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Field Worker: Amelia F. Harris
March 29, 1937

BIOGRAPHY OF Mary Ellen Carver (White) (Mrs.)
520 West 9th Street
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

BORN May 11, 1869
Indiana

PARENTS Father, Dr. M. Stinton, Indian
Made the run of 1889
Mother, Mary Jane Stinton, Kentucky
Mother dead.

We moved from Indiana to Sedan, Kansas in 1885. We read so much about Oklahoma that Father decided to make the run of 1889. He with a neighbor, Harry Smart, loaded a wagon with a camping out fit, driving two big bay mares and a buck board with a high bred race horse hitched to it. Father intended to make the run with him; they fell in line with 1,000 of people coming to Oklahoma for the same purpose. In due time they got to the line where all were to start from; at the firing of a gun. My father in the buck-board with the race horse, (Old Pumpkins by name) hitched to it, was ready to go at the signal. Old Pumpkin started, running helter skelter over rock, gullies, prairie dog mounds. Just running wild you could not guide him, sometimes both wheels were on the ground and again only one would be, the other up in the air. He ran this way for about six or seven miles, finally Father got him checked. Father began looking about for vacant suitable claim, he came to some fine second bottom prairie land. He was so exhausted from his wild ride that he almost fell out, drove some stakes down. Then sat and

rested for a while, before starting back to the boundry line, where he had left his "chuck Wagon". The next day he went back to the home stead which was eleven miles north east of Oklahoma. He found a squatter on his claim. He had quite a time with law suits etc., and finally Father paid him a small sum of money to get off of the land.

Father hired a man and they dug a large cave or dug-out, so some folks call them; dug a well and then came back to Kansas for Mother and us children.

Mother and Father seemed so happy over Father being so fortunate in securing such a fine farm. We started to Oklahoma in October 1889, with three wagons loaded with our things and driving a jersey cow. It took us about two weeks to make the trip. It was cold and it rained, the roads were terrible and we camped out every night.

The first night we got into Oklahoma we camped near an Indian farm; we went up to their house and gazed in wonderment at every thing they had. Mother bought some beads from them for us girls; and they had a little spotted Indian pony, we children just had to have this pony, Father bought it. These were very friendly Indians; in fact, all that we ever met were. We finally reached our [and and unloaded our things in this dugout. It had a dirt floor. We were tired and worn out and any thing in the way of a home looked good, it was beautiful with tall blue stem grass, four or five feet high.

Father was a doctor and when he was not visiting a patient he would help the hired man break the ground with oxen team. These oxen were so strong and could stand more hard work.

By spring there was about 60 acres of land ready to plant;

Father set out fruit trees and Mother had a wonderful garden. She raised canned, and dried, also pickled most every thing we grew. We made 40 gallons of kraut (that was the best kraut I ever ate), the next year Father built a four room house. We were very proud of our house.

The neighbors and the surrounding country found out Father was a doctor, he rode night and day to patients, sometimes they had the money to pay him, but more often he took his pay in chickens, eggs, butter, or hog or beef meat. It seemed that Father was very considerate of their position, we could always use what ever he brought home. Mother worked hard, beside her house work, washing and ironing, knitting our stockings, caps and mittens, she found time to visit and help the sick.

I remember the first year we had fruit on our trees, Mother canned, preserved, dried all she could, then she selected the apples and buried them. Father had a big hole dug, first a layer of straw and then a layer of apples, until she had about three or four bushels. Then put down a layer of straw and last covered with dirt and mounded it up. We buried sweet potatoes and turnips the same way. We kept pumpkins and onions in the gageout.

My people were very industrious, and tried to save every thing we raised. Game was plentiful and Father was a good shot. In this way we were well supplied.

We went to school in a frame school building about two miles from home. We had community church and Sunday school in the school house too. We often forded the Canadian river (near where

Spencer is now) to go to parties and box suppers.

Our race horse "Pumpkins" had one bad habit, that of balking, when we drove him where he did not want to go. One night we were all dressed (in our Sunday best) to go to a "Candy pulling" where we had to cross a stream to get there. We were stacked both front and back in our buggy with Mother driving. We got in the middle of the creek when "Pumpkins" balked. Mother talked, coaxed, patted and finally whipped him but he did not budge. Just stood like the rock of Gibraltar. Well I had to crawl on top of his back harness and all with my best bib and tucker on, which I did and gave him a dig with my heels. He gave a big lunge splashing water over every one and nearly throwing every one out. He never balked on the way back home, it always happened when we were going. The wind blew terribly some times, One day we had a highwind, this was in the fall of 1892, some one set the grass on fire. Just in a few minutes the whole country was in a blaze.

We fought fire nearly all day plowed up furrows and started counter fires. Every moment we thought we would be wiped out by the fire. My mother fought fire right by the side of Father and we children too, until we had it stamped out.

We enjoyed our farm but we had strenuous times. We bought our groceries in Oklahoma City, in the winter time, We could only travel with a light cart or horse back, as mud would be hub deep on the Main street of Oklahoma City.

Mother often rode into town side ways wearing a long black dress or riding skirt over her best dress. This was to protect

her clothes from mud, dust and so forth. We would hitch our horses in front of the Hotel on Broadway, Known as the "Lee Huckins". It is now called the "Huckins Hotel". At that time there were not any sidewalks or paved streets nor parking meters either.

We lived on the homestead for ten years. The Father sold the farm for \$18,000 and bought a home for us at 601 South Chickasaw Street, Oklahoma City. The south part of the city was considered the elite part of the city at that time; we attended Washington School, 315 South Walker. This school building is a brick building and is used today.
