



6-1-1987

Westview: Vol. 6, Iss. 3 (Spring 1987)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(1987) "Westview: Vol. 6, Iss. 3 (Spring 1987)," *Westview*: Vol. 6 : Iss. 3 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol6/iss3/1>

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



WESTVIEW

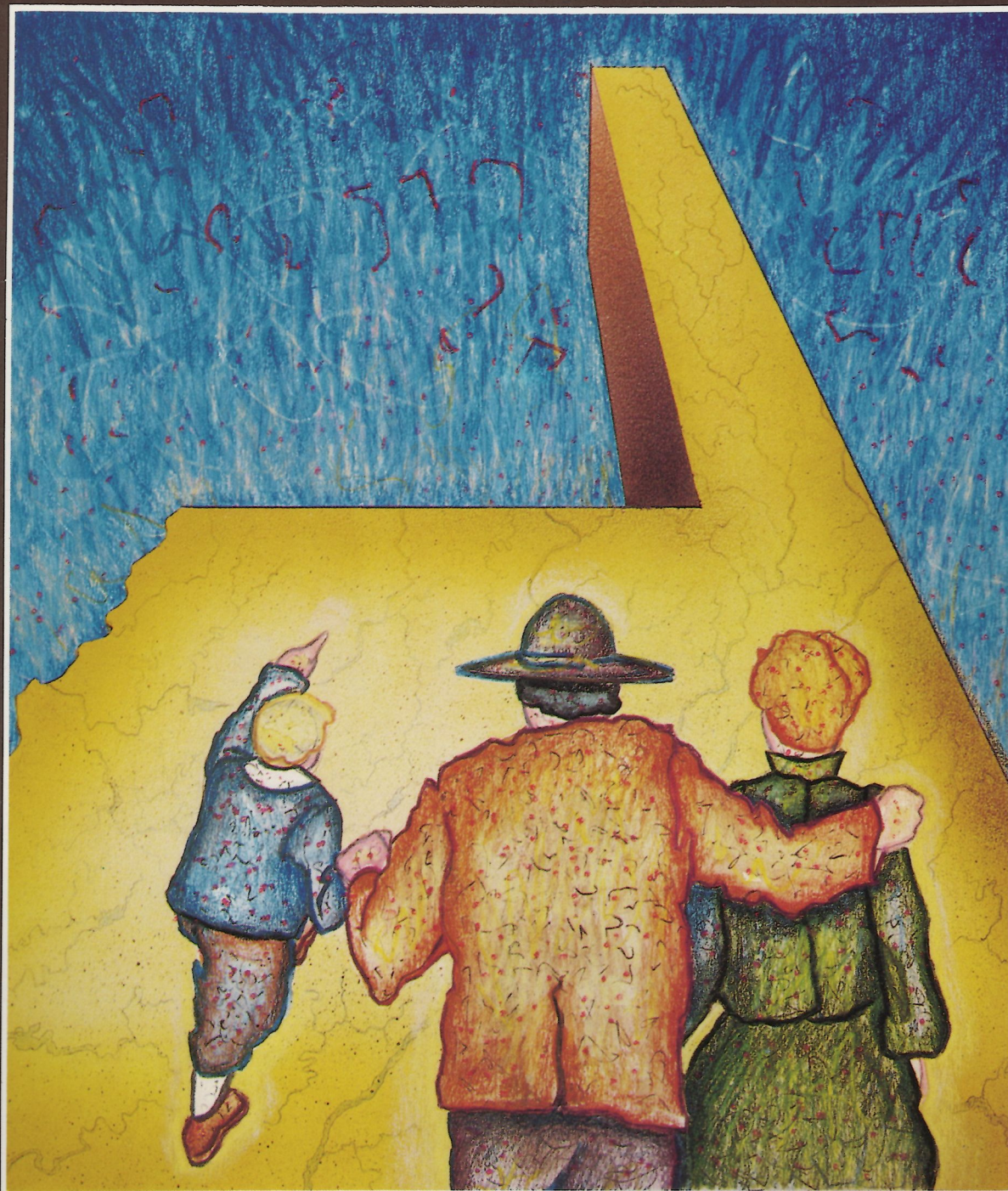
A Journal of Western Oklahoma

VOLUME 6

NUMBER 3

SPRING 1987

\$3.00



WESTERN OKLAHOMA SETTLERS



Foreword

Without stimulants, we get on a natural high when we think about the new friendships developed during these six years of publication.

Our association with the good people of Western Oklahoma has helped us realize that individuals, when involved in cultural endeavors together, can reach fulfilling goals.

Although our circulation hasn't expanded as far and wide as we had hoped, we *are* grateful for our subscribers.

We're also grateful to our contributors--both artists and writers--, whose work keeps getting better.

It gives us a good feeling that our journal is becoming a forum for not only established professionals but also for our Western Oklahoma youth.

May our stars rise, and may each of us say peacefully of our goals--"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

ENTHUSIASTICALLY,

Leroy Thomas

Leroy Thomas
Editor



Loftiss

CONTRIBUTORS WHOSE WORKS APPEAR HERE

Delbert Amen, originally of Weatherford, now of Oklahoma City, is a moving force in the Oklahoma organization of AHSGR.

Travis Anthony, a retired public-school teacher, lives and writes in Rush Springs.

D. Morris Blaylock was for many years range and soil conservationist for the Bureau of Indian Affairs; he worked in Oklahoma, Alaska, the Pacific Northwest, and Arizona. He is now retired and living in Weatherford.

Dick Chapman, though deceased, continues to provide WESTVIEW readers with his unique slants.

Joe Cross is an instructor in the SOSU Language Arts Department.

Fanny Dodgen, formerly a Western Oklahoma public-school teacher, now pursues a variety of hobbies and operates her own small business.

Wenona L. Dunn is a free-lance writer from Burns Flat.

Mike Eddins is from Northeastern Oklahoma. A Summer 1986 SOSU student, he is now working on a Mathematics degree at OSU.

Margaret Friedrich, a retired teacher of Clinton, stays busy with free-lance writing and a variety of organizations.

Diane Glancy, a Tulsa poet, is a consistent winner in writing contests.

Dr. Donald Hamm is Publisher of WESTVIEW and Dean of the SOSU School of Arts and Sciences.

Diane Holcomb, from Sperry, is a writer and realtor. Several of her works have appeared in WESTVIEW.

Pat Kourt lives, teaches, and writes in Thomas.

Glen V. McIntyre is a writer and curator of the Chisholm Trail Museum in Kingfisher.

Kate Jackson Lewis, a former teacher in many Western Oklahoma schools, now, in retirement, summers near Creede and winters near Weslaco.

Marty Lynes, a SOSU freshman whose major is presently undeclared, was born and reared in Vici--the subject of his article.

Claris Robinson, artist and writer, has lived in Weatherford all her life.

James David Strong, known as J. D., is a Weatherford High School sophomore.

Dr. Dale Teeters is a graduate of SOSU. His Ph.D in Physical Chemistry is from OU, and he is currently an Assistant Professor of Chemistry at the University of Tulsa. He was reared in Western Oklahoma on a farm 2½ miles east of the town of Fay, the subject of his contribution to this issue.

Bob Turpin, a free-lance writer of Western subjects, lives in Davis.

Maxine Wilhelm, who spent her earlier years in Harmon County, now keeps busy with a honey business near Erick and writing.

SPECIAL FEATURES

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1 Foreword | Leroy Thomas |
| 3 Contributors | Staff |

PEOPLE

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 6 Population Changes in
Southwestern Oklahoma | Dr. Donald Hamm |
| 10 Rush Springs Centenarian | Travis Anthony |
| 12 Short-Term Settlers | Mike Eddins |
| 13 Some Weatherford Memories | Claris Robinson |
| 14 With Anecdotes Amazing | James David Strong |
| 16 Left Hand: Friend to Chisholm | Bob Turpin |

BEYOND WESTERN OKLAHOMA

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 18 Perfectly Stranded | Diane Holcomb |
| 20 SOSU Grads in Love
with the Rockies | Kate Jackson Lewis |

NATURE

- | | |
|--------------|------------------|
| 24 Dandelion | Fanny Dodgen |
| 25 Howdy | Dick Chapman |
| 25 Rock Mary | Glen V. McIntyre |

MEMORIES

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------|
| 26 Frontier Fashion | Pat Kourt |
| 26 Chelf | Diane Glancy |
| 27 Calf Fries | Dick Chapman |

WESTVIEW

SPRING, 1987

EDITORIAL STAFF

Publisher Dr. Donald Hamm
Editor Dr. Leroy Thomas
Assistant Editor Dr. Roger Bromert
Assistant Editor Mr. Rick Plant

Staff Writer and Advertising
Representative Donita Lucas Shields
Art Director J. Don Wood
Assistant Art Director Jerry R. Johnson



WESTERN OKLAHOMA SETTLERS

FUTURE ISSUES

28 Submission Deadlines Staff

THE TOWNS

29 Veni, Vidi, Vici Marty Lynes
 30 Go West, Young Town, Go West Dr. Dale Teeters

IMMIGRANTS

33 The AHSGR Yesterday and Today Delbert Amen
 36 A Dark Road Winding Margaret Friedrich
 40 Selected Poetry Joe Cross
 42 From There to Here Wenona L. Dunn

SETTLEMENTS

44 Settlers Along the 100th Meridian Maxine Wilhelm
 46 The Then and Now
 of Cheyenne-Arapaho Country D. Morris Blaylock
 48 Water to Drink and Use Dick Chapman

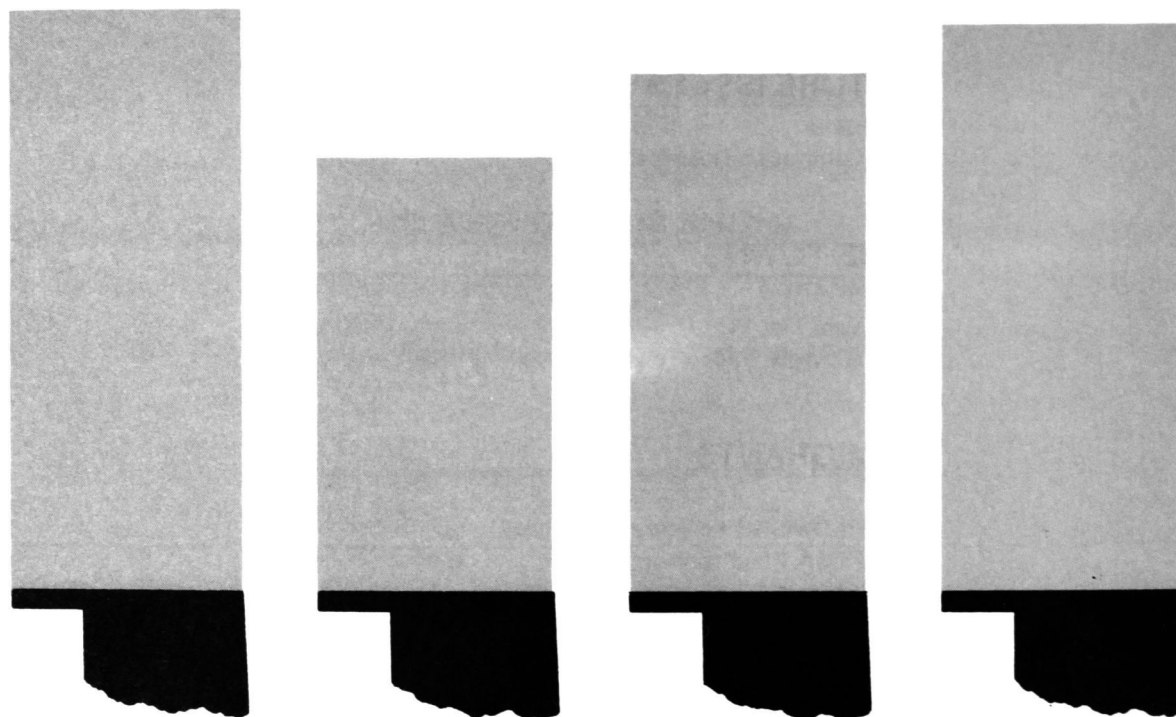
Published by Southwestern Oklahoma State University
Weatherford, Oklahoma

WESTVIEW is the official quarterly of the Southwestern Center for Regional Studies. To be published in the journal are scholarly articles, local history sketches, memoirs, biographies, autobiographies, graphic arts, book reviews, and creative writing. Submissions along with SASE, are to be sent to: Dr. Leroy Thomas; Editor, **WESTVIEW**; Southwestern Oklahoma State University, Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096. All works appearing herein are copyrighted by the Southwestern Center for Regional Studies of Weatherford, Oklahoma.

Cover illustration by Jerry R. Johnson, graduate art student at Southwestern Oklahoma State University.

Population Changes In Western Oklahoma

By Dr. Donald Hamm



a statistician's perspective

During the last three decades, the population in Oklahoma has grown just as it has in the United States. Population in Oklahoma in 1950 was 2,233,351. Population increased 4.3 percent by 1960 (to 2,238,284), an additional 9.9 percent by 1970 (to 2,559,463), and an additional 18.2 percent by 1980 (to 3,025,290).

However, population change in Oklahoma is very uneven, as is probably the case in most states. This article reports on the population changes which have occurred in sixteen Southwestern Oklahoma counties since 1907. Data are provided for four tiers of counties. The western tier includes Roger Mills, Beckham, Greer, Harmon, and Jackson counties. The west middle tier includes Custer, Washita, Kiowa, and Tillman counties. The east middle tier includes Caddo, Comanche, and Cotton counties. The eastern tier includes Canadian, Grady, and Jefferson counties. (Counties in each tier are listed from north to

south.)

Among these counties, eight (Roger Mills, Greer, Harmon, Washita, Kiowa, Cotton, Tillman, and Jefferson) had a smaller population in 1980 than they did in 1907 prior to statehood! Twelve counties, all but Jackson, Comanche, Canadian, and Stephens, had a smaller population in 1980 than they did in 1930. In general, counties in Southwestern Oklahoma have not shared in the population growth seen in the state as a whole.

Details of population changes in the sixteen counties follow. Census data are taken from the *DIRECTORY OF OKLAHOMA--1981 EDITION*. Values for 1907 were taken prior to statehood, when the counties were still in Oklahoma Territory (and to a much smaller extent in Indian Territory).

Census data for the counties in the western tier are shown in Table 1.

TABLE 1

Year	Roger Mills	Beckham	Greer	Harmon	Jackson	Total
1907	13,239	17,758	23,624	11,328	17,087	83,036
1910	12,861	19,699	16,449	11,261	23,737	84,007
1920	10,638	18,989	15,836	13,834	22,141	81,438
1930	14,164	28,991	20,282	10,019	28,910	102,366
1940	10,736	22,169	14,550	8,079	22,708	78,242
1950	7,395	21,627	11,749	5,852	20,082	66,705
1960	5,090	17,782	8,877	5,136	29,736	66,621
1970	4,452	15,754	7,979	4,600	30,902	63,687
1980	4,709	19,197	6,893	4,517	30,323	65,639

No county in this group exhibited its largest population in 1980. Two counties, Greer and Harmon, exhibited their smallest populations in 1980. The 1980 population in Roger Mills County was 36 percent of the 1907 population. Corresponding figures for Greer and Harmon counties are 29 percent and 40 percent respectively. Only two counties, Beckham and Jackson, have larger populations in 1980 than in 1907. The total population for these counties in 1980 was almost 20,000 less than it was in 1907, and about 37,000 less than it was in 1930. Census data for the counties in the west middle tier are shown in Table 2.

No county in this group exhibited its largest population in 1980. Tillman County exhibited its smallest population in 1980. Only Custer County had a population in 1980 larger than its population in 1907, although the 1907 and 1980 populations for Tillman County vary by only 459. The 1980 populations in Washita and Kiowa counties were 62 and 57 percent, respectively, of the corresponding 1907 values. The total population for these counties in 1980 was almost 11,000 less than it was in 1907, and about 46,000 less than it was in 1930.

Data for the east middle tier counties are shown in Table 3.

TABLE 2

Year	Custer	Washita	Kiowa	Tillman	Total
1907	18,478	22,007	22,247	12,869	75,601
1910	23,231	25,034	27,526	18,650	94,441
1920	18,736	22,237	23,094	22,433	86,500
1930	27,517	29,991	29,630	24,390	110,972
1940	23,068	22,279	22,817	20,754	88,918
1950	21,097	17,657	18,926	17,598	75,278
1960	21,040	18,121	14,825	14,654	68,648
1970	22,665	12,141	12,532	12,901	60,239
1980	25,919	13,731	12,670	12,408	64,728

TABLE 3

Year	Caddo	Comanche	Cotton	Total
1907	30,241	31,738	?	61,979
1910	35,685	41,489	?	77,174
1920	34,207	26,629	16,679	77,515
1930	50,779	34,317	15,442	100,538
1940	41,567	38,988	12,884	93,439
1950	34,913	55,165	10,180	100,258
1960	28,621	90,803	8,031	127,455
1970	28,931	108,144	6,832	143,907
1980	30,777	111,973	7,306	150,056

(Cotton County was organized August 28, 1912 from the southern portion of Comanche County.) We see sharp contrast in the population changes in this group. The Comanche County population in 1980 was more than three times greater than it was in 1907 and 1930. The population in Caddo in 1980 was slightly larger than it was in 1907, but only 61 percent what it was in 1930. The population in Cotton County has continued to decline since the first census was taken in 1920. The population in 1980 was less than half what it was in 1930. The total population for the three counties in 1980 was about 2½ times what it was in 1907, and about 50 percent larger than it was in 1930.

Data for the counties in the eastern tier are shown in Table 4.

