In the WESTVIEW Editorial Office, we'll always remember Steven Cost: he's a former student who "made something of himself"; he's the Art Director who lifted our journal to great new heights by bringing computerization to us; he's an all-around nice guy who takes seriously any job he's asked to do; he brought a new dimension to the idea of cooperation. Steve will be grievously missed by all of us who have worked closely with him on the production of WESTVIEW since January, 1990. In short, this issue was his last. At the end of May, 1991, he left his position as Instructor in the SOSU Art Department and as Art Director of WESTVIEW and returned to his home in Amarillo.

As from the beginning, we continue to depend upon the work of many people—writers, artists, printers, ad infinitum—and so shall it always be.

The present theme, Western Oklahoma Pastimes/Entertainment, proved to be a popular one; in fact, rejecting of several manuscripts became essential since our files became overfull. We continue to be grateful to Margie Snowden North of Sweetwater, who suggested this theme and many others.

Please help us welcome several writers in this issue whose works appear for the first time in WESTVIEW—Marguerite Edgar, Elva Sholes, C. Milton Harrison, Sally Lash, Dr. Mark Sanders, C. Allen Moore, and Christian Brooks. May they continue to support us.

Hopefully,

Leroy Thomas
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WESTVIEW is the official quarterly of the Southwestern Center for Regional Studies. To be published in the journal are scholarly articles, local history sketches, memoirs, biographies, autobiographies, graphic arts, book reviews, and creative writing. Submissions along with SASE are to be sent to: Dr. Leroy Thomas; Editor, WESTVIEW; Southwestern Oklahoma State University, 100 Campus Drive; Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096. To order issues: Checks for single issues ($3.00) and for subscriptions (one year: $8.00 in USA; $20, out of country) are to be made payable to Southwestern Oklahoma State University and sent with your name and address to Dr. Dan Dill, Dean, School of Arts and Sciences, 100 Campus Drive; Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096.
STYLESHEET FOR
WESTVIEW

Being published in WESTVIEW is mission possible if a writer follows these guidelines:

1. Always mail a submission flat in a 9 by 12 Manila envelope, remembering to include a SASE (self-addressed stamped envelope) for a possible rejection. Mail to: Dr. Leroy Thomas; Editor, WESTVIEW; 100 Campus Drive, SOSU; Weatherford, OK 73096.

2. Use a coversheet that contains name, address, telephone number, suggested issue and date (e.g. "Western Oklahoma Friendships"—Fall, 1990).

3. Remember to leave your name and address off the submission itself. We want each contributor to be anonymous during the Board's assessing procedure.

4. Remember the importance of a clean typewritten or word-processed manuscript (double-spacing for prose and single-spacing for poetry). Use a good grade of 8 1/2 by 11 white paper. Submit pen-and-ink graphics on white paper. Submit 5 by 7 or 8 by 10 black and white photos that you will let us keep on file in our office and not return. Please avoid sending valued family pictures; send copies.

5. Be sure to submit material that is related to Western Oklahoma. The geographical boundary is the area lying west of Interstate 35. However, we don't require that our contributors be Western Oklahoma residents.

6. We prefer free-verse poetry that contains no archaic language and negative attitudes. We will seriously consider rhymed poetry that contains no straining or manipulating of meter and rhyme and no syntax inversions. Line limit is 25.

7. We prefer that your prose submissions be no more than ten double-spaced pages, that they be well organized and clear of purpose, and that they express worthwhile, upbeat attitudes.

8. We maintain that our journal will be wholesome to the extent that it can be appreciated by all readers.

9. Feeling that your submission will be accepted, you also need to send along a short biographical blurb written in third person. Example: MORTIMER MULDOON of Weatherford is a SOSU senior majoring in English Education. Mortimer makes his debut as a published writer in the present issue of WESTVIEW.

10. Strive for a natural writing style, good grammar, good taste, correct spelling.

11. Accentuate originality and creativity.

12. After you have made your submission, sit back, relax, and expect the best.

13. After your manuscript is accepted, please provide changes in address and status as needed.

FUTURE ISSUES

FALL, 1991 (Western Oklahoma Seasons; deadline: 7-1-91).
SPRING, 1992 (Western Oklahoma Relatives/Kinfolks; deadline: 12-15-91).
FALL, 1992 (Western Oklahoma Dustbowl Days; deadline: 7-1-92).
SPRING, 1993 (Western Oklahoma Lawmen and Outlaws; deadline: 12-15-92).
SUMMER, 1993 (Western Oklahoma Feasts; deadline: 2-15-93).
FALL, 1993 (Western Oklahoma Farmhouses; deadline: 7-1-93).
WINTER, 1993 (Western Oklahoma Youth; deadline: 9-15-92).
SUMMER, 1994 (Western Oklahoma Hard Times/Good Times; deadline: 2-15-94).
FALL, 1994 (Western Oklahoma Terrain—Rivers, Lakes, Hills; deadline: 7-1-94).
SPRING, 1995 (Western Oklahoma’s Cowboys and Indians; deadline: 12-15-94).

We prefer 5 x 7 or 8 x 10 glossies to keep on file (not to be returned except by request). Please avoid sending valued family pictures; send copies of them. Also, we like clear, original manuscripts (no unclear copies, please).
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Editor
I was sitting up late, studying for a Chemistry test—
Guess it was about 11:00 when I called in my request.
"KBUL," the DJ said; “thanks for your call.”
I gave the correct artist and title, but the station wasn’t on the ball.
Midnight, and they hadn’t played that song,
But then waiting an hour really isn’t so long.
One AM and no music yet—
Maybe I should just listen to the cassette.
Two AM and my patience is out the window
When I hear this dialogue on the radio—
“Thanks for calling KBUL!”
Then some hayseed says, “Well...
“I’d like to hear that one that fella sings
‘Bout taking off his wedding ring.
His woman left, and he’s drinking beer
In a bar with a jukebox in Texas somewhere.”
“Yes sir, we’ll be happy to get that right on.”
And as soon as that idiot hangs up, they’re playing his song.
So it seems when it comes to making requests on the radio,
That things get played a lot quicker with the less you know.
If this dilemma troubles you, too,
Here’s a bit of advice for you:
When the DJ answers, whistle very loud and say, “This has been a test.
Had this been the real thing...you still wouldn’t play my request.”

(PAM DAUGHERTY, SOSU student, is double-majoring in English and Nursing.)

Design By Tommy Campbell
May signals for most students and teachers the end of the school year. Not so for us. We were loading “our kids” early, getting ready for our annual trek from Anadarko to the Oklahoma Special Olympics. For the Special Olympian, the event represented three fun-filled days of awards, good food, and much love; to the sponsoring teachers, it represented seventy-two hours of non-stop supervision, fears of lost students, and plain old fatigue.

Our students were excited as we loaded their baggage into the supplied school bus. Always before, I had ridden in the bus with the team, but this year I had been assigned a trailing car, which would allow the sponsors more mobility while trying to tie up loose ends during frayed times at the Special Olympics in Stillwater, Oklahoma.

Oklahoma State University has a beautiful campus—huge when trying to keep up with twenty or so olympians among five thousand.

As the bus pulled out, I thought about the many other times that I had sponsored these students—the 1985 Special Olympics representing my fifth, and my thoughts went back to the very first one.

Oh yes, I volunteered, but it was more of an assignment than an offering, and I resented it. The olympians had to have one male sponsor for every eight boys who attended; and as an elementary counselor with no set classes, I was a natural. Leaving my wife and four small children was difficult. Anything could happen to my own family while I was gone some 150 miles away tending to someone else’s children. I hated the thought. I vowed before I left that first year that this would be my last Special Olympics. Now here I was doing it all again.

As I watched the bus pull up to the turnpike toll near Oklahoma City, I wondered about our Olympic team. Would we have any youngsters who wanted to go home after the first day? How about any bed wetters? I wondered what special situation might come up that would make this Special Olympics special, as they all were.

I remembered the senior on my first trip who hated the thought of being with all of “those” other olympians and hardly smiled. Then I thought about the smiles and the happiness exhibited by the same girl after she had experienced her first Special Olympics. As her attitude changed, so had mine. Special Olympics was worth the sacrifice that the many volunteers make, hundreds of them from Southwestern Oklahoma.

As our small caravan met the rigors of the big city life, represented by thousands of cars, my thoughts returned to the seriousness of the proposition at hand. The city was no place to daydream. Spring and summer represented a season of construction for highway workers.
and engineers, and they were out in full force on this day.

The I-35 construction was horrendous for our small caravan consisting of one bus and one car trying to stay together. We struggled for several miles through the myriad of construction signs, workers, and vehicles until we were within only fifteen or twenty minutes of leaving the Oklahoma City area by way of I-35, which emptied its travelers onto the lucious plains of Northern Oklahoma. Suddenly my intense concentration was interrupted. Our bus was in big trouble.

