For grown-ups it has a dreamlike quality. The buildings are disproportionate to grown-up size yet real and tangible, and there you are, with the boardwalk and cobbled stone street curving away before you. In the church a psalm-singing congregation, unseen but heard, gives voice to a hymn. Yonderly at the distant end of the street you hear the saloon's honkytonk music.

It is easy to gird a brace of unseen .45 caliber 6-guns on your hips, imagine a black hatted man similarly belted and holstered, as deadly as a rattlesnake, and walk slowly toward him. Down the street, the sound of the nickelodeon music is discordant and as you move toward the gunman, from behind you comes the hoof clatter of approaching ghost riders. It is all you can do to keep from casting that wayward glance over your shoulder, which might cost your life in the belching gunfire you face.

You had better rivet your attention on the gimlet eyes of that killer in the black hat who is coming to meet you. Until, with a little embarrassment, you remind yourself that he is imaginary. Then you turn your attention to the General Store, the Saddle Shop, the oldtime office of the Atty.-at-Law, or another of the fron-
tier business emporiums you are passing.

For a youngster it must be like a magical transformation to a Western movie set. There is the Sheriff’s Office. Across the street the Portrait Gallery, where they made those tin-types with mother standing and father sitting. The red plush carpeted lobby of the Stockman’s Hotel, the Blacksmith Shop, with ringing anvil, ready to shoe your horse while you take in the entertainment with a shot glass of red-eye in your hand, one boot on the brass rail at the bar in the Silver Dollar Saloon.

You could spend all day in the saloon’s Music Emporium. There are antique nickelodeon music-makers there, replete with cymbals, fiddles, mechanical “pianas,” tambourines, drums, tootling pipes, all the variety of instruments that can be strummed, blown, or whanged. Each one plays from ten to thirty-five melodies. If your dimes and quarters hold out, here is an all day concert. These are prized antiques from the golden era of the nickelodeon. We can’t understand why anyone would prefer hearing a modern juke box in preference to one of these.

Still West of Yesterday, and just around the bend, you are out-of-doors. Here is a settler’s sod shanty with chickens cackling in the yard. Its interior is fragrant from the cedar ridgepole overhead.

There is the chuckwagon which worked the range for the Matador Land and Cattle Company. The cook is making a fresh batch of sourdough on the tailgate, and a huge black pot of son-of-a-gun stew stands ready for the fire. On the corral fence beyond hangs a variety of saddles, bridles, tack of every description.

There’s a Stagecoach Station and a Pony Express Station. A mine with clanking tools audible somewhere down in the distant reaches of its drifts. Beside it water runs through the flumes of the sluice. Farther on you stand beside an Indian camp, and listen to the cry of a mourning dove.

The National Cowboy Hall of Fame’s West of Yesterday exhibit heightens illusion by appealing to sound and touch as well as sight. Old-time cowtown, diorama of Indian days, of pioneering, the frontier army, mountain men, mining, ranch life. We urge you to see West of Yesterday before the relics and artifacts now there are changed, then see it again as these exhibits undergo change.
Less than ninety years ago train travel across the Indian and Oklahoma Territories posed a disturbing threat to passengers. As the train stopped at some deserted station or isolated water tank, a masked figure might kick open the door, gun in one hand, grain sack in the other. Shocked passengers would be forced to drop their valuables into the sack. More likely a thunderous boom would be heard from the express car as the thieves blew the safe.

In June, 1870, the Missouri-Kansas-Texas (Katy) crossed the territory line from Chetopa, Kansas, thus becoming the first railroad to enter either Indian or Oklahoma Territories. Laying rails through Vinita, Pryor, Muskogee, McAlester to Denison, Texas, they won the race to be the first railroad to tap the rich southwest trade area.

But in almost a dead heat the St. Louis-San Francisco (Frisco), angled southwest from Missouri, built towards Vinita, where Katy and Frisco crews fought hand-to-hand combat, then on to Tulsa, Sapulpa; and this was the future Oklahoma City.

Robbery on the Rails

BY ARTHUR SHOEMAKER
The airline pirate is the boogeyman of modern travel. ... Our grandparents were haunted by a specter equally frightening ...

Far to the west two other railroads, the Santa Fe and Rock Island, sent construction crews pouring down from the Kansas line. The Santa Fe built through Ponca City, Oklahoma City, Purcell, Ardmore, and into Texas, while the Rock Island followed the route of the historic Chisholm Trail through Enid, El Reno, Chickasha, Duncan, to the Red River.

The Katy has the dubious honor, also, of having both the first and last train holdups in Oklahoma. The two holdups were half-a-century apart. The first, in 1873, took place ten miles north of Denison by an alleged band of Cherokees who made off with two thousand dollars and a sack full of watches and rings. In 1923 Al Spencer pulled off the last heist, at Okesa, deep in the Osage hills west of Bartlesville.

There may be room for argument, but the Daltons—Bob, Grat, and Emmett—seem to have been Oklahoma's most daring and successful train robers; and the deadliest. Though their first train holdup took place in California, they hit their peak in the twin territories. In rapid succession they hit the Santa Fe at both Wharton (now Perry), where they killed the station agent, and at Red Rock.

With each robbery they grew more bold and reckless. They once passed the word that on a certain night they would rob the northbound Katy at Pryor's Creek. To prevent it railroad officials put fifteen special deputies on the train and surrounded the depot with a heavily armed posse. Late that night the train came in, but the Daltons didn't. The guards relaxed with relief. The big showdown had been avoided. They were unaware that the outlaws were waiting at Adair, the next stop up the line.

Although they fought valiantly, the guards were caught completely by surprise at Adair. The hidden bandits riddled the train with bullets killing two lawmen and wounding several passengers. The safe was blasted and looted. The terrified passengers were made to contribute to the grain sack. The hijackers made a clean getaway with an estimated twenty to thirty thousand dollars.

After the Daltons met their end at Coffeyville, Bill Doolin and his free-booters stepped into the picture. This new and deadly bunch of marauders were to leave a bloody trail of plunder across Oklahoma. Like the Daltons they struck first out-of-state; the Missouri Pacific at Caney, Kansas. Following this successful holdup, they moved across the line. At Wharton, they scored a double by stopping both north and southbound Santa Fe trains. Next they hit the Rock Island at Dover. In each robbery the passengers had to ante-up to the familiar grain sack.

