Happy Face" sticks purchased at the variety store appear on the street we receive. This symbol is used in commercial advertising. We see it on the college campus. It is a popular symbol of our time. But not fashioned entirely by Mother Nature with no help from the sculpturing hands of man, impossible.

Improbable perhaps, but not impossible. For here it is. Photographed was Patsy Feltner, 12, by James Barnett, Park, age 12, of Oklahoma City.

The Shoebox Mother Nature used were an old toe running against the rock, the wind, and the snow. With these she entirely on her own created the happiest "Happy Face" we've seen. Perhaps it is an omen. We hope so.
Halsell College, Vinita, was attended by Will for three years. Here he was among fellow Cherokee boys and girls. Having fun, in this case roping the girls, was typical of young Will. The old college no longer exists.

The more you look, the more you find to see in the dioramas at the Will Rogers Memorial, Claremore, where 13 such scenes highlight his colorful life. Created by noted artist-sculptor Jo Mora, nine of the miniatures — based on a scale of one inch to one foot — were completed in 1941. The remaining four, which took nearly two years to complete, were installed just a few months before Mora’s death in Monterey, California, in October, 1947. A native of Montevideo, Uruguay, Mora came to the U.S. as a child, using art as an outlet for his many experiences. Each of the hundreds of items in the dioramas is fashioned individually, with figures created from hydrostone and painted by hand. He used old photographs and descriptions from the family to produce the authentic scenes.

Commentary by Dr. Reba Collins, curator, Will Rogers Memorial, Claremore.
Will on favorite horse, Comanche, waves to friends along the board sidewalks of Claremore, about 1895.

Singing to calm the wild cattle as the camp sleeps through the night, Will Rogers is depicted during his trail driving days, from the Texas panhandle to Liberal, Kansas, in 1898.

Managua, Nicaragua, still burning here from the disastrous earthquake of March 30, 1930. Will Rogers flies in to help organize for relief funds, adding his own generous check and using his newspaper columns to solicit help from around the globe. In recognition for his aid, the Nicaraguan government issued five postage stamps in his honor in 1939.

Will takes time out on the set of "Connecticut Yankee" to type out his daily "piece for the papers." Using two fingers, he pecks out the words that will be read by millions the next morning. When completed, in 1934, this film sent him to the top in box office ratings.

With a backdrop of Ziegfeld lovelies and his ever-present lariat in his hand, Will scratches his head in innocence after putting one across the footlights to catch the Follies audience with his homely wit. The Indian Cowboy has come a long way from Wild West show trick roping to the sophisticated New York stage.
ple, is an Iraqi vase authenticated to 3000 B.C., which is the oldest known artifact depicting any form of athletic competition—hence the designation of the "oldest sport."

Photographs of drawings from Egyptian tombs circa 2250 B.C. show legitimate wrestling holds still in vogue today. A casting from a 2,500-year-old Greek plinth and a large collection of postage stamps with wrestling motifs enhance the historical displays compiled by wrestling historian Don Sayenga of Bethlehem, Pa.

Next is an international area highlighted by a large photograph of George N. Mehnert, Olympic champion in 1904 and 1908 and the only U.S. wrestler ever to win two gold medals in the Olympic Games.

Continuing in a clockwise direction around the 60-foot-square museum, display cabinets and wall boards trace the evolution of the sport of wrestling in the United States, by eras, to the present day. Spaced among and within the cabinets are mannequins garbed in Olympic uniforms dating from 1928 to 1976.

The most singular items in the museum are two Olympic gold medals, entrusted to the Hall of Fame by Bobby Pearce and Jack VanBebber, who won collegiate championships for Oklahoma State and Olympic championships in the 1932 games at Los Angeles. Only 29 Olympic gold medals have been won by U.S. wrestlers since the games began anew in 1896.

Olympic silver medals have been placed on display by Ross Flood (1936) and Dan Hodge (1956).

Also dotting the displays are championship trophies, plaques and medals, early-day and modern uniforms, un-
usual equipment and hundreds of photographs, programs, books, and clippings. NCAA team trophies have been entrusted for display by Northern Iowa, Oklahoma, and Oklahoma State. Personal memorabilia of the 14 Distinguished Members enhance many of the cabinets. Items of special interest include:

- A photograph of the participants and a filled-in program and bracket sheet from the first NCAA tournament in 1928:
- Dr. R. G. Clapp’s personal copy of the first NCAA rule book, with his handwritten notes showing changes he planned to enact as chairman of the rules committee:
- A copy of Billy Sheridan’s first pay voucher as a coach, a full $30 for the 1911 season at the University of Pennsylvania;
- The track and field medals of Edward C. Gallagher, who starred in that sport and football before becoming a legendary coach:
- Rex Peery’s letter sweater from Stillwater High School and Ross Flood’s “O” blanket from Oklahoma A&M (where they were teammates and three-time national collegiate champions):
- A black derby hat worn by the late George Martin when he was a 1933 NCAA champion at Iowa State and the Cyclones outfitted their traveling team in derbies as a counter to the cowboy hats worn by the Oklahoma Aggies:
- The Golden Gloves won by Dan Hodge, the only athlete in more than

BY
BOB DELLINGER
DIRECTOR
50 years to earn championships in both wrestling and boxing:

—A 1928 headgear donated by George Rule, one of the first NCAA champions (it closely resembles a Red Grange football helmet); and
—An unusual “headlock machine” given to Dan Hodge by Ed “Strangler” Lewis, when Hodge demonstrated that his incredible strength was enough to squeeze the two halves together (it required a force of some 500 pounds).

The Wall of Champions is a focal point. Stretching some 100 linear feet around the inner wall of the museum, it bears plaques listing the name, weight, and affiliation of each individual National Champion in USWF, NCAA, and NJCAA tournaments through the years. Also members of U. S. Olympic, world tournament and Pan American Games teams, and other noteworthy national achievements.

The Hall of Fame library contains many publications pertinent to both the history and the techniques of wrestling. A comfortable 44-seat theater is available for the showing of films, tapes, and slides.

The National Wrestling Hall of Fame is located on the Oklahoma State University campus, adjacent to the field house and stadium. Its national scope is much in evidence throughout.

Outstanding wrestling personalities from across the country, including 29 Olympic wrestlers—eight of them gold medal winners—were on hand to participate in the September 11 dedication, banquet, and activities.

One of the highlights of the opening weekend was a reunion breakfast for visiting Olympians, dating back to the 1924 games, represented by gold medal winners Russell Vis and Robin Reed. Except for 1928, all the Olympic Games of six decades were represented by wrestlers, coaches, and officials.

The Olympic reunion will be an annual feature of the induction weekend, as will a reunion of inductees, who will be invited to return with their families to welcome each new class of Distinguished Members.

Master of ceremonies and keynote speaker for the first Honors Banquet was Frank Gifford, noted sportscaster for ABC television and radio and TV “voice” of Olympic wrestling at Munich and Montreal.

Another highlight of the Honors Banquet was presentation of a special citation from President Ford, who once played football under the coaching of Cliff Keen at Michigan. Representing the White House was Richard Keelor of the President’s Council on Physical Fitness.

The weekend’s activities started Friday night with an informal get-together for the honored guests and their families.

Presiding over the formal dedication Saturday morning was Ken Kraft, the U. S. Wrestling Federation president. He accepted the deed to the debt-free building from Dr. Melvin D. Jones of Oklahoma City, who chaired the original corporation formed to establish the Hall of Fame site in Stillwater, raise the necessary funds and complete construction of the building. Kraft and Jones shared the ribbon-cutting ceremony with Myron Roderick, president of the Board of Governors of the new supporter group, the National Wrestling Hall of Fame, Inc.

An appreciation luncheon for donors to the project followed, and the new Distinguished Members were introduced at halftime of a Saturday afternoon football game in the nearby OSU stadium.

At the Saturday night banquet, each inductee was presented a smaller replica of the granite plaque enshrined in the Hall of Fame.
in the Hall of Fame. The plaque was delivered by a presenter chosen by the inductee—a close relative, a former coach, a former wrestler or an associate of the Distinguished Member. As each was honored at the banquet, his achievements in wrestling were related by Gifford, accompanied by a slide presentation highlighting his career.

A private showing of the Hall of Fame for the members and their families on Sunday morning was followed by an open house.

