Part one covered Will's Indian heritage, his growing up years, and early courtship of Betty Blake, who was to become his wife. Dr. Collins writes with a warmth and understanding of Will Rogers that is the finest he has encountered. If you missed the issue, we urge you to order a copy (1.25, from Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., OKC 73105). He issue contains much additional Will Rogers memorabilia.

Both Will and Betty were 21-years-old and should have been ready to tell down, by the standard of their day. But both felt they had plenty of me. They sought adventure in different ways as they continued their face-and-on correspondence.

The young couple saw each other only about twice in the next two years, once when Will was appearing with Col. Zach Mulhall in a Wild West Show near her home, and again at a street fair in Fort Smith, Ark. the time they met again, he had been around the world and started a phenomenal climb in show business.

He sold some cattle from the ranch 1908 and used the money for a trip to South America. He took a friend with him. Their ship went by England, then to Buenos Aires. long the way, he wrote letters to his mother and sisters that eventually end their way into the local newspapers, and this started his writing career, though it was accidental. Anch life in the Argentine was not hat he had expected, and soon his way was nearly gone. With the little he had left he sent his friend, Dick Parris, home.

But Will was not ready to admit defeat. Broke and sometimes hungry, he struggled to find a foothold in the Argentine, but it was no use. He then took a cattle boat to South Africa, tending cattle on the way over, and signed on to train horses for the British there.

Writing home to his family, he was on the defensive about his wandering habits, and told them all he worried about was that someone might say he was "no account and blows all of his father's money." But, he added, "I cannot help it because my nature is not like other people, and I don't want you all to think I am no good because I don't keep my money. I have less than lots of you, and I dare say I enjoy life better than any of you, and that is my policy.

"I am the happiest one in the lot," he told his father.

A good case could be made that this was what motivated Will to succeed at the many things he tried throughout his life—he was still trying to prove that he could be "the happiest one in the lot." The money he made in later years seems to have been coincidental to doing what he enjoyed.

At Johannesburg, South Africa, he came across some "folks from home"—Texas Jack's Wild West Show. He was elated when Jack hired him after watching the magic he could perform with his lariat.

With Texas Jack, Will learned to love the applause of the crowd. It was reassuring. He still worried that folks at home might think him "no account." He was one of the most popular entertainers in the show. He used his talents with the rope, and his love for handling horses, and he even got to sing with a group—something he always loved to do, even though admitting he was never very good at it.

Billed as The Cherokee Kid, he learned a great deal about showmanship from Texas Jack, and he learned what "went over" with an audience. He wrote home to his family that he was doing great, and added some details; "The play is partly a circus act. They play bloodcurdling scenes of Western life in America, showing the Indians and robbers. I was an Indian but I screamed so loud that I liked to scare all the people out of the tent. Then we were riders of bucking broncos, roping and fancy shooting and a little of everything."
He told a reporter in 1919 that for fourteen months, through all of South Rhodesia to Cape Town, the 'Cherokee Kid' astonished the natives. After that, he said, "I began to feel a longing for seasickness, so I started alphabetically and found Australia."

He spent six months with the Wirth brothers Circus, appearing throughout Australia and New Zealand, finally managing to save enough money to ship for Frisco third class.

After being gone for nearly three years and having a taste of the spotlight in London, he met Betty Blake again. He was eager to see her, but he was "horrified by the red velvet Mexican-Rope-Artist suit" he wore in the arena. He took her to dinner, to come a hall in vaudeville. In a concert by John McCormack, and just a few miles, he remained after the event, and on the paper, and in a resort nearby. With seven pretty girls in the Blake family there was plenty going on. She wrote Will of the boys she dated, but he urged her not to get too serious—she was still his, as far as he was concerned.

Finally, in the fall of 1908, he had to come home because of his father's illness and managed to see Betty a few times. He made up his mind, and one day early in November showed up on her front door step, prepared to stay until she said "Yes."

They were married November 25, 1908, at her home in Rogers, and left on the afternoon train for New York City via St. Louis. He promised to

WILL ROGERS

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After being gone for nearly three years and having a taste of the spotlight, it was impossible for Will to settle down at home. In 1904, he joined the Zach Mulhall family in their Wild West Show at the St. Louis Exposition. He went with them to Madison Square Garden in New York City.

In St. Louis he met Betty Blake again. He was eager to see her, but he was "horrified by the red velvet Mexican-Rope-Artist suit" he wore in the arena. He took her to dinner, to come a hall in vaudeville. In a concert by John McCormack, and just a few miles, he remained after the event, and on the paper, and in a resort nearby. With seven pretty girls in the Blake family there was plenty going on. She wrote Will of the boys she dated, but he urged her not to get too serious—she was still his, as far as he was concerned.

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WILL ROGERS

take her on “one last tour” as a honeymoon trip, then he would settle down. Perhaps he meant to do just that. But with the $250-$350 a week he was making in show business, and so many exciting places to see in the world, a job paying $25-$50 a week that tied him to one place must have seemed too great a price to pay for such security.

Betty went with him, anywhere that first year or so, and loved seeing the world through Will’s eyes. He was as excited as a kid about taking her to all the places he loved, and he kept her on the go all the time.

But then their first child, Will Rogers, Jr., was born in 1911, just a few days before Clem Rogers’ death. Will was almost persuaded. He returned to Oklahoma, now a state which had changed in many ways from the childhood he remembered in Indian Territory. Will bought twenty acres on a beautiful hilltop about a mile west of town. There, he promised Betty, we will build our home.

It is on this same twenty acres that the Will Rogers Memorial stands today—he kept them all his life, and after his death Betty gave the site to the State of Oklahoma for the Memorial. It is there that their bodies rest, side by side, home at last.

Although it was his roping that brought him to the stage, it was the dry wit, comments made in his natural drawling manner, that soon endeared him to audiences everywhere. The combination took him to the stage of the glamorous and popular Ziegfeld Follies in 1915 and he became the drawing card for the sophisticates of New York.

Among those who came to see him were such varied individuals as Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, President Woodrow Wilson; they and many others who laughed at his comments on the news of the day, and went away to tell their friends about him.

Will was never a “joketeller” in the real sense of the word. Nor was he a “one-liner,” though many of his comments have been quoted as such for years. He based his humor on the truth—things that appeared in the daily papers. Names and events that everyone knew and read about. He turned them into humor and the audience loved it, even when the humor was about them.

No one had to teach Will how to reach an audience. He seems to have had an extra sense that told him what would “go over.” He was constantly alert to what they laughed at, and what they didn’t laugh at. Ad-libbing, he could quickly shift subjects. Although many accused him of “putting on” his Oklahoma drawl when he talked about what was going on in the world, and some even accused him of making up the part about being an Indian, Will was always being himself.

When he went to Hollywood in 1919 to begin his climb in the movie world, it was the same story. He played many roles, but beneath it all, he was being himself. With a twinkle in his eye and a grin that started audiences to laughing, he played roles that varied: a country doctor; a farmer; a garage mechanic from Oklahoma who struck it rich in oil and took his family to Paris. From the inception of the “talkies” in 1929, he was a hit and he could have made many more movies if he had been willing to stay tied down to the studio. But he loved to keep on the move, and the newspaper columns he had begun—first the weekly articles in 1922, then the daily “Will Rogers Says’ columns in 1926—gave him a good excuse to travel and go “someplace else.”

To Europe, to Russia, to South America, Mexico, Cuba and Hawaii—he traveled as much as he could. And he was all over the United States in his speaking tours—sometimes for three months at a time he was on the road, appearing in a different town perhaps a different state, each night.

Betty went with him when she could—and he always wanted her along. But with a growing family, she often found it too hectic a pace and remained to make a home for the children in the Santa Monica ranch house.

Where he got the physical energy to make so many appearances, to keep up with his writing and his many fund raising drives, is a mystery to this day. Never did anyone hear him complain, he never tired of going, and found something good in everyone he met.

