THE STORY OF THE WOODWARD MURALS
written by the artist who painted them

In this first panel, I tried to visualize that memorable September when home-seekers converged on an almost bare piece of prairie. In the left of this mural, a farmer and his family have unhitched their oxen but not overlong journey from the southern boundary. It is a momentous decision. As the stake is driven, they must have asked themselves, "Is this where our roots can take hold? Will our labor bring a good life here?"

On the right side of this panel is pictured what might have taken place shortly in the afternoon of that day. The train left Higgins, Texas, and headed to the strip at noon. Others on horseback entered from Texas at resumably the same time. The train moved slowly to equalize horse and train travel. But it was assumed there could be little rivalry between the two groups, the one going for town lots and the other for acreage. It didn't work out that way. When the train pulled into Woodward, 45 miles from the order, David Jones had already staked town lots and was resting in the shade of his exhausted horse. Miss Celia Ficary, twenty-one years old, rode a few minutes afterwards, and after a main-street lot before the train disgorged its crowd. In my youth I rode many trips on horseback to and from the Panhandle to Woodward, and always took six or eight hours. So can only assume that I was mighty busy on my horses, or that the riders who beat the train that day of the ungot to a head-start or had relay stages placed along the way. Among the men pictured in this scene is my father in a business suit and a straw boater, with his suitcase in hand;克莱尔 Houston, with long dark hair and Prince Albert coat, youngest son of General Sam Houston of Texas fame; and Judge Dean, with the white hair. Judge Dean was an ex-Union cavalry officer, a Kentuckian, and a scholar. These three men were to become lifelong friends. Father and Judge Dean staked adjoining lots, and soon advertised—Dean & Laune, attorneys at law—to announce their partnership. In the center of this panel, racing up in a cloud of red dust are the riders, mostly cowboys, said to have numbered 700, who rode in from Texas. Paul Laune

When Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Williams, who donated the land and fine imposing building for a Pioneer Museum and Art Center in Woodward, wrote asking me if I would paint murals for the rotunda, I was momentarily stopped in my tracks. I was living in the New York area, and although painting pictures was my business, I foresaw serious complications in doing the large wall panels required, about 8 x 9 feet each. Accurately guessing that such a job would take a big hunk out of a year, and that funds to be raised for it would no doubt be modest, my better judgment warned me to decline. But any good judgment I had, went slack. Too many compelling reasons tempted me to drop other work and say yes.

I grew up in Woodward. I had great affection and admiration for the Williams, as had my mother and father. Although I had been away for years, I still had many friends living in Woodward, many of whom were contributing time and money to make the museum venture successful. My father, Sidney Benton Laune, had made the "run" the year he graduated from law school in Ann Arbor, Michigan, arriving in Woodward the day the Cherokee strip was opened for settlement on September 16, 1893. He and my mother, whom he courted and married in the panhandle of Texas several years later, were among the town-building pioneers. I thought maybe I could help in some modern-day pioneering in Woodward. And my wife Irene, from far-off Scotland, agreed.

I wanted to do something that would serve as a tribute to parents who had won the high regard of so many people of our town and state. Many remembered father's years of service in the courts and as County Attorney, and fewer perhaps his lifelong efforts to promote flood control. And many who benefit by flood and erosion control today cannot imagine the destruction that occurred so often prior to the 1930's.

Mother was active in many women's organizations in the town and state. A book she wrote, which I had the pleasure of illustrating, was published by Lippincott in 1956, called Sand in my Eyes. In it she told of the struggles and successes, the comedy and tragedy of the pioneering days. Many have said that reading it is like talking to "Nonie." Her real name was Seigniora, a name handed down from a Virginia ancestor, Seigniora Peyton, daughter of Sir John Peyton, a patriot who was wounded in the Battle of Brandywine. Sand in my Eyes has been out of print for several years, now hope-
fully to be republished.

I had also known, or knew about, many other Woodward pioneers. The idea of depicting the day of the town’s explosive birth, and its early struggling years became more and more compelling. I wrote and discussed the project with my friend Pat Patterson, then director of the Woolaroc Museum of Bartlesville, an artist and fellow Woodwardite. Finally I said I would take on the assignment if funds to pay costs and a token fee for the time involved could be found.

This requirement was met when Mrs. Selman, prominent in Woodward’s activities and a friend of our family, agreed to underwrite the project, to serve as a memorial to her late husband, Jim, who had founded a noted Woodward County ranch. I had known Jim Selman as a boy. I recall sitting and talking with him by the Santa Fe stockyard loading-chutes at dusk, waiting for cars to be spotted so we could load cattle. I remember him roping steers at our County Fair, wearing a white hat, white shirt, black tie, vest and striped trousers.

My wife Irene and I flew out from New York for the dedication of the new Museum and Art Center, to see the wall spaces and their lighting, and to refresh my memories in conversations with old friends. Dr. and Mrs. Williams; Dr. John Carmichael, president, of the foundation; Mrs. Earl Wheeler, director; and Mrs. Stallard Ruttman, curator; and others were helpful and encouraging. The late Mrs. Wheeler, whom I had known as Mary White when we were children, furnished me with typed notes—excerpts from old books, newspapers, and the gleanings of conversations with old timers.

The drama of the “Run”, when more than 100,000 home-seekers rushed into the Cherokee Strip in a single 1893 afternoon, had been building to a climax since 1828 when the United States set aside seven million acres for the Cherokee people, calling it “a perpetual outlet to the west,” implying the then current belief that the west would remain forever unsettled.

First, cattlemen pushed herds across the Cherokee land, then moved them in for grazing. Sooners came to settle down and farm or establish ranches. Boomers organized and encroached in growing settlements, while pressuring the government to purchase these lands and open them for settlement. The Cherokees were finally forced to sell.

The date for opening this land for settlement was set for September 16th, 1893. It was a year of financial panic, and the dream of a new home, a new land, a fresh start, drew a multitude to the registration booths that were set up on the borders of the Outlet. The U.S. Cavalry was detailed to keep order at the nine points of entry and at every station on the rail-
ways where land offices were established.

In Denver, where my father had started practicing law, and had yet to see a client, the depression of 1893 was causing bread lines to lengthen. On the outskirts of Denver was a covered-wagon village of desperate home-seekers. Father had read the railroad brochures, encouraging settlement in the Cherokee Outlet, picturing it as a land of milk and honey. He was getting interested. One night he wandered into a crowded downtown meeting. An election of some kind was in progress. The man he sat down beside whispered, “What’s your business?”

“I’m a lawyer,” father replied.

“What’s your name?” the man then asked.

When my father told him, he leaped to his feet and shouted, “I nominate Sidney Lame!”

The nominations were closed, and before father knew what the meeting was about, he found he had been elected secretary of the Denver Cherokee Outlet Colony. Later, because the drop-out rate among the Colony’s officers was high, he became president. As such he made a successful plea to the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to take his colony to Higgins, Texas, the southwestern entry point for the “Run,” on a “travel now, pay later” basis.

So with this background on the subject, I started work on the murals.

After a good many rough sketches, I made detailed sketches in oil and mounted them in a mockup of the rotunda with its curved walls. The mockup, which was about four feet high, was set above eye-level so I could get a fair idea of the way the finished paintings would be viewed.

Heavy Belgian linen was primed and sized in the traditional manner with rabbit-skin glue and white lead. My studio did not have a ceiling high enough, nor room enough, for three canvasses on 2 x 4 stretchers that measured 9 x 10 feet. So I appropriated our large dining-room — somewhat to Irene’s dismay.

Luckily our home had eleven-foot ceilings. The final sketches were photographed and then projected from a low-angle, while I rapidly sketched in the outlines on the canvasses in thinned burnt sienna. The low-level projection elongated the figures to overcome the foreshortening that the viewer would get when looking up at the murals.

