

CHILDREN OF OKLAHOMA AND INDIAN TERRITORIES

1865-1907

A SOCIAL STUDIES READER

FOR

ELEMENTARY GRADES

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INTRODUCTION

My aim in the preparation of this series of stories about the children of pioneer Oklahoma and Indian Territories has been to develop a realistic background and a readiness for the more specific factual history of the State of Oklahoma, and to present to the children of today stories to read for fun as well as information.

I have endeavored to lead them from familiar, everyday things back to the boys and girls who might have been they, themselves, living in a different era in the development of this relatively new state.

By using authentic background and factual bases for the stories of this series, the compilation of such fiction should set up a conditioning through which children will develop a desire to learn more about the building of Oklahoma.

I wish to express my gratitude to those persons, especially my mother, who have aided me in this undertaking. I wish also to give specific acknowledgment to Helen Davies, Gertrude Tobias and Faye Daugherty, teachers in the elementary schools of Sand Springs, Oklahoma, who aided in the testing, and Guy A. Lackey, Head of Elementary Education, Oklahoma A. & M. College, Stillwater, Oklahoma, who acted as my adviser and critic.

While trying to find stories about children in Oklahoma history in an endeavor to supplement a unit of work in the third grade, the writer became aware of the bareness of the field. No material could be found except one objective view of the history of Oklahoma on an elementary level.¹ Other states had their lore recorded so that children could read

1 McFullin, Maud Llewellyn, Building of the Magic Empire, Oklahoma City: Modern Publishers, Inc., 1941.

it, but not Oklahoma.

It occurred to the writer that if a compilation of stories known to her, together with others which might be gleaned from men and women who had been children in Oklahoma or Indian Territories, a comprehensive story of the youth of the sister territories might be written at a third and fourth grade level of interest and vocabulary.

"Our times are changing",² and soon the lore and customs of the pioneer state will have moved outside the realm of interest of the ever present "new generation". The children of today, imbued with interest for learning about Oklahoma, will be able to transmit to another generation the same desire, and so perpetuate such pertinent knowledge as will mellow with age. Thus are the mores of a people preserved.

Within recent times it has become apparent that the Indians of Oklahoma are not only losing their legends and lore because it has not been written, but they are losing their language as well. Need the white men who preceded, were contemporaries, or followed directly the Indian migration to Indian Territory, or the hardy settler who sought new freedoms and opportunity lose their lore all because of a want of recording apart from formal history at an adult level?

The nucleus of each story in this series is factual, the background authentic, while the method of presentation is fictional. The writer thus endeavors to prepare a readiness and a mind-set for more learning in the wide field of Oklahoma history by presenting everyday affairs in a vibrant manner, high-lighting the incidents which broke the monotony of rigorous pioneer life.

2 Kilpatrick, William Heard. Education for a Changing Civilization, p. 7. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927.)

The first three of these stories were presented to groups of children in the third and fourth grades at Sand Springs, Oklahoma, in the public schools. The teachers of these groups were all university graduates, two with Master's degrees in Education from Oklahoma A. & M. College, Stillwater, Oklahoma.

One of these groups of children represented a high level third grade, another a low level fourth grade while the other was a remedial third grade. These seemed to well represent the different levels of interest and capacity for learning in these grade ranges.

These stories were presented in the usual manner for such supplemental work. The children had developed a readiness for the stories themselves. The opinions of both teachers and children were recorded and returned to the writer of the stories. Such parts in which the children showed little interest and such words in the vocabulary as proved beyond their comprehension were then deleted.

The vocabulary of all stories was checked against Thorndike's list of words for that grade level³ and the vocabulary was found to stay within that limit, but supplemented by an addition of localisms. The writer contends that the vocabulary or the vernacular of a pioneer people is as much a part of its lore as are its other customs and history.

The children in the testing classes were made a part of the project by choosing names for each story. The titles selected by them thus gave evidence of the child's comprehension of and interest in the material.

³ Thorndike, Edward L., and Lorge, Irving. Word Book of 30,000 Words. New York: Columbia University Press, 1944.

The ultimate goal of this series of stories is an approximate number of twenty. They are to be presented in a volume which meets the content and structural measurements of reliable publishers for accepted children's literature. An adequate index and glossary is to be included.

It has been the aim of this work to develop rich meaning in the new usage of words, and through the media of make-believe to lead the children from anywhere to read about the children of Oklahoma in its youth, not alone for fun, but for knowledge and satisfactory social learning as well.

This book would easily adapt itself to the Social Studies Curriculum of the elementary grades.

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GHOSTS AT SUNDOWN
CHOCTAW NATION, INDIAN TERRITORY
1865

Washington Lincoln ran to catch up with the freight wagon. Even a ten year old Choctaw Indian boy wouldn't want to be left here alone in the pine covered hills at sundown. And if they hurried, they would reach home before dark.

Behind him was the swift Kiamichi River which they had just ferried. All around him were high hills and low mountains of the Kiamichi Range. For a few minutes Washington had stayed here at the Twin Chimneys. He'd been pretending that the two old rock chimneys which had belonged to Mr. Patrick's house before it burned were really the fire places of a spirit house. Only of course you could not see a ghost's house in the sunlight, just the chimneys maybe. But at sundown it was different. Then you could see the ghosts and evil spirits. That was what the Indian conjure doctors thought and so did many Choctaws like his mother.

Washington ran as fast as he could and shimmied up over the tail-gate of the wagon. He wasn't afraid now because he was close to his father and old colored Joshua.

Somewhere off in the thick woods a wolf howled and the horses picked up their ears. They'd have run off, too, if Joshua hadn't pulled hard on the lines. Wolves were as thick around here as cotton-tail rabbits.

Washington forgot the wolves and he forgot the big brown bear he'd seen one day back in the shadows of the big woods. Now he smiled and his father and Joshua smiled too. Far up in the hills the prairie hens were feeding. Their "Oh, gooden--Oh gooden, goo", made you want to laugh. It

was such a funny sound, like Choctaws at a feast. When Washington went hunting with his father and Joshua they never shot the prairie hens on the hills. There were plenty, and more than plenty, in the tall grass between the hills.

Joshua slapped the reins across the backs of the horses to hurry them on. No one wanted to be here in the hills when it grew dark; not even Father or Joshua.

Old Joshua was a free Negro now and had land of his own the same as the Choctaw Indians, but before the Civil War a few years ago he had been a slave and belonged to Washington's grandfather. Joshua had stayed on even after he was free because the Lincoln family was his family. Sometimes Washington wondered just what they would do without him.

They were out of the woods at last and on the level land around their own home. Washington whistled and the hound dogs came baying from out of the barn. Mother and Molly were in the doorway of the long, hewn-log house which Grandfather had built many years before. Washington knew that his other brothers and sisters were still eating their supper and not even the baying of the hounds would stop them.

Father, Washington and Joshua had been gone four days. There was almost no road into Doakesville, the capitol of the Choctaw Nation where they did their trading, but several times a year the heavy freight wagon went in for supplies and news. Mother sent for calico and muslin and thread. They bought some groceries, too, like sugar and coffee and tea but most of the things they ate they raised. Mother made the dresses and shirts and underwear for them all, and sometimes she made pants and coats for the men and boys. Then they bought bolts of linsey-woolsey.

"We are starving", Father told Mother as he climbed out of the wagon. "We must eat before we unload the freight. Unhitch and feed the horses," he told Alexander, the oldest brother.

"We'll unload the freight."

Washington's other brothers, two older and two younger than he, were no longer eating their supper but climbing over the high wheels of the wagon, peeking in to see the many wonderful things Father had bought at Doakesville. There were new shoes and even new slates for school this year.

"We will wait," Father told them firmly, and went into the house.

But Father hadn't said they couldn't look, and that was what they were doing now, all except Alexander, who was unhitching the sweating team of horses. Washington's three sisters were there now too, and they were as curious as the brothers.

Washington was mighty proud to think he'd been old enough to be chosen this year to make the trip into Doakesville with Father. Sometime he would be old enough to make the trip by himself. But what Father was saying now made him forget about the fun of ferrying the Kiamichi, and a trip over the mountains to Doakesville.

"We're moving to Spencer Academy in a few days. The old school is to be made like a new one. We must live there while the work is done."

Father seemed proud that he was the one who was to oversee the work of the Choctaw school which was no longer used since Mr. Alexander Reed and his family had gone back to the States to teach. No one had lived there since then except an old Negro caretaker named Moses.

"We can't move there. We can't," Mother kept saying over and over again. "This is our home and ghosts and evil spirits haunt the old academy."

"We will keep our home here and will live in the Academy only until the work is finished, and it is not haunted," Father went right on eating.

"Moses has seen them. Many time he has seen them. He tells many tales about them," Mother answered.

"They are old women's stories. There are not ghosts at Spencer Academy and we will move in a few days." Father said no more.

Washington and his brothers and his sisters knew the stories Moses told. They made your hair stand on end. Now they looked at each other. They said nothing, just looked. But Washington knew that all of them were thinking the same as he.

And he was still thinking the same thing as he helped unload the freight when Father and he had finished their supper. The spirits walked at sunset. He had thought of it back at Twin Chimneys. He thought about it now. If they could go, he and his brothers and sisters, to the old Academy and see for themselves--tomorrow at sundown----

"There is the last box and bundle," Father said as the wagon was empty at last. "It has been a hard day. We will go to bed now."

Then a grown-up spoke you did as they told you. No Choctaw boy or girl would argue or disobey. But in the long bedroom with the big rock fireplace the five boys lay there whispering in the dark. Making their plans, they heard little Samuel, the youngest brother, whimper in fright. He did not want to talk about the spirits of the soldiers who had died in the old school when it was used for a hospital during the war.

Spencer Academy had been a Choctaw Boys Boarding School during the time before the Civil War. Then the war came and the soldier who lived

there took care of the wounded. There were many graves in the nearby cemetery. The flowers were bright in the spring and summer. Often Washington and his brothers and sisters walked among them on Sundays. But to live so close to the spirits was different.

The next day everyone was busy. There was much to be done. Father said they must be ready to move soon. Mother kept saying over and over again that she did not want to move.

Mother was a brave woman. She was not afraid of bears or wolves. She was not even afraid of cougars which sometimes came close to the house to kill a calf. Their cry was like a woman screaming. They were dangerous but Mother was not afraid. She could shoot Betsy, the rifle, as well as Father or Joshua. But Mother was afraid of ghosts and spirits. She believed in conjure doctors, too, and Father did not.

But late in the afternoon the sisters and the brothers left the work they were doing, and strolled off into the woods. One by one they went to the big spring.

It would take them some time to walk over the rocky path to Spencer Academy. They must be there before sundown. Washington hurried along close behind his oldest brother. Even in daylight the woods were dark and gloomy. The owls screeched along the creeks. Hoot owls and the great horned owl, which was the biggest and loudest of them all, lived here in the pine woods. The great horned owl might have been a conjure doctor itself, for its face made you think of the painted face and feathers of the medicine men, but most medicine doctors were women now.

Here at the spring, with the high ferns and the mint growing around it, the four brothers and two sisters gathered. Molly, who was almost grown, would not come, and the youngest brother was left at home. Alexander lead

the way on through the woods, over the rocky path. No one spoke, but Washington could hear their loud breathing. The rocks slipped under their feet and rolled down the hill. Once the sisters giggled, but Alexander looked back at them and they were quiet. You did not make a noise when you were trying to find ghosts. It was hard to fool them anyway.

In the distance they could see the old school. No wonder Moses told about ghosts. Some of the windows were broken. Most of the paint was gone from the big building, and parts of it were tumbling down.

It was almost sundown. In a short time it would be time to slip out of the woods and creep up to the house and surprise the ghosts as they had planned.

Old Moses' hands always trembled when he talked about the ghosts.

"I tell you, Master Washington, the ghosts are every place. They moves the chairs and the tables. They opens the doors and windows. I can feel the cold wind when they pass by me."

The shadows were long now. It was sundown, and soon it would be dark in the woods. Alexander made a sign, and they started in Indian file, as quiet as ghosts themselves. Alexander was leading the way through the tall grass around the academy. Washington was a little afraid but he crept up and pressed his face against a window pane.

The glass was grey with dust. The shadows moved--and none of his brothers or sisters were close to him now.

"Oh, gooden goo-gooden goo," the prairie chickens called from the hills.

"O-o-o-o-o-" came the wailing answer from inside the house. "O-o-o-o-o." Washington wanted to run but he couldn't. He hid his face against the building because he didn't dare look at the ghost now it was here.