“I'm just an old country boy in a big town trying to get along,” he said once. “I have been eating pretty regular and the reason I have been is because I have stayed an old country boy.”

Never did Will forget the folks back home. Mentions of Claremore and Oklahoma are sprinkled throughout his writings and in the movies he made. And never did he forget his Indian heritage. It, too, appeared often, and when folks thought he was “just kidding,” he was making his point where it counted.

In April, 1926, he was in Oklahoma and commented in his weekly article about visiting “old Ft. Gibson, the great old historical town.” He added “I remember when us Cherokees had
rolls received that magnificent first of five annual payments. Clearly, he was not afraid to criticize national policy, although he avoided personal attacks on anyone. The dam was evidently started during the administration of President Calvin Coolidge—who was there, also, for the dedication—and finished during President Hoover’s administration. They both loved Will Rogers like the rest of the world, and had invited him to dinner at the White House. It was Rogers that Hoover asked among the first to help him “restore confidence” after the depression hit in 1929, and they remained friends through the Y-.

When Charles Curtis was running for vice-president in 1928, Will came out strong for him: “He is a Kaw Indian, and me a Cherokee, and I am for him. It’s the first time we have ever got a break—the only American that has ever run for that high office . . .”

Will was always proud of the Indians, but he was doubly proud when they proved they could make it on their own—“ride their own horse,” as his grandfather had always advised Clem to do.

In 1928, he visited the Cherokees in North Carolina and had this to say: “Spent the day in the mountains with my eastern Cherokee brothers, the ones that old Andrew Jackson wasn’t able to run out of this country. They are pretty poor and their land is poor, but they are not hollering for relief.”

Always looking for ways to show what the Indians could do, Will wrote a column in 1926 about movie star Harry Carey and the Indian trading post he had on his ranch where they actually made blankets and did bead work, but they were much more than that: “Some of them are very highly educated, like a lot of young Indians,” Will wrote. “One night there was one of them coming out of Syd Grauman’s Egyptian theater in Hollywood and Syd, the old showman, asked him in his best ‘kosher’ Indian language, ‘How you likum heap big show?’

“It is a splendid production,” replied the brave. ‘One might say it is superior to the original of the French classicist. The start’s characterization is indeed superb.’ Grauman was just as much lost as if he had said it in Indian.”

Traveling in West Virginia in 1925, Will ran into a friend from home, Capt. Taylor W. Foreman, of the Oklahoma University faculty. Foreman’s mother, Will wrote, “has fed me more free meals than anybody living.”

“Readers, we had FOLKS down in that country, and some of them are living yet. I was proud to see an old Cherokee boy from the sticks of the Verdigris instructing the youth of one of our state Universities. He had to make it himself . . .”

Of all the things Will managed to slip in to champion the Indians, he is probably best known for the one he used in a film when he was trying to get a birth certificate for his passport to go abroad and having a difficult time proving he was a native-born citizen: “My ancestors didn’t come over on the Mayflower,” he drawled, “but they met the boat!”

Continued next issue
I love wood carving, am unconscionably jealous of people who can do it and will go great distances to see and study and ooh and ah over it.

When I made my first visit to an arts and crafts show about sixteen years ago, there were crocheted doilies of every imaginable pattern, knitted booties and sweaters, pot holders, embroidered tea towels, dresser scarves, afghans in any color or hue, pillow slips and quilts and quilt tops by the hundreds.

Various and sundry oil and water color paintings lined a large tent of circus gala and silhouettes were being made in at least a dozen stalls. Some were good, some very good and some were . . . you know.

And there were pots, complete with potters. On display in the antique department were old churns, plow-shares, dolls, dishes, carnival glass and oodles of things I have long since forgotten. Shoe cobblers were demonstrating how they made and repaired shoes with their old time lasts. A blacksmith was shoeing a horse.

Home canned fruits, vegetables, pickles, jellies and preserves abounded and they were bucolically eye catching and home-grown enticing in their various colors and uniformity.

But there were no wood carvings. None. Nowhere.

We looked at every item on every table and in every booth. No luck. It was a well done production and many somonees had gone to a lot of trouble to produce it. It's just that I had my mouth set for wood carving.

My next encounter with an arts and crafts show didn't come until 1973 when I was asked to help put one together. In my hometown of Bixby, as I'm sure it is in any town, scratch a citizen and you find an artist, whether it be in painting, ceramics, furniture making and refinishing or any one of the zillion skills and talents that can be named.

continued on page 10
Fairs and festivals have become a major factor in building interest in the arts on a community level in Oklahoma. Potters' wheels are spinning year 'round. Watercolor artists are enjoying popularity. Pallet knife and brush painters splash their canvases with the color of every season. In early winter, plans for festivals begin to blossom. As the weather grows warmer, they mature into reality like wild flowers.

April and May share honors with October and November as the most popular months for festivals. Spring-time weather with its unpredictable showers is rivaled by beautiful Indian Summer as planners seek the best possible weather for outdoor shows. "People who would never think of going to a gallery or museum come to these celebrations of the arts," says Jackie Jones, coordinator of Oklahoma City's Festival of the Arts.

Many smaller communities receive assistance from the Oklahoma Arts and Humanities Council in producing Arts and Crafts Shows. Partial funding, technical assistance and occasional judging duties are shared by the Council and staff. Since non-profit, tax exempt organizations may apply for Council funding, many Chambers of Commerce co-sponsor festivals with local arts organizations.

City streets turn into galleries as pegboard panels are hoisted on sidewalks and booths are hammered together. Harriet Moyer, executive director of the Assembly of Community Arts Councils of Oklahoma, describes the type of color that makes each festival unique. "The Belle Starr Festival in Wilburton includes what one might call community theatre on horseback—a re-enactment of a bank robbery by Belle Starr and her gang. There is a superb fiddling contest and a wonderful art show."

*A Midsummer's Night Art Festival*, Norman, made use

*continued on page 11*
ANATOMY

And some of them are really good. With all this talent just waiting around to be discovered someone came up with the idea of putting it all together for the public in one big display.

Our committee chose the month of October because the weather is cool and it isn't too soon for people to be thinking about Christmas. We were careful not to coincide with a state or county fair that might be going on in the area.

We ran into a problem right away. In fact it was the first item on the list after the date had been set: a place to set up our shindig. Our town isn't overrun with exhibition space and we were just sure we would attract mobs.

The answer was so obvious we nearly missed it. One of our longtime drygoods stores had had to close because the proprietor and the building had grown old together. So one retired and the other was sold and stood ready to be razed—progress, you know.

The new owner agreed to hold up the battering ram and gave us the go ahead. Lucky us, and in a made-to-order location! It not only gave us a roof over our gallery but it provided a great activity for a lot of high school students. We thought it would be fun, since the building would soon be a pile of rubble, to let the high schoolers decorate the outside.

Permission was granted. With unobtrusive but careful supervision—you know kids—they could paint anything their hearts desired, any color they wanted to use. And they did. When they had done, we had the jazziest building in our town or any other.

We drew a chart indicating how many booths the building would hold and what the rental fee would have to be to break even or perhaps make a small profit for next year's show. Since there was no rent on the building and the electricity had been donated along with it, our expenses amounted to not much more than hiring a night watchman to guard things.

With this done, our work was finished. Except, of course, the most important part: to make the people who had things they wanted to show want to show them—and to make the public aware that they were there and want to see them. Lots and lots of advertising.

There are always one or more radio and/or television stations in the vicinity who have advertising time for such shenanigans. We took advantage of them.

continued on page 12
STATEWIDE

of a lighted baseball diamond for arts, crafts, belly dancing demonstrations, and musical entertainment. All this in the cool of the evening, on the green adjacent to the sponsoring organization's headquarters, the Firehouse Art Station.

