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MOST CONSECUTIVE GAMES

RUSHED 100 YARDS OR MORE—

MOST TOUCHDOWNS IN 3-YEAR

MOST POINTS IN 3-YEAR CAREER

MOST YARDS RUSHING IN CAREER

MOST CAREER RUSHING CARRIES

MOST RUSHING CARRIES IN ONE GAME

BIG EIGHT

MOST TOUCHDOWNS IN ONE GAME—

MOST POINTS, CAREER—336

MOST YARDS RUSHING, CAREER—

MOST POINTS ONE GAME—30 (1966)

MOST YARDS RUSHING IN ONE SEASON

MOST YARDS RUSHING IN TWO SEASONS

MOST TOUCHDOWNS, 3-YEAR CAREER—

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STEVE OWENS: HEISMAN TROPHY WINNER
In 1896 an oil speculator named Edwin B. Foster secured a lease for "oil and gas mining" covering the entire Osage Reservation. Signatures on this early lease included those of principal Osage leaders. A. J. Miles, the chief, James Bigheart and Samson Chief. It was ratified by the U.S. Department of the interior. The Osage agent at that time was Major Miles, nephew of the best agents who ever represented an Indian tribe. Major Miles, frequently spent the summer visiting his uncle on the Osage Reservation.

Edwin Foster gave his oil company a colorful name, the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company. His first test well produced only fifty barrels daily, but enough to be commercially valuable. Foster secured more stockholders and continued to drill. By 1906, the Osage oilfield was producing more than five million barrels of oil annually. During the next two decades, the Osage oilfield would produce more wealth than all the gold rushes in American history combined. In 1906 the Reservation was broken up into 160 acre tracts. There were then 2,229 Osages. Each Osage received approximately 658 acres of land. The allotment of land applied to surface rights only. Under all mineral leases, those holding mineral rights were held in common by the tribe. Each Osage received a "headright," meaning that he or she would receive an equal share of all mineral income. The Foster lease came under increasing attack as a monopoly. When it expired it was never completely renewed. A new and more remarkable phenomenon developed—the public lease auction. Oil companies were given the privilege of bidding at public auction for the oil lease rights on each 160 acre tract. The crowds of oil tycoons and sun-browned "rock-hounds" in leather jackets, khaki pants and rubber boots brought oilmen and their geologists to the auctions.
On the shoulder of the rising embankment north of the Wiley Post Memorial Building, which houses our Oklahoma Historical Society, stands this Eternal Flame. Its dedication states that this "flame of freedom burns eternally in honor of Oklahoma veterans who served and died in the wars. Oklahoma American Legion. 50th Anniversary. Dedicated Nov. 11th, 1932."

In the background is seen the steel derrick of a typical rotary rig of the type used to drill many of Oklahoma's oilfields. This rig and its equipment are part of the Historical Society's growing oil museum, which must of necessity be outdoors due to the size of the equipment displayed.

This hallway is lined with vignettes of the Oklahoma story. First on the right is the bust of Will Rogers. Next, Wiley Post, who pioneered space travel with his stratosphere flights, who test flew, and proved practical, elements which make modern commercial flight possible; the radio direction finder, the automatic pilot, the variable pitch propeller; who discovered the high altitude "jet streams" now routinely used to speed cross-continental flight; who first stated that human factors, the "biological clock," not technology, would provide the greatest limitations we would have to overcome in future flight and space travel.

Interspersed among the busts of great Oklahomans are Indian murals by the internationally celebrated Kiowa artists; Spencer Asah, Monroe Tsatoke, and James Auchiah. Along the opposite wall are lighted display cases, of antique glass, and of recent gifts to the museum. The statue seen at the left is of an Oklahoma enigma, controversial early day marshal John Swain and, just beyond your field of vision, well known Gordon W. Lillie "Pawnee Bill."

This famed old cattle trail is a source of endless interest. After years of believing that the trail had been blazed by Indian trader Jesse Chisholm, we were one day surprised to discover that, long before Chisholm, the trail had been used by the Delaware frontiersman and scout Black Beaver. He used the trail to evacuate Union troops from the Oklahoma territory into Kansas during the Civil War.

We then learned that, even before Black Beaver, the trail had been used by the Wichita Indian people. There were two branches of that great tribe; one living in the vicinity of Wichita Falls, Texas, and the other near present day Wichita, Kansas. So visiting Wichita relatives wore that trail deep in times no telling how ancient. It was then known as the Wichita Trace, and who used it before the Wichitas? Doubtless someone, for the indigenous pre-historic Indian people who first occupied these lands were inveterate wanderers, traders, and hunters.

A favorite spot from which to view this old trail, a place which always sets our imagination soaring, is at the edge of Addington in southern Oklahoma, where this monument is erected. From this rocky crest, looking off toward Texas, cattle are grazing on the plain. We stand and wonder if the country has really changed much, if perhaps among those grazing cattle there may be some who had distant ancestors among the untold thousands of longhorns marching northward along this trail a century ago.
America's earlier, woodlands frontiers did not prepare our pioneer grandparents for the Great Plains. The woodlands frontiersman cut trees for firewood. A relatively shallow well or nearby stream provided water.

The axe was not so useful to the plains pioneer. He had to learn to "climb for water and dig for wood." To pump his water he developed the windmill, which he was forever having to climb to grease its gears or repair its blades. Wells had to be drilled deep. Streams did not always flow the year around.

Without rails for fences he developed barbed wire. Every tree has wood underground as well as above ground. When he cut down a tree he often also dug up and used its roots. He supplemented his fuel supply with buffalo or cow chips.

He could not build a log cabin, so he cut the heavily matted prairie sod into adobe-sized blocks which became his building material. The sod house was vulnerable to erosive rain and wind, which accounts for its being the only remaining sod house originally built for human habitation that exists in all the Great Plains.

A large frame house near it, and a huge elm tree helped shelter it until 1914, when the Historical Society undertook to restore and preserve it. It stands beside Okla. 8, five miles north of Cleo Springs, and is now covered by a protective building.

Marshall McCully, who had made the Cherokee Strip Run, originally built this two room sod house three-quarters of a century ago. Its outer walls are three feet thick. Thus well insulated it was easy to heat in winter and maintained a cave-like coolness during the summer. In the National Archives, Washington, D.C., are the original homestead papers of this Great Plains pioneer. Among them is the certificate he received at a registration booth in Kiowa, Kansas, which permitted him to go upon the lands of the Cherokee Outlet after the hour of noon, September 16, 1893.

