Across rock-outcropped plains, oil well "dicky birds" pump at the branching forks of hundreds of jeep trails, clean ranch houses set low against the horizon, velvet-flanked quarterhorses spin out in widening circles at the end of ropes held by lean-hipped cowboys. Stocky curled Herefords and bulging-quartered Angus blood beef stock flock the ranging hills...this is Oklahoma Northeast.

Your map reads; Miami, Vinita, Bartlesville, Pawhuska, Tahlequah, Muskogee, Wagoner...towns, industry, agriculture, oil, research, education...Indian culture, antique shops...historical, archaeological, pioneer, and industrial museums.

Winged black airport symbols, tree shaped State Park and Recreation Area markers dot your map. And the blue ink splashes of Oklahoma Northeast's lakes...a water wonderland.

Summers aren't too hot, winters aren't too cold and the in-between is just wonderful!

Winding highways ease through blackjack timbered hills. At Woolaroc Museum, southeast of Bartlesville, the hills give up their heritage. From the beautiful door decorated with eight onyx discs, design-engraved from shell gorgets of ancient Oklahoma Indians, history in painting, sculpture and artifact touch long hidden springs of our cultural ancestry. The scenic 5,000 acre ranch is the protected home of wild-

BY FRANCES BAKER
Here's a figure for you to juggle; Fort Gibson Lake normally contains more than 300 billion gallons of water. A few of those gallons can be seen in the portion of the lake visible here. The Western Hills Lodge golf course is open for your enjoyment the year around. This is only one of the winter time pleasures available in Sequoyah State Park, which surrounds the Lodge.

Year around activities also include riding horses, a western stage coach, or a hay-rack if you'd prefer to organize a hay ride. You can play shuffleboard, tennis, or fish in comfort in an enclosed, easy chair fishing dock. Camping area #1 is kept open the year around for your pleasure if you prefer to camp out—not quite roughing it, for hot water and showers are available in the bathhouse centrally located in the camping area.

If you wish to fly in, land your plane on the Sequoyah State Park airstrip. Winter rates at Western Hills Lodge are remarkably low, starting at $7.00 for a single room ($9.00 for double occupancy) and, even more, there is a 20% discount off this low rate if you remain for a seven day or longer winter vacation. Children under 12 free.

Some perhaps unexpected winter uses are made of Western Hills Lodge. Convalescent people take advantage of Western Hills' quiet lakeside atmosphere for rest and recuperation.

Visiting football teams playing in the area often spend a day or so at Western Hills prior to a game—a practice football field near the lodge protects their final practice sessions from the prying eyes of opposing scouts and enemy spies.

Hunters stay at the lodge—deer, quail, duck, all varied kinds of hunting in the proper seasons, can be enjoyed near the park.

You can hunt within Sequoyah State Park itself—if your weapon is a camera. For the camera-hunter there are nature trails, or perhaps you just enjoy hiking, broadening your acquaintance with mother nature, cooking over an open fire, among the scenes of the stillly woods in January or February, or the fragrant early spring days of March.

Western Hills Lodge of course is in the heart of Oklahoma Northeast. The Oklahoma Tourism Division has prepared a splendid series of four tours, using Western Hills Lodge as your home base. In these easy one-day tours from the Lodge you can visit a great part of Oklahoma Northeast, and at an enjoyable, leisurely pace. These four tours are mapped and described in a booklet titled SEQUOYAH STATE PARK, which you may obtain free by writing to the Tourism Division, Industrial Development and Parks Department, Will Rogers Memorial Building, Oklahoma City 73105.

...life ranging from buffalo to handsome plumaged peacocks; the museum, the wildlife, all free for your pleasure, gift of oil philanthropist Frank Phillips.

Driving east through the circling hills; here is cowboy and cow pony country. Appaloosas, Paints and Thoroughbreds range the hills. Fabulous stallions, world champion cow ponies, and their “upset riders” have held world champion rodeo records. Bunkhouse and businessman talk is of Lenapah's Everett Shaw and Shoat Webster, of Henryetta's Jim Shoulders—champions all, in the cowboy tradition.

Country music festivals, Saturday night jamborees, still tune up with resined bow and guitar string twang, songs made famous by country and western singing stars on radio and record. If you've got your square dance boots strapped on the luggage, stop and get into the middle of some of the shindigs!

Stop, if you care to, and observe the quality of the remarkable variety of animals raised on livestock and breeding farms; Herefords, Red and Black Angus, turkeys, beagles, racing Thoroughbreds.

Drive on. You'll find birds, scissor-tails, bob-white, meadowlarks, brightening green hills with song through nine months of the year. Winter is sunny, picturesque and mild, with miles of brown meadow, the fat cattle single-filing paths through craggy hills.

Drive on to Claremore, made famous by the quizzical grin of Will Rogers, America's ambassador of laughter. Astride his cow pony Soap-suds, memorialized in stone, he welcomes visitors to Claremore's Will Rogers Memorial.

Across the road, Oklahoma Military Academy's polished artillery and clipped greens speak of discipline. In town, the Lynn Riggs Museum acquaints you with the writings of this son of the red lands. Lynn turned our legends to prose poetry in "Green Grow the Lilacs", which, via Rogers and Hammerstein, became, "Oklahoma, where the wind comes sweeping down the plains . . ."

Nearby is the Davis gun collection, antique shops, and restaurants serving apple pie, tender steaks, or...
homemade vegetable soup.

Take the Will Rogers Turnpike to Vinita, Miami, Quapaw, in this four-
season vacationland. Here, wildlife conservation takes to the air, with
radio, walkie-talkie, and Flying Rangers. Quail, wild turkey, deer,
goose, squirrel, duck, dove, in carefully controlled hunting seasons,
there are also crows, rabbits, hawks
and blackbirds, providing hunting
“round the clock, 365 days of the
year” to lure the hunter. Whether
the summer is warm and you peel
your coat, or frosty leaves crunch
beneath your hunting boots, a camp-
fire reflecting on tree branches, stout
coffee and smell of woodlands will
over take you with a quiet joy and
love of this land.

Grand Lake, the Lakes Spavinaw,
Fort Gibson Lake and Lake Ten-
killer, each bring the water-sports
crowd year around fun. Bass, catfish,
bluegill, crappie, await the winter
fisher in heated docks, or in quiet,
deep coves for the intrepid boatmen
who brave the early morning chill
and put down a plug.

The Neosho and Spring Rivers
give up nice catches of catfish, perch,
and drum any time of the year. The
blue, scenic Illinois River farther
south offers float trips and controlled
tROUT fishing in season.

In the early spring, dogwood and
redbud trees fling white and pink
pastel scarves across these hills
where the Quapaw, Modoc, Shawnee,
Miami, Wyandot, and Peoria tribes
once built tepees along the rivers.
The Morel mushroom pushes
through its leaf-carpet in April, then
the Mayapple comes to fruit. July
4th week, Indians Powwow at Beaver
Springs east of Quapaw. Corn, wheat,
and hay are harvested, Seneca-
Cayugas name their babies and dance
the Greencorn Dance at Turkeyford
tribal grounds.

In Delaware County, visit the
Council Hollow Indian weavers and
buy a blanket, sample wild huckle-
berries from a Cherokee roadside
stand, camp along Spavinaw and
fish, and then cross the longest
multiple arch dam in the world at
Disney. This is cabin country along
Grand Lake . . . stoical Indian faces,
cheerful farmers, lazy fishermen.
Westbound wagon trains stopped at
the Oliphant wagon yard in Locust
Grove; Willard Stone, famed Chero-
kee wood carver and artist lives near
there now.

Mistletoe, our state flower, richly
festoons trees along Saline bottoms,
and the road unwinds at Cherokee
museum in Tahlequah. Nearby is
Oklahoma’s first trading post, Salina.
The woods are scenic, streams in-
viting, cattle well tallowed and fine
looking . . . in the herd or on
the plate!