The colorful Czech Festival, Yukon, attracts Oklahoma's finest artists, adding authentic Czech dancing and delicious traditional foods. In Guymon, the color is rodeo . . . art work on exhibit as riders and ropers from western states seek their fortune in the arena. Enterprising planners of the Nescatunga Arts and Crafts Show, Alva, use cattleguards as artists' panels. Pottery and macramé hang from trees on the lawn of the town square, where artists and crowds gather.

LaKeta Nichols, Leedey, loves to tell about the economic impact when the festival was in progress there. "Cafes ran out of food. Service station operators were so busy they never had a chance to go to the exhibit." Farmer Calvin Graybill took time off to display the beautiful landscapes in oil he paints.

Frederick's Festival last September filled local motels. Artists arrived early to be honored at a preview reception by the local bank. Sales were good. Prize money was won by artists from Oklahoma City, Lawton, Frederick, Burns Flat, Guthrie and even little Sardis.

Last year, three hundred thousand attended the six day Oklahoma City Festival of the Arts. This year, 129 artists from 17 states will exhibit paintings, pottery, sculpture, and photography in a regional show that has become one of the top festivals in the United States. Performing arts enhance the festival. International foods appeal to the appetite. Another 75 craftsmen will set up their wares on the city hall lawn on Saturday and Sunday. The festival is so attractive, conventions are now being scheduled for the week of the festival so that those attending may have the added fun of seeing the finest arts and crafts in the region. The Fourth Annual Governor's Arts Awards will be presented during the Festival, and Governor George Nigh will proclaim the month of October Arts Council Month in Oklahoma.

A Fairs and Festivals brochure has been compiled by the state Arts and Humanities Council. This year's edition lists more than 70 festivals, with entry regulations. It is available, free of charge, from the Arts and Humanities Council, Suite 640, Jim Thorpe Building, Oklahoma City 73105.
Also we had our hometown weekly newspaper which was generous in giving us a big news spread on the front page and discounting an ad for us. The fact that I was associate editor of the paper at the time was purely coincidental. We had two large, metropolitan dailies at our finger tips. We sent letters to the Chambers of Commerce of neighboring towns and used a lot of word-of-mouth advertising.

Just when it seemed that our left hands didn't know what our right hands were doing and people were going off in all directions we had a meeting of the committee and presto—things began to mesh. Everyone had done everything they were supposed to do.

It paid off. We had our show and it was a good one.

Probably the question most often asked about Arts and Crafts Shows is, "Are they profitable?"

Well, no one is going to get rich. That's for sure. It isn't easy. Three days is a long time to hold down one of those booths. Setting up and tearing down can be a chore, lugging all that stuff in then hauling it all out again. If it's a group, say a church or club, then hopefully several people will take turns, cutting down the time any one person has to spend keeping an eye on things. And more hopefully (prayerfully?) maybe several people will help clean up when it's all over.

But it doesn't cost much to enter. Our fee was only $10 for the three days; some charge more, and some less, plus a percentage, and the beginning artist, whatever kind he or she is, has said to a whopping big number of people, "Hey, here I am. Look what I can do and what I have to sell." They might not make much at the show but the side orders could be very profitable.

An affair such as this is an excellent place for some organization to set up a food booth for the hungry mob. Coffee and donuts are a welcome sight when someone has had to crawl out of bed and rush down before breakfast to get things ready for the lookers. And when it's a one-man show, going out for a sandwich is out of the question.

Some participants brown bag it from home but many others, laden down with paraphernalia, don't have time to think of food until they get hungry. And many little cherubs, being dragged from booth to booth, are given something to eat hoping it will keep them quiet while mommy and daddy look.

It is a tired and weary group that mops up after a three day show. Let us hope these tired ones continue to put up with the weariness. Such shows benefit us all. For instance Bixby's own Sammie Funderburk. Our very own lady wood carver.

Sammie took up wood carving when she decided it was time to quit smoking. It was good therapy because it kept her hands busy and her mind off the habit. It also provided her with a hobby that would furnish her home with the pretties she felt she shouldn't buy.

Her husband took up the game and they plan to turn it into a retirement hobby. They don't think it will make a lot of money but it will pay expenses for the shows they attend throughout Oklahoma and other states. They belong to the National Wood Carvers Association and will be having a show at Woodland Hills Mall in Tulsa in July. More than 80 carvers will participate. I plan to be there, of course!

So on with the Arts and Crafts Shows. Without then it's back to bazaars, or garage sales. And I have never found anything I wanted to give someone for Christmas at a garage sale.
### Arts and Crafts Shows

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event Description</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>May 5</td>
<td>Arts and Crafts Festival...Clinton</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 5</td>
<td>Seminole Arts Festival...Seminole</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 5-7</td>
<td>Fourth Annual Pioneer Day Art Show...Guymon</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 10-13</td>
<td>Mayfest...Tulsa</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 12</td>
<td>Sidewalks of Wauka Arts Festival...Wauka</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 19</td>
<td>Hobart Arts and Crafts Festival...Hobart</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 19-20</td>
<td>Nineteenth Annual Festival of Arts...Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 21-23</td>
<td>&quot;Fun Fair&quot; Craft Festival...Tulsa</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 26-27</td>
<td>Italian Festival...McAlester</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 26-28</td>
<td>Arts and Crafts Festival...Grove</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 1-3</td>
<td>Second World Series of Fiddling...East of Norman</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 2</td>
<td>Nescatunga Arts Festival...Alva</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 22-23</td>
<td>Bluegrass Festival...Davis</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 30</td>
<td>Old Town Trade Fair...McAlester</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 4-8</td>
<td>Summer Arts and Crafts Show...Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 6-8</td>
<td>Third Annual Eastein Okla. Woodcarvers Show...Tulsa</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 20</td>
<td>Mid-Summer Nights Fair...Norman</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 21-22</td>
<td>Seventh Annual Mid-Summer Arts and Crafts...Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August 1-5</td>
<td>Grant's Blue Grass and Old Time Music Festival...Hugo</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 31/Sept. 2</td>
<td>Second Little River Flat Picking Festival...East of Norman</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 2-3</td>
<td>Lake Eufaula Festival of Fine Arts...Eufaula</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 7-9</td>
<td>First Annual Fall Fine Arts Show...Midwest City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 8-9</td>
<td>Seventh Annual Professional Arts and Crafts Show...Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 15</td>
<td>Cattle Trails Festival and Art Show...Eufaula</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 7</td>
<td>Fall Festival...Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 8</td>
<td>Sixth Annual Arts Festival...Frederick</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 7-9</td>
<td>Fourteenth Annual Arts and Crafts Festival...Drumright</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 6</td>
<td>Fun Country Festival...Durant</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 19-21</td>
<td>Czech Festival...Yukon</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 20</td>
<td>Love County Arts and Crafts Festival...Marietta</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
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<tr>
<td>October 20</td>
<td>October Fest...McAlester</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 20</td>
<td>Sorghum Day...Wewoka</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 22-Nov. 4</td>
<td>Will Rogers County Fair...Claremore</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 26-28</td>
<td>Fall Arts and Crafts Show...Norman</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October 27-29</td>
<td>Indian Summer Festival...Muskogee</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Early Nov.</td>
<td>The Fourth Anniversary Greater Oklahoma Eggshell Art Exhibit...Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Early Nov.</td>
<td>Hillcrest Auxiliary Bazaar...Tulsa</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 2-3</td>
<td>Y-Market Arts and Crafts Fair...McAlester</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 2-4</td>
<td>Fall Fine Arts Show...Tulsa</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 4</td>
<td>Christmas Holiday Store and Fair...McAlester</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 5-6</td>
<td>Green Country Arts and Crafts Festival...Collettesville</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 9-10</td>
<td>Arts and Crafts Show...Stigler</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 10-11</td>
<td>Free Art Fair...Medford</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mid-Nov.</td>
<td>Okla. American College Theatre Festival...Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 16-17</td>
<td>Fall Arts and Crafts Show...Duncan</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 16-18</td>
<td>Eleventh Annual Arts and Crafts Show...Kingfisher</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 23-25</td>
<td>Lake Eufaula Arts and Crafts Show...Eufaula</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 24-25</td>
<td>Seventh Annual Mid-Winter Arts and Crafts Show...Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 29-Dec. 1</td>
<td>Ninth Annual Christmas Festival...Norman</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 30-Dec. 1</td>
<td>Cherokee Strip Arts Festival...Perry</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January 1980</td>
<td>High School One-Act Play Festival...Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 1980</td>
<td>Greater OKC Area High School Full-Length Play Festival...Oklahoma City</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
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Color candids on the following two pages are of festivals in McAlester, Yukon, Tulsa, and Oklahoma City.
THE SUMMER ARTS INSTITUTE

BY LOIS FAGIN

Oklahoma's summer music and arts camp will be held again June 3-17, at Quartz Mountain State Park. One hundred and eighty of our talented high school youth will take part. Classes will be offered in drama, mime, instrumental and vocal music, poetry, photography, ballet, modern dance, painting, and printmaking.

