PAWNEE BILL'S BAND WAGON

READ

OKLAHOMA'S IMPACT ON THE CIRCUS WORLD
CHEROKEE CULTURAL CENTER: TAHOEQUAH
FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES MUSEUM: MUSKOGEE
OILRUSH MUSEUM: DRUMRIGHT
CHISHOLM TRAIL MUSEUM: WAURKA
BUFFALO BILL: COWBOY HALL OF FAME
A cluster of Oklahoma Rose Stones joined the living roses of Zweibrucken, Germany's "City of Roses," on that city's 625th birthday, just past.

The six million year old cluster of rose rocks was presented to Zweibrucken by the U. S. Airforce 26th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing, Master Sergeant Charles C. Ballweg, of Altus, supplied the idea and helped raise the money to purchase the rose rock cluster. He credits the Oklahoma State Chamber of Commerce, the Governor's Office, and Tinker Airforce Base, with help in bringing the presentation to fruition.

Zweibrucken's living roses include more than 60,000 rose bushes, of 2,500 varieties, growing in this southwestern German city where the German National Rose congress was held last year. The city's Lord Mayor, Dr. Helmut Fichtner, accepted the gift, saying, "This rose rock cluster, one of nature's works of art, is the most fitting symbol of the friendship between our two countries imaginable."

Zweibrucken and U. S. forces have been allies before. During the American Revolution, the Zweibrucken Royal Deux-Ponts fought against the British on the side of our Continental Army. They were with the forces of the Marquis de Lafayette opposing the British at Yorktown in 1781.

Our 26th Tactical Wing, stationed at Zweibrucken Airforce Base, flies RF-4C "Phantom" aircraft on reconnaissance missions. Master Sergeant Dieter Rex of the 26th, speaking in behalf of his fellow airmen, told the German people, "Just as these Rose Stones come from America's heartland, the closeness and friendship we of the 26th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing feel for the beautiful City of Roses comes from our hearts."

The Oklahoma Rose Stone cluster, sheltered in a glass case, will remain on display in the foyer of Zweibrucken's City Hall.

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**German "City of Roses" Receives Rose Stones**

Lord Mayor Dr. Helmut Fichtner and Oklahoma Rose Stone Cluster.

U. S. Air Force photo by SSgt. Don Kirkendolker.

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**WATER SPORTS IN WINTER TIME**

Did we hear you ask, "What water sports?"

You've noticed that the stream is frozen and covered with snow for many yards out from the bank, and this picturesque old pier is ice-locked. No water skiing. No swimming. But take note of the duck blind visible beyond the boat pier.

Duck hunters' shotguns were booming in that duck blind at dawn this morning.

Squirrel hunting is in season in the woods beyond. Our favorite sport, photographing the winter landscape and its wildlife, is at its peak. It is the time when children will be sledding, throwing snowballs, and building snowmen. That is the advantage of Soonerland. Four vacation seasons; spring, summer, fall, and winter. The result: variety.

We're convinced that four seasons are better than perpetual summer, or even perpetual spring. The genus homo sapiens survives better in four seasons country. Four seasons are invigorating to the human spirit. And we surely would miss winter.
The Oklahoma Museum of Art located in the former Frank Buttram Mansion, 7316 Nichols Road, Oklahoma City, will present a major exhibit of Indian painting from March 5 to April 16. Arrangements are being made with public and private collections across the United States for the loan of major items. An illustrated catalogue will be published. An important contribution to the literature, it will contain the writings of noted authorities and many of the artists discussing their works.

Until approximately one hundred years ago, Native American painting was a form of religious expression, or often used to record personal and tribal histories. Some of its imagery can be traced as far back as the pictographs and petroglyphs dotting the continent. Painting was a part of a lifestyle in which art, refined by a keen sense of esthetics, permeated every aspect of Indian life from birth to death. Then, under the extreme pressures of their disintegrating world, Indian artists, deeply rooted in the past, absorbed from the surrounding culture many of the esthetic elements of world art. Native American Indian painting, a spiritual affirmation of Indianness, became the most innovative and creative of any of the forms of Indian art.

The objective of this spring’s show is to illustrate the history and development of Native American painting as an art form to be appreciated and studied with the same esthetic standards as all other world art. A Festival of Indian Art with special lectures and other related events will be held in conjunction with the exhibition.

The show is unique and precedent setting in that it is the first major retrospective exhibition which draws on a large number of public and private collections for some of the finest work done by the artists who contributed the most to the development of the art.

The show begins with a selection chosen for historical perspective, illustrating the works created during the early transitional period. Among these are drawings made by Plains Indians while they were prisoners of war in Florida, and an Apache hide painting by Naiche, son of Cochise, made while he was a prisoner at Fort Sill. Following are examples from the various schools of Indian painting, including the early founders of the New Mexico movement, the early Oklahoma painters, the University of Oklahoma painters, the Santa Fe "Studio" movement, and the Bacone College school. Post World War II movements will be included; Canadian Native Art, the Hopid Cooperative, and the Institute of American Indian Arts. Of special note are the works commissioned for public buildings in the 1930s.

Arthur Silberman, guest curator of the exhibition (see Oklahoma Today, Summer '71, and Winter '72-'73) states, "Museum quality Indian paintings are a part of our National art treasures. Indian painting should be enjoyed for what it is—a reflection of an American culture and a magnificent art form."

BEAVER TREE AND ICE

Over a period of some six weeks we watched the beavers work with this tree. It took them almost a week to cut it down, working on it only an hour or so at a time, often at night. They seemed in no hurry, and were easily distracted. After a while of cutting they would be off to some other activity, probably a tree they were cutting down somewhere else. Variety is the spice of life.

After the tree had been felled they began working on the small limbs, swimming off with branches two or three feet in length to add to their dam that is farther upstream. As they began to reach those sections of the limbs which they apparently considered too large for dam-building, they continued cutting away the tender bark, munching contentedly on it, and carrying sections off for storage in their dam. At last, seeming to have concluded that they had removed all the parts of the tree suitable for their needs, they abandoned it. So here it lies in the snow, beside the star-studded ice, visual evidence of the hardiness of a longtime threatened species.

color photo: B.B.
The Cimarron was flooding, filled with whirlpools to suck one under the violent torrent of its rushing current, when the crack fast passenger train plunged in. Almost three-quarters of a century ago, its engine, old No. 614, still lies locked in the quicksands of the Cimarron River bottom.

With Claude “Red” Ives at the throttle of engine No. 614 and Fireman Simon W. Byron alongside him in the cab, the train was running three hours late on its regular trip from Dallas to Chicago when it stopped in Kingfisher.

