



Western Romance #3 is done for FAPA and Fandom by Joyce Katz, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., PMB 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107, in October 2000.

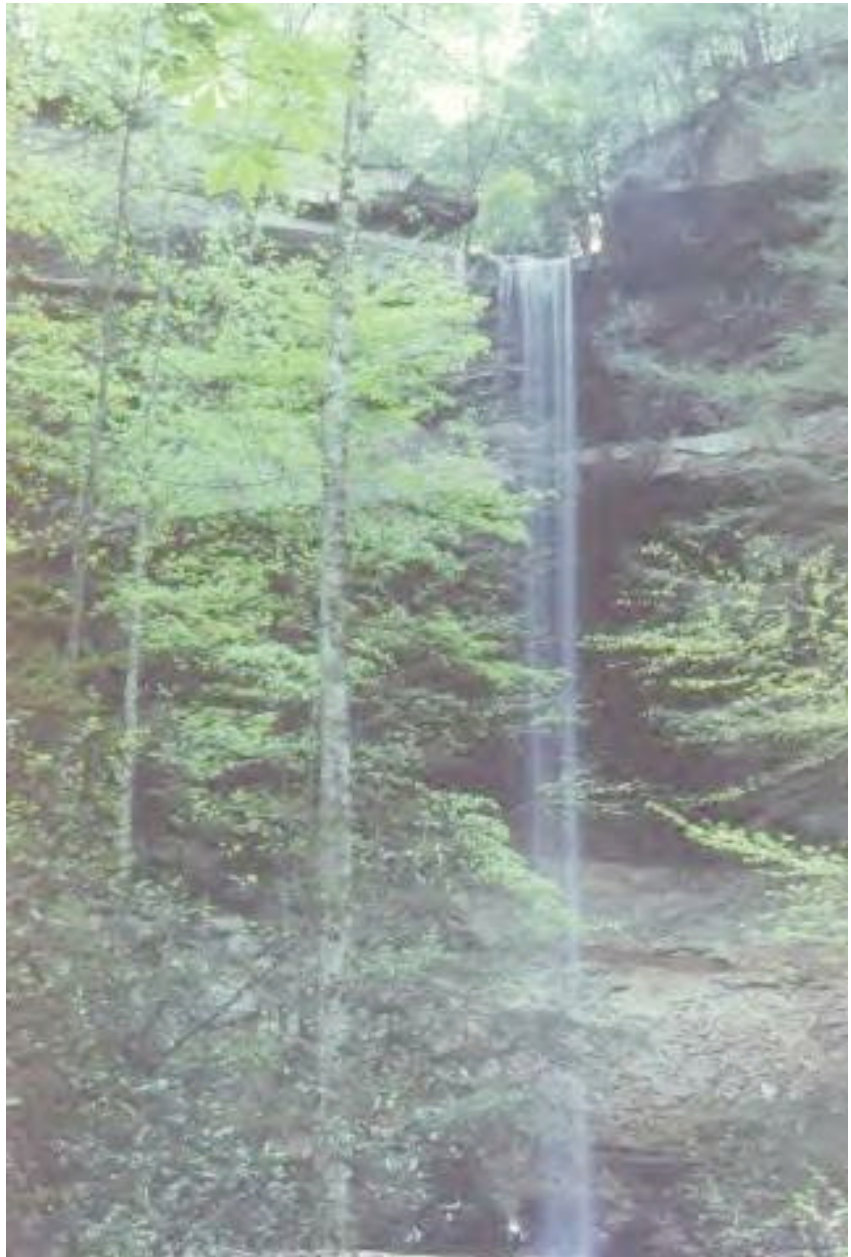
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A Terrible Thing Happened in 1810. The news was slow to reach me, but now that I've heard it, I'll pass it along.

In 1810, the Cherokee Nation was divided into factions. The majority felt it was useless to attempt to conquer the white men pouring onto this continent by the shipful. Right from the start, the Cherokee saw the future, so attempted to adopt the white men's ways, modes of dress, and style of life. By the turn of the century, it was apparent that these conciliatory ways weren't gaining any love. There was little hope left that the Cherokee would be left in peace.