You are especially invited to attend the weekend concerts and exhibitions. They are most entertaining and especially revealing of the high caliber of talent possessed by the young musicians and artists studying there under the tutelage of the skilled professionals who instruct them.

On the faculty this year will be three prima ballerinas who have starred with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Ballet Theatre, the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet, virtually every prominent international ballet organization. They are Yvonne Chouteau, Rosella Hightower, and Moscelyne Larkin; all three Oklahomans. Rosella Hightower is now Director of the Cannes, France, Academy of Ballet; Yvonne Chouteau teaches with her husband Miguel Terekhov at the Chouteau-Terekhov Academy of Ballet, Oklahoma City; Moscelyne Larkin and her husband Roman Jasinski, are co-directors of the Tulsa Civic Ballet.

Bud Beyer, of The Mime Company, and the Acting Program at Chicago's Northwestern University will coach the student actors.


David Fitzgerald, whose gorgeous photography may be seen on pages 2, 4, 25 and 37 of this issue of Oklahoma Today, will be instructing photographers. Master photographer Fitzgerald is preparing a book on Oklahoma's scenic beauty, to be published next year.

Daniel Kiacz, printer, Professor of Art at the University of Oklahoma, will teach printmaking.

Dee J. LaFon, Chairman of the Art Department at East Central State University, will teach painting.

Nora Guthrie, Guthrie/Rotante Company, New York, will teach modern dancing.

Tony Montanaro, Artistic Director of the Celebration Mime Theatre, will coach students in the fine art of mime.

The Music Faculty will include; Abraham Chávez, conductor of the University of Texas at El Paso Symphony; A. Clyde Roller, conductor of the Lansing (Michigan) Symphony and Professor of Music at the University of Texas; and the New Lyric String Quartet, members of the Oklahoma Symphony, Lacy McLarry, concertmaster; David Robillard, violin; Christine Ims, viola; Dan Walters, cello.

The Quartz Mountains were treasured by Native Americans as a holy place. Our students are beginning to feel somewhat the same way, seeing the mountains and the Summer Arts Institute as a place of great inspiration.

Weekends at the Institute will see Onstage at Quartz Mountain perform-
I begin watching T.V. weather very carefully. The long range forecasts get special attention. I walk and drive with my eyes on the sky. Every aspect of my being is sensitive to the feel of the weather. Is it humid? Are clouds forming in the afternoons? Is there an early morning haze and what time does it dissipate? The family knows better than to ask any questions that need careful answers. Mother’s head is in the clouds. She is getting ready for another photoflight.

If I could fly every day, I would, but flights are comparatively rare so I space them carefully and try to preserve as much of the tingle as possible. Photography does that for me. It also satisfies a deep need to capture and exhibit the beauty of my native state. How I would love to show my pictures to the man who leaned over his seat in the car and said that Oklahoma was a dull and ugly place — while behind his back led miles and miles of blue shadowed rolling country laced with endless creeks of rosy redbud trees.

From an airplane one sees these beauties in great mind-bending splashes, the red red earth, the green green trees, gold grasses rippled by the not so gentle winds, man made scenery of dark or sparkling lakes, the super highway’s gracious curve contrasting the crisp angles of country lanes, toy box scenes of farm homes and the buildings that surround them.

It isn’t easy to pin down the horizon through a viewfinder while riding in a bouncy Cessna 150. However, a fast shutter and quick reflexes can grab a wide variety of compositions. One of the lessons the camera has taught me is that I may not get each picture I try for, but I certainly won’t get it if I don’t push the button. So I use lots of film and often take several views of the same subject. There is no time to think deeply about each shot but experience develops an instinct to separate scenic views from the type of aerial photography that produces maps.

Changing light and shadows offer unlimited variety. Each season brings its own gifts. Night flights have special enchantments; star necklaces, oceans of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and the glowing aquamarines that light modern cities. A slow shutter records the sensation of swimming through a jeweled sea.

With 279 airports; 10,162 licensed pilots in the state; and 3,750 students learning to fly; thousands now have the opportunity to go sightseeing in the sky. You can cover a lot of ground and take a lot of pictures in an hour or two so the cost really isn’t that prohibitive. The rewards are great.

Happy flying!

The calling of the crow is a familiar and welcome trademark of these spring mornings. How wonderful it might be to be up there in the sky, seeing the panoramic vistas the crow is talking about.

Air photographer Elizabeth Oliver does see them. We hope you’ll enjoy the ones she has caught for you, on pages 18-19;

1. A pattern of trees, waterways, sunlight and shadows in Garvin County.
2. State parks make fine focal points for flights; here Quartz Mountain Lodge and Park provide a setting for the blue jewel of Lake Altus.
3. The modernistic Oklahoma Center for Continuing Education, Norman.
4. Towering clouds dramatically shadow Lake Thunderbird.
5. "Toy box farms," red barn and outbuildings, windmill, and pond in Kingfisher County.
6. The historic Cimarron, near Black Mesa.
7. Next time you’re airborne, note that our lakes may be blue, red, brown, green, or gray, depending on atmospheric conditions and the terrain through which they flow; Little River State Park, Cleveland County.
8. Watching the wheat harvest from the air; in the Cherokee Strip.
9. The Great Canadian makes way lazily, reluctant to leave the green fields of central Oklahoma.
A few years ago, most anyone would tell you the oldtime Indian medicine men were fakes.

Now people are not so sure.

Modern philosophical thinkers, particularly among the youthful, are convinced that some of the oldtime medicine men were the equals of their modern counterparts and, in some parapsychological ways, superior to them. People are going to believe what they want to believe. There is no way to arrive at a sure answer. Medicine men among the Tarasca and other tribes of Meso-America performed surgery, even delicate brain operations, by trepanning.

Awhile back, a friend of mine burned his hand while stringing electrical wiring at a Busk—the Creek Green Corn Festival. The wiring short threw a shower of sparks around him and set off a considerable conflagration. After he had extinguished it, his hand was burned red, blistered, and beginning to swell. He walked away with the tribal medicine man. In less than twenty-four hours, his hand showed no evidence of any burn at all.

A medicine man I once knew had a wide reputation for having healed his grandson of tuberculosis after the Indian Hospital had pronounced the boy's condition hopeless and indicated that he was dying. The specific my old medicine man friend used was peyote. I have, in fact, heard of so many cures effected by peyote that I'm inclined to wonder if that small cactus may have healing properties not yet discovered and isolated by modern pharmaceutical techniques. It is certain that Indian medicine men knew of the curative properties of mold long before Sir Alexander Fleming extracted penicillin from it.

Perhaps the most widely known medicine man of early day Indian Territory times was the Kiowa Owl Prophet, Dó-ha-te, also known as Mamanti, or Sky Walker. His two most widely known feats include the death of Kicking Bird, and his prediction in the Warren Wagon Train Raid.

