Serenity

The snow has fallen all day long
Soft and dreamy, like a song
 Unsung and yet remembered.
A cheerful grace with glowing embers
Paints a portrait of December
Flawlessly without mistake.

Mirored in the frozen lake
Is perfect artistry.
Beneath this quiet dignity.
There is no hint of revelry.

No hand can crush.
No sound dares break the sacred hush.
No splendor of the sunsets blush.
 sends back a thrill.

The daylight fades behind the hill.
And leaves the landscape
White and still.

CLARICE JACKSON
WINTER '78-'79

Mickey McBride Classic Basketball, Ada

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Jan 6

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Will Rogers was the best known American in the world — and the best loved private citizen in the United States — during the late 1920s and early 1930s.

When news of the plane crash in Alaska came over the wires in August, 1935, it was flashed round the world screaming the news on front pages, in the largest type available, from London to Rome to Tokyo to Moscow and back.

WILL ROGERS IS DEAD! WILL KILLED IN CRASH! WORLD MOURNS DEATH OF WILL ROGERS!

Who was he, this humble man with the laughing eyes, the mouth that could chew gum while he spun his rope and lassoed audiences with his wit? This Indian cowboy from Oklahoma who was proud of his heritage and never lost the common touch, yet charmed and entertained presidents and kings, artists and millionaires, educators and movie stars, and millions of just plain folks...

Will, himself, never really knew the answer to his vast appeal to audiences from every walk of life. He often wondered when they would tire of his homely humor, his little "pieces for the paper" that were read at breakfast tables throughout the land, the films in which he starred, the popular radio broadcasts, the public appearances.

Seemingly, without really trying, he reached the top in all these fields.

His columns were carried by more than 350 newspapers. The McNaught Syndicate, which handled them, paid him over $10,000 a month to write them. He was the highest paid radio speaker of his time, earning $500 a minute, with broadcast executives begging him for more time. He led at the box office in 1934, his last full year in Hollywood, and was the most sought after public speaker of his or any day.

Six books — gleaned from his comments on stage, and later made up from his writings for the papers and Saturday Evening Post articles — were in great demand, some being reprinted over 20 times.

Now, forty-four years after his death, nearly half a million visitors a year pay tribute to him at the Will Rogers Memorial where he is buried with his wife, Betty, on a beautiful hillside in Claremore, Oklahoma. California has made his Santa Monica ranch home a state park. Colorado Springs’ Shrine of the Sun is named in his honor. Millions fly into Will Rogers Airports in Oklahoma City and elsewhere, attend Will Rogers Theatres all over the nation, drive on U.S. 66 which was named the Will Rogers Memorial Highway in 1937, and see his name on parks, schools, banks, rodeo arenas, countless places and memorial events.

As actor Joel McCrea said when he visited the Memorial in Claremore a few years back, "Everything Will Rogers touched, he added a little glory to." His name is something special. It adds feeling and warmth wherever it is used.

There are many things that prove his popularity. But these do not answer the question of "Why?" Perhaps no one can. But a look at his heritage — his life and what he chose to do with it — may provide some clues.

Long before he was born in Indian Territory, near what is now Oologah, Oklahoma, November 4, 1879, forces set in motion some of the factors that would shape his philosophy and his life style.

Following the American Revolu-
I were living near Tahlequah in what
Hunt Gunter married Englishman
er, Avery Vann, had married Mar-
ter-father, always thought of himself
is now Oklahoma. Mary America
Schrimsher became Will's mother.

After it was all over, they had to
be education for their children.

Schools had come to the Territory
with the missionaries who accom-
panied the Cherokees over the Trail
of Tears and were supported by the
tribal government long before state-
hood. But they were scattered rather
sparsely and Will had to go live with his married sister Sallie McSpadden near Chelsea when he started his first school at the age of eight.

Describing this experience in later years, Will said:

"Drumgoul was a little one-room log cabin built of post-oak logs... the school stayed with such books as Ray's Arithmetic and McGuffy's First and Second Readers. It was all Indian kids that went there, and I, being part Cherokee, had just enough white in me to make my honesty questionable.

"There must have been about thirty of us in that room that rode horseback or walked miles to get there. We got to running horse races and I had a little chestnut mare that was beating everything that any of them could ride to school and I was losing interest in what we were really there for."

Typically, Will recalled the things that made an impact on his mind that first year away from home: the fact that he was "different"—a white among the full-bloods—and the fun he had with horses. The fact of his difference in reverse—a Cherokee among the "whites" would haunt him later when he attended "white" schools in Missouri—Scarlett College at Neosho and finally Kemper Military Academy in Boonville.

His second school was Harrell Institute at Muskogee, a girl's school, actually, but one he was allowed to attend along with Robert Brewer, the son of the school president, Rev. T. F. Brewer. Although he got into plenty of mischief and teased the girls constantly, he did learn at the school and made good grades in the subjects he liked.

It was while he was home on vacation from Harrell that his mother died in 1890, from the "flux," a tragic loss from which Will never fully recovered. As long as he lived, he couldn't talk about his mother with-
Will was trying to get Charlie to come to Willie Halsell school too, and he wrote him, “We have boys and girls who all board here and we take them to church every Sunday night and have dances and do anything you want to. I sure have lots of fun up here.” But, he closed the letter by saying, “answer soon, I don’t get a letter only once a month.” Another time he wrote Charlie that it was a “dandy place up here,” then in the same sentence he gave himself away. “. . . didn’t run Kemper in accordance with the standards I thought befitting my growing intellect. I was spending my third year in the fourth grade and wasn’t being appreciated, so I not only left them flat during a dark night, but quit the entire school business for life.”

That was the same year—1898—that Clem and the woman he had married moved into Claremore where he could look after his bank and other business interests, leaving the ranch with an overseer. Will felt more home-less than he ever had in his life, and he ran away from it all.

Seeking a life that he knew and loved, he headed for a ranch near Higgins, Texas, where he hired on to help with a cattle drive into Medicine Lodge, Kansas. Four months later, back in Amarillo, he tried to enlist with Teddy Roosevelt’s Rough Riders, but was turned down. He went on another cattle drive or so before returning to Texas and finally drifted home.

Now past 18, his school days behind him, Will took on the management of the Rogers ranch for awhile, but the lure of roping contests and good times “someplace else,” doomed this venture to failure.

But one big change did come to him while he was ranching near Oologah.

