

# The STRAIGHT FORWARD FREE Press

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Stilwell, Adair County, Oklahoma

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## Fort Wayne in Indian Territory

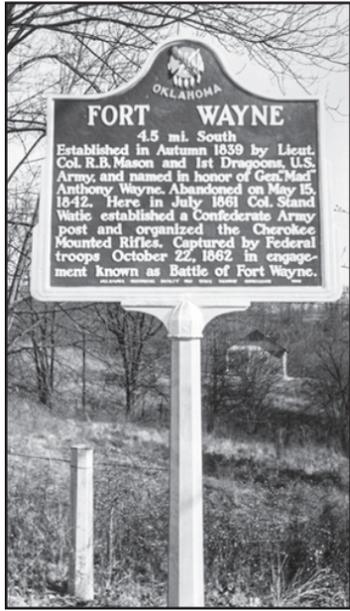
By Regina McLemore,  
Author of *Cherokee Clay*

Long before there was a Watts, Oklahoma, there was a Fort Wayne in Indian Territory. It has been said that the city of Watts was built on the ruins of Fort Wayne, but others would contend that it was located some distance away. Whatever its actual location, it is an area of great historical significance. Captain Nathan Boone, the son of the famous frontiersman Daniel Boone, surveyed the military road that led to and from Fort Wayne in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century. It was named for General "Mad" Anthony Wayne and established in 1838 to keep peace between the emigrating Cherokees and the white settlers in Arkansas. Early on, Fort Wayne seemed marked for misfortune. Several soldiers stationed there died from an outbreak of malaria, and because of this, the fort was moved further north to the Beattie's Prairie area.

When Major Ethan Hitchcock was sent by the War Department in 1842 to report on the state of Indian Territory, he recommended that Fort Wayne be closed. Hitchcock said that the fort was "unnecessary" because the expected hostilities had not broken out in this particular area of Indian Territory, and there seemed to be no need for a military presence. It was closed for a time, but Fort Wayne would not vanish in history.

As the leader of the Treaty Party and a target for assassination by the Ross Party, Stand Watie and his supporters took refuge in the abandoned Fort Wayne in 1846. The Ross Party asked General Arbuckle to order Watie to disband his men, but Arbuckle permitted them to remain. Some historians believe that Watie used Fort Wayne as a recruiting center and refuge for his followers for some time.

In 1861, Watie, who would later become a Confederate general, returned to Fort Wayne and used it to promote the Confederate cause. Many of the men he recruited



became "Knights of the Golden Circle," whose mission was to spread slavery throughout North and South America as well as fight for the Confederacy.

During the Civil War, Fort Wayne was held alternately by Confederate and Union forces. References to Fort Wayne and its surroundings can be found in the University of Oklahoma's "Indian Pioneer Papers," as in the interview of John H. Bright, a Cherokee, born in 1873 in the Cherokee Nation near the present town of Westville.

Bright was not living during the Civil War, but he had two uncles who served in the Union Army, Bill and Lock Morton. They told him there was only one battle fought in the northern part of Cherokee Nation, the Battle of Ballard Creek. It was fought in the summer of 1862. The Union Army was stationed at old Fort Wayne, near Watts. According to the Morton brothers, there was a small army of Confederates sent into the Cherokee Nation to steal and pillage. Word was received at Fort Wayne that this army was marching from somewhere in the area, moving toward the Going-Snake District. Three days after the word was received that the army



Pictured above is the modern historical marker for Fort Wayne. Photo at left is the old historical marker.

was on the march, they came across the Arkansas line near Cincinnati. They were met by the Union Army on Ballard Creek, commanded by an officer named Anderson. After several casualties, the Confederate force was driven out of the district southward. Thus ended the Battle of Fort Wayne.

Fort Wayne remained an important landmark for many years before eventually crumbling to ruin.

### Community Announcement:

STILWELL NUTRITION CENTER has RE-OPENED

for Lunch and Recreation:

Pool, Cards & Conversation.  
Come on By...Bring a Friend!

## Stilwell Animator Wins Accolade Competition Honors

July 1, 2021—Artie Romero, director at ARG! Cartoon Animation, has won two Awards of Excellence at The Accolade Global Film Competition. Awards were given for Mr. Romero's animation for children, "Monkey & Cat," now appearing on Amazon Prime Video. The show won the categories of Animation and Children/Family Programming.

"We at ARG! are honored to receive these Accolades. I enjoyed bringing the story by Stillwater producer Sheree' Morris to TV, and I shared it with her and other crew members. We all strived to make sure it would be a treat for kids," Mr. Romero said.

