



12-1-1986

Westview: Vol. 6, Iss. 2 (Winter 1986)

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

(1986) "Westview: Vol. 6, Iss. 2 (Winter 1986)," *Westview*: Vol. 6 : Iss. 2 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol6/iss2/1>

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 2

WINTER 1986

\$3.00



WESTERN OKLAHOMA EVENTS

FOREWORD

The bouquet-presenting continues in this, the second issue of our sixth year of publication.

This last bouquet for the present time goes to former Art Director David Oldham. Mr. Oldham worked with us diligently for three years, and his even-tempered approach to his duties was much appreciated. He has now moved on from Southwestern to become an art professor at Auburn University. He is missed.

On the job after the departure of Dr. Christopher Gould and Mr. Oldham are two new members of the Editorial Board--Mr. Rick Plant and Mr. Don Wood. Mr. Plant, Composition teacher in the Language Arts Department, has already proved himself efficient in the assessing of manuscripts and the writing of book reviews. Mr. Wood, new SOSU Commercial Art instructor, supervised the layout and paste-up for the Fall 1986 issue as well as for this one and will no doubt continue to be a real asset to us in his position as the new Art Director.

So the WESTVIEW journal, despite changes in staff from time to time, continues to flourish. But as usual, we depend on the assistance and good will of our readers.

THANKFULLY,

Leroy Thomas

Leroy Thomas
Editor

WESTVIEW

Published by Southwestern Oklahoma State University

Weatherford, Oklahoma

Winter, 1986

Volume 6

Western Oklahoma Events

Number 2

INSPIRATION

And This Is Della	Leroy Thomas	4
Pioneer Spirit of Our Town	Jean Kenedy	6
He Braved the Elements	Margie Cooke Porteus	8

LANDMARKS

Sears Roebuck	Donita Lucas Shields	10
The Last Link	Maxine Wilhelm	11
A New Life in Colony	William D. Welge	12

REVIEWS

Trails of Triumphs, Trails of Tears	Rick Plant	15
---	------------	----

MISCELLANY

Unrivalled Excellence	Anne Marie Simmers	18
Rose Stone Tears	Evelyn Bachmann	21
Two Plus	Diane Holcomb	21
Essay on a Bad Cold	Rosemary Gibson	23
Transgressor	Diane Glancy	23

MEMORIES

A Deathly Quiet	Wenona L. Dunn	24
Looking Back	Lu Spurlock	26
Reality	Margie Snowden North	26
Trouble	Dick Chapman	27
Cattle Killing	Barbara Bockelman	28
A Charge to Keep	Robert F. Turpin	31

RELICS

Under the Lid	Hope LaShier	32
Arnold Evans	Sandra Soli	33
Red Moon PowWow	Tena Bailey Garrison	35
Territory Bound	Dick Chapman	37
Cowboy and Old Number Nine	Grady Williams	38

FUTURE ISSUES	Staff	34
---------------------	-------	----

COVER by J. Don Wood

EDITORIAL STAFF

Publisher	Dr. Donald Hamm	Staff Writer and Advertising	
Editor	Dr. Leroy Thomas	Representative	Donita Lucas Shields
Assistant Editor	Mr. Rick Plant	Art Director	Don Wood
Assistant Editor	Dr. Roger Bromert	Assistant Art Director	O. J. Bailey

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

CONTRIBUTORS WHOSE WORKS APPEAR HERE

Evelyn Bachmann, a member of Tulsa Tuesday Writers, is a free-lance poet whose work has appeared often in WESTVIEW.

Barbara Bockelman lives on a cattle ranch in Eastern Beaver County in the Slapout Community. Her credits include published articles in over twenty newspapers and magazines.

Dick Chapman, who died in 1985, was the unofficial Poet Laureate of Arapaho and an official WESTVIEW supporter.

Wenona L. Dunn, Dick Chapman's niece, is a free-lance writer from Burns Flat [a recent move].

Tena Bailey Garrison owns the Uniform and Maternity Shop in Elk City, where she is also a real-estate broker. She is a member of the Writers of the Purple Sage.

Rosemary Gibson, wife of Oklahoma historian Dr. Arrell M. Gibson, is a member of the Norman Galaxy Writers.

Diane Glancy has an M.A. in Creative Studies from CSU. She serves as Poet-in-Residence at Heller Theater in Tulsa and is also Poet-in-the-Schools for the Arts and Humanities Council. Her writing has been published in many journals, including CROSSCURRENTS, GRYPHON, CINCINNATI POETRY REVIEW, and KANSAS QUARTERLY.

Diane Holcomb is a real-estate broker and free-lance writer from Sperry.

Jean Kenedy, native of Colony, is a retired Language Arts teacher from Eakly.

Hope La Shier, a native Western Oklahoman, is a free-lance writer living in Amarillo.

Marie Snowden North lives on a ranch near Erick, fewer than ten miles from the farm on which she grew up in the 1940's and 1950's. A free-lance writer for over twenty years, she has been published by most denominational magazines and area newspapers.

Rick Plant is WESTVIEW's new Assistant Editor.

Margie Cooke Porteus graduated from Thomas High School and from SOSU when it was known as Southwestern State Institute of Technology. She is now a retired teacher living in Paonia, Colorado. Her interests include five grandchildren, writing, crafts, gardening, and genealogy.

Donita Lucas Shields is WESTVIEW's Staff Writer and Advertising Representative.

Anne Marie Simmers is a native West Texan. She is currently a student at SOSU; she enjoys writing in her spare time.

Sandra Soli, originally from Birmingham, England, is a free-lance writer and editor in Oklahoma City. She has studied at Oklahoma College for Women and in Darmstadt, West Germany. She has received honors for poetry, fiction, broadcast journalism, and advertising. Her poetry appears in the current NFSPS Prize Anthology.

Lu Spurlock, a vital member of the DFW Writers' Workshop and the Oklahoma Writers' Federation, Inc., is a prize-winning free-lance writer in Bedford, Texas.

Leroy Thomas is Editor of WESTVIEW.

Robert F. Turpin, formerly of Yukon and Geary and now of Davis, is a grocery-store produce manager and a free-lance writer specializing in Westerns.

William D. Welge was born in Texas, but he has spent the past twenty-two years in Oklahoma. Interested in Western Americana, he is an Archivist with the Oklahoma Historical Society in Oklahoma City—a position he has held for nine years.

Maxine Wilhelm helps her husband operate the Wilhelm Honey Farm near Erick and does free-lance writing as time permits.

Grady Williams is a retired Air Force Master Sergeant. His stories are based largely on his extensive travels as an intelligence specialist. A fifth-generation native Arkansan, he currently resides on a farm near his hometown of Sheridan, Arkansas, with his wife and young family, both acquired after his retirement eleven years ago.

a longer version of a eulogy presented at Mrs. Whisenhunt's memorial service in the Federated Church of Weatherford on September 16, 1986

And This Is Della

By Leroy Thomas



My assignment this morning is to present a short eulogy that isn't sad. I can handle the "not sad" part, but I'm not very sure of the "short" aspect since I have a great deal to say. Surely there's victory that will help to overcome the sadness of the occasion--because of a life well lived. Steeped as she was in the study of the Bible and other great literature, Della could ask for a happy eulogy because she could sing with the Psalmist "Weeping endures only for a night; joy comes in the morning." Our professional association spanned three decades, and the things I remember about her set her aside as an extraordinary person.

I remember her foremost as a woman who had a joyful spirit, as one whose lilting laughter could make the heart glad. There were a few anecdotes that she especially enjoyed sharing. All of you remember the story of the saleslady who tried to sell "hand-did" handkerchiefs to Dr. Jencke in an exclusive store in Dallas. And what about the way Della delightfully reproached herself for being the untalented one of the Barnwell girls? How her eyes twinkled when she told about the way their dad introduced them: "This is Mozelle, our artist. This is Florine, our musician. And this is Della." Later, his introduction could have been, "And

this is Della, our writer and master teacher."

In the same humorous vein, do you remember the one about some of the women in Della's group--including Florine--being on a trip in Dr. Bellamy's car? Florine was driving and was being aided too much by a backseat driver, so musician Florine came up with an appropriate ditty. Della always enjoyed this story because it gave her a chance to sing: "Oh, this is the Bellamy bus, so leave the driving to us!"

As I have said, she was a writer too. She enjoyed the challenge of doing rhymed couplets for special occasions. For instance, while on a Crink tour of

Nova Scotia in 1964, she kept a journal of the trip in couplet form. As notable as the one hundred verses, however, were those verses she wrote to correct the errors made by a typist. These excerpts serve to demonstrate the poet's ability to manipulate words, and I present them in her honor:

When I read the jingles I wrote on the trip
And noticed the errors, I almost did flip.

I know Sir Cedric's typist was pushed for time
And had other tasks besides proofreading my rhyme.

But I teach writing and am embarrassed no end
To see many mistakes in the jingles I penned.

Now please dear ones, notice before October 4
For by then I may have found some more.

In Stanza Two, I have a hunch
That one needs a comma after *lunch*.

And o me, o my, there's a comma splice
In Stanza Five, and that ain't nice.

Freshmen get failed for doing such,
And for that error I'm sorry much.

In Stanza Sixteen, let's keep in mind
Only three dots or a dash after *kind*.

And it's a dash I wanted after *us*.
Oh I know I shouldn't raise a fuss.

In Stanza 37, our friend Louise
Carries her bag over her shoulder with ease.

I don't want my freshmen to shift in tense;
I call that an error quite immense.

Oh, yes, Stanza 39 is where another error is.
O gosh! O golly! Oh gee whiz!

Now I know these jingles aren't literary pieces,
But my looking for errors almost never ceases.

I hope to make myself clear as I go along
In case one of my students should read my song.

Other kinds of mistakes in the jingles you see



But those of rhythm and meter were made by me.

Now I must get back to my dear ol' school work,
For I n'er will desire my duty to shirk.

Oh yes, the slang and the appearance of *ain't*
I use because, of course, I'm no saint.

She also did serious articles for her church's journal and for WESTVIEW. In fact, she extended a great deal of assistance to WESTVIEW during its early years of publication.

I remember her, in addition, as a master teacher who cared for her students and always encouraged beginning educators. She seemed to have an affinity for athletes who were preparing to be teachers--maybe because she was married to a teacher who was a former football player. She would surely be pleased to know that her copy of COLLEGE ENGLISH is being given to Tight End Felix Melendez, SOSU's Academic All-American.

Her appreciation of literature also went deep. Her study of its thematic implications was extended into her private life. For example, since she liked daisies, she had them in her garden and used them as a decoration motif in her home. She was once jokingly accused by a colleague of being able to extract forty essay topics from a single line of poetry or prose.

Her great literary loves were William Faulkner, Eudora Welty, Willa Cather, and Carl Sandburg. She was especially fond of Faulkner's Dilsey, who is representative of the prevailing spirit of man; of Welty's Edna Earle, who, despite obstacles, still loves life; of Cather's Antonia, who comes to a love of God, mankind, and the land. The aspects of Sandburg that drew Della to that Chicago poet were his indomitable spirit and his realistic attitudes toward life and death, as expressed in his "Southern Pacific":

Huntington sleeps in a house six feet long.

Huntington dreams of railroads he built and owned.

Huntington dreams of ten thousand men saying "Yes, Sir."

Blithery sleeps in a house six feet long.
Blithery dreams of rails and ties he laid.

Blithery dreams of saying to Huntington "Yes, Sir."

Huntington, Blithery sleep in houses six feet long.

There's nothing sad about a woman who loved her God, her husband, her other family members, her friends, her students, her job--and who for almost forty years possessed the joy that a satisfying professional life brings. I join you in saluting her.

coverage of the 1986 Eakly celebration

Pioneer Spirit Of Our Town

By Jean Kenedy



As Thornton Wilder stated in *OUR TOWN*, "The sun comes up in the east and sets in the west every day of the year," so it does in a small town in Caddo County.

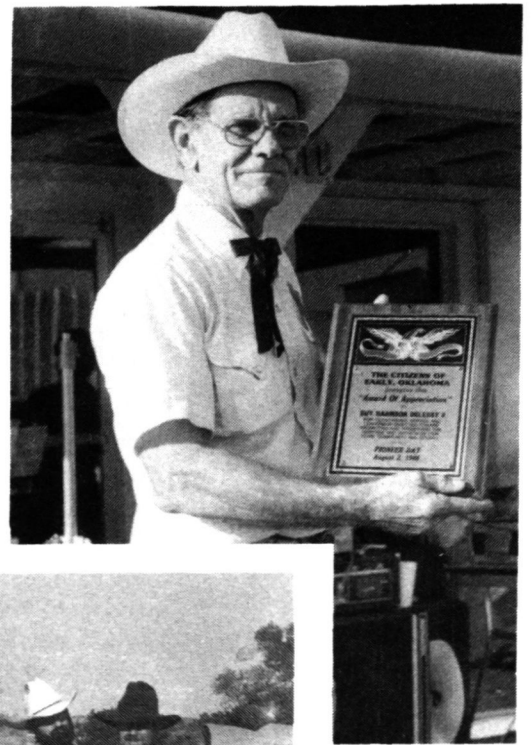
Eakly is a little town that has had the good fortune of being located in an excellent agriculture area and in the Anadarko Oil Basin. As everyone knows, the oil business has almost stopped, and the agriculture problems get greater and greater. These adversities affect the small towns such as Eakly since all the businesses depend on agriculture.

