Oklahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the

Official State Song

Wild Flower Paradise

Spring 1960
OKLAHOMA!

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Oscar Hammerstein

Vivo

O-k-la-ho-ma where the wind comes sweep-in down the plain,
And the wav-in' wheat can sure smell sweet, When the wind comes right behind the rain.
A unique new partnership between the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Oklahoma City University is attracting nationwide attention. The campaign to implement the program has a goal of $2,545,000.

The five main points of the program:

1. M. I. T. will provide at least five professors for the O. C. U. faculty "who will be people of such training and background that they can create the scientific climate we are seeking";
2. O. C. U. will send faculty members to M. I. T. for advanced training;
3. O. C. U. will set up scholarships averaging $1000 a year for 75 students for four years;
4. O. C. U. will purchase the latest and finest scientific equipment;
5. O. C. U. will enlarge its scientific library.
There's a wide choice of styles and prices if you're seeking a new...

HOME

Individualism seems to be the characteristic which, for most people, typifies the Southwest. It is definitely the characteristic of our home-building boom. This is the area, of all the United States, new enough to learn from the long experience of older areas of the nation, yet not tradition bound to old customs to the point where we are unwilling to try something new.

The constant influx of new people has kept home-building, the largest industry in the U.S., thriving here. Southwestern individualism has found its expression in attractive, planned communities without "row" houses, with gently curving street patterns which make for safer driving, and present each new home to its best advantage in appearance.

These planned communities include shopping centers, schools, and churches. A park is usually nearby, and main traveled boulevards and highways are outside the community but can be reached with ease. Homes are grouped according to relative values, a commercial advantage, and neighborhoods are uniformly good.

Your home is perhaps the most important single factor in your life. It represents a large investment in money. It is the setting of your life, the background against which you live. It is where your happiness and that of your family is centered. In most areas outside the Southwest, individualism means high cost custom building.

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This was an experimental home two and one-half years ago. Now it is in the production stage, with more being built as technical men can be trained for this type of construction. Designed by architect Duane Conner, it is constructed of reinforced, thin-shell concrete, in a hyperbolic paraboloid. Produced entirely in Oklahoma, and the first project of its kind in the U.S., this home is permanent, low in cost, economical to maintain, and highly resistant to fire, storm, and decay.
EXCITEMENT ... INTEREST ... NOSTALGIA ... CHARM
You'll find them all in Oklahoma's

'SPARK TOWN

BY BILL BURCHARDT
STATE SEAL STOLEN are the words that head the monument on the county courthouse lawn in Guthrie. The stationery of the Annual 89'er Celebration reads Historical Capitol of Oklahoma. Reminders like these indicate that Guthrie has not forgotten, and does not intend to forget, those sinister hours half-a-century ago when in the dark of night, the State Seal was spirited away and Guthrie ceased to be the capital city of Oklahoma.

Though the events of that night may seem like a cloak and dagger scene from a comic opera to modern Oklahomans, they still loom portent and serious to Guthrie. Teachers and parents still impart a strong sense of wrong committed as they tell the younger generation the tales of that troubled night.

And it is a solid fact that Guthrie was, is, and always will be, Oklahoma's 89'er Town. It was in Guthrie where the best roughhewn frontier pictures were made of a town born raw and lusty on the last frontier. It was Guthrie where the news of those frontier times was made, from the taming of the last outlaws to the turbulent sessions of the Constitutional Convention. And it is in Guthrie where, for more than thirty years, the annual celebration to commemorate those historic days has been held.

There was another celebration this year, on April 21, 22, and 23, and like all that have gone before, it was a ring-tailed wowser! The long, colorful parade, the exciting action of rodeo, street carnival, the tuneful frolic of the 89'er dance, the intermingling of folks, old friends, and entertainment celebrities at picnics, luncheons, and parties, all the features that characterize this annual shindig's real fun were there this year, along with its deep historical significance for all Oklahoma.

And for everyone who visited Guthrie to "see the elephant and hear the owl" during the 89'er show, we suggest a later visit to Guthrie when the spirit of wild abandon is not upon her. For, at heart, Guthrie is not the painted and bejaded lady of whoopla she becomes during the three-day celebration. At heart, Guthrie is a lovely lady, of such grace and quiet elegance as is seldom found west of New England.

Visit her in summer when the shade of her giant elms arches the brick cobblestone streets, and cicadas hum and stitch the August afternoons together. Visit the beautiful old Carnegie Library with its stately columns and tall, dignified reading rooms. It was on the steps of this library that the symbolic wedding of Miss Indian Territory and Mr. Oklahoma took place during the statehood ceremonies of 1907. In its basement, Tom Mix taught gym classes before the Hollywood westerns brought him fame and fortune.

Drive down town on Oklahoma avenue to see the gingerbread architecture of the turn-of-the-century on the buildings there. Then out to view the splendors of the great Masonic Temple. If you are acquainted with a 32nd degree Mason, ask him to conduct you on a tour of its wonders. The Atrium, a true replica of an aristocratic Roman home during the time of Christ, with its keystone from King Solomon's mines near Jerusalem, imported by special permission of the British Parliament.

The huge Egyptian Room, its entire walls ornamented with authentic hieroglyphics. Professors of Egyptology bring their classes here from the university for exercises in Egyptian translation. The Temple's main auditorium is a symphony of luxurious beauty, largest of its type ever constructed, seating 3,500 persons, containing a Kimball Organ of 5,280 pipes, chimes and harp, two consoles (one in the Auditorium and one in the invisible choir loft above the Proscenium Arch), a massive stage with 118 backdrops and switchboard capable of infinite lighting effects.

The Pompeian Room is an actual reproduction of a room that existed in the City of Pompeii before it was destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in A.D.

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WORLD'S MOST BIZARRE SPORT...

BY JON ROCHELLE
PHOTOS BY C. FAYE BENNETT
PORTSMEN THROUGH THE AGES have hunted lions, leopards, tigers, and other vicious wild beasts. Now they have added rattlesnakes. Okeene puts on an annual rattlesnake hunt that is fast climbing into high favor with sportsmen throughout the nation. Since weather determines the activity of the snakes, and since they must be active—but not too active—the exact date has to be set each spring. Most years it falls on the Sunday before or the Sunday after Easter.

Quick as the date is set, sportsmen circle it on their International Sports Calendar; for there is a tremendous thrill in hunting and capturing live rattlesnakes. Sponsored by the local Jaycees it has developed into a first flight event where every participant must exercise fair play, have steady nerves, keen eyes, perfect coordination and all other traits of a true sportsman.

Last year the hunt attracted near 30,000 visitors from twenty-five states that reached from Alaska to Massachusetts and from Texas to the Dakotas. Three foreign nations—Newfoundland, Iceland and Iran—were also represented.

The Okeene event was born twenty years ago. The idea took hold and spread like wildfire.

Last year at hunt time nearly a hundred private planes headed toward Okeene and many a car traveled in that direction. Visitors enjoyed the green wheat fields stretching for miles on all sides of the town, and watched for her four tall landmarks—her three huge grain elevators, and the beautiful spire of St. Alban's Catholic Church.

