If you want to turn your slide projector into a magic carpet tour of Oklahoma, and save that valuable seat No. 36, take some of this current issue. Their crystal-clear, 8 slides encased in clear plastic, are $2.75 for a set of 8, plus $1.50 for each additional 8. It is $1.50 for each additional 8. It takes just $1.50 to get your slide to you, after the old slides are taken, and encased in clear plastic, are $2.75 for a set of 8, plus $1.50 for each additional 8. It is $1.50 for each additional 8. It takes just $1.50 to get your slide to you, after the old slides are taken, and encased in clear plastic, are $2.75 for a set of 8, plus $1.50 for each additional 8. It is $1.50 for each additional 8.
TULSA—ALL AMERICA CITY

We have always known it, and it is high time for the rest of the world to find out that Tulsa is an All America City. Shining in the sunlight as if she had just been bathed in a pleasant shower of spring rain, Tulsa seems to us the personification of the “alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears” line in America the Beautiful.

Tulsa, in winning this year’s All America City title, is recognized for the continuing vitality of her civic activism, and for citizen capability in meeting pressing community problems. Tulsa keeps Tulsans involved. Their continuing and unceasing scrutiny of city needs produces a steady flow of ideas and action. Ideas and action have produced this honor, the title All America City for Tulsa, the largest American city so honored in this most recent competition.

WESTERN HERITAGE AWARDS

The Trustees’ Award of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center was presented this year to Korczak Ziolkowski who has undertaken the gigantean task of carving a mountain into a monument. The monument is to Ta Sunke Witko (Crazy Horse), renowned leader of the Sioux people. It is located in South Dakota’s Black Hills. Distinguished sculptor Ziolkowski received his Wrangler trophy from Master-of-Ceremonies Joel McCrea with two simple words, “Thank you.”

Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea presented Wrangler trophies to:

Elmer Kelton: Best Western Novel: The Time It Never Rained.
Keith Merrill: Best Feature Length Documentary Film: The Great American Cowboy.
Frank Getlein: Best Art Book: The Lure of the Great West.
Ellis Lucia and Mike Hanley: Best Regional History: Owyhee Trails.
N. Scott Momaday and David Munch: Best Photography Book: Colorado.
Spike Van Cleve: Best Magazine Article: Forty Years Gatherin’s.
Don Ornduff, author, and Robert Lougheed, artist: Best Non-Fiction Book: Bell Ranch As I Knew It.
Elmer Bernstein: Best Western Music: from the motion picture Cahill, U.S. Marshal.
Alfred Y. Allee: Texas Ranger: Trustees’ Award.
Carl G. Degen, Jr., director of the documentary film The Excavation of Mound Seven: Trustees’ Award.
Dimitri Tiomkin, composer of Western music for films: Trustees’ Award.
Howard Hawks, Western film director: Trustees’ Award.
Lute Short, Western author: Trustees’ Award.

Inducted into the Hall of Fame of Great Westerners were Col. Tim McCoy, cowboy turned actor; John Wayne, king of modern day cowboys; George T. Reynolds, Texas rancher; Willa Cather, Nebraska author; Jesse Chisholm, of Chisholm Trail fame; and E. K. Gaylord, editor and publisher.

Oklahoma Scrapbook
Oklahoma Scrapbook

CHEROKEE NATION INDUSTRIES

Formed in 1969, Cherokee Nation Industries manufactures equipment used by Bell Telephone and Western Electric. With two-hundred employees at two plants, one in Stilwell and one at Tahlequah, this wholly Indian owned and operated business divided a $17,000 profit bonus among its employees after its first year of operation. Following its second year a $31,000 bonus was similarly divided, on the basis of number of hours worked regardless of salary scale. Each employee received five shares of stock in the company in 1970, as a division of ownership. Cherokee Nation Industries is a substantial tax-paying corporation, a significant employer, and further proof that Indian owned and operated industry is a growing and creative economic force in Oklahoma.

MRS. DUNLAP AND THE DUNCAN D.A.R.

Initial Point, from which all Oklahoma land except the Panhandle is surveyed, is in the Arbuckle Mountains on the Lazy S Ranch. Mrs. Stuart Dunlap, retired Duncan history teacher and former diligent worker toward the installation of Duncan's handsome Chisholm Trail monument, felt that the Initial Point was an historic fact worthy of wider recognition. She presented the idea to the Duncan Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Most Oklahomans are aware of the Indian Meridian which runs north and south. Fewer have heard of the Indian Base Line. Both originate at the Initial Point. The Duncan D.A.R. adopted the Indian Base Line monument as a Bicentennial project.

The new Indian Base Line monument now stands in Duncan's Fuqua Park, on Highway 81. Winner of the 1974 First Place Award as a state Bicentennial project, the imposing monument is constructed of stones brought from the Arbuckle Mountain vicinity of the Initial Point: Woodford Chert, Hunter Lime of Sycamore Limestone, Reagan Sandstone of Cambrian classification, and Red Granite.

Here is a snapshot of the actual Initial Point from which, in fact, land as far north as the Dakotas has been surveyed. Interesting lore branches out from Initial Point. Perhaps the most important single spot in Oklahoma, few other than history buffs knew of its existence prior to the building of the Duncan monument. Twenty-nine townships north and nine south of the Indian Base Line; twenty-seven ranges east and twenty-six west of the Indian Meridian; each six-miles square originally containing a section of school land; all center on this point. The Initial Point was established in 1870. The 1866 Chickasaw-Choctaw Treaty which caused its establishment was the first public document in which the name "Oklahoma" appeared.

WESTERN RETIREMENT

I have ridden on the rails Of the city's cultured trails. I have wrangled lots of education too; I have seen the rosy side Of this flowin' human tide But I might as well admit that I am blue.

I don't want a stiffened collar Chokin' me until I holler; I don't want a servant just to shine my boots. I ain't soft and I ain't yellin' And I'm tellin' you young feller, That the good old West and I are in cahoots.

So I guess that I'm a ranger That is purty much a stranger To the art of usin' pussy-footin' ways. Guess I'm homesick for the graces Of the good old open spaces So I'm goin' there to finish up my days.

... O. K. Fannin

OLD FLINT DISTRICT COURT HOUSE

Just five miles southwest of Stilwell is an historic spot. This beautiful lonely knoll is the site of the Old Flint District Courthouse, a center of government for the Cherokee Nation. Flint District was one of the original eight districts laid out by the Cherokee Constitution of 1841. A ninth, Coweeescooee, was added later.

At once, after settling in new homes in what is now Oklahoma, the Cherokees began meeting at various homes to discuss the need for law to insure their peace and well-being.

According to stories handed down through old families, the Starrs, Fletchers, Adairs, Beans, and others, the first courthouse was constructed of hewn logs, on Sallisaw Creek near the branch of the old Military Road. The same sparkling, clear spring that furnished water for the old settlers of that day still furnishes water for today's families.

In 1970, the Adair County Cherokee Historical Society organized to build a replica of the historic old courthouse. The site is on tribal land leased to the Historical Society by the Indian Department. George Sunday, a Cherokee contractor, built the new log structure on the old foundation.

Plans are being made to open the
new building as a museum, containing the history of old families as well as artifacts.

Much of interest has come to light since the Society began research on the old building and the little town called Mayes that sprang up around the courthouse. There was a post office, a meeting place for the Masonic Lodge, as well as stores and other places of business.

Near the courthouse is a small neglected cemetery, the burial place of Judge Samuel Adair Bigby, of Flint District. The cemetery lies in a barn lot. Pleas have been made to clear the plot and restore the old graves.

The hanging tree, where lawbreakers paid for their crimes, was long ago cut down. Some say the original log courthouse burned, or was destroyed during the Civil War. A new one was rebuilt in 1883 by Act of Council. This building housed the meetings and trials of the Cherokees until 1902, when it was moved to Stillwell. Later this building was sold and torn down.

To preserve our heritage for posterity, the Adair County Cherokee Historical Society would like to contribute this effort to the celebration of the Bicentennial.

