The array of stained glass windows in Pawhuska's Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception has drawn delegations of students of stained glass from throughout the world. There are twenty windows in all, and they are considered to be among the most beautiful to be found anywhere. Eighteen windows are devoted to Bible scenes. The two historical windows shown here required a special dispensation from the Pope. The conquest window depicts the landing of Cristobal Colon at San Salvador Island on Oct. 7, 1492. The gentle Arawak Indians encountered there called the explorers "men from Heaven" and offered them all they had. (Cont.)
Research has elements of adventure, whether in finding the right combination of chemicals to stop a cancer in a child, a filter to catch a blood clot in a vein, or the break in the carbohydrate chain that causes babies to be born malnourished.

Dr. Lazar Greenfield, in the department of surgery, sought a way to remove a blood clot before it reached the heart, without having to resort to major surgery. Not far away, in an Oklahoma oilfield, was Garman Kimmell, a petroleum engineer, making use of his expertise in fluid dynamics, valves, and pumps. Heart surgeons know about fluid dynamics, and petroleum engineer Kimmell knew how the heart pumps blood. Together, the two men developed a catheter that can be inserted into a vein, find and isolate a blood clot, and remove it with a tiny suction cup. Their first collaboration was so successful that they went on to devise a filter which can be inserted into the large vein carrying blood to the heart, a filter which will catch any new clots and hold them while the blood rushing past dissolves them. This knowledge from the oil fields brought to bear on the heart of man is uniquely Oklahoman, and a good example of what Oklahomans are doing to prolong the lives of people everywhere.

Dr. James W. Hampton is head of the Hematology Research Laboratory at the Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation and the Adult Hematology and Oncology Section at the Health Sciences Center. Dr. Hampton and his associates are concerned with the processes involved in thrombosis, or the formation of a blood clot. Blood which clots too much causes thromboses or obstructions which may lead to heart attacks and/or strokes. Most researchers now believe that it is the damage from a thrombus which begins arteriosclerosis. Progress in this area affects a large number of us.

Dr. Hampton's group discovered an Oklahoma family which has thrombolysis; their blood lysed too much. Lysing is the process which destroys thrombi and keeps the blood flowing through the vessels. This Oklahoma family has agreed to let Dr. Hampton's group study the nature of their blood in the hope of isolating the blood activator of the enzyme causing the lysing. Exercise brings out the activator and makes it more easily isolated from their blood. Therefore, when they visit his laboratories they are either walked on a treadmill or climb flights of stairs before their blood is given for the isolation of the activators. When this substance is finally identified, it may then be possible to activate this enzyme by natural means in others whose blood clots too much, and who suffer from thrombi. Such a process would be a breakthrough in the treatment of heart disease and arteriosclerosis.

In collaboration with many other doctors on campus, Dr. Ben Humphrey of the Department of Pediatrics is working to find cures for cancers which strike children. Surgery, radiation, therapy, and chemotherapy are being investigated, separately and in combination. The combining of these three forms of treatment can now cure 85% of the cases of cancer of the kidney in children. Their most productive work is being done in experiments with new combinations of drugs as they are developed. Dr. Humphrey radiates a particular kind of urgency when he talks about his research into the causes of leukemia. One senses that this is because he must watch children die of the disease, with little that he can do to help.

"Small steps," he says. "Any progress will come in small steps."

Anyone considering research as a
The missionary window depicts the arrival of Jesuit Father Schoemaker, called “Black Robe” by the early Osages. Father Schoemaker first came to the tribe in 1866. Photographs of actual Osage people were used by the stained glass artists. The Papal dispensation was asked since these scenes were not Biblical and contained then living persons. Building the church was begun in 1910. The stained glass windows were made in Bavaria, each piece of glass leaded and numbered, then shipped to Pawhuska where the windows were assembled. The church was dedicated in 1925 by Cardinal Hayes of St. Louis.
profession should dispel the naive idea that there will be one great single moment when the cure is found. It takes many people, often all over the world, sharing their ideas freely with one another, confirming or disputing others' hypotheses, to find the cure for a disease. In small steps.

Many pregnant women are getting excellent care during their pregnancy and afterwards by participating in Dr. Jack Metcalf's study of the causes of fetal malnutrition. The mystery of why some babies are born malnourished has perplexed investigators. Recently some clues have developed which may put us on the brink of understanding. Women of all backgrounds have volunteered to help find the answer. They know that babies born malnourished are high risks to growing up as retarded children with learning and/or behavioral problems. Once the cause is discovered attention can be directed toward finding the cure. This effort is a cooperative one, not only among many departments of the medical school but also with the Instituto Mexicano del Seguro Social in Mexico City. Our U.S. Department of Agriculture does much of the laboratory analysis.

Dr. Metcalf is also involved in studying methods of preserving kidneys for long periods of time outside the body. Now that kidney transplants are an accepted form of therapy, methods must be perfected to preserve separated kidneys in optimal condition. Such progress would enable us to transport the preserved kidney to a properly matched recipient anywhere in the world, as well as increasing the chances of the transplant being successful.

Dr. Leon Unger, of the Department of Biochemistry, describes his adversary as cunning, elusive, and opportunistic. Once you know the habits of his adversary, the mycoplasma, you understand his description. This smallest living organism known to man resides within the cell walls of unsuspecting healthy cells, living off them and weakening the host. Because they have no cell walls themselves, they are extremely difficult to detect. These dangerous creatures may be associated with the causes of twenty-one human diseases, including leukemia, rheumatoid arthritis, eye infections, septic abortions, and paroxysmal diseases. Collaborating with Dr. Martin Griffin, Dr. Unger's goal is to study the nature of mycoplasms and find the antibiotic which will kill them. Certain new antibiotics can kill them in a test tube, but are too dangerous to use on man. Most of the naturally-occurring antibiotics have now been found and we are running out of new ones to fight the resistant strains which always spring up. The work of Drs. Unger and Griffin is on the horizon of scientific research, working toward solutions to tomorrow's problems as well as today's.

Dr. Alphonso Paredes, of the Department of Psychiatry, is the Director of the Center for Alcohol Related Studies, one of three such projects in the nation. The findings of this group have been published extensively all over the world. Dr. Paredes reports that alcoholism has long been ignored by science, and that most of what we thought we knew is folklore. Researchers at the Center are bringing scientific knowledge to bear on the disease of alcoholism. Dr. Frank Holloway is studying the effects of alcohol on the central nervous system. Drs. Oz Parsons and Ben Jones are studying the acute effects of alcohol, especially to the brain. Drs. Rondell, Williams, and Lester are investigating the effects of alcohol on information processing. Dr. Boyd Lester compares the electrical patterns of the brain of a chronic alcoholic with that of a non-drinker. Dr. Lester also works with Drs. Wm. Orr and Joan Holloway on the effects of alcohol on the human physiological rhythms. Dr. Paredes is concerned with how the alcoholic functions in the community. He has found that in many ways the community supports and encourages the alcoholic in his life patterns.

Dr. Tom Acers and his Department of Ophthalmology staff are deep into research on functions of the retina. Through use of an electoretinogram, they are able to measure the electrical potential of the neural cells of the retina, and to use the results in diagnosing and predicting congenital blindness in babies. A study of the genes of families of many babies born blind indicates that blindness is inherited. The job now is to map family trees and find the patterns of transmission so that parents can be warned beforehand that they may have a blind baby. The study is part of a national and international one, and Chuck Roberts, of Dr. Acers' staff, is exchanging information with Harvard University on their findings.

The research discussed here is only a small sampling of the work underway at the Medical Center. Most of the doctors mentioned are doing other research as well, plus teaching, and treating patients. They are helped by staffers who, the doctors will insist, do most of the work. Other research at the Center involves seeking a cure for sickle cell anemia, work on detection of breast cancer, inquiry into the safety of seat belts for pregnant women, investigation into the effects of isolation on human beings, etc.

Small steps. And the family with the extraordinary blood, the pregnant mothers, the petroleum engineer, the volunteers in the alcohol projects, the family with blindness in its genetic makeup . . . all are participating Oklahomans who with the Health Sciences Center doctors are contributing their unique share of small steps.
Folklore in the making...
Tales they tell about the

Oilrush
Lawmen

by Bill Burchardt

Any single Oklahoma oilrush produced more wealth than all the gold-rushes in the American West combined. The four peak years of the Three Sands oilrush produced $158 million in black gold. The four peak years of the Virginia City gold bonanza of the 1860s produced less than $15 million.

In such a flood of money it hardly seems unlikely that the backwash of violence was torrential. The front line of defense against this torrent of violence produced lawmen as legendary as any in western history, and as varied. Some of the oilrush lawmen were elected sheriffs and appointed deputies. One was an elected police chief. A few were former outlaws or
professional killers who sold their guns to the highest bidder.

Buck Garrett, who was the law at Ragtown (Wirt), was the elected sheriff of Carter County. He associated with himself a remarkable appointed deputy, Bud Ballew. Seminole's Jake Sims bore little resemblance to the popular concept of a frontier lawman. Elected chief-of-police Sims was neither tall nor physically powerful. He seemed almost slight of physique, and he never carried a gun.

Two-Gun John Middleton and Three-Fingered George Miller, who bit off more than they could chew in Three Sands, were itinerant gunslingers. Whizbang's Joe Alvarado had been one of Francisco Villa's Dorados before riding into the Osage.