A minority swore to fight to the last man. The Chickamaugan Cherokees waged bloody battle whenever the two races met. The last quarter of the 1700s, and the beginning of the 1800s were filled with accounts of raids and counterattacks from the Cumberland Gap, to the Ohio Valley, to the Mississippi Crease. There were atrocities on both sides. The white men kept pressing westward; the Chickamaugans fought a losing battle.

By 1810, even the most determined knew that it was over, though they swore to fight to the end. But the reprisals on the



warriors and their families were so severe, they desired to move their children to safety. It was decided that the Chickamaugan children in the Cumberland Area would be taken to Reverend Blackburn's Indian school, just across the border in Tennessee.

Ywahoo Falls, now called Yahoo Falls, Kentucky, was the gathering place. The children, a few women taking care of them, and a handful of warriors to guard the group waited there for the last stragglers to arrive, before pressing south to the Blackburn school. There were 110 children and women hiding in the cave behind the falls. The braves stationed themselves on both sides of the river.

On Friday, August 10, 1810, a group of Indian fighters under the leadership of Hiram "Big Tooth" Gregory learned about the mission to take the children to safety. They were Franklinites, followers of John Sevier's motto, "Nits make lice," and they attacked the guards with the battle cry "Destroy the nits to kill the lice." Vastly outnumbered, the warriors Black Fox, Chief Red Bird, Peter and Jacob Troxell fought savagely but were cut to the ground, still screaming their battle cry, "The Children!"

The Indian fighters then fell upon the children and women, raping all females, then killing them. Standing Fern and Cornblossom, both of whom earned the title War Woman, fought valiantly, but were downed by many cuts and wounds. The children threw clods of dirt, stones, picked up sticks and tried to defend themselves, but were slaughtered. Pregnant women were slashed open, the baby removed and sliced before their dying eyes.

Cornblossom was two days in dying. She and a few survivors told rescuers the story, which lives through oral history, and a written account by a descendant of Peter Troxell.

There was more, of course. There always is. The massacre broke the Chickamaugans, since some of their most important leaders were killed there. There were renegades, children of some of those who died there, who never gave up. The killing didn't stop, not for a very long time.



You may wonder that this brutal story impressed itself on me to such a degree. History is full of murder, this was just one more example.

But the story is so ghastly, so bloody horrible, that it threw me into despair. For weeks, I have been haunted by the vision of Cornblossom fighting through her wounds, crying, "We are not yet defeated," casting her body between the children and their killers. Even worse is the image of helpless children throwing clods of dirt to try to hold off their attackers. Their cries echo through history.

I believe I am especially bothered because I know I had relatives in Kentucky at that time, both Indian and White. I would hate to learn I had people at Ywahoo Falls, on either side.

It is no wonder that the story has been suppressed in history. There is little glory in killing women and children.

To read about it for yourself, turn your browser to "Cherokee Massacre." Follow your nose, and you'll easily come to this stinking story of the cruelest massacre of innocence in this country's history.

Changing the World

For most of my life, I was largely unconcerned about Native American issues. I enjoyed my one trip to a powwow when I was a teen, and I was proud of my Cherokee heritage. But I was raised in the White world, as were we all since Great Grandfather Hardy Dickens left the tribe and became a member of the Union Army during the Civil War. His service to the Army won him homestead land in Southeast Missouri, and my family has lived in houses with white picket fences since that time.

Somewhere between age 50-55, I decided I was going to involve myself more with Indian affairs. I remember telling my friends of my decision...a deliberate ploy on my part to keep me from backing out of my plan.

In the last ten years or so, following that promise to myself, I've been slightly more active in reading history, and a bit more faithful in offering help. I've largely devoted my interests to the Sioux Nation because of the sympathy I feel for their predicament, instead of to the Cherokees, who seem to need my help much less.

I have largely stayed away from the tragedies of the past. There is little point in dwelling on what happened, except to make sure that it's not forgotten. I see the Native American sorrows as being very similar to the Holocaust — we must never forget what happened, in order to keep it from happening again. But we must go on with our own lives. Though I read the history, I never, for example, went to see the movie "*Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee.*" I do not like to poke at bleeding sores.

