SHOWCASE '67
THE OKLAHOMA ARTS AND HUMANITIES COUNCIL
A STATEWIDE SURGE IN EVERY ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR
REALIZING FULFILLMENT IN SUCH OUTCOMES AS TOURING ART EXHIBITIONS
TOURING PERFORMANCES BY OUTSTANDING MUSICAL AND DRAMA GROUPS
MUSKOGEE’S FUTURISTIC NEW FINE ARTS AUDITORIUM
OKLAHOMA CITY’S NEW MUSIC HALL
TULSA’S ASSEMBLY CENTER
ENID’S COMMUNITY THEATRE
MCMAMON MEMORIAL’S CELEBRITY SERIES IN LAWTON
AND MANY, MANY OTHERS INCLUDING OKLAHOMA UNIVERSITY’S

FINE ARTS CENTER

The heart of OU’s Fine Arts Center is the Rupel J. Jones Theatre. The continental-style theatre has a maximum audience capacity of 668. The stage moves up and down on a series of elevators to provide three different stage depths.

Located on the northwest corner of the campus, the colonnaded structure of white concrete textured with earth-toned marble chips is as artistic in tone as the academic discipline it houses. It is richly carpeted, lavishly draped, an atmosphere of cozy red plush comfort, beautifully lighted and functional.

It includes classrooms for ballet, modern dance, scene design, makeup, and acting and diction classes. In the basement are dressing rooms, a costume room, a dye room, work room, locker rooms, and storage areas.

Plans are now being drawn for the art and music units of the Fine Arts Center which will include not only teaching facilities for those disciplines but an art museum as well. OU is one of only three universities in the country offering a doctorate in music education.

Like the Schools of Art and Music, the School of Drama places heavy emphasis on getting the students before an audience. While art students are exhibiting
their works and music students are presenting recitals, appearing in operas and performing with musical groups, the drama students are rehearsing their roles in the myriad productions that the School of Drama presents each year. Either a group of one-act plays or a three-act play is presented nearly every week of the school year for the public.

The regular season at OU includes five major productions, one of which is a musical, a dance concert presented by members of Orchesis Dance Club and an “Evening of Ballet.” During the summer season at OU four major shows are produced, including a musical. Graduate productions continue throughout the summer season.

Through the sponsorship of the Oklahoma Industrial Development and Parks Department, three of the 1966 summer productions, “A Shot in the Dark,” “Lady Windermere’s Fan” and “Spoon River Anthology,” toured the state lodges for a week following the OU run. Students and faculty alike wanted to take “The Three Penny Opera” on the stage lodge tour, but the giant proportions of the musical forced it to stay at home.

OU is one of only three universities in the nation offering a degree major in ballet. In the five years that Yvonne Chouteau and Miguel Terekhov have been at OU they have created a student ballet corps of widely recognized competence.

Yvonne Chouteau joined the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo when she was 14, the youngest American ever to have danced with that company. She remained with the Ballet Russe for 14 years and was a principal dancer for eight of them.

It was in the Ballet Russe that she met and married Miguel Terekhov, who had previously danced in his native Uruguay and with Colonel de Basil’s Original Ballet Russe. In 1957 he was appointed regisseur of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

In 1960 Yvonne and Miguel were named artists-in-residence at OU and began the job of building a ballet program for the university. In 1966 they produced the classic of romantic ballets, “Giselle.” The School of Drama was swamped with ticket orders. The performances were quickly sold out, and two more shows were added to accommodate the overflow crowd.

This spring’s Evening of Ballet, will include the “Ballet Brillante la Bayadere” and a reminiscence of graduation days choreographed to the music of Johann Strauss, to be presented on five nights, April 26-30. The School of Drama will conclude the season with Moliere’s “The School for Wives,” May 9-13.

... Connie Ruggles
WHAT IS
THE POTENTIAL?
Let us be realistic. Any individual or any community saying why don’t “THEY” do something is not likely to attract industry. The individual and community sets up goals, and sets to work, is apt to accomplish what they set out to accomplish. Limitations are likely to be self-imposed. A study of methods which have led to success in any of several Oklahoma communities could serve as examples to others. If your town is one that has long proclaimed that it wants new industry, yet none has materialized, it is best, first to find out why. The reason may lie very close to home. It may be that in your community there is some strong element, perhaps one single powerful individual who while voicing a desire for new industry actually is working to prevent its coming for fear of competition or the loss of personal power. If such exists in your town, that problem must somehow be solved before any real gains toward acquiring new industry can be made. If no such problem exists the next step is to survey your community and its resources. Is your community clean and attractive in appearance? Is your local school system accredited by the North Central Association? What are the median educational
attainments of your citizens?

Do you have an available labor pool? Kingfisher County recently conducted a labor survey and found that there were only five unemployed people in the entire county. Lack of readily available labor does not mean you cannot acquire new industry, though it requires a different approach.

What forms of transportation are available in your community? What markets exist? What is the distance to other extensive markets? Do you have raw materials? What are your power and water resources? Do you have useable industrial land with ready access to transportation and utilities? An airport that will accommodate executive aircraft? What are the medical and hospital facilities of your community?

Help is available in making such a survey; from the Department of Industrial Development and Parks, State Capitol, Oklahoma City; from the Extension Division, Oklahoma State University, Stillwater; from the Oklahoma Center for Economic Development, Oklahoma University, Norman; and from other sources that you will discover after contacting these primary sources.

Perhaps the outcomes of your survey will indicate the need for development in one or more areas to improve your community's attractiveness to industry. If such be the case, help is available from the Economic Development Association or District in which your community is located. You can obtain its address from the Division of Research and Planning, Industrial Development and Parks Department, Oklahoma City.

It follows that the most attractive Oklahoma towns and cities, those with the best schools, the highest community levels of educational attainment, transportation advantages, well-developed industrial parks, medical facilities, local cultural and recreational attractions, are going to be the most successful competitors in the nation-wide competition which industrial development has become.

A reality which must be faced is the fact that towns and cities across the continent, in every state, are launched on a drive toward increasing diversified industrialization. This has become the all-American game of competitive enterprise, played on a national scale, massive in scope, a tournament of champions. Success is not going to be won by the unimaginative, inept, unambitious community; but some community is going to win, and it might as well be yours.

Examine the financial advantages you are prepared to offer in your invitation to industry.

What funds can you make available to an incoming industry through first mortgage sources; banks, insurance companies, buildings and loan, private investors?

The Oklahoma Industrial Development Act of 1961 grants authority to municipalities and counties to establish trusts issuing revenue bonds to promote industrial development. Other routes are available to undergird your community's capability to finance.

The Oklahoma Industrial Finance Authority can lend up to 25% of the cost of a qualified project, to a maximum of $500,000. The Oklahoma Employment Service administers a program designed to provide job training in various service areas.

The U. S. Bureau of Indian Affairs offers incentives which can be helpful in persuading a firm to locate in an area where Indians can be employed. The B.I.A. maintains an on-the-job Indian training program. It provides wage subsidies which can be an important source of working capital for a new industry.

The U. S. Housing and Home Finance Agency, through its Accelerated Public Works Program, Communities Facilities Administration, and Urban Renewal, can assist in financing necessary economic development.

The Area Redevelopment Administration makes long term loans for industrial and commercial projects. ARA is interested in developing public facilities associated with new or expanding industry. ARA can provide technical assistance and detailed studies of the industrial development possibilities of a community. It assists in the training of workers in rede-
The Small Business Administration offers a variety of services helpful to small firms in solving financial problems.

Establishing your community's capability to finance is a time consuming project. It may involve matters which must be voted by the people. These matters should be complete before an industrial prospect is contacted. Money makes a splendid lure. Virtually any industrial prospect can use and will welcome all the financial help possible.