The Internet Movie Database (IMDb) lists 27 awards and 12 nominations thus far for "Monkey & Cat." Mr. Romero has screen credits on 4 feature films, numerous TV series and shorts, and his studio has produced more than 15,000 animations.

Herelocated ARG! from Colorado Springs to Adair County in 2017. The cloud studio enables artists to work remotely. Their website at [www.artiestick.com](http://www.artiestick.com) displays thousands of animations and attracts millions of visitors worldwide.

In 1973 Mr. Romero began



Adair County residents enjoying all the festivities held during the 3rd Annual July 4th Picnic Celebration on Sunday evening at the Kiwanis Stage in downtown Stilwell.

## Star Spangled Banner Flies High on the Fourth of July

With the blessing of a perfect weather evening, the Stilwell Chamber of Commerce 3rd Annual July 4th Picnic Celebration was held at the Kiwanis Stage in downtown Stilwell Sunday evening. The crowd enjoyed food from several street vendors offering funnel cakes, hot dogs and drinks as well as an array of entertainment. Among the entertainment were several contests: a pie eating contest, a hot dog eating contest and a frozen tee shirt contest.

Free tickets for door prizes were given out with drawings for the prizes taking place throughout the evening. Music was provided by the very professional sound system of JD Hardbarger and his music machine along with live entertainers Molly and Matt and Keely and Canaan singing gospel.

American Freedom reigned as the people freely mingled while enjoying the moment and the memory of what our Nation truly stands for: Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. From what this



The evidence of a cookies and cream pie is on her fingers... The first-ever pie eating contest winner at the Stilwell Area Chamber of Commerce 3rd Annual July 4th Picnic. (Sorry we failed to get her name.)

writer observed, all three abounded as the evening was brought to a close with a crescendo of fireworks from the top of Davis Mountain.

The event was sponsored by the Stilwell Chamber of Commerce and City of Stilwell.

## Baron Community Summer Slam Set for July 10

Baron Community SUMMER SLAM will be held Saturday, July 10 at Mid-County Community Building.

Sponsor: Mid-County Community Organization.

Activities: 3:00 PM: Local Arts and Crafts vendors, Bouncy House, Horseshoes, Corn Hole, Volley Ball, Civil War Cannon Shoot, Hot Dogs, Hamburgers, Pulled Pork fundraiser for construction of basketball court and playground equipment.

9:30 PM: Fireworks by Smith Family.

FYI: The Mid-County Community Building is now a disaster ready location.

Come on out and have some FUN and support a good cause!

## Adair County Commissioners Discuss Zion Road Project at Monday Morning Meeting

Mondays come early for three wise men. They watch out for us every day in Adair County. When given each agenda, they read the problems and their solutions which they then commit to completing. I asked a citizen's question. How long will the 7½ miles of road improvement take in Zion? They paused and spoke truthfully. We have until September and every moment is needed. Why so long I asked? Water.

There are springs everywhere and everywhere there is water, the roads are damaged from the side and underneath. Look south from the crossroads at Liberty Baptist

Church. Do you see the rocks running up the hill to Cherry Tree parallel to the road? There are approximately one hundred loads of rock there. Those were stacked to push the water away. The repeated application of concrete pieces on the asphalt roadbed itself, seemingly every day, is pushing the water from under the present asphalt.

My question was answered. I hope yours was. I can wait until September for that "good" road. Meanwhile, I'll crush every piece of concrete I encounter with my vehicle. I'm part of the solution to my own problem.

### IF YOU GOT A STORY?

We'd love to print it...just e-mail it to:  
[straightforwardpress21@gmail.com](mailto:straightforwardpress21@gmail.com).

### COMING SOON

Stilwell Indians Sports Spotlight  
All-Sports Recap & Highlights  
of the 2020-21 Season  
2021 Fall Sports Forecasts...

### PROVERB POWER

"The lot is cast into the lap;  
but the whole disposing thereof  
is of the Lord.

Proverbs 16:33 KJV

# THE CONSERVATIVE VIEW

By Russell Turner

## SUPPRESS WHAT

Over the past few weeks, we Americans have had the biggest bunch of bull dust laid upon us over the issue of so-called election reform. The Democrats in the Senate have been pushing for the approval of the “For the People Act.” Democrat leader Chuck Schumer has accused the Republicans in several states of passing laws that are intended to suppress the vote. He and his fellow liberals are wanting to nationalize the election process in this country; from what I understand about our Constitution and the idea of federalism, it is the states’ right and duty to set their election laws. Schumer and company are trying to snowball the people of this country into believing something that is totally false.

