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BUSH, NELLIE.

INTERVIEW

9260 .

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BIOGRAPHY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for OklahomaField Worker's name Augusta H. Custer.This report made on (date) November 19, 1937.

1. Name Mrs. Nellie Bush,
2. Post office Address Greenfield, Oklahoma.
3. Residence address (or location) West part of town.
4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month May Day 27 Year 1894.
5. Place of birth Palmyra, Nebraska.

6. Name of Father Henry Lanning Place of birth England.Other information about father Pioneer farmer.7. Name of Mother Sopha Ford Lanning Place of birth Illinois.

Other information about mother _____

Notes or complete narrative by the field worker dealing with the life and story of the person interviewed. Refer to Manual for suggested subjects and questions. Continue on blank sheets if necessary and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached Five

BUSH, NELLIE (MRS.)

INTERVIEW.

#9260.

Augusta H. Custer,
Investigator.
November 19, 1937.

Interview with Mrs. Nellie Bush,
Greenfield, Oklahoma.

I was left a widow two years ago when my husband, Joe Bush, died; I have three children, two girls in school and Donald Bush is in a CCC camp in Wyoming. From the money ^I receive from Donald I manage to live in this small town and to keep the girls in school.

There was a large family of us children; there were seven of us. We were all born in Nebraska. My older brothers drove a team to a wagon, and came to Oklahoma that way, while Father and Mother and we younger children came on the train. We came to a place a little west of El Reno on the train. This was the end of the railroad at that time.

My father had a little money and he bought the improvements on a place east of Greenfield and that is where we lived for many years. There was a one-room log house on the place and we had to get along in

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that for two years. Then Father built a frame house and joined it to the log room. We thought we had lots of room when ^{we} had three rooms. Some of the boys were working out for neighbors then and there were not so many of us at home all the time.

My parents had two cows and a few chickens so we were not without milk and eggs for long ^{at} a time. Some of our neighbors were not as fortunate and often came to our house to get sour milk to make bread.

We children went to school at Pleasant Valley School which was just a district school. We often went swimming in the North Canadian River. During the Summer the water would get low and would be clear and we would go down and wade and bathe in the holes where the water was deep enough to cover us.

One of the best times we had was to swing in a rope swing fastened up in a large tree. This would be our entertainment for many an afternoon.

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My father did most all of the gardening; the older boys did the work in the fields and Father took care of the smaller things. I helped some with the house work but do not remember helping hoe in the garden. Father died in 1914 and Mother in 1915.

My husband, Joe Bush, worked for the county as patrolman of the road for five years. His health gave out and we had a very hard time. Mr. Bush died in 1935.

Joe, Will and Rube Bush, three brothers, were cattlemen here in the early days and leased Indian land and had the cattle in pastures. Later, they raised lots of wheat and fed the straw to the cattle.

We used to go to literary societies when I was young and one time I was on the program. I had dressed in a hurry as there were so many of us, all trying to get ready at the same time; and in those days we were not dressed unless we had on at least three petticoats. I could not find one of mine and put on one of my sisters. She was

smaller than I and those full skirts were gathered on a band and the band buttoned around the waist. We rode to the school house in a wagon; we children all sat in the wagon box on a comfort. When I got out of the wagon I felt that the band was very tight, but in the excitement of knowing that I was supposed to speak I forgot all about the petticoat until I was up in front of the crowd. They were so packed in the building that they were even sitting up on the platform. Just as I had begun to say my piece I felt something slip down around my feet and there lay that petticoat on the floor.

I cried as the crowd realized what had happened and laughed. I did not get much sympathy from my mother or sister as they said that I had no business wearing a petticoat that did not belong to me.

One time some Indians came to the house as they often did and asked for something to eat. We were afraid to refuse them as it was much better to have them as

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friends than enemies. My mother did not have any bread baked but she had a big crock full of doughnuts. She got that and was going to pass it around as we would to white folks, but the first Indian was going to take the whole crock full and Mother had to get it back and select some doughnuts that she wanted them to have and put the rest away. The squaws in the party laughed.

We children were glad that she did not let the Indians have all the doughnuts.