Betty Blake, of Rogers, Arkansas, came to visit her sister, Mrs. Will Marshall, whose husband was station agent for the railroad at the little town.

Right then, Will began the courtship that was to continue—often by long distance mail—until he finally claimed Betty for his bride over eight years later.

Awed somewhat by the genteel young lady from the “city,” Will wrote to her right after she returned home in early 1900—a very hat-in-hand epistle in which he asked her to be his friend, humbly referring to himself as one of the “wooly cow-boys,” an “Injun Cowboy” and a “Cow pealer” who lived among the “wild tribe” in Indian Territory.

Although he was easily Betty’s equal in education and far ahead of her in traveling experiences and financial situations, he knew she was a very popular girl in her home town where it was not yet socially accept-able for an “Injun Cowboy” to go courtin’. But he was, at least, able to kid about it, and he asked her to send him a “kodak” of herself to hang in his “Indian wigwam.”

In his second letter, he asked permission to visit her, even though, he wrote, “I know it would be a slam on your Society career to have it known that you even knew an ignorant In-dian Cowboy.” When she wrote her book about Will after his death, Betty recalled the incident: “It irked Will to know that my friends were teasing me about him. He was very proud of his Indian blood—as he continued to be all his life—but he was sensitive and when he was around my friends he was timid in asking me to go out with him.”

Continued next issue.
WE COMPETE IN, AND HOST COMPETITION FOR,

INTERNATIONAL

BY HUGH SCOTT
Stand up and cheer. That is what a myriad of people did during the September U.S. Gymnastic Federation Championships in Oklahoma City's huge Myriad Convention Center.

The three-day event selected the athletes who represented the United States at the World Cup Championships held in Strasbourg, France, in October. The competition was televised for national presentation by ABC-TV.

Spectators were watching a sport that has recently enjoyed, and is still enjoying vast growth. Under the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) until about a decade ago, some 40,000 people were involved in gymnastics. Since the United States Gymnastics Federation has been formed to further the sport about half-a-million people are now participating.

Among the reasons for the rapid and steady growth of gymnastics in the United States, as well as around the world, are two young competitors, Olga Korbut of Russia, and Nadia Comaneci of Romania. Olga Korbut was the first to become an international celebrity when, representing her country in the Munich Olympics, she was seen on television in virtually every country in the world. Her achievements brought her the coveted Associated Press Female Athlete of the Year Award in 1973. She was the first athlete from behind the Iron Curtain to win the honor since 1931.

In the Montreal Olympics, tiny Nadia Comaneci took over the spotlight and was projected into even greater fame by her incredible performances...and television. She is the first gymnast in Olympic history to score a perfect ten points, which she did, not once, but seven times.

The U.S. Gymnastic Federation meet in Oklahoma City kept everyone, judges and audience, on the edges of their seats. Even spectators just walking in from the street could feel the tension. Everyone was quickly alerted to the fact that important things were happening as the young men and women demonstrated their talents and expertise. It was at times even difficult to watch for fear you might see a slight miscue that could cost a contestant a few hundredths of a point.

Men's and women's events at the meet were held separately (it seems a misnomer to call young girls 14 to 16 years of age women, even though they conduct themselves in a very mature manner).

With a blast of music from the public address system, each of the twenty-two girls entered in a single-file line. They marched to the center of the floor and stood proudly at attention as the National Anthem was played. As one slender little girl looked at the flag of her country, her eyes filled with tears. After a quick biting of her lip, she regained her composure and smiled.

The women's team was selected after three strenuous rounds of competition. Headed by 17-year-old Donna Turnbow, California, the others named were Rhonda Schwandt, California; Leslie Pyfer, Oregon; Kathy Johnson, Louisiana; Christa Ann Canary, Illinois; and Marcia Frederick, Connecticut. Named as alternate was Merilyn Chapman, California. Going into the Oklahoma City meet, Johnson was ranked No. 1 nationally and Turnbow, No. 2.

In the men's division, it became apparent early in the competition that the final results were going to be close. Kurt Thomas, Indiana, and Bart Conner, Oklahoma, ran consistently nearly equal, matching each other point for point. The two are old friends and competitors. They were co-members of the 1976 U.S. Olympic team. In each event, they kept their individual scores at the top. The judges of the various events watched closely as the two increased their pace.

Prior to the final event for each young man, it was announced to the crowd that Conner led by one tenth of a point and the spectators became completely silent, anticipating the finish.

Conner was assigned to finish on the horizontal bar, while Thomas was to complete his competition on the
parallel bars. Thomas was scheduled first, and following an excellent performance, amid shouts of "Go, Kurt" from the crowd, his score of 9.80 was flashed by the judges.

Conner was next, and friends and fans started their own cheers for the University of Oklahoma star. He knew what he had to do. . . . he had to post a 9.70 to tie Thomas for first place. Whipping through his routine, he did exactly that. When his score was posted, the crowd, already on its feet, cheered long and loud. And Conner, smiling broadly, was pummeled by teammates and fans.

OU gymnastics coach Paul Ziert commented, "I knew that Bart was going to compete against himself, not Kurt. He was really up for his final event."

"If I had cut the difficulty of my performance rather than doing what the coach and I had planned," said Conner, "I wouldn't have felt right. So I did just what we prepared. That's why I was so fired up."

With Thomas and Conner on the men's team were Jim Hartung, Nebraska; Mike Wilson, Oklahoma; Peter Korman, Connecticut; and Phil Cahoy, Nebraska; with Tim Lefleur, Minnesota, as alternate.

Bart Conner and Mike Wilson, the two University of Oklahoma stars in the USGF Championships, came to the meet with top credentials. They were both named NCAA All Americans this year and finished first and third, respectively, in this year's NCAA Championships.

Conner was twice national high school All American gymnast which makes him the best prep gymnast in the history of the sport. He was on the U.S. team in the Pan American games, World University games, the 1976 Olympics, and winner of the first American Cup held at Madison Square Garden last year. His ability has taken him to various parts of the world, performing on U.S. teams in China, New Zealand, Japan, Spain and Bulgaria. He has set numerous Big Eight conference records since entering OU and continues to be an outstanding competitor.

Wilson was National Junior Olympic All-Around Champion in 1974 and Big Eight Champion on the parallel bars in 1976. He placed fourth in All-Around in both the NCAA and USGF nationals last year. The World Cup competition is the stiffest Wilson has faced, although he has competed on U.S. teams in Bermuda and Bulgaria.

