

PORTER, BREEDLOVE SUSAN. SECOND INTERVIEW 6183 **186**

FIELD WORKER PETE W. COLE
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INTERVIEW WITH SUSAN BREEDLOVE PORTER,
Choctaw Indian Woman, Age 67 years.

I am a full blood Choctaw Indian woman, native born of Oklahoma, do not know the time of my birth nor my age, but according to the Indian enrollment book I am sixty-seven years of age but no one knows my exact date of birth.

My father was a native of this state, but his parents came from Mississippi with the early emigrants who migrated to this country. My father was Tecumseh Leader, a one-half Chickasaw, and my mother was Selina Anderson, a full-blood Choctaw who later married my father. My father used to tell me that my grandfather served in the Civil War and fought with the South until it ceased when he came home and a few years later migrated to this country.

My father was interested in raising cattle, horses, hogs, and chickens in his day and had saved up large sum of money by buying and selling cattle and other stock that he owned. He had Wilson

Palmer, a brother-in-law, who always lived with him and where one went the other was sure to be along. I remember on several occasions my father would bring with him a tin box about 14 x 14 inches that he had hid out in the woods and open it and there would be silver dollars and gold pieces and some greenbacks that he had in the box which he would count to see how much money he had. After counting the money he and his brother-in-law would go back to the woods to hide the box and would not be back for several hours although I did not take any interest as to where and how far he had the money hid.

I was small at the time my father died, which was before statehood, but I remember one instance, when he was sick on his death bed he had this treasure box brought to him by his brother-in-law and counted all the money but the children were ordered out of the house. However, I saw through the crack when he was counting. Later he bought his casket that he was to be buried in and had it brought to the room where he was lying. This

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was several days before he died.

Being a small child I do not know the value of the casket but from that time on to present and what caskets I have seen, I judge that it was a high priced casket that my father was buried in. After his death Wilson Palmer was appointed our guardian, two girls and one boy. In the meantime my mother and my father had been separated and were not living together; when he died, mother sent for us to come and live with her. She was living about seven miles southeast of ^{now} Atoka, Oklahoma, at that time and later moved to Gerty, at that time a country Post Office, where my mother died a few years later and was buried near where my father was buried.

After Wilson Palmer acted as our guardian there was nothing ever said about the treasure which my father had saved up and out of the proceeds each one of us received only \$10.00 apiece and no one ever knew what became of the money. The cattle, horses and other property vanished away as soon as my father died.

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When I became of age I married Andrew Biglove, a white man, from near Duncan, stayed with him two days, left and divorced and sometime later I married to Andrew Carney and lived with him until his death. He was a member of the Baptist Church, Secretary of the church, music teacher and instructor. He one day came home complaining of a headache, laid down on the porch for rest, never recovered and gradually grew worse. This was in January and on May 7th he died and was buried at High Hill Church where he was a member, located near Ada, in Pontotoc County.

I later married Hamp Porter, another Indian, a music and singing instructor until he was drafted to the training camp at San Antonio, Texas, during the World War. After he was discharged from the army and came home we lived together for sometime and separated and divorced.

After my second marriage, we rented a small log house of one room and it was here where we lived. Our principal food was meat, cornbread, tafula, or all Indian food that was common in those days and now and then we had biscuits which were new to us but we enjoyed them very much.

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We could buy flour for fifty cents a sack or \$1.00 per hundred pounds in those days which lasted us several days. My husband was a good provider, and had all the necessities we needed although we did not live in luxury but had plenty, as we raised our own garden vegetables and corn. We owned several head of cattle, horses, and hogs, I raised chickens every year as that is one of my hobbies. I still enjoy raising chickens today.

The house furniture consisted of bed, springs, mattress, quilts, sewing machines, although sewing machines were scarce in those days. We bought a cooking stove, dishes, and other kitchen necessities until we were supplied with the things we needed.

According to the Indian customs I was told that my father was a "Entabana" tribe or clan and my mother was a "Intaboka" clan or tribe, and she was a member of "Okla Falaya," of which I do not know the reason or why so called.

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I never attended an Indian dance in my life nor witnessed an Indian ball game until after I was married. I have seen only a few ball games as my parents were church members and used to object seriously about us children attending entertainments

Father attended to stock most of the time so he seldom went hunting although he enjoyed the sport. On all of his rides he carried a Winchester with him and very often he would kill a deer and bring it home on his horse. There used to be wild fat hogs that roamed this country and the men would kill them for meat, and having our own provision that we raised, it was not hard or rather we did not realize the condition of the country as we do now.

The wild horses were plentiful in those days; I remember the men capturing a white stripped colt and they gave it to me for a pet which I raised but my older folks traded him for a few hundred rails. I objected very strongly to the trade but the deal was made and I lost a pet.