

PRICE, T. W.

INTERVIEW

#9397

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

PRICE, T. .

INTERVIEW

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Field Worker's name Ophelia D. VestalThis report made on (date) December 11, 193 7

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1. Name T. W. Price
2. Post Office Address Lawton, Oklahoma
3. Residence address (or location) _____
4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month May Day 25, Year 1852
5. Place of birth Germany

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6. Name of Father _____ Place of birth _____
- Other information about father _____
7. Name of Mother _____ Place of birth _____
- 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 4

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Ophelia D. Vestal,
Investigator,
December 11, 1937.

An Interview with Mr. T. W. Price,
Lawton, Oklahoma.

I came through this country from Texas, going to Kansas, in May 1880.

My wife, daughter and I drove through in a covered wagon, camping anywhere we could find wood and water and good grass for our horses.

One day we were driving along near where Lawton now stands, and decided we had better stop for lunch. We had a supply of food with us such as flour, sugar, coffee, a barrel of pork and some smaller things, including some canned fruit and vegetables. In the good days, people used to use Dutch ovens and among our possessions was a Dutch oven.

As our lunch was being prepared, I noticed a person riding toward us very fast and the horse was barebacked. When reaching us, it was an Indian squaw. She had a beautiful blanket around her shoulders and across her shoulder she carried a sack. She jumped off her horse, came up to our campfire jabbering and making signs. We

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couldn't understand what she meant. Soon she jerked the sack from over her shoulder and emptied it; in it were two small turtles, a little smaller than saucers. She put them in the fire turnin' them on their backs. I tried to tell her how cruel it was to do that. All she would do was to laugh and jabber. Soon the turtles were dead and then she cooked them a little longer; then she ate them.

On and on we traveled to our new home, seeing many strange sights. Once we saw a band of about twelve Indian men coming toward us. They were riding straight toward us. When we were getting very nervous, they turned in a northern direction going toward Fort Sill. We thought they were gone for good but not long afterward they came back by us carrying a beef behind them. They had been for their beeves which were given to them at Fort Sill.

It was a very long road and we did not see any houses for many miles; it was just a wild open country. We had very hard times. Once I remember very well, we couldn't find any water. We drove for miles but finally

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had to camp near Buffalo Spring near Dover. The next morning we started on our way still looking for water. I noticed another Indian coming toward us, waving papers in his hand. Riding near us he handed the papers for us to read. He told us we were driving through what was known as Rennessey Flat, south of Enid. He was a big chief of some tribe, making signs for us to follow him, as I had made him understand we wanted water badly. We followed the old Indian for about two hours, to a big bluff where we found red water, the first and only red water I have ever seen. I thought he would soon go on his way but he wouldn't; he kept staying with us. I told my wife that he must be up to some meanness and we had better give him something, then maybe he would go on. So we gave him a large piece of bacon, I had heard that Indians didn't like pork but when I offered this one the bacon, he took it and left immediately.

It took us twenty-two days to make the trip to

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our new home. We lived there for five years; from there went to Western Kansas staying for fifteen years, going then to Rocky Ford, Colorado. After living there two years we returned to Fort Sill about the time of the opening.

The Rock Island Railroad was being graded to lay the track into Lawton in December. We were watching the men work, when they plowed into a skeleton of some big animal just about where the depot in Fort Sill is now located. This created a lot of excitement but the kind of animal was never decided on, only it was the remains of some prehistoric animal.

Since that time I have always lived in Comanche County. I have met and talked occasionally with some people from Enid. One person told me when we were at the big bluff where we found the red water, we only lacked about two miles of being at a creek called Skeleton Creek, where the Indians always killed all the white people who passed through there.