I look at voting as being a great privilege, when I vote I do not want my vote canceled by someone casting a fraudulent ballot. One quote by former President Ronald Reagan was directed towards foreign affairs which said, “trust but verify”. It seems that Schumer thinks it is somehow voter suppression to have signature verification or voter ID; if the same principle was applied to the business sector, our economy would be in total shambles. I have conducted business all of my adult life; trust is an essential part of it, but verification is also an equal part. Many times I have written checks to pay for services or supplies, it is an accepted practice to show some sort of identification such as a driver’s license. When I accept a check from

someone I do not know, I will ask for a copy of their driver’s license or I will contact the bank where the purchaser has the account and confirm that funds are available to cover the check.

Here in America, we are among the most technologically advanced culture on this planet, but in the case of the last presidential election we conducted ourselves on the same plane as a third world hell-hole country. The actions in some of the swing states were totally absurd; the counts being stopped in the middle of the night, boxes full of ballots being open without observers being present, ballots that were supposed to be mailed in that were devoid of any folds or creases that would have been necessary if they had been actually mailed in. Any attempts to conduct forensic audits have been met with lawsuits by the liberals to stop the audits. The liberals make the claim that minorities and other groups are afraid to register and vote, thus the justification for not requiring any ID or any other proof that the ballot is valid. I can guarantee that if there is some handout or other perk those same people will be in the front of the line to get their share. Fortunately, the Republican Senators denied the liberals the necessary 60 votes to pass this farce of a bill. We Americans need to realize that voting is important business; for those of us who take it seriously, it is an insult to create a system that makes it easy to lie and cheat.



## House Passes Mullin Bill to Break Down Health Data Barriers for Tribes

Congressman Markwayne Mullin (OK-02) released the following statement after the House passed H.R. 3841, the Tribal Health Data Improvement Act. The bill would reaffirm Tribal public health authorities are entitled to access public health data.

“Our sovereign Tribal Nations and Tribal Epidemiology Centers were always supposed to have equal access to public health data that states, counties, and cities have. But for years, many Tribes

have faced numerous challenges while trying to access this public health data,” Mullin said. “The COVID-19 pandemic highlighted the importance of equal access to this data in order for Tribes to make decisions for their communities, and the Tribal Health Data Improvement Act makes that happen. I am glad this bill passed the full House today and I encourage the Senate to take it up quickly, so Tribes don’t have to wait any longer for the data they need.”

## The Lady in the Blue Sari

Part 2

By Donna Boecher

Imet Lydia in 2019. I’m **Thomas Abraham**. Parents: William, a St. Thomas Christian from Kerala; Maggie, a Brit from Brighton. They met at a St. Thomas church service; fell in love; and reared a family of five in Kochi. Lydia’s first trip in November 2019 found her seeing St. Thomas’ first church and staying at an Ayurveda nursing home for seven days. At the nursing home, they requested prayer before her daily massages. No problem.

We met mid-week, when she had taken a “Tuk-Tuk” (small 3 wheeled car) for a visit to Kochi. We both had stopped by a roadside vendor frying a large kettle of tapioca chips. Curious, she asked for details from me. Why? I was 5’10”; dressed in an embroidered white kurta – looks like a ladies’ long straight dress with pants underneath; and looked like Mom.

I took her to church and showed her around for 3 days. Seeing the church, she said, “Tom, it gives me goose bumps to see Thomas’ first church and where he stepped ashore to save those men by a miracle. He was a disciple and I’m walking in his footsteps where he was led!”

Our last chat inside the airport, we sipped spiced/masala chai. Her flight was to the USA, and mine to Jaipur, Rajasthan for freelance journalism. I’d introduced her to my parents; she’d have family in India on her next visit. Reared amid the friendly Mardi Gras crowds of New Orleans, she fit into the throngs of India. Voicing “Namaste” while bowing with pressed palms placed at the chest or head, she understood: “the divine in me bows to the divine in you.”

We kept in touch via the free online messenger WhatsApp until 2025, then silence. In late 2030, my radar locked onto her aura of love as she exited St. Louis Cathedral in her blue sari. One glance – her long oval face, high cheekbones, eyes flashing hope and caring, and lips speaking continuous prayer – was enough. No more sightings.

It’s 2031 and I’ve been writing for The Times Picayune on what the Indian community is doing to renovate deserted properties left from Hurricane Katrina or the flu pandemic. Can’t wait to introduce you to my Private Investigator client Alex.

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### What’s So Punny? PunFun

My friend drove his expensive car into a tree and found out how his Mercedes bends! That’s punny!

To OUR readers: If you have a funny pun, please send it in by email: [straightforwardpress21@gmail.com](mailto:straightforwardpress21@gmail.com) or to Straight Forward Free Press, P.O. Box 885, Stilwell, OK 74960.

### LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK?

Drop us a line at [straightforwardpress21@gmail.com](mailto:straightforwardpress21@gmail.com)

OR  
Straight Forward Free Press  
P.O. Box 885  
Stilwell, OK 74960.

## This Little Light of Mine

By Donna Boecher and Bobbie Pfeiler

Remember this song, “This Little Light of Mine?” God dropped it into my mind (Matt.5:14-16). On July 4<sup>th</sup>, while enjoying the loving camaraderie of friends old and new at the Kiwanis Stage, I was struck by the love expressed in the face and words of Bobby Pfeiler’s grandson. So, I did what reporters do, I interviewed him.

He is a true American—an immigrant from Zimbabwe. All Americans were once immigrants and we have been given the “joy” of living free in this land blessed by God. Emigrating at age 11, he’s been here for five years.

Hello, my name is Dean Tawandwa Chiyangwa.

I’m visiting the Stilwell 4th of July celebration for the first time. I ran into Ms. Boecher, and she asked me about Africa.

The food in Africa is spicier. My first impression of America was the “smooth roads.” Yes, I knew how to speak English when I got here and NO, we don’t have lions as pets. Zimbabwe and America really have a lot in common: we both breathe air; we both fought England; but the most interesting thing is the time difference. Zimbabwe is 7 or 8 hours ahead depending on daylight savings, so it’s great when it’s 5:00 PM and you just got out of school, and you’re already getting happy birthday texts from Zimbabwe, and you have a whole day left before you can even celebrate. It took some time to get used to the time difference. For a while, I thought my mom had lied to me about my own birth date. So, in conclusion, I’m just a 16-year-old kid trying to figure it out in this new world.

Does he have goals for his life

## Mullin’ It Over: Overregulation Picks Winners and Losers

By Congressman Markwayne Mullin

The Obama Administration left behind a crippling web of job-killing regulations that expanded the size and scope of the federal government in every capacity. I ran for Congress because I watched these regulations crush and eventually end my business, and I wanted to fight for Oklahomans who were experiencing the same problem.

Our government is plagued with overregulation. Luckily, President Trump was a breath of fresh air for many of us. From his first day in office, he made shrinking the size of the federal government a priority. He had a ‘two-for-one’ policy, that required two federal regulations to be removed for each new regulation that was created. He even mandated that our federal agencies create regulatory task forces to take a look at costly and unnecessary regulations that are burdening taxpayers.

President Trump understood that in order for job creators to be successful, we have to get government out of the way. In his first 100 days, President Trump signed 13 pieces of legislation that cut bureaucratic red tape. By eliminating federal overreach, President Trump reduced the financial burdens for American workers and businesses, keeping more money in taxpayers’ pockets.

By contrast, President Biden has been the “big government” president. In just over 100 days, he has signed dozens of job-killing



Dean Tawandwa Chiyangwa visits with Donna Boecher at Stilwell’s 4th of July celebration on Sunday.

in America? He’s not sure yet, but he’s remaining open - to see what he enjoys doing. His favorite subject is math, and he likes cooking, so I think he might become a great chef at his own restaurant. Oh, to be young in America, to have the freedom to dream, and to shine your light.

## Westville Summer Slam Set for July 17

Westville SUMMER SLAM, will be held on Saturday, July 17.

Sponsor: Westville Chamber of Commerce.

Activities:

10 am: Arts and Crafts vendors and Car Show.

5 pm: Live Music, Chamber Hot Dog & Hamburger Fundraiser.

Dark: Fireworks by the Smith Family.

Come on out and have some FUN and support a good cause!

*The*  
**STRAIGHT FORWARD**  
**FREE Press**

*Truth is Our Target*

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**Donna Boecher**.....Editor  
**John Bankel**.....Columnist/Ad Man  
**Joy Coleman**.....Composing

**PROVERBS 29:2**—“When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.”

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Dear John is back!!! Back from what, one might ask? Back from a long siesta somewhere in a closet buried under a pile of musty papers?! You may remember Dear John in its heyday when the Dear John column was a weekly, popular feature in the now defunct Stilwell Express. With renewed vim, vigor and vitality, Dear John is once again ready to make a splash in The Straight Forward FREE Press answering readers' questions with wisdom, wit and candor. Got a question? Send it to Dear John, POB 885, Stilwell, OK 74960 OR email: [straightforwardpress21@gmail.com](mailto:straightforwardpress21@gmail.com). Real names are not used.