Normal display hours for the Hall of Fame are 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. weekdays, but special showings are arranged in conjunction with OSU athletic events. Admission is $1 for adults, 50c for high school students and younger children. Group rates are available.

The 14 charter members were selected from a list of 56 candidates nominated by the general public over a six-month period. The names then were submitted to a nationwide committee of 18 electors, each of whom cast a ballot for 25 candidates. Approval by 75 per cent, or 14 of the electors, was required for induction to the Hall of Fame.

Nominations for the second annual election are now being accepted and forms for nomination may be obtained from the Hall of Fame at 405 West Hall of Fame Avenue, Stillwater, OK 74074.

The concept of a National Wrestling Hall of Fame was developed early in 1972 by Myron Roderick, then executive director of the U. S. Wrestling Federation, and Dr. Melvin D. Jones of Oklahoma City, an insurance executive and avid sports booster.

After agreeing in principle on the idea, they added Bill Aufleger, president of the Stillwater Development Co.; Stillwater banker Bob McCormick and Oklahoma State University representatives Dennis Schick and Moses Frye to the core group and met with Dr. Robert B. Kamm, president of the university. Dr. Kamm pledged OSU support, including donation of the land and services, if the Hall of Fame could be landed for Stillwater.

The Oklahoma group was among 14 widespread communities bidding for the Hall of Fame at the USWF governing council meeting in April, 1972. By the late July meeting of the council, the field had narrowed to Oklahoma and Iowa, and at that meeting the Hall of Fame formally was awarded to the Oklahoma group.

A non-profit corporation, the U.S. Amateur Wrestling Hall of Fame, Inc., was formed to raise funds, construct the building and present it debt-free to the USWF for operation as a Hall of Fame. Ralph Ball, Oklahoma City architect, Veldo Brewer of Holdenville, former University of Oklahoma president Dr. George Cross and the late Oliver S. Willham, former OSU president, all were active in the corporation from its inception.

The structure was designed by Hudgins-Thompson-Ball & Associates, in cooperation with university architects, and was constructed by the Stillwater Development Co. below actual cost. Including donated architectural services, labor, materials and land, the total project exceeds half a million dollars, all raised by popular subscription.

At a May, 1976, meeting in Tulsa, a new corporation was formed blending members of the former corporation and representatives of the USWF into the National Wrestling Hall of Fame, Inc. The Board of Governors of this corporation will be active in continued fund-raising for completion of the interior and operation of the Hall.

A $20,000 grant was obtained from the Oklahoma Department of Tourism and Recreation and was expended on displays and furnishings.

The National Wrestling Hall of Fame is the only such structure in the United States developed entirely for the sport of wrestling.
The light draft steamboat *Facility*, Captain Pennywit commanding, steamed into the Three Forks confluence on the evening of a sparkling late-in-the-month June day. At noontide the *Facility* had ridden over the white water at Webber's Falls, and Phillip Pennywit had known in his very bones that he would make Fort Gibson by dark.

Passing the mouth of the Arkansas to larboard now, the sprightly paddlewheeler approached the Verdigris' current against the far bank and Pennywit spoke his command.

"Bring her right, now. Steer for the near channel."

As the steersman brought down the helm and the *Facility* swung slowly and gracefully into the flow of the Neosho River the roustabout in the bow cast the lead and sang out;

"Half twain . . ."

"Three-quarter twain . . ."

Then, "By the mark three," chanted the leadman and the dark-coated Pennywit turned to his helmsman.

"Meet her," the soft-voiced, graying captain ordered and his eyes swept the river water ahead. She was still running high, and he could choose his course.

"Keep to the right bank," he ordered, "and a sharp eye out for sawyers."

Of all the dangers to navigation facing river craft, the snag and the sawyer were the worst. The snag, a tree swept downstream until it half-buried itself in the river bed, often lay hidden beneath the water's surface, its trunk and branches broken off in sharp points and pointed upward as firm as rocks. There was no warning to the captain who ran upon a snag until the bottom of his craft was already torn out and sinking.

The sawyer, a dethroned monarch of the forest whose roots had buried themselves in the river bottom, left its long trunk and strong branches free to rise and sink with the rhythm of the current. A boat bound downstream could sometimes survive a sawyer; but for one headed upstream the huge tree rearing up out of the water to tower over the steamboat bearing down upon it was almost certain death.

And the *Facility* was bound upstream. The steamboat landing and log palisades of the Fort Gibson stockade should soon be visible in the evening distance ahead. The red rim of the setting sun barely edged the timbered hills to the west as the broad shoulders of the *Facility*'s passenger filled the pilot house doorway.

Pennywit greeted him, "Good evening, Colonel Houston."

Gad, how big the fellow was. And three sheets in the wind, as usual, but carrying it well. Pennywit's glance swept the cargo deck below to note three roustabouts dutifully making ready the bow cannon for firing. It would announce their approach as
they neared the Fort.

Surrounding the bow cannon and spreading off was the cargo ready to be off-loaded for post sutler Nicks: 25 bags of assorted shot and ten kegs of black powder: one carton each of sperm candles, salaeratus, cigars, ladies' parasols, Jenny Lind soap, Copenhagen snuff, and cut plug tobacco.

Farther aft ranged the barrels of brown sugar, Rio and Laguira coffee, and boxes of salt, pepper, and spices. The Facility carried a consignment of dry goods, gingham, chintzes, sheetings and domestics. There was a job lot of hardware, tinware, and earthen crockery, and an assortment of boots and shoes.

Dusk shrouded the river now, awaiting moonrise. Twilight became darkness and still Colonel Sam Houston, the huge, gaunt, ex-Tennessee governor, had not responded to the Captain's greeting. Pennywit could feel his strong presence in the darkened pilot house, and sense the bitterness of Houston's mood.

Houston had come west to escape the bitter shock of his failed marriage. He had been a dour passenger since boarding the Facility at Little Rock. He would be disembarking at Fort Gibson to live, and forget, among Indian friends—the Cherokees of Chief Oo-loo-te-ka.

Night now obscured all except the dark-mirror sheen of the Neosho current. It would be impossible to see the Fort Gibson landing much before arrival after all, but the firefly flare of pine torches along the distant bank alerted Pennywit to the Fort's approaching nearness. He sounded the Facility's steam whistle, which signaled the roystabouts below to set off the cannon, but the blast that then resulted almost flung the Captain to the deck.

The cannon had been overloaded. As the match approached its touch-hole it exploded, killing the crewmen who had mismeasured the powder and blowing up the forward portion of the cargo consigned to sutler Nicks. While the Facility suffered no major damage beyond having part of her cargo swept into the river, it complicated and turned her landing into a bacchanalian spectacle.

The welcoming party of Cherokees on the landing with their flaming pine torches, Pennywit approaching the landing with a wounded craft and a short crew busy extinguishing fires ignited on the cargo deck by the exploding cannon, the fear those small fires would cut among the casks of black powder stored not far from the blown up cannon and cause a major catastrophe, the rush of Fort Gibson's dragoons down to the landing to share the excitement, all made the arrival of Col. Sam Houston in Oklahoma memorable.

The full story of Sam Houston's years in the Three Forks country is told in Sam Houston with the Cherokees: 1829-1833 by Jack Gregory and Rennard Strickland (Univ. of Texas Press, Austin). Not much is known of the career of Captain Phillip Pennywit, though it must have been an interesting one. Born in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia in 1793, he became a river pilot early. He built the first steamboat to be built in Cincinnati.

He named the steamboat Cincinnatti. He later owned the Facility, and other steamers, and first ascended the Arkansas River to Fort Gibson in February, 1828. According to Muriel Wright, the very first steamboats to ascend the Arkansas were the Velocipede, and the Seioto, soon followed by the Catawba, all in April, 1827.

Following thereafter river trade between Fort Gibson and all ports down river to New Orleans was steady and active. Our favorite Arkansas River tale concerns the incident that befell one Army Captain Armstrong. Acting Superintendent for the western Indians, he was returning from New Orleans with $150,000 with which to make payments to the Cherokees at Fort Gibson. "I had succeeded in getting the specie in kegs, amounting to more than $100,000 of the total. I had a box of gold, and a box of dimes and half dimes." Some miles below Fort Gibson the boilers exploded and the steamboat burst. The box of gold was blown on shore, splitting in two. The box of dimes fell on the bow of the boat and split into pieces. The
captain of the boat was blown on shore and dangerously wounded. The mate and the clerk were also disabled, and most of the hands were killed. The specie, in its "substantial kegs bound with iron hoops" floated off down the river.

