

GALE, H. A. (MRS.)

INTERVIEW

9431

62

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

Field Worker's name Ethel Mae Yates

This report made on (date) December 17, 1937

1. Name Mrs. H. A. Gale

2. Post Office Address. Elk City, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) 207 S. Boone

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month Jan Day 4 Year 1872

5. Place of birth Pike County, Indiana

6. Name of Father E. S Hadlock Place of birth _____

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother Rachel Jones. 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 4.

Ethel Mae Yates
Investigator
12-17-37

AN interview with Mrs. H. A. Gale
207 South Boone Street,
Elk City, Oklahoma.

My parents were E. S. Hadlock and Rachel Hadlock. They came to the Territory in an earlier day than we did. My husband and two children and I came to the Territory in 1898 from Page County, Iowa.

We chartered a car and brought everything we had and came to my father's at Okarche near Calumet in Canadian County. We brought everything but chickens and here we unloaded. We could not bring our cows on account of quarantine so we came on over to Custer County in a covered wagon and a hack and had to camp out one night, so we propped up the wagon tongue and stretched a sheet over it and made our bed down and not long after I had lain down I felt something go across my knees. I brushed it off and in just a little while I felt it again. I called my husband and he got up and got his gun. We could see a white streak in the dark and he shot at it. I got up and kept watch and it came back again close

enough for us to see it and my husband shot at it again but I never went back to bed any more that night; I sat in that hack until morning.

There were other people camped there and they wanted to know what was the matter with me. They said that it was just a hungry skunk hunting something to eat. We came to my brother's, W. J. Hadlock's, and had to ford the Washita River and Deer Creek and the bank of Deer Creek was so steep that we had to put on four horses to pull up the banks.

My husband had come in the Spring and filed on a claim; this was in September. We lived in a cotton-wood shack until we could get a dugout made. The shack belonged to an old bachelor.

We dug a half dugout; put a plank floor in it and plastered the wall inside and walled it up on the outside with sod, put in three glass windows, one in the east, one in the north and one in the south and these windows were put in crossways instead of up and down. Rathbone was our post office and it was a mile southeast of us on the banks of the Washita. Turkey

Creek was our next trading point; it was nine miles from our place and is known now as Foss.

That winter the men cut logs and hauled them to a sawmill and had lumber sawed for us to build a chicken house and barn for the stock. It was an unusually cold winter but when it was warm enough they cut logs and when it was too cold for that they would cut ice out of the Washita River and saw it with a cross cut saw. They put up enough ice that winter in a little sod house that belonged to us to last us all the summer. It was so cold that winter that cattle froze in piles and the men skinned lots of cattle and took one wagon load of hides to Weatherford to market.

There was a little log school house, not far from us known as the Jones school house; we would have Sunday School there and there was a preacher known as the United Brethren preacher. His name was Hostider; he would preach every two weeks and a Baptist preacher, Brother E. D. Marum, would preach twice a month. There was a ford on the Canadian River and there by the ford was a foot bridge. This bridge was made of slabs about

three feet long and woven together with large white wire which stretched from bank to bank. I remember one time my brother Will and my husband were going to Arapaho with vegetables and other farm produce; my brother and his wife had two small children and so did we, and his wife was coming to stay with me while the men went on this trip. We waited for them to come until we got uneasy and my husband went down to the river to see what was wrong. Will had sent his wife and babies across on the foot bridge and he started across the river and just as he got to the bank, the wagon floated off; he jumped out on the wagon tongue and the horses brought him out and his wagon bed with his vegetables went floating down the river.

About the first thing we did was to put out an orchard such as peaches and apples; we would go up on the river hunting plums.

We lived here seven years, then went to Foss lived there eleven years, then went to Cordell, from there to Elk City in 1924.

My husband died in 1931 and is buried in the Fair Lawn Cemetery.