Continual unrest over the face of the globe and an Earth Satellite.

Now more than ever the prayer for peace customary to this time of year has deep and even hungry meaning to the peoples of this earth.

We thank the Father of us all that He has honored Oklahoma by allowing two of this nation's great programs to build a true and lasting peace -- Point Four and World Neighbors -- to find their beginnings here.

We urge every Oklahoman to read of these beginnings, and of what Oklahomans are continuing to do in this most vital work of all. (See "Where To O.S.U." and "World Neighbors.")

This publication certainly hasn't a penny to spare, but we feel the least we can do to aid the cause of world understanding is to make this special offer. If you have friends overseas you'd like to send this issue to, we'll absorb the overseas mailing costs, and also for all overseas subscriptions received through January 20, 1958.

Please consult the back page of this issue for details.

Editor
IN THIS ISSUE

... READ!

WHERE TO, OSU?

The story of Oklahoma's remarkable pioneer, by a remarkable modern Oklahoman, Stillwater's law officer-author, Glenn Shirley...

GARY-STEINBECK LETTERS

What we Okies overlooked the first time around in Steinbeck's classic "The Grapes of Wrath"

CIRCUS STATE

Associated Press writer Ray Shaw tells how world peace gets a big boost from world minded Oklahomans

world neighbors

COLOR SECTION

Full-color reproductions of four paintings from the Semi-Centennial Exposition, by Oklahoma artists — an "Oklahoma Today" first

SAGEBRUSH ARTIST

The heart-warming story of Augusta J. C. Metcalfe, pioneer woman rancher, whom many say is today's greatest living western artist. By "Country Boy" columnist Roy Stewart

HALLS OF IBA

Stillwater sports wit Otis Wile reminisces about the lighter side of basketball in the "Iba League"
Things are happening in Stillwater. Lately a barrage of highly unusual news items has driven this fact home to most Oklahomans. Things like a change in name for the town's 65-year-old A&M College to Oklahoma State University. The arrival of the Southwest's first college-owned electronic computer. The naming of Frontiers of Science Foundation director Dr. Robert MacVicar as new vice-president. The arrival of a $100,000 Atomic Reactor. And the school's long-sought acceptance to the Big Seven athletic conference—a final topper which brought over 100,000 alumni to their feet, cheering.

But after the cheering died, there were those who must have wondered what was going on. What sort of animal was the beloved old "cow college" getting set to breed, under this strange new name of O.S.U.?

Something with antenna for horns, transistors for teeth, and loaded to the gills with baby Atom Bombs?

The fact is the changes are all merely a matter of catching up in name to what has been going on at A&M for many years. And what they're getting set to breed is nothing less than a future of peace, prosperity and abundance for Oklahomans and the peoples of this earth to even outstrip the dreams of Jules Verne.

THE MEN

Significantly, this visionary development is under the guidance of a trio of realists who definitely have their feet on the ground. In fact, their roots are about as firmly set in the good, mother reality of the soil as is humanly possible.

Dr. Oliver Willham, president of O.S.U.; and his two vice-presidents, Dr. Al Darlow, Dean of Agriculture, and Dr. Robert MacVicar, Dean of Academic Affairs, are all three farmbred. All three are Oklahoma A&M graduates. All three are nationally and internationally recognized for their contributions to the field of agricultural science: Willham, in education; Darlow, in livestock; MacVicar, animal and plant biochemistry.

It is also significant that the "team" concept is more than just a word with O.S.U.'s three top men. Dr. Willham, a large, extremely thoughtful and friendly man, breathes a rare, hurried atmosphere of selfless devotion to some great cause which seems to set the tone of endeavor for all his associates. Dr. Darlow, a man of ripe wisdom and wit, and Dr. MacVicar—young, brilliant, former Rhodes Scholar—complete the picture of three men who respect each other, complement each other, work comfortably together.

Here are some observations and their views as to the remarkable things going on at O.S.U., and the even more remarkable things that lie ahead.

First, the name change. The key word here is "university." According to Dr. Willham, because of its size and scope of studies, particularly in graduate work, A&M "college" has actually been a "university" for many years. The change was merely to make the name fit the fact.

You just don't have a college any more when your annual enrollment hovers close to 14,000, and you're offering undergraduate degrees in 73 major fields, master's in 51, and doctorates in 19 areas!

THE PROBLEM

But behind the surface lies a much more profound change, a vast sociological change which has been developing over the past 150 years—with a very real bread and butter meaning for every Oklahoman.

This is the change from an agricultural to an industrial economy, and this is where the real story of what is happening at O.S.U. lies.