Bill Tilghman died at Cromwell, at the end of one of the West's most distinguished law enforcement careers. Milo Beck kept the law in Roxana, Oklahoma's last oilrush town. The old Wild West had resurrected itself into the second quarter of the twentieth century for one last stand in his domain.

Milo was one-half Choctaw, a tall and powerful man who did resemble the movie version of a western lawman. It was in mid-September, 1929, that Milo Beck was handed a warrant for the arrest of one Jim McFall. The word was that McFall would likely be found in the company of J. R. Power, a bootlegger, or at the rooming house of Mrs. Patsy Power, then under a charge of operating a bawdy house.

Milo drove to Roxana, taking his wife with him, perhaps because he anticipated he might need a witness, or perhaps just to give her an outing in the autumn evening air. He had been warned that Power was threatening to kill him. Driving through Roxana's boomtown false-fronted street, Milo soon spotted McFall. Sure enough, McFall and Power were sitting in Power's parked touring car.

Milo drove around the block, then pulled in to park a couple spaces in front of the Power car. Leaving his wife in the car, he then got out and walked back. A few feet from Power's car Milo announced that he had a warrant for McFall's arrest. Power went for his gun, a brand new .38, the newly sharp hammer of which caught and hung in the lining of the right hand pants-pocket where he carried the gun. McFall opened the right hand door and flung himself safely down on the sidewalk as Milo Beck's first shot hit Power. Power tried again to extricate the .38 and Milo shot again. In all he shot three times, hitting Power twice and killing him, and the other shot would have killed McFall had not that gentleman been safely flat in the dirt.
Oilrush Lawmen

He bore down on the street light, breaking his speed as he spun the steering wheel to go into his turn. As the auto slowed Milo stepped into the street and called out, "Harry, you're under arrest."

Silver continued his swerving turn and instead of coming to stop, threw down on Milo Beck. Seeing Harry Silver's gun come thrusting out at him over the touring car door, Milo Beck drew and fired. The car spun to a dusty halt with a dead man at the wheel. Harry Silver had not succeeded in getting off even one shot.

Seminole's Jake Sims was unique among the oilrush lawmen; shrewd, clever, with an amazing memory, a near intuitive genius for crime prevention, sudden solutions, and keeping order in explosive situations.

An instance would be the time a Seminole drugstore owner hired a new pharmacist, right out of the university. Circumstances then required the drugstore owner to be out of town for a day or so, and it fell to the young pharmacist to open the drugstore. Early one morning he opened up and went back to the safe in the prescription department where the narcotics were kept.

The pharmacist removed the narcotics box from the safe, placed it on the shelf among other prescription medicines, and went up front to wait on a customer who had come in.

Whereupon Jake Sims walked in the front door and handed the pharmacist the box of narcotics. "I believe these are yours," he said.

In the brief time while the pharmacist was opening the safe a narcotics addict had slipped into the drugstore. While the young pharmacist walked to the front of the store and gave his attention to the customer, the addict had managed to slip back into the prescription department, steal the box of narcotics and again sneak outside.

But Jake Sims had been watching the addict from across the street. As he came sneaking out of the drugstore with the box of narcotics, Jake simply relieved him of them and carried the box back inside.

Jake did not even arrest the addict. He told him, "Red, I want you out of this town. Right now. And if you ever have occasion to come back to Seminole, just come right straight down to the jail, because you'll be locked up there one hour after you hit town anyway."

Or consider the time the jewelry store was robbed. As soon as he could after the robber left the store, the jeweler called the police station. Jake Sims answered the telephone.

Jake told the jeweler, "I was just picking up the telephone to call you. That fellow that robbed your store will be getting off the bus in Henryetta in about thirty minutes. I've already called the Henryetta chief-of-
police. He'll meet the bus, and if you'll drive on over there you can pick up the stolen goods."

So it went with Jake Sims. He had perhaps as effective a net of stool pigeons covering the Seminole oilrush as has ever been assembled. He never carried a gun. He might stick a pistol in the waistband of his pants if it appeared imperative, but it never remained there long. Many of the oilrush lawmen were hired for their skill with a gun. Not Jake. It does not seem especially strange that Jake Sims survived unarmed, for the caliber of outlaws who frequented the oilrush towns was such that no manner of skill with firearms meant safety.

The story of José Alvarado is the strange one. Alvarado's Oklahoma adventures are set against the background of the Osage oilrush, especially the town named Whizbang, which was one of the wildest. He served as a special officer for oil companies in the area, and later was a deputy United States marshal.

A friend once told me that Alvarado, in Whizbang, wanted to join a fraternal order that did not want him. An enterprising lodge member somehow turned up a picture of Alvarado, knelt on one knee, a pistol in each hand, executing Mexican revolutionaries who were lined up before him. Alvarado had been an officer in Francisco Villa's chosen cavalry, the Dorados, in Chihuahua.

Another tale has Alvarado approaching a burning building in Whizbang one night. He drew his gun and killed a man who was watching the fire. Someone asked why, and José said, "Why? Didn't you see what that man was doing? He was looting this burning building." It later turned out that José Alvarado and the dead man had been rival suitors for the affection of a Whizbang girl.

Both stories sound apocryphal, and untrue. Alvarado was a member of the Masonic Lodge, a fraternal order which carefully scrutinizes its members, in Covington. There was a big fire in Whizbang. It started in the postoffice. It appears that some incendiary, for some reason, wanted the postal records destroyed. Alvarado is reputed to have refused oil company help in extinguishing the fire until after the postoffice was gutted. Then, when Alvarado asked, the oil company refused to help. The fire burned out of control and wiped out an entire block of Whizbang.

During the fire there was a good deal of shooting. Mrs. Jane Watson was shot and killed. One report says that Alvarado shot her for looting. Another says that she was his girl friend, and that he had armed her with a pistol to shoot an officer from nearby Shidler who was making problems. She missed the Shidler officer, whom we'll call Slim Yearman. Yearman shot her dead, then shot Alvara-
do in the chest. Alvarado returned fire and shot Yearman four times in the body while Yearman was hunting cover. Alvarado had taken cover behind a merchandise laden table that had been moved into the street from a burning dry goods store. His legs were visible below the table top, and Yearman shot him in the shins, breaking both legs.

The two men were taken to the same Ponca City hospital to recover from the nearly mortal wounds they had inflicted on each other. During the long stay in the hospital they became the best of friends. If they had been rivals over a woman, perhaps none other than the lady Jane Watson, they apparently forgot her completely.

Soon after his appointment as a U.S. marshal Alvarado led a whiskey raid on a drugstore which was reputed to be a saloon. In the raid he killed the owner of the establishment, Curly Houser. Alvarado was tried and acquitted for that shooting. He was charged, and sometimes tried, for various other crimes.

On one raid he seized $2,500 in cash from a woman who ran a notorious "boarding house." When he returned the money to the woman who ran the dive he counted it out to her in the presence of two bankers, and took her receipt. Yet he was arrested for stealing the money, bound over for trial in Pawhuska, finally tried in Pawnee, and acquitted.

Even José Alvarado's identity is uncertain. Newspapers of the time infer that his real name was Bert Bryan. That at age 14 he had run away from home in Texas. In Mexico he found a home with an army general named Alvarado who sent him to military school. General Alvarado sent young Bert, now called José, on a successful mission to France during World War I.

At some time early in the 1920s young Alvarado, or Bert Bryan, tired of revolutionary fighting, returned to Texas to find his old home there broken up. His mother had come to Oklahoma. She had lived for a time at Cushing, then Ponca City, Blackwell, and Enid. It was in following her that José, or Bert, became involved in the tangled machinations of oilrush law.
In 1927 he served as a special officer for Gov. Henry S. Johnson, a service that proved so controversial it was later made a part of impeachment proceedings against Gov. Johnson. José Alvarado was controversial, and mysterious. Who was he? Mexican or Texian? Law enforcer or law breaker?

There is no doubt that he was courageous, perhaps even ruthless. A contemporary describes him as being cold-eyed and merciless. But he was consistently hired—by oil companies, by towns, by the state, and by the federal government—as an officer of the law. They must have been convinced that he was a law enforcer and not a law breaker or they would not have hired him.

There was much contemporary antagonism against Alvarado. Could this have been in part because he was, or appeared to be, Mexican? The Southwest was rather solidly anti-Mexico at that time and it is not altogether easy to be constructive in a destructive social climate. The only certainty is that José Alvarado will long have a place in the legend of the lawless era of the oilrush.

Carter County's Buck Garrett and Bud Ballew also left unanswered questions. Buck Garrett had been one of those hired to participate in the cattlemen vs. settlers violence in Wyoming that has become known as the Johnson County War (see The Banditti of the Plains by A. S. Mercer, O.U. Press, 1954). When the legal tangles of that imbroglio were sufficiently untangled for him to leave Wyoming he returned to Oklahoma as a deputy U.S. marshal.

Buck was elected sheriff of Carter County in 1911. He and his deputy Bud Ballew were for nearly a decade a solidly respected team of law defenders. Their teamwork was faultless. In 1919 an Ardmore man was robbed on the road near Lone Grove. The robbery victim notified Sheriff Garrett.

A couple hours after midnight, pursuing by auto, Buck approached two wagons standing near a back country bridge. As the sheriff eased up in his roadster the two wagons pulled out, passed a touring car which had been standing in front of them, and went on across the bridge. The touring car answered the description of the car that had been used in the robbery. Sheriff Garrett pulled alongside it and stopped. He got out. There was a man standing behind the touring car, and another in front of it. Buck approached the man in front who stood half-concealed by darkness and the touring car's radiator.