I strongly believe that we must move forward together. Native Americans and Imported Americans must realize that we share a past; the tragedy that befell one was also tragedy for the other. Both sides carry pain and stigma. Both sides must live with what happened.

The only hope for the Native Americans, in my opinion, is for them to begin to look forward and make better lives for themselves and their families. Certainly they must never forget. But they must leave the stinkholes of the past, and point their hearts and minds to the future.

Young adults must leave the reservations, make homes, build their own prosperity. After all, the rest of the population faces that same necessity. A significant number of Native American children are being raised, not by their tribal fathers and mothers, but by Catholic missionary schools. It would be better for families to pick up their own obligations, remain sober, find jobs, and teach their children customs and traditions inside their own homes.

Few of us can live like we would have 400 years ago. The world is different now., from China to England, Russia to Japan, America to Africa and Australia. There is little room in any society for someone who wants to be a peasant, serf, war lord or hunter-gatherer. No matter how we long for the simplicity of years gone by, we live in a complicated present.

It does little good to moan about the idyllic past. Whether it was good or bad, there is one thing for sure: it is gone now. ***



Worley-Gigs

Collecting Channel rolled up the rugs in July, dismissing the rest of the editorial staff. My last day's work was July 21. Then started what has become my longest period of unemployment in my adult life.

For the most part, I've treated it like an extended vacation. Some mornings I even got a half hour's extra sleep, rising at 5:30 instead of 5:00. And, creature of habit that I am, I usually sit down at the computer by 8:00 if not before. Handling mail and keeping our accounts current fills three or four hours; by noon I'm generally in front of the tube, seeking entertainment.

Arnie and I have a nice collection of VHS video recordings, over 550 tapes and growing. We've enjoyed the many movies that we own, but mostly have concentrated on recording episodes of mini-series and regular season broadcasts...things you can't buy.

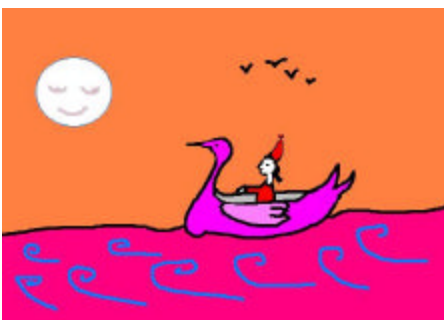
Some of our treasures are complete runs (sans a few missed episodes) of programs. For example, we have almost all of *Mary Hartman Mary Hartman*, and all of *SOAP*. We have all of *Dallas*, plus all of *Knot's Landing*. We have *Jenny*, and two or three different series on the life of Churchill. We have *The Forsyte Saga* in its entirety, a great deal of *Upstairs Downstairs*, all of *UFO* that was ever released, *I Claudius*, and *Brideshead Revisited*. Other favorites are *Mapp & Lucia*, books 1 and 2, the *Betty Boop Collection*, the *Burns & Allen* collection, and scores of made-for-tv epics. We have a lot of *Dr. Who*, but unfortunately these are not very good, since they were recorded in New York without benefit of cable, and you can see the World Trade Center towers casting shadows on the picture.

Of all these, *Brideshead Revisited* is my favorite. I've seen it through four or five viewings, and still get something new out of it each time. I like to follow it with *The Good Soldier*, a bitter tragedy of thrown-away happiness; in my mind, the two fit together.

Brideshead also works as a sort of litmus test of personality. When I mention it and get the response, "Oh, that story about two gay guys..." I mark the person's depth in my mental measure, and thereafter expect little more from them than the time of day. I'm happier when someone has no knowledge of it at all.

I Claudius gets my vote for the most perfect production, though *The Forsyte Saga* wins in the soap-opera category. I still weep when Soames dies, as if he were a member of my own family.

Filling time, during this period of unemployment, has made me recognize how important work is to me. In my youth, I measured my worth by whom I loved. In my middle years, I measured by who loved me. Now, finally more mature after all this time, I am more likely to measure my worth by what I do, what I create. I was immodestly proud of my body of work for Collecting Channel. Certainly there were weak pieces, but the best of those essays were the best that I had ever produced.



