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FOREWORD

Potential contributors, you still have time to study our projections on the “Future Issues” page and query us about some writing ideas that are beginning to surface in your thoughts.

We even still have some space left in our Spring '86 issue on the theme “Western Oklahoma's Firsts.” We're excited about an article to be published in that issue on the first quadruplets born in Oklahoma, the Keys quads of Hollis; but as of October 21, 1985, other suggestions have been sparse.

And wasn’t the first bovine animal ever stuck in a silo from Western Oklahoma? There’s a story. If memory serves, that happened in 1951; I was still in high school at the time, so it may have happened somewhere else.

In the meantime, allow us some interpretation as you settle down to enjoy this issue on the theme “Famous Western Oklahomans.” Allow us the freedom to observe that not all our famous entities are people. You'll even find a community and a washboard in this collection. Who is to say that each didn’t have its place? If you think we need help, please extend it graciously. We'll appreciate you.

LEROY THOMAS
Editor
**Famous Western Oklahomans**

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**COVER**

photo of Jesse Chisholm provided by Glen McIntyre

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, Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096. All works appearing herein are copyrighted by the Southwestern Center for Regional Studies of Weatherford, Oklahoma.
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AUTHORS WHOSE WORKS APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

Evelyn Bachmann is a prize-winning poet from Tulsa.

Tena Bailey, a freelance writer and photographer, lives at Foss Lake and works at Feather Realty in Elk City. Her husband, Franklin, is president of the First National Bank of Hammon. Mrs. Bailey spent twenty years in the newspaper business, where she worked as Society Editor, reporter, and finally, Managing Editor of the LIPSCOMB COUNTY LIMELIGHT; she won the 1980 Texas Press Association writing contest. Bailey, who grew up in Custer County, has a children’s book to her credit and is extremely proud to be an Okie.

Dick Chapman, Poet Laureate of Arapaho, now 98, graces our pages for the “severalth” time in this issue.

Clarence Christian, active OWFI Board member, is a freelance writer from Ada.

Cale Conger is a freelance writer and teacher from the Weatherford area.

Pam Daugherty, granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Ryan, dedicated doctor and nurse of Thomas, is a 1985 graduate of Watonga High School and is now a SOSU freshman. Her poetry included in this issue first appeared in THE REGAL COLLECTION, a creative writing anthology done in 1984 by students in the Watonga Schools.

Fanny Dodgen, presently a freelance writer, is a former teacher in the Weatherford area. She makes her second and third appearances in this issue.

Maggie Culver Fry, Poet Laureate of Oklahoma, sings universal songs.

Opal H. Brown Garrity is a prize-winning, often published author, now living in Midwest City.

Diane Glancy, an officer in the PSO and an active member of the OWFI, is a prize-winning poet.

Con Hood, S.O.S.U. Language Arts professor and freelance writer, triples as co-sponsor of the S.O.S.U. CHAPBOOK.

Pat Kourt, a S.O.S.U. Language Arts alumna, teaches and writes from her headquarters in Thomas.

Glen V. McIntyre, a teacher and writer in Kingfisher, makes his WESTVIEW debut in this issue.

Alodie Nimie of Athens, Texas, is Fanny Dodgen’s fourteen-year-old granddaughter.

Marjorie Snowden North is a writer, wife, mother, and grandmother from Erick; she has produced many published works.

Joanna Thurston Roper, now gloriously living in early retirement from the S.O.S.U. Language Arts Department, enjoys filling her time with writing and taking writing courses at C.S.U.

Gladys Combest Rowlett, 93, was born in Union Star, Missouri, in 1892. Now a resident of the Carnegie Nursing Home, she has lived in Oklahoma since 1901, having come with her family from Missouri to Apache, Oklahoma. She lived in Fort Cobb from the early 1950’s until July, 1984, when she entered the nursing home. An avid writer, Mrs. Rowlett keeps in touch, through letters, with her two sons, eleven grandchildren, seventeen great-grandchildren, and three “great great grands.”

Fred Thurston, a native of Granite and a S.O.S.U. Political Sciences alumnus, is the General Manager of the Stroud Insurance Company of Weatherford.

Guinn Vanzant, a wife and the mother of two daughters, lives in Shawnee and attends ECOSU in Ada, where she is currently pursuing a career in Education.
They called him half-breed
and the connotations were good or bad,
depending on your side of the fence,
but true at any rate;
Cynthia was his mother’s name, Nacona his father’s.
Both fearless and feared, respected and sometimes —
but not always — loved,
he did what he had to do
in defense of his territory, his people.

Government made peace treaties
but Quanah knew no peace
for his way of life was being eroded
like prairie winds beating at sandhills;
ideals were being scattered like grains of sand,
irretrievable,

buffalo disappearing, land swallowed up
by fences and railroads and settlements
and by pale-faced men with tight cloth trousers
and wide-brimmed Stetsons and ropes and firearms.

The stage was set and young Quanah stepped out
with his band of Kwahadis to meet the challenge,
raided wagon trains, ranches, frontier towns,
plundered, killed, shook defiant fists in reality’s face
until the Red River War, 1874, 1875.
The Army’s orders: keep the red ones moving,
no time for rest, no time to hunt food,
no time for horses to graze, no time for peace.
Brutal weather, cold rains, snowstorms white and blinding,
shivering, bone-weary humans-turned-animal,
the chase grueling for red man and white man alike,
survival imperative for one,
victory for the other.
“The Wrinkled-Hand Chase” red men would call
this campaign later, and it ended one day
at Ft. Sill, June 2, 1875.
Surrender.

But Quanah was not one to sit,
and in the final analysis, not one to hold grudges.
Presidential appointments came
and the white man’s fiercest adversary became
a reconciler, peacemaker between two great races
whose blood surged, intermingled
in his own veins.
Whatever his name, he played an important role in Western Oklahoma history

Cowboy's Prayer
By Pam Daugherty

Late one night, after his rounds,
A lonely old cowboy bedded down.
He felt in his bones the time gone by,
and knew that soon he would die.
So he talked to the Lord to set things right,
And put his soul at ease before he went to sleep that night.
Often spoken, but never really heard,
These are that cowpoke's final words:

"Now I lay me down to rest,
I pray you know, Lord, I done my best,
To live in the ways that you see fit,
And not to fall into Satan's pit.
I've worked many a day, and worked 'em hard.
I've come early, stayed late, and gone that extra yard.
So when I come callin' Lord, I hope you'll find it in your heart,
To let me bring along a few things that are tools of my art.
First off, there's my horse; I'd be lost without him.
You see, on earth, he's been my only friend.
And not meaning to push you into somethin' by force,
But to do my job right I'll need the tack that goes with him, of course.
And if it's not too much trouble, I hope,
I could sure use a brand new rope.
These are just things that helped me get by,
And I'd like to take them on with me after I die.
You've been good to me, Lord, and I hope you understand,
That I can't live in either world, except as a cowhand.
So the last thing I'll need is a wide open space,
When you come to lead me from my final resting place
Thank you, Lord, for letting me get that off my chest."

Community

It's an easily identified place

Eakly
By Con Hood

Each of us has our Eakly tucked away, like lace within a fragile box
kept fresh with sachet. We have
locked our little box inside the trunk of memories,
"youth" engraved in lower case across the top.
By comparison, we look good

One Hundred Years Ago

By Donita Lucas Shields

Since the beginning of calendars, people have started out the New Year wondering what happened exactly one hundred years ago. Perhaps this is the human way of measuring progress, or perhaps there's a mystical belief that history can repeat itself every century.

One hundred years ago, 56,500,000 Americans (compared with 226,545,805 in 1980) woke up on New Year's Day wondering what would be in store for them. In 1885, the U.S. had already established itself as a dynamic industrial nation even though only 3,290,000 people worked in industrial jobs. At that time nearly nine million of the laboring force considered themselves farmers and were assisted by 15 million horses and mules in tilling their crops.

Salaries and wages in 1885 were a little more than subsistence. The average farm hand was paid $11.70 a month — less than 40 cents a day. A non-farm worker received an annual salary of $446 — or $1.22 a day. The highest-paid skilled laborers, the blacksmiths and stonemasons, earned a bit more than $2.00 a day. These low incomes provided little more than a bleak existence for the entire U.S. working people.

Back then just as today, people wondered how they could better themselves and improve their fortunes. This driving ambition had a direct impact upon the so-called vacant and unused Indian Lands of Oklahoma. Landless men demanded to be allowed entry into the manless lands of one of the few remaining American frontiers.

Oklahoma's contemporary history can be said to have begun in 1885. The millions of acres of fine grasslands in the western part of the state were legally made off limits to the range cattle industrialists who "leased" these lands from the Indians. By 1885, all cattle, fences, and permanent ranch headquarters had been removed, and the Great Western Cattle Trail was closed forever.

Prior to 1885, David Payne and his Boomer farmers repeatedly attempted to settle on Indian Lands. The last of these settlements near Stillwater was evicted by military forces on January 26, 1885. However, one more unsuccessful attempt, led by William Couch, was made in October, 1885, on the North Canadian River west of present-day Oklahoma City.

These settlers were also forcefully removed by U.S. troops, but a month later in November, 1885, a bill was introduced to Congress to permit white settlement on public lands in Indian Territory. Though Indians bitterly opposed this action, the enactment of the bill three years later allowed landless homeseekers entry into the forthcoming state of Oklahoma.

Oklahomans have made giant strides during the past one hundred years in agriculture, petroleum, and industry. Yet, most people realize that they cannot rest on past laurels and must, during 1985 and succeeding years, combat the devastating effects of an agricultural depression, a petroleum bust, and the industrial lag. Using both hindsight and foresight, Oklahomans face these modern-day problems with positive attitudes and determination as did their ancestors a century ago (first published in the SENTINEL LEADER — January 3, 1985).
Doctor William Albert Ryan
Norman Rockwell, you missed one! While you were capturing young love, childish pranks, old age, and city physicians, you overlooked a quiet Irish country doctor who remains a treasured memory to thousands of Western Oklahomans.

