

LONG, H. A.

INTERVIEW.
BIOGRAPHY FORM

Form A-(S-149) #8146

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

Indian-Pioneer History Project for Oklahoma

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Field Worker's name Louise Barnes

This report made on (date) July 29, 1937

1. Name H. A. Long

2. Post Office Address Kingfisher, Oklahoma

3. Residence address (or location) _____

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

5. Place of birth _____

6. Name of Father _____ Place of birth _____

Other information about father _____

7. Name of Mother _____ Place of birth _____

Other information about mother _____

This story was given just as it was when he was nineteen, in 1891. His trip to Oklahoma "The Weather."

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 5.

Interview with H. A. Long
Kingfisher, Oklahoma

Interviewer - Louise S. Barnes
Indian-Pioneer History, S-149
July 29, 1937

In February, 1891, when I was at the age of nineteen, I came to Oklahoma from Caldwell, Kansas, with a neighbor whose name was J. V. Campbell. Mother packed us a good grub box of home eats, and we started for Kingfisher, Oklahoma.

The first night we camped on Pond Creek, thirty miles from Caldwell. There was a big storm approaching, so we built up a big log fire to cook supper.

The time supper was ready another wagon drove in from the West trail from Caney, Kansas. As it approached we could see on the front seat a middle aged man and woman. We invited them to share our fire and camp site. It was a very cold night and the snow was falling. I helped the man unharness his horses and carried the grub box in from the wagon for the lady. She finished supper so we could eat and then she looked over slyly at her husband and told him to tell me, there was someone in the

wagon who would have to share our suppers. Expecting to find some little boy or girl, I rushed over to the wagon and raised up the wagon sheet, there was a beautiful young lady, about nineteen. She would not let them embarrass me; she put her hand on my shoulder and sprung to the ground. I was a bashful boy and this scared me. After returning to eat supper, we talked over the day's drive, and that made me feel more at ease.

Then every one went to bed early. After an hour or so of sleep it was getting so cold, that although we had planned on not starting until midnight on our way to Kingfisher, we loaded a little wood and started before that time on our way.

We traveled south and got to Buffalo Springs. It was a day's drive and the storm was much worse; darkness came and we were compelled to camp early. We took the mules out from the wagon and turned the wagon so it would protect the mules from the storm as much as possible. We lighted a lantern and hung it on the bows in the wagon and went to bed

with our clothes on under all the quilts we had. We had hardly gotten to sleep before we heard another wagon. They had seen our light, and who should it be but the same middle-aged man and woman who had shared our camp site the night before at Pond Creek and had caught up with us again; they had not waited long after we left to start, because they had gotten cold, too. Hard luck had overtaken them as when crossing a ravine, the wagon tongue had come down and the husband had frosted his hands while putting it back. He asked us to help them from the wagon because they were about frozen.

I saw they must have some fire if they lived, so I took what wood we had brought from Pond Creek and two bales of hay and made a small fire. At a distance north I could see a large mound of something that I thought could be a tree covered with snow, but upon investigating I found it was only sunflowers. I pulled sunflowers and carried them to keep the fire up, and while doing this, in another direction

I thought I saw a tree, so I took the ax and started for it. When I reached there I found two cords of blackjack wood. Early settlers had been trying clay for brick and had left the wood. We had a roaring fire until almost daylight, and kept ourselves from freezing.

Sun came up clear but cold the next morning and we started on to Kingfisher. Within six or seven miles of the old Oklahoma line, these people wanted us to go with them to dinner at the home of some of their relatives living Southeast of Dover. We decided not to get off of our route and said goodbye. I do not remember their names and I never have to this day seen nor heard from them but I still have hope of some day accepting their dinner invitation.