Dean Krakel was born in Ault, Colorado. He holds the B.A. degree from Colorado State College and the M.A. in history from Denver University. He was head of the Western History Division of the University of Wyoming Library, Director of the Air Force Academy Museum at Colorado Springs, and Director of Tulsa's Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art before coming to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame.
I became increasingly aware of the din of a constant flow of traffic on U.S. Highway 66, less than a quarter of a mile away. I had been told that more than eighteen million people riding in 7.5 million cars passed by annually. Route 66 is truly one of America's great broad-ways. The wisdom of the selection of the site by trustees began to soak in; and if I shut my eyes and listened, the historian in me could imaginatively hear cowboys and longhorns moving up the Chisholm Trail. Scars of that great hooved exodus from Texas were almost within a rifle ball's trajectory.

Before the day was over, dynamic Stanley Draper, Managing Director of the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce, stood with me on the hill. He told me in his soft southern voice how the 89'ers had swept down the valley from the north and spilled out on the tract south of us. "In forty-five minutes," he exclaimed, "10,000 people, strangers to one another, founded Oklahoma City. Think of it! Of course, some of them had jumped the gun and were already here. They were the Sooners."

This part of Oklahoma has always been colorful and exciting. It was once the heart of the Indian Nations, then seasoned by oil discovery, and has always possessed the reddest earth you ever saw. Persimmon Hill had seen much historically, but more was to come.

The factor that inspired me most of all about the project was the people behind it—men and women who had believed in it for more than ten years. Tenaciously they clung to a dream. I was impressed that Trustees like Albert Mitchell, New Mexico; Jasper Ackerman, Colorado; Ray Schnell, North Dakota; Frank Spencer, Montana; E. H. Shoemaker, Jr., Nebraska; Ralph A. Johnston and A. M. G. Swenson, both of Texas, would come to Oklahoma City at the drop of a hat for a meeting. Most of them wore kits. The local group was outstanding. If men like C. R. Anthony, Roy J. Turner, E. K. Gaylord, Stanley Draper, and many others believed in the project, I could too. It had been Oklahoma City's strong support, and a heads up Chamber of Commerce, that got the project moving after years of delay. The West needed the Cowboy Hall of Fame, I wanted to be a part of its development. The person whom I admired the most, yet puzzled me at first by his quiet determina-
tion, was Glenn Faris, Executive Vice President to the Board of Trustees. He had been with the Chamber of Commerce for thirty-nine years, and retired only to pick up the reins of the Cowboy Hall of Fame. While Chester A. Reynolds of Kansas City conceived the idea and is the founder, Glenn Faris kept the project alive after Mr. Reynolds' untimely death. It was Glenn's judgment and largely his association with trustees from the western states and Oklahoma City businessmen that made the future possible.

Talking about what should go inside a museum and creating it are two different things. Since our place would largely depend upon admissions for maintenance and operational revenues, whatever was done had to be outstanding. Unlike ninety-five percent of the museums in America, we had no city, county, state, or federally appropriated funds from which to draw. This lack of "security" appealed to me as did the absence of a civil service commission. For the first time in my career, I could select a staff based on ability and experience. In a sense, I was gambling my career for freedom and the right to choose. I have always believed that the full-time employment of half a wit is less desirable than the half-time employment of a full wit. Too often I have seen the waste of both time and material by low-paid unqualified employees. On the other hand, I have seen talent shackled and praise and recommendation heaped upon the "do-nothing" type curator and director. I wanted the ablest people that we could hire in our profession in key positions. I outlined the staffing program, and the Local Operations Committee approved it. Aside from becoming immersed in the building construction, I was thinking in terms of themes and people to interpret them.

A large map of America, done in raised relief, with trails lighted in series with synchronized sound could identify the West. Such a map, I felt, could become the core of our program. It would establish the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center as an educational institution and give it character. The thought of such a map had been in my head since I had hiked over a long stretch of the Oregon Trail.

The second aspect of the exhibits program was Western art, primarily the work of Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell. Having known most of the gallery people in New York City and several collectors, I felt that we could get together a good exhibition. In fact, less than six weeks after arrival in Oklahoma City, the Chamber of Commerce's Board of Directors asked me to tell them what I had in mind for the opening exhibition. In some way or another during my talk, I blurted out that they could expect to see a couple million dollars worth of Western art. I laid awake that night thinking about what I had said—wishing I had knocked at least a half million dollars off the boast. Few museums have undertaken to borrow that much Western art with so little to offer in return.

I had in mind a Sounds of the West room. This installation would be circular, somewhat like an amphitheater. Visitors would assemble, the lights would go dim, and through a stereophonic system, the sound track would take over, opening with the yip-yowl of coyotes. There would be noises of a windmill shifting and clanking, pumping precious water, horses nickering, cattle lowing, and many others. I wanted to identify the West by sound as well as by sight. The engineering on the project is immense and still going on.

Another project to be completed by Memorial Day, 1966, is the placement of the Tomb of the Unknown Pioneer on our grounds. Our committee would seek an unmarked grave along one of the great emigrant trails or perhaps at some lonely outpost in the West, and take whatever legal steps necessary to remove the remains and
bring them to Persimmon Hill. Here we would entomb the body and pay homage through this one burial to those tens of thousands of pioneers who died in settling the West.

In exhibit themes we thought of the Indian’s role, grasses, homesteaders, and varmints, and how to interpret our program. I wanted to bring in new techniques. Trustees had established the major concept, such as honoring great Westerners in the Honorees Hall. In addition we would carry out their plan for the National Rodeo Hall of Fame. Our Founders Hall program is unique. This division pays tribute to those who by their financial contribution and individual generosity made implementation of Mr. Reynolds’ dream possible. Trustees determined that each state should be given a quota of memberships to sell. The larger the individual gift the greater the degree of recognition. This program is the basis of our museum’s individualism. In this day of prohibitive taxes, the idea grows in my mind how important it is for people to think in terms of worthwhile gifts and endowments to institutions—especially ours.

In starting a staffing program in January, 1965, I hired Richard Munro and Kenneth Malone. Richard Munro had been with me at Gilcrease. He is young, versatile, an expert craftsman with good design capabilities. Ken Malone, a veteran of Corregidor, has spent most of his professional life in photography and visual aid programs. Between the two men, I knew I could develop whatever was needed in the way of briefing presentations, models, etc. In addition, I wanted a detailed photo record of construction progress. Munro and Malone established the general requirements for equipping the shop and various laboratories. I had to get men, machines, and materials together—in record time.

Key positions on our staffing document were that of Art Director and Curator of Exhibits; both could be pivotal positions. Among the top men to my knowledge in the field were Jim Boren and Juan Menchaca. Jim was on the design staff at the Martin Missile Company in Denver. Juan had been the exhibits design and production mainstay at the Colorado State Historical Society for eighteen years. Between the two was a wealth of talent and experience. Jim had won national art competitions, and a Disney representative had at one time tried to entice Juan to California. Menchaca is one of the country’s foremost diorama specialists. He could produce the map, which was a priority on my long list of things to do. Jim Boren, I knew, could put together the art show we were lining up and carry on the program as Art Director.

On the weekend of January 16, we hosted the Colorado men. It was a well-planned weekend, except for the weather, and it was bitter cold. A tour of the building was made and program plans unveiled. At the time, a round-table discussion was held in which Glenn Faris and I haried the facts and the risks our status involved. I had known of two commercial museums that failed within the past three years and another in New York City that was tottering even after an expenditure of millions. When they left, I didn’t know what their decisions would be.

I was reluctantly processing other applications for the Art Director and Curator positions, when calls came in from Denver—Jim and Juan were coming down as soon as they could terminate their positions. Their families would stay in Colorado until later.

With a nucleus of a professional staff signed up, I could think in terms of a timetable. Administrative offices were in the Skirvin Tower—a work shop was set up at the Cowboy Hall of Fame. In the meantime, con-

The Autumn 1957 issue of Oklahoma Today commented, "The average round-up camp shelter consisted of nothing more permanent than a tarp, rigged out behind the chuck wagon for shade from the sun and shelter from the rain… the canopy roof (of the Cowboy Hall of Fame) suggests that cow camp tarpaulin, taut with the draw of its stoke ropes…" This interior view includes a U.S. cavalryman, display cases of guns, saddles, etc., and in the right foreground the roster of Great Westerners who have thus far been honored by the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. A new honoree from each of the seventeen western states is added each year. One or two additional at-large honorees may be added each year if their activities covered more than one state.

The War Horse, "Love and Care," by Willard Stone.
Cowboy Hall of Fame

struction by Lippert Brothers, the contractors, was going full speed ahead. The operations committee, presided over by C. R. Anthony, discussed tentative programs, parade plans, and the dedication ceremony.

