

## NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

ORDER INDEX FOR VOLUME XXX, *THE CHRONICLES*

1952

The Index for Volume XXX of *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, 1952, compiled by Mrs. Hellen Looney, Clerk-Archivist, is now ready for free distribution among those receiving the magazine. Orders for this Index should be sent to Dr. Charles Evans, Secretary, Oklahoma Historical Society, Historical Building, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF "WORCESTER, THE PRIDE OF THE WEST"  
AND NEVADA COUCH DISCOVERED

Immediately after the publication of the winter number (1952-53) of *The Chronicles*, a postal card was received by the Associate Editor, with the following statement from Mrs. Lucy Allen, Vinita, Oklahoma:

"In the recent number of *Chronicles* the article—'Worcester, the Pride of the West' has a statement which needs correction. Nevada Couch is not dead. She is 87 and lives at 702 Duck Street, Stillwater. Her name is Mrs. Vada Davis."

This information was sent to Miss Kathleen Garrett, writer of the article, who investigated the matter at once. Her report was accompanied by a letter, in which she writes: "And what a coincidence to find Nevada Couch living in Stillwater! . . . She wasn't a bit upset at being considered dead; she simply waved it off (literally) and said that sort of thing didn't bother her." More than this, she presented Miss Garrett with a fine old photograph of Worcester Academy which is published here since none could be located for her article in the winter number of the magazine.

Miss Garrett's interesting report on her discovery of Nevada Couch is as follows:

The happiest kind of correction that a writer-in-error can make falls to the lot of the writer of "Worcester, the Pride of the West" published in *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, Volume XXX, No. 4 (Winter, 1952-53).

Drawing her material from memories that groped back half a century, the writer stated that Nevada Couch, a student of Worcester Academy and the author of a pamphlet entitled "Pages from Cherokee Indian History, etc." was no longer living. It is with the greatest pleasure that the writer states that her remarks concerning this fact are not true. Nevada Couch is not only alive, but she is alive with good talk and story and a keen sense of humor at the age of eighty-seven.

By a storybook-like coincidence she is living in the same town as the writer, on a road the writer uses every day; and she attends the same



(Photo from Mrs. Sarah Couch Butler)

Worcester Academy, Vinita, Indian Territory, early 1880's.

church. But who was to recognize the Nevada Couch of Worcester Academy in Mrs. George A. Davis of Stillwater!

Mrs. Davis did not graduate from Worcester Academy, but went on a scholarship to Drury College, Springfield, Missouri. She remained there one year; then, thinking she could best help her family by teaching school, she took the examination for a teacher's certificate. Her Oklahoma Territory certificate, one of the first to be issued in Payne County, is now in the Oklahoma Historical Society Archives.

She taught several years, then met Mr. Davis. He insisted that no wife of his should work, "If it were today," Mrs. Davis says, "I would have kept on teaching." She and Mr. Davis lived on a farm near Stillwater until their sons were ready for college, then they moved into Stillwater.

The subject of the pamphlet "Pages from Cherokee Indian History etc." was suggested, she believes, by Doctor Scroggs. It was the custom at Worcester, as at most schools of the period, to have orations at commencement time. She was wondering what subject to choose for her oration when the suggestion of writing about the Academy and the man for whom it was named was offered. She wondered where she could get material. Some of the teachers wrote to people for information for her. And all one summer people sent her material. She wrote it up during the school year and delivered the oration at the June commencement. As the address contained very important material it was published as a "kind of advertisement" for the school.

Mrs. Davis has shared her pioneer adventures with various Stillwater groups, talking to clubs and organizations of her days as an early day school teacher and of her homesteading experiences in Oklahoma Territory. And she says that she likes to emphasize, when she talks of the past, the wonderful neighborliness of pioneer folk. —Kathleen Garrett

(M.H.W.)

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#### 1890 CONDITIONS ON AN OKLAHOMA CLAIM

An unusual incident is told in a letter that came recently to the Associate Editor from a long-time member of the Historical Society, Mr. O. H. Richards, an '89er and a resident of Arnett, Oklahoma, whose contributions on the history of the old Day County region in Western Oklahoma are well remembered as published in *The Chronicles*. Much to his surprise, Mr. Richards not long ago read a story that he had written in 1890 published in *The Winfield Daily Courier*, Winfield, Kansas, taken from the old files of this newspaper and reprinted in its 1952 Achievement Edition. The by-line on the story printed sixty-two years ago was "An Oklahoma Traveller" but his identity was unknown when the reprint appeared in 1952. A letter from Mr. Richards to the *Daily Courier* brought a cordial reply from H. L. Hart, Managing Editor, which together with the lead editorial appearing in his newspaper for January 20, 1953, and the original story of 1890 will here interest readers of *The Chronicles*:

THE WINFIELD DAILY COURIER  
Winfield—Kansas  
Jan. 23, 1953

Mr. O. H. Richards,  
Arnett, Oklahoma

Dear Sir:

We of *The Courier* were much pleased to hear from one of our workers of the 1880's. You will note the enclosed lead editorial from *The Courier* of yesterday.

Under separate cover we will mail you in late February a copy of our 1953 Achievement Edition. Feel perfectly free to use any of our material in your "Chronicles."

We hope you will be pleased with the new edition.

With best personal wishes,

Yours cordially,

(Signed)

H. L. Tart

Managing Editor

*Winfield (Kan.) Daily Courier*, Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1953

REPORT FROM OKLAHOMA

*The Courier* has received an interesting letter from one of its employees of the 1880's.

