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WESTVIEW



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# WESTVIEW

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA

VOLUME 1

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NUMBER 4

Summer 1982

## GIANTS IN OUR LAND

RELIGION

EDUCATION

LITTLE MAYO  
CLINIC



*"Bound for Glory"  
Woody Guthrie*



GOVERNMENT

RAILROADING

*Linda Pickling 6-82*



# FOREWORD

After four issues, we're still afloat! Probably no one is more surprised than those of us who have worked closely on WESTVIEW.

At this point we're beginning to feel like the parents who have at last pushed the last bird from the nest. But we know that we can't rest on our laurels because parenting is for always.

As I receive the various sacrificial lambs that come across my desk, I always wish that before I send the offerings off to the wolves that the creator-writers had remembered certain amenities of the profession:

1. Always mail a manuscript flat in a manila envelope, not forgetting the SASE for a possible rejection.

2. Use a coversheet that contains name, address, telephone number, and suggested section (Remedies, Relics, Landmarks, Inspiration, etc.) to protect anonymity during the assessing process. No one should disregard the possibility that he has an enemy on the Editorial Board.

3. Remember the importance of a clean, as-perfect-as-possible manuscript (photo-skin paper!).

Our readers and contributors, as well as our financial supporters, continue to provide us with the optimistic hope that we will exist and produce a worthwhile journal for years to come. Anyone who fits into one of the listed categories is herewith given a hearty pat on the back, a peck on the cheek, or a grateful thank-you.

— Leroy Thomas  
Managing Editor

ART CONVERSION TAKEN FROM  
PHOTO BY KATHERINE DICKEY



# WESTVIEW

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA

VOLUME I

Summer Edition, 1982

NUMBER 4

## GIANTS IN OUR LAND

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Keith Wiginton today



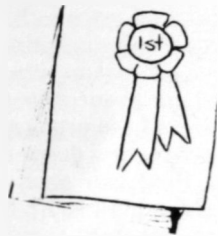
Linda Fickling  
6-82

4



# He Did It God's Way

# ESSAY GRAND PRIZE WINNER



## He Did It God's Way

— by Patsy Evans

"As Lukie and Sara were driving down the highway with what seemed like acres between them in the front seat of their car, a late-modeled sports job zoomed past them bearing two passengers sitting so close together that it looked as if there was only one person in the car.

"As the sportscar faded into the distance, Sara turned to Lukie and said, 'Lukie, we used to be like that.'

"And Lukie, both hands planted firmly on the steering wheel, slowly replied, 'Sara, I ain't moved.' "

Keith Wiginton's humorous anecdote was not told to entertain his congregation, but to illustrate a principle that he believes to be crucial to the lives of all Christians: "If you aren't as close to God as you used to be, make sure you know who has moved." is the mind piercing tag line.

Keith, the 46-year-old pastor of the First Baptist Church of Altus, Oklahoma, is the newly elected president of the Baptist General Convention of Oklahoma. The job, which is coupled with the chairmanship of the convention's Executive Board, is a non-salaried position of strategic importance to the Southern Baptist churches of Oklahoma. In our success-oriented society, this prestigious office might be considered a boon to his ministry and a gateway to greater "professional" opportunities. But Keith has some definite ideas on the subject of success and what constitutes a successful life. Succinctly stated, discovering and doing the will of God for one's life is the epitome of success.

In applying this unique success principle to his own life, Keith has found that keeping his life open to God's leadership is the imperative out of which success has grown. As he has allowed God to "call the plays" in his life, he has simply walked through the doors of opportunity that God has provided. Keith's ministry was no less successful when he pastored the tiny Mt. Tepee Baptist Church near Hobart over twenty years ago than it is today because success is dependent not on the greatness of the task, but the faithfulness of the servant. All of this seemingly unconventional line of thinking can best be understood by looking back a few years in the life of this man whose influence is felt in secular as well as religious circles around the state of Oklahoma.

Friendship School and Friendship Baptist Church near Altus, along with his home and family, created the physical, mental, emotional, social, and spiritual atmosphere out of which Keith Edwin Wiginton's skills, attitudes, and beliefs were nurtured. His three brothers, who preceded him through the ranks of athletic achievement, bore strong influence in his life. His family was and is a close-knit one, and during his high-school years, he was always identified as one of the Wiginton boys — always as **somebody's** brother; but by the time he graduated from high school, Keith Wiginton was known for himself — for his athletic ability and achievement.

In 1954, with teaching and coaching as his professional



goal, Keith entered what was known at that time as Southwestern State College. He rapidly gained the respect and acclaim of coaches, teammates, and fans, not only because of his outstanding athletic talents but also because of his team spirit and leadership ability. He was a four-year starter on both the basketball and baseball teams and was captain of the baseball team his junior year and of the basketball and baseball teams his senior year. Keith not only excelled in athletics but was an honor student as well. He was president of his class during his sophomore, junior, and senior years, and received the Best Male Citizen award his senior year.

Although his goals were already established, Keith began during his senior year to feel an unusual kind of awakening to his responsibilities as a Christian. His involvement in the Baptist Student Union had aroused in him a new spiritual awareness and insight into himself and the world around him. With the prayerful support of Jim Morrison, B.S.U. president, and Doug Manning, the pastor of First Baptist Church in Weatherford, Oklahoma, Keith began to sense that God had a special plan for his life. His understanding of all that this plan involved did not come immediately. He tried to convince himself that he could be a powerful Christian influence in the lives of the young people whom he taught and coached. He reasoned that God would surely not allow him to come this far in his college program only to change his career plans when he was almost ready to graduate. He pondered the invitation that had been extended to him to remain at Southwestern as a part of the coaching staff while working on a master's degree. But the more he tried to impose his own plans upon God's plans, the more frustrated he became; it was like trying to fit a square peg into a round hole. Finally, on a Sunday evening in March of 1958, Doug Manning brought a message from Joshua 3:5, "... Sanctify yourselves: for tomorrow the Lord will do wonders among you." Keith felt that God was speaking to him in unmistakable terms, and he went forward during the invitation acknowledging that God had called him to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and that he was committing himself to obey that calling.

Once the decision was made, Keith never questioned the rightness of it, but there were things he didn't understand at the time about God's dealings with him. It seemed that he had wasted his senior year of college. He had to go back to Southwestern for a fifth year in order to meet the liberal arts requirements for acceptance to Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, and he was impatient with this delay in beginning his seminary training. He had majored in Math and minored in Physical Education, and he wondered why the omniscient God had permitted him to spend four years studying things that he would probably never use to any great extent in the special ministry to which he was called.

Despite his lack of understanding, he trusted the wisdom of God. As the months and years went by, he realized more and more how vital that fifth year at Southwestern State was to his life and ministry. Most important, it was during that year that he met Linda Graybill from Leedey, who later became his wife. If he didn't know then, he knows now that she was God's special choice for his lifelong companion. This fifth year was also a period of spiritual growth and insight that came about largely because of his close association with his pastor and friend, Doug Manning. He learned things about preaching, pastoring, and ministering that could not be learned in a classroom. Doug not only tutored him in the study of the Bible but also channeled speaking oppor-

tunities his way. By the time he entered seminary, he had gained valuable experience in preparing and delivering sermons. To his surprise, the study of math also proved to be a distinct asset to his Bible study and sermon preparation because it had taught him to think analytically, and his involvement in athletics had shown him the importance of team work and had brought a discipline to his life that has been invaluable in helping him establish good work habits. The things he had once considered to be obstacles to progress toward his ministry were recognized as instruments that God had used to hone, shape, and give direction to the work of His young servant.

In 1965, after several months of chronic weakness and fatigue, Keith was diagnosed as being diabetic. Living with a condition that most people consider to be inconvenient, to say the least, he has discovered yet another  **blessing** from God — a new kind of self-discipline. Staying on a restrictive diet is not an easy matter when dinner meetings and out-of-town travel are a routine part of the schedule, but diet is only one facet of the problem. Sufficient rest, moderate physical activity, and doses of insulin are also daily requirements. How can such a limiting lifestyle possibly be a blessing? Couldn't Keith be a happier, more productive, person if the constant awareness of physical restriction were not present? Maybe. But Keith has learned something very significant — that tragedy can often be turned into triumph, and disaster may result in the dynamic that urges one on to greater accomplishments than would have otherwise been undertaken. Keith likes to apply to himself a concept that he once heard expressed by someone else — that success has not come  **in spite of** his handicap but  **because of** his handicap.

Most of Keith's minstry has been in Oklahoma, with only one pastorate outside the state in Carlsbad, New Mexico. For the past eleven years, he has had the unique privilege of pastoring in his home town among relatives and friends who have known him since his childhood. His mother, two brothers, aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, and nephews are members of his congregation. Jesus said that a prophet is not without honor except in his own country, but Keith seems to have overcome that obstacle; his ministry in Altus has been perhaps the most satisfying and the most fruitful of all of his places of services.

In his Baccalaureate address to the 1982 graduating class of Altus High School, Keith set forth something of his philosophy of life. With Romans 12:1-2 as his Bible text, he pointed out that God wants his followers to use their lives to do things that they are equipped to do, things that they enjoy doing, and things that have eternal value. He stressed that God does not call upon people to "sacrifice" themselves to do tasks for which they are not equipped and that they cannot enjoy. Adapting the title of a popular song, "I Did It My Way," Keith entitled his message, "I Did It God's Way."

Keith finds the scriptural passages in which the Christian life is likened to an athletic event especially meaningful. In one such passage, II Timothy 2:5, Paul states that "An athlete is not crowned unless he competes according to the rules" (RSV). Just as a coach has a game plan for every team member, God has a game plan for the life of every person; but many players in the game of life are trying to make up their own rules, and God cannot crown or reward those who do not play according to the rules. Playing by the rules means doing it God's way. Success is discovering and doing the will of God for one's life. That is doing it God's way.

# THE NEWMAN DYNASTY

— Ernestine Gravley

The Diamond Jubilee of Oklahoma has another meaning in Shattuck: 75 years of powerful Newman influence.

The recent passing of Dr. Haskell Newman marked an era of family strength and public service unparalleled in western Oklahoma history. The Newman Memorial Hospital and Medical Center, Shattuck's largest employer and single greatest claim to fame, is still and always the very heart of this town.

People within a 200-mile radius say the tradition will never die, particularly since a third generation Newman doctor opened his practice only months ago. Dr. Robert "Bob" Newman, son of Dr. Floyd Newman, took the family medical reins only a few weeks after his uncle, affectionately known as "Dr. Hack," died of cancer. Shattuck folk breathe easier knowing there is another Newman around.

Dr. Bob admits that the high expectations he will face are quite a challenge these days. It's a matter of what he calls "styles of doctoring" established by his forebears. Dr. Haskell Newman was the last survivor of three physician brothers whose famed father, Dr. Oscar C. Newman, founded the institution in 1907. To them all, personal attention to each patient was a must. Dr. Hack paid a daily visit to every patient in the 114-bed hospital even after he retired because of failing health.

"My father was second only to the Great Healer," Dr. Haskell told me several years ago. "Dad always told us boys that love and caring were as vital to healing as the scientific practice of medicine."

Like his Uncle Haskell, Dr. Bob is an outstanding urologist. "Actually, I'm the only urologist between Enid and Amarillo. Patients were lined up waiting for weeks before I opened for practice."

It is partly Shattuck's geographical location in the midst of Western Oklahoma a long distance from large cities or other major health-care facilities that made Newman Memorial an important regional hospital.

"Location was certainly not the only factor," Dr. Newman declares. He credits the concern of his father, uncles, and grandfather to attract only the best available physicians as the reason the hospital is a nationally known medical center.

Patients come to this "Little Mayo of the West" from Southwest Kansas, Southeast Colorado, Northeast New Mexico, Northwest Texas, and all parts of Oklahoma.

Don J. Conroy, the hospital administrator, told a reporter, "We are the regional medical center for Western Oklahoma. And the whole thing revolves around the Newmans."

What kind of giants are the Newmans? Why was Dr. O. C. Newman — patriarch, counselor, physician, husband and father — a giant among men?

Oscar Newman, an Ohio boy born in 1876, performed his first appendectomy on a chloroformed hound dog

while a pre-med student at the University of the South, Tennessee, in the majestic Cumberland Mountains.

How did an Ohio boy, a graduate from medical school in Tennessee become a confirmed Oklahoman? An uncle, Dr. A. M. Newman of Canadian, Texas, asked Oscar to "journey into our fresh new country this summer. Once here, I believe you will agree that the opportunities for a young doctor are endless in the wide open spaces of the West."

The uncle took Oscar to the village of Grand in Day County, Oklahoma. The entire population of the county was 350. This was a part of the Cheyenne-Arapaho lands arranged by treaty signed at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, on October 28, 1867. The Indian tribes accepted their lands in severalty in 1890. In 1893, the Cherokee outlet was thrown open for homesteading on 160-acre tracts. Each settler was required to "prove up" the land by establishing residence and cultivating the soil.

Young Newman was impressed to find people of varying backgrounds from all parts of the country living here together on an equal social status. There was no doctor in all of Day County, later to become a part of present-day Ellis County. In May, 1900 he settled in Grand where the prairie teemed with new life. The cottonwoods rustled gently in the wind as it whipped unabated across the plain. Here and there, young children gazed at strangers passing their dugouts and sod shanties. There was neither house nor fence between Grand and Gage, O.T.

Oscar "lived in embarrassment" at Mother Walck's Hotel because he had no money for room and board. A neighbor loaned the new doctor a sprightly bronc named Frog to ride the wide plains on house calls. He worked at many menial side jobs to keep body and soul together.

In 1901, a smallpox epidemic struck Eller Flat and Hackberry, west of the Antelope Hills, and swept the countryside. The county allowed Doctor a dollar for each vaccination and at the close of the epidemic he was paid \$250 in a lump sum. It was fortune! He paid his landlady \$152 and then rode old Frog to Higgins, Texas, to pay his patient drug bill of \$53.

There were no bridges for many miles around in the Territory and in East Texas. Doctor made his horseback calls over almost impassable roads and across flood-swollen streams. The treacherous South Canadian was a constant challenge with its raging high water, tricky quicksand bars, and breaks through the ice in winter. A man of less courage could not have braved the deprivation and suffering of a raw, new frontier, to become a legend.

Doctor had a six-by-twelve office at the end of a store building which doubled as sleeping quarters at night. One day, a hunter who had accidentally shot off the end of a finger found Doctor in his underdrawers mending his worn-out and only pair of trousers. At that time, several hundreds of dollars were owed to him by people who could never pay.

Dr. Newman met and married Miss Della Smith in the summer of 1902. They settled in a two-room cabin with a lean-to shed in Grand, Oklahoma, "the grandest place on earth," he often said.



