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WESTVIEW

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA
VOLUME 7 NUMBER 3 SPRING 1988 \$3.00



WESTERN OKLAHOMA'S PACESETTERS



F. Bennie Nossaman, Jr.'s award-winning
WESTVIEW cover.

Foreword

Unless we're attentive, we're prone to think that the success of WESTVIEW is attributable only to the written submissions; however, the sometimes behind-the-scenes artists also deserve credit. The many people who comment on the attractive appearance of our journal often hear us say, "Yes, we're really fortunate that our dedicated Art Director Don Wood has several good assistants."

Mr. Wood deserves most of the accolades because he's the one who does the artistic planning for each issue; however, he is aided by his devoted students, including F. Bennie Nossaman, Jr. We would be remiss if we failed to mention that Bennie, on December 8, 1987, was presented an award at the OKC Graphics Communication Society Student Competition for his Fall '87 WESTVIEW cover design.

As mentioned often these six years, then, the success of WESTVIEW can't be traced just to a few people but to several. All who contribute are hereby thanked.

EARNESTLY,

Leroy Thomas

LEROY THOMAS
Editor

WESTVIEW DESIGN AND GRAPHIC ART PRODUCTION
BY SOUTHWESTERN OKLAHOMA STATE UNIVERSITY
COMMERCIAL ART STUDENTS.

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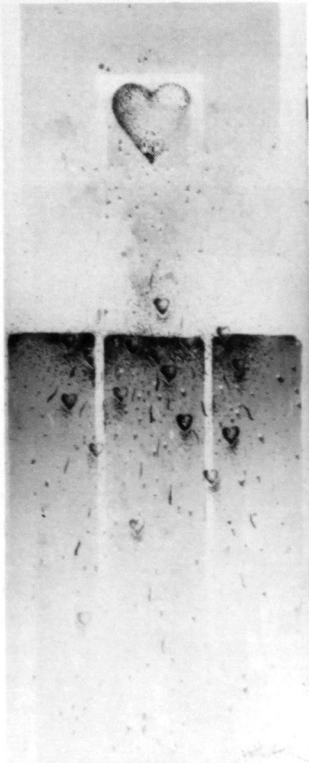
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VOLUME 7

NUMBER 3

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Cover design by Darleta Floyd Coward
Commercial Art Student,
Southwestern Oklahoma State University



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NOTE: Here are some additional essays written by students in the Gifted and Talented Program of the Clinton Middle School during the spring of 1986 to commemorate Oklahoma Heritage Week.



Highway Promoter

By Naomi Sigle

Jack Cutberth was a promoter of a major highway. He made sure that people knew about Highway 66. In fact, he spent his life promoting the highway and making sure it went through smoothly.

Cutberth was born on May 16, 1903, near Butler, OK. After he went to high school, he completed barber training, and his wife, Gladys, went to business school. They were married in 1923.

Jack's first barber shop was in Stratford, Oklahoma (near Ada). The Cutberths moved back to Clinton in 1929 because the cotton crop failed and men had no money for haircuts.

In 1947, Jack got involved in the United States Highway 66 Association of Oklahoma, serving as Executive Secretary.

His new responsibilities included collecting dues, lobbying for his group, promoting tourist business, boosting the highway, and telling possible tourists about the scenic beauty of Highway 66.

He was very dedicated to having people know about the highway--to the extent of wearing out a new car every year promoting the highway and making sure that it went through the state.

Jack took care of the problems that arose putting the highway through the towns that wanted the road. He served 24 years as Executive Secretary. He earned the title "Mr. 66," and his wife was called "Mrs. 66."

Mr. Cutberth died on May 30, 1978, of a heart problem. The heart ailment hadn't slowed him down, however, for he was enthusiastic about his work. A week before he died, he went to Oklahoma City on Highway 66 business.

Jack Cutberth was truly one who realized the notoriety of Highway 66. For instance, a well-known song advises, "Get your kicks on Route 66." Also, a movie and a television series have even been based on the ever-popular highway.

Highway 66 runs from the East Coast to the West Coast, which indicates why it is so important to Oklahoma. The highway brings in many tourists from the east, and Jack Cutberth made sure that it all happened. If a town had trouble getting signs put up to inform tourists where to pick up the highway, Jack "checked it out." He made sure that everything that was supposed to happen did happen. Jack was a "people person." Whereas one man couldn't get something done, Jack talked with the persons involved in the problem and got everything back on course.

Jack Cutberth worked on things that didn't just "fizzle out." He knew that the highway would

play an important part in people's lives. He knew that Highway 66 wouldn't just die; it would keep on going.

The person who travels Highway 66 may go from Chicago to Los Angeles--from St. Louis to Oklahoma City, from Barstow to San Bernadino, from San Bernadino to Los Angeles. The way the highway stretches from east to west explains why early pioneers had a dream about Highway 66 and why Jack helped to carry on the dream.

Mr. Jack Cutberth worked for things that will always be important to us because they are so much a part of our daily lives. Although he died in 1978, his memories and dreams of the highway still live on. ■

NAOMI SIGLE, 14-year-old daughter of Fred and Betty Sigle, likes reading and singing. She sang a solo at the district vocal music contest and prepared a Science Fair project on music and how it affects behavior.



JACK CUTBERTH, Clinton City Council member with Police Chief Jim Murphy and then Custer County Sheriff Garnett Simpson in 1937.

teacher-politician

Country-Boy Governor

By Damon Green

Leon Phillips graduated from the first Arapaho High School graduating class in 1908. After that, he went on to teach at the Keeler School north of present-day Foss, Oklahoma. Later he went to the University of Oklahoma and played on the school's first undefeated football team.

In 1933, he was elected to the State Legislature and in 1935 he became the Speaker of the House.



While he was the Speaker of the House, and in the State Legislature, the bad condition of the state's finances was of great concern to him. So he decided to try to do something about the problem--to become a candidate for the office of Governor.

After leading a field of nine candidates, including the colorful Alfalfa Bill Murray, Leon Phillips won in the largest Democratic Primary Election in the state's history.

Although elected as a Democrat, once in the office, Phillips implemented some very undemocratic policies. Nationally, the Roosevelt campaign was riding high with its new Presidential policies. Phillips tried to get the hospital in Clinton, Oklahoma, to be used to house the mentally insane who were overflowing the other state institutions.

While in office, Phillips didn't go along with President Roosevelt's decree that Thanksgiving would be observed on the fourth Thursday in November instead of the fifth as it had always been. He questioned, "Why should tradition be changed because of the cries of a few people?"

When Leon Phillips retired the Governor's chair to Robert S. Kerr in January, 1944, the state had done a complete about-face. Later, when asked why he ran for Governor, he said that he had just wanted to see if an old country boy could pull the strings and run the state. ■

DAMON GREEN, son of Gerald and Kay Green, is 13 years old. He likes soccer and other sports; he has been a leading scorer for the Lasers, Clinton's under-14 indoor soccer team and a member of the scholastic team.

Frisco Avenue looking west in 1908 - Clinton, OK.

Illustration by ROCKY SHEPHERD



memorable in Clinton history

Early-Day Banker

By Jennifer Stehr

Tom J. Nance was very important to Custer County. He founded Clinton and contributed money and land to the town. Clinton has come a long way since the Nance days.

Tom Nance was father of two children--Albert Nance and Mrs. Blakesly Barron.

Nance founded Clinton in 1902. At that time, Custer County was called "G" County. Other men instrumental in the formation of the township were Nance's brother-in-law, C. W. Goodwin; A. N. Curry, his father-in-law; J. L. Avant; E. E. Blake; and F. E. Rickey.

Tom Nance helped organize the Custer County State Bank, the first bank in Clinton. Other businesses he helped to establish were the First National Bank, Clinton Building and Loan, the Oklahoma Western Railroad, and Clinton's first electric light com-

pany. He also donated land for many churches.

Nance's wife said, "He never wanted anything to be named after him." However, after his death, Mrs. Nance allowed Nance Elementary School to be named after him. She was also asked to allow Frisco Avenue to be named after him, which she declined.