At the opposite end of the outlaw scale, we come to the Jennings gang. Al and brother Frank were quite serious about their work, but somehow nothing seemed to go right. They planned their first job carefully. At Bond Switch, twenty-two miles south of Muskogee, they piled ties on the track and waved a red flag to stop the train. Instead of stopping, the engineer poured on the coal, crashed through the ties and roared past the surprised robbers. For their second job they picked the Santa Fe at Purcell but had to leave town running continued
Fiscers traded shots. Growing impatient, Texas Jack jumped in a coach and proceeded to rob the passengers. As he backed out the door, Ledbetter snapped off a shot that caught Jack in the hip. It ended the struggle. The other bandits gathered up Jack and the sack and scattered in the darkness.

Crippled Texas Jack Reed eventually made it to the home of a brother living in Arkansas. There he recovered from his wounds and turned himself in to Judge Parker. He served his time and went straight.

In 1894 a “railroad war” erupted on the Rock Island line in the Enid area. The trouble started when the railroad decided to stop trains in Enid (north) rather than Enid (south). The irate citizens of Enid (south) resorted to several schemes to persuade the train to stop, not the least of which was firing shots at the locomotives and coaches. Conductors had to warn passengers to draw the blinds and lay down on the floor to escape flying glass. Their final and successful gambit was to use a timber saw, which you now may see in the Cherokee Strip Museum on the Phillips University campus in Enid. Using this saw they cut the timbers of a railroad trestle south of Enid and wrecked a freight train. Fortunately no one was injured.

The United States Congress ended this “railroad war” by passing a unique law stating that the train had to stop where the people of Enid wanted it to.

In writing his memoirs, a cowboy named Milt Hinkle admitted robbing a Santa Fe train near the old Riff Ranch headquarters. His partner in crime was Henry Grammer, former world’s champion cowboy. The year was 1915. The two cowboys, riding horseback across 101 pasture miles, White Eagle, encountered a slow moving train crawling up a steep grade. Grammer commented, “That train sure would be easy to rob.” Hinkle agreed. Just for the heck of it they climbed aboard the last coach and proceeded to fill up the ol’ sack. They hid the loot in a hollow log by nearby creek, intending to give back to the passengers, virtually all of whom they recognized. But before they could consummate their little joke heavy rains washed away the loot and all. Surprisingly, and po
sibly because both Grammer and Hinkle were known to be short-tempered and dangerous, no one complained.

Al Spencer, another Osage country outlaw, was called "The Phantom Terror" by newswriters and "King of the Badlands." His record of bank robberies puts him up among the all-time leaders. He was to cap his meteoric career by staging Oklahoma’s last train robbery. Staging is the right word, for the robbery took place before a small, select audience. As his second in command, Spencer had Frank Nash, a small, balding man whose checkered career was to have a profound catalytic influence on American gangsterism for the next decade.

The time was shortly past midnight, August 21, 1923. The Katy train #123 was halted a mile past the little town of Okesa. Spencer and Nash, masked with women’s stockings, subdued the engineer and fireman and marched them back to the mail car. The mail clerk was forced to admit the bandits. They quickly rifled the mail sacks. A single package of registered mail was scooped up and the bandits melted back into the darkness. In the package were twenty thousand dollars worth of negotiable Liberty Bonds.

A Katy section foreman heard the shots and saw the holdup. Racing to a trackside telephone, he called the Bartlesville dispatcher and within the hour, help was on the way.

Methodically, the Okesa robbers were tracked down. Nash was captured as he forded the Rio Grande on horseback between the U. S. and Mexico.

Spencer, one of the few old-time outlaws to make the transition from stirrups to steering wheel, was found hiding on a farm south of the Kansas line near Coffeyville. When the law closed in, he chose to fight. He died, still carrying ten thousand dollars worth of the uncashed bonds.

Nash was sentenced to the penitentiary but escaped after a few years. He never returned to Leavenworth, but the end of his life was destined to be linked, in a way, to the railroad. He died in front of a depot. On June 17, 1933, the underworld attempted to wrest him from the hands of the law. In the wild shooting melee, five men died; four police officers and Frank Nash. This tragedy has gone down in history as the infamous Kansas City Union Station massacre.

Perhaps your own grandparents were among those who once had to drop their rings, watches, and billfolds into a grain sack at the point of a gun. Surely they knew someone who did. But when you stop and think about it, they may have been lucky, for you can’t fly a train to Havana.
“First and ten and do it again!” roared the pep squad.

If you are an outsider and do not know football you might wonder what they want who to do again.

If you are a member of SOFA (Sacred Order of Football Addicts) you can jab your neighbor in the ribs and with a knowing manner say, “Now, when I was quarterback in '32 I would have . . .”

What’s going on out there might be shocking to those who wonder why those brutes are beating each other silly over that leather covered elliptical thing that is bounding around so crazily.


But if you are a member of SOFA you understand it all. You have paid your dues, which means you’ve bought a season ticket to your favorite team’s home games. Also plenty of cumbersome, warm clothes in bright colors to show your allegiance to the home team. You may even be carrying some sort of warming liquid. You may even spill it all over the guy in front of you!

When you get bored with what is going on out on the field you may pleasure yourself by using your field.
“Look, Jack,” the soft-spoken Fields said. “Can’t you farmers play football like gentlemen?”

Baker told Dotter, in a cautioning tone, “Next time you meet one of these O. U. fellers, tip your hat, not his.”

One year, during the era of Sooner Coach Bennie Owen, O. U. was drubbing Kansas State. The Oklahomans were scoring with ease and regularity. Owens, hoping to keep the Wildcat coach from being blistered by K.S.U. alumni, started substituting freely.

One of the subs was a little guy named Hugh Roberts, who had a unique talent for ducking under the big tacklers, letting the monsters charge past. Roberts would stoop low, using his left hand and arm like a third leg for balance as he scurried away.

He always wore a heavy leather brace on his left wrist because his tactic kept that wrist sprained much of the time. In this game with the Wildcats, O. U. quarterback Narin called a cross buck and Roberts “three-legged it” 68 yards for a touchdown.

Another O. U. player had committed an infraction against the rules and the play was called back. This didn’t bother quarterback Narin. He bravely called the same play. Roberts was standing in the huddle, gasping for breath after his 65 yard jaunt.