Washington Irving, Sam Houston,
artist George Catlin, Zackary Taylor
and Jefferson Davis, were familiar
faces a few miles west at old Fort
Gibson. Here the Fort stockade has
been restored for the visitor. Cases
hold authentic relics found on the
grounds. You can visit the com-
manding officer’s quarters, climb up
into the guard towers and search
the horizon for marauding Indians,
and the young fry can have their
picture taken with their heads in
the prisoner’s stocks.

Sailboats, cabin cruisers, fishing
boat rentals, bait shops, swimming
pools, dancing or listening to coun-
try music, golfing, horseback riding,
water skiing, scuba diving, spear
fishing, archery, treasure hunting,
sitting in the sun or tramping winter
spendored hills under a silver moon,
all awaits you at Oklahoma North-
east’s lodges, marinas, and
resorts.

There is Greenleaf Lake, Lake
Okmulgee Recreation Area, and
Arrowhead and Fountainhead State
Parks on Lake Eufaula. Perhaps
you’ll enter Oklahoma Northeast via
Interstate 40, Sequoyah County,
and drive west across the fringe of the
Sanbois Mountains to explore the
Eufaula water country.

Oklahoma Northeast is many
things. In the Research Centers,
dreams are the substance with which
men work. It is Heritage, with
legends of the lawless and spelunking
caves where buried past is buried
yet. It is woodsmoke from a cabin
sending up welcome signals to air-
borne vacationers. It is the whine
of spinning reels in secluded coves,
the chock of an axe in the timber.
It is coon and possum hunting. It
is great fun, friendship, and good
food. Come along and visit Okla-
ahoma Northeast.
"The only sport that can save a life," says one coach.
"It may some day bring us an Olympic Gold Medal," says the author.

QUIT breathing Charlie!

BY DOROTHY KAYSER FRENCH
To the uninitiated eye, the gathering seems a cross between a carnival, a vast family reunion, and a Red Cross disaster area. Canvas cots and rubber mats are crowded side-by-side beneath tarpaulin roofs. Portable ice boxes stand in patches of shade. Children ranging from kindergarten through college age loll on the cots and mats, sleeping, reading, playing cards, chattering—waiting. Each is dressed in a skin-tight nylon suit the color of his team.

An Oklahoma swim meet is in progress.

At intervals groups of swimmers, alerted by a loud-speaker, leave their cots to report poolside. No matter their ages, the swimmers on their starting blocks are an awesome sight. The “8-and-unders” seem as poised and businesslike as the “open” competitors.

The starter yells, “Swimmers, take your marks!”

His pistol cracks.

The swimmers hit the water in shallow racing dives.

The audience cheers. Into the final lap, the roars crescendo:

“Pull! Pull!”

“Swim, Bill! Hurry!”

“Quit breathing, Charley!”

Heat after heat, event after event, the youngsters compete.

The loud-speaker blares race results, and the victors collect their trophies, medals or ribbons.

The next weekend, in another Oklahoma town, the entire routine is repeated. This winter, at indoor pools, the friendly rivalries continue.

So many young citizens are taking to the watery racing lanes they strain facilities beyond capacity. The growth potential of the sport is limited only by the number of pools and coaches.

Exact records are unobtainable but coaches agree that almost all of the state’s 12 swim teams are less than eight years old. Fifteen years ago there were less than 150 Amateur Athletic Union registered Oklahoma swimmers; now there are 869.

In 1961, Oklahoma registered 629 AAU swimmers and eight sanctioned meets. By 1964 there were 752 swimmers and 10 meets. The 869 AAU swimmers in 1966 had their choice of 16 sanctioned meets.

During these years of growth, Oklahomans have swum their way to national prominence. In the quantity of National Age Group Ratings, the Who’s Who of competitive swimming, Phillips 66 Splash Club now ranks third behind two long-established and famous California swim teams, Santa Clara and Commerce.

In the past five years, the number of Oklahomans in the national ratings has approximately doubled each year. In 1962, there were 11 individuals and six relay teams earning the honors for Oklahoma. In 1965, 72 individuals and 37 relays chalked up national honors.

Another symbol of Oklahoma’s growing prominence in the swimming world is the landing of national events by state swimming organizations. The National AAU Long Distance Individual and Team Championships were held in Ponca City in July, 1966. The 1966 Women’s National Indoor Meet was held in Bartlesville and nationally televised.

The 12 Oklahoma teams in AAU competition represent 10 cities. They are the Phillips 66 Splash Club, Bartlesville, begun in 1950 with 30 members and now averaging 150 members; the Kerr-McGee Swim Club, Oklahoma City, now with 84 participating swimmers; the Sooner Swim Club, Norman, started in 1963 as a learn-to-swim program for 100 children and mushrooming annually until, in 1966, there were 600 in the summer learn-to-swim program and 70 on the team.

One hundred youngsters swim for Tulsa South Side, a parent-sponsored organization founded in 1960. Also started in 1960 was the Ardmore Y Swimming team. The Stillwater Aquatic Club began in 1959.

Ponca City has its Conoco Aquatic Club, Miami its Swim Club, and Midwest City its Tinker Y Air Force Base Swimming team. Also swimming competitively is the Tulsa Y Aquatic Club and the Enid Y Champlin Swim Club.

The brand new Oral Roberts University swimming team has entered state AAU competition. University of Oklahoma and Oklahoma State University swim in NCAA competition.

Summer meets are held at McClure park in Tulsa,
Will Rogers park in Oklahoma City, Continental Oil Company pool in Ponca City, Fairview city park in Fairview, Champlin Foundation pool in Enid, and at the North Campus pool in Norman.

Winter meets are at the Phillips 66 and YMCA pools in Bartlesville, the YMCA pool in Tulsa, and the South Campus pool in Norman.

Because of the high quality of competition, Oklahoma meets are popular with out-of-state swimmers. Entries regularly come from Texas, Kansas, Arkansas, Nebraska, and Missouri.

In 1966 the Phillips 66 14th annual meet drew swimmers from 14 states including California, New York, and Florida.

Why has swimming gained vast popularity almost overnight? Credit goes to the AAU Age Group Swimming Program begun in California in 1950. Age Group Swimming is the Little League of the water world. It pits boys against boys, and girls against girls, in six age classifications: 8-and-under, 9-10, 11-12, 13-14, 15-17, and open.

Current high school swimmers are the greatest in state history, a fact attributed to their "coming up" through the Age Group program. Colleges across the country are competing for Oklahoma swimmers, dangling generous scholarships. Twenty Phillips 66 swimmers are now on college teams. Tulsa South Side lists four scholarship holders. Younger clubs are looking forward to college representation soon.

In 1964 Richard Walls of Phillips, then captain of the University of Michigan swim team, became the only Oklahoman ever to reach the finals of the Men's National Swimming Championships.

Locally it is children between 8 and 15 who provide the bulk of the competition. At meet after meet, in pool after pool, records are broken. It is a rare Oklahoma meet where at least one record doesn’t fall. To the spectator, this phenomenon is slightly astonishing.

The coaches show no surprise. Jay Markley, organizer and coach of Norman’s Sooner Swim Club says records are in constant jeopardy because of the number of participants and the increased interest of parents and coaches. Marvin Ross, former coach at Tulsa South Side, credits the swimmer’s desire to better himself. Charles Schuette of Kerr-McGee says records fall because of better coaching standards, better training habits, and the highly successful Age Group program. To these reasons, Phillips 66 coach John Spannuth adds improved facilities: larger pools for workouts and even a new type of “lanes”—a plastic divider which minimizes lane-to-lane waves generated by swimmers. Many headliners name “interval swimming” as a primary reason why records fall. These workouts consist of many short swims interrupted by rests of equal length.

Of the 12 state teams, none matches Phillips 66 Splash Club in overall power. The 66ers have not tasted defeat in Oklahoma in five years, except when top stars have been on tour. Tour members in five years have swum competitively in 16 states and the District of Columbia.

Perhaps no sport is as demanding on parents as competitive swimming. It is a 12-month-a-year project. Besides chauffeuring children to the proper place at the proper time, parents assume timing, scoring, judging, and host duties at home meets. Yet no group is so loud in praise of a sport as the swimming parents. Their standard joke is that Junior can’t possibly get into trouble—he hasn’t time.

