The National Register of Historic Sites
by Kent Ruth

Let's put it this way. Anyone who thinks historical research is dry-as-dust has never gone looking for the site of Fort Wayne and ended up stuck in Beatty Creek! Or read the fire marshal's report on the burning of the handsome main building of the Seger Indian School at Colony. Or sat on a panel trying to determine the true and undisputed location of Wigwam Neosho, where...
Historic Sites

Sam Houston lived—somewhat boozily from all reports—with his beautiful Cherokee wife while between political careers in Tennessee and Texas.

Or listened to Andy Gorman describe the almost magical way a blowing, powdery snow etches century-old SANTA FE TRAIL RUTS into the dry short-grass range of western Cimarron County.

Or, as a final for-instance, tried to determine if the quaint, two-door log facility—once belonging to EMHAKA ACADEMY and now being protected “somewhere in Seminole County,” as they say mysteriously in war dispatches—is indeed the state’s oldest extant john.

WHAT are we saying, actually?

That the National Register project—officially P. L. 89-665 in its implementation—is perhaps the most exciting thing to hit Oklahoma since “The Run.”

So far, of course, only a relative handful of us have been in on the fun. But that is changing rapidly.

Mrs. J. C. Pond and others of the Grant County Historical Society are getting excited about dramatizing the intimate association of Rock Island Park near Jefferson with the old SEWELL RANCH and the CHISHOLM TRAIL.

And Margaret Lokey of Tishomingo got sufficiently excited about things historical in her area to crawl under the 77-year-old Johnston County courthouse—and last CHICKASAW NATIONAL CAPITOL, too, of course—to rescue some old records (and a historic brick bat for the writer’s collection).

Mrs. George E. Jenkins of Duncan thinks one of that town’s handsomest early-day mansions, the O’NEIL/PACE HOME—which bears a bit of resemblance to Mount Vernon—should perhaps be considered for the National Register. As does Mrs. G. L. Wilson of Lawton in promoting the restoration of the fine old MATTIE BEAL HOUSE.

THE LIST could go on and on. In Apache Mrs. Fern Simmons, Mrs. Thelma O’Connor, and several hundred other good people worked so hard to save their landmark APACHE STATE BANK from the wreckers’ ball they won themselves a special plaque from the Oklahoma Heritage Foundation. And up in Laverne a similar group of history lovers is trying to save their old FOX HOTEL.

Even sites—as opposed to buildings or other structures—are coming in for renewed interest and attention. Historic sites from which all or nearly all trace of man’s activities is now gone.

Arthur Lawrence in Lawton, for example, is determined that proper recognition be given the site of the famed RED STORE his father operated within easy walking distance of the FORT SILL INDIAN SCHOOL.

Civil War buffs (especially those of Confederate persuasion, of whom there are none buff-ier) are determined to suitably memorialize the still visible earthworks of FORT McCUL-

LOCH, down in Bryan County. And work continues apace at FORT WASHITA and FORT TOWSON.

Curiously enough, the only reason work does NOT continue apace on poor WIGWAM NEOSHO is that conflicting convictions as to its precise location still run so strongly—this almost a century and a half after Sam left for Texas—that no one dares say, like Brigham Young: “This is the Place!”

BUT BACK briefly to the National Historic Preservation Act itself, and a few specifics. The act, passed by the Congress in 1966, put it this way:

“The Secretary of the Interior is authorized to expand and maintain a national register of districts, sites, buildings, structures and objects significant in American history, architecture, archaeology and culture, hereinafter referred to as the National Register . . .”

Each state determines its own important sites, nominates them for inclusion in the register, preserves them for posterity as it thinks best. Oklahoma’s organization is headed by George H. Shirk, the state liaison officer, who is also president of the Oklahoma Historical Society.

Under him is a Review Commission composed of Henry B. Bas Enid; James D. Morrison, Duran Robb Moore, Oklahoma City; H. M. Phillips, Seminole; and George C. Cross and Robert B. Bell, Norman. The writer is field deputy for the project, responsible primarily for preparing the site nominations.

WHAT’S been done to date? Master plan has been drawn up. Lil they say at the ball park, you can tell the players without a program.

You can’t plan preservation intelligently until you prepare a comprehensive inventory . . . determine what you have already lost and what you still have . . . decide what you want to keep and how you want to keep it . . . agree on what you’d like, possible, to restore or reconstruct.

Enter here the Oklahoma Historical Society, Dr. V. R. Easterling, executive director, and Earle Metcalf, director of the historic sites division. With a good bit of help and cooperation back and forth the “Oklahoma Statewide Historic Sites Survey a
Preservation Plan" was initially prepared. Continually being updated and re-issued under various names, this master plan remains the basic "gospel" of preservation in Oklahoma.

It contains pertinent data on some 250 historic sites in the state. Over half of these are deemed to be of sufficient significance to warrant (1) submission of a nomination for inclusion in the National Register and (2) preparation of a specific preservation plan.

The plan can involve considerable reconstruction, as in the case of FORT WASHITA, or merely erection of a more suitable historical marker, as in the case of FORT COBB.

It can mean restoring and opening to the public of an old home, like the MURRAY MANSION at Erin Springs (near Lindsay), or taking what is essentially a site only, like that of TULLAHASSEE MISSION in Wagoner County, clearing away ground litter, stabilizing footings that remain, and laying out walks and informational plaques for self-guiding tours.

The inventory and the master plan, as noted, is under constant review. With continuing research sites are sometimes dropped. More often new ones are added.

As is written some 110 Oklahoma sites have been officially nominated for recognition and more are going in all the time. Better than 80 have been approved and are now included in the register. Two or three have been rejected, but action on the balance is still pending.

There is no room here for a complete listing of the sites. Or their current status, which changes from week to week. However, we might consider the various "categories" of sites, with a few notable examples of each, particularly where there is enough visual appeal today to make the site a worthy objective for a weekend junket.

ARCHAEOLOGY and Prehistory embraces a dozen or more individual sites, including famed SPIRO MOUNDS (LeFlore County) and two of our earliest Indian village/trading post sites. They are FERNANDINA, on the Arkansas River (Kay County) on the north, and SAN BERNARDO, on Red River (Jefferson County) to the south.

None of these, however, are yet open to visitors. The only site that is, as a matter of fact, is HEAVENER RUNESTONE, in a state park just east of that LeFlore County town.

Significance of the rune-like chiselings on the rock is still wrapped in mystery and controversy. But the site is undeniably beautiful. No one questions that!

THE INDIAN dominates the Master plan, understandably enough. After all, this was — and is — Indian country! But where do you start?

For openers, there are the still-standing capitols of four of the five Indian Nations: the CHEROKEE (at Tahlequah), the CHICKASAW (Tishomingo), and the CREEK (Okmulgee), and the CHICKASAW (Tishomingo). All are well worth a visit.

There are interesting Indian agency buildings at Pawhuska (OSAGE), at Washunga (KAW—but you'd better hurry, Kaw Reserve will be filling soon to flood this site), and at Pawnee (PAWNEE). The old stone UNION AGENCY, atop Agen-

chy Hill in Muskogee, has been handsomely restored, now serves as a museum and art gallery for the Five Civilized Tribes.

Another impressive sub-division of Indian sites: old homes. These would include the CHIEF'S HOUSE near Swink (built in 1834 and believed to be Oklahoma's oldest), and houses once belonging to PETER CONSER (near Poteau), CHARLES LEFLORE (Limestone Gap), QUANAH PARKER (at Cache) SEQUOYAH (north of Sallisaw), and GOV. DOUGLAS H. JOHNSTON (at Emet).

MISSIONS and Schools played a dominant role in Indian/white mutual relations throughout the 19th century. And Oklahoma, luckily, is still dotted with buildings — or, in the case of WAPANUCKA ACADEMY (Johnston County) and LEVERING MISSION (Hughes County), at least impressive ruins — pertaining to these important institutions.

Even a partial listing of interest to today's visitor would include the CHEROKEE FEMAL SEMINARY (handsomely preserved and still in daily use, on the campus of Northeastern State College (Tahlequah), WHEELOCK SEMINARY (in McCurtain County serving almost continuously from 1844 to 1955), NUYAKA MISSION (Okmulgee County), SEGER INDIAN SCHOOL at Colony (Wast, ita County), DWIGHT MISSION (Sequoyah County, dating from 1833 and in as idyllic a site as one could find in Oklahoma).

Too, there's the FORT SILL INDIAN SCHOOL at Lawton (established in 1871 and still active), at GOODLAND MISSION near Hu (founded in 1848 and still operating)

CHURCHES also played an important role in Oklahoma history. Those of National Register caliber and of interest to the casual visitor as well — include SPLITLO CHURCH (northeast of Grove Delaware County), WHEELOC CHURCH (McCurtain County SACRED HEART MISSION (east of Asher in Potawatome County), ST. MARY'S (Ottawa County), and SHAWNEE FRIENDS MISSION near Shawnee.

WAR and the military command an inordinately large group of it
Historic Sites

Important Oklahoma sites. Among old military posts with both historic significance and visual interest are FORT GIBSON, FORT RENO, FORT SILL, FORT SUPPLY, FORT TOWSON, FORT WASHITA, and CAMP NICHOLS, in the far western part of Cimarron County.

Significant battlefields include two from the Civil War — HONEY SPRINGS (now being developed south of Muskogee) and CABIN CREEK (Mayes County) — and the notorious WASHITA BATTLE SITE (near Cheyenne), where Black Kettle's Cheyenne village was destroyed by Col. George Custer's U.S. troops.

That old standby category, Miscellaneous, has its important sites, too. Like ROCK MARY (Caddo County landmark on the California Trail), INITIAL POINT west of Davis (rock post from which all of Oklahoma but the Panhandle was surveyed), the SOD HOUSE of Marshall McCulley (Alfalfa County), the ruins of the 101 RANCH headquarters near Ponca City, and the NELLIE JOHNSTONE NO. 1 in Bartlesville, the state's first commercial oil well.

It contains the grave sites of BLACK BEAVER (near Anadarko) and JESSE CHISHOLM (near scenic Left Hand Spring northeast of Geary); ghost towns like GRAND (Ellis County), SILVER CITY (on the Chisholm Trail north of Tuttle), and KEOKUK FALLS (Potawatomie County); old water mills like BITTING SPRINGS (Adair County) and HILDEBRAND'S MILL (Delaware County); EDWARDS STORE (Latimer County, the state's last relic of the Butterfield Overland Mail route of 1858-1861).

