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Goodland  
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BLANTON, CORNELIA (MRS.). INTERVIEW.

Interview with Mrs. Cornelia Blanton  
One and one-half miles north  
of Pittsburg, Oklahoma.  
Field Worker--Charline  
M. Culbertson,  
July 28, 1937.

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I was born September 26, 1878, at Goodland, Indian Territory, or what was called at that time Towson County and what is today Choctaw County. The house in which I was born was a little pine log hut. My parents were Michael and Agnes Christy, and they are both buried near Antlers, Oklahoma, in the yard of the little place where we lived. They both died when I was very young.

At the time of my childhood there was only one building at Goodland, which was a log building used for both church and a school. After my parents died I went to live with my grandfather, Ezel Christy. My grandfather never sent me to school, though we lived about five miles from Wealaka School and Church, which is one of the oldest schools in the Territory. The same school is in existence today, about one mile east of Millerton, Oklahoma.

My grandfather's house was of pine logs and he had built it himself. It took two months to put up one wall. It was two story, side room and kitchen.

My grandfather wore his hair down to his shoulders as did most of our tribe. Our clothes were no different only we made them ourselves, and I used to spin and make the thread and weave the cloth. I have some cotton cards that I used then, which I am using today in making batting for quilts. I used to make my extra money when I was a girl by making socks and gloves, and I sold the socks for twenty-five cents a pair and the gloves for seventy-five cents a pair.

My grandfather farmed more than the general family did. He had about one hundred acres which was quite an unusual thing, as most families would have only little Tom Fuller patches. He had plenty of hogs and cattle and some work horses as well as about a half dozen ponies.

Grandfather always had lots of money. I can remember when he would give me a lid full of silver dollars to play with, and when I got through playing I would leave the money where I had been playing and never thought anything about it. I don't know if grandfather came along and found it and put it back in safe keeping or what became of it.

He also had a commissary and would sell supplies to the neighbors. He would take trips to Doakville, Ft Towson and sometimes into Texas for his trading. He would buy snake roots and black roots from anyone who would bring it in and give them twenty-five cents a pound for it. Then he would take it to market at Doakville, but I don't remember the market price.

I never saw a professional doctor until after I was married. Neither did I try to learn the English language until I was thirty years old and my second husband, Mr. Blanton, began teaching me. When anyone was sick we always gave them some medicine made from dried corn that our family had made. There was always lots of sickness and lots of death and we buried in the yard.

Our principal foods were those which we could grow such as beans, corn, pumpkins, and all kinds of fruits that we would dry. There was lots of wild turkey, deer, and bear; but never would we kill but one deer at a time.

We always had family prayer before we left the house in the mornings. My mother taught me that and I have done it all my life as I still am doing it today. We would always have prayer meetings in the evenings.

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Each evening we would go to some neighbor's house then the next evening we would all gather at some other neighbor's house. Most of the people in our district were Methodists and once a year we would have camp meetings. The Choctaws and whites met together and we would have our Choctaw preacher, Rev. Charley Weston, and an interpreter.

Grandfather died when I was sixteen years old. I remember the morning he died he called me into his room after I had come in from the milk lot. He tried to raise his hands and describe something to me but he was so far gone he could not talk to me. Later I tried to figure out what he was trying to tell me and felt it must have been something about his money as I know he was quite wealthy. I never knew what became of his money and am sure it was buried somewhere about his place. In later years I heard that white people came and dug up the ground around his place trying to find his money and it might have been found, but I never did know.

After grandfather died I married Mr. A. B. James, a full-blood Choctaw Indian. At the time I married him he was constable in McCurtain County and he also

helped make the Choctaw laws. About one hundred men gathered at Tuskahoma and made the laws. His next employment was finishing the term of office as sheriff after Julius Victor was killed.

Victor had been separated from his wife and had gone to her parent's home to make her go back to him and she and her mother had run out the house to hide as they were afraid of him when he was angry. Her fourteen year old brother went to the door and told him to leave and he would not so the boy shot him. The people wanted Mr. James to run for sheriff the next term but he didn't want the office. At the time he died he was District Judge.

Three years later I married a white man, Mr. Blanton, who has taught me to speak English.