... Lucy Jane Makoske

OKLAHOMA AIR GUARD CHOSEN OUTSTANDING

The 137th Military Airlift Wing of the 21st Air Force was chosen this year for the Air Force Outstanding Unit Award in recognition of "outstanding service in flying missions from South America to the North Pole." Will Rogers Air National Guard Base, Oklahoma City, is headquarters of the Wing, which is composed of Oklahoma's 137th Military Airlift Group, the 164th Military Airlift Group of Memphis, Tennessee, and the 165th Military Airlift Group of Savannah, Georgia. The Award, presented by Gen. Paul K. Carlton, Commander of the Military Airlift Command, was received by Brig. Gen. Stanley F. H. Newman, of Oklahoma City, Commander of the 137th Military Airlift Wing.

GIRL SCOUTS—WIDER OPPORTUNITY

Oklahoma's Red Lands Council of Girl Scouts will conduct, from August 1-18, a program unusual and different. One-hundred twenty girls from all 50 states, plus Argentina, will gather here to study Oklahoma. After three days of "home hospitality," with each girl a guest in a private home, the group will travel to Camp Red Rock. Thence they will travel throughout our state for in-depth study of our Indian and Western heritage.

Overnight stops include Northeastern State (Tahlequah), Goddard Youth Camp (Lake of the Arubuckles), and the Magic Empire Council's Camp Scott (Locust Grove). The girls will see Fort Gibson, the Trail of Tears drama, Murrell Mansion and Cherokee Village, in the Tahlequah area. In the Anadarko area they will visit Riverside Indian School, Indian City, Southern Plains Museum, and the American Indian Exposition.

They'll see Haymaker Quarterhorse Ranch (Yukon), Daube Cattle Ranch (Arndmore), the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge, and Fort Sill; Roman Nose State Park (Watonga), Apco Refinery (Cyril), Shawnee Mills, and the National Cowboy Hall of Fame; Bristow's Western Heritage Day, and Frankoma Pottery (Sapulpa).

Much enthusiasm and mutual regard among Oklahomans and these Girl Scouts is apt to be generated by this more than half-a-month of Oklahoma experiences. Being a true seminar, it will result in a sowing of ideas with growth potential.

... Stallions Running

I sit and listen
to the pecan shell
of my grandfather's voice.
Cracking, firm, full of
rich meat.

Old songs that lie there,
just beyond reach.
The one ripe nut
my hand could not catch,
held tight in the cold rectangle
of a hurricane fence.

Even the rake was too heavy.
Not quite right for bringing it closer.

That nut gallops away in my vision.
Running like the sunset.
Running like the stallions
one day set free.

That's an old song there.
Grandfather knew
white stallions
Running, somewhere,
inside of me.

... Leah Freeman

Oklahoma Scrapbook
While attending the Ki-he-kah Steh pow pow last August it occurred to us how much work goes into such a three day ceremony. The Ki-he-kah Steh was held in a grove of giant pecan trees west of Skiatook, just a mile from where Tall Chief (Ki-he-kah Steh, after whom the pow pow is named), lived in the early 1900's. Some one-hundred camps in the ample shade of the huge trees accommodated almost 1000 Indians and palefaces, who were registered campers.

The Ki-he-kah Steh club of Skiatook had worked all winter raising the money for the pow pow. The amount of money that must be raised to pay for electricity, wiring, water, police protection, sanitation, prizes, program printing, and food is awesome. Each camp, in the style of old-fashioned Indian hospitality, receives a daily gift of food from the tribal host committee of the pow pow.

The pow pow has a beautifully printed program. It is illustrated with portraits, in full color, of the pow pow princess and the head dancers. In this case they were Princess Paula Mignon Stabler, Osage-Okla; Head Dancer Susan Renae Brunley, Osage, Ralston; and Head Dancer King Bowman, Osage, Fairfax. All three of these young people have an illustrious ancestry. Paula's great-great grandfather was Governor Joe, first governor of the Osages. Susan is the great granddaughter of Newalla and Tsa-shin-kah, and a descendant of Paw-hus-ka himself. King is a descendant of Hun-ka-hop-pay and Hola-ho-ne; and he is the present Drum Keeper of the Grayhorse Osages. What's more he was president of his class at Fairfax High School, lettered in football and track, and made the Governor's Honor Roll.

Bill Supernaw, president of the Ki-he-kah Steh Pow Wow Club (his grandfather was Ki-he-kah Steh) was major domo of the entire encampment. Dozens of cars loaded with visitors and spectators stream in every evening from Tulsa, Claremore, Pawhuska, and everywhere. Bring your own chairs for the only seating provided is for the participating dancers. All that is asked is that you be respectful during the flag song and the opening prayers, then enjoy the dancing and colorful costumes. Gourd dancers may be at hand to open the program. Then there will be round dance songs, fancy dances and ceremonial dances of various types, often some veteran songs, and perhaps a giveaway.

The giveaway is for honoring friends. It is altogether pleasant if you understand what is taking place, and deserves your respect if you do not understand. During the evening chances will likely be sold on a blanket or a shawl. You ought to buy two or three of the chances. They are not expensive. They provide that indispensable necessity — money — essential for financing the pow pow.

This summer (August 9-11) will be your last chance to attend a Ki-he-kah Steh pow pow in its present, lovely, valley setting. The dam is already being built and the valley will soon be inundated by Ki-he-kah Steh Lake.

TRADE MISSION TO GERMANY

Almost 150 Oklahomans, organized in four groups, traveled to Germany and the Netherlands on Pulse magazine's recent trade mission.

A group concentrating on Industrial Development visited firms in both countries developing contacts with European industries which may be interested in North American expansion.

A group representing all of our tourism countries (Green, Red Carpet, Kiamichi, Fun, Great Plains, and Frontier) met with travel agents and organizations who arrange package tours, seeking to promote Oklahoma as a travel destination.

An Investment Group, many of whom were oilmen and cattlemen, concentrated on searching out investors with interests in joint ventures.

A General Group included several diversified interests, one of which was Western Art. Oklahoma Western artists in this group held an art show at Mainz.

The trade mission headquarters was Frankfurt. From Frankfurt groups went forth daily covering the length and breadth of both Germany and the Netherlands. One additional night was spent in Dusseldorf, and one in Amsterdam. Gov. Hall joined the group in Frankfurt during the time when his journey seeking a Volkswagen plant for Oklahoma coincided with the trade mission.

TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

As soon as the Western motion picture was conceived Oklahoma cowboys took over — Tom Mix, Jack Hoxie, Buck Jones — A reason the Oklahomans were in the van was the Wild West Shows. Zack Mulhall's Wild West, Pawnee Bill's, the 101 Ranch Show, these and other Sooner based Western spectacles hired working cowboys to handle their stock and double in show business. So Oklahoma's influence on the Western movies came to include both native born sons and those who had worked for the Oklahoma Wild West Shows — Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard — through Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Dennis Weaver, Ken Curtis, and a host of others it has continued to this present day.

We could devote this entire column to Oklahoma's influence on the Western motion picture through actors, stories set in Oklahoma, western yarns written by Oklahomans, and the recognition of all this abroad. Instead we'll urge you to send $2.00 to Oklahoma Today, P. O. Box 53364, Okla-
homa City 73105, for our Anniversary Issue and read our illustrated yarn with its photos of Western actors, authors, book jackets, and movie posters, from the U.S., Japan, Italy, France, and England.

Other yarns in the Summer '64 issue of Oklahoma Today feature the Oklahoma City Science and Arts Foundation, with its increasingly popular planetarium, museum, and other activities. Will Rogers—World Traveler will entertain you with Arnold Marquis' comments and quotes about Will's globe-trotting.

We turn to each article while trying to write this piece and find ourselves reading instead of writing. But how do you quit reading after a quote like this one from Will Rogers: "Communism is one-third practice and two-thirds explanation. If Communists worked as hard as they talked, they'd have the most prosperous style of government in the world."

Photos of Will in Poland, Czechoslovakia, India, Japan, and Argentina give this Anniversary Issue international flavor. Community Achievement Awards for Coalgate, Watonga, Yukon, Sapulpa, and Norman enliven its pages. Norm Wiltsey's The Sweet Revenge of Willie Gray Fox is one of the most satisfying and humorous yarns we ever published, and it is illustrated by the incomparable Brummett Echohawk.