But he had come to see them, and he must look at them. By pressing his face up close to the dusty pane he could see inside. This was the dining room with long tables and many chairs, some of them broken. Were these the chairs and the tables that Moses had seen move? Were they?

Grey shapes floated and swooped among the tables. "Oo--oo--oo-o," the awful moaning went on. "OO--OO----" A grey ghost floated by, beat against the window pane.

Washington could stay no longer. He ran. Ran as fast as his shaking legs would go, and caught hold of Alexander's hand.

"I saw them--the room is full of them," he panted. He wasn't sure about the chairs and tables moving. He thought they did--but he was sure, very sure, about the ghosts.

The wind moaned through the pine trees as it always did when it grew dark. The door to the Academy opened and closed. Opened and closed and no one was near. The door squeaked on its hinges as the ghosts went in and out, out and in. Even Alexander's hand shook as Washington held tightly to it, breathing fast. His tongue was tight in the top of his mouth. He couldn't talk or scream. Jennie, the youngest sister, started to cry. Washington wished and wished he hadn't come here to spy on the ghosts. He wished he were safe at home. He was being punished.

Back in the woods a wolf howled and another answered it. And in the house the moaning of the ghosts started again, louder and louder, back and forth the sound went, back and forth. There must be dozens of them, maybe hundreds of them. Again the door creaked on its hinges, and swung slowly open. A grey ghost swooped out of the open door----

Washington ran. He ran even faster than his legs wanted to go. He shut his eyes and ran. Close behind him came the "Oo-oo-o-o" of the ghost.

Washington stumbled and fell. He felt the wind of the ghost as it passed. He wondered if it were coming back. He wondered what had become of his brothers and sisters. He heard them running toward him. They were laughing. Actually laughing. He opened his eyes, first one and then the other. Here in the grey dusk only his brothers and sisters were around him.

Washington got to his knees. He stood up and brushed off his long black stockings. He looked from brother to brother and from sister to sister. They kept laughing.

But Jenny put her hot little hand in his. "Washie," she said, "don't be afraid. It wasn't a ghost at all. It was a big owl with horns. It came out of the house."

"A horned owl! But the door--I saw it open and close. It was not the owl that opened the door."

"Yes, that is true," Alexander stopped laughing. "Yes----"

But they did not wait for him to finish. Close together they hurried back through the dark woods, making noises and shouting to keep the wolves away.

Father did not ask questions when they sat down late to supper. Mother looked worried. Finally when they had taken the last bite of Indian pudding Father spoke.

"The first thing I will have to do when we move to Spencer Academy is repair the latches on the doors. The wind comes up at night and blows them open and shut. Poor old Moses is kept busy shutting them again. I found the nests of many owls inside the building, too."

Mother said nothing. Washington did not look up from his empty dish. He knew that none of the rest did either. Did Father know where they had been? Did he? And no owl, no matter how big it was, could move tables and

chairs. Moses had seen that for sure. And Washington thought he had, too.
He was almost sure he had.

A PEEK IN THE DARK

CHOCTAW NATION, 1867

Usually Washington Lincoln and his brothers and sisters hurried through the thick woods on the way to school. Miss Salina, their teacher, had been rich before the Civil War and lived in a big house on a plantation. Now she taught the little one roomed school for Choctaw children. Miss Salina was a very fine lady. Nobody in the Nation knew more than she did. And one of the things which she kept saying over and over to her pupils was that there were no evil spirits. It was not evil spirits which entered your body and made you sick. But many of the Choctaw Indians still believed that the witch doctor, or conjure doctor, could drive them away.

And that was what they were talking about this morning instead of hurrying on to play before school took up. It was something all of them had thought of before, but never dared to speak about. Even now it was not Washington who dared mention it, but his eldest brother, Alexander, who could talk like the missionary.

"As I am the eldest," he told them, his brothers and sisters, "I shall be the one to look into the window. But you must be ready to help me if I am seen."

Jenny, the youngest sister, caught hold of Washington's hand as she always did when she was afraid or excited. "What will they do to him if they catch him peeking in a window where the witch doctor is conjuring away the devil?" Jennie whispered as if the woods were full of ears instead of squirrels and wolves.

"If one is caught looking into the room where the witch doctor is performing her ceremonies--and he is caught," Alexander lowered his voice too, "then his clothes are stripped from his body and he will be plunged into cold water to drive off the evil spell." Then Alexander

laughed, "Of course I do not believe in witch doctors. It is only the older Choctaws who still do that."

"Our mother does---" Washington began.

"Yes, our mother does because her mother's uncle, who was head of their household, also thought so. Our father does not, Miss Salina does not, and the missionary does not. And tonight we shall prove to ourselves that what they say is true."

They forgot the conjure doctor now. Through the woods came the long, loud sound of the cow's horn which Miss Salina blew so that you could hear it even above the noise of the mill wheel on Cedar Creek. No child could say he could not hear that horn. He dropped what he was doing and ran as fast as he could to school.

That was what the Lincoln children did now. Washington held tightly to his McGuffey Third Reader, his Blue Back Speller and his slate. Jenny was trying to hold to his hand, too. Once she dropped her primer and her slate but they reached the school as the other children were coming from their play or from the paths in the woods.

"Not a word," Alexander whispered as they lined up in front of the little log school.

There was Miss Salina by the door the same as she was every morning. You did not dare whisper now, or laugh or even smile. You were here to do your lessons, and not to play. And if you whispered, it meant the hickory switch three times across your shoulders.

Washington would much rather stay out here in the cool, green woods. The air smelled of pine and the birds answered back when he called to them. Perhaps he could even go watch the great mill wheel churning the water

into white foam as it turned the mill stones and ground the corn into meal between them. These stones had been brought many miles over the mountains. Maybe he could---

But while Washington was thinking about what he could do, he was marching in with the other boys and girls, looking straight ahead, hanging his cap on the nails at the back of the room, putting away his lunch pail, then down the aisle to his seat. It was so much nicer outside, of course, but if you were a Choctaw boy you did not stay in the woods when you could go to school. An education was very important. He would learn to read Latin and Greek.

The school room was small and crowded. On the west was one window, one on the east and one on the south. They were just holes in the wall for there was no window glass. Miss Salina shut up the opening when it grew cold in the winter.

Alexander took his place in the back of the room because he was in the highest reader. Next year he would go to Spencer Academy. The other boys and girls found their places on the puncheon seats and laid their books on the benches made from logs which had been split in the middle and smoothed off with an ax like the seats.

Poor little Jenny sat on the front bench and her legs got very tired because her feet did not reach the floor. When she swung her feet Miss Salina looked at her crossly but she never did anything to the small children, not really. Many times in the day they held up their hands and asked to get a drink from the cedar bucket and gourd dipper on the bench at the back of the room.

Miss Salina looked cross, but Washington didn't think she was as cross as she looked. He guessed a school teacher was not supposed to smile any

more than the pupils were.

And in between the story of "The Alarm Watch," and the poem "We are Seven", which had sixteen verses and he knew by heart the same as he did the story of "The Alarm Watch", which he had read seven times already, Alexander kept thinking about what his mother had said that morning, and the plans they had made about it.

"Gipson is our friend and he is possessed of the devil spirit. Tonight we are invited to a feast and dance to help drive out the evil one. We are no true friends if we do not go."

Even if he did not believe in witch doctors, Father would go. They would have a very fine time, and besides you could not say you were not a friend of a Choctaw neighbor.

Twice Miss Salina spoke to Washington before he heard her. She told him so as she whacked the hickory stick across the desk. He was glad it was the desk and not his back. When he stood with his toes against the crack in the floor in front of her desk he was very careful not to miss a single word for the hickory stick was still in her hand.

Alexander was the best pupil in arithmetic. He could sometimes work problems which Miss Salina could not. It took him days on some of the problems and Miss Salina was proud of him, you could tell. But if Washington could not even add very well he was the best speller in the school. He already knew almost all of the words in the Blue Back Speller, and Father listened to him at night when he spelled them over and over. Last night the hard word had been "separate".

"S-e-p, sep, a, r-a-t-e, rate, separate", he had spelled over and over again.

"Now don't forget that rat in separate," Father warned. "Rat-e."

Washington hoped he would get that word when they lined up for the spelling match, the girls on one side and the boys on the other. He'd spell 'em all down he knew.

And before he knew it, it was noon time. The morning was gone already. It couldn't be. Yet Miss Salina was saying, "Position. Rise. Turn. Pass."

All of the children grabbed their lunch pails and went running through the woods to the mill pond. All morning they had heard the loud grinding and squeaking, and no one wanted to miss it, not even the smallest ones.

But today there was something more important to talk about than the mill wheels and the big turtles on the rocks. Alexander had gotten to Cedar Creek first and already had his dinner pail open and eating his biscuit and ham. But Washington felt he was too excited to eat.

"Will it be like the time when the witch doctor took the poison ball out of Molly's side?" Jenny asked.

Washington answered for Alexander, who had his mouth full of ham and cold biscuit. "Oh, no. It will be much more exciting than that. There will be dancing, the tom-tom man and feasting. Only the conjure doctor came to Molly on account of Father. He would have gone to get the educated doctor right away from Doakesville but Mother would not let him."

"But the conjure doctor did draw the poison ball out of Molly's side. I saw it. It was hair and blood and----" Jenny was breathless.

"But you did not see her really draw it from her side," Alexander pointed out. Father said Molly had a bad cold on her chest and that the steam from the kettle had cured her. Also he said the poison ball had not come from out of Molly's side at all. It had been thrown up by a blue hawk after it had eaten too many ground squirrels or prairie dogs.

The important thing was that their oldest sister was well and able to go back to New Hope Seminary across the mountains.

The long, loud notes of Miss Salina's horn reached them now above the noise of the water wheel, and gathering up their dinner pails they raced back to the school house and reading, writing and arithmetic.

At dusk that night the Lincoln family walked through the woods to the home of Gipson's family. There was no need for the children to talk now, for their plans had been made. It would be Alexander who would slip under the rope which kept people away from the sick man's room while the witch doctor was conjuring out the devil. Alexander would peep into the room, and then they would know for sure what the ol' doctor did when she drove out the devil--if there were a devil.

The yard around the house was level and grassy. Other families who were true friends also had already arrived. The Lincoln family arranged themselves in a circle on the grass. Each family must eat by itself and out of one big wooden vessel. Soon as they were seated they were served pachofa. The small wooden bowls from which they ate were called keelers but the little ones with handles were piggins. There were cedar paddles to ladle out the stew, and spoons of cow or buffalo horn to eat it with.

At almost every Choctaw feast you were served pachofa which was made with hominy and fresh pork cooked together.

When the eating had finished the sound of the tom-tom started. It was a terrible sound that made cold shivers run up and down your back. Washington edged closer to his Father.

No one was allowed to go near or enter the room where the sick man lay. A rope was stretched around it, and guards were placed close by. The young women and men lined up opposite each other and began their queer dance.

From the room where the sick man lay there came wierd noises. The rattle of gourds filled with pebbles and seeds, the beat of the tom-tom, the tinkle of bells and the cry of the witch doctor would make you sick even if you were not already sick.

"He, he, ho, ho. He-he-ho-ho-" she sang over and over again, getting louder each time until she was almost screaming. Then the sound as if she were spitting on Gipson--that was the signal.

Alexander got up quietly and slipped away into the darkness. Soon he would crawl under the rope and look into the window. If their plan did not work, if he were caught, then he would run very fast into the dark woods. Alexander thought he saw the shape of a head against the dim light in the room. The guards had seen Alexander, too!

They were after him now, shouting, "Catch him. Catch him."

But they didn't catch him to strip off his clothes and throw him into cold water. Alexander was a fast runner. He dodged in and out among the people in the dark.

Then his brothers and sisters were doing the same thing, all of them crying out, "Catch him. Catch him." And even Alexander was doing it himself. He was having fun trying to catch himself.

Washington could hardly wait to hear what Alexander had seen, but they would have to wait until they were home before he dared tell.

"Now," Mother said solemnly as they walked through the woods, "someone looked at the witch doctor and she left. Gipson will die."

Father laughed a little, but no one else said anything. There was only the crunch of dead branches under their feet until finally Washington asked his mother a question he had often wondered about.

"Mother, why do the Choctaw people bury the dead in their yards or even their own houses when they die? The white people do not do that."

"We would look upon it as if we were throwing them away ." Mother answered slowly, for she spoke to her children in English and it was hard for her to do so.

"What did you see? What did the witch doctor do? Did you see the evil spirit?" The minute they were alone each of the children began asking questions of Alexander, and each one wanted his question answered first.

