

HERRINGTON, EMMA.

INTERVIEW

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Form A-(S-149) 12778

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

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Field Worker's name Johnson H. Hampton

This report made on (date) January 24th 193 8

1. Name Emma Herrington

2. Post Office Address Sperry, Oklahoma.

3. Residence address (or location) _____

4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month _____ Day _____ Year _____

5. Place of birth Missouri

6. Name of Father William Harrison Place of birth Missouri

7. Name of Mother H. C. Harrison Place of birth Missouri

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 6.

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Johnson H. Hampton.
Investigator
January 24, 1938.

Interview with Emma Herrington,
Sperry, Oklahoma.

I was born at Dalton, Missouri, a small town twenty-five miles south of Kansas City. In company with my father and mother, two sisters and a brother I left there October 12, 1887, traveling by covered wagon, headed for the state of Texas.

On the 12th and 13th of October, 1887, we had nice pleasant days but on the 14th, we had a rainy day and we all got wet while eating dinner. Our campfire was put out by the rain and I thought that it was dreadful to travel in a wagon, but the next day was clear and we traveled on to Fort Scott, Kansas.

On Saturday the 20th we camped on Spring River near a bridge which was about four hundred yards long, a handsome bridge one mile from Baxter Springs. Oh, how it rained that night.

The next day was Sunday so we remained there until Monday morning, we then drove into Baxter Springs which is where I first saw an Indian. Several of them rode in on ponies; they were dressed like the American people except some few had feathers in their hats. They were dark complexioned, had long, black

hair and black piercing eyes. One Indian woman who came in a wagon with her husband had a handkerchief on her head and her baby on her back with a blanket around her and the baby. Oh, I was so afraid of the Indians. I didn't think I would live to get through the Indian Territory.

We left Baxter Springs and went into the Quapaw Nation and camped there that night near a large schoolhouse which they called a Mission. A white family lived there; they said they had a select school and that a white lady taught. I was so afraid papa would stop there for the night and I thought if the Indians caught one of us by ourselves we would be scalped.

We went through the Peoria, Ottawa and Wyandotte Indian country. White settlements were often to be seen, but we never saw an Indian settlement, we were often told that there was no danger in the Indians, but that we had better watch out for horse thieves.

We finally landed in the Cherokee Nation and after crossing the Neosho River the first night, we camped in a white settlement near a house where they were making molasses. A

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family that was moving to Arkansas fell in company with us. A little girl from the house brought molasses down to our camp to make some molasses candy by the campfire and we had a nice time pulling molasses candy. She had a great many pretty flowers and gave me some pansies some of which I pressed and still have today. The next morning our friends left us and went on their way to Arkansas and we travelled between Grand River and the Missouri Pacific Railroad. We crossed many small streams, some of which were Cabin Creek, Rock Creek, Pryor Creek and several other small creeks. We had splendid water there and some good springs and the prairies were so large there were thousands and thousands of acres of grass that had never been mowed. It would bow and bend to the gentle zephyr breezes until it would almost make one's head swim to look at it and there was nothing to molest it except now and then a few cattle near the river that sometimes looked like a bunch of sheep they were so few and far from us.

The first town we came to was Choteau on the Missouri Pacific Railroad at which place we stopped with some white

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people who were very kind to us and wanted us to stop there. They said there were some mean people in the Creek Nation and I began to feel very uneasy but I wanted to travel on. While we were eating dinner on Brush Creek two families in covered wagons drove up and told us that they were going to Texas. We were glad to have their company.

The next stopping point was Wagoner Station. Our mules got away the next morning and my father and brother, John Will, went after them. They came back with them about ten o'clock that morning.

The next of interest was a fine Mission; I think it was called Tallahassee Mission. It was a handsome building which had seventy-five or one hundred rooms in it.

We crossed the Arkansas River at the mouth of Grand River then crossed Grand River and camped that night, the 27th day of October, on Saturday. There were seventeen wagons in all camped together that night and it was a brilliant scene to walk out on the main street of the camp ground and see the lanterns and campfires. All the wagons were bound for Texas except one which was going to the Chickasaw Nation.

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We left that place on the 28th of October for Muskogee, a small town where we saw some mixed blood Indians, a great many negroes and some very intelligent looking white people. We left the railroad here and travelled in a southwesterly direction until we came to Okmulgee. A portion of the road was rough and we had bad water but the weather was beautiful. We then travelled southwest, crossed Deep Fork of the Canadian River, thence to North Fork of the Canadian, thence to the South Canadian and crossed the corner of the Choctaw Nation through the Shawnee Hills..

Drinking water was bad, we got very little good drinking water in the Creek Nation. We were treated very kindly in that Nation; ~~the most of the people there were black.~~

Our next town was Stonewall, we crossed Clear Boggy and while we were there our crowd separated; eight wagons left us, some for one place and some for another.

We rested our weary bodies awhile, we were all in good health except my father who caught cold at the South Canadian River and got so sick that we could hardly travel. Next we crossed Mill Creek and Little Blue River. We rested not far

from there on Sunday November 4th, and Father and some of the other men went to an Indian church which was near our camp. They preached in their own language; we passed by the church before they all left there and noticed that they were dressed very well. Most of the men had their guns and the women had handkerchiefs tied around their heads.

We travelled on hoping to reach Denison, Texas, in a short time. We passed through a little village by the name of Cale, went from there to Colbert's Ferry on Red River and before we crossed over it began to rain but we all got over the river into Denison, Texas, where we all separated, never to meet again.

We then moved to Kosoma, where I was raised to womanhood and married.

I never had any trouble with the Indian people in all of my life while I lived at Kosoma with my father.

William Harrison, my father, lived in the Choctaw Nation at Kosoma for twenty-four years; my mother, H. C. Harrison, lived there twenty-nine years. They are both laid to rest in the Kosoma Cemetery.