

PIONEER BEGINNINGS AT EMMANUEL, SHAWNEE

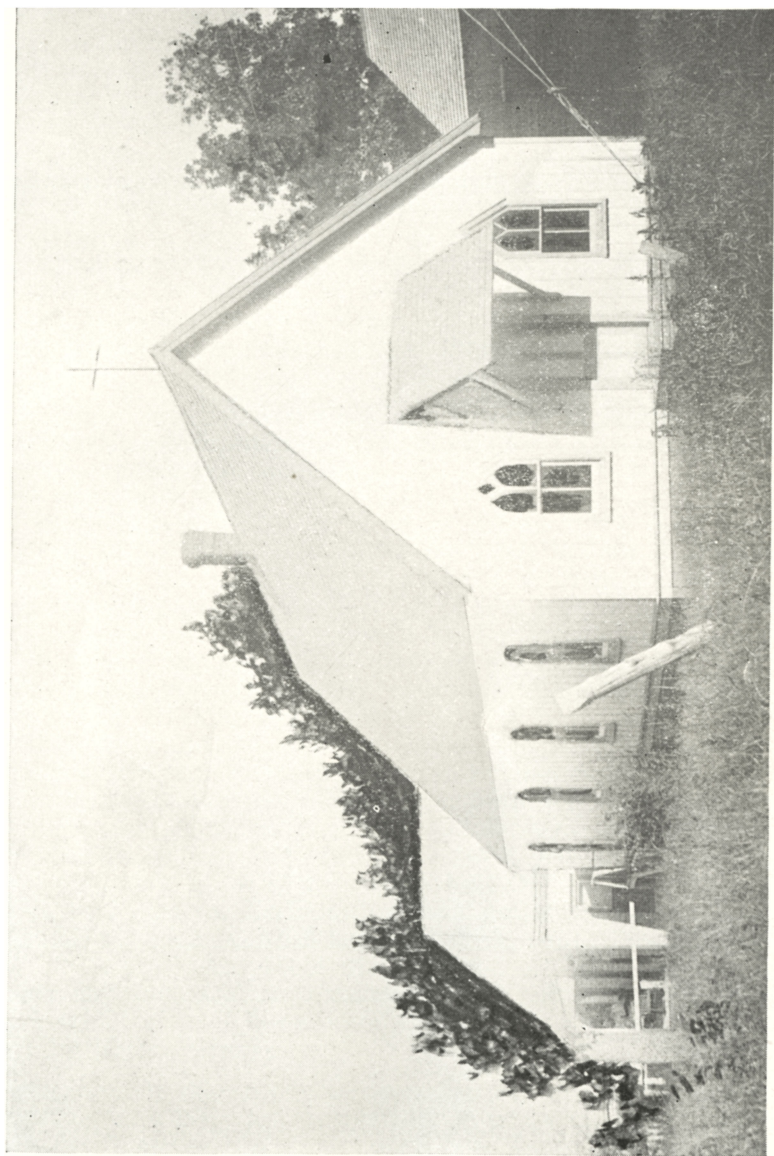
*By the Reverend Franklin C. Smith**

After a lapse of a half-century it is perhaps unusual that my recollections of Shawnee, the town, the church and the people, should be so comparatively clear. I attribute this to the fact that it was my first church wherein I labored with progress and set-backs, made my mistakes and achieved modest successes, and so it left its imprint upon my mind. Facts and figures, of course, are furnished by the old records of parish and diocese in my library.

I can justly make the claim of being an Oklahoma pioneer and certainly one of the pioneer clergy of what is now the Diocese of Oklahoma. There are living today but three clergy who were of the early days: the Reverend A. C. Fliedner, retired, who was for a brief term in the District before 1897; the Reverend F. R. Jones, retired, who was a Candidate for Holy Orders and worked in the District as such from 1895 to 1897 and returned to the District after his ordination in 1900; and myself, who came to the district in 1896 and remained until 1901. As regards my claim to be an Oklahoma pioneer, the Territory itself was but seven years old when I came to it, the Cherokee Outlet country but three years old, and the Kiowa-Comanche opening was in my time in 1901. Shawnee itself had attained the ripe age of five years when I first visited it. It is not of the dramatic event of the opening and the "Run" that I am going to speak, known as the beginnings of Oklahoma Territory history, save to say that if you had stood on the southern border of Kansas on the morning of April 22, 1889, you would have witnessed one of the strangest spectacles in all the story of the settlement of the great West. I am referring to the "Big Run," a gigantic horse race for homes. New England had its birth in the psalms of the Pilgrim Fathers; Kansas in the border warfare of Free Soiler; Utah in Brigham Young's "This is the place"; Texas in the smoke and flame of the Alamo. Oklahoma, one of the youngest of the commonwealths, had its birth in the crack of a cavalryman's carbine on that fateful morning.