"Gipson looked very, very sick. He looked almost dead. I did see him move though. The conjure doctor was beating him, and spitting on him. The noise and the pounding would make you sick even if you were not already. But if Gipson dies--they will blame it on us. I know they will."

"Blame us! But I thought you said the witch doctor beat him", Washington answered. "Besides, no one knows it was us, except us, and we would not tell on ourselves, would we?"

"No, we will not tell. But somehow, someday, they will know," Alexander sounded solemn as could be.

"Do you think if you would let them dip you in the cold water now--it might save Gipson?" Washington had just thought of that.

"No!" Alexander almost shouted and the sister giggled at him. "I do not. If Gipson does not get well, then it was the witch doctor and the tom-tom man and not my peeking in the old window."

For many days after that no one dared speak of poor Gipson and Mother did not mention him, as she did not talk much unless she had something important to say. Father did not mention it because he was very busy helping re-build Spencer Academy now that the Civil War was over, and there were no more soldiers to live there instead of the Choctaw boys. But every day they all listened, every one of the Lincoln children, to the things that Mother or Father had to say. Surely if Gipson had died they would

know about it. Some day, maybe weeks after he was dead, they would be invited to cry over his grave.

The woods didn't look so beautiful or smell so sweet these days either. They didn't hurry to school to play, just poked along until one day--early one morning, they saw a man riding an old bay mule. There was no other mule like it in the country. The man must be going to the mill for he had a sack of corn in front of him and one behind the saddle.

"Its Gipson's ghost," Jennie cried and caught hold of Washington's hand. "It looks just like Gipson!"

But when the mule came up even with them, the ghost didn't even look sick much less dead. It looked just like Gipson. He nodded and grunted as they stood back to let him pass, their mouths wide open in surprise. Alexander looked a little sick himself. They watched the bay mule and the ghost of Gipson ride around the bend, the sparks flying from the mule's shoes as they struck the flint rock.

Slowly they followed, and when they turned the sharp corner in the path there it was. There was the ghost of Gipson on the bay mule--and the ghost was smiling a little. It looked at each of them very hard, but it did not talk. Then it did speak, just like anyone else.

"She sick in middle of me, big feast. Witch doctor beat and howl. She almost dead. Her run away. Boy, her peek in window. Witch devil her run very fast. She get well." If you did not know that even a ghost would not name itself but said "she" to fool the devil, then it would be hard to know what was being said. Washington knew it meant simply that Gipson was sick in the middle of him from eating too much maybe, and that the witch doctor had beaten him. He got sicker, but when Alexander looked in the window the witch doctor ran away and Gipson-- Gipson had gotten well! This was Gipson, himself. And he knew who had looked in the window--and was glad.

With a whoop and a yell that frightened the old mule and made the squirrels chatter in the trees, they ran ahead of Gipson, waving back at him and laughing, every one of the Lincoln children. Gipson was alive. It was not an evil spirit that made you sick. Miss Salina and Father and the missionary were right.

What a beautiful, beautiful place the woods of the Kiamichi were this morning. The birds whistled and there was the smell of pine in the air. Miss Salina stood in the school house door. She was smiling!

TEXAS CATTLE--ALL DAY LONG

COX'S CROSSING

INDIAN TERRITORY, ON THE ELLSWORTH TRAIL

1873-1875

The Texas Long Horns were coming! A rider had just brought the news. They'd be here tomorrow. The first big drive of the season was on its way to Cox's Crossing. But this wasn't any ol' herd of Texas cattle. It was Sally Garter's own father who was driving them from his Bar B ranch down in Texas.

Now, as she whirled around and around in delight, Sally's pig tails stood straight out. Father was coming with the Long Horns and that was the best news in the world.

It had been such a long time since they had seen him, Mother and she. They'd stayed here at the Ranch with Aunt Matilda and Ann, her aunt and cousin, waiting for Father. He was going to stay for good and build a new house just as soon as he got back from Ellsworth, Kansas, next fall. He'd ship the cattle over the Kansas Pacific Railroad to a good market.

But he would be near his family all summer while the cattle got fat and finished-off on the Indian Territory grass. It made better beef, folks said, than the coarse grass down Texas way.

Anyway, Father didn't exactly graze his herd on land that belonged to the Indians. That was against the law made to protect the Indians. But it was queer, folks said, how the fellies came off chuck wagons, or the horses broke their hobbles and the wranglers couldn't find them, and even the cow-pokes got so tired they had to hang around the counter at Mr. Stone's store where they could buy drover's supplies.

When the weather was cool and the Texas cattle could be driven into Kansas, the wheels got fixed, the wranglers caught the horses as easy as anything, and the cowboys were rested again. Then the herd moved back on

the Ellsworth Trail and on toward the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Father only laughed and winked when Sally asked about it.

"Sally!" Ann was yelling and yanking her hair braid. "What's wrong with you?"

"It's Father, and maybe your father is with him. They're ten miles down the trail. If they keep the herd on the prod all night they might be here tomorrow. If Father's riding point he'll be here early, but if he's riding drag it may be almost dark. I hope he gets here early.

Already, inside the house Mother and Aunt Matilda were getting ready for the riders. There would be ten men to feed now. Ten men who had eaten out of a chuck wagon so long you'd never be able to fill them with light bread and fresh butter, and cakes and pies. Mother said a cowpoke was empty down to the high heels of his saddle boots. If you tried to fill a tall, lanky Texan it took a heap of food.

"We'll need more wood," Mother called to Sally. Mother came to the door, her face lighted with a smile because Father was coming.

"Do you suppose our fathers will know us?" Sally asked Ann as they went back to the house with an armful of stove wood. "I'm a lot bigger and---"

Ann laughed. Her hair was red and curly and her face full of freckles. Now her blue eyes danced and Sally knew she was thinking up something exciting to do and not listening to her at all.

"It takes a long, long time for a big herd to pass here---all day long. Texas cattle, all day long. We always stay in the ol' house, don't we?" Ann looked at Sally, her blue eyes dancing. Sally nodded and wondered why Ann was asking a question she could answer her own self. "Yes---we stay in the house all day long because Long Horns are dangerous cattle. Father says

some of their horn spread is eight feet from tip to tip. I wouldn't want an old Long Horn prodding me with his horn. You know a cowhand never gets off his horse around 'em, don't you?"

"Maybe I'm not as old as you are Sally Carter, but I know just as much about old cows. And--when we see the trail dust of the herd--your're an el' cowardey-cat if you don't play 'Follow the Leader'."

"What's that got to do with Texas cattle, I'd like to know?"

"Well--if you really want to prove you aren't scared, instead of running into the house--we'll run under it! Into our play house."

"But I might not see Father," Sally hesitated. She could see him now, how he looked when he'd come riding up with trail dust on his clothes, a gun on his hip, tired and dirty but grinning at them. He'd throw his long leg over the saddle and take her in his arms, Mother and her in one big hug.

"There, I told you you were a fraidey-cat," Anne kicked aside some chips and grinned.

"I'm not a fraidey-cat," Sally answered right back, "only it will be too hot under the house and dusty as the trail. Besides, Mother and Aunt Matilda will worry. You ought to be ashamed."

"Let's get the wood in the house," Ann answered quickly. "Maybe we'll have cookies for supper like when we have important company, and fathers are important company."

"My father would be the most important company in the world, I can tell you," Sally sang as she danced toward the house with her arms full of wood for baking things for Father and Uncle Ned, who was Ann's father and Mother's brother.

Long after they had gone to bed that night, Sally and Ann, in the little bed room off the kitchen, they could smell the spicy cookies and

fresh light bread and dried apple pies. And when Ann wouldn't answer any more Sally lay there thinking about her father. Just in case he might not know her—just in case—she could carry the little pink parasol with the ruffles on it. The one he'd given her before he'd gone back to Texas. A pink parasol was a mighty important thing at Cox's Crossing. Yes—she'd carry the parasol---

And when Sally opened her eyes it was daylight. The sun was up but she wasn't. Father might already be here and she'd missed him.

But Father wasn't there and there was no sign of the herd yet. Not even a sign of trail dust across the prairie.

"Mother," Sally asked fearfully, "do you suppose that the United States marshall has arrested Father for letting the Long Horns eat the Indians' grass, or maybe Indians and outlaws---" Sally could think of plenty of things that could have happened to the herd, but she didn't want to worry Mother too much.

Mother's arms were comforting around her shoulders. "Its true, honey, that the cattle man doesn't have any protection from the outlaws, and the Indians do sometimes scatter herds, but nothing has happened to your father. He's come hundreds of miles. The Long Horns have swum across Red River and other rivers, they've come through the high hills and they've been months on the trail. Nothing can happen now." But Mother's hand was trembling a little, so Sally knew that Mother was worried too.

"I'll climb the hig tree, Mother, and the minute I see trail dust I'll yip."

"Eat your breakfast first," Mother laughed softly, "and take some cookies up the tree with you. Maybe Father had a little trouble crossing the dog town."

Sally ate her breakfast as Mother had asked her to do, and then as soon as she was up the tree she began munching the cookies. They would ruin in her pocket, and besides Father might be here any minute. And it was true. Just the moment she wiped away the last delicious crumb she caught sight of the trail dust. Father was coming!

"Yip! Yippie!" Yelling, Sally skinned down the big hackberry tree. Mother had to run out and unfasten the tail of Sally's pinafore before she could get out of the tree.

Bill Bracken ran out of the store and went back when he found the herd wasn't even there yet. Things would be lively enough later on.

The small cloud of dust in front of the herd turned out to be Tex Short, who came from Arizona and was tall and lanky. Tex Short was riding point, so Father must be at the drag on account of trouble of some kind.

"Now your father won't be here all day, maybe," Ann was whispering to Sally. "I double-dare you to hide in the play house with me until the Long Horns pass by. Or maybe you're just an ol' scaredey-cat like I said."

"I'm not a scaredey-cat," Sally denied between clinched teeth. "I will show you. Only first I must get something to take with me." She had to get her little pink parasol.

Just before the great herd came down the trail and made an island of the house as they flowed around it, Sally and Ann ducked under the porch to their playhouse. It was a fine place to play dolls and tell secrets. At the front you could stand up straight, but at the back near the house you could only lie down. Now it was a fine place to sit and watch the hundreds and hundreds of cattle go by. They could peek out between the lattice around the porch. The cattle were like a big river as they moaned and bawled and pushed along. Only it wasn't a river of cool water but one of hot cattle

and dust. The dust choked Sally and Ann and the pounding hooves of hundreds of cattle began to frighten them. Sally would have cried but not even Ann could call her a scaredey-cat. She did feel very much ashamed for she knew how frightened Mother must be. It had been wrong to come here and now she was being punished. Ann was crying now--Ann was the scaredey-cat herself. If Mother only knew where they were. If there was some way to let her know.

Sometimes Mother or Aunt Matilda pounded on the floor with a broom when it was time to come out of the playhouse and eat dinner. If she could only pound on the bottom side and make Mother hear her. The dust was choking them, they had to do something. Some place under here was the old broom they played house with--if she could find that.

Closing her eyes and sobbing just a little so Ann couldn't hear--and then she remembered that you couldn't hear anything but the pound, pound of the feet of the cattle. Sally crawled on her hands and knees until she found the old broom. Up next to the house she pounded the broom, louder maybe than the cattle. And at last they heard her! Mother or Aunt Matilda, for they were making a noise up there. Mother's voice came to her from against the floor.

"Get close to the house--get close to the house--to the house--"

Now Sally thought about the old front porch--old and rotten--and she caught Ann and they rolled close to the foundation of the house. It felt a little safer here, just a little.

But it wasn't safe here! No place was safe. A Long Horn, his eyes red and horrible, foaming at the mouth, was on his knees, being pushed under the house by the other cattle. He tossed his horns and bellowed--and Sally beat at him. She hit him in the face with the little pink parasol. Only it wasn't a pink, ruffled parasol now. It wasn't much of anything at all,

but she kept hitting the steer with the broken stick and the little pink rag until he turned on his knees; somehow he did turn and backed away. Ann was screaming but Sally was only angry. Angry because she had ruined her parasol and Father might not know her.

A lariat snaked out and dragged the bellowing steer the rest of the way from under the porch. Ann kept on screaming, and Sally was frightened now, herself. She was crying and asking God to forgive her for all the wicked things she had done like putting sugar in Ann's bed and a horned toad in a boy's lunch down in Texas when they went to school--but she didn't need to think of any more sins because the ol' steer wasn't under the porch now. The last of the stragglers went by--cowboys yipping at the drag of the herd. Three thousand cattle must have gone by that day. She was starved-- Sally started from under the house, pulling Ann with her. Ann looked pale and sick but she didn't say as much as a word.

