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BIOGRAPHY OF: Mrs. Fredericka Fannin Hale
 25 W. 3rd, Oklahoma City, Okla.

BORN: At Skulleyville, Oklahoma

PARENTS: Father: Dr. H. W. Fannin, Canada
 Mother: Adaline Watson, Canada

My father and mother came from Canada to Little Rock, Ark. From there they came by boat down the Arkansas river to Fort Smith and were met by J. H. McAlister who drove a wagon drawn by oxen and took my parents to New Hope Seminary, now Skulleyville, which was a school for Indian Girls. My father was a physician in that school for fourteen years. They lived in a log house in the same yard with the Seminary, which was a Government School and the salaries were paid by the Government.

The school was strictly for Indians and no white children were permitted to attend, other than myself. I was born in the log house. These children were all full-blood Choctaw Indians and could not speak a word of English. We did not have an interpreter but they soon learned to speak some English and I learned to speak their language through association. We had white and mixed-blood Indian teachers, who not only taught school but also sewing and embroidery. Those Indian girls did Beautiful needle-work. They seemed to have a natural talent for artistic work.

We planted cotton and picked it, separated it from the seeds, carded it into bats and made comforts and quilts for the use of the school; and we spun, dyed and knitted wool to make our hose,

shawls and caps.

We made all the candles, which was the only light we used for many years. I remember very well the first lamp. It was bought for my father's office when I was about eight years old. We were all waiting anxiously for dark to come so the lamp could be lighted. When the time came all the school children gathered in the office and gazed in amazement at the beautiful light.

All our supplies of food and clothing were brought from Ft. Smith, a distance of eighty-five miles, by ox-wagons. The roads, difficult to travel over at all times, were almost impassable in the rainy season. Sometimes two or three yokes of oxen were required to pull the wagon, as they would often bog down in the mud.

We dried lots of fruit and vegetables for use in the winter. Wild game was always plentiful and our table was never lacking in game of some kind; turkey, ducks, geese, prairie-chicken, squirrel, or deer. Game was not a luxury to the pioneers during the early days.

A "Mortar and Pestal" was used to beat the husks off of dried corn to make "Tomfulla" a native Indian dish. Another dish that we made was "Banahah Bread". It is made with meal and brown beans. Here is the recipe: Cook the meal with salt as for mush. Boil beans until done, using large corn husks that have been soaked in water to make them pliable, place the mush on the the shucks and scatter the beans in the mush, then roll and tie the shucks and let them simmer in hot water a few minutes. It can be eaten warm with butter or

when cold, can be sliced and fried.

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We had a beautiful place to fish and swim in a stream called "Wholy Tush" that was about six and a half miles south-east of the school. Cat-fish were plentiful.

Near this river was a grove where the Indian "Cry" was held. This was one of the Choctaw ceremonies for the dead. The custom is to wait one year after the death and then have the "Cry". It is very pathetic. They have a small blanket or shawl over their bowed heads and as they march slowly around the grave, give vent to a mournful, weird cry and then sing religious songs in their language. A large feast always followed with all sorts of Indian food and Barbecue served. There was a religious custom, very strictly observed, that a husband or wife who had lost their mate should not marry again until after the "Cry". I have also attended the Stomp Dances. The Indians, dressed in bright colors, danced to the music of the Tom-Tom.

Rev. Phillip Folsom, a full-blood Choctaw, preached at the school once a month. Everybody attended within a radius of twenty-five miles--all came in wagons or on horse-back. One time we had preaching under an arbor near the school. A large crowd was there and a very amusing incident occurred. In the midst of the shouting and singing, a woman by the name of Mrs. Jeffries looked around and seeing their horses kicking, she yelled to her husband, "Abner, Abner, run--run, old Blaze is kicking the day-lights out of old man!" This information did not seem to disturb anyone. The shouting and singing went right on without a pause.

Our amusements at school were: Jump the rope, Ant~~188~~er, Black-man, and Drop the Handkerchief.

I forgot to mention that we carried water up a steep hill for our use at the school from New Hope "living" Spring. The spring water is now bottled and sold to Skulleyville and Fort Smith. It is considered extraordinarily pure.

My father and family lived at this school for thirteen years. We left there and moved to Spiro where my father continued his practice of medicine.

The End