It is wonderful to speculate if, when this young homesteader was building this rude yet comfortable dwelling for his bride, the possibility passed through his mind that it might be perpetually preserved, to be seen by hundreds of thousands of people, in this and future generations. You might be surprised if you could know that something of your life will be so preserved, and equally surprised to know what it will be.
the town that was killed in a gunfight

A posse of thirteen men set out from Guthrie in two covered wagons on August 31, 1893. The quarry they sought included seven wanted men known to frequent the town of Ingalls. The man hunters, marshals and deputies, were John Hixon, Dick Speed, Jim Masterson, W. C. Roberts, Henry Kelly, Hi Thompson, George Cox, H. A. Jansen, Lafe Shadley, Tom Hues ton, Red Lucas, J. S. Burke, and Ike Steel. The men hunted were outlaws Bill Doolin, Dynamite Dick, Bitter Creek, Arkansas Tom, Tulsa Jack, Red Buck, and Bill Dalton.

Ingalls was an important town in young Oklahoma Territory. Like all such inland towns it was struggling, with considerable promise of success, for a railroad which would insure its growth. The outlaws it harbored were, to many of the people of Ingalls, not evil men. They had known them as young cowhands, who came to town for a haircut, a convivial drink, or a game of cards in Ransom's Saloon. Their horses were shod by the Ingall's blacksmith. They purchased groceries and clothing in the local stores. They were free spenders. Bill Doolin had been known to help financially pressed homesteaders.

News of distant bank holdups and train robberies did not spread with facility in 1893. Doolin and his men were wanted, as everyone knew, but they had committed no crimes nor robbed anyone in Ingalls. Those who resented or feared the presence of these desperate men kept silent. So the storm impended.

The posse, concealed in covered wagons and appearing to be only a caravan of settlers on the move, entered Ingalls on Friday morning, Sept. 1. The gun battle that followed racked the town. Three lawmen were killed in the gunfire that ranged up and down the street; deputy marshals Dick Speed, Lafe Shadley, and Tom Hueston. Shot and killed were N. A. Walker, a resident of Ingalls, and Dal Simmons, a 14-year-old Kansas boy visiting in town. Saloon keeper Ransom, his bartender Murray, and Dr. Briggs' young son Frank were wounded. Only one outlaw, Bitter Creek Newcomb, was wounded. None were killed. Only Arkansas Tom was captured.

Bill Doolin, Dynamite Dick, Tulsa Jack, Bill Dalton, and Red Buck escaped uninjured; but the town of Ingalls had been mortally wounded. People began to move away. With the exodus of residents the drive for the railroad faltered and the railroad bypassed Ingalls.

Now there is little to indicate that a once booming inland town stood here. A native stone monument to the marshals who lost their lives stands beside the road. Uphill, there is a small community of a few houses, a two-story lodge meeting hall, a deserted community schoolhouse, and the ruins of the old church in our picture.

The complete account of this epic western gun fight is found in Bill Doolin: Outlaw O.T. by Col. Bailey C. Hanes (Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman). To reach the place where Ingalls once stood, travel north on highway 108 from Ripley, then east on the section line road where you encounter the small highway sign bearing the town's name. The armed conflict, the shooting and killing, killed Ingalls, for people no longer wanted to live there.
Here is a museum well named, for this area of western Oklahoma is interlaced with historic trails. The Museum stands virtually astride the trail of the gold seekers bound for the California Gold Rush of '49. Near also is the Western Trail of the cattle drovers, bound with their herds for the railhead at Dodge City. As the country became settled many trails branched and intersected here, connecting the forts and settlements of western Oklahoma Territory. So also well chosen are the colorful Fourteen Flags you see displayed in the museum: they are the banners of the political entities who claimed our Oklahoma country prior to today's U. S. Stars and Stripes.

1541—The Royal Standard of Spain at the time of Coronado's expedition.

1663—The "Great Union" of England under Charles II, whose conception of Carolina included most of Oklahoma.

1719—Royal Standard of France during Bernard de la Harpe's explorations. La Salle earlier had claimed all lands drained by the Mississippi.

1763—Flag of the Spanish Empire when the Treaty of Paris ceded territory containing Oklahoma to Spain.

1800—Napoleon's French Republic reclaimed the Louisiana Territory for France in 1800 and Spain yielded.

1803—The Louisiana Purchase brought Oklahoma under the then fifteen Stars and Stripes flag of the United States.

1818—In 1818 the U. S. Flag was changed to twenty stars and thirteen stripes.

1821—From 1821-36 the Oklahoma Panhandle was a part of Mexico.

1839—In 1839 the Panhandle became lands of the Republic of Texas.

1850—The Texas Flag, changed in 1850.

1861—This is the flag carried by Choctaw Confederate Troops from 1861-65.

1861—The Confederate Battle Flag representing Oklahoma area outside the Choctaw Nation, allied with the Confederacy.

1911—The first Oklahoma Flag, adopted in 1911.

1925—The Oklahoma Flag was changed in 1925; the lettered OKLAHOMA was added in 1941.
From the BLUE DEVILS, through Bennie Moten, to Count Basie--They blew the blues from O.C., to K.C., to N.Y.C.--
Musicologists acknowledge that jazz is a unique American contribution based on African rhythms and melodic modes transported to the United States via black slaves. Slave ships frequently had stopovers in the West Indies before entry at New Orleans or on the East coast. In the United States and in the Carib Islands en route, awaited the Latin music of Spanish-America, European harmonic and melodic modes, classical and folk forms, all to be mixed by creative minds into the still changing patterns of jazz and modern music.

New Orleans jazz development, in the early stages, differed dramatically from that along the East coast. Oklahoma served as a melting pot for both the New Orleans “Dixieland” and East coast music since it was geographically a crossroads. Through those early years Oklahoma musicians were inspired and influenced by men on their way to or from engagements in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, Atlanta, Charleston, Washington, D.C., New Orleans, and western cities or points on the West coast.

What became known as jazz had its genesis in work songs, field hollers, railroad crew chants, church shouts, spirituals, blues; all part of the folk heritage of a people subjected to slavery, then extreme poverty and hardship during and following emancipation and reconstruction. It was sometimes a matter of singing to keep from crying. The jazz idiom is seen by some as a music of protest, of revolt against conformity to a hostile society.

A popular form of entertainment at social gatherings in the late 19th century was the “cakewalk” in which couples, as finely dressed as possible, would promenade for prizes of cakes. Music for these walks were lively marches, which later became dances, often provided by homemade fiddles, guitars, and banjos. Percussion instruments, if used, were improvised from lard cans, washboards, iron pipes, whatever was available.