Captain Armstrong reported, "By my own exertions, as is well-known by those who witnessed it, I succeeded in recovering all the kegs of specie except for $61." Of the gold on the shore and the shattered box of dimes and half dimes, although the boat was a complete wreck and sank in less than an hour, he recovered all but $90.

"Had I been killed," he relates, "I have no doubt the greater part of the money would have been plundered, as were the dead and wounded of their watches, pocket books, and clothes. I saved the entire funds of the government with the exception of $151."

He concluded, "I was detained some days in a very uncomfortable situation, watching the money until a boat came along and relieved me. I shall obtain the proper certificates to relieve me from the loss—the amount is small and I have the satisfaction to know that my exertions made it so."

Another fascinator among Arkansas River yarns is the Civil War capture of a Union steamboat by General Stand Watie and his Cherokee Mounted Rifles. The J. R. Williams manned by its crew and a guard of 26 Union troops embarked from Fort Smith on June 15, 1864, carrying a cargo of quartermaster's stores for Fort Gibson. General Watie's Confederate Indians waited in ambush for the steamboat at Pleasant Bluff, where the Canadian flows into the Arkansas. There they fired a three cannon barrage at the approaching steamboat, disabling her and driving her aground on the opposite bank. The crew and Union troops fled.

Watie's Confederates unloaded cargo until dark, but during the night a river rise came down. Part of what the Confederates had offloaded was swept down river. With the morning, Union Indians arrived to sharpshoot among the Confederates, preventing them from carrying the remaining stores up the steep bank of the bluff. Watie's troops set the J. R. Williams afire and cut it adrift.

Some of the Confederates deserted during the confusion, carrying away with them the booty so far rescued. The river rose again, sweeping away more of the stores that had been
with 611 Indians on board, was proceeding at night on a course forbidden to upbound vessels. She collided with the Trenton. The Monmouth was cut in two and sank almost immediately, with a loss of 311 Indian lives.

One account of an attempt to load a group of Creek Indians on board a steamboat, states, "... there was such a number sick that many of them died on the wharf before they could get on board. Some died immediately after they embarked and we had to bury them. This detained the boat some time." Another account of such a loading, "... all the sick were brought to the spot in litters; a storm came up and the boats could not lay alongside the wharf. The storm lasted for two days. This rendered the situation of the Indians very unpleasant ..." The cold weather was, "... so severe on the little children and old persons; some of them nearly naked ..." These people were forced to lie out on deck on wet or frozen canvas. Their distress wrung the heart of one compassionate officer who wrote, "there was continued crying from morning to night among the children ... I used to encourage them by saying that the weather would moderate in a few days and it would warm, but it never happened during the whole trip."

During the peak years of Indian removal the columns of newspapers of the river ports enroute to Fort Gibson on the Arkansas and Fort Towson on the Red were filled with items. In November, 1832, the steamboat Walter Scott left Vicksburg with 1,000 emigrants under the leadership of Nitakechi. They were landed at Arkansas Post with many others to await boats that could ascend the Arkansas. In January, 1,000 Choctaws were embarked on the steamboat Reindeer with a 170-ton keelboat in tow. The captain of the Talma said "he never saw any people conduct themselves better or appear more devout. They had morning and evening prayers and spent much of their time on board the boat reading and singing hymns." These were not uncivilized people. They were Indian farmers who had owned the homes and property of which they were dispossessed in the South.

Navigation of the Arkansas began about ten years before extensive steamboat use of the Red River in Oklahoma. The delay was caused by the Great Raft, a mass of sunken driftwood, logs, and stumps virtually filling the channel of the Red for a hundred and sixty-five miles upstream from Nachitoches. Every seasonal flood uprooted and swept out vast reaches of timber from Red River shores. These thousands of fallen trees, tossed by the flood would pile up in great masses, making a "raft" of jagged trunks, gnarled, naked branches, and bleaching roots, creating the most desolate scene imaginable. The man responsible for removal of this vast obstruction to navigation was Captain Henry Shreve, from whom Shreveport takes its name. Following his initial survey in 1833 he began work with his snagboats and in five years cleared the channel, opening navigation to Fort Towson, 720 miles above the mouth of the Red.

Once the Red was open, ads like these began to appear in the Clarksville, Red River County, Texas Northern Standard:

January 13, 1844:
Regular Packet from Shreveport to Fort Towson. The fast, new light draught Steamboat Frontier, Cheatham Master, will ply regularly between the two above named places. The steamer Frontier is an entirely new boat throughout, strong and of best materials, built by G. K. Cheatham, at Louisville, Ky.

January 30, 1845:
Regular Packet Between New Orleans and Fort Towson. The splendid Passenger Steamer Lone Star will leave about the 1st of March for upper Red River, affording an opportunity of shipping Produce, and merchandise from the West.

December 18, 1847:
Cash Paid for Hides and Peltries—six cents a pound for sound dry hides, nine cents for good peltries; one dollar each for heavy coated bear skins, delivered at any shipping point between Fort Towson and the Raft until the 1st of May next. The Captain
of the Steamer Belle of Illinois will pay for the above whenever they shall be delivered to the boat.

March 17, 1849:

Friday of last week, the Envoy, the Texian, and the Dime were all at our landing. Old Red has served us well this winter. We have had almost uninterrupted navigation, and freights are at reasonable rates.

Fort Towson had been established in 1824 on the Red River to bring an end to fighting between the Choctaws and Comanches. Fort Washita followed eighteen years later, in the middle border Indian Territory country which had become known as Scalp Alley. Fort Coffee, on the Arkansas only 25 miles above Fort Smith, was established to bring an end to the nefarious business of selling whiskey to the Indians. Any craft suspected of carrying contraband was stopped there and searched. Steamboat men then devised skillful techniques of smuggling. Casks and kegs of whiskey were slung beneath the hull of the vessel by means of ropes and nets. Even the steamboat's captain was sometimes unaware that men in his crew were bootleggers, or "introducers" as they were then called.

Whiskey is the source of at least two good Red River tales. There was Zeb Marston, who settled near what many years later became Eagle Town on the far upper reaches of the Red River in Indian Territory. Zeb used to insist that the captain of the U. S. mail steamer Emperor stop at Zeb's "settlement" each week and trade a barrel of whiskey for its value in cord wood. The Emperor's captain couldn't see why Zeb needed all that whiskey. It was too much trouble to stop at Zeb's cabin every week. He finally told Zeb so, and Zeb flew into a fury. "You talk about the trouble of leavin' me a barrel of whiskey a week! Here I am way out here where the drinkin' water is bad, I've got a sick wife, and five children, and no cow!"

The Jim Turner sank in the Red River in 1854. In her hold were two-hundred 40-gallon cypress casks of whiskey. The hull of the old wreck has been sighted from time to time over the years—most recently in 1960. It lies on the Oklahoma side of the river, two miles west of Albion's Ferry, where state highway 98 crosses into Texas.

Legal fights over possession of the wreck have brewed, always to be settled out of court, by the river itself. Just as litigants get ready to try the case for possession, the river buries the wreck again. The steamer was described in 1852 as a "splendid light-draught steamer especially built for upper Red River travel," owned by Oglesby & Griswold of Shreveport, and Turner, Williams & Co. of New Orleans.

On her upriver trips she carried frontier trade goods and whiskey. Downriver she carried cotton. Whiskey, at the time she was loaded in 1854 was worth only 60 to 65 cents per gallon. Just imagine what those casks of 150-year-old whiskey would be worth if they could be recovered today.