The turn of the century was highlighted for A&M college by the acquisition of a steam traction engine, forerunner of today's farm tractor. In the years that followed, through teaching facilities, farm research work and an extension service that fostered the state's outstanding 4-H Club achievements, A&M rose to prominence as one of the nation's, of late years even the world's, top agri-
N Blue Hawk Peak, at the west edge of Pawnee, stands a monument to Oklahoma's fabulous past.

It is a huge bungalow of rough, buff-colored stone, held together with red cement the color of Oklahoma soil and roofed with red tile. Its hardwood interior, selected from the rarest and most expensive mahogany, is arranged so that the spacious rooms are thrown together with nothing but open arches, pillars, fretwork and portieres to obstruct the vision. The windows, of the finest imported beveled glass, reach to the floor.

It stands furnished as the day of its completion in December, 1910, the living room rugged with Oriental weavings and an occasional monster bear, buffalo, or lion skin; its furniture leathered in red and brown to harmonize with the dark, precious woods; a monster open fireplace with solid bronze andirons and mantel; drop chandeliers of diamond cut glass; and gold stained frieze creeping up to an old Dutch ceiling. Fourteen rooms in all, with walls decorated with the most appropriate hangings and portraits.

For thirty-five years this was the home of Pawnee Bill, cowboy, scout, hunter, Indian leader and soldier, ranchman. From the porch, you can gaze over what was once a
ranch of two thousand acres. A Pawnee council house, covered with earth and sod three feet deep, with several lodges and teepees of the tribe, lent the remaining touches of pioneer color needed.

If you look hard across the Oklahoma prairie, you can imagine scenes once visible only to his view—the Cherokee Strip and No Man’s Land, then unsettled areas with Indians, cowboys and riffraff of the frontier.

No other Oklahoman was ever more a part of it than Pawnee Bill.

Even in his last years, time that had whitened his hair had not dimmed the piercing grey eyes nor the spirit of this old frontiersman. The year before his death he still presented a lithe, immaculate figure in buckskins and wide sombrero. With his long hair touching his shoulders, he still was that picturesque character who, in a varied lifetime, had been a deciding factor in the settlement of our state.

Pawnee Bill—equally well known by his real name, Major Gordon W. Lillie—was an authentic part of the West. An Indian teacher, an adopted member of the Pawnee tribe and their White Chief, one of the men who saved the American bison from extinction, a partner of Buffalo Bill in the greatest Wild West-circus combina-

tion in the history of entertainment, the last leader of the Oklahoma Boomers and a builder of his state, are the achievements that won him a prominent place in history.

Gordon W. Lillie was born in Bloomington, Illinois, February 14, 1860. His father was a miller, and when the mill burned in the early ’70s, the elder Lillie salvaged what machinery he could and moved to Wellington, on the Kansas frontier.

A miller’s existence was too dull for the adventurous young Lillie. He rode up the cattle trails to Wichita. Later, he joined the outfit of “Trapper Tom” McClain, who was killing buffalo for their hides, and trapping other fur-bearing animals in Western Oklahoma and the Texas panhandle.

After a year of trapper’s life Lillie entered the government service at the Pawnee Agency as interpreter and schoolteacher to the tribe. He interested himself in the affairs of the Pawnees, and retained their confidence all his life.

In 1883, Colonel William F. Cody hired Lillie to accompany a group of Pawnees traveling with his Wild West show. Lillie remained with Buffalo Bill two years, resigning to form his own organization.

Continued on Page 31
Honorble Raymond Gary,
My dear Governor Gary:

A newspaper clipping has been
sent me mentioning your kind words. My most bitter
critics have always been people who had not read
my work. I think a close scrutiny of the Grapes
of Wrath will show that I denounced dust and poverty,
greed and selfishness but never the Okies I knew
and worked with and travelled with. I found them
strong, intelligent, fine loyal people. They
had suffered deeply in a terrible and perplexing
time, but they never lost their nerve and never
gave up. They were among the best people I ever
knew and they are still my friends.

And it may interest you, sir, to
know that in California where they settled,
they and their children have become respected
and valued and valuable citizens.

It pleases me that a canard has
finally been removed by you. I do not withdraw
one word I said then—but times have changed
and it does seem to me that our responsibility toward
one another has also changed—and for the better.
What happened then, cannot happen again. I
thank you for contributing to that fact.
Yours very sincerely,

John Steinbeck

I am not in exile, just travelling as a
newspaper man. But I should like
very much to accept your invitation sometime

---

THE OTHER PIONEER WOMAN

This statue, by the great American sculptor
Mahonri Young, was one of eleven runners-up in the pioneer
woman statue competition in 1926. The winning entry by Bryant
Baker is today’s famous Pioneer Woman Statue in Ponca City. Young’s
statue, Jo Davidson’s and the other nine now repose in Bartlesville’s
Woolaroc Museum. Photo courtesy Gareth Muchmore and Claude
Braudrick, Ponca City.