Our color pages of this ten-year-ago issue include the gorgeous ballet miniatures of Tulsa's Margaret Taylor Dry, along with beautiful Boktukalo Creek in Choctaw country. We recall hearing that fishing is always good along Boktukalo Creek "when the rabbit hollars." Having never heard a rabbit "hollar" we called Choctaw sage Muriel Wright to ask what the remark could possibly mean? She talked to an old-time Choctaw, then called back to explain—it refers not to any loud noise the timid little rabbit makes, but when the mother rabbit takes refuge in the "hollar" (hollow) to give birth to young.

Another color page portrays the site of the Battle of the Washita, where General Custer fought the dress rehearsal for his death. The story of this 1868 encounter is well related on the granite monument in the picture. Lucille Lamb's color camera had caught a delightful haying scene for us to publish. Rubyce McCaw's Church Spire and Summer Sky was a last, beautiful picture of the old Cheyenne-Arapaho church at Colony before it burned to the ground. We have had many requests for this scenic picture from John Seger's Indian Colony between El Reno and Weatherford.

Our last scenic, surely a most frameable one, was of a field of gaillardia in Caddo County, which inspired us to quote Kenneth Kaufman's moving verse, written during a Sunday morning stroll in Boston, Massachusetts. Kaufman wrote: "And I forgot New England and her pale winds and the airy Trilling of the thrushes where the storied elms stand, To dream about gaillardias over miles and miles of prairie That make an Indian blanket on the Oklahoma sand."

A MOVIE YOU SHOULD SEE

Where the Red Fern Grows is the type of movie we have long yearned to see made in Oklahoma. It is a story with heart, and well told. The scenery along the Illinois River fills the screen with panoramas you wish you could take home and frame, or set your own home in the center of. The film is a compliment to Oklahoma.
Those of us who grew up in the age of the great trains will never forget the poignancy of their distant whistles. The night silences carried them to us, bespeaking sadness and lament for the untold tragedies of mankind. No other sound spoke so clearly of man’s aloneness, of defeat, and distance.

The night train whistle was a pure distillation of sorrow and distance, of far places. Perhaps it helped to make travelers of us of this generation. It beckoned, and returned to beckon again. It seemed to implant in our lonely souls the conviction that in the remote somewhere there was a place we sought. The thought thrilled us and sent us forth on journeys and searches. Until there was no remaining place to search, save that last, long, unknown journey.

Remembering, seeking, yet not finding, may be parts of the emotion which impels us to erect in parks these great engines from our American past, marvels for children to wonder at, for the casual passerby to view, for us, to be reminded. They recall our questing.
The Dierks Forests locomotive installed near the Bell Amusement Park in Tulsa was acquired for exhibition by the Tulsa State Fair. Bob Foresman, of the Tulsa Tribune, and Clarence Lester, representing the Fair Board, traveled to Dierks headquarters in Mena, Arkansas, to receive the gift. It was first placed near the Petroleum Exposition Building on the Fairgrounds, and later moved when the area became too crowded. This engine pulled logging trains in eastern Oklahoma.

Memorable Souvenirs of THE RAILROADS by Bill Burchardt

Tulsa's St. Louis and San Francisco locomotive once pulled fast passenger trains. Apparently there was at first some consideration of lending such a locomotive to the City of Tulsa for display, with the understanding that the city would maintain the engine and keep it in running order in case the railroad needed it. This hardly seemed feasible, and the Frisco, on June 7, 1954, gave Tulsa engine number 4500. We still hope to learn the historic run of this impressive and powerful Meteor locomotive, now installed in Tulsa's Mohawk Park.

Oklahoma City's locomotive, tender, and freight car are located in the Transportation Building at the State Fair of Oklahoma. According to a letter from the Topeka Offices of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.

"Steam Locomotive No. 643 was originally numbered 73 when it was built in 1879 by the Hinkley Company. It was a 4-4-0 type and named 'H. C. Hardon.' In 1898 it was rebuilt by Santa Fe to a 2-8-0 type and renumbered 933. In 1900 the locomotive was again renumbered to 643. The engine worked in the Santa Fe's Southern Division in freight service, and was retired in March 1953."

The Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad reached Fairview in 1903. Its grandiose plan, propounded by railroad magnate Arthur E. Stillwell, envisioned rails unbroken across Kansas, south through Oklahoma, through San Angelo and Presidio in Texas, to Chihuahua, then southwest through Mexico's towering Sierra Madre Oriental to Topolobampo on the Pacific shore. Realizing his dream by bits, constructing track, buying up short lines enroute, Stillwell kept achieving pieces until 1911, when he was building track south from San Angelo to Alpine, Texas. There the dream collapsed. The Porfiriato collapsed in Mexico, erupting in the revolution which ended a flow of pesos that might have been turned into track through the incredible barrancas and nevadas separating Chihuahua and Topolobampo. The Kansas City, Mexico & Orient went broke. But the end was not yet. The perseverance of a clever receiver, Wm. T. Kemper, securing concessions from the states and national government kept the line in operation until 1929. The Santa Fe then bought the defunct K.C., M.&O., but its story goes on. After World
War II the government of Mexico decided to build the railroad on from Chihuahua to the Pacific. They called in engineers from the U. S. and Europe. These learned experts looked at the route and informed the Mexicans that it was impossible, no one could build a railroad across such towering mountains and plunging canyons. As, successively, British, French, and United States engineers gave up and declared it couldn't be done, the Mexicans decided there was nothing to do but built it themselves. So they did.

Their achievement is now one of the world's wonders, a vast engineering triumph so bold and beautiful that people come from everywhere to ride this railroad. It is the renowned Chihuahua al Pacifico, through the Tarahumara peaks beyond Creel, across precipitous Divisadero Barrancas, and on to Los Mochis. Mexico's climactic achievement made reality of Stillwell's three-quarters of a century old dream. There are few relics of Stillwell's Kansas City, Mexico & Orient. Some of them are in Oklahoma. One is our junction village named Orienta, named for the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient line on which it was a depot stop. Another is the remains of a wheat elevator standing lonely and far removed from any railroad track, far north near our Kansas border. The Santa Fe, after purchasing the K.C., M. & O., did not always follow quite its original track, and this elevator was left isolate.

A third K.C. M. & O. relic is this proud and noble engine with its oil converted coal car in Fairview. Built in 1910 by Brooks (47016) it became K.C., M. & O. engine number 66. After the A.T. & S.F. purchase in 1929 she became Santa Fe engine number 2522, entrusted to Fairview in 1954 with the stipulation that Fairview maintain her—and occasionally Fairview receives a letter from Santa Fe saying that it's time to paint the train. Fairview incorporated their own Short Line Railroad, selling small stock certificates to raise the money to move the engine and tender from Santa Fe's main line to the track spur on which she now stands.

The Rock Island locomotive and tender in Puqua Park, Duncan, are there for the simple reason that members of the Chamber of Commerce, the Kiwanis Club, and the Duncan Historical Society thought it would be nice to have an old-fashioned steam locomotive in the park for people to see. So they got together and purchased number 905 from the Rock Island. Then Duncan businessmen raised the money to move the locomotive to the park. They fired up number 905's steam boiler and laid a few sections of track down the middle of the street. Then partially under its own power, and with the help of a winch truck for additional guidance they were underway from the Rock Island tracks. Picking the rails up from behind and moving them out in front the huge locomotive moved slowly to its present station alongside Highway 81, not far from where bawling herds of Texas longhorns once moved up the Chisholm Trail toward Kansas. The Builders Plate on the engine reads: American Locomotive Company 48122 Schenectady Works July 1910. Having seen service from 1910, certain it is that she has many adventurous tales locked in her iron breast.

