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# WESTVIEW

## A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA

VOLUME 1

Published Quarterly by Southwestern Oklahoma University Regional Studies Center

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HISPANIC VALUES IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

JOSEPH A. CASKEY: CHATAUQUA MEMORIES

CAMPING WITH THE KIOUAS

OKLAHOMA HOLLADAYS



SPRING 1982



# FOREWORD

It's fitting that the Foreword to the Spring Edition should be a thank-you note to our readers.

We thank all of you who have received our efforts graciously. We started with little knowledge of how to put a journal together. More than once, our Art Director, Ms. Pat Lazelle, has bailed us out. Unlike us male members of the Editorial Board, Pat has expertise in many areas that are foreign to mere writers: graphics, layout, design — to name three.

We have also appreciated the many expressive comments from people outside the SOSU Groves of Academe. Probably the most heart-warming note came from a friend who is known by Oklahoma writers as a helper and uplifter; She wrote to say, "for a group of midwives who supposedly 'don't know nuthin' 'bout buthin' no babies, you bornded a super-deluxe child. I hope you midwife many more." May our friend's praise of this third issue be equally as extravagant.

Again, we encourage our readers to study our statements of themes of the upcoming issues; information is to be found on p. 24. We welcome submissions of graphics, photos, line drawings, poetry, articles, fiction, etc. related to Oklahoma. In order to conceal our contributors' identities from the people who assess the submissions, we request a coversheet that lists the contributor's name, address, telephone number, and journal area (Cuisine, Book Review, Relics, Industry, Nostalgia, Inspiration, Landmarks, Special Items). We depend on your submissions.

— Leroy Thomas  
Managing Editor

ART CONVERSION TAKEN FROM  
PHOTO BY KATHERINE DICKEY



WESTVIEW

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PHOTO BY CATHERINE DICKEY



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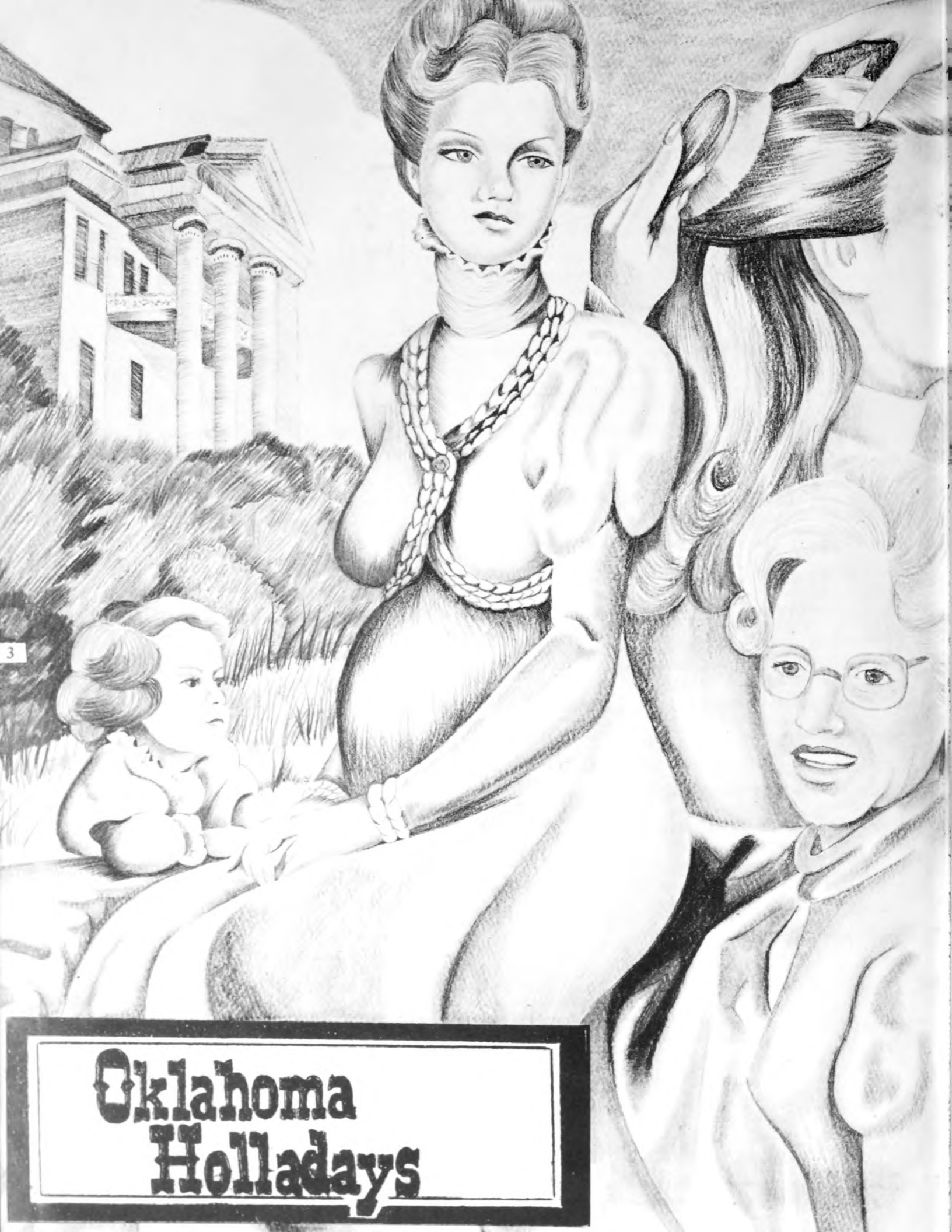
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ON THE COVERS: "Oklahoma Indians" by Dee J. Lafon, Ada artist and head of the Department of Art at East Central State University. As one of Oklahoma's foremost creative visual artists, D. J. works in all media and styles and is in collections all over the world.

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



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# Oklahoma Holladays

## OKLAHOMA HOLLADAYS

— by Joanna Thurston Roper

My ties to Oklahoma reach far back in both time and distance. At the time my grandmother married at age 21 in 1900, there was no hint — not a glimmer — of a farm in Oklahoma. Her life was pledged to a man who was firmly implanted in the lumber industry of Arkansas and Tennessee. That man, by the way, had moved from Michigan to the South. Had he lived longer than his early thirties, there is no way I would have even existed perhaps, and certainly no way I would have been an Oklahoman.

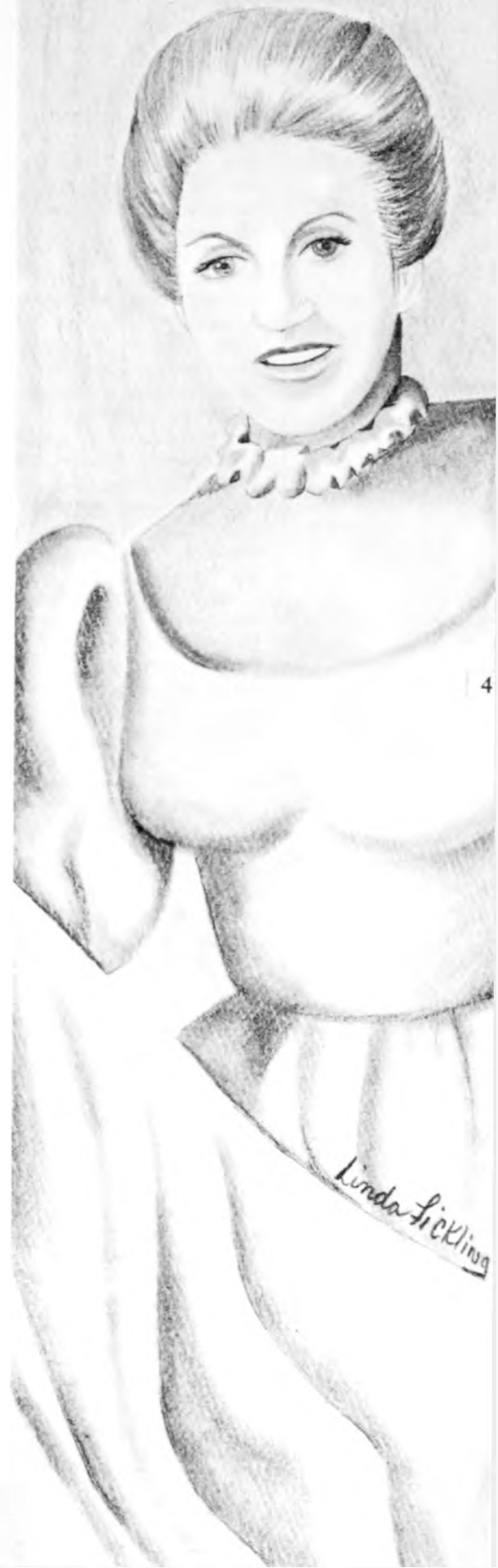
But before Maude Wartz, my grandmother, was 23, she was a mother, a widow, and an expectant mother. A seemingly happy and prosperous life had been interrupted, so Maude and her baby daughter Louise returned to her father's house in Holladay, Tennessee, to await the birth of another child. He was born in 1903 — the same year his father had died.

Maude and her little family lived comfortably in the big house with her parents. Louise and the baby Fred grew up in the security of family, servants, and townspeople. They roamed the wooded pasture lands of the plantation bounded on one side by Birdsong Creek and on the other by the old Natchez Trail. Or they ran with unbridled joy up and down the wide halls of Grandpa's house. In the yard they played under enormous oak roots that arched high up out of the ground. How little did they realize when Mama entertained gentlemen callers in the parlor that life could change.

All the while Mack had been considering his daughter's future. Her insurance money had not yet been invested, and Mack was generating a plan. Two thoughts prompted the plan he had. He was a thwarted adventurer; it was, after all, his generation that had moved west. But Mack had married a genteel daughter of the South. To have left Holladay to move to that "barbaric west" would have violated every tradition she lived. She was, after all, a Holladay by name and residence, and Holladays didn't leave Holladay. One Holladay had gone west and disgraced himself. But the least said about him, she reasoned, the better. No, Miss Lou as she was fondly called by everyone who knew her from field hands to the orphans they took in to raise, intended to remain in her little fiefdom that was Holladay. Mack was the one who gave the orders, of course, but no one ever doubted that the reins were in Miss Lou's firm little hands.

So Mack had long ago ceased speaking of a "good" time to move out west. But now, here was Maude, widowed, perhaps, but adventurous like her father. Once she had been the tomboy — the one who dared to do the outrageous. Why not, he pondered, send Maude out west? She had the money to buy a farm there.

With such a plan in mind, Mack traveled to Oklahoma in search of a suitable place.



His dreams took him — for whatever reason — to Southwestern Oklahoma, Old Greer County. There after much sightseeing and comparing — and soul searching — he made a purchase for his daughter. He bought a farm that had been “squatted on” by “Old Man Davis,” the patent signed by none other than Theodore Roosevelt himself. His choice had finally been made between the farm he bought near Granite and another near Mangum. That final decision was made because the one near Granite not only had a beautiful view of the mountain, but it also had a house on it. Not, he admitted, a very good house, but it would be sufficient for a few months. Its being there meant to him that a family could get established without having to begin building immediately. Dear man! How could he have known that not until his great-granddaughter’s birth would there be a new house on that land!

So Maude was a landowner, but the move was still far in the future. A young lawyer, a widower, Oscar Cummings, from Jeanette, Tennessee, had been courting Maude. Oscar was a schooled and literary man — one whose tastes were similar to Maude’s. He was also an easily managed man, and Maude was a manager.

And so they were married — Maude and the lawyer, an ex-Tennessee representative. In February the new family — Oscar and two daughters and Maude and a son and daughter — left the state of Tennessee for Oklahoma. Why? Both sides of that spliced-together family have pondered that question. There’s still no answer. Perhaps — just perhaps — Maude foresaw two things. She, like her mother, was determined to rule those around her. But Holladay was Miss Lou’s domain, and another female could not survive there. So Oscar provided Maude the way to set up her own territory. As the male he would be the head of the household, but his pliable nature would make him only a figurehead. However, that is only speculation.

