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An Interview with Mrs. Sallie Colbert
Antlers, Oklahoma.

Johnson H. Hampton, Field Worker
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I was born near Tuskahoma, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory on the 25th of June, 1872. I was married to John Anolitubee. There were four children born to us. Then he died and after he died I married John Colbert. He died several years ago. Since then I have not married again.

My father's name was Arlington Anderson; my mother's name was Louisa Anderson. They lived near Tuskahoma until their death. My grand-father's name was Reuban Anderson, and my mother's name was Hattie Anderson. They lived near Tuskahoma, where they both died.

I don't know whether my father was in the Civil War or not. I never did hear my mother say anything about it if he was. I heard that my grand-father was in the Civil War. He joined the Southern Army; I don't know how long he was in the Army. My grand-father used to tell us that they had a hard time getting anything to eat during the war. They had plenty of cattle and hogs, and there were plenty of deer, turkeys, and fish in the creeks. In fact there was plenty of wild game to live on, but they could hardly get flour, sugar, coffee and other things that they did not have. Sometimes they would have to do without flour and coffee until they could go to Fort Smith, which was their trading point.

She used to tell us that when the soldiers came through there they would kill their cattle and in fact they would get anything they wanted to eat. They would not say anything about it to them for they were afraid of them. They would leave home until the soldiers got away then they would come back home.

My grand-father came from Mississippi with the others, and my grand-mother would tell us that it surely was hard on them for they had no clothes nor shoes to wear, and that lots of them died on the way over here. When they came here they located in what is now Pushmataha County, it was then Jackfork County. They lived here until their deaths.

We used to raise enough corn for bread every year, and we had a good many cattle and hogs, and plenty of chickens on the farm for we were farmers. Mother had a block of wood about 3 feet high that she used in making corn bread. This block had a bowl about 6 or 7 inches deep. She would put the corn in this bowl and beat it. It would take her a long time to get this corn beat up to where she could use a sifter. She had to sift the husks with a sifter made out of cane switches. She would keep beating this corn until it turned white and made into corn meal. She would also make some hominy (Tanchilobona), shouk bread (Banaha). It surely is good eating when it is cooked that way.

I remember one time my grand-mother went out in the woods and dug up some mud potatoes, she called them; they grow in marshes and are about the size of Irish potatoes. She would cook them as she would Irish potatoes. We children would roast them in the ashes;

when they would get done it surely was fine eating.

I went to school at Old Sardis. My brother taught the school. I went for a few months; that was all the schooling I got. Never went to any school after that. The old school house has long been out of existence.

My father used to camp at our church. It was a Baptist Church. We would get ready with everything to eat, then my father would kill hogs and sometimes he would kill beef. Then we would camp at the church and feed the people that would come to attend the church and we surely would have a great time. At that time there were lots of Indians; now there are not many, they are dying out.

I am a Choctaw Indian and have lived with my tribe all of my life. I speak some English but I can speak better Choctaw than I can English.