Also in the Miscellaneous category are such noteworthy state buildings as the CARNEGIE LIBRARY and the CO-OPERATIVE PRESS, both in Guthrie. OLD CENTRAL, on the OSU campus in Stillwater, and OLD NORTH, on the CSU campus in Edmond.

And there are the still-preserved homes (birthplaces, in many cases) of such well known Oklahomans as WILL ROGERS (near Oologah), ROBERT S. KERR (near Ada), GRANT FOREMAN (in Muskogee), E. W. MARLAND (in Ponca City), FRANK PHILLIPS (in Bartlesville), BILL WASHINGTON (near Marietta), JIM THORPE (in Yale), HENRY OVERHOLSER and W. F. HARN (both in Oklahoma City), and GEORGE MURRELL (in Park Hill, near Tahlequah).

There's much much more involved, of course. Not only in goals . . . the sites themselves. But in the search.

The search is often as rewarding as the discovery, as wise men have pointed out over the centuries. Getting there, as the steamship company insists, is still half the fun.

While hunting up these National Register sites in Oklahoma we've run onto some of the most scenic spots we've yet found in Oklahoma. Like CAMP NICHOLS in the Panhandle . . . WARREN'S TRADING POST on the Red River in Cotton County . . . and "RINGING THE WILD HORSES" site, where Washington Irving camped in 1832, in Oklahoma County.

And we've met some of the finest, friendliest, most obliging people to be found anywhere. People like Frank Brooks, for example, who, when we asked him how much we owed him for pulling us out of Beatty Creek, replied: "You're the 26th car I've drug out of that creek in the past couple months. I haven't charged any of 'em and don't aim to start with you."

Have we made our point? That history isn't dry, especially when you're poking around for historic sites in this multi-splendid state of ours?

Then have at it. Start your own log of interesting sites.

Just remember. When you start down that Delaware County section line road toward old FORT WAYNE . . . and you come to that crossing of Beatty Creek that LOOKS like a ford . . . take it from us. It ain't.
While eons blinked and earthquakes played
The frightened sea escaped in haste.
Behind her trailed her mid-rift tie—
The South Canadian once bound her waist.

Unseen, the hand which laid her course
And dark the night which gave her birth.
Tumult and storm, her legacy,
As thunderous movements wracked the earth.

With reckless mien she rolled along,
Through narrow gorge and wide flood plain
Relentlessly she slithered, crawled
Upon her treacherous quicksand lane.

A gypsy kinship in her style
She whirled in dance upon her way.
None dared predict her temperament
And who would love her reaped dismay.

Prone to wander and to roam,
With careless mode and treachery
She gamboled through the countryside;
Of discretion, made a mockery.

I've seen her play the perfect lady,
Sandbank shoulders white as tile,
Her gypsumed waters sharp with sage
Flowing by the willowed isle.

I've seen her angry, waging war
A spewing, raging, vicious tide.
Her earth brown waters reaching out
To slash the hills on either side.

To fertile fields no mercy showed
With drunken mischief in her veins,
Uprooted trees and sterile sod
She belched upon them with disdain.

A sacrifice to gods of storm
Earth's orchards fell at her command.
Green fields of corn she flattened low
And smeared their wounds with salt and sand.

Now lies she prostrate, limp, inert
A prisoner of her own destruction,
Her sad eyes closed with flood's debris,
She dreams of past enraged compulsion.

Upstream and down, man's conservation
Restains her wild, impetuous notion
And bids her sleep, benign and sober
Sedated now, her restless motion.

Before man came she caroused and danced
Consorting with the gods of storm
A libertine without restraint
Complacent now—a maid reformed.

Wm. Fletcher Ward
The winner of the award for the best cultural exhibit at the State Fair of Tlascala, Mexico, last autumn was a young Oklahoman, Greg Burns. Greg's tall trophy of a Tlascalan Eagle Warrior is one of a long procession of awards. Birth handicaps which force him to paint with the brush held between his teeth and confinement to a wheelchair are obstacles that Greg has overcome with talent and spirit. He has developed a style which captures the significant details of his subjects and projects remembrances of the past with the gentle warmth of a hearth fire on a winter's day. It is not surprising that Greg's exhibition in Mexico won more than a trophy, it won the hearts of the people there, and he has returned as their ambassador, speaking not of his success but of the fine qualities of the people he met, the splendid art of Mexico, the incomparable scenes and subjects that await the artist's palette there. The focus and style of Greg's work is still being molded and altered by the creative process which motivates him and we look forward with anticipation to his future works.

continued on page 14
GREG PINTA CON LA BOCA

Por ALFONSO NERI CASTANERA. Fotos del: ALFREDO ALBAJALO PéREZ.

UNA NIÑA OBSERVA desenrolladamente cómo Greg caldeóse de su bota, homen el dibujo que muchos antes realizaró.

Impedido de sus Manos, Este Joven de Texas, Logró con Tenacidad y una Voluntad de Hacer Destacar Como un Acuarelista, y hoy es un Hombre Cuya Vida, Según su Propia Expresión: "Es una Copa Llena".

¿Se es el precio de estos cuadros? —preguntó ella a su creador, cuyo rostro estaba enrojecido de la emoción.

—Sí, es el precio de mi tiempo —respondió Greg, con una sonrisa.

En Oklahoma, capital de ese país, Greg pintó su primera obra, una escena de la vida rural. Desde entonces, ha viajado por todo el mundo, creando imágenes que reflejan las bellezas naturales.

—Vive en un mundo de bellezas —dijo una de sus admiradoras.

—Sí, eso es lo que yo sé —rió Greg, besando su bota.

Con dedicación y esfuerzo, Greg ha inspirado a miles de personas con su arte. Su tarde fue una celebración, donde todos se unieron a saludar a este genio del arte.

—Greg, has sido una inspiración para todos —dijo una de sus seguidoras, con un brillo en sus ojos.

—Gracias, ¡sí, me siento honrado! —rió Greg, besando su bota otra vez.

La celebración continuó con una gala en honor a Greg, donde todos se unieron para celebrar su logro.

—Es un regalo para el mundo —dijo uno de los invitados, con una sonrisa.

—Sí, estoy muy agradecido —rió Greg, besando su bota por última vez.

Fue una noche llena de alegría y celebración, donde todos se unieron para felicitar a Greg por su logro. Su bota continuó siendo un símbolo de su éxito, un recordatorio de su dedicación y esfuerzo.

—Gracias, Greg —dijo una de las invitadas, con una sonrisa.

—¡Por supuesto! —rió Greg, besando su bota por última vez.

La noche terminó con una foto para recordar ese emocionante día, donde todos se unieron para celebrar el logro de Greg. Su bota continuó siendo un símbolo de su dedicación y esfuerzo, un recordatorio de lo que se puede lograr con una mezcla de talento y trabajo duro.
In the late 1940's a dynamite stick exploded in an excavation north of Luther and blasted a Chinese statuette out of the earth. The finders of the statue waited a few years before reporting this find to the newspaper in nearby Jones, Okla.

Since the publicity in the Jones paper the statue has been a subject of recurring interest and mystery. In 1951 Sister Mary Placida, at the Benedictine Convent then in Guthrie, showed the statue to Chinese students at the Convent. They identified it. The kindly appearing little gentleman, carrying a staff and a lamb, is Shu Shing Lao, Chinese god of longevity.

He is carved of wood from a tree that has been extinct for centuries. Shu Shing was especially popular in China from 5 B.C. to 480 A.D. How and when did he arrive in the valley of the Deep Fork River in central Oklahoma? This carving of him is not crude. It is a fine work of art, its beautiful carving still evident in spite of the destructive ravages of its long burial.

It is now known that Chinese sojourners explored this continent a millennium, perhaps two millennia, before the birth of Christ. The accounts of their travels are preserved in the Shan hai jing "Mountain Sea Classic" in ancient Chinese. Later, but still a thousand years before Columbus, Buddhist monks traveled on this continent, from the far northern Kurile Islands to the land of the Aztec and Maya in Mexico-Honduras-Guatemala. At least one of the Buddhist monks, Huwai Shan, returned to China to report on these travels.

Could one of these early expeditions have crossed Oklahoma? Evidence in the Chinese narratives definitely indicates travels east of the Rocky Mountains. Another, much different and much earlier, Chinese idol has been found in southern Colorado.

Pursuing our curiosity as to how the statue of ancient Shu Shing may have arrived in Oklahoma, we wrote to Dr. Cyclone Covey, Professor of History at Wake Forest University and authority on ancient Chinese explorations.

Dr. Covey is an Oklahoman, born in Guthrie and grew up in Bristow. Here is his reply to our inquiry.

The eight-inch wooden statuette relic shows traces of charring and of onetime lacquering. University of Chicago experts pronounced its wood an extinct oriental species. The five yards of alluvial accumulation atop Shu Shing (supposing he had not been buried, or buried that deep), plus the extinct-tree factor (if the wood had been correctly diagnosed), indicates great age. But the carver could have selected an indefinitely-dead log for his sculpture, and the site appears likely to have been a former bed of the Deep Fork, now not half a mile away. The OSU geologist John Naff has noted that the creek could have deposited such a height of soil in less than a century.

Nor does the art style of the statuette support the 1500 or 2000 year age assumed by some observers; for the style is Ming. But that spans a bewildering era: 1368 to 1644 A.D. The dissociated artifact, by itself, does not divulge which reign or even which century of this era might have produced it — something disappointingly true of a number of universally known statuettes of Shu Shing and other personages carved in the same general style which repose in the British Museum, the Yale Art Gallery, the Crawford, Dreyfuss, and other distinguished collections. A further complication is that the many Ming statuettes which can be dated to a given century include specimens as late as the 18th, since the style outlasted the dynasty.

Wood has been a rare medium for known Ming statuettes which, however, have been wrought from an unusual variety of materials: bronze, jade, rock crystal, rhinoceros horn, and ivory. The Chinese, to be sure, had shown a comparable dexterity in these materials from a much earlier epoch, but the distinctive style of the Luther statuette nevertheless does not correspond to surviving specimens of a period more archaic than the 14th century. The very closest correspondences occur in other representations of Taoist immortals in the Ming period, notably (besides Shu Shing) Lu Shing, god of wealth and rank, who usually carries a scepter, or leans on it as a crutch. The various squat immortals depicted in Taoist Ming sculpture ordinarily hold or
reach for one or two peaches of immortality. Shu Shing usually carries a peach and a scroll rather than a staff and a lamp.

