One of Oklahoma's greatest treasures is its American Indian Art, and Oklahoma Today takes great pride in offering our readers prints by some of Oklahoma's most prominent artists. It's our holiday gift to you!

Surely everyone remembers yearning for a bike or a favorite doll on Christmas Eve, decorating the glittering tree, and later, enjoying the magic of a glowing candle. Oklahoma Today tries to capture the holiday symbols and traditions that are uniquely Oklahoma in this issue.

We think a really nice family tradition may be escaping the bustling holiday crowds and heading for the quiet of a state park. What better place to read about Miss Alice Robertson's Christmas in Indian Territory back in 1866 and reflect upon our rich life here today?

Enjoy your holidays — they're special in Oklahoma.

COMING IN THE SPRING ISSUE Oklahoma Today celebrates our state's 75th birthday with fascinating stories about both famous and unknown faces and places, the rebirth of our cities, the oil boom, the arts and entertainment, agriculture and industry. You won't want to miss our biggest issue ever!
Judith Wall is director of University of Oklahoma Alumni Publications.

In some circles, it is not oil wells, quarterhorses, cattle ranches or even football that comes to mind when the state of Oklahoma is mentioned.

In the world of art, it is the impressive reputation of a growing number of Oklahoma Indian artists that people are talking about. Since the late 1920s, when the U.S. government relaxed its policy of suppressing Native American culture, Oklahoma Indian artists have been earning national and international reputations for themselves and their cultural art. The work done by Oklahoma Kiowa artists in the 1920s and 30s is credited by many as being instrumental in the emergence of Indian art in this country. Oklahoma is considered the birthplace of contemporary Indian painting.

Today a new wave of Oklahoma Indian artists are living up to the high standards established by such greats as Stephen Mopope, Monroe Tsatoke and Jerome Tiger.

According to Imogene Mugg of the Oklahoma Art Center Sales Gallery in Oklahoma City, the state has become to Indian painting and sculpturing what New Mexico is to Indian rugs and jewelry.

"There is an unprecedented interest in Indian art," Mugg says. "And many Oklahoma artists are among the ranks of the top professionals."

Shawnee gallery owner and well-known Indian artist Enoch Kelly Haney believes that some of the finest Indian art is being produced by Oklahoma artists. "And we have just begun to scratch the surface," he claims.

Haney, who owns the American Indian Arts Collection in Shawnee and serves in the Oklahoma legislature, believes there are more professional Indian painters in Oklahoma—particularly those who reflect Indian culture in an authentic way—than in any other state.

With this growing interest in Indian art, more and more people are acquiring a painting by an Indian artist for the first time, or considering making a gift of Indian art.

But the rapid development of this art category can present a confusing picture for would-be buyers. Prices, styles and subject matter vary greatly from artist to artist, and there are a great many artists to choose among.

Reba Olson, owner of The Galleria, a Norman gallery that deals exclusively in Indian art, suggests that potential buyers "do their homework before making a purchase."

"It would be a good idea for them to go to every show, visit permanent collections at museums and visit several galleries," she says. "Then they are better able to decide what they like and determine what is an equitable price for an artist's work.

"Even more importantly, they will learn some history that will be eye-opening. Most of us don't know the history of the Indians; it's been left out of our history books. Seeing that history and culture presented from an Indian artist's viewpoint is exciting and rewarding; the historical and spiritual aspects of Indian art give it a strong emotional appeal."

Permanent collections located throughout the state provide the chance to view some of the nation's finest Indian art. The best-known collections are at Tulsa's Philbrook Art Center and Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History of Art, Woolaroc Museum near Bartlesville, the Five Civilized Tribes Museum in Muskogee, the Cherokee National Museum in Tahlequah, the Southern Plains Museum in Anadarko and the Oklahoma State Museum in Oklahoma City. The University of Oklahoma Museum of Art in Norman has a large collection, which is displayed periodically.

Annual shows featuring Indian artists include the Trail of Tears Indian Art Show at the Cherokee National Museum, June 19 through July 11, 1982, the All-Oklahoma Indian Artists Invitational at the Oklahoma Art Cen-
ter Sales and Rental Gallery, July 11 through Aug. 31, 1982; the Philbrook Museum's Indian Art Show, a summertime event with dates to be announced; the Five Civilized Tribes Indian Art Show, October 1982; and the Art From the Earth Show at Norman's Galleria, November through December 1981 and again in October 1982.

While the permanent collections offer an opportunity to view works by past greats and well-established contemporary Indian artists, the shows offer a chance to see works by producing artists in various stages of their careers, from the newly emerging to long-time professionals such as Doc Tate Nevaquaya.

The Five Civilized Tribes Museum, which also has a sales gallery, is known not only for its permanent collection and annual show, but also for its policy of occasionally honoring an artist from the Five Civilized Tribes by designating him or her a "master." Living artists who have been so honored are painters Joan Hill, Valjean Hessing, Bert Seabourn, Troy Anderson and Enoch Kelly Haney, and sculptors Willard Stone, Jason Stone, Saint Clair Homer and Bob Bell.

These masters and other successful Oklahoma Indian artists are producing works that constantly rise in value; collectors seek out works by artists such as Gary Montgomery, David Williams, Robert Redbird, Benjamin Harjo, Charles Pratt, Leonard Reynolds, Bruce Wynn and others too numerous to list, and are willing to pay more for their works each year.

According to Edwin Wade, curator of Native American Art at Philbrook Art Center, Indian art is now a "major international collectible," and he cites the work being done by Oklahoma painters Rance Hood, Archie Blackowl, Dick West, Virginia Stroud, Phyllis Fife and Benjamin Buffalo and Oklahoma sculptor Willard Stone as not only being fine art, but the caliber of art that is being sought by discerning collectors around the world.

The willingness of large corporations and eager collectors to pay top dollar for works by Indian artists has escalated the prices in recent years, putting major works by some artists out of the price range of many individuals.

However, Reba Olson says that though it is true an occasional piece by a well-established artist brings a price in the thousands, "most paintings are not all that high, really."

"Most paintings we have on our walls run from $250 to $850, though a few large ones will run more than that," she says. "And a lot of paintings we have in our bins run from $60 to $250."

M. A. Hagerstrand, executive vice president of the Cherokee Historical Society, which operates the Cherokee National Museum, encourages beginning collectors to consider newer artists who are just beginning to acquire a following and do well in juried shows. He believes that many of the state's less well-known artists are doing quality work and will soon be making a name for themselves.

Most galleries, such as the Art Market in Tulsa, will include works by promising new artists and prints by established artists along with higher priced original works by established artists, thus making good Indian art available in all price ranges.

Olson says that quality multi-originals, that is, etchings, woodcuts, stone lithographs and serigraphs, can be purchased for reasonable prices. The artist either pulls each multi-original personally or oversees the process; many times the works are hand-colored by the artists, as well.

The buyer of a multi-original can expect to pay anywhere from $60 on up, with $300 to $500 being an approximately average price range. Prints produced mechanically by the process of offset lithography are priced from as low as $20 up to $200.

Making their work available in print form has meant a great deal to Indian artists, according to Haney. It helps them establish a broader-based following and makes their work more visible.
Mugg encourages buyers with limited means to invest in prints of fine paintings rather than originals of lesser quality. "Prints make good Indian art available to everyone," she points out.

Despite the worldwide interest in the art produced by Oklahoma Indians, many gallery owners are somewhat reluctant to recommend purchasing art for investment purposes. "It may turn out to be an excellent investment," Mugg says, "but you should buy a piece of art because it's something you like—something that makes you happy. All I can do is point out which artists are doing quality work, and which one's prices have been going up over the years."

Haney tells his customers which artists paint with a consistently high quality and will comment on how serious an artist is about researching the subject matter and depicting Indian culture in an authentic manner, but he will make no guarantee that an artist's work will increase in value.

Olson points out that one's feeling for a piece of art should be a "matter of soul over value." The first consideration, she believes, is whether a work of art "speaks to you."

A full range of artistic styles and subject matter face the buyer of Indian art. Many artists adhere to the traditional flat, two-dimensional work that has long been associated with Indian painting. Some of the newer professionals depict traditional Indian culture but use more realistic techniques such as incorporating backgrounds and three-dimensional effects into their paintings. Other artists have moved into abstract and surrealistic art forms, feeling such styles are very appropriate to the spiritualism represented in much Indian art. And a few artists of Indian descent have branched out into nontraditional subject matter.

Woody Crumbo, a prominent Indian artist for more than 40 years, strongly believes that an Indian artist should depict traditional Indian subject matter. "In future years," Crumbo says, "how will that painting be identifiable as Indian art if it doesn't portray authentic Indian culture?"

