

CHRISTIAN, SUSAN.

INTERVIEW

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BIOGRAPHY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

CHRISTIAN; SUSAN - INTERVIEW.

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Field Worker's name Ethel Mae Yates.

This report made on (date) March 16, 1938

1. Name Susan Christian

2. Post Office Address Dill, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month November Day 22 Year 1861

5. Place of birth Texas County, Missouri.

6. Name of Father Delton Sitting Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother Nancy Sitting Place of birth Tennessee

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 his form. Number of sheets attached Nine.

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Yates, Ethel Mae - Investigator.
Indian Pioneer History- S-149.
March 16, 1938.

Interview with Mrs. Susan Christian.
Dill, Oklahoma.

My father is Delton Sitting and mother Nancy Sitting. I, with my husband, Willis Christian, and three children, came from Montana to McClain County, Texas, in 1892. We came in one wagon with four horses to it and it took us three months to make the trip. We came through Salt Lake City, Utah, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, and crossed Deep Colorado River in a boat.

We stopped one year in McClain, Texas, then went to Kansas, across the Territory and made it fine until we got over in the Cherokee Nation. One evening we were camped near the railroad track and we had four horses staked out to graze and they got on the track and three of them got killed, but we managed to go on some way.

We stayed in Kansas a year or so then went back to Knox County, Texas, and in 1900 we came to the Territory, brought two covered wagons and fourteen horses and mules, over Red River at Campbell's Crossing. We camped out every night; stayed the last night at Mangum, which had just started up. We bought a tent on the way, so we came on over to a place

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near Retrop, to a friend's house, named Bill Plumes, and stretched our tent and camped there for two weeks. My husband located a place three and a half miles from Retrop, in Washita County, and two and a half miles from Port. An old man had filed on this place and he was very sick, so he sold it to us for two mules and \$10.00, so we moved over on our claim and stretched our tent until we could haul lumber to build a house. My husband had gone over to old Mountain View to get a load of lumber. I was taken very sick after he left and one night while he was gone a storm came up and just ripped the tent all to pieces and the rain just poured in. We had two neighbors who didn't live so far away. The next day they came over and patched the tent the best they could. We then made out with it until we got a two-room house.

We bought two hundred bushels of corn to winter on and got it for 20 cents a bushel by gathering it ourselves. We would go over on Red River, which was about fourteen miles, and get our wood. We would get the driftwood for 50 cents a load. In the Spring we put in some sod crops and my husband broke out thirty acres with a sod plow, then when it rained he took a harrow and weighted it down and dragged all the grass roots out of it and planted it in feed, and did it

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make! In the summer three or four families would get together and go over on the river. Some of us would pick plums and some would fish while others did the cooking and we would have some real fun.

The first year that we were here we just couldn't buy a cow, as the owners wouldn't sell them, but the second year we managed to get three.

The first Spring that we were here we put out three hundred grape vines and three hundred berry vines and a number of peach and apple trees and they all were blown out except two or three peach trees. We put out the third orchard before we got any orchard started.

We came here for the home and the free range; my husband was a great stock farmer and it was not long until we had a good start of cattle and hogs. My oldest son, Ernest was fourteen when we came; he was a great bronc rider and had broken horses for Uncle Alf Taylor and Billy Thlomson and for a number of other pioneers. We really enjoyed our home and lived right on it. My husband died three years ago. I went right on and lived on it three more years, but due to sickness we had to mortgage it so two years ago I was obliged to give it up, and I am now forced to live around with the children.