He ought to be a Christian shepherd by this latter symbolism. The typical Taoist conception of Shu Shing which makes him essentially a monk who looks interchangeably occidental, adds to this ambiguity. Early medieval Europe tended to depict men in this stubby proportion, with a similar excellence of craftsmanship. In point of fact, the Luther statuette strikingly recalls 2nd-century A.D. Roman sculptures of the snub-nosed god Selenus. Then there is that celebrated terracotta head of a decapitated statuette which resembles both Selenus and Shu Shing, with perhaps a more “Trish” physiognomy than either, dumbfoundingly dug up in 1933 by the incredulous archaeologist of the University of Jalapa, José García Payon, beneath three sealing stone-and-cement floors from an undisturbed grave of the Matlanzinca phase at Calixtlahuaca, northwest of Toluca, about 35 miles southwest of Mexico City. The grave would date indeterminably earlier than 1100 A.D., and international experts have undisputedly authenticated the realistic head as 2nd century Roman.

This does not necessarily require that Romans did the transporting of the head or that they did so in the 2nd century A.D. In any case, a worse problem remains for the Roman head than for the Luther statuette, which would not necessarily have had to be brought to Oklahoma by Chinese or brought before Columbus or Coronado or possibly even the Constitutional Convention. The regular Manila Galleons, which had contact with Ming China, could have transported it to Mexico. Nomadic Indians, lonely traders, Mexican migrants, or Coronado himself could have brought it north into Oklahoma.

On the other hand, just as Romans continue to be one possibility, however remote, for transmitters of the Roman head, Chinese could have brought the Chinese statuette and could have done so before Columbus. Whether or not Chinese traveled to what we know as the U.S. Southwest after the 5th century A.D., records
survive in China which French and German scholars rediscovered in the 18th century of an Afghan-Chinese Buddhist journey from the mouth of the Yangtze into Hohokam Arizona and Maya Mexico, on the testimony of an aged survivor, Huwui Shan, who reported to the Liang Court at Cheng-chiang in 502. Data he gave on pit houses and corn growing, etc. of that period had no confirmation before 20th-century archaeology.

The Chinese forgot Fu-sang (America; literally “Corn”) after Huwui Shan. Many centuries before his journey they had already forgotten its incredibly earlier discovery. The surviving sixteen books of the primeval Shan hai jing “Mountain-Sea Classic,” in naïvely antique, difficult language, anthologizes reports of explorers who had been sent great distances in four directions. Those who crossed the Eastern Sea to the Alaskan Peninsula descended to Mexico along the coast and by routes ranging on to central Canada and the Rocky Mountains. One of these descents passed the double confluence of South Fork and Stillwater Creek with the Colorado about eight miles northeast of the site of Granby, Colo. A half-mile above these confluences in 1920 a homesteader scooped up a non-native granite 58-pound sculpture from a six-foot depth while enlarging a reservoir with a team of horses. The gnomelike man or god in pre-Shang Chinese style had nine pictographs engraved on its front in a form a stage earlier than the Shang oracle-bone script. Especially in view of the recent far-flung verification of a flourishing bronze culture in South China a thousand years before the Yellow Valley, both this sculpture and the Shan hai jing most probably date from around 1400 B.C.

Whether or not Chinese ever got to Oklahoma, like Indians, before Coronado, Tulsa turning into an ocean port before our eyes ought to dramatize the potential that Oklahoma waterways have held immemorially as long distance travel routes, particularly in those recurring times when the water flowed more voluminously. Nor did rivers have to be navigable for land paths to run beside them.

The Luther statuette emerged near a tributary of the North Canadian, in turn a tributary of the Arkansas. Other baffling non-Indian artifacts of vaguely venerable age have been found in Oklahoma along this river system. These include a bronze medallion from the Athenian colony of Thurium (Thourioi) in the instep of the Italian boot, and an embossed brass bowl which has defied stylistic categorizing but has seemed Chinese to some observers and Celtic to others. A farm boy, Elbert Martin, found the medallion encrusted in red clay about 1955 in a field a couple of miles from the Red River at Terral, Okla. A plow could have brought it to the surface. A backhoe dredged up the bowl from perhaps a yard or four-foot depth during the development of a housing project near the Poteau River at Poteau in 1968. Other than an undeciphered cuneiform “signature” on the bottom of the bowl, the most curious part of the incised decoration is a running elephant or mastodon on an outer side. The Granby granite nonplussingly had side reliefs of a mammoth and a dinosaur.

... Dr. Cyclone Covey
So mystery pyramids on mystery.
We have encountered one other possible explanation as to how the statuette of Shu Shing arrived in Oklahoma. It is so different from anything previously propounded that it may make your senses swirl, if they aren't already ...

At a time which we have not been able to pinpoint, a buried treasure legend arrived in the community of Luther. Here it is.

During the late 1890's, the Wells Fargo Bank in San Francisco was robbed of $80,000 in gold. The six men who committed the robbery made good their escape and considerable time elapsed before the direction of their flight became known.

But at last their trail was picked up and a dogged pursuit undertaken. The pursued were long gone, the pursuers far behind, and half a continent had been traversed before, weeks later, the pursuit became hot.

The bandits were camped beside a spring on the old Ozark Trail half a league north of present day Luther when it became apparent to them that their capture might be inevitable. With this in mind, they buried their loot not far from the Ozark Trail spring and continued in flight.

In less than a day's march from the site where they buried their gold they were caught. In the ensuing fight five of the outlaws were killed. One survived and was imprisoned, probably after being returned to California. The gold was never found.

Now the story turns to facts more tangible.

During the mid 1940's a stranger appeared in Luther. He checked in at the local hotel, and spent his days digging in the vicinity of the spring north of Luther. Whether he found anything or not it is impossible to know for he eventually disappeared. Completely, and mysteriously.

When the hotel owner finally missed the mysterious guest, his hotel room was searched. His clothing, luggage, all his property was in his room, completely undisturbed. The man never returned to claim a single item. He just disappeared.

The mysterious stranger must have communicated the object of his search to someone however, for it seems it was about at this time that the tale of the lost treasure began to creep through the community. The area in which he had been digging was notorious for its quicksand. A likely explanation for his disappearance, it was concluded, was that in his digging he had encountered quicksand with which he could not cope. He had sunk in it and death, rather than discovery of the treasure, had been his lot.

Perhaps we should indulge in a little imaginative guess work here. Suppose the Wells Fargo Bank had been robbed in 1895. Assuming that the surviving robber was a young man, let's say 25 years old. He went to prison where he may have lived to be an old man. What if, as he approached his seventy-fifth year he
fell ill and, sensing the approach of death, told some fellow, "I'll tell you where to find a hoard of buried gold if you'll go and dig it up and share it with my family."

Fifty years would have then elapsed since the robbery of the bank—1895 plus fifty years brings us to 1945, which is about the time the mysterious stranger appeared in Luther to begin the digging operations which preceded his final and mysterious disappearance.

The story of the lost treasure was still then not widely known in Luther. But two men, Bert Lowery and Sam Harrison, had learned it. After the disappearance of the digging stranger they continued the search, and they found the treasure. Both Lowery and Harrison are dead now, but in later years they told a good many of their luck—how they had dug down to the strong box, and actually had their hands on it.

They had even fastened the tail gate rod of a wagon on the treasure box trying to drag its weight from the heavy suction of the quicksand. Unable to succeed, Bert Lowery stayed with the treasure in the bitter cold of the winter night while Sam Harrison went into Luther to try to secure a cable strong enough to heave the box up from the depths of the quicksand—sloppy excavation.

Their luck was bad. Before they could get a cable and attach it, the treasure box simply sank in the quicksand and was lost. They were never able to find it again.

It is at this point that the Chinese statuette enters the story. A. E. Eckert and his wife at that time owned the farm which contained the treasure site. Their later accounts state that they were digging a well there. Encountering a formation that resisted their hand tools, they set off the stick of dynamite. A chunk of red clay blown from the hole attracted Mrs. Eckert's interest.

She picked up the chunk of clay, and in examining it detected the presence of something hard. She carried the clay to the house about a quarter mile away. With careful work and washing she removed from it the object we now consider with such interest—the statue of Shu Shing, Taoist god of longevity.

Her find returns us to the realm of speculation; for it suggests another route by which Shu Shing may have arrived in Luther. Perhaps the long ago robbers of the Wells Fargo Bank were his bearers.

San Francisco has a large Chinese community and the many collections of Chinese art objects in the city are widely known. It is not unlikely that the Wells Fargo Bank owned such art objects. It seems reasonable to speculate that the bank robbers may have taken Shu Shing along with their other loot. He was obviously valuable and surely could have been sold for a considerable sum through some underworld fence.

It is at this point that the Chinese statuette enters the story. A. E. Eckert and his wife at that time owned the farm which contained the treasure site. Their later accounts state that they were digging a well there. Encountering a formation that resisted their hand tools, they set off the stick of dynamite. A chunk of red clay blown from the hole attracted Mrs. Eckert's interest.

She picked up the chunk of clay, and in examining it detected the presence of something hard. She carried the clay to the house about a quarter mile away. With careful work and washing she removed from it the object we now consider with such interest—the statue of Shu Shing, Taoist god of longevity.

Her find returns us to the realm of speculation; for it suggests another route by which Shu Shing may have arrived in Luther. Perhaps the long ago robbers of the Wells Fargo Bank were his bearers.

San Francisco has a large Chinese community and the many collections of Chinese art objects in the city are widely known. It is not unlikely that the Wells Fargo Bank owned such art objects. It seems reasonable to speculate that the bank robbers may have taken Shu Shing along with their other loot. He was obviously valuable and surely could have been sold for a considerable sum through some underworld fence.

Apparently others besides ourselves followed this line of reasoning, for the finding of Shu Shing appears to have stimulated the greatest of all efforts to find and retrieve the buried treasure. It brings us to the strangest period of all for the evidence of this last treasure hunt is at the same time the most evident, and the most elusive.

During this final time of searching, which seems to have ended about ten years ago, armed men with rifles guarded the site of the treasure search. A huge grappling crane was brought in to do the digging mechanically. Much of the digging seems to have been done at night. Who were the armed guards? No one appears to know. Who owned the digging crane? Who operated it? No one whom we questioned was able to tell us a single name.