Failure, for any reason, of an industry brought to your community is a disaster you must take all possible steps to avoid. It is better not to obtain a new industry than to secure one which fails. Its failure reflects on your community and can create problems more serious than those existent before it came.

Never overlook the possibility that your best course may be to bolster and strengthen industry already existing in your community.

In seeking new industry, you will need an industrial salesman. You may want to employ a man for this. If so, remember that an ineffective person can do more harm than good. Fortunately, Oklahoma has some expert industrial salesmen.

Public utility companies have industrial salesmen on their staffs who will counsel with and help you. Several Oklahoma cities and towns employ industrial salesmen. The State Department of Industrial Development and Parks offers to you its cooperation. This state department maintains lists of industrial prospects, which are kept current for your reference and use.

Oklahoma has a number of built-in advantages which should prove helpful to you. Our climate is an example. While other areas of the nation labor under the weight of wintery ice and snow, our streets and highways are clear. We have a plenteous of bright southwestern sunshine—an average of 350 flying days per year.

The Interstate Highway System has made Oklahoma the crossroads of the nation. Truck lines, airlines, and railways link this centrally located state with markets throughout the nation and the world. Industries moving into this area have compiled impressive statistics on how Oklahoma's central location has cut their freight bills.

In just four years, barges on our waterways will link us with the seaports of the world. Port authorities are now being established, port facilities are ready for construction. Economical water transportation is an imminent reality in Oklahoma.

Our huge lakes and reservoirs provide abundant billions of gallons of industrial water.

Bureau of Labor statistics show that dollar volume output per Oklahoma worker is consistently higher than the national average. Oklahoma employees are conscientious, efficient, hard workers.

Money for industrial financing is available. The state's tax structure is favorable to industry.

Electric and thermal power is abundant.

Oil, gas, coal, salt, gypsum, stone, sand, lead, zinc, alabaster, asphalt, copper, sulphur, wheat, cotton, livestock, feed grains, fruits, forest products, and many other raw materials of industry are available here.

We have recreational lakes, parks, natural scenic beauty; both participation and spectator sports; a western and Indian heritage, a colorful indigenous culture; imported continental cultures in all the arts, the splendid Tulsa Philharmonic and Oklahoma City Symphony, civic ballet companies, theatre groups. Oklahomans have risen to world fame in every endeavor and the facilities which enabled them to do so flourish here.

With all these advantages, it remains for you to find the local leadership needed to bring fruition. Only you and your community can provide the final ingredients essential to economic growth. These are creative imagination, cooperative good will, and hard work. The other elements have been provided. If we fail, it is no one's fault but our own.
for fun, for exercise, for national championships; sooners play . . . .

James Drake is in his late 70's, but you would never know it watching him bounce across a tennis court to return a lob shot. Drake plays almost daily, regardless of the weather. Joe Lee Rogers is 13, and has been playing tennis for six years. These two typify the burgeoning popularity of tennis in Oklahoma.

A conservative estimate is that 10,000 Oklahomans will play tennis at least occasionally during 1967. "The beauty of tennis," says Oklahoma University coach Jerry Keen, "is that it can be played for a lifetime. All you have to do is find someone of approximately your ability."

Keen's Sooners won the Big Eight Conference championship last spring—success indicative of the improving quality as well as quantity of Oklahoma tennis. Never before have so many Oklahomans been nationally ranked.

Patsy Rippy, from Shawnee, is second in the country in girls' 18-and-under singles, fourth in 18-and-under doubles, 13th in women's singles, eighth in women's doubles. "She is known around the world," says Paul Duffield, her coach at Shawnee. "She's the best woman athlete Oklahoma has produced, and she has the potential to be winning at Wimbledon soon." At Shawnee High School, Miss Rippy was named athlete of the year over the boys, whose number included all-state football and basketball players. A versatile, effervescent girl, Patsy also plays violin and makes outstanding grades at Odessa College in Texas, where she is a freshman this year. The family home in Shawnee is bedecked with no fewer than 250 trophies she has won, and where the total will stop, nobody knows.

Junior programs in most larger communities in the state promise to turn out more Patsy Rippys. Oklahoma University, Oklahoma State University and Oklahoma City University are building rapidly toward places of prominence in the national collegiate limelight. Oklahoma

BY NICK SEITZ

OKLAHOMA TODAY
State dominated the Big Eight for ten years. OCU recently recruited two Australians, Brian Wilkinson and Colin Robertson, who figure to bring the Chiefs new attention; Robertson was rated seventh in Australian junior ranks.

Southeastern State at Durant has a big league tennis record. Coach Clarence Dyer's teams are perennial National Association of Inter-collegiate Athletics powers, and have finished no lower than third the last six years. Ike Groce, Steve Roemer, Jerry Chaney, and Mike Kennedy have been some of the Savages' stickout performers. Southeastern plays several Southwest Conference schools each season, and has won as many as it has lost traveling in that fast company. Last year, for example, the Savages upset Houston and North Texas State in coach Dyer's 20th anniversary season.

Seldom a week goes by from April to October that a big tournament, involving top amateurs, it not unfolding in some Oklahoma city. The state open and closed events are in Oklahoma City. Tulsa annually plays host on Memorial Day weekend to the Tulsa Tennis Club Invitational. The sponsors try to attract the top 10 men and top 10 women players in the United States, and do not miss much. Former Davis Cupper Vic Seixas won the men's division in 1966, No. 1-rated Billie Jean Moffitt King the women's crown. Competitors such as Dennis Ralston and Ham Richardson have displayed their skills in the Tulsa showcase, which dates back to 1958.

The pros have come to Oklahoma, too. They staged one of their popular tour events at the opulent Oklahoma City Golf and Country Club, and plan to return this Labor Day weekend, according to tour director Wally Dill of San Francisco. "Our contract with the pros called for their getting a $10,000 guarantee," says Stanley Draper Jr. of the Oklahoma City All Sports Association. That group, along with the Country Club, sponsors the
show. "We paid them more than that amount. The tournament was an outstanding success."

Attendance averaged about 1,500 a day as Andres Gimeno, a colorful Spaniard, defeated Australian Ken Rosewell in the finals to earn the $2,700 first prize. Oklahoma City was one of eight spots on the American tour. "We hope to be one for a long time," enthuses Draper.

Draper, himself a weekend player ("I would play more often if I had the time"), is fond of reciting the highlights of Oklahoma's tennis heritage. Any reminiscing starts with Don McNeill, a hard-hitting Oklahoma City Classen High School graduate who won the National Championship at Forest Hills in 1940. "He put Oklahoma tennis on the map," recalls Draper.

Southeastern State coach Dyer, a playing contemporary of McNeill's recalls, "The harder Don hit the ball, the better he became. I remember he went up against the No. 1 player from Spain, and nobody gave Don a chance. But he won the second set in extra games, and went on to win. That was the turning point in his career, I believe."

Now Patsy Rippy is threatening to capture a national title. There are strong teams at the universities and colleges. Tough veteran amateurs like Muskogee teacher and coach Gene Land and Oklahoma City oilman S. L. Shofner continue to play a powerful game. Oklahoma City's Bruce Barrett won the Missouri Valley Junior Tournament last year. Tulsa's Paul Lockwood is among the leaders in the national boys' 14-and-under rankings. The Oklahoma City pro meet may be nationally televised next autumn.

Yes, the game has come quite a ways from the gay nineties days when young Sooner ladies in long skirts played lawn tennis, sipping lemonade from a glass in one hand while they swung the racquet with the other. Like the mini-skirt, you might say it has really risen.

