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FIELD WORKER THAD SMITH JR.  
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INTERVIEW WITH JOHN CASEY  
516 Pennsylvania Ave., Chickasha, Okla.  
Born May 11, 1878, Texas.

Name of father Cornelius Casey  
Born North Carolina.  
Name of mother Margaret Atwood  
Born South Carolina.

I came to Thackerville, Oklahoma in the Chickasaw Nation September 1, 1887, when I was nine years old, I helped my father drive a small herd of cattle from Texas. Before we forded Red River we put brush in the river to hold the cattle and horses out of the quicksand.

Thacker ran the store of Thackerville, and Frank Criner did the freighting from Ganesville, Texas.

There were two ferries near there, one was Brown's Ferry and the other was Sacret's Ferry.

My father farmed near Thackerville for a couple of years. He laid off his cotton rows with a Georgia Stock plow, and planted his cotton with a barrel with a hole in the side of it, about the size of a silver dollar. As the barrel rolled over cottonseed would drop out the hole. The cotton was cultivated with a double shovel. The double shovel just cultivated one side of a row at a time, having

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to make a full round for each row. My father raised a bale of cotton to the acre, and ginned his cotton at Thackerville. There they had a steam power gin, and a horse power screen press. A team of horses was hitched to the press and driven around and around. This lightened a screen, and pressed the cotton. Cotton sold from eight to twelve cents a pound.

When we got to Thackerville, there was practically no law. Ft. Smith, Arkansas, had jurisdiction over Oklahoma. United States Marshals had a hard time finding places to stay over night. As there were a good many outlaws in the Territory, and people were afraid to let the outlaws know that they would keep a U.S. Marshal.

In 1889, I moved with my folks to Purdy, which was ten miles south of Lindsay. There I attended school in a box house, taught by Maude McQuirter. I studied the Blue back speller. McGuffeys reader and Ray's arithmetic. We sat on a puncheon seat, which is half of a log. The log is split and smoothed down, then

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holes bored in the rounding under side and legs driven in. Maude McQuirter taught as many as one hundred pupils. H. C. Havis was a Baptist preacher who preached at Purdy. Later Dr. Austell taught school. I moved to Red Bluff and my teacher there was named Zack Robbins.

The Chickasaws and Choctaws dressed like white people and the majority wore shingled hair. The Kiowas and Comanches wore only a gae string in the summer and blankets in the winter. I understand that Kiowas and Comanches used to wear buffalo robes with the hair next to them in the winter time and this kept them warm.

About 1900 another boy and I were staying near Fort Sill, and he had chills, I knew Humpo, a Kiowa medicine man, who said he could cure the chills. My friend refused to take his medicine for several days, but finally decided to try it, which he did, and he never had another chill. The medicine was made of bark and roots and the scrapings of a cow horn all powdered up fine. The boy said it was a bitter dose but it surely cured the chills.

I knew Periconic, a Comanche gambler and horse raiser. He was a shrewd gambler and played monte most of the time, and he raised some good horses.

I have gone to Indian camps to get some of them at night, and they would pretend to be asleep until I told them who I was.

I have seen well educated Indians go back to their old ways and customs after graduating from school.

One time I rode from Anadarko to Ft. Sill, horseback and on my way I saw Geronimo, who was then a prisoner of war. He and some others were all painted up and were having a war dance. I reported the incident to quartermaster sergeant at Ft. Sill. and he put me on duty with a rifle, thinking Geronimo and his friends might attack the fort.