

WAHL, L. G. (MRS.)

INTERVIEW.

#1251

104

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

Field Worker's name Harry M. Dreyer.

This report made on (date) May 5. 1937.

1. Name Mrs. L. G. Wahl.

2. Post Office Address Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) 1920 N. W. 28th Stree,

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month x Day x Year 1870.

5. Place of birth Tullula, Illinois.

6. Name of Father Classen. Place of birth Hessen, Germany

Other information about father x

7. Name of Mother x Place of birth Holland.

Other information about mother x

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 6.

Harry M. Dreyer,
Field Worker.
May 5, 1937.

An Interview With Mrs. L. G. Wahl,
1920 N. W. 28th St., Oklahoma City.

My husband came to Oklahoma in July, 1889, then returned for me and our nine months old baby. We arrived on the train in Edmond, Oklahoma, October 10, 1889, coming from Fullula, Illinois. He left the depot at Edmond and walked down the middle of the street to my brother's house. He was a bachelor and had a one room shack where we lived for several months.

I can remember, as we walked down the street the wind blew so that my hair blew all over my face and the sand and dust whipped down the streets.

My husband and I built a two room house that we moved into along about the first of the year after we arrived. It was not walled up on the inside nor plastered. I enjoyed the pioneer spirit which everyone displayed. If anyone new came to town we all made an immediate effort to get acquainted with them.

I told my friends that I used one corner of our one room house for the kitchen, one corner for the parlor, and one corner for the dining room, and one corner for a bed room. I had a bunch of lemon boxes piled up for a cupboard.

There was a fat lady who had been in Edmond but a short while, and I invited her to come over to see me.

She came over and bumped into my lemon box cupboard and knocked some of my dishes down, and broke one dish. She felt so badly about it, as they were dishes that I brought with me from Illinois. I was so glad to see her, I told her that I didn't care if she had broken all of the dishes.

We had been living in our new two room house but a short time when my husband got up in the morning and found a snake that had wrapped itself around the table leg in the kitchen. He killed the snake and raised the lid off the stove and dropped it into the fire.

I brought some seeds off the cedar trees in Illinois, and I planted them around the house. They grew so nicely, and the trees are on the place today. I also brought some Zinnia seeds which I planted around the house, and I had the prettiest flowers. Everyone in the neighborhood was wild about them, and wanted to know where I got such pretty flowers.

There were no cows around there we could milk, and have butter, so we had some butter shipped to us in a large can from Illinois. We put this into a hole on the north side of the house, and it kept all that winter. I also had some jelly shipped to me in a trunk. When it arrived at the station, I knew it was my trunk because

one of the jars had broken and jelly had seeped through the trunk.

We had no church organization then. There was only one church in Edmond and that was a Catholic Church. All denominations would get together and hold church services in the school building. We formed a ladies aid society and gave socials and lawn parties and raised funds to pay the teachers of the school. I was the treasurer of the ladies aid society.

I was only eighteen when I came to Edmond and enjoyed helping others. If anyone was in need of food, we would all contribute and help them out. We never failed to help anyone that had sickness in the family and to see that they received medical attention. People were more interested in one another and their welfare, and not so selfish and indifferent as you find them now.

There were Indian trails that led into town which the Indians would follow with their horses. Usually there was one horse path, and the horse would pull a plank on which the Indians rode. My husband and I with some of our friends, used to push the baby buggy for miles and miles going on long hikes on Sundays, or nice days during the week. The path was just wide enough for a baby buggy, but usually worn down pretty level by the Indian planks which were drawn over them.

The first Christmas tree that we had in Edmond we used a black jack tree, because we did not have any cedars large enough for Christmas trees around there then.

My husband bought eighty acres of land there which is now a part of Edmond for one thousand dollars. My brother homesteaded a hundred and sixty acres there, and he bought quite a bit of land later. He donated eighty acres to Central State Normal School.

My husband opened up a mercantile and dry goods store, and later had a gents furnishing store. When the Indians came into the store to buy anything they usually pointed at what they wanted, and we understood them by signs, as they seldom talked. There was a saloon near the store and the cowboys would get drunk and come into my husband's store and shoot holes through the cans on the shelf. They would sometimes lead their saddle ponies into the store, as we had no law then. We just let them do as they pleased, but usually after they sobered up they would come back to the store and pay for the damage they had done.

Later on there was a fellow killed in front of the store by a man who was supposed to be the town sheriff, and who was trying to arrest him. The trouble started at a saloon, which was a few doors from the store.

STORY BY MR. L. G. WAHL.

I ran a store there and handled cattle on the side. I had three hundred head of cattle at one time on pasture over at Sapulpa, and I also handled some horses. Because there was so much cattle and horse stealing I quit trying to handle any livestock. Farming was good here from the beginning. After the opening land was broken out and planted as fast as they could prepare the ground. Crops were good, and I sold oats at twenty-five cents per bushel, and corn at fifteen cents a bushel. I sold much better peaches than you can find now for twenty-five cents a bushel.

We used to take a large copper kettle and cook gallons upon gallons of peach butter. We would stir the peach butter with large wooden paddles. The neighbors would help one another put up peach butter, by taking turn about stirring butter in the large copper kettles.

I saw blue stem grass in this country as high as this room when I first came here. There were no weeds as the grass was so thick it kept the weeds down. We used to have large prairie fires, and everyone would

get out and fight the fire. Prairie fires nearly burned up the town several times.

We got our water from drilled wells usually fifty to seventy-five feet deep.

I had a partner with me in business for a while who made a clock out of boards that were taken from side walks and the gears were whittled out of old school seats. This was on the second floor of the Historical Society Building. I do not know whether it is there now or has been taken to California, as my deceased partner's relatives wanted the clock.

It had a paper pasted on the inside giving name of maker, the date, and kind of material used, and length of time for which it was used as a time piece in Edmond.

There was an aged lady who took a claim out east of town and lived in a straw shed on her claim. She had a rain barrel filled with water, and was found drowned in the barrel of water as she had fallen into the barrel and was unable, because of her age, to get out so she was drowned.