The Cimarron had been dry the day before when Ives and Byron took Train No. 11 south to Dallas. On this fateful Tuesday morning, a freight train had just come south across the river, and the passenger train crewmen weren’t too concerned about the upcoming river crossing.

Byron went to a “beanery” for coffee. Returning to the engine, he noticed the cars of the train were full of people.

In the chair car were 11 members
of one family, who had left Geary the previous evening and changed trains in El Reno, enroute to a family reunion in Ohio.

One member of that family is now Sister Patricia, Order of St. Benedict, Tulsa, retired Catholic teacher who was then a girl of nine. Her memory of that fateful, rainy morning is still graphic and distinct, despite the intervening years.

Others of her family still living who shared her experience on that morning include her sister, now Mrs. S. L. Ervin of San Pablo, California; her aunt Pearl, now of Parsons, Kansas; and three cousins, Ethel Smith, Carey Whenery, and Earl Sells, all now of El Reno.

One of the four known victims in the disaster was little Harmon Sells, three-year-old son of Kate Sells of Geary and a cousin of Sister Patricia. The rest of the family have died during the intervening years.

"The first my mother realized that we were in water was when her hat floated down the aisle," Sister Patricia recalls.

"The engine, tender, mail-baggage
TRIAN WRECK

car and smoker all went into the river and were submerged. Our car was next in line, and it nosed into the torrent and filled with water. It remained attached to the sleeper cars behind us for a few seconds before the bridge snapped, plunging us into the river also.

“Our car turned on its side, and men from the smoker swam to us and kicked out windows to help the women and children get out.

“There was a man from a show troupe who stood knee-deep in the water. The other men would get us through the windows and toss us to the show man, who would get us to the bank.

“Later, my father offered this man a life-time job on our farm in gratitude, but he refused.”

Little Harmon Sells died the following day in Kingfisher of pneumonia, induced by “drinking all that muddy water,” Sister Patricia says.

“They wrapped us in curtains from the Pullman cars. Doctors and nurses came out from Kingfisher to care for us. The nurses brought nightgowns for us, but there weren’t enough to go around, and one of the doctors put his coat around Earl.

“They took us to Kingfisher and cared for us in a hotel. The next day, we returned to Geary, along with the little coffin. My mother was in bed for three months after the ordeal.”

One of the men from the smoker car who came to the rescue of the women and children was the late Preston Love, then sheriff of Kingfisher county. His account in a contemporary newspaper story included:

“I was in the smoker when it went into the water. Soon after, it filled about half way. I tried to get out the vestibule, but couldn’t break the window glass. The next thing I knew the water was over my head, and I felt my face strike the ceiling. In desperation I broke the side of the vestibule and got out into the flood. The current carried me to the day coach and I climbed on it. It tilted, and the side became the top. Inside men and women were fighting and shrieking for help.

“I will never forget the face of a woman peering from beneath a window pane at me, the water up to her neck and a look of death stamped on her face. I kicked in the glass, and reached in for the woman. My leg and both arms were cut by glass from the window. I finally managed to drag her through the window, and saw that she had a baby tightly clutched with one hand.”

That woman was Mrs. Frank Ryel, mother of Sister Patricia. The baby belonged to a Mrs. Robinson of Enid, and had been swept from her arms. The real mother was also rescued in unconscious condition, and both survived.

That “show man” Sister Patricia remembers so gratefully was with the advance party of the Forepaugh-Sells Circus. Known to have perished in the wreck was the bill poster for the circus, Hank Littlefield.

Another who died in the disaster was W. L. Douglas, porter on the train. His body was not found until two months later, several miles downstream, when a couple walking along the river noticed a human hand protruding from the sand.

Still another victim was the mail clerk, whose name was Gamble. His body was discovered three miles downstream three days later. A contemporary newspaper story said that when the smoker car was finally raised, the body of an unidentified
woman was found beneath it.

But the tally of four known victims varies greatly with the first published reports, which expressed fear that “perhaps hundreds” had gone down with the train into the engaged river.

Senator Roy C. Boecher of Kingfisher, whose father farmed on the banks of the river 1½ miles downstream from the bridge, was one month old when the wreck occurred. “Later, my dad told me he heard the train whistle twice, and figured it had stopped for some reason. Later in the morning, a man walked up (wet) from the river, told about the wreck and said that with a boat they could save many lives.

“My dad had a boat at the mouth of Kingfisher creek. They loaded it into a wagon and drove to the wreck. Due to the strong current they were unable to launch it. But the chair car swung into the bank, and they helped remove passengers.”

Senator Boecher’s brother, Lee, was 15 at the time. He remembers that Adam Law also broke a window from the car and helped remove the trapped people.

Lee Boecher recalls the “temporary” bridge over the Cimarron at this site had washed out twice before the tragic morning. The trains of those days ran on light-weight rails, more like street car tracks than today’s heavy-duty steel ribbons.

But the survivors? The Sept. 22, 1906, issue of The Geary Star carries a note from Frank Ryel;

“Mrs. Katie Sells, Mrs. Anna Ryel and Mrs. Mary Wausika are all in bed, Mrs. Ryel and Mrs. Sells in bad shape, doctor reports. Each of the women gives many thanks to the Kingfisher people for their kindness.”

W. H. Balmer of Lawrence, Kansas, was carried 14 miles downstream, past the Gould bridge, finally getting out on a sand bar.

Col. Geo. L. Wright, 68-year-old veteran of the Civil War where he had commanded the 2nd Iowa, was carried on a piece of driftwood seven miles downstream before he was able to emerge from the torrent.

The late Arthur Cashion, who became president of the First National Bank of Hennessey, and Frank Short, also of Hennessey, were in the chair car and helped remove women and children from it.

Harvey Utterback, J. P. Nicholson and Mrs. Dan McLeod were among the passengers who boarded the train at Kingfisher that fateful morning.

With the exception of the drowned porter, Douglas, all of the crew of the crack passenger train continued railroading.

The “Astronauts” of their day, the men who manned the fast passenger trains were the heroes of every young boy.

The conductor, A. L. Thomas, helped the women and children out, and assisted with advice to the men on the smoker to take their clothes off and swim for it. He lost his tickets in the melee, leading to the confusion about how many were aboard.

The engineer, “Red” Ives, set the brakes and jumped before the locomotive hit the river. He continued railroading until retirement.

The fireman, Simon W. Byron, contrary to contemporary reports, rode the train into the flood. Although he suffered a broken shoulder, he managed to swim out with one arm, an incredible feat. He later became an engineer, and worked on the railroad until retirement.

