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WESTVIEW

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA

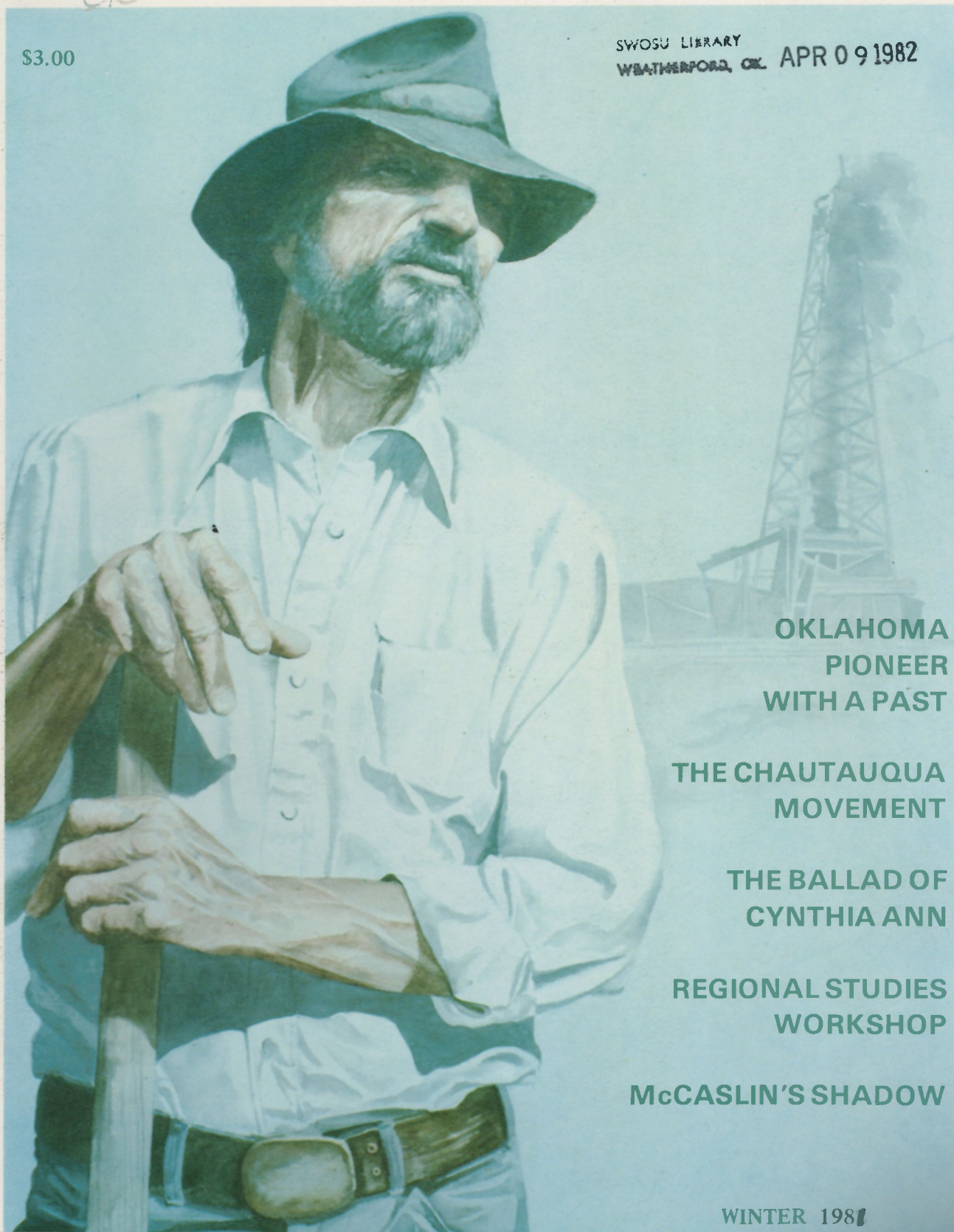
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OKLAHOMA
PIONEER
WITH A PAST

THE CHAUTAUQUA
MOVEMENT

THE BALLAD OF
CYNTHIA ANN

REGIONAL STUDIES
WORKSHOP

McCASLIN'S SHADOW

WINTER 1981

FOREWORD

"They" said it couldn't be done, but the Premiere Edition of WESTVIEW did indeed hit the stands on November 10, 1981! It was a little later than we had originally planned, but what ordinarily goes exactly right on a maiden voyage? We're not casting aspersions on any one person or two or three. After all, magazine publication was new to us; therefore, what were we expected to know?

But now that Premiere Edition is behind us, and we know what we're doing. AHM. We know now, for instance, that from now on we'll use less confining designations like Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter instead of April 1, July 4, October 1, or January 1. Therefore, we invite you to sit back and read our Winter Edition. The time may be August 34, but please give us credit for at least trying.

And now a word about manuscripts. Please keep in mind that we're a high-class organization and we want good-looking submissions. Always use a coversheet listing your name, address, telephone number, and title. By doing that, your anonymity is assured. Also, remember that we insist on double-spaced, typewritten manuscripts. We want them to be clean and well edited, and we gladly accept xeroxed copies. Don't forget your SASE.

— Leroy Thomas
Managing Editor

WESTVIEW

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WESTVIEW

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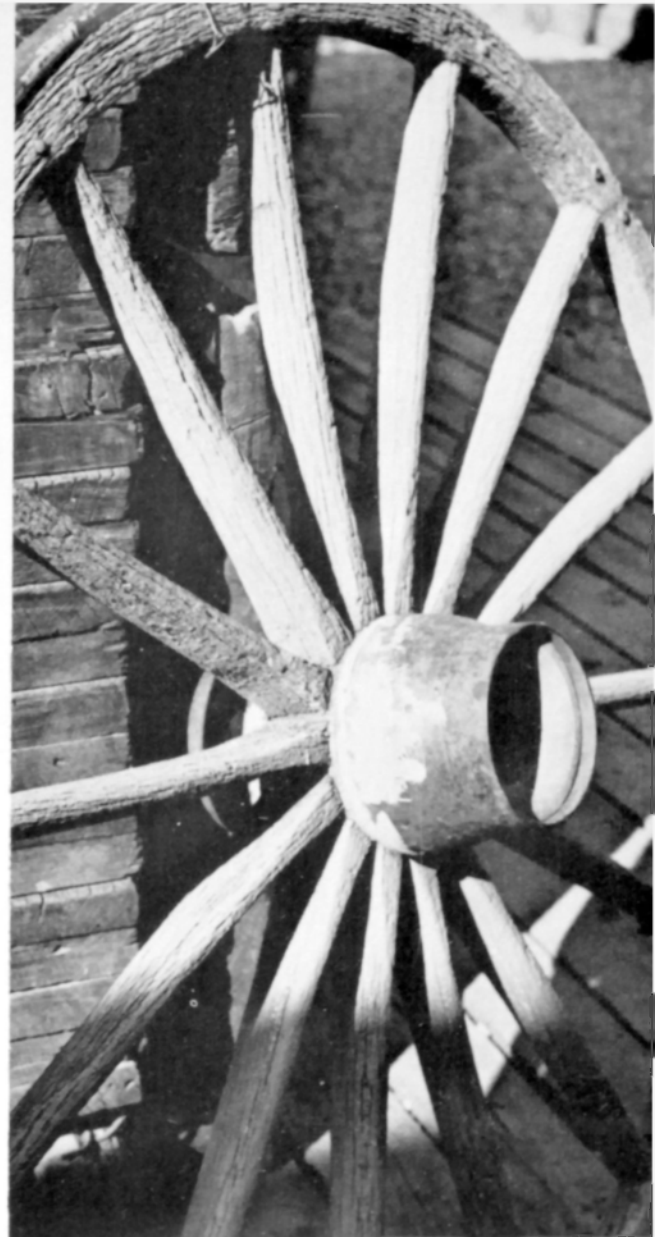
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ON THE COVER: "The Wildcatter" by artist Larry Greer, Frederick, Oklahoma was selected for our second cover to depict an era of early Western Oklahoma Americana. The professional watercolorist used himself as the model for this painting and has won numerous awards; his works are in collections all over the U.S.

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.

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY SHARED

— Vera Holding

We were a large family in a raw new country — Indian Territory. There were no government hand-outs, no children on relief and though we were bone poor in worldly goods we were rich in love and family togetherness. Christmas was something particularly special.

In the corner of our large one-room dugout home there was always a cedar tree, selected and chopped down by our father who had led us children on the search for the just-right tree the day before Christmas. Not too tall but tall enough to reach from floor to ceiling. It must have thick branches which made it a thing of beauty because of its dark green color and symmetry.

A wood fire on the hearth brought out the spicy fragrance of the tree — an unforgettable memory. From the pine log mantle hung a row of long, black, ribbed stockings to be filled later with an orange, an apple, a few nuts, and a lot of popcorn. Oranges were our special Christmas treat.

Two hairy coconuts squatted on the hearth waiting Father's hammer blows to break them into edible pieces. First, though, the eyes were gouged out with Father's Barlow knife, and the luscious milk poured out and shared for those who cared for it.

When the blows finally came, coconut pieces would fly and we would scramble for them. The boys would remove the meat from the shell on one of them and divide it with all of us. We would squat there on the sand-stone hearth munching it with delight.

The other coconut was given to Mother, who took the rich white meat and

shredded it and made what, to us children, was the most delectable centerpiece in the world — AMBROSIA!

Ambrosia included both of our most "Christmassy" specials — coconut and oranges.

Above the dining room table, hung from a rafter, was Mother's milk glass hanging lamp with crystal prisms. It had been one of Mother's wedding presents and was our one note of prairie elegance. She had carried it in her lap in the long trek from Texas to our dugout prairie home. It became so much more than a light. It was our faith, our hope, and when the firelight caught the rainbows in the crystal prisms, every hardship of a new land was forgotten as we joined hands to sing the old loved carols. I felt very sure a kind God listened.

The centerpiece — on the table. Ah that was something else. In a large crystal bowl, thin slices of oranges were layered with the fresh coconut. It remained the centerpiece under the light from early morning until every last morsel was eaten.

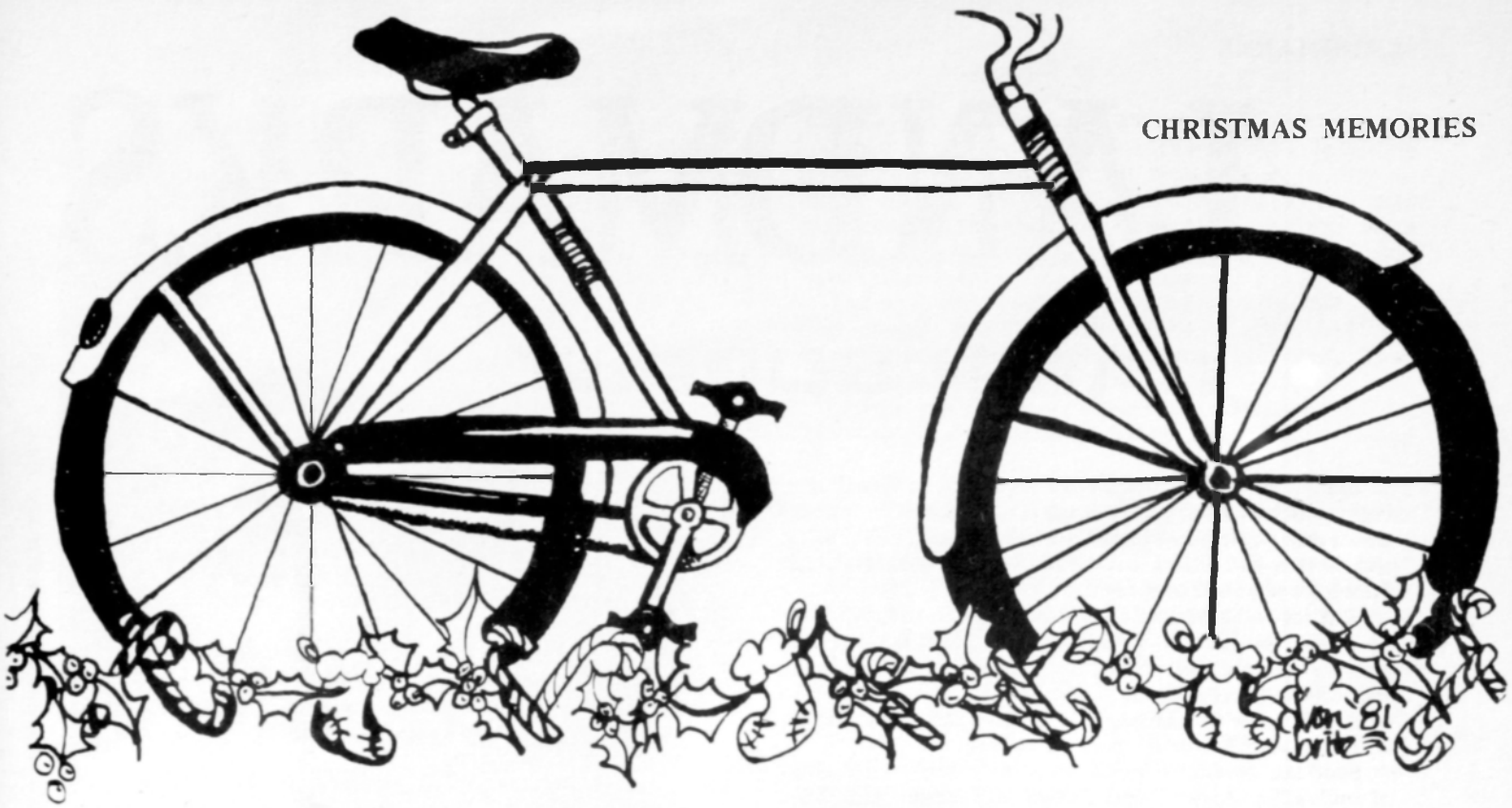
Memory is a wonderful blessing. And now on our special family day, with my children, grandchildren, and great grands gathered around it, the table over which in a proud place of honor, hangs Mother's lamp which picks up the gold and snow of Ambrosia in a large crystal bowl.

Through misty eyes, I see the family joining hands to send a circle of prayer Heavenward: Thank you God for memories. They keep all our hearts singing, regardless of time. ■



ILLUSTRATION BY D'VON BRITE





GLOOMY CHRISTMAS CAROL = RED BICYCLE

— Leroy Thomas

For as long as I can remember, my parents always sang the same carol beginning around December 1 each year: "Well, Old Santa Claus is gonna be mighty slim around our homestead this year."

By the time I was 12 years old, all of my siblings were already away from home. My two sisters had married, and my only brother had died in World War II; therefore, when my parents began to sing their carol that winter of my twelfth year, I felt more alone than ever with no one around my age to share my despair. My special problem was that I so badly wanted a red Monarch bicycle that I knew I must have it. In fact, even in the middle of the carol one day I had blurted out my wish. I felt that I deserved it. After all, if I hadn't been expected to help them get their cotton pulled during my Harvest Vacation, I could have made some money of my own and bought that coveted red Monarch in the window of the OTASCO in town.

My older sister, Juanita, lived in Mangum, Oklahoma, a few miles away, and I had the habit of visiting her and her husband, Lee Roy, each time I was in town. Her husband had in a sense taken the place of my dead brother, and those visits were special to me.

I also liked to visit Ernie, a boy my age who lived down the street from them. Although Ernie was a town kid, he and I got along very well together.

One day on one of my routine visits, I walked unannounced into my sister's kitchen. The room was a mess. Papers were spread all over the place, and Lee was on the floor painting an old bicycle red. Thinking back later, I remembered that both of them looked very flustered and Juanita yelled at me. "Now, you have to help us keep a secret. Grace bought this bike for Ernie, and we're helping her out by painting it and keeping it for her until Christmas Eve. If you breathe a word of this,

you'll have me to pay, Little Brother!" I promised to say nothing, and I kept my promise.

As Christmas Eve approached, excitement was afloat as usual, but I promised myself not to mention to my parents again what I wanted for Christmas. After all, wasn't that the price of martyrdom? And wasn't I a martyr?

