The phone rang.

Dr. Roy Chessmore, Director of the Agricultural Division of the Kerr Foundation answered it. He spoke in a friendly, relaxed, businesslike tone. You could tell that the caller was seeking information, and that Dr. Chessmore was competent to give it. That done, Dr. Chessmore inquired about such-and-such a pasture, listened then said in a neighbor-to-neighbor fashion, “That’s good. Well, we'll be in touch —” and hung up. He turned to us. “That was one of the cooperators,” he said. “Needed a little information . . . Now, where were we?”

He had been telling us about the Agricultural Research Program of the Kerr Foundation. With the phone call we had just witnessed part of the consultation program in action. He pulled out a thick brown notebook with a name label neatly typed on its cover.

“This is a work-up farm plan on an individual farm,” he told us. He leafed through. Part One was general information that would fit almost any farm in LeFlore County. It told about soils, grasses, cattle breeds, and such. Part Two was a detailed personalized plan for the farm family whose name was on the cover label. There were facts, figures, and recommendations for that single farm operation. There was a schedule of projects to be completed each month, a check-list, record sheets, places to make an accounting at specified times.

“This is what we call a ‘complete plan’,” he said. “This farmer wanted to do a better job, cut expenses, and get more return for his investment. So our team—we have seven specialists on our staff—went out to his place, went over the whole operation, took soil samples, inventoried his assets, fields, buildings, equipment, livestock. Then we sat down with the whole family, found out what they wanted to do, what their long range goals are, and then we formulated a plan that best suits them.”

It sounded good. But did it work? How did it work? Who did it work for?

“It works,” Dr. Chessmore assured us. “We’ve been in operation since 1965. We’ve seen per capita income increases of over $100 for each member of the family, and the production of beef cattle increase over 50%. We have seen a good stocker-feeder cattle program develop, and pastures continue to improve.”

What if he can’t afford fertilizers? He can’t afford not to! If he can’t treat all his acres this year, he should do a good job on selected acres and use the profit to fertilize more next year. Improved management of soil and livestock will increase his net income.

That’s where the research of the Kerr Foundation’s Agricultural Division comes in. Dr. Chessmore said that the best way to explain it was to show us the operation, so he took us on an extended tour of the facilities.
The ranch is a sprawling 4,150 acres of upland and bottomland, bisected by the Poteau River. It is well stocked with high quality Black Angus and other strains; excellent corrals, barns, and laboratories; with pastures and timberland on which to carry out research projects.

Dr. Chessmore talked as he went, pointing out pastures where Coastal-bermuda grass grew; he explained their projects of experimenting with fescue, Coastal-bermuda and fescue, and Greenfield-bermuda to determine which is the most productive and why. He pointed out lapsed, rye, and oats pastures. He talked about bermuda hay production and perennial winter grasses.

The fields, the mountains, the pastures, the valleys, were alive with green, bright with wildflowers, black-eyed Susans, butterfly root, daisies, and so many others we could not identify. In such a setting it was hard to imagine anyone having problems, but we asked Dr. Chessmore if he had any.

"Weeds," he said promptly.

"The wildflowers?" we protested.

"But they're so beautiful."

While wildflowers have their proper place in nature's scheme, it is not in pastures dedicated to the nourishment of beef.

"We haven't seen some of these weeds in twenty years," Dr. Chessmore went on, "but with the extra rain this spring, here they are."

Annual rainfall in LeFlore County averages 44 inches, and is fairly evenly distributed throughout the year. When too much falls in a single season problems as well as benefits result. So weed control in working pastures becomes a major interest at the Kerr Foundation Research Ranch.

We stopped at the Poteau River on our way, and Dr. Chessmore showed us the Channel Catfish Research effort. It was a beautifully serene place. Standing in the shade of a huge oak, we looked across the river at small square boxes lined like stepping stones from bank to bank. These were feeding stations and nets for study of the fish. The project was begun in 1969 with two ponds and the river operation in hopes of finding a new market potential for area farmers. That first year, 344.5 pounds of fish or about 357 fish were harvested. They were dressed and offered for sale in local food markets at 50c a pound. In two days the supply was gone. Catfish definitely were a possible additional money crop for farmers and ranchers in Eastern Oklahoma. So the Foundation continued their project, careful to study economics in production, the proper stocking size of fingerling, proper stocking rate per acre (which turned out to be 1,500 per acre of pond! Not bad!) and production in a static environment.

They found that chemical additives such as Dylox should be used for the control of parasites before they stocked the pond. They installed an eight-inch irrigation pipe for filling and maintaining correct water levels in the ponds. They screened outlet pipes with Saran screen so that wild fish could not intrude into the pond. They fed the fish daily Monday through Saturday, using a commercial feed. Detailed lists of results from these ponds indicated a positive finding: fish culture in area farm ponds was both possible and profitable. Another plus agricultural potential for area farmers.

In passing, Dr. Chessmore told us about their wild duck study; how they prepared a site by planting millet and adding fertilizer to attract ducks for study of migration patterns. The Research Ranch is in a major migration flyway and studies of a variety of wildlife populations, including quail, are carried on in cooperation with state and federal wildlife departments.

Then on to the barns to see the famed Black Angus. We had seen samplings of them out on the range, mixed in with Brown Swiss, Brahman, Hereford and experimental mixed breeds.

"Okie cattle," he called the mixed ones. "Good sturdy stock, the kind most farmers, and most markets, want. We keep Black Angus as control stock for research. We do research for the average farmer with our herd, using artificial insemination, and producing stock that will offer both food and cash for the farmer. We raise good bulls, testing them, breeding them. When they are ready, we sell them at nominal cost to area ranchers and farmers. This way both the economy and the people are helped."

He showed us the laboratory, the nitrogen tank where they store the semen for breeding their own herds. Then on to the bull pens to see the Pride of the Ranch—huge black animals with beautiful clean faces. They came when he called and stood contented while we touched their noses.

We returned to the Eastern Oklahoma Historical Society Museum housed in what was the Senator's home. Jim Gaylor, museum coordinator, took us on tour. He explained the organization of the museum with its regional artifacts, barbed wire, pioneer tools, firearms, displays of pictures and booklets of printed history. We saw the display of pre-history objects from the Spiro Mounds culture, the Poteau Runestone in its glass case and learned the history of this magnificent house and of the Kerr Foundation.

"The Foundation was set up by Mrs. Kerr and the four children in 1963, shortly after the Senator's death. The Kerr children are the trustees and have the responsibility of guiding the activities of the Foundation, which are directed toward scientific, educational, and charitable fields," he said. Then he showed us the Senator's study. It is a wonderfully comfortable room, with deep chairs, soft lights, dark woods and leathers, a fireplace, and on the wall a magnificent portrait of Senator Kerr in a windbreaker jacket, hat far back on his head, collar open, eyes alight behind black rimmed glasses, a look of contentment on his face. It was as if he'd looked it all over and said at that moment, "It is what we do over and above making a living that justifies the living, and the opportunity for making a living."

