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INTERVIEW WITH MRS. JANCY BELL  
ANTLERS, OKLAHOMA.  
FIELD WORKER JOHNSON H. HAMPTON.  
April 23, 1937

I was born at or near what is now Tushkahoma some time 1865. I have been told for I did not know just when I was born but I think that I am now about 72 years old.

My father's name was Jones Hotaka, and my mother's name was Peggie Hotaka, but somehow they gave me the name of "Jones" and I went by the name of Jones. They changed that Indian name from Hotaka to Jones, for what reason I do not know. They lived near Tushkahoma, Oklahoma until their death.

My father was in the Civil war, I have been told he served the war in the southern army but how long he served I am unable to tell for I never did hear any one say. I was told that they had a hard time during the war; they had to go without anything to eat for several days at a time; they would kill any thing they found to eat and roast it on the fire without any salt, nor did they have any bread to eat with it, I don't know who the captain was nor any of the officers under whom he served. I have been told about them but I have forgotten the names. They used to say that if they killed an enemy, they would scalp him and send the scalp back home; then the people at home would call a dance,

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hang the scalp out where all could see it, build a big fire and proceed to dance the war dance. They would dance all night around the fire. This they did every time they got a scalp of an enemy all during the war, I was too small to see the dance myself but they used to talk about it to themselves and I would sit and hear their stories about the war, and I used to get awful scared.

My Mother used to make corn bread out of corn-put it into a Mortar, which the Indians called it "Kittih" and the pestle they used was called "kittosh", It was about 5 or 6 feet long and had a big round knot on the end of it. It was pretty heavy to handle but she used it all the time in making corn bread. Hominy, and several other things she made, she sure could make some fine meal out of corn. That is about the only thing we had to eat, unless my father went to Fort Smith and got some flour, coffee and sugar. When we got out of flour we ate corn bread, and if we got out of coffee, we would parch corn and make coffee out of it. It used to answer the purpose and of course we liked it for it was the best that we could do. Some times mother would go out in the woods and dig up a root that they called Mud-Potatoes. It grew in the marshes and was about the size of a Irish Potatoes. She would

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bring this home and dry it and make some bread out of it, and some she would boil it like boiling Irish potatoes, and it sure was fine, I don't know whether I could find any now or not for I don't remember what kind of a root it was. I can make meal out of corn by putting it in the Mortar just like my mother used to for I have made lots of corn meal that way and that was about all we had to eat in my raising. It looklike that as old as I am I could tell lots of things that happened during my lifetime but I just don't remember, so this is about all I can tell you.

I never attended school during my life. At that time there was no school which I could attend. The schools started in later years but I was too big to go to school, so I did not go at all.

I used to go to camp meeting I belonged to the Baptist Church and we had a big meeting, as we called it, every three months. They would come from everywhere in the community then, and it took lots of feed to feed them, but we had lots of cattle, hogs and the like so that it didn't cost us much to feed them.

We used to have those Indian Crys at the church most of the time but some times we would go to the grave and have the cry there. It used to be that when an Indian died they would not

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hold much ceremony over him at the grave but would wait about one year when they would set a date for the memorial, and we would all go over and spend the night there, and the next day at about eleven oclock the preacher would call the people together and preach the memorial. They would gather around the grave and cry and after the cry they would announce dinner when they would all gather around the table and eat, after which they would all go hom, I think that the Indians have quit having those memorials because the white people would come and make fun or make a show of it until now the Indians don't have them any more.

I have heard that my grandfather came from Mississippi but I don't know any thing about it for they didn't tell me anything of the trip.