The meet in Strasbourg was the second time for Conner to appear in the World Cup, having been on the U.S. team last year.

A national telecast of a major sporting event can spark human effort to super levels. One contestant at the USGF meet, a pretty blonde 15-year-old from California, said it quite aptly when she commented, "When the TV cameras are turned on, so am I."

Petite Cathy Rigby Mason was here to handle expert women's events, and Gordon Maddox was here for the men's.

Cathy backed the contestants on a controversial issue. "The girls have been complaining that they have to take part in two sessions each day and it's just too hard on them physically and emotionally." There seemed to be general agreement on this point.

After the United States teams were chosen, both the men and women soon left for Europe. The men's team took part in a warm-up exhibition that included the U.S., Canada, England, and host Switzerland. The U.S. took three of the five medals, with the Swiss taking third and fourth places.

In the major World Cup event at Strasbourg, France, both the men and women could be proud of their performances. The men's team placed fourth among the top ten teams of the world. The women's team placed fifth in the team standings, the best a U.S. women's team has ever done.

The next major stop for the gymnasts is the Olympic Games in Moscow. In the meantime, world gymnasts will remember the final team standings in Strasbourg; Japan, 579.85; U.S.S.R., 578.95; E. Germany, 571.75; United States, 568.70; West Germany, 566.90; Hungary, 566.30; Romania, 560.85; France 556.35; Czechoslovakia, 551.65; and Switzerland, 550.95.
HEISMAN TROPHY WINNER
BILLY SIMS — OKLAHOMA
Consensus, and Coach's All-American; Walter Camp Foundation's, and Sport Magazine's, Player of the Year. Nation's leading rusher and scorer. Big Eight Conference single season rushing record of 1,762 yards on 231 carries for a phenomenal average of 7.6 yards every time he touched the ball. First player in Big Eight history to rush more than 200 yards in three straight games. Scored twenty touchdowns.

OUTLAND TROPHY WINNER
GREG ROBERTS — OKLAHOMA
The nation's best interior lineman. Consensus All-American. Greg Roberts comes off the ball so quickly he is often the subject of debate between enemy coaches and game officials, who think he is jumping offside before the ball is snapped. Greg Roberts has moved the defenders out of the way all season. OU's offense has exploded for touchdowns and long gainers through the holes Greg Roberts has opened.

OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK

TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY
Our Anniversary Issue of Oklahoma Today contains Charles Banks Wilson's superlative portraits of Will Rogers, Jim Thorpe, Robert S. Kerr, and Sequoyah. These portraits have been selling steadily at $4.00 per set for years. Until our next issue comes out, in honor of the Will Rogers Centennial, we're going to offer you a super bargain; the entire Anniversary Issue, containing all four of these full page portraits for $2.00.

Bonus goodies you'll get in the issue include Sgt. Lee Webb's statewide series of scenic miniatures, from all over Oklahoma. Even after our 20-plus years of showing folks proof positive, the unaltered evidence of photos from the color camera, there are still too many Oklahomans who do not even begin to realize how lovely this state is.

The issue contains the fascinating story of Bill Wilbourn's HELL steer. Lee Ryland wrote it in gripping fashion. When you've read the first sentence you'll read this tale to the end.

That was the year Johnny Bench was Rookie of the Year. Coach Hank Iba's basketballers won the Olympic Games, and Mexico's Olympic Swimming Team came to Bartlesville to train. Read about it all in Oklahoma Today. The Sweet Adelines, feminine equivalent of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America, dedicated their International Headquarters in Tulsa that year.

The issue contains, among its gorgeous poetry;

AN INDIAN CAROL
What is beginning is yielding and clear like water
but what is beginning burns so bright
it is like a white rind falling from a reed.
Do you see the herdsmen?
They are excited yet very still watching the woman.
Look at the little flocks, the unsettled calves
wandering around her—
She is lacing the baby to his board—
And the tall man—his hands are the color of wood,
his hands are stained and smell of cedar,
he is bending down to smile at them.
What is beginning burns like the snow
but what is beginning is like a greening wind
shimmering with birds and seeds and sun.

... Katharine Privett
A monument to 60 years of energy research and technological achievement was unveiled this autumn at the Bartlesville Energy Technology Center. The 8-foot-high granite monolith monument is the 14th in a series of oil historical markers co-sponsored by the Oklahoma Historical Society and the Oklahoma Petroleum Council.
NEW BOOKS

WATER TRAILS WEST by The Western Writers of America; Doubleday and Co., New York, $12.95. A great deal of the winning of the west was done by water. Exploration, trading, colonization, every aspect of western expansion, relied on water trails. Three years in preparation, this volume takes advantage of lifetimes of research by professionals who have spent their lives writing about the west. You'll find it lively reading, and instructive.

THE OKLAHOMA STORY by Dr. Arrell M. Gibson; Univ. of Okla. Press; $9.95. Though aimed at young learners, we think readers of any age will enjoy this book as much as the young. Certainly no one is more knowledgeable of Oklahoma's documented history than is Dr. Gibson.

REMEMBER, REMEMBER edited by Lynn Thibodeau; Carillon Books, St. Paul, Minnesota; $3.95. Remember the inner tube, the singing telegram, marbles, the hobo, drugstores with soda fountains, Fred Allen, the search for Amelia Earhart, and a host of things with a variety of authors. Harold Keith's Oklahoma Today article "When Baseball was King" is reprinted in this pleasant book.

BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN by Gene Autry, with Mickey Herskowitz; Doubleday & Co., $8.95. Whether you were a Gene Autry fan or not, we'll give odds you'll like his book. It catches the spirit of pre-and post-World War II in a manner especially remarkable. It commends and recommends standards, and a way of life, we seem to have lost in the fast shuffle of the '50s and '60s.

COLIMA: A Guide by Juan Oseguera, $5.50. Translated by O.U.'s International Training Program director R. H. Hancock, you'll find this a treasure if you've attended, or plan to attend, any of the delightful short courses at the Univ. of Okla. Hacienda in Colima, Mexico (order from 1700 Asp Ave., Norman, Okla. 73067).

THIS WAS OKLAHOMA: Historical Calendar, $3.75. Fourteen 9 x 12 historic photos you'll love to own, with highlights from Oklahoma history for every day of the year facing them. Available at your local museum, in many book stores, or from Historic Press, 541 N.W. 31, Okla. City 73118.
WILL ROGERS

Young Cowboy

ILLUSTRATED BY

Paul Laune

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, INC.