The desire for authenticity in subject matter is not universally shared. Some artists are more concerned with artistic effect—capturing a mood or emotion—and do not feel the need to incorporate accurate details of costume or ritual. A knowledgeable gallery owner can point out the differences in philosophy and in style.

Hagerstrand advises people to choose work by an artist who is not painting just for the current market, but is painting for art's sake. He admires the experimentation of many of the newer artists who do not feel bound to traditional guidelines.

Traditional or experimental, the future is bright for Indian art. It has gone from relative obscurity to a sought-after art category in a relatively short period of time.

Closely paralleling the phenomenal growth of the Western art field, Indian art is often more highly regarded outside of the region from which it originated. State gallery owners find that much of their business comes from out-of-state collectors. Olson recalls that Woody Crumbo once told her, "When you stop to think about it, First American [Indian] art is the true art form to come out of this country. People in Europe recognize this."

As more and more people discover this exciting art, it is becoming difficult for some of the more established artists to keep up with the demand for their work. This situation paves the way for more and more talented Oklahoma Indian artists to establish themselves in the world of art—and makes today an exciting time to learn about and purchase art by Oklahoma Indian artists.
It was in the earlier Indian Territory days, away back in 1866. Father and Mother had only a few days before Christmas returned to their old missionary post at Tullahassee to find the large brick building which had been used for the boarding school almost a ruin. Through much of the war time this had been a hospital and rows of already grass-grown indentations showed the unmarked resting places of unknown soldiers of the Confederacy. Not a door or window remained in the building and there were great gaps in the walls where quantities of brick had been torn away for use by the Federal Army at Fort Gibson to build bake ovens for the post. The attic had been floored with wide, rough plank as a storage room in old times and some of this flooring yet remained.

So father went to work with saw and hammer, for in those days a missionary must toil with his hands unceasingly. Until windows could be boarded up and battened doors made we camped in the yard, occupying the tent which had been our nightly shelter during the overland journey of three hundred miles.

Only the most meager supply of household necessities could be brought with us and the sutler’s store at Fort Gibson afforded little more. Mother priced a tiny cooking stove, but the cost, one hundred dollars, was prohibitive. However, an oldtime heating stove, broken and battered, was found down in the orchard where it had been gathering rust through the years of war, and on this we did most of our cooking. Bread we had to bake in a Dutch oven out of doors.

The cavalymen who had last occupied the place had left several tons of hay in an old log barn and ticks filled with hay made very acceptable beds, though father and mother had a feather bed as well.

Father made table and chairs and bedsteads for us from sassafras saplings and planks and we children were very proud to help by smoothing the round pieces of sassafras with bits of broken glass. Father was in a hurry to get us all fixed as he was anxious to get out among his Indian “sheep without a shepherd,” who in their days of famine and stress, returning to ruined homes and appalling poverty, surely needed him.

So Christmas eve found us, father, mother, myself, 12 years old—the oldest child at home—for one sister pitifully young to be so far away was at boarding school—a sister nine years old, a brother five, and the twins eight months old. Mother spread a fresh white cloth on the new table and each of us placed a plate to see what the morning might bring.

Sister and I whispered softly what we would like to have until the howling of a pack of wolves at the very door, which, accustomed though we were to the sound, never lost its horror to us and made us cling close together in shivering silence till we went to sleep.

In the morning how gaily we awaited the lifting of the cover from the table and how bravely we rejoiced over the simple love tokens! Only the babies had new gifts from the store, but they flourished their bright tin rattles with a gleefulness that made up to all the rest of us. Mother had given to sister and me tiny, red morocco bound copies of “Young’s Night Thoughts,” and “Pollock’s Course of Time,” valued treasures of her young lady days.

I hated improving poetry then as I hate it yet, but I knew it was all mother had to give and I tried to like it. After breakfast, which I cooked—fried venison, corn cakes raised over
night and baked on top of the stove, with molasses for us all and coffee for father and mother, there were family prayers when father read, as always on Christmas, the wondrous story of the Nativity and mother played on her little old "melodeon," we all sang joyously "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night."

The babies wanted their rattles during prayer time, but mother thought that eight months was quite old enough for babies to be quiet in prayer time and they did not get them till we had all risen from our knees.

Then the Christmas dinner was to come. What a grave responsibility rested upon me in following mother's directions about that dinner. We were going to have real mince pie!

True, the mysterious good things usually entering into the composition of mince pie we could not have, but we were sure that venison must be as good as beef and long soaking and careful mincing and cooking of dried apples surely would make them indistinguishable from fresh, and a mixture of nuts—hickory and walnut and pecan—would surely be better than suet. From some secret hiding place mother produced a little package of raisins.

We could hardly wait for the pie to bake in the little Dutch oven out of doors. We were going to have raised biscuit, too, for the flour that cost ten cents a pound we could not afford on ordinary occasions. Nowhere nearer than the post at Fort Gibson was there a cow or chickens, and milk, eggs and butter were impossible luxuries to us.

Game was so plentiful as to be secured almost without effort and the big wild turkey we had father bought for twenty-five cents from an Indian who killed it with his bow and arrow. Father never hunted any for he was too near sighted. We had boiled rice on ordinary occasions. Nowhere nearer than the post at Fort Gibson was there a cow or chickens, and milk, eggs and butter were impossible luxuries to us.

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When the folks at Oklahoma City's 1889er Harn Museum say they're planning a real old-fashioned Christmas, they mean exactly what they say.

You can tell it by the Christmas wreath that hangs on the front door of the museum's home, a solid lap-sided and shingled Victorian built in 1904 at what is now NE 16th and Stiles. Inside, the house is bright with Victorian decorations, put in place at a tree-trimming party held this year on Oct. 31.

Some of the 531 members of the 1889er Society, descendants of the pioneers who made the great Oklahoma Land Run in 1889, met then to string popcorn and cranberries and festoon the tree with red apples and antique ornaments as well as old-fashioned crocheted candles.

Each of the six downstairs rooms is decked out to celebrate the season. Under the tree in the parlor are toys that were once cherished by ancestors of club members—dolls, books, wooden blocks, a tiny tea set and a miniature washboard, wringer and tub.

Garlands grace the Queen Anne staircase that leads upstairs to the trunk room, nursery and two bedrooms—each fitted out in authentic pre-statehood style. "That's why this museum is special," says Vera Ellen Bremseth, one of the society's members who act as hosts and hostesses at the museum. "These items came out of our homes, belonged to our parents and grandparents. So many of the museums in the East have beautiful, authentic things, but their history is lost. Because we're such a young state, we've been able to preserve Oklahoma's history practically from the start."

As if to prove her point, she calls attention to a table standing against one wall of the museum's kitchen. It's a bread table, owned and used by Mrs. Bremseth's grandmother, Mrs. J. R. Holliday. "The legs had to be sawed off to make it the right height for her, because she was only four eleven," she says. "She was a doctor's wife, and doctors didn't make all that much money in those days. The table cost $2.35. She wanted the pie shelf that went over it, but that was a dollar more, so they didn't get it."

The house is just as full of history as the collection it holds. It was built by William Freemont Harn, who came to Oklahoma City in 1891 as a special agent for the federal land office. He helped prosecute Sooners and squatters who made illegal land claims after the land run. That same year he bought his 160-acre homestead after it was relinquished by a Sooner. In later years, Harn was active in Oklahoma City civic affairs and donated 40 acres for the state capitol.

In 1968 his niece, Florence Wilson, gave her uncle's house and 10 acres surrounding it to Oklahoma City with the stipulation that it would be used as a western heritage center. It is now jointly owned by the city and the 1889er Society.

Both the house and its barn—an exact replica of the original barn, which burned in 1952—display items from the days before Oklahoma became a state, items given or loaned by society members and other donors.

Christmas will be celebrated at the museum through Dec. 31, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. Then Christmas will give way to quilts when the museum sponsors its second annual Quiltarama, featuring both antique quilts and some contemporary ones, from January through the end of March.
Antique toys are displayed beneath the Christmas tree at the 1889er Barn Museum. Located near the state Capitol, the Barn former and barn display items from territorial days. Photos by Fred Mavel.
Cut Your Own FARM-FRESH CHRISTMAS TREES

Driving across the countryside, selecting the perfect Christmas tree, cutting and tying it on top of the old station wagon—just like the Walton family on TV—begins the holiday season for some families.

Parents bring along their children, and sometimes even pets and a picnic basket, for an afternoon outing to choose the family Christmas tree. Generally, Oklahoma's weather is still warm and sunny during those short weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

And Fred and Lillie Mae Goddard of Norman enjoy carefully shaping, watering and watching the Scotch pine trees grow all year as they plan for the three short, hectic weekends when they host hundreds of these family outings.

The Goddards consider their Christmas tree farm with its 7,000 trees more a hobby than a business. They began planting pine trees on their farm in 1969, on land that has been in Mrs. Goddard's family since before statehood.

