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WESTVIEW

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA

VOLUME II

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NUMBER 2

WINTER, 1982

OKLAHOMA HISTORY IN REVIEW



PHOTO BY DONNA PORTER

PAINTING BY BRENT GIBSON

Clinton Spirit A Precious Nativity Pool Shooter

Granny's Helpful Hints Cheyenne Chuckles

Literary-Connected Oklahoma Towns

\$3.00

FOREWORD

We wish our readers the fullest joy of this Blessed Season.

Things are going well in the WESTVIEW office; thus far, supply hasn't exceeded demand.

It still isn't too late to study our announcements of future issues and to try to hit our markets.

There have been very few people who have published without submitting their works. Anne Bradstreet and Emily Dickinson are two notable exceptions. We try to report on all submissions within three weeks; therefore, we prolong neither the acceptance nor the rejection. Thus far, we have been conscientious about giving our reasons for all rejections.

Those who submit works should always use coversheets to protect identity and also remember to send a SASE.

This is Volume II, No. 2. What a glorious realization. It's Birthday Party Time again!

— Leroy Thomas
Managing Editor

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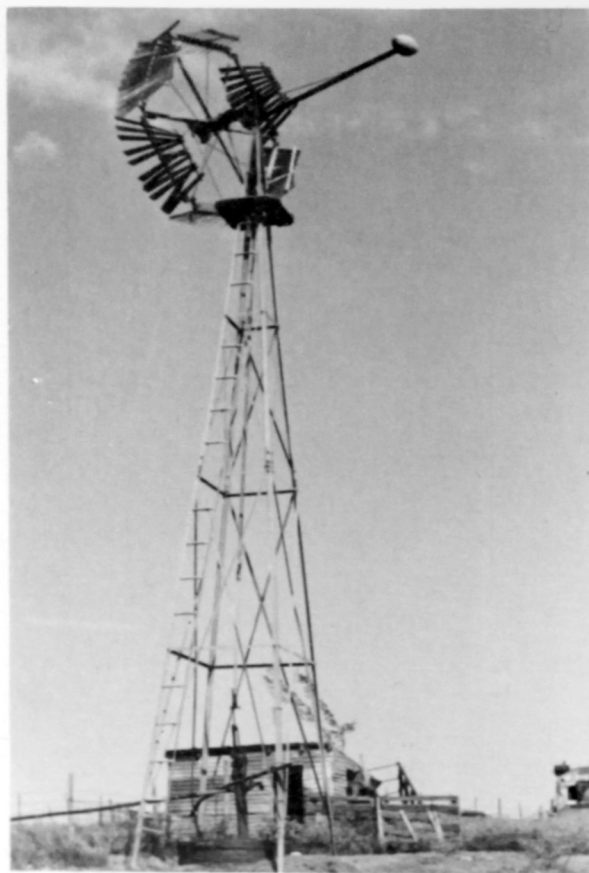


PHOTO BY PAT KOURT

Fading Western Oklahoma history

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PHOTO BY DR. M. C. WEBER

The Lost Hills

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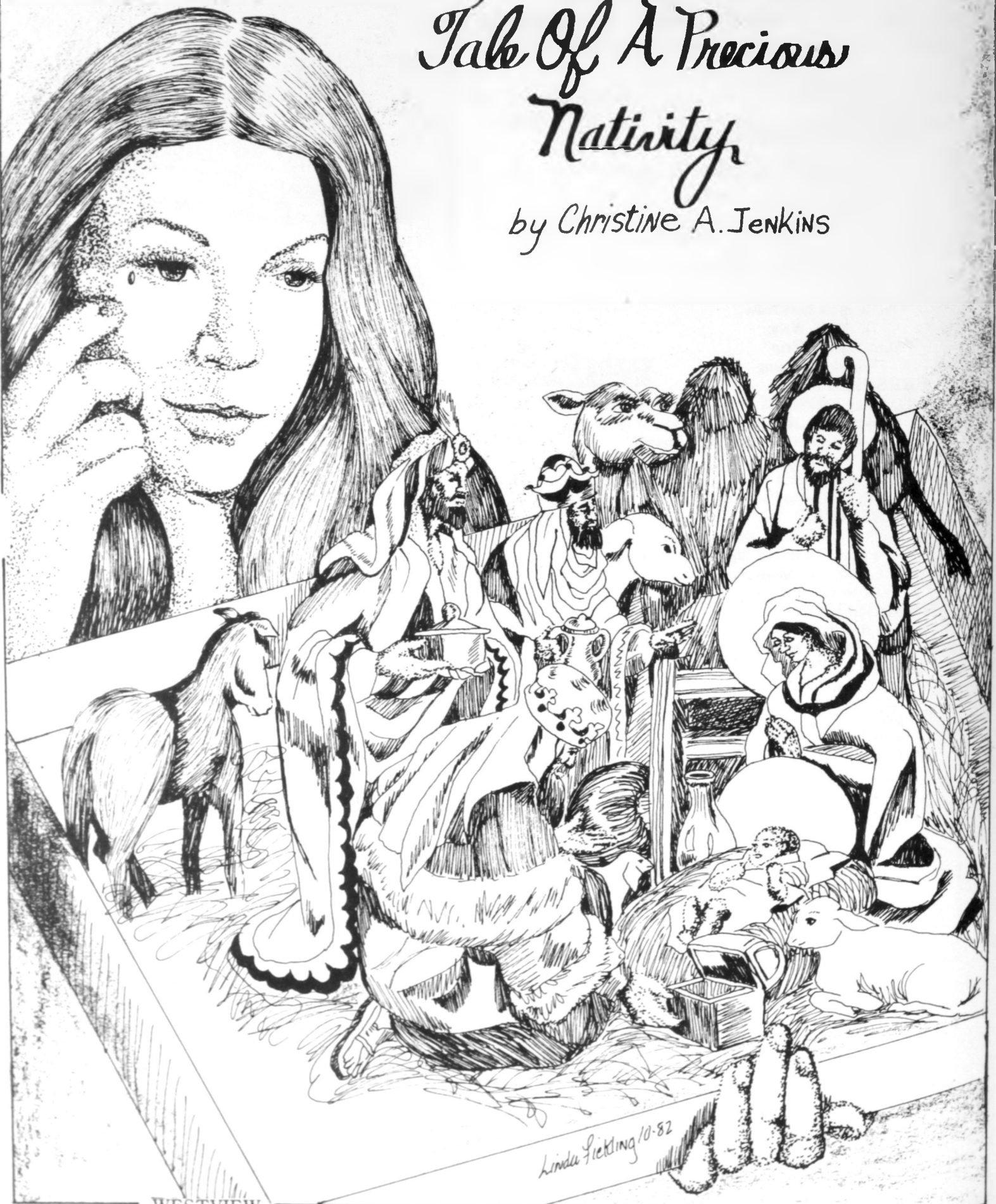
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ON THE COVERS: Front — from the painting "Wild Turkeys on the Canadian River" by Brent Gibson, a Weatherford artist and architect. The painting is now owned by Glen Suter, whose cooperation is appreciated. Back: From another Gibson painting, "Snow Trek." Photography is by Donna Porter, SOSU English major.

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; Managing 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.

Tale Of A Precious Nativity

by Christine A. Jenkins



Bundles in hand, Steven fumbled with the knob and pushed the back porch door open for him and his wife.

He and Jenny had spent the day in a neighboring city Christmas shopping — something they normally left until the few days just before the hectic holiday.

With Christmas still two weeks away, their shopping was nearly complete. This year, Christmas was different.

So many other things were different, too.

"I swear, if she sprays that stuff one more time, I'm going to gag," Jenny whispered to her husband.

"She" was Aunt Sarah, and this was Aunt Sarah's house.

Aunt Sarah and Uncle Jake had welcomed the young couple into their home after Steven and Jenny's move to rural Oklahoma a few months before.

"C'mon Jenny. You know she's only trying to make things a little nicer for us," Steven said. "I wish you'd just think about that a little." He piled the packages on the kitchen table and turned to watch the matronly woman empty a half of a can of evergreen scent into the air around a metallic Christmas tree.

His wife was unhappy and he knew it. It's not that she had told him so recently, nor that she had even hinted it. He just knew Jennifer Calletti Burns.

He'd never seen her so quiet, especially around the holidays. She'd always been eager to host parties and whip up fresh egg nog when the season rolled around.

"Hi children, how was your trip? I was beginning to worry about you. It was getting kind of late," Aunt Sarah said, walking toward the bathroom to put away the can of room freshener.

"I think we found most everything we needed," replied Jenny, who resented the aunt's concern. They were not children.

Had this been Michigan, Aunt Sarah would have had a right to worry, Jenny thought. After all, this time of year, the winds were undoubtedly whirling snow across the northern highways, making driving hazardous.

Oklahoma offered little risky driving in December — something Jenny thought she'd have liked about her new home. But with Christmas a mere two weeks away, the ground was still bare — "chili powder" she'd often thought as she drove along the dusty, red, dirt backroads.

This is just not adding up to Christmas, Jenny concluded as she unpacked a few groceries.

She didn't care that Aunt Sarah didn't like to fuss over the holidays. Jenny intended to do some Christmas baking. If she couldn't be home for the holidays, she was going to make the best of them on this farm.

Steven had whisked her away from her native Michigan that fall when he took a job with the oil company. Michigan — its faltering economy — offered little to a young couple building a future, he'd convinced her.

She glanced at her freckled, high-school sweetheart stretching to put sugar in the cupboard. She loved him.

He knew she had left her family and sacrificed her job on the local newspaper to follow him to his perceived land of opportunity; she'd told him countless times the first month, never intending to hurt him. But she was homesick and her heart was hurting.

And now, with the greatest of family holidays approaching, the ailment was crippling her normally cheerful disposition.

For the three years they'd been married, Christmas had been spent with Jenny's family. Traditionally, she and Steven hosted the Christmas Eve dinner and annual gift exchange among siblings.

It would never again be the same, and the thought proved tearful. Jenny tucked away the last grocery sack and headed for the bathroom.

"It's going to take every ounce of dreaming to make this a Christmas, let alone a white one," she sniffed to herself. She drew her composure and walked out to the living room.

There she found Steven, his henna-haired aunt, and Uncle Jake sitting before the silver Christmas tree.

How she hated that tree.

If only they'd been in Michigan, she and Steven would have harvested a Scotch Pine from a field as she kept watch for the sheriff. If only. . .

"Doesn't it look lovely," remarked Aunt Sarah who had eased off the sofa to adjust the tinsel star atop the tree.

"Mom and Dad said they'd bring a box of our ornaments over if they can find them in the garage," Steven told his wife. The Burnses' possessions were stored in Steven's parents' garage until the couple could find a home.

"That would be nice. Maybe it would make things a little homier for you two," commented Uncle Jake. He had sensed Jenny's need to be home, or as close to it as possible.

She really liked the balding man. Although he was thin, he reminded her of some old uncle on a now forgotten television series. He was funny and sentimental and so good natured.

He and Sarah made an odd couple, Jenny had told Steven. Jake was sort of zesty and enjoyed people, while Sarah was rather a homebody who enjoyed her garden and sewing.

The spectacled aunt probably viewed Jake's nephew and his wife as intruders, Jenny believed.

It had been Jake to whom Jenny had appealed a few days earlier when she learned Aunt Sarah planned not to erect the artificial tree.

"Jenny, it's been so long since we've celebrated Christmas around here, I'm afraid your Aunt Sarah has forgotten its magic. I'll talk to her tonight and see what we can do," he assured.

The next morning when she arose, Jenny found in the living room the box containing the silver tree. That afternoon, she and Jake assembled it.

Later in the evening, Aunt Sarah rummaged through the attic to find the two dozen red baubles with which to trim it. They all joined in decorating the tree, and Sarah even appeared to enjoy it.

At Jenny's suggestion, the woman popped some corn which they strung into garlands for the tree. Sarah never mentioned her arthritis.

"You know, she's really not that bad," Jenny told her husband of his aunt later that evening. "I mean, it must be just as difficult for her to share this house with us as it is for us to give up our privacy."

Despite the pleasant evening, Jenny confided to Steven something was still missing.

The older couple was not religious.

Oh, they believed in God, but it was not something they displayed, even on a holiday like Christmas.

For as long as Jenny could remember, the Calletti family made the spiritual part of Christmas come alive; it was a part of the holiday's magic. But she and Steven would attend Christmas Mass alone this year.

An ingredient of the holiday's magic, Jenny believed, was a nativity scene. It was that for which she and Steven had hunted on their shopping trip today.

A nativity set had always blessed the Calletti home.

Mother had been fortunate. Before she even married,

she found her beautiful glass figurines and the wooden stable. Its figures glowed with the life of Christmas.

Setting up the manger was a family ritual. Each child would unwrap a statue — the camel with the now splintered leg, the tiny crib which held the Christ Child, the beggars, shepherds, and kings. Each was arranged carefully atop the sheet-covered dining-room buffet, and tiny lights illuminated the set.

Jenny and Steven had searched everywhere for the right manger set. They found only plastic cast molds carelessly painted, or beautifully carved figures too expensive for their young budget.

Desperate to bring a bit of the same enchantment to her new home, Jenny had grabbed a set of plastic figures when Steven took them from her arms.

"Honey, you know you wouldn't be happy with it. You'll find the right one before Christmas, I promise," he said, returning the manger to the shelf.

Before they retired that evening, Steven suggested Jenny call her family. "Maybe that will perk you up," he said, tapping her bottom.

She was only too happy to oblige.

But the conversation jarred loose all those memories again — memories she wouldn't be there to share this year. Jenny grabbed a Kleenex from the desk and trudged to the bedroom.

The following week she became preoccupied with making the farmhouse a home for Christmas. She was determined to lift her spirits. She baked, molded ornaments from homemade clay, and drove into town again in search of a nativity. "With Christmas only a week away, maybe some of the expensive sets will be on sale," she'd reasoned.

Again she returned empty-handed.

She'd all but given up when she decided to assemble one from thread spools. She'd seen the instructions in one of Sarah's craft magazines.

Admittedly, she was no artist. The magic marker faces were smeared. Joseph looked cynical, and Mary looked as if she'd just finished a pitcher of strawberry Kool Aid.

Frustrated, Jenny dumped them in the garbage and retreated to the bedroom to wait for her husband's return from work with their mail. Perhaps among the bills were some Christmas cards — they always seemed to take the damper off these recurring moods.

She heard a tap on the door.

"Come in," she said, casting aside the pillow she was

hugging.

"Your Aunt Sarah says this is for you," reported Uncle Jake who was carrying a package. Sarah shuffled in behind him, almost timidly.

"What's this?" she asked, reaching for the gift-wrapped box. She couldn't imagine from whom it could be. Everyone with whom they normally exchanged gifts had sent them plenty early, afraid the holiday mail rush would make for an even sadder Christmas for the lonely Burnses.