I'm therefore glad to say that it appears I will be rehired by Collecting Channel within the next few weeks. Unfortunately, Bill Kunkel and I are the only ones to be rehired; the former days of fannish fame are unlikely to reoccur. Although I have enjoyed this vacation, I anticipate returning to the business of creating fresh material every day. ***

Smoke Signals

From: Absarka@naxs.com (Curt Phillips)

Thanks for sending me WR # 2. Your opening article about your Aunt Letha and your visit to the Flathead Reservation is excellent and immediately sparks comments from me. First, you mention the fires currently burning out west. Ever since I became a volunteer firefighter I've followed the reports of the almost annual western fires a lot more closely, as you might imagine. Firefighting is hard enough when it's a structure fire that you're working, but a wildland fire is almost always far worse. A shift in the winds that would be too subtle to feel in normal times can push a fire into a new direction with next to no warning, and once a fire gets up into the treetops it can consume a huge area in a very short time - and sometimes firefighters get caught out in it. We've already lost good people in this year's fires and the end isn't quite in sight yet. Two weeks ago we sent a second squad of 9 firefighters from Abingdon out west to help, but I have no idea where they are tonight. Very likely they are in a forward fire camp as I write, possibly trying to grab a few hours of sleep before returning to the fire line. It is devilish and brutal work, and my prayers go out for all wildland firefighters on whatever dark and hellish mountain they may be tonight.

Joyce: I once helped fight a field fire on a farm back in Missouri. It was hard work; amazing how fast the flames raced toward the house and barn. We were able to rescue the cut-off cattle, and stopped the fire short of the buildings.

I can only imagine how much harder and more dangerous forest fires are.

I enjoyed your account of your long ago visit to the Flathead Reservation. Do I understand that you've never been back there? Whatever happened to Aunt Letha? I attended a "pow-wow" conducted by a group of Lacota Souix who were visiting the area a few years ago, but I had the impression that they were putting on a show for us visitors rather than conducting a celebration, and I've never attended another. I was there to help put on a show myself; a Civil War battle demonstration. I kept wondering all that day if I was the only one who gave a thought at how inappropriate it must have seemed to the Locota Souix to have a bunch of Yankee soldiers in blue running around their camp. If it bothered them they didn't say anything. In fact a few of us were invited to return that night and sit by their campfire which I did. They had an excellent Drum and we talked and sang old songs till the sky grew light. A very fine night.

I have never been back to Montana, and I'm sorry about that, since I think it's the most beautiful place in the world.

Aunt Letha's husband died; eventually she married a lumberman in Oregon, and we visited them at their home near Klamath Falls.

Yes, the traveling powwow you attended was almost certainly a demonstration. I suppose the Lacota Sioux are, unfortunately, all too used to bluecoats around their camps. It must have been a nice change when you were friendly to them.

As I'm sure you know, the Argonne Forest was the site of some of the worst fighting that American troops saw in WWI. Did your father - whom you mentioned had been wounded there - ever talk to you much about his experiences?

He was an old-fashioned man with old-fashioned standards. He believed details of warfare were too obscene to discuss in front of women and children. But I listened in when he told my brothers about it. He was right...it was horrible. Someday I'll write up as much as I can remember of his experiences.

I'd love to comment more, but to my great surprise, pages 5 - 9 are blank on the download that I was sent! Is this an attempt to create a virtual simulation of running out of mimeo ink halfway through the run?

Many people asked. No, there were only four pages. I didn't realize there were extra template pages, and sent through the fanzine without removing them. My bad.

Do you have WESTERN ROMANCE # 1 available to send by download? I'd like to see it if you do.

I'm glad you asked. The first issue was done by the old-fashioned method. However, I do have the issue in electronic form without its pictures (since I did not have a scanner to put them in.) Anyone who would like this crippled issue #1, so you'll have a complete set of my Golden Words, need only send me a request, with email address.