Mr. John Steinbeck
Viking Press, Incorporated
625 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Steinbeck:

It was pleasing to hear from you and I know
the people of Oklahoma will be happy to learn of your
comments regarding the Okies you knew and wrote about.

There has been much misunderstanding, in
Oklahoma as elsewhere, about the “Grapes of Wrath.”
As you suggest, much of this misunderstanding has been
among people who were told by someone else that their
pride had been injured. They accepted someone else’s
judgment, rather than reading your book.

Perhaps this little flurry of publicity will
cause more of them to go to the source for their infor-
mation. I hope it will also cause you to pay us a
return visit when convenient.

I think you will be amazed to see the general
prosperity and progress which the energetic counter-
parts of the Joads have produced in today’s Oklahoma.

Sincerely,

Raymond Gary
Governor

May 27, 1957

PAGE SIX
broad, bare feet moved quickly and deftly over the floor.

Her thin, steel-gray hair was gathered in a sparse wispy knot at the back of her head. Strong, freckled arms were bare to the elbow, and her hands were chubby and delicate, like those of a plump little girl. She looked out into the sunshine. Her full face was not soft; it was controlled, kindly. Her hazel eyes seemed to have experienced all possible tragedy and to have mounted pain and suffering like steps into a high calm and a superhuman understanding. She seemed to know, to accept, to welcome her position, the citadel of the family, the strong place that could not be taken. And since old Tom and the children could not know hurt or fear unless she acknowledged hurt and fear, she had practiced denying them in herself. And since, when a joyful thing happened, they looked to see whether joy was on her, it was her habit to build up laughter out of inadequate materials. But better than joy was calm. Imperturbability could be depended upon. And from her great and humble position in the family she had taken dignity and a clean calm beauty. From her position as healer, her hands had grown sure and cool and quiet; from her position as arbiter she had become as remote and faultless in judgment as a goddess. She seemed to know that if she swayed the family shook, and if she ever really deeply wavered or despaired the family would fall, the family will to function would be gone.

She looked out into the sunny yard, at the dark figure of a

MA JOAD
This page from Grapes of Wrath is reproduced with the permission of John Steinbeck, author, and the Viking Press, publisher. The description of Ma Joad is considered one of the finest tributes to motherhood in modern literature.
climate and congenial communities have made Oklahoma the nation's...

CIRCUS STATE

By Bill Burchardt
PHOTOS BY AUTHOR
As the last brown leaves drift from branches winter barren, several caravans, that look completely out-of-season, come drifting down Oklahoma highways. They appear somewhat frayed; trucks with chipped red paint and tarnished gilt; tired people driving autos towing mud spattered trailers. But they won’t look that way long.

A few days later a car driving down an Oklahoma highway will screech to a sudden halt—back up for a second look—sure enough, there among the roadside blackjacks is a herd of camels. The kids in the car are jumping up and down by now, and mom and dad are talking excitedly themselves, for Oklahoma’s winter-quartered circuses are home for four months of re-painting, training new acts, sewing new costumes, rehearsing, preparing to hit the road again come April.

There are four circuses winter-quartered in Oklahoma. The Al G. Kelly and Miller Bros. Circus, and the Tex Carson Circus are at Hugo. The Clyde Bros. Circus, and the Hagen Bros. Circus are at Edmond.

Asked why they choose Oklahoma, the owners come up with reasons similar to those offered by other industries moving here; a usually moderate climate, lack of labor troubles, friendly people, reasonable taxes. Another, and important to the circus reason, Oklahoma farmers ask reasonable prices for hay and grain.

Circus menageries include an amazing variety of beasts; hippopotami, elephants, camels, giraffes, lions, tigers, bears, monkeys, apes, llamas, and, of course horses and ponies. You name the beast, wild or domestic, from aardvark to zebra, and one of Oklahoma’s winter-quartered circuses likely has it.

That means a lot of hay, grain, and meat to provide the best of care. For these animals are stars, not only of the circus, but also of Hollywood, and television. The Kelly-Miller Circus elephant herd was used in Cecil B. DeMille’s The Ten Commandments.

The Hagen Circus elephants starred in the Jackie Gleason Show last spring. Scenes from Around the World in Eighty Days were filmed in the Wichita Mountain Wildlife Refuge, using native Oklahoma bison, and later the circuses’ camels. Animal acts from the Clyde Bros. Circus have appeared on Ed Sullivan hour, and on the Saturday morning television show Big Top.

Circus Fans of America Association members visit Hugo and Edmond often during the winter for pictures, souvenirs, and just to hob-nob with circus folks. You are welcome to visit too, but when you do, keep in mind that you are on private property, not in a public zoo.

