

SCOTT, PEARL.

INTERVIEW

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

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SCOTT, PEARL

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Field Worker's name Ida B. Lankford.

This report made on (date) November 22, 1937. 193

1. Name Mrs. Pearl Scott.

2. Post Office Address Cordell, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) Rt #3.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month June Day 17 Year 1888.

5. Place of birth North Council Grove, Kansas.

6. Name of Father John Schlumbohm. Place of birth Kansas.

7. Name of Mother Ella Plumer. Place of birth Illinois.

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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Ida B. Lankford,  
Investigator,  
November 23, 1937.

Interview with Mrs. Pearl Scott,  
Route #3, Cordell, Oklahoma.

I was born June 17, 1888, at North Council Grove, Kansas. I came with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Schlumbohm to Kay County, Oklahoma, when I was six years old. We came to my uncle's place located five miles northwest of Blackwell, Oklahoma.

A while before we started, a baby boy arrived at our home, so Father and a neighbor fixed a covered wagon and put what things were necessary to be moved in the wagon. They put a coop of chickens on the back of the wagon and the coop came open or someone stole the chickens, we never knew which.

When my baby brother was three weeks old, my mother with four of us children came by train to Newkirk. Father met us there and we stayed in a hotel that night. It was the first hotel I had ever been in.

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When we got to our new home the next day, I was dissappointed for it was a small box house and a dirt floor. Our beds were made of boxing planks and nailed to the walls, and not far from our home was kind of a canyon and a gangster had a dugout dug in the flat, but he moved his hideout.

I remember real well when Barney Cooper and John Ransom settled on the same farm joining ours. They had trouble and Cooper shot and killed Mr. Ransom.

We lived near Blackwell, Oklahoma, for ten years and the crops were burning, no rain and we could not raise any food for the stock, so Father got discouraged and wanted to sell.

My father started out to look for a new location. He came to Washita County. When he came home and told Mother about the country, she was ready to move. We fixed two covered wagons, loaded them with farm tools and the household goods, and came to Washita County.

We were on the road seven days coming from Blackwell to Cordell. We had bad weather; it snowed, rained

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and sleeted. We got to Kingfisher the first night and stayed in a wagonyard, and the next morning the snow was about eight inches deep in places where it hadn't blown and drifted. Father took the heaviest things to the depot and shipped them to El Reno.

When we got to Bridgeport, we had to cross the river on a ferryboat and Mother made all of us kids lie down on the bed and cover our heads so we wouldn't get scared. We drove to our new home arriving about five o'clock on Saturday evening on February 26, 1904. It was raining and sleeted. Our home was a two room house with a shed room built on the side; we had a large barn, a good well and a windmill. The well was real deep and the water was so cold and gypky.

We unloaded some of our things and Father put the teams and wagons in the barn and then he came to the house, and we put up our monkey stove. We made our beds on the floor and used a large drygoods box that we had our things packed in to eat on, and on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Bill Buley came to see us and we were ashamed of our house.

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Monday morning Father and Mother went to Cordell to get some things and furnish the house and left us to take care of the younger children and to wash our dirty clothes. I was used to using soft water and this water here was so gypsy that when I put the soap in the hot water it was worse than washing the clothes in cold water. Mother got some lye and we put some in the water and we scrubbed and cleaned the house, and I finished the washing.

In the fall of the year was the first time we had ever seen a cotton field and we children could hardly wait to pick it. We took tubs, buckets, and half-bushel baskets and went to the field. We worked as hard as we knew how and thought it was fun to pull cotton. Mother called us and told us that two neighbor girls were there to visit us. They told us we would have to get some cotton sacks and showed us how to make them.

Our neighbor girls asked us to go to church with them the next Sunday and on Sunday night we went to a singing at their cousin's home and enjoyed ourselves very much.

On April 30, 1905, I was married to Otto E. Bauer. We started housekeeping one and one-half miles east of Cordell. In the summers, I herded our cows on what was called the Old Townsite. Lots of times I wouldn't have to herd the cows as my pony was a cowpony and he knew when to go after the cows almost as well as I did.

In the Fall of 1906 my husband rented the Ridgeway place, ten miles northeast of Cordell. One day while my husband had gone to town with a bale of cotton, an old pack peddler came. He knocked at the door and just walked in without me asking him to. I asked him to leave and he wouldn't, so I began to move toward the bed where Otto's guns hung and reached for one. The peddler looked up, saw what I was doing, picked up his case, ran out of the door and never came back. I locked the doors and watched the road the remainder of the day for my husband to come home.

We always went riding after supper and we also went hunting. We got our wood on Boggy Creek from an Indian lease and sometimes we had to pay for it and other times the Indians gave us the wood.

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We would always fish at Boggy Creek on Saturday evening and night.

My husband traded with the Indians lots of times. He brought two squaws and a buck Indian to our house and sold them a white Spitz dog for twenty-five dollars.

Otto died several years ago and I married Colonel Ed Scott and he died three years ago. I am now living by myself in my home. I rent out part of my rooms. My home is located in the East Hill Addition near the old Townsite, east of the main part of the New Cordell.