Byron had a grandson that he raised, Byron W. Joyce. The latter, now a postal employee in Enid, acquired a love for railroading from his grandfather. This led him to seek out the bell from Old No. 614, the locomotive that was pulling Train No. 12 that morning.

The bell had been removed from the locomotive in 1938 during repairs to a later bridge. It remained on the Mahoney farm, just north of the wreck site. Dean Hodgden later bought the farm, complete with bell.

On July 13 of 1970, Byron Joyce acquired the bell from Hodgden, and joyfully took it to his home in Enid thus completing another leg of the journey that ended abruptly on Sept. 18, 1906.

“My grandad was the last person to pull the bell rope on old No. 614, and I just had to have that bell,” Joyce says.

The bridge that washed out was a wooden structure, mounted upon piles sunk into the sands of the Cimarron. After the wreck, the railroad opened another temporary span. A lawsuit was filed at Kingfisher to prohibit the railroad from carrying passengers across the river until a permanent structure was built. The crew of a train that ignored this order was jailed at Hennessey. The district judge ordered the railroad to start immediate construction of a permanent bridge. The present bridge has concrete piers and steel structure.

But the engine and tender remain buried in the quicksand at the site. In earlier years, boys told of diving from the old engine while swimming when the river was low.

In 1963, H. E. Cummins, an Enid
contractor with a penchant for historical artifacts, had a contract to build a highway bridge parallel to the railroad bridge, and decided to try to raise old 614. Experts indicated it would not be too badly eroded to prevent restoration.

By probing, he found the locomotive buried under nine feet of sand, and just two feet off the shale bottom. He planned to pump the water away, then remove the sand to bring old 614 back to the light of day.

But the railroad said it had poured concrete against the engine during bridge repairs 20 years before, and secured a permanent injunction to prevent removal of the locomotive because of the danger to the present structure.

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<td>Mar 31</td>
<td>Koncharis Philharmonic (Performing Arts Center), Tulsa</td>
<td>Edmond</td>
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<td>Jan 30</td>
<td>TU vs Oklahoma (basketball)</td>
<td>TU</td>
<td>Mar 31</td>
<td>Leon Mitchell, soprano with Oklahoma Symphony, Okla City</td>
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<td>Jan 31</td>
<td>&quot;Ballet Hedgehog,&quot; (TU)</td>
<td>TU</td>
<td>Mar 31</td>
<td>Cameron Singers, Lawton</td>
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<td>Jan 31</td>
<td>&quot;Ballet Hedgehog,&quot; (TU)</td>
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<td>&quot;The Member of the Wedding&quot; (John Denver Playhouse, Pocatlan)</td>
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In the ballet studio, Maria Tallchief was teaching the Nutcracker variations that Balanchine had choreographed just for her. Up on the hill, Bud Beyer was demonstrating how to give a simple gesture universal significance. In the porch swing of his cabin, Donald Hall was reading a poem a student had brought for his opinion; soon he would be sharing some of his own poetry with the young poet. Beneath the towering shade trees, Daniel Kiacz was showing his students how to prepare paint for silkscreening. Drifting over all, from the pavilion, was symphonic music, as the orchestra rehearsed the overture to Bizet’s L’Arlesienne Suite #1; when conductor Judith Simogi was satisfied with the rehearsal, she would dismiss the musicians to their private lessons and practice throughout the complex.

All this was not happening at L’Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, or at the High School for the Performing Arts in New York City, or Michigan’s Interlochen, or Colorado’s Aspen. It was happening at Camp Egan, right here in Oklahoma. The occasion was the first Summer Arts Institute, a weekend of arts study designed to whet Oklahoma’s appetite for a Summer Arts Camp. It was called: Prelude: a preview of things to come.

And what a preview: “My life is changed,” one of the students said. “I’ll never be the same!”

Governor David Boren wrote: “In initiating the first Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute, I am proud that we are providing unique enrichment experiences for our talented young students here in their home state. The Institute’s establishment proves that Oklahoma has many resourceful and talented professionals who can motivate student artists to develop their talent fully, and highlights our commitment to improving the quality of life for all Oklahomans.”

Maria Tallchief flew in to be ballet instructor. “I love Oklahoma and young people,” she said. “I think it is a tribute to the state that Oklahoma values and is encouraging its young talented artists and is giving them an opportunity to study with professionals in the arts.”

Poet Donald Hall traveled from his farm in New Hampshire to work with young poets who came from all over the state; Hartshorne, Miami, Perry, Haileyville, Sallisaw. One of America’s most respected contemporary poets, Hall commented: “It has been a moving experience for me and I think probably for everybody here. Also a very exhilarating one. I am exhausted. Bringing students here, this age, to work on their art, is taking the chance of changing lives. The Institute had an enormous impact on the young poets who came here.”

Bud Beyer, one of America’s outstanding mimes, came from Northwestern University to share his art with young Oklahoma actors. “Needless to say, to me like everybody else, the experience was...
breath-taking. The students were amazing. The experience was exhilarating from the beginning to the end. It was a totally open, delightful, innocent, exceedingly visionary experience."

Art students were taught the techniques of printmaking by master printmaker Daniel Kiezcz from the University of Oklahoma. One of his students commented: "It was a perfect spot for creative inspiration. It was a great feeling to be around so many people with the same interests as mine. I was truly impressed and inspired and I learned so much from my instructor, Mr. Kiezcz. I wish there were more teachers like him!"

Some seventy student musicians played in the Institute Orchestra, conducted by Judith Simogori, former conductor with the New York Opera, currently associated with the New York Philharmonic. Students of each instrument were taught by a symphonic professional, a virtuoso in their instrumental field. Student musicians received both individual and group instruction, concentrating on what it means to be a professional.

All students were selected by audition, insuring that they were among the finest in the state. They had obviously received excellent training in their hometowns. The Institute complimented the work of local teachers, sending home students with a renewed excitement about their art, and about their own potential possibilities.

From every part of Oklahoma, they came to participate in the weekend. Many communities provided scholarships for their talented youngsters, knowing that their community would benefit from the student's experience.

It wasn't all work, of course. Interesting differences became apparent in the play habits of the students. The poets, it turned out, were insatiable volleyball players, beating all comers at all hours. Ballet dancers tended to consume frozen yogurt out of all proportion to their trim figures. Printmakers enjoyed their work as though it were play, and had to be dragged away from their silkscreens or they played at their work far into the night. One of the few things that could tempt them away was a cool swim after a hot day.

