

GLASGOW, HATTIE L.

INTERVIEW

10120

203

LEGEND & STORY FORM
WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

204

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10120

Field worker's name Louise S. Barnes

This report made on (date) February 15 1938

1. This legend was secured from (name) Hattie L. Glasgow

Address Watonga, Oklahoma

This person is (~~male or female~~) ^{XXXX} ~~White, ~~XXXXXX~~~~

If Indian, give tribe _____

2. Origin and history of legend or story _____

3. Write out the legend or story as completely as possible. Use blank sheets and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 4

GLASGOW, HATTIE L.

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10120

Louise S. Barnes,
Investigator,
February 15, 1938.

An Interview with Hattie L. Glasgow,
Watonga, Oklahoma.

I was born April 17, 1868, and lived about two miles from Kirksville, Missouri, in Adair County, until I came with my parents, husband and family to live in Oklahoma.

We came to Oklahoma in 1892, on the train from Kirksville, Missouri, to Kingfisher; there were eight in our group and we were obliged to stay in Kingfisher the first night, because our husbands and father were supposed to meet us and were detained. They had come to Oklahoma at the time of the Cheyenne and Arapaho Opening to file a claim, and they were coming to take us to our new homes.

The country was terrible, no timber; all the prairie was burned black, and even the sun rose in the wrong direction. I never was so discouraged, but the neighbors helped me get over that, they were so sociable.

Father had a small house four miles east, and we had a log house consisting of one room; it only had one entrance and it was covered with vines. I had so much furniture I

GLASGOW, HATTIE L.

INTERVIEW

10120

- 2 -

had brought with me from Kirksville that by the time I got it all in one room, I could stand in the middle of the room and reach anything I wanted, it was so small, but I spent many happy hours there.

We did a lot of freighting merchandise for the community; it was freighted from Kingfisher, and in getting this freight it took a day to go and one day to return. It was when my husband was on one of these trips and when I was alone that I went into the yard to get the children who were playing to get them ready for bed, and I heard a scream which I thought was the neighbor woman and stopped to listen. I heard the cry again and this time I discovered it was a panther and at the very edge of our yard. I grabbed the children and got them into the house and shut the door, and then I heard a howl and I knew it was the neighbor's dog, so I opened the door and let him in and he ran under the bed not to come out until the next morning. I was certainly scared but the panther decided he did not want to come any closer to the house.

Another instance I remember of our wild friends, we had a large flock of Barred Rock chickens and one day I heard

GLASGOW, HATTIE L.

INTERVIEW

10180

- 3 -

them making so much noise I rushed out, and there stood a coyote. He was herding the chickens down to the well so he could grab one. I got the gun and slipped back out behind the old guy, but when I shot the gun had been loaded for a godfer, and made a lot of noise but didn't even scare the coyote, which trotted off. The next day he returned but by the time I had loaded the gun, which was loaded by hand, he had gone. I loaded the gun with plenty of powder because I wanted him to feel it the next time I hit him. But my husband was home when the coyote returned the next time, and he tried his luck; when the gun went off it was loaded so heavily it knocked him over and scattered the wild friend into pieces.

My husband and our eldest son made a trip in 1894 to Guthrie to his sister's to can peaches and ^I stayed at our home to take care of the stock while they were gone. I was going to start teaching school on November 1, 1894, in Grandview District #94; it was a log schoolhouse. It was only a week before school was to start, and I decided to go on a small vacation with my youngest son while I had an opportunity.

GLASGOW, HATTIE L.

INTERVIEW

10120

- 4 -

We took a buggy and horse and drove to Guthrie to spend the week. The day we were to return it went to raining so we waited until the next day and it was still raining and the river was out of its bank, but I could wait no longer so we started out on the trip home. We cut across the prairie in order to hit the highest bridge across the river and it still stood but the water was running over it in places, even some of the boards were gone. At first the horse hesitated to cross, but I knew if I could sing he would try, so sing I did, as scared as I was. When we finally got across the bridge the filling was washed out and left a ditch but we crossed that with success, and then we had a small hill to climb and as the horse tried to get to the top of this he fell twice. At last we were to the top, safe. I stopped the horse to rest and turned to look at the raging river and the bridge was gone but I have lived a safe life in and around Watonga ever since. I taught school for years.