And now for today's question...  
**Dear John**, asking advice from a stranger might be the best idea for me. I'm from a small town and as it goes people always know your business. However, I work very hard to keep my personal life to myself. I have friends, but it isn't enough. I'm lonely. A few weeks ago I met a man online who I enjoy talking to. He wants to meet me and he lives several states away. I know what my friends will say. What do you think? Should I meet him?

**The Lonely Heart**

**Dear Lonely Heart**, I sense that you may be feeling some love for this man or is your loneliness driving you to desperation and a possible catastrophe? There is nothing better than romance if that romance takes its natural course. As the saying goes: love is a many splendored thing. On the other hand, if desperation takes hold, hasty decisions will follow and love can become a many splintered thing. We all know that splinters hurt. My advice to you, since you have only conversed with each other for such a short time, is that you wait awhile and see how things flow and if and when you feel it is time to meet, have him come see you.

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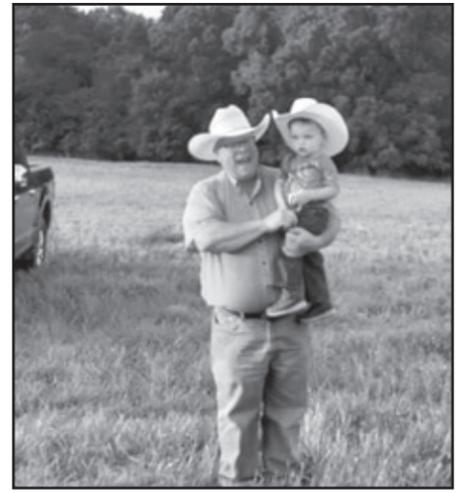
# ADAIR COUNTY SPORTS CLOSE-UP: 4th Annual Rising Stars Ranch Bull Riding Challenge



**Charles Romero and son, Sterling Fox, hanging out at the 4th Annual Rising Stars Ranch Bull Riding Challenge on July 3rd in Stilwell, OK.**



**Two buckaroos, Brenna and Blaze Cunningham, having a fun time at the Rising Stars Ranch Bull Riding Challenge.**



**Brenden Vaughan and his grandson, Rhett Vaughan, heading to the Stilwell Round-Up Club grandstands to watch the 4th Annual Rising Stars Ranch Bull Riding Challenge on Saturday night.**



**Brazilian twins, Alan and Alisson De Souza, take 1st and 2nd at the Rising Stars Ranch Bull Riding Challenge. They are pictured here with some young bull riding fans.**

If there ever was a perfect night for watching a sporting event, then July 3 would fill that bill. Not a leaf was stirring nor was there a cloud in the sky as the very American crowd, made up of young children to old-timers, assembled itself into the arena at the Stilwell Round-Up Club.

What awaited them was nothing short of thrilling. Bull riding is, as one may imagine, a rough and tumble sport and potentially dangerous to the rider but not the bull.

The preparation "ceremony"

is almost as thrilling as the ride itself. The bull is brought into a tight pen, called a "chute", and the rider must make sure that he is as ready as can be before the chute gate is opened. There is rapt anticipation by the crowd as it awaits the swing of the gate. Sometimes the bull starts its rearing and bucking while still in the pen.

As soon as that gate swings the rip-snorting rambunctious madness, bucking, kicking and rearing, of this great powerful beast begins as the rider hangs on for dear life, enduring the violent

jostling and jolting gyrations of the angry bull. Eight seconds is all it takes for a successful ride.

In the first round six riders claimed success. Of those six, two were the De Souza twins, Alan and Alisson, boys from Brazil now living in Texas, who have made their mark on the Professional Bull Riding Tour. These men know how to ride in a smooth symphony of motion joining the rhythm of the bull.

When it was all said and done and the dust had literally settled, Alan emerged as the Champion

with a razor thin lead over his twin brother.

Part of the padgentry of the evening was the trick riding demonstration performed by Sophie Duch and her young sidekick, (whose name this writer, sorry to say, did not get.). Her stunts on horseback bordered on the miraculous, and for this writer, escape description. With the addition of Jenkins the Jester and the constant chatter of the announcers, much humor was added to this spectacle. Enjoyment was had by all!



**Sophie Duch, atop her magnificent steed, performed some spectacular trick riding feats at the Rising Stars Ranch Bull Riding Challenge.**

## Chicken Little's Kin or the Giant in the Hen House

My name's Chicken Jump Up and my genealogy goes way back. I had an illustrious great uncle whose name you might remember, Chicken Little. That's right, the one from the children's book. He was a wonderful story teller as he got older. He really smartened up after that fateful day when he thought the sky had fallen. But like all us chickens, in our youth we just aren't very smart in those early months just after we come out of the shell.

