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W E S T V I E W

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA

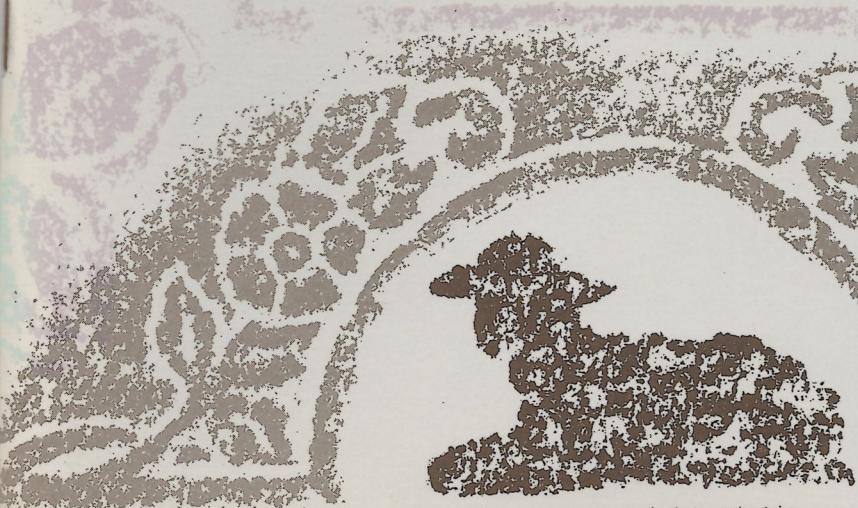
VOLUME 9

NUMBER 1

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WESTERN OKLAHOMA CEMETERIES



FOREWORD

Some of us worry, and others of us merely get concerned. For a long time, our Western Oklahoma Cemeteries issue, this one, was a matter of concern. We thought that it would never fill up.

But when interest began to build, our pages grew like Topsy.

We feel sure that some of our other issues that are now lagging will turn out the same as this one since we know that we have free-lance writers out there whom we can always depend upon.

We are grateful that instead of faltering, interest continues to build as we begin our tenth year of publication. Even so, we are in a period of transition since our former Publisher, Dean Donald Hamm, has retired; and he is missed. With no cemetery overtones intended, we do herewith dedicate this issue as an honor to Dr. Donald Hamm, Dean Emeritus of SOSU Arts and Sciences and Publisher Emeritus of WESTVIEW.

Dr. Hamm's successor will be introduced in the Foreword of our Winter, 1989 issue.

Still here,

Leroy Thomas

Leroy Thomas

Editor

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At Peace

By Margaret Friedrich

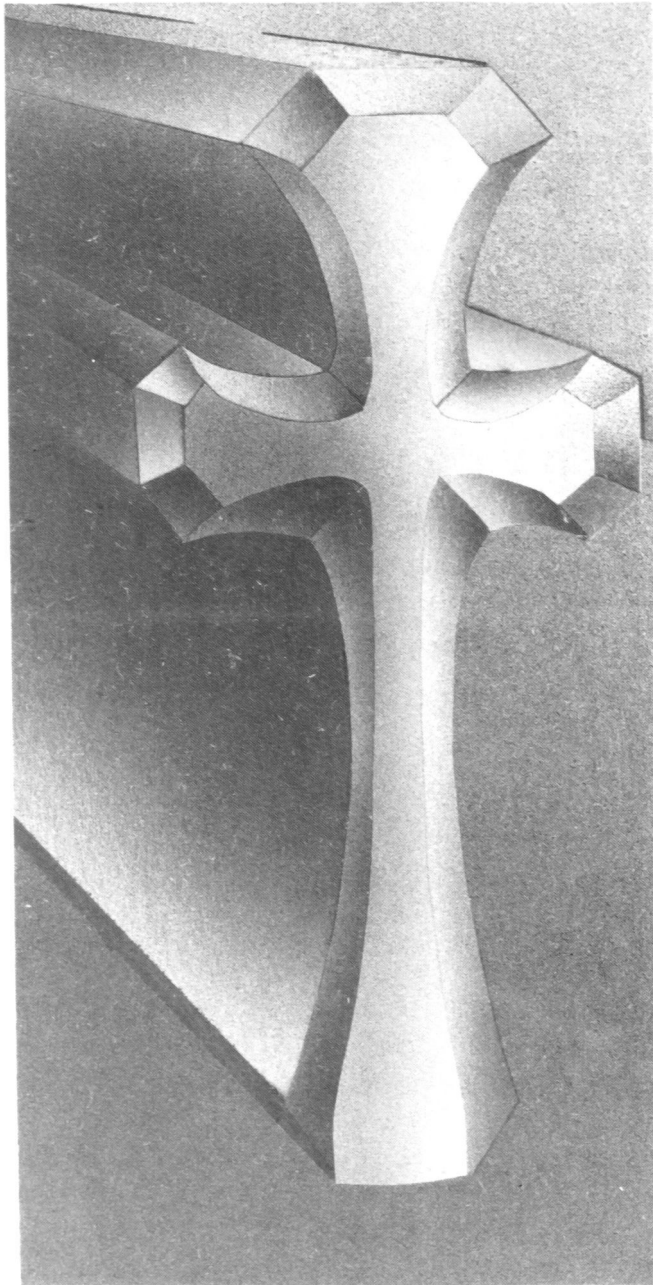


Illustration by Sue McGuire

MARGARET FRIEDRICH from Clinton is a member-at-large of the OWFI. She contributed to *WESTVIEW*, Volume 1, Number 1, and has continued from time to time to write for her favorite journal.

Peace Cemetery lies beside Highway 183 near Bessie in Western Oklahoma. It shares the name of the church founded by a group of immigrants who left Russia in search of freedom to worship God undisturbed. Those pioneers named their church **Peace**, echoing the desire of their hearts. The cemetery is across the road from the church; it faces the wide western window which depicts in rich colors the Ascension of our Lord. The stained glass suggests a message of love and hope and peace to lighten the burden of those who mourn. Remarkable is the degree of support all share, one with another. No family has ever met sorrow alone. Every member has given love and shared the loneliness. Reflected here are the thoughts of one whose family has been deeply involved in that cemetery since its beginning.

He walked with me and talked with me of love and of the land. We sat on a grassy knoll and spoke of God and His enduring love. We wandered among the gravestones, and he told me of those whose names were cut into the markers. See! Here is the wee white lamb in stone which marks the place of the first to be interred on the wind-swept prairie—a tiny newborn—and beside him his brother, only seven. Ah, the children! Life was cruel to the little ones in those early days.

Twin arches of pure white marble mark the resting places of two sturdy young men, victims of violence in the new wild land.

A black iron cross stands at the head of the pioneer leader, the Joshua who led the pilgrimage. Did he live long enough to savor his dream?

Oh, here lie the remains of the lovely young daughter taken by the terrible epidemic of typhoid fever in 1910. A favorite of all and mourned by everyone, she was only sixteen.

Stop! This is where they laid their mother—a family of teenagers. The mound that covered her was blanketed with lilacs she had grown. Ever afterward, the fragrance of lilacs in the springtime brought an aching loneliness.

Gladly he answered the call to war for his beloved country. He met his Maker on a dark battlefield on the Dark Continent. For his parents, it was the end of bright earthly hopes.

The wise old Pastor rests from his labors here among those he had so often counseled and comforted.

Brave young horseman! Here he lies, somehow killed by the horse he loved, gone at fifteen.

It happened at Christmastime. The collision of two pickups took the lives of three near and caring neighbors. Two of them were elderly; the third was the vibrant young Sunday School superintendent. At that happy season a whole community was left in mourning.

At eighty-plus he came here to rest. Father, dear Father who went without a coat so that his sons and daughters might have shoes to wear to school. In this God-given land the young must be educated, for they will give back to their country the enduring qualities of faith and character.

Not one of the nearly five hundred bodies buried here in Peace Cemetery can hold the soul that dwells in a better land within the care of One who is All Wise.

At last it is my time to say farewell to my Beloved. No longer will he walk nor talk with me. But how precious are the memories. Our hearts and minds were intertwined. Our faith was shared. Our prayers were blended. Still I walk among the gravestones. My heart is at peace. ●

WESTERN OKLAHOMA CEMETERIES

1. FOREWORD	LEROY THOMAS
BESSIE	
2. AT PEACE	MARGARET FRIEDRICH
APACHE	
4 IN SEARCH OF DAHA'S GRAVE	DALE HILL
BINGER	
6 GRANDMA CALLED IT DECORATION DAY	KAREN YOUNG
BLAINE COUNTY	
7 CHEYENNE MEMORIES	PAT KOURT
CADDO COUNTY	
9 MEMORIAL DAY	IMOGENE BARGER
BUTLER	
10 COMMUNITY THAT CARES	EULALIE ANN NAIL
CLINTON	
13 PARKERSBURG CEMETERY	IDA VOWELL ROBERTSON
16 INDIAN CEMETERY	MARY E. SMITH
FOSS	
17 THE FORGOTTEN ONES	WENONA L. DUNN
ERICK	
18 THE ERICK CEMETERY	MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH
LOOKEBA	
19 JOHNSON INDIAN CEMETERY	IMOGENE BARGER
FOUNTAIN	
20 VOICES OF IDENTITY	JANET FOUNTAIN

MARTHA

22 SURROUNDED BY CEDARS	KATE JACKSON LEWIS
OUR TOWN	
24 EPITAPH	LYNN RIGGS
24 OF OAK AND INNOCENCE	LYNN RIGGS
25 ACCEPTANCE	KAREN GRAVES GOFFINET
27 INDIAN GRAVEYARD	MARY E. SMITH
28 PROPPING UP THE TOMBSTONE	GLEN V. MCINTYRE
29 BRIEF GLORY	GLEN V. MCINTYRE
29 HOME	GLEN V. MCINTYRE
30 CHIMNEYS AND TULIPS	VESTA-NADINE SEVERS
31 SILENT CITY	MARION DODSON
32 THE AWAKENING	RACHEL A. GLENNIE
32 THOUGHTS	DARRELL SAGE
33 EVERGREEN	PAT KOURT
34 THE ULTIMATE REUNION	RICHARD F. HAY
35 LATE SUMMER IN OKLAHOMA	MARJ MCALISTER
36 ABANDONED FARM HOUSE	MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH
37 GONE AND PARTLY FORGOTTEN	KAREN HUDDLESTON
38 MEDITATIONS	GEORGE L. HOFFMAN
SILVER CITY	
40 REMEMBRANCES	GWEN JACKSON
WEATHERFORD	
42 THE GRANITE LENS	R. SAM LACKEY
SPECIALS	
43 WESTVIEW WINS	STAFF
43 BOOK REVIEW KENT RUTH	MARGIE COOKE PORTEUS
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44 FUTURE ISSUES	STAFF

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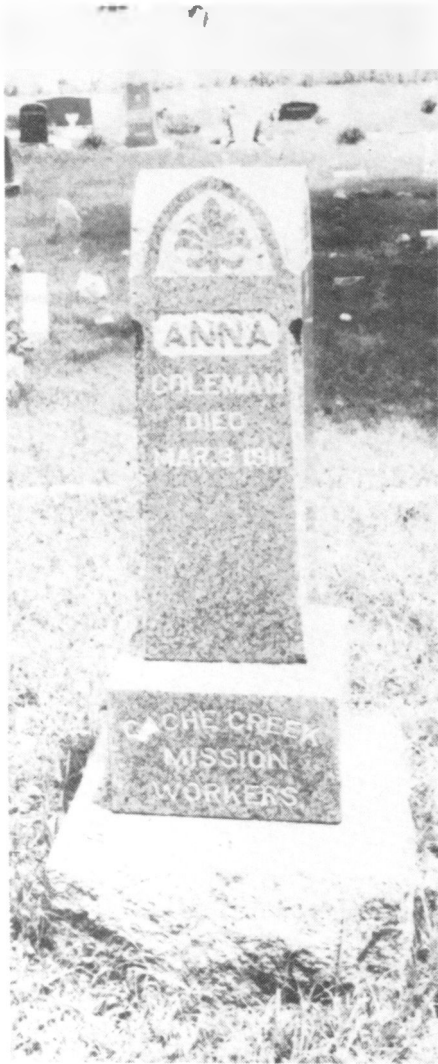
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*Anna Coleman's grave.
Could Daha's be right behind it?*

IN SEARCH OF DAHA'S GRAVE

By Dale Hill

"Daha Creek," I said, looking at the trees that curled through the pastures to our left.

"Yep," my guide told me. "Named after ol' Chief Daha, a

Kiowa-Apache. The government built three homes back then for three chiefs—Stumblingbear, Whiteman, and Daha. Hoped it would settle them down. Daha's was over there on the knoll in front of those trees."

I strained to look as the car slowed. The house had long been razed.

"Daha didn't live in it, though. Never would. It had two bedrooms, but Chief Daha lived in a tent down by the creek."

"You think we can find his grave?" I asked.

"Well..." the old man said as he speeded up. I had made arrangements with him to go over to see an Indian cemetery not far from where I was staying.

We turned the corner at Boone, just west of Apache and drove south. "How did Boone get its name?"

"Albert Boone. Named after Albert Boone, grandson of Daniel Boone, the Indian agent at Anadarko for the Kiowa-Apache tribe. He was still there in 1907 when Oklahoma became a state," my friend said and then brightened. "Boone was where I went to school for many years."

I saw a graveyard ahead and figured it was the cemetery we wanted.

"No, that's not it," I heard him telling me. That's the white Cache Creek Cemetery. The Indian one is farther on down."

We drove another mile and turned back about a half mile. There it was to our left. We saw a cement archway that had on it the notation COMANCHE INDIAN CEMETERY—1934. Beyond the sign was a well-kept cemetery, decorated with flowers by recent Memorial Day visitors. Actually, the cemetery is located in a field with a pasture to the left and wheat fields to the right

with a row of Chinese elms as the boundaries.

"All these Indian graves?"

"All but one. One white crippled lady who worked for the mission was buried out here—Anna Coleman."

"Which gravestone's Daha's?" I asked as we parked on a small road adjacent to some gravestones.

"Follow me," my guide ordered and then began to lead me over to some graves.

"There's no one that knows anymore about these graves than I do," he said. "Shoot, I went to school for years with a bunch of these Indians back in the late teens and early twenties, I guess."

He began to give me a tour of the cemetery. I was amazed at how many names I recognized from school—Poafpybitty, Oyebi, Chalepah, Archilta, Hugar, Cisco, Wetselline, Killsfirst, Redbird. Some of the graves had large headstones with both their White name and their Indian name. I couldn't begin to pronounce the Indian names.

"Most of the Indians with the big stones had oil," he said as he pointed out some of the larger tombstones.

I saw many infant graves, and some of them were marked only with wooden crosses. I couldn't help but think of my own daughter's grave in Northern Oklahoma. Graves represent not only the completion of life but also lives that were never completed. I became very depressed.

"Look over here," he yelled. "Here's where the Parkers are buried, Surely you've heard of Quanah Parker. This is his family."

I stared at the names Lynn, Thomas, Jerome. Some of the graves were homemade. Others

were obviously commercial. I remembered a Boy Scout camper from Lawton whose name was Quanah Parker.

"Tom and Lynn were his sons," he continued. My thoughts were interrupted.

One of the graves had the heading CYNTHIA ANN PARKER—INFANT OF. . . Again I felt the pain. Then I spotted a large, flat stone that had the inscription

**KNOX TAKAWANA
1888-1941
THE LAST OF THE
HORSEBACK
BOW AND ARROW
BUFFALO KILLERS**

"I saw him perform one time. He tried to kill a buffalo with just a bow and arrow," my guide told me. He then pointed out other graves such as Yellowfish and his son Wiley Yellow-

fish. He told how they raised longhorns and sold them to the Whites who would, in turn, sell them to the government to give back to the Indians.

"There she is!" he shouted.

He was pointing at a large tombstone taller than all the others, with Anna Coleman's inscription.

My thoughts raced as I jotted down some notes. If I were to take a test over all these names, who they were or what they did, I wouldn't do well. I remembered a young Indian student who was making A's in Oklahoma History.

"You didn't do as well in your other history classes," I mentioned. "What's going on?"

"Mr. Hill, this is different. This is about my people." Was I beginning to understand?

"But where is Daha's grave?" I finally asked after a half hour of fruitless searching.

"Well, I can't say for sure,"

my guide said. "You see, they were buried by us white folks back then, and sometimes they didn't bother to mark the graves. He was probably the first one ever buried in this cemetery, but I can give you a good guess."

He walked over to the Chinese elm tree that straddled the middle of the cemetery and then walked a few steps north. There he stopped at some graves marked with just stones.

"If I were a bettin' man, I'd bet it would be one of these," he said as he pointed to a cluster of graves marked by a single stone. There was no writing on the stone.

I stared. How much Indian history have we lost? How many unmarked graves and unmarked cemeteries hide a fortune in Indian lore right here in Western Oklahoma?