TENNIS TOURNAMENTS SCHEDULED FOR OKLAHOMA IN 1967

April 7-8 . . . HARDING HS INVITATION (Oklahoma City)
April 14-15 . . . SEMINOLE HS INVITATION (Seminole)
May 5-6 . . . OKLA. STATE HS CHAMPIONSHIP (Harding HS, Oklahoma City)
May 12-13 . . . OKLA. STATE JR. HIGH (Seminole HS, Seminole)
June 1-4 . . . SEMINOLE OPEN (Seminole)
June 6-11 . . . OKLAHOMA STATE OPEN (Oklahoma City)
June 13-18 . . . TULSA WORLD OPEN (Tulsa)
July 5-9 . . . INDIAN CAPITOL OPEN (Muskogee)
July 20-23 . . . NORMAN ROTARY OPEN (Norman)
July 27-30 . . . SOONER STATE OPEN (Ada)
August 22-27 OKLAHOMA STATE CLOSED (Oklahoma City)
Sept. 1-4 . . . MUSKOGEE CIVITAN OPEN (Muskogee)
HENRYETTA LABOR DAY SENIORS OPEN (Henryetta)
Sept. 29-30 . . . O.C.U. INVITATION (Oklahoma City)
Oct. 7-8 . . . OKLAHOMA DOUBLES INVITATION (Norman)
SEMINOLE

THE OILRUSH THAT PRODUCED MORE WEALTH THAN ALL THE GOLD RUSHES IN THE AMERICAN WEST COMBINED . . . . . . . BY DAVID CRAIGHEAD
Twas in the Spring of '26, you all remember well,
When the oil rush town of Seminole plunged overnight to hell.
The boom it was upon us, with all its gay turmoil
For out on Section 33, the Searight had struck oil.
And all along the highway the cars and trucks would roar,
And such a call for teamsters you'd never heard before."

These lines by Mrs. Lee Cavender sketch the exciting days when Seminole reigned supreme among Oklahoma oil boom towns.

Within five years of that time, oil conservation practices—backed by law—ended the unbridled boom. Seminole was in many ways the last dizzy chapter in a boom town story that began when the Shallow Field in north-eastern Oklahoma focused attention on Oklahoma as a promising major oil area. BIG oil sags at Glenn Pool, Cushing, Healdton, Ponca City, and Burbank, along with other smaller booms, confirmed the promise. The opening of two more major fields, Seminole and Oklahoma City, remained before Conservation went into effect. Oklahoma City, a large and diversified community even before oil hit, maintained a relative calm through its “boom.”

Seminole, located on rolling, oak timbered land in east-central Oklahoma, got a pungent whiff of rich crude petroleum when a driller found oil at neighboring We- woka in 1923. Then F. J. Searight increased the excitement when, in 1926, he punched down to the Hunton limestone only a few miles from Seminole and got a 300-barrel well.

Expectancy became pandemonium that July. Robert F. Garland—a young man who resembled Rudolph Valentino more than a grizzled oil wildcatter—hit a prolific new pay zone at 4,073 feet. This oil-bearing sand, the Wilcox, gave him a princely reward of 6,120 barrels a day.

Garland's No. 1 Fixico is called the discovery well of the Greater Seminole Field: “Greater Seminole” because what first was considered one oil field proved to be more than twenty distinct, though geologically related, pools. The most important early ones were Seminole City, Carls- boro, Bowlegs, Searight, and Little River. In mid-1927 Greater Seminole had 650 wells producing and 500 more being drilled. Wrote an oil statistician late that year; "when the petroleum history of 1927 is written, it will consist largely of one word: ‘Seminole.’ Its peak production this summer has been the greatest ever reached by an oil field in the history of the world.”

The huge effort to draw oil in Greater Seminole drew thousands of strangers there. Drillers, tool dressers, roust-abouts came. Derrick crews. Steel storage-tank builders and pipeline-layers. Truck and taxi drivers. Teamsters with their spans of mules or horses. And an army of camp followers.

Seminole and its pastoral setting were conquered—seized and transformed! Traffic choked its roads day and night. Following frequent rains, battalions of wheels and hooves churned the topsoil into a paste sure to mire any vehicle.

“There wasn't a foot of paving in the county in those early days,” recalls James T. Jackson, now manager of the Pauls Valley Chamber of Commerce.

Formerly a Kansan, Jackson arrived in Seminole at the peak of the boom and became publisher of the Seminole Producer. He says horses actually drowned on Seminole streets. This happened, for example, at the rail-road freight dock when weary wagon drivers wandered away and horses lost their footing and fell. Mud and water were so deep the animals could, and did, drown. One day a big truck bogged down outside Jackson's office. A second truck was sent to help but also got stuck. When a third did too, its men threw a winch line around a huge metal post, sunk in concrete nearby. Their pulling jerked it from the ground. The trucks were still there late that night.

Mrs. J. H. Killingsworth, who with her husband ran a large dry goods store, said rubber boots were so sought after that when a truck load got stuck, the store sent clerks to the scene. They sold every pair from the truck. Seminole ladies in evening dress were in perfectly acceptable style wearing rubber boots.

Prosperity led the Killingsworths to buy a new family Ford. They shortly sold it, however, upon discovering they couldn't drive it to town without becoming mired. “We lived in a state of constant excitement,” said Mrs. Killingsworth. “There were crowds downtown all night. The only way we could close the store was to lock the front door, put the keys under the mat. We worked ourselves to death. We had to. It's a wonder we didn't all have nervous breakdowns. We could have stayed open all night.

“Money was everywhere . . . it wasn't a matter of selling goods, just . . . wrapping it and getting it out. The oil workers would come in, ask the girls for something, and tip them fifty cents or a dollar.”

Still, the store had problems. It was plagued by “dopes”—narcotics users who were expert at mixing with customers until, unnoticed, they would swoop up whole armloads of merchandise and dash out the door. "You couldn't catch them, the crowd was so thick," Mrs. Killingsworth said.

Townpeople yet had an effective ally in Jake Sims—one of the unlikeliest police chiefs a boom town ever had. Sad-faced, slight of stature, a mere 140 pounds, he confronted some of the toughest, meanest men imaginable. Invariably they walked docilely into jail at his bidding. Local citizens voted him into office ten times. Jackson considered Jake Sims as a remarkable officer. “He never carried a gun all those years. Yet there wasn't but one major robbery.”

Sims’ “grapevine” kept him informed of what was happening in Seminole’s underworld. Jackson recalls, “If a store lost a large amount of merchandise to shoplifters, Jake would tell them to go bring it back. And they would. It might not be the same stuff, but it would be of about equal value.”

Sims' job was complicated by the presence, just outside the city to the north, of Bishop's Alley—a bawdy, free-wheeling vice district. The street also was known as “Shanker Alley.” In late 1929, Seminole annexed the Alley in order to tame it. Sims and his men called it their “Christmas present.”

What little “law” Bishop's Alley knew before annea-
tion was administered by an itinerant peace justice whose deputies stalked and arrested the obviously drunk. A Producer writer dubbed these deputies “corn stalkers.” The justice levied fines and he and his deputies divided the money. “From his house by the side of the road Peace Justice Heath watched his motley world go by—and charged them for the going,” the Producer reported in 1936. “If men got drunk they would eventually head for the lurid lights of Bishop’s Alley. And if men went down to the alley sober, chances were they’d head back for town pretty well stewed. There by the side of the road Tom Heath and his deputies watched the men go by, nabbing them off when they tippled too much. The North End’s law and order was dispensed from a frame shack building, 12 by 48 feet.”

Such were the workings of the “fines,” according to Jackson, that if a girl of the streets were brought in and fined twenty dollars and it developed she could only pay half the amount she would be freed to get the rest.