The instrumentalists loved to swim.
They tended to splash more than dancers. Mime students, when they weren't practicing routines under the trees, enjoyed relaxing with Charlie Chaplin's old movies in the evening. Everyone talked in their cabins until lights out, getting to know each other. They were mutually interested in the others' arts, and helpful to each other. Ballet dancers from Bartlesville asked poets from Tulsa what it is like to be a poet. A mime helped a double bass player lug his instrument up the hill. We saw a violinist watching an art student make a silkscreen print.

Everyone entertained the others. Poets read their poetry. Mimes gave their rendition of the Creation. Students, as well as their teachers, filled the air with music constantly. A student string quartet played Borodin. A harp teacher and her student played a duet. A faculty ensemble performed. Teachers and students alike shared their talents with everyone.

The commitment of the organizers was to provide a summer arts experience for talented Oklahoma students that would include not only instruction in their field of interest, but would give them the opportunity to work closely with artists of excellence, and come to a clearer understanding of the rigorous discipline required for excellence. In a state with such a widely distributed population, the opportunity to become acquainted with other students who shared their interests would also be valuable. The hope was that not only the students, but the many Oklahoma artists who participated as teachers and assistants, might also find value in their association with the artists brought in from other parts of the country.

A Board of Directors composed of laypersons and professionals in the arts, plus a professional staff and advisory panels for each discipline, helped to make the concept reality. Advisory panels, composed of the professionals from each of the five arts, advised on staff, criteria for students, audition procedures, equipment, and facilities. Based on their recommendations, and those of this year's students, next year's Summer Arts Institute will last for two weeks. Next summer, in addition to the disciplines offered this year, oil painting, modern
dance, creative writing, and choral music will be offered.

The Institute was the result of the shared enthusiasms of many people and organizations throughout the state. Primary support came from the Oklahoma Arts and Humanities Council, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Oklahoma Department of Education, Phillips Petroleum Company, the American Federation of Musicians, Music Performance Trust Fund, and the Kerr-McGee Corporation.

A few weeks after the Institute, all of the poetry students received a personal note from Donald Hall, along with a book of his poetry; this may mean a lot to them when they open their high school or college anthologies and see his poems. At least one of the dancers will study on scholarship with Maria Tallchief in Chicago. One of the mime students has gone to study theatre arts at Northwestern where Bud Beyer teaches. A young poet wrote that she had given a reading at her town’s Soroptimist banquet, and was interested in starting a writer’s group there.

These are the rewards that should and will result from the Oklahoma Summers Arts Camp. Aside from meeting and working with artists of excellence and getting to know other students with similar interests, these young talents will gain the confidence to read their poems before strangers, to start writers’ groups, to find the determination and persistence to pursue excellence, whatever their field.

As Donald Hall said, the Institute risked changing lives. It succeeded.

Skip Largent, a member of the poetry faculty, remembered it for everyone:

\[\text{head to head we made heat} \quad \text{to siphon the sun, flash} \quad \text{floods through our fingers} \]
\[\text{the paper was unplanted, skin} \quad \text{of our dust bowl fathers} \quad \text{and we turned it till we could write} \]
\[\text{of new wheat under old skies} \]

For information regarding the upcoming 1978 Summer Arts Camp, interested parents and students may write to the Oklahoma Summer Arts Institute, care of the Oklahoma Arts and Humanities Council, Suite 640 Jim Thorpe Building, Oklahoma City 73105.
Are you a 100% Oklahoman... either by birth or by adoption? Here's a light-hearted—but not necessarily easy-to-answer!—series of questions to help you decide. They deal, for the most part, with matters of geography and history. Test yourself—see how you rate.

A score of 100 will, obviously, make you a Good Okie indeed. But we've thrown in a few bonus questions along the way. So any score over 100 would surely qualify you for a special "Super Okie" merit badge... say a jack-oak leaf cluster with a sprig of mistletoe in the center!

NOTE: We love maps. And so we urge you to consult one freely in taking this quiz. The purist, however, may well decide to take it without map or other reference material. In this case we consider it only fair to award him or her an extra ten no-outside-help bonus points to begin with.

There are nine counties in the state with identically named county seats. Tulsa is one. Name the other eight for 5 points.

There are 34 towns in the state with the name of a county, yet they are not in that county. Cleveland is in Pawnee County, for example. Name five others—with the county they are in—for 5 points.

Name ten others and give yourself 5 bonus points.

At least seven Oklahoma towns bear the name of one of our 39 presidents. Name five for 5 points.

Eight Oklahoma counties have the name of one of our presidents. Name five for 5 points.

Since statehood (1907) eight Oklahoma towns have lost the county courthouse to the present county seat. Name at least four of the losers for 5 points.

Name them ALL and take 5 bonus points.

Dam-building has proved to be town-destroying—or caused the moving of—more than a dozen Oklahoma communities over the years. Take 1 point for each you can name up to ten.

Understandably enough, Indian tribes and tribal leaders figure prominently in Oklahoma place names. For example, 14 counties honor Indian tribes. Name at least ten of them for 5 points.
Ten counties, meanwhile, honor an Indian chief or leader. Name at least five of them for another 5 points.

Four county seats also honor Indian tribal figures. Take 5 points if you can identify at least three of them.

Finally, dozens of Oklahoma towns (not county seats) are similarly named for Indian leaders. Name five of them for another 5 points.

Oil was a big factor in the development of Oklahoma and shows it on the map! At least ten towns and/or oil camps bear the name of oil men or oil companies. Name five of these for 5 points.

Individual “discovery” wells played an important role in the growth of oil fields and nearby cities. Below are seven well-known state wells. Take 10 points if you can name the town, city, or oil field most closely associated with at least five of them.

If you can identify all seven, take 10 bonus points.

a. Nellie Johnstone No. 1
b. Wheeler No. 1
c. Hoy
d. Ida E. Glenn
e. Franklin No. 1
f. ITIO-Foster No. 1
g. Fixico No. 1

Several towns honor black Sooners. Over the years Oklahoma witnessed the birth of a sizeable number of towns established primarily by and for Negroes. Take 1 point for each you can name up to five.

Oklahoma City is, with due apologies to Guthrie, the one and only capital of Oklahoma. But several other state cities and towns claim “capital” status for their particular product or activity. Take 1 point (up to ten) for each of these “capitals” you can name.

Oil — Wheat —
Broomcorn — Watermelon —
Rattlesnake — Dairy —
Rock Crystal Digging — Sand Bass —
Masonic — Parakeet —
Cow Chip Thowing — Watermelon Seed
Strawberry — Peaches —

(Wanna add any?)

FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES MUSEUM: MUSKOGEE
It stands, authentically, in the Old Union Agency building itself, in Muskogee. Adjacent to the Veterans’ Hospital, at the summit of Honor Heights Park’s glorious spring azaleas, beautiful flower displays throughout the summer and autumn seasons, a gorgeous arboretum of evergreens, deciduous trees, and lakes in winter. It could not be more perfectly located.

It was opened in 1966, with a wild whoop and a holler from Creek Chieftain Dode McIntosh, and it has been growing and improving ever since. On exhibit are displays from all Five Civilized Tribes: Chickasaw, Choctaw, Seminole, Cherokee, and Creek.

It is the best place we know to see the paintings of the Creek Seminole genius Jerome Tiger. Willard Stone’s incredible wood carvings, life frozen in action, symbolic and spiritual, are displayed.

All of its Indian art is emotionally moving, and some of it is usually purchasable. Since its opening the museum has sold thousands of dollars worth of the paintings and sculptures executed by artists and sculptors of the Five Civilized Tribes. It is an institution of incalculable value to us, whom it enlightens, and serves.
CHISHOLM TRAIL HISTORICAL MUSEUM: Waurika

The Chisholm Trail ran right along here. You can sense it as you stand out in the open country alongside the museum. Inside the museum, viewing Fred Olds' fine mural (pictured here), you can almost hear those Texas longhorns bawling as they plod their northward way. Loweta Chesser's dioramas will further intensify your feeling of the way it was, in trail driving days.

Before then, the Wichita Indians laid down this ancient route. Part of the Wichita tribe lived along the Red River — Wichita Falls, Texas, is named after them. The rest of the Wichita people lived in central Kansas — Wichita, Kansas, is named after them. The trail they made, visiting back and forth in times no telling how ancient, became known as the Wichita Trace.

The Delaware Indian frontiersman Black Beaver used the Wichita Trace to evacuate Union troops from Oklahoma during the Confederate invasions of the Civil War. From Forts Cobb, Washita, and Arbuckle, Black Beaver guided eleven companies of troops and 150 women and children north to Leavenworth, Kansas, along the Wichita Trace.

Four years later, Jesse Chisholm loaded his wagons with trade goods in Wichita, Kansas, and followed the Wichita Trace southward to the Cimarron, then southwest to the Wichita agency on the Washita River. Chisholm used the Trace regularly, and other travelers began calling it "Chisholm's trail." And so it got its present name.

When Joseph McCoy built his cattle pens at the Abilene, Kansas, railhead, he sent the word to Texas via handbills and, in 1867, the first longhorns reached Abilene over Chisholm's Trail. Thousands of cattle followed during the years between '67 and '84, by which time the trail, blocked by barbed wire, became impassable.

The Waurika museum is full of relics to remind us of those early days, including a considerable variety of the types of barbed wire that closed the open range, and ended the Chisholm Trail.

color photos by Paul E. Lefebvre
Fort Sill's great Medicine Bluffs loom in the background. Dramatically coming up out of the gap, like troops riding to the rescue, is Fort Sill's famed Half-Section.

In the old days these bluffs were the site of Wichita Indian villages. Many a young Kiowa brave found the medicine preeminent for him in fasting and prayer on those bluffs.

Captain Randolph Marcy, on reconnaissance in 1858, recommended the site for a military post. In 1869, faced with the need to move his troops to higher ground, General Grierson reconnoitered the bluffs, confirmed the ideal practicality of the area for military purposes, and built Fort Sill. It has since become the artillery training center of America and the free world.

Circa World War I, a section of artillery consisted of two six-horse hitches, one pulling gun and limber, the other hitched to the caisson which carried the ammunition.

Fort Sill's unit of living history, pictured here, omits the horse-drawn caisson. So it becomes a Half-Section. It incorporates a six-horse hitch pulling a limber on which is mounted an 1897 French 75mm field piece, and two separately ridden horses.

The limber on which the French 75 is mounted is of the type used by the Army through the 1930s. The French 75 was the standard light field artillery piece for the United States and France during World War I. The United States adopted the “75” as a replacement for a 3-inch gun, model 1902, since the effective French weapon featured hydro pneumastic recoil, a rate of fire of twenty rounds per minute, and a range of up to five miles.

The three off-horses of the six-horse hitch are ridden by cannoneers. Present personnel includes chief of section, SFC Philip E.
Light artillery, as horse-drawn and horse artillery came to be known, had its origins in the United States in the year 1808, when Captain Peter's battery of the first regiment of light artillery was organized. Draft horses with civilian teamsters, and teams of oxen, had hauled guns in the American Revolution, but 1808 was the first time in our service when uniformed soldiers formally manned the teams as well as the guns.

Captain Peter and his battery of horse artillery staged an impressive drill for Congress on Independence Day, 1808. The battery then made a route march from Baltimore to Washington in record time. Next they struck out for New Orleans, crossing the Allegheny Mountains in midwinter and finishing the journey by Mississippi flatboats. The mobility of the light artillery was thus thoroughly proved.

In the War of 1812 the Light Artillery continued to employ four-footed horse power until the Civil War.

Eight horses, and eight soldiers in World War I artillerymen's uniforms. The three men afoot are working to help brake the descent of the Half-Section down a precariously steep embankment of Medicine Bluff Creek on the military reservation at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

SFC Philip E. Wamer, chief of the unit's weapon and crew, is responsible for the health and care of the unit's horses and serves as the noncommissioned officer in charge of the Half-Section at the various events at which it performs.

Before coming to Fort Sill, Wamer was with the United States Caisson Platoon, Fort Meyers, Virginia. Wamer hails from an Ohio farm where he used to ride working plow horses. As a child of eleven, he was apprenticed to a seventy year old blacksmith, spending his week-ends, summers, and hours after school learning the trade. SFC Wamer joined the Army in 1951; has two Vietnam tours of duty and one six year hitch in Germany. He studied at the School of Ferriers at Martinsville, Virginia. Wamer's pick-up truck follows the Fort Sill Half-Section, prepared with anvil and ferrier tools to shoe the horses, and equipped with replacement parts for the repair of the historic saddles and harness.

Wamer's leisure time specialty is teaching his three-year-old daughter equestrian skills.
opened the season for the 89ers Triple-A League baseball team in Oklahoma City. Each year it performs for the Lawton Rodeo. Recently the Half-Section added movies to its entertainment experience with the filming, at Cache, of Moonbeam Rider, sharing starring honors with Dave Carradine.

The Half-Section has become an important addition to the colorful military ceremonies that are held at Fort Sill. It adds glamour and formality to post reviews, the awarding of honors and medals, change-of-command ceremonies, and retirement rites. The Half-Section has saluted two Fort Sill post funerals. It fires a 21-gun salute over the post cemetery for Veterans' Day ceremonies.