After Doctor became a family man, he was often paid for professional services with slabs of salt pork, fresh garden produce in season, even a tender young cotton-tail for a platter of fried rabbit for Sunday dinner.

The first son, Roy Ellsworth Newman, was born September 18, 1903. The following year, the citizens of Day County raised money for their doctor to take post-graduate work at the University of Ohio. The family went along to get acquainted with his relatives in that state. During mid-term break, January 20, 1906, Floyd Smith Newman was born. That summer, the Newmans returned to their friends at Grand.

The settlement of Shattuck a few miles north was a thriving frontier town on the Santa Fe railway. Doctor dreamed of a hospital there and in 1908, he formed a partnership with Dr. George W. Wallace for what became the Northwest Sanitarium.

The third son, Meshech Haskell Newman, was born September 20, 1907, and that fall Oscar loaded all his professional worldly effects in the back of his buggy and moved his family to Shattuck. Shortly after, the South Canadian swelled in "the terrible flood of 1908" and washed away a chunk of old Grand. The town faded away.

O. C. Newman bought a family home in 1909, and there he lived for some fifty years — the remainder of his life.

The Northwest Sanitarium failed because people would go to the hospital only as a last resort. One went to the hospital only to die, they believed. The nearest hospital was now in Wichita, Kansas, and Doctor was the only surgeon over a very large area. He delivered babies and performed operations on kitchen tables. Many times, the only fuel for heat was damp broomcorn seed, and the only water secured by melting snow in vessels on the wood stove. Surgical instruments were processed in a portable sterilizer set on the kitchen stove.

For surgery, a room in the patient's home was cleared of all furnishings, a folding operating table set up, the patient anesthetized, and the surgery proceeded under ordinary lights.

Often as not, people could not pay, but Doctor never refused a call, whatever the weather or distance, regardless of how much sleep he had lost or how he felt. During flu epidemics, whole families would be in bed and Doctor would double as errand boy. At one home, after ministering to their needs, Newman picked up milk buckets, went to the barn, and milked several cows by hand before going on to the next call. Far from an isolated incident, this type of service was a regular part of his life.

Babies seemed to choose the worst of all weather to be born. Once, when snowdrifts were deep and business at a standstill in Shattuck, Doctor was called to deliver a baby 25 miles southwest, over on Commission Creek.

"Get out the car, John," Doctor told his young driver. "Take a good strong snow shovel. We're on our way." Across fields and pastures they plowed their way, scooping snow at fence lines. Doctor had not been to bed for 36 hours, and each time they got stuck, John noticed it seemed to please him. Newman would slide down into the coyote fur coat he was wearing and sleep soundly until the young man dug out. When they started to move

again, Doctor would light up a cigar and stare moodily through the front of the tin lizzie.

Six hours later, the baby was delivered and Doctor charged no fee. "Those people are poor as church mice," he told John on the way back to Shattuck. Young John Barcafer would not permit Doctor to pay him for the trip, either. Newman had a way of bringing out the best in people by the inspiration of his own unselfish dedication.

On one occasion during the Northwest Sanitarium period, he headed for Canadian, Texas, after a heavy snowfall, taking Louise Cramer, superintendent of nurses and Opal Booth Karn, R.N. The road east of Higgins was drifted full and several times, the car had to be towed.

The three had a hot noon meal with Dr. Caldwell, then started operating. That afternoon, Dr. Newman performed a Caesarian section, a hemorrhoidectomy, and four tonsillectomies before hitting the drifts for home. Arriving in Shattuck about ten in the evening, he drove the nurses home and then made his hospital rounds before seeking his own bed.

In 1913, the Newmans scraped together money for two months training in newer surgical methods at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. Each year from then until his death, O. C. spent several weeks at Mayo's — 32 times in all.

In the fall of 1916 when a small boy was hit in the head with a twelve-pound iron shot-put ball, Doctor performed a touch-and-go operation in the home, removing fragments of bone from the brain. The boy recovered completely, but Doctor swore to redouble his efforts to open a hospital in Shattuck.

The old hospital known a decade earlier as Northwest Sanitarium was reopened in 1920. Several of the former hospital staff joined Newman and stayed through the years at Newman Memorial Hospital and Clinic until their retirements. Patronage increased and in 1927, a 39-room fireproof building was erected without wards. "Even poor folks appreciate a private room," Doctor said. "Why should they feel any different from anyone else?"

Roy, Floyd, and Haskell were earnest in their goals to practice medicine. Not only did they become doctors and specialists in varying fields — they came home to join their father's staff where all stayed to practice their entire lives.

Roy earned his B.A. at the University of Oklahoma, attended medical school at Baylor University, and got his M.D. in 1932. Post-graduate work was done at Cook County Medical School in Chicago, at Washington University in St. Louis, and at Mayo's. His specialty was in Pediatrics. Dr. Roy served his internship at Missouri Methodist Hospital in St. Joseph.

Floyd's education and training were completed at University of Oklahoma, Westminster College for Men at Fulton, Missouri, Baylor at Dallas, and the University of Tennessee. He served his internship at Muhlenberg Hospital in Plainview, N.J., and took post-graduate work at Columbia University. His specialization was in eye, ear, nose, and throat.

Dr. Haskell went to Westminster College for Men,

## REVIEWS

followed by pre-med at Baylor. He received his medical degree from the University of Tennessee in 1932. He took his wife and two sons to Florida where he served his internship in the Duvall County Hospital in Jacksonville. At the age of 33, "Dr. Hack" received his Fellowship in the American College of Surgeons. His specialty was in Urology and general surgery.

While the sons prepared themselves in medicine, the father, O. C. Newman, kept the hospital at Shattuck operating smoothly. From 1929 to 1935, the Great Depression Years, Western Oklahoma was in the Dust Bowl. Patients had little money and during this period, Newman charged off a quarter-million dollars of unpaid bills for the people of his area.

Always philosophical, Dr. O. C. frequently injected dry humor into relations with his patients. There was the time when a doctor from Perryton, Texas, sent a patient to him. The Shattuck physician found gallbladder disease with stones in both bladder and common duct. He recommended immediate surgery.

The patient's husband hesitated, shook his head slowly and said, "Well, Doc, I think we'll go to the Mayo Clinic for this operation."

What the man did not know was that Doctor had declined a recent offer to join Mayo's surgical staff. Doctor's expression did not change as he remarked, "Well, they're good, too."

By 1935, all the sons were back practicing medicine in the Shattuck Hospital and on January 12, 1937, the four Newman doctors became equal partners. Soon after, the Newman Clinic was added to the complex. More additions were completed in 1947 and in 1956. In 1949, the Newman Memorial Foundation was formed and the hospital given to the City of Shattuck. The following year, 30,000 patients registered at the clinic alone.

The hospital of Doctor O. C.'s dreams became a reality in his day.

He served many years on the State Board of Medical Examiners. He received a Fellowship in the American College of Surgeons. At the time he was inducted into the Oklahoma State Hall of Fame in 1943, a Tulsa reporter who described him as "an erect, sparkling, kindly eyed little man" also wrote:

"Dr. Newman, legend has it, is the nucleus of Shattuck, that small Western Oklahoma town from which he hails and which he has made famous. 'Doc came first,' grin his cronies. The hotels and business houses sprang up to take care of his patients and the town just grew."

A medical reporter wrote in the DAILY OKLAHOMAN about that time: "Of the three cities in Oklahoma accredited by the Joint Hospital Commission to perform open heart surgery, one is Shattuck, population 1,500. The other two, of course, are Oklahoma City and Tulsa. The small-town hospital is supremely equipped."

The institution has undergone numerous building programs and expansions through the years. The Newman Memorial Hospital and Medical Center of the 1980's stands as a humanitarian contribution to Western Oklahoma unequalled in the Cheyenne-Arapaho country so loved by the Newman family.

ILLUSTRATION BY LINDA FICKLING



WESTVIEW





PHOTO BY CAROLYN LEONARD

## GIANT IN OUR LAND

Taft loved a good joke — especially if it was on himself.

BOB TAFT: SPIN A ROPE, SPIN A YARN,  
SPIN A LADY

— Carolyn Leonard

10

The most colorful character who ever lived in Harper County has to be Bob Taft. He could spin a rope, spin a yarn, or spin a lady with equal enthusiasm; and even though in his later years black gold brought him great wealth, he was still just a cowboy at heart.

He met his wife, Ida, at a country dance and in the 46 years of their marriage, they never missed many country dances after that.

"Ya always had to find a gal close to home back then, ya know," Taft would drawl in his deep raspy voice. "Ya had to ride horseback to go see 'em so ya couldn't go looking too far from home. Even if ya had a car, it wouldn't run half the time. Lucky for me, Ida lived just about eight miles away — over by Gate."

Some people said that Taft decided to turn his machine shed into a dance hall because the May OK Corral Dance building burned down. Taft said he just always loved to dance and have a good time with his friends. After the May location burned, his friends didn't have anyplace to go.

"Awww, I don't know," Taft would say with a grin, the crow's feet around his twinkling blue eyes growing deeper. "Guess I just had more damn money than I knew what to do with because of these oil wells. Guess that's why I did it."

And it isn't just an ordinary dance hall either.

The original barn is equipped for basketball games as well as for dancing. The restaurant addition seats 90 people in the splendor of cypress paneling, black leather upholstery, plush red carpet, and a half dozen chandeliers. (Taft's friends were hungry after all that dancing.)

Arthritis attacked his legs, so Taft added an olympic-size heated indoor swimming pool featuring skylights that rolled open, lights that dimmed, a sauna, and a whirlpool hot tub.

The leathery lanky cowpoke's registered Hereford stock sale was held the last Saturday in January as far back as anyone can remember. Wearing the dark pinstripe suit and bowtie that became his trademark and topped with a wide-brimmed black hat tilted at a rakish angle, Taft would take the microphone and salt the auction liberally with his stories.

"That's why they call it a bull sale," he would drawl.

Taft's deep voice moved as slowly as his long legs, with pauses scattered like punctuation marks. One of his friends says those long pauses were what made his stories so interesting.

Milton Messner of Laverne was Taft's partner in the Hereford sale for many years.

"Ol' Bob's been real close to me and we've rode probably millions of miles horseback together in the last thirty years," Messner says.

Messner tells the story that one time one of the bulls wasn't selling very well so Taft grabbed the mike. Most owners would have begun touting the good qualities of the Hereford.

Not Taft.

"This cussed bull isn't worth a damn!" he shouted. "I know he may be sway-back and pot-bellied but he is carrying a hell of a mortgage, and I'll appreciate it if one of you will start the bidding to get him off my hands."

His tirade continued until the bids drowned out the laughter and the bull sold.

"Back there in Governor Roy J. Turner's time, he invited Bob down often just to get to hear his stories. Bob is probably the best-known Oklahoman in the Hereford business," Messner says. "He was voted Hereford man of the year in 1979 and in '78 Bob was the featured speaker at the convention. He had them rolling in the aisles."

In the 1920's Taft worked as a cowboy driving cattle on the old Tuttle trail between Darrouzett, Texas, and Dodge City. Except for that short time, he spent all his 75 years on the 2,500 acre Gig Bar Ranch.

His grandad and grandmother were headed from Kansas to a homestead in Texas where land could be had for a dollar an acre. They had been on the road three weeks when they reached the Oklahoma Panhandle — then a lawless and unclaimed strip known as no-man's-land.

Taft's story was that when they got this far, Mrs. Petty told her husband, "I'm tired. This land looks good enough to me. You can go to Texas if you want to, but this is as far as I'm going."

She meant it.

They stayed and Taft's mother, Mae Petty, was the first white child born in the area. She was born in 1888, the same year the Gig Bar cattle brand was registered.

"It cost my grandma probably a dollar and a quarter to register that brand back then," Taft would say. "Don't know where in hell she got the dollar but she did."

Just a few months before his death early in 1981, at his annual stock sale, Taft hinted that his grandson, Randy Prophet, might be taking over the whole Gig Bar operation.

"I'm slipping already," Taft said. "I'm wearing over-shoes, riding my horse at a walk, and watering my whiskey."

Maybe someday Randy will be able to fill his grandad's overshoes. He has already mastered the spinning rope trick. ■

the old Brewster ranch

—Sheryl L. Nelms

softly, like an archeologist  
dusting artifacts  
I probe this Oklahoma homestead

as I move through the kitchen  
a wasp floats  
up to the mud nest  
behind the stove pipe

a hunk of blue linoleum snaps  
off when the floor sags  
under me

bees pop in  
through the cistern hole  
beside the enamel sink

mouse droppings litter the kitchen floor  
a black high-button shoe  
props  
the back door  
open

glancing out, I see the barn

broken  
at the front corner seam  
boards split apart  
like a pair of hands  
unclasped

in the sky  
over the windmill  
a zig-zag of black  
crows  
slash across  
the orange sun  
down