One of my big breaks in initial weeks was getting acquainted with O. M. (Red) Mosier. Mr. Mosier, retired Vice President of American Airlines, knew Western art. Furthermore he was the close personal friend of several owners of major art collections. He became chairman of our Art Committee. We started laying the groundwork for our inaugural exhibition. The heart of the inaugural show, if we were fortunate, would be the Sid Richardson collection of Frederic Remington and C. M. Russell. To date, the coveted collection had never left Texas. We had other feelers out to the Rockwell Foundation of Corning, New York, and the Bartfield, Kennedy, and Knoedler Galleries in New York City. Additionally, we were hoping for representation from the Coe Foundation of Cody, Wyoming, and the Buttram Collection of Oklahoma City. It was during late winter that we started actively thinking about the possibility of purchasing the Charles S. Jones Collection of C. M. Russell.

In March, the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees traveled to Oklahoma City from their homes throughout the seventeen western states to survey the situation. A meeting was held jointly with the Local Operations Committee. A number of things were decided. June 26, 1965, was set for dedication, the amount of admission fees established, and a full review of progress to date made. March also saw both Juan Menchaca and Jim Boren on the job. Dorothy Williams was employed as librarian and Joe Reid Lawhead doing publicity. A public relations committee headed by Ben K. West, had been in operation, had done an outstanding job in the center’s critical interim years, and was now working toward a successful dedication. Within a few weeks, I reinforced Menchaca’s crew with Leroy Allen, who had worked for him in Colorado, and Roy Pope of Oklahoma City.

The pressure began to build up in spite of construction progress. The manufacture of the glass window walls was the big question. By late April, it was well established that we were behind schedule. Staff work was primarily devoted to designing the building prototype exhibit cases and the work on the map and its theater-setting. The map, I felt, would be a focal attraction at our opening. When completed, it would be 40 by 45 feet, made up of forty-eight sections. Before the month was over, Mr. Mosier received word from Perry Bass, Chairman of the Board of the Sid Richardson Foundation that we could exhibit forty paintings from that collection. Then Bob Rockwell asked Jim Boren and me to come to Corning to make our selection from his collection. Kennedy Galleries notified us that they would be sending several works, including a great C. M. Russell. The Bartfield Galleries lent three important Olaf Seltzer paintings, and The Horse Thief, a scarce Remington bronze. Bartfield’s also offered two C. M. Russell illustrated letters. Knoedler Galleries sent three minor works. The Coe Foundation shipped five paintings by Alfred Jacob Miller and two bronzes. Joe C. Scott, Oklahoma City business executive, made it possible for us to show a rifle engraved by C. M. Russell. For a contemporary artist, we selected Willard Stone, the noted Oklahoma wood sculptor. Eighteen of Stone’s carvings were shown.

Chuckwagon of the Matador Ranch, famed West Texas cattle spread founded in 1879. In 1940, Matador Ranch holdings included 466,000 acres in Texas, and additional acreage in Montana. The lifesize Cowboy Hall of Fame diorama shown here was executed by Juan Menchaca. A plains Indian camp, other dioramas, artifacts of the Old West, and great Western art, are among the attractions which drew a quarter of a million visitors to this Western Heritage Center during the first six months it was open. Highways U.S. 81, 62, 75, 177, 277, and 270 all have junctions within fifteen miles of the U.S. 66-U.S. 77 intersection where the Hall of Fame stands. It is open daily from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. (8:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. beginning June 1st).
Jordan B. Reaves, Oklahoma City historian and military weapons authority, generously allowed us to draw heavily from his outstanding collection. Few museums have been privileged to exhibit such rare pieces as the Whitneyville Walker Colt, Patterson Colt, a Winchester 1873 "1 of 1000 Model", and an original Gatling Gun. Cowboy costume and paraphernalia was generously lent by Art Seigfried of Sand Springs. Mr. Faris had accepted a few items of historic importance through the years. These were unpacked. Among them was a saddle that just happened to belong to Gary Cooper.

It was bedlam every day. The entire staff was going full speed. At the Skirvin offices, Glenn Faris was working day and night planning parade and dedication programs; a myriad of details were involved. Governors, Trustees, and a host of dignitaries were to be on hand. Mary Lee Fitzpatrick assisted. Mrs. Fitzpatrick had worked for Mr. Faris for several years.

In May, Jim Phelan came over from Gilcrease to become our floor manager. He arrived one minute and started work the next. Edward Eitel arrived later that month to operate the building plant as engineer. Jim Boren, among many tasks, designed our commemorative medallion and was in charge of having them made. During this period he also painted the first oil painting of our building. Both the medallion and painting are outstanding.

The days and nights seemed to fuse together as time grew shorter. The logistics of the operation were always pressing. Days before we were to open, there wasn't a sign of a door that could be locked, no ticket-taking installation, no gift shop's fixtures. Sections of the window walls gaped open. Then there were undercurrents of disapproval by unions. Some of our projects were not being created according to union books. When cornered and asked about our non-union labor, all I could think to say was, "The unions sure as hell didn't build or win the West—and we're of the same mold." I never heard anymore about it.

With the dedication just hours away, opening looked almost impossible to some. But staff-wise we conceded nothing. Our motto was, "We are ahead of schedule." Oklahoma City's wonderful newspapers joined our chorus—everything was great! And it was!

The morning of June 26, 1965, was beautiful. It was dedication day. Activities started with a colorful two-mile parade downtown led by John Wayne. That night several hundred would witness the presentation of the Western Heritage Awards. At 1:30, Old Glory and the colorful flags of the seventeen great western states were raised and unfurled before the thousands gathered to monument the occasion. An admired friend, the distinguished Westerner and United States Senator from Wyoming, Milward L. Simpson, gave the principal address. Then heads were bowed and "the new camp" was blessed. A new and different kind of institution had come into being. For old Persimmon Hill, June 26 might have been just another day in an exciting life, but for all those who had a hand in supporting and creating the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, it was quite a day. Yes . . . it was an unforgettable day.

Smoke Talk by Charles M. Russell, from the fabulous collection of C. M. Russell art recently acquired by the Cowboy Hall of Fame. This is the painting which hung over the desk of Dwight D. Eisenhower during his years in the White House. In 1942, Charles S. Jones purchased it, with Russell’s sketch book, nine watercolors, eight pen-and-ink drawings, an illustrated letter, ninety-two bronze sculptures, and another major oil painting Red Man’s Wireless, from the estate of Nancy (Mrs. Charles M.) Russell. The Charles S. Jones collection, including in all more than 200 items, was purchased by the Cowboy Hall of Fame in September of 1965, and was the last major gathering of Russell’s art owned by an individual.

Charles Russell, undisputed master of capturing on canvas the light, landscape, and people of the northern plains, accomplished far more than the mere recording of detail in his work. Each of his paintings projects emotion. Observe the attitude and the countenance of the foreground rider. Note the wary eye of his horse which has spotted the rattlesnake under the rock ledge below. The man who speaks with a hand sign, the intent man making smoke on the high ledge, each figure is so expressive that words become inadequate and you are there with these people, sharing with them the enigma, the inscrutable unknown the future always holds, in the last rays of a westering sun, and beyond, the rising moon.
Everyone enjoys watching someone else work... Here's a sidewalk superintendent's guide to Oklahoma...

BY PENDLETON WOODS

Are you looking for an educational tour for a school class, a group of Boy Scouts or Camp Fire Girls, or perhaps an unusual place for a family excursion? Hundreds of Oklahoma industries encourage group and individual tours of their operations.

A contact with the publisher or the editor of a newspaper is usually all that is necessary to arrange a visit to the newspaper plant. An interesting tour is to follow a news story through its various steps from conception through production.

The electronic equipment in telephone company buildings provides a fascinating tour. Few industrial plants are more interesting than an electric power generating station. The operating headquarters of gas companies make wonderfully interesting group tours.

Here are a few of the manufacturing plants around the state which offer group or individual tours:

NORTHEASTERN OKLAHOMA

The Crane Company of Miami conducts small group tours. This company manufactures residential and commercial air conditioning equipment, central heating systems, and combination kitchen units.

Burlington Manufacturing Company, Miami, makes dungarees, denim jackets, and other types of work wear. Winart Pottery Company, Miami, has constructed a glassed-in aisle through the plant, allowing visitors to walk through at any time to watch the pottery-making process. Window cards explain each operation.

A Vinita company encouraging group and individual tours is Munisingwear, Inc., manufacturer of ladies' hosiery. Phillips Petroleum Company, Bartlesville, has opened an exhibit hall. Through numerous exhibits there the company portrays the development and uses of petroleum. Phillips also holds weekday tours of its plastics sales service laboratories west of Bartlesville.

An interesting group industrial tour in Tulsa is the Seismograph Service Corporation. Here is the international headquarters of a company which operates all over the world in contract geophysical work.
EASTERN OKLAHOMA
The food manufacturing business can be observed by groups visiting the Griffin Grocery Company of Muskogee. This fifty-eight year old company manufactures a wide variety of food items: canned fruits and vegetables, spices, salad dressings, mustard, syrup, and candy, to name just a few.