A popular spot in the Alley was the Palace, a dance hall where a girl would waltz with a man all evening for 25c a minute. Girls might also be found elsewhere. “Hotels” were the Kentucky Rooms, the Sunset Rooms, and the Big C. Included in the gambling line were the Gene Taylor house and the “Boots” Cutler place. Assorted frame shanties housed cafes, booze parlors, drug stores, and private residences.

Jake Sims, in later years, said that it was not oil workers or local residents who caused most of Seminole’s law enforcement problems, but criminals who came “to make money from the oil workers.”

“You’d see car tags from forty-eight states within 24 hours,” he said.

Most Seminole citizens left the high-stepping antics to others. “We lived within two blocks of Bishop’s Alley and they never bothered us,” said Mrs. Killingsworth.

Bishop’s Alley was the carnival midway of the Seminole oil boom. Most who went there knew it existed in order to fleece them but in the full flush of the boom they hardly cared. The Alley and other less famous streets changed character in the thirties when the “oil game” became the “oil industry” and the oil patch became a fit place for a man to raise his family.

No denizen of Bishop’s Alley would recognize it today. It is an entirely normal street in today’s prosperous, modern Seminole, where oil is still a major industry in the city’s economy.

But the old Greater Seminole field always will retain its distinction as the place where the Oklahoma Oilrush reached its frantic climax.
Here is one of the most convincing arguments for conservation that we have encountered. Anyone who has seen the results of reclamation, as for example our Sandstone Creek area near Cheyenne where once eroded land has been made productive and the streams again flow clear, needs no further convincing. Persuasive also are the recollections of one like author Albert Gilles, who writes so effectively, and makes his point subtly. As we have developed the methods and machines of progress, so we can develop the means to prevent air pollution, water pollution, unsightly litter and heaps of junk and refuse; using the natural resources we have been given, but extracting this earth’s bounty not as man the despoiler, but as man the creative instrument of God.

B.B.

WEST CACHE CREEK

BY ALBERT S. GILLES, SR.

When we reached the Comanche country during the early days of March, 1902, I was not only of an impressionable age, but I was seeking to be impressed. Moving to this Indian country had been a dream of some duration, and now it was being fulfilled.

CONTINUED
My affair with the prairie was love at first sight. There were only the mountains to tell me it was not boundless. Grass fires in the Wichitas lighted them up by night, so I could distinguish the different ridges.

The city of Lawton, still more than half tents, confined to 320 acres, its multi-thousands of inhabitants crowded elbow to elbow, combined to make even the unimaginative bug-eyed. There was nothing I would have changed.

With all these things spread out before me, nothing seemed quite so wonderful as West Cache Creek. I still place it as the most beautiful prairie stream I have ever seen. It was not only a beautiful stream, but it was located in exactly the right place, to water a prairie that stretched from horizon to horizon.

Birthed in the mountains to the north, it made its way south by slightly east, as though placed there by the Creator to water the cloven-hoofed herds that had feasted on the bounty of this prairie through countless ages.

For the first eight or nine miles after it leaves the mountains, it's a busy stream in right smart of a hurry. It is only after it joins Post Oak, a creek from the west that has skirted the south side of the mountains for several miles, that Cache becomes a thing of beauty — a CONTINUED
high-banked stream, carrying crystal clear sweet water, on a bed of clean, light-tan granite sand. Stately, vigorous elm and pecan trees once lined the high banks on either side.

The channel carrying the stream probably averaged 150 feet across and in places was as much as 20 feet deep. The channel was partially filled with sand washed down from the mountains. The water lay in long holes, sometimes along one bank, sometimes along the other.

Excepting in the dryest times a substantial amount of water ran from one hole to the next. The running stream might be narrow and a couple of feet deep, or yards wide and six or eight inches deep. Always the water was clear. I have no way of knowing how much the flow of water through the sand amounted to.

I have seen this creek at flood stage, running full from bank to bank and spilling over a low place off its banks here and there. But if you dipped a pail of water from this flood, it was as clear as though drawn from a well. Of course this was before the gram- mesquite covering of the prairie had been disturbed by the farmer's plow.

Had I owned a farm crossed by West Cache, I would have charged people for even

CONTINUED
looking at my Creek. Seldom did the water in these holes extend from bank to bank. At the water's edge would be a beach of the clean granite sand for one to enter or leave the water, if inclined to go swimming.

Teeming is the word I am sure one should use to describe the multitude of fish in this wonderful stream. Even in present times, when its water is often stained by the run-off from the red earth, and the holes are fewer in number and less deep, excellent catches of channel cat are often made in both West Cache and Post Oak Creeks.

The only enemy the fish had ever encountered was the garfish, one of nature's balancing agencies. I believe, when I first saw this stream, it represented fishing at its best — brought to a near state of perfection by nature, untrammled by man's civilization.

Elm and pecan dominated the trees along the bank, and there were groves of pecans here and there away from the creek. Like the fish, these trees showed what nature can do, when men are not there to interfere. They were well-shaped, vigorous, and disease-free. The trees' only enemy would have been the prairie fire. The dominance of elm and pecan, I suppose, indicates they were the most resistant to fire
WEST CACHE CREEK

damage.

At times I have let my fancy run freely, populating this area with buffalo from the southern herd, grazing their way north. I have wondered how the buffalo could have brought themselves to leave this grama-mesquite carpet, and this stream of abundant, never-failing, sweet clear water. I am sure, had I been a buffalo, I would never have grazed more than a few miles from this stream.

One could enjoy fishing or swimming in the sunlight, or in the shade of the abundant elm foliage. Visualize a string of clear water swimming pools, or fishing pools, strung out like a strand of beads, for miles and miles, and imagine what it could do to a boy's heart, and mind.

You could fish with a pole from the high banks, or set trotlines. For some reason, the channel cat was just a bit hungrier and took the trotline bait a mite more eagerly just as day was breaking. The trouble was, these were the identical hours a boy in his middle teens was the sleepiest. Remembering this wonderful fishing, has been a handicap. It has kept me from appreciating other fishing through the years, when I've happened to remember the wonders of West Cache Creek.
SEVEN
FACES
OF
SPRING

A hundred leagues south, near Haystack
Mountain, a cactus opens
its incandescent tallow
flowers beneath a shimming
arch of green mesquite. Selenite crystals
sparkle with every flashing ray in this sandy, arid,
southwestern land—

COLOR PHOTO,
NEAR MANGUM,
BY
BILL BURCHARDT
Oklahoma! Just the words bring to mind wide-open space, a rarity in today’s “buy it and develop it” age of the urban-minded.

Here is a land where there is a bit of everything—mesquite, sagebrush, tumbleweeds, rough canyon country, jagged rocks, vast rolling plains of pasture grass, wheat, rich and fertile soil, sandy loam, even alkali, and alabaster.

It’s an area with a lively history, much of which is just now being salvaged, recorded, and museumed for the generations to come—those who won’t blink twice at a spaceship zooming to the moon but will need relics of the past to believe the true tales of the old west.

Those who now live in Oklahoma Northwest take for granted the vastness of their land, the accessibility of areas like Lake Canton with its sky-blue water and...
rugged rock shoreline, or Great Salt Plains Lake, as salty as sea water.

Roman Nose State Park has for its surroundings a multicolored gypsum canyon, a spring-fed stream, a modern lodge, cabins, and a natural swimming pool refreshingly chill in its setting of rugged rock.

Fort Supply Lake is near the site of the old fort, established in 1868 to serve as a supply base for Custer’s 7th Cavalry.

Alabaster Caverns is a remarkable underground wonderland.

Little Sahara’s sand dunes are as incongruent in Soonerland as would be North Africa’s Sahara Desert.

