Ee Sa Rah N'eah's story

BY JOHN JOSEPH MATHEWS, '20

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Ee sa rah n'eah's hands were copper colored, long and graceful, and his feet in his buckskin moccasins seemed too small to bear his tall body; they were almost ludicrously small. The black roach topping his shaven head seemed to compensate for the board-flattened rear of his skull, and add inches to his great height. Many small wrinkles converged to the outside corners of his black, rather cruel, understanding eyes. But they always sparkled when Ee sa rah n'eah told a story.

When the women were decorating their men for the June dances, he could always be found on the edge of the camp, sitting cross-legged, in utter detachment, and there I always searched for him. Though I loved the kettle-drums and its circle of singers, and of course was fascinated by the gyrations of the gorgeous dancers, I grew weary of this spectacle through long familiarity. Of course a boy couldn't be expected to spend the whole of a delightful June day listening to endless harangue and experience an interest which only a full appreciation could create and maintain. Especially since Ee sa rah n'eah told stories, and at this time one was happiest in the realm of fantasy. Of course Ee sa rah n'eah had been a great hunter.

One morning we were seated on the grass at the edge of the camp. At times the sound of the drums was carried to us in full volume, then it died to distant thumping. At times the wind carried the singers' voices to us and then carried them away. But neither of us really heard the singers or the drums. Ee sa rah n'eah sat singing softly to himself, beaming with his fingers, "He-ooooh, ho-ooooh, ho-ooooh, ho-oooh," his face cracked into wrinkles again, and he pointed to the 22 calibre rifle hanging on my saddle; "you shoot little birds."

Of course I couldn't tell him that I had just come from a buffalo hunt on the hills north of Soldier creek. I couldn't tell him that with the aid of jack-rabbits, a flexible imagination, and a wise old mare, who patronized with tired tolerance my crazy whims, that I had a most successful hunt. I said evasively: "Some day I'm gonna kill a panther."

"Sure, someday you kill a panther; maybe panther he go away then."

"Lo-o-o-o-o-ong time ago we kill panther; your poppa, he kill 'em too."

"How does a panther go?"

He looked at me steadily for some time, then pointed north; "you know creek up there. I knew the creeks in the north part of the reservation but I wanted to be sure that I could name the one he referred to, so I hesitated. He then took a stick and drew the drainage system of the northern region. He followed one of the streams with his finger, then placed a small pebble on a spot about three-fourths of the way up the stream.

"One time lo-o-o-o-o-ong time ago we go find deer here. Me and young Pawnee. He was young man, this Pawnee; just start to pull hair from his face. I didn't know if it would be good to find deer with this Pawnee. I didn't know if he was good man. They said he eat weed and go crazy. They said he kill his mother when he eat this weed, and he run away from his uncles, so he would live. They said he was no Pawnee; they said he come from lo-o-o-o-o-ong way, but he said he was Pawnee. I say I am not afraid of this young man; I say well, I go.

"We sleep one time then we find plan. I said, 'well there are lots of sign here; we will find deer here,' I said. When we come to canyon it is late, the sun is not purty high. I said to young Pawnee 'lagony,' I said. "You wait here,' I said, 'I go to head of canyon; I wait for deer, then you go up canyon,' I said. 'If they smell you they come by me,' I said. 'Lagony.'"

"I go on south edge of canyon. Wind come from north. Deer can smell purty good. When I get to head of canyon, I hide and wait. Everything is purty still. Seem like everything sleep. L-o-o-o-o-ong time I wait. A squirrel come down a tree and look at me and I say he look funny and do like white man, tryin' to see ever thing and don't know nothin. Purty soon he make noise—barkin' like white man talkin', cause he don't know what I am, and I say he's foolish.

"I hear sound. Sometimes a leaf fall in the canyon, but I know it ain't no deer. A little bird go up and down a tree makin' a little noise, and I know it ain't no deer neither. Purty soon the sun he goes down lower, and I say where is this Pawnee; gu-whiz I say, he sure is slow, this Pawnee. Many thoughts come to my head; I think about what my wife say three days ago. I think what kind of man is the new agent; I say maybe he is good to Indian. L-o-o-o-o-ong time I sit like this with many thought in my head, but the Pawnee, he don't come. I say it sure is gettin' cold. I look and the sun he is nearly down; I watch him change. He make yellow and pink and then he makes red. I say he be sure is raisin' hell in the west, and I say it sure is purty. But I say that Pawnee sure is slow.