(Grady, Stephens, and Jefferson counties were formed from portions of both Oklahoma and Indian Territories.) In this group, two counties, Canadian and Stephens, exhibited their largest populations in 1980. The 1980 population in Grady County was exceeded only in 1930 and 1940. Jefferson County population has declined progressively since 1930. The total population for the four counties increased from 1907 through 1930; decreased from 1930 through 1960; showed a small increase in 1970; and then increased 40 percent in 1980.

Total populations for the sixteen counties for selected years are shown in Table 5.

TABLE 4

Year	Canadian	Grady	Stephens	Jefferson	Total
1907	20,110	23,420	20,148	?	63,670
1910	23,501	30,309	22,252	13,439	89,501
1920	22,288	33,943	24,692	17,430	98,356
1930	28,115	47,638	33,069	17,664	126,456
1940	27,329	41,116	31,090	17,392	116,927
1950	25,644	34,872	34,071	15,107	109,694
1960	24,727	29,590	37,990	11,122	103,429
1970	32,245	29,354	35,902	7,125	104,626
1980	56,250	39,043	43,021	8,256	146,580

Although the seven counties on the east had an increase in population of 70,000 from 1930 to 1980, this was more than offset by a population decrease of 83,000 in the nine counties on the west during the same period. In 1930, all four groups of counties had populations between 100,000 and 26,000. In 1980, the two groups of counties on the west had populations of about 65,000 each, while the two groups of counties on the east had populations of about 150,000 each. In 1980, the population in the seven eastern counties was 2.3 times that of the nine western counties!


Table 6 shows the ranks and populations of the sixteen counties in the selected years. 

TABLE 5

Year	16 Counties
1907	284,286
1930	440,332
1940	372,459
1980	427,003

TABLE 6
Population Rank

County	1907	1930	1980
Comanche	1-(31738)	3-(34317)	1-(111973)
Caddo	2-(30241)	1-(50779)	5-(30777)
Greer	3-(23624)	12-(20282)	14-(6893)
Grady	4-(23420)	2-(47638)	4-(39043)
Kiowa	5-(22247)	5-(29630)	10-(12670)
Washita	6-(22007)	6-(29435)	9-(13731)
Stephens	7-(20148)	4-(33069)	3-(43021)
Canadian	8-(20110)	9-(28115)	2-(56260)
Custer	9-(18478)	10-(27517)	7-(25919)
Beckham	10-(17758)	7-(28981)	8-(19197)
Jackson	11-(17087)	8-(28910)	6-(30323)
Roger Mills	12-(13239)	15-(14164)	15-(4709)
Tillman	13-(12869)	11-(24390)	12-(12408)
Harmon	14-(11328)	16-(10019)	16-(4517)
Jefferson	?	13-(17664)	11-(8256)
Cotton	?	14-(15442)	13-(7306)

"THE AGENCY SERVICE BUILT"

ED BERRONG

INSURANCE AGENCY



520 EAST MAIN STREET
WEATHERFORD, OKLA. 73096
405-772-3329

Insurance

Real Estate

Bonds



Amanda Stubblefield, 100 years old

pioneer spirit: Amanda Stubblefield

Rush Springs Centenarian

By Travis Anthony

(first published in the August 26, 1984 issue of the CHICKASHA DAILY EXPRESS)

Born in Gatewood, Missouri, on August 16, 1884, Amanda Stubblefield or Aunt Mandy or Granny, as she is affectionately called by friends and relatives, is a remarkable "Centenarian Lady"! As she observed her one hundredth birthday, she talked with visitors and well wishers all day as they came to her home in Rush Springs.

"I love to talk and have company," she told my wife Fran and me, as we sat by open south windows in old-fashioned rocking chairs talking with her the next day after the celebration.

Brightly colored birthday cards fastened to the wall gave a festive atmosphere to the room. Among the many cards was one from President Reagan and also one from Senator Boren. We learned, in addition, that Jimmy Carter sent greetings to her on her ninetieth birthday.

During an interesting two-hour visit and a follow-up two days later, I learned several things from Aunt Mandy.

She has three children—Ethel Mosley of Duncan, Berta Mosley of Chickasha, and Earl Stubblefield of Rush Springs. There are four grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, and two great-great grandchildren.

In her one hundred years, she has seldom needed medical attention. Years

ago, she visited Sulphur and took some sulphur baths for a touch of rheumatism. A few years later, a doctor prescribed some wine for a dizzy feeling she developed. She got a small bottle and kept it for years, never opening it. "I didn't drink it. I didn't want to become a wino," she told us with a smile.

Nine years ago, she broke her hip. She propels herself across the room in the wheelchair she is confined in. A son and daughter-in-law live in a house next door.

"I try to be as little trouble as possible," she told us. "I can't stand to think about bothering people at night."

She had the love and companionship of her husband Dan, until his death at

age 91.

Amanda, the oldest of eleven children, left Missouri at age 6 with her family and two other families in covered wagons, heading for Texas. "All going West to get rich," she told me with a twinkle in her eyes.

It took six weeks, forty-two days, to make the trip that began on May 1, 1890.

The spring rains turned rivers into raging torrents of water. The little girl from Missouri gazed in fear as the wagons were ferried across the rushing water, one wagon at a time, teams unhitched, with driver standing at their heads, holding to their bridles. Some days it rained all day, making



A Treasured Family Portrait

travel impossible. There was danger of the team overheating and scalding their shoulders from the rubbing harness. The family sat "cooped up" in a small enclosure listening to the rain pelting the canvas top and felt occasional drips of water seeping through the wagon sheet cover.

The rain stopped. The journey resumed. At night, the families gathered around the campfire. They told stories, sang songs, and played music. At times there would be twenty wagons strung out convoy style traveling West. Then there would be breakaways as families headed for different destinations at various points in the journey.

The three families from Missouri reached Texas, stayed one year at Lewisville, and then all moved to Indian Territory looking for better opportunity, especially grass with free range for their cattle. They pitched camp in the vicinity of what is now Clarita. Here Amanda's father built their log cabin home and used his skill to build log cabins for the other two families.

Amanda remembered her parents paying five cents a day for her to attend school in the Indian Nation. A teacher called Uncle Jim by all the students was loved by all even though he was stern and enforced the rules of the school--without exception. One rule was that boys and girls played on separate parts of the school ground--boys on the east and south side, girls on the west and north, with the added privilege of staying in the school house.

When an older girl told Amanda, "There really ain't any Santa Claus, it's just your pa," Amanda couldn't believe it.

"You're just telling me that. I KNOW better!"

"Naw, you'll find out!"

Amanda remembered: "At first, I got mad and wouldn't believe her. Then when I was convinced she was right, I cried."

"People traveled to Davis or Ardmore to buy things. It took two days to go there and back. When somebody made the long trip, all the neighbors sent for things."

"The day before Christmas, Pa and Ma had gone to do the milking. My oldest brother and I both knew there was no Santa Claus by now. We also knew Pa hadn't been able to go to town or send for anything. No use to hang up a stocking! Little sister, who still believed in Santa, was busy trying to hang her stocking above the fireplace."

"No use hanging up your stocking. Santa's not coming this year," we told her.

"Yes, he is!"

"Nope!"

"He's gonna bring me a pretty string of beads!"

"Santa DIDN'T come! Ma made a molasses cake for dinner. It was so good. Pa managed to shoot a wild turkey that morning. We invited our neighbors for Christmas dinner."

"I do remember one Christmas. I got a beautiful doll with dark hair like mine, and Sister got one with light hair that matched her blonde hair. Pa was so good at making things; he made us doll beds beautifully carved from wood."

"I love company, always have. When I was a little girl in Missouri, I always watched the road. If I saw a woman and children walking our direction, I always hoped they were coming to see us."

"One of my uncles played the fiddle, and he would let me ride with him when he played for dances. I rode side saddle and was unseated several times

when my horse shied from a snake in the road. Fortunately, I usually managed to land on my feet."

"Pa wouldn't let me go to a dance where there would be drinking or fighting."

"In Indian Territory, bootleggers would stop in the woods some distance from the dance and fire a gun in the air. This was a signal indicating moonshine was for sale."

"The greatest fear we kids had in the Indian Nation was copperheads. They were everywhere in the weeds. We'd stand off, hoe distance, when cutting weeds around a stump. We didn't want to pull out a copperhead with the weeds."

Aunt Mandy has lived in the Rush Springs area for seventy-two years. Living on a farm, she worked in the fields chopping cotton, hoeing corn, cutting kaffir heads, gathering corn, and picking cotton. She wore a bonnet and gloves to protect herself from 100-degree summer sun. They moved their house from farm to town in 1918.

"What was the big difference living in town?" I asked her.

"Didn't have so many weeds to cut" was her reply.

She read books, magazines, and the Bible every day until the last two years when failing eyesight made reading impossible.

I promised to take tapes to her that have parts of my two books *CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN* and *SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS* for her to listen to.

As we reluctantly ended our visit, I looked at this lovely pioneer sitting in her wheelchair, living by herself, with a clear mind and wonderful sense of humor at 100 plus years; and I thought, "Amanda, you typify the wonderful people whose courage, strength, and simple dignity developed our country!"



Southwestern Oklahoma State University

Westview design and pasteup by

Advertising Layout II Students:

Kevin Bay
Michelle Danielle Farni
Jerry Rappe
Chris Swanda
Sandy Wymer

Advertising Layout I Students:

Becky Bond
Kim Crain
Kelley Doyle
Valerie Caulkins Graybill
Mike Harves
Sheila Loftiss
Lisa Lowry
F. Bennie Nossaman Jr.
Rocky Shepherd



Short-Term Settlers

By Mike Eddins


Many stories can be written about the settlers of Western Oklahoma, but we don't realize that young, intelligent men and women are also attracted to this area today. These people become Western Oklahomans for only a few years, but they are part of a great tradition, studying at Southwestern Oklahoma State University. These modern short-term settlers come to Western Oklahoma's state university for a few exceptional reasons.

Although SOSU as a whole is outstanding, probably the main attraction is the Pharmacy School within the university. After any bright student has chosen a major, he then decides on the best possible school for his area of study. Any Pharmacy major who cares about his education knows that the small town Weatherford, Oklahoma, boasts a top-five-in-the-nation Pharmacy School. Such an impressive statistic will not only attract good students, but it will also pull in some of the best faculty members available. After a good reputation is established, a tradition is on its way to stir the attention of Pharmacy students.

Another respectable quality of SOSU that attracts students is the low tuition for in-state studying. Parents are always looking for the economical way to send their sons

and daughters to college. Even the out-of-state tuition isn't prohibitive--a reality well supported by the number of students from other states, such as Texas and Arkansas, enrolled at SOSU. All the Pharmacy students are getting the best possible professional education for their money.

In addition to the reasons already mentioned, students go to SOSU because of the atmosphere in Weatherford. Most of the people who live in this small town are very kind, caring, and thoughtful. When people are of such calibre, it is easy for students to choose a place like SOSU. Oklahoma Pharmacy majors must choose between OU and SOSU for an in-state Pharmacy degree. The students from a small town are more likely to go to SOSU. Such a small-town atmosphere can make a pleasant place to live.

There can be many other reasons for students to come to Pharmacy School in Weatherford. People come from around the world to go to school here for four years. These settlers may not come here to stay, but more and more keep coming every year as some leave. The real settlers of Western Oklahoma can be proud of the professional attraction they have established. 



Supporting Western Oklahoma

Member F.D.I.C.

Elk City, Oklahoma

Phone (405) 225-3434

Some Weatherford Memories

By Claris Robinson

Since I'm a longtime resident of Weatherford, newcomers to this area often ask me to tell them about the Weatherford of past years and about the people who lived here. I'm always willing to tell as much as I remember. I remember, for instance, that some of the early-day settlers in the Weatherford area were the Bob Emerson family. They lived in a house located where the present-day Southwestern Bell Telephone building sits on the corner of Broadway and Tom Stafford streets.

Around 1912, when I was just a child, I used to go down the hill to the alley in back of Bob Emerson's house to eat white mulberries from tall bushes that were located south of the alley by the Emerson lots. My! Those white mulberries were much sweeter than the purple or red ones.

In the early 1980's, I was reminded of the white mulberries and the Emersons when I learned that Mrs. Potter, Bob's sister, was having a large sale.

A younger friend of mine, who also attended the sale, encouraged me to write about the Emersons and wondered how long I had known the family. I told her that we used to live on the same street--2½ blocks apart--when I was in grade school about seventy years ago.

Bob Emerson had a "racket store" (like the "five-and-ten" store of today) in the same place Tautfest's is located now. My sister, Roberta, wanted a doll in the window. I remember going down there to look at Christmas things, and there was a table piled full and high of celluloid-headed dolls with bright rose-pink cloth bodies stuffed with sawdust. That wasn't the type of doll Roberta wanted, however. She wanted a china-headed, sleepy, brown-eyed doll with curls of real hair, china hands and feet, and a real kid-skin body which could bend at the joints.

Roberta saved her money and took it down to Emerson's Racket Store, but she didn't have enough; so Bob wouldn't give her the doll. However, his brother Clyde took the little handful of money and gave Roberta the beautiful doll. She grabbed the doll and kept it the rest of her life.

Around 1916 or 1917, Bob "went with" (courted) Myrtle (whom I called *Myrtle*) Kelly, who later became an art teacher at the Normal School (now SOSU); later, Miss Kelly became Head of the Art Department. For many years, Miss Kelly also taught Sunday School class for elderly women at the Methodist Church in Weatherford.

Anyhow, Bob went to see Miss Kelly every night, and she always had his house slippers, chair, and pipe ready for him. They wanted to get married someday, but they had their mothers to take care of.

Once, Miss Kelly took a trip to Europe for art lessons. She came back home with many nice watercolor pictures and invited the "big wheels" of Weatherford to a tea at her house so she could show off her pictures. Afterwards, some of the people in this area would make fun of her for having such elaborate teas for showing off her pictures.

One day, Myrtle and Bob drove out in her car to Deer Creek, where she drew sketches of him. This was during World War I when cartoons of Kaiser ("Bill") Wilhelm

appeared in the daily newspapers. Miss Kelly drew a picture of Bob and then added a "Kaiser Bill" moustache on his upper lip; the sketch she made looked exactly like the Kaiser. It made Bob angry; before long, gossip was all over town about the incident.

Despite their occasional flare-ups, Myrtle and Bob remained friends for many years--in fact, until they died. They stayed true to each other all those years and never did get married to anyone else. They had their mothers to care for.

Bob's sister, Mrs. Potter, and her husband had a little hardware store in Weatherford between 1949-1950, which was called Potter's and Palmer's. They sold nails and various knick-knacks. It was located on South Custer Street across from the present location of Tautfest's. The building is now a storage area located just south of Gene's Shoe Repair Shop.

Bob's other sister, Willie, became the wife of Governor Johnston Murray. She herself had also been a candidate for Governor but had lost. She was an accomplished pianist and gave many piano recitals in this area.

The Emersons will long be remembered, and a museum will soon be located in the former Potter house at Main and Seventh. ●



**FIRST NATIONAL BANK
AND TRUST COMPANY
IN CLINTON**

Fifth and Frisco • Clinton Oklahoma • Member FDIC

With Anecdotes Amazing

By James David Strong

Today, for fun, most teenagers go to the movies or swim at public swimming pools, but in the early 1900's the teenagers had to swim in ponds or play baseball with balls made of twine. Sixty-nine years ago, my great-grandfather, Davey Hughes, did just that for fun.

His father came to the United States from Wales; his mother was from Missouri. But in 1901 they became Okies by coming to Western Oklahoma in a covered wagon.

Arriving first in Anthon, Oklahoma, and later moving eight miles north of Butler, the Hugheses made their living by farming.

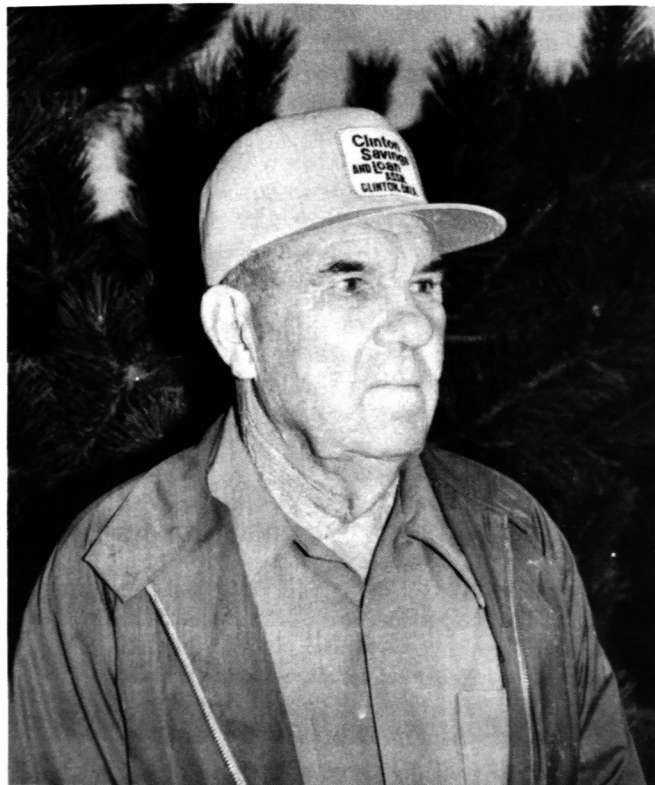
When my great-grandfather was a boy, his father had no tractor. All he had were horses, mules, and twelve children to help do the work. Grandpa started working in the fields at the age of eight or nine, cutting the wheat and plowing fields with horses, or hoeing the garden. On top of all this, he had to milk cows twice a day and take care of the other livestock.

He made his spending money by trapping furs, starting at the age of seven, and by helping neighbors thresh wheat.