He called himself a "pulse and thermometer" doctor, but William Albert Ryan was a friend, confidant, and mentor to everyone he met.

Doc's arrival in Thomas, Oklahoma, in 1932, was one of those "I just came for the weekend and decided to stay" stories. His brother Red, a lawyer, had encouraged Doc to practice medicine in Watonga; however, during the thirties, starting a medical practice seemed impossible. Then, seven weeks later, two Thomas men, Bob Norris and Milt Hering, urged Doc to help them out for a weekend while their ailing physicians were recuperating. With only three shirts, eight cents, and an old Chandler car, Dr. Ryan moved to Thomas for a forty-year stay.

The OU Medical School graduate and former high-school wrestling coach wasted no time after his arrival in August, 1932. One of his first ventures was to choose a wife to share his long days and nights as a country doctor. He had met Mary Moore, an R.N. when he was a senior medical student. She had arrived in Thomas to nurse Mr. Southwell, who had pneumonia. Until Doc's death, Mary assisted him in his office. Their three children — Richard, Pat, and Alberta — filled Mary's time while Doc was busy tending expectant mothers or sitting by a patient's bedside.

Much of Dr. Ryan's memorable reputation revolved around his calm manner in stressful situations.

One cold December day, Doc's two sons raced across a pasture searching for a Christmas tree. Doc sat in his car reading a medical journal as he waited for the boys. Suddenly, shouts broke the silence as the brothers fussed and scuffled with a small hatchet. Never looking up from his magazine nor worrying about the dangerous situation, Doc, unlike most fathers, quietly said, "Richard, you get in the back seat. Pat, you get in the front with me." Both boys obeyed immediately, and the family drove home with nothing said.

Doc's calm mannerisms were also evident with his patients. In his green plaid flannel shirt and baggy khaki pants, he greeted every man, woman, and child as if that person were the only one in the world. In his tiny Main Street office, Doc would chew his plug of Day's Work tobacco, take a pulse, lean over to a small can on the floor, spit, and then listen to a patient's heartbeat. Even if Doc's patient needed only five minutes of his attention, the two of them might visit for half an hour while other people crowded the tiny waiting room. Mutt and Ruby Rymer, Doc's close friends for many years, recall, "He always had time for you, no matter what time of the day or night. He listened to aches and pains and problems and was especially good at cheering up the elderly. He was like a magnet drawing people to him. I swear, though, he looked like he oughta be settin' on a tractor insteada havin' a stethoscope around his neck."

Almost unbelievably, countless folks from the Thomas-Fay-Oakwood-Putnam-Custer area have said that they can't remember Doc becoming angry about anything. Perhaps his Irish tenor voice, either singing or yodeling, kept him at an even keel. Whenever his old car got stuck on muddy, red-clay backroads, Doc would warble " My Wild Irish Rose." He laughed easily at mishaps and gave credit to his Irish ancestry. "Why, if I weren't Irish, I'd be ashamed of myself!"

Webb Barton, Dr. Ryan's office helper through his high-school days, remembers Doc's giving credit for his yodeling to the "crippled boy of the air," a radio personality of the forties.

"Too, there were the long nights when I went with Doc Ryan to deliver a baby way out in the country. He always made me sit in the car where I'd sleep until he was through and then would wake me up for the drive back to Thomas," Webb recalls with a wide grin.

"Kids. He had a special way with them. Doc bought pigs for me to feed, just to keep me out of trouble. I also washed his old gray car for a quarter a week. I learned responsibility from him," continues Webb.

In addition to children, Doc thoroughly enjoyed animals. One of his few pastimes was coon hunting, which took him and his companions such as Leo Crowdis up and down Rough Creek and along the South Canadian River. There was hardly a creek or pond in the area where Ryan didn't hunt or fish, usually with his grandson Greg or the Alexander twins. He used the outdoors as his favorite cure-all.

Also, using some of his surgical expertise, Doc "deodorized" two skunks and often was observed walking down the street with those critters on his shoulders.

Doc seemed especially fond of one coon dog he owned. He liked to brag that it was his "hundred-dollar dog!" When asked how he knew it was a hundred-dollar dog, Doc remarked casually, "Because I traded two fifty-dollar dogs for him."

Besides a quiet sense of humor and calmness about life, Doc could get in a big hurry — especially if a life were at stake. Many people remember his trail-blazing to reach a patient. As one friend spoke of those times, "The Lord was with him when he drove. He could turn his car on a dime! More than once, he laid two wooden planks across a washed-out area to reach an expectant mother." Once in a snowstorm, Doc drove back into Thomas for medicine and then returned it to the patient.

Doc's time of relaxation ceased, no matter where he was, if he received a call from the hospital. "All you could see was a streak of dirt," a friend remembers.
Whenever his patient entered Thomas Memorial Hospital, Doc expected the best care for him. If the gentle doctor ever became ruffled, it was only after an ailing patient wasn't given the very best care.

“Old Irish,” as he sometimes referred to himself, had one character trait which upset many of his patients and close friends. He loved people so much that he wouldn't charge for his medical services. Bob Norris, a former owner of old Thomas Drug, once had a father-son talk with Doc, even though they were near the same age. Bob urged Doc to become more financially secure. “But I don’t want to charge more, Bob; I’d lose all my friends.” Since most folks had next to nothing during the Depression, that’s what Doc thought he should take from them — nothing.

Despite reprimands, Dr. Ryan continued delivering babies for $25-$35. Often he didn't charge at all but stated firmly, “That’s my boy there. No Charge.” He never knew how much a family owed him because he didn’t keep books. “People know how much they owe me” seemed to be his thought.

Ed Sweeney attested to Doc’s generosity when he remembered answering a call as a volunteer fireman across the South Canadian River east of Thomas. With a cinder in his eye, Ed went to the Ryan home late that night and wrote a check in the amount of ten dollars for the emergency medical services. When Ed went to the drugstore the next morning, he found that Dr. Ryan had left nine dollars in change for him.

Slipping money back into a patient’s pocket was not uncommon for Doc either. Because of such incidents, many of his friends paid him with cash only with a brief lecture attached to it. However, Doc and his family enjoyed cakes, chickens, fresh fruit, vegetables, and sides of beef from grateful patients. Also, the townspeople of Thomas presented a car and a boat to the Ryans in appreciation for their dedication.

Another mark of devotion to Doc was the long list of babies who were named for him. He estimated he had delivered close to three thousand by the end of 1970.

With his favorite tobacco or an occasional cigar, Doc loved to sit in the old corner drugstore with banker Charlie Johnson and swap stories. Because the two men were physically similar in size and shape, out-of-towners often mistook Charlie for Doc. The short, plump twosome enjoyed many chuckles about the mistaken identities.

Doc’s philosophy of life was simply “people first,” and he bragged about what a great community he served. Denying himself to help others was a major reason for the town’s success. He gave credit to Dr. Omer, one of his predecessors, for teaching him surgical skills. Doc talked lovingly of his mother from whom he said he inherited his compassion for others.

Even during his final hours, Doc was unique. He troubled no one as he prepared himself to go to the local hospital where he died of a heart attack. A previous attack had warned him to slow down and to take life easier; but of course, his medical practice took priority over his personal well-being.

Yes, he died just as he had lived for seventy-four years — quietly and unpretentiously. He “took life just as it came.”

On a chilly April morning in 1974, hundreds of mourners crowded the Thomas United Methodist Church and wept softly for a man who had admitted that he “might be a legend.”

So there he is, Mr. Rockwell, a venerable, beloved friend who gave every ounce of his energy to helping whoever was in need — Dr. W.A. Ryan, our wild Irish rose.
GRANDPARENT

When life can be worse than death

My Grandpa

By Alodie Nimie

I miss my grandpa.
The one who used to
Buy me gum.
Take me to the park
And push me in the swing.
The one who used to
Read me books.
Buy me Cokes and tell
Some jokes.
The one who watched
GUNSMOKE and POPEYE
And fixed me lunch.

I miss my grandpa.
The one who now
Sits patiently waiting
For whatever is to
Come to pass.
The one who waits til
Three o’clock to pick
Me up from a school
I no longer attend.
The one who has forgotten
The past and asks
Desperately for “Mama.”

I miss my grandpa.
The one who now has been
Struck with some dreaded
Spreading disease.
I miss the things he used to do—
Buy me ice cream
And sing with me in the pew.
No, he’s not gone yet
He lives on in my heart
As he used to be
But still sits in a nursing home
Waiting patiently.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

She may be nearly indispensable

Van Horn Is Named Representative

By the SOSU PR Staff

Sara Van Horn, who has served as executive assistant for two presidents at Southwestern State University, has been named the Southwestern Representative to the Higher Education Alumni Council of Oklahoma by Southwestern President Dr. Leonard Campbell.

Van Horn, who replaces retiring representative Dr. W. W. (Bill) Ward, will join HEACO’S effort to promote the interests of higher education in Oklahoma.

A native of Missouri. Van Horn received her Bachelor of Science degree from Central State University and her Master of Education degree from Southwestern

In 1961, Van Horn was employed as secretary to Southwestern president Dr. Al Harris. After Harris’ retirement in 1975, she continued as executive assistant to Dr. Campbell until she retired in 1981. Since her retirement, Van Horn has come back to Southwestern several months each year to work on the university’s yearly budget.

“As I have been so involved in Southwestern’s past,” Van Horn said of her appointment, “I am very interested in its future.”
They Don't Always Ride White Horses

By Evelyn Bachmann

I saw you striding through our town,
Head-high and handsome, debonair.
Remote, and somewhat shy, I thought.
You could have been a movie star.

