he refused to divulge the hiding place. In fact he told them he didn't have any money. They finally decided to string him up. so they hung him up, so his feet were a little above the

floor and began to burn the bottom of his feet. He, of course, began to yell out so we heard him. I was only about 7 years of age, but had a brother older and a sister about grown. They, knowing the old man to be in distress, got the old shot gun, musket, which was loaded with slugs, and started out to his cabin. This was a wooded section of scrub oaks, which though it was winter-time, had a lot of leaves on them, enough to conceal my sister and brother. They approached close enough to see them through the open door and to see what they were doing. They waited until they got the intruders bunched and then my sister shot those slugs into the bunch, bringing down three and the others fled. So the old man was rescued and by a shot fired by a woman.

This mill spoken of was on Fourteen mile creek about two and one-half miles north of Tahlequah. The government had a distillery just over the line in Arkansas on the headwaters of Spavinaw Creek.

I have ridden over to this "still" many times on a "blue Jack" (donkey) which was my saddle horse of that day. I was young and would do this service for others. I would put a rock in one end of the sack and a jug in the other to balance it. That was customary, and people

didn't seem to think they could have used two jugs,
one in each end of the sack.

Like I said, outside of the Civil War period and the
"bushwhackers," the country was peaceful and everybody
well cared for and happy or should have been. I was
and am still glad I'm living.