I came to the Territory in May, 1896, as a Candidate for Holy Orders and Bishop Brooke sent me to El Reno in charge of Christ Church. I held my first service in Shawnee sometime in 1896 and was appointed in charge in 1897. I am founder of Emmanuel, Shawnee. We came into its residence in the summer of 1898.

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EMMANUEL, FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH BUILDING IN SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA.

My first impression of Shawnee was good and the physical aspects of the town seemed attractive. After a residence at El Reno where the only trees were those along the river and the creeks, Shawnee seemed well wooded and restful to the eye after the barren rolling prairies. Moreover, though the town was only five years old in 1896, it had the settled appearance of a town much older and it was far from a "shack" town. There were no cement sidewalks, it is true, and the streets were sandy, nor were there any public utilities. We burned kerosene oil and wood for cooking and heating. There were many neat frame cottages though some people were still living in tents. Log buildings were few. Main street had some substantial brick buildings though most of the structures were the traditional false front. The population in 1896 was variously estimated, probably around 2,500. It was reported around six hundred in 1895 but in 1896 it seemed very much larger than that figure.

The church stood, as you know, on the corner of Broadway and Tenth Street in a residential district. It cost \$380. This modest sum was due to the fact that the builder, Mr. Houghton, built it at cost. Next to the church on a twenty-five foot lot stood the telephone office, its back yard a sizeable stand of oak trees. I could have bought this lot for \$25 in 1896 but before I left in 1901 it sold for \$400. Next to the telephone office was a substantial two-story residence with a fence, the home of Mr. Carr; next to it the home of the owner of the telephone system Doctor Wingfried. He was an M. D. from Arkansas and his dwelling was a large and slightly two-story frame house with wide verandas. Next to it was the Singer Sewing Machine agency, with false front, wooden awning over the sidewalk and the only piece of board sidewalk in the block. Next to it on the corner was a feed yard for movers, with a frame shack. This was a source of unending interest for me. Day after day a procession of movers came into and through town. Covered wagon with Pa driving and Ma on the front seat, the tow-headed children herding a bunch of horses and lean stock in the rear. At night the feed yard was lively with a social gathering of the movers, Pa with his pipe and Ma with her snuff stick, with odors of frying pork in the air. These people who thronged into the Territory in the early day were seldom permanent. The real settlers of Oklahoma, many of whom I knew, were a substantial and hard working class of intelligent farmers.

Going back to the church, across the street, west was a substantial dwelling on a large lot, on one half of which the owner kept a fine stallion. Across the street, north was Judge Brown's house and some tiny shacks. Looking farther one saw the park, in which later a brick school was built. Broadway (north?) was lined with dwellings but one arrived at the outskirts of the town in that direc-

tion in a few blocks. Thomas Potts built his house on upper Broadway later and was not crowded by neighbors. Farther afield in the (northwestern?) section of the town were street after street with some attractive homes. This description, I am aware, is confined mainly to the immediate vicinity of the church since the limits of a brief address will hardly allow for wider scope and our interest is in the church and its beginnings a half-century ago.

I need not describe the exterior of the church for it is entirely familiar to you. I am not sure just when it was built, but it must have been in 1896-97 for my faint recollection is of holding service in it in the fall or winter of 1896 when it was yet incompleated. However when I took charge in the spring of 1897 and held regular services it was entirely finished. It was seated with kitchen chairs with a wood stove in the west end and lighted with two large kerosene lamps. A reed organ stood by the chancel. Chancel furnishings consisted of a lecturn and a prayer desk of home manufacture. The altar was merely four posts with a top covered with white cheesecloth. There was no altar cross, vases nor candlesticks nor altar hangings. The siding on the chancel end of the church ran to the ceiling and a door opened into the vestry room. This was the full width of the church. The Bishop had furnished it with a bed, a table and a stove and this arrangement had certain advantages in the early day. Such prophet's chamber obviated the necessity of going to the hotels where bed and board were sometimes of doubtful quality, and it was the Bishop's plan to have a commodious furnished vestry room in each church on the score of economy and convenience. There was an outside entrance on the north end. This was the original Emmanuel.