The generous reaction to the murals by the people of Woodward and others who have written or called has been very gratifying.

While working on them I was reminded of a comment father made at a time in my early career when I was discouraged and wrote him saying I might file on land in Wyoming. He wrote back, saying, “I’d rather see you paint one good picture than own the whole state of Wyoming.”

The third panel shows three views in the early days of the 20th century. All worked hard, spurred on by the ladies, at the civilized process of wresting from the raw and arid land neat, tree-shaded little town. A brick courthouse was built. In front of it Jim Selman sits on his favorite horse talking to a man who could well be Sheriff Stump. The boy could be Mac Thomas. Stores, schools, churches, an library became better housed. Bugg rides, a Sunday dinner at the Centre Hotel, later the Baker Hotel, and a chat with friends on its veranda were among the simple pleasures. Temple Houston is portrayed as he appears shortly before his untimely death, the age of 45. Sitting with his boot thrust out is Mr. Tandy, owner of the Bar Z ranch, as I remembered him on this very porch when I was a boy. My son Paul Wilson Laune posed for the boy standing in the foreground. Neighbors posed for many of the other figures. In this horse era, while because of the unpaved roads lingered longer than in many other places, a favorite excuse for getting together was to meet at the railroad depot on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon when engineer Scow brought in the Santa Fe’s deluxe passenger train with his usual whistle and flourish. Fanc ladies had their rigs discreetly parked at the far side of the tracks, horses shie dogs barked, children screamed excitement crested, and a good time was had by all. Here I once saw Joe London rush from the train to send telegram. Paul Laune

OKLAHOMA TODAY
Can there be another dancing activity more generally popular than square dancing? So old in time, so new in modern variation? Just look! Color photography cannot do the scene justice, for the swirling movement is only caught and suggested here. Add the musical fiddle tune and guitar chord rhythms of a hoedown like Ol’ Joe Clark, as sparkingly alive as it was a century ago, set those western costumes and bright skirts a-swirl and it is more than sight and sound; it is physical sensation which flows over and pierces through to become a lively conscious experience. This picture was made at the Northeast Oklahoma Square Dance Festival held this spring in Tulsa’s Assembly Center. The organization’s slogan (borrowed from Peanut’s Snoopy) is, “If you can’t dance at least do a happy hop.” If you are present at one of these galas, and if you can’t dance you’ll find it is real hard not to give a happy hop when the music and the dancers and the joint really get to jumping.
All through the growing and harvest season, along the roadsides are produce stands selling a variety of things—watermelons, both red and the lush sweet yellow variety, apple cider, honey, peaches, plums, strawberries, blackberries, green beans, roasting ears, tomatoes, okra so especially delicious when fried in cornmeal sometimes eggs, and as the season wears on into autumn, pumpkins, the colorful and strangely shaped squash varieties, Indian corn, all often garden fresh—picked the very morning of the day you buy. Although we cannot give a blanket recommendation to every roadside stand you pass—the only way you can be absolutely sure is to make a small investment in a purchase and try—there are some wonderful ones. And you are likely to return year after year for the special adventure of selecting these fresh garden and harvest stands. The stand pictured here is not far north of Stratford on highway 177, and we return to it year after year, especially on hot August afternoons when the watermelons are ripe and so refreshingly icy cold.
THE REDBUD TREE

OFFICIALLY ADOPTED MARCH 31, 1937
THE REDBUD

The botanical encyclopedia tells us that our state tree belongs to the genus **Cercis**, that the Latin name of the Oklahoma variety is **Canadensis**, that it is a small tree rarely over 15 ft. in height though occasionally growing up to 30 ft. or a bit more; its leaves are broadly oval or nearly round, heart-shaped at the base and pointed at the tip. Its flowers are about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long, growing in numerous clusters. It is easily cultivated in our climate and may be propagated by seeds, by layers, or by green wood cuttings.

What the encyclopedia does not tell us, and could not, is of the dreamy, hazy aura of early spring, like soft music, that hovers in the pastel tinted woods in redbud blossom time. A time of easy letting go of past concerns and sorrows, of forming freshly gentle dreams for tomorrow's summer, an ethereal, evanescent time that, in passing, seems timeless.
It was 1919. World War I khakis had been stored in moth balls. "Over There" had been replaced by "O Sweet Dardanella." And Chester Gould made his first, unforgettable, entry at (now O.S.U.) then Oklahoma A. & M. College.

Young Chester's pants were too tight to sit down in. His coat sleeves barely covered his elbows. A flowing artist's tie embellished his polka dot shirt. A dinky little cap sat a-top his wild tumbling hair.

In a tremendous falsetto he asked, "Could someone direct me to the registrar's office?"

"That's Ches Gould, the talented young cartoonist from Pawnee," a faculty member chuckled indulgently. "He's a freshman, but his work has been appearing in our publications for some time. He's just putting on a show to get laughs."

Ches Gould was soon to be known all over the campus. The bulletin board, where his work appeared, became as popular as the ol' swimming hole and lovers' lane.

A. Frank Martin, native of Sallisaw, relates his discovery of Dick Tracy's creator in glowing terms. Martin, talent scout extraordinary for A. & M. and later O.S.U., originated the Student Entertainment Bureau. He began spotting talent with uncanny ability during his student days.

"The first time I met Ches Gould was the day after Thanksgiving in 1917, at Pawnee where he grew up. I was visiting a fraternity brother and was standing on the street corner, telling the kids how A. & M. had beaten O. U. 9-0 in football. One of the boys asked me if I had a program. I did."

"May I borrow it?" he asked.

"He returned the program with five cartoons he had drawn. Each A. & M. player was sketched so anybody would know him, and Ches had written a witty comment about each one."

"I took the cartoons back to college and put them on the bulletin board, our best means of immediate communication in those days before radio or television. I later ran them in the college papers. That was the beginning of Ches Gould at Oklahoma A. & M."

"Miss Maud Cass was in need of artwork for the college publications. She appealed to me to try and get Ches to come to Stillwater on weekends to help her out. So he was still in high school while contributing to our college yearbook and other publications. The next year I went into the service, was discharged June 13, 1919, and returned to find I was still editor of the Redskin."

In order for Chester to enter college his parents moved to Stillwater. His father, a printer, secured employment in the college printing department. Ches loved working in the print shop with his father, and a lot of vigor went into every job he tackled.

He soon became a pledge of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity. Ches was in his glory, since it gave him an opportunity to cartoon the members.

The bulletin board sparked with mirth and a laugh that year when students and
faculty gathered around to view the latest cartoon characters by Ches Gould. His roommate was an affable fellow named Scottie Gound. It is said that Scottie has more of Gould's early cartoons than anyone else.

Said A. Frank Martin, "There is even a report that Ches passed his examinations by making cartoons of the answers, and it is partially true. On a chemistry test one question was, 'Describe the difference between diluted and concentrated hydrochloric acid.'

"His answer was a cartoon of a freshman bending over, his hands on the floor, his rear anatomy up. Behind him was a professor holding a bottle and drops from it were hitting the freshman's anatomy. The freshman was smiling—it was diluted hydrochloric acid.

"The cartoon illustrating concentrated hydrochloric acid was similar, but the falling drops were causing smoke and steam and the freshman was yelling and screaming, wide-eyed. Ches passed chemistry, and his professor got volumes of cartoons."

Night after night found the young cartoonist with the horn-rimmed glasses working on the yearbook until long after midnight. Ches Gould worked hard to get laughs because he was filled with the joy of living himself.

Said Martin, "I graduated in 1920. Before leaving I helped Ches get a job on the Daily Oklahoman. Later I was back in Stillwater and Ches came to my hotel room to visit. He wanted to go to Chicago. His parents objected to his going. He was struggling with the decision and asked, 'What would you do if you were me?'