Kicking Bird (T'ome-on-gope), forced to participate in the selection of Kiowa prisoners to be sent to Fort Marion in Florida, so infuriated Dó-ha-te that he put a death curse on Kicking Bird. Kicking Bird died. He was only forty years old. The cause of his death is "unknown." Dó-ha-te stated that he had done this, knowing it would cost him his own life. He died also, soon after the prisoners reached Fort Marion. It is difficult to read historic accounts of these happenings without sensing Dó-ha-te's perfect certainty that his predictions would transpire, both with regard to Kicking Bird and to himself.

In the Warren Wagon Train Raid, Dó-ha-te instructed the war party he was leading to spare the lives of General Sherman and his military escort near Fort Richardson in Texas, then to lay in wait for a wagon train laden with booty that would be along later. The owl gave this prophecy to Dó-ha-te, within the hearing of the other warriors. The warriors permitted General Sherman and his party to pass in safety, then waited for the wagon train, which arrived, and was wiped out.

Among the Kiowas there were three types of medicine men; the Buffalo Doctor dealt with matters involving blood, especially wounds; one who had the Eagle Shield Medicine had occult powers and could make things appear and disappear; the Owl Prophet dealt in prophecy. Some Kiowa doctors had all of these powers.

Da-ve-ko, a Kiowa-Apache medicine man, was famed for his ability to diagnose what part of the body was the source of trouble—it might be a shoulder, an arm, the chest—and from continued

A Choctaw medicine man walks in the darkened woods guided by his tiny Kawnakausha to healing plants and herbs that will help the ailing ones who depend on him. The medicine man depicted here is Uncle Billy Washington. Dr. Washington lived and practiced in the hills of southern Oklahoma until his death in 1930. According to Daily Ardmoreite columnist Mac MacGalliard, "Kawnakaushas never die. They live on and afford their help to others..." Indians who prove worthy in helpfulness to their people, and who believe. On dark nights, the fullbloods say, a strange light is seen wandering about the hills in the vicinity of the Doctor's former home. It is his Kawnakausha, still looking for another Indian to serve..."
that place he would suck the source of the trouble—an animal's claw, a small stone, some foreign object placed inside the victim by a witch.

A missionary determined to convince Da-ve-ko of the error of his ways and convert him to the white man's religion. When he came to see the old medicine man, Da-ve-ko was dressed entirely in gleaming white, in contrast to the missionary who was wearing somber black clericals.

As the missionary entered Da-ve-ko's tepee, the medicine man doffed his white fur cap and inverted it to show that it was empty. When he righted it, it was filled with dried plums. The missionary, suspecting them of being phony, asked, "May I eat one?"

Da-ve-ko nodded.

While the missionary chewed, Da-ve-ko asked how he liked it. "It's all right," the missionary admitted, adding, "I prefer fresh ones."

Da-ve-ko again inverted his fur cap, tapping it to prove that it was empty. He then turned it over full of fresh, ripe plums, though the month was February and the plum bushes had borne no ripe fruit since the past July.

The missionary scowled. "I did not come here for this sort of thing," he said, and turned to depart. It had begun to rain and the heavy shower suddenly became a downpour.

The missionary turned back to ask the medicine man if Da-ve-ko would permit him to remain in his tepee until the rain slackened.

Da-ve-ko again nodded, then got up and walked out in the rain himself. He stood in puddles, the rain pouring down on him, splashing and eddying around his moccasins. When he came back inside the tepee, his hair, his clothing, even his moccasins were as bone dry as if he had gone out on a sunny summer day.

Da-ve-ko's tepee had a unique quality. It was a safe place of refuge during cyclonic storms. Painted black, a wide earth-red band extended upward from its entrance to cover the peak of its cone. When a tornado's funnel clouds threatened, the people flocked to Da-ve-ko's tepee.

During the Anadarko Indian Exposition of 1973, a group of painted tepees wearing the same colors and designs their historic owners had chosen for them as much as a century ago were set up near the Southern Plains Indian Museum. Among them was Da-ve-ko's tepee. During the Exposition, a tornadic windstorm swept through the area. The other tepees were blown down, torn, their tepee poles broken, but Da-ve-ko's tepee stood, still stalwart and undamaged after the storm was over.

A rare and factual book on Indian medicine is The Swimmer Manuscript, published by the U.S. Bureau of Ethnology on the Cherokees and their healing crafts. The book is now out-of-print and almost impossible to obtain. Formulae for the use of herbs and plants in the treatment of diverse ills are propounded; i.e. the use of a poultice of sunflower petals in drawing out sunburn—the first application will turn dark red as it draws out the heat; remove it and apply a second, continuing in this manner until the flesh is cool.

The Swimmer Manuscript reports how easy it is to make witches out of twins. All you have to do is take them off their mother's milk immediately at birth and feed them only the liquid of corn hominy. Feed them, not during the day, but at night. Seclude them from all visitors. After twenty-four nights, the mother must drink the tea of the smooth sumac to make her milk flow abundantly. Then she should nurse them normally.

For the result has now been obtained. From thence forward, the twins can fly through the air, or dive under the ground. They may assume any human or animal shape conceivable.

The carisma and compelling personality of the shrewd Owl Prophet is emphasized in Ralph Wall's painting. Ma-manti, or Dó-ha-te, as the Indians knew him, has made use of the smoke and flickering light rising from the fire to augment the chimerical prophecy he translates from the mysterious owl. From this distance in time we cannot evaluate Sky Walker's occultism, but we can admire the shadowy, vague setting he chose for illusory effect.

The power of the medicine man lay not only in his medicine, but in his power to persuade. A patient who believes he is going to get well is more likely to do so. Positive, or negative, thinking does have power in our lives.

The Owl Prophet; painting by Ralph Wall
“Whatever they think” will happen. If they get hungry their mother must feed them immediately. If she is eating and does not stop at once and feed them her food will become raw again.

If she is cooking a meal and they begin to cry she must tend them at once or the food she is cooking will never get done. When they have grown to be urchins and are playing outside, if they come running and demand food they must be fed immediately. If the food that is cooking is not done it will be done as soon as it is handed to them, even though it may have just been put on the fire. But if the mother tells them the food isn’t ready, it will never be cooked.

Such twins can see the “Little People,” talk with them, and play with them. They always know exactly what you are thinking. They can make you ill, depressed, or even dead, just by “thinking” you are in that condition. One Cherokee knew that his neighbors were raising their twins to be witches. He knew that would make a lot of trouble for the whole community. So he “got a lady who was in menstruation to cook some food and slip it in to the twins. That,” he reported, “spoiled them. They never became witches anymore than you or I!”

Belief in witches has never been confined to the uneducated. There is the case of Solomon Hotema, a well educated professor, distinguished, grandfatherly appearing and white bearded. When a favorite child of Solomon Hotema’s took sick and died Hotema was told by an Indian mystic that an old woman in the neighborhood was a witch and had caused the child to die. Hotema took his Winchester, went to her home and killed her and five other people who were present in the house. He was arrested, tried for murder and spent the rest of his life in prison.

Equally interesting is the account of Marshal Bass Reeves, of Muskogee. Let Marshal Reeves tell his own story of the arrest of Ya-ke, a noted Indian conjurer. “I was on the North Fork to arrest some horse thieves. My posse and I encamped in the woods with two wagon loads of prisoners. Among the criminals were two Indians who had each given Ya-ke a pony for medicine which was to make them invincible should officers of the law attempt to arrest them. As I had a warrant for Ya-ke, I arrested him, also.

“That night as we rested I felt very stiff and sore, although I had felt exceptionally well all day. The next morning we started on for Fort Smith. I rode a good saddle horse, but was too ill to keep in sight of the wagons. When I reached the camp that night the party had finished eating, and had shackled the prisoners. With the utmost difficulty I dismounted but could not stand without assistance. I ached in every limb, my eyes were swollen so that I could hardly see. I had no appetite, but was extremely thirsty.

“Ya-ke was lying on his back, fast asleep. His coat had fallen back, revealing a pocket from which a string was attached to his medicine bag. Cautiously I reached his side and seized the string. Immediately, I knew that it was his medicine bag. I had no appetite, but was extremely thirsty.