The rectory, still standing, was built in 1898 at a cost of \$325, likewise the contribution of Mr. Houghton, and was a marvel of neatness and economy, and like the church of substantial construction and honest workmanship. In this connection I would like to pay a tribute to George A. Houghton, the first warden of Emmanuel and the builder of church and rectory as noted. In his trade as a contractor and builder he was conscientious and skillful. This reflected his character as a man, honest, square and upright. Later on, the Guild painted the house and added a porch. There being no public utilities, the water supply came from a well in the yard. A bucket of water from it left standing displayed a noticeable green film, forewarning of the presence of oil somewhere in the subterranean neighborhood. As in the church, we used coal oil lamps and wood-burning stoves. In the rectory yard stood a large oak tree. I fenced in the rectory property, sowed grass seed and made a lawn. I kept it clipped with a lawn mower and whenever engaged in this operation an audience of children hung over the fence to enjoy the, to them, novel spectacle. I essayed a kitchen garden and among other edibles put in a row of peanut plants.

The mission at Shawnee was started by Bishop Brooke as were nearly all the parishes and missions in the two Territories. Before I took charge some services had been held by the Reverend D. Griffin Gunn, D. D. He did not live in Shawnee but made his residence at Tecumseh and most of his time was spent in railroad affairs and I had the impression that he was instrumental in the building of the line running to Tecumseh. I was the first settled rector, coming into residence in September, 1898, though, as noted, I took charge of Shawnee in 1897. In September, 1898, I was ordained to the diaconate at the annual Convocation at South McAlester, Indian Territory. Of all the clergy, Bishop, priests and deacons, present at that function I am the sole survivor. It is a coincidence that the present rector of McAlester, the Reverend R. Allen Lewis, who came to McAlester from my Diocese of Western Michigan, was my successor at my former parish at South Haven, Michigan.

The mission numbered some twenty-five communicants in 1896. There was a Guild and a somewhat uncertain choir. There was a vestry committee of three men, I think, but male members and communicants were so scarce that the presence of two or three in attendance at the services was an event. The president of the Guild was Mrs. F. S. Goodrich, a Unitarian, and the secretary a Jewish lady, Mrs. Cole. It had a dozen or fifteen members and was active and dependable. It was the day of the church supper and they were good ones, too. A vacant store room always inspired the idea of a supper. Every time a new building was started its construction was watched closely until the roof was on and the floor laid. The barn-like room was lighted with oil lamps, tables borrowed and the chairs from the church brought in.

I do not recall who first presided at the organ, but later Mrs. Waldo Thorne, a lady of culture, ability and devotion rendered faithful and talented service. The choir started out well, with a violinist and a cornetist in the ensemble. But this was too good to last and we soon went back to congregational singing. The next year Mr. Kirkland came to the rescue in the choir problem and formed a boys' choir, the Guild making the vestments.

The original personnel of the mission numbered, as noted, some twenty-five communicants. George A. Houghton I have mentioned. Mrs. Houghton was a quiet and estimable lady. As I have already stated, most of the membership were women. Mrs. Remington, wife of the druggist, Mrs. Dean, wife of the dentist, Mrs. Rorer, Miss Robey Skinner, sister of Doctor Skinner, Miss Allen, Mrs. Witherpoon, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Tom Potts, Mrs. Sparks, sons and daughter, Mrs. Fessenger, Miss Kate Pennistone, Mrs. Bushfield, and others of the original members, whose names have escaped my memory. Mr. Kirkland was our treasurer. He believed in system but was not up on ecclesiastical terminology. He had bills printed

to send to contributors: "Mr. Blank, to the First Episcopal Church, Dr." The next year saw an accession of new Church folk who were devoted Church people: the Dossett family, the Carreres, Mrs. Hyde, Mr. Ward, Mrs. Brucher. The Goodrich family were attendant though not members. The cosmopolitan character of the population of Oklahoma was illustrated in the contrasting personalities of Judge Goodrich and Mr. Ward. Mr. Ward was a Southerner of the old school and as a young man had been one of Morgan's raiders. He used to share the rectory with me when Mrs. Smith was away from home. One night I came in and he was humming a song. "What song is that?" I asked. "The 'Song of Morgan's Men,'" he replied and sang a verse for me:

"And up the steep bank
I see the dark squadron
Move rank after rank."