"Sally! My Darling!" Mother started off the porch, then suddenly stopped and screamed. Sally was so frightened to move.

A Long Horn! A straggler, was trotting straight at her tossing his horns. She couldn't move. She couldn't. Around the house came a rider. He was a tall rider swinging a lariat that fell around the steer and flopped him to the ground. He seemed to skim right out of the saddle and had the pigging string around the steer's feet in "nothin' flat", as Father would say if he were here---

And Father was here. He had her in his arms, holding her tight. She didn't need the pink parasol at all. Father knew her!

Mother was in his arms, too, he was hugging them both. "I'm home-- Home for good when this drive's over. Sally snuggled close to him. Father was home--for good.

ARDMORE

INDIAN TERRITORY, 1895

THE BIG PIG THAT DIDN'T GO HOME

Tommy thought that his father was the handsomest man in Ardmore, Indian Territory, or maybe in the whole Indian Territory itself. With his high topped hat and his long tailed coat, his gold glasses on the wide black ribbon, Father was very swell indeed. Everyone who knew him said the same thing.

And there was nothing Father hated worse than having his clothes mussed and dirty. But when you lived in the Indian Territory it was hard to keep clean, especially if you were a little boy as Tommy was. You could find so many exciting things to do every single day that made you dirty; things like climbing big trees or fishing for craw-dads. Tommy didn't mind getting dirty but Father did.

The Indian Territory was about the muddiest place there was and Mother and Father were always talking about the rain and the sticky black mud. Mother also talked a great deal about the way the cows and pigs ran in the streets and wallowed in the mud. Some day, she said, there would be street lights and side walks and even paved streets but right now Ardmore was an unincorporated village, which were only big words to Tommy, except that they did seem to mean that you didn't have the same kind of things here that you did in regular towns. Here you had United States marshalls instead of policemen, and coal oil lamps instead of electric lights--and pigs which nobody else did have.

This was called Indian Territory because Uncle Sam had thought the land wasn't good for anything but Indians so they might as well pack up and come here to live. But he got fooled because Father said it was better for corn than for Indians. Right away Uncle Sam must have found it out, too, because

the Dawes Commission men were sent pronto to give the Indians good American names and also to get them all counted so the land could be divided into farms for them.

Most of the Dawes Commission men wore high topped boots and straight brimmed hats, but just the same they didn't like the rain and the mud either. When the mud got too deep in the streets the gentlemen carried the women and children across them. Tommy often wondered if any gentleman had dropped anyone in the mud. He always hoped he'd be present if it did happen.

Only the pigs seemed to like the mud. They thought it was a fine place to wallow and root. But it didn't make the mud smell very nice. People had to hold their noses when they passed a pig mud-hole. Tommy thought you could put clothes pins on your nose when you passed and that might help. At night the cows lay down in the streets, too, chewing their cuds and not seeming to care if people walked around them or even fell over them sometimes. They were one reason Mother said that the town needed lights on the street corners, and also sidewalks.

Every night at six Father locked up his Dry Goods Store and came home to supper. When he had eaten and then read the paper he went down to the store again and stayed until nine o'clock. Often Tommy and Mother went back with him in the evening. Mother said that Father was so prompt you could set the clock by him. Only one night the clock must have been wrong because Father should have been home an hour before and he was not there. Tommy could see that Mother was greatly worried about it.

"Mother, do you suppose a hold-up man has stuck a gun in Father's ribs and ordered him to hold up his hands and robbed him and maybe right now Father and the marshall are chasing the robber and--"

"Tommy!" Mother raised her voice a little, "Tommy, stop talking that

way. Nothing has happened to your father. He is just busy with a good customer. I'll light the lantern for you, and you can help Father home through the dark streets."

But Tommy thought as he went out the back door with the lighted lantern that he might just as well be the ol' marshall himself with a big gold star and gun. No--he might be a bandit and rob the bank or--anyway, he knew of a fine cave where a bandit could hide. Marshalls and bandits both had to be brave and not afraid of the dark or--or anything.

"Hey you--little boy!" It was a man's voice coming out of the wood shed. A man's voice in an awful whisper. Tommy could feel his knees shake so he couldn't run or even walk. "Sh--ush--" the terrible whisper came again. "Come here--at once. I have something to tell you. Something important."

A bandit couldn't have anything to tell him--not anything. Tommy's knees were like jelly so he just couldn't move an inch. Not that he was really scared---

"Tommy!" The big whisper demanded. Where had he heard that voice before? You heard a lot of new voices in a place like this but-- "Tommy!" He heard the whisper again, this time louder. "Tommy, come here at once."

"Father," Tommy heard himself kind of yip. "Father!" Tommy edged toward the wood shed carefully. It might not be father after all.

"Give me that lantern," Father seemed mighty impatient now. "See if you can slip into the house the front way and get my clothes--all I need at once. I seem to be slightly er-mussed, and I would hate for your mother to see me in this untidy condition."

Tommy had to clamp his hand over his mouth. You didn't laugh at Father. But he did look so funny, and not one bit like himself. He was covered with mud from head to toe. His derby hat was gone. His glasses were broken and

muddy. You could see that he had tried to wipe the mud off his face--a little. But if it hadn't been Father's voice, then Tommy could not have been sure it was he.

"I'll go, Father, but don't you think Mother should know. She will worry about you."

"No!" Father almost shouted, then remembered. "Tommy," he was whispering now, "Tommy, do you remember that pony I promised you when you got big enough to ride? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if you were that big right now. If you can get my clothes without Mother hearing you, then I'll know you really are."

"A pony? A real live pony?" Tommy breathed the words to himself. "Now I can play cowboy, really." Aloud he said, "I'll be back in two minutes. You wait."

"I'll wait," Father said, "and I'll blow out this lantern. I saw your mother peering out the window a moment ago."

Inside, the house was black as soot. The corner where the bureau should have been was the wash stand. Tommy skinned his shin on a rocking chair, but at last he did find the things father needed and holding them tightly in his arms he could make one trip with them all. Once he was sure he heard Mother coming that way, and he held his breath, not daring to breathe even. But here he was in the yard again. Out here in the yard it was dark too, and Tommy stumbled his way to the wood shed. Father had the door open and took the clothes in a hurry. Tommy stood outside and waited for him and then they both stopped talking until he was dressed again. Then Father started talking in a very loud voice as if he had just gotten there.

"My dear," Father was telling Mother the minute he got inside the house, "I was detained down town on business. Important business it was too, so I-----"

Mother's mouth popped open and she was not answering Father either. She looked at him as if he were a ghost or something. Suddenly she began to laugh. When Tommy got a look at Father here in the light he was almost too surprised to breathe. But with Mother laughing like that he had to laugh too. Even if Father did not like to be looked at when he was mussed up and he did not like to be laughed at, you had to look at him now, and you most certainly had to laugh.

"Joseph," Mother said between laughs, "I never would have thought my husband would sell the clothes off his back and come home looking like a scare crow out of the corn field." She laughed some more. "You of all people!"

Father's face was red. He looked down at himself and his face got more red. One of his shoes was black. One of his shoes was brown. His trousers were black and his coat was gray. None of the rest of him was a match either. Poor Father certainly looked differently than when he had left home. Tommy wondered if Father would even recognize himself in a looking glass.

And that is what Mother told him to do. Father grinned sheepishly when he looked into the long mirror and Mother held up the lamp so he could see better. Father grinned. Just a little grin to start with, and then a big one.

"I am being poked fun at," Father teased them right back, "So I might as well laugh with you as be laughed at. I must admit I look rather--er--peculiar, and I wonder how I could have made this big mistake when I dressed."

"If you are being initiated into some silly lodge and you think this is funny, why just come out and say so." Mother told Father. "But why they should put mud in a grown man's hair and in his ears is beyond me."

"I'm not being initiated into a lodge and I hate being a mess," Father said quite firmly. "I do not believe in silly pranks. I just happened to an

accident and as I did not want to get the --er--mud in the house I had Tommy bring the clothes to me. He selected them in the dark."

"An accident that got mud in your ears--mud that smells like pigs? I just--er--wonder." Mother was grinning a little.

"If you insist on asking suspicious questions, I will tell you. I simply stepped in a mud hole on my way home, and fell down."

"And," laughed Mother, "I don't suppose the hole could have been full of pigs? Nice, slick pigs that couldn't find their way home?"

"The pig was not--er--slick. In fact I rode it a block without even being able to slide off its back. He was a giant pig--a giant. It was an embarrassing experience to say the least, and I should have been even more embarrassed if anyone had seen me."

"Father----" Father stopped him with a look. "Mother----" Tommy started all over again, "Mother do you suppose the handy man could build a little shed in the back yard? Do you?"

Mother threw up her hands. "Are you trying to tell me that your Father actually brought that creature home?"

"No, Mother, it isn't a pig; it isn't a cow, but guess what? Its a pony; a live pony. Father didn't fall over him." He told his mother quickly. "The horse must have--kinda followed him home in a way--you see--and the marshall would think it funny about Father and--"

"Yes--yes, Tommy," Father hurried to interrupt, "I'm sure the marshall need know nothing about this, and I think I heard something about bandits around here; little boy bandits! But--I guess the handy mand can build a shed to fit a pony, don't you, Mother?"

And then Father hugged them both, Mother and Tommy. It was great to have a Father like this.

MODES' PASTURE AND MR. THOMAS P. GORE

CHILDREN OF THE SHORT GRASS COUNTRY

OKLAHOMA TERRITORY

1905

Across the Oklahoma Territory prairie Mary Ann could see the first pink glow of the sun. Soon the orange ball would pop over the rim of the flat earth and she could get up.

Yet how could a little girl nine years old sleep one wink when such an exciting day was just ahead of her?

For days and weeks even, her mother and father and the mothers and fathers of the boys and girls she knew had talked of nothing but the big three-day picnic and rally at Modes' Pasture. The two men who would run for the honor of being the first Congressman from the State of Oklahoma would be at the rally. Everyone had heard about Mr. Thomas P. Gore and some about Mr. Jones, who was a Republican, so folks said.

Every year the settlers came from miles and miles around to the camp picnic. Also, every year since they had moved here from Texas, Father had driven the spanking team of bays hitched to the light buckboard from Elk City to Modes' Pasture. This year would be much more exciting Mary Ann felt sure.

Now Elk City wasn't really a city any more than Elk River was a river. Elk City was only a big settlement on the prairie of western Oklahoma Territory, and Elk River was an old Cheyenne Indian Chief they had named it for.

The Cheyennes were plains Indians, or Indians who lived on the plains and hunted deer and buffalo before the white men had killed them off for sport or to make money from their hides.

Today when they arrived at Modes' Pasture they would see plenty of Cheyennes with their long hair and their blankets around them. The women

or squaws carried their babies on their backs inside the bright blankets or in a papoose case which hung on their backs. It was funny to see the black haired babies asleep on their mother's back. You never saw an Indian baby cry--at least she never had, and Mary Ann had seen a great many Cheyenne babies.

The Cheyennes were great visitors and travelers. Father said it was because they had always roamed the prairie to hunt and now they did not like to settle down in one spot, as the Government had told them they must. Besides, they had so many relatives they liked to visit and make presents. These were fine presents of spotted ponies and blankets or beautiful beaded moccasins and belts and leggins. To the Cheyennes horses were the same as money. They had gotten their first horses from the Spaniards when they came across what was now Oklahoma Territory looking for gold.

Before long the kinfolks which the Cheyennes had just been to visit would repay the call and bring back the spotted horses, the blankets, the beautifully beaded moccasins and the leggins. That, Mary Ann decided, must be what "Indian Giving" meant.

Just when she thought she could not stay in bed another minute she heard Father out in the kitchen shaking down the stove. He did not have time to get all the ashes off the coals before she was out of bed and in the kitchen, too. Mother was already there, wearing her long, gray wrapper and looking very beautiful, even with her hair done up in the kid curlers to make her front hair curley when she took them off.

"Mother, may I help? May I help get breakfast so we can start pronto? The sun is almost up!" Mary Ann begged and danced on the tip of her toes. "We'll miss seeing Mr. Thomas P. Gore."

Father laughed before Mother could answer. "I heard you have been talking to the cowboys again, young lady, and learned a new word. Bet you don't

know what 'pronto' means."

Mary Ann laughed back at Father. "Indeed I do!" She waited a moment to fool Father. "It means--it means--'right away.' Tex said so."