Did they find the treasure? Or did they fail to find it, and give up and quit? Apparently no one knows. But the crane still stands there, north of Luther, in the valley of the Deep Fork River, perhaps half-a-mile north of the river crossing, where a cool flowing spring once provided a comfortable camping place beside the old Ozark Trail.

The rusting, abandoned digging crane stands there among the mounds of dirt it excavated. We are told that it was from this excavation, much shallower then, that Shu Shing came, propelled by a dynamite blast, in 1947. It is a sizeable excavation now, and the crane's digging shovel hangs down into it, a tangible and visible question mark, just as it was when the crane operator last climbed down from the operator's seat, and departed.

... BB
There was once a long tall cowboy named Marvin. Marvin lived in a town called Drygulch. Drygulch was the meanest orneriest town west of anyplace and north of everywhere. Why they used to shoot the heels off of old ladies' shoes just to watch them stagger around. But then the old ladies used to put sand in their gun barrels just to watch them stagger around when the guns exploded.

Now Marvin was the second fastest gun, the second most vulgar, the second heaviest drinker; in fact, Marvin was second best at everything. No matter what he did, he ended up second best. Once he even tried to rob the bank, but somebody robbed it before Marvin could even get his horse headed in the right direction. It also irked Marvin that the only thing he could do well was something never done in Drygulch, as you will see. His talent for it had been well-known when he was young. It was singing! But singing had to be forgotten if you wanted to be big in Drygulch.

Also living in Drygulch was a short fat cowboy named Ralph. Well believe it or not Ralph was the best at everything; having the ability to shoot off more old ladies' heels (thus having been blown up more often by the old ladies' sand and being very ugly because of it), drink more, come up at opportune moments with cuss words nobody had ever heard before, and just being generally more adept at things locally admired than the other cowboys. Ralph had but one weakness (other than chocolate) and that was his eyes. Without his glasses, he could not tell an elephant from a horse at six paces.

Needless to say, what with Marvin being number two and Ralph being number one, they did not get along very well. In fact, they hated each other's guts; which was also a widely accepted practice in Drygulch. Ralph did everything he could to make Marvin look bad. It was Ralph who robbed the bank after getting Marvin's horse drunk. Every time Marvin drew a bead on an old lady's heel, Ralph would sneak up behind him and yell. Marvin has shot more holes in the sidewalk than just about anybody. It goes without saying that the talk of the town was usually about what Ralph had done to Marvin.

There was one thing that, as I said before, that was never done in Drygulch, and that was sing. Actually, nobody really tried because vocal chords were used chiefly for cussing, yelling, or being drowned in whiskey, or drowned out by gunfire. Besides, everybody thought it was sissy; even the old ladies. Ralph would not be caught dead singing of course, and Marvin wouldn't for fear of being laughed at, even though as you know, he had had a good voice as a boy.

In Drygulch there also lived the prettiest girl anyone in that part of the country could ever remember seeing. Her name was Gladys. As it would happen, both Ralph and Marvin were in love with her. But as long as Ralph was number one, Marvin would not and really could not stake his claim on her or even tell her how he felt. Gladys had always sort of liked Marvin but as he had not spoken, there was not much she could do.
One day as Marvin walked along the street and tried to look mean and think of some yet unheard cuss words, he saw Gladys coming towards him with her arms full of groceries. When she was about six feet from him, an old lady with the heel of her shoe just shot off staggered into Gladys knocking groceries everywhere. Marvin ran over and started helping Gladys with her packages. She was very grateful and asked Marvin if he would like to walk her home. Marvin was flustered but said he would. All the way over to Gladys’ house, Marvin could not think of anything to say. It was very embarrassing. At the end of the walk to Gladys’ house, Marvin still had not said hardly anything.

Gladys, anxious to get to know Marvin better, invited him in for a glass of lemonade. If Marvin was flustered before, he was flabbergasted now. His forehead damp and his cheeks rosier than usual, he went in behind Gladys. Marvin tried vainly to think of something clever (and probably off color) to say, but only managed to look strained. In an effort to make conversation, Gladys mentioned that one of the things she had most enjoyed while traveling once was a singing concert she had heard in New York. At this point Marvin said something about the fact that he had once had a pretty good voice. It was, as it turned out, a turning point in Marvin’s hitherto rather futile existence. Gladys would not let Marvin do anything else until he sang for her. At first he flatly refused. But as she continued to ask him, he gradually softened and finally said he would. So Marvin of Drygulch cleared his throat, looked uncomfortable, and then he sang. So stunned was Gladys that she dropped the glass of lemonade she held in her hand. People as far away as three houses down stopped dead in their tracks and listened to the beautiful sound coming from they knew not where. Even Marvin was amazed at the sound of the voice that welled out of him. It was an old song, but nobody in those parts could ever remember hearing it sung so beautifully before. When Marvin left Gladys’ house, he and Gladys knew they were in love and, unfortunately, they had apparently forgotten about Ralph.

Ralph in the meantime had heard about Marvin’s meeting with Gladys and was waiting for him when he came back to town. As Marvin rounded the corner onto mainstreet feeling very happy, he saw Ralph standing in the middle of the street looking mean and vicious. Marvin’s spirits fell like six tons of brick on a cowpatti, and his heart felt like the cowpatti. For he knew what had to happen now. He would either have to apologize to Ralph and promise never to go near Gladys again, or shoot it out with him and probably get killed. Now Marvin had never been what you would call a brave man. But in his heart he felt he would rather die than give up Gladys and add another failure to an already long list. So, when he told Ralph that he would not stop seeing Gladys, Ralph looked hard at Marvin and said:

"Draw you @#$&*@$!!!" (another name no one had ever heard.) For a small heart beat Marvin hesitated and everybody thought he would surely back down. Then his face suddenly brightened and he accepted the challenge. There was a gasp and a low murmur as Marvin stepped into the street. Then there was a long silence as the town waited for the move. Ralph went for his gun and Marvin . . . SANG! His voice rose and when it hit high C, every plate of glass in Drygulch broke into a million pieces, including Ralph’s glasses. Ralph opened his mouth and closed it again, but he could actually think of nothing to say. With that, Ralph blundered to his horse and rode away never to be seen in Drygulch again.

They made Marvin sheriff of Drygulch and before long, he had sung every bully and bad guy clear out of the county. It seemed that nearly all of them wore glasses. In his toughest showdown he even got one who had contact lenses!

"That was a close one," he would always say of the event.

Marvin and Gladys were married on a sunny spring day and old ladies were helped across the street instead of shot at. Drygulch was a peaceful town, but let’s face it: it just wasn’t as much fun without everybody staggering around.

THE END
Being an objective overview of an entire state going to the dogs, and the studied conclusion that worse things could happen to it...

BEAUREGARD AND THE NATIVE SPECIES

There are more dogs keeping Oklahomans in their homes today than at any other time in history, and the reasons are obvious. The Oklahoman is a most affectionate native species of human—fun loving, loyal, brave and intelligent. Any reasonably patient dog can teach a Sooner to serve dinner, open doors, chauffeur him around, shake hands, play live, toss a ball or stick, spread newspapers in cute patterns on the floor, or even learn a whole series of commands for games and tricks. Plus delivering on demand that sheerest concept of canine heaven, a brisk scratch behind the ears.

It is, in fact, common knowledge that most dogs take a genuine pleasure in having an Oklahoman in the family. And a splendid variety of four-foots is doing exactly that, many of which are named Beauregard.

In the last year of record there were 116 different breeds of dogs registered in the American Kennel Club, and representatives of all but a fractional minority can be found in Oklahoma.

The Sooner State has its share of Poodles, still the No. 1 breed in popu-

by H. C. Neal
larity, and even a few specimens of Sussex Spaniel, the rarest of the registered canines. Oklahoma dogs also include German Shepherds, Beagles, Bassets, Basenji, Dachshunds, Schnauzers, St. Bernards, Irish Setters, Labrador Retrievers, Collies, Pekingese, Dalmatians, Chihuahuas, Cocker Spaniels, Dobermans, Sheepdogs (Shetland and the Old English), Pointers, Pomeranians, Great Danes, Boxers, Bulldogs (Fit and Boston), Shelties, Weimaraners, Borzois, Afghans, Brittanies, and the Terriers—Boston, Scottish, Fox, Cairn, English, Welsh, Bull, Kerry, Manchester Sealyham, Irish, Border and Bedlington.

But far and away the most populous breed of dog in Oklahoma is a non-breed, the mongrel. His mother is likely to be just about anyone's dog, and his pappy is usually a traveling man, of the Long-Legged Fence Jumper species.

The mongrel comes in an incredible variety of sizes and colorings. He is usually a brave watchdog, belligerent with strangers at his home and incredibly tolerant with the kid-type humans therein. His name is seldom found on a pedigree, and about the only place it ever shows up is on the shot records kept by veterinarians, the medics of Oklahoma dogdom.

The vet is a sort of special breed himself. Of the 697 practicing in Oklahoma today, almost half (319) are graduates of the Veterinary College of Medicine at Oklahoma State University in Stillwater. Dr. William E. Brock, dean of the OSU vet school, said the college had graduated 800 students through the spring of 1972 since its founding 26 years ago. The dean noted that before he can hang out his shingle, the vet student must learn a great deal about vertebrate anatomy, botany, biochemistry, histology, cytology, cell biology, parasitology, systematic pathology, pharmacology, and a vitally important skill—diagnostics. For as Mrs. Bonnie Neuffer, executive-secretary of the Oklahoma Veterinary Licensing Board, pointed out, the veterinarian's patient can't tell him where it hurts.

The veterinarian represents only one facet of dogdom's impact on Oklahoma. Dog shows and hunting dog trials bring much new green into the state, and pet foods is a mighty husky business.

In the nation's supermarkets, pet foods and accessory sales topped the $1.5 billions mark in 1971. A central OklahomaRalston-Purina plant, which manufactures pet foods only, ships eight to ten freight-carloads each day across Oklahoma and to surrounding states. Reports for 1972 aren't all tabulated yet, but a sales increase of more than 10 percent was predicted.

Show dogs are big business in Oklahoma.

At a recent major national show held in Oklahoma City's Fair Park, more than 1,400 highly pampered and/or strenuously trained poodles paraded and performed for the judges' critical eye. Some dogs participated in the obedience competition where looks are incidental. But most were there for show. The pups came from 33 states for the Oklahoma show, plus Canada and Mexico. The 13 judges were from nine different states.