Roberts took an extra deep gulp of air and zig-zagged his way, this time 73 yards for a legal touchdown.

In the early 1920’s, Tulsa’s Central High School was to play Muskogee on Thanksgiving Day. It snowed before the game then a warming sun washed up the snow. With compassion in his heart a Tulsa oil man who had a son on the Central team offered both sides rubberized suits to help them keep dry. The Muskogee Rougher’s coach declined the moisture-repellant gear but said it was all right if Tulsa wanted to wear the suits. They did. Those suits turned the trick—for Tulsa. The wet rubber was so slick the Muskogee kids couldn’t hold onto the opposing ball carriers. Tulsa Central romped to an easy win.

Once Ada High School played McAlester on a rainy, cold, November day. The field looked like a lake. So much so that a flock of ducks winged in during the last quarter. The ducks splashed down and began swimming around one end of the field while the teams battled on the other end.

They were still there, quacking away, when the game was over.

In the early 1930’s Oklahoma City University had some great football clubs. Several of the players worked for the Oklahoma City Fire Department. So many that they were tabbed the “Fighting Firemen” as well as the “Goldbugs” which was the O.C.U. emblem then.

The Goldbugs were to play a big game on their home field on Saturday afternoon against Oklahoma A. & M. The night before the game Aggie students came to Oklahoma City and turned in false alarms all night long. This kept the football inclined firemen out of bed, but even after a sleepless night of fighting false alarms, it didn’t work. O.C.U. beat A. & M., although it was a close game.

In the late ’40’s at Sulphur, the late Jack Cox, a crusty personality with a heart of gold, had some great teams. One night his team, playing at Durant, was having all sorts of problems. The Sulphur Bulldogs were mired deep in their own territory.

Coach Cox sent in a young quarterback with orders to run one keeper play, then punt. The boy ran real well on the keeper play—he was finally pulled down on the Durant ten yard line.

On the next play, true to his coach’s orders, the boy booted the ball clear across the end zone and out of sight.

While fans and players were looking for the football, Cox called his quarter-back out of the game in a furious rage.

“Son, what were you thinkin’?” he yelled at the youngster.

The boy toed the dirt in front of the bench. “I was thinking I had the dumbest coach that ever lived,” he said softly.
At first, the approaching boat was a mere speck of black above the gray, misty sheen of the river as it churned around the old Cherokee Bend toward what is now the Oklahoma border.

But at last the waiting hunters and trappers on the point of land where the Arkansas River joined the French-named Poteau saw the prow of the small craft surging against the current, opening a way of new transportation into the frontier.

That was in 1822, the first year a river packet ever steamed up the Arkansas River into the bounds of present Oklahoma. The appearance of the tiny craft opened up a new era along the river that lasted for almost 100 years.

Today, 148 years after the arrival of that first steamboat in 1822, a new navigation era is opening on the Arkansas River. Boats and long barges loaded with non-perishable products will soon be moving up and down this mighty inland river again.

This picture of progress reigns supreme in the Sallisaw, Poteau, Muldrow, Vian, Gore, Webbers Falls area. The new high-arched railroad bridge to carry Kansas City Southern traffic across the Arkansas is nearly complete.

The new U. S. 64 bridge that carries truck and automobile traffic across the river between Gore and Webbers Falls is complete. The old and outmoded former span will soon be torn away. Engineers report that the W. D. Mayo Lock and Dam just below the famous old natural boat landing at Wilson Rock is almost completed.

"Work on the Robert S. Kerr Lock and Dam, just a short way up the river, is 90 percent complete," reports associate resident engineer Robert D. Patterson of Sallisaw.

A six-county regional port committee has been formed along the waterway and its tributaries. Sallisaw chamber of commerce manager George Glenn says that a port authority will soon be formed.

The new American Hoist branch plant at Sallisaw will soon go into production. The massive new building in which great hoists and cranes will be built is alongside Interstate-40, which sweeps south of the city with a heavy daily load of traffic. Interlaced, both west and east of Sallisaw is the route of U. S. 64.

Another asset to the region is the new Coast Guard terminal south of Sallisaw. Here the river buoy tender U. S. Patoka, will have its home port. It will be used to tend channel buoys and for river rescue work.

The beautiful new terminal is already completed. Its buffer walls will hold back the channel of an arm of the lake almost 40 feet deep. Nearby is a series of dolphins where U. S. Army Engineers’ craft will be tied up.

All this is part of a gigantic river stairway, reaching some 500 miles up the Arkansas River from the Mississippi to Tulsa and the Port of Catoosa. Twenty years ago it was merely a dream, almost an illusion, which began to materialize after gigantic floods carried off vast tonnages of rich topsoil from eastern Oklahoma to be
wasted in the Gulf of Mexico.

The period of floods had followed the devastation of depression. Both sent an exodus of Oklahoma citizens to the cotton fields, prune orchards, and grape vineyards of California. Hundreds of writers, seeking a fast buck with sensationalism, filled books and national magazines with the exploits of George and Matt Kimes and Pretty Boy Floyd.

Eastern Oklahomans with pride of place and homeland, in the hills and valleys of Sequoyah, Adair, LeFlore, and Muskogee, pushed the lurid stories out of their thoughts and worked diligently toward the day when the land would once again come into its own.

For assurance that time has arrived, all you have to do is take a pleasure and scenic junket along major east-west highway 64 or I-40. The old picture of despair is now old indeed, and you would have to travel a long way to find a more inspiring spirit of progress than the region in and around Sallisaw.

This picture holds true in extreme eastern Oklahoma all the way from the Arkansas border to near the mouth of the Illinois River, where the $25,000,000 Kerr-McGee hexafluoride plant is now shipping out its first products to be converted into nuclear power.

The picture of cultural, civic, and business pride is brighter than it has ever been before. S. W. (Clair) Armstrong of Vian is spending about $180,000 on a new and modern bank. Business leaders of Muldrow have also received a charter for a new bank. Muldrow is installing a new water system at a cost of more than a million dollars. Nearby Roland is drawing water from the beautiful Lake Fort Smith.

You'll be hearing more from Muldrow, Gore, Vian, Webbers Falls, Roland, and others. Farmers, ranchers, and businessmen predict that within ten years a metropolitan area will reach westward through Sallisaw.