"Having trouble?" Garrett asked.

In lieu of a reply the man drew a gun. So did Buck. They were face to face now and each man put a finger of his unoccupied hand behind the trigger of the other's revolver. Now neither of them could fire.

There they stood, at impasse, each with the muzzle of his gun poking the other's brisket, and neither able to shoot. The outlaw called to his partner behind the car, who began maneuvering for a position from which he could shoot the sheriff without killing his partner-in-crime.

He solved his tactical problem and was raising his gun to kill Buck when a shot came from some distance up the road. The outlaw behind the car, Rusty Short, fell dead from a bullet through the head, and Buck Garrett and Bud Ballew took the remaining outlaw in custody.

Buck had simply let Bud Ballew step out of the roadster into the night as he eased up approaching the outlaws' touring car. It was a method they used successfully over the years. When walking down the street they were never together. Buck always preceded Bud. If Buck passed a suspicious character the guilt-ridden person always reacted in a revealing way and was observed by Bud.

Bud Ballew killed seven or eight men in the line of duty. One of them was R. E. Hignight, a flamboyant boy and aging gunslinger who had been hired as a deputy to keep the peace in Ragsdale. Hignight, who was known in Wirt by the sobriquet Hynote, became carried away with the power of his office one evening and began bullying people on the street.

Someone soon called Sheriff Buck in Ardmore to complain. Buck sent Bud on over to Wirt to relieve Hynote of his deputy's commission and bring an end to such high-handed tactics. Bud's encounter with the erring deputy turned into a battle of wits with Hynote sparring to maneuver Bud into a disadvantage. As long as it was only maneuvering Ballew was willing to play the game. Hynote's patience ran out first. He tried to draw, Bud out-drew him, and Hynote was a dead man.

A struggle for power began building to a climax in the Carter County oilfields early in the 1920s. Sheriff Garrett was accused of malfeasance. The Ku Klux Klan played an important role. Garrett opposed the Klan. In such struggles it becomes difficult to clearly identify the good guys and the bad guys and there is rarely any real winner. So Buck was removed from office but convicted of no crime. The Ku Klux Klan members who were finally removed from their bed sheet masks turned out to be less than true angels of vengeance.

The Ku Klux record for obtaining justice seems no more impressive in this instance than in others, for Buck is still highly regarded by many who knew him personally. He died of a heart attack in 1929. Deputy Bud Ballew was killed in a shooting in Wichita Falls while the oilrush was still booming.

We earlier mentioned a pair of journeyman gunfighters who bit off more than they could chew in Three Sands. They were Two-Gun John Middleton and Three-Fingered George Miller. Both had interesting backgrounds. Middleton had been with Billy the Kid in New Mexico's Lincoln County War. He was reputed to have been with Billy when they killed Sheriff Wm. Brady. Miller had once operated a saloon in the middle of the Canadian River halfway between Lexington (in Indian Territory which was dry) and Purcell (in Oklahoma Territory which was wet).

Miller was also known as "Hookey." In a previous fight he had lost his left hand—it was replaced by a hook. He had lost most of his right hand in another fight, but was a miraculously fast-shooting marksman with
the remaining two-fingers and thumb, which had earned for him the nickname Three-Fingered George.

Hired by merchants to keep order in boomtown Three Sands, Middleton and Miller soon began to bite the hand that fed them by selling "protection" on the side. At first only to commercial establishments, then they branched out and began selling their "protection" to individuals.

One they chose was a young Choctaw Indian. They offered their "protection" to him one payday, after he had been paid his week's wages for roughnecking in the oilfield. He told them he had nothing to protect, for he had used his salary to pay off his family bills. So Two-Gun and Hookey beat him senseless and searched him.

Sure enough, he had no wages on him. So they revived him and told him to hang onto his salary next payday long enough to buy some "protection" and they'd kill him. The following payday Miller and Middleton followed the young Choctaw from the oil company pay window to a beanery where he sat down at the counter to eat.

Intending to frighten the Indian into quick submission the two gunmen converged on the cafe. Miller shouted, "Let's burn him!"

The young Choctaw may not have guessed that they were running a bluff. He may also have concluded that he didn't want to be robbed, for he had armed himself, and seeing both his antagonists, he took cover in the doorway of the cafe and started shooting. His first three shots hit Two-Gun Middleton, who died on the spot.

Hookey Miller abandoned the battle and took off down the street. The remaining three shots from the young Choctaw's revolver pursued him. One passed completely through Miller's body to further mangle his remaining three-fingered gun hand. But he no longer needed it. Miller died a few hours later in a Tonkawa hospital.

So died two formidable frontier gunmen, both with several notches on their guns. Miller had attained his reputation as a killer while riding as an outlaw with Red Buck Weightman, of Doolin Gang fame. Both Middleton and Miller had been done in by a young Indian known to history only as Jackson Burns, a dependable oil-field worker who lived with his wife and three youngsters in the Three Sands field.

The last man we'll mention is one who must be mentioned in any discussion of oilrush lawmen. The name of Bill Tilghman is known to every historian of the American West. Buffalo hunter, stalwart town tamer in the true western tradition, Tilghman's valor remains unchallenged. A few lawmen of his type made the wild, wild west a liveable place, from the cattle trail towns of the post Civil War era to the last frontier.

Tilghman, with Chris Madsen and Heck Thomas, had earlier brought order to a turbulent Oklahoma Territory. When the headline making days of the Daltons and the Doolins were over he continued in law enforcement, as sheriff of Lincoln County, as police chief in Oklahoma City, and at last as marshal in Cromwell.

The Seminole oilrush was a hairy one. Bowlegs, Maud, in a dozen towns ranging north and south through those oilfields, the lights never went out. The majority of people did not choose the violent life and it was through their persuasion that Bill Tilghman agreed to undertake the bridling of Cromwell. He was seventy years old.

He did what he set out to do, although it cost him his life. A border character named Wiley Lynn, serving as a U.S. prohibition agent, shot Tilghman to death while Bill was in the process of disarming him for creating a drunken disturbance on the streets of Cromwell. Lynn was removed from office and was later killed in a gunfight with Crockett Long, another officer against whom Lynn bore a grudge for a previous arrest.

The death of Tilghman, in 1924, occurred almost half-a-century ago. The cattle trail—goldrush bonanzas are even farther in the past. The oilrush towns were the last stand of the wild frontier West. But if, somewhere, on some yet-to-be settled planet in the universe, similar conditions of boomtown settlement appear, men like the oilrush lawmen will appear to be a part of that violence and, eventually, to quell it. Unless, ideally, we discover some future better way. Humankind, for by far the greater part, abhors violence. Perhaps our conviction that there must be a way to keep order without violence will someday produce such a way.

Note: Some of the names in this article have been changed to protect the innocent.
**Oklahoma Today**