He traveled a long way, from a log cabin at Ada to the Governor's mansion and the United States Senate. He summed it all up in his own book "Land, Wood, and Water". He believed in the individual and he believed in God. He carried out his responsibility to each with all his time, energy, and personality. The Kerr Foundation is a fitting memorial to a man who loved life—and, through the Foundation, goes on living. End.
About a decade after the Five Civilized Tribes began moving to Indian Territory — before the Civil War — the U.S. government was beginning its first issuance of adhesive postage stamps. And about the time the Cherokee Strip was opened in the 1893 land rush, visitors to Chicago’s Columbian Exposition were rushing to see the post office’s first commemorative stamps.

Since then, Oklahoma has been the scene or subject for nearly a score of brightly hued adhesives. As early as May 1, 1923, Muskogee became a “first day of issue” city for a 14-cent “regular” (or “definitive”). Whatever the term used, it was the first to receive notice as an “Oklahoma” stamp. While Muskogee was worthy of the distinction by virtue of its own name and Indian population, the portrait on the dark blue definitive is that of Hollowhorn Bear, a Brule Sioux chief from North Dakota. Designed from a photograph taken during the 1905 inauguration of President Teddy Roosevelt, the inscription below the portrait reads simply “American Indian.”

The “American Indian” was joined twenty-five years later, in 1948, by another Muskogee “first day” for the Indian Centennial. This time something new was added. Early first day covers generally are not “cacheted” — printed with suitable designs or inscriptions. But by 1948 a number of commercial firms and amateur philatelic groups were producing great quantities of these supplementary tributes. Though few are really “official” seals, hobbyists regard them as a desirable part of collecting. Those devised for the centennial observance include a gallery of tribal representatives. Others vaguely recall the infamous “Trail of Tears” and generally gloss over the “drive” by describing the “Arrival of the Five Civilized Tribes” rather than mentioning their “removal” from the southern states.

The brown-colored stamp itself contains reference to neither. Its design is simply a map of Oklahoma and the
Great Seals of the Five Nations interlaced with finger-woven sashes.

Less than three weeks later Will Rogers made his U. S. stamp debut at the Claremore post office. The November 4 first day coincided with the 69th anniversary of his birth near Oolagah, Indian Territory. Inscribed "I never met a man I didn't like," the reddish-purple issue bears what is probably the first smile on a U.S. stamp.

The U. S. issue was a postal encore for the cowboy philosopher and political commentator. In fact, it was the sixth stamp to honor him. Central American neighbor Nicaragua paid tribute with a five-stamp domestic airmail series in 1939. The multi-colored set recalled his mercy flight to earthquake devastated Managua in 1931.

Diamond jubilees often call for commemoratives, and the Cherokee Strip opening was no exception. Released from Ponca City in mid-October, 1968, the design executed by stamp artist Norman Todhunter drew sage comments, too. A 1969 Associated Press story, datelined Modesto, California, told of Orlando "Dad" Walkling "son of a Cherokee mother and English father" who participated in the Cherokee Strip Run. "Skipocaset" (his Indian name) was then 102 years old.

Collector Lee Waterman, a member of the American First Day Cover Society, wrote Walkling asking him to autograph a cover. He received the following reply about the stamp's design: "I notice on the stamps you speak of the picture of a top buggy. I was on the line for 2 months waiting for the day and I never saw a top buggy. Lots of Carts to cross ditches & rock no top bugies. thoes were exciting days. you had to be 21 years old or the head of a family and that was 76 years the 16 of Sept 1969 not many of us left."

Collector Waterman then queried designer Todhunter about the design. "Orchids for Orlando Walkling's 102 year old memory. I was not there, and Mr. Walkling was, so I cannot argue with him. Nor would I want to. The old photos of this event that I studied as reference showed such a dusty scene, it was difficult if not impossible to see the exact type of buggies there at the time. So the buggy I put in, and researched elsewhere was simply a logical and artistic choice for being there at that time and place; and its shape contributed towards the sort of design I wanted for this theme."

"Dad" Walkling also set the As-
associated Press straight in a second letter to Waterman. He explained that his mother was Shawnee, not Cherokee, and "My Grandfather and My Mother gave me the name of Skipocaset which means as near as I can say is that both had big hopes and faith that I would do wonderful things in the future . . . I hope I am worthy of the honors I am getting." Who can tell what visions the Shawnee elders saw?

What visions, also were in the eyes of homesteaders on the line? Or in the path of the Pioneer Woman as she stands at Ponca City? The famous lady appears on several Cherokee Strip cachets, and is featured on three of four Mexican stamps advertising the Tulsa World Philatelic Convention in 1939. A fourth pictures the allegorical figure of a Central American Indian.

If anniversaries elicit tributes, statehood is definitely a candidate for philatelic commemoration. So in 1957 the U. S. Post Office Department honored Oklahoma's 50 years as a state. "Arrows to Atoms," a design by Bureau of Printing and Engraving artist William K. Schrage, combines the symbols super-imposed on a map of Oklahoma.

At least two other commemoratives have ties to Sooner subjects, even though the connection is not so obvious. One from 1964, also designed by Schrage, is from a Charles Russell painting titled "Jerked Down." Part of the American Artists series, its first day of issue was at Great Falls, Montana, but the canvas hangs in the Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa. Most recently, an Oklahoma commemorative shared billing with Little Rock, Arkansas, upon completion of the Arkansas River Navigation Project.

Oklahoma can also lay claim to a most unusual and unique first day ceremony. When Thomas M. Murray began the Independent Postal System of America about two years ago, Oklahoma City was the "first of the first." His intention was to distribute Christmas cards and letters at a lower rate than that of the U. S. Postal Service. A court battle ensued, but the IPSA is now allowed to use its own stamps to carry items not classed as "first class mail." Regardless, Murray's "first class" system operates in nearly every metropolitan area in the U. S., and has plans for international routes.

"Slogan cancels," which are actually "mini-commemoratives," have been used to publicize a myriad of Oklahoma events such as the 75th anniversary of Bartlesville, Anadarko's American Indian Exposition, and Jim Thorpe Day at Yale. Such cancellations are used to fill the void created by the rather limited, though steadily increasing, number of commemoratives issued annually.

Among other Oklahoma philatelic articles are special "exhibition cancels" sometimes prepared for stamp shows. Cachets also make their appearance at local events. The Oklahoma Philatelic Society's 40th Anniversary Exhibition, held in conjunction with the 1972 Bartlesville celebration, was the occasion for a cachet illustrating contributions to the city's heritage and growth. Indian, cowboy, and Nellie Johnstone No. 1, the first commercial oil well in Indian Territory, all grace the envelope.

Though difficult to compare with the richness of the Nellie Johnstone, Oklahoma's postal and philatelic history offers a wealth of information, and new stamping ground is added each year.
Giving Your Children Childhood

Today's grandmother has little to remind her of her childhood. Perhaps a picture in her best sailor suit, with long curls, sitting in a wicker rocker.