From: bearcat13@hotmail.com (Brian Burley)

I got my copy of Western Romance #2 in the email this afternoon. Much enjoyed. Unfortunately, I don't have much in the way of childhood memories, as a result of a lot of physical and emotional abuse. Most of my earliest memories start from high school in S. Miami, and we left there shortly after. So essentially I remember growing up in a small town in central Ohio. It must be wonderful to have such fond memories. Sigh.

I understand that. I used to block out quite a bit of my childhood too, in order to try to forget some bad things. In fact, I didn't forget the bad things, and only succeeded in losing many happier times. When I started writing them up, I discovered I remembered much more than I had thought I did. Of course I concentrate on the good things.

Of fannish interest, Bubonicon was wonderful. I had more fun than at worldcon. Roy Tackett was present, but in a wheelchair. He did not participate, except as a spectator. I conveyed good wishes. Worldcon was good, too, but I understand there were a lot of problems I didn't see. And I haven't had a chance to review SMOFS to find out what they were. The panels I was on went well.

Many thanks for the letter, and thanks also to those who acknowledged the zine but did not write. I hope to hear from more of you this time!

Council Fires

Mailing Comments

Synapse (Jack Speer) I had no idea that there is a shortage of bees. I hadn't noticed, except to be glad not to be stung. I'm allergic to beestings, which isn't too surprising, given that I seem to be allergic to a huge number of things including honey. I was stung only once, as a child, and had a dramatic reaction. I remember my mother chewing a wad of tobacco (brave of her, since she never smoked or snuffed) to put it on the swelling. Why is there a shortage of bees? Is it simply a matter of not enough bee-keepers? There actually seems to be a small fad for bee-keeping among super-homemakers. I saw a Martha Stewart show dedicated to bee-keeping and was impressed by the ease with which she and the pro handled the hive.



Growing up in Southeast Missouri, honey was something that came out of wild hives found, usually, in hollow trees. I remember the menfolk going out to take honey; they had no gear nor protective clothing and the procedure called for a lot of nerve, a certain amount of pain, and sometimes, fleet feet. I have a vague memory of one of my brothers disturbing a hive, and running like hell to get away from it. — I suppose, looking back at it, that these old-timers probably did it all wrong, and probably destroyed millions of bees. Perhaps that is why there is a shortage now. Though there doesn't seem to be any shortage of honey in the grocery store.

Speaking of Martha Stewart, I have watched a few of her shows. I'm definitely not a fan of her style of over-achievement, though I do admire the journalistic and editorial acumen with which she has built such an empire.

Derogatory Reference 95 (Arthur Hlavaty) I'm sorry to hear about your arm, and hope that it has completely healed by now. Ladders are dangerous things (or at least that's my excuse for standing on chairs, three-legged stools, stacks of old magazines or other unstable perches.) This very morning Arnie and I changed our air conditioner's filters. Since our step ladder has become crippled, Arnie climbed up on the piano bench which I suppose lent a musical air to the affair.

I envy you and others who grew up reading science fiction. I wish I had discovered the genre when I was young enough to enjoy Burroughs, or at least to read the Heinlein juveniles. In fact, I did read and enjoy a few sf stories published in *Saturday Evening Post* (the one magazine I regularly saw) and a couple of sf books that I stumbled across. But the Poplar Bluff Public Library didn't have a science fiction section (did any of them, back then?) and I didn't realize there was an entire genre dedicated to futuristic fiction. I didn't find out about it until one summer afternoon in Ray Fisher's attic, when he introduced me to his library. (The first stories I read were *Nightfall*, *No Woman Born*, *Adam and no Eve*) I therefore started with the best of the batch...but always felt I missed the pure joy of uncritical youth.

Sansevieria 35 (Dale Speirs) Glacial debris is interesting because it often contains rocks that are from far distant locales. The southernmost terminal moraine reached as far south as Dexter, Missouri, a town that lies a dozen miles east of Poplar Bluff. We used to go there, to the area known as Crowley's Ridge, to rock hunt. We'd find stones that were not indigenous to Missouri — jasper, quartz, obsidian — it was fun to Wonder about the vast distance the rocks had traveled to end in some Missouri farmer's field.