I don't think you knew, how
Your aura drew sighs
From every female creature thereabouts.
And yet, perhaps subconsciously, you did.
And chose plain me for your heart's protection.

Old Wash Board

By Gladys Combest Rowlett

Old wash board, you have had your day —
Hard work, long hours, not much pay.
No mechanic was needed to keep you in gear,
Just strong arms and some elbow grease near.
A few hours' work and the task was done —
Clothes on the line to dry in the sun.
Then down behind the barn under the shade of a tree,
Where none but the cows and horses could see.
The men took a bath in a galvanized tub —
Off came the plow dirt with a rub a dub dub.
The water was warmed by the noonday sun,
And all were happy the day's work was done.
Then ready to get into nice clean clothes,
A fresh clean person, as everyone knows.

The automatic washer has taken your place;
Old wash board; you lost the race.
Now I can rest and read a book
While the clothes are washed — or see the dinner cook.
A dryer nearby takes care of it all.
Washing is fun, without much to.
When I look at my possessions,
I give a big sigh,
And I try to keep a tear from my eye.
All I can say —
Goodbye, old wash board, goodbye.
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Soul Mate

By Fanny Dodgen

Life had accustomed me to a sympathetic ear
until this unwanted guest invaded our domain.
Now soul-felt needs fall on uncomprehending ears
and unseeing eyes.
This loved one spends time on the treadmill
of meaningless tasks.
He feels the compulsion to go here or there
for imagined meetings
or rushes to open the door for parents long departed.
Vague recognizance of once-familiar objects
catches a fleeting attention as he says
"I want to take that with me when I go."
Nights he tosses covers,
puts heavy feet on the floor and rises falteringly
to leave behind a trail of lights
on the way to the cold living room.
Once there, he slouches into a relaxed position
"so I can rest."
Time continues regardless of the frustration
of that ill-understood disease
that possesses my loved one with its obsessions.
There must be a reason for one to be chosen
to share its unexpected quirks.
Meanwhile the time-consuming invasion stalks
into more and more of my moments and days.

Not necessarily just a beautiful memory

The Little Cotton Trees

By Clarence Christian

Oh, I know you have troubles,
But listen will you please?
My old back is aching;
I have scars on my knees.
I picked the white cotton
From the little cotton trees.

From the Canadian River bottom
To Lake Lugert rows,
I picked the white cotton
Until the cold winter snows.
From Hydro to Hollis
And all the way back,
I chased white cotton
To fill my long sack
From dawn of the morning
Until darkness of night,
I picked the white cotton —
To cotton so white
Along the big river,
Where the water ran red,
A sackful of cotton
I used for my bed.

My brothers, my sisters —
My mom, my dad, and me —
We picked the white cotton
From the little cotton trees.

Oh, I know you have troubles,
But listen will you please?
My old back is aching;
I have scars on my knees.
I picked the white cotton
From the little cotton trees.

Western Oklahoma cotton,
Very best of all,
Along the big ditches
Where the cotton grows tall.
Haiku about winter phenomena

Winter

By Maggie Culver Fry

Midwinter shower
pockmarking the meadow pond
as it scurries by

Grains from last year's crop
bursting into heated dance...
white popcorn blossoms.

Red-cheeked country boy
filling the kitchen woodbox...
scent of fresh cornbread.

Some Western Oklahomans are Memory

Retrospect

By Fred Thurston

Out of the cold and wind
When the chores are done,
No more chapped hands and lips
When the chores are done.
When the chores are done.
Back to the warmth of a friendly fire,
The dog by the door, the kerosene in,
And a newspaper over the high front-door window —
When the chores are done.
Outside the wind is cold
And fights you every step
Wonder if Daddy made it to work
Inside the wind makes music
Through the wires, the tree,
And the corner of the house.
When the chores are done.
A lamp on the table,
Hoecakes and syrup
And the Fireside Hour —
When the chores are done.
Mother writing a letter to Sister.
Winding the clock, sewing, reading,
Helping with arithmetic
When the chores are done.
Now deluxe is gone —
The stove, iron, firestove.
Lamp and musical wind are gone —
Also gone is that feeling
When the chores are gone.
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A parental horse in the Promised Land

Smokey

By Pam Daugherty

Around midnight, in a valley still green,
A mare lies in labor; her chances are lean.
But the Master is near, looking with a watchful eye,
He stands ready to protect the foal, should the mare die.
But the mare hangs on, determined to see her son,
For this colt will be her first and last one.
She stands and tries to go on,
But it's too late; she's too far gone.
And there in the cold, dark night,
The mare lies, still trying to fight.
That night, one life was traded for another —
One life shared by a son and his mother.
One life, shared by two and now by one,
For this life now belongs to the son.
This small, black colt looks for Mother everywhere,
But realizes now he'll be in Father's care.
The Master steps up, and the colt takes his place.
Then the Master darts off at a furious pace.
The colt stands a moment, shocked at Father's speed.
Then races off after the great ebony steed.
Days, weeks, months, and years all pass by.
Smokey stands near, for soon his father will die.
Smokey, yes, that small black colt,
Has grown to have the power in one thousand volts.
He's large and fast, yes he's gained speed.
From a small black foal, he sprouted like a seed.
But now he's Smokey the loner, out on his own.
Smokey whose future once again is unknown.
Smokey, who throws his head in the wind.
Smokey whose future is uncertain again.
Days, weeks, months, and years all pass by,
Now in a valley a mare in labor lies.
On this night, one life will be traded for another.
This time a daughter, but who will be the other?
Smokey stands near with a watchful eye.
But soon, he himself will die.
Yes, Smokey is the other life.
Suddenly, a wolf's teeth cut his side like a knife.
Smokey spins and starts to fight again.
But this time he's fighting the Devil over an uncommitted sin.
Satan screams, "It's your daughter or you!"
Smokey screams back, "Take me; my time is due!"
And then Smokey falls — never to rise again.
But Satan didn't get him, for he'd committed no sin.
Satan won the battle, though brought down by Satan's hand.
For now, Smokey runs through the Promised Land.

And a mother watches

The Sleeper

By Diane Glancy

Wide sweep of sky with a tail of rain.
My daughter sleeps in the backseat
Under an old sheet with three small holes
for eyes and nose when she was a ghost.
A piece of hair across her cheek,
a turtle on her finger.
Two women sit back to back across her eyes,
they speak with hands that hold her dreams.
Three crows cross the sky,
fly toward the spare sheet with holes:
a rain-ghost following
the small dark openings of her sleep.
An unsung Indian scout on white horse

Amos Chapman, Son of Western Oklahoma

By Tena Bailey

"Stand Silent. Heroes Here Have Been Who Cleared The Way For Lesser Men. Here on September 12, 1874, two scouts and four soldiers defeated 125 Kiowa and Comanche Indians."

These immortal words, carved on a monument at Allison, Texas, preserve for our posterity the heroic deeds of the frontiersmen at the Battle of Buffalo Wallow. Amos Chapman, Indian Scout, who was serving under the command of General Nelson A. Miles at that time, was Chief of Scouts at Camp Supply in Indian Territory.

Chapman has been cited as one of Western Oklahoma's unsung heroes. His years of service to his country, his quiet, unpretentious bravery throughout his years on the prairie, and his conduct at Buffalo Wallow made him a son that the State of Oklahoma can proudly
boast. He represented a breed of men that were not so common in the West.

Born in Missouri in 1839, Chapman came to Oklahoma as a lad and grew up in the country as it was at that time. Leaving family and close ties behind, he had only his conscience as his guide and only what protection a boy in knee pants could provide for himself. He wandered onto the Cheyenne Reservation trading calico, beads, and other items for buffalo skins. As a buffalo hunter and Indian trader, he became familiar with Indian Territory and the panhandles of Texas and Oklahoma, allowing him to qualify as an Indian scout. He led many wagon trains to safety across the wilderness before being employed by the army at Camp Supply.

FRONTIER TIMES, in its May, 1972 issue, ran an account of the Bigger's Wagon Train as it was led to Topeka by Scout Amos Chapman. Mrs. Edna Thomas' diary reads, "Amos Chapman is a quiet man and fortunately for us not a drunkard. Mr. Biggers says he is one of the most efficient on the frontier, but we would like to have an older man as a scout. He is rawboned and of dark complexion, slightly resembles an Indian."

Later in the account, the writer lists many of the heroic deeds of Chapman families became lost. They were captured by four Indians, who took their rifles and headed their teams away from Bigger's Train. When Chapman became aware that the families of Lunsford and Martin were missing, he started out to find them. When he caught up to them, the Indians had become drunk on whisky found in the wagons, and they were attempting to molest the women. One was dragging Mrs. Lunsford away by her hair when Chapman rode up and shot him. The remaining renegades ran for the horses, which had been released by the dark scout. Though Chapman was injured in the encounter, he led the families back safely to the train.

Chapman wore a wide-brimmed hat, and his vest was made of buckskin decorated with a fine beaded, Indian...
design. His hair was black, and he had dark piercing eyes, displaying alertness and shrewdness. While leading wagon trains, he often rode a white horse.

The late Buck Chapman of Darrouzett, Texas, oldest grandson of Amos Chapman, said, "Grandfather was a good-hearted man who always said he had no enemies. But he was tough in a lot of ways."

That toughness was especially evident in the battle of Buffalo Wallow. Chapman and the other surviving white men received the Congressional Medal of Honor for their deeds. Mrs. Ida Tollar, Chapman's granddaughter, described this horrendous encounter in the Dewey County historical book. Enchanted by the traditions of her Cheyenne forefathers, Mrs. Tollar explained the incidents which angered and frustrated the Indians:

"The Indians were disgusted with the white people for what they considered violations of the Treaty of Medicine Lodge. Lone Wolf of the Kiowas, Quanah Parker of the Comanches, and Little Raven of the Arapahoes spoke long and earnestly of war. Chief Lone Wolf was angry because the whites were crossing the Arkansas River and killing buffalo; and Stone Calf of the Cheyenne hadn't forgotten the Black Kettle massacre by Custer."

