

Stigler Okla
March 23-1942

Dear Catherine

I wrote you a long letter and
ask you a whole lot of questions
and addressed it like you had
on one of your envelopes, and
it came back I believe it was
Columbia Road 1369 and
the other letters were addressed
1359 but I see you are still on
the same road. Papa has been
awfully sick I thought for awhile
he just wasn't going to make it
but he is getting alright again
and Breck is quitting his job in
Muskogee and coming home
to take over the Office I guess

he and Glen Kivett will run it
and your Dad can be the ad-
visor. Breck says he can make
more at home trading than
he can in Muskogee he
probably can make 200 or 300
amonth and relieve your Dad
too. when Breck gets the hang on
the job Papa has promised to
go to see you all. he says he would
like to go. I called little George
and he came and nursed him
and Oh, he is such a good nurse.
I told you all about Geneva marrying
so well. she married a business
man in Lawton. I told Breck to
go to Mr Fulton and get your
Roll number Papa is so old he
cant get around to much so
over

Breck said he sent it to Yvonne
I havent heard from Mack in
2 weeks I cant tell wether he
is playing tennis or gone but
you know when he plays tennis
he plays. How is my Baby getting
along. is he making good grades
in school. Olaf has got to running
around after Dad got sick we
didnt pay much attention to him
and he got to chasing around after
lady dogs. and he just runs in
and eat and goes right out Oh, he
just barks when he comes in
like he is trying to tell us
something he sure is a happy
dog. is Sarah staying with
Yvonne. and what room does
Yvonne sleep in I heard she
moved the boys down on the
1st floor - You know I was

sorry to hear of Mrs Mcmanus
death she was awfull good to Yvonne
when she first went up there. I
figured she would grieve herself
to death if she didnt get a job from
the way she talked to me. I wonder
how on earth Peggy made it
through while her mother was
sick. poor little girl she sure
did hang on to her, didnt she?
well I dont know which I want
to whip first Japs or Germans.
there was a man here the other
day from West or some where
in Okla and he said a woman
got a letter from her boy who
is a prisoner and he said
in his letter mamma cut
this stamp out and put it
over

with my stamps I am saving
and said after the woman went
to bed she thought he never had
been saving my stamps so she
got up and steamed the stamp
off and under that stamp ~~it~~^{he}
said they had cut his tongue
out and they say the mother
is nearly crazy. Boy I would
just fight till I died be fore
I would be prisoner to the japs
and you know they got some of them
at Robbers cave. Well soon as it
gets warm we are coming to see
you all I got your last letter
Dad is going to Fites soon as
Breck comes home Breck is going
to work until the 1st of April
awfull lonesome so many peo-
ple gone. all old people here now
Your Mother

would be worth redeeming
and in the meantime I
will write Mr Hark his
advice as to what to do
but I am going to do my best
to get you something to fall
back on. so your contribution
won't be lost. now don't
tell Yvonne and then may
be later on I can do something
for them too. I am determined
to get you a stake but it
will have to be in my name
and I will write a will for
you in case something
should happen to me - if
you get a letter about it
just write me.

Your Mother
(over)

ask this woman if you
should hold this allot-
ment - or buy some more
land.

(COPY)

Stigler, Oklahoma
October 14, 1942

Hon. W. W. Short
1126 North Robinson Street
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Dear Mr. Short:-

I have been authorized to write you by the members of the Mai-hai-ya Indian Club of Haskell County, which is a member of the General Federation of Womens' Clubs and is named for my beloved grandmother, Mai-hai-ya McCurtain, wife of a Choctaw Chief and mother of three Choctaw Chiefs, the McCurtain brothers--Jack, Edmund, and Green.

We have followed with the greatest admiration your valiant fight on behalf of our noble cause.

I believe the backers of this movement for the sale of our coal lands are taking advantage of us in claiming it is our patriotic duty to sell this land for the defense of our country. We are loyal Americans--Americans with an inborn sense of patriotism born of four hundred and fifty years of fighting for the defense of this country. We have fought for our rights since the coming of the first foreigners to our shores and have risked and given lives as recently as the Battles of Corregidor and the Solomons.

We think it a poor argument and do not consider it being patriotic to practically give to a private concern our lands which we can see that they will not in all probability use in the immediate defense of our country, but will save for a later time when they can make enormous profits by supplying the post-war demand for this material to rehabilitate the now-warring countries. These private concerns will then profit by our loss and reap the fruits of our lands.

It is a poor brand of patriotism and we Indians would rightly be ashamed to admit to our sons who are fighting for America and risking their lives for this country to return to find their heritage gone--practically given away to private concerns.

While they are fighting over there, let us at home fight for their rightful heritage here.

May God give you the strength and wisdom to continue your courageous fight on our behalf,

Your friend,
(SIGNED) Alice McCurtain Scott.