Jay Markley agrees, adding that the swimmer learns sacrifice and dedication which leads to advanced social maturity. Dr. E. A. Grula, the first chairman of the board of the Stillwater Aquatic Club, says that swimming teaches youngsters that there is a lot of competition in the world. An individual sport, it requires excellent conditioning achieved by self-discipline.

Charles Schuette of Kerr-McGee points out that swimming develops the heart, muscles, and respiratory organs. It improves coordination and is a recommended sport for many victims of polio and asthma. Olympic champions Jon Konrads and Murray Rose were polio victims. Schuette himself was at one time an asthmatic.

“Swimming is the only sport that can save a life,” claims Marvin Riggs.


For swimming is a “good clean sport” that may someday bring an Olympic gold medal to Oklahoma.
In summarizing his thoughts about the Thomas Gilcrease Institute, the late J. Frank Dobie stated, "Here in all varieties of form is 'La Tierra de Mi Valle'—it talks to us about America from times thousands of years before Columbus sailed. It talks particularly of the southwest and west. It talks in terms of science; it talks to human imagination."

In Mr. Dobie’s reference to "La Tierra de Mi Valle", he was recalling a small, unsigned painting in the collection by a Mexican artist, showing a peasant plowing with a pair of oxen, with mountains in the background and a pepper tree casting its shadow in the foreground. For Mr. Dobie, this title expressed Mr. Gilcrease’s guiding motive in making the great collections housed in his Tulsa Institute. It also expresses the essential meaning of these collections: "La Tierra de Mi Valle" "The Earth of My Valley".

For Thomas Gilcrease "The Earth of My Valley" stretched over two continents. It could be reflected in his hunting on the Alaskan Tundra, traveling through Mexico in search of rare artifacts, in America’s great cities in search of art or in a small Illinois field excavating a mound in search of artifacts and knowledge relating to

10,000 B.C. to 1492
Prehistory in America

1492
Discovery of America
an ancient culture. All of this he did because of his insatiable interest in gathering a collection that would record the history of life on these continents, always in a silent, purposeful and determined way which spoke of his part Creek Indian ancestry.

He began his life close to the earth, farming with his family on a government allotment of land. The millions of dollars he was to make and spend in future years on his acquisitions flowed in the form of black gold from the earth; and virtually to the day he died he could be found pruning shrubs or feeding the hundreds of birds that make their home on the hill.

A few months before his death, while watching a sunset from the backporch of his home, he said, “I love this land and I’m knee deep in her sod.” To understand the collections and their reasons for being, you must understand this man; the two are inseparable.

The Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art is located on twenty-two acres of land in the Osage Hills, just beyond the Tulsa City Limits. The site commands an unparalleled view of the surrounding countryside. Virtually every tree and shrub native to the region was planted here by Tom Gilcrease, including many exotic varieties not native to this particular part of the country. The original portion of the building was constructed of native sandstone, quarried by Indian workers on the site and opened to the public in 1949. It was in 1954 that Gilcrease presented the Institute and its possessions, as a gift, to the City of Tulsa.

The collections basically can be divided into three categories, which include more than 6,000 works of art representing 375 artists, approximately 350,000 archaeological and ethnological specimens and 70,000 rare books and documents valued in excess of $20,000,000. After five years of being associated with Gilcrease I still look at this institution with amazement, at the fantastic depth of the collections and their magnitude. Nowhere in America is there anything comparable to it; for here is not a museum of only local or regional interest, but an institution of national and international im-

1521
The Fall of Mexico

1602
Founding of Jamestown, Virginia

1776
Declaration of Independence
portance. Not a wayside museum or tourist center, the Gilcrease Institute has the potential of becoming the leading educational and research facility on Americana in the southwest.

Although Tom Gilcrease appreciated the thousands of visitors who came to view the collections, as we do today, the eleven galleries must be considered only as the showrooms for the vast collections and of secondary importance to the real mission of this institution.

Count the number of years Gilcrease Institute has been a public institution and you find it is twelve years young but, by virtue of its collections, it is very, very old. Most institutions require decades to gather collections in depth. Tom Gilcrease did it in twenty-five years. Virtually overnight the City of Tulsa found itself the possessors of a giant that was somewhat awkward to locate in a municipal structure; and like any institution with national implications under a local government the usual growing pains are compounded. While the Tulsa City Government must be primarily concerned with service to the citizens of that community, Gilcrease must primarily be concerned with national and international service. The Institute has prospered amazingly well during this twelve year period due largely to a number of devoted people—The Tulsa Park Board, the Gilcrease Board of Directors and the Institute staff, along with support and understanding by city administrators. But the major and most important period of growth is on the horizon, and devotion, alone, will not carry it.

Future plans for Gilcrease include the creation of a new facility to house the Indian collections and a major laboratory of anthropology, as well as the installation of an Institute of American Studies to house the vast library holdings, provide classroom space and living quarters for teaching staff and scholars studying American history with emphasis on the Trans-Mississippi West, American Art and Indian Cultures, Western Literature and allied subjects. Plans to develop an amphitheatre for outdoor-indoor activities in the performing arts—music, dance, drama, games, relative to America's heri-

1803
Louisiana Purchase

1821
Opening of Santa Fe Trade

1859
Union-Pacific Railroad Completed
tage—is also under consideration. And to accompany these developments will be a major publishing program, archaeological field program and general acquisitions program that will help to maintain the vital status of the collections. This will bring to fruition the dreams and plans of Thomas Gilcrease; not collections and buildings for the sake of possession or casual visitation, but an institution for acquiring and decimating knowledge to enrich present and future generations and instill pride in our national heritage.

The time will come when America’s great cultural heritage will develop from the west, with less emphasis on our borrowed European heritage. Gilcrease Institute can be the major focal point for that development and the responsibility for leadership must rest here. Tulsans and Oklahomans are the custodians of the greatest repository of its kind in the world. And the question of whether or not we are to remain provincial in our scope or become the center of Americana remains our continuing challenge.

1861-65
American Civil War

1876
Westward Exploration

1900
Settlement of the West
This is how it is in Oklahoma:
The seasons flow - one merges with another
Like berry juice and cream. Though winter-draped
White shawls enfold each bush, and clinging icy
Fingers hold every crevice fast, the creek’s
Black heart has melted; now it whispers softly
Round heaps of last year grasses. Green chiffon
Veils naked tree, and sticky buds predict
An early parturition. A warm south wind
Riffles drowsing sparrow’s dusty feathers,
Golden-throated jonquils - first ladies of spring.
Spring pauses only briefly on the prairies;
Hasting north, leaves swath of terraced velvet
In shades of green, spattered with yellow stars
And yucca spires of white, the tumbleweed’s
Cathedrals. While whipped-cream clouds drift slowly by
In great blue bowl of sky, the ripened wheat
Waves its golden billows over the land
Of leaning trees. Dwarfed they are, and tough,
Trees whose leaves float in the wind like seaweed:
Summer is a comet with a combine tail.
Then, just when breath burns throat and eye needs narrow
Against metallic glare of molten sun,
Clouds roll from western rim, gunmetal rain
Cools all the brittle grasses, and sunflowers bow
A sodden greeting to the first north wind.
Autumn has come to the prairies. Scarlet sumach
Flares by the roadside, and princess feather flames
In every garden; intoxicating air
Whirls wild plum in drunken ecstasies
Of apricot delight, Jack Frost’s pallet
The fingerpainted swells. Too soon, too soon
The dyeing leaves are gone, and x-rayed trees
Outline each frozen pond. The winter wheat’s
Green shoulders, draped with gauzy robes of snow,
Surround each town - fields and lawns pistachio;
Sooty-crested cardinals swing on dreaming
Blackened bough. A moment’s inattention
And the scene has changed again – diamond dust
Of winter melts in unexpected rain.
A southern breeze caresses cheek, awaking
From its coma, surprising Oklahoma.

By E. McLain
Herewith, gentle reader, is "A Hobbyist's Guide to the Sooner State."