What looked like a huge cloud of billowing smoke came from the engine compartment of the 64-passenger bus. We were still in a road construction area that was devoid of any workers or equipment, and it was difficult for the bus driver to maneuver her bus onto a safe shoulder. As I pulled up behind the bus, smoke seemed to be gushing from the engine, and I could envision a busload of elementary students being burned to death. An electrical fire? A blown engine? Our trip for sure seemed to have come to an abrupt end.

As I opened my car door and stepped out, I heard a booming voice seemingly coming out of nowhere. "Move your car off the roadway. Get back into your vehicle and move your car off the roadway."

Instinctively I looked up, expecting to see my Maker and offered a quick silent prayer; but then I realized that the omnipotent voice was actually coming from behind me and possessed a human quality—not at all Godly. I turned to see an approaching Highway Patrol car; my feet were frozen to the newly laid asphalt. The patrolman repeated the command with authority, and my feet quickly unthawed.

While the bus driver and I figured out what the problem was, the patrolman entertained our students, and they were excited. There were several sponsors and a bus driver thankful for the Oklahoma Highway Patrol that day.

A busted radiator hose! The smoke was nothing but steam coming from a hole in the heater hose. We were relieved and quickly left to get a monkey wrench and find an auto parts store that could supply us with a new hose.

As we returned to fix the bus and get on the road again, we were stunned by the scene that was awaiting us. Evidently an Oklahoma City television station, KTVY (now KFOR)—Channel 4—had picked up the patrol dispatch and sent a team of crack newsmen down to film our disaster. The camera was rolling with the reporter interviewing our excited youngsters, some of them hanging out the windows.

We fixed the hose only to find that it had been gashed by a flying fan blade which needed to be replaced. A bunch of Special Olympians and sponsors had to spend some time in Edmond letting their bus mechanic replace the blade while we ate at one of their large schools. To my knowledge, the Edmond Public Schools never charged us a dime for labor or parts.

We made it to Stillwater a little late with the KTVY team there waiting for us—it was their special, human-relations clip of the day. We made it on the six o’clock, ten o’clock, and the next morning’s news as their headliner.

Excitement? You bet! But on the way home that year, I asked our Special Olympians what their favorite part of the trip was, and it was unanimous—the medals and a job well done.

(DALE HILL has been to the Special Olympics, first at Central State University many years ago and then to Oklahoma State University for the past ten years. The Oklahoma Special Olympics held each year during May in Stillwater is one of America’s great festivals. Hill is an Elementary Counselor for the Anadarko Public School System.)
Baseball has long been the national pastime, and it certainly wasn't any different in the small towns in Western Oklahoma just after statehood. The town of Fay in the southeastern corner of Dewey County was a case in point. During the spring and summer of 1912, only two topics consistently made headlines in the local newspaper—moving the post office up the hill into Fay proper and the Fay baseball team.

As the baseball season approached, cries went up from the community to field a team. The editor of THE FAY FORUM implored local businesses to support such an endeavor. "Do you realize that a ball team brings more business to a town? We have the material for the best team in the country. The boys don't ask a salary; all they ask is that you help bear the expense. Will you do it? It's up to you," taunted the editor. The town was for it, and a baseball team, the Fay Furies, was formed.

The team played in a cow pasture west of town. Sober, Didier, Jones, Hussey, Eldridge, Phipps, and Wheeler were names of some of the players. These men were the fathers and grandfathers of some of the current residents of Fay; and if you check Fay's phone book today, you see many of these names listed. Colonel Sober was the catcher for the team and one of the stars. The newspaper often reported on his hitting and base running, which is no doubt the reason that he was often referred to in the newspaper as "Ty Cobb." The name "Cobb" stuck with him the rest of his life and so did the effect of his years of playing baseball. Several of the tips of his fingers were permanently bent from catching fast balls for many seasons with the Fay team.

The 1912 season turned out to be a successful and an interesting one. At the time in Oklahoma's history, trains stopped at all the small towns, and the players for the various town teams would catch the trains at the country depots to make the away games. Having to deal with train schedules proved to be a problem in some cases. When Thomas played the Furies at Fay, the game was called in the eighth inning so the Thomas players could catch their train home. The game officially ended in an 11-11 tie, even though there was some dispute: the Fay paper reported "Some who kept score say it was 12 to 10 in favor of Fay."

Fay and Oakwood have had a long-standing rivalry. It was no different that season, even though Fay beat the Oakwood "Owlets" (as the paper called them) the four times they played by scores of 12-9, 16-12, 17-4, and 18-4.
The last game between the two teams was probably the most representative of the intense competition. As the Fay paper put it, “A few accidents marred the pleasure of the game.” First, the Oakwood second baseman’s finger was knocked out of joint by a thrown ball. He refused to leave the game but was moved to the outfield and continued to play. According to the paper, “On went the ball game.” The next inning, a Fay player was lost because a ball hit him on the end of his thumb, causing a bad cut. The two teams finally managed to finish; but as the spectators were leaving after the game, a local resident, Frank Baird, was hit in the stomach by a thrown ball and knocked unconscious. The Fay paper maintained that the worst accident was “the way the boys knocked down Oakwood’s playhouse.”

The big series of the season was the two games between the Furies and Watonga. Watonga had a good team that year, and, according to the Fay paper, they were “…out for the amateur championship of the state.” Fay won at home 11-2, but Watonga claimed that not all its team was there for the game. By this time, the Oakwood community was angry at having already lost three times to Fay and sided with Watonga. The editor of the Fay paper wanted to keep the citizens excited and ran a short excerpt from the Oakwood newspaper which said, “Of course Watonga[’s] first or second team would not bother playing Fay, for they like to have practice when they go that far from home, and Fay can’t play fast enough to give Watonga good practice.” Watonga also got into the act. At the rematch a week later in Watonga, handbills passed out to the crowd before the game said, “Fay defeated a bunch of our school boys last Saturday by a score of 11 to 2 and now they imagine they can play ball.” The game at Watonga was close, but Watonga won it.

By mid-season, the town was behind its team 100%. The paper started running half-page ads announcing the next ball game, and the community purchased new uniforms for the team. The Furies played Oakwood, Eagle City, Custer City, Thomas, Watonga, and other local teams that summer, sometimes as many as four times each. For the season they lost once to Watonga and Thomas and “tied” Thomas in the eight-inning game the day the Thomas club had to catch its train.

The weather was still nice in September, and the team wanted to continue to play; but according to the paper, “Though the manager of the Furies has been trying hard to match some more games, no one wants to play the Furies.” The paper stated, “The Furies have played themselves out of a game.” And so the 1912 season ended.

Today, when you attend a sporting event in Western Oklahoma, you are sure to see that competitive spirit between the communities that we are all proud of. Remember that this spirit is based on the long history of the cities and towns of Western Oklahoma. It is based on playing-days-past such as the 1912 season of the Fay Furies.

CREDITS: a personal interview with Annabelle Scott, ”Ty Cobb’s” daughter, and 1912 issues of THE FAY FORUM.

(DR. DALE TEETERS is a professor of Chemistry at the University of Tulsa. He was reared on a farm near Fay and graduated with a B. S. in Chemistry from Southwestern and a Ph.D. in Chemistry from O.U. He has expressed an interest to talk with anyone who knows the history of the Fay community.)

Designed by Matt Heckman
You told me it was called "swing dance"
those gyroscopic loops you made
while circling the ballroom floor
orbiting the table where with smiles
but leaden feet I sat, swaying to
the local western New Year's band
the glitter ball twirling above us
like some bright and tawdry star.

And that is how it feels again
swing-dancing in the semi-dark
without that space or nervous noise
but holding hands and smiling.
Under the shifting clatter of the stars
the world grows tight around us
whirling breathless, hot and dizzy
past that place we started from.

(RICK PLANT, a former member of the SOSU
Language Arts faculty and WESTVIEW editorial staff, currently
teaches at Mary Baldwin College in Staunton, Virginia)

Design by Olivia Ortiz
When we were children, we loved to play
In a big haystack across the way.
On one adventure late in fall
With Nellie the leader of us all,
We hurried toward the stack without a care.
Suddenly from behind the hay, AN ANGRY BULL
CHARGED US THERE!
Terrified, we turned to flee (everyone but me,
barely three).
Between dragging arms was Baby Ed.
Forgotten, I found my feet and fled
And very close on my behind came the BULL!
I scrambled under on my belly—just in time—
The lowest barbed-wire of that blessed fence!
I’ve never loved a HE-COW since!

There was no preschool. Ed was three, I two more.
While Mama checked often from our screen-door,
We were free to play and explore a shallow creek—
Our favorite pastime when we tired of “Hide and Seek.”
Catching crawdads was our most exciting fun.
We felt around big rocks where they evaded the sun
And brought them out of the water; we knew just how
To avoid angry pincers (to baby fingers—a WOW!).
When carelessly left in the sun too long, crawdads died.
We buried them under sod left by the breaking plow
(dried,
Smooth clods decorated with bits of glass). We “cried”
And mourningly sang a funeral song, “Rock of Ages”...

Today, that memory is portrayed momentarily in my thoughts,
And I’m prone to ponder:
Can it be that CHILDHOOD FANTASIES
Might help to prepare us for REALITY?