Along today's Arkansas River you'll see dredges at work maintaining the channel, and coast guard craft patrolling. The Arkansas is kept free of dangers to navigation as it never was during the steamboat era. The Red River is scheduled to again be navigable to Shreveport by 1983, and perhaps once more, someday, to the Fort Towson vicinity. The Arkansas River is gorgeously scenic in any season, and you no longer need navigate it with the dread fear of an exploding boiler shattering the deck beneath your feet or a huge sawyer rearing up out of the depths of the river before you. Today's McClellan-Kerr waterway with its 18 modern locks and dams is a wonder to behold, and better and safer than the river ever was in history.
Feb 13-15  Oklahoma Farmers Union Convention...Oklahoma City
Feb 16  Blazers vs Salt Lake (ice hockey)...Oklahoma City
Feb 16  OSU vs Nebraska (basketball)...Norman
Feb 16-18  "Shades of Gray" (BLAC)...Oklahoma City
Feb 17  Fred Waring & His Pennsylvanians...Enid
Feb 17-19  "Man of La Mancha" (Southwest Playhouse)...Clinton
Feb 18  Blazers vs Oilers (ice hockey)...Oklahoma City
Feb 18-20  Ballet (OCC)...Oklahoma City
Feb 19  Oilers vs Salt Lake City (ice hockey)...Tulsa
Feb 19  Blazers vs Fort Worth (ice hockey)...Oklahoma City
Feb 19  OSU vs Iowa State (basketball)...Norman
Feb 19  Paul Williams & Okla Syn Pop Concert...Oklahoma City
Feb 19-22  "Picnic" (Harvest Playhouse)...Grandyfield
Feb 20  Band Concert (CGO)...Edmond
Feb 22  University Singers (OCC)...Oklahoma City
Feb 22  Jazz Ensemble (TU)...Tulsa
Feb 22  "The House of Blue Leaves" (Theater Center)...Tulsa
Feb 24-27  "The Good Doctor" (TU)...Tulsa
Feb 25  Blazers vs Oilers (ice hockey)...Oklahoma City
Feb 25-26  "Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild" (Theater Tulsa)...Tulsa
Feb 25  OCU vs Memphis State (basketball)...Oklahoma City
Feb 26  OSU vs Nebraska (basketball)...Stillwater
Feb 26-27  "Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild"...Oklahoma City
Feb 27  Oilers vs Dallas (ice hockey)...Oklahoma City
Feb 27  Band Concert (CGO)...Oklahoma City
Feb 27  tu, Oklahoma Symphony (Louis Lane, Guest Conductor)...Oklahoma City
Mar 1  Blazers vs Kansas City (basketball)...Oklahoma City
Mar 1  Lawton Philharmonic Childrens Concert...Lawton
Mar 2  King Family Singers...Lawton
Mar 3-6  All American Open Karate Championship...Oklahoma City
Mar 4-5,11-12,18-19  "Godspell" (Little Theatre)...Muskogee
Mar 5  Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 5  Oilers vs Kansas City (ice hockey)...Tulsa
Mar 5  Blazers vs Salt Lake (ice hockey)...Oklahoma City
Mar 5  tu, Oklahoma Symphony...Oklahoma City
Mar 5  OKLA DECA Leadership Conference...Oklahoma City
Mar 7-9  tu, Oklahoma Symphony Music That Tells Stories...Oklahoma City
Mar 10-12  "Anne of the Thousand Days" (Theater Center)...Oklahoma City
Mar 11  "Macbeth" ...Tulsa Opera...Oklahoma City
Mar 11  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 12-16,20  "The Real Inspector Hound" (Community Theatre)...Tulsa
Mar 14  Blazers vs Fort Worth (ice hockey)...Oklahoma City
Mar 14  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 15-17  tu, Oklahoma Symphony Music That Tells Stories...Oklahoma City
Mar 16-17,21-22  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 17-19  NCAA Wrestling Championships...Norman
Mar 17-19  NCAA Regional Basketball Championships (Myriad)...Oklahoma City
Mar 18  Oilers vs Salt Lake City (ice hockey)...Tulsa
Mar 19  Oilers vs Blazers (ice hockey)...Tulsa
Mar 19  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 20  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 22  Blazors vs Kansas City (ice hockey)...Oklahoma City
Mar 24  St. Louis Symphony Orchestra...Tulsa
Mar 24-27,30-Apr 3  "The Real Inspector Hound" (Community Theatre)...Tulsa
Mar 24  Oilers vs Dallas (ice hockey)...Tulsa
Mar 25  Blazers vs Fort Worth (ice hockey)...Oklahoma City
Mar 25,26,31-Apr 1-2  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 26 (tentative)  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 26  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 26  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 27-31  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 31  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 31  "Othello" ...Tulsa Opera
Mar 31  tu, Oklahoma Symphony "Music That Tells Stories"...Oklahoma City
Mar 31  "One Flew Over the Cuckoo Nest" (Theater Center)...Oklahoma City
Mar 31  "The Fourposter" (Town & Gown)...Stillwater

Snow and Cattle

This famed black breed of Oklahoma livestock becomes even more highly visible in winter. Black cattle can hardly maintain a low profile against snow. This herd had gathered in the area where they knew their rancher owner would soon appear. His pickup truck clad with fragrant, summer-baled alfalfa hay, to supplement the scant blades of cured grass that penetrated above the ice of this frozen pasture.
She didn't read.
She was 9 years old, in the 4th grade and she didn't read. She was good in Social Studies, very good in Arithmetic. She could even spell. But she didn't read.

Then one day, the reading class had a special visitor. The author of some popular children's books talked to the 4th grade class. She told stories about places she had been and explained how she wrote some of those adventures in books for girls and boys to share with her. She read from one of her books. So interested was the 9-year-old reading dropout that she was disappointed when the author didn't finish reading the story.

There was only one way to find out how the story ended: She checked the book out of the homeroom bookshelf, and read for herself. Then she read another book, and another. Soon, she was among the middle group readers in her class. It wasn't that an author's visit had opened up a new world for her. but it had provided the incentive for this non-reader to become a reader.

This is one of the goals that the Arts and Humanities Council of Oklahoma strives to reach. There are other goals and Bill Jamison, Betty Price, Bob Pierle, and their staff are busy trying to meet them.

The day we were there six staff members were in different communities over Oklahoma helping local cultural groups arrange for programs and exhibits in their own areas.

So far, they have assisted over 100 communities this year with programs that bring cultural arts into focus and call attention to local talent throughout the state. From Bethany to Turpin to Vici they have helped local people carry out their Enrichment in Arts Programs. Much of the programs are carried out through the public schools, but the goal of the Arts Council is to extend its work into the community. So every kind of program from Library to Oil Painting to Indian Cultural Retention to Community Theater, Symphony, and Jazz Festival has been presented in local communities for local enjoyment. Pretty impressive record for a year's work. But we wondered whether the general public cared one way or the other.

"Oh, I think so," Director Bill Jamison said. "There's usually a pretty fair turn out for Art Exhibits. Then the Folk Arts—like the Blue Grass musicians—bring out lots of people. Right now, they are pretty popular. Then there are calls for Oklahoma Symphony Concerts in a number of places. We help out there."

"How?" we asked.

"We can underwrite a certain percent of the cost to bring a Symphony, or a Blue Grass group, or writer, or painter—whoever—and the sponsoring community puts up the rest of the investment. If we didn't provide financial assistance in many instances continued on page 18

BY CLARICE JACKSON
the community could not afford the program. We want to assist every community we can, because Art is for everyone,” Mr. Jamison told us.

That brought up another question, “What is Art?”

“Art,” he said, “is difficult to define. It is painting and pottery, poetry, music and dance—quilting—little theater groups—anything individuals do for themselves or other people for entertainment, enrichment, and education. Some people make a distinction between folk art and fine art, but we like to include all these endeavors as ‘art’.”

The Arts Council aims to insure that cultural opportunities are available to anyone and everyone in the state. Without funds which are provided by the National Endowment for the Arts, and appropriations from the Oklahoma State Legislature none of these programs could be provided. As it is, local communities are assisted by the Council through the local non-profit corporations or agencies of the government who have tax-exempt status.

Last year, the Council supported Community Services Programs that succeeded in hiring an arts director in Clinton, helped to develop a black theater company in Oklahoma City, and aided various projects of museum exhibits, art festivals, a poetry reading, a playwrights’ conference, and a film festival. This in addition to advising and assisting communities in their Artist-in-Schools Programs.

Probably the most popular program the Council assists in is the Artist-in-Schools project. When a school applies for this program, pupils are in for a stimulating time of learning. No one can predict the outcome. But surprising results come through when a selected art group comes to school. Take the Bluegrass musicians. They come to a community for a “residence” of six weeks. During that time, they entertain, instruct, and educate the whole community with their performances. They demonstrate to their audiences the old style, grass root, home grown country music. They tell stories of how the music got started and why they keep it alive. They invite local musicians to play with them and generally encourage the community to enjoy the music. They leave the community hoping that the toe-tapping and banjo-ringing will go on after they are gone.

