

HENRY, ED

INTERVIEW

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HENRY, ED. INTERVIEW BIOGRAPHY FORM

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

Indian Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

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Field Worker's name Ide C. Lankford,

This report made on (date) August 24, 1937 . 1937

1. Name Ed Henry

2. Post Office Address Cordell

3. Residence address (or location) 614 North Mena

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month September Day 11 Year 1869

5. Place of birth Perview, Arkansas

6. Name of Father Enoch Henry Place of birth Wade, Tennessee

Other information about father Farmer

7. Name of Mother Geneta Webster Place of birth Pulaski,

Missouri.

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 _____.

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Field Worker, Ida B. Lankford,
August 24, 1937.

Interview with Ed Henry,
614 North Mena,
Cordell.

In the Spring of 1892, my father loaded what we had on two wagons and we started to Oklahoma. We left Motley County, Texas, and stopped at Wichita County, Texas, to work through the harvest season. We were located north of Iowa Park. Wheat was worth thirty cents a bushel.

We loaded our wagons again with groceries and fuel and started for Washita County. We crossed Red River at the ~~Wagoner~~ Crossing and came to Fort Sill. There we saw many Indians, Kiowas and Comanches. Then, we came on to Cloud Chief, county seat of Washita County. We remained at Cloud Chief for several years and while here we saw the Cheyenne Indians. Then, we moved to Old Cordell and located on the half of section of land that now joins the north side of New Cordell.

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During this time we had to freight everything from El Reno, Minco, and Vernon, Texas.

H. D. Young was operating a grocery store at Old Cordell. He was a friend to the Seters, who were here then and gave them all his hauling and helped them in many ways.

One time when Mr. Seter and I went to El Reno, there was a big snow on the ground. I had four hundred dozen eggs in my wagon and had them covered with hay and my bedding. We got there all right, but my feet were frost bitten and my toenails came off. I hauled two thousand pounds of flour back to Cordell for Mr. Young.

We lived in dugouts and the fleas were so bad they would run us out sometimes but we lived that way for a few years. When the St. Louis-~~St~~ Railroad came, we sold out and moved to town and I have been in Cordell ever since. I have been through some hard times. There were many good people here then and many tough ones, too.

I was at Cloud Chief on April 19th, when they had a shooting scrape and Neal Marson, the sheriff, and a cowboy, Johnie Ritcherson, were shot and killed.

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There was a time when the people gathered together when the Indians killed a cowman named Breeding on Elk Creek. We people were scared and thought that the Indians' madness had broken out.

This was some country in the old days when the blue stem grass was waist high all over the country.

The cowmen would sometimes let you milk their cows and this milk was a great help to a family who were holding down a claim.

Groceries were cheap and you could get all the coffee you could carry in your arms for \$1.00.

The great drawback to living in this country was that you had to go to Texas or Kansas for work. We would go off and work out a little grub stake and come home and break out some more sod.

We had sod plows then, which would turn over the sod and drop whatever we were to plant in every three furrows. It rained often and we raised corn, kaffir, maize, millet, peas, beans, and some cotton, and we sold cotton for 5 cents a pound and had to haul it to El Reno to sell it.

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I have seen thousands of bushels of corn piled up at feed passes and sold for 10 cents a bushel.

During this time I operated a gin at Old Cordell. I bought from the Indians and I used the wood and wire for the gin end ties. I sold cotton seed to the cowmen for 10 cents a bushel for several years.

Then later we had to go to a windmill at South Burns. Sometimes the wind would stop and we would have to wait. This mill was operated by Mr. Leverton.

Uncle Jack Parman had a sorghum mill; we would strip our cane and take it to the mill and Uncle Jack would make our sorghum.