The residents of this town are great people. As one resident, Kay Williams, said, "The spirit of the town was at an all-time low. We needed something to rejuvenate this spirit, so the idea of Pioneer Day began." The first Saturday of August was selected as the date since it came between planting season, wheat harvest, and fall harvest.

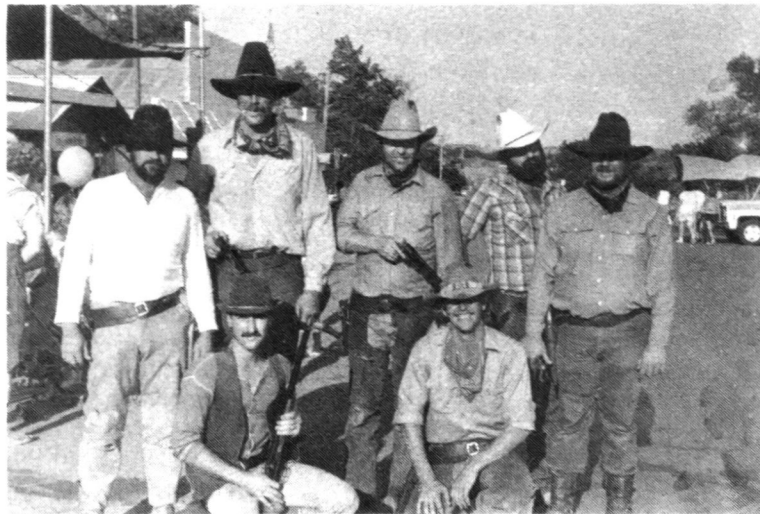
A typical day in Eakly starts at six o'clock when the lights go on in the local restaurant. A few men in pickups begin to arrive for that early morning coffee and daily discussion of the weather. But on Pioneer Day, people are scurrying around hammering that last nail in the platform that will be used for entertainment, booths are being assembled for food and crafts, the street is blocked off, and so the day begins.



Live entertainment all day.



Guy Oglesby, Jr., mayor, with the 1986 Pioneer Day plaque.



Gun fighters perform mock gunfights of the old west.

Eakly had its first Pioneer Day in 1985; it was so successful that it has now become an annual event. Months of planning go into the special day. Committees are formed and the work begins, getting volunteers involved. The day truly becomes a community effort so that everyone who attends will have a good time. Three couples who are considered pioneers are selected from the community, and a contest is held to pick "Mr. and Mrs. Eakly Pioneer." It costs a penny to cast a vote. Mr. and Mrs. John Cox were selected as the first honorees; Mr. and Mrs. Russell Suter were the winners in 1986.

The crowd begins to gather early, but the day doesn't officially begin until the parade that assembles in the local Co-op yard. The parade for 1986 consisted of floats, horses, vintage cars, bicycles, three-wheelers, and farm equipment; since 1986 is an election year, there were also many politicians on hand.

Live entertainment goes on all day with excellent talent from the area performing. Games and contests are held for the children. Some of the contests this year were a turtle race, stick horse race, Soap Box Derby, and a sack race. A pie-baking contest was held for the first time at the 1986 celebration. An added attraction was an art display by local artists in the City Hall. Crafts booths lined the sidewalks, and local organizations set up food booths to offer a variety of items for sale.

Everyone brought his own lawn chair and tried to find a cool spot to enjoy the day. Souvenirs--as well as life-sized posters of Mike Moore, a local boy who plays baseball for the Seattle Mariners--were sold.

The Pioneer Day ends about 10:30 for the weary participants. The money that is made goes into the town treasury to make Eakly a better place to live.

The highlight of the day is listening to the old-timers renewing acquaintances. Many have moved away, but they come back every year. The phrase "remember when" is used all day.

The people who conceived the idea of Pioneer Day and who work so diligently are to be commended. It's not just a fun day; it's a day that commemorates the pioneer spirit, community effort, love, friends, and a bond of fellowship that keeps Eakly, Oklahoma, alive and well.



another family memory by a distinguished contributor

He Braved The Elements

By Margie Cooke Porteus

When Frances returned after answering the knock that had disrupted the evening meal, she told Henry the visitor wanted to see him. The child sensed that Frances' mood had changed. The visitor hadn't been invited to eat, which was unusual, but it was more than that. When the child asked about the visitor, Frances replied, "It doesn't matter. Let's not talk about him. Finish your supper."

Henry left with the visitor and returned late. Sometime during the night, the child had been awakened by the voices of Frances and Henry, voices that at times rose in heated discussion.

It was years later that the child learned the cause of the discussion and who the visitor had been. The discussion had been about Henry seeing more of the visitor. The visitor had

been Watt Nichols, who was seeking information about his brother Tim, who hadn't been heard from for several years (more about Tom Nichols later).

Frances and Henry were my parents. I was that child.

Dad had the natural narrator's enviable knack of turning incidents into fascinating stories. Our family should have copied them. We didn't, but we have pieced together the stories Dad told. These, plus written records and related incidents, have enabled us to discover that plain ol' Dad had a colorful past and that he had performed a man's tasks and taken on a man's responsibility at an age that we today would still consider a child's age.

The story unfolds. . .

Civil War veteran Richard R. Cooke--with his wife, Phoebe, their children, and his cousin John McCay--left Georgia in search of a new home in Indian Territory. When they arrived at Tahlequah, they camped nearby while Cousin John went into town for supplies. While there, he met a brother, Mason, who told him that the territory was no place for a family; he suggested that they go to Texas. With this advice, the family turned south and eventually settled near Springtown.

Three years later, thirty-year-old Phoebe, mother of ten children, died. Two years after her death, young Henry left home. We can only guess why a boy would leave home and why he would go to Oklahoma and Indian territories instead of back to Georgia where there were still many relatives.

Somewhere in the territories, the teenage Henry met and started working with Tom Nichols, a man of questionable reputation. They rode together for three years, rounding up cattle that had strayed from the herds being driven from Texas ranches to Kansas railheads. They were under verbal contract with seven cattle companies. The area they covered was roughly between the Red River and Canadian River, from the Texas border on the west to about where U.S. Highway 81 is (a line from El Reno due south to the Red River).

Any cattle they found were herded into a box canyon in what is now the Anadarko area. They would fence in the strays while searching for others. At a pre-set time, they would drive the recovered strays to a point near the present Taloga, where they would meet with representatives of the cattle companies.

This lifestyle meant sleeping and eating in the open year-around in all kinds of weather unless they were fortunate enough to be near a settlement or Indian camp. Often it was the latter.

Henry's stories frequently were set in Caddo County--down



The Cooke family about 1884.

in the Caddo, as he phrased it. There was one Indian home where the two herders were always welcome, but Henry refused to go there anymore after the father wanted to trade his daughter to Henry for one of Henry's horses. I have always wondered if there were more to it than he told.

Tom Nichols was older, and he may have tried to protect the younger Henry. Some of Henry's stories can serve as examples. Once they went into town—Rush Springs, I think —, and Nichols told him, "You're on your own while we're here. It would be best if you didn't know where I go and who it is I'm going to see."

Yet another time when they were down in the Caddo, it was bitter cold when they rode into an Indian camp late in the day. Nichols told Henry to warm himself by the fire while he, Nichols, went to talk with the men, including some strangers who were there. While Henry warmed himself, a squaw approached him and said to him, "You good; Nichols bad. Why do you ride with him?"

When Nichols returned after spending quite some time with the men, he said they had to move on now even if it was evening. They left with several horses that Nichols had acquired and drove them to the Taloga area. Nichols was so eager to get those horses out of the country that Henry believed they had been stolen by or from some Indians.

When the Cheyenne-Arapaho country was opened for settlement in 1892, Henry had been in the area for at least three years. Although he was not yet old enough to file for a homestead, his father, two older brothers—Tom and Willis—and a sister (Fannie—later Mrs. Henry Miller) were to profit from his knowledge of the area. All homesteaded near Thomas. His father was to become one of the first commissioners in G. County.

During August of 1892, Henry, his father, brother Brownlo, and cousin John McCay built a house and dug a well on the father's claim. In October, the other children were brought from Texas. Henry, now 17 or 18, was sent alone to bring back the wagon of belongings and the milk cows from Springtown.

On the return trip he drove into Rush Springs, thinking to spend the night. At the wagon yard, he was approached by a stranger, who asked where he was headed with cows and furniture. When Henry told him, the stranger said that he had better keep on going because there were men in town who were capable of taking both the cows and the furniture. He drove out of town for an hour or two, went off the road, and camped. It wasn't long before he heard three or four horses go by, and later the same number returned. He always felt that the riders were looking for him.

For a time after the land opening, Kingfisher and El Reno were the closest towns where settlers in the Thomas area could get supplies. During this period, Henry hauled freight to Kingfisher from Wichita Falls.

It was while hauling freight or during the return trip with family supplies that he found his wagon completely surrounded by curious longhorn cattle. He admitted that the team was spooked and that he was scared. He said, "I had heard that you could stampede cattle by waving a slicker, so I decided to try it. It worked. When those cattle went crashing through the brush, I got out of there fast."

On another trip from Wichita Falls, Henry remembered, a cougar followed him most of the night. It would show up behind him, then in front or at the side, moving in and out of the brush. He drove all night. He knew if he camped, his mules would be run off—if not attacked—by the big cat.

For at least one season, Henry was camp cook for Eastern



Henry at home in Thomas, 1939.

hunting parties that came to hunt prairie chicken and antelope in Roger Mills County. He also hunted prairie chicken and shipped them to Eastern cities, where they were in demand as a delicacy.

Henry and Lee Mathis, a friend and brother-in-law-to-be, homesteaded near Elk City, where they lived in a dugout among sandhills. Evidently they didn't like batching or trying to farm poor soil because they soon returned to the Thomas area to be near families.

In 1902, twenty-seven-year-old Henry decided it was time to settle down. During a literary meeting in the dugout school east of Thomas, he met sixteen-year-old Frances Speelman, whom he married. They moved to a school section southeast of Thomas near the Swan Community, which at that time had a store, a post office, a church, a blacksmith shop, and a dance hall.

Their first child was born on this farm, but therein lies another tale.

Addendum: by Ross Cooke, one of six children, M. Porteus' brother:

It was the man, not his stories, that impressed me about Dad.

First, there was his pride. He saw to it that he worked longer and harder than anyone else on the job. He was determined never to let his children see him in bed. The man who was Henry A. Cooke was never seen — never known. The person—Henry—was kept inside.

He was a medical anomaly. He drove himself without mercy. He violated more rules of nutrition than he obeyed. He was never "housebroken." His adherence to the rules of sanitation was minimal. Yet he was never ill.

He smoked six sacks of Bull Durham each week. I never saw him use a toothbrush, but he carried with him to the grave, after seventy-four years, his natural teeth.

His determination to see his children attain a position in society that was denied him was awesome, and he did it. Wish I knew how!

Wish I could know his remembrances—his dreams. No one did. ☹

Sears Roebuck

By Donita Lucas Shields

Illustration by Chris Swanda



When we turn back the pages of time, we discover that three important events occurred in 1892 and 1893. First, the U.S. Government opened Cheyenne-Arapaho Lands and the Cherokee Strip to white settlers. Second, Congress passed legislation for Rural Free Mail Delivery throughout settled areas. Third, Sears, Roebuck, and Company began its mail-order business with a "Satisfaction or Your Money Back" guarantee to the isolated settlers of the Western frontiers.

By the time people began to literally pour into Western Oklahoma in 1902, the mail-order company was circulating "wish-books" containing 1,162 pages. Pioneers everywhere jumped at the opportunity to order merchandise, clothes, fabrics, furniture, two-seated hacks and four-seated surreys, baby carriages, musical instruments, and sewing machines. Many of these products were not available or were considerably less expensive than if purchased at mercantile stores in small prairie towns.

Before many families had enough extra money to order clothing, ingenious housewives designed their own and their children's apparel by studying the crude black and white drawings in the amazing catalog. After exceptionally good crops with good prices, pioneers frequently ordered numerous luxury items.