Tom Nance was very important to the economic welfare of Clinton by working with various banking systems, encouraging the construction of the Oklahoma Western Railroad, providing a power company in homes and industries, and showing his concern for education by donating his time, money, and land for the building of schools. Without all of these contributions by Mr. Nance, Clinton may not have had the technology and the people for the town's growth and development.

A car accident took the life of our city's founder on November 16, 1916. He was returning home from an errand in Colony, Oklahoma, where he had been working on a project to get an Indian school located in Clinton, when his car struck a bridge east of town. Mr. Nance and the driver, Jeff Thornbrough, were killed instantly. Another passenger, Mrs. Sam Hawks, was seriously injured.

Death, of course, brought an end to the life of Tom J. Nance--but not to the growth of his hopes and dreams. Clinton lives on, and Mr. Nance's memory is our history. ■

JENNIFER STEHR, daughter of Fred and Jaree Stehr, is 13. Acting in 4-H raising chickens (a prize-winner at poultry shows), she placed first in the biological section of the Science Fair and is a member of the scholastic team.



loving support

Pioneer Saint

By Cari Reinart

The greatest pioneers of Oklahoma are not the people who are famous and written about in books. They are the men and women who help other people in need by giving them food, clothes, medicine, love, and support. They are the people who care about needy people as if they were their own family. One Clinton person who cared for others was Mrs. McClain Rogers.

Bessie E. Alexander and Dr. McClain Rogers were married in 1907. The couple moved to Clinton a few years later when Dr. Rogers started a hospital.

Mrs. Rogers was always active in the First Methodist Church of Clinton. One of her special concerns was the parsonage, residence of the preachers and their families. Mrs. Rogers believed that it should be furnished as fine as possible, so she repaired and cleaned the parsonage as best she could so it would be a good environment for the ministers and their families.

Mrs. Rogers also taught children in Sunday School about fifty to sixty years ago. At one time she was superintendent of the Sunday School.

She was, in addition, active in the kitchen; for instance, she and other women saved Betty Crocker coupons to buy the church a set of silverware. Since her husband was a doctor and they were financially secure, she personally bought the church a set of china. In fact,



the china, now worth thousands of dollars, is still there. Mrs. Rogers' ministry was extensive--she and some of her friends often cooked supper for unfortunate people and served them at the church.

The doctor's wife helped people away from Clinton, too. For example, she was active in a state organization for crippled children. She served as a representative for Western Oklahoma.

Mrs. Rogers was always helping people. She helped with a joyous mood. She was never unkind or unjust. She encouraged people and never degraded them. She gladly did good deeds.

Mrs. L. T. Madison, a close friend, and Mrs. Rogers frequently went to "Black Town" if there was an epidemic of some sort and gave vaccinations to the little children.

And Mrs. Rogers sometimes grocery-shopped for her husband's employees; she didn't tell her husband, however, because he had too much pride in himself.

As these details illustrate, Mrs. McClain Rogers was a very great person. She did much good for Clinton. One example is what she did for Mrs. L. T. Madison. She got Mrs. Madison interested in nursing, and Mrs. Madison became a nurse. Mrs. Madison considered Mrs. Rogers a saint, and I do too. I think there should be more people like Mrs. Rogers; I wish I had had an opportunity to know her personally. ■

CARI REINART plays flute in the band and the piano and is a member of the scholastic team. Daughter of Dale and Karen Reinart, Cari is 14.

a controlled life

Legacies Of Hope and Faith

By Paul David Westgate

E. J. (Pepper) Meacham, Jr. brought to Clinton, Custer County, and the State of Oklahoma an example of strength, faith, and courage. Through his life, he experienced exhilaration and depression, and he faced each with the determination to be better personally and create a better community environment.

"Pepper" Meacham, named for Pepper Martin, famous pitcher during the 1931 World Series, tasted his first victory--birth--in October, 1931. After serving his country in a time of war, he earned his Doctorate of Jurisprudence from the OU College of Law.

In 1919, E. J. Meacham, Sr. and George Meacham founded Meacham and Meacham, Attorneys at Law. In 1958, Pepper joined the family firm and started developing his reputation as a tough defense attorney.

Before becoming Mayor of Clinton in 1972, Pepper was involved in community events, such as the annual PTA Negro Minstrel. Playing the part of an "end man" gave him an outlet for his wit and humor. During his administration as Mayor, he was instrumental in establishing Clinton Regional Hospital. The community needed a medical facility after Oklahoma closed the state hospital that had been strong in the area. Clinton Regional Hospital continues to be one of the strongest community hospitals outside the metropolitan areas. Pepper's first desire was the growth of Clinton; he wasn't a spotlight seeker.

Early drinking habits led to problems. In 1975, Pepper admitted he was an alcoholic by joining the local chapter of Alcoholics

Anonymous, founded by Dr. Bill Tisdal in 1945. With the help of AA and his own determination, Pepper remained sober to his death.



He touched hundreds of lives through AA. A brother in AA once said, "I love him not for what he is but for what I become when he is with me." He worked with people daily as those with problems came by his office or his house during the evening hours. His heart and home were always open to people who wanted help. Dr. George Miller described him the best: "He was filled with a passion for his Creator that couldn't be put into words; it could only be lived. He was a gentle, compassionate, and loving friend who was loyal to a fault."

Distance never deterred Pepper from traveling throughout the state working with AA programs and individuals. He spoke to groups

of all ages explaining the dangers of alcohol. He was very active throughout Custer County with the simple message that when help is wanted help is available. He devoted his life to giving to others time, energy, and the greatest gift of all--genuine caring.

Once Pepper had control of his life, he returned to the vital position of community and professional leader. He served as Vice President of the Oklahoma Bar Association, proving the respect and admiration his fellow attorneys felt. In the county and community, his leadership role continued as he chaired the community for renewal of the county courthouse. The new legal library in the courthouse was dedicated to E. J. (Pepper) Meacham, Jr.

From top to bottom and back again, Pepper and family survived many crises. In 1978, Pepper fought through open-heart surgery. In the early 1980's, Pepper's health began to fail, and each onset was faced bravely. In October 1984, he suffered a heart attack which ended his life in December 1984.

Pepper Meacham left Clinton and the state the greatest legacy, hope and faith. Through his life, he proved that when a problem is met honestly and help is sought, a solution can be found. His desire for each of us would be to look at people for who they are and share our love with all we meet. ■

PAUL DAVID WESTGATE, 14, plays French horn in band, received best-of-show award for his Science Fair project, and is a member of the scholastic team. His parents are David Westgate of Kingfisher and Karen Westgate of Clinton.



Photographs by Tony Neely

much ordinary living, many grandchildren.

And I begin to put together in my mind and heart exactly why I am so moved by the scenes among these strange red boulders, why this whole afternoon is shaping itself into a deep but painful kind of poem. It is just this: what was left of my grandfather's family came together here at Quartz Mountain in the summer of 1977. We all posed dutifully for the family picture in front of granite boulders, down by the picnic tables. My husband and I had been married a long time then, too long really. Two children were enough. Two jobs were enough. But our life together was not enough. That's not quite accurate. It wasn't that our marriage was inadequate in some ill-defined way--that implies some kind of Yuppie restlessness for something finer or richer. Instead we were both filled with hate and despair. My grandparents were long dead. My mother and father had both died the year before. Could we get a divorce at last and become, as my husband said bitterly, "another statistic?" But by the next

summer, I felt the worst was over. We had sat down with a tablet of yellow paper and divided our assets. The children, 15 and 8, would be better off, we thought. And we would be better off. We were right. After a time, our bitterness changed to relief and between us a quiet civility set in.

Now my world is getting older, settled in most ways, and certainly not in upheaval anymore. Like the very old Wichitas, I'm worn down by events, but certainly peaceful. ■

ALVENA BIERI, originally of Hobart, has taught English at OSU. She is now a free-lance writer and a writer for the STILLWATER NEWSPRESS.

