

LANE, ALLIE WALL

INTERVIEW

#12040

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

Field Worker's name Marshall Lane

This report made on (date) November 2, 1937

1. Name Mrs. Allie Wall Lane
2. Post Office Address 210 No. 2nd., Stigler, Oklahoma
3. Residence address (or location) _____
4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month February Day 23 Year 1875
5. Place of birth Walls - Sugar Loaf County, close to Jenson, Arkansas

Name of Father Thomas Jefferson Wal place of birth Walls

Other information about father Sheriff of Sugar Loaf County

7. Name of Mother Elizabeth Riddle Wal place of birth Tamaha

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 6.

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New Hope Seminary for Girls.

This school could accommodate one hundred and three girls. They taught everything from the primer through high school. There were four buildings; the Superintendent's building where the teachers lived and the dining room and kitchen; the girls dormitory; an old building used for a wash room and bath room, and a rock building used for the sick and as a sewing room.

This was a Choctaw Indian school. There was an appropriation of \$100.00 set up for each girl. Certification had to be obtained from the County Judge and was good for from three to five years and could then be renewed.

There were six girls to a room; three beds, two girls to a bed. I was put in a room with five full blood girls who could not speak a word of English. I did not learn to speak their language. We took turns making up the beds. Every morning we had prayer in the chapel. If we missed prayer we missed our breakfast.

Dr. Griffith was the superintendent the first year I was there. He was a very religious man. We went to Skullyville, which was about one-half mile away, about once a month, dressed in uniforms. Two of the teachers led the way and the superintendent brought up the rear

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(or vice versa) so that we could not talk to any boys along the way.

One year our uniforms were made out of striped outing. Every day uniforms were what was then called cotton checks. One year they were made with a yoke and band and the next year without a yoke and were called infant waists. These had gathered skirts, and we wore brogan shoes. The tongue was sewed in on one side and eyelets were punched for laces. We wore black cotton stockings.

Once when we got in a new shipment of material, I guess I thought I was "kinda" smart; my class of twenty-five girls was the washing class that week and we were down at the spring washing; I didn't know the superintendent was around and I said, "Oh, girls, did you all know the new material was in? I wonder what the styles are going to be this year, infant waists or yoke and bands." The superintendent said, "Oh, Allie, fifteen years from now you won't be nearly as smart as you are now." That was the best whipping I ever got at school.

They fed us pretty good. We had bread, meat, hominy, prunes, butter, canned corn, ^{and} oats for breakfast every morning, etc.

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The girls were divided into four classes. One week we washed, the next week we ironed, the next week we washed dishes, the other week we were the extra class and did the sewing. Three girls out of the dish washing class helped with the cooking.

When Tom Ainsworth was superintendent, the teachers were having beaus from Skullyville and D. C. McCurtain, Mr. Ainsworth's step-son, Sophia Hayes and I bought a nickel's worth of bees wax from Mrs. John Fannin (Bell Faulkner).

We waxed the hall floors, got ropes and tied up the doors so that the beaus had to crawl out of the windows on the front side when they got ready to go home. We did have some good times. The clothing was much better when Mr. Ainsworth was there. We had black sateen skirts and red calico waists and good soft shoes to wear.

When I was about four or five years old we lived at Wallsburg on the old Fort ~~Townson~~ road between Fort Smith and Kullychaha. My father had disobeyed some of the laws, I don't know what he had done, and one morning when we waked up there were Indians everywhere, behind trees, stumps, fences and everywhere. They had come to

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kill papa or take him prisoner. Papa jumped up and grabbed his Winchester and pistol and began to swear and went to the door, threw it open and stepped out. He raised his gun and told them he would shoot if any movement was made. All of us children were around him, my mother sent the two oldest children out the back way like they were getting kindling, but they went to my uncle's, Ben Wall, about a mile away and told him. He sent word around and in about one and one-half hours several men came to defend Papa, and Manna went out the front way among the Indians because she could speak their language and asked them what they wanted and they said they wanted "Tom." All this time Papa was standing on the porch with his gun. Finally, they all just started off. We lived on a hill and when they started down they all just gobbled like turkeys. Papa shot his Winchester several times. They answered back but did not return.

When Papa was sheriff it was one of their laws to collect a five dollar permit from every white man that rented land or had leases and the sheriff usually just kept this money and papa did not think it was right to collect it so he didn't collect and they thought they would confiscate

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papa's place and get the money. The day was set for the sale and nobody came but Jacob Jackson. He was some kind of an officer so it made him so mad that he ordered papa to be whipped, fifty lashes on the bare back at Wilburton. When the time came Papa and several of his friends were there. Papa ran out of whiskey and was going back to Fort Smith to get some. His nephew, Will Wall, and Clayton Overstreet at Cowlington begged Papa not to go to Fort Smith because it would make it harder on him and when the train came Papa stepped upon the step and waved his hand at the boys and said, "When I am at home I don't let my wife dictate to me and I won't commence by letting two young boys." But no whipping took place.

My uncle, Jess Riddle, operated a toll bridge on Backbone Mountain. The road was almost impassable before he worked it, but after that it was a good crossing. The charges were twenty-five cents for wagons and ten cents for horses. On this same road going to Skullyville we crossed Poteau Page's Ferry.

The Wall's burying ground was on the Fort Towson road about five miles west of Hackett City. Graves were

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fixed with big flat rocks, one on each side, at each end and one on top.

My grandfather, Tom Wall, had the first grist mill, called water mill then because they were run by water, on James Fort about five miles west of Hackett City. Lots of the machinery and the old building werethere as late as 1885.

We had church about once a month. A circuit rider would come and preach.