Some schools prefer a poet-in-residence for a 5-day term. People like Bill Gammon, Skip Largent, Carolyn Snow Falkins, or Lance Henson are an inspiration every time. Before the first day is up, they have poems in hand from students who didn’t know they could write poems—or from some who wanted to write, but never had the courage to show their creations to anyone. Suddenly there is a real, live poet, or poet-playwright, or poet-potter, right there to “rap with” and all their pent-up thoughts swirl onto paper in rhymes and rhythms and new expressions which will surprise even the most discerning teacher. More often than not, the extra nudge that the “real-live-pot” somehow gives to a student awakens the spark that is needed for fuller self-expression.

The poet-in-residence doesn’t bother with teaching structure and form. He emphasizes self-expression, viewpoint, “say-it-as-you-see-it.” Then it is a game of learning, free spinning process and very often students find it a freedom to communicate they never knew existed for them. They may never become great poets or novelists, but they are on their way to becoming better letter writers, and livelier conversationalists, or more sympathetic and knowledgeable readers.

Skip Largent tells his young audience, “It doesn’t matter if you have only ten words in your vocabulary. What matters is that you arrange those ten words in such a way that they are as alive and full of emotion and thought as you are.”

Ears perk up. Thoughts crowd up and spill out, real, honest and fresh. One poet’s words to a would-be poet have released something and set it spinning. No one, least of all the fledgling, knows where it will go or how far or what it will do. But it’s been born and it will touch a kindred soul somewhere, and another seed will germinate and culture will go on.

Lucy Tuttle, at Holland Hall in Tulsa, wrote, “When I was born on a glish-glish day, the sun was green and the moon was gray. The hour was brown and the day was pink . . . .”

continued on page 20
We don’t know exactly what she was saying, but we like the way she said it, and it brings out a giggle and a happy feeling that maybe things aren’t so serious and tense after all—and, friend, that’s art—and enrichment in the humanities!

### 1977 EVENTS ALREADY SCHEDULED
**LISTED BY THE ARTS AND HUMANITIES COUNCIL**

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Guthrie's accomplishments in preserving our territorial heritage are exciting. Her hopes are even more exciting.

The historic Carnegie Library, built in 1901, has become a museum, being developed by the Oklahoma Historical Society. On its steps our first Governor took his oath of office, and there was performed the symbolic wedding uniting the Oklahoma and Indian Territories. The handsome, Joseph Foucart designed, building where the Oklahoma Daily State Capitol was published is being developed as a museum of newspaper publishing by the Historical Society and the Oklahoma Press Association. Both of these are listed in the National Register of Historic Places.

Guthrie's hope concerns the entire area within her 1907 city limits (7 blocks). A Guthrie Preservation Trust has been proposed to preserve this heart of Guthrie. It has all been placed on the National Register of Historic Places, for it is the last totally intact territorial and state capital remaining in America.

What a jewel this would be in Oklahoma's crown if it could be accomplished!

What great distances people would travel just to see it!

Many of the buildings in this unique area were designed by Joseph Foucart. Foucart, first architect in the territory, was educated in Belgium. His architecture reflects the influence of European and Russian design, with turrets, cupolas, bay windows, and ornamental work galore.

Guthrie's hope is that the building facades in this downtown historic district be restored to their original appearance. Each facade would then be perpetually maintained by the Preservation Trust. Building owners would retain full control of the ownership and business rights behind the facade.

Parking meters in the district would be removed, portions of the original brick streets exposed, and historically related businesses encouraged to occupy historic structures. These might include a livery stable with horsedrawn tour vehicles, and restaurants in such early-day establishments as the Reaves Brothers Casino, the Blue Bell Saloon, the Yeller Dorg, and the Same Old Moses Saloon.

All our information here comes from the article written by Guthrie Daily Leader manager Bill Lehmann for HISTORIC PRESERVATION, the official publication of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Bill Lehmann and his Guthrie Daily Leader have certainly done their share in striving to make Guthrie's hopes come to pass.

Our picture facing is the new Guthrie Daily Leader building just constructed, in the old Joseph Foucart style. Inside is the most modern of newspaper plants, with computerized typesetting and offset printing. Along with mementos of Oklahoma's oldest daily newspaper's past; wall displays of old wooden type and copper engravings, stained glass windows from the original Leader building, authentic oldtime sidewalk bricks (marked "Don't Spit on the Sidewalk," "Chandler, Oklahoma Territory," "Bartlesville, Indian Territory," etc.), ornamental tinwork, and enlarged photo murals of early Guthrie.

The autos, chosen to be contemporay with the architectural setting involved, are a 1904 Cadillac, a 1909 Buick, and a 1905 Franklin. The owners of these antique automobiles, all present in our photo, are Don and Grace Bouldon, Tom and Hilda Lewis, Ted and Frances Oney, all of Oklahoma City.

Quoting Bill Lehmann, "Guthrie would like to prove that a plan that melds history with present community life and future growth in a compatible, mutually profitable force can succeed. We think we can do it."
THE GREATEST PARAKEET SHOW ON EARTH

It was a cold, windy day when the birds descended on Waurika. Being invaded by large numbers of birds may bring to mind scenes from an old Alfred Hitchcock movie, but Waurika's 1,500 feathered invaders bore no resemblance to Hitchcock's destructive ravens.

The visitors included rare and exotic birds such as crested cockatiels, singing canaries, brightly colored parrots, nervous finches and mean-tempered African love birds. They were joined by over 200 pet bird breeders, 2,500 fascinated spectators and cages full of the show's main attraction — the parakeet. The entire group came to this southern Oklahoma community to witness and take part in an event billed as the "Greatest Parakeet Show on Earth.”

All the other birds were included in displays to entertain the crowds, but the main emphasis was a bird competition which could be entered only by the parakeets. One-hundred and four of the tiny "budgies" competed for prize money and trophies.

L. H. "Larry" Baumhardt from Fort Worth, Texas, a bird judge registered with the American Budgerigar Society, selected the winners in a variety of contest divisions and color classes.

"We held the show to expose the people of Waurika to the impact of the pet bird business on this area's economy," Waurika Chamber of Commerce President Willis Worley, Jr., said, "and also to expose the nation to the impact the Waurika area has on the pet bird business nationwide.”

And in Waurika pet birds, especially parakeets, are business — very big business. The area boasts nearly 400 professional bird breeders who annually ship about one-half million birds, valued at nearly $2.6 million wholesale, across the nation. Parakeet raising is so widely practiced around Waurika that the Oklahoma Legislature recently proclaimed the city the "Parakeet Capital of the World.”

Parakeets were first brought to the area in 1942 by a farmer named K. L. Scott. He purchased six pairs of birds in Dallas and began breeding them as a hobby. The hobby gradually grew into a business. Scott died last year and left the running of the business to his wife and his sons Gary and Jack. Each week they ship 500 to 700 baby birds raised in their three aviaries, and nearly 10,000 birds purchased from other area breeders. The Scotts worked closely with the Waurika Chamber to help plan the show. While only show birds are judged at most contests, Waurika had both novice and pet stock divisions, making it possible to include almost any bird owner.

Judging from the response of those who attended, the show's boast of being the "greatest" will get little argument, and the event seems certain to become an annual affair.

... Bob Bonebrake

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MEDICAL ASSISTANCE TO TRAVELERS

IAMAT is a non-profit, world-wide association of English speaking doctors ready to aid the international traveler. Its International Medical Board consists of 22 physicians and benefactors, some of whom come from countries with different political ideologies, yet they all find it possible to cooperate. A doctor from Egypt and one from Israel sit side by side on the International Board.

Membership in IAMAT is free. You may join by writing to 350 Fifth Avenue, Suite 5620, New York, N.Y. 10001. The organization is supported by voluntary donations. If you join you will receive a pocket-size directory, listing IAMAT centers, with English speaking physicians, in 450 cities in 120 countries around the world.

You will also receive a Travelers Clinical Record, and a World Immunization and Malaria Risk Chart. If you indicate the area to which you plan to travel, you will receive a World Climate Chart, indicating the temperature and humidity you can expect at the time of your visit, average number of rainy days, conditions of drinking water, dairy products, and suggested clothing to be worn.