Sharing in many childhood plans,
Nellie and Hobart had busy hands.
On one such very busy day,
They made mud-pies and baked away.
Empty gasoline cans were stove and table.
Into the “oven,” Hob put a pie to bake. Unable

To see if the pie was done in the darkened drum,
He lit a match and “KINGDOM COME”!

Nothing more to say!
Brother Hobart bears a scar on his forehead today.

I remember well my older sister, Nell.
It would take a book to tell
The things I’d like to say
On this, her special day,
To let my love shine through—
My adoration, too
So she’d be sure to know
That my thoughts are hard to show.

I remember well my lovely sister, Nell...
Our mother’s hands with gentle care
Would twine rag curlers in Nell’s hair.
Then after Nell wore them all night,
Mother brushed and curled Nell’s dark hair just right.
Then she placed there a ribbon bow,
Tied and fastened it just so—
And glowed with happiness as she smiled
On Nellie dear, her firstborn child.

When I was ten and Nell fourteen,
She played the organ and I’d sing.
Our friends would gather round and cheer
Us on to more old songs they wanted to hear.

My sister Nell was the first to know
Her speaking lines for our school show.
When Nellie knelt to tell us there
Of little “Annie and Willie’s Prayer,”
We listened to her voice so dear
And wiped away an errant tear.

(ELVA HOWARD DEEDS, who earned a Master’s of Teaching degree at Southwestern Oklahoma State University, is a retired teacher living on a farm near Sentinel with her husband, Eldred.)

Design By Scott Voigt
Some called him Skunk. Others called him Serpent Eagle, but most knew him best as Quanah Parker. He became chief of the Kwahadi Comanches when he was twenty-two years old and led his band of warriors on many attacks against white settlers.

In 1875, Quanah suddenly brought his people in from the plains, turned over his arms, and settled with his band at the foot of the Wichita Mountains in Indian Territory.

In the late 1800's, three cattlemen had lumber brought from Harold, Texas, to build "Star House" for Quanah. The Indians were interested in the construction, so many moved their tepees into the yard to watch. Quanah also endorsed this watchful pastime. He didn't move into Star House for nearly a month after it was completed; in fact, he was so proud of the fourteen white stars painted on the roof that he just sat outside and looked at them. They signified that he was "Eagle of the Plains"—just as the generals at Ft. Sill were chiefs.

In 1907, John and Katy Parker and their children traveled by wagon from Waurika to Comanche for the annual Fourth of July celebration. A relative, Quanah Parker, was billed as the feature attraction. They camped in Comanche City Park and planned to stay three days. The vendors sold corn on a stick and buffalo barbecue. A merry-go-round of brightly painted, wooden horses was pulled round and round by a dapple gray mare.

On the afternoon of the Fourth, the red shale hills thundered with hoofbeats of Indian ponies. Warrior whoops, shields, and spears signaled the wagon master to circle the wagons in defense.

Barbed-wire fence was stretched in arena fashion around the center of the park. Buckboards and wagons parked behind the fence restrained crowds of eager people watching Quanah Parker and his braves converge on the wagon train. They attacked with life-and-death seriousness. This Fourth of July event was something Etta May Parker never forgot. Her older sister took a picture of Quanah and his braves to record the event.

Quanah's old pastimes as warrior of the plains, watcher of Star House, and leader of mock attacks are history. Quanah Parker is now at peace.

In keeping with Comanche custom, a spear-shaped cedar, pointing the way to heaven, was planted at the head of his grave. Upon his red granite headstone, from the Wichita Mountains nearby, is this inscription:

Resting here until day breaks, and shadows fall, and darkness disappears.

( Gwen Jackson has been a Chapter 1 Reading Teacher at Amber-Pocasset Elementary School. After 27 years of teaching, she retired in May, planning to devote more time to writing.)

Design by Marc Williams
I have a very precise cat,
As fickle as can be,
And yet she loves me very much—
Her name is Graycie Lee.

She'll weigh only about two pounds,
And as light on her feet as a feather,
Holding at bay four coyote hounds,
In any kind of weather.

In all the feline kingdom round,
She's easily boss, I'd say.
She roams all night, comes in at morn
Curls up and sleeps all day.

She's very particular on whom
She bestows her care and affections
No time she has for family ties—
For against kittens, she has great objections.

By all means she is a flighty Miss.
The only thing I can depend on
If she gets back from her jaunts at night—
She'll be at the door for milk in the morn. •

I like to hunt for stolen nests
In weathered barns, and gray—
To climb among the bales stacked high
And smell the fragrant hay.

Sometimes I find some little chicks
So pert and beady eyed—
Their mother calls for them to run
Beneath her wings and hide.

In spring there are nests of kittens, too,
So furry, soft, and warm.
With blissful pride, the mother purrs
And shields them from all harm.

Some harness, old and stiff with age,
Is hung upon a wall,
Covered with cobwebs, dust, and grime
Above an empty stall.

On rainy days, up near the eaves,
A pleasant place to be,
I linger 'till the shower is over
And duties beckon me.

(MARGUERITE EDGAR, lifelong resident of Custer County, now lives in the Methodist Nursing Center in Clinton. Several of her poems were published in Roy Stewart's "Country Boy" column in the DAILY OKLAHOMAN. More recently, she has compiled a booklet titled REFLECTIONS FROM BACK IN THE BEND OF BARNITZ CREEK, containing many of her poems and prose works.)
During the years 1880 through 1886, there were few places where people would gather for entertainment in the part of Western Oklahoma designated as the Cheyenne-Arapaho reservation. The land had not yet been opened for white settlement, and the tribes had just recently signed the treaty which located them on this reservation. The whites in the area were soldiers at Ft. Reno, a few cattlemen who leased land from the tribes, employees of the Indian Agency, and missionaries and employees at mission schools. The two earliest mission schools were the Arapaho school at Darlington and the Cheyenne school one mile north of Darlington at Caddo Springs. These schools became centers of entertainment for the area.
One way of catching a glimpse of the pastimes and entertainments enjoyed at and near these schools is provided by reading the pages of an old Darlington newspaper, the CHEYENNE TRANSPORTER. This newspaper began as a result of an 'entertainment.’ The principal of the Arapaho schools produced a fund-raising “amateur entertainment” to which he charged admission in hopes of raising enough money to buy a magic lantern.

Magic lanterns, forerunners of motion pictures, projected scenes from glass slides upon a screen. By combining slides and turning them, an illusion of motion could be made. Magic lanterns were quite popular as a form of entertainment while at the same time were seen as educational as the viewers could see depictions of foreign lands, exotic animals, etc., otherwise known to them.

The entertainment not only raised enough money to buy a magic lantern but also enough to buy a printing press. The mission school published on this press a few editions of what they called the CHEYENNE TRANSPORTER before the press was moved to the garret of a nearby sawmill where a printer, W. C. Eaton, became the publisher and editor of what was then a publication similar to other small-town newspapers of the day and was no longer an Indian Agency publication. Eaton edited the paper from 1880 until 1882, and George Mallet from 1882 until 1886. The Oklahoma Historical Society has copies of these volumes, Volumes II and III, August 1880 through August 1886.

By reading this newspaper, one can learn of the pastimes and entertainments in the area. Much of it centers at the mission schools. Soldiers at Ft. Reno and Indian Territory cattlemen often visited the Darlington Agency, and their participation in school and agency activities is often mentioned in the TRANSPORTER.

The newspaper reports in its “Local Items” section much visiting among the people. Even though two agency schools were only a mile from each other, when the teachers from one paid a social call on the teachers in the other or people traveling through or visiting from Ft. Reno spent time at the school, it was reported by THE TRANSPORTER. One notable visit was that of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce and his family. The TRANSPORTER editor expressed pleasure at the visit, remarking that they are Indians who are "inclined to adopt a civilized life."

While discipline at the schools was strict and the Native American children spent long hours at academic studies and in learning to farm and keep house in the white man’s way, the school personnel did seem to make an effort to provide for the children to play and enjoy themselves. We read in the TRANSPORTER that the magic lantern was put to use and that on a trip to Atchison, Kansas, Superintendent John Seger purchased a number of games for the students to play. Each evening Superintendent Seger or one of the teachers entertained the children with stories, music, or games.

Frequent socials were held at the schools. When several students were preparing to depart for Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania for more advanced training, the newspaper report indicated, “The early evening was devoted to various games and to listening to speeches from the boys...an announcement of supper was made and each boy, in the most approved manner, escorted a fair maiden of the forest to the table which was bountifully supplied with just such things as are calculated to appease the appetite of the most fastidious.”

The Cheyenne school was equipped with an organ which an enterprising teacher, on vacation in the East, had convinced the manufacturer to sell to her for “cost of materials,” $40, rather than the usual $175 price. An agency choir, which the TRANSPORTER editor praised as “one of the finest...in the West,” with music which”...reminds one of the culture of Eastern cities,” was organized. Choirs of Cheyenne and Arapaho children were also organized, and some of the children were taught to play the organ.

