

## The Fire Engine

*This is a story told by Nora Dean to Jim Rementer about something she witnessed in her young days:*

I used to go to Bartlesville to do shopping and there used to be a bus service between Bartlesville and Nowata. On one of my shopping trips I noticed this elderly Delaware Indian woman standing on a street corner and she was staring at a fire engine.

I went ahead and did my shopping and on my way to catch the bus I noticed the woman was still standing there. It occurred to me that she might not be feeling well so I went over to talk to her and I asked her if she was all right.

She said that she was well. I told her that I noticed that she was standing there for some time and she told me that she was just waiting for that thing to start playing while pointing at the fire engine

I asked her what she meant and she said that at one time there was a traveling carnival or circus in town and they had a thing that looked very much like that and it played music and so she was waiting for this one to start playing

I had to explain to her that that was a fire engine used to put out fires. She apparently thought it was a calliope.



**Old Time Calliope**