"I said, 'If I had your ability, personality, and drive, I would go if I had to ride the rods on a freight train.'

"Ches jumped to his feet, gave the war whoop and started the Pawnee Indian dance at what I had said.'

That was the beginning of a long, lean time before Chester Gould found work in Chicago. He never asked his parents for things in the regular manner, but would send cartoons. One pictured himself holding up a suit of long-handled underwear without a single button on it.

"I knew he needed buttons and thread and I sent him some," his mother related.

He did a boy-girl comic strip for awhile. It failed and Ches found himself doing legwork as a newspaper reporter. On one particular date he found himself at the police station watching a big hard-jawed man of the law haul a thug into the station, and his cartoon strip idea fell into place.

Law and order, crime and punishment . . . an ancient conflict that never ends. A theme that would never deplete itself.

The Dick Tracy strip was a hit. Many of his characters, those on the side of the law, strangely resembled relatives and friends back in Pawnee.

For local color, and to acquire the criminal characters who came sauntering or slinking through his cartoon strip, Gould would move into an area and study the inhabitants. He would
stay in one place for a few weeks, observing, then move on to another location.

He found the information learned from Dr. Hilton R. Jones of the Oklahoma A. & M. Chemistry Department invaluable. Later Dr. Jones went to Chicago to do research for a chemical company. Gould gathered more ideas.

For instance, there was the incident in the Dick Tracy strip where a prisoner held up a guard with a steely-looking pistol that turned out to be a raw potato carved into a gun and coated with iodine. When some readers questioned this, Ches Gould proved that it could be done. When the iodine came in contact with the moist, starchy potato, it took on the sheen and color of a gun.

Being a good listener, Ches Gould learned from re-captured escapees, from criminals who bragged about their tricks. These ideas kept his cartoon strip vividly alive. Today, wrist watch receiving radios are in use as accepted equipment. Chester Gould originated this idea.

A. Frank Martin tells of one of Ches Gould’s return trips to visit his family in Stillwater; “One day Ches drove up in a shiny new automobile and asked his dad to take a ride with him. When they stopped at the gas station to have it filled, Ches got out and handed the keys to his father. ‘Dad,’ he said, ‘this is yours, but whatever you do, learn how to drive it.’”

A few months ago, when interviewed in Chicago, Chester Gould stressed his continuing interest in law and order, a mild and sedate man who always leaves with his readers the thought that crime doesn’t pay.
The telephone rang. The reference librarian answered. A small boy’s voice asked, “Before I go to school, who was the president who wouldn’t shake hands with anybody?”

As the day progresses there will be other questions, most of them harder to answer. A student in Nebraska writes; (sic) In Social Studies we are studying the plain states which you are. I would like you to send me information on your: football team, Legislature, Government, History, Recreation Areas, Education, Museums, Explores, & their trail, Indian tribes & where they settled, Pioneers, Agriculture, and main rivers.

An Oklahoma resident writes; “I’m opening a book store & need information about old books. Dates, prices, subjects, authors. What can I pay for books of this kind and what can I sell them for?”

How would you reply to a request for a list of the Confederate capitals of the Cherokee, Seminole, Creek, Choctaw, and Chickasaw Nations, plus the “leased district” all “after the alliance but before they dissolved,” plus copies of all their constitutions, lists of their principal chiefs, and the “military records of Indians fighting in the Civil War.” The gent who so blandly requested all this concluded; (sic) “I have enclosed a dollar for the expense of having the constitution copied. And for any other expense in answering the questions.”

While others confronted with such unreasonable requests might pale with anger, not so the reference librarians of the Oklahoma State Library. This serviceable institution was created by the first legislative assembly of the Territory of Oklahoma. The first book in the library collection was Observations Made During the Year 1884 by the United States Naval Observatory. The inscription on its inside front cover reads, “Belongs to Territorial Library—George W. Steele, Governor—Acting Librarian.”

In the eighty-one years since, the scope of the collection has widened. Its materials are now divided into several groups serving different functions. The majority of the library’s books are in the general collection which provides research and reading for the departments of state government, the courts, and legislature.

Reading materials are available to all citizens of the state through interlibrary loan. The state library comprehensively collects everything possible by or about Oklahomans, about Oklahoma and the Southwest, library science, law, political science, current legislative questions, and materials dealing with law enforcement; this latter and growing collection will provide an extensive resource library available to all state and local law enforcement agencies.

It is impossible to select one library activity as being more important than others; nor can we list all of the capable staff who serve with director Ralph Funk and associate director Virginia Owens. We can summarize the missions of the Oklahoma Dept. of Libraries, and hope to impart some perspective regarding the depth and breadth of its activities.

ARCHIVES

As the depository for the official archives of Oklahoma, the State Library becomes our official memory. By law, no record created in the transaction of official state business may be destroyed without the approval of the Archives Commission (the Attorney General, the State Librarian, and Archivist, State Treasurer, State Auditor, and State Examiner and Inspector).

Oklahoma has now acquired the services of a full time archivist, under whose professional direction our memory will improve instead of deteriorating with age. This newly expanded archives activity is a part of Governmental Services which includes General and Law Reference and Legislative Reference. The work of these divisions may lack charisma and glamor but we would soon be in serious trouble without them. The law library is available to all attorneys who wish to use it. The legislature and the legislative council utilize the Legislative Reference sections the year around.

MOTIVATION-INSPIRATION

Associate director Esther Mae Henke travels throughout Oklahoma meeting with library committees, help-
ing to solve problems and planning improvements. She meets with county commissioners to stimulate and help organize multi-county library systems. Workshops are held on campus at colleges at which State Library staffers make their help available to all librarians in the region. Statistics are compiled, plans are made, local history collections are urged forward, scholarships are awarded, summer reading programs are promoted.

The Reading Regatta, special province of Mary Ann Wentroth, won last summer's National Award for Reading Programs, presented at the American Library Association Conference in June. These summer reading programs give all participating libraries a theme — the new one is A Magic Maze. Children have colorful folders in which to list the books they read. They receive membership cards and lapel buttons, all devices to encourage reading and persuade our youngsters to frequent the local library rather than less desirable places.

The State Library produces informational publications and actively stimulates cooperation among all Oklahoma libraries.

**OTIS**

A result of this cooperation is the Oklahoma Teletype Interlibrary System. If your local library does not have the research material you need, your librarian can relay your request to one of the fourteen regional teletype transmitters in Oklahoma.

OTIS will then search all libraries, first in Oklahoma, then through the Denver Bibliographic Center, libraries in regional states, and at last, through the Library of Congress, libraries throughout the nation. You can then obtain the books or materials you need through interlibrary loan, at your local library.

**MARC**

Automation is joked about, held in mistrust by many, and suspected by some of trying to replace us humans. In spite of which it is a tool without which modern technological breakthroughs would be impossible.

Machine Readable Cataloging is MARC's full name, and he performs many tasks for our State Library. In library automation the computer replaces no one— it can perform routine tasks of cataloging, accounting, record keeping, faster than humans — thus enabling available personnel to accomplish more. The complex chores of indexing newly arrived books from shipping crates to library shelves, once long, tedious, dull, and time-consuming, now moves with speed and facility through the witchery of computer tape.

Accounting is accomplished as if by magic, compared to the oldtime bookkeeper's scratching pen. Formerly impossible services are now performed. The Library of Congress compiles lists of more than two-thousand new books published each week. Our Oklahoma MARC, each week, breaks down these thousands of new titles and can furnish any governmental activity a list of newly published books in their area of interest.

Libraries outside Oklahoma are now paying to use our MARC services. The American Society of Information Science asked Kenneth Bierman — our MARC master— to speak to their national convention this past year. Data Processor Bierman also wrote, with Betty Jean Blue of the Board of Affairs, an informational article for the Journal of Library Automation.