Broken Bow's logging engine and coal car were operated by the only railroad we know that changes its name when it crosses the state line. Operating in Texas or Oklahoma, it is the Texas, Oklahoma & Eastern. But when it crosses the state line into Arkansas, it becomes the De Queen & Eastern. Engine 227 was built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, 60006, Philadelphia, and went into service in May 1927. This busy engine spent its work days hauling logs for the Dierks Lumber and Coal Company, on the run between Wright City, Oklahoma, and Pickens, Arkansas. A long ago train wreck lost this locomotive's original coal car. Number 227's first coal car still lies in the bottom of a deep mountain canyon from which it could never be retrieved. The railroad has also given a log hauling car to Broken Bow. It will be added to the train as soon as it is possible to rescue it from an old siding far back in the woods where it has stood for so many years that trees now grow up through the log hauling car's flat wooden bed. Ardmore's "Mercy Engine" has a special story. It pulled the train which brought doctors, nurses, and medical supplies to Ardmore in 1915 when a tank car of gas on a siding exploded, killing 49 people and injuring uncounted others. Engineer Lawrence Freeman, with his hard and determined hand on the Johnson Bar, pulled his train into the center of the wrecked city through fire, live electric wires, and the rubble of the shattering explosion on that day of catastrophe. Ardmore has never forgotten.
NATIONAL SOFTBALL HALL OF FAME

BY HUGH SCOTT

Have you ever heard of a game called Kitten Ball? Or, perhaps slow or fast pitch? And, is a softball really soft?

The answer to these and hundreds of other questions about the game of softball can be found in the modernistic Amateur Softball Association Hall of Fame and national headquarters.

The new building, in northeast Oklahoma City, is just a good throw
of a ball from two major Interstate highways. The entire operation is under the direction of Don Porter, executive director.

Porter, a former collegiate athlete, could very well wear seven-league boots. His job takes him to all parts of the free world, even behind the Iron Curtain, in guiding the game of softball, one of the largest and fastest-growing participation sports in the world today.

All the International aspects of the game are guided from the Oklahoma City offices.

There are three major sports that began in the United States. Softball, baseball, and basketball all wear the red, white and blue colors of "Originated in the United States."

"We feel that softball is a game for all ages. It is played by youngsters, and there is a league in Florida that has a stipulation that you have to be over 75-years-old to play," Porter commented.

There are two versions of softball. One is called Fast Pitch, in which the pitcher, forty-seven feet from the plate, can throw the ball just as hard as he can. Better hurlers can propel it up to 100 miles an hour, and make it do such tricks as rise and drop en route to the plate.

Slow Pitch returns the game to the batters, for the pitcher must toss the ball to the plate in an easy arc. The latter sport has grown terrifically in the last few years and now far surpasses in participation the earlier created Fast Pitch.

With those thoughts in mind, a tour through the Hall of Fame becomes an interesting one in the brightly decorated interior.

When you walk in your shoes find a new footing, for the floor is covered with Astroturf, the artificial "grass" that is used in most major league baseball parks and on collegiate grids around the nation.

You can almost hear the roar of the crowd, as the first exhibit is a painting of some men of the 1890's who were members of the Farragut Boat Club in Chicago. Chicago Board of Trade reporter George Hancock is generally credited with the original concept of the game of softball, now played by about 18 million people around the world.

As you walk through additional exhibits soft music replaces the thump of a softball bat smacking the ball, or the dominating bark of an umpire as he makes his call. Too, the music replaces the leather-lunged fan who expresses his opinion whether anyone else wants to hear it or not.

The sharp crack of a bat against the sphere that has been hurled plateward since Casey pulled his famous strike-out routine to the present day is seldom heard around a softball park, simply because different types of materials come together.

Actually, the word "softball" is a misnomer, for there is nothing soft about the ball. The same manner of manufacture is used, with larger dimensions for the softball, whether it is a baseball or softball. The Hall of Fame has a graphic exhibit of the processes followed when a ball is made.

Traditionally, most bats are made of a good solid wood, such as ash. The Louisville Slugger people gave the Hall of Fame samples of the bats in the different stages of manufacture. Metal bats are gradually making their appearance on the diamond scene, and are included in a wide selection, ranging from the thin grip to a bottle bat, which quickly bulges out from the handle to the rest of the bat.

Every sport has to have a Rule Book. ASA calls theirs the "Official Softball Guide". One display case has Guides since the creation of the ASA in 1934. It is interesting to note that the first Guide cost 20 cents and it has progressively risen in price as more rules and information have been added. Today it sells for $1.00 and has 167 pages packed with information.

Probably the most hallowed section of the Hall of Fame is in the center of the exhibit area. A large, semicircular area has metal plaques of the Amateur Softball Association aristocracy.
National Softball Hall of Fame

THE ORIGINAL "KITTEN" TEAM
Blew, 1b  Donlin, c  W Pickett, r f  Reeves, l f  Groschen, 2b  E Pickett, 3b
Broughton, c f  Rober, Mgr  Ellingham, s s  R Moore, p
Past is prologue, someone has said. A nation that ignores its past, someone else insists, has no future.

If we don't know—or care to know—where we've been, as still a third observer puts it, how can we know where we're going?

All of which seems to imply that today, caught as in a vice between past and future, has true meaning and significance only as an integral part of both . . . as an on-going link between yesterday and tomorrow.

And that brings us—through absolutely no coincidence—to Fort Reno and Darlington, a pair of historic sites, on opposite banks of the North Canadian River some thirty crooked upstream miles from Oklahoma City, that are now in their second century of continuing, ever-changing service to Oklahoma.

Darlington came first in 1870. Darlington Indian Agency.

To serve the needs—as far off Uncle Sam interpreted those needs—of some 3,500 Cheyennes and Arapahos for whom a 4,300,000 acre reserve (much of what is now west-central Oklahoma) had been established. And to it came Brinton Darlington, one of President Grant's first Quaker Indian agents.

Darlington remained as agent until his death in 1872. He is buried nearby, the obscure site overlooked by most visitors. Unfortunately so, for though his service was brief, he won the Indians' respect and admiration to such a remarkable degree.

Another Quaker, John D. Miles, succeeded Darlington. He remained until 1884, continuing his predecessor's enlightened program of sympathy and understanding . . . working simultaneously to maintain peace and encourage the Indian.

Miles had his successes. And his failures. And through it all there was change. And slow growth affecting Indian and white alike as the diverse past worked—somewhat blindly, but not totally without goodwill—through a troubled present into a future of compromise and accommodation.

Some Indians went on raids. Like those in 1874 that helped create the other half of our historic-site tandem.

Some, like Dull Knife and Little Wolf, in 1877, wanted only to return to their beloved homeland. Their epic flight gave Darlington its single most dramatic footnote in history.

Still others, like Powder Face and Left Hand, became ranchers. The latter succeeded remarkably, became an
important and influential chief, and an effective lay preacher.

Darlington grew physically, with buildings, according to an 1876 Office of Indian Affairs report, "well arranged upon two streets or roads... though plainly and cheaply constructed, in good condition."

There was a school run by John H. Seger (who later established Seger Colony at present Colony). Inspector S. A. Galpin considered it "the largest, and in many respects the best, Indian school I have found." It boasted "one hundred and fifteen scholars" and desks "as yet without a scratch made wantonly..."

Nor was the spirit being overlooked. The Quakers began mission work with both tribes in 1878. In 1880 they turned over work among the Arapahos to the Mennonites, who operated an Indian school just east of the agency until 1896.

Darlington the town was also developing. As a regular stop on the Chisholm Trail, and various stage and freighter trails. It acquired a post office (1873)... western Oklahoma's first hotel... and, with appearance of the Cheyenne Transporter (1880), its first newspaper.

Significant developments. In 1889 the Rock Island chose to lay its tracks a mile to the east. Three years later the Cheyenne and Arapaho lands were thrown open to settlement.

By 1897 the Cheyennes' desire for a school of their own resulted in establishment of Concho, a few miles to the north. Cheyenne Agency followed it, naturally.

Arapaho Agency remained. But in 1909 the two were reunited for good. At Concho. Darlington, after nearly 40 years of generally enlightened service, was abandoned.

Change continued apace, however. Past was yet to write some curiously interesting prologue. The Masons of Oklahoma purchased the by-then 22-building facility in 1910. Until moving to Guthrie in 1922 they ran it as a boarding school for homeless children and a place of retirement for elderly Masons. Most striking monument to this era: the faintly Moorish chapel erected by the Order of Eastern Star in 1913.

The State of Oklahoma acquired the property in 1923. Until 1925 it served—perhaps a half-century ahead of its time—as a controversy-shrouded rehabilitation center for drug addicts.