Another Muskogee company offering tours is the Greystone Pottery Company. Pittsburgh Plate Glass of Henryetta, manufacturing sheet window glass, conducts group tours on weekdays.

At least two companies in Poteau invite visitors to observe their operations. They are Graphick, Inc., and the Hamlin Manufacturing Company. Graphick manufactures control panels for heating and cooling large buildings. Hamlin manufactures clothing.

In McAlester, the Elsing Manufacturing Company invites group tours of its ladies’ and children’s sportswear and dresses manufacturing operations.

Operating in three Oklahoma towns is the Blue Bell Company. This company has its division headquarters at Seminole, with manufacturing plants in Ada and Coalgate. Group tours for educational or civic groups may be made by appointment at any of these three plants. Blue Bell manufactures work and play clothing, including Western wear.

The new Koch Cotton Gin in Checotah, processing eastern Oklahoma long-staple cotton, is now open for group tours.

SOUTHWESTERN OKLAHOMA
Sequoyah Mills of Anadarko, manufacturers of tufted carpet, welcomes group and individual tours. This is one of only two carpet manufacturing mills between the Mississippi River and the West Coast.

In Duke, the Republic Gypsum Company conducts tours. This company manufactures wall board, operating three shifts daily, and using gypsum mined in the area. The Lin Manufacturing Company, Clinton, forms products from expanded polystyrene. From a cupful of clear, sand-like particles, this company manufactures a cubic foot of white polystyrene.

Town and Country Mobile Homes, Inc., Lawton, conducts weekday tours for groups. This company specializes in large, luxury trailer homes. Two organizations in Frederick which conduct tours are Century Granite Company and Centra Leather Goods.

SOUTH CENTRAL OKLAHOMA
Two companies in Roff which conduct group or individual tours are the Mid-Continent Glass Sand Company and the Scott-Kolb Manufacturing Company. The Mid-Continent Company mines and processes silica sand, while Scott-Kolb custom-builds furniture of various types for churches and other institutions.

Science or engineering oriented groups will find an interesting plant to visit at the Slaughter Company of Ardmore. This company manufactures electrical test equipment used in the production of appliances, automobiles, business machines, printed forms and other products. The WW Trailer Company, Madill, offers tours to groups and individuals.

NORTHWEST OKLAHOMA
The Dorchester Gas Producing Company of Hooker conducts weekend tours through its plant, manufacturing propane iso-butane, butane, pentanes, naptha, and motor fuels. In Guymon, the Adams Hard-Facing Company conducts tours through its tillage tool plant. This plant makes all varieties of plow blades, and is being enlarged in 1966 as part of the company’s five year expansion plan.

In Shattuck, visitors can watch the grading and sizing of broomcorn for broom manufacturers at the PBC Corporation. The Fenimore Manufacturing Company, Woodward, manufactures bookbinding machines. Group tours are limited here because the company manufactures a large product with a small number of employees, and production is necessarily complicated.

NORTH CENTRAL OKLAHOMA
Nickles Machine Corporation, Ponca City, conducts group tours. They manufacture replacement parts for industrial gas and diesel engines. Atlas Tank and Steel Company, Ton-
The Acme Brick Company, Oklahoma City, invites tours by appointment to see bricks of many types manufactured from red clay. Acme also offers tours of its facilities in Tulsa and Clinton. The Lone Star Beer Company invites tours of its Oklahoma City plant.

Aero Commander, Inc., Oklahoma City, manufacturing executive aircraft, offers group tours. This company has recently added jet aircraft.

One of the most interesting operations to visit in Oklahoma City is Goodwill Industries. This organization employs handicapped people, retaining them until they are self-sufficient enough to move into new jobs. Many persons who have considered Goodwill Industries no more than a reconditioning shop are surprised to find assembly-line operations doing contract work for manufacturing companies.

Two iron and steel companies in Oklahoma City offering tours are Robberson Steel Company and Capitol Iron and Steel Company.

CONCLUSIONS

AND SUGGESTIONS

These are by no means all the manufacturing firms in Oklahoma which offer group or individual tours. Not included are utility companies, newspaper and printing plants, bakeries, meat packers, and pet food manufacturers. Individual firms may be located anywhere in the state. The following suggestions are intended to be a guide to group visits.

Contact the plant manager at least two weeks in advance. Many firms which are subsidiaries of larger companies must clear plant tours with the home office, and that takes time. Others must make special arrangements for tours. Some arrange plant visits so that several tours can be made on the same day, leaving other days free of visits.

Tell the plant manager the size of your group and the age range (if minors) of the visitors. Some plants have age restrictions for visitors, based upon insurance stipulations.

Inform the manager of operations which especially interest your group, and he can arrange special factory tours based upon your request. He may have an official who can provide information about the plant in advance of your visit. Many companies will send you a folder on their operations and what they can expect your group to see. This will save much unnecessary questions while making the tour.

Keep your appointment, and be on time. Chances are an official of the firm will be on time, and the opportunity to be on time may be a point of principal interest when your time runs out.

If yours is a youth group, be sure to provide sufficient adult leadership. It is your responsibility to see that your group is attentive and obeys safety regulations.

Study the plant and product before your visit. Many companies provide folders on their operations. If so, secure copies in advance, in order that your group may be properly oriented on what they can expect to see. This will save much unnecessary questions while making the tour.

Write the manager afterwards to express your appreciation for the visit. Following these simple rules, you will pave the way for other groups which may wish to visit the organization.
If, by some bizarre twist of fate, H. H. Martin were sent to prison and assigned to the “rock pile,” he would undoubtedly be a happy man.

Rocks have become a way of life for this dedicated Sooner. He has assembled at his home a rock collection almost beyond belief. Informed people who have seen it maintain it is far more than a mere collection. It is an outdoor geological museum.

Martin lives on the family homestead, three miles northwest of Wynnewood. A rock “zoo” outlines the circular driveway. A wall, containing thousands of rocks and specimens from the minute to the monolithic, surrounds the house. Inside the wall is an amazing variety of other displays. Nodules, petrified wood, geodes, crinoids, rose rocks, hundreds of other fossils and specimens are exhibited.

Here too is delicately sculptured limestone and sandstone carved into exciting fluid shapes by countless centuries of wind and water.

A retired rancher-farmer, Martin works alone, collecting and displaying. He estimates ninety-five per cent of his finds come from a nine county area around Wynnewood with the famous Arbuckle Uplift yielding the most specimens. He has always harbored a deep interest in geology but the interest was dormant until about ten years ago. Then he decided to build a modern residence to replace the old family home.

Martin wanted a rock house and so he began to collect suitable building material. This was his springboard. He has simply never stopped collecting.

... George E. Gurley
She has been called "Madam"
And her book is named "Perle"

MADAM MESTA

By Madelaine Wilson

Mrs. Vallee, Mrs. Mesta, Rudy Vallee.
It isn't easy for Perle Mesta, former Oklahoman, to find new worlds to conquer.

When you've entertained and been entertained by presidents (Coolidge, Hoover, Truman, Eisenhower, Johnson); vice-presidents (beginning with Thomas Marshall); royalty, ambassadors, top names in the theatre, social registerites; when there's been a play about you on Broadway (Call Me Madam), and it has been made into a movie; when you've been the subject of TV's "This Is Your Life"; authored a book (Perle); been presented at the Court of St. James; been a minister to a foreign country (Luxembourg); owned homes in New York, Newport and Washington-on-the Potomac; flown in top musical talent to entertain eight-hundred dinner guests, and signed the chit for more than 7,000 at a brunch... as we said, it's hard to find a new peak to scale.

So, the woman whose first residence in Oklahoma City still stands at the southwest corner of NE 11 and Geary, does what comes naturally—she stays busy at her favorite role, that of being a hostess.

Can you imagine having 100 women in to luncheon and not actually being sure who they are going to be? Perle Mesta did that not long ago. Her friend, Washington newspaper woman Helen Thomas asked if the women might come to tea and meet the famed hostess.

"Why not invite them to luncheon?" was her reply. It turned out the women were wives of UPI publishers.

Mrs. Mesta has three items necessary to successful entertaining on a lavish scale: the money, the trained staff, and the desire.

Any danger of the money running out, we asked blunty. She smiled, and shook her head.

Garner Camper, her majordomo for 18 years, started out as a room service waiter at the Skirvin Hotel, which was built by Mrs. Mesta's father, the late William Balser Skirvin, who arrived on the first train when Oklahoma Territory was opened for settlement.

Garner runs a shipshape establishment. He learned his lessons well when she sent him to Europe years ago to a training school for butlers. He stands at her side, impeccable in a dark suit, and announces the guests with the same aplomb with which he helps serve the food at smaller seated dinners. ("Regulars" prove to first-time guests they are old-timers at Mrs. Mesta's by engaging Garner in bits of conversation during luncheon or dinner. Or they make remarks such as, "Oooh, Edna's delicious strawberry whipped cream cake.")

