

"... You Came A Long Way Buster"

This is an autobiography by Mr. Frazier that was found among his belongings. It expresses his own thoughts about himself.

Born in Skulleyville, Oklahoma, June 16, 1914, my life was typical of the youngsters of the time. My father, a white man, divided his time between working as a town marshal, barber, deputy-sheriff, and justice-of-the-peace. My mother of Choctaw and French descent, occupied her time as a good mother and housewife until her death in 1940 at age forty-three.

Being large for my age, 5'10", 195 pounds, in 1928, I went out for the high school football team, our school was very small and the football coach was my seventh grade teacher. My father had always been interested in boxing and wrestling so my high school career was channeled along athletic lines. At S.H.S I had the dubious distinction of playing sixty-five games on offense and defense, not that I was any better than I had to be, but we only had four substitutes available.

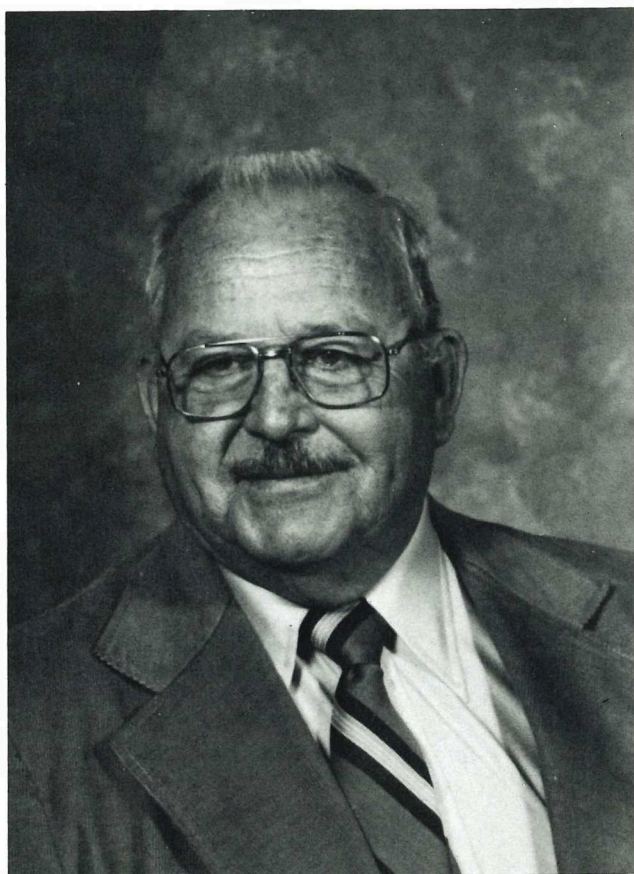
I had been a loner all my life and in high school even to the present time, I've preferred watching people's reactions to the idle social chitchat that people for some unknown reason think is necessary.

Some would say that being an only child caused me to become a typical loner but I would rather think it was because a serious case of typhoid fever left me crippled when I was ten years old. During the next three years, with a routine of exercise I learned to walk again; during this time I read everything we owned and could buy and borrow. Novels, classics, encyclopedias, travelbooks, anything that was at hand I read, forming a background to later years that I could return to school.

In high school I had parts in the school productions and the occasional community play and was elected the first president of the Student Council. I graduated from high school almost a month before my twentieth birthday and immediately started to school at Southeastern State Teachers College in Durant, Oklahoma. After football season I dropped because of financial reasons and for the next two years worked on W.P.A. and other such depression products and boxed and wrestled a number of times to make a living.

In 1936 I had an offer from Connors State Agriculture College, Warner, Oklahoma to play football and box. There I developed a stronger interest in writing and newspaper work.

At the end of the 1936-37 term I had an opportunity to go back to Spiro and get a summer job, good pay for the period, eleven cents per hour and all the hours I wanted. No overtime either. In the fall I returned to CSAC, after breaking an ankle and my nose playing



Francis "Buster" Frazier

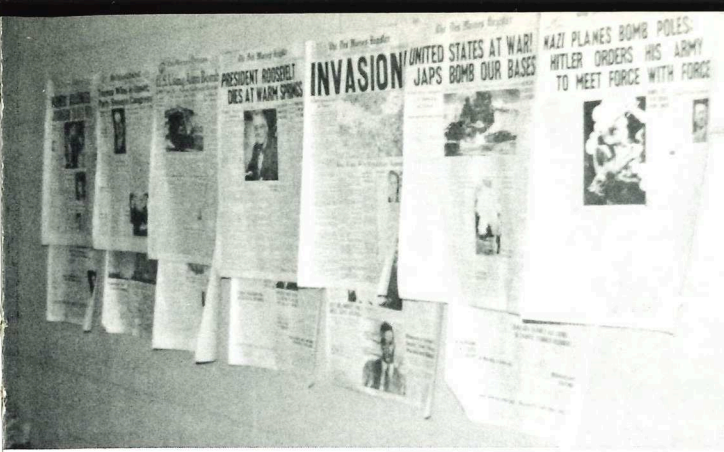
Born: June 16, 1914
Died: November 8, 1980

football I stayed there until midterm of the 1938-39 term doing more work on the school newspaper, setting type, running the old press, and writing.

My grades were good enough; I usually was exempt from finals so I didn't lose any credits when I dropped out again, this time to return to Spiro and take care of my mother who needed constant attention the last six months she lived.

After mother died in January of 1940, I transferred to Northeastern State Teachers College, Tahlequah, Oklahoma, capital of the Cherokee Nation. Now six years from the time I was a freshman in college, I hoped I would be able to get my degree, I still played another year of football but I was more interested in getting an education than some fleeting glory.

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OLD NEWSPAPER REPRINTS saved by Mr. Frazier hang on the wall of his classroom (LEFT).



MR. DAVID COOK and Mr. Frazier selling tickets at the 1979 Homecoming dance (BELOW LEFT).

MR. FRAZIER'S FAMILIAR collection of books and references that comprised the back corner of his classroom (BELOW).



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Graduating in May 1951 marked the end of a seven-
teen year period from the time I had enrolled as a
freshman at S.T.C. until I got a B.A. in Education;
however during a few odd minutes in the Sea Bees Navy
Construction Battalion, seen thirty-four different islands
in the Pacific, four continents, gone broke in the trans-
portation business and now I am entering my fifteenth
year as a teacher in the Wright City system, in the field
of social studies.

As a school teacher I have taught and coached in
Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and Missouri with time
out for a hitch as a peace officer in Kansas for five years.

The older I get, the more I want to write, after all my
experiences, and the people I've met I truly feel there's
a lot of interesting things I could tell about, if I knew
how.

EULOGY

By: Pamela Zutter Brock

Although we were colleagues, we all
felt we were his students because we
obtained much knowledge from his ex-
periences and stories. We truly ad-
mired him for he was sincerely dedi-
cated to the field of teaching. We are all
stunned and greatly feel this loss. Many
of us took it for granted that he would
always be here. We won't forget your
smile, your wisdom, or your ambling
gait down the hall. So, good morning,
Mr. Frazier.