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BIOGRAPHY FORM

WORKS PROCRESS ADMINISTRATION Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

FOLSON, MARY E. CHURCH.

INTERVIEW.

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	Name Mrs. Mary E. Church Folson.
•	Post Office Address El Reno, Oklahoma.
	Residence address (or location) Flinder Street.
•	DATE OF BIRTH: Month September Day 18 Year 1968.
•	Place of birth Porter County, Indiana.
•	Name of Father Ries Church. Place of birth Indiana.
	Other information about father
•	Name of Mother Sucie Larue Church. Place of birth Indiana.
	Other information about mother

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Nora Lorrin, Investigator, Nov. 16, 1937.

> Interview With Mary E. Church Folsom, El Reno, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Mary E. (Church) Folsom was born in Porter County
Indiana, September 18, 1868. Her father's name was Elias
Church and he was born in Indiana. He was a Union soldier
in the Civil War. Her mother, Susic (Larue) Church, was
also born in Indiana. She does not remember the date. Her
father died and left her mother with four little children,
two girls and two boys. Mary graw up in the country and
went to the country schools of Indiana and when she was
seventeen she married Mr. Albert F. Folsom, and went with
him to a pre-empted homestead in Clark County in southwestern
Kansas.

They farmed there for four years, and never raised a thing. She says, "I could have put all we ever raised on that place in my apron". So when the land opened up in the Oklahoma Territory in 1889, they came to Oklahoma.

When they came from Clark County in a covered wagon they came through No-Mans-Land. It was outlaw country and

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lots of them that had nothing on but a breech clout.

She was very much afraid of them. The Folsoms had camped one evening and Mary was frying chicken over a camp fire and a big Indian buck came up behind her and looked over her shoulder. She looked up and saw him. She made one leap across the fire, turning as she did so facing him with the fire between. He said, "Me" pointing to himself, "Good Indian. Heap Good Indian", and pointing up, he said, "Me go heaven". She says, "I felt like maybe it was me going to go to heaven instead of him".

The Folsoms had thirty head of cattle with them and the same evening a herd of about a thousand head came up about their camp, drawn there by their small herd. They had to keep to their wagons but nothing happened. The cowboys got the herd away after awhile; had those cattle ever stampeded there would have been nothing left of the Folsoms.

They forded the North Fork of the Canadian River above

Fort Supply. The outlaws used No-Mans-Land for a hideout

because the officers had no jurisdiction in that strip of

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country, and those outlaws were very bad. They would come out and make their raids and head back to No-Mans-Land to sefety.

The Folsoms spent their first 4th of July in Reno
City and watched the Indians kill their beeves with a bow
and errow. One big steer ran into the crowd with an
arrow sticking in its side. It looked awful. An officer
rode in by it and shot it to put it out of its misery,
and to keep it from hurting someone. She watched them skin
the beeves and distribute the meat, or rather the Indians
grab it and after she watched them eat it in that unclean
way, it was a year before she could eat beef et all.

At first the Indians almost ate them out of house and home; then they got so that they would get up early and cook breakfast before daylight and then let it get good and dark before they got supper, and then when the Indians came they would tell them they were too late.

Her husband homesteeded a claim about twelve miles northeast of El Reno on Uncle John's Creek. This creek run through their place. They lived in their covered wagon until they got their one room sod house built. It was sod

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solded over. It was nice and warm in the winter and cool in the summer. Before they got their sod house built, they had brought along some lumber and they stuck some poles in the ground near their covered wagon and nailed these boards up and down around a sort of enclosure without a roof. They kept some of their things in that place. She sold butter from the wagon and little board shack or stockade. They had to get into the covered wagon when it rained. They lost most of their cattle later with the Texas fever.

There was an Indian scare when her husband was working on the Cld Choctaw Railroad, and she was often left
alone at the farm with her two little children. That time
she was so frightened, she took the children and a blanket
or two and hid out in Uncle John's Canyon all one night.
They lived on that farm for forty-eight years. They have
had three girls and one boy. All are living.

They have no relice as they got about everything burned when their home burned down.