

~~McCLURE, HUTT~~

~~INTERVIEW~~

~~#4688~~

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BIOGRAPHY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

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Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

McCLURE, MRS. RUTH.

INTERVIEW.

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Field Worker's name Josie M. ThompsonThis report made on (date) June 23, 1937. 19371. Name Mrs. Ruth McClure.2. Post Office Address Hollis, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month _____ Day _____ Year 1870

5. Place of birth _____

Mrs. McClure is 67 years old.

6. Name of Father _____ Place of birth _____

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother _____ Place of birth _____

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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Josie M. Thompson,
Investigator,
June 23, 1937.

An Interview With Mrs. Ruth
McClure, Hollis, Oklahoma.

My parents, the Reverend Mr. A.M. and Mary Hanley Lankin, were born in Illinois, he in 1836 and she in 1840. They were married in Illinois in 1856 and there my three older sisters were born, Ida, Millie and Madge. In 1868 they moved to Missouri where I was born in 1870. There were three boys, Walter, Charley and Harry, and another sister, Lucy born to this union.

We had a pretty hard life (my father being a Missionary Baptist Preacher) but nevertheless a very happy life. In 1888 we lost our home in Missouri so my father decided to move to Texas. Father and Mother, with the three boys and Lucy, moved in a covered wagon to Texas. The next January, my oldest sister, Ida, then a widow with two children, Ethel and John Otto Cory, another sister, Madge, then married to W. S. Rapp, and I went to Texas, near Weatherford where our parents were. There we lived three years, then we all decided to come to Greer County, so Father bought two wagons and put four yoke of steers to one and drove another wagon with horses to it

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to haul the women and children, a tent, cook vessels. Each of my three brothers had a saddle and I had a side saddle with three horns. We also had a two wheeled cart that anyone who wished could ride in. We had several head of loose stock, cattle, and horses to drive. But Charlie, my sixteen year old brother, walked most of the way and drove the oxen to the trail wagons.

I remember a funny thing which happened directly after we reached the railroad a few miles west of Wichita Falls; the train came from the east behind the wagons (there were four yoke of oxen next the wagon called wheelers, then two yoke hitched to the end of the wagon tongue with a log chain, then another team or yoke on in front of them; these were gentle and were leaders. When the train ran up behind them Charley called to the leader, they fell to their knees and held against the two swing yoke who were bucking and bawling their very best and trying to run. For you see they were wild, had never been worked until the time we hooked them up and started out on this journey.

We had gone only a short distance when we camped for dinner. Father or one of the boys killed some prairie

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chickens and we baked them in an iron skillet with an iron lid with coals of fire on the lid and when done there was lots of good gravy, too. While we were eating from a table cloth spread on the ground right by the side of the railroad track a train came along and Charley just for mischief said, "What if that train shou'd run off here?" Thereupon Ethel, my niece, six years o'd, jumped up and ran right across the table and stepped in our big bowl of chicken and gravy. We had lots of fun.

We came on through Vernon, Texas, crossed the Red River and were in the "Promised Land". When we got to Turkey Creek a blizzard struck us and a fine old man, Mr. Pettigrew, was standing at his pasture gate and invited us to drive in and camp and help ourselves to all the dry wood we needed. We stretched our big tent, turned back the flaps at one end and made a fire of huge logs at that end. We appreciated his kindness. It was an awful spell but we were cozy and warm and we stayed there two weeks. I loved to read aloud and I think I read most of Charles Dickens' books aloud to the family. Then we went through Mangum, which was a wide place in the road. Then west to what is now Vinson. There was no

post office there. Then we went west about seven miles where Father took a claim on February 2, 1892. It was located one mile south of where the Independence Cemetery now is. In May of that year my brother-in-law, J. C. Lindsey, Mil'ie Lan'kin's husband, with her and their three little boys came to Greer County and took up the section where Independence now is.

To the best of my recollection there were only four houses between our place and Mangum. There were quite a few dugouts where people lived; we lived in one. J.C. Lindsey built a two room sod house with a box lean-to in the front of which the Madge Postoffice was established in 1893.

There were no schools nor churches out there but the young people met and had singing and play parties; we girls were old fashioned and neither gambled, drank liquor or smoked, but we had a good time.

In August 1895 I was married to W. W. Henderson, who had a couple of sections of land in Childress County, the old Shoe Nail Ranch. There I lived with him on our little ranch. On Christmas day, 1897, our son Wallace Y. Henderson was born.

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After his father died, I came back to Greer County and filed on a quarter section five miles west and two south of where Hollis now is. I had a pretty hard time making a living for my little boy and improving my homestead. I was a nurse. I built a three room house, fenced it and had a well drilled and put up a wind mill to it. On September 18, 1905, I proved up on my land. On October 1, 1905, I was married to John H. McClure and we lived three miles east of Hollis.

To John H. McClure and me one son was born, James H. McClure Junior on April 16, 1907.

Shortly after I remarried, I deeded my homestead to my son, W. Y. Henderson. He was married to Lena J. Box on Christmas Day 1920, and lived on the old homestead most of the time until his death January 24, 1929.

~~I am sixty-seven years old and am living in Hollis.~~

It was in 1890 that Mr. Gordon, living near the river on the north, started out afoot looking for driftwood. He saw a tarantula trying to kill a big grasshopper; he was busy watching the fight; they were about one half across the river at this time and the river was almost

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dry. Suddenly he heard a roar and looking up he saw a wall of water five or six feet high covering all the sand. He started to run back but not soon enough, so he reached a sand-bar, undressed, tied what money he had in a handkerchief around his arm and then battled for his life in the flood. He was a good swimmer so struck out diagonally across Red River towards home. He was washed down stream nearly three miles before he reached the bank utterly exhausted.

I have a short coat or jacket which I wore in 1892 and I have a silver-headed loaded walking cane that was my grandfather's and is probably more than a hundred years old.