**MULTI-COUNTY LIBRARIES**

In part contradicting our thought that no library service can be called more important than others, we must give emphasis to our Multi-County Library Systems; Pioneer, Western Plains, Chickasaw, Choctaw Nation, the Oklahoma County, and Tulsa City-County Libraries (see map). Other counties in eastern Oklahoma have banded together, trying the multi-county concept, and may soon

The Oklahoma Collection of our State Library is fascinating. It is an extensive collection of the works of Oklahoma authors, and materials in print about Oklahoma and Oklahomans, all kept in the Security Room. Nothing from it can be taken from the library. It may be used only as reference. These illustrations are from Oilfield Boy, a book for young readers by Merritt Mauzey, published by Abelard-Schuman, New York. The book is a part of the Oklahoma Collection.
There are, and have been since territorial days, many excellent city libraries in Oklahoma. It is difficult for those of us who live surrounded by fine libraries to realize that there are thousands of people living in remote areas of Oklahoma who have no library services available to them.

Our Multi-County Library Systems are making inroads on those areas. They establish new libraries in communities where no library existed, and bookmobiles range out from them. Consider this letter;

Dear Sir,
I must write you and express my good feeling toward the bookmobile and the Choctaw Nation Multi-County Library. I find being a school dropout like myself getting books to read would have been hard to do. But the bookmobile stopped my worry almost as fast as it got in place. We need you in McCurtin County very much. The reasons are following: 1. We need you so I wouldn't have to hitchhike about 15 miles there and back. 2. Sept. 3 I went to Octavia to stay with a friend and got in trouble with his dad because I had to stay all night every time I wanted to see the bookmobile so I was gone sleeping on the store porch till the next morning when the bookmobile came. However I cannot stay all night with them anymore so I will have to get up early in the morning and try to make it to the bookmobile in Octavia, and chances are I won't make it before it leaves. I need a solution badly. Reason no. 2, 4 days ago I talked to 2 boys about while they looked over my books I had checked out of the bookmobile, they showed great interest in it. They asked me to get some books for them but I forgot to in my hurry. Today Sept 6th I received 2 books from the mail unexpectedly from the library. They were book I had asked for on the bookmobile. Now I can prove to people that you are for the good of us.

The postmaster and I were talking about the bookmobile. He asked me how often I would like to have. He asked me how much was the payment. He was startled when I told him none at all. I am going to get all of the people interest in the bookmobile to sign it. I will enclose it in this letter. I am 16 yrs old but I hope age makes no difference. I have 9 books in my possession from the bookmobile. I will close for now.

Sincerely Yours,
Jimmy Huff
P.O. Box 34
Watson Okla

America has long idolized rustic, unschooled, young Abraham Lincoln's eagerness for books and knowledge. Do you suppose other youths with Lincoln's capacity for greatness may be growing up in remote areas of Oklahoma, of America?

Do you suppose we would hamper their progress if we worked to expand our multi-county library systems. Or should we perhaps do our utmost to place books and knowledge within the reach of every eager youth?
I always liked town baseball; it was fascinating and exciting for people to build their summers around, giving their town identity and prestige through competition with other towns. Every hamlet boasted its nine (that's not true anymore) composed for the most part of hometown players. Local pride ran high and the doings of “our team” was discussed up and down main street or around the square.

Our town was Watonga, a county seat village of 1,500 inhabitants. I can still smell the hot bread baking in the town bakery and hear the ringing of the blacksmith's anvil three blocks away. In those days the town had to generate its own fun. The big event was the arrival each evening of the Choctaw railroad's three-coach passenger train and seeing the sportily dressed traveling drummers debouch from it and climb aboard the horse-drawn hotel bus.

Town baseball was the annual summer dementia. Enthusiasm even carried over into October. I recall that during the 1919 world series between Chicago and Cincinnati, Hooper's corner drug store was jammed with people watching Clemon Kelly, my high school pal, chalk up the score by innings. It was my job to run back and forth to the Rock Island railroad station where the agent obligingly bootlegged this sketchy information off the depot wire. It was like a message on the bush telegraph. Nothing was available on who was pitching or who drove in the runs. Just the bare score by innings scribbled on a small, ash-framed blackboard. Yet the town hung as breathlessly on that bit of news as modern fans do seeing the entire game on color television.

“Baseball was about all we had except going fishing to the river,” remembers Roy “Snake” Allen who played town ball 1907-13 at Geary before later graduating to the leagues.

In 1902, Allen broke in at the age of eleven, riding in a two-wheel surrey with a Geary school team to Bridgeport. He pitched and won that day. “I threw a home-made string ball,” he recalls. “When they later purchased a horsehide baseball, I couldn’t throw it the sixty feet from the pitching mound to the plate.”

As he grew older he developed

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SUMMER 1971

HOME TOWN BASEBALL IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THIS CENTURY WAS . . .

SUMMER DEMENTIA

BY

HAROLD KEITH

TWENTY-ONE
strength and finesse. His main assets were his change-up and a control so precise that he could almost throw the ball into a teacup. When his pitching motion was slow, a fast ball might zip maddeningly past the hitter. When he pegged hard, the ball might hang tantalizingly in the air. "Even the catcher didn't know what I might toss in there," he said later.

At Geary, the game encountered an unusual obstacle. A city ordinance forbade baseball on Sunday. Not until 1920 was it repealed.

To circumvent the ruling, Snake Allen and Charley Rogers, Geary's manager, built baseball diamonds all around the fringes of the town. They even constructed a portable grandstand that could be unbolted, loaded on wagons, and put down anywhere a team of horses and scrappers had gouged out an infield that Allen had stepped off (not measured) in the sandy soil.

"I always built those Geary parks so that the hitter would have to swing against the southwest wind," Allen chuckles, "I was Geary's pitcher. With the wind to my back, I thought I could beat anybody."

Despite the Sunday ordinance a Geary minister, the Rev. G. Edwin Osborn, pastor of the First Christian Church, liked baseball, possibly because Allen and five other Geary players were members of his church.

At 11:30 a.m., in the midst of his sermon, Mr. Osborn would excuse the players and their wives or girl friends so that the team could drive down the rough roads to Okeene or Southard in time to play a road game.

"The wife of outfielder 'Preach' Squires was the church organist," Allen recalls, "but she always went too. She arranged for a substitute to play the last hymn of the service."

Geary's battles with Watonga, county rivals located only seventeen miles apart, were classics. Watonga's hurling luminary was Orion "Lefty" Masters whose father drove the town bus. As a high school boy one fall, Masters was shucking corn.

A flock of quail ran down a furrow. Plucking an ear of corn, "Lefty" fired underhanded, knocking down three in a cloud of feathers. "His best pitch was a slow curve thrown with a half underhand motion," says Allen. "He could flip that thing up there. I never saw a left-handed batter who could hit him."

Masters' submarine pitch later raised a periscope in Southern Association waters.

The Alva Giants, managed by George Crowell and "Coal Oil John-ny" Broughan, were launched in 1896, only three years after the Cherokee Strip Run. Another Strip power was Enid's Browns. Frank Frantz, later a territorial governor of Oklahoma, played for the Browns. In 1899 they defeated Purcell, champions of Indian Territory, 11-10 at El Reno on a home run lofted over several tall cottonwoods by third baseman Walter Frantz.

Sometimes home runs were costly. In 1910, when Geary was playing at Hinton, "Sled" Allen, Geary catcher, golfed a homer that bounded through a church window. "They kept seventy five cents out of our share of the gate receipts to buy new glass for the sash," grins Roy Allen who was there.

Trickery was often resorted to in the games. Baserunners cut off from the bag sometimes went into it standing and, doubling their fists, tried to punch the ball out of the baseman's hand to avoid the tag. Teams knew how to take advantage of the fact only one umpire worked. When a batsman singled with a runner on second and the umpire danced out into the diamond so he could see the climax at home plate, the hitter often cut first base, dashing to second almost behind the pitcher.