There were occasional Cheyenne or Arapaho ceremonials and powwows held near the mission; however, the editors of the TRANSPORTER disapproved of them and reported on them briefly and negatively. The obvious prejudice against Native American culture and languages, which is evident in the pages of the newspaper, makes it an inappropriate source for understanding the lives of the Plains Indians at this time.

Hunting was a pastime for the men. The TRANSPORTER reported that the Indian Agent John Miles and a friend killed twenty turkeys on one trip and gave five to the editor of the paper. Rabbit hunting is also mentioned.

While reading for entertainment is not discussed in the TRANSPORTER, it carries an ad
for a book and stationery store in Caldwell, Kansas, and the newspaper itself carries an item offering to send orders for "almost any publication in the United States." The newspaper also carries an ad for a restaurant in Caldwell—quite a distance to go for a meal!

For a brief time, there was a hotel near the agency. The TRANSPORTER reported its closing to be the result of a domestic dispute between the proprietor and his wife in which the wife was accused of infidelity.

Some entertainment was available at Ft. Reno but given the lack of good roads and the methods of transportation of the time, it would appear that it would take quite an effort to attend the dances and socials held there. The Ft Reno Social Club charged fifty cents a couple for its dances.

It appears that most group entertainment took place at the mission schools. One event reported as entertainment by the newspaper was the wedding of Matches, a Cheyenne recently returned from school at Carlisle, and Emma Bull Bear, an employee at the Arapaho school. The TRANSPORTER editor reports that most of the white people of the agency, the Indian employees, and 120 Arapaho school children attended. The bridal couple's attendants were Agent Miles and a teacher at the school, Miss Anna Hamilton. The minister made the occasion an educational event by taking time during the ceremony to explain to the school children the nature of the event taking place.

Much credit is due the manager and teachers of these poor, benighted children for the efforts made to bring them up to the standard of civilization.

Entertainment at the schools seemed to peak around the Christmas holidays. The editor of the TRANSPORTER becomes effusive in his praise of certain festive events at the schools. He says, "As the holidays approach humanity inclines to the festive, and being seized with the universal complaint...teachers at the Cheyenne Mission gave...in the ladies parlor, an elegant repast, which would have done credit at a banquet in honor of General Grant or Sarah Bernhardt."

Nor were the children at either school left out of the festivities. Presents were provided for all, some purchased by the mission's staff and some sent by philanthropists as far away as New York. At the Cheyenne school there were gifts, carols, and a "grand pyrotechnic display." At the Arapaho school, Superintendent Seger, disguised as Santa Claus, distributed gifts to the children in a "laughable manner" which the TRANSPORTER editor said amused him and the other adults in attendance. A number of "Reno gentlemen" were there, and the room was elaborately decorated with evergreens in "many beautiful designs" with a Christmas tree set in a double arch of greenery.

Over one hundred years have passed, yet the existence of copies of the CHEYENNE TRANSPORTER allows us a glimpse of the pastimes and entertainments prior to the opening of this portion of Oklahoma to white settlement. Through its pages we can enter the world of magic lanterns and mission school entertainments.

(DR. KAREN MCKELLIPS is a Professor of Education at Cameron University. Born in Thomas, she is a graduate of SOSU and has been published twice before by WESTVIEW. She is currently doing research into the history of Native American Education.)

At the Cheyenne school there were gifts, carols, and a "grand pyrotechnic display."

Many of the entertainments at the schools had the dual purpose of entertainment and the training of the Native Americans in the white man's ways. An article on the front page of the March 25, 1881, TRANSPORTER makes it clear:

"Mr. Seger... has inaugurated a system of literary exercises among the Indian children, consisting of compositions, declamations, singing, etc. They exercise Friday evening in the presence of white visitors and do very well...Each one is heartily cheered as he or she leaves the stand. They receive first, second, and third premiums for excellence, decided by white judges chosen by themselves. They have a singing choir and we heard two of the children lead it on the organ.

Design By Tommy Campbell
Exactly at 9:27 a.m. I parked my car at Pa-Bee, a seven-eleven store beside a gas station in Okeene. I got out of the car. I had parked beside a Thunderbird in which there was a beautiful young girl sitting behind the steering wheel. Somehow she attracted my attention, but she was very pale and frightened.

I entered the store. A man was standing at the counter. Instantly I recognized the scar on the back of his elbow.

“Dave!” I shouted.

“Let’s go, Doc. Follow my Thunderbird, and we’re on our way.”

I followed Dave to his house; he was driving the same Thunderbird in which I had noticed the frightened blonde.

Our plan was to take my car on the expedition. At his house, we loaded a huge wooden box into the trunk of my car. Before putting it into the trunk, he opened the box. A rattlesnake peeped out of the opening, his head raised, eyes looking around, black tongue quivering and lashing in and out. It was rattling incessantly and seemed furious at its captivity.

Now Dave introduced the young lady to me. “This is Betty, my wife.” She smiled listlessly.

“Dave, are you sure? You want me to go with you?”

“We’ll have fun, Darling. You’re a great help, you know. Doc is new, and he’s going for the first time.”

Dave got a pair of long steel hooks and Pillstorm tongs from the house and handed them to Betty. Soon we were on our way.

We drove six miles to the west until we reached a dirt road. We drove three miles north on the dirt road, took another highway heading east. After another five miles, we reached Howard’s farm. It was a huge farm consisting of several gypsum hills, thousands of acres of woods, four ponds, a farm house, and a few oil wells scattered around.

The small den was just behind the farm house. There was a spectacular view because we were on top of a cliff which was made of huge blocks of white gypsum rocks placed one on top of the other, hanging over a ravine underneath, through which a stream was
flowing about a thousand feet below. The stream joined a small pond farther down, and the pond was surrounded by dense green thicket on all sides. Here and there under our feet were small burrows and holes underneath and in between rocks.

As soon as we arrived, Dave removed the huge wooden crate from the trunk of the car and placed it on the ground. Inside, the snake was rattling incessantly. "Ta...Tirrr...tirrr...Ta...tirrr." To me, it seemed like a kind of Morse code through which it was trying to send a message to somebody. It was rattling nonstop. I wondered whether the snakes could communicate with one another.

Both Dave and Betty took their gadgets and started peeping into the holes. Betty had a loose-fitting lid in her hand; she would temporarily place their catch in the lid.

"When did you catch that one?" I asked Betty as I pointed to the box.

"I caught that one fifteen days ago," Dave responded. "That was in March. We camped overnight—slept right there." He pointed to a clearing on the ground a few hundred feet away.

"That was a lucky day. I got seven in den one, four in den two. I came again to den one and got three more. Then we stayed overnight. But the night was so cold, we nearly froze."

"Did you have a tent?"

"Oh, no, we made a fire and just slept under a blanket, Betty and I. We had my buddy, Mike, with us that day. Night was so cold and chilly, we kept the fire burning and had to keep bringing wood. But as the sun rose, it got hot again. Betty spotted the pair."

A few days before, Dave had told me that Betty was his third wife. His first two wives had left him because of his profession. Although he was tall and handsome, they left him after a few years of married life. "But Betty is kind of like me. She likes snake hunting. Her eyes are sharp. She spots the slightest motion in the shadows. She's a good helping hand in my line."

"Betty, you wanna tell Doc about it?"

But Betty was rather reluctant. It was 12 noon when I noticed them. They came out of that burrow like lightning, clinging to each other. They were copulating, hugging, entwining. They would separate for a minute and then cling together again. They were raising their heads, kissing, then twisting around in a motion like a rhythmic dance, their tails beating and rattling all the while. Betty was describing as if she were witnessing it again with her eyes. "Then Dave got hold of one. 'You catch the other,' he yelled at me. But it disappeared a second before I could do anything." Betty stopped to take a breath, feeling relaxed now.

"She let her go. It was five feet long and worth fifty bucks," Dave said.

"Have you seen this before—a copulating pair of snakes?" I asked.

"Nope."

The snake in captivity had stopped rattling for a while as if to listen to our conversation. It resumed rattling again—"Tirr...rup...tirrr..."

"That snake is furious." Betty muttered to herself. "I don't like that. I wanted him to release the snake—let it go. We could catch it some other time, but he wouldn't listen. My mom used to say, 'You shouldn't watch them like that...""

"Oh no!" Dave spit saliva and licked his lips.

"Dave, in India we believe this about the cobra. It identifies the smell of the man who stepped on him. He will follow it over miles and will bite him whenever possible. Is that true about the rattlesnake?"

"I don't know, Doc."

"Mom used to say..." Betty started and stopped.

The snake in the wooden crate was rattling incessantly as if it were transmitting a message.
“Could you stop him rattling, Dave? I can’t bear it. If that’s true... Dave.” Betty had started a little later, but she stopped. Suddenly she was trembling with unknown fear. Her face was pale and ashen, her voice shaken. “Of that pair, we caught the female; the male is still at large.”

“Don’t bother; you’re worrying too much, Betty,” Dave said.

