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Interview with Jimmy Coffee, Weleetka. Oklahoma.  
By Henry Day, Field Worker.

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June 4th, 1937.

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I, Jimmy Coffee, Creek Indian, was born in 1877, near Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, in the Cherokee Nation. My father's name was Kapeche Harjo. I do not know where he was born, and don't know what year he died. Nor my mother, although her name was Susan Harjo. When I was a small boy, they moved near the Seminole Nation, and from there northwest of the present town of Okemah, Oklahoma, about 8 miles. I guess I was 12 years old then. Both of my parents died with small pox. They told me that was in 1889. From then on, I can remember seeing them build log houses, and I used to build myself these log huts. They sure were warm in winter and cool in summer. Indians used to dig under the floor for cellar in which to keep pumpkins, dried peas, and sweet potatoes in winter time. This keeps in good shape. We had some hogs. We never did put killing hogs in pen, they just ran outside, both summer and winter, eating hickory nuts and acorns. They got fat on these during the winter. When we got hungry for hog meat, we called them, and when they came to the house, we shot them with a Winchester, and divided up the meat with our neighbors. That's the way we used to do, but today if you want a piece of hog meat from your neighbor, you have to pay for it.

We raised little patches of Sofkey Corn and sometimes two and three acres of wheat. The old Indian women used to make biscuits, but I don't know exactly how they made them, but will tell you next time. This is all at present.