Augusta Corson Metcalf is a gentle woman, and a loyal Oklahoman. She has reached fame in many states, as well as her own, and is one of the few artists that has achieved fame in the field of western illustrations. She paints that part of Oklahoma's History in which she lived. This was during the settling of No Man's Land and the days that men and women endured in their effort to possess the land.

She lives in a well kept house nestled along the winding Washita River, near Durham, Oklahoma. She is surrounded with those things that are dear to her heart: an old fiddle, branding irons that tell a story of yester-year, and wonderful paintings of an interesting era in the West's history. By chance, one is sometimes allowed to enter the "inner-sanctum" where are an old wood cook stove and for a cupboard, a chuck box. Many times on a long winter's day, the writer has sat at the table and shared a meal like one that might have been served in the Corson home, in No Man's Land referred to by early settlers as the "Neutral Strip." These cherished memories will always be remembered.

The following incidents of Mrs. Metcalf's life in the Indian Territory are written as she told them. It is the language of that early era when "A body was never too busy to neighbor."

**Augusta Metcalf's Story**

My dad was born in Pennsylvania's "Up Country" in 1838. Edward G. Corson, was a person of much energy. "Pa" as we children called him, joined the Northern Army almost at the start of the Civil War (1861-65). He was discharged after a short training and only one skirmish, because of ill-health.

My mother was also born in 1838, and she married Edward Corson there. Three children were born before they left the city. First the Corson family moved to the country near Hughesville, Pennsylvania, then to Illinois near Woodstock. The West still
held its hands out to settlers, and the next move was to Kansas. This was the year 1871. They settled near Vermillion, where I was born in 1881.

I guess I can't tell much about that part of Kansas as we left when I was only three. One thing I do remember, Mother pointed out a "bunny rabbit" (cottontail), and as it happened, it was the only cottontail I saw until I was eleven. You see, we moved to the prairie and I got acquainted with the jack rabbit. This move was to Spearville, where my Father had the misfortune of losing five of our six horses. He bought a well broken team of oxen—long horns—called "Tom and Jerry," and brought us to "No Man's Land" in the year 1886.

Pa and the boys came to this "Neutral Strip," and brought some of the household belongings, and our small bunch of cows. My oldest brother, Howard, went back for the rest of the belongings and "we-uns" Mother, Sister Janet and me.

Guess we would look like a real show now-a-days as the wagon was really loaded with all kinds of furnishings—nothing fancy, and driving our patient oxen, Tom and Jerry. We were leading a cow, and she had a young calf that became such a nuisance we sold it for $1.00 and were glad to get on without it. Old "Kilkennie," our cow, really did some kicking about the transaction.

One day at noon we camped near Sharps Creek, this empties into Beaver River on the north side in the Panhandle. A man and two boys brought their ox teams to water. It was interesting to me to see five teams wade far out in the water and get all they wanted to drink. Then when they were commanded to come out, they turned and came out as all good oxen do.

We landed on the claim which Pa had selected to call home. Our first house was a 10 by 12 foot shack. Pa later built a three room sod house in which we lived six years. It was located to the side of the ravine where there were several deep spring ponds. Father quarried out a stoney bank and walled up the spring nearest our house, and put a shade on it, so cattle couldn't get to it. That was our well and it was good water . . . . plenty of it.

About a year or two later my sister married. That gave me a chance to ride! My brother Edward had gone back to Kansas, so when Janet no longer did the "bringing in the cows" it was my chore. I really enjoyed riding. I had learned before we left Kansas, but that wasn't the real business. I had been a nuisance, I imagine, to the rest of the family, but my oldest brother Howard wanted me to be a rider, and now I had my chance. We had only a small bunch of cows but they had to be corralled at night, as all around us was open range—"free range," it was called. We "nesters" must take care of our few head of stock and not let them go astray with the range cattle.
Those days we used to see a few, and sometimes several mustangs. One time two came near our house. Our team of horses was eating out of the wagon and one of us opened the door. The wild horses that had come up near ours ran away just like frightened deer.