An envelope taped to the side of the box instructed: "OPEN IMMEDIATELY."

"Jenny, just thought you needed a little magic in your Christmas. Hope this provides it. Open it right now."

She recognized Aunt Sarah's script.

Jenny's hands ripped through the Santa faces and she uncovered the box.

Tears brimmed, but did not fall. Inside the box lay a manger set, more precious than any she'd ever seen.

Each little stuffed figure Sarah had fashioned carefully of fabric from her sewing remnants.

Scraps of orange satin cloaked a king. Another wore a crimson satin befitting any royalty, while the third wore a blue velvet cape tailored from what Jenny recognized as the leftovers of the sofa's new slipcovers.

The Magi were adorned with old earrings and beads, and likewise carried frankincense, gold and myrrh no doubt mined in Sarah's jewelry box.

Mary, Joseph, the two shepherds and an angel were in homemade garb as well. Their faces were embroidered, and the men sported beards of yarn.

A lamb which stood taller than the shepherds was cut from the wooly inside of a sinter coat. The corduroy camel looked a bit deformed with his misshapen humps, and the brown felt donkey had difficulty standing. Yet they were loveable creatures, formed by loving, stiff hands.

Finally, Jenny unwrapped the tissue which held the tiny babe, clothed in burlap, who lay in a manger of gold shag carpeting, undoubtedly from Uncle Jake's work bench.

Tucked inside the cloth and cardboard stable was another note.

"Steven said this was the only thing that could make your Christmas real for you. Hope it does. Love, Sarah and Jake."

No thank you, no kiss, no embrace could express Jenny's love for the nativity or her aunt and uncle.

And the magic of Christmas shone through the farmhouse.

Cheyenne Christmas Chuckles

— by Pat Kourt

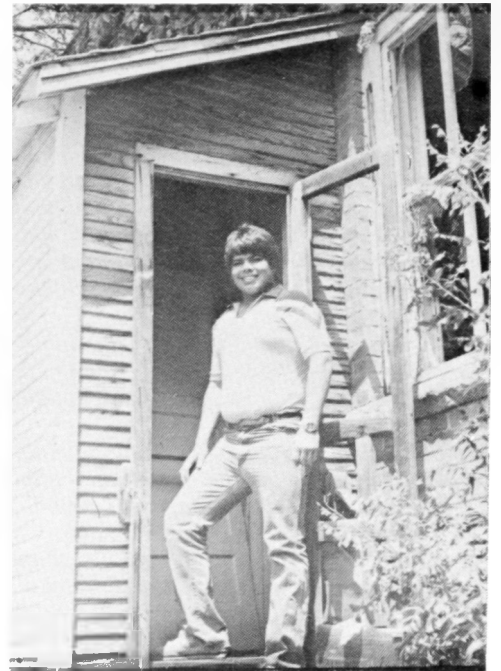


PHOTO BY PAT KOURT

William Tallbear, Jr., exploring his great-grandmother's first school



ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE TOAHTY



Christmas Inspiration

Chronicles of Oklahoma's past have photographically portrayed the plains Indians as sober-faced and grim. Whether the pictures were of sepia tones or black and white, a smile was a rare sight. However, according to descendants of the Cheyennes at the turn of this century, a sense of humor, grins, and chuckles abounded among the Indians.

Mrs. William TallBear, Sr., of Thomas often shares with her children some of the humorous tales of early days when their grandmother, Cora Prairie Chief, was a young lady.

In 1904, three years before Oklahoma's statehood, Cora and the other Cheyennes of western Oklahoma were moved to Colony where the Seger Indian School was established. When not in school learning English, the Cheyennes lived in teepees and tents and enjoyed a comfortable lifestyle. These Indian men, women, and children, despite their age differences, all had something in common — occasional misunderstanding of the white man's language and culture.

One such misunderstanding happened one chilly Christmas season when the schoolmaster and his wife spent many hours teaching Cora and her friends the holiday carols and traditions of Christmas. Happily rehearsing and buzzing with excitement, the Cheyennes prepared for the Christmas Eve program.

Halfway through the evening's music, the schoolroom of Indian students was surprised to hear loud knocking at the front door of the building. Suddenly the door flew open and in leaped a red and white-clad man with a long white beard. He repeatedly yelled, "Ho, Ho, Ho!"

However, much to his surprise, every member of the audience, as well as the singers, ran out the door as fast as they could crowd through. Cora later explained that the schoolmaster had taught them all of the Christmas legends except one of the most traditional ones — Santa Claus. The Cheyennes were terrified when they saw the disguised man with a large, bulging bag slung over his shoulder. To them, he was what they called the "boogie man." He had come to "get them!"

Another reminiscence of that first Christmas was the giving of some special gifts which were lovingly made by the schoolmaster's wife. The presents were flannel night gowns for the women and girls and cotton pajamas for the men and boys.

Timid thank you's and appreciative eyes greeted the seamstress as the Indians unwrapped each package. Over the hubbub, the schoolmaster shouted, "Remember to be in church tomorrow morning!"

On the next day, still in a festive mood, the Cheyennes appeared early for church services. The schoolmaster, who also served as preacher, walked onto the platform and was dumbfounded to see all of the Indians seated quietly — dressed in their new pajamas! It seems the schoolmaster's wife had neglected to explain the pajamas were to sleep in, not to wear to church!

Gradually, by educational trial and a few more errors, Cora Prairie Chief and her friends and relatives became better acquainted with the white culture. Most important of all of the lessons they learned, though, was the importance of laughing about their misunderstandings.

Modern Cheyenne families, like the TallBears, enjoy Christmas more by recalling this rich heritage of humor. Let's forget those melancholy Indian portraits in history books and remember people like Cora — warm, loving, and humorous

PHOTO BY PAT KOURT



An old but majestic Western Oklahoma landmark — the Seger Indian School, Colony

PHOTO BY PAT KOURT



A smiling young Cheyenne, William Tallbear, Jr., enjoying the old halls of Ivy — Seger Indian School

PHOTO BY DR. M. C. WEBER

*A view of the Lost Hills*

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Oklahoma's Lost Hills

— by M. C. Weber

Oklahoma's history is enriched with exciting episodes which read better than imaginative fiction. Many of these historical happenings have been commemorated by the state. Large memorials and monuments have been erected on selected sites in recognition of famous people and incidents. Highways across the state bear roadside markers which identify significant events of yesteryear. In fact, there are now fifty-seven of these metal highway markers. And there are 207 additional sites which have been officially recognized by the state's historical society. But even with this special emphasis on remembering the past, there are numerous locations, which for varied reasons, have become lost in the tides of time.

One of these forgotten sites is located in the shortgrass country of far western Oklahoma. About eight miles down stream from where the red-chocolate water of the South Canadian River meanders into Oklahoma, several table-topped buttes rise like bulky ships from the sea of prairie grass. These are the Antelope Hills.

When asked about these hills, most Oklahomans will reply that they have never heard of them. This is unfortunate because few places in Oklahoma have occupied a more prominent niche in the state's development.

Now these Antelope Hills are lost only in memories. Certainly, they aren't physically lost. See them once and this is obvious. They totally dominate the landscape in every direction as the buttes rise approximately 250 feet above the surrounding prairie. Indeed, the original travel journals from several early-day wagon train immigrants indicate the Hills could be seen two days before arriving.

According to geologic time, this region of Oklahoma represents some of the youngest land in the state, having been formed less than twelve million years ago. Geologists now believe the Hills are the last remnants of a much broader area that once extended into and connected with the high plains of Texas. Through those years, land features in western Oklahoma changed drastically because of widely fluctuating drainage patterns. More recently, the South Canadian River and its tributaries have emerged as the principal eroders and shapers of this land. Relentless river waters have taken everything except the Antelope Hills.

Physically, the buttes consist largely of pale brown to almost white compacted sand. A layer of somewhat weather-resistant sandstone, up to 25 feet thick, caps each hill. This layer has protected and preserved the shape of the buttes. But when this layer is eroded, the

Antelopes will disappear. Short prairie grasses blanket the hillsides. A few scraggy cedars now grow on the slopes and tops of the buttes. If larger trees ever grew on the hills, they long ago disappeared under the ax of some passing visitor who needed wood.

Interestingly, there are large forests on the treeless prairie near the Antelope Hills. But these aren't typical forests; they are forests of dwarf oaks. Locally called shin oaks or shinnery, these trees are more correctly classified as Harvard Oaks. Even early-day explorers noted and wrote about the strangely-stunted oaks. Several different forests grow in the area.

Back when all transportation was either hoofed, heeled, or wooden-wheeled, cross-country travelers depended on distinct landmarks for guidance. So it was with the Antelope Hills. These hills, because of their geologic prominence, played a key role in the development of western Oklahoma. A role which would continue for years.

The first human to see the Antelope Hills, no doubt, was a Native American, probably a member of either the Apache or Comanche tribe. The first Caucasian, apparently, was Father Juan Salas, a Spanish priest, who described the hills with a 1629 entry in his private journal while on a missionary trip from Santa Fe to the Wichita Mountains.

The Antelope Hills became territorial property of the United States when the Louisiana Purchase was completed in 1803. Located near the 100th meridian, which marked the southwest border of the new territory, the Hills quickly became boundary landmarks. Indeed, some early explorers referred to them as the Boundary Buttes or Boundary Hills.

It wasn't, however, until 1849, that the Antelope Hills gained wide recognition and became a familiar landmark. Word had filtered back from California that gold had been discovered. That yellow metal with seemingly magical powers would attract thousands from the East. Because of the need for an alternative route to California, the U.S. government moved to investigate the various possibilities.

Accordingly, Captain Randolph B. Marcy of the Fifth Regiment Infantry was commissioned to explore the region. Marcy's expedition departed Ft. Smith, Arkansas, on April 5, 1849, in the company of a 500-member wagon train. The planned route followed a trail which had been blazed by early-day fur traders. From Ft. Smith, the trail hugged the South Canadian River across Indian Territory into Texas. On May 31, 1849, the pony soldiers and gold seekers arrived at the Antelope Hills. Captain Marcy had officially opened the southern trail, the California Road, across the lands which would become Oklahoma.

During the ensuing years, travelers, riding in wagons pulled by oxen or mules or on fine saddle horses, streamed across the newly opened land. One trader, who operated a store in Shawneetown, 125 miles west of Ft. Smith, estimated that upwards to 2000 persons used the California Road every month. Of course, those travelers passed the Antelope Hills, with

many of the adventurers actually camping on the site. Surprisingly, more persons viewed the Hills during the 1850's than see them today. The 1980 census indicated that fewer than 5000 persons reside in Roger Mills County, where the Hills are located.

As the territory developed, the Antelope Hills continued as a dominant feature. In the latter 1850's, Comanche Indians claimed the Hills and surrounding prairies as theirs. They lived in the area, but forayed into Texas, where the Indians preyed upon the white settlers. Following their destructive raids, the Comanches would return to the serene and safe shelter of the Antelopes. But Sam Houston, the governor of Texas at that time, finally tired of the marauding Indians and sent a military force to the Comanches' homelands.

On April 22, 1858, a party of 102 Texas Rangers and 113 friendly Indian troops, led by Captain John S. "Rip" Ford, crossed the Red River. That was the first official visit by Texans to what is now Oklahoma. Several days later, on May 12, the Texas combatants encountered a superior, but unorganized, force of 1000 to 1500 Comanches. The confrontation occurred on Little Robe Creek, immediately west of the Antelope Hills. After a daylong and violent exchange, the Texans gained control; the Comanches broke and scattered to the surrounding hills to watch as Ford's forces regrouped for their return trip to Texas. The mission was successful; the Indians would never again feel secure in their Indian Territorial homes. Except for sporadic fighting, the Hills remained relatively quiet during the following years, at least until the fall of 1868.

During a freakish November blizzard which dumped a foot of snow on the prairie, General George A. Custer left Ft. Supply, which was located about 35 miles north of the Antelopes, and rode south. His mission was to locate and subdue hostile Cheyenne Indians who had succeeded the Comanches in claiming the territory surrounding the Antelope Hills.

Custer's eight hundred men and a mule train of supply wagons were slowed to a near crawl by the blowing white stuff and bitter cold. The search force arrived at the Antelopes on November 26, 1868. For expediency, Custer decided to leave his supply wagons with a small guard detail and continue his search. Advanced scouts soon found a large winter encampment of Cheyennes on the Washita River, about 25 miles south of the Hills.

The now infamous Battle of the Washita followed, in which Chief Black Kettle and dozens of his tribe were killed. Soon after the killings, Custer returned to the Antelope Hills, where he picked up his wagons for the return trip to Ft. Supply.

That battle marked the beginning of the end to the Cheyennes' claim to the territory. It happened on April 19, 1892, when the U.S. government responded to pressure by opening western Indian Territory for settlement. Twenty-five thousand land seekers poured into the area on opening day.

White-settler activity flourished in this shortgrass country during the 1890's. Populations became sufficiently large so that small towns sprang from the prairie. Several appeared near the Antelope Hills. One, Durham, became the adopted home of Oklahoma's Grandma Moses, Augusta Metcalf. The Hills were one of her favorite painting subjects.

Another fledgling town, north of the Antelopes, was touted as the "Queen of Oklahoma Territory." Grand was her name and the residents obviously had something grand planned for the town. Those plans, unfortunately, never materialized and the community has since disappeared.

It was also during those years that the Antelopes were touched by the same gold craze that had earlier spurred thousands to California. An 1899 issue of the DAY COUNTY TRIBUNE flashed a front-page tale about a local prospector who had found "color" in a canyon adjacent to the Hills. (Day was a county of Oklahoma Territory, of which Grand was the county seat, that disappeared after statehood.) Even the U.S. government was into the gold act. Official maps of the region showed several sections near the Antelope Hills that had been set aside as possible mineral locations. But nothing ever came of the expectations. Gold was never found and all prospecting activity ceased.

The taming of western Oklahoma was rapid as white populations increased. Typical societal conveniences appeared; new roadways were constructed. Overland travel became easier. Dependence on the Antelope Landmarks for guidance was over. No longer would travelers look to them for direction.

Today, one can easily motor to the Hills by taking a graveled road north off State Highway 33 about twenty-five miles northwest of Cheyenne, the current county seat of Roger Mills County. Standing atop any of the buttes is like taking a journey into Oklahoma's past. Imagination can easily revive lost sights and sounds. The "gee-haws and whoa-haws" from oxen drivers can almost be heard from the California Road below. The twang of Comanche bows and popping Colt .45's seem to be coming from the low hills to the west. By squinting northward through the swirling Canadian River sands, one can almost see the column of Custer's mounted soldiers in blue, their sheathed sabers rattling in cadence with their shuffling horses.

Yet, with a blink, those imaginary scenes disappear. But those events did happen and they were recorded for Oklahomans to know and to remember. The Antelope Hills should not remain the lost hills of Oklahoma.