Final Witness

By Mary Bujnovsky

provocative analysis of a contemporary issue

It was the time of night that almost everyone was asleep. Beth Christian made her nightly rounds, checking on patients. She expelled a long sigh as she approached Room 101. It was only 1:30 a.m., and Beth felt exhausted. Tonight would be the night. "Why did it have to happen on my shift?" she wondered. This wasn't the first patient she had watched die, but this death was different. Beth felt more helpless than usual.

Always before, Beth had thought her job made a difference. When death began its approach, everyone worked at trying to stop the final moment. The King family was different. They were here only to have pain medication while they waited. Such a waste was the general thought among the hospital staff; especially Dr. Thomas thought so. Death and illness were the enemy, to be fought with every weapon available, according to Dr. Thomas. Death wasn't accepted without a fight. But in this case, David and Sarah King had tied Dr. Thomas' hands.

Beth remembered the first time Mr. King had been admitted. It had been for a simple illness no one had expected to be difficult. During the course of this treatment, it was discovered that Mr. King had a rare blood disease that would cost him his life. Dr. Thomas had told him that chemotherapy might cause the disease to go into remission. He had been honest. There was no cure. Mr. King's life expectancy had suddenly dropped to less than one year. Dr. Thomas had strongly urged chemotherapy treatment in the hope of slowing the illness. Maybe Mr. King would be one of the lucky ones.

The Kings had made another choice,

though. Now, less than six months later, Beth Christian was working on the very night David King would pass from this life.

It wouldn't be very long. Everyone had known that yesterday. Beth began to resent having to go into his room. Dr. Thomas was in the staff lounge. He was waiting—not that there was anything he could do, but at least he felt more in control being present. It was just too late to help now.

Beth entered the room. Only a small light showed the people in there. She was surprised that only Sarah King and Reverend Jones were there. But, Beth had been surprised throughout by these people. Mrs. King looked up as Beth entered the room.

"He seems to be very comfortable," she said. "I want you to know that we, David especially, really appreciate your care. Everyone has been very kind to us."

Beth looked at her, careful not to show her anger and frustration. "What care?" she thought. "This man simply let his life go. Forty-five is too young to die without a fight!"

Mrs. King looked softly at her husband. There was a glimmer of tears in her eyes. She leaned forward and touched his shoulder. Again she looked toward Beth.

"David has made sure everything is ready. The kids and I will be taken care of well. It hasn't been easy, but we believe we've made the right choice."

Dr. Thomas walked into the room as Mrs. King finished speaking. Beth could tell by the expression on his face exactly what he thought about her words.

"How's he doing?"

"He's still holding his own, although his respirations have become more labored."

Dr. Thomas was very careful to hide his feelings from Mrs. King, but Reverend Jones looked carefully at him as he turned to leave.

"I'll be in the staff lounge, nurse. Call me when his condition changes."

Dr. Thomas rapidly left the room. Beth wanted to follow him, but she knew what her job was.

"Can I get you anything?"

"No, thank you. We'll just continue to pray," Rev. Jones said. He opened his Bible and began to read quietly.

Taking a deep, calming breath, Beth looked toward Sarah King seeking some clue. Finally, she turned to her patient.

David King gradually opened his eyes. As Beth looked into his eyes, she saw peace and acceptance. Slowly he moved his eyes until he found his wife's head lying on the bed next to his hand. Beth wasn't sure, but just for a moment she thought he smiled. Gentleness and love seemed to flow from him with a strength that caused Mrs. King to lift her head.

"Darling, I'm here." Tears began to form in her eyes. "We'll miss you so, but I believe in the rightness of this." She tried to smile, but her lips trembled with the effort.

Reverend Jones touched David's hand. Mr. King looked toward him.

"All is ready. I've talked with everyone, and they're doing as you wished. They'll wait for word from Sarah like you asked."

Beth quickly left the room then. Tears had begun to gather in her eyes. As she walked rapidly down the darkened hallway, there was a look of frustration on her face. In her mind, questions circled one after another. The most frequent was "Why?"

Practically stamping her feet, Beth worked out her frustration in movement. There was very little else she could do. It was too late now. Mr. King was going to die, and nothing was going to change that fact. A frown marred her face as she realized her confusion was not the fact he would die, but the attitude the family had about his death.

Death! Beth had seen her share of death. There had been little children

who died, their bodies bruised and beaten. She had also seen the old die, alone and unloved. In each case, Beth had done her best to help cheat death of its victory. Now these people simply sat down and let it overtake them. It was wrong. It had to be wrong, didn't it?

Two hours later, the call light in 101 went off. Jumping quickly to her feet, Beth traveled the hall toward the room. One look at Mr. King convinced Beth it was time. Stepping to the phone, she placed a call to Dr. Thomas. Time seemed to stop in that small room as Mr. King's breathing labored until finally with one last shallow breath he stopped completely. The Reverend Jones and Mrs. King had stepped to one side of the bed. Beth, feeling for a pulse, looked up wishing Dr. Thomas would hurry, only to realize he was standing by her side. Feeling no pulse, Beth stepped back to allow Dr. Thomas to examine the patient.

Carefully checking Mr. King, Dr. Thomas finally looked up into Mrs. King's eyes. "It's over. Even now, I'm still looking for that miracle." There was a question in his look.

Mrs. King, tears streaming down her face, looked with wonder at Dr. Thomas. "Even now, you say. How can I explain that you just saw that miracle? Paul, you tell them."

She leaned over her husband, kissing him one last time, saying her final goodbye. Whispering, she said, "I'll join you someday."

"I'm going now. The family is waiting. I'll call and then wait for you in the chapel, Paul."

Carefully, as if in great physical pain, Mrs. King walked from the room. She was leaving her husband in the hands of others now. She held her head high, though the tears ran freely down her face.

Reverend Jones watched her a moment before turning back to face Dr. Thomas and Beth. There was sorrow in his face as he viewed their confusion.

"I don't know if I can make you understand, but just for a moment try to believe in something greater than life. David and Sarah have spent their lives turning to that Greatness. In their eyes, God is more real than this world. When David found out about his

illness, he first prayed and sought God's will. Then, together, David and Sarah accepted that God's way is sometimes mysterious and often all that is left is believing, even when it hurts."

Dr. Thomas snorted in disgust. Beth looked even more confused. Reverend Jones continued. "There is a time to die. David accepted that it was his time and in accepting that, he chose to die without fear. In David's eyes, Sarah's also, this was his final witness. To face his death with that same belief that enabled him to face life was his last desire." With these final words, Reverend Jones walked toward the door.

Dr. Thomas looked after him before turning to Beth. "I'm still looking for that miracle." Sadly, he turned and also left.

Wearily, Beth picked up the phone and placed that call that alerted the

appropriate people. Then she began preparing the body for its last trip.

Shaking her head, Beth pondered all that had happened this night. She was sure there was an answer if she could only find it. Finished with her work, she glanced toward the table. Lying open was that same Bible Reverend Jones had been reading. Drawn like a magnet, she walked over to it. Bending, she read one verse that had been marked and underlined heavily. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. ▣"

MARY BUJNOVSKY has spent several years working in a hospital setting. Currently, she is enrolled as a junior in the Division of Nursing at SOSU. After she completes her degree, she will work in Southwestern Oklahoma as a registered nurse.

the power of fancy

Note In A Washerwoman's Diary

By Sandra Soli

While hanging out laundry
I make sail in a good wind,
Visiting women from all ages,
all histories. They tease me,
beckoning through holes in my
used-to-be-striped dishrag,
unfit lately for such public display.
Kitchen secrets, bedroom pleasures
brazenly flap KER-FLAK! KER-FLAK!
I smell a fine whiteness in sheets,
worn but nicely straight because
I pinch their corners, thinking
all the while of clean pages
in a book I will carry it,
a present to the women of
many centuries. They remember me.
We have the same wrinkled fingers.



SANDRA SOLI is an honored writer who came to America from England and now lives in Oklahoma City. This poem originally won First Place in a Poetry Society of Oklahoma Spring Contest.