DALE HILL, a SOSU graduate now teaching in the Anadarko Public Schools, makes his first appearance in WESTVIEW with this story.



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Family reunion

GRANDMA CALLED IT DECORATION DAY

By Karen Young

Cemeteries, tombstones, and Memorial Day might seem a somber combination for a holiday celebration, but it has proved to be just the right mix to establish a tradition in my family. For over forty years, the Lassiter clan has gathered in Binger to remember, regroup, and decorate with flowers the graves of loved ones.

When I was a child, the day began early in Hydro. The first order of business was the gathering of fresh flowers. Realistic artificial blooms weren't readily available, and Grandma considered plastic not quite proper. Following her ideas about flower etiquette, we collected the red climbing roses deemed necessary for our parents' graves, honeysuckle for Grandpa, and sweet peas for the babies. Anything else we could find with a bloom supplemented these basics. Often, hurried phone calls to the neighbors brought extra flowers and greenery. Then, all would be wrapped in wet newspapers, stuffed into tin cans, and placed in the trunk of someone's Chevrolet—along with other equipment judged necessary. We loaded juice and vegetable cans to bury for vases, garden trowels and clippers, and a big bucket to carry water in from the cemetery pump.

And, food. During the trip, the aroma of baked beans, fried chicken, and Grandma's lemon dessert would mix with the perfume of roses and honeysuckle. The car filled with a designer fragrance.

Upon arrival at my aunt's house, the noise and hug level raised exponentially with the coming of each new batch of relatives. Bits of news, exclamations about children's growth and adults' girth, plus general discussions and teasing comments, added to the general din. The main question actively discussed was, "When do we need to go to the cemetery?" No one ever seemed to be in charge, and each adult had a definite notion of the proper time.

Finally, the decision would be made, and we were off.

The road to the cemetery provided a journey of adventure and excitement. Each year's trip was unique because of the spring storms and county repair crews. The cars swooped and dipped, bounded and dodged around deep ruts and washouts in the red sand road. Road conditions sometimes necessitated a detour through a neighbor's yard, which added spice to the trip.

Once at the grave sites, activity would go into high gear. The adults dug, pruned, and arranged flowers. And, "Didn't the cemetery look nice this year?"

The kids had their own activities. We dared one another to walk across the graves and then shuddered when some brave soul did. Cheeks pressed against cool polished granite, and fingers traced deeply chiseled words. Most prized were stones with angels or lambs on them. Pictures and poetry were also highly regarded. We called back and forth the testimonies and ages found on the monuments and then expressed sadness for "our little angel taken away" or amazement for the one who "died at 100 years of age."

Everyone became philosophical. "Can they feel us walk on their graves?" (Consensus: no) "Are they watching us?" (Maybe. You better behave and be reverent.) "What kind of stone would you want?" ("Gray, with sparkles—and an angel.")

Later, children would join adults and walk to each cluster of family graves, admiring flowers and telling stories of long ago. There were tales of harvest time on the old farm and where Grandpa met Grandma, accounts of the aunt who loved to have her picture taken in trailing chiffon dresses, stories of babies and the terror of epidemics, and how much a cousin looks like Great-grandpa. These were not stories of sorrow and hardship, but stories of

hope, perseverance, and continuity.

Listening to the stories, touching the names carved in stone, and simply being there with family caused our ancestors to come alive. The chain remained unbroken. We felt certain that we would be shown the same homage that we had shown others. A kind of immortality, along with a new commitment to uphold the past and create a sound future, filled our minds and hearts.

Then, back to the house for dinner. All the favorite dishes would be present, plus whatever new recipe that was making the rounds. Later, the uncles might sing or tell jokes. The aunts visited and played with the babies. Children napped or went on great adventures in the backyard, led by an imaginative cousin.

Today, the ritual continues, but with a few changes. We take flowers for Grandma now and for two of the uncles. The earlier children bring their children—and grandchildren. New stories have been added to the oral history, but the old favorites are still asked for and retold to new spouses and "coming of age" children. Artificial flowers are considered acceptable, but we still try to find roses and baby's breath for Grandma and Grandpa. Even the food looks the same, but now Mama brings the lemon dessert.

Call it Memorial Day or Decoration Day. For me, it's Celebration Day—a celebration of family memories. ●

KAREN YOUNG and her husband, Richard, who works for Phillips Petroleum, were reared in Western Oklahoma and attended the University of Oklahoma. After living in Bartlesville for twenty years, they moved to Houston in 1988 because of a job transfer. This nostalgic article is Ms. Young's first submission to WESTVIEW.

CHEYENNE MEMORIES

By Pat Kourt

Deserted and almost forgotten as it lies quietly on a Blaine County hilltop is Whirlwind Cemetery. Just in sight of the South Canadian River, the weed-covered resting place of several Cheyenne Indians is lulled by the rhythmic pump of an oil site or a cawing crow floating on the wind. Once a bustling Cheyenne day school and mission, this location lies southeast of the tiny Fay community. Just a few hundred yards from the cemetery is an Oklahoma Historical Society granite monument recognizing the school.

Historically, Whirlwind Cemetery is named for Chief Whirlwind, a peace-loving Southern Cheyenne chief who is remembered as an important spokesman for his people after he became head tribal chief in 1874. In fact, the chief was instrumental in preventing a major war during that same year. Considered peaceful, Whirlwind is recorded by historians as having presented many complaints to white agents to fight federal bureaucracy that plagued his people. Accounts relate that Chief Whirlwind protested that some Indians wanted to farm, but only a few received plows and implements. An instance of the chief's ire occurred in 1878 when he asked for an issue of calico for a shirt and received only a handkerchief-sized piece of cloth. Also, during lean times for the Cheyenne, Chief Whirlwind asked the government for ammunition to kill antelope to fill the Indians' meatless days. However, rations were always short for the almost-civilized tribe.

Renowned Western artist and New Yorker, Frederic Remington, began a travel throughout the Southwest in the early spring of 1884. Among his visitations was a stay for several days at the camp of the aging Chief Whirlwind. Remington's journal reveals an intimate look at Whirlwind and his people. With an interpreter's help, the artist and the chief communicated well and gained respect for each other—but only after Whirlwind became assured that Remington wasn't a government official!



In one journal entry, Remington wrote that the chief was "a very progressive man" who talked of his concern for the Indian children's education. For hours at a time, the two men would sit in the chief's ramada and talk of Cheyenne culture. Remington viewed the old chief as not only progressive but also as one who "knew more about Indians, Indian policy, and the tendencies and impulses of the white men concerning his race than any other person I had ever met."

Because of his years of progressiveness, Chief Whirlwind's name was used in 1897 for a Cheyenne day school which was moved from Darlington (near El Reno) to the present Blaine County location near the present cemetery site. Later, from 1904-1917, Whirlwind became a well-known mission school under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Noted leader at the school was David Pendleton Oakerhater.

As a young man, Oakerhater was a strong personality among the Cheyennes. He was one of the seven hundred chosen Plains warriors who fought in the Battle of Adobe Walls on June 24, 1874. Too, he was charged with being a

ringleader in open rebellions against government agents. Oakerhater was one of twenty-eight Cheyennes who were arrested and taken by army wagon to Fort Marion, an old military prison in St. Augustine, Florida. At the time, David was just past thirty years of age and seemed to have the unfaltering respect of his peers. Because he was a natural leader, Oakerhater was selected to be a sergeant of the police force for the Indian prisoners.

While he was in Florida, David taught archery to the daughters of a Mrs. Pendleton, who later paid his expenses to upstate New York for three years in Christian ministry with the Episcopal Diocese of Central New York. He and three other ministerial students studied with the Reverend and Mrs. John B. Wicks.

Mrs. Pendleton's husband had been instrumental in establishing Carlisle Institute of Indian Education; and because of the Pendleton connection with Oakerhater, the young Indian was asked to recruit Indian students from the plains. Also, Oakerhater revered the Pendletons so much that he was allowed to take the name "David Pendleton" in a special service.

In June, 1881, a few months after David's wife and the child had died, he and Reverend Wicks set out for Cheyenne country to establish missions. The man who had been leading rebellions a few years before was now a peace counselor with Christianity as his tool.

Reverend Wicks built a home and mission near Fay, northwest of the Darlington Agency. Oakerhater traveled throughout the region with Wicks as his interpreter. The two conducted regular Christian services in Indian camps, agency school buildings, or tents. Children were taught Christian principles and simple education skills.

After three successful years, Wicks had to leave the Indian mission work because of poor health. However, Oakerhater remained as the only ordained representative of the Episcopal Church in Indian Territory. His continued duties included weddings and burials.

Later in 1894, the Reverend David Stanford, who could speak the Cheyenne language, joined Oakerhater to serve neighboring camps at Bridgeport and Darlington. Then in 1897, fifteen students were enrolled in the day school near Fay on Chief Whirlwind's allotment. Oakerhater carried on the work there with the children. Their parents and other immediate family members camped on the land near the school. It was a year later that Oakerhater married Minnie, his second wife. The couple made their home in the church facility.

In 1901, the government day school was closed and the Indian children were sent to boarding schools. The school building was given to Chief Whirlwind's widow. At the time, many people believed that mission work in the Whirlwind area would cease. However, in 1904, Mrs. Whirlwind gave the original school building to the Episcopal Church to use as a mission day school

for unhealthy children who couldn't attend other government schools. As many children as possible, regardless of their physical condition, were enrolled. In 1907, twenty-five students attended the school.

Nine years later, the government pressed the Episcopal Church to close Whirlwind School. The next year, the mission school was closed; the building was deconsecrated; and Oakerhater was retired after thirty-six years of Christian work as a deacon.

Today, Oakerhater is still remembered as an apostle to his people. As a Cheyenne leader, he is thought of as being a peace chief and as fulfilling his role in the highest tradition of the Cheyenne people. Oakerhater's work is immortalized by a large brass marker in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oklahoma City. Also, on September 6, 1981, a grave stone was laid to mark Oakerhater's burial site in the Whirlwind Cemetery. It recognized the one hundredth anniversary of the deacon's ordination to the diaconate of the Episcopal Church, and it noted a century of missionary work among the Cheyennes.

Another celebration occurred in 1983 to recognize the Cheyenne people buried in the one-acre cemetery. Because only four grave markers remained, a large gray stone monument, with every name engraved, was dedicated. A deed to the cemetery land, originally part of Whirlwind's 160-acre allotment, was given to the Cheyenne tribe. Even more recently, the annual dance to honor Oakerhater's life and his ministry is held at Roman Nose Park, north of Watonga. Like many Indians who are proud of their native heritage, Craig and Lori (Rice) Penner of Thomas have given their son the Indian name *Whirlwind*. Consequently, the legends and stories remain alive and are told often.

The panoramic hilltop location that was once filled with children's laughter, serious camp talk, and family celebrations... is today a quiet cemetery with only memories of a former bustling life.

Turkeylegs... Riggs...
Red Shin... Shortneck
Howlingcrane...

These family names, along with *Whirlwind* and *Oakerhater*, are just a few of the Cheyennes that are part of today's cherished thoughts about the tiny Whirlwind Cemetery. The land may be deserted, but the periodic sprays of flowers left by a loved one prove that Cheyenne memories aren't forgotten. ●



PAT KOURT, regular WESTVIEW contributor, and her husband, Randall, a pharmacist in Thomas, are SOSU alumni. Their three sons—Mark, Todd, and Brent—are SOSU students. Pat teaches English IV and Creative Writing at Thomas High School, where she is also librarian.

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MEMORIAL DAY

By Imogene Barger

It is Memorial Day 1989, and I have been to various cemeteries in Caddo County taking flowers to the graves of loved ones, and at each place I have had a short memory visit.

The first visit is with my husband's maternal grandfather, a jolly man who could find more to laugh about than most but could also get angry at the drop of a hat and fight over unimportant things. As a carpenter and woodworker, he left a legacy of the things he had built through the years.

Then I go on to visit my husband's parents, who had treated me like one of their well-loved children. I could hear the click of his mother's shoe heels as she hurried about her work, see her nimble fingers as she played the mandolin and guitar, and hear her sweet soprano voice singing her favorite gospel songs. I could see his dad's sparkling blue eyes as he told stories or sang some crazy little Kentucky hill song to his grandchildren. I could hear his "dad-blam-it" if he was aggravated or the "dad-blam-it-to-the-devil" if he was really upset.

I go on to visit my husband's paternal grandfathers that I know only by word of mouth from grandchildren that marveled at the great-grandfather's ability to work and the grandfather's story times. I do remember the tiny, dark-eyed grandmother who smoked a pipe and made the best blackberry cobbler and ice cream for miles around.

Then I go to visit my paternal grandfather, a reserved man and a strict Baptist of whom it is hard to believe ever ran with Jesse James—as claimed by one aunt and hotly denied by another.

Next in line are my maternal grandparents. The only memories I have of my grandmother, since I was very small when she died, are her sweet smile and the way she looked as she lay in her casket at my aunt's home. Grandfather was small, dark, and restless as the wind. He was constantly on the go, and the direction didn't seem to matter.

I go on to visit my parents. Mother was kind, sweet, and pretty. The killer of the time, T.B., ravaged most of her beauty but never her sweetness before causing her death when she was only forty-three. I can still see her making pretty clothes for me and trying to turn her little tomboy into a lady.

I can see Dad as he walked behind a team of horses in

the fields and his strong hands on the reins. I can see him jumping through a broomstick when he was seventy years old and hear him laugh when he didn't make it the first time and landed on his backside. I can hear him singing gospel songs and the old cowboy tear-jerkers.

I also visit a beloved sister, brothers-in-law, aunts, uncles, shirttail kin, and many friends and enjoy a memory visit with them all. I am thankful for all the good times shared and the support through the bad times. I give silent thanks that I loved and was loved by so many and that my life will never be empty.

Then I look further afield—the cemeteries are neat and well kept with flowers everywhere brought to honor all the dead. I see flags flying on the graves of members of the United States Armed Forces. Suddenly in my mind, I can hear taps being played and cold chills run up my spine as the heart-rending sounds touch my very soul. Then I remember part of a poem learned as a child in school about the World War I dead:

In Flanders Field where poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
To mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly.
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt life, saw sunset glow.
Loved, were loved, but now we lie
IN FLANDERS FIELD.

I can see young men, dead before they were old enough to really live. I can see older men that had seen and done things during battles that they wished they could forget. I can see the tears of the families and feel the heartache when a son, daughter, or husband and father were laid down to the final rest. I can see the flag carefully folded and handed to the grieving family. I wonder: will wars never end.

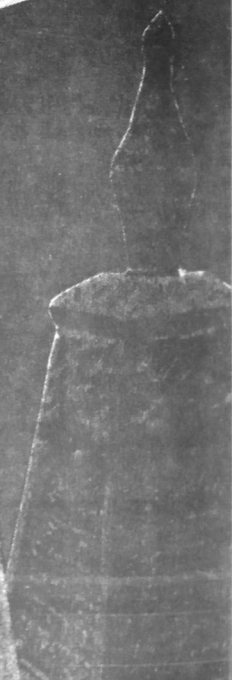
I leave for home. My happiness is tinged with sadness, but I enjoyed my memory visit.

IMOGENE BARGER of Lookeba has contributed many articles to WESTVIEW. Her interest in history is reflected here and in her many other works.

THE BUTLER CEMETERY:

Evidence of a Community That Cares

By Eulalie Ann Nail



THE HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

On April 2, 1909, the following notice appeared in the BUTLER HERALD:

The whole community is requested and invited to meet at the cemetery Saturday morning April 3, 1909, at 9:00 for the purpose of cleaning up the cemetery. Bring your shovels, hoes, and rakes. The fence is to be repaired too.

Butler people cared in 1909, and they still care today. Although the cemetery is now maintained by a generous endowment from the estate of William J. and Lula E. Maloy, it is still cared for by the initiative of many individuals.

The earliest marker to be found in the cemetery is for Edna Blanch Payne, the 2½-year-old daughter of W.W. and P.G. Payne. The dates for her read: Born Dec. 11, 1895; Died June 9, 1898. This and numerous other graves for small children and infants are a testament to the hard life endured by the first settlers.

The first two acres for the cemetery were donated by B.F. and Amanda Kiker from the north side of their homestead. Later, more land was purchased from Mrs. O.O. Clark for \$115, September 16, 1922; and again from her estate in 1950 for \$150—bringing the cemetery to its present—day size of eight acres.

The Butler Cemetery is beautiful and well kept. Natural grass, cedar trees, and lilac bushes grow profusely; and in the spring, Indian Blanket, our state wildflower, is scattered over the eight acres. In addition, many birds make the cemetery their home. The cemetery is well cared for because of the Maloys' gift. The story goes that Lula became concerned about the cemetery as a result of the sandburrs caught in her stockings during visits. Seeing the need for perpetual care, she and Will left their two farms to the Butler community for the cemetery's upkeep. The original endowment was invested, and the interest continues to pay for routine maintenance such as mowing, fence repair, and road upkeep.