From the cakewalk music, as pianos became available, ragtime developed. Although ragtime lacked the improvisation which is essential to jazz, it must Continued

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BY HANNAH D. ATKINS

BLUE DEVILS, OKLAHOMA CITY

BENJIE MOTEN BAND, KANSAS CITY
be considered as one of the early fore-runners of present day jazz. Numerous pianists around Oklahoma in the early days of statehood played for "socials" and family gatherings. Brass bands in the early days used ragtime tunes extensively also.

Marching and parade bands became popular all over the southern and south central states including Oklahoma, in the decade after the turn of the century. Whether as participants in traveling circus and carnival bands, medicine shows, advertising wagons that might tour the region, or more or less stationary performers in a particular city, marching bands were important precursors of modern jazz.

Frequently family groups; father, sons, cousins, etc., made up the bands. Trumpeter Andrew Rushing (father of Jimmy Rushing), Jim Bronson on clarinet, George Sparks on alto horn, and Milledge Winslett on trombone, made up an excellent parade band based in Oklahoma City. Such tunes as Darktown Strutter's Ball, Bill Bailey, Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet, A Hot Time in the Old Town, etc., were favorites.

The "Jazz Age," the post World War I period also known as the "Roaring Twenties," were the days of speak-easies, house rent parties, flappers, the blues, and loud gut-bucket music. Commercial phonograph records came on the market so that music could be shared across the land. Various clubs in Tulsa's Greenwood Street area, "The Hole," "The Rhythm Club," and Hallie Richardson's Shoe Shine Parlor on "Deep Second" in Oklahoma City, were gathering places for musicians.

Hallie Richardson is remembered by scores of men as a patron. He made loans, outright gifts of food, money, and lodging, which were often never repaid. He served as manager for several groups, gathering men together and driving them himself to engagements in the area. Most important, in his gruff manner, Richardson served as a source of encouragement, with an understanding of the difficulties involved in being a musician of any kind, but especially for the struggling jazz artists.

The original Blue Devils was a vibrant orchestra; Ermuel "Bucket" Coleman, trombonist and manager; Edward "Crack" McNeal, drummer (said to be able to play as well asleep as awake); Lawrence "Inky" Williams, trumpet; Walter "Big "Un" Page, bass player and leader; and "Little Willie" Lewis, piano. The orchestra attracted other Oklahoma musicians; Jimmy Rushing; Harry Youngblood; James Simpson; Edward Christian; and others of national fame; Ben Webster; Oran "Hot Lips" Page; Lester Young; Count Basie; and Ernest Williams.

The Blue Devils made the dances held at Slaughter's Hall and Forest Park during this golden age of jazz in Oklahoma City unforgettable. As a favorite novelty the band would blow tunes from the tops of pop bottles. Another popular orchestra was the Black Aces, with Eugene McCoy as leader, and James Simpson, Harry Youngblood, and Ben Webster as members.

Local and nationally known musicians stranded for lack of funds or awaiting bookings held jam sessions in the chairs of Richardson's Shoe Shine Parlor. Walter Page, with Count Basie and several other members of the Blue Devils, went on to join Bennie Moten in Kansas City. This band came under the leadership of Count Basie in 1935, after Bennie Moten's death. An adopted Oklahoman, Ronald "Jack" Washington, played with Moten, and then with Basie, settling
Byas, tenor saxophonist, whose early start with a musical mother and father led to his directing his own band while a student at Langston in 1930. He later joined Lucky Millinder, Andy Kirk, Count Basie, and Duke Ellington before settling in the Netherlands.

With a career which spanned several decades, Claude Jones, trombonist from Boley, played with most of the major bands, from McKinney’s Cotton Pickers in 1923, through Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb, Cab Calloway, Coleman Hawkins, and Duke Ellington.

Howard McGhee, and Hal Singer, of Tulsa, had similar careers. McGhee played trumpet with Lionel Hampton, Andy Kirk, Charlie Barnett, Count Basie, Coleman Hawkins, and led his own combo at the Paris Jazz Festival in 1948. Hal Singer, clarinet and sax, played with Ernie Fields and many big names; McShann, Page, Byas, Roy Eldridge, Sid Catlett, Millinder, and Ellington.

Joseph “Joe”’ Thomas and Walter “Toots” Thomas, brothers from Muskogee, excel both as composers and on the tenor saxophone. Both were with Jelly Roll Morton in the late 1920’s and Joe played with Blanche Calloway, while Toots was with Cab Calloway.

Edward “Big Ed” Lewis, from Eagle City, Okla., played his first professional job on trumpet with Jerry Westbrook, then with a variety of Continued
bands including Benny Moten and Count Basie.

Oscar Pettiford, born in Okmulgee, widely acknowledged as one of the all-time finest jazz bassists, also displayed imaginative skill with his “jazzicato” cello with Dizzy Gillespie. Having played with Charlie Barnett, Boyd Raeburn, Coleman Hawkins, Ellington, and a variety of his own combos, he has an extensive discography, as do most of the Oklahoma jazzmen we’ve mentioned. Pettiford won the Esquire Gold Award in '44 and '45, the Metronome Poll in '45, and the Downbeat Poll in '53, '55, and '57.

We’ve made no previous mention of jazz awards, for the reason that the list of Esquire, Metronome, Downbeat, and other jazz awards won by these Oklahomans is much too long for inclusion here, as are their discographies.

Ben Webster, tenor saxophone, was born in Kansas City but he made his professional debut in Enid, as a pianist with a local band. He spent considerable time in Oklahoma with the Blue Devils, the Black Aces, then later played with Blanche Calloway, Andy Kirk, Bennie Moten, and Duke Ellington.

Earl Bostic, Tulsa, is well known both as a composer and alto saxophonist, with a national career. Ernie Fields, band leader in Tulsa, had a long, successful career with bands of varying sizes. Fields has now retired as a leader and is managing his son, Ernie, Jr., as well as serving as promotor and booking agent for other groups in the area. Melvin Moore, of Oklahoma City, was frequently featured vocalist with the Ernie Fields band.

Wardell Gray, Oklahoma City tenor saxophonist, played with Earl “Father” Hines, and with Benny Carter, before joining Benny Goodman’s Sextet and also Goodman’s big band in 1948. He later played with Count Basie, both in his small and big bands.

World War II cut short the career of several promising young Oklahoma jazz musicians. One of these was H. P. Butler, who became director of an Army Air Force Band at Vance Air Force Base. This was in a way fortunate for Oklahoma for it has kept men like Butler in state. Thus we can still hear the sound of good jazz music in Oklahoma.

