



DWYER, J. L. (MRS.)

INTERVIEW.

Form A-(S-149) #10232

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BIOGRAPHY FORM

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

Field Worker's name Jasper H. Mead

This report made on (date) March 12, \_\_\_\_\_ 1938

1. Name Mrs. J. L. Dwyer

2. Post Office Address Chickasha, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) North of town, one mile.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month February Day 11 Year 1876

5. Place of birth State of Missouri

6. Name of Father A. A. Boston Place of birth Kentucky

Other information about father Died at the age of 64.

7. Name of Mother Mary E. Pierce Place of birth Kentucky

Other information about mother Died at the age of 74.

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 5.

Interview with Mrs. J. L. Dwyer  
Chickasha, Oklahoma

Investigator - Jasper H. Mead  
Indian-Pioneer History, S-149  
March 17, 1938

My name is Mrs. J. L. Dwyer. I was born in the state of Missouri, February 11, 1876, sixty-two years ago. I came to the Indian Territory when I was thirteen years old. The first place we landed was where Chickasha is now. We pitched our tent and camped on the bank of Linn Creek for three or four days and while we were camped there, a panther came down the creek and gave us a big scare; we took our ax and everything you could think of on the inside of our tent to kill the panther with, providing he bothered us. After we stayed here a few days we moved north of Chickasha, on the bank of the Washita River at a very small place located on the south side of the river right close to where the Rock Island Railroad now crosses.

There was one small store with a postoffice and three or four families lived close to the store and that is what the place consisted of. Our main water supply came from dug wells and from the Washita River. The river water was used mostly for stock water because there was a great many

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cattle around<sup>Penn See</sup> at that time. My brother-in-law, John Flippo, killed two deer at one shot with his rifle.

The Rock Island Railroad was built through this part of the country in about 1898 and it is a fact that Chickasha started from a railroad camp.

My father, Mr. A. A. Boston, was a Baptist preacher and was the first missionary to preach to the Kiowa and Comanche Indians but most of his preaching was done about fifteen miles west of Anadarko; he always took his interpreter with him .

Chief Big Tree, the Chief of the Kiowa Indians, was a large man weighing about 350 pounds who had been a pretty bad Indian. Chief Big Tree told my father that there had been many a white baby whom he had tossed up in the air and then caught on the point of a butcher knife but he was converted in one of my father's meetings and was baptised by my father. Chief Big Tree was the kind of an Indian who wanted the white man to give him the road when they met. One time he took a buggy whip and whipped a white man out of the road and the next time they met he was going to do the same thing, so this white man took a small pocket knife and killed him

and this is how Chief Big Tree lost his life, trying to make the white man give him the road. I have seen this man who killed Chief Big Tree but can't call his name.

My father has eaten at Quannah Parker's house when Quannah and his seven wives all gathered around the table. Quannah had one wife whom he liked best and he always took her with him. The first automobile that Quannah Parker bought was an ambulance and all the other Indians laughed at him and called it a "dead wagon." When a member of an Indian family died forty-eight years ago, relatives always cut their hair off and after they had buried the body, they would go back home and tear up all the bed-clothes of the dead person and would break up the dishes he or she had had and many times would cut long, deep gashes in their own bodies.

As pretty a house as I ever saw in those days was a sod house built by two women, one's name was Mrs. McAtee and the other was Miss Julie Mars. This house was in the Cheyenne country. I think that one of these women lives in Oklahoma City now. Around Penn See there were many cattle. People used to pick up bones off of the

prairie. I have seen bones piled up a hundred and fifty feet long and as high as a man's head.

I was also at Anadarko and I saw the Government issue beef to the Indians who came with their paint and feathers. The Indian man would shoot the steers, and the woman would dress them.