It was our custom at that time to go to Lee Roy and Juanita's house for a gift exchange. That year I received a varied assortment of gifts: socks, pajamas, gloves, a shirt or two, a winter hat and muffler, and a few other things — even shaving lotion not to be used for at least a few more months. And that seemed to be the end of the matter.

Suddenly Lee Roy excused himself with an "I'll be back in a minute. I need to take care of something outside." In a few minutes he came back into the living room pushing the most beautiful red bike I had ever seen; it was even complete with speedometer, reflectors, a front light, and a horn.

My dad said, "Well, Son, it's not the red Monarch from OTASCO, but it's the best we could do this year. I hope you like it. And I want you to thank Lee Roy and Juanita. They're the ones who really made it possible."

I hurriedly thanked everyone, donned my winter hat and muffler, jumped on that bike, and rode out the front door oblivious of steps. I rode all over town stopping to tell every friend and relative I could find about the gift I knew that I would never forget.

Secondhand bikes don't last very long, though, and two years later I was sporting a souped-up version of the red Monarch at the OTASCO — bought from my very own money that I had saved from farm jobs.

There have been many materialistic highlights in my life since that Christmas of 1946, but none has quite equaled the joy I felt when I first realized that the red bike was really mine. ■

LANDMARKS

CAMP SUPPLY

— Paul Blosser

Indians ravaged white settlements in the years following the Civil War. Warriors, angry at the white man's westward expansion, burned wagon trains, stole cattle and horses and killed over 800 men, women and children between 1862 and 1868.

Settlers and government officials alike cried for increased federal protection. Major General Phillip H. Sheridan, military commander of the Department of the Missouri, was allowed only 2,600 cavalry and infantry men to patrol the area of Kansas, New Mexico, Missouri, Arkansas and Indian Territory, now Oklahoma.

Sheridan developed a plan to gain control of the plains of Indian Territory — a plan which called for a prolonged winter campaign against the Indians. The soldiers and supplies would be located at a temporary camp in Indian Territory.

7 Little did Sheridan know that the establishment of Camp Supply as the temporary supply base would last over a quarter of a century and play a significant role in bringing civilization to the plains of Oklahoma Territory.

Sheridan assigned Brigadier General Alfred Sully to select a site and establish the supply camp. Sully sought the advice of Major Joel H. Elliott, Captain John H. Page and Indian scout John Smith. The four agreed on a location at the junction of Wolf and Beaver Creeks, 113 miles southeast of Fort Dodge, Kansas and about 100 miles northwest of Fort Cobb, Indian Territory. They had camped near there less than a month before on an expedition into Indian Territory.

The location was near the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservations. It was close to the Indian winter campgrounds.

Fresh water flowed in both streams. Wild game was abundant. Squirrels lived in the cottonwood trees lining the creeks' banks. Buffalo grazed on the prairie grass plains. Rabbits, deer and turkey watered at the creeks.

Sully led the column of 400 wagons and 1,100 men south from Fort Dodge. They encountered wind and snow on their six day journey. The column passed through Devil's Gap, four mile north of their final destination, arriving at the creek junction on the evening of November 18, 1868. Official field orders named the spot Camp Supply.

Construction of the temporary camp began the next morning. In the canyons northeast of the camp, infantrymen and cavalrymen chopped down large cedar trees. Horse teams pulled the trimmed logs to the campsite. Soldiers' hands notched the logs and assembled them

into the ten-foot tall stockade walls.

Industrious soldiers erected blockhouses at the northwest and southeast corners of the fortress.

On the creek banks, axes sent cottonwood chips flying. The smaller trees were felled and trimmed. Soldiers dug pits outside the stockade walls for their sleeping quarters. The earthen walls of the pits, four and one-half feet deep, were held in place by the cottonwood logs. These bunkers extended above the ground three feet. Soldiers roofed the bunkers with more logs, stuffing the cracks between the logs with straw and earth to keep out the winter wind and snow.

Severe weather set in several days later, halting construction. General Sheridan arrived in the midst of the blowing snow and sleet. He had fought the same storm on his trail from Fort Dodge, for five days.

Sheridan ordered Colonel George Armstrong Custer to prepare his Seventh Cavalry to move out at daybreak. He was to locate and attack any Indians he might find in the vicinity.

A ceiling of gray clouds hung over the plains on the morning of November 23, 1868. Seven hundred cavalrymen stood ready beside their horses. Stamping hooves swirled the fresh snow into the chilly air. The bugler sounded mount and Custer and his men swung into their saddles.

The column marched south as the band played the regimental song, "Gerry Owen." Ben Clark, a young Indian scout, led the expedition across the snow-covered plains to Custer's greatest victory, the Battle of the Washita.

Custer's cavalry surprised Black Kettle's sleeping Cheyenne village at dawn on November 27. The Indians were encamped against the winter storms near the Washita River.

The 11 troops of cavalry surrounded the unwary camp, awaiting the signal to attack — the opening strains of "Gerry Owen."

In the melee that followed, Custer's troops were forced to dismount and fight the Indians hand to hand. The warriors fought fiercely to defend themselves and their wives and children. Black Kettle and 103 of his braves were killed in the bloody battle, along with some women and children.

The cavalry captured 123 squaws and children. They rounded up and shot 875 Indian ponies. Hostile Indians, who had escaped during the battle, surrounded the soldiers throughout the day, but Custer managed to retreat after dark.

with sporadic assaults against white settlements.

Camp Supply was officially renamed Fort Supply in December 1878, marking the beginning of an end to Indian matters. By the fall of 1879, the military post had served ten years, protecting the white man from angry Indians, Indians from equally vengeful white men, and warring Indian tribes from each other.

The following years did not decrease the activity at Fort Supply. Scouting parties escorted cattle herds and wagon trains over established trails, protecting them against Indian attacks.

Patrols settled disputes between cattlemen and Indians. Soldiers expelled would-be settlers from Indian land.

Fort Supply played an important role in the opening of the Cherokee Outlet to white settlement on September 16, 1893. The opening of the area to settlement brought about the closing of the fort.

Colonel Dangerfield Parker commanded the soldiers responsible to police the 9,000 square miles of land and evict 'sooners.' Parker made it clear to his men that they were to protect government property and mails, preserve the peace and guard the settlers against criminal acts.

Troopers, riding bareback, patrolled the more than 400 miles of border around the outlet. Detachments guarded the land offices against early registrations and kept the peace in the burgeoning crowds.

Settlements sprouted and grew on the plain of Indian Territory. The town of Woodward grew from the land office 15 miles southeast of Fort Supply. Another small

Toch-e-me-ah, the Indian bride of scout Ben Clark, was among the 123 captives at the Battle of the Washita. She is also buried at the cemetery.



PHOTO BY PAUL BLOSSER



PHOTO BY PAUL BLOSSER

St. John's Episcopal Church, located at the corner of Tenth Street and Texas Avenue in Woodward, was originally used as the Fort Supply Chapel. Military Chaplain Henry Swift performed the first Episcopal services in Woodward. The church is the oldest in the Cherokee Outlet.

The lead element of Custer's attack force, commanded by Major Elliott, was left behind during the retreat. The military casualties included not only Elliott and the 15 men with him, but also three others. Captain Louis M. Hamilton, the grandson of Alexander Hamilton, was one of the three men that was killed in the attack.

The Battle of the Washita left the Indians bitter, but their resistance had been broken. In the succeeding months, the once-proud Indians yielded to the white man's wishes, withdrawing to their respective reservations.

The Kiowas joined the Comanches in reservation at Fort Cobb in late December. The Kiowa-Apaches, Comanches, and Kiowas moved to their Medicine Lodge Reservation near Camp Wichita in January.

Little Raven's Arapahoes surrendered the same month at Fort Sill, Indian Territory.

Weak and disarmed, the Indians did not want to be confined on the reservations. Railroad crews laid a path of oak ties across the plains, steel spikes ringing with sledgehammer blows. The rails of the Iron Horse snaked westward, cutting through Indian lands.

White cattlemen sneaked herds across the Kansas and Texas borders. Their cattle grew fat on the green prairie grass at no cost to the rancher. Hunters decimated the buffalo herds, depleting the Indians major source of food, fuel and shelter.

The noble Red Man waited in lines to draw meager rations from the stores at Camp Supply. In the winter of 1878 over 700 Northern and Southern Cheyennes were reduced to killing and eating their horses and dogs to survive.

The humbled Indians responded to these deprivations

PHOTO BY PAUL BLOSSER



The Teamster's Cabin is one of the few remnants of the historic Northwest Oklahoma fort.

town took root west of the fort, taking the name of Supply.

Civilization had arrived on the plains. Fort Supply had outlived its usefulness. Railroads assured the rapid mobility of infantry and cavalry troops from Fort Riley and Fort Reno.

Time stopped for Fort Supply on February 26, 1895. On that day, Lieutenant F. E. Lacey turned custody of the post over to the Department of the Interior.

Since then, time and civilization have been unkind to the remains of the historic fort. The stockade walls, which once cast early morning shadows over the post chapel, have fallen and are rotting into the sandy creek banks.

The small chapel was sold in 1894 as the post was closed. The chapel, the oldest in the Cherokee Outlet, was moved to Woodward by a rancher named Roselle. He drove the team of six oxen which pulled the frame structure across the plains on cedar logs. In Woodward, the church was moved a second time several years later to its present location.

St. John's Episcopal Church, as it is now called, is located at the corner of Tenth Street and Texas Avenue. Its doors are open to the public 24 hours a day. Regular church services are provided to the northwest Oklahoma

community as well.

The site of the old fort is occupied by the Western State Hospital. Many of the fort's original buildings have been replaced over the years, leaving only a few reminders of Oklahoma history.

West of the hospital grounds is the former military cemetery. The bodies of the 56 soldiers buried there were transferred to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas when the post began closing in 1894.

One of the remaining headstones marks the grave of Toch-e-me-ah, the Indian wife of scout Ben Clark. She had been captured at the Battle of the Washita.

James Quinlan, a teamster at the fort, is also buried there. Before his death, Quinlan ran a Mexican Monte Bank, a popular gambling game, at the teamster's cabin on Fort Supply.

The cabin still stands on a hospital backroad. It has been bought by the Oklahoma Historical Society for preservation.

Near the center of the hospital grounds is the "powder-monkey's" house. The powder monkey, Sergeant William Scully, fired the cannon salute each morning and evening.

The final cannon salute at Fort Supply heralded new settlements on the plains of Oklahoma Territory and signalled an end to Indian hostilities. ■

PHOTO BY PAUL BLOSSER



This is the 'Powder-Monkey's' House where Sergeant William Scully lived. Scully had the daily duty of firing the morning and evening cannon salutes.

A STATUE IN TYRONE

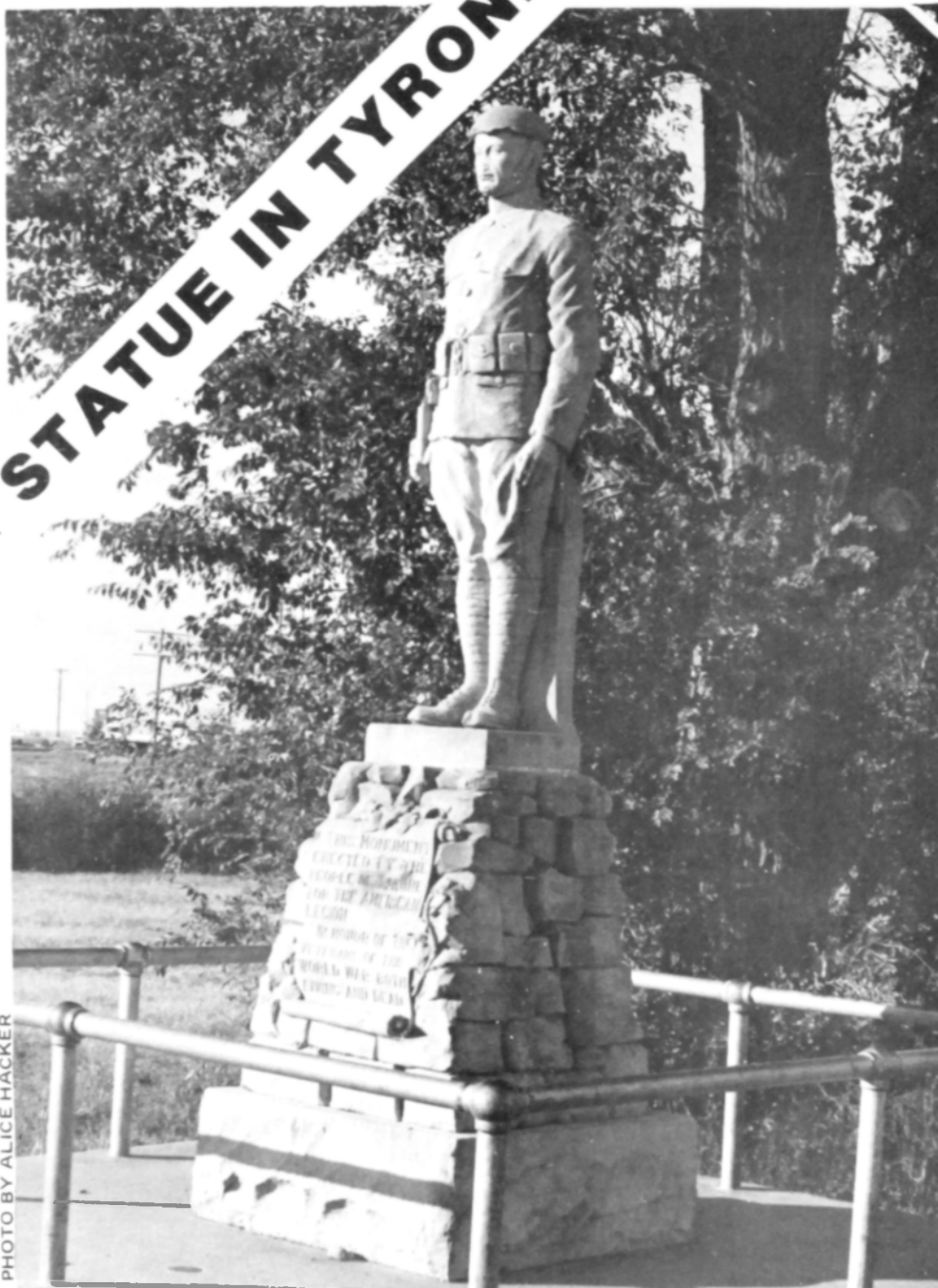


PHOTO BY ALICE HACKER

10

I'm a long-neglected doughboy
 Who has stood guard over fifty years.
 It hurts that few remember me
 But concrete soldiers shed no tears.

Weather and vandals have scarred me.
 Chipped and deformed I heave long sighs.
 Then a child lays flowers at my feet
 And I kiss her with my eyes.