“With a start Ya-ke awoke. ‘You stole my medicine!’ he cried.

“Yes, it is sailing down the stream,” I answered.

“He made lavish promises of what he would give me if I would only get it back for him. ‘My power is gone,’” he moaned.

“From the time the bag struck the water I began to feel better, and soon was as well as ever. Ya-ke told me afterwards that if he had not lost his medicine, I would have been dead before we reached Fort Smith. I believe that he told the truth.”

The Indian medicine men were masters of “earth medicine.” So was my mother. As a lad, I was dosed with sulphur and molasses, sassafras tea, seneca leaves, poulticed with mustard, linsed oil, kerosene and lard, goose grease, and flaxseed. One of my contemporaries was forced to carry assafedita, another osh6. These potions thinned our blood in the springtime, laxatized us, brought boils to a head, healed infections, cleared us of chest colds, warded off ills and contagions.

Modern mothers have forgotten the potency of these remedies. It is easier to go to the drug store and buy a chemical that is candy coated. But is it better?
Among the many roles Will Rogers played, a clear favorite with him was akin to Puck. Puck, or Robin-goodfellow, a mischievous elf in English folklore, appears in the writings of Edmund Spenser, Rudyard Kipling, and William Shakespeare, whose Puck, in A Midsummer Night’s Dream has the classic and quoted line, “What fools these mortals be!” Here are poses in which the pixy in Will shows through. We relate to this aspect. There’s a little imp in all of us.

Photos from a booklet Will made for Stetson Hats, and the premiere program of his movie “So This Is London.”

Color sketch of Will Rogers by George Young, Courtesy © Shaw-Bazton Co., Coshocton, Ohio
TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

Our Anniversary Issue opens with COSMORAMA, a tribute to new museums that had been recently opened in Oklahoma. The article EMERGENCY CALLING in this ten years ago issue narrates the exciting story of Yun-Tseng Shen, who assisted a U.S. Navy plane in making an emergency landing on the airstrip at Taipai, then to discover that its pilot was none other than Keller J. Gilstrap, Jr., son of an Oklahoman who had given Yun-Tseng Shen some mighty welcome emergency help years previously. Yun-Tseng Shen had been lost on a bitterly cold, icy winter night trying to find his way to Oklahoma City. He had mistakenly turned toward Tulsa and was headed toward that city when his engine died. Keller Gilstrap, Sr. came along in a pickup truck, stopped to assist him, got Shen’s car started, then turned his pickup around and led the lost foreign visitor back to Oklahoma City.

The issue introduces you to TLAXCALA, our partner state then and now in the Alliance for Progress. Frameable color scencis of Quartz Mountain Lake, the golden Arbuckles, the silvery rapids of Byrd’s Mill Spring near Ada, gorgeously blooming spring redbud, and the capok atop the Antelope Hills in far western Oklahoma, are faced by John Joseph Mathews’ poetic essay on the Osage Hills country in the springtime, with his account of the prairie chicken’s amazing, booming, courtship dance.

You can secure a copy of this Anniversary Issue by sending $2.00 to Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Memorial Building, Oklahoma City, 73105. The issue concludes with Dr. Phil Lindsey’s colorful study of the springtime forest floor covered with the browns and golds of last autumn’s leaves and acorns while, springing up through them, is the greenery of fresh new foliage. Poet Laureate Maggie Culver Fry expresses the spirit of the season in her descriptive lines:

When mother nature may give a
bal masque, with feathery snow
flurries...or her silver showers
on roofs and awnings, play
ukulele music.

When peace hovers over the
countryside like a prayer.

When beauty hangs suspended, like
a hummingbird.

When thunder rolls across the sky,
making heavy, quarreling
sounds.

When lightning lacerates the sky
and heals the wound in a flash.

When early morning sounds are
like music played on a zither.

When sheets on the clothesline
drink the sachet of the breeze,
and warmth is ingrained in
the days.

When mother nature’s custodian,
the spring shower, washes all
greenery, leaving it sweet.
Hannum, Bella Vista, Arkansas; Rex Haskins, Stanwood, Washington; Walter Hendricks, Derby, Kansas; Fern Elswick Ransom, Anthony, Kansas; Alma Hendricks Schroeder, Caldwell, Kansas; Lester Whitzel, Coldwater, Kansas; and Ruth Hendricks Lambert, Burlington, Oklahoma.

Gore Township No. 1 was the first consolidated school in Oklahoma, consolidated in 1908, shortly after statehood. Its first “school buses” were covered wagons and teams. In 1919 the school board decided to try motorized transportation on two routes, replacing three of the six covered wagons with Model-T Ford truck school buses. There was not a foot of all-weather road in the entire district, a real challenge to Model-T buses with solid-rubber tires.

Gore Consolidated no longer exists. The area has been consolidated into other districts. Its oldtime graduates contributed above and beyond their share to the businesses, professions, and to the food and fiber production of Oklahoma. They are particularly proud of former faculty member Apollo Soucek, now Admiral Soucek, who set the world’s altitude record for seaplanes at the U. S. Naval Academy.

**MY GRANDMOTHER’S HOUSE**

I was a child when I saw my grandmother’s first house in what is Oklahoma now. Two rooms, one behind the other. Even then, I wondered how anyone could have lived in so small a place. It was built in Territory days, in the days when the only green thing to put on the graves of those who died in winter was the mistletoe that clustered high on the bare limbed trees, sprays of leaves, pale waxy berries—they softened the rough-shaped, sandstone markers.

She raised turkeys and they roosted in the woods and were half-wild. Once, the Dalton Gang rode in and asked her for a meal. They left a ten dollar gold piece. She found it after they had gone and was glad not to have found it sooner as she would have felt obliged to refuse it. My father was too young to remember that.

He did remember going to the neighbors with a message and that the next day, Mrs. Horsechief would come early and the two women would talk and laugh and bake bread together all day long. And one time, the Pawnees ‘gifted’ her—shawls and quilts, food, a beaded purse—all kinds of things. It was a feast just for her, in her honor, and she was invited to join in the round dances.

Not much bigger than a playhouse. It had stood empty for a long time. Sunlight poured in through the roof. Now a dam was being raised and it would float beneath a lake and fish would swim in it. That was why we’d come—so my father could see it again before it was too late.

He said she was proud of it. A frame house, two rooms. Some people lived in dugouts in the hillsides. He said I looked like her. And then, all of a sudden, he began to cry.

... Katharine Privett

**THE YALLER DORG SALOON**

by Florence Denslow

An irresistible urge to “civilize” the cowpunchers who traveled the cattle trails of the Cherokee Outlet resulted in the first and only saloon ever operated legally in one of Oklahoma’s Indian reservation areas where the Oto and Missouri tribes lived, now a part of Noble County.

J. W. (Buck) Eldridge, of Red Rock and later Guthrie, had the urge to civilize the cowboy one hot day in August, 1903, as he rode along a cattle trail in what is now Noble County. He heard some shots in the distance and stopped for a time until he heard more shots down the trail. It was then he decided the cowboy needed some “civilizing” and he thought a tall, cool, foamy glass in the hot August weather would do the trick.

Years later when he told the story he neglected to tell the details of how that legal permit for his saloon was obtained, but he did relate that Thomas H. Doyle, then an attorney in Perry, obtained the permit for him. Eldridge returned to Red Rock and his first saloon. It was no more than
a shanty with a canvas top that was put up in a single afternoon.

The “Yaller Dorg” saloon soon became a Red Rock institution. The shack was replaced by a brick structure and the saloon became celebrated in song, poetry and stories, as did Eldridge.

Eldridge gives Zack Miller credit for naming the saloon. He and Zack were having a conversation when Zack asked him what he was going to name the saloon. Eldridge replied, “I think I will call it after that old yaller dorg that came in last night. I think it will bring me luck.” And it did bring him luck. Eldridge took care of the old dog several years before he finally wandered off.