"Yep," Father grinned, "but don't believe everything the cowboys tell you, Honey, they love to make a joke."

"Now, Mary Ann," Mother told her, "go and wake Andy and help him get dressed. Be sure to get warm water out of the reservoir on the stove here and both of you wash very clean. And your hair must be brushed top and bottom today, remember." Mother kissed her and gave her a little shove.

"I promise Mother, to even wash my neck and ears and brush my hair top and bottom."

She and Mother had a little secret about her hair because it was easy to brush curly hair on top and let the bottom go, but it was not easy to have Mother untangle her hair with the comb before she put on her night cap and went to bed.

"Don't forget about Andy," Mother warned.

"Yes, Mother--and can we wear our Easter clothes? Can we?"

"You may not." Father interrupted. "Black silk taffeta coats and lace bonnets go to church and riding clothes go to Modes' Pasture. Fifty miles in an open buckboard and camping out every night is mighty tough on clothes."

"Camping out over night! Oh, Father!" Mary Ann had entirely forgotten her younger brother Andy whom she must wake up. She was too busy hugging Father. "I never heard of such a wonderful thing. Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you?"

"And have you want me to death from then on. Not much. Now hurry and get dressed as Mother said."

"I'll simply fly." Mary Ann was happy enough to really fly.

There was nothing in the world as exciting as a camping trip except maybe seeing Mr. Thomas P. Gore. He lived in a town named Lawton and he was

sure to be the first Congressman from the State of Oklahoma and pretty soon now the twin territories of Oklahoma and Indian Territory would be one of the United States. Father said so.

They ate breakfast in the kitchen this morning to save time. Usually they ate in the dining room on a white linen table cloth, but this morning was different. Andy was still half asleep when Mary Ann pushed him in the door. She had seen that he was dressed. She had found his round garters and pulled on his long black stockings while he was fumbling with the buttons on his waist trying to get them fastened to his knee pants.

But Mary Ann wasn't sleepy. If Modes' Pasture was practically the finest thing in the world without Mr. Gore and Mr. Jones, then it would be pretty fine with them.

This morning there wasn't even milk to drink or cream for Father's coffee so he heat up an egg and put that in his coffee, like he was a true pioneer, he laughed and said. But Mother only shook her head and said she preferred her coffee black this morning. Father gave Mary Ann a swallow of his, but it wasn't much of a treat.

Father had packed the camping things in the buckboard last night.

They would stay only the one night so would sleep under the stars. It always seemed to Mary Ann as if there were millions of stars in the sky, but Father said there really were just thousands.

"I hope," Mother told them as soon as she was in the buckboard and pulling up the laprobe, "I certainly hope that no rattle snake tries to sleep under my blanket tonight." And laughing, she pulled her big black veil over her face to keep out the sun and dust.

It was true that when it got cold here on the prairie at night the snakes did crawl under your blankets. There were plenty of rattlers and you always kept on the look-out for them. Mother didn't like rattlers or any snakes and nobody liked to sleep with them, Mary Ann reckoned.

Father climbed into the buckboard and took the reins. Mother looked mighty swell today in her linen duster she wore to keep her dress clean. Father looked different, too. He wasn't wearing riding clothes but a square topped derby hat and a long tailed coat, only he did wear his saddle boots, of course. Mary Ann decided it must be more important going to Modes' Pasture than she had thought if Father had to dress like that.

It took only a few minutes to drive down the dusty street of Elk City and out onto the open prairie. They lived in town because it was more convenient for Mother, but Father was a cow-man and owned the Spear-O Spread. All his cattle carried an O with a spear through it so he could tell just by looking at their hips if the cattle were his.

At round-up time all the cattle were driven off the plains to one spot and each rancher rounded-up the ones with his brand and the calves that followed his cows and any stray calf without a brand or mother. A calf which did not belong to a branded mother belonged to the first one who slapped a brand on it. These calves were called mavericks after a Mr. Maverick down in Texas.

Now, as they rode along the dusty road this early summer morning, Mary Ann sniffed the fresh prairie air. Covies of quail ran to hide in the tall grass or the whir of the wings of prairie chickens frightened the spanking bays so that Father had to pull hard on the lines.

Soon the grass grew shorter and the red rocks became thicker and thicker. Purple loco weed, a plant which made cattle and horses loco, or crazy, when they ate it, grew out of the rocky land and made it beautiful with its reddish-purple blossoms.

But Father would not stop the team for Mary Ann to get out and pick them.

"No, we stop only to rest the horses," he flicked the flies off the backs of the horses as he talked, then put the buggy whip back in the socket.

The sun was high in the heavens by now and the day was getting hot. Andy kept drinking out of the ~~canvas~~ water bag which hung over the side of the buckboard.

"I'm thirsty," he would say each time, but Mary Ann knew he was only pretending he was a pioneer boy crossing the desert, the same as he always played.

"Don't drink all of the water, Son," Father warned, "Its quite a piece to the next water hole." So Andy quit drinking all the water.

Mary Ann and Andy got out and walked up the long, low hill. You had to save the horses all you could. At the top of the hill Father helped Mother down to stretch herself a little. They were standing there talking about the wagons and teams they had passed, all coming to Modes' Pasture when suddenly Father's voice seemed to stick in his throat.

"Don't move," was all he said, but the way he said it made a difference.

Mother reached over slowly and caught Andy's hand in hers, and Mary Ann did the same. Then they didn't move again. The horses were lunging and Father had a hard time quieting them. But his six-gun was already in his right hand.

"What--what is it?" Mother was pretending not to be frightened.

Then they heard a noise like running water--a buzz-zz--zz. A rattle snake! Father's gun was drawing a bead on the giant Diamond Back. Father, who usually cracked down and shot before he hardly looked, was being so very careful now. The rattler was as big as Mary Ann's arm. and it lay there coiled; its ugly, flat head pointed right at them, its eyes glistening. In another moment the coiled spring of the rattler would hurl it at them. Then

Father's gun belched fire. The head of the snake disappeared, but its body went on thrashing around in the reddish-purple flowers of the loco weed.

Mother's face was white, and Father's hand shook as he stuck the gun back in his holster. Andy was crying now, but Mary Ann was too proud of Father to even be afraid. She was ashamed for having asked Father to let her pick flowers out here, and Father hadn't reminded her why she couldn't.

"Another outlaw hit the dust," Father was pretending to be funny as he helped mother back over the wheel into the buckboard. Andy and Mary Ann had already climbed in the back seat.

"We must be getting nearly to Modes' Pasture," Mother told them presently and nodded to the cloud of dust. "Looks as if everyone in Oklahoma Territory and maybe some from Indian Territory are headed for the big picnic."

"Oh, we'll see everyone we know and then some," Father answered. "This is a pretty big doings you know."

By standing up and stretching her neck Mary Ann could see the arbors covered with shinnery and cottonwood boughs. In a circle around the picnic grounds and arbors, the nesters and cattle men's families had already made camp.

The cattlemen called the homesteaders by the name of "nesters", but they didn't seem to mind and stayed right there, living in sod houses or half dug-outs or dugouts and holes in the side of the dry creek banks until they got a house built. They didn't seem to mind, either, that they were having a hard time of it while they were proving-up on their claims. After they had built a house and lived there for a certain time the Government gave the land to them.

At the camp grounds the tepees of the Cheyennes were off by themselves. Mary Ann supposed the Indians didn't like the white man's ways. One of the big reasons they were here was to get meat. The ranchers saw to it that the

Indians got meat because if they didn't give it to them they might scatter⁴⁵
the herds of cattle. Most of this land belonged to the Cheyennes and the
white cattle men leased it from them.

PART TWO

MOSES' PASTURE AT LAST!

As soon as Father picked a place for their camp, he helped Mother down. Mary Ann and Andy were already heading for the crowd in the center of the picnic grounds by then. It was getting late and if they didn't hurry they wouldn't see anything before dark. But they couldn't run fast on account of the tongues of wagons and buckboards and camp fires and babies and dogs and women. There were as many stray dogs as there were children. Most of the lean, yellow hounds belonged to the Cheyennes and they were as hungry as the Indians were.

But the poor homesteaders had no food for stray dogs. Most of them had little enough food for themselves. Some of the good barbecue that Mary Ann smelled right now would be rationed out tonight so everyone would have supper—even the yellow dogs would get the bones.

"Come on, Andy," Mary Ann tugged at Andy, "Let's watch 'em cook the meat."

"No," He told her flatly, "I don't want to see cowboys cook old dead cows. I want to see cowboys and Indians ride ponies."

But to Mary Ann the barbecue pits were the most interesting sights to see. Wood had to be hauled for miles and miles and put into the deep pits, then burned down to beds of glowing coals. The men put the carcasses of dressed steers on long iron rods and turned them for hours until the meat was cooked and a thick brown crust on the outside. Mary Ann licked her lips. She was mighty hungry herself right now and hot barbecue was better than anything in the world.

For an hour she stood there watching them turn the steers they were

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barbecuing, then she turned and ran back to their own camp. Mother and Father would have supper ready, she hoped.

But there were other people around their camp now. Men saying, "Howdy, Miz Spear O and Howdy, Spear O", just like that was their names. But supper was started and it smelled mighty good, too.

After supper people kept drifting up around their camp fire, swapping news until Father got his old guitar which he'd brought from Texas and started playing cowboy songs. Then everyone joined in until it was time to go to bed.

It had been fun, sitting there around the camp fire with the thousands of stars winking down at them, and with music and song and laughter all around them. Mary Ann knew she would never sleep a wink cuddled down there by Mother's side. Tomorrow would be the big day with red lemonade, the merry-go-round and the political speakers.

But the next morning when mother shook her and said breakfast was ready, Mary Ann knew that she had been asleep and had slept very soundly.

"Good morning, Sleepy Head," Father laughed and rolled her out of her blankets. And there, already dressed, stood Andy too, grinning at her.

When she was washed and dressed she was ready to leave but Mother made her eat, and what a wonderful breakfast it proved to be. Flap jacks and bacon cooked camp style.

By nine o'clock the red lemonade stand had opened under the shade of a shinnery arbor. "Get your red lemonade, made in the shade, stirred with a spade by an old maid. A nickel, half a dime for a big glass."

The dirty looking man who was selling it was shouting pretty loudly.

Mary Ann saw no old maid or any spade but she did see a barrel of red liquid with slices of lemon floating on top. The man was taking in money fast as he could dip out the lemonade, and nobody seemed to mind that his hand dipped

right into the lemonade because before long it got clean anyway; nor they didn't care that there was no ice in the barrel because nobody in the short grass country was used to ice anyway.

Cattle men and their families drank lemonade, cowboys drank lemonade, the nesters drank lemonade, but most of all the Cheyennes drank lemonade. The bucks in their bright blankets, the squaws with their babies on their backs under their blankets, and the children, all drank and drank until already the barrel was getting empty. And just as the man was dipping up the last of the red lemonade the squeak of Dad Benson's merry-go-round drew all his customers away.

Mary Ann didn't suppose there was another merry-go-round in the world like this one because Dad Benson had made it himself. No one could even describe it for it was made with a tall pole in the middle and iron bars sticking out at the top and a seat hanging from the end of each bar. An old, old blind-folded horse wound it up by going round and round in a circle. Dad Benson played a squeaky hand organ, and took in the nickels and yelled "Giddyap" at the horse when it stopped.

No matter how fast the children ran each year they never seemed to beat the cowboys and the Indians. You never saw a Cheyenne in a hurry but he was always there first. Sometimes it was just as much fun to watch as to ride because a swing would break when a fat Indian sat in it, and then everyone except the Indian would have a good laugh. But pretty soon Father and some of the other men took over and the children did get to ride. And the nester children, who never had as much as a nickel of their own in their lives, rode the merry-go-round too. It didn't make any difference who you were--you were "folks" like the rest out here.

"Here they come." Some one shouted and the cowboys ran for their horses and rode out to meet the political speakers who were nearing the picnic in a cloud of dust and a buckboard driven by some good Democrat, Mary Ann was sure.

Mr. Thomas P. Gore didn't look like Mary Ann thought he would look. He was blind but you would not know it by looking at him, and he was young and he did not look like what she imagined a politician to be. He looked more like a circuit riding preacher or a school teacher.

By being smart, Mary Ann got a front seat in the big arbor where they would have the speaking. She had to wait a long time but she didn't mind. It did get pretty hot sitting there between a cowboy and a blanket Indian but she wouldn't leave. Some of the women with little children had been here in the shade most of the day; the women and some old folks.