Our children live in an age when we can give them a meaningful record of their childhood. We can record the sights, sounds, and thoughts of their youth and make them a gift of these memories when they are adults.

Perhaps a record of their own childhood will help our children to be more understanding when they themselves are parents, will help them to avoid saying "I never did that when I was a child," or "I can't imagine where Johnny got such a terrible habit," or "I was never that messy in my work!"

Children enjoy seeing their earlier pictures. This may be an effective way of giving them assurance that they will continue to grow and change, confidence in their own sense of worth and accomplishment, a sense of parental interest and friendship, as well as a sense of their lives as story.

In our family we considered the media available to us and decided on the still camera, the motion picture camera, and the tape recorder. It was not our intention to record every movement of our children as we had seen some enthusiasts attempt. For proper perspective, we kept in mind the adult who would receive this gift of childhood memory. We resolved to begin quite simply, because we knew we would end that way. Our key days
became birthdays and New Years.

The great thing about birthdays is that each child has only one a year. On that day the still camera comes out with the movie camera and the tape recorder. If there is a party we take movies, careful to record the faces of friends. With the still camera we take pictures of the child throughout the day. We always take one picture in the same place, so that the child can see how much he's grown compared to previous years. We tape record an interview with the birthday child, reviewing the year, discussing his ambitions, favorite books, sports, hobbies, etc., and perhaps we record part of the birthday party, because the voices of friends are part of childhood memories.

By the end of the day we have a recorded interview, some snapshots, and some movie footage of the child. The tape is rarely an entire reel, so we mark where we ended and begin there the following year. If we don't finish the reel of movie film, we finish with something else and eventually will have them spliced together in order. A roll of movie film a year adds up to eighteen rolls of film, which seems like too much to us, unless our child were doing a doctoral dissertation on his own childhood!

We thought that as adults our children would enjoy a record of their creative work and some of their school papers. We began a file folder for each child, in which we put papers of interest; school work, art, recital programs, ticket stubs, and other such momentos. Of course report cards are saved. We consider this a gift to our grandchildren. They can refer their parents to their own report cards when the newest generation brings home less-than-perfect ones!

Our files include a dimestore Halloween skeleton with the proper names of all the bones written in six-year-old handwriting, a letter to the tooth fairy asking for a loan, and the growth chart of a gerbil, showing a distressing gap during when the animal was missing and bivouacked somewhere in the house.

New Year's Day is the day these files all come out on the dining room table. Together we go through each record of the previous year. We keep only enough to fill a medium-sized manila envelope which is marked with the child's name and the year. This is fun for all of us, and is part of a New Year's Day full of much happy talk and reminiscing about the year just past.

We take occasional pictures on vacations, but we find that "me in front of the historic monument" contributes little to the quality of the vacation or the memory. These are kept to a minimum. We have pictures of their grandparents, of our home at different seasons, a picture of their school, and an occasional event like a dance recital or a school play.

There are times when we are tempted to take random photos, but we have learned to resist most of these. I found myself taking pictures of the "precious" things my children did. There's the time my son was playing "gas station man" and filled our car's gas tank with water from the garden hose. I have a picture of my daughter when she took my freshly-baked chocolate cake and stuffed it into her toy oven while playing house. I soon realized that recording these events was the same as giving them approval, and that my camera was encouraging a string of such cute doings.

Another danger is that the camera's presence may interfere with spontaneity and cause children to become self-conscious. If we can't have both, we choose the experience over the picture every time. The experience is more important than getting a record of it. We've all seen, and been, people so busy capturing a vacation or an event on film that the actual experience is marred. A record of childhood is an important, loving gift to give a child, but the more important gift is the childhood itself.

The record we are collecting cannot hope to capture the true essence of childhood, but we hope it will help keep that time alive for our children, and awaken memories which will help them to understand our grandchildren.
The young athletes stood in the center of the stadium, hands over their hearts, watching the raising of the red-white-and-blue reflect in the silver helmets of the color guard as they listened to the National Anthem... they tensed to watch the lighting of the Olympic torch and turned in unison as the swift runner passed by... they stood quietly, moving only to raise a proud school sign for the TV cameras or, timidly, to wave at the Governor... they heard Wayne Wells, Oklahoma Gold Medal winner in wrestling at the Munich Olympiad speak into the microphone...

"Let me win, but if I cannot win, let me be brave in the attempt," Wayne Wells repeated the oath that opens all Special Olympic Games.

Twenty years ago, perhaps even ten, it couldn't have happened. Few parents with "handicapped" or "retarded" children had the courage to speak of them publicly, or have them photographed, except from an unidentifiable view, to be nameless in a rare article of clinical purpose.

Now the youngsters are "special." They go to special classes and have special teachers, but they live and grow, run and play and laugh like children everywhere.

Mrs. Eunice Shriver, executive secretary for Special Olympics, Inc., compares such a child to the "lonesome end" in football who remains "isolated and almost unnoticed—far from the rest of the formation."

"The mentally retarded are the lonesome ends of our society," Mrs. Shriver said. "At home, in school, in the community, they are always near the sidelines. Watching the action. Never allowed in the huddle. Sadly the ball is never thrown to them, even though, with great willingness, they are ready to do their best."

That's why the Special Olympics were developed—to give these "lonesome ends" a chance to compete, to develop skills, and perhaps experience the joy of winning.

And joy there was... in abundance. Joy of winning, of offering encouragement to those who did not win, of cheering their classmates on to victory. Joy in hearing the applause, waving at the Governor, the Mayor, at Wayne Wells, at the news cameras... a new kind of joy... a very special kind.
NEW BOOKS
THE McKENNY-HALL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF AMERICAN INDIANS by James D. Horan, Crown Publishers, Inc., New York, $29.95. Here are 125 of a magnificent series of Indian portraits, reproduced in full color. Many Five Tribes personages important in Oklahoma history are included; McIntosh (forebear of Acee Blue Eagle), Opothle-Yaholo (who led Oklahoma Creek federalists in retreat from southern forces during the bitter intertribal conflict of the Civil War), Billy Bowlegs (Seminole chieftain for whom the town of Bowlegs is named), Pushmataha (see Kiamichi Country, this issue), Cherokee Chief John Ross, among others. Styles of dress and paint are perfectly preserved in these paintings, the originals of which were destroyed in the Smithsonian Institution fire of 1865.

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK by Mac McGalliard, The Daily Ardmoreite, Ardmore, Oklahoma 73401. $2.00. The best way to persuade you to buy this book would be to publish one of Mac's columns from the book... but they are all so thoroughly interesting we couldn't decide which one. One hundred and twenty columns from a veteran newsmen's, Mac McGalliard's, reporter's notebook. Whatever the subject, archaeology, scenery, oil rush lawmen, Indian history, philosophical thoughts, all are written from a rich depth of research and seasoned with the wisdom of living. Every one focuses on Oklahoma.