The Indians killed Pat Hennessey, a freighter, and in one week's time they had killed 175 white men and women and captured their children. At that time, Chapman was based at Camp Supply with General Miles as his commanding officer. Miles was sent out to quell the uprisings and to force the hostiles to surrender or participate in a decisive battle. Indian scouts Chapman and Billy Dixon were part of his troop.

Their efforts to rendezvous with the Red Man proved fruitless because the renegades had retreated toward the vast expanse of canyon country in the Texas panhandle. Ironically, in their flight they split forces, maneuvering to the rear of the Miles expedition where they positioned themselves between him and his supply wagons. Low on ammunition and without ample provisions, the general realized he would have to relay a message to Camp Supply for help.

Chapman and Dixon, accompanied by four soldiers, decided to deliver that message. Recognizing secrecy as their prized protector, they traveled at night with daylight finding them bedded down safely, where no eye sweeping the prairie could observe.

On the morning of September 13, 1874, as the men toppled a rise near the Washita River near the Texas panhandle, they came face to face with 125 Kiowa and Comanche warriors.

Led by Satanta of the Kiowa, the Indians formed a horseshoe with the two heels pointed toward the men, and they attacked, encircling them. These were the warriors who had shown fortitude in the painful Sun Dance, where one showed bravery by enduring hours of torture without food or water while tied to the top of the Medicine Lodge by thongs, slipped through loops cut into the upper torso of the Indian. Chapman recognized many of the young braves and knew they weren't facing cowardly men.

Outnumbered twenty-five to one, he watched the sea of Indians, armed with bows and arrows, spears, knives and rifles, moving closer. At the first volley, Pvt. Smith, who was holding the horses, was cut down. Every man but Dixon was hit.

There were no trees, no rocks, no ravines to shelter the wounded men. Chapman noticed a faint impression in the prairie sod, a few feet away, and he urged the men to stay together and work their way back into that impression, where buffalo had wallowed after rain storms.

The horses were released to prevent the soldiers being trampled beneath the flailing hooves of wounded animals. They carried away blankets, food, and water for wounded men. After working their way back into the wallow, the group began digging in with their hunting knives to form a small barricade against the repeated attacks. They pried the loosened soil around the sides of the buffalo wallow.

As the day progressed, they were running low on ammunition when Chapman looked yearningly at Smith's ammunition belt. He had fallen too close to the wallow for the Indians to seize it, and the small battalion needed cartridges badly. As the scout's eyes scanned the terrain, he saw Smith move.

"Boys," he said, "Smith is alive and I'm going after him."

Leaving his rifle, the agile scout ran from the barricade and tried to lift the helpless Smith. Though the man weighed only 170 pounds, he was dead weight; and he seemed to weigh a ton. Chapman found it impossible to shoulder him. He ultimately got down and put his back against Smith's chest, placing the soldier's arms around his neck. Chapman got up, but he could barely stagger under Smith.

As the burdened scout hurried toward the tiny garrison, a group of fifteen braves bore down on him. They all recognized the Indian fighter, and they shouted with glee: "Amos, Amos, we have you now."

As he turned to fire at the hostiles with his pistols, he let Smith drop, and friendly fire from his besieged friends was pumped into the Indians. Chapman fired most of his rounds before picking up the soldier and running for cover.

Before he could reach the wallow, another gang came for him. With only one or two shells left, he ran for cover. Amazed, he watched as a young Indian rode straight toward him.

Later Amos said, "I had fed that young scoutnre fifty times, yet he almost ran me down before he fired. I fell with Smith on top of me. I felt no pain, and I thought that I had stepped into a hole."

Dixon looked askance at his scouting buddy, "Amos, you're hurt bad" he whispered.

"No, I'm not," insisted Amos as he helped attend the fallen Smith. Pvt. George W. Smith had taken a lung shot and was losing both blood and air from the chest cavity. The scouts used a handkerchief to stuff the wound; then they propped Smith up beside Chapman so the warriors would believe they were "alive and well." Amos' ankle bone was piercing his boot. The bone had been severed by the bullet.

Without food or water, the men fought off repeated attacks of whooping, war-painted Indians. A cold front blew in from the North, bringing thunderstorms that drenched the small battalion in the wallow and left them shivering and miserable. Water filled the wallow,
mixing with the blood of the wounded men.

Hating the discomfort, the Indians melted like shadows back into the hills. During the night, Private Peter Rath went for help; but he became helplessly lost and returned, discouraged. No Indians were in sight, and the only sound on the prairie was Smith's sobbing. The private died that night, and his comrades fashioned, with hunting knives, a grave in the buffalo wallow.

At daybreak, Dixon went for help and found a supply train led by Major Price nearby. Price refused to assist the men, though he sent a surgeon to give First Aid. He did send a rider with a message to General Miles at McClellan Creek, seventy-five miles away. Delirious, without aspirin or whisky to relieve their pain, the suffering men endured another day. It was midnight before the sound of horses could be heard across the sage-covered hills and the bugles of the cavalry sounded. Thirty-five Indians had died.

At dawn, the wounded were loaded into wagons for the trip back to Camp Supply, but Chapman preferred to ride his horse, with his shattered leg secured to the stirrup.

In his official report, General Miles said of the battle, "It presents a scene of cool courage, heroism, and self-sacrifice which duty, as well as inclination, prompts us to recognize, but which we cannot fitly honor."

Colonel Dodge, when referring to the fight, said, "Heroic was the conduct of all, but that of Chapman deserves the most special honor; for he received his wound while performing a deed that which in the loftiest of manhood can nothing nobler be."

Back at Camp Supply, Chapman's leg had to be amputated below the knee. While he was recovering, his clothing had to be hidden to keep him in bed. He was fitted with a wooden leg, for which he acquired the nickname 'Pegleg.' Though the loss of his leg may have impeded his walking, he could ride and shoot uninhibited. He learned to mount his horse without assistance, and until 1892 he continued as Chief of Indian Scouts at Camp Supply.

The scout married the Indian Princess, Onehiou, or Mary Longneck, granddaughter of Black Kettle. They built a home near Seiling, Oklahoma, where they reared ten children. Amos taught Mary to cook, and she taught him the Indian ways.

Years later, Buck Chapman said, "Knitski (meaning Grandmother in the Cheyenne tongue) kept house like a white woman. I always liked her. She made beaded things for me, including a beaded baseball."

Many of the beaded items on display at the Pioneer and Indian Museum in Woodward, Oklahoma, are believed to be the art of Buck's beloved Knitski. When I interviewed him in 1976, he spoke fondly of his grandparents. He was born in their home while his father completed his own house across the creek, east of Seiling. Buck attended PowWows and Sun Dances with his grandparents. Many times, the Cheyenne camped on Amos Chapman's land, and the family enjoyed the visits. Both Amos and Onehiou were loyal to the Cheyenne Tribe.

"Grandfather always drove a frisky team," Buck's sister, Mrs. Ida Tollar of Seiling, said. "He fell from his buggy, and the fall caused his death on July 18, 1925."

In September of 1976, the bodies of the scout and his wife, Mary, were moved from an obscure resting place on the family farm. They were entombed at a place of honor in Brumfield Cemetery at Seiling. Bearing the emblem of the Oklahoma flag, a historical marker proudly designates the spot.

Author Wayne Montgomery of FRONTIER TIMES WROTE, "Chapman was one of the most able scouts on the frontier; and he had a way with Indians, second only to Kit Carson. No more colorful man ever rode the mountains and deserts of the West."
The sweet fragrance of Mama

Homecoming

By Guinn Vanzant

Mama was home. I came in from school and potatoes were frying, cornbread baking, and beans bubbling in the pot because Mama was home. We filled our plates again and again and told about school and funny Mrs. Martin and how many trips we made to the principal’s office. Mama smiled and shook her head from side to side, but we just giggled and ate more cornbread and beans because it was all right with Mama.

On cold winter nights the quilts were warm, thick, soft, and clean-smelling. I snuggled down deep inside those quilts — all snug and warm while the wind whistled and howled outside all night long. I heard the sounds of Mama working in the house, getting things all done up and ready for tomorrow: the cabinet doors opening and closing, the clanging of pots and pans and the clash of utensils, and Mama humming the amazing grace of Jesus our Lord. I was lulled to sleep by the swish of mama’s apron and the shuffle of her feet as she went from room to room checking doors and windows. I knew we were safe for the night because Mama was home.

When my eyes burned and my throat ached, Mama rubbed my chest with salve and kissed me on my cheek. It made it so much better, and I smelled Mama all night long and felt her warm kiss. She dabbed a cool, wet rag on my fevered brow, and I dozed with Mama near. I knew I’d be all right because Mama was home.

The bacon sizzled in the big iron skillet and my nostrils woke the rest of me up. I smelled Mama’s coffee, and I lay there listening to the sounds of morning and of breakfast. It made me get up out of that warm bed and scurry across the cold hardwood floor to the warmth of the kitchen and to Mama. Morning was morning and breakfast was breakfast because Mama was home.

I wore my best dress and shoes. I fixed my hair in its most becoming way. I had butterflies in my stomach. Mama told me I would have fun in spite of it all. She told me about her first date, and we laughed and Mama made it easier for me to wait. Then when he stood me up and I cried like a baby, Mama held me in her arms again. And somehow it was all right because Mama was home.

Mama cried at my wedding and she held me close to her and said if I ever needed her she would be there for me. Then she threw the rice and waved goodbye.