Jan.3 OU vs Univ. of Calif. Santa Barbara (Basketball) - Norman
Jan.4 Cameron vs SW Texas (Basketball) - Lawton
Jan.4-6 Junior Miss - Miami
Jan.5 Blazers vs Albuquerque (ice hockey) - Oklahoma City
Jan.5 OU vs San Diego State (Basketball) - Norman
Jan.5 Oilers vs Dallas (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Jan.5-6 Int/'l America Horse Show - Tulsa
Jan.6 Oilers vs Oklahoma (ice hockey) - Tulsa
Jan.6 Oklahoma City Symphony - Oklahoma City
Jan.7 CCLA vs Cameron (Basketball) - Chickasha
Jan.7 OSU vs Baylor (Basketball) - Oklahoma City
Jan.7 OU vs SMU (Basketball) - Oklahoma City
Jan.7 Pianist, Jorge Bolet & Philharmonic - Tulsa
Jan.8 ECSC vs Drury (Basketball) - Ada
Jan.8 OCC vs SWSC (Basketball) - Oklahoma City
Jan.9 Cameron vs Tarleton (Basketball) - Lawton
Jan.10 CSU vs Midwestern (Basketball) - Edmond
Jan.11 SWSC vs E. New Mex (Basketball) - Weatherford
Jan.11 Blazers vs Omaha (ice hockey) - Oklahoma City
Jan.11 Round Ball Classic (Cameron) - Lawton
Jan.12 "LUV" Little Theatre - Tulsa
Jan.12 CSU vs E. New Mex (Basketball) - Edmond
Jan.12 OSU vs Colorado (Basketball) - Stillwater
Jan.12 Oilers vs Albuquerque (ice hockey) - Tulsa
Jan.12 OU vs Kansas State (Basketball) - Norman
Jan.12 OC vs Hawaii (Basketball) - Oklahoma City
Jan.13 Tulsa vs North Texas (Basketball) - Tulsa
Jan.13 OU vs Colorado (Basketball) - Norman
Jan.14 CSU vs Kansas (Basketball) - Stillwater
Jan.14 CSU vs NWSC (Basketball) - Edmond
Jan.15 Oilers vs Blakers (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Jan.15-20 Oklahoma State Fair Show - Tulsa
Jan.16 Blakers vs Albuquerque (ice hockey) - Oklahoma City
Jan.17-19 Int/'l Antiques Show - Tulsa
Jan.17-20 4th Annual Boat Sport & Travel Show - Tulsa
Jan.17-20 Home and Garden Show (Myriad) - Oklahoma City
Jan.18 Blakers vs Tulsa (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Jan.18 Cameron vs SWSC (Basketball) - Lawton
Jan.18 NECS vs OSU (Basketball) - Tahlequah
Jan.18 CSU vs Panhandle (Basketball) - Ada
Jan.18 CSU vs NWSC (Basketball) - Edmond
Jan.19 Oilers vs Blakers (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Jan.19-20 Int/'l Appalachian Horse Show - Tulsa
Jan.20 Oilers vs Oklahoma (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Jan.20 Tulsa vs West Texas (Basketball) - Tulsa
Jan.20 Blakers vs Fort Worth (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Jan.20/21 Oklahoma City Symphony - Oklahoma City
Jan.21-22 Violinist, Miriam Fried & Philharmonic - Tulsa
Jan.22 Cameron vs SESC (Basketball) - Lawton
Jan.22 CSU vs ECSC (Basketball) - Edmond
Jan.22 SWSC vs NESC (Basketball) - Weatherford
Jan.22-27 Disney en Parade - Tulsa
Jan.23 OCU vs TU-Arlington (Basketball) - Oklahoma City
Jan.25 NECS vs Cameron (Basketball) - Tahlequah
Jan.25 GBU vs CSU (Basketball) - Shawnee
Jan.25 ECSC vs OSU (Basketball) - Ada
Jan.25-26 JC Track Meet (Myriad) - Oklahoma City
Jan.26 OU vs Kansas (Basketball) - Norman
Jan.26 OSU vs Nebraska (Basketball) - Stillwater
Jan.26 ECSC vs NWSC (Basketball) - Ada
Jan.26 OC vs Georgia (Basketball) - Oklahoma City
Jan.26 GBU vs Cameron (Basketball) - Shawnee
Jan.26 OU vs Nebraska (Basketball) - Norman
Jan.26-27 Community Concert - Lawton
Jan.29-Feb.3 Disney en Parade (Myriad) - Oklahoma City
Feb.1 SWSC vs Phillips (Basketball) - Weatherford
Feb.1 Tulsa vs St Louis (Basketball) - Tulsa
Feb.1 Cameron vs CSU (Basketball) - Lawton
Feb.2 TCOS Speech Tournament (CSU) - Edmond
Feb.2 Cameron vs Phillips (Basketball) - Ada
Feb.2 SWSC vs CSU (Basketball) - Weatherford
Feb.2 ECSC vs SWSC (Basketball) - Ada
Feb.2 Tulsa vs Drake (Basketball) - Tulsa
Feb.3 Tulsa vs Oklahoma (Basketball) - Tulsa
Feb.3.5 Supranova Lara Barlov & Symphony - Oklahoma City
Feb.4 GBU vs OCC (Basketball) - Oklahoma City
Feb.4 Supranova Nancy Shade & Philharmonic - Tulsa
Feb.4 Mobile Home & Recreation Vehicle Show - Tulsa
Feb.8 Cameron vs Panhandle (Basketball) - Lawton
Feb.8 Blakers vs Albuquerque (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Feb.8 SWSC vs NWSC (Basketball) - Oklahoma City
Feb.8 Oilers vs Dallas (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Feb.8 ECSC vs OBU (Basketball) - Ada
Feb.8 Phillips vs CSU (Basketball) - Enid
Feb.8-10 Car Show (Myriad) - Oklahoma City
Feb.9 ECSC vs Langston (Basketball) - Ada
Feb.9 OSU vs Kansas (Basketball) - Stillwater
Feb.9 Oilers vs Fort Worth (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Feb.9 SWSC vs Panhandle (Basketball) - Weatherford
Feb.9-10 Art Faculty Show (Cameron) - Lawton
Feb.10 Blazers vs Dallas (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Feb.10 Tulsa vs Memphis State (Basketball) - Tulsa
Feb.11-12 Art Faculty Show (Mariani)
Feb.12 SWSC vs Bethany Nazarene (Basketball) - Weatherford
Feb.12 Oilers vs Oklahoma (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Feb.14 OCU vs ORU (Basketball) - Oklahoma City
Feb.15 SWSC vs Cameron (Basketball) - Weatherford
Feb.15 Oilers vs Albuquerque (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Feb.15 Panhandle vs CSU (Basketball) - Goodwell
Feb.15 ECSC vs NESC (Basketball) - Ada
Feb.16 OSU vs Oklahoma (Basketball) - Norman
Feb.16 Ernest Tubb and Cal Smith - Tulsa
Feb.16 NWSC vs CSU (Basketball) - Alva
Feb.16 Blakers vs Oilers (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Feb.17 Tulsa vs Fort Worth (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Feb.17 Oilers vs Dallas (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Feb.17 Blakers vs Omaha (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Feb.17-18 Oklahoma City Symphony - Oklahoma City
Feb.17 OSU vs Missouri (Basketball) - Stillwater
Feb.19 Planet Malcolm Frager & Philharmonic - Tulsa
Feb.19 Band Concert (CSU) - Edmond
Feb.20 OCU vs Harris Simms (Basketball) - Oklahoma City
Feb.22 Phillips vs SWSC (Basketball) - Edmond
Feb.22 Oilers vs Blakers (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Feb.22 CSU vs Cameron (Basketball) - Edmond
Feb.22-23 Stitch-A-Rama (fancy sewing) - Tulsa
Feb.23-24 Musical Festival (CSU) - Edmond
Feb.25 "Effects of Gamma Rays . . . " (Little Theatre) - Tulsa
Feb.25-26 Musical Festival (CSU) - Edmond
Feb.26-27 Musical Festival (CSU) - Edmond
Feb.27 Musical Festival (CSU) - Edmond
Feb.28-29 March Musical Festival (CSU) - Edmond
Feb.29-30 March Musical Festival (CSU) - Edmond
Mar.1 Blazers vs Dallas (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Mar.1 Oilers vs Albuquerque (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Mar.1 Ballet 74 - Tulsa
Mar.1 Specialty Dog Shows - Oklahoma City
Mar.1 Blakers vs Blakers (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Mar.1 All Breed Dog Show - Oklahoma City
Mar.1 Harmony on Parade (SPEBSQSA) - Lawton
Mar.2 Tulsa vs Wichita State (Basketball) - Tulsa
Mar.3 Planet一大 House of Dichter & Symphony - Oklahoma City
Mar.4 OU vs Missouri (Basketball) - Norman
Mar.4 OSU vs Iowa State (Basketball) - Stillwater
Mar.4-5 Baritone Brent Ellis & Philharmonic - Tulsa
Mar.5 Black Students Art Show - Oklahoma City
Mar.5 Old Bergen Art Guild Exhibit (NEO) - Miami
Mar.5 Blakers vs Oklahoma (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Mar.5 OU vs Iowa State (Basketball) - Norman
Mar.5 Oklahoma City Symphony & CSU Choir - Edmond
Mar.5 Clarinetist Pete Fountain & Philharmonic - Lawton
Mar.5 OSU vs OU (Basketball) - Stillwater
Mar.5 Blakers vs Oilers (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Mar.10 Blazers vs Fort Worth (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Mar.12 Oilers vs Fort Worth (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Mar.13-14 Sport Boat & Travel Show (Myriad) - Oklahoma City
Mar.14-16 Faculty Art Show - Cameron - Lawton
Mar.15 Rumanian Ballet - Lawton
Mar.16 Heart Ball - Tulsa
Mar.16-17 Indian Territory Gun Show - Tulsa
Mar.17,19 "Stars of Tomorrow" & Symphony - Oklahoma City
Mar.20 Blakers vs Omaha (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Mar.22 Old Bergen Art Guild Exhibit (NEO) - Miami
Mar.22 Inl'T Pro Track Meet (Myriad) - Oklahoma City
Mar.22 Oilers vs Dallas (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Mar.22-23 State Speech Tournament (CSU) - Edmond
Mar.23 Blakers vs Blakers (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Mar.25 "Callist Lawrence & Philharmonic - Tulsa
Mar.26 Blakers vs Albuquerque (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
Mar.26 Pianist John Biggs (Cameron) - Lawton
Mar.23 Blakers vs Fort Worth (Ice Hockey) - Oklahoma City
Mar.30 Blakers vs Oilers - Oklahoma City
Mar.30 Art Festival (CSU) - Edmond
Mar.30 Miss Lawton Pageant - Lawton
Mar.31 Men's Bowling Tournament - Tulsa
Mar.31 Oilers vs Fort Worth (Ice Hockey) - Tulsa
The Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge was a precursor of today's land and wildlife ecology, for it was the first national area so set aside, by the United States Congress in 1901, and by President Theodore Roosevelt, who in 1905 designated the area a game preserve by presidential proclamation. Since most Oklahomans have visited the Wichita Mountains we will not waste words in an attempt to describe their allure. Rather we will rest our case on the photographic evidence here presented, and on the testimony of a respected Oklahoma jurist, Judge Albert S. Gilles, Sr., of Norman. Judge Gilles came to the Wichita Mountain area as a 14-year-old boy, in 1902. So, here, seen through the eyes of youth, are the Wichitas.

by Albert S. Gilles, Sr.

I had my first glimpse of the Wichita Mountains, just as dusk was settling down, the first or second day of March 1902. It was spectacular. They were ablaze from the east, and westward as far as we could see. My parents and I had arrived in Lawton, Oklahoma Territory, one half of it tent town still, on our way to our new home. We arranged for sleeping in a tent pitched on the north boundary — now what would be the north side of Gore Avenue and Fifth.