In front of me ahead was a small mound of white rocks barely two feet high. There was a big hole, the size of my palm, in the middle of it. I noticed some movement in the hole.

“Look, Dave! There’s something moving in there!” I shouted with excitement.

“What is it?”

“It’s not a snake. It’s green—that other.” I was stumbling to find the exact word. “Is that a lizard?”

“Yes, it is,” I said.

“Betty, let’s get it. We need it for our show.” He rushed ahead. “It’s a state reptile, Doc—a Mountain Boomer. I need it.”

The reptile had retreated into the hole. Dave was trying to open up the burrow. He pulled at the stones, pushed his hook aside, and was digging farther. The Mountain Boomer had gone quiet inside. Dave dismantled half the hillock; in an instant the lizard jumped out of darkness and ran uphill. Dave ran after him trying to catch him with his hand, but the lizard was too swift. It disappeared into a small burrow, and I was unable to shoot a snapshot.

Betty shouted suddenly, “Come back, Dave, quick!”

Then there was that peculiar rattle in the air. Betty was standing by the ruins of that hillock. Her eyes were fixed on the snake. It had just come out of the same hole and was moving quickly toward her. It raised its head, its black tongue slipping out.

“It’s the same one, Dave, from that pair—the one that escaped that day.”

“Catch him quick, Betty!” Dave was running toward her.

Betty was transfixed as if hypnotized, mesmerized. She didn’t move. Dave had reached the spot by now, and he threw his tong, hitting the snake at the tail end. The snake jumped up in the air and reached Betty, hitting her on her bare leg. Betty screamed and ran forward away from the cliff and collapsed a few feet away.

“Take care of her, Doc.”

Dave said and forced his tong against the neck of the serpent. He nearly caught the snake in the neck.

“I’m dying, Dave. Let him go.” For a second, as Dave heard his wife’s voice, he stood as if paralyzed.

The snake jumped from its captivity as the thrust of Dave’s muscles slacked for a split second. It jumped and bit him on his thumb and index finger.

“You son of a gun...” Bearing that intense agony in his left hand, David managed to hit the snake on the head. It was all smashed and lay dead on the ground the next instant, only a few feet away from the wooden crate. The snake made a long rattle for a few minutes; suddenly it stopped rattling as if it knew what was happening outside.

I rushed both of them to the hospital. But by the time we got there, Betty was dark blue and couldn’t be revived. Dave somehow survived after spending several days in the Intensive Care Unit. He lost the thumb and index finger of his left hand forever because they had to be amputated.

(Author’s Note: This story is fiction; any resemblance to real persons living or dead is by coincidence and is regretted.)

(DR. SHYAMKANT S. KULKARNI, a Watonga physician, has lived in Oklahoma since 1987, having emigrated from India. Although his poetry has appeared before in WESTVIEW, “A Peculiar Rattle” is his first story written in English since he moved to Oklahoma.)

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Entertainment Out West

Reminiscence

By Ken Shroyer

Great Country Western Music creates a special heart glow—
Flowing from the lines of those outdoor songs that we love so much.
It reflects the lives of folks like a beautiful work of art,
Reminding us again and again of the fun times we've had together.

A gathering of friends and neighbors around a warm fire,
Clinging to the tunes of a harmonica, each with a story to tell,
A heart glow of entertainment flowing from an old guitar,
Bring back sounds and memories of days on the Western prairie.

I liked to hear the fine rich tones of that harmony we had together,
A period of goodly times, pleasure, and merry making, the very best,
A time of relaxation and foot patting as the strings of the old fiddle
Make up those magic ingredients, the finest of the Western plains.

Happy times in a neighbor's home with popcorn for all to share,

“It was a little like stardust sprinkled along the dusty trail.”

Added with kindness and love and an old-fashioned housewarming—
The banjo music and stories with happy endings on a rainy afternoon,
The frost on the window pane and cold apples adding a special touch.

Waltzing to that old country favorite we always enjoyed, with logs burning in the fireplace—cane-bottomed chairs scattered around,
The smell of raw dust as the caller chants that old country square,
And once you've been there you'll never forget it or be the same.

Those precious memories of the Golden West will live forever,
Blended together to create a harmonious sound that filled our lives.

It was a little like stardust sprinkled along the dusty trail,
Knowing that God had touched each of us in a special way.

(Ken Shroyer and his wife, Reta, live in Weatherford. Ken's first appearance as a poet in WESTVIEW was in the Fall, 1990 issue.)

Designed by Olivia Ortiz
When Mama died in 1904, my father, a railroad man who was away much of the time helping to build new lines, was left with seven children. As a result, we had to be cared for to a great extent by relatives. I was the eldest, twelve years old. It was necessary for me to earn my way, so I went to work at a big hotel in Cache, Oklahoma.

One day I was carrying a heavy tray of dishes when I slipped and fell, breaking my arm. For some reason, perhaps a lack of sympathetic attention by my employers, my arm was still very painful and had not been attended to after two weeks.

At the time, Quanah Parker came to Cache each month to get his government check. He stayed overnight at the hotel where I worked. Noticing my plight as I was still carrying a heavy tray, Quanah found my boss and gave him a good scolding. He then took me to the doctor in Cache. Quanah held tightly to my wrist and pulled while the doctor pulled on the other part above the break to set my arm.

After the incident dealing with my arm, Quanah came to check on me every time he came to Cache. One time, he brought his wife and baby to see me. He said that he wanted to name the baby girl "Quanie," but his wife named her "Shawn."

On one visit to the hotel, Quanah and his wife took me with them to his "mansion" in the Wichita Mountains. He was amused by my excitement. When I asked why he had such a tall fence around his home, he joked, "To keep all the men away from my wives!" There was a rumor that Quanah had twenty-one wives, protected and cared for in the mansion, inside the twelve-foot fence.

BACKGROUND PROVIDED BY ELVA HOWARD DEEDS, Mrs. Sholes' niece, of Sentinel:
The preceding article was related on the telephone to me by Aunt Elva, who was celebrating her ninety-ninth birthday on December 31, 1990. Aunt Elva grew up in Mangum, Frederick, Manitou, and other towns and calls herself an "Oklahoma gal."

Aunt Elva, now legally blind, has no children of her own, but she cared for and supported two orphaned nephews until they could support themselves. She has always participated in worthy causes. Her proudest memory is the special award she received for selling the most war bonds during World War I. As a member of the American Legion Auxiliary, she also gathered old sheets, boiled them clean, and then tore them into strips and rolled them tightly to be used for the soldiers in Europe.

She has also had many pastimes. She spent a great deal of time waiting for her husband in hotel rooms in Washington D.C. and other cities. He was a mining engineer for the U.S. government; so during his meetings, she passed her time crocheting and sewing pieces together for quilting. She made many lovely tablecloths, bedspreads, and hundreds of beautiful quilts, all of which she gave to relatives and friends. She remembers that "Dresden Plate" was her favorite pattern.
I first heard about square dancing as a child while my dad and I were visiting my uncle near Geary. As they talked about their early days, I listened as my uncle told how he made a living for his family of thirteen children. To supplement his income, he played the fiddle at many square dances and round dances for fifty cents a night.

At age 18, I ordered a guitar from Sears or Montgomery Ward for $4.50. I went to my first dance along about then too, which was held in one room of a home. There were no mikes or amplifiers in those days. The caller called from inside the square or if the dance was held in a large room or a barn, the caller stood between two squares and called.

I went to a lot of dances during the next year or two and then bought a fiddle. The first time I played for a dance, a neighbor boy asked me to play guitar in place of his sick cousin. "I don’t know when to change chords yet," I remember telling him.

"That’s OK," he said. "I’ll tell you when to change, and it won’t make any difference anyhow. After thirty minutes, they’ll be so drunk they won’t know the difference.” I gave it a try and found out how right he was. That was way back in the 30’s, and some of those dances became kind of rank.

We played just about every Saturday night at one fellow’s house. In those days each gent paid 25 cents for a number and got to dance only when his number was called. One night two guys got into a fight and were really knocking each other around. The guy that lived there grabbed his gun and shot up through the ceiling. The fight stopped for a few seconds, and the guy with the gun ordered everyone outside. Once outside, the landlord made everyone form a ring so the two guys who were mad could get into the ring and fight it out. The ring was made; but just before the fight commenced again, the referee warned everyone not to get involved or he would shoot their rears off. The fight started again and lasted until the fighters were exhausted and headed back in for the dance. But most dances were fun.

At first our band consisted of a guitar and a fiddle; then we got a fellow to play the tenor banjo. About two months later, we added another band member who played the “Bull Fiddle” or bass.

Soon there was talk about non-alcoholic square dancing and even lessons (today, square dancing is traditionally a non-alcoholic or family activity).
I believe it was 1948 or 1949 when a bunch from Anadarko got a lady from Oklahoma City to come down and teach lessons in the Anadarko National Guard Armory. As I recall, her name was Maggie. The people who finished her class were called “Maggie’s Rounders.” Maggie wanted a live band to play for the graduation dance, and we were asked to play. The popularity of square dancing soon sky-rocketed. Towns all over the country were having lessons and square dances.