Judge Goodrich had been an officer in Thomas Wentworth Higginson's regiment of colored troops. Another Churchman whose name has escaped me was offered a post in Greeley's ill-fated Arctic expedition but had declined it. I am mentioning only members of the parish. With the business and professional men of the town, the original founding fathers of this prosperous community, I was of course familiar and regret that space forbids their mention.

When we arrived in town after my ordination the rectory was in process of construction so we lived for a week in the vestry room taking our meals at the Sparks restaurant and the hotel and then moved into the staunch little house. My first ecclesiastical function was the baptism of our infant son Hobart, who succumbed to the rigors of the climate a year later.

My first work was the enrichment of the sanctuary. The present altar in the parish house was made at the planing mill after my design. For the three panels of the reredos I requisitioned the talent of Mrs. Jordan, a Church woman and a professional artist. She was the wife of Doctor Jordan, a dentist who had come west from New York for his health. The central panel was Dobson's "Christ the Good Shepherd," the side panels Botticelli's angels, which with a dossal gave a touch of color to the otherwise barren interior. A Churchwoman in Denver gave me a pair of large china candlesticks which served as Eucharistic lights. A prayer desk and sedilia were made to match the altar design. I must confess that both my theology and ceremonial were what was termed in those days "high Church."

Since that day I have watched the steady advance in ceremonial and what was the exception in those early days came to be the common use and custom. My acolyte, clad decently in scarlet cassock and lace cotta, was Barrett Lambert, who afterward became

an army officer. Mr. Ward was our efficient lay reader and officiated on the Sundays I was absent. I have neglected to mention that the mission at Chandler, just being rebuilt after its destruction by a cyclone in 1896, was attached to Shawnee, necessitating stage coach trips until the railroad was built out of Oklahoma City. I also established missions at Stroud and Luther. Our parish budget at Shawnee was modest in the extreme in comparison with later years, totalling some \$300 annually including Guild earnings.

In 1900 I was advanced to the priesthood in Emmanuel Church, the first ordination to be held in Shawnee. A notable feature of the service was the music. Mrs. Thorne presided at the organ and the Reverend H. L. A. Fick, rector of the parish at Oklahoma City, helped train the volunteer choir. Two anthems and Cruickshank's Communion service were very effectively rendered. Doctor Nicholas of Guthrie preached the sermon and Mr. Brookes of El Reno, Diggs of Perry and Fick of Oklahoma City joined in the laying on of hands. Mr. Diggs and myself are the only survivors of this group. In 1901 the Western Deanery met at Shawnee.

The prevailing tone of society in Oklahoma fifty years ago was naturally not religious. And in that it was true to the norm of pioneer life not by any means confined to Oklahoma or to Shawnee. But a phase of that irreligion was a marked spirit of agnosticism. Brann's "Iconoclast" had a large circulation and Brann was a prophet with a large following. An element of what religion there was at that time presented itself in the rough and ready type on a dead level of crudity enlivened by emotionalism of a marked character. Intellectual standards among the preachers in some of the denominations was rather under par. One denomination met in convention in my time and appointed a committee to look into the scholastic qualifications of their preachers. The committee reported, recommending a higher standard of learning, reinforcing their suggestion with the text "The Times of this ignorance once God winked at but now commandeth men everywhere to repent"! The Territory was overrun with itinerant and self-appointed and probably self-ordained evangelists who strongly reminded me of the "King" in Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn." There were cowboy preachers, girl preachers, a Sioux Indian preacher, a fellow styling himself "Noah of today," and a negro calling himself "Sin-killer Griffin." But it must not be inferred that there was no interest in a sane Gospel even if it did find hard sledding. Shawnee was well churched with Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist North and South, and there were many earnest Christian people giving tone to the community.

In my time Cassius M. Barnes was Governor. Governor Barnes was a Churchman and a lay reader in the Guthrie parish. Dennis Flynn was Territorial Delegate and Frank Greer was publishing

the Guthrie paper. The rains of 1897 had dispelled the agricultural gloom of 1896 and the "Free Homes" bill was passed amidst great rejoicings. Richard Harding Davis had painted his pessimistic picture of Oklahoma in a liverish view. I was slightly acquainted with Captain Baldwin, agent for the Kiowas. He had been a redoubtable and resourceful field officer in the Indian wars of the 1870's. I knew also Major Woodson, agent for the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. He had fought the Apaches and the Sioux under Crook in the 1870's. Both these Army officers had the respect of their Indian charges by reason of the fact that they had met them in battle.