The Half-Section was first formed by General (ret.) L. S. Griffing for the 1963 Armed Forces Day observance. Shortly thereafter the unit was disbanded, only to be reorganized in 1964 for the same purpose. In April, 1969, it was again activated for Fort Sill's Centennial events. For this purpose, John Frizzell, Oklahoma City's renowned restorer of stagecoaches and other horse-drawn vehicles, loaned the post six horses. The Half-Section achieved permanent duty status at Fort Sill in 1970.

Early in that year, eight horses were

in old Army crates at a San Antonio surplus store and the McClellan saddles are authentic. Everything is official Army equipment of the type used during World War I, the last war in which the United States used horse-drawn artillery.

Although heavy U.S. artillery was motorized by 1920, the last horse-drawn artillery in the United States was replaced by motorized

in 1911, when the School of Fire for Field Artillery was founded at Fort Sill, two light batteries of the Fifth Field Artillery Regiment, equipped with 3-inch field guns Model 1902, served as the first firing batteries for the school.

FORT SILL TODAY

Activity at Fort Sill now involves:

THE PERSHING MISSILE: surface to surface, guided, two-stage missile; solid propellant, maximum range about 460 miles.

THE LANCE MISSILE: can carry either nuclear or non-nuclear warhead; maximum range, speed, and rate of fire classified.

THE M60A1 TANK: three-gunned armored giant; can go 300 miles without refueling.

THE M114A1 HOWITZER: soon to be replaced by the M109A1 Howitzer.

THE M110 HOWITZER: considered the most accurate artillery piece in the Army's inventory.

THE M109 HOWITZER: one of several weapons used to train students in Fort Sill's U.S. Army Field Artillery School.

THE M109A1 155 MM HOWITZER.

THE M102 HOWITZER: lightweight cannon easily moved by helicopter.

THE CH-54 TARHE HELICOPTER (Sky crane): largest in the army; all-weather; can retrieve downed aircraft; resupply ammunition; transport a first aid station; carry 45 combat troops and extra cargo; lifts objects weighing up to 25,000 lbs.; can retrieve or deliver in normally inaccessible areas.

THE UH-1H (Iroquois) and OH-58A (Kiowa) HELICOPTERS.

THE MAST (Military Assistance to Safety & Traffic) HELICOPTER UNIT: since instituted in 1971, MAST units (helicopter, pilot, copilot, crew chief, and medic) have performed missions involving stranded flood victims, snowbound motorists, an injured mountain climber, and emergency hospital transfers.
"Is the lady of the house in?" inquired the caller who sounded as if he wanted to sell her something.

“No,” I replied simply.

“Well, do you expect her?”

“Maybe,” I said, “you can put me down as hopeful.”

“Ah—Hopeful!”

“Indeed, yes. But at the moment, I am singular.”

There are just lots of citizens (and maybe illegal aliens) who, by design, death, divorce or plain old Fate, live alone. This condition has been referred to by some absolute idiot as “single blessedness.”

Having, in my later years (declining?) embraced the single state, I feel remarkably well qualified to blow the whistle on the sloping-skull who thought of it as blessedness.

As Ralph Waldo Emerson might have said, I kid you not, life with no wife or handmaiden has more drawbacks than a singed centipede. Housekeeping, laundry and certainly cooking—which the average husband takes so for granted (oh, you wouldn’t believe!)—become no longer an abstraction but Here and Now and are apt to occupy most waking thoughts. Waking AND sleeping, come to think of it, since the problem is worrisome enough to devote a nightmare or two to, too.

When, as in my case, one compounds singleness with quote retirement unquote, the situation moves into the metaphysical.

Many of our philosophers, our deep thinkers, essayists, poets—you name it—have been bachelors, divorcees or widowers. How they did it, I don’t know because meditation comes hard when the stomach growleth. I like to eat well and regularly. In passing, I admit I am a pretty darned good cook, but up to the actual moment of singularity it was merely a hobby.

You might compare me with a character who has read all the books on how to fly—and suddenly finds himself at the controls of a single-seater plane.

One thing about it, the newly-singled man learns very quickly that he is NEVER going to get to retire. The above-mentioned housekeeping, laundrying and cooking—not to mention the time at the typewriter to make a living—occupy approximately 23 hours of the day, leaving precious little time for sleeping, looking for a female replacement or/and curling up with a good book. I don’t even remember the last time I curled up with anything. And I am still young enough to prefer curling up with something softer and with fewer corners than a book.

To a degree, I have made some literary mileage out of sudden bachelorhood. I have done a number of magazine articles which, thank goodness, sold and kept the wolf at the door sleeker than he deserved. I wrote “Confessions of a Bachelor Cook” and, oddly enough, it was bought by a national magazine for retired folks. “Retire to What?” followed, then “Strictly Unfurnished”—about making a bachelor pad inhabitable—“It Doesn’t Taste Any Better in French” (blowing the whistle on pretentious “gourmet” cooking) and a thing called “Back Then” which praised the many modern conveniences and househusbandly helps unknown when most of us were striplings.

In fact, I’ve got another one that hasn’t sold yet, but an editor is looking at it (probably at arm’s length), which details how I, an abject amateur at it, learned to handle housekeeping chores. Whimsically, I called it “Next to Godliness.”

Forsooth, the single man has to learn. Otherwise he would find himself up to Here in dustmice, dirty dishes, erupting wastebaskets and avalanches of empty grocery sacks. He would walk on spotty carpets, look out through bleary windows and, certainly, encounter vague smells, origin unknown.

Take laundry alone. Your ordinary new-made bachelor has no conception of the process that transforms a dirty shirt or jockey shorts, lying on the floor, bed or chair in the vicinity of the clothes hamper, into a crisp, clean, sweet-smelling wearable folded neatly in a drawer or hanging pristinely on a hanger in the closet.

Is there a mother out there teaching her boy-child to do the washing? Not likely. Her daughter, sure—even though little girls are born with an instinct to suds out a few things, quite often at inconvenient or highly inappropriate times. I’ll bet Eve spent some of the time in Eden bending
over a something to wash a what. Come to think of it, though, in Paradise (in a single man's Paradise anyway) nothing would ever get soiled.

But the man alone (has a pitiful ring to it, doesn't it?) has to learn to cope with detergents, bleaches and fabric softeners. It is a whole new world. A professor of English Lit, set down on Robinson Crusoe's island, would be no more poorly equipped to cope with the day-to-days.