Since 1932 the semi-idyllic, tree-shaded facility has been managed by the Department of Wildlife Conservation as the state's principal game hatchery and research station. The mass production of Bobwhite Quail under light stimulation was first perfected here.

Darlington Game Farm has also succeeded in introducing ringneck pheasant into Oklahoma's northwest counties. Research continues as sportsmen respond to the threat of decreased game population because of intensified farming, highway construction, and urban sprawl.

The challenge brings controversy. At least the hint of it. A few now question the wisdom of releasing hatchery-bred game birds. George Wint, assistant wildlife commissioner and long-time director of the game farm, predicts: "The production of quail could be more important in the future than in past years." He points to continuing research at Darlington, especially the push for "development of plant species for wildlife habitat."

Fort Reno, to paraphrase Gilbert and Sullivan, strikes us as the very model of a frontier military post.
Like Darlington, it has known a century of change, of adaptation to shifting needs and challenges. Through it all it has maintained much of the appearance—yes, even atmosphere—of the old army outpost. One can still sit quietly under a tree and half expect to see a company of cavalry form on the old parade ground, with Custer riding forth to take the muster to the military band’s trilling of "Garry Owen." True, the last army personnel departed in 1949. Mounted, most likely, on an olive drab truck.

But the complex of facilities, reminiscent of another century, still clusters around the trim parade. There are mellowed brick buildings dating back to the 1880's, along with more modern structures of varying size, style, and construction. (Change, alas, rarely considers architectural integrity.)

There are pleasantly shaded roads and walkways, a stately row of comfortably aging officers’ quarters, sun-dried barns and sheds, and an old rock-walled military cemetery on a cedared knoll overlooking the virgin prairie sod.

How did it all happen? When? Why?

It was the relatively modest "Indian trouble" of 1874 that brought Fort Reno into being. But as is often the case in such matters, the problem was pretty well ironed out by the time the solution was implemented!

The first regular commandant, Major John K. Mizner of the Fourth Cavalry, took charge in 1876. The frontier (despite Little Big Horn) was already changing.

Troops accompanied the Indians on the annual buffalo hunt that fall. Some 7,000 robes were taken. But the count next year was down to 219. By 1879 the buffalo were gone entirely. Fort Reno, curiously enough in the light of what lay in the future, was reduced to a beef-issue station, so far as the Indian was concerned.

Ten years later Old Oklahoma was thrown open to settlement. Fort Reno soldiers manned the starting line to discourage Sooners, fired guns to trigger the stampede for land.

In 1908 the fort again succumbed to change. Abandoned as a regular army post, it became Fort Reno Remount Station. Its thousands of rolling grassland acres were dotted with horses and mules... as many as 16,000 at a time.

These were easier, more gracious times. Polo appeared, drew crowds from around the state. But the U.S. Army was rapidly mechanizing. For Uncle Sam the horse was a pleasant, but expensive, anachronism. World War II gave the post a temporary lease on life. Its last horses were trained for the rugged mountains of our ally, Greece.

Meanwhile temporary barracks were thrown up on a corner of the reservation to house German and Italian prisoners of war. The graves of those who died here lend a poignant
touch to the old military cemetery, already hallowed by American soldiers, American Indians, and frontier notables like Ben Clark the scout.

Then came peace. In 1948 Fort Reno was abandoned for good.

(One of the last horses to leave: "2V56" according to his brand. In Washington, Black Jack "2V56", the riderless horse at thousands of military funerals, including those of Presidents Hoover, Kennedy and Johnson, recently celebrated his 27th birthday!)

In 1950, the pleasant old military facility turned its full attention to putting more and better meat on the dinner table. Dwight Stephens arrived January 1 that year to head the Livestock Research Station, a joint product of Oklahoma State University and the U. S. Department of Agriculture. By the time he retired the first of this year he had helped the century-old post make perhaps its greatest contribution yet to the state.

The original cattle research program was expanded to swine in 1950, to sheep in 1954, and to forage development in 1956. Today the station earns through livestock sales from 65 to 80 per cent of its keep.

Stephens quotes the popular song We've Only Just Begun when asked what lies ahead. "America has the world's best supply of food," he says. He has no doubt the Fort Reno Station, under Dr. Floyd P. Horn and Dr. David Meyerhoeffer, will be striving to maintain that position.

Current research projects involve such things as super-ovation for multiple births, forage improvement, new cattle breeds, cross-breeding programs. Fort Reno will play "a major role" in the tackling of these. And visitors, if they mind their manners, are welcome to drop by to look around.

At Fort Reno, as at Darlington, prologue obviously remains to be written, as a past that has seen many changes adapts to meet the challenges of an uncertain future. Not all these changes will necessarily be of earth-shattering significance. Some may be as incongruous as the one that has seen the ubiquitous prairie dog, long considered the scourge of the Plains, grow so scarce as to be an endangered species. So, federally subsidized prairie dog housing — in a transplanted colony at the entrance gate — has become the No. 1 visitor attraction at century-old Darlington Agency.
A treasure for the historian of the sixteenth century through the early 1800's is the Spanish document collection at the Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art of Tulsa. This collection consists of some 275 separate documentary items ranging in date from 1512 to the 1800's, and covering widely varying subjects, from Columbus and Cortés to Santa Anna.

The largest single portion is from the former Conway Collection—125 documentary units and some 21,000 pages of material. The remaining part—some 150 documentary units totaling about 5,000 pages—varies widely in content and date. A catalog of the documents has now been completed. Much of the material has never before been transcribed and put into modern Spanish for those who are unfamiliar with ancient Spanish calligraphy.

The part known as “The Conway Papers” contains much material concerning the inquisition in Mexico and is made up of literally thousands of pages. One document is a register of cases and sentences for the period 1624-1632. It includes an index of names, and a summary of some 300 of the early cases, including those presided over by Moya de Contreras, first inquisitor of the Archbishop of Mexico, and by the Chief Inquisitor Bonilla, who was appointed in 1573. Many of the men famous in early Mexican inquisitorial history participated in these cases. Much of this material will shed further light on this period as it becomes available for assessment by qualified historians.

Of the documents other than those in “The Conway Papers,” many will be of interest primarily to linguists, or to those concerned with the daily affairs of relatively unimportant individuals and with unusual glimpses of “human” history.

One document, for instance, a 1788 copy of a 1542 original, is a list of the early conquistadors and settlers and the places where they settled. It includes terse assessments of those colonials as persons. For example:

Hernando de Villanueva: “Married to a woman from Castille. He is a scribe. He went to Peru, and while he was there his wife married another man. He is asking for some Indians who were granted to him. He is lame, crippled, and old.”

Francisco Télez: “He is married to a mestiza. He is now over there (i.e., in Spain) on business. Those who know him say that he is a man of little quality.”

The document which best illustrates self-esteem and self-confidence is the note referring to Diego Montero. It reads: “Diego Montero, unmarried. He was a drummer, and now he builds windmills. He has refused to be a bailiff because he says that he served better than the Marquis.”

The men, however, were not the...
only individualists, as is made clear by the reference to Anton de Molina and his wife. The entry reads: "Anton de Molina, married to a woman of Castille. He is provided with bailiwicks. His wife is in Castille; she refused to come with him."

A great number of the entries indicate the toll already exacted on the conquistadors by this time, ca. 1540, for many entries end with the expression: "He is lame and blind," or with variant forms of this comment.

There are many autographs of important persons. Hernan Cortés signed his papers usually with the title "El Marqués," and there are several documents here which bear his signature thus. And, on the first official decree issued after the conquest of the Tenochtitlan, 14 August 1521, we have the signatures of Juan de Ribera and Herman Sanchez de Aguilar, both of whom were official scribes.

One of the letters is from Hernando de Soto to one of his lieutenants in 1535. Another is from the son of Christopher Columbus, in 1512, to Cardinal Jiménez de Cisneros from the island of La Española and signed "El Almirante." There is also a letter signed by the "Apostle of the Indians," Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, in which, as was his custom, he pleaded the cause of the Indians.

There is a ca. 1560 copy of a 1470 history of Enrique IV, and in the same document by the same copyist a copy of the Bermúdez history of the reign of Fernando and Isabel, written about 1517 and containing one of the first historical accounts of the voyages of Columbus.

