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

4256

Field Worker's name Ethel E. Palmer

This report made on (date) June 1, 1937

1. Name Amanda Elvina Jones

2. Post Office Address Leedey, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) Leedey, Rural Route

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month February Day 2 Year 1868

5. Place of birth Crawford County, Arkansas.

6. Name of Father William Andy Eddings Place of birth E.Tennessee

Other information about father Came to Oklahoma in 1879-farmer.

7. Name of Mother Louisa Wrinkle Place of birth E.Tennessee

Other information about mother Buried in Oklahoma. Father is too.

They are both buried at Osceola, in Oklahoma.

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 5.

I was born in Crawford County, Arkansas, in 1868, and moved to Texas when I was six years old. I was eleven years old when I moved to Oklahoma, Indian Territory, with my parents, in 1879. It was just over the line from the Red River and Texas, in the Chickasaw Nation. We rented our land from the Indians. This bunch of Indians were very nice people, we neighbored with them lots. The reason my parents wanted to move was, father wanted to rent land and there wasn't any land there in Texas that we could rent. We liked this new location very much.

I was married to Wiley Jones in 1884. My wedding dress was a grey wool-like material; it was real long, had a ruffle around the bottom of the skirt, and basque waist. It took fourteen yards of material to make it.

We moved to what is now Dewey County, Oklahoma, in February, 1893. We filed on land in Section 15, Township 16, Range 19; the southwest quarter. We dug a cave back in the bank. The front of it was all open and the top covered with dirt. We lived in this for about a year and the next year we dug and built a half dugout. The part that was out of the ground was just boxed up and the top was covered with ship-lap lumber. Later we built the house in which we are now living.

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As to our furniture, we moved here in a covered wagon and brought all our furniture in the wagon with us. All we had to do our farming with was a Georgia Stock and a sweep, a double shovel, a turning plow, and one hoe. We had a few milk cows and there were quail and prairie chickens in our locality; therefore, meat was our principal food. Mr. Jones would go to Osceola, ten miles, on horseback to do our buying. This store is gone, there is a cemetery and school building there.

We would have to go to Weatherford to market what we raised. The trip was made in a wagon and the distance was about fifty miles. When the Free grass and Herd law people had their war they fought right around our dugout. They shot a window out of this dugout. The Free grass people cut the fences and the Herd law people killed the cows. There wasn't any people killed, but there were lots of cows killed. The Herd law people tried to run us out; they told Mr. Jones they would kill him if he didn't get out, but we stayed.

My father was in the Civil War. He said he nearly starved to death. He said they would take the skin from a hog and scrape it and scald it and really enjoy eating it. He said he even ate raw hog meat, just cut a piece from a

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dead hog and ate it.

Back when we lived in the Indian Territory, we lived on a place where two Indians were buried under the house and two in the yard; these two had little houses built over the graves. Mr. Jones helped bury an Indian once. They put some meal, pipe, tobacco, extra suit of clothes, and a number of things like that, also killed his horse and took the saddle and buried that all with him. They said they were helping him on to the happy hunting ground. They all buried that way there.

Back in my younger days, when a young man went to see a girl they were not allowed to go out riding, or even sit in a room in the house alone. I knew better than even to act like I wanted to go out riding with a young man. One evening a young lady and a young man rode to church alone. There was a terrible scandal started on this girl from this ride.

In the territory we would go to two or three dances a week, lots of time stay all night. One evening a neighbor gave a supper and dance. They charged one dollar for two plates. One of the boys had gone to Texas, and got a tough girl and brought her back to this dance. The people would not let her have a plate, and this made him mad, so he just pulled out his gun and shot through the ceiling of

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the house and that started things to stirring. There were three people killed and seven wounded. One night at a dance nearly every one got drunk. In those days everyone carried guns. The men got to shooting at one another's feet to make them dance and they would really dance.

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