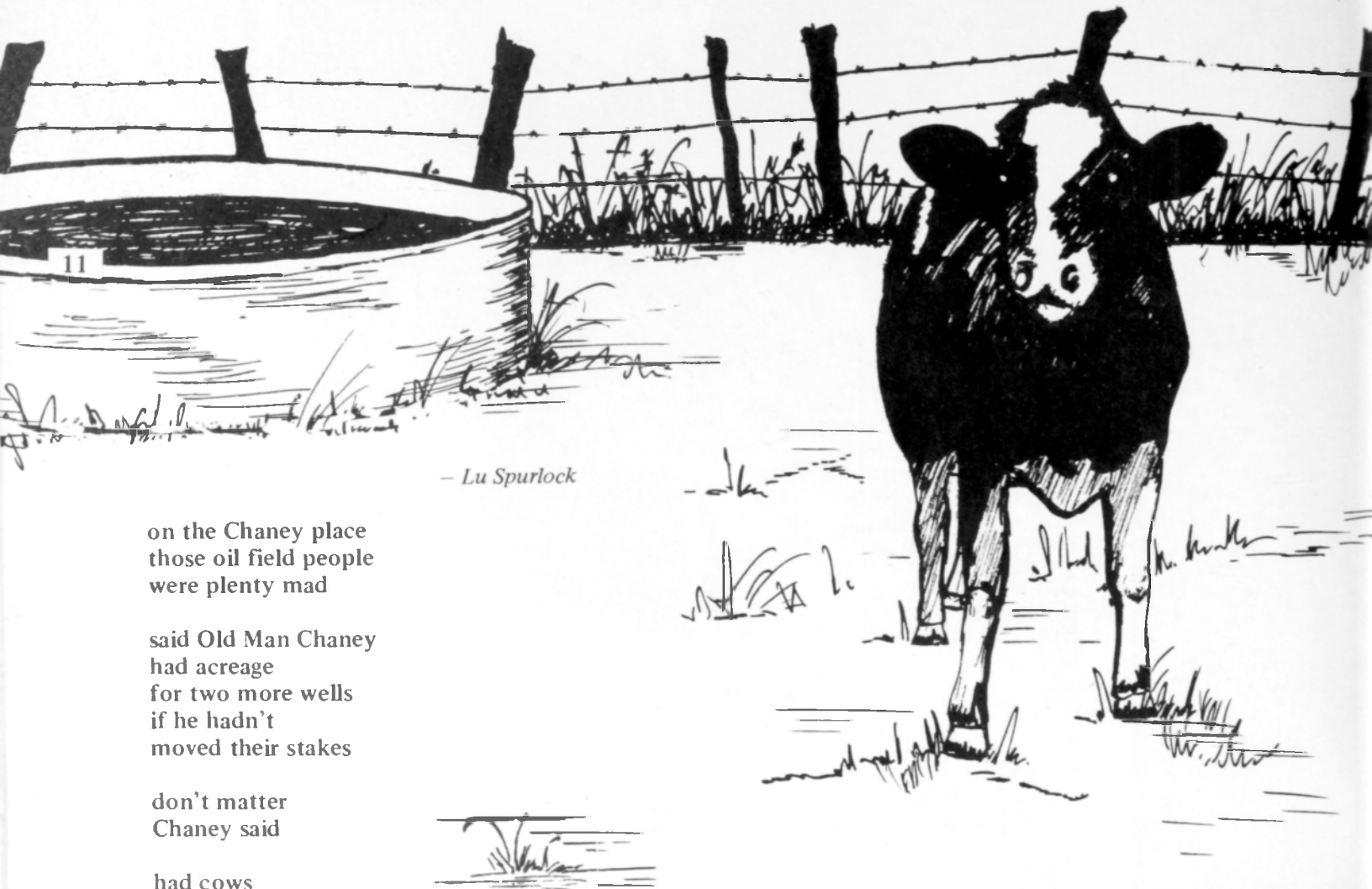
Ever silent I stand at attention
 And hope young minds will open their doors
 To Tyrone men who served so long ago
 In the war to end all wars.

— Sheila Cohlma

Industry



WHEN THE GUSHER BLEW IN



on the Chaney place
those oil field people
were plenty mad

said Old Man Chaney
had acreage
for two more wells
if he hadn't
moved their stakes

don't matter
Chaney said

had cows
'fore I had oil
and nobody's drillin'
in the middle
of my stock tank

ILLUSTRATION BY CINDY KAISER

he doesn't believe

— Lu Spurlock

he doesn't believe

in gambling

cards and dice
are sinful
a way to waste
hard-earned cash

yet
he borrows money
to plant
dry-land cotton

year after year

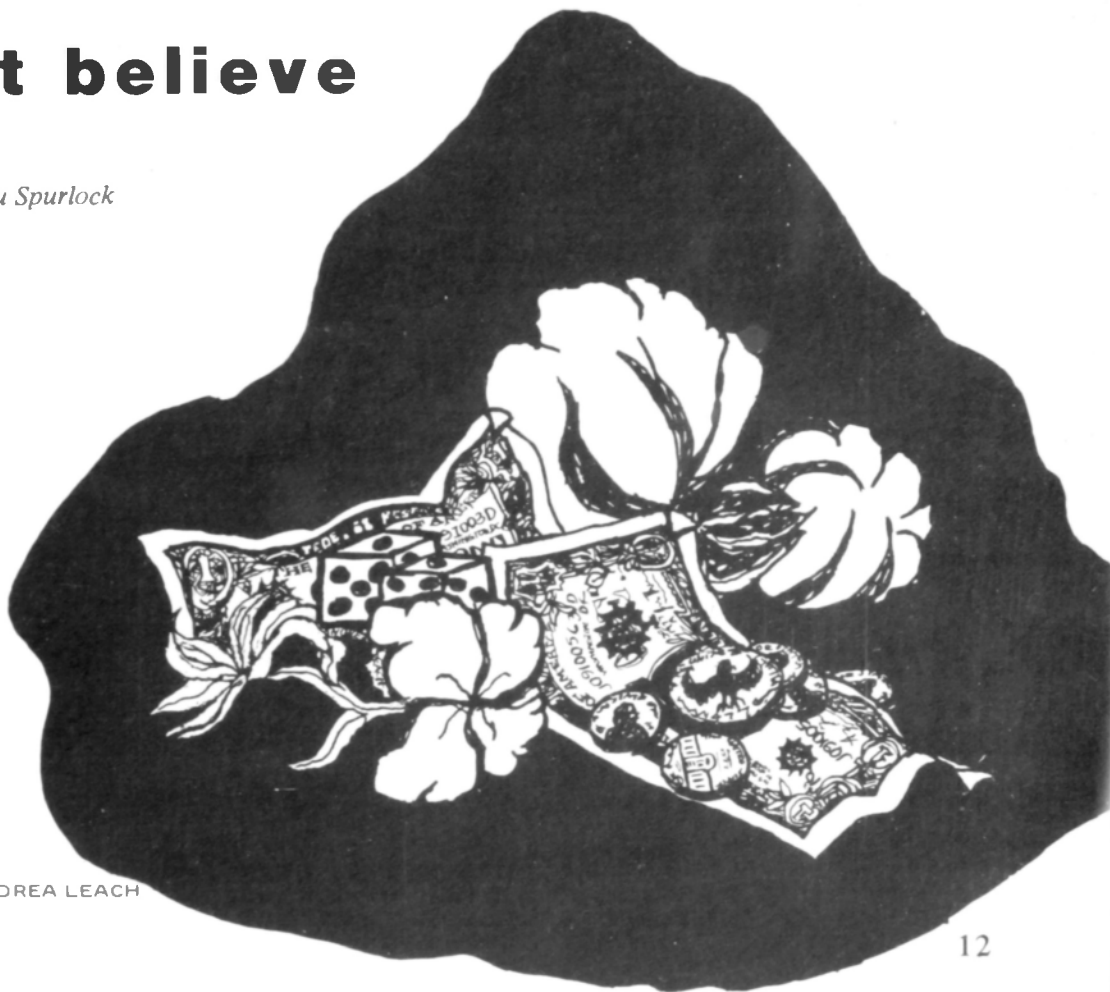


ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREA LEACH

12

WESTERN OKLAHOMA DIRT

— Lu Spurlock

blew yesterday
the sky rained mud
flattened ripe wheat

weatherbeaten
tightfisted
farmers tasted
lost hope

today the old
seductress sun
glistens on
golden spreads

apologizes
promises better days
tomorrow

tempts farmers
to forgive
and dream again





PHOTO BY CAROLYN LEONARD

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

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

— Carolyn Leonard

13

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 crowd'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 overshoes, 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. ■

M. E. KEZER: OKLAHOMA PIONEER WITH A PAST

(Claude Kezer, Miss Dolly's nephew, reports that Miss Dolly's sisters, embarrassed by their sibling's profession, refused to place a marker at her gravesite. Kezer, his brother, and sisters, raised the needed money, bought a marker, and thus proclaimed their family's connection with the "woman with a past.")

During frontier days, the "world's oldest profession" was an industry in itself. This is the story of an Oklahoma madam in Woodward.

— Louise Boyd James

Mary Eliza Kezer arrived in Woodward, Oklahoma Territory, in 1894. She came from Denver in response to a job opportunity — a madam was needed for the local honky tonk and adjacent cabins. She got the job, and for over six years was Miss Dolly of the Woodward Dance Hall.

Just twenty years earlier, Eliza, then a fifteen-year-old Kansas farm girl, promised her dying mother that she would remain a virgin and never marry. Eliza was able to keep only part of the oath; for prior to coming to Oklahoma, she was a prostitute in one of Denver's fanciest bordellos.

This fate had been determined for her, when, within a month of her mother's death, her father, Daniel Kezer, deposited Eliza at the Union Depot in Kansas City. He gave her fifty cents and left her on her own.

The money did not last long, even though Eliza rationed it to buy food as she looked for work. She found shelter by hiding in the waiting rooms of the depot, and a fruit vendor gave Eliza bananas after her money was gone.

Eliza finally collapsed in the street. She was taken to a nearby doctor who took her into his home and cured her pneumonia. When Eliza's health returned, she did housework to repay his kindness. The doctor eventually placed the girl on a stage to Colorado, saying the climate there would be better for her stubborn cough. The teenager who boarded that stage was no longer a virgin.

In later years, as Eliza told the story, she failed to account for about five years of her life at this point. It is probable that she joined the prostitutes in Denver's French Quarter as the Colorado city enjoyed its silver boom. In about 1880 Eliza met a newspaper man; he was the only man she ever loved.

Legend says he was with the Denver Post, but Catherine T. Engle, Reference Librarian, Colorado Historical Society, reports the Post did not begin publication until 1892. Eliza may have changed the name of the paper in her original telling, or the name may have become altered with the passage of time.

Her editor helped design and print the invitations to the opening of the Tabor Grand Opera in September, 1881. Eliza saw the beautiful satin invitations prior to the event and had a gown of white satin designed to wear to the gala affair. Both the invitations and the gown were trimmed with long-stemmed roses.

Eliza did not understand the opera. She believed most

of the Denver audience shared her confusion, but Eliza had a marvelous time.

She lived with the editor two years. They enjoyed a Pygmalion-type relationship, with the newspaper man leaving lessons for her to study while he was gone during the day. She was proud of her ability to learn and over sixty years later still expanded her knowledge as an avid reader of Time magazine.

This happy time ended with the death of her friend, either from a heart attack or through an accident. She then moved back to the bordello life, where she entertained only wealthy men. She wore handmade French chemises and claimed never to have spent an entire night with a customer.

She continued to attend Tabor events, for many stories from this time period were of Horace and his Baby Doe. As Miss Dolly, Eliza attended the parties where all women wore beautiful gowns. Sometimes, her gown was lovelier than Baby's.

At all Tabor parties the wine flowed. In fact, Eliza told of a pink vase large enough to hold a person. Horace would pull Baby from this prior to filling it with champagne. Eliza owned two small pink vases, miniatures of the Tabor possession. These are displayed now at the Plains Indians and Pioneer Museum in Woodward, Oklahoma.

Declining silver fortunes in the early 1890's ended this way of life, both for the Tabors and Dolly Kezer. As Horace and Baby struggled to salvage something of their silver empire, Dolly looked for a new way of life. It was for this reason that she went to Woodward.

Woodward was created by the land run for the Cherokee Outlet in September, 1893. It was a division point on the Santa Fe, and a cattle shipping town. Woodward was a little Dodge City, known for a sporting life; it boasted many saloons, gambling establishments, and the dance hall north of Main, just across the Santa Fe tracks.

This brothel ran unhindered by serious law enforcement for about eight years. It was here that Dolly worked.

While some elements in Woodward desired to close the dance hall, unwritten rules developed for its continuance: Prostitution should be confined to that block. The girls who worked at the honky tonk must not visit town often and then must be back across the tracks by dark. A proper woman passed to the other side of the street to avoid a chance meeting with a dance hall "inmate." Proper women never wore red, the color of their sisters to the north. Nice women did not cross the tracks going north unless absolutely necessary. One daring adolescent girl, in defiance of her mother's warning, actually stuck her toe across those tracks!

Dolly entertained north of the tracks with stories of her Denver days. As she did this, the differences in the two towns became more and more obvious. Woodward



had a long, sandy, main street. There were no sidewalks, only boardwalks in front of some of the scattered businesses. There was no electricity, city water, or sewer system. And even when dressed in their finest, Dolly's girls were just plain cheap.

She realized this at a lavish party about 1900. Her girls were in their best. Cattlemen and cowboys were in abundance. Santa Fe officials reportedly furnished flowers to decorate the dance hall.

The party must have been for the Oklahoma Livestock Association's annual convention. Woodward really celebrated for this event each March as cattlemen from Oklahoma, Texas, and Kansas arrived to discuss their mutual industry and its problems.

Dolly decided at that party to leave the dance hall. The next morning she located a homestead four miles southwest of town. She filed on the land. She packed her beautiful clothes in a trunk, sold her jewelry, and paid the way home for any girl who would leave.

Cowboy friends donated a cooking pot, a bedroll, and a dog. They helped build a board house, which always leaked. They built fence as she acquired money to buy posts and wire.

She earned money by doing laundry and housework for people in Woodward. She walked the four miles to

town and picked up laundry from saloons, restaurants, and barber shops. Then she carried it home. After washing and drying the clothes, Dolly carried the dried bundles back to town.

Dolly Kezer was smart, and she was tough. She survived the five years required to "prove up" her land. In September, 1906, she made final homestead entry, and the land belonged to her.

She lived on the claim long past the final entry, dying on her land in the spring of 1947 as the tornado swept Whitedeer, Glazier, Higgins, and Woodward. Before her death, Dolly had made peace with herself, her neighbors, and nature. She talked to God each day, reading from her mother's worn Bible. She fed pet squirrels and quail. A dove rode on her shoulder. And always there was a dog.

Dolly visited with neighbors. Sometimes half-sisters came to talk and drink her Hills Brothers coffee. She hoarded quarts of peanut butter and tried unsuccessfully to forgive her father.

But there must have been times during those years when she opened the old trunk, filled with satin and taffeta clothes with laces and ribbon trims, and enjoyed becoming in memory, Miss Dolly of the fanciest brothel in Denver. ■

PHOTO COURTESY PIONEER MUSEUM, WOODWARD



This lonely windmill still stands on Eliza's homestead. The boards in the foreground are from her small home destroyed by the 1947 tornado.

PHOTO COURTESY PIONEER MUSEUM, WOODWARD



The black taffeta blouse recently found by Kezer Family members. In the background are pictures of Eliza's parents and Eliza as a child. Hanging above these are two French prints from brothel days.

cuisine

— Leroy Thomas

Many members of a Western Oklahoma church have been gladdened by a delicacy called Birrocks, a recipe handed down by the German grandmother of a member of the Kitchen Committee. A recipe for the "German hamburger" follows:

BIRROCKS

1½ lbs. hamburger	¼ t. allspice
1 small head cabbage	1½ t. salt
2 large onions	1½ t. pepper, coarsely ground

Fry hamburger till done, but not brown. Drain off fat. Chop onions and cabbage, fry in 2 tablespoons of shortening till done, not brown. Mix meat, cabbage and onions, allspice, salt and pepper. Cool.

DOUGH FOR BIRROCKS

2 cups warm water	6½ cups flour
½ t. salt	2 pkgs. dry yeast
1 beaten egg	½ cup sugar
½ cup oleo or shortening	

Let the dough rise double in size before rolling out. Cut dough in squares. Stuff as much of the meat mixture in each square as possible and pinch down to make a bun. Bake for 20-25 minutes at 350 degrees — or until brown. By the way, the warm water is to be used in the preparation of the yeast and sugar mixture. Shared by Helen Brown and Emma DeFehr, both of Weatherford.

Up to the time our good friend Marie Zacharias and her husband, Frank, moved to the Corn Home for the Aged a few years ago, Marie — Grandma Zach — often shared peppernuts with my family and me. Ladies like Grandma have always taken great pride in the smallness of their peppernuts, some of which were no larger than large peas. Some ladies would painstakingly cut their peppernuts in perfect little circles using a sewing thimble for a cutter. Here's a recipe (sometimes called receipt) for plain peppernuts.