From the year 1555 we have a copy of the first printed edition of Molina's Vocabulario en la lengua Castellana y Mexicana, containing Spanish words with their Nahua equivalent; from the year 1571 we have a revision of the above, containing a second section with the Nahua-Spanish equivalents.

Also from the year 1571 is one of the few eye-witness accounts of the conquest of Peru, by Diego de Trujillo, who gives a readable account of the men and events of the expedition. Although he signed the manuscript, it was written down by a scribe in a beautiful example of calligraphy.

There are many others, but one of the most interesting throws light on the work of a relatively little known conquistador, Martin Lopez, the man who supervised and paid for the construction of the brigantines which were used by Cortés and his men in the final assault on Mexico City.

Martin Lopez agreed to build the brigantines for Cortés. According to this document he was never paid for his work, although Cortés apparently collected for it from the crown of Spain.

In 1622, one hundred years after the conquest, the grandsons of Martin Lopez filed another in the interminable series of lawsuits seeking payment. This document consists of some 410 pages of manuscript, the copying of which alone took two years. There are transcripts of other documents going all the way back to the year 1454, including proof of the nobility and purity of blood of Martin Lopez and his family. Unfortunately, the outcome of this particular suit is not indicated, but there are other documents which treat of this man and his heirs. The only recompense indicated was the granting to Martin Lopez of a coat of arms which he could, and did, pass on to his heirs.

For the early history of California there is a copy of the diary of Fray Junipero Serra, which relates the route for reaching the ports of San Diego and Monterey by land; also the diary of Father Vizcaino concerning his voyage to California. These are only two of the items copied in this particular manuscript, and there are some nineteen dealing with this area which is now a part of the United States.

There are numerous documents concerning daily life in colonial Mexico. A letter from Cortés to Diego de Guinea, his overseer in Tehuantepec, concerning a cattle company organized by Cortés and Juan de Toledo. It gives specific instructions about the cattle the former was sending to Guinea. Evidently Cortés did not trust Toledo completely, for one sentence of the letter to Guinea instructs him to do the actual counting of the herd, for "I know that if you go there he will not deceive me, nor will the accountant."5

This Diego de Guinea had come over with Narvaez, and from Nuno de Guzman he had received an encomienda of a pueblo in the Valley of Oaxaca. For some unknown reason he had lost the encomienda, and at the time he was working for Cortés.

Several other documents treat of Cortés' holdings in Oaxaca: his cattle enterprises, an account of the amount of gold and silver taken from his mines between 1538 and 1543, and a list of his slaves. There is also a letter signed by the widow of Cortés stating her wishes on the disposition of some wine vessels.

Of particular interest among the Cortés items are two, a letter to Diego de Guinea detailing the preparations being made for Cortés' last voyage of exploration and discovery along the California coast, and the second giving an inventory of the equipment and crew of the Trinidad while she was anchored in Tehuantepec, on 7 June 1539, before the start of this voyage.

In 1549 Antonio de Mendoza, first viceroy of Mexico, wrote a letter to Luis de Leon Roman, a judge, calling for a re-examination of the tributes collected in the Marquisate of the Valley.

On May 23, 1577, Viceroy Don Martin Enríquez ordered the judges of the Royal Treasury to pay to one Juan Navarro the sum of 600 pesos for his work as interpreter, for he had served in this capacity for many years.

There are letters from Phillip II to the Bishop of Michoacan; from Phillip III to the Bishop of Tlaxcala; from Phillip IV to the Conde de Alba de Alista y de Villaflor, Viceroy of Mexico, and there is one from the queen, in 1665, announcing the death of Phillip IV.

There are also 33 letters from Charles II to the Bishop of Puebla, dating between 1676 and 1685, and five letters from Queen Mariana between 1665 and 1674 to various officials in America.

The materials found in the archives are varied and of differing value to scholars. They await only the scholar's touch to be brought from the toms of history into the stream of modern activity. It is a welcome and satisfying task.
FUN COUNTRY SCENIC AND HISTORIC SITES

Arbuckle Mountains
Armstrong Academy, near Bokchito
Bloomfield Academy, near Achille
Blue River
Boggy Depot Recreation Area
Butterfield Trail
Byrd Mill Spring
Camp Classen
Carter Seminary, Ardmore
Chata Tamaha (Choctaw Town)
Chickasaw Capitol, Tishomingo
Chickasaw National Academy, Stonewall
Chuckwagon Musical Museum, Atoka
Coffee's Trading Post, near Burneyville
A stone memorial rests near the summit of old Highway 77. It reads:

TO
GEORGE A. RAMSEY
The Man of Vision, Who Saw
The Beauties of This
MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY
Hopefully it will always be there,
awaiting those who feel an inexplica-
ble urge to break and exit the four-
lane highway, and wind slowly along
this forgotten trail through entrancing
southern Oklahoma's "Fun
Country".

Southern Oklahoma memories flood
back like the way the water rises in
Hickory Creek in an April rain. Mem-
ories of Indian Paintbrush blooming
along the roadway, like fields of ripe
strawberries. Or, the smoke-white dust
rising behind a farm truck on a lone-
ly county road somewhere south of
Ardmore.

Lake Murray has water like jade.
From the state lodge even the breeze
has an aura of pale green as it drools
froth against a weathered pier. Sail-
boat masts split the sky. They bob
like flying birds from the rocking of
the waves. People move in and out
of park cabins, rescuing their minds
in the solitude.

Rustic, sagging boathouses line the
shore. The metal ones glow turquoise
from the water's reflection. House-
boats are moored, bobbing.

Across the bay, perched on a mas-
sive stone outcropping, rises Tucker
Tower. Built in the 1930s, it was
planned as a summer retreat for vaca-
tioning governors. A WPA work force
had fitted the limestone blocks to-
gether in what is reported to be a
copy of a castle the architect had
admired.

But no governor ever slept there,
and the spire seems lonely, tranquil,
as it reaches above the crashing waves
into the sky.

There are many inspiring sights,
prevalent moods in southern Okla-
ahoma. Roosevelt Bridge, over Lake
Texoma, seems like the great span of
bridges that lace a highway from Key-
to-Florida-Key. One gathers the feel-
ing time is spinning backward in
Ardmore, a sense of wilderness from the
surrounding green hills. There are
melancholy times there, sometimes
riding on the wings of Canada Geese,
with their flight on a crisp autumn day.

The area is laced with clear, lime-
stone-studded streams. On Penning-
ton Creek are the strangely carved
rock formations at Devil's Den. In-
dians crossed the stream near there,
and conjured up the forms of demons
in the weathered granite.

Great boulders guard the ravines
and draws. They are monolithic, pol-
ished by the years, pale silver smooth.
Daubs of green and yellow lichen,
swirled like fingerprinting, tease
the eye with patterns on the silent rock.
The pastureland is bluestem-rich,
reminiscent of prairie far to the north.

Blue River is a series of waterfalls,
tumbling over a rocky stairway, gath-
ering step-by-step in clear, deep pools.
From the river crevice, one can hear the wind catch the very top of the trees, making shadows move over the water. The shrill call of a wood duck echoes around the bend. The hiss of the duck's wingbeat, the moan from the trees, the grumbling of waterfalls, blend into one sound.

In the rangeland near Pauls Valley, the fall sumac is glaring red. Bluestem grass traces a spiderweb shadow on the ground. The grass is a miracle of growth, pushing up seven, sometimes eight feet from the deep black lowland soil. In the sunlight, the pale blue-grey iridescence of the stems blur into the sky.

Smith Paul settled here in the mid-1800s, describing it as "a section where the bottom land was rich and the bluestem grass grew so high that a man on horseback was almost hidden in its foliage." Paul later owned much of the valley, and lent his name to the town of Pauls Valley.

All of southern Oklahoma lies rich in history. Boggy Depot Recreation Area, near Atoka, was once the site of a Chickasaw agency, until a treaty change placed it in Choctaw land. Confederate troops were stationed there during the Civil War, and fought several battles with Union troops. Boggy Depot is the site of a Confederate cemetery.

Boggy Depot was a portion of many diverse chapters of Oklahoma history. It was a camping place on the Texas Road and the Shawnee Cattle Trail. It was a stop on the stagecoach route of the Butterfield Overland Mail. In 1872 the area began a return to wilderness when the old Katy Railroad chose to build to Atoka, causing a population and economic shift.

