

HAMILTON, MARY

INTERVIEW

9571

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

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Field worker's name Louise S. Barnes

This report made on (date) December 29 1937

1. This legend was secured from (name) Mary Hamilton

Address 211 N. McComb, El Reno, Oklahoma

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

If Indian, give tribe _____

2. Origin and history of legend or story _____

Trip on Stage Coach in the year 1893.

3. Write out the legend or story as completely as possible. Use blank sheets and attach firmly to this form. Number of sheets attached 2

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Louise S. Barnes
Investigator
December 29, 1937.

Trip on Stage Coach.

I was born in Massilon, Ohio, February 18, 1877, and at the age of six after the death of my father, I came to Kansas by train to live with my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Heuelsen, who lived at Pawnee Back. I continued to live there until I was about eighteen then my three uncles, Joe, Wencle and Phil Heuelsen wrote and had me come to Oklahoma to keep house for them.

I arrived in El Reno at twelve o'clock noon, April 19, 1893, coming on the Rock Island from Great Bend, Kansas. I was to leave the next morning at eight o'clock on the stage coach, so I went to the Caddo Hotel in El Reno, and stayed until the next morning, getting up at six that morning. I thought the sun rose from the west I was so turned around.

When eight o'clock came we were on our way to my uncle's house. They then lived near Geary. The driver of the coach was Jim McCartney; we had a coach with two seats, drawn by two beautiful horses; it had rained and not one of those mud holes did we miss. It was time to change horses at Enehoe and leave the mail with the postmaster, Ike Bringham.

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I was the only passenger after we got to Enehoe, so I got on the front seat with the driver and after we were about half way out the driver let me drive the horses. He had been whipping the horses all the way and I was so used to letting them take their time, that I thought whipping them was terrible, and wished I had the lines so he would not be so cruel to the horses, but of course they were used to it and he had to make his route in a certain length of time, in order to have the mail at Bridgepart on time.

I had a letter from my uncle, telling me to get off at a certain creek, named Lumpmouth Creek and when I got off at the creek to find a certain house. I had to walk up a big long hill about a mile all alone with no one around and I shall never forget, I was so afraid Indians might come up on me. I had heard so many stories about them. When I got to the house the people were perfect strangers, and there were no uncles there to meet me, but these people were very kind strangers; they took me to my uncles home several miles away and it was nice to be with someone again I knew after such a wonderful trip.