

SCOTT, BOSE

FOURTH INTERVIEW 13608

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Jas. S. Buchanan,  
Investigator  
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Interview with  
Bose Scott  
116 Geneva Street  
Muskogee, Oklahoma.

I was born May 9, 1862, in Muskogee District, Creek Nation. My father was James C. Scott, a native of Scotland. My mother was Lou M. Hawkins, daughter of Benjamin Hawkins, full blood Creek, and Rebekah McIntosh Hawkins whose father was William McIntosh, a full blood Scotchman, Chief of the Creeks, assassinated in Georgia and her mother was Susana Rowe, a full blood Cherokee. Due to the conditions that existed in this country at the time of my birth during the Civil War I was never able to learn very much about the movement of my people during the early years of my life. I was told by my parents that they moved to Fishertown on the North Canadian River shortly after the close of the Civil War and my first recollection of life is of that old place. My father established a claim through the tribal rights of my mother at Fishertown, improved it and built a double log house with a stone fireplace at the north end, and it was in this house that they reared my two sisters, a brother and me.

We children attended the Creek National School at Fishertown, at that time a one room log structure. That old school

building was destroyed by fire about 1880 and soon thereafter a frame school and church was built. The old "blue back" Speller, simple mathematics and the Third Reader were all we were taught in the Creek National Schools at that time. After we were through the Creek schools my sisters, Rebekah and Fannie, were sent to school in a Catholic institution at Jefferson, Texas, where they spent about four years. After they returned from school they both taught in the Creek National Schools for several years until they were married.

Fishertown was started by William Fisher, a half-breed Creek who was born in Alabama and came to the Creek Nation, Indian Territory, when he was a boy in 1847 and finished his education in the Shawnee Mission, Kansas. Leaving the Shawnee Mission in 1849 William Fisher returned to the Creek Nation and engaged in farming. In 1850 he was married to Sarah P. Lampkin, white and a native of Tennessee. In 1855 he established a small store at his place and that was the beginning of Fishertown. At the time of the outbreak of the Civil War he had established a good business and had a large stock of goods, but was obliged to desert his home and business on account of the conditions brought on by the war and lost everything. He joined the Confederate army,

under Colonel McIntosh and continued in the service until the close of the War, holding the positions of sergeant and first lieutenant through the campaign.

Returning home after the war he re-established his business, continued his farming activities and later acquired more land and engaged in the cattle business. His ranch was situated about fifteen miles west of Fishertown. He built a sawmill and the first cotton gin in that part of the Territory, and during the late '70's and '80's Fishertown was the largest business center in that part of the Territory. When I was only a boy I went to work for William Fisher as a general work hand, doing anything that was to be done about the mill, cotton gin and the ranch and I remained with him for several years. In the family of William Fisher there was a daughter, Martha, and as the years went by we found ourselves in the company of each other a great deal. In 1884 when Martha was home on vacation from school which she was attending at Springfield, Missouri, we decided to get married. As the end of her vacation drew near, I went to Mr. Fisher and asked his permission to marry Martha. He thought the matter over very seriously and told me that the only objection he had was that we were

both very young and that he would rather Martha would attend school another year. I left him, being very much discouraged, and soon found myself in a serious conference with Martha in which our plans for the future were formed. The end of her vacation was at hand and all preparations were made for her return to school at Springfield. The day of her departure arrived and her folks saw her safely aboard the train at Eufaula. But in the meantime I was on my pony making my way to Bond Switch, north of Eufaula, which was a flag stop for that train. Arriving there, I turned my pony loose, flagged the train, and Martha and I were on our way together. Though her ticket read to Springfield, our train ride terminated at Gibson Station, where I procured a horse and buggy from a relative of the name of George Shannon and drove to Fort Gibson where we were married under the Cherokee laws. I was twenty-two years of age at the time of our marriage and in the meantime I had acquired ownership of our old home place where I was reared and immediately after our marriage we returned to my home place where we began our life together. Mr. Fisher soon forgave us and everything was all right in a short

time. Six children were born to us and they were reared in the same and only house I ever knew as home. That same old log house is yet standing, though I have had it weather-boarded and repaired in later years. My wife and faithful companion departed this life in 1907.