INDIAN FALL

—by Carol Rothhammer Lackey

(Apology from Managing Editor: In the Fall Issue of WESTVIEW, Carol Rothhammer Lackey's "Indian Fall" was inadvertently published in reverse order. To show our respect for our contributor's submission, we herewith present the poem as it should have been.)

Hilly plains accept this sunset,
Infinite color combinations,
Autumn's late greens, yellows, oranges,
Colors tossed against the pale blue heavens
In shining golds, dark blues, tinges of pink.
Here my world takes on a ceaseless reality.
Here I'm loose from fetters
Of close enclosing buildings,
The trees, rocks, open fields invite me
To a permanent feeling —
Here my dreams turn loose.
I see the duck's formations overhead
And hear their mournful, searching cries.
I dream of ascension.
Here I see the small brown hills beyond
And picture in clear colors
Indian dwellings two hundred years ago —
Brown horses, brown dogs, brown buffaloes,
Brown men fearing white men's pale eyes.
A curved white sliver of moon peeks
Through the sky's darkest dusk blue.
Here the repetitious whippoorwill song
and the evening language of cows
Going home create a rustic music —
Dredging up tales I've heard of rustic farmers,
Self-sufficient, going to town in buggies
Just once a month — tales that seem like memories.
Here my childhood springs to life in sharp relief:
Running free, barefoot, miles from nowhere,
Without care, among the miles and miles of oaks
And pines and creeks to wade, up to my knees —
Plucking huge round bouquets of wild
Small-fragile violet blossoms, faint aroma,
Climbing oaks with vast, sprawling limbs —
Sleeping there in the limbs some afternoons.
Now here in this fertile, not-yet-desecrated
Field, my past and peaceful present meet
Within a teeming brain of familiar sounds and smells.
Above, criss-cross patterns of jet-stream clouds
Emit vague jet motor sounds.
Beyond, harsh barbed-wire cages fence field after field
As far as my eyes can see each direction —
Partitions for God's fields of praise.
High above, on the tallest hill,
A television antenna towers high,
Raising its ugly head above the natural landscape,
To taunt the dreams of yesterday,
To mute the glimmerings of tomorrow's escape,
To bring to these quiet, still hills
Sixty minutes of today's outstanding atrocities.

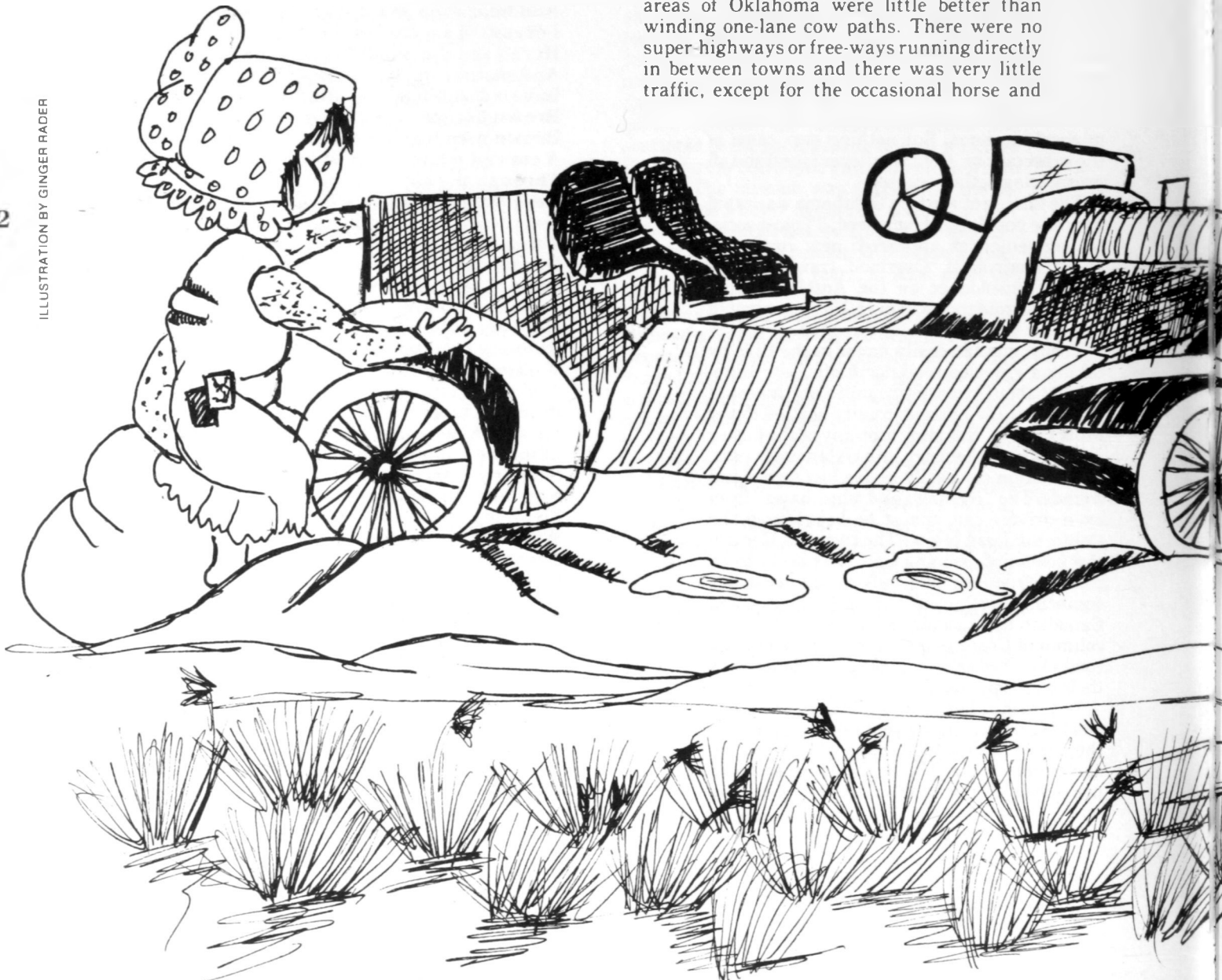
It was the winter of 1927 when Aunt Mabel took a trip in a Ford touring car which belonged to her sister's brother-in-law, Ed. They were going to take Ed's sister, Grace, and her two small children to Hominy, Oklahoma, to an Aunt's house. Dot, who was Mabel's best friend and Ed's and Grace's younger sister, went too. Mabel was about twenty and had been on her own for three or four years. She had been working as a dishwasher in a restaurant and a cotton picker in the cotton fields, before coming to Chickasha from Enid, to visit. They left Chickasha before sunrise early that particular morning and drove a circuitous route along the winding dirt roads, going through the paved outskirts of Oklahoma City to Hominy.

Travel was an infrequent and eventful thing in 1927 and contrary to common belief, according to Mrs. Mabel Wingate of Chickasha, Oklahoma, motorists in 1927 did not wear the hat, goggles, and coat seen in photos and movies depicting that era; only wealthy

people could afford them. In Oklahoma, most people were too poor to be able to afford such luxuries.

Instead of air-tight, sound-proof interiors, cars then were open, often having only a windshield for a windbreak and protection. The old model A had to be cranked, for there was no such thing as an electric starter, and both mufflers and shocks were non-existent. Nor did the cars then have the wide inflatable tires of today, which made riding in a car quite an uncomfortable and jolting experience. Although top speed was only thirty to thirty-five miles per hour, travel had advanced beyond the slow-moving horse and wagon of previous days and mobility was exciting. Owning a car was everyone's dream and a ride in one was the next best thing. Aunt Mabel will tell you as she did me, "... when you did get to go it was a big thrill. ... cause the car was everything then."

However, rural roads back then, were often sloppy in bad weather since farm access roads were not paved. In fact, most roads in the rural areas of Oklahoma were little better than winding one-lane cow paths. There were no super-highways or free-ways running directly in between towns and there was very little traffic, except for the occasional horse and



Aunt Mabel's Trip

Roneda L. Young

Relics

wagon, unless you lived in or near a city. If you met another car, according to Aunt Mabel, "... you had to give them half the road or get run over. . . whether there was a mudhole or not, that car wanted by, you had to get over."

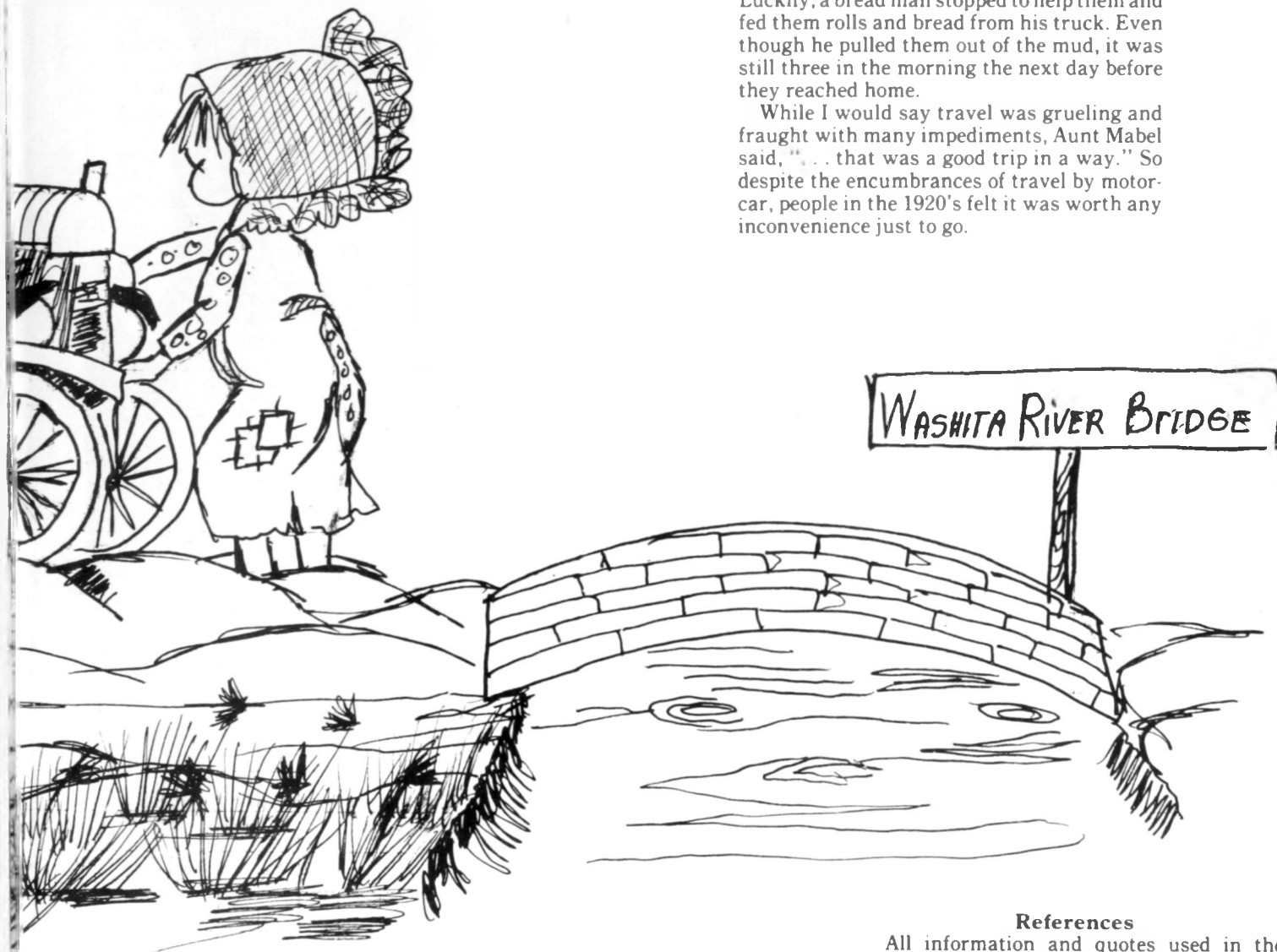
Proceeding from Oklahoma City in the cold and treading mud all the way to Hominy, Ed, Dot, and Aunt Mabel delivered Grace and her children safely. Since they had no money, they ate at the Aunt's house before starting home to Chickasha. It was dark and as they were leaving, Aunt Mabel stole the old setting hen she had seen earlier sitting on the roost in the outhouse. Quickly they tied the old hen's feet together and put her into the car. They drove and drove that night until they got stuck in the slush and the mud of a near-frozen country road. Because Mabel and Dot did not know how to drive, they pushed while Ed steered, but the mud was so deep that the girls lost

their shoes and couldn't find them. After getting the car unstuck, they drove until they ran out of gas and the girls got out and pushed some more. With their feet freezing and their toes spread apart like a chicken's from the ice and mud, they pushed until they came to a station where Mabel traded the old hen for some gasoline. They left the station and drove to the town of Pawnee, where they stopped at the train station and tried to remove some of the mud from their clothes and clean up. After they had washed their faces and hands, they sat in the depot trying to get warm before going on. They had eaten nothing since the night before and Dot fainted while sitting there because she was weak from hunger and exposure.

After reviving Dot and resting awhile, they drove as far as the old Washita River bridge east of Chickasha before getting stuck again. Luckily, a bread man stopped to help them and fed them rolls and bread from his truck. Even though he pulled them out of the mud, it was still three in the morning the next day before they reached home.

While I would say travel was grueling and fraught with many impediments, Aunt Mabel said, "... that was a good trip in a way." So despite the encumbrances of travel by motorcar, people in the 1920's felt it was worth any inconvenience just to go.

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WESTVIEW

References

All information and quotes used in the preceding story were taken from a personal interview with Mabel Wingate, Chickasha, Oklahoma, 17 March 1982.

Looking Backward

— by Betty Ann Nail Ramming

PHOTO BY BUD ELDER



Betty Ann Nail Ramming, OWFI "Creme de la Creme" winner

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WESTVIEW

When I let my mind wander back into the past, I think of Grandma's house more than thirty years ago. I remember the hot summer nights when there was no air-conditioning. At least, no one that I knew then had air-conditioning, but I don't remember anyone complaining about the heat as we do now. I suppose we just didn't think it was important, or not knowing better, we thought in summer we should be hot. The people spent a good deal of time outside in the evenings, where it was cooler.

Grandma's house, like most others in the neighborhood, had a wide wooden porch. There was no plastic and aluminum folding furniture to blow away, but sturdy wooden rocking chairs and a porch swing. I can still hear the steady, hollow sound of the rockers rocking on the warped boards of the porch floor. Later, my uncles removed all the old wood and made a new smooth concrete floor, and it never sounded the same. The chains of the porch swing used to creak rhythmically as my grandmother sat, swinging slowly and waiting. I didn't wonder then what she could be waiting for; I believed that everyone's life was as simple and uncomplicated as mine was. In those days, nobody told us children about the unpleasant things, and we had no television with which to discover the real world for ourselves.