Edna, Garner's wife, is personal maid and cook, except when the staff is augmented for parties. A secretary (there have been three the past year) comes in three days a week.

There's never any let-down from the formal routine. Even on the day we dined in splendor as Mrs. Mesta's only guest, a finger bowl and doily were brought in on the dessert plate.

Her apartment on the eighth floor at 3900 Watson Place, a fashionable address, has 15 rooms, including seven bedrooms, seven baths, a drawing room, music room, library, her personal sitting room, a dining room, and a foyer as big as your living room, which is walled, even the doors, in antiqued smoky-toned mirrors. There are two terraces, each forty-two by seven feet.

The decor is beige, the furnishings French. The guest powder room has gold pineapples for faucets. A gold-inlay desk once belonged to Marie Antoinette, and had a $25,000 price tag when Mrs. Mesta bought it. The parquet floors are covered with fabulous Aubusson rugs.
But always there is a heavy clear plastic cover on the particularly precious Aubusson in the drawing room.

Large autographed tinted photographs of the Trumans and the Johnsons are placed prominently. LBJ’s is signed, “To Perle Mesta with love, Lyndon B. Johnson.” Lady Bird’s says, “To Perle with affection, Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson.”

A social arbiter has declared much of the glamor went from Mrs. Mesta’s parties when she gave up her French chateau, “Les Ormes,” and moved into the apartment. (She sold the house for “under $200,000” to the then Vice-President and Mrs. Johnson, who immediately Americanized its name to “The Elms”.)

But, sans garden, swimming pool, and all the outdoor bit, Mrs. Mesta’s parties continue to be one of the biggest drawing cards in what has been called the aspirin capital of the world.

She doesn’t smoke, doesn’t drink, oh, perhaps a little wine. There is never a bar at one of her parties. There’s plenty to drink but it is served by women in white-aproned black dresses.

If you’re invited to dinner at 8, you may have one or two cocktails before going in to dinner at 8:20. She believes it isn’t fair to the cook to dull the palate with too much pre-dining alcohol. Three or four wines are served with dinner (Garner knows the vintages as the alphabet), and later there is champagne.

“It’s becoming very fashionable not to drink,” she tells you. “Nor to smoke.”

She says a party instinct is born in you or it isn’t. “Remember the party I had for the Vice-President and Mrs. Humphrey, and things didn’t seem to be going very well?” We said yes to the first part, no to the second.

“The musicians (a marvelous Jamaican quartet with
the soloist making up pertinent songs about individual guests) were in the wrong place. I had then move from the music room into the drawing room and immediately the tempo of the party picked up.” (We recalled that part).

Despite the constant giving of parties and mention of her name in the society columns, Mrs. Mesta is not Washington’s No. 1 hostess. That role falls to the chanteuse in the White House. You can’t beat an address like 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Madame Hercule Alphand, wife of the French ambassador who has been transferred to Paris, and Marquesa de Merry del Val, wife of the Spanish ambassador, are popular hostesses. Marjorie Merriweather Post (of cereal wealth) lends her 24-acre estate, “Hillwood”, for frequent benefits but usually she is hostess in absentia. The young Joan Kennedy, wife of Sen. Edward M. Ted Kennedy, is emerging as a favorite hostess. Gwen Cafritz, once tagged as Mrs. Mesta’s rival, has done little entertaining since her husband’s death. And there are those who cherish an invitation to the chic little dinners given frequently by Alice Roosevelt (Mrs. Nicholas) Longworth. But sheer hospitality for the joy of entertaining puts Mrs. Mesta’s name up front.

Inevitably must come the question: is Perle Mesta cozy with the people in the White House, her old friends, Lyndon and Lady Bird?

Not, it would appear, as she was with the Trumans. (In 1946 she gave a dinner and dance for Margaret Truman. The next year she had a white tie and tails dinner for the Trumans in her home—almost an unprecedented thing for a president. And it was Truman who appointed her minister to Luxembourg in 1949).

Perhaps Washington reporter Isabelle Shelton provided the key when she wrote, “In Lyndon Johnson’s White House, entertaining is for a purpose . . . He is a totally political animal. He understands well the uses of power—even the power and prestige of a White House invitation. He plays on the White House social apparatus like a skilled musician on the keys of an organ to bring about the results that he seeks . . .”

The “in” group at the White House includes Congressmen, Texans, the wives of the Johnson staff members, Women Doers (Mrs. LBJ’s name for women of achievement), distaff employees, and a cross section of business tycoons, labor leaders, and politicians.

While LBJ was still a senator, a columnist wrote, “Both Republicans and Democrats were angry because Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson had kept them on the floor all night while he partied it up at Perle Mesta’s.”

The name of Perle Mesta is synonymous with entertaining. In an interview, TV’s socialite Nancy Ames said, “I was practically a teen-age Perle Mesta.” On the radio a man mentioned a party of the night before “given by the Perle Mesta of 15th Street.” A newspaper reporter’s imaginary interview with a new congressman’s wife quotes her as saying, “Get my name on your list, Perle; here I come.”

She was born Pearl Reid Skirvin in Sturgis, Mich., where the family had gone to escape Texas heat, and changed her name to Perle 40 years ago. In 1917 she married Italian George Mesta, “in his 40’s” (her book indicates she was about 24 at that time), whom she met while living with her great aunt on New York City. Eight years later he died, leaving her a fortune.

She left Pittsburgh “where I was never really accepted in society—a girl George jilted spread the rumor I married him for his money” and, eventually, moved to Washington where they had spent some time at the Willard Hotel while he was a $1 a year consultant to President Wilson.

“I was like a ship without a rudder those first few years,” she says. She paid $20,000 for a chinchilla cape; lost $17,000 gambling on the horses at Saratoga one summer, and paid $19,500 for a custom-made Rolls Royce town car, then had the chauffeur uniformed in beige to match the upholstery.

Today her Japanese chauffeur (his “uniform” is a dark suit and a billed cap) drives her around in a black Chrysler.

More has been written about Perle Mesta than about Mme. de Pompadour and Mme. de Recamier, with Dolly Madison thrown in for good measure. But when she changed her annual party date for Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and his wife, Maureen, to the same night the Ted Kennedys had chosen for their posh party honoring his brother, Sen. Robert F. Bobby Kennedy, her wordage leaped to a new high.

Columnist Art Buchwald called the party tug-of-war “the most important crisis in Washington in the last six months.”

Mrs. Mesta originally scheduled her party for June 24. Then the Kennedys set June 25 as their date. Soon telegrams changing the date of her party to June 25 were winging to Mesta guests, many of whom had already accepted Kennedy invitations. For awhile, several senatorial couples, including the Mansfields themselves, had hopes of attending both parties. Mrs. Mesta’s was a dinner; the Kennedy’s was a late-starting dance. But then it was disclosed Mrs. Mesta, too, was planning to have dancing afterward which wouldn’t commence until 11 p.m.

Buchwald commented, “When 11 o’clock struck, everyone held their breath . . . But Sen. Mansfield lost his nerve. He thanked Mrs. Mesta, picked up his wife, and drove over to the Kennedy dance.”

Mrs. Mesta vows she didn’t change the date to clash with the other party on purpose. But those who recall she was “out” as long as the Kennedys were “in” enjoy thinking otherwise.

Romance? It’s had a place in her life. “I’m always a little bit in love with somebody,” says the very feminine Mrs. Mesta, who grows prettier as she grows older.

The late Carl Magee of Oklahoma City, the man who invented the first parking meter, was one of these. There were three or four senators. She was squired by Joe Martin, one time speaker of the house, and by Vice-President Charles Curtis. There was newspaper talk about Argentine Ambassador Cesar Barros Hurtado, who courted her fervently.

But, as one unmarried woman remarked, “Who needs an escort when you have a chauffeur to take you places?”
SKILLFUL DEFENDER AGAINST PROWLERS, BURGLARS, GUN-WIELDING THUGS, AND THAT HUMAN ANIMAL THE SEX FIEND

BY BILL BURCHARDT
The burglar alarm had gone off silently. When the patrol car arrived in the darkened alleyway, the officer saw one small window high in the wall standing open.

He pulled to a quiet stop and let his companion—a dark muzzled, alert-eyed German shepherd police dog—out of the back seat. The officer considered the situation with a brief frown, then lifted his dog up through the high window. The rest would not be so easy.

Officer Hal Rawlinson of the Tulsa Police Department is a big man, tall, broad of shoulder, and built like a pro-football linebacker. He was still struggling to crowd his big frame through the small window opening when the howl arose from inside. Its overtones of human terror made him hurry.

When he succeeded in making his way through the window and arrived at the scene inside, his dog had the situation well under control. They were inside a cafe specializing in barbecued ribs, and the burglar had chosen a barbecue pit for his hiding place. The dog had found him.

Now the dog stood erect, with his paws on the brick front of the barbecue pit. Apparently the burglar had tried to push the dog away, for the dog was holding both the burglar’s hands in his mouth and was pulling him out of the oven, when the officer arrived.