Uncle Little said we shouldn't believe just anything we see, hear, or feel. "Check it out", he said. "Investigate everything." He was so grateful that the King's hunting dogs came along when they did. But all my knowledge of ancestry is hearsay, but I believe it. Why? Because everyone needs to have family.

"I never saw my real mother. I was adopted by this huge metal machine with lights and warm air that helped me grow and peck out of my shell. It was a warm relationship, but there were no hugging feathers to comfort me after my break out. I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't been surrounded by all my other adopted brothers and sisters."

But my story as Chicken Jump

Up's didn't start or stop with that single revelation. It seems that even with the love and warmth of his siblings, I was once again – on my second day out – shipped off to another location where some Cooperative Extension people boxed me and others into cardboard and sent us home to giant humans who would give us a dry, warm home with lots of food and water.

By day three I was eating and sleeping with forty-nine siblings. here was a small feeder with tiny bits of grain just our size and a small red and white water tank for when we got thirsty. Everything was strange and there had been so many changes. Too quick for our liking. So when the giant came in to give us more feed or water, all my brothers, sisters, and I would run far away from the giant. What to do, what to do? Run left, run right, run back. This way, that way. Run, run, run. Whuh, I was out of breath.

But things started to quieten down and repeat themselves. We even began to listen in on the hens that lived next door. One of the hens was the great-great-granddaughter of THE Little Red Hen. She was so proud of her heritage and did she go on about what she'd learned

from her family. She was a real organizer, that Rhode Island Red. They could hear her advice to the other hens through the walls. She was all about working together to get what they needed from the giant. They clucked, "Don't interfere with the giant and stay away from the yellow broom." Of course, Chicken Jump Up and his family didn't know what a broom was. But they expected to learn.

They still ran from the giant, but now they would run over to nibble from the water and feed as soon as the giant was gone. That is, until the day the giant brought in the tall, tall metal water can. It was four times as big as their little red and white water can. Of course when it first came into their room they didn't know what it was. It was scary. It took up so much room in their shelter.

Some of the brothers immediately made reconnaissance raids against it. They'd quickly sweep in from the left and race out on the right without touching the walls of metal. The can remained. It didn't move. More raids were made. Some were quiet and casual forays with sidelong glances at the giant metal walls. What was it? It didn't move.

It didn't cluck. It was cold and it had some type of shiny liquid just inches away from their beaks. Finally, one brave chick calmly strode up to the metal and stuck its beak into the liquid. Wow. Not bad. Tasted okay. So he lifted his head and strode back into the pack of friendly feathers at the far end of the enclosure. Now all the rest would have to make a pilgrimage to the site.

Now there was something else going on in the hen house. The giant was spying on them after bringing in the feed. But it was okay. The giant only opened the door once a day and would then just gawk at them through the wire mesh from the next room. It was almost laughable and since they couldn't see the giant's body, it looked funny. It was just a round head with eyes, nose, and mouth sitting above the wood walls staring down – sort of like Humpty Dumpty. Rhode Island Red had talked about Humpty Dumpty. They stayed back from the wall just in case. They didn't want to see the head fall. "You know, Dumpty didn't go back together again."

However, it was during this spying time, that Chicken Jump Up was named. Until that special day

everyone was doing the same things. Run, run, eat, eat, drink, drink, snuggle, snuggle, sleep, sleep. On this day, one chick scared itself so badly that it flapped its wings all in a flutter and leaped up at the same time. Suddenly, it was sitting on top of the small enclosure wall. Wow. What a view. It was heads taller than all the rest and it could see everywhere. It could see into the great expanded room where the pine chips were strewn and where their cardboard box was cast to one side. That day the giant called the too-scared chick by its new name – Chicken Jump Up.

The hens heard the giant talking on the cell phone, whatever a cell phone was. Two more giants were coming; some of the siblings would be taken away to a new home. The night after that call, they all huddled together under the warming lights. It might be their last visit with all the family. But Chicken Jump Up said, "Don't worry, the giants have been nice so far. And remember, we have our extended family – the hens." Hearing those comforting words, the chicks closed their eyes and tucked their heads under a wing. Morning would be here soon enough. For tonight they were together and they were warm.

# Obituaries

## Michael "Uton" Ross Gonzalis

June 8, 1984 – June 17, 2021

Michael "Uton" Ross Gonzalis was born June 8, 1984, in Tahlequah, Oklahoma to Ross and Sarah (Pritchett) Gonzalis, and passed away on June 17, 2021, in Tulsa, Oklahoma at the age of 37 years, and 9 days.