Grandma's yard was not a lawn of perfect Bermuda grass, clipped and neatly edged, but a great untidy space. There were vacant lots on both sides and a little creek ran along the back of the property where the alley should have been. There were areas of hard-packed earth where we played beneath the elms, catalpas, and mulberries that grew wherever they happened to sprout. The bottoms of our feet had a semi-permanent purple stain during mulberry season. My grandmother had a volunteer peach tree that struggled to survive out in back, where she had tossed some peelings and some peach pits. It was a puny thing that produced only a few stunted fruits, but my grandmother was proud of it still. I think, in much the same way as she was proud of us.

The flowers and shrubs were almost as haphazardly spaced as the trees, and since they received so little care, any blooms we found were a pleasant surprise. There was no money for nursery stock, and we thought landscaping was done only to the grounds of institutions and hospitals. We had not seen such places, of course, but we sometimes wondered what they were like when we thought of Aunt Rose. At least, I sometimes thought of Aunt Rose, but I don't know if my brothers and my cousins did. Surely, the older girls thought of her, but Pammy thought she was dead. We didn't talk about her, no matter how we wondered. We didn't understand what had happened, but we knew that we shouldn't ask.

The house was a perfect setting for my grandmother, and always seemed as capacious, yet disorganized as she herself was. It was not really large; it just seemed that way. There was always room for someone to come home. Everyone in the family knew that Grandma's was just the right place to go with a problem because she always defended us — whether we were right or wrong. In that respect, she was unfair. She was also opinionated, and at times, domineering, but she was consistently loyal, and it was a wonderful thing to know that no matter what mistakes we made, or what happened, we would always have her to go to.

Uncle Will had actually bought the house, and Grandma had come there to help out and take care of the two little girls, and the new baby, when Aunt Rose had to go to the hospital. The weeks and months had turned into years, and my grandmother had taken charge, while Uncle Will slowly faded. We never thought of the house as Uncle Will's; we always said, "Grandma's house."

One Fourth of July week-end, when I was about eight, the grownups were all sitting on the porch talking, while we raced around the yard playing Hide and Seek in the dark. I was tired, and also a little afraid, so I went to sit by Uncle Will for a rest. It was too hot inside the house to go to bed, so I sat and listened to the chirping of the crickets and the cicadas, and the croaking of the frogs out in the creek. The June bugs, little kamikaze pilots, were divebombing the window screens trying to get to the light. There was a slight breeze and I could smell the honeysuckle on Mrs. Clark's fence. We could see and hear fireworks going off all over town and Uncle Will had been telling my grandmother that it reminded him of the time he had spent in the islands of the South Pacific. I asked him if the islands were pretty, and he said, "No."

My brothers decided it would be fun to scare all the people sitting on the porch, so they found a Texas Twister, only then we innocently called them Nigger Chasers. They lit it and hid in the bushes to watch the uproar that they created. The whistling missile screeched straight onto the porch, hit the wall beside the screen door, and flew up to the ceiling of the porch roof, and there it spun around until it exploded. It was all over in a few seconds, and after scolding the boys, everyone ended up laughing. Even Uncle Will laughed, but I could never forget how he had yelled, "Hit it!" and fell full-length, face-down on the porch, with his arms protecting his head. Now, I realize that ten years is not long enough to forget a war that was over, or a wife that continued to exist, but did not live.

Aunt Rose never got any better. She never came home again, and they never told me why. Sometimes, I would hear people say things about Uncle Will. I didn't know why my mother and my aunts would say, "Poor Will" when they talked about him because he fell apart so slowly. It was almost as if he just dissolved, but it must have been painful. It took fourteen years for Uncle Will to die, but his death was as deliberate as if it were caused by a self-inflicted shotgun blast. The only difference was that the alcohol he chose to ease the pain of living brought so slow a death that none of us noticed that he was dying.

So many things happened in those years that I didn't notice because I was so sheltered from reality. At times, I was aware of a quiet uneasiness that I couldn't explain, but incredibly, I was usually happy as a child. I survived quite well without air-conditioning and television. Maybe it was because the adults in our world could not provide us with everything, and so they gave us what they could — the time we needed to grow up.

Editor's note:

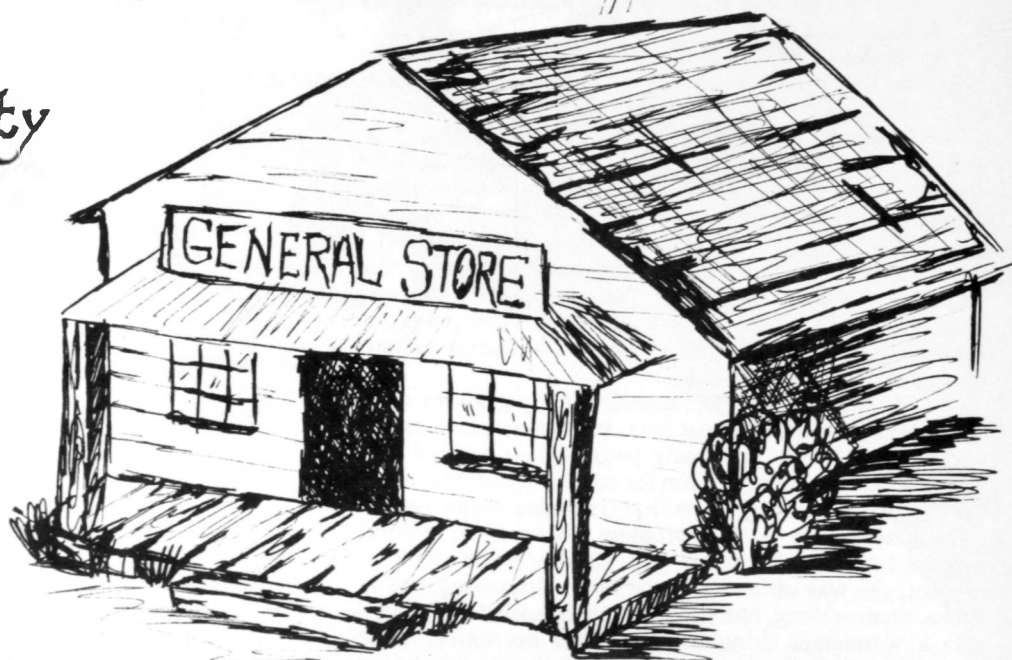
Since the winner of the OWFI Creme de la Creme Award wasn't at the Awards Banquet to accept her \$525 in money, on Monday, May 3, 1982, the SWOSU Language Arts Department declared "Betty Ann Nail Ramming Day" beginning with a party in the 4013 Oklahoma Writers class and followed by a picture-taking session by the Public Relations Department.

ILLUSTRATION BY NIOBETTA WILLIAMS

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Towns "

- by OHB Garrity



Literary Connected Oklahoma Towns

Dryden, Shakespeare, Poe; Romulus, Enid, Nebo. These and other towns in Oklahoma at the turn of the century indicate at least a portion of the early cattlemen, railroaders, and homesteaders knew literature. The Bible was one of their most popular sources for names.

Ark, Antioch, Bethel, Bethany, Eden, Iconium, Kidron, Nebo, Olive. As a matter of fact, there were two Bethels, two Bethanys, and two Beulahs.

Ark in southern Love County, five miles northeast of Marietta, existed from 1895 to 1912. The word *Ark* is from the Hebrew Language and means "chest" or "box." Genesis 6:14-16 and other scriptures tell about the ark Noah built and used for a boat and the Ark of the Covenant, used for storage.

Antioch was in Garvin County, ten miles west of Pauls Valley from 1895 to 1932. The Antioch for which it was named was the site of Paul's preaching and where the disciples (of Christ) were first called Christians, Acts 11:26. Today, the same town is in Turkey as Antakya.

Bethel, a Hebrew word meaning "House of God," was in Grant County and existed from March 2 to November 2, 1895, only eight months. A second Bethel was established in McCurtain County in 1900 and still exists.

Bethel of Bible fame dates back to the twenty-first century B.C. Mentioned more than any other Biblical city, except Jerusalem, it is ten miles north of Jerusalem on the way to Shechem. Many Old Testament characters, especially Abraham, Jacob, and David, were connected with Bethel.

The Bethany in Ellis County, five miles southwest of May, had a post office from 1903 to 1906. The one joining Oklahoma on the west was established in 1913 and still exists.

In the Bible, the word *Bethany* meant "house of poverty." The town sat at the foot of the Mount of Olives about 1 3/4 miles from Jerusalem. It was the home of Mary, Martha, and their brother Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the dead.

Beulah was established as Sequoyah in 1871, changed to Beulah in 1909, and discontinued in 1913. Named for the postmaster's daughter, it was in present-day Rogers County, six miles northeast of Claremore.

Another Beulah was organized in 1906 by a church group in Beckham County, ten miles southeast of Sayre. It is now Carter.

In the Bible, Beulah means "married" and is derived from "Land of Beulah, a land of rest," in Isaiah 62:4. The name was given to Palestine after the exile when it was resettled and restored to God's people.

Eden in central Payne County existed from 1895 to 1902. In Genesis, Eden, or "plain" was the garden in which Adam and Eve lived, believed generally to have been in the land of Sumer near the Persian Gulf.

Iconium was in Logan County, three miles east of Meridian. Originally, the name came from the city in Asia Minor, now Konya in Turkey. It was here Paul and Barnabas converted Jews and Gentiles to Christianity.

Kidron, eight miles north of Sallisaw, was once the Marble Salt Works and remains a historic site. It existed from 1835 to 1886. Its Bible predecessor, Kedron or Cedron, meant "torrent valley" or "dark, turbid" and in the Greek suggests "cedars." It was a valley between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives.

Nebo, about eight miles south of Sulphur on Highway 177, existed from 1890 to 1922. Only a store, some ranches, and the school building, occupied by the Church of Christ, remain.

Named for Mt. Nebo, now in the Kingdom of Jordan, it was the site from which Moses surveyed the Promised Land and upon which he is believed to have been buried.

Olive in Creek County, six miles northeast of Drumright, existed from 1896 to 1938. Its Bible connection is the Mt. of Olives, separated from Jerusalem by the Kidron Valley. Four sections of the Garden of Gethsemane are on its lower reaches.

Mythology was recognized in the naming of six early-day communities: Romulus and Remus, Cupid, Eolian, Orion, and Aquila.

Romulus and Remus were close together in Pottawatomie County — Romulus, 1892 to 1918, was four miles south of Macomb, while Remus, 1893 to 1906, was four miles northwest of Maud.

In literature, these mythological twins, cast adrift on the Tiber River, were suckled by a she-wolf and raised by a shepherd. They restored the throne to Grandfather Numitor, founded Rome in 753 B.C., and wound up in another Cain and Abel conflict. Romulus killed Remus.

In keeping with mythology, Romulus, Oklahoma, outlived Remus twelve years. The only thing left of the "slayer's" namesake is a sign on Highway 177 between Tecumseh and Asher.

Cupid, in Harper County five miles southeast of Laverne, lasted from 1895 to 1916. The word means "desire." Its Roman equivalent is Eros, the Greek god of love, son of Venus and Mars. Another name for Cupid is Amor.

Eolian in western Carter County was established 1904, but changed to Joiner in 1909. It met its demise in 1918.

The name originated from Aeolus, Greek god of the wind who kept the winds in a cave on the isle of Aeolia.

Aquila was in north Dewey County, six miles south of Mutual. It lasted only five months during 1901 and 1902. A Latin word, it is the same as Boreas, another Greek god of the wind. It is also from the Constellation Eagle.

Orion, 1895-1932, was in western Major County, twelve miles northeast of Seiling. In

Greek mythology, Orion was a great hunter, also a constellation in the north sky. According to the myth, Orion loved Merope, violated her, and was blinded by her father. The sun's rays healed him.

From novels and history came two Ivanhoses, Damon, Micawber, Barkis, Phroso, Ramona, and Zenda. The first Ivanhoe lasted from 1887 to 1891 when it was changed to Custer in Custer County, honoring George Custer.

A second Ivanhoe developed in southeast Beaver County, four miles west of Slapout. It lasted from 1892 to 1920.

The name originated from Sir Walter Scott's famous romantic novel on British History, written in 1820.

Damon, in Latimer County six miles southwest of Wilburton, lasted from 1906 to 1934. The name is from a citizen of Syracuse. When Pythias was condemned to death, Damon stayed as a pledge. Pythias would return after he attended to his affairs. Dionysius was so impressed by Pythias' return that he freed both men.

Micawber, nine miles northwest of Boley in Okfuskee County, existed from 1904 to 1955. The name originated from a character created by Charles Dickens.

Another town named for Dickens' character was Barkis. Located in Greer County, it was three miles southeast of Jester, and active from 1904 to 1908.

Phroso, 1900 to 1937, was in Major County, eight miles northwest of Chester. The name originated in a novel by Anthony Hope.

That author's work inspired another Oklahoma town, Zenda, from PRISONER OF ZENDA. Now a ghost town, Zenda was in Ellis County, six miles north of Shattuck. It lasted from 1903 to 1905.

Perhaps the most romantic novel-inspired town was Ramona, at one time called Bonton. The name was changed in 1899 to honor the novel, written in 1884 by Helen Hunt Jackson. There is, also, a song, "Ramona."

Poetry and song inspired the names of Avoca, Cathay, Wanette, Enid, and Mondamin. Asher was established in 1894 as Avoca, but changed in 1901. A second Avoca appeared two miles north in 1902 and lasted to 1906. Both were in Pottawatomie County.

The name was inspired by Thomas More's poem "Sweet Vale of Avoca," which romanticized a river in Ireland.

Cathay, 1903-1914, was in McIntosh County six miles north of Eufaula. Cathay, poetic for China, was immortalized by Marco Polo. The name continues to romanticize the Far East in Cathay Airline.

Enid, in Garfield County since 1893, is said to have been taken from IDYLLS OF THE KING, written in 1859 by Tennyson.

Mondamin, 1903-1913, was in Kiowa County five miles south of Roosevelt. The word meant "corn" and was taken from "Hiawatha."

Wanette, in southern Pottawatomie County seven miles west of Asher, was established in 1894. Its name is from a once popular song "Juanita."

A newspaper and a magazine prompted the names of Sentinel and Whizbang. Sentinel, in southwest Washita County, was named in 1899 to honor the HERALD SENTINEL, published at Cloud Chief, also, in Washita County.

Whizbang, 1921-1942, was the local name for Denoya. Located in Osage County, three miles southwest of Shidler, it was tagged for Captain Billy's magazine, the "Play Boy" of the 1920s.

Seven towns honored authors: Irving, Poe, Pollock, Posey, Dryden, Shakespeare, and Zangwell.

Irving, 1892-1894, was in Lincoln County nine miles north of Chandler. The American author, Washington Irving, traveled in the area in 1832 and wrote his experience in TOUR OF THE PRAIRIE, published in 1835.

