

LAWHORN, FLORENCE. INTERVIEW 8122

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

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LAWHORN, FLORENCE INTERVIEW 8122

Field Worker's name Ethel Mae Yates,

This report made on (date) August 2 1937

1. Name Florence Lawhorn

2. Post Office Address Elk City, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) 301 West 5th, Street,

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month June Day 17 Year 1864

5. Place of birth Tennessee

6. Name of Father Simon McMillon Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about father Fought in Civil War

7. Name of Mother Emiline McMillon Place of birth Tennessee

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.

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Ethel Mae Yates,
Interviewer,
August 2, 1937.

An Interview with Florence Lawhorn,
301 West 6th Street,
Elk City, Oklahoma.

My brother and I , John McMullen was his name, came to the Indian Territory in 1899; we came in a covered wagon, crossed Red River on the Denison bridge and came to the Chickasaw Nation, to explore a new country. My brother was a great hunter and we had heard that there was a great deal of game here and we found this was true.

Our first home was a one room log house with one door and a piece about two foot square sawed out for a window, with a brush arbor built out in front, and a dugout, and with a split rail fence around the yard.

We had to carry our drinking water quite a distance from a spring called Sandy Springs and we kept it in the dugout to keep cool.

I never will forget how scared I was the first Indians I saw. I had heard how bad the Indians were and one day four Indians rode up to the fence and began to make signs and they finally made me understand that they wanted a drink. I ran down into the cellar and got a bucket of water and a dipper and gave them all a drink. One of them thanked me just as

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plainly as anyone, but I was scared, I did not hardly know what I was doing, but I remember I told them "Much obliged."

We leased our place from a man named Fisher whose brother had married an Indian widow and had been murdered. This man was shot through a window of his home one evening while sitting at his supper table. This Indian woman had some sons when she married Mr. Fisher, and it was thought that it was one of her sons who shot Mr. Fisher. She later married an Indian man.

My brother John taught school in a little log schoolhouse called the Bennett schoolhouse which got its name from some Indians who owned the land it was on. It was a little log room with split logs for seats.

Both the Indians and white children went to school here; they would pay \$1.00 a scholar and all ages went and they did not know anything about grade school.

The schoolhouse was one and a half miles east of where we lived and as my brother was a great hunter, he would get up in the morning and go kill his game and get it dressed in time to get to school. He has had as many as nine deer hams hanging in a tree at one time. While living here a cousin of ours lived with us whose name was Bill Poindexter,

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and for some reason the Indians had "got it in for him" and he was afraid the same thing would happen to him that happened to Mr. Fisher.

Our harness and his was hanging on the same pole, and one night his harness was carried out into the field and cut all to pieces and ours was not bothered. We always did think that the Indians did it.

~~Our post office was Roff. We went to Wynnewood for supplies.~~

This schoolhouse I have mentioned was also used for a church house. There was a dear old Crusader, Brother Hacker, who came through about once a month and preached to the people. He came one spring and held a revival; he traveled most of the time in a buggy and sometimes on horseback. I have a picture of the first church that was built in Bromide. It was built in 1840 and was a little log room with a plank door and wooden window shutters; its name was Side Stringy.

I was personally acquainted with one of the first men who founded Bromide and his name was W. H. Jackson; his son, in later years, married a niece of mine.

This was a great country for wild fruit. We would go

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down on the creek and have some great times gathering fruit such as strawberries, crab apples, grapes and plums.

I have several dishes of my grandmother's and one thing that I especially treasure, is a pickle stand that grandmother bought over one hundred and forty years ago when she went to keeping house. I also have a coverlet that she wove, also her silver teaspoons which are in a relic window in Clinton.