I walked through the doors with the sound of the choir still buzzing around inside my head. My gaze went from the empty cookstove to the quilt folded up in the corner to the heavy ceramic mug hanging from the hook by the coffeepot. I lifted the bright red rose to my cheek and its sweet fragrance filled the room — because Mama, my sweet Mama... was home. (winner of the Alpha Chi Award at ECOSU in Ada — Spring, 1984). 

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WESTVIEW, WINTER 1985
Lamar Holland swatted his son on the seat as he scuttled barefoot out of the house. The door banged limply behind the boy, its spring barely moving. The rusty screen wire bulged outward, and the flimsy unpainted dividers sagged loose. The day was hazy. Hazy near, hazy far, Lamar thought. His son's pale uncombed hair blended into the haze. Boy, he looks like his mammy. Macy was a good woman — he'll be a good man.

The boy stopped, rabbit-like, at the corner of the hen house. With one hand on the corner of the old building, he turned and looked back at his father. Fear showed in every line of his frail body. Haze swirled in pointy wisps between Kenny and his father. Lamar pushed open the door and waved the boy on. Kenny darted from sight. Gone.

Lamar felt an urge to yell at him — call him back — protect him. A gruff chuckle rose to is lips, and pain constricted his throat. Protect!

Lamar moved back into the kitchen — dingy and small. Last night's dishes sat on the cabinet, cold and streaked with scum. The chipped percolator was on the stove. Cold. He turned toward the kitchen table and sat down. A stack of bills, letters, faded brochures had slid into profusion. Another letter, crisp and milky white, lay apart, still partially folded in half.

Lamar touched the letter with fingers heavy and awkward, yellowed with nicotine. But he pushed it aside. I've paid the debt. That day. And for a while he worked in his field all day and stayed home at night with Kenny.

He smiled now, thinking how Kenny had ridden on his cotton sack that fall or stayed at the wagon in the hot afternoons. Then there was the day he had let Kenny stay at the house after dinner. Kenny had whined and begged off gettin' drunk just because Kenny ain't home.

The neighbors had stayed on, poking through the burned timbers of his house for signs of anything not totally destroyed. They piled up a motley collection in the side yard — blackened dish pans, bed springs, chains, hammer heads with the handles burned out, even Macy's old metal box which held nothing but duns and messages from the new Triple-A thing in Washington. Lamar had pried open the warped box and looked with despair at the clean, white envelopes, all opened across the end, some with the jagged little strip of paper clinging to a corner. Faced with the total destruction of his house, there were still those debts.

But that other bill — the debt that needed a dun — it loomed larger to him than the ones with letterheads and dates written in. The next night he went back to Mutt's Bar.

Buford and Maurice had agreed to keep Kenny for a while, but not without Buford's warning. "Now don't you go off gettin' drunk just because Kenny ain't home."
"No, Buf, I won't. I'm gonna get me a job in town for awhile."

"Well, your cotton needs hoein' right now."

"I know, I know. But I gotta get some cash money."

Lamar went to work at the depot, delivering for the dray line. And he lost his first paycheck in a poker game.

Old Man Mooreland was letting Lamar live rent free in the two-room shack across the road from the house that burned, and the neighborhood ladies had taken up collections of old furniture and sheets and dishes and pans, and clothes for Kenny. Wonderful ladies — the same ones who had sat up with Macy night after night. So Lamar had Kenny back with him while he tried to keep up with his farming and the dray line in town.

But money, Lamar remembered. There never was enough. His hand slid toward the crisp letter he had pushed away — then slid back as if it might burn. The debts were unrelenting — as unrelenting as Buford's exhortations to "pull yourself together," "get your feet on the floor," "make some earnings, I don't have any way —"

"We-ll, Lamar, we gave your markers to a man we know. None of us could afford to carry you, and he said he'd do it."

"Who?"

"We-ll, Lamar, you just get your markers paid real fast, and it won't bother you who he is."

"Ernest —"

"We-ll, Lamar, I gotta go back now. You have a pleasant walk. This fresh air'll clear your head."

The trip home had never been so long or accompanied by such desperate thoughts. For weeks he had been refusing to look at the amount that he owed. He had stopped paying the gin and the elevator, so he had been unable to plant cotton in May and there wouldn't be any wheat either. Last April he had planted a little bit of maize because Buford had given him the seed.

Then the man Ernest Neeley had spoken of sent a messenger to pick up the money — a total he told Lamar, of $3100. Lamar had begged for a little more time.

"My kid's been sick," he said. "You know how it is with doctor bills."

Cont. on p. 35

The dead end hopelessness, the treadmill of despair confounded Lamar. He had to farm to pay his bills, but he didn't have the money to buy the seed he had pushed away — then slid back as if it might burn. The debts were unrelenting — as unrelenting as Buford's exhortations to "pull yourself together," "get your feet on the floor," "make some earnings, I don't have any way —"

That weekend Lamar did win — only enough to pay for his chair in the game, but the boost to his ego was tremendous. He began the six-mile walk home at eleven o'clock Sunday night in high spirits. He felt buoyant enough to have walked twice as far. One hundred dollars, he thought. I won it. But the high spirits faded. I was better off winning twenty down at Mutt's, he thought. He remembered the stillness in the room at the Russell when he asked to sit in. Some of the men shifting in squeaky chairs — probably all of them thinking about things they'd heard. Lamar Holland owes the gin for last year; owes the grocery store; owes the elevator for seed wheat. Slowly the joy went out of the big game.

But by morning he had recaptured some of his spirit. He reasoned that with more practice, he could soon win more than it cost to buy in, and with the extra money he could begin paying his debts. It won't ever involve Buford, he thought. I've got to have some way —

"We-ll, Lamar, since we're splittin' up, we all need to pay the banker. I b'lieve you got some markers still out, don'tcha?"

"Yeah - but - "

"We-ll, Lamar, you take a day or two, but I'd get 'em paid off." Neeley's voice was soft but insistent.

"Ernest, unless I win some games and make some earnings, I don't have any way —"

"We-ll, Lamar, we gave your markers to a man we know. None of us could afford to carry you, and he said he'd do it."

"Who?"

"We-ll, Lamar, you just get your markers paid real fast, and it won't bother you who he is."

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The guys at Mutt's Bar. Lamar felt two strong emotions — desperate enough to risk desperate enough to risk — then slid back as if it might burn. The debts were unrelenting — as unrelenting as Buford's exhortations to "pull yourself together," "get your feet on the floor," "make some earnings, I don't have any way —"

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A playful poem by a playful poet

**Smilin’ Joe**

By Dick Chapman

Whatever the reason, whatever the woe,
no difference the heartache —
Keep smilin’, Joe!

Your head near bursting,
pain fills you with woe.
Just lay back your ears and —
Keep smilin’, Joe!

Friends forget you,
don’t see you’re a bit slow.
Stand straight; throw back your shoulders —
Keep smilin’, Joe!

The way may be rough,
the outlook seem dreary,
the miles getting longer,
no rest seeming near,
with the night coming on.
And weary the soul,
the distance too great for a traveler to go.
But just grit your teeth and —
Keep smilin’, Joe!

Famous in their own right

**Circa 1889**

By Pat Kourt

Staking family claims, they slept recklessly in covered wagons or nestled in tents.

Building sod shanties, they furnished humble rooms but envisioned their future prosperity.

Searching for fuel, they chopped locust and cottonwood but used sun-dried cowchips instead.

Bartering with foods, they traded eggs and cream for shoes and tools or swapped for clothes.

Birthing their young, they reared them carefully or buried them silently with pain.

Treating their fevers, they rubbed goosegrease in turpentine and mashed onions in sugar for coughs.

Laboring in hope, they grew coarse and sunburned but shaped the stubborn clay into productive farms.

Hearing the bobwhite, they knew God’s presence and shared His bounty with grateful neighbors.

Living, loving, working, dying — they were frontier forefathers, Western Oklahoma’s best!
He was a useful and important life

Unknown Famous Man

By Glen V. McIntyre

He has a cattle trail named for him—as well as schools, creeks, streets, libraries, restaurants, and even drive-in movie theaters; yet no one really knows who he was. His life as an Indian trader, interpreter, guide, and peacemaker has been pieced together by historians from bits of journals, army records, and reminiscences—leaving many parts still unknown and others tantalizingly fuzzy. Jesse Chisholm evolves today as perhaps the most unknown famous man in Western Oklahoma. He was involved on the edges of some really interesting incidents in early Oklahoma history and directly involved in some of the most important.

One of the barriers in the way of understanding Jesse Chisholm is a problem concerning names. He is often confused with another man—John Chisum—a New Mexico cattlemans. In fact, John Wayne played that Chisum in a movie titled CHISUM, and Billy the Kid at one time worked for John Chisum.

In addition, although Jesse Chisolms name is associated with some of the earliest days of settlement; and although the bulk of his life was spent in East Central Oklahoma, his greatest achievements and his death are firmly tied to Western Oklahoma.

Chisholm was born in the eastern mountains of Tennessee either in 1805 or 1806. His father was Ignatius Chisholm, a Scotch trader; his mother, Martha Rogers, was a full-blood Cherokee. She was a sister of Tiana Rogers, the Cherokee wife of Sam Houston when Houston lived in what is now Oklahoma from 1829-1834. Thus, Chisholm also a distant cousin of the famous humorist Will Rogers.

Jesse's family moved to Oklahoma in the 1820's with some of the Cherokee known as the Old Settlers. Cherokee who moved to the West voluntarily instead of waiting to be forced to move as were those who came on the Trail of Tears.

It's believed that the Chisholm family was in the neighborhood of Fort Gibson (near present-day Muskogee) by 1825 and historians have found a record of Jesse, in 1830, putting in the low bid to supply the garrison at Fort Gibson with grain.