Time was, of course, when the field for the hobbyist pack rat was relatively restricted. There were coins, stamps, marbles, dolls . . . and perhaps Zane Grey books.

Now we're more sophisticated. More imaginative. We travel more, which shows up in our collecting habits.

Item: our file drawer of hotel-motel guest soaps!

And ours is a modest collecting effort. It involves a little effort, almost no money, and a minimum of storage space. Not so with some of the state's more ambitious collectors.

Take guns. They're notorious offenders when it comes to pre-empting display space. And money.

The famous J. M. Davis collection in Claremore fills the walls of rooms, lobbies, stairways and halls of the old Mason Hotel. And is valued at several million dollars.

Jordan B. Reeves of Oklahoma City is another collector with a hobby that threatens to run away with him. He had to build a special "Gun Room" to accommodate his impressive private arsenal.

In Durant, Dr. W. K. Haynie fell heir to a horn collection — 444 of them, to be specific — was forced to expand his garage into a "House of Horns." And so it goes.

Mrs. Robert Huff of Mountain Park collects bottles, thousands of them, many reflecting the early history of southwestern Oklahoma.

Mrs. Warren Rankin of Fairview has nearly a hundred historic dolls, including one that made the Cherokee Strip Run in 1893. James Neill North of Oklahoma City has rosaries from around the world.

In Pond Creek, Mrs. Dwayne Hall collects bells, has several from the state's rapidly disappearing rural school houses. In Buffalo, Mrs. H. J. Vanfleet has some 200 different cup and saucer sets.

Rocks, of course are "in" these days. Dr. J. C. Wyche, Hugo dentist, has used some 25,000 of his to create an unusual office. Also popular: seashells. And Mrs. Cager Miller of Snyder uses hers to create attractive pictures, fanciful animals.

Other collectors fancy animals. Like Miss Maybelle Conger, longtime Oklahoma City Central teacher, with over 200 toy skunks. And Mrs. Harry Holmes of Woodward, with a 25-year accumulation of more than 2,000 pigs.

As for Mrs. Bonnie Blackstock of Oklahoma City, she may well have the state's largest collection of political buttons . . . over 2,500 items dating back to the "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" campaign of 1840.

But collecting often goes well beyond the physical possession of things. It can also involve pleasures . . . experiences.

And this ties in directly with what
we are saying about today's increased mobility. We do travel more today. And as we do, we take along our likes, preferences, and special interests. Vacationing square dancers hunt up dance groups. Golfers gravitate to unusual courses. And lovers of Early Americana can spot an antique shop two miles away.

It's no longer a matter of merely going, for example, to Eastern Oklahoma. We go to "collect" something that particularly interests us.

Perhaps it's state parks. Or lakes. Or old Indian capitol.

Whatever our fancy, we soon find ourselves specializing. What follows, then, is an attempt to suggest just a few of the fertile collector's fields here in the Sooner State.

To begin with a subject of interest to all, let's take money! And start with a visit to Stillwater. A second floor room of the First National Bank there contains enough old fixtures, papers, photographs, certificates and other vintage banking artifacts — including cuspidors — to create a three-dimensional history of Territorial banking.

The money "collector" will also enjoy Jim Pitman's coin display, dating back to 1798, in the First National Bank at Seiling. And the hoards of "wampum" (trade checks issued by early day businesses) owned by Mary Allen of Madill, Okmulgee's Charles Ross, and Dr. T. L. Ballenger of Tahlequah.

Boyd Burnett Jr. of Antioch in Garvin County has a collection of unusual blank checks, hundreds of them from many states. And for collector's-item office equipment, there's the ancient Oliver typewriter still used by Otto G. Graalman in Okeene's Security National Bank. And the vintage Rectigraph in Hooker's Pages of the Past Museum.

So much for the travel fare of the junketeer especially interested in the world of finance. The farmer-rancher can lay out an altogether different itinerary.

At Broken Arrow, there's the plant of the country's largest maker of windmills. Near Sperry, there's the state's only blacksmithing school... Bud Beaston's Oklahoma Farrier's College.

Oklahoma City has the country's largest (only?) stagecoach manufacturer. He's John Frizzell and he makes them painstakingly of some 500 pieces of wood, iron, and leather. The visitor can watch the creation of authentic new coaches and examine Frizzell's personal collection of some 30 vintage carriages.

In Okeene, Siemen's drug store uses local cattle brands to create an unusual cow-country decor. In Woodward, Mike Bishop's collection of spurs numbers over 400 pairs, some dating back to the Civil War.
And so it goes. The music lover might like to "collect" Dr. Richard W. Payne’s notable hoard of flutes, in Oklahoma City. And Bob Nelson’s remarkable cache of automatic antique music boxes, in Atoka.

As for the rail buff, he has almost a dozen old steam locomotives to hunt up. These relics of early-day railroading can be found in Ardmore, Enid, Fairview, Lawton, Oklahoma City, Pauls Valley, and Tulsa.

Old No. 1526 at Lawton combines with the Frisco depot from Elgin to add realism to the excellent Museum of the Great Plains. A no longer needed Santa Fe depot houses Drumright’s community museum that stresses, logically enough, that town’s colorful oil boom days.

The oil man, interestingly enough, is acquiring more and more points of interest over the state. In Bartlesville there’s the historic (1897) Nellie Johnstone No. 1, the state’s first commercial well.

Taking shape, under industry sponsorship, is a full-scale Sooner State oil museum. Nucleus is a steam rotary rig now standing on the grounds east of the State Historical Building.

The tree lover has a wide-open field, too. Ada’s East Central campus and El Reno’s Adams Park both have notable specimens of petrified wood.

Albert, near Fort Cobb Reservoir, boasts the largest known blackjack tree. And Broken Bow’s famed cy-

press, on the Mountain Fork, boasts a circumference girth of 45 feet to make it one of the country’s largest.

The number and variety of exotic trees in Ponca City’s Pioneer Woman Park — a creation of Governor E. W. Marland’s famed gardener, Henry Hatashita — can be equaled nowhere else in the state.

And the flora enthusiast with even a slight historical bent will want to see the big elm on the Osage agency grounds in Pawhuska. So many coveted oil leases were auctioned off under it, following discovery of fantastically rich oil fields there in 1904, that it was known as the Osage’s “million dollar tree.”

Stillwater has the “Hitler Oak,” a gift from Der Fuehrer himself to 1936 Olympics gold medal winner (wrestling) Frank Lewis.

If you’re an “old hotel” aficionado you’re in luck, too. Several early-day hostelries reflect, if but dimly at this late date, another interesting facet of frontier history. Broken Bow’s Charles Wesley Hotel is picturesquely galleryed.

Two big frame hotels that still hint at a now faded period of elegance are Cleveland’s Arlington (dating from 1904, when it was an exhibition showplace at the St. Louis World’s Fair) and the Dewey Hotel.
built in 1899 by Jake Bartles, father of nearby Bartlesville. (Closed as a hotel just this fall, the 40-room structure with its verandas and towers continues to appeal to artists.)

In El Reno, the impressive red brick Southern is no longer filled with Rock Island passengers, lured from the depot across the street by the striking of a large dining room gong by a white-aproned waiter. But it still awakens memories, in old-timers, of the day when the chuffing steamer was Oklahoma's transportation king.

Then, of course, there are old houses. The history-minded collector can re-create the past with them, too.

They range from the handsome Kingfisher mansion of Territorial Governor A. J. Seay (now being restored by the state) to the well preserved sod house (Oklahoma's last) near Cleo Springs.

There is the gracious veranda-ed Johnston Home near Emet, in which Governor William H. Murray was married and his son Johnston was born, and Chief LeFlore's restored log house south of Swink.

Other "log" items: General Sheridan's headquarters at Fort Reno (now in El Reno's Adams Park); a pre-Civil War Cherokee cabin Sallisaw uses as a chamber of commerce center; the Shawnee area's first cabin (1872, now in Woodland Park); Kingfisher's Dalton cabin (in Oklahoma Park), and the birthplace of the late Senator Robert S. Kerr near Ada. Two more log structures important in Indian history are the Chickasaw Nation's first capitol in Tishomingo, and the home of the Cherokees' famed Sequoyah, preserved as a state monument north of Sallisaw.

