

Interview with David Jones  
Antlers, Oklahoma.

Field Worker Johnson H. Hampson,  
April 24, 1937.

Born-April 10, 1886.  
Place of birth-near Boswell, Okla.

Name of father-Gibson Jones,  
Born-near Boswell, Okla.  
Name of mother-Elize Jones.  
Born-near Boswell, Okla.

I was born near what is now Boswell, Oklahoma. At the time I was born, there was no railroad there-no town. We had to do our trading mostly at Caddo, Oklahoma, and at Dennison, Texas.

I was born on the 10th day of April, 1886, and I lived with my father until his death. My father's name was Gibson Jones and my mother's name was Eliza Jones.

My father was a blacksmith by profession, and also ran a ferry boat between Goodland and Caddo. He ran this ferry for several years. I don't think he had a charter. It sure was hard to manage this boat when the river was up, but it was the only ferry boat there in that country, so the people had to come that way when the river was high, as the Boggy was a very treacherous river. It was Muddy Boggy that he had this ferry boat on. The people that had my

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father for their blacksmith, used to say that my father was a good blacksmith, and he could shoe horses. He got lots of work for the people in and around the country.

My father was not in the civil war-he was too young to take sides with either one of the army, he was not very old when he died, nor was my mother when she died. She used to make corn bread for our eats by beating the corn in the mortar just like other Indians. She could make some of the best bread. I think that all of the Indian women used to make this kind of bread the same as my mother made hers. They used to make shuck bread (Banah and Tanchi Lobona homony.) She made several kinds of eats out of corn. We did not have all the things that we wanted, some times we would be out of flour, sugar and coffee, the things that we had to buy, until my father could go to Dennison, Texas, and bring back the groceries.

He had cattle, ponies and hogs, and mother had lots of chickens on the farm, but it was not a big farm. The Indians at that time did not have big farms, but they would make lots of corn, enough to bread them through the winter. We did not have to feed our cattle nor hogs nor ponies-the

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grass grew as high as my head out on the prairie's where our cattle ran, and there would be lots of acorns so the hogs got as fat as could be. We did not kill many hogs for our meat. The only thing we needed most was lard. We would kill three or four hogs for the winter. We did not need it for there were lots of deer, turkeys, fish, other things that we could kill and eat for meat.

We used to go<sup>to</sup> the camp meeting when they would have them. We used to camp with them, and help the others to feed the Indians or any other people that came to the meeting. We used to have good meetings while they lasted, they would run about three or four days. It sure did take lots to feed those Indians that came to the meeting, but we had most of the things that we raised at home, but we would have to buy flour, coffee and sugar. In order to buy this stuff, we would sell some cattle-enough to buy what we needed. After my father's death, my mother still used to camp for the meetings. After she died, we did not camp any more for a long time until I got grown and married, then I started to camping like my parents used to do, but after a while I left that part of

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the country, then I did not camp any more.

I went to school at Itihakahish (Tree Root in English) for three terms, then I quit there and went to Spencer Academy. This school was supported by the Choctaw Government, and was located in Kiamichi County, now Choctaw County. Stayed there three terms. Then I went to Goldspring, a neighborhood school. Rev. Silas Bacon was one of the trustees. He was a full blood Indian. I went there for two terms. I then went to Old Goodland which is run by the Presbyterians. Rev. Silas Bacon was at the head of this school and it is running still. It is a good school now, lots of Indian children are going to it now.

I was on the farm for several years and made a pretty good living; had cattle, hogs, and ponies, then I quit the farm and went to work for the public. I was a deputy United State Marshal for several years. We sure used to have some hard times with the outlaws. They did not belong here to start with; they had come from other states to get away from justice, and of course they did not want to give up very handy. We caught good many but some of them got away. Then

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Then I was constable for two years. I did not serve long for I did not like the job. Then I was appointed City Marshal at Boswell; served there for a while, then quit. After that I worked for the Indian department for two years.

I used to play Indian ball. We had two sticks made out of hickory with a small cup at the end, in which we had to catch the ball. I got to where I could play pretty well with them sticks. I have seen some Indians that could catch the ball in them cups in the air at a full speed. These Indians could run like a race horse. When they got ready to throw the ball they would turn about twice and let the ball loose. The ball would sail through the air like it was shot from a gun. They could throw the ball about two hundred yards. It would take about twenty five on a side to play this ball. They used to play different counties. May be they would fight before they played but they sure would have a good game after the fight.

I am about 3/4 Indian; my father was not a full blood, and my mother was not a full blood either, but they could speak the Indian lingo fluently. I can speak both languages myself, one just about as good as I can the other. We have lived among the full-bloods all our life but I don't know anything that happened during the civil war nor a few years after.

