



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

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DISMORE, FAY.

INTERVIEW.

8175.

Field Worker's name Zaidee B. Bland.

This report made on (date) August 12, 1937

1. Name Fay Dismore

2. Post Office Address Headrick, Oklahoma, Route 2.

3. Residence address (or location) Horse Shoe Bend North fork  
of Red River.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month October Day 13, Year 1889.

5. Place of birth Twenty-five miles south of Vernon, Texas.

6. Name of Father R. E. Bullock Place of birth Mississippi.

7. Name of Mother Blanch V. Morrison Place of birth Alabama.

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 8.

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Zaidee B. Bland,  
Interviewer.  
August 12, 1937.

Interview with Fay Dismore,  
Headrick, Oklahoma.  
Born October 13, 1889.  
Father-R. E. Bullock.  
Mother-Blanch V. Morrison.

When I was only five years old, in 1894, I came with my parents to one mile west and one-half mile south of the post office named Warren. My mother had very poor health and she had a sister who lived near Warren and Father was gone a good deal of the time so he wanted mother to be near her sister. Too, he thought that perhaps her health would be better farther north.

Father was a peddler and had what was known in those days as a light spring wagon with a kind of addition built out over the wheels and covered with bows and a sheet. He drove two horses to this wagon all the time and this wagon was what we came north in. The wagon was loaded only with our bedding and dishes and cooking utensils. My oldest sister rode her saddle pony. The first day we made it to Vernon and spent the night with Mother's brother, R. S. Morrison. The next day we made it to Mother's sister's,

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Mrs. J. A. Zinns, near Warren. We got there October 13, 1894, and I think we stayed in the house with auntie several weeks until Father could rent a house not far away or more properly move into it for the owners had gone away and left it for the winter. Lots of people who came up here and filed only stayed during the pleasant weather for a number of years.

Father got us settled and then went back to Vernon and stocked his wagon with the things he usually carried and started his wanderings. He always carried needles and thread, lamp wicks, candles, some calico, jeans, hickory, men's red bandana handkerchiefs, knitting needles, buttons; I cannot remember every little item. He also carried sugar, salt, pepper, coffee, and a few drugs such as, sulphur, quinine, black mass and some patent medicines--Groves tasteless chill tonic and Wine of Cardui.

The back end of the wagon was a big door that let down and had a swinging leg that made it a table for the display of his wares. He also carried tin dish pans, milk buckets, strainers, sifters, washpans, bread pans, and other things made of tin, and would exchange his wares for nearly anything

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in the world that was alive. I do not think that he got a great deal of money, although he got some, of course. He never came home without a calf or two pigs, colts and lots of times grown animals and it was not many years before he had a nice herd of cattle and a bunch of horses. He would stay home long enough in the spring to plant the crop and Mother would see that it was worked and gathered. He got home as often as he could for Sunday and tried to always be home once a month.

After two years Father filed on a one-half section north of Warren one-half mile. This place had a one-room house, a bonnet and a dugout to live in. A bonnet is a roof made from the door of your up-ground room to the top of the dugout so one can go from one to the other without getting exposed to the weather. Father added to this house until we had four rooms.

There was a new baby at our house and everyone thought Mother was dying. Father was sitting by the table writing to his mother, telling her that Mother was dying and asking her to come to him to help with the new baby and so many small children, when Mother opened her eyes and said, "My,

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it is so bright-what is the matter?" Of course, Father thought that was the last and Mother was seeing into Heaven. Father kept on writing and Mother kept on talking about how bright it was and we children were standing around in <sup>an</sup>awed group, when the roof came tumbling in - the house was on fire. Father grabbed Mother and ran to the dugout, some of the older children got the new baby and some way we all got out without being injured in any way. We never saved a thing, but what happened to be in the dugout, which was not much. The excitement made Mother forget about herself and she got well and never again was her health bad so Father always referred to the fire as our lucky fire, for he would rather have mother well than all the wealth in the world. Mother outlived Father; she has only been gone three years and up to that fire it seemed to me that she spent most of her time in the bed. "Our lucky fire" was often referred to in our family. Father then built us a four-room two-story house and that was a very imposing home for years.

We all went to a one-room school house called Cottonwood built near a very large cottonwood tree in view of the river.

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I never went to school anywhere else until I was sixteen years old.

The Indians were continually crossing the river to our side. We had a lot of plums on our place and the Indians would come over and we would pick plums side by side, sharing our lunch and never thinking of being afraid. As we did this summer after summer one of my sisters noticed that a young brave nearly always managed to get near her and she was very timid about it. One day when we were all picking plums the brave came nearer than usual and said, "You come to my tent and be my squaw? Sister did not quite understand and said a little loudly so the other might hear, "What did you say." Her lifting her voice frightened him and really gave him his answer so he sadly shook his head and moved away.

The Indians always bothered a good deal about water-melons. My uncle was a preacher who loved to play jokes, so he gathered a lot of these citrus melons (pie melons they are sometimes called) and once when the Indians came he gave these to them. Of course, you cannot burst one open, so the Indians did not know what to do. One took his scalping knife and cut one open and when they saw what it was like

on the inside they were mad. Then everyone pulled out their knives and began as though they were sharpening them and said, "Hu hu heep Jesus man no good, Jesus man no good." That was the only time we ever really felt afraid of them. Uncle tried to explain that it was only a joke but he could not make them understand. He gave them good melons but they were not to be pacified, they would not have them and filed away in a long string as they always came and they never came to uncles for melons again.

Father got lots of shawls and moccasins from the Indians for his calico or beads.

I guess I was born too near these western rivers to be afraid of them, though I still have to move out of my home now almost every year at least once because of the high waters. When a head-rise first comes down it looks like dirty foam spreading across the river and after that comes the wall of water with the roar that cannot be mistaken as to the danger of it and man and animals alike must get out of the way. I live right in the bend of the river and we raise good crops. I have put out orchard after orchard but we are so near the quicksand that when the roots go down to the water the trees die.



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Medicine shows were the only shows that ever made this part of the country so we always attended them and sometimes were told some pretty gruesome tales. As we were only one-half mile north of Warren we walked down to one of these shows one night in the dark. It was so dark that you could almost cut the black with <sup>a</sup>knife, it seemed.

A neighbor lady was walking home with us and was trying to match the medicine man's wife with some of the things that had happened in Arkansas. Among the tales she told was this one.

Once in Arkansas a neighbor lady had died. Several of the ladies in the community were laying her out, while the husband of the dead woman was walking the yard moaning and groaning and crying a loud.

A dark purplish-looking spot appeared on the dead lady's fore-head and one of the other women thought it was a spot of dirt of some kind so rubbed it right hard to remove it when the dead lady suddenly opened her eyes and said, "BAA" They called the husband and there was great rejoicing and the lady lived many years after that.

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The lady who told the story said she had been careful to not rub a blue spot on a dead person again. I was a little ahead of the others and about that time a calf in a fence corner went "BAA" I beat them all home, although we all ran. When we had time to think, of course, we knew it was a calf but it was too dark to see and it truly sounded ghostly.