Leaving Memphis bound for Oklahoma City by railroad seemed to be only another adventure for Louise and Fred. They had traveled extensively in their young lives, especially to Michigan and back, and this was just another trip. Trips always ended sooner or later by returning to Holladay. It was not until they surveyed the bleak winter expanse of Granite from the depot that they knew with numbing certainty that this trip was different. The wide gravel street and gray false-fronted buildings unrelieved by even a single tree was the most desolate sight Louise had ever seen. It was a town completely lacking in any of the comfortable amenities that made Holladay friendly.

After spending their first night in Greer County at “Miz Vaughan’s Boarding House,” they traveled the last five miles of their journey “out west.” At last they had reached the farm they owned — the little house, the view of the mountain — and almost totally treeless. Little did Louise know then that except for absences to attend school, that farm would be her home for nearly half a century. To have had such foresight on that February morning would have been devastating to the eight-year-old girl from Tennessee.

To Maude there was challenge. They could, she was sure, turn this into a prosperous farm like Papa’s back in Tennessee and then hire hands to help with the work. One thing, however, was soon deadly certain. Preparation for the bar in Tennessee did not equal preparation for farming in Western Oklahoma. Oscar was a dismal failure in the field. His sense of timing with words was rapier sharp; his sense of timing with crops was nonexistent. When other farmers were picking cotton, Oscar was still chopping; when most farmers’ plowing was finished, Oscar was still picking. But soon he did gain a reputation of another sort. He was sought after as a popular speaker, and then he ran for and was elected to Oklahoma’s fourth legislature. At last he was in his own element. He was successful, and re-election was assured.

But no. That was not to be. Maude was opposed. The political career was stopped dead in its tracks, and Oscar went back to the farm in Greer County. Again the children of their children have pondered that turn of events. Why? Again, no answer. To Louise and her step sisters the decision meant an end to spending part of the year in the new and glamorous Huckins Hotel. But Maude was implacable, and the family went back to farming full time — more or less.

They continued to live in the little house Mack had foreseen being replaced in a few months. However bleak it looked on the outside, Maude’s artistic hand had made the interior an attractive and tasteful home. Visitors — and there were many, preachers, judges, Chautauqua speakers — were entertained there and often formally. Maude’s china, cut glass, and silver graced the table, and the old-fashioned bouquets were of wild flowers.

As hard as life was reputed to have been for early Oklahomans, Maude and her girls went fashionably dressed when others wondered perhaps where the next feed sack was coming from. To say that Maude was a seamstress is to state a fact that was more or less true of every pioneer woman. But Maude was a designer of the highest calibre, so she and her girls wore one-of-a-kind models along with accessories she ordered from Mem-



phis or the Oskamp Catalogue. Often neighbor ladies asked to borrow a pattern, only to find that there really was no pattern other than one blocked out of a newspaper. An amateur seamstress was helpless with such patterns, and the dresses she attempted bore no resemblance to the original.

Life wasn't the completely joyless existence in the early days that we often think of. There was perhaps more party giving then than now. Not surprisingly, Maude's parties were among the best attended — both the young and the old trekked to that little house to be entertained. Oscar could hold a group spellbound with humorous yarns, and Maude directed the fun and games of the youth with a fervor unknown at other homesteads. Or when there was a Community Day get-together, it was Maude who played the piano and sang, or on occasion even did dance routines of tap or soft shoe. People never tired of hearing her play "Under the Double Eagle," "12th Street Rag" and "Maple Street Rag." Perhaps those are the "good old days" people refer to now.

Church services were by no means unavailable — though the exact denomination one preferred might not be found in horse-and-buggy driving distance. The church attended by the majority was a Community Church. Although Maude and Oscar were members of a church that used no instrumental music in the services, they did go to the Community Church since one of their own faith was much too far away. Maude played the piano for the services, albeit reluctantly, and Oscar provided the preaching on a near regular basis.

Education, too, was to be had — needless to say, the system was hardly elaborate, but three of Maude's and Oscar's children finished high school and went away to college. Louise went to the most trouble to get a better education than was available in the neighborhood. She completed the eight grades in the one-room school named Red Top then went to Mangum where she boarded with the Dr. Mabry family to attend high school. After graduation in 1922, she went to Stillwater to the college known then as Oklahoma A & M. Fred was a member of the first graduating class in the Ozark community — a new school built near the farm. For college he went to Freed-Hardeman in Memphis. Oscar's younger daughter graduated from Granite high school, one of a thirteen-member class. An interesting sidelight on that class is their reunion in 1973, fifty years later, when nine of their number returned to Granite from all over the United States. From Granite she went to college in Canyon, Texas. And Oscar's older daughter married a young man who worked for the

Rock Island Railroad.

Looking back from the vantage point of seventy years since Maude arrived in Greer County, the events seem fairly fast paced and normal. But the day-to-day existence for the family was not fast paced, for times were indeed hard on that farm that had been Mack's dream for his daughter. There were probably times when she saw it as more nightmare than dream. But through it all Maude persevered, and the family maintained the tradition of family pride and love that she learned from Mack and Miss Lou — who in their time had received it from generations of Holladays, Kings, Tuckers, Johnsons. That same family closeness still prevails today in their descendants. And if one wonders if, in the passing of the years, Maude continued to be the dominant member of the family, suffice it to say: yes. Maude called the marching orders; she was born to be the major domo.

Louise came home from A & M and got a job teaching the first and second grades at Ozark. But that job lasted only a year because she met and married Foster Thurston, a young man who had recently moved to Greer County from Texas. ■



MAUDE AT 20



MAUDE AT 80





Enduring Years

[Editor's Note: Billie and Ella Griffin, who have been married 54 years, have lived in Weatherford, Oklahoma, since 1951. They and their nine children have been an integral part of the city and university. Mr. Griffin works in the yards of several residents despite many physical problems of a man of his years; during his off hours in a private building at the back of his house he has put his memoirs on paper. In these excerpts that follow, his language has been preserved.]

Grandpa were born in the year 1823 in the state of Virginia under a slaveholder by the name of Griffin. Later on he were sold to a man in Georgia by the name of Crawford, which he did not like much. Crawford were killed in the State War, and Grandpa were so happy that he danced a jig. So when he were set free he were already married and my father were borned. When Grandpa were set free, Dad were about 4 or 5 years old, so when he were set free, Grandpa got away from Crawford just as quick as possible and taken the name of his first owner: Griffin. So he walked from Georgia to Alabama with my dad on his neck.

I were borned the 20th of September, 1898, in Texas, Cass County, and in a country settlement that was known as Gum Springs — I guess because in that community there were quite a few sweet gum trees and quite a few natural springs. In every little draw or ravine you could always find clear springs of water just boiling up through the white sands. When I grew up to where I were old enough to remember things, I lived in a very comfortable country house on a farm that consisted of 150 acres which were divided by a country road known in those days as a county road running from a town in Cass County named Linden to another town in Bowie County named Redwater. We had the country church on our farm. It was also used as a school. The first teacher that I can remember was a lady by the name of Mrs. Dolly Gray, but I was not old enough to go to school to her. But the next year I began to go to school and my first teacher was a man by the name of Prof. Ayers.

We had a very good productive farm as it had two good live streams of water running through it, which had fish in them. I very often went fishing, using a twine string and a bent pen. We had lots of various trees on the farm — plum, hickory-nut, fig trees, wild chesnuts, and lots of wild grapes. So we had a very happy time growing up. I had a brother 18 months older than I and one about four years older. And of course I had four sisters, and the oldest child in the family were my oldest brother. So I had the run of the place much to my liking as I were the youngest of the lot.

At the end of the year 1905, my family pulled up stakes and moved to Oklahoma. But at that time that part of the state was set apart as Indian Territory. That is the eastern half of the state, and that was the part my family settled in. It were just a little village. I remember unloading the railroad car of our belongings and storing them in an improvised shed as we did not have any livestock with us because we sold all our cows and horses back in Texas. Of course our family had decreased quite a bit. My oldest brother married in Texas, and my two oldest sisters were on their own working in a very large town in Texas.

So it was only my two sisters who were quite a bit older than I and my brother just a little older than I. Of course I had another brother just a little older than he were, but he looked the situation over for a month or two and decided that he didn't like the surroundings, so he took off after we had got settled down on a little farm about one mile south of the village. My dad leased about 80 acres two miles north of the village and tried to work it. It were a wild place. In those days it were termed a new ground farm. It were just a bunch of wild grass and trees and lots of gullies. So my dad acquired two plug horses and tried to farm both places, which were no success at all because when the grass began to come out in the spring one of the horses were so poor and hungry until he ate too much green grass and it killed him. So when that happen, it were too much for my dad to take so to get out of it all he decided to just walk off, and that is exactly what he did.

So my mother were very good and a hard working woman and she tried to stay with farming for the next two or three years, and as my sisters grew up to young ladies they began to find work in other towns so that left only my brother and I.

Getting back to those first two or three years, some of the strangest and funniest things happened in and around my neighborhood.

You know when a fellow is growing up, there are so many things happens when he is in his boyhood. One thing that stands out in my mind was a time in a little Oklahoma town on a Sunday afternoon. They were having a lodge meeting in the church. The building were used for church, school, City Hall, and various other meetings of the town. So on this particular Sunday afternoon, they were having a lodge meeting. Every man in those days carried his gun everywhere he went. Those that carried rifles would have their rifles under one arm and a Bible under the other. So on this day, some of the older men had boys in their late teens and early twenties and they all had fair to good riding horses. One of these boys had had a drink or two, and he decided to ride his horse through the grocery store so he did. The fellow that owned the store had a chewing tobacco cutting machine. He hit the boy with it and knocked him off his horse. The horse ran out and two or three of the boy's friends ran into the store with their pistols out, and they began shooting the place up. I guess the owner was expecting this to happen, so he shot one of the boys and killed him. By that time, the Lodge meeting was breaking up. All the older men grabbed their pistols and hit the street raving, cursing, and shooting because a lot of relatives were involved. By the time it got quieted down, two men were dead and two or three had got shot. One man in particular were the constable. He got shot and listen he got shot right through the throat with a Winchester rifle, and he ran for about a mile trying to get home. But to his surprise he were not hurting any, so he turned around and came running back to the scene. But by the time he got back everything was over. I guess that is what people would call a miracle because the bullet went clear through his throat and didn't touch nothing but the skin.

You know in those days most anything could happen like one night there were a big country dance. A widow woman were there. She had two or three boys in their early and late teens, so they went to the dance. It were

about four or five miles from their house, so they hitched up a team to the wagon and drove over to the dance. She were a fair looking woman. I think she were a mixed breed woman — some Indian, Spanish, and Negro so you can imagine she were a pretty good looker and some two or three men were interested in her from different points of view. So that night two of her admirers met at the dance and each one declared they were going home with her. So when she got ready to go home that Sunday morning about 5:00 or 6:00, both men got in the wagon and stood up in the back part and began to argue about who were going and who were not. So they decided to settle it right there. Each one had one of those old big pistols and each one pulled the trigger about the same time. One fell on one side of the wagon, and the other one fell on the other side, both dead of course.