"A copy of the 1952 Achievement Edition of *The Courier* fell into my hands not long ago," writes O. H. Richards of Arnett, Okla. "In the historical section there was an article under the caption, 'Former Cowley Man Describes Conditions on Oklahoma Claims,' signed 'An Oklahoma Traveler.' I am the author of the article and you can imagine the strange feelings it gave me, an old man 85 years of age, recalling incidents that happened 62 years ago when I was a youth of 23.

"By way of explanation, when in my early twenties, I was employed by *The Courier* as collector and collector for the *Weekly Courier* among the farmers of Cowley County. They made a special rate of three months for 25 cents. It was the custom in those days to continue to send the paper after the three months expired or until the subscriber came in, paid up and ordered the paper stopped. It was mighty hard for a subscriber to stop his paper.

"I wrote a column each week describing the home and farm of each of our new subscribers and any other items of interest under the pseudonym of *The Courier's* Wandering Reporter.

"When I made the run (to Oklahoma) in 1885, Mr. Greer, the editor, requested that I send in a story once in a while. That was my first story.

"My father, John R. Richards, was a pioneer of Cowley County, settling on the Walnut in the Star Valley community in 1871. I was educated in the country school there and in Winfield High School. The late Harry Cason, Edgar Kyger and Charles Roberts were schoolmates of mine."

The *Courier* staff is delighted to learn the identity of "An Oklahoma Traveler." In that day there was considerable anonymity in articles contributed to the paper.

The staff is at present engaged in preparing the 1953 Achievement Edition. We hope Mr. Richards finds much in the historical sections to awaken old memories.

### FORMER COWLEY MAN DESCRIBES CONDITIONS ON OKLAHOMA CLAIM

From *The Courier* of Jan. 9, 1890:

Letter from Alfred, Oklahoma.<sup>1</sup>

Dear *Courier*: It has been some time since I kicked the dust of fair Cowley off my brogans and departed for the land of claim jumpers and magis boom.

As I am rather lonesome tonight I thought I could not waste the time away better than by writing you a letter and letting my numerous friends and creditors through Cowley know of my whereabouts.

My claim is about 13 miles northwest of Guthrie, lies on a little stream called Wolf creek which flows into the Skelton. I have built me a cabin out of jack oak logs, daubed it with red mud and to staid off from it a short distance it looks like an Apache in full war paint.

People here who have claims seem to be pleased and contented with their possessions. A great many persons here are ones who have met with financial reverses elsewhere, and have come to Oklahoma in order to regain their shattered fortunes, and have a home in their declining years.

#### All Classes of People

All classes of people, from the hod carrier to the lawyer, may be seen holding down claims. No one has any say over another—all are reduced to a common footing; formalities are here thrown aside and from every one you receive nothing but wholesouled hospitality. Every claim I know of is taken. Claims that I do not believe have 10 acres of tillable land will have someone on them, going ahead and making improvements, and showing by their works that they are here to stay. Some of the land here is very hilly. There are quarter sections here I know of that almost stand on edge. Any person getting such a claim as that is lucky, for he can farm both sides and therefore beat the government at the same time.

A great many are putting up neat and comfortable residences, although the majority are contented with a small shanty, boarded up and down, a dugout or a log house covered with clapboards and daubed with mud.

Claim jumpers are running riot, every claim that has the least chance of being contested has one filed on it with the rapidity of greased lightning. The contests which are filed are mostly for blood money and may be credited to a gang of shysters and one-man lawyers who hang around the Guthrie land office. They make it a point to keep a record of filings and dates, and if a claim holder does not happen to put in his appearance when the six months has expired, these lawyers will have a contest filed against him and then will come around and offer to release for a given sum.

The claim holder will generally give them something to get rid of them only in a great many cases to have the performance repeated. Such work as this is an injury to the country and the sooner these scoundrels are run out the better it will be.

#### Tells of Bad Case

A sad case of poverty and want came to my knowledge a few days ago. A report came that a woman had died about three miles from where I was located and that her husband had no means to defray the funeral expenses.

<sup>1</sup> The Town of Alfred later became Malheur, Okla.

A party of us made up and went to the place designated where we found a ragged tent out in the midst of a desert plain. On entering the tent we found the body of a woman about 25 or 30 years of age, cold and still in death. Her features were pinched and drawn. The look of woe and suffering was described in every lineament of her pallid cheeks.

From what we could learn the woman had died from sheer exposure and want, together with the need of proper medical aid.

A collection was taken up among the neighbors to defray the funeral expenses. All contributed liberally and showed by their kind attention and respectful mien their reverence for the dead woman. She had passed beyond the sunset of life and was free from its cares and disappointments.

A grave was dug on one corner of the claim, and there surrounded by a large concourse of the neighboring men and women, together with the sad husband, the silent remains of the dead woman were laid at rest. Her keen suffering and torture she had undergone would be forever a sealed book to all who stood around her, except Him whose blessed task will be one day to wipe every tear from every eye.

The people of Alfred celebrated Christmas eve with a dance. It was held in an empty storeroom and was under the happy management and direct supervision of a couple of ex-cowpunchers, the leading society gentlemen of Alfred.

The orchestra was simply immense, the pieces consisted of a aged fiddle with three strings, a fife and bass drum. The members of this magnificent orchestra wore sad and reflective countenances and left the impression that they were a long way from home.

At an early hour the company began to gather and in a few minutes from the time the doors were thrown open, three sets of dancers were gliding through the enchanting measures of a lively quadrille.

