

JAMIESON, J. T.

INTERVIEW

10041

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

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Field worker's name Bessie L. Thomas

This report made on (date) February 22 1938

1. This ~~legend~~ **true story**  
secured from (name) J. T. Jamieson

Address Cache, Oklahoma B. A

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

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 3

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Bessie L. Thomas  
Investigator,  
February 22, 1938.

An Interview with J. T. Jamieson,  
Cache, Oklahoma.

In the grand lottery opening of the Kicwa-Comanche and Apache Indian Reservation of southwest Oklahoma, Frank O. Jamieson, my brother, and I decided to register for the land drawing, so Frank came to El Reno and registered for himself and I registered in the Lawton District and was lucky, drawing number 3812.

As the day set for filing by that number was September 10th, I came to Lawton several days previous to look over the country and pick out a location. With two others who were to file on September 7th, I drove over the country in a hack and on September 6th the hack and my two new acquaintances returned to Lawton, while I went on afoot to look over a few places west of Lawton.

I had walked for five miles in the boiling hot sun and was getting pretty weary; I had sat down under the shade of a tree on the creek to rest awhile when a young man about my age came along in a wagon and asked me where

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I was going. I told him out to Cache and it happened that he was going to the same place, where his father had a claim. The young man's name was Clay Clingan, who is still my friend.

I thought in those early days everyone had to carry guns for self preservation, so I carried an Iver-Johnson .32 pistol. While sleeping out that night on the prairie I was disturbed in my slumbers by a coyote sniffing around, the noise of which finally awakened me. After firing at it I was not disturbed any more that night, but the report from that gun out there on the open prairie, and in the stillness of the night, sounded as loud as a cannon report.

The next morning to try my marksmanship, I brought down a red squirrel from the top of a post-oak in the timber, six miles southwest of the present townsite of Cache. I cooked the squirrel on a stick held over an open campfire. I had a good breakfast, with coffee and a few slices of dry bread.

I was tramping over the country next day by myself and a big buck Indian passed by with a .45 Colt revolver strapped

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on his hip. Indians, of course, were scary looking to one not accustomed to seeing them. He asked me, "Where's your wagon, Where you going?" Being scared within an inch of my life, I pointed and replied, "Right over that hill yonder," and he rode off without further questions.

My final location for filing was just thirteen miles due west of Lawton. I erected a sandstone rock house in the fall of 1901, hauling native stone from hills nearby. Curious Indians would often ride up to look at it.

After becoming acquainted with the Indians, and learning a few of their words, I found out they had given me the name "Tippy-conic", which means "rock house" and I am still called this by my good Indian friends.