Things were pretty tough back in the early 1900's — even the law enforcement body. They went to a man's house one day to bring him in for a \$15 or \$20 debt he owed. He were out at the woodpile cutting wood. When they rode up, the officers got down and told him what they were after in a rough way. He tried to talk up to them as man to man. That didn't help much as they jumped and struck him several blows and then asked him were he ready to go. There were nothing else to say but yes; he got up off the ground, wiped the blood from his face, and told them he would be glad to go if they didn't beat him anymore. That brought a big laugh from the law officers, and they told him to go into the house and get his hat. He got his rifle and came to the door. He killed one and shot another. The third one ran. The man got away, and they never did see him again. So they went back the next day and asked his wife where he were, and of course she couldn't tell them. They hung around until about sundown and told her that they were going to take her to jail for safe keeping. The people found her the next morning hanged from a bridge, and that is American law enforcement. Is it or is it not?

I began to watch the situation from the time our Territory came into statehood in 1907. I remember I were in school about the 7th of October in 1907 when we were annexed to old Oklahoma as a solid state of the union. I were in the third grade. Quite natural I were old enough to pay attention to things as I were 9 years old. Of course everything went as I expected as I were in a 100% Negro town.

As near as I can remember, I were 14 years old before I came in contact with a white man, and OH what an experience it was! [That's another story. —Ed.]

When I were 14 years old, I left home (not running away mind you, but I told my mother that I were going to leave home to try to make a nickel or two to help her along). At this time, it were only my mother, a brother 18 months older than I, and I, and we were having a hard time. My father had long since made his disappearance from the family. He was just a man that couldn't stand up under responsibilities.

Prior to my leaving home, my mother, brother, and I tried to make the best of it. My mother had to leave home to try to take care of us. She tried her best to keep us in school — grade school, that is. Where she worked were 14 miles from our town. She would come home on weekends to help us keep the house straight.

So being there by ourselves didn't help too much of course. We tried to be good as much as we could, but there were boys around to persuade us a little off the

right path and as for myself, I was more easily led than my older brother. So most of the gang didn't like him as well as they did me. I sure were fooled for a long time until I studied the situation over. My brother and I moved out in the country and farmed some. We did pretty good for about two years. We made enough to buy us a house in a very prosperous town. We were old enough to work then. But that old rambling got in my system, so I left home again to make it I thought. My brother made a very good cook. He stayed at home and worked until he passed away at the early age of 22. That got next to me as we were very close as brothers.

I began to drift from one place to another for the next ten years. By the end of these ten years, I had had a very great deal of experience in the ways and habits of people. I became a very close observer of human nature. I were more interested in that than anything else, both from the rich and poor and from the traits of races of people.

And believe you me, I found out a great deal from the ways of people of all races, which I think helped me a great deal in life.

I could meet up with any kind of people and talk to them no matter what kind of people they were or what they discussed because I always have read quite a bit. Also, my mother were a devout woman. She always read the Bible and discussed it with us as we were growing up.

[Ed: We will print more excerpts from Mr. Griffin's memoirs as he writes them and as our readers request them.]



PHOTO BY DONNA PORTER

BILLIE & ELLA GRIFFIN



## PRAIRIE SPRING

— Sharon Edge Evans

The dogs are howling  
And the moon's disappeared;  
The storm is moving in.

The rooster is crowing  
Into the dark  
Adding his voice to the din.

The lightening stretches  
Forked arms to the earth.  
A coyote cries for the moon.

Nature is playing tag  
With the wind.  
The storm will be here soon ■

## INTRUDER IN SPRINGTIME

— Sharon Edge Evans

Watching my tensions  
Rise with the minutes  
As the barometer  
Falls with the storm;  
Seeing the hail  
Come in like the rain.  
Uninvited,  
And the wind toss its head with scorn.

It is April  
When Nature  
Like a barren woman  
Vents her passions  
On the open plains. ■

## ADIOS

— R. R. Chapman

After all these years have slipped away —  
Months, weeks — some bright, some gloomy days,  
Wondering why —  
Questioning as the sun consumes the morning dew.  
After all this time, I love only you

Why so late,  
Why all these years have come and gone their way?

Then I find it's you I love today.  
Life sometimes plays tricks that make little sense,  
And I find that I love you without my consent. ■

# NOSTALGIA

## CAMPING WITH THE KIWAS

by OHB Garrity

NOSTALGIA

According to some historians, the Kiowas were the most warlike and defiant of all Plains Indians at one time. Not so today. That fact became more pronounced during an Independence Day Celebration at Chieftain Park, a tribal campground near Carnegie, Oklahoma.

When my companion and I arrived, only a few camps stood beneath the ancient pecan trees along Jimmy Creek. Used by the Kiowas of old as a campsite and for religious purposes, the place was considered sacred. Guests were immediately aware of it.

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Few people stirred, birds sang, and a sign warned "No Alcohol."

My companion and I chose a shade near the tents of our fullblood friend, Carol Frame, who had invited us, and set our tent facing the east. Tradition dictates the direction.

Earlier arrivals had mowed, pulled down dead limbs, and sprayed for pests, but we watched final preparations for the temporary community.

An Indian man drove in on a ditchdigger and dug holes around the perimeter for latrines. Next came two men in a pickup to plant oil drums in the holes and set up trash cans in convenient spots. Last came men in a truck with portable toilets a Kiowa carpenter from Ft. Worth, who had grown up in Carnegie, had made.

A woman in a nearby camp cooked foil-wrapped food on a small gas stove, and a girl in another camp raked last year's pecans from beneath the family canopy.

A white, middle-aged couple and their grown son from Houston, Texas, arrived in a station wagon with their tepee. As we watched them assemble the canvas cone, we learned they had been adopted as "brothers" by the Kiowas. This honor was primarily because of the son's interest.

He had grown up in Scouting and had become a student of Indian culture, particularly Kiowa.

Other whites came from Texas and some from Alabama. Those from Alabama also had become "brothers" of the Indians. Their tepee was a classic structure with a "fireplace" in the center, an altar at the back, skins, blankets, and all the colorful trappings of a nineteenth-century lodge.

The carpenter from Ft. Worth came to meet us, and we served him coffee. Soon a fullblood Apache, his white wife with a baby on her back, their small son, and his

dog walked up for a visit.

They were beautiful people, dressed in conservative sport clothes; they were obviously well educated. We offered them coffee, but they wanted only water.

I gave each, including the dog, a paper cupful, but the little boy insisted on sharing his water with the dog.

"No, no," I said, "here is the dog's cup."

"It's all right," the father smiled, displaying perfect teeth; "it won't hurt him. He's an Indian boy."

After promising to return the following day, they visited another camp, then drove away in a black panel truck.

We went to the dining tent of an elderly Kiowa couple, affectionately known as "Grandpa and Grandma." Young Indian women and a white woman were stringing beads to wear during the evening pow-wow. Grandma showed us her handicraft — an entire costume for her grandson to wear while gourd dancing.

Intricate bead work enhanced the sash, shirt, moccasins, leggings, and the handle of the feathered fan. Grandma beamed at the compliments on her artistry and agreed that her grandson would look stunning in the costume.

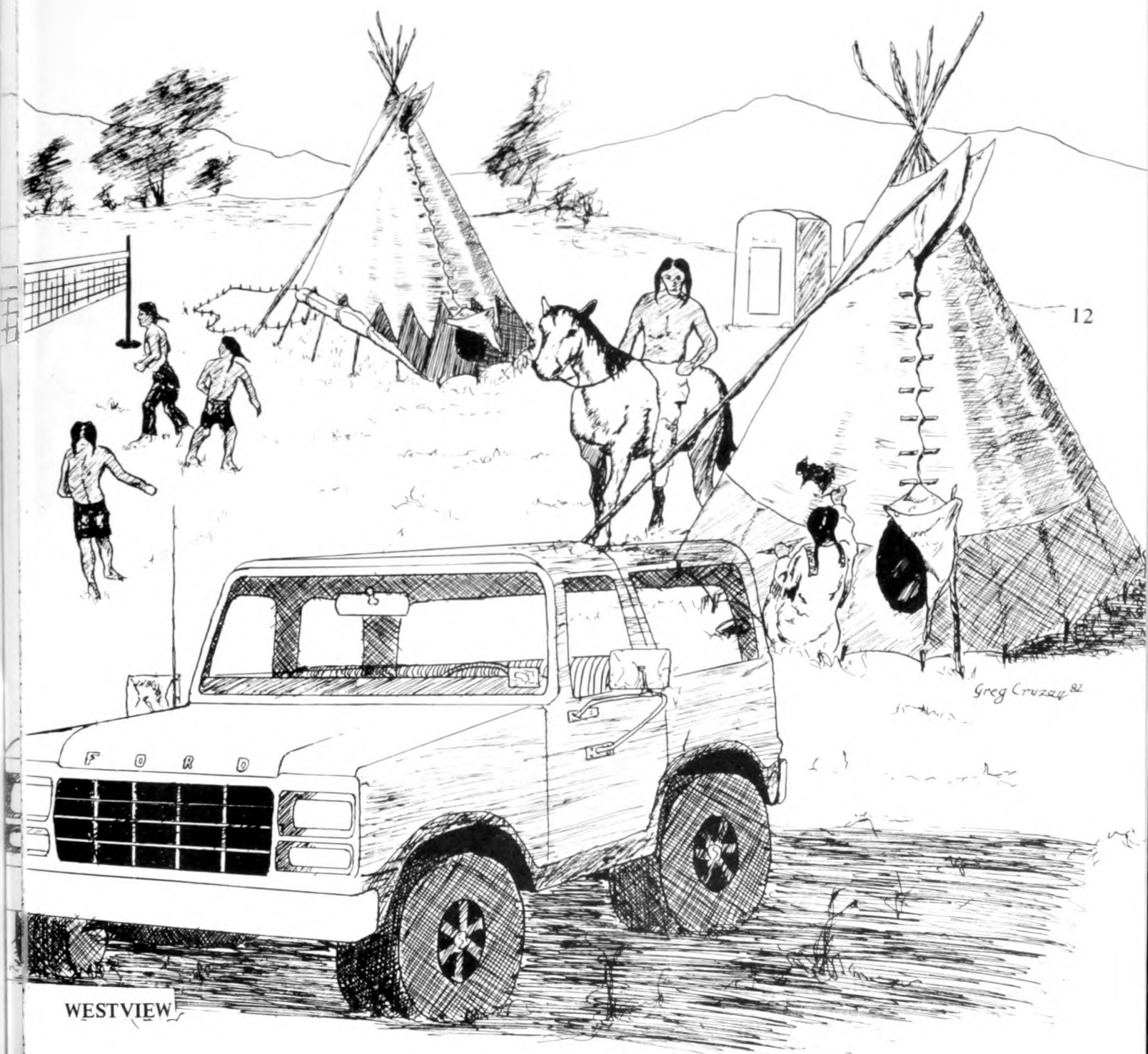
During the rest of the day, many types of vehicles arrived, and as many different types of shelter were erected. Campers moved about in a quiet, orderly manner: cleaning, cooking, visiting. Youngsters played volley ball and gathered around a portable TV on a bench to watch a show.

About dusk, three or four drummers and singers wearing big hats circled the huge drum in the center of the "sacred arena" and tapped a few times, as if testing. A dozen women, carrying shawls over their arms, brought lawn chairs and sat outside the arena.

Electric lights flicked on, and the MC stepped up to the microphone on the stage. After announcements, he introduced a minister who led an impressive prayer, asking God's blessing on the assembly. The crowd gradually increased, with both men and women sitting around the drum.

A muffled drumbeat eventually merged into a haunting rhythm. A gourd dancer in colorful costume stepped out, tapping a metal rattle, as he moved inch by inch toward the drummers. Other gourd dancers, including children, joined him until they formed a ring around the

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drummers.

The beat was subtle. As the rhythm and cadence varied from slow to fast and from muffled to thundering, dancers changed movement and tempo as if mesmerized.

There were the brush dance, the round dance, and others. War dances were held in a second arena — one not sacred. Men only wore feathers in the war dances, bending, swaying, shimmering among resplendent costumes of beaded buckskin, black satins, and fringed shawls.

