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HOLT, MARTHA. INTERVIEW.

Thad Smith, Jr.
Field Worker
May 17, 1937

An interview with Mrs.
Martha Holt, 808 So. 5th.
street, Chickasha, Okla.

Mrs. Holt was born July 27, 1886 in
Indian Territory, of one-half Chickasaw blood.
Father was Eugene Keno, born in Texas, mother,
Emma Nelson, born in Indian Territory, both
buried in Oklahoma.

I was born north of Anadarko, in the
Caddo country, in 1888, at which time my father
was freighting supplies for the Government,
from Gainesville, Texas.

In 1891, I started to school at what
was then called the Wichita school, north of
Anadarko. There they furnished us clothes
and boarded us. There were between forty
and sixty Indian children going to school
there at that time.

In 1893, I started to school at the
Catholic Mission at Anadarko. Father Isodore
was the priest. There were seventy or eighty
girls and about fifty boys going there.

The most of the Indians at that time

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didn't trust the white people, but the Catholic sisters were very kind to the Indians. A good many Indian men and women had sore eyes and the sisters doctored them. This made the Indians love the sisters and they would come to the Mission in time of sickness instead of going to the agency. They also ate so many meals at the Mission that the Government issued beef and other supplies to the Mission.

Most of the Catholic sisters were of German descent.

My teacher's name was Osmonda. We studied Benziger Brothers school books.

A good many Indian men and women came to the Catholic Church. The Indians had an interpreter to preach to them and several of them were baptised.

At Christmas time we always sorted names and presents so that each one we thought would be there would receive a present.

In 1898, I entered the St. Elizabeth Convent at Purcell. My teacher's name was Teresa, and Father Williams was the priest.

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Music was taught there, but there was a small charge for the lessons.

The Government issued one beef for three families, usually the beef was eaten fresh, but sometimes the beef would be cut in strips, and hung in the sun to dry. It took about three days for the beef to dry.

The Kiowas and Comanches didn't bury their dead very deep, but nearly always killed the best horse belonging to the party who had passed away and put the saddle and other belongings in the grave. It is my supposition that the Kiowas and Comanches thought that those who passed away would need their horse and belongings in the happy hunting ground. Relatives of the deceased would come to the grave at sunup and mourn all day for seven days.