Politics was the breath of life of the Territory, active, virulent, vindictive and vociferous. Once a man aspired to public office the next news was, quote "Charges of a sensational nature have been filed against him." Affidavit followed accusation, abuse bristled with ulterior motive and the whole political scene pictured a scramble for a job in which public service fled the vicinity like the dove of peace from a battlefield. This is no reflection on the scores of honest public officials nor on the thousands of voters whose main interest in the situation was a feeling of disgust. Politicians in the main were frankly out for the job and they had at least the virtue of honesty in not attempting to camouflage the fact.

Naturally I took an interest in Oklahoma's Indian population, particularly the Cheyennes and Arapahoes whose reservation was near El Reno, and the Shawnees and Kickapoos near Shawnee. It should be remembered that the older blanket Indians of my time were the old plains "savages," among the Cheyennes warriors who had fought Custer, Miles, Connor and Baldwin. The outstanding Indian in the Shawnee area was of course Big Jim, Wapamepto, chief of the Kispicōtha band, commonly known as Big Jim's band of Absentee Shawnees. They were so called because they had left the rest of the tribe in Kansas in 1845 and settled upon the Canadian river in the then Indian Territory.¹ In 1904 they numbered 459.

¹ Moving westward from the Ohio country at an early date, the Shawnees were granted a tract of land near Cape Girardeau, in what is now the state of Missouri, under permission of the Spanish government in 1793. The tribe ceded this tract to the United States by treaty in 1825, in exchange for a reservation farther west, in what is now the state of Kansas. Sometime before this, bands of Shawnees had left the Cape Girardeau region and migrated to Texas. Many historians have maintained that this Texas group composed the "Absentee Shawnees" proper. Some members of this band had been allies of the Texas Cherokees and had fled north after the death of the Cherokee Chief, The Bowl, whose followers were defeated in battle by the Texans in 1839. Others of the Texas Shawnees lived with the Indian tribes on the Brazos Reserve until 1859 when they were forced to leave Texas and make their homes in the Indian Territory. Early in the 1850's, there was a thriving community of Shawnees living on the Canadian River near the mouth of Little River. After the War between the States, the Shawnees living on the Canadian River most of whom were members of the former Texas bands were referred to as the "Absentee Shawnees." They were granted allotments of land in the tract of country assigned the Pota-

I knew Big Jim and often talked with him. He was of illustrious Indian lineage, the grandson of Tecumseh, whom Trumbull designated as the most extraordinary Indian character in United States history. Tecumseh left one son, the father of Big Jim. Big Jim was a reactionary in the matter of following the white man's trail. Believing that the earth was the mother of mankind, she must not be wounded by tilling the soil and he refused until the last to accept allotment. For the purpose of finding a place where his people would be free from molestation, he went to Mexico in my time in 1900 and while there was stricken with smallpox and died. I made many trips on the reservation in company with Agent Bentley and Inspector Taggart. William Alford was a highly respected native employee of the Agency, an educated, religious minded and upright Indian. Joe was the interpreter. On one occasion when accompanying Agent Bentley on an expedition to gather in absent school children Joe saved us from a very embarrassing incident when the outraged Indians threatened us with bodily harm. It was during my time that the so-called "Kickapoo land Steal" was brewing.

I would like to return to the Cheyenne tribe briefly for the story of one of my contacts. David Pendleton Oakerhater was our native Cheyenne Indian deacon working under the Rev. D. A. Sanford in the Mission to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes at Bridgeport, which succeeded after a lapse of ten years the old Indian Territory Mission at Darlington which became defunct in 1884. I cannot take time to tell the whole story of David's unusual career but it so impressed me that I have written it in extenso in an as yet unpublished book mss., "Hoxehetan: Cheyenne." Briefly, he was a plains "savage" in the old days of Cheyenne history and in their wars with the whites in the 1860's and 1870's so notoriously distinguished himself that he was selected as one of the seventy ringleaders in atrocities against the whites and sent to military prison under Captain Pratt in Florida. Here, under the influence of this good and kindly man, he became a convert to Christianity, had his basic studies under the Reverend J. S. Wicks at Paris Hill, New York, and was ordained to the diaconate with two other Indian young men—Zotom, a Kiowa, and a Comanche youth—and returned with Mr. Wicks who founded the Indian Territory Mission in the early 1880's at Darlington. Mr. Wicks' health failed and he returned to the east. An outstanding feature of David's career was his faithfulness. From the time Mr. Wicks left in 1884 until Bishop Brooke's coming in 1893 David was left entirely alone and during this time successfully withstood the Messiah craze with its Messianic hopes and its ghost-dancing. I knew David well and respected him and we enjoyed a mutual affection.