Participants ranged in age from eighteen months to eighty years. It was, indeed, a family celebration.

Early next morning, a voice on the loud speaker called for "rabbit dancers." Small children gathered at the arena, danced as rabbits, then hopped in and out policing the campground.

After filling several cans with litter, they received "goodies." The place became immaculately clean. Those collecting the most litter received prizes.

The initiation of the new Kiowa princess, Kay Frame, early in the evening was the highlight of the celebration. Since the presiding minister was to use the ancient tribal ceremony, Kay was to ride into the arena on a horse.

The family had loaded the animal, a buckskin, with numerous gifts to be presented to spectators following the coronation. That is a custom, practiced by the girl's parents in appreciation of their daughter's honor.

When Kay mounted the horse, it threw her. She was uninjured; but a bit shaken, she walked in behind the animal and took her place near the microphone. Still elegant in beaded buckskin, she remained poised. The ceremony was followed by a special song and dance for her.

Using a beaded lance her mother had made for the occasion, the princess and her cousin did a special scalp dance, honoring her father who is part white.

All the while, the horse stood by, bearing the gifts. The Frames distributed them: handmade shawls, blankets, shirts, jewelry. . . Then Carol presented a beaded lance to the tribe.

Kay presided as princess for a year, appearing at powwows and other gatherings in various parts of the country. A different girl is chosen each year.

Yes, the Kiowas shake hands with their past, but they have changed phenomenally in less than a century. Today, they are truly *Gaigwu* (Kiowa), their own word for "principal people." A minority group, they are a regal people whom everybody should know and appreciate. ■

# THE PDCN OF SOSU

The Professional Development Center Network (PDCN) of Southwestern Oklahoma State University (SOSU) in Weatherford provides Staff-Development In-Service programs for 67 school districts in Southwestern and South Central Oklahoma. Serving a total of 2059 educators, the PDCN is directed by Dr. Jim Kitchens, Associate Professor of Education, SOSU, Assistant Director is Dr. Bob Riley, Assistant Professor of Education, SOSU.

Thus far in the 1981-1982 school year, the PDCN has presented 17 regional meetings consisting of 164 seminar sessions. Consultants for the seminars are selected from personnel in higher education, State Department workers, public-school educators, and regional educational service specialists. In its third year of operation, the PDCN is dedicated to providing any services that assist school systems in their efforts to meet compliance with HB 1706. ■

# LANDMARKS

## *Enduring Values In A..... Changing World*

—by Dorothy Milligan

Most of us travel a tortuous path in a search for our own identity. Who am I? Why am I here? and How am I going to get there? seem to be questions the average thinking person dwells on — particularly in his teen and young-adult years.

One can't generalize about any group of people, of course, and say: "These people have the answers." However, having spent some four years working with, talking to, and enjoying Indians of Oklahoma's Five Civilized Tribes, I have come to believe that Native Americans are less bothered by those perplexing problems of personal identity than any other people I have known. I believe there are some aspects of their way of life that we could emulate and thus make our own lives happier.

### EXTENDED FAMILY

A high-school-aged Seminole-Creek boy made his home with my family several years ago. Every time we attended any sort of gathering, even those that were not really Indian get-togethers, Jacob always found someone he knew, and the pair were always very glad to see each other. "That's my cousin," he'd tell me later. I came to believe that Jacob probably had more cousins than anyone I'd ever known. Later, I learned that by white-man definitions, most of these were not really cousins at all. They were merely members of the same clan. Relationships are not as concentrated as they are in our Anglo nuclear family. Any maternal aunt is like a mother to the Indian child. I've known probably twenty Indian youngsters who told me stories about the same grandmother. We'd have said she was a great aunt, but they regarded her as a grandmother and felt very close to her. Any uncle is like a father, and children respect his paternal influence.

It is not at all unusual for children to be brought up by uncles, aunts, grandparents, or even older cousins. Many young parents move to the city for better jobs. If they feel the environment is not suitable for bringing up children, they are likely to leave the children with a relative, secure in the knowledge that the children will be loved and wanted by members of this extended family. Members of the same clan are regarded as cousins.

Quite a contrast to our nuclear family: mother, father and two stiffly starched children! Indians are, of course,

much less mobile than Anglos. They tend to stay in one place, put down roots and to acquire many, many family and clan members. The family is a support system not only in times of sorrow but in times of joy and celebration as well, and each family member has an awareness of "Whatever happens, I am not alone."

Elderly people, in particular, have a pleasant role in Indian society. I talked with many oldsters and their families, and I was touched by the obvious love and pride felt by each person for the senior relative. "The Old Ones say" often prefaced any story they told me. Medicine men, in particular, stressed that wisdom comes only with maturity. "I had some training in medicine when I was only about 50," a 105-year-old active medicine man told me, "but I didn't begin to help my people until I was well past 60. It takes a long time to know the right herbs to use and to be able to resist 'witching' for the power and glory that comes to the medicine man," he told me.

How many Indians stay active and alert late in life is amazing to me. I talked with several men who had sired children in their late 70's.

### MATERIAL POSSESSIONS

It came as a bit of a shock to me to realize that many Indians cannot accept the principle of land ownership. Many told me, "One may as well talk about owning the sky or the river. The land is a part of Nature. It belongs to all of us."

Lack of interest in material things extends to personal possessions as well. Many Indian homes in our area have several automobiles parked nearby, but often none are in running condition, and the family must depend on others for transportation. One seldom sees one or two people riding in an auto; the vehicle is almost always crowded. Indians have owned property in common for so long, they expect to share. "What I have today, I share with my family and friends, and they will do the same for me tomorrow when I have a need," they told me. For economy's sake, I could wish for the Indians that they might learn some maintenance skills, but I have to admire their willingness to share and their indifference to the getting and spending that infects the Anglo society.

### NATURE AND RELIGION

So much has been written about the Indian's reverence

for nature and his need to be attuned to forces of nature that I won't belabor that point. I saw repeated evidence, however, of the Indian as a conservationist. Many rely on wild game to supply meat for their tables, but I never saw hunting or fishing done for the sport of it, and I never saw Indians who favored killing more game than was needed for immediate use.

It was interesting to me to watch the Cherokees, for example, in their stomp dances making "feeding the fire" a part of their ritual before their own meal is eaten. "Feeding the fire" with meat — preferably game, but certainly some choice part of an animal saved for this special occasion — is a part of their worship service. They recognize fire and meat as gifts of God, and they express their gratitude to their Creator by returning to the fire a portion of the meat they have been permitted to possess.

Somehow I think of worship in traditional Christian churches as being primarily a female activity — perhaps because women outnumber men in most churches. Among the Indians who participate in stomp dance ritual, there are usually more men than women, and it is the men who are leaders in the worship service. Somehow there is something very masculine and majestic about a worship led by men who have fasted for the previous 24 hours and who are now dedicating themselves to several hours of dancing as a way of showing their love and reverence to God.

#### TIME AS AN ALLY

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Before I started *THE INDIAN WAY*, I had heard people mention "Indian time," implying that Indians were often late for appointments and perhaps undependable. I resented Anglo generalizations and vowed I didn't for a minute believe all Indians were vague and unconcerned about time. As a result of my naivete, I played a lot of solitaire the first year I attended Indian activities. I wouldn't classify Indians as undependable, but I would certainly say that many of them have never become enslaved to time clocks. They recognize that clocks and calendars are man-made for his convenience, not his incarceration. The fact that a pow-wow is advertised to start at 2:00 p.m. doesn't necessarily mean that it will get underway before 4:00 or 5:00 p.m. Indians move at their own pace, and if they find the earlier hour inconvenient, they arrive when they get ready. Indians don't get upset if someone shows up an hour or so late — or doesn't show at all. They wait patiently if they have time; if not, they move on and do whatever they want to do. "Something must have come up" is the way they excuse their Indian brother who has failed to keep his appointment.

Indian nonchalance toward time frustrated me when I started, but I came to see that on many occasions it is better to arrive late, relaxed and serene, than to get there on time, frazzled and irritable. Of course, I wondered how they held jobs since most employers have a rather inflexible attitude about schedules. Some told me they live by Anglo rules five days a week, but on the weekend they slow down and enjoy being Indian. Others shrugged and said, "My boss understands. I get there when I can." I know many Indians who are excellent workers who thoroughly enjoy their work. Those who don't like their work usually don't give more than token service to their jobs. They are not about to get on a treadmill of spending a lifetime at employment they don't like and for which they're not suited.

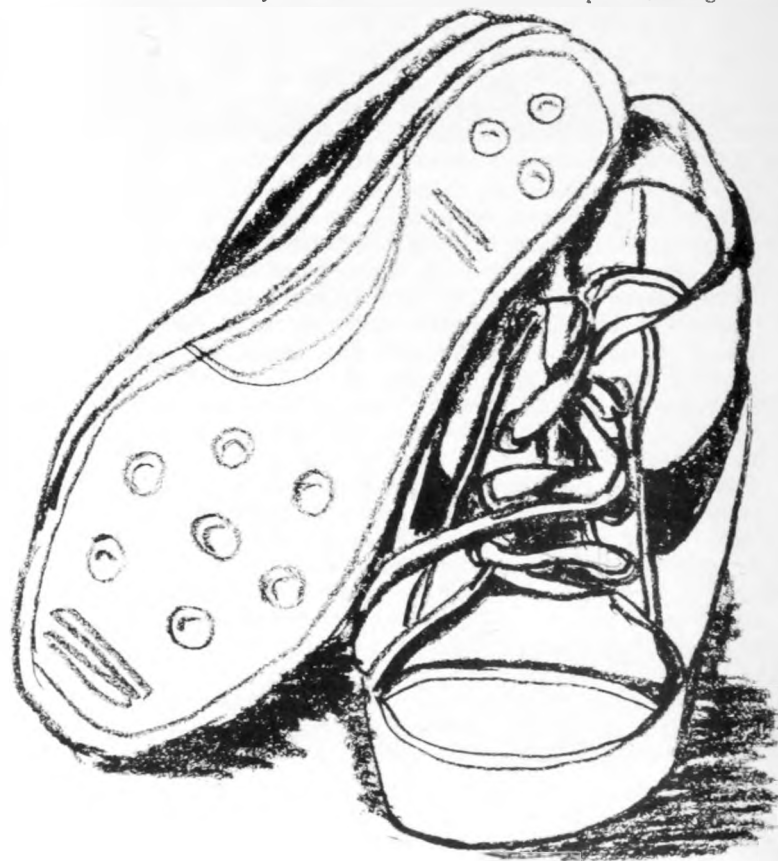
#### A SENSE OF MAGIC

The supernatural is very real to the Indian. Magic colors his life. The medicine man not only cures physical ailments, but he can work charms to insure mental well-being as well. I met medicine men renowned not only for their abilities to help stroke victims, for example, but also for their skill in dealing with family and personal problems. I met a teacher-coach, for example, who was positive he would not have found the good job he now has had he not enlisted the help of his medicine man. A Seminole woman told me, "My daughter's husband drank and ran around on her. My daughter was very unhappy, but we didn't want her to leave him because they have small children. We went to our medicine man, and he made medicine for us. Now her husband stays home. Alcohol makes him sick now, and he leaves it alone. They're happy."

Love potions play a big part in affairs of the heart. Often we see young women married to much older men. Usually, they're second wives married to former widowers. Several have told me that the man went to the medicine man and paid money (probably \$20 because inflation has had an effect even here), and got a charm to win himself the young bride of his choice. The charm is usually a sticky substance which is put in the girl's hair. As soon as the charm is firmly in place, the girl finds the man irresistible. She is his for life — or for however long he has asked that the charm work.