Publishers

The New Woodward Murals by

Paul Laune

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY BILL BURCHARDT

Paul Laune went to New York to become one of America's major artists and illustrators. He returned to northwest Oklahoma to repay what he felt he owed his home country, for it had given him ideals, ideas, traditions, themes, serviceable and sufficient for all his creative life.

Born in Woodward in 1899, growing up in that western ranch county among people who still remembered, and related to him, the verity and flavor of pioneer frontier life, he went on to study at the American Academy and Art Institute, the Grand Central School of Art, and finally to Rome where he was a student of Carlo Petrucci.

He became head of the art department of the New York Sun in his twenties, and resigned to begin his freelance career in his thirties. He wrote and illustrated Mustang Roundup (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1964)

The Mural panel in the northeast segment of the Rotunda shows Fort Supply—built in 1868 at the junction of Wolf Creek and the Beaver River, which form the North Canadian River.

I have pictured a bitterly cold morning following a snow storm when, on November 23, 1868, eleven troops of the 7th Cavalry under the command of George Armstrong Custer left Fort Supply (then called Camp Supply) with the purpose of attacking the Cheyennes. The Indians were known to be wintering along the Washita River south of the Antelope Hills. In the foreground are 7th Cavalry officers with three scouts, including Hard Rose and Little Beaver, breaking trail, before the Army, with its supply wagons, get strung out and in marching formation. Custer is leading the group of officers coming through the Fort's gateway. One of the men who rode out of Fort Supply on that memorable day was Corporal Tatlow, who much later had a farm near Sharon. When I was ten years old, I listened with fascination to Corporal Tatlow's account of the attack on Black Kettle's village... a sad page in Oklahoma history. He told me how they were divided into four detachments which took positions around the village in the early morning darkness. Troopers were ordered to dismount and hold their fingers in their horses' mouths to keep them from whinnying and alerting the sleeping camp. His memory of doing this, and jogging in the snow to keep his feet from freezing, and the circling and killing of 700 Indian ponies seemed more vivid than the moments of fierce violence when at daybreak, the "Gary Owen" was sounded and the mounted troopers charged among the tepees.

An important aspect of maintaining a military post or any frontier was the supply line. Until 1888 all supplies for Fort Supply had to be freighted from Dodge City. After that date, supplies were shipped on the new Santa Fe Railroad to the station at Woodward, leaving a mere 15 miles for freight-wagon haulage to the Fort. Until about 1908, the ruted roads... perhaps a hundred yards wide in places... could be seen northwest of the Woodward Station.

The large body of Indians, mostly Cheyennes and Arapahos, shown on this panel have gathered at Fort Supply to collect food and supplies that were rationed to them.
Paul Laune

and America's Quarter Horses (Doubleday, 1973) the most complete and authoritative book on the quarterhorse.

The panel over the entrance on the east of the Rotunda depicts St. John's Episcopal Church, the oldest church in this part of the Cherokee Strip. Some called it the Custer Church, although it had been built at Fort Supply long after Custer's last tour of duty there.

In 1894, when the military post was dismantled, the church was hoisted on log rollers and pulled by oxen to Woodward where it was located at Main and 7th Street. Later, in 1901, it was moved to its present location at Tenth and Texas.

One has only to look at old photos in this Pioneer Museum to see that people did dress elegantly, even in a frontier town at the turn of the century. Going to church on Sunday afforded an opportunity for everyone to don their Sunday best.

There were many communities with their country doctors and specialists . . . and school-teachers . . . and merchants . . . and mail-carriers . . . and farmers and ranchers. It was a time when the country doctor answered calls that took him to isolated farm houses at all hours and in all kinds of weather. I recall pulling my horse out of a lonely rutted road to allow a doctor's buggy to pass. The weary doctor was fast asleep, trusting his good horses to take him home.
He illustrated the new edition of *Sand in my Eyes* (Northland Press, 1974) his mother’s account of life in Cherokee Strip Oklahoma in her youth.

You’ll find his first series of murals for the Pioneer Museum in Woodward in *Oklahoma Today*, Summer 1971. Their colorful magnificence is complimented with the artist’s own commentaries identifying the scenes and personalities they picture.

The cycle is now completed, with the series of murals reproduced here, again with the artist’s comments, especially written for *Oklahoma Today*. We urge you to visit Woodward and see these realistic paintings in their full size. It is the only way you can fully come to appreciate their beauty, and their tremendous contribution to the telling of the Oklahoma story.

Paul Laune passed away in California in 1977, not long after he had completed these murals reproduced here. We are doubtful that anyone ever paid their debt to the land of their birth more completely than did Paul Laune, with these splendid murals.
The Will Rogers Centennial officially opened Nov. 3-5. The Centennial will conclude next Nov. 4, on Will's 100th birthday. Opening events in Claremore and Oologah included:

**County Fair**—Arts, crafts, and pioneer crafts.

**Third Annual Will Rogers Lecture Series**—Speaker: Laurence J. Peter, author of *The Peter Principle*.

**Historical Style Show**—early fashions, including Indian fashions, narrated by Betty Boyd; Cal Tinee portraying Will Rogers.


**Pony Express Ride Race**—Oologah to the Will Rogers Memorial.

**Country and Western Music, Trick Roping.**

**Luncheon**—Award presentations for essay and poetry contests, pony express race, poster contest. Music: North American Continent Champion Banjo Picker Danny Gilliland.

**Team Roping**—Claremore College.

**Pocahontas Club Memorial Service**—Wreath laid on the graves of Will and Betty Rogers.

**Open House and Tea Parade.**

**Autograph Party** for Dr. A. M. Gibson, David Milsten, R. A. Lafferty, Dr. Stan Hoig, Jim Smallwood, Will Rogers Jr., Dr. Laurence Peter, and Bill Burchardt.

**Cutting Horse Contest.**

**Will Rogers Polo Tournament**—Sponsored by the Tulsa Polo Club. Men's and women's teams. Special guest: Chuck Rogers, grandson of Will Rogers and a professional polo player.
Readers may find it of interest to refer to the books below, which contain illustrations of ancient ships similar to the petroglyphs Mrs. Farley describes. "The best reference," she reports, "is the first book listed."


