

ESTEP, E., JR.

INTERVIEW.
BIOGRAPHY FORM

Form A-(S-149) #8064

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

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Field Worker's name Ruth Kerbo

This report made on (date) July 23, _____ 1937

1. Name Mr. E. Estep, Jr.

2. Post Office Address Mangum, Oklahoma, Route 1.

3. Residence address (or location) 3 miles west, 9 miles south of Mangum

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month April Day 25 Year 1878

5. Place of birth Texas

6. Name of Father E. Estep, Sr. Place of birth Tennessee

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother Mary Thornton Place of birth Mississippi

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 5.

Interview with E. Estep, Jr.
Route 1, Mangum, Oklahoma

Interviewer - Ruth Kerbo
Indian-Pioneer History, S-149
June 23, 1937

My father came through this country in 1890, took up a section of land and built a small one roomed house on it. He also built a half dugout, which was used as a part of our dwelling.

In April, 1891, he moved his family here. We came through in a covered wagon and were exactly one month making the trip.

Will Ponder came with us and drove a team of oxen. I was about thirteen years old.

Father filed on a claim five miles north of Duke. There was a small store and a post office at Duke.

We hauled our supplies from Quanah, Texas. On one occasion Father had gone to Quanah for supplies and a big rain came, causing all the rivers to be at the flood stage. Father was delayed for a week and our supplies were exhausted. I told Mother that I thought maybe I could get some groceries at

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Duke to last until Father's return. She thought it would be useless to try but I saddled up my horse and went over there.

Mr. Perry was running the store then. I had not met these people, but I went in and told them who my father was. I told Mr. Perry of our circumstances and that my father was delayed on his way home from Quanah on account of the flood waters.

Mr. Perry asked me what we needed. I did not know exactly, only that we did not have anything to eat. He gave me some coffee, flour, sugar, and lard and put it all in a sack and tied it on my saddle. The Perrys have been very good friends of mine ever since.

I remember Mother parched some wheat for coffee and it made a very good drink.

There were only two houses on the Duke and Mangum road, one was about five miles southwest of Mangum and the other one was on a little creek.

The rock school building was located near my father's claim. The first rock school building was

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a one roomed structure. Mrs. Ragsdale was my first teacher there. Several years later this old school building burned, then was replaced with a rock building.

I quit school and went to work for the Z. V. ranch. For the first three years I herded the horses.

We shipped our cattle from Woodward. On one occasion we took a herd of cattle over there and I went along to help with the horses. We stopped on the Washita River to camp and while the men were busy around the camp, I rode my horse off down the river looking for persimmons. I found some ripe ones and ate all I wanted and thought I would gather some for the other boys. Before I had gathered very many a bunch of Cheyenne Indians rode up. I mounted my horse and thought I would out-run them to the camp, but could not gain on them. When I reached the camp, the boys did not laugh but were very serious.

The Indians did not try to harm me, but begged for food at the camp. The boys had a lot of bread that they had baked in the Dutch oven.

After I had eaten all I wanted we gave the rest to the Indians. The old squaws would grab biscuit and put them in pockets under their shawls while they were eating.

I worked for the Z. V. outfit from 1892 to 1898, for \$15.00 per month.

Father raised wheat. He did not have much farming equipment; a sod plow was about the only thing he had except a harrow which he made of a log. He drilled holes in a log and drove wooden pegs into the holes so that they would scratch the ground.

The wheat made about thirty bushels per acre.

We could buy flour for 50 cents or 60 cents per sack and ten pounds of Arbuckle coffee for \$1.00.