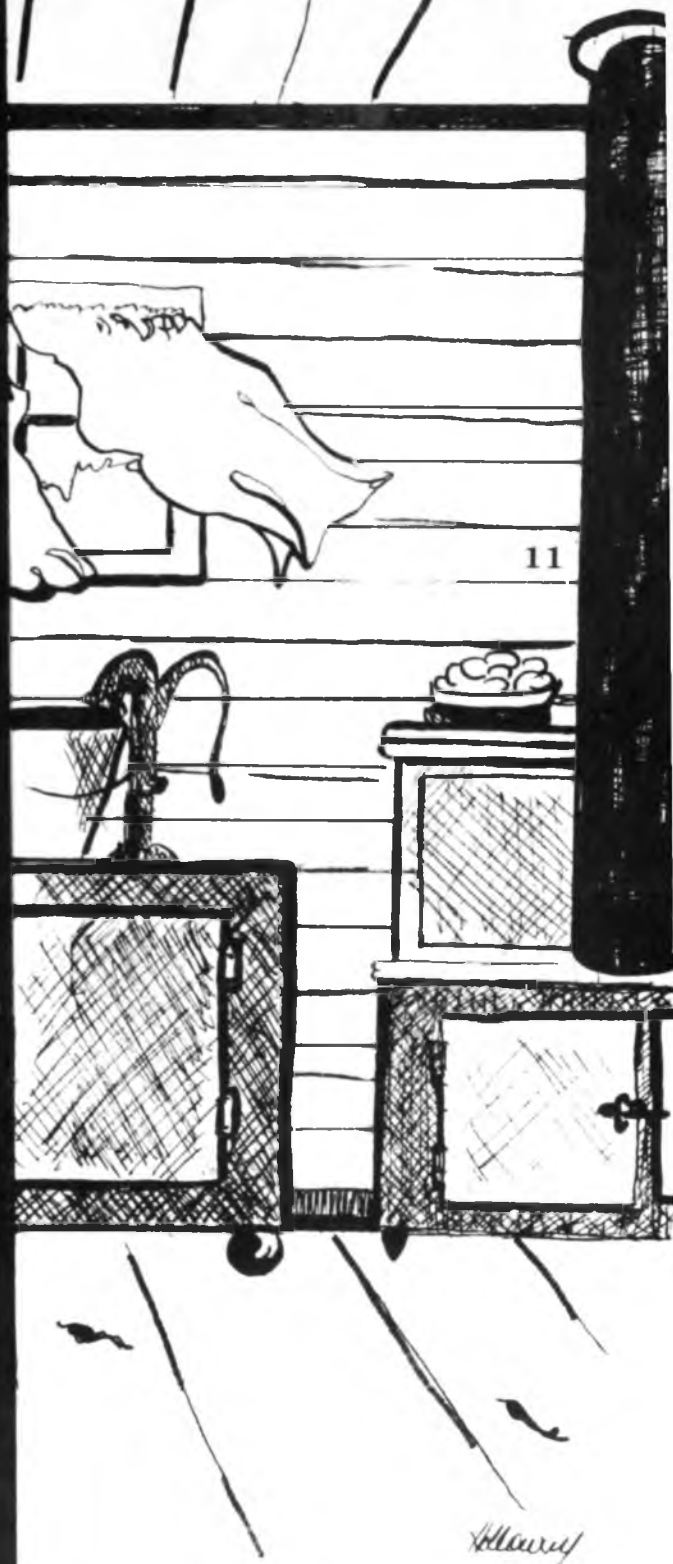
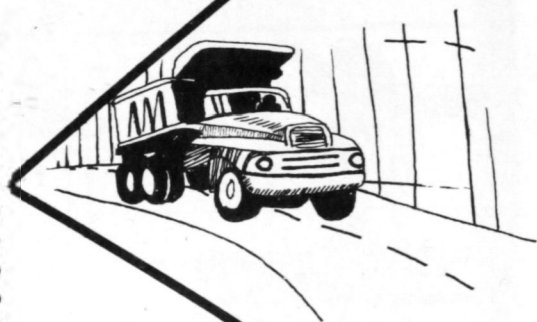


ILLUSTRATION BY BEV HOLLOWAY

# AGE ONLY A STATE OF MIND

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*Linda Kelling 6-82*



# EVERETT GARTRELL



## Age, Only A State Of Mind — Everett Gartrell

— by Ruby Gartrell

Everett Gartrell was not born in a log cabin on his father's farm near Fargo, Oklahoma, November 6, 1906, probably because there were no trees on the prairie at that time. He was born in a sod house, much like the one on display at the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City. The sod house was home until he was almost 12 years old. It was warm in winter and naturally cool in summer. A more conventional home was built on another part of the farm, and it still stands housing the youngest of the Gartrell brothers, Leo, and his family. Leo and LuElla Gartrell added on to the old structure and re-made the entire inside of the house, which stands in the midst of a level stretch of lush wheatland.

No school bus rumbled up to gather the Gartrell children. Everett, the oldest of the seven children, rode a horse to school and like all the others carried a lunch pail. Remembering the early school days, Everett said that the Gartrell kids' cinnamon rolls were the best to eat or to trade for some other family's "best goodies."

In high school there were school buses and Everett drove one from his sophomore year. No license was required. He had some chores to do on the farm before and after school. Milking cows was one of his regular jobs. He says that he had absolutely no trouble finding something to do as he grew up. Sports at school — football, basketball, and baseball, all in their allotted seasons, plus studying to make good grades — kept him on the job all his waking hours.

"A farm kid had hard work to do all summer," he recalled, "and I did my fair share of pitching wheat, driving a truck or tractor, and working the old header machine."

After high-school graduation, Everett tried Business College in Dodge City, Kansas. His first job was on the railroad. Being an apprentice "railroad man" wore thin in a short time. He quit and called his parents. They were so annoyed and angry with him for walking out on what they considered a fine job with a great future that they refused to meet him at the train depot. As always, he managed without their help.

In 1928 he married his high-school sweetheart, Carrie Burgess. Farming and managing a grain elevator in summers paid his tuition at Southwestern State Teachers College where he worked on his degree from 1928 to 1938. He was among the few married men in college at that period of time, but even with three children over a period of six years, they managed. Everett earned enough hours for a

two-year certificate and took his first teaching job at Edwardsville, a community west of Weatherford. After four years there, he moved to Red Rock, where he was principal for six years. Working, going to school, nights and Saturdays and summers, he completed his degree in 1938.

With his degree finally completed and with ten years experience, he moved up to the position of Superintendent of Schools at Independence, a large consolidated school district north and west of Custer. At the present time, Custer City and Independence are consolidated at Custer City. From Independence, he became County Superintendent of Custer County dependent schools. There were 64 schools under his supervision.

In August, 1945, President Harold Burton called from Southwestern State College and asked Everett to come for an interview. The college needed a Business Manager; Everett got the job.

The college at that time had a budget of \$139,000 and debts amounting to \$20,000. There were fewer than fifty faculty members, and their salaries were meager. A professor with a Ph.D. netted the highest salary, \$200 a month — for nine months of the year.

Mr. Gartrell's first challenge occurred the first day on the job and didn't let up until he retired in 1972.

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It took five years to clear up all the debts and get the college in the black. His days were filled with meetings and conferences concerning budgets, building plans, architects, meetings with committees from the legislature, with the Boards of Regents — the list was endless. His working day began with coffee in the Student Union at 7:00 a.m. with a small group of "the boys." Promptly, exactly, at 8:00 o'clock on Mondays through Saturdays, Everett opened the Business Office and his day began.

Managing the business affairs of a fast growing institution became his mission in life. He considered the state's money to be managed as if it were his own. He always got the college's money's worth.

A salesman who wanted the college's account for maintenance material sent Everett a beautiful hand-tooled leather piece of luggage. Everett admired the present and promptly returned it with a note: "Thanks but no thanks."

The salesman didn't get the account.

From the war years' scant enrollment to the crowded Viet Nam years when youngsters went to college in droves, Gartrell maintained a firm hand on the college's finances. With increasing enrollment came the need for building. The old war years Student Union yielded its spot on campus to the new Student Center completed in 1956. A new gymnasium housing a Physical Education program was built for all the students, with Dr. L. J. Van Horn at the helm.

Old Neff Hall and Stewart Hall were bulging at the seams. Talk about double-celling at the prison makes Everett Gartrell laugh. "We had four kids in rooms that were built for two," and shaking his head and laughing as he remembered, said, "and the college kids felt lucky to have a place to live."

New dorms were going up, but not as fast as the enrollment grew. In time, however, Parker Hall for boys and Oklahoma Hall for girls were finished. In addition to a place for students to sleep, a place for them to attend classes was essential. The Arts and Sciences Classroom Building across from Oklahoma Hall provided space and equipment for needed classes. Offices for professors are always scarce, with space seemingly squeezed in where broom closets used to be. The Old Science Building was renovated, even air-conditioned, and now provides laboratories and classrooms for the biological sciences, English, drama, Home Economics, and the old auditorium.

The beautiful new Pharmacy-Chemistry-Physics Building, long a dream, became a reality and Dean Strother retired. Dr. Walter Dickison became dean of the Pharmacy School and kept it on its track as he led it to become one of the top-ranked schools of pharmacy in the nation.

North Central Accrediting Association insisted on an adequate library. In 1960 Dr. Al Harris became president of Southwestern Oklahoma State University. The library became a reality in 1966. Sheila Hoke, the head librarian, commandeered all the muscle power she could muster from college students and in time had all the books moved from the old library to the new Al Harris Library. The Art Department was most happy to have the old building, which they share with other departments in classroom space.

Again, or still, Everett Gartrell and his budget worked on behalf of the Art building. The old gymnasium had been converted years earlier to the Music Building.

In 1972, after 27 years, Everett Gartrell retired from Southwestern. The financial affairs were in top-flight condition. The face of the Southwestern campus had changed almost completely since he began in 1945. Changes and improvements didn't even slow down with his retirement, but the new business manager, Cliff Camden, had no bad debts nor money shortage to contend with.

Neither did Everett Gartrell slow down. In 1973, his wife Carrie died after a five-year hospital confinement following a stroke. Everett ran for the office of Mayor and won — and won — and won, for three terms. In 1974, Everett and Ruby Drinkwater were married. Dr. Drinkwater was a professor in the School of Education and Psychology and Director of Counselor Education. She retired in 1979.



The Mayor

At age 75, he had so many projects to complete as mayor of Weatherford that he tossed his hat into the ring again and for the fourth term won again.

Exactly at 8:00 each morning he and "the boys" meet for coffee at the Mark. At 8:30, he is at work in his office at City Hall. The city is in excellent financial health, as is the mayor. His golf score is higher than his age, but he figures that with practice he will catch up. His aiming eye is first class. Hunting quail and pheasant with his nephews and sons keeps him competitive and young. He is a deacon in the First Baptist Church, a loyal Democrat, and prefers to own a Ford car. He likes to quote Dr. Dora Ann Stewart, who is said to have said, "Anybody who reads the Bible and believes it and practices it will naturally be a Baptist, a Democrat, and drive a Ford car."

Walter Crouch maintains that Everett really believes that.

Traveling, golf, gardening, hunting when he can, and his first love "work" fill his days and years. His children — Harold, Duane, and Winifred — are his delight. Their families provide material for the proud grandfather to brag about "my grandson, the doctor," among other stories.

The neighbors can set their watches by his coming and going. So can anybody else who lives between 702 Arlington and City Hall.



Harold, the Mayor, Winifred, and Duane





# AMEN, MR. GARLOW

— Inez Whitney

Mr. John Garlow was going through hell when he decided to build a heaven in his one-room country school. He had been at Prairie View, District 56, in Custer County, Oklahoma, exactly one month. He knew something had to be done. His plans just weren't working out. When he was hired, what was expected was made very clear.

"We are determined to have an orderly school," the chairman of the School Board told him. "Oklahoma is a new state — only five years old. These boys and girls will run Oklahoma in a few years. They must get an education. No more foolishness. Fighting and playing hooky must stop."

How well I remember my first look at Mr. Garlow. I was seven years old and in the second grade. Although early in the morning, the hot Oklahoma sun had already pushed the thermometer near a hundred. With more than fifty other children, my friend Edna and I were waiting in front of the one-room white frame schoolhouse that stood on the corner of my father's farm. The boys wore straw hats, homemade shirts, and blue bib overalls. The girls were in colorful print dresses and sunbonnets. All were barefoot. Since the first eight grades were taught at Prairie View, the pupils' ages ranged from six well into the teens.

All were gazing impatiently down the red dirt road. It was the opening day of school, and the new teacher was expected momentarily.

I whispered to Edna, "I hope we can be seatmates again." It was fun to choose a friend to sit with you in a double desk.

"So do I", she said. "I just hope my brothers and the other big boys won't fight with this teacher like they did with Mr. Varner last year."

A cloud of dust appeared. Soon a horse and buggy was distinguishable traveling at a good clip. As the buggy wheeled into the schoolyard, the new teacher pulled up short. He placed his whip in the holder, hopped out of the buggy, and tied the horse to a hitching post.

He was a tall slender man, perhaps in his early thirties. He had dark hair and eyes and a small, neatly trimmed mustache. Tipping his hat he said only, "Good morning," and walked briskly into the schoolhouse. Very soon he reappeared at the door vigorously ringing an old brass handbell.

"Hurry, hurry," I said and grabbing Edna's hand dashed through the door. The three long rows of double and triple desks were bolted securely to the floor. Pushed aside by the big boys in a rush for the coveted back seats, we sank quickly into a double desk on the front row.

"I don't care," Edna whispered. "Anyway we are seatmates."

A stillness fell over the room. The army awaited the

first move of the enemy.

Standing by the battered desk with a hand on the captain's chair, the teacher began to speak.

"My name is Mr. Garlow. As I am a God-fearing man, we will open the day with prayer and Bible reading. I am sure you are accustomed to this, but we will also begin our afternoon the same way. There will be other times during the day when we will need to seek the guidance of our Lord."

It was soon evident that Mr. Garlow was not like the usual run of teachers. He had many new and startling ideas. Pupils were allowed unheard-of freedom. Small groups were sent out in the yard to study. All were encouraged to go through textbooks as rapidly as possible. This made for complications. The eight grades, large number of students, and limited supply of textbooks made it impossible to carry out his ideas effectively.

Recitations took place in a haphazard manner. Assignments were not very definite. Many students did little or no studying. Mr. Garlow's prayers became more frequent and began to include appeals for the self-improvement of his charges. As matters worsened, he began to cast about for something to hold their interest. That was when the idea of a heaven at Prairie View occurred to him. This just might solve his problem. The next day he put forward his plan.

"Students, I have in mind something both interesting and worthwhile. Tomorrow bring any lumber or old boards your parents will let you have, along with hammer and nails. We'll have a good time together. I think you will be pleased with what I have in mind."

This challenged the curiosity of the older boys, and the response was more than satisfactory. After morning devotions the girls and small boys were sent outside to play. Under the direction of Mr. Garlow, the boys went to work with alacrity. Within a few days a platform was completed midway between the floor and ceiling at the front of the room.

One afternoon just before dismissal everyone was called together. When we were finally settled in our seats, Mr. Garlow began speaking with great seriousness.

"I know you have thought of heaven as a faraway place and so it is, but we are going to have our own heaven right here in this room. Those who are diligent and prepare their lessons will be called to mount this platform, our own heaven right here on earth. In heaven you will be free to read, write stories, work arithmetic, study history and geography."

He then proceeded to affix a neatly lettered sign "Heaven" to the platform.

The captain's chair was placed to the side of the platform with Webster's unabridged Dictionary in the seat. The older students could reach heaven easily, but smaller ones like me had to be pulled up by the older boys.

Heaven was an instant success. Interest ran high. Mr. Garlow began sending news items to the local paper, The Custer Courier. I still have some of the clippings my mother pasted in her scrapbook.

One reads, "We are proud to say a few of our pupils are not ashamed to be seen studying their Bibles. They are looking for a quotation from Paul's writing, a part of which is 'Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed'."

Another: Inez Schneider (I) has read her second reader through five times; she brings the third reader to school and occasionally conducts the second reader lessons and reads to the class from the third reader while the teacher does personal work among the more advanced students."

My reading ability was due to my mother's help at home. She insisted that I read to her each night page by page through the book with no skipping here and there as many of the pupils did.

In retrospect I have fond memories of the happy hours I spent in heaven, but they didn't last long. The novelty of heaven soon wore off. Too many of us were never able to attain its heights.