Medicine men have helpers (invisible to all except a chosen few) called by various names in each tribe. All of them understand the term "Little People," however. The Little People are elf-like creatures who may take care of domestic duties, or they assist the medicine man in making medicine. They guard his house when he is away, or they go with him when he goes on journeys. If the medicine man dies, they may stay on the place or they may find another budding shaman who needs them.

I heard many stories of the Little People stealing





away children who showed promise of becoming medicine men or women. They take the child away to their own land and impart to him the wisdom of the race. Once they have chosen a child for a position of such importance, the youth will usually have an unhappy life if he refuses to accept his calling.

Many people who told me stories of the Little People were educated and talented people. A few confessed, "I've tried not to believe some of these things I was taught as a child, but I guess it's ingrained."

Why not? In this very prosaic world, couldn't we all use a little magic at times?

#### "THE INDIAN WAY" GIVES STRENGTH FOR THE UNKNOWN

Among the many benefits of tradition are the comfort and sustenance it brings those who adhere to it. Indians, in particular, reverence the ways of their ancestors and find them a help in time of trouble. I am reminded of a young Chickasaw woman married to a Seminole man. She had been brought up in the white man's way; he was traditional Seminole. She was inclined to scoff at some of the beliefs of his family — a lot of mumbo-jumbo, she said. However, when her young husband became ill and died within a few days, she found comfort in "the Indian Way." Here is her story:

"I guess when Frank died I realized how Indian I really am and how some traditions can be a comfort when they're needed.

"They took Frank to the funeral home, and they wouldn't let me ride with him, but that was the only time I left his body until he was buried. We stayed with him at the funeral home until we brought him home to his grandmother's house because that was where he had grown up. Some of us sat with his body from then — Wednesday morning — until he was buried Friday.

"All during that time, we didn't eat. That's a custom with the Seminoles. I don't think I could have eaten anyway. Somehow it was a comfort to me to stay with him as long as I could, and I came to understand why our people have always done it that way.

"We put all Frank's favorite possessions in the casket with him. He had a beaded belt and some black boots

he liked real well, so we put those in. He collected old coins, and I didn't think it would be right for us to keep them, so we put those in.

"I took only the things from his wallet that I'd have to have — Social Security, insurance information, etc., but I left all our pictures and everything else. We put in his comb, everything he'd need. Indians believe if the deceased doesn't have everything he needs, his spirit will keep coming back and searching, so we always try to provide comforts for the other world. His grandmother had a beautiful quilt that we wrapped the coffin in to keep him warm.

"If ever a person could say a funeral is beautiful, I believe I'd have to say Frank's was. We had the service in both Seminole and English, and we had many white friends as well as Indians there, and the white ones were surprised, I think, at the beauty and dignity of the service.

"Memorial Day came less than a month after Frank's funeral, and all the family got together to build the little house to put over his grave. I went to the cemetery to help.

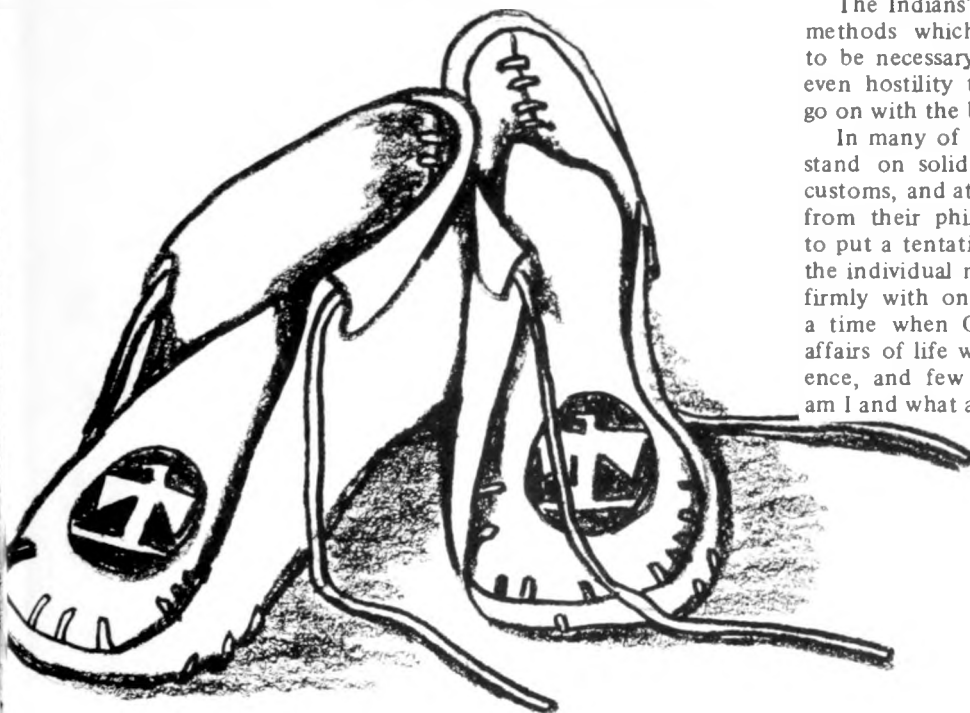
"Frank's grandmother brought a big pot of medicine for us to wash in before we started working on the grave. Always before, I'd thought this was a silly custom — the medicine doesn't do any good, I'd said. Somehow it was different, though, since it was Frank's grave I was helping to fix. I wanted everything done just right, the way Indian people have always done them."

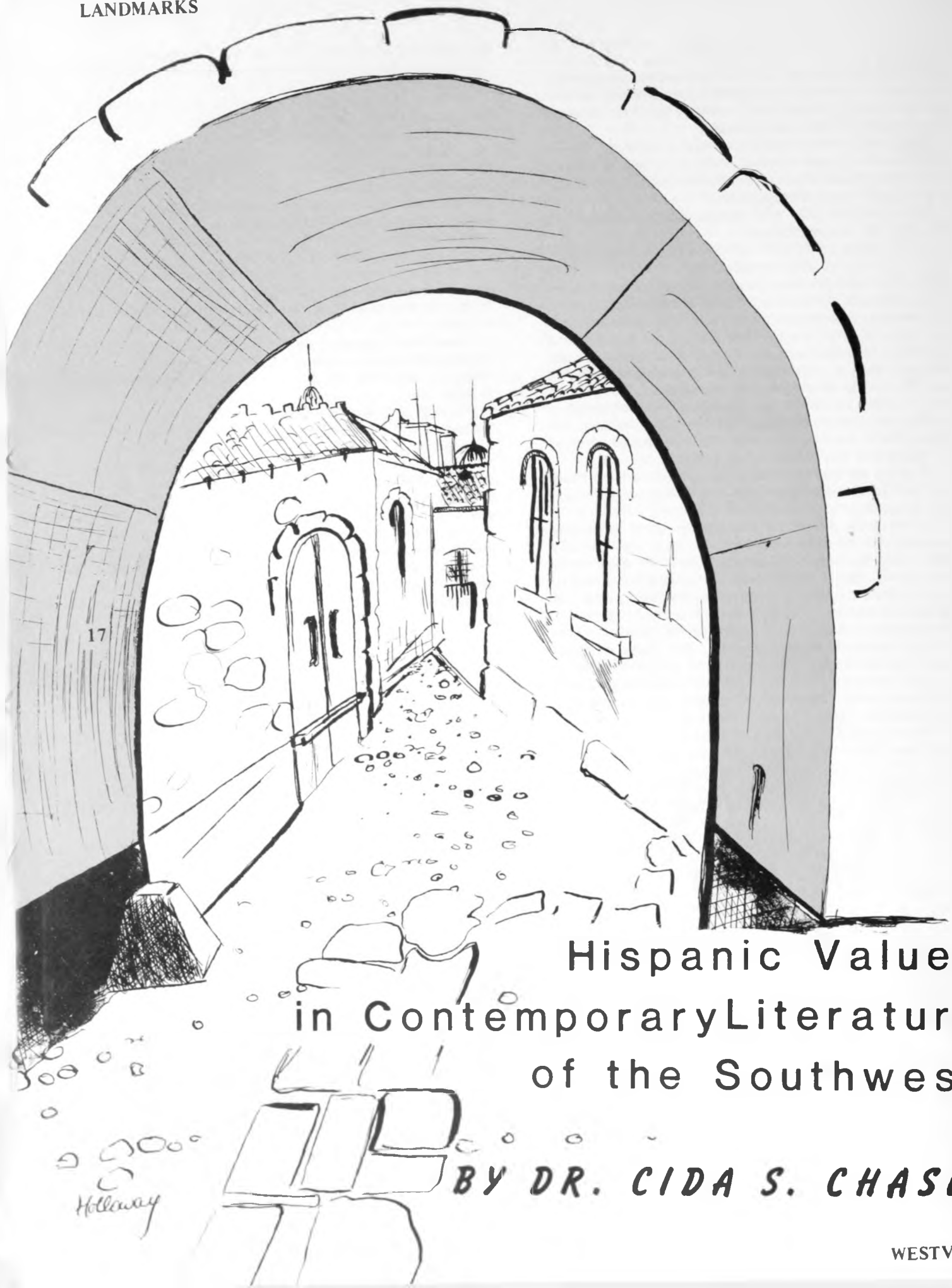
Traditional Indians grieve intensely for a prescribed period. (At one time, it was a year of mourning. Now, most limit the period to one month.) Then, they may have a ceremony such as the ancient Choctaw pole pulling in which all friends and relatives meet to eulogize the deceased. They have a "cry" at this time, wailing loudly for the departed. When everyone has had his turn, the occasion becomes a joyous one; a feast is held and when the beloved dead is mentioned again, it is with reverence and love rather than intense sorrow.

Sometimes the medicine man comes to the home of the bereaved and burns cedar in the four corners of the house and yard, saying an incantation to rid the place of sickly sorrow.

The Indians' dealings with bereavement are, of course, methods which modern psychology approves. It seems to be necessary to "work through" feelings of grief and even hostility toward the dead before the survivors can go on with the business of living.

In many of the Indian ways, we have learned that they stand on solid ground. There is good reason for their customs, and at least in some, we might be wise to borrow from their philosophy. The traditional Indian is forced to put a tentative foot into our mechanized world where the individual may be reduced to a number, but he holds firmly with one hand into the world of his ancestors to a time when God and Nature were one; the important affairs of life were conducted with a dignity and a reverence, and few were the people who had to ask: "Who am I and what am I here for?"





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Hispanic Values  
in Contemporary Literature  
of the Southwest

BY DR. CIDA S. CHASE

The most intense expression of the creative spirit of the Chicano movement in the middle sixties is the contemporary literature. For the most part, this literature embraces "la causa de la raza," the cause of the renewed Chicano spirit, self-identity, racial and cultural pride, but most of all faith in the future, and in the accomplishments of the Chicano people.

The present literary production of Chicanos of the Southwest is abundant, and much of it constitutes artistic literature of lasting value. Besides thematic tendencies, the great majority of these works have one aspect in common: the language. The language used by these writers presents a binary phenomenon in which linguistic symbols and syntactic structures of both Spanish and English interact in the same text, a phenomenon also known as "Caló" among writers and critics.<sup>1</sup> For these writers, Spanish and English are equally useful in communication, but many of them choose to write in Spanish for they consider this language their mother tongue and the vehicle to transmit their cultural values.

The genre in which contemporary Chicano literature has had its most valuable works from the stylistic and thematic point of view is the novel, although much good poetry and a great number of short stories are being written. Among some of the most outstanding novels written to date, one can include the following: *POCHO* (1959) by José Antonio Villarreal, which was actually published just before the Chicano movement, *THE PLUM PLUM PICKERS* (1969) by Raymond Barrio, who is truly a Latin American who resides in California and has identified with the Chicano movement, . . . *AND THE EARTH DID NOT PART* (1971) by Tomás Rivera, *BARRIO BOY* (1971) by Ernesto Galarzo, *BLESS ME ULTIMA* (1972), a most impressive work which uses New Mexico as its locale written by Rudolfo Anaya, and *PEREGRINOS DE AZTLAN* (1974) by Miguel Hernández.