A drugstore which was in close proximity to the store building furnished refreshments for the gentlemen.<sup>2</sup> The refreshments bore the names of "medicine" and "hop tea."

The ladies were deduced in costumes suitable to the festive occasion and as I gazed on these vision of fairy loveliness whirling through the fantastic turns of the mazey waltz, I felt that it was a good place to be, even if I had to listen to the harrowing strains of the wheezy fiddle.

After each set the gentlemen in soldierly procession would file out of the dancing hall and march to the drugstore where one by one they would go in and call for "medicine," "hop tea," just as their thirst dictated.

The gentlemen were all arrayed in negligee attire which gave perfect freedom of action. As for myself I was elegantly attired in a wool shirt, blue overalls and cowhide boots.

Well, my light is growing dim, and the fire in the stove is burning low and my watch indicates the midnight hour so I'll bring this letter to a stop by wishing *The Courier* a long and prosperous career through the shifting scenes of life.

AN OKLAHOMA TRAVELER.

<sup>2</sup>At the time this article was written (1890) Oklahoma was under martial or military law and the sale of intoxicating liquor was prohibited. The only way one could get a drink was by doctor's prescription, and needless to say, some druggists did a thriving business.

In my story where the customers at the Alfred dance called for "medicine" and "hop tea" it is needless to say that they were served a generous portion of whisky when they called for "medicine". When they called for "hop tea" they were served beer.—O.H.R.



Governor and Mrs. Johnston Murray, host guests of "Governor's Day" at Oklahoma A. and M. College - March 7, 1952.



Governor Johnston Murray and Students of Oklahoma A. and M. College on "Governor's Day," March 7, 1952.

## GOVERNOR-STUDENTS DAY AT A. AND M.

A pictorial book of the "Governor-Students Day" at Oklahoma A. & M. College last spring was presented recently to the Oklahoma Historical Society. Most unique feature of "Governor-Students Day," March 7, 1952, was that the students were in charge of every particular. Labeled photographs in the 50-page book tell better than words the events of that occasion, unprecedented in the history of the college. It was an experiment in campus democracy, an all day shangri-la.

The book was prepared by Doctor Haskell Pruett's Shutterbugs and Oklahoma History students under the direction of Doctor B. B. Chapman. It shows the Governor addressing a general assembly in the college auditorium and his address being carried over the state by radio. It shows a radio program under the direction of John Woodworth, head of radio and television services, in which the Governor was interviewed by students on administrative policy. "For students usually confined to textbooks for a study of Oklahoma governors, this day was one of invigorating experience," said Doctor T. H. Reynolds, head of the history department.

In the book one can read inscriptions on banners elevated by students in the well-filled auditorium: "Welcome Johnston and Willie," "Economy—we've always had it," "Welcome Plain Folks," "Just Plain Alfalfa," "Welcome Governor Murray," and "Tishomingo and the West, Just Plain Folks are the Best."

Perhaps the finest part of Governor-Students Day was the informal visiting. In recording this visiting, the Shutterbugs were superb. "Sig," mascot of Sigma Chi, wore his blanket and was on his best behavior. A photo is labeled: "Here they are, everybody and his dog." A photo shows Mrs. Murray extending sympathy to "Sig" who, by popular vote, had been named UGOC (Ugliest Guy on Campus). "Sig" is shown to thousands of Aggies, but to only one governor.

Pictures show Mrs. Murray talking with her former high school teacher, Miss Elsie Shoemaker of the journalism department; Governor and Mrs. Murray getting first hand information about springtime activity at Theta Pond; Pat Daugherty putting in a plug for the "Aggrievator," humor magazine; the Governor visiting with Mrs. Marie E. Hatcher of Stillwater, his former school teacher and Sunday school teacher at Tishomingo; the Governor speaking Spanish with Aggies from Bolivia; the visitors going through the cafeteria line as guests of Xi Mu, pre-law fraternity; Miss Vestal Etobison, social director of the Student Union and Doctor R. R. Oglesby, dean of students, enjoying the experiences of their advisees; and the election of Governor and Mrs. Murray as honorary members of the student senate.



Some of the pictures have for a backdrop Bill Baker's cartoon of "Murray Day." It shows the Governor wearing a big hat, cowboy regalia, and with a rope in his hand.

There is a photo of Mayor Fred Hesser presenting the Governor a seven-foot key bearing the words, "Yet Villagers." The "O" Club members presented the Governor and Mrs. Murray with a cowbell made by Charles Roriek under the supervision of Professor W. H. Rice. Among organizations shown in photos are the inter-collegiate rodeo club; and Sigma Tau, whose pledges in the crowded halls of the Student Union made room to "Praise Plain Folks," a yell given with usual St. Pat vigor. Delightful affairs recorded in the book include a tea at Murray hall, and a reception by the Student Union activities board.

None contributed more to the delightful events of the day than Governor and Mrs. Murray who, with Jim Garibaldi, were the finest of "Plain Folks." The First Citizens gained a view of Aggie life that will better enable them to serve the youth of the State. A copy of the book was presented to Governor and Mrs. Murray by "Just Plain Aggies," and a copy is in the college library.

#### "LIFE AMONG THE CHOCTAWS"

Two unpublished letters in the collection of Mr. Frederick Langford of Pasadena, California, recall the early work of the Methodist Church to further the educational effort of the Choctaws. In November, 1842, the Choctaw National Council made provision for seven schools to be established in the three tribal districts. Fort Coffee Academy, with provision for a Female Seminary, was established for Moshulatubbee District, and through the efforts of Reverend E. B. Ames, arrangements were effected with the Methodist Church for that body to operate the school.