From Dallas comes a proposal for a plush pleasure craft on the Arkansas River to carry sight-seers and riverboat enthusiasts from Tulsa to New Orleans and back. It is a land steeped in historical lore, filled with such names as the Cherokee Cadmus, Sequoyah, inventor of the Cherokee alphabet; Sam Houston, of Wigwam Neosho and Texas Republic fame; Houston B. Teehee, Secretary of the Treasury for President Woodrow Wilson. Teehee was born and reared in the rugged hills of the small community of Nicut about 18 miles north of Sallisaw.

The eagerly-awaited event is that of boats and barges being lifted through the Mayo and Kerr Locks. It is now only months, not years, away. We are about to see the return of that era when vast resources of coal, stone, timber, and other products may be shipped cheaply on the river route. Our folks want to hear a tugboat's whistle as it churns its way around "the bend."
Tryst with honor heights

The rock-crowned heights, an altar stood,
Brisk Autumn winds flaming the wood;
A smoke-blue haze arising from
The curve of earth, like spectral drum.

Throb, throb! Was it the last Retreat?
Throb, throb! Or but my own heart's beat?
I felt historic dreams arise
As to strangely anointed eyes . . .

Gaunt backwoodsmen, old New Orleans . . .
The Civil War . . . our brave Marines . . .
Throb-thrilling to my very brain,
The Highland pipes . . . tom-toms again!

Have others heard? Have other seen?
What may all this really mean?
Upon the hill, men sitting there,
From our late wars, wheel-chair by chair!

My soul there with the altar burned,
Until a sober sense returned.
Then gazing over flowers fair,
Something in me rose in prayer.

by rudolph n. hill
YOUNG TULSANS WIN INTERNATIONAL GRAND PRIZE

The YOUNG TULSANS are the 1970 winners of the GRAND PRIZE AWARD, Sixth World Music Contest, in Kerkrade, Netherlands.

More than $150,000 was raised by the musicians, their families and friends in order for both senior and cadet band members to make the trip overseas.

Their efforts were rewarded with the presentation of the Grand Prize. The senior group won three gold medals while the cadet band added two bronze medals against older and more experienced competition. The cadets, the only junior high school group entered in the international contest, competed against high school and college bands.

Both bands are directed by Jerrold Lawless, Tulsa Central High School band director and founder of the groups. He has led the organization to contests and appearances at Expo '67 in Montreal, the National VFW Contest in Detroit, the Hemis-Fair at San Antonio, international competition in Winnipeg, and as Oklahoma's representative at President Nixon's Inaugural Parade.

From Holland the 181 band members, 24 chaperons, and 45 tourist passengers traveled to Cologne, Mannheim, Heidelberg, Innsbruck, Venice, Florence, Switzerland, Paris, and London.

... Fred Marvel

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS IN MUSKOGEE

Pausing in Muskogee during the U.S. Women's Open Golf Championship, while everyone was impressed by the caliber of golf being played, and especially by Donna Caponi, defending national champion who won (a feat accomplished only once before in the history of this National Tournament); we were awed by the magnitude of ABC-TV's physical setup to cover this tournament for network telecast over Wide World of Sports. The lineup of semi-trailer trucks, tractors, trailers, the huge towers erected for color-tv camera coverage of fairways and greens ... the logistics of such a telecast are appalling, almost equal in interest to the sports event being telecast.
CROSSWORD

BY MAGGIE CULVER FRY

ACROSS
1. AtoLa County town
5. Museum in Osage County
11. Yell County (Ark.) town
12. Diminutive suffix
13. Fruit drink
14. Exclamation
16. Short for Edward
18. Medieval Latin (abbr.)
19. To fall behind
21. Grady County town
22. Continuous dike
23. Continuous dike
24. To try to outdo
25. Site of oldest tree known to man
26. Male voices
27. English Princess
28. Sound made by a cow
29. A suffix
30. Envision
31. Our “Million Dollar” Tree
32. Married woman’s title
33. Diminutive suffix
34. Broken………., in McCurtain County
35. Rhode Island (abbr.)
36. North Carolina (abbr.)
37. Medinative sufix
38. W- County town
39. Rabbit
40. Sequoyah County town
41. Noun suffix
42. To skip
43. To slide
44. Indian Territory (abbr.)
45. Sand Springs (abbr.)
46. Creek in Rogers County
47. Contraction for “I would”
48. That thing
49. Morning hours
50. Contraction for “I would”
51. Morning hours
52. A-1
53. A-1
54. A-1
55. A-1
56. A-1
57. A-1
58. A-1
59. A-1
60. A-1
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63. A-1
64. A-1
65. A-1
66. A-1

DOWN
1. Rogers County town
2. Negative reply
3. Jackson County town
4. Payne County town
5. Oklahoma’s favorite son
6. Oklahoma Education Association (abbr.)
7. Southern state (abbr.)
8. Advertisement
9. To harvest
10. Sequoyah’s tribe
11. Yell County (Ark.) town
12. Diminutive a
13. Fruit drink
14. Oklahoma radio attention
15. Short for Edward
16. Short for Edward
17. Medieval Latin (abbr.)
18. To fall behind
19. Grady County town
20. Grady County town
21. Grady County town
22. Grady County town
23. Grady County town
24. Grady County town
25. Famed Indian Mounds
26. To box
27. Unusual
28. A weight measure
29. A weight measure
30. A weight measure
31. Delaware County town
32. Delaware County town
33. Delaware County town
34. Delaware County town
35. Delaware County town
36. Delaware County town
37. Delaware County town
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ANSWER ON PAGE 26

TWENTY-TWO

OKLAHOMA TODAY
A BRIEF—AND YOUTHFUL—TWENTY

When Guy Fraser Harrison comes striding from the wings to lift us spritely from our chairs to sing "O, say can you see by the dawn's early light" this autumn, he will be doing so for his twentieth year as conductor of the Oklahoma City Symphony. It is our opinion that no one gives the Star Spangled Banner quite the stirring spirit, quite the sparkle, that anthem receives from the baton of Maestro Harrison.

There is a generation gap between Dr. Harrison's chronological age and his youthful spirit. He is seasoned by a record of distinguished accomplishments, but his attitude is "today" and "tomorrow." An international background as conductor and guest conductor, musician and teacher, he has twice received the National Music Council's Citation of Distinction. He has been especially honored for his recognition of new composers, and for his contributions to the musical lives of gifted youth.