"Purty soon the Pawnee shoots, and I hear him down in the canyon when he shoots. I hear a funny noise too; I say I don't know what it is. I say ain't no woman scream' like some one stick a knife in him. It sure sound like that; like someone stickin' a knife in a woman. I say it can't be a woman dyin' there ain't no woman here I say. Everything seem like it's fraud. Everything's quiet like everthing's fraud of woman scream' in. The squirrel he quit barkin' and I think I don't see him flat on a limb. But I know it ain't no woman scream' and I say I go down in the canyon and see.

"Purty soon I see this Pawnee, and I say he is dead, this Pawnee. He is on his face, and his gun is in his hand, and I say sure he is dead. L-o-o-o-o-ong time I stand and look at the cliff. I look up the canyon and down the canyon, and I can't see nothin'. I walk around this..."
Carl Whiteman, ex '14, occupies one of the most important positions held by any alumnus of the university. He is the vice president of the General Foods Sales Company, Inc., one of the greatest food marketing corporations in the world. During his university career Mr Whiteman was wholly self-supporting.

We might imagine a conversation at the breakfast table in the home of Carl Whiteman, ex '14, of New York, thus:

Mrs Whiteman: "Will you have Post Toasties this morning?"
Mr Whiteman: "Post's Bran Flakes for health, you know, my dear."
Mrs Whiteman: "Of course, but why not Grape Nuts?"
Mr Whiteman: "This is wonderful coffee."
Mrs Whiteman: "Of course it is. Maxwell House, you know."

Perhaps such a conversation never occurs. But Mr Whiteman can sit down to a breakfast completely served with food products marketed by the company of which he is the vice president. He can drink coffee with or without caffeine. He can have a wide choice of cereals; his household can get along in the day by using only products which Mr Whiteman's company sells.

For you see, Mr Whiteman is the vice president of General Foods Sales Company, Inc., America's largest food marketing organization, and one of the most stable, incidentally, as the strength of General Foods on the stock market during the last trying year has indicated.

His company is the one that markets such well known products as Diamond Crystal Salt, Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate, Log Cabin Syrup, Jell-O, Instant Postum, Swan's Down Cake Flour—and so on. You can see, that the breakfast conversation we have imagined could really take place.

His position is one of the most important occupied by Sooners. He is in charge of all of the entire outside operations of the corporation, including organization, personnel, customers to whom the corporation sells and trade relationship.

Mr Whiteman is a native Oklahoman, having been born in Ardmore. He was a member of Kappa Alpha fraternity in the university and sang in the glee club. Mr Whiteman is one of that fine group of self-supporting students who achieve success in life, for he was wholly self-supporting while in the university, earning his living expenses by singing in Pat Berry's picture show.

After leaving the university in 1914, Mr Whiteman was in the merchandise brokerage business in Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas. He left Fort Worth for Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1924, to become a division sales manager for the Postum Cereal Company. Later, in 1924, the division office was moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, where Mr Whiteman lived until December, 1925, when he went to New York for the same firm.

The Postum Cereal Company entered a consolidation program with other organizations and over a period of time the name was changed to the Postum Company, Inc., and later this was changed to the General Foods Corporation.

Mr Whiteman has shared in the development of the organization. When he came to New York it was as assistant to the vice president of the Posts Products Company, one of the distributing organizations. Later, he was made successively vice president and president of that organization. However, the corporation had four distinct selling organizations and the Posts Products Company was one of them. Later, all four organizations were consolidated and out of them was organized the General Foods Sales Company, Inc., of which Mr Whiteman is now the vice president.

Mr Whiteman is married, his wife being née Mary Louise Bahan of Fort Worth, Texas. The Whitemans have a daughter, age fourteen.

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Pawnee; many times I walk round him, until I'm far away from him, and I say I see no sign; this is funny I say. Purty soon I look back and see this Pawnee move. I go over to him and he sit up and look at me. I said 'what sound like a woman screamin'. He look at me scared, and then he look foolish. He said: 'panther he stand on that cliff and I shoot at him and he jump on me and knock me down.'

"You do not shoot good,' I said.
"Yes,' he said, 'I shoot good.'
"No, I believe you do not shoot good,' I said.
"This panther has in him the evil spirit,' he said.
"Ho, a panther can't carry the evil spirit,' I said.
"Yes,' he said, 'it is the evil spirit.'
"I go down to the cliff where the panther was and I look good. Purty soon I see the panther at the foot of the cliff, and I say he is dead. I go there and he is dead. I see that he is shot in the heart, and I say the Pawnee is weak and he faint. This Pawnee faint when the panther scream like a woman killed with a knife, I say.'