Years later we hunted stones on the banks of the Mississippi, just down from where the Missouri joins. We found the same mixed bag of rocks that we knew originated so far away. But the roiling rivers smoothed these by tumbling them on their thousand-mile journey; they were rounded and worn into beautiful curved shapes.

EnDragon (Helen Wesson) If all the wildlife that were wiped clean of oil eventually died anyhow, was it worth doing? Did they die because their bodies were poisoned by the oil? Or because their food and water was poisoned?

I often wonder about much of the worthy work that we attempt to do, whether it actually changes anything, or whether it merely prolongs the agony. Would have these oil-poisoned birds suffered less if we hadn't tried to save them?

I once tried to save two newly hatched birds that fell out of their nest. I put them in a box, surrounded them with cloth to try to keep them warm, and tried to feed them with an eye dropper. They hung on for a few days but it was actually hopeless; I simply didn't have the skills to be a substitute bird mother. There is no doubt in my mind that their suffering would have been less if I hadn't even tried.

I read once, in a cat-raiser's guide, that the kindest thing to do for newborn kittens if the queen dies, is to gently drown the kittens in a bowl of luke warm water. I was shocked when I read this; it seemed callous. Years later I was faced with a litter of kittens whose mother was missing, and I tried to hand feed them and keep them warm. It proved impossible; eventually I had to let the humane society take them. I still remember their pathetic need that I couldn't fill, and I know in my heart that the book was right.

Snickersnee (Bob Silverberg) It's a strange rite of passage when you finally get something wrong with you that leaves you permanently changed. Surgery, in particular, is as big a shock to the mind as the body. It's hard to accept the idea that someone should invade me while I am asleep, and move around my innards in some abnormal way I can't control. The resulting mark to forever show that my body has been entered is a permanent memento to my own frailty, a permanent reminder of my own mortality. Gee, thanks, Fate! It's a lesson I'd as soon skipped.

Ben's Beat 60 (Ben Indick) I enjoyed the Oz appreciation, and especially the pictures. And I particularly appreciated your remarks on the origin of *Moby Dick*. I had not heard of the unfortunate Essex. How ironic that it was destroyed by a whale, and then that it's entire legend was eaten by America's literary whale. — Poor melancholic Melville! Sad that he never knew how the world would value him. But I suspect that even if he had found the acceptance he craved

during his life, he would have still found reason to be mournful; it was his nature. Of course, it is better to be sad with funds than without, and it's too bad he never had that chance either. So much better to be a popular and rich genius, than a poor and ignored one.

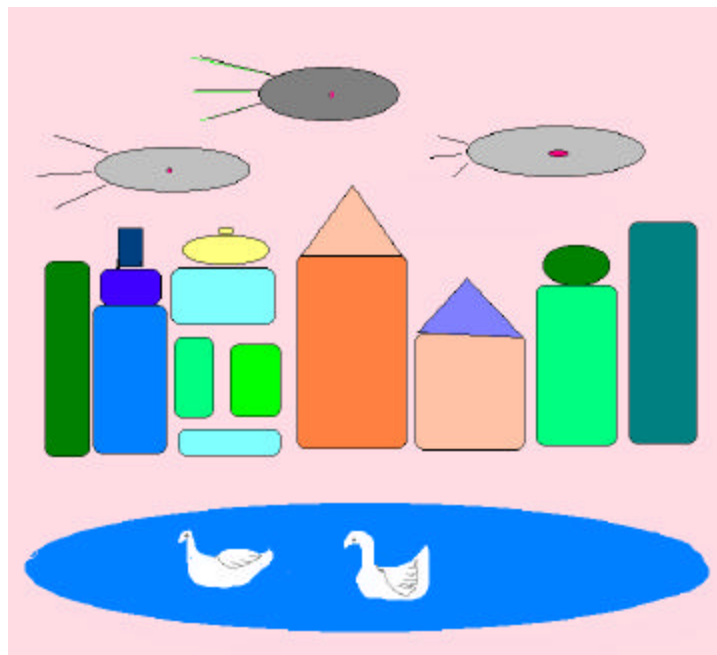
Horizons (Harry Warner) Thanks for your kind remarks about Las Vegas hospitality. The local fans seem naturally inclined to be hospitable; perhaps this is an offshoot of the town's reputation as a mecca for vacationers. But you are right that there's been a slight change in the last couple of years. It's less because of one or two bad guests than the changes in the local fanlife. Where once we had a number of students and unemployed, available to pick up and take around, now we seem to be involved mostly with building homes and families, therefore less free time and funds. It does make a small difference.