The decline of the American dollar since 1902 is clearly shown when a person studies the thousands of items available in an 82-year-old reproduction of the old Sears Roebuck catalog. A fine piano, guaranteed for 25 years, cost only \$98.50; a solid oak pump organ was just \$22.00; a drop-head sewing machine guaranteed for 20 years sold for just \$10.45.

The newly invented cream separator could be purchased for prices ranging from \$50 to \$75. The least expensive wallpaper could be ordered for as little as nine cents a roll to the most expensive 22-cent tapestry containing silver and green bronze scrolls. Simple "Rules for Measuring a Room" told how to order the exact amount of wallpaper--allowing for waste and matching.

Ordering furniture for the pioneer parlor must have consumed hours of dreams, planning, and budgeting. A Turkish three-piece parlor suite--containing sofa, arm chair, and reception chair--cost \$17.55 if upholstered in velvet. If upholstered in silk damask, its price jumped to \$23.65. The least expensive parlor suite with very little padding cost a mere \$9.95.

During early pioneer years, any item weighing more than four pounds had to be shipped by railroad. In the late 1890's, the nearest and least expensive rail point for Western Oklahoma people was El Reno. Freight rates from Sears, Roebuck, and Company's headquarters in Chicago were \$4.25 for each 100 pounds. If a person preferred that his shipment be sent to Canadian, TX, which was frequently done by early settlers in extreme Northwestern Cheyenne-Arapaho Lands, freight charges were \$1.00 more--\$5.25.

In order to provide incentive for shopping by mail, Sears Roebuck developed a certificate saving plan--the Green Stamps of yesteryear. The company sent catalogs in batches of 24 to individuals who agreed to distribute them in their home areas. Workers kept records of new customer orders and gave credit to each deserving distributor. With these savings certificates, the lucky distributor could order special, freight-prepaid premiums. ♣

The Last Link

By Maxine Wilhelm

This year, 1986, marks the thirtieth anniversary of our interstate highway system. I-40 and I-35 were the largest public works project in history.

It was fitting that President Dwight Eisenhower made authorization of the 41,000-mile network a priority aim of his administration, for the concept had its origin in 1919 when a military convoy headed by Lt. Col. Eisenhower required 62 days to travel from Washington, D.C. to San Francisco.

During May, 1975, the last 17 miles on I-40 linking approximately 330 rural mileage together, from the Texas state line west of Texola to Moffett, east to the Arkansas line, was completed.

Oklahoma was the third state in the nation to complete the rural interstate construction; Maryland and Delaware were the first two.

A ceremony was held June 2 at 3:00 p.m. at the Oklahoma Tourist Information Center east of Erick, opening the last link of the eastbound interstate lane to traffic and at the same time dedicating the Tourist Information Center.


The Oklahoma Country Music Association entertained the crowd. Pony Express riders, a wagon train and riding clubs, a horse and buggy, and old model cars dating to the Model T were there as living links to Oklahoma's past transportation system.

Among the many dignitaries attending were Lt. Gov. George Nigh, Oklahoma Highway Commissioner J. C. Kennedy, Governor David Boren, and many other important people connected with the construction of the highway and the center.

Meanwhile at the state line, workmen removed the road barriers, stretched a ribbon across the highway, and helped the State Highway Patrol reroute the cars on to the new road.

After a brief ceremony and a cutting of the ribbon, the officers waved on the drivers that had Oklahoma tags. There were quite a few cars because everyone wanted to be first and thus get the prize. Finally, a car that bore an out-of-state tag moved forward. The Highway Patrol, with sirens blaring, escorted the car to the Tourist Information Center.

The winners were introduced by Governor Boren as Mr. and Mrs. Bob Reed and children from Indiana. The Erick Chamber of Commerce gave the Reeds gift certificates for overnight lodging, free meals, gifts from merchants, as well as gifts from surrounding towns. Reed was presented an Indian headdress by Miss Oklahoma Indian Princess.

It was an exciting afternoon for all who attended, and the people from the small town of Erick felt privileged to be a part of the event. 



122 E Main 393-4367

STATE BANK

SENTINEL, OKLAHOMA



in celebration of Colony's one-hundreth anniversary

A New Life In Colony

By William D. Welge



There are few communities in Western Oklahoma that can boast of surviving one hundred years on the raw prairie grasslands, with its bone-crushing winters, withering summer heat, and the ever-present wind droning night and day to test the souls of men and women. Yet there is one community that has managed to achieve the distinction of existing through periods of prosperity and adversity to reach that hallmark—Colony, Oklahoma. Originally named Seger's Colony for its founder, John Homer Seger, Colony is located fourteen miles south of Weatherford in Eastern Washita County and is considered to be that county's first established community. A view of the man Seger is a good place to start our consideration of the town.

John Seger was born in Illinois in 1846. In his youth, in 1864, he enlisted with the Union cause and served until the end of the war. By the early 1870's, Seger had settled in Kansas on the newly opened lands that were once Kickapoo Indian country. There he met John D. Miles, agent for the Kickapoos. This friendship would result in Seger's changing his life forever. When Agent Miles was transferred to the Cheyenne-Arapaho Agency, he asked Seger to come to work for him at that agency in Indian Territory. By 1872, Seger left his family behind and started for Cheyenne Country. He was employed as a brick mason and over the next several years held various positions, including the superintendency of the Cheyenne-Arapaho School.

By 1883, John Seger had tired of the rigors imposed at the agency with little compensation. He had done all he could do, or at least thought so. It was at this juncture that he was offered a position with a cattle company to string fence wire. The Briggs Cattle Company was leasing several thousand acres of prime grasslands on the Cheyenne-Arapaho Reserve. The lease covered an area as large as Washita County today. Seger would be required to fence nearly three hundred miles of wire. Leaving the agency, Seger struck a southwesterly course, crossing the treacherous Canadian River. His eyes gazed upon the rolling hills of endless prairie grass before him. Occasionally he would cross a small stream that was sparsely lined with cottonwood trees. After a few days travel, he came upon the panoramic beauty of the Washita Valley. He stopped by a small, clear running creek that later would be called Cobb. Here he built a picket and

John Seger



log house to live in. The land was well suited for cattle, as had been revealed a decade before in a surveyor's description: "third-rate quality. . . and would be adapted only to grazing."

Seger worked for the cattle company for three years. By 1886, he was ready to return to Kansas to be with his family; but as he was passing through Darlington Agency, he was informed that the new Indian Agent wanted to speak with him. Captain Jesse M. Lee of the Ninth Infantry had heard many good reports about Seger and wanted him for a special assignment for which he felt Seger was equipped.

With introductions made, the agent outlined his plan. He said there was a group of Arapahoes that were willing to farm or do anything else that would earn them a living. In Seger's mind, this experiment for teaching agricultural skills to the Indians wasn't a temporary arrangement. Although Seger listened intently to the agent, he was wanting

to leave the territory altogether for Kansas, where he could enjoy the comforts of civilization that living on the prairie couldn't provide. He had spent the best part of his life trying to help the Indians, and he felt that his accomplishments were few. Captain Lee urged Seger to reconsider; he flatly stated, "Your experience among these people is invaluable to me and to them. It would take years for any other person to get the experience you have and to be in a position to do what you can do." Seger commented, "It I go into this now, it means a life work for me."

With winter proceeding into spring, twenty-five Arapaho Indians led by Seger left Darlington Agency by a southwesterly route. Seger was returning to the Valley of the Washita where he had lived for three years. He knew the area to be the ideal spot to begin the experiment. By late February 1886, Seger and his small band of Arapahoes camped on the site which

Hospital building under construction.



would later bear its founder's name. Thus began Seger's Colony, an impressive history of progress for Indians and later white settlers who would homestead in the area.

Now that the nucleus of Indian settlers was established, the task of building a new life began. Preparations to accommodate additional families who were making their way to the colony began immediately. By summer, crops had been planted. Under Seger's direction, the industrious Arapahoes were beginning to see the first fruits of their labors. This wasn't the first time Indians had attempted farming; in fact, as early as 1846, the Cheyenne Chief Yellow Wolf, sensing that their way of life was coming to an end, told William Bent, famed Indian trader and agent to the Cheyenne in Colorado Territory, that "the Cheyenne are ready and willing to settle down and raise corn and make every effort to live like the whites." The Treaty of Fort Wise in 1861 had among its provisions that the Indians were to settle down and become farmers. But to change overnight the nomadic ways of this proud people from centuries of their way of life was no small task. The days of reservation life were coming to an end as foretold by Yellow Wolf almost a half century before. All too quickly, these nomads-turned-farmers would have to survive among the white people they had once fought. Time wasn't on their side to inherit the necessary skills to become proficient agriculturalists. Seger, with his patient

and gentle manner, was there to help bridge the gap, hopefully to close it, and see the Indians become useful citizens.

It was necessary to travel to the agency at least once a month for supplies and equipment for farming purposes. Seger, accompanied by several "colonists," would return to Darlington. These were Seger's best salesmen for touting the advantages of the colony. Each visit brought new recruits to start the new life. By 1887, several Cheyenne families were induced to join their Arapaho brothers on the Washita. Within a few years, the population had increased to five hundred people learning the arts of husbandry. Captain Lee and Seger were proud of their accomplishments in so short a time period.

The year 1892 had two significant events in the life of the colony. First, the two tribes began the process of taking up allotments imposed by the government. An agreement had been signed to allot the Indians 160 acres to each head and then to open the surplus land for settlement by whites. Second, a dream was fulfilled to build a school for the children of the colony.

With the opening of the Cheyenne-Arapaho Reservation, Seger's Colony took on new importance. Although heavily populated by the Indians, there were soon several white families. Within a few years, a post office was established; the name of the town was shortened to Colony.

The Seger Indian School operated until 1932. Its impact was a guiding force for the children of both tribes.

Seger was named Superintendent in 1892 and held the position until he retired in 1905. At that time, he was once again employed as an additional farmer until his retirement in 1920.

Colony has had many events in its century of existence. Years of prosperity coupled with adversity have made it a close-knit community. Since 1928 with the death of its founder, adversity has dogged Colony. The school's closing in 1932 caused economic hardship in an already depressed economy during the Depression of the 1930's. But agriculture continued to be strong.

The 1970's saw a resurgence with the Anadarko Basin petroleum fields, which helped boost the economies of several communities. But the bust in the late 70's struck hard, although there was still agriculture. Now in the 80's, even agriculture has an uncertain economic future. How Colony will look after its second century is difficult to foretell. But if the first one hundred years can serve as an indicator, the town has a bright future ahead. ①

(CREDITS: Personal Papers of John Homer Seger, privately held by Seger's granddaughter, Genevieve Seger, of Geary; Indian Archives Division, Cheyenne-Arapaho files, Oklahoma Historical Society; Journal of Lieutenant J. W. Abert, Senate Document 438, 29th Congress, First Session, 1846, pp. 4-7; Kapplers Laws and Treaties, 1778-1883, New York, Interland Publishers, pp. 807-810.)

*Photographs courtesy of the
Oklahoma Historical Society*

Trails of Triumph, Trails of Tears

By Rick Plant

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN TODAY, a special issue of THE PHOENIX literary journal. Division of Arts and Letters, Northeastern Oklahoma State University, Vol. VI, Nos. 1 and 2, 1985. 112 pages, \$5.00 (\$9.50 for annual subscription).



Illustration by Pat Kolb

In her essay "Grandmother Spider's Sacred Web," Anne C. Bromley traces the literary history of Grandmother Spider, who as the great cosmic weaver of webs is perhaps the highest creative deity in Native American mythology. Grandmother Spider is enjoying a recent surge of popularity, Bromley tells us, surfacing as a major symbol in many recent works by Native American writers. The poets' identification with Grandmother Spider seems a natural one: "Poets, like spiders, spin strong lines. They too are interested in maintaining vital connections." Just as the poet and the spider weave, creating a natural-seeming mesh of form and function, so must editors do a kind of weaving in creating an anthology of writings, particularly when that anthology is devoted to a single theme. THE PHOENIX, the literary journal published with the support of the Division of Arts and Letters at Northeastern Oklahoma State University, has devoted this issue to the theme "The Native American Today." Taken as a whole, the issue catches its Native American theme quite successfully in a web that is coherent and strong. As an added delight, individual pieces--strands of the web--frequently glisten with imagination and style.

The editor, Joan Shaddox Isom, proudly notes in her preface that the fifty contributors in this issue of THE PHOENIX "hail from as far away as Japan, Alaska, California, and . . . New York and Vermont." Along with this diversity of demographics, the contributors show an amazing diversity of background and reputation, as they range from NEOSU undergraduates to renowned poet and Library of Congress consultant William Stafford. And overall, the younger, less practiced writers compare quite favorably with the professionals.

