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Grant Foreman, Director
211 Federal Building
Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Brief sketch of life of
Full Blood Choctaw Indian
Farris, Oklahoma. Age 67
years.

An interview with
Charles Jefferson.

Pete W. Cole,
Field worker,
June 15, 1937.

I was born in 1870 in Atoka County and am living near the place where I was born. My present home is three miles east of Farris, Oklahoma, and two miles west of Darwin, Oklahoma. My father died before I was born but old acquaintances and friends tell me that his name was Jefferson Jefferson. They nicknamed him Chak-Chak (Pecker wood). The date of this death is unknown.

My mother was Sina Illapotubbee and her father's name was Illapotubbee, who died before allotment of the Choctaws, and both are buried in the field of the allotment of Martin Camp, now deceased, the present owner of the land being Joe Camp, son of Martin Camp.

I was about thirteen years of age when I first attended a neighborhood school at an old abandoned Cold Spring Indian Church. The building was an old log building of one room where there was about thirty or

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forty boys and girls in attendance. There was not a single white boy or girl ever attended this school. Our teachers were all full blood Choctaw Indians. Our first teacher's name was Noah Lewis and at another term we attended at Kulli Lakna (Yellow Spring) School, our teachers were Impson Hokubbee, Dickson Frazier, Frances Hampton, and the last teacher who taught us was Edmond Wesley. All of these teachers are dead but Frances Hampton. She is now living in Antlers, Oklahoma, in Pushmataha County.

After I quit school I lived with my grandfather Illapotubbee at times and with Amos Camp, my uncle. Both of these men owned large herds of cattle, horses, and owned several hogs. I used to ride the range for these men, looking after their stock. I worked around the settlement until I was about eighteen years of age. I went to Boswell, Oklahoma, and worked for Silas Tully until my grandfather died. I remained at this place for several years after the death of my grandfather, as I thought. I was making good money by working for \$10.00 and board and he raised this to \$15.00 per month and on to \$20.00 to \$25.00 per month. The corn was sold at twenty-five to fifty cents a bushel, hogs selling at four and

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five cents a pounds, steers and yearlings ranged from \$25 to \$40.00 a piece. The wages for rail splitting was fifty cents a hundred for nine foot rails, and for three feet boards was \$5.00 per thousand. This was the common wage that we worked for.

In exchange we bought flour and other necessities. We managed our own sugar and salt at home and did not have to buy any.

I have seen old timers, including myself, with nothing on but wrappers wrapped around our waist and a large red handkerchief tied around our head for a hat in the summer.

Wild animals were plentiful in my days and I have killed several hundred of turkeys and deer. There were a few bears and lion that roamed in the country where I lived but more of these animals could be found in the mountains.

My uncle and I were out hunting one day and we heard a sound as though some one was yelling for help.

We started out in that direction and when we came to about fifty yards, we saw an object disappear behind some bushes. We came to the spot and saw the tracks the animal had clawed in jumping and we were satisfied it was a lion; so we did not care to see what it was but turned and went the other way.

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When I quit working near Boswell, Oklahoma, I went to LeFlore County where my aunt was living and while there I married my first wife, Cellissie Jones. I was about forty years of age at this time. She died and I married again the same year, Mary Jane Moore. I have been married four times. The last one I married was Martna Whale, widow of Armis Whale, who was brutally murdered in the year 1918 near Honobia, Oklahoma.

A certain Choctaw Indian man named Cleve Push, a man of bad repute, who lived in this community at that time, came to the home of Armis Whale just after dinner one day. Armis Whale was getting ready to attend a big Indian meeting at Gum Creek near Wilburton, Oklahoma, in Latimer County and when this man appeared at the home of Armis Whale, he was invited to have dinner. After he was through eating his dinner, Cleve walked up and shot Armis and killed him. He ordered his wife to go along with him and told her to go anywhere he did. After he kidnapped her, they were gone for about three weeks before any one knew that she was still alive. When he brought her back to his mother, she secretly gave the alarm that this man and the woman were at her

house. The law was notified and the Pushmataha County law under Alex McIntosh, an Indian, went to the place where Cleve Push was in hiding and waited all night for him. Early next morning, one of the women got up and appeared at the door, and Push was walking right behind her with a rifle, ordering her to return in haste. While he was giving orders, the other woman had slipped out of the other door and was making her get-away, when he noticed her and ordered her to come back or be shot down. She came back, was his shield by walking in front of him in getting away when they began to open fire at him.

He returned the fire but did no harm. The law shot him down and the woman was shot through the shoulder, but soon recovered. While this was in progress, the other woman being right in line of the bullets only leaned back against the house and was not harmed.

After the killing of Armis Whale, this murderer took the floor board off and threw the dead corpse under the floor, nailed back the floor and kidnaped the dead man's wife and disappeared with her, only to sneak around in and near the settlement until fate meted judgment out to him.