

COPELAND, IDA LANE INTERVIEW 9106

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

COPELAND, IDA LANE

INTERVIEW

9106

Field Worker's name Ethel B. Tackitt.

This report made on (date) October 20, 1937

Lone Wolf, Kiowa County, Oklahoma.

- 1. Name Ida Lane Copeland
- 2. Post Office Address Lone Wolf, Kiowa County, Oklahoma
- 3. Residence address (or location) \_\_\_\_\_
- 4. DATE OF BIRTH:    nth February Day 6 Year 1886
- 5. Place of birth Montague County, Texas.

6. Name of Father David Crocket Lane Place of birth Tennessee.

Other information about father Farmer

7. Name of Mother Sarah Clark Lane Place of birth Texas

Other information about mother Member of a Texas Pioneer family  
family. Her father owned a horse ranch in West Texas.

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 \_\_\_\_\_

Ethel B. Tackitt  
Investigator  
October 20, 1937

Interview with  
Mrs. Ida Lane Copeland  
Lone Wolf, Oklahoma.

I was born on a farm in Texas on February 6, 1886. My father, David C. Lane, of Tennessee, was a farmer and was a descendant of a farming family. My mother, Sarah Clark Lane, was a native of Texas and belonged to a family who had lived through the Civil War times in Texas. Her father farmed and raised stock, especially horses. He owned a ranch.

In 1889 my parents moved our family to the Chickasaw Nation and settled eighteen miles east of Duncan, which was then nothing but a village and the early merchants with whom my parents traded were named Fuquay and Long. Each of these men owned large general mercantile stores and it was here we marketed what little farm produce we sold in later years.

When we first moved to the Indian Territory Father built a dugout for us to live in until he could get a house fixed for us. The dugout was a hole dug in

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the bank or hill side and logs cut and placed around it to build it up high enough to walk under and give a place for some windows and a door. It was covered with brush and dirt, and had a dirt floor.

My father leased land from an Indian, but I do not remember his name as the Indians never came about or bothered us. The place had large trees on it and my father cut logs and hauled them to the place where our house was to be built, then he hewed the inside smooth, notched the logs to fit and built the heavy log wall. He cut other logs into lengths to be made into boards, then split them with an ax and froe into the thickness he desired. In this way he made enough boards to cover the house and put a floor in it as he never allowed his family to live on a dirt floor longer than he could help.

He also made the doors and window shutters; nothing was bought except the nails. Some people put

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their houses together with notches and wooden pins but Father had nails, because I can remember standing and handing them to him while he put down the floor. The house was heated with a rock fireplace and chimney. He hauled the native rock and put it together with mud, no cement was heard of.

Each winter when time came for fires, my father would look over the chimney and fill up all the places where the rains had washed out the mud. The opening of the fireplace was about four feet high and built in with the rock. He used the nice smooth rocks for the inside and always found a nice big flat rock to make the hearth which extended out several feet on to the floor. Many people did all their cooking on the fireplace but we had a cooking stove which was brought from Texas when we moved. We used it in the summer and usually baked bread on it, but in cooler weather we always cooked our boiled food, such as vegetables and meats, in iron kettles hung on an iron bar which had been laid between the rocks for that

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purpose when the fireplace was built.

For baking potatoes, and oftentimes bread, a round iron skillet with a lid, now called a Dutch oven, was used. This baking skillet had short iron legs and coals were raked under it and placed on the lid until it was the proper temperature for baking. Food cooked in this way was of the most delicious flavor. We never needed for food for we grew all kinds of vegetables and there were wild grapes and plums, pecans and walnuts. Many people used nothing but corn meal for bread in the first few years as no wheat was grown, but father always went to Texas and brought back enough flour at one time to last us several months when used with corn bread. On these trips back to Texas for supplies, I remember clearly of how Mother and we children would watch and wonder if Red River would have a head rise and would get Father or if he would be caught on the other side and have to stay several weeks. Father later built another room to our house, just like the first, with a covered hall-

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way between, big as a room and open at both ends.

This was the summer sitting room.

We grew some cotton which sold at two cents per pound, and it had to be hauled to Duncan, eighteen miles over the unworked roads, to be ginned. It always took Father a day and night or two days to make the trip with a bale of cotton; we children picked the cotton. Our best money crop was corn. We did not need much money for we grew our food on the farm and raised our chickens and turkeys. Our clothing was simple. A pretty outing dress was all that was needed for winter and calico or lawn was plenty good for summer. Father always raised oats to feed his horses and he put the oats with an old fashioned cradle by hand. When the cradle was full he would lay it down, take the bundle in his arms and bind or tie it with a wisp of oat straw. We never heard of binding twine. In after years we would clear our land, cut down the big trees and drag them off the land, then we would burn the brush and stumps. I can remember of us children helping

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Father burn brush until late at night, then he would send us to bed and work until long past midnight himself in an effort to get the land ready for the crop. These fields were not in one place but were scattered along the bends in the creeks and when we got enough land in cultivation father planted some wheat for our flour. Father hauled our wheat down in Texas to get it made into flour for a number of years.

I remember the first threshing machine that came into the country. It was horse power and the eight horses went around and around in a circle like the power of an old fashion<sup>ed</sup>/molasses mill.

The men of the community helped one another to do their threshing; the women came in and helped do the cooking at each home and the children went along, too. Threshing time was a big picnic for everybody- We were happy.

My father settled and improved three different leases in my childhood.

A number of our relatives settled near us and

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the community grew up. Mother was known to be good with the sick and there was always someone riding up at night and calling her to go to some sick neighbor. There was no doctor near and there were few deaths in the community.

Saturday evenings neighbors would hitch up their wagons and load in the children and go spend the night and all day Sunday with one another. We had good times and never thought about any other kind of recreation.

A Sunday School was organized in our community and my mother's brother, Uncle George Clark, was the superintendent. There was no literature; the grown-ups and children who could read studied the Bible, while Bible stories were told to the younger ones and the Scriptures were read to them.

A school house was built by the people of the neighborhood. We cut logs and split boards; had a log rolling and a house raising and built a little one-room log house. We bored holes in split logs, drove pegs into them for legs, then we had benches ready for

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use, without any backs or desks, however we used our laps for desks and did our writing on a slate. Miss Kate Blakey was my first teacher and the school house was known as the Hohn School House as it was built on Mr. Hohn's farm or lease. Sunday School was then moved to the school house and we had preaching when a minister happened to come that way. We then had spelling bees and literaries; everybody took part, both young and old. Webster's Blue Back Speller was used and lots of people could spell every word in it.

Later my father leased some land in the Harrisburg community and we moved over there. I grew up at this place and met Joe Copeland, who later became my husband.

We continued to live in this community until 1903, when my parents and Mr. Copeland's parents, too, moved to the Kiowa Country. Mr. Copeland and I lived on a farm north of Lone Wolf for sometime, then we moved to Lone Wolf so that our children might attend school regularly. They are now grown and all married but one and our home is still in Lone Wolf. I have lived in Oklahoma forty-eight years.