Poe was in southwest Jackson County, six miles northwest of Eldorado from 1891 to 1895. It honored Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849.

Pollock in Lincoln County, six miles southwest of Langston, was established in 1892, changed to Belton in 1893, and discontinued in 1895. It honored Sir Frederick Pollock, an Englishman of letters.

Posey was in Tulsa County, five miles northeast of Mounds, which became its successor. Posey existed from 1895 to 1898 and honored the Creek Indian poet, Alexander Posey. He lived from 1873 to 1908 when he drowned.

Dryden in Harmon County, seven miles northeast of Hollis, had a post office from 1892 to 1919. Its honoree was the English author and critic John Dryden, 1631-1700.

The town Shakespeare lasted from 1903 to 1905. It was in Sequoyah County, eleven miles northeast of Muldrow, and was named for the English dramatist William Shakespeare, 1564-1616.

Zangwill, active from 1897 to 1905, was in Southwest Garfield County, ten miles west of Bison. It honored the English author Israel Zangwill, 1864-1926, best known for THE MELTING POT, published in 1914.

Ten of the literary connected towns still exist. A glimpse of them reveals the Bethel in McCurtain County faded to some 200 inhabitants; Beulah, now Carter, has about 300, and Ivanhoe, now Custer, nearly 500.

Ramona has about 600, Mounds 800, Wanette 300, Sentinel about 1000. Only Bethany and Enid have been smiled upon by the "gods."

Bethany, with a population in the 25,000 bracket, is noted for Bethany Nazarene College, Wiley Post Air Port, and an airplane plant. It is part of the Oklahoma City Metroplex.

Enid, which became an instant city in 1893, is honored as the County seat of Garfield

County and blessed by cattle, wheat, and oil. It has Vance Air Base, Phillips University, Museum of the Cherokee Strip, lakes, parks, and has produced such notables as Clyde Cessna and Marquis James.

Reaching for 50,000 population or more, Enid, from IDYLLS OF THE KING, merits a story all its own.

Sources of Information

Kent Ruth, OKLAHOMA TRAVEL HANDBOOK, University of Oklahoma Press, 1977.

Personal visits and research.

George Shirk, OKLAHOMA PLACE NAMES, University of Oklahoma Press, 1974.

FUTURE ISSUES



SPRING, 1983. "Oklahoma Education" has long been a significant topic and should thus provide a good theme for this issue. Deadline for submissions is February 1, 1983.



SUMMER, 1983. "Ranching in Oklahoma" will be the general theme of this edition, and it will no doubt prompt many good submissions. The deadline for submissions is May 1, 1983.



FALL, 1983. The theme to be developed in this issue is "Oklahoma Pride," and the deadline for submissions is August 1, 1983.



WINTER, 1983. This issue will have the theme "Oklahoma Athletics." Submissions may deal with athletes and athletic events. Deadline: November 1, 1983.



SPRING, 1984. This issue — "Oklahoma Teachers" — will give our readers a chance to give deserved honor to outstanding Western Oklahoma educators.

WESTVIEW

PHOTO — PROPERTY OF JOANNA THURSTON ROPER



The spirit of Clinton

20

ILLUSTRATION BY DONNA AND KEVIN HILL

Spirit of the West in Clinton

— by Joanna Thurston Roper

Farmers and stockmen
Businessmen and real estate agents
Students and teachers
Workers — all of them.
The white, the black, the red —
Sharing a portion of American heritage —
the wide Western heritage
In Clinton.



The landscape was rough, the people were a hardy breed,
 And a town grew up in the midst of red hills and canyons.
 It was a rough-hewn town, making its way in the West.
 Business began — General Merchandise and Hardware,
 And taverns made their way (Tables for Ladies!)
 Streets came — Frisco, Avant, Choctaw, and Prairie Chief.
 Population grew and continued to grow.
 Farmers on the Western plains brought in the golden grain,
 And City and Farm together expanded to make a Western Hub.
 The frontier brashness has worn away now, but not the vigor.
 Marble and glass, neon and brick replace false-front stores,
 Brick paving and street cars are long gone from Frisco,
 And a freeway carries traffic around town on I-40.
 The city's pace is brisk, and over noon luncheons
 Rotarians, Kiwanians, and Lions share in civic advancement.
 Every season has a spirit of its own —
 In fall, it's Red Tornadoes all the way!
 Winter brings concert and theatre,
 And spring comes in with a festival of art,
 Followed by summer vacations and Little Leaguers.
 The Clinton people — yes!

Farmers and stockmen
 Businessmen and real estate agents
 Students and teachers
 Workers — all of them.
 The white, the black, the red —
 Sharing a portion of American heritage—
 The wide Western heritage—
 In Clinton.

My pioneering grandparents were among the earliest to settle in the isolated Cheyenne-Arapaho Lands after the Run in 1892. Prairie life filled with harshness and inconvenience dealt them a mighty challenge, but they improvised and made do with what they brought with them in one covered wagon. They were resourceful, happy, and healthy.

During those early formative years of Oklahoma Territory, no doctor ventured into those sparsely settled areas. Had he arrived with the first settlers, he would have treated few patients, for a doctor cost money. Money my grandparents and other early settlers did not have.

My grandparents brought with them to the newly opened Territory an instinct for survival and a few old remedies and cures handed down to them from their own parents and friends. Many of these old remedies seem crude and simple compared with our modern standards. Yet I cannot laugh lightly at them as they must have been successful.

At least they must not have been harmful since all my relatives led long, active lives well into their eighties and nineties. Here are a number of their tried and proven remedies handed down to me by my practical and ingenious pioneering ancestors.

Cure for Ague: Slice 3 lemons into thin pieces and pound them fine. Make a quart of coffee and boil it down to a pint. While still hot, pour coffee over lemons. When mixture is cold, strain it through a cloth. Drink the whole in one dose before the chill passes off and there is a renewal of fever.

22 Cure for Bee Stings: (1) Put a pinch of salt on the place. Dissolve salt with water and rub. (2) Fresh wood ashes moistened with water and made into a poultice is helpful. Change the poultice frequently. (3) Slice an onion and rub on bite. Hold onion in place until pain is removed. Change onion slices as they become dry.

Cure for Burns: (1) Common wheat flour sprinkled thickly on the burn will prevent blistering or scarring. Baking soda is similarly helpful. (2) Soak the burned area in cold water until pain is relieved.

Cure for Mild Headache: (1) Apply water as hot as the skin will bear to the forehead. (2) Drink hot water and soak feet in a warm footbath with ashes or soda added to the water. (3) Soak feet in hot water. Drink herb tea and break out into a sweat.

Cure for Hoarseness: (1) Boil 2 ounces of flaxseed in 1 quart of water. Strain and add 2 ounces rock candy, 1/2 pint of syrup or honey, and juice of 3 lemons. Mix and boil again. Cool and bottle. Drink 1 hot cupful before going to bed. (2) Beat the white of 1 egg and add juice from 1 lemon. Sweeten with white sugar. Take 1 teaspoonful from time to time.

Cure for Nosebleed: Keep the head raised. Determine which nostril is bleeding and hold the arm on that side perpendicularly. Hold the sides of the nose between the eyes with finger and thumb. Apply cloth dipped in cold or ice water to forehead or on the back of neck.

For Relief of Nausea: Beat 1 egg for twenty minutes. Add 1 pint of fresh milk, 1 pint of water, and enough sugar to make drink palatable. Boil and cool before drinking.

Treatment for Mumps: Keep face and neck warm. Apply warm cloths on swelling. Avoid taking cold. Drink warm herb teas. If there is fever, give the patient a tepid sponge bath. If a severe cold is taken and other glands are affected, a physic must be given and cooling poultices applied to swelling. Sweating must also be resorted to in this case. Should the brain become affected, give a very hot footbath for ten minutes. Then apply cool cloths to the head. Seek to induce sweating by applying hot water to back and feet. Drink hot water.

To Treat Poison Ivy or Sumac: Apply water as hot as the skin will bear. Dip cloth in water and apply to irritated skin. Sometimes vaseline or weak solution of ammonia will relieve itching. Bathing the affected parts with sweet spirits of nitre 3 or 4 times daily can bring relief. Applying a poultice of raw oat-meal and warm water is also soothing.

Remedy for Rheumatism: Cut Castile soap unto small bits. Add 1 heaping tablespoon of red cayenne pepper. Pour into 1/2 pint of boiling water. Stir until dissolved and add a little cider brandy or alcohol when bottling. Apply to aching joints and then rub on a little sweet oil to relax muscles.

Treatment of Sunstroke: If the patient is able to swallow, give cool drinks of water or cold black tea or coffee. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge or pour cold water over body and limbs. Ice packs may be applied to head. If ice is not available, use cold water. If the patient is faint and the pulse feeble, inhaling ammonia or drinking a teaspoon of aromatic spirits of ammonia in 2 tablespoons of water with a little sugar will be a restorative.

To Prevent Tan and Sunburn: Rub the juice of a fresh lemon over the face. Let dry before going out in open air. At night dust a little oatmeal over the face. Next morning wash it off and rub on cold cream or butter-milk.

Remedies for Toothache: (1) Baking soda held in mouth often gives relief to aching cavity. (2) Apply a bit of cotton saturated in ammonia and hold in cavity. (3) Insert into cavity a bit of cotton dampened with oil of cloves. If this fails to relieve, mix equal portions of oil of cinnamon, oil of peppermint, or creosote. Press cotton dry before application so solution will not be swallowed.

To Remove Warts: If warts are on hands, make a strong solution of borax and hot water. Soak hand for twenty minutes. Dry and rub warts briskly. Repeat 4 or 5 times. Warts will disappear without leaving scars.

For the more serious childhood diseases, early pioneers resorted to the following treatments:

Treatment of Croup: Apply cold wet packs to the throat and cover with dry cloths. Change packs frequently. If it is possible to bathe patient in a warm room, use water as hot as possible. Rub chest and abdomen brisk-

ly. Keep water hot and immerse entire including neck. When patient is removed the bath, wrap in a hot dry sheet and rub dry. If fever is high, wrap abdomen in a bandage. Cover with a dry flannel. Apply cold wet cloths to neck. Keep the warm. If breathing is not easier, cover the and upper chest with cold compresses twenty minutes. Rub back and chest. Massage arms and legs. Give alternate drinks of and cold water. Membranous croup is dangerous as it may last for days.

Treatment of Measles: Keep patient in well-ventilated room free from draughts. Provide a bland diet and tepid drinks. Sponge body with warm water. If there is not apply unsalted lard to the area. Should there be a recession of rash with an attack of delirium, plunge patient into a hot mustard bath until the skin becomes red. Then wrap the body in a warm blanket. For laryngitis apply warm cloths over the throat and have patient to inhale steam.

To Treat Whooping Cough: Keep patient in a cool, well-ventilated room, but do allow open windows within the room. Serve light foods and liquids, especially milk. Do not serve meats as they tend to heat the body. Give equal portions of oil of pale and spirit of hartshorn for cough. Apply this liquid at night and morning along soles of the feet and along the spine, especially the upper part.

Dr. Lucas Shields

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The Death of Roman Nose

— by Robert F. Turpin

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE TOAHTY

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Roman Nose was an excellent example of the plains nomad and George E. Hyde in his book, "The Life Of George Bent," best describes him. Roman Nose was tall for an Indian, broad shouldered, deep chested and self contained. Astride his white war pony with his famous war bonnet trailing almost to the ground, he was a picture of unaffected refinement. Although he was never considered a chief by the Cheyenne, he was a born leader and the young warriors, who followed him into battle, believed he could never be killed.

As a boy, Roman Nose was called Sautie (the bat) and it was not until he became a warrior that he was called Woqini or (Hook Nose). When the white interpreters pronounced the name it came out Roman Nose.

Like most famous figures of the frontier, Roman Nose was given credit for many things he had nothing to do with. In the attack on Fetterman's command December, 1860, near Fort Phil Kearny, it was reported that Roman Nose had led the attack. George Bent, a personal friend to Roman Nose, later stated that Roman Nose had no part of it. He claimed that at the time of the attack on Fetterman, Roman Nose was with a band of Dog Soldiers camped south of the Platte River. Roman Nose greatly respected the Dog Soldiers and spent much of his time with them. No doubt, this was because the Dog Soldiers were believed to be the wildest and most fierce fighters on the plains, and closer to his own nature.

Roman Nose had proved himself a fighter, doing battle with the Pawnees, age old enemies of the Cheyenne. In fact, it was in a fight with the Pawnees that he received his one and only wound. It was caused by an arrow but was not serious and he went on to lead his warriors to victory. His medicine was strong and he not only survived many bitter fights with the Pawnees but later with the soldiers, as well. There were the raids along the Platte Road in the summer of 1865 and the Platte Bridge fight. His attack on Colonel Walker's command during Walker's march up the Powder River. His meeting with General Hancock during the General's 1867 campaign in the Powder River country.

According to George Bent, Roman Nose had planned to kill Hancock in front of his men at their meeting and if not for the pleading of his friend, Bull Bear, he would have. Bull Bear feared for the safety of the women and children in the fight which would have occurred if Roman Nose had carried out his threat.

As the hostilities continued on into 1868, Sheridan decided to try to beat the Indians in their own way. To help to carry out his plan he choose Major George A Forsyth. Forsyth was to organize a fast riding, straight shooting company of Frontiersmen to track down the still hostile bands. Forsyth's command consisted of fifty-one men, all armed with new repeating rifles and Colt's revolvers.

In the fall of 1868 Forsyth and his men were at Fort Wallace. While they were there word came that a raiding party of Cheyenne had attacked a party of traders, about thirteen miles east of the fort. Forsyth quickly mounted his men and set out to find the raiding party. Picking up their trail at the scene of the attack he followed it to the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River in northeastern Colorado. Unaware that they were being followed the raiding party headed straight for their camp located near the fork of the Arickaree. The raiders, mostly Dog Soldiers, were led by Tall Bull, Bull Bear and White Horse. There was a few Sioux in the party under Bad Yellow Eyes and old Two Sticks. In all, the camp contained over three hundred warriors.

Forsyth followed the raiding party to within twenty

miles of their village before being seen by a hunting party of Sioux. The Sioux quickly sent word to the Dog Soldiers, telling them about the white men. In the meantime, two Cheyenne hunters had also seen the scouts and were following them. When Forsyth finally stopped to make camp for the night, the Cheyenne hurried to the village to tell the chiefs. Having already received word of the soldiers, the Cheyenne were putting on their medicine paint and looking to their weapons.