Who is the Native American today? In poetry, fiction, essays, and interviews portraying--and frequently written by--Native Americans, THE PHOENIX offers a variety of responses. As one might expect, some of these pieces portray the Native American poignantly, a displaced person yearning for a lost past, probably part real and part romance. In the poem "Koyaanisqatsi" (translated as "life out of balance"), the narrative persona, a Hopi Indian, mourns the decline of his culture into a mere tourist curiosity: "Pueblos pulse with tourists who shout/In our sacred rooms, spit in ancient kivas/Go away empty." Once, the poet continues, life consisted of three lines: the land, the eye vision, and the sky.

We dwelt between those lines,
For all things came of them
And we Hopi knew it.
Now, our spirit world Four Corners
is scattered, Koyaanisqatsi.

The forced dispersal of Navajo and Hopi Indians is the subject also of "Eminent Domain," a three-part poem by Vivian Mary Carroll. In the unsympathetic voice of an Arizona bureaucrat, the poet ironically asks, "How can a mountain be saved? This is 1985."

Yet in the most powerful of these poems, the poet doesn't mourn in the disembodied voice of an entire tribe or culture; instead, he or she speaks in an individual voice of the daily, personal miseries of living. And the voices one hears most distinctly in this collection are feminine. In "The Visit," a simple but heartbreaking poem, Kathryn Follis Cheatham describes an Indian woman's visit to her husband in jail:

Between our mouths is a grid so dense
a whisper won't weave through.
I tuck in my sorrow and feel
Brown eyes on my leaving
catching memories in my walk,
clinging to my presence.

In "Christmas Day Part II," Mary Ann Gerard-Hameline paints in concrete detail a nightmarish Christmas of Poverty, drunkenness, and domestic violence. The same poet, in "Flying," has a battered, beaten woman contemplate a leap from a speeding car:

Did I have on clean underwear?
Would the uniformed men
who have seen it all on this
narrow road
think that I broke my nose
while flopping raggedy Mary Ann
down the pavement?
Would they know that I was already dead
When I jumped out?


And finally, in "Woolworth's," poet Charlotte DeClue describes an Indian girl's humiliation and outrage when the manager of a Woolworth's accuses her of shoplifting, mistaking her for "another dark hair/bobbing down aisles of chantilly/and palette rouge."

Despite the obvious pain and injustice conveyed in these poems, I found a pent-up strength which helps to make the misery tolerable, raising these poems far beyond the easy wail of self-pity or pathos. The girl in Woolworth's, too young and timid perhaps to make a scene, nevertheless confesses, "My tongue sharpened at the edges/wanting to cut his dry heart in half." And even the woman in the car, silently suffering a broken nose and broken fingers, gains not only our empathy, but also a kind of power through her strength of imagination. Unknown to the car's grim, abusive driver, this woman passenger asserts her psychological independence by silently scheming, imagining her own suicide in gruesome detail. And if such an exercising of imagination is a desperate form of escape, it seems to serve also as a source of strength, even of superiority (the woman's driver cannot imagine, presumably; he can only hit). A number of these poems--the best, I think, in the journal--obviously transcend the Native American theme, portraying human miseries and strengths that are universal.

Many writers in this collection have a good time teasing common clichés about the Native American. A recent NEOSU graduate, Joni L. Imotchey, pursues this theme in a sincere and charming essay, "The Age of Consent," which recounts one Indian girl's eventual coming to terms with her Native American heritage. Her futile attempts to "be Indian" in the ways that others expect her to be, are whimsical and instructive. Humor also infuses the fiction of Joseph Bruchac III and William Borden. In Borden's short story, "Joining the People Tribe," an enthusiastic, socially conscious young man named "Jim" approaches an Indian in a bar and begs the older man to instruct him how to "become" Indian. Bruchac's "The Code Talkers," an excerpt from a novel-in-progress, describes how two Native American soldiers resourcefully--even gleefully--survive the North African desert of World War II, deceiving not only the Germans, but also their own allied commanders.

How successful have been attempts to assimilate Native Americans into the melting pot of American culture? Are such attempts right-headed or travesties of cultural freedom? There's no ready answer, of course, and individual pieces in THE PHOENIX approach these issues with various degrees of seriousness. In "Righteous Son," a Cherokee mother observes her oldest, judgmental boy "mutate into a Fundamentalist." And in "Uncle Coyote, the Tourist" (which could serve as an interesting companion piece to "Koyaanisqatsi"), Uncle Coyote disguises himself "in Converse high tops, Bermudas, white t-shirt and 'shaka' Aloha shirt," carrying his "new 35 mm camera-free from TIME MAGAZINE," to tour a pueblo which, the poem implies, he already knows quite well. Is Uncle Coyote outraged by the carnival atmosphere? Saddened by a lifestyle lost? No, he "ends up playing bingo at Acoma."

Surely even the strongest, most symmetrical spider web suffers a flawed strand or two, and there are a couple of weaknesses here (the journal has no Table of Contents, an omission which may frustrate several readers. Also, one prose piece buried in the center of the magazine ["Reaction Paper to Conference on Indian Education"] suffers from the vague and self-important jargon which frequently dulls the pen of writers in the social sciences. I suspect this Reaction Paper will prove unreadable to all except a few of the "conferrees" themselves).

But these flaws are minor. THE AMERICAN INDIAN TODAY issue of THE PHOENIX is on the whole a very successful weaving together of various perspectives on the current state of Native Americans, both as a group and as individuals, making some "vital connections" that delight the casual reader and enlighten the curious one. 

NOTE: THE PHOENIX invites submissions. Poetry, fiction, and essays will be considered--prose under 4,000 words, poetry under 30 lines. Submissions and subscription requests should be sent to:

Editor Joan S. Isom

THE PHOENIX

Seminary Hall 218

Division of Arts and Letters

Northeastern State University

Tahlequah, OK 74464

**The
First National Bank
of
Custer City**
MEMBER F.D.I.C.



Custer City, Okla. 73639

Phone 593-2291

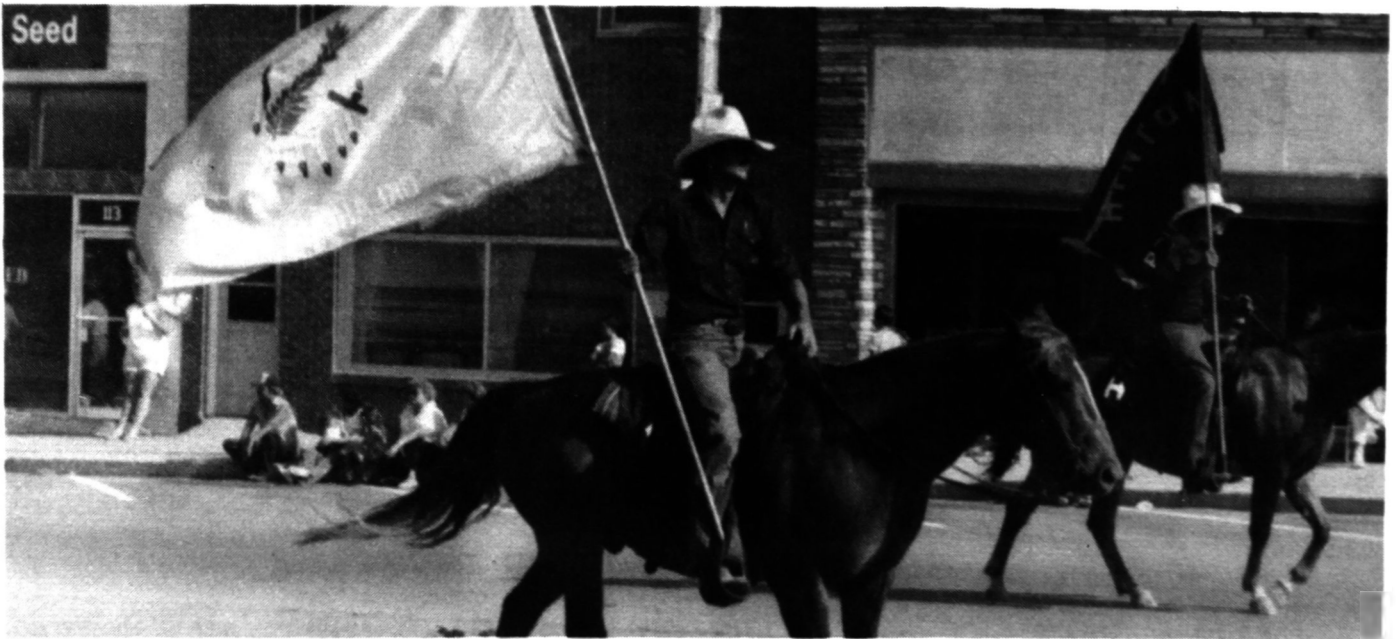
P.O. Box 100

*In Memory of
John W. Ivester
Family*

Sayre, Oklahoma

Western Oklahoma crowd-getter

Unrivaled



The scenic and winding roads of the United States hold many pleasant surprises for the adventurer who dares tour the country by automobile. State after state bears new and exciting sources of entertainment, as well as historical sites and landmarks. Oklahoma is one such state. From water parks to art festivals, Oklahoma holds much for the traveler. The picturesque views from canyon tops and lake sides are breathtaking; however, it would be hard to

overlook the delicate changes from town to town in color and atmosphere. Bigger isn't always better, and sometimes small things contain the best offered.

A few miles south of Interstate-40 lies the enchanting town of Hinton, Oklahoma. Hinton is much like other small towns. The people are friendly and inviting, and the town holds an air of yesteryear in its buildings and streets. Cozy shops decorate Main Street, complete with the corner drugstore and soda fountain. While Hinton gives the visitor a comfortable feeling and resembles other small communities, it is quite unique. Hinton is the home of Oklahoma's oldest annual rodeo.

Just what is a rodeo? The word—pronounced *roh-de-oh* and not *roh-day-oh* is Spanish for *roundup*. Traditionally, when roundup was over, cowboys from different cattle outfits would compete in contests of skill, trying to outdo one another in the three R's: *ridin'*, *ropin'*, 'n *restlin'*. In 1883, these contests were presented to the general public for the first time. They generally consisted of seven standard events—steer roping, steer wrestling, saddle bronc riding, bareback bronc riding, bull riding, calf roping, and team roping. The idea of the rodeo soon became a novelty.

The first Hinton Kiwanis Rodeo was held on August 4-6,



Excellence

By Anne Marie Simmers

1931, on a farm north of Hinton that belonged to Albert Ray. The club leased the land and set up temporary bleachers for the afternoon shows. Old timers report it was hot and dusty, but rodeos were new and unusual; so the Hinton Rodeo enjoyed good crowds from the very beginning. Today, people from all over come to enjoy the event. Such names as Gene

feature this time). Entertainers, such as Reba McIntyre and Ronnie McDowell, were present; also, a special appearance was made by U.S. Senator Don Nickles, who served as the parade marshal.

There are many rodeos across the United States, but none so charming as Hinton's. For the rodeo enthusiast, it is



Watson, Vern Gosdin, and Earl Thomas Conley have graced the rodeo guest list.

The 1986 event--held July 4, 5, and 6--was no exception to the quality rodeos of previous years. Celebrating its fifty-sixth year, the Hinton Rodeo hosted several events aside from the rodeo itself. Spectators were invited to participate in rodeo dances held each night, enjoy the parade and gun show, and to participate in the chili cook-off (new

unequaled. And for the average spectator, it's a must. Hinton has it all--charm, diversity, and an intriguing background. They say good things come in small packages; if so, the man who made that statement surely had been to Hinton. ♡

CREDITS: Ted Smith, Chairman of the Hinton Kiwanis Rodeo, helped to provide information for this article.

Security State Bank

CHEYENNE, OKLAHOMA

Since 1912



FULL
SERVICE BANK



497-3354

"Growing By Helping Others Grow"

TGPF



GREAT PLAINS FEDERAL
SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION



SERVING YOU AT

CLINTON

AND

WEATHERFORD

1002 W. Frisco 323-0730

109 E. Franklin 772-7441

Rose Stone Tears

By Evelyn Bachmann

I found the barite rose in the Ozarks
 Misplaced, lost.
 A desert flower,
 Made from sand and crystals in the red earth of Oklahoma.
 The Cherokee rose.
 Petrified tears, they say,
 And a stranger to these hills.

