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Johnson H. Hampton
Field Worker
April 21, 1937.

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Interview with Josh Impson
Jumbo, Oklahoma.
Born January, 1896
Father-Morris Impson.

I was born near the place called Jumbo, Oklahoma. Now at the time I was born there, there was no Jumbo. It was named Jumbo after they opened the mines; then they got up a Post Office and called it Jumbo, Oklahoma.

I was born in a log house on the 1st day of January, 1896. The old log house is still standing there; of course, it is pretty rotted now but some of the logs are sound yet.

My father's name was Morris Impson. He was a full-blood Indian and farmer, having lots of cattle, hogs and lots of ponies running out on the range. In fact he had everything that goes with a farm. He was a little boy when the Civil war broke out so he was too young to enter the service and he was not bothered with the soldiers because they did not get down that far so he said, most of them were north of us.

My mother was a Chickasaw Indian. She lived and was raised at a place known as Burriss Valley, but when she married my father she moved down to Jumbo, Oklahoma, where my father was living. Burriss Valley is now in Pittsburg County, then it was Jackfork County. She never told us anything

about the war nor how the Indians lived during the war and after the war. When I was born and raised up we had plenty of everything to eat. Our trading Post was at Fort Smith, and mother said that they would go to Fort Smith about twice a year to lay in their groceries and other supplies they needed.

I went to school at a neighborhood school and attained the 8th grade, still I didn't learn much at that; they have built a fine school house now, something that they did not have at the time when I went to school. I can speak a little English but not enough to carry on a conversation with anyone. I can understand enough to make deals with a white man when they want to deal with me.

My father was sort of a leader among the Indians that lived in our community. The Indians used to live in communities. We lived in the north end of what is know as Impson Valley, about 23 miles NW of Antlers, Oklahoma, When I was a boy that country was all in wood, there was no fence to speak of, and the Indians living there had a small farm which were fenced. The balance of the country was open, no fences. The grass and the cane of the creeks was thick and high as your head. The stock would live fat all during

the year; we did not have to feed them at all.

After the Frisco Railroad came through the country our trading Post was at Kosoma, a little saw mill town. It was not far from our home so my dad did most of his trading there.

My father did not hold any office that amounted to anything. He was a deputy sheriff for several years and that is about the only office he held under the Choctaw Government.

We did not camp at any of the Indian meetings but we would go to the meeting wherever they had one. There used to be lots of Indians then that attended the meeting and the campers would feed all that came to the meeting. They still have those camp meetings but the Indians are not many. All have died out; they are not what they used to be when I was a boy.