THE COWBOY IN AMERICAN PRINTS, edited by John Meigs, Swallow Press, Inc., Chicago, $15.00. These black and white prints are replete with accurate details of range cattle working from earliest times in Mexico, Texas, trail driving days in Oklahoma... ranch life and equipment in woodcuts, engravings, lithographs, pen drawings. They are the work of Charles Russell, Frederic Remington, Peter Hurd, Gordon Snidow, Thomas Hart Benton and other knowledgeable, talented, capable artists.

Two motion pictures premiered in Oklahoma this summer. Above, celebrities gathered for the premier of Oklahoma Crude in Tulsa, (l. to r.) Lt. Gov. George Nigh, producer-director Stanley Kramer, Mrs. Kramer, Miss Oklahoma Andrea Hanson, Anne Murray, Gov. David Hall and Henry Mancini. Below, vintage autos in line ready for the parade which preceded the premier of Dillinger in Oklahoma City.
Our conviction is that there are two places everyone should visit. One of them (guess where?) is Oklahoma, and for almost two decades we've been explaining the reasons why in this magazine. The other place we have in mind is Washington, D.C.

However highly you may regard your country, your regard for it is apt to rise if you'll make a thoughtful visit to our national capitol. If you are so unfortunate as to have a low regard for your country we'd surely urge that you visit the District of Columbia. Make a serious effort there to put your thinking in neutral for a time, and after your visit, evaluate.

United States history has always seemed to us more exciting and dramatic than the finest works of fiction. That from the ranks of the world's most thorough mixture of racial strains could rise men like George and Booker T. Washington, Sequoyah, Thomas Jefferson, Marconi, Einstein, Will Rogers—add here all the names that occur to you—and be sure that the tracks of all these men who have struggled with our problems are all over the District of Columbia.

Most specifically they are preserved in that area that encompasses Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues in Washington; in the Library of Congress, the National Archives, and in the sense stunning historic displays in the buildings of the Smithsonian Institution along the Mall between the United States Capitol and the Lincoln Memorial.

Every aspect from pre-history to space flight is there for your scrutiny. Respect, admiration, awe, must result from any thoughtful consideration of the epic accomplishments and adventures that roll back into time from any of the multitude of wonders illustrated there.

Washington City is a clean and beautiful city. Searches for eyesores, imperfections, and ugliness can find them there. Ugliness is in the eye of the beholder, just as beauty is. The city is building a subway, removing old buildings and replacing them, with all the clutter construction brings. But we question whether life is worth living for anyone who sees first the inconvenience and the ugliness, who is blind to the beauty of this capitol city.

Stand in the west front of the Capitol and look off toward the sheer loveliness of the flag-encircled spire that is Washington Monument. Walk the shady way through the quiet trees of the Capitol's surrounding northwest grounds. A secluded well and fountain there not fifty yards from the traffic arteries holds the atmosphere of the turn of the century. Cross to the Arboretum with its gorgeous orchids, and an accompaniment of bird songs in the high tropical trees.

The Washington Visitors Bureau will do its best to make your visit convenient. Write in advance for an information packet. Your expense will consist of meals and lodging. There is no charge for visiting any of the national galleries, museums, the White House, the Capitol. It does cost 10¢ to ride the elevator to the top of Washington Monument, which is perhaps one of the first things you should do for the view from that vantage point will orient you, then with a good map and a willingness to use your legs you'll find far more than you'll have time to see.

The Navy Band, the Marine Band, the Army Band, play splendid weekly concerts—all free. Save for the last your visit to see the art and historic pageantry inside our U.S. Capitol. These are the environs where Daniel Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Old Hickory, legendary Americans, have spoken and acted with world-forming force.

Save for the very last, and if you can so time your arrival, view the day's opening exercises of the United States House of Representatives. And know that the gentleman there presiding with crisp efficiency and dispatch, regulating the parliamentary affairs of the world's most powerful legislative body, is someone you know; Hon. Carl Albert of Oklahoma.

... BB
Enid Astronaut Owen K. Garriott flew from earth to the Skylab Space Station in August. Dr. Garriott, scientist-pilot with his three-man Skylab team, is an Oklahoma University alumnus. Prior to becoming an astronaut he was a professor at Stanford University, in ionospheric physics and electromagnetic theory. His parents live in Enid.

HISTORIC BOOKLETS
A series of well-prepared historic booklets are being made available at the Kerr Museum. Three are thus far available; The Butterfield Mail through Eastern Oklahoma (50¢), Prehistoric People of Eastern Oklahoma and their Culture (75¢) and The Edwards Store or Old Red Oak (50¢). All are by I. C. Gunning and are published by the Eastern Oklahoma Historical Society. They may be ordered from the Kerr Museum, Poteau (74953) for their purchase price plus 15¢ postage, or all three in a postpaid packet for $2.00. Others are in preparation, titles to be announced on publication.

THORPE BIRTHPLACE
A group of dignitaries gathered at the birthplace of Jim Thorpe this summer to pay tribute to the greatest athlete the world has yet produced. Harold V. Brown, of the Jim Thorpe Athletic Award Committee, introduced David Rivens, President of the A.A.U.; Pierre Taron, Mayor of Shawnee; Hickory Starr, Director of the Oklahoma Indian Affairs Bureau; Elmer Manatowa, Principal Chief of the Sac and Fox Tribal Council; Marvin Franklin, Asst. Dir. of Indian Affairs for the U.S. Dept. of Interior; Rex Blankenship, representing Senator Dewey Bartlett; Orville Tuttle, former pro-football New York Giant; Joe Huff, President of the Shawnee Chamber of Commerce; Senator Ralph Graves, Representative Charles Henry and Judge Lloyd Henry of Shawnee. Each spoke briefly to the several hundred there that rainy June 30 afternoon in recognition of Jim Thorpe's greatness. The A.A.U. will this October restore Jim's amateur standing for the years 1909-12, a long step up the ladder toward restoring Jim Thorpe's name in Olympic record books. Jim was the 1912 winner of both the Decathlon and Pentathlon, the only man ever to achieve that feat. Present for the dedication of the historic marker at Jim's birthsite were seven of Jim's sons and daughters; Grace (Washington, D.C.), Charlotte (Phoenix, Ariz.), Gale (Chicago, Ill.), Carl (Fallon Creek, Va.), Bill (Arlington, Tex.), Richard, and John, both of Shawnee.

Fifteen years ago Oklahoma Today published a handsome portrait of Moses Harragarra, tribal chieftain of the Otoe people.

Here is his granddaughter, Deana Harragarra. Deana is Miss Indian Oklahoma this year. She is a dean's honor roll senior at the University of Oklahoma majoring in political science.

The medallion she is wearing in this picture is the same one her grandfather was wearing in his Oklahoma Today portrait. It was presented to his grandfather by United States President Buchanan, before the Civil War. James Buchanan was President when the Pony Express crossed the American West.