One morning when the pupils arrived, the platform was gone. Mr. Garlow stood holding a short black leather strap in his hand. From that day on the strap was his constant companion. He wielded it frequently but ineffectively as he was a kind man and hated the thought of inflicting pain. By now it was evident he was no disciplinarian.

The weather was still warm; and very often a culprit, who saw Mr. Garlow bearing down upon him, strap in hand, jumped out of one of the long open windows with Mr. Garlow close behind. Then came the chase. In and out of the windows leaped the pupil with Mr. Garlow in close pursuit. Mr. Garlow, short of breath, usually played out and went back to his captain's chair. The guilty one, after staying outside for sometime, would cautiously creep in through the most distant window. He was either totally ignored or a prayer was offered with a petition that the pupil realize the error of his ways.

The school was very close to our house. My mother said, "Things are coming to a pretty pass. No one can tell whether it is recess or if they are supposed to be having school. Children are running around the yard and in and out all day long."

Talk got about among the parents as children went home with tales of the day's happenings. These were a few of the incidents that made the parents begin to question Mr. Garlow's ability.

Doyle Coatney, a second grader, was promised punishment if he came to school one more time with his work not finished. As usual, he hadn't studied, but he had made one preparation. To soften the sting of Mr. Garlow's strap, he came to school with a thin square board in the seat of his britches. Along with the other second graders, I sat on the long recitation bench waiting expectantly to see what would happen. With downcast eyes Doyle confessed that he had come unprepared once more. Mr. Garlow said sorrowfully, "Doyle, I'll have to carry out my promise. You must learn to do your work."

Looking up, Doyle said with a pleading voice, "Teacher, won't you pray for me?"

Always reluctant to mete out punishment, Mr. Garlow quickly replied, "Indeed I will, son. I know you are truly sorry." He then offered up a prayer for the erring boy. What a letdown! We had expected fireworks.

Prayers became a mockery. The larger boys began kneeling and shouting as the parishioners were wont to do in the little country church. As long as the shouts were confined to conventional ones like "Amen" and "Hallelulah," nothing happened; but one afternoon when one of the boys bellowed "Can't you shout a little louder over there, Sister?" and then "Amen, ole settin' hen," Mr. Garlow could restrain himself no longer. He started down the aisle with his strap. The chase ended with a scuffle on top of a double desk. The boy was knocked to the floor and went home with a knot on his head.

One day Mr. Agan, a member of the school board, was on his way to town. As he passed a culvert near his home, he was amazed to hear loud talking and raucous laughter. Stopping his buggy, he got out, and leaned down, and peered into the culvert. To his surprise he found nine of the older boys from Prairie View within. He drove on to school and knocked on the door; when Mr. Garlow opened it asked, "Do you have any pupils missing?"

"Only one," Mr. Garlow answered, "and I've sent some others out to find him. I'm sure they'll be along soon."

This incident sparked several visits by the school board members. They found the situation even worse than they had feared and set about to oust the teacher. Mr. Garlow stood his ground. The contract was declared legal as long as he reported for duty every day.

An epidemic of measles broke out. As children recovered, parents just didn't bother to send them back since there was yet no compulsory attendance law in Oklahoma. One by one they dropped out until Mr. Garlow was left with one lone pupil for the remainder of the school term.

My schooling that year must have ended sometime in December since I still have my report card which has grades for only the first three months.

My parents were quite upset. My mother said, "This year has been a waste of time for every pupil." To me it had been both pleasurable and exciting. Mr. Garlow had been kind, patient, and understanding. He was a sincere person who had a vision impossible of accomplishment in his situation. He was unable to cope with a group of teenagers who were out of hand before his arrival. I never saw or heard of him again but if I could only meet him I would say, "God bless you, Mr. Garlow, Amen."

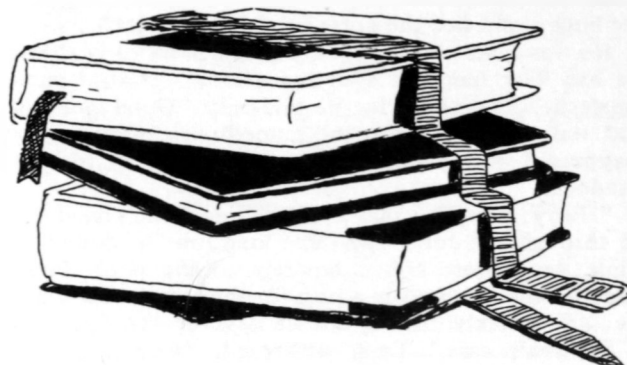


ILLUSTRATION BY TONI TAYLOR

# REVIEWS...REVIEWS...REVIEWS.

— by Arrell Morgan Gibson

**CITY OF MANY FACETS** by Opal Hartsell Brown and Richard Garrity. Western Heritage Books, Oklahoma City, 1981. Index, Illustrations, 155 pp.

**CITY OF MANY FACETS** is the biography of a charming Oklahoma town with a "shifty" past. Opal Hartsell Brown and Richard Garrity have combined descriptive text with engaging photographs to document Sulphur's origin, its evolution as a popular regional spa, and its maturation to a bustling south-central Oklahoma community situated on the eastern rim of the colorful Arbuckle Mountains.

The authors include a historical sketch of the area embracing Sulphur, casting it in the Indian removal drama when Oklahoma served the United States as the Indian Territory, a resettlement zone for colonizing Indian tribes from other parts of the nation. The land from which Sulphur evolved was assigned to the Choctaws of Mississippi by the Treaty of Doaks Stand, 1820; it was a vast domain extending from the western boundary of Arkansas to the 100th meridian, Oklahoma's present western boundary, flanked on the north by the Canadian and Arkansas rivers, on the south by Red River. Brown and Garrity's historical sketch points out that because of the threat from fierce neighbors on the west — Comanches and Kiowas — the Choctaws settled in the eastern portion of their new nation. In 1837 by the Treaty of Doaksville the Chickasaws, also from Mississippi, joined the Choctaws in Indian Territory. The newcomers were assigned a district in the central portion of the Choctaw nation embracing present Sulphur, but because the Comanche and Kiowa threat continued, they settled near the Choctaw settlements.

**CITY OF MANY FACETS** explains that federal officials directed the construction of Fort Washita in 1842 and Fort Arbuckle in 1851 in the Chickasaw District. When United States cavalry and infantry units garrisoned these posts Chickasaws began moving to their district. By a treaty with the Choctaws in 1855 they received title to this central portion of the Choctaw territory, which included the site of Sulphur, and formed a government under a constitution with their capital at Tishomingo.

The authors relate that the environs of the future Sulphur came in for continuing notice. Its mineral springs quite early were used for bathing to cure certain skin, circulatory, and joint diseases. Several roads, including the Tishomingo, Fort Arbuckle, and Fort Washita highway connecting with Boggy Depot, a leading town in the Choctaw nation, passed near present Sulphur. After the Civil War troops moving from Fort Smith and Fort Gibson to Fort Sill and other western

posts for campaigns against the Comanches and Kiowas camped at the springs.

Brown and Garrity have discovered that after the Civil War the mountain grasslands around present Sulphur became a popular ranching area as Texas cattlemen began to move their herds north of Red River. Also permit holders settled in the creek and river valleys of the Arbuckle Mountains near Sulphur. The mineral springs became increasingly popular with persons seeking the cure as well as a place for church conventions, Confederate veterans' reunions, and picnics. Visitors camped in tents about the springs. By 1890 the infant community consisted of a blacksmith shop and general store, and during certain seasons over thirty tents coveyed about the springs. The pioneer developer of the town of Sulphur was General R. A. Sneed, a native Virginian and former Confederate officer. In 1891 he organized the "Sulphur Springs Indian Territory Resort," and platted a townsite. Four years later the community was assigned a post-office.

Developers constructed several hotels, two railroads connected Sulphur, Indian Territory, with the rest of the United States, and before 1900 it had become probably the most popular spa-type resort in the Southwest. The term "shifty" applies to early-day Sulphur because of the required moves inflicted on the young town. Around 1900 as Choctaw and Chickasaw leaders submitted to allotment in severalty and the liquidation of their tribal estates and governments, they signed an agreement with federal officials ceding 640 acres to the United States embracing all local natural springs at Sulphur. Congress changed the name from Sulphur Springs Reservation to Platt National Park for Senator Orville Platt of Connecticut, a member of the Indian Affairs Committee (now designated Chickasaw Recreation Area.) This required relocation of town buildings and residences. Civic leaders persevered, however, and through their energy and investment, Sulphur continued as one of the most popular resorts in the Southwest. The authors point out that it served as the summer capital for the state of Oklahoma during Governor Charles N. Haskell's administration — 1907-1911.

**CITY OF MANY FACETS** is an Oklahoma Diamond Jubilee Project, produced by the authors in cooperation with the Arbuckle Historical Society of Sulphur. It is a provocatively rendered study, of one of the state's most attractive towns, and can well serve as a model for studies of other Oklahoma communities. Published by Western Heritage Books of Oklahoma City in 1981, **CITY OF MANY FACETS** contains an index and illustrations and is comprised of 155 pages.



Linda Lickling 5-82



## REVIEWS...REVIEWS...REVIEWS...

## ECHOES FROM THE HILLS

— by Gladys Toler Burris

In *ECHOES FROM THE HILLS*, Winnie Corley brings us the warm, intimate biography of a man who, early in life, dedicated himself "to make the world a better place because I have lived."

Much of the warmth comes from the human interest story of Sam West's family, reminiscent of "The Waltons." Life was not easy in early-day, rural Oklahoma, especially for a country preacher with no regular salary. Yet his ingenious wife could transform a hardship into a pleasure, as in this episode:

"Christmas came, and there was one quarter to spare for four children's gifts. Leona dug into the scrapbag and made a fine handkerchief for each child. On a shopping spree, she bought a five-cent bag of marbles for the boys; a five-cent vase for each of the two girls, some hard candy and four oranges. . . That Christmas stood out in the minds of everyone."

Against this warm family background, Sam West stands as the pivotal figure. The book revolves around him and his faith: his conflicts, his decisions, and the values that emerged.

As a youth, Sam West was ambitious, gifted in public speaking, interested in politics. He would "make the world a better place," he decided, by being a United States Senator. The son of a country preacher, he had lived in a dug-out in Western Oklahoma Territory; that life was not for him. Indeed, after his engagement to beautiful Leona Summers, he vowed to provide well for her.

But a thought haunted him. He tried to ignore it. Ironically, it was this love for Leona that forced his decision.

Sam tells in his own words:

"That night, I had taken Leona home, and was on fire with desire and anticipation. . . Again, the thought spoke to me, 'Young man, if you don't do the work I want you to do, you will never marry that girl. Her life will be taken from you.' That startled me. . . There in the pasture, I fell on my knees and cried, 'God, if you will not permit that calamity — I will do your work.' I kept that promise."

He preached his first sermon in 1905, at the age of 20; he preached his last sermon when he was 91.

In an even more dramatic way, God affected another of his decisions.

To supplement the family income, the young husband taught school and farmed. A thunderstorm rolled in one day while he was plowing. Leona, watching from their dug-out, saw a lightning flash, saw Sam fall. . . All night, she and the doctor watched by the bed of the seemingly lifeless body. Just before dawn, he began to moan.

It seemed to Sam that he had been brought from death to life. What did God want from that life he had

spared?

He sold the farm. Preaching — and teaching — became his life work.

The author livens her account of Sam's ministry with anecdotes, often amusing or startling. In one backward community, for instance, he was organizing a church, and in the course of a pastoral call, asked for a Bible.

"The lady of the house dug around, mumbling, 'Now, I saw that Bible not over a month ago.' Then with a triumphant, 'Here it is,' she handed him an old 1847 Hymn Book which had only the words, no music. She was not being funny; she actually thought this was a Bible."

Sam's dismay grew during the first Sunday School meeting. Each child had been asked to memorize a Bible verse; one little girl rose and recited, "Mary had a little lamb. . ." Scarcely anyone laughed because few knew the difference.

No learning, spiritual or secular, had touched this isolated community. No school existed. To Sam, this was intolerable; it affected his own children, and he placed a high value on education. When the next term began, school was held in the Wests' home, with Sam as teacher.

We see "what God wanted from the life he had spared." Such ministry calls to mind "manna in the wilderness."

Elder Sam West is remembered, not only as preacher and teacher, but as missionary and counselor. As Associational Missionary for the Southwest Baptist Association, his greatest joy was in ministering to the state's Institutions of Correction: at Granite, Paul's Valley, Tecumseh, Stringtown, and even at McAlester.

He loved these people, counseled with them, often met their families and formed warm friendships. Grateful letters give proof of his rehabilitating effect. Had this been his only work, he would have fulfilled his dedication: "to make the world a better place."

*ECHOES FROM THE HILLS* is the name he gave the church paper he published when he lived in the Cookson Hills. "Arise, contend thou before the mountains, and let the hills hear thy voice" (Micah 6:1).

Such a warm, intimate portrayal could have come only from one who knew this man well. Winnie Corley knew him well. Sam West was her father. Sensitively, she entitled his biography with the symbolic *ECHOES FROM THE HILLS*. The book may be purchased from the author (Box 93; Carney, OK 74832).

## Book Outlines Marshal's Life

— by Dee Ann Ray

"Tall, handsome, soft-spoken, and deadly with a gun." Care to read on? A reader can do so in Glenn Shirley's new book about Heck Thomas, one of Oklahoma's famed territorial marshals.

Legends have centered around the man Heck Thomas. Glenn Shirley has used as his resource material the diaries, journals, letters, and other sources of Heck Thomas' times.

The resulting book presents the true story of a genuine hero of the Western frontier, a man of integrity who made his lifework keeping the law.

When the Civil War ended, Heck Thomas was 18 years old. He became a policeman in Atlanta and thereafter worked in that capacity somewhere until long after the turn of the twentieth century.

He was an express manager in Texas and helped track down Sam Bass. He operated his own detective agency in Fort Worth; while in detective work, he tracked down and killed the notorious Lee gang.

From 1886 to 1892, he rode out of the court of the famous "hanging judge," Isaac Parker in Fort Smith; and from 1893 - 1900, he served under every United States marshal appointed to the Oklahoma Territory.

He became chief of police in Lawton the first time after the opening of the Kiowa-Comanche country; after several terms, he served as deputy United States marshal again for western district until his death.

Mostly, Thomas rode the prairie alone. He would round up men for whom he had warrants and bring them to whatever court in the territory was proper. His manhunts centered around the most dangerous of the outlaws, but he always gave them an opportunity to surrender and live. When he was forced to, he shot to kill.

He was not untouched by all this; he received wounds too. But his life on the prairie, sleeping night after night on the ground and living in the saddle with little time left for rest and relaxation, left him hardened and hard to kill. His body would later pay for the abuse it got by being racked with rheumatism.