Music historians now agree that jazz had several “birthplaces”—as in Street in New Orleans, Beale Street in Memphis, Kansas City, Chicago, New York. Surely, considering the jazz contributions of the men named here, we should add “Deep Second” in Oklahoma City, Tulsa’s Greenwood Street, in fact all of Oklahoma, for jazz was both indigenous to this area, and grew to young maturity here.
LEGENDS OF THE MISTLETOE

Our State Flower is surrounded by myths and legends. Why is the mistletoe always hung high, in a doorway, or from a chandelier? The kissing custom is one reason, but there is another.

The Druid priests of the ancient Celtic tribes which roamed through northern Europe would rattle their ghostly bones if the mistletoe ever touched the ground. When they harvested it long ago in mid-winter, young maidens would catch the branches in a cloth as they fell from the tree, severed by the golden knife of the Druid. If it touched the earth it was powerless.

In the beliefs of these early Europeans mistletoe was considered a special favorite of the gods. All of us who live upon the earth inherit the troubles of the earth, but the mistletoe grows high above the ground, without visible roots, out of the way of the perils which exist upon the ground. If we carry a talisman of this protected plant, will it not protect us also?

The peasants of ancient Europe believed that it would. If one were poisoned, mistletoe was the antidote. If a child suffered from epilepsy, mistletoe would cure him. If a woman failed to conceive, or if herds were barren, mistletoe would restore fertility. Mistletoe would guarantee success in hunting, reduce swelling, keep your house from being burned by lightning, cure warts, and make friends out of enemies.

How does the miraculous mistletoe get its name?

Mistletoe comes from the Anglo-Saxon mistel-tan, meaning "different twig." This seems an appropriate name, particularly in winter when the native elm, hickory, or cottonwood trees stand bare, apparently lifeless. The mistletoe, still green and hearty among their barren branches, is easily recognized.

It is not hard to understand why the Celts attached special significance to this "different twig." It could not have been sown so high by human hands; therefore, it must have been planted by the gods. If anyone saw a bird eating the mistletoe berries, he did not reason that the birds plant the mistletoe in the crevices beneath the bark of the tree when they try to rub the sticky coating of the berries off of their claws or beak. Even if a bird were so detected, could it not have been a messenger of the gods, or a god in disguise?

The poet Virgil, in fact, tells us that two doves sent by the goddess Venus led her son, Aeneas, to a golden bough of the mistletoe. Aeneas, hero of Troy, desired to visit his father in the underworld. The doves of the Goddess of Love led him to a special oak, where, shining among the leaves, was a glittering branch. Aeneas plucked the golden bough to take as a gift to Proserpine, queen of the dead. When he reached the river which separates the land of the living from the underworld of the dead, the boatman would not ferry him across. Aeneas brought forth the golden bough, and the sight of it compelled the boatman to permit Aeneas to enter the underworld and to return again safely.

Why do we kiss beneath the mistletoe?

Perhaps the Norse legend about Balder, the young god of the sun, gives us a clue. Balder was the son of the great god Woden, and his wife Freya. This radiant youth was beloved of all, yet his mother feared that harm would befall him. Freya received pledges, from beasts, from iron and all other metals, from stones, trees, and diseases, that they would never hurt Balder. Only the mistletoe was forgotten so, of course, it was a weapon made of mistletoe which killed the young god. With the god of the sun dead, the world began to grow cold. However, the queen of the underworld decreed that if all living things would weep for Balder, he could return. Freya's tears fell upon the mistletoe and turned into the pearl-white berries we see on the plant today. The goddess was so delighted at her son's return to life that she forgave the mistletoe, kissing all those who walked beneath it and decreeing that the custom should continue.

When Christianity came to Europe objects associated with pagan worship, including the mistletoe, fell into disrepute. The Puritans did not look with favor upon the kissing bough. It was banned from most churches. Gradually, the inconsistencies of this point of view became apparent. The Christmas tree itself is a pagan symbol. Santa Claus is firmly entrenched in the lore of Christmas. So, human nature being as it is, it becomes easy to rationalize that kissing beneath the mistletoe is just another evidence of good-will during the holiday season.

When legislation to make the mistletoe our state flower was being considered, this evergreen bough was subjected to attack by those who felt that a parasite, as is the mistletoe, should not receive such honor. Every living thing depends, in some way, on other living things for its own life; but the argument continued until a legislator arose to tell of early winters in territorial Oklahoma; winters of hardship, in which, when death came, there were no flowers to make a grave seem less barren. Pioneers who set forth in mid-winter's grip to search for some green thing to lay upon a grave, often found only the mistletoe. The discussion ended. The mistletoe was named Oklahoma's State Flower.

BY WINIFRED H. SCHEIB
In Shawnee, Faith 7 has three meanings; the space capsule in which Shawnee's Gordon Cooper orbited the earth; the Faith 7 School for Retarded Children, and the Faith 7 Bowl Basketball classic.

The Faith 7 classic itself has a multiplicity of aspects. Held each year in August, it is a super-fine basketball game for high school stars from Oklahoma and Texas. Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Jaycees, Shriners, everybody pitches in to make the Faith 7 Bowl basketball game outstanding.

Originator of the idea is Jarrell Chesney, a former basketball coach now Assistant Superintendent of Shawnee Schools. About the same time that Chesney had the idea of giving Oklahoma-Texas cagers a chance to battle it out, he was reminded of the Faith 7 School for Retarded Children in Shawnee.

"They were having a struggle," he said. "Just a few people were carrying the burden of trying to keep the school in operation. I noticed a kid downtown selling 'building blocks' as a money raising effort for the school."

His next step was to get approval from the NCAA, which carefully screens charity games involving high school youngsters who are on their way to play college ball. Today, with four games in the record books, and each state holding two victories, the Faith 7 Bowl has proved to be a solid success.

The first three games cleared a total of $17,000 for the Faith 7 School and other programs for mentally retarded children in Oklahoma and Texas. After all bills are paid for this year's game, it looks like the total will be boosted above $22,000.

Twenty-three committees function to bring each game to pass. The Oklahoma and Texas cagers are chosen in a practical way. A committee of Shawnee leaders selects a coach for each squad. It is then each coach's responsibility to pick his own team. Requirements are that nine of the 12 team members must have been selected for All-State honors that year, and all must be seniors.

In addition to the game, a basketball coaching clinic is held during the days prior to the game. Don Haskins, coach at Texas Western College, whose team won the NCAA National Championship in 1966, was clinic speaker in '67. Haskins, an All-State high school basketball and baseball standout at Enid, later starred on Oklahoma State University hoop teams.

Shawnee's Bob Bass, who coached
Oklahoma Baptist University to the NAIA national crown, and Red Miller, who coached Cameron State College to the national junior college runner-up post, have been clinicians.