Uton loved spending time with his family and friends. He loved his church family and attended the Church on the Rock. He loved to fish and play basketball, he worked in construction for many years. Uton had a heart of gold, he was always willing to help everyone he could with a smile on his face. He loved to eat and sleep, but most of all he loved the Lord.

He is preceded in death by his parents: Ross and Sarah (Pritchett) Gonzalis. His paternal grandparents: Senora "Snow" Gonzales and Emma Ross; maternal grandparents: George and Katie Bigfeather-Pritchett; 3 uncles: Larry and George Pritchett, and Senora Gonzales; and 1 aunt: Wanda Rosin.

Michael is survived by 1 sister: Angela Vaughn and husband Jeff of Bunch, Oklahoma; 2 brothers: Ross Gonzales and wife Andrea of Stilwell, Oklahoma, and Keith Gonzales and wife Cheryl of Grove, Oklahoma; aunts: Oleta Pritchett of Jay, Oklahoma, Lilian Comstock of Uniontown, Arkansas, Rainwater, and Clara Mae Kimble of Bunch, Oklahoma; uncle: Levi Gonzales of Bunch, Oklahoma; nieces: Jacinda Gonzales, Katie Smoke, Elly Vaughn, and Nicole Dowty; nephews: Preston Gonzales, Darin Pettit, Calib Vaughn, and Dylan Vaughn; great nephews: Bryson, Landon, and River Pettit, Gavin, Wylder, and Ridley Smoke.

He will be deeply missed by family, friends, and all who knew him.

Funeral services were held at 2 pm on June 22, 2021 at Roberts/Reed-Culver Chapel, Stilwell, OK with Bro. Jimmy Muskrat, Bro. Ross Wolfe and Bro. Terry Mays officiating. Interment followed at Killer Mountain Cemetery, Adair County, Oklahoma.



## Rhonda Doyle

March 27, 1957 – June 23, 2021

Born in Stilwell, Ok on March 27, 1957, Rhonda was raised by her grandparents, Raymond, and Margie Gamble along with her siblings Vicky, Raymond, and Ralph with fond memories of the house at the 'Y' in Stilwell. Rhonda first came to know Jesus as she attended church with her family at the First Christian Church. She graduated high school and went on to get her bachelor's degree at NSU. She loved teaching and all her many students loved her. Her successful career included teaching at Cave Springs, Chewey Christian Academy, and many years of service at Stilwell High School and Tahlequah Sequoyah High School. She had a passion for teaching for almost 40 years. You may know Rhonda Doyle as a teacher, friend, or family member, but we are all here to celebrate the life of the woman who has impacted so many of us. She was strong in her Faith and spoke freely about her Savior and God. Many have spoken of everything from her smile to her brownies and she was well known for both. Rhonda will not be easily forgotten. The memories that we have made with her will not be quick to fade. When we whisper our prayers, let us remember the God she served never failed her and even when cancer and pneumonia took over, Jesus was still in control.

Rhonda met Ernest Doyle in high school. In 1978 they were married at



the ages of 22 and 21. In 1980 their oldest son Brian was born. Eighteen months later, Andrea joined their family. In her early twenties, Rhonda fully surrendered her life to Jesus at the little United Pentecostal Church just outside of Stilwell. As the result of her Christian witness, her two children and her husband were born again. Later, they felt the Spirit led them to attend Chewey Church/Soul's Harbor, where they enjoyed the discipleship of Brother Gary and Sister Linda Hampton, who also served many years in the Doyle's home church. She treasured her Faith and shared it with others in both her actions and words in her nearly 40 years of educating, in which she taught high school science. Rhonda was extremely dedicated to her opportunity to touch the lives of students and was even a Fellowship of Christian Students sponsor many times. Even when arthritis came into her shoulder and she was told it required surgery, she said: 'I hope they can do it in summer break so I can go back to teaching.' Whenever we shared company with her, someone would often come up and say: 'Hello Mrs. Doyle!' She was well loved and remembered by her friends, neighbors, and students. Rhonda loved to cook, teach, and read. The hired hands and farm boys on E&R Farms, the ranch on which she and her family lived, always looked forward to her meals with anticipation.

Heartbreak entered in 2003 when their beloved daughter Andrea died in a horrific car accident at the hands of a drunk driver. The loss was never forgotten, and the difficult pain took many years to heal. The entire family cherishes their memories of Andrea. Through this brokenness a Divine Opportunity arose to speak into young people and DUI offender's hearts, as Rhonda and many of the family members worked with Victims Impact Panel to share their tragic experiences and warn of the dangers of insobriety while driving.