We were soon playing every night of the week and were asked to play on Sunday night also. We played one Sunday night, but then let it be known that we didn’t play on Sundays anymore.

I was looking through some old calendars and noted that the first six months of 1952 we played fifty-four square dances. The records for 1952-1955 have been lost, but in 1955 we were one of the bands that played for the National Square Dance Convention in Oklahoma City on April 21-23. The late fifties were busy for us, although the prominence of square dancing began to fade. In 1955, we played for ninety-nine dances and began to see a decline in playing opportunities. Figures for other years are as follows:

1956—54 square dances.
1957—54
1958—63
1959—46
1960—29.

In 1960, several clubs quit and some others started using records. On March 21, 1961, I played my last square dance—at Mountain View.

The South Central District had some of the best callers in the state or region. Most of the callers back then didn’t charge for calling; just those who were teaching classes charged a fee. There were so many callers that dances traditionally had guest callers. Back then, even though many callers didn’t charge, band members were usually paid about $10 a night plus mileage for the driver. Not only did men call; women also called. My own daughter, Galeda Harrison, at 13, became one of the youngest female callers in the state.

We played many towns in Southwestern Oklahoma and Western Oklahoma before we quit. In fact, some of our band members moved on to form their own bands and keep the square dance tradition alive in other areas and states. I have many fond memories of those times.

In 1962, I went to work for the Anadarko Police Department and retired several years ago. We really did miss square dancing and started dancing again in 1980, although I pick up my Martin now only for personal amusement. Square dancing has a rich history and is still an important part of the social scene in Southwestern Oklahoma.

(C. MILTON HARRISON, former Anadarko Police Chief, is a farmer, guitar player, and square dancer. He and his wife, Lois, had two children—Galeda and Richard (deceased). Mr. Harrison moved to Anadarko in 1926 and for years operated a dairy farm. This article is his first submission to WESTVIEW.)
Searching for arrowheads (points), scrapers, tools, and other Native American artifacts in Western Oklahoma is a relaxing way to spend leisure hours. For many searchers, however, the hunt along creek beds and among hills becomes almost as intriguing as imaginings in searching for gold. Once a piece of the past is held and examined, the hunter is hooked for good. He can hardly wait for the next hard rain to unearth more treasures from the past.

* (PAT KOURT, a regular WESTVIEW writer, and her sons are avid arrowhead hunters in the Thomas area.)

Design by Duane Andrews
The bridal bouquet lies withering—
The tux is on the floor
And the resplendent gown hangs empty
On the nearly empty closet door.
Full of seeds, rose petals, high hopes,
The veil is casually tossed aside.
With lovely gifts and those hastily left unopened,
Her bed is piled sky high.
It was all over much, much too quickly,
Not just the wedding but the time she was all mine.
Please, God, watch over them and protect them
With your love and power divine.
It's time to box up for freezing
The beautiful cake's untouched top tier.
May they share it and enjoy it
In a peaceful world next year.

Rehearsal dinner balloons still cling to the ceiling
Like my feelings, as high as they could soar,
Then slowly they'll deflate, come back down to earth,
Sinking lower and lower and lower.
On the piano, next to the music of "The Battle Hymn of Love,"
Are the white satin shoes no one else can fill
And I am alone in the stillness
With the echoes of yesterday
And all the yesterdays.

Mother of the Bride

(SALLY EDGAR LASH, a Custer County native, lives and works in Clinton. She is a spasmodic artist and a never before-published sometimes poet.)}

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DESIGN BY TOMMY CAMPBELL
We were typical day laborers I suppose. We lived in a two-room shack, worked hard from morning until night (especially during “cotton season”); and though we always had plenty to eat, it might mean merely mush and milk for supper, or beans and cornbread, or Mama’s special potato soup. There was not often meat for our table.

Most of our friends had electricity and running water—but then, most of our friends weren’t day laborers. The closest we got to running water in the late forties and early fifties was when Mama would say to one of us, “Sweetie, run down to the wellhouse and get a bucket of water.” Electricity was something we only dreamed about.

We were limited in finances, limited in creature comforts and conveniences, but we were not limited in zeal and ambition. After all, we had some prose and poetry books that the school teachers had discarded, and we usually had a working battery-operated radio over which we could sometimes hear programs even above the static; and always we had laughter and dreams.

It seems as though most of our aspirations (and therefore our pastimes) centered around what we might now call “the arts.” Maybe in that way we were not “typical” of other day laborers. The four Snowden sisters aspired to be either film stars, singers, acrobats, writers, or ballerinas. I aspired to be all five.

No one had yet coined the phrase “no pain, no gain,” but I knew instinctively that pain was definitely to be my lot in life if I was ever to limber up as much as, for instance, Jane Powell, the actress-dancer who was my mentor. Ava Jean and Donna Mae, already in their early teens and “set” physically, assured me that as a preteen I was still young enough to be manipulable.

To this end, they would have me lie on my back and while one held one of my feet the second sister pressed my other foot over my head to touch that toe to the bed. We weren’t concerned about child abuse back then, or even misplaced pelvic bones. “The show must go on” was our watchword—if unconsciously—and I was quite willing to do my part.

My skills as ballerina were honed often, usually out in the pasture where I could be alone. The music I could hear was beautiful beyond description. Sometimes I played the part of conductress of the orchestra—in between piroettes and the Dead Swan Act.

At home I attempted to enlist the aid of sisters to construct an “acting rod” because one destined for involvement in “the arts” had to have a place on which he could learn to balance, to hang by the knees and the toes (somehow, younger sister, Rose Marie, learned to hang by her heels also). Building acting rods was work, and the interest of the others would often flag before the structure was completed. Because of my siblings' declining interest, I built several alone. It was a continuing effort simply because my building skills lacked fine-tuning, and the acting rods—constructed of a piece of rusty pipe wired to long fence posts—never held up for very long.

We spent many hours (and dollars) taking photographs of one another. Somehow we knew that photos were essential for promotional purposes to those of our destiny. To this day I wonder why Mama allowed us to spend hard-earned money for film and processing, but maybe it was because she believed in our abilities as much as we did.

We were as adept at posing as was Jane Russell or Marilyn Monroe and knew just the tilt for our faces, that secretive look for the
eyes, the subtle smiles. I never failed to be a little disappointed at the results of my posing—the skinny body, the freckles, the teeth. The smile I had thought so subtle seemed instead to be an indication of some slight bout with indigestion, which, however, did not deter me. Optimism never failed me, and I was always sure that next time would be better.

Since Ava Jean was the oldest and prettiest, we decided that her photographs would capture the eye of the talent scouts who we were convinced were so hungry for new talent that they roamed streets systematically looking for pretty faces. Ava Jean dressed in her best blue shorts and plaid blouse and borrowed Mama’s wedge heels. We raked the chicken yard, and she leaned seductively against the side of the chicken house with the barest of smiles and that faraway look in her eyes. We never heard from the studios, but we believed it was because of some foul-up in the mail system.

In order to be ready should the call come, we consistently engaged in screen tests. We even occasionally implored little brother, Ransom, to participate; but it seems he never really felt a leaning towards “the arts” in the same way the rest of us did. Ava Jean was a good screamer (so was Donna Mae, for that matter), and one of our favorite scenes involved a woman who was lying unsuspectingly in bed only to be confronted by a killer armed with a knife. We all took our cues from Ava Jean, who thought it expedient to scream lustily, then to roll rapidly across the bed to escape, while uttering heart-rending pleas for mercy. I believe even yet today I could impress any talent scout who would care to observe my version of that scene.

When we weren’t limbering up, building yet another acting rod, or doing screen tests, we read books or stories. Ava Jean was the first writer in the family. Often we three younger sisters would sit breathlessly beside her as she scribbled the next page of her story. Even James Michener never had more loyal fans.

Just as we seemed destined to theatrical pursuits, we also were born to sing. At a very early age, I realized there was some magical method that caused voices singing different keys to blend beautifully. I would often suggest that some of us sing high and some low. But we were never able to achieve any harmony until Ava Jean took Glee Club as a seventh grader and learned that there were different singing parts called alto and second soprano. She taught me the alto part for “The Battle Hymn of the Republic,” and after that I knew automatically how to harmonize as we sang other songs. We entertained ourselves, Mama and Papa, Grandma Snowden, and probably tortured everyone else by singing “Mansion over the Hilltop” and “To Canaan’s Land,” among other old hymns.

In 1954, when I was in seventh grade—and we were temporarily located in Sanford, Texas—Ava Jean, Donna Mae, and I entered a singing contest. Up to that time, our total experience in singing for the public included one appearance as young children before a small church congregation. When I saw the impressive line of contestants that were backed up for what looked like a quarter of a mile, I was almost ready to call off our career as singers. But not quite.

Singing “Sorrow and Pain” with shy gusto and no musical accompaniment, we won First Place. Afterward, a zealous listener came to our parents and spent several hours outlining his plan for our success in the field of music. He left with a promise to call as soon as the details were worked out. I suppose he is still working on the details, and we expect the call to come any day now.