The strategy was often entertaining as well as unique. Elisha M. Barker, who for three decades wrote a folksy sports column for the Alva Review-Courier, once described an original method employed by teams he had played on at Sand Creek and Foss to expunge a late-inning opposition

Here is the 1914 Geary hometown team at the Chickasha ballpark, ready to play Minco for the state championship. L. to R. standing: Bill Hall, Pearl Stanley, Sled Allen, Clyde Scott, Gust Perry, Cap Nelson, Chas. Rogers. Mgr. L. to R. seated: Ross Squires, Jack Dillon, Ray Harman, A. B. Curtis.
run deemed vital enough to affect the game's result.

With the enemy baserunner capering threateningly off third, the Sand Creek pitcher would suddenly whirl and try to pick him off. However he always took pains to throw wildly, sailing the missile far over the third baseman's head. While that unhappy gentleman pursued it into the crowd, the baserunner streaked for home, only to find the catcher waiting for him there with the ball.

Now note carefully what had happened. Before the play, time was called and part of the fielding team huddled. Concealed by team mates, the pitcher and catcher exchanged pellets. The game's baseball was secretly passed to the catcher. A whitish Irish potato was clandestinely given the pitcher. That was the sphere he pegged high over the head of his third baseman.

"We called this maneuver 'The Potato Pick-off,'" Barker divulged, "It was always good for a run and a riot."

Transportation could be a problem. Part of Barker's Sand Creek team once traveled by railroad handcar to Foss for a game. "Before a later game against Arapaho, we walked the fifteen miles to that town," he recalled. "Our business manager promised that if we won, our percentage would be large enough that we could ride back home on the railroad train."

"We did win and telephoned our girls to meet us at the depot. We could just imagine the old Frisco rolling up and ourselves alighting like major leaguers. But our business manager didn't show up. He had gone on a date and squandered our money. We walked home."

Later, Barker played for an Alva outfit (in the old Northwest Oklahoma league) that drove in automobiles to Fairview for a game, accompanied by 500 Alva fans.

"At Cleo Springs, we stopped and partook of some delicious wine," Barker recalled. "It was more potent than we suspected. When a man came down the road leading an elephant, we figured that the wine had stimulated our imaginations. None of us believed that we had really seen an elephant. We wondered if we could see the ball that afternoon.

"Motoring home later, we discovered the long caravan of Alva fans held up at the Cimarron River bridge. An elephant was passing over the bridge, painfully testing each plank with his trunk before taking the next step. Although we had to wait two hours for the beast to cross, we were tremendously relieved to find out that the elephant was for real, and that we weren't having hallucinations from that wine."

It was the happy custom of home fans, when a home slugger railed a home run, to reward him by pitching quarters and half dollars through the grandstand screen onto the playing field. Once an Alva player, booted by his own fans, revenged himself in a novel way.

At the next home game, he appeared before the stand's wire screen with a package wrapped in butcher's paper. In it, he had a quantity of fresh liver cut into small pieces. Pressing the bloody fragments into the screen's meshes, he called out, "Here wolves! Come get your meat!"

Several fine Indian players rose to stardom in Oklahoma town baseball. Roy Allen remembers that some of the best he saw were Mike Balenti of Calumet, Pete and Emil Hauser, John Levi, Black Man of Greenfield ("He had the deepest drop I ever saw"), Fred Haag of El Reno, and Jim Thorpe of Prague.

It was Thorpe, the big Sac and Fox, who in 1907 caused Mrs. Simon Mertes, wife of a Prague hardware merchant, to wait thirty-eight years for her engagement ring.

Mrs. Mertes laughs today, "Mr. Mertes had saved the money to buy the ring. He took me to this Sunday baseball game at Prague. Jimmy Thorpe won it for Prague by hitting a home run. The people yelled so loudly that the horses Mr. Mertes had rented from the livery stable ran away, wrecking the buggy. It took all the money he had saved to buy my ring to pay the damages. We went ahead and got married, but I didn't get my ring until 1945. And it was Jimmy Thorpe's fault."

Bad umpiring, especially when the rival fans wagered heavily, made it difficult to win away from home. The home team always furnished the umpire.

"In the seventh inning of a game against a neighboring town, they had two men on and two were out," Roy Allen of Geary relates, "Their batter drove a high fly that curved foul and came down on some cars parked thirty feet outside the foul line. The home umpire called it fair. Both runs scored and the game was tied. We saw we couldn't win there. We walked off the field. Called the game off."

In another game when "Sled" Allen, Geary catcher, tagged a rival baserunner out at home plate, he laid on the runner pinning him three feet away from the platter. But the home umpire called him safe. Roy Allen ran out, collared the arbiter and pointed to the place where "Sled" Allen still laid on the runner.

"Now listen," Roy told His Honor, "Sled's going to hold him there until you walk over and take a look." The umpire did. He reversed his decision.

Night baseball came to Oklahoma Territory in 1903 when the Boston Bloomer Girls, carrying their own canvas fence, poles and gas arc lights, made a tour. Roy Allen, then Geary's thirteen-year old mascot, remembers that the Geary vs. Bloomer Girls' game was played with a big white soft ball and that the vision was not too bad.

"They beat us," he recounts. "Guess they were used to that ball and those lights. We tried to slip in a light fungo bat to deal with that ball, but the girls were on to us. They threw it out."

So eager were some towns to win that in the wind-up days of October they would hire major leaguers whose season was over to bolster their teams. Dizzy Dean worked occasionally for Alva and sometimes Pepper Martin came with him.

Once when Geary imported Clyde Geist, a class D leaguer from Dover, to pitch a crucial contest against Minco at Chickasha, they discovered with dismay that Minco had chartered Washington's "Big Train," peerless Walter Johnson of Coffeyville, Kansas, greatest righthander of all time.

"Buck up, men!" yelled a Geary fan. "We can take him!"

Wearing his blue warm-up sweater all through the chilly afternoon, Johnson won 2-1. But he had to go all out.

That was town baseball in Oklahoma. They played to win.
NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

OSU's Cowboys are the nation's wrestling champions. Having won the NCAA title this year, they have now won this title 27 of the 43 times it has been offered. What an incredible record! Individual National Champions of this year's team are Darrell Keller, Geoff Baum, and Yoshiro Fujita. The crowd's favorite throughout the championship tournament was Jim Shields, OSU's diminutive "heavyweight" who won five of six matches against opponents who out-weighed him by up to 100 lbs. Teams eligible and competing in this year's national championship finals included Michigan State, Iowa State, Oregon State, Penn State, Lehigh, Washington, California Poly, Portland State, Navy, O.U. and O.S.U.

THUNDER SHOWERS

A little cloud, as black as night,
Obscured the sun's bright crown,
And ere a moment passed away
The rain came pouring down.

The lightning flashed its forked tongues,
The thunder rolled in mirth;
And fast the tempest raced along,
And slaked the thirsty earth.

So quickly come, and quicker gone,
This bit of summer's guile,
The sun, no little bit dismayed,
Displayed his brightest smile.

...Charles Ruggles Fox

COMMUNITY ACHIEVEMENT

Community Achievement awards are offered each year by the State Chamber of Commerce and the Industrial Development and Parks Department for outstanding achievement in: 1. Community Planning, 2. Broadening the Economic Base, 3. Business and Trade Development, 4. Improvement of Living Conditions, 5. Improvements in Cultural Environment. This year's winners are; Div. 1. (pop. to 2000) Alex; Div. 2 (2000-4999) Broken Bow; Div. 3 (5000-7999) Elk City; Div. 4 (8000-29,999) Woodward; Div. 5 (above 30,000) Muskogee.