It is with the work of Tomas Rivera that the Chicano novel moves into the realm of technical experimentation without abandoning "la causa de la raza." Rivera is also very representative of this new breed of writers in the United States.

. . . *AND THE EARTH DID NOT PART*, Rivera's first and most successful book, was originally written in Spanish under the title . . . *Y NO SE LO TRAGO LA TIERRA*.<sup>2</sup> It is a work conceived in the hybrid nature of some of the Latin American literature, for it does not conform to a definite genre. One can find valid arguments to classify it as a non-traditional novel, but it can also be viewed as a collection of tightly knit, impressionistic sketches and brief anecdotes about Chicano life. It constitutes at the same time a presentation of collective and indi-

vidual Chicano experiences.

Rivera, a native of Crystal City, Texas, was born and reared in the midst of a family of migrant farm workers. "Following the migrant stream from Texas to the Midwest and back, he experienced the infamously oppressive conditions (portrayed in the body of the novel) imposed upon a work force completely subject to the merciless interests of business and agriculture alike."<sup>3</sup> However, he became an educated man. He has a doctorate in Spanish literature, is very well versed in North American literature and the landmarks of European literature. At the present time he is Chancellor of the University of California at Riverside.<sup>4</sup>

Rivera's book is made up of twelve short narratives unified by recurring themes and framed at the beginning by an episode entitled "The Lost Year," and at the end by the selection "Under the House." Both selections are conceived stylistically and thematically much in the manner of Rulfo's *PEDRO PARAMO* and above all Rulfo's short story "Macario."<sup>5</sup> The entire work emphasizes a personal self-discovery and development of consciousness, but the reader is constantly made aware of the milieu in which events unfold. In order to achieve this effect, the writer has cleverly placed appropriate epigraphs preceding each one of the selections, thus creating awareness of the cultural framework.

. . . *AND THE EARTH DID NOT PART* is above all a book of self-discovery. In the initial selection, "The Lost Year," the reader becomes acquainted with a youth who is disturbed about not being able to think clearly about the events that have touched his life for a whole year. The narrator explains:

These things always began when he would hear someone call him by name. He would turn around to see who was calling, always making a complete turn, always ending in the same position and facing the same way. And that was why he could never find out who it was that was calling him, nor the reason why he was being called. He would even forget the name that he had heard.

Once he stopped himself before completing the turn, and he became afraid. He found out that he had been calling himself.

That was the way the lost year began.<sup>6</sup> The realization that he is calling himself frightens and disorients the boy even more; he decides not to think, but nevertheless he thinks and his thoughts and recollections are the source of the book. Throughout the incoming selections, he is going to think and see with the eyes of his mind himself, his family, his community, and his milieu. At the end the youth has arrived at a re-evaluation of himself; he likes himself for what he is; he loves his community and his



culture, and he achieves self-liberation and independence from unfounded fears. Rivera very skillfully gives the reader the impression that the boy has experienced a re-birth. In the last selection entitled "Under the House," one sees the character hiding comfortably in a dark, warm, secure place where it is peaceful. Upon being found out by other youths, he comes out feeling that he has recaptured what was missing from his past experiences. This is how it is explained:

He had discovered something. To discover and to rediscover and synthesize. To relate this entity with that entity, and that entity with still another, and finally relating everything with everything else. That was what he had to do, that was all. And he became even happier.

The boy becomes aware that he has rich cultural resources, resources permeated with suffering but endowed with strength.

There is much suffering in . . . AND THE EARTH DID NOT PART. It is through his own suffering and the suffering of others that the main character is able to come to terms with himself and his Chicano reality. Hardships begin early for the Chicano, and this is a theme which runs through several of the selections.

The episode entitled "The Children Were the Victims" presents the reader with children working in the fields along with their parents. The heat of the summer is great and the workers are not allowed to waste time going for drinks of water. The Anglo rancher comes periodically to give them water, but the intervals become unbearable for the children, and the cattle tank is a great temptation for them. The writer reveals the situation through a dialogue between father and child:

"I'm very thirsty, father. Will the boss be here soon? "I think so. Can't you hold out any longer?" "Well, I don't know. I feel my throat very dry. Do you think he'll come soon? Shall I go the water tank?"<sup>7</sup>

As a result of approaching the cattle tank, the child is shot dead accidentally by the land owner who only intended to frighten him away from the tank.

In "The Children Were the Victims," the reader is also made aware of tensions between Anglos and Chicanos. This is implicit in a dialogue among several unidentified members of the group of workers who comment some of the details of the tragic accident. The rancher has been acquitted, but he has lost his land and become an alcoholic. In the midst of the dialogue one hears:

"You wouldn't believe it, compadre, but I really think he went crazy. You've seen the state he's in nowadays. He looks like a beggar."

"Sure, but it's only because he doesn't have money any more."

"I guess you're right."<sup>8</sup>

The Chicanos think the Anglo owner incapable of feeling remorse about the tragedy. Racial tension is also seen in other sections of the book such as the epigraph that depicts a boy being refused a haircut,<sup>9</sup> and a selection that presents a boy insulted racially by other children.<sup>10</sup>

The latter event is revealed in the selection "It Is Painful" which is essentially an interior monologue. A son of migrant fruit pickers is expelled from school as a result of a fight he had with some boys at school who cornered him in the restroom. On the way home he reflects upon the degrading events that he has suffered in school, such as when he was forced to stand naked before the school nurse and had his head inspected for lice. But what tortures him the most is having to disappoint his parents and godfather with his expulsion from school. All through the selection the boy tries to convince himself that the painful event did not take place, but immediately he realizes that it did happen. The reader hears over and over like a refrain:

"Maybe they didn't expel me. Sure, man, they did. What if they didn't? Sure they did. What am I going to tell them?"<sup>11</sup>

The thought that his parents' dream of seeing him become somebody, like a telephone operator, stays with the character throughout the entire selection. Rivera's book emphasizes through recurring themes that migrant workers encourage their children to stay in school; education is the only avenue to get out of the treadmill of migrant labor.

The protagonist of . . . AND THE EARTH DID NOT PART achieves self-liberation and self-determination through challenging fear brought about by local folk tales and through contemplating suffering. In the selection entitled "It was a Silvery Night," after hearing his parents talk about people who have become insane because the devil has appeared to them, the boy decides to summon the devil. He plans very carefully his confrontation with Lucifer, and spends an entire day pondering the best way to do it. Exactly at midnight, under the light of the moon, he goes out of the house and for a moment wonders how to address him, devil?, Pingo?, Chamuco?, Lucifer?, Satan?<sup>12</sup> After trying unsuccessfully to summon the devil, the boy comes to the realization that he does not exist. If some people have lost their mind, it is because he has not appeared, not because he has appeared to them. This is how he reacts:

But if there is no devil, then there is no . . . No, I'd better not say it.<sup>13</sup>

Out of this experience comes a most serious realization for the youth, but he is not frightened by it. The narrator reveals that everything is clear to him and he is beginning to discover his own existential loneliness without despair.

Freedom from a submissive and complacent attitude toward one's lot in life is brought to the boy again by contemplating the suffering of others. The selection "...and the earth did not part" which provides the title of the entire work, and it is located exactly in the middle of the book, develops this theme.

The central character recalls the first time he became angry; it was when he witnessed the death of his aunt and uncle and their children scattered among the extended family. He is angry now, but it is because his father is suffering from a sunstroke and he meditates on the problem of injustice and human suffering. When he reveals his anger to his mother, she becomes frightened and pleads:

"Oh, son, don't talk like that. Don't question the will of God. The ground might open up and devour you for talking like that. One must resign oneself to the will of God."<sup>14</sup>

But the boy reacts against this traditional way of reasoning. He claims that God does not care for poor people and that prayers do not help in their situation.

After going to the fields with his brothers and sisters and seeing his youngest brother fall victim to the sun, the boy curses God while he is rushing the child to the house. At that crucial moment he felt intense fear of being swallowed up by the earth, a "fear instilled in him by time and by his parents,"<sup>15</sup> comments the narrator. However the result of this rebellion is an internal peace that the character has never known. It becomes clear to him that one's destiny is in one's hands.

As a writer, Tomás Rivera seldom intrudes in his book; all the events are presented in a matter of fact fashion, but his commitment to "la causa de la raza" comes through with great dignity and in a very artistic manner. His is a work that emerges entirely from the Chicano experience and at the end the central character and the reader come to understand the Chicanos' immediate history and problems. The boy's victory over the chaos that tormented him at the beginning of the book is the same victory that Chicanos can eventually achieve.

Contemporary Chicano literature has acquired maturity, and it is already part of the American literary scene, and as such, should be included in Spanish and English departments. If this area of American literature is to be fully appreciated and evaluated fairly, specialists in American literature should be expected to know Spanish ■

## END NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Jose Armas. "Chicano Writing: The New Mexico Narrative." *DE COLORES*, V. 5, No. 1-2 (1980), p. 78.

<sup>2</sup>Quinto Sol Publications, Berkeley, California published this book as the winning entry in the First Annual Premio Quinto Sol award for 1970.

<sup>3</sup>Juan Rodriquez, "The Problematic in Tomas Rivera's ... AND THE EARTH DID NOT PART", *REVISTA CHICANO-RIQUEÑA*, Ano VI, No. 3 (Verano, 1978), p. 45.

<sup>4</sup>I had the opportunity of visiting with Tomas Rivera at the M.L.A. meeting in Houston (1980).

<sup>5</sup>Juan Rulfo. *PEDRO PARAMO*. Mexico: Fondo de Cultura Economica, 1955 and *EL LLANO EN LLAMAS*, Mexico: Fondo de Cultura Economica, 1953, pp. 9 - 14.

<sup>6</sup>Tomas Rivera "...and the earth did not part" Berkeley: Publicaciones Quinto Sol, S A., 1971, p. 3.

<sup>7</sup>Rivera, p. 10.

<sup>8</sup>Rivera, p. 11.

<sup>9</sup>Rivera, p. 53.

<sup>10</sup>Rivera, pp. 30 - 35.

<sup>11</sup>Rivera, p. 32.

<sup>12</sup>Rivera, p. 62.

