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BOYD, BUD.

INTERVIEW

15637

91

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

BOYD, BUD

INTERVIEW

13637

Field Worker's name Johnson H. Hampton

This report made on (date) April 18th 1938

1. Name Mr. Bud Boyd,

2. Post Office Address Antlers, Oklahoma, Belzoni, Route

3. Residence address (or location) \_\_\_\_\_

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month February Day 25 Year 1878

5. Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

6. Name of Father \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth Texas

Other information about father \_\_\_\_\_

7. Name of Mother \_\_\_\_\_ Place of birth Texas

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 \_\_\_\_\_.



BOYD, BUD

INTERVIEW

13637

Johnson H. Hampton,  
Investigator,  
April 18, 1938.

An Interview with Mr. Bud Boyd,  
Belzoni Route, Antlers, Okla.

I was born February 25, 1878, in Denison, Texas. I came over with my father and mother to the Indian Territory when I was quite a small boy in a covered wagon with horse teams. When we left Texas, we came over to Antlers, Indian Territory, my father wanting to move to the Indian country as he had an idea that he could do better here than where he was. So we loaded up our wagon and started, and when we got here we located at a sawmill here near Antlers, and went to work. At that time Antlers was really only a lumber yard although there was one store here then. This store belonged to V.M. Locke so when we got here we traded at this store and we got anything we wanted there.

There was plenty of good pine timber on the river that was cut and hauled to the mill by a dinky train that the lumber company had, the rails for which had been laid down by the hands to the river about eight miles from Antlers. The timber was very fine big timber and there was lots of it and there were whiteoaks and other timbers of commercial

BOYD, BUD

INTERVIEW

13637

- 2 -

value. The logs were loaded in the cars and hauled to the mill where they were sawed up for lumber and the lumber was planed here and loaded in cars and shipped away. It did not take the mill long to get all the best pine timber out and they then moved the mill out. They took up the rails and moved them somewhere else and the dinky trains also. That was some time before the Frisco Railroad was built through the country. The lumber was piled up waiting for the railroad to be put through and when it did then the lumber was shipped out by freight. We worked at this mill for several years.

We then moved to Arkansas, remaining for about two years when we came back to Antlers, and went to farming on Indian land out at Rattan, I ran a blacksmith shop in connection with my farming. We raised lots of corn, cotton and other farm products and cattle and hogs, and we made a good living and made some money in those days. The country was open at that time; there was but very little farming done. The grass was fine and the cane on the river was very good; in fact it was a fine country until it was plowed up for farms. It then went down to where it is not worth much.

BOYD, BUD

INTERVIEW

13637

- 3 -

When we first landed in this country there were but very few white people to be seen anywhere. There was a few around the sawmill camps but outside of that there were not many and there were none out in the country on the farms, just a few if any way living outside of the town or the sawmill camps. There were good many Indians in the country but they lived so far apart that they were not noticeable and they lived in settlements, several miles apart. They used to sell us deer meat and turkeys and garden vegetables. We did not have much time to get out and hunt so we would buy game from them, giving them an order on the store where they traded for groceries. The Indians did not get much money for the things they sold to the hands for we got our pay only once a month.

The Choctaw Indian used to have about five to ten acres of land in cultivation. They did not have big farms and they did not work very hard at that, in fact some of them did not work at all. They did not have to work very hard to get something to live on; all they had to do was to raise enough corn to make their bread. Nearly all of them had cattle, <sup>there were</sup> hogs out in the woods and there was plenty of wild game for them to live on back in those days; the Choctaws

BOYD, BUD

INTERVIEW

13637

- 4 -

lived pretty well. Before that time I don't know how they got by. I have been told that they had a hard time, but as far as I can remember they lived pretty good and as long as the wild game was plentiful but they are not here now— all killed out or left here and gone somewhere else.

All the stock ranged out in the mountains and in the hills and in the woods. They would come down from the mountains during the winter seasons and run out in the bottoms and then during the hot weather in the summer they would go into the mountains. There were no fences in the country so they were not bothered but could run anywhere they wanted to, and they sure did get wild-ponies and cattle both. The Indians would have to run their ponies several days before they could catch them. Some times they would build high log fences out in the woods and make wings to stretch out about a mile; they then would get the ponies into wings and would crowd in on them, getting them into the high log fences. They then would rope the one they wanted or they would brand the colts and turn them loose again to run out on the range again.

BOYD, BUD

INTERVIEW

13637

- 5 -

I used to attend the Indian camp meetings every time they had one. They had them about three months apart and they would camp at this church and feed all that came to this meeting, killing hogs, beef and chickens for the meeting. When they got ready with their camp they would see that everybody who came there had a place to stay all night and they would let them have quilts and blankets to sleep on during the night. They really looked after those who came to the meeting, I went too but I could not understand what they were talking about for they would preach in their own language and sing in their own language so white man did not have any show to understand them. I have also attended their cries. They would camp at the place where the cry was to be held for the night then they would have their cries at about eleven o'clock A.M. They would have their dinners and go home. Some times these cries were held at the church house. If the body was buried there they would go out to the grave but if not, they then would preach the memorial in the house.

BOYD, BUD

INTERVIEW

13637

- 6 -

I have been here a long time and I have seen the country grow from nothing to big farms and this town from one store to a good many and from very few white people to the town full of them, and from no schools out in the country to where there is a schoolhouse on every corner.

I have lived among the Choctaw Indians ever since I came here when I was a small boy and have found them to be good people to live with. They sure do not bother any one and they are all law-abiding people. They attend to their own business and they are just as honest as people can be. I think that there are no better people living anywhere than the Choctaw people, and not only that but I have raised my children among them they have gone to school with them played with them and associated with them during all their lives but they never did have any trouble with any of them so I think that there are no people living anywhere that are better than the Choctaw people.

My father died at a sawmill where he was working and was buried at an Indian Church called and known as the White Church cemetery. This church was built by some white

BOYD, BUD

INTERVIEW

13637

- 7 -

man who built it for the Indians. He whitewashed it with lime and of course when it got dry it turned white. It was the only Indian church that was whitewashed like that so they called it White Church. It was a Methodist Church, and they had a cemetery there so I buried my father there. Years later some white man bought the land the church was built on and he tore it down so the White Church is no more, but the cemetery is still there and the white people use it now as the Choctaws are all died out who used to live there and around the church.

My mother died at Rattan and is buried at the Rattan cemetery. This cemetery was built by the white people after they began to settle the country.