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she said that they would dance all night. They would build a camp fire and hang the scalp up where they would see it, then they would dance around it--they would give one good dance. They did this whenever they would get a scalp. Some times they would dance this war dance whether they got a scalp or not but the big dance was when they got a scalp.

Mother said that they sure had a hard time getting anything to eat during the war. They would dig up some root, then they would dry this root and beat it until it would turn into dust, then they would make bread out of it. And coffee, they would get some corn and parch it and make coffee out of it, they called Tash lua, parched corn. We would get most of our groceries from Paris, Texas, but after the railroad went through here, then we did our trading at Antlers. This town was named after a deer horn which was suspended over the spring. This spring is still here and is being used by the people of the town.

We lived on a farm. It was not a big farm, in fact there was no big farm in this county. About 10 or 12 acres was about the average size of the farms. We had some cattle; hogs and some ponies; mother had some chickens, she did not have many but she would raise enough for us to eat.

My father and mother both are dead, but I am still here. I have seen this country cleared up and put into farms by the white people that moved in this country, and Antlers grow into a pretty good sized town.

I want to school at Nelson Chapel, a neighborhood school, for about ten years, and then I went to Spencer Academy for two years. This school was supported by the Choctaw government at that time. The school house burned down and was not rebuilt by the Choctaw Government. I can write and read English pretty well and can read and write my own language.

I used to go to the big Indian meetings and have been to an Indian cry several times. The Indians that is the Choctaw Indians, quit having dances for several years. They used to have dances when I was a boy but I haven't seen any dances since I have been grown, and they used to have Indian ball games but they have not had a ball game for a long time. They have quit that, and they have quit the cry they used to have-in fact they have quit everything they used to have. Our Indian boys now play ball with the white boys base ball and some of them are pretty good base ball players.

Mother used to have a spinning wheel. She would get some cotton somewhere and we kids would have to pick out the seed with our hands, then she would take it and card it up with a card, get them in a small row, then she would put the cotton in the spinning wheel and spin it into a thread. Then she would make us cotton socks and cotton mittens that sure were warm through the winter.

I don't know what became of the spinning wheel. After she died, some one got it and it got lost.

I am a fullblood Indian and my father and mother were both fullbloods. We all lived in what was known as Jackfork County before state-hood but, what is now Pushmataha County.