Margo Ande, who operates a canine obedience school in the capitol city, was one of the judges. Surveying the crowd of exhibitors and the acres of parked cars in which they came, she estimated that the two-day event had pumped an extra quarter-million dollars into the city's trade volume that week.

Despite the dollar flow they generate, dog shows are not by nature designed as blazing moneymakers for the sponsors. The show cited above was sponsored by the Oklahoma City Kennel Club, and the hours of work by the scores of people involved were primarily a labor of love. Most of the proceeds were given away by the city club. Checks for $500 each went to the Children's Convalescent Hospital in Bethany, the Foundation for Disabled Adults, and the OSU Veterinary school . . . the latter sum being earmarked for small animal research.

Hunting dogs account for another big section of Oklahoma's pooch population, and constitute another of the state's million-dollar industries. Sooner gunners purchase a great much of guns and ammo each year, plus hunting licenses, clothing, vehicles, gasoline and grub (for both man and beast). In addition to the thousands of dogs owned, trained and hunted with by state gunners, Oklahoma just happens also to be the heartland of the field trial business. If you can find a trials man who speaks more than a dozen words a day, probably 11 of them will concern dogs.

Delmar Smith, one of the kindest, most likable men who ever wore boots, is also the most respected trials trainer in the Southwest. And probably the busiest. Field trials are usually weekend events, and Smith makes about 50 each year. He works from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf, handling dogs in national championship fashion.

Between times, he and his sons, Rick and Tom, train hunting dogs professionally on their spread south-east of Edmond. The elder Smith has never met a dog he didn't like, even including the three which have bitten him over the past quarter-century, a period in which he has
trained some 15,000 dogs.

"It was my own fault each time," the affable trainer recalled with a grin. "I just wasn't paying close enough attention to those dogs. If you listen to a dog and watch him pretty close, you'll never get bitten," Smith explained. "That's because a dog won't lie. He will tell you exactly what he's going to do, then he'll do it."

The Edmond expert said Oklahoma hosts more topflight field trials than any other state. Among the biggies is the American Field Futurity. It is held each November at Inola, and invariably draws about 100 of the finest dogs in the nation.

Possibly the very toughest test of conditioning and breeding is the U.S. Open Brittany Championship — the nation's top endurance stake—which is held at Ardmore each February. That's a three-day event, and Smith was once asked how much new money it might be bringing into Ardmore. Surveying the field of 152 of the country's finest dogs, their handlers and owners, judges and spectators, Smith opined that it probably fetched an extra $200,000 into the Carter County seat that weekend. A Chamber of Commerce survey taken later pegged it even higher.

Some folks might think the Fleetwood Memorial Field Trials held each Spring at Edmond are pretty small potatoes. They might also think General Motors is a ma-and-pa garage verging on the brink of bankruptcy.

"If you come out and watch that trial for three years in a row," said Delmar Smith, "you'll meet every topflight dog in the country. I mean the best in the business. They all make that one pretty regularly."

Field trialing itself doesn't make an owner wealthy, even if his dog is a fairly steady winner. Prize purses run from $1,000 to maybe $3,500. And it can cost a fellow about $3,000 a year to train and feed and transport his dog around the trial circuit. But a single top-level championship can certainly help a dogman recoup some of his expenses — after such a win, a dog can earn up to $30,000 in stud fees in the succeeding year.

Pointers are the most popular breed of trial dog, with Brittanes running a close second. Champion-sired pups of either breed command prices ranging from $100 up to $10,000.

Fulltime professional field dog trainers are just about as rare as an unloved puppy. There is only a handful of such gents in Oklahoma, and not very many more in the whole country. The oldest in the state is the legendary J. O. Skillman, of Big Cabin, who is 73 years young.

Then there's Bud Keesee, at Calvin; Stub Pointer, at Hugo; Cy Springfield, at Arcadia; Chuck Taylor, at Woodward; Ed Wild, at Ardmore; Bill Rysinger, at Altus; Leon Covington, at Caddo; Ronnie Smith, at Big Cabin; the Smith clan at Edmond; and the famed Bud Epperson, at Stillwater.

Now, some of you have come along with us this far, sniffing at every turn in the trail for brilliant conversational briefs to bolster your backlog of dog lore . . . here they come:

Item — Poodles, generally regarded as the national dog of France, originated in Germany where they were called "Pudelhund," or water dog.

Item — German Shepherds, who work diligently as crook catchers and narcotics sniffers for the police, are also famed for their patience and gentleness as guide dogs for the blind. One, in fact, was trained to serve as guide dog for another guide dog that had lost its sight in advanced age.

Item — Cocker Spaniels, to whom shaking hands, delivering the paper and fetching the slippers are prosaic tricks, are also splendid bird hunters.

Item — The Cairn Terrier, whose ancestors were otter hunters on the Isle of Skye, is fun to pet because under his shaggy outer hair is a silky coat of soft warm fluff.

Item — The Collie, a consummate herd dog, is descended from the shepherd breeds of Scotland which are invariably black, and thus called "coalies."

No discussion of dogs would be complete without the startling data provided by dog historian (and sometimes sports writer) Frank Boggs in his latest treatise, "The Pretty Good Guide Dog of Frank Boggs."

He relates the story of the Russian scientist dog named Fidosky, quoting directly from the pooch's meticulous diary. Fidosky wrote that he took on a human assistant named Dr. Ivan Pavlov to work in some behavioral experiments involving the reflex actions of eating and salivating.

After only a few weeks the experiments were proven and a great success. The famed dog wrote that, "Every time I'd spit, the old man would ring his bell."
At night, the full impact of this swelling city comes upon you. The lights blend and ripple out forever, a midway of interlacing highways, blazing traffic, bright airport lights and towering buildings. Six-hundred-fifty square miles glisten on an Oklahoma City eve. A host of smaller sister cities on Oklahoma City’s borders add their glitter.

Pre-1889, the site was just a railroad water-stop on the plain. Then, on April 22 of that year, rambunctious civilization came. A husky child of a town was born as a seething city. Land-hungry pilgrims rushed into what was then Oklahoma Territory to claim a portion of the land they promised to tame. As a tribute to their resourcefulness, gleaming, modern, verdant Oklahoma City stands today.

BY GARY LANTZ

Few cities are more image-conscious than this one. Being a youngster of only eighty-plus years, Oklahoma City has a penchant for outgrowing herself with every turning page of the calendar. An industrious community spirit is manifested in the unique design of the Oklahoma Theater Center, by the huge Myriad Convention Center, and in crumbling bricks as urban renewal projects face-lift the downtown section of the city.

In this wind of constant change it is heartening to see the flavor of the Old West still lingering. Old-timers spin tales about saloons that were up before the pioneers could knock the dust out of their hats, of laws enforced by prairie-hardened fists, or if the matter needed permanent settling, blazing gun barrels. It was a tumultuous time, and the men who came in with the run were as sturdy as the land they promised to tame. As a tribute to their resourcefulness, gleaming, modern, verdant Oklahoma City stands today.

The city celebrates its western heritage each December when modern cowboy heroes ride into town for the ridin’ and ropin’ at the National Finals Rodeo. This World Series of Rodeo is staged annually at the Oklahoma City Fairgrounds Arena and plays to packed houses. Cowgirls compete for the Championship in Barrel Racing. Championships are at stake in Bareback Bronc Riding, Steer Wrestling, Saddle Bronc Riding, Calf Roping, Bull Riding, and Team Roping, and one contestant rides away as World Champion Cowboy.

Across town, on a hill not more than three minutes’ driving time from one of the nation’s finest zoos, is an impressive monument to the Old West. The National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center is sponsored by seventeen western states to honor the working cowboy and to retain for eternity the flavor of his unique way of life.

Intellectual progress is synonymous with central Oklahoma for the geographic center of the state serves as the heartland of Oklahoma’s educational resources. At Norman, Oklahoma City’s neighbor to the south, is Oklahoma University, noted for producing some of the nation’s top scholars. An hour’s drive north is the lovely campus of Oklahoma State University, where agricultural research has played an important role in the revitalization of farming and ranching techniques throughout the southwest. Central State University, Edmond, one of the oldest learning facilities in the state, turns out a major portion of the state’s top teachers. The area includes Oklahoma Baptist University, and St. Gregory’s, at Shawnee; Oklahoma College of Liberal Arts, Chickasha; Langston University, Langston; Bethany Nazarene College, Bethany; Rose Junior College, Midwest City; El Reno Junior College; Seminole Junior College; South Community College, Midwest Christian College, Oklahoma City University, and Oklahoma Christian College, Oklahoma City.

Physically, central Oklahoma alternates woodlands and sweeping plains. The Cimarron, the North and South Canadian rivers push through the grasslands, cutting bluff canyon walls. Cedars add a touch of perennial...
green along sandstone hills. Where the country is flat and the rocks still deep in the soil, the native grass is turned by the plow and central Oklahoma's wheatland shimmers green in April, tassled and golden in late May. The pastureland and wheatland blend together in a mosaic of yellow and green and brown all along the gently rolling hills that stretch out into northwest Oklahoma's high plains. South and east of Oklahoma City, the countryside changes abruptly. The hills are hillier, timbered with blackjack andpost oak.

This is the woodland belt known as the Crosstimbers, noted by Washington Irving when he crossed the region in the early 1800s. The rugged, thickly intertwined limbs of the blackjacks poked and prodded Irving into near-submission, and those who have fought their way through a thickly grown copse of blackjack can sympathize with those early explorers, who found no roads through the unique natural land barrier as they forced bulky horses through the iron-like limbs.

The Crosstimbers divide the great plains from the wooded, rolling farmland that climbs east into the Ozarks, rolls up into the Appalachians and leaves America with a splash along the coast of Maine. The most of the Crosstimbers country was opened to settlement during the Run of '89. Lands ceded to the Iowa, Sac and Fox, Pottawatomies and Kickapoo were opened in '91 and '95, with each tribal member receiving a tract of 160-acres. The remainder was divided into plots of the same proportion and distributed to settlers by land run.

For the early Indian people who lived in this country there was game for the taking, and plantings could be done in the clearings along the river-bottoms and in the deeper valleys. Much of their life depended on mobility; they also hunted deer, antelope, and buffalo. When the lands were broken into 160-acre sections, it became mandatory that the homesteader stay with his land and make it work for him. This was tough country to farm and one marvels at the tenacity of the people who went into those hills and literally carved out an existence.