The Great Salt Plains, where visitors can scoop up handfuls of salt, are now a wildlife refuge. They have been a salt source for wildlife, and the once wandering tribes of Plains Indian people back into antiquity.

The Glass Mountains (perhaps your grandfather called them the Gloss Mountains) shine in the early or late sun with millions of crystals of selenite, translucent isinglass which peels in layers. They can be seen near Orienta for mile after mile.

At Boiling Springs, near Woodward, cool spring water bubbles up through the white sand at no less than 300 gallons a minute.

At the artesian wells near Cherokee and Jet, pure, tasty, mineral water gushes from man-installed pipes tapping the best of all waters to drink.

Where but in Oklahoma Northwest could you stop off on Texas Street (in Woodward) and visit with the grandson of Texas’ great General Sam Houston. Dick and Bessie Houston, you’ll soon learn, would much rather talk about Dick’s famous dad, Temple Houston.

Bessie has spent a lifetime collecting and preserving the history and artifacts which surrounded Temple Houston. By the time the moon-visiting generation has taken over, Bessie will have assembled in book form the available speeches delivered by her famed early day father-in-law, considered by historians to be one of the greatest orators the American West produced.

One of the first criminal lawyers in the Oklahoma Territory, Temple Houston lived by his own code. He took no case unless he firmly believed the man or woman to be innocent. In this way he consistently won verdicts of innocent for his clients. He left Texas to carve his own notch in history, and that he did, in part with sidearms, with which he was known to be skillful.

In 1966, Woodward’s beloved Dr. C. E. Williams and his wife Ann Lorry Williams, with an outright gift of $125,000, made possible the construction of Woodward’s Pioneer Historical Museum and Art Center. Dr. Williams has been a practicing physician since 1912. His family homesteaded near Mooreland when the Cherokee Outlet was opened in 1893. Mrs. Williams, a Kay county native of French and Indian descent is an artist. Much of northwest Oklahoma’s history lives on her canvases. You’ll find the new Pioneer Historical Museum and Art Center on Williams Avenue as you enter Woodward from the south on U. S. 270.

Just a breeze away, south of Waynoka, is Little Sahara State Park. Visit here, take a picture, and be assured
there will never be another like it taken again. These shifting sands have inspired the construction of a special vehicle, the “dune buggy.”

Each summer morning, a dune buggy tracks a safe trail across the dunes. During the day, park visitors enjoy the novelty of thrilling, roller-coaster-like rides across the dunes in these speedy, open, four-wheel drive vehicles.

Annually, at Christmas, a pageant is staged on the dunes. It drew 10,000 people last year. The pageant, performed outdoors, has for its setting the clean, crisp winter air, and real stars shining over the manger and stable.

Grace Ward Smith, former Alva Chamber of Commerce executive, envisioned a dream resort at Little Sahara, an Arabian tented resort, with oasis swimming pool. Perhaps someday her dream will be a reality.

At nearby Okeene and Waynoka are held each spring a pair of Oklahoma’s most unusual attractions. These are the rattlesnake hunts. Unbelievable! Seasoned hunters seek the elusive and dangerous game. The diamond-back skins are used for many purposes. The meat, believe it or not, is tasty. Rattlesnake steaks are a delicacy, white meat comparable to but just a bit different from frog legs, and much, much richer.

The venom is extracted for medical serums, used to combat a number of diseases. While the hunt goes on in the hills, the deadly reptiles are brought in to market, and a carnival atmosphere of gaiety and celebration prevails to entertain the crowds in Okeene and Waynoka.

Not far away is a different attraction; Cedar Canyon and the Alabaster Caverns near Freedom. Geologists estimate these Caverns with their domes and intricate sculptures were carved by nature more than 200 million years ago.

Some Oklahoma Northwesterners remember visiting the Caverns before they became the beautifully lighted attractions they are today. They remember spooky visits, towed by parents with lanterns in hand. At the right time of year swarming bats might fly out in a great swish as humans intruded their lair. A few bats still hibernate there in winter, hanging in small clusters from overhead domes and ceilings.

To Everett Butler, of Mooreland, these few remaining bats are old friends. One of them hangs head downward in the same spot, winter after winter. When his back is scratched he will bare his teeth and open his eyes, then go right back to sleep. Butler says the bats are becoming extinct and officials do not know why, unless it is because of today’s heavy use of insecticides.

Cool water trickles through the Caverns, where the temperature remains at a cool 56 degrees the year round. A hidden lake, and nature’s sculptures—the Owl’s Face, the Sleeping Turtle, the Frog, the Devil’s Bathtub; the great Cathedral Chamber and Dome, the Catacombs, the Heart Dome, the Keyhole Dome; all are pointed out to modern visitors on guided tours.

The nearby city of Fairview is fast becoming the capital of the Flying Farmer set. Annually Fairview hosts a “fly-in” on Veterans Day. It’s a big show, and worth seeing. The airplane is a commonplace implement in modern agriculture. Small farms are a thing of the past. Operations are big. Even the farmer has become a commuter, flying from home to farmland to pastureland. The farmer’s air-conditioned pickup truck often contains a two-way radio hookup to keep in touch with the little woman back at headquarters.

Northwest Oklahoma is cattle country as well as wheat and grain country. Near Cleo Springs it is also watermelon country. Near Orienta cotton is produced. The wheat capital is Enid, where the skyline is dominated by the towering Union Equity Elevators.

continued
The Union Equity wheat dynasty grew out of the faith of one man, the late E. N. Puckett. His son, Ed Puckett, carries on the family tradition. Union Equity Cooperative Exchange grain elevators store not only Oklahoma's harvest but that of nearby states. Part of the huge complex is a research center, containing laboratories dedicated to the production of better and better grain for foodstuffs.

In nearby Major County turkey growers abound. Here the idea that turkey is not just holiday fare was first promoted. The word caught on with homemakers and now a variety of sizes are produced, from small "barbecue" birds to the large "holiday" type.

Neighboring Kingfisher County is a rich lode of western lore. With such heritage treasures as the Chisholm Trail, the Pat Hennessey massacre, and a stagecoach station wearing the same name as Texas gunfighter King Fisher, the most interesting tale of all is an untold one. It concerns the sister of the infamous Dalton brothers.

Leona, last surviving sister of the outlaws, died in a Kingfisher nursing home in 1962. Leona Dalton was respected and beloved. Her community protected her from the curious, and from the press. No one ever mentioned her presence in Kingfisher. She was permitted to live out her declining years in peace.

Kingfisher, like much of Oklahoma Northwest, has benefited from oil. Another band of "black gold" stretches from Laverne in Harper County to Helena in Alfalfa County. And that's "Hel-eena," not "He'lina," as in Montana.

Then there's that rich strike made this past autumn in Atlantic City, New Jersey. It was there that Laverne's Jane Jayroe, of Oklahoma Northwest, became the reigning Miss America. How's that for a Grand Finale?
THE BATTLE
OF
LITTLE ROBE
CREEK

BY STAN HOIG

In 1858 the western portion of what is today Oklahoma was the uncharted home of the Comanche and Kiowa tribes. Explorers, traders and gold-seekers had marched along the wide-bedded rivers, but beyond their banks the timbered hills and prairies were the exclusive real estate of the Indian who in 1858, three years prior to the Civil War, still subsisted upon the herds of buffalo which ranged across this land.