In his later years, he had little to show for his heroic deeds; for he never profited at the expense of the public, and he never gathered in ill-gotten gains. He died as he had lived, a man of modest means.

Heck Thomas left behind a legacy of tales to stir men's blood and an untarnished record of courage and leadership as a fearless officer of the law. Some people remember him by saying, "He did more to Christianize the Indian nations than all the ministers who were sent there."

All of Glenn Shirley's books make good reading. He has a touch about his writing that adds zest to the reading and which makes the characters bigger than life.

An OU Press book, HECK THOMAS, FRONTIER MARSHAL is available through the offices of the Press for \$15.95 (1005 Asp Avenue; Norman, OK 73019). It will be money well-spent.

# Reviews . . . Reviews . . . Reviews

## Roustabout

— by *Donita Lucas Shields*

William Rintoul's sketches in ROUSTABOUT provide a vivid portrayal of oilfield life during the era of wooden derricks and steam boilers. It matters not that the time span is yesterday. Today's counterparts who exist in the "oilie" society face the same lifestyle as did earlier roustabouts.

The author's efforts are timely and contemporary for those now living amid the surge of drilling and production activity in Oklahoma's Deep Anadarko Basin. With warmth and insight, Mr. Rintoul propels the uninitiated and uninformed into oilfield activities of Wilson, California, through the eyes of Clayton Gaskill, a one-year liberal arts student from the University of Arkansas.

Not knowing an ell from a tee connection or a ball-peen from a thirty-six, Clayton hires out as a weevil for Conestoga American Oil Company with intentions of working one year and saving his money. He plans to give a two-week notice and then head for easy living in Mexico or South America.

Connie Am places Clayton with good-natured gangpusher Orval Hovel and his congenial crew. After a few months' experience, Clayton feels he is on equal footing with the work gang. With his promotion from Roustabout B to Roustabout A, he considers himself a weevil no longer. Clayton's pride of belonging surpasses his \$7.00 a day raise in pay.

Surrounded with temptations which separate most oilfield workers from their pay checks, Clayton retains his identity and his original ambitions. He spends nights reading by yellow bunkhouse lights instead of frequenting the oil town bars, gambling dens, strip shows, and the inevitable Waikiki Rooms.

For entertainment Gaskill joins his companions in watching girls, drinking a few beers, and eating at greasy diners. With no questions asked and with no personal character judgments, Clayton accepts the crew as they accept him. Common bonds of eight grueling hours daily in hot, dusty, windy summer followed by cold, foggy, windy winter weld the men together as a close-knit fraternity.

The roustabouts repair rusty, plugged pipes and broken sucker rods, frequently drenching their faces and clothing with unexpected pearly oil baths. They build drilling rigs then tear them down and burn discarded lumber. They

install new pipelines and willingly work overtime digging and covering ditches because Connie Am rewards them with the best steak dinners in Wilson.

Clayton empathizes with his fellow workers' heartbreaks: Cofield's knowing his party-girl wife is out on the town while he works; Soldier's problems with his live-in woman from the cookhouse who is nothing but bad news; Larkie's hurried-up, unhappy marriage which is followed by a raunchy congratulations party; Bernard's humorous ignorance of bank accounts and banking procedures as he attempts to get rich enough to buy company stock.

At the end of his year as a roustabout, Clayton's dream of sizeable savings turns into a \$3,000 reality. However, during the 12 months with Conestoga American Oil Company, he meets Juanita, a delightful, darkhaired waitress employed at his favorite eating place. His plans for a carefree future begin to waiver.

When he and Bernard become champion pipe-cutters during the town's annual Wildcat Days festivities, Clayton's visions of sandy beaches south of the border evaporate. The pretty waitress' proud expression convinces him that his life as a settled Connie Am company man could be most fulfilling.

ROUSTABOUT is a bargain at \$4.95. It may be purchased from Seven Buffaloes Press (Editor Art Cuelho; Box 249; Big Timber, MT 59011).

## DELECTABLE CAKE BAKING FROM SCRATCH

— Pauline Jones

Aunt Susan was the Julia Child during the Depression years. Our family listened to her daily radio program and copied many recipes that are still used. My 86-year-old mother is noted in Kiowa County for making a delicious Red Earth Cake from Aunt Susan's recipe.

## RED EARTH CAKE

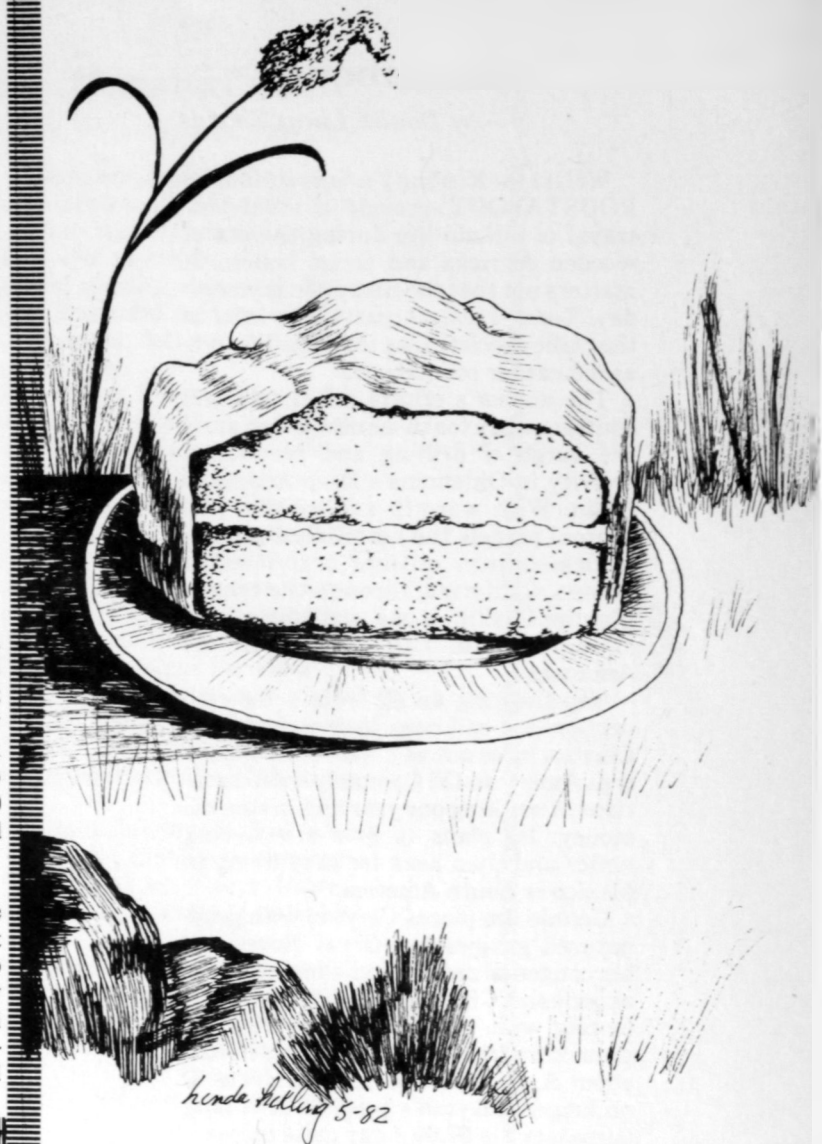
## Ingredients:

- ½ cup shortening (oleo may be used)
- 1½ cup sugar
- 1 egg well beaten
- 4 level T. cocoa
- 1 t. red food coloring
- 2 T. strong, hot coffee
- 2 cups sifted, measured cake flour
- 1 t. salt
- 1 t. soda
- 1 cup fresh buttermilk
- 1 t. vanilla

## Preparation:

Cream sugar and shortening until very light and fluffy. Blend in the well-beaten egg. Mix cocoa, coffee, red food coloring to smooth paste. Stir into first mixture. Sift flour with salt and soda. Add flour mixture alternately with buttermilk, beginning and ending with flour. Mix only enough to mix ingredients. Pour batter into two well-greased, floured eight-inch cake pans. Bake in 350 degree oven for 25 - 30 minutes. Don't overbake; cool on racks and ice.

This is another of my favorite cake recipes from the "good old days." Yes, these cakes take time, but what a sense of accomplishment when the compliments keep coming and requests for another cake. I feel that they are much less expensive than the ready mixes — as well as the increased moisture, the finer texture, and freshness for a longer period of time. It just gives me a good feeling to know that "I can do it myself."



# cuisine





# old-time RECIPES

## BURNT SUGAR CAKE

### Ingredients:

- ½ cup shortening (Crisco, recommended)
- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 t. vanilla
- 2½ cups sifted, measured cake flour
- ¼ t. salt
- 2½ t. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 3 T. Burnt sugar \*
- 2 stiffly beaten egg whites

### Preparation:

Thoroughly cream shortening and sugar; add egg yolks and vanilla; beat until fluffy. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, beating well after each addition. Add burnt sugar and fold in egg whites. Bake in two well-greased, floured eight-inch cake pans. Bake in 350 degree oven for 30 minutes. Cool and frost.

\* Burnt Sugar — Melt ½ cup sugar in a cast-iron skillet over very low heat, stirring sugar constantly with a long-handled spoon. When sugar has melted to a honey color, add ½ cup boiling water; return to heat and stir rapidly until of syrup consistency.

### ICING

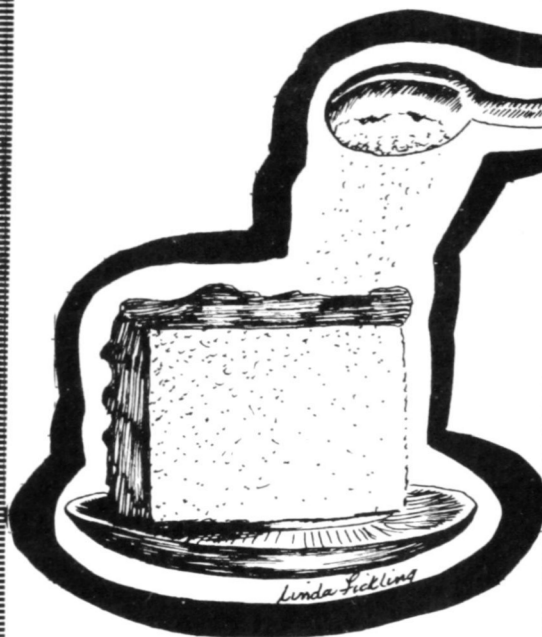
I use the unwashed skillet in which the burnt sugar was prepared to make the icing.

### Ingredients:

- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup cream or milk
- ½ t. salt

### Preparation:

Boil, stirring to loosen the burnt sugar. Continue to boil to firm soft ball stage. Set aside with a stick of oleo until warm. Beat! Beat! — to spreading consistency. Ice the cooled cake immediately.



"A section boss stood on an old joint tie,  
His hands all over blisters.  
He made a swipe at a greasy spike  
And the wind blew through his whiskers."

Author Unknown?

Perhaps one of my brothers or sisters made up this little verse. All I know is that we kids living in the red section house with our Mama and Papa at Woodward, Oklahoma, could and did recite it whenever an appropriate occasion arose. I know I did late one Saturday night, back in 1910.

"Peace, peace, oh for a little peace!" Papa had shouted, running his fingers through the thin fringe of hair circumventing his balding head. He and my big sister Dulla were working feverishly at his desk, trying to get the East Section time sheets sent in to the Santa Fe Roadmaster's office before dawn.

I thought it would be nice to give Papa the little piece he said he wanted. Being only five years old, I had misinterpreted what Papa really wanted. I disentangled myself from the various arms and legs of my frolicking sisters and rose to my feet. I made a proper bow to the pot-bellied railroad stove, and gave Papa my piece about the section boss. It was the only piece I could recite by heart.

I was greatly disappointed and wanted to cry, when I received the disapproving frown of my father instead of the smile he usually gave me when I had said something cute. Speaking that piece was the direct cause of the happy, and I'll admit — noisy trio, being chased off to bed by Mama. She sang in her low, sweet, tantalizing voice to the back of Papa's head.

"Go to bed you chilluns, and a-hush your cryin'

I'll get you another Pappy on The Salt Lake Line."

Mama hadn't meant the silly lines she sang. Papa knew that she would never get us kids another Pappy. He knew that she was a one-man woman. Mama knew that she had to stick by her man. He had an important job to do for the Atchinson, Topeka and the Santa Fe Railroad Company, and she wanted to help him do that job.

But now to get back to the railroads. I dearly loved living in the red section house by the side of the tracks. I had a ring side seat on the high board fence in front of our house where I could watch the trains go by. I waved countless hellos and goodbys to the many engineers and brakemen who worked on the trains.

# Blisters On



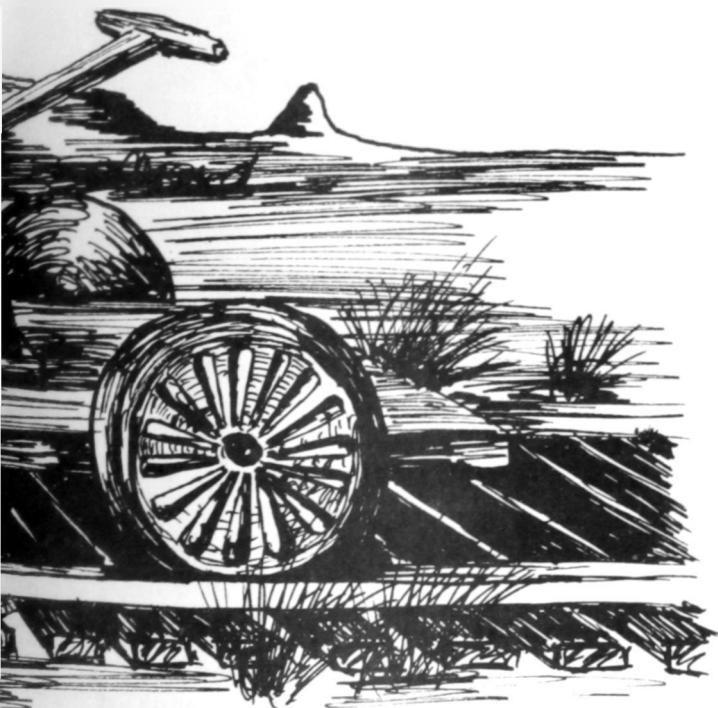
The Brownes, two timekeepers, and a coal miner



# is Hands...



My man visiting on Sunday afternoon



A fierce, goose pimply joy would overtake me when the steam powered engine would go by wagging her long line of cargo behind her. I always had faith that yet another train would come over the smooth and safe tracks my dad worked so hard to maintain. That same kind of faith made the railroad seem more human than mechanical to Papa, and gave him the conviction that the railroad could become no better than they who served it.