### CALENDAR

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>JULY</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Every Sun.</td>
<td>Norman</td>
<td>Championship High Goal Polo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Fri.</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>Stock Car Races</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 1</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>Stars and Stripes Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 3-7</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>Mo. Valley Jr. Tennis Championship</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 4</td>
<td>Prague</td>
<td>July 4 Celebration</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 4-5</td>
<td>El Reno</td>
<td>Patriotic Celebration</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 4</td>
<td>Edmond</td>
<td>89ers vs Oliers (baseball)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 4-7</td>
<td>Edmond</td>
<td>Parade and Picnic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 5-7</td>
<td>Purcell</td>
<td>Territorial Rodeo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 6-7</td>
<td>Seminole</td>
<td>Boom Day Golf Tournament</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 6-9</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>89ers vs. Indianapolis (baseball)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 7-8</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>4-H Junior Horse Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 10-13</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>89ers vs. Evansville (baseball)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 10-21</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>‘Babes in Arms’ (Lyric Theatre)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 11</td>
<td>Chickasha</td>
<td>Jethro Full Rock Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 11-14</td>
<td>Chickasha</td>
<td>RCA Rodeo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 13-15</td>
<td>El Reno</td>
<td>Cheyenne Nation Fair and Gun Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 13-15</td>
<td>Stroud</td>
<td>Sac and Fox Pow Wow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 16</td>
<td>Seminole</td>
<td>Oil Anniversary Celebration</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 18-21</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>89ers vs Omaha (baseball)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 21</td>
<td>Stroud</td>
<td>Internatl. Brick &amp; Rolling Pin Throwing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 22-25</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>89ers vs Iowa (baseball)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 24-Aug.4</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>“Kismet” (Lyric Theatre)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 27-29</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>Okla. City Pow Wow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 28-29</td>
<td>Yale</td>
<td>Homecoming Carnival and Fair</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AUGUST</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aug.3-5</td>
<td>Shawnee</td>
<td>Sac and Fox Veteran Pow Wow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.7-18</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>“Annie Get Your Gun” (Lyric Theatre)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.8-10</td>
<td>Rush Springs</td>
<td>Lions Club Rodeo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.9</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>89ers vs. Cleveland (baseball)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.9-11</td>
<td>Holdenville</td>
<td>IRA Rodeo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.10-12</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>89ers vs. Denver (baseball)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.11</td>
<td>Rush Springs</td>
<td>Watermelon Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.14-16</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>89ers vs. Wichita (baseball)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.15</td>
<td>Seminole</td>
<td>Canadian Valley Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.17-19</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>89ers vs. Oliers (baseball)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.18</td>
<td>Shawnee</td>
<td>Faith 7 Bowl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.18-25</td>
<td>Konawa</td>
<td>Gospel Singing Jamboree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.20-26</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>Internat. Arabian Horse Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.22-28</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>89ers vs. Wichita (baseball)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.27-Sept.1</td>
<td>Stillwater</td>
<td>Classic Car Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.29-Sept.1</td>
<td>Chandler</td>
<td>Payne County Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.30-Oct.3</td>
<td>Konawa</td>
<td>89ers vs. Denver (baseball)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### SEPTEMBER

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SEPTEMBER</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sept.6-9</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>Okla. County Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.7-9</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>Watercolor Assn. Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.8</td>
<td>Seminole</td>
<td>Seminole Nation Day Celebration</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.10-11</td>
<td>Norman</td>
<td>Cleveland County Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.10-13</td>
<td>Wewoka</td>
<td>Seminole County Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.12-15</td>
<td>El Reno</td>
<td>Canadian County Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.13</td>
<td>Okemah</td>
<td>Okfuskee County Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.13-14</td>
<td>Purcell</td>
<td>McClain County Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.15</td>
<td>Stillwater</td>
<td>OSU vs. UT-Arlington (football)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.17-20</td>
<td>Shawnee</td>
<td>Pottawatomie County Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.18-20</td>
<td>Chickasha</td>
<td>Grady County Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.21-26</td>
<td>Okla. City</td>
<td>Ice Capsades</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.29</td>
<td>Stillwater</td>
<td>OSU vs. Illinois (football)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Even the daily work of axes against the hard oaks couldn't tame the woodland, for the blackjacks have a penchant for coming back. The fight against the land was an endurance race with no finish line, and many of the early settlers filtered away to the communities of Oklahoma City, Norman, out onto the plains around El Reno, to the open farmland and ranching pasture of Guthrie and Stillwater, to oil boom towns in Seminole County.

Deep in the Crosstimbers, a traveler can find remnants of towns that flourished after the excitement of the land runs. They stand silently, with maybe an antiquated service station and general store still showing signs of life. Most of the buildings, however, are hollowed by time, only an outer shell memorializing the early days when the railroad was the fastest and most convenient way to travel, before paved highways made a 20-mile trip to the county seat easier than five miles by horse and wagon to the trade territory town.

There are scattered small farms in this country, where men still hoe and clear and plow, and women tend chickens and preserve garden produce, where life goes on at a pace much slower than in the bustling office complexes of the huge city only two-score miles away. But the tangled woodland isn't forever, and where the oaks break out and mingle with the prairie is land for grazing cattle, for planting sorghum grain, peanuts or wheat. The pumping of an occasional oil well means added income. Oil and gas made towns grow, and made them last.

These early day people were used to hardship and knew how to combat it; the Czechs of Prague and Yukon, the Seminoles, Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Kickpoos, Iowas, Sac and Fox, Pottawatomies, Shawnees, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes. There were sons of Irish immigrants, of Italian peasants, of the Russians, Germans, Poles. Their parents still spoke the tongues of the motherland they had left for freedom's sake. Their fathers had come west, made the Run into Oklahoma. The sons were imbued with the same spirit and determination to make a life of liberty in a land they could call their own. Hard work was not enough to shatter a three-generation dream.

History shows that no hardship can render a strong people spiritless, and this toughness of the early settlers of central Oklahoma is evidenced in their progeny. A summer's eve rodeo in Chickasha raises ghosts of drovers on the Chisholm Trail, pushing herds across the lush, wild grasslands toward Kansas, over what is bountiful, irrigated cropland today.

The quiet cemetery of Old Fort Reno has its own particular ghosts, their names etched in ancient stone grave markers; cavalry troopers and Indian scouts who came into the country before the wheatfields and fences, who rode after buffalo where angus cattle now graze. The cabin headquarters of fierce little Phil Sheridan still stands in El Reno, a monument to the bearded warrior who helped conquer the Confederacy, and then took his knack for making war out onto the Plains.

More poignant ghosts may wander on a still night through the hills along the Canadian. Sensitive persons still feel the despair of the northern Cheyennes forced onto reservations from homelands in the high country of the western Rockies. Summer's heat and heavy melancholy took the lives of many and caused Dull Knife's band to break away from Fort Reno and attempt a dramatic exodus back to their homelands, an exodus that ended in near genocide.

One ghost that left more than legends was Woody Guthrie, who as a lad knew the streets of Okemah, and who sang a song of rambling and of the working man for the world. Woody left to ride the rails, and one of his most memorable songs is about "the Oklahoma hills where I was born." No folksinger has left his words on as many lips, no songwriter had greater influence on contemporary tunesters.

What once was frontier country, still is Frontier Country, for human-kind still move into many frontiers —of science, of challenging new relationships among peoples, even the frontier of space and the universe. The grandchildren of the pioneers who settled Oklahoma's Frontier Country move forward eagerly.
The Western Heritage Awards of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame are so impressive that they should be on national television, and we'll bet they would immediately become the most popular of all the awards shows. The Western Heritage Symphony conducted by Dr. Ray Luke was perfect, and Dominic Frierie conducting his own score from the film "Train Robbers" multiplied the excitement.

How could you excel Joel McCrea and Walter Brennan as masters of ceremonies. And Barbara Stanwyck on stage for a Trustee's Award?

Dale Robertson there for recognition of his work in films. Mrs. Buck Jones receiving the award for her truly heroic husband who gave his own life in saving the lives of others in the Boston Coconut Grove fire in 1942.

Ben K. Green who writes about horse trading with the world's greatest know-how, and purely entertaining to boot. William H. Clothier, the most sought after of all cinematographers for the making of today's big screen larger than life western films. Agnes Wright Spring, who is known to everyone who researches western history as premier in that field. All these received Trustee's Awards.

Here are the distinguished 1972 Wrangler Trophy winners;

**OUTSTANDING WESTERN ART BOOK**

*Harold Von Schmidt Draws and Paints The Old West* by Walt Reed

**OUTSTANDING WESTERN JUVENILE BOOK**

*Famous American Explorers* by Bern Keating

**OUTSTANDING WESTERN NON-FICTION BOOK, HISTORICAL**

*The Time of the Buffalo* by Tom McHugh

**OUTSTANDING WESTERN NON-FICTION BOOK, REGIONAL-HISTORICAL**

A new booklet produced by our tourism staff lists 121 museums in Oklahoma. The variety they encompass is as surprising as their great number. History of course, but also Art, Indian themes both from the Five Tribes and the Plains Indian heritages, Archaeology, the Cowboy and the Pioneer West, Guns, Geology, both outdoor and indoor museums, museums featuring live action and motion picture film presentations, Oil rush and Boomtown days, Military lore, Religious collections, Government, Ruinic inscriptions, Trails, Wildlife, Transportation, Fire Fighting, Antique Automobiles, Astronomy, Floral Gardens, the lives of famous Oklahomans, Science, Artifacts from every continent, Athletics, and more, every area and era, from pre-history through modern times to futuristic projections. The purpose of these following six color pictures is not to satisfy you, but to whet your interest. We want to persuade you (1) to write to the Publicity & Information Division, Will Rogers Memorial Building, Oklahoma City 73105 and request a copy of their new booklet on museums, and (2) to travel and see these sights yourself.
Hazel Laird, of Lawton, creates these beautiful Peace Trees from white turkey feathers. They have been featured on the Today Show, in the American Magazine, and in the Denver Post. She has a much prized thank you letter from Mamie Eisenhower for one which decorated the mantle at the White House through a Christmas season during Dwight Eisenhower's presidency.

WALTER BRENNAN AND AGNES WRIGHT SPRING BEN GREEN JOEL McCREA AND WILLIAM CLOTHIER

POTENT OKLAHOMA TENNIS
The $450,000 Oklahoma City Tennis Center has 18 lighted courts, in use the year-around. This publicly-owned center is thought by many tennis experts to be the finest in the Southwest. The new $1 million Philcrest Hills Tennis Club in Tulsa is based on private membership, with an ultimate goal of 300 members when the last phase of construction is completed. Many of the state’s golf and country clubs have added tennis courts.