Apparently it was level prairie from where we stood outside the tent to where the mountains rose abruptly. My mental image of the uplift, to the west, is of three ridges and two valleys. We could see fire on the mountains' sides, and there was a reflecting

COLOR PHOTOS BY PAUL E. LEFEBVRE
glow coming from the bottoms of the valleys, lighting the sides of the mountains, far greater than the light from the fires we could see.

This was due, I am sure to the dry grass and leaves being more plentiful in the valley than on the hillsides. All cattle had been removed from the land to be opened for settlement, and from the mountain area. The weather had been seasonable, a good crop of Mesquite and Grama grasses had matured on the stem. Now it was spring, and dry, and the whole area waiting for a fire to happen.

The four days we waited for our freight to catch up with us, the spectacle continued. By day the mountains were obscured by smoke. The fire set off a glow by night, as it moved westward. Fire remained in the valleys to outline the ridges.

We loaded out the freight wagons one evening, and rolled early the next morning. I went with the wagons, dad and mother came later on the mail hack. Our destination was an inland town approximately ten miles from the east end of the mountains. The fire was still progressing west, but the next morning a front moved in bringing thunderstorms and rain. The fire was put out.

Following the rains the prairie became an emerald carpet. The wild flowers seemed to race across the prairie, as though each wanted to be the first to bloom. Knowledgeable botanists say 266 varieties escaped the homesteaders' breaking plows and over-pasturing, and found a home in the mountain fastness.

Our little town, Faxon, was on a bit of a ridge. Every direction we looked, excepting north, gave the impression that the prairie was endless. Ten miles to the north, spring, summer, and early fall, stretched a bank of blue haze. We could see the mountains themselves only after a sky cleansing rain; then the sun came out, there was the green of the mountain grasses and the trees. Next morning, when the sun came up there would be a line of blue haze only. Occasionally, when the atmosphere was still, the tops of Mt. Scott and Mt. Sheridan would thrust up above the haze . . . islands in a blue sea. With the coming of winter and its cold northers the haze disappeared; the long stretch of the granite uplift was once more its Majestic Self.

In time I learned a little of the geology of the Wichitas. Some consider them the oldest mountains in the world. They were thrown up from the midst of a great inland sea. Dur-
ing the passing of countless millenia, these great mountains weathered away. In the process they buried themselves, filling in the great sea with their debris. What remains are the tops and cores of a once towering range.

Everything within their ken is of their own begetting. The red soil, turned over by the homesteader's plow, is disintegrated granite. Oil geologists named the bed of the great sea, north and west of the mountains, the Anadarko basin. Thirty miles to the north, drilling in the Elk City field, granite was encountered first at 6500 feet. It contained a bountiful supply of natural gas. Wells drilled to a depth of more than three miles have failed to find the basic granite. This basin extends for hundreds of miles northwestward, across the Texas and Oklahoma panhandles, and into Kansas. It has been a prolific producer of oil and gas.

A number of beautiful streams break from the Wichita's granite uplift, but my favorite is West Cache Creek. Judging from its valley, considerable water must have flowed for many years down the creek's course, on the way to the Red River. Then it seems to have narrowed down to a stream 150 to 200 feet wide. This would have been a vigorous stream for a long period. It cut a gorge 20 or more feet deep, with straight up and down banks.

Then over a long period of time the flow lessened. Clean, light tan, granite sand was deposited in large quantities in the gorge. By the time I saw it, at normal flow the water held a series of pools. Many were quite deep, and connected at either end with the adjacent pools. If the connection was narrow the water would be two to three feet deep and run swiftly. Other connections were wide and shallow. Granite sand is never quicksand. It will hold you up, whether dry or wet. Besides the surface flow, a great amount of water must have been flowing through the sand.

The banks were lined with healthy elm and other native trees. Underbrush was limited, probably due to prairie fires and the nibbling of deer, antelope, and wild horse herds during the winter months. It is my thought the stream was an excellent example of what nature can do if she is not interfered with.

The wild herds of buffalo, horses, deer and antelope, drank only of its water, and rubbed against its trees. The Indian watered his horse and bathed only—never disturbed the fish.
The stream was teeming with blue channel cat and perch. Some pools extended from bank to bank, some lay along one bank or the other. There was always the clean sand beach, inviting one to fish, swim or picnic.

Lawton constructed a dam across Medicine Creek at the foot of Mount Scott for its first permanent water supply. The resulting lake is called Latonka. Near the dam and the lake's

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**THE WICHITA MOUNTAINS**

*Early days in Medicine Park.*

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*Photo courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma.*
eastern shore, a resort settlement was established. It is called Medicine Park and came into being about the time of Statehood. Blessed by wonderful natural scenery, excellent fishing and swimming facilities, it was a popular resort from the start and continues to grow.

I left the southwest country near the first day of August, 1907, and so am unable to give a first hand account of a momentous occasion . . . the establishing in the Wildlife Refuge of the first herd of American Bison for the purpose of preserving the species.

The buffalo were donated by the American Bison Society, secured from the New York Zoological Society. Congress appropriated $15,000 for moving the great beasts and for fencing 59,000 acres to contain them and other forms of wildlife.

When it came time for the buffalo to arrive from the East, hundreds of homesteaders, ranchers, cowboys, frontiersmen, and Indians gathered at the depot in Cache, the nearest rail point to the mammoth ruminates’ future home.

The express company had furnished two Ames Palace Horse Cars for the buffalos’ comfort, and they were drawn by the fastest passenger trains on their journey. A great many Indians, especially the Kiowas and Comanches whose reservation had included this area, were there to greet them.

The warrior groups were now all old men, some tottery, others nearly blind. Their quavery voices raised in tribal songs as they saw the buffalo, the life-sustaining buffalo, a sacred animal to them, a creature they had now not seen for more than thirty years. Tears ran down the faces of many. The buffalo, the Comanche’s Coth-Cho, the Kiowa’s Aunga-Pingea, had returned to its native land.

This herd was so successful that three other herds have been established. Each fall the buffalo are rounded up, culled, and the surplus sold at auction. In 1917, elk from the Jackson Hole country were placed in the preserve. A 300 head herd of longhorn cattle was established in 1927. Each year these herds must be thinned so as not to overstock the graze, native range grasses growing just as they did before the settlers came.

In 1970 a section of the reserve, an especially rugged spot, was set aside as a wilderness area and given the name Charoms Garden. Thousands of buffalo, deer, elk, longhorn cattle now roam the Wildlife Refuge. The many lakes of the area, among them Lake Elmer Thomas, Lost Lake, Crater Lake, Treasure Lake, Lake Quanah Parker, attract ever increasing thousands of travelers each year, so many that there is now talk of somehow limiting the use of the area to be certain that it is able to adhere to its primary purpose—that of being a wildlife refuge.
This is a story of a con man.
No City Slicker.
No fast-talking carney.
But a Pawnee Indian.

He, like some other Indians, traveled with the Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill Wild West Show in the early years of this century. The combined shows toured big cities with cowboys, Indians, cowgirls, Mexican vaqueros, covered wagons and stagecoaches. In the arena the Indians brought spectators to their feet by chasing buffalo from horseback. They sparkled with colorful war dances. From New York to Denver, from tanbark to tanbark, thundering hooves, gunfire and war-whooping Indians thrilled thousands.

This story takes place in New York City while the show played at Madison Square Garden. Indian performers were looking after the paint ponies at the chutes while waiting to go on. Many people had seen them that day on parade and on a tour at Coney Island. The Paleface cliff dwellers had their curiosity up.

In full regalia, the Indians groomed the horses and combed out cockle burs. They painted the cockle burs white for ornaments and saved strands of horse hair for weaving hat bands. During breaks the Pawnee Indians smoked pipes of roasted sumac leaves mixed with Bull Durham. Always, they saved the Durham sacks with cigarette papers.

Now City Slickers from a fancy speak-easy came to the chutes to entice an Indian over for a few drinks and to make sport of him. A full blood Pawnee wearing war paint, eagle feathers, beaded leggings, breechcloth, dance-bells and a colorful shirt went along. Remembering instructions from Pawnee Bill about not speaking English while on tour, the Pawnee made sign-talk only.

At the bar he was inundated with drinks. There was heckling. The leader of the White-eyes was a redheaded bartender in a silk vest with garters on his sleeves. He wore a mustache. His red hair, parted in the middle, swooped like the wings of a Redtail hawk. He eyed the Indian and twisted his mustache to the thoughts of Lo, the poor Redman.

"Down the hatch, Chief!"
"Skoal, Chief!"
"Bottoms up, Chief!"

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By Brummett Echohawk who is a Pawnee himself
Reprinted by permission of the Sunday magazine of the Tulsa World.
Lo, the poor Redman!

But the Chief wasn't born yesterday, nor was he a reservation Redman. He had gone to school at Carlisle in Pennsylvania. Palled with Jim Thorpe. Knew the King's English. And he knew his way around.

He went along with the party. But he made sure all drank when he did. When a heckler hesitated, the Redskin in war paint and feathers glared at him, making the Paleface feel like Gen. George A. Custer himself.