One time when I was about six years old, I went with Howard to Ockletree County, Texas. We camped on Wolf Creek, near Billie Enfield's place. We were invited to come and eat watermelon, which we did. We all went down to the creek and gathered some wild grapes. I saw my first "Bob White" quail there. Billie saw to it that with our load of wood we hauled back, we also had plenty of melons. I guess I really made the folks tired, telling them of the time I was in Texas. We lived on the main road from Ockletree, Texas, to Liberal, Kansas. We had visitors from time to time, and Billie Enfield often stopped at our place for water and to camp.

When we first came to the Neutral Strip, in the Indian Territory, Mead Center was the big trading town, also Dodge City, Kansas. Our farm was located two miles from the post office of Boyd. Boyd has been moved three times since those days. It was then a town with a store or two, doctor's office, two saloons, a barber shop and a post office.

When the Cherokee Strip opened, nearly everyone was going to the new land, for we saw many covered wagons going east. I think it was in 1890 that Pa made an agreement with a man, Alec Fultz, to herd his cattle to keep them from mixing with the range stock. On April 1st, he brought in sixty-six head, a very motley bunch, mostly cows, heifers, and a very few yearlings. I was to be herder in all good weather. I sure felt important, and enjoyed most of it.

My brother, Howard, was a horse wrangler for the "S Half Circle" outfit, which was the brand of the Hardesty Brothers. That year they were shipping out to the Black Hills of Dakota. Howard came sometimes on short calls when they were not camped too far from our place. He told me much of my knowledge of the range cattle. I was told to remember the different brands and where they belonged; not to forget the ear marks, and to keep my eyes and ears open.

I let my cattle scatter to graze properly. When they would drift toward water, I would ride out ahead and scare off the range cattle. I was little but I could yell and my little dog, Don, could run at the cattle and bark. The range cattle would run down toward Beaver River.

On Jackson Creek there was an old white stone house, I used to draw pictures on the stones, and scratch them on the softer ones. Of course the pictures were all of horses.
The summer was very hot. Some days the cattle would stop grazing and just stand as there was no shade. At such times I would lay down in the shadow of “Old Dick,” my saddle horse. Some folks used to ask me, “Don’t you get lonesome?” It wasn’t lonesome for me; I had little Don, my collie dog, and Dick, my saddle horse. No, I think back always on the good old days. They came after the cattle on November 1, one hundred and thirty in all with the extras brought in during the summer.

That winter our herd got to eating loco weed. The worst locoed ones would refuse to eat anything but the weed. This almost put us out of the cow business. At that time no one heard of oil cake, at least not in the Neutral Strip of the Indian Territory.

The next year I had it hard! I had to study—do lessons. As you know, I would have much rather herded cattle. But Mother being a school teacher in Philadelphia, became a very good teacher and gave me a better education than most prairie children received.

In the fall of 1902, we moved about twenty miles west on the Palo Duro River. There was an irrigation dam on the place, a privately owned dam. In these surroundings we called this place home for the next ten months. Pa moved a small frame house there, and we existed. It was just one thickness of boards, but had a good roof and floor. It was a cold one though, and located in a very bleak part of the world. Some of the neighbors, came to visit and spend the day first Sunday after our arrival. All eleven of them were just one family!

The following spring Howard bought me a bamboo cane fishing pole, and taught me how to catch fish. I really made use of that pole. Some of the neighbors would catch all the “catties” (catfish) we could use.

In early June, Father and Howard came down to the Cheyenne and Arapaho Country. This had been opened for settlement with
the "run" April 19, 1892. They were surprised that so much land had not been taken up. They decided on building a picket house. The place Father selected was on the Washita River, near the mouth of a dry creek called Turkey Creek. Mother and I stayed alone for six or seven weeks. We had several bad storms, wind, rain and hail. If Mother was afraid, she never allowed me to know it. Once a neighbor lady asked us to come and stay with her and the children, as it looked as if it would storm. Her husband was away and she was lonely too. It stormed all right, and she walked the floor wringing her hands. It was a new way for folks to act, a real show for me!