"Tennis is growing as fast as golf did in the early 1950s," George Folz, pro at the Philcrest Hills Club commented.

He traveled to more than 250 tennis clubs around the nation this year, looking for attractive features to include in Philcrest's plans. The new Oklahoma City Racket Club and Tennis/America Clubs are based on private membership.

Lawton's tennis program is growing, and will see the completion of 10 new, lighted courts this fall. Ten additional courts are on the drawing boards for the next five years.

"We have an indoor court to help Lawton's tennis program", Mrs. Chesley Montague said. "Interest in tennis tends to wane in the fall and win-
ter. We feel our indoor court will help to prevent that.”

Nearby Fort Sill has 12 excellent courts, with a member of the Army’s Special Services Branch serving as a “pro” for the military tennis program.

Ponca City is a key city in the production of fine, young players. Their 19 courts were re-surfaced this year.

Oklahoma University, under coach Jerry Keen, has won the Big 8 Tennis Championship eight years in a row.

The Oklahoma City Chiefs have posted a 63-11 match total under coach Arnold Short the last three seasons. OCU was ranked 13th in the nation in pre-season polls and climbed into the top ten at season’s end.

Tulsa and Oral Roberts provide tennis power in northeastern Oklahoma. The teams of coach Clarence Dyer at Southeastern State, Durant, are always powerful in the Oklahoma Collegiate Conference. This past season Oklahoma State University hired John Wadley as the Cowboys’ first full-time tennis coach and they are in the midst of a building program.

Eastern Oklahoma State, Wilburton, organized a team last season under coach Lynn Wolf, and Seminole and El Reno Junior Colleges are entering the sport.

The majority of high school tennis teams have come from AAA and AAAA schools (Tulsa Edison captured the AAAA crown this year, Sapulpa the AAA championship) but Jenks, Choctaw, Yukon, Carl Albert and Tulsa’s Holland Hall and Cascia Hall have now started tennis programs.

Many high school coaches continue their summer work in city parks. Mike Kennedy, Henryetta, and Larry Newton, Muskogee, spend their summers with tennis-minded young people.

One of the best known tennis organizations is the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, with Oklahoma in the Missouri Valley Division, which includes Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri.

“The USLTA and Missouri Valley coordinate our 1,000 Oklahoma USLTA registered players to prevent over-lapping of age groups and abilities,” Baxter said.

Tennis is a universal sport. Participants include youngsters just past the toddling stage to adults long past retirement age.

Retired Army Colonel James Drake, who will be 81-years-old in October, plays tennis almost daily. “I was told, when I retired, that if I didn’t stay active my joints would turn to solid bone due to arthritis. So I’ve played tennis.” He is joined by a number of men in their retirement years who play tennis at least three times a week. “Tennis is truly a sport for a lifetime.”

The Amateur Softball Association and International Softball Federation hosted the General Assembly of International Sports Federations in Oklahoma City May 21-27, and the National Association of Softball Writers and Broadcasters held their annual meeting. The meetings brought together representatives of 36 International Sports Federations. In conjunction with the meeting, the dedication and official opening of the National Softball Hall of Fame was held.

75TH ANNIVERSARY: WEATHERFORD

Weatherford’s Diamond Jubilee Celebration, August 3-6, will be a four-day party involving 25,000 people. Visit western Oklahoma for these day by day events; August 3—Buck Owens Show and Dance, Rodeo, Exhibits, Flea Market; August 4—Andy Payne Marathon, Bicycle Races, Parade, Golf Tournament, Horseshoe Contest, International Watermelon Seed Spitting Contest, Kid’s Events, Old Fiddler’s Contest, Rodeo, Square Dance, Indian Arts-Crafts and Dances, Pioneer Fashion Show and Banquet; August 5—Memorial Service, Pioneer Exhibits, Women’s Projects, Horse Races, August 6—Rodeo, Turtle Races, Beard Contest Judging, Dedication—Kendall House, Teen Show and Dance.

The Scottish Bee Journal, published in Kilmarnock, Scotland, reported that Clarice Jackson’s But What About the Bee “is an excellent and informative article” in a “magnificently produced magazine” and devoted a full page to reprinting Clarice’s poem (from our Winter ’72-’73 Oklahoma Today).
LUTHERAN LAYMEN'S LEAGUE: TULSA

The National Convention of the Lutheran Laymen's League will be held July 28 through August 1 in Tulsa. It will be a giant. In addition to a full agenda of convention business, programmed events list visits to Tsu-La-Gi Village and the Trail of Tears Drama, Tahlequah; Fort Gibson Stockade; Five Civilized Tribes Museum, Muskogee; and in Tulsa, Oral Roberts University, Southroads Mall, the DX Refinery, and Gilcrease Museum.

We have long dreamed of seeing the Delta Queen steaming into the Ports of Muskogee and Catoosa. That dream will never be realized unless special legislation is passed by Congress to permit this last of the overnight stern wheel steamers to remain on the river. She is threatened by a law which was passed to prevent foreign flag ocean-going cruise ships from operating out of the U.S. ports with sub-standard vessels. The Delta Queen never travels on the open sea, she is strictly a river boat, and has a peerless safety record over 46 years of operation. She is the last of her breed, an historic monument, and the evocation of America's river boating past. We yearn to see her come up river past Fort Smith, around Cherokee Bend and into Oklahoma, her calliope playing in turn with the banjo music and Dixieland jazz on her Texas deck. That steamboat will stir your emotions, and Mark Twain memories . . . if only Congress will pass the necessary legislation and prevent her disappearance from the river before we can persuade her on up the Arkansas.

10 YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

The Summer '63 Oklahoma Today featured in-depth interest on the Cherokee Outlet. Our article points out that this great area of Oklahoma is so vast that when superimposed over a map of the eastern U.S. it covers portions of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, almost all of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and all of Rhode Island. Here in the West we become so familiar with long distances that we actually lose sight of how long these distances really are. The more interesting than fiction story of the Cherokee Strip includes the explorations of Boone's Rangers, led by Daniel Boone's son Nathan, Pierre and Paul Mallet, Coronado, Don Facundo Malagores, General George Sibley, and others. The Osage people were there in the time of Washington Irving. No fictitious tale is garnished with excitement to equal the Osage, even into modern times with the oilrush and boomtowns like Wildhorse, Whizbang, Shidler, Webb City and Burbank. Think then of Black Beaver, the Chisholm Trail, the Cherokee Strip Livestock Association, and the Run. The area includes the Great Salt Plains, Alabaster Caverns, the Glass Mountains, Little Sahara, and cities that remind us of greatness; we never visit Enid without thinking this is the way a city should look.

This same Summer '63 Oklahoma Today contains Mary Bozarth Christian's gentle article Time Turns the Years, and photographic coverage of the Gilcrease Institute's incredible collection of historic documents — Paul Revere's orders which authorized his epochal "Midnight Ride," the first letter written from the North American Continent (by Diego Columbus, Christopher's son), the only known letter written by Hernando de Soto to Ponce de Leon, etc. You can purchase this anniversary issue of Oklahoma Today for $1.50 (mail address - Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., Oklahoma City 73105). There is much more in the Cherokee Outlet article than we've mentioned here, and other items we hope you'll find of interest throughout the issue.

In 1923 the U.S. Veterans Bureau (now Veterans Administration) opened a new hospital in Muskogee on the site named Honor Heights by the hospital's first director, Dr. Hugh Scott. With its 50th Anniversary this year, the hospital has now served veterans of two World Wars, Korea and Vietnam.

NEW BOOKS

1973 JOURNAL OF THE CIMARRON VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY. $6.95. For those who like to explore Oklahoma's past. There are unusual articles in this publication. Recollections may sometimes be faulty but these rings sharply true with regard to the spirit and atmosphere of the times they relate, in a way that writing strictly from research rarely can. The book rates high in interest from cover to cover, with articles on early day towns that are now ghosts, oilrush and outlaw tales, personal recollections of Jim Thorpe times at Carlisle, early day Oklahoma A. & M. College. It is like sitting down with folks who were there and listening to them talk. Order from
Cimarron Valley Historical Society, Box 849, Cushing, Ok. 74023.

PALE INK by Henriette Mertz, The Swallow Press, Inc., Chicago, $6.95. "This is a very ancient story, and yet a new one. It is the story of two Chinese expeditions to America—one in the fifth century A.D. and the other in the twenty-third century B.C. Both have been taken from Chinese records." If you found interest in our article (see page 15 of this issue of Oklahoma Today), here is an entire book devoted to those two early Chinese explorations on this continent. It projects fascinating hypotheses, and draws its title from the wisdom of Confucius, "Pale ink is better than the most retentive memory."

THE MEXICAN WAR: Changing Interpretations, Edited by Odie B. Faulk and Joseph A. Stout, Jr., The Swallow Press, Inc., Chicago, $3.95. This reviewer regards Mexico with such respect and affection that even the thought of that unnecessary war we fought with our wonderful neighbor nation to the south is abhorrent. But we also realize that "those who refuse to study the past are condemned to repeat its mistakes." Both the people of Mexico and the U.S.A. are determined that is one mistake we will not repeat. The balanced and analytical studies in this new book are helpful in understanding that war we abhor, and how such futile idiocy can be avoided.

AMERICA'S QUARTER HORSES by Paul Laune, Doubleday & Company, Inc. Garden City, N.Y. $14.95. Here is the most thorough horse book we have encountered. Not only is it complete, it is a pleasure to read. The author has expert knowledge; moreover, he knows how to impart knowledge so that it becomes entertainment. The index is comprehensive. In it you'll find reference to every aspect of quarter horse culture from history of the breed, through equipment, how to care for and train your horse, racing, showing, riding, working, all from the personal experience of a horse oriented Oklahoman who became an artist and illustrator in New York, then retired in the West to undertake the hard labor of writing this book.

The University of Oklahoma's BALLET GALA this spring was an outstanding production. Quoting the critical review of John Accord III: "Yvonne Chouteau, celebrating her 40th year as a dancer, was showcased in a beautifully staged and danced effort titled "Anniversary." It was highlights from ballets she danced that brought her international fame. Miss Chouteau's movements are lithe and graceful—marks of a fine ballerina, which she certainly is."