Above the winding, red water Washita arm of Lake Texoma stand the restored ruins of Fort Washita. Established in 1842, it was unique in that it was designed to protect Indian from Indian. The Chickasaws and Choctaws, who became heirs to southern Oklahoma after removal by the federal government from homelands in the Old South, were worried by the proximity and belligerence of the Kiowas and Comanches, who roamed the buffalo plain to the west. Fort Washita was built and maintained by U.S. troops to discourage Plains Indian raids on the newcomers.

In the early 1880s, Lehigh and Coalgate were both coal "boom towns," with mining operations prospering. Lehigh became a mining center when tragedy struck the mines at Savanna, some 30 miles to the north. Equipment and company houses were moved to Lehigh, and the community maintained an industrious pace until 1912—when tragedy struck again. Fire swept through the town, delivering a mortal blow.

Quaint Tishomingo, named for a notorious Chickasaw warrior-chief, is gateway to sprawling Lake Texoma, a sportsman's paradise.

Madill is a community, quiet and peaceful in its lakeside setting. Every spring people turn out to catch the sand bass and Madill feeds a throng ranging from 20-30,000 during a week-long celebration appropriately named the National Sand Bass Festival.

Throughout Fun Country are friendly towns, friendly people, and a climate conducive to outdoor activity. It is a land of special scenic beauty, with a potential for livability and vacation fun awaiting.
FUN COUNTRY CALENDAR OF EVENTS

July 4-6  Junior Rodeo  Healdton
July 4-6  Hereford Heaven Stampede and Rodeo  Sulphur
July 4-6  Rodeo  Tishomingo
July 6  Chickasaw Festival  Tishomingo
July 11-13  IRA Rodeo  Wynnewood
July 24-28  Sooner State Tennis Open Competition  Ada
July 26-27  Sun Festival  Ardmore
July 31-Aug. 3  Trailriders Rodeo  Atoka
Aug. 8-10  Rodeo  Ada
Aug. 8-10  IRA Rodeo  Madill
Aug. 22-24  IRA Rodeo  Caddo
Sept. 4-6  Love County Fair  Marietta
Sept. 4-8  National Senior Citizens Fishing Tourney  Durant
(tentative)  Sept. 9-10  Murray County Fair  Sulphur
Sept. 11-13  Bryan County Fair  Durant
Sept. 11-14  Pontotoc County Fair  Ada
Sept. 12-13  Atoka County Fair  Atoka
Sept. 12-14  Garvin County Fair  Pauls Valley
Sept. 17-21  Carter County Fair  Ardmore

Presbyterian Mission, Bennington
Price's Falls
Red River
Shawnee Cattle Trail
700 Ranch House Museum, Ardmore
Southeastern State University, Durant
Texas Road
Tishomingo National Wildlife Management Area
Travertine Creek
Tucker Tower, Lake Murray
Turner Falls
Washita River
Washita Valley Historical Museum
Wacker City Park, Pauls Valley
Wintersmith Park, Ada

SUMMER 1974
The renascence of Indian crafts in Oklahoma results from increased pride of Indian people in Indian heritage and in the work of their hands. This renascence has brought with it an increasingly appreciative non-Indian populace. The range of skills is vast, from experienced artisans whose work is in the Smithsonian, to youngsters now learning. Much of this work can be found in shops throughout Oklahoma. Some must be searched out in remote nooks around the state. The search is always worth the effort. The Indian artisan, through practice of his craft, touches his ancestral soul and reminds us that men and other creatures should live with reverence for one another; that man is not on earth to conquer nature, but to live in harmony with it.

We found Mary Metzger in Norman. She is a young Cherokee who weaves in the tradition of her tribe. Examples of ancient Cherokee weaving and pottery are rare, so Mary lives close to the earth as the old Cherokees did, seeing the world through their eyes, finding patterns in bird tracks, feathers, mountains, rivers, and leaves. She occasionally spins her own yarn from wool produced by Oklahoma sheep flocks. From these materials, Mary weaves strong geometric patterns in subtle colors, reflecting the world of today and echoing the world of her ancestors. Her work displays skilled craftsmanship combined with a love of her Cherokee heritage, which raises her craft to art.

Mary began as a weaver and later brought to the skill her Indian heritage. Anna Mitchell, on the other hand, was first curious about her heritage, and from there was led to pottery. A student of her Cherokee heritage, she became curious about the ancient Cherokee methods of pottery-making. Having discovered clay on her land at Vinita, she began experimenting with it, reproducing the clay pipes of her tribe. For the stem she used the river cane which grew north of her home, gathering it in late summer or fall after it had seasoned awhile.

Once she had reproduced the pipes to her satisfaction, Anna began making pots in the ancient method. Many experiments and failures preceded the system she uses today. After digging the clay, she dries it in the sun, then pulverizes it with rocks until it turns to powder. This she sifts several times before adding a tempering agent, sometimes straw, more often crushed sand. She mixes this with water and pounds it into a workable substance. Anna forms the pot by either the coil or pinch method, dries it, and when it is leather-hard, incises it. The designs are applied with tools replicating the Cherokees': corncoabs, stones, or sticks. After the work dries a few more days Anna fires the pot in a kiln devised of potsherds and bark. The result has brought her many awards, and the admiration of fellow tribesmen. One of Anna Mitchell's bowls resting on a table speaks to us of time and timelessness.

The dolls of Lorene Drywater are also timeless, in their ability to win today's child as they did the Indian child hundreds of years ago. When Lorene was small, her grandmother made dolls for her, later teaching her the craft. Lovely examples of a true folk art, they are made of buffalo grass, with cunning braided hair and calico dresses. Every culture has its dollmakers, and there are many among the Indians. Donna Tsatoke recently had a showing of her dolls at the Southern Plains Indian Museum, Anadarko. Sara Grimes, a Wichita, makes cotton dolls with embroidered faces in authentic dress. She is the only dollmaker producing dolls representing seven different tribes of the Southern Plains region. Mildred Cleghorn is another fine dollmaker, as are Mr. and Mrs. Tony Ponkill of Shawnee, who make apple face dolls.

A favorite craft form of the Southern Plains Indians is beadwork. Since the days of the early traders these tribes have incorporated the bead into their aesthetic life. Beads decorated their buckskin clothing and cradle boards. Beaded medallions with horsehair tassles often adorned tepees on the plains. Medallions are a favorite today. This craft requires a sense of color and design, as well as patience and skill. No two medallions are ever alike; they are like brightly colored snowflakes. Nettie Standing, one of the finest beadworkers, insists that even if you try, it is impossible to duplicate a design exactly. Inspiration often comes in a dream, or while observing nature. At times the beadworker will just begin, and the pattern will form itself. The beadwork mocassin artistry of Mary Nowlin and Doris Lumpmouth is highly prized. Alice Littleman learned beadworking from her mother, and now works with a variety of beads on a number of items. Nettie Standing does imaginative, handsome beading, often ornamenting handmade suede handbags with medallions or Kiowa-stripes.

Melvin Blackman is an artisan to whom other Indians come for fine costumes. His buckskin dresses are prized for the quality of their construction and the beauty of the beadwork. Originally such dresses were sewn with sinew; now they are often sewn with dental floss, an example of the ingenuity and adaptability of the native American craftsman. The making of costumes requires ability in featherwork, another medium popular among Southern Plains Indians.

Featherwork can be brilliant with color, as are the fancy dress costumes of dancers or tribal princesses. Or the work can be subtle, as in the ritual fans of the Native American Church. Those who find beauty in natural feathers prize them for the grace and power of the bird itself. Feathers are sacred objects. In fan making a delicate skill is required to straighten the feather. Much practice is needed to develop the right touch on the spine. The feathers are secured in thread-wrapped buckskin sockets, and the handle often beaded in the difficult gourd stitch. A tassel of buckskin may trim the handle. David Apekaum, Kiowa from Mountain View, practices this craft beautifully, as does Joe Rice of Oklahoma City.

