

was buried around his home. The first home that he had in Hochatown. He later built a much nicer home but there was none of his family ever buried near it.

LEILA DUKE

I had a very close friend in Broken Bow. Her name was Leila Duke. Her father was old Governor Duke, at one time governor of the Choctaw Nation. She and I were very good friends and Leila was also a well educated young lady and we lived next door neighbors for many years and confided in each other for a great deal. We often discussed Indian people who we had known and a great deal of things of interest. She married a young full blood Choctaw by the name of Anderson and he was an assistant Indian Agent from McCurtain County.

EXPERIENCE AS POSTMISTRESS IN HOCHATOWN

(What about the Indians in the post office?)

When I had the post office in Hochatown, I was there--I think about 4 years--many of them didn't speak English, but I knew enough Choctaw that I could understand what they were talking about. And when they came in and asked for their letters, they didn't have to speak in English. I knew the Choctaw interpretation and many of them had a great deal of pleasure out of speaking Choctaw to hear me try to answer them in their language.

(What did they say?)

In asking for their mail, letters, papers, or what ever--was one word, e-lis-o. And they would call me by name and they would ask "e-lis-o-we-to?"--or in other words, "Have I any mail?" And as a rule they did have--sometimes not very important--but, never the less, they took it.

One day when I had the post office in Ninnekah (sic Hochatown). I had lost a horse. So I went out to look for it and I saw the Indian whom I knew. His name was Lamos Stevens. I knew him quite well. He made fun of me and he made a face at me one day when I got mad. So I got back at him. He came in and he