

FULLERTON, MABEL.

INTERVIEW

10087

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

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Field Worker's name Ophelia D. VestalThis report made on (date) February 24 1938

1. Name Mrs. Mabel Fullerton
2. Post Office Address Lawton
3. Residence address (or location) (Edge of South side) So. 9th
4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month August Day 14 Year 1872
5. Place of birth Northwestern part of Iowa

6. Name of Father Watkins 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 5.

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Ophelia D. Vestal
Investigator
February 24, 1938

Interview with Mrs. Mabel Fullerton
Lawton, Oklahoma.

I was born and reared near Rockford, Iowa. After I came to this country during the opening day, I, with my two children and my husband lived on a farm near Sterling. My husband wasn't lucky enough to draw any land, so he bought a relinquishment.

My mother-in-law would laugh and tell me that I didn't know anything about pioneering, according to the way the pioneer days were in Canada. Many times I drove to the nearby town of Sterling alone, buying a supply of food to do us a good while, then sometimes I would drive with my little boy and girl just sight seeing.

An Indian family lived a half mile south of our home. They had to go through our gate driving through our yard to go to their house. In those days the Indians were paid at the Red Stores every three months. Just about time for them to go for their payments, many Indians came, camping on this Indian land south of us until the day for them to be at the Agency. It was quite a procession to watch as they were leaving the home. It re-

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minded me of times when I was a girl and my mother would dress me in my Sunday best and take me to town. The Indians were dressed in their best, wearing beautiful colored blankets and bright colored shirts. The squaws rode in the wagons and hacks with their children, and the bucks rode horseback. One time as the Indians were driving through my yard, I watched from my window counting sixteen wagons and thirty-two bucks riding past.

This Indian woman who lived on the allotment came to see me one day when my baby girl was about two weeks old. She knocked on the door, then opened it a little way saying "We want to see white baby". I said, "Sure you can come in". I placed the baby on her lap, she looked at it and as babies wore long dresses in those days, she pulled up the long dress, looked at the little feet, noticed how her clothing was made, held the little hands, then putting her back on the bed, grunted and laughed, then went home.

Speaking of prairie fires, the worst one I can remember now was caused by high winds after a pleasant spring afternoon when every woman wanted to get out and clean her yards and burn the trash, and though the fires were out when

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the high north wind started, the fires started burning up an awful lot of things. I stood on a little hill and counted one dozen fires starting. My husband had to cut our tent barn down to save the lives of our team.

It wasn't an unusual thing to lend a neighbor water when I lived in town and the neighbor would return the loan.