It was queer, Mary Ann sat there thinking, that you didn't see many old folks here in Oklahoma Territory. Maybe it took young folks to settle a new Territory where you had to break the sod before you could raise a crop or grow enough to eat. If you were from the Deep South you planted cotton, Father explained once, and if you were from Iowa you grew corn or if you had come from Texas you probably drove your cattle with you. It looked as if you just kept on doing the thing you knew how to do no matter where you were.

On the stage of the arbor was a table for the speakers and seats for the "Big Wigs", as Father called them. Father was a Big Wig himself because he would sit on the stage too with the other cattlemen. Someone had draped red, white and blue bunting around the stage and it all seemed quite exciting.

Pretty soon everyone who had come to Modes' Pasture for the camp picnic was crowded into the arbor. By twisting her neck Mary Ann could see Mother and Andy--and the Cheyennes. Some of them spoke only their own language but some spoke good English, as they had been away to school. Only, you never knew which was which. She recognized three things they said which sounded like "ukama-ka, kuka-ma-ka" and "ugh". Ugh meant either "yes", "no", or a lot of other things. But she forgot the Indians now.

Mr. Tumbling O'Herring was introducing Thomas P. Gore but everyone already knew who he was so it was a big waste of time.

"Hurrah for Tom Gore!" "Hurrah for the State of Oklahoma!" Everyone yelled mighty loudly. "Hurrah for Senator Gore from Oklahoma!"

But when he held up his hand for them to stop cheering him, it was so quiet there was not a sound except a baby whimpering and a horse snorting. Inside the arbor all the hot, dusty people sat listening to a young, blind man tell them about the new State of Oklahoma. That it couldn't be long now until the Territory was a state of the Union. Then there would be good schools for every child, even out here in the short grass, and more people would come into the state to live than if it stayed a Territory. Mary Ann didn't know why.

Someone came across the stage and set a pitcher of water in front of Mr. Gore, but he did not stop to drink. He kept on talking and making grand gestures. Mary Ann leaned forward so she could breathe a little better. A blanket Indian and a cowboy in curly chaps were two mighty warm people to have on either side of you on a day like this. Besides, she could see better.

Mr. Gore had accidentally put out one of his eyes when he was a boy-- then he had accidentally put out the other one--she wondered how---

But she didn't finish the question she had asked herself. Thomas P. Gore accidentally struck the pitcher when he made a big gesture. The water went into Mary Ann's face. It went all over the front of her. Mr. Gore didn't know what he had done. The cowboy laughed and the Cheyenne made a noise which might also be a laugh. Mary Ann wiped the water off her face. No one seemed to care if she were wet, not even Father or Mother. Father was up on the stage grinning at her--and she grinned right back. She had to.

But the speaking was over and people were crowding around Mr. Thomas P. Gore, and Father, looking grand in his flat-topped derby and long tailed coat,

was telling the folks there was barbecue for all over in the eating arbor and there was light bread brought from the baker's in Elk City, and a barrel of sour pickles! It didn't take long to empty the big arbor, except for some of the "Big Wigs", and Mary Ann.

"I would like to present my daughter," Was Father actually going to introduce her to Mr. Gore?

Mr. Gore held out his hand and seemed surprised when he found she was only a little girl, but he seemed mighty pleased too when she shook his hand.

"I am pleased to meet the daughter of my very dear friend," he said as he held her hand.

"And I will vote for you too, Mr. Thomas P. Gore, when I am grown up and live in the fine state of Oklahoma," Mary Ann promised him, proud that she knew such a fine man.

Yes, some day she would vote for Mr. Thomas P. Gore for Senator from Oklahoma--Mary Ann felt sure she would.

P.S. And she did!

THE MONEY TALKED

OKLAHOMA TERRITORY

COW COUNTRY

1893

Elizabeth Ann's mother had decided to sell the Crazy Z ranch. Elizabeth Ann knew that her mother had all she could do to manage the Lazy M ranch where they lived. Mother could operate it as well as any man, but when it takes all your time for one how can you run two spreads? Even with cowboys to do the work, Mother certainly had her hands full. So, that was the reason she had made up her mind to sell the Crazy Z.

Out where they lived in the short grass country of Western Oklahoma Territory no one gave a bank check when he bought cattle or a ranch like the Crazy Z. Most of the cattlemen out here carried rolls of money so they could put the money on the barrel head if they wanted to buy a ranch or a cow or a herd of cattle. Besides, money talked, as Mother said, and banks were far apart, maybe fifty or a hundred miles.

Money talked too loudly sometimes, as Mr. Herb Young told Mother only yesterday when he gave her the big roll of yellow-backs in exchange for the piece of paper which said that he was now the owner of the Crazy Z instead of Mother and Elizabeth Ann.

"Mrs. Benson," he told Mother, "You had better get this money in the bank pronto. Money makes a big noise and I hear that those hoot-owling bandits are on the loose again---"

Mother only laughed and pushed her Stetson back on her head. "We would be poor pickings for bandits, I'm afraid, here on the Lazy M." Then she looked down at the money in her brown hand. "Anyway---" she finished, "I can hide it and who would know about it."

"You're the boss-lady, but I'd get the money in the bank or to the Express Company. Its queer how bandits just seem to hear the rustle of

money. I'm powerful sorry I can't take it over for you but with the spring round-up in a few days I just naturally can't go."

Mary Ann wondered why Mr. Young didn't remember that Mother couldn't leave either, and that their nearest neighbor was thirty miles away, and the bank at Cheyenne was sixty. Every cowhand, and anyone who could ride or drive would have work to do. Round-up time was the most important and the most exciting time on a spread.

The big freight wagon had already brought flour, beans, bacon, coffee and sugar, besides dried fruit and piles of food they'd need to feed the regular hands and the ones hired for round-up.

Mother always went along too. Ching, the Chinese cook, and old Hippy, who had worked for Father and Grandfather, were the bosses on the chuck wagon. Elizabeth Ann had work to do, too. On her buckskin pony she could cut out mavericks as well as anyone. Stray calves were called mavericks.

Tomorrow the chuck wagon would start toward the dry creek bed where they would start making camp for round-up. They went to the same place every year because there was a little shade from the cotton wood trees. Elizabeth Ann wondered if she would be able to wait until the day after that when she and Mother would leave before sun-up.

Usually one or two of the cowhands stayed all winter at the line-shack and rode line which was some place near the boundary of the ranch. That was because there was no fence around a ranch and the cattle ate and drifted, some times too far if you didn't watch them. They ate the short prairie grass which made fine hay when it dried. The blizzards of winter and the long, hot, dry summers were hard on the herds of poor cattle and the cowhands had to work hard to keep them alive.

Cowboys wore loud colored silk shirts and woolly chaps, gay handkerchiefs around their necks, and white Stetsons when they went to parties.

Their boots were hand made and cost almost as much as their horse. But they only wore these fancy clothes when they went to parties, or to town or to rodeos. For work they wore Levies and old plaid shirts and plain saddle boots-- and a six-gun. Of course there were not many outlaws here now, but there were rattle snakes and coyotes and prairie wolves sometimes. These, the cattlemen said, were the real outlaws of the short grass country.

"Elizabeth Ann," Mother said slowly that evening, "tomorrow morning bright and early, Hippy has to take the wagon and go to town for more supplies. We--I thought we might run short as this is such a big round-up. I thought you might----" Mother stopped.

Mother looked worried and Elizabeth Ann put her arms around her.

"Mother, you mean you want me to go with him--to help look after him? Is that what you mean?"

"Why yes, darling, that's it." Mother looked relieved. "You know I can't spare one of the hands to go, and Hippy's old."

"I had planned on the round-up so much, but I'll be glad to go, really I will."

The big hug and kiss Mother gave her made up for a day or so of the round-up. Long after she had gone to bed Elizabeth Ann could hear Mother moving around in the next room.

Next morning bright and early, as Mother had said, only it wasn't yet bright, only early, she was up and dressed. Hippy looked old and tired so no wonder Mother needed someone to look after him. Tonight they would camp on Elk Creek and that would be fun. In three days they should be back and the round-up would still be in full swing. As Elizabeth Ann kissed Mother goodbye she saw little tears in her eyes.

"Here," Mother was saying, "here's the cow-girl doll I promised Banker

Turman's little girl. When you get to town, Honey, go straight to the Banker himself. Give him the doll and say, "Mother said to put new stuffing in the doll right away because she didn't have any good cotton to put in it and the doll might get moldy."

"Mother—" Elizabeth Ann started to tell Mother where the good cotton was, only the doll was so beautiful and Mother must have sat up all night making it. Even its body and cowgirl dress and hat had been made by hand, not to mention the boots.

"Mother"— she finished at last— "could I have one like it—after round-up?"

"Of course, darling," Mother told her. "A boy and a girl doll, too. How's that?" She hugged Elizabeth Ann again and hugged her very tightly. "And remember, no matter what happens you mustn't lay the doll down a moment. I wouldn't have it lost for ten thousand dollars; I mean I did promise Banker Turman I'd make the doll some time, and I try to keep my promises."

"I'll not put it down one minute, I promise. I'll hold it on my knee when I eat, and I'll sleep with it."

Then Mother boosted her up into the big wagon beside Hippy and they were off to Cheyenne for more grub and to take a present to the banker's daughter. It was disappointing.

"Hippy," Elizabeth Ann asked the old man who sat beside her nodding a little and holding onto the four pair of lines from the double team of horses, "Hippy, did Mother give you the money to bring to the bank?"

"No, Miss Elizabeth; no, your mama wouldn't trust anybody, much less an old man like me with that much money."

"What would you do if the bandits did hold us up?"

"What bandits?" Hippy tried to look innocent, but Elizabeth Ann saw he knew what she meant just the same.

"You know what bandits I mean. The Hoot Owlars."

And then Hippy laughed. "Goodness me, honey, all you and me could do would be to let 'em search us and the wagon and be on their way. We don't know anything about the money so we couldn't tell, could we?"

"Of course we don't, only I hope they don't have a little girl who would like a cow-girl doll like this one." And she hugged the doll.

Hippy made a funny noise. "Bandits don't have little girls or they wouldn't be bandits."

But that afternoon late, just as Hippy was driving the double team of horses down through a draw where water had washed deep across the prairie, Elizabeth Ann had the most frightening time of her life. Two men with black handkerchiefs over their faces just below their eyes rode out of the draw and grabbed the bridles of the lead horses. Each man had a big gun in his hand, though he didn't even need a little one when they were holding up a little girl and an old, crippled man. Elizabeth Ann started to cry, then she stopped. Mother wouldn't cry she knew, and Mother wouldn't have sent her if there was any danger.

The biggest outlaw with the red hair searched poor Hippy, then he felt around Elizabeth Ann, but when he saw it was only a doll she hugged so tightly in her arms, he jerked it away and threw it down and kicked it.

When the bandits left, saying horrible words, Elizabeth Ann picked up the poor doll and dusted it and straightened its clothes. Then she helped Hippy put their bed rolls and camp things back in the wagon. The bandits had searched everything and they were pretty angry when they didn't find the money they wanted.

She wasn't afraid now, only angry, and Hippy was angry too, she could tell by the way he slapped the reins on the backs of the horses, but he didn't say anything at all.

That night when they made camp and ate supper, they turned in early. Elizabeth Ann held the doll close to her for company in the wagon where Hippy had opened her bed roll for her. He slept on the ground so he could throw fuel on the fire and keep away the prairie animals. Soon she heard him snoring and she too was so sleepy her eyelids would not stay open one minute longer.

"I'll help with breakfast," Elizabeth Ann told Hippy as he hobbled around next morning. "I like to help, really I do."

But first she found a nice, round rock to lay the doll near. "Now, Annie Oakley," Elizabeth Ann shook a finger at the doll whom she had just this minute named after the famous cow-girl Mother had read about, "don't you move one bit from behind that rock." And Hippy laughed with her.

Soon she had the strips of bacon in the frying pan over the fire and had started the coffee for Hippy.

"We'll have to get moving," Hippy was saying, "if we hope to make Cheyenne tonight. Seems like we moved powerful slow yesterday--and we need to get in town before night time."

It took only a few minutes to break camp and cover the camp fire. Hippy was in a big hurry all right. Elizabeth Ann hopped into the wagon beside him and they were off. By eating a cold snack at noon they could get into Cheyenne in time to load up before night. Mother might need the supplies--and they might also miss the round-up, so they had to hurry.

They had driven many miles across the short grass country before Elizabeth Ann missed it. She had forgotten the doll! Annie Oakley was back there by herself behind that rock. What could she do?