Guy Lewis, Houston's cage mentor, has headlined the coaching clinic. Lewis' teams posted an outstanding record in 1968, rated No. 1 in the national ratings almost all year. They defeated UCLA in Houston's Astrodome before 54,000, the largest crowd ever to watch a basketball game. Their only loss was to the same UCLA team in the semi-finals of the NCAA National Championship games.

In addition to the many coaches who come for the clinic, parents and friends of players are also on hand. Shawnee's general economy is given a boost during the 10 days the two teams are practicing and playing in Shawnee.

St. Gregory College opens its doors to the two teams, providing air-conditioned dorm and cafeteria facilities for the players. Jarrell Chesney sees an unlimited future for the Faith 7 Bowl. "As far as I am concerned it will continue from now on," he says with a smile.
If your concept of the peanut vendor is the classic one of a mustachioed man colorfully garbed, wearing a pointed hat, with a grind organ and a monkey on a leash, you’d never recognize him. For this fellow may be driving a pick-up truck. He may be wearing western jeans and a broad brimmed sombrero or drillers boots. When he gets out of the pick-up, he carries no leash, but he may be carrying a rope with which to secure his irrigation hook-up to the truck for he must tow that monster apparatus to its next location where it will spray its liquid sunshine over another several acres.

Or you might see him delivering his crop to Anadarko, Holdenville or Wetumka. This fellow is the real peanut vendor and he sells more peanuts in one season than the man with the monkey sold in his entire life.

There are some 7,000 such men in Oklahoma and they move into the production line-up, following closely behind wheat and cotton, occupying third place in total cash income of all crops produced in Oklahoma. Farming has never offered men guaranteed riches. There is always a considerable element of risk, but with an increase of 10,000 tons over the record crop of 1967, the value of the 1968 peanut crop was placed at more than 26.5 million dollars.

Used to be that anything low in price or insignificant was bought for “peanuts.” But those days are gone forever. Peanuts are big business today — big business and big cash. In the past decade, they have nearly doubled in sales as a cash crop. Peanuts produce the highest gross income per acre of any field crop grown in

Oklahoma and Oklahoma ranks sixth in peanut acres in the nation. The peanut farmer occupies this position in the market by design, not accident. Take a look at the image of today’s Oklahoma peanut farmer. He is an educated, responsible man who actually spends from sixty to eighty hours a week in the field during planting and harvest. He keeps abreast of current developments, attends meetings, demonstrations, field days and reads articles on peanut production. He studies the soil, and sinks his savings into the ground.

After he has harvested his crop, he does not go into hibernation until spring. He plants cover crops of rye, vetch or wheat to build organic matter and protect his land from erosion. He checks and repairs his equipment, has his soil tested and remedies any faults, and makes arrangements for planting seed. He prepares the soil with fertilizers, with chemicals to control weeds and insects, mixing some into the soil before planting and some he sprays on from airplane, helicopter or tractor.

Ideally planted in sandy soil, peanuts grow where water flows and irrigation is becoming more popular every year. Having planted between May 20 and June 4, the grower usually starts irrigating about July 15 and continues until the middle of September. His water comes from creeks, flood control structures, farm ponds and wells.

There is more than one way of irrigating. Many still use pipes they move by hand but many are changing to the wheel move, a labor saving system. It has a motor and rolls from one area to another without the farmer having to move joints. The peanut
The peanut (hypogaea arachis) is not a nut but a relative of the bean and pea. The plant bears many small yellow blossoms which look like tiny butterflies. They wilt, angle down into the earth like geometric figures, and develop pegs or ovaries. The peanuts evolve on these and are formed underground.

These little goobers got their start a lot farther south than Dixie. When the Spanish reached South America in the early days of Conquest, they discovered peanuts. They shipped some home with the rest of their loot and later carried good supplies when they went raiding in Africa. There the sturdy little globe-trotters flourished, finally coming to the New World as one of the staple foods served on slave ships. Goobers? That’s “ground nuts” in African.

George Washington Carver, in his agricultural revolution, made more than 300 products from peanuts. Peanuts traditionally have been used for nibbling, by everyone. They are fed to pigeons by old men, nibbled at the ball park, in peanut butter by boys and girls, etc.

Peanuts contain no cholesterol but comprise as much muscle building protein as an equal amount of good cooked hamburger or cheddar cheese, seven times as much protein as milk, twice as much as the same weight of cottage cheese or fresh eggs. About two-thirds of the peanuts produced are used in edible products — chiefly peanut butter, candy, salted or roasted in the shell, served in various dishes at school lunch programs and ground into meal.

The remaining third is first crushed for the rich oil. The peanut contains more edible oil per ton than any other commercially grown crop. The uses for this oil includes salad oils, dressings, margarine, vegetable shortening, and for packing fish. Low grades of the oil are used for making everything from machine oil to soap, cosmetics and even nitroglycerine. After the oil has been removed, the solids that remain are processed to make glue and textile fiber. Nothing of the peanut is wasted. The remaining residue is moistened and baked into peanut “cakes.” These “cakes” make a valuable fertilizer, and cattle food. Even the shells are ground and used for making plastics and soil conditioners. Farmers use the peanut vines, shells, and the thin skins to feed their stock. An acre of peanut plants yields about a ton of hay.

The peanut's versatility shows up even in the pharmaceutical world. Researchers report that flu vaccine which gives immunity for only one season may soon be replaced by a vaccine containing refined peanut oil that appears to provide protection for several years. The Merck Institute for Therapeutic Research has been testing this theory for seven years and is now seeking a license to make it available commercially.

Probably more All-American than apple pie, peanut butter outranks all other spreads as the favorite sandwich “fixings” for children. Although peanuts had been ground and mixed with honey or cocoa in South America for centuries, peanut butter as a North American food was apparently invented independently in 1890, by a
THE PEANUT

St. Louis physician seeking an easily digested, high-protein food for some of his patients. Friends and relatives of the patients found they liked the new “health food” so well that by the early 1920's it had become a staple food throughout the nation. Now nearly one-fourth of all peanut butter is made from peanuts grown by Oklahoma farmers.

There was a time — and not so long ago either — when a peanut farmer was just another farmer, and cultivation was the crude “dig, polestack and thrash” method. That’s all changed, but he still has his problems. Life would be much simpler if he could forecast the weather and had x-ray eyes. It is important that the peanut plant be in the ground long enough to permit maximum yields to be reached through proper maturity before the fall frost. Peanuts continue to produce until stopped by the fall freeze, therefore, the longer the farmer can wait to harvest, the greater his yield.