"It's fun to watch the children run up and down the rows of trees, looking for bird's nests," Mrs. Goddard, a member of the Norman city council, said. "And now we're getting families who first began coming out when they were children."

Before a family can select that perfect tree, the tree farmers must put in years of work. First, tiny two-year-old seedlings, 12 to 18 inches tall, are planted. Disease and insects must be controlled, and the weeds kept mowed. The trees are pruned and irrigated for six to eight years before they are ready to be cut.

After a family chooses its tree, generally 5 to 8 feet tall, the Goddards furnish the saw for cutting it and help hang it up over a high tree limb to shake out dust, loose needles and bird's nests. The smell of fresh-cut pine fills the air.

Fred Goddard, who is president of the Oklahoma Christmas Tree Growers Assn., said the trees can be grown on land that may not be good for other crops. Organized last year, the association now has 40 members, with most just beginning to raise trees to sell.

Other state Christmas tree farms with a "choose and cut" operation are owned by Maynard Miller, Ada; Leonard Jankowski, Skiatook; and Earl Hager, Willow, among others.

The Goddard tree farm is located at 5209 E. Robinson.

Trees are sold 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday and 1-5 p.m. Sunday.

And although the Goddards never advertise their Christmas trees, apparently the word gets around. "We're sold out every year by mid-December," Fred Goddard said.
You know how the holiday stress syndrome works. Vital addresses disappear from the Christmas card file, cookies are filched before they can be whisked off baking sheets and you discover that every last toy store has sold out of the Baby Cute'ums doll, the “must have” on your child’s Santa list.

But have you ever found a cure? Ever wished you could escape to some quiet cabin in the woods to forget about the crowds and recapture some of that peace on earth the season is supposed to convey?

Bruce and Jane Travis made that wish a reality. Last year on the Friday before Christmas, they packed James, 10, and Michael, 9, in the car and headed out of Norman. Behind, they left the partly trimmed tree that had been cut at a tree farm near home, everyone’s presents already wrapped, the holiday baking in the freezer and all the frantic drivers trying to make one more shopping mall before closing time.

It had taken some advance planning—Jane is a librarian and had to budget preparations around her work schedule—but “everyone pitched in so we could leave relaxed, knowing Christmas was ready for us at home,” Jane says.

Trying to keep it simple, they took the bare minimum: warm clothing, easy-to-fix foods and the last of the homemade ornaments to finish decorating as they sat around the fire. Ahead lay the perfect winter weekend at a snug cabin overlooking the lake at Greenleaf State Park.

“The first thing that struck us was how quiet it was,” says Bruce. “We were so tired of crowds that it was great not to see a soul.”

Fourteen cabins, built of native stone, dot the hillside above the lake. Though each cabin has its own heating/cooling unit, the Travises found an ample supply of firewood stacked in the driveway. With the temperature below freezing outside, Bruce, with help from the boys—both Scouts, soon had a proper fire blazing under the massive eight-foot stone slab mantel. “Since we don’t have a fireplace at home, this was a real treat,” says Jane, who likes her houses warm.

A hitch they hadn’t planned on was the lack of an oven into which she could pop the biscuit, cornbread and cake mixes she had brought. Again, their Scouting experience paid off, and they improvised.

“We had brought our own skillet and found another in the kitchen equipment. By fitting one over the other, we had a cast iron ‘oven’ which we set inside the fireplace. Then we scooped hot coals around and on top; 20 minutes later we had a beautiful cake,” Bruce explains.

Though the four-burner stove top was used for the rest of the cooking, they saved the ritual toasting of marshmallows for the fireplace. This, coupled with a wild game of Charades and a bit of reading out loud, topped off the cozy evening.

The next day was spent exploring the park, and again they were surprised at the solitude.

“It was like having your own park. We didn’t see a soul; the only way we knew others were there was from the smoke rising out of chimneys and the fresh stack of wood we found at the cabin when we got back,” observes Bruce.

But the boys remind him of the other creatures they saw: the three deer who followed them at a discreet
distance from the ridge back to their cabin, the beaver who was hard at work burrowing through the styrofoam under the marina, the numerous squirrels and the birds who gobbled up the peanut butter the boys spread on pinecones.

Long hikes were interspersed with frequent retreats to the cabin for hot cider or hot chocolate and to hold mittened hands to the fire. A simple dinner, trimming ornaments, a crackling fire, word games, a nighcap of hot cocoa, togetherness...

Of such times dreams are made. "We wanted to get out of all the hustle-bustle and commercialism and have a family weekend. It was just what we'd hoped," Bruce says, and the family amens. "It was perfect," they all chorus.

The Travises found what another park patron has called "the best kept secret in Oklahoma." Dwarfed by the bigger state parks and recreation areas around Lake Eufaula and Lake Tenkiller, Greenleaf is often overlooked by vacationers sampling the eastern part of the state. But once discovered, it draws people back; some have been coming for 21 years. And that may just be its secret: It is a family park. Because of its small size—965 acres of lake surrounded by 565 acres of land—it is easily supervised, and many claim it is the best-maintained park in the state.

Twenty-four hour security is in force. Superintendent Glen Hutchens emphasizes Greenleaf's reputation as a safe family vacation spot—"We don't tolerate hell-raising" is the way he puts it—and park employees rightly take a sort of family pride in the facilities.

The cabins combine the rustic charm of stone and timber with the convenience of kitchens equipped with all but food (and ovens!), shower-stall/toilet enclosures and sleeping room for up to four adults.

Many hunters use Greenleaf's cabins as a base camp because the park adjoins Camp Gruber and the Cherokee Game Management Area, both popular hunting spots. For this reason, the hiking trail around the lake is officially closed during hunting season; it is best to check with the park office before venturing too close to hunting land.

Fishermen may store their boats year around in the marina, which features 40 covered stalls (and that busy beaver!). For sheer numbers of crappie, Greenleaf can't be beat, according to Field and Stream (February 1980), and Saturday bass tournaments are a summer fixture on this oldest of Oklahoma's manmade lakes. Winter visitors may also try their luck from a heated fishing dock open all year. Though the park features a swimming beach (plus a swimming pool), water skiing is prohibited. Quite a few patrons credit this ban, and the lake's low speed limit, for the good fishing and the quiet atmosphere conducive to that activity.

In a separate area of the park, church groups, Scouts or family reunions may book the group camp. Up to 165 can be accommodated in the barracks surrounding the magnificent stone lodge—even the inner walls are thick stone—built by the same WPA craftsmen who fashioned the park's cabins. Overlooking the lake from a high bluff, the lodge contains a ballroom, dining room and restaurant-sized kitchen. From any of these or from the wide terrace in back, the view of lake and tree-covered hills is spectacular.

Should visitors want a closer look at the flora and fauna, Bob Pugh, a state naturalist, was busy last summer outfitting a nature center to display whatever plants and wildlife are native to the park.

If you decide to bring your roof with you, Greenleaf provides trailer sites complete with all hookups in addition to tent pads and water pumps for the hardier visitors in winter.

Nestled in the rolling hills south of Braggs, just a dozen miles north of the Muskogee Turnpike/I-40 interchange, Greenleaf has other attractions for visitors to enjoy nearby. For the rugged in search of a challenge, there is an off-road-vehicle area six miles north. The Travis family visited the Murrell Home, an Oklahoma landmark near Tahlequah. They were also treated to a guided tour of the Webbers Falls generating plant. For young boys (and not-so-young) the mysteries of dam and powerhouse, turbines and surge tank are fascinating.

But for just getting away from it all, Greenleaf is the secret. It probably won't be as empty as the Travis family found it, so call ahead for reservations. Superintendent Hutchens also recommends checking the weather forecast; snowstorms may block roads outside the park.

With a little preparation, you'll come away from your winter weekend refreshed and ready to share some goodwill toward men. And don't worry, Baby Cute'ums will be forgotten long before these happy family memories.

BY KATHLEEN KUNZ

Kathleen Kunz is a Norman free-lance writer.
Dear Santa,

All I want for Christmas is a 16-inch BMX bike, black and shiny, with Motocross knobby tires—just like my big brother’s, only littler.

Jeffy

P.S. My grandma helped me write this.

PEDAL PUSHERS PAR EXCELLENCE

BY SHARON WRIGHT

Sharon Wright is a Stillwater free-lance writer and reporter for the Stillwater News-Press.

Like visions of sugar plums, bicycle frames dance along a highwire in Ponca City's Huffy bicycle plant. They’re gliding across an airway to the next step in turning raw materials into the stuff children’s dreams are made of.

This facility, which will have been open two years in May, boasts the latest and most efficient manufacturing techniques available. Stacks of wheel rims, frames and handlebars draw the eye irresistibly to their lip-smacking colors—candy-apple red, forever orange, lollipop, hot fudge, iced raspberry, cinnamon and champagne—all designed to make children’s mouths water and parents reach for their checkbooks.