CIMARRON TERRITORY CELEBRATION

Beaver, one of Oklahoma's first and most historic towns, held a whopping celebration this spring for 5,000 guests. Contest events included greased pole climbing and, of all things, the Second Annual Cow Chip Throwing, in which E. J. Cash of Forgan (hurling the chip 150 ft.) won the men's division; Patty Bruce of Beaver won the women's division (90 ft.). Gov. David Hall and Congressman Happy Camp showed themselves good sports by competing, achieving throws of 80 ft. and 72 ft. respectively.

HARVEST CYCLE

I woke today as by a friendly hand,
and saw the Morning Star push back the night;
it led the gray-blue dawn across the land,
then lost itself in blazing yellow light.

A heady fragrance, borne on wild-wind arms,
set free a haunting dream
one summer gave:
The city dimmed ... I saw the sweep of farms ...
of restless wheat, wave on golden wave ...

I heard a Bob White's high,
clear mating call ...
and saw a buzzard poised against the sky ...

I heard the clang of gears ... the rise and fall
of men's deep tones in ripening fields nearby ...

My heart can never be a lonely thing
because it has a harvest song to sing!

...Molly Molloy

AWARD WINNER

Imogene Patrick's article on the Oklahoma Health Center, published in Oklahoma Today, won the First Place Award in its category at the Southwest American College Public Relations Association competition held this year in Juarez, Mexico.
WE BLEW IT.
They say to err is human, but when we make one like this we hate even to admit we're human. The historic mural from the Will Rogers Memorial, in our last issue, was painted by Ray Piercey, not Jo Mora. Making this error even more humiliating is the fact that two of us who read proof on this magazine knew this, yet we read the proofs in typescript, galleys, and blue-line, and still never caught the error. It sometimes seems to us that we are purposely blinded to such an error until the issue is in print just to prove to us that we aren't so smart. The first time we opened the issue after it was printed the error jumped right out, in bold type, and bit us.

There is a typo yarn concerning Mark Twain who, writing about the Siamese twins Cheng and Eng, reported that one was 53 and the other 51. Several alert readers caught his error and wrote to correct him. One sarcastic reader inquired, "How could any bonehead be so stupid as to think Siamese twins could be different ages?" Twain agreed that he had made a blunder; "I meant to say that they were born at the same time," he wrote, "but of different mothers."

TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY
Here are the lead paragraphs of the articles that appeared in our summer '61 issue—let's see if you're still interested?

FIRST BOY SCOUT TROOP IN AMERICA by Val Thiessen. The first Boy Scout Troop in America was organized in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, in May, 1909. Its founder was Rev. John Mitchell, a young Episcopal minister who had just come from England where he had served as Chaplain for Sir Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scout movement in England.

BATTLE OF THE WASHITA by Bill Burchardt. The longest war the United States of America has ever fought was the Indian War of 1865-91... five times as long as any other war and equal to any in its impact on our history. This long, costly and tragic war established our national western expansion. A major encounter of that war was fought on the Washita, northwest of Cheyenne, Oklahoma.

COLOR IN INDUSTRY by Bob Wolf. With products ranging from acid to zinc, from cyclohexane to cat food, Oklahoma's industry today exemplifies the diversity that marks her topography, her climate—even her people.

OUR WEEKEND GLOBE TROTTERS by Joe Park. To most of us, Laos is just a small country somewhere in Asia—only a name in the newspapers, perhaps a little too often. The men in the Air National Guard have a somewhat different conception.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE YOU LIVE by Bill Boykin. Community Development by the Oklahoma Jaycees means more than the new swimming pool in Walters, the rebuilt community building in Edmond, the city master plan underway in Miami,
the street paving projects in Coweta and the new youth park in Capitol Hill.

In addition to these, the issue included pages of pictures of brand new and striking examples of commercial architecture across Oklahoma, handsome structures which grace our still changing modern skylines; a cross-section of photos from Carmen, Fairview, Frederick, and Miami, 1961's Community Achievement Award winners; and full page color reproductions of paintings by two of Oklahoma's finest artists, Joe Beeler, and Charles Banks Wilson — Joe Beeler's great Western paintings *The Renegades* and *On the Trail Drive*: Charles Banks Wilson's incomparable portraits *Osage Orator* (Charles Whitehorn) and the one titled simply *Oklahoma Portrait*, a rugged and leathery middle-aged rancher who has removed his saddle from his horse and, carrying it in his hands, is skylighted against a red Oklahoma sunset, a windmill, and stock barn.

**MILLION DOLLAR ELM**

We published a full page color scenic a few issues ago of the Million Dollar Elm at the Osage Agency in Pawhuska. Should you visit Pawhuska and its fine museums, rodeo, or the Ben Johnson Memorial Steer Roping there this summer, be sure to see the elm on Agency Hill. It has a new commemorative marker recently installed by the Oklahoma Petroleum Council. The fantastic story of the millions of dollars which changed hands in the lease auctions held beneath this elm during the Osage oilrush is now carved in granite. The Osage Tribal Council assembled for the marker ceremony here includes: (seated L to R) Joe Colby, Sylvester Tinker, Edward Red Eagle; (standing L to R) Delmas Martin, John Shaw, John Tallchief, Francis Drexel, and Don Big Elk.

**NEW BOOKS**

**THE ARAPAHOES, OUR PEOPLE** by Virginia Cole Trenholm (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $8.95). Author Trenholm found the inception of her story among the Northern Arapahoes in her home state of Wyoming, but she found the title and the heart of her story in Oklahoma. The Southern Arapahoes of Oklahoma have, through the allotment of their land, been forced to move farther into today's culture. The Northern Arapahoes, more isolated on their Wind River Reservation in Wyoming, adhere to a greater degree to their pre-conquest culture. Together they once formed a strong tribe. Virginia Trenholm, who holds two degrees in journalism from the University of Missouri, has brought the diverging tribal branches together in an account that explains much in the history of our Oklahoma Cheyenne-Arapaho country.

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**WELCOME A VISITOR**

1. Ask if you can help when a stranger appears lost or hesitant.
2. Speak slowly and distinctly (but don't "shout") when assisting a foreign visitor.
3. Walk with him a block, or even more, to point out the way.
4. If he is a photo fan, offer to take a snapshot of him with his camera. Many tourists appreciate this courtesy.
5. Be enthusiastic and well informed about your local sightseeing attractions.

*Remember: Some travelers most lasting memory of your town or city may be you.*
THE CHICKASAWS by Arrell M. Gibson (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $8.95). It takes more than archival research to write about an Indian people. It takes an understanding heart. We are inclined to think that this first book length history of the Chickasaw people will never be excelled. Dr. Gibson, the most thorough of researchers, has the gift of human understanding which empowers him to see beyond the facts to the emotions which motivated the facts. The present home of the Chickasaw people is one of the most delightful and scenic areas of Oklahoma. It will be even more meaningful to you after you have read this book.

GREAT TRAILS OF THE WEST by Richard Dunlop (Abingdon Press, $7.95) There is no shortage of books about the great western trails, but this one is different. All of the books about the trails that we have seen in recent years have been written from research, as the scholars say, moving the bones from one grave to another. Author Dunlop has taken a fresh approach. With his family, he has traveled all of these trails. It took five years of traveling and camping to cover them. So, expertly and interestingly interwoven with the historic stories of the trails, is his account of how the trails look today. Mr. Dunlop is an astute observer and a fine narrator. Beyond the original source accounts of the trails that were written by the pioneers who traveled them in the first place, this book is our choice.