A winter-quartered circus is a working establishment and should be accorded the same courtesy as any manufacturing plant, private farm, or business house you might visit during working hours.

Here the circus is without the glamour, colorful costumes, bright lights, grease paint, and glitter of a summer performance. You’ll find acres of huge trucks and transports in traditional circus colors, some newly painted, some being painted. In the canvas barn, tents are being repaired.

In the wood and metal shops folding seats are being overhauled. In some of the animal barns acts are apt to be rehearsing. The quarters will seem cramped for there is no room for an audience, just a single ring where acts may be broken-in and trained.

Wild animals are not housed to protect the viewer as they are in the zoo. They are housed strictly for their own protection, in heated barns where tropical beasts not equipped by nature to withstand the wintry blasts of January and February can be sheltered.

But on sunny days you are apt to find a herd of from half-a-dozen to twenty elephants chained along roadside grass, or camels grazing a green hillside pasture luxuriant with grass, a far contrast from their native Sahara desert.

Continued on Page 30
An Oklahoma-founded organization is helping those in need around the world in a “county-agent” sort of way. People in 2,000 villages in India, the Philippines, Egypt, and Ethiopia are being taught to help themselves. World Neighbors, Inc., is capitalizing on what it calls the normal attitude of destitute people anywhere—“teach me how” rather than “give me.”

Here is how World Neighbors spends its money: Sixty adults can be taught to read for $25. A community center and library can be established for $100. A six-months training course for 10 agriculture extension workers can be given for $1,000.

World Neighbors, which now has “neighbors” who support it in 23 states, was started in Oklahoma seven years ago following a sermon by Dr. John L. Peters, then professor of religion at Oklahoma City University.

Peters, a tall, friendly man, is astonished at the sermon’s results. However, he takes no credit for himself. John Peters says World Neighbors was God-inspired.

The goal of the organization is to establish village training centers among the 11½ billion rural people of the free world to teach them new methods in agriculture, sanitation, hygiene, maternal and child care, and village industry.

In short, it’s a “Point Four” program, except supported and administered by private individuals.

World Neighbors members—anyone who contributes—range into the thousands, from school children to millionaires. Oklahoma continues to be a stronghold for the program, because “Oklahomans have a natural urge to help others,” says Dr. W. S. Harmon, Southwest Regional director.

Sponsors include Pearl S. Buck, Eddie Cantor, Norman Vincent Peale on the national scene. Among the Oklahomans are Guy H. James, W. Beverly Osborne and former Oklahoma City school superintendent J. Chester Swanson, all three directors. It has been jeered at by Communists, and praised by presidents.

The idea for World Neighbors actually came on a swamplike Philippines battlefield during World War II. Peters, then an army chaplain, recalls that he was near the front of an infantry column one day as it advanced through swampy jungle.

A young GI from Tennessee ran to catch up with the chaplain.

Smiling, the teenager held out a letter. It was from the boy’s draft board, telling him that he had been granted a deferment because he was needed on the family farm.

Continued on Page 30
CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS

"This picture is the first of fourteen pastels I recently completed depicting the Stations of the Cross. This is the traditional series in painting or sculpture found in most Catholic churches throughout the world, which portray the sufferings of Christ from the time of His condemnation by Pilate through the Crucifixion and Burial.

"Traditionally these are portrayed with full-length figures. My thought in concentrating on the face of Christ throughout the series was to provide a fresher approach to this ageless material... I feel that in reaction to what might be termed the "old hat" school of religious painting, some modernists have gone to the other extreme and lost touch with reality. Since it remains my belief that all art, and particularly religious art, must communicate, it seems to me the solution lies in the "middle ground," neither one extreme or the other, and this is the approach I take to my own work."

FR. WELCH

Rev. John L. Welch, pastor of St. Francis of Assis, Newkirk, is a past president of the Catholic Art Association. His work has been exhibited at the International Exposition of Modern Sacred Art, Rome, Italy, at the Philbrook Art Center, Oklahoma Art Center, Benedictine Heights College, Mundelen Seminary, and in traveling exhibits over the United States.

Rev. Welch holds the A. B. degree from Loyola University, has studied at the Chicago Art Institute and, for the priesthood, at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis. His designs of church interiors, vestments, altars, chalices, croziers, and other objects used in Catholic devotion have received wide attention.

OCTOBER AFTERNOON

"It was an October afternoon, a very lovely one. I had driven through McCloud sometime earlier, observing this scene, and experiencing a desire to paint it.

The trees were bright with Autumn foliage, and the grouping of trees, houses, and the white church steeple made an interesting pattern. I feel that Oklahoma has many definitely paintable scenes — the light, color, the sky are all excellent.