In this neighborhood there was quite a settlement, seven or eight families along that little stream within about three miles. It had just ceased to be "No Man's Land." Oh yes, it was now Beaver County, Oklahoma Territory.

Almost every day while Pa and Howard were away, I fished. One morning I caught five just as fast as I could bait my hook and take 'em off. When I went to put them on a string, Fan was just finishing the last one! She was a real pretty Gordon Setter, some hunters had given to my brother. I wasn't mad though because I liked her. She became the mother of five little pups. This is how Yip came into the Corson family, and became my favorite. By the way; Yip and I grew up together. I've had many dogs but none quite so good to me as Yip. She lived to be sixteen years old.

Another terrific rain ended the fishing. The dam broke and when the river swell was over, there was just a shallow stream left. Father and Howard came home just three days later. Fan got all the fish she wanted and then some! Neighbors all wanted a pup and I got to keep one that I thought was the smartest and best and that was Yip.

While Pa and Howard were gone, we had no chores to do as the few extra head of stock were in a neighbor's pasture. The folks were getting things all ready and packed to move to the Washita.

A neighbor was hired to bring a load as he had three large horses and ours were small. We left our cows with a neighbor to bring after frost, else they would die of Texas Fever! This man was also moving down to the Washita River, and had forty more cattle to move.

When we got to the South Canadian River it was up! It had been on a real rampage. We camped near an old house where the man and family was glad to see someone wanting to cross. You see they wanted to cross too but needed more help if anything happened. We camped two nights and one day and then started to
make the crossing. George Horn took the lead, driving a four horse team, but when his lead team came to high water they swung down stream. There were several small children in the wagon and meant a lot of excitement. The women and children had to be carried out. After several attempts the men got the teams and wagons out. Everything was well soaked with the muddy water of the Canadian—red mud! We didn’t try it again until the next day. Then with Howard driving four, and two men riding ahead of the lead team, each with a rope, to make horses keep going across, made it! They had to swim thirty yards. I was sitting on the seat with Mother and Howard, with Yip on my lap. Our other dog Jap had to swim. Well a lot of things got wet. I still have a few of the valentines Aunt Belle had sent us from Philadelphia, and they have the brand of that Canadian flood on them—river mud. Our second wagon came across without any trouble. We crossed the river a little west of Canadian, Texas. Then we crossed Red Deer Creek, it was up but caused no trouble.

Often my Aunt Belle would write Mother from her beautiful home in Philadelphia and say, “Come back to civilization.” If my lovely mother had any misgivings about this wild and raw country, she never showed it. She was brave, unafraid, gentle and kind.

ON THE WASHITA

After the crossing of the Canadian River, we made our way to the thriving little town of Canadian. Supplies were bought at the Gerlach Mercantile Store. The livery stable owned by Bussel and Stickley had a horse for a weather vane. The stores of J. F. Johnson, Jim Winsett, druggist, and Studer meat market, were all in business at that time.

The roads were very sandy in places, Elk Creek east of Canadian was a very long hard pull. We arrived the next day at our new location on the Washita. Well! that was Indian Territory so far as I was concerned. We all enjoyed the timber—lots of wood, and I saw my first cotton-tail rabbit since I was three. There were the beautiful, graceful deer, and lots of wild turkey. Although Pa was a good shot, he never killed but two bucks in his life; never shot a quail or turkey. He did shoot some squirrels and rabbits. Yip and Jap treed a good many ’possum and once in awhile a coon.

There was a lot to do to finish the new house after we got here. We camped under the shade of the big elm trees near by. One neighbor, Tom Cooley, helped build us a fire place ,and helped Pa locate corner stones, so we’d be living on the right place, and not on a section line, or a public road some day. We never then expected that almost all section lines would be used as roads.
Tom Cooley made me a "blow horn" out of a large steer horn, and it sure is a good one. I used it for many years to call Yip and her daddy, Jap.