watomi tribe by the treaty of 1867. These lands were within the present Pottawatomie County, of which Shawnee is the county seat. The Shawnees who remained in Kansas sold their reservation in that state to the United States in 1867 and purchased the right to allotments of land in the Cherokee Nation.—Ed.

Chitto Harjo, "Crazy Snake," was in the field in my time (1901) with his band of light horsemen reactionaries opposing the Dawes Commission allotments and the rumor was that he sent word of his intention to burn the town. Mounted patrols were sent out and the town is still standing. Crazy Snake was esteemed a Creek patriot by many of his tribe and a poem was written in his honor. Soon after my arrival in Shawnee the last instance of the old tribal right of capital punishment took place at the old execution tree at We-woka, capital of the Seminole Nation.

Quanah Parker, Comanche chief, was living on his ranch near Fort Sill in my time. His story is well known and he had progressed from the chieftainship of one of the most turbulent bands of the fierce Comanches to a position of leadership which gained the respect of the whites.

During my time, also, in 1901, the El Reno drawing took place. This novel expedient of a lottery in place of a run for available claims was heartily denounced, I recall, by certain religious elements. Claims were won by 13,000 persons, but 150,000 were disappointed. For weeks the trains were jammed with homeseekers and the highways swarmed with covered wagons.

In 1898 the Spanish-American war burst upon us, and the country, having had a rest from the scourge of war and the great War between the States having become a legend, the country blazed with patriotism. Oklahoma was ambitious to furnish troops and great was the disappointment when it was put off with one troop of the famous Rough Riders. A number of Shawnee and Chandler young men of my acquaintance joined up, Corp. Beard, Troopers Honeycutt and Palmer. Trooper McMillan was wounded in action. I was also acquainted with Capt. Huston commanding Troop D and the regimental chaplain, Chaplain Brown, a priest of the Church of Arizona.

From 1898 to 1901 I was assistant secretary of Convocation and publisher of the *Oklahoma Churchman*. During this time I published at Shawnee for the Reverend D. A. Sanford, missionary to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, a Cheyenne Service Book containing translations into Cheyenne of some portions of Holy Communion and Morning and Evening Prayer, with some hymns. The publication attracted general notice. *The Kansas City Star* commented: "We suppose this book is for *Lo Churchmen*." One of the early newspapers of my time was the *Shawnee Chieftain* with Editor Busfield at the helm. My Oklahoma scrapbook has a number of clippings from his trenchant pen. In his editorial column, paragraphs and news stories he was utterly frank and the goings-on in the community were spread before the public with unsparing fidelity.

No sketch of life and conditions in the pioneer Oklahoma of my time would be complete without some reference to a small but



Group at Convocation of Missionary District of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, Episcopal Church, Oklahoma City, 1898.

Left to right, lower step: Bishop Francis Key Brooke, F. R. Jones, F. B. Lillie (Diocesan Treasurer), Rev. Erastus De Wolf. Second step: Rev. Franklin C. Smith, Rev. Thomas Lloyd, Rev. A. B. Nicholas. Third step: Rev. George Biller, Rev. A. V. Francis, Rev. T. J. Brookes, a layman, Rev. Henry B. Smith. Top row in back: Rev. David Oakerhater, Rev. D. A. Sanford.

very much publicized element in the population of the outlaws. One Dillinger makes a Chicago headline and it seemed that somehow the words Oklahoma and outlaws were naturally complementary in the minds of the rest of the population of the United States. I saw some of these gentry and once unknowingly had dinner in the hotel next to the post office with one of them out on bail, a very polished but murderous gentleman clothed in a "swing-tail" coat and a string tie. He was well read and a good conversationalist but kept strictly off personalities and I didn't learn his identity until later, having long before learned the western custom of forbearing to commit the social blunder of attempting to dip into a man's past in a new country. When I say I saw some of the outlaws I mean that Shawnee being on the borders of the Indian Territory it was when they were being escorted through town individually or in squads by the marshals, to an appointment with Judge Parker of Fort Smith, some of them with no return passage.