When all was ready, they mounted their best war ponies and rode to the place where the scouts were supposed to be camped. They were surprised when they arrived to find the scouts gone. It was late in the day and before they could find them again, it was night. The chiefs gave orders that each warrior would spend the night beside his pony and no one would leave during the night to search for the soldiers. In spite of the orders, two young Cheyennes and six Sioux slipped away after dark to search for the scouts. Searching through the night they finally found the scouts near daybreak, September 17, 1868. The scouts were preparing to break camp, and Starving Elk, leader of the group, decided to try and run off their stock. With wild yells they charged the scouts and succeeded in running off several pack mules. The scouts, all veteran Indian fighters, were quick to get over their surprise and fired on the Indians.

At first light the main body of Indians had continued their search and were only a short distance away. Hearing the sound of shooting they hurried to the scene. At sight of the Indians coming up, Forsyth mounted his men and raced to a small island located in the almost dry bed of the Arickaree Fork. This move later proved to be the only thing which saved him from complete annihilation.

Following close behind, the Indians circled the island firing at the scouts as they frantically tried to throw up some sort of breastworks. In the first few minutes of fighting several of the scouts were wounded and two were killed. Among those wounded was Forsyth himself and Lieutenant Beecher, his second in command. Surgeon Mooers was also badly wounded as he tried to help some of the others.

Now, the Indians massed for a straight charge and Wolf Belly, a half Cheyenne and half Sioux, was to lead it. Forsyth, later, claimed that this man was Roman Nose, for Wolf Belly rode back and forth in front of the scouts taunting them to try and kill him. The scouts tried to oblige him but none of their bullets found their mark. Jack Stillwell, a well known Indian scout with Forsyth said that it was a miracle the man was not killed. The Indians charged but the charge broke apart under heavy fire short of the island.

The scouts, who were doing the most damage, were several who were hiding in a grass covered hole in the river bank. The place was some fifty or sixty feet from the island and the Indians did not see them. White Bear was killed by these men as he rode nearby, and so was Weasel Bear. When White Thunder later went to recover the bodies he, too, was shot and killed. Still the Indians failed to see the men, hidden in the tall grass.

Up to now Roman Nose had not joined the fight and was still at the village several miles away. He was reluctant to take part for he feared his medicine was not strong. The reason for this was that he had unknowingly eaten food prepared for him with a metal fork. He had not learned of it until after he had eaten. This was one of the things he was forbidden to do before a battle, and had great bearing on the medicine of his war bonnet.

The famed war bonnet had been made for him by White Buffalo Bull in 1860. It was one of a kind and was made from a dream Roman Nose had while he was fasting. In the dream he had seen a serpent with a single horn in the middle of its forehead, and a long tail. When White Buffalo Bull had finished with the bonnet, it was a work of art, made without an iron tool of any kind. There was a single horn in the forehead and forty black and red feathers reaching almost to the ground even when Roman Nose was seated on his pony.

As the battle raged, a runner was sent to Roman Nose. He was told that the fight was not going well and that many of his warriors had been killed. They were waiting for him to come and lead them. Some of his friends urged him to go through with the special purification ceremony to restore his medicine before going to the fight, but Roman Nose said there was not time. Putting on his sacred medicine paint he donned his war bonnet and mounted his pony. Riding to a hill overlooking the island he sat looking over the scene. At sight of him his warriors stopped their fighting to see what he was going to do. A good friend, Tangle Hair, and three more of his friends went to meet him. When they arrived they all dismounted and sat down for a talk. Roman Nose told them of his fears and said that he would probably be killed. While they were talking White Contrary rode up. "Here is the great Roman Nose, our fearless leader, the man we depend on. Here he sits safe from the bullets while his warriors die for him."

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At his words Roman Nose laughed. "The old man is right, and I will die here, today." Mounting his pony, he rode down the hill and toward the island. As he rode he was followed by his warriors, some three hundred. As Roman Nose rode near the scouts hidden in the grass, they opened fire and a bullet struck him in the small of his back just above the hips. Mortally wounded, he managed to stay on his pony and ride with his friends back to the village. Here he dismounted and lay down on his back. His friends remained with him and they talked until he died at dawn the next morning. After his death Roman Nose's squaw took down her tepee and used the poles to make a scaffold to hold his body. Wrapping the body in buffalo robes it was lifted to the scaffold and tied there. His personal belongings were placed beside him. With this done his squaw then slashed her wrist in mourning.

The fight continued for two days then a relief column of soldiers were seen coming from Fort Wallace. With the death of their leader Roman Nose they had lost their will to fight and the Cheyenne retreated into the surrounding hills. The timely arrival of the troops was brought about by Jack Stillwell and another scout who had gone for help shortly after the fight began.

Roman Nose was, no doubt, one of the most famous leaders of the Northern Cheyenne and was most noted for the fight at Beecher's Island, of which he had very little to do with. The site of the fight was known as Beecher's Island, named for Lt. Beecher who also died there.

PHOTO BY DIANNE JOHNSON



Receiving the award from Sentinel Chamber of Commerce Secretary-Treasurer Jane Rogers were Assistant Editor Ted Pyle, SOSU President Dr. Leonard Campbell, Assistant Editor Dr. Christopher Gould, Editor-in-Chief Dr. Robin Montgomery, Staff Writer Donita Lucas Shields, and Managing Editor Dr. Leroy Thomas.

Westview Wins Award

WESTVIEW has received one of six certificates of recognition given by the Oklahoma-Kansas Oil and Gas Association for its contributions to public awareness of the state's oil and gas heritage.

Accepting the award were Dr. Robin Montgomery, WESTVIEW's editor-in-chief; Dr. Leroy Thomas, managing editor; Dr. Christopher Gould, assistant editor; Professor Ted Pyle; SOSU President Dr. Leonard Campbell, and Donita Shields, Elk City, who wrote one of the award-winning articles.

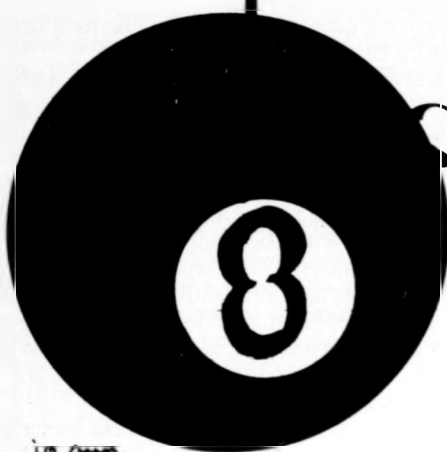
The journal, which is published quarterly by SOSU, was nominated for the award by the Sentinel Chamber of Commerce.

Making the presentation was Jane Rogers, secretary-treasurer of Sentinel's chamber.

The competition was an official Diamond Jubilee project.

*(from the WEATHERFORD DAILY NEWS
— November 4, 1982)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOANN MEDDERS



CHRISTIAN TEEN CENTER

The Best Pool Shooter in Town

— by Joanna Thurston Roper

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When the elders down at the church hired the new preacher, everyone was well pleased. Of course, they always were during the first few weeks they had a new man in the pulpit. Brother Jack Price preached his first sermon on the 18th of October, and he and his wife Lenora stood at the back greeting the members and showing how proud they were to be in Sweetwood. There was an unusually big crowd. But there always was the first Sunday there was a new preacher.

The ladies had planned a big covered-dish dinner, so as soon as they had shaken hands with the preacher and his wife, they rushed to the kitchen to lay out plates, plastic knives and forks, and the paper cups. Bertha Watson sent her oldest boy Ben down to the Y to get four sacks of ice at the E-Z Stop. Lots of people objected to the E-Z Stop being open on Sunday — or at least they had said so when a new young fellow had bought out Old Man Calhoun's grocery store. He had remodeled the place and put in new lights and fixtures, and almost everyone who used it admitted that it was a decent-looking place, being on the highway and all.

Anyway, Bertha hurried out in the church yard to find Ben before Ruth Miller had a chance to call her boys. Ben hadn't had his license long, and Bertha knew this would be his only chance behind the wheel today. Waldo never would let the kids drive when he was in the car.

"Here, take my keys," she said, digging down into the depths of her brown purse. "Don't ask your dad for his. Now you be careful."

Ben went roaring off, gravel spurting from under the rear tires. Just as Bertha started back inside, she saw Waldo turn and stare after the car. Sunlight glinted on his bald head. Bertha waited to catch his eye and waved so he would know she had dispatched their son on an errand.

In the kitchen, Ruth Miller and Virginia Finn were taking Saran Wrap off the salads, and Mabel Mabry and Kay Davidson were moving all the desserts to a side table. They had set their girls to pouring tea into the glasses. As soon as Ben returned with the ice, they took turns plunking chunks of ice into each glass until Alma Crawford unceremoniously took over the job.

"You girls are too slow. Go call the menfolks. Just tell Jess to start, and he'll round 'em up pretty quick."

In no time at all, the dining room was packed with the hungry congregation. The women who had been working stood toward the back. A few used the corner of their aprons to pat sweat off their upper lips. Rowdy children pushed toward the front of the line while mothers frowned and motioned futilely to them. When silence fell on the crowd, an elder called on Old Brother Van Elmore to lead a prayer.

"Our Father." Brother Elmore's voice cracked, wavered and went haltingly on. "Hallowed be thy name. Bless us to thy use on this glorious occasion —" Brother Elmore droned on and on until mercifully he found a stopping point.

Virginia Finn had stationed herself near the preacher's family, and she urged them to make the rounds first. The preacher, though, looked at the mass of young faces waiting to surge through the line and suggested that the young eat first. Several women were telling him that "We don't do it that way," but he simply put plates into young willing hands and pushed them on.

Eventually the whole crowd had wound its way through the aisles of meats, vegetables, casseroles, salads, and desserts. The women seated themselves at the two closer tables, and the men occupied the tables in the center of the building. They were as anxious to talk with Brother Price

as the women were to get to know Sister Price. They especially wanted to know what kind of furniture she was going to put into the parsonage. The two women's classes had divided into "teams," and each team had decorated a room. The elders had allowed a fund for new carpet, and each team chose a favorite color for walls and carpet.

"You getting settled in all right, Sister Price?"

"Oh, yes. This house is going to be nice when we get everything fixed."

"Fixed?"

"We thought all you'd have to do was just move right in," Mable Mabry spoke for the older group.

"Oh, it is clean," Lenora replied. "That's a blessing. I'd like to paint all the walls white. Your last preacher must have had all girls — one bedroom's pink and the other one's blue. I hate to put the boys in those."

The table was quiet while the women considered how to deal with this newcomer. Nell Patterson, who was responsible for that pink bedroom with the white carpet, stared at her plate. Others were exchanging startled glances.

"You mean you'd re-paint the walls?"

"Why, yes. We have quite a few paintings to hang, and they look better on white. Besides, one color can unify everything."

"You mean you'll put pictures on the walls?"

"Why, yes."

"With nails?"

"That's right."

Again the ladies retreated into silence.

"Well, I guess we'd have to ask Waldo about that,"

28 Bertha surmised. The other elders' wives nodded, frowning. Lenora, sensing that the ladies were tense, searched for something complimentary about her new quarters.

"It's a nice big house — that will certainly be helpful when we entertain."

"Entertain?" Ruth Miller looked puzzled. "All the church entertaining is done right here."

"Yes, that's why we built this nice kitchen," Alma Crawford added.

"Well, I think I'll get some dessert." Lenora was anxious to change the subject. Before she got her pie, she checked on her two boys and then stopped by her husband's chair to ask if he was ready for dessert. She took his plate and when she came back, she sat down beside him.

"How old are your boys, Sister Price?" Waldo Watson inquired.

"Phil is ten and David is eight."

"But David's the tall one," Jack put in. "Just remember the big one goes in the young class."

"No, they'll be in the same one," Clem Miller said. "There ain't but two classes for kids."

Jack surveyed the men across the table in amazement and then turned toward the back of the room where most of the teenagers were. The young ones had already gone outside or to their mothers.

"Surely there's enough for more than two classes." Jack kept his voice casual.

"Naw. Just two. Everybody from six to fourteen goes to Miz. Appleton's, and them that's fourteen and up, why Brother Elmore teaches them," Jess Crawford explained. "I was in his class when I was a boy, and now I got two boys in there myself."

"Me too," Clem said. "My boys was telling they hid his glasses just like we used to."

"Brother Elmore? That's the elderly man who led prayer before we ate?" Jack asked.

"Yeah, he went home early. His health ain't real good, and he has to be careful what he eats."

Much later Jack and Lenora went to their new home in the new community feeling quietly thoughtful. This job in Sweetwood might be very different from what they had envisioned. And at the same time several other couples left the church feeling vaguely disturbed about this young couple the elders had chosen. There was another group scattering across town and the surrounding farms who had a very positive view of the new preacher. That group was the young people — all ages. The new preacher had already won them.

In fact, it didn't take them long to begin addressing the preacher as Brother Jack. A few met parental disapproval of such familiarity, but the objections were swept aside by the sheer weight of popularity.

Jack had achieved his place among the teenagers by first of all rescuing them from Old Brother Elmore's class. At his first meeting with the elders, Jack had outlined a plan for making a class for the upper teens which he would teach and another for the middle school age which Lenora would teach. Then he pushed for a class for pre-schoolers, but there he lost. Those, he was told, belonged with their mothers. Jack very wisely abandoned that idea — for the moment anyway.

The first official act of the senior class was a banquet in honor of the retiring teacher. The students put together a "This is Your Life" tribute to Van Elmore, bringing in friends and family with speeches and sentimental presentations.

During the winter Jack worked hard. He studied energetically to make his Sunday morning, Sunday night, and Wednesday night sermons the best he was capable of producing. He gradually turned most of his senior class into young Christian scholars. He also provided other activities for them. They met every Thursday evening as a choral group, and once a month he and Lenora had them come to their house for a social meeting. Jack was well aware that his success with them had helped ease the sting some members had felt when he declined to teach the senior adult class in favor of the young people.

When spring came, Jack started inquiring around to find out what the young people did during the summer vacation. Of course, some of them held jobs during the summer, or they were farm kids and had plenty to do with the harvest. But too many of them were town kids with nothing but time on their hands.

Jack made several inquiries around town about some empty buildings on Main Street. He had in mind finding one that could be turned into a teen center of some kind. Since he knew that the idea was almost too novel for Sweetwood and Tate County, Jack approached the project cautiously. He found that the large building on the corner of Main and Maple belonged to a widow over in Allis. Her late husband had been Dr. Mel Stone. Jack and Lenora went to see her one afternoon; and to their delight, they found that she was glad to donate her building for the purpose they described. She even offered to pay the utilities and have another bathroom built.

"Dr. Stone would be delighted," the widow told them. "He always felt that there should be a place for young people to gather. We never dreamed it would be our own property." Mrs. Stone gave Jack the key and told him to order the necessary building to be done and to send her the bill.

But Jack and Lenora knew their problems were far from over. Should they present the idea to the teenagers first — or to the elders.

"The elders, definitely," Lenora said. "It wouldn't do at all to have the idea reach the Crawfords and the Davidsons through the kids."