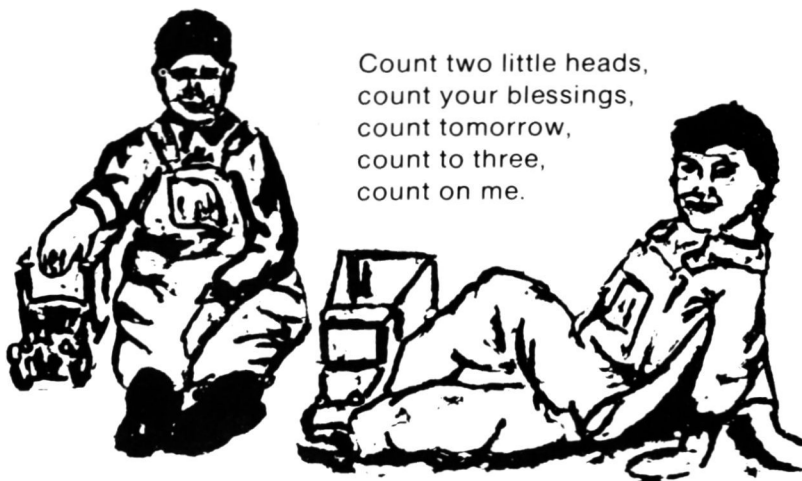
Yet, there it was,
 Pink barite petals lying on the top timber
 of the zig-zag rail fence,
 Draped with possum grape and last year's crop of poke.
 It must have been placed there, a treasure,
 Carefully by a chubby hand for safe-keeping,
 And then forgotten.

I held it in my hand.
 It was warm.
 Warm as the tears of Cherokees along the old trail,
 Uprooted by the inhumanity of man.
 I felt a kinship to this stone flower
 As hot tears runnelled my cheeks,
 And the taste of sorrow
 Was bitter on my tongue.

the best ability--dependability

Two Plus

By Diane Holcomb



Count two little heads,
 count your blessings,
 count tomorrow,
 count to three,
 count on me.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY IN CLINTON

Fifth and Frisco • Clinton, Oklahoma • Member FDIC

*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



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

current winter event

Essay On A Bad Cold

By Rosemary Gibson

A bad cold is thoroughly despicable.
It can only be respectable and legally explicable
When regarded necessary for chastisement of the soul
To shear away vain glory in realignment with God's goal.

Surely this instrument of torture was cleverly devised
To be an angry devil virus, at first subtly realized,
Scratching throats, clogging noses, hammering heads,
Building geysers of fury, flooding nostrils, eyes, painting reds.

Clogging throats and chests, causing coughs and sneezes,
Sluggish wills, bleary faces, foul breezes, and discordant wheezes,
Until despairing and totally inoperable, all beauty shorn,
Men are brought to their knees, feeling miserably forlorn.

Resigning to their fate, they waste away in bed
While the virus tortures, wishing they were dead.
When humility has been achieved, the virus victory is won.
He withdraws his cruel attack; his evil deed is done.

Vanishing into black holes of underworld, his damage dissipating,
His victims stretch, yawn, and begin anew, good health anticipating.



Illustration by Kevin Bennett

an event of our own

Transgressor

By Diane Glancy

What pain
you could ease.
Not rightly,
for it is not yours
to relieve.
You are quiet,
calm,
a bottle of serum
or vaccine
on an old shelf,
caught by sun
in the store window
as light through
an oak leaf.
Remote
in the corner
of some Oklahoma town,
how could you know
the attic storm
unless it
transgresses lines
like us?

A Deathly Quiet

suspension in history

By Wenona L. Dunn



Illustration by Rocky Shepherd

The day was November 27, 1868, and morning was approaching. The weather was cold-bitter, bone-chilling cold. A heavy snow had fallen a few days earlier, and the camp of the Cheyenne Indians was deathly quiet. The village of about fifty-two lodges (tepees) was situated in a level place on the south bank of the Washita River in a large bend of the river, and heavy timber surrounded the campsite.

Inside the lodge of the principal chief, Black Kettle and his wife, Medicine Woman Later, were sleeping--the uneasy sleep of those who do not know what danger lies ahead. Chief Black Kettle had returned a few days before from a meeting with Indian Agent General William B. Hazen at Fort Cobb, some eighty miles farther down the Washita. It had been an unsatisfactory meeting. Black Kettle and those with him, including Little Robe (also of the Cheyennes) and Big Mouth and Spotted Wolf, of the Arapahoes, had hoped to make a lasting peace with the whites. They had asked to be allowed to move their lodges down nearer Fort Cobb, so they could be safe from the army troops that were trying to capture those renegade braves of both tribes who just wouldn't stop their raiding and plundering of white settlements in Kansas.

Gen. Hazen, though he felt these Indians to be sincere in their wish for peace, had been given no authority by his superior, Gen. Philip Sheridan, to allow the lodges to be moved to Fort Cobb. Also, he had been told that young Cheyenne warriors had been bragging that in the spring they would go on the warpath and "clean out the country." Hazen told them to go back to their villages and wait

until he could get orders from Gen. Sheridan which would allow him to accept them at Fort Cobb.

Black Kettle and the other chiefs returned to their villages. Black Kettle himself had some fifty lodges in his village, and down river from him were other Cheyenne villages--as well as those of the Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches, all of whom had been promised permanent reservations by the Medicine Lodge Treaty over a year before.

Just a few hours earlier, Black Kettle had invited the principal men of his own village to meet with him in his lodge. Medicine Woman had made a big pot of coffee, and the men sat cross-legged on the ground around the fire, drinking coffee as they discussed the situation. They finally decided that in the morning they would take down their lodges and move farther down-river, so they would be closer to the other friendly tribes, and they would send runners out to find any army troops which might be headed their way and talk with them to let them know they were friendly and would cause no trouble.

The men tramped through the deep drifted snow to their own lodges after appointing two young boys to watch the pony herd. Soon all was quiet as the smoke from the dying fires drifted up and out of the lodges into the winter sky. As the night grew darker and colder, the boys went back to their own lodges and to their warm beds. No sentry was left on duty, for no one dreamed there were soldiers nearby in such weather.

Meanwhile, up-river, units of the 7th Cavalry Regiment were making their way toward the Indian village. Gen. George A. Custer had started out from Camp Supply on

November 22 during a heavy snowstorm. For four days they pressed onward through the snowdrifts. Now, on the evening of the 26th, the sky had cleared and a bright moon was shining. Briefly, Gen. Custer allowed his men to rest, give the horses some oats, build a small fire, and make coffee. By ten o'clock they were on their way again.

Slowly and carefully they went. No one was allowed to speak above a whisper; only the sound of the horses' hooves in the snow and the creaking of the saddles could be heard. Every so often, scouts were sent forward--Custer didn't want to come suddenly upon the village, if there was one found, lest the Indians have a chance to escape. Just back from a year-long suspension from active duty following a court-martial for misconduct and bad judgment in earlier Indian campaigns, Custer was anxious to redeem himself in the eyes of his fellow officers and justify the trust of Gen. Sheridan, who had placed him in this command. He had been a brilliant and courageous officer during the War Between the States, but he just didn't know how to catch Indians! He was determined to succeed this time.

Suddenly, Custer's two Osage Indian scouts came back with the news that a village had been sighted a few miles ahead. Custer went forward with them, on horseback at first and then very quietly on foot. Just over the crest of a hill, they found a herd of Indian ponies, meaning that a village was near. Soon, they heard a dog barking (a sure sign!), and then the sound of a baby crying drifted up from the valley below.

Custer left the two scouts as look-outs and went back to the regiment. The supply wagons and two troops of soldiers were stopped and camp was made two or three miles back from the village. Custer brought his other troops forward and very stealthily placed them at strategic points surrounding the village. The regimental band came forward and stood, on their gray horses, just behind Custer. The moon was shining and the tops of the Indian lodges could be seen among the trees. All was quiet. Everything and everyone was ready--it remained only to wait out the few hours until dawn. It was very cold. Some soldiers stayed near their horses for warmth--some even managed to catch a few minutes sleep.

As dawn approached, a heavy fog rolled in through which a morning star shone brightly in the east--a good omen for Custer?

Daybreak, and the time had come! Custer turned in his saddle to give the attack signal to the bugler and to the band, which was to begin to play the tune "Garryowen." Just at that moment a shot rang out. What had happened? It was learned later that an Indian had left his lodge to see what was causing a dog to bark. At the same moment, a soldier had stuck his head up to take a look. The Indian saw him and fired a shot to warn the village. Immediately, Custer gave the signal, the bugle sounded, the band began to play, and the soldiers rushed forward from their positions around the camp.

Men, women, and children poured out of the lodges, terrified. The warning shot allowed some of the warriors to start the women and children down the valley toward the friendly Arapaho village. When they arrived, the Arapaho men jumped on their own ponies and went to help the Cheyennes. The battle was fierce. Bullets and arrows were flying in every direction. The women and children who had not been able to get away were shot, and within minutes the cavalry was in control of the village.

Black Kettle had tethered his horse close to his lodge, as was customary for a chief. When he saw they had no chance against the enemy, he and his wife got on the pony and started across the river. They didn't make it. A bullet struck Black Kettle in the back, and he pitched forward into the river--dead when he fell. His long role as peace-maker for his Cheyenne band had ended. Beside him in the icy water lay the body of Medicine Woman, also shot to death. It was there that friends found them after the soldiers had left. Also killed in the battle was Little Rock, second chief of the Cheyennes in that village.

When the battle was over, Custer reported 103 warriors killed and about fifty women and children captured. The surviving Indians said that thirteen men, sixteen women, and nine children had been killed. Of the soldiers, twenty were killed and fourteen wounded. Custer also said that he recovered two white children who had been held captive by the Indians. He ordered the Indian lodges to be burned (saving one for himself as a keepsake!), along with all the personal belongings of the Indians. Soon there was nothing left but a pile of ashes. Some eight hundred Indian ponies were rounded up. The best were given to Custer's officers and scouts, some were kept for the captives to ride, and the rest were ordered shot. From the surrounding hills, a great number of outraged Indians from the other villages watched the senseless slaughter.

Custer had his victory, so he decided against going on down-river to attack the other villages. Since he was surrounded by hostiles, it was a wise decision. One wonders why the Indians didn't attack the long columns of soldiers as they left the battle scene. Perhaps they feared what would happen to the captive women and children.

Custer began a roundabout return to Camp Supply. He didn't want to go back the way they had come, for he didn't want the Indians to learn the location of the train of supply wagons he had left behind. At Camp Supply he was granted a hero's welcome as all hands turned out to welcome the troops back to camp.

And what of the Indians? The war continued all winter, but by spring all the tribes, except the Quahada band of Comanches, had surrendered. The Comanches, Kiowas, and Plains Apaches were forced to move to lands near Fort Sill. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes returned to their reservations near Camp Supply. For the next six years there was much trouble with some of the Southern Plains Indians, but never again were *these* Indians hostile after Custer's campaign of the winter of 1868-1869.

An infamous event is now part of Western Oklahoma history. This battle is considered now to be one of the most important ever fought on Oklahoma soil. One may visit the scene of the Black Kettle Massacre northwest of present-day Cheyenne, and in Cheyenne itself is the Black Kettle Museum with its relics and artifacts and a semi-circular diorama of the battle. For a complete account of the Battle of the Washita, see the book *THE BATTLE OF THE WASHITA* by Stan Hoig. 🍎

CREDITS: Muriel H. Wright's *THE STORY OF OKLAHOMA*; George B. Grinnell's *THE FIGHTING CHEYENNES*; Current, Williams, and Freidel's *AMERICAN HISTORY, A SURVEY*; Virginia C. Trenholm's *THE ARAPAHOTES, OUR PEOPLE*; and Stan Hoig's *THE BATTLE OF THE WASHITA*.

Reality

when groceries are needed

By Margie Snowden North

Old Roany, she
and Star both had colts:
stilt-legs,
wobbling,
blinking at us from their mother's sides.
Ava Jean, she loved those colts
and so did we.

One day Papa said
We got to sell 'em, girls.
They'll bring a little
and we need groceries for the supper table.

Didn't want in that pen,
those colts,
and Ava Jean, she
(reckless and determined)
headed them the other way.
Papa, he
didn't get mad. Never did much.
But we gotta sell 'em, girls.
They'll bring a little
and we need groceries for the supper table.

Loaded 'em up,
those colts.
Cried some when no one was looking.
Ava Jean, she
cried the most.
But they brought a little
and at least we had
groceries for the supper table.



Illustration by Glenda Miller

Looking Back

By Lu Spurlock

memories made of hugs

I remember the Hayden Place
where sunrises were pink and gold
day skies were bluing-water blue
full moons and stars filled nights
and fields were always green

I made mud pies and was cautioned
not to squeeze downy chicks

watched baby turkeys
peck themselves out of shells

waited for Mamma to take light bread
from the wood-burning stove

patted wobbly legged white-faced calves
And rode gentle jersey cows

When winter turned rain to sleet
and sleet to snow
Dad read stories
by light from the Aladdin lamp

I sat on the fireplace hearth
pretending I was the hero or heroine
while watching blue and redgold flames
send smokey dreams up the chimney.