Opening night of the “Yaller Dorg” was a success. Zack Miller “rode down” with a delegation of 75 of his 101 Ranch cowboys and others came too.

As Eldridge recalled years later the celebration got going pretty good and the cowboys got out their guns. They riddled the roof of the saloon and Eldridge decided right then that there would be no more gunplay in his saloon, and there never was. When “the boys” came back for “another shootin’ spree” Eldridge is said to have backed them into the corner and laid down the law.

He became a deputy sheriff so he could back up the laws he laid down for the saloon.

Among the customers of the “Yaller Dorg” between 1903 and statehood in 1907, were the great and the near great who visited the 101 Ranch. These came from all corners of the world. Henry Starr was a customer, as was Tom Mix.

When Eldridge said he wanted to “civilize” the place he meant it. He ruled it with an iron hand. He built houses in Red Rock and let families pay for them whenever they could. He helped promote and build the first cattle-dipping vat in that vast cattle country.

He maintained his saloon in an amazingly decorous fashion. Nobody got “plastered” in the Yaller Dorg.

Eldridge invited his customers to leave before they reached that stage. He told the womenfolk that all he needed was a word from them to bar husbands from his premises and therefore he gained the popularity of the women. He had a great many requests of this kind and he never went back on his promise.

In addition to operating the saloon, Eldridge found time to farm a 300 acre tract and act as a booster for Red Rock. On one occasion he put an ad in the paper saying he would buy anything that any farmer brought to town. He and William Donahoe, later a Perry resident, never let a farmer leave town with any of his produce.

They thought it would give the town a bad name if farmers couldn’t sell their cattle and produce and grain when they brought it in, so if nobody else wanted it Eldridge or Donahoe took it.

Hundreds of visitors from the east got their first visit to a “western” saloon at the Yaller Dorg as guests of the 101 Ranch. There were so many requests for souvenirs of the place that Eldridge had some cards printed bearing a picture of the bedraggled yellow dog. The reverse side carried a touching poem about a “Yaller Dorg” written by Ernest Jones, later a judge in Noble County.

The success of Eldridge’s venture into the saloon business led others to try to get permits, but no others were granted. No one seems to know the reason. Liquor restrictions became increasingly stringent, but the Yaller Dorg was never bothered until it passed out of existence with statehood.

Eldridge thought drinking promoted fellowship and the means of passing a pleasant hour. But one must remember that when Eldridge ran a saloon, it was a legitimate, respectable place.

from The Journal of the Cherokee Strip. Sept. '78.
NEW BOOKS

THE OBSTINATE LAND by Harold Keith; Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, New York; $8.50. Authentic images of the Cherokee Strip, contesting for a claim, Sooners, cattlemen, and grangers: some trying to accommodate their neighbors, some trying to crowd others out. The author grew up in Cherokee Strip country and remembers, and recreates. This Newberry Award winning author deserves another medal!

FOX GRAPES by Joan Shaddox Isom; The Filter Press, Palmer Lake, Colo.; $1.50. This Cherokee poet has the authentic flavor of hickory, budding blackjacks and the smoky haze that hovers in the woods around Tahlequah these spring mornings. A glimpse of redbud through the trees, and the owl in the dusky dark.

INCIDENT AT KIEFER

"He had 'em all beat. Nobody could handle a rope like Will," Jesse Bee Rinehart (who will be 103 years old on March 25), said as he recalled the time he saw Will Rogers. Rinehart, who makes his home at the Drumright Nursing Home, chuckled when he said, "We were both kids at the time, Will and me, and I was working in a hardware store at Kiefer during the oil boom."

He said he stood in the doorway watching Will do his trick roping with his running horse. It wasn't a show or anything Rinehart recalls. Will was just in town for the day and just for the heck of it, he roped a couple of spectators who were gawking from the sidelines.

Later when Will came into the store, Rinehart asked him how he ever learned to rope like that. To which Will answered quickly, "PRACTICE."

That was all he said, but it was that famous grin and likeable way of his that made Rinehart remember it all of his life.

... Eileen Coffield
OKLAHOMA
Publishing for the Indian Territory, Oklahoma

CUSPIDORS TO
or: Journey

BY
JIM DOWNING

Will Rogers would have scratched his forelock in amazement. His beloved newspapers have (sob!) gone down to effete.

Permit, in this sanitized, computerized world, an old man's tear for remembrance...

The pioneer editors who came to Oklahoma in the early days—perhaps uncurried, occasionally ignorant, sometimes hard-drinking, unshaven, tobacco-chewing—may not have had much to work with, but God bless 'em, they brought Journalism to the frontier.

And Journalism (you bet, with a capital "J") was as needed as law and order and houses and jobs and farms and churches and people in the new country.

Whiskey and whiskey-breathed and uneducated many of those old-timers might have been, but it is to them that today's 243 newspapers owe it all. Imagine that legacy—243 newspapers!

And the old-time editors did it, even the brilliant and distinguished ones mind you, with the proverbial shirt-tail full of type and primitive presses set up in the tents and rough shacks that marked the first settlements. Those editors came right along with the settlers and it was a sorry com-
Computers

Realism Lifts a Pinky

Today's newspaper, thanks to a multitude of new processes that have been invented and refined, looks more like tomorrow's papers than yesterday's. It's Battlestar Galactica against John Wayne's War Wagon. Computer against abacus.

Ten years ago, give or take a bit, the techniques of what they call "cold type" and "offset" printing hit Oklahoma. The Wilburton Latimer County Tribune, a weekly, pioneered the offset process here. The Holdenville Daily News was the first offset daily.

Offset. It's an ancient process brought up to date, based, oddly enough, on the fact that oil and water don't mix. The old name for it was "lithography," writing by stone.

The ancients used the process to reproduce art works, drawing with grease pencils on flat-ground stones. When the stone was then wet and coated with ink, the oil-base ink stuck only to the greasy lines of the drawing. Paper pressed against the stone produced a picture in ink.

Today's "stones" are thin metal plates, and the grease pencil has been supplanted by a photographic engraving process but the end result is obtained by that hoary old principle: oil and water don't mix.

Hot metal type is gone. Hot metal had its day—it revolutionized the ancient process of printing from movable type perfected by old Johann Gutenberg in the middle of the 15th century. Johann's system liberated publishing from the scribe's quill pen and inkpot. It was good for more than 350 years before a wildeyed dreamer who didn't know the task was impossible finally got his mechanical typesetting machine off the drawing board in 1884 and called it, handily enough, the Linotype.

The Linotype and its half-brother, the Intertype, and various cousins which produced headlines and large advertising type, put books, magazines, brochures, pamphlets—and of course newspapers—into the hands of anybody who could read and had, as

munity indeed that didn't have at least one paper.

And it is a sorry community today. But how those tatterdemalion Munchausens of the frontier would marvel in 1979 if they could see the fruit of their strivings. See the slick dailies and the proud weeklies from one end of the old territory to another, descendants of the blearily-printed Sentinels, Couriers, Leaders, Gazettes, and Boosters that bragged and scorned and pointed with pride and lie and wheedled as they told the pioneers what had happened, or might happen and what should happen.

Physically, today's newspaper, from the Olustee Chief-tain to the Daily Oklahoman, from the Corn Enterprise to the Tulsa Tribune, is as different from those early efforts as a blacksmith shop is from a research laboratory. (Or television from smoke signals!)

In case you've missed it, there has been a technological revolution in newspapering.

If your favorite paper seems to look different lately, it isn't your imagination. It IS different. Its type is razor sharp, its pictures crisp, its makeup clean and airy. Color is no longer a novelty. The big city newspaper has nothing on its country cousin for looks.
CUSPIDORS TO COMPUTERS

the saying went in those days, a penny.

Individual molds of letters, punctuation marks, numerals and a whole family of symbols clinked through the innards of the typesetting machines around the world in every writable language — producing slugs of typemetal on which stood the raised letters that spelled it out.