He didn't get much of an education because he had to help the family make a living, but he really liked going to the one-room schoolhouse and learning the basics—reading, writing, arithmetic, and history—the six years he was allowed to attend. Education is important to him because he feels that he didn't have much of one.

When my great-grandfather was young, most of the kids liked having their fun by swimming in ponds and streams, playing baseball, having corn bin fights, and playing a game they called Banners. He said that he and his friends also rode broncos and cattle after dark when their parents couldn't see them.

In 1910, when he was six, the family rode in a buggy all night to Clinton to see the Ringling Brothers' Circus. "It cost about twenty-five cents to get in, I guess," Grandpa said, "but I kind of liked watching them get it set up more." That's what he remembers most about it, plus the family's spirited horses almost running away



Photograph by Dr. Park Lang




with them when they smelled the circus animals.

There have been many inventions in Great-grandpa's lifetime. His family had a telephone, crank-style, as far back as he can remember; and when he was a young boy, they got a radio. He rode on the "C-n-OW" or "Cow" railroad from Butler to Stafford, and he flew in a small plane to Dripping Springs. As a teenager, Great-grandpa got his first car—a Model T Roadster. To start it, he had to crank up the engine. He was married before he bought his first phonograph.

He married in 1929 just before the Great Depression and Dust Bowl Days. He bought a 320-acre farm for \$4000 after a while. But in the 1930's no one could get any credit. He had to sell his seventy head of cattle because the crops either burned up or blew away. He didn't get much for the cattle. Ten steers, for instance, sold for only a hundred dollars.

Speaking of the Dust Bowl, he said, "It was the worst stuff I ever saw. The dust got so thick that I couldn't see the roads when I was driving; and when the dust got in to our one-room house, we couldn't even tell the color of the tablecloth."

Today Great-grandpa lives in a modern home in Clinton, Oklahoma, sits in his easy chair watching baseball games on television, or takes care of a big garden. But when one of his grandchildren asks him, "Grandpa, what was it like when you were a boy?" he has a great wealth of information he loves to share. 



SERVICE

Come by our location, 301 W. Broadway. We have two teller lanes and a night depository to serve you. With our excellent staff and computerized, in-house processing, we can meet all your banking needs, simply and efficiently. We are members of FDIC and have been in operation since 1904.

Bill Haney, Executive Vice-President

301 W. Broadway

Thomas, OK

661-3515

**FIRST
NATIONAL
BANK**

Left Hand: Friend To Chisholm

By Bob Turpin

Although Jesse Chisholm is given credit for having established the West's most famous cattle trail, he was primarily known as a trader not as a trail blazer.

In 1830, members of the Chisholm family arrived in Northwestern Arkansas and settled near Fort Gibson. In 1838, at the age of 32, Jesse Chisholm established a trading post in Southeastern Oklahoma.

The venture proved more successful than he thought it would, and in 1850 he established a second post near present Purcell, Oklahoma. Eight years later, he went on to build his most important post at Silver City, near present Yukon, Oklahoma.

From 1861 through 1867, he operated the post himself and was liked and trusted by the Indians. The trading post proved especially valuable to the Wichita Indians who lived in the Fort Cobb area.

Then came the Civil War and all Federal troops were ordered to leave Oklahoma. The job as guide went to Black Beaver, a Delaware Indian scout. He was to lead the troops north to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Jesse Chisholm and many of the Wichitas traveled with the troops as far as Wichita, Kansas, where they spent most of the war years.

After the war was finally finished, Joseph McCoy, a Kansas cattleman from Abilene, contacted Chisholm. He asked Jesse to re-travel and mark the trail he had traveled earlier with the soldiers. Chisholm did so and later his name was given to the famous trail.

In the years following the war, millions of cattle were driven over the trail to the Kansas railheads. The Chisholm Trading Post at Silver City was near the trail and became a well-known stopping place for the hundreds of drovers who accompanied the great herds.

The Oklahoma Land Run in 1889, however, marked an end to the huge herds which once traveled the Chisholm Trail.

In early 1868, Chisholm had become seriously ill and had gone to Chief Left Hand's camp at Raven Springs. The camp was located on the north bank of the North Canadian River, eight miles northeast of present Geary, Oklahoma. The friendship between Chisholm and the Arapaho chief was well known. Here, historians claim, Chisholm died on March 4, 1868. Left Hand buried his friend on a knoll near the spring. The spring was renamed for Left Hand;

Chisholm's grave and the spring can still be seen there today.

Left Hand or "Nawat" was born in the spring of 1840 west of Fort Supply. His reputation as a buffalo hunter and warrior was gained while he was still a very young man. By this same courage, he was made a chief second only to Little Raven, head chief of the Southern Arapahoes.

His first serious trouble with the white man came in April, 1860. While camped near Denver, Colorado Territory, a group of whites led by a man called Big Phil came to the camp. While there, they raped several women; when they left, they also took a number of stock. At the time, Left Hand was away on a hunting trip. Upon returning, he wanted to take a war party on a revenge raid. Old Jim Beckwith, a close friend of the tribe, got word of it and hurried to the camp. After a long, pleading talk, he was able to convince Left Hand not to take to the warpath. He knew that it would lead to trouble with the soldiers.

Later, Beckwith wrote a harsh letter to the ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS. He denounced the act and warned that the deed and other incidents were going to lead to big trouble with the Indians. His warning, however, like so many others, fell on deaf ears.

On October 23, 1860, Left Hand led a forty-man raiding party against their age-old enemies, the Pawnees. The raid proved a failure, and the Arapahoes returned to their new camp near Bent's Fort with only one scalp. The scalp provided them with an excuse for a victory dance, however, and the drums sounded far into the night.

In February, 1861, the Arapahoes, along with most of the Plains tribes, signed the Fort Wise Treaty. They agreed to stop their raids and live in peace. They had no way of knowing that later the act would cost them their homes and land.

In September, 1863, the Arapahoes under the leadership of Left Hand and Little Raven moved their camp near Fort Lyon. There were some two thousand in all, and most were diseased, destitute, and hungry. For weeks, the Sioux had been trying to unite them with the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, and Caddos. This was in preparation for their planned raids along the Platte and Arkansas Roads.

The Arapahoes were still more interested in peace and were trying to grow crops. Their efforts proved

fruitless, and by mid-winter they were starving. There was nothing left to do but continue the raids. They did so with regret.

These conditions continued until the spring of 1864. At this time, old Jim Beckwith's prediction came true. It began when two cases of cattle stealing were reported to the soldiers at Fort Lyon. It was the Cheyenne who were responsible, but every Indian in the area, including the Arapahoes, was blamed.

Up to now, Left Hand had been a man of peace, but even now he was seriously thinking of joining the Sioux in an all-out war.

In July, the Kiowas invited the Arapahoes on a raid with them against the soldiers. The raid was to obtain horses from the large herd at Fort Larned. After some thought, Left Hand declined, knowing the act would bring on even more trouble.


The Kiowas led by Satanta went on with the raid. A post sentinel was wounded, and a number of horses were stolen.

From this point on, Left Hand was involved in a number of peace attempts, but the skirmishes continued--evolving into the Sand Creek Massacre and followed by the Medicine Lodge Treaty and the Arapahoes being moved to Oklahoma.

After Little Raven died in 1889, Left Hand became principal chief of the Southern Arapahoes. About the same time, the Ghost Dance Movement was started in Nevada by a Paiute medicine man called Wovoka. Wovoka claimed to be the Indian Messiah and predicted that the Great Spirit would bring back the buffalo and return the land to the Indians.

For a while, Left Hand was caught up in the movement; then when it collapsed, he returned to Christianity. He occasionally preached the gospel until he was forced by blindness to give it up. He also gave up his authority as Chief of the Arapahoes in early 1900.

If the Cheyenne-Arapaho success in adapting to the white man's ways was not complete, it wasn't the fault of Left Hand. Although his accomplishments were many, he wasn't well known or remembered by history for his deeds. His people, however, knew him for what he was--a man of peace, all-knowing, all-forgiving, and above all a man of great honor.

Left Hand died in 1911 and was buried near his friend Chisholm. The graveside memorial service held by the Chisholm family and friends on the eve of Jesse Chisholm's death was for the purpose of honoring both frontier leaders. 

Security State Bank

CHEYENNE, OKLAHOMA

Since 1912



FULL
SERVICE BANK



497-3354

"Growing By Helping Others Grow"

frankly frightening

PERFECTLY STRANDED

BY DIANE HOLCOMB



THE ROADS WERE DEEPLY RUTTED FROM WEEKS OF SPRING RAINS. BUT ALLAN SAID, AS WE CAREENED DOWN THE STEEP HILL, "TWO INCHES UNDER THIS MUD, IT'S SOLID ROCK. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT."

HE WAS RIGHT. WE MADE IT THROUGH TO SEVERAL OF THE OIL WELLS WE WERE INSPECTING ON THAT SUNNY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, HAVING GONE THE LONG WAY, THROUGH THE MAIN GATEKEEPER FOR JOHN ZINK'S SCOUT RANCH. ALLAN WAS SHOWING ME AND OUR THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, LAURA, THE NEW WAY TO OUR OIL LEASE (ALL MINERAL RIGHTS IN OSAGE COUNTY HAVE TO BE LEASED FROM THE OSAGE INDIAN TRIBE).

THE RECENTLY BUILT SKIA-TOOK LAKE HAD TAKEN OVER THE OLD ROADS. WE WERE ANXIOUS TO SEE HOW HIGH THE WATER HAD COME UP, FLOODING SOME OF OUR WELLS AND THE LAND THAT WE USED TO WALK OVER. LAURA WAS PLANNING TO SHOOT HER BB GUN FOR A LITTLE TARGET PRACTICE.

ALLAN PULLED UP BESIDE THE "POPCORN SHACK," AN ANCIENT

CONCESSION TRAILER CONVERTED TO TOOL WAREHOUSE. HE TURNED OFF THE OLD PICK-UP TRUCK'S IGNITION AND SAID, "OH, I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO THAT." THE TRUCK WAS DEAD. MORE PRECISELY, THE BATTERY, WHICH I NOW TOTALLY RECALLED THAT HE WAS CHARGING BEFORE WE LEFT THE HOUSE, WAS DEAD. WE WERE NOWHERE, WITH THE GATEHOUSE A RUTTED TEN MILES BACK, AND A FLOODED ROAD AND LAKE BEFORE US.

VISIONS OF HERSHEY BARS AND COLD PEPSI COLAS SUDDENLY CAME TO ME AS I REALIZED HOW UNPREPARED WE WERE FOR A LONG SIEGE OF WAITING FOR RESCUE.

"ANY CHANCE OF PAUL COMING UP HERE TODAY?" I ASKED, HOPEFULLY. PAUL IS OUR PUMPER.

"NOT LIKELY. IT'S HIS DAY OFF. HE GOES TO CHURCH," HE SAID.

"WELL," I SAID, "LUCKILY, WE LEFT JAMES AT HOME. WHEN NO ONE'S THERE TO TAKE HIM TO BAND PRACTICE TOMORROW MORNING, HE'LL NOTICE WE'RE NOT HOME AND SEND HELP."

JAMES IS OUR FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD. HE HAD BETTER THINGS TO

DO THAN TREK OFF TO TALLY HIGH WATER. HE'D STAYED BEHIND TO WATCH WRESTLING ON TV.

"I'M GOING TO HIKE DOWN TO THE OLD ROAD AND SEE IF THERE IS ANYONE OUT TAKING A SUNDAY DRIVE TO LOOK AT THE WATER," ALLAN SAID. "IT'S ONLY ABOUT THREE MILES."

HE LEFT. IT WAS STRANGELY QUIET.

LAURA SUGGESTED REMOVING THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR AND FLASHING AN S.O.S. I TENDED TO AGREE WITH HER, BUT IT WASN'T YET TIME FOR DESPERATE MEASURES. I COULD JUST ENVISION THE HUMONGOUS BILL WE WOULD GET FOR THE LANDING OF A LIFE-FLIGHT HELICOPTER AND THE LOOKS ON EVERYONE'S FACES WHEN WE MERELY ASKED FOR A JUMP-START ON OUR BATTERY (AND/OR A PEPSI AND CANDY BAR). AT LEAST IT WAS BROAD DAYLIGHT AND THERE WAS NO LAUNDRY TO WASH OR ANY MEALS TO FIX. I COULD LEARN TO APPRECIATE THIS SITUATION.

TAKING STOCK OF MY PURSE, I FOUND FOUR CLORETS BREATH DEODORANT GUM PIECES. LAURA

AND I EACH TOOK ONE, AS IT WAS LUNCH-TIME, AND PUT THE OTHER TWO AWAY FOR "DINNER." THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE THE LEAST BIT USEFUL IN THE PURSE, EXCEPT SOME KLEENEX TISSUES AND THREE OR FOUR PENS.

JOHN ZINK'S RANCH IS SEVERAL HUNDRED ACRES OF WOODED LAND. THERE ARE MANY PONDS, ENOUGH NATIVE STONES TO BUILD A CASTLE, MUCH OLD OIL-WELL EQUIPMENT, AND THE TREES—LARGE AND SMALL. THERE ARE BIRDS AND CRITTERS OF ALL KINDS, BUT THERE ARE NO BATH-ROOMS.

I HAD ONLY THREE KLEENEX LEFT. ALLAN WAS COMING INTO VIEW, BUT HE HAD BEEN GONE FOR ONLY A FEW MINUTES, THOUGH IT SEEMED LIKE HOURS, AND HE WAS ALONE.

"IT'S FLOODED UP TOO FAR," HE SAID. WE DISCUSSED DOING OUR S.O.S. BIT ON THE HORN, BUT HE DECIDED TO HIKE BACK TO THE GATEHOUSE TEN MILES UP THE HILL. AFTER HE LEFT, LAURA AND I WERE AFRAID TO HONK THE HORN IN CASE HE MIGHT THINK WE WERE SUMMONING HIM BACK, BUT WE SECRETLY THOUGHT IT A BETTER PLAN.

LAURA BEGAN TO BUSY HERSELF DOODLING ON THE BACKS OF THE WELL LOGS, STACKS OF PAPER ALLAN LEAVES LYING AROUND IN THE PICK-UP FLOOR "OFFICE." SHE WAS DOING TRACINGS AROUND AN OLD LID SHE HAD FOUND. "LID ART," SHE DUBBED IT.

I PICKED UP A PIECE OF THE GRAPH PAPER. THE SQUIGGLES ON IT LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING FROM A LIE-DETECTOR TEST. I TURNED IT OVER AND BEGAN TO WRITE MY OWN VERSION OF A SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.

THE PRIMITIVE BEAUTY OF OUR NATURAL SURROUNDINGS WAS SLIGHTLY MARRED BY A CHUG-CHUGGING SOUND, CAUSED BY THE MOTOR OF THE OLD VINTAGE 1930'S PUMP HOUSE ABOVE US AND A FAINT DRIFT OF BRYAN ADAMS SINGING "I NEED SOMEBODY" FROM LAURA'S EVER-PRESENT PORTABLE RADIO EAR-

PHONES.

WE WONDERED IF THE BUZZARDS CIRCLING OVERHEAD HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH US. WE FANTASIZED ABOUT USING LAURA'S BB GUN TO SHOOT OUR DINNER AND OF USING AN OLD BEER CAN TO HEAT POND WATER FOR DRINKING. WE MUST KEEP OUR SPIRITS HIGH.

NO HUNTING IS ALLOWED ON THE RANCH, NOR FISHING, NOR MOTORCYCLING, NOR OVERSIZED TRUCKS, NOR SPEEDING. THERE WAS AN OUTSIDE CHANCE THAT WE MIGHT DO ONE OF THESE FORBIDDEN THINGS AND CONCEIVABLY BE "CAUGHT." IF ONLY WE HAD BROUGHT A RIFLE WITH US, ONE SHOT WOULD SURELY BRING SOMEONE DOWN ON US. AH, WELL.


AFTER AN HOUR HAS PASSED, THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT NOTICE THE MINUTIAE (LAURA, MUTTERING SOMETHING ABOUT DAIRY QUEEN, WAS TRYING TO TAKE A NAP). THE DUSTY BLUE DASHBOARD IN FRONT OF ME CONTAINED A PAIR OF BROKEN SUNGLASSES, A PAIR OF BROKEN SAFETY GLASSES, AND A POST-IT NOTE WITH A GRAPHIC PICTURE IN PEN AND INK SIGNED "BY LAURIE." SMASHED BUGS ON THE WINDSHIELD FORCED CONTEMPLATION OF MY OWN FRAGILE MORTALITY.

A SHORT DISTANCE OFF, THERE ARE HILLS TO THE FRONT AND BACK OF US, HILLS TO THE LEFT AND RIGHT. WITH ALLAN GONE FOR HELP, THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT. I WISH THAT I HAD MORE THAN A PASSING FANCY FOR SCENIC WONDERS. I LONGED FOR TALL BUILDINGS AND MAN-MADE FEATS. AND LESS OF AN IMAGINATION. I BEGIN TO THINK OF SNAKES AND RICOCHETING BB'S. I WORRY THAT ALLAN HAS BEEN AMBUSHED BY BOY SCOUT CAMPERS WHO THINK HE LOOKS MORE LIKE AN ESCAPED CONVICT THAN A BUSINESSMAN IN WEEKEND GRUNDIES. WHAT IF JAMIE, LEFT TO HIS OWN DEVICES TOO LONG, BURNS DOWN THE HOUSE TONIGHT, FIXING HIS OWN GRILLED CHEESE.

THE FLASHLIGHT IN THE GLOVE BOX HAS A DEAD BATTERY. I MAKE A MENTAL NOTE TO BE MORE PREPARED IN THE FUTURE. JUST BECAUSE THIS IS NOT THE VEHICLE I USUALLY DRIVE IS NO EXCUSE.