The Darkling

By Mace Tawney

Illustration by Darsi Ward



His overalls were brown with dirt and soiled with patches of grease. Yellow teeth and a hint of brown in the cracks and corners of his lips betrayed the heavy use of tobacco. His large hands were rough with callouses; and a tan, wrinkled face, much like that of a raisin, showed signs of wear from the sun. His physical appearance didn't matter much to Toody; what mattered was that he was a farmer and a good one to boot. Better still, he lived in Green Valley, nestled among the foothills of the Wichita Mountains, or simply God's country, as he preferred to call it. Everything he needed to live and prosper was there, and what wasn't could be bought at the general store in Mountain View.

Over the years, Toody's farm had been quite successful, and this year was no exception. However, there was one minor problem which was rapidly growing into a major one: something had been stealthily stealing his fryers.

Toody kept his chickens in a secure pen which he had painstakingly built himself. The chicken wire ran three-fourths of the way around the pen, with two two-by-twelves running along the bottom. Roofing consisted of a sheet of rusting tin, and though partially open, it kept out predators. The hen house itself provided the fourth wall.

Everything about the pen was secure. Yet it never failed that every three or four weeks, Toody would go out and discover some of his most promising fryers gone. No signs of digging or openings in the wire or boards could be found. Toody was losing chickens to something that was sly enough to get in and out of the pen without leaving a trace of its presence.

In order to try to extinguish the problem, Toody tied two of his dogs to the hen house, one to the front and the other to the back. If anything approached his chickens, the dogs would at least give him a sufficient warning. The dogs never once barked during their long watch at night, and five days passed without incident. But on the sixth day, Toody discovered that two more fryers were gone, and no sound had been heard from the dogs.

Toody decided to change his tactics. He laid traps out around the pen in all directions so that anything that moved near it would be caught in an instant. Days passed, and while not one trap was sprung, he still lost more fryers.

It became apparent that whatever was stealing the chickens was quite clever--clever enough to skirt around the traps and not provoke his dogs. Toody finally decided that the only way to catch

this thief was to keep watch all night himself.

He climbed into the hen house and began his vigil, and two nights passed without result. On the third night, however, Toody's persistence paid off. As the hour before dawn approached, he began to realize that he was no longer alone. The entrance of the creature was so quiet that only the prickling of the hair along his neck and spine betrayed its presence. Adrenalin pumped quickly within Toody's body. He leaped blindly at the creature, pinning it between his body and the ground. Lighting his lantern, Toody held the light over the thief in anticipation of finally seeing what had been tormenting his fryers for so many weeks.

Toody stood in shock as a high, whining voice shrieked, "Doan hit me, Missuh Hardin! Please doan hit me!"

Lying before him was the daughter of one of his field hands, disguised within her own skin. ■

MACE TAWNEY, a freshman at SOSU, whose hometown is Ardmore, is a new contributor to WESTVIEW. Mace has spent many summers around Western Oklahoma, especially in the Mountain View area.



Photographs by

Tony Neely

"Grandad's Aunt Anna"

by Lisa Bradford

Graphite, 19" x 24"



Untitled by Cathy Wells

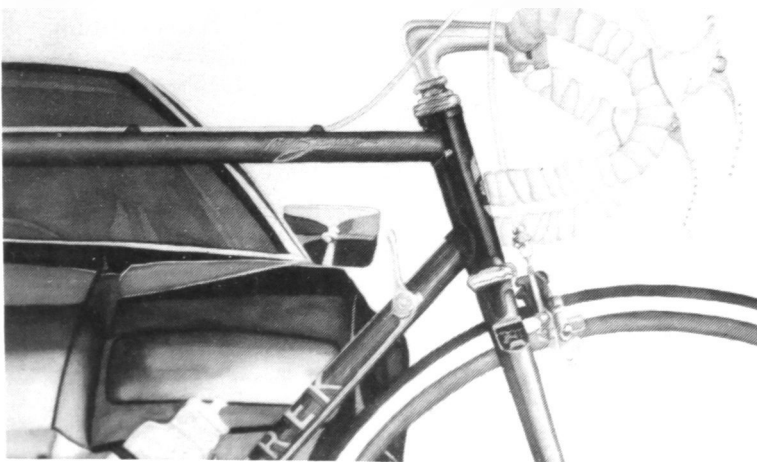
Watercolor, 18" x 24"

SOSU Art Department Student Artists' Showcase



Untitled by Jay Hollopeter

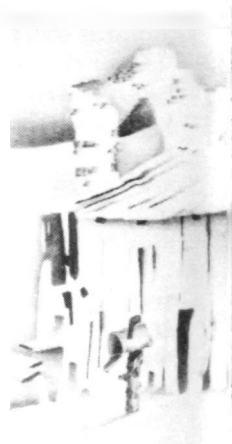
Mixed Media, 5" x 5"



"Rides"

by Rocky Shepherd

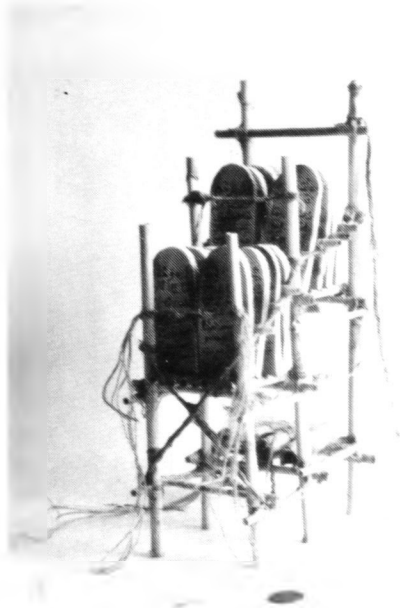
Watercolor, 18" x 24"



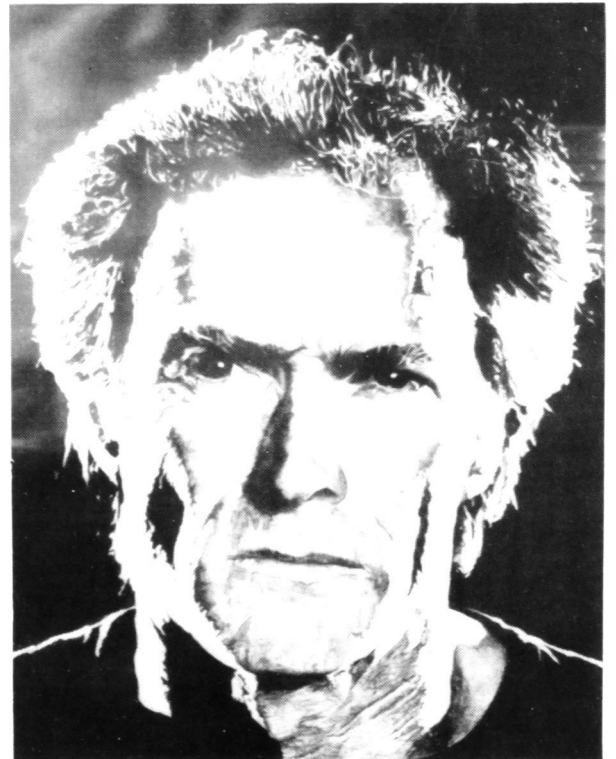
"Hidden Reality"
by Becky Bond
Acrylic, 18" x 24"



"Spiritual Renewal"
by F. Bennie Nossaman, Jr.
Bamboo & Clay, 10" x 6" x 2"



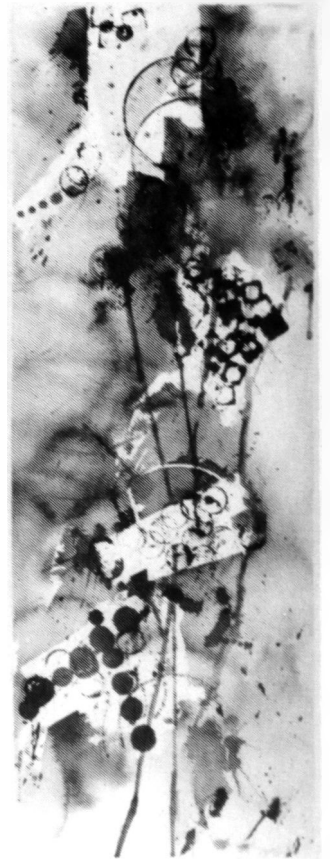
"Mr. Eastwood" by Rocky Shepherd Pencil, 17" x 24"



Untitled by Jay Hollopeter Graphite, 8" x 18"



"Intimidation"
by Darsi Ward
Watercolor,
8" x 22"



"Perfect Love" by Lisa Bradford Mixed Media, 11" x 14"

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frontier eccentricities

Mr. Bloucher

By Inez Schneider Whitney

Every spring, here came Mr. Bloucher.