Deana is considering going on to Harvard for a graduate degree, but we rather hope she will decide to stay here and run for something so we can vote for her. Her forefathers have been in positions of leadership for centuries, and we see no reason to break the chain with her.

Deana is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Harragarra of Yukon. Her father is prominent in Otoe-Missouri tribal affairs, on their Business Committee, and a Director of the American Indian Exposition.
Pardon me, Mac,
But is this where I catch the Amtrak?
I'm raising sand
To get to ol' Soonerland.
I want to see
Those cowboys free an' fancy ridin'.
Folks having fun
In Oklahoma's clear sun.
You leave from anywhere at anytime
And start headin' West
Or headin' East if that's the way of gettin' there best...

It is now possible to arrive in Oklahoma, by passenger train, from almost anywhere on the North American continent. Sooner or later, wherever you start from, you'll change to The Texas Chief for it is Amtrak's connection that travels right through the heart of Oklahoma.

Amtrak trains have familiar names, The Abraham Lincoln, The Wolverine, The Super Chief, The Sunset Limited, The James Whitcomb Riley, the same names under which they were formerly operated by the New York Central, the Northern Pacific, the Santa Fe, etc.

Trainmen are friendly. Accommodations are comfortable. Diner meals are tastefully prepared—and reasonably priced, this latter both a change and an unexpected surprise. We rode a train soon after Amtrak began operation. Over a year elapsed between that ride and our most recent trip. The interim improvement has been consistent.

We may be biased by the fact that we like to ride trains. Always have. And it sure seems great to see passenger train travel on the upswing again. As mass transportation needs become critical it is pleasant to encounter Amtrak providing some answers.

Perfection is not yet attained. Road beds are often old. Road bed softness due to this year's excess rains often forced Amtrak trains to run late due to "slow" orders along the route. So try not to be too much in a hurry when you plan your rail trip.

You're apt to be surprised when you go to the depot and find it filling up with people as train time approaches. You'll find The Texas Chief chair cars comfortable and the roomettes pleasantly private. A Pullman car bedroom, extremely economical in comparison to other modes of travel, still has the capacity to make you feel like a Hollywood star.

You might reread Gary Lantz Frontier Country in the last issue of Oklahoma Today, and make your trip to see it really novel in coming by train...

When you see things green an' growin' high toward the sky
You know Oklahoma land is mighty close by.
We're thankful there are still rails Old familiar iron trails
To pretty Oklahoma. It will greet your eye.

... BB
TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

Who was the Enid pioneer who in 1910, after he had seen an airplane for the very first time, built a plane of his own, and taught himself to fly it? He was Clyde V. Cessna, of Cessna Aircraft fame; who launched his own flying career while he was the Overland Automobile Agency owner in Enid. In Oklahoma Today's Autumn '63 issue you'll find Cessna's story and pictures of the plane he built.

Five young Oklahomans pictured in the same issue were winners in the 1963 National Science Fair; Kenneth D. Davis, Tulsa; Eddy B. Cordes, Lawton, Rodger Rensvold, Duncan; Jo Lynne Birkhead, Oklahoma City; and John L. Barrett, Muskogee. Since that was ten years ago, we wonder where they are now? Are they university graduates, perhaps Ph.D's, well underway on professional careers?

While much has changed in the past decade you can still see the falls on Cucumber Creek, looking exactly the same and just as beautiful as the scenic color photo we published in that anniversary issue, now ten years past, for Oklahoma autumn is underway again, along the Carrizo beneath Black Mesa and throughout the intervening six-hundred miles into Kiamichi Country.

We published a clipping from the Memphis newspaper that year commenting on Cavanal, "the world's highest hill," at Poteau. A Memphis traveler had looked it up. He found that the dictionary states an elevation must rise 2000 feet above sea level to be a mountain. Cavanal is 1999 feet high. "The honesty of those Oklahoma folks made an impression on me," said the Memphis paper.

Bartlesville won the ALL-AMERICA CITY award in 1963. Gordon Cooper, Oklahoma's first astronaut, flew twenty-three times around the earth in a day and a half. We heralded that fact in our article THE MAN FROM OUTER SPACE. Only seventy-two copies of that anniversary issue remain, available first come first served at $2.00 each, from Oklahoma Today, P. O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City.

ACE REID AT WORK is a two-page spread of Ace's hilarious "Cowpokes" cartoons, one of which we're giving you another look at here. And a real live award winning cowpoke from Norman named Fred Grove wrote for that issue the best single article we've ever read about Fort...
THE GERONIMO
THE OKAY TRUCK
THE TULSA CAR
THE DIXIE
THE WING
THE PIONEER
THE BUCKLES CYCLE-CAR

HISTORIC AUTOS
Tooling along through the Oklahoma oilfields, the modern motorist might wonder. Since motorcars and oil are so closely related, why isn't Oklahoma famous for auto production? You may be surprised to learn that it was. It still is, in an elegant sort of way. And is about to be, even more so.

The Sooner State has manufactured motorcars since 1909. Two companies grew to prominence in the field, others were short-lived, and one is still in business.

The Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg Co. is operating in Broken Arrow today, sedately producing an exact visual replica of the famed 1935 model Auburn 851 Speedster. Casually running the show is Glenn Pray, a lanky and likable engineering genius with a passion for hand-crafted perfection.

Today's Auburn is a modern-materials adaptation of the famed 851 speedster designed by the great Gordon Beuhrig which stood the auto world on its collective hubcap in 1935. It features a laminated polyester body shell and a potent Thunderbird engine, and looks and sounds exactly like its coveted predecessor.

"We're making about two cars a month," Pray said, then added matter-of-factly, "and, of course, every one is sold before we get the top bolted on." At a base price of $17,100, he might have added.

But long before the rakish Auburn was even a gleam in its original designer's eye, an ambitious Enid man was visualizing a much heavier production schedule for his new car.

The Geronimo Motor Co. was organized at Enid in 1916 by Will C. Allen. Located on a five-acre tract at the intersection of Cleveland and Oklahoma Streets, the Geronimo Company produced more than 1,000 cars, plus a number of tractors and trailers, before the plant was destroyed by flames in 1920.

The Geronimo came in two sizes and three colors . . . four-cylinder, six-cylinder, and blue, black, and red. The Four was the big seller. Powered by a Lycoming L-head engine which developed 37 horsepower, the Geronimo Four sold proudly for $895. Top speed through the 3-forwards box was 40 mph, and gas consumption averaged about 20 miles per gallon.

Like its little brother, the Geronimo Six was also designed as a family touring car. Its powerplant was a Rutenberg standard in-line which yielded 45 horsepower, and the tab for the Six was $1,295. It had a 122-inch wheelbase, longer than some of today's economy cars, and it rode on massive 32-inch tires (as compared to today's 15-inchers).

Recognizing the erratic holding capacity of those early-day tires, Allen put an accessory on his cars which the modern driver might welcome, a motor-driven pump. The air hose was concealed in a compartment under the fender and to air his tires, the driver had only to start the motor

BY H. C. NEAL
and drag out the hose. Connecting it to the valve stem put him in business.