Careful attention must be given to each part of the harvesting and drying process to prevent deterioration of quality. Today, a peanut digger, with flat-running blades clips the tap root just below the pod zone, lifts the peanuts from the ground and drops them in the row — digging, shaking and placing in windrows all in one operation. The inverter digger even drops them with the peanuts in an upright position. The peanuts dry in the windrow two or three days, then a combine picks the nuts off the vine, discards the vine (to be later baled for hay) and drops the peanuts in a bin. When the bin is full, it dumps them into a truck.

They are then hauled to a warehouse, where with more shaking and blowing the peanuts are cleaned and dried in carefully controlled conditions. There are a number of on-farm dryers, but the bulk of artificial drying is done by commercial dryers. When the peanuts are dry, a monstrous machine hovers over each load and plunges its long arm down into them, taking random samples for grading.

It takes money, equipment, and technical know-how to grow peanuts profitably. It is estimated that the total cost of raising 25.5 acres of peanuts is $2,682.75, not counting the necessary equipment. Important peanut research is being carried on at research stations located near Fort Cobb, at Oklahoma State University, and the University of Tulsa.

The lowly goober pea which spends its growing life underground, finally meeting the light of day when it is harvested, receives the attention it so richly deserves at annual festivals honoring the peanut and the peanut farmer. Caddo County, Bryan County, and Hughes County all have annual peanut festivals and an annual Farmer's Field Day is sponsored in Madill.

The peanut vendor with the monkey had a decided nostalgic charm. Unfortunately he is disappearing, being replaced by vending machines! The Oklahoma Peanut Vendor, too, has outlived old-fashioned farming methods. He is a fascinating example of the resourcefulness that characterizes modern-day farming.
Without qualifying our statement or holding a contest we'll say that there is not one jot or tittle of doubt: Bill Scott is one of Oklahoma's greatest authors, past or present. Bill's pen name is Weldon Hill. His book ONIONHEAD was hugely successful both as a novel and as a motion picture. Its successors are equally distinguished. Among his attributes: fine writing craftsmanship, wit, industry, honesty, sagacity, glistens that pure ray which is the real test of worth—he refuses to take himself seriously. Here's what we mean —

The trouble with writing books — I mean one of the troubles — is that you tend to lapse into obscurity, if not oblivion, during the long gestation period between the last modest flop and the next non-bestseller. If you only fool every couple of years there is the danger that people might assume you have been rendered extinct. What really disturbs me when I am floundering around in a bewilderedness of words during one of these limbo periods, writing every day and walking around like a zombie with nothing else on my mind, is having the barber or gas-pump attendant inquire, "You doing any writing these days?" Recently a repairman said, "Say, didn't you used to write books?"

When something like that happens I get a desperate urge to see some of my tediously burnished prose in print just to reassure myself that my poetic license hasn't expired. Wherefore thereupon — or, if you prefer, whereupon therefore — I offer my services to newspapers and magazines as essayist, regional correspondent, outdoor writer (it's difficult for me to write outdoors because I work late at night and my wife can't hold the flashlight steady. She's a day person, and also allergic to mosquitoes), bucolic pundit — ain't much demand for that hardly stall no more; or even political polter — (a task I don't relish; all you want is a simple yes or no but what you get is instant polemics).

This time the editor of Oklahoma Today tossed me a premise. He said most people are vaguely convinced that a novelist lives in a unique atmosphere of stylized idealism (editors talk funny) and approach their type-writers along about mid-morning in a casual, introspective manner, wearing tweed trousers and a natty sport shirt with scarf tucked in the collar, puffing a pipe filled with aromatic tobacco, or possibly a rum-dipped cigar. There is no hurry to finish the book because your true author is hung up on buffing his verbs and honing his adjectives and isn't really greatly concerned about crass financial rewards.

I probably have as many misconceptions about authors as the average non-writing citizen. All I know about authors in general is what I've read somewhere, and I don't believe everything I read, even if I wrote it. While it's undoubtedly true that many authors smoke pipes and wear tweeds while working, I've found it doesn't sit very well with me. You constantly have to stop writing to relight the one, and the other tends to make me squirm and fidget a lot. I quit smoking cigars when they were still two for a nickel, and haven't yet gone to pot.

I know a few writers. One who slaves all day as an editor, commutes home to dinner, then turns out his daily quota of ten pages before bedtime. I know another who survives a tough daily stint as an editor, commutes home to dinner, and doesn't write a single line after dinner. That I can believe! Then there's a longtime friend living in San Francisco who has three or four Bloody Marys for breakfast. His main hobby and only physical-fitness program is walking for hours every day up and down the steep streets of that fog-shrouded city searching out all the great places to eat, and cultivating friendships with all the bartenders along the way. Yet somehow he maintains a working schedule that produces books at planned intervals. He is the tweediest author I know, but doesn't smoke.

Then there is the Okie parvenu in Los Angeles who has a studio-office in his backyard and does his writing in broad daylight while simultaneously serving as lifeguard for his backyard swimming pool in which his kids and other neighborhood tykes splash and struggle all day long. This unusual and dexterous fellow not only

CARTOONS BY AUTHOR

TWENTY-SIX
AUTHOR

BY WELDON HILL

turns out a television script every few weeks but manages to produce a popular and profitable book about once a year.

So much for authors I know. Let us scrutinize authors I've read about. Thomas Wolfe: a towering giant of a man who wrote rapidly in longhand standing up, using the top of the refrigerator for a desk. He was too impatient to bother numbering his pages and they became a litter-pile on the floor. He was such a prodigious writer that one time he turned out a 100,000 word introduction to a book before he even got to Chapter One. He wrote at night, and probably used the refrigerator because it was full of beer. He had a secretary or cleaning woman who came in every day, gathered up his floor-mulch of manuscript, read it so she could number the pages, and stored them in a trunk in which the mountainous manuscript would eventually be shipped to his publisher. Wolfe was fortunate in having an editor who must have been the most patient and tolerant the book business has ever known. He would edit and cut Wolfe's avalanche of prose into reasonable book lengths. Wolfe never

married that I know of (that sort of thing gets around in the business) and after scrutinizing the author's wife profession, I'd have to say the women he didn't marry were probably better off.

Hemingway was like Wolfe in one respect. He also did his writing standing up, but when he sent a manuscript to the publisher it was ready for the printer. Hemingway would not allow any editing, and his much-envied, never quite emulated, deceptively simple style, was very different from everybody else. Hemingway's theory was that writing isn't so much a matter of what to include as what to leave out. Hemingway used a typewriter for dialogue but wrote narrative and descriptive passages in longhand. Each day he rewrote and edited what he had done the day before. Eventually he had a typist do the clean final draft, as most writers probably do, and I wish I did.