Every fall, here came Mr. Bloucher.

He would be in the same old dilapidated buggy and driving the same old white horse.

"Hello there, Mr. Schneider," he would call to my father as he clambered out and Papa would say, "Glad to see you, Mr. Bloucher. Unhitch your horse and stay a while."

"That I will. I'll be glad for a rest."

He lived in Oklahoma City, and it took him several days to make the trip of about a hundred miles. He knew the latchstring always hung out at our house. Mama would always put an extra plate on the table, and he would share the hired hand's room.

His clothes were always untidy and not quite clean. His gray hair needed cutting; and when he ate, crumbs caught in his long handlebar moustache. His hands trembled, and there was always food on the floor around his chair. It was my job to sweep it up after he left the table. This wasn't hard to do, though, because there was a linoleum rug on the floor.

From Mr. Bloucher, my father mostly bought fruit trees for his orchard. Mr. Bloucher carried some of them with him and took orders for others to be sent by mail. He would drive around the neighborhood making calls but always seemed to make it back to our house at mealtime.

How well I remember his last visit. He arrived after supper. It was a chilly fall day. There was a roaring fire in the big range, and we were sitting around the kitchen table. A big two-gallon kettle half full of Mama's delicious chili was simmering on the back of the stove. She had made it for the next day. It did smell good. Mr. Bloucher kept looking toward the kettle and finally said, "Mrs. Schneider, if you'll give me a spoon and a bowl, I'll show you what I can do for that chili." And he did. He ate the whole thing.

About the time he finished, there was a knock on the door. It was our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Reimers, and their little daughter, Edna. Edna and I were both in the second grade, and we were inseparable friends. The Reimers had come for a visit.

Mama and Papa and Mr. and Mrs. Reimers started playing pitch at the kitchen table. Edna and I went into the sitting room to play dolls. Mr. Bloucher said that he was tired and would just rest in an easy chair.

Mama had baked cherry pies that day and had made a little one for me. I showed it to Edna and told her that we could eat it later after we had played a while. I set it on top of my little toy cupboard. When we were ready to eat it, to our surprise, the little plate was empty. The temptation had been too great. Mr. Bloucher, sitting nearby, was devouring the last bite.



Illustration by Emmet Rackley

Edna and I started giggling, and Mr. Bloucher said, "What are you little girls looking at?"

We didn't reply--just giggled a little more. A grown man eating our little pie! How funny!

The next spring came. One day Papa said, "I wonder why Mr. Bloucher hasn't been by. I wanted some cherry trees. It'll soon be too late to put them out."

Not many days later, Papa was reading the Oklahoma City paper. Pointing to an article as he handed it to Mama, he said in a shocked voice, "Read this."

The heading said, "Recluse Found Dead in Shack." Mr. Bloucher, who lived in a one-room shack at the edge of town, hadn't been seen for several days. One day his horse began

whinnying. A neighbor went over, pushed open the door, and found Mr. Bloucher lying on the floor dead. Police were called. When they searched the house, they found over \$13,000 in twenty-dollar bills in the bottom of an old trunk. That was quite a fortune in 1914. No survivors were ever found. What a sad ending for Mr. Bloucher. ■

First appeared in "Voices from the past," THOMAS TRIBUNE, December 1, 1982.

INEZ SCHNEIDER WHITNEY graces our pages again. WESTVIEW values Mrs. Whitney's contributions sent to us from Arlington, Virginia.

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a favorite topic

A New Name For An Old Railroad

By Richard Garrity

Once again, the whistle of a diesel engine and the rumble of loaded freight cars echo across the historic hills of Blaine County. After years of absence, rail service has returned to Watonga. On December 4, 1984, Gene Wheeler of the Wheeler Brothers Feed and Grain Company of Watonga purchased a section of the defunct Rock Island Railroad.

Until 1898, El Reno was the nearest railhead to the lottery-opened Kiowa, Comanche, Apache, Washita, and Caddo Indian lands on August 6, 1901. Shortly after the opening, the Choctaw, Oklahoma, and Gulf Railroad, later the Rock Island, built west. From the station in Geary, the Choctaw Northern Railroad constructed a line through Watonga to the gypsum mines north of the town. Eventually, it became a busy Rock Island Railroad with two freights and four passenger cars daily. In 1980, the Rock Island went bankrupt. Rail service to Watonga ceased.

After the bankruptcy of the Rock Island, the rails were unused for three or four years before the entry of the state-owned North Central Railroads (NCOK). It operated about a year and a half before service was discontinued in September, 1984. During this brief operation, the bridges and roadbed had been repaired.

Aware that Watonga needed a railroad, Gene Wheeler constantly attempted to promote new ownership in the railroad. When he failed to stimulate

any interest, he opted to get the line as part of the Wheeler Brothers' Feed and Grain Company.

In 1985, Wheeler hired Don Kukull, a retired Katy railroad employee from Denison, Texas, to supervise the reconditioning of the roadbed. Bob Hussey, a railroad contractor from Oklahoma City, was employed to repair the track and bridges. On May 12, 1985, Wheeler was granted a lease purchase right from Geary to El Reno. He didn't have a connection with Watonga.

Gene Wheeler purchased a diesel engine, a 1958 General Motors G. P. 9 which had been in service on the Great Northern Railroad at Helena, Montana. Kukull recommended the purchase of the unit as he had worked on the Great Northern. Before entering the AT&L roster, it was overhauled at the Wilson Railroad Company in Ames, Iowa. The engine was painted green with a white stripe and white AT&L lettering.

The AT&L Railroad name was coined from the first initials of Gene Wheeler's three grandsons--Austin, Todd, and Ladd Lafferty. It's a Class I railroad limited to ten miles on a mixed assortment of 80 to 100 pound rails. The bridges were repaired, the rails aligned, and the ballast tamped.

Prior to the first consignment of wheat, Mr. Don Kukull died. On May 18, 1985, the day of Don Kukull's funeral, the first trainload was to be shipped from Geary to El Reno. The program which had been planned



The Old Rock Island station at Watonga.

about this event was cancelled because of the death.

On June 18, the Corporation Commission gave the AT&L permission to move freight on that section of track from Watonga to Geary. Wheeler was no longer boxed in at Watonga as this grant gave him trackage with a connection with the Katy at El Reno and a nationwide interline.

During the peak season, the diesel pulls as many as forty cars on a run, often twice a day. The return cargo is fertilizer to be reprocessed and supplies

for Wheeler's 11,000-head feedlot. They don't expect to get any revenue from the local oil industry. During off seasons, the railroad will operate on an as-needed basis schedule.

In September, 1987, Tom Mendenhall, General Manager of the AT&L Railroad, said the line was operating safer, not faster. Increased revenue is used to improve the track. A railroad at Watonga has promoted additional activities.

During Railroad Day at Watonga, a ribbon-cutting ceremony was conducted by the AT&L shop to note the departure



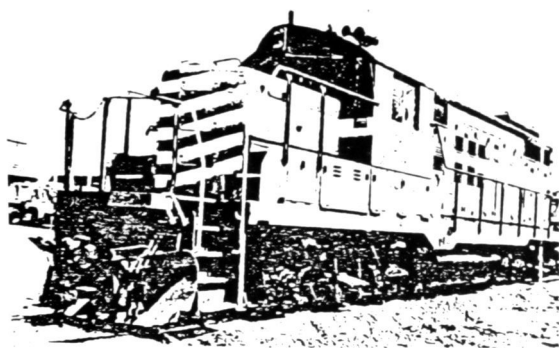
A T & L diesel at Watonga.

of the only operating passenger train in Oklahoma. It was a VIP conveyance for city officials and the news media. At eleven o'clock, it was "all aboard" for persons on a ride to the North Canadian River bridge. On September 26, regular trips were scheduled from Watonga to Greenfield, a 23-mile trip of 1½ hours. It was the first train ride for many of the passengers.