In 1962, a flag pole and a shelter with seating around the edge were erected as a memorial to the Maloys. The shelter makes a shady spot where old friends can meet and is much

appreciated by the families who return each year. Mr. and Mrs. Maloy are buried just south of the shelter.

Mr. Leonard Kiker, 95, grandson of B.F. Kiker, still occasionally wanders the cemetery today, recalling facts about the lives of those buried there. He remembers when his cousin, Pansy Jones, was fatally injured in a lard-rendering accident. Pansy was 17 years old and was laid to rest in January, 1909.



Kiker Family tombstone.

The story of Walter T. "Toughy" Cravens, 1906-1937, a local cowboy who made it big, is told with a large red granite marker. A picture of Toughy adorns the stone and shows a handsome young man in a western hat. Toughy was performing at a rodeo in New York City's Madison Square Garden when he was thrown by a bull, breaking his neck.

In the northeast corner of the cemetery lies a potter's field, where several unknown persons are buried. One was a man found beside the railroad track. Another was a stranger who died shortly after riding into town in a horse-drawn buggy.

A simple gray granite stone marks the grave of Nish Thomas, 1889-1957, the first black man to live in the Butler area. A soft-spoken, well-liked person, he did handy-man repairs. In addition, Nish, with his team of mules, collected the town's trash. Nish's marker was a gift from Leonard Kiker.

The metal sign that stands at the entrance to the cemetery was made by workers at the nearby Bartlett Gasoline Plant. The word *cemetery*, however, on the original sign, was misspelled, so the workers graciously made a second sign that has lasted through the years.

It would be difficult to know how many lives today are touched by memories of the Butler Cemetery; but if my own family is any indication, the number is considerable. Vera Nail died in 1938 at age 48 and was followed in death in 1939 by her husband, Thomas, age 50, leaving five children. These children had a total of eleven children, and now there are fifteen great-grandchildren. There's a popular country song that has the lyrics "Let me watch my children grow to see what they become..." Vera and Tom weren't able to watch their children grow, but we like to think that they would be very proud of all thirty-one of their descendants.

As one stands before the graves of his or her parents holding a grandchild by the hand, there's a deep sense of continuity. Those loved ones who have gone on before reach back into times past, while the child looks eagerly to the future. One then feels a part of the golden chain of life that links us all together in God's unfolding creation.

On the Memorial Day weekend each year, the senior citizens of Butler prepare a pot-luck dinner for visitors to the cemetery. People from as far away as Oregon and Washington, D.C. frequently come to renew old friendships and share memories. In short, the community of Butler still cares.

HUMAN-INTEREST DETAILS

A country cemetery is a place where one can get a sense of history of the times. Butler has its share of interesting monuments:

The lamb was a popular symbol in the early days. There are several lambs in the Butler Cemetery; for instance, a crumbling little lamb marks the gravesite of the infant daughter of N.L. and Phoebe Blake who died in 1902.

Another lamb watches over a little boy and his twin sister—November 15, 1924—November 16, 1924: "A little time on earth they spent 'till God for them his angel sent."

A beautiful heart-shaped memorial marks the spot where eleven-year-old Pearl Ethel Galbrith lies. She died of unknown causes on January 21, 1901. Her stone reads: "She died as she lived, trusting in God."

The small square stone for "Our Darling Baby Flossie" tells us that Flossie was 1½ years old when she died in 1911: "Gone to be an angel."

A little slate-blue angel watches over the place where infant Dorothy M. Campbell was waited through these fifty-six years since she was laid to rest: 1933-1933.

The tallest monument in the cemetery is the P.M. Kiker family marker. Made of marble, it stands seven feet tall.

The obelisk-shaped stone was used in the "teen" years as was the "log" that marked the place where a member of the Modern Woodman of America was buried.

The Masonic and Eastern Star emblems are on many of the head stones scattered throughout the cemetery.

An unusual marker is a four-sided one made of metal with a little bottle-shaped urn on the top. On the sides are recorded the names and dates of the Smith family from 1902 to 1914.

The most ornate of the older monuments is the one that marks the graves of Thomas and Mary Walker. It reads "Gone but not forgotten— Father and Mother." Made of gray granite, it has a three-step base about four feet high on which there is a vase between two large columns. Above this rises a triangle-shaped section engraved with leaves and a large "W" topped by a beautifully shaped urn. This lot is protected by a decorative metal fence as was the custom in the early days.

In contrast to the Walker plot is a small grave marked only with wooden head-and-foot boards. The lettering has long since vanished.

One of the most beautiful monuments is to the memory of Dr. William and Mrs. Rosa Basinger. Dr. Basinger



The Butler Cemetery

was a well-loved physician of the Butler community for many years. The Basingers' stone is made of beautiful white granite with a graceful vase set in the center. On the back side, there are engraved wedding rings with the number "72" in the center along with the words "My true love hath my heart, and I have his."

There are many beautiful markers that have been placed in recent years.

There are large polished black monuments that have intricate pictures engraved on them.

There are different shades of rose and gray granite stones that give clues to family history, and some even have photographs of loved ones.

The cemetery is a step back in time and a formidable place to find a family's roots.

Information for these stories was gathered from Mr. Leonard Kiker, Mrs. Velva Fletcher, and Mrs. Mabel Lowe.

WORDS FROM TOMBSTONES

Sleep on sweet babe and take thy rest:

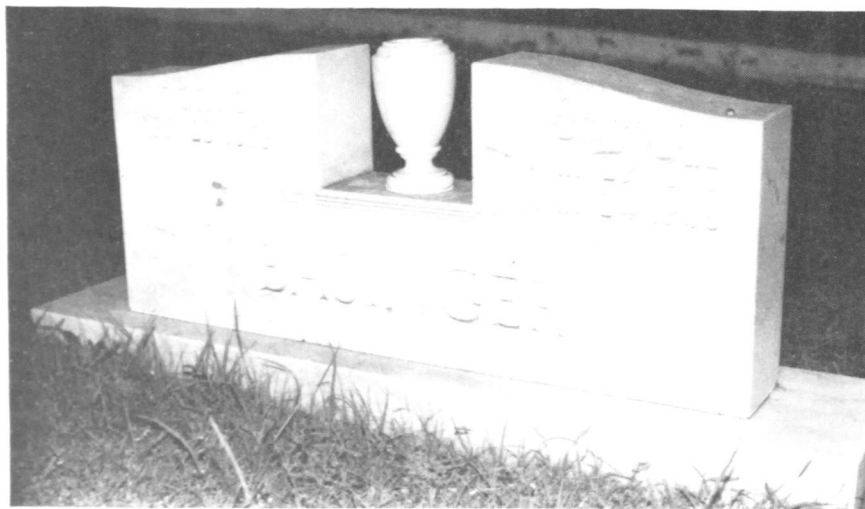
God calls away when He thinks best.

Budded on Earth to bloom in Heaven.

Words on Pansy Jones' marker: Our darling has gone before to greet us on the other shore. Weep not, Papa or Mama, for I am waiting in Heaven for thee. Darling, we miss thee. ●

Photographs courtesy of the author.

EULALIE ANN NAIL, known mostly as LEE ANN NAIL, makes her first appearance as a WESTVIEW writer in this issue. Previously, she was pictured in an article about her husband, Spike. As of September 30 this year, she has retired as librarian at the Weatherford Public Library. This article is her second published work, the first having appeared when she was a fifth grader.



Monument for Dr. William and Mrs. Rosa Basinger.



PARKERSBURG CEMETERY

By Ida Vowell Robertson

When a yen for adventure and a desire for land on a new frontier led my grandfather, John Woodward Parker, to leave his comfortable home in Wolcottville, Indiana, to make the run into Cheyenne-Arapaho Territory, it is not likely that he even imagined that within fewer than ten years a new town and a new cemetery would be established there and named in his honor. It was probably even less likely that he would have thought he would be the second man buried in that cemetery.

Wishing to spare his wife and three young daughters the rigors and deprivation of pioneer life, Mr. Parker took them by train to Rogers, Arkansas. There he established a home for them in order for the girls to continue their education and music lessons for three years.

John Parker then traveled on west and made the run by horseback, staking a claim in the NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 29, T. 12, R. 17 (abstract in Custer County Courthouse). This claim in the fertile Washita River Valley was located about three miles southwest of the present town of Clinton.

His neighbors in Section 29 were W.E. (Bud) Been and his wife and daughter in the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ and Mrs. Been's bachelor brother, J. Granvil Barnes, in the SE $\frac{1}{4}$. Barnes later married Parker's daughter after she came out to live with her father. The SW $\frac{1}{4}$ was claimed by another bachelor, George Ward. These families made half dugouts near one another and became lifelong friends as are their descendants today.

Within three years, John Parker had his land in cultivation and a good start of cattle and hogs. He was now ready for his family. So he and Bud Been went by ox wagon back to Rogers for them. They left Rogers in May, 1895 and didn't reach the claim until August. My mother told me many times that this long journey in her thirteenth year was a three-month picnic. They traveled through woods and hills, forded streams, and

much of the time they walked beside the wagon. Wild flowers were in bloom, and squirrels and rabbits scampered in the grass. Mother especially recalled the singing of the birds and the howls of the coyotes at night. They traded for food with the Indians and cooked it on campfires. Always they were excitedly moving toward "home."

Once at home, the two oldest girls were sent to the new Normal school at Arapaho. My mother, for lack of another choice, repeated the eighth grade in a dugout school—then in the first frame school, and the next year in Arapaho. She had a four-year eighth-grade education, but at least it was school.

The older girls soon married, and Mama came home to revel in the freedom of life on the prairie where she spend long days on horseback keeping Indian ponies off her father's unfenced crops. Soon her father was able to build a frame house "with a porch running round it" and a big hay barn. Times were really getting good!

Then tragedy struck when John Parker became a victim of the pioneer scourge—pneumonia. Home remedies were used, and even whiskey, which my mother brought on horseback from Arapaho. But Grandfather died on February 27, 1899, not living to experience the beginning of a new century on his new land. He was buried on a plot of land belonging to his good neighbor, George Ward. Another friend, whom Mama always called "Grandpa Reid," had been buried there shortly before.

Since that time, Grandpa's three daughters and their husbands as well as a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren have been buried by his plot. My paternal grandparents lie buried directly in front of him. And last February, I buried my husband of fifty-five years there.

In October, 1900, because Grandmother Parker wanted to return to her native Indiana, she and the

girls sold the homestead to Solomon Forrester (Custer County Courthouse record). A few months later, Forrester sold it to Beeks Eric for the development of a townsite. Eric soon laid out an eighty-acre tract for a new townsite to be named Parkersburg—blocks one to forty-nine inclusive here on Parker land in the NW ¼ of Section 29, and Blocks “A” and “U” in the NE ¼ on Been land. The plot of the town was filed in the registry of deeds in Custer County Courthouse on April 1, 1901.

Parkersburg was formally dedicated on March 30, 1901, but it was already a growing town. On June 1, 1901, the Choctaw-Gulf Railroad came through, and the new town soon became a thriving metropolis on the prairie. But within three short years, two railroads formed a junction three miles to the west, and Clinton sprang into being there.

Almost overnight Parkersburg became a ghost town as all of the businesses simply “folded their tents like the Arabs and slipped away” to Clinton.

At the time of her demise, Parkersburg had a population of seven hundred and about twenty establishments, including a depot, hotel, two banks, and sundry other businesses. It also had thirteen saloons and a jail. I still remember whispers of that jail and its frequent occupant, a lady of the night called Red Wing. I really imagined that Red Wing was someone who flew about in the night. At night when I would hear Papa playing the old ballad “Red Wing” on the fiddle, I thought it was about that historic celebrity!

Anyway, I suppose Red Wing herself moved away with the other businesses on that fatal night and continued to be a bane to the pioneer wives.

Not long after John Parker was buried on his land, John Ward made a warranty deed of 1½ acres in NE ¼ Section 30, T. 12, R. 17 W 1 M, to a board of trustees composed of W.E. Been, J.G. Barnes, McClelan Been, H.V. Reid, and J.M. Ward and their successors as a burying place or cemetery to be known as Ward-Union Graveyard. (W deed recorded Custer County, Book B., page 86, August 14, 1989). After the founding of Parkersburg, the name was changed from Ward-Union to Parkersburg Cemetery.

I have heard from oldtimers that the cemetery grounds were laid out by using lariat ropes to measure off the lots. Cedar stakes were placed at the corner of each lot, and a two-foot strip was allowed for a path between the lots.

The cemetery was expanded January 10, 1939 when L.M. Jordan deeded one acre to Parkersburg Cemetery. (Book 65, page 331, Custer County Courthouse)

Later on, in May 1989, at the annual meeting of the cemetery association, the group voted to buy one acre adjoining on the south from Jesse Stratton for \$1,000.

I remember that families when I was a small child took care of their own graves and there wasn't even a fence for a long time. Our family would make a

seven-mile trip to the cemetery on “Decoration Day” in the wagon or buggy and later on in a Model T. Mama robbed the yellow rosebushes, and often Papa stopped at the roadside to pick his favorite flower, the purple wild larkspur, to place on his father's grave.

These days weren't particularly sad occasions. Neighbors and relatives would be there, and all of us would work together cutting weeds and cleaning graves. It was a time for visiting and reminiscing and remembering our loved ones. I don't know when a barbed-wire fence was put around the cemetery or when the first gate was erected. On top of the gate was a board with PARKERSBURG CEMETERY painted on it. The painting was done by Minnie Armstrong, a pioneer daughter. When the sign board was replaced, Walker Moore, another oldtimer who was always active in looking after the cemetery, took it home with him and still cherishes it as a shelf in his garage.

About thirty-five years ago, Frank Russell, who has lived at Parkersburg and in Clinton since a year after statehood, and his wife, Irene, began spending much time at the cemetery tending family graves. Soon they became almost fulltime caretakers. Their loving efforts were tireless. Many people thanked them and patted them on the back, but it was years before the trustees salaried them. Irene tried to make a record of families with interests in the cemetery. She finally spearheaded a successful drive to raise money to establish a \$10,000 perenniel-care fund. The interest from the fund has been sufficient to pay for the cemetery care and upkeep.

Irene died in 1978, and Frank carried on alone until five years ago when his health declined. When he retired, he was presented with a plaque of recognition. It was given in love and appreciation, but there really was no adequate way to express the homage due him.

On July 2, 1966, Kenneth Moore, grandson of a Parkersburg pioneer, was killed in a car-train accident. The next day, his fellow workers at Oklahoma Natural Gas Company in Clinton made and erected a steel gate, topped with a tall archway, at the cemetery as a memorial to him. It has PARKERSBURG lettered in steel across the top and 1899 beneath. Kenneth's name, also in steel letters, hangs at the corner underneath the archway. These friends paid for the materials for the sign and did all the work. Then, working two days on company time and many more hours on their own, they put in steel posts after the association had removed the old wooden ones. They also strung new wire around the cemetery. Later, they installed a new steel gate at the rear of the driveway to complete the job.

There are varying opinions as to who provided the new posts and wire. The consensus of four O.N.G. employees who helped with the project—Archie Goucher, Clarence Muno, Raymond Littke, and Buddy Young—is that O.N.G. furnished the posts and possibly the wire. Kathleen Wilson, Kenneth's widow, who is still at O.N.G., said that she definitely

knows that Kenneth's friends at O.N.G. provided the funds and labor for the gate and sign.

There has always been a board of trustees, but no minutes of association meetings were recorded until 1958. Since then, an annual meeting attended by twenty-five or thirty descendants of old settlers has been held. Records are now being carefully kept by longtime leader Nellie Marie Campbell. She is also in the process of making an accurate index file of lot holders, which will insure a businesslike administration of the cemetery.

The 1980 oil boom was a great blessing as money received from leasing added enough to our perennial-care fund to provide more than adequate maintenance for all time to come. This money was put in trusts in the First National Bank of Clinton.

Most of the association membership is made up of grandchildren of the first Parkersburg families. The same feeling of neighborliness and the respect for tradition that characterized our grandparents now bonds us together. It is our goal to get the younger generation to experience this feeling in order to preserve the spirit of those pioneers of 1892.

The Parkersburg Cemetery is now thickly marked with stones bearing the names of many well-known pioneers. Some of them are Barnes, Been, Culwell, Haggard, Heiligman, McAtee, Moad, Meacham, Moore, Parker, Strong, Thompson, and Vowell.

The northwest corner of the cemetery is known as "Tennessee Corner" because buried there are T.G. Moore, his two brothers, four sons, and their families, all of whom came from Tennessee and settled in Parkersburg community. The Alfred and Marvin Haggard families, also of Tennessee, are in this section.

American flags fly in great numbers in the cemetery on Memorial Day at graves of veterans of five wars. Tennessee Corner alone is represented by T.J. Moore, a Civil War veteran, Richard Moore of World War I, and Tom Moore of World War II.