OF COURSE, THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN IS THAT WE WILL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE, AND ONLY IF NO ONE IS AT THE GATEHOUSE IN FIVE HOURS, OR HOWEVER LONG IT TAKES A SEMI-SEDENTARY, MIDDLE-AGED (THOUGH HANDSOME) MAN TO WALK TEN MILES (OR HAVE A HEART ATTACK). HAD ALLAN NOT BEEN WITH US, WE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN AT THE LEASE IN THE FIRST PLACE. WE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN THIS PREDICAMENT (BY MYSELF, I TEND TO GET STRANDED ONLY AT GROCERY STORES OR ON WELL-TRAVELED ROADS). OH, WELL. I DID TAKE THE TIME TO PUT ON MAKE-UP BEFORE WE LEFT. ONE MUST LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE. I PEEK AT LAURA. OUR HAIR IS CURLED. WE'LL LOOK FAIRLY GOOD WHEN THEY FIND OUR CARCASSES.

PERHAPS, AS A PROTECTION AGAINST PANIC, I'LL TELL MYSELF FAIRY TALES: MAYBE ALLAN HAS RUN INTO SOMEONE AT THE OTHER LEASES WE HAVE PASSED, AND THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY BACK TO US AT THIS VERY MINUTE. WAIT. I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE COMING. I HOLD MY HEAD HIGH AND STILL, LIKE BAMBI'S MOTHER. IT IS ONLY THE WIND RUSTLING THE LEFTOVER DRY LEAVES IN THE OAK TREES. THEY'RE RIGHT NEXT TO THE MAPLES THAT HAVE TINY, RED LEAF-BUDS CURLED LIKE POINTY RACCOON FINGERS, WAITING FOR MORE BALMY SUN TO COAX THEM FLAT. WHAT AN IMAGINATION. WHAT A BUMMER.

SUDDENLY, AT TWO O'CLOCK, THE RUSTLING LEAVES TURN INTO A GRAY PICK-UP WITH JUMPER CABLES AND TWO MEN. ONE OF THEM IS TIRED AND HANDSOME AND CLAIMS TO HAVE WALKED SIX MILES IN WHAT HAS BEEN ABOUT 1 1/2 HOURS.... NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO FIX FOR DINNER WITH NOTHING THAWED OUT? 



The Downings chose snow-plowing over punching time clocks.

SOSU Grads In Love With The Rockies

By Kate Jackson Lewis

Editor's note: At the time this article was accepted for publication in 1984, the subjects, the Charles Downings, were owners of Trailin' Inn of Creede, Colorado. They have now worked into other occupations.

Their first romance developed within the walls of Southwestern Oklahoma State University (SOSU), where both were students. No sooner had the courtship reached fruition and the vows been exchanged than an added love began to develop—an attachment to the Rocky Mountains. Nor, to this day, has either ardor given ground to the other. The two flames seem destined for eternity.

When Charles and Jane Downing, formerly of Weatherford and Binger respectively, packed their belongings and moved to Creede, Colorado, their relatives and Oklahoma City friends chided them for abandoning home, profession, and kin for what seemed like a gamble—a trout hatchery-RV Camp management endeavor. But the couple's dream of a life in the Rockies

dated back to earlier times when they had dug for gem-laden stones and camped at Trailin' Inn, which they now operate. It was here they met Merv and Edna Hartman, proprietors of the place then called "Hartman's Hideaway."

"Why couldn't we own and operate such a place?" the Downings wondered.

It wasn't that the venturesome pair disliked their Oklahoma City employment where Jane was an elementary teacher and Charles a medical technologist. Each held a Master's degree, drew a better-than-average salary, and enjoyed esteem in the workplace. However, they didn't enjoy punching a time-clock and fighting the traffic to and from work each day.

Charles and Jane desired a different lifestyle for themselves and their

children—Dawn, 13, and Sean, 10. Too, they were in love with the Rocky Mountains—the cool, clean air, blue skies, and clear streams. So they schemed and waited for a time when the mists would clear away and their dreams would become a reality.

Back in college when they met at a Wesley Foundation youth meeting in which they both became consistent workers (Charles was president one year and Jane the next), Jane's avocation was music, and Charles' was football. "One of my passions now is OU football, but I have been a rock-hound all my life," he said.

Charles graduated from SOSU in 1962 with a degree in Biology and Chemistry and then enrolled at Oklahoma University and Medical School where, in 1963, he received a degree in

Medical Technology. In 1972, Charles was awarded a Master's Degree in Epidemiology, while Jane received a degree in Elementary Education from SOSU. Later, she received a Master's in Reading.

Married in August, 1963, the enterprising duo moved to Oklahoma City where Charles worked at Northwest Laboratories in his chosen field and Jane taught at Western Heights before moving to Wilson School in Oklahoma City.

After ten years spent battling the complexities of city living, the Downings decided that though their present cash income outweighed what they could expect to earn in an endeavor such as Creede's Trailin' Inn, their living costs would be much less. Too, they felt that, economically speaking, they had "peak-



Sean Downing

ed" at their Oklahoma City occupations. Furthermore, they looked forward to greater security in a land investment in a Colorado Resort area.

Consequently, when the Hartmans decided to retire from Trailin' Inn and offered the place for sale, the ambitious Oklahomans took over its management. The Downings knew that their adventure was not a cinch for success and would take years of hard work, sacrifice, and ingenuity; so they set in to learn all the skills needed to operate their newly acquired business.

When their former SOSU colleagues and instructors learned of the move, they expressed doubt that the couple was fitted for such an undertaking.

They just couldn't see the soft-voiced, ladylike Jane and Charles, a college professor's son, fighting a wilderness in waist-deep snow and -20 degree up to a record -50 degree weather.

Only time would reveal the outcome of the undertaking. However, the determined speculators proved their fortitude when, in January, 1977, they moved into a tri-walled, chocolate-colored stucco house, banked by snow five or six feet deep, and discovered only a few sticks of wood for fuel. Plenty of Aspen trees were available, but they required cutting and hauling down the mountainside and, because of their greenness, wouldn't burn readily.

By nightfall, the family had a moderately warm house with electric blankets on their beds. Upon going to bed, they discovered that the blankets were operating well as covers, but their mattresses remained like blocks of ice. It was hours before the family enjoyed any degree of comfort.

Surely, during that long, bitter-cold night, they entertained some misgivings about the wisdom of the move!

The Hartmans stayed on to teach the neophytes tricks for offsetting the low temperatures, as well as to operate the trout hatchery in all its phases and how to manage the RV Camp during vacation time.

"We couldn't have made it without the Hartmans," Charles said. "It's unbelievable how much they taught and helped us learn about living here and running the place."

Now that the Downings have adapted to an entirely new lifestyle and have learned to cope with the Rocky Mountain climate, how are they faring?

At this writing, it's 1984. On September 5, 1984, Jane will begin teaching Kindergarten in Creede Schools. Dawn, 19, who finished high school in 1983, is getting work experience in the area. High-school Junior Sean, 15, spent the summer as Assistant Camp Manager to his father, but will now be attending the local high school.

Prior to this time, Jane has donned her chest-high waders (a Christmas gift from Charles) to help her husband to seine ponds or perform other man-sized jobs around the camp. At the same time, the efficient lady took care of home duties and necessary book-keeping for registering campers and conducting them to their assigned sites.

A lover of outdoor activities, Jane has always enjoyed outings to private



Dawn Downing

high-country lakes to help with netting trout for eggs and sperm for the reproductive process. Again, the couple combined work and pleasure as they spread a picnic lunch in a setting that Charles describes as "absolutely beautiful." When snow was deep enough to require skis, the converted mountaineers had fun skiing from pond to pond to feed fingerlings deposited three months earlier.

Without his family's assistance, can Downing wear all the hats needed for running Trailin' Inn?

Charles looks forward to his busiest year since coming here, but with the RV business virtually closed down until next June, he will devote most of his time to trout management. He will busy himself with cleaning and preparing the hatchery for the eggs which he will secure at spawning time.

Since Downing takes trout eggs and sperm from the area guest ranch ponds and streams, he assumes the trout management process for them. They, in turn, buy fingerlings from him for restocking depleted ponds for next year's tourists--another good-neighbor "swap-out."

In preparation for winter, the neighbors, as well as Charles, must secure an adequate supply of wood. So, they agree on a day, pack picnic lunches, take their wood-cutting equipment, and enjoy an outing. "It's not such a chore when we combine work and fun," Downing said. His brown eyes sparkled under his brown, gaucho-type hat as he continued, "We cut the wood,

eat together as we laugh and talk, and then haul home our winter fuel. Lots of our work is shared. We couldn't make it without our friends."

The friendly fellow went on to enumerate other ways that the area people share the work. At Thanksgiving and Christmastime, when the Downings go home to Weatherford to visit relatives and friends, Glen Hinshaw, nearby game ranger, oversees their home, even to building a fire in the stove and turning on the blankets just before they return home.

"In return, we help them by watching their place when they have to be away." He added, "During hunting season, whoever kills an elk shares the meat with his fellow-hunters for addition to our deep-freezers."

However, food preparation for winter really begins in spring with planting a garden. "Again, planting and caring for the garden is shared with early campers," Downing said. "Later arrivals may want to hoe a while if they wish to gather summer vegetables."

They drive to Alamoso for larger amounts of fruits and vegetables than the garden furnishes. A Chickasha friend brings a dressed and packaged beef which finishes filling two large deep-freezers. "We eat very well during the winter and seldom go to the grocery store," Charles said.

Throughout the summer, campers get together for Pot Luck Dinners. On these occasions, the Downings provide tea, coffee, and entertainment-sometimes an area speaker, but most enjoyable, a slide-presentation of Charles' Rocky Mountain photography of scenery, animals, birds and flowers, synchronized with suitable music ranging from "Tales of the Vienna Woods" to

selections from SOUND OF MUSIC and CAMELOT.

Of the several sources from which the Western Oklahomans derive income, the fishing industry is the most lucrative and their campground with its eighty-two hook-ups next. Lesser amounts come from the sale of rocks, jewelry, and photographs. Most of the rocks are dug on an excursion to the mountains, a diversion they "dearly love."

Both Charles and Jane, knowledgeable on rocks and minerals, were rock-hounds for years before moving to the area. They love to search for rocks to sell or for jewelry-making. Charles dreams of owning his own full-fledged rock shop. He declared, "It's a passion of mine. During the long winter evenings, I cut and polish stones for Jane, a skilled silversmith, to fashion into jewelry for sale to summer tourists."

As if the mountain enthusiast didn't have enough time-consuming jobs, he is a volunteer EMT (Emergency Medical Technician). He is on call at any hour, day or night, to drive an ambulance to a mine cave-in or to rescue some foolhardy tourists who went into the mountains poorly prepared and had car trouble or an accident. Fortunately, most of the incidents turn out to be minor mishaps, but some are disastrous and require a helicopter-lift and flight to a Denver hospital. Often, the on-duty EMTs lose an entire night's sleep caring for critically injured people.

Well liked by his fellow townsmen, Charles is active in Rotary Club, taking his turn as a presiding officer or wherever needed. His family also attends a local church and participates in church activities.

After spending some time at Trailin' Inn with the Downings, most of the


RV'ers return year after year to fish in the Rio Grande, which skirts a large part of the camp, or to feast their eyes on the magnificent Rockies which completely surround the camp. One camper said, "The Downings give so much of themselves to make our stay enjoyable; Charles even took most of his family time one night to teach me how to operate my 35mm camera."

How does the benevolent man regard his time dedicated to campers? His explanation was, "I like to feel that after a camper leaves here, I've made a friend."

AUTHOR'S NOTE--When my husband and I returned to Trailin' Inn last summer (1986), we were saddened to learn that the camp had reverted to its former owners. I dreaded to make the necessary visit to hear the Downings' account of the change that took place. But, as usual, the ever-positive-minded Charles smiled as he explained:

"When we took this place, we knew it was not a cinch for success. So when we got short of money, we countered by 'rolling up our sleeves' and finding work around town. Janet took a cashier's job; Sean became a stocker at a grocery; and Dawn took employment at the CREEDE MINER, a local weekly newspaper."

Charles commuted 75 miles to Adams State College at Alamosa to take Education courses leading to a teaching certificate in Biological Sciences.

In September, 1986, Charles and Jane both started the year as teachers in Creede School, and Sean enrolled at Adams State College. Dawn is now married and living in Creede. 

Southwest

122 E. Main 393-4367

STATE BANK

SENTINEL, OKLAHOMA



TGPF



GREAT PLAINS FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

SERVING YOU AT

CLINTON

AND

WEATHERFORD

1002 W. Frisco 323-0730

109 E. Franklin 772-7441

*Serving Weatherford and
surrounding area
since 1944*



King's

Main & Washington
Weatherford, OK 73096
Phone 772-3378

Fresh and silk flowers for all occasions
Plants Hallmark Cards
Unique Gifts Balloons



The First National Bank of Custer City

MEMBER F.D.I.C.

Custer City, Okla. 73639

Phone 593-2291

P.O. Box 100

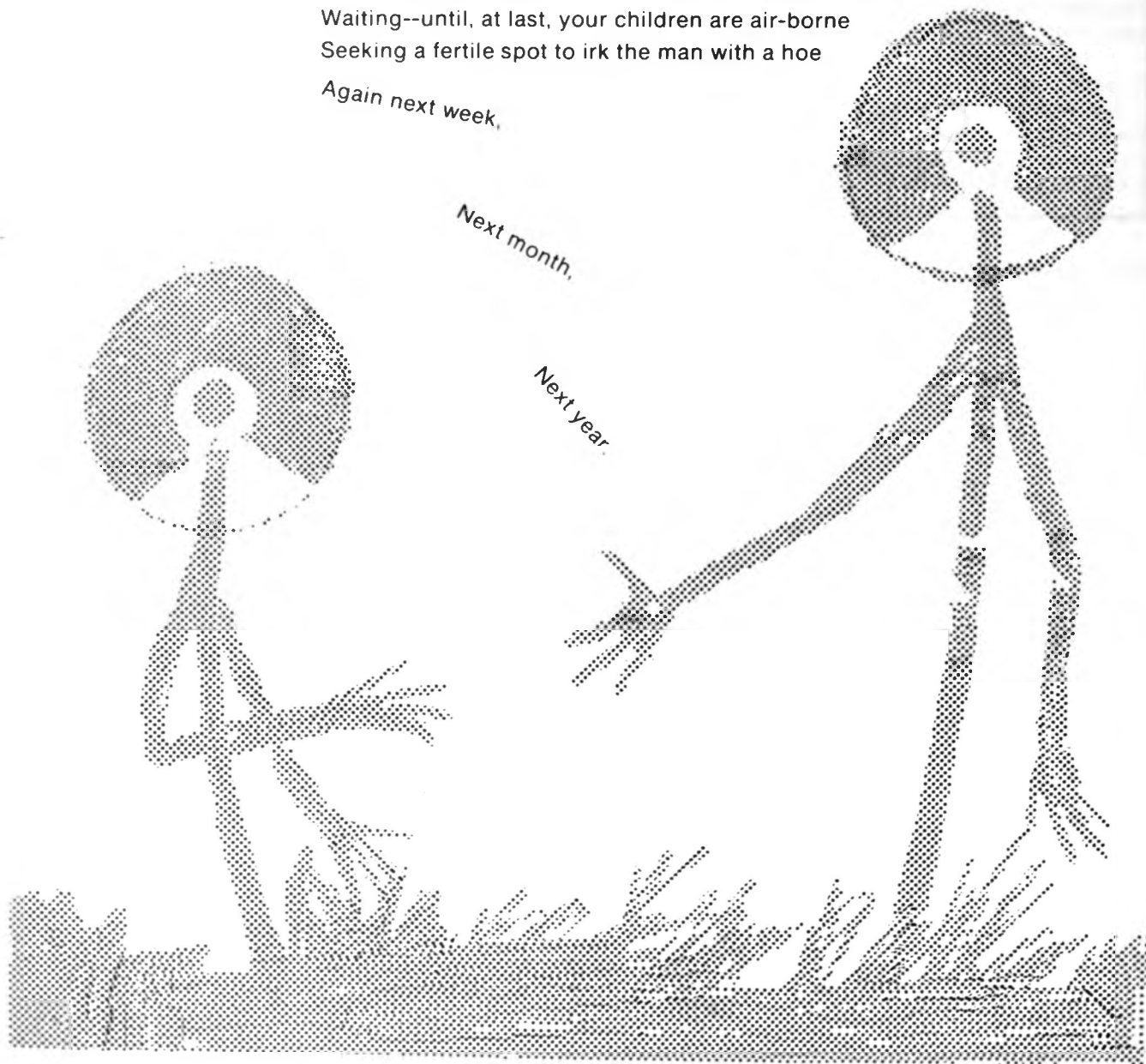
Dandelion

By Fanny Dodgen

Bright beauty
All clothed in youthful gold
Are you unaware of the gardener's consternation?
Think of the tedious hours he spends trying
to obliterate you.
Nestled there in a sheltered place
You cleverly evade his watchful eye
Patiently waiting to display your feathery crown
of parachute seeds.
Waiting--until, at last, your children are air-borne
Seeking a fertile spot to irk the man with a hoe
Again next week,

Next month,

Next year.



Howdy

By Dick Chapman

They may have higher mountains somewhere in the West--
 They may reach nearer skyline where the wild eagle nests--
 They may cover more territory
 Spread out farther east or west--
 But the land from here to Kansas
 Holds the land of our country's best.

It has soils to fit the season--
 It has lakes and mountains too.
 It has people with a "Howdy" and a handshake's nothing new.
 It has people from here to yonder:
 North, South, East, and West.
 It has called them from the nation and has kept the very best.

