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FIELD WORKER JOHNSON H. HAMPTON  
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INTERVIEW WITH JIMPSON DAVENPORT  
Darwin, Oklahoma.  
Born November 1, 1870, Finley, Okla.

FATHER'S NAME BARNETT DAVENPORT  
Born Finley, Oklahoma  
MOTHER'S NAME SELINA DAVENPORT  
Born Finley, Oklahoma.

I was born near what is now known as Finley, Oklahoma,  
then Cedar County, Choctaw Nation, on November 1, 1870. At  
that time there was no Post Office at this place, nor any  
nearer than Atoka. After the Frisco railroad was built,  
then Antlers, Oklahoma, was established and then we got  
our mail from Antlers, when it was Indian Territory,  
Choctaw Nation.

My father's name was Barnett Davenport and my  
mother's name was Selina Davenport. They lived and died  
near Finley.

My grandfather's name was Joe Davenport but I don't  
know now what my grandmother's name was. My grandparents  
came from Mississippi, but as to where they first located  
when they came to this country, I don't know. However, I  
think that they located somewhere near the Arkansas line,

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then, they moved to what was called Cedar County, and that is where my father lived when I was born.

My father was not a rich man but was better off than most of the Indians in our community. He had lots of cattle, hogs and ponies and we had a farm, maybe about 15 acres where we raised all the corn we wanted for bread so that we had corn bread to eat all the time. The corn meal that mother made was better than the corn meal we get to day. She beat it in a wooden block prepared for that purpose, and she would make hominy of different kinds for us to eat, and she would make different kinds of bread made out of corn.

The Indians at that time lived in log houses which they built themselves. Some of them had split logs for flooring while some of them had dirt flooring. The houses did not have windows and while some had two doors, most of them had one door. My father's was a double house, made out of hewed pine logs, dove-tailed in. It was a pretty good house, better than most other Indian houses.

There used to be lots of Indians who stayed at our house nearly all the time. They worked for father on the

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farm, but most of them just lay around for their feed. It was just like home to them, some of them would stay for a week. at a time, did nothing but eat. My father didn't say anything to them, he would let them stay as long as they wanted to. We had corn and all kinds of stock which was not worth much, so he would get them to kill a hog, or a beef any time they wanted to, I guess this was custom with them at that time, and they still do that now; of course they don't have the stock now that the Indians had at that time, but they still go from house to house and stay as long as they want to, then go home. The Indian house is open to all who wants to come and stay a few days.

Our trading point was at Fort Smith. Father would take two wagons when he went to Fort Smith and bring back all the groceries the wagons would hold. He made the trip twice a year, in the spring and in the fall. Not only did he make this trip but about four or five wagons would go together, and it would take about two weeks to get back home, if the creeks did not get up so that they could not cross. We had no roads then and no bridges across the creeks and rivers, so they just had to wait until the water went down to get across.

After the Frisco railroad went through this country, then we did our trading at Antlers, and Tushkahoma. It was about 15 miles from our home to either place, by going straight through the mountains, which was rough riding even on horse back.

We lived on a creek, a pretty good sized creek, where we boys went swimming, and in which were lots of fish. The water was clear so we could see the fish to the bottom of the water. We used a bow and arrow most of the time for fishing, and it was no trick to get all the fish we wanted in just a little while. The woods too were full of wild game, deer, turkeys, squirrels and some bears. All we had to do was to get out a few hundred yards from the house and kill anything we wanted to eat.

My father would some times sell some cattle, the older ones. They did not bring much but he had so many that he would sell off some anyway. The buyer would come with the money, all gold, in a saddlebag. The Indians who sold cattle would not take silver nor paper money for them and the buyers would have to bring gold for the cattle they bought. When father sold the cattle, then we would have some fun in gathering

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them for the buyer. They were all wild, and some of them would be about 8 or 9 years old and raised in the mountains, so that it was pretty hard to get them together. We Indians had lots of fun gathering them.

I don't have anything that would be of any interest to tell for there was not much of anything that these Indians did in this country. They did not have Snake dances like the western Indians had. They danced but it was like the white people danced. I used to like to dance then but I can't any more for I am too old for such things. I did not play Indian ball either for when I quit school and came home, they did not play any more ball.

I went to school at Spencer Academy for several years. This school was under the supervision of the Choctaw Nation. The council would meet and set aside money with which to run this school. It was a good school for us Indians. Some of our leading Indians went to this school, which was burned down and which was not rebuilt, so this school is out of existence now.

I am a full-blood Indian, speak fair English and can read and write English, and can read and write in Choctaw language. I was appointed County clerk after I quit school in the Choctaw County Court, which was in Cedar County.

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The old court house is not there but it was out about 16 miles east of Antlers, Oklahoma. There is a little village there now by the name of Rattan. Then I moved into Jackfork County and was appointed County Clerk in that county, this county court being held at Many Spring, about 30 miles north of Antlers.

There are several incidents that I could recall if I had the time to think it over. Those things happened a long time ago, and I have forgotten lots of things that really happened back in those days when I was a boy.

I live out about 15 miles west of Antlers, and have several head of cattle and some hogs and a few ponies. I have a good farm and a good meadow for my hay. I get along pretty well, but no money.