We moved to our new place before cold weather, and certainly enjoyed the fireplace and plenty of wood. One day some folks from down river near Cheyenne came by and wanted us to get out of this part of the country and over the Texas Line (six miles west). They said the Cheyenne Indians were about to stage an uprising. Pa wasn't excited so me just stayed put. There were several families going, and they went on over into Texas. I believe it was November, 1894. A few days later, Pa and I were hauling some wood and we saw a lot of horse-backers. "Who are they?" I asked. "Indians I guess," Pa said. Just then the riders came to a halt, every man dismounted, then I knew they were soldiers. They camped for the night not far from our house. Two of the officers came in and talked for about a half hour. They said they had talked to the Indians and had them quieted down, and they promised to wait and let the court decide the case of Red Tom. He, Red Tom, made the brag that he was "going out to kill an Indian, just to say he'd killed one." He did it, and that nearly caused an uprising of the Indians. The soldiers' own opinion was that the Indians should have a chance to do what they wanted with him. Next morning the soldiers left early to face a very cold north wind, in sleet and snow. They were on their way to the base camp at Camp Supply. Ma said I wanted every horse in the bunch. They were really pretty and good and peppy that cold morning. At this time White Skunk was chief of the Cheyenne tribe. The spring of April 19, 1952, the Honorable Victor Wickersham crowned the great granddaughter of White Skunk, princess of the Cheyenne tribe.
In 1893, Brother Ed came from Missouri where he had been working for some time for a cattle buyer and feeder, John S. Bilby. Ed spent most of the winter with us. He had a bear skin overcoat, quite a colorful item to me. Pa and the boys used to go about once a week to Red Moon, our nearest Post Office and store, it was kept by George Shufelt. Scotty Falconer, used to call my brother Ed, "Mr. Bear Skin." Scotty had a ranch nearby on Dead Indian Creek.

Miner Corson carried mail from Canadian to Red Moon, and I believe on to Cheyenne. From there he came by Cataline, Texas, a post office kept by Mrs. Donaldson, and later by Mrs. Tom Riley.

Ed worked awhile for Bud Powers just west of here, in Texas. Then he went back to the "Show Me" state of Missouri. In June of the year 1894, Brother Howard caught a young fawn and brought it home for a pet. We named him Joe. We all enjoyed him, the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. We made the dogs understand that they must treat him right. They did and when he grew to be a deer, they would play together and drink out of the same pan of milk, at the same time. He would lie by the side of the house, and the cat would lie on his back.

I went with my brother to Canadian for supplies. As he was not very well, I would jump out and open and shut the gates. Believe it or not, there were nineteen gates on the way to Canadian. Most of them were board gates as most of the freighters used this same road. Six mule teams with the trail wagon was very common.

Later in the fall Howard was very sick. He went to Dr. Newman, Uncle of Dr. Newman of Shattuck, in Canadian. The Doctor told him to go to a specialist in Kansas City. Dr. Newman said, "He may help you, I can't." Howard told Mother, "If I don't come back, give the filly to the kid."

He didn't come back; it was very sad for us all. One of the neighbors brought us a turkey for Christmas, but nothing helps much at such a time. We never did break the filly to work or ride, but she raised several colts and fillies. The first was Rhody. I still have a young mare, a great-great-granddaughter of the filly that Howard gave me.

My brother Ed and wife came from Missouri to make their home on the Washita, in the spring of 1895. They built a house of sod, but his wife was dissatisfied and in the late fall they moved back to Missouri. Later a man and wife and a little boy, about two years old, wanted to live in the house for the winter. Pa took a little mare and a filly as trade for the use of the house. This man had about thirty head of ponies that he'd brought from New Mexico. He said he was going on to Arkansas in the spring. His name was Charley Harrel.
A couple of years later the filly was a new mount for me and after Pa had ridden her three or four times, I got the chance to do the rest. She was a good one, her name was Fly. She was a splendid traveler, and always "raring to go," and that was what I liked.

