

INDEX CARDS:

Choctaw Nation  
Tribe-Choctaw  
Nashoba  
Living Conditions

JAMES, BETSY. INTERVIEW.

7415.

Charline M. Culbertson,  
Interviewer,  
Sept. 3, 1937.

An Interview with Betsy James,  
A fullblood Choctaw Indian woman,  
2 Blocks north of Main St.,  
Blanco, Oklahoma.

I was born two miles east of Nashoba, in Pushmataha County, in the year of 1881. My parents were William and Susanna Garland; both were fullblood Choctaw Indians and are buried near Nashoba.

We did not belong to any special clan.

Nashoba had, at this time, one store, a post office, church, and school. Our tribe were mostly Methodists in the district where I lived. I do not remember who operated the store or was postmaster and neither do I remember our school teacher.

All the buildings and houses in our vicinity were lumber as there were several sawmills near by.

In school we used what we called the green book and I am still in possession of it. We had board benches that we sat on; we used slates and had a small

JAMES, BETSY.

INTERVIEW.

7415.

- 2 -

black board. All the children who attended this school were Choctaw Indian children; our teacher was also Choctaw.

Father and Mother farmed. They raised lots of corn, cotton, hogs, cattle and sheep. We had no fenced pastures but there was lots of good tall grass and the stock ran on the range. Father had four ponies.

When Father went hunting he would kill one deer and no more. He would skin it where he killed it and put it on the horse and carry it home. We often cut our hams in thin slices and put it on top of the house to dry, and used it as needed. It was very easy to cook. Our principal foods were pashofa, chuck bread, sour bread and dried corn.

We had our tents, blankets and quilts. This was at our summer camp meetings where we stayed for two or three days at a time. Each family cooked to themselves and had their own meals alone. No whites ever attended these meetings that I remember of.

Father went Fort Smith, Arkansas, to buy his guns

JAMES, BETSY. INTERVIEW. 7415.

- 3 -

and ammunition. He would be gone a week. I never went on these trips; however, I never went any place. I stayed very close at home and knew very little of what the other people were doing or their ways of living.

I don't remember how we made our medicines but I do know we used lots of home remedies. I never attended the Pashofa dances but do know they had them, as well as the three day cries.

Our clothes were home made. My mother used to spin the thread and weave the cloth but never taught me how. The men wore their hair to their shoulders while the women wore it long, down each shoulder in a braid.

My husband was a Baptist Missionary Minister, preaching in the Indian Territory. He died in 1926 and was buried at Brushy Church.