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Field Worker  
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INTERVIEW WITH L. J. WALKER  
2½ miles north of Pittsburg.

I moved my wife and one baby in a covered wagon from Logan County, Arkansas, in the year of 1838. I was twenty-three years of age at the time. We located at Old Oakland which is one mile west of Madill. It was in what was called Pickens County in Indian Territory days.

I remember the first load of lumber brought in to Madill. It was for the foundation of the first store building, however I don't remember who operated the first store. Where the depot is today was nothing then but a duck pond. The closest railroad was at Ardmore, which was twenty-five miles away.

I farmed on the banks of the Washita River. In fact that was the only place anyone could farm in the Territory, on the banks of the rivers. The grass was high and thick, it came up to the backs of a company.

I remember two ferries, one was across the Washita River near Old Oakland called the old Lynn Ferry. The other one was across Red River going into Texas called the Thompson Crossing but I don't remember who operated either one of them.

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My first employment after coming to the Territory, before I started farming, was working in a one stand cotton gin at Old Oakland which was owned by Jess Cornelison. He built me a little box house to live in down by the gin, but it burned down some years ago. We could gin about five or six bales of cotton a day, and cotton sold for eight or ten cents a pound, and during Cleveland's last administration it ran as low as five cents a pound. We would take the cotton to market in Texas and later, after Ardmore boomed up, we sold it there. The gin was run by steam as we knew nothing of electricity in those days. The first year I worked there we had an explosion. There were two other men working besides myself and one of them was killed.

Nub Tolliver was what you might say founder of Madill, as he first owned all the land where Madill was built.

I can give you the names of two ranches but as I was never associated with them, I know very little about them. They were the Jim Bounds and the Sankers Ranches. They had many acres of range, but no fenced pastures as they did a few years later.

I had no Indian friends but remember the names of a

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few, such as Thomas and Ionis Pickens. They were quite wealthy as they had lots of cattle and horses.

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In those days when a man found a horse thief he was never arrested. He would be killed by whoever found him to be a thief and his body left where they shot him.

The Sheriff of Pickens County at that time was a Choctaw Indian by the name of Charley Mule. I remember of being told of an instance where Sheriff Mule was sent on a trip for a man. In those days if an Indian officer had to fight with a man he would most always just kill him, and Charley Mule took the prisoner into the Judge and told him "I had to fight him, kill him."

I had very few experiences in the Territory as I did not travel about or mix much with my neighbors.