By the mid-1830's he had joined up with the trader James Edwards, who had a trading post near the point that the Little River joins the South Canadian a few miles south of the present-day town of Holdenville. Edwards had married a Creek Indian woman and had two daughters named Eliza and Lucinda. By 1836, Jesse had married Eliza, the oldest daughter. Eventually, he would have two sons, Frank and William, by her. The Chisholms made their home a few miles up the Little River from Edwards' store. Here Jesse continued to live for several years, using it as a base for trading expeditions out into Western Oklahoma.

The first Jesse served as a guide and interpreter was in 1834 for the famous Dragoon expedition.

In June 1834, the First Regiment of Dragoons under the command of Brigadier General Henry Leavenworth and Colonel Henry Dodge left Fort Gibson to venture out onto the plains and make contact with the various Indian tribes. This expedition included as junior officers Stephen W. Kearney, who would later lead the Army of the West in the Mexican War, and Jefferson Davis, later President of the Confederacy. The famous artist George Catlin was also included. In addition, thirty Cherokee, Delaware, Osage, and Seneca warriors served as guides and hunters. One of these was Jesse Chisholm.

The expedition first went south to the general area of Tishomingo, then west to the Wichita Mountains. Near the Wichitas, the Dragoons had a peaceful meeting with a large group of Comanches—possibly the beginning of Jesse Chisholm's lifelong association with the Comanche tribe.

A few days later the Dragoons reached the village of the Wichita tribe set in what is now called Devil's Canyon in the Quartz Mountain State Park.

This expedition was successful in making peaceful contact with Plains tribes. Some of them—including the Kiowa—were even taken to Fort Gibson in 1835 for a peace conference at which Jesse Chisholm was one of the interpreters.

In the 1840's, Chisholm's talents as an interpreter were used again and again. In 1841, James Edwards reported that Chisholm could talk the Comanches into sending a delegation to Washington. In 1843 and 1846, Chisholm was present at councils held at Council Springs near present-day Waco, Texas.

Also, in 1843, Jesse Chisholm's name appears as a footnote to the life of Sequoyah, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. Sequoyah had gone to Mexico looking for a band of Cherokees who had moved to that country, hoping to convince them to return to the United States to join the rest of the tribe. During the trip, Sequoyah vanished. A party of men was sent to search for him, and eventually the searchers found that he had died and been buried in Mexico. When they returned, they dictated their account of Sequoyah's death, and Jesse Chisholm signed the document as a witness. He was probably one of the few men in the area who could write.

In 1846, Eliza, his wife, died, but he kept up his connections with the Edwards family until 1859. In 1847, he married Sakhakee McQueen; by her he had four children—Jennie, Lucinda, Frank, and Mary.

In 1849, Chisholm's talents as a peacemaker proved useful again. The Gold Rush in California had begun; and although a majority of the settlers went by a northern route, a considerable number went by the southern route or California Road, which went along the South Canadian River. Jesse Chisholm was sent to talk to the Comanches and convinced them to allow the settlers safe passage through Western Oklahoma.

He continued as a guide and trader through the 1850's establishing another trading post near Asher in Southern Pottawatomie County and then in 1859 starting a trading post in the Council Grove area in far Western Oklahoma City.

The coming of the Civil War to Indian Territory brought bitter division both inside tribes and between tribes. Even during this terrible conflict, Jesse Chisholm tried to be a peacemaker. He held conversations with many Plains tribes, convincing them to remain
Jesse Chisholm was born in 1805 of Scottish and Cherokee descent. He came to Indian Territory in the 1820s and for 40 years he operated trading posts near Aris, Purcell, Watonga, and Old City. He was also a guide, freighter, interpreter, salt works owner, and peacekeeper. He was well known among the Indian Nations, and in 1866, he took part in a council on the Little Bend. He was also present at the Council of Medicine Lodge.

The photo shows a rather shy, tired, aging man with gray hair and a stubble beard. It doesn't tell of the fourteen Indian languages he could speak, nor of the many peace councils he attended. It doesn't speak of the many expeditions he guided or of his legendary gun-shyness. He evidently rarely, if ever, wore a gun—an unusual thing for the times. In regard to the picture, the cliche, "You can't judge a book by its cover" is surely fitting.

In 1867, Jesse Chisholm began what would be the last major enterprise of his life. Along the North Canadian River in present-day Blaine County, there are several salt flats. In the early spring of 1868, Jesse Chisholm went north from his home in the Council Grove area to work the salt flats. After he had refined a load of salt, he retraced his path down the North Canadian River, stopping on March 4 to camp at a place called Left Hand Springs.

These springs are a few miles north and east of Geary. Here, Chief Left Hand, an Arapaho, liked to camp as the springs provided a good source of fresh water.

According to the story, Jesse Chisholm died on March 4, 1868, after eating bear meat cooked in a copper kettle. The cattle trail which is named after him had begun only in 1867 and wouldn't really hit its stride until after Chisholm's death.

Jesse Chisholm was buried at Left Hand Springs in a grave whose exact location isn't known but whose approximate location is fixed by a grave marker erected many years later by the Oklahoma Historical Society. Its inscription reads: "Jesse Chisholm, Born 1805, Died 1868. No one left his home cold or hungry. It's an epitaph which any man would envy. However, considering all the councils with the Indians in which he participated over his entire life and his work to keep the Southern Plains quiet, perhaps we should add "Blessed are the peacemakers" to this epitaph of a useful and important life."

Monument to Jesse Chisholm erected by the Oklahoma Historical Society. Photo by Dr. Ray V. McIntyre.
Stately in looks and in history, the museum of Watonga stands a monument to the late Thompson B. and Elva Ferguson and pioneers of the Watonga area. The three-story white mansion with cupola, balcony, and balustrades was built in 1901 for the newspaper family who also served as sixth Oklahoma Territorial Governor and First Lady.

The downstairs, once used for entertaining, is filled with period furniture provided by people in the area. The second floor has bedrooms and a sitting room, where the Fergusons did much of their work. It was in the southeast bedroom that Edna Ferber, as guest of Mrs. Ferguson in 1927, began writing CIMARRON.

The third floor, once a guest room, is now used for the archives. Many old newspapers and magazines contain information by and about the Fergusons and other people of Blaine County.

A stockade fence at the back of the lots encloses the first Watonga jail, a log cabin, and a shed. The white, box-like jail was built in 1893. When a new jail was built years later, the original one was purchased and used as a shop. Doyle Pettis gave it to the city, which then restored it for the museum.

The structure is divided into the jailer’s section and two cells. “Guests” of the cells left their fragmented mementoes on the walls. One has: “Wed. Apr. 18, 1894.” One states: “10 days to go & $2000 bond.”

Other messages say: “Any man who occupies this cell is going to hell,” “Hell hole,” “God bless,” and “Wilson Hotel.” A caricature of two people probably represents the inmates.

The only indication of heat is a small, pot-bellied stove in the jailer’s section, and the toilet is a hole in the floor with iron bars and board covers.

The cabin, built in 1870, in one of four, which surrounded the way station three miles west and three-fourths north of Watonga on the North Canadian River. It was ordered by Congress as part of a U.S. Cavalry post after the Northern Cheyennes in Nebraska and South Dakota were sent to the area.

It was also a lodging place for Westward-bound emigrants. The shed, more recently constructed, covers old tools and vehicles.

Principal honoree, T.B. Ferguson, was a native of Iowa reared in Kansas and also married there to Elva Shartel. He made the run into the Unassigned Lands in 1889 and staked a claim near Oklahoma City. He settled in Watonga and with his wife established the WATONGA REPUBLICAN. It became one of the leading newspapers in Oklahoma Territory.

In 1897, President William McKinley appointed him postmaster at Watonga and in 1901, President Theodore Roosevelt appointed him governor of the new territory.

During his term, he eliminated deficit spending and prompted Oklahoma’s participation in the Saint Louis World Fair in 1903. In addition, he advocated increased funds for education and prison reform; he also organized the Board of Agriculture.

At the end of his governorship in 1906, he returned to Watonga and his newspaper. He died in 1921, but Mrs. Ferguson continued to operate the business.

How did this home become a museum? The Mothers’ Self-Culture Club, an affiliate of the Federation of Women’s Clubs, initiated the project. The city bought the property for $9000, and departmental workers assisted with the first jobs.

The Oklahoma Legislature appropriated $35,000 for restoration, and the Department of Tourism and Recreation assisted. The first curator was Florence Tomlinson. More recent curators have been Iva Mae Hinkley, Lillian Cronkhite and Martha Bradford.

During the first ten years — 1972-1982 — some 34,000 people were escorted through the museum. It’s free and open to the public weekdays from 9:00 to 5:00 and Sundays from 1:00 to 5:00. It’s closed on Christmas Day.
Changing thoughts

Chameleon

By Dick Chapman

Thoughts from happy to sad,
From bright to dull,
From good to bad —
Uncontrollable thoughts there are
From me to you,
From you to me.
Forever there will be
Chameleon.

When memories are king

Remember

By Dick Chapman

Remember when?
Yes, I remember when —
when the world was new,
when you took time to think of me,
and I was thinking — thinking of you.

How much more pleasant the days were then
than now, but oh how slow they crawled along
'til evening came stealing by and I could look
into those sparkling eyes.

But long ago the sparkle dimmed and ceased to shine
and I the only one who must think alone
of those glad days of long ago.

Time takes its toll.
And I ponder on those happy days of the past.
When will we meet again
so that I can gaze into those sparkling eyes?