At 7:30 Sunday morning a marked snake was released. Red paint had been smeared on its head as a mark of identification, and a one-hundred dollar reward offered to the one who captured him and brought him to the snake market.

At eight o'clock the Hunt Headquarters opened for registration. Fourteen hundred eighty-five licenses were issued—the largest number on record for a hunt. Promptly at ten o'clock the first caravan started for the gypsum rock hills of Salt Creek Canyon, 15 miles southwest of Okeene. It was headed by Wayne Parker, president of the Jaycees and Chief Rattler of the IARH. His car and those immediately behind him were filled with members of the press and those taking pictures for radio and television.

Then came the stream of cars filled with hunters and onlookers. The cars parked at the foot of the eroded, flat red cliffs above where Salt Creek has carved an enormous canyon—the hunting area. The spectators sometimes sat and looked the area over, but the hunters piled out quickly impatient to be on the job. Most hunters went in small groups and carried one container for their catches. Others were so ambitious that they brought along a truck with a sturdy box built in back.

As the hunt got under way everybody not only looked; they listened. Their ears weren't tuned to the twitter of the birds, or to other usually enjoyed sounds of nature. Their ears were listening for just one sound—the buzz that the dread rattler gave when he was about to strike.

Even the old-timers stepped cautiously as they hurried up the nearest hill and over its flat top and headed for a den not yet visited by this year's hunters. Energetic onlookers slowed their pace and picked their way carefully as they climbed up rocks and eased down slopes, shaped by erosion. Everybody stepped with extra caution as he climbed over the limestone band at the top of the hill, for last fall the snakes had hibernated up here in the high, dry air.

Some of the observers got excited trying to keep up with the catches, as they were made. Three were caught under one rock. Twenty-five feet to the right another group bagged two fine, big specimens. Snakes were everywhere—coiled and striking, but producing little damage for the hunters were cautious. Those in charge of the hunt were relieved when they could report that only one person was bitten in the field—the victim was a boy from Dallas. A bite-fang had gone deep into the end of the third finger on his right hand.

Fortunately the boy and his father were well informed about snake bites. Between them they used first aid so successfully that the boy didn't have to go to the hospital. Though a bit shaky, he continued on the hunt.

When the hunters began returning it was evident that no serious hunter had made a dry run in the hills. Even the first-timers caught at least one snake—some caught several.

Next came the disposition of the catches. Venom was milked to be sent to laboratories all over the world, to be prepared for numerous uses. For example, it is used as the basis for anti-venom injected to treat snake

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The renowned author of Rip Van Winkle would surely feel like the character he created if he could now tour...

BY HENRY CARLTON JONES

A bloody knife-and-claw battle with a vicious bear... an exciting wild horse round-up and a wild buffalo hunt... all in one day... and all within 10 miles of present Oklahoma City. You'd probably say it was quite a day.

And it was! It happened on a rainy day in October, 1832, during the famous tour of Washington Irving through what is now Oklahoma.

A half-breed guide named Beatte had the fight with the bear on the banks of Crutcho Creek, a few miles East of Oklahoma City. The bear won. Beatte was badly battered and clawed, and it could have been worse. Later the same afternoon members of the Irving party scouting south from the camp spied a herd of wild horses in the vicinity of the present town of Moore. They gave chase but failed to capture any of the horses. However, they were somewhat consoled by encountering a herd of buffalo and killed three large bulls, providing the party with a plentiful supply of meat. Several wild turkeys were killed the same afternoon.

The first native born American to win world-wide fame and popularity as a writer was Washington Irving (1783-1859)—and he left his tracks all through Eastern and Central Oklahoma.

Oklahomans who are unaware of the rich historical heritage of their state may prick up their ears and take pride in the extended visit Irving made to Oklahoma in the year 1832, when as a man of 49, at the very peak
of his popularity, he came with a distinguished party to "see and explore the prairies" and in so doing wrote a fascinating chapter in our state's early history.

Irving, the handsome, gifted youngest son of a wealthy family of New York merchants, started his tour of Oklahoma, fittingly enough, from historic old Fort Gibson, near the present city of Muskogee. In fact, that was about the only place he could have started from, for there was then only a handful of "settlements" in what is now Oklahoma.

For present-day Oklahomans to fully appreciate the importance of Irving's visit to our state, it is essential to realize Irving was, at the time of his visit, the most popular and one of the most widely read authors of his time. If there had been a Nobel prize in his time he would most assuredly have won it by acclamation. Even the snobbish English critics and the cynical French handed him lavish bouquets of praise and were astonished that uncouth America had produced such a rare talent.

Considering that what is now Oklahoma was, in 1832, practically an uninhabited wilderness, peopled only by a handful of Creek and semi-tame Osage Indians in the Eastern section and only by wild "Pawnees" and Comanches in the other portions, Irving's expedition was as daring and dangerous as an African safari of 50 years ago, and just about as complicated.

Reasons for Irving's visit to Oklahoma are easy to understand. He was a traveler, had lived in various

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OKLAHOMA'S FINE STATE PARK SYSTEM:

OF ALL THE 50 STATES IN THE UNION, Oklahoma ranks 8th in the nation in pork acreage. It ranks 12th in the nation in cotton plant users. It ranks 5th in the nation in attendance. Your choice for a complete list of Oklahoma State Parks & Lodges.

ALABASTER CAVERNS: — between Mooreland and Freedom. Park area: 200-ac. 16 picnic tables; 7 grills; 7 shelters; shower/latrine bldgs.; Conducted Cave Tour. Adults — $1.25; Children 12-15 yrs. 35c; Children 6-11 yrs. 0c; Adult groups 50 or more, 75c; Youth Groups 50c. Under 6 yrs. free. Gift Shop. Snack. 419. Superintendent, Freedom, Okla. Phone: 903-K-13.

BEAVERS BEND: 11 Mi. NE of Broken Bow—McCurtain County. Park Area: 1300-ac. Lake: 30-ac. 24 picnic tables; 24 grills; beach & bathhouse; cafe; grocery; gas; rental boats; playground; fishing; swimming; 4 electric hook-ups; group camp. 28 cottages. Horseback riding. Superintendent, Box 727, Broken Bow, Okla. Phone: F.51.

BLACK MESA: NW corner of Panhandle in Cimarron county. Park Area: 280-ac. Lake: 200-ac. This is a new park. Highest elevation in state, 4,978-ft. above sea level. Picnic tables; boat ramp; drinking water; fishing.

BOILING SPRINGS: 8 Mi. NE of Woodward on banks of North Canadian river. Park Area: 800-ac. Lake: 4-ac. Swimming pool fed by springs. 87 picnic tables; 41 grills; 7 shelters; 4 shower/latrine buildings; 2 playgrounds; Group camp. Springs flow 300 gallons per minute. 4 cottage units. Superintendent, Box 641, Woodward, Okla. Phone: Alpaca 4-6464.