The plant’s employees turn out the latest innovations for the Huffy Corporation, which has sliced off a generous portion of the cycle market and electrified the once ho-hum bicycle business by introducing daring design and high-dollar advertising concepts to the business of selling cyclists on Huffy bikes.

The corporation began in a sewing machine factory more than 50 years ago, when the owner’s son casually suggested building some bicycles. The resulting Huffman Manufacturing Co. plodded along at third or fourth place in the industry till the ’70s.

“At that point, we took a giant step forward to become clearly number one when we designed and introduced the Thunder Road Series of bikes,” says John Mariotti, president of the Ponca City division of Huffy. These bicycles were designed as motorcycle look-alikes, and their success thrust the company into prominence as “clearly number one,” Mariotti says. Since then, Huffy has maintained its position, he believes, “because kids’ bikes sell a lot of sizzle, and Huffy has ex-
celled in visual appeal.”

Naturally, creating eye-catching sizzle remains a top priority at Huffy. The company boasts that its line of paints is “more varied and as tough as the paint used by General Motors.” And the number of coats, application method and durable formula of those paints are top secret.

Other closely guarded aspects include advanced equipment, high-speed production techniques and even the plant’s layout, all of which are coveted and envied by other bike companies, according to Mariotti. For this reason, public tours “just can’t be worked out,” he says regretfully.

Plainly, every advantage must be seized and held tightly in this hotly competitive industry. Heavily dependent on fads for sales success, the bike business provides “a dynamic, fast-moving environment.” Moreover, like the product the company builds, Huffy attracts young, aggressive executives.

“The average age of our management in this division includes very few staff members over 40,” Mariotti points out. These young men have been lured to work for “the largest bicycle manufacturing company in the U.S.,” in a plant geared to employ a thousand people producing a million bicycles a year. The 600 employees already working will ship “8 to 10 truckloads of bicycles per day during the pre-Christmas season,” Mariotti notes, although the factory turned out its first bike only in May 1980.

Among these bikes are the stylistic and graphic innovations that succeeded the Thunder Road series with equal success. What red-blooded American boy could have resisted a bike that “looks like Smokey and the Bandit’s TransAm”? And how many tots could pass coolly by a sidewalk bike sporting the image of Snoopy or Woodstock on its frame?

But the real blockbuster this year may be “a teeny-tiny, 16-inch BMX bike which has gone bananas in the toy stores,” Mariotti says. “It surprised us some, because it’s more expensive than the rest of the 16-inch bike line. But the little kids love it, and they’ll con their parents into spending the extra $25,” he grins.

For adults, one design in particular is being marketed with great success. AeroWind, billed as “the first aero-

dynamic bicycle series,” has a flattened frame and seat, wrapped cables, “anything that will reduce wind resistance and therefore make cycling easier and more enjoyable.”

The company also manufactures bikes at a plant in Ohio (twice the size of the 10-acre Ponca City operation) and a smaller one in California. These three Huffy plants compete with other companies for the 10-million-unit U.S. bike market, in which “it is not unusual for four or five million bikes to be sold in the pre-Christmas season.”

Employees at the Ponca City factory work “hell-bent for election” from July through November, hustling to satisfy the country’s voracious appetite for cycles, a demand that Mariotti says has grown steadily since “adults discovered bikes and every shop had lines outside it in the ’70.”

Inside the plant, gleaming machinery and nimble-fingered employees work in tandem to assemble bike components and box them for shipment to hundreds of distribution points, from small stores to giant catalog and discount centers, where they are often sold under the “house” label.

Prices range from $50 to $80 for small kids’ models, from $90 to $150 for youth and adult bikes, and from $70 to $160 for BMX styles—the big category for children right now.

As a result of innovative styling and features, based on shrewd market studies and interviews, Huffy bikes usually assure a merry Christmas for the recipients. This year, particularly, Huffy officials know just how those lucky folks feel. For they received an early Christmas gift of their own when the Quaker Oats Company chose to offer 5,000 Huffy bikes as promotional prizes for its Cap’n Crunch cereals. In the accompanying publicity blitz, Mariotti reveals, Huffy bikes were pictured on “20 million boxes of cereal, on television commercials for eight weeks and in 34 million newspaper stuffers.”

And how did the company like its Christmas treat?

“We loved it,” Mariotti beams.

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Elisa Martin, 6, tries out a new Desert Rose bike in front of the Huffy plant. Photo by Paul Lefebvre.
This year, give them each a Diamond for Christmas...

...the Diamond Jubilee issue of Oklahoma Today magazine, that is. This year, for only $7, the price of a regular subscription, you can give your relatives and friends a full year of the beauty and bustle of Oklahoma — plus.

Plus a special expanded Spring issue, celebrating Oklahoma's Diamond Jubilee, three times the size of a regular issue, and chock-full of things that Oklahomans rejoice in, from downtown skylines to back roads, from the nonstop pumping of Anadarko Basin oilwells to the rustle of wind in ripening wheat.

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(Signed) Sue Carter, Editor
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(Signed) Sue Carter, Editor
Thanks to a quarter-century-old Tulsa tradition, come Christmas morning hundreds of lucky children will wake to find priceless, one-of-a-kind dolls tucked beneath their Christmas trees.

"Priceless" is no idle adjective. No better-dressed dolls could be found in town—whatever the price tag. But despite their Lilliputian finery and uniqueness, these creations carry no price tag.

For good reason.

Their new mini-moms and dads, those lucky kids, aren't so lucky every other day of the year. The youngsters are the daughters and sons of the greater Tulsa area's less fortunate families. In their world, Yuletide reveries are clouded by economic realities that can make Christmas presents impossible dreams.

For them, Santa is the Salvation Army's Dress-a-Doll Project, a community effort through which 25 different groups and 700 individual volunteers weave the fabric of the Christmas spirit stronger by sewing outfits for the Army's dolls.

The hand-dressed dolls are only part of the free toys that the Salvation Army offers the city's needy in its "toy store." But a peek inside the store confirms that they are the star attractions. "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" takes on new meaning as a Christmas carol.

Imagine a doll from your childhood and it's there—and then some. Indian braves in headdresses...cowgirls in boots...flappers festooned in fringe...a Roman Catholic nun in pristine habit.

No detail is too small to be included. A gold band encircles a bride doll's finger. A complete tool belt readies a wee carpenter for any handyman's job. Pantyhose are *de rigueur* under formal wear. And the eyes of the kimono-clad Japanese geisha have been hand-painted the proper almond shape.

By early December the dolls are ready for display in the "toy store," an early Christmas present for grateful needy parents. The preparations have been under way since July when 1,700 dolls—girls and boys, black and white—arrived at Salvation Army headquarters clothed only in panties, shoes and socks.

"Then it's time for Santa's sewing teams to get started," says Pat Seibert, a Salvation Army spokesman, noting that many Army groups across the country provide free dolls at...
Christmas, but few can compare with Tulsa's effort because all the Tulsa dolls are hand-dressed.

Who are the Santa's sewers? They range from one eager seamstress who stitched up 52 dolls in a season to a public relations man for Metropolitan Life Insurance Company who took up the challenge—without the help of his wife—even though sewing on a button was to him an awesome task.

The groups who get together to work on the dolls run the gamut from employees of the Bank of Oklahoma to nursing home residents, not to mention the Broken Arrow Chow and Chatter Society.

The common denominator is the ability to remember what it's like to look at Christmas through a child's eyes. Some are able to do so for a very special reason.

"Some of our most faithful contributors have been Tulsans who received a doll for Christmas from the Salvation Army," Mrs. Seibert says. "Now they realize that it would have been a bleak Christmas without it. And they've never forgotten."

The children are not aware, however, that their Christmas dolls and other toys are charity. Only qualifying needy parents are allowed in the store. Come Christmas morning, the toys under their children's tree came from Santa—just like those of any other Tulsa child.

But then, Santa is the spirit of Christmas, a principle whimsically expressed by one faithful volunteer doll dresser.

"I'd like to be like the wind, invisible," she fantasizes. "Then I could blow in and see the look on the faces of the little children when they see the dolls that I've dressed for them the first time."

Volunteers in the toy store help parents with their selections. One of them, Mrs. James Prout, gets a special kick out of watching mothers pick out just the right doll. She has a special reason for that satisfaction.

Mrs. Prout and her husband, retired Salvation Army Major James Prout, brought the doll program to Tulsa in 1954 when the couple arrived from Charlotte, N.C., to take charge of the Army's Tulsa unit.

The roots of the project, says Prout, who with his wife returned to Oklahoma to retire in Claremore, were practical as well as charitable. "Back in those days, we could buy a doll for 85 cents," he explains. "With volunteers doing the dressing from scraps of material, we could give away for pennies what would have cost $8 to $9 in a store."

