

HOWARD, MAUD

INTERVIEW

9515

304

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

305

HOWARD, MAUD

INTERVIEW

9515

Field Worker's name Ethel Mae Yates

This report made on (date) December 28, 1937

1. Name Maud Howard

2. Post Office Address Elk City, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) 807 West 3rd.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month July Day 29 Year 1892

5. Place of birth Clay County, Texas

6. Name of Father R. S. Stubblefield Place of birth _____

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother Mollie Stubblefield Place of birth Virginia

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 _____.

Ethel Mae Yates
Investigator
December 28, 1937

Interview with
Maud Howard
Elk City, Oklahoma

Father came to the Territory and filed in 1897. He built a dugout which had a dirt floor; the top was brush and dirt and there were no windows and only one door. He then came back to Clay County, Texas, for Mother and us children.

There was a wagon train of us who came together because of the Indians and horse thieves. We were a week on the road and camped out at night. Sometimes water was a problem and we would have to drive and drive before we could find water so we could camp. When we camped, all who could would sleep in the wagon and those who could not, slept on the ground. We would carry our water to use and then let the stock drink at the stream.

It was in November and so cold that we had to keep a fire log heap to keep from freezing and the men took turns guarding the stock.

We crossed Red River on a boat and I remember that

- 2 -

we had to tie our team to keep them on the boat.

We forded the North Fork of Red River and came by Fort Sill and the place where Lawton is now and came across the Indian Reservation where we saw the Indians. We had to guard our wagons as we came through, then some Indians almost broke in the back of our wagon. We met one group of Indians who were on their way to bury an Indian and they had the body wrapped in a blanket lying in the wagon, not in any box. The Indians were driving their horses in a lope and the dead body was just bouncing around in the wagonbed and the Indians who were following were groaning and gashing themselves with knives.

We brought some cattle and horses with us. We milked the cows and had plenty of milk on the way. There were some small calves and the wolves were so bad that we had to haul the calves in the wagon part of the way to keep the wolves from getting them.

We crossed Cache Creek and the banks were so steep that Daddy had to tie the front and back wagon wheels

- 3 -

together to keep the wagon from running down on the horses. We came on by Rocky to our claim in Washita County, four miles east of Port and one mile from Wood, which was then our post office. This was in the days of saloons and not long after we got there, there was a killing.

Mr. Rush Arter was the first man who was killed; his brother took up the feud and killed another man and another man took the quarrel up until five or six men were killed and after that they abandoned the town of Wood.

When we got to our claim, Daddy dug down in the ground for another dugout and covered it with the wagon sheet and bows. Not another thing did we have, not a windbreak, not a speck of wire and not a post. We had to tie our horses to the wagon out on the bald prairie and had to haul water one and a half miles from down on Spring Creek and had to drive our stock there to water. We got our wood from the Indians over by Lonewolf.

...In the spring after we got our sod crop in, which

- 4 -

was mostly cane, Father went down in the Spring Creek bottom on Andy Brady's place and plowed sod and hauled it for two miles to build a sod house. He went to El Reno and got boards to cover it. It had one door and two half windows and a dirt floor. It was one large room with a fireplace in one end. Father later bought shingles to cover the house and took the boards and ceiled it overhead.

Our first school house was a dugout and was about three and a half miles away. We children had to cross Spring Creek on a log to go to school.

There was no Sunday School or preaching there for several years after we came. They later built a school house and then someone would come through about once a month and preach.

Our first doctors were Doctor Baker and Doctor Harris at Port, which was our post office after Wood was abandoned. We had to go to El Reno or Vernon, Texas, to get our flour and our main supplies.

Father was a stock farmer and our crops were mostly

- 5 -

feed. Stock sold for a good price. We did not go through what some of our pioneer neighbors did.

Father is dead now and is laid to rest in the Port grave yard. Mother is still living on the old homestead.

Editor's note: Spring Creek, which is referred to several times in this interview is a tributary of Elk Creek and flows east of the town of Port.