On moving day
tears made rivers down my cheeks

Mamma hugged me
said we were leaving
a rundown shack on a wornout farm
and before long I'd be glad we moved.
that's what Mamma said.

Trouble

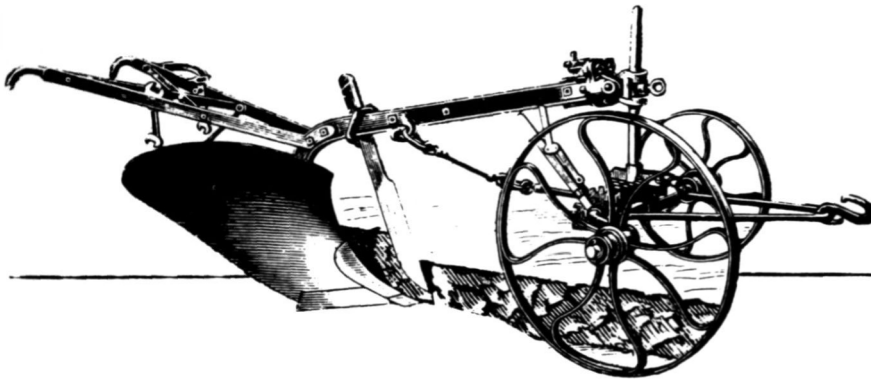
By Dick Chapman

J. A. Dunn, a settler from Kansas, was going over west of the river somewhere to see about getting the loan of a plow so he could use two teams in breaking out more land in order to double his acreage the next year. The time was 1895 or 1896 when the Cheyenne-Arapaho country was filling up with settlers from the North, East, and the South. The day of Dunn's outing was hot, and the sand of the Washita River bottom was hotter. Dunn was driving a team of small mules, one of which was spotted. His homestead was only a mile from the new Lone Star Post Office, which was established in 1895. He could get his mail twice a week since mail was now brought from El Reno.

Stopping at the river to rest and water his horses, he came upon three cowboys squatted on the ground near the trail; their horses were grazing nearby. There was also the body of a dead man whom Dunn recognized as a Mr. Cootze.

Dunn asked the cowhands what had happened to Cootze and found out that there had been some trouble about their cattle damaging Cootze's corn crop. During the showdown, Cootze had been killed.

The man responsible for the killing, Bert Atcheson, was eventually brought to trial; but a jury of mostly cattlemen turned him loose. Bert soon left the country and disappeared. This is one story that supports the idea that Cheyenne-Arapaho country was rather unsettled during the 1890's. ●



"THE AGENCY SERVICE BUILT"

ED BERRONG

INSURANCE AGENCY



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

Insurance

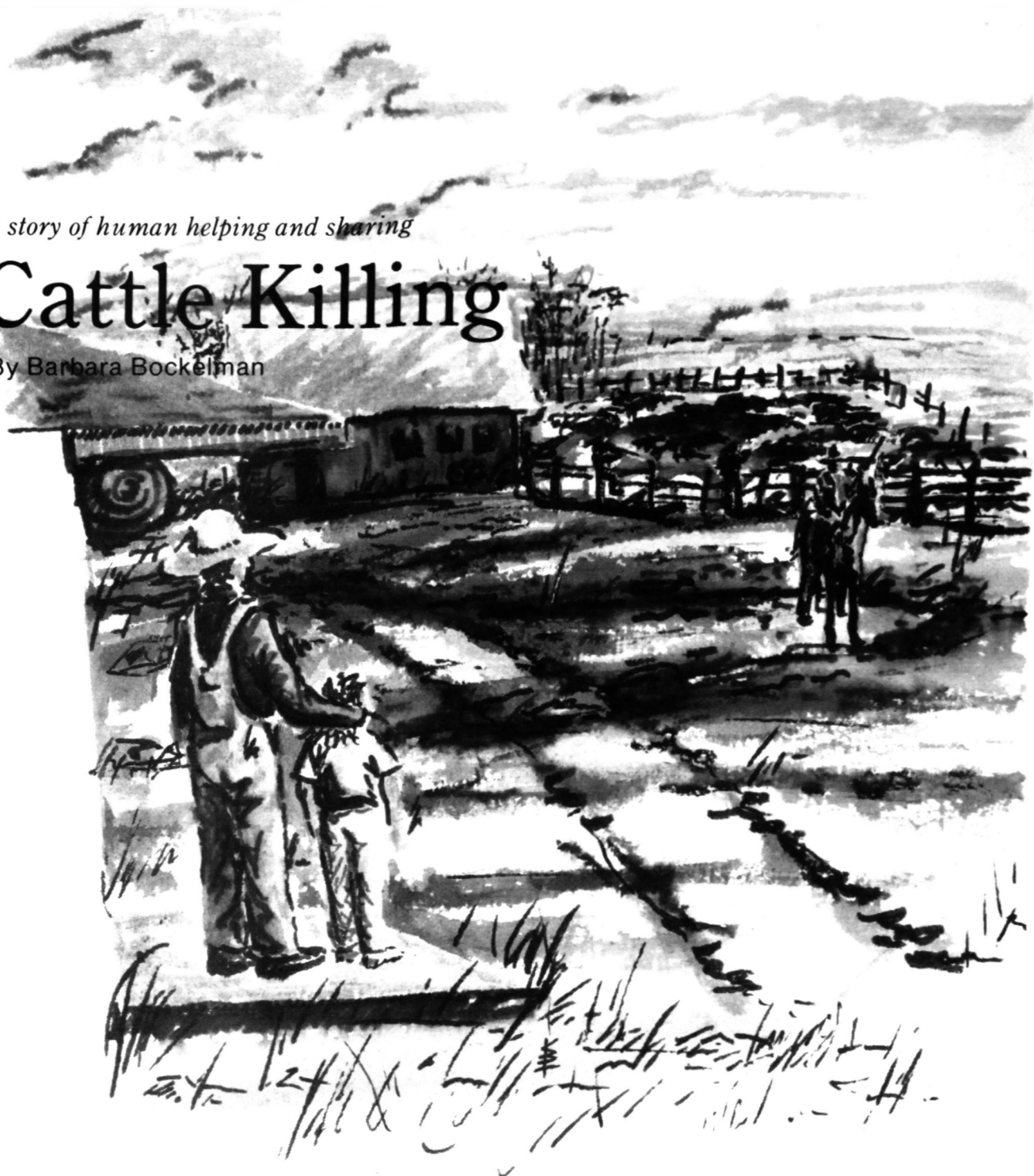
Real Estate

Bonds

a story of human helping and sharing

Cattle Killing

By Barbara Bockelman



The mid-thirties saw many people leave Oklahoma for what they hoped was a brighter future—at least one that could promise three meals a day. But what about those Oklahomans who stayed on the land and managed to survive somehow?

As one oldtimer put it, "We decided we'd just as soon starve here as to go off somewhere we didn't know nobody and starve. At least here we all managed to help each other out even when we didn't have two thin dimes to rub together."

This is a story of one of those who not only didn't leave, but actually came during those terrible years of depression, dirt storms, and human suffering no one can adequately describe.

In 1929 I came to live with my new stepgrandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Sitton, at the age of two and a half years. My young life was shaped by these two as we survived the next years together through dirt, hard times, low cattle prices, debts, and one move after another mandated by a Wichita bank. Grandad had lost two fortunes already and only was trying to support us and pay off a bank debt so large the bank couldn't afford to dump him. One fortune was the price of a divorce from his first wife; another was lost on cattle in 1929 in southwest Texas. And so we came to Oklahoma in 1933 to the Black Ranch in Ellis county nine miles west of Camargo--with nothing but a small herd of cows trailed down the South Canadian River from west of Canadian, Texas and his biggest asset--a good name.

The dry land began to blow, prices kept dropping, and only a bare existence was possible. Higher education for most youth in the Dust Bowl area was even a dream. But the college degree I earned in 1963 at the age of thirty-six was paid for in part by a skinny heifer my grandad rescued from a government rifle way back in 1933. Why I waited so long to achieve the degree is another story. This is about the beginning of it all and of the courage of people in distress.

"I just don't understand it and I never will. It just don't make no sense," Grandad fumed.

"But the government says it's necessary to help the price of cattle," commented Grandmother.

"Oh, hell, that's hogwash. Killin' cattle off ain't going to solve nuthin." Them big boys sit up there in them fancy Washington offices and think up these hair brained ideas. And people are going hungry, and I just don't understand it. The world is sure enough going to hell in a breadbasket." A puff of smoke rose from his pipe--the pipe he smoked because Prince Albert was much cheaper than the cigars he loved. For a man that had fancied expensive Havana cigars when he was a livestock commission buyer on the Wichita stockyards, the pipe tasted like ten cents.

"Well, damned if I ever thought I'd live to see the day I'd let a thing happen like this on my place." My six-year old mind didn't understand what he meant. It was merely a fact to me that tomorrow the government men would appear at daylight to start shooting the selected cattle the farmers were bringing for slaughter. This was supposed, as best I

understood it, to keep the price of cattle from going down any further because there were too many with little feed available. The government considered it a humane move as well.

I remembered Grandad's voice a few days before as he told Grandmother, "I swear--I don't want to do it. But we need the money same's anyone else. They want to use our lots for the shooting and they'll pay us ten dollars for the day's use. I can't turn down no ten dollars."

"I agree, dear. Times are too bad to say no."

"Hellfire and damnation--that's what's happening to this country--this'll bring damnation on the farmer's heads. You just wait and see!"

Morning came blue and clear, with the sure promise of hundred degrees by noon. By seven it had started--a day I would remember the rest of my life. Even before daylight we heard our dog Brownie frantically barking at the first arrivals of farmer and cattle, some led on a rope behind a car, and some even tied down in wagons behind scrawny teams. The line grew up the hill from the corral--sweating, bawling, spitting, visiting, sullen, hopeless, and just blankly waiting.

One thing the cattle shared in common--hip bones threatened to puncture through scrubby hides. (The heavier cattle had already been shipped to market.) Cockleburrs clung to matted tails, flies blackened their backs, and their manure fell in splashy green piles. A stench rose from the lot.

At first Brownie stalked and patrolled the invaders of his privacy, but finally he gave up and crawled under the back step to wait for Grandad.

"Just look at 'em--that's the worst sight I've ever seen in my whole life and right now I wished I was somewhere else--like say Timbuctoo. Look at Hiram out there! Isn't that the heifer I helped him pull? I could make money on that calf if..."

"But you don't," reminded Grandmother.

I couldn't hear what he muttered under his breath, but she shook her head at him.

Then the government men arrived, rifles sticking out the side windows of the green car marked United States Department of Agriculture on the side. I'd never seen anything like it before. There were four of them in the car. Brownie ran stiff-legged around the tires, sniffing.

"I'll bet they're drawing down some fancy wages for this day's dirty work,"

Grandad snorted.

I was hanging out the back screen door watching the crowd part as the green car went slowly down toward the lot. The crowd came alive.

"Barbara, shut that door. You're letting in all the flies in the country," Grandmother scolded.

"Hey, can I go down by the tank and get up on the fence and watch?"

"No, you may not! That's not going to be a place for any young lady."

"Let her go. She'd just about as well see this so's she can remember the stupidity of life sometimes."

"But she might get hurt."

"I'll keep an eye on her. I'd best be getting down there myself, or I won't have no lots left. Wished I'd never gotten into this durned mess in the first place. Ten dollars isn't gonna wipe out this day."

"All right--we're ready for the first one," the man at the gate hollered above the push of men and animals. "Get in line!"

No pause in the noise.

"Quiet, I said!"

Still no pause.

"Here, I'll stop 'em!" a man in the center of the lot shouted and pointed his rifle at the sky.

The rifle crack cut the hot air and even the hungry cattle were momentarily startled into silence. Brownie, who had been standing by Grandad with tongue lolling out, tucked in his bushy tail and made for the barn.

"Now, that's better. I'll open the gate and you push them animals to the center of the lot where Jim will take over. Report to the car and give your name and appraisal slips to the boys there."

It had been announced earlier in the government letters received by each farmer and rancher that the carcasses would be available free for meat to anyone wanting to butcher it or haul it away. The carcasses left would be burned. The farmer could also have the hide from the animal he butchered. This could be sold for twenty-five cents at the produce house. The government would eventually buy these also.

Rapidly as the gun could be fired, the cattle fell by legal edict and six to fifteen dollars. Every once in awhile the gateman and the rifleman traded off.

"We'll all be sorry--mark my word--sorry day--sorry cattle--oh, damn it! Damn it!" and Grandad scuffed his heel in the powdery lot soil mixed with pulverized manure. Then I saw him stiffen.