The history of the old Indian Territory is well known. For years the Territory had been the mecca of refugees from justice and part of its population was made up of these riff-raff, which is no reflection upon the many fine full-bloods, mixed-bloods and whites then resident there. Poverty, ignorance and congenital criminality, evident in their countenances, made a poisonous culture area for the Indian Territory outlaw. The last of the Dalton gang had been run down by Marshal Tilghman in my time and the sands of the Doolin gang were running out. Al Jennings walked the streets of Shawnee in my time. His father was an estimable citizen of Tecumseh. One night I got on the train at Oklahoma City en route for Shawnee. I noticed that the day coach had a squad of men armed with rifles. I inquired the reason and was informed that the railroad had a tip that the Dalton gang was planning to hold up the train near a lonely station half way to Shawnee. However, it was a false alarm for nothing eventful transpired.

It is my opinion that in the taming of the West and making possible its settlement and the flower of its civilization, not enough credit is given by historians to two factors: the Regular Army and the peace officers. An honest and courageous peace officer was a powerful element in the advance of civilization and Oklahoma in its early day had its share. I knew some of these peace officers of the Territory, not intimately, but as I knew other prominent citizens, Nix and Thomas and Grimes, United States marshals, and Chris Madsen, deputy of El Reno. Tilghman of Guthrie was perhaps the most famous. As I remember him he was stout and fatherly looking with a benign cast of countenance that belied his steely courage. His reply to Roosevelt who had inquired of him how he had escaped death in numerous combats with outlaws, always seemed to me as one of the finest things I ever heard, "When you've got the right on your side you've always got an edge on a man."

A resume of Church affairs in parish and district without some estimate of Bishop Brooke and effort to pay tribute to him would be like Shakespeare's Hamlet with the melancholy Dane left out, though it is not possible in this brief address to do more than to record some impressions.² One cannot do justice in a few paragraphs either to this Apostle of the Church or to his labors in laying the foundations of this Diocese under pioneer conditions and in pioneer times. It is my considered opinion after five years of rather close contact with him and knowledge of his work, that he was the Church, so to speak. That is to say, that not only the establishment of the missions and parishes was made possible by his initial labors, but it was his influence and his personality and its continuing impact upon the Church people that was the main element in organizing work and that held the District together in the early days.

With the foundation of a deep spirituality Bishop Brooke was a type of the best standards in American life, spiritually and intellectually. A mark of his character was his self-effacement and modesty. He had a philosophical mind and at times he was a little hard to follow in his mental explorations of a subject. His Churchmanship was tinged with the old Evangelicalism inherited from his father, Doctor Brooke of Kenyon, who had been a leader of Evangelical thought in the days of Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, but the Bishop's theological attitude had graduated into the then more modern "low Church" position also evidenced in a desire for simplicity in ceremonial. He had the saving grace of a sense of humor which was a help in the wear and tear of a hard life and was an inveterate punster. He was kindly and patient and this latter virtue had ample scope in dealing with the shifting body of clergy and many trials in dealing with the laity. His health was never robust and like all of us at the time he suffered from recurrent bouts of the prevailing malaria. It was later that the more serious disease attacked him and his courage in keeping on with his work with this handicap was notable.

Missionary Bishops in those days had a double burden, that of planting the Church in their jurisdictions and raising the money to finance it. It was a day of small things financially in Oklahoma. I do not have the figures of the General Board's appropriation to the Missionary District of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory in my time but it is safe to say that it was very small and out of all proportion to the task. The Bishop told me that he turned in one half of his salary of \$3,000 in support of the work. He subjected himself to the strictest economy and often to hardship in travel.

² A biography entitled "Right Rev. Francis Key Brooke, D.D., Bishop of Oklahoma—1852-1918," by the Reverend H. J. Llwyd was published in *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, Vol. XII, No. 1 (March, 1934), pp. 52-54.—Ed.

I have known him to spend the night in a railroad station rather than incur a hotel expense. Annually, then, he was obliged to make trips east on begging expeditions collecting sums small and large with an occasional windfall. I recall his telling me of the founding of All Saints' Hospital at South McAlester, which had its inception in his help in the care of mine disaster sufferers there. After a seemingly fruitless call on a churchwoman in the East to present the need, he was taking his leave. Just as he reached the door she asked, "Where shall I send this money?"