From this vast stronghold the Comanches and Kiowas launched their raiding expeditions to the north against the Arkansas River transportation and to the west and south against the frontier settlements of Texas. With their war parties meeting little or no opposition, even the wisest chief could hardly have guessed that in less than thirty years the white man would have won control of this region.

continued
"The white chief is a fool, he is a coward, his heart is small—no larger than a pebble stone," Kiowa Chief Tohausen told Indian agent Robert Miller. "When my young men, to keep their women and children from starving, take from the white man passing through our country, killing and driving away the buffalo, a cup of sugar or coffee, the white chief gets angry and threatens to send his soldiers. I have looked for them a long time, but they have not come . . . his heart is a woman's."

But Tohausen's words of scornful defiance were spoken too soon, for in this same year there took place a battle which was the first to break the absolute dominance of this area by the Indians. Known to history as the Battle of Little Robe Creek, the affair took place just across the Canadian River north of a famous Oklahoma landmark, the Antelope Hills. Its occurrence unknown to many today, the Battle of Little Robe Creek was comparable to Custer's Washita attack, however unjustified, in establishing the potential of American strength upon the Indians.

It was not, however, the Federal government which conducted this punitive strike. It came instead from the south, where frontier Texas was struggling to open her vast lands for settlement. A principal barrier was the constant danger of attacks by marauding bands of Kiowas or Comanches who for generations had kept not only Texas but northern Mexico as well under the threat of their lances and scalping knives.

The responsibility of protecting the Texas frontier fell upon a small and overworked Texas Ranger force, headed by Captain John S. Ford, who was tagged by his men with the nickname of "Old Rip." Ford realized the impossibility of waging a defensive campaign against an enemy who struck wil-o'-the-wisp-like through miles of frontier. He could see only one hope—to strike the Indian in his own village on his own grounds. But in the year 1858, few on the frontier would have considered this, it being an especially precarious undertaking.

Notwithstanding, in early May of 1858 Ford gathered together an invasion force consisting of 102 Texas Rangers, supported by a hundred friendly Caddoe, Waco, Anadarko and Tawakonie Indians from the Lower Brazos Reserve near present Fort Worth. These were led by Shapley P. Ross and accompanied by Captain Sul Ross, later a Texas governor. Crossing the Red River, the force moved northward along the 98th parallel until it reached the Washita Valley. Here Ford and his expedition discovered an Indian travois trail leading northward.

Following this trail, the Ranger-Indian force on the morning of May 12 sighted the gleaming lodge tops of an Indian camp just northwest of the Antelope Hills where Little Robe Creek empties into the Canadian. Quickly Ford put his field glasses on the village counting some 70 lodges. A scout galloped up to report that the braves of this village were hunting buffalo several miles away.

Ford lost no time debating the morality of the busi-
ness before him. He had come here to teach the Indians the basic lesson that if Texas homes were going to be raided, then so would those of the Indian. Raising his hand, he ordered his command into a cavalry attack formation, and when he brought it down the charge was on—down upon the panic-stricken village which exploded into fleeing women, children, and men too old to ride in the buffalo surround, with guns and sabers striking out against the nearest target, whatever it might be. The momentum of the charge carried the attackers through the camp and beyond. Here Ford regrouped and waited as the warriors of the village came swarming to the rescue of their families.

The Comanche warriors quickly threw a line of defense between the Texas force and the village, picking up their wounded and dead as the stream of women, children and aged began their exodus to safety on the far side.

Again Ford lifted his hand to signal a charge. Even as he did so, a lone rider suddenly appeared from the mass of Comanche warriors. He rode an iron gray stallion and carried a lance at the top of which fluttered a white flag. When he was nearer, the Texans could see that he wore the horned headdress and buffalo robe of the Koteoteka, Buffalo-eater Comanche.

But Ford was on the war path, and he had no intention of talking peace. He motioned to Jim Pockmark, Anadarko chieftain, to send a warning shot over the Comanche's head. Pockmark, noted on the frontier as a superb shot, did so, but the rider paid it no mind and continued on. Pockmark laid another bullet between the horns of the headpiece. Still the Comanche rode toward the troops.

“Get him!”

Ford's order clearly applied to anyone, and several rifles, including Pockmark's, blazed away at the Comanche. As the powder smoke quickly drifted away, the Rangers watched in anticipation of seeing the Indian topple from his saddle.

But to their amazement, he did not fall, continuing instead to kneel his mount into a turn and ride along parallel to the invaders from Texas. Guns cracked along the line, and even at two hundred yards distance it was difficult to believe that all of the expert riflemen were missing.

At the end of the line, the seemingly indestructible Comanche wheeled the stallion to turn back up the line. Then suddenly in the middle of the turn, the rider jerked and pitched sideways from his horse. Ford watched for the length of a long breath, then, almost as if he feared the figure would rise again, he shouted out the command to charge the Indian camp.

By now the Comanche village had been emptied, and the braves, following the Plains Indians chivalric code in which a classic stand-up fight was rare, faded from the battlefield almost as soon as it had begun. Ford was forced to content himself with destroying the village, its equipage and supplies. A count of the battlefield revealed over 75 Comanche dead. The Texas force lost two killed and three wounded. This done, Ford turned once more to the spot where lay the Comanche who had defied the Texas bullets. What they found was even more amazing than he had anticipated.

Beneath the buffalo robe worn by the now-dead Indian was a coat of Spanish armor. At that distance, it had protected the Comanche from the force of the bullets. That is, it had until he made the fatal mistake of leaning with his horse to make the turn. At that angle a slug had rammed up underneath the metal flaps and mortally wounded the warrior.

The dead man, Ford learned later, was Pohebites Quasho or “Iron Jacket,” who wore the suit of armor which had been handed down for generations among the Comanche Indians.

Scattered accounts of such suits of armor among the Indians are to be found in the records of the early West. In July of 1785, a group of Comanches met in council with officials of Spain at Taos and shortly afterward elected as their chief a warrior named Ecueraacapa (Leather Coat) or Cota de Malla (Coat of Mail). The chief was widely known throughout New Mexico and Texas as a great warrior.

The Cheyenne, Alights-on-the-Clouds, was reportedly killed in 1852, despite a suit of armor he wore, by a Pawnee arrow which struck him in the eye.

A Ute fighting with Colonel Kit Carson at the battle of Adobe Walls in 1864 took an armor shirt from a dead Kiowa. Other records make mention of such suits of mail among the Apaches of New Mexico. This is not really too amazing when consideration is given to the fact that many of the Spanish conquistadors who, clanking along in heavy armor, couldn’t keep up with their columns and were never heard from again, or that at various times old, rusted suits of mail and metal shirts have been uncovered in the Western states.

But for whatever the wonderment of the armor-wearing Comanche, Captain John S. Ford's Texas Rangers and the contingent of friendly Indians won the first important battle over the Comanches in their own domain.

The fight at Little Robe Creek did not stop the Comanche raiding, but it was the turning point for the conquest of the heart of the Comanche and Kiowa lands in Western Oklahoma.
Early in April a cowboy forded Birch Creek at a trail crossing and was starting straight across the prairie when he pulled up his horse and stopped, his eyes resting upon a spot of ground no larger than his hand. Here and there were sun-lifted blades that emerged into a flash of green. The spring grass was coming!

The cowboy followed with his keen vision the long swells of the prairie until they billowed against the horizon, and everywhere he saw that same flash of green—faint, restful, and in some dim way filling the heart with hope and new courage. This cowboy had not the gift of bookish words to tell of the miracle that heaven was working in the Osage pastures, the miracle that had been wrought spring after spring since the world began, the wondrous birth of living green. But he did say this to his horse:

“Finer’n frog hair, ain’t she, ol’ hoss!”

And straightway his horse fell to nibbling the tender blades.