"Clem Miller would be for it — Waldo Watson would be borderline, and I think Jess Crawford would become borderline after his three kids get hold of the idea."

Lenora was doubtful. "I think Waldo Watson will be against it," she said. "You'd better have a good campaign speech."

She proved to be right. Despite Jack's enthusiastic description of a proposed center, Crawford, Watson, and Clem Miller asked that the proposition be tabled. As Jack had hoped, the idea was discussed in those homes, and it quickly reached other homes through the teenagers. At the next meeting, the proposed teen center was passed — though somewhat grudgingly on the parts of Gordon Davidson and Waldo Watson.

The creation of the Center was turned over to delegations of the older teens. They organized work crews, and the remaking of the "Stone House" as they called it was underway. Jack was an expert at delegating authority, but even he was astonished at how well the project went. The crews cleaned the interior of the building, painted it, made signs, and then proceeded to find furniture. Old-fashioned wicker furniture that had been in attics for twenty years appeared as if by magic. Perhaps as insurance against its return, the ladies gave the young people permission to paint it any color they desired. The color scheme was surprising, but the final effect was also surprisingly pleasant.

One afternoon Jack's phone in his study at the church rang.

"Preacher?" a man inquired.

"Yes."

"This here's Wiley Abbott down at Mutt's Bar and Poolhall."

"Uh, yes. What can I do for you?"

"Well, Preacher, it's about that center you're building. You gonna need some equipment, aintcha?"

"Equipment. Uh, yes, we're working on that." In the background Jack could hear pool balls breaking sharply from cue sticks. "We won't be able to afford anything very fancy."

"Well, I might be able to help you out some, Preacher. I'd like to make a little donation."

"Sure, Wiley. I guess you know we have our hands out for any donation that comes along." As he spoke, Jack imagined himself reporting a large cash donation from Wiley Abbott. But Wiley's next words wiped the grin off his face.

"I got this here pool table I was aimin' to trade in on a bigger one, but I thought you might like to have it down at your center."

Pool table! Even Clem Miller would have a sinking spell. Jack recovered fast.

"Wiley, that's great! I don't know how we'd get it moved, though. We —"

"There's a couple kids here can deliver it — any time you say."

"Let's make it one afternoon next week. We'll have to clear a place for it." There's more than space we'll have to clear, he thought.

"And Preacher, one other thing. These kids I'm sending over with it — some of the right kind of influence wouldn't hurt 'em a'tall."

"Why, sure, just tell them to stick around, Wiley. They're welcome at the Center."

"Thanks, Preacher." Jack held the phone a moment after it clattered dead.

A pool table! All we need now, he thought, is a light hanging over it advertising Jax beer! Jack had played pool in college, and besides liking it, he was also very good. But delighted as he was, Jack was more than a little wary of the elders' acceptance of the gift. Pool and Mutt's Bar — even Wiley Abbott himself — were all anathema to many at the church in Sweetwood. After all, Wiley didn't go to church — any church. He never had. Jack was also fairly certain that he had never been invited.

Jack remembered the two boys Wiley mentioned — what had he said — the right kind of influence wouldn't hurt them? Hm'mn. Wiley Abbott is asking for some missionary work and paying for it, too.

Jack's fear proved to be most accurate. The meeting at which he reported the Center's progress, including the acquisition of the pool table, was very nearly explosive. Even Clem Miller looked pained.

"I knew it," Waldo Watson thundered, slapping his hand on the table. "This thing's getting out of control."

"Have you ever played pool, Brother Watson?" Jack asked.

"No, I have not! And I won't allow my boys to, either."

"Have you ever seen a pool table?"

Watson looked surprised. "Of course. It's a big green table —"

"It's an instrument of sin!" Jess Crawford put in.

"Maybe we could take off the sinful green top and replace it with a more Christian color. Like white."

Four pairs of beligerent eyes stared at Jack. Back off, he thought. That's too far.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen."

"It's the gambling that's corrupt, I believe," Clem was caught in the middle. "If it was just a game, now, I wouldn't mind — but that gambling, now, we really can't tolerate that, Brother Jack."

"Do any of your kids play basketball?" Jack asked suddenly.

"Why, sure. Sweetwood takes the County Tournament every year. And in 1950 and '51 they took State." The men were taken by surprise.

"Well, now, that's a game," Jack said. "And to win it you have to drop a ball through a net." The men nodded warily. "And in pool you have to drop a ball through a pocket."

"Basketball is played at the gym," Gordon Davidson put in.

"And would any of you deny that there is gambling going on in that gym when basketball is played?" No one answered. Jack went on. "Could any of you name men in this church who bet on every game? And who of you has said anything to them?"

"Would you let the girls play?" Clem asked.

"Do your girls play basketball?"

Lois Watson, Waldo's oldest daughter, was Sweetwood's best forward. But no one answered. Jack went on. "I've heard a lot of criticism about girls playing basketball — especially exposing themselves in those brief suits. Now, if a girl plays pool, she has on pants at least down to her knees, if not her ankles. The dress code at the Center doesn't allow shorts."

When the vote was finally taken, it was three to one in favor of the pool table. But Jack knew it was a dubious victory. Waldo Watson had cast the dissenting vote.

Jack did not mention Wiley's apparent reason for donating the table. He still had not met the two young men

in question, and he had no idea what to expect. He only knew that Buddy Guthrie was the bootlegger's son and that Sparky was one of the prolific Daniel family, several of whom had spent time in prison for various minor offenses. So Jack decided to wait until he met them and then determine his next course of action.

He called Wiley and made arrangements for the table to be delivered, and so on Thursday afternoon Buddy Guthrie and Sparky Daniel unloaded the table from an old pick-up at the back of the Center. A large group of boys was on hand to help with the job. As soon as it was in place, Jack challenged Buddy to a game. Buddy, who had been smoking, looked around for a place to dispose of the cigarette that drooped from the corner of his mouth. When Buddy eyed the floor, Brad Miller stopped him. "Hey, Man! We got no ash trays, but don't mess up my paint job on the floor!"

"Right, Man." Buddy flipped the cigarette out the back door, hitched up his baggy corduroys and began chalking a cue stick. Buddy had been trained in pool at Mutt's Bar, but he was no match for Jack, who won three straight games.

Buddy straightened up and looked at Jack in disbelief. "Man! I'd sure like to see you tangle with Dutch Clayton or Wiley Abbott!"

"Hey, ol' Buddy!" Sparky jeered. "How's it feel to get licked for a change?"

"And by a preacher, too," Buddy said.

Someone in the back yelled, "Brother Jack's the best pool shooter in town," and a cheer went up. Even Buddy seemed to like the novelty of the idea. He and Sparky stayed for a brief devotion before the Center closed. Jack had a chance to talk briefly to Buddy.

"You ever go to church much, Buddy?"

"Naw. Just to the funeral when my grandpa died."

"I tell you what. Why don't you and Sparky sort of help me teach these kids how to play pool and then study with us later?"

"Why, sure. Heck yeah. I'll do that the nights Wiley lets me off."

That night Jack told Lenora about Buddy and Sparky as well as the first phone call from Wiley.

"I think it might be a good idea to expand the work at the Center to anyone the kids want to invite."

"Don't try to push this too fast." Lenora told him.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know — really. Have you talked to the elders about it?"

"No. Why should they object?"

"I don't know — maybe they wouldn't. It's just a feeling I have. But, Jack, why haven't you said anything to them about the boys? What's making you hold back?"

Jack laughed. "Maybe it's a feeling I have, too."

Even though Jack's victory over the elders was dubious, the pool table was soon a popular activity among the young people, and many of them were becoming fairly good players under Buddy's and Jack's training. Actually Buddy was a better teacher — partly because he had more time to devote to it and partly because the kids enjoyed learning his craft and then teaching him during the study sessions. Both Buddy and Sparky became regular members of the study group. However, Jack made it a point to shoot a game of pool with someone every day. He usually played with someone Buddy selected as the day's most promising player, but sometimes he played with Buddy or Sparky. Jack's skill was becoming well known, and the

young people continued to call him the "best pool shooter in town." Not surprisingly that title given affectionately by the kids was gravely suspect among the adults.

By the time the Center opened, there was a large assortment of other games. Chess, backgammon, dominoes, checkers, monopoly, darts, books, shuffleboard and ping pong were all part of the new recreational life for the young people. There had been a few tense moments over the backgammon and monopoly because of the dice, but that dispute was settled without Jack having to take part. The coach of the high school managed to find some weights, and so a weight-lifting room was also in the Center.

There was some visible evidence of the work being done by the nightly devotional classes that the older teenage boys were conducting. Buddy Guthrie had quit working at Mutt's Bar and had gone to work at the Co-Op. Jack called Wiley when he learned that Buddy had quit.

"Wiley, I understand you're short a hand now. Does that put you out any?"

"Why, hell no — 'scuse me, Preacher. That's the best thing coulda happened. No way I coulda got him out myself — he'd took it wrong — thought I was firin' him. This way he's all apologetic about leavin' — thinks it's his own idea."

"I see. I didn't want you to think the Center was interfering."

"Nosiree. You're doing a swell job with them kids, Preacher. You just keep up the work with them, and I'll get some ol' fart — 'scuse me — some ol' guy to work for me."

Jack laughed when he hung up. How could I reach ol' Wiley Abbott, he thought.

The Center had its formal opening the first Saturday afternoon after school was out. Brad Miller and Eddie Wayne Crawford went to Allis to bring Mrs. Stone in for the dedication; the boys also managed to have a newspaper photographer there to take her picture standing in the doorway under the elaborate CHRISTIAN TEEN CENTER sign. The months of work had paid off, and the Center was officially underway. During the summer it was to be open weekdays from three to nine, all day Saturday, and from one to four on Sunday.

"Well, how do you think it went?" Jack asked his wife Saturday night after the opening festivities.

"So far, so good," Lenora said.

"You still have some reservations, don't you, Lee?"

"Maybe as many as three," she told him, "maybe just one."

"And that one is the pool table?"

"Yes, I'm afraid of it. I walked by Alma Crawford and Kay Davidson, and they were talking — evidently about you or it."

"Or both?"

"Yes. Alma was saying she never thought she'd live to see the day."

"Well, if they get too hostile, we can send the pool table back to Wiley. He'd understand. What are your other two reservations?"

"I hate to say this, Jack, but I was really glad Buddy and Sparky weren't there today."

"Oh, come on, now, Lee! If teaching isn't a part of Christianity, then I'm in the wrong business!"

"All right, all right. Maybe I'm wrong — I hope so. It's just a feeling I have."

"You know, Lenora, a man couldn't have a better helpmeet than you. I just wish your feelings weren't always so accurate." They laughed. "Tell me," he said, "what are your feelings about bringing the Word to Wiley Abbott?"

"Negative," Lenora replied, and they laughed.

"You're probably right. But I've just about come to the conclusion that Wiley is one of the sharpest men in Sweetwood. He knows what's going on and why." The phone rang. Jack and Lenora looked at one another and laughed. "Hark, hark! The pool table goeth," Jack said, imitating Waldo Watson's harsh voice.

"Hello? — This is he." While the operator made further connections, Jack told Lenora, "Long distance."

The call was from an elder of the church in Livingston. Jack had been approached twice before about moving to Livingston to preach, and this call was a repeat of that offer. Although Jack was interested in moving on to a larger city, he felt that he should give himself longer to finish the work he had begun in Sweetwood. Before the conversation ended, though, he promised to go to Livingston during the summer to conduct a seminar on Working with Teens for their teachers.

"Be sure you include one session on pool," Lenora said when he hung up.

"Funny, funny," he replied.

Actually the preacher's pool shooting reputation was the single factor that caused so many church members to make drop-in visits to the Center. In time, however, the pool table lost its original fascination and was more or less accepted by most of the visitors. But ironically, it was that curiosity in the pool table that brought another problem to the elders' attention.

Charles and Virginia Finn — who had no children — were touring the Center one Saturday when Buddy Guthrie and Sparky Daniel came in. Although they did nothing more than play ping pong, the Finns were concerned. But they decided not to warn the elders yet. However, the Finns made a return visit, and they found the boys there again, this time playing shuffleboard with the widow Lorraine Clark's daughter Rose Marie and the Mabry's daughter Geraldine. Charles and Virginia considered it their duty to report the presence of Buddy and Sparky.

The very things that Jack had seen as qualifications for their participation in the work at the Center, the Finns, the widow Clark, and the elders saw as a detriment to the Center. So at the next meeting, they asked about outsiders attending the Center. Jack was taken by surprise.

"You mean kids from other towns?" he asked, wondering who had been there.

"No — we heard that Buddy Guthrie and Sparky Daniel have been there."

"Oh, them? Why, yes, they have." Since the pool table had ceased to be an issue, Jack had dismissed any kind of trouble concerning the Center. In fact, he considered Buddy and Sparky as charter members. Lenora's warning flashed through his mind, though.

"Why?" asked Waldo Watson.

"Why?" Jack repeated. "Why not?"

"They're not members of this church."

Despite Lenora, Jack was stunned at this approach. "Is evangelism not a part of this church?" he asked.

"We don't feel that the work we've done to put this teen center together should be used to entertain the hoodlums of the town," Gordon Davidson said.

Jack momentarily felt like laughing that anyone except Clem Miller would claim to have done any work on the Center. Then he felt bitter. "Gentlemen," he said, "the young people have been putting together a program to reach those in town who need the word of God. Every time the Center opens, they have a devotional and study period. Buddy and Sparky have been regular members of that class." Jack stopped and looked around the table at each man. "Now, if I understand you correctly, you want me to tell Buddy and Sparky not to come to the Center. Pray tell me, gentlemen, how do we make people members of the church if we don't teach them?"

It took three of them — Watson, Davidson and Crawford — a long time to discuss the possible criticism that could be leveled against them for harboring such elements of society within the bosom of the church. Finally, though, they decided to allow the boys to continue using the Center — and studying there. But Jack was disgusted and bitter. It was while the three men argued that Jack decided to leave Sweetwood and to accept the offer of the Livingston church.

That night Jack called the elder there and asked if the opening still existed. It did. Plans were immediately put into motion for the Prices' move. However, the news of his resignation got to the young people by the usual route—from elders' meeting to families of elders and from there to teenagers in general. In this case an emergency meeting of the Center's officers resulted in a plea to Jack to stay through the summer. Jack and Lenora considered their request a reasonable one, and they asked more time of the Livingston church who agreed to extend the moving date. Besides, they reasoned, the good brethren in Sweetwood needed time to secure another preacher.

Actually Jack was willing to wait because more than anything he wanted Buddy to attend church as well as the devotionals at the Center. But Buddy remained adamant in his refusal to enter the church at 4th and Pecan.

"What in the world could keep you from going to the house of the Lord?" he asked one day.

"That house might belong to the Lord, Brother Jack, but right now Waldo Watson's got the lease."