This little church in McCloud has since burned, and been replaced by a modern structure."

Miss Gene Stone is a native Oklahoman, her grandfather an 89'er who took residence in Oklahoma City on its natal day. She is a member of the Association of Oklahoma Artists, and is secretary-treasurer of the Oklahoma Association of Conservative Artists.

She has studied at the Chicago Art Institute, and with Oklahoma artists Helen Lorenz and Richard Goetz. While "October Afternoon" is a landscape, Miss Stone also has an interest and specializes in portrait painting.
"I stubbornly hold fast to the theory that a painting should be beautiful, whether it be a lovely landscape that has delighted us or an abstract pattern of fine color harmonies and proportions. I personally love beautiful scenery so much that my objective is to try to preserve the happiness that a beautiful scene has given me. I try to work out a fine pattern of color, line, and value, not putting in anything haphazard, but studying every line of the composition.

I may suddenly see something near at home, or along a highway that would make a fine composition—an exciting contrast of dark and light. This was the case in the Tin Barn—just off the highway between Union City and Binger. There it stood, just a plain old tin barn standing in a clearing. But the afternoon sun was glinting on its roof, and behind it in deep shadow, the red cliffs of one of the small, but colorful canyons that run from Hinton through that region gave dramatic contrast and stark simplicity. The cattle, grazing peacefully, put life and interest into the scene. It was everything needed for a picture.

We should paint more of Oklahoma scenery. To do this, we need to know more of Oklahoma, and we need to get out and see more of Oklahoma."

In line with her philosophy of art, Dorothy Ash is a charter member of the Oklahoma Association of Conservative Artists. She holds the B.F.A. degree from Texas State College for Women in Denton, and has done graduate work in art on the Pacific coast.

Her "Tin Barn" reproduced here won First Prize in the Conservative Art Division of the Oklahoma Artists' Association show in 1955. With her enthusiasm for Oklahoma landscapes, Dorothy hopes sometime to paint the giant cypress in southeastern Oklahoma near Beavers Bend State Park.
Is this pioneer woman rancher America's greatest living western artist?

SAGEBRUSH ARTIST

BY ROY P. STEWART
"Country Boy" columnist

In these years of range wandering we've learned pretty well how to identify both scrub calves and human phonies.

That is why we enjoy talking about a real person, one who has a genuine, God-given but untutored talent to share with others; one who has faced unflinchingly the heat and blizzards of both nature and circumstance, when it seemed often they were combined in awesome alliance; yet one who still can laugh at the jokes life plays on life.

Such a person is Augusta J. C. Metcalfe, who ranches on a section of sage and shinnery near the Antelope hills of Roger Mills county, who at 76 still can ride either a side or stock saddle on a frisky horse and who, to make a simple but unequivocal statement, is one of the great western artists of all time.

In her work there is no question of looking at a daub of color and wondering what the artist had in mind. Her horses and cattle are real animals—her homestead scenes as close to nature as a chip fire by a chuck wagon—or a soddy dug into a red earth hill.

She has known, and been a part of, a great portion of our early Oklahoma history in her hard earned, well carried years. She knew life in the wild, turbulent area called No Man's Land before it became The Panhandle. She lived in dugout, sod house and cottonwood planked cabin, almost since the time Little Raven and his braves stopped wintering along the Upper Washita.

She ranched alone from the time her son was 2½ years old, and cared for him until he could make a hand. There wasn't anything about ranch life she didn't know or couldn't do—from finding a newborn calf in the shinnery to castrating and branding calves—to cutting out yearlings for market.

One remarkable thing about Mrs. Metcalfe is that her hands, with their shaped and honorably earned roughness, which one would think long ago became insensitive from shaping a loop or stringing fence, could hold a brush steadily enough to put fine detail into an authentic and accurate painting of western life.

It is those details, drawn by hands that knew the same work which they now paint, in the scenic backgrounds against which they are painted, that make Mrs. Metcalfe's work so outstanding. An artist, being a creative and imaginative soul, can be allowed a little leeway. But
she doesn't use any more of it than she would allow free rein to an unbroken gelding on a frosty morning.

As Charley Russell was the pictorial historian of his days and his times in Montana, so Mrs. Metcalfe has put on canvas bits of our own saga, which has many points in common not only with settlement of the southwest, but with all range life in the greater west—combining one of the most colorful epochs in our American historical heritage.

She has one painting where, against a backdrop of broken hills, beautiful in their bleakness, cattle are coming down to a night bedding ground, the leaders milling around at gentle urging of cowboys.