The use of German shepherd dogs as policemen’s partners dates back to 1910 in Germany. It is a much more recent practice in Oklahoma. Tulsa has several dogs in its K-9 division. So does Oklahoma City. Many cities in Oklahoma, Enid, Lawton, Sapulpa, Ponca City, Muskogee, and others have one or more dogs.

Each dog is assigned to one particular officer. The dog lives with that officer and his family. The city constructs a kennel on the officer’s property, but in most cases the dog spends more time indoors with the family than he does outdoors in his kennel.

In visiting with these officers and their K-9 Corps partners it is easy to see the mutual affection that exists between officer and dog. There is the case of a Tulsa officer chasing in night pursuit of a criminal. The officer collided with a low hanging wire and was knocked out. When he recovered consciousness his dog was seated, watchful and vigilant, beside him.

In another case, an officer was being attacked by a pair of toughs wielding crowbars. They were literally beating him to death, until his dog intervened. With his dog’s help the officer succeeded in making the arrest, but his dog lost his life in the fray.

The police dog is a specialist. He is a specialist at finding that which the officer cannot see. The K-9 dog is especially skilled at finding loot which has been stashed in a field, or hidden in an empty shed or building to be recovered later by the burglars.

Sometimes these dogs recover loot while it is still in the burglars’ hands. An Oklahoma City officer was cruising one night through an area of the city classified as “aggressive.” He had the right back window of his squad car rolled down. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, his dog hit the window’s screen barking furiously. A police dog’s bark has a special tone when barking at a man. Working consistently with his canine partner, an officer soon learns to recognize the difference. In this case there could be no doubt.

The area at which the dog was barking was well concealed behind tall shrubbery and brush. A weed-grown, unused road led off into the darkness behind the trees. The officer quieted his dog, let him out of the car, snapped the leash and followed him into the shrubbery.

There in the center of an old abandoned driveway, well hidden by the trees, stood three men. They had not noticed the dog’s barking because they were arguing furiously over the split of the loot from a robbery they had just committed. Had it not been for the dog, the three robbers would likely have finished their argument, split the take, and disappeared undetected.

Though K-9 dogs are often used in searches for lost children, their effectiveness in this area is not high because the trail of the lost child has usually been crossed and recrossed by other searchers and by other normal traffic before the dog has an opportunity to attempt to follow it. With the lost child in mind, however, the dogs are taught not to bite at the end of a trail. Officers want to be sure that a dog finding a lost child will...
SAC units based at Clinton-Sherman AFB must be in a state of instant readiness to conduct strategic bombardment operations on a global scale. Such readiness involves maintaining defenses as nearly flawless as possible to detect saboteurs who might threaten or impair this SAC mission of instant readiness. An effective, carefully trained K-9 unit is an important part of the Clinton-Sherman guard and patrol system.

not respond to any move the youngster might make by taking hold of the child.

In fact, the dogs are notoriously mild in their relationships with children. Sergeant Bill McDonald of the Oklahoma City police has one of the hottest dogs in use anywhere for police work. He reports that his dog, though determinedly aggressive toward any suspicious adult, can be chased all over the lot by a small child with a switch. The most frequent use of the K-9 Corps is to answer every call which involves a man with a weapon. These dogs are fearless in facing a man with a knife or gun, even an exploding gun. They move so fast that an expert marksman in the calmest of circumstances would have trouble hitting them. One of the worst possible attitudes in which to face a police dog is with your hands in your pockets. They are very suspicious of what you may be reaching for.

The worst of all attitudes with which to face a police dog is to attempt to fight him. Your only possible defense is to calmly raise your hands, and look aloft. The dog will then stand or sit, guard you watchfully, and wait for his officer to arrive. If you attempt to fight the dog, you will lose.

There is the case of an Oklahoma City officer who...
answered a burglar alarm, took his dog out of the car, aimed the snap at the ring of the dog’s collar, and missed it. The sound of that snap had always been the dog’s signal to go, and he went. He entered the building through a torn out opening near the building’s foundation. The opening was entirely too small for the officer to enter.

The dog found the culprit very quickly, and the helpless officer outside could hear the howls of the helpless burglar inside. The burglar was attempting to fight the dog. The dog was working him over. The officer ran to his car, radioing for help from someone who had keys to the building.

Inside the building, the burglar fought, and the dog chewed. The burglar passed out. The dog sat down calmly to wait. When the burglar recovered consciousness he again began to fight the dog. The dog fought back. By the time the building owner finally arrived with the keys the burglar looked like he had been dragged behind a freight train.

During the course of one twelve month period, in Tulsa, these dogs alone, with no help from their handlers apprehended eleven burglars and a hijacker in the act of committing their crimes. They cornered five peeping-tom prowlers. They checked seven-hundred and eighty buildings which had been reported as having an open door, window, or some other suspicious circumstance. They undertook two hundred and sixty-three tracking missions.

K-9 Corps officers spend many off-duty hours demonstrating their dogs’ abilities for service clubs, schools, and other public gatherings. K-9 Corps dogs are used for security control at Oklahoma’s Clinton-Sherman Air Force Base.

They are used in ever increasing frequency by women who must drive or travel alone. The Glen Oaks Kennels, near Jones, specializes in guard dog training. In a series of weekly training sessions the dog is taught to become a skilled defender of his master, or his mistress, or the premises on which the dog lives.

The ingredients for successful dog training are training know-how, patience, and affection. The master or mistress goes through the training course with the dog.

A friendly appearing fellow, obedience trained and devoted, can become an aggressive defender should his mistress be accosted in a city park, or find a prowler lurking in wait on her apartment stairway.

The dog first learns obedience. He learns to sit, to stay, to heel, to lie down on command. He then learns to be alert for danger, to attack on command, to react automatically and without hesitation when danger is threatened, or to lie quietly and ignore people when so commanded.

A few breeds of dogs other than the German shepherd are sometimes adaptable to such guard dog training, but the German shepherd seems to be the best. In training a guard dog, perhaps the most important human ingredient is affection. A person who dislikes dogs should never attempt to own a guard dog. You must enjoy the companionship of your dog and be willing to repay his devotion with affection.

To one who likes dogs such repayment seems little enough, in the light of the dogs’ willingness to take on whatever fearful odds are necessary in your defense. A dog’s only weapons are courage, teeth, and physical strength, but these are almost invariably enough to defeat the most vicious creature of the night, however well he may be armed.

The owner of a guard dog should certainly be alert at all times to keep his dog well in hand and firmly under control. A trained guard dog in the hands of a careless owner is as dangerous as a loaded shotgun in the hands of a child.

The safety of your wife, your daughter, your own person and property are well insured by the presence of a trained guard dog. The streets, the alleys, and business property are much safer in a city which has a trained K-9 Corps.

Some months ago an officer of the Tulsa K-9 Corps was working in his front yard on his day off. A car pulled up to the curb. Driving the car was an informer who often supplied information to the police about the underworld.

The officer walked over to the car.

The informer said, “You know the _______ boys?” He was referring to three brothers who were responsible for about 75% of the city’s burglaries.

“They’re leaving town,” the informer reported. “They say burglarizing has got altogether too dangerous here since the city got the dogs.”
WILD, WACKY, AND WEALTHY

THE CUSHING-DRUMRIGHT

OIL RUSH

BY DAVID CRAIGHEAD

This dare-devil with his back to the camera is a well-shooter. He has just dropped a load of nitroglycerine down this well and has retreated to hold his horses while he views the gusher he has wrought.

Drumright—the oil rush is on.
Oil driller R. J. Wallace stooped over the embers glowing on the ground and poked at the potatoes roasting among them. His crew on the nearby drilling rig had worked through the night and soon was to make a breakfast of the potatoes.

The scene was a blackjack wooded hillside on the Frank Wheeler farm in north-central Oklahoma. The time was 5:00 a.m.; barely daylight on a brisk March day in 1912. Things were going badly at the well. They had bored down and down—more than 2,000 feet—beyond the point at which they had expected oil. It began to seem they were drilling another dry hole for Tom Slick.

Tom Slick. Now there was a strange, elusive man. Blond, age twenty-nine, he had the lean, hungry look of one trying to strike it rich... and starving in the process. The Kansas City Star said he had been known ‘as “Mad Tom Slick” because he would shrug off advice and drill almost anywhere—whenever he could raise the money. “Dry Hole Slick” was another of the jeering names they gave him. He supposedly admitted that “every time I drill a well I have to get another partner.”

Tom Slick’s wanderings finally brought him to the Wheeler farm, situated in open country about twelve miles east of Cushing. One drilling effort failed and so in typically stubborn fashion he started another. His financial backer was C. B. Shaffer, a wealthy Chicago industrialist. Neither was present as driller Wallace, judging the potatoes to be done, raked them from the ashes.

Suddenly there was a roar.

Startled, the men watched in awe as gas under terrific pressure blasted from the well and high into the air. Regaining their wits, they jumped to close all valves before the column of oil they knew was spurting up could reach the surface. If allowed to spray the landscape, their secret would be known to the world. Someone jumped on a horse and dashed away to find Tom Slick.