When the party had a glow on, the Pawnee opened a beaded pipe bag. In broken English he asked for a saucer of water. Curious, the bartender obliged. The Indian took strands of horse hair from the bag and dropped one into the saucer of water. Folding his arms across his chest, like he had seen Indians do in William S. Hart pictures, he told the house that he was a medicine man with heap magic. "Hair turn to snake!" he bellowed.

All eyes focused on the thick strand of hair in the saucer of water. Soon it moved. Then the hair wiggled, twitched and appeared to swim. Jaws dropped. The bartender snapped the garters on his sleeves. Men crowded forward. It swam. They all saw it. Then another hair and another serpent.

The city slickers had never seen Indians before. Oh, they had read James Fenimore Cooper, and about Pocahontas saving What's-his-name, but this Indian was something else. They beheld him as Pharoah did Moses.

Then the Pawnee removed from the bag white cockle burs, freshly painted. He held them delicately in the palms of his hands and said they were porcupine eggs, then invented a legend about them. He added a sales pitch: a sales pitch that could have brought about the sale of Manhattan Island again. The Pawnee sold the cockle burs for a dollar apiece. They went like Osage oil leases.

The befeathered Indian then took the sumac leaves and sold sparing handfuls for two dollars. His sales pitch: genuine Indian health tobacco guaranteed to keep you young. As a giant savings, he filled the Bull Durham sacks for a higher price. The house buzzed with excitement. The bartender fingered his mustache.

Now the full blood Indian deftly wrapped strands of horse hair in Bull Durham cigaret papers. With the drama of John Barrymore on opening night, he presented the packets as do-it-yourself-snake-making kits. They sold like hot cakes.

As a finale, the crafty Redskin took an eagle feather from his headdress and placed it on a table. He borrowed a pocket knife, dramatically then lifted his eyes and spoke, "Aw-kuh, Chatickstakah!" which means loosely "good grief, White Man!"

For all the captivated audience knew the words could have meant Open Sesame or Open Red Sea.

He bent down, putting his face close to the feather. He pointed the knife blade at the tip of the feather. The Indian kept talking and slowly moved the blade. The feather jerked then crept to the blade. Wherever the bronze hand moved the blade the eagle feather danced and followed as though magnetized.

The White-eye audience oh'ed and ah'ed.

The redhaired bartender stroked the wings of his hair with amazement.

The Indian erected himself, filled the beaded bag with greenbacks and silver dollars, then cut out, leaving a spellbound audience.

The hour was late. While the Oklahoman Indian had been busy doing his thing, the show had left for Pittsburgh. He moccasined to Brooklyn and got in touch with the Mohawk Indians, some of whom had been his Carlisle schoolmates. They put him on a crack passenger train to Pittsburgh in time for the next show.

Back in Pawnee, Okla., the Indians chuckled over this for years. So did Pawnee Bill and his cowboys when they got wind of it. It was one time the Indians and cowboys were on the same side; for both knew that a strand of horse hair will wiggle when soaked. When soaked in water the segments form air pockets which collapse erratically, animating the hair with a twitching motion like a wiggling snake. And it takes no heap magic to make an eagle feather become "magnetized" to a knife blade. One merely diverts attention while he blows an undetected breath through half closed lips. All feathers are designed to trap air; so it moves. Big deal.

So it was when the Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill Wild West Show came to New York. Thousands thrilled and remembered. And so will a few City Slickers and a redhaired bartender, who paid a price for "porcupine eggs," Indian health tobacco and a do-it-yourself-snake-making kit.
BY GARY LANTZ

On the north rim of Black Mesa a single twisted cedar hangs out over six-hundred dizzy feet to the plain below. The wood is gray, coarse, cracked. You can touch it and feel great age. The tree is like the land that wends with the Cimarron River. Wind-raked, age-tempered, tenacious, beautiful.

The top of Black Mesa is flat and wide. Cactus is rooted in the black volcanic rock spewn from a cone rising skyward forty miles west. North is a line of mesas and ridges. West, the forever stretching Staked Plain. Carrizo Creek cuts deep into Kenton Valley.

Kenton, almost a ghost town, is gathered in the shadow of Black Mesa. Adobe walls, fallen down. A general store among scattered dwellings. On a cold day slow columns of smoke curl into the air.

Driving east past trails left by dinosaurs and petroglyphs carved by prehistoric men, the rocks are weathered, shaped for fantasy, imposing in evening light, like the temples of Druid priests, Mayan altars, Aztec sacrificial tables.

Past ranch houses, winter-haired horses, a lone traveling coyote. It is a sparsely settled country and the yellow light from evening windows suggests another world, of warmth in family’s gathering.

Campers rest in Black Mesa State Park where the waters of Lake Carl Etling are deep and cold. Mornings are chill in this high country. The road crosses the old Santa Fe Trail and turns parallel to the now distant Cimarron Valley.

On this wide plain cactus, sage, and yucca predominate. There is a feeling of eternity.

Boise City is a tidy high plains town with a courthouse square. Friendly, out-going people live there. Cropland to the east is rich, green with growing winter wheat. East to Guymon the land across which you drive is a huge saucer-illusion, limited only by the encircling far horizon. The roads, the telephone lines, give perspective and direction.

Guymon, an attractive city, is filled with the plainsman’s particular aura of pride. Great feedlots are here. It
Grasslands blow in the wind, brown-pink grass scattered in knee-deep bunches.

This is the place to see the sweep of the old buffalo pasture, and imagine the migrant moving of the plains Indians.

In Cheyenne Town, just here, are turn-of-the-century brick buildings, wide western streets, horses, dogs, booted men wearing wide-brimmed hats, and the Black Kettle Museum, built to tell the story of this Cheyenne tragedy in the Indian War of one-hundred years ago.

East toward Clinton and Weatherford, rough-twisted oaks run with the slashes in the land. Steep hogbacks, sharp rising hills, red sandrock ridges, give character to this land formed by wind and rain. Cedar-gypsum canyons slide through the northward rising Blaine Escarpment. The canyon walls of the reappearing Cimarron are high, white, and weathered. Fertile wheatland blends into barbwire fenced cattle range. Towns are distant from each other, and at night, seen from afar, appear as torch-carrying, gathering crowds.

is a cattle center for the Southwest and in years of normal rainfall a place of bumper harvests.

The sweep of the plains as you continue east from Guymon provides the illusion of height, as if the world were a platform or a stage and you are at its center. Just north is Beaver, the capital of old No Man's Land, and the Beaver River, drifting among its sand dunes, only a little more vagrant than the nearby tracks of the old Katy Railroad.

South the countryside drops into rolling grassy hills. Past Shattuck and Annett, a long descent into the valley of the South Canadian. The Antelope Hills, seen at great distance to the West, were guideposts for centuries.

It is quiet now among the cottonwoods of the old Cheyenne camp on the Washita River. These standing redstone bluffs watched Custer attack Black Kettle's people here a century ago.

There is the Battle of the Washita monument, overlooking the river and the white-barked trees, the red-knolled hills. The Black Kettle National

The sage sandhills near Woodward still seem to retain the feel of cattle drives and covered wagons. The sage is sunlit-silver, among it the brown buffalo grass. An ear turned to the wind during early spring thunder can imagine it is from the approaching hooves of the thundering herd instead of weather.

All throughout northwest Oklahoma is the influence of the Cimarron and her sisters, the Canadian Rivers. The great sand dunes of Little Sahara State Park are testimonials to the river and the wind. Their antithesis recurs in the bare scrubbed walls of canyons sliced down through hills to the riverbottom floor.

The Great Salt Plains, luminescent-white at distances, have the visual impact of a sea. This precious salt was the gold of history. Farther north, just below the Cimarron Salt Plain called by President Jefferson "The Great Salt," lies the little cowtown of Freedom, a working model for a western movie with rough-hewn plank false-fronted stores in everyday use.

Continued on page thirty
### In Red Carpet Country

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Check the quarterly Oklahoma Today Calendars of Events for rodeos, pow wows, fairs, and all the variety of events of spring, summer and autumn in Red Carpet Country. In our future calendars you'll find the exact dates of these events.

**APRIL**
- Rattlesnake Roundup
- World Championship Cow Chip Throwing
- Easter Pageant
- Spring Trail Ride
- Rattlesnake Hunt
- Laverne Downs Horse Racing
- Spring Air Show
- Okeene
- Beaver
- Kenton
- Watonga
- Waynoka
- Laverne
- Weatherford
- Enid
- Lake Canton
- Guymon

**JUNE**
- Grand Prix Sports Car Racing
- Ponca City

**JULY**
- Little Sahara Dune Buggy Races
- Waynoka
- Waukomis

**AUGUST**
- Old Cowhands Reunion
- Canton
- Cheyenne-Arapaho Indian Celebration
- Harvest Festival
- Freedom

**SEPTEMBER**
- Little Sahara Dune Buggy Races
- Waynoka
- Ponca City
- Enid
- Perry
- Ponca City

**NOVEMBER**
- Fly-In
- Fairview
Red Carpet Country

Great Bluffs line the river south of here, canyons of alabaster and gypsum, deep cut and cedar beautiful. Cross the bridge spanning the Cimarron south of Freedom and climb to a highway that lines the top of the plain.

It is a sky-touching road, cloud-soft in summer and cold-blown in winter.

From it wander down to Alabaster Caverns, hidden in the earth. The cave leads through pink alabaster chambers, from which bats still burst into summer evening skies.