Among the several remarkable aspects of this 20th Anniversary, this man for whom we rise, who inspires us to sing our national anthem with such enthusiasm, is British born and educated. We express warm best wishes to Dr. Guy Fraser Harrison for this 20th Anniversary year and all future years.

TEN YEARS AGO
IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

Oklahoma Today's summer 1960 issue contained two articles of national impact. One, on the DeGolyer Collection of the history of science and technology at the University of Oklahoma, raised European eyebrows. This collection of many ancient volumes of infinite value contains the *Dialogo* of Galileo, with notations in the margin written in Galileo's own handwriting. Similar antiquity and equal value characterize the entire collection. Fortune Magazine then used the material from our Oklahoma Today article, reprinted all of our illustrations and added more.

**THE GREAT DE GOLYER COLLECTION**

Four "story" paintings by Augusta Metcalfe in the same issue attracted equal interest. America has produced no artist greater than Mrs. Metcalfe. She came to Oklahoma as a small child during pioneer days. Her recollections of the Oklahoma western frontier, committed to canvas in oils, are entirely accurate and evoke emotions of warm reminiscence of those early times.

Oklahoma Today's autumn 1960 issue highlighted the Wild West Show fame of *The Fabulous Mulhalls*. The beauteous Lucille and her lovely sisters Georgia, "Bossy", and Mildred, wild riding devil-may-care Charley Mulhall, and the event in old New York which started Will Rogers on his way to stage fame . . . Will, with Bill Pickett hazing, roped a steer loose in the Madison Square Garden grandstands.

There are two pages of Otis Wile's wit guaranteed to send you into gales
of laughter. "Cousin Otey," former director of sports publicity for O.S.U., is retired but well-remembered.

Two poems in our autumn '60 issue, titled Heritage, by Vera Holding and illustrated by Brummett Echowhawk, are among the most beautiful of the fine poems it has been our privilege to publish.

The Oklahoma Scrapbook in that issue contains a comic diet that would take weight off the skinniest person in the world, and the color section contains gorgeous autumn made-in Oklahoma color scenes ready for framing.

We have a few of these "collectors item" issues of ten years ago, available to you at the bargain rate of $1.50 each.

NEW BOOKS

PRIAM'S DAUGHTER by Georgia Sallaska (Doubleday and Co., New York, $7.95). The wars of ancient Troy and Greece have become a legendary and inspirational source for authors of poetry and prose. Native Oklahoman and Central State College alumnae Georgia Sallaska breathes life into legend in this novel of Cassandra, favorite daughter of the Trojan king.

A TRY AT TUMBLING by Dorothy Kayser French (J. B. Lippincott & Co., New York, $4.95). Bartlesville's Dorothy French is informative, skillful, and entertaining as she blends narrative ingredients for young readers; her theme for this novel is a sport of rapidly increasing popularity.

BATTLE OF THE WASHITA by Jess C. Epple (Exposition Press, New York, $7.00). Mr. Epple, of Warner, has thoroughly researched the Washita story about which he writes, and has added historical sketches on the Arapaho, Apache, Comanche, Cheyenne, and Kiowa peoples. His illustrated account of the centennial ceremonies held at Cheyenne on the 100th anniversary of the battle are unique and complete.

SHOTGUN FOR HIRE by Glenn Shirley (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $4.95). History strangely selects a few sensational characters who become the subjects of numerous volumes. Glenn Shirley, of Stillwater, here focuses on a lesser known murderer who claimed to have killed 51 men, among them New Mexico's sheriff Pat Garrett. Miller ended his life at the end of a hang rope in an Ada livery barn.

WITH GUIDONS FLYING by members of the Western Writers of America (Doubleday, New York, $5.95). This collection of short stories about the U. S. cavalry, authored by experienced and professional spinners of frontier tales, includes yarns by Fred Grove, of Norman, and former Oklahoman Bill Gulick.
El Volcán Colima, lively and wreathed with steam, is spectacular from Univ. of Okla. leased hacienda El Cobano. From early morning light through dusk, the volcano’s color alters, through a variety of hues and shadings, blues, browns, greens, and vermillion at sunrise and sunset. In the foreground is a plantation of coffee trees. In the middle distance, a field of ripened sugar cane, Colima’s major agricultural crop.

Oklahomans and men of authority in México are providing significant leadership that is creating goodwill and the strongest friendship that has ever existed between the U.S. and our southern neighbor.

The University of Oklahoma maintained hacienda El Cobano, in the state of Colima, México, continues to provide a year around exchange of programs that increase international understanding and bring our peoples together in personal friendships.

Efforts headed by Dr. Richard Hancock and Sam Nigh brought the Colima Ballet Folklórico to Oklahoma this summer. These charming young people of México performed in Ardmore, Healdton, Fox, Wilson, Wynnewood, Pauls Valley, Norman, Oklahoma City, and Tulsa.

The charisma of the Colima group brought standing-room-only audiences everywhere they appeared. There were forty-five in the group, dancers, musicians, chaperones, and bus driver. Following their programs the group was besieged for autographs. Their school appearances invariably concluded with forty-five clots of youngsters, with one of the group from Colima in the center of each clot autographing programs.

At a pizza parlor in Oklahoma City where the Colima group was having supper, the piano player invited the cancioneros from Colima to sing a number. Los jóvenes mejicanos took the parlor by storm. There is no folk music livelier, more inspiring, mas emocionante, than that of Mexico. The patrons of that particular pizza parlor on that particular evening were never more royally entertained. They were on their feet cheering when the youngsters from Colima departed, still singing, to board their bus.

The popular group of Oklahoma rodeo riders who performed in Tlaxcala have also traveled to Colima. A choral group from Southeastern State College, Durant, filled the Juarez Theatre in Colima last spring. Another rodeo group including World Champion Trick Roper, Ardmore’s Jim Eskew, is scheduled to go to Colima. A cross-section of students from Oklahoma high schools spent the summer studying at the hacienda there. Workshops, seminars, a variety of conferences will be held at El Cobano in the months ahead. The hacienda is especially popular during the winter months. There is no winter at El
Cobano. It is always spring in this semi-tropical climate.

Any Oklahoma organization is welcome to use the hacienda at El Cobano, by making reservations and reimbursing the university for expenses incurred. Address your query to O.U. Hacienda, 1700 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma, 73069.

