



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

Field Worker's name Louise S. Barnes

This report made on (date) October 26, 1937

1. Name Frank Gramlick

2. Post Office Address Geary, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) \_\_\_\_\_

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month December Day 5 Year 1880

5. Place of birth Bryon County, Kansas

**Remembers much about Prairie Fires.**

6. Name of Father John Gramlick 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 \_\_\_\_\_

Louise S. Barnes,  
Interviewer,  
October 26, 1937.

Interview with Frank Gramlick,  
Geary, Oklahoma.

Mr. Frank Gramlick was born in Bryon County, Kansas, December 5, 1880. He came to Oklahoma with his parents at the opening of Oklahoma Territory.

His father, John Gramlick, homesteaded twelve miles south of Kingfisher. Mr. Gramlick told the following story about prairie fires.

In 1889, when and before the Cheyenne and Arapaho Country and the Cherokee Strip were opened to settlement, all the land was covered with very tall grass. There were so few trails it was very easy for persons to get lost in the grass, and large objects could be hidden very easily without even being noticed. This shows how tall the grass grew during those days.

I shall never forget how the dust would blow and start the grass to weaving back and forth and maybe then a fire would break out in some of this

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unsettled country. Oh, how it would scare my mother, for you could never tell how large a scope these fires might burn before they could be checked in this tall grass.

The sky would change from a hazy, dusty look to a brilliant look.

The most terrible feeling I ever had was when I would see the sky beginning to turn red, for I knew we were in for one of those fires. We would worry, for fear the fire would reach our only home and burn all we possessed before it could be checked.

Many a night has been spent in our home waiting up to see and make sure the fire would not take our home.

The tallest grass I remember grew along the Cimarron River and most of the fires would follow that trail.