The late Tom Brewer, production chief of the Geronimo plant, once described the procedure for checking the gas gauge.

"Stop the car," Brewer said, "step to the rear, give the gas tank a healthy kick, and then read the gauge." He explained that it wasn’t necessary to pull off to the roadside because, "there was never anybody behind you in those days... there weren’t that many cars.”

The sales record of both Geronimo models was generated by two catchy advertising slogans — "Power to Loan Your Neighbor" (from the Four), and "Speed You’ll Never Dare Use" (from the Six). Fifty miles per hour, which the bigger model could give, with a tailwind on a downgrade was regarded as hazardous and even foolhardy at that time.

Dealerships were established in at least four states as production grew in the third and fourth years of operation, and the company even made one husky wartime sale to a French distributor.

In September, 1918, the Enid Events reported that “On Saturday afternoon a carload of Geronimo automobiles (10 big Sixes) left Enid for New York, destined for eventual shipment to a Paris dealer.” Ninety others followed in subsequent months, but the 100 foreign-sold Geronimoes were not marqued as such. For some unexplained reason they were named “Wing,” and a Wing’s nameplate alone is now valued at $150 in the antique parts market.

By this time the firm employed 125 workmen and was producing another Geronimo every 24 hours. Auto factoring was stiffly competitive then, with more than 100 different six-cylinder makes being produced over the country, plus a few straight-8’s and 12’s. But the Geronimo was a sturdy little car and it wasn’t the competition that did it in. Fire was the culprit.

On a hot August night in 1920, shortly after the firm had rolled its one-thousandth unit off the assembly line, a bright flash of undetermined origin lit the plant. Within minutes, well before the Enid firefighters had a chance at containment, exploding cans of paint and shellac spread the blaze out of control. The destruction was total.

Curiously enough, the Geronimo is as rare as rooster teeth today. One was located after a lengthy search by Enid resident George Waken, a rusted and deteriorated Geronimo Four, bearing engine No. S46070. He and his fellow members of the Enid Antique Auto Association are engaged in restoring it.

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“The O-K truck was practically bullet-proof with its heavy steel chassis, drop-forged axles, square wooden spoked wheels, solid rubber tires, and a most forgiving three-speed transmission.

Located at Okay, Oklahoma (where else?), the truck firm produced its one-ton model regularly through 1923. It then added two larger trucks to its line, a 1½ ton and a 2-ton model, plus a number of cumbersome, equally-willing tractors.

There is no recorded explanation for the firm’s disbandment in 1929. Other auto manufacturing concerns were launched from time to time over the state, but none scored notable success.

The Tulsa Automobile Corporation was organized in the oil capitol in
1917 and had limited production of the Tulsa Car until 1922. A decently unpretentious motorcar, the Tulsa was produced in both four and six-cylinder models, utilizing the little-known but very serviceable Herschell-Spillman engines.

The T. E. Buckles Co. of Manchester, Oklahoma, briefly produced the Buckles Cycle-Car in 1914. The sporty little two-seater had a 96-inch wheelbase, an air-cooled two-stroke Spacke engine and a slickly hissing belt drive. It sold for a persuasive $350.

Scant record is found of the Pioneer Car Co. which operated in El Reno from 1909 to 1911. It produced a handful of lightweight runabouts driven by a four-cylinder engine of 30 horsepower. Pioneer’s Model B Surrey sold for $1,050.

An item in the Frederick Leader notes the organization in 1912 of the Dixie Motor Car Company in that city. But there is no indication in subsequent issues of stock sales, production, or other indices of success.

George Shirk, president of the Oklahoma Historical Society, would welcome any records, newscaps, or other documents which might shed further light on the history of any of the firms mentioned above, or others in Oklahoma.

A brief look at the history of motor car development in America provides better understanding of Oklahoma’s efforts. The horseless carriage made its debut in America, after haphazard success by European inventors, in 1893. Frank Duryea, a half-deaf but ingenious mechanic, drove this nation’s first gas buggy for an uninterrupted 200-foot run on a dusty side street in Springfield, Mass. He’d had to invent the carburetor to vaporize the fuel for his sputtering little two-cycle engine.

Duryea and his brother, Charles, subsequently produced a number of improving carriages, but without marked financial success. Not only were they competing fiercely with steam and electric builders, but each car in those days was built from scratch. Rarely was any single part interchangeable from one auto to the other. The finished product was handbuilt, and therefore, expensive.

Obviously needed was the assembly-line process, utilizing standardized components. The invention of this technique is wrongly credited to Henry Ford, the Model-T maker, who merely perfected it.

The original assemblage concept sprang into being one autumn morning in 1903 when Ransom E. Olds, another pioneer auto builder, turned to his engineer and said, “What we need is a small runabout that will cost about $300 to build.” That was a revolutionary statement, portending the first low-cost automobile. Olds turned the trick with his classic curved-dash 1903 runabout, and in the doing, he struck another historic first in auto production—the assembly line.

Olds procured his one-cylinder, four-cycle engines from a designer named Leland Henry, who loved to tinker. Henry engineered, in his spare time, a motor as cheap to build and three times as powerful as the one he was selling to Olds. No dummy, he promptly patented it, formed his own company, and hurried into production of his own runabout. Leland Henry, incidentally, named both his car and his company after the French explorer who had founded Detroit some 200 years earlier, Antoine De La Cadillac.

Glenn Pray, the Auburn builder at Broken Arrow, also uses the assembly line system, but not as a primary technique. The only ready-built parts he buys are the engine and transmission. Everything else is fabricated in the plant—frame, chassis, body shell, and all the cosmetics such as lights, grille, bumpers, wheels, etc.

Lurking beneath the long, rakish, laminated hood (in the buyer’s color choice) is a V-8 engine whose pistons displace a whopping 428 cubic-inches. The engine generates 365 horsepower, enough to zoom from a standing start to 60 in just over six seconds. Performance aside, Auburn buyers are knowingly paying their $17,100 for nostalgic elegance, too.

Pray takes a $1,000 deposit on order, the balance on delivery, and no trade-ins. “We’re not in the used car business,” he grinned.

TV playwright Rod Serling drives a Pray-built Auburn, as does King Hussein of Jordan.

The builder was a disenchanted highschool dropout who pulled a War II hitch in the Marine Corps, then roughnecked around in the oilfields of Texas and Oklahoma before plunging back into the academe. He earned a Master’s degree in vocational and technical education at Oklahoma State, and taught for a number of years at Tulsa Central Highschool before getting into the car business. Now producing about two Auburns per month, he plans to go eventually to maybe 50 units per year.

“But no more than that,” he said firmly, “because then we might lose some of the stress we put on quality. We’ll just let the big fellows concentrate on quantity.”

Further down the line, Pray plans to restart production of the famed Dusenberg, another splendid machine of bygone days to which he owns the sole manufacturing rights.