"Hey, there, Jess, you ain't gonna let 'em shoot that heifer--why, look at her--she's big-boned and her back is straight as an arrow. She's broad across the rump. She'll make a fine cow with a little grub under her belt," and he blocked the gate. The gateman looked back uncertainly at the rifleman.

The sudden stop of the cattle flow annoyed the rifleman. "Here, there, you slowpokes--get a move on. We ain't got all day. You there in the gate, move over."

Grandad spit down by his scuffed boot, pulled his dusty Stetson down over one brow, and slowly turned on his heel to walk over to the rifle holder.

"Young man, you may be paying me ten dollars for the use of my lot to carry on this outrage--and heaven forgive me, I took it--but let me tell you right here and now--I will stand in this gate all day if I see fit. You can just tell your Mr. Government Bookkeeper not to send me no ten dollars and just pack your gear and git. This is my place as long as I'm paying the lease, and I'm paid up."

The rifleman lowered his gun to the ground and looked past Grandad to the two men in the car. One of them shook his head and the rifleman stepped back. "All right, Mister, it's your lot. But we got an awful lot to do."

"This won't take a minute. Then you can go on with your bloody business. I got a little business of my own."

Brownie stuck his head around the corner of the barn during the gun's silence, surveying the scene with raised hackles.

"Jess, pull that heifer on through and let the next dumb honyouck through. I want to make a deal with you."

"Hey, you can't do that--regulations say. . . ." the government man started to say.

Grandad didn't even pause. He and the neighbor walked over to the lot's far corner. Brownie ducked into the barn as the gun barrel rose once more.

The outburst had startled me. I'd never seen this gentle man who was all the father I'd ever known act this way. Now I stretched up on my toes, almost falling into the tank. By the time I had regained my balance, I saw Grandad take the frayed end of the heifer's rope and lead her through the gate toward the barn.

He stalked triumphantly back to his leaning place, pulled out his knife and started whittling. The only time he noticed the proceedings was a rhyth-

mical knife change as the rifle cracked.

The death panorama continued with only a pause now and then for the rifleman to wipe his gritty eyes or trade places with the gateman. The bawling grew less and less. Grandad whittled through a pile of fence slivers. I became bored with the ugliness, the death struggles of the falling cattle, the pushing and shoving of hungry families grabbing for the warm flesh to butcher, and the frantic slashing of knife to juglar vein to bleed the carcass--the blood spurting in Romanesque fountains. Hunger was the knife sharpener, poverty the wielder. Two neighbors stood toe-to-toe claiming the same carcass while a third pounced on it and hacked away a hind quarter before he was noticed.

By sundown all were gone--only muddy bloodstains, warm blood smell, trampled corral, a sagging corner post, and a dust pall remained. Not one carcass had to be burned.

Slowly Grandad did the chores, Brownie following close and trembling at his heels. Once he banged two feed buckets together, and Brownie scrouged down under the feed bunk.

"C'mon, boy. Nuthin's going to hurt you, fellah. Them maniacs with their green car and hot rifles are gone."

My eyes hurt at supper. I hardly heard the conversation until Grandmother exclaimed, "You didn't!"

"Yep. Couldn't help it." He took a healthy swig of coffee.

"Don't you try to change the subject by making loud noises with that coffee. You know good and well how that irritates me." He thumped the cup down, and his shoulders slumped. "Honey, I think if you'd have come down there today and watched those cattle you would know why. I been a cowman ever since I herded cattle up in Kansas when I was twelve years old. But never in my life have I ever seen cattle deliberately shot."

He went on, "All those cattle needed was feed and grass. All them poor cusses needed was money to buy feed. But when they could get a little money, then there were no cattle left to feed. I saw more'n one grown man cry today. Money--people just ain't got it. Spirit--it's about all gone, too."

Grandad slowly twirled his empty cup. "Then that little heifer came along--skin and bones all right, but good calf-having bones. I knew we couldn't afford her, but I looked at her and I could see that kid with that rifle waiting, and it got the best of me."

"You mean the best of your good judgment. You aren't on the yards now. You don't have money like you did then.;"

He shook his head. "Then I looked at Barbara sitting up there on that fence not knowing what all that waste meant, and there was that heifer. All of a sudden, I decided it wasn't going to be the end but maybe a beginning."

My eyes riveted on his face.

"Beginning of what, Grandad?"

"Your college education!"

"Her what?"

"Yep. Take my word, that heifer will help send this kid off to college."

"In the meantime, how do we pay for her?"

"Well, the govenment had appraised her at seven fifty because she looked so sorry. Shows how much those green-horns knew about cattle. I offered him ten dollars and he grabbed it right up."

Grandmother stared at him. "You're crazy. If anyone would ask me right now, I'd say you needed your head examined."

"Well, we'll have those government dollars soon and Jess didn't mind giving me credit to get more for that heifer."

Grimly Grandmother poured hot water into the dishpan, put in the bar of P&G, and turned her back on him.

"Ah, now, honey, can you think of a better way to spend the rent for a day of killing than on a beginning?" And I knew he was sweet talking her. Then her shoulders began to shake and Grandad said, "Hey, don't cry. What's done is done. I can't go back on my word. A trade's a trade in my books."

She turned, but there were no tears. "I'm not crying. Crying doesn't do any good anymore, but we can still laugh. And it struck me funny that it's only an idiot like you with nothing left who could think of a college education for a six-year-old girl who could care less right now."

Grandad just looked at her.

"Besides, we need to think of a name for the new heifer. What about getting fancy and calling her Alpha?"

"Alpha? We don't know anyone by that name," I said. We liked to name the cattle kept around the lot after people we knew.

"She's right, honey," Grandad chuckled as he put his arms around both of us. "And that's gettin' pretty fancy. Seems to me I've heard tell that Alpha means beginning in Greek."

A Charge To Keep

By Robert F. Turpin

For fifty years, John Stink was an outcast to both the Indians and whites, living alone with only his dogs to keep him company. His Osage name was Ha-tah-moie, Rolling Thunder.

Even among the Osage, there were several different stories of Ha-tah-moie's banishment from his tribe. One of the most often repeated ones was that he became very drunk when he was a young man and fell into a snow-drift. Believed to be dead, he was picked up by his friends and buried under a pile of rocks. Sometime later, Ha-tah-moie sobered up, rolled the stones away, and crawled from his grave.

When asked about the story, Ha-tah-moie answered, "I e'xuba, it's a lie."

Another story supposedly took place during a smallpox epidemic in which many of the Osages were afflicted. Ha-tah-moie supposedly died from the disease, and his body was rolled up in a blanket and then entombed in a cave. Later a group of hunters found him sitting near his gravesite. When asked about this story, Ha-tah-moie again said that it was a lie but that he did remember having smallpox.

Ha-tah-moie recovered slowly and had the after-effect of the disease of large sores on his body. The sores gave off an offensive odor--thus, the name John Stink for Ha-tah-moie.

He was shunned and avoided by his own people as well as the whites. His only company during these unhappy years was several large dogs that were always around him.

As a result of his feelings of alienation, he took his dogs and moved deep into the woods. He lived there several years undisturbed. His refuge was on a small island; therefore, he had access to water. He took daily baths and

lay in the sun for hours at a time. Finally, his sores were healed, and he regained his physical health.

Although his life was dogged by despair and loneliness, he eventually became very wealthy. His money came from oil rights on the many wells that had sprung up on Osage land in the Pawhuska area, where he settled.

During a very severe winter, Ha-tah-moie almost froze to death, but for the first time in his life when he screamed for help, he received it. He was befriended by Indian Agent J. George Wright and the Whirlwind Soldiers.

So a new life thus began for Ha-tah-moie. He considered the house that was built for him a palace because it was so much better than anything he had ever lived in before.

After Whirlwind Soldier died and his widow moved back to the Dakotas to be with her family, Mrs. Eunice W. Stabler was assigned by the government to take care of Ha-tah-moie.

Mrs. Stabler's job was a difficult one at first because the old Osage was moody and difficult to get along with.

Because of his attendant's constant attention, Ha-tah-moie finally was softened, and he began to open conversations with her. It was her interest in him that finally motivated him to become a better person.

Rolling Thunder was without a doubt an outstanding person whose morals weren't contaminated by the world. He came out a conqueror. He gained self-respect, and in the end many of his people called him a friend and were happy to do so.

But to many of his own people, he was an object of ridicule and fear. His belief in the good of all men ran deep and true; despite his ordeals, he bore no ill feelings toward others. He was an outstanding person and a true Osage in all respects. ●

Westview pasteup by:

Southwestern Oklahoma State University Advertising Layout Students.

Kevin Bay
Angie Graves
Terri Hauser
Jeff Johnson
Pat Kolb
Rich Maddox

Jerry Rappe'
Tim Reynolds
Maria Sheets
Darren Smith
Chris Swanda
Sandy Wymer



transplanted

Under The Lid

By Hope LaShier

I'm a grown woman now, and I have been taught not to worry about the loss of material things, but this adage didn't impress me the night the old barn burned to the ground.

I faintly remember snatches of conversation as the flames leaped high into the sky--"Every bale of hay is gone"--no insurance--Glad we got the horses and cows out safely--Oh we'll make out somehow; it isn't the end of the world.

I didn't voice my inner feelings as I stood quietly listening to the family and neighbors who had come to help. Little did they know--buried beneath that rubble and hot ashes lay a little piece of my heart--my little trunk.

I was twelve years old when my parents moved from Oklahoma to the Texas Panhandle. I remained in Oklahoma in a boarding school in order to finish high school with my classmates.

During the three following years, I spent summer vacations with my parents on the farm. The trips back and forth to school made it necessary to have some sort of luggage. My dream was a little trunk of my own.

Money for such an extravagance was not in the foreseeable future, not until Daddy decided to plant a few acres of cotton despite the warnings of the neighbors. "You can't grow cotton in these parts!"

When I came home that summer, the plants were just peeking little green leaves through the soil.

Mama had told Daddy of my desire for a trunk to take back to school in the fall. A deal was soon made whereby I was to help the hired hand hoe the cotton and in return receive some of the money collected at the cotton gin to buy a trunk.

Each day thereafter, before sunup, while the menfolk squatted on the ground talking of crops, trying to decide whether to Go-devil the south forty or go into town for a needed part for the threshing machine, I had donned my sunbonnet. I pulled long black stockings with the feet removed over my pale white arms, pinning them securely at the shoulders with large safety pins.

The hired hand sharpened the hoes to a fine hone and hung the water sack on the fence post. He said the water would stay as cold as if it had just been pumped by the windmill.

I was eager for my first lesson in being a farm girl. I had never worked in the field, although we had always lived on a farm.

In our family there was a very fine line drawn between what constituted "boys' work" and "girls' work", and many battles were fought among the seven children as we made the decisions.

The first morning in the field went slowly as I learned to leave the same distance between the cotton plants and also get all the weeds in the process.

I started out like a house a-fire--bending way over--chopping up the ground--spending too much time making the right decisions.

By mid-morning the hired hand had taught me to stand up straight and use slow, lazy-like scraping motions.

At noon we sat under the only shade--the high weeds that lined the fence posts and ate the lunch that Mama sent to the field by one of the younger children.

The afternoon sun beamed down hot as the hours until sundown grew longer.

The weeks dragged by with every

day the same come sun-up, we'd start all over again.

The glow on my face changed to sweat, the blisters on my hands grew callouses, but I kept going, I wanted that trunk.

The rains never came--the wind piled the soil to the top of the fence posts--the ground cracked open--the cotton crop was a total loss.

In the fall, the night before I left for school, I was not the least bit "Journey Proud." I packed my clothes in cardboard boxes from the general store in town.

After three days on the road in an old model T Ford--many flat tires that had to be patched--we arrived in our former hometown.

As we neared the school, I was sitting on the edge of the car seat trying to figure out a way to get my boxes of clothes into the dorm without too much notice.

I was puzzled as Daddy passed the school, parked in front of the hardware store, opened the car door on my side, and said "Let's go in here."

After greeting the owner who was an old friend, they talked about how the crops turned out, the unusual weather in the Oklahoma Panhandle, the price of cotton, and goodness knows what else.

Finally, the owner asked, "What can I sell you today, Lon?"

Daddy thumped his white Stetson hat to the back of his head much like a person testing a watermelon for ripeness. Then with a twinkle in his eye and a quick wink in my direction said, "This little gal needs a trunk to keep her 'duds' in. Got any nice ones she might like?"

I began to look, opening and closing lids, caressing the smooth, shiney tin,

fingering the brads along the two brass bands that encircled the trunk, and finally very timidly said, "I like this one best."

When Daddy finished writing the check for fourteen dollars ninety-eight cents, the owner thanked him and handed me a small brown envelope. I felt doubly blessed when I discovered it contained a shiney key. I had a brand new trunk with a key all my own!