Naturally, the reason I chose Wolfe and Hemingway as examples is because of similarities between their work and mine. Not the finished products, just their work. Like Wolfe, I suffer from a tendency to write too much, and I spend a lot of time at the refrigerator. Sometimes I throw pages on the floor. Like Hemingway, I always edit and revise yesterday's output before I start on today's — and quite often I end up today exactly where I left off yesterday. At this point any similarity between me and them stops. Or them and I, if you're picky about grammar. Anyway I'm tired of people always bringing up Hemingway and Wolfe. That goes for Faulkner, Mailer, Jack Bickham, Ed Montgomery, Cliff Adams, and Bob Duncan, too.

From what I have read about authors in general, the majority like, or liked, to do their writing early in the morning. Mark Twain wrote in bed, and had his day's work done before he even got up. I prefer the early morning hours myself but I feel terrible after eight hours sleep, so I start work earlier in the morning than any of those people. I stay up all night putting in my shift of commuting between the typewriter and the refrigerator. And then I go to bed.

Or, to put it another way, now I go to bed.
ART IN INDUSTRY

Hand drawn ornamental glassware produced near Oklahoma communities with musical sounding names; Pocola, Panama, Spiro, Poteau, will bring almost half a million dollars to these areas this year. It will do this quietly and inconspicuously, for hand drawn ornamental glass is not produced by a single large corporate firm, but by many small, individually owned furnaces operated by lone craftsmen, sometimes by partners, or perhaps involving several in a family project. This particular industry is a last stronghold of early American rugged individualism. More hand drawn glassware is produced here than in any other area west of the Mississippi. The glassware is sometimes sold from roadside stands operated by the craftsman's own family, but a greater amount goes to wholesalers who distribute the glassware to retailers in many states, and through whose profit markups the original half-million dollars grows into one and one-half million dollars. If these craftsmen were to join in cooperative marketing it would doubtless increase the dollar volume of the industry. A cooperatively hired designer might stimulate the production of more artfully designed glassware. But this might involve an offsetting loss of individual freedom of operation, which might make such a cooperative impossible, and perhaps even undesirable. There is something in our very American nature that admires the rugged individualist who conquers his own problems and maintains his own strict independence of operation.
Oklahoma's partner state, Tlaxcala, México, is deeply involved in industrial expansion, as are we. Our color picture shows woolen being woven in Santa Ana Chiautempan, in the factory of Alfredo Ahauctzin, secy.-treas. of the partner organization in Tlaxcala.

Weaving is an ancient art in Chiautempan, antedating even the Spanish conquest. Skilled textile weavers from Chiautempan have traveled as journeymen, teaching their art to the people of other Mexican states, especially Saltillo in Coahuila.

The black and white photo is of a worker in a cement crew pouring the foundation for a hotel in Apizaco, Tlaxcala, the hotel being built by Rodolfo Rosas Martinez, chairman of the Tlaxcala partners.

In all our years as a sidewalk superintendent we never saw a man work harder than the man in our picture. From early that morning until long after dark he ran, not walked, carrying out his chores in the pouring of this foundation.

Many U.S. firms, in their advertising, feature sketches of a Mexican seated and sleeping beneath a huge sombrero. The people of México resent these sketches. The "sleeping Mexican" is a myth. He does not exist. México is a nation of intense, hurrying, hard working, busy people.
A SEASONAL SAMPLER

WINTER
The pre-dawn rain, freezing as it hit, awoke me before man-made things—
Dancing across the roof, it called me to see the silver diamonds of wire fence—
the mini-icicled elm—
and the crystalline beauty of its work.

... KIM STANTON

STEVE OWENS
by
Frank Boggs

It must be very confusing to be a little boy going to school in Oklahoma these days. The teachers seem to be still teaching from the old books. Teachers still say the tallest thing in Oklahoma is Mount Scott, but any little boy knows very well that the tallest thing in Oklahoma is Steve Owens. And they are always saying that nothing is any tougher than a diamond; yet any little boy knows very well that the most durable substance yet unearthed is Steve Owens. And teachers sometimes pick out something from their book and call it the greatest single event in Oklahoma since statehood. But any little boy knows very well that the greatest single event in Oklahoma since 1907 occurred shortly before noon on a Tuesday, November 25, 1969.

Steve Owens won the Heisman Trophy.
Steve Owens is the very best collegiate football player in the whole United States. The Heisman Trophy is the very best trophy that can be presented to a collegiate football player in the whole United States.

It was inevitable that they would get together.

Although people who watched him run with a football for the past three seasons at Oklahoma University probably can't picture it, Steve used to be a little boy. Of course, studying was easier back then. Mount Scott really was the tallest thing then and the diamond really, etc.

When he was only in the third or fourth grade at Miami, Okla. he played football with the other neighborhood kids. "We used to meet on the sandlots every Saturday and Sunday," he says, "and play all day." Lots of times he would be competing against grown men—sixth and seventh graders. "They'd kill you," he noticed. "So I learned to try to miss 'em cause you sure can't run over 'em."

He is a good learner. In three seasons with the Sooners he carried the football 905 times and gained 3,867 yards — usually when all 11 opponents knew darned well he would have the football. He scored 56 touchdowns, more than anybody ever scored while going to college. His coach, Chuck Fairbanks, kept telling folks Owens was the best "inside" runner he ever saw, that being the coaching term for a guy who puts the football under his arm and runs straight ahead, similar to the way freight trains do.

But there has always been more to Steve Owens than that almost fanatical desire to run with a football. He possesses all those traits which too many folks forget that young people still have. Like character. Like loyalty. Like being a fine citizen.

Those who know Steve Owens noticed those qualities, too. The writers and broadcasters across the land—more than 1,300 of them—take those things into account, too, when voting for someone to receive the Heisman Trophy.

The trophy itself is not what you would choose as a thing of great beauty. You might even call it down right ugly. It's a statue of a football player which is cast in some dull substance. And it weighs about 7 pounds. It is presented annually by the Downtown Athletic Club of New York and Steve and his wife Barbara also from Miami, went to the Big Town to receive it early in December.

There have been only 35 Heisman Trophies presented now. Oklahoma have two of them. Billy Vessels, who also played for the Sooners, was honored in 1952. So, as you can see, it is something very special. And Oklahomans rightfully feel it has been presented to somebody very special.