3 cups sugar	1 t. cinnamon
1 cup oleo	1 t. cloves
4 eggs	1 t. nutmeg
1 cup milk	1 t. black pepper
3 t. baking powder	flour to make very stiff dough
a little salt	(3 - 4 cups)

Cream oleo and sugar until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well. Add the milk. Sift the dry ingredients with spices and flour. Add half the amount of flour, mixing well. Add remaining flour and knead thoroughly. Store dough in tightly covered container in the refrigerator overnight or longer. This helps the dough to season and spices to blend. Roll dough into thin ropes and slice with sharp knife dipped in flour or cold water. Pieces should be about the size of a hazel nut. Place pieces separately on a greased baking sheet. Bake at 350 - 375 degrees for 7 - 10 minutes or until golden brown. Different degrees of browning change flavor and texture of peppernuts. Shared by Helen Brown of Weatherford. ■



old-time RECIPES

LETTERING BY BEVERLY WHITE

THE SOUTH TRANSPLANTED

— Carolyn Branch Leonard

The South is alive in my Oklahoma Panhandle kitchen, and I'm grateful to my mother-in-law, Oza Leonard of DeRidder, Louisiana. She's a typical Southern lady and an excellent cook. Of course she never measures anything, and her only recipes are the ones she memorized while watching her mother, Grandmother Brown, in the kitchen.

Although I joined the family after Grandmother Brown became ill, I have been told that her dining table was always crowded with folks who "just happened to drop in" at mealtime, and everyone's favorite dessert was syrup cake.

While on a trip to Louisiana, I cornered my mother-in-law in her kitchen and begged her to let me watch her bake a syrup cake. So here's the recipe.

OLD - FASHIONED SYRUP CAKE

2 eggs, beat well, then mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vegetable oil and beat until creamy. Add one can cane syrup, beating constantly and pouring the syrup in a thin stream; then mix in 2 cups self-rising flour and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in a greased 8 - inch square cake pan in a 350 - degree oven about 30 minutes. Serve hot with ice cream or cold with whipped cream, or just plain.

Allowed substitutions: equal parts of molasses and honey as the syrup; regular flour with 2 teaspoons of baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt can be used instead of self-rising flour. ■

One day as I walked into my literature of the American West classroom, I heard one of my lady students, a commuter, exclaim, "Oh my goodness, I forgot to feed Herman before I left home today. Since I won't be back home for a couple of days, I guess I should call my neighbor and ask her to go over and take care of him." Always being the curious sort, I found out that she was talking about a sourdough starter. For many years Herman has been a very present help in the kitchens of many women. Here he is as intended — to be shared.

HERMAN CAKE

On the day you get your Herman Cake, give it a feeding of: 1 cup flour, 1 cup milk, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Keep refrigerated in a large covered container with a tight lid. Stir everyday. On the fifth day, feed the cake again. On the tenth day, make your own Herman Cake. Take out two cups of starter. Keep one cup and give one cup away with the recipe.

STEP 1: To remaining mix, add: 1 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. soda, 2 t. baking powder, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup oil, 1 cup raisins or more if desired, 1 cup chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. cinnamon.

STEP 2: Topping before baking: 1 T. flour, 1 T. cinnamon, 1 cup brown sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted oleo. Mix and pour over batter, use a fork to swirl topping through batter. Bake 350 degrees for 50 minutes in a 9 x 13 pan.

STEP 3: Glaze after baking: $\frac{1}{2}$ stick oleo, 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Boil this mixture 5 minutes, stirring constantly. When the cake is done and removed from the oven, pour the mixture over the top.

ONE SUGGESTION: Have all the dry ingredients mixed together with the oil before adding the sourdough. Once the soda and baking powder are mixed with the sourdough, it starts rising. Swirl in the topping as quickly as you can. Once it starts rising and you stir through the batter, it will fall when baking. But that doesn't hurt the flavor; it just doesn't look as pretty. Recipe contributed by Carolyn Lichtenwalter of Lone Wolf through several generations of cooks.

MEd

ENTERTAINMENT



ILLUSTRATION BY TONI TAYLOR

THE CHAUTAUQUA
MOVEMENT

Exhausted, careworn mothers dressed themselves, their infants and toddlers in Sunday finest. Parents admonished older children to be on best behavior and not muss crisply starched shirts and dimity dresses. Oldsters rushed about with palm fans, colorful parasols, and white linen handkerchiefs. Horses, wagons, and Model T Fords, filled with rural families and brimming picnic baskets, crowded dusty streets awaiting matinee and evening performances. Excitement reigned in little country towns such as Sayre, Elk City, Clinton, and Weatherford when the Chautauquas (pronounced Sha-'ta-quahs), arrived by Rock Island train in the late 1910's and 1920's.

Chautauqua troupes provided high-class entertainment for early pioneers and their families who starved for beauty, music, plays, enlightening philosophical lectures, or anything the traveling entertainers presented during three- to five-day stands in any given town. Saturdays especially gave rural people from surrounding communities opportunity to forget toils and hardships they suffered while attempting to eke out a meager existence from the scorched plains of western Oklahoma.

People sold eggs and cream, then escaped into the imaginery Chautauqua world under the huge tent with its heavy canvas flapping precariously in gusty, hot winds. Cooled now and then by a breeze reaching under the gaping bottom, country folk sat entranced on hard, backless wooden benches, sometimes forgetting the purpose of fans and handkerchiefs. Professional actors and musicians, oblivious of heat and exhaustion, lured the audience of two or three hundred sweltering people into their make-believe world with gorgeous costuming, brilliant lighting, and delightful entertainment.

Each person in the receptive audience greeted the entertaining troupe with traditional Chautauquan salute, a fluttering and waving of white handkerchiefs. They absorbed every moment of refinement since there would be nothing like it again until another troupe returned the following summer. Many a rural family spent the day in town attending both Chautauqua matinee and evening sessions. Delicious contents of picnic baskets supplied additional festivities as neighbor joined neighbor under a shade tree on the street or in City Park. Town people returned home between performances, but rural families remained until the end of the night show, unless they lived close enough to go home, did evening chores, and then drove back to town again.

Chautauqua entertainment was fully as popular as the circus. Actually the Chautauqua reached out to more rural people than did the circus since they presented their culture and enlightenment to smaller and more remote locations. Most towns the Chautauquas visited were those with two to six thousand population. At one time there were more than two hundred separate Chautauquas, independent of each other. Each carried its own tent, seats, equipment, lighting, speakers, and entertainers. All troupes, which traveled throughout the United States holding town or mass tent meetings, were basically similar in entertainment techniques.

Prior to arrival of the traveling troupe in a town, a representative from the organization met with city fathers to gain approval of their particular type of entertainment. City officials underwrote or guaranteed the group a certain financial amount, usually two thousand dollars, if they decided the entertainment was worthwhile for the locale. The Chautauqua scout provided illustrated placards

for store windows and advertisements for the local newspaper denoting arrival of the coming week's festivities.

Traveling Chautauquas always pitched open-air tents near the railroad even though troupe members stayed at local hotels. They spread gaily-colored banners with the huge lettering of C H A U T A U Q U A across the front and around the top of the tent. Another sign at the entrance informed local people of performance time and the type of entertainment. Each tour group provided different types of enlightenment such as symphonies, concerts, plays, philosophical lectures of hearth, home, and heaven variety, and campaign speeches by political officials.

Chautauquas always entered a town in the same manner. First, the tent, tent crew, and equipment arrived with the show manager. The manager collected season ticket money from city officials who sold them in advance; no season tickets were available after the entertainment arrived. The tent crew cleared and staked the location for the enormous affair. Then they erected the tent, set up the stage platform, complete with bunting, curtains, rostrum, piano, and lighting. Last of all, they placed the benches and reserved chairs, filling the tent.

Entertainment troupes arrived by train each day as the season progressed. One day's group of performers replaced the preceding day's entertainers, who caught the train bound for the next day's show in another town. A typical summer circuit contained from sixty to one hundred-twenty consecutive days: torturous days of blistering sun and burning sand becoming progressively more unbearable, with no holiday or relaxation time. Only the most dedicated performers survived more than one summer's circuit. The tent crew and show manager led the easiest lives of the Chautauqua circuit. They remained in one particular town until that season was completed. They then dismantled the tent, cleared the grounds of all debris, and loaded all equipment onto their railroad car. Last of all, they boarded the passenger train for the next assigned location and again went through the same procedure.

Any number of prominent political figures found the Chautauqua circuit an ideal conveyance for campaigning: a means for providing small communities with cultural stimulation and an excellent means for politicians to gain votes. United States Presidents using Chautauquas for political advantage were Ulysses S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Three reformers also spoke at Chautauqua sessions: Susan B. Anthony, Carrie Nation, and Jane Addams. Writers Mark Twain and James Whitcomb Riley were also popular speakers. Senator and later Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, called "The Voice" and "The Silver-tongued Orator," evidently toured all western Oklahoma towns. He labored diligently for many progressive measures including direct election of United States senators, graduated income taxes, and women's suffrage.

Bryan presented a striking appearance in a black, swallow-tailed frockcoat, a gleaming white shirt with a black string tie, and his long silver hair tucked inside and under a huge wide-brimmed white hat. His home while he was in western Oklahoma was always room number 30 at old Story Hotel in Elk City. Spending nearly twenty-five years as top attraction on the summer circuit,

he was the greatest and most famous Chautauquan of all.

William Jennings Bryan could talk for hours without ever showing fatigue, malice, bitterness, or resentment. The grueling routine never changed him; he always remained even-tempered, uncomplaining, and kindly. He had no secret vices; he did not drink, smoke or swear. He asked for only two things: a good meal and a good audience, in that order. His record performance for one summer's six-week tour occurred when he presented seven speeches daily, making an unbelievable total of nearly three hundred orations during this summer circuit.

He reputedly addressed one hundred thousand people in San Francisco and could be heard plainly three blocks away without any type of mechanical assistance. Bryan insisted that regular admission to his lectures be twenty-five to fifty cents and no more than one dollar for reserved seats for the elderly. He preferred that sides of the tent be rolled up so as many children as possible might hear and see him even though they paid no admission.

"Prince of Peace" was the most popular of his three main lectures. He delivered it more than two thousand times. Chautauqua gave Bryan his motivational power. It supported him, and it was his life. It made him millions of friends and admirers. It loaded him with gifts and achievements even though the context of his memorable oration now seems empty when reading the written word without his compelling golden voice. Bryan was no politician; he was a Chautauquan. During his funeral cortege to Arlington Memorial Cemetery, friends gave him his final Chautauquan salute with fluttering white handkerchiefs, dampened with their mournings.


Every Chautauqua session during the troupe's stay in a town was entirely different. The larger casts contained fifteen or twenty adult members; no children ever performed. Local people purchased a season ticket in advance, usually costing two and one-half dollars for all performances, or they selected one or more favored sessions if they were unable to attend the entire season. Small children, not accompanied by adults, were allowed at matinee sessions. A pretty, vivacious Chautauqua Girl, who was especially skilled at appealing to small fry, directed these events. Chautauquas were synonymous with culture in remote communities, and parents willingly provided their children with opportunity to attend every possible performance even though they themselves were unable to be at all sessions.

The Chautauqua Cultural Movement originated in 1874 at Chautauqua Lake, New York, which was four-hundred-fifty miles northwest of New York City. Reverend John H. Vincent and Lewis Miller, a New York businessman, organized the first meeting at the lakeside resort to discuss problems relating to Sunday School methods and management. The session proved highly successful and popular even though only forty students attended. Succeeding summer studies expanded into a variety of adult education programs: religion, public affairs, concerts, courses in science, literature, and domestic arts and crafts.

The original Chautauqua incorporated in 1902 in New York, becoming Chautauqua Foundation. William Rainey Harper, later president of the University of Chicago, served as principal of the Chautauqua summer schools from 1887 until 1898. His endeavors became the fore-runner of summer-school sessions held at all American colleges and universities. These original Chautauqua

ILLUSTRATION BY TONI TAYLOR





studies also initiated the basis for succeeding home-study correspondence courses, but they were discarded when the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle developed a four-year reading program.

Little did country folk of western Oklahoma realize that the original Chautauqua Movement originated at a beautiful wooded retreat with a campus covering over two hundred acres. Students could both study and vacation simultaneously. At the beginning of the movement, the campus could be reached only by Pennsylvania and Erie Railway, but later roads were constructed to enter the area. Numerous school buildings were built on hill-tops and upland terraces, and several thousand cottages were hidden in woods surrounding spacious campus structures.

A large hotel called Athenaeum and forty smaller houses also provided summer boarding accommodations. Nearby were small shops and stores for seasonal guests. A Hall of Philosophy, complete with architecture depicting a Greek temple with supporting white columns of masonry, had an open-air seating capacity for three thousand people. An enormous well-lighted amphitheater located on the side of a hill seated an audience of five to six thousand people. During nine months of the year, five hundred permanent residents lived in the Chautauqua area, but during the three summer months the population ranged from twenty to fifty thousand people while classes were in session.

The Chautauqua institution became a very important educational center with open-air assemblies which developed into the form of American mass meetings or town meetings, which President Carter revitalized. New York State brochures summarized the learning sessions into three categories: (1) popular lectures and entertainments, (2) philosophical, scientific, and literary lectures, and (3) intensive and in-depth studies conducted by competent and well-known instructors.

The Schools at Chautauqua Summer Institute were much like the university curriculum of today from which a student selected his indepth, concentrated training. The Chautauqua Schools included: (1) English Language and Literature, (2) Modern Language, (3) Classical Language, (4) Mathematics, (5) Pure Sciences, (6) Library Training, (7) Social Science and History, (8) Education, (9) Economics, (10) Music, (11) Arts and Crafts, (12) Expression, (13) Physical Education, and (14) Practical Arts.

In 1878 Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle began offering home study courses which provided an important impact upon urban areas of the United States. Local reading circles similar to Great Books study clubs of today's modern society carried forth this educational system. The Round Table, a monthly bulletin published by Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Reading Circle, recommended and directed the organization for this system of study.

This four-year course of reading devoted one entire year to one particular nation, namely (1) Modern European Year, (2) Classical Year, (3) English Year, and (4) American Year. This study system made no attempt to teach any languages or pure sciences through reading circles. However, literature, art, sociology, and natural science were combined with regular courses of a country's history. The American Year of study included American history, literature, government, diplomacy,

and sociology. The best of writers representing American colleges and universities prepared all textbooks studied: European, Greek, Roman, and American.

Chautauquans carried forth assigned reading courses at home. Once a week study groups met in social circles in both large and small towns or wherever a group was organized. Leaders were the best to be found in that particular area. Members devoted weekly meetings to oral discussions of topics suggested and recommended by Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Reading Circle.

The total enrollment of Chautauqua Readers was four hundred thousand. Most of the enrollment failed to complete the entire four-year study, but at least fifty percent studied recommended readings for two years. At least seventy-five thousand completed the entire course of study and received well-earned diplomas. The Circle encouraged Chautauquan graduates to form other educational clubs and to influence other people to join study groups.

None of the programs of the original Chautauqua Movement ever organized as a profit-making concern; Chautauquans were primarily interested in education of humanity. However, many later tent shows were mere pseudo-Chautauquas and were actually enterprises far more concerned with profit than with education. Some of the town meetings degenerated into commercial circus-like atmospheres, political chicaneries, evangelical oratories, and popular slap-stick entertainments. With the advent of the Depression, radio, and movies, traveling tent-Chautauquas lost popularity and no longer toured the United States. However, a few local troupes did continue entertaining rural areas, using techniques of the original Chautauqua.

The founder of the Chautauqua Movement, Reverend John Vincent later to become Bishop Vincent, best summed the Chautauqua Idea as:

"Chautauqua pleads for universal education, for plans of reading and study, for all legitimate enticements and incitements to ambition; for all necessary adaptations as to time and topics, for ideal associations, which shall at once excite the imagination and set the heart aglow. . . a college is possible in everyday life if one chooses to use it: a college in house, shop, street, farm, market, for rich and poor. . . The curriculum of which runs through all life, a college which trains men and women everywhere to read and think and talk and do. . . this is the Chautauqua Idea."

