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Clifton P. West:

I was born five miles East and 1 mile South of Fort Gibson in the year of 1878. My Grand-father Morgan West a white man and my Grand-mother Nancy West who was a Cherokee Indian, come here about 1857 or 1858, from Alabama bringing with them their four children, Jim, Roofus, Sarah and Morgan Junior, who was my father, they came by boat landed at the old boat landing near where Hyde Park is now and settled the farm on which I now live. They had just gotten them a house built and a little land cleared and were just getting settled good when the Civil War started in 1861. My father was just a small boy at that time and none of his brothers were old enough to go to war. My Grand-father secured a contract with the Government to furnish meat for the soldiers at Fort Gibson. He raised lots of cattle and hogs him self and fought all he could and would butcher them and deliver the meat to the army Post. Before the war was over an epedemic of cholira broke out and Grand-father died. F. H. Nash of Fort Gibson took over grand fathers contract with the Government, also took a lot of stock that grand father had on hand when he died.

When my father Morgan West grew up he took over the farm and was married to Ellen Fain, to that union was forgn 7 children Roofus- May who died when she was only a child, George, Charley, Henry, Morgan and my self. We had very semple farming inplements with which to prepare our ground, and cultivate our crops. We did most of our plowing with a georgia stock and bull tongue plows. The first cotton planter we had was made of a 10 gallon kig with a row of holes bored in it all the way around the center, it was mounted on a frame with a wooden wheel in front and two harrow teeth behind too cover the seed. The machine was pulled by a horse and the kig revolved shaking the seed out through the holes.

We always raised some wheat for our bread. the only mill in the

county to grind the wheat was at Tahlequah, it would take a full day to take a load of wheat to mill, but people considered them selves neighbors who lived within one days ride of each other. I can remember when I used to go with father to Tahlequah to mill when it was getting near noon if we happened to pass a house they would always come to the door and invite us to stop and eat dinner.

There were no banks but if one man needed some money he would go to his neighbor and if he had it he would lend it to him or if he didn't have it him self he would take you to some one else that might have it, and the farmers hardly knew what a note or mortgage was. My father served as a member of the Cherokee Council at Tahlequah for a number of years, was a member of the Council when he died I cant recall the date of his death but it was before statehood. My mother is still living she lives on what is known as the Joe Cobb Farm South East of Wagoner.

A great part of the lime that was used in the building of the old Fort was burned right here on this farm the old lime keln was just South of the house.

I have never lived off of this farm my self, was married in 1897 to Mary Anderson and have been right here all my life of course we have more modern machinery than we used to have but the farm routine is pretty much the same.