And they live here from the hills of Pushmataha to the
 Red Hills of the West

a scene near Hinton--off I-40

Rock Mary

By Glen V. McIntyre

In 1849, thousands of pioneers pushed through Oklahoma on their way west to the gold fields of California. One of the landmarks they looked for to guide them on their way was a large rock outcropping near Hinton called "Rock Mary."

Even the land shifts
 as shaking pale blue air rises
 in furnace-like blasts;
 here there are no trees to mark the way,
 no monument,
 the horizons stretch out until they touch
 the awful remote face of heaven,
 not even God could find His way
 in this uncertain emptiness,
 surely we will wander here until we die;
 but then, faint at first,
 indistinct on the indistinct horizon,
 a point,
 still and certain as the hope of heaven,
 an island in this shifting sea of grass,
 Rock Mary, we are fixed upon you,
 sure for a time in an unsure world,
 we are on to California!

Chelf

By Diane Glancy

The mincemeat pie in the oven rises
and falls like the ocean
only the pie from heat
and the steam of it blows from the south
like sails.
Flat tables on the ship unsteady as
seats of covered wagons,
sisters who do not like the others' children,
unsteady when they visit.
All of it we take with us:
a path we assume is ours, but the itinerary
made long ago
ripples like the heat-convulsing pie.

a familiar object

Frontier Fashion

By Pat Kourt

Cotton protector,
Plain but durable,
Stiff against dry prairie winds.
Sweat-stained with hours of toil--
Granny's worn slat-bonnet.



Calf Fries--A 1900 Recipe

By Dick Chapman



In the old Cheyenne-Arapaho country as in other parts of the cattle country before the overflow of settlers, a cattleman kept a force of cowhands so that he was independent of outside help except at general round-up time when many misfits banded together to work for everyone's mutual advantage and at which time one well-known and respected cattleman was chosen to oversee the operation of many men--hundreds of horses and thousands of cattle bearing dozens of different brands and marks. But with the advent of the sodbusters or kaffir-corn woolies, wire fences, and herd laws, conditions changed rapidly. The scattered herds of free range and free life came to an end. Smaller herds of more domesticated breeds were kept on the few remaining unfenced areas, and the two-bit cattleman or farmer-cattleman got by with much less help except when branding time came and he had a large corral full of bawling calves and short yearlings to brand and castrate.

He needed more help to get the job done in a reasonable length of time, so word was broadcast by grapevine that

such and such an outfit expected to be ready to start branding on a certain day and could use a few good calf wrestlers that could handle big bull calves. Without fail, there would be some young riders show up to help bring the calves and eat calf fries.

Early some morning, an onlooker might see the dust rising from the prairie and the holding pens; and as the dust rose, the coals of the branding fire grew hotter; and the scent of scorched hair and hide along with the yell of an exuberant cow waddy filled the air, and some anxious helper would yell, "Come on, you longhorns!" The more bulls, the better; and as the male calves or yearlings were divested of their malehood, pocket knives were being whetted keener and a stick sharpened on one end to impale the oyster-shaped delicacy that had been split open and the hungry visitor was ready to partake of genuine calf fries. A small fire was built away from the branding fire; the calf fries were held over the slow fire and slowly turned until brown and slightly crisp. And the feast was on, with the hands taking turns working and eating calf fries a' la 1900 style. ♡

FUTURE ISSUES

SUMMER 1987

WESTERN OKLAHOMA WEATHER

FALL, 1987 (Western Oklahoma Memories; deadline: 7-1-87)

WINTER, 1987 (Western Oklahoma Success Stories; deadline: 10-1-87)

SPRING, 1988 (Western Oklahoma's Pacesetters; deadline: 1-1-88)

SUMMER, 1988 (Western Oklahoma "Stars"; deadline: 3-1-88)

FALL, 1988 (Western Oklahoma Politicians; deadline: 7-1-88)

WINTER, 1988 (Western Oklahoma Landmarks; deadline: 10-1-88)

SPRING, 1989 (Western Oklahoma Festivals; deadline: 1-1-89)

SUMMER, 1989 (Western Oklahoma Celebrations; deadline: 3-1-89)

FALL, 1989 (Western Oklahoma Cemeteries; deadline: 7-1-89)

WINTER, 1989 (Western Oklahoma Artisans; deadline: 10-1-89)

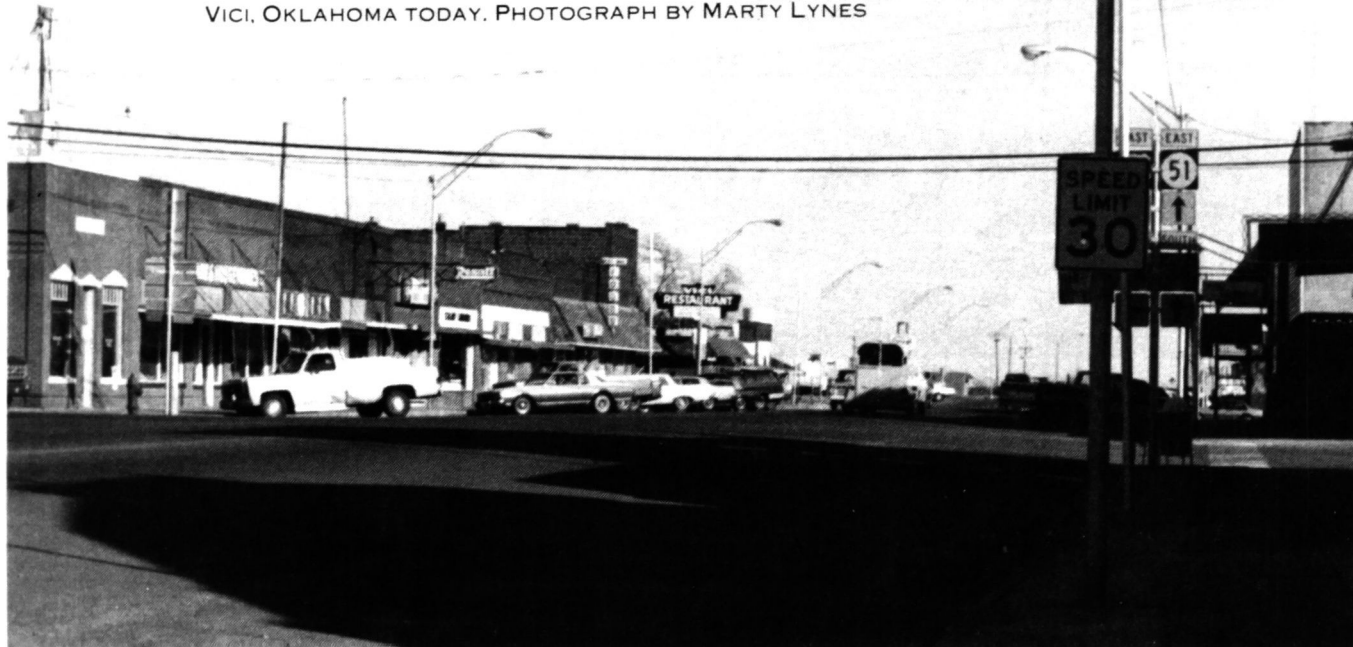
We prefer 5 x 7 or 8 x 10 b & w glossies that we can keep, as well as clear, original manuscripts (no copies, please).

a SOSU student's view of his hometown

"VENI, VIDI, VICI"

BY MARTY LYNES

VICI, OKLAHOMA TODAY. PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTY LYNES



STANDING AT A HEIGHT OF 2208 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL IS THE SMALL RURAL TOWN VICI. VICI IS LOCATED ON ONE OF THE HIGHEST POINTS BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH CANADIAN RIVERS. THE TOWN WAS BEGUN ON FEBRUARY 1, 1899, WITH ALBERT VINCENT RECEIVING A CERTIFICATE ESTABLISHING A POST OFFICE 2½ MILES EAST OF THE PRESENT TOWNSITE.


VICI RECEIVED ITS NAME FROM THE WORDS OF JULIUS CAESAR--"VENI, VIDI, VICI"--"I CAME, I SAW, I CONQUERED." THERE BEING NO LATIN SCHOLAR PRESENT, THE *Vici* WAS PRONOUNCED *Vī-si* (LIKE THE KID ON THE SHOE BOX OF THE GENERAL STORE) AND NOT *Wicky* (AS PRONOUNCED IN LATIN.)

THE NEW TOWN VICI WAS BEGINNING TO PROSPER WHEN ON MAY 10, 1908, IT FELL TO DESTRUCTION BY A TORNADO. FORTUNATELY, NO LIVES WERE LOST, BUT ONLY BECAUSE THE TOWNSPEOPLE HUDDLED INTO A LOCAL CAVE. THE TOWN WAS QUICKLY RECONSTRUCTED BY LOCAL BUSINESSMEN WHO IMMEDIATELY REBUILT THEIR ESTABLISHMENTS.

BETWEEN 1911 AND 1912, VICI'S STATUS CHANGED WITH THE SURVEYING OF THE WICHITA FALLS AND NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD, WHICH

LATER BECAME THE KATY. THE TRACK WAS LAID A HALF MILE NORTH OF THE "OLD VICI" TOWNSITE. THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE EXCITED ABOUT THE IDEA OF A RAILROAD AND A PROSPERING NEW COMMUNITY. SINCE THE RAILROAD WAS QUITE A DISTANCE FROM THE ORIGINAL SITE, THE TOWN WAS RELOCATED TO "NEW VICI." RELOCATION WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY PUTTING AXLES WITH WOODEN WHEELS UNDER THE BUILDINGS AND PULLING THEM WITH TEAMS HOOKED TO A BLOCK AND TACKLE. ALTHOUGH IT WAS A DIFFICULT TASK, THE DETERMINATION OF THESE WESTERN OKLAHOMA SETTLERS HELPED THEM TO RE-ESTABLISH THEIR TOWN.

THE FIRST BUILDING TO BE CONSTRUCTED IN "NEW VICI" WAS THE TOWNSITE LAND OFFICE BUILDING ERECTED BY MR. KELL AND MR. KENT, OWNERS OF THE VICI TOWNSITE.

VICI HAS ALWAYS RELIED ON FARMING FOR ITS LIVELIHOOD. EVEN WITH THE FARMING INDUSTRY DECLINING, VICI STILL MANAGES TO PROSPER JUST AS IT DID SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO AT THE TIME OF ITS RELOCATION. NOW 802 STRONG, THE TOWN STILL RELIES ON THE SAME TRADITION AND DETERMINATION TO SURVIVE. 

Go West, Young Town Go West



producer of much talent in diverse areas

By Dr. Dale Teeters

Many people in the pioneer days headed west to make their fame and fortune. The saying "Go west, young man, go west" was the motto of a great number of the settlers of Western Oklahoma who obtained their land by mad dashes in the various land runs just before the turn of the century. These settlers founded small communities throughout Western Oklahoma. One small community of settlers especially demonstrated this can-do spirit, this willingness to move and re-settle in hopes of a better life. This town literally picked up its stores and homes and moved west for what it saw as an opportunity for a better future. Today this community called Fay is a small town of approximately one hundred people located next to State Highway 33 in the southeastern corner of Dewey County. Before 1900, circumstances were much different, however. . .

On April 19, 1892, twenty-five thousand settlers rushed into what had been the Cheyenne and Arapaho lands in Western Oklahoma for a chance to obtain land that they could homestead and farm. Farmsteads were established overnight with as many as four families to every square mile. Along with these settlers came a need for mail service. Post offices dotting the Western prairies

every six or eight miles seemed the best way to provide a means of communication for everyone. The post offices were located in small communities, or in some instances communities sprang up around the isolated post offices. It is not certain how the small town located at the sandy, desolate intersection of Blaine, Dewey, and Custer counties came in to being. However, on April 19, 1894, exactly two years after the opening of the Cheyenne and Arapaho land, Leander Fiscos established a post office at this intersection and became the first postmaster. He named the post office *Fay* after his son *Fay Fiscos*.

Fay developed into a "typical" Western Oklahoma settlement. During its early years, it consisted of a general store, hardware store, blacksmith shop, sawmill, a few houses, and the post office. There was also a saloon, which oldtimers have described as a "lively place" with a dugout area beneath it used for gambling. An occasional fight was known to break out in this subterranean spot. One of the proprietors of the saloon, J. B. Sober, was known to run the establishment with a great amount of dignity even though the frequenters of his business thought that his last name was unusual for this line of work. The

mood of the saloon and the spirit of its clientele can best be described by the following pun, which was popular in the tavern:

Mr. Sober keeps a dram shop
in the festive town of Fay;
No matter how much he drinks,
He is Sober every day.

There were a physician and a justice of the peace in residence who were no doubt needed on many occasions. In the center of the town, nearest the intersection of the three counties, was a hand-dug well used by the whole community. An issue of the THOMAS TRIBUNE of this era described the people of Fay as "progressive and wide-awake." Just how progressive was yet to be shown.

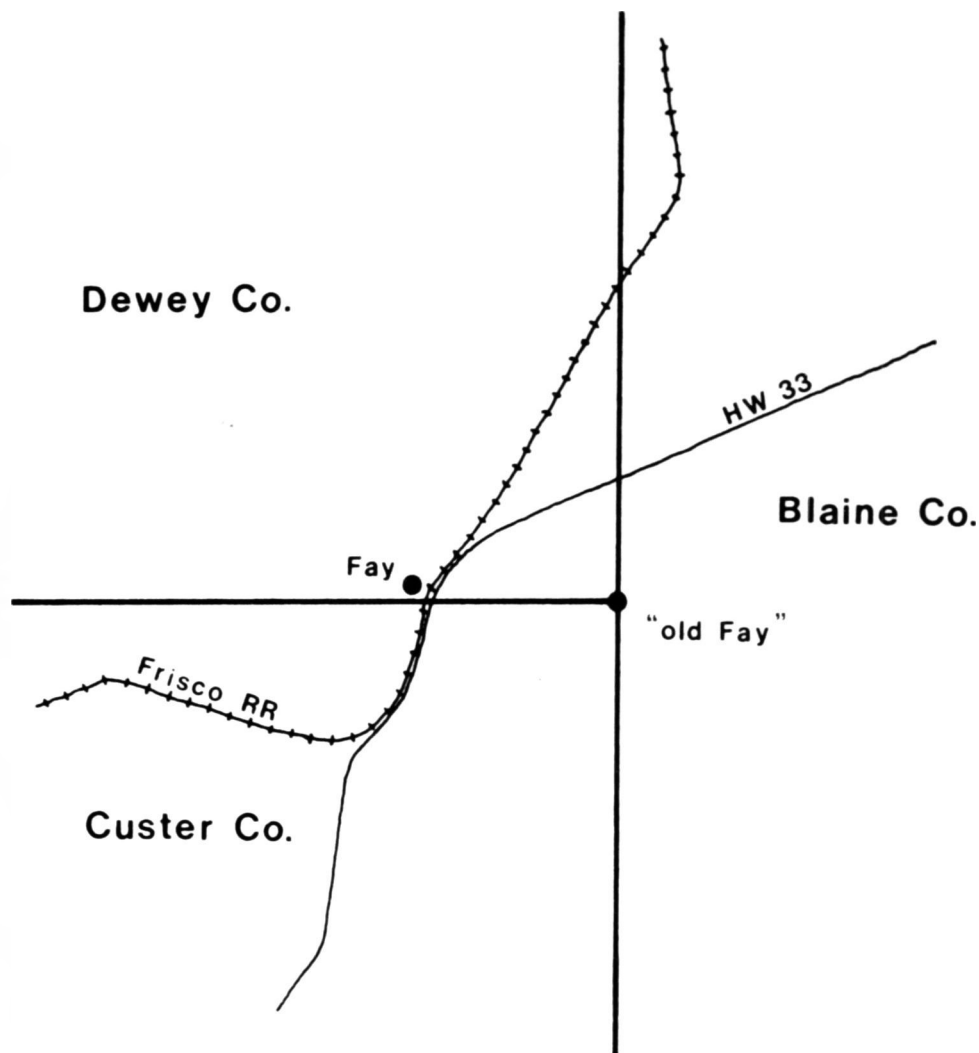
At the turn of the century, a railroad could be the lifeblood of any community. The nearest railroads to the westernmost part of the Oklahoma Territory were the Rock Island running through Enid, El Reno, and Chickasha, and the Waynoka Branch of the Santa Fe across the old counties of Woods and Woodward at the extreme northwest. The western part of the state of Oklahoma and Fay were without a railroad—but not for long, however. In 1901,

with backing from St. Louis financiers, a railroad, the Frisco, was started from Blackwell. It was to run almost due southwest to Enid and then to Arapaho. From Arapaho, it was to go almost due south to Vernon, Texas. The railroad would be laid in order to pass next to some of the larger towns, but the small town of Fay was not so lucky. The Frisco was to pass $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of the town, taking advantage of a small valley to enter the flat river bottom next to the South Canadian River. The track would then cross the Canadian and go through Thomas as it made its way to Arapaho.

A town located next to a railroad would be posed for growth and prosperity. In that day of horse-and-wagon and rutted sandy dirt roads, a mile and a half was a long distance. it was such a long distance that the community of Fay decided to travel it only once. The whole town would move west! According to an old issue of the THOMAS TRIBUNE, "the inhabitants of Fay are watching the location of the new Frisco station with much interest. As soon as the side tracks are laid, the Fay business people and residents will move over to the railroad--in fact, they are ready to go now." The settler's spirit was still alive, so much so that it would be an entire town making the land run this time.

The Frisco line opened late in the year 1902. It is believed that Fay made its move in the summer and fall of 1903. The T-shaped house of J. B. Sober, the saloon proprietor, was moved on wagons one section at a time. As many as ten or twelve horses had to be used to pull the wagon supporting a section of the house. Other houses, the hardware building, and the post office were moved in a similar manner, but even ten or twelve horses wouldn't be enough to move the large general store. To move the store, the strongest mechanical device available to the residents at that time would have to be used--a stump-puller.