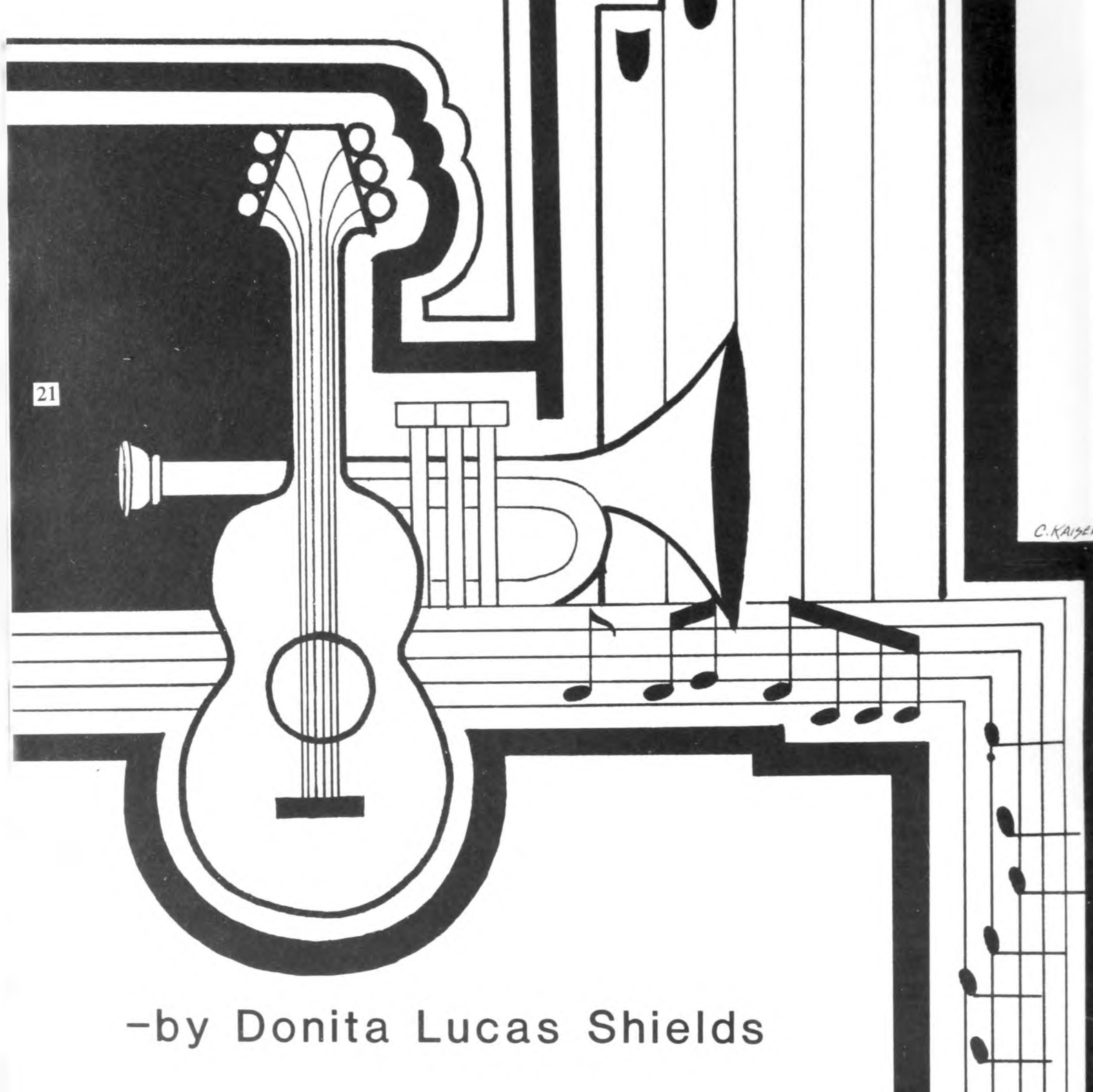
<sup>13</sup>Rivera.

<sup>14</sup>Rivera, p. 76.

<sup>15</sup>Rivera, p. 78.

Joseph A. Caskey:

CHAUTAUQUA  
MEMORIES



-by Donita Lucas Shields

Fairview's own Joe Caskey and his brothers Albert, Clyde, and Glenn heard the words, "Boys, you're Jim Crackers!", when they auditioned for Horner Fine Arts of Kansas City, Missouri, in the fall of 1911. The four talented brothers were searching for theatrical work, and Redpath Horner was scouting for talent for their Chautauqua and Lyceum season. Performers believed Redpath to be the best theatrical agency with which to work and travel.

Prior to the audition, Joe and his three brothers worked at anything they could find in Kansas City while waiting for their big break into show business. When one of them read about Horner holding auditions at a Kansas City hotel, they all took time off from their jobs with slight hope they would be accepted. Joe explained that they sang one song for the panel of judges which included three men and two women.

The four young men were overwhelmed when Redpath accepted them for the new Chautauqua season. They had never sung nor played professionally, but their voices and instruments blended in perfect harmony. They had used their talents for their own enjoyment, family gatherings, the church choir, and neighborhood entertainment.

While living in Iowa, Joe saw his first Chautauqua when he was eight years old. After the show all his family met the performers, and one of them asked little Joe what he wanted to be when he grew up. Joe immediately said he wanted to be a Chautauquan like them even though he could scarcely pronounce the word. He was an accomplished singer even at that early age.

Traveling Chautauquas provided cultural entertainment for both small and large towns. Business agents for the circuits visited towns to schedule summer tours beginning in May and ending in September. Chautauqua entertainers like Joe and his brothers were well-paid, fifty dollars weekly with all expenses when the average wage was ten dollars a week. Redpath usually hired college football players for the tent and equipment crews. College men favored this summer work since they kept physically fit and were paid well. Lecturers received the highest salary on the circuit, one hundred dollars weekly.

Railroads reaped huge dividends from transporting Chautauqua cargo and entertainers, and they treated the enterprise with high regard. Towns included in the scheduled circuit also anticipated economic boosts

during Chautauqua season since multitudes of people from surrounding areas poured in for the summer festivities. Many families planned vacations during Chautauqua week and camped in tents nearby. Each session had entirely different programs and performers. Usually the season lasted five days, having both a matinee and evening performance daily. Some seasons consisted of three days and some seven, but the five-day season proved most successful.

Dressed formally in their tuxedos, Joe and his brothers opened their Redpath's circuit season. They presented a two-hour afternoon concert to a receptive audience of eight hundred to one thousand people seated within the gigantic tent. Ordinarily they sang six vocal numbers with each having an encore. Audiences expressed that the brothers' renditions of "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Remember Thou Creator" were the favorites. Joe sang tenor in the All Brothers' Quartette.

In addition to their appealing vocal harmonizing, they also presented an instrumental concert with two cornets, a saxophone, and a trombone. Joe played the cornet, and one of his brothers was an accomplished violinist. Before the instrumental portion of their concert, they made a quick dress change into formal, immaculately-white band uniforms with high, stiffly-starched military collars.

Joe and his brothers also intrigued their audience with musical selections played on a set of chimes twelve feet long and eight feet high. All four of them played these chimes. According to the information given in Redpath's advertising brochure, the vocal quartet with chimes accompaniment gave the sound of a twelve-voice choir singing with a pipe organ. The brothers used the chimes to accompany their instrumental numbers. They presented violin and cornet solos with them and also violin, cornet, and saxophone duets accompanied in the same manner.

Joe stated that four sets of these magnificent chimes existed in the United States. He described how they carefully packed each chime into specially-constructed, plush-lined trunks, each having its own snugly-fitting compartment. The rare chimes traveled throughout the country without ever receiving a dent or scratch.

When the Caskey brothers completed their afternoon concert, they rested, ate dinner, and prepared for their evening prelude to the night Chautauqua. The prelude



consisted of a thirty-minute concert preceding a lecture presented by renowned orators. One of these speakers, William Jennings Bryan, was famous for his powerful voice. Another popular orator on the Caskey brothers' circuit was Dr. Cyrus Nusbaum who also captivated thousands of listeners even though he never attempted to become a political figure as did Bryan.

While either Bryan or Nusbaum enthralled the evening audience with his compelling voice, the brothers packed and prepared to leave on the first train bound for their scheduled performance the next day. A new group of entertainers arrived on the incoming train to take the brothers' place.

The crew, responsible for clean-up and repair detail, remained with the tent until the five-day season ended, but all performing members traveled ahead to the next tent and town as soon as they completed the day's assignment. If they did not have to wait too long, trains held up schedules until a group of performers could leave. Such was one example of the importance of Chautauquas to early-day people and businesses.

Joe described his travels as luxurious. The entertainers rested in comfortable quarters in Pullman cars and received excellent service and food. Fred Harvey, originator of the early-day Harvey Houses, was in charge of the culinary department of the passenger trains. Joe recalled having the finest steaks he ever ate. Redpath provided its performers with coupon books for traveling expenses which were valid on all railroads. The entertainers never concerned themselves with running short of money or coupons.

When heavy rains caused flooding and washouts, Joe remembered having difficulty in Kansas. It seemed impossible to make their scheduled performance in Dodge City by train so the brothers attempted to hire a farmer with his wagon to take them part of the way. The farmer hesitated until they offered him fifty dollars for a fifty-mile distance. Redpath told the troupe members to make the show regardless of how or how difficult. The company always paid unforeseen expenses.

At another time also due to heavy rains and high waters, the Caskey brothers arrived late in Canton, Missouri, for their concert. When they rushed into the tent at twelve o'clock midnight, the audience was still waiting for them. The young men presented their usual concert which they concluded at two o'clock A.M. The audience gave them

a standing ovation with enthusiastic wavings of white handkerchiefs, the traditional Chautauqua salute.

Rains created havoc for Chautauquas, but drought also had its effect. Joe explained that it was so dry one summer in Douglas, Wyoming, that the crew found it impossible to drive the tent pegs and poles into the parched ground. However, as in all show business both then and now, the show had to go on.

In 1916 Redpath allowed Joe and his brothers one week's Christmas vacation from their Lyceum schedule in New York City. Joe enjoyed a two-day holiday with his parents in Billings, Oklahoma, and spent the other five days aboard the train to and from New York. Nevertheless, during those two days he met Mrs. Caskey who was also visiting relatives in Billings. He finished that Lyceum season then returned to Oklahoma with intentions of marrying Mrs. Caskey in the near future.

During his Chautauqua years, Joe traveled and entertained throughout Redpath's northern circuit: the Dakotas, Wyoming, Nebraska, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Kansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma. Then World War I began changing lives and life styles. Joe felt ready to settle in one place with Mrs. Caskey. After their marriage, they lived in Canton a few years, managing a variety store. Then Fairview became their permanent home in 1930 where Joe operated a wholesale oil business until his retirement. Joe, still filled with vitality and enthusiasm, is now ninety years old and one of the few remaining Chautauquans. Joseph A. Caskey deserves another Chautauqua salute with waving white handkerchiefs. ■



1800's, Indian Territory (Arapaho, Oklahoma)

— R. R. Chapman

The grass grew tall when the land was new —  
High as a pony's back in the morning dew,  
The prairie flowers in the spring grew  
Monster daisies both white and blue.  
Thickets of sumac and dogwood in canyons grew,  
And quail by the dozens knew they grew there too,  
As days grew shorter, there was no dearth of feed  
Where quail gathered in canyons and grew fat on the seed.

The wind blew and snow covered the ground,  
But the quail hovered under the bushes where the seed was found.  
Prairie chickens cackled from their roosting ground.  
They awoke and searched for the seed  
As the land was devoid of the white man's weed.

Those were the days when a man felt free  
Riding hills and valleys with his face to the breeze —  
With the blue sky above where the bluestem grew,  
Looking far in the distance, God's earth to see.  
Where else on earth would a free man be?

Those were the days man can see no more  
Where he will be spoken of as hence,  
Those were the days without plow or fence.  
Gone forever to be seen no more,  
Those days of freedom where a man could roam,  
Where he hung his hat, that place was home.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAWN DUNN

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# FUTURE ISSUES

ILLUSTRATION BY RUDY ELLIS

## GIANTS IN OUR LAND



SUMMER, 1982. The theme will be "Giants in the Land." Submissions are to be centered around important people and their contributions to Oklahoma — specifically the Southwestern part. In conjunction with this issue, Dr. Christopher Gould of WESTVIEW's Editorial Board will conduct an essay contest whose theme is the same one. The entry fee is \$10., and submissions are to be sent to Dr. Gould by May 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



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.

WESTVIEW

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 outline must be fewer than fifty words. Submit 5 x 7 b & w glossies by August 20.

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



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

# cuisine

Since the theme for this issue is "Distinctive Peoples," it's fitting that our Cuisine Section should be devoted to the Hispanics. Our guest editor is Mariana De Lehman, a student from Colombia currently living in Geary, Oklahoma.

## RECIPES FROM COLOMBIA FOR OKLAHOMANS

— Mariana De Lehman

The Sancocho here is a synthesis of all the sancochos from different regions of Colombia. All these sancochos are descendants of Quixote's Olla Podrida, the original "Rotten Pot," or heavy stew, that itself was a descendant of an ancient Jewish dish called Adafina, a kind of long-cooking boiled meal. The Adafina was based on chicken and beef, vegetables, and hard-boiled eggs. At the time of the Inquisition when Spain became the stronghold of Christianity and it was necessary for the consumer to demonstrate his religious beliefs, the eggs of the Adafina were replaced by pork. Sancocho became the dish in Colombia, which added to it the tropical vegetables yucca root and platano.