IAMAT has embarked on the es-

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establishment of the Pope John International Center for the Study of the Medical Aspects of Travel, near Niagara Falls, New York. Physicians and laymen from around the world will come there to study and coordinate aspects of medical procedures worldwide. Should you plan a trip beyond U. S. borders, you may be interested in joining. International president of the organization is Dr. Vincenzo Marcolongo of Toronto, Canada.

You have Choctaw blood. This is part of Choctaw heritage I want you to see. You won’t laugh? You will believe?” Buster is Chairman of the local area Choctaw-Chickasaw Heritage Preservation Committee which was formed by the Indians themselves.

“I will not laugh,” I promised. “As you say, I have Choctaw blood. I am a believer.” The man in the photograph is Uncle Billy Washington, a Choctaw herb doctor or “medicine man” who came from Mississippi to Indian Territory in the early days. Dr. Washington ministered to his Indian patients day or night, in their illnesses, gathering herbs in the woods and making his medicines.

Dr. Washington had a “little helper,” called by the Choctaws a Kawnakusahaan. The little helper guided the Doctor to rare herbs in the woods and led him to his patients through the dark nights. Only the Doctor could see the little fellow. Other Indians could only see a glow of light guiding the Doctor in the dark.

Then Dr. Washington’s family and friends prevailed on him to travel to Ardmore for a portrait to treasure for later generations. In the studio, the Doctor posed beside a little prop table which was bare. Neither the photographer nor the Indians present could see anything on the table, human sight having its blind spots.

But the camera could.

When the film was developed and the picture printed, there on the table stood the little Kawnakusahaan, straight and proud. Maybe it didn’t even know that the camera could see it.

Dr. Washington died about 1930 but, as Buster Ned said, Kawnakushas never die. They live on and afford their help to other Indians who prove worthy in helpfulness to their people and who believe.

On dark nights, the fullbloods say, a strange light is seen wandering around the Yellow Hills in the vicinity of the Doctor’s former home. It is his Kawnakusahaan, still looking for another Indian to serve.

I thought I had it figured out. Perhaps the Kawnakusahaan is a personification of the intuition shared by Choctaw doctors and leaders, the intuition that enables them to serve outstandingly. But how could anyone ever take a picture of an intuition?

Anyway, Buster said it is all right for us to publish the picture.

So here it is. Like Mac, we believe and you can form your own conclusion.

BOLEY’S HISTORIC LANDMARK DISTRICT

Among the growing number of historic preservation districts in the towns and cities of Oklahoma, Boley has attained the highest status, being designated a National Historic Landmark. This distinction rests heavily on the black heritage of the town.

In the Territorial period, it was one of 26 all-black communities established in Oklahoma. Through the early 1920s, the cotton economy supported a growing population and commercial center. Red brick and natural stone buildings lined the main thoroughfare on Pecan Street. The City Council installed water, electric, and telephone systems, while the schools ranged from elementary through the junior college level. The rustic, commercial style of most of the buildings still presents an interesting unity.

In the decade of the twenties, political and economic reverses began to take their toll. The town decayed slowly over the years. Aluminum facades and neon lights never found their way into Boley as they did elsewhere. Life magazine in 1968 pictured it as “... simply one more rural American town struggling to survive.” But even at that time, its distinctive heritage set it off as something special.

Recent preparations for the Nation’s Bicentennial Celebration launched a concerted effort to preserve its black heritage and to rebuild a progressive economic base for its population. The new focus became historic preservation with plans to begin building restoration. Old exteriors will be preserved, while the interiors of the first three restored buildings will be altered to accommodate a community center, a city office building, and an interior suitable for business or light manufacturing. The preservation effort of its citizens is practical and goes beyond just saving brick and mortar. These people are not antiquarians, but hold a pragmatic key to the future of emphasizing the town’s assets that cannot be duplicated.

10 YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

Our Anniversary Issue floodlighted all of Northeastern Oklahoma, its scenery, recreation, historic attractions, sports, etc. Dorothy Kayser French’s clever article Quit Breathing, Charlie! featured competitive swimming’s A.A.U. clubs in Bartlesville,
Norman, Oklahoma City, Stillwater, Ponca City, Midwest City, Tulsa, Ardmore, Miami, Enid, and Fairview. Paul A. Rossi’s Gilcrease Institute: A National Treasury speaks of the breadth and depth of that tremendous collection.

Color scenes underlined Oklahoma’s four delightful seasons: in the Arbuckle Mountains, Wichita Mountains, Lincoln Park, Beavers’ Bend and Tenkiller State Parks. The Tulsa World’s Troy Gordon shared his timeless wit in Some of My Best Friends Are Okies. Our International Good Neighbor Council was introduced. Charles Stewart Turci spun out delightful tales of the Indian Police on the Border in The Lighthorse. Oklahoma’s College Bowl Scholars who had just retired undefeated were covered.

Our friend in France, George Fronval, was pictured in color sharing his Oklahoma Today with three visitors from Oklahoma, dancer Wild Cat of Pawnee, Chief Wolf Robe Hunt, and Osage artist Loren Pahsetopah. And our Miss America, Jane Jayroe, had just come home to Laverne. You can secure a copy of this Anniversary Issue by sending $2.00 to Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., Oklahoma City 73105.

NATIONAL AWARD WINNER
Weatherford won America’s top 1976 Award for cities of her size in the community beautification competition sponsored by Keep America Beautiful, Inc. At a New York Biltmore Hotel banquet on Dec. 1, attended by national government and business leaders and representatives of top environmental programs, this First Place Award was presented to Weatherford Chamber of Commerce Director John Fowler.

The Chamber of Commerce, civic groups, student organizations, various clubs, and individuals all cooperated to win the award. Activities included a major spring cleanup campaign; the planting of more than 2,000 trees along I-40, Tom Stafford St. and in Rader Park, a Bicentennial Garden, campus cleanup at Southwestern U., educational programs, and poster contests.
On March 15, 1976, the Governor of Oklahoma issued the following proclamation:

WHEREAS, Oklahoma residents of Greek descent have become among the most valued and respected citizens of this state; and

WHEREAS, the Greek people have continued to cast their fortunes with the democratic people of the world in opposition to all forms of tyranny; and

WHEREAS, our own country the United States of America which celebrates her 200th anniversary, uses as her foundation the examples and principles of liberty, science, medicine and the arts which have as their birthplace ancient Greece;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, DAVID L. BOREN, GOVERNOR of the State of Oklahoma, do hereby proclaim March 25, 1976, as GREEK INDEPENDENCE DAY in Oklahoma.

On that same day, the members of St. George Greek Orthodox Church dedicated the new addition to their church. The main building had been built in 1920, nine years after the small Greek community in the new State of Oklahoma first organized. In its early days, the church was the only focus of Eastern Orthodox faith for 400 miles. On worship days city families would be joined by people from as far away as Joplin, and clergy would come from Chicago and San Francisco to officiate.

Life had been hard in Greece at the turn of the century, and many Greeks came to America believing in its promises. Many who came to Oklahoma did so because of the oil boom and the expectation of success the new state held. The first ones who came were indeed successful and soon began to bring others. Older brothers brought younger brothers and sisters over from Greece, sons brought parents, friends sponsored friends, until a community within a community had accumulated. Because of their close family ties the members of the group were very supportive of one another; one family would help another get started in business, find a home, and get established in their new land.

The church has been an important factor in bringing Greek families to Oklahoma over the years. Word of mouth told immigrants going West
that there was a thriving Greek community in Oklahoma, with a church and a Greek school for the children. So newcomers knew that there was a place to educate their children in the special Greek traditions and in their native language. They knew that here they could celebrate their religious holidays and saints’ days with friends, dance their dances, and reminisce with friends who had emigrated from the same part of Greece. The community is still growing. Every year, established families bring others over from the old land and help them find their new lives in Oklahoma.

As the community grew, the members of St. George’s decided to put on Greek plays to raise money for the church. They rented a hall, made their own sets and costumes, rehearsed for weeks, and put on excellent productions. The audiences loved them. Greeks from all over the southwest came to see them, hungry for this sort of entertainment. The rest of the Oklahoma City community liked the idea, too, even if they couldn’t understand the language, and the Greek culture began to mix with and enrich the general culture.

