

MULLINS, CLORA P.

INTERVIEW

10458

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

MULLINS, CLORA P.

INTERVIEW.

10458.

Field Worker's name Ida B. Lankford.

This report made on (date) April 18, 1938. 193

1. Name Clora P. Mullins,

2. Post Office Address Cordell, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) H. R. 1.

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month November Day 24 Year 1879.

5. Place of birth Salem, Arkansas.

6. Name of Father J. M. Powers. Place of birth Arkansas.

Other information about father Farmer.

7. Name of Mother Mary Jane Sales. Place of birth Arkansas.

Other information about mother Housewife.

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 3.

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Ida B. Lankford,
Investigator,
April 18, 1938.

An Interview With Clora P. Mullins,
Rt. 1, Cordell, Oklahoma.

When I was a girl of seventeen, we came West. We left Fulton County, Arkansas near Salem. We were on the road twenty-eight days. We arrived at my uncle's house at eight o'clock in the night on the 28th of December. It was raining. When we left Cloud Chief, we got on the wrong road and wound through the red hills until it was getting dark. Father asked a man if he knew where his brother lived. This man knew Father's brother so he got his lantern and horse and piloted us the rest of the way. We got there just as the rain started. The folks laughed and said that Father had brought the rain from Arkansas. We stayed there a few days. Uncle had a place rented for Father, as he couldn't improve his place to live on until he made a crop. So we moved into a half dugout, built up with cottonwood logs and covered with planks. Father had two teams - one, a span of good mules. He started his crop, planted corn and cotton, made a good garden, raised

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lots of beans and peas and onions and cushawa and potatoes to put up for winter, besides other garden stuff. He broke out the sod on his claim and planted cane and kaffir corn and made a good crop. In the summer when the cane was ready to cut, my father and uncle bought a sorghum mill, so we moved to the cane field and stripped and cut top cane, and made syrup for ourselves and all the neighbors. We camped in the wagon and cooked on a camp fire and worked at the cane until time to pick cotton. Father and Mother sold syrup, bought a few clothes and groceries, so we got along very nicely. It seemed like that cane mill was a life saver. I liked to feed the mill and see the juice fill the barrel.

When that was done we went back home and went to picking cotton. I don't remember how many bales we made, but the cotton was good. There was just one gin at Cloud Chief and sometimes it would take several days to get your bale ginned. Once when Father was at Cloud Chief there was a shooting, some killed and some wounded. I don't remember what the trouble was but Father said that it was a young war. There was an old man who lived on his

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claim by himself in an old dugout. He was an old soldier and drew a pension. He had been to town that day and had drawn his pension and paid his debts and that night the old man was killed in his dugout and whoever killed him just got 25 cents and his pocket knife. We traveled angle roads across the country for miles. There were no bridges, we would go down in the draws and canyons and travel quite a way in places before there was a road coming out. The people were all friendly and glad to see one another. When new comers came, the settlers went to see them and helped them to get acquainted in this prosperous country. Churches and schools were few. The first place we went to meeting was at Rainy. There were a few members of the church so they got together and started going to meeting and having worship. The school building was a rock dugout. That was where they met. Sister and I liked to explore the canyons, and we spent much time in them to pass the hours when we were lonesome.