Today Sancocho Colombiano is adaptable to the economy of any household. It's not only the rich man's food but also the poor man's. Additional vegetables may be added.

### SANCHO COLOMBIANO (Columbian Stew)

#### Ingredients:

1 quart hot water	1/4 tsp. savory
1/2 fowl, eviscerated	1/8 tsp. cayenne pepper
1 lb. pork shoulder — trimmed, diced	1 lb. yucca root, medium dice
1 oz. onions, small dice	1 lb. platano, medium dice
1/2 tsp. garlic, minced	1 lb. zucchini, skin on, medium dice
1/2 tsp. salt	
1/8 tsp. pepper	

#### Preparation:

1. Place fowl in pot with water. Bring to a boil and simmer for about one hour.
2. Add pork, onions, garlic, and seasonings. Simmer until fowl is cooked. Remove fowl from heat and cool. Skin and bone fowl; cut in small pieces and reserve.
3. Pork should be nearly tender when fowl is cooked. Test for doneness and proceed.
4. Add diced yucca root and simmer for 1/2 hour. Add platano and zucchini and cook until all ingredients are tender. Adjust seasoning if necessary.
5. Add cooked chicken meat. Reheat and serve with bread.



## CUISINE

### FABADA (bean soup with sausages)

#### Ingredients:

4-5 quarts of water  
2 cups (1 lb.) dried fava beans or dried  
white kidney beans  
2 cups coarsely chopped onions  
1 Tbs. finely chopped garlic  
1/4 lb. LEAN SALT PORK  
1/2 lb. ham

3 chorizos (or substitute 1/2 lb. other garlic-seasoned  
smoked pork sausage)  
3 morcillas (or substitute 1/2 lb. other blood sausage)  
1/8 tsp. ground saffron  
1/8 tsp. salt  
1/8 tsp. black pepper

#### Preparation:

In a pot, bring 2 quarts of the water to a boil. Drop in the beans and boil them briskly uncovered for 3 minutes. Remove the pot from the heat and let the beans soak for one hour.

Drain the beans and return them to the pot. Keep the liquid. Measure the bean-soaking liquid, add to it enough water to make 4 quarts, and pour into the pot. Add the onions, garlic, and salt pork and bring to a boil over high heat — meanwhile skimming off the foam as it rises to the surface. Reduce the heat to low and simmer. Partially cover for one hour. Add the ham and simmer about one hour longer or until the beans are barely tender.

Place the chorizos in a skillet and prick them in two or three places with the point of a small knife.

Add enough water to cover them completely and bring to a boil over high heat. Reduce the heat to low and simmer uncovered for five minutes. Drain the sausages over paper towels.

When the soup has cooked its allotted 2 hours, drop in the chorizos and morcillas, stir in the saffron, and cook 30 minutes longer. Taste and season. Then with a slotted spoon, transfer the salt pork, ham, and sausages to a plate. Cut the pork and ham into 1/2 - inch cubes and slice the sausages into 1/2 - inch - thick rounds. Return the meat to the soup and simmer 2 - 3 minutes.



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

## KIOWA VOICES – A REVIEW

– by Lois B. Fisher

KIOWA VOICES, Volume I, is the first of three books compiling information about the Kiowa tribe, which is domiciled in Southwestern Oklahoma. First conceived by Linn Pauahy and James Auchiah, who were concerned about the imminent loss of the Kiowa "cultural chain" due to the death of those who remembered and the lack of a permanent record, this work is the result of numerous interviews and diligent research, including much material held by the Smithsonian and other institutions. Another invaluable resource lies in the folders of Susan Peters, Kiowa field matron, who for fifty years recorded stories and remembrances of many tribal elders. The work was made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and from Texas Christian University in conjunction with the Kiowa Historical and Research Society. The Society was approved by the Kiowa Tribal Council in 1975.

Indeed, KIOWA VOICES is the voices of the Kiowa tribe. But Maurice Boyd is the official author, having composed the text, while Linn Pauahy serves as Kiowa Consultant along with the Kiowa Historical and Research Society. Donald E. Worcester is recognized as Associate Editor.

Even a superficial scan of the volume reveals its uniqueness and its artistic as well as its cultural value. Because most of Kiowa history and culture existed prior to very recent times in the form of the spoken word, the song, and the art work, the volume is distinctly pictorial. Besides the major full-color reproductions of paintings by artists Robert Redbird, Al Momaday, Blackbear Bosin, Stephen Mopope, David Williams, Roland Whitehorse, Ernie Keahbone, White Buffalo, Kevin Tonips, and Dennis Belindo, there are numerous drawings by Roland Whitehorse and C. E. Rowell as well as reproductions of symbols and photographs from various collections. The black-on-white drawings emphasize the use of wide margins and the generous use of "white space." Each page is an artistic creation.

But the history and legends are also uniquely presented. Each chapter is introduced with a poem appropriate to the material following. The usual order is to follow the poem with a brief prose explanation introducing a legend set in large print and com-

posed in such simplicity that an elementary school child could read it without difficulty. These legends are the core of Kiowa culture and ritual and reveal the beliefs in Saynday, the culture hero, and Domoye-alm-daw-k'hee, the Earth-maker. Most begin with the words, "Long ago . . ." Because of the large, distinctive print, a reader not interested in history or exposition can easily and advantageously read only the legends.

Following – but sometimes preceding – the legends are vivid and explicit explanations of their origins and their significance to the Kiowa people. Intermixed are more poems appropriately placed to explain the topic. But the frequent use of poetry adds another dimension, that of the oral and lyric nature of the Kiowa culture. It serves as a continuous background of rhythm and color which guides the reader through the Kiowa experience. The book is to be read not only for information but also for immersion in the Kiowa way of life.

Saynday, the Kiowa culture hero, wandered alone on the sunless earth until he discovered the Kiowas living underground. He enabled the people, as ants, to crawl upward through a hollow cottonwood tree and pulled them through a Saw-pole's hole upon the darkened face of the earth.

With this brief myth the Kiowa culture – and KIOWA VOICES – begins. It then turns to the history of the tribe, which is thought to be linked with the Athapaskans, the first of the race to migrate into North America. Later the Kiowas were known to move nomadically between Montana and the Missouri River. Still later the tribe migrated as conditions dictated between Montana south through South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas, to where it broadened its territory to include western Oklahoma, the Texas Panhandle, and northeastern New Mexico.

During these years, the Kiowa culture grew. KIOWA VOICES includes detailed descriptions of the Sun Dance (the major ritual of the tribe), the Buffalo Dance, the Scalp Dance, the Warrior's Dance, the Black Legs Dance, the Rabbit Dance, the Buffalo Medicine Cult Dance, the Feather Dance, and the Gourd Dance. Each has its own legend or origin, purpose, and procedures, reflecting parts of the tribe's history and traditions.

Another detail of the text is the origin and function of each "society" within the

## REVIEWS...REVIEWS...REVIEWS

tribe. Every person belongs to at least one society and so is active in preparing for various celebrations and rituals. But these groups have another purpose. The Rabbit Order, for example, is "the beginning of a clearly defined training ladder through which nearly all Kiowa youths pass," states the author. Each order has its own legend and ritual, which are intricately woven together. *KIOWA VOICES* describes the societies' contribution to Kiowa tribal unity.

During the development of their culture, the Kiowas finally split — over an incident concerning who had a right to an antelope's udder — the present and only surviving part of the original tribe gradually moving south and now principally centered in the southwestern quarter of Oklahoma, especially in, appropriately, Kiowa County. It is here that the last full blooded Kiowas live, carrying on their tribal customs with modern innovations. But it is also here that the elders fear that the language and culture will die. Many have taken the Christian way and have united the two — Kiowa and Christian — into one way of life, which is both acceptable and sustaining. Others have taken the "Peyote Road" to find the answers to the prayer:

Let us see, is this real,  
This life I am living, is it real?  
You, Sayn-daw-kee, who dwells everywhere,  
Let us see, is this real, this life I am living?

Eating peyote buttons during the ritual of the peyote ceremony produces hallucinogenic experiences. By their own admission, the Kiowas use the peyote ceremony to preserve the Kiowa culture. Monroe Tsatoke records this prayer he voiced during a peyote inspired vision:

O Sayn-daw-kee, mystery and power,  
The ancient medicine wheel encompassed  
our original world;  
Powerful, from the Sun, it gave us Tah'-lee,  
Some say it is a Wheel of Dreams,  
But others know it as a Wheel of Wonder.  
See us through eternal life.

But changes occur, even while Kiowas cling to their heritage.

*KIOWA VOICES* — all three volumes — is invaluable for its preservation of the oral record of rituals, songs, and ceremonial dances of the Kiowa tribe. The sources are

carefully verified by every available method. But, most importantly, it has the sanction of the Kiowa Tribal Council. It is they who insure the authenticity of their own culture.

If a reader approaches *KIOWA VOICES* expecting to find a plea for sympathy toward the Indians or if he expects to find a sentimental treatment of a lost past, he will be disappointed. He will be no less disappointed if he expects to find a militant defense of the Indian way of life. What the reader will find is that rare experience of walking in the Kiowa's moccasins for a time, of almost seeing the world through Kiowa eyes and nearly sensing the tribal spirit as a Kiowa most surely does. It is a delicate balance between truth — which is sometimes ugly and brutal — and beauty — which is often bright and spiritually moving.

For us in Western Oklahoma, *KIOWA VOICES* amplifies the whispers of this Plains Indian tribe to audible — and understandable — syllables. We can hear — and comprehend — James Auchiah's words:

We Kiowa are old, but we dance.  
Ageless. Our dance is spirited.  
Today's twisting path is temporary;  
the path will be gone tomorrow,  
but the folk memory remains.  
Our forefathers' deeds touch us,  
shape us, like strokes of a painting.  
In endless procession, their deeds mark us.  
The elders speak knowingly of forever.

The person who loves beautiful books, appreciates an artistic handling of priceless material, or just enjoys stories about Indians or Indian art can order Volume I of *KIOWA VOICES* from The Texas Christian University Press, Fort Worth, Texas 76129. The reader will not be disappointed.

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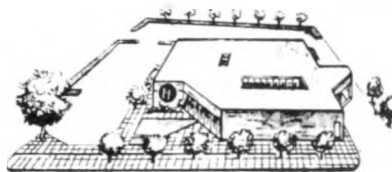
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### AUTHORS WHOSE WORKS APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

R. R. CHAPMAN, a 90-years-old-plus resident of Arapaho, Oklahoma, is a member in good standing of the Poetry Society of Oklahoma.

DR. CIDA S. CHASE, Professor of Spanish at Oklahoma State University in Stillwater, was a founding member of the Oklahoma Hispanics Council for Higher Education and now serves on the Governor's Advisory Committee for Hispanic Affairs.

MARIANA DE LEHMAN, currently a resident of Geary, Oklahoma, and a student at SOSU, is a native of Colombia.

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LOIS B. FISHER, formerly of Louisiana, is currently Director of Freshman English at SOSU in Weatherford.

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BILLIE GRIFFIN, grandson of a Black slave and native of Texas, is a devoted son of Weatherford.

DOROTHY MILLIGAN teaches history at Byng High School, home of many mighty basketball teams.

JOANNA THURSTON ROPER has roots in the Granite rocks and presently teaches English at SOSU while pursuing a writing career.

DONITA LUCAS SHIELDS, a staff writer for WESTVIEW, has proved to be of immeasurable help in this fledgling enterprise.

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# **The Diamond Jubilee**