LAKE MURRAY: 4 Mi. SE of Ardamore. Park Area: 21,000-ac. Lake: 6,000-ac. 151 picnic tables; 84 grills; 3 shelters; 6 shower/latrine bldgs.; 15 boat ramps; 20 ski docks; 3 ski jumps; enclosed fishing dock; 6 playgrounds; beach-bathhouse; cafe; swim pool; riding stables; fishing pier; marina; gas; grocery; tennis courts; Group camps; Lodge and cottages. Superintendent, Box 419, Ardamore, Okla. Phone: Caprilul 3-4544.

OSAGE HILLS: 16 Mi. from Pawhuska. 12 Mi. from Bartlesville. Park Area: 1005-ac. Lake: 18-ac. Fishing in Sand Creek, 50 picnic tables, 50 grills; shelter; shower and latrine bldgs; Swim pool/bathhouse; playground; boats; 8 electric hook-ups; Group camp. Cabins. Superintendent, Pawhuska, Okla. Phone: Federal 6-0781 thru Bartlesville.

QUARTZ MOUNTAIN: 5 Mi. from Lone Wolf, Okla. to park. Park Area: 6791-ac. Lake: 8810-ac. 117 picnic tables; 49 grills; 2 shelters; Swim pool and bathhouse; 1 shower/latrine bldg.; enclosed fishing dock; 3 boat ramps; 1 Ski dock; 1 Ski jump; 2 playgrounds; swim beach; 3 electric hook-ups; golf course; cafe, aqua cars; marine; Group camp. Lodge & cottages. Superintendent, Lone Wolf, Oklahoma. Phone: Locus 3-2493 through Blair, Okla.

ROMAN NOSE: 6 Mi. north of Watonga. Park Area: 560-ac. Lake: 20-ac. 127 picnic tables; 89 grills; 2 shelters; boat ramp; 2 shower/latrine bldgs.; 2 playgrounds; 1 electric hook-up; horses; golf; fishing; boats; cafe; cold drink stand. Large swim pool and bathhouse. Lodge & cabins. Superintendent, Box 227, Watonga, Okla. Phone: 36-P-11.

SEQUOYAH: 13 Mi. east of Wagoner. 25 Mi. NE of Muskogee. Park Area: 3,180-ac. Lake: 19,100-ac. 250 picnic tables; 110 grills; 3 picnic shelters; 5 shower/latrine buildings; 4 boat ramps; ski dock; enclosed fishing dock; 3 playgrounds; 2 tennis courts; softball diamonds; horse-shoe courts; shuffleboard; archery range; golf; riding stables; miniature race cars; cruise boat; air strip; stage coach rides; beach & bathhouse; Marina; deer and buffalo. Lodge & cottages. Superintendent, Hulbert, Oklahoma. Phone: Glandale 6-3921 thru Tulsa, Okla.

TEXOMA: 5 Mi. east of Kingston. Park Area: 1,884-ac. Lake: 93,000-ac. 198 picnic tables; 104 grills; 7 shelters; 4 shower/latrine bldgs.; 3 boat ramps; ski dock; enclosed fishing dock; playground; 19 picnic tables; 104 grills; 7 shelters; 4 shower/latrine bldgs.; 3 boat ramps; ski dock; enclosed fishing dock; 3 playgrounds; 2 tennis courts; golf course; air strip; shuffleboard; trap shoot; riding horses; beach and bathhouse; pool; grocery; cafe; marine; excursion boat; ski tow service; water bikes. Superintendent, Kingston, Oklahoma. Phone: Jordan 4-2311 thru Kingston, Okla. Lodge-cottages.

WISTER: 6 Mi. southwest of Poteau. Park Area: 3,050-ac. Lake: 4,000-ac. 42 picnic tables; 15 grills; picnic shelter; shower/latrine bldg.; boat ramp; ski dock; ski jump; cafe; grocery; ice dock; gas pumps and motors; beach; pontoon boats; water bikes. 9 cottage units. Superintendent, Box 327, Wister, Oklahoma. Phone: 2887.
Wild Flower Paradise

BY DEAN BURCH

From earliest childhood I have been sensitive to flowers, especially the wild ones—those that grace the borders of streams, roadsides, prairies, forests edge, without benefit of the care of man in planting, sheltering, or preparing the soil for the seed. Recently when I came into possession of a camera, suitable for taking portraits of flowers, I made up my mind to take pictures of all the spring and early summer flowers that bloom in Oklahoma. This was a fanciful dream indeed, for photographing flowers has more to it than at first meets the eye.

I had taken several courses in Botany in college, and I thought I knew quite a lot about plants and flowers. Soon I realized that there is a great difference between knowing about flowers and actually knowing the flowers as individuals, their structure, their beauty, their grace, their habits, their habitats, and their personal eccentricities.

Spiderwort

I had read in a book somewhere that Spiderwort got its name from wort (Wyat), meaning herb or root, and spider from the fact that when the stem is broken and pulled apart the mucilaginous slime in it is drawn out into thin threads suggesting spider webs. What I found out, the hard way, was that this beautiful flower has a disappearing blossom.

I found a great bed of these flowers along a creek bank. I was down in the creek bed and did not find it convenient at the moment to clamber up to photograph the flowers, so I marked the location with my eye, intending to come back after noon and take my time photographing them.

I was happy to have found such a fine stand of these flowers and looked forward with pleasure to getting back to them. But an hour and a half later, when I reached the spot again, no flowers were in bloom. I found many, many buds but no flowers. Upon looking very closely I did find several drops of purple ink—the flowers had dissolved in their own enzymes.

I learned a lesson from this—to take the picture, if possible, when I first saw a flower. Many times I have been disappointed when I have returned to shoot a flower. Some, such as the Anemone, Evening Primrose, Mentzelia, Prairie Irid, and Wild Four O’clock, have strange sleeping habits which take on a baffling significance.
Prairie Irid
This little beauty is hard to find in bloom. Relatively few people have seen it, since its foliage is grass-like and cannot be readily recognized unless the flowers are in bloom. The Prairie Irid, as does the Spiderwort, blooms in the morning, closes by one o'clock, and dissolves in its own enzymes. Since it blooms early in spring, and the blooming season is short (not exceeding eight days), and blooms early in the day, disappearing by noon or shortly thereafter, it can easily be missed.

Sensitive Rose
The beautiful rose-purple of the Sensitive Rose is an unusual color and belongs to a very unusual plant. The flower has a long blooming season and is to be found along roadsides and prairies all over the middle and western part of the state.

It has compound foliage and many slender but rigid prickles that one well remembers. An interesting thing about this plant is that if the foliage is touched, the leaves close up, at the place of contact first, then gradually throughout the entire plant until at last the fern-like leaves become slender stems. I found this habit of the foliage a great nuisance as I invariably had to clean up my subject, pull a blade of grass away, remove a twig or leaf, and no matter how careful I was I always came in contact with some leaf and the foliage was closed by the time I was ready to shoot the picture.