My Grandfather Vowell was a Civil War veteran, and his great-grandson, Corporal Denver Joe Smith, who is buried near him, was a Korean war casualty.

Today Parkersburg Cemetery on its high hill looks across the valley to the old townsite and down onto busy I-40 where lumber wagons have been replaced by roaring semis, Greyhound busses, Cadillacs, and mini vans that whiz by in constant procession. The seasons change, wars are fought and lost, people are born, live, love, and die, and the pulse of life beats fast. Parkersburg Cemetery remains!

Again it is "Decoration Day." I make my annual pilgrimage to the cemetery. This time, I come in a shiny, air-conditioned automobile.

I remove an arrangement of red and white silk carnations from its tissue wrappings and place it at the base of a ninety-year-old gray granite tombstone.

I read the inscription:

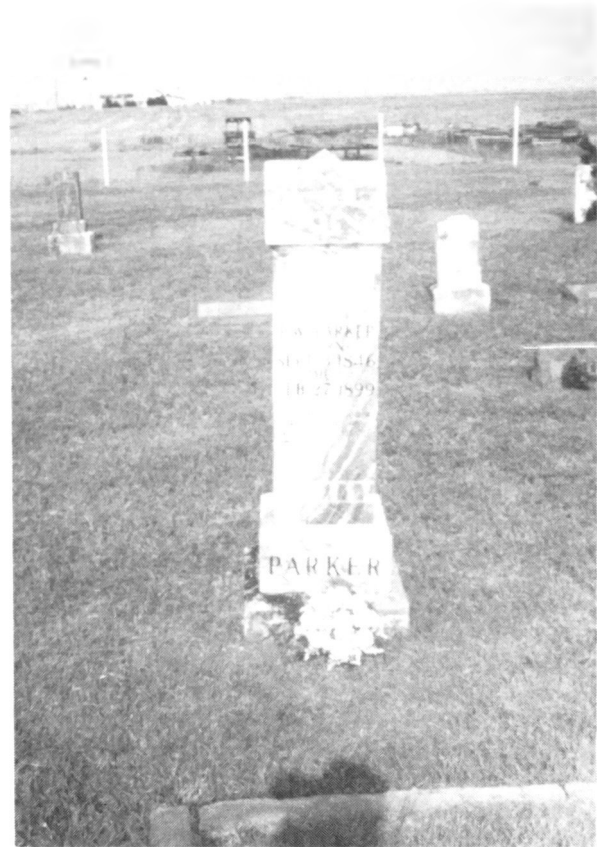
J.W. Parker

Sept. 26, 1846 — Feb. 8, 1899

"He took thee from a world of care
an everlasting bliss to share."

But today, I can't honor Grandpa Vowell with his beloved wild larkspurs. They no longer grow by the roadside. Neither do the riotously colored gallardia, buttercups, hollyhocks, and pink nettle roses. However, in memory, I frolic among the flowers, picking sticky handfuls, and I seem to hear a long silent voice — "Let's pick some larkspur for Pa's grave." ●

IDA VOWELL ROBERTSON of Clinton graduated from SOSU in 1933 and taught in Custer and Washita counties for eighteen years. After retiring from teaching, she worked several years until 1975 for DHS in the area of child welfare. As revealed here, she is a history enthusiast.



John Woodward Parker's granite tombstone.

Photo courtesy of Ida Robertson

CLINTON INDIAN CUSTOMS



Photos courtesy of Mary E. Smith

CLINTON INDIAN CEMETERY BY MARY E. SMITH

Just north of the Clinton Indian Hospital, 1½ miles east of Clinton, is a U.S. Government cemetery which was established in 1926 as a free burial spot for American Indians. This cemetery was set aside on U.S. Indian land before the Indian Hospital was built in 1933. It sits on a hill, high above valleys to the east and west. To the east are the old Rock Island Railroad (now Farmrail) and Turtle Creek. In the west valley at the time the cemetery was established were beautiful trees, a cow pond, wild flowers, and bounteous pasture land. There are no fences around the cemetery; it's on a high, open prairie.

On June 24, 1926, the first grave was prepared on this hill. It was dug by hand and was wide and very deep. The person buried that day was Cloud Chief, chief of the local Arapahoes. He wasn't an old man. The inscription on the tall tombstone that stands today indicates that he was born in 1862 and died in 1926 at age 64. This burial is one that will forever live in my memory, for I was a barefoot white child who observed the ceremony while keeping my distance down the hill to the west. I had a perfect view from my perch in a tree on the high side of the cow pond where several neighborhood children and I swam and played in the surrounding trees.

I watched with gaping mouth and strained eyes as the Indian wagons gathered. One wagon carried only one squaw sitting alone, wrapped in a beautiful multi-colored blanket, and led behind it a handsome paint pony, bridled and covered with a beautiful blanket. They, I believe, were the widow of Cloud Chief and his horse. I don't know who drove the team that pulled the flat-bed wagon, nor do I know if Cloud Chief had any children—or if the woman was his wife. There is no grave marker that I have been able to find in this cemetery for any other person named Cloud Chief. Of course, in those days the Indian women kept their own names. My parents had bought eighty acres of Indian land, getting what was known as "patent" from the U.S. Government. The name of the man on the patent was Undershirt, and his wife's name was Night Walker.

Indians came in wagons and on horseback. I don't remember how the body was carried. From our viewing tree tops, several of the neighborhood children and I watched spellbound, even though we were a little frightened. The reason for the grave being so wide and deep was made clear

as the ceremony progressed. The Indian men untied the horse, led him across the open grave, and shot him dead. Then they rolled him into the grave, covered him with his blanket, and partially filled the grave. Next, they put in Cloud Chief's body. I remember seeing many beautiful blankets and other articles that must have been his very personal belongings. The grave was then filled, and the sounds of tom-toms, wailing, and chanting filled the air. Soon all the wagons were gone, and no one was left at the cemetery except the lonely woman who sat on Cloud Chief's grave. When the sun sank in the west, we children had to come down from our tree tops and scatter for home, while the woman still sat on the grave.

It was a hot June that year, and the day Cloud Chief was buried was no exception. This night, we children took our plunge in the big cement water tank where the horses and cows drank, cooled our bodies, and tried to calm our excitement. I told Mama and Papa of all that I had seen and experienced that day. Papa explained that, according to his Indian friend, Yellow Bull, the horse was sent along so that Cloud Chief could ride him in the "Happy Hunting Ground," where his soul would go.

I was just about to calm down when we heard a long, loud wailing from the east. The crying and moaning were from the grave; the woman spent the night sitting atop Cloud Chief's grave. This too, we were told, was the custom of the Indians in their years before the white man came.

I am now 75 years old and still live near the cemetery. Over the years, I have known of the burials of other native Americans, including men who served our country in the world wars, Korea, and Viet Nam. On my early-morning walks, I sometimes wander through its tall grass and look at the falling markers on the graves of people I have known in my lifetime in Western Oklahoma—people who now rest upon this hill. I see the tombstone for Cloud Chief, chief of the Arapahoes, and my thoughts go back to that hot day in June when I saw the first burials in this cemetery.

MARY E. SMITH, who has lived on the same land east of Clinton all her life, is retired from the Clinton-Sherman Air Force Base where she was a Deputy Finance Officer. Several of her poems and one short story have been published in *EXPANDING HORIZONS*, a publication for writers over 65.

In innumerable, tiny, overgrown, and forgotten cemeteries, there lie the last remains of people whose names are known only to God. Two such cemeteries can be found near the small town of Foss in the far northwest corner of Washita County.

The first is situated beside a dirt road a mile or two west of town. In this small plot of ground can be seen evidences of several graves—clumps of iris (planted by loving hands so long ago), pieces of old metal markers, a pile of rocks, a broken tombstone with the name missing. And in some places, there are only mounds or depressions which indicate that someone was buried there.

Also in this cemetery are four marked graves: Mary wife of W.S. McDaniel, who died in 1901 in her twenty-third year; Little Pride Fowler, who died in 1902 at the age of two years eight months; and William and Martha Musgrove, whose last resting places are marked by a nice, large granite marker. He died in 1913 and she in 1931; they were possibly the last people to be buried there.

Why this cemetery was abandoned and why these few were buried there rather than in the Foss City Cemetery isn't known. Quite possibly some of those who were buried in this old cemetery perished in the disastrous flood of 1902, which washed away the first town of Foss. That town was built in the valley of Turkey Creek—a little south of the present town. It was re-built on higher ground.

The second of these forgotten cemeteries can be found by following the winding country road heading southeast of Foss and up through the red shale hills. It was, quite possibly, a family cemetery. The only graves with markers are those of Mary and Abraham Karns and William Harol Karns. Abraham died in 1903 at the age of 82, Mary in 1907 at the age of 75, and Harol wasn't quite 10 when he died in 1910. On his tombstone is this inscription:

*Sleep on, sweet Harol,
and take your rest.
God has called you;
He thought it was best.*

Near these graves there is a fenced enclosure, indicating that someone was surely buried there, but no marker remains. It is quite evident that several other people lie in unmarked graves in this small, weed-grown cemetery.

More questions arise than can be answered when one strolls through a long-forgotten cemetery. Who were these people? What was their life story? Why do they lie forgotten? No one may ever know! ●

(WENONA L. DUNN of Burns Flat is a retired post-office relief clerk who enjoys fishing, hiking, writing, and traveling. She and her husband, Walter, have four sons and nine grandchildren. Wenona's most ambitious writing project presently is the completion of the biographical/historical/fictional stories of the women in her and Walter's families.)

FOSS

UNMARKED GRAVES

THE FORGOTTEN ONES

Wenona L. Dunn



THE ERICK CEMETERY

By Margie Snowden North

Through her weekly column concerning Erick's 100th Meridian Museum, Julia Ann Holmberg keeps Erickites informed of many aspects of history. In her September 18, 1980 column, the emphasis was on the beginning of the Erick Cemetery. It is reprinted with her permission:

We'll share a bit of Erick history which is of importance to the museum, but also to tell all those whose loved ones are buried in the Erick Cemetery. Sometime ago, at our request, Rosettie Gephart wrote the following about her early memories of how the cemetery began:

Well, here I go again trying to tell how and when the Erick Cemetery was started. The first person buried there died in my parents' dugout on April 8, 1901. My parents were Charles W. and Rebecca A. Ables, and they were always ready to help their neighbors.

At that time, this country wasn't thickly settled. We had no doctors or hospitals, no churches, and no cemeteries. So when Mattie Hughes died on a Sunday morning, the men of the community got in a wagon and started out to find a place for a cemetery. Each man had agreed to deed two acres off his land to the public for a cemetery, no matter whose place they decided to put it on. It was on Mr. J.E. Permenter's place they decided to bury Mattie Hughes.

The second person that was buried out there was a young man. He died in a covered wagon over close to Uncle Pete Gilchrist's home, and they laid him out at my uncle's place. The folks were traveling with this young man for his health. Then there were two elderly men buried there. I don't know which one was put there first. The name of one was Turcott; the other's name was Campbell (written by the Ables' daughter, Rosettie Ables Gephart, Erick, Oklahoma—March 29, 1980).

In January of 1985, I talked with Rosettie by phone, and she gave me these additional facts: Mattie Hughes, a fifteen-year-old girl, lived with her family near the Ables.



Photo courtesy of author

The inscription on the tombstone of Erick Cemetery's first grave reads: "Beautiful, lovely, she was but given a fair bud to earth, to blossom in Heaven."

She had caught a cold that apparently turned into pneumonia. Some of the Ables were taking turns sitting up with her to help care for her. This was during the rainy season, and the Hugheses' dugout was leaking badly, so the Ables opened their home to the ailing girl.

In order to keep Mattie from getting wet and chilled, they threw a wagon-sheet over the bows of their wagon; and they drove up right next to the door. Mattie was strong enough to walk from the wagon to the Ables' half-dugout where a bed had been prepared for her. Before going to bed, however, she went directly to the water bucket and drank a big gourd dipper full of water. They had no idea that the doctor had told her that she must positively not drink any water. The move occurred on Thursday and she died the next Sunday morning.

In 1978, citizens of Erick began to see the need to establish a trust fund so that the cemetery could be properly maintained. Mortician Lacey Albert was especially instrumental in bringing the need to the attention of the town.

Mayor S.T. Meadow passed a proclamation to create a public trust that year; and by August 3, 1979, the fund was established. The first board of directors included Juanita Dollar, Leon Gillum, William L. Luman, and Ricky Wayne Greene.

A letter was drafted and sent out to those who had relatives interred in the cemetery. Because of the generous interest of the townsfolk, the needed \$100,000 was soon raised. The money was used to establish an Irrevocable Fund, and the interest has been sufficient to meet maintenance needs and pay the salary of keeper Doyle Nichols, who works from April through October of each year.

Present trustees are Juanita Dollar, Leon Billum, Carl Jefferson, and Carol Griffen (secretary-treasurer).

MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH of Erick is a woman of many interests, including farming, writing, and church work. Wife of a minister-farmer, she has published much in both religious and secular periodicals. An issue of WESTVIEW without an offering by Margie is unusual.

JOHNSON INDIAN CEMETERY

By Imogene Barger



One of the best-kept Indian cemeteries in this area is the Johnson Indian Cemetery located $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles east of Lookeba in the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of 2-10-11. It is on the farm of the late Joe Johnson, grandson of the last hereditary chief of the Caddo tribe, Amos Longhat. Joe Johnson was reared by Charley Adams, who was appointed chief after Longhat. The Caddo Indians then approved a tribal constitution, and the chiefs became elective.

Those buried in the cemetery are: Joseph Johnson (Caddo: 1916-1984); Charles Adams (Caddo: 1944, age 64); Martha Johnson Adams (Charley's wife, Caddo, 1951, age 81); Hubert Franklin Cook (Part Pima, 1932-1972); Sarah Longhat Johnson (Caddo, 1896-1943); Francis Johnson (Caddo, 1886-1944); Annie Johnson Cook (Hubert's mother, Caddo, 1944, age 55); Vincent Johnson (Joe's uncle, Caddo, 1947, age 52); Robert Adams (Charley's son, Caddo, 1918, age 14); Mary Bentley Johnson (1933, age 37); Sadie Dunlap (Francis Johnson's first wife, 1913, age

26); Henry Johnson (7-month-old son of Francis Johnson, 1913); Babies (two daughters of Ester Coffee, Delawares, about 1905 — not twins but exact ages unknown); Jumper Williams (grandfather of Buntin Williams, long-time Binger sheriff, Caddo, 1848-1908).

The Johnson Indian Cemetery is a mixture of the old and the new. There are tumbled-down remains of the old grave houses once used as markers. There is a board-and-shingle house still in very good condition. In contrast, there are granite stones added as permanent markers by Joe and his wife, Bertha, before Joe's death in 1984. There's even a cement vault. The Johnsons have planted iris all through and along the banks of the creek behind the cemetery. They have even planted them throughout the timber on the surrounding hills. There are cedars, redbuds, maples, and various kinds of oak trees to provide shade and a peaceful site for the graves. The cemetery is on the site of an old Indian campground where any tribe was welcome to camp

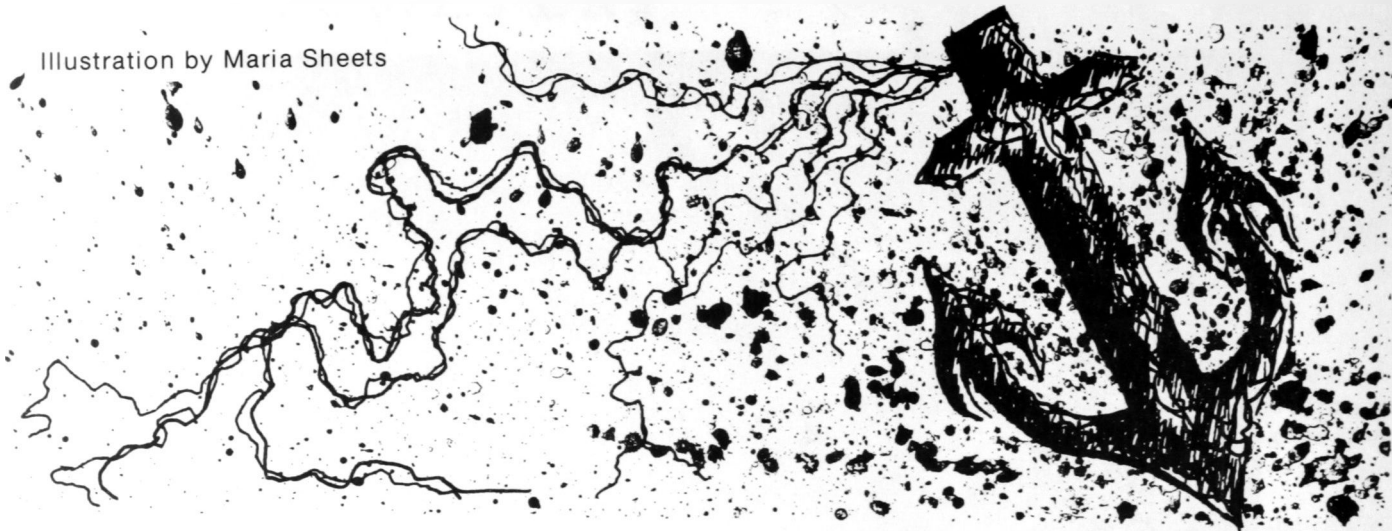
and where the Caddo tribe camped and sometimes held its religious ceremonies. If visitors to the cemetery drop down over the hill into the timbered valley at dusky dark and walk through the burial site and across the nearby creek, their imaginations seem to soar. They can see the flickering campfires of old reflected on the bronze-skinned Indians with their braided hair and eyes that seem to hold the wisdom of the ages in their dark depths. If visitors listen hard enough, the beat of the tomtoms and the chants of the singers can be heard in the still night air. They can see the dancers in full regalia as they whirl and leap around the fire. They can see the sweat lodge that was used for purification rights and the old gray-haired men as they spoke of past glories.