Reverend Wm. H. Goode was appointed Superintendent of Ft. Coffee Academy; and Henry C. Benson was named teacher. Both of these pioneer educators have left their respective journals<sup>1</sup> and through this fortuitous circumstance we are able to know many of the details of the early days at Ft. Coffee.

Reverend Goode reached Ft. Coffee in April, 1843, and Reverend Benson arrived the following 26th June. The old buildings at Ft. Coffee, abandoned by the army in 1838, were repaired and pressed into use for the new school. After an intensive program of repairs, clearing and gardening, they were able to open the school for students on 8th January, 1844. Perhaps one of Reverend Benson's<sup>2</sup> first letters

<sup>1</sup> Rev. William H. Goode, *Outposts of Zion* (Cincinnati, 1864); Henry C. Benson, *A. M., Life Among the Choctaws* (Cincinnati, 1860).

<sup>2</sup> Henry C. Benson was born near Xenia, Ohio, in 1815. He graduated from Indiana Asbury University (now DePauw) in 1842, and was admitted to the Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He served as a teacher and missionary to the Choctaws from 1843 to 1845, returning to the North where he con-

after the arduous excitement of the opening was this one to his old friend and colleague of the Indiana Conference:

Fort Coffee, Choctaw Nation Feb. 23, 1844

Rev. O. H. P. Ash, A.B.  
Connersville, Indiana

Dear Oliver:

The last mail brought your favor to this point. It is well you confessed judgement "with your fingers in your mouth" so as to excite my sympathy—but excuses will not always screen every little Rag-muffin from the castigations that Justice calls down upon his devoted head. In the clemency, for which the Bishop is celebrated, he graciously pardons this offence; but the fearful vic of his righteous wrath will rest upon the repetition of the Aggressor.

Our Academy is opened, and my duties, from the relation I sustain to it, compel me to devote a portion *otium temperam* in handling and turning the leaves of dusty, rusty, dusty, moulded, soiled, stained, blotted, faded, colored, broken-backed books, from "Pickett's Primer, to the Greek Reader, and Vergil. The gains are well calculated to call up the days of "aud jung ayon," especially when I hear Greek verbs conjugated. I am losing in some respects and gaining in others. If I should remain only one or two years, my knowledge of the classics will not only be more deeply impressed, but greatly enlarged; but I am doing but little in theology. The preaching here is necessarily simple, and hence there is no incentive to study and investigation, and if I study a deeply metaphysical, logical, syllogistical, enigmatical sermon, it could not be appreciated, or even understood. Since I have been here I have had a few appointments over the State line and have taken in 16 or 20 members into the church—took in 8 the first appointment. Took a ride on a steambot a few weeks since, and while our boat lay at the wharf in Ozark (on Sabbath), by request I preached at the Court House—and what do you think? Verily, verily, I say unto you, that Mr. Carroll (brother to the Ex-Governor of Tennessee), a Presbyterian, said it was the best sermon he ever heard in the town of Ozark. Enough of this. (No Egotism of course)

A few days since I received a letter from Baltzer Kramer. He is at the Academy in the Shawnee Nation, West of Missouri, and is well pleased. W. W. Williamson is in Bedford (Indiana), reading law in the office of Hon. George H. Dunn. J. W. Farnett "has crossed the Rubicon." I. E. he is married to a Miss Hooks of Newton (Indiana). I know the family. Good.

I was much pleased to hear of your success in the great work of winning souls to Christ. It would much improve my happiness to live in the enjoyment constantly of that religion which made your old sisters jump and holler. May Heaven send it over the length and breadth of these lands. I sometimes hear the unlettered Indian about the high praises of God.

You say that you are going to make an effort to do something for the Missionaries, and you propose favoring us with whatever you collect. I assure you that any aid in your power to render us, will be received with

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lined pastoral work until 1850 when became a member of the faculty of Indiana Asbury University. He went to California in 1852 where he served as pastor and editor of church periodicals for many years. He died at Santa Clara, California, January 15, 1897.—Joseph B. Thoburn, *A Standard History of Oklahoma*, (New York, 1915), Vol. I, pp. 183.

<sup>3</sup>Mr. Benson tells this almost verbatim in *Life Among the Choctaws* (p. 180), and gives a detailed description of the court house at Ozark, Arkansas.

grateful feelings towards you, and devout thanks to Almighty God. You ask what we must need? We need almost everything. We have received some clothing from Ohio, some from Indiana, and some from Kentucky, for which we were truly thankful; but still it will do us little good as it was nearly all so small that we can never use it. You acted wisely to make the inquiries. We shall need winter clothing for our Students; coarse and substantial. Say Jeans, either domestic or factory. Linsey country cloth & C. We will need garments for boys from 15 to 20 years of age—coats, (roundabout, cut) vests, pants, and woolen socks. Shirts will also be needed—the coarsest factory, without either bosoms or collars. Please send us any goods that can be made into clothing. Let all be made on the plainest and cheapest plan. Any of our good sisters can make them, and I am confident they would rejoice, thus to aid in bringing these injured, benighted, and perishing sons of the forest (for whom Christ shed his blood), to bring them into the fold of Christ. They are willing to be educated and receive the Gospel, and they have already contributed about 30 percent of the scanty pittance that the Government has paid them for their land in Mississippi, to be expended in the support of schools, but this will barely begin the work; and unless the Church should lend a helping hand (as she is willing to do), hundreds will "perish for lack of the Bread of life."