Meanwhile, he casually continues to succeed as one of the nine automobile manufacturers in America, and the only one in Oklahoma.

It seems fitting, somehow, that the only auto now produced in the Sooner State is the elegant Auburn, studiously refined to extract the utmost performance from its companion product, Oklahoma oil.

1 A situation now in the process of dramatic change. General Motors has selected Oklahoma City as the site of its newest, and one of its largest assembly plants. The new plant is due to open in 1976, a 3.1 million square foot installation, located between Air Depot and Midwest Boulevards, adjacent to the south edge of Tinker Air Force Base. The assembly plant will employ 2,300 people at the outset, with a payroll of $30 million dollars, and will produce one or a variety of models of Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Pontiacs, and/or Chevrolets.

A man traveling east, through the Wichita Mountains and the buffalo plain of yesterday, through the Arbuckle uplift and rolling cattle pastures, falls in tune with the southwest peacefulness, lulled by vast horizons and long reaches of barbed wire.

Then, if he is unfamiliar with Oklahoma, he may check his map near Atoka, to see if he has crossed into another state. For here an undefined boundary is crossed. Here begins the realm of the mountains, a country of long shadows from tall pines. The highway-side offers a silent palisade of trees. It is a place where kerosene lamps can still be seen at night, and the deer, just before dark, take wary steps into the clearing.

An old man sits through a sultry summer afternoon in Hugo and re-
views the land that has given him 97 years. A good, rich land, he concludes, that gave life back to his ailing father. The man relates how his family came out of Arkansas to bottomland along Glover River. Tells how his father, down for years with a malady, unable to go to the fields to work, drank from a spring along Glover and regained his vigor. The old man smiles, remembering.

"I'll tell you what," he goes on, these hills have the greatest watershed in the world."

He has been to Rich Mountain where the streams head; Kiamichi, Little River, Mountain Fork, and south, Glover. He's fished these streams, and the twin rivers of the lowlands, Boggy and Muddy Boggy. He talks about seeing the sky obscured by squirrels jumping from tree-top-to-treetop, how his father accidentally discharged a shotgun in a corn patch and found he'd bagged three turkeys. He relates a tale of so many deer along the Glover that they came out one evening to browse a several-acre pea patch—and before they could be chased away, browsed it clean to the ground.

The old man had walked the streams of southeast Oklahoma. The Mountain Fork is a hustler from the outset, coming down clear and strong from a true mountain gradient, fringed all the way with pine. Kiamichi and Little River tumble down like trout streams, then spread as the gradient falters. Men in this country know that to go into the woods without knowing its secrets can be a journey of no return.

Coming from the south, this is the last stand of tall pine, the first coming east from the New Mexico Rockies. It is logging country. It is canning, smoking, and preserving country. Hunting country. Men get together and talk about their dogs. Old Rip and Dan and Tuck and Samson and Cindy Lee. Eyes as sad as the guest of honor at a hanging. But they come alive along the river, booming-braying, and a croaking, hoarse hound-voice bulls in. Dan's got the track. There in the light of the lantern you can see his owner smiling. They run towards the river, voices fading, then a cacophony. Treed.

Morning comes as a pink blur over the edge of the hills. Cattle browse gracefully in the rising fog of autumn morning mist. A flat-bottomed boat with boys bare-footed and overalled, floating the lower Mountain Fork, on a Huck Finn rendezvous. A black bear, snorting over from Arkansas, two chubby cubs in tow, bewitting a fisherman along Lukfata Creek. There are trappers' tales of wild cats and red wolves, of campfire smoke and strange cries in the night. A man and a rifle. Making a living cutting wood by day, sitting over the game trail at the salt lick in the evening. Boys knowing the river in the fall and how to chuckle-call and swish their foot in the backwater to bring the mallards down. A trapline run before school. A half wild boar-hog drawn and strung in the smokehouse. The flavor of another era, the hill country, the pine country, the river country.

The early people camped on the

BY GARY LANTZ
IN KIAMICHI COUNTRY

Choctaw County
- Choctaw Chief's House, Swink
- Choctaw Recreation Area, Boswell
- Old Fort Towson
- Raymond Gary Recreation Area
- Goodland Indian Chapel (oldest continuously used church)
- Hugo Reservoir
- Old Military Road, Ft. Smith to Ft. Towson
- Red River Valley
- Lake Roebuck
- Spencer Academy
- Winter-quartered circus troupes, Hugo

Haskell County
- California Trail
- Civil War Battlefield near Kanima
- Civil War Battlefield near Keota
- Civil War Battlefield near Tahoma
- Kerr Reservoir
- Lake Eufaula
- Old Pleasant Bluff Steamboat Landing (now Tahoma)
- Sans Bois Mountains

Latimer County
- Butterfield Trail
- Eastern Oklahoma College, Wilburton
- Jack Fork Mountains
- Robbers' Cave State Park
- Sans Bois Mountains

McCurtain County
- Beavers Bend State Park
- Broken Bow Reservoir
- Carter Mountain Forest Service Tower, north of Broken Bow
- Giant Cypress Tree, east of Broken Bow
- Indian Memorial Museum, Broken Bow
- Kiamichi Mountains
- McCurtain County Wilderness Area
- Ouachita National Forest
- Pine Creek Reservoir
- Red River Valley
- Skiat Public Hunting Area
- Wheeler Lake Mission Church (oldest church building)

Pittsburg County
- Arrowhead Lodge—Arrowhead State Park
- Bolen Hollow Public Hunting Area
- Bugtussle, birthplace of Carl Albert
- Butterfield Trail
- Civil War Battlefield near Perryville
- International Headquarters, Rainbow Girls, McAlester
- Jack Fork Mountains
- Jones Academy
- Krebs Italian Community
- Lake Eufaula
- McAlester Naval Ammunition Depot
- Texas Road
- Tobucksey Choctaw Court House

Pushmataha County
- Clayton Lake Recreation Area
- Choctaw Capitol, Tuskeahoma
- Jack Fork Mountains
- Kiamichi Mountains
- Lake Cobb, near Antlers
- Lake Nanih Waiya, near Tuskeahoma
- Old Military Road, Ft. Smith to Ft. Towson
- Pushmataha Game Preserve

Write to the Chamber of Commerce, Hugo, Stigler, Wilburton, Idabel, McAlester, or Antlers for information regarding places listed in the above counties, or to Tourist Information, Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., Oklahoma City 73105 for Kiamichi Country booklet.

Whether they were there when the first fair-skinned man pushed into this great wilderness, no one knows. Some say red-bearded and broad-shouldered explorers pushed up the tributaries of the river long before Columbus was born. Their sleek craft, dragon-headers carved on long bows, lead the way. Whether the steely blue gaze of a Norseman led the first Europeans into Oklahoma's hinterland is a question for the ages, for those who solve riddles like the Heavener runestone and its ancient script.