The valley is a fitting place to bury the Indian dead. They are nestled in the arms of long-ago and not-so-long-ago ancestors. Memories and a heritage live on. ●

VOICES OF IDENTITY

By Janet Fountain

Illustration by Maria Sheets



It was located about ten miles southwest of Canton in Dewey County. For nearly fifteen years around the turn of the century, it thrived. The community known as Fountain supported two grocery stores, a livery stable, a blacksmith shop, a school, an Odd Fellows Lodge, and a Woodman Lodge. As people settled in Western Oklahoma, this traffic-dependent town waned. Although the community has long since ceased to be, its cemetery continues, in a sense, to thrive. Cemeteries tell much about us. Fountain Cemetery, for instance, speaks to anyone who thoughtfully listens.

The small acreage is chain-link fenced and graced by several tall old cedars. Natural grasses and wildflowers decorate the earth. It's a serene place, suitable for meditation. Immediately the visitor detects that messages are important here because wired to two of the main gates are communications systems—quart-size mayonnaise jars containing strips of paper and a pencil. Too, just a few feet inside of the gates stands a mailbox. These two systems mainly offer ways to *deliver* messages that pertain to the cemetery. But communication is reciprocal; we expect also to *receive* a message. The cemetery can convey effectively. We must learn how to hear.

In the cemetery, we hear with our eyes. Our lives are mirrored there. We

can see our ancestors' values. Many of them greatly influence our lives today. Fountain Cemetery, or simply *Fountain*, as the local people refer to it, announces high regard for family and community. Past generations lie in definite, reserved, family territories; yet, they also have "close neighbors." As each actor in our life's experience affects us, similarly, each memorial contributes to Fountain's personality. Our striving for order is reflected in the careful placing of graves, pathways between, mowed grass, and groomed trees.

Fountain's most salient reflection of our lives is seen in the attention given to roles and to names. In these, identity is determined. Relationship roles, rather than professional roles, are announced by the monuments—daughter, son, mother, husband, wife, "friend to all." Fountain seems to tell us that these roles are meaningful to those whose lives we touch. Too, we humans have an ancient history of name importance. In life, we want to "live up to" our names and "make a name for ourselves." In many old languages, the word for *soul* and the word for *name* are virtually the same. Names had magical, holy, and miraculous powers. Outside its function of providing a place to dispose of bodily remains, Fountain's main purpose appears to be to provide a lasting declaration: "The one named here lived. We shall remember."

We can also hear the cemetery speak through symbols. They quietly announce beliefs and serve to connect the living with immortality. Although none in the Fountain Cemetery are particularly large, the older monuments are the most varied in shape and ornamentation. Both of these aspects are symbolic. Several are shaped like miniature cathedrals and steeples. Some are pulpit-shaped with an open book on top. Many of the children's monuments have sculptures of lambs resting on them. All of these are traditional religious symbols. Pictures etched in stone reflect the Christian heritage of people living in the area. Carvings of wheat and grape vines symbolize communion. Crosses are long-recognized symbols of Christian identity. Doves represent the Holy Spirit. Open books and scrolls depict reliance on and hope in scripture. Also seen are praying hands, hearts, and various kinds of flowers. A less-used yet powerful symbol, an anchor, is displaced on a cathedral-shaped stone that announces—"Hope."

While symbols quietly speak, epitaphs and last words explicitly communicate. *THE OXFORD BOOK OF DEATH* has collected many writings which portray our beliefs, hopes, and humor about death. Many of the epitaphs listed there came from churchyards in England. An example on page 322 is John Gay's epitaph (1685-1732):

Life is a jest; and all things show it.
I thought so once; but now I know it.
And on an unidentified woman's grave
(321):

Her body dissected by fiendish men,
Her bones anatomized,
Her soul we trust has risen to God,
A place where few physicians rise.
The inscriptions found at Fountain are also "poetic," though none make attempts at humor. The messages come in four forms. First are messages by visitors: "On that bright, immortal shore, we shall meet to part no more"—"Gone but not forgotten"—"Honored, beloved, and wept, here Mother lies." The second type of messages is sent to the deceased: "Sleep, dear Mother, in quiet rest. God called you home. He knoweth best." A rather guilt-inducing inscription directs: "Rest in sleep while friends, in sorrow, for thee weep." Third are messages *from* the deceased. One affirms, "The Lord's my shepherd—at rest til we meet." Too, there is this very explicit, perpetual goodbye: "Farewell, my wife and children. From you, a father, Christ doth call." Finally, there's a prayerful message of submission to one's Lord—"Thy will be done."

As we consider these messages, we notice a general, consensual belief

and hope in life after death. The hope seems to be one which includes resumption of relationships and roles as they were experienced before death's separation. One inscription reads. "We will never say goodbye in Heaven." We also notice our ancestors' death-denying tendency. Euphemisms tell us that the one named here is—"not lost, but gone before"—"asleep in Jesus"—"at rest." These tendencies have deep, cultural roots and continue today.

The messages today's cemeteries give are examined by John Stephenson in his book *DEATH, GRIEF, AND MOURNING*. A trend of recently constructed cemeteries requires that the monuments be flat stones set close to the earth, allowing for machine care of the grounds. The stones are smaller than traditional ones and generally devoid of sentimental words and images. The values he sees reflected here are death-denial, a cost-benefit mind-set, and de-emphasis of emotions" (218, 219).

Western Oklahoma's cemeteries speak more traditionally. An English writer, Edmond Burke (1729-1797), succinctly expressed the attitudes of most living in this area: "I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the

tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust (Enright, 130)." As Mrs. Erma Fountain Snyder, a niece of the Fountain community's founder, stated, "Bout everybody I ever knew is buried there." That's much kindred dust!

Fountain, the community, led a short life, as—so it seems—do we. Yet the cemetery, representative of its death, has been enlarged at least twice and continues to live. In death, the cemetery speaks to us. Similar is our hope; our symbols shout it—that through our inevitable death, we too will grow and continue to live.

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JANET FOUNTAIN is a 1972 graduate of Watonga High School. She is now a sophomore at SOSU, majoring in English Education.

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SURROUNDED BY CEDARS

By Kate Jackson Lewis

Illustration by Shannon Bower



Jodean McGuffin Martin, retired teacher and Martha resident who did the research for this article, joins me in thinking that the Martha Cemetery is one of the prettiest in Oklahoma. Its beauty lies in its simplicity and tall, graceful native cedars provided by the Forestry Service, planted and groomed by the local men. J.D. Hamilton, Martha businessman, said, "The neighborhood men donated their services by setting out the trees. I volunteered to haul the water and keep them alive and growing." Since the cedars extend down both sides of a road a half mile long, beginning at the town's main thoroughfare and leading to the cemetery's burial sites, much labor and water were required.

Martin reports the trees as reaching a height of forty feet, then tending in opposite directions to form an arched canopy the entire length of the lane.

Once a resident of Martha myself, I often accompanied by husband for a brisk walk down this narrow passage. We had first tried walking over the bumpy surface of the railroad tracks running parallel to the cedars and beyond the cemetery. What a relief it was to walk in the protected lane. It's amazing that the pesky red ants and sweat bees so prevalent on the tracks never venture inside the cedar lane. Who ever heard of an insect seeking the shelter of a cedar-lined closet? Too, the fragrance that the insects detested, I

drought-struck area, resembled the hardy cedars—a tough lot. "The Cedars of Lebanon," according to PELOUBET'S BIBLE DICTIONARY, "represent a type of the Christian—being evergreen, beautiful—but very durable."

Where did these pioneers come from? Why had they come? Was it the providence of God? Who knows?

They came, a family or two at a time, not competitively, as would the "Eighty-niners," but quietly, prayerfully—ready to "roll up sleeves" and go to work. I have often referred to the community as "Salt of the Earth" people.

Records differ somewhat on dates and spelling of names, but the differences are trivial. If anyone is disconcerted with the choices I made where differences occur, I apologize.

About 1885, settlers began to filter into "Old Greer County," via Doan's Crossing south of Altus. Some were native Texans, but others came from Georgia, Mississippi, and other states to find homesteads and a better way of life. They built "soddies" or half-dugouts to live in, worship in, or use for schools.

Though most of the settlers came to till the soil, plant it, and eventually harvest their crops, three ministers came—T.F. Medlin to start a church and the other two (J.T. Hosmer and Rev. McAnally) to evangelize or do missionary work. But the dedicated

"men of the cloth" didn't wait for proper buildings to be erected; they met in homes to worship. Ms. Hosmer had brought her organ along in her "prairie schooner" so she started making music for Sunday school even before preaching services began. When summer came, schools were set up under brush-arbors. Often church services and community affairs took their followers to the arbor.

A cemetery bearing the name Fiarview was built on the "Cunningham place." Soon three small graves were added.

Jodean Martin related the account of the devastating flood and lightning storm of 1891 that struck the new community. She said, "The water rose so fast that the people were flooded out of their homes and the cemetery's graves flooded, making the residents afraid that the water might wash the bodies from the graves."

When the flood waters receded, the school and the cemetery were moved to their present sites. The community, school, and cemetery were re-christened "Martha" honoring Miss Martha Medlin, their first teacher and postmistress (a "fine Christian girl," as the record states).

The new cemetery, according to George Doughty, is located on land formerly owned by Joe Gee. From the start, the proud pioneers cooperated to keep the cemetery premises clean and well-cared-for. Whether or not the graves belonged to any of the working men, they cleaned and groomed them each workday. Donations were taken on Memorial Day. Still some

citizens thought there should be a more systematic way of handling the cemetery's business.

One man, Martha Bank President Horace Doughty, said, "I've had a dream of Martha Cemetery's paying its own way." The idea caught on. A fifty-acre farm was bought from Joe Gee.

Sometime during the late 1930's, the Martha Cemetery Association was organized with Doughty as its first president and Lawrence Edwards as its first secretary. A committee was soon appointed to sell pledges, collect rental charges, and set up an endowment fund for the Martha Cemetery. Transactions were made, a graphic of the cemetery drawn and posted so lots could be sold, and money added to the bank. The chart is still kept on the wall of City Hall. Christine Watson, retired teacher, marks the record of lots sold, lots occupied, and any other pertinent information needed.

Ronnie Evans, currently the Association's president, sends out letters once each year to all members requesting funds for the cemetery's operating expenses. Any money left over is invested toward getting the cemetery "financially endowed." Then, Doughty's dream will have become a reality, and Martha's cemetery will pay its own way. ●

KATE JACKSON LEWIS of Purcell is a regular WESTVIEW contributor. A retired teacher, she has spent many quality days in Western Oklahoma.

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Epitaph

By Lynn Riggs

Here lies a bag of bones—here lies my love
Here I lie too, who never meant to die
at last unloved, and face ignominy—
for such it is for such as I, by love.
Immutably the standard flown above
splits in the wind, announcing the poor guy,
unrewarded by the wizardry
that love is. Immured is he who strove,
past all disclaimer, by his love and me
for bliss that follows after—bliss, my eye!
Is this a thought to take you when you die?
Is this the sentiment to put on stone—
a granite coverlet of sympathy
to wrap yourself in, when you lie alone?

Illustration by Maria Valentina Sheets

Poems provided by Lynn Riggs' biographer—
—Phyllis Cole Braunlich of Tulsa

Of Oak And Innocence

With wry contortions poets turn and seek
that lyric moment to be precious in:
"The frigid bird claws with his granite beak,"
"O murderous ash! O grace of terrapin!"
We must go backward to a timeless wood
of soft-dropping light and green moss underfoot,
and sit in the sun that idles where we stood
centuries ago and long: back to the root
of oak and innocence—back to the year
when the young sun soaked the amazing earth
and crashed through fibrous stem and stone to be
wombed in the darkest cell of soil and tree—
when the simplest leafy motion was a birth,
and the quiet word a thundering in the ear.

LYNN RIGGS, like his Claremore predecessor Will Rogers, was part-Cherokee. Long deceased, Riggs was best known for GREEN GROW THE LILACS, which became the Rodgers-Hammerstein hit OKLAHOMA! The Riggs poems published here are from his collection titled THIS BOOK, THIS HILL, THESE PEOPLE

ACCEPTANCE

By Karen Graves Goffinet

Illustration by Trey Wright

Chocolate-banana ice cream and dominoes. That's what kept running through my head as we drove to the cemeteries where both of my grandfathers are buried.

My day had started out fine. I had three hours of classes and lectures. My English Comp class called for a paper on an unusual subject, so I thought to myself, "How about tombstones? The ones from the early 1900's ought to be interesting." Thinking that I had come up with a good idea, I reasoned that I could do my research by haunting some graveyards. Just to test the reaction of a totally unbiased person, (after all, I liked my idea, but some folks might think it morbid!), I called my mother to see what she thought. Her reaction wasn't exactly what I had hoped for.

"Great idea," she said. "I'll call your dad and we'll go pick up Granny and Grandmother, and we can go check on Granddad and Granddaddy's graves. See you in a couple of hours."

AWRK! Me and my bright ideas. Their graves were the last places I wanted to go. There were plenty of other cemeteries around without having to go to those two in particular. I hadn't been there since the days of the funerals. All I could remember about those times were bits and pieces of the funeral and crying; after all, my teen-age heart was breaking.

I remembered the dark hole gaping at us. It looked so hard. And cold. Was this to be their new home? I had thought, "I want to take them home. They don't belong here." The mound of freshly turned earth was discreetly covered with a green cloth and the flowers that had been brought from the church. Why did they cover the dirt? Was it because we would be reminded of where that dirt was going the minute the last car drove through the gates? And the flowers. There were so many flowers. The churches had been filled with them. Their cloying fragrance had made the air so sticky-sweet. I guess almost everyone in town had

sent flowers. That was nice of them, but what were we supposed to do with them now? Do you cover the grave with them, and then are you supposed to stop grieving when they wither and die? Do you ever stop grieving?

Well, I had one more hour of reprieve. I headed out on I-40 to go to Dill City to meet my family. I had to pass by the Foss Cemetery, so I thought I had better stop in there while it was still daylight.

The cemetery was green and peaceful. Every now and then, I could hear the sounds of trucks and cars as they sped past on the highway. The hot wind brought the sounds to me as I wondered where they might be headed for. What were their destinations? What happens after a person dies? What is the final destination of THAT trip? Religions have their own beliefs of heaven, hell, or purgatory. Well, if there's a heaven, I know that's where my grandfathers are.

At the far end of the graveyard, I found two unusual headstones. The dates on them were of the years 1911 and 1918. The names were almost illegible and looked as if they had been scratched on by hand. The stones were decorated with five rows of marbles, the kind children play with. They were still bright and shiny as if the winds and rains had kept them polished. They were set into little holes that had been hewn with love; I tried to imagine the hard work that had gone into the making of these stones. Whoever lay beneath these stones must have been special; they probably weren't rich in dollars, but after seeing these stones that were engrained with love, I know that they had riches beyond comparison.

I had thirty minutes left. Driving slowly down the road, I noticed a cemetery north of Burns Flat. I turned off onto the dirt road and stopped in front of the cemetery gate. The silver wrought-iron sign indicated that this was the Page Cemetery. As I struggled to open the gate, a farmer drove by on a tractor. Just as he jumped off the

tractor, the gate popped open. I waved and said "Thanks," and he headed for the next field.

Here the only sound was the whispering of the trees as the wind brushed through them, and far away, the put-putt of the tractor. A beautiful stone, shaped just like a tree, with three limbs in the form of a cross, marked the grave of a young boy. Beneath the tree/cross lay a lamb. The lamb seemed to be awake, watching over the boy. Its stone features relayed the feeling "he is at peace." This stone was dated 1903.

