

RIDDLES, EMILY.

INTERVIEW

9396

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BIOGRAPHY FORM
 WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
 Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma
 RIDDLES, EMILY INTERVIEW 9396

Field Worker's name Ophelia D. Vestal
 This report made on (date) December 10, 1937

1. Name Emily Riddles
2. Post Office Address Faxon, Oklahoma
3. Residence address (or location) _____
4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month July Day 4 Year 1881
5. Place of birth Comanche County

6. Name of Father Perdasophy Place of birth _____
 Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother _____ Place of birth _____
 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 _____

Ophelia D. Vestal
Investigator
December 10, 1937

Interview with
Emily Riddles
Faxon, Oklahoma

I was born on July 4, 1881. Years ago the Indians didn't have any calendars. They went by the seasons and different changes of the moon. The reason why my mother remembered the exact date of my birth was, years and years ago when Fort Sill was just a young fort, the soldiers always celebrated on July 4. Of course many Indians attended this celebration from miles away. Some few Indians took a little part in the performance. My father was away at one of the celebrations the day I was born.

My first school was the Kiowa Indian School. Then I went to Carlisle College. Six of the girls from near my home went away to this college together. I was the only one to return. People from this dry climate couldn't live there very long because of such damp climate.

A few of the games in my girlhood days were, for the women, "Kicking ball." The ball was kicked from the toe to the opposite knee, then to the toe, from that toe to

the opposite knee while the girl or woman was walking. The person kicking the ball the farthest distance without dropping it, won the game. Some could kick the ball about one hundred and fifty feet without making a mistake.

For the boys and men, shooting arrows, making bows and arrows, and foot racing.

The Government issued rations twice a month. We used most of the supplies, except beans, we knew very little about them, not knowing anything about how they were to be cooked. As for rice, I hate to say, but we threw the rice and beans both away. We thought rice was a kind of an insect; bacon, we threw large slabs of bacon away because we liked beef, not pork. Sometimes we burned it. My! But the Indians were wasteful and some are yet.

We got material for women's and girls clothing; pants and shirts for the men and boys. Shoes and coats for all. Many times men would take their clothing to a trading post down on the river southeast of here called Charlietown, and sell the things for silver money. This

little trading post was located across Red River opposite the place where Charlie, Texas, now stands.

Before the Opening days here, the Indians used to go to New Mexico on War parties and to trade with the Arapaho and Pueblo Indians. We traded them cattle, ponies, buffalo and furs for different kinds of garden seed and herbs, but especially liked by all were pumpkin seeds.

The Indian men used to make wooden saddles and ropes of hide. The pattern of these saddles was taken from the Government saddles furnished the soldiers, but the Indians did not have any way of keeping the saddles on. The seat was carved from the hardest of woods,

then covered with buffalo hides. Several blanket thicknesses had to be used under the saddle or the wooden

saddle would skin the horse's back.

Once a smart white boy thought he was such a cowboy, and put one of the saddles on his horse and tried roping a buffalo calf; he finally roped it, tying the rope to the horn of the saddle. When the calf decided to run away, as the saddle was not tied on the horse

in any way, off came the saddle, cowboy and all way up in the air. The boy's face was very red and he surely was embarrassed when we reached him.

My first husband was a Comanche Indian. His name was Frank Moe-tah. I have a little girl buried at Deyo Mission.

Years ago my husband helped drive several hundred head of cattle from here to Kansas City. It took quite a long time to make these trips. I stayed alone most of the time.

My present husband is a white man. I have my allotment which I chose in the early days, here on West Cache Creek.

I like to go to Deyo Mission. Its location is very convenient for most all the Indians of this county. On Thursdays the Indian women have quilting parties.