At the moment of this almost photographic painting, one rider has seen a steer break away and his horse, stung by a quirt, has both forefeet off the ground as he prepares to spring in pursuit. Off to one side, in the distance, the chuck wagon and remuda can be seen as smoke curls up from a fire.

The painting reproduced on the cover, and on pages 18 and 19, of this magazine, shows a broad sweep of space where sunset streaks across equally red outcropped sandstone of distant hills. The chuck wagon has stopped for the night on roundup or trail drive. The weather is dry and hot because the canvas cover is off and wagon bows stand up like thin ribs.

The lid of the chuck box on the wagon tailgate has been dropped to form a table where the cook mixes dough. Harness of the four horse hitch is thrown over the wagon tongue, divided by pairs. The horses themselves, forefeet hobbled as you can tell by position of their feet, eat grain from nosebags. The wrangler's saddle horse, tied to the breeze, stands wearily on three legs with head down as the wrangler builds a fire from dead limbs he has dragged up with his saddle rope from a creek somewhere in the flat.

Mrs. Metcalfe's homestead paintings—laid in typical scenes of the western country, where man's quest for land led him to break sod which never should have felt a plow and showed as much by the pitiful return from cultivation—are starkly realistic.

There is the inevitable soddy that impoverished first settlers used because of scarcity and price of sawn lumber;

Continued on Page 22
THE FIDDLER
by
BILL BURCHARDT

An old man's fiddle, wild and lone,
Tells tales that shiver your spine;
   Of a coyote's lost howl
   And the cry of wild geese
Over desolate blackjack and pine;
   Of gamblers, gun killers
   And a cowboy's red blood
On a dusty street far from home.
The soul of the West
Is a fiddle hoedown,
An old fiddler . . . all alone.

FRANK EATON OF PERKINS

Frank Eaton, "Pistol Pete", is the tradition of the "Old West" in living fact. Better known for his guns than for his fiddle, and for the yarns he spins about frontier violence in Oklahoma's early days, he operates one of the last remaining blacksmith shops in the state at Perkins.

Now ninety-seven, Frank is in shooting distance of his 100th birthday, which he is determined to see. When he was eight years old, Frank saw his father shot to death by cattle rustlers. As soon as he was old enough to handle a Colt's .45, Frank hit the revenge trail and stayed with it until the five outlaws, and a few sidekicks who had thrown in with them along the way, were dead.

"Pistol Pete" Eaton's braided hair, grizzled face, boots, and six-shooters have long been a trademark of the 89er's Day Celebration held each April 22nd at Guthrie, and many other frontier Jay events over the state.

PHOTO BY JESSE BREWER
SAGEBRUSH ARTIST  Continued from Page 17

the nester’s frail wagon with its hoop-slipped water barrel, because he hasn’t had time or energy to dig a well; the poor man’s mixed team of mare and mule in “poverty” harness without breeching, carrying hames and collar about their ears as they seek scanty grass; the homesteader himself, sitting on his heels resting, or talking to a friend who has ridden up on an unsaddled work horse, wearing a buggy harness bridle, while his bonneted wife either cuts wood or totes water up the slope to the soddy.

To us, that is real art because it so painstakingly and faithfully tells what this land, its people and their activities were, even in the days of our own youth. In years, that is so short a time. Yet historically, and in connection with origin and development of our culture, it spans such a tremendous gap. More than that, her paintings are a visual record of that era which cannot be preserved any other way.

This gentle, somewhat shy woman, came to the new, raw lands here in 1886 from Philadelphia, making the long overland trek by wagon with her family as a child of four. She drew her first horse at the end of that trip. From 1886 to 1893 they lived in what is now Beaver county, then part of that unclaimed country which was a haunt of men on the dodge, and where an honest man had only that which he could get and hold.

When the Cheyenne-Arapaho country was opened in 1893 the family moved near Cheyenne. Both parents homesteaded a quarter section and later Augusta did also. From girlhood most of the work and management was hers. Her marriage did little to alter that until her son, Howard, was old enough to help. The war cut into their lives too. With the flair for things mechanical gained through necessity and improvisation by Oklahoma farm and ranch youth, he was a volunteer air force mechanic in the Pacific.

Augusta, busy with her paintings, which could only be done between chores of caring for a small beef cattle herd, milking more than a dozen cows for that cash cream money, tending some chickens and riding fence—still took time to write rebus letters to Howard which were a highlight of his squadron on mail call. Everyone got a kick trying to figure out her message from inked or water colored symbols.

Her paintings have been displayed at a number of shows. Most of them are possessed by southwesterners who can see the story they portray; smell the sweat and singed hair; hear a calf bawl or the crack of stirrup leather; feel the heat and share the fear of animals fleeing a prairie fire. Hers is a great talent and her work a lasting contribution to our culture. We’re awfully glad she passed this way.

