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March 1, 1937

BIOGRAPHY OF Mr. S. C. Harris (White)
Duncan, Oklahoma

BORN Gainesville, Texas
August 6, 1882

PARENTS Father, Childs Hurst Harris

We came to Oklahoma when I was five years old and settled at Holder. There were very few settlers around there. Some of our close neighbors were Rooston, John Buffard and Pardue. Pardue had a son that became a lawyer. We were acquainted with the McKinseys and the Parsh Phillips. We played baseball together. Dr. Autry was our doctor.

We moved to Emmett from Holder, it was two and one half miles down the road from Holder on Blue creek southeast of Ardmore, on a farm that belonged to Browning, a part Indian.

It was easy to clear land that year, we had a big snow and sleet which made the trees top heavy and the condition the ground was in made them easy to fell. The crab grass could be easily burned.

These logs, were used to make our home. It was the best I have ever lived in. We made our own boards out of these trees and the inside was certainly nice.

I made some new friends at this place. Some of them were: Svg. Melton, Billy French, whose father was our doctor, Billy Wolf and A. Marshall who ran a hotel.

We had what we called "twelve miles of prairie people" on this were at least one hundred families named Roper.

After I grew up and started going with the girls, the first was Daisy Johnson, the Governor of the Chickashaw Nations daughter.

Human nature changes, the girls in those day were always kind and would know you regardless of what kind of clothes you had on.

I like to hunt and fish and there was one man by the name of Esaw Wolf part Indian and Negro, who could out fish and hunt any one in the country.

In those days there was always a bunch of horse thieves who would hide in the cuts and canyons. They would steal horses and some times cattle. In this country there was an Indian by the name of I. Hunter Pickens, who had had some horses stolen, instead of calling the U. S. Marshall they rounded up the Pickens boys and went after them by themselves. Why, they were not afraid of any thing.

I had a school teacher, by the name of Charley Burns who was also some kind of U. S. Marshall. He had married one of the Pickens girls. One of the Pickens boys got in some kind of shooting scrape. Mr. Burns and another marshall went out to get the boy.

When they rode up to the Pickens home the boy fired a shot and wounded the marshall. Marshall told Burns to kill Pickens if he didn't he would hill him so Burns killed his own brother-in-law.

I came to Duncan along in 1898, wild turkey just west of Duncan.

There were no Courts except at Ryan. Some had to go as far as Austin.