Perhaps Bishop Vincent's philosophy seems an unattainable Utopian ideal today. Perhaps though, some day soon another Bishop Vincent will successfully resume those original achievements. But if not, Chautauquan influence left indelible imprints upon culture and education of both rural and urban American people. Tent shows provided enlightenment and enrichment for starved-for-culture settlers of remote areas like western Oklahoma; study sessions, both on campus and through home study, exerted a tremendous impact upon American colleges and universities. All combined efforts of the Chautauquans merged in their own special, separate ways to become vital and permanent in our unique American culture. ■

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ILLUSTRATION BY TONI TAYLOR



INDIANS

ILLUSTRATION BY LINDA FICKLING



CYNTHIA ANN PARKER, THE WHITE INDIAN PRINCESS

— Robin Montgomery

On May 19, 1836, several hundred Comanche and Kiowa Indians attacked Fort Parker. During the next half hour in what is now Limestone County, Texas, the frenzied warriors broke inside the gates of the fort and nearly decimated the extended Parker family. Herein was the framework upon which developed one of the most heart-rending dramas in American History; a drama destined to delay until 1875 the closing of the Indian Wars in Texas.

This massacre proved to be the breeding ground for the saga of Cynthia Ann Parker. As a nine-year-old girl, amidst the groans of her dying relatives and the blood-curdling screams of the Indians, Cynthia Ann was lifted upon a pony and carried away to become the white princess of the Comanches. She lived with these Indians for twenty-four years and seven months during which time she married the Great War Chief, Peta Nocona. This marriage lasted until the Battle of Pease River in 1860, when Captain Sul Ross and the Texas Rangers killed Peta Nocona and captured Cynthia Ann, returning her to the white settlement. The drama was not to end here, however, for her two sons survived the Pease River encounter, one of them becoming the last and possibly the greatest war chief in the annals of Indian Warfare. This was Quannah Parker who, after finally submitting to the white man, uttered the rhetorical and all too true declamation from his tepee in the foothills of Anadarko:

When the white man captured the Indian Princess and shut her away from the open plains and the teepees of her tribe, the star of my race went down in gloom to shine no more. I am the last great chief of the Comanches, just as my mother Preloch (Cynthia Ann) was the last great princess of my people.

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THE BALLAD OF CYNTHIA ANN

— Vera Holding

The hills have a rhythm all their own
Against the buffalo wallows
And spring greens on each pitch and swell
It doesn't depend on the swallows.
And there sometimes when the evening comes down
And war-bonnet feathers appear
To frame the gold of the dying sun
And the moon, like a crystal tear,
Hangs on the misty cheek of night
A spirit-wind softly comes
Warm and sweet as a woman's smile
To usher in roll of drums.

The phantom drums of the long ago
To soothe like a gentle hand,
When placed on the brow of the troubled past
As peace falls over this land.

Sometimes when the teepes are asleep
And the campfires burn to embers
A night bird calls and a coyote howls
A lonely heart remembers.

Time was when John Parker led his clan
To the New Caanan — Promised Land,
Called Texas — big as a cowman's dream
With the shape of a rope-burned hand.

The Indian frontier had been pushed back,
The soldiers sent far away.
John Parker dozed in the springtime sun
Watching his grandchild at play.
Sweet Cynthia Ann — sandaled with joy,
Light as an April willow,
Gold as the morning, bright as the noon,
With a bundle of charms for her pillow.

No moon-signs, no thickening veil of mist
Was shrouding the midday sun.
No screech owl warning from liveoak trees,
Foretold how much blood would run
Knee-deep in the valley where peace had dwelt
Where the new fields, scented with clover,
Lifted their faces up to the sky
With a southwind blowing over.
For suddenly, like some weird mirage,
Comanches came swooping in
Their painted bodies made a noose
Around the fort. And the din
Of their blood-curdling whoops, the women's screams,
The rattle of bullet hail,
The zoom and zing of arrow hate
Scattered the band like quail.

Over and over the savage tide
Was pushed back. And the pioneers
Crouching there in the riddled fort
Lent blood to the women's tears.

Poor Cynthia Ann was snatched away,
Unheeded were her cries
As stampeding mustangs thundered retreat,
She was a chieftan's prize.
In arroyas deep and war-paint walled
Where savage tribes could hide
They took poor Cynthia Ann and there
She might well have lived and died.

PART TWO

The painted-leaf moons had faded away
And redbuds, like Gypsy girls,

Had danced in the woods for many a spring
And summers filled lakes with pearls.
The sun loosed ribbons of scarlet and gold
To bind back the waterfall.
The wind combed the white-petalled yucca folds
And the Llano re-echoed the call
Of coyotes mating on ledges of rock
Under skies thumb-tacked by stars
Where tales — many legends had their birth
Of ghost-winds that soothes battle scars.
Of roving Kiowas, riding like corks
On the crest of its torrent at flood
Comanches, too, as fluid as air,
Wading through rivers of blood.
A chief, brave Nacona, had won his bride,
Pale Cynthia, now fully grown.
Her price in bright trinkets having been paid,
He claimed her for his own.

He headed the brave Kwahado band
Of Comanches on river bend
Two swarthy sons were born to them
Whose blood was of redman's blend.

A Texan, while traveling, paused to rest
With Chief Kwahadi's band.
He found them friendly and peaceful enough —
A paradox in this land.

The Texan, perplexed, saw the woman was white,
Her hair held a golden sheen,
Blue eyes held a story in their depth
Of all the years between
That day at Ft. Parker, long years past,
When Cynthia, the lost Parker child
Was captured by Indians. Now, at last
Was this she in this lonely wild?

The Texan talked to her, tried to explain
By signs that he'd take her away.
He'd pay any price the chief might ask,
But her will he could not sway.
She loved this mighty chief and his band
And her two sons. "No, no. . .
Now this is my home," She tried to say,
"I do not want to go."
No conqueror could tame.
This mother wolf with cubs on the run,
Whose chief battled hand to hand,
Until Texas Rangers led by Sul Ross
Took over in high command.

He pushed back the Indians, stemming the tide
On the blood-crested river, Pease,

Put down savage warfare, but there, they say
Ghost forms still raid every breeze.

That horror-filled battle on river bank
Where death mowed them down like weeds
With upflung hands as in last salute
They toppled from fear-crazed steeds.
Save one, racing bullets, fleet as the wind,
Fluid as smoke-signalled air,
A bright crimson blanket failing to hide
Long braids of golden hair.
The bullets were whining a warning to her,
More soldiers raced from the wood,
Her mount reared and plunged as she held aloft
Full proof of her womanhood —
A tiny baby she clutched to her heart
With anguished eyes, yet tender,
Her hands reached out in supplication
A hostage to surrender.

PART THREE

The rain sobbed a dirge from the alien sky,
The wind moaned the sad day long,
No solace for Cynthia Ann could be found
She listened for wild drum-bong.
When blue bonnets carpeted valley floors
And mockers laced hours with song,
Cynthia Ann's people came from the south
To take her where she'd belong.

Again no screech owl wailed from a tree
No hound-dog bayed the moon,
No Redman's sign warned that Prairie Flower
Would waste away and soon.
"Oh God," cried Cynthia, "White man's God,
Why torture such as I?
You know I'm a stranger in this land,
Oh Death do not pass me by.
Oh Great Spirit nothing is left for me —
My dreams, my life my song
Are dust in my throat in this bleak land
Oh take me where I belong."

And God of the prairies, God of the plains,
God of the billowing sea
Of prairie grasses, answered her prayer
And Cynthia Ann was set free.

In death there shone victory through her defeat,
Her Quannah, now mighty chief,
Led army men circling throughout the land —
Was wily beyond belief.
The sky — the blue of the Llano sky,

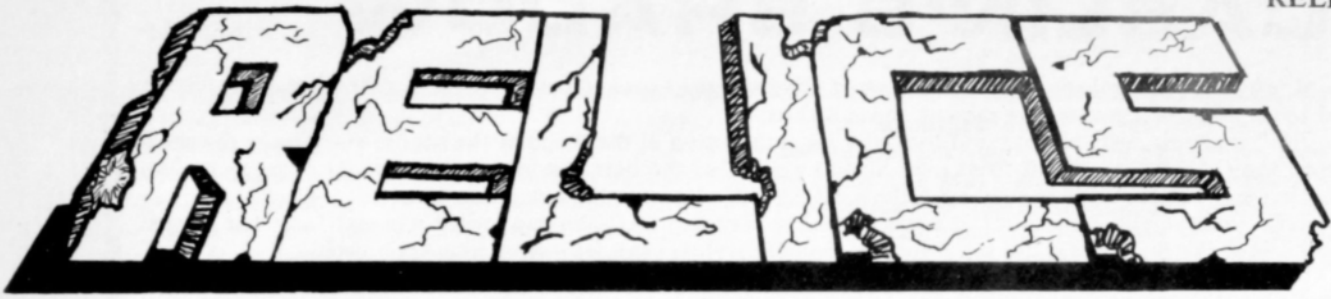
Her eyes having spoken, he knew she'd stay
Where the winds sweep the prairie floor
A chieftan's wife she wanted to be
And would be forevermore.

Long months stretched to years, became history.
Red raiders made frontiers flame.
A warring mystery, Cynthia Ann,
The long taut string of his bow,
Still held him captive, the last of his line —
Proud, unchanging foe.

What dread, what ghostly nameless dread
Made him surrender? What call?
He answered in bringing his remnant band
Where hills cup waterfall?
Where the Wichitas shoulder an Oklahoma sky,
With white cloud stallions racing by
Where night tiptoes on prairie floor
Where the little winds hum and the teepees snore
The tribes settled peacefully, built their homes,
Their cattle grazed every hill
Chief Quannah sat in what man's courts,
Helped push the Statehood bill.

With pride in his own white heritage
He went to the Big Teepee
As guest of honor in long parade,
Chief Joseph, the Nez Perc, and he
Rode with the great white chief, Roosevelt
Down the Capitol's Avenue
Comanche Chief and white president
To show all wars were through.

And there, sometimes when evening comes down
And war-bonnet feathers appear
To frame the gold of the dying sun,
And the moon like a crystal tear,
Hangs on the misty cheek of night —
A Spirit-wind softly comes,
Warm and sweet as a woman's smile
To usher in roll of drums.
The phantom drums of the long ago
To soothe like a gently hand
When placed on the brow of the troubled past
And peace falls over this land. ■



LETTERING BY GREG CRUZAN



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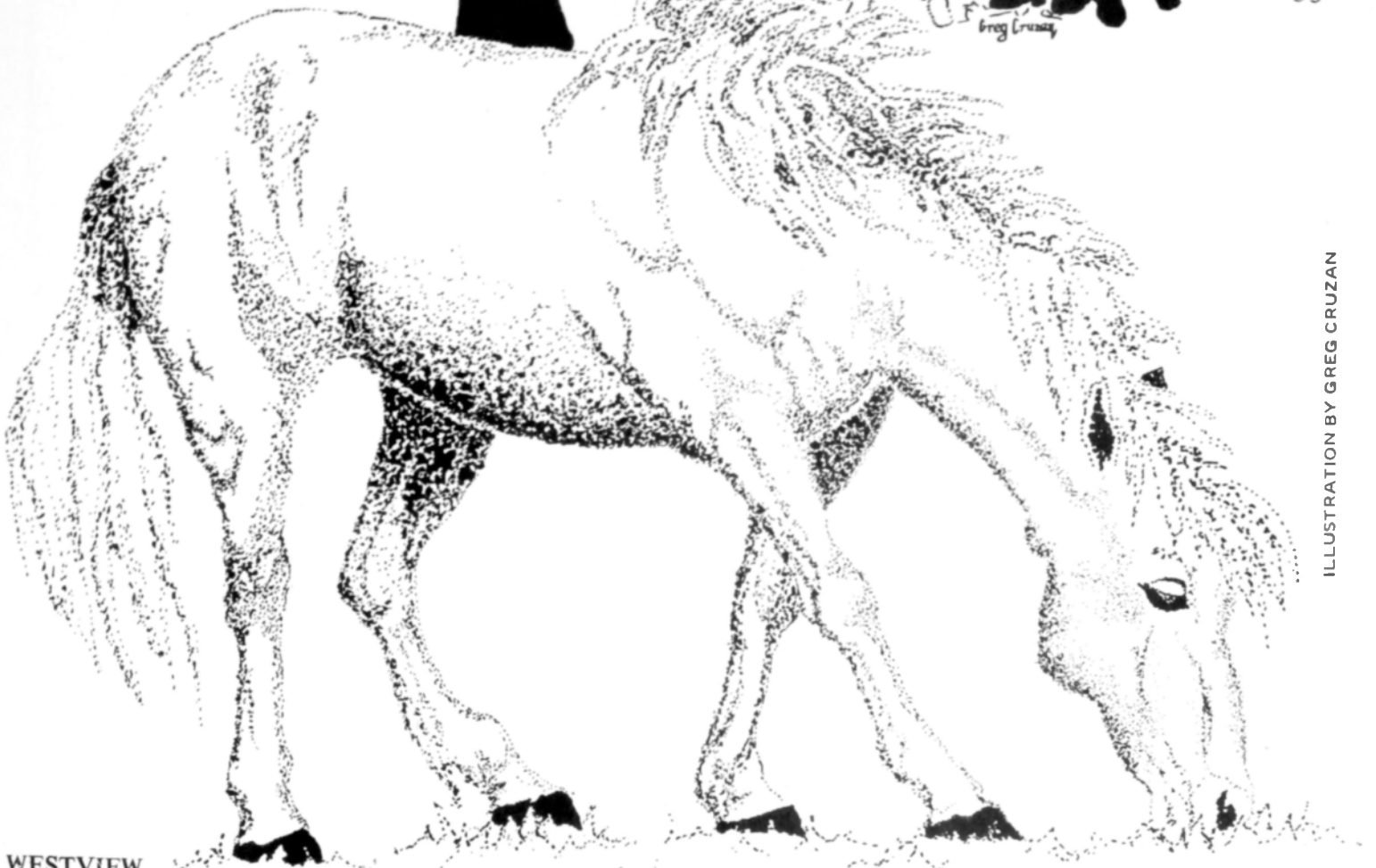


ILLUSTRATION BY GREG CRUZAN

MCCASLIN'S SHADOW

— Bob Spraker

Jody liked the feel of the morning sun on his back as he looked for the mare, and he liked to watch his shadow as big as a grown man moving ahead of him.

He thrust his right hip out and looked with satisfaction at the shape of the holster showing in the shadow. Jody carefully held his hand over his left pocket so the oats would not spill out. Then he went into his gunman's crouch and snatched for the hand carved weapon in its homemade holster.

The wooden gun came out fast and smooth the way Red McCaslin had taught him and Jody was pleased with what the shadow did. He spun the gun around his finger and let it drop into the holster.

Wonder what Red McCaslin would think of that? And, the next thought followed like breathing, I wish Pa was more like him. Jody wished he could see McCaslin more often. A few minutes on Saturday is better than nothing, Jody said to himself and he knew that he was lucky to have the great Red McCaslin for a friend. I'll show Red I been practicing, Jody thought.

He whistled again for the mare and waited to see if she would peek from behind the big boulder in the pasture.

"She's there all right. She always is." He murmured.

Jody practiced the draw again then took a handful of oats from his pocket and held it out toward the boulder. When the mare did not appear he continued with the familiar ritual. He returned the oats to his pocket turned and started back toward the house squinting against the sun in his eyes. Red says "Never face the sun in a showdown."

Jody grinned at the sound of hooves behind him. He walked on pretending not to notice. Even when he knew the little mare was directly behind him he pretended not to notice. Only when she came alongside him and nuzzled the pocket did he stop.

"Oh, you decided to come along did you? What a surprise! I thought you'd left the country."

Jody fed the mare from his hand and patted her neck as she ate. Then with a quick glance toward the house to see if Pa was outside and watching he threw his arms around the mare's neck and hugged her hard. He glanced again at the house and yard. He could see no sign of Pa. Then he spoke to the mare and to himself.

"Pa says it all right to be good to an animal and to like it, but it's wrong to love one. He says love is for people."