ELEPHANTS

These two elephants are part of a herd of 24 at the Al. G. Kelly & Miller Bros. Circus winter quarters near Hugo. It is not uncommon for Hugo to welcome its traveling circuses home each autumn with a whopperoo of a community-wide party, in which Hugo folks put on the acts, make up as clowns, trapeze artists, concessioners. Then, come April, another parade, all-day and most of the night party for a send-off, just to express their best wishes for a good season on the road.

PHOTO BY JESSE BREWER
OKLAHOMA WINTER

The color picture has as its ancestor the color lithographs of those great early American printmakers, Currier & Ives. Somehow the stylized accents of Barney Hillerman's fine picture of Oklahoma winter seems closer in spirit to its venerable ancestry in Currier & Ives than most.

Something in its very composition, with the diminishing line of trees, on the Oklahoma City Golf and Country Club golf course, in the background; in the caught motion of boys playing with their sleds in the wintry white of the icy ground holds that nostalgic part that betokens past pleasures, youthful joys.

It isn't easy to take a picture like this in Oklahoma. The snow and ice storms of winter often infrequent, and brief in duration. Even at their height, the atmosphere seldom holds that bitter blue chill so apparent in pictures made farther north. Winter in Oklahoma is short, a refreshing and enlivening respite to prevent the monotony that is inevitable in one-season, tropical climates.

PHOTO BY BARNEY HILLERMAN
fellows like ol' two towels Kurland are mighty welcome in the...

HALLS OF IBA

BY OTIS WILE

OU may recall the chap who was being belabored for wasting so much time fishing. He answered the censure with the bland reply that he “didn’t fish all the time; only when he came to a stream.”

That’s how it is with Oklahoma State University’s basketball boys. Occasionally some long-suffering State alumnus wants to know how come the Cowpokes don’t whip the Sooners in football anymore “instead of all you wanna do is play basketball all the time!”

That’s how stories get started. The Cowboys only play basketball when they come across a basketball season. And furthermore, the rakish, gallavantin’ Cowpokes at Stillwater will tell you, they don’t intend to hang back when it comes to meeting the Sooners in football either. This season’s dismal upsets prove that any football team can be beat!

So now comes basketball season again and memory goes wandering, sampling the sweets of ancient triumphs while one wonders if Coach Henry Iba, in his 24th season at Oklahoma State and long since a national tradition in basketball, will have a contender again. We refer to them as “ancient triumphs” because a decade is a long time ago to a brash undergraduate of today. Actually, all the extended Iba era at Stillwater seems like yesterday to Oklahoma fans who have lived through it.

One weeps with Charles (Bud) Wilkinson all autumn as he conjurs dread images of next Saturday’s foe and gloomily pronounces the Sooner football team inadequate to cope. And one listens to the brave words of Clifton Speegle as he urges Oklahoma State’s gridmen to be ready when their day comes to make OU falter on the gridiron. Then the autumn ends, and while waiting for the bowl appearance of the Sooners, one wonders if “old Hank Iby,” as they usually pronounce the name in Oklahoma’s smaller consolidated school gymnasiums, will come up with another barn burner on the basketball circuit.

There have been 638 basketball games played by the Cowboys of OSU since the winter of 1934-35 when the tall, young blond from Easton, Mo., hit the Stillwater campus and called his first Cowboy varsity onto the rickety floor of the old gym, long since replaced by glittering Gallagher fieldhouse, sometimes called “the Halls of Iba.”

In the process of winning two national championships, 14 conference championships and assorted other honors, 486 of the aforementioned games were won. Unless State has what old-timers sometimes call a blackberry winter, Iba’s round-ballers will push past the 500 mark in games won during his tenure this winter. You have to shuck pretty fast to get that much corn in the bin in 23 basketball seasons.

As a lad, Iba was intrigued back at the hamlet of Easton by the conductor on the evening train to St. Joseph
when he chanted: "Easton station, Rosedale, Savannah and St. Joe." Iba wondered what lay beyond St Joe. He was to find out. But there were never to be any basic changes in the blond, country boy from the Missouri hills. Standing on the station platform in Buffalo in 1943, after a game there with Niagara university, with New York’s Madison Square Garden and a victory there over City College of New York to be the next stop, the big guy said, half to himself, “Drop off that packer of store ice cream for the Rexall Drug, Clarence, and let’s get out of here—Easton, Rosedale, Savannah and St. Joe . . . Aboard!”

The Iby boy was going to town.

Iba had the fabulous Robert Albert Kurland along that trip. Bob was a freshman in 1943, the first of what has become a long line of 7-foot cagers in the nation. New York was waiting for the giant from Oklahoma, and this writer, who had been gently exploiting the fact that Kurland stood 7 feet in his basketball socks, proudly presented the towering lad to some 20 photographers and a group of sports writers at the first workout in New York.