The family of Max Silverhorn, Sr. are leaders in the Native American Church, and he, his father, and his son are excellent craftsmen. Mr. Sil-
verhorn has many skills, one of which is making the gourd rattles used in the church's ceremony. His father taught him that the gourd is ready for picking after the first frost, when the outer coat slips off easily in his hand. He opens the gourd, cleans and dries it, then roasts it carefully over an open fire until the color suits him. While many objects will serve to produce the rattling sound, Max is most pleased by the sound of horses' teeth which have been smoothed into beads. The handle of the peyote rattle must be carefully cutout patterns appliqued on cloth. Mabel Harrison are famous for their beautiful ribbonwork, intricate cutout patterns appliqued on cloth. Mabel Harrison, Sac and Fox, designs dresses based on the old two-piece dresses of the women of her tribe, decorated with intricate ribbonwork. The ribbonwork of Shalah Rice Rowlen reflects great patience and an artistic eye. She began by researching traditional Woodlands Indian patterns for her family's dance costumes, and now only uses the finest materials for her work. Her shawls and blankets with their exquisite bead and ribbonwork are highly valued nationwide.

The flutemaker's art is an ancient Indian craft, dating far back into pre-contact days. Each tribe has its own myth of how the flute was given to man. The Comanche version is that an Indian walking through the woods heard beautiful sounds coming from the branches of a certain tree. Investigating, he realized that it was the wind blowing through holes in a hollow branch. The flute and its magical music have been considered the gift of a spirit. When Doc Tate Nevaquaya plays the flute he made, you believe it. The flute is uniquely his. Fashioned from bois d'arc, the flute's neck from mouthpiece to the first opening is the width of Doc's fist. The distances between holes are the width of his thumb. The oldest Comanche flutes were made from cane, then red cedar. They were glued together with cypress sap and sealed with rawhide. Soaked rawhide strips shrink as they dry, securing the flute from leaks. Carney Saupitty, with commercial glue substituted for tree sap, makes bows and arrows. Like his flutes, they are not for sale. He and Doc, like many Indian craftsmen, keep their finest work for special gifts of affection, or for trade with other admired artisans of the Indian community.

The work of Katy Bruce reflects the Indian jewelry of pre-contact and early post-contact periods. Before the white man, the Indians made their beads from bone, shell, stone, teeth, claws, seeds—things they found in their environment. When they began trading, they appreciated the beauty of the glass trade beads, so a single bead was often worth as much as a fur pelt. Necklaces of these beads were treasured and worn with great pride. Katy remembers older Indians wearing ornaments traded in friendship or gained as war trophies. Her necklaces reflect the look of Indian jewelry of that time, combining handsome beads with trophy pieces and natural materials. Her work is a sensitive recapturing of an old aesthetic sense.

Katy Bruce's work has another dimension as well. She is creating a new form of Indian expression in her jewelry, combining techniques and materials of various tribes into a contem-
temporary statement which is purely Indian. She hopes that the tribal unity expressed in her work will influence the thinking of her people so that all tribes will consider themselves part of one Indian nation.

The material more characteristic of Plains and Woodlands jewelry craftsmen is German silver. Also known as nickel silver, the metal is a non-ferrous alloy of copper, nickel, and zinc. Traders introduced it to the Indians in the mid-nineteenth century. The designs used reflect the cultural influences which have crossed Oklahoma: European, especially Spanish, Indian influences from Mexico and Canada, and the migrations and intermingling of the Woodlands and Plains tribes themselves. The inspiration of the iconography of the Native American Church has also been strong. Such designs as the aquatic spirit bird, the crescent-shaped earthen altar, the peyote button, and the rattle, while not all part of the ritual, reflect the beliefs of its members and are often worn by them during church meetings. The beauty of the work makes the pieces appealing to the public as well.

Many fine Oklahoma craftsmen are working in German silver, two notable artisans being Julius Caesar and Homer Lumpmouth. Both these men are self-taught from years of observation, study, and practice. Today their work is found in museums, on richly ornamented Indian costumes, and worn as adornment by an appreciative Indian and non-Indian public.

Many other crafts are practiced by the Oklahoma Indians. Some, such as fingerweaving, are quite popular. Others, like drum making, would be forgotten but for a few craftsmen who have retained the skills. Otter caps, wood carvings, quill work, baskets, stickball clubs, quilts, and turtle shell rattles are all made in the state, although some will be difficult to find.

As the Indians of Oklahoma continue to find new expressions for their heritage, the non-Indian public can gain important insights from their work. Through his work, the Indian artisan reflects his reverence for the earth, his esteem for the materials with which he works, and his understanding of man as an integral part of the natural world.
one's medicine quite impelled him to the act. General Sherman arrested three Kiowas, Satanta, Satank, and Addo-Eta (their names do not sound like that when pronounced by Kiowas.)

Written in the international phonetic alphabet they are S\text{\textcopyright}\text{n}a, S\text{\textcopyright}\text{n}a, and A\text{\textcopyright}\text{n}.

These three Kiowa leaders were imprisoned in a cellar beneath the parade ground barracks. They were to be taken to Texas to stand trial for murder.

En route to Texas S\text{\textcopyright\text{n}a armed only with a knife,} launched an attack on his captors. He was killed there at that place within sight of Fort Sill's stone corral.

S\text{\textcopyright\text{n}a} died in the Texas prison, perhaps attempting to burst out of prison, perhaps in purpose suicide. Both now lie buried on Chiefs' Knoll in the Fort Sill post cemetery.

A\text{\textcopyright} much younger than his compatriots, later became a dedicated and respected Indian leader. For many years he taught a Sunday School class at Rainey Mountain mission church.

For those persons, both Indian and Caucasian, who seek to understand the conflicts in which our grandfathers fought, a new book is available. It is THE WARREN WAGONTRAIN RAID by Benjamin Capps, published by The Dial Press, New York, $8.95. It reads like a novel, but it is not. It is the exciting truth, more engrossing than fiction, and wonderfully written.

Ben Capps, who has a special gift of empathy, is able to see this conflict from all of its sides. He is able to lead his readers to understand each side. THE WARREN WAGONTRAIN RAID is a masterfully woven narrative, and we urgently recommend it to you.
THE GOURD DANCER

1. The Omen

Another season centers on this place.
Like memory the blood congeals in it;
And like memory, too, the sun recedes
Into the hazy, southern distances.

A vagrant heat hangs on the dark river,
And shadows turn like smoke. An owl ascends
Among the branches, clattering, remote
Within its motion, intricate with age.

2. The Dream

Mammedaty saw to the building of this house.
Just there, by the arbor, he made a camp in the old way.
And in the evening when the hammers had fallen silent and there were frogs and crickets
in the black grass — and a low, hectic wind upon
the pale, slanting plane of the moon’s light —
he settled deep down in his mind to dream.
He dreamed of dreaming, and of the summer breaking
upon his spirit, as drums break upon the intervals
of the dance, and of the gleaming gourds.

3. The Dance

Dancing,
He dreams, he dreams–
The long wind glances, moves
Forever as a music to the mind:
The gourds are flashes of the sun.
He takes the inward, mincing steps
Describing old processions and refrains.

Dancing,
His moccasins,
His sash and bandolier
Contain him in insignia:
His fan is powerful, concise
According to his agile hand,
And holds upon the elemental air.

4. The Give-away

Someone spoke his name, Mammedaty, in which
his essence was and is. It was a serious matter
that his name should be spoken there in the circle,
among the many people, and he was thoughtful,
full of wonder, and aware of himself and of his name.
He walked slowly to the summons, looking into the
eyes of the man who summoned him. For a moment
they held each other in close regard, and all about
them there was excitement and suspense.

Then a boy came suddenly into the circle, leading
a black horse. The boy ran, and the horse after him.
He brought the horse up short in front of Mammedaty,
and the horse wheeled and threw its head and cut
its eyes in the wild way. And it blew hard and
quivered in its hide so that light ran, rippling,
upon its shoulders and its flanks — and then it
stood still and was calm. Its mane and tail were
fixed in braids and feathers, and a bright red chief’s
blanket was draped in a roll over its withers. The boy
placed the reins in Mammedaty’s hand. And all of this
was for Mammedaty, in his honor, as even now it is
in the telling, and will be, as long as there are
those who imagine him in his name.

... N. Scott Momaday
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