"How did they get here?" is the first question asked, after a person accepts the evidence that Mediterranean people were in Oklahoma before the birth of Christ. After being shown stones with strange alphabetical inscriptions, or plaster casts and photographs of many others which I have recorded in Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri and Colorado, one must logically believe the inscriptions exist. After reading these messages written by the ancients, translated by Dr. Barry Fell, Professor Emeritus of Harvard University, the most rabid dissenter would concede that they make sense, for they are the same kind of markers that you or I would leave in a strange new world. There are autographs, land claims, boundary markers, gravestones and memorials, a record of a battle, even the homely labeling of a kitchen tool. Considering that the inscriptions are often bilingual or trilingual, and written in the Punic of the Phoenicians, the square Numidian script of the Libyans, Basque, Iberic, Tartessian, Celtic Ogam and Portuguese Ogam, which were all used on the Iberian peninsula, plus Gaelic, Egyptian hieroglyphic and hieratic, it should be conclusive that they cannot be fakes. The rare Portuguese Ogam was only recently researched. Scholars of the University of Libya can read the Numidian script found in Oklahoma. Supporting evidence exists from the discovery of ancient coins.

After the recent successful Atlantic voyages of the replicas of the reed ship Ra and the leather boat of St. Brendan, and the 1893 crossing of the replica of the Norse wooden Gokstad ship, it is not difficult to convince anyone that the ancients had seaworthy vessels. Moderns can visualize them reaching the American eastern coast, where much evidence of their presence exists. But somehow they assume that all these people who came to the interior of America, beginning approximately 500 B.C. and continuing for a thousand years, walked overland. They no more needed to walk through the wilderness than they needed to swim the Atlantic. Their ships were small, and our rivers then were not choked with sediment. They found the Gulf and the mouth of the Mississippi, and up it they came, exploring every tributary, leaving their calling cards on stone. Into the Arkansas Valley they came, and on into Oklahoma, where they again explored every tributary, especially the South Canadian and the Cimarron.

How do we know? They obligingly carved images of their ships on stone. Six are now recorded, three of which I had the joy of discovering, and the privilege of being present when two others were found. In their general shapes and in their details, they have startling counterparts in ancient ships of the Mediterranean.

The oldest carving, of approximately 500 B.C., is from the South Canadian River, and named for the county from which it came, the Pontotoc Stone. Although the carved ship is only three inches wide, it is identifiable as Egyptian because of the shape of its mast and hull, and its relationship to other carvings on the stone.

The principal design is a sun disc with rays, the emblem of Pharaoh Akhnaten. The script within the panels formed by the sun's rays further identify the symbol, for it quotes his stately Hymn to the Sun, not in hieroglyphs like the original, but surprisingly in Portuguese Ogam script. Punic writing, used in north Africa, is carved on either side. As Punic and Portuguese style Ogam were both used in ancient Iberia, this would indicate that the stone was carved by a Portuguese priest who had knowledge of Egyptian history. It was at first thought that the carved hull of the tiny ship was enough to identify it as the crescent moon ship of Egyptian mythology, then an expert in ancient ships noticed that the lines which I had presumed to be a pointed sail, is in reality an A-frame mast, such as was used on ancient vessels on the River Nile. The A-frame was also later used at sea, to divide the weight of the mast on the fragile hulls, by being attached to each side.

In 1975, while exploring the cliffs of the mesa country north of the Cimarron River near the Colorado-Oklahoma border, I saw the form of a ship plainly pecked on the slanting underside of a boulder, greatly weathered. The design is stylized, composed of alphabetical symbols connected to form an 18 inch ship. The letters spell out "Ship of Ra," thus is a rebus, according to Dr. Fell. The same boulder has a hollowed-out basin on the top, with a channel cut to the edge. As the boulder is very near the image of the Carthaginian goddess Tanit, spouse of the Phoenician God Baal,
one wonders if the basin were used for sacrifices, and if blood ran from the drain.

A few miles to the east, a small clear stream which is a tributary of the Cimarron, runs at the foot of a cliff sixty feet high, bordering the valley floor and the mesa. A fairly smooth surface twenty feet high on the cliffside bears a panel of carving forty feet long; strange symbols stained by the centuries. Although impossible to record the whole correctly without tall ladders and unlimited time, one design at the right end was so intriguing that it was recorded at my insistence by telephoto lens in 1976 and '78. The clear photographs show a ship with lovely lines, as if in motion, with a graceful bird stern, and sails controlled by square rigging, slanted to the wind. Similar ships skimmed the Mediterranean about 500 B.C., the Greek roundships. Later Celtic ships also featured the bird stern.

It was not until my third expedition into the Cimarron area in June 1978, that two more ships on stone were discovered. Such explorations cannot be successful in this vast and wild area, usually fifty to sixty miles from the nearest restaurant, without the aid of local guides, a four-wheel drive vehicle, carefully planned supplies with which to record, and competent companions. With me were my research colleague, Earl Syversen and his wife Margaret of California, Truman Tucker of Kenton, and my dependable team from McAlester, John Shuller and Dale Murphy. Each person contributed a specialty, whether ability in photography or tracing, mold-making, quad map reading, or knowledge of the history and rock formations of the local area.

It was Dale who first spied the twenty inch ship, deeply pecked at knee level into a huge boulder which was literally covered with symbols. Fortunately the boulder with the ship is so far off the beaten track that absolutely no graffiti appears on it.

It was a joy to trace with our fingers the curved hull, the high prow and stern, the mast and square sail, and a graceful pattern of rope rigging. Faithfully recorded by latex mold and sent to Dr. Fell, author of the book America B.C., he declared it to be “the most beautiful ship petroglyph in America” and intends to feature it in his next book to be titled Saga America. He agrees with Jim Whittal, Boston archaeologist who has specialized in parallels between American finds and those of ancient Portugal and Spain, that the ship resembles an Iberian ship depicted on a Portuguese coin of the first century A.D., from the city of Osunoba.

The fifth ship was found the next day when we were crawling through a series of caves near Carrizo Creek. The cave walls were so covered with script and strange and beautiful designs that decisions on what to copy in the available time were indeed difficult. The twenty-six inch ship is a hull only, with no sails, but appears to have some steering aids.

