

Notice of Copyright

Published and unpublished materials may be protected by Copyright Law (Title 17, U.S. Code). Any copies of published and unpublished materials provided by the Western History Collections are for research, scholarship, and study purposes only.

Use of certain published materials and manuscripts is restricted by law, by reason of their origin, or by donor agreement. For the protection of its holdings, the Western History Collections also reserves the right to restrict the use of unprocessed materials, or books and documents of exceptional value and fragility. Use of any material is subject to the approval of the Curator.

Citing Resources from the Western History Collections

For citations in published or unpublished papers, this repository should be listed as the Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

An example of a proper citation:

Oklahoma Federation of Labor Collection, M452, Box 5, Folder 2. Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

INDEX CARDS

Permits--Choctaw
Valliant

Horse Races--Choctaw Nation

Hay--Choctaw Nation

Openings--Kiowa-Comanche

Field Worker: Phad Smith, Jr.
April 1, 1937

BIOGRAPHY OF Mr. George W. Busby (White),
315 North 6th Street
Chickasha, Oklahoma

POB: Locksburg, Arkansas
November 2, 1878

PARENTS Father, John Busby, Mississippi
Buried in Arkansas
Mother, Martha Setterwhite, Mississippi
Buried at Gayles, Oklahoma

I came to the Indian Territory in 1887, from Arkansas, when I was nine years old.

My father and mother settled near Fowlerville, in the Choctaw Nation. At that time white people were required to pay a permit to live in the Indian Territory. This permit allowed my father to break land to farm, and a right to pasture our work stock and cattle for the sum of five dollars a year.

When we landed in the Indian Territory, there were wild turkey, deer and prairie chickens, galore.

The first and only doctor at Fowlerville was Doctor Spencer. He was a very good doctor but stuttered very badly. He had a big well-bred stocking-leg horse that he drove in his buggy.

There was a little country store four miles west of the place we lived that was named Valiant. Every Saturday nearly all the people in the surrounding country would meet there with their fastest horses. There would be matched races all afternoon. A lot of the bets would be made with horses instead of money. One afternoon Charlie Williams, an Indian boy, and Ike Irons, a white man,

had a race matched. They were both my friends and I had started home, as I had not bet on the race. And Ike Irons said "Kid don't go yet, I have bet your horse and saddle on the next race, if I lose it, I will give you another one." Luckily for him, he won the bet.

There were lots of Indians in that part of the country at that time, and I had more Indian friends than I did white friends.

We traded very little at the nearby stores, but freighted our supplies from Paris, Texas, with a four horse team, which was thirty three miles south of home.

Wheelock Academy, an Indian Girls School, was located a few miles south of where we lived. My brother Allen Busby helped build the Academy. I think there must have been at least two hundred girls going to this school, when it opened.

I saw my first power hay baler, baling prairie hay just north of the Wheelock Academy, when I was about fifteen years old. This baler was pulled with a steam engine, fired with coal. The prairie grass was nearly waist high.

In 1899, when I was twenty-one years old, my folk and I moved to what is now Grady County, but at that time was called Dickens County. We located about five miles southeast of Chickasha on what was called the ninety six flat.

That fall when deer season opened, which was for two months, I went hunting with John Cox, he and I together killed eleven deer, during deer season.

When the Caddo country was opened for settlement, another

fellow and I went to El Reno to register for the drawing, we stood in line, that was at least one half a mile long, for a little over a half a day. We never, never did get any nearer the office, as other people would wedge in, in front of us. We got disgusted and came back home, without registering. My brother was there and got registered, but did not draw a claim.