While considering our days as youngsters, I recall that we played our share of basketball, Hide and Seek, and Cowboys and Indians. But it was “the arts” that filled more hours for the Snowden sisters than any other entertainment pursuit. And even though we hung up our imaginary ballet slippers, mink coats, and diamond-studded evening gowns a long time ago, I doubt that any of us will ever abandon our penchant for nurturing dreams and lively ambitions for the future.

(MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH, now of Sweetwater, needs no full introduction. Her many previous stories and poems have stirred nostalgia in the hearts of WESTVIEW readers for many years.)
NO LONGER THE CASE

—By Dr. Leroy Thomas


Some of us who do classroom duty today no doubt think that our lives are filled with anxiety and difficult work. Reading Donna M. Stephens’ ONE-ROOM SCHOOL can help us to view our lots differently.

It’s correct, of course, that some of the problems encountered in frontier schools are still present today, although the setting was radically different.

ONE-ROOM SCHOOL is about Stephens’ mother, Helen Hussman Morris, and her challenges faced alone as a teacher in a frontier one-room school. All present-day teachers should read the book and be thankful. 

Designed by Scott Boyd
THE DAYS OF
GOSPEL + RADIO
—By Dr. Mark Sanders

A review of Kay Hively and Albert E. Brumley, Jr.’s I’LL FLY AWAY: THE LIFE STORY OF ALBERT E. BRUMLEY (Branson, MO: Mountaineer; $10.00).

Albert Brumley, born and reared near Spiro, Oklahoma, is less famous than the songs he composed. Those of us who attend church and sing hymns may be acquainted with “I’ll Fly Away,” “He Set Me Free,” and “Turn Your Radio On” yet Brumley may be a stranger to us. The music may be memorable because it is simple and accessible. However, less memorable, if this biography is any evidence, is the simple, accessible man responsible.

Much of the biography’s intent is the son’s wish to keep his father’s memory alive and to, perhaps, elevate the father above the music. The task, however, fails because Albert Brumley, Sr. is nearly invisible. A modest man, he did not seek publicity nor need the public’s adoration; he turned down opportunities to move to Nashville to become a star. He attended church regularly; he was a good father, a good husband, and a sober man whose only real vice was cigarette smoking. Albert Brumley was a good man and, consequently, an invisible one. Nothing his son nor Kay Hively can do in I’LL FLY AWAY makes him any more visible or memorable.

Certainly, sections of the book are interesting because of nostalgia. Anecdotes about floods that occurred sixty years ago, lost toy wagons, typhoid, music schools, and muddy roads for Model T cars are curiosities for those of us who did not live during the Depression. Brumley’s bartering for new automobile tires during World War II is interesting, considering that most of us have not wanted for anything.

However, such nostalgia is part of the biography’s failure. While the tales involve Brumley and hint at his unpretentious character, they really have less to do with him than with the way people lived. That important, indispensable information that would bring Brumley back to life in print seems omitted.

Actually, the book’s best sections have nothing to do with Brumley directly; they are anecdotes about Brumley’s friends Everett and Elmer, characters far more interesting than Brumley himself. Furthermore, for those interested in the music, the greatest disappointment may be the book’s appendix. The authors list the recording artists who have done Brumley’s songs but fail to identify which songs these artists actually recorded. A more complete discography seems necessary.

Overall, Albert Brumley, Jr. has not convincingly recreated his father’s life; the songs outlive the songwriter, and, consequently, the songwriter’s story is inessential. As a ghostwriter, Hively has not successfully filled in the gaps that would make this book seem more biographical and less anecdotal.

(DR MARK SANDERS, whose Ph.D. in English is from the University of Nebraska, now holds the Assistant Professor rank in his first year in the SOSU Language Arts Department.)

Design and illustration by Richard Alsobrook
LOOKING FOR STEINBECK'S GHOST by Jackson J. Benson is a 1989 publication of the University of Oklahoma Press (1005 Asp Avenue—Norman, OK 73019-0445); this attractive hardcover book contains 239 pages and 25 illustrations. The book sells for $24.25.

At first thought, the reader may wonder why it's appropriate to review in a Western Oklahoma journal a book about a Californian (Steinbeck was from Salinas) by a Californian (Benson was born in San Francisco).

Some of the reasons are obvious. For example, Steinbeck always dealt with universals in his works. Another reason is that he knew our area of the state of Dustbowl Days because he met and wrote about the Joads in THE GRAPES OF WRATH.

Other reasons are revealed by Dr. Benson within the pages of this charming book.

LOOKING FOR STEINBECK'S GHOST contains never-before-published interview material and personal information about Steinbeck. The editor perceptively says, "It [the book] is an attempt to sift through all the testimony, all the contradictions, all the prejudices, favorable and unfavorable, to find out just who, at bottom, John Steinbeck was and what he left to us as his legacy."

Benson's biocritical work is one that Steinbeck scholars and general readers alike will enjoy owning.

Design and Illustrations by Sandra Fischer
A COMPELLING URGE: A REVIEW OF THE SUNDANCE AND OTHER POEMS

—By Dr. Leroy Thomas

Despite his busy life as a physician and surgeon in Watonga, Dr. Shyamkant Kulkarni has lately published another book of poetry—THE SUNDANCE AND OTHER POEMS. His first collection, published in 1990, is titled THE SONG OF SEED AND OTHER POEMS.

Born in 1937 in Saswad, India, Dr. Kulkarni was educated in Saswad and Pune. In 1987, after twenty years of successful practice in India, he moved to the United States in search of new life and new adventures.

Dr. Kulkarni exclaims that his “compelling urge as a writer is to portray ever-changing life through poetry and fiction.”

Selections in THE SUNDANCE... attest to Dr. Kulkarni’s rich cultural heritage and to his love for and involvement in his adopted home—Western Oklahoma. Notably, he has dedicated his book to the “People of Watonga, Oklahoma.”

Of especial interest are “Sundance,” the title poem, “The Cheese Festival,” “Birth of a Poet,” and “Kent Ruth of Geary.” All the poetry is basically uplifting though realistic. Prospective buyers may send $7.50 ($5.50 + $2.00 for mailing) to Mrs. Rekha Kulkarni (203 N. Weigle—Watonga 73772) for each autographed copy.
Verse For Those

— By C. Allen Moore

Tortured souls. Out of touch

TIME.

Cry out! — silently

ScreEEeach — unheard

Of inner pain — sing of your

ISOLATION

drugs, sex

no help

conflicts

UNresolved

From your pit,

sing Muses of misery—inequities
PREJUDICE...

SING!

(C. ALLEN MOORE, now of Weatherford, is a graduate English student in the SOSU Language Arts Department. He makes his poetic debut in this issue of WESTVIEW, but his prose has appeared in ESQUIRE and THE NEW YORKER.)
What Ever Happened To
Autograph Books?

-By Marj McAlister

Autograph books were one of those “art pieces” or entertainments or pastimes which shouldn’t have been allowed to fade into oblivion. They were examples of the best in “poetry” known to the average school child. Though not original, the verses expressed a certain brand of humor, sometimes of questionable taste. These books were the nearest to “poetry” that some of us got. The thread running through all the pages was that the penman not be forgot.

Some of the complimentary closings were classics, of sorts: yours till breathing is out of style; yours till Niagara Falls; yours till you try Eaton, Ohio. Or, regarding household items: yours till the door steps; yours till the pillow slips; yours till the kitchen sinks. Even animals were addressed: yours till catfish have kittens; yours till the elephant packs his trunk. Not original, but quaint!

Some of the verses give definite advice—mostly against boys:

Love many, trust few—
Paddle your own little canoe.

May angels around your bedpost hover
To keep you from kicking off the cover.

Love your books, love your toys—
But whatever you do, don’t love the boys.

As sure as the vines grow round the stump,
I’ll be your darling sugar lump.

Some kiss beneath the mistletoe—
Some kiss beneath the rose—
But I think the proper place to kiss
Is just beneath the nose.

Man is somewhat like a wiener
Very smooth upon the skin—
But one can never tell exactly
How much hog there is within.

Now who would want such sentiments to be only a part of the past? A recurring theme is the supreme wish:

When your days of life are ended
And these paths no more you trod,
May your name in gold be written
In the autograph of God.

This is the autograph to end all autographs. And surely no one wants such sentiments to die.

(MARJ MCALISTER, often published in WESTVIEW, is a poet living in Oklahoma City.)
Hubba Bubba, Chewels and Chiclets, 
Bazooka, Blub, and Bubble Buster, 
Names inventor Walt Diemer never dreamed of, 
But appropriate for his bubble gum.

It started with a secret potion, 
mostly oil and spit, and latex, 
but to this day they won't divulge 
what makes the stuff Bubblicious.

Fleer's cartoons in Dubble Bubble 
wrapped in a wad like taffy candy— 
Topps flattened it behind a baseball card 
but always kept it pink and tasty.

Stars chew it—our heroes blew it— 
And now it comes in every color. 
Like toothpaste or in a ball to break your jaw— 
No matter: it's how big a bubble you can blow.