When I showed the tracing of this boat to Dr. Joseph B. Mahan, specialist on the origins of some of our American Indians and author of a forthcoming book The Secret, he observed: “Boats with hulls of this general shape are built today on Lake Manshaw in Sind, Pakistan, by a people the Pakistanis consider to be direct survivors of the Bronze Age. The boats they build are Bronze Age style. These Pakistani boat builders look much like the Hitichi Indians of Florida.”

The sixth ship was discovered in October, 1978, carved into a large boulder near the Cimarron River. I called it to the attention of Dr. Clyde Keeler of Georgia, former Harvard professor who was a member of our exploring party. Although the ship is only four and a half inches long, we agreed that there is lettering on the hull. According to Dr. Fell, the lettering and the construction identify it as a Celtic GEOLA (yawl) of approximately the 3rd century A.D. He observed that a pennant is flying from the main mast, and it seems to be dragging a net.

Without doubt, the outlines of other ships on stone remain to be discovered near any tributary of the Mississippi. Verification of others will add to the discovery of our exciting American pre-history, now emerging from the research of many people.

Gloria Farley’s previous Oklahoma Today articles on Oklahoma antiquities include The Heavener Runestone (Aug. ’68), The Stones Speak, part 1 (Win. ’75-’76), The Stones Speak, part 2 (Spr. ’76), Ancient Coins Found (Spr. ’77), and The Pontotoc Stone (Aug. ’76).
To grow old glacially is a wondrous thing. It's a pretty safe bet that most of us who have reached the advanced age at which I find myself never really expected to get here.

Every morning we look into the mirror and marvel that with all those years behind us, we're still here to see the marvelous Oklahoma sunrise.

You gotta believe in miracles.

When I think of the times in my years of newspapering when it was a toss-up whether I'd ever get a minute older, I am struck with wonder (a slick magazine phrase meaning I am flabbergasted) that that face in the glass this morning is still there, waiting to be shaved as usual.

Wrinkled, true, saggy, bleary, but there.

One makes adjustments to late-late middle age, to be sure. But, goodness, the competition isn't nearly so fearful anymore. There's nobody left to impress. I have achieved whatever it was that He meant for me to accomplish, within reason, of course, and, having led the pack briefly from time to time, I am content now to loaf down the home stretch.

The ones cheering me, you see, will cheer if I finish first or last—if I just finish.

It's peacefuller now. If my fires no longer blaze and crackle at least I know there is a vagrant spark or two under the ashes capable of springing
to light, when stirred by the right catalyst.

Wherever I find myself this day on the pedestal of life as I embrace Senior Citizenship (hateful words) may just be where I was supposed to end up. If there's armies of achievers above my perch surely there are multitudes below.

If all this sounds just too, too philosophical, well, it is. Thoreau and his pond have nothing on me and my slough.

Whatever I own is mine and paid for. 'Twas not always thus, but I don't miss the monthly importunings of wistful creditors. If I do not have an 11-foot stereo or a $9,300 automobile with factory installed Frisbees it likely is because I never really wanted any such.

If I could (Isaac Azimov forgive me) go back in time, though, I know one thing: I would find and beat hell out of that young Jim Downing who caused all this—and then sit down with him and tell him where his wicked ways were going to lead him.

"Quit drinking that booze," I would tell him. "Quit steeplechasing those girls. Take care of your health, brush your teeth regularly, eat right, stand up straight, get lots of exercise, learn to relax . . . don't try to set the world on fire, don't be so egotistical, don't—"

Oh, I guess I wouldn't.

Now it's handy to be able to blame that kid who was so extravagant with our mutual physical-emotional-intellectual cosas. It's all his fault if my back asks me "Are you kidding?" when I try to pick up a $10 sack of groceries . . . when my flabby hormones fail to roister at the sight of Olivia Newton-John—or even Ellen Corby. That young buck's profligacy is responsible for the fact that I don't own a castle in Spain, have never met Henry Kissinger and nobody in Who's Who ever heard of me. We all need a scapegoat and he's mine.

Which is not to say that I can fault him entirely. He has given me some interesting memories and some especially warm moments, a lot of thrills I'd never have known if he had been a stodgy stay-at-home or a Brain or a fundamentalist preacher. Or even moderately virtuous.

(As for virtue, now I have it in large measure. All I can stand of it, in truth.)

Under the pentothal of advanced years I have to admit that kid was responsible for the fact that I, a rusty-ankled booby from Dunklin County, Missouri, have stood on an Alp, have watched the sun rise over Rio, reveled on the Ginza, marveled at Chickei Itzá and yelled "Go, Big Red!" in Cheops' pyramid.

It is nice to know at this late date that every word I write now will be bought by some editor, even if he does it only because he is faced with going to press with a blank page otherwise. If my stuff isn't especially memorable, well his check doesn't buy as much as it used to either.

By choice I write on a typewriter that is half as old as I am and if it cannot sustain a pulse rate of 90 words a minute, who's in a hurry?

My pacemaker is the calendar, not the clock. Seconds, minutes, what's the hurry? A whole day is nice, a week is wonderful . . . or a month . . .

Recently I was commissioned to write a book. I said, sure, pocketing the advance check, I could do it easy in a year. Two anyway. No, they said, it had to be done in 10 weeks.

So I took the check out and looked at it again and of course the book will be done in 10 weeks but it will upset my lifestyle something awful.

_Toujours_, I always say, _gai._

If you are getting a picture of an over-age slob, you are missing the point. I am merely adjusting.

Thought about it while I was bicycling in lonely solitude through the high school parking lot the other dawning, the time I come up with some of my more profound thoughts. There was this box tortoise taking its morning stroll, possibly also examining its own mental navel. Anyway, I passed it.

But later while I was sitting on the curb resting and contemplating and amusing myself by reciting logarithm tables, it passed me again.

Tomorrow's another day. It can't have gone far.
I live in an attractive rural area of northeastern Oklahoma County, surrounded by blackjack woods and rich red earth. It is populated with neat little houses and small acreages; a pleasant place to live, but that it might have any history of interest had never occurred to me.

When I was called and asked to participate in our community “Historic Preservation Project,” I laughed. A man who ought to know better had been heard to comment “this place has no history” and the plan to write that history during the next nine months seemed ridiculous. Nine days should be adequate, I thought.

It was a “Pride in Your Heritage” project, I was told. Youth Counselors believed that behavioral problems of young people in the area sometimes came from their rootless feelings of unworthiness as people. They had no sense of place.