My time was up. I met Mom, and we picked everyone up in her car. She had called an order in at the diner, and we got the food on our way out of town. Grandmother said she wasn't hungry, but she kept sneaking tater tots while Granny sampled the fried okra. It was nice being with them like this—just like old times, almost.

Granny said, "There are quite a few of our relatives buried there in Retrop. I don't think you remember any of them. You were pretty little. My sister, she died before you were ever born, is there and a bunch of my cousins." One person I DID know was there—right there in the north section under the tree. Daddy stopped the car under a shade tree, and I got out and headed for the south section.

There were several five to six foot-tall headstones scattered about over the graveyard. These stones, looking like tree trunks with the tops chopped off, were the stones marking the graves of the Woodmen of the World. This was a men's society in the late 1800's and early 1900's. It was along the same lines as the Shriners and Masons of today.

The stones were decorated with the logo and insignias of the Woodmen of the World carved on the stone. Figures of woodworking tools such as the wedge, hatchet, and sledgehammer along with the dove of peace were above the eternal sign of friendship, the handshake. On one of these stones was the photograph of the man who lay

beneath. He looked immortal. I guess only the stone—and the photograph—is for a little while anyway.

As Granny and I walked between the graves over the spot beneath the trees where Granddad was buried, the wind whipped her shirt-tails and mussed her salt and pepper hair. The graves around his were all of kinfolk, related by either blood or marriage. Granny bent down and plucked a weed growing by the headstone and tossed it aside. I saw her eyes water, but not one tear spilled. Standing to the left of the stone, she patted it gently, and I wondered what she was thinking; but I didn't dare ask. As for myself, I kept seeing Granddad in his best suit, asleep in his coffin. All dressed up and no place to go. No place except here, that is. Then I remembered the dominoes and all the fun we'd had.

Granddad had always kept a table set up to play dominoes and checkers. He taught all his grandchildren to play. We would sit there for hours playing. The clink of the dominoes and the ice in our tea were the only sounds made. I had to really concentrate because he was such a good player. He won most of the time, but I did occasionally. He never *let* me win, though; I had to work for it.

The tip of one finger was missing, and the nail was mangled. The story, according to Granddad, was that he had been bitten by a mouse when he stuck his hand into the cookie jar. From that time on, I always checked cookie jars before putting my hand in. He said, "There was the ugliest ol' mouse in that jar. I dumped him out and stomped on him. Got my finger back, too. He hadn't chewed it any, so I thought I might be able to stick it back on; but we didn't have any Super Glue, so I had to throw it away. Got the mouse good, though." I never really found out what had happened, but I know that the truth couldn't have been as good a story as the mouse-stomping was.

When we didn't play dominoes, we'd go out to the fields and chop cotton or bale hay or plow. Granddad always wore overalls and a hat. He never took that hat off, so all the rest of him was tanned except for the bit of his forehead that never saw the sun. I was a little kid then; but if I ever got in his way with my "help," he never said a word about it. In his later years, frail and sick as he was, he was always my big, strong Granddad, champion of

dominoes and stomper of mice. Then he was dead. He wasn't anything. Granddad was gone.

Granny and I slowly made our way back to the car. I was trying to be as tough as she was. She had raised ten kids during the Depression years and could handle anything. I'm her granddaughter, and I don't cry. What's that song—"Don't Cry Out Loud?" I'm okay. Why do we have to leave you here? Why did you have to die?

I was so lost in thought that I didn't notice how much time had passed. We were almost at the Lone Star Cemetery entrance.

This was where Granddaddy was buried. Uh-oh—here we go again. I helped Grandmother out of the car and stood there for a moment, looking out across the graveyard with its bouquets of plastic flowers adorning the mounds of dirt. She clutched her sunbonnet in one hand, her fingers nervously working the seams, and held on to my arm with the other. Some of the graves had sunk down during the recent rains. If they sank any farther, the coffins would probably be visible. I didn't want to look. The pine trees scented the quiet atmosphere. Mom and Dad got out of the car and headed for the grave—the one I didn't want to see, Granddaddy's.

The sun was starting to set, and I wondered that time it was. I looked at Grandmother's watch to see and noticed that she was wearing one of Granddaddy's watches. Probably not a minute goes by without her thinking about him. As we walked down the sidewalk, she said, "Guess I'll have to bring the poison out the next time. The weeds and crabgrass is starting to grow back." She still takes such good care of him—my ice-cream Granddaddy.

He liked ice cream. So did I. We made a good pair. Our favorite was chocolate-banana most of the time; but in a pinch, we'd settle for vanilla. Grandmother's homemade ice cream and candy were the best. There was always a can of hard candies on the floor by Granddaddy's rocker or in the floor or on the low shelves of his closet. Needless to say, I know from whom I inherited my sweet tooth.

Granddaddy was tall and lean—a gentle man. Although he was in ill health most of his life, he was still strong enough to carry me to the hospital when I couldn't walk. Many times, we'd sit on the front porch rocking and drink iced tea or Dr. Pepper. In the summertime, we'd sit in

the backyard and listen to the birds singing in the branches of the apricot trees. After a supper of fried chicken and jappers (homemade dumplings), we'd pick dessert right off the tree. I remember how hard he laughed when I helped Grandmother and him plant onions. He taught me that the proper way to plant them is with the fuzzy end on the bottom and the green sprout on top—not the reverse.

Granddaddy had never watched me play basketball. The night after his funeral, I was scheduled to play in a game. I didn't want to, but Grandmother told me to play and play my best. I did play, and it WAS one of the best games I had ever played. All my shots swished through the net perfectly. They had to be perfect because this was the first game Granddaddy had seen me play.

I was hurt when he died. I realized that he wasn't suffering anymore, but that didn't help my pain. I thought I had gotten over the hurt, but it really hit me a few years later at my wedding shower. I am probably the only girl to have cried at her own wedding shower. Grandmother brought a gift, and the card was signed "Grandmother"—not "Grandmother and Granddaddy."

On the way back home, I realized that I really hadn't done any research for my paper, but I think I learned something much more important. I had forgotten what wonderful grandfathers I had had. Granny and Grandmother are also special to me. Thank God I still have them. Even though I don't get to see them as often as I want to, I know that they are always available.

It's been several years since Granddad and Granddaddy left this world. I still miss them, but I'm thankful for the time I had with them. Not every little girl has both sets of grandparents living less than a block apart. For a child, that's heaven.

For now, I have my memories—memories that go far beyond the days of their funerals. We had no generation gap, even though there was a fifty-year difference in our ages. I hope I can help my daughter cope with death when it touches her life. I can tell her stories about her great-grandfathers, who taught me so much with their quiet strength. Their memories will always shine in an endless day. ●

KAREN GRAVES GOFFINET submitted the preceding article as a requirement in one of Professor Con Hood's 1213 English Composition classes.

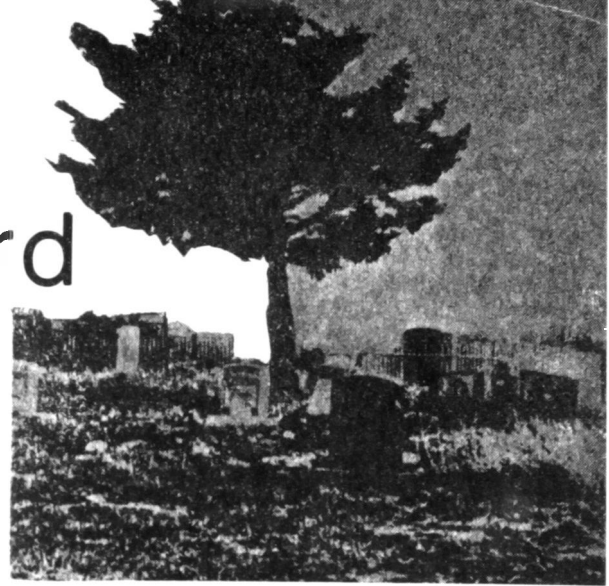
Indian Graveyard

By Mary E. Smith

As we walk among the graves
How do we know if they too walk with us?
Are they here? In the wind that whistles a weary tune
Among stones and lowly metal markers
That have lost all the letters that once
Spelled names, days of birth, and death.

Some stones still stand and proudly say who lies below.
And days they lived and when they died.
Oh, thoughts run rampant and visions are clear
Of a grandma there and a baby here.
These are sacred towns below this earth.
So walk gently and speak low.
It is our way reverence to show
To those gone on to the great unknown.

We, too, will join that numberless throng.
Then we'll know if we can hear
The things they say as they walk through
Among our markers above our town
When we too are below the ground.



Clinton Indian Cemetery.

Photographs courtesy of the author.

PROPPING UP THE TOMBSTONE

The cemetery gate is old, rusty,
loudly protesting as we push it open,
the grass high, tangled with weeds,
small shrubs choke the winding path;
around us tombstones lean crazily,
some tumbled upon the ground,
their lettering worn, some dates and names now gone, forever;
we search a while,
hesitating,
suddenly finding it, face down upon the ground,
we heave it over, relieved,
the lettering is still sharp and clear
as if chiseled yesterday,
we prop it up,
securing it with stones and branches,
packing the earth firm around its foundations,
then tired, yet satisfied,
we step back.

We love you, Great-grandfather,
though we've never met.

Illustration by John Crawford

BRIEF GLORY

The little stone lamb
lies down upon its knees
and sighs,
“Our darling,”
the stone whispers,
“died age 3 months, 2 days,”
“earth to earth,”
“ashes to ashes.”

Only this small monument remains
of her short life;
Like the Mayfly
or a bright shimmering bubble,
she was beautiful
for a moment.

GLEN V. MCINTYRE



HOME

Animals have holes to crawl to,
licking their wounds as they go,
sniffing the still threatening air;

Even the dead have homes of earthly clay,
packed down and secured
by passages of time;

But autumn leaves have none,
are carried up into the midst of the sky,
spiraling in whirlwinds
till they disappear
into the immense abyss of space;

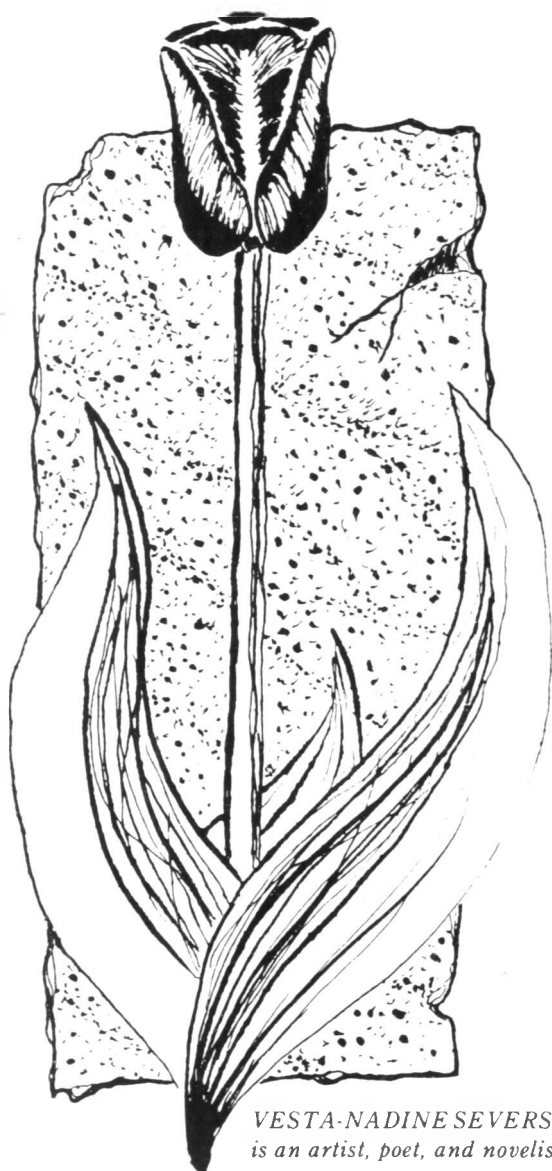
How like an autumn leaf
I feel today.

GLEN V. MCINTYRE is a museum curator in Kingfisher. His poetry and articles appear often in WESTVIEW.

CHIMNEYS AND TULIPS

Vesta-Nadine Severs

Between the beds of tulips
Decaying sandstone chimneys
Solemn sentinels by forgotten graves.



VESTA-NADINE SEVERS of Shawnee
is an artist, poet, and novelist.

Illustration by Clinton T. Wood

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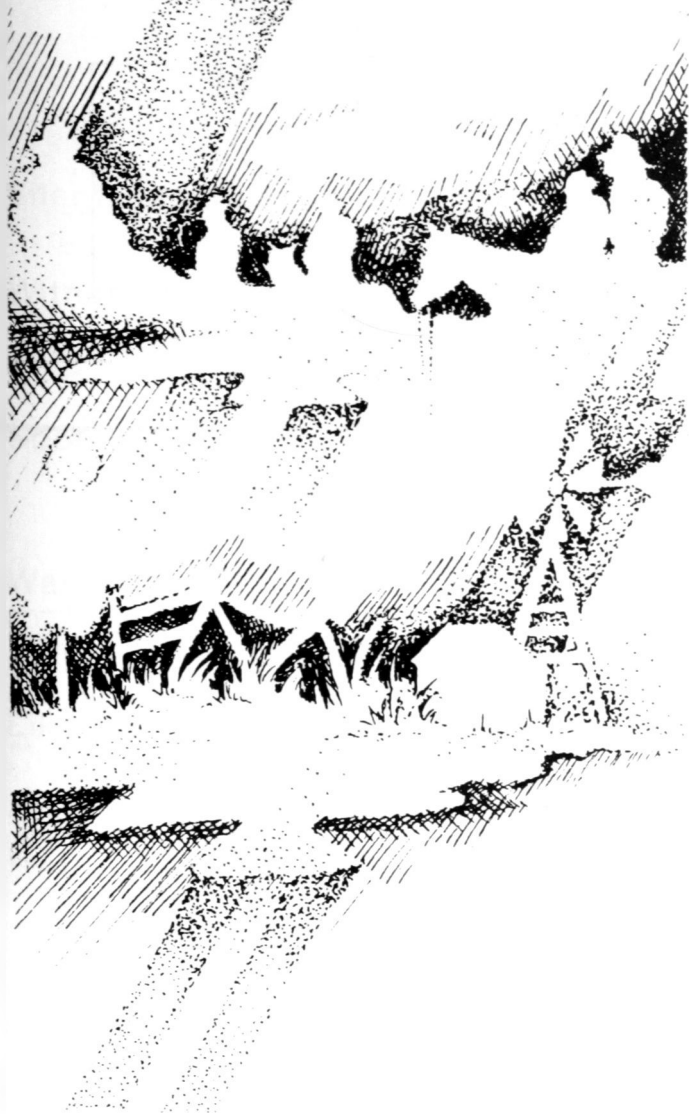
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SILENT CITY

By Marion Dodson



There on a flat, grass-covered mound
Growing thick with loco weeds
Texola became a pioneer town
Supplying the settlers' meager needs.

And closeby, another little city grew
In which it may be said
Lie the good and bad and false and true
In this silent city of the dead.

The old pioneers are sleeping there,
Their troubles all forgotten,
Unmindful of the common fate we share,
Untouched by the praise we've spoken.

No more shall they blaze the western trails
And no more shall they turn the sod;
The spirits that weathered privation's gales
Have urged their way to God.

But the state they've built will forever stand,
A symbol of courage true,
Like a painting touched by a master's hand,
It reflects their vision to you.

And we today so far removed
From the hardships of the past
Must never forge their gallant mood
And uphold it to the last.

We know not the day nor hour
The call may come to us,
When God shall recall His spirit power
And we shall return to dust.

But in that day—be it when or where—
We cross the silent tide,
I'm sure we'll find the old settlers there,
Pioneering on the other side.

submitted by Margie Snowden North

Illustration by Erin O'Connor

written April, 1942

MARION DODSON came to Oklahoma by covered wagon at age 5. All his life he enjoyed writing poems but never saw any of them published. He was born February 1, 1895 and died February 16, 1978. "Silent City" is an excerpt from "Looking Backward," a longer poem that describes the hardships of making a home in early-day Oklahoma.

Thoughts came easy
 In these surroundings.
 Seeming simply to float
 My senses aroused.

Watching a thousand butterflies
 Their gracefulness.
 To see one alone in the breeze
 Discovering its beauty.

Dew falls
 From the soft, precious rose.
 Welcoming the fragrance
 Of morning air.