Now, if those teachers will just make the proper revisions in their books the little boys in this state will feel a lot more confidence in what they're being taught.
A SEASONAL SAMPLER

SPRING
The hazy sun finds mellow fog hovering near budding elms and rising to be chased by the crisp April breeze—Golden crescents of dandelion greet the warmth and salute the wind with wisps of seed. Redbud and Plum flush their colors and retreat behind dark foliage to await the summer heat. ... KIM STANTON

IN OKLAHOMA TODAY
Our article Lost Loot narrated the tales of the vast number of lost treasures and abandoned hoards of bandit loot in Oklahoma—some found and others, doubtless, still waiting for the lucky finder or the persistent searcher. World University of the Air told readers about the international student body studying at Oklahoma City's FAA Aeronautical Center. Maggie Fry's Memories of Lynn Riggs captured Claremore's nostalgic memories of the famed Oklahoman whose Green Grow the Lilacs became Rodgers and Hammerstein's Oklahoma! Wolf, illustrated by the incomparable Augusta Metcalfe, is the thrilling anecdote of old Scarface, legendary early day lobo regarded by settlers both with fear and sympathy. Two hilarious pages of Brummett Echowhak's celebrated cartoons follow. An account of the Tulsa hijinx which greeted the publication of Lewis Meyer's Preposterous Papa is next, and the Oklahoma Scrapbook closes on two high notes; Dr. Chesley Martin, of Elgin, was that year selected "Family Doctor of the Year" by the American Medical Association, and Larry Watson, of Lawton, was that year chosen the "Outstanding 4-H Club Boy in the Nation."

INTERNATIONAL PRIZE WINNER
Ray Luke's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra is the now announced winner of the Queen Elizabeth of Belgium Award. Dr. Luke, head of the instrumental music department at Oklahoma University and associate conductor of the Oklahoma City Symphony, has for eight successive years been cited by the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers for his contributions to serious music. His compositions have been performed by the Oklahoma City Symphony, the Louisville Symphony, the Kansas City Philharmonic, the Eastman-Rochester Symphony, and in Carnegie Hall. He has composed for television, works performed over BBC, CBS, and ABC. His Second Suite for Orchestra won the Arts and Humanities Council Award in 1967. Dr. Luke has been the recipient of two McDowell Fellowships, his international award winning Concerto having been composed at the McDowell Colony in 1968.
A SEASONAL SAMPLER

SUMMER

Venus and Saturn
watch the golden sunrise
then vanish before its power—
living things seek shady shelter
while Cicadae sing
Evening winds skim across
to cool the land—
As darkness comes,
hidden creatures begin the melody
of a summer night.

... KIM STANTON

DISTINGUISHING OKLAHOMA STATE UNIVERSITY

Dixie Anna Shaw has just been selected as America's outstanding 4-H Club girl. The 4-H Club has approximately 3 1/2 million members throughout America. Dixie is a freshman at Oklahoma State University. She is also one of the six national winners of $600 college scholarships this year. Her home town is Burlington, Alfalfa County, and she is the eighth young Oklahoman to win this top award in 22 years.

Harry W. Birdwell has just been elected and office as the national president of the Future Farmers of America. Harry is a junior at Oklahoma State University. Last year he was president of the Oklahoma Future Farmers. He farms with his father near Fletcher in Comanche County; at OSU he is a junior in the school of radio-television broadcasting.

John Ward, who made everybody's All-American Football Team, has been a 6' 4 1/2"—248 pound powerhouse at tackle for OSU. He was an all-state gridder and heavyweight wrestling champion at Will Rogers High School in Tulsa. The pro scouts have been eyeing him throughout his four years at OSU. Even wearing size 13 1/2E shoes he can run the 40 yard dash in five seconds flat. We suspect that he will be moving both fast and far after his graduation this spring.

Head coach Floyd Gass of Oklahoma State University is the Associated Press choice for Big 8 Coach of the Year. Ranked behind Coach Gass was Nebraska's Bob Devaney, Kansas State's Vince Gibson, and Missouri's Dan Devine. Supposed to beat no one, OSU beat Kansas State, Iowa State, and Kansas University losing heart breakers to Colorado and OU. Coach Gass, of course, credits it all to team spirit.

School spirit is certainly a department in which OSU comes in second to nobody. With reasons. Like those above. And there'll be more before this school year is ended.
AUTUMN

The winds of autumn blow dusky clouds along at daybreak—This Indian summer that prevails sees the morning sun touch the jeweled blanket of near frost left by the cool night air. The afternoon finds pleasant warmth spreading cautiously to the meadows and the great cottonwoods. Near the pond, Amanitas spring forth in well nourished patches to tempt the novice and view the waning sun. Soon brisk chilling wind will chase this mellow season and spill her own special sparkling beauty in our midst.

KIM STANTON

NATIONAL CHAMPS

Northeastern A&M's Golden Norsemen are the National Junior College football champions. They even topped their final No. 1 rating with a 20-6 victory over Arizona Western in the Annual Shrine Bowl at Savannah, Georgia.

The Norse of Miami have won the National Championship twice before, making this their third crown under the tutelage of Coach Chuck Bowman. They won the NJCAA title in 1969 and 1967.

They have been undefeated for the past two seasons.

NEW BOOKS

AMERICAN EPIC: The Story of the American Indian by Alice Marriott and Carol K. Rachlin (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $6.95). We have needed a book, written for a general readership, which would include the wide variety of Indian cultures in our country with an overview of the historic events that have brought us to point at which we now are. This is that book. It avoids the pitfalls of becoming too technical or too detailed, maintaining its summit high perspective from start to finish, yet succeeding also in avoiding the chill of distance. These authors are personally acquainted with the people about whom they write, so the dry, unhuman characteristics of a book written only from research are altogether missing. Their narrative has the immediacy of reality.

SWIM TO VICTORY by Dorothy Kayser French (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia and New York, $3.95). Mrs. French's daughter is an active member of the competitive and successful Phillips 66 Splash Club, Battle Creek, so this novel, written for young readers, is drawn from life as well as from imagination. Mrs. French has written other fine books for young people. She has another one here in which the reader, from the very first, lives the story through the hopes and disappointments, successes and failures, of the young contestant whose narrative this story is.

TRAILS AND TRIALS OF A TEXAS RANGER by W. W. Sterling (Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, $8.50). Gen. Bill Sterling, who incidentally once lived in Oklahoma, rode from a private in the ranks of border company of the Texas Rangers to become Adjutant General of Texas and head of the Rangers. His book is not in the "official history" format but adheres to first hand experiences, with much space given to the careers of Bonnie and Clyde. This is one of the best personal experience narratives we've read. Of special interest is that Gen. Sterling pulls punches in his account of how, on two occasions, even so exemplary a law enforcement body as the Texas Rangers was brought down and temporarily destroyed by political greed and scheming.
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