I have been much delighted and interested at some of our Class meetings, with the simplicity of these people. Permit me to relate an incident that occurred at a Camp Meeting among the Indians. The preacher was treating of the Sufferings of Christ, and the agony of the cross. A woman who stood in the back part of the congregation appeared much interested. At the close of the sermon, she came forward and prostrated herself on the ground, wept, prayed and agonized until God converted her soul; when she arose with joy beaming in her countenance and exclaimed "Jesus good—very good—big as the world."

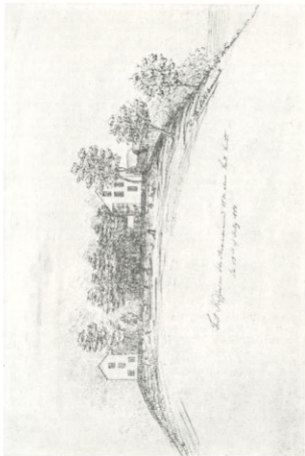
I most hasten. You ask "What inducements does Arkansas Conference present to a Methodist Preacher?"

1st. A plenty to do, as the Arkansas Conference embraces the State, a part of Mississippi, a part of Texas, the Cherokee Nation, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws, Senecas, and Quawpaw Indians. There are many mountains to climb and swamps to wade. More musketoes "than ever entered the heart of a man" who had not been here. Wilderness country (the preachers all carry blankets to wrap in when they fall to get to houses, which is not infrequent).

2nd. The Climate is the finest I ever saw. We have had no cold weather. Could put all the snow I have seen this winter into a pint cup. The ground has not been sufficiently frozen to bear the weight of a man. People do not pretend to feed out stock. (Last week we bought 1000 lbs. of beef—killed in the commons, and had never seen grain, yet it was excellent.) I cannot vouch for the health of the country, though the people here contend that it is healthy; but, if I speak frankly, I think it sickly.

3rd. There is some good Society. Intelligent and wealthy people; but you know that the morals in the South are not to be compared with the North & West.

4th. The State embraces every variety of soil, is adapted to the cultivation of rice, cotton, and corn. There is some poor lands. The State has many advantages, being on the East by Mississippi River, and Arkansas River running thro. the center—but there's less enterprise among the citizens than I ever saw before.



From original drawing by Miss Mary W. Wipple (collected)  
Fort Coffee Academy, Chicklaw Nettle  
1863

5th. Your last question, "Can I do any good out there?" Yes, if you come and try. Notwithstanding the extent of country embraced in the Conference, there are only about 80 preachers in the work. But, after all, I cannot advise you to come unless you come as a missionary. I do not think I could travel in the state. Between you and me I do not expect ever to have a circuit in this Conference. When I quit the Mission I expect to quit Arkansas; but this I say confidentially. If I advise (as a father) I would say, "Go to Iowa, and if I do not die in this heathen land you may someday be my colleague among "Iowans."

I might further say in relation to this Conference, the preachers are mostly young men; and, so far as I was able to judge, of very moderate literary acquirements. I remarked that nearly all the undergraduates in the ministry, were reported by the Committees, "deficient in English Grammar." Now, Oliver, if you understand "Grammar," and wish to wreath a literary chaplet around your brow, come to Arkansas Conference.

Your humble servant is not aspiring, or perhaps he might acquire some celebrity. Your last Question, "Will you correspond regularly?" "Preposterous, Ridiculous and Absurd" in the extreme for you to ask such a question!! You know I have not been delinquent. And you have the effrontery (after a silence of nearly a year) to ask if I *will* be prompt. "*Troja crif*" (Latin):

Should you succeed in getting us a box of clothing, you will direct to "Rev. W. H. Goode, Fort Coffee, West Arkansas, To the care of Rev. J. F. Wright, Cincinnati." You please request him to place the intermediate directions on the box. Now, Oliver, do your best. I must conclude this "dish of many kinds," by requesting you not to show it to anybody.

I have just received a letter from Ballingal. He proposes to send us a box of clothes also. I shall rather expect one from Tom Goodwin. "Now see who is the best man."

I must, unwillingly, bid you adieu! Mrs. H. sends her respects. Write soon.

Yours in the bonds of a peaceful Gospel.

The Bishop.

In May of the following year the momentous Louisville Convention erected the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and to it went the allegiance of the Indian Mission Conference. As both Reverend Goode and Benson were from the north, they felt it proper to seek transfer to a northern conference. Reverend Goode had left Ft. Coffee on March 3rd so as to be in attendance at the Louisville Convention, and he did not return to his old station, going direct from Louisville to his Indiana assignment. Reverend Benson followed shortly, leaving Ft. Coffee before the end of May.

Prior to his departure, Reverend Goode had let the necessary contracts and made the needed arrangements for building the female branch of the school, to be known as New Hope Academy, its location some five miles from Ft. Coffee and closer to the Choctaw Agency. On his way to Louisville, Reverend Goode had purchased in Cincinnati all of the furnishings for the new establishment. The services of Reverend E. G. Meek had been secured for the post of teacher at New Hope; and our other letter is from him:

Choctaw Agency Feby 7th 1846

Rev. O. M. P. Ash, A.M.  
Liberty, Union Co., Indiana

My dear Oliver:—

I received your letter of Nov. 9th, but not until after it had gone to Ft. Towson, and for aught I know to all the other forts in Uncle Sam's dominions.