One day I read in an old flower book that if the plant was grasped firmly in the hand, and shaken vigorously, the leaves would again open and stay open for the rest of that day, no matter how much it was handled. This I tried, and was surprised and delighted to see that it was true.

Bird’s-foot Violet
The Bird’s-foot Violet, so called because of the palmate foliage, is by far the largest and handsomest violet. It is delicately fragrant and beautifully colored. These violets bloom when the apple trees are in bloom and are not difficult to see, for, although of low growth, they blossom so early in the spring that surrounding vegetation will not have advanced enough to hide them. They favor acid soil. Early in May they can be found growing in great abundance along the shoulders of Highway 59 from Sallisaw to Stilwell.
The Indian Pink is one of our early spring flowers and a very showy one too, as the color is bright red. It is a shade-loving plant and the brilliant red blossoms contrast vividly with their dark background.

Like all shade-loving plants, the stems are often tall and slender, and the flowers are loosely clustered. Both leaves and stems are covered with glandular hairs and feel sticky to the touch. Small insects, like ants and other delicate structures find this stickiness too much for their delicate structure so wings and feet become entangled holding them prisoners for life.

**Indian Pink**

**Rare Stonecrop**

One day last May, on the canyon road to Claremore, I was photographing some fine Cactus blossoms, but suddenly became aware of an abundance of star-shaped plants underfoot. I paid little attention to these plants until I finished with the Cacti. The time I had a feeling of excitement and was eager to turn my attention to these strange plants. It looked like Stonecrop, leaves, stems, flowers, some with five points, some with four, some with six. Could it be the Rare Stonecrop? Yes, it was of that family, but star-shaped, some with five points, some with four, some with six. I had heard the name, Rare Stonecrop, but had no idea what it was like. I photographed the plant, and went to the library as soon as possible to see if I could identify it. I had good luck and by description and picture found it to be Sedum Pulchellum, also known as Rare Stonecrop. The Latin word Pulchellum means exquisite. This Stonecrop is rare in the sense of some things fine and seldom met. It grows in small beds and has never been found any place in the world in any degree of abundance. It is a low winter annual, with both prostrate and upright inflorescence, bears many flowers, all facing upward.
Gaillardia

Gaillardias, with their wealth of bloom and gorgeous colorings, are familiar sights on western plains. The centers are usually orange or orange-red, while the rays run the gamut of yellows, from pure canary to deeper yellow, blotched with crimson at the base. In larger heads the ray flowers may be an inch and a half long, making these splendid specimens into miniature setting suns of glowing color.

The Rose-ring Gaillardia is startling in its vivid coloring. The tips of the rays are yellow, but for the most of their length they are a rich, reddish purple that catches the eye from afar. These plants are great favorites of the bees from which they make light amber honey which is greatly esteemed by those who are honey connoisseurs.

The Bloodroot

This is one of the very first of our woodland plants to bloom in the spring. Those who love its simple beauty know that they must look for it as soon as winter breaks. The flower buds break through the covering of forest leaves with one leaf wrapped protectingly round each bud. Soon the bud shoots ahead of the protective leaf, and spreads wide its eight or more pure white petals, revealing many golden stamens and a greenish pistil in their midst.

At night the flowers close to reopen the following morning, but all too soon the petals and stamens drop away. Now the leaf grows surprisingly large; its food making function is now fully at work, and its products are being drawn away through the petiole into the rhizome for storage.

The rhizome has in it an orange-red fluid. This is not its sap but a special secretion or latex. The Indians used this fluid to paint themselves. They dyed articles by boiling them in water together with the rhizomes. In the early days physicians used this red alkaloid as an emetic, and for rheumatism and ulcers.
**Passion Flower**

Of all the fantastically, delicately constructed flowers the Passion Flower ranks first. It usually grows along fences or among dense weed patches. Its coloring, as well as its structure, is beautifully complex and delicate.

The name Passion Flower was given it by the early Spanish explorers because its parts symbolized the implements of the crucifixion. In its fringed corona they saw the crown of thorns. The cross wounds and nails were represented by the central stalk with its five flat stamens. The petals represented the apostles, with Judas and Peter purposely omitted as being unworthy. The story goes that the devout adventurers considered these flowers a sign from heaven that the natives, who ate heartily of the fruit, should be taught Christianity.

This beautiful and exquisite plant is commonly called the Maypop: for the reason that the melon-like fruit gives a loud pop when stepped upon with firm pressure.

**Evening Primrose**

The large white Primrose that we see growing in such abundance in ditches and on shoulders along the highways of Oklahoma is one of our loveliest flowers. Opening in the evening and blooming all through the night, never to bloom again, this flower can be distinguished as a white flower on the darkest night. This is due to some phosphoric property of the flower that is, as yet, not fully understood.

**Natural Hybrid Violet**

One day last May my friends and I were walking along Walkingstick Hollow (five miles north of Marble City.) Many flowers were blooming along the slopes. Presently one of my friends called to me saying she had found a V.I.P. (Very Important Plant). I came to the place indicated and there it was, a very large and thrifty Violet plant with sixty to seventy blossoms and every one variegated white and purple. It was the most striking and unusual plant I had ever seen. We called it the Pinto Violet.
Pink Azalea

I considered myself in rare good luck the day I first saw the Wild Azalea in bloom in their prime. I had heard that they had been abundant in the hills around Tahlequah and Stilwell in the recent past but that now it was all gone, due to winter kill and to people digging up great clumps of it to plant in their yards. The Wild Azalea cannot be made to grow successfully when transplanted—it may live a year or two but never survives transplanting for a substantial length of time.

I checked with Ann McCaslin of the Stilwell Garden Club. She not only informed me when the Azalea would be at best bloom, but very graciously took me to the place on the mountain where they were. For 1.1 miles on a ridge running parallel to the road and on the eastern slope was as fine a stand of these delicate and fragrant flowers as I have ever seen, even in North Carolina.

The story is told that when the Cherokee Indians were removed from North Carolina and Georgia they brought Azalea seeds they had carefully and painstakingly gathered from their beloved mountains, and scattered them on the hills in their new home. I like to think that the story is true.

Spring Beauty

This little white and pink candy striped flower is well named, for it blooms in great drifts on undisturbed lawns, pastures and open places, very early in spring. The starry flowers close up on cloudy days, quickly unfolding as soon as the sun shines.

The corms of this plant are edible. They were in the past, and still are, highly prized as food by the Indians of the Northwest.
Wild Ginger

Wild Ginger is a very early spring flower and one that is seldom seen except by those persons who have been taught to find it. It blooms at the same time as does the Bloodroot.

It depends upon ants for pollination, therefore it does not have to be visited by bees and such insects. Its flowers are under the forest litter and the leaves must be scraped away before this little maroon beauty can be seen.

It blooms between two heart-shaped leaves that rise above the forest floor. The blossom has a stem only about half an inch long. The flower has three sepals, dark maroon in color.