A stump-puller was designed to be anchored firmly in the ground next to a tree stump that was to be extracted. Its highly leveraged winch, when connected to a horse, could pull with a tremendous force, but only for a short distance. It would move the stump as far as its mechanical limits would allow and then be anchored again for another pull. The process would then be repeated until the stump was removed. The piece of equipment was not built to pull



■ A map showing the location of "old Fay" and the present town of Fay. ■


a large building over dirt roads for a mile and a half, but it would have to do. A group of men started the monumental task. The general store was placed on rollers, the stump-puller was anchored firmly in the ground, and the store was moved a short distance. The process was repeated over and over again until the "run" of the store to its new location next to the Frisco was completed several long, hard days later. The few people still alive who can remember this event say that the store remained open during the move even though no one can remember anything being sold. We can only imagine what a lone rider topping a nearby hill would have thought upon seeing a general store open for business lumbering across the barren Western Oklahoma prairies.

The move located Fay at the site it occupies today in Dewey County. As the residents hoped, being next to the railroad caused the town to thrive. By 1918, Fay had a population of 200; and in addition to the businesses that were in "old Fay," there were two sorghum mills, a real estate office, a drug store, a mercantile company, a telephone company, a veterinarian and livery, two grain elevators, a restaurant, telegraph agent, garage, a cotton gin, a school, a Christian church, and a Methodist church.

Today with the advent of paved roads and automobiles making travel very easy, this small community has experienced the same loss of business and population that many other small towns in Western Oklahoma have



Looking west from the location of "old Fay" one can see the sandy dirt road that was used to move the town. The slight jog in the road is where the intersection of Blaine, Dewey and Custer Counties occurs. Nothing remains of the old town of Fay today except for an old, long ago deserted farm house that is not shown in this photograph.

suffered. Even Western Oklahoma as a whole with the present downturn in the oil industry and agriculture is experiencing problems. However, the state is populated with the descendants of settlers that had the same desire and grit that the people of "old Fay" demonstrated. Today's "settlers" may not have to move a town, but they will do whatever is necessary to bring more prosperity to Western Oklahoma. 



Fay as it appears today. One grain elevator remains in Fay very close to the site of one of the original elevators.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Conversations with Oscar Humphreys and Lorene Blackwolf of Fay are greatly appreciated. Articles in the THOMAS TRIBUNE and an article by Darrell Rice in the WATONGA REPUBLICAN were extremely helpful. The pictorial history entitled THE WHIRLWIND compiled by Karen Prickett and Mona Prickett covering the history of Fay School was also of great help.

The AHSGR Yesterday and Today

about a special, active group

By Delbert Amen

The Germans From Russia

Beginning in the 1760's and continuing for more than a century, German farmers and artisans migrated to Russia in numbers totaling more than 100,000. These people longed to escape from the economic difficulties of the disastrous Seven Years' War and from sometime religious persecution. Catherine the Great issued a manifesto in 1763 that made alluring promises to all foreigners "regardless of nationality and religion" who would settle the uninhabited regions of Russia.

The earliest migrants went mainly to the Volga regions. Then, for many years, the main movement was to the Black Sea region, where colonies were founded on the banks of the Dnieper, in the Odessa district, in the Crimea, on the northern shores of the Sea of Azov, in Bessarabia, and in the South Caucasus. Finally, in the 1860's, there came a major movement into Volhynia, where small numbers had settled earlier in the century.

For the first generation on the Russian steppes, carving out the new farms and villages was a harsh, often bitter, experience. But hard work was a fact of life for them, and they were a persevering people, industrious much beyond the ordinary. Within a short time, they had established thriving, agriculture-based colonies. Season after season, granaries were filled, fruits and vegetables were harvested, and meats were smoked and cured. Parents and children began to feel at home and content in their new villages. The Russian steppe, with its rich black soil, was now home.

What makes the history of these people unique is that in each new settlement they totally retained their German culture and way of life. Hattie Plum Williams has described this phenomenon in *THE CZAR'S GERMANS*: "These people are Germans, not Russians; they are Teutons, not Slavs; they never spoke the Russian language, never embraced the Greek religion, never intermarried with the Russians, and many of their children never saw a Russian until they left their native village for a new home in America."

Ultimately, the insistence on retaining their strong ethnic identity within a larger, unsympathetic nation left the Russian Germans vulnerable to new troubles. Promises made in the original Russian manifestoes were withdrawn; harassment and persecution from native Russians became widespread.

Once again, emigration was the response. From the 1870's into the early twentieth century, thousands of these Germans in Russia left for a new promised land. For most of them, this meant starting again on the plains of the Americas where, like their forefathers, they began the hard task of being pioneers in a strange new country. And, once again, agriculture was the way of life for the majority, although many of them also settled in cities.

The hard, backbreaking work was still accepted; the sense of being different was still everpresent, and the dream of building a better life was still the strong motivator at home, in church, and at work. This time, however, there was a difference. This time, these families were finally able to realize their dream. Most of them were able to establish a comfortable way of life for themselves far beyond their basic hopes for freedom from hunger, from persecution, and from fear. Today, even though their descendants have become amalgamated into the cultures of their own countries, they can still look back in admiration at the accomplishments of their forefathers who were the Germans from Russia.

Two area families are descendants of Germans from Russia--the Brehms and the Schnells. Both families emigrated from the village of Norka, Russia, on the Volga River and settled in Lincoln, Nebraska--the Schnells in 1900 and the Brehms in 1904.

John George Brehm and Katherine Elizabeth Schnell were united in marriage in Lincoln, Nebraska. They moved to Washita County in 1915 and then to a farm south of Weatherford, where they lived until 1943. At that time, they moved into Weatherford and operated a grocery store on State Street; the building is now occupied by the Rusty Nail. Their



The Brehm family about 1900

children are Mrs. Audry Amen (Marie Brehm), Herbert Brehm, Mrs. Glen Utley (Mae Brehm), Mrs. Vernon Payne (Sophia Brehm), Mrs. Earl Smith (Elnora Brehm), Phillip Brehm, Mrs. Leslie Harris (Irene Brehm), Nathan Brehm, Mrs. Marion Haggan (Alice Brehm), and Mrs. Gene Laubach (Clara Brehm).

The Story Of AHSGR

After some months of correspondence among a few people interested in the history of their forefathers, a group of 42 descendants of Germans from Russia met in Denver, Colorado, on September 8, 1968. This was the informal beginning of AHSGR. Eventually, on December 20, 1968, the American Historical Society of Germans from Russia was formally incorporated.

The early founders of the Society had certain basic goals for AHSGR--to establish a repository where historical materials would be preserved and made available to members and historical researchers and to publish a yearbook with information of significance about the Germans from Russia.

In retrospect, these goals were modest. The early organizers were soon to find that there would be an overwhelming response to AHSGR. For example, in November, 1969, a small group of people planned the initial meeting of Russian German descendants in Lincoln, Nebraska. They told themselves that they



The Schnell family circa 1908.

would be happy if just thirty-five people came. To everyone's amazement, over 125 people appeared, eager to share reminiscences of their common heritage. Thus, AHSGR'S first chapter was born. New chapters soon began forming throughout the United States and Canada, all reflecting the same enthusiastic response. There was no doubt about it--AHSGR was an idea whose time had come.

As the Society grew, the scope of its activities expanded far beyond the founders' dreams. Members have been able to participate in several broad areas. First, there is the area generally referred to as research. Information is collected from a wide range of historical sources--such as genealogies, biographies, documents, maps, newspapers, photographs, and material objects. Second, the Society has become actively involved in publishing much of this research through its Work Papers and Journals and through a series of fiction and non-fiction books. Third, there is the management of the actual business of the Society itself, from staffing the headquarters office to organizing chapters to maintaining the library now located in the Heritage Center. Fourth, there is the important work of the International Foundation, the fund-raising sister organization of AHSGR. All of this has been possible only because so many hundreds of volunteers have been eager to give of their time and thoughts and efforts.

As all these activities expand each year, AHSGR continues to grow at a rapid rate. There is something for anyone of Russian German heritage or for anyone interested in these people. Whether it be sharing their mothers' recipes for blini and grebel and watermelon syrup, whether it be careful documenting of the specifics of life on the Russian steppes, or whether it be sharing memories of life in the new country, members of AHSGR all have one thing in common--they have assured that the history of the Germans from Russia will be permanently preserved.

The AHSGR Heritage Center

In June, 1983, AHSGR formally dedicated its wonderful new headquarters building. The structure was built with loving care by a group of members who volunteered their time and skills. The funds to pay for the building were given by members from all over the United States and Canada. At last there is sufficient office and display space to house the wide range of Society activities.

Once the headquarters building was complete, the Society began work on the other areas of the complete Heritage Center. Plans call for making this into a center of "living history," with a restored summer kitchen, barn, sausage shop, and shoe shop. And, especially important to a majority of members, a chapel is being built to house furnishings from an old Russian German church in the Globeville area of Denver, Colorado. Once the heritage center is complete, visitors will be able to experience firsthand the history and culture of the Germans from Russia.

AHSGR is a fast-growing society with more than 6,000 memberships which include families, educational institutions, and libraries. More than 15,000 individuals participate in our activities and use our publications.

Members are encouraged and helped in compiling their own family histories through comprehensive genealogy programs. Available is an extensive field of family group charts and other pertinent information. The society also has a growing collection of library materials available through interlibrary loan from AHSGR headquarters.

Sixteen international conventions have been held, with as many as 1,400 in attendance. The seventeenth convention was held in Oklahoma City on July 14-20, 1986.

Goals of AHSGR

1. To discover and collect information which relates to the culture of Germans from Russia, such as histories, genealogies, biographies, documents, maps, newspapers, journals, photographs, and material objects.

2. To establish repositories and provide for the preservation of these materials so they may always be accessible to students and historians.

3. To disseminate historical information and arouse interest in the past by publishing information that relates to all groups of Germans from Russia.

4. To encourage and assist with research among members and in colleges and universities.

5. To hold meetings, local and international, where lectures, papers, pageants, and discussions increase knowledge about Germans from Russia among all who attend.

Benefits to Members

1. Opportunity to study the history and culture of Germans from Russia.

2. Discount on all related books and maps.

3. Privilege to attend annual AHSGR conventions.

4. Services of an active Genealogy Committee and headquarter's staff researchers, and the opportunity to correspond with others researching the same family lines.

5. Publications sent regularly at no extra cost to all active members (four journals annually, three newsletters annually, two CLUES--our genealogical journal).

6. The use of more than 2,000 books, manuscripts, journals, maps, and other publications in the AHSGR Archives through interlibrary loan.

*In Memory of
John W. Ivester
Family*

Sayre, Oklahoma

A Dark Road Winding

By Margaret Friedrich

Techla awoke, seasick again. In the crowded ship's cabin on the DANIA, she felt starved for fresh air. Nicholas and thirteen-year-old Kurt were up and gone. Maybe the whole journey had been a mistake, she thought. When will we ever walk on land again?

Since she and Nich were married in July, so much had happened. She remembered Nich's dancing brown eyes as he told her about his dream.

"You know the new Russian government has abolished our schools in all of Saratov Province. Now there is talk that the Bolsheviks will take away our churches too."

"Oh, no! We must have our church."

Now, in search of religious freedom, they were on their way to the United States of America with all the possessions they were allowed to take. Thechla could hardly believe it. She noticed that her son, Kurt, loved every minute. He roamed the one-class immigrant ship at will, making friends among the other young people. Since his father had died five years earlier, Kurt had wanted a father. His wish had come true, and he was happy.

As Thechla lay on her berth, regretting the long journey, Nich appeared. Her heart warmed at the sight of her good man with his dream. He sat on the side of her bed and stroked her blond hair. "Maybe, mine sweetheart, what you need is a breath of fresh air. Come, get dressed, and let's go on deck."

When she was ready, he helped her up the short flight to the deck. After he had found a sheltered corner for Thechla to sit in, Nicholas disappeared. The spray murmured softly against the side of the ship as she plowed through the calm sea. Thechla breathed deeply of the tangy salt air and began to feel a bit better. Her husband returned, carrying a steaming cup of tea and a few rye crackers. The slight bitterness of the rye crackers and the fragrance of the hot tea did indeed calm her jittery feeling. Nich smiled down at her.

"They say we'll dock tomorrow in New York Harbor."

"Oh, when?"

"They didn't say."

Next day, in the late afternoon, the small tender guided the big DANIA to her berth at Ellis Island. Thechla sighed with relief when the motion finally stopped and she could no longer feel the faint throb of the engines. Now, perhaps she would not feel so queasy. But she had begun to suspect that her discomfort was not all seasickness. Could she be pregnant--so soon?

They walked down the gangplank onto American soil on December 29, 1892. Both hope and apprehension quickened their heartbeats. The brashness of their adventure frightened them. At the same time, the sight of Miss Liberty on nearby Bedloe's Island, pointing her torch of

freedom toward heaven, calmed and reassured them. Two days later, they were on their way West.

In Kansas City, Nich bought a covered wagon, a team of horses, a sod-buster plow, an iron cookstove, a shotgun for game, as well as ammunition and camp food. He obtained a primitive map, and they set out on the three-day trip to Homesite, Kansas.

When they arrived, they found the place a confused tangle of potential farmers milling about and setting off in every direction in search of free land. Nicholas found one group better organized than most of the others. Surprisingly, they knew where they were going. They had sent representatives to scout the land. "You are welcome to join us, young man," the middle-aged leader of the group told Nich. Dr. Thom Goertz, a physician, advised everyone in his wagon train to lay in a three-months supply of food.

Accordingly, Thechla, Nich, and Kurt went shopping. They bought only necessities; Thechla looked longingly at the coffee but decided they could live without it. They filled the water barrels, one on each side of the wagon, and were ready to leave at dawn on Wednesday morning.

They were going to someplace called Cheyenne-Arapaho Country in Oklahoma Territory away to the south. Dr. Goertz assured them that they could find a farm there on which to file a claim. It was land not taken the year before in the third run to obtain free farms in Oklahoma.

Thechla was pleased that they would be in their permanent home before the baby came. To Nich she observed, "The road has often looked dark, but now I have a feeling that it will wind to a sunny end." He gave her a hug and a confident smile.

Six days later they were in Cheyenne-Arapaho Country. They stopped the wagon and gazed at the vista of prairie acres they had come to claim. Sunshine lighted the whole world. All the way to the horizon spread a sea of brown buffalo grass. Only the green cedars and the leafless elms and cottonwood trees growing along the Washita River broke the view.

The settlers staked their claims, registered them immediately, and turned to the next priority--shelter. A half-dugout was built for each of the dozen families in the Goertz Wagon Train. They had arrived on February 3. By cooperative effort, every family had moved into a permanent home by February 28. Thechla was appalled at the primitive dwelling. However, the shelter proved to be warm in winter and cool in summer.

Thechla soon saw that bugs could and frequently did come into the dugout through every chink. She panicked the day she sensed movement overhead and glanced up to see a green prairie snake hanging full length from one of the sapling rafters. Even as she stared, horrified, the writhing



thing dropped to the floor and slithered directly toward her. She screamed and ran out the door.

Nich found her in the wagon, sobbing. It was the only time he had seen a tear during all the arduous journey. Alarmed, he tried to find the source of her sorrow. "Are you in pain? Is the little one coming? What can I do?"

"No, no," she screamed at him, "We have come all this distance to live like animals."

Not knowing anything to say, he simply held her close until her sobbing ceased. When she had gained a measure of control, she told him about the bugs and the snake. "I don't think I can ever live in that horrible hole in the ground."

"Ah, mine sweetheart, it is only temporary, you know. In five years all these beautiful acres will be our very own. We'll build a fine house with many rooms; we'll have glass windows and wooden floors. And children will fill our rooms and make us merry. Just wait. You'll see." The dream again! He was making her believe it. She relaxed a bit and realized how tired she was.

"But what about the snake in the house?"

"I'll take care of that slim fellow," he told her. "Why don't you lie here and rest while I deal with the visitors in our hole in the ground?" He placed a pillow under her head and covered her with a patchwork quilt against the chill March wind that always seemed to sweep the prairie. Through tears, she gave him a doubtful smile. She closed her eyes.

Armed with a fence post, he entered the dugout and found the little snake coiled in the warmth of the iron stove, apparently sleeping. He quickly dispatched the intruder and carried it far away from the house. With a short stick, he squashed every bug he could find. As he finished his exterminating job, Kurt brought in a half dozen quail he had shot.

The two of them dressed the birds at the rough bench in the yard. As his new father built the fire for cooking, Kurt brought wood. "Do you think you could find some poke greens along the creek?" Nich asked the boy.

"I'll try," answered Kurt as he ran off to one of his

favorite spots.

Nich had the quail frying in the iron skillet when Kurt returned with an armload of greens. Those were soon washed and steaming in the pot. They set the packing-case table; and when the food was nearly ready, went to check on Techla.

She opened her calm blue eyes. "Mother, Mother," Kurt shouted. "Supper's ready. We cooked."

"You cooked?"

"Well, Father cooked, but I brought in the stuff."

Thechla returned Nich's smile and held up her arms. He picked her up and set her on her feet on the ground. While her husband and son put the food on the makeshift table, she splashed cool water on her face and brushed her hair. She looked carefully all around the room and then relaxed.

The spring-like aroma of the fresh greens stimulated the appetite. The scent of the crisply brown tender meat satisfied a hunger none of them had recognized. As the meal progressed, Kurt told them a story he had heard when he stopped in to see his friend, Peter Kuntz. "Herr Kuntz and the pastor were talking about something scary."

"What were they talking about?" inquired his mother.

