

long before the Sgt. was transferred back to his own battery and all went well. Such were some of the World War I training days. On another occasion a recruit was being readied for his training, and the Captain was interviewing him for record information. Asked if he smoked, and the answer was no. Asked if he drank or chewed tobacco, and the answer was no. Asked if he chased women, and still the answer was 'No'. The Captain looked at him and said 'By Gad, you'll do some of it before you get out of this Army.'

Frank relates that during the fighting in France during World War I, a company were marching up to the front. In the company was a young fellow who remarked to the Captain that there were heavy dark clouds and lightening far to the north, and that there must be a terrible storm up there. The officer looked at him and answered, 'Yes son, there is a terrible storm going on up there; the worst you'll ever see'. At another time overseas, an Indian friend of Frank's, Ward Bowman, related that his squad was sent on a mission one night into No-Mans-Land. In the Squad was a young fellow on learning that he was to go on the mission became as white as a sheet. He told Ward that that would be his last trip, and Ward tried to console him that it was just the excitement but to little avail. They went on the mission and were pinned down all night and all the next day and night. Just about sunup the second morning the young fellow peeped out of his shell hole, he shared with Ward and got a bullet right between the eyes. Ward said he never made a sound and just slid down into the hole. They stayed there all day and finally got out the third night. A big fellow in the squad carried the dead boy all the way back to their own lines, as he had promised the boy's mother he would look out after him.

In Indian Territory days in that northcentral part of what became Craig County Bill O'Neal had established a little store sometime in the late 1870 near Cabin Creek, and a couple miles north of the old Pheasant Hill Mission. In later years a post office was established in the store and the one-store village was known as Woodley, I.T. Frank remembers that one of the roads going to Vinita went by Woodley the across country east of the Mission and crooked its way into town. Frank tells that during some election in the Territory, Andy Voyles was running the store at Woodley. He had two quarts of 'candidate whisky' to pass out. Old Dave Hunt came by after hearing of the free refreshments, but roared his refusal on learning that it was Democrat whiskey, and rode on toward town. Next morning early the old man came back that way and stopped at Woodley Store, and told Voyles that he 'believed he would take a drink or two since his hair was kinda pulley that morning'.

Many are the stories that will be lost when Frank's generation passes from sickness and old age, but the few gathered tell of a time and people who lives in this country long ago.