The dried and powdered rhizomes were used in pioneer days as a substitute for ginger.

Dogwood

The Dogwood tree, with its paper-white flowers, is a favorite. The eastern half of this state is blessed with a great abundance of these trees. The drifts of white blossoms in spring and the beautiful, transparent red foliage in fall quicken the heart with pleasure.

What appears to be one large flower is actually a cluster of small flowers, surrounded by large white bracts which resemble petals.

It is my belief that the appreciation of wild flowers increases every time one has the opportunity to view them. We should recognize that this native beauty needs protection.

We should discourage any molestation of wild flowers, or plants, and urge those who want them in their yards to patronize nurseries dealing in native plants and stores where wild flower seeds can be purchased.
Philosophy and fun are equally important to this kindly counselor; here’s sage advice and seasoned wit from

MAYME Says... .

... Men still die with their boots on, but nowadays one of them usually is on the accelerator.

... A jury is one thing that never works very good after it is fixed.

... The one good thing about living in the past is that it’s cheaper.

... The real value of a community is not the number of people per square mile but rather the number of square people per mile.

** * *

BACK IN 1904 the good citizens of our town named Mr. Gideon, our tinkerer and philosopher, the “Most Valuable Citizen”. And, he was worthy of the honor because he was a very versatile and unselfish person. He could do anything from shoeing a horse to cleaning a straw hat and besides that he had the knack of repairing brass electric sockets without getting shocked. Whenever any of our three pastors would be ill or away, Mr. Gideon filled the pulpit and there never was a wake but what he dropped by to say something nice about the deceased. Also, he was right good at leading hymns and he blended well with the Welsh miners’ chorus that gave forth every Saturday night in the Antlers saloon. So, by and large, the selection of Mr. Gideon as our most valuable citizen was well received by everyone excepting Mr. Gideon, himself. He contended, with sensible commentary, that there was no such thing as a “most valuable citizen” and on the night of the public supper he gave the loving cup back to all the citizens with the request that it be placed in the trophy case at the Fire Station. You see, Mr. Gideon believed that everybody was valuable. Maybe some folks filled bigger niches than others but it was mighty important in the scheme of things that the little niches also be filled.

** * *

Mayme says that everyone ought to have seven senses: touch, taste, smell, sight, hearing, horse, and common.

** * *

SOMEONE once wrote that to err is to be human. That was a fact recognized by the Greatest Man who ever lived as He preached forgiveness from the hillsides and the shores of the sea. There are many people who have erred but, because they were given a chance to take a new hold, have gone ahead to live good lives. We’re reminded of a story of two brothers who were convicted of stealing sheep and were branded on the forehead with the letters S T for “sheep thief”. One brother, unable to bear the stigma, tried to bury himself in a foreign land. But men asked him about the strange letters. He wandered restlessly and at length, full of bitterness, died and was buried in a forgotten grave. The other brother said, “I can’t run away from the fact that I stole sheep. I will stay here and win back the respect and forgiveness of my neighbors.” The neighbors forgave him and with the passing of the years he built a reputation for integrity. One day a stranger saw the old man with the letters branded on his forehead. He asked a native what they signified. “It happened a long time ago,” said the villager. “I’ve forgotten the particulars but I think the letters are an abbreviation of Saint.”

** * *

Mayme says that folks who drive automobiles should remember that locomotives don’t whistle at railroad crossings just to keep up their courage.

BACK in our mining days we had two shift bosses, Jack Watson and Mr. Rogers. Jack was a robust chap with a good capacity for grog and a ready slap on the back for everyone. We liked him. Mr. Rogers was different. He was a conscientious man with a reserve that didn’t let his workers get too close to him. We didn’t particularly like Mr. Rogers but, interestingly, we always moved more rock on his shift than we did on Jack’s. And the reason was this... the man we didn’t like was the man we admired and respected. You see, Mr. Rogers was reputed to be the best shift boss in...
the district and whenever you could work for him that automatically made you a blamed good miner ... and you can’t help but admire and respect a leader who gives you a higher social standing with yourself. Yep, the best bosses are those that a fellow’s proud to work for . . . and as for liking them, well, a lot of folks learn to like parsnips.

* * *

Mayme says that egotism is the art of seeing things in yourself that others, for the life of ‘em, can’t see at all.

* * *

 foremost the intent of this be misunderstood, leave us say from the outset that seriousness, system and efficiency are very essential to the operation of anything that’s organized. And having said that,

leave us further say that if the whole shebang isn’t seasoned, now and then, with a bit of horseplay it becomes a just right good run-of-the-mill aggregation of which there are several thousand in the country. Humans are humans whether they be playing ball, pushing pens or carrying hods. They do better work if they can be happy so as to make fun out of the work they’re doing. It gives them morale and morale is that something over and above ability, system and efficiency, which makes champions. So, whoever you are and wherever you are, if your job isn’t productive of a few chortles a day, may we extend to you our condolences.

* * *

Mayme, on vacation, says via post card:

It’s the little things that bother And put us on the rack
We can sit upon a mountain But not upon a tack.

* * *

WENT TO PRODDING around in the back yard yesterday, and, sure enough, Spring is beginning to nudge her way into the center ring. Buds are starting to burst and little green sprouts are poking their noses into the sunshine. Things are astir and life is revived. The rains will fall and the sun will warm to nurture tiny dormant seeds into clusters of beautiful blooms. This has been the pattern of Nature for endless years and certainly it should be an inspiration to us mortals . . . a challenge that we, too, might bring into being those ideals we dream about but too often dream about too long. Our own ideals we first formulate in our minds. There they remain dormant like seeds in the soil until the sunshine within ourselves warms them to germination within our hearts and blossoms them forth as good and useful deeds for the benefit of those with whom we live.

* * *

Mayme says she knows a lady who never finds any fault with her husband. She’s a widow.

* * *

BACK in 1908, our town suffered a water shortage which caused a tragic epidemic of typhoid fever. The reason was that some opportunist remembered an abandoned well at the foot of the gulch. He repaired the ramshackle pump and painted it white. Then he erected a sign “Pure water for sale,” and the good people bought. It wasn’t long until the hospital was filled and the undertaker was busy. The water had been germ laden and polluted. We shall always remember that epidemic for we were a victim. And, too, we shall always remember the remark which Mr. Gideon, our town’s tinkerer and philosopher, made to dad. “Joe, it all goes to prove that you can’t make water pure just by painting the pump” he said.

* * *

MAYME Says . . .

. . . the old time lady’s bathing suit resembled a Mother Hubbard, but now it more resembles Mother Hubbard’s cupboard.

. . . You can always tell a married man by the way he pats his pockets each time he passes a mailbox.

. . . “Reverse” is something you go into when you don’t shift for yourself.

Mayme turns poetical as she says:

Than drinking and driving There’s nothing worse It’s putting the quart Before the hearse.
HOME  Continued from page 3

That is not necessarily true here. A recent issue of Harpers magazine tells the story of a prosperous young couple with one child, living in an apartment in a crowded eastern city, who began a search for a suburban home. Six months of frustrating weekend searching followed.