Jody kept the mare near him all day as he usually did and he was content. He didn't mind the chores, even carrying the water to the little garden, if he could keep the mare nearby. It was a long strange day because Pa went to town alone and it was only Friday. Jody did all his own work and tried to do some of Pa's. There was no time to ride the mare but he liked just having her near.

31 When he had finished the evening chores, Jody gave the mare an extra portion of the oats and turned her out for the night. He patted her as she ate and said.

"Pa says I have to go easy on the oats from now on. He says you're fat as a butterball anyway."

Pa wasn't home by supertime and Ma said they wouldn't wait, that they would just go ahead and eat. Jody wished Ma would talk at supper like she used to do. She wasn't much fun these days. She didn't laugh and cut up with Pa like before and it had been a long time since Jody had heard her sing at her work.

Jody helped with the dishes then he went to bed. He carefully hung the fast draw rig on the nail on the wall. He hoped he could see Red McCaslin in town tomorrow. He hoped Pa would let him ride the mare instead of in the wagon.

Jody was nearly asleep when he heard Pa ride in to the yard on the Tennessee stud. He whispered into the darkness of the room, "The stud's good for Pa but I'm glad I have you, little mare."

Jody knew it was late when the voices wakened him again. He knew it was late because it felt late. He could hear what Pa was saying but he didn't understand.

"I did all I could Martha but it did no good. It's over. I can do no more. I really thought we could make it here in Oklahoma."

Jody waited through the long silence and he thought Ma wasn't going to answer then her voice came through the thin wall.

"What will they do now, Melvin?"

"They are going to sell us out Martha. I'll have to see the Sheriff tomorrow. He'll tell me when, then."

Jody knew it was trouble talk and he wished he could understand it all. He hoped it wasn't real bad.

The voices came again but they were very low and he couldn't hear well so he decided to think about the mare some more and go back to sleep. Then he heard Ma's voice loud and clear through the wall.

"No Melvin! Not Jody's mare."

He knew it was bad trouble and he would lose the mare.

Jody lay in the dark and thought for a long time. He was afraid and he tried not to shake when he thought about how it would be without the mare. Then he knew what to do. He would find Red McCaslin tomorrow and ask him what to do. He would know. Jody went to sleep feeling angry inside because Pa wasn't like Red.

"Jody! Jody! Breakfast is ready. Your Pa has already done your chores. It's Saturday and we have to go to town."

Jody wished he hadn't overslept. He knew Pa didn't like it even if he didn't say anything. At breakfast he waited a long time before he asked.

"Pa can I ride the mare today instead of going in the wagon?"

He was afraid Pa would say, "No use to wear out a good animal when there was two already pulling the wagon." But Pa looked at Ma and Jody could almost feel her silent plea. He heaved a sigh of relief when Pa said.

"I guess so. Do you want my saddle?"

"No sir. I'll ride bareback."

Jody enjoyed the feel of the mare under him on the ride to town. Sometimes he would lag way behind then he would catch up and pass the wagon with the mare in a hard run. Once when the wagon was almost out of sight he leaned over and hugged the mare. Then he got off and stood in her shadow and practiced his fast draw. He was pretty sure now that all that he had heard last night was just a dream. Still the words he had heard nagged at him. He decided that when the wagon caught up to them he would tie the mare behind and ride with Pa and Ma awhile and listen.

Jody lay in the straw and watched the clouds and listened to the sound of the team and the lighter steps of the mare following behind. Then he heard it again. Ma spoke quietly but Jody heard.

"Melvin, are you sure we can't save the mare?"

"I'm sure Martha. I know how you feel but the boy has to learn about life some day."

Jody stiffened. So, it really wasn't a dream. It was really going to happen! Then he smiled. There was still Red McCaslin. Red could change things.

Jody listened to Ma's standard instructions on how to behave in town and got away from her as soon as possible to start his search for McCaslin.

Jody peeked under all the doors of the saloons and he couldn't find Red. He looked every place he could think of with no success. Finally he went to the place he was never, ever to go. Jody went to the outside stairway of the Second Chance saloon.

Jody sucked in his breath and hitched up the gun belt. He was afraid to be here but it was getting late and he knew it was his only chance. He cupped his hands beside his mouth and shouted.

"Red McCaslin! Red! Are you up there?"

The space between the wooden buildings rang with his voice and Jody was sure Ma would hear it clear down the street at the store. Jody shouted again and waited. Hoping against hope that the man would appear. When it was evident that McCaslin was not around Jody's shoulders slumped the way Ma said they shouldn't and he ground a fist into his eyes to keep from crying. Then he started down the narrow passageway toward the street.

"He kid! It's you and me!"

Instinctively Jody dropped into his gun slingers crouch. He drew as he spun on his heel. The weapon cleared leather in a perfect draw and he made the fanning motion.

Jody felt a little foolish when he had done it because it wasn't what he really wanted. He wanted a serious talk with Red.

The boy waited and watched Red go through his exaggerated death scene. Finally the man rose and dusted himself with his hat.

"You're still almost the fastest. You sure took me again."

Jody watched as the man carefully replaced his gun in the low slung holster at his side.

"Who is the fastest Red? Who is faster than you and me. You said you'd tell me sometime. Who is the fastest bravest man you ever saw?"

"I'll tell you some time kid. What's on your mind? Did you come down here and call me away from necessary and urgent business to out-draw me one more time and to ask foolish questions?"

Jody scrunched down on his heels with his back to the building and Red got down beside him. Jody scratched in the dirt with a stick the way he'd seen the men do when there was serious business and he tried to talk low and slow like they did. But when he started it all came with a rush and he couldn't stop. He told Red all he knew about the trouble.

Red squatted with him for a long time and didn't say anything. Then he spoke.

"I heard about it kid. The sale is next Wednesday."

Jody was almost afraid to ask but he did it.

"Can't you stop it red? You're fast and brave and everything. Can't you stop it? They're gonna sell my mare!"

Jody felt Red's arm around his shoulders as the man spoke.

"Jody, there ain't nobody in this world can stop a sheriff's sale."

Jody scratched in the dirt.

"I'll have to lose her then?"

Jody wondered why Red was fishing in his vest pocket. He saw the silver dollar when Red removed it, and he wondered why the man would show him his lucky silver dollar now.

"Take this and do what I tell you. Take care of it. It's the only one I've got."

Jody rode home in the wagon and let the little mare follow. Nobody talked. Pa only clucked to the team and Ma said nothing at all. When they were nearly home Pa said.

"Jody I have to talk to you after supper."

"It's all right Pa. I already heard about it."

Pa looked at him for a long time and Jody thought maybe Pa was going to cry.

"We'll stand straight and tall at the sale son. We'll do it like men."

"Yes Pa."

The next days were too short for all the things that Jody had to say and do. Especially with the mare. Every day Jody spent time with the mare.

The day of the sale was hot and the sheriff arrived before anyone else.

"I thought I'd come early to check you out. No use for everybody to watch that."

Pa nodded and the sheriff walked around and read from a paper.

"One team. One wagon. Tools of his trade. Household goods. Nothin' there you ain't allowed to keep."

The sheriff took off his hat and wiped his bald head with a bandanna.

"Melvin you don't know how I hate to do this. . ."

"It's your job." Pa said.

A good crowd had gathered by nine o'clock and the sheriff looked at his watch, mounted the stump in the yard, and began the sale.

Jody listened some but spent most of his time hanging around the Tennessee stud and the mare where they were tied under the tree. The mare hung her head in the heat and nuzzled Jody's pocket.

"She knows." He whispered to himself.

"Bring the mare!"

The words cut through him like a knife and for a long moment Jody couldn't breath. He looked for Red McCaslin's hat above the crowd. It was time for the plan and Jody knew he couldn't do his part.

Someone led out the mare while Jody stood and watched. He tried but his feet wouldn't move.

"This here, as most of you know was young Jody's mare. She is gentle as a kitten and most of you know her. What am I bid?"

Jody opened his mouth and no sound came out he tried to move again and nothing happened.

"Come on gentlemen, what will you give for this fine little mare? Give me a bid someone."

Suddenly McCaslin was beside him and Jody felt himself being hurled bodily to the center of the ring.

"Now!" McCaslin hissed.

Jody jammed his hand into his pocket and brought out the silver dollar. He choked and stumbled over his words and his voice sounded like someone else's.

"I bid one dollar!"

Jody held his dollar between his fingers and raised his hand as high as he could get it. He watched as Red rested his hand on his gun and glared at the crowd. Jody tried to do the same. When old Mr. Brooks started to raise his hand Jody thought he would faint, but he felt better when the man didn't bid.

"I have one dollar bid who will give fifty?"

Jody held his breath again and waited. Red stood beside him and glared.

"Gentlemen, one dollar is a ridiculous price for this fine mare. Now give me a bid."

Jody waited.

"All right. If that's the way you want it. I have one dollar once. One dollar twice. One dollar. . ."

"Wait just a moment!"

33

Jody had never seen Pa so mad. He strode to the center of the ring and his voice was loud.

"Just a minute sheriff. Everybody can see what's going on here! My son and his gun-slinger friend are trying to intimidate this crowd."

Jody started to ease away and Pa grabbed him by the shoulder.

"I am an honest man and this is what it takes to settle my honest debts. Furthermore I am going to leave here with an honest son. Now! Anyone who wants to is to bid on that mare."

Pa turned and glared at Red.

"McCaslin, I'll deal with you later."

McCaslin moved out of the circle to the back of the crowd. Jody winced at the pain in his shoulder but Pa held him firmly. Jody knew his face was crimson as he listened to the sheriff start again.

"I have one dollar bid who will give more?"

Jody closed his eyes tight and waited for the next bid. The only sound he could hear was the sound of the mare behind him as she breathed and switched her tail. He squinched his eyes tighter and held his breath. When Jody couldn't stand it any longer he let out his breath and opened his eyes and he couldn't believe what he saw.

Not a man in the crowd was looking at or paying any attention to the sheriff. They were simply standing and talking as though no sale was going on.

Finally Jody heard the words.

"Sold! To Jody here for one dollar. She's your horse, Jody."

When everybody had gone Jody tied the mare to the back of the wagon and got on the seat with Pa and Ma. Red McCaslin came over and extended his hand to Pa.

"Melvin, I didn't mean no harm. I hope you know

that."

Jody watched as Pa shook hands with McCaslin.

"It's all right Red. I understand what you were trying to do."

Red paused and looked at Jody. "He's a lot like you was when you was a kid."

Red tipped his hat to Jody's Ma and mounted his horse, and walked him away from the wagon.

"Red! Red! Wait!" Jody called.

Jody waited till Red had crowded the big horse close to the side of the wagon.

"Red you never told me who was the fastest bravest man you ever saw! Tell me! Tell me now before we go!"

Jody waited while the man on the horse took off his hat and looked thoughtful. Red finally grinned and nodded toward Pa.

"Him." He said. Then he kicked his horse and rode away.

Jody felt Ma's gentle fingers under his chin closing his mouth as the team started.

...REVIEWS...

Jean Hager's *YELLOW-FLOWER MOON*

— Genell Smith Dellin

Jean Hager, the Pawnee ranch woman who teaches neophyte novelists in Tulsa and leads the pack in the sale of paperbacks, has been published as one of the first in Doubleday's new hardback ethnic youth series.

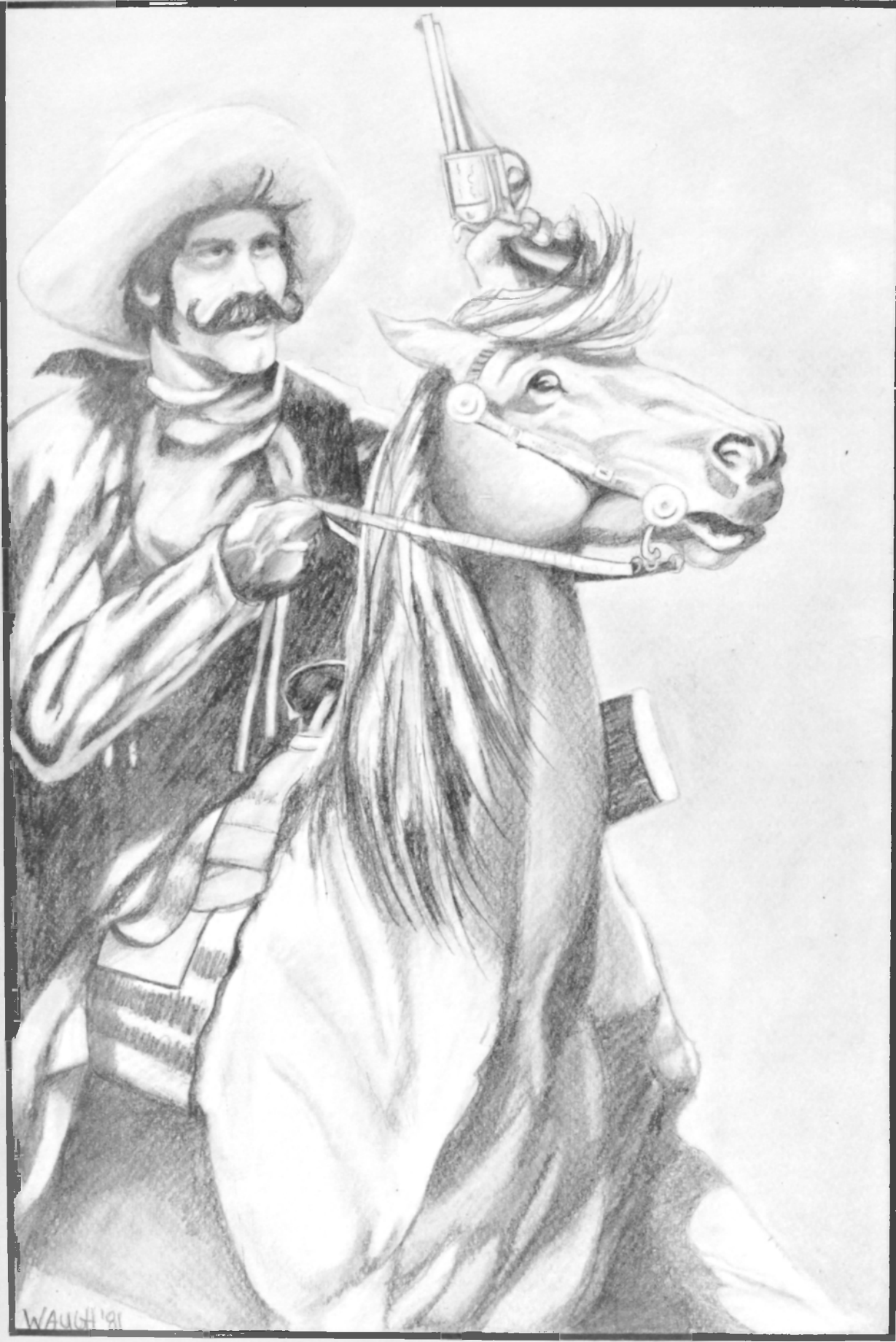
YELLOW-FLOWER MOON is a romantic novel with a strong ethnic flavor and a special interest to Oklahomans. It is set in and around Pawhuska and Tulsa with a background of Osage culture and customs.

Maria Hawk, an Osage girl who has just finished law school in the East, returns to her family's ranch. She finds her grandmother desperate for money and on the verge of losing the Hawk land to an arrogant, wealthy neighbor, Dominic Cloud.

Maria has distrusted Dominic since she was 15, and even though she is attracted to him and he to her, she distrusts him still because she knows how much he wants her land.

The intense feelings between these two proud people as they struggle to understand each other are drawn with sensitivity and passion. The descriptions of the land, too, are done lovingly in a way that communicates its strength and beauty to the reader.

This book, available from Doubleday for \$9.95, is one of Jean Hager's best.



RED BUCK: THE UNKNOWN OUTLAW



— Randy Beutler

Before Oklahoma became a state its towns were far and few between. The lawmen were understaffed and underpaid. This environment bred trouble and it came in the form of the outlaw. The Oklahoma outlaw was a bank robber, horse thief, and when the time proved right, a murderer. One such outlaw of earlier days was the little known bandit Red Buck.

