

IN THE CASE

OS--Cherokee Nation
Natural Resources-- extraction

April 21, 1937.

JACK SUBLETT, (White) Informant,
Ft. Gibson, Route 1.

-Jas. S. Buchanan

I was born April 2, 1875 near Deckard, Tennessee. I was one of five children born to James and Mary Ann Sublett. Both of my parents died before I was old enough to remember them. My oldest brother, Edward Sublett, brought me to Arkansas after the death of my parents in Tennessee and we were in that state about two years, and when I was about five years of age, my brother, who was about fourteen years of age at that time, had managed to own a team and wagon of his own and he with me and what few possessions he had, left Arkansas and came to the Indian Territory stopping here in the vicinity of Ft. Gibson, and the first year he was here he farmed on the Dick Sullivan place at the mouth of Grand river, and the next year he was on the old Thompson place which was just across the river from the Sullivan place. At that time, when I was about seven years of age, I went to the home of Louis Thornton where I made my home until I was grown. From the time I was brought to the Indian territory about 1880, I have never been out of this vicinity. In 1905 I was married to Lula Roser, daughter of A. L. Roser of near Ft. Gibson. Five children were born to us, four girls and one boy. My life has been one of the usual events and experiences of the average frontier, but nothing in particular to tell about now, though I realize it was not such a problem for people to provide for themselves in the early days before all the natural resources were destroyed by the country being

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as it is today. The early settlers never knew what it was to lack for anything to eat in the early days when these hills were covered with wild fruit, such as wild plums, strawberries, raspberries, dewberries, etc. Also all kinds of wild game, such as deer, I have seen deer in herds of fifteen to twenty-five grazing like cattle. Wild turkey in large flocks, and prairie chicken were more numerous then than black birds are these days.

The early settlers had what we called a hog claim here in the hills, and in the spring of the year, a settler could turn one young sow loose with the herd, unmarked, and in the fall of that year he had the privilege of going into the woods and killing his supply of meat for that winter. All these hills were open range and the natural supply of wild mast was unlimited and the increase in the herds of wild hogs were greater than the people could use. Later, when the country became more thickly settled and every settler killed wild hogs whether or not he had a claim and the herds were soon killed out and destroyed like most every other natural resource we once had in this country.

I have always engaged in farming and stock raising.