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INTERVIEW WITH MRS. MARY REYNARD
PAWNEE, OKLA

FIELD WORKER GOLDIE TURNER.

April 23, 1937

Mr. Reynard was born in Michigan in 1867. He came to Oklahoma from Kansas in 1866.

We started out from Parkerville, Kansas, Oct. 15, 1866. We had all our belongings and two children in two covered wagons. We tied our two cows behind the wagon which Mr. Reynard drove ahead, and I drove behind. There were two other wagons with us belonging to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Haun. We followed the old Sac and Fox trail from Arkansas City to Pawnee.

The first Indians we saw were Otoes. They rode down to where we were camped on the Salt Fork river. They stopped and one talked a little English to the men, then they rode on. We were very much afraid of the Indians and kept guard all that night but did not see any more till we got to Pawnee. We arrived in Pawnee October 26. Our destination was the claim of Mr. Reynard's brother, Dan Reynard, but we did not know in which direction his claim was. We made inquiries in all the stores where he might have bought supplies but to no avail. No one had heard of him, but finally some one told Mr. Reynard to go to the court house and look up the records

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to find the location of his claim. This he did and found that the claim was five or six miles northeast of Pawnee. We camped in Pawnee that night, for it was too late to start out across the country where there were no roads, only a few faint trails. The next day we found our way without much trouble. Mr. Reynard's brother had built a one room stone house but he kept his father and two uncles with him so of course there wasn't room for us in the house. We lived in the wagon until the first of February. The winter was mild, however, and we didn't mind camping out.

After February first we moved to Pawnee because Mr. Reynard took over a star mail route from Pawnee to Osage City and Blackburn. The route didn't go entirely to Osage City, however, so Mr. Reynard had to hire a person to carry the Osage City sack a mile across the prairie to the town while he went on to Blackburn, then when he came back he would pick up the other person. The pay was sixty dollars a month and out of this two teams had to be kept. Each team was used every other day and the helper had to be paid out of his salary. Mr. Reynard carried the route until April, then sold it.

We then rented eighty acres about two miles north of

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Pawnee and stayed there until October.

Mr. Reynard's brother then wanted us to move out to his claim to help care for his father and uncles, so Mr. Reynard built a sort of basement in the side of the hill with stone walls and with a shingle roof. We lived in that a year or two, then the men built the walls high enough for a room above which was even with the ground on one side. The same roof was placed back on it. We lived in this, with a later addition of two frame rooms, for twelve years.

About 1898 Mr. Reynard bought an old well drill run with horses and began drilling wells. He drilled nearly all the wells in that neighborhood, including several at school houses. He used the old drill for a year then sold it and bought a more up to date drill but still run with horses. This drill he used until his death in 1905.

One time in the spring of 1902 the men were hitching up to go to Pawnee when they discovered a big prairie fire coming in from the south. South of our buildings, there was a hay meadow, covered with dead grass and directly in the path of the fire. It seemed that nothing could save our home, but the men quickly unhitched from the spring wagon and hitched on to the plow.

They then began plowing back and forth between the meadow and the buildings. By the time the fire reached there, they had a place plowed wide enough to check the fire and save the buildings. We found that the fire had done a great deal of damage south of us, burning feed, houses and livestock for some distance.

When we lived on the farm a couple of miles north of Pawnee, a band of Pawnee Indians were camped in a large tent a short distance south of us. Often some of the Indian girls came to visit me, one especially named Rose Howell who could talk English came. One time she gave me pieces to piece her a quilt top. When I got the top finished, I decided to walk down to the camp and give it to her and make her a visit too. When I got there the Indians were sitting in a circle around inside of the large tent but Rose wasn't there and it seemed that none of the others there could talk English. I tried to talk to them and find out where Rose was but they only stared at me and didn't say a word. I finally turned around and started off. A large Indian man then got up, followed me out, took down a big piece of meat which was drying on a line outside and gave it to me, still not saying anything.

I took it and went away. I carried it till I came to some high grass which I had to go through and which hid me from the camp, then dropped it for it was badly spoiled and had a strong smell. I never went back to the Indian camp but Rose Howell later came to the house and got her quilt top.

At another time several years later when we had moved to the claim I looked up to see two Indian men standing in the only door. I was badly scared but managed to speak to them. One of them said "Hello, Where Charlie. Want to buy chicken." (I was later to know this was Barclay White who called every man Charlie) I caught him a hen, he paid me and went away. He often came after that to buy chickens of us but he never scared me again.