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Investigator
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Interview with H. M. Fullbright
Lawton, Oklahoma.

I came to Comanche County with my father from Wichita County, Texas on August 15, 1892. He had always been a stockman and lived in Texas as long as there was grass there; then came to Oklahoma seeking new pasture.

We lived on the west side of Blue Beaver Creek a mile north of where it empties into Cache Creek, about one and a half miles from the present town of Faxon. Our first winter here was an exceptionally cold one. Cattle suffered from lack of shed protection, and Father lost heavily. Our nearest neighbor was twelve miles away, an Indian.

I learned to talk the Comanche language through association with the Indians, and because I never saw any white people for months at a time.

In the fall of 1893 Major Baldwin became Indian Agent at Anadarko and gave orders for all white people who were not employed in government service, to move out. In 1894 we moved eight miles west of Walters, on land known as the old Emmett Cox place. We lived there one year, and then came back and

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got a five year lease from the Agent who succeeded Baldwin, on Cache Creek, near the base line two miles Northwest of Faxon. The old ranch place is still there. We lived on this place five years.

Outlaws were bad in those days, and father lost several head of cattle to them. They made a raid on the First National Bank in Wichita Falls, Texas, killed the Cashier, and shot the Vice President. They were caught later on the Wichita River, close to the mouth and were mobbed and hanged to a telephone pole.

The Deyo Mission was established in the winter of 1894. It was very late in the year of 1893 when they began hauling material for it. It stands today on its fourth location, not being able to establish it on the former locations, on account of the fact that the Indians got the wrong idea that they would require quite a tract of land with it. The Indians not understanding just what it was to be, were not very friendly toward the idea. The first two or three loads of lumber were nearly worn out carrying it around to different locations.

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Their first interpreter at the Mission was a Miss Emzie Daily, but she did not stay long. I, then, came to Deyo as interpreter. This was my first position away from home. They really preferred a boy for the place on account of his being able to take care of the stock and drive the wagon when they went to market and do errands that could not be done so well by a girl.

I began working there in 1895. The church was not really established until this year (1895). I was well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Deyo and worked under their guidance for years. They were well liked by all the Indians at the Mission. Mrs. Deyo spent all her time helping them. She taught the squaws and younger girls how to sew, keep house and cook.

Reverend Deyo would hold a camp meeting once a year at the Fort Sill Agency. His congregation was composed chiefly of Comanches. Between services the Indian women assisted by Mrs. Deyo, would hold quilting parties and make dozens of quilts for themselves.

The popular method of calling the righteous to worship was for old "Kicking Bird," one of the "pillars" of the

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church, to stand outside the tent, and scream at the top of his voice: "Come to Church, Come to Church". And everyone within hearing distance, had to go in self-defense, for he never let up yelling until they were all there.

Mrs. Deyo began taking up a contribution in her Sunday School Class to buy a bell for the Mission. The bell was finally bought and shipped to Marlow. It was a large bell, weighing probably four hundred pounds at the least. When we got notice that the bell was there we went to Marlow after it. We usually made a trip to Marlow about once every month or six weeks, for supplies and on these trips, it was my duty to drive the wagon, and if the ladies went, Mr. Deyo drove a hack.

This particular trip Mr. Deyo went with me in the wagon. Our wagon was a little old, with a weak box, and when we got to Nine-Mile Beaver the banks were steep, and the bell being heavy, went through the floor. We worked more that two hours getting poles, putting them under the bell and getting it back into the wagon and on to the Mission. When we got there our work had just started. To get it up to the platform eighteen or twenty feet high seemed

almost impossible, but we finally had it in place.

When the old Mission Church was torn down, to build a new one, the bell was placed on the ground. It disappeared, and was searched for a long time. It was finally located in Mangum, in a junk shop. The man said someone sold it to him. It was brought back to the new Chapel and erected there again, when the dedication took place.

When I left the Mission I baled hay right on the township of Lawton in 1899. We baled hay mostly up Squaw Creek, but as far north as where E. Street is today.

Early life in Oklahoma was mighty hard. My parents lived in a little shack for years, built from rough-hewn lumber. We could see day-light through the walls and ceiling, and snow and rain would come through from every direction. Sometimes there was not much to eat, just beans, cornbread, and fat meat.

I am a cattleman today, and have been for years, living near Elgin, Oklahoma, on a farm.