They found they had to reject fifty-eight houses, and finally bought the fifty-ninth almost in desperation—an old house which needed $5000 worth of repair before they could move in. It is a dismaying statistic that, in much of the crowded industrial east, it is difficult to find a comfortable and well-equipped home even though you are in the top 3% of the annual income bracket.

Home seekers in the Southwest are not likely to encounter so dismal an experience. For instance, Tulsa's Home Information Center, the only center of its kind in the nation, is a unique one-stop source of information on housing for newcomers, or present residents. The Center provides full information on every aspect of home buying or home improvement, as well as permanent educational exhibits on building materials, and types of home construction.

Modern trends in architecture here have swept away many old concepts. New materials, new methods of construction, heating, air-conditioning, and lighting, new prefabricated units, and the flexibility of new types of architecture to fit our time and our varying climate, have brought a new approach to building.

It once was that the only way to get a new home was to hire an architect, or secure plans from some source, and go through the long process of building. You can still do so if you wish, and you will find several of the nation's foremost architects here to aid you in planning exactly what you want. But nowadays you can also shop for a new home, much as you would for a new car.

Houses come in a wide variety of kinds, sizes, and prices, especially in Oklahoma's larger towns and cities.
You can pick one that suits you, often adding your own finishing touches in choice of tiles, floor covering, wall-paper, woodwork, and color decoration.

These new homes are clean and good looking. You can choose from modern, traditional, or even experimental homes; one-story, two, split level, ranch type, period, or contemporary. You'll find in them every recent advance in the home building crafts.

Builders are highly sensitive to competition these days, and are eager to add the latest in progress to each house in order to keep up with, and if possible ahead, of their competition. You'll find roomy closets, storage drawers, bathrooms where you want them and gleaming with the latest heating, plumbing, and lighting devices.

A bright kitchen convenient to work in, and convenient to reach from your car with those armloads of groceries. Depending of course on price bracket, your kitchen will be filled with built-ins, including electric or gas range and oven, refrigerator, deep freeze, and garbage disposal.

Bedrooms are large enough, even in the most modest price brackets, to get in and out of bed without crawling over. Distinctive appearance on the outside prevents your house from looking like every other house in the block. Access to outdoor living areas is such that you'll be able to serve your guests without carrying trays of snacks and drinks clear around the house.

Wiring is planned to be capable of handling all the appliances you want without blowing fuses. You'll find livable, good-looking, well constructed homes with "bonus points," such as fireplaces, unusual built-ins, outdoor patios, and indoor paneling.

The frontier tradition of giving every man his money's worth is still strong here. Our pioneer forefathers, in speaking of a house well planned architecturally and soundly constructed, valued their homes in term of "commodity, firmness, and delight." New homes in the towns and cities of Oklahoma measure up well and favorably with this time-tested yardstick.

. . . Bill Burchardt
'89er TOWN  Continued from page 5

79. Mosaic tile floor, walls, furniture, and tapestries duplicate those found by archaeologists in excavating Pompeii.

The Assyrian Room, with its sarcophagus granite fireplace, ceiling braziers, and high, ornate wall paneling, typifies the tall, powerful, and warlike people it represents. The splendid Crystal Room, Solomon's Arch, the Rose Room, the Blue Room, the Italian Lounge, the Old English Writing Room, the Gothic Library, the Indian Room, all are magnificent. The older building behind the main Temple is Oklahoma's original Capitol Building.

A pair of the most pleasant parks you'll ever encounter nestle at the north and south edges of Guthrie. Take the youngsters along to enjoy the swings, teeter-totters, and slides in lovely Mineral Wells Park. An hour spent watching the squirrels scamper along the shady earth after acorns fallen from the park oaks will soothe your restless spirit. The deep well water there, sweet and clear, has been a tonic for many a traveler on a hot afternoon. There is no nicer way to end a summer day than to pause at that well for a drink in the cool of the evening.

Or take your lunch basket to Highland Park, where more wiener roasts have likely been held than at any spot in the Southwest. The drive there turns past the lake, then the road falls round the hill and into a woodland glade, purple with cool shade on the hottest day, all summer long.

Guthrie is a wonderful town to be a boy in. I know because I was one there, growing up among its legends of excitement and romance. There were gamblers galore in young Guthrie after the run of '89, and yarns are spun of gambling rooms in the basement of the old Royal Hotel, and a tunnel connecting those rooms with the Rock Island depot, as an escape hatch for hard-pressed gamblers.

The Royal Opera House adjoined, a palace of gilt and red plush across whose boards trod the thespian great of that early day. In later days, and no less intriguing to a small boy, it housed the traveling road shows, Under the Black Flag, and other such lurid outlaw dramas. Before the theatre would stand a gaudy sound truck, grinding out such weird tunes as to excite the mind to visions of deeds most horrible, and about the theatre lobby stood life-size wax figures of the Daltons; Bill Doolin, Cole Younger, Belle Starr, and Jesse James, lifelike except for their deathly waxen pallor, along with cases of rusty six-shooters, derringers, and dirks from which an imaginative small boy could almost see the blood of old violence still dripping.

Famous Marshal Cris Madsen lived out his declining years in Guthrie, a kindly old gentleman who sat in his front yard on warm autumn afternoons, always willing to talk with a small boy on his way home from school. There was my uncle's oft repeated yarn of the time Marshal Bud Ledbetter shot it out with the Casey Gang on Harrison Avenue. The old Federal Jail, which later became a church, confined many an infamous outlaw,
and in the “boothill” section of lovely, serene Summit View Cemetery, Bill Doolin lies buried, along with Dynamite Dick, Bitter Creek Newcomb, and their fellow raiders of the border country.

Wrigley’s Chewing Gum was born in Guthrie, and the first packages of that now internationally known product were manufactured there. Who could forget the spicy fragrance of the frame building where Traband Cigars were made—the clopping hoof sounds of the horse drawn ice wagons on an early spring morning—the unbelievable excitement of a Circus Parade—or the colorful figures, all now gone, to be seen in those early 89'er Parades; stalwart, distinguished Zack Mulhall and his beautiful daughter Lucille; Pawnee Bill; Pistol Pete Eaton and his inseparable partner Rolla Goodnight—or Saturday afternoons with the town jammed with folks from the country, the chant of Pearle Long's auction, and Saturday night with a sack of peanut butter kisses and the Sunday funnies to read.

This cannot be written long enough to list all the sites of historic importance to Oklahoma that can be seen there, or all the pleasant places, or all the friendly people. But past and present meld together, with enthusiasm, in Oklahoma’s 89'er Town to fashion a congenial community. Pay her a visit sometime. You're always welcome.
bites; it is used in the treatment of cancer; of epilepsy; and some serious eye troubles. It is converted into one of the newest blood coagulants. The newest medical hope for the venom is that it will help those suffering from muscular distrophy.