This will in part account for my long silence, although there are some other reasons which I will not inflict on you. Your note which you sent to Greencastle (Indiana) was forwarded to me, but of course you could not expect an answer to that. I was much pleased with your account of the Commencement performances at Greencastle; but should like to know a few more things about old Ashbury. What was done at the meeting of the Afumusses as Bob Hudson would say? Who makes the most address? Prof. Teffe's address was of course exceedingly *ad captandvm*. There is one of two things about which there is no mistake: either the western country and its inhabitants are marvelous proper objects for laudation, or the Yankee orators who hold forth in the sunset longitudes are equal to the Missions themselves in the gift of the Harney; but as you value your ears do not breathe this sentiment and quote me for your authority, even to your imbecile horse. You say the performances at Bloomington (Indiana) were poor. How much of this my reverend friend is attributable to your dislike of things and persons about Indiana's pet school? I have always thought Dr. Wylie a strong, and despite his poor baccalaureate still do. I am glad to hear that Ducher is preaching toleration, and hope he does not forget to practice it towards those vulgar and illiterate creatures the Methodists.

Did you in your Kentucky ramble see your old flame? Is she married? And now you are a bachelor *par excellence*, and are enjoying all the bliss which results from that happy state, and as if to gloat over me in what you appear to deem my afflictions, you quote the wretched doggerel of some infamous scribbler who had doubtless been discarded by every pretty girl in town, and who should have cut his throat with his own pen-knife before he had drawn out stanzas which the organ-grinder or hurdy-gurdy player would be ashamed to hawl in the streets on an election day. Oh Oliver! My dear Oliver! By the memory of that friendship which animated us when in the days of our bondage, we floundered like jaded nags through that slough of despond yclept, Davis' Calculus, and when most unlike jaded nags we expectorated finely masticated tobacco over old Miller's stove, raising his ire to the boiling point, I beseech thee to adjure such unworthy doctrines, and demean thyself as becometh a gentleman and Christian. Sure it is not good to be alone, and as an earnest seeker after the "Kaiser" you must in the future renounce all such pernicious dogmas as you penned in your last epistle.

As my ideas are in these latter days more entirely engrossed in the business of every day life, than formerly, you must be content to endure in my letters more of the matter-of-fact style, and to expect less of the glowing character that my little correspondence had when I dated from Greencastle. As you have given your prospects, situation & c. I will take the same privilege with you.

Know then that we are situated in the Choctaw Nation, a little south of latitude 35, five miles from the Arkansas River, and about 600 miles from its mouth. As you may well suppose the summers are something of the warmest, and the way the snakes, centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas and other voracious animals is literally something of a caution; but the winters are delightful almost beyond anything you can conceive.

We have in our school twenty-five girls, most of them bright, and extremely docile. The Nation takes great pride in its schools, and the parents of the girls, together with the principal personages of the district, visit us quite frequently. The girls board in the house, and there are besides, some who come as day scholars from their homes in the neighborhood. Our Salary is \$500. per Annum, and our boarding, lodging, fuel, lights and all that, joined, add to this enough that I think I shall realize about \$200. per Ann. from my private practice in the neighborhood, and you have now about the state of our worldly affairs.

When I landed at Ft. Coffee in July, I was about \$400. in debt, including expense of my professional education, a stock of books I bought before coming away, outfit & c. Of that I have already discharged something more than \$200. and as I may safely reckon on an income of 700 hard dollars per Ann. I think the prospects are fair. Here we have but little society, and hard fare, but I did not see any chance of doing much in Greencastle without a little capital, which a young man could hardly get there. We expect to stay here two years, and then if there should be a good opening elsewhere, why of course I should accept it. I have two points in my eye, Indianapolis, and Greencastle. I think two years' study and practice will enable me to enter into my profession with as good advantages as most young men of my age. You see I have not space in this to give you any more details, so that they must be deferred until you answer this, which you must not fail to do at your earliest leisure. So now my dear friend "Vale, Valeque"

Your affectionate friend,

Ed G. Meek

PS: There is no post office at Ft. Coffee. Direct to "Choctaw Agency, West of Arkansas."

Nothing excels personal correspondence for informal glimpses of by-gone times, and these two letters are of the best.

—George H. Shirk

### HISTORICAL TRIP TO TULSA

Dr. Charles Evans here recounts his recent interesting visit in Tulsa, for readers of *The Chronicles*:

It has become fashionable for state patriots to warn the citizens of each commonwealth who are out vacationing, with a cry, "Get Acquainted With Your Own State." There never was a better slogan nor one that is more flagrantly violated and ignored.

There are thousands of people of Oklahoma entering attractive towns and citizens of this state, each teeming with points of historical interest, everyday, but who never see anything but streets, houses and folks. Just around the corner there is a wonderful school, perhaps a state school, where thousands of dollars have been poured out for many decades to make it a center of learning, and also, in its campus and buildings, a thing of pride and beauty. Not two out of ten entering the town ever turn from the beaten track and look upon this school. I recall that shopping one day in one of the state school towns I asked a clerk and afterwards, the manager, just for a test trial, "What is this large group of buildings I see far out on the edge of the town?" They looked startled and made an evasive answer without any information. I pressed the question until

I found that they knew nothing of it particularly. Perhaps they had noticed its shadow or something. I asked finally, "How long have you lived in this town?" One replied he had been there fourteen years and the other, six. So it goes as to public parks, libraries, remarkable church buildings, historic houses, historical markers along the highway telling of great history taking place there, until you wonder what it will take to incite a people of a great state to interest themselves in some things beyond the simple business of just driving about.