Papa was strong and sincere. He was of average height, and I remember him during his heyday as a bit on the heavy side. When my baby sister would kiss him on his bald head, — his barefooted place, she called it, — Papa's Irish blue eyes would light up with pleasure.

Papa told us that his forebears had come from England. Twelve brothers named Watkins had arrived in the United States on the same boat. Other than that, Papa said he didn't care to investigate the family tree. He said he was sure none of his ancestors had hung from trees by their tails. According to the figures he worked on the Santa Fe Railroad forty years, and retired against his wishes at age seventy-four.

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His first railroad job was with the Missouri Pacific road in 1889 at Almitz, Kansas. While he was section foreman there he met Mama, or Lou, as he called her. She was a waitress in a small cafe. The first glimpse Papa had of her, she was wearing a bandage over a sore eye. The story handed down in our family was that it was "love at first sight."

Papa said, "Can't see but one eye, but that's good enough for me." Mama was said to have told her fellow workers in the cafe, "That blue eyed man, — he's mine if I never get him."

Papa's first job with the Santa Fe at Woodward was that of a trackwalker. Since there was no house provided for his family, he and Mama took up a claim twelve miles north-east of town. He stayed in a boarding house until the weekend, then walked the twelve miles to the farm, carrying with him a large sack of groceries.

I remember Papa carrying things down the tracks to his family when we lived at Woodward. I used to go meet him when he came home from work or from the store. His corduroy trousers made soft swishy sounds as his legs rubbed against each other. I had to take two steps each time Papa took one. His easy measured stride skipped every other tie, while I had to step on each one.

Sometimes I'd carry his dinner pail. When I opened the lid to see if there were anything left

to eat, the hot dry smell of the afternoon sun would emanate from it. There would also be little black ants in the pail if Papa failed to throw away his empty sardine can.

At first Mama was lonely for old friends when they moved to Woodward. She was delighted one day when she saw a woman coming up to the door. Catching only a glimpse of the person, Mama thought it was one of her Curtis friends. She flung wide the door and enclosed the caller in a warm embrace. "Well Dolly Higgins," she cried and laughed at the same time, "I thought you'd never get over here!"

The visitor turned out to be a Mrs. Ralph Bonifield. She had merely come to make a social call. She and Mama remained close friends all their lives. I, too, have remained good friends with Lucille and Leo Bonifield, the caller's offspring. Lucille and I were Woodward High School graduates of 1925.

Suffice it to say that Mama was one of those rare persons to whom things were always happening. She was short and chunky in stature. With dark curly hair and big brown eyes, she was considered very pretty. She acted impulsively at all times, and was much given to laughter; but Mama had her moments! She could be either gay and amusing, or tempestuous and demanding. Her moods depended upon how well her household toed the mark, and whether or not her dander was already up, due to a variety of other annoyances or provocations.

Living near the tracks we had plenty of hobo visitors. Mama's dander got up one morning after she discovered that the "nice old Man" who seemed to be down on his luck, had sneaked off the back porch. He had partaken of her good home cooked meal; but had not waited to chop up a tie for firewood, as he had agreed to do.

After that incident Mama insisted that the wood pile be replenished before, and not after a vagrant's appetite was appeased. When word spread about the change of procedure at the section house Mama noted a definite slackening in her hobo trade.

One morning Mama saw a shy looking little man come upon the porch. He knocked timidly on the back door. He jumped backward about three feet when she opened the door, and extended a red printed card to her from the tips of his fingers.

"I have brought you this small pox quarantine card," he stammered. "Will you please tack this on your front door?" Mama said she could not convince the man that her household did not have

the dreaded small pox disease.

We kids arrived home in various stages of grief and elation. We had been dismissed from school, because someone at our house had small pox, the teachers said. When Papa came home he looked scared to death when he saw the sign fastened to the door. Mama had decided to put the sign on the door just to see what he would do.

"What's the matter now?" Papa wanted to know. "Well maybe you'd better tell us that," Mama answered him.



**Mr. Watkins**

A strange light swept across Papa's face when he surmised what must have happened. He tore the sign off the door, then spoke gently to Mama who had not been feeling well. There was humor showing in his eyes as he turned to face us.

"Well I'll be dog-goned," he said. "I'll bet that bum who stopped at the tool house spread this rumor around. Lou, I knew you weren't feeling well. When that fellow asked me about his chances of getting something to eat at the section house, I told him there weren't any. I said they



had small pox in that house. You should have seen that guy take off. You'd have thought I'd sicked a mad dog on him."

Mama and Papa had often gone romancing over the railroad on a hand-car. It's possible they went to the county seat after their marriage license that way. Mama told us she had dampened her chances of catching the young railroad man once. She threw dishwater from an upstairs window just as Papa was coming up the walk to see her. After they were married, she always stayed close to Papa's needs.

One rainy night Papa heard her scream out in her sleep, "Oh, we must save those poor children. We must save them!" He gently shook her awake. She told him she had dreamed the passenger train had gone off the Austin bridge into flooded waters. Although Papa had checked the east section just before quitting time, he got up and put on his rain clothes again, then went out into the night. Picking up men and hand-car at the tool house, he went out over the tracks.

He got back home just before the misty dawn broke. He shed his wet slicker and big rubber boots at the kitchen door, then blew out the flame in his bright lantern. He sat down wearily to the hot breakfast Mama had ready for him. He told us that the rails had washed away in the sandy fill, just west of the bridge.

"You know, Lou," he said looking into Mama's serious brown eyes, "we didn't need to have hurried so much. The passenger train was chalked up a little late anyway!" He grinned when he said that.

In the summer of 1915 Papa accepted the foremanship of one of the extra gangs the Santa Fe was organizing to surface and reline the tracks through Texas and New Mexico. Three months later Mama decided to make living "on the cars" a family affair. She said she didn't want Papa living alone in a dirty boxcar, ruining his digestive system on beans and hard-tacks.

With Mama's decision began a unique adventure for the Watkins kids. An adventure which would take them into twenty different Texas towns, and subject them to countless life experiences before it ended.

The Santa Fe had a fifty foot residence car pushed onto the siding by the section house. My brothers moved our household furnishings into it. Ney rode with the car to water Mama's plants and to feed Dick, the canary. Brother Wayne chose to stay in Woodward since he planned to be married there.

Mama and we girls arrived at Miami, Texas late at night, via a railroad pass on Passenger Train number 19. Papa and Ney greeted us at the station. They informed us that we would have to walk to the camp. I stayed close to Ney and the suitcases so I could hear his yarns, — such as how we would see cowboys riding fences, when the sun came up. Papa cautioned us to watch out for mud puddles.

The next morning I discovered what Papa had meant about the puddles of water since I saw great big ones all around the cars and rails. Ney commanded the situation as usual, and rowed us



**Mr. Watkins (age 74): still on the road**

by boatloads across the right-of-way water filled ditch to the "pequenas casitas rogas," which were commonly called comfort stations. Many unnecessary trips were made before the waters receded.

When I awoke the first morning on the cars I counted our five beds, including the one I found myself in. The beds were placed side by side in one long row. "Mama can put up drapes between the beds," I said to myself, "and we can have

## INSPIRATION--GIANTS

a whole bunch of bedrooms." Then I spied the living room stuff and the pump organ way down at the other end of the car. Something was missing.

"Hey," I yelled out, "Someone! Where's our pots and pans we packed in that barrel? Where's the table and the chairs, and Dick?"

Nobody answered me. I jumped up and followed my nose which smelled bacon frying. I went through a screened-in vestibule, and on into the next car. "Guess what TraLa," Mabel hollered at me, "we get to keep this car too. That is," she added, "if Mama'll board the old timekeeper and the assistant foreman."

When the two gentlemen mentioned turned

Mexican men when they came in from work. The filled cones were pushed into the compartments of egg cartons, which in turn were hung by carrier from poles over our shoulders. We always came back with empty carriers; but not so our stomachs since we thought it only polite to eat all the cones bought for us.

Fresh eggs were plentiful since the possum-belly of our car had been converted into a chicken coop, where a dozen hens and a young rooster named Darty were housed. Tiny steps led up to the coop, and the hens had free access to the nests at all times. Darty was very much concerned about his harem's well being.

Whenever Darty heard the work train whistle



**Watkins family with the timekeeper**

out to be very young and reasonably young, respectively, both Dulla and Mabel couldn't do too much to help Mama in the kitchen. Both liked serving tables.

Staple groceries were bought at the camp commissary. Milk, butter, and vegetables were purchased from farmers along the way. Brakemen were more than happy to bring us meat from the towns. Trainmen on the refrigerator cars provided us with huge cakes of ice to fill our huge built in ice box.

Mama made use of the ice by freezing ice cream, which Gladys and I sold in cones to the

which signified moving day, he would cluck the hens up the steps and into the coop. Once he took the girls scratching too far away to hear the train whistle. It took all of us and half of Papa's work crew to get the chickens into the coop that day.

Gladys, who was called Bill because she had always wanted to be a boy, was given a lame lamb by passing sheep herders one day. The lamb was too weak to keep up with the rest of the flock. Her pet turned into a goat with horns, and was always getting into trouble. One day he dashed into a pair of red flannels hanging from

Mrs. Brady's clothesline.

With his head sticking through the slit in the back of the garment, the goat ran wildly down the row of cars. Ney, acting as back stop, promptly dubbed the goat Sid, \*after Bill Groggin's goat that swallowed Bill's red shirt, then coughed it up to flag the train. Only Ney would never tie Sid to the railroad track, no matter how mad he got at him.

Papa's Assistant Foreman, Mr. Boone, who said the famed Daniel Boone was his ancestor, taught Dulla Spanish. There were some twenty children living in the six gangs camped at Black, Texas. Their parents asked my lively sister to teach a subscription school for the children. A suitable car was provided with grocery boxes as desks.

\*Song — Bill Groggin's Goat

What the teacher may have lacked in knowledge, she made up for on the ball diamond at recess time. One day as she was dashing for a home run, the elastic in her long underskirt broke, entangling her flying legs. Dulla stopped short and dropped to the ground, thus covering the wayward garment with her full skirted dress. After that she just sat there, not moving a muscle.

"Ring the bell, TraLa," Dulla ordered me. As I marched the students back into the school car, I kept watching the teacher from the corner of my eye. I wanted to see what was going to happen. First she got to her feet, then she stepped out of the encircling impediment. Next she stooped down and grabbed the skirt up, and then she streaked like fury to our bedroom car via the vestibule steps, no doubt for safety pin repairs.

The school broke up when Papa's camp was moved to Canyon, Texas. As our cars were being pushed slowly onto a siding, we noticed these three little girls lined up along the fence row. They were waving wildly for the train to stop. After we stopped, Gladys and I skidded down the side ladder before the campman had time to put up the door steps. We ran over to see the girls.

"Is your mother in that railroad car?" the tallest girl wanted to know. "Because if she is, my mother wants to talk with her. You see, Daddy and Robert had to take our sick cow to town, and now Mama - - ." But by this time our mother had come to the door, and when she saw the children, she too came over to the fence.

"Lawdy me, what's the matter here?" Mama asked the children. Then she saw the tall woman in the Mother Hubbard dress coming toward the fence. As the wind blew against the woman's frame, Mama could tell definitely what was the matter.

Family rumor has it that the tall lady who turned out to be a Mrs. Hoover first waved to Mama, then shook her hand in a peculiar and significant manner. Mama returned the wave and hand shake in the same fashion. My older sisters explained to Gladys and me that this meant that Mama and Mrs. Hoover were lodge sisters; and that they were bound to help each other in times of stress. At any rate they held a quick consultation over the barbed wire fence, and Mama decided to go home with Mrs. Hoover.

Getting to the other side of the fence was not an easy task for Mama, since she was short and rotund in figure. So Dulla and Martha Hoover helped her. They both stood on the bottom row of the barbed wires, and held the top wires up as far as they would go. Then Mama gathered her starched skirt up at the bottom, stooped over as far as possible, and went through the opening.

Mama didn't come home until early the next morning. She told us that a darling little baby boy had come from Heaven to live with the Hoover family. When our camp was moved on down the Santa Fe tracks, saying goodbye to our friends made us all very sad.

Once the young people in the camp planned to hold a taffy pull and a dance. Mr. Boone and Pete, the campman, went into town via a hand-car to buy the necessary ingredients for making taffy. When they returned Mr. Boone carried a huge sack of flour over his shoulder, and Pete had four buckets of molasses dangling from a pole carrier across his shoulders.

Mama, looking like Mrs. Rip Van Winkle with elbows akimbo, greeted the men at the door.

"Good gracious," she laughed, "what will we do with all of that stuff?"

She found out that night at the party what would become of some of it. Ney's combo, composed of four Mexican men and himself, began to play "Turkey In The Straw" and then the fun began. Dulla's beau, a brakeman named Red, started walking toward her to claim the first dance. He inadvertently stepped into a mass of molasses, and found a sitting-sliding position to be a better mode of transportation.

Pete, the molasses spreading culprit, couldn't

get out of Red's path, so he went along with him for the slide. Dulla joined the fracas by impact, tearing open the sack of flour on which she had been sitting, as she did so. Pandemonium broke out! Taffy got into many fine heads of hair; molasses and flour ruined the seats of many new blue serge suits.

Since a foreman was not allowed to hire his own kin on the job, brother Ney often became a problem. He and his young friends would sometimes ride the work train to the nearest town for a lark, or to see a movie. In order to save money, only one of the boys would buy a fare to ride back on the passenger train which passed the camp. The others rode the rods underneath the train.

One evening the train didn't make the stop at the camp because no one had bought a ticket indicating a stop. Walking ten miles back from the next station, Ney and the other boys didn't make it home until the wee hours of the morning.

Papa was both sarcastic and dramatic when his wandering boy arrived. "I didn't raise my boy to be a hobo," he told Ney emphatically. This riding the rods episode, together with the taffy pull riot, were deciding factors in Papa's decision to send us all back to Woodward.

While we lived "on the cars," Mama insisted that we children attend church services whenever that was possible. Thus during the two years we spent in Texas we attended Sunday Schools of various churches in Canadian, Pampa, Panhandle, Kings Mill, Canyon, Amarillo, Hereford, Black, White Deer, Umbarger, and Dawn. Since Papa did not often go with us, Mama was especially concerned about his soul. Sometimes she would include religious tracts along with the sandwiches when she fixed his dinner pail.

My sisters decided to help Mama out in her campaign once, when they reported what happened at the revival meeting at Kings Mill, Texas. They told Papa that the church ladies would sing, "We will shout His Praise in Glory," and the gentlemen would chime in with "So will I, So will I." The girls told Papa that when Mama sang the Glory part, a real nice younger looking man would answer her back with the "So will I, — So will I," parts. Papa refused to become jealous; and he also refused to attend the revival.