Our neighbors, the Shaws lived about a mile from us across the Washita. Maggie Shaw and I were pals from the first year although she was ten years older than me. We had another friend Teresa Brown who lived in Texas, on the Gageby ranch, about twenty-five miles west of here. She would come and visit with Maggie, and we three would have great times together. She would stay a month or more. One night Maggie, her brother Tommy, Teresa and myself went horseback with a borrowed trail-hound, coon hunting. The hound did a lot of bawling but never got anything treed. We had a real evening. Maggie and Teresa sang "Red River Valley" and "Home on the Range." That was the first time I had heard the songs. The night was still, and the stars sparkled in the sky. That's the way we young folks had lots of fun, just being together and learning to be neighbors.

Frank Cole and his young wife Genie lived a little over a mile down the river. She was good company and full of life.

Father and Mother built a stone house near the picket house. We had lived in the picket house for two years, then in the stone house for five years, and used the picket house for a store room. The last four years we had water in the house, or all around it at times. The river had risings quite often it seemed. One night Mother called to us, "Water in the house!" Pa and I hurried out to take care of some of the young chickens in coops. We lifted them in their little coops into the wagon to save them. Mother was busy setting things up off the floor. It was sixteen inches and still rising, Pa said we better get on higher ground. Mother and I walked together; it was cold as it had hailed and small islands of ice were floating down stream. (I didn't think to put in here that little George had been added to our family, as Brother Ed had lost his wife and brought his little boy so he could be cared for by his own parents. Little George was two and a half years old.) Pa picked up the boy, a big quilt, some kindling and an ax. When we got to higher ground, he built a fire so we could dry out, and wrap the boy up in the quilt. Then Pa said he had forgot his tobacco, and walked back to the house to get it. When he returned he said the water didn't get any higher. Next morning we cleaned up and moved in again. Then Pa said we'd just have to build a house on much higher ground. Pa and Ma again built a house of stone on the hill just east of our first place. That was the summer of 1900. We moved into it although not finished, but it was through before cold weather.
We had a few more neighbors who had moved in before this: Hawthornes from Kansas, had filed on land just east of us. Three girls and two brothers John and Jimmie Mart Cole had located a mile and a half south. J. P. Wilson and family—wife and three boys and four girls—settled on land two miles up the river. Boy! It seemed like town almost, so many folks! But when the "Free Homes Bill" boosted by Dennis Flynn was made a law, people came to get their 160 acres! They came in all kinds of rigs; some filed on land from a plat that showed vacant places at Kingfisher, and then came to see the land they had filed on. Some disgusted, would go back, or on to some other place, or buy or trade for a better place. One man worked several days digging a dugout, then found out he was on the wrong township, just six miles off center.

Some of the new-comers wanted all section lines opened up. We had always been used to taking the river road up the creek and by Antelope Hills to Grand, our County Seat. We were living in Day County at that time. Part of the County was on the south side of the river so you see we didn’t want to go by section lines, for we just had one main road to the river. Near this date (1898), Mr. A. Hammond from New Mexico, the city of Roswell, came and located about three and a half miles down the river. He was a fine old man, a blacksmith.

All this time we had been getting our mail at the Shaw’s box. The first Star Route mail carrier was Miner Corson, then a man Whittenburg, and then another by the name of Blunt. The mail was carried from Canadian to Red Moon post office. Mr. Hammond was directly on the route, and soon was appointed post master. With his blacksmith shop and post office of Hamburg, he was very popular. To put it in the blacksmith’s words, "He also sold a few things you forget when you go to town."

A few years later, Hamburg got on the map! It had a bank, cotton gin, three general stores owned by Ollie Leach, T. J. White and a man by the name of Enoch Swindal. The print shop was run by a young man by the name of John C. Cassady who published the Hamburg Blade. There was a church and, also, a saloon.

I used to ride to Hamburg to get the mail and, sometimes, a few items from one of the stores. Things were not always so neat as they are today. Tea for instance came in bulk, I bought some one day and we found that the bin had been open and someone had thrown in a wad of gum.