On your face, ears, or mustache, 
The cobweb, pink, and juicy stuff 
will endure, I expect, forever, 
Because it kind of sticks to us. *

Design by Marc Williams
Sounds from another time, another place, 
Voices from our youth and wonder, 
Wireless messages fed through space: 
Old radio programs in ceaseless number. 
Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen; others, 
Fibber McGee’s closet, before and after, 
Edgar Bergen and Charlie, 
closer than brothers, 
Tempered our love and lives with laughter. 
Young Widder Brown, Ma Perkins sponsored by soap, 
Young Doctor Malone and Stella Dallas made us cry. 
THE GUIDING LIGHT, 
back then, gave us hope; 
LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL, 
and was, as time went by! 
Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club and Major Bowes’ 
Original Amateur Hour, and its merciless gong; 
“Around she goes and where she stops nobody knows.” 
Even THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW couldn’t go wrong! 
“What evil lurks in the hearts of men?” 
Ask The Whistler, but “Only The Shadow knows!” 
The Lone Ranger and Jack Armstrong you knew would win, 
While Captain Midnight always vanquished his foes. 
“I have a lady in the balcony, Doctor!” “Good for you, Mr. Anthony” was the response of Dr. I. Q. 
It Pays To Be Ignorant. Oh, if it really would, 
But the Quiz Kids were too smart, too. 
Amos and Andy were black-faced comedians; 
Lum and Abner in their ‘Jot ‘em Down Store’— 
Arthur Godfrey dared to cross the medium, 
And the Grand Old Opry had talent galore. 
If you drank Ovaltine and used Pepsodent, 
Ate your Wheaties and used the sponsor’s things, 
You would “wonder where the yellow went” 
And save box tops for decoder rings. 
Louis heavyweight fight, 
Bill Stern and Red Grange and “The Galloping Ghost,” 
H. V. Kaltenborn’s voice heard every night; 
Of all the newscasters, we miss Morrow the most. 
On our crystal radio or Atwater-Kent, 
Philco or Crosley or RCA Victor, 
On Sunday night we heard “As the twig is bent,” 
And Rinso and Oxydol got it cleaner quicker! 
The sound of the groaning, squeaking door, 
Ushered you into the Inner Sanctum. 
“Speedy” Riggs and Lucky Strike had gone to war, 
“Sold American,” so we gladly thank them. 
Gone are YOUR HIT PARADE with Snooky Lansen 
And all the old songs once in style. 
But we’ll remember Sinatra as young and handsome 
And the Golden Age of Radio that made us smile. 

(Serving as “memory joggers” for this poem were John Donning’s TUNE IN YESTERDAY (Prentice Hall, 1976), Frank Buxton and Bill Owen’s THE BIG BROADCAST (Viking Press, 1972), and Fred J. MacDonald’s DON’T TOUCH THAT DIAL (Nelson-Hall, 1979.)

Design by Marc Williams
They called it the Star Theater.  
We just said “the picture show.”  
A place of fantasies and memories  
With friends we used to know.

The beacon atop its neon sign  
Beckoned us there on Saturday night,  
Where we sat in wonder watching  
The world unfold in the flashing light.

An education and admission for only a dime,  
Baby Ruth candy or a Coke for just a nickel.  
You and your girl could have a banquet of sorts  
With a bag of popcorn and a big dill pickle.

The uniformed boy taking tickets,  
The object of a school girl’s dream—  
Longed for the girl, always a beauty,  
Who attended the popcorn machine.

Inside, I looked for the love seats;  
The darkness kept me from seeing a thing.  
They called them doubles for oversized people,  
But my girl found seats with an arm in between.

A great afternoon with Roy and Dale,  
Gene Autry or Tarzan and Jane,  
The Cisco Kid, and a very new actor  
We would know one day as John Wayne.

At the continuing Saturday serial,  
They killed the old Lone Ranger. Suppose  
We found the very next week  
It was only a bad man wearing his clothes?

Couples in too fond an embrace  
And kids with their feet on the seat  
Were reminded by management to straighten up  
Or find themselves put out on the street.

The movies marched on and grew  
as we grew—  
The technicolor and Dolby sound—  
But things don’t seem the same  
With “Hey Cisco” and “Duke” not around.

Now whenever I need to return to the past  
For memories with friends I used to know,  
I just remember the Star Theater,  
The place we called “the picture show.”
By Carl Stanislaus

In 1892, the Dalton Gang held up a Katy train at Adair Station, killed two men, and got away with $27,000. My story begins fourteen years later in 1906. Since I don’t have a story about Johnny Bench of Binger, I’m telling one about another member of the Baseball Hall of Fame who played for the Yankees in the fifties and sixties and one whom all Oklahomans also proudly claim.

Three years after the first World Series was played, the John Edward Mantle family and several relatives traveled in two covered wagons from Jefferson City, Missouri to their new home near Adair in Northeast Oklahoma.

One of the mule-team drivers was Charley Mantle, who later became grandfather of Mickey Mantle. Charley went on and made his home in Spavinaw in Mayes County. Elvin Clark “Mutt” Mantle was reared there; and after Mickey was born on October 31, 1931, the family moved to Commerce, Oklahoma, in the heart of the mining country.

I was working for a home and auto supply company in 1953 in Mickey Mantle Country. Lavell, Mickey’s mother, was a regular customer and purchased many items for her home and car. I remember selling her a set of auto seat covers and taking them to the shop for installation. It was evident because of the stacks of sports magazines, many with Mickey’s picture on the front cover, in the back seat of her car that she was proud of her hom run hitter.

Mickey usually came home in the off season and sometimes brought a teammate. One winter afternoon he walked into the store with a buddy. I asked them if I could help them, and Mickey said, “We’re just looking around.” I didn’t recognize the young man with him; he seemed to be quiet and unassuming. I learned later that he had a jovial, even brash, nature—even to the point that he would kick dirt on an umpire’s shoes. This slightly built boy would one day manage two major league teams in the World Series and be at the helm of the Yankees on and off for years.

They went to the sporting goods section, checked out the shotguns, talked about hunting quail and duck, and then took down some fishing rods. They flipped them back and forth in the air as if they were casting for a big one. There was a nearby battrack loaded with Louisville Sluggers. Mickey, who used a bat ten ounces lighter than the “Babe,” picked up several bats and tested the weight—then handed a thirty-three-ounce one to his friend.

The wiry youngster, in turn, got the feel of the hard wood, lifted it to his shoulder, and swung it mightily as though he were hitting one out of the park. They laughed and as they left the store, Mickey was still kidding his friend about the big hit.

After they had gone, I asked another salesman, “Who was that little guy with ‘The Mick’?”

“That was Billy Martin!”

“Billy Who?”

(Carl Stanislaus of Chickasha is now retired; therefore, he can find time to pursue his favorite avocation, writing.)

Design By Tommy Campbell
When Cousins Came
By Margie Snowden North

Cousins coming means
Hide and Seek in the dark,
Red Rover and Black Sheep Scatter,
making campfires
with the wood smoke burning our eyes
as it curls its way into a moonlit sky.
We feed the flames with shinnery twigs
and tell stories about ghosts
until we hear one
out there in the chicken house.
It's getting late.
Papa and Mama and Aunt and Uncle
are playing forty-two in the house
and boiling fudge on the kerosene stove
and drinking coffee.
We'd better go in.
That fudge should be done by now.
Inside, we yawn and eat fudge and
laugh and brag about that ghost

We could have made short work of him if
we'd wanted to.
But it was getting late
and we had to come in.

It'd be good to go back
to the time when cousins came.
But some are with the government now,
some are into computers and
one is an engineer
(but not the kind that wears a striped cap)
and one has all those chickens in Arkansas.
And all us Snowdens
are just as scattered from here to there
being farmers and ranchers
and preachers and writers
and the like.
And it's getting late.
Too late to go back. *
Clang! Clang!
Clangalang!

The rusty triangle summons the ranks for supper.

We were hard and dirty soldiers. The day had been long, and we had achieved much.

We were hurried at the meal, for we still had much more to do.

We eyed each other, silently knowing what lay ahead.

One hour ‘til sunset, back to our posts.

Another mission: Search and Destroy.
Another clod fight, in Grandma’s backyard.

The bigger the better, That’s what I always say, when I’m speaking about trampolines.

With just the right number of springs missing (the rustier, the better), I always say.

The black nylon tarp That gets so hot in the summer sun is best with a few half-dollar-sized holes scattered about (the ones made by the neighbor’s kid when nobody was home).

Only two at a time on the tramp, you’d holler—cause only two were allowed.
No jumping with your shoes on, you’d cry—after all, the tramp was in your backyard.

Do you remember the sound of untied shoelaces popping against the rising tarp, the pop made by the sticks that had fallen on it during the night?

Do you remember thinking you could jump the highest in the world?

You could—you still can.

(CHRISTIAN BROOKS, a SOSU sophomore English major from Austin, Texas, plans to pursue a career in writing.)
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