

McINTOSH, LESH INTERVIEW LEGEND & STORY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

6980

6126

355

Field worker's name Margaret McGuire.

This report made on (date) July 26, 1937

1. This legend was secured from (name) Mrs. Lesh McIntosh
address Kufaula, Oklahoma.

This person is (male or female) White, Negro, Indian,

If Indian, give tribe Female--Creek.

2. Origin and history of legend or story Experiences of her father,
mother and herself in early days in the Indian Territory; also
about churches, schools, and missionaries.

3. Write out the legend or story as completely as possible. Use blank sheets and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 3

Margaret McGuire,
Interviewer.

356

July 26, 1937.

A story of Pioneer Days as given
by Mrs. Leah McIntosh, Eufaula, Okla.

My parents lived in the Choctaw Nation at the time of the Civil War. My mother was a girl then, but she told me so many things that happened.

She told me how the Northern soldiers would come to their homes and take their food. They would take some of their skirts and put flour, meat, beans, and anything they could carry in them.

The soldiers came in the house one time when my father was sick, hit him on the arm and almost broke it. Some of the Indians that were fighting with the North were there and they asked the soldiers not to kill him and they let him alone. Some soldiers came in and were going to kill all the men folks. They dressed John McIntosh in women's clothes and he looked like a girl, so he got away. His brother was a baby, so his mother put him in her big apron, and piled a lot of clothes and bundles on top of him and got him out without their seeing him.

I remember when I was young we lived in the Creek Nation then. We would go in an ox wagon to church and camp meetings. We dressed up in our best clothes and wore hats. Some of the people laughed at us, but we did not care.

-2-

We later got horses to drive. There were more horses in this country then, and we owned a buggy which we used for a long time.

My father was a white man, but my mother was Creek. My name before I married was Leah McIntosh. My people and my husband's people were not any kin. My mother died when I was small and I went to school at Bacons in Muskogee. I worked at the school for part of my expenses and the rest was paid by the white missionaries. I got letters from one of the ladies for a long time after I was out of school.

This lady came to our church several years ago and made a talk at our Creek Convention. The Indians met at those conventions. The men met at one place and the women at another.

I have lived in the Creek Nation all my life and have wished so many times that I could have been a missionary; but I was not a good talker and could not be one.

A long time ago our church wanted to send a missionary out West to work among the Wichitas. They had tried to get some one, but no one wanted to go because the Wichitas were a hard people to get along with. They were such fighters. They asked some one to volunteer, and John McIntosh, the son of Chilli McIntosh said he would go. The people out there

-3-

did not want anyone, so when he would be talking to the few of them who wanted to listen he had to have a lot of guards with guns to protect him while he preached.

We have had a lot of preachers in our family. Almost all of our family were Christian people. My father never would let us go to a stomp dance and we always went to church.

We had a pretty hard time when the Territory was young. My father and mother were buried south of where Holdenville is now. There were no laws there then. Robbers came along, dug into the graves of my father and mother and robbed them of their jewelry. I remember my mother had such a pretty set of ear rings. I wanted them badly, but children then were too modest to ask for things like that.