Practicality may have been a motivating factor then, but today the high-fallutin' finery sported by the Salvation Army dolls isn't available on any store-bought dolls—at any cost.

Take the dolls dressed by Pat Seiba, a past chairman of the Bank of Oklahoma's doll effort, who's dressed as many as 20 dolls a season. She's put dolls in black-belted karate suits and patiently "Afroed" their hair. This year she mulled over the problem of hand-fashioning a pint-sized 10-gallon hat.

But her specialty is a Miss Universe doll festooned with a sash and a brocade and velvet evening gown, and kept cozy in a fur cape, muff and

By Susan Everly-Douze

Susan Everly-Douze is a writer for The Tulsa World.
hat. Whenever she has doubts about what is the most youngster-pleasin' outfit, she gets a second opinion in her own neighborhood.

"There are five or six little girls there, and the fancy doll is always the one that they like the best," she says. "So I know that some other little girl will love it to pieces."

If the doll project has a star, it's Mrs. Seibert's fellow employee, Mary Schrader, though Mrs. Schrader will dispute her star status. Her specialty is bride dolls, perfect in every detail. And, oh, those details.

The gown is a confection of bridal satin, with puffed sleeves, pearl beads and a picot edging, crowned with a veil of delicate flower-trimmed netting. Peek under the lace-edged skirt and you'll see pantyhose, panties finished off with lace and satin bows, and, of course, a blue garter. And where would a bride be without a matching bouquet and a wedding band?

"I think that this is the type of doll some little girl might like because a bride is a very glamorous figure to a child," she explains.

One of the earliest group contributors to the doll program, the Bank of Oklahoma sponsors a doll contest for its own employees. Mrs. Schrader frequently takes a blue ribbon.

Although they can't match her skills as a seamstress yet, Judy Rollins' Camp Fire Girls in Broken Arrow share Mrs. Schrader's enthusiasm for fancy dress.

"We ended up with a lot of sophisticated baby dolls," says Mrs. Rollins, who with the help of co-leader Becky Carter interested her girls in this project three years ago.

"I saw a picture in The Tulsa World of this big pile of dolls that needed clothes and cut it out to show the girls," she recalls.

The suggestion was a winner. Armed with simple cardboard patterns and scrap material, the girls turned out everything from bathing beauties to an obvious favorite, a diminutive Camp Fire Girl dressed in a perfect replica of the organization's Indian-inspired ceremonial garb.

"The project taught the girls sewing skills and reinforced the spirit of giving," Mrs. Rollins says. "They realized that at Christmas time there are a lot of children who aren't as fortunate as they are, and they felt good about what they were doing."

For sheer on-the-job experience, however, no one could compete with the four retired dressmakers and tailors at Southern Hills Retirement Center. Their dolls, every stitch done by hand, represent more than 200 years of professional sewing experience.

For these senior citizens, the high point of the project was a trip to downtown Tulsa's Williams Center Forum to see their handiwork displayed on a new Tulsa tradition, the Doll Tree.

Since 1979, beginning Thanksgiving weekend, the dolls are displayed for a week on the 13-foot tree for all Tulsans to enjoy. Sponsored and attended by the Daughters of the American Revolution, the tree takes four women eight hours to decorate. The Bank of Oklahoma puts on a similar display.

"You wouldn't believe the interest in the tree," Mrs. Seibert says. "The ladies come downtown especially to see their own dolls, and you really can see their eyes light up when they spot them."

But Santa's sewers aren't the only ones who get excited.

Take the toddler who stood staring at the bank's doll display while her mother waited in a teller's line. She stared and she stared. Finally she rushed forward, grabbed a doll and kept on running—until she was intercepted by a bank employee.

Other admirers are equally ardent, but more sophisticated. One businessman had to have the bride doll for his grandbaby and was willing to pay $200. And he isn't alone. Attorneys and stockbrokers tell volunteer tree watchers, "I'll pay any price for some of those dolls. They're prettier than anything in the stores."

The volunteers agree. They are prettier. But they're not for sale.

For Santa's sewers, the only price tag is love.
When you hear the name of the town called Erick, what comes to mind? Ranching? The oil boom in the Anadarko Basin? Roger Miller? An exit sign on Interstate 40? Nothing at all?

The next time you hear the name Erick, or read it on an I-40 exit sign, think “candles.” The little town may be a long way from the North Pole, but chances are that if you find a dazzling handcrafted candle for that special someone on your Christmas list this year, it will come from Max Candle Company, just off the interstate... in Erick. And according to Olin and Maxine Wilhelm—who own and operate not only the candle company, but Wilhelm Honey Farm as well—every day is Christmas.

I never know when one Christmas rush ends and another begins,” Maxine says, dark eyes twinkling with good humor.

“We make each decorative candle individually and handpack all our holiday honey-and-cheese
CANDLE FACTORY
By Sheila Samples

Sheila Samples is a Lawton free-lance writer.

By Sheila Samples

The Wilhelms, married for 40 years, readily admit that their "business life" began with, and is dependent upon, their millions of bees. "It all just seemed to happen, to fall into place," Olin says shyly. "That is, things just happen to me, but Maxine grabs hold and makes a lot of other things happen—usually to the entire community."

According to Olin, he never expected to do anything but farm the homestead that’s been in his family since his grandfather obtained the original “patent” for it.

“We raised mostly alfalfa and clover,” he says, “and my dad always had three or four hives of bees around to pollinate the crops. I kept up the practice until about 20 years ago I realized that the only things that were making a profit were the bees. . . .”

It started from there. With $8,000 and 35 beehives, the Wilhelms were in the honey business. Maxine used the beeswax from the honeycombs to make candles for her own use.

“Then,” Olin recalls fondly, “she branched out to make candles for family members. The neighbors raved about her creations, so she made some for them, too. The next thing we knew, people were coming here from all over, not just for honey, but demanding candles as well.”

Candlemaking has come a long way since pioneer women bent over bubbling vats of tallow and, after hours of laborious and repeated dippings, came up with enough tapers to light their prairie homes. Maxine admits she did plenty of hand-dipping, too, before discovering the six mammoth Italian-made molds last March that now mass-produce the Max votive.

Each mold holds 22 pounds of wax, and Maxine says that five people working full-time could make 1,500 candles an hour. Because of the volume of candles manufactured, she no longer uses beeswax, but has turned to petroleum oil, which is perfect for
the slow-burning votive.

"It didn't come overnight," she admits. "We've had almost insurmountable problems, not only with candle formulas, but with the machinery itself. The molds had been sitting in an open cow shed for six years. Even the rust had rusted—it was solid."

Getting the rust off became a community project, and Maxine says people would call or stop by with suggestions at all hours of the day and night. "We used everything from naval jelly to naptha gasoline," she laughs. "We stripped it down to the bare metal, but it took three weeks just to get the plate off the top of the wicking machine."

"Olin gave up," Maxine says, "but I just couldn't. I didn't know how to clean it, to work it or anything. But I knew if I could get the machine to running, I really had something. The wicking machine alone was worth the time it took. We could never, never produce the number of candles we're making now if we had to put a wick in each one by hand."

Once the molds were running, the Wilhelms faced the problem of the proper formula for the quality of candles they wanted to produce. "There's no 'recipe' for a good candle," Maxine says, "and, of course, we couldn't ask anyone, because our competition wasn't going to rush in and help us. So it was just trial and error—kind of a pinch here and a dash there—until we came up with a wotive that we could be proud of."

Max candle formulas are, according to Olin, "pert-near perfect" now, and things are looking up for the Wilhelms. They ship candles each week to Colorado, Louisiana— even Florida — and one of their largest ac-

_counts is the nationally known chain of candle stores called Wicks N Sticks, which produces all its own candles, with one exception—the Max votive. Max's familiar windmill logo, which is taken from a functioning windmill at the honey farm, is seen regularly at markets in Dallas, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. Olin says the windmill was built by his father more than 50 years ago and has been running steadily since. The Wilhelms obviously haven't heard the predictions of financial counselors, business consultants or even other small businessmen who assert with deadly finality that the era of the small family-operated business is over and done with.

But Olin and Maxine insist that they're "small" by choice. "We're just farmers," Maxine says. "We're not trying to be anything else . . . ."

The business may be small, but Maxine and Olin are as busy as their bees. In fact, their future looks so bright that entrepreneurs in cement mall-jungles glutted with high-rent franchises would do well to take a closer look at what's going on out in that little southwestern Oklahoma town.

They'd see that rural America's business is booming.

Olin and Maxine Wilhelm prepare for Christmas year-round with their candlemaking machine. They designed their popular King-of-the-Road candle, p. 25, to honor the well-known singer Roger Miller, a native of Erick. Photos by Fred Marvel.
Perhaps the largest cast bronze sculpture in the world dominates the entrance to the newly opened City of Faith Medical and Research Center in Tulsa. People call this 60-foot monument "The Healing Hands."