I took a trip to Tulsa the other day to deliver an address February 12 before the splendid Cosmopolitan Club of that city. The first time I saw Tulsa in 1904 it was a scattered "concern" of some four thousand people. I have entered the city hundreds of times since and spent a period as President of Keadull College, now Tulsa University there. I have never entered it from any angle or at any time without knowing that it is one of the seven wonders of the modern world. I have framed a sentence for many audiences in speaking upon the topic, "Oklahoma's Progress," that I wish to give at this point, "No where in the annals of history is revealed two cities of such power and growth as Oklahoma City and Tulsa in a period of forty-five years." I stand ready at any time to defend this statement from anybody who wishes to challenge it.

#### VISIT TO GILCREASE FOUNDATION

After speaking to the finest group of progressive Americans as can be found, The Cosmopolitan Club, I was invited by Mr. Thomas Gilcrease, the founder of the great Indian Museum and art center, to visit this wonderful institution which he, as a Tulsan and an Oklahoman, had permitted the citizens of Tulsa and the state to enter, to enjoy, to be educated, and to be enabled by the rarest works of art to be found in America or in Europe.

I passed through the galleries of this engaging building with Mr. Gilcrease at my side. Like an eager and excited and delighted school boy I showered him with questions about these remarkable works of renowned artists. He answered them with fullness and ease because it was no remote idea of his carried out in a remote way, but a personal, eager and profound decision and study whereby he decided to build in one of the fine cities of America an institute of art worthy to take its place among the best of like kind in America and Europe.

The compelling and most remarkable collections brought from all the corners of the world, entailing an outlay of money reaching into the millions, were as interesting in their classification, their arrangement and harmony, as the art values themselves. For example, there was one room given over to Remington and his western plains, cowboy and Indian portraits. This room alone would demand that one stay a week in order to know it well and enjoy it fully. Mr. Gilcrease has spent several years in the Montana-Wyoming region gathering this collection, and then, not rounding it out as he wished it, he assigned that duty to one of the closest friends of Remington who finally made a completion more or less of Remington's work and brought them to the Gilcrease Foundation.

And so, it went through some several hours of looking upon one of the most remarkable developments—this splendid art center—that has occurred in Tulsa, in Oklahoma, and in the West. It is my intention later to write a particular and special article on the Gilcrease Foundation Art Institute. May I say that my introduction to Mr. Gilcrease and my opportunity of making this visit to the Foundation came through the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Cyrus Avery and Mr. Charles Lamb. Mr. Avery has been associated with Mr. Lamb and Mr. Gilcrease through many years in business enterprises looking toward the development of Tulsa and adjacent communities.



Mr. Avery will be remembered throughout the history of Oklahoma, as, perhaps, the chief agent in the building of the modern road system of Oklahoma. Mr. Lamb, a retired oil man and business leader of the Tulsa region, has known and profoundly appreciated Mr. Gilcrease since his boyhood. They both respect each other as pals and kindred spirits. Mr. Lamb has been a Life Member of the Oklahoma Historical Society for several years and a constant helper in developing the society. He presented to the society some years ago a marvelous collection of his great movement, "The Kindness Club," which he carried on for the children of Tulsa and the state. He won national renown for this philanthropic work.

#### HISTORICAL SOCIETY PRESENTED AT KOTV

This visit to Tulsa was given a happy touch when KOTV, the big television center of the city asked the Secretary of the Oklahoma Historical Society to come over, make a bow and be televised. Miss Dorothy Friend (the "Stop, Look and Listen" artist) received me with that grace and charm which always intrigues, and then, before the glaring lights, while the boys cranked their machines, she asked me questions galore about the Historical society, etc. Of course, in these places, "so forth" plays a larger part, but it was a very profitable and pleasant experience. It seems to have gotten across to some of the city folks because upon returning to the Hotel Mayo, a woman on the elevator started me by asking, "Weren't you on television this morning?" I said I was, "How did you know it?" She replied, "I know it because I remember that tie you have on!" Strange connections we make in life with fame and fortune.

#### TULSA UNIVERSITY

On the morning of February 13, Dr. C. I. Pontius of the Tulsa University was so kind as to take me in his car to visit the University. It was more than a revelation. An one who had been privileged to serve as President of Kendall College, the very tap root of this university, and as one acquainted with the long and arduous, tedious and yet glorious founding and progress of old Kendall, I looked in proud bewilderment upon the array of imposing buildings stretching across an attractive campus of many acres. Here was a university that in a space of some twenty years under the leadership and direction of President Pontius had moved from an obscure position, a negligible income and a student body and faculty of small proportions to an institution of learning known throughout America, with a faculty of eminent specialists in every department and with a student body approaching 2,500, representing, not only, all parts of Oklahoma, but rather from all sections of the United States.

President Pontius with a vision properly evaluating the riches and power of Tulsa and with a purpose and plan of liberal education that would permit Tulsa University to embrace colleges of the Fine Arts, the Modern Sciences, Law, Petroleum Engineering and Industries, etc., now presents an institution of learning to the State and to America ranking among the highest and best in the Nation.

Every citizen of Oklahoma should find an opportunity, and accept it, to visit and look upon this genuine citadel of learning.