George Weightman, alias Red Buck, was likely born in Texas sometime in the 1860's. He was of medium height, stockily built, with dark red hair and a large moustache of the same color.

Red Buck presumably came to Oklahoma Territory from Texas where, in the fall of 1889, he was arrested by Marshall Heck Thomas for horse stealing. He was convicted and served four years in the penitentiary. Thirty days after his release he stole seven good horses and started riding for Ingalls, Oklahoma Territory, where he joined the Doolin gang.

A posse of deputies, out after the Doolin gang, reached Ingalls the night of August 31, 1893, and camped in a wooded ravine southwest of the town. At dawn the next morning the lawmen sent Deputy Red Lucas into town to find the whereabouts of the outlaws and report back. When Lucas returned, he reported that Bill Doolin, Bitter Creek Newcomb, Red Buck Weightman, Dynamite Dick, and Tulsa Jack were all in the Ransom-Murray saloon drinking and playing poker.

The deputies knew that the outlaws were deadly shots, so they placed their wagons into strategic positions around the town. When the lawmen had settled into their positions, one of the deputies called on the outlaws to surrender. Doolin jumped up from the poker table ran over to the door and yelled: "Go to Hell!" The deputies then opened fire on the saloon, wounding Newcomb as he came out the front door. Bitter Creek jumped on a nearby horse and sped out of town with bullets whistling by his head. The other outlaws were still in the saloon shooting at the deputies. They found a back door, snuck out to the livery stable, saddled their horses, and rode out of town to a nearby cave. After the battle was over, three deputies and two residents had been killed.

The next escapade of the Doolin gang was at Southwest City, Missouri, on the afternoon of May 10, 1894. Seven of the outlaws rode to a high ridge south of the Missouri town and then swooped down to rob the bank. As the bandits fought their way out of town, two citizens were killed and one was wounded. The townspeople formed a posse and started in pursuit, but lost the outlaws in the Cherokee Nation. The robbery netted the gang about \$4,000.

In January, 1895, Marshall Bill Tilghman and Mar-

shall Neal Brown left Guthrie on a cold wintry day, hunting the location of the Doolin gang. The officers came in sight of the Rock Fort dugout and Tilghman decided to go inside to get warm and ask directions. He went in and walked across the dugout, over to the fireplace where he turned around and saw gun barrels sticking out from behind blankets stretched across the bunk beds.

"I guess I'd better be leaving," Tilghman shakily said.

"How does a person get out of here?" he asked.

"The same way he came in," was the reply. Tilghman walked out the door, got into the wagon, and left. Red Buck wanted to kill Tilghman, but the other outlaws restrained him from doing so. The bandits left the dugout that night fearing an attack later in the night.

On the night of April 3, 1895, two men silently boarded the No. 1 southbound, Rock Island train at Dover, nine miles north of Kingfisher. The men made the engineer stop the train while three other outlaws jumped aboard. The outlaws started for the express car where they found a way safe. The safe supposedly contained the Fort Sill payroll, but it couldn't be opened and the bandits abandoned the plan. The desperadoes then started looting the passengers of their money and jewels, leaving the train about \$1,500 richer. A posse started out after the gang, but the bandits split-up, never to rejoin again.

Red Buck then came to the western part of Oklahoma Territory where he went under the aliases of Tom Weightman, Charles Evans, White Horse Doolin, Gant, Bert Collins, and Bill Doolin No. 2. Red Buck and a partner, Charlie Smith, murdered Gus Holland and stole his cattle from the head of Cheyenne Creek on September 1, 1895. Later Weightman was accompanied by two Texas bandits, Joe Beckham and Elmer "Kid" Lewis.

Beckham met up with Lewis and headed north where they joined Red Buck. About two months later these bandits were the trio who robbed the Noyes General Store in Arapaho. Charles E. Noyes, who owned the store, was just closing up one evening in October, when Red Buck and his partners stormed into the store with their guns drawn. Red Buck went through the cash drawer and found only a small amount of money. The outlaw demanded to know where the money was hid. Noyes told him the cash had been sent to the bank in El Reno by mail hack. The bandits then loaded up with goods from the shelves. Red Buck took Noyes gold watch and demanded that Alice Noyes give him her diamond wedding ring. When she refused to give it up he decided to take it by force. This made her refuse even more and Red Buck stared at her for a moment and then ran from the store.



The three outlaws escaped from town and hid for a few weeks. At about seven p.m. on December 4, the trio rode into Taloga and held up the Shultz & Alderice Store getting away with a quantity of clothing and one hundred dollars. The desperadoes then headed south for Texas, with the outlaw Hill Loftos, where they robbed Waggoner's store in Wilgarger County. Later the same night the bandits took seven hundred dollars worth of merchandise from Alf Bailey, who ran a store a few miles south of Waggoner. The Texas Rangers chased the outlaws across the Red River to a dugout where Red Buck and his gang took shelter. Sergeant W. J. L. Sullivan, Company B, Texas Rangers, recalls the following battle:

We started toward the dugout in a gallop, . . . I fell off my horse and faced the four men. Three of them were in a trench leading into the dugout, and the fourth, Redbuck, was standing in the door of the dugout. I opened fire on them, as they were already shooting at us, and my first shot struck Redbuck just over the heart, and he fell backward into the dugout. The ball had only struck his breast-plate, however, and he fainted, but recovered in a few minutes and again joined in the fight. I found out afterward that we hit him again, shattering his collar bone and shoulder blade. . . . The firing was kept up until we had emptied our Winchesters and reloaded them.

The Rangers fought the bandits until the weather became so cold that they couldn't pull any cartridges from their belts. The Rangers retreated back to their camp twenty-five miles away. Red Buck fled from the fight and a friend hurried him out of the country. Days later he showed up at the Dolph Picklesimer dugout, five miles north of Canute in Custer County, where he obtained food and lodging.

George Miller, a forty-year-old cattleman, was visiting Picklesimer at this time. Miller, Picklesimer, and Red Buck had all known each other from earlier days in Jones County, Texas.

Red Buck stayed at the Picklesimer dugout for a few days until his wounds healed, then Miller and Red Buck left the dugout together. On the night of February 13, 1896, they showed up at the W. W. Glover dugout about five miles west of Arapaho. They requested food and lodging for the night. The next morning they asked Mr. Glover to go to Arapaho and get them some whiskey and cartridges. Miller and Red Buck hid themselves in a canyon near the dugout until Glover returned that night.

When Glover arrived at Arapaho he informed the local authorities, Undersheriff Montgomery and Constables Shahan and Womble, and they formed a posse of six men. The posse arrived at Glover's dugout and hid

themselves in a crib and behind a haystack. Glover then called the outlaws out of the canyon and told them that the coast was clear. While Red Buck, Miller and Glover walked back to the dugout, the lawmen called out to them to surrender. The outlaws answered with a volley of gunfire and as Glover tried to escape to the dugout, Miller turned and shot him in the right temple. The bullet passed entirely through his head killing him instantly. Miller and Red Buck then jumped on their horses and escaped.

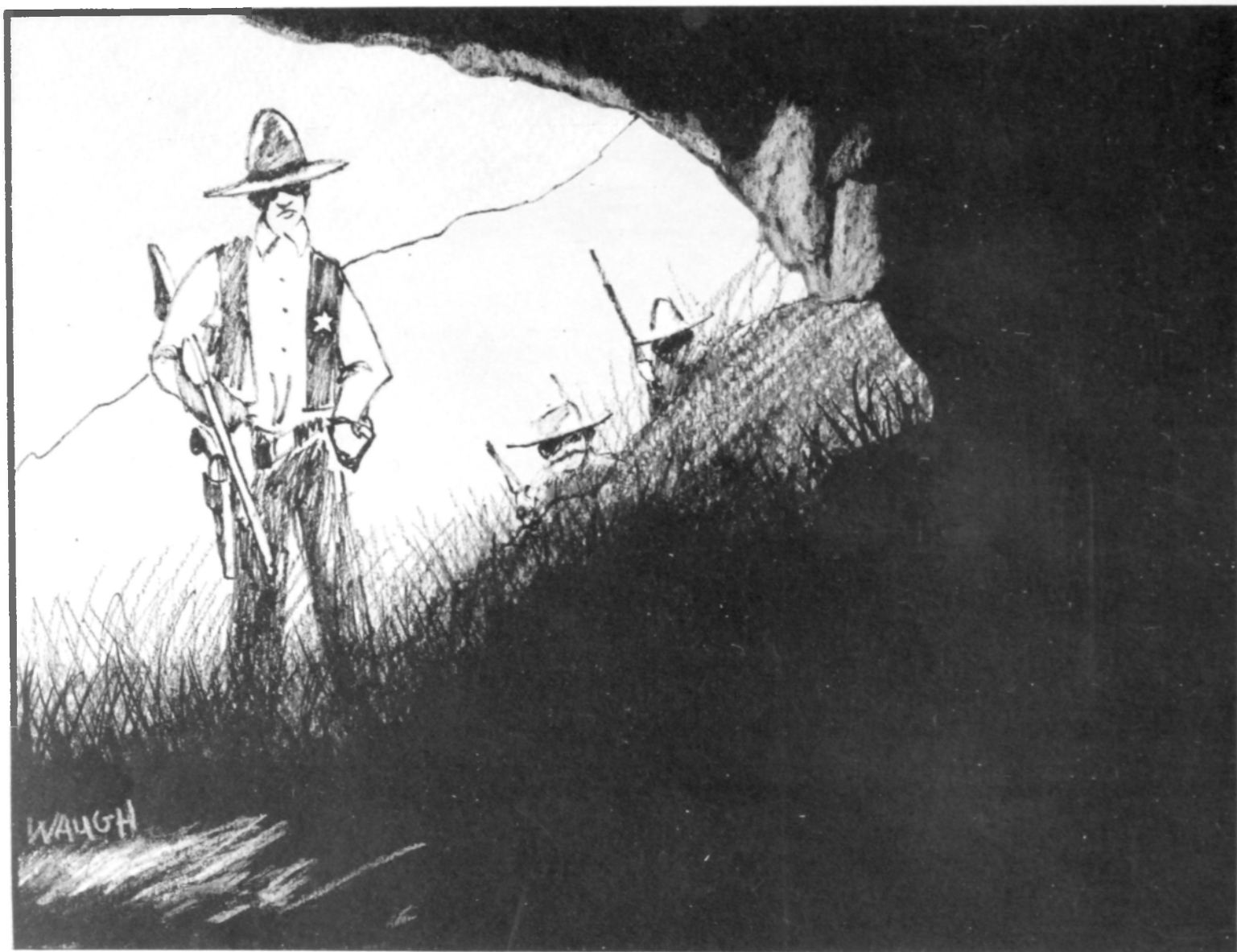
The outlaws rode north about thirty miles to their hideout on the Canadian River, in the edge of Dewey County. Officers of that county learned the whereabouts of the bandits and attacked them. Miller and Red Buck drove the lawmen back with their gunfire and they escaped southward toward the Wichita Mountains. Custer County officers, citizens, and Dewey County deputies Joe Ventioner, Bill Quillin, and William Holcomb, followed the outlaws to the mountains where Red Buck and Miller separated, trying to elude the officers. The lawmen soon discovered the change and turned back. The officers found the bandits trail again and followed it to the mouth of Elm Creek. From there the officers traveled up Elm Creek to Oak Creek where the posse reached the Dolph Picklesimer dugout on the afternoon of March 3, 1896.

Walter Armstrong, a nephew of Picklesimer's, recalls what he was told by a member of this posse:

The posse rode to the dugout that night and they saw Red Buck's and Miller's horses in the corral. They were sure that the bandits were in there. The possemen then scattered up and down the creek and back west of the dugout up on a higher hill. Before daylight, Dolph Picklesimer came to the spring in the creek and got a bucket of water. The posseman said that he was so close to Picklesimer that he could have reached out and touched him. After this the possemen could see a light in the dugout. They waited until it got light enough that they could see, and they started shooting into the dugout. Dolph then ran out of the dugout with his hands up and ran towards the creek. That just left Miller and Red Buck in the dugout. The possemen started shooting into the dugout several times. The desperadoes came out on top of the dugout and started shooting in the direction that the possemen's fire was coming from. Finally one of them hit Red Buck enough to kill him and another one shot off Miller's arm.

The Arapahoe Argus of March 5, 1896, states:

. . . George Miller and Picklesimon [sic] came out and



started to the lot, it is supposed to feed their horses. The officers called on them to surrender. Miller went for his revolver, and just at that juncture a ball from one of the officers guns made him drop it firing into the ground at the same time. Miller then made for the dugout calling for Red Buck to come to his assistance. Red Buck appeared on the scene shooting at the officers. Officer Ventioner was shot in the lower abdomen, the ball passing out just above the left hip. . . The firing was kept up on both sides until Red Buck was killed, and Miller had retreated into the dugout. After some time had elapsed Miller called out to the officers to come to him as he was shot all to pieces.

Red Buck still had on the gold watch he had stolen from C. E. Noyes. Having both his hands shot up, and trying to remove the evidence of the Noyes Store robbery, Miller took the watch off Red Buck with his teeth

and buried it in the dugout with his feet.

The officers crowded into the dugout with Dolph Picklesimer where they found Red Buck dead and Miller seriously wounded. Picklesimer wrapped a cloth around the stub of Miller's severed arm and applied hot ashes and smut as a treatment.

The officers tied Red Buck to a wooden board, loaded Miller and the dead outlaw's body in a wagon and headed back to Arapaho. The posse arrived at Arapaho that night. The next day the officers propped Red Buck's corpse up against the courthouse and photographed it to prove the outlaw was dead. Since no one claimed Red Buck's body, he was buried at the county's expense.

George Miller was never tried for his crimes in Oklahoma Territory. He became a body guard and bartender at a saloon in Pottawatomie County around 1908. He was killed while a law officer at Three Sands, Oklahoma.

California Joe's Whiskey Caper

BY EDNA M. COUCH

Astride his mule, riding bareback, woolly old California Joe hunched his shoulders as the mule jogged through the foot-deep snow toward Camp Supply. Joe was both cold and cold sober, for once. As they made tracks down the icy west bank of Wolf Creek, Joe felt under his salvaged army overcoat to make certain the important dispatches were still inside. It was Sabbath morning, November 29, 1868. He clutched the coat closer in an effort to keep out the bitter cold. He warmed a little when he thought about how glad Major General Phillip H. Sheridan, Commander of the Department of the Missouri, would be when he read the news.

California shoved the bedroll around to his back and warmed a shivering palm on the pipe he kept clenched between his teeth. He bit hard on the stem, so the pipe couldn't droop low and set fire to his unkempt bushy beard. The going was slow as man and animal continued eastward.

"Wake up, you stubborn offspring of a Missouri jackass."

Joe dug his boot heels into the flanks of his jaded flop-eared mule. He jerked the rope around the brute's neck. But the mule paid no attention. The stupid beast plodded along just as though the message under Joe's shirt meant nothing.

The ten o'clock sun sparked the snow banks and frosted the jackoak trees with a million jewels. THE GENERAL would be waiting impatiently, but the mule would not hurry.

From the top of the rise above Wolf Creek, Joe saw the tents of Camp Supply gleaming in the morning sun. Even rows of perfectly spaced tents around a new parade square half a mile south of Beaver Creek. THE GENERAL always is mighty particular about them rows of tents, Joe thought.

With cold-stiffened fingers, Joe combed prairie straw from his beard and hair, straw picked up from last night's bed when he rolled in a blanket for a few winks beside a little campfire. A man could freeze out in this weather without rations and not a drop of liquor to warm his

chilled bones.

Joe pulled a wad of gunny sack from his pocket and wiped his dripping nose. He needed to be presentable when he handed the dispatch to THE GENERAL. He urged the balky tired mule downhill toward Camp Supply, eager for something to assuage his demanding thirst, for warmth and for company in that order.

The headquarters tent was not hard to find with the stars and stripes snapping in the cold crisp wind overhead. Before Joe could dismount, Little Phil Sheridan strode out to meet him. That was uncommonly hasty of THE GENERAL, being so military and correct.