South of Waynoka are the dunes. They pile up, a desert pushed out from the Cimarron. A desert that though quiet seeming, is never still. It is always building and shifting, moving at the mercy of the wind. At night the sand glares, in the flare of road lights, showing scars where it has been pushed and shoved away, thwarted from its plan to cover the highway. The sand bends into grotesque patterns before the alien auto lights, inert, eerie and lonely, in the night.

Throughout this area the weather is a sculptor. The Glass Mountains are gypsum-tinted and brightly hued. Red as the back of a Hereford steer, grown through with green mesquite. Great carvings are these hills. The supple hand of nature has pushed them up into pillars and tables, camelbacks, elephant spines. They are organ pipes, and edged profiles of men. Each eye can find its own myth in these ancient hills, and remark the bleak, red, wild uninhibited countryside.

On then toward Enid, past an old settler's still-standing sod house, into the wheat country. It is deep brown in summer, green in winter, an illusory sweep, a remembrance of the sea. This earth, once firmly bound in deep sod, is man-tempered, a country of grain and combines. The combines, huge and air-conditioned for comfort, spew chaff into the early summer air and the bright grain flows like a fountain, trucked and rising, rising, rising, to fill the high elevators. Food to feed a continent, where the land is wisely used.

Then on towards Ponca City and oil, through this growing land of wheat and petroleum, cattle and feed and silage grains. Of independent men, who turn a natural and curious eye towards the sky at morning. Men who have known disaster from storm, wind, rain... gamblers all.

Ponca City is prefaced by a chessboard on which the pieces are oil tanks and refineries. Ponca City is a community of mansions and money, clean and progress-oriented, cosmopolitan, adjoining rangeland from which the Wild West shows of the 101 Ranch rode forth half-a-century ago.

A brilliant and emotionally evocative bronze statue guards the town. The wind blown and resolute woman of the frontier striding through life beside the youthful awe of her progeny. And in the statue is all the aggressive vitality and freedom of Red Carpet Country. A big land, too tempestuous to be bridled. But men and women who have roots there understand this. They have worked with the land and won its friendship. Their spirits fly on the same wings.
What's so odd about a watch fixer turning sculptor?

Nothing really. Both skills would seem to require steady hands and a good eye. But there's something more: what about the other abilities an artist ought to have such as imagination, dimension, proportion and such?

Jack Riley was an art student during the late 30s at Southwestern State College. He met the girl he wanted to marry in a Weatherford jewelry store. Times were tough and making a living from art even tougher. The jeweler offered Jack a job if he would go to watchmaking school. It was before SWC had an horology school so off he went to Kansas City.

He married Evva Kelley in 1940, and worked six months in the store before going off to the navy. He was aboard the Hornet, America's first aircraft carrier, when Brig. Gen. Jimmie Doolittle surprised the Japanese mainland with B-25s in 1943. Later the Hornet was sunk in the Battle of Santa Cruz. Jack was one of the survivors who was sent back to the states.

After WWII he picked up the watchmaking trade again. He and Evva were admiring the western bronze sculptures of Remington and Russell at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in 1966. "I sure wish I owned one," Jack said. "Why don't you just make one," she challenged.

He decided he'd try to rekindle the art talents he hadn't used in nearly 30 years. Even though he had no training in sculpturing. Indians, cowboys, and horses have always been his other love. After some sketching, Jack began transferring his ideas to clay. Early Riley statuary was crude but several cuts above the novice. He picked up some roadside gypsum near Southard to try that medium. The reddish gypsum was tough but worked well wet. He returned to clay and learned to make casts of the figures he'd done. Using liquid stone Jack could make several copies of the original.

Wanting finer detail he next turned to wax. Fixing watches days he found cutting wax nights and weekends was relaxing. It began to produce prizes at art shows and growing financial reward. Several admirers commissioned him to do specific figures, mostly westerns but occasionally something like a country baseball pitcher.

By this time Jack had heard of Bill Sowell of Pawhuska and his Turkey Track Foundry in nearby
Sculptor Nelagoney. A sculptor himself, Sowell has developed casting bronze art equal to foundries in the east. Figures up to ten or so inches can be cast solid. Larger ones are shell cast, a technique at which Sowell also excels.

But back to the wax. Chunks of brown wax are cut with a hot knife until the figure begins to take shape. Then it is melted down to fine detail with a soldering iron. Breaks and mistakes are heated back in place.

It looks easy, depending on who's handling the iron. Silica gel is spread over the finished piece to form the first mold. Around its rubbery outside a plaster "mother mold" is formed to support the inner detail mold. Cut in half and separated from the original wax figure the mold is ready to be poured.

Jack limits the casts he has made of each figure to about 15, at most 25. "By then I'm tired of working over the same thing but making several copies keeps the price down," he says.

There are more resident artists in Oklahoma than one would imagine. They have a problem selling their work. Most art appreciators think they have to go to Taos to buy western art. Seeking to solve this demand, Jack Riley with other sculptors and painters have formed the "Oklahoma Western Artists Association." They are seeking to set up a full-time gallery, perhaps in Oklahoma City.

Talent and imagination, magnetized by the allure of ghost town buildings, have created a foundry in Nelagoney, once an oil boom supply town in the Osage Hills.

The Turkey Track Bronze Works is an art colonization in ghosted shells of buildings that once housed a grocery and supply store, a drug store, and a feed store of the early 1900s. Located six miles southeast of Pawhuska, on the banks of the Sassy Calf Creek, where the Katy and Midland Valley railroads cross, Nelagoney faded with the oil boom.

Now esthetic castings in bronze are produced there by Bill Sowell, formerly an art instructor at Texas Tech, a former student, Andy Caire, and Tom Proctor, as they duplicate the sculpted expressions of Oklahoma artists and sculptors throughout the nation.

The ghosts of the 1900s are going to be further stimulated with excitement as the dreams of these young men for a design studio and a furniture and plastics shop become reality.

... Irene Lefebvre
4-H WINS AGAIN

Our Oklahoma youngsters’ domination of each year's National 4-H Club Congress has become such a regular occurrence that there is danger we may come to view their triumphs with a ho-hum attitude. Let's not!

No trophies, athletic or otherwise, that Oklahomans win are more important. Our 4-H team is number one in the nation, and there can be no doubt about that. No opinion poll by any group is involved. It is strictly scored, and Oklahoma's team simply beat everyone in sight.

California came in second. Indiana was third.

In their triumphs, our Oklahoma team earned a total of $18,600 in college scholarships. Here are our Oklahoma winners along with their hometowns:

- Amber: Kathy Jackson
- Apache: Jennifer Jackson
- Billings: Druann McCluskey, Paula Schnaithman
- Burlington: Gwen Shaw
- Burns Flat: Ronny Scott
- Canute: Glee Dale
- Cherokee: Suzanne Roush
- Chickasha: Mark Van Schuyver
- Cordell: Brent Barnes
- Coyle: Debra Harris
- Cushing: Sheree Kinzie
- Delaware: Marci Yelton
- Duke: Joel Ballard
- Eldorado: Lynetta Freeman
- Erick: Randy Waters
- Fairview: Dana Dayton
- Felt: Cam Foreman
- Fort Supply: Angie Franks
- Guymon: Robert Quinn
- Hooker: Lu Ann Fischer
- Kingfisher: Nancy Howell
- Leedey: Twylia Graybill
- Ninnekah: Leslie Moore
- Ninnekah: Nancy Van Pelt
- Oklahoma City: Susan Schiltz
- Okmulgee: Susan Legrand
- Pauls Valley: Susan Legrand
- Ponca City: Donnita Weinkauf
- Poteau: John J. B., Jr.
- Stillwater: Susan Legrand
- Tulsa: Donnita Weinkauf
- Watonga: Tom Cox

ON IMPRESSING OUR PEERS

It seems never to fail to impress the elite when we are able to persuade them to come see Oklahoma and get acquainted with Oklahomans. It happened again when writers and columnists from far away gathered in Tulsa, visited the Gilcrease Institute, the Will Rogers Memorial, the John Zink Ranch, and other places, in connection with a party to launch Robert Ketchum’s new book WILL ROGERS, The Man and His Times (pub. by McGraw-Hill, New York, $15).

OKLAHOMA’S FIRST CAPITAL BECOMES OKLAHOMA’S HISTORICAL CAPITAL

On the day that Oklahoma became a state, Nov. 16, 1907, the mock wedding of an Indian girl, symbolizing Indian Territory, and a cowboy, symbolizing Oklahoma Territory, was enacted on the Carnegie Library steps in Guthrie. On Statehood Day this year, on those same steps, that ceremony was re-enacted. The Indian girl this time was Miss Indian Oklahoma, Deana Harragarra, of Yukon. The cowboy was Oklahoma baseball star Bobby Mercer, who is seen more often in a New York Yankees’ baseball uniform.

On the great day in 1907 Dr. Hugh Scott was on hand monitoring a telegraph wire which had been extended to the library from the Santa Fe depot. When word was flashed over the wire that President Theodore
Roosevelt had signed Oklahoma's Statehood Proclamation. Dr. Scott walked out on the library portico and fired a pistol to signify that we had at that moment achieved statehood.

On Statehood Day this year Dr. Hugh Scott's son, Hugh Scott, who is circulation director of Oklahoma Today magazine, was present in Guthrie to repeat the symbolic pistol firing that more than half-a-century ago proclaimed statehood for Oklahoma.