Papa did not join a church until after his retirement; then he joined the United Brethren Church at Woodward, Oklahoma. He elected to practice his religion by seeing to it that the widow

and her children never went hungry. He treated all the men who worked under him fairly, regardless of their religious affiliations or their ethnic origins.

Although Papa had read the Bible many times through, and had sought to practice the teachings of Christ in his daily living, I sincerely believe that he joined the church at Woodward only because he thought that would make Mama's soul happier in Heaven.

After his retirement Papa used to hold forth in front of Pete Martinson's general store in Woodward, or down at the freight depot.

"The life of the railroad is not over," he would tell his old cronies. "With everything moving so fast it's gonna take the trains along with all the other means of transportation to move the traffic. It's gonna take something big and dynamic to win this war (W.W. II), — and the railroad is the answer."

"As for myself," Papa always ended his discourse with an authoritative grin, "if I'm in a hurry to get places, and want to get there all in one piece, you can give me the rails every time."

Papa's opinions and his faith in the reliability of the nation's railroads should be respected. He has had many blisters on his hands from doing hard work, seeking always to carry out the Safety First motto of the Santa Fe Railroad Company.

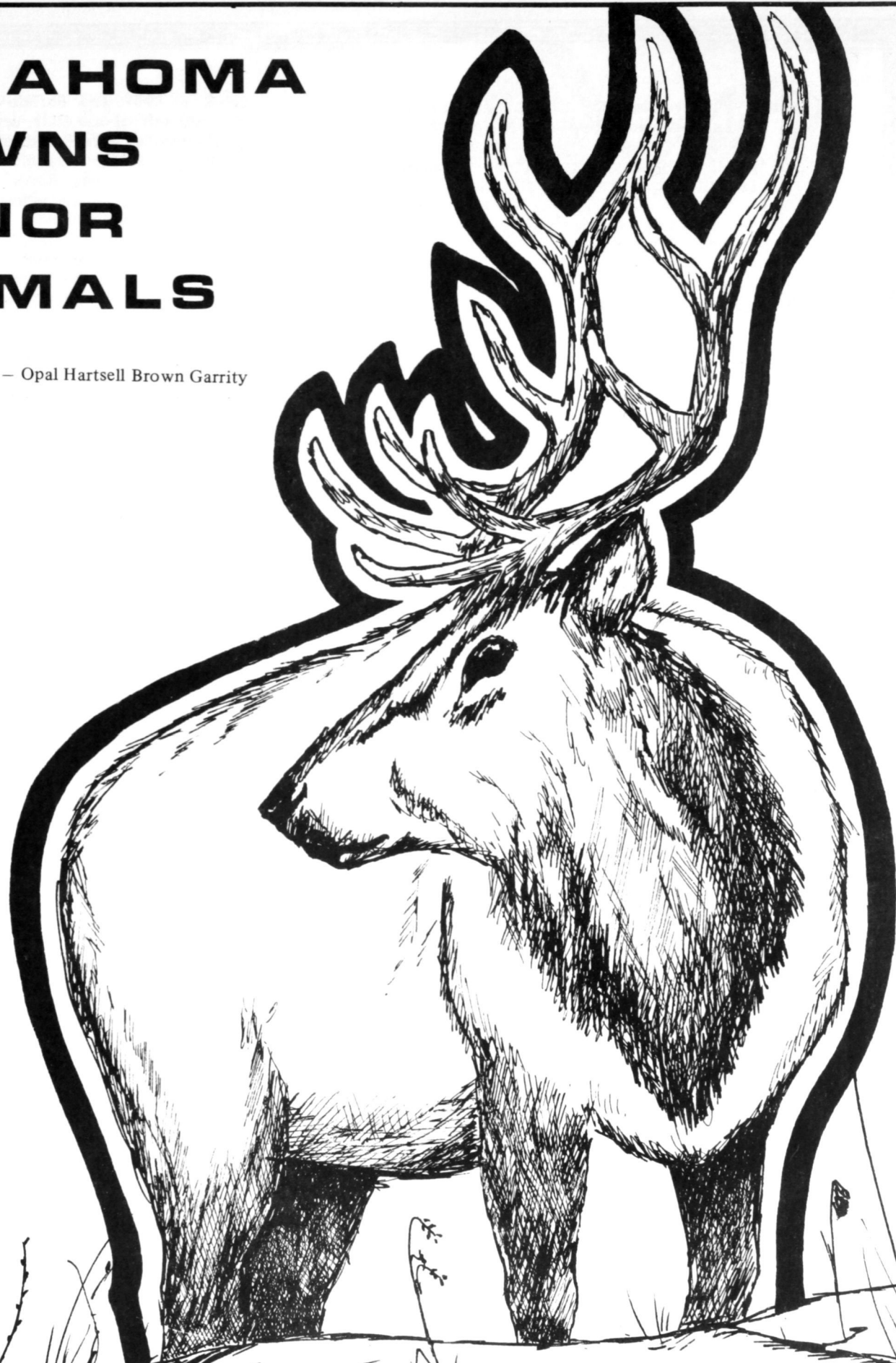


Hazel Watkins peeping through a fence; parents in doorway; sisters and a friend outside the fence



# OKLAHOMA TOWNS HONOR ANIMALS

— Opal Hartsell Brown Garrity



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Ever wonder why the nuclear plant east of Tulsa is called "Black Fox"? Sixty or more towns in Oklahoma honor animals by wearing their names in at least five languages. Listen to the euphony:

Wolf, Wauhillau, and Wildcat; Angora, Antelope, and Antlers.

When this country was opened officially to people last century, animals were so numerous and important to life, settlers tagged creeks, towns, and geographical sites for them.

Wolf on Highway 99 two miles south of Bowlegs became large enough to have a post office from 1903 to 1907. It is now a ghost town. Still in existence is the village of Nashoba, Choctaw for "wolf." Eleven miles east of Tuskahoma, it was established in 1886.

Wauhillau, meaning eagle, comes from the Cherokee word awa'hili. One of the earliest established towns, 1879, it was located in western Adair County ten miles northwest of Stilwell and lasted until about 1935.

Wildcat, eleven miles southeast of Okmulgee, was in wildcat country. It was granted a post office in 1897. In 1902, the name was changed to Grayson in honor of George W. Grayson, a Creek tribal leader, and was discontinued in 1929.

Angora, six miles west of Leedey in Roger Mills County, was so named for a herd of Angora goats owned by a local resident. Another ghost town, its post office lasted from 1902 until 1914.

There have been two Antelopes. The first, which lasted less than a year - March 13 - December 2, 1891 - was six miles northeast of Guthrie in Logan County. It was named for Antelope Creek. The second town, named for Antelope Hills, was in Roger Mills County in the western part of the state. Its post office lasted from 1893 until 1908.

Antlers, still in existence, is located in Southeast Oklahoma. Its name is believed to have derived from the antlers of a deer used to mark a spring and campground nearby. A Record Town for the Indian Territory and later county seat of Pushmataha County, it was established in 1887.

Eagle and buffalo were the most frequently honored animals. Besides Waunillau, there were Eagle County in Apukshunnubbee District of the Choctaw Nation; Eagle in Craig County, 1890 - 1906; Eagle Chief in Southwest Alfalfa County, 1894 - 1895; Eagle City in Western Blaine County, 1909.

Also, Eagle Point, later Lequire, in Southern Haskell County, established in 1901, and Eagletown in Southeast McCurtain County. Still in existence, Eagletown was established in 1834 by the Choctaws and named for the many eagles which nested in nearby swamps.

For the buffalo were the ghost town of Buffalo in Texas County, 1888 - 1902; Buffalo in Harper County named for Buffalo

Creek in 1907, and Buffalo Station on the opposite side of the state, seven miles south of Haileyville. Established in 1867, it was an important stage stop after the Civil War.

Then there were Bison, Skiatook, and Yanush. Bison, fifteen miles south of Enid, was named for Buffalo Springs nearby. Skiatook, meaning "buffalo," is thirteen miles north of Tulsa. It was named for a prominent Osage who, doubtless, was named for the animal. Yanush, a Choctaw word for buffalo, was in Latimer County, six miles north of Tuskahoma. It lasted from 1911 to 1925.

Beaver, still an abundant species, was a popular name. The town was named for Beaver River in 1883 and is the county seat of Beaver County in the Panhandle. Beavers Bend State Park, six miles north of Broken Bow, was named for an intermarried Choctaw. Beaversville in McClain County was old Camp Arbuckle.

When Ft. Arbuckle was established eight miles west of present Davis in 1851, the old camp was given to Black Beaver, A Delaware scout, and his people. Beaver was named for the animal. The camp is no longer in existence. Kinta, meaning beaver, was established in Southern Haskell County in 1902.

The elk was recognized in Elk, Elk City, and Elkton. Elk in Northern Carter County was established in 1890. Its name was changed to Pooleville in 1907. Elk City, since 1907, was previously Busch. It is in Northern Beckham County. Elkton, now a ghost site, existed in Alfalfa County from 1899 to 1909.

Deer Creek, named for a nearby stream in 1899, is twelve miles east of Medford. Chilocco is from the Creek words tei lako, meaning big deer. Its post office was established in present Kay County in 1889.

Others pertaining to deer include Buck, Buckhead, and Buckhorn. Fawn, eight miles southeast of Checotah, existed from 1898 to 1916.

In addition to Inola (black Fox) there were two others. Fox, eight miles north of Healdton in Carter County, was established in 1894 and remains intact. Chula, a Choctaw word for fox, was in McCurtain County from 1902 to 1904.

There have been Bear, Black Bear, and Bear's Glen; Tiger, Panther, and Civit; Coon, Sawakla, Opossum, and Otter. Yes, there were bears in this country - thousands of them.

Bear, three miles east and across the Canadian River from Calvin, lasted from 1911 until 1924. Black Bear, a community six miles northeast of Perry, got its name from a creek. Bear's Glen, a valley near the Arkansas River, was a campsite of Washington Irving when he toured Indian Country in 1832. It is now beneath the waters of Keystone Dam.

The Tigers came from the Indians by that

name, while Panther came directly from the animal. Located in Haskell County, the cats exist there to this day. Established in 1890, Panther is present-day McCurtain.

Civit came from the French civette and refers to a species of the cat. It was four miles northeast of Pauls Valley, 1903 - 1925.

Coon was named for a nearby creek in Northwestern Nowata County. Established in 1895, it became Wann in 1899. Sawokla means raccoon town. Established in 1902, it became Haskell in 1904.

Opossum, so called for a nearby creek in Western LeFlore County, was ten miles west of Shady Point. It lived from June 1881 to February 1882. Also named for a nearby creek was Otter, nine miles west of Kingfisher. It lived from 1892 to 1899.

Domestic animals came in for recognition: Mustang, Horse Creek, Cow Creek. . . And so did fowls, so abundant at times they blackened the skies: Owl, Kiamichi, Swan, Plover, Red Bird, Sasakwa, Lark, and Duckpond.

Owl was first Byrd, 1892, but is now Centrahoma, nine miles northwest of Coalgate. Kiamichi, a French word for Horned screamer, a species of bird, was six miles east of Tuskahoma. It had a post office from 1887 to 1962.

Plover, a shore bird, was seven miles west of Comanche from 1902 until 1904. Another town honoring the same bird was Pluver, in Southwestern Jefferson County. It existed from 1912 to 1914.

Red Bird, five miles southeast of Coweta, was founded in 1902, while Sasakwa, Creek for goose, was established in 1880. It is on the border of Hughes and Seminole counties.

Lark, nine miles south of Kingston, existed from 1889 to 1934. Duckpond was ten miles south of Beaver in the Panhandle. It lasted from 1906 to 1908.

Perhaps the place with the most unusual reason for its name was Frogville. Located nine miles southwest of Ft. Towson, it was said to have harbored so many large frogs they "ate young ducks." It lived from 1897 to 1933. ■



C. KAUFER



## WESTERN OKLAHOMA SKY

— *Clintora Byrne-Harris*

Nestled in a sky of deepest blue  
Fluffy white clouds reflect the hue  
Of the pale blush in Western Sky  
That gives a hint of last goodbyes,

Behind me boil the clouds of strife  
That ripped so savagely at life  
With howling winds and mournful cries  
Forever left in Eastern skies.

I face the West with eager gaze  
Anxious to meet the future days  
For with God's help I will survive  
Then slip beyond the Western Sky.







Kinda Hilling 4/82

# FROM START ..

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# ... TO FINISH

— Leroy Thomas

The first time I ever saw Beulah Luker was on a hot day of early August in 1940. We were beginning our first (primer) year of school in Miss Ila Powell's room at the old City View School about four miles east of Mangum. Beulah was 5, and I was 6.

That day we began an association of 12 years. During those times we were alternately the best of friends and the worst of enemies. Being of just about equal ability and of the same economic background, we competed with each other from 1940 until we finished City View High School in 1952 with Beulah as valedictorian and me as salutatorian.

Scholastically and athletically, she was my better. In fact, she went after laurels in both areas with the intensity of an Albert Schweitzer - Babe Didrickson Zaharias combination. There was one area in which I was her better — 4-H Club honors. With another year of growth, she could have passed me there too!

Students today who complain about being from small high schools don't get my sympathy because in that 1952 City View Senior Class, there were only eight students. Of the eight, there are five college graduates. And of the five, there are three who have earned doctorates. In other words, smallness has been no hindrance to us.

And recently, Beulah Hirschlein née Luker added another honor to her list of impressive accomplishments: she was named recipient of the 1981 OHEA (Oklahoma Home Economics Association) Professional Award.

Her citation for the award reads: "Members and friends of the Oklahoma Home Economics Association express sincere appreciation to Dr. Beulah Hirschlein for utilizing her role and position to present a positive image of the home economics profession."

Since 1975, Dr. Hirschlein has been Director of the Home Economics University Extension Program at OSU. That's not bad for a graduate of a little country school like City View.

With the help of colleagues at OSU and throughout the nation, Dr. Hirschlein has expanded her program to include a wide spectrum of public-service continuing-education programs for professionals in home economics and related fields.

In addition to her position with the Extension Program, she has been a sponsor of the OSU Student Home Economics Association and has been an active leader in numerous civic and service organizations.

Dr. Hirschlein is also a member of the National University Continuing Education Association, of the Oklahoma and the American Vocational Associations, of the OHEA and the AHEA, and of the OSU Home Economics Alumni Association. She is treasurer of Delta Kappa Gamma, Beta Delta Chapter, and past president of Phi Delta Kappa.

The values and leadership abilities gained during her formative years at that small country school and in her home environment, then, have helped to make Beulah Luker Hirschlein an involved and caring citizen of Oklahoma.