The Colima Folklórico group will return to Oklahoma next spring. Sam Nigh and Dr. Hancock report they have a backlog of calls for appearances, and invitations from Oklahoma families who are eager to host these fine young people as guests while they are visiting in Oklahoma.
THE FIRST COMMERCIAL RADIO STATION
WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE
THIRD IN THE ENTIRE NATION.

50th Anniversary of Radio Broadcasting

BY H. C. NEAL

RADIO — (ray de oh) — noun: musician to millions; articulate crier of the nation’s news; fastest finder of footloose kids; weather observer; saviour of ships and aircraft in distress; electronic evangelist; fantastically efficient salesman; the pulsing sound of now!

Commercial radio didn’t exactly hit the ground running but it has come an incredible way in the past half-century. If it were a bonafide religion (as some fanatics think it is) it would have to be “the church of what’s happening now.”

The first static-laden wireless messages sort of sneaked up on Oklahomans in January, 1920. They emanated from a crude transmitter at 35 degrees 26 minutes north, accord-
ing to the original license, by 97 degrees 13 minutes west. The location was actually the garage of a young engineer named Earl C. Hull at 1911 W. Ash in the Westwood section of Oklahoma City. Hull and his partner, H. S. Richards, had just gotten their license to broadcast from the "Oklahoma Radio Shop" with the call letters 5XT.

This first genuine radio station west of the Mississippi and the third in the entire nation got a new set of call letters two years later—WKY. The ultra-modern NBC outlet in Oklahoma City was the state's first licensed broadcast station. Soonerland's newest is KWEY in Weatherford which went on the air last May. There are now 98 radio stations in Oklahoma, located in some 52 cities. Of the total, 67 are AM stations, 31 are FM, and 12 are combined AM-FM stations.

Radio 1970 is a multi-million dollar industry in Oklahoma, and much of it rocks around the clock with 24-hour broadcasting schedules. Local and national news, weather, market and crop reports, swap shows, talk shows, rush-hour traffic jams, and music ranging from classical to country-western to acid rock are yours for the dialing anytime of the day or night. Broadcast officials who fearfully saw the advent of television as the death knell of radio have had some second thoughts.

"Radio is booming and its future is unlimited," recently declared Earl Hull, the father of Oklahoma radio. Speaking to the Oklahoma Broadcasters Assoc., the spry pioneer added, "Radio has come a long hard way and taken a lot of abuse. I believe it is here to stay." Now 75, Hull owns station WHLD in Niagara Falls, N.Y.

History has it that the whole thing started more or less officially on July 2, 1897, when an intense young Italian named Guglielmo Marconi was granted a patent by the British government on a "wireless telephone transmitter."

It was the second one he'd perfected. The first set had worked well enough, but when he brought it to England concealed in a suitcase and tried to secrete it through customs in order to protect his invention from prying eyes, the suspicious British had a bash at it.

It seems that only weeks before two would-be assassins of "apparent Neapolitan extraction" had bungled a bomb attempt on a key government official. Still spooky over the incident, the diligent British customs officials destroyed Marconi's suitcase and its contents when he refused to open it up.

Marconi settled in at a London flat and made a batch of new parts, and patiently put together another transmitter. He tested and demonstrated it for British scientists and patent officers, and was finally granted his history-making patent.

Radio transmission wasn't such great shakes at first, what with the Marconi transmission system of dots and dashes. But then a Canadian engineer named Reginald Fessenden advanced a radical new theory on transmission.

"The wave sent out must not be as the Marconi system has it—an interrupted wave or a series of power surges," Fessenden declared. "It must be a continuous wave upon which voice will be superimposed as variations or modulations." Fessenden proved his theory in 1901 and his newly-developed equipment laid the actual foundation for radio broadcasting.

The infant science was still lurching along by trial and error until another engineer came along named Lee De Forest. A sternly-disciplined minister's son, De Forest had an infatuation for radio which drove him to develop and patent a crude grid vacuum tube which he called the "audion." It merely revolutionized the electronics industry for all time to come.

Within months after the audion came on the market, radio amateurs and experimenters were broadcasting to each other all around the country. Radio "stations" proliferated and music filled the air for those fortunate enough to grab it by properly tuning the cat's whisker on their crystal set.

The original WKY transmitting plant in 1920. Then a struggling 20 watt station, the first commercial broadcaster west of the Mississippi, it was one of the first three commercial stations in the nation.
Vocalists, so popular now, didn’t fare too well in those parlous early days. Basso profundoes came across but sopranos couldn’t hack it—the crude microphones and castor oil condensers of the day simply wouldn’t stand the strain.

Paradoxically, however, Hawaiian music was very big. For some reason, the twangy tones of the ukelele stayed most nearly intact to reach the listener’s ear.

Radio, with its fearful invisible transmission waves, was accused of causing numerous mishaps in those early days. It got the blame for hailstorms, lightning strikes, unusual tides, creaky floorboards, cricket invasions, arthritis, and ill-fitting dentures.

An irate farmer stalked into a small amateur station one day and solemnly pronounced, “Two of my chickens dropped dead this morning.” He paused, then added, “I reckon your radio wave hit ‘em.” Another pause, then very meaningfully. “Suppose it had hit one of the kids?”

By the time WKY went on the air, “factory made” receiving sets were selling for $150 up. You could get a cheaper set for about $25 but its range was limited to around 30 miles. To get in on the “coast-to-coast” hookups which were all the rage, you needed a $150 model which received for 2,500 miles.

An earnest tinkerer named Powell Crosley Jr. changed all that. He built and sold for $30 a set which could instantly bring you market reports and news flashes from Chicago, Washington, or even New York. That cleared the stage for 1922, one of the big years of radio.

There were 690 new stations licensed that year in America, and one of them was WNAD, Norman, the state’s second regularly operating broadcast facility. It was built in the basement of a home at 426 W. Eu- faula by an engineering student named Maurice Prescott. Oklahoma University later bought the station. It became commercial in 1962 and affiliated with the CBS network. One of its early-day program directors was Homer Heck, now the television producer of the Hallmark Hall of Fame.

The Norman station currently boasts the oldest continuous regular weekly program in the state. “Indians for Indians” airs at 11:35 each Saturday morning (since 1941), and presents news, announcements and music about and for the Indians of Oklahoma.