The finest specimens were auctioned to zoos as far afield as South Dakota. Two large canneries competed for the snake meat, increasingly popular as steaks and as tidbits used at cocktail parties. Shoe, belt, and bag manufacturers always want more skins than can be supplied. The heads are in demand to be mounted. The rattles are variously used. There is a demand that exceeds the supply for every inch of the snake.

Prizes were plentiful. In addition to the hundred dollars offered for the marked snake, there was a prize for the longest, the heaviest, and the runner-up in each class. Other prizes were awarded; then 50 cents per pound was paid for rattlesnakes sold in the open market.

Like many another sport the Sunday hunt is preceded by days of festivity. By the preceding Friday the Okeene Hotel is full and all Jaycees have their homes bursting with guests. The overflow finds excellent accommodations in nearby hotels, motels and lodges. High favorite among the lodges is the one at nearby Roman Nose State Park.

People scurry around, get located, then step out for fun. Festivities open with the luncheon Friday, where the candidates in the Queen contest are honor guests. The Queen and the runner-up are selected at the luncheon, but identities are carefully guarded until crowned at the Friday night dance, held in the airport hangar. Music is furnished by a big name band, a capacity crowd attends and dances far into the night.

Saturday some go into the hills for some practice hunting. Many of those left in town go from group to group and listen to the tall tales that are being told. Two oft-repeated tales are still prime favorites, probably because those who participated were present and could be called on to verify the facts.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Davis, of the Mohawk Zoo in Tulsa, were able to tell their tall tale because they were familiar with the rattlesnake. The tale started when the two, letting enthusiasm outweigh caution, crawled into a cave with a small opening to capture some extra fine diamond-back rattlers that had retreated to the crevices in back. Everything was under control, and they were preparing to rake out the snakes and sack them when they heard a furious buzzing sound behind them. They wheeled around and were gazing straight at the trouble. Three fat rattlers were cutting off the only exit to the rock-bound vault in the cave and were slithering forward, determined to see what was bothering their den-mates. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were in their direct path. Mr. Davis was flat on his belly, where he had been investigating the snakes in the crevices.

Neither spoke. They could each handle one snake, but that left the third one free. Instinct and training made Mrs. Davis ease down beside her husband. The two lay flat on the floor, face down; for they must be crawled over as if they were a couple of extra rocks.

The ruse worked, but both Mr. and Mrs. Davis declared that those snakes felt yards, not feet, long, and they must have used slow motion technique in their crawling.

Once the snakes were safely with their denmates Mr. and Mrs. Davis decided against disturbing the reunion.

Another favorite has to do with Joe Durham, then Chief Rattler of the IARH, and his companion, who flew to the canyon in Joe's Piper Cub plane to pick up some hot rattlers and take them twenty miles to a special ceremony. They put the sacked snakes in the rear of the cockpit and were cruising along unworried when Joe's companion nudged him and barely managed to say, "One of those snakes is loose and looking at me."

Joe looked back. A four-foot rattler was free of that sack and headed toward him. The companion grabbed up one of their hunting sticks and whacked at the snake, but failed to kill it. He decided that three sure were a crowd in that cabin; so he climbed out on the gangway, held on to the wing-strut with one hand, and jabbed at the snake with the other.

Joe didn't have much confidence in his companion as a killer. He dipped the right wing of the plane and pulled the nose up. That way he broke the snake's traction toward him, but he was still too close for safety, so Joe headed groundward. Three hundred feet above the ground he sighted a wheat field. He tossed the snake out of range by one more upward flip; then dipped again and swerved in for a dead-stick landing. He moved out of his seat in a hurry for by then the snake was in striking distance.

A tenderfoot would have said the snake could have the plane if he wanted it, but Joe and his companion weren't quite that scared. They got the snake out, tightened the draw-string on the sack, and took the catch to the intended destination.

These and other tales were being handed about as the crowd gathered in the school gymnasium for the annual banquet. The Queen was presented, then all present were served rattlesnake steaks as the chief attraction of an excellent dinner. Those eligible were initiated into the "Order of the White Fang", membership 175. The candidates were those who had been bitten last year and returned to receive the honor.

Everyone—spectators and hunters alike—has a real enthusiasm for the way the Okeene hunt has been made into a first class sports affair combined with a lot of good times. Other locations have liked the plan so well that they have organized hunts of their own. Going hunts are located in Wynona and Anadarko, in Sweetwater, Texas, in Alamogordo, New Mexico, and in Morris, Pennsylvania.

Even with these concerted efforts those interested in the sport of rattlesnake hunting need have little worry that the end of their sport is in sight—science and common sense will reassure them that the rattlesnake will no doubt fight his battle and survive for a long, long time.
parts of Europe, had seen much of the civilized world. Now he felt he needed the stimulation of another trip, and decided to see the primitive wilderness country “West of the United States.”

Prior to his trip to Oklahoma, Irving had already written and published many successful works, including: “The Sketch Book,” “Tales of a Traveler,” “Life of Columbus,” “History of New York,” “Conquest of Granada,” “The Alhambra” and many other volumes. He was both rich and famous. In case none of the titles listed here strike you, remember he was also the creator of “The Legend of Sleepy Hollow” and of “Rip Van Winkle.”

Irving was accompanied on his Oklahoma visit by several distinguished persons. These included the Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, one of the three Indian commissioners appointed by President Jackson to supervise the removal of Indian tribes from their homes in the Southern states to Indian Territory; Count Albert de Pourtale, a rich, adventurous young Swiss nobleman, and Mr. Charles J. Latrobe, a distinguished English gentleman explorer and travel writer who later published a book of his own called “The Rambler in North America” which tells of his own experiences in Oklahoma.

In addition to these Irving was escorted by a small body of “mounted Rangers,” the celebrated frontier scout Alexis Pierre Beattie, and an interesting character named Antoine de Hatre, plus several Osage Indian guides and several cooks and personal servants of various kinds.

After having traveled by riverboat and barge down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, thence up the Arkansas to Ft. Gibson, the Irving party launched into the wilderness from Ft. Gibson on October 9, 1832.


The Irving party’s first stop after leaving Ft. Gibson was at the trading post of Augustus Pierre Choteau, graduate of West Point and son of a wealthy St. Louis merchant and fur dealer, who had established trading posts in what is now Oklahoma and engaged in a profitable trade with the Indian and frontier trappers and hunters of the region. They were royally entertained by Choteau and there Irving met a certain Sam Houston. Houston, who had recently resigned as governor of Tennessee and taken up residence with the Cherokee Indians, had not yet moved on to Texas where he was to make himself a name immortal in Texas and American history.

But, strangely, Irving makes no comment whatever about his meeting with Houston and merely notes the fact that they met. Irving also mentions Col. Arbuckle, the frontier army officer for whom Oklahoma’s Arbuckle Mountains are named, but again offered no comment or impression.

**RESUME OF TOUR**

The tour began from Ft. Gibson and proceeded northwest, crossing the present site of Tulsa. One of the early camp locations was on the Arkansas River, near Sand Springs. Thence, they went up the Arkansas to the junction with the Cimarron, near Keystone. Thence angled northwest across part of Pawnee County, then west into Payne County. One principal camp was east of Stillwater, near the village of Mehan.