Joe stiffened upright, and throwing his leg over the mule — slipped to the frozen ground. He pulled the message from inside his shirt and held it out. The General snatched it eagerly from his grimy hand. While Sheridan read the dispatch to himself, Randolph Keim, the newspaper reporter from the New York Herald came over. They had met before.

"Well, Joe, what brings you back so soon; running away?" Keim joshed.

Joe bristled indignantly, "I've just made this old critter of mine get up and dust for the last thirty-six hours. I tell you it's a big thing." With rigid fingers he nudged Keim on the shoulder. "We just made them red devils git!" Joe answered, swallowing dryly, wiping his ragged cuff across his mouth.

"Was it much of a fight, Joe?" Keim asked.

"You can call it fightin' but I calls it whippin' out the varments!" Joe beamed, delighted to be the herald of victory.

The officers of Sheridan's headquarters staff materialized and gathered around as Sheridan read the message and looked up.

"On November 27, the day after Thanksgiving, General George Armstrong Custer and the Seventh Cavalry annihilated Chief Black Kettle and his band of devilish Cheyenne Indians on the Washita!" He told them briskly. "One hundred-three Indian bucks killed and fifty-three squaws and papooses captured." The announcement brought smiles and cheers from the men.

"Eight hundred Indian ponies and horses rounded up and shot; tepees, blanket, buffalo robes and food all destroyed." Joe winced, remembering the pony slaughter. He had orders to kill them poor critters.

After the reckless slaughter of the Washita massacre, the surviving Indians fled south. On December 7, 1868, General Sheridan and Custer followed with an army of 1700 soldiers, 300 teamsters and drivers and a dozen scouts including California Joe. They intended thrashing the Plains Indians into submission, and halt the raids and killings reported in the Kansas area.

California Joe was awed. He had never seen or scouted such an expedition before. The 4000 animals and 2000 men stretched for miles like a huge snake writhing through the foot-deep snow across the undulating hills and hollows of western Indian Territory. There were three hundred wagon loads of rations and forage pulled by double and triple ox and mule teams. Nine hundred of the Seventh Cavalry's brave soldiers were resplendent in dark blue blouses and sky blue pants with the yellow stripe down the side seams. Company mess wagons rocked along, mess attendants made campfires and served out rations at every stop. Fresh cavalry horses were herded in the train.

Governor Samuel Crawford of Kansas had resigned his executive office to lead the Infantry of the Eighteenth Kansas Volunteers. This contingent rode escort in wagons with guns bristling. They would fend off any Indian attack. In the middle of the wagon train, General Sheridan, his headquarters staff and journalist, Randolph Keim, rode in horse-drawn ambulances. Bringing up the rear, foot soldiers drove a herd of milk cows for milk or for meat if needed. If supplies ran out, or if buffalo and game became scarce, they could butcher the work oxen. The soldiers balked at eating horse or mule meat.

The summer of 1868 when little Phil Sheridan planned the winter campaign against the hostile Plains Indians, Fort Arbuckle, in the Chickasaw Nation, was designated as a supply center. Hay, grain, and commissary supplies and rations were shipped by flat-boat up the Arkansas river to Fort Gibson, then would be hauled overland by wagon to Fort Arbuckle.

The expedition headed for Fort Cobb. Sheridan intended to reactivate the fort and reconstruct the dilapidated buildings which had been abandoned by the Union at the beginning of the Civil War. At Fort Cobb the shivering soldiers dug foxholes under their tents to escape the icy weather. On Christmas Day, a warm gentle rain set in, melting the snow, and promptly flooded the foxholes. In the middle of the night, the men grabbed up wet bedding and fled for their lives to high ground, like a flock of bedraggled roosters.

After this disaster, General Sheridan decided Fort Cobb was not a healthy location for a permanent fort. The military train writhed south, with military precision, in search of a more favorable site for a fort.



PHOTO COURTESY THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

General Phillip H. Sheridan



General Sheridan and his quartermaster, Col. A. J. McGonnigle, rolled east in a horse ambulance with California Joe along as scout and guide.

When Sheridan arrived at Fort Arbuckle, he found the military officials innocent of the delay. The foot-deep snow melted by the warm rain swamped the whole country. The swollen streams and boggy trails prevented the corn, hay, and rations from being moved from Fort Gibson to Fort Arbuckle. This situation even Sheridan could not remedy. But with his authority as Commander of the Department of the Missouri, he could do almost as well. From the Chickasaw Indians, he bought up all the corn in Pauls Valley and had it forwarded to the command at Medicine Bluff.

When the General prepared to return to the new Fort Sill, California Joe was missing. Nobody had seen Joe. Sheridan searched the scout bunk next to his quarters and found Joe lolling in bed, disheveled, gloriously drunk.

Since the sale of liquor was prohibited in Indian Territory, Sheridan could not fathom Joe's condition. Where could he possibly have gotten whiskey? Sheridan had to wait over another day to give his guide time to sleep off his overdose of liquid joy.

The next day, Joe was happy as a clam in high water, but there was no indication of a scarcity of alcohol. Joe quickly lapsed into a drunken stupor. The General faced real difficulty. He could not remain longer at Fort Arbuckle. He could not go on without Joe. He might need his scout service at any time.

By early January the expedition reached Medicine Bluffs, and the site for Fort Sill was selected. January 8, 1869, they drove the stakes marking the four corners of the parade ground and commenced to build Fort Sill. Supplies ran low, the soldiers, subsisting on half-rations of salt pork and hardtack, became gaunt and despondent. The big commotion of moving had scared near game away. The savage, angry Indians lurked on the fringe of the camp, making any hunting party dangerous. The horses were a pitiful sight, razor-sharp backed, down to boney nags without grain. Finicky cavalry horses would not forage on dry prairie grass. The mules and oxen fared better.

Supplies were not coming through on schedule from Fort Gibson. Messages sent to Fort Arbuckle brought no response. Sheridan knew there was one way to get

action, so he did not hesitate. He would go to Fort Arbuckle and set a fire under the laggard supply personnel.

Patience ceased to be a virtue. Sheridan ordered the unconscious Joe dumped like a sack of cornmeal into the ambulance. Sheridan jumped in beside his quartermaster and started off. They all reached Fort Sill the next day safe and sober. Joe was bent if not bloody.

Sheridan decided Joe must have gotten on too familiar terms with some of the Bowery Irishmen of the Sixth Infantry stationed at Fort Arbuckle. Years later Sheridan wrote in his *Personal Memoirs*:

"I was ready to return to Camp Sill. But my departure was delayed by California Joe, who. . . in some unaccountable way had got gloriously tipsy, which caused a loss of time and disgusted me greatly. . . I put off starting till the next day, by which time it was thought he would sober up. But I might just as well have gone on at first. . . the incorrigible old rascal was still dead drunk. How he managed to get the grog to keep up his spree was a mystery which we could not solve."

Time rolled on a year or two. California Joe stopped overnight at Dennis Collins supply camp on a Kansas trail.

"Where did you get the booze?" Dennis asked.

"Now Dennie, I couldn't tell you that!" He worked on a sanctimonious smile, then winked. "But one thing I will say, THE GENERAL always carried powerful good liquor in his jug!" ■

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- Sheridan's Troopers on the Borders*, Randolph Keim, 1870.
- Personal Memoirs*, P. H. Sheridan, 1888.
- New York *Herald*, 1868 - 1869.

— Lu Spurlock

'til that infernal housekeeper
left for the day

climbed into his
blue 4-door 66 Plymouth
and took off

got 4 miles west of Weatherford

Larry said
he could've gone
clear to California
if that officer
hadn't seen him
weaving along the highway
with one flat tire
and a busted front end

that young fella said
at eighty-three
Larry was too old
to run away

LARRY WAITED

41



— Lu Spurlock

with their barbershop
blow-drys and beards
takin' pills
and smoking mariwannie
are a shame
a disgrace

don't know what
the world's comin' to
the old settler said

spat out his cud
of tobacco
and opened his
second fifth
of bonded bourbon
for the day

them young folks

FUTURE ISSUES

ANNOUNCING THE SPRING, 1982 ISSUE:

Our theme will be Distinctive Peoples. A Recipe Contest will be conducted by Professor Henry Reynolds. Entry fee is \$5.00 for each recipe. The categories are Main Dish, Vegetables, Salads, and Desserts. Each category winner will receive \$10.00; the Grand Prize winner receives \$50.00. No contestant may enter more than one recipe in each category. Deadline for submissions is March 20, 1982. Send inquiries and/or submissions to Professor Reynolds, c/o WESTVIEW, 100 Campus Drive, Weatherford, OK 73096. Other submissions for the Spring, 1982 issue are to be sent to Managing Editor Leroy Thomas at the same address — also by March 20, 1982. ■

DISTINCTIVE PEOPLES



ILLUSTRATION BY DON RIPKA

ANNOUNCING THE SUMMER, 1982 ISSUE

The Summer, 1982 issue will have as its theme "Giants in Our Land." We are asking that your submissions be related to "Giants" in the fields of law, medicine, education, business, industry, agriculture, research, religion, etc. Also, Dr. Christopher Gould will conduct an essay contest. Your essay on the giant of your choice must be in Dr. Gould's hands by May 20, 1982. Send your \$10.00 entry fee to Dr. Gould, c/o the Language Arts Department of SOSU. If you're named the Grand Prize winner, you'll receive \$100.00. May 20 is also the Summer 1982 Issue deadline for other submissions to be sent to Managing Editor Thomas. ■

GIANTS IN OUR LAND



ILLUSTRATION BY RUDY ELLIS

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ANNOUNCING THE FALL, 1982 ISSUE

Our editor from Watermelon Land, Professor Ted Pyle, will conduct a Photography Contest to correlate with the theme "Agriculture — America's Greatest Success Story." Send a \$10.00 entry fee to Professor Pyle along with one 5 x 7 b & w glossie by August 20, 1982. Other submissions, also related to the theme, are to be sent to Managing Editor Thomas by the same deadline date. The Grand Prize winner in the Photography Contest will receive \$100. ■

AGRICULTURE

AMERICA'S GREATEST
SUCCESS STORY



ILLUSTRATION BY DON RIPKA



Regional Studies Workshop Is Held



Approximately thirty Southwestern Oklahoma State University administrators and faculty members participated in a Regional Studies Program Workshop January 6-12. All of the meetings, with the exception of the one on Friday, January 8, were held in the President's Conference Room of the SWOSU Administration Building. On Friday, January 8, the group toured the Oklahoma Historical Society in Oklahoma City and the Western History Collection of the OU Library in Norman.

Participants in the Workshop were Agha Armoudian, Kay Branson, Roger Bromert, Bob Brown, Doug Brown, Sara Chapman, Lee Daniel, Wayne Ellinger, Mel Fiegel, Chris Gould, Ed Green, Donald Hamm, Sheila Hoke, Con Hood, Claude Kezer, Billy King, James Kitchens, Sam Lackey, Pat Lazelle, Robin Montgomery, Jerry Nye, Clarence Petrowsky, Ed Rolison, Joanna Roper, Leroy Thomas, Homer Timmons, Carolyn Torrence, M. C. Weber, and Ed Williams.

The Workshop was led by several guest lecturers. On Wednesday, January 6, Dr. Clayton Feaver, David Ross Boyd Professor of Philosophy at OU, opened the session with a discussion of educational purposes and learning activities. Later in the day, Mr. David Gwinn and Dr. John Ludrick, SWOSU professors, discussed the use of instructional media in regional studies.

On Thursday, January 7, Ms. Dee Ann Ray of Clinton, Director of the Western Plains Library System, pursued the topic "Local Resources for Regional Studies - Materials and People." Dr. H. Wayne Morgan, George Lynn Cross Professor of History at OU, using research and writing as departure points, spoke on the topic "Interpreting History and Placing Local History/Culture in a Regional, National, and World Context."

Dr. Bruce Joseph conducted a tour of the Oklahoma Historical Society in Oklahoma City on the third morning of the Workshop, and Dr. Bob Blackburn, editor of OKLAHOMA CHRONICLES, informed the participants regarding publication possibilities. At OU on the Field Trip Day, Dr. Jack Haley and Dr. John Ezell conducted tours of the Western History Collection. Dr. Haley also lectured extensively on "Reading and Restoring Old Photographs." At the end of the day, the group enjoyed dinner at Chi Chi's in Oklahoma City.

On Monday, January 11, Dr. Pendleton Woods, Director of Oklahoma Living Legends at Oklahoma Christian College, gave an oral history demonstration and an introduction to oral history techniques. And Dr. Guy Logsdon, chairman of the Folklife Department and former Director of the University Library at Tulsa University, revealed some insights on writing about the Oklahoma Scene.

During the last day of the Workshop, Tuesday, January 12, Dr. Patrick O'Brien, Director of the Emporia State Great Plains Study Center in Emporia, Kansas, gave insights concerning the conducting of a regional studies center. The sessions were closed with presentations by Vice-President Earl Reynolds and by Deans Bob Brown and Donald Hamm.

Workshop arrangements were made by Dr. Clarence Petrowsky, who is in charge of curriculum development for the SWOSU Regional Studies Program. Since one of the topics of the Workshop dealt with local folklore, Dr. Petrowsky's final comments included a reading of "The Sculptor from Tennessee," a poetic exposé of an early-day SWOSU event.

Guest Speakers are from top to bottom: Mr. David Guinn, SWOSU; Dr. Clayton Feaver, OU; Dr. John Ludrick, SWOSU; Dr. H. Wayne Morgan, OU; Ms. Dee Ann Ray, Director of the Western Plains Library System, and Dr. Patrick O'Brien, Director of Emporia State Great Plains Study Center.

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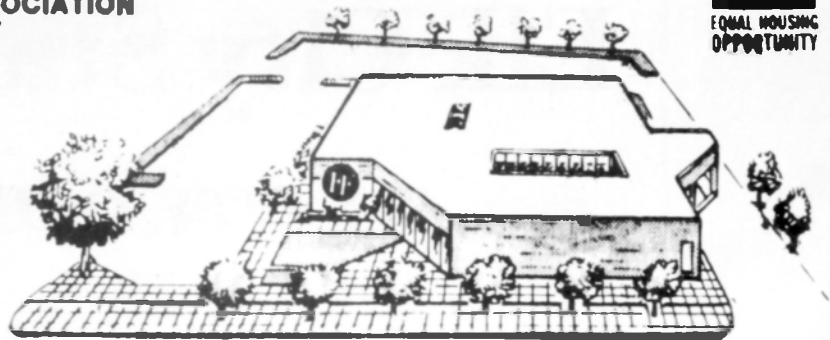
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AUTHORS IN THE WINTER ISSUE

RANDY BEUTLER, a Social Sciences student at SOSU in Weatherford, is vice-president of the Custer County Historical Society.

PAUL BLOSSER is a graduate student at OU as well as a freelance writer and photographer.

SHEILA COHLMIA is a housewife in Tyrone, Oklahoma; one of her poems appeared in our Premiere Edition.

EDNA MAE COUCH, an honored Oklahoma writer, is Historian of the OWFI (Oklahoma Writers' Federation, Inc.)

GENELL SMITH DELLIN, a member of Tulsa Tuesday Writers, has written several youth romances and recently sold her first adult book for a Silhouette Super edition.

VERA HOLDING, a leading Oklahoma writer and official "Sweetheart of the OWFI," has been instrumental in the success of the OU Professional Writers' Short Course for several years.

LOUISE BOYD JAMES is a history buff and freelance writer from Woodward.

CAROLYN BRANCH LEONARD of Buffalo, Oklahoma, is now regional editor of the NORTHWEST MORNING SUN-NEWS of Woodward.

DONITA LUCAS SHIELDS, a farmer, rancher, and Weatherford Wordhandlers president, formerly taught junior-high and senior-high English.

BOB SPRAKER, president of the OWFI and owner of an automobile agency in Tulsa, is a prize-winning author.

LU SPURLOCK lives in Bedford, Texas; she has won much acclaim for her prose and just recently began writing poetry.

Southwestern Wishes Oklahoma

a

Happy 75th Anniversary!



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