That night the foreman of the Lazy L outfit sent a telegram to the “old man” way down on the Brazos that set things humming. All over the Southwest Texas country spread the news that the grass was coming in the Osage and Indian Territory pastures, those unsurpassable pastures for the fattening of the lean, tottering herds bawling to the Texas skies for water and grass, at the end of the cruel winter. The news went not only to Texas, but to St. Louis, to Kansas City, and to Chicago, where livestock commission dealers, with millions loaned on cattle, read the message and were thankful for the arrival of spring—the danger of losses was reduced now to lightning and railroad wrecks.

There was beginning of movement and tumult all over the range country, like the sound and noise of an army rising from sleep at daybreak; the argonauts of the cattle country were in the saddle, with squeaking of leather,
jingling of spurs and the running backward of roped horses. Savory odors were pouring from the cook shacks, with the cooks joyfully and vociferously swearing. Hundreds of miles northward railroad superintendents were getting ready for the cattle run, sending out strange cabalistic orders for the assembling of stock cars at division points, where they were formed into long trains, and sent rumbling southward, bantering the landscape with clouds of black smoke.

Since long before Oklahoma was opened to settlement, this annual drift of Texas cattle to these pastures has taken place. The grass is native bluestem, and for fattening purposes admitted without dispute by cattlemen to be the finest in the world.

A Texas steer that has been winter-fed will trot away into the Osage country in the middle of April and show up fat and sleek for market in the middle of July, sometimes by July 1, increasing in weight from 200 to 250 pounds. Texas cattle that have run wild, and are thin and poor, become marketable in the Osage country about the last of September.

In the old days, before the Osage lands were allotted, blanket pasture leases were obtained upon the entire Osage reservation at 4 cents an acre. The Indian Department later raised the price to a minimum of 15 cents an acre. The cattlemen shouted that they were ruined. One of them, H. M. Stonebraker, accelerated this ruin by leasing enormous tracts at 15 cents an acre, and went back and sat down.

When the other cattlemen discovered that Stonebraker had cornered the Osage grass market, they were greatly chagrined, and began subleasing from Stonebraker, some of them paying as high as 50 cents an acre. Stonebraker cleaned up nearly $50,000 at the expense of the other fellows.

When the cattle begin moving from the shipping points in Texas, there is a roar and rumble of trains night and day all the way to Oklahoma. With each train goes an outfit of cowboys to handle the cattle, and frequently to remain with them in the pastures during the grazing season. Enormous, mountain-like locomotives, the best and strongest that modern skill and invention can produce, pull the cattle cars at passenger train speed.

Nobody more keenly appreciates the value of these cattle than do the railroad companies, and every precaution is taken for their safe delivery, as a single wreck might result in disastrous losses. And cattlemen delight in suing a railroad company. By law cattle in transit must be unloaded and watered every 28 hours unless the owner consents to a 36 hour run.

All Southwestern Texas cattle are below the quarantine line and must be dipped. At each unloading station in northern Oklahoma vats are filled, into which the cattle are immersed as they are unloaded from the cars, the steers plunging from an inclined platform into the vat and swimming to the other end, from which they clamber, dripping, to pens. Many of the cattle trains arrive at the dipping stations at night.

Locomotive headlights illuminate the pens and vats, and the scene is one of weirdness, as the frightened, bawling cattle fall scrambling and splashing out of sight in the vat, to appear a moment later with their wet bodies gleaming in the light. A number of the longhorns unloaded at Black Lands had such a sweep of horns that the latter were sawed off to enable the steers to pass through the vat, about four feet in width.

Many of the 3 year-olds from the Rio Grande country never saw rain or a stream of water, their water supply coming from tanks fed by windmills. One cattleman said that years ago he bought 2000 Mexican cattle to take up the trail for spring delivery at Abilene, Kansas. These cattle had never been in a rain in all their lives. Way up on the Staked Plains a torrential rain fell late one afternoon, and the herd instantly became wild with fright and stampeded. The outfit put in three whole days rounding up the scattered herd.

A low barometer, especially in summer, affects cattle not unlike it does humans, making them nervous and
restless, giving them “jumpy” nerves. A flash of lightning followed by a cracking peal of thunder, often sends a herd stampeding.

“A strange thing about cattle in a stampede,” said a cattleman, “is the suddenness with which a whole herd gets to its feet. One hot, sultry night, out near Amarillo, the herd had bedded down, and it was so quiet you could hear a goose ha’r drop. It was one of them nights when a feller feels he would like to holler loud enough once to jerk his heels out of his boots, or take a dram of whiskey as long as his arm. The ‘Mongolian Monster,’ a leather-faced, red-headed puncher, was layin’ on the ground rolled in his slicker, when a lone steer comes nosin’ around, smellin’ and snifflin’, and walks close to steppin’ on the ‘Mongolian Monster.’ The puncher wakes up with a squawk and throws off the slicker. The whole plains shook; every steer was up at the same minute, and away they went hell bent for the Rocky Mountains, the ground roarin’ and their horns rattlin’ and crackin’ like a thousand hail storms.

Them Pecos River cattle ain’t got no sense when they get up in this country,” said the big man. “Don’t know what runnin’ water is. I had a bunch last year that would walk off a 10-foot bank into 10 feet of water, just as if it was walkin’ on dry land. Didn’t know nothin’ about water; couldn’t tell whether it was two inches or two hundred feet deep.

There are still a few typical cowpunchers. This one was several days overdue starting on his return trip to Texas. He said he had been over to the “big town, where they had lights hung on dead trees, so a man could walk off a fire wagon; he said he was from the Llano Estacado, and he hummed a Spanish air.

He straddled a stool at the lunch counter, hooked his spurs as an eagle perches on a crag, and asked the waiter what “made him so damned ugly.” The waiter took no offense, and smiled, whereupon the puncher said the waiter was all right, and ordered “beef with the hair off.” To disintegrate the beef, he drew from his vest pocket a bottle of tobacco sauce, warm with human heat, and projected with liberal, successive spurts this concentrated juice of hades at those points where the fat joined the lean.

He ate heartily, paid his reckoning like an honest man, rolled a cigarette, and went on his way to the boxcar depot to ask the agent when he could start back to Texas.

A long train had come wheezing into Nelagony at midnight, the engine showing white under the station lights, where the alkali water had frothed and steamed from its nostrils all day on the steep grades. A drizzly rain was falling when the cowpunchers turned out to drive the herd to a holding pasture. At 1 o’clock the owner of the herd, a ponderous man, whose capacious stomach, winter and summer, was covered with no more than a shirt—it is a mystery why cowmen expose their abdomens in this manner—the owner of the herd, as was said, sat in the little frame hotel playing pitch with the men of another outfit. The door opened, and his foreman entered awkwardly, and blurted out:

“We’ve bushed ‘em, old man; jes’ couldn’t hold ‘em. The thin ones kept draggin’ behind, tryin’ to get grass, and the big ones kept goin’ ahead, and the herd split out there in the dark. We sure wasted ‘em there in the timber. Sam and Riley’s sore, and sayin’ they are goin’ to stay out there with ‘em. Might as well bring the hosses in and round up in the morning, cause they’re scatterin’ clean to Sand Creek.”

The owner of the herd laid down his cards, tilted his head and looked out of the corner of his eye at the foreman—a keen, sarcastic look—curled his lip in a cynical smile, and resumed his play with the sole remark: “Well, Sal, wipe off your chin.” The foreman winced and dragged his spurs on the floor as he disappeared in the darkness to bring in Sam and Riley and the horses.

By the first of May the last train has unloaded its cattle in the Northern Oklahoma pastures. The combined agent-and-telegraph-operator at the cattle station has closed his office and locked the door. The silence of the prairie reclains again the places where there has been so much uproar and confusion—the lowing of cattle, the singing and shouting and swearing of cowboys, the bumping of cars, and the chugging and hissing of engines.

