

MARTIN, JIMMIE A.

INTERVIEW

#4377

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

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Field Worker's name Jasper H. Mead,This report made on (date) June 11, 19371. Name Jimmie A. Martin,2. Post Office Address Chickasha, Oklahoma.3. Residence address (or location) 207 Penn.4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month May Day 11 Year 1869.5. Place of birth Oklahoma---Indian Territory.6. Name of Father Joe Martin Place of birth Tennessee.Other information about father Died at the age of 56.7. Name of Mother Rose Ellington Place of birth Texas.Other information about mother Died at the age of 69.

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 3.

Jasper H. Mead,
Field Worker.

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An Interview With Jimmie A. Martin,
207 Penn., Chickasha, Oklahoma.

My name is Jimmie A. Martin. I was born in ~~Oklahoma~~, Indian Territory, in what was called the Choctaw Nation. I was born at a little place called Savanna, sixty-eight years ago, May 11, 1869. My first recollections are when I was seven years old. We left Savanna, Oklahoma, and moved north of Chickasha in the bend of the Washita River. My father had eight yoke of oxen and two head of horses. One of these horses was used as a saddle horse, and the other we drove to a surrey. My father broke out three hundred and forty acres of land with his eight yoke oxen, but never did plant a thing on the land. He finally traded one of his oxen, and we moved to Sunset, Texas. There we made two crops, then we moved back to Oklahoma and located at a little place called Shake Rag; in the Choctaw Nation. All the farming that was done around Shake Rag was small gardens or maybe two or three acres of corn and three to four acres of cotton. In the fall of the year people would load their cotton on big wagons and haul it to Ft. Smith, Arkansas. They would always go six or eight wagons in a group, and camp out. They would sell and trade their cotton for clothes and groceries enough to last six or eight months. After they got through

with their trading they would all start back together. They did ^{this} so they could protect themselves against the Indians and outlaws.

People around Shake Rag would live in colonies for protection. I remember hearing my father talk about threats that were made against him. White men always went two and three in a group on their saddle horses. They always carried their saddle rifles and wore their pistols, because in those days if the Indians didn't tackle you the outlaws would.

Once in a great while there would be a United States Marshal who would come through from Paris, Texas, or Ft. Smith, Arkansas, looking for some outlaw. They never stayed too long nor looked too hard for they were afraid that they would get what we called "touched off".

Shake Rag was a little inland place, and the closest railroad was at Ft. Smith. When my father would go to Ft. Smith I went with him. I would spend the most of my time watching the big engines and wondering what made them move.

The water supply around Shake Rag was from large dug wells with wooden frame work at the top. You hardly ever saw one of these wells which didn't have two wooden buckets, one on each end of the rope.

There were no schools around Shake Rag, and all the education I got was by experience. People at the present time don't have any idea what we real old timers had to contend with.