

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

INDEX TO THE CHRONICLES, 1961

The Index to *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, Vol. XXXIX, 1961, compiled by Mrs. Rella Looney, Archivist, is now ready for free distribution to those who receive the magazine. Orders for the Index should be sent to the Administrative Secretary, Oklahoma Historical Society, Historical Building, Oklahoma City 5, Oklahoma.

CIVIL WAR SONG BOOK

Choses Songs of the Civil War: The Sweet Sixteen is a book of 56 pages edited by history students of Oklahoma State University, under the direction of Berlin B. Chapman, Professor in the Department of History. A history of each song is given, and the music is included. The book was sponsored by the Oklahoma Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the "Foreword" is by Dr. Charles Evans, Secretary Emeritus of the Oklahoma Historical Society. Copies can be ordered from the Office of the Administrative Secretary, Oklahoma Historical Society, Historical Building at fifty cents each.

EXPERIENCES OF A TEACHER IN OKLAHOMA TERRITORY

The reminiscent notes that follow on early day teaching experiences by Miss Cora E. Farrell, who is now retired and is living in Guthrie, have been contributed through Miss Ina Lee Robinson whose own memoirs as a pioneer teacher were published recently in *The Chronicles*. Miss Farrell had many years of experience as teacher of a Territorial district school, as principal of public school in Guthrie and as County Superintendent of Logan County. Miss Robinson taught with Miss Farrell in Guthrie, and was her deputy when she became County Superintendent.

AN OKLAHOMA TEACHER IN THE 1890's

The writer was a pioneer teacher who kept school in a community of people that had scarcely established themselves in dugouts, sod houses, and a few frame buildings. One such structure 20 x 12 feet, had been abandoned, by a claim jumper maybe—and had become the first schoolhouse in the district about five miles West of Perry, a town of a few months existence. This area was in the Cherokee Outlet, commonly called "The Strip," that had been opened by "run" on September 16, 1893.

Open prairie without roads made traveling possible but slow. A distance of ten miles south of "Old Oklahoma" required several hours.¹

Someone may be wondering how the writer was induced into this lucrative(?) position. Some friends had been fortunate in getting a claim (the word "farm" was not used then). So they sent for "Miss Cora." They had a dugout and four occupants. Since one person was a twenty year old son, privacy was not sufficient to take in the teacher. After a few days' poll of the neighborhood, a dear old Scottish couple offered to board the teacher. Their accent indicated that their sojourn in the United States had been short and their habits and living standards positive proof of this. The recollection of food remains: turnips, fat pork and "holey" light bread.

Even so the old people were kind and well-meaning and deeply religious. There were prayers at night and in the morning before breakfast. The length of these devotionals made the teacher late every day. How she ran the mile to beat the children to school!

Enrollment was small, yet grades ranged from first to eighth. Books from other schools were used as texts. Ray's Arithmetic was standard however. Without blackboards, maps, charts, the building was equipped with seats only.

How was the teacher prepared to guide these unfortunate children who had been deprived of school because of the removal from other places—sometimes other states? One had to complete eighth grade, take an examination for teacher's certificate (it could be a third grade certificate) then get a school board to give her a contract designating time of term and \$30.00 per month salary.

Since the writer had, in addition to a certificate, eight months previous teaching experience in a Kansas country school, confidence was great. Youth was her excuse for such optimism!

Do people now think "integration" and "segregation" are something new? A six year old, light Negro boy was one of the writer's pupils. His parents had a claim in the District. At that time the separate school law had not been passed in Oklahoma Territory so it was legal to permit the boy enrollment.

Two boys, formerly from Texas, ages fourteen and twelve years also were enrolled, and began annoying the little Negro. He became so afraid of them that he shadowed the teacher for protection, even following her to the "little house" in the back. The two boys' antagonism extended to the teacher, and they then attacked and beat the little Negro on the road to school. The school board came and suggested and witnessed a switching. The older boy then threw a rock at the members of the Board after which both boys were dismissed (expelled). A similar situation cannot be settled that easily today.