Over the years, that little trunk afforded me much pleasure. At home, I found the perfect niche for it in a

corner of the screened-in back porch.

I spent many happy hours storing my little treasures in the top tray--love letters from my first sweetheart kept in a special place to be brought out from time to time to be reread.

In more prosperous times, I made many trips on the train. I was always proud to point out my trunk on the platform as the one without the *ropes*.

One day as I stood outside the depot waiting to board the train, I noticed two men pacing the platform. They stopped at the huge pile of luggage that

would be placed in the baggage car. My little trunk seemed to pique their interest, so I edged closer within hearing distance. Suddenly one of them kicked my trunk and said to his companion, "If I didn't have any more clothes than *that*, I'd stay home!" Tears welled up in my eyes as I thought to myself, "If that stranger only knew the true story behind that little trunk!"

Maybe we're better off not to know the secrets below our associates' lids--as the man who kicked my trunk had no way of knowing me. ●

sorrowful soul-searching

Arnold Evans

By Sandra Soli

Remembering
the curl of wallpaper at the edge of the kitchen casement,
aware of October settling in the crescent of his thighs,
Arnold Evans sits in a front pew, staring beyond the
bayberry-scented altar, through the tidy composure of
his wife's hair. Arranged just so, no strand escaping.
There would be no place to go.

He does not hear the hymn,
nor the visiting sets of relations mouthing faith and angels,
giving thanks it is not their turn today. He thinks only of
wallpaper, acknowledges only his fifty-four years, achieved
in spite of himself, in spite of her, who complained
of such things. No matter. He need not think of it again,
this year or next.

But he wishes he had repaired at least
the place by the window. Her eyes would have thanked him.
Inside the church, the smell of history, the opalescence
of her skin. He had almost forgotten the glow of it.
Better

to think of sausages and cabbage ready at home, with the pint
chilled to accompany them. Willing to stay the hour,
but knowing it is overlong, this service for the dead.

FUTURE ISSUES

Spring 1987

WESTERN OKLAHOMA SETTLERS

SUMMER, 1987 (Western Oklahoma Weather; deadline: 3-1-87)

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)

SPRING, 1990 (Western Oklahoma's Children; deadline: 1-1-90)

SUMMER, 1990 (Western Oklahoma's Diverse Voices; deadline: 3-1-90)

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 mingling of energies

Red Moon PowWow

By Tena Bailey Garrison

Throughout the nights war drums roll, and Indian chants echo down the dusty Washita River Valley in Western Oklahoma. Hundreds of Indians, from all over America, journey back to their native homeland to make camp and to celebrate a Cheyenne tradition.

Red Moon PowWow, celebrated on Memorial weekend of each year, became an annual event in 1976. Hosted



Cubby Bear Sweetwater, participant in the Traditional Slow Dance, The Gourd Dance, and the War Dance.



Buffalo and Jonita Sweetwater of Colorado Springs at the Red Moon PowWow, 1985.

by the Southern Cheyenne, who are joined by the Northern Cheyenne in PowWow, Indians arrive constantly during the weekend to participate in traditional dances and contests. They set up tents, teepees, and brush arbors two miles east and one north of the small community of Hammon.

"This is a memorial of our ancestors, who have gone beyond," Henry Mann, an elderly Cheyenne said in an interview. "Especially, we remember the ones who gave their lives while serving our country."

Expressing tribal customs and honoring their people, the modern Indians commemorate a life style that has almost been obliterated in America.

A circle of drummers beat ancient rituals, chanting and singing in their native tongue. "Dancers stomp around the drummers, weaving a pattern of organized gracefulness and tranquility while exhibiting bright, ornamental costumes.

Each costume is different, a Cheyenne Original, probably sewn by hand. Brilliant topaz, buckskin white, turquoise, crimson, and blue is displayed, adorned by feathers, beaded designs, and bells.

The gourds of war dancers hiss and whisper, and bells

chime to the beat of ceremonial drums. Sounds of soprano singers trill above the traditional chants, identical to those expressed generations ago when a warrior failed to return to battle.

"The singers must know each song by heart because the Cheyenne language has never been written," Henry Mann said. "We do not have an alphabet."

A county fair atmosphere greets visitors, who are fed at concession stands serving Indian fry bread or sandwiches, cold drinks, and coffee. Cheyenne arts and crafts are displayed for sale.

During the commemoration many gifts are given by Cheyenne families, honoring the memory of their loved



Rev. Lawrence Hart, member of the Cheyenne Council of Forty-four Chiefs.

ones. Similar to the white man's celebration of Christmas, the presentations continue throughout the weekend.

Flags are flown in memory of deceased Cheyennes who have served their country. Each day a different soldier, either male or female, is honored, and a ceremony is held when the American flag is lowered and presented to the honoree's family.

Vietnam veterans are presented in dignified rituals, along with their "War Mothers." The Cheyenne does not forget to show reverence and respect to those who have served their country.

The Hart family, who boast of both chiefs and princesses, attends Red Moon PowWow. Lawrence Hart, a Mennonite minister from Clinton, is part of the Cheyenne Council of Forty-four Chiefs. Hart, who has two college degrees, insists that he is a modern Indian, wearing only modern attire. Yet, he participates in the traditional dances, and his family gives many gifts.

White neighbors are among the welcome visitors who gather under brush arbors to watch the presentation of buckskins, fancy shawl dance and other contests. Each parade is led by a tribal princess, who is selected by the elders of her people.

"A princess must have high moral standards, and she must be from a good family," Lenora Hart said. "It is hard to qualify as a princess."

Ms. Hart explained that the Northern Cheyenne and Southern Cheyenne were originally the same people. When the tribe was moved to Oklahoma, in the nineteenth century, some hid out in Montana and did not go. They were given a reservation at Lone Deer, Montana, where they were joined by other Cheyennes who escaped from No Man's Land. These groups re-unite and mingle their energies in the Red Moon PowWow. ❧



**Supporting Western
Oklahoma**

Member F.D.I.C.

Elk City, Oklahoma

Phone (405) 225-3434

moving out and on

Territory Bound 1898

By Dick Chapman

The stars grow dimmer in the east, and soon the sun
get them horses harnessed, the coffee on and breakfast done,
the cover raised, things loaded up. Step lively son, our
trip to the Territory has just begun.

Every day the same but nothing old, in morning's dew we look
ahead for something in the distance new, a speck on a ridge,
suppose what can it be?
We see so far where there is no house or tree.

What's left behind is gone not to return
when cooking time comes we wonder what we'll burn,
some dry sticks tied on from some creek bed or
will we have to burn cow chips instead?

The miles go by, sometimes we think they're slow
but not really as we'll make thirty miles today
and we'll know and remember every mile of the way
and be startled when a lazy coyote taken by surprise
makes a few quick leaps and vanishes o'er a rise.

Steep canyon banks; must be "locked down." We slide the same at
every creek and river side
if waters high and rolling at the crest
we'll have to wait: 'twill be a needed rest.

Impatient tho we are to be on the go Dad says it's better to be
safe tho slow. The days count up and finally into weeks
how many canyons have we crossed, rivers and creeks, how many hills
and valleys have we passed oer, there surely can't be very many
more. We look each day and dream in our lowly bed just when or
how we'll reach our new homestead.

Range cattle cross our trail and stop to stare
then race away with tails high in the air
a lone rider dark against a setting sun,
no doubt he wishes them settlers back where they came from.

We'll camp tonight "we hope" where waters flow
where willows are and a few old cottonwoods grow
and eat our grub by lanterns' light dim glow, perhaps
we'll build our fire down on the sand and spread our beds
over there near by, and sleep with faces turned to a star
besprinkled sky.



Illustration by Kelley Doyle

Cowboy and Old Number Nine

eventful lifestyle of Cowboy and friends

By Grady Williams

Cowboy never wanted to be a cowboy, but owing to his penchant for clothing his wiry frame in Levi jeans, Acme boots and Stetson hats, that is what everyone called him. But even more than he didn't want to be a cowboy, Cowboy didn't want to be a rodeo rider. He hated horses.

All of that changed in Gage, Oklahoma, for it was there he met Miss Viola, the girl of his dreams.

Miss Viola was a waitress in the Red, White, and Blue Saloon, a bar frequented

by Cowboy and Earl Gene, his lanky, alcoholic roommate. A professional photographer, Earl Gene fancied himself a philosopher and claimed the bar got its name because the patrons generally demonstrated red eyes, sallow white complexions and blue dispositions.

Miss Viola, the liberty belle of the RW&B, was known to be liberal with her liberties with everyone except Cowboy, so naturally he was determined to marry her. Miss Viola remained cool toward Cowboy, preferring as she did

the heroic deeds of rodeo riders.

Cowboy got wind of a rodeo to be held in Enid and decided to enter the saddle bronc contest. His aim was to impress Miss Viola even though horses scared him.

Earl Gene drank another beer and wished him well.

The morning of the contest, Miss Viola announced she had to visit her ailing mother in Amarillo and promptly drove off towards Kansas with one of

her many uncles in his Lincoln Continental.

Earl Gene drank another beer and wished them well.

Determined to impress Miss Viola, Cowboy rushed right out and purchased a Polaroid camera that any fool could operate, and asked Earl Gene to come along and capture the ride on film. He had done set his hat for Miss Viola.

Earl Gene agreed that he would on the condition Cowboy furnish all the beer Earl Gene could drink. As it turned out Earl Gene's drinking caused no difficulties other than one speeding ticket and the mangled automatic transmission in Cowboys car when Earl Gene slipped the gearshift up into "P for Pass" as he flew around a state trooper doing eighty.

But things took a turn for the worse when they arrived in Enid and Cowboy drew Old Number Nine, a dust colored roan that was a wall-eyed, pin-eared mustang from a string that was so mean and evil tempered nobody could come up with names bad enough, so they just stuck numbers on them.

Resolved to win the heart of Miss Viola, Cowboy begged one of his beers from Earl Gene, screwed his hat down tight, and vaulted his bandy-legged little body into the chute with that pigeon-toed piece of dynamite.

Old Number Nine cut his hate filled, blood shot eyes at Cowboy and let him get settled in the saddle before he reared and lunged against the inside railing, breaking Cowboy's leg in two places and shattering a knee-cap.

The handlers got a fistful of the roan's ear and clubbed him upside the head with a short piece of two-by-four they kept handy for such occasions, and asked Cowboy if he still had intentions of qualifying.

When Cowboy pictured the heroic figure he would cut at the RW&B with his leg in a cast, a look of euphoria crossed his face and then handlers figured him for a macho masochist who would ask no mercy, and so they threw open the chute gate and gave him none.

The two-by-four must have addled Old Number Nine a mite, because instead of exploding out of the chute as was his custom, he sauntered out casual like, laid his ears down along his neck, calmly turned his head and gnashed his teeth around Cowboy's other knee to bust it up some.

Cowboy cut loose a blood curdling Comanche scream, grabbed his hat and commenced to fan his leg trying to cool the heat out of that bite.

Well, the handlers understood right quick that Cowboy was powerful mad on account of Old Number Nine not bucking to suit him, so they all snatched off their hats and set in to whooping and hollering to help as best they could.

All that excitement seemed to incite Old Number Nine and he mushroomed toward the center of the arena in a bone jarring series of frog hops, then made a leaping bound or two before he crashed into the wall. Then he reared and fell over backward, using Cowboy to cushion the fall.

Staring down into that dirt, Cowboy realized right away that his puny body was never intended as a horse sofa, and he allowed as how Earl Gene had had ample time for pictures, so he seized that opportunity to part company with Old Number Nine. He turned the reins loose and bid that cayuse good-bye.

Old Number Nine got up right spryly and, as his way of saying adios, did a tap dance across Cowboy's rib cage, separating every rib the boy had and breaking several of them. Then having had his say, Old Number Nine headed for the barn and his oat reward for having busted another rider.

The handlers had done realized this rider wasn't no hand to ask for help and so none of them stepped forward to offer any.

Having little desire to breathe and cussing himself through the agony every time he did, Cowboy hobbled painfully toward the fence, anxious to exit the arena before they turned another horse loose on him. He managed to make it to the fence pretty handily in sort of a hunchbacked crab crawl.

There stood Earl Gene, sucking on another beer and eyeing that Polaroid with a baleful stare and mistrustful frown. Looking up, Earl Gene shrugged and said, "Cowboy, you're gonna have to show me how to work this here camera."

While Cowboy was in the hospital, things took a turn for the worse. But that's another story. 🐾

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



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
Elk City
Weatherford

614 Frisco
116 W. Broadway
106 E. College

323-0383
225-1616
772-2559

"Your Community Owned Bank"



**NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY
OF WEATHERFORD**

772-5575

1100 E. Main



Westview
Southwestern Oklahoma State University
Weatherford, OK 73096

WESTVIEW

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