Having conquered the mind of the community with their plays, the Greek ladies next conquered the Oklahoma palate with their bake sales. Delicacies such as baklava, dolmathes, pastichio, tiropetes — strange words to bounce across the new land, became favorites with everyone and made the church a popular place for gourmets.

Not content with minds and palates, the Greeks next conquered hearts and feet with their native dances. For years the Greek celebrations had been closed affairs, but with movies like Zorba the Greek and Never On Sunday, outsiders wanted to learn how to do those exciting dances. A few brave outsiders started showing up at the Greek parties, sitting in corners and nodding their heads to the rhythms of the bazoki, clapping while the athletic Greek men somersaulted over handkerchiefs without losing a beat. Finally celebrations such as the Spring Dance on St. George’s Day were opened to everyone, much to the delight of all, and the Greek men and the women graciously taught their clumsy guests the steps to the Sirto, the Zembekiko, and the Kalamatiano. The more enthusiastic novices coaxed the teachers into giving lessons after the first dance, so that after a few years some of the regulars looked almost as good as the church members. A somersault over a handkerchief by a non-Greek has yet to be recorded, however. Now there are more non-Greeks at these parties than Greeks, but they all retreat from the dance floor when the more complicated dances, like the Tsamiko begin.

The joy and vitality that are the by-products of those evenings of Greek dancing have infected Oklahomans whose origins are far from Athens and Sparta. In the long lines of the Sirto, laughing guests weave awkwardly around the floor looking for the graceful feet of a Greek to tell them which foot to move next. An evening at a Greek dance leaves everyone stimulated, happy, exhausted, and grateful that we have such a hospitable Greek community.

Pages from the church's records, kept and recorded in Greek during the early years of this century, by St. George’s parish.
Police Gazette sketch of Nanitta Daisey thrown from her horse and trampled in the Sac and Fox Landrush.

It is a classic picture, and a true one, that the record paint of Kentucky Daisey, her petite figure clutched against the cow-catcher of the locomotive as it pulled slowly out of Edmond Station on that sunny afternoon of April 22, 1889. One can almost see her perched there, claim stakes in her free hand, pistol strapped about her waist, her long skirt and duster flapping in the wind while she strained forward like a blithe spirit of the "Run of Eighty-nine."

As the engine moved slowly northward, Nanita R. H. Daisey leaped from her perch on the cow-catcher, landed on her feet and dashed across the right-of-way. She had been over this line before, and this was the spot she had chosen to claim. Behind her cheers of encouragement went up from passengers on the train. Quickly she planted her stakes in the virgin soil of the Oklahoma lands and threw her cloak over them to imitate a tent. Then falling to her knees she discharged her revolver in the air and shouted, "I salute Kentucky Daisey's claim!" The passengers cheered as she scampered quickly back to the train and was helped aboard the rear car.

When the New York World ran a rather fanciful account of Miss Daisey's exploit, the Dallas Morning News, for which she was working at the time, opined that those who had known her in Kentucky would not be surprised. The folks around Frankfort and Louisville knew that from Nanita Daisey the unexpected was to be expected. She had left a few Kentuckians standing on their righteous ears.
when she headed West. Orphaned as a child, she was bright and quick to learn. At the age of twelve she began teaching in a small country school. It wasn’t long before her free speech, mild but “unladylike” expetives, and her bubbling energy made her unforgettable. She even dared to ride bareback, astraddle the horse.

Such indifference to social convention brought her to scorn, but it bothered her not the slightest. She challenged the political establishment of Kentucky by seeking appointment to the post of state librarian. Up and down the legislative halls she tripped, invading the staid offices. Such brazen effrontery! Her male rival for the post stated he knew why Miss Daisey wanted to be state Librarian. “She wants to stand on her head on the top shelf,” he commented spitefully.

Nanitta was soundly defeated. But, with feminine wile, she managed to make the best of the situation. She swooned into a dead faint, drawing the attention of the entire Assembly. She then quickly regained consciousness and delivered a three-hour lecture on common school education.

She took a teaching position in Louisville. Being about the only person around who knew Latin, she enjoyed a prestigious position there, until her free ways drew the enmity of one of the ward trustees. When he could not get her fired, he abolished the school in which she taught. Undaunted, she turned her ambitions towards being a news correspondent.

Miss Daisey began hanging persistently around the offices of the Louisville Courier-Journal, expressing her willingness to take any assignment. Though she won the admiration of the newspaper staff, her only assignments were an occasional wedding or such. Then one morning at two A.M. the phone of the Courier-Journal desk rang. It was Nanitta Daisey. She had learned of a train wreck that had just taken place. She requested permission to ride the special train to the scene of the accident and report the story. Permission was given, and at 3:30 A.M. a messenger boy came dashing into the newspaper office with her “readable and newsy” story. She had walked nearly two miles through the night to file the story at a telegraph station.

In March, 1888, Kentucky Daisey appeared unexpectedly at the Sac and Fox Agency on the Deep Fork River near present Stroud, Oklahoma. There she presented to Agent Moses Neal a letter of appointment as a teacher at the Shawnee Mission Training School. But Neal had received no prior notice of this, and she was denied a position.

Kentucky Daisey went on to Wichita, Kansas, where her uncle, O. C. Daisey, was prominent as a street-waterer. The year before, Kansas and Texas had been linked by the Santa Fe Railroad across the Indian Territory, cutting through the heart of Oklahoma’s Unassigned Lands, which were expected to be opened soon. Miss Daisey took the train from Wichita to Fort Worth where she secured correspondent positions with the Fort Worth Gazette and the Dallas Morning News. Thus, when President Harrison signed his proclamation in March, 1889, opening the Unassigned Lands to settlement, Kentucky Daisey was well qualified to cover the event.

On April 14 she was in Wichita where she announced to the local papers that she had just come up from Purrell, southern vantage point for the run, and that she intended to locate and occupy a claim on the twenty-second. On the day before the run — Easter Day, April 21 — she caught the train back into Oklahoma, hoping to disembark at Guthrie Station. But when she tried to get off the train, Colonel Arthur MacArthur, father of General Douglas MacArthur, firmly refused to allow her to do so. Stamping her foot on the platform and complaining with an “Oh, rats!” the disgruntled Kentucky Daisey climbed back aboard the train and rode to Purcell.

It was around 11 A.M. on the morning of April 22 when the special 20-car, two engine train pulled out of Purcell with Kentucky Daisey riding in one of the cars. At Edmond Station, she persuaded the engineer to let her position herself on the cowcatcher, ready to make her jump for a claim. A fellow Morning News correspondent told how he helped her back aboard the train after she had staked her claim. She later commented on the affair in typical fashion: “Jiminy! but it was exciting!”

Kentucky Daisey’s claim was about two miles north of Edmond. Reportedly she was offered $1,000 for the property by an Eastern townsite syndicate, but she refused. Instead she filed on the claim and improved it with a small shack.

In between her reporting, Miss Daisey took an active role in the development of Guthrie. In May, 1889, she initiated action to organize the first public schools in the three original Guthrie settlements by persuading Mayor Dyer to issue a circular to get a school building constructed with donations. At the town’s first Decoration Day celebration she read a poem in honor of the occasion. On the Fourth of July she played the role of Columbia in the parade, riding atop a float which she had designed herself, surrounded by children in costume.

When a local judge failed to show up to read the Declaration of Independence, Miss Daisey was called upon to perform the task. Her chirpy voice sounded over the rolling hills of Oklahoma the words penned by Thomas Jefferson: “When in the course of human events...” The local paper noted that the distinction of this first reading in Oklahoma had fallen to a woman.

Her achievements in July held her little stead in September when she applied for the position of East Guthrie’s first superintendent of schools. Despite her “neat little speech” for the position, Nanitta was
not chosen, nor even rehired as a teacher because of her presumptuousness in seeking the post. She now moved to her claim at Edmond, taking up residence in her one-room shack. In July, 1890, she was a member of a committee from Edmond which attended the first Territorial Teachers' Meeting at Edmond's Central Hall. As such, she helped formulate the first public school code for the new territory of Oklahoma.

Matrimony had now entered the life of Kentucky Daisey. Among Colonel MacArthur's cavalry troops at Guthrie during the early days of the Run was a handsome Swedish soldier named Andreas E. J. Unland Svegeborg. The fact that he was ten years younger than Nanitta Daisey was countered by her youthful good looks and popularity among the frontier gentry. They were married, though the marriage quickly suffered estrangement by transfer of the troops to Fort Reno and by her active public life.