At the formal dedication in November, Oral Roberts told of a message he received from God in 1977 directing him to build this complex, which is located just south of the Oral Roberts University campus. The plan it provided included the statue at the entrance.

"The Hands represent the hand of the physician using the natural forces of God's earth and his skill, and the hand of the prayer partner offering the prayer of faith," says Roberts, who is a television evangelist and ORU president.

Thus, the right hand represents the power of prayer; the left, medical skill. Roberts hopes the sculpture will serve as an inspiration to all those who pass, whether patients, visitors, or staff—a powerful reminder of the joint nature of the concept of healing practiced within the center.

The massive sculpture began in the mind of Oral Roberts. But transforming such a concept from idea to reality offered major problems.

First of all, it called for financing. Here a Florida couple, Diane and Herbert Brown, entered the scene. Grateful for spiritual aid from Roberts after their son was critically injured in an auto crash, they volunteered to pay for The Hands. Total cost has not been disclosed.

Next came the challenge of finding a sculptor with the creative craftsmanship, artistry and experience necessary to bring the majestic monument into being.

The man chosen was Oklahoma City's Leonard McMurry. Born on a cotton farm near Memphis, Texas, McMurry had dreamed from earliest childhood of becoming an artist. Copying comic strips and calendars was a beginning. But formal education in the arts was limited in Texas, so he took mechanical engineering courses instead. In his spare time he tried his hand at sculpture. His persistence was so great that he finally succeeded in studying under such master sculptors as Carl C. Mose at Washington University in St. Louis and Ivan Mestrovic at Syracuse.

"It was a long road," McMurry smilingly admits today. "I hadn't even seen good sculpture until I went to the Texas Centennial in 1936. When Professor Mose finally sent me to visit the Art Institute in Chicago—well, it was almost more than I could handle."

Out of it all came crucial lessons. "The most important factor, for a sculptor, is soul," McMurry explains. "The deep meaning behind any work must be firmly in your mind before you start. After that, character, proportion, composition, specialized techniques and so on are incorporated to give the piece proper monumental quality."

That McMurry applies these principles with a master's skill to his own efforts is obvious from his success. Since coming to Oklahoma in 1955, he has executed such commissions as Oklahoma City's 89er Monument, the Air Force Monument and Oklahoma City University's Eternal Challenge Monument. He also restored the famous End of the Trail Monument for the National Cowboy Hall of Fame after the work's arrival from California, and he created the gigantic Buffalo Bill Cody Monument (three times life-size and the largest equestrian statue in the Western Hemisphere) that overlooks the highway at the hall.

Hundreds of busts and statues bear-
ing his imprint have won places in institutions ranging from Oklahoma City's Omniplex to the University of Oklahoma Law School, from the Oklahoma Heritage House to the Indian Hall of Fame at Anadarko. His religious sculpture includes such notable pieces as The Descent from the Cross, The Prodigal Son and The Temptation.

Last month McMurry was inducted into the Oklahoma Hall of Fame. Presenting his citation was Pablo Osio, general director of the Fundicion Artistica, the foundry in which the statue was cast.

McMurry began his work on The Healing Hands with sketches based on photographs of Oral Roberts' own hands in a characteristic pose, with fingers touching.

But Oral Roberts felt his hands were too old to convey his concept properly. So when McMurry moved to the next step—life-size, three-dimensional clay representations—he chose a neighbor, Gary Mitchell, as model. From beginning to end, he strove for accuracy—veins, muscles, wrinkles, every detail.

After meeting with Oral Roberts, McMurry cast the clay sculpture that had been selected in plaster.

Next he journeyed south to Mexico City and Fundicion Artistica, a bronze foundry famous for the renderings of works of heroic size and one of the few capable of handling an artistic project of this magnitude. There he created a six-foot version of the statue-to-be.

Representatives of Oral Roberts checked the result and gave their approval. Only then did work on the actual 60-foot monument begin.

Because of its size, McMurry divided The Healing Hands into six major horizontal sections. Each of these sections was subdivided into pieces—about 450 of them—that could be cast easily.

A mold was then constructed for each piece. Molten bronze was poured into each mold with careful attention to such factors as curvature, intricacy of design, temperature and the like.
Great care was necessary because even small deviations could add up to large problems when all the pieces were finally assembled for the first time in Tulsa.

The finished casts varied in size from six to eight feet long and four to five feet wide. Frequently they were so heavy that four or more men were needed to carry the cast from the mold. Each cast was numbered and stacked so they could be fitted together later with minimum confusion.

But this was only the beginning. Small pieces next were welded into larger segments, and a patina—that is, a film formed on the metal by treatment with acids—added.

Months of efforts went into the casting and welding. Finally, all sections were completed and loaded onto giant trucks. Total weight was 60,000 pounds...30 tons. A lengthy convoy, the trucks moved north.

In Tulsa, unloading presented yet another challenge. Cranes had to be hired to hoist the segments of statue into place. Scaffolding was constructed to brace the pieces until a 10-man crew of workmen from the foundry could weld them in position under the direction of Francisco Peralta, the Mexican engineer in charge of assembly.

Inside the arms—each as big as a room—a stabilizing framework of angle iron anchored in concrete was welded to hold the statue against the onslaught of Oklahoma winds.

The welding process took three months. Last February the scaffolding was removed, and Oral Roberts came to inspect the finished monument.

It proved to be not the happiest of moments. Roberts felt the seams that marked the welding were far too visible. He refused to OK the project.

Once again, a team from Mexico came to Oklahoma. The statue was refinished. This time Roberts approved. At long last, almost three years after the original contract was let, the Healing Hands stood towering above the City of Faith's entrance, at once a monumental testimonial to Oral Roberts' conviction that the power of prayer has a role to play in any healing process, and to Leonard McMurry's vision and skill as artist and sculptor.

Massive, gigantic, well-nigh overwhelming in its impact, the statue never fails to impress the visitors from throughout the nation and the world who come to view it. Truly, The Healing Hands today stands as one of Oklahoma's most impressive works of art.
The excitement is beginning to build as communities and individuals throughout the state make plans to celebrate Oklahoma’s 75th birthday during 1982. In addition to having a good time, I hope each of you gets involved enough to realize how much has been accomplished in our first 75 years. It’s just amazing!

One of the best ways to get the "big picture" of the state’s advancement is to visit the new permanent gallery just opened by the Oklahoma Historical Society across from the State Capitol.

Called "75 Years of Statehood," the State Museum gallery includes an area for each decade beginning with 1905 to 1909 and continues through the 1970s. A gasoline pump, a Model-T car, a TV camera and Owen Garriott’s spacesuit mark progress in the appropriate time periods. Each area includes photographs of the era’s governors and their major achievements. Radios from the ’20s, ’30s and ’40s play news events from these decades, and a television shows ’50s events. Mannequins model fashions from each period, and the proper American and Oklahoma flags hang from the ceiling.

And are we pleased! Photographs from Oklahoma Today show off the state’s scenic beauty in the 1970s area. It’s too early to place the events of that period in historical perspective.

Of course, when Diamond Jubilee is mentioned, the Oklahoma Today staff begins to brag about our own special 75th birthday issue, which will come out March 1. Although we will visit families and places that have been here since before statehood, the major emphasis is on what’s current today in aviation, the oil boom, architecture, music and theater, recreation, sports and other topics. About 25 stories will sample the infinite variety of life in Oklahoma, from the southeast to the panhandle, and from the southwest to the northeast.

Three times larger than usual, the Diamond Jubilee issue will also have much more of the superb full-color photography that our readers have long enjoyed. It promises to be our best issue ever.

An intimate, personal glimpse into how seven of the top American artists work and why they work that way will premiere Jan. 25 nationally on PBS stations. The Profile in American Art series is only the third show ever produced by OETA to be shown nationally, but it is expected to be a special event across the country.

That it will be aired in prime time—9 p.m. CST—is a tribute to the quality of the series. William G. Kerr of Oklahoma City is executive producer. The filmmakers are Kenneth Meyer, formerly with the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, and his wife, Claudia, who was an OU student.

Each of the shows permits the viewer to "look over the shoulder" of an artist as he paints his specialty. Filming was done on location in Kenya, England, China and Mexico as well as from San Francisco to Boston. One artist, Wilson Hurley, was born in Tulsa and is the son of former Secretary of War Patrick Hurley. A landscapist who paints the Grand Canyon, Hurley is scheduled for a show at Gilcrease Institute in Tulsa this winter. Another artist, Conradchwanzki, who paints the Grand Teton Mountains, will have a show at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in December. All of the artists do realistic work, but their subjects vary from African animals to seascapes.

