

WOMACK, ZULA LEE.

INTERVIEW

10184

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

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Field Worker's name Zaidee B. Bland

This report made on (date) March 14 1938

1. Name Mrs. Zula Lee Womack

2. Post Office Address Oklahoma City

3. Residence address (or location) 1017 N. Shantel St.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month September Day 15 Year 1879

5. Place of birth Arkansas

6. Name of Father Lemon T. Doughty Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother Nancy Ann Hively Place of birth Arkansas

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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Zaidee B. Bland,
Journalist.
March 14, 1938.

Interview with Zula Lee Womack
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
1017 N. Shartel St.
Born September 15, 1879.
Father-Lemon T. Doughty.
Mother-Nancy Ann Hively.

I do not know how my father's brother came to be out here..
He lived near what is now Martha. Anyway when I was six or
seven years old Father and Mother loaded all our possessions on
to an immigrant car with some friends who were moving to Bonham,
Texas, with the intention of unloading there and driving the rest
of the way through to Greer County, Texas. Mother and we children
were put on a passenger train. The funniest thing that I can
remember about the trip was having to wait a long time in some
depot where we had to "lay over". There was an old woman there
with a sunbonnet on and I guess with what must have been called
a Mother-Hubbard dress with a white apron tying it down. We
waited and waited until the children were very hungry and this
old woman called the children to her and began to hand them out
biscuits to eat. Just about the time the children all had one
biscuit and had begun to eat, some one called "The train is

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coming" and sure enough the train whistled. Such a scramble as there was to save the biscuit and get the children's faces all wiped to be ready to get aboard the train. I can laugh about it yet when I think of it. We got safely to Bonham and everything was unloaded.

A wagon was packed with bedding and clothing mostly but also with a camping outfit, sheet and bows were stretched and we were loaded into the wagon, Father took the lines and we were off on the last lap of our journey to a new home. It was terribly cold; we had to camp in wagon yards when we could get to one and even then we froze our feet. We got to uncle's where we stayed a long, long time. Uncle lived in one big room with a shed built on each side on both the north side and south side. This house had a dirt floor. The north shed was used for sleeping quarters and the south shed was used to cook and eat in while the middle room proper was where everyone sat to talk or whittle and the women pieced quilts or sewed with their fingers or quilted.

When we did move out we moved into the back end of an old store building. The post office was in the front end of this

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building. I remember I felt quite important to be in the building with the post office.

We had heard a great deal about the storms out here so every time we heard the wind blow we were very much frightened and would all run down to Uncle's where there was a dugout. I remember one night it was very cold and in the night Father woke up to hear the wind and got us all out of our warm beds and away down to Uncle's, he herded us. Uncle's folks were used to the wind and were not up. Uncle seemed disgusted so that about ended our running to Uncle's every time the wind blew.

In a few months Father found an eighty that had not been filed on. He bought another eighty joining it or I should say bought the claim to it. This was two miles west and two miles north of Martha. Here Father made us a full dugout 12 by 18 feet. We lived here five years. He traded around a good deal but the farm he finally proved up on the children still own. We had a door in the north and a door in the south and most of the time one of these doors were open for light and air. We needed only one fire, a cook stove. All of the wood had to be stolen out of the Indian Nation and great were the experiences which the neighbors and Father had in going for wood.

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There were a very few good wells in the country but about five miles away there was a well of good water and from this well all our water had to be hauled. We had a well dug on the place but it was fit for nothing but stock water as it was too salty.

Father made all our furniture. Beds, chairs and tables were all we had. Every box that supplies were brought in from Vernon was prized very highly for of them we made our cupboards for everything that we wanted to put away-clothes, dishes, pots, pans and quilts. They only went to Vernon once or twice a year and a lot of times they brought back the supplies in nice boxes.

We had an old time clock and a mirror. This mirror hung on the gable end of the dugout on the wall and was considered quite a luxury. Mother brought her sewing machine but this was sold for the lumber to fix our dugout.

Father helped some neighbor with something and he paid him with a hog. Uncle gave us a cow. I do not know how we got chickens. But there was a lot of wild birds and rabbits and we always had meat. Fish in the streams were plentiful also.

Father put up the posts and poles for an arbor in front of the south door of the dugout and this was covered over with dry

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grasses every spring and became our summer home all during the pleasant weather. There was a lot of wheat raised and this was traded for flour at Vernon. We always had bread and sorghum molasses for sweetening. Mother was a great hand to have a garden and we usually had garden "sass" a plenty. All the fruit we had were sand plums gathered off the banks of the river. We learned to use these plums in many ways. The Salt Fork of the Red River was real near our claim.

We had to walk two miles to school. Center Point was the name of the school. It was a one room frame building. A well of good water was in the yard. We had benches to sit on but no desks. Every one had a slate to write and figure on. We did not know what tablets and pencils were. There was a blackboard across one whole end of the building. We had glass windows which was very unusual. We had school only three months out of each year but it was a free school.

We played Stink Base, Anti Over with a string ball and Blackman and Roly Foly with marbles and Mumble Peg with a knife. We had what we called a Literary once a month. Every one took part in this Literary and we had speeches and dialogues. There

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was another school three miles south of Martha known as Wheatland and the pupils of this school usually came to our entertainments and we went to theirs. Father had a pair of mules we young folks could drive and I could ride them too.

We tried to find some place every Sunday where there was preaching but if we couldn't, we would meet somewhere and sing. We sang sacred songs every Sunday and sometimes on Sunday nights too. We tried always to go where there was an organ but could not always for there were not many organs in those days.

Mother was a great help to have premonitions about us, especially if we were in danger. One night I had gone to a singing with a young man and when he got out of the buggy to open a gate the horse ran away. I was not hurt but the horse ran about two miles. When I got home Mother was sitting up in the door waiting for me- she said she knew there was something wrong.

One Sunday night I was with my brother and I got out to open the gate to our own farm. I said "Brother, drive on I'll just walk on " I knew the dust was bad but never thought about getting lost. Brother got home and put up his horse, and came into the house. Mother said "Where is Zula?" Brother said "Why! isn't

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she here? I was really lost but was close enough to the house to hear when Brother came out and called for me and of course, I came on to the house when Brother called.

I always thought my mother the best cook in the world. We, a lot of times, would take our dinners to church for it was so far away and when there was church there were usually three services every day and sometimes a baptizin. I remember a favorite place to baptize was an old caved-in dugout not far from home. This hole was always full of water deep enough to baptize in and water was not always found deep enough to duck people good.

The wolves and snakes were bad but not very dangerous. I remember once my cousin went to gather eggs. The nest was too high for her to see into so she just reached into the nest and pulled out a big snake just full of eggs. So long as she already had the snake she just lopped his head off before she threw him down and then she got scared. We always had a good dog that was a great deal of help around the farm and was a good watch dog.