Slick, ever the promoter, was ready with a plan for capitalizing on his stroke of fortune—one so crafty that it ranks alongside the neatest capers ever pulled by oil lease men. The well was a dozen miles from town. What better way to keep other oil men from knowing about it than commandeering all transportation to it? Slick and the other Shaffer men rented all the available livery rigs and horses. By the time their competitors could walk to the well they had garnered the best oil leases.

Cushing snapped awake with the discovery of oil in its backyard. On March 21 the Cushing Independent was saying that “the hotels of the town are taxed to their capacity, and every available vehicle and team finds...
As the infant oil pool took shape, it created a need for a new town, closer to the site of operations than Cushing. It came to life in a short time and was called Drumright. Because of its location, many have come to call the pool the “Drumright-Cushing field.” The publisher of the Drumright Derrick, Lou Allard, and freelance writer Eileen Coffield are among them.

Allard was a boy when his family moved to Drumright in 1915. He remembers, among other things, how mail was delivered. “They’d just empty the mail pouch out onto a pool table and people would rummage through the pile to find their letters. It was almost a joke to try to get a letter to someone in the oil field. No one knew where anyone was.”

Drumright in its brawling infancy was a rough place, known especially for its hijackings. Jack Dillon, an oil-tank builder, said hijackers “operated day and night and never seemed to be molested.”

“A few of us were playing poker there one night and had all the money on the table,” he stated, “when in came a couple of hijackers and held us up. We later caught them and carried them over to the Justice of the Peace.” Dillon said this official freed the gunmen and “fined each of us $25.00 and costs for gambling.”

Mrs. Fannie Evans, one of Drumright’s early residents, recalls that the town’s first peace officer was brazenly shot down by a man who shortly turned up as a lawman in a nearby town. But justice won out. The assassin had hardly settled into his new job before being killed while trying to make an arrest of his own.

One of Drumright’s best known early establishments was “The Hump.” It was, during the day, a high-toned and efficiently run gambling place. Emma Akin, who taught school near the oil camp of Pemeta, relates that though she was never in “The Hump,” it was commonly known that armed guards at upstairs vantage points stood constantly ready to shoot it out with would-be holdup men. “Let’s go over The Hump,” was something of a slogan in Drumright until the law closed its doors for good in 1916.

Also favored by the oilfield workers who largely made up the population of Drumright were entertainment shows put on by strutters like Ruby Darby—vaudeville darling of many a lonely roughneck. “Ruby was the Mae West, Sally Rand, and Gypsy Rose Lee of that day all in one,” said old roustabout H. W. Penterman years later.

Drumright was not the only population center. There were oil camps whose names were a humorous variation: Dropright, Gasright, Alright, Downright, Damright and Justright.

The pool halls closed around midnight in Cushing so that men could sleep on and under the pool tables, to be roused out next morning by the poolhall swamper. “By merely turning one’s head it was easy to see a dozen fights in full blast. Men fought to a finish and others did not interfere,” reports Carl Rister in Oil! Titan of the Southwest. In the jammed current of traffic “a blind man could make his way from Cushing to Drumright.”

Oilton became a town in the north end of the field in 1915 after drilling tests proved there was no oil under the townsite. It also had some lusty days. One oilman who lived there, Oscar Anderson, said its “Oil Exchange” was “one of the largest gambling houses and open saloons in the entire Southwest.”

Shamrock took on a distinctly Irish flavor when it moved its townsite in the south end of the field in 1915. The main street was designated as Tipperary Road. Others were named Ireland Street, Cork, Bantry, Dublin, Killarney, and St. Patrick. Many of the buildings were painted green and an important community acquisition was a Blarney stone. The town had a newspaper, The Brogue, which boasted in its first issue that Shamrock was “the only town in the United States where green stamps only can be sold by (the) postmaster.” Before long The Brogue had a competitor—The Blarney.

Surrounded, like Oilton, by the burgeoning oil field, Shamrock also saw some lively days. Eric Ferren, mayor since 1933, can point out what used to be a pool hall where Ruby Darby performed. “She’d get up on the table so everyone could see her dance,” he said.

Hijinks in the town also took other forms. “I’ve seen Slick and Sinclair race a little buckskin team up and down this street (Tipperary),” Ferren will tell you. “They’d have a few drinks then see who could go the fastest.”

The Cushing field, reaching its peak production in 1915, flowed a veritable sea of oil. Much of it went to Europe, where it helped fuel the Allied armies in their drive to victory in World War I. The flood of oil also proved the making of many a millionaire. Among the men whose rise was continuous after their Cushing days were J. Paul Getty, Charles Wrightsman, Harry Sinclair, Pat J. White, and Tom Slick.

Slick became immensely wealthy. One newspaper called him “the youngest millionaire in the oil game.” But he was dogged by ill health and died in 1930 at 47, leaving a fortune estimated at from seventy-five to one-hundred million dollars.

He had been one of the largest operators in the Oklahoma City oil field in the twenties and so, when he died, it was agreed that every piece of machinery in that oil field that could be, would be silenced during his funeral. It was a stirring tribute to the man who opened the great Cushing field.
THE GREEN VINE by Henry Carlton Jones (Venture Pub., Oklahoma City, $3.75)  
There was a time when I heard  
The horns blowing in the mountains  
And the cymbals rang like brassy gongs  
That echoed up and down the deep canyons  
The reader of this slender volume will hear, with poet Jones, the horns in the mountains and the cymbals in the canyons, for this poet is a warm-hearted observer of life, and has the talent to capture in words its great moments and triumphs, as well as its quiet moments, and its defeats. A prominent Oklahoma author, Jones eschews obscurity and incomprehensibility. His poetry speaks clearly and understandably.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS by Lewis Meyer (Doubleday, New York, $3.95) Tulsa’s Lewis Meyer is remarkable. He is an attorney, via Dartmouth College and the University of Michigan. He maintains a law office in Sapulpa, his home town. He is a TV celebrity. His Sunday morning television show of book reviews is one of the top rated shows televised in the Tulsa area. His bookstore in Tulsa, which he opened “just as a hobby” is one of the top forty bookstores in the nation. He is an author. Preposterous Papa, his first book, is the story of life with his inimitable father in Sapulpa. The hardback edition has become a collector’s item, and the book is now available as a paperback (Flagpole Press, Tulsa, $2.25). His next book Second Wife raised many an eyebrow with its frank approach to marriage. It also is available as a paperback (Avon Books, New York, 75¢). His third book is The Customer Is Always, a delightfully funny book which takes off in fictional style on the vicissitudes of the operation of his own unusual bookstore. It has gone through four printings and is still as hot as a pistol. He has been written about in virtually every major newspaper in the nation. Lewis Meyer’s wife is French, his cat is Persian, and he is purchasing a castle in Ireland. How beau monde can you get?

RAFE by Weldon Hill (David McKay & Co., Inc., New York, $4.95) Here is a major novel, by Oklahoman William R. Scott, which moves from pleasant nostalgia to gripping excitement. Rafe is a middle son, who lives in awe and envy of his older brother, and in resentment of his younger brother. His father’s illness, his working mother’s absence from the home, and the friendship of a Cherokee ex-sergeant who is an expert outdoorsman, set in motion currents almost too strong for Rafe to handle. We’ll tell you no more. Purchase this book and read it. You’ll be glad that you did.

EXPERIENCES OF A SPECIAL INDIAN AGENT by E. E. White (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $2.00) So many of the early Indian agents on the frontier were frauds and grafters that it is gratifying to read a book about one who was not. E. E. White was efficient, honest, and he had a deep and abiding affection for Indian people. It was the presence of only a few men like this who kept the Indians’ lot from being intolerable in the early years after subjugation and defeat. Agent White tells his story well, following a fine introduction written by O.U.’s Dr. Edward Everett Dale.

THE HORSE IN AMERICA by Robert West Howard (Follett Pub. Co., Chicago-New York, $6.95) Though we are now on our way into outer space, we would never have made it without the horse. Until this century, America moved by horsepower and on horse transportation. Robert West Howard, ever an exciting writer and a thorough researcher, knows how to tell the whole story best, from the prehistoric Eohippus to the pleasure, parade, and rodeo horses of today. There was many a gripping chapter along the way; the trail drovers, the railroad builders, freighters, and thoroughbreds. You’ll be astonished at the variety of uses to which the horse, mule, and jackass have been put, and vastly informed and entertained by Bob Howard’s recounting in this narrative, liberally illustrated with pictures.

OKLAHOMA: A HISTORY OF FIVE CENTURIES by Arrell M. Gibson (Harlow Pub. Corp., Norman, $6.50) The astute and learned Dr. Gibson, Chairman of the University of Oklahoma Department of History, has written here a history of Oklahoma that is thorough, complete, lively and interesting. No state has such a variety of colorful ethnic background as Oklahoma. And no one comprehends this more fully, or writes of it more effectively, than Dr. Gibson.
Have you ever found an arrowhead? You might, if you visit Roman Nose State Park, for it is an ancient Plains Indian campground. Located near Watonga, this unique park preserves its Indian heritage in its name. Roman Nose was a Cheyenne chief whose people often camped here, drawn by the natural assets of the site.