(COPY)

Stigler, Oklahoma
October 8, 1942

Hon. William Durant,
Tuskahoma, Oklahoma

Dear Chief: -

We are now facing a problem vital to the interest of the people - a problem that my father faced in his time - a problem that he fought and prayed over. A few years before his death, he was offered a proposition to sell this coal land at a price which he thought was far below its real value, and he refused to sign the sale. Then he studied it over and thought he would consider his people and if they wanted to sell at that price, that although he would never agree to sign for it, he would resign and let them put somebody else in. He wrote his full-blood friends and told them of his decision. They wrote back begging him not to resign, that they had utmost confidence in him as the only man they could trust to lead them - especially at that particular time. Letter after letter kept coming, pleading with him not to resign. Then he rolled up his sleeves and went to fight. Then a representative of some big eastern syndicate came down to his home and tried to approach him through my mother, telling her to offer my father a million dollars to sign the sale. She referred him to my father, then went to the and heard him offer my father this vast sum of money. He told my father how he could have his family in luxury. She heard him tell my father his people would never know--this would be separate. She heard my father reply to him in these words, "As long as I have these two hands I'll never suffer. I can make my living. You can throw me out of this office, you can throw me anywhere and I can still make a living. You see that bushel basket of letters? They're from my full-blood constituents--the people that voted for me as their leader, begging me not to resign and telling me of their great confidence in me and depending on me to guard their interest. I will not betray the confidence that my people put in me. I will not steal--nobody can make me. I am an old man, not long for this world. I will not sell my home in Heaven for a million dollars"- Then he began to rebuke the man. Then the man said, "We won't talk about it any more" - My father later verified this conversation to me, whom he took in confidence.

We never regretted his refusal of this bribe, although he died a poor man and we had to wait for his salary check to pay for his funeral expenses, we are consoled to know that his spirit is at peace and that his soul rests in Heaven.

~~Just the night before he died - late in the night, he prayed for himself and his people. It was the most beautiful prayer my~~

(COPY)

late in the night, he prayed for himself and his people. It was the most beautiful prayer my mother said she ever heard - and in it he said, "Oh, God, if the paleface rob my tribe of their earthly possessions, save my tribe a home in heaven!" We know he prayed for his tribe until death as he died with a prayer on his lips. The pastor who held the last rites over him referred to him as "The Moses of his people, that his work was well done and God had called him up higher. His request was that his body be turned over to the full-bloods after the first rites - that's what we did - and they were at the cemetery. They gathered around his casket and we heard a full-blood woman pray, "Oh God, what are we going to do? Our leader is gone." It was pathetic to see the grief. Then we began getting letters of sympathy. They wrote us, "While you have lost a father, we have lost a father and a leader."

Chief Durant, my father had a strong character to do this for his people, but we are proud of him and we have a proud heritage in the fact that the Choctaw people love and honor his memory.

And you know he was an able leader and the greatest living Americans of his day recognized him as being such. His name still lives - not for his riches, but for his leadership of his people. President Theodore Roosevelt sent for my father and expressed a strong desire to meet him. He said that in his opinion he was the smartest living North American Indian. He sent him a letter of congratulations upon his last election as tribal chief. The then Secretary of the Interior wrote him a letter asking him how he wanted the Indian affairs to be wound up and they would try to carry it out as nearly as possible after his death. I was so proud when my son, who went to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor found on the record book to look on a certain page for the signature of the late Choctaw Chief - Green McCurtain in the library of that great University.

Chief Durant, I'm growing old and you're growing old. We know the value of this land better than the younger generation. We know how our fathers and our fathers' fathers loved and fought for this land, we are now at the end of the trail - it's the last thing we have. My father wasn't opposed to selling the coal land - he wanted to sell it, but he wanted the full value of it for his people.

We, the Choctaw people, want to contribute our share to the defense of our people. We are as loyal Americans as can be found any place. Many of our Indian Boys have given their lives in defense of our country. Some were in the corridor. I, myself, have a boy overseas.

We are willing to contribute coal for defense, but in my opinion, I'd rather donate coal to the Government as to sell it to a private concern at the rate we are being offered. It is hard to understand why we can't continue leasing it for 8 cts. a ton than to sell it for $\frac{1}{2}$ ct. a ton. After all, it is not being sold to the Government, but to a private concern. I'd say, sell direct to the Government and we probably would get a better price.

Chief Durant, I know father trained you in the leadership of his people, and you know his ideas the Choctaw people and I have great faith in your ability to lead us and protect our interest.

We know that coal land cannot be sold unless you sign the sale. We pray that God will give you the strength and the wisdom to see through the same things and the same kind of people my father did. My father prayed for divine Wisdom to lead his people and we pray God will enlighten you as he did my father.

May God bless you and save for you a home in Heaven.