I'm like you, in that I hold some lingering fantasy that there might be life on Mars, hiding in caves (or perhaps in giant underground cities.) I imagine the largest reason for this hope is that this seems to be the last potential for finding Other Civilizations during my lifetime. There no doubt are scores of Others out among the stars, but it's unlikely that I'll live to meet them.

There were few immigrants in Poplar Bluff while I was growing up. There was one Italian family named Saracino, that spread its members widely through the town's activities. One sister ran the circulation department of the local daily newspaper; among other things, she had the job of managing the fleet of paper boys on their paper routes. A second sister ran a candy store about a block from my house, managing the flock of neighborhood kids who'd carry in soda bottles to trade for coins to be spent on penny candy. Both women were known as stern but fair, and were great favorites with the kids in town. Aside from this family, we had one Greek family, a few German warbrides, and not enough Jewish families to form a minyan.. The result of the homogenized citizenry was that we had no ethnic restaurants, unless you count the barbecue joints. We did not have a Chinese restaurant, nor a Mexican restaurant, nor a pizza parlor nor an Italian restaurant nor a subway sandwich stand. The most exotic item was a pushcart that sold hot tamales. But the kids all whispered that the pushcart man used cats. Years later, a health inspector found that this was indeed true.

Our introduction to international cuisine came when the local Howard Johnson Motel served up a smorgasbord on Sunday, but that really only meant they had pot roast and meatloaf on the same day.

I was interested in your remarks about Poe and his benefactor, Allen. When researching a piece on Poe, I came to the same conclusion, that Poe was a bit of a freeloader and social pariah. He seemed to delight in antagonizing authority, and was at times quite ungracious to Allen. I



believe part of his problems were brought on by his deliberate attempts to shock and aggravate society.

Postscript (Catherine Mintz)

I'm glad you decided to stay. You would have been missed. And congratulations on your first book!

You asked, "If one is Cherokee, how does one find one's number. A very good question. Ideally, you should find a certificate pressed in the family Bible, or in the old cedar chest. That's where Mother's was, until she decided to burn all her old papers that "no one would want anyhow." Not having that, it is necessary to trace your family tree back to a person who is known by the tribe and was Numbered. You have to conclusively prove each step, with birth certificates, Bible entries, etc. Only by documenting the connections will you be accepted as a Cherokee person, with the (somewhat limited) rights and privileges that go with it.

My great nephew Cory Watts has successfully found our roots, and is now in process of documenting the long and twisted trail we took from the east, through Kentucky, Tennessee, the Mississippi Crease, and eventually to Missouri and Oklahoma. But one craves to know the details, the hows and whys of what happened along that route.

The Frozen Weblog—Arthur Hlavaty

I understand Dr. Laura has apologized. Does that make it All OK?

I loved the short bit on Punctuation. It's true that we'd be lost without it. One of my favorite pieces of ambiguities is "He scoffs at wounds that never felt the sword." Who never faced the sword, the wounded person, or the scoffer?

Synapse — Jack Speer

It is true that Romance is out of date. But I'm using it here in its older, less romantic, meaning, as a Story.

No, I don't feel degraded by having a Social Security number either; in fact, I actually applied for it (as I am sure you did, too.) However, there is a significant difference between the Cherokee numbers — although they didn't apply for them, they couldn't get their allotment of government grain or cheese or blankets without them. And, even more significantly, the number took the place of the person. No matter who your father and grandfather, you're a non-person unless you can prove it by number.

(Of course, I invite anyone to attempt to get an allotment of pension/welfare/unemployment money without a Social Security number... Then the person becomes secondary to the process, which absolutely requires the number. And I think that probably is degrading.)

(end)