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

Field Worker's name Lula Austin

This report made on (date) May 25 1937

1. Name Mrs. J. W. Boreing

2. Post Office Address Durant, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) 324 N 2nd

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month February Day 18 Year 1866

5. Place of birth Louisiana

6. Name of Father Jim Camp Place of birth Louisiana

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother Fannie Camp Place of birth Louisiana

Other information about mother _____

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 _____.

BOREING, MRS. J. W.

INTERVIEW

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Interview with Mrs. J.W. Boreing
Durant, Oklahoma

I was born February 18, 1866, and came to Indian Territory with my parents from Louisiana in a covered wagon driving oxen. I was four years old at the time.

We had to ford Washita River which was up and the steers began to float down stream; my father jumped out and whipped the oxen making them head the other way; everything was lost out of the wagon and we were all almost drowned, but finally crossed and went on our way settling three miles west of where Davis is now.

My father farmed, raising cotton and wheat. Each year he would put in five acres of new land. We would leave more cotton in the field unpicked than is raised now. We would haul our cotton to Pauls Valley and sell in the seed. This was in 1890.

Our wheat field was waist high; the wild geese would light by the hundred on the wheat and my father soon killed enough geese to make a feather bed.

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Every family would mark their hogs and let them run wild; my father's mark was a swallow fork, in one ear and crop one ear off. Honey was plentiful. Father would go out and gather a fifteen or twenty barrels of wild honey for the winter.

My first school days were spent near Davis in a one room log house with dirt floor; we rode house-back to school; it was about four miles. The seats in school were made out of logs split and legs nailed on. This was also our place of worship. School would only be held two or three months at the time. Later a teacher came to our house and taught a neighborhood school.

The closest trading point was Denison and our mail came to Fort Arbuckle, but we only went once a month for our mail.

Mother died when I was fourteen leaving four of us children, ~~three~~ younger than myself so I took my mother's place in the home and cared for my two little sisters and my brother.

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I made him a pair of pants and worked the button holes all the way through. These pants were made of jeans which was a red looking wool. Overalls were unknown, I made shirts out of cotton checks and our handkerchiefs out of bleaching.

I never saw a real doll until I was ten years old. My mother always made our dolls at Christmas time and I thought they were beautiful.

We had no Sunday school. So after the work was done Mother would tell us we could go play. There was a branch about a quarter of a mile from the house where there were grapevine swings and that was our playground. One day while playing I thought I heard Mother call us.

When our parents called we did not say "wait a minute"; we went. We were running toward the house and looked back to see a big panther following us. My father could see us running and he saw the panther; he grabbed

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his gun and tried to kill the panther, but missed and the panther escaped. It was the Panther's call that we mistook for mother's voice. After my mother's death, her work all fell on my shoulders. I had eight cows to milk some of them so wild, father would have to tie them while I milked. Father killed fourteen hogs and I had to cut the fat off and render up the lard and help to salt the meat down in the meat house.

We never thought of selling what we could not use; if the neighbors ran short Father would divide with them.

Father would dig a cellar three feet in the ground with a partition and fill it with coarse sand and on one side he would place apples and on the other side potatoes then he would place logs on top sealing them with mud. We would have nice potatoes and apples all winter. Our butter we would place in sacks and put in salt brine. We would wash the salt out when we were ready to use it.

Our corn for the winter, we would boil in the

dinner pot, then cut it off the cob and put it on a scaffold to dry. I will never forget the first corn I cooked after my mother's death. I had worked all day preparing it and after putting it on the scaffold I told my sister to watch it while I laid down to rest. She forgot to watch it and the chickens had a grand feast.

We would shell our beans, string them and hang them from the ceiling. In the winter when we wanted beans, we would soak them over night in cold water and they were like fresh beans.

Fish fries and dance suppers were our entertainments. We would have big suppers and dance by the fiddle all night.

The men would seine in the Washita River catching very large fish. I remember on one fry a hundred pound cat fish was caught.

My first husband was Sam Wisdom. We reared three children.

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After his death I married Mr. J. W. Boring in 1905 and moved ten miles west of Okaham in the Creek Nation. He farmed, raising big crops. We had plenty of everything. The last eighteen years he has worked for the O. G. and A. railroad working in every capacity. He now attends to the mail of the O.G.& E. office.