Three perpetual springs of clear, cold water feed Boecher Lake and a canyon stream lined with ancient shade trees. When the Cheyennes camped here to rest from hunting buffalo, they had to provide their own lodging. Now the modern visitor may choose from a variety of accommodations. He may pitch a tent on one of the ancient campsites, park his trailer, or select a secluded cabin in the grove. Or there is the ultra-modern lodge with handsome western dining room overlooking the lake, for those who desire the utmost comfort.

The variety of recreational possibilities in the park attracts many visitors. Boecher Lake and Watonga Lake offer fishing and boating. A nine hole golf course is maintained the year around. Hiking or riding horses into the rugged gypsum hills toward the edge of the park is a challenge to the hardy. A modern swimming pool in native rock offers swimming in a lovely setting. The student of geology can see an interesting slice of earth's history at Roman Nose State Park. The rushing waters of the spring-fed creek have incised an ancient sea bottom, exposing its layers on the canyon wall. Massive shelves of gypsum, dolomite, and shale, and two strata containing fossils are exposed within the bounds of the park.

For those interested in flora, an intriguing plant community exists here, produced by unusual soil conditions in the cleavage of gypsum mesas. Anyone responding to the glories of nature will find pleasure here. It was on a warm spring day, while wading in the creek running through Roman Nose's old campsite, that we found our arrowhead. If you fail to find an arrowhead, certainly you will find tranquility and peace in this unusual green oasis.

By R. V. McIntyre
Lodge Manager
Box 61, Watonga, Oklahoma
Telephone: 1-405-MA 3-7281

Rates Effective Through October 15

<table>
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<tr>
<th>LODGE</th>
<th>HILL SIDE</th>
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HOUSEKEEPING CABINS:
Liv/bedroom, kitchen and bath $8.00
$1 for ea. add person up to 6

DUPEX COTTAGES:
Liv/room, bedroom, kitchen & bath
2 persons—$9.00 4 persons—$11.00

LODGE MANAGER
Box 61, Watonga, Oklahoma
Telephone: 1-405-MA 3-7281

Towering trees and towering cloudbrood over the site of old Doaksville though the sunshine is warm and the wildflowers are colorful and bright Doaksville was an historic town in Choctaw country. General Stand Watie, the last Confederate officer to surrender in the War Between the States, laid down his arms here on June 23, 1865, seventy-five days after General Robert E. Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. Stand Watie surrendered was not the only great event Doaksville knew. Spencer Academy was located there. Two of the negroes who worked at the Academy were Wallace and Minerva Williams, composers of Roll Jordan Roll and Steal Away to Jesus. During a visit to Newark, New Jersey, where the Fisk Jubilee Singers were appearing, Spencer Academy Superintendent Rev. Alexander Reid sang both songs and the Fisk Jubilee Singers and Professor White, their director. The famed Jubilee Singers from Tennessee's Fisk University then made the two spiritual songs famous, as they sang the spiritual Roll Jordan Roll and the tender steal away—steal away home—I ain't got long to stay here to spellbound audiences all over the world.
In the 1800's, when Kiowa and Comanche war parties rode raiding into Texas, Fort Sill established an outpost on a high promontory south on Red River. They called it Camp Augur. From this high point, the historic river can be seen for many miles in either direction. Camp Augur made a splendid vantage point from which to watch for raiding warriors. Angling down from the heights there is still to be seen the trace of a protective trench the soldiers dug so that they might reach the clear cold springs in the valley below without exposing themselves to the arrows or gunfire of a war party should Camp Augur come under attack.

Pictured here is the spring to which the soldiers' trench ran. High above from the promontory, is the fine view of the mighty Red River, one of the world's most celebrated and widely known rivers; made famous in song and romanticized in stories; one of the more recent of these being the motion picture RED RIVER, starring John Wayne, Montgomery Clift and Joanne Dru.

**Rates Effective Through October 15**

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</tr>
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<td>Double/Double bedroom</td>
<td>$16.00</td>
<td>$17.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Studio/Twin</td>
<td>$16.00</td>
<td>$17.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suites</td>
<td>$30.00 to $45.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**COTTAGES:**

- Duplex-Parlor/1 bedroom & kitchenette
- 1 or 2 persons: $14.00
- 3 persons: $16.00
- Duplex-Studio Twin Parlor/bedrm. and kitchenette
- 1 or 2 persons: $18.00
- 3 persons: $20.00
- 4 persons: $22.00
- Tree House—Parlor/two bedrooms and kitchenette
- 1 or 2 persons: $24.00
- 3 persons: $26.00
- 4 persons: $28.00
- Family House—Parlor/two bedrooms and kitchenette
- 1 or 2 persons: $24.00
- 3 persons: $26.00
- 4 persons: $28.00

Dishes, Silverware, and Cooking utensils are not furnished.

**FAMILY PLAN:** Main Lodge or Cottages—No charge for children under twelve years of age in the same room with parents. A family requiring two duplex units will be granted a discount of $5.00 off the full rate for two duplex units. A vacation of seven days or more will be discounted 15% off full rates. Rollaway beds $2.00 for adults.

Lodge Manager
Box 57, Canadian, Oklahoma
Telephone: 1-918-ED 9-2711

**COLOR PHOTO BY BILL BURCHARD**
ALONG THE DOGWOOD TRAIL
THE LEGEND OF THE DOGWOOD TREE

In the time of Jesus, the dogwood tree grew as large as the oak. It was strong and firm that it was chosen as the timber used in making the cross. The dogwood tree was greatly distressed at having been selected for crucifixion. Jesus, on the cross, sensed the dogwood tree's pity for His suffering and made this promise: Never again shall dogwood trees grow large enough to be used for a cross. Henceforth the dogwood tree shall be silent and bent and twisted. Its blossoms shall be the form of a cross—two long and two short petals. In the center of the outer edge of each petal there shall be a pale primrose brown with rust and stained with blood. In the center of the flower there shall be a crown of thorns. All who see the dogwood tree and the flower will remember that it was on the dogwood tree that I was crucified. The tree shall not be mutilated or destroyed, but cherished and protected as a reminder of My agony and death upon the cross.

THE FLOWERING DOGWOOD
Throughout central and eastern Oklahoma each spring the dogwood dons its vestments of glowing white. In late April or early May, pilgrimages are organized to view its beauty. They depart from Sallisaw, Tahlequah, Tulsa or Oklahoma City, a day's drive over hilly, mountainous terrain, over trails older than Oklahoma. It is not necessary, however, to join an organized tour to enjoy all the scenic loveliness. Simply drive to any town or state park in the area, and as directions to the nearest an beat "Dogwood Trail."

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEFEBVRE
**LODGE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type</th>
<th>Side</th>
<th>Lake</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Double bedroom</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twin bedroom</td>
<td>12.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suites</td>
<td>16.00</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**DUPLEX COTTAGES:**
- With kitchenettes: $13.00
- Without kitchenettes: $11.00

**DELUXE COTTAGES:**
- One bedroom: $13.00
- Two bedrooms: $18.00

**Large Housekeeping Cottages:**
- With kitchens: $13.00
- Small Housekeeping Cottages: $10.00

Lodge Manager
Box 1780, Ardmore, Oklahoma
Telephone: 1-405-CA 3-6600

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**WESTERN HILLS**

*Rates Effective Through October 15*

**LODGE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type</th>
<th>Pool</th>
<th>Lake</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Double bedroom</td>
<td>$14.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Twin bedroom</td>
<td>15.00</td>
<td>14.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Studio Twin bedroom</td>
<td>16.00</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bedroom w/dbl. &amp; single beds (1, 2, or 3 persons)</td>
<td>16.00</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bedroom w/2 double beds</td>
<td>18.00</td>
<td>17.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suites (1 or 2 persons)</td>
<td>$25.00 to $40.00</td>
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**CABANAS:**
- $1.00 less than Lodge accommodations

**FAMILY PLAN:** No charge for children under 12 years of age in the same room with parents. A family requiring two rooms will be granted a discount of $5.00 a day.