Rhonda continued to teach despite her declining health until cancer forced her to finish unexpectedly. Her spirit saw the Lord on June 23, 2021, at the age of 64 in Christie, OK. She was ready to go Home and see her Heavenly Father. Her last days were spent surrounded by family and friends giving support. She was covered with prayers and love. With her last breath, she told her family she loved them and prayed with them. It is never too late to praise King Jesus. Rhonda went Home, but one day we will see her again.

She is survived by her husband Ernest Doyle of the home, son Brian and wife Angela, granddaughters Reese and Abigail Doyle of Pryor, Ok. Sister Vicky Townes and husband Bill of Tahlequah, Ok. Brother Ralph and wife Teresa Keen of Stilwell, Ok.

Preceded in death by her parents Bill and JoAnne Montgomery, grandparents Raymond and Margie Gamble, brother Raymond, infant sister Sena Diann, daughter Andrea Doyle.

Funeral services were held at 10 am on Monday, June 28, 2021 at New Life Church, Stilwell, OK with Brian Doyle and Marty Jones officiating. Interment followed at Stilwell City Cemetery, Stilwell, OK under the direction of Roberts/Reed-Culver Funeral Home, Stilwell, OK.

# View by a Texas Okie Hybrid

By Bobbie Pfeiler

Fourth of July brings family and friends to our town and my home. I was excited to show off the great spots in Stilwell. First, it was our beautiful fabric shop. The fabrics are so unique; it's like walking into a jewelry store. Especially for us quilters.

My relatives from San Antonio were so impressed with the ladies' help, their fabrics, their finished samples, and their long arm quilting machine. Coffee time came next. So of course, it was Rowan's new restaurant bringing together old friends over a good cup of coffee—making it a perfect God event.

My daughter-in-law was re-acquainted with Pam Rowan; they had taught school in Westville—while our son Mark was pastor at the Methodist Church, there and in Zion. The girls couldn't get over the friendliness and helpfulness of the people.

# Mullin Highlights Bill to Improve Health Outcomes in Subcommittee Hearing

Congressman Markwayne Mullin (OK-02), co-chair of the Social Determinants of Health Caucus, highlighted how his legislation would improve health outcomes during an Energy and Commerce Health Subcommittee hearing yesterday.

Mullin's bill, H.R. 2503, the Social Determinants Accelerator Act of 2021, would help states and communities devise strategies to leverage existing programs and authorities to address all aspects of health, including food, housing, transportation, and workforce. Known as social determinants of health, a focus on these non-medical factors can improve health outcomes and wellbeing.

# Puzzle Page

## KRYPTO Kontest

The game of Krypto was around long before crypto currency came on the scene...it's a math game, but don't let that scare you...the game only uses addition, subtraction, multiplication and division and whole numbers from 1 to 25...here is a sample game:

For this game we will use the numbers 1,2,3 and 6...the object is to use 1,2,and 3 to make 6...so 6 is the answer...

Here is one solution:

$$6 = 1+2+3$$

Another solution is:

$$6 = 1 \times 2 \times 3$$

And yet a 3d solution:

$$6 = (2 \times 3) \div 1$$

Each solution is called a "KRYPTO"...

Now, we will make the next game a little more challenging...this time we will use 6 numbers, one of which will be the answer:

The numbers are: 8, 7, 5, 12, 15, 20.

We'll pick 8 as the answer:

$$8 =$$

Remember, you must use ALL 5 of the remaining numbers in your KRYPTO...here is one solution:

$$8 = (12 \times 15) - (7 \times 20)$$

$$= 180 - 140 = 40$$

$$\text{then } 40 \div 5 = 8!!$$

Bingo! KRYPTO!

Now, for the first installment of the weekly Krypto Kontest...

The first one to get 10 Kryptos wins a calculator and a \$25 gift certificate...

Here is your first Krypto:

The answer is: 11

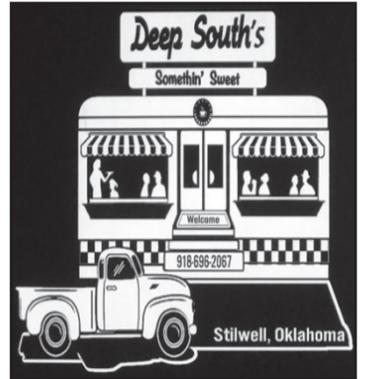
You are playing with:

15, 7, 9, 11, 3

Give it a try...

Send in your written solution, your KRYPTO, to:

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1st Wednesday of Month  
Supper 6 p.m. / Service 7 p.m.

*If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.*  
- 2 Chronicles 7:14 (KJV)

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Commentary by John Bankel  
**On the "Politics of Living Life"**

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