The third oldest licensed station is KOMA, having gone on the air December 26, 1922, as KFJF. A first for this pioneer station was being sued for libel in the late 20’s. The records are hazy, but it appears that a hell-fire-and-brimstone evangelist used KOMA’s facilities to chastise a certain sheriff for letting his county run wide open on booze and gambling. The sheriff took umbrage, sued the station and the stump-thumper for libel, and lost.

Located for years on the 24th floor of the then Biltmore Hotel, KOMA was the capital city’s CBS affiliate. In addition to the network shows of the day, it originated such local goodies as The Recipe Advisor, the A&M College Farm & Home Hour and the Oklahoma City Police Quartet.

The station’s most illustrious alumnus is probably famed network sportscaster Curt Gowdy. A novice announcer in Cheyenne, Wyo., Gowdy was heard by a KOMA program director while driving through that state one night. The executive called the station and hired Gowdy before hanging up. Gowdy then aired the Oklahoma City Indians baseball games, OSU basketball and OU football. He left KOMA to join Mel Allen and the New York Yankees network.

Next on the air in Oklahoma was KFRU which is now KVOO, Tulsa. It went on the air from Bristow in 1925. The KVOO call letters were authorized in October of that year. In 1928 the station was purchased by oilman W. G. Skelly and moved to Tulsa. Since 1957 its location has been in Broadcast Center at 37th and Peoria.
Radio

Bob Wills ("Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry") broadcast live on KVOO for many years, as did a certain young newscaster who is now nationally prominent. The kid walked into the station one day fresh out of high school displaying a potential nose for news and a definite infatuation with radio. He was hired on the spot and although he has since become a national celebrity, he still answers to Paul Harvey.

The fifth station to broadcast regularly in Oklahoma was KCRC at Enid. It went on the air in 1926. KTOK went into operation as a church property in Oklahoma City in 1927. Its first call letters were KGP (Keep Going For God). KTOK was the first Oklahoma station to use a helicopter for spotting and reporting rush hour traffic jams and accidents. This operation got the tag "Red Rover" which is now practically a trademark.

The enterprising KTOK news staff sponsored the first topless model to appear in public in Oklahoma. After weeks of controversial promotion, the station 'coptered a living, breathing, topless model in a one-piece swimsuit to a ribbon-cutting at a local apartment complex. She was a charming three-year old.

KWEY at Weatherford, the state's newest station took to the air last May with an ultra-modern studio which also houses a large community center. An ABC affiliate, KWEY leans heavily on local news, crop reports, and weather, vital functions of Oklahoma radio.

The first two FM stations in Oklahoma were KSPL-FM, Stillwater, and KWGS-FM, Tulsa, both debuting in 1947, the natal year of FM.

Numerous alumni of Oklahoma radio have achieved national prominence. Walter Cronkite got an Oklahoma start. Jimmy Wakely, one of the nation's top names in country-western music, earned his beans and bacon money at WKY in the early days. Other alumni include Mike Douglas, a radio singer here in the early '40s; Frank McGee, NBC newsman who was known here as Mack Rogers; Ross Porter, a fine west coast sportscaster who goes national for ABC this fall; Dave Schumacher, Washington newscaster; and Big Ben Morris, television actor, was a staff
 announce here for many years.

Engineering has always preceded performance in radio, and typical of the top technicians is Jack Lovell. A 42-year veteran with the local station, Lovell has set up for remote broadcasts from speedboats, racing planes, blimps, bombers, and tanks. Mulling his memory, Lovell recalled the first funny paper readers on radio, and the funny paper legend which is hallowed in radio circles.

One Sunday morning, the story goes, the man who read the funnies to kids over the radio finished up his hour-long stint, and being a bit hung over, reached into his desk drawer for a soothing nip of panther sweat. Believing the microphone to be dead, he observed with relief, "that ought to hold the little _______ for another week."

The mike wasn't dead. His remark went into thousands of homes, and in the next few days the station received a deluge of letters from angry mothers.

"There are some gaps in the logbooks," Lovell grinned. "It would be impossible to determine who did that, I imagine."

Slips of the tongue have always been a part of radio, and Earl Hull tells a classic story of an early-days bloop on his first station. One day Hull came down with acute laryngitis just before a baseball game. He summoned a friend, a non-radio man but a fanatic baseball fan, to take over for him.

"Oklahoma City was playing St. Joseph in the old Western League," Hull related, "and this guy did fine until the fifth inning when St. Joseph got two men on base with two outs. The next batter hit an easy pop fly to our rightfielder, a fellow by the name of Guppy. My broadcaster said, 'It's a high, soft pop fly to right field, folks, and Guppy will gather it in to retire the side... !#*+[^?]! The stupid _______ dropped the ball!'"

"In the next week," Hull continued, "we got 6,000 letters. Most of them said, 'He was right... that Guppy is a stupid _______!'"

Along with its bloopers, radio has accomplished an incredible score of public service in Oklahoma. Historically covering disasters and providing help in every emergency, Soonerland radio stations have raised millions of dollars for medical research and relief funds for disaster victims.

Despite the necessary commercial aspect of radio—an absolute requirement for survival in an intensely competitive field—Oklahoma stations have earned a lengthy list of awards in the fields of newscasting and a wide diversity of public services.

Which, as the man said, is a primary reason why "radio is here to stay."

Radio "sound-effects man" Daryl McAllister, 1937.
Unlisted as a handsome tree,
He plants his roots in stone or clay
And points his crown toward the stars
And climbs with unrelenting pace.

A stepson's treatment his to bear:
Yet, takes his chance where others flee
From hardships placed by nature's leave—
Nor makes complaint of circumstance.

Nor snows nor floods nor droughts impair
His battle for survival;
Maligned and scorned, the cottonwood stands
Tenacious and resourceful.

A maverick, ignored and ostracised
An exile in his native land,
He lives apart with gracious mean
In spite of nature's abortive scheme.

A lonely sentinel enmeshed in scorn
Yet, bravely here he spreads his tent
And welcomes all in trouble find
A refuge in his towering height.

As winds rush by—or good or ill—
He sings his song to those who seek
Refreshment in his spreading shade
Or respite in his sheltered peace.

Surely such noblesse and strength
Must find some favored word of praise;
Such beauty, lost from sight, must find
Acceptance for neglected grace.

by w. m. Fletcher Ward
THE DEVILS DINNER

Disaster always strikes the day we move, but we arrived in Norman without so much as a nosebleed, and met our new landlord. An unflappable Southern gentleman, if there ever was one.