A cool breeze comes across the flowery grass, fresh and moist with rain; a meadow lark sounds its melancholy note in the sunshine of the late afternoon; all the expanse to the horizon is dotted with cattle, grazing singly and in groups.

The silence grips a man’s heart until it aches strangely; his lips are not moved to words; to speak would rasp the nerves, and bring a feeling of feebleness and futility.

It is an ancient scene—God, the grass, and the cattle.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event Description</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>March 29</td>
<td>RCA Rodeo</td>
<td>Ardmore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 31</td>
<td>Rattlesnake Roundup</td>
<td>Oklahoma</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 1</td>
<td>“Parade of Harmony,” McMahon Auditorium</td>
<td>Lawton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 2</td>
<td>Rattlesnake Hunt</td>
<td>Waynoka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 3</td>
<td>Glee Club Concert, OU</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 4</td>
<td>Glenciderar, Paramount, Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Tulsa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 5</td>
<td>Jerome Hines, Bass, SC Symphony, Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 6</td>
<td>Hoover vs. Astros (baseball)</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 7</td>
<td>“Parade of Harmony,” McMahon Auditorium</td>
<td>Lawton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 8</td>
<td>Glee Club Concert, OU</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 9</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 10</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (track)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 11</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 12</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 13</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (track)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 14</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 15</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 16</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (track)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 17</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 18</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (track)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 19</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 20</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (track)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 21</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 22</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (track)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 23</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 24</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (track)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 25</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 26</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (track)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 27</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 28</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (track)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 29</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (baseball)</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 30</td>
<td>OU vs. Kansas (track)</td>
<td>Norman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 1</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 2</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 4</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 5</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 6</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 7</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 8</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 9</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 10</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 11</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 12</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 13</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 14</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 15</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 16</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 17</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 18</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 19</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 20</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 21</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 22</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 23</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 24</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 25</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 26</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 27</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 28</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 29</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 30</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 1</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 2</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 3</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 4</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 5</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 6</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 7</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 8</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 9</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 10</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 11</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 12</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 13</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 14</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 15</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 16</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 17</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 18</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 19</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 20</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 21</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 22</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 23</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 24</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 25</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 26</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 27</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 28</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 29</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 30</td>
<td>OU vs. Oklahoma City</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
NEW BOOKS

THIS IS THREE FORKS COUNTRY by Phil Harris (Hoffman Printing Co., Muskogee, $1.00.) It is possible to write with historical accuracy, and with lively style at the same time. Muskogee Phoenix columnist Phil Harris proves it. He also proves that the Three Forks—the confluence of the Verdigris, Arkansas, and Neosho rivers—has a past as delightful as the present. Endowments of that scenic place, as interesting as the area’s future is intriguing. A cast including Sam Houston, Tiana Rogers, General Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis, Jeb Stuart, Belle Starr, and other names equally well known, combine to make a potent brew.

THINK ON THESE THINGS by Joyce Hifler ( Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York, $3.95.) Interestingly, for us, the brief essay facing the title page of this splendid book is a commentary on the editorial policy of Oklahoma Today. For that essay’s message applies to all Oklahoma equally as to any single individual. We strongly commend you this collection of Tulsa World columns, written by Bartlesville’s Joyce Hifler. They will stretch your thoughts and your spirit. Given time to reflect, you are apt to wind up a better person for each one you read.

BUFFALO SPRING by Fred Grove (Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York, $3.95). It is forever the way of things; that which is wild must make way for that which is domesticated; that which is free and unrestrained must submit to that which is disciplined. Yet we are often allowed, for nostalgia’s sake, to retain some part to lend reality to the legends of the past. This novel is set in the time of the slaughter of the buffalo, the confining of plains people on reservations, and the last frantic efforts to save a few bison before they were destroyed to the last animal. It well recreates the people and the attitudes of that time.

THE WAGONMasters by Henry Pickering Walker (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $5.95). This very scholarly work is a gap-filler. It is a detailed study of overland freight in the American West during the more than half-century before track was laid for the railroads to take over the task. An excellent companion for this book is THE WAGONMEN by Robert West Howard (G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York, $3.50). Howard’s breezy, flowing prose and Walker’s meticulous scrutiny of detail are complementary, each style of the other.

SONGS OF THE COWBOYS (Clarkson N. Potter, New York, $7.95). This thorough analysis of authentic western music evolved through the first printed collection of cowboy songs, by Jack Thorp in Estancia, New Mexico, in 1908. The written commentary by Austin and Alta Fife, and the music editing of Naunie Gardner, provide broad insight as to the origin of each song, its alteration by time, etc. The fact is if you study this book with care and absorb its contents, you’ll know a lot more about the songs than the cowboys who sang them in the first place.

OKLAHOMA HISTORY (A PIECE OF)

In 1889 They called it, "Harrison’s Horse Race Line." Now, as I mow the backyard grass I think of many years past When wagons lined this very place Waiting for noon to start the race. Hopeful people seeking free land Race horses, mules On foot they stand. Watching as the sun climbs high In the Territorial April sky. Impatient men who must know There won’t be places for all to go. Opportunity in their hand If they can only take some land. And, I find excitement, too, In finding here an old horse shoe. Right on the line I dug it there. Thrown that day From someone’s mare. At least I like to think it’s so. I’ve hung it up for luck you know, And when my flower bed’s complete I’ll still recall the trampling feet, And hope who ever threw this shoe So long ago Had good luck, too! —Ann Swank

THIRTY-EIGHT OKLAHOMA TODAY

Miss America (an Oklahoma girl named Jane Jayroe, you may recall) has now become a well seasoned traveler. Traveling mostly by air, she has come soaring down out of the clouds to be feted in virtually every major metropolis; New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Laverne . . . you know where Laverne is, don’t you? We’re guessing that most Oklahomans can find Laverne on their maps now as quickly as they can find Los Angeles. And before the year is out more and more Americans will have a clearer concept of where Oklahoma, and Laverne, are. Miss America is busy, reigning over celebrations, festivals, and events across the country; at Cypress Gardens, Florida; the National Jaycee Convention, Baltimore; the Snow Festival in Aberdeen, South Dakota; the Watermelon Festival at Pageland, South Carolina; the Cotton Bowl game in Dallas. She is appearing at fashion shows, auto shows, aboard warships and troopships returning from Viet Nam, at military bases, hospitals, and at local and state pageants; in Seattle, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Fort Smith, Houston, Portsmouth, Williamsburg, Denver, Boston, Washington, D. C., Hampton Roads, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, Kokomo, Saratoga Springs, Biloxi, Milwaukee, the list goes on and on. So far she has missed just one engagement. That was a Shrine Circus in Detroit where she couldn’t land. The snow was too deep. She has conducted a church choir in Boise, Idaho, and the Kansas City Philharmonic in concert. She has visited many towns and cities in Oklahoma, and will visit more. Before the year is ended she will have traveled more than 200,000 miles by land, sea, and air. On the 24th of April she will be off to Europe.
MISS AMERICA TRAVELS

WITH CHAPERON MRS. PREVITAL

AT CYPRESS GARDENS, FLORIDA.

SELECTING A SPRING HAT, NEW YORK CITY.

AT THE COTTON BOWL, DALLAS.
Fine Arts Center
by Connie Ruggles

Industrial Development
by Bill Burchardt

Tennis
by Neck Seitz

Seminole
by David Craighead

West Cache Creek
by Albert S. Gilles, Sr.

Seven Faces of Spring

Battle of Little Robe Creek
by Stan Hoig

An Osage Spring
by Frederick S. Barde

Calendar of Events
by Karen Saville

New Books

Oklahoma History (A Piece Of)
by Ann Swank

Miss America Travels

In This Issue