But you get the idea. Collect whatever you like. Who knows where it will lead?

All over the state, surely. It can lead to new friendships too. For when two persons discover they collect the same thing they are likely to become firm friends on the spot.

The only real need, then, would appear to be a "swap shop" for collectors. Where they can exchange tales and experiences. And find out who's collecting what. And where.

How else, pray tell, could the writer of this piece spread the word that he "collects" abandoned railroad rights-of-way? And old playing card jokers?

THE END
America's Outstanding Small Businessman Is
Chairman of the Board of
SEQUOYAH MILLS

by
Charles W. Blaker

The rich farm lands of Caddo County have long produced bountiful crops. Oil has brought new economic prosperity. But the miracle industry in Caddo County is Sequoyah Carpet Mills, Anadarko.

Under the leadership of youthful Donald J. Greve, age 32, Sequoyah Mills has set a record of productivity that has become a model for the nation.

Don Greve won the national award as America's Outstanding Small Businessman in 1966.

One of the keys to the success of the Sequoyah Carpet Mills has been Greve's understanding of the working potential of the American Indian in the area that surrounds Anadarko.

Greve had a difficult time while growing up. His father died when he was a boy. Things were tough at home and he knew what it meant to dress in discarded clothing and to miss a meal now and then. But he had inherited a fierce pride and independence.

When he was ten, he worked as a janitor's helper in his own school. At age twelve, he worked in a drugstore; at eighteen he earned a nest-egg for his own business by selling lawn mowers; at twenty he owned a furniture store; at twenty-seven he was recognized as an aggressive young businessman in Oklahoma City in such divergent fields as construction, merchandising, and real estate. Some would have leveled off there. He felt that his energy and drive needed a change of direction.

He offered his services to his church. Ordained a Methodist supply minister, Greve toured parts of Oklahoma in the interest of the church mission board. In this way he made contact with Indian families in southwestern Oklahoma.

His insight into the problems confronting Indian people rechanneled his thinking again. He had always believed that anyone who really wanted to work could climb out of poverty.

But among Indian people he felt that there was a kind of "spiritual destruction" he had never known as a boy. His will to succeed had remained intact through the hardships of his youth; but too many Indians had lost the personal sense of worth and dignity a person must have to become a useful citizen. The problems of living as a conquered people in the years following the Indian wars had deprived them of dignity and self-respect.

How could he help? Greve's faith in the power of productive work had been his own touchstone. Why not make it theirs? The vehicle he chose was carpet manufacture. His enthusiasm was contagious. He talked a close friend, Charles Purcell, into joining him. Together they recruited Sanford Lee, experienced in the manufacturing of carpet. Clayton Hulme, later to become Secretary-Treasurer of the infant company, signed on as a member of the team.

These four, with a fifth investor who remained out of sight, put together $200,000 of their own funds for the new enterprise. Much more was needed. It took almost a year to overcome this obstacle.

Eventually, some $90,000 of local money from 122 Anadarko businessmen and investors was pledged. Another $60,000 was obtained from the Oklahoma Industrial Financing Authority. A $390,000 loan was negotiated with the U.S. Department of Commerce Area Redevelopment Administration.

In October, 1963, with 60,000 square feet of floor space, 55 employees, 1 loom, 3 dyeing vats and 1 drying oven, the Sequoyah Mills Company started to roll.

Its success story might have come straight out of the Arabian Nights. In less than one year, $400,000 of private financing provided an expansion that added 105 workers to the rolls and set the plant operating around the clock, turning out 850,000 square yards of top grade carpet every month.

Expansion since then staggers the imagination. By August of 1965 the new mill was showing one million dollars a month in sales. Total sales for 1965 exceeded fifteen million dollars, twice the volume for 1964.

During the first fifteen months of operation the company paid $280,000 in federal income taxes. In the same time, its 153 workers, including 94 Indians most of whom had never paid a penny of income taxes paid $90,000 by payroll deduction.

But this is not all. During the fifteen months prior to the opening of the plant, those now gainfully employed had received from the government nearly $50,000 in unemployment and other benefits. By August of 1965, two years after its doors opened, the mill employment had taken 100 families off welfare rolls, saving the government $120,000 a year.

A second expansion late in 1965 put nearly five acres under one roof, increased the work force to nearly three hundred, and resulted in projected sales for 1966 of twenty-five to thirty million, again doubling the previous year's volume!

Construction of a modern office building of 9,000 square feet was started this summer. It will house administrative and sales personnel, and another expansion of manufacturing facilities is underway. When this phase of construction is complete, Sequoyah will be able to provide jobs for nearly 600 people.
Some years ago the banker from a small Oklahoma town stopped in a slightly larger town for gasoline. As the attendant filled the tank, he talked to the driver.

When he learned where the banker was from, he grinned and asked: "What's it like to live in a one-horse town?"

"Pretty good," said the banker, "when you're the horse."

I don't claim Oklahomans are a lot different from anyone else. But as a semi-reformed Kansan, an Oklahoman by marriage and a practicing resident for more than 14 years, I feel qualified to say that they are an unusual and refreshing group of people.

Generally they are individualists with a spirit of adventure and disarming candor. They speak frankly.

"I'm not going to tell you what
I’ll do if I get elected,” one candidate told his audience casually, “because I don’t know.”

Unfortunately, this bit of truth did not win him the election.

One candidate and a close friend stopped by to visit the editor of the Tulsa World in an effort to further his candidacy.

The conversation was just getting down to business when the editor asked the candidate:

“What are your qualifications for the job.”

The friend stood up and said to the politician, “Well, let’s go, Joe.”

Even bank executives have to be wary. The president of one of the state’s largest told his mother he was going to Dallas to collect $60,000 owed his bank.

“Well, let’s go, Joe.”

Even bank executives have to be wary. The president of one of the state’s largest told his mother he was going to Dallas to collect $60,000 owed his bank.

“Do you mean your bank trusts you on errands like that?” the mother asked.

Columnists aren’t immune either. I once commented to my wife that writing an alleged humor column was a strange way for a grown man to make a living.

“Don’t worry,” said the native Okie, “it isn’t much of a living.”

At a club luncheon you might overhear this conversation:

“My hair’s a mess! I’ve been getting ready to go on vacation and I put it off to the last minute and now my hairdresser’s out of town.”

“That’s nothing—my hairdresser died!”

Or in an Italian restaurant, the man at the next table could say “I want a slice of casaba.”

And the waitress would answer plaintively “I’ve only worked here three days.”

Before you jump to an erroneous conclusion, let me point out that every one of these instances has been borrowed from my own column and they are real. I have in excess of 3,000 columns which prove in Oklahoma gag writers are not needed.

Take the 9-year-old boy whose comment I quoted. “Humph!” he told his dad. “I’ve said funnier things than that!”

An Oklahoman walked into an elevator thinking of the treat he would enjoy in the snack shop downstairs, and when the operator asked “Floor, please?” he said “Chocolate soda.”

A kindred spirit asked a waitress what kind of pie the restaurant offered.

“Chocolate, banana, and prune,” she told him.

He was so upset at the thought of prune pie that he told her, “I believe I’ll have the chocolate banana.”

A father asked another father about a recent trip: “Did you go first class or did you take the children?”

Unfortunately it never got off the ground, but it was an Oklahoman who formed the TAOPWEITHIT-SATSWRTDSITFUSCOTR. But he’s willing to try again if you want to join “The Association of People Who, Even if They Had Intended to Shop at that Store, Would Refuse to Do so if the Firm Used Shouting Commercials on the Radio.”

And it was a Sooner who suggested baby food manufacturers include floor wax in the food so mopping up the spillage wouldn’t all be wasted motion. Unfortunately, this idea never got off the floor.

In the home of the red man — which is approximately what Oklahoma means when it is translated from Choctaw — even the natives have trouble talking the language.