Art seems to be flourishing in Oklahoma this year. The same Leonard McMurry who was responsible for The Healing Hands recently dedicated at the City of Faith in Tulsa, and described in a story beginning on page 28, also was inducted into the Oklahoma Hall of Fame in November.

Sculptor McMurry is designing bronze busts of each of Oklahoma’s past governors for a permanent project of the Diamond Jubilee Commission. The bust of our first governor, Charles N. Haskell, was unveiled in September. When completed, all 22 of the head and shoulder sculptures will be placed permanently on exhibit in the rotunda of the State Capitol.

Another truly impressive sculpture was just unveiled at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. The sight of four cowboys with guns and quirts raised, whooping and hollering on horseback as they emerge, is breathtaking.

Jane and Franco Vianello have done a masterful job with their heroic size bronze statue of Frederick Remington’s famous sculpture, "Coming Through The Rye." The new statue is 18 feet tall with the original sculpture 28 inches high.

First-day issue ceremonies of a commemorative postage stamp honoring Remington and featuring the statue were combined with the dedication at the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Our own personal dilemma—art wise—was in choosing which American Indian paintings to feature in this issue of Oklahoma Today. Oklahoma has so many outstanding Indian artists, many of whom are better known in New Mexico, New York and Europe than in their own home state. We could easily fill a year’s worth of Oklahoma Today pages with these home-grown masterpieces.

We finally selected paintings exhibited during the Five Civilized Tribes Museum Masters show in Muskogee, always an outstanding show.

LETTERS

Editor:

The arrival of your magazine always gives me a great deal of pleasure. There is so much about Oklahoma that most people aren't even aware of, even her native sons and daughters.

We recently visited southwestern Oklahoma, around Lawton, and were absolutely amazed. I had always heard that western Oklahoma was very, very flat. Yet, the countryside was so beautiful, like something out of the Old West.

We "discovered" Medicine Park, as charming a spot as I've ever seen anywhere; Fort Sill—so rich in history, definitely not "just another army base," the little town of Apache, with its striking outdoor murals, and the enchantment of the dances at the Anadarko Plains Indian Exposition.

We always take our copy of Oklahoma Travel Handbook by Kent Ruth, whenever we visit.

Keep writing about Oklahoma. The entire state is a national treasure.

Louise Jensen
Austin, TX

Editor:

Although it has been many years since I lived in Oklahoma, I am still an Oklahoman at heart.

I have been an Oklahoma Today subscriber since the second issue. My collection, starting with the March, April 1956 edition, is complete except...
Editor:
I have a collection of all the copies of Oklahoma Today from the first issue to today. Since I am having to clear out closets, I am wondering if anyone would like to buy this complete collection, and what the price offered might be. I would appreciate any information you might give me, or if you do not know of anyone interested, you might put a note in your "Letters" column.

Betty Thomas
Rt. 4, Box 4946
Boerne, TX 78006

Editor:
Just a note to tell you we all enjoy reading and looking at the lovely magazine of Oklahoma Today. I am writing to inquire if you provide binders to keep back issues and present issues of this nice magazine. If so, what is the price? This keeps them so nice and we can put them on shelves in a bookcase or library.

I appreciate your dates in the back of the magazine of your Entertainment Calendar.

Gladys E. Renfro
Hooker, OK

Editor's Note: Arrangements are being made to provide Oklahoma Today binders. Information for ordering the binders will be announced in the next issue.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Oklahoma Memories, edited by Anne Hodges Morgan and Rennard Strickland; Univ. of Okla. Press; $16.95, cloth; $8.95, paper. Contained in this volume are 27 remembrances of Oklahoma lives and times, told not by historians but by the people who lived through and made history. Included are the memories of a man born into slavery in Indian Territory in 1852—and the story of the Katz Drug Store sit-in more than a century later. One voice tells how the amenities were observed and preserved in frontier Wood-ward; another speaks with bitterness of the so-called "Green Corn Rebellion" and what Oklahoma’s brush with socialism did to his life.

The reader hears from Perle Mesta, whose father built Oklahoma City’s opulent Skirvin Hotel, and from Ethel C. Krepps, who remembers her Kiowa grandparents and the uneasy path they walked between the red and white worlds. There are reminiscences of the Dust Bowl, the 45th Division, the oil booms, the land runs, the coming of the railroads and more. The book ends with some of our newest immigrants’ impressions of Oklahoma today.

As the editors say in their introduction, “These memories confirm... that in Oklahoma the truth is both stranger and more interesting than the fiction that often passes for history.”

Guide to Oklahoma Museums by David C. Hunt; Univ. of Okla. Press; $17.50, cloth; $9.95, paper. Hunt, a former curator of art at Tulsa’s Gilcrease Institute, has compiled a comprehensive list of Oklahoma’s nearly 150 museums, historic sites and zoological parks.

Included are names nearly everyone will recognize: the Gilcrease, the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, Indian City and so on. But the book also lists less well-known museums and other points of interest: the Eliza Cruece Hall Doll Museum in Ardmore, the Western Trails Museum in Clinton, the Tom Mix Museum in Dewey, the Elk City Old Town Museum, the Fort Towson Historic Site, the Dripp- ing Springs Horse-Drawn Vehicle Museum near Kansas, Sequoyah’s Cabin near Sallisaw, the Jim Thorpe Home in Yale and many, many more.

Entries in the guide are listed alphabetically by city or town and contain information about each museum or site, including addresses and locational directions, descriptions of exhibits and admissions information. Both a general index and a cross-reference index are included to help readers find collections in specific categories. Maps show locations of museums throughout the state.

In his introduction, Hunt says, “For those who would really get to know Oklahoma, a visit to its museums is in order. They are open to everyone, and well worth the experience.” This book is proof both of the richness of Oklahoma’s heritage and of Oklahomans’ pride in that heritage.

Will Rogers’ Weekly Articles, Vol. 3, The Coolidge Years: 1927-1929, edited by James M. Smallwood and Steven K. Gragert; Okla. State Univ. Press; $19.95, is the newest installment in the series, “The Writings of Will Rogers.” This volume offers another helping of the pointed but humane wit of Rogers’ newspaper columns. He comments on Coolidge and Mussolini, on Lindbergh and Sacco and Vanzetti, on Alice Mary Robertson and Aimee Semple McPherson, on Herbert Hoover and “Babe” Ruth. Through his eyes we can see the people and the events that preoccupied Americans as the country slid toward that Black Thursday in October (this volume ends with a column that was first published on March 10, 1929).

Again and again, Rogers mentions two of his great loves: airplanes and Oklahoma. He uses his home state almost as a symbol, embodying what he considered the quintessential American character—sensible and honest and good at heart.

The Object of My Affection by Pinky Tomlin, with Lynette Wert; Univ. of Okla. Press; $12.50. The autumn of 1934 was hardly the most auspicious time for a red-haired Oklahoma farm boy to be heading to California in a Model A to seek his fortune. But Durant-raised musician Pinky Tomlin did more than just make it to Hollywood. The day after he arrived he sold his first song, the memorable “The Object Of My Affection.” That night he sang it at the Biltmore Bowl—billed as “The Oklahoma Flash.”

This autobiography traces Tomlin’s life from his early days in Bryan County and his sojourn at Oklahoma University, where he supported himself by playing in a dance band called the Boomer Band, to his Hollywood years, when he wrote such hits as “What’s The Reason I’m Not Plesing You” and “The Trouble With Me Is You,” made 14 films and started his own big band, and on to the present day.

When he tired of touring, Tomlin turned to geology, his minor at OU, and became a successful oilman. Today he and his Ponca City-reared wife, Joanne Alcorn Tomlin, live in Beverly Hills; he is the owner-operator of Pinky Tomlin Co., Oil Properties, and is still active as a performer.
STAR OF WONDER
In the Middle Ages artisans celebrated the mystery of Christ's birth with stained-glass nativity scenes installed in great cathedrals. Today in Kirkpatrick Planetarium in Oklahoma City they celebrate the birth with all the multimedia effects of a star projector, taped music and narration and a hundred slide projectors all controlled by a computer.

"The method is different, but the objective is the same," says John Wharton, planetarium director. "And that's to create a sense of wonder which reminds people what the star really means—peace on earth, good will to men."

The planetarium's annual Christmas show, "Star of Wonder," runs from November 27 through December 27 in Kirkpatrick Center, 2100 N.E. 52nd St. The center houses the Omniplex Science Museum, which, as any visitor knows, is usually a bedlam of children's voices shouting and laughing as they play hundreds of scientific games and puzzles. The whine of the engines operating the games adds a shrill hullabaloo. From that racket you file into the dark and quiet of the planetarium's circular room and dome and are taken back 2,000 years to Judea as it was at the time of Christ's birth.

The dome is a black sky filled with stars and planets as they appeared then. Panoramic scenes of ancient Judea surround you. The slide projectors flash out a barrage of images illustrating the story.