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## AN OKLAHOMA REFUGE

— Clintora Byrne-Harris

The majestic cottonwood tree  
Stands silent vigil by the lane,  
Its huge branches reaching upward  
Toward a white cloud-spotted sky.

A slight breeze sends the golden leaves  
Into a bright shimmering dance  
That forms a dense, lush canopy  
And provides a refuge below.

# Relics--Fiction

— Bridget Donnelly

The folks round here still talk of the day Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore killed herself by jumpin off the new bridge cross Muddy Crick. They still don't know why she did it, but they all got speculations. What they do know though, is that Mary Sue Ellen couldn't swim if her life depended on it, but seein as how there was only six inches of water in the crick at the time, Mary Sue Ellen didn't have no cause for learnin to swim anyhow. So, most folks here in Plowman County think Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore died from hittin bottom, but Mrs. Polk says she read it in *READER'S DIGEST* that a person could drown in just a teaspoon of water. "Imagine that," Mrs. Polk says to the Ladies Guild, "just a teaspoon of water!" So, there's other folks here in Plowman County think Mary Sue Ellen just plain drowned — and in only six inches of water! Either way, drownin or hittin bottom, Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore killed herself by jumpin off the new bridge cross Muddy Crick and they still don't know why she did it.

It's goin on eight years now since Mary Sue Ellen killed herself by jumin off the new bridge. Folks call it the new bridge cause it's new, compared to the old one. The government of Plowman County came and checked the old bridge cross the crick and said the wood was so rotten on the thing that it was goin to fall in any day. "It'll be the death of one of you yet," some government man with a big stomach had said. So, on down the crick a ways, the government of Plowman County built us a new bridge. They even gave us steel reinforcin, and did it ever shine! Folks round here stood for days admirin that shiny new bridge with the steel reinforcin, but nobody would go cross it. They all kept right on usin the rotten old bridge, even though it was goin to be the death of one of them yet. I guess steel reinforcin just don't make no difference to folks round here. That's what Mary Sue Ellen used to say anyhow, but she was different.

Most folks here in Plowman County didn't take too kindly to Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore. She wasn't homely or nothin, but folks just didn't take to her, like they didn't take to that new bridge. I don't know why, but when folks round here don't want to take to somethin, they don't have no reason for it, but they just plain don't take to it. But Mary Sue Ellen wasn't homely and she wasn't hateful neither. She was always real nice to us younger girls when we was at school. At recess, stead of sittin with the older girls and talkin bout boys and all, she would show us pictures out of the magazines she used to carry around. They were pictures of city life with pretty women in bright colored dresses and men in real silk shirts. She would read to us out of her books too. They weren't library books, but books she ordered from somewhere other than Plowman County. The books talked a lot bout women and goin places and all and I didn't understand none of it, none of us did. She used to talk bout how she was goin away from Plowman County and the folks round here. "They're all stuck," she would say, "stuck, and thick as mud, too!" We didn't understand that none either, but we admired Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore anyway. Folks said she was different, but I admired her.

So, it's goin on eight years now since Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore killed herself by jumpin off the new bridge cross Muddy Crick and the folks round here still talk of the day.

It was hot that day, hot, hot. Nothin moved, not in town or down by the crick. Not a breeze moved leaf or blade of grass. It was hot and nothin moved. Even the mud in Muddy Crick was layin so thick that the water stood right on top of it and was clear. That right there tells you it was no ordinary day. Folks call it Muddy Crick cause that's what it is — muddy and when the water in Muddy Crick is runnin clear, it's no ordinary day. The only other time the crick ran clear was back a few years when a hard winter came to Plowman County. It was cold that winter, so cold that the ground was froze solid and the mud was brick. When the day warmed up just enough for the water in the crick to thaw, but not enough to thaw the frozen mud, Muddy Crick ran clear. For one whole day Muddy Crick ran clear, the next brought back the mud, soft and oozin and Muddy Crick was muddier than ever. But the day Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore killed herself was hot and Muddy Crick ran clear.

Young Tom Wirley from over to Newcomberry was down to the crick that afternoon huntin squirrels. "Yah, it was hot, real hot, but that's the best time. They don't move much when it's hot and a sittin squirrel's an easy shot." Folks round here still stand with their mouths hangin open whenever Young Tom Wirley tells how he saw Mary Sue Ellen fallin. He didn't see her jump, but he saw her fallin and to folks round here, that's almost as good as seein her hit bottom. "She came flyin off that bridge like a dazed dove. I tell you, it was a perfect flight! I was aimin at this squirrel sittin real pretty like in this elm cross the crick and Mary Sue Ellen fell right into my line of fire. I seen her fallin through the sight on my twelve gauge. If I hadn't knowd it was Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore, I mighten of just taken a shot at her. My hand got a little fidgety like it does when you got an open shot like that, but I knowd it was Mary Sue Ellen and anyhow, they didn't find no holes in her!" Young Tom Wirley went for Sheriff Thompson after he'd seen Mary Sue Ellen just layin real still in Muddy Crick. "When I seen that Mary Sue Ellen wasn't in there for a swim, I went and fetched my squirrel and went direct to fetch the sheriff."

Somehow, somewhere tween the time Young Tom Wirley fetched Sheriff Thompson and Sheriff Thompson fetched Doc Reddin and the three of them got out to Muddy Crick, somehow, folks had already got the news and had gathered out to the new bridge. They were all just standin there with their mouths hangin open, starin at Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore layin face down, in the mud, in Muddy Crick. Sheriff Thompson, bein sheriff and all, was keepin folks back. "Don't want you folks destroyin no evidence," he said, so he kept em back. Doc Reddin went into the crick and fetched the body, he bein the Doc and all, and laid Mary Sue Ellen up on the bank of Muddy Crick. The folks all just stared with open mouths at Mary Sue Ellen and the mud all over the front of her. Sheriff Thompson just looked at Mary Sue Ellen, "Damn kids." Doc Reddin just sat down and looked at his boots, "Damn mud." Somehow, folks seemed to forget that it was so burnin hot and the spot where Doc Reddin had fetched Mary Sue Ellen out of Muddy Crick was all stirred up now and it wasn't clear no more.

Seemed like everyone in Plowman County turned out for Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore's funeral. The graveyard is just on the other side of Muddy Crick and you could





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# EULOGY

WESTVIEW

just see a line of folks all in black movin cross the old bridge, comin to see Mary Sue Ellen put in the ground. Folks still talk of the day they buried Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore. It was black that day, black, black. It was fixin to storm real bad and the clouds were black, black as Muddy Crick. The folks were all sayin that if it started to rain, the rain would be like the crick water — black. It looked like it was twilight, dark as it was, and the graves were all shadowy and you couldn't see no writin on the stones, but it was only early noon. The folks were all black too. They all had their very best black on, black shoes, black hats, black goves and the women had their black veils on over their faces and their faces looked black. Everythin was black, cept for the pretty flowers they all carried in their hands, bright, colorful, pretty flowers for Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore.

All the folks gathered round where they had Mary Sue Ellen laid. She was in the box with the lid shut, layin next to the black hole they had dug for her and the folks were all gathered round. The Reverend Whitset came with Mrs. Pittimore, seein as how he was the Reverend and all and seein as how Mrs. Pittimore didn't have no next of kin cept for Mary Sue Ellen who was layin in the box. So, the Reverend came with Mrs. Pittimore lamentin all the way and they joined the other folks gathered round Mary Sue Ellen and the black hole. The Reverend looked up at the sky, black as it was, cleared his throat and opened his black, worn, leather Bible. The folks all looked to the Reverend, and in the loud voice he usually saves for preachin and prayin, he began eulogizin Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore. The women began to cry and Mrs. Pittimore let out a long, loud sob and the Reverend's chest grew bigger and he eulogized even louder, like she could hear him, layin there in her box. I never heard a eulogy as long as the one for Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore and when the Reverend finally finished, he checked his watch and nodded his head. Then the Reverend started prayin, "Lord, show mercy on your child, Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore, and forgive her of her sin and," he cut it short seein as how it was fixin to rain and all, "Amen." Reverend Whitset closed his black, worn, leather Bible and the folks all lowered their eyes. He stepped right up next to Mary Sue Ellen's box and looked at it like he was lookin at Mary Sue Ellen herself, like he was the good Lord and passin judgement on her, then, he quick looked down into the black hole they had dug. Mrs. Pittimore came and stood next to the Reverend and she looked down into the black hole too, but seein that hole they had dug for her Mary Sue Ellen made her start up cryin again. So, Mrs. Polk and Reverend Whitset, seein as how he was the Reverend and all and how she was president of the Ladies Guild, they took Mrs. Pittimore away from the box and the hole and from Mary Sue Ellen.

One by one, all the folks went by Mary Sue Ellen in the box. And when they did, they just couldn't help but to look down into that deep, black hole they had dug and their mouths would fall open, just a little. Then, they put their bright colored flowers on top of poor Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore and walked away real slow and sad. The wind was pickin up and the clouds got blacker and the line of folks moved faster by the box. Young Tom Wirley went by and Sheriff Thompson and the Doc and even the government man with the big stomach, all the folks went by Mary Sue Ellen and her box and the deep, black hole they had dug for her.

The folks hurried back cross the old bridge, cross Muddy Crick and the line of black disappeared on the other side. The government man with the big stomach followed the rest of the folks and went right on cross that old, rotten bridge, forgettin how it would be the death of him, and he didn't even glance at the new one with the steel reinforcin not fifty yards downstream. Folks here in Plowman County still talk of that black day, eight years ago, when they put Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore into the ground.

I was the last to cross Muddy Crick that day eight years ago. I had her magazines so I stayed to give them back to her. I found them the day they found her. They were both in the crick and seein as how there was only six inches of water, they weren't hard to find. I knew they'd be there, in the mud. So, I stayed, and instead of puttin flowers on top of Mary Sue Ellen, I put her magazines with the grand pictures and grand ideas and the pages flipped in the wind. I remember standin on the old and lookin back at the box and the hole and thinkin how funny it was that, after all that black, Mary Sue Ellen's box was bright with flowers. The wind had blown some of the flowers to the ground and their color made the hole look sort of pretty. I never did understand why folks came to funerals as black as they could and brought flowers. Anyway, the men with the shovels would be comin soon to put the box and Mary Sue Ellen into the hole they had dug and she would be covered with dirt, not flowers. I looked for a minute downstream at the new bridge. Funny how the folks didn't take much to that new thing. Only a few strangers to Plowman County and Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore ever used that bridge. Guess folks will just keep on usin the old one till it can't stand no more and falls into Muddy Crick once and for all, just like Mary Sue Ellen.

It began to rain as I was standin on the old bridge, not a mean, heavy rain like the black sky promised, but a soft, gentle rain and it was clear. The folks were probably disappointed, but the rain was clear, like the crick was, the day Mary Sue Ellen Pittimore went and killed herself by jumpin off the new bridge cross Muddy Crick. ■



# Special Items

# FUTURE ISSUES

ILLUSTRATION BY DON RIPKA

## AGRICULTURE: AMERICA'S GREATEST SUCCESS STORY



The FALL, 1982 edition will develop the theme "Agriculture: America's Greatest Success Story." Professor Ted Pyle, another of our editors, will conduct a photo contest. There will be an entry fee of \$10. for each picture, and the cutline must be fewer than fifty words. Submit 5 x 7 b & w glossies by August 20.

ILLUSTRATION BY LINDA FICKLING



WINTER, 1983. This edition will carry the theme "Oklahoma History in Review." Submissions are to deal with events that have shaped our area. The deadline for this issue is November 1, 1982.

ILLUSTRATION BY LINDA FICKLING



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.

ILLUSTRATION BY LINDA FICKLING



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.

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# Special Item

## Call For Papers/Presentations

Papers and presentations of various types are welcomed for a section on "Heroes" or "The Concept of the Hero in American Culture." Presentations may be based on an individual personality or on a type or class of hero or anti-hero appearing in American history, literature, film, politics, folklore, comic strips, music, etc.

The 1983 meeting of the American Culture and Popular Culture Associations will be held in Wichita, Kansas on April 24 - 27.

Please send proposals and/or abstracts by **November 1, 1982** to:

Mrs. Jeanne Ellinger  
Language Arts Department  
Southwestern Oklahoma State University  
Weatherford, Oklahoma 73096

ILLUSTRATION BY LINDA FICKLING



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

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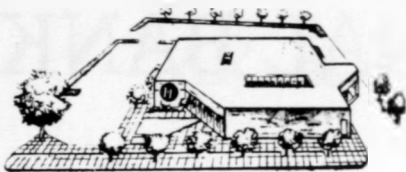
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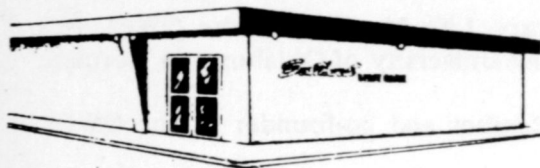
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## AUTHORS WHOSE WORKS APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

GLADYS TOLER BURRIS has taught English at Oklahoma State University and Speech at Stillwater High School. A freelance writer, she has published fiction, articles, and poetry.

CLINTORA BYRNE-HARRIS, no stranger to WESTVIEW readers, now resides in Burlington, Oklahoma.

BRIDGET DONNELLY of Yukon, Oklahoma, who sometimes uses the pseudonym Jo Susman, is now a sophomore at SOSU in Weatherford and is majoring in Elementary Education; "Eulogy" is her first published work.

PATSY EVANS, a native Texan, has finished a Master's Degree in English at SOSU and is now pursuing a career in teaching and writing.

OHB GARRITY, a successful freelance writer in Oklahoma City, has been one of WESTVIEW's main encouragers.

DR. RUBY GARTRELL, Professor Emerita of Psychology, is now putting her expertise in her original field to work in a freelance writing career.

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DR. ARRELL MORGAN GIBSON, an Honorary Life Member of the OWFI, is a George Lynn Cross Research Professor of History at the University of Oklahoma in Norman.

ERNESTINE GRAVLEY, an Honorary Life Member and co-founder of the OWFI, is a successful freelance writer living in Shawnee.

PAULINE JONES, a former Elementary teacher, now works in an administrative capacity for the Oklahoma State Welfare Program.

HAZEL WATKINS LAIRD of Lawton has many interests — including writing and crafts.

SHERYL L. NELMS-BAKER of Hurst, Texas, has no doubt published thousands of poems.

DEE ANN RAY is Director of the Western Plains Library System. She is the 1982 recipient of the coveted Stanley Draper Award.

INEZ SCHNEIDER WHITNEY, formerly of Custer City, now lives with her husband, a retired attorney, in Arlington, Virginia.

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