Earthly end to real companionship

Sequel to "Soul Mate"

By Fanny Dodgen
(August 15, 1985)

As I sit alone in the gathering darkness,
Sounds begin to echo
through the halls of my mind.
I hear the click of the door on the maroon Cutlass
as it closes for the fateful ride
to the rest home —
The administrator asking questions
concerning my loved one —
a piercing scream of a patient
as he beats savagely on his chest —
Down a long corridor dishes and trays rattle
as suppertime nears.
Nearby are the sounds of shuffling feet and wheel chairs
being pushed or wheeled toward the dining room.
Now the official papers rustle
as they are stacked together.
And I rise to hurry toward the exit
not saying goodbye or looking back
as the tears flow and the sobs begin to come.
Addie Harp, who was famous mostly for her eccentricity

The Last Visit

By Cale Conger

Yes, you go on out, Bernadine. There's no need for you to sit in here every day and night. If I need anything, I'm perfectly capable of leaning against the buzzer with my elbow. After all, you have it pinned right there on the arm pad of my chair. I know I can't pick it up and press it the way I used to before I had the stroke, but I've learned to do a few things.

Heh, ho, ha. You've lost out, Addie Harp. It's hard to believe that old motor-mouth Addie can't even utter a sound anymore. Of all the things to happen to me. Well, there's one thing about it: I'm not going to be swishing around all over this neighborhood talking about my neighbors. Swish indeed! Not even stumble! I can't even use that four-footed walker. So I'm doomed, I guess, to sit here in this chair and while away my days and nights thinking about the past.

Past? Yes, I really have one to think about. It's just filled with people like Betty Hanks and Helene Goltry and Aggie Norden and Chester and Myrtle Fairbanks and Lige Nelson and Jim Lowry and Marilyn and Old Man Overby and Poppa and Momma and Bertie and Genie and Marinelle Bradley and Bill Potter.

Uh, Bill Potter. I haven't even so much as thought about him this last millennium. In fact, I guess I've conditioned myself not to think about him. Huh! Talk about the perfect crime! I know in my heart that I killed Bill, but didn't it work out wonderfully that Marinelle is the one who went to prison? So both of us have paid--each in her own way. Marinelle has paid in prison, and I've paid in this makeshift snake pit with Bernadine and all these people in white clucking around me.

You really had it coming to you, Bill Potter. If there really is such a thing as reincarnation, and I strongly doubt it, I'm perfectly capable of leaning against the buzzer with my elbow. After all, you have it pinned right there on the arm pad of my chair. I know I can't pick it up and press it the way I used to before I had the stroke, but I've learned to do a few things.

Twitch of my nose, a gleam of the eye, a glance of recognition, even the students in my high-school English classes after I'd already asked them questions. All I can muster at best is a Mona Lisa look. Good honk! that was almost fifteen years ago! How time does fly when you're young, beautiful, energetic, and involved.

What's that I hear? He asked me if I knew him. Evidently he doesn't know anything about my condition. He looks as if he can't believe that the old gray-haired woman dressed in an expensive red velvet robe is really Addie Harp. Probably the hardest thing for him to believe is that I'm not uttering a sound. For all I know, he may be thinking 'No, that can't be Addie. Not only isn't she talking, but she also doesn't have a twitch of my nose, a gleam of the eye, a glance of recognition, or a good-humored smile. All I can muster at best is a Mona Lisa look. Good! Maybe it means something to him because he's beginning to talk softly to me.

So you're Doug Norwood. Well, I'm a jump ahead of you. I already knew that, and I'm not even a wizard. Yes, I know. You used to be my next-door neighbor. It's too bad you got such high falutin' attitudes. Doug, after you came back from that year's lectureship. You and Laura thought that you had to build a house on Knob Hill. Considering the way Marilyn Lowry treated all of us like dirt the night we stormed her fort,' I'm surprised you would want to be anywhere close to her and him. But there you are next door to those snooty Lowrys when you could still be right here on Poplar Avenue next door to Addie Harp. But Doug, even though you haven't kept in touch, I never have done away with the trust fund for your children. No, it's still there intact. In the event of my death, Stephen, Larry, and Jennifer will have no worries education-wise. Even if they decide not to go to the university here in Grimes, my trust funds will pay for a handsome education for each of them.

You ask why. Well, it's simple. For a long time I showered love, affection, and gifts on the Lowry children, but as they grew older, they always seemed to look upon Aunt Addie as moreso a relic than anything else. I lost interest, and they did too. So that's the way it was and is. After a while, even a nice auntie gets tired of laying out gifts and never receiving
as much as a thank-you card.

Thank God for Momma. She may not have been a very well-educated woman, but she really taught us girls the social niceties. I remembered how aggravated Bertie, Genie, and I used to get at her at gift times. She would load up our loot and tell us that we couldn't play with or use any gift until we provided her with a thank-you note all ready to put in the mail. That didn't hurt us a bit and it made us conscious of the need for manners.

My word! How long had it been before today since I had thought of Genie? She had so much going for her, and it ended so soon. My, she was the prettiest little thing, and she never met a stranger. And talk about talent! It was just oozing out of every pore of her body. Her violin teacher, who had once been on the concert stage, told Poppa and Momma that Genie had the potential to be a concert violinist. There wasn't a civic club or church in Grimes that Genie didn't play the violin for. She even had a full Music scholarship at the state university, but she lasted two years. She met a young accounting student, fell in love, and married him. By the time she would have finished a degree, she had died in childbirth. Twenty-two years old! Her death just as surely killed Poppa and Momma as anything imaginable. For a long time after Genie's death, I couldn't pray, and I also couldn't stand to look at Ralph. But the picture always changes, and before long I considered Ralph one of my best friends. But I was always glad that his and Genie's little baby girl didn't live.

Be thankful, Doug, that you didn't have to hear all that again for about the millioneth time. How my mind does rattle on. Talk to me, Doug. There are thousands of questions that I want to ask you. So just talk to me.

It's amazing that you would even want to come out here today. Oh, you're visiting some people from your church. Well, that's good, but you always were a do-gooder — and not in a pious way. Do my eyes tell you anything, Dear Friend? I'm imploring you to tell me about the children, about Laura, and about your job. I know that you have received several advancements since we were neighbors. I wish I could clutch your nice firm hand, kiss you on the cheek, and tell you how proud I am of you. Maybe I would have gone further in life if it hadn't been for that silly dream I had of being the wealthiest woman in Grimes. Poppa was partially responsible for that. He was very aggressive — an overpowering motivator. He thought that Shakespeare and grammar were a waste of time. I remember that I was in my junior year at State and Poppa asked me every weekend I was home when I was going to start making some money. I told him that would come in time.

It was an obsession for me that year to do well because Poppa always kept up with my grades very closely. He had the philosophy that he expected perfection if he was going to shell out money for a girl to be educated. That was a terrible semester. I received a C+ in one of my major courses. I was enraged as I stormed that bastion of academe, Dr. Loring's office. I argued with him for several minutes to no avail. Disgusted, I finally decided to leave. But always being one who liked to have the last word, I paused at the door and told Dr. Loring that I had accepted the C+ on paper but that it would always be a B- in my soul. Obviously the Good Doctor also liked to have the last word because when I received my grades, I learned that Dr. Loring had turned in a B+ for me. For as long as I remained at State, Dr. Loring always had a special greeting for me: "Addie, I changed your grade to a B-on paper, but it will always be a C+ in my soul." So your new job is going well. I'm happy but a little surprised since I have always thought of you as a classroom teacher and not an administrator. I know I was miserable to Locono after I was shifted from the classroom to an administrative position. But to each his own, I always say!

Well, Doug, you're really paying me back. All those years you listened to me rattle, and now you're doing the same thing. But it's not fair! At least you were always able to break in occasionally. And now all I can do is sit here and try to smile, which I can't do of course, and try to look interested.

You say you really enjoy my fountain? I do too. In fact, I think I would go mad (or madder heh, heh) sometime if I didn't have that fountain to look at and this parakeet to listen to. Don't be confused by the bird, Doug. Even though he keeps asking "Wanna buy a bird?" he's still not for sale. No, Sir, I couldn't do without that one. The fountain came from the Rankin Gift and Flower Shop. You'll never guess who had it sent up here — it and the bird too. You got it — your neighbors from Snob — uh Knob — Hill. Yes, Jim and Marilyn Lowry. I used to think that they were able to build that mansion because Jim was stealing from me. I think I still believe that deep down in my soul. It's just impossible for me to conceive of how a country lawyer who never goes any farther than the county seat to try cases could ever amass all the possessions Jim and Marilyn have. And I understand that it's really expensive to send children to school nowadays.

Well, anyway, one day not long after my last attack when I lost the grip in my hands and the ability to speak, Jim and Marilyn were out here whispering around with Bernadine. I heard Marilyn tell Bernadine that she thought a fountain down at Rankin's and a parakeet from Downing's Petorium would be just the thing to make me take interest in life again. She described in detail the dazzling beauty of the fountain and told Bernadine that she wanted to have it delivered and installed. Bernadine told her that I had even lost interest in my stories on TV but that she supposed it was worth a try. She was right. I no longer really cared whether Bob and Lisa ever got back together or whether Ed and Holly ever derived lasting happiness from each other.

I think it was later that same day that the fountain arrived. Bernadine even had to move out one of the beds to make room for the fountain. From the first I made up my mind not to like it, but as soon as it was turned on, I wondered how I had done without it. The subdued lights and the sound of trickling water were soothing. And that bird — oh that bird — has been my favorite companion during my moments of silence. His fowl instinct tells him that I am here in body but unable to communicate. He's the tamest thing I've ever seen. Sometimes Bernadine lets him out of the cage; and he comes over here, perches on my shoulder, and yaks on and on — ha — just the way Addie Harp used to harp! "Wanna buy a bird? Pepper's a nice bird. Addie's a good girl."