Jack knew he was defeated. So he and his family left Sweetwood for Livingston. There was another covered-dish dinner for the Prices — this after his last sermon. As Jack made his way down the table laden with hams and salads and casseroles, he reflected that his year in Sweetwood had netted almost nothing. He revised his estimate, though, when a delegation of teenagers escorted him almost bodily to their own table. In the center of the table was a special cake in his honor — a baker's replica of The Center. And three special guests were Mrs. Stone from Allis, Buddy Guthrie, and Sparky Daniel. When Jack had a chance, he asked Buddy had he changed his mind about who had the lease.

"Naw, Brother Jack. I'm just here on a one-day miracle. The Lord didn't think He could manage any more'n that."

Brad Miller overheard them. "We'll keep working on him, Brother Jack. You come back and see."

But three years went by before Jack Price was in Sweetwood again. It was to preach the funeral of Brad Miller's father Clem, the man who had supported Jack so many times. As the funeral procession left the church and turned down Main Street, Jack leaned forward to see how the Center looked. It was empty, deserted, its once proud CHRISTIAN TEEN CENTER sign hanging crooked from one bolt. Someone was standing in the empty doorway, his foot braced against the door jamb with a cigarette cupped in a protective fist.

"Why, that's —" Jack turned to look out the back window as the car swept past, "— that's Buddy Guthrie." He tried to wave, but the car was too crowded. He could almost feel the cold, cynical eyes that watched the procession go by.

Waldo Watson spoke from the front seat. "Yeah, that's him. He's been in a passel of trouble. In fact, he just got back from doing time down at the state reformatory."

"For what?" Jack asked.

"Running a load of bootleg whiskey. Tried to take over from his old man, but he got caught." No one answered, and Watson went on. "Yeah, I always said he was no good. We just can't afford to have hoodlums like that among our young people."

Jack experienced something in that moment that was as close to hatred as he had ever known. Yes, he thought, Waldo Watson still holds the lease.

REVIEWS

Belle Starr and Her Times

— by Donita Lucas Shields

Glenn Shirley, the noted Oklahoma historian and writer, presents both documented facts and distorted legends that have followed the infamous woman who carried such titles as "Petticoat Terror of the Plains," "Female Jesse James," "Queen of the Desperadoes," and "Bandit Queen."

In his *BELLE STARR AND HER TIMES*, Shirley proves that Belle was never the glamorous outlaw as portrayed by early writers. In truth, she was a desolate woman, a victim of her times.

Legends of Belle Starr originated in 1889 from the pen of Alton B. Myers, a freelance writer for *NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE*. Myers entered Fort Smith, Arkansas, with an empty stomach, seven cents in his pocket, and desperate need for a story. After reading an article in a Fort Smith newspaper concerning the death of Belle Starr, Myers began a fabricated version of her life.

The Eastern correspondent compiled his vicious story of the Bandit Queen with distorted, inaccurate facts, dates, and names. He embellished her characterization with excerpts from nonexistent diaries and letters. Most yellow-journalism writers in early days used this procedure for a tone of authenticity.

Other writers followed Myers' lead after Editor Richard K. Fox published "Life and Adventures of Belle Starr" in his *POLICE GAZETTE*. In 1941, 20th Century-Fox's movie, *BELLE STARR, THE BANDIT QUEEN*, created another flurry of "Belle" escapades. Still, none dealt with information from court records and true facts.

The private life of Belle Starr remained hidden, waiting for Glenn Shirley to undertake the task of clarifying earlier misrepresentations and unexposed facts.

Beautiful, high-spirited Myra Maybelle Shirley, i.e. Belle Starr, was known as the rich little girl of Carthage, Missouri. Surrounded with books, culture, and music, she was educated in the best schools in her home town. Myra Maybelle was the darling of travelers who stayed at the comfortable inn belonging to her father and mother, John and Eliza Shirley.

Myra's happy world crashed in 1860 when she was twelve years old. During the Civil War, Yankees destroyed her parents' prosperity and burned their property. Her beloved brother Bud was killed in 1864 while he fought as a Confederate bushwacker. Myra vowed revenge for his death.

After reading Glenn Shirley's dynamic, heart-warming portrayal of Belle Starr's true story, the reader must conclude that Myra Maybelle was a living casualty of the most tragic era in American history. Mr. Shirley's efforts will undoubtedly atone for many of the wrong accusations given to Belle in the past.

BELLE STARR AND HER TIMES is Glenn Shirley's latest publication. The 324-page book may be purchased for \$19.95 through the University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019.

REVIEWS

Ghost Towns of Oklahoma

by John W. Morris

— William J. Swanson

They are listed alphabetically from Academy through Yewed, these dead — or dying — Oklahoma communities celebrated in John W. Morris' *GHOST TOWNS OF OKLAHOMA*.

An O.U. Emeritus Professor of Geography and a prolific writer on topics geographical, Morris is also a formidable folklorist and something of a poet besides.

The clear, colorful and vigorous prose of the town histories is enhanced by abundant photographs and illustrations. At the back of the book are maps which locate in the various counties of Oklahoma the towns described in the book's body.

GHOST TOWNS OF OKLAHOMA, then, is a good source for serious researchers in Oklahoma history and geography. It is also — and perhaps more importantly — good entertainment for that intelligent amateur reader to whom human nature, in its infinite manifestations, is of paramount interest.

It might be instructive to consider how three of the enduring human motivations — altruism, acquisitiveness, and concupiscence — played a part in the settlement of some of the towns chronicled in *GHOST TOWNS OF OKLAHOMA*.

The Bryan County town of Academy was founded in 1844 as a school for Choctaw Indian boys. It was administered first by Baptist missionaries and later by Cumberland Presbyterians. Sacred Heart, in Pottawatomie County, was founded in 1876 by the Benedictine Father Isidore Robot as a school and church for Pottawatomie Indians. That altruism inspired the foundings of Academy and of Sacred Heart is manifest.

It is equally evident that the less noble motive of acquisitiveness inspired the founding of Picher in Ottawa County and of Three Sands in Noble-Kay Counties. As Professor Morris notes, "For the period of 1915 to about 1930 Picher was the center of the largest zinc mining area in the world . . ." and "Three Sands was a booming, brawling, battling oil-field town that started development in June, 1921, when the first oil strike of the area was made." But when the mineral wealth underlying these communities was exhausted, the boomers, dealers, and enterprisers went elsewhere to seek their fortunes.

The absolute antithesis of the altruism manifest by the founders of Academy and Sacred Heart might be attributed to the founders of Texas County's Beer City — which came into being in the late 80's. Painted ladies, games of chance, and strong waters were what Beer City was about. When the Panhandle was added to Oklahoma Territory in 1890, Beer City died of an overdose of law and order.

GHOST TOWNS OF OKLAHOMA is a laudable achievement, a book that can be enjoyed both by the scholar and by the general reader. Moreover, *GHOST TOWNS OF OKLAHOMA* should serve to intensify the knowledgeable Oklahoman's pride in the rich and varied history of his state.

Available from OU Press in Norman.

Oklahoma Memories

by Anne Hodges Morgan
and Rennard Strickland

— Mike McCarville

Westview readers will love this book.

It's the history of Oklahoma, reported by 27 Oklahomans who witnessed the state's history when it wasn't history at all but the daily events of their lives.

The book is evocative of Norman novelist Jack Bickham's nostalgic works; the lines dance and sing and remind us of a time when a Sunday baseball game was the big attraction, as chronicled by George Levite's remembrance, "At the Old Ball Game."

There's a little bit here for all, and we're the better for it. Buy it, read it carefully. When you put it down, you'll nod to yourself, as I did, and say, "Well done."

Which it is.

Available from OU Press in Norman.

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ILLUSTRATION BY MELVA REASOR

?
— Marge Cooke Porteus

What would happen if
Mars and Venus
Fell in love?
Would wars end or
Love die?

WAR'S EFFECT

— Marge Cooke Porteus

Mars got in my way.
I was searching, but
All the young, bright men
Were gone.
For a time I became a
Grinch, saying petals
And eating persimmons.

Christmas Tree Supports Unity

by Leroy Thomas

The 86-foot Noble fir was felled in a forest near Molalla, Oregon, but it didn't touch the ground until almost a week later when it arrived at its destination in Weatherford.

After being felled in the forest, it was taken by helicopter and loaded onto a ninety-foot flatbed trailer owned by the Weatherford Zip Tool Company.

The phenomenon, now in a ten-foot hole on a lot owned by Mike Freeman on the corner of Custer and Franklin, has been billed as the largest in the world. Maybe a more accurate designation is "largest known Christmas tree and largest to be transported in one piece."

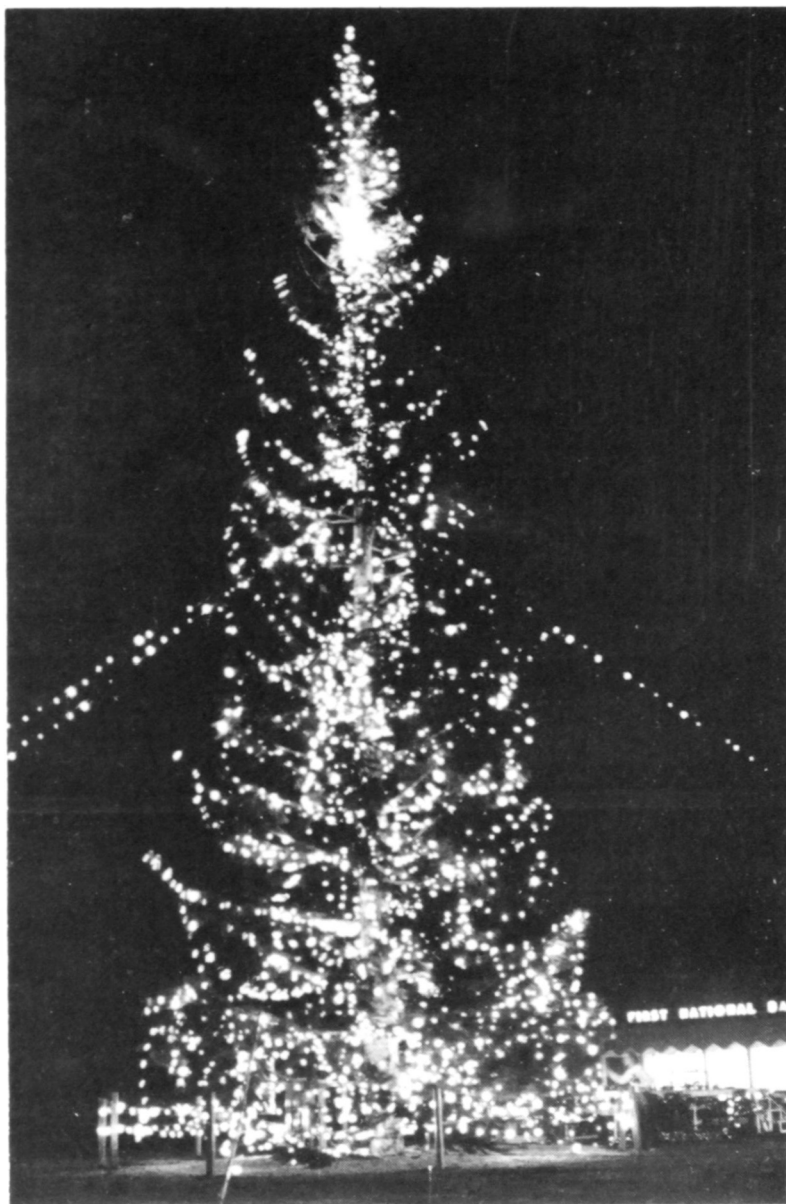
How large is large? It weighs 9100 pounds, it's 40 feet in diameter at the base, above ground, it has an eight-foot star weighing nearly five hundred pounds, and 15,000 lights decorate its branches. A 65-ton crane owned by Great Plains Transport of Clinton was required to place the tree into the hole.

Many Weatherford citizens are responsible for the special tree project. Glenda Kelley spearheaded the campaign and made the arrangements for buying the tree and bringing it to Weatherford. She was assisted by Jan Dorsey of the Chamber of Commerce. The First National Bank, headed by Glenda's husband, Don, paid the \$3000 for the Noble fir. Other Weatherford citizens have made monetary donations. The two drivers from Zip Tool — Troy Glenn and Steve Villines — were gone from home eleven days in order to bring the tree to Weatherford.

During the two weeks preceding Christmas, several Weatherford groups — including the Brownies, Girl Scouts, Paula Isch's Electric Sunshine and Eagle Express, the Federated Church Sanctuary Choir, the Weatherford High School 4-H Club, and Bob Allen's Glory Belles Handbellers, the Youth Choir, and the Adult Chorale from the First Baptist Church — provided musical programs beside the tree. Even Santa Claus came in from the North Pole for a guest appearance.

Some of the other citizens who played active roles were Brad Berrong, who coordinated the lighting activities, over twenty electricians from 3-M, Fox Photo, Modern Electric, Ryan Electric, Scott Electric, and Jackson Electric, as well as Melanie Villines and Raelene Amen, who with Glenda Kelley and Jan Dorsey made up a caravan to accompany the drivers the last three hundred miles home.

With the right care that it's sure to get — adequate feeding and watering through the tubes running to its base — Weatherford's citadel of the Christmas spirit could stay green until June, 1983. The good feelings evoked by an old-fashioned Christmas could last as long or longer.



CHRISTMAS TREE AGLOW

WESTVIEW is indebted to Katherine Dickey for her photography work on the Christmas tree story. Without such assistance, the Managing Editor's Finals Week could have been even more traumatic than it was.

PHOTO BY KATHERINE DICKEY

PHOTO BY KATHERINE DICKEY



THE CRANE DOES ITS WORK.



THE CHRISTMAS-
TREE LIGHTING
CEREMONY

PHOTO BY KATHERINE DICKEY

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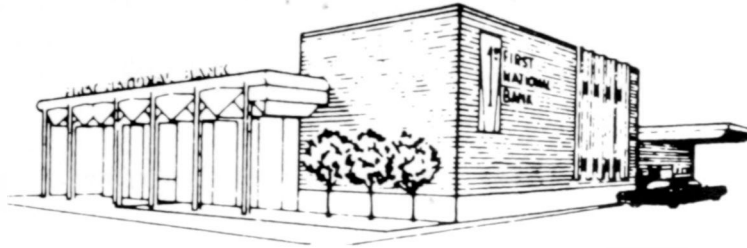
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A detailed illustration of a bull's head with large, curved horns, facing forward.

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WESTVIEW SALUTES
OKLAHOMA'S 75th ANNIVERSARY

The Diamond Jubilee



PHOTO BY DONNA PORTER

PAINTING BY BRENT GIBSON

Early-Day Trip

Roman Nose

Perspectives

WINTER, 1982