Then angled southwest through Logan County, passing near Guthrie and coming south. They crossed Oklahoma County through almost the exact center, having two camp sites between Spencer and Jones. Another camp was made near the east edge of Oklahoma City, somewhere on Crutcho Creek. They remained there three days. Then they proceeded south to approximate location of Moore and passed near Norman, then east across Cleveland County into Pott. County near McLeod, Shawnee and Tecumseh. They moved east through Seminole County, across northwest corner of Hughes County, passing into Okfuskee County near the village of Bearden, then slanting northeast up through Okfuskee County, passing November 3rd within about three miles of Padon. On November 4th, camp was made on Nuyaka Creek near village of Okfuskee. On evening of November 5th, they camped on Deep Fork, about four miles upstream from present city of Okmulgee. November 8th and 7th were spent crossing the rest of Okmulgee County and re-entering Muskogee County. They were back at Ft. Gibson on Nov. 8th.
FRONTIER WAYS
An attractive new book by the University of Oklahoma's Dr. E. E. Dale has just been published by the University of Texas press. Much of the material in it came from one of the finest research sources that has ever been compiled; the 132 typescript volumes of the Indian-Pioneer Papers. All factual, and treating every subject from Cowboy Cookery to the Old-Time Religion, Frontier Ways makes fine reading for anyone interested in what the Old West was really like.

When Nature Fashions Spring
By
Clara Brown Chiles
She deftly spreads out failles and suedes and twills
In earthy tones—pinstriped in chartreuse rows—
And drapes and folds them over coves and hills
To dress the land in crisp new springtime clothes.
And then, as if to beautify the whole,
She knots a silvery brook into a sash
And adds a flowering plum and redbud stole
Gold-fringed with budding elm and oak and ash.

OIL-FIELD SKY-PASTURE
by
Rudolph N. Hill
Nightly, gas-flares light my pasture,
Derricks etch skyline at dawn,
Like dinosaurs of monster stature,
Roused from sleep of ages gone!
Here, decayed life-blood of aeons
Gives new life to steeds up there,
Where humming motors sing wild paens,
Sweet to bronc-busters of air!

PATRONS FOR WRITING TALENT
During recent years, Oklahoma has produced much high caliber literary talent. National magazines, best-seller lists, motion pictures, television, all are regularly showcases for the creations of Oklahoma nurtured writers.

But the literary row is still a hard one to hoe, particularly for the talented beginner. To alleviate the problem, Henry C. Jones, President of Oklahoma State Writers, Inc., has come up with an idea. Other branches of the arts are assisted by Patron's Funds, says Hank, why not writers?

The Patron's Fund would be used for scholarships, to provide prizes and awards in annual competitions for the "bests" in short story, magazine article, and other categories of writing.

Joe C. Scott, President of Bankers' Service Life Insurance, has accepted the post of Chairman of the Patron's Fund. Mr. Scott indicates that he believes the state is ready to promote the cause of fine writing, for Oklahoma's writers are representing her well before the world.

OUR CONTRIBUTIONS
Dean Burch (Wildflower Paradise) is a prominent Oklahoma teacher of science. "Some years ago, I visited Olas Murrie, the great naturalist, in his home in Wyoming," Miss Burch relates. "I was immediately drawn to a quotation Mr. Murrie had carved on his fireplace; 'The wonder of the world, the beauty of the flower, the shapes of things—their colors, lights, and shades; these I have seen. Look ye also while life lasts.' Olas Murrie's precept has become the heart of Miss Burch's teaching, from her classroom in Tulsa. Rattlesnake Roundup was produced by two ladies who would seem least likely to be interested in such a slithery subject. Faye Bennett and Julia (Jon) Rochelle, both of Tulsa, do not always collaborate. The list of publications in which their individual work has appeared reads like an edition of the Publisher's Guide. Both are hard at work on major new projects on which we hope them the greatest of success.

BOOKMOBILES ARE COMING
The Oklahoma State Library now proudly owns six Bookmobiles staffed by a driver and a librarian specialist in reader guidance. Each of the big red busses shelves more than 1,200 books, and is able to make an ever-changing selection available to readers in any part of the state.

Books may be checked out for one month, and returned when the Bookmobile makes its next monthly visit. In addition to books, available services include story hours at school stops, planning for adult club programs, and magazines and films to be circulated.

One Bookmobile can operate most efficiently in connecting counties, the state providing the equipment, and the counties providing the operating expense. The first, and a highly successful operation, has been the Cleveland-Garvin-McLean multi-
Companionship between fathers and their young sons is the object of the Y-Indian Guide program. The pictures here, made at a recent Long House (statewide meeting) at Camp Classen in the Arbuckle Mountains, indicates how well the program succeeds. Inspired by a Canadian Ojibway Indian's observation that "white men build better buildings than sons", the program is national in scope, and growing rapidly, with an ever increasing number of tribes throughout Oklahoma.
county library system, with some eighty stops per month at schools and community centers throughout the three counties.

Success of the venture was shown at this year’s State Fair, in the number of prizes won by Garvin County 4-H Clubs. Nearly all the blue and red ribbon winners were from schools near Pauls Valley, and were boys and girls on the Bookmobile’s circulation list.

The newest project began operation during National Library Week in Carter-Johnston-Love-Marshall-Murray Counties. A Bookmobile tour through southeastern Oklahoma counties will be undertaken beginning April 17th to demonstrate the facilities to interested groups there.

It is hoped that other county groups throughout the state will organize to set up Bookmobile projects. Inquiries should be directed to Esther Mae Henke, State Library Extension Division, Oklahoma City 5, Oklahoma.

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Public Service Co., of Tulsa, has announced long-range plans to spend $100,000,000 doubling its generating capacity in Oklahoma . . . A $7,000,000, 300-mile pipeline system to serve the Oklahoma Gas and Electric Co. generating plants at Harrah and Muskogee will be built . . . The new $8 million Oklahoma Cement Company plant being built southeast of Pryor is scheduled to be in production by May 1 . . . Conoco has announced plans to build a new petrochemical plant in Ponca City . . . Callery Chemical Company at Muskogee has received a $9 million contract from the Air Force to produce high energy fuel . . . The new $20 million Zdeal Cement Company plant is Ada's largest industry and employs approximately 325 persons with an annual payroll of over $2 million . . . Glass production in Oklahoma in January was valued at $88,817,000 as compared to $60,840,000 in January, 1959. A gain of 46% in 12 months . . .

THIRTY-SIX
Oklahoma, every night my honey lamb and I sit alone and talk and watch a hawk makin' lazy circles in the sky. We know we belong to the land. And the
W.C. Handy: "Solo"

1. Land we belong to is grand! And when we say:

2. Yeow! Ayipioeeay!

3. We're only sayin', "You're doin' fine, Oklahoma! Oklahoma! O.K."