But honestly, Doug, every time I look at that fountain and listen to that bird, I think of those Lowrys. As long as I live, I'll never forget about the way Marilyn treated all of us the night we dropped in — you know that night after we had been to the cemetery and Harp Park on Memorial Day. That was a long time ago, wasn't it? I really think Marilyn was upset mostly because we had interrupted her watching THE ADDAMS FAMILY on TV. Marilyn's a TV addict. I don't suppose she has read a book since she finished high school — and maybe not before then. There's always someone
around who'll do a book review for a price. Ask me. Addie's Underground Research Paper Bureau was a thriving business at State during my senior year. Finally I was so tired of Poppa's constant heckling about when I was going to make some money that I decided to get into a lucrative business. Sometimes I would get as much as $250 for a ten-page paper, depending on the economic status of my client. I've always regretted that I didn't stay on at State the next couple of years after I finished my Bachelor's. As a graduate student, I could really have cashed in on Master's theses and doctoral dissertations. But by the time I went back to work on a Master's, I had to do it in the summers since I had a teaching job at Locono nine months of the year. So there was no time for ghost writing.

By that time anyway, I was beginning to dabble in the stock market. I had an excellent broker who was managing to help me get good dividends, so I considered my research bureau a mundane idea. Besides, researching was more work than playing with the stock market. . . .

"Well, Dr. Norwood, as I live and breathe! I haven't seen you for a long time!"

"Hello, Bernadine. You're looking vigorous. You don't seem to be getting any older. What's your secret?"

"Well, Sir, if I have any secret at all, it's hard work. And maybe being here at Hilltop Manor and seeing all the people who suffer constantly or those who are lonely and depressed or completely unaware of where they are. I can't help but be thankful to the Lord God that I'm still able to be up and going. So what brings you here, Doctor? I was preaching so hard that I didn't even think to ask you."

"Well, originally, I came out here to visit with some friends from my church. Before they had to give up farming, they used to rent some of Addie's farms."

"Could that be the Nordens?"

"That's right, Bernadine. So you do remember them."

"Yessir, I never could forget those two. They gave Miss Addie some very uneasy times several years ago before it became evident that she was no longer able to live at home even if I stayed there most of the time."

"What happened?"

"Well, Sir, Miss Addie received a letter in the mail that had all the words pasted from cutouts. The message was BE SURE TO WATCH THOSE HICKS WHO FARM YOUR LAND. THEY'LL BE THE DEATH OF YOU!"

"So what did Addie do?"

"She took for granted that the note meant that the Nordens were out to kill her, so she began barricading herself in a little basement room every night. She must have slept there like that for three months."

"Do you think the Nordens were capable of murder, Bernadine?"

"No, Sir, they never did strike me as that type. That's the reason I tried to get Miss Addie to quiet sleeping in that stuffy place."

"Bernadine, if they were ever capable of murder, they have surely changed now. You have never, I'm sure, known two nicer people. They are calm, peaceful, contented old people waiting for death—never complaining, never feeling sorry for themselves."

If Bernadine and Doug had been watching closely, they could have almost detected a wince from Addie. She was delaying judgement about the Nordens, but as for now, there was no way that she could believe anything but the worst.

"Who do you think sent that note, Bernadine?"

"It's the kind of thing that either Bill Potter or Marinelle Bradley could have done."

"I'm a little hazy about the Potter-Bradley episode in Addie's life."

"Well, Sir, it was those two who finally pushed Miss Addie off the deep end."

"I remember you told me a little about that the last time I talked with you. My, that was the night Laura and I were out here to see Laura's aunt. We didn't even know Addie was here until we heard her fighting with the aides."

"Yes, I remember that. Miss Addie still had it in her mind then that Hilltop Manor was her home on Poplar Avenue. She was always grabbing hold of the visitors out here to take them on a tour of her home."

"Does she still think she's on Poplar?"

"I can't be too sure about that. All I know is that she gave up the tour business after that night. One day I heard her mumbling to herself that they could just have it—that the upkeep and the bills were too much anyway, that she would just sit back and let them take care of it."

"So you think she's still in that dreamworld?"

"I wouldn't be at all surprised."

"What did trigger all this trouble?"

"Well, do you remember that tea party Miss Addie gave for Dr. Bradley?"

"How could I ever forget it? I was the only male there, and I was the featured vocalist who had to sing to Birdie Kincannon's accompanying."

"It was after that party that Miss Addie started giving away everything. She hadn't figured it out at the time why they were doing it, but Mr. Potter and Dr. Bradley started interfering."

"How did they do it?"

"Well, they sent me on a long errand one afternoon while Miss Addie was resting. I shouldn't have gone, but I did because they convinced me that Miss Bertie and her husband needed to be met at the airport in Marsden. Knowing how Miss Addie loved her relatives, I jumped into her car and drove off without another thought."

"So were they there when you got to the airport?"

"No, and I waited for the next two flights. They never did show up."

"So what did you do then?"

"I finally went back home. When I got there, Miss Addie was flapping around like a drunk dolphin talking about how hard she had worked moving everything to Marinelle's."

"Was it true?"

"Indeed it was! I started looking around and found out that all kinds of priceless things were missing."

"As I remember, this was about the time Addie left for Hawaii with Potter."

"Yes, Sir; and although Miss Addie didn't know it, Dr. Bradley went too. A few hours after they got checked into a hotel, Miss Addie went out into the hall to look around. She heard Mr. Potter in an alcove talking to someone."

"And it turned out to be Dr. Bradley?"

"That's right, and Miss Addie found out the two of them were married to each other."

"What did she do then?"

"Well, there she was with no money and wondering what she would do. Suddenly she remembered that she always carried one bank card for insurance, so she booked a reservation on the next flight home."

"Did Potter ever return here?"

"No, but by that time the enterprise here in Grimes that he had started with Miss Addie's money had already folded.
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so there was no reason for him to come back."

"Is he still in Hawaii?"

"No, Sir, we heard later that he died from poisoning. Dr. Bradley escaped to Puerto Rico. For a long time, we thought she was still there, but then we heard that the Hawaiians had picked her up and charged her with murder."

"How did they connect her with Potter?"

"Well, when they went to that hotel, Mr. Potter put Miss Addie in one room and then registered himself and Dr. Bradley as husband and wife."

"I guess Dr. Bradley left in a hurry."

"Yes, she left too fast to please the Five-O people. They checked her room and found an assortment of needles. That was all the evidence needed."

"So Dr. Bradley-Potter is rotting in prison now."

"That's the story, and she never realized anything from what she helped Bill Potter do to Miss Addie."

"What about her property on Poplar?"

"Well, there had to be a sheriff's sale to dispose of everything; the woman was heavily in debt."

"Was it a combination of all these things that did this to Addie?" He gestured at the limp, velvet-attired figure in the only chair in the room.

"Yes, it was only about a week after she returned home that she became completely uncontrollable. Mr. Lowry, as her executor, made the decision to send her out here to Hilltop Manor. He said that there would be barely enough money left to see her through the remainder of her life. But he told me that he wanted me to be her paid companion."

"I don't know how she would have made it without you, Bernadine."

"Really, Dr. Norwood, it's been an act of love. How could anyone turn away from someone like Miss Addie?"

"How long has she been speechless?"

"For only about six months."

"Does she ever try to speak?"

"Never."

"Do you think she knows what's going on?"

"She definitely does. Don't you, Honey?" Bernadine squeezed Addie's arm. Addie looked as though she might be about to say something."

"Does anyone ever come to see you?" He decided to use a new approach.

"Well, actually, Dr. Norwood, most of Miss Addie's friends are already dead. The only ones I can think of who have been here were Mrs. Goltry, Miss Hanks, and Mrs. Fairbanks."

"Myrtle Fairbanks? Why in the world?"

"Well, she had her reasons. Grimes had a centenniel celebration last month, and Mrs. Fairbanks won the title Mrs. Grimes Centenniel. She had to come out here to strut her okra."

"Oh yes, that would be Myrtle Fairbanks' immediate reaction—pour vinegar into Addie Harp's gaping wound."

"If it had been anyone else, I wouldn't have believed it."

"How did Addie react?"

"There wasn't any change in her expression, but she seemed to be pushing herself away. I hope Mrs. Fairbanks pays for this."

"She will. Be assured."

"Well, Dr. Norwood, I've enjoyed this chat. But now I have to go look in on my mother. She's out here too, you know."

"You go right ahead, Bernadine. I want to say a few words to Addie."

"You come back, Dr. Norwood. I have the feeling that this visit has been a help to Miss Addie."

As Bernadine left the room, Doug began trying to talk with Addie. "Addie, thank you for so briskly stealing into my world. Having you for a friend has been one of the most interesting things in my life. I'm going to try to come back to see you often. When you get those hands back, we can play dominoes or canasta. I remember how you have always liked table games. What else can I bring? You know you can depend on me."

For the first time in several months, Addie seemed to want to speak. It was painstaking work. "D....d....d....d....g....g...."

"Bernadine, come quick," Doug screamed as he ran down the hall. "She said Doug!"

Continued from p. 24

"The messenger glanced at Kenny and back at Lamar, silent and supercilious, unbelieving. "I'll tell my boss you'll have the money in a week." And he left.

In a week and one day the letter came. Lamar's fingers fluttered toward it again — and moved back.

A car pulled into the yard. From the kitchen table, Lamar could see the black roadster bounce over the rain-
washed gullies in front of the house. Lamar was standing when the front door opened. The same young man had returned — the same fixed smile and flat brown eyes.

"Mr. Holland, I believe you have a packet of money for me."

"Why don't you just sit down — we'll talk —" Lamar's voice was weak and breathy. He put his hands on the table to support himself.

"No, Mr. Holland, I didn't come to talk. If you'll just give me the money, I'll be on my way."

"Mr. —. It just wasn't possible. I didn't have enough time. Give me awhile. I'll manage some way. I'll —" Lamar watched, mesmerized, as the young man's hand moved slowly toward the inside of his coat.

Kenny, crouching under an April-green mesquite behind the hen house, heard the shot.
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