THE COUNTRY MUSIC STORY by Robert Shelton and Burt Goldblatt (Arlington House, New Rochelle, N.Y., $7.95). A lot of folks are going to find this book mighty interesting. So while those who are just too sophisticated turn to another page let’s the rest of us talk a little while about country-western music. Oklahoma has been home for several creative super talents and many entertainers; Woody Guthrie, Bob Wills, Otto Grey and his Oklahoma Cowboys, Roger Miller, Gene Autry, Jimmy Wakely, and more and more and more. You will find their pictures and stories woven into this book along with Hank Williams, Roy Acuff, Buck Owens and still more whose performances on recordings, radio, television, and in motion pictures have entertained, literally, millions. Country-western was and is true folk music. Its form has changed since the days of the cowboy and hill country singers and is changing. But it is still the music of folks, whether played on fiddle, autoharp, or electric guitar.

SPRING RIVER SAGE by Frances Baker (R. #1, Quapaw, Okla. 74363, $2.00). The small book contains some of Frances Baker’s most moving poetry. Her poems are about a wide variety of subjects. A few of them concern Christmas and although summer is hardly the time to print Christmas poetry we’d like to take the liberty of printing this one;

CRADLE OF THE PRINCE
Midnight; the tree is trimmed with shimmering snow,
Mantle bright with cedar and polished iron.
In vague unrest I take the lantern’s glow
To see that all is well within the barn.
I hold the lantern up, the light ascends
On sleeping kittens burrowed in dry hay,
Curved stancheons thickly frosted with white hens.
Plumes loosed in dream-filled disarray
At manger’s edge, the burro’s gentle grace
Holds timeless dreams. All noises cease . . .
A barn was not a mean or squalid place
To be the cradle of the Prince of Peace.
... Frances Baker
Tiger

BY ARTHUR SILBERMAN

Because Jerome Tiger's career spanned only some five years, there might be a tendency to speak of him as having been merely a promising young painter. He was much more than that. By the time of his death at age twenty-six, he was a fully developed mature artist at the height of his powers. He had innovated more, contributed more, and painted more magnificent paintings than many whose careers spanned several decades. He was born July 8, 1941, in Tahlequah, of Creek-Seminole heritage. He grew up in Eufaula, McIntosh County, eastern Oklahoma, the home of many of Oklahoma's more conservative Creeks. He started drawing as a small boy but unlike most other small boys, he kept at it. Drawing became a passion.

Even in later years after he had gained recognition as a painter, he would still continue his endless sketching. While talking to you he would be executing quick and beautiful sketches on any handy piece of paper. The boy drawing pictures on the inside covers of his schoolbooks gave way to the youth earnestly working at perfecting his art. Some time after his death, a teacher who had taught him in public school brought to the Museum of the Five Civilized Tribes in Muskogee something she thought might be of interest. She unrolled a large mural he had done on brown wrapping paper. It was an allegory: a pioneer wedding of a cowboy and an Indian maiden symbolizing the union of Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory—the founding of the state of Oklahoma. This precocious work now hangs alongside his more mature works in the Muskogee museum.

In 1962, a shy, unassuming young man carrying a folder came to Miss Nettie Wheeler's Thunderbird Shop in Muskogee. He showed her some paintings and asked her if she thought he had it in him to become an Indian painter. It was well known among Indian people that the one to talk to about Indian art was Nettie Wheeler. Indian artists came to her for conversation, for advice, and for help. She never turned anyone away. Carefully, she looked Jerome Tiger's paintings over. She told him that he could become a painter and that he should send one of the paintings to the Gallup Intertribal Ceremonial competition.

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which was coming up shortly. The painting he entered won a third prize.

Getting to know Miss Wheeler opened up a whole new world for Jerome Tiger. Many people in Oklahoma and elsewhere are aware that there is such a thing as Indian painting and some have seen examples of it. However, access to the best paintings is difficult. Many are in private collections and cannot be seen. The best museum paintings are usually in storage. Miss Wheeler made Tiger aware of the treasures of Indian art. She showed him paintings, books, rare folios. She also had him go look at the stored collections. Jerome Tiger took everything in and after some experimentation developed his own unique style and subject matter.

He started entering contests and winning prizes. By 1966 he was receiving first prizes in every local and national show he entered. Oklahoma Today asked him to illustrate an article and used one of the paintings on the cover. The city of Wewoka, celebrating its Centennial, presented to assembled thousands a pageant with living portraits based on his paintings. In 1967, Alice Marriott, distinguished Oklahoma writer, asked him to illustrate her latest book. When, to celebrate the sixtieth year of statehood, a ballet was commissioned starring the four great Oklahoma ballerinas of Indian extraction, Jerome Tiger was asked to paint a cover for the program. He had become interested in sculpture and after doing two or three fine small pieces he was putting the finishing touches on a near life-size sculpture of a stickball player. His paintings were so eagerly sought after that he could not meet the demand.

A man looking at one of his paintings was moved to tears; a teenager was so taken by a painting she couldn't afford that it was agreed she could pay for it by installments; a young boy begged and cajoled his mother for the painting he simply had to have for his very own. Why did the art of Jerome Tiger strike such a responsive chord in so many different kinds of people? The answer lies both in the nature of Indian art and in the unique genius of Jerome Tiger.

The Indian artist expresses himself by projecting mind images. Salient features are captured but much else may be left out as irrelevant—foreground, background, perspective, and shading. Strong composition, use of line, and the instinctive use of color are all characteristics of Indian art. The attraction of good Indian art involves something far greater than ethnological interest; it deals with fundamental questions concerning the nature of man, his place in the order of things, and his relationship to unseen forces. These are universal concepts to which most people can respond. The viewer may not have the same background as the painter and his life style may be based on a different set of attitudes yet he can relate to and be moved by what is being expressed.

Jerome Tiger's technical virtuosity, phenomenal in one self-trained, certainly made him outstanding. Judging from the appreciative comments of many professional painters, Indian and non-Indian alike, he was a painter's painter. Unlike many artists who must carefully work around their weak points, Jerome Tiger knew no technical limitations. He could set to paper with ease and facility the finest nuances, the most exquisite details and the most complex problems in-

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volving masses of moving figures. He could handle large murals as well as the smallest miniatures. There seemed to be no loss in translation from mind to paper. This vast technical ability was used with economy and unerring good taste. He did not show aff nor did he take shortcuts. The trivial and mundane were always left out, heightening the expression of the essence. He was prolific, inspired, and painted, often in the middle of the night, from strong inner-compulsion. He set high standards. He never repeated himself and poured into each painting a full measure of artistry. Jerome Tiger’s technical ability had a great deal to do with the incredible demand for his works.

Jerome Tiger’s works also appealed to many who were not particularly knowledgeable about art, Indian or otherwise. They are sensitive portraits of real people, dancing, pulling on a pair of boots, cooking, hanging up the wash, drinking, working, gathering socially—he himself loved to join in the fellowship of his friends. They are portraits of real people, dancing, pulling on a pair of boots, cooking, hanging up the wash, drinking, working, gathering socially—he himself loved to join in the fellowship of his friends.

Jerome Tiger was a traditional Indian painter because his innovations, which carried Indian painting to new heights, were in the spirit of Indian art. He felt a sense of obligation to that art and was always ready to help new artists who asked for help and advice. He would be pleased to know the profound influence he has had on Indian art. Surely he had much to do with the surge of new interest in Indian art, and many new painters active today in Oklahoma.

His influence is being felt wherever there is Indian painting. Last summer, in New Mexico, I was fascinated by a masterful painting of a New Mexico Pueblo sacred clown by a fine veteran Indian painter. When he found out I was from Oklahoma, he started talking admiringly about Jerome Tiger. He knew nothing about Jerome Tiger except that several years ago he had seen some of Jerome Tiger’s paintings. He couldn’t get them out of his mind.