I listened to this explanation with skepticism. But I am a writer and it was an opportunity to write, so after a couple more sessions with Paula, who was coordinating the project, I went to work with Paula Mejlaender of Arcadia, Juanita Jennings of Harrah, and Lahwana Spicer of Jones. Our task included library research and the finding of old-timers to interview.

The Oklahoma Historical Society, libraries at the University of Oklahoma and at Central State University provided an immediate bonanza. The area I’d thought had no history contained parts of the reservations of the Iowa, Sac and Fox, and Kickapoo tribes. Our Kickapoo Indians have never surrendered. They still live in reed mat wigwams along the Canadian River in eastern Oklahoma County just as their ancestors did. These resilient, often deceived and defrauded people cling to the old ways, exchanging annual visits in Mexico with the portion of their tribe that was driven there by persecutions in the past century.

We found the headquarters of the old Cruch-O and 7-C ranches. We found the setting of Washington Irwins’ Ringing the Wild Horse, and another of his famous A Tour on the
Prairies camps, all in our own eastern Oklahoma County. We found Camp Alice, where Captain David Payne's homesteading Boomers camped, and from which they were ejected by military troops. Camp Alice was Payne's last camp in Oklahoma before his mysterious death in Kansas. Nine Mile Flat, where vast numbers of Boomers and Sooners gathered for the Run of 1889 into the Unassigned Lands of Old Oklahoma is in eastern Oklahoma County.

We found old-timers who were alert and eager to share their stories. All of them had stories to tell, of courage, hard work, and eventual triumphs. Their stories had depth, pathos, humor, and integrity. No history book has ever captured these vital human facets. Our interviews turned up a volume of information from all kinds of backgrounds. The common bond was the search for new life in a new land, and personal freedom. We touched all kinds of cultures; Indian, Black, European, and Middle Eastern.

From Bill Goff, at Jones, we learned about the sprawling 7C ranch and its colorful and controversial foreman, Frank Gault — king of the cowboys and righter of wrongs—and Gault's uncle, William McClure, who owned the ranch. From daughters of the settlers, we learned how the women managed a household, raised their families, worshiped God, and helped their husbands. From pioneer sons, we learned about the struggle to clear the land and till the soil, the hopes and dreams that came true, and the dreams that were swept out with drought, disaster, fires, and floods.

We learned about the problems of building towns. We learned that eastern Oklahoma County was cotton country until the 1920s when the boll weevils ruined the area for cotton. Every town had one, two, or even three cotton gins. Cotton was the cash crop a farm family relied on to carry them through a long winter. We heard about the hundreds of acres of orchards, and the cannery at Harrah.

We interviewed, and acquired a wonderful new friend, in Miss Edna Couch, granddaughter of Captain William L. Couch, who became leader of the Oklahoma Boomers after the death of David Payne. The memories of a retired firechief relieved for us the days of oilfield blowouts, Wild Mary Sudik, Mad Morgan, wild oil wells that threatened to catch fire and destroy the city during flush production days of the 1930s.

It was a CETA funded project that worked. We completed more than twice as many interviews as the planners suggested. The results are now being assembled in book form—a source of Pride of Heritage for every eastern Oklahoma County resident who lacks a sense of place. And perhaps also a starting place for the next person who thinks "this area has no history," for we found it has far more history than we could research and record in the nine short, busy months we had in which to complete our report.

Author Clarice Jackson, cerebral palsied quadriplegic since birth, became a writer in spite of incredibly difficult physical and speech handicaps which would have defeated all but the most intrepid. You'll find her lovely poem SERENITY on page two.
It started early. And lasted late.

The farmer would try to have his week’s gleanings of produce and dairy products loaded early and, if possible, someone, probably an older son glad to do it for the price of a movie for him and his girl, lined up to be at home late enough to milk and do the chores that evening.

Whatever his task, whether pulling a well, reaching a daily production quota, gauging tanks or supervising, the oil field worker would do his best to have it done by noon even if it meant getting up two hours earlier and starting before daylight.

Because it was THE day in Wilson, neighbor of Healdton and, in fact any city, town or village that had more than one grocery store, drug store, and the all-essential movie show.

It was first-come-best-parking-place along Main Street. The place where you could see all and hear most. The spot where all the people who came to town passed by sooner or later.

And come they did. They came in buggies, wagons, in the Model A, the Model T, Chevies—anything that would move. And they came on foot. On horseback. They came alone, in pairs or in droves, but they came.

Mainly a farming town, but surrounded on all sides by oil fields, Wilson had approximately 2,250 souls within its city limits during the late '30s and early '40s. It had about four blocks of shops and stores in which the people did their trading.

There were two drug stores, Bellew’s and Merriot’s The Cash Corner Drug Store; two dry goods stores, Mettry’s Leaders in Quality And Style (so said the newspaper ad) where Mom could buy herself a wash dress for $1.00 or a hat for $1.00 up, or she could get Dad a shirt for 89¢—and Brimer Bros. who had prices comparable to Mettry’s and where Dad always took me to buy my shoes (high tops—ugh!).

At the Wilson Cash and Carry Grocery, as well as Davis Grocery, bananas could be bought for 10¢ a dozen, bologna for 15¢ a pound and a big box of crispy crackers for a nickel. This bill of fare was lunch for many a family that day.

In these same stores the farmer sold his produce and dairy products; milk, butter, eggs, and cheese made at home and as tasty as any of today’s longhorn style.

He sold potatoes, corn and tomatoes. How else could he buy the things his family needed? Shoes, that “Spring Silk Crepe” dress material advertised at 79¢ a yard, shirts, pants, school
books for the kids. And where else would he get the cash for the kids to go to the movie?

That all-enthraling western movie starring Buck Jones, Tom Mix, Ken Maynard, Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry or Roy Rogers, followed, always, by a "serial," the spine-tingling suspense of an episode of The Clutching Hand or The Green Hornet.

Everyone who was anyone, from the fifth grade up, took in the Saturday matinee while Mom and Dad did the shopping. If it happened that you did not get to go to town it was wise to try and fake it rather than face the kids on Monday and say you didn't see it when they asked you how you liked a certain scene. Sometimes that was hard to do because before and after the movie everyone was on the streets and someone was sure to remember that YOU were not.

Enough time had passed by now that the bologna, cheese and crackers had worn pretty thin and the rest of the bananas had to be saved for next week's lunches. The salivary glands were really working overtime at just the thought of one of those delicious hamburgers from that little place down on the corner. A big, thick, juicy one loaded with tomatoes, lettuce, pickles and onions (if one dared). A thick malt could be had for just a quarter.