"Herr Kuntz said some of the men in the County Seat were really angry about our people moving in here and filing claims. They didn't want to give up the grazing land they were leasing."

"Son, I wouldn't worry about it," commented Nich. "We have done nothing wrong nor illegal. The United States Government invited us to make good farms here and to produce food for the expanding population in the West."

On April 12, late in the afternoon, Kurt came in with his friend Peter. He wanted permission to spend the night with Peter. Nich gave his new son permission to go. Kurt stuck his head in the doorway and shouted, "Mother, I'm going to Peter's house for the night. Father said I might."

"Have a nice time," she called after him.

As dusk began to fall, Thechla told Nich, "It's time." He dropped the tools he was using and summoned Mrs. Hamar.

the neighbor-midwife. The baby was born a few minutes after 2:00 o'clock the next morning. His vigorous cry was welcome news to his parents.

Next day, Thechla wanted to sing with the meadowlark outside the window. She wrote her parents almost a paean of joy.

Dear Mother and Father,

Our beautiful son Konrad (named for you, Father) was born about 2:00 this morning. He is healthy and active. I am doing well too--no complications. Nich is the proudest of fathers.

Our baby has blue eyes like yours, Mother, and a full head of blond hair like yours, Father. Do keep us in your prayers, as I know you always do. We'll wait until a traveling missionary comes to have him baptized. He will be christened Nicholas Konrad, but we plan to call him Konrad. I'll send you a picture when one of the itinerant photographers visits our neighborhood.

You should see how Kurt is growing. He already stands taller than my shoulder. He has learned to hunt and fish--brings in prairie chicken, fish, quail, or rabbit almost every day.

Nich sends his regards.

*Lovingly,
Thechla*

Kurt took the letter to Ben Geruska, whose time it was to carry all the community letters to the Post Office nine miles distant and pick up mail for all families in the neighborhood.

Nicholaus, proud and happy that all was well with his wife and son, went back to long hours in the field. He was working from daylight to dark, trying to get the required 20 acres plowed and ready for winter wheat. By the middle of September, the ground was ready, and he had fashioned a cottonwood-log drag to smooth the seedbed.

Thechla took five-month-old Baby Konrad with her and went to the field with Nich and Kurt. She left the baby sleeping in the wagon while she helped broadcast the Turkey Red seed wheat they had brought from Kansas. It took them only three days to sow the whole 20 acres. Tomorrow Nich would be out early to cover the seed with the drag.

They were all up early the next morning. Everyone was in good humor as they ate breakfast and Nich drove off to finish the wheat sowing. Bobby Konrad was now awake. His mother changed him and sat down to nurse him. All was quiet and peaceful.

About half an hour later, Kurt came running in. "Mother, Father is coming back."

"Oh, he must have forgotten something," she said and went on serenely feeding little Konrad. In a few minutes Kurt was back. "Mother, it's our horses and wagon, but Father is not driving."

Still holding the baby and with Kurt by her side, Thechla walked outdoors and stood waiting as the conveyance turned into their lane. George Muller, sitting beside the driver, jumped down and came running.

Breathlessly George delivered his message. "Sorry, Thechla, Nicholas has been shot." After a brief pause, "He is already dead." Holding the baby closer, she reached for Kurt's hand. He clung to his mother's hand with both of his.

She had no words and no tears.

Friends and neighbors were gathering. Corettia Buergus guided Thechla into the dugout and to the rocking chair. Kurt still clung to his mother's hand. Anna Mari Krist and her husband drove up in their carriage. Anna Mari suggested and all the friends concurred that it would be best to take Thechla and the baby and young Kurt to the Krist home while they laid out Nicholas in his own tiny, one-room house.

When Anna Mari told Thechla what had been planned, she spoke for the first time. "What happened?"

"An outlaw cowboy came riding past and shot Nich three times."

"But why?"

"We don't know why. He was probably one of those cattlemen against farmers."

"I want to see Nich."

Someone gently took the baby from her. She and Kurt, accompanied by Corettia, walked toward the wagon. One of the men had cleaned Nich's face of the dust that covered it as he fell. There was no mark on his face. She looked at the dear face of her good man and could not speak. Kurt, following his mother's example, neither spoke nor wept.

The women gathered a few things for Thechla, diapers for the baby, and a complete change of clothing for each of them. As the carriage with Anna Mari driving made its way down the lane, the friends and neighbors proceeded to do what must be done. They carried the body into the house, washed it, and dressed it in the best clothes Nich had. They laid him on his own bed.

There was no coffin available anywhere. There was no clergyman to conduct a funeral. Their lay leader, Adam Bender, could read the "Service for Christian Burial" from the BOOK OF WORSHIP. They would wait for a traveling missionary to conduct the funeral.

Two of the families had brought boards to build tables for their homes. They gladly gave them for the coffin. While several of the men dug the grave in the new cemetery, two others constructed the coffin. George Muller, with his poker, burnt an inscription on a split cottonwood log to serve as a headmarker. One family had some white paint; another had black paint. Someone painted the coffin white late on Friday afternoon. Someone overlaid it with black paint early Saturday afternoon, leaving white crosses showing. All was ready for the burial on Sunday.

When everything was over, there was still the problem of how to help Thechla. She knew what her neighbors were thinking. She herself had done some hard thinking and knew what she must do. Three of the families who had seemed closest to her and Nich accompanied her home. She knew they were reluctant to leave her alone. When Anna Mari offered, "Come stay at our house a few days," Thechla spoke in a low, determined voice.

"Thank you, everyone of you, for all your kindnesses. I know you will help in any emergency, but I must go on with my family. I know Nich's plans. Kurt and I, with the help of God, can carry on."

She looked at her teenage son and saw that he had matured beyond his years during the last few days. "Yes, Mother," he reassured her. "God will help us."

Then she knew that all the blessings Nich had foreseen in America would eventually be theirs. ❧



525 E. Main
Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096

772-3325

3 BLKS W OF 1ST STOP LIGHT - E OF TOWN
NEXT TO MARK RESTAURANT
BEST WESTERN MARK MOTEL



- ★ RESTAURANT ★ COLOR TELEVISION ★ FREE HBO MOVIES
- ★ 24 HOUR DIRECT DIAL PHONE ★ NO CHARGE FOR LOCAL CALLS
- ★ SWIMMING POOL

—FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE OFFICE OPEN 24 HOURS—

5 BLKS FROM DOWNTOWN SHOPPING
3 MINUTES FROM SOUTHWESTERN STATE UNIVERSITY

**Treasured
memories...**

captured by

Blunck's

**photographic
professionals.**

**...the southwest's
outstanding photographers.**

Clinton	614 Frisco	323-0383
Elk City	116 W. Broadway	225-1616
Weatherford	106 E. College	772-2559

"Your Community Owned Bank"



**NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
OF WEATHERFORD**

772-5575

1100 E. Main



modern settlers; interesting interchange

I am not a Viking. nor were my parents.

or generations in the grave.

I am not one who can suffer pain

without flinching. nor death without

a word to God.

I am not of that harsh Teutonic

blood--to whom love is conquest.

I am a Celt, as were parents and

ancestors far, far back.

We adore the unicorn. favor it above

the raven or the lion.

We are gentle people who could not

defend ourselves from the Scandinavians

and Anglo-Saxons--fierce people--

warlike and unmerciful.

We have a history too. mythic now.

We are still here--we remain in the

mists--Iona--first and last.

Yours is the face in my dreams.

How long will you be in my dreams?

They are not usually good dreams.

Last night was an example:

I would have to call it a nightmare--

interrupted into a serial--

one after the other--

the same story.

We are together.

It is not going well.

I begin to become defensive.

You are hurt and hurt.

You fly home--I die.

SELECTED POETRY by Joe Cross

ISLAND

6 P.M.

9-8-86

IN TRANSIT

I fly home, you die.

Dead cargo

I died before you

500 times

Before you

Before your shuttered eyes

Over and Over

I keep dying

And you, oh gentle Celt,

Can't find poison quick enough

to render mercy to the unmerciful

The face became Mithridates

I die. You die

With the poisoned horn of a unicorn in my heart

I inch toward the hall of Odin

Ravens cawing overhead

I die. You die

With the ripping spear of a Teuton in your soul

you careen in the mists of Iona

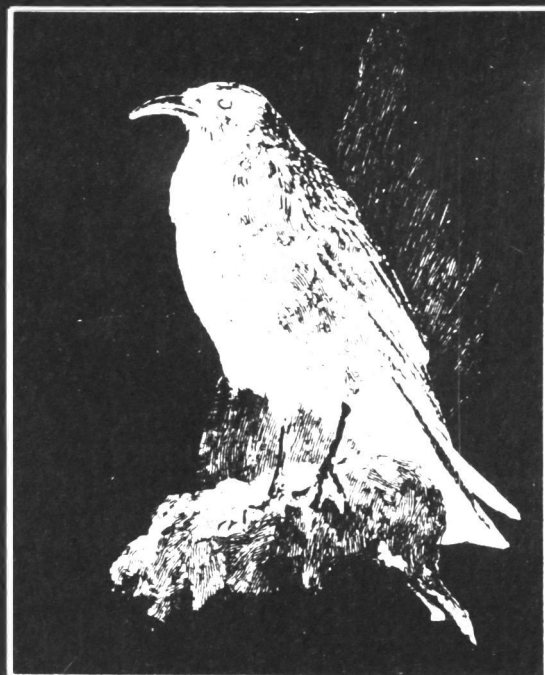
Doves cooing overhead

And so we go

You and I

Killing and dying

In Transit forever



From There To Here

By Wenona L. Dunn

Long ago and far away there was born in Manchester, Lancashire, England on November 15, 1847, a little girl whose destiny it was to one day make her home on the Western Oklahoma prairies. This is how it came about.

Anna was the daughter of Robert and Minerva (Gaunt) Bateman. Her parents had grown up in the factory district in Lancashire. By the age of six, Minerva Gaunt was working as a bobbin winder in one of the woolen mills. Her grandfather Gaunt had owned the mill, and probably others, and was quite well-to-do. However, upon his death, his eldest son, as was the English custom at that time, inherited the business; so the youngest children had to fend for themselves when they came of age. Minerva's father was a hat maker who became crippled by arthritis at a fairly young age. He eventually became bedfast, and it was necessary for the children and their mother to go to work in the mills and/or coal mines.

In the same community there lived the William Bateman family--father, mother, at least two sons (Robert and Henry), and one daughter. Robert began at an early age to work in the coal mines. He was a small man who had red hair and a jolly disposition. Robert Bateman and Minerva Gaunt were married in 1844. Times were hard in England, and many people were going to America, so Robert and Minerva began to make plans to go there too. Robert wanted very much to rear his children in the New World. By the time he was able to save up enough money to make the trip, he and Minerva had one daughter, Anna, and another baby on the way. The couple decided that Robert and his brother, Henry, would go on ahead and find a place to live and jobs, then send for Minerva, Anna, and the new baby. So off they went.

By now, Minerva's father had died and her mother had remarried. They, along with five younger children yet at home, also decided to go to America. At first, they thought that they would wait until Minerva's baby was born, but when they received a report from

Robert, they decided to go on. There would be time to make the trip before the baby's birth. A letter from Robert told of his voyage across the stormy Atlantic. He had been shipwrecked off the Bahamas, barely got ashore at Nassau, took another ship, and finally made it to New Orleans. In the shipwreck, he and Henry had lost nearly everything they had, including their shoes. At New Orleans, they took a paddle-wheeler up the Mississippi River to Rock Island, Illinois. They had relatives living near there--among them one of Minerva's sisters and her husband.



It was early in May of 1851 when the rest of the family set sail for America. The passenger quarters of their ship were dark, smelly, and crowded. The weather was terrible, causing the ship to pitch and roll. Many of the passengers became very ill; and sometime during the seven-week trip, Minerva's stepfather died. Of course he was buried at sea, a trauma for the entire family.

They too landed at New Orleans. It was about the end of June, and the time was near for the birth of Minerva's baby; so the family delayed its trip up the Mississippi. Edna Bateman was

born in New Orleans on July 13, 1851; and as soon as Minerva was able to travel, they made the voyage up-river to Rock Island.

Finally, the family was reunited, and homes were established in the New World. Minerva's mother supported herself and the younger children by working as a licensed mid-wife, riding horseback to make her calls. Minerva was busy rearing her two girls while Robert, who really wasn't much of a farmer, was trying to make a living for them.

When the Civil War broke out, Robert was too old to be called up, but he felt it was his patriotic duty to serve his country--the America which he loved so much. Leaving the farm in the hands of his wife, with her two brothers to help, he enlisted in Company B, 126th Illinois Infantry, and served as a hospital orderly for more than three years. The girls, Edna and Anna, were now about fourteen and eleven years old; they helped care for the livestock on their small farm. The main crop was wheat, which during the war years reached the unbelievably high price of about \$2.00 a bushel, about what it brings today! Robert came back from the war suffering from chronic dysentery and never again had good health.

On October 16, 1867, Anna Bateman was married to George C. Fittell, who had served during the war in the same unit with Robert Bateman and with James M. Dunn, father of Abner Dunn. About the year 1875, Robert and Minerva Bateman--along with George and Edna Fittell and their daughter, Mary--moved out to North Central Kansas and settled on a farm near Clifton. About the same time, Abner and Anna Dunn and their two children, William and Elizabeth, moved to a farm in Lucas County, Iowa. While they were living in Iowa, two more sons--Emerson and George--were born. Abner and Anna's next move was to Kansas, where they settled on a farm near Haddam, not far from the home of Anna's parents. There another daughter, Emma, was born. Soon afterwards, they moved to

Clifton where two more children, who died soon after birth, were born. This very tiny English lady had given birth to nine children and had watched four of them die. But their odyssey wasn't over yet!

In 1892, the Cheyenne-Arapaho lands in Western Oklahoma were opened for homesteading. The land could be secured by making the "run," selecting a homestead, and then filing a claim to the land. Abner Dunn wanted some of that new, rich, free land! By this time, his and Anna's eldest son, William Robert, was married to Ethel Perkins and settled on a farm near Clifton, Kansas. Their eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Hugh Carmichael; they also lived in the Clifton area. The younger children were yet unmarried and living at home.

Ethel McInturf of Clinton, Oklahoma, and daughter of William and Ethel Dunn, tells of how several families came down together from Kansas by wagon--Abner and Anna Dunn and their three children, Hugh and Lizzie Carmichael and their son, Artie, as well as other relatives and friends, made the trip together.

They gathered at Guthrie to await the signal to start the "run." Abner had brought along a race horse, with which he hoped to be able to run ahead and find a really good place to homestead. However, the night before the run, someone stole his horse.

After traveling several days, Abner found a farm he liked near what is now Stafford in Custer County. His son Emerson filed on a farm in the same section, Hugh Carmichael filed on one northwest of Abner's claim, and other relatives filed on farms nearby. At first, Abner and Anna lived in their wagon while preparing a dug-out home. In later years, a small house (two rooms with a shed kitchen) was built; even later, they added two more rooms--together with a big porch on which the grandchildren loved to play.

In 1900, Emerson Dunn was married to Miss Nellie Chapman, daughter of James and Clara Chapman; and Emma Dunn was married to Avery Chapman, Nellie's brother. The double-wedding ceremony was held in the dug-out home of Abner and Anna with James and Clara as witnesses. Among the family members in attendance was Nellie and Avery's brother, R. R. (Dick) Chapman, who was later to be known

in WESTVIEW circles as "the Poet Laureate of Arapaho." In 1906, George Dunn was married to Miss Lena Alexander. All three of these young couples made their homes in the Stafford community.

And soon the Dunns' grandchildren began to arrive! Bill and Ethel had seven children, Hugh and Lizzie had five, Emerson and Nellie had seven, Avery and Emma had eight, and George and Lena had two--plus a nephew whom they reared. But there was sadness mixed with the joy. Bill's wife, Ethel, died shortly after the birth of their seventh child, also named Ethel, in 1901. Bill remained a widower for two years and then married Elizabeth Perkins, sister to his first wife, in 1903. In January, 1907, Bill and Elizabeth moved their family from Kansas and bought out a homestead just to the northeast of Abner's place. So now the family was together again. In addition to being a farmer, Bill Dunn served several terms as State Representative from Custer County.

As Abner and Anna grew older, they decided to leave the farm and move into Arapaho, where they lived the remainder of their lives. Abner served for a while as Court Bailiff for Custer County. Anna's health began to decline, but she continued to enjoy visiting and playing with her grandchildren. A granddaughter, Gladys Dunn Snider, of Butler, Oklahoma, remembers her as a tiny woman, a fun-loving person who loved to jump the rope along with her granddaughters. She taught Gladys how to make bread and dress chickens. Grandma Dunn also loved to make jelly from the fruit Abner grew in his orchard.

One day in May, 1919, Abner decided that he needed to wean the young colt of one of his mares; so, after hitching up to the buggy, he and Anna headed out to Emerson's farm west of Arapaho, where he intended to leave the colt. It was a lovely day, and Anna was feeling better than she had for a long time. She asked Abner to let her drive the horses, and he agreed. She snapped the reins and put them to a trot, having the time of her life. Just as they made the turn into the yard at Emerson's place, Anna gave a sigh and leaned over against Abner. He looked at her and saw at once that she had died. He called for help; Gladys and her sister, Mable, helped him carry Anna into the house. Just that easily she had left this life--an

English girl who had become a Western Oklahoma pioneer. She was laid to rest in the Arapaho Cemetery; in 1933, Abner was buried beside his devoted companion of fifty-two years. Lying with them is Abner's second wife, Sarah Lemons Dunn, whom he married in 1920.