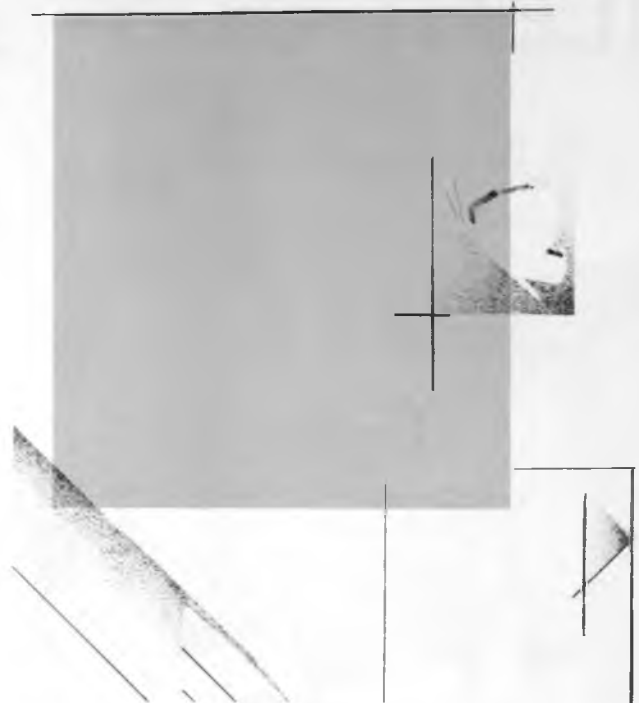
The light from the horizon
 Symbolized new redeeming life.
 As this orange ball of fire
 Was awakening.

So also did I awake
 Leaving the lullaby of the crickets.
 Not to regret it.
 For I would soon dream again.

THE AWAKENING

By Rachel A. Glennie

Illustration by John Hubener



RACHEL A. GLENNIE was a SOBU freshman from Woodward when "The Awakening" was accepted for publication. She is now married and living in Germany.

THOUGHTS OF LIFE AND DEATH

By Darrell Sage

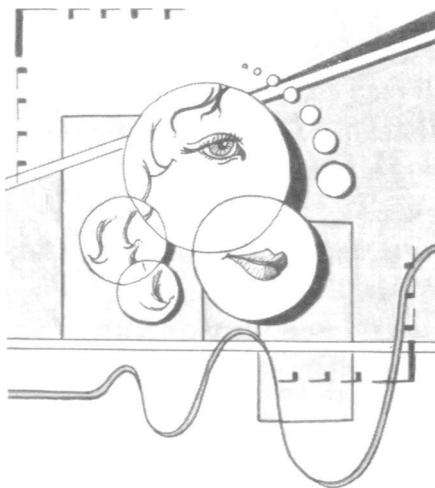


Illustration by Monte Garrett York

DARRELL SAGE was born in the Clinton Indian Hospital and has lived in Weatherford most of his life. He has been writing poetry for about three years and has hopes of becoming an often-published poet.

We all have a short time to live this life.
 Because I'm always thinking of you,
 I know we can make it if we try.
 Don't let these stories make you feel blue,
 Letting the radio play some good rock-n-roll—
 Some stations play songs altogether different.
 You're very pretty, but soon you'll be so old.
 Our age doesn't say where it's been.
 These are just for you because
 Steve will always be my very good friend.
 You have a beauty that will never die.
 You have a sound that I hope will never end
 Because I hope I'll never tell you a lie.
 Our life is a song; maybe soon I'll go wrong.
 There are many pretty ladies in this world—
 There's a girl I've loved all along.
 I think Steve is lucky because he has found you.
 Has anyone told you that you're so sweet?
 You never do have love in disguise:
 You're the lady who sets my love free.

EVERGREEN

By Pat Kourt

Silent, cedar sentinels

Witnessing public weeping
and private promises.

Soothing sorrow in the scorching
summer sun.

Warming weariness in the whipping
winter winds.

Like reminiscences recorded in a
faded family album,

Waiting, wistful watchmen. . .
Evergreen.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: My dad, J. Roy Brown, who was a farmer-stockman in the Port community, has told me many times that people of his generation equate cedar trees with cemeteries. The trees' symbolic color of life is a comfort among family markers.

Illustration by Karen Sullivan

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THE ULTIMATE REUNION

Richard F. Hay

The Angel Gabriel stood waiting for
the Lord's signal

A few minutes more and it was time

Gabriel's trumpet blared throughout
the land

Those once dead floated upward
from their graves

They rapidly took shape and
became whole and well

"Hi Charlie over here, all those
years and yet so near"

"Why we were buried romantically
side by side"

"What a glorious day, Steve; I've
waited so long for it"

"Well, Charlie, see you later, pal
my family is waiting for me at
the side gate"

*RICHARD F. HAY is a free-lance writer from West
Newton Massachusetts*

Illustration by John Hubener

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LATE SUMMER IN OKLAHOMA

By Marj McAlister

This morning is not the same as yesterday and day
before and day before. . .

The sounds are nearer, sharper.

The air feels thinner, cooler.

My eyes can see farther, clearer.

My tongue tastes a refreshing breeze.

I touch the golden gate——unfamiliarily cool.

As I walk down the path, the flowers salute, rather
than droop. The birds are friskier. Missy jumps twice
as high as usual.

The end of summer is near; my pulse quickens after weeks of doldrums.

Summer gave a good performance, but I do not applaud
too loudly. She will reappear for a few encores, but I
welcome autumn in all her finery, parading front and center.

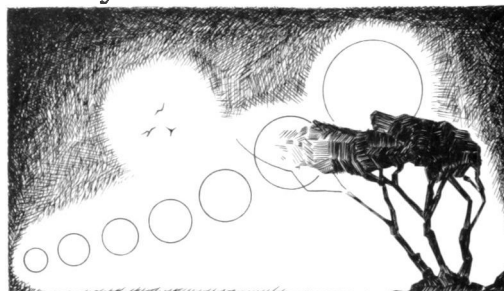


Illustration by Jerry Toppah

MARJ MCALISTER, a free-lance writer from Oklahoma City, is an active member of the Oklahoma City Writers, Inc., the Poetry Society of Oklahoma, and the Oklahoma Writers Federation, Inc.



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ABANDONED FARM HOUSE

By Margie Snowden North

Weathered gray clapboard shell
where birds nest
and pack rats cache treasures.
Windows gape like unseeing eyes
framed by sagging sills,
foundations crumble
in ceaseless winds.
The farm house,
dead or dying,
a ruining coffin being buried
by sand ridges
and overgrown weeds
in its own
lonely graveyard.



Photos by the author

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GONE AND PARTLY FORGOTTEN

By Karen Huddleston

There are many small country cemeteries scattered across Western Oklahoma. General characteristics of these cemeteries are that they are privately owned and generations of families are buried close together. These cemeteries rely on donations and families cooperating to maintain and keep them. Even so, there are some small cemeteries that have surely been forgotten. While driving through the country, a person might see a cemetery covered with tall weeds and grass. These cemeteries look as if they have been abandoned. Some of the people buried in them could have been settlers passing through Oklahoma Territory.

Zerita Kiesau of Kiesau-Kern-Schneider Funeral Home in Clinton stated, "Back in early days, people traveled and moved a lot. If someone died while traveling, he was buried wherever he died." This tendency could account for unkept graves and graves that are no longer marked. Perhaps the family put up a wooden cross to mark the grave. However, after decades of Oklahoma weather the wood has decayed and has left an unmarked grave. "Sometimes early settlers used stones or rocks to mark graves if they couldn't afford headstones," stated Mrs. Kiesau. If such is the case, we can imagine that there are many unmarked graves in Western Oklahoma.

North of Butler lies Osceola Cemetery. According to county records, this cemetery was donated by J.B. Story on April 21, 1898 at 4:30 p.m. Mr. Story donated 1½ acres of his land for cemetery purposes. The legal description reads: "12 rods by 20 rods to a stake, SW corner of NW quarter of Section 25-15-19." These measurements are equal to 198 feet x 330 feet. The deed was written in Arapaho, Custer County Seat, Oklahoma Territory.

The very old gate is still standing at the entrance to the cemetery. Some of the letters have fallen off so that the name can no longer be read. A red framed box stands at the gate, stating the last names of the people buried there. When this list was made isn't known—or if it has ever been updated. Nevertheless, it includes seventy names including Wrinkel, Aunt Pop, Adkison, Eddings, Hunnicut, Hargues, Hutcherson, Igo, Loidsey, McDermott, Murreah, Parmeyer, Stallcup, Touchstone,

Vandervirt, and Weir. A wooden cross that used to stand on top of the box has fallen off. Written on the cross are the words "In God We Trust."

The caretakers of the cemetery are a group of people that have family members buried there—Ella Jean Clift, Doug Ray, Jim Ray, Minnie Ray, Paul Mowles; also, some of the members of the Edwards family combine labor and personal equipment to keep the cemetery looking good. There is an account at Custer County State Bank in Arapaho for families to make donations. These donations are to be used to buy equipment for the maintenance of the cemetery.

There are many granite tombstones standing in this cemetery. Some look as though they could fall over any minute. Jean Clift remembers when one of the stones fell on her young son, nearly breaking his leg. "And," she said, "that was over twenty years ago." The stones are tall rather than broad, and they are very heavy. Names and dates were carved on the stones years ago, and now it's almost impossible to read some of the lettering. In some cases, a person must rub his finger along the outline of the letters in order to read the inscriptions. Such stones were popular in the late 1800's and early 1900's.

After some time of studying these stones, I found that there is writing on two sides of some of them. One such stone read: "Daughters of E. A. and L. E. Barker. May V. died Feb. 1900, 1900. Age 3Y. 1M. 19D" on one side and "Murrean died Sep. 4, 1900. Age 1 Y. 2 M. 27D" on the other side. One side of another such stone are these words: "Joseph F. died Dec. 1894. Age 5M. 24D. Pearl M born and died July 23, 1900. Children of J. F. and B. A. Walker. A place is vacant in our home, which never can be filled." On the other side are these words: "Bertha Adell wife of J. F. Walker. Died Aug. 1, 1900. Age 30 Y. A precious one from us is gone."

There are also ordinary aluminum markers in the cemetery. Some of them are very interesting. One marker has simply "Aunt Pop." One marker that caught my attention twenty years ago was "Baby Unknown." I always wondered how a baby could be buried without anyone knowing who he was. In fact, I found three "Baby Unknown" markers, one "Woman Unknown"

marker, and an "Unknown" marker. Bobbie Ray of Butler presented a possible solution: "I wanted to know how a baby could be unknown, too, so I asked Bess (Bessie Ray, her mother-in-law) about it one time. She said that at one time there was a fever, an epidemic of some kind, that killed many people. When someone came down with a fever, he was taken to Osceola School to be cared for. Then if he died, the family wouldn't go to claim the body for fear of catching and spreading the infection. So the bodies were buried and the graves were marked "Unknown"

My confusion led me to inquire about a cemetery map. My search led me to Floyd Barten of Leedey, who directed me to Ed Covey and Jim Powers. I still didn't get the needed information. Jean Clift told me that Bobbie Ray had once been in charge of the cemetery bank account and that maybe she would know about the map. However, Bobbie said, "There's no map of the cemetery, and there's no Cemetery Board. Family members just say where they want the body to be buried, and that's where the grave is dug." She went on to inform me that there were several unmarked graves in the cemetery. She remembered when five unmarked graves were dug up before an empty plot was found. She stated, "After the unmarked graves were dug up, the cemetery was extended south of its original boundaries to prevent such an unfortunate thing from happening again."

Since there's a possibility of more unmarked graves in this cemetery, it's impossible to tell how old the cemetery actually is. Time and weather have worn away many of the carvings on the tombstones, and they can't be read. Some of the markers are in place but are impossible to read. Dates, names, and markers are gone from here, but are they forgotten?

SOURCES: personal interviews with Floyd Barten, Jean Clift, Zerita Kiesau, and Bobbie Ray; research in the Custer County Court Clerk Records.

KAREN HUDDLESTON of Clinton is a SOSU freshman majoring in Business Administration. The present selection is her second published work.

MEDITATIONS AT THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG GIRL

George L. Hoffman

She lies apart here in this prairie earth
With but this stone to give her name and span of years
And only this infant child who died before her birth
As a sad uncertain link with her forebears.

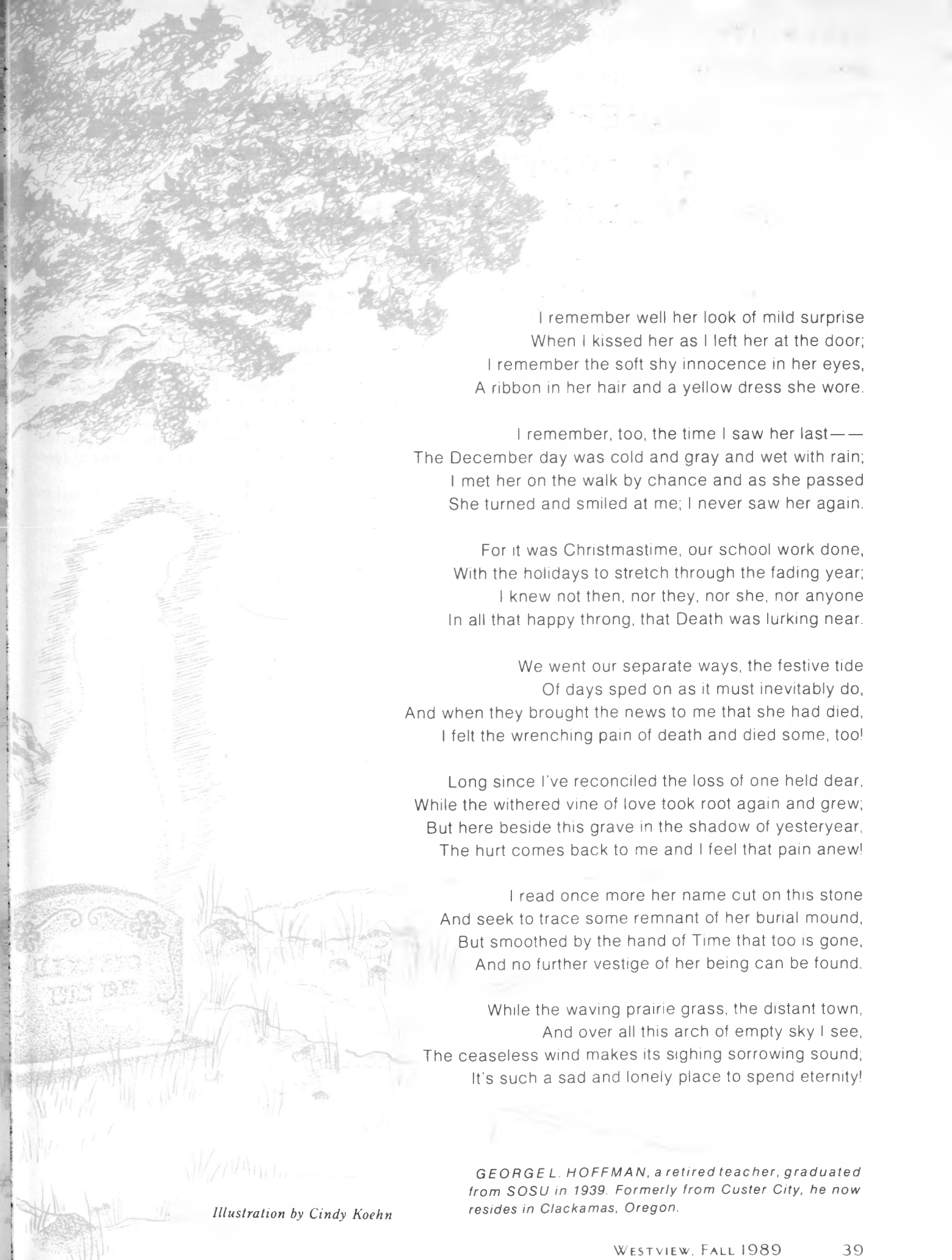
While roundabout some space away from them
In twos or threes or more, these others are at rest;
Their stones proclaim full fruitful lives and family names,
And fraternally they lie, companions yet in death.

I envy not the quiet peace they share,
For to the dead belong the dead——they are their own!
And yet, somehow, I cannot think it right or fair
That she should die so young or lie so much alone.

Or that so few of those whom she once knew
Come now in quiet meditation to this place
To think on her and how once she lived as yet we do,
And how sweetly fair she was in manner, form, and face!

I've had no souvenirs of her these many years——
no photograph, no lock of hair, no signature;
but visions in the mind put shame to souvenirs,
And my memories of how she was still endure.

I remember the lilting way she talked
And the eager way she smiled before laughter came;
I remember the graceful way she moved and walked
And the quiet way she worked and how she wrote her name.



I remember well her look of mild surprise
When I kissed her as I left her at the door;
I remember the soft shy innocence in her eyes,
A ribbon in her hair and a yellow dress she wore.

I remember, too, the time I saw her last — —
The December day was cold and gray and wet with rain;
I met her on the walk by chance and as she passed
She turned and smiled at me; I never saw her again.

For it was Christmastime, our school work done,
With the holidays to stretch through the fading year;
I knew not then, nor they, nor she, nor anyone
In all that happy throng, that Death was lurking near.

We went our separate ways, the festive tide
Of days sped on as it must inevitably do,
And when they brought the news to me that she had died,
I felt the wrenching pain of death and died some, too!