**COTTAGES:**

| Type A. (One bedroom) | Lake | In-
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 or 2 persons</td>
<td>$11.50</td>
<td>SIDE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 persons</td>
<td>13.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Type B. (Bedroom & Parlor) | Lake | In-
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 persons</td>
<td>21.00</td>
<td>SIDE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 persons</td>
<td>23.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 persons</td>
<td>25.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Type C. (2 brms., parlor, kitchenette) | Lake | In-
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4 persons</td>
<td>27.00</td>
<td>SIDE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 persons</td>
<td>30.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 persons</td>
<td>32.00</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Lodge Manager
Box 276, Wagoner, Oklahoma
Telephone: 1-918-GL 6-2545
BILL HOGE'S

OOLOGAH OORIZINGS

(OOLOGAH COWBOY GRAND CHAMPION OF HORSE RACE

TOWN PUMP FROZE UP

A new pump was installed at the old town well which is located at the intersection of Coonfree and Maple street sometime ago. The boys who put it in did not know their business and failed to drill a small drain hole above the cylinder. This causes the top pipe to remain filled with water all the time and when the freezing weather came last Wednesday night the old pump froze up as tight as a drum head. It remained frozen for four days. It thawed out and was operating again last Monday.

OBSERVATIONS BY
Cal Tinney
Hog Editor

New York City, Aug. 8.

They've got a mind-doctor traveling around with Dizzy Dean now. Poor fellow. They hadn't had time to have ever sick him onto Diz. Diz is looking fine but the mind doctor is swiftly going crazy.

You see, the psychoanalysts think it is funny that Diz has a pain in his shoulder one day and it isn't there the next. They want to settle it one way or another. They either want the pain to disappear altogether or be there all the time.

You can't blame 'em. You see, Diz only has to put up with the pain, but the psychoanalysts have to put up with the suspense.

CHICKEN AND
GOAT EDITORS ADDED
TO OORIZINGS STAFF

We take pleasure in informing

Danger Warning

By Joe Gilbreath
-Special From Tulala.

Peach Dike, has a good shot gun; one with out any hammers on it. It had gone out of whack a little and would shoot two times instead of once, so Peach and some of his friends decided to take it a part and fix it. They filed a little gigger in it with a three cornered file and Peach says he believes that was where they done wrong, because when he filed the magazine and went out in front of John's store, he pulled off, down toward the ground, just to try it out.

This old reliable one time automatic that has always been so good went out lawed. I mean it went lawed-up. It fitted loose and every one ran, it was lots like the Battle of Bull Run as there were two town cows in the retreat of ren horses and dogs; as this dangerous unmanned gun was laid on its side and spun around and around, shooting at a high rate of speed.

Every one was lucky enough to get out of danger except one of Bruce Farrar's young grey hound puppe which let out a yelp for help, as he got a few shot in his feet.

Earl Vall's hoss broke loose from the fence-post at the back of Murt's garage and ran all the way home.

PAT,long IS WORKING ON MULLENDORE RANCH

Pat Long is back at home now. He is pitching cattle on the big Mullendore ranch near Hulah, Okla.

Pat has spent the greater part of his life working with cattle and is directly at home on a big cow ranch. This is one of the smaller Mullendore ranches. They have three in Oklahoma and this small

Charlie Harris Made 100 Mile Ride In 8 Hours and 2 Minutes On "Crazy Snake"

A Native Range Pony

Charley Harris, 57-year-old Oologah cowboy completed one of the most spectacular horse-back rides in the history of this country last Friday morning when he rode into the Nowata Park after making the 20 mile lap of the 100 mile hoss race in 1 hour and 9 minutes which made his total time for the 100 mile ride 8 hours and 2 minutes, winning first in the Light weight class and the grand championship prize of the gating race which netted him $45.00 in cash money. His hoss, Crazy Snake, seemed to thrive during the wild ride as he gained 10 pounds of weight.

Regardless of how well these men know horses we think that everyone learned something more about them in this race than they knew before. Eastern and northern ob-

servers thought that several horses would be killed and some sent protests against the rules of the race, but we think that they do not know our type of horses very well. And too, they may underestimate the horsemanship of our boys in this country. Their first concern is the welfare of their horses and they know what they can do better than anyone else.

One feature of the race that impressed visitors was the congeniality of the riders and all others who had anything to do with the race. It was one of the most pleasant affairs ever had anywhere. The riders all proved themselves to be real sports and ladies and gentlemen of the first order.

Rogers' Ranch Frog, Emmett Dalton, Wlne at Calaveras County, California, Jubilee

OOLOGAH, May 17.—Oologah, birthplace of Will Rogers, had a second claim to fame today. It's the home of the world's "jumpingest" frog.

Frog jumping, a sport miners started in California during the gold rush, had a new world champion Monday in Emmett Dalton, a web-footed, thick-thighed little frog from Oologah, who won his title at Angel's Camp, Cal.

Emmett hopped three times and his total footage bettored by one
Oozings' Cattle Editor May Become Movie Star

The crew from the Bar None ranch, better known as "The Blue John Dairy" outfit, took off last Wednesday for Mayesville, Ark., led by none other than the famous Joe "Kill'em" Gilbreath, Oozings Cattle Editor. They ran a show here at the Oozings office as the cattle editor had to get his spurs. You know how temperamental these great movie stars are said to be, well, we think Joe can qualify because we were anxious to know what the pert stirring around meant. We knew they were working in a western picture which will partly be made there and completed when they return to Tulsa so we just asked Joe a civil question or two and he snapped us off with "Don't ask me questions!!" and that was all we could get from the cowboy cattle editor. He went off "You know as much about that as I do! You run the telephone exchange so you ought to be able to tell me something!!" Joe is noted for not liking to answer questions (especially if someone has lost some of their stock) but today he seemed unusually nervous as he grabbed his spurs and made for the truck which contained two fine cow hosses and a tarpolea tight over the top.

Joe Kill'em, the Cattle Editor, has a part to play in this picture with Jack Hoxie, the western movie star. There will probably be a barbecue and it will take about a week to complete the picture out at Stanford Brother's Ranch, which is located in the Osage hills northwest of Tulsa.

We think we will go and watch them make the picture. Jack Hoxie, Tom and Ballard Stanford are good old friendly boys who always make you feel welcome.

In 1935 the OLOGAH Oozings burst on the journalistic scene from editorial offices in the rear of Bill Hoge's barbershop on Owossoecree Avenue in Owosoo. With its hog editor, cattle editor, chicken and goat editors, it became one of the best known weekly in the nation.

During its heyday, the name of the Oozings was spread by Time and National Geographic magazines. It was often quoted on the editorial pages of the old New York Sun. Across the Atlantic, the journalism department of Cambridge University was a regular subscriber.

Editor Bill Hoge stopped publishing his unique newspaper in 1941. He now writes a weekly column, titled OLOGAH Oozings, for the Tulsa Sunday World. He retired as a barber recently, after more than fifty years.

Oklahoma Today presents here a selection of items from the Oozings wire in 1940. Below are pictures and comment about Bill from the March 1941 issue of National Geographic.

Bill Hoge edited the OLOGAH Oozings and ran a barber shop all in one room. "Will Rogers grew up here and talked just like my other customers," says Bill Hoge. "I printed exactly what I heard 'em say."

Brook Offord Caught 14 'Possums in His Hen House

Something visited Brook Offord's hen house last Sunday night and carried off a nice hen. Brook heard 'th' noise but didn't go out. He heard a great commotion in 'th' hen house Monday night so he decided to investigate. He took his flashlight and went to the hen house and when he shined it up in th' roost there sat a big old 'possum beside a red hen, just ready to start 'th' big feast. Brook grabbed 'th' possum by 'th' tail and pulled her down.

He thought she looked unusually fat but he took her and threw her in a 50 gallon rain barrel that was empty, without examining her.

The next mornin' when he went out and looked into th' barrel he discovered what had made her look so fat. She had been carrying 13 little 'possums in her pouch. They weren't a bit bashful either. When they figgered it was dinner time they'd come out and nurse their mammy, no matter who was watchin'. Every time Brook got the old mother by the tail to pull her out of the barrel they'd all make a run for her pouch. Some wouldn't quite make it and would hang onto her neck or anyplace they could find. All 14 of them came out of the barrel together.

Brook took pity on th' old mother 'possum as she was tryin' to provide food for her babies and didn't mean no wrong, so he let her and the 13 baby 'possums go free. He took her to a nearby creek and turned them all loose.

Some old boy trying to pick up a few dollars trapping next winter may make five or six dollars selling the fur from them.

If Brook caint successfully run for office he can shore catch 'possums!
CONTENTS

NATIONAL COWBOY HALL OF FAME
BY DEAN KRAKEL . PAGE 2

CALENDAR OF EVENTS
BY KAREN SAVILLE . FACING PAGE 4

WOMEN AT WORK
BY PENDLETON WOODS . PAGE 12

H. H. MARTIN: ROCK COLLECTOR
BY GEORGE E. GURLEY . PAGE 15

MADAM MESTA
BY MADELAINE WILSON . PAGE 16

K-9
BY BILL BURCHARDT . PAGE 20

THE CUSHING-DRUMRIGHT OILRUSH
BY DAVID CRAIGHEAD . PAGE 24

BOOKS
PAGE 27

PRIMEVAL OASIS
BY R. V. McINTYRE . PAGE 28

SPRING SCENICS
PAGE 29

BILL HOGES OOLOGAH OOZINGS
BY ARTHUR SHOEMAKER . PAGE 38