

LANE, EVA.

INTERVIEW

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

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LANE, EVA. - INTERVIEW.

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Field Worker's name Lillian CassawayThis report made on (date) August 9, 19371. Name Mrs. Eva Lane2. Post Office Address Anadarko, Oklahoma.3. Residence address (or location) 309 West Alabama4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month April Day 21 Year 18795. Place of birth Pawnee City, Nebraska6. Name of Father Chas S. Thacker Place of birth Zanesville, Ohio.7. Name of Mother Esther Richardson Thacker Place of birth Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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 3 pages.

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Cassaway, Lillian - Field Worker.
Indian Pioneer History-S-149.
August 9, 1937.

Interview with Mrs. Eva Lane.
309 West Alabama Street, Anadarko, Oklahoma.

My father, Charles S. Thacker, was born in Zanesville, Ohio, in 1851 and died in 1926. My mother, Esther Richardson Thacker, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1857 and is now living in Anadarko.

In 1902 my father bought a relinquishment near Anadarko and we came from Nebraska to Anadarko in covered wagons. My husband and brother came on ahead to dig a well and get a place fixed for us to live when we got here but the claim was so rough and rocky and they were so disgusted with it they left it and came to town and got work. If there had been any way to get word to us they would have stopped us before we started, but we came on. We had two wagons; one was fixed for cooking, the other had all our household goods that we could bring. When the weather permitted we cooked on a campfire.

After we entered the Territory I expected to be scalped every minute. One night we camped close to an Indian encampment, and during the night Mother and I

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were awakened by hearing the Indians singing and dancing around a big fire. I was sure that they were having a War dance and that they would soon come after us. I could see them very plainly so I went to the other wagon where Father and one of my brothers were sleeping and told them that the Indians were going to get us and we must get away from there. He told me to go back and go to sleep, that the Indians didn't even know that we were there - that they were just having a jamboree among themselves. I went back, but not to sleep for at every little noise I knew they were after us.

The queerest sight I saw was the small babies in their cradles hanging on the limbs of trees. I didn't know what they were at first and Father had to tell me what they were.

When we reached Anadarko, we found my husband and brother in town working, and nothing done on the claim. We went on out there and took the wagon beds off of the chassis and set them on the ground to use as bedrooms. We stretched a wagon sheet over limbs of trees, making a sort of arbor. Father and the boys took the wagons then to haul lumber to build the house, and we lived in the

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open until this was done.

Ben Roach, a Mexican Indian who lived on the place adjoining ours, came up one day and started digging a well. We asked him why he was digging it so far away from his house and he said, so we could have water for ourselves and stock. Father told him that he shouldn't do that, that he would dig one as soon as he could get to it. But he had to haul it until he could. Ben said: "The white man is coming here and making something out of the land that the Indians wouldn't have. They thought it wasn't any good, and I am digging this well so you and your stock can have water."

Father wanted some cows for milking, so one day he went to buy some cows. We had always been used to gentle cows, so we were not prepared for the cows that my father bought that day. He came home with some Longhorns and when we asked him why he had gotten them, he said that they were all he could get. My mother was strong then, and she and Father undertook to break those cows to milk. They had to tie their heads and feet to trees, almost stretching their bodies out straight. Only one did they ever get broken to milk; they finally had to sell them.

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Ben Roach, our Mexican Indian neighbor, donated some land for a district school house, and took great interest in its growth. It was just a little one-room house then but has two rooms now. One day soon after it was finished, the people of the community decided to name it. A lot of names had been presented but none seemed to be the right one. My mother was sitting in the back of the room, and the idea just struck her that it should have the name of Roach, as Ben had been so good as to donate the ground and had taken such an interest in it, so I told them she thought that it should be named Roach School, that the honor was due him. It seemed to meet the approval of every one there but still it wasn't fully decided. At the next meeting the statement was made that the school would be called Roach School, but no comment was made as to why it was so. But my mother gave the school that name. She now lives in Anadarko.