For nearly a hundred years the Linotypes, Intertypes, Monotypes, and Ludlows swallowed molten metal and disgorged slugs that, bolted into frames or "chases," went onto the presses.

The oldtime printers, from Gutenberg to Benjamin Franklin and almost to Horace Greeley, got by with hand-operated presses that printed from sheet paper. That was until roll-fed presses came along in the 1800s.

A third step was invented called "stereotyping" that enabled publishers to produce a cast-metal curved plate that could be bolted onto a cylinder and run at higher and higher speeds.

But the process essentially still was Gutenberg's — raised letters, coated with ink, pressed against paper.

Still with us? The printing business had been plagued through its whole history by a rather common happening called "offsetting." Sometimes a newly-printed sheet of paper would transfer its image to another sheet if the ink wasn't allowed to dry long enough.

Someone must have idly wondered if such an inadvertent process could be controlled, for whatever use. It could be. It was. Although we call it "offset" it's still lithography.

That was Phase I — the printing revolution. The process of simplifying the production of reading matter to go on the press was as nothing to the kind of minds that could build a television transmitter no bigger than a breadbox that could spurt a picture from Mars.

Each printed newspaper page is a picture. The "type" was produced electronically, starting with the editor, reporter, or quite possibly a high school girl, sitting at a gadget that looks like a television screen with a complicated typewriter keyboard in front. Pay attention; it gets confusing about here.

The operator writes, say, "By Jim Downing," and the thing — called a computer terminal — takes notice and converts the fingers' motion into electronic bits and pieces that go into storage in a memory bank that holds thousands upon thousands of bits and pieces.

Then, literally at the touch of another key, the whole smear can be brought zipping out of the memory box and recreated on white paper just as written. The paper is trimmed and neatly pasted up in page form and its picture is taken. By even more wizardry that would leave Gutenberg in tears, the picture is transformed into a metal plate that can be fastened on a press. There now.

Ben Blackstock, executive vice-president of the Oklahoma Press Association, says 49 of the state's daily papers are printed on offset presses.
four on the old-style letterpress. But every one of them produces “cold” type via computers or some similar system. Of 194 weeklies, 174 are printed offset. Most of those, even, have eliminated Mr. Mergenthaler’s beloved Linotype.

In fact, the great, clanking, clattering, expensive hunks of cast iron, brass, rubber and tapes (up to $25,000 apiece once) have gone to the junkyard, worthless now except for salvage.

Now the scientists (tireless busybodies that they are) are tackling the last big problem: getting the paper to the customer’s front door. The neighborhood paperboy or girl, gee-whiz gadgetry notwithstanding, still is the last link in the chain. And he or she is an endangered species. In 1979, circulation managers of newspapers frequently tear their hair because they can’t find people to carry those papers, today’s electronic marvels. Thousands of paper routes are vacant today. The pay is good, but they are demanding, and the discipline and dedication called for is just too much for many of today’s kids.

Electronic delivery perhaps? Already it is possible. Today Joe Blow in Savannah or Boise can lease the equipment that will enable him to punch a button and look at Page 37 of the New York Times or his hometown front page. (The equipment would cost an arm and a leg, it must be admitted.)

But those spittoon-rattling old editors (and Will Rogers) wouldn’t have believed it . . .

Hail the Electronic Age. Hail progress and hail tomorrow.

Though after 40-odd years in the business . . . Well, for me it seems that something has gone. Gone with the winds of change is the spirit of the old editor who once penned these unforgettable lines as an ode to weekly journalism:

. . . And when a mad subscriber
Came in to rant and roar,
I’d stab him with the office towel
That stood behind the door.
With its horses and cattle and bluestem range pastures, this ranch bred the spirit of Will Rogers; the "heart without malice and the soul without smallness."

Will's father, Clem Van Rogers, had come to this Cooweescoo- wee district of the Cherokee Nation in 1856. He was experienced as a cowboy and had dreams of owning his own herd. He married his Cherokee sweetheart and embarked on a career in the cattle business and trading with the Cherokees.

The tragic years of the War between the States cost Clem Rogers the confiscation of his cattle and horses; his ranch again became wilderness. After four years of service with the Confederate Army, Clem returned with his family, to rebuild his ranch on another fork of the Verdigris River.

Clem Rogers' hard work built a cattle empire in this rancher's paradise of thousands of acres of unfenced, rolling prairie, untouched by the plow. The ranch home, preserved today in its original beauty, was completed in 1875 and was at that time one of the finest homes in the Cherokee Nation.

The new home was tastefully furnished. Its landscaping received loving attention from Mary Rogers. She gave birth to four of her children within the walls of this Verdigris River ranch home.

Her eighth child was named "William Penn Adair," for Clem's comrade in war and close personal friend. Will lived in this harmonious household with three sisters. It was warmed by the mother's charm as a hostess, in constant frontier hospitality. At seven, Will's mother sent him to live with his married sister, Sallie, to attend his first school, Drumgoul. He returned to the ranch only on weekends.

Will's keen mind, boundless energy and restlessness, would not fit the formal classroom exercises of the day. He experienced an on-and-off again schooling in a number of schools and, at seventeen, walked out of Kemper Military Academy to run away to the adventures of a Texas cowboy.

Will's loneliness after losing his mother at age ten no doubt impelled some of his restless wanderings. When his father remarried and moved to Claremore as a banker, Will came back to the old home ranch. At age nineteen he zestfully tried to please his father as the ranch manager. But big ranching was becoming a thing of the past in Indian Territory, and the problems seemed monotonous. His disappointed father reluctantly agreed to let Will "ride his own horse," go his own way.

The allotment of Indian lands brought an end to the big cattle ranches of the Cooweescoo- wee. Clem Rogers began to purchase some of the allotments that had been part of his old ranch, and in a few years was able to restore around 6,000 acres. The coming of the Missouri Pacific Railroad cut the ranch into two parts.

November 16, 1907, brought statehood. The White House on the Verdigris and the surrounding ranch headquarters became a part of Rogers County, named in honor of Clem, who had served as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention.

For a time the ranch was farmed by tenants, with Clem's management from his Claremore home. Upon Clem's death in 1911, Will purchased his sisters' shares of the estate including the ranch, but being busily engaged in stage and screen work, he had little time to devote to its management. Lack of interest of tenant farmers resulted in deteriorating conditions on the ranch.

In 1927, Will appointed his nephew, Herb McSpadden, as ranch foreman to restore and rebuild the old place as it had been in Will's boyhood. Herb McSpadden devoted his time and energies to the operation of the ranch as had his famous grandfather. The ranch came to occupy a position of prominence in modern livestock production.

In 1958, the Rogers heirs deeded 1,600 acres of the ranch for the construction of the Oologah Dam and Reservoir. After 102 years of continuous operation by three generations of the Rogers family, in the summer of 1959 the family donated a 100-acre tract and the old ranch house to the State of Oklahoma, with the agreement that the ranch house be moved to this tract one mile west of its original location, restored and maintained as Will Rogers State Park.

...Irene Sturm Lefebvre
IN THIS ISSUE

WILL ROGERS: Part II
by DR. REBA COLLINS ... 3

FAIRS AND FESTIVALS
THE ANATOMY OF ARTS
AND CRAFTS
by ROBBIE BOMAN ....... 8
STATEWIDE IN SOONERLAND
by BETTY PRICE ....... 9

THE SUMMER ARTS INSTITUTE
by LOIS FAGIN ......... 16

A DIFFERENT DIMENSION: AS THE CROW FLIES
by ELIZABETH OLIVER .... 17

MEDICINE MAN
by BILL BURCHARDT ....... 20

WILL ROGERS: Color Sketch
by GEORGE YOUNG ....... 27

OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK ....... 28

JOURNALISM LIFTS A PINKY
by JIM DOWNING ....... 32

CALENDAR OF EVENTS ....... 36

WILL ROGERS ALBUM ....... 38