Governor David Hall, present to speak to the citizenry gathered for this 1973 celebration of Statehood Day, proclaimed Guthrie Oklahoma's Historical Capital. The venerable Guthrie Carnegie Library has a handsome new Fred Pfeiffer Memorial wing. All is being developed as the Oklahoma Territorial Museum under the guidance of the Historical Society and the direction of artist-curator Fred Olds and his pretty wife Flora.

LT. COL. WILLIAM POGUE . . . SKYLAB

Skylab Astronaut Bill Pogue is a native of Okemah. He is a graduate of Oklahoma Baptist University, Shawnee. His wife is Helen Dittmar of Shawnee, and they have three children. Bill's masters degree was earned at Oklahoma State University, Stillwater. Col. Pogue has since taught math at the Air Force Academy, served as a test pilot in England, and instructed at the Aerospace Research Pilot School in California. He joined the space program in 1966 and was a member of the Apollo 7, 11, and 14 Astronaut Support Crews prior to space flight as one of the three-man crew of now orbiting Skylab 4.

AN ASTRONAUTICAL RECORD?

It is beginning to seem that as each new issue of Oklahoma Today comes out, Oklahoma has a new astronaut in space.

William R. Pogue, of Okemah, is the fourth Oklahoma Astronaut. First was Gordon Cooper, Shawnee. Next Thomas Stafford, Weatherford. Third, Owen Garriott, Enid.

Has any other state produced four astronauts? Three? Two? Has Oklahoma set another record? If so, how far out in front are we?

If another state has equaled Oklahoma in this regard, we ought to know, before we start getting too chesty!

A FINE WASHINGTON, D.C. MAP

The map portion on page 18 of our Autumn '73 Oklahoma Today is from the Washington, D.C. map prepared and copyrighted by the General Drafting Company, makers of fine maps, Covent Station, New Jersey. It is the most useable, graphic, and convenient map we've seen for use by the Washington traveler who is not familiar with that city. If you plan to visit Washington you surely should try to obtain a copy of this map by writing Exxon Touring Service, 1023 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.
NATIONAL FINALS RODEO
You'll be seeing the National Finals on ABC's Wide World of Sports in February. This year's finals were covered by Sports Illustrated and the French magazine Cheval among the host of national magazines, newspapers, wire services, television, radio, and motion picture crews here to cover the events. Rodeo attendance records were broken. KWTV's live telecast of the opening performance went out-of-state CBS stations. Country Music, USA, filmed highlights for their series beginning in January on NBC. The French Television Network was here to shoot coverage for later telecasts in France. Canada, France, England, and Germany are already booking package tours to attend next year's National Finals Rodeo.

CHAMPIONS CROWNED THIS YEAR ARE:
All-Around Championship Cowboy: Larry Mahan, Dallas, Texas.
Calf Roping: Ernie Taylor, Hugo, Oklahoma.
Team Roping: Leo Camarillo, Donald, Oregon.
Barrel Racing: Gail Petska, Tecumseh, Oklahoma.
Bull Riding: Bobby Steiner, Austin, Texas.

TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY
One of the most popular yarns we've ever spun, the railroad tale of the “Four-Hundred and Fogarty,” began this anniversary issue. It is followed by the story of Ardmore's Noble Foundation.
We spoke of golf in our Winter '63-'64 issue; picturing layouts of outstanding Oklahoma courses and reporting on national championship tournaments played on those courses. Oklahoma had at that time hosted all but two of the nation's major PGA and USGA golf tournaments.
Beautiful scenic pictures of Oklahoma were supplemented in the issue with an unusual display on the beauty of small things by Bess Taylor, of Cordell. Her gorgeous close-ups of tiny creatures are jewel-like.
H. C. Neal, writing under his “Jess Urkle” pen name reported that his banker had just absconded with $100,000 of the bank's funds which had created a problem in that they were having trouble trying to find someone to teach the guy's Sunday School class.
We included a rare photo of the young Belle Starr proving that in her youth she really was a beautiful girl, as contrasted to the crone she became in later years.
A note predicting success for a young O.C.U. pianist, Dave Black, is proving true—last we heard he was music director for the Bob Newhart Show.
Delbert Davis, primitive poet, gave us insight into our surroundings. Writing of the oil industry: “To reach to the earth's deep fissures As their grinding bits unlock The power of our mighty engines From the sands and folded rock...” are but four lines from an article constituted almost entirely of his poetry. Only thirty-two copies of this anniversary issue remain, available first come first served at $2.00 each, from Oklahoma Today, P. O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City 73105.
Maggie Culver Fry's THE ETERNAL FIRE rouses our deepest admiration for the Cherokee people as she recounts the bringing of that sacred flame across the Trail of Tears, never permitting it to be extinguished. As it had burned from its ancient source lost in the antiquity of Cherokee beginnings, it was brought to be the living fire of continuing life in the new Cherokee home in Oklahoma by the Keetoowah clan to whom the sacred mission was entrusted. To make the article yet more impressive it is illustrated, in symbolic mysticism, by the great Cherokee artist Willard Stone.

Winter Wheat
The soft bright green of winter wheat spreads smoothly far and wide; It stretches on from slope to slope like flowing brightening tide. The grazing cattle look neat-stitched on cloth of velvet sheen And whitest farmsteads look more white When winter wheat is green.

This historic home of Jim Thorpe is now open as a museum in Yale. In visiting it, you will be visiting the only home Jim Thorpe ever owned.
NEW BOOKS

STANLEY VESTAL by Ray Tassin, Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California, $11.00. The years may prove that Walter (Stanley Vestal) Campbell has won more recognition for Oklahoma than any other of her sons. He was an author of quality. His twenty-four books are authoritative on the American West. He was the first Rhodes Scholar from our then new state. His crowning achievement may have been his work as a teacher. His professional writing school at O.U. was beyond doubt the world's most successful. He literally showed the way to an uncounted number of those eager to learn to write. Without his guidance many of these might never have achieved publication. Any literary classic that flows from any of his former students is in part owing to the splendid teacher who showed the way. Time waits to see what may be forthcoming. The influence of Walter Campbell—whose pen name was Stanley Vestal—was, and will continue to be strongly felt in our literature. This is a fine biography, engrossingly written. Dr. Tassin has rendered a service of unusual merit in documenting for the record the accomplishments of this outstanding Oklahoman.

ENERGY UNDER THE OCEANS by Kash, White, and Others, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $20.00. An epic climax obviously approaches in our effort to produce essential energy and maintain a liveable environment. Since we must not fail in either regard we must have available all possible information, cogently assembled. Here is research on environmental factors involved in the production of oil and gas from the outer continental shelf. These hydrocarbons must be produced, and they must be produced safely. This is a timely study.

THE AMERICAN COWBOY by Harold McCracken, Doubleday & Co., $15.00. A well written narrative, illustrated with black and white drawings, photographs and full page color reproductions of paintings; Remington, Russell, Leigh, Clymer, Frank Tenney Johnson, Nick Eggenhoffer, others. Even the chapter headings tell a story; Not Folklore but History, Texas Longhorn Bonanza, The Chisholm Trail, The Cattle Barons, Causes for Conflict, Climax in Violence. Dr. McCracken, a sound historian, tells the story of the West in overview making that exciting era comprehensible.

THE CHEROKEE STRIP LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION Federal Regulation and the Cattleman's Last Frontier by William W. Savage, Jr., University of Missouri Press, Columbia, Missouri, $8.50. A fair and unbiased narrative of the struggles which resulted in the forming of the Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association, and the demise of same as the Cherokee Strip Run of 1893 became imminent. Well illustrated with photos of Cherokee tribal authorities, cattlemen, and land run boomers, all of the dramatis personae who contended and cooperated to create this unique western history. The typography of this small volume is unusually attractive adding to its readability. Both in its lively writing (by O.U. Press asst. editor William Savage, Jr.) and in its effective presentation by the University of Missouri Press, this book deserves special kudos.
HIDDEN TREASURE AT TULSA

The project was cleaning and renovating.

One of the paintings to be removed from its frame and placed in a new one by the Gilcrease Institute staff was George Catlin’s watercolor of Red Jacket, painted in New York in 1827. Director William Best is now proudly exhibiting the unexpected treasure discovered when the portrait was removed from the frame; on the back of Red Jacket’s portrait was a narrative, written by Catlin in his own hand and signed. The narrative relates the circumstances under which the painting was made, and, still in Catlin’s own hand, salient portions of the speech Red Jacket delivered on the occasion which inspired the painting.

"This portrait of Red Jacket was taken at Buffalo, in the year 1827, the next day after his celebrated speech to the Clergymen whom he there met to discuss the propriety of admitting missionaries to build Churches and to preach the Christian Religion, in his tribe.

"I was present at that interesting meeting, and the following is an extract from my notes of his speech then delivered, in presence of several thousand listeners, and published as full length in Thatcher's Indian Biography, pp. 288.

—Geo. Catlin

"'Brothers, you have got our country, but are not satisfied. You want to force your Religion upon us. Brothers — continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeable to his mind, and if we do not take hold of the Religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your Religion is written in a Book. If it was intended for us as well as for you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that Book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people.

Brothers — you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one Religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the Book?

Brothers — we do not understand these things. We were told that your Religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a Religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favours we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about Religion.

Brothers — the Great Spirit has made us all. But he has made a great difference between his Red and his White children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the Arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different Religion, according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied. We do not wish to destroy your Religion, or take it away from you. We only want to enjoy our own.’"
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.

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