Long since I've reconciled the loss of one held dear,
While the withered vine of love took root again and grew;
But here beside this grave in the shadow of yesteryear,
The hurt comes back to me and I feel that pain anew!

I read once more her name cut on this stone
And seek to trace some remnant of her burial mound,
But smoothed by the hand of Time that too is gone,
And no further vestige of her being can be found.

While the waving prairie grass, the distant town,
And over all this arch of empty sky I see,
The ceaseless wind makes its sighing sorrowing sound;
It's such a sad and lonely place to spend eternity!

GEORGE L. HOFFMAN, a retired teacher, graduated from SOSU in 1939. Formerly from Custer City, he now resides in Clackamas, Oregon.

Illustration by Cindy Koehn

SILVER CITY CEMETERY: REMEMBRANCES OF A CHISHOLM TRAIL GHOST TOWN

By Gwen Jackson

Many moons before Silver City came into existence, Indian hunters from the Southwest crossed the nearly mile-wide Canadian River at what became known as the Silver City Crossing. Years later, Indians used the same crossing enroute to meetings at Council Grove and to trade with Jesse Chisholm.

At the beginning of the Civil War in 1861, Colonel William Emory was ordered to evacuate Union troops from Fort Washita, Fort Arbuckle, and Fort Cobb. He formed eleven companies, 750 fighting men, 150 women, children, and other non-combatants. They used the Indians' Canadian River crossing, also known as the Bond Crossing, was one of the points from which the "run" into Oklahoma County was made in 1889.

Because of the Civil War and loyalty to the Indians, Jesse Chisholm abandoned his Council Grove trading post and moved his family to Chisholm Creek near Wichita, Kansas. Tracks left by departing soldiers and the name Jesse Chisholm created one of the most famous cattle trails in history.

After the war, in 1866, Jesse saw the first herd come up the well-traveled trail to Wichita. The herd was driven by Captain Henry Spikes from Bryan County, Oklahoma. The

trail became known as the Chisholm Trail and was the main street of Silver City.

The history of Council Grove tells of a great hunting expedition organized in 1867 by Montford T. Johnson, Jesse Chisholm, and two of their friends. They camped on Walnut Creek, ten miles northwest of Purcell. Montford and Jesse liked the grazing prospects of the area. With Jesse's help and permission from the Chickasaw Nation, Montford established his ranch in the spring of 1868. It was this same year that runners were sent from tribe to tribe telling of Jesse Chisholm's death.

The Council Grove area became part of Montford Johnson's cattle and hog operations, which then consisted of 3600 acres. In 1886, Montford had to abandon his Council Grove Ranch because it was not in the Chickasaw Nation. Mr. Johnson lived in his Silver City Ranch headquarters.

On a fenced knoll two miles north of Tuttle in Grady County lies the well-kept Silver City Cemetery. The headstones tell stories of hardship, loving, living, and prospering of this Chisholm Trail town in the mid-1800's.

It is said that Silver City started when a Mexican family sold quirts to trail hands moving herds through that area after the Civil War. Three creeks made an ideal place for



Picture provided by Glen McIntyre of Kingfisher.

bedding cattle overnight before crossing the Canadian River. One, Silver Creek, gave the town its name.

According to Anna Couch, numerous young men on cattle drives married Indian women and took up land along the Chisholm Trail. One of the first to establish a home in the Silver City area was W.G. Williams, also known as "Caddo Bill." In 1878, Bill learned that he was not in Caddo County, so he sold his place on Montford T. Johnson.

At the time, Montford and his wife, Mary Elizabeth, moved to Silver City. Mary died in 1880 at 33 years of age and is buried in Silver City Cemetery. Montford's daughter, Stella, who died at age 25, is also buried there.

An early legend tells of a drover coming from Wichita after selling his herd. Indians were waiting for him on the knoll where Silver City Cemetery is located. They killed him and his horse and buried them with plans to return to take any silver he was carrying, but they didn't get back to dig up the remains. People in Silver City knew about the drover and started their cemetery where he was buried.

In 1883, Montford bought another ranch five miles west of Silver City. He sold his Silver City ranch to Charles B. Campbell. Mr. Campbell was born in 1861 at Fort Arbuckle; his mother was a Chickasaw, and his father was from Ireland. He received his education in the common schools of Indian Territory and at 17 started a cattle business for himself where he handled four to six thousand head per year. When thousands of longhorns were being moved up the Chisholm Trail, Charles Campbell established his store in Silver City. Charles Campbell and Montford Johnson were good friends as well as relatives.

In May of 1883, a post office was added in the store. Mail was carried once a week, and Phillip A. Smith was postmaster. About a year later, mail from Darlington to Silver City was increased to twice a week.

What is believed to be the first school in Grady County was started in 1885. According to Mary Bailey, Miss Smith, a Boomer from Kansas, received permission from Charles Campbell to camp on his land. She persuaded Mrs. Campbell to let her open a neighborhood school in the Campbell home. For several months, she taught the smaller children there. Following a disagreement with Mrs. Campbell, Miss Smith left and the school was broken up.

When Mary Bailey was working on her doctorate, she interviewed Mrs. Joe D. Lindsay, a former resident of Silver City. She said by 1886, when her husband came from Atoka, to take charge of the store, all goods were freighted from Atoka, Arkansas City, and Caldwell, Kansas. Mr. Lindsay's store at Silver City was about 25 x 30 feet. Behind the store was one well, which furnished water for Silver City.

In 1887, the first school house in Grady County was built. It was 24 x 36 feet with a log for a front step and rough boards to serve as benches and desks. Miss Callie Graham was the teacher in 1889; Meta Chestnut came from North Carolina to take charge of the school. Enrollment went from seven the thirty-five pupils with the first eight grades being taught.

Silver City residents used home remedies and patent medicine purchased at Lindsay's Store. Neighbors nursed the sick and buried the dead. Coffins were homemade of material purchased at the Silver City store and lined with fabric and lace by caring neighborhood women. Prayers and songs were led by neighbors, and funerals were held in the school house. Many headstones in Silver City Cemetery are

adorned with resting lambs and doves, indicating that times were hard for infants and that epidemics took their toll on young children.

Ed Cornett's parents ran the hotel in Silver City. As a young man, he watched the passing of the Chisholm Trail era. Although he was too young to claim land during the run of '89, he made the run and held land until his father and sister arrived to stake a claim. Ed later helped open the Oklahoma City stockyards. In 1923, he started the Cornett Packing Company. Silver City and the cattle industry influenced this man who lived to be one hundred years old.

A half mile east of the Silver City Cemetery was the Tuttles Ranch. Markers within the cemetery show that the Johnsons, Campbells, Bonds, and Tuttles were related by marriage. The present town of Tuttle was named for the Tuttle family.

When a railroad was build west of Silver City, it became evident that cattle would be shipped from there to the north. Montford T. Johnson and C. L. Campbell began raising thoroughbred horses on their farms. In later years, buyers of polo ponies came to the Johnson and Campbell ranches from Kansas City and St. Louis.

Montford T. Johnson established a bank in Union City in 1889, but it was moved to Minco in 1890. One day in the Minco Bank, Campbell and Johnson noticed a sticker indicating "U-See-It" on the bottom of the bottle-type water fountain. Johnson thought that that would be a good name for a horse. Both Johnson and Campbell died in 1894, so they wouldn't know that in U-See-It's bloodline would be Black Gold, the 1924 Kentucky Derby winner.

As the Campbells and Johnsons moved west, the Bonds and Tuttles spread to the east. James Bond tuttle was born July 15, 1896. He later became postmaster of the town east of Silver City, which was named Tuttle. He died in 1966 and is buried in the Silver City Cemetery. His son, Holmes Tuttle, lives in Los Angeles but continues to provide funds for maintaining the Silver City Cemetery.

The tracks of Main Street in Silver City are growing dimmer as wind fills them with sands of time. The surrounding grassland is pock-marked with old buffalo wallows and cattle springs. The visitor who goes to the ghost-town cemetery on Memorial Day must look for the roses blooming next to the fence. They were planted by an early-day Silver City resident. In Tuttle, there's a monument listing 112 names of Silver City residents. ●

Sources for this article are Mary Bailey, Chickasha historian, an unpublished history of Council Grove, and an interview with Deanna O'Hara, whose family owns the land surrounding the Silver City Cemetery. Also researched were various CHRONICLES OF OKLAHOMA items.

GWEN JACKSON of Amber, like her sister, Pat Kourt, of Thomas, is a regular WESTVIEW contributor.

THE GRANITE LENS

By Dr. Sam Lackey

I first noticed how the tombstones reflected light
Like a lens
When we moved out to our place in the country
And passed a graveyard on the way to work and
Back each day—morning and night.
The stones would catch our lights and focus all
Our thoughts on Now.

How dry and clean is the road?
Will the tires hold in this turn
Off 54 and up Davis Road?
We ride continually on faith, yet
Why am I going so fast?
What is my hurry now?
The stones with neighbors' names flash brightly.
 Large and elaborate against the grass,
 Or small, with a heart, and the final facts of love.
For a lost child. . .
They focus mind and heart
Not on the future hidden in the crystal's glint
Not on the past, etched by the long blind rains
That make the sharpest letters soften
Into Nature's universal script.

The granite lens, the compound microscope of Time
Fixes my full awareness of the focal point
Where dim abstraction is eclipsed and fading images drift and fall.
There, smouldering before me, the future and the past converge,
The white hot melting point is reached.
Where life burns in the blood, lights up the eyes,
Brings every sense in finest tune,
And steels the sinuses and bones.

My bike, my young wife on the back, tops the hill with ease.
The low purr barely audible above the rushing wind.
The headlight cuts into the future twenty yards.
We top the second hill more slowly now, following the heavy pulse
Of a big bike a half block ahead.
My mind began to turn over the frequent thought that a bigger bike is
So much more solid on the road. . . especially when the 16-wheelers
Wash you almost onto the flying shore with their wake.
When slowly but with steady grace a glistening Thunderbird coming
Toward us turned.
Turned, as though the big bike wasn't there,
Turned as though somehow he didn't count.

We saw him rise, my young wife and I.
The big bike rider and his bike
Rose like dolphins from the waves
And hung somehow at the highest point
Nearly motionless
The Thunderbird had stopped
With only a shattered signal light and a glint
Of bumper across the center line.
But now there was no sea to swallow up her own
And as though betrayed,
The rider and the big bike turned and dove,
Breaking into twisted memories of
The sleek invulnerable swimmers they had been,
Five feet and half a thought ago.

Not long after lunch, I heard over the radio
That there was a wreck on Davis Road with injury.
The injured person was taken to the Emergency Room
Where it was necessary to remove his leg.
It is true, I had never seen a leg like his
When we slowly rolled by that morning. The crowd gathered
Quickly but through their legs I could see his leg
As we rolled slowly down the block.
At first, I was unsure of my perspective,
 the twisted way he was lying and all.
But in the end, it was all too clear.
 Like an ostrich,
The leg bent straight forward
At the knee.

Instinctively my hands went to my own knees,
I felt them move and lock under the unbroken skin
...without a trace of pain.
I thought of my young wife in a flurry of images
Singing from the touch of her skin to the stretch and
Power of her running in the fields.

Enough is enough.
Without a word we knew.
The lens had burned the image of the lost leg home.
We were just too awake that morning not to see,
We were just too alive that morning. . . not to fear,
And the granite and the concrete. . . far too dumb to care.

DR. SAM LACKEY, Assistant Professor of English and Philosophy, has twenty years of college teaching experience—seventeen at SOSU. For seven years, he was sponsor of CHAPBOOK and editor of the OKLAHOMA ENGLISH JOURNAL. His poems have been published in BROADSIDE, CHAPBOOK, ETERNAL ECHOES, MAELSTROM REVIEW, MUSCADINE, NIMROD, NORTHERN LIGHT, OBOE, PIVOT, WELLSPRING, WESTVIEW, AND WINDMILL.

SEARCH IN UNEXPECTED PLACES

(a review of Ruth and Argo's HERE WE REST. . .)

Margie Cooke Porteus

From the lighthouse tower memorial near Pat Hennessey's grave at Hennessey to the elaborate Will Rogers Crypt and Memorial at Claremore, from Geronimo's grave at Fort Sill to that of Sam Houston's Cherokee wife at Fort Gibson, from Pretty Boy Floyd's grave at Akin to Red Buck's at Arapaho—cemeteries are an often overlooked source of history.

HERE WE REST, HISTORICAL CEMETERIES OF OKLAHOMA—written by Kent Ruth with photography by Jim Argo—is an interesting introduction to this concept in history. Besides the National Military Cemetery and the Cherokee National Cemetery near Fort Gibson, Ruth tells about the Union Soldiers Cemetery, the National Czechoslovakian Cemetery, and the Hebrew Cemetery in Oklahoma City and various Indian cemeteries throughout the state.

There are many interesting anecdotes, including the story of Mary and Albert Ray, born slaves and buried at Hinton on land that was theirs before it became the town's cemetery. At death, their average age was 108.

The book is divided into three main sections: Cemeteries as History, as Biography, and as Serendipity. In the latter section, Ruth discusses Creek grave houses, "tombstone art," World War II POW's buried at Fort Reno, the circus and carnival section of the Hugo Cemetery, epithets, and much more.

Of necessity, many interesting cemeteries and graves have been omitted, but this book might inspire the reader to delve into the history of an unexplored burial ground. Who knows what archeological, historical, artistic, cultural, genealogical information might be found.

The book is indexed and includes a bibliography of published materials on Oklahoma cemeteries that could be an invaluable aid to genealogists. HERE WE REST. . . was published in 1986 by the Oklahoma Historical Society of Oklahoma City.

MARGIE COOKE PORTEUS of Paonia, Colorado, was reared in Thomas. A SOSU alumna, Porteus is a retired public-school teacher.

WESTVIEW Wins

By the Staff

On March 17, 1989, at the annual luncheon meeting of the Oklahoma Heritage Association, WESTVIEW was presented a "Distinguished Editorial Award" by the Association. The meeting was held in the Sheraton Kensington Hotel of Tulsa. Admiring the plaque are the members of the Editorial Board (l to r): Professor J. Don Wood, Art Director; Dr. Jeanne Ellinger, Assistant Editor; Dr. Leroy Thomas, Editor; Dr. Roger Bromert, Assistant Editor; and Dr. Donald Hamm, Publisher.



WESTVIEW STYLESHEET

By The WESTVIEW Editorial Board

Being published in WESTVIEW isn't really an elusive dream. All a writer must do is follow a few simple guidelines:

1. Always mail a submission flat in a manila envelope, remembering to include the SASE for a possible rejection.
2. Use a coversheet that contains name, address, telephone number, suggested issue (e.g., "Western Oklahoma Children").
3. Remember to leave your name and address off the submission itself. We want each contributor to be anonymous during the Board's assessing.
4. Remember the importance of a clean typewritten manuscript (double-spacing for prose and single-spacing for poetry). Use a good grade of 8½ x 11 white paper (no onionskin paper, please). Submit pen-and-ink graphics on white paper. Submit 5 x 7 b & w photos that may be kept on file in our offices and not returned.
5. Be sure to submit material that is related to Western Oklahoma. The geographical boundary is the area lying west of Interstate 35. However, we don't require that our contributors be current residents of Western Oklahoma.
6. Feeling that your submission will be accepted, you also need to send along a short biographical blurb written in third person. EXAMPLE: RONA DEL RIO, from Weatherford, is a SOSU junior majoring in Computer. The present selection is her first published work.
7. Strive for a natural writing style.
8. Accentuate originality and creativity.
9. After making your submission, sit back and expect the best.
10. Mail Submissions to:
Dr. Leroy Thomas
100 Campus Drive
SOSU
Weatherford, OK 73096

FUTURE ISSUES Fall, 1989

WINTER, 1989 (Western Oklahoma Artisans; deadline: 9-15-89)

SPRING, 1990 (Western Oklahoma's Children; (deadline: 12-15-89)

SUMMER, 1990 (Western Oklahoma's Diverse Voices; deadline: 2-15-90)

FALL, 1990 (Western Oklahoma Friendships; deadline: 7-1-90)

WINTER, 1990 (Western Oklahoma Reunions; deadline: 9-15-90)

SPRING, 1991 (Western Oklahoma Romance; (deadline: 12-15-90)

SUMMER, 1991 (Western Oklahoma Pastimes/ Entertainment; deadline: 2-15-91)

FALL, 1991 (Western Oklahoma Seasons; deadline 9-1-91)

WINTER, 1991 (Western Oklahoma Christmastime; deadline: 9-15-91)

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FALL, 1993 (Western Oklahoma Farmhouses; deadline: 7-1-93)

We prefer 5 x 7 or 8 x 10 b & w glossies that we can keep, as well as clear, original manuscripts (no copies, please).

Please notice changes in submissions deadlines.

WESTVIEW

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