I used to carry mail for some of the neighbors. Then they would come to our house to get it. I would leave the Shaw’s mail at their house as it was on the road. Those days we had to ride side saddles, or at least ride sideways if we used men’s saddles. The folks bought me a new side saddle in 1898. I still have it
and it is in "No. 1" condition; it is a "Gallup." I also have the catalog it was ordered from. There are some fine saddles pictured in it, and the highest priced cowboy saddle was $85.00.

I think about 1902 or 1903, there was an election held to settle the question of free range or herd law. Of course herd law won. I think it was about 1899 that a school house was built about three-fourths of a mile from where we lived. It was on Government land.

Some folks in the community organized a Sunday School. Sometimes they had camp meetings. We had big crowds, at least we thought so. Reverend Levi Harris from the "Up River" country in Texas used to come and preach. Mr. Tom Owens was our Sunday School superintendent for several years.

Maggie Shaw had married in 1899 and lived in Texas on "Eller Flat," so we didn't get to see each other very often. The Wilson girls were nice and their mother certainly was a good neighbor. I never attended school, but Mother kept me busy with lessons, and by furnishing plenty of good reading matter—no trashy magazines, or novels.

I haven't said much about drawing or painting. It was just something I used to "kill time with" as I was home most of the time. I didn't go places like folks do now. I used to send drawings to my Uncle George in San Francisco, and he would sometimes tell me what was wrong with them. He also sent me drawing paper, pencils, etc. I wanted to try colors, but it was his idea to learn to draw before using colors. Once I sent him a drawing of a horse, front view. I had trouble with the horse's feet, so I made a lot of grass to cover up! His letter came saying, "That horse was good but next time bring him out of the grass!"

One time there was to be a debate at the school house on Friday night. The question was, "Which was the most benefit to man, the cow or the horse?" We did not go to the "Literary" that night but after the teacher and the children were gone in the afternoon I went to the school house and drew a picture on the board, in favor of the horse of course. That night the crowd came and among them was a veterinarian. He saw the point, that I tried to show, and with a few words from him, the horse won! A day or two later a party on the "Cow Side" told us about it and said, "You played thunder drawing that picture on the blackboard!"

We enjoyed those days I suppose, mostly because we were young. I still enjoy horses, cattle and I guess about everything out-of-doors.
The days of the Indian Territory were gone. Augusta's father passed away February 4, 1903. In 1905, Augusta married, and her son Howard was born in 1905. From 1908 to 1917, this young woman farmed twenty five acres to row crops, corn, kaffir or maize. She also mowed and raked about twenty five or thirty acres of bottomland. She raked and bunched it, then got some of the neighbors to stack it for her. This was about forty or fifty tons. She fed her cattle in the winter months. This is the window through which we see years of toil and hardship. This young woman suffered and worked taking the man's place in her family alone. Her husband had left this part of the country when the boy was small. Her guiding light, her mother, the gentle Scots woman, took care of the boy and taught him as she had taught the wisp of a girl, Augusta in No Man's Land. In 1917, Augusta had to quit farming on account of her mother's failing health. She had others put up the hay, and plant and harvest the crops. Sadness came to the little home on the Washita when her mother passed away February 22, 1920. A dark cloud passed over the young woman and her son but through these shadows, the good teaching of that Philadelphia lady, her mother, became a strong tie that guided her through the darkness.

It was during the years between 1908 to 1917, that Augusta illustrated for some of her mother's writings. These were published in educational publications in the east. These years of hard work were years that Augusta painted, and held to the finer things of life. One of her most unusual paintings was on a grain of corn: There was a blue sky, with a garden scene; a lady was listening to the red horn of a phonograph sitting in the shade of the trees. She sent this miniature to Thomas A. Edison and received a letter of appreciation from him. He said the painting had been taken to his home where it was greatly admired, and would be preserved with other souvenirs. This letter dated April 23, 1912, is prized as a great treasure in Augusta Metcalf's possessions for it was written by that great man himself.