She mustn't ask Hippy to go back now. She couldn't even tell him how careless she had been in the hurry to get away. When she got to Cheyenne she

would have to tell Banker Turman about the doll. How would she ever face Mother? Mother would be so disappointed in her. She had failed her when she had been trusted.

When Hippy backed up to the Cheyenne Mercantile Company Store Elizabeth Ann hurried down to the bank. When you did wrong you had to face it.

Banker Turman loved little girls for he had one of his own. He put his arm around Elizabeth Ann and she cried on his shoulder. Then she told him how Annie Oakley would surely ruin before they got back that way because Mother had warned that she must be un-stuffed the minute she got to town.

Banker Turman looked at her very queerly. "Do you know exactly where you left Annie Oakley? I would hate for a fine doll like that to be ruined."

"Oh yes, I know exactly--only poor old Hippy is so tired--"

"Well, if you are not too tired, Elizabeth Ann, we will take my fast team from the livery stable and go to the rescus of Annie Oakley."

"I'm not tired, not one bit. Let's hurry. Please do."

Elizabeth Ann was much more tired than she thought for soon she felt herself nodding and Banker Turman put her head on his shoulder so she would be comfortable.

When they came to the camp with the dead ashes of their camp fire, Banker Turman woke her up and the next moment she had Annie Oakley safe in her arms. In the bright moonlight she looked exactly as she had that morning except for the dirt where the bandit had kicked her.

"Thank you, Banker Turman, thank you," she kept saying over and over. She was crying a little now because she was so--so happy. Now she wouldn't have to tell Mother what a great disappointment her daughter might have been, and the banker's little daughter would not be disappointed either.

Instead of going straight home, Mr. Turman stopped at the bank and lighted the kerosene ceiling lamp. Then he did a peculiar thing. He took

out his little gold pocket knife and said, "I'll unstuff this young lady right now."

When he had undressed the doll and cut a slit in her side he started pulling out the stuffing of poor Annie Oakley. First there was a layer of cotton, the good cotton. Next came rolls and wads of gold colored paper money. Money! Tight wads in her arms and legs, and a round wad of them in her head. Annie Oakley was full of money! It was the same money Mr. Herb Young had paid to Mother for the Crazy Z. She had brought the money herself to the bank; she and Annie Oakley, who was now no longer a beautiful doll, but a pile of rags. The banker was laughing.

Then Elizabeth Ann began to laugh. Well, Mother had certainly fooled that old gang of outlaws. Mother was smarter than any hoot-owler in Oklahoma Territory. They'd had the money in their own hands, and then kicked it aside.

Now Banker Turman was saying, "We can go home and get a good sleep. You wont have to start so early after all--your wagon will be empty. Your Mother had to have an excuse for you to come. And when I go East next month you and my daughter will have the best doll I can buy in the City."

"Thank you, Mr. Turman, but I'll take Annie Oakley--I like her so very much."

Banker Turman gathered up the remains of little Annie Oakley and handed them to Elizabeth Ann. "You shall have both of them," he told her. "Your Mother can make this one as good as new I know. She is a remarkable woman, and you'll grow up like her."

"Thank you," Elizabeth Ann curtsied. It made her feel proud to think she would be like Mother some day. And women in Oklahoma had to know how to take care of themselves and their families, didn't they?

THE WEDDING OF INDIAN TERRITORY AND OKLAHOMA

1907

Fourteen days had been crossed off on the big calendar behind the wood cook stove in the kitchen. Margie Ann had marked them off, one by one, until fourteen of them were gone. Fourteen days of November had passed, and November 16th would be the most important day that Oklahoma Territory or Indian Territory had ever known. Margie wondered if she could wait for the next two days to pass. November 14, 1907, and nearly bed time already. It didn't seem possible.

Jack, her brother, who was twelve and two years older than she, kept pretending he wasn't interested in the date, but she'd seen him more than once peeking at the calendar with the picture of Buffalo Bill on it. She wished Father had chosen the one with the picture of Teddy Roosevelt on it instead. President Roosevelt would sign the papers and Oklahoma State would be here instead of the Twin Territories of Oklahoma and Indian Territories.

Father had explained about there not being enough people in either one to make a state, but both of them together would make a big one. It sounded all right to her.

"Will Oklahoma look different right away?" She had asked Father, because she had wondered and wondered about it. She bet even Jack wouldn't know that himself.

Father had laughed and pulled one of her yellow curls. "Not right away it won't look different but it will be different. We'll not only be the 46th star on the flag, but we'll be free folks."

Well, Father should know. He'd been to Oklahoma City and to Guthrie and other places in the Indian Territory helping to get ready for statehood. Father was pretty important. Of course, Mother was important too, but in a

different way. Women couldn't vote, so they didn't bother about politics.

"Anyway", Mother said more than once, "When a woman lives in the Territory she's too busy to worry about the things men want to do." Of course Mother meant Politics.

"Don't stand there mooning, Margie Ann," Mother was in the kitchen door reminding her to hurry. "Pull the tub closer to the stove so you won't get chilly. And be sure to wash yourself clean. I'll help--"

But Margie Ann didn't need Mother to help. If she were old enough to go all the way to Guthrie on an excursion train and stay all night just to see a Governor inaugurated, then she could bathe herself in a wash tub in the kitchen.

"What a little bit of water," Mother made a funny noise with her lips. "You will only get yourself dusty with this," and she dipped more warm water out of the reservoir.

Margie Ann tried the water with first her finger, then her big toe to see if it were too hot, then she put herself in the tub.

"I'll go turn down your bed, Honey," Mother lifted the ruffles on the bottom of her long calico wrapper and hurried away.

Margie knew Mother had plenty of other things to do before morning and she had offered to help, but Mother had said to go to bed because they must be up before daylight.

Only one more day! Margie Ann suddenly discovered it when she looked at the calendar for one more time. In her excitement she put soap in her mouth instead of on her neck. Tomorrow they would be going to Guthrie, of course! Late tomorrow night they would be there. The next day was "Statehood Day". Only one more day to wait and not two. Margie Ann finished her bath in a hurry, emptied the water and hopped into bed. She heard Mother in the kitchen working. Then it was morning before she thought she had even

been asleep.

"Lazy Bones, you'll get left!" Jack was shouting at her.

It was hardly daylight but he was up and dressed. And he was the one who said he wasn't interested in an ol' excursion to Guthrie. All boys liked to tease, she reckoned.

Mother had the lunch hamper packed and setting on the end of the kitchen table. Father was ready too, all but his big black hat. Mother would look fine, too, when she got off the long gingham apron from over her black silk skirt and purple shirtwaist.

Margie Ann peeked into the lunch basket and sniffed at the good smells. She decided that if they were going to have three fried chickens and apple turn-overs besides coconut cakes and all the rest of the goodies there was no use in her eating breakfast. But Mother put a bowl of hot oatmeal in front of her and it did taste good after all.

Father was talking about the lunch again. He had talked about it even before it was a lunch, but partly chickens running around in the back yard.

"There's no use burdening ourselves with that huge hamper, my Dear, when we can eat at the Harvey Houses along the way. That is the proper way to travel, and besides, I'm sure you will enjoy eating away from home. Not that your cooking isn't the finest in the land but---"

Mother laughed. "We'll look after the basket, Edward, and you'll be glad to eat fried chicken when the time comes. But even if there are Harvey Houses along the way with all these thousands of people going to Guthrie today there will not be food enough for all."

Father gave in as usual, and looked pleased later when they were on the train and Mother put a drumstick of chicken in his hand when there hadn't been any Harvey Houses and they were all hungry. Plenty of others who hadn't wanted to bother with baskets or thought they could eat in restaurants were

looking at the hamper now. Mother would have passed it around but Father put the lid on saying they might need it later and there wasn't enough to serve everyone.

"It seems that I have a mighty smart wife," he told Mother, and would have kissed her if they had been at home.

Instead he raised the train window a little so they could get a little fresh air instead of funny smells. People were standing thick in the aisles, White Men and Indians and Negroes. No ladies stood up when a man had a seat to offer her. Father and Jack were lucky because family men gave up their seats last, and no one had taken the seats they had offered more than once.

The red plush seats in the train were getting mighty scratchy because Margie Ann had to sit and sit. The cinders got in her eyes and the coal soot from the engine made her face and hands black. It was November outside but it was like summer in here. The train stopped often, too. It stopped for everything, and it stopped for nothing at all. It stopped for cows and pigs on the tracks, and it stopped to let people on. Nobody ever got off.

It was beautiful out of the window. The trees had turned red and yellow and orange. It was like a picture that went on and on unrolling as you rode along. There were farm houses and people waving, and there were small towns and more people getting on. Indian Territory, November 15, 1907. Father said it would look the same tomorrow, but Margie Ann couldn't help wondering if it would.

The big lunch basket had supper in it too, ham sandwiches and raisin cookies. Mother closed the basket, herself, this time when they had finished.

"We'll probably be mighty glad of this tomorrow," she told them, and Father laughed and so did Jackie, who did everything that Father did.

"There'll be food for everyone tomorrow," Father explained, "Guthrie is all set for a big doings, and they're to barbecue twenty beeves. That should feed everyone in the Territories. But I'm glad I reserved our rooms months ago right in the hotel where Governor Haskell will be. Looks as if it might be a bit crowded tomorrow."

And it was more than a bit crowded. It was pitch dark when they got to Guthrie and the streets were full of people. People who laughed and shouted at folks they knew, and everyone was talking about Oklahoma. But little, tired children and babies were crying, and Margie Ann wondered if they had places to stay tonight.

At the hotel Father was suddenly a very important person. Men slapped him on the back and called him Ed. The hotel clerk smiled when Father wrote their names on the register, and then the man handed him the key to their rooms and they walked up the stairs. Father was not a politician but a merchant, and he had done a lot to help make the laws of Oklahoma so he was important enough to have two little rooms next to each other.

Mother opened the valise and took out the night gowns. She and Mother were to have the one room and Father and Jack the other one. You could tell that Jack was proud as punch about it. Mother started putting her hair up in kid curlers and Father went back to be with the "boys", who were really men, of course. Jack didn't go with him because it was so late.

"Good night, Mom and Curley Top," Jack teased from the doorway.

"Good night, Son," Mother answered, and went to tuck him in like she did every night, even if he were twelve and pretended he didn't like it.

Father was up and gone when Mother and Margie Ann awakened next morning.

Father had left a note on the pin cushion saying he and Jack had gone to the inauguration of Governor Haskell and he would meet them here about ten o'clock to go to the public inauguration in front of the Carnegie Library.

The big affair was to be held on a platform built for the occasion.

"Ten o'clock," Mother read again. "We'll have to hurry to get dressed and eat our breakfast. I wouldn't miss the wedding or seeing the lovely dresses the ladies will wear for anything in the world."

Mother knew that her own dress, made just for this celebration, was as fine as anyone's.

"Wedding?" Margie Ann echoed? "But Mr. Haskell is being made into a Governor, Mother, and not getting married."

Mother laughed as she buttoned her shoes. "You wait and see. You just wait and see." And Margie Ann knew that "wait and see" was what she would have to do.

"Look, Mother! Look!" Margie Ann pressed her face against the window and looked down at the people below in the street. Hundreds and hundreds of people, maybe thousands were milling around in front of the hotel.

"My—" Mother gasped. "Where did all of those people come from? You'd think everybody in the Territories had already arrived—"

And before Mother could finish, all the noise in the world seemed to let loose at once. Whistles blew, bells rang, people yelled, and guns roared. The noise went on and on. Margie Ann grabbed Mother's hand, and Mother seemed a little frightened, too, until she smiled and looked at her watch pinned on her dress.

"It's nine o'clock, Honey! That will be ten o'clock in Washington where the President has just signed the proclamation making Oklahoma a state. Tears came into Mother's big blue eyes. "After such a hard fight, we're a state at last. In a few minutes now we should have a Governor. They'll inaugurate him right in this hotel. It's a day we'll never forget."

"I wish your father would hurry and get back," Mother said at last when the noises had stopped and they were tired of watching the crowd in the street below.

"Who's taking my name in vain," Father was there tossing his hat on the dresser and Jack was close to his heels. "It was a grand event. Haskell is now Governor of the state of Oklahoma. We're a state! I wouldn't have missed it for anything in this world---"

"Like Mother not missing the fine clothes and the wedding?" Margie Ann wanted to know.

"You told her?" Father looked disappointed.

"Oh, no," Mother answered. "That's a surprise."

"Nothing will be a surprise if we don't hurry. My friends will only be able to save us a place for a little while. I think there are people here from every town and village, every fork of the creek and every sod house in the Territory--I mean the State." And he made a little bow and laughed.