When the Sac and Fox lands were opened to settlement on September 22, 1891, Kentucky Daisey Svegeborg was again in the middle of an Oklahoma land rush. Mounted on a fast horse instead of a cow-catcher this time, she made the race with thousands of others who dashed pell-mell to Chandler and surrounding locations.

Unfortunately, she was not as successful by horse, the animal stepping into a prairie dog hole and falling. Nanitta was thrown headlong and knocked unconscious while the mob of homeseekers rushed by. In the clamor and confusion it was rumored that she had been killed. The Police Gazette reported: "Miss Daisey, a reporter for the Guthrie News, was thrown from her horse and trampled to death." The Gazette even provided an artist's sketch showing her being trampled.

She had, however, survived the fall and the stampede, suffering only minor bruises. One account of the affair has it that when she came to her senses she found settlers gathered around. Her eyes flew wide and in a shaky-but-determined voice exclaimed, "This lot is mine!"

Her soldier husband hurried from Fort Reno to the newly-born town of Chandler and took Nanitta back to Fort Reno with him. Hardly a month later it was reported by the press that "Miss Daisey who was run over and 'killed at Chandler was killed again at El Reno, by being thrown from a carriage. Four doctors finally brought her back to life again, and she is as alive as ever, ready to be killed once more."

When the Cherokee Strip was opened for settlement in February, 1894, Kentucky Daisey was there, making another run. It was reported that she was at the head of thirty-six women who hauled their own lumber, built a fifteen room house, and did their own plowing and planting. But another paper debunked this story, claiming that the truth was that Miss Daisey had come on the train to Perry and was then contesting a lot near the land office in that city.

During the years that followed, Nanitta lived separated from her handsome young soldier husband, who had gone off with Colonel MacArthur to the Philippines. She would visit her uncle in Wichita, but the old restlessness would come over her, and she would leave as suddenly as she had come. Though still a handsome woman, her face had become roughened and reddened by her active outdoor life. She remained around her old haunts until she learned that her husband had returned from the Philippines and was in Chicago. She went there in hopes of a reconciliation. Instead, her husband sought a divorce and remarried. The once-perky spirit of Kentucky Daisey could no longer prevail. She died in Chicago, obscurely, in October, 1903.

Kentucky Daisey left behind no family, and her properties in Guthrie and Edmond had unpaid taxes against them. Even her reputation faded with the passing years. Still Kentucky Daisey did leave behind more than many—she left the memory of a daring woman who reflected the adventurous spirit of 1889 and Oklahoma.
To understand my paintings you must attempt to understand the way of vision: You must understand that a painting is only a symbol of something very powerful, something that happens inside you that is influenced by voices or visions in another world. The Indian knows this power as Medicine: It is the voice, the sight and the strength of the spirit and the soul. “Sioux Rainmakers” represents the powerful vision of the Sioux prophet Black Elk, who, as a young man, was summoned for a short while from his body and taken into the Other World and shown things, given knowledge or Medicine, so that he might go back to his people and help them through their hardest time — the period of white conquest, when all the buffalo were killed and the Sioux were forced onto reservations to give up their culture, religion, their way of life. Black Elk was taken to the spirit world and shown these things for a reason: Just as every Indian — yesterday and today — is given medicine so that life in this world will have a direction and a reason.

White people can turn to their own book of Revelation in the Bible for a comparison. A prophet was said to have come from another world, or Heaven, to given men on earth vision, or a reason for existence. While on this world — and after death — he helped others find visions of their own. These men that you call saints or disciples wrote down what they “saw” through your prophets.

But in the Indian way, it is different. There is no written language:
Our books are painted symbols and words passed on through generations. Each person must search within himself to find his vision. The strength resulting from this, as it is used to make things happen in this world, is Medicine. Those with Medicine power can use it to help, or instruct others — help show them the way. Therefore, life and after life revolve in a continuous circle, like the horizon or the seasons: Those of this earth seek out those of the Other World to find the strength and the reason of Medicine; then, after living the Medicine way, a person has the power, or ability to “see,” and help others.

Black Elk was taken into the Other World so that he could see things of great power and mystery. He was shown these things to help his people; to give them strength. You white people have parables; a way of writing something down so that one thing represents something else in a simple picture language that all may understand.

In that way Black Elk told of his visions: He painted word pictures using the symbols of the Indian way. "The Flower of Life" deals with another of Black Elk's visions: The prophecy shows him depicting the eventual destruction of the Indian way of life, the sadness and torment that would be experienced during the generations following exile onto reservations — the eventual triumph of the Indian spirit after a long and determined fight to save our beliefs. In the painting you will find symbols portraying the essence of Black Elk's revelation:

The destruction of the buffalo, the great sadness of spirit that fell upon the people when forced from their land and culture, and the eventual beauty of a new era and new birth, the "flowering" of the spirit after years of dormancy; a quiet return to our roots, the earth, and then a coming forth in beauty and glory, as flowers come anew each spring.

The picture is painted in a swirling, circular motion; this is the Indian way.

It is the basic movement of all things: The movement of the earth, wind, the great circle of the sky.
This is the very essence of life itself, the pathway of all spirit things. A natural understanding of this is born into all true Indian artists and craftsmen. There is an instinctive point of origin and, as the wind blows or life revolves, the painting or beadwork comes easily back around to this point in ending. No special plan or design is used to bring this about: it simply happens, because this is a natural way — our way.

Many people ask me to explain this or that about my paintings. They ask why the paintings are so turbulent, so wild. They ask about colors; why something is red or why a sky is lavender, or green.

Or why certain tones of the earth are not as you would see them.

Why do you wear black when in mourning? Why do some people feel stronger dressed in red?
These colors are a representation of feeling. Also, the Indian people are a people close to the earth. They have been, longer than memory, naturally observant and sensitive to the world around them. Life and the earth were one.

Look at the world around you: There is no true color, but only the perception of color.

In “Rainmakers” I have used the medicine symbols given to Black Elk in portraying the making of rain:

The horses, the colors, the attitude of the riders represent a feeling or a vision. Think about it this way: You can go outside during a spring storm and feel the rains, you can say, “it is raining” to someone inside and they will understand that water is falling from the sky. But can you go inside to that same person and say how you feel about rain?

Can you say in words what rain means to each living thing, how it makes you feel something bigger than mere thoughts and simple words? I paint like the old people painted medicine shields:
I see something through medicine, then paint symbols that are my feelings about what I saw. In that manner every true Indian painting is an abstraction — The Indian artist does not carry his brushes and canvas to a field and paint a tree exactly as it stands there. If he feels something about a tree then he paints that feeling:

A spiritual revelation symbolized by drawing from objects existing in the conscious world. Shades of grass and trees change as quickly as the slanting rays of the sun. Look closely at the changing sky as a summer storm grows.

Strong colors, green, yellow, purple, come and go quickly before the eyes. Color is as you see it; the Indian artist sees it in his own, ageless way.

A painting style is a matter of feeling, of mood. I am Comanche; my people were a hunting, warring people; nomads, great horsemen. They were proud people, wild people alive and ever-changing like the land and seasons they roamed. My painting style explains itself. I am Comanche.
THE FLOWER OF LIFE

I come here alone and even the wind shuns me;
I hear the death moan wrap around the bleaching bones.
Summoned here, I watch myself die,
I have seen the seasons slow and grow pale.
The fire is silent in a starlight of embers;
An old woman prays, a baby cries,
The birds flee southward through a sullen sky.
Voices of coyotes talk of this shame.
I carry your death in my eyes.
My song is still of this earth and a final one;
Yet always the flower grows,
Always the seasons change.
This is your faith: This is your promise.
These things shall pass, my bones
Will whiten in winter winds.
But the song is everlasting.
The vision is a seed; a promise of flowering life.
SIOUX RAINMAKERS

I have seen the riders of the night.  
I have seen the riders of thunder and rain.  
I have awakened on the other side of all mystery;  
I was taken to the beginning,  
I was shown the end.  

Listen, people:  
You are the rainbow,  
You are part of the earth,  
and You are part of the sky.  
Paint yourself like the rainbow  
and remember you are beautiful.  
Remember all things and  
To go back to the origin,  
To go back to the power,  
To go back to be born again.
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