Wilson was known for two things, those hamburgers and roasted peanuts. The hamburger place is gone but you can still buy the world's best roasted peanuts there.

In nearby Healdton, a town of probably 5,000 then, counting all the passers-by and visitors, the same things were going on but on a much larger scale.

Healdton had four drug stores. Healdton had eight groceries. There was Emmett's, Couches', Phipps' and Jelly Lowes' in any of which items like genuine, pink salmon could be bought for 12½¢ a tall can; coffee, 26¢ a pound; roast beef, choice quality, 16¢ a pound; No. 1 potatoes, 29¢ a pound; 10 pounds of navy beans—50¢. The prices fluctuated a bit from week to week but averaged out about the same.

Samples', Massads', Tayar's, and Taylor's dry goods stores carried the latest in blouses for $1.00; wash dresses, $1.95; hats, $1.49; ladies' spring coats and suits, $6.75, $10.95, and $15.95.

At the beauty shops the ladies could get their hair washed and set for 10¢; a manicure for 15¢. A permanent wave cost from $1.00 to $5.00 (the $5.00 being the new, machineless kind). Barber shops cut men's hair and gave shaves for two bits. Do you suppose that if we had prices like that today we could tell the boys from the girls?

If this happened to be the day that Dad decided he could afford to buy Mom a new washing machine he could do it for $7.30 down and $10.00 a month. Or it could be a new refrigerator for $179.50. The most affluent might want one of the $479.50
models, but they all worked nicely.

And there were two movies. At one time, three. There was the Nusho, the Thompson and, for a while, the Ritz Airdome. When the Nusho dared to show the most daring picture of the year, Sin Of Love, the advertisement said "If you faint easily, don't come." This was the picture where the women and girls went at one time and the boys and men at another time. Its "sensations" were pale compared to today's prime time television.

Four soda fountains! Small wonder that Healdton was considered more glamorous than Wilson whose drug stores, if memory serves, had soda fountains but few chairs and no booths in which to sit and chat—which was, after all, the name of the game.

Wilson did have two movies, the Thompson and the Empress. But then Healdton was mostly an oil field town and they always seemed to have more hustle and bustle.

Those who had chores to do and weren't fortunate enough to have found someone to do them gathered up their families and left early so as to get home before dark. Those who didn't have chores stayed on and now others, who had waited to do theirs before coming, began to arrive. For by then it was night, and the lights came on, and activity picked up.

Cars were nuzzling the curbs all along Main with barely enough room between them to open the doors. The choicest parking spots had been grabbed early by townfolks who brought their cars downtown earlier in the afternoon and then walked home, walking back just as the evening's see-and-been seen time began.

Late arriving countryfolk hunted and circled, hoping someone would back out (believers in miracles) but finally settling for a side street or, even worse, a spot beyond the business district. There were always friends who HAD found seats on the 50-yard line, so to speak, and they would welcome visitors if there was room in their cars.

Men milled in bunches in front of the barber shops or just propped up the sides of the buildings with one foot while standing on the other "jawing" with friends they hadn't seen since the last Saturday night.

The women, as soon as shopping was done, sat in the cars, or, if they hadn't been one of the lucky ones for a front row parking place, visited with friends who had. They kept the young 'uns with them, to go to sleep, or play around the car with newfound, one-evening friends. They were there to see that their daughters, as well as every one else's daughters, behaved like ladies.

Girls not quite old enough to date but who, even the mothers admitted, were too old to sit in the cars, were allowed to visit the stores and venture down the street and back as long as they remained in sight or didn't go past where the street lights shone.

If by the merest chance, a boy one of them "claimed" at the moment just happened by they might even be allowed to take a few turns up and down the street with him, always of course, staying in the light.

Many a girl reluctantly adhered to this rule long past the time she thought she was old enough to join in the now-stylized traditional boy-girl circling.

Someday they would be old enough to join the exciting parade. The one that was by now in full swing. The older teens, with or without dates, had some time to kill between the early show and the midnight preview and they made use of every minute of it.

Up the street to Tribbey's for a soda and a chat with friends. A few minutes there and then back out on the street for a turn around the main area to see who might have come to town while their backs were turned. On to Alford's for another soda and see who might be in there. Back out on the street for another turn up and down. On to another drug store. Another trip around. Fun and games.

Girls picking up boys (subtly, of course), boys picking up girls. Girls letting themselves be picked up (subtly, of course). Couples joining other couples or splitting up after a tiff. Boys in groups, girls in groups.

And out in the street, bumper to bumper, were cars full of people just arriving, hunting places to park or just driving around to see who they could see. Up to the end of town for a U-turn, back down the street, honking, calling, and waving to friends to advertise their arrival.

By now the little ones, given out but far from giving up, were becoming irritable and doing more fighting than playing, causing mothers to lash out with hand and tongue, wishing Dad would come on so they could get them home and to bed.

But the men, knowing they should go but wanting to stay for just one more yarn or remembering that they had wanted to discuss who was running for senate, or running for congress or the candidates for governor, dragged their feet as long as possible.

Those young ladies too young to go out with boys but too old to play with toys, were suitably waiting for an answer from either parent to tell them why they couldn't stay for the midnight movie and come home with big sister or brother, knowing darn well they would be in the car and headed for home in a short while.

All of the stores had been visited and revisited many times during the day and on into the night but the grocery stores were saved until last because of the perishables that had to be bought. One by one, as soon as that last customer had finished shopping, the tired, foot-weary store owners turned off their lights, locked their doors with a sigh, and headed for home. It had been a long, long day for them.

Cars began to disappear off Main Street until the only ones left were those of the preview goers. Plenty of parking places now.

Back home, back to the grind for another week.

These Saturday goings-on continued until World War II came along and took so many men and boys off the streets that it was hardly worthwhile. Gasoline and food rationing played a part. After the war things fell into the old pattern again for a short while, but with the birth of convenience stores, shopping centers and super markets, and especially television, Saturdays became just another day in the week.

Of course things never remain the same. Progress takes its toll. But Saturday Night! Oh, it was electric while it lasted! And to think I could hardly wait until I grew up and become older.
Each item pictured on these pages is on display at the Will Rogers Memorial, Claremore, with information as to the part it played in Will Rogers' life.
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