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Burneyville  
Cemeteries--Chickasaw

Fieldworker: Jennie Selfridge  
February 27, 1937

BIOGRAPHY OF Mrs. Myrtle S.J. Fitts  
Burneyville, Oklahoma

BORN May 4, 1847  
Tennessee

Father: Blackburn Shirley

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I was born May 4, 1847, in the eastern part of Tennessee, and it looks as if I would soon be old enough to draw an old age pension. My father Blackburn Shirley fought five years with the Confederacy during the Civil War. After the war he moved to Springtown, Texas, where he made his home until his death four years ago. He was one hundred and fourteen years old. My mother only lived to be thirty years old, but I had two stepmothers.

My father was a farmer and all of us children worked on the farm. I never will forget during my courtship days. I went to the barn and fed the horses, and cows, then climbed upon top of the big old plank gate. The young man that I was keeping company with came along, and there I sat on top of the gate. He stood there a minute looking at me, then climbed upon the gate and sat down beside me. We were sitting there talking, and I told him if I ever got married I intended to give up work on the farm and keep house. Later I married him, and we lived on the farm twenty-six years, but I did not do one day's work in the field during that time. We laughed and talked about what I told him a good many times after we were married.

We moved on a farm out west of Burneyville in 1890. Burneyville was a very small town then and we hauled all of our groceries and freight

from Gainsville, Texas, in wagons.

For the last thirty-eight or thirty nine years, I have operated this hotel here in Burneyville. That is I operated it until I got so old I couldn't get around to do the work, and I have not had any boarders this years. I used to keep all the traveling people who came through, and the school teachers. I also kept a good many high school pupils, but since the school buses started all of the school children board at home.

Burneyville has been a very quiet town since I knew it. About all the excitement that I can remember was a couple of killings. The first one was when the negroes killed Anglin and his daughter. The old grandmother negro planned the plot thinking that Anglin had some money. On the morning that they planned the killing, Anglin started out with his daughter in a wagon. The creek was up and just before Anglin reached the creek a bunch of negroes killed him. They then put him in the wagon and ran the wagon and team off into the creek, in order to make it appear that the team had ran away with him. After this was accomplished they became afraid that the daughter would recognize them so they killed her also. They were later found guilty of the killing.

The other killing was when old man Box was killed by his son-in-law, and two other men, in order that the son-in-law might get his property.

There are several old timers buried in the cemetery here at Burneyville, and the old Anglin cemetery is two miles west and one mile north of here. It is one of the oldest cemeteries in this section.

I am the mother of twelve children, ten of which lived to be grown and married. One baby died when a very small infant, and a little girl eleven years old died with typhoid fever.

My health hasn't been so good this year. If my daughter comes over from Ardmore any ways soon, I intend to go to Marietta and have my teeth pulled, then I think I will feel better. They have been sore all winter.

(end)