The descendants of Anna Bateman Dunn number in the hundreds, and they are engaged in many walks of life in various parts of the United States. English blood flows in their veins, but they are Americans every one! ●

CREDITS: Myda Slough (formerly of Geary, daughter of Edna Bateman Fittel); Ethel Dunn Barrick McInturf of Clinton; Gladys Dunn Snider of Butler; and other children of Emerson and Nellie Dunn.



Settlers Along The One Hundredth Meridian

By Maxine Wilhelm

The marker for the "Empire of Greer" or Old Greer County was on the 100th Meridian where it crosses Highway 66 near the small town Texola, Oklahoma. It is now in the 100th Meridian Museum in Erick.

The long controversy and several surveys that involved a number of families on the 100th Meridian dispute affected Texola more than any other town along the border because it was the only town so close to the meridian. Many of the early settlers and their heirs in Texola lived in Indian Territory; Greer County, Texas; Oklahoma Territory; and Beckham County. The meridian was surveyed in different locations and was moved.

Even the name of the town was a problem. The Texokla original plat was in Sections 30 and 31 and was surveyed by P. A. Williamson and owned by Choctaw Townsite and Improvement Company. Streets and alleys were dedicated November 16, 1901. The Texoma original plat of forty acres in Section 31 was surveyed by A. W. Putnam and owned by Louis B. Sims, who dedicated the streets and alleys on February 13, 1902. Here was a town with two names which were very confusing to everyone, especially the

Pony Express. So, after a time the suggestion was made to use a part of both names (*Texoma* and *Texokla*) and call the town *Texola*. After much discussion, an election was held and the matter settled; a post office was also built.

The Board of Greer County Commissioners meeting in regular session on June 6, 1905, declared, "In the matter of the incorporation of the town of Texola, Greer County, Oklahoma Territory, the board examined the returns of an election held on May 27, 1905, to determine whether said town should become an incorporated town; finding that there were 26 votes for incorporation and 25 votes cast against incorporation and all proceeding therein appearing regular and legal, it is therefore ordered and declared by the Board that said town has been legally incorporated by the name of Texola."

Greer County, Texas was surveyed into sections and townships in 1873, and some homesteading had been established by the State of Texas. After 1896, homesteading was a gradual process sponsored by the Federal Government under the original Homestead Act that had been signed by Abraham Lincoln.

The Homestead Act provided settlers a chance to file on 160 acres if they were willing to occupy and cultivate the land for five years. Many settlers found it too difficult to acquire the necessary capital to carve a home and livelihood for their families out of the virgin prairie. Therefore, usually two out of three failed the five-year residency required for a full patent. There was some speculation on land development, but most of the pioneer settlers just wanted a piece of land of their own and a chance to raise their families on the new land. Most of the people were very poor, living on corn bread and the wildlife they could kill until they could raise a garden and crop.

Some of the settlers lived in tents or in dug-outs until they could get through the first year. Many of them built half dug-outs, sod houses, or if they had some money, plank houses. One or two rooms made from 1" x 12" boards stood on ends butted together with 1 x 4s covering the cracks.

The unbroken grass sod of the prairie made warm houses during the winter and cool for the summer. There was a plow that cut through the matted sod about 3" deep and 12" x 12" squares were stacked on top of one another in

brick fashion to make the walls.

The roof was reinforced with tree trunks or 2" x 4"s and sod placed on the top. Tar paper was invented later, and it was effective in helping keep out dust, rain, insects, and small rodents. The inside walls of sod were plastered with mud made from clay; through careful application, the walls could be made fairly smooth. When the plaster was dry, the walls were whitewashed several times with lime and salt. The salt was used to discourage insects and waterproof the walls. The clay floors in the dug-outs and sod houses were scraped smooth. After water was boiled in a big iron pot in the yard, it was carried into the house and spread out on the floor until the area was completely soaked, thus making a very hard, packed floor that could be swept. Sometimes a carpet could be purchased, but most of the time the women made rag-braided rugs to decorate their houses.

Schools were a problem in the early days because the homestead land wasn't subject to taxation the first five years, and districts weren't organized. One-room schools were built on land donated by landowners. The first such school was built in Texola in 1902.

Texola began to prosper and grow. When the Rock Island Railroad came through, there was a tremendous amount of farm products from all the surrounding area to be shipped. For example, a large market for hogs was developed, and Texola became known as the broomcorn capital. People from all the surrounding communities in both Texas and Oklahoma came to buy, sell, see a doctor, do their banking, or just to visit. Churches, a school to include all the grades, and a jail were built. Oldtimers remember that very few people had to be put in jail during

the winter because there were only bars on the window and door.

During the Depression in the 1930's, the bank closed; and several stores slowly went out of business. Residents began to drift away--selling out or being foreclosed--until the town today has only a few families left with memories of a better time.



One farm on the meridian near Texola is typical of how it was. The place of 160 acres was homesteaded by Mr. and Mrs. Andy Swagger in 1898 when Mr. Swagger applied for a patent. All the land was in Indian Territory. Mr. Swagger later bought another small tract joining his place. There was odd acreage along the 100th Meridian; it wasn't always in quarter sections. The Swaggers lived in a half dug-out to prove their claim. The road leading north from Texola went by their place to the North Fork of Red River, where there was a crossing. Covered wagons, freight wagons, and wagon trains stopped at their farm for

the night because they had a wagon yard, horse lots, and watering troughs. Mr. Swagger sold corn to feed the horses to the wagon masters for 50 cents a bushel.

Later, a two-room house was built on the place, and it was sold to Burt and Max Downer (brothers) in the 1920's.

In 1930 when the Federal Government declared the 100th Meridian correct, the discovery was made that 185 acres on the farm was in Texas and 12 acres in Oklahoma. The State of Texas finally corrected the land measurements along the 100th Meridian in 1942. The abstract is interesting to see because the inside contains a 2" x 2" foldout map of the land and the 100th Meridian. The land doesn't run north and south but along the meridian as it was surveyed during another time.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Wood became the owners of the much-disputed land in 1949. They moved the two-room house onto the Texas side, adding on to it to make a comfortable home. The true 100th Meridian runs along the edge of their yard.

The children could attend school in either state, but they chose Texola and later Erick when the Texola School closed. The Woods vote in Texas, pay State taxes in both states, and personal taxes in Texas. Both states keep up the roads and sometimes overlap each other's work. Mail is delivered from both states. The interesting facts go on and on.

One landowner on the 100th Meridian a few years ago couldn't get a telephone in Oklahoma without building the line himself, so he got a phone from Southwestern Bell in Texas. The problem was that his house was in Oklahoma, and his well house was the only building in that area of Texas. W

WESTVIEW

PATRONS

Hydro Dry Goods, Hydro
Northside Drug, Hydro
Somewhere Else, Hydro
Kelley Jewelers, Weatherford
United Community Bank, Weatherford, F.D.I.C.
Weatherford New Car Auto Dealers Association
Dr. Kim Arganbright, M.D., Weatherford

The Then And Now Of Cheyenne-Arapaho Country

By D. Morris Blaylock



Illustration by F. Bennie Nossaman

The year 1541 found the first white men entering the area that was to become known first as Indian Territory and later as the state of Oklahoma. In that year Francis Vasquez Coronado, in search of the land of Quivera, had led an expedition northeastward from the Pecos River in what is now Texas.

One of Coronado's men, Captain Juan Jaramillo, describing the region around Quivera in 1541, wrote in his report "The country represents a fine appearance which I have not seen better in all of Spain nor Italy nor

France nor indeed, in all other countries where I have travelled in his majesty's service. For it is not a rough country but is made up of hillocks and plains, and very fine appearing streams, which certainly satisfied me and made me sure that it will be very fruitful in all sorts of products. Indeed, there is profit in the cattle [buffalo] ready at hand, from the quantity of them, which is as great as one could imagine. We found a variety of Castilian prunes [probably persimmon] which are not all red, but some black and green; the tree and fruit is certainly like that of Castile,

with a very fine flavor. . . There are grapes along some streams of fair flavor, not to be improved upon."

Although Captain Jaramillo made no mention of wildlife in the region, it is likely there was an abundance. In January, 1878, over three centuries later, Lieutenant General Henry Sheridan, Commander of the Chicago Military Division, and a party of several men set out for Fort Reno, Indian Territory, for a wild turkey hunt along the Canadian River. After five days' travelling by train and army ambulances, the party arrived at the Jones

Ranch on the Cimarron River. On February 3, they travelled from the Jones Ranch to Fort Reno where many turkeys were killed. Although the game hunted was primarily wild turkey, the party also killed prairie chickens, quail, grouse, mallard and teal ducks, and deer. The hunters saw antelope but killed none.

At this time, the area was the home of part of the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indian tribes. Over the years, they had been pushed southward by other Indian tribes from their original homes in the Great Lakes country and finally by the United States Cavalry. The land they occupied had been designated as Indian Territory by the Treaty of Medicine Lodge Creek.

Before April 19, 1892, part of the Cheyenne-Arapaho country, Indian Territory, was leased by white men for grazing of livestock. But on that date the area was opened for land claims: adventurers, speculators, and people seeking to establish new homes made a run for the unallotted lands on the new frontier of Oklahoma. This event marked the beginning of the Indians' loss of their territorial land and of great damage to a once fully grassed area, home of a great variety of wildlife and game.

The first arrivals, mostly from Texas, wanted to keep the country in grass for livestock grazing; later arrivals were more interested in farming than ranching. For farming, the soil had to be broken and turned over. Plowed land in Western Oklahoma has always been susceptible to erosion anytime there's rain. Thus began increased sheet and gully erosion.

Eventually, many once promising ranches and farms were abandoned. In Western Oklahoma, this meant the invasion of weeds, annual grasses, elms, and juniper trees into the overgrazed and disturbed grasslands.

Even though the destruction was great and quite evident, little was done over the years by any authority to curb and control the onslaught.

In 1948, the Red River was dammed below the mouth of its tributary Washita River to form Lake Texhoma (Red River is the boundary between Southern Oklahoma and Northern Texas.). The first year after the outlet gates of the lake were closed, the silt in the mouth of the Washita was seventeen times the estimated annual siltation.

The Sandstone Creek Project, completed in 1953, was an afterthought

of the Lake Texhoma project. This creek runs into the Washita. The project constructed many detention dams for flood and erosion control in order that grass might be established--grass and grass roots, the best media for retarding run-off and controlling soil erosion.

Wind and water erosion still continued on a grand scale. The following is from the U.S. Soil Conservation Service: "The November-December 1982 SCS wind erosion survey showed that 77,230 acres of land had already been damaged by wind erosion during 1982. Counties with the most land in condition to blow at that time were Harper (150,000 acres), Beaver (90,000 acres), Custer (70,000 acres), and Woods (50,000 acres)."

In the last few years, hundreds of acres of Western Custer County, shallow and clayey prairies, have been plowed and planted to winter small grains and heavily grazed by livestock. In May of 1982, ten inches of rain fell, half of the long-term average rainfall. Water ran red, and erosion was severe.

J. D. Blaylock, my grandfather, was one who settled in the early years on a homestead tract about two miles from the Washita River near Nine Mile Creek, now in Roger Mills County. He staked his claim, established a home, and obtained a land patent in 1914. To prove up on his claim, he was required to make improvements on the land. "Improvements" included turning a certain number of acres for cropland. Before and during World War I, he was encouraged to turn over grass sod and grow more corn for the cause. My grandfather's Cheyenne neighbors, the Standing Waters, Scabbies, and White Shields, watched and helped harvest the crops. Production was poor to fair, but resulting soil erosion must have been incredible!

In the early 1930's, the decision was made to stop upland farming and try to re-establish the land in native grasses: Indiangrass, little bluestem, switchgrass, and some grama. On severely eroded land, establishing native grasses is almost an impossible task.

The first seeding was done in the early 1930's by hand and sometimes from horseback. The first seed was obtained by hand-stripping and, after seeding, trying to cover the seed by harrowing and then by using a go-devil light plow. Some of the seeded land was

re-seeded again with a drill in the 1940's and 1950's. By the mid-1950's, all upland cropland, about 275 acres, had been seeded to native grasses. Now under consideration is turning the bottomland farmland back to grasses. This includes about 114 acres--the last of the cropland on the farm inherited and purchased by my father, Charlie J. Blaylock.

On one 40-acre drainage where 30 acres were disturbed by plowing, the grass along a homestead boundary fence slowed the run-off and resulted in a long row of silt 2½ feet high.

The following are thoughts that come to mind as one considers the situation and possible solutions:


What keeps us from learning from the experiences of others, or ourselves? We need to do a much better job of managing our valuable range resources. The time to change our way of doing things is now. We need to recognize some of the situations that contribute to land mis-management:

- a. Absentee ownership
- b. The need and greed for quick monetary returns
- c. Top management decisions being too far removed from grass roots management.
- d. Management goals not compatible with production potential.
- e. Producing at a loss.

We need to make the following changes:

- a. The attitude of the masses, especially the young, toward our natural resources.
- b. The management of our marginal timberland for maximum forage production.
- c. The re-establishment to permanent grasses for grazing and for improved watershed management of all marginal cropland.
- d. The conversion of all grazing land to private ownership.
- e. Tax lands according to use or misuse and tax grazing animals according to use or misuse of grazing land.

As a range conservationist, I propose that it is Oklahoma's responsibility to save its land from production capability deterioration and eroding away. Such a good job should be done that if Captain Juan Jaramillo were to return to the Cheyenne-Arapaho Country, he would be as impressed as he was when first he viewed that territory!

(previously published in RANGELANDS--June, 1984) 



Water To Drink And Use

By Dick Chapman

Illustration by Kelley Doyle

The first thing a homesteader must do when he reached his new home was to secure water for man and beast. Food might be delayed a few hours if necessary or cut down in quantity, but everyone was thirsty and horses wanted water even before grain. After all, water was required to make that ever-wanted staple of the traveler—plenty of hot coffee. A small amount of drinking water was always carried by the traveler, but this was insignificant when so many were demanding a drink. If a spring or a stream wasn't far away, it could do for a time, but streams were far apart and scarce in a dry land; besides, the water might not be fit to drink, especially if it had alkali in it.

If you were lucky enough to locate a friendly homesteader who had a well or a good spring of water, you could camp in his yard until you could dig a well of your own. The land along the creeks and rivers was the first to be filed on; except for the Indian allotments, most of these choice plots were secured by some cowboy or cattleman who had spotted them long before the settlers came along.

Such was our condition as Father had come down the summer before and located a friend who lived close to our homestead. This person was an old ex-Union soldier by the name of George D. Bennett. Mr. Bennett was batching, and he despised having to cook. When he found out that Mother would do the cooking for all, we had a place to stay for as long as we wished.

This arrangement allowed Dad and Abe to begin work on our big half dug-out as winter was approaching. After unloading one of the wagons, Dad returned to Weatherford, twenty-five miles away, for lumber and shingles—also a month's supply of groceries, as once a month was as often as he could afford to drive that distance. Brother Abe began digging the dug-out. As soon as the dug-out was partially finished so we could move into it, they began

digging a well entirely with a pick and shovel. One day after many days of hard labor, they were down twenty-four feet and had struck a layer of gyp rock. Abe told Dad it was near noon and he would let the bucket down and draw him up. But Dad said, "I want to hit this rock one more lick and then I'll quit." He slammed away with full force and broke a large slab of rock loose; water came gushing in about his feet. Dad yelled, "We've got water, Son! Let the bucket down!" By the time he was drawn up, the water was up to his knees; as far as I know, the well was never dug any deeper.

The well water proved to be alkaline and not good for cooking purposes; also, most people didn't like to drink the water since it had a bitter taste.

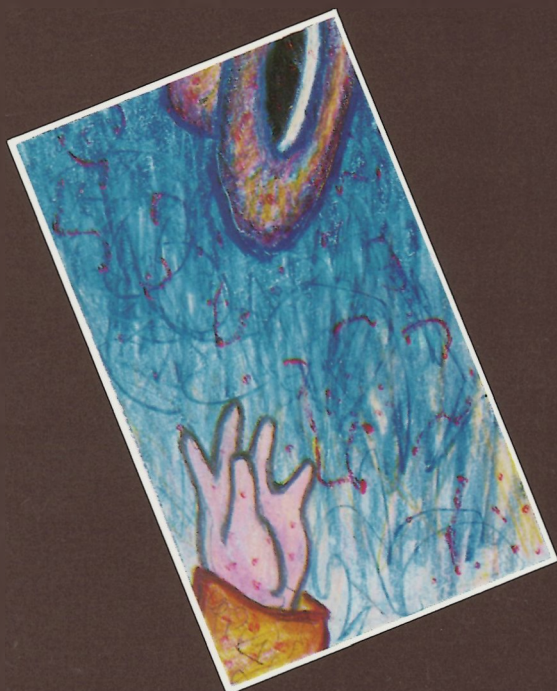
Mr. Bennett had told us about a small spring of good water that was on the north slope of a large red hill only a mile away from our home, and Dad made a sled. With two barrels, we hauled water for use in the house—once a week. That was my job and a tricky one to say the least.

A cattleman-homesteader who still ran four or five hundred head of cattle on remaining open range in that area offered to erect a windmill and install a pump and tank if Dad would allow his cattle to come there to water. The arrangement was quite satisfactory to us, and so Fred La Bouc's cattle, as well as other range stock, came there to drink until barbed wire fences soon closed the range for keeps.

Fred La Bouc was a French Canadian cowboy who had drifted south to the Texas ranges and had finally homesteaded in Oklahoma Territory. This solved our water problems until a cistern could be made.

And now a mystery. Only a few years later, the spring on the hillside, which no doubt had produced water for ages, went completely dry and to this time, over eighty years later, is as dry as the surrounding prairie. ●

Westview
Southwestern Oklahoma State University
Weatherford, OK 73096



WESTVIEW

*Published quarterly by
Southwestern Center for Regional Studies
Southwestern Oklahoma State University
Weatherford, Oklahoma*