On the sidewalk it was worse than Margie Ann had thought when she looked down from the hotel window. Both Father and Jack had to help Mother and her through the pushing, happy crowd headed toward the Carnegie Library. Margie Ann held on to her hat which was being bumped this way and that by the people. There were white people and red people and black people. They had all come to see Governor Haskell and Robert L. Owen and Thomas P. Gore. Mr. Owen and Mr. Gore would be the senators and go to Washington. Father said so. And maybe, too, they had come to see the wedding.

Mr. Owen was part Cherokee Indian. Margie Ann had seen him once and he looked like any other nice gentleman who was Father's friend. Didn't her own playmate Maggie, who was a Cherokee, too, have blond hair like hers? Because you were an Indian didn't mean you wore a blanket--not always.

The Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes had governments of their own a long time before Uncle Sam made them leave their homes in the South and move to Indian Territory. Father told her that, too.

And—while Margie Ann was thinking about Indians, they were at the Carnegie Library and Father's friends had saved them a fine place. But just who was getting married, Margie kept wondering.

And what a wonderful day for a wedding. It was cool enough to make you want to run and sing and dance. The trees were lovely with their red and yellow and orange leaves. There couldn't be any place in all the world as pretty as Oklahoma. At nine o'clock there hadn't been any more Twin Territories, only Oklahoma, a state. And would it change, right before her own eyes; would it change?

The inauguration of Mr. Haskell for the second time that day, and the speeches made by Mr. Owen and Mr. Gore didn't interest Margie Ann very much but it must be important because people were shouting and throwing their hats in the air. How happy they were today. How excited.

But to Margie Ann there was only one part to the celebration. That was the wedding. It wasn't Governor Haskell getting married after all. He was already married and had children. But the bride was a lovely Indian Princess and the groom was Mr. Oklahoma. The bride's father was a full-blood Choctaw gentleman.

Margie Ann thought the princess was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen, standing there in her white doeskin dress, and being married to a very handsome man like Mr. Oklahoma. Now the Indian Princess was no longer Miss Indian Territory, but Mrs. Oklahoma, though the preacher didn't say just that. You couldn't understand what the Princess' father was saying because it was in Choctaw. You didn't care what he was saying because the wedding made you catch your breath, it was so wonderful. The crowd didn't cheer now; it was quiet and solemn; the men standing with their hats in their hands.

"Isn't it wonderful, Mother?" Margie Ann tugged at Mother's sleeve.
"Isn't it beautiful?" Mother nodded, but Margie Ann saw she was looking at

a lady in a big black velvet hat with a pink ostrich plume on it.

"Yes—it is beautiful," Then Mother smiled and went back to looking at the wedding instead of the hat.

How glad Margie Ann was that she had come here. Mother and Father were right, it was something you wouldn't miss for anything in the world, and it was all over too soon.

A man on the platform was telling people that the barbecue, bread, pickles and coffee would be served under the trees in the park. Tables had been set up and twenty beeves had been barbecued for the big picnic. The National Guard was to lead the way—or so the man said.

But instead of the National Guard leading the crowd, the crowd was leading them. Margie Ann had watched the soldiers that morning, marching up and down the streets, people standing aside to let them pass. They looked very handsome in their wide brimmed hats and leggins and their guns over their shoulders. The older girls waved at them and giggled.

It was nice to have friends like Father because they had a carriage at their disposal. Even if they did have to take a side street to get to the park they were there before some of the crowd and any of the National Guard. Someone handed them chunks of barbecued beef and bread and pickles and coffee. But you could see it didn't take long for the twenty beeves to be picked to the bones, and people were still hungry and streaming back down town to the restaurants for something else to eat.

Finally the National Guard arrived. They looked mighty disgusted when people passed them wiping their mouths on their sleeves and there was nothing left for the soldiers. Margie Ann was still a little hungry herself. She remembered they had not waited to eat breakfast.

The officers of the National Guard were turning the men around and they were marching back to town again. But Margie Ann wondered if they would get

there before everything was eaten up in the restaurants.

"Nothing to eat in this town but fried eggs and bread," she heard a man say as she was going back to the hotel. "Cleared out like the grasshoppers had blown in."

Margie Ann knew that when the grasshoppers blew in they ate everything that was growing, then tried to chew up the fence posts. Father said they used the splinters for toothpicks, but then Father liked to joke.

She was sorry for the handsome soldiers who had been marching up and down, down and up, trying to keep people in order when nobody wanted to be kept in order because this was a celebration, and now the soldiers were hungry. She thought about their own lunch basket upstairs. No, there wasn't enough left for that many men. Then she laughed. It was funny. Kind of like a merry-go-round. And they could fill up on eggs and bread--or maybe the young ladies would feed them in their homes.

Father didn't go with Mother and Margie Ann to their room. Jack went with him to see the "boys" again. You could tell that Jack felt mighty proud today. But they were leaving on the train that evening, so they must all hurry and be back.

Mother began freshening herself up as soon as they got back to the room. Margie Ann stood by the window watching the crowd, still happy but looking so very, very tired.

"Margie Ann," Mother was talking with hair pins in her mouth, "You and I might as well try to do some shopping. I dare say the stores will be crowded with people who never have a chance to get to town. But the millinery stores shouldn't be too busy. And they might--just might happen to have a black velvet hat with pink plumes on it like--"

"Like the one at the wedding, Mother," And Mother nodded and smiled.

Down on the streets the crowd was thinning out a little. People were beginning to leave in their buggies and spring wagons and hacks. They

probably had a long piece to go, so had to get started. Only they didn't look as if they really wanted to go.

Margie Ann looked around her. Down the street she could see the lovely trees, all red and gold and orange. Up above her the sky was blue and bright. The people around her looked just the same; tired and happy. No, Oklahoma didn't look different, but somehow it was different. The difference was maybe like Mr. Gore said, you felt better when you were telling folks what to do instead of them telling you. Not just like that, he hadn't said it, but that's what she thought he meant.

Margie Ann pressed her face up against the window of the millinery store and stared in at an orange hat with the green feather on it. It was an ugly hat but she didn't see it, not really. She was seeing the Indian Princess again in her white doeskin dress trimmed with elk teeth, her black hair hanging over her shoulders in braids. And Mr. Oklahoma, looking so tall and handsome and brave---

"Come on, Margie Ann," Mother urged.

"Aren't you glad we live in Oklahoma, Mother? Aren't you?"

"Yes, my dear, I'm very happy I have the privilege of living in Oklahoma on November 16, 1907."

Margie Ann squeezed her mother's hand. "So am I, Mother. So am I."

GLOSSARY

Alarm Watch, The; A story taken from McGuffey's Third Reader, published in 1836.

Annie Oakley; a cow-girl noted for her marksmanship.

Arbors; a shaded place made with branches of trees on top of long poles.

Barbecue; barbecued meat; meat cooked over coals of fire, usually in a pit.

Bed-roll; roll of bedding or a sleeping bag.

Big doings; a big time or a fine time; a great deal of fun.

Blue Back Speller; an old Webster speller used about the time of the McGuffey Readers; they had blue backs.

Brand; mark burned on cow's hide so owner can tell to whom it belongs.

Buckboard; a high wheeled buggy; in the West was usually two-seated.

Buckskin pony; a pony colored like buckskin.

Carcasses; bodies of animals; usually cows dressed for cooking.

Chaps; comes from the Mexican word Chaparajos; overalls made of leather, open in the back and worn by cowboys.

Choctaw; one of the Five Civilized Tribes living in the Indian Territory.

Choctaw Nation; the part of Indian Territory given to the Choctaw people, and governed by them as a nation within the United States.

Chuck-wagon; wagons where food or chuck was carried and prepared on the ranch.

Circuit riding preacher; a preacher without a regular church, who rode from place to place to preach.

Conjure doctors; an Indian, usually a woman, who practiced magic and was supposed to drive out the evil spirits and cure the sick.

Cougars; a large animal of the cat family, light brown without spots.

Cut-out; to separate a cow from the rest of the herd.

Dawes Commission; a committee of men, headed by John Dawes, sent out by the Government to divide the land of the Five Civilized Tribes among the Indians so that each had an equal share; also, this was the end of the Indian Nation.

Deep South; the southern part of the United States; where the most cotton is raised.

Diamond Back; a rattle snake with diamond shaped marks on it.

Doakesville; the capitol of the Choctaw Nation. The town of Fort Townson now stands there.

Dog town; a prairie dog town or a group of prairie dog holes in the prairie.

Doings; a big time.

Drifted; cattle drifted or moved as they grazed on the open range.

Draw; a deep, low place in the prairie worn by wind and water.

Drovers' supplies; supplies needed by cowboys who brought herds of cattle over the trails.

Dug-out; cellars or homes dug out of the ground and covered with sod; these houses were the homes of the first settlers on the plains.

Express Company; Express Companies accepted money the same as banks.

Excursion; special trains run at low prices to carry large crowds of people to important gatherings.

Fellies; the outside rim of a wheel.

Finished-off; fattened for beef.

Half-dugouts; homes dug out of the ground as a dug-out but with a low house over them.

Harvey Houses; eating houses at the railroad stations; operated by Fred Harvey.

Hewn-log; a log made flat on one side by an ax.

Hobbles; ropes or leather straps which fastened horses' feet together so they could walk and graze, but could not run.

Hoot-owlers; bandits or outlaws.

Kiamichi; name of river and mountains in the Indian Territory and what is now southeastern Oklahoma.

Kid curlers; hair curlers made of wire and covered with kid leather.

Lap robe; a robe used to put over a person's knees in a buggy.

Line shack; small shack built on the property line of a ranch; cowboys lived there part of the time.

Lindsey woolsey; coarse cloth made of linen and wool, or cotton and wool.

Long Horns; cattle with long horns which were first brought to America by the Spanish, and brought to Spain from North Africa.

McGuffey Readers; these readers were first published in 1836 and used for many years in the schools when there were few other books.

Miz Spear O; Mrs. Spear O. Spear O was the name of the ranch.

Moccasins; soft shoes made of dressed skins of deer or buffalo.

Modes' Pasture; a big pasture on Modes' ranch near Elk City, used for picnics and rallies.

New Hope Seminary; a boarding school for Choctaw girls.

On the prod; a heard of cattle driven by cowboys.

Papoose case; a flat board with a cradle fixed on it to carry Indian babies.

Prairie chickens; a large bird which builds a nest on the ground; has a plump body and feathered legs, spotted in color.

Piggin' string; a small, short rope used to tie the feet of cattle after they have been roped and thrown.

Prodding; poking or punching to hurry cattle along the trail.

Pronto; a Spanish word meaning "at once"

Proving-up; proving ownership to a piece of land allotted by the government; it was necessary to live on this land a certain amount of time.

Puncheon; logs split open and smoothed with an ax.

Quite a piece; a long way.

Rally; many people gathered to celebrate some special event.

Ranche; old form of ranch.

Reckoned; supposed or decided.

Reservoir; an iron container on the end of a cook stove used to heat water.

Riding drag; riding at the back of the herd where the most dust is.

Riding point; riding at the front of the herd.

Shaking down the stove; shaking ashes off the coals of fire in a stove so that the fire would burn better.

Shinnery; scrub oak that grows only as high as the shins of a man on horse-back.

Six-gun; a six shooter, a pistol.

Socket; a place for a buggy whip to stand on the dashboard of a buggy.

Sod-houses; crude houses made of blocks of mud.

Spanking team of bays; a lively, high-stepping pair of reddish brown horses.

Spencer Academy; a boarding school for Choctaw Indian boys, supported by the Presbyterian church. The small town of Spencerville, Oklahoma, is now there.

Spread; a ranch.

Stetson; a wide brimmed hat worn by cowboys; named after the company which made the hat.

Swapping; trading.

Swell; grand or fine.

Tafulla; a dish made from pounded dry corn.

Teddy Roosevelt; President Theodore Roosevelt.

Tepee; pointed tent made from hides or canvas and used as homes by plains Indians.

Thomas P. Gore; one of the two first senators of Oklahoma.

Tom-tom; a small drum used for ceremonies; covered with hide and decorated.

Twin Chimney Crossing; chimneys left after house was burned; only ferry across the Kiamichi river, in the neighborhood of Doakesville.

Unincorporated village; a small village not formed into a town by law.

Wart; worry.

Wranglers; riders who took care of the herds of extra cow ponies.

Wrapper; a long house dress, usually with ruffles at the bottom.

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Typist--Mattie Oppenheimer