THE WATONGA CHIEF, as the train is called, consists of two vintage passenger cars and three cabooses. Restored by CORA, a rail fan group from Oklahoma City, one is a Santa Fe lounge car. The other is a Union Pacific Observation car. The plan is for the Santa Fe unit to become a dining car. At the Watonga Cheese Festival on November 6-7, the entire train was operating. In each car, two members of the CORA group were conductors.

Everyone in Watonga talks railroad.

CREDITS: Mrs. Patsy Stotts (Bridgeport), Mr. and Mrs. Travis Cackler (Hinton), Thomas Mendenhall (AT&L, Watonga), Steve Smola (AT&L, Watonga), Eddie Birch, WATONGA CHIEF), Watonga Chamber of Commerce, HISTORY OF HINTON by Marie Main Worenstaff, and BLAINE COUNTY HISTORY.



RICHARD GARRITY of Oklahoma City spends much time researching, photographing, and writing. He shares graciously with WESTVIEW.



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Western Oklahoma's Big Birds

BY MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH



Hundreds of years ago, great flocks of ostriches roamed over the plains and deserts of Africa and Western Asia. Arabs hunted them for sport, and Africans took their eggs for food or killed them for their showy plumes. As a result, the ostrich disappeared from Asia and from much of Africa.

Several months ago, the world's largest living bird finally made it to Western Oklahoma. They came via an enclosed stock trailer and at the invitation of Glenda and Elvoy King, who had been contemplating such a venture for some time. "We had always thought it would be fun to do something with animals," Glenda says. So they went on safaris. They visited Dale Coody's ostrich farm near Lawton. They read about ostrich-growing in the CADDO RURAL ELECTRIC NEWSLETTER. "Elvoy read that article and said, 'This is what I want to do!'"

It was with Mr. Coody's assistance that the Kings located their birds in Grand Junction, Colorado. The cost was \$7,700.00 for one adult male, three adult females, and two chicks. "We probably could have gotten them cheaper, but we were in a hurry," was Glenda's explanation. Six-week-old chicks generally sell for about \$400.00, an adult female for twelve to fifteen hundred, and male birds for around a thousand. If that seems a bit steep, a visit to your nearest Western wear store will reveal price ranges for ostrich-skin boots from four to eight hundred dollars a pair. And how do the Kings feel about ostrich-skin boots? "I have a pair made from the skin of the legs!" Elvoy confides. "Other animals are raised for slaughter. Why not the ostrich?"

The Kings' fledgling ostrich farm is located at a point between Erick and Sweetwater (Beckham County) and is one of perhaps a half-dozen in Oklahoma and some thirty nationwide. Ideally situated, it is almost within a stone's throw of the Northfork of Red River. Are the birds allowed bathing privileges there?

"So far, we're leery of letting them out of the pen," Glenda says. "They can outrun a horse. There's really no way to catch them if they decide to get away." Then what would be their procedure if one should escape? "If one is running from you," Elvoy explains, "you know he's alarmed. I would try not to disturb it until it settled down. A regular barbed-wire fence won't hold an ostrich; the bird runs right through the fence."

The size of these unusual birds is as imposing as their track (and take that literally) record. They stand approximately eight feet tall and weigh in at over three hundred pounds. The Kings' largest one is close to four hundred. Those long, two-toed legs can carry them in fifteen-foot steps at speeds up to

forty miles an hour and are useful as weapons. Were they leery of the birds at first? "We respect them," Elvoy says. "But we've never been afraid." So far, they have seen only one of their birds kick. The family dog had become a nuisance, and the not-so-gentle hint he received as a result quickly made a believer of him.

It is the opinion of some of the more unfeeling among us that an ostrich wouldn't likely pose a substantial threat in a beauty contest. Glenda firmly maintains that an ostrich's personality more than compensates for its appearance. An unimpassioned observer sees a gangling character with a head much like that of a camel (possibly the reason ostriches are sometimes called camel birds, but more likely the nickname originated when the discovery was made that the birds can go for long periods of time without water. Also noteworthy is the scientific term for ostriches, *Struthio camelus*, which would seem to indicate a relationship with camels somewhere down the line.) The neck is like a giraffe's--very long and slender--with few feathers. The wings might have been an afterthought; they are extremely small and used only for balance.

To Glenda, the birds are adorable, and she has affectionately named each one. The two chicks are called Liz and Lisa. The male is J. R. (naturally), and the females are Gwendolyn, Gertrude, and Olive Oyl. In all sincerity (and perhaps with some indignance), Glenda declares, "We really need to do something to improve the ostrich image. You go into toy stores and see all sorts of stuffed animals: dogs, cats, bears. We need some stuffed ostriches!" (Are you listening Playmates, Mattel, Johnson & Johnson?)

Ostriches living in Africa subsist on plants, lizards, and turtles. More civilized birds must be satisfied with cracked corn, rabbit pellets, and produce of literally any description. "The only thing we've found that they don't eat well," says Glenda, "is sweet potatoes. Those are saved for the very last. They will eat plums, lettuce, peaches, onions, lemons, you-name-it." The Kings go into Erick daily to pick up unsalable produce the food stores gladly give away. Cost for feeding amounts to about fifty cents per bird per day, though during laying season when more protein is advisable they feed Trout Chow, which raises feeding costs substantially.

How do ostriches while away their day? "You would be surprised," Glenda claims. "Typically, they graze, lie down and rest--just the normal, everyday routine for any type livestock. But occasionally they will get the urge to play. They will spin in circles until they are too drunk to walk. Sometimes they will run from one end of the pen to

the other, picking their feet up high like a trotting horse, and spin and spin with their feathers all fluffed up so that all the white ones underneath are visible. They have a gracefulness that you can't imagine until you see it for yourself."

Being near the river and all that sand, no doubt the Kings' birds have taken advantage of that age-old pastime for which ostriches are noted. But-- "No," Glenda answers. "I don't know where the saying originated that ostriches stick their heads in the sand, but it's just not so. It's only a myth."

Except for the two chicks, the Western-Oklahoma ostriches are two years old and at the standard age for parenthood. They're by nature polygamous, and the ideal situation is a quartet: one male and three females. From these unions the possibilities are impressive. The hens are expected to lay from thirty to fifty eggs during a season that begins in March and continues into June or early July. High temperatures quickly curb productiveness.

The eggs weigh about three pounds and are a beautiful cream color with a faint surface design resembling that of an orange. They are almost translucent and resemble porcelain. As a result, they are easily transformed into decorations by those who are artistically inclined or made into bowls. Though the Kings don't plan to get heavily involved in that facet of the business, they will look into the possibility of selling the empty shells after hatching their chicks. And Glenda is presently doing some artistic experimenting with a few of them.

When one of the Kings' seven children asked with curiosity, "Dad, why do you want ostriches?," Elvoy returned glibly, "With so many in our family, it's the only way to have scrambled eggs." Indeed, one ostrich egg is reputed to afford a hearty meal for eight, according to one source of information.

Although the eggs are certainly edible and have occasionally graced the dinner table of the Kings' lovely, double-wide mobile home, eggs with quarter-inch shells aren't broken by whacking them on the side of a skillet. Such action could well result in a slightly damaged piece of cookware. Instead, the shell must be drilled or sawed into with care. In the King home, a saw and drill are now standard equipment for the kitchen.

But the majority of Glenda and Elvoy's eggs will be candled for fertility and placed into the 65-egg incubator they will be purchasing soon. After forty-five days, the cycle will be completed and babies weighing about three pounds will emerge, covered with spotted down that blends with the surroundings and protects those that are in the wilds from their enemies.