Ring around the collar indeed! The singular man has to eke with rings around everything — towels, shorts, sheets, socks and certainly bath tubs.

To hurry on, when I had a wife it never occurred to me that there was anything mystical about a refrigerator. It was just that big white thing that stayed cold inside and kept the milk from getting blinky, the butter firm, the eggs from hatching, meat edible and all sorts of foods wholesome.

I did know it was the depository for leftovers which in due time would be reincarnated tastily. Maybe I dimly realized that a leftover would not keep forever, but I'll never forget the day when I opened a dinky little plastic carton of leftover-from-when? buttered squash and found it full of horrid green moss.

I know now that any leftover put in the refrigerator will grow in the blink of an eye. Say six-weeks eye-blink. In all truth, I don't know the incubation period of creamed asparagus or Mexican slaw or candied okra but any one of them will sprout mold or slime in a twitch of time.

Bacon gets slick and funny-smelling, potatoes and bread develop sooty spots and beef and lamb grow fur. Something I had—I didn't remember what it had been—came up with a bright orange growth laced with little highlights of azure, burnt sienna and ochre.

I licked the problem cunningly. Now I put my leftovers in those little plastic margarine tubs and cap them. Then, every month or so, they can be thrown away neatly with no bother at all.

Even so, bachelors should note that it is wise to wash the inside of the fridge at least once a year.* Otherwise, it gets kind of gamey.

Women are born with an extra chromosome or hormone or something that makes them naturally domestic. Not so the singular male. Although girls will give a What's-New? shrug, the following tips from a scarred veteran may help YOU, sir, over the transition.

Don't throw anything down you will have to pick up. Don't let every dish and eating tool languish until the ruin is total; wash 'em every day or so. Wipe your big feet at the door. Don't leave your freezer untended until it is a solid mass. Don't shine your shoes with the dishtowels—and don't swab up spilled gunk with the dishrag. Don't try to wear a shirt three days.

Are you reading me? Don't ever throw two grocery sacks in the pantry together. In no time at all they will mate and produce scores of progeny, each as big as the parents. Likewise those wire cleaners' hangers.

Wild proliferation of supposedly inanimate objects is one of the strange phenomena of living alone. Write just one number on the cover of the telephone book and in no time at all there'll be dozens. Leave one used nose tissue on the night table and in a day or two there'll be drifts of them. Put one casual trash sack by the overflowing garbage hamper and before you know it there will be a half a dozen. Old ballpoint pens, empty vitamin bottles, used-up spray cans and leftover soap wafers are especially wont to reproduce.

Ah so. Singularity is against the laws of nature, and punishment for the flouter of the Law comes on apace. It is not mete for man to live alone—especially when there are at least two women for every man of my age wandering around loose. (Loose in the metaphysical sense, that is.)

To the bachelor who may be feeling pretty negative at the moment, here is a real nice positive:

Call a Her and ask if she'd like to go out to dinner.

The good Lord knew what He was doing. If He thinks He can improve on the current model, I'll donate a rib.

*Say when things start sticking to the shelves.
Gov. David Boren, Lt. Gov. George Nigh, and Abe Hesser, Exec. Dir. of the Tourism & Recreation Dept., set forth to hike a portion of the Indian Nations Trail, in Beavers Bend State Park, which they had just dedicated. Opened this autumn, it is the first of many. We'll keep you posted on new trails as they open. For details write Tourism, Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., OKC 73105.

Photo by Fred Marvel

Ten years ago in Oklahoma Today

Our Winter '67-'68 issue focused attention on a subject that has become critical during the decade since this article was written. In SEA-FARING OILFIELDS we wrote about the extensive work Oklahomans have done in developing the offshore oilfields of the world.

THE GOOD LIFE by Hannah Atkins discusses the cultural eminence of our two fine symphonies, in Oklahoma City and Tulsa. THE TROopers by prize-winning Norman author Fred Grove relates exciting anecdotes about our Highway Patrol.

Humorist Bill Scott's miscalculations in trying to build his own boat will stimulate your grins and giggles. Midwest City author David Craighead brought us up to date on the growing boom in the sport of gymnastics. Nostalgic remembrances of the Butterfield Trail from Fort Smith to Colbert's Ferry, and the Texas Road which later became the M. K. & T. Railroad, are included in Helen Reagan Smith's HERE COMES THE STAGECOACH.

Everyone is familiar with the colorful costumes of Indian war dancers, but few have had the opportunity to see the seductive variety of Indian girls' tribal dresses. Each tribe has its own distinctive and flattering styles, beautifully illustrated by the dolls of Mildred Cleghorn, pictured in this issue in full color.

You can secure a copy of this Anniversary Issue by sending $2.00 to Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., Oklahoma City 73105. The features in the Oklahoma Scrapbook, on young Oklahomans in the United States Navy, current events around the state, and book reviews—especially Dr. O. G. Landsever's Norse Medieval Cryptography in Runic Carvings which, incidently, tells you how to read the inscription on our Heavener Runestone—are worth the cost of this collector's item issue.
helping young Americans remember their heritage. This novel, for age 10 and up, depicts life in the Cherokee Strip as it really was following the great "Run of '93."

**WHEELS WEST** by Richard Dunlop, Rand McNally, Chicago, $16.95. While famous trails are included this is mainly a book about the vehicles that plied them. A lively narrative full of interesting anecdotes. Richly illustrated with contemporary pictures. Drawn by horse, mule, ox, hand powered, wind driven, through early railroading; a comprehensive work on pioneer transportation.

**OKLAHOMA** by H. Wayne and Anne Hodges Morgan, W. W. Norton, New York, $8.95. Brief but innovative, following the threads of European settlement and the Five Civilized Tribes. Much devoted to the evolving of the modern Oklahoma. Freshly written and provocative of thought; with an impressive photographic essay by A. Y. Owen.

**THE CRIOLLO** by John E. Rouse, Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, $17.50. Our cattle industry came to us early, via the Spanish colonies. Infusion of other breeds came much later. While the Texas Longhorn, best known of the criollo breeds, reached the pinnacle of bovine fame, there are many others, and author Rouse's coverage of them will fascinate anyone interested in cow critters.

This new motion picture, shot in our Wichita Mountains area, had its world premier in Lawton this fall. Watch for it at your local theater.

*Photo by Fred Marval*
Urgently beckoning westward from the precipice cresting Persimmon Hill, where the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center stands, is the bronze equestrian statue of Buffalo Bill.

From northern climes, through Arctic waters, from the pre-history plains of the ancient Tigris and Euphrates, through the Mediterranean, Spain and Portugal, then launching out across the Atlantic to the “New World,” humanity has continuously followed its westering frontiersmen.