The next teaching position was in "Old Oklahoma." This locality had been settled some time (1889), and since the children had been in school the previous years, the situation was more favorable. However, there was the problem of over-age pupils, some eighteen and more, and there was a large enrollment. Discipline was easy. It seems now when looking back to those early days that both parents and pupils were co-operative, owing no doubt, to lack of outside activities.

¹ "Old Oklahoma" was the region of the Unassigned Lands in Central Indian Territory that had been opened to white settlement by "run" on April 22, 1889.

The school was the central interest in the community. Going to school from home on horseback, the teacher forded the Cimarron River twice each day. On two occasions the river rose too high for crossing. She had stayed with a patron that night, and was at school for last day exercises. But what about the sacks of candy and nuts that were at home? Just as the parents arrived with baskets of food for dinner, a dear half-brother, to save the children and the teacher disappointment, arrived with the treat after fording, almost swimming, the team and wagon across the turbulent Cimarron River.

At the turn of the Century, some progress was made in the rural schools though the children carried their tin pails of lunch, and drank from a common drinking cup. Salaries of teachers remained at \$35.00 per month, seldom more, even in town schools.

This early-day teacher thinks the most interesting and challenging experience was when her pupils met those of an adjoining district in spelling and arithmetic matches. Parents filled their wagons with the contestants (and the teacher) and went to the other school. The pupils would use their recesses and noonhour to practice for the contest to beat Professor Jones' children. By the way, all men teachers were hailed "Professor," regardless of educational qualifications. Then there were "Literary Programs," alternating with the other school, mostly "speaking pieces," mouth organ music, singing and exploiting any unusual talent discovered in the neighborhood.

Since teachers were judged somewhat by results of these contests, there was a tinge of rivalry between them. One teacher *the writer's children adored* and she could not compete with him. *He was a left-handed ball pitcher.* This is mentioned since he became an outstanding Oklahoma educator.

This teacher experienced many happy times that will have a place in her "memoirs."

—Cora E. Farrell

ISABEL CRAWFORD: MISSIONARY TO THE KIOWA INDIANS

*By Tully Morrison**

Miss Isabel Crawford was born May 26, 1865 at Cheltenham, Canada and died in a rest home November 18, 1961 at Grimsby, Ont. Canada. She was the daughter of a Baptist minister and grew up near Cheltenham and Manitoba, Canada, later living at St. Thomas, North

* Mr. Tully Morrison of Mountain View, Oklahoma, has contributed this brief history of the Saddle Mountain Mission and its founder, Miss Isabel Crawford, as a last tribute expressing the love of the Kiowa people in her memory. Mr. and Mrs. Tully Morrison are the third generation and their grandchildren are the fifth generation of members of the Saddle Mountain Mission Church since its founding by Miss Crawford in 1895. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morrison are members of old Indian families connected with the history of Baptist missions in Oklahoma. Mr. Morrison is a descendant of the Reverend William McCombs of the Creek Nation. Mrs. Morrison is the granddaughter of Ba-ah-tate Longhorn, who was a charter member of Saddle Mission Church and a daughter of Satanta (Kiowa), or "White Bear." Other notes on Saddle Mountain Mission and its founders are in *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, Vol. XXXVI, No. 3, (Autumn, 1958), pp. 318-19.

Dakota. She had experiences of frontier life at these places and came in touch with the Indians and became interested in them. After graduating from the Baptist Missionary Training School in 1893, she was appointed by the Board of Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, to the field of work among the Kiowa Indians at Elk Creek near Hobart, Oklahoma. Two years later she began the work at Saddle Mountain, in the Southeast part of Kiowa County, and for nearly 14 years she worked here and gave the best part of her life in not only preaching but teaching the Gospel to the Kiowas or Blanket Indians.

Resulting in a strong work, a fine church was erected by the members and this church still stands in its original architecture, and known as the church built with quilt money. Miss Crawford, says of herself, that her success has been due to "splendid helpers, a cast-iron constitution, Scotch determination, Irish nonsense, the Divine call and the power of the Holy Spirit. Had any of these been lacking the results could not have been the same." She faced the demand of Christmas festivities in remote places, of funerals and weddings, building a church, holding services, killing pigs, training workers, preparing "big eats," doctoring the sick and burying the dead, and has met them all with undaunted courage and a high sense of humor.