A teacher asked her class if anyone knew what an Indian mother and baby were called.

“I do! I do!” said an eager pupil.

“A squab and her baboon.”

One of our native sons who neared the end of the long trail to a medical degree wrote home:

“The closer I am to the practice of medicine, the more I realize how little I actually know, and the thought scares me. In fact, 95 percent of my class feels the same way, and the rest are going to be psychiatrists.”

It was an Oklahoman who had been standing in line to buy Travelers Cheques who finally got his turn and was asked: “What denomination?”

He didn’t quite catch himself before answering “I’ve been a Methodist for over 30 years.”

Even federal offices in our state absorb the spirit. A Sooner who had invested $500 in a “worm ranch” asked the district internal revenue office in Oklahoma City how to figure depreciation.
He was advised to "take a physical inventory and claim death loss only."

The taxpayer rebelled: "Even for a tax cut I'm not counting dead worms!"

The highway patrol set up a radar unit near Henryetta one night a few years back and the 12 cited for speeding included a preacher, two school teachers and a choir director.

District Judge W. Lee Johnson listened to a civil case in which several highway patrolmen testified it takes three-fourths of a second for the average person to take his foot off the accelerator and put it on the brake.

"I can't understand that," the judge interposed. "It takes only a fraction of a second for the damned fool behind me to get his hand on the horn."

A political candidate called the newsroom one day to complain we had referred to him as "incompetent." A check showed the word in question was "incumbent." Fortunately, in most instances there is a difference.

An Oklahoma woman who had suffered a heart attack told her daughter she felt ever so much better but added: "I don't think I'll ever recover enough to do anything I don't want to."

When a young whippersnapper asked an old-timer "What did you people do in this Oklahoma heat before air-conditioning?" he replied "We sweat."

A Tulsa police character claimed he was not guilty of a vagrancy charge because "when I was arrested, I was afflicted with acute alcoholic astigmatism."

"What's that?" the judge asked.

"I was blind drunk," said the defendant.

A policeman called the dispatcher on the two-way radio to report "I'm at the scene where that boy's head was split open, and he's all right."

One Bartlesville resident commented "We're going to get parallel parking soon," and another said, "Good. I don't like this perpendicular parking."

A young man seeking employment at Oral Roberts Healing Waters Inc. was filling out a questionnaire. One question was:

"How would you feel at a nudist camp."

"Naked," he wrote, quite honestly.

He didn't get the job but then there may have been other reasons.

A Tulsa driving through Menno-nite country near Inola passed a buggy in which a boy rode primly, dressed as if he was on his way to court his girl.

Fastened to the top of the buggy and waving gaily in the wind was a coyote tail.

At a Peewee baseball game in Tulsa, the umpire had aroused the wrath of one team's supporters (i.e. "parents") and feeling was running high.

When he hesitated momentarily in making a decision, one father yelled, "Come on, clobberhead — was he out or safe?"

This was more than the umpire — a human being himself — could bear. He turned on the spectator and words were exchanged.

The situation was nearly out of hand, and the father was approaching the umpire with an upraised bat when cooler heads prevailed and the rhubarb was broken up.

The father remembered "sportsmanship," the umpire obviously was embarrassed, so they shook hands and apologized.

Just as play was about to resume, the man sitting next to the offended father bellowed: "But you're still a clobberhead!"

Not all the problems occur at home. An Oklahoman complained he was arrested for speeding on a vacation in Texas.

"That old so-and-so!" he commented. "I didn't think he was a sheriff. He was wearing an old slouch hat, had a woman with him and was doing 70 himself."

"Trying to catch you?" a friend asked.

"No, when I passed him."

Then of course there was the Oklahoma woman on a visit to New York who found it virtually impossible to get a cab during a busy time.

Repeatedly the cabs swept by or were grabbed by someone quicker on the draw. Finally she asked a woman who seemed to know her way around what to do to get a cab.

"It Takes a lot of nerve," said the woman.

So the Okie practically threw her-self in front of the next cab. It screeched to a stop.

She turned to run to get into the cab, and there was the woman who had advised her calmly stepping into the taxi.

One World reader called at the end of summer to complain she was losing both her newspaper carriers. One was quitting to go out for high school football. The other was quitting to go back to school too — as a mathematics teacher.

The defendant in a criminal case in Tulsa district court was undergoing painful and persistent cross-examination by the chief prosecutor.

"Have you ever been convicted of a crime?" the prosecutor asked.

"No," the defendant replied.

"Weren't you convicted of burglary in 1953?" the prosecutor asked, consulting the defendant's "rap sheet."

"Oh, yes. I forgot about that."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Weren't you convicted of burglary in 1956?"

"Oh, yes. I forgot about THAT too."

"Is that all?"

"Well, I don't know how many of them you have written down there."

A Tulsa policeman at the scene of a minor accident began writing a ticket for an elderly man whose car had jumped a curbing and come to rest against the fire plug.

"I did it all right," said the tickee, staring off into the distance, "but did you see why?"

He pointed to an attractive woman in an interesting outfit on a windy day.

The policeman looked at the woman appreciatively, then at the intact fireplug, the old man, and put away his ticket book.

The moral, if any, is that even an old dog is attracted to fire plugs.

Away back in 1956, in Long Beach, California, an advertising man leased a billboard to proclaim:

IT'S A B-O-O-Y!

Timothy Hay
8 lb. 7 oz. Oct. 7
Made in California by Californians!

The truth, of course, is that Timothy's mother was an Oklahoman — a native of Tulsa.

Believe me, they're everywhere.
INTERNATIONAL GOOD NEIGHBOR COUNCIL

Mexico is a nation of warm-hearted people who are the world's most wonderful hosts. A group of Oklahomans who have discovered this through traveling in Mexico have organized an Oklahoma Chapter of the International Good Neighbor Council.

President of the Oklahoma Chapter is Doug Grisham of Chickasha, and the Council has set up a tourist center at the Holiday Inn in Chickasha for citizens of Mexico who desire to travel in Oklahoma. The Council also strongly encourages Oklahomans to travel in Mexico.

The International Good Neighbor Council works in cooperation with the student exchange program and to increase trade between Oklahoma and the states of Mexico. The Council encourages Oklahomans to learn to speak Spanish. The U.S. Ambassador to Mexico recently commented, "Since I have been in Mexico I have gained the impression that Mexicans are more diligent than North Americans in learning to speak the language of their neighbors."

The International Headquarters of the Council is in Monterrey, Mexico. The President of Mexico and the President of the United States are members. Governors of many of the states of both nations, including the Governor of Oklahoma, are members.

José F. Muguerza, President Emeritus of I.G.N.C. says, "...false ideas have been spread among people which have angered, confused, and corrupted them, most noticeably among our youth who unfortunately cannot understand the chaotic situation mankind has made for itself. Our Council, using the tactics of truth, uses all means within its power to counteract this harmful influence." A major project of the Council has been to promote the building of the Amistad Dam, which will create an 88,000 acre lake on the border between the U.S. and Mexico. This lake, on the Rio Grande north of Del Rio and Ciudad Acuna, is a conservation project that will provide flood control, hydro-electric power, and recreation for citizens of both nations.

The I.G.N.C. holds two conventions annually, one in Mexico and one in the U.S. Conventions in 1967 will be held in Torreón, Coahuila, and Austin, Texas. It is hoped Oklahoma will host the 1968 U.S. Convention.
As early as 1808, the Cherokees set down the first written Indian code of laws. At the same time they set up an agency to enforce these statutes:

“That same council that in 1808 wrote the law on horse theft formalized the procedure by creating ‘regulatory’ companies consisting of two officers and four privates, to be paid from annuities received from the United States. Popularly known as Lighthorse . . . they performed the function of police. Criminals apprehended by them were turned over to the courts for trial and punishment.” (William T. Hagen, Indian Police and Judges, Yale Univ. Press).

