

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

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Field Worker's name Mildred B. McFarlandThis report made on (date) June 10, 19371. Name Mrs. Maud Mason2. Post Office Address Edmond, Oklahoma.3. Residence address (or location) 405 East 3rd St.,4. DATE OF BIRTH: Month July Day 16 Year 18835. Place of birth Elk City, Kansas.6. Name of Father Jack Quim Place of birth GeorgiaOther information about father Born in 18417. Name of Mother Harriet Quinn Place of birth TennesseeOther information about mother Born in 1843.

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 seven.

Interview with Mrs. Maud Mason, Edmond, Okla.
By -Mildred B. McFarland - Field Worker.

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June 10th, 1937.

I made the run with my mother and sister in a covered hack. We left my father, Jack Quinn, in Kansas, as he was too ill to travel. We journeyed to Blackwell, arriving on the evening of April 21, 1889. We spent the night there and left when the gun was fired at noon on April 22. My sister's husband, Charley Stewart, went on the train, while she drove the hack for mother and myself. I was just six years old. There were so many people on the road, on horseback, walking, in wagons and in buggies that the dust was so thick we had to turn our sunbonnets around backwards so we could see. There was a mad rush for each person was hurrying to get the best place. We saw horses and mules dead and dying along the roadside, with wagons turned over, and maybe one or two wheels gone. We had to pay five cents for a cup of drinking water. Food prices were enormous.

We traveled all day before we found a claim that wasn't staked. Finally about six o'clock we stopped and mother staked a claim seven miles east of what is now Chandler, Oklahoma. My brother-in-law had staked his claim just one half mile west of ours.

We lived in tents until Charley could get the houses for both claims built. Ours was made of hewed logs with a native lumber floor. Our furniture was also made of hewed logs and native lumber. Our beds were fastened to the walls and were called "bunks". Our table and chairs were made from split logs with the flat side up. We had no stove. We did all our cooking in the fireplace. After we were all settled, my mother caught two burros that were running wild, and tamed them for my sister's little boy and us to ride. He was about the same age as myself. I was about seven or eight years old then.

When we had learned to ride, we rode about two miles every day to get the mail. The postoffice was located in a small grocery store at a place called Davenport. The store and postoffice was all the town there was. We got our supplies from Chandler. We lived mostly on beans, potatoes, and cornbread until our garden grew. Our meat was wild game, such as; turkeys, squirrel and prairie chicken. There was plenty of fish.

My mother was dissatisfied and lonely. A man came along one day and offered her \$500 and a splendid span of horses for the farm. She sold it and took the money and bought town lots in what is now Carney, Oklahoma.

While she was having the house built we went to stay with my brother, Pete Quinn, in Nowata, Oklahoma. He had a drug store there. He married Lenora ^{Journey} Johnny-Cake, a full blood Delaware Indian girl. Her mother was Mrs. Lane. She was quite wealthy and owned a very large ranch near Nowata.

Will Rogers began his cowboy career on this ranch. I knew him quite well. He used to go with my best friend. He taught me to ride and rope a cow. He went to the same school for some time. Henry Starr, the outlaw, lived close to us.

When our one-room house was finished, my mother bought some home-made furniture and our first cook stove. We had lived there about six months when a livery stable was built by the side of our house. About that time we received word of my father's death, so mother sold out and we went back to Kansas. Not long after my father's

death, my mother died. I was a little past fifteen then.

I was married not long after and my husband and I came back to Oklahoma. We lived in Pawhuska. We were very close to the Osage Indian Reservation. We would watch them at their stomp dances and ceremonies. When a death occurred in the tribe they would hold a stomp dance and have a big feast before the burial. They had a peculiar way of burying their dead. They would stand the corpse up, and, beginning at the feet, would build a circular wall around it. At the top or head, they placed a flag. I know John Stink, the oldest living Osage Indian. I also knew Chief Bacon Rind. He has been in my home many times. Julia White Horn, his daughter, was my daughter, Lenora Kent's best friend.

We moved to Claremore several years later, real close to Will Rogers home, where he spent many a happy hour.

I have lived in Edmond for the past three years.
