

TURNER, EFFIE (DR.) INTERVIEW 9793

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

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TURNER, EFFIE. (DR)

INTERVIEW.

9793.

Field Worker's name Ophelia D. Vestal.

This report made on (date) January 28, 1938. 1938

1. Name Dr. Effie Turner.

2. Post Office Address Lawton, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) 604 B.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month January Day 28 Year 1867.

5. Place of birth Illinois.

6. Name of Father _____ 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 _____.

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Ophelia D. Vestal,
Investigator,
Jan. 28, 1938.

An Interview With Dr. Effie Turner,
Lawton, Oklahoma.

I used to work in a trader store at Wichita Falls, Texas, long before the opening of this country. - I came to Wichita Falls, Texas, in the early years, about 1892. At that time Wichita Falls was a great trading post. I had had some experience as clerk in dry goods stores. My first work was as clerk, working for a man who had moved from Kentucky. Here we traded much with the Indians.

The Indian men used to wear just several yards of white muslin wrapped around and around their hips, a shawl over their shoulders and leggings. They have been known to go without shoes in pretty cold weather.

One day in looking over the shipment of merchandise we had just received from Kentucky I found twelve big, tall campaign hats, like the ones that were used in President Lincoln's day. The boss told me he didn't want them shipped here but since they were here he didn't know what we would do with them. I told him I would sell them.

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Everyone laughed at me, then the boss said, "Well, you can have half of what ^{you} get out of those hats". The first hat I sold, we had much fun of it; the wind was blowing very strong that morning. An old buck came in from across the river and said, "How much maybe". I told him all about the hat and that it was worth \$1.00. He then bought the hat, went out and jumped on his horse without a saddle, and rode off, losing his hat very often.

Years ago there was a lake northeast of the town of Wichita Falls, that covered about forty acres and was ten feet deep in some places. It has been drained now. But Indians came over there to camp and stay for a while. My father used to kill beeves and barbecue them, inviting all

the Indians to this feast. Once at a big barbecue meeting in September, it was cold enough for a thin ice. An Indian woman walked out in the lake carrying her baby; I asked her what she was going to do. She walked into the water until it was over knee-deep, undressed the baby and started patting water up on its little hips with one hand while she held it over the other arm. The baby started to cry, as any baby would do, and would just shake when she

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patted the water on it. She said, "Hum, make 'em tough, make 'em tough."

There is a bridge about two miles east of Lawton now known as "Lost Bridge". How this bridge got its name was, white people built the bridge in the early days, ^{but} after it was finished it turned out that the bridge was built on an Indian man's land. The old Indian would not let anyone use the bridge, so it was considered as a lost bridge because they couldn't use it for a number of years.

When we left Wichita Falls, Texas, we went to Perry waiting for the opening. On our way there, we saw so many dogs following the Indians. Once we saw a pretty little black dog, alone. We put it in our wagon and talked to it. We decided the little dog was deaf. Camping one night, some Indians came by and happened to call their dogs and our dog left us. It understood the Indians, but didn't understand us.

We came to Lawton in a wagon to look the place over and had to stay a few days. It was such a dry place and we hadn't brought enough clothes for us women folks, who

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were my two cousins and me. We went to the Red Store and bought enough red calico for us each a dress and a bonnet, then we started back to Perry, our home town. The wind was blowing so bad we just took the wagon sheet off, leaving the bows up. A big Indian rode up to our wagon, and said to my brother, "Too many squaws", and rode away.