Augusta continued her painting and writing to persons well known in public life in the East. With these letters, she sent her art work. She wrote a letter to the great comedian of Scotland, Harry Lauder, in which she used several illustrated eyes in the place of the written letter "I." He wrote an answer, dated December 7, 1918, bubbling over with his Scottish humor. It was all in his own handwriting.

In the days of President Theodore Roosevelt, Augusta did some painting for that sportsman's best friend, Roger D. Williams, of Lexington, Kentucky, who was commissioned Major General in World War I. She used to run an advertisement in the Sports-
man's Review, just a bit of a picture of a bucking horse with, "I paint everything but portraits." General Williams noticed it and published quite an item in another issue of the Review:

"I noticed you are carrying an ad of Augusta C. Metcalf of Durham, Oklahoma, allow me to say to your readers if they contemplate having any drawing, etching or painting of animals, they will make no mistake in giving the commission to her. She has done some excellent work for both Col. Theodore Roosevelt (Teddy) and me and am sure she has few superiors as an animal painter, especially horses and dogs."

More recently she painted a portrait of General Douglas McArthur on a china plate, and had it fired and mailed it to him. In return he sent her a large photo of himself, personally autographed.

Her paintings won two first's in the first Oklahoma State Fair. She won the first prizes in the State Fairs of October 9, 1909 and in September 27, 1910. At the Amarillo Tri-State Fair her paintings were first, in 1948, 1951 and 1952. Other state fairs in which she took first place with her paintings are Abilene, Texas, 1928, Hemphill County, Canadian, 1921, and others. A small box is filled with ribbons of her many exhibits.

In The Daily Oklahoman, Sunday Magazine section, she was once featured in an article by Roy Stewart, who dubbed her the "Sage Brush Artist," a fine and very suitable title.

She reached international fame when Life magazine featured her in pictures and story by Joe Schershel and Roy Stewart, in the July 17, issue, 1950. She has had many "one man shows," and has the honor of being featured in one of the Oklahoma Art Center shows, directed by Nan Sheets. This wonderful, resourceful woman, Augusta Metcalf, is one of Oklahoma's outstanding artists, and pioneers.

It is difficult to end the story of Augusta Metcalf, for the lady is very much alive. She is still making history of art in Oklahoma close to nature on her ranch in Roger Mills County. Her own words as she has penned them to the writer are a fitting close to the story of this pioneer:

"We continued to live in the house Pa and Ma hand-built on the hill until 1940. Then Howard with other help built a house of concrete blocks in which we now live. Howard enlisted in the Armed Forces in 1942 and was in the South Pacific for almost three years. He married in 1945, on his return from the Air Force, and here we all are, the three of us, Howard, Helen and Gustie.

"We have a lovely pet deer, Dainty Daisy, and several horses. We have always protected game but for many years the deer and the turkeys were gone. Thanks to many good neighbors and the Oklahoma Game and Fish Commission, they are coming back, not plentiful, but it is thrilling to see them again. The quail enjoy the corn-chops put out for Dainty Daisy in her park, a real bushy place where she has plenty of protection. We keep
water out in the summer for all the birds that wish to come. The quail come within thirty feet of the house for a drink.

"Well, you wonder why I don't say more about painting, there were many chores to do, and I used to daub a little now and then in among a lot of other work. I like to paint things that were of the long ago. I can see them as they were away back in "No Man's Land"—longhorns, mustangs, and brones.

"Yes, I like rodeos! And really think it's a ruination of cowboys to see the contraption of a metal chute and cradle, move a lever and turn the cow-brute on his side for branding! TOO MODERN.

"Why folks you know how much better your coffee was, cooked on a camp fire, and sour dough biscuits cooked in a dutch oven!

"However now-a-days I don't have much to do but think and paint pictures; and if I live twenty-five or thirty more years, I might get all of the pictures painted that I've been thinking of.

"Oh no, I don't stay put in the house. I'm just as ready as ever to investigate, who's shooting and where is he at? Get on Mollie or Sweetie and find out.

"Well, so long, it's been so good to know you. Be sure and come by and spend the day.

"Your neighbor,

"Augusta I. Corson Metcalf"