Not being able to afford such functionaries in the early days the Bishop was his own archdeacon and general missionary. I recall his telling me of his experiences when the Cherokee Outlet opened in 1893. The Bishop went in at the time of the opening, the run. He held services the first Sunday after the run in the principal new town, Enid, fitting up seats and a rude altar in the shade of the land office, the only building in town of 10,000 people. The Bishop slept at nights on this trip on flat cars on the railroad siding using his vestment case as a pillow. He considered this rough life merely as part of the day's work. In fording streams he carried his vestment case in his lap with the wagon bed awash. At one place the school trustee objected to the use of the building for services and left with the key in his pocket. The Bishop pried open a window and the congregation followed him through the window.

When Bishop Brooke came to Oklahoma as its first Bishop in 1893, the exploration of the field was his first task, seeking out the scattered handful of Church folk in towns and villages. His method is illustrated in the founding of the work at Shawnee. Searching out the Church people, a service is arranged. A guild is organized. The response justifying the next step, a lot is secured, sometimes given by a land company, if not, purchased by a gift from the Bishop supplemented by contributions raised locally by him or by a committee. The next move of progress is the erection of a church. The Guild works toward this end; the Bishop makes an appropriation from his meager funds; either he personally or a committee circulates a subscription paper and the edifice is erected. Regular services have been instituted. The Bishop or a clergy man spends Saturday in pastoral calls stirring up their pure minds by way of remembrance of Sunday duty and Sunday services are held. These are not always a finished product liturgically. The congregation is weak in responses and the chants when essayed are often a duet by the Bishop and one other, sometimes a solo by the Bishop with organ obligato, that is, if an organist can be found who is bold enough to attempt to play the chants. Usually they are read, awaiting a later period of instructed vocalists. The Bishop raises a subscription list for the support of the services and toward the salary of the missionary, the Guild helping, and a new mission is launched, its career subject to the changes and chances of a shifting and migratory population in a

pioneer community. In this, Cleveland's statement well applied: "We face a condition, not a theory." Subject also to the migratory habits of the clergy, long pastorates were not the rule. A minister complained, "We preach to a procession" and a church executive amended the statement, "It is a procession preaching to a procession." I speak of this spade work of a missionary Bishop to emphasize the fact of the nature and extent of the Bishop's care for all the churches in every phase of their existence, and the nature and extent of his burdens in so doing.

Tragedy darkened the good Bishop's life later on in the drowning of his son John in a heroic attempt to rescue some boys under his charge. The young man died a hero's death but I can assure you that the heroic death of a loved son does not assuage grief. Later on the fell disease that had attacked him developed. The Lord's hand was heavy upon him in affliction spiritual and physical. It is impossible for the finite mind to compass the mind of the Almighty and to attempt to fathom the ways of Providence. Can we say of Bishop Brooke, "Finis coronat opus"? Yes, if our standard is St. Paul's words: "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to usward."

It is evident that one viewing your strength now, in Emmanuel, Shawnee, and in the Diocese of Oklahoma, should contrast it with the feebleness of our beginnings a half-century ago. We of the pioneer clergy, under our pioneer Bishop, did something in laying foundations. Under God, and with the wise leadership of succeeding Bishops, Oklahoma has waxed strong and personally I am happy to see it in its strength knowing the background of its beginnings. In that time of beginnings I don't know that I ever gave a thought of what a half-century would produce in the way of progress. We had more pressing things on hand than dreams of the future. But I do know this, and the passage of years since that time has not dimmed the fact in my mind that I entered upon my work with interest and enthusiasm. A contributing factor in this was my point of view. To some transplanted from the privileged East, conditions of life in that pioneer day might have seemed as raw and crude as the shacks that made the towns sprawled along the railroads. But not to me. I think I had sufficient practical common sense to realize that we were engaged in erecting the great commonwealth which Oklahoma has now become. That I had a part and share in this, small and obscure though it was, but nevertheless a part, is a source of satisfaction to me. Moreover I would have been dull indeed if the romance of the frontier and of missionary work had not appealed to me.

God's blessing on this my first parish and the scene of my youthful labors. May it go on from strength to strength, spiritual and material. It will always, as ever in the past, have a warm place in my heart and the object of my earnest prayer.