Dressed in sueders and leather, his big white hat spelled "good guy" to our four little boys. Former Senator Josh Lee showed his Yankee tenants the house and grounds.

Tentacles of happiness touched me gently, like the soft Indian summer breeze that lifted the acres of grass for miles around. My pilot husband had rented the house when he learned he would be flying out of Tinker indefinitely.

The newspaper ad promised a "four bedroom house five miles east of Norman in beautiful country setting." I sighed in deep satisfaction. It was all of that and more, white, post card pretty, trimmed in sentimental blue and topped by a cheerful red roof. A long veranda invited rocking chairs and peaceful twilight evenings.

Horses, cows, and a pond were in sight beyond the pasture. Perhaps our children's eyes might clear up after most of their small lifetimes spent blinking in smog. Our California backyard had been a postage stamp surrounded by six-foot high redwood boards that meant privacy, or clausrophobia, whichever was your thing.

"There's one thing I must definitely prohibit," Senator Lee said, as he turned over one key. "No animals in the house."

Though the children repeated plaintively, "No pets?", I was in deliriously happy agreement. Our California dog had skittered and slid and scratched the length of our uncarpeted hardwood floor California house. He'd been left in California. By now, I was dancing a triumphant little jig to the hum of happy freedom I felt.

Senator Lee left and we began to unload our furniture from the U-Haul we'd dragged from California. Exhausted when we finally heaved out the last heavy box, we decided to leave all furniture on the veranda and go to town for groceries and a cafe supper before moving the stuff in the house.

Our return trip from Norman was a delight. Mr. Lee had promised he was going to turn me into a "farm-erette"—he'd have the garden plowed for me in the spring. If I felt like having chickens, the coops were presently uninhabited. Already I felt rural as we bounced uphill toward home.

Mentally I began placing the furniture as we spied the pretty white house ahead on the crest of the hill. The sectional couch, I mused, would probably look best separated.

At first, as we whipped crunchilly up the gravel drive into the yard, I thought that I didn't see what I saw. I was hallucinating. I looked again. Yes, it really did resemble an animal of some sort and it was eating the couch.

I said quietly to my husband, "I see an animal with four legs and funny looking head. I do believe that is a goat I am seeing."

"Don't," my husband shouted, but too late. I was already out of the car. The thing had a huge blob of my beautiful tangerine upholstery in its mouth. White foam rubber bellowed from its evil jaws. Blobs of foam blew across the yard in the evening breeze.

The thing had a chain around its neck. I could catch it. I reached. It glowered malevolently, continuing to munch.

"Stop that and get out of here!" I commanded, raising my hand. Surely the ugly beast knew I meant business. It must know instinctively that I meant business. I would hit it if it didn't do what I said.

It's evil, yellow, slanting, unyielding eyes stared defiantly, then ignored me. It raised and parked its hooves on the seat to get proper leverage for a big bite out of the shoulder of the couch.

I took a step closer. The beast flicked its beard scornfully and munched out a fresh mouthful. I groaned and fell backwards a step. Before my eyes he was digesting the precious object on which I was still paying installments. My next step
was the fastest move I ever made. Head lowered, eyes full of malice, mouth full of couch, the goat headed for me.

I don’t even recall turning around. I do recall the moment of impact when the horrible thing hit me hard right where my jeans had back pockets. Suddenly I knew he’d finished his meal. Now it was time for dessert—me!

Agile and healthy from chasing small kids, I leapt ahead and gained a foot or two. Or thought I did. Again it butted me hard. My back arched, my knees came up, and I sprinted down the driveway as fast as I could go. I couldn’t believe this was happening to me. Me, a city girl, all prepared to love the country and its creatures. Me, a housewife, with five children, hygienically dedicated to toilet training. Me, a citizen, a patriotic American and regular church goer! I could be chased by a dirty old goat? A real dirty old goat.

Mentally preparing myself to leap the fence across the road in a single bound I was picking them up and laying them down faster and faster. I was speedier acting than any antacid you could name. Still, every few feet, I received further impetus from the goat via his hard head, chasing me away from his buffet.

I ran as far as the mail box on the section road, which seemed to satisfy the goat. He turned around and went back toward his snacking on the veranda.

Limping back slowly I peered ahead to see what my husband was doing. Sweat stood out on my forehead like oily beads. Murder banged against my rib cage in my thumping heart. If he was laughing...

But he wasn’t laughing. Grim about the mouth, narrow of eye, he was aiming our station wagon right at the goat as our children bled from the back seat. The gunned motor, the anguished screech of brakes, sent the goat leaping for safety. Lifting his hoofed, hairy limbs, he bounded straight inside the house through the screened door.

I climbed inside the car. We watched the goat peer hatefully through the torn screen. Then with a leap like Nijinsky he cluttered up the bare stairs, around the rooms, and down again like a demented captive. With a hop and a jump, he burst through the door again just as Senator Lee pulled into the driveway. The unflappable Senator pulled himself imperiously upright and leveled a stern gaze at the goat. Even the goat knew then that he had gone beyond the letter and the spirit of the law.

Seizing a shovel from the back of the pick-up he drove, Senator Lee swung it around like a baseball bat and let fly. It was a missile aimed in honor of all truth and virtue, and it smacked that goat right in the behind. The goat hightailed it down the gravelled path.

“He must have broken loose from around here somewhere,” the Senator explained tersely. “I’ll follow him and see that he gets chained down again.”

“Thank you for evicting him.” I said shakily.

“Got in the house, did he?” Senator Lee frowned.

“And ate my couch!” I added nothing about the pain in the vicinity of my back pockets.

Senator Lee shook his statesman-like head, “Can’t stand animals in the house!”

In the months that came, coyotes wailed mournfully and eerily from the hills and timber. Horses crashed the pasture gates and nudged the windows at night. Stray, starving dogs ate the chickens we attempted to raise. But the goat never returned. To reassure myself, I sometimes drove past the place where the goat was chained, beside a crumbling, abandoned schoolhouse, gnawing wood. I wished him not well, but termites. From the privacy and protection of my car on the road I gave him an unladylike sign. He pierced me with his knowing evil eye. I’m pretty sure he understood. And I’m pretty sure he returned the compliment.
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