#### THE LARGEST THING AFTER ALL

This rounded and interesting visit to Tulsa, meeting a splendid club of men, a visit of KOTV, and the Gilcrease Foundation, after all it should be said that historically the biggest thing looked upon or met was the splendid city of modern civilization, Tulsa. For after all, Tulsa and all citizens and towns are larger than the institutions they incorporate. The

plain citizens, who from the earliest years of exploration, settlement and final growth are the adventurous, sacrificing and noble spirits who made all of this possible. Perhaps it may be said with right and truth that there is nothing God has created more powerful than the average man and woman for the average man and woman gives life and possibility to the men and women who move beyond the average. In truth, it was a memorable visit to Tulsa.

—Charles Erava.

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## OKLAHOMA'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

1957

A statewide meeting of representatives of state and county and patriotic organizations was held in the auditorium of the Oklahoma Historical Society on Monday, November 17, 1952, commemorating Oklahoma's forty-fifth birthday which this year came on Sunday (November 16th) to lay plans for celebrating the State's fiftieth anniversary in 1957. The meeting had been called through the co-operative efforts of the Oklahoma Memorial Association and the Oklahoma Historical Society, and was presided over by President J. G. Puterbaugh, of the Memorial Association, with Miss Mary Bentley serving as secretary. Among those present who actively participated in the discussions for an Oklahoma Golden Jubilee were Dr. Nash, Chancellor of the Board of Regents of Higher Education, Dr. McCash, President Emeritus of Phillips University, President Curtin of the Oklahoma Press Association, Dr. Wardell and Dr. Sears, both of the History Department of the University of Oklahoma, and Mrs. Anna B. Korn, organizer of the Oklahoma Memorial Association (1927) who spoke in favor of a great historical pageant to be a part of the Golden Jubilee Exposition. Victor F. Barnett, of Tulsa, Chairman of the Oklahoma Industrial Tour of 1947, opened the discussions with suggestions to marshal all the forces in the state in making 1957 a great year, and reviewed his remarks made at the Oklahoma Industrial and Mineral Industries Conference at Tulsa in November, 1947, in which he stated in part:

By 1957, the year of the golden anniversary of Oklahoma, we will be a great state. We will be a well balanced state with four staunch and even legs holding us up high—agriculture, minerals, industry and services.

Let's really celebrate in 1957! Let's begin planning now, and the hundreds of men and women who helped to organize and conduct the Oklahoma Industrial Tour of 1947 are the logical ones to take the lead.

Let's have great fairs in Oklahoma in 1957, fairs just a notch below World's Fair stature but fairs that will attract everyone in America who can travel that year, by auto, train or plane. We are in the middle of the U.S., on transcontinental travelways. We can attract and hold for days on end the people of all the rest of the country if we will stage great fairs in Oklahoma in 1957, such as Dallas and Fort Worth staged a few years back.

Let's plan now to hold every national convention of note with which Oklahomans are affiliated in Oklahoma in 1957. Let's invite the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the American Petroleum Institute, the American Road Builders Congress, the National Bar Association, the Congress of Parents and Teachers, all the dozens of national organizations to meet in Oklahoma in 1957.

Let's take over our great universities and colleges between terms to house and serve some of these conventions. By starting to plan now we can stagger school terms for just one year to open additional weeks when the large school plants may be used as convention sites. Let's guide our hotel expansion to be ready for 1957.

In a few years let's go to the Legislature with a plan and a promise and ask for the appointment of the proper Commission to organize the celebration and carry it on, and for an adequate appropriation to assure its success.

Oklahoma will be a bustling, prosperous state of 3,000,000 people by 1957. But we needn't stop there. With a great celebration of the historic occasion that comes in 1957 we can focus the eyes of all the people on Oklahoma, and really grow!

As a result of this 1952 meeting in the Historical Building, plans were immediately formulated under a Resolution unanimously adopted as follows:

#### A RESOLUTION

We citizens of Oklahoma assembled at the Oklahoma Historical building on the seventeenth day of November, 1952, the forty-fifth birthday anniversary of the State of Oklahoma, do hereby pledge our support and cooperation to the Oklahoma Memorial Association and the Oklahoma Historical Society for the purpose and plan of holding the Oklahoma Golden Jubilee Exposition as outlined here on this date.

We further endorse and approve the appointment of the heads of all representative organizations of the state to cooperate with the two above named leader organizations and our elected state officers in furtherance of this plan.

We further direct that the personnel of the general committee set up in the paragraph immediate above shall be identified immediately and called to a meeting as soon as possible on the initiative of the presidents of the Oklahoma Memorial Association and the Oklahoma Historical Society. This general committee shall be known hereafter as the Oklahoma Golden Jubilee Committee and from it subordinate committees shall be appointed to carry on the work—charged with the responsibility of realizing in full the plan and purpose of the Golden Exposition of Oklahoma in 1957.

#### Committee:

I. N. McCash, Esq., Chaplain Oklahoma Memorial Assn.  
 W. S. Key, President, Oklahoma Historical Society  
 M. A. Nash, Chancellor, Board of Regents Higher Education  
 Oliver Hodge, Superintendent Public Instruction  
 Stanley Draper, Secretary Okla. City Chamber Commerce  
 Judge N. B. Johnson, Pres. Hall of Fame, Famous Indians  
 Gerald Curtin, State Pres. Okla. Press Association  
 C. E. Grady, Okla. County, Sup't of Schools  
 George Bowman, Kingfisher  
 Judge Edgar S. Vaught, Federal Judge Western Okla. Dist.  
 Judge R. A. Hefner, Oklahoma City  
 H. B. Rees, Esq.