The punishment, by modern standards, seems harsh. For a first petty crime the punishment was usually whipping. This was done with green willow rods, sometimes heated in a fire to give them more spring and used while still hot. The number of strokes might range from twenty-five to fifty, but always with the stipulation that they must bring blood. For the second offense the penalty was from fifty to seventy-five lashes; for the third one hundred; after more than three offenses, the criminal was shot.

As early as 1820 the Federal government, in its treaty with the Cherokees, recognized the value of the Indian police, and made provisions to maintain the Lighthorse by grants of financial assistance. After the tribes moved to the Oklahoma country the Federal Government granted them the right to form nations which were largely independent of Washington. In the Indian Nations the primary problems came not from the native Indians but from white intruders.

As a result all of the Five Civilized Tribes passed laws which dealt with these intruders as foreigners, and attempted to regulate their immigration and stays.

The problem of the white man was perhaps best illustrated in the importation of liquor. Many documents of Indian Agents reflect the problem and the effectiveness of the Lighthorse in dealing with it. Some of the events connected with this “whiskey-running” were humorous:

“There was a saloon just across the Red River on the Texas side, and you had to cross the river on a ferry boat. The Indians would cross the river and get some whiskey into the Nation. In order to stop this traffic the Indian Government placed some Lighthorsemens along the bank of the river to take the whiskey from the Choctaws who were bringing it over. The ferry was so fixed that when they got near the bank on the Nation side the Indian would put his pony in a run and hit the bank at full speed, then the Lighthorsemens would get in behind them and they would pull off a good race.

Sometimes they would catch the Choctaws and take their whiskey away from them and break the bottles and sometimes, the Indians would get away.” (James Wilson, Indian Pioneer History. Volume 67)

The problem of whiskey running was not always as simple as a horserace. Lighthorsemens lost their lives in this service. A group of Indian outlaws, under the leadership of a Seminole name Nannubbee, were bringing whiskey from Preston, Texas, to Tukpafka town in the Creek Nation. In the process they had to transport the whiskey through the Chickasaw Nation.

A Chickasaw Lighthorse captain by the name of Chin-chi-nee encountered the outlaws. The only weapon that Chin-chi-nee had was a knife, but still he attempted to apprehend the outlaw band. Chin-chi-nee was shot through the head by the outlaw leader, but only after he had killed three of the bootleggers.

Indian agents were often forced to call on the army to help solve the problems imported by white outlaws. The Lighthorse could not apprehend white men unless accompanied by a U. S. Marshal. As the Indians were constituted as separate nations, white American citizens were not subject to their laws. The most the Lighthorse could do was escort intruders to the border and tell them that “their room was preferable to their company.”

The army, in attempting to help solve problems, sometimes created other problems;

“Vincent Colyer, Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners, conducted a special investigation of Indian Territory in 1869 and had personal experience of the agents’ dilemma. While in Fort Gibson his rest on several nights was disturbed by carousing soldiers. One Sunday morning he saw four drunken enlisted men, armed with revolvers and clubs, invade a church and scatter the worshippers. Colyer intervened and the ‘reeling, shouting and swearing’ soldiers were about to attack the eastern
Liquor was not the only problem which faced the Indian Governments. Horse stealing, murder, theft, most of the white men's crimes came into the Territory. When such a crime was committed by an Indian, it became the duty of the Lighthorse to find the criminal and bring him to justice. Some Indian procedures seem strange in the light of modern law enforcement;

"When an Indian had a charge against him all they had to do was to let him know when he was supposed to come to trial and he would be there; then after he was sentenced he went back home to get his business straightened up, then after he had done this, regardless of what the sentence was, he would nearly run his horse to death getting back to receive his punishment. I have seen them ride that way when they knew they were going to be shot." (Joseph Moncrief, Indian Pioneer History, Vol. 36)

Old-timers say that they never heard of an Indian who failed to show for his punishment. Some claim that law-breakers feared the Lighthorse and knew that they could not escape their justice, but most state that it was due to the sense of honor and duty of the individual Indian.

Horse stealing seems to have been the most popular form of theft. Richard Lewis Berryhill, a Light-horseman for the Creeks in the 1890's, tells this story;

"The outlaw that gave us the most trouble during my time was Jim Grayson, a Creek. I don't think he was ever satisfied only when he was riding a stolen horse . . . he was repeatedly arrested, tried and convicted and whipped for that crime by the Creek courts and on one occasion sentenced to be shot, later was pardoned by Chief Checote. I remember he was once arrested by the federal officers for horse stealing and was tried in the federal court at Fort Smith before (Hanging) Judge Parker, and when he was brought before the court Judge Parker asked him when he was going to reform and quit stealing horses and Grayson's reply was, 'When they quit raising horses, Judge'." (Indian Pioneer History, Vol. 15)

The Lighthorse became so effective at apprehending horse thieves that the thieves themselves began to take notice. How much more effective they were than the Federal men can be seen from this story told by a horse thief:

"We had been trailed for some time by some of the government men, and the others had been under suspicion for some time, but it was the Lighthorsemen who split us up. We were driving a bunch of stolen horses down towards Ok-

mulgee when the word came that the Light-horsemen were after us. We decided that the healthiest thing to do would be to take out, so we did."

Lighthorse Captain Sam J. Haynes tells of the capture of a murderer near Sapulpa in 1883. Haynes, of the Creek Okmulgee Lighthorse District, had been given orders to apprehend a murderer by the name of Gen-a-ween. When Gen-a-ween heard that Haynes had orders to capture him, Gen-a-ween replied, "That young man will not capture me!"

Haynes, only twenty-one, vowed, "I am a man, too. I will meet up with him face to face before long . . ."

The young Lighthorseman set out on a cold winter's night with two of his men in search of Gen-a-ween. He had heard of a place where a horse race was to be held and felt that Gen-a-ween would likely be there to enter his horse in the race.

Enroute, early the next morning, the three Lighthorsemen came upon an Indian cabin. As was the usual custom, they stopped for breakfast. A rider approached the cabin and pulled up his horse to look around. He did not dismount, and soon left heading toward the place where the horse race was to be held. Haynes suspected that this man must be a scout for Gen-a-ween.

The three lawmen followed the rider. As they neared the race course, Haynes sent out a scout to spot Gen-a-ween. The man returned to report that the race was about to begin. On reaching the track, Haynes approached Gen-a-ween and made the arrest. There was no trouble.

On their return trip to Okmulgee, Gen-a-ween kept trying to persuade Haynes to race him. Haynes, knowing that Gen-a-ween would try to escape while the race was in progress, refused. Finally, after dark, Gen-a-ween made a break. Haynes and his men fired, but the outlaw got away.

The next morning they again set out on the trail. They found Gen-a-ween's horse, and in a slicker tied behind the saddle, a forty-five pistol. Near the horse they found wagon tracks and followed them to a cabin in the woods. They found the woman from the cabin at the creek washing out some blood stained sheets. Gen-a-ween was dead from one of the shots fired the night before.
Some captures were much more difficult than that of Gen-a-wee. In 1892 an outlaw band called the Buck gang was operating in eastern Oklahoma. This band consisted of Rufus Buck, Meome July, Louis Davis, Sam Samson, and Luckey Davis. They had been roaming the country for about three months, pillaging and killing. They attacked a small store and stole a large quantity of goods including much ammunition.

Alex Berryhill was a member of the Creek Lighthorse which captured the band. He describes the event.

“They were dividing the loot, especially the ammunition, when they were surprised by the Lighthorsemen, who had come after them. The captain had borrowed more men as he had expected the gang to put up a fight. When they surprised the gang, they started shooting and many thousands of rounds of ammunition were shot. As the battle was going on, the captain of the Lighthorsemen was riding on his horse to and fro to encourage his men. As he was riding back and forth he fell from his horse as if shot, for he was exposed to the enemy all the time. Seeing the captain fall, his men became enraged as they thought he was killed so they charged the enemy. The gang fought desperately but Louis Davis got excited and started to run. The gang leader looked around and saw him running toward his horse and shot him in the leg as he was deserting. He escaped capture by hiding in the ditch. Some were captured there, others got away, and they captured them by waiting at their homes at night. Louis Davis was captured later. After all were captured, they were taken to Fort Smith for trial. During the trial a woman they had attacked was brought as a witness . . . they were all sentenced to be hung.”