Miss Crawford was an extremely bright and facile writer and has told the story of her early life in a book called, "Kiowa," another "Joyful Journey," while another account of her romantic achievements is called "The Heroine of Saddle Mountain." Her dramatic sense led her to render the Lord's Prayer into the Indian sign language, and a record of this has been published in a series of illustrations showing it as done by her in full picturesque Indian costume.

Young woman-like, Miss Crawford had never been put on such fields before she came to Saddle Mountain. She began her work and did a new and unique thing in winning, as a slip of a girl, the confidence of the Indians and in breaking through their antagonism against the white race. Her life was devoted to the demonstration of the possibility of many Indians being good Indians without necessarily being dead ones. Many a quaint saying and legend of these people gathered about her, and she developed a number of most interesting characters among them. New and sparkling views of Indian life and incidents were constantly appearing from her pen and she was in demand whenever obtainable as a vivid and inspiring speaker. There are few of equal authority with her in her chosen subject of the Indians and their advancement under missionary leadership. The Government noted her good work with improving the Indian way of life and co-operated. The Government workers lived in towns but Miss Crawford lived where the help was needed for transition.

In 1906, before one hundred of her members she told them, "I have something to tell you that will make your hearts cry as it did mine." She presented her farewell speech of resignation and gave the reason why. At the end one of the members rose and ask "when you heap die, will you come back and be buried with us? we no speak English, when Jesus come you talk for us." This promise was given and the words "I dwell among mine own people" were selected for the tombstone and she said to them "I would sooner lie hidden among the tall weeds of the unkept Indian cemetery, under the flag that gave me the chance to serve, than in any other burial ground in the whole round world."

After retiring from Saddle Mountain she did organizational and platform work under the American W.B.H.M.S., retiring because of an

accident in 1930. Arrangements in carrying out her wishes were made a year ago, when her niece, Marian Cline with whom she made her home, thought her time was near and called Tully Morrison to make all arrangements with the church, which he did and then waited till November 22 at 1:30 p.m. when she came to the church, via Dodd Funeral Home of Mountain View. Reverend James Treat of the Wichita Indian Mission, gave the Bible message. Ioleta McElhane, who was missionary at Saddle Mountain until transferred to the Arapaho field, spoke briefly. George Head in charge of the Christian Center at Anadarko, relayed the sympathy from the American B.H.M.S. in New York. Reverend Berry Shongo was in charge of the graveyard rite. Pallbearers were descendants of her first converts, Tonemah, Quetone, Tappeto, KoKoom, Chaddlestone and Tonekeamha.

I found Miss Crawford's life is written at random during exhausting activities in tents and te-pee. Seven volumes of material in minutes, books, scrap-books, pictures, Church, dining hall, Tabernacle, parsonage, sheds for her buggy, barn for her pony and baptistry, each has a story, they were built with the Indians help. If we preserve and place these, under proper supervised care, many generations will have a chance to view this little missionary's work.

She was indebted to many people and the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society, whose loyal and spiritual support was given the work here at Saddle Mountain. Hunting Horse, a Kiowa blanket Indian gave Miss Crawford an Indian name Gee-Ah-Ho-An-Mah, meaning "She gave us the Jesus Road." In her later years she wrote this poem expressing her old age. "I cannot hear and cannot walk, But my funny bone's in order, And I surely can talk. Then why should I whimper and act like a goose when there's nothing the matter Save a silly screw loose."

As time grew shorter: "I am quietly waiting for the Guide of the High Way to summon me to enter the Holy City where Joining the Choir Invisible I'll sing praises with loved ones gone before." The last thought: "Unto my friends I give my Thoughts, Unto my God my soul, Unto my foe I leave my love. This is of life the whole."

Ferdie Deering, editor of the *Farmer Stockman* said, "Only a small number of people now living have any knowledge of the great contribution she has made in her effort to comfort and strengthen the faith of the Indians."