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CLARK, MARY E. INTERVIEW

Mary E. Clark nee Scott, Informant

Frank J. ~~190~~  
Research worker

Mary Scott Clark Born Madison County, Iowa, May 27, 1870. Married John T. Clark, July 12, 1885 by Rev. Watt Duncan. Husband born at Wauhatchi, Cherokee Nation--1855. After we were married we worked at the Insane Asylum under Bob Woffard. I did the cooking and my husband was steward and helped care for the inmates. They were all Cherokee Indians. There were eighty inmates at that time. Some of them would not eat and would have to be fed. Some were able to work on the farm. The women would milk the cows. There was one blind woman there, her name was Margaret Walcatcher. She could do lots of work as she was not insane, just blind.

We bought a place at Bald Hill five or six miles south of Tahlequah. My husband was appointed high sheriff under Chief Joel B. Mayes. He served four years in Tahlequah district. Mr. Clark tied the rope around the neck of John Oh-way-ne when he was hanged and Wash Mayes pulled the trigger. He was serving as deputy under Wash Mayes at this time.

After statehood we lived at Pettit and Mr. Clark was elected justice of the peace of Cookson township. He was serving in that capacity when he was killed by Mack Cole Oct. 9, 1909. He is buried at Park Hill.

When I first came to the Cherokee Nation it was a beautiful place. --lands of wild game. I could see deer jumping around anytime--lots of wild turkeys and all kinds of game. We first rented a place from Bob French on Grand river near French's Ferry. I stayed with Lydia Cochran, my husband's aunt. She was almost a fullblood Indian. She was educated in the east at a Baptist academy in North Carolina. She married John Hillery Clark on the trail out here on the trail of tears. She would make bran bread and cook on the place. My husband's father fought in the Southern Army during the war.

his name was John H. Clark. My father fought in the Northern army, his name was John Ross Scott. He was named for Chief John Ross. We lived on Elk Creek and there was an old Indian grove on this place. It was covered with a large sandstone slab. No one could lift it. One night some white people thought there was money buried there, so they came up and knocked out the end of the grove. When the slab fell, a sheet of fire came out of the grove. The white people were badly scared and ran off and after that, I have seen the light there many a night. We used to give wool pickings and give a supper. We would have cakes and pies and have a good time. We also gave cotton pickings to get the seed out of the cotton. We would then card and spin it and weave it into cloth.