

HAMPTON, FRANCES.

INTERVIEW

10160

63

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

#10160

**HAMPTON, FRANCES.**

**INTERVIEW.**

Field Worker's name John F. Dougherty

This report made on (date) March 3, 1938

1. Name Mrs. Frances Hampton

2. Post Office Address Sulphur, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) Route #3,

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month June Day 21 Year 1870

5. Place of birth Near Hugo in the Choctaw Nation.

6. Name of Father Anthony Bohanon Place of birth Indian Territory

Other information about father Farmer-Stockman.

7. Name of Mother Lizzie Robertson Place of birth Indian Territor

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 \_\_\_\_\_.

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An Interview With Mrs. Frances Hampton, Sulphur  
By - John F. Dougherty, Investigator.  
March 1, 1938.

My parents were Anthony Bohannon and Lizzie Robertson, both born in the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory. There were three children in our family. Father was a farmer and stockman. I was born near Hugo in the Choctaw Nation, June 21, 1870. I attended the Choctaw girls school at Goodland.

Mother cooked on the fireplace in the Winter and out of doors on a campfire in the Summer.

We had a wooden tub which we took to the creek to wash in. Mother washed with a wooden paddle, laying the clothes on an old stump to beat them. This removed the dirt. We didn't boil them. We washed in cold creek water and home-made lye soap. The clothes were hung on bushes to dry.

Father had a home-made wagon which was pulled by a yoke of oxen. The wheels of this wagon were made of a tree trunk. A hole was bored through the center and a wooden axle was used. The wheels were about six inches wide. The old wagon moaned and groaned as we rode along. Father

2

hauled our supplies from Denison, Texas, in this old wagon. About once a month the neighbors met and appointed a man to go to market for the entire neighborhood. Later father got a team of horses. The horse collars were made of shucks covered with canvas duck. Father made his own lines out of raw hide. He buried the hide in ashes and water until the hair slipped. Then he slipped the hair by scraping with a knife. It was then put back in ashes for a few days. Then it was soaked in the water which had been boiled over oak bark. The hide was now cut into desired strips and these were stretched between trees and worked with the hands until dry and soft.

Father drove his cattle to the cane brakes in the Arkansas River bottoms for the winter. I can see him yet as he got upon a stump in the woods and began calling his cattle. They came wandering in from every direction. He drove them into a lot, cut out the ones he wanted to keep at home to milk and drove the others away. They would come out of these brakes in the spring in splendid condition.

Mother made our clothes. We picked the seed from the cotton by hand. She spun the thread, dyed it with hick &

arc and copperas and wove the cloth. She then made our clothes by hand.

One day we saw an old buffalo coming home with our cows. He stayed with them for about a year and disappeared as suddenly as he had come. He became as gentle as our cattle.

Brother and I had a blow gun to kill birds. It was made of a piece of cane about two feet long. The peth was blown out leaving it hollow. A piece of tin was tied on the end of a broomweed. This was placed inside the cane and we blew it out at the birds. When it struck a bird it always killed it. This was a favorite pastime among Indian children. Wild pigeons and parrots were numerous. The parrots were very destructive to our wild fruit. They even ate cockleburrs. I have seen them pick up a cockleburrr weed, fly to the top of a tree with it, pull the cockleburrs off, and dig the kernel out. This was the part of the cockle-burr they ate.

The Indians buried their dead in hewed timber coffins in the following manner; A grave was dug, walnut or cypress trees were cut down and flat boards two inches or more thick,

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4

were hewed. One was placed in the bottom of the grave, one at each end and another fixed to cover the box. The body of the dead Indian was wrapped in a sheet and lowered into this hewed box. All of his belongings were put in with him. The Indians didn't want any of a dead relative's possessions kept. His money was buried also. The hewed board was put on top and dirt was filled in over this. It was tramped in by one of the grave diggers. A year after this when his birthday occurred, they held a memorial service at his grave.

After deer became scarce, the Indians would find their 'licks', climb a tree near and wait for their prey. When deer came onto the lick and began licking for salt, they were shot.

I married Isaac Hampton, a Choctaw and we have three children.