Like the ages of time, the faces and cultures of men come and go.
Southeastern Oklahoma could have been wild, high-pined and untamed for a hundred or a thousand years before a shattered culture came into the Ouachitas to regroup and rebuild.

Choctaws. Agriculturists and cattlemen, hunters. Indian people with a natural eye and ear for the refinements of civilization, settled in the Winding Stairs, the Jack Forks, the Sans Bois, the Kiamichi, the Ouachita Mountains. Along the fertile Red River Valley where they planted cotton their old plantation-agrarian establishment was soon refounded. In the hills the people returned to a semi-hunting life, slowly learning the soil of their new home, breeding stock, utilizing inherent tenacity and intelligence to rebuild from ashes.

The wilderness did not yield readily, but the Choctaws were resourceful... then the Civil War. Indian pitted against Indian, and for the second time in a half-century everything, even dreams, burned to the ground.

Decades passing, lives passing, taking solace and sustenance from the woods, the rivers. Channel catfish from Little River, Glover, Boggy Creek, Mountain Fork, deer from the deep-forested bottoms. Egret cries in cypress swamps low in the sloughs of Mountain Fork. Wild cattle and near wild hogs from the high country, where the pine crops up among the hardwood and spreads out and up into the Ouachita forest. Learn the trails and where the game travels to water, take the heavy summers slow and the light winters easy. But man is a builder.

The Dierks Co. and wood kilns, logging trucks and crews and logging roads. Choctaw hunters sawing planks and dimension. A wilderness reborn and nourished in industrial economy. Progress. Men and the sound of diesel and saw. River water once lost to turbulent flood now held in deep blue lakes; Broken Bow, Pine Creek, Hugo, Clayton, and huge Eufaula. Motor launch, marina, and skier, people from throughout the world. Hugo and winter-quartered circus, Broken Bow, yielding up folksingers, fishing guides, and fiberboard.

Back in the woods, roadside shadows, history still smoking venison and tanning hides, sitting in a hand-hewn chair and smoking a pipe, eating squirrel for supper. Here life is still slow and easy. Being poor is not always and necessarily poverty, living in chinked log walls, taking one's life from the earth and the woods.

Fish for the taking, and deer. Mountain dwellers, Choctaw eyes, often see such freedoms as more valuable than money. So men still read the woods, know its goodness, and carry its fruits home to their own.

Mules and horses for working the earth, wild cattle and skittish pigs and early winter butchering. Canning berries and garden produce, patching and mending shirts instead of driving to town for new. The mountains and the forest are still isolate, and those who know them feel a pride in their knowledge that no beckoning called progress or financial gain may ever change. The hunting, the forest, the quietude of lake and stream are to them a heritage and a treasure.
We asked the director of the University of Oklahoma Extension Division’s hacienda in Mexico what he thought was the greatest benefit, to Oklahoma, of the hacienda.

He replied, “There is a Mexican family in Cuauhtemoc that we oft. visit. It is a large family. The father is getting old but still he and his wife have eight children at home. They are very poor. Often we take groups of students from the United States who are studying at the hacienda over to Cuauhtemoc to visit this family. Their house is small, only two rooms, dirt floor, no doors or windows, but still all the people of this big family live there, and they are always happy. The father and mother are glad to see us, the children are always playing, always laughing. Our students from the United States are usually surprised to find that this family, that has so little, is so happy. It is a contrast. This Mexican family, with nothing, is happy. In the United States we are unhappy with everything.”

O.U.’s Hacienda El Cobano is entirely self-supporting. Fees paid by the groups who attend short courses and conferences there pay all operating expenses and are liquidating the purchase price of the hacienda. Students and conferences come not only from Oklahoma but from other colleges and universities, and from other nations. The subjects of its conferences and courses, for high school and college students plus adult education, are extensive; languages, religion, health, ornithology, art, professional writing, international relationships, archaeology, tennis, music, zoology, nursing home administration, investments; it grows more varied each year.

El Cobano’s director is Angel Lara, born in Mexico, a naturalized U.S. citizen, who has studied and taught at O.U. His wife Mary, formerly of Purcell, shares the responsibility of operating the hacienda. A major thrust of their success has been the enthusiasm engendered by groups who have gone there. A group of Oklahoma rodeo cowboys headed by Clem McSpadden traveled there to participate in Charreadas in nearby Colima. Ardmore’s world-champion roper Jim Eskew won ovations that would have solved our energy crisis if their gusto could somehow have been harnessed.

The Oklahoma Partners of the Americas sent an exhibit to the State Fair of Colima. The University of Oklahoma Band’s baton twirlers went along to display their flashing silvery skill and the resulting applause was mas fuerte than that resulting from a Big Red win in Owen Stadium.

Norman’s Boy Scout Troop 789 sent their far-famed Wakpominee Indian Dancers, who performed for standing-room-only crowds publicly, and at the State of Colima Governor’s Mansion. Colima’s Boy Scout Troop No. 1 joined the Oklahoma Scouts, exchanging camaraderie across the language barrier, learning Indian dance steps, and both the Mexican and U.S. Scouts profited from the exchange.

A group profoundly affecting, and affected by, the region was the last Peace Corp group which trained there. These young men from many U.S. areas were an unusually outgoing and friendly group. They took special interest in the people of Cuauhtemoc and when they weren’t studying they were out getting acquainted.

Hard workers, they were apt to pitch in and help families engaged in yard or garden chores. They took part in the social life of the community, too. This led to outcomes sometimes humorous. One of the young men met the queen of the Cuauhtemoc Fair.

He heard her called, in Spanish, “la Reina de la Feria.” His Spanish was not good, he could not pronounce “la Reina” and mistakenly called her “la rana.” “Reina” means “queen,” but “rana” means “frog.” The local Cuauhtemoc boys enjoyed this considerably and began calling the young man who was so attentive to their queen “el sapo rey,” which means “king toad.”

“El sapo rey” introduced “la Reina” to his close friend. Last Christmas, in Spanish ceremony, his friend and “la Reina” were married. The wedding was performed in Cuauhtemoc, the reception after the wedding was held at Hacienda El Cobano.

Perhaps this typifies the relationship of the O.U. extension division’s Hacienda El Cobano and the Colima-Cuauhtemoc region in which it is located—a marriage of effort between cooperative peoples of two nations, ...
IN THIS ISSUE

THE KERR FOUNDATION
by CLARICE JACKSON ........ 2

STAMPING GROUND
by BOB HAMMACK .......... 6

GIVING YOUR CHILDREN CHILDHOOD
by LOIS FAGIN .......... 10

A SPECIAL KIND OF JOY
by REBA COLLINS .......... 12

OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK .......... 14

HISTORIC AUTOS MADE IN OKLAHOMA
by H. C. NEAL .......... 28

KIAMICHI COUNTRY
by GARY LANTZ .......... 32

CALENDAR OF EVENTS
by MARGARET FLY .......... 36

HACIENDA EL COBANO
by BILL BURCHARDT .......... 38