The Lighthorse passed from the scene as the Indian Territory began to be opened to settlement. By 1902 the laws of the various Indian Nations were being supplanted by the federal government and Indian enforcement was replaced by federal enforcement. The last execution under Indian law took place in the Muskogee Nation in 1902. With the passing of the Lighthorse went an era, sometimes harsh and brutal, but always colorful.
Four erudite young men from the University of Oklahoma have swept to the first championship of the season on television's G-E College Bowl.

Dr. Mark R. Johnson, President of the OU Board of Regents, summed it up at the pep rally at Will Rogers World Airport when the team returned home from its final victory. It proves, he said, "that the Big Red is also well read."

University President Dr. George L. Cross says, "The College Bowl team's record on national television is one of the finest things that has happened during my twenty-two years as President."

The four erudite young men were Ralph Doty, Oklahoma City Senior, Captain; Ed Balsinger, Madill Junior; Stephen May, Oklahoma City Sophomore, and Steve Wilson, Rush Springs Junior. They were coached by Dr. J. R. Morris, Assistant Dean of OU's University College.

It takes a heap o' study to make a team a winner, and the four men hit the books hard during the summer preceding their first television appearance in September. But Coach Morris didn't leave preparation strictly to individual study. He set up practice sessions for his team—long hours on a buzzer board answering questions and learning to hit the buzzer hard and fast.

It was the team's great speed that played a major part in making them champions.

"The minute the moderator began asking a question," said Balsinger, "we had to begin sorting possible answers. In every question there is usually a key point that eliminates all possibilities but the right answer."

Often the team members snapped the buzzer before the question was finished. On one occasion Balsinger identified the artist who created a particular painting before the painting was even shown. "I didn't know we were going to see it," he explained simply.

The OU team defeated Drury College, Springfield, Missouri, 265-95; Scranton University, Scranton, Pennsylvania, 320-95; North Dakota State University, Fargo, 375-45; Auburn University, Auburn, Alabama, 290-125, and McGill University, Montreal, Canada, 225-95.

Their total winnings from the show came to $10,500, which includes $1,500 for each game they won, a $1,500 bonus for winning the fifth game and an additional $1,500 from Gimbel's Department Stores for becoming champions. The money has been set aside in a special College Bowl Scholarship Fund. Contributions are coming in steadily, building it toward the University's goal of $30,000 to establish four scholarships in perpetuity in honor of the team.

The team members were introduced November 24 at half-time of the OU-Nebraska football game on national television. At that time Dr. Cross announced that each of them will receive $1,000 to be used for graduate study or travel when they complete their undergraduate work. He also announced that each of the four College Bowl Scholarships will be named for an individual team member—the Doty, Balsinger, May and Wilson scholarships.

The four scholars are without doubt proud of this new honor, but not as proud as Oklahoma is of them.
Oklahoma Today on the streets of Paris

Oklahoma has a good friend in France. He is George Fronval, author and journalist, who specializes in writing about the American West. We recently received a letter from him, enclosing this picture made on the Rue de la Fountaine. Says George's letter:

Paris the 20th of July

My dear Oklahoma Today:

It is me the French cowboy - I send you with a little delay a photo. Few months ago some Indians came in making dances for the people. It was very good and their exhibition had a great success. I was introducing the dances on the stage.

From the left to the right you have:

1) A Wild Cat, an Indian from Oklahoma, who came from Tulsa. He is a young student and a very funny dancer. He executes with a 'rare address' the Hop Dance and the French girls had a long looking on him. The second is George Fronval. You know who he is, the third is the chief Wolf Robe Hunt who was the boss of the group. He is living in Tulsa where he has a trading post. He makes speech and execute music on the drums.

The fourth is Lorenz Edmond-Pahastopch a painter artist member of the Osage.

These Indians who comes had a good souvenir from Paris. They visited the city with me and went in many places Invalides with Napoleon's tomb, Eiffel Tower, They went to the top because of you don't go to the top you don't know Paris. They visited the Louvre Museum and Notre Dame and the Sacre Coeur of Montmartre. They was very kind and nice and I have from all of them a wonderful souvenir.

Au revoir, je te serre la main. So long,

George Fronval
VIET NAM SERVICE MEDAL AWARDS

The stirring and impressive new Fourteen Flags Plaza on the concourse before the Capitol was recently the scene of an equally stirring and impressive ceremony.

More than two-hundred Oklahoma Air National Guardsmen have qualified for the Viet Nam Service Medal through service in that combat zone during present hostilities. The twenty Guardsmen latest to qualify for the Viet Nam medal were honored in ceremony this autumn on the Plaza, with martial music by the Scott Air Force Base Military Airlift Command Band, and presentation of their medals by then Governor Henry Bellmon.

If you have not visited the Fourteen Flags Plaza you should surely do so. On each flag staff a bronze plate relates the time and the circumstances in which that flag flew over Oklahoma. The flags, and the large granite replica of the Oklahoma Seal beside the plaza, were part of our state exhibit at the New York World's Fair.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Before we make mention of contributors in this issue, let us make amends for an omission in our last. The splendid color photos of Margaret Taylor Dry's sculptures, in our Autumn issue, were made by Ruth Canaday, of Tulsa. In this issue, author-artist Paul Rossi is Director of the Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, Tulsa. Frances Baker, poet, author, Miami News-Record columnist, is a specialist on the lore and romance of northeastern Oklahoma. Kent Ruth, travel writer, writes the travel page for the Sunday Oklahoman, and is the author of Great Day in the West, published by the University of Oklahoma Press. Charles Stewart Turci is professor of history and languages at Casady Episcopal Parochial School, Oklahoma City. Indian artist Jerome Tiger, Creek, whose drawings illustrate The Lighthorsemen, is a young man with a genius-talent. His work has recently won First Place Awards at the 1st Annual National Exhibition of American Indian artists in Oakland, California; at the 21st Annual American Indian Artists Exhibition, Philbrook Art Center, Tulsa; at the Gallup, New Mexico, Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial Exhibit; and at the All-American Indian Days Art Show, Sheridan, Wyoming. Charles W. Blaker is a former pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Cushing, now on the faculty of Brandon Hill School, Dunwoody, Georgia. Dorothy Kayser French, Bartlesville, is the author of The Mystery of the Old Oil Well, a highly successful book for children, published by Franklin Watts, Inc., New York. Bob Taylor is the eminently well known and oft-published photographer from Cordell whose work has appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, Life, etc. Troy Gordon, who declares that Some Of My Best Friends Are Okies, is on the staff of the Tulsa World, where his column of wit, sage comment, and humor, Around the Clock, appears daily.
Miss America Comes Home

There were parades, banquets, and honors galore, but what can excel the wonderful sensation of just coming home. For Miss America, home is Laverne, a small town of two-thousand folks, in the Oklahoma panhandle.

Jane flew from New York to Tulsa on October 21 for her first return to Oklahoma since the Miss America Pageant. It was in Tulsa she had won the title of Miss Oklahoma, and Tulsa welcomed her with great crowds along the parade route, bands, floats, a reception, all the luminous trimmings. She was then flown to Laverne, where she spent the night at home.

It is reported that her dad cooked breakfast the next morning—oatmeal, toast, bacon and eggs, orange juice. The Laverne parade was longer than the main street parade route. Then a reception in the high school library, nothing formal, just Jane visiting with a host of friends.

It was a day of much emotion. She told the crowd at the hometown football game on Friday night, "You'll make me cry again."

A little girl tried to help, advising, "If you'll hold your breath you won't cry as much."

Then on Saturday, the jet which had been placed at her disposal flew her to Oklahoma City for a student celebration at Oklahoma City University, Jane's alma mater. Then came a parade and a formal banquet in the city where this series of triumphs started, for Jane was first Miss Oklahoma City.

Since becoming Miss America Jane says, "every day has been exciting; but coming home is the nicest of all."

And with that she is off again, to tour every state, Europe next spring...
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