Your friend,

(signed) Alice McCurtain Scott

his people would never know this would be
separate - She heard my father reply to him in
these words "As long as I have these 2 hands I can make
my living. you can throw me out of this Office, you can
throw me any where and I still can make a living. you
see that pile of letters. They're from my full blood
constituent the people that voted for me as their leader
begging me not to resign and telling me of their great
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people were in
And as our friends he was made aware, him
great living Americans of his day recognized him
as being such. His name still lives not for his riches
but for his leadership of his people - President Theodore
Roosevelt sent for ~~him~~ and said that in his
opinion he was the smartest living North American
Indian. He sent him a letter of congratulation
and a selection of his ~~work~~ ^{papers} to be mounted
up on his Indian affairs ~~work~~ ^{papers} and he nearly went
secretary of the Indian ~~affairs~~ ^{affairs} when my son who went
up, and they would try to carry it out as nearly as possible
after his death. I was so proud of our son and the library
to the University of Michigan for his papers and the library
record book book. I was so proud of our son and the library
late Choctaw University. I am so proud of our son and the library
of that great ~~Indian~~ ^{Choctaw} ~~University~~ ^{University} and the library
Chief of this land ~~now~~ ^{now} ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~glad~~ ^{glad}
the value of his ~~papers~~ ^{papers} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~glad~~ ^{glad}
generations ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~glad~~ ^{glad}
for the end of the ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~glad~~ ^{glad}
at the end of the ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~glad~~ ^{glad}
My father wants to sell it but he wants to contribute
to the ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~glad~~ ^{glad}
people want to contribute
to the ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~glad~~ ^{glad}

to these means it will
My father wants to sell
his tract, to sell
for his Choctaw people
the the defense of our people
to the defense of our people
our share in our land
as long as our land
(over)

~~has~~ Their lives in defense of our country come over
in Corrigador. I myself have aboy over seas.
We are willing to contribute coal for defense but
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rate we are being offered. It is hard to understand
why we cant continue leasing it for a set aton
than to sell for 12 cts aton. After all it is not being
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Stigler Okla
Oct 23-1942

Hon Josh Lee.
Washington D.C.

Dear Senator:-

My father was chief so long was elected to that office four times and was the last Chief that could make speeches in Choctaw and was called a silver tongue orator in his language was the ^{now} Davis introduced him to W. F. Bryan. And was a praying Chief for his family prayer night and morning he prayed for divine wisdom to lead his people the night before he died late in the night my mother said he prayed for himself and his people and in his prayer he said "Oh, God should if the pale face rob my tribe of their earthly possession save my tribe a home in heaven" and we know he prayed for his tribe until death as he died with a prayer on his lips. kept a Choctaw and English Bible on the table in his family room I'd see him often coming to these bibles regardless how heavy his office work was read a few verses in Choctaw and the same in English then go to himself to pray. he prayed the most beautiful prayers in his own language reminded me of the prayers of David. I wished I had payed more attention to his prayers but I didn't realize then what a wonderful father I had I thought any body could speak and pray like he could I thought the people admired him for his good looks he was 6'4" in 235-lb but when that tongue was still I thought of the book of Psalms Pres. Theodore Roosevelt sent for him and expressed a strong desire to meet him he said in his opinion he was the smartest North American Indian living and upon is last election as tribal Chief he wrote him a letter of congratulation and was the only Chief we ~~now~~ had that was able to take our problems to the President he met many President in his time. And was loved by his people. he had his office at home was how I learned to politic and met so many people after his death they wrote us while you have lost a father the Choctaw people have lost a father and a leader to day my people are like a bunch of sheep in a storm with out a shepherd there leader gone. I can truly say there is not one Indian that can lead 10.

Oklahoma City, Okla. Nov. 10, 1942.
1126 No. Robinson.

Mrs. Alice McCurtain Scott,
Stigler, Oklahoma.

Dear Mrs. Scott:

Such letters as yours bring encouragement and
increased effort.

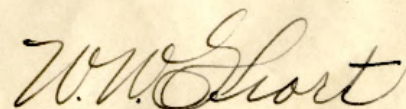
My reason for a delayed answer is that I wanted you
to have a copy of the entire proceedings of the state organ-
ization meeting, which is herewith enclosed.

Representatives from here have attended the meetings
of both the Choctaw Advisory Council and the Chickasaw Protec-
tive Association to protest selling any more of our coal land
in piecemeals to either the Government or any private concern
under the guise of a war measure. In spite of this, both organ-
izations approved the most recent request, supposedly from the
Government. This is just one more of those unjust things you
mentioned, and is our primary reason for organizing and combining
our efforts to secure, if possible, a little justice, and some
profit from our remaining heritage.

We are determined this organization shall not fail
to secure some sort of settlement, for we realize this is our
last opportunity, and we call on all tribal members for their
whole-hearted assistance. Upon study of the enclosed material,
you will realize that your county should organize and become a
part of the state Confederation; send Councilmen to the meeting,
when advised as to time and place, and get behind the movement
in every possible way. Any assistance we can give from this
end of the line will be freely given.

Your letters are to be kept in our permanent files
for future reference and we hope to hear from you again real
soon with a list of members of your organization, and your
officers. Our state secretary will keep you advised of plans
and information.

Sincerely yours,



W. W. Short, State Pres.
Choctaw-Chickasaw Confederation