At six weeks, the chicks are ready to market. The biggest obstacle here is gaining the ability to "sex" the chicks, according to the Kings. They are a year old before the color comes that distinguishes male from female (males are black; females, gray). Some growers who have been in the business for years still are unable to determine whether they are looking at a male or female. "But," Elvoy says, "I'll just have to learn to distinguish them because you must be able to guarantee sexes to buyers."

They are looking forward with optimism to that first sale. They will perhaps advertise in newspapers, but word of mouth is usually all the advertisement needed. There are "brokers" (Glenda's terminology. Could they also be called "poulterers"?) who deal in ostriches just as there are those who deal in real estate. Once they get wind of a new outlet, they are sure to beat a path to the Kings' front door.

Do they expect to get rich? There are delighted laughs from both of them. "I hope so," Glenda responds. "But I've learned to be happy with what I've got and that way I'm not so often disappointed. If they pay for themselves, so much the better." Elvoy adds, "That wasn't why I got into it. I like a challenge; I'll try anything. I've always been fascinated with ostriches, and I think I wanted the learning experience more than anything."

And a final question. What in the world do ostrich eggs taste like? "Just like a chicken egg," Glenda says. "The only difference is in the appearance: the egg white remains clear even after it's cooked." In order to prove her point about the taste, she later sent some muffins over to my family and me (we happen to be neighbors). They were indeed delicious, and the texture was no different than muffins containing chicken eggs.

The Kings have kiddingly suggested to a restaurant owner they know that he might take advantage of some of the giant-sized eggs in his business. And who knows? It just might not be a laughing matter. If you wander into your favorite restaurant one day in the near future and the menu lists "fried egg for eight," it will probably indicate that the ostrich-egg cuisine has arrived in Oklahoma--and very possibly the Kings will have played a hand in that transition. ■

MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH, a faithful WESTVIEW contributor, now becomes the Betty McDonald of the ostrich industry. From her typewriter on a farm near Erick, MASN has sent us many other engaging works such as this one.

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sharing of memories

Mary Bailey Chickasha Historian

By Gwen Jackson

A van of Boy Scouts, a living room full of girls with tape recorders, Grady County Genealogical Society members, and countless others are excited to hear Mary Bailey share her memories. Mary, who retired from Chickasha Schools after forty years, is a living library of local history. She has a one-hundred-year-old map of Oklahoma and Indian territories, a 1907 handkerchief that bears the words "Chickasha for single statehood--10,000 strong," pictures by Indian artists, and numerous souvenirs to bring her memories to life.

Mary Bailey's grandfather came to Fort Sill after the Civil War. When Mary was doing some family genealogy, she learned that he was the first civilian buried in Arlington Cemetery.

Mary speaks of her mother as being a packrat. She loved to collect items, especially Indian pictures. Quanah Parker personally gave her mother his picture. Her picture of the Comanche Indian named Tabitie is Mrs. Fred Harris' grandfather. Mary loans a friend Indian pictures such as Tabitie to copy dolls for the Smithsonian. Last summer, Mary and her sister took most of their mother's picture collection to the Fort Sill Museum.

Mrs. Bailey was a little girl at Fort Sill when Geronimo was captured. Someone came to school and told everyone that Geronimo was in a cell. After school, the kids went to look at him through the cell window. Later, he lived across from the stockade. Before Geronimo died, he requested a visit to



Quanah Parker

This is a copy of the picture Quanah Parker gave to Mary Bailey's mother.

the 101 Ranch. Mary's mother got a picture of him dressed in a suit and a silk top hat.

Mr. Bailey was elected district judge at statehood, and he served on the Supreme Court. He traveled the Rock Island line from the Canadian River to the Red River to try cases. He tried the Al Jennings case and the Sherman Billingsly case. He was judge for J. D. Suggs, who was probably the richest man in Chickasha. After gall-bladder surgery, Suggs received his bill for \$10,000. Judge Bailey told Mr. Suggs to look again since the amount was exorbitant for the times. Suggs paid a doctor to come from Mayo Clinic and one from Johns Hopkins to testify how they charged for similar operations. Mr. Suggs won his case, and his hospital bill was reduced.

Before Oklahoma became a state, the territories had no laws or prisons. Mary has a letter that Governor Haskell sent to her father in 1915 indicating that the judges were to use the laws of Nebraska and take prisoners to Kansas until the state legislature could mandate laws.

Mary also remembers the early-day houses of Chickasha. She relates that one of the first houses in Chickasha was built by the Shannons. Mrs. Shannon was a Chickasaw Indian. Mr. Shannon was a cattleman. Until 1898, no one owned land because the Chickasaws still controlled it. By the Atoka Agreement in 1898, however, the Chickasaws gave up their land. For the first six years, people were hesitant to build much of a house because they didn't own the land they built on. For instance, they would put a one-room structure on one lot and another one-room on another lot. That was a hold down. When allotments were given in 1898, the Shannons had one at Shannon Springs. Their house was in the location the nursing home stands today.

Shannon Springs was a watering place on the Chisholm Trail. Mary has been told that the first religious event, a camp meeting, in the Chickasha area was held at Shannon Springs.

The three-story house in which Mary lives today was built in 1902. Her father bought it from the owner of the street car company. From the first, the house had central heat fueled by coal;



Tabite

Mrs. Fred Harris' grandfather

in fact, the vents and coal bin are in their original places.

Mary relates that Mr. Darlington got a franchise to start the street car company in Chickasha. She remembers two tracks in the middle of Chickasha Avenue and a street car barn between 18th and 19th streets. The tracks made a loop around the college to Montana Street. It went to Shannon Springs, around Rose Hill Cemetery, and back downtown. There were an enclosed car for winter and an open car for summer. The cost for the loop ride was five cents.

Mary likes to tell about Will Rogers visiting Ben Johnson, his roommate at Kemper Military Academy, who lived across the street from the Baileys.

She says that Rogers wasn't as dumb as he looked. Once when he came to speak at the college, he walked in and his hair was combed. Before he went on stage, he brushed his hair down onto his forehead. His opening was, "So this is the school that serves roast beef on Sunday, soup on Monday made from the leftovers of Sunday, string beans on Tuesday, and ice cream on Wednesday." The dietitian had just posted the menu, and she scooted lower and lower in her seat. The menu was changed the next day.

During the Great Depression, Judge Bailey supported three college students although times were difficult. Mary remembers seeing the kitchen table piled with land abstracts, which her father did for five dollars each. She says that most lawyers today wouldn't look at an abstract for less than \$150.

Early forms of entertainment for Mary's family included a croquet set in the front yard and a dirt tennis court on the back lot. A dirt roller from the high school kept the ground smooth.

Mary remembers going to the train depot to watch for the Firefly. It stopped at six o'clock so passengers could eat at the Geronimo Hotel across the street. This Harvey House was decorated with chandeliers made of three crossed arrows and a tom-tom in the middle. It was decorated with shields, baskets, pictures, and other Indian motifs. During the Depression days, the railroads didn't have much business. In 1936, the Geronimo Hotel was torn down. Today, its pictures are

in the Oklahoma National Bank and the First National Bank.

Mary's latest project has been to help Chickasha's Antique Car Club write a proposal to secure the old train depot as a museum site in order to help preserve memories through antique cars.

Mary Bailey's stories are many. She says that she has lived and heard so much that it's hard to know what she has actually seen, but she's always ready to share her memories. ■

GWEN JACKSON, with this historical article, makes her second appearance in WESTVIEW. She's a history buff who enjoys the type of research required for an article such as this one on Mary Bailey.



Mary Bailey — Chickasha Historian.

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"Growing By Helping Others Grow"

All Things To All People

By Annette Harris

Many women today have a career and a family, but some women feel that they can't handle both. They feel that they have to make a choice between the two. A woman who chooses a family has to depend on her husband financially, which isn't good because if they separate or if the husband dies, the woman is left without resources. She has no job, and she has no education to get one. As a result, how and where a woman was reared play a big role on her decision concerning a family, career, or a blend of the two. There's a woman in Western Oklahoma who has a family *and* a career and is successful in both.