Buffalo Bill Cody, like Daniel Boone, and many whose names we do not even know, was such a frontiersman. In spite of the efforts of modern cynics to degrade them, these heroic figures from the past will be honored long after their detractors.
are dead.

Colonel Tim McCoy in his new book *Colonel Tim McCoy Remembers the West* (Doubleday & Co., N. Y.) says of Buffalo Bill, "from the first time I met him in 1898 he became and has remained an inspiration to me. He was a courageous figure in the West and the proportions of his image were a good deal larger than life."

So are the proportions of this statue. The Winchester in Cody's hand is nine feet long. His horse's hoofs are bushel basket size. The bronze statue, largest west of the Mississippi, results from the sky-high dreaming of Cowboy Hall of Fame executive director Dean Krakel.

It was created by the gifted hands of sculptor Leonard McMurry. Financed by the gifts of N. C. H. of F. directors "Aunt Nona" Payne of Texas and Jasper Ackerman of Colorado, it stands amid the acres of splendidly landscaped gardens which are the gift of Colorado Springs' Freda Hambrick.

The living model which inspired the statue was lifetime honorary Cowboy Hall of Fame board chairman Joel McCrea's motion picture portrayal of Buffalo Bill's life. The towering horse and rider, visible against the sky from the distant approaches to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, is a worthy addition to the Cowboy Hall's inspirational guiding of America's memories of our pioneer past and the American West.
We stopped to see the Circus World Museum in Baraboo, Wisconsin, original winter quarters of Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey, and what did we see? We saw the Pawnee Bill Wild West Show bandwagon, with the Columbus Discovery of America pageant in gold on one side, and a bas-relief of Col. "Pawnee Bill" Lillie in a golden sunburst above it. On the other side, Pocahontas saving John Smith, and an Indian in full feathered headdress centered in a golden sunburst above that.

We watched a demonstration of how the circuses of our youth loaded their glittering wagons. The railroad flatcar used for the demonstration once belonged to the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, and has 101 Ranch Real Wild West in ornate, bright, giant letters all along its side.

A huge outdoor billboard display, largest on the lot, was a multi-sheet litho of the Al G. Kelly & Miller Bros. Circus, which winter quartered at Hugo, Oklahoma. Dorey Miller, of Hugo, owns the elephants that are on display. His elephants make each Circus Parade around the extensive Circus World complex. They perform in the center ring at each performance under the Big Top, and, at last take a bath in the Baraboo River to end each day's exhibition.

In the Museum's impressive display of historic circus wagons from America and Europe we saw not just one but two of the covered wagons the 101 Ranch Real West used in their show stopping "Raid on the Wagon Train" spectacle. Also the "Fort Sill to Enid" stagecoach the F. J. Taylor Great American Circus used in its Concert or aftershow. Outlaws would attempt to hold up the stagecoach, only to be foiled by a charge of U. S. cavalry, bugles sounding.

Other incontrovertible evidences of Oklahoma's impact on the Circus World are present in the posters, displays, and artifacts from the Tim Maynard and Tom Mix Circuses, plus the now Oklahoma owned Carson-Barnes Circus, and Cole Brothers' Circus.

(Continued on Page 38)
Owned and maintained by the Wisconsin Historical Society, even the Circus World Museum's daily operations are run by an Oklahoman.

Manager Dale Williams was born in Ponca City, went through school there, and graduated from the University of Oklahoma. As a boy he became a circus enthusiast, collector of circus memorabilia, member of the Circus Historical Society, and Circus Model Builders. While doing graduate work at O.U. he was offered a job in the Circus World Museum Library. Less than a week after arriving in Baraboo he was Business Manager of all of Circus World’s operations. Which we consider another tribute to the ability and acumen of Oklahomans in general.

Circus World Museum covers forty-five acres of the original Ringling Bros. Circus winter quarters. It includes displays in the original Camel, Ring Stock, and Elephant Barns, morning and afternoon Circus Parades and performances under the Big Top, Carousel, 152 vividly colorful circus wagons, Miniature Circus, Library, Archives and much more, all yours for a single admission charge. And oh, the music!

It will set your blood to coursing! Band music, air calliope and steam calliope, band organs, along with the mechanical music components from circus bell, chimes, and carillon wagons. One of these days a modern high school band is going to quit playing the tuneless noise most high school bands play nowadays and start playing the tremendous circus marches; Sells-Floto Triumphant, Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Grand Entry, Colos-sus of Columbia, and be amazed at the sensation they cause.

Go out of your way to see Wisconsin’s Circus World with all its elements from our Oklahoma circuses and Wild West Shows. You’ll feel a welling sense of justifiable pride at Oklahoma's stellar contributions to the grand traditions of the Circus in America. Dale Williams will be too busy to stop and talk. Running Circus World is a whopper of a job, guaranteed to tax even an Oklahoman. But leave your calling or business card, or better yet, a note to let him know another Oklahoman came by to visit.

OILRUSH MUSEUM: DRUMRIGHT

Driller R. J. Wallace was raking his breakfast baked potatoes from the embers of his cooking campfire when Tom Slick’s Wheeler #1 wildcat oilwell came roaring in. The time was 5:00 A.M. of a chilly March morning in 1912.

The chill became a fever as news of the discovery well leaked out. The oilrush was on. By March 21, Drumright was so full of boomers that the overflow began to found neighboring towns, each with a parody of Drumright’s name — there was Dropright, Downright, Damright, Alight, Gasright, and Justright.

Within three years, the field was flowing a sea of oil, making multi-millionaires of J. Paul Getty, Harry Sinclair, Tom Slick, and others. Its oil, shipped to Europe, fueled the Allies throughout World War I.

No place in the world could be more fitting for a museum of the petroleum industry than Drumright. The museum is located in the former Santa Fe depot. In it you’ll find the working model of a cable tool driling rig (shown here), oilrush pictures galore, a plethora of oil rig tools, newspapers circa World War I, etc.

About a mile north of the heart of Drumright, on a lease road, an historic marker marks the site of the discovery well itself, Wheeler #1. North and east, along the Drumright-Oilton road, you can still see a few of the old cable tool rigs, their walking beams cocked skyward, and here and there a bullwheel, entangled in its rusty drilling cable.

Drumright’s museum is a monument to great days in Oklahoma. And as Evelyn Daly, one of the founders of the museum, says, “That was oil we sold at a dollar and a quarter a barrel!” We now pay the OPEC nations fifteen dollars and more per barrel for crude oil.

color photo by Fred Marvel

THIRTY-EIGHT

OKLAHOMA TODAY