"No one knows when early man first took notice of the awesome beauty of the night sky," the narrator intones. "He watched the cycle of the stars and seasons, and grouped the stars into crude drawings of creatures and heroes. Today, we still gaze in wonder at the stars. And, with the coming of the Christmas season, we wonder about one star in particular—a star that is said to have signaled a series of events that resulted in one of the most profound changes in the thinking of mankind that the world has ever known."

For centuries there have been attempts to explain the star of Bethlehem in scientific terms. Since the first planetarium was built in 1923, the Christmas show has become a popular tradition in them. Kirkpatrick's presentation follows firmly in that tradition.

The show's narrator suggests that the star probably wasn't an explosion of light as is often the legend today. It was mentioned only once in the Bible, in the Gospel of St. Matthew, and it was seen only by the Magi, astrologers from Persia whose business it was to watch the stars and to make prophecies from them. There's no indication that the star was a comet or a supernova; it was probably a subtle change in the stars that only astrologers would notice.

The best scientific guess, the narrator explains, is that the star of Bethlehem was the combined brightness of Jupiter and Saturn. Once every 20 years, to an earth viewer, the two planets seem to merge together. And once every 250 years, due to the relative speeds of the Earth, the planets of Jupiter and Saturn seem to merge three times in a row. Such a rare triple conjunction occurred between May 29 and Sept. 29, 7 B.C.

"Our system of counting years suggests that Jesus was born in the year zero," the narrator says. "This, however, is not the case. Biblical scholars and historians tell us that Jesus was, in fact, born earlier."

From the best historical computation, King Herod of Judea died in the late winter of 4 B.C., and the Bible says that Christ was born while Herod was king. Mary and Joseph came to Bethlehem at the time of Jesus's birth to be taxed and counted, and such a taxation was decreed in Rome in 7 B.C. Historians set the spring of 6 B.C. as Jesus's likely birthdate.

The Bible says Jesus was born while the shepherds were in the fields watching over their flocks. It wouldn't have been in December, a cold rainy season in Judea, but more likely in the spring during the lambing season. Several hundred years later Christians began celebrating Christ's birth in December, to blend in with the Roman holiday of Saturnalia.

Much of this is supposition, the narrator says, for the true nature of the star has been lost in history. "In the final analysis, however, the important fact is not what the star of Bethlehem was, but what it symbolizes, an event which has affected the hearts of people around the world, an event which has changed the course of mankind for all time."

At the show's ending, the stars fade and four great stained-glass nativity scenes flash against the dome, as though linking the program with the work of those earlier artisans who also tried to explain the unexplainable with hard, unyielding materials.

"Comment from the public has been very good," says Wharton, who wrote the Christmas show several years ago.

The planetarium presents four new shows a year. The Christmas show is the only one that's repeated, and it is the only one whose, ending usually brings spontaneous applause. It's been so popular that Wharton is toying with the idea of doing a Genesis show, recounting the different stories of how the universe was created, showing the differences and similarities in scientific beliefs and the beliefs of major religions of the world.

The planetarium, though it tackles serious subjects, is first of all entertainment. It entertains by exploring...
the puzzles and paradoxes of science. The star projector is its star performer—and Kirkpatrick has a brand-new $100,000 one—which can show the stars and planets as they appeared last night, 50 years ago or 2,000 years ago. The planetarium is a sky simulator that deliberately evokes those obscure feelings of the infinity of space and our own mortality that we get while watching the stars on a summer night.

“Sometimes we try to evoke that and sometimes it just happens,” Wharton says. “We have a black dome on which we project the whole universe. The statistics themselves will do it: The best guess is there are 100 billion galaxies in the universe, each containing 100 billion stars, the most distant galaxy 14 billion light years away, and astronomers still haven’t seen to the edge of the universe. It’s humbling to learn that we live on one of nine planets going around an average star, that we live on one small, very insignificant planet.”

He adds, “We can stand in awe of the universe and yet learn from it. Anybody who studies the sky knows that one thing sets man apart from other animals: We always want to learn more; we always want to explore. There’s no better way to explore than to study the stars. Anybody can do it—you don’t need an astrophysics degree. You only have to walk outside at night.”

Hands-on exhibits fascinate children as well as adults at Omniplex Museum, which surrounds the oval-shaped planetarium. In one exhibit, a knob controls forced air that holds a ball in the air. In others, a boy pedals a bike to generate sufficient RPMs to turn on a light bulb, while another activates an electric arc. A maze to climb through and a gyro interest these girls, while a friend looks through a submarine’s periscope. Photos by Paul Lefebvre.
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February
1-28 Gene Dougherty Paintings. Governor's Gallery.
State Capitol, Oklahoma City
7-Mar 2 D.J. Laton Exhibit. Arts Place II, Oklahoma City
26-May 19 "Coming of Age." Kirkpatrick Center, Oklahoma City
27-Mar 28 Young Talent in Oklahoma. Okla Art Center, Oklahoma City
Okla Art Center, Oklahoma City

March
7-30 Michi Susan Exhibit. Arts Place II, Oklahoma City

Rodeos & Horse Events
December
46 "Beauty & The Beast." Lincoln Plaza & Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City
5-13 National Finals Rodeo, Myriad, Oklahoma City
7-8, 10-11 Horse Farm Tour, Oklahoma City
17-19 Sunbelt Cutting Horse Futurity, Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City
27 Jan 1 American Quarter Horse Show, Expo Square, Tulsa

January
18-25 International Finals Rodeo. Assembly Center, Tulsa

Hunting Seasons

Birds
Dec 1-Mar 4 Crow
Dec 1-27 Wild Turkey
Dec 1-Feb 15 Quail
Dec 1-31 Pheasant

Game
Dec 1-Mar 1 Cottontail, Swamp & Jack Rabbit
Dec 1-31 Deer
Dec 1-Jan 1 Squirrel

Special Events
December
Nov 27-Dec 27 Star of Wonder." Kirkpatrick Planetarium, Oklahoma City
2-6 Boores Heade Feast, NESU, Tahlequah
9-12 6 Old Fashioned Christmas. Elk City
21-Mar 19 "Winter Nights." Kirkpatrick Planetarium, Oklahoma City

March
5-7 OK Arts & Crafts Festival. Expo Square, Tulsa
29-Apr 3 Indian Heritage Week. NESU, Tahlequah

"A Christmas Carol"
Oklahoma Theatre Center unwraps its Christmas present to the state on Dec. 10, when it begins its third annual production of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol."
Scrooge driving up to his name and Tiny Tim blessing us every one Dec. 10-13, and again Dec. 17-20, at 400 W. Sheridan in Oklahoma City.

In keeping with the season, the center plans some Christmas bonuses for children. Certain performances will feature special ticket prices for kids, and one performance will be done in conjunction with the Marine Corps' Toys for Tots drive. More information on these special events can be had by calling the box office, (405) 239-7333.

Horse Farm Tour
Every December Oklahoma goes even a little more horse-crazy than usual when the National Finals Rodeo comes to Oklahoma City.
The Oklahoma Horse Council's Horse Farm Tour, held in conjunction with the rodeo, introduces out-of-staters and natives to some of Oklahoma's finest horses, and the people who own and train them, right where they live.

Four tours are offered on Dec. 7, 8, 10 and 11. On Monday, Dec. 7, the tour will head west to Sayre to the famous Merrick Ranches. Three other stops will be made, including Elk City's Beutler Brothers Rodeo Hall and Old-Town Museum. The other three tours will visit farms in El Reno, Purcell, Edmond, Norman, Wynnewood and Blanchard.

Benton's Bentons
It's not all that often you get a glimpse into the private collection of a major artist, but that's just what will be offered when Benton's Bentons opens at the Oklahoma Art Center on Dec. 13.
The exhibit contains some 75 works by Thomas Hart Benton that remained with the artist and his wife until their deaths.

The center is hosting a flurry of special events to celebrate the show's stay in Oklahoma City, Dec. 13 through Jan. 17. Two lectures are planned as well as a free concert by the traditional country music band Country Gazette. A string of nontime movies on American themes will play: "The Grapes of Wrath," "Boomtown," "Fury," the 1939 versions of both "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" and Benton's own "The Sources of Country Music." Check with the center at (405) 946-4477 for dates and times.

A very active tour schedule is also planned, for both school and adult groups. Tour times are Tues.-Fri., at 10:30 a.m. and 12:30 p.m. Call Michael Sandin at the center for tour information and reservations.

All tours leave Oklahoma City's Sheraton Century Center at 8 a.m. and return at approximately 5 p.m. the same day. Costs are $40 for the Monday tour and $30 for the other three. Lunch is provided.
For more information, call Kay Pirtle, tour director, at (405) 329-0453.

Benton's Bentons