A GRANDFATHER’S MYSTICAL INFLUENCE BEYOND OUR CONCEPT OF DEATH. LIFE NOT CONFINED BY THE BARRIERS OF BEGINNING AND ENDING WE KNOW. THE INFINITUDE AND POWER OF SPIRIT INEXPLICABLY SENSED BY MAN FROM CHILDHOOD. THESE WERE THEMES FOR THE CONTEMPLATION AND WORK OF JEROME TIGER.
Nowadays it's tractor-trailer transport, and feeder calves are even air-lifted to and from

OSAGE

CATTLELAND

BY ARTHUR SHOEMAKER

A day once was when names like Blackland, Mahan, Meyer and Strohm were familiar names to cattlemen across the Southwest. These were names that railroads gave their big, tracksidé cattle pens “up in the Osage.” The fame of the Osage, so richly carpeted with nutritious blue-stem grass, was so widespread that with the coming of spring there was a growing excitement, an awakening, as trainloads of steers poured in from the mesquite and cactus ranges of south Texas.

Day and night, the cars rolled in, and each unloading point became a frenzy of hide and horns. Hungry steers were watered, dipped and driven to pasture. Records from the old Midland Valley Railroad show that more than 175,000 steers were once unloaded at Blackland switch during a single three week period.

Today, these once bustling pens lie silent. Gates sag, timbers rot and giant scales rust in the wind and rain. At some locations, the tracks have been ripped up letting the grass reclaim the
abandoned right-of-way.

The movement of livestock by rail has so declined in this section of Oklahoma that the Osage County Historical Society has seen fit to display a wooden cattle car at their museum at Pawhuska. This old, bovine Pullman is being preserved so the younger generation can see and understand the important part it played in the cattle trade.

The cattle car is not so obsolete that it has become a collector's item, but it has been forced to give way to modern, powerful, tractor-trailer transports. These highway giants can speed over turnpikes and all-weather county roads directly to the rancher's doorstep. This mobility in transportation is all important in today's ranching operations where timing is the key to delivering a given number of steers at a given time to some distant feedlot. With little lost motion from pasture to lot, there can be savings, both in time and pounds; thus adding to the profit side of the ledger.

Giant transports of the sky have already airlifted Osage County feeder calves from Oklahoma air terminals to feedlots in California's Imperial Valley. Air travel opens the way for Oklahoma livestock to be flown to any point in the world with a minimum of delay. And to set the clock back a hundred years, Osage beef will soon be trucked to the newly-opened Port of Catoosa, loaded on barges and floated down the Arkansas-Verdigris Rivers to markets in the Mississippi Basin and along the East Coast.

Replacing the traditional, time-honored Northern cattle markets of Chicago and Kansas City is the mushrooming, multi-million dollar feedlot industry. A heavy concentration of these computerized, automated operations is located within a 200 mile radius of the Oklahoma panhandle. With approximately three million head of cattle annually from which to choose, several of the nation's largest meat processors have built plants in the heart of this area.

Sometime in the 1950's there began a subtle change in American eating habits. The trend was away from "grass-fed" beef to that "finished" on grain and concentrates. This new procedure called for putting X number of pounds on a steer in X number of days, but this calls for a foundation of healthy, robust stock. Here again, because of good grass, good water, and good breeding, Osage County steers do exceedingly well at feedlots.

For generations, the genuine cowboy, fiercely independent and proud, has been willing to make decisions based on his own skills and judgment. And so it is today. The fine line between profit and loss is often measured by the ability to manage. In a time of rising costs, it is a constant struggle to hold down operational expenses. His is big business and, be it push-button computer or pencil-smeared ledger, today's rancher knows that record keeping is as vital to proper management as pest control. This is why many young ranch managers come equipped with college degrees. Though still at the mercy of the elements, the resident Osage County cowboy has adapted to the changes about him.

Many and varied are the types of cattle operations in the Osage today. One large rancher may have a cow-calf spread concentrating on a commercial herd, while another may contract for a summer's grazing. Still others may purchase calves to be grass...
fed. Thousands of head are trucked in from the lower Gulf Coast, for it has been found that a calf raised on tender marsh grass will make fantastic gains on the mineral-laden bluestem.

Even the old-style weekly livestock auctions have become more sophisticated. Take the one at Hominy, the largest in northeastern Oklahoma. Here, buyer and seller, can sit in air-conditioned comfort, scan the teletype for up-to-the-minute market news and wait for all transactions to be recorded on ultra-modern IBM machines. In the parking lot, trucks may be seen from such distant points as Sioux Falls, Iowa, and Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Following the disappearance of the Texas Longhorn, the two most popular breeds in the Osage have been Herefords and Aberdeen-Angus, but in recent years, new exotic breeds of foreign cattle have been introduced. Strange sounding names like Charolais and Simmental have been heard in the land. Late in 1970, a syndicate, part of which is the Coddington-NOBA Ranch, paid $154,000 for the first Simmental bull to be brought into the United States. His home will be the Coddington-NOBA Ranch near Foraker where he will join other breeding bulls. He is expected to produce 100,000 offspring during his lifetime through artificial insemination.

Although stockmen have known it for years, range conservationists recently announced that grass is one of the major fighters of air pollution in Oklahoma. It not only removes impurities from the air, returning life-giving oxygen, but it also absorbs noises and moderates high temperatures. This can add to the pleasures of riding the range far from the strife of urban life.

The old days are gone, but the same basic ingredients and elements are still present in the Osage. Sick calves must be doctored and fences need mending. A cowboy may spend the winter bouncing over pastures in a pickup truck scattering feed from an automatic feeder mounted in back, but come summer, he must make hay while the sun shines. Putting up hay, under a hot sun is still one of the hardest, dirtiest, but necessary jobs on a cattle ranch. But even this unpleasant chore is undergoing change. Some ranchers are doing away with bales. The hay is cut, windrowed and piled in huge stacks where the cattle can feed on it as is.

If you want the excitement and feel of the story-book days, be in Pawhuska this summer for the Ben Johnson Memorial Steer Roping as the top ropers in the country vie for top money. Or be there for the International Round-Up Club Calvaceade. During these weekends, you can see more boots and big hats at one time than appear in all the cowboy movies put together.

There are those who will say that the romance in ranching is gone, but if romance means a love affair, then it's still with us. One old-timer put it this way, "I must love the cow-brute or I wouldn't have put up with them all my years."

Changing with the seasons, the land still stretches to the horizon—thousands of acres never touched by plow. Week-old calves, faces white as snow, still peer timidly through the tall grass as mother grazes nearby. A noble heritage—the herdsman—stretching in an unbroken line to the Biblical times of Abraham. One writer described it, "It is an ancient scene—God, the grass, and the cattle."
Dedication of the McClellan-Kerr Waterway brought the President, Cabinet Members, Congressmen, and Governors to the Tulsa Port of Catoosa. Here are four: President Richard Nixon, Senator Henry Bellmon, Governor David Hall, and House Speaker Carl Albert.

Thousands of tons of freight moved by barges up and down the Arkansas River Canal during the winter and spring months of January through June, and the official dedication was held on June 5th. President Nixon was present to address the throng of 30,000.

The President stated that, with our new ports of Muskogee, Catoosa, and those on down-river "the new maritime states of Oklahoma and Arkansas can look forward to a whole new area of growth and development."

The people and the place seemed to lift the President's spirits. "...in Washington you get an impression that everything is wrong, that America is an ugly country — ugly physically, ugly morally, ugly spiritually." But this journey into Oklahoma had given him a refreshed viewpoint. He thanked the people assembled, "for reminding us of some fundamental truths: America is a beautiful country, and the American people are a good people. They are a strong people with faith in God and faith in themselves."

Oklahoma extends its most sincere thanks to the President of the United States for accepting the invitation to be present for this dedication. It was a pleasant and long-awaited moment for us.

That the President of the United States came and that he enjoyed being present is twofold fulfilling; for it confirms our convictions regarding the national importance of this waterway and the happiest of guests are those who find their invited guest enjoying his visit.