Her name is Karen Howland. She was born on October 15, 1945, in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. At age 13, she and her family moved to Mooreland, Oklahoma, a small town near Woodward. Karen enjoyed growing up in a small town because everyone knew everyone else or were related to one another. Karen feels that the pressure that kids feel in a large city wasn't felt in the small town in which she grew up. School in a small town was also different from that in a large city; there was a slow, comfortable pace. In grades one through three, Karen went to the same schoolhouse with a population of eight. These three grades were her favorite. She graduated from high school in 1963 with a



Karen Howland

class of 31 from Mooreland High. During her high-school years, she was involved in choir, FHA, and basketball. She had one younger brother and no sisters. She and her friends had to entertain themselves. "There isn't much to do in a small town," she says. Entertainment had to be creative and involve people rather than things.

One type of entertainment that involved people was cruising, which was how she met her husband, Leroy. One night while taking a break at the Sonic in Woodward, Karen and Leroy were introduced by a mutual friend. Karen knew immediately that he was the one for her. He had the qualities she was looking for in a husband. They were married after she finished high school. By the time they were married six years, she had given birth to two children--Rick and Kim--two years apart. she held off on a career until her

children were old enough to take care of themselves. After eighteen years of marriage and two children, Karen decided to return to school to pursue a career in nursing. She decided on nursing because she had been working in the health-related field. She enjoyed working with people and gleaned a high amount of self-satisfaction from the teaching aspect of nursing. Her desire to follow a career in nursing was something she had had for several years, but her desire to have a family was greater; and her family supported her decision.

With her family's support, Karen graduated from O.U. in May, 1985. She began working at the V.A. Hospital in June of that same year. A year later she applied for the position of Head Nurse. During this time of application, she had to enter the hospital to have a kidney removed. However, her time off

work didn't affect her chances of getting the position of Head Nurse; in fact, she began in her new position in September, 1986. She says that she likes her new job but finds it really stressful. She hopes that the stress level will decrease after she becomes better adjusted to the job.

Having a job and a family is very demanding--especially if a person is accustomed to the life of a small-town country girl. But Karen Howland is a prime example of a woman of the 80's being able to manage both a career and a family. It's extremely difficult unless all the family members cooperate. Some women set their goals too high by trying to be all things to all people--wife, mother, career person. Some of them fail. If a woman feels that she can be all things to all people, she should be given a chance. It can be done. Karen is a living example. ■

ANNETTE HARRIS is a SOSU junior in Elementary Education. Annette knows her subject well because she has plans of becoming Karen Howland's daughter-in-law.



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The Priceless Formula

By Maria Armoudian

What do you get when you cross three honor students, one with his degree in Chemistry, one in Math, and one in Art? No--not the formula for a geometric painting! Believe it or not, if balanced just right, you get local music heroes. At least that's the case with Dan, Chris, and Eric Price. The three brothers from Burns Flat, after graduating from SOSU of Weatherford in 1973, joined forces with their other bothers, Ron and Regi, only to create the "priceless formula," which now constitutes the most successful rock/country band from Western Oklahoma--SKWYDRO

Originally, the band, then the "Good News," was created to put the brothers through school; however, the demand for their music--combined with their love of music--encouraged them to pursue their careers as musicians. "Music is our life," Dan explained. "We can't imagine leaving it for another line of work." Thus, the five-brother band followed its calling and traveled to Nashville.

Not long after their big move, one of their prayers was answered: Legendary Roy Orbison heard them, loved them, and invited them along as his band. Was this the "big break" they had dreamed of? Well, it certainly paved the way for an exciting future. The Price Brothers then went on to travel across the United States, Europe, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand fronting such acts as the Eagles, Ray Stevens, Sam & Dave, Hank Williams, Jr., Iron Butterfly, Gary Puckett, and the Union Gap. Believe it or not, while they were in New Jersey, the one and only "Boss" Bruce Springstein opened a show for them.

These musicians have even done their share of television and film

appearances. They have performed on the Midnight Special, the Tomorrow Show, AM Oklahoma, and even appeared in a movie. They also wrote most of the soundtrack for THE LIVING LEGEND. "It was quite an experience," said Chris. "We really enjoyed working with everyone." Included in that "everyone" was co-star Ginger Alden, Elvis Presley's fiancee.

This wasn't the end of their film career, however. Chris was asked to write a song for the movie ROADIE. Thus, he wrote "That Lovin' You Feelin'," which was performed by Roy Orbison and Emmy Lou Harris and went on to receive the highest honor in the music industry, the Grammy Award.

Amazingly, through all of the traveling and excitement, the Price Brothers chose to come home for a while and raise their families. All of the brothers are married, and each has children. Presently, they are continuing to provide us with wonderful music, performing regularly in clubs around the area. They are also general partners in a music publishing company in Weatherford and a booking agency. "We thought that maybe we could help some of the area musicians and songwriters get their start while we continue to pursue our careers," Dan said. The Priceless group is continuing its travel--making special stops in Nashville and Las Vegas, creating beautiful music and making Western Oklahoma very proud. ■

MARIA ARMOUDIAN, SOSU student from Weatherford, has blended two of her main interests--music and writing--in this article.





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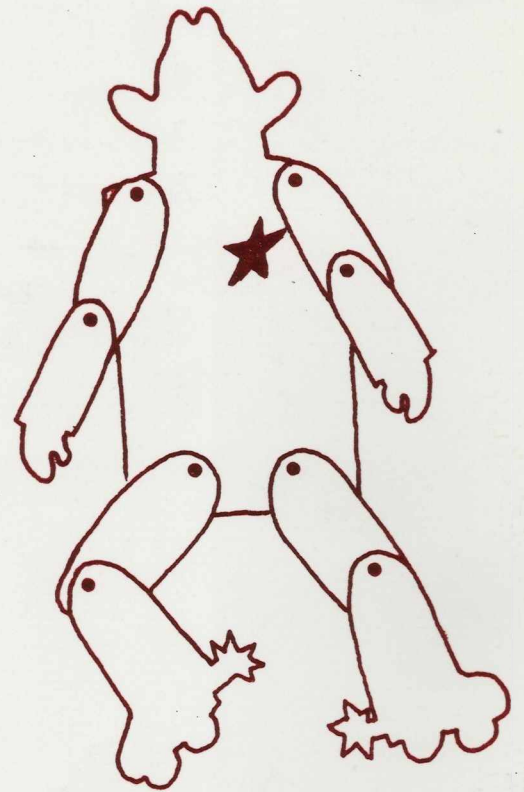
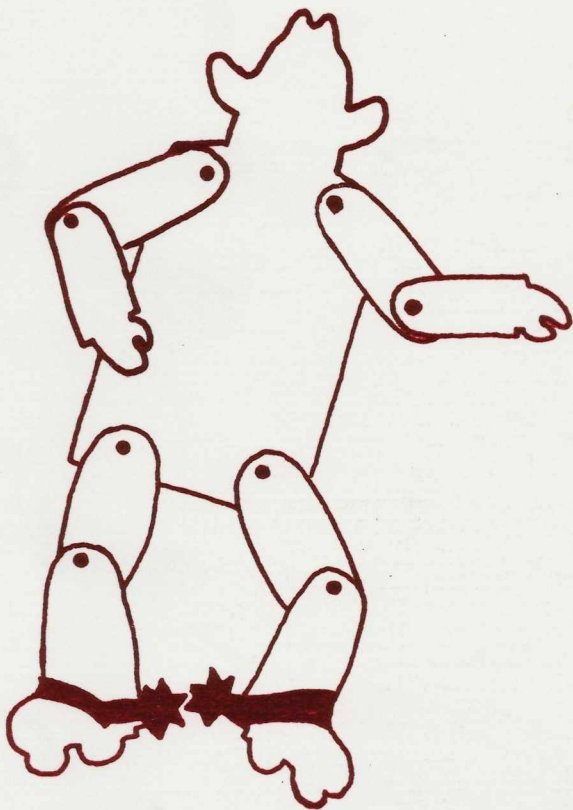


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