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Story as given by Mary Nevins (Negro) to Breland Adams,  
Field Worker. February 22, 1937.

I don't know how old I am but I was about 15 years  
old when the Civil War came on. I belonged to John  
Thompson Adair and lived in the Flint District. I hoed  
and took care of babies, cooked and done everything.

We went to Texas during the Civil War and after the  
war my master brought us back and turned us loose.

My mother, Susie Adair, sometime helped the officer  
ladies, sometimes she done washings. I worked some for  
the officer ladies on Garrison Hill, too. I married Alex  
Nevins. His young master was young Mose Nevins. Mose  
Nevins and his sister run the ferry. Alex worked at ketch-  
jobs and part of the time he was a government teamster.

Was I in the cholera, does I know anything about it,  
well I reckon I does. Mr. I tried to die. All my folks  
died, I tried to die. Mr. I wouldn't tell you no lie I  
sho did try to die. I et green corn and green cabbage and  
everything I could trying to get that cholera so I could die,  
too. All my folks died and I didn't want to live but I just  
couldn't die. I aint tellin you no lie. The government put  
us out on Four Mile Creek and we lived under trees and in  
tents. The government give us our rations. Russell Vann

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picked out the cemetery location when the first one died out there. People would drink pusley tea and everything t they could trying to do something for the chclera, but they just took sick and died in a few hours.

We had an allotment but its all gone now. I had forty acres surplus in the oil belt but it's all gone now. Used to we didn't have no trouble making alivin, but now we aint got nothing. I live with my son Sam Nevins who is about 51 or 52 years old. Used to be plenty of game and tall prairie grass but there aint nothin now, Mister. I wouldn't tell you no lie there aint nothin now.