Miguel Terekhov brought the audience to an emotional peak each night with his dramatic portrayal of Niccolo Paganini. Neither photograph nor the written word could do justice to the power and effect of this production. You would simply have to see the ballet itself, molding philosophical narrative, movement, music, stagecraft, make-up, into a unity of strength that will not be forgotten. Great theatre, and splendid dance. Its impression will be remembered. The charmer of the evening was the laughable fun and entertainment of a new ballet "Tumbleweeds," choreographed by maestro Terekhov and based on the popular comic strip by T. K. Ryan. Reviewer Accord called it "outrageous—outrageously pure comedy. The student dancers evidently were having a ball enacting the roles of our hero Tumbleweeds, Medicine Man, Bucolic Buffalo, Soppy Sopwell and Miss Hildegard Hamblocker. Tumbleweeds cartoonist-originator, Mr. T. K. Ryan himself, attended the final night of the production. He must have been as delighted as each nightly audience was, for he agreed to do special sketches of his characters for Oklahoma Today, to accompany Paul E. Lefebvre's photos from the O.U. production.
Calendar of Events

July 26-28
Roundup Club Rodeo...Carnegie
July 26-28
Riding Club Rodeo...Hollis
July 26-28
IRA Rodeo...Atoka
July 27-28
Roundup Club Rodeo...Clinton
July 27-29
Thrashing Bee...Waukomis
July 29
Childrens Pet Show...Elk City
July 29
Hydroponte Races...Lake Claremore
July 31-Aug.4
IRA Rodeo...Ada
Aug.1-4
IRA Rodeo...Idabel
Aug.1-4
IRA Rodeo...Atoka
Aug.1-4
Craig County Fair...Viinita
Aug.2-4
Tri-County Fair...Collinsville
Aug.2-4
Rodeo...Stigler
Aug.2-4
"Most Happy Fellow" Red Carpet Theatre...Elk City
Aug.3-4
All Black Rodeo...Drumright
Aug.3-4
Miss Teen Age Oklahoma Pageant...Tulsa
Aug.3-5
Tulsa Pow Wow...Tulsa
Aug.3-5
Star Hawk Pow Wow...Canton
Aug.3-6
Rangers Rodeo...Lawton
Aug.3-6
IRA Rodeo...Weatherford
Aug.3-6
Birthday Celebration...Lawton
Aug.4-7
Peach Festival...Porter
Aug.4-6
75th Anniv. Diamond Jubilee...Weatherford
Aug.4-8
Quarter Horse Show...Tulsa
Aug.9-12
IRA Rodeo...Sallisaw
Aug.9-12
Green Grass Festival...Hugo
Aug.10-11
All Black Rodeo...Okmulgee
Aug.10-12
Khi-Koh Steh Pow Wow...Nokia Lake
Aug.11-12
Float Drop...Grand Lake
Aug.12
Old Settlers Reunion...Sayre
Aug.13-17
Sooner State Dairy Show...Enid
Aug.13-18
American Indian Exposition...Anadarko
Aug.15-18
Western Heritage Days...Bristow
Aug.16-18
IRA Rodeo...Bristow
Aug.16-18
IRA Rodeo...Viinita
Aug.16-19
IRA Rodeo...Viinita
Aug.16-19
IRA Rodeo...Viinita
Aug.17-18
IRA Rodeo...Stilwell
Aug.17-19
Straight Rod Auto Show...Tulsa
Aug.18
Kiwanis-McAlester Football Game
Aug.18-19
Art Festival...Cordell
Aug.20-25
Doby Springs Old Settlers Reunion...Buffalo
Aug.20-25
Fair and Horse Races...Miami
Aug.22-25
Fair and Quarter Horse Show...Mountain View
Aug.22-26
IRA Rodeo...Viinita
Aug.23-25
IRA Rodeo...Viinita
Aug.23-25
Mctintosh County Fair...Enid
Aug.23-25
Sooner Celebration...Waukomis
Aug.23-25
Harper County Fair...Buffalo
Aug.23-26
Cheyenne-Arapaho Pow Wow...Canton
Aug.23-27
Indian Fair and Pow Wow...Ponca City
Aug.24-25
Bud Gainer Mem. Rodeo...Broken Arrow
Aug.24-25
Fair...Cade
Aug.25-26
Harper County Rodeo and Fair...Buffalo
Aug.25-26
Rodeo...Thomas
Aug.24-26
Green Country Art Show...Tulsa
Aug.24-27
Frontier Rodeo and Birthday Celebration...Cade
Aug.24-27
Frontier Rodeo and Birthday Celebration...Cade
Aug.24-27
Frontier Rodeo...Cade
Aug.25-27
Frontier Rodeo...Cade
Aug.25-27
Frontier Rodeo...Cade
Aug.25-27
Frontier Rodeo...Cade
Aug.25-27
Frontier Rodeo...Cade
Aug.25-27
Frontier Rodeo...Cade
Aug.25-27
Frontier Rodeo...Cade
Aug.25-27
Frontier Rodeo...Cade
Aug.25-27
Frontier Rodeo...Cade
Aug.25-27
Frontier Rodeo...Cade
Aug.26-27
Green Country Art Show...Tulsa
Aug.29-Sept.7
Grant County Fair...Pond Creek
Aug.30-Sept.7
Frontier Rodeo and Birthday Celebration...Cade
Sept.1-3
Rodeo of Champions...Elk City
Sept.1-3
Elks Club Golf Tournament...Duncan
Sept.1-3
S.W. Art Guild Exhibit...Elk City
Sept.2
Pinto Horse Show...Broken Arrow
Sept.2-3
Little Sahara Dune Buggy Races...Waynoka
Sept.3
Rodeo, Parade, and Bar-B-Q...Elk City
Sept.3
Labor Day and Homecoming Celebration...Rustler
Sept.3
Picnic and Fiddlers Contest...Heavener
Sept.4-6
Caddo County Peanut Festival...Fort Cobb
Sept.4-7
Cimarron County Fair...Lawton
Sept.4-10
Garfield County Fair...Enid
Sept.5-7
Latimer County Fair...Wilburton
Sept.5-8
Tri-County Free Fair...Carnegie
Sept.5-9
Kingfisher County Fair...Kingfisher
Sept.5-8
Washita County Fair...Cordell
Sept.5-8
McClain County Free Fair...Idabel
Sept.6-8
Pittsburg County Fair...Kiowa
Sept.6-8
Kiowa County Free Fair...Hobart
Sept.6-8
Jackson County Fair...Altus
Sept.6-9
Osage County Fair...Pawhuska
Sept.7-8
Tri-County Free Fair...Garon
Sept.7-8
Howdy Days...Kingston
Sept.7-9
District Fair...Sapulpa
Sept.7-8
Swine Show...Stigler
Sept.7-10
Jefferson County Fair...Waurika
Sept.7-10
Dorris County Fair...Alva
Sept.7-10
Blaine County Fair...Wanganga
Sept.7-10
Murray County Fair...Sulphur
Sept.7-10
Tillman County Fair...Frederick
Sept.8-10
Kain County Fair...Blackwell
Sept.10-12
McCloud County Fair...Ada
Sept.12-15
Greer County Fair...Mangum
Sept.13-14
Atoka County Fair...Atoka
Sept.13-15
Garvin County Fair...Pauls Valley
Sept.13-15
Dewey County Fair...Taloga
Sept.13-15
Caddo County Fair...Anadarko
Sept.13-15
Woodward County Fair...Woodward
Sept.13-15
Atoka County Fair...Lawton
Sept.13-15
Beckham County Fair...Sayre
Sept.14-15
District Fair...Drumright
Sept.14-16
101 Ranch RCA Rodeo...Ponca City
Sept.14-16
Old Timers Reunion...Ponca City
Sept.14-17
Rogers County Fair...Claremore
Sept.15-16
Cherokee Strip Celebration...Ponca City
Sept.15-16
TU vs...Bix, St (football)...Tulsa
Sept.15-23
Muskogee State Fair...Muskogee
Sept.16
Jr. Horse Show...Clinton
Sept.17-19
Custer County Fair...Clinton
Sept.17-19
Alfalfa County Fair...Cherokee
Sept.17-20
Delaware County Fair...Jay
Sept.18-21
Washington County Fair...Dewey
Sept.18-22
Carson County Fair...Ardmore
Sept.19-22
Cimarron County Fair...Boise City
Sept.20-22
Creek County Fair...Bristow
Sept.20-22
Nowata County Fair...Nowata
Sept.20-27
"Your A Good Man Charlie Brown"...Red Carpet...Elk City
Sept.20-29
Tulsa Arts and Crafts Show...Tulsa
Sept.28-Oct.7
Tulsa State Fair...Tulsa
Sept.29
TU vs Cincinnati (football)...Tulsa
Sept.29-30
Osage County Fair...Hominy

THIRTY-EIGHT OKLAHOMA TODAY
IT IS THE PURPOSE OF OKLAHOMA TODAY TO DEVOTE ITSELF TO THE ENTIRE STATE OF OKLAHOMA AND ITS EVERY POSITIVE ASPECT: ITS SCENERY; CULTURAL, RECREATIONAL, AND VISITOR ATTRACTING EVENTS; ITS INDUSTRY; NATURAL AND MAN-MADE WONDERS; ITS ACHIEVEMENTS; ITS HERITAGE; ITS PRESENT; AND ITS FUTURE.

WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL BUILDING
OKLAHOMA CITY 73105
(405) 521-2496

$3.50 PER YEAR IN U.S.; $3.90 ELSEWHERE; $1 SINGLE COPY.
COPYRIGHT 1973 BY OKLAHOMA TODAY MAGAZINE. LITHO IN OKLAHOMA.

IN THIS ISSUE

THE NATIONAL REGISTER OF HISTORIC SITES by KENT RUTH...... 2

LAZY SUMMER DAYS--IN COLOR...... 3

SOUTH CANADIAN RIVER
by WM. FLETCHER WARD...... 10

AWARD WINNING ARTIST:
GREG BURNS...... 12

SHU SHING LAO by DR. CYCLONE COVEY
and BILL BURCHARDT...... 15

MARVIN OF DRYGULCH
by STEVEN B. BELL...... 19

BEAUREGARD AND THE NATIVE SPECIES
by H. C. NEAL...... 21

FRONTIER COUNTRY
by GARY LANTZ...... 24

OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK...... 28

CALENDAR OF EVENTS
by MARGARET FLY...... 38