Kurland’s wit was as sharp as his straight-A grades at Oklahoma State, and he loved a practical joke. When the interviews and the posing were over, Associated Press writer Hughie Fullerton posed one more question. "When," he asked Kurland, "did you reach the height of 7 feet, at what age?" "Oh," Kurland replied, cutting his eyes in my direction, "I’m not 7 feet, only 6-10 or so." That took some explaining. An official measurement was required. "Guess I am 7 when I straighten up," Kurland finally admitted.

Kurland sometimes was dubbed "Foothills" Kurland because of his ample feet and overall dimensions, but the best nickname was given him by a New York youngster who hustled towels and did odd jobs at a gym near the Garden where teams often worked out ahead of games. "Here’s a towel for each youse guys," he said in the dressing room, "and two for Old Two-Towels Kurland."

A high tide of Iba basketball came in New York in March of 1945 and the national championship swells still were running in the spring of 1946. The Cowboys were champions both years and the National Collegiate Athletic Association’s finals were always held in Madison Square Garden in those days. The titles won projected Oklahoma into the national sports limelight as never before. Another thing was going for Oklahoma in those fabulous years.

"Oklahoma!" was playing the St. James theater in New York, a wonderfully light, yet heroic musical, full of whimsical, nostalgic bits and picturesque beyond words. Critics remarked that "Oklahoma!" might play for some time. It did that. It swept the nation and isn’t through yet. But the pride in Oklahoma State basketball players’ breasts when they hit New York to win the national championship from North Carolina in March of 1946 might be summed up in the remark of a New York taxi driver. Hacking the Cowpokes from Grand Central to their hotel, he noted the Oklahoma insignia on the duffle bags. "Wot’s wit this Oklahoma?" he says. "I read where they win the Sugar bowl football game. Every night I haul a housefull over to the St. James to see some comedy named the same, and now I read where Oscar Fraley says in the paper Oklahoma will easy win the Garden game tonight in basketball." (He got a fine tip).

But "Two-Towels" Kurland had his troubles. Remember years of World War II and how clothing and other essentials were in short supply? Kurland was president of the Student association with one of his duties to preside at the Sugar bowl celebration, a city-wide affair. The day of the celebration, which was to be held in the fieldhouse, dawned warm and balmy, and Kurland was frantically seeking his sister, Ellen, at the Chi Omega house. She was out.

Kurland explained: "You hear about the clothes shortage? You think it’s hard to buy a suit? You should have my size in pants!" Cautiously removing his top coat, Kurland pointed to an embarrassing rip in the trousers he was wearing. "I gotta find Mary Ellen to get these sewed up n’else I gotta wear my top coat to class the rest of the semester and at the party tonight." He sighed, "I sure get tired of the prof saying, ‘Mr. Kurland, take off your overcoat and stay awhile!’"

Well, as we were saving, that’s sports life in the Iba League, in this sports-lover’s paradise known as Oklahoma.
Where to OSU? Continued from Page 3

cultural schools.
This was fine for many years, but then came the 30's and A&M found itself busy turning out agricultural specialists with the job outlook for farm graduates in the home state steadily going down.

There was a need, a tremendous need, for this skill over the world at large; but because of many factors—more and more machinery, higher and higher crop yields per acre—it was steadily taking fewer and fewer farmers to grow the food and fiber needed by the people of the cities.

The result was that Oklahoma, with an economy predominantly based on agriculture, was swiftly becoming an exporter of people to other states.

"We saw it coming in the 30's," Dr. Willham says, "but we failed to educate for industrialization. We failed as a state to advertise and bring enough industries in, and develop enough of our own."

THE ANSWER

What is happening today at O.S.U. is the answer of the state's traditional "people's college" to the problem of keeping Oklahoma's most valuable resource, its well-schooled young people, here at home—to build the home state, rather than continue to swell the wealth of the nation's large industrial areas on both coasts.

Actually, the O.S.U. "answer" has been operating effectively for many years, ever since the early 40's. At the same time, the state as a whole, under the impetus of World War II and the inland move of industry, has been moving rapidly in this direction.

But what the people of Oklahoma are witnessing today at O.S.U. is the phenomena of a university making a deliberate leap into the future.

That is the meaning of O.S.U.'s new $100,000 atomic reactor. Its new electronic computer valued at close to a quarter million dollars. Its program of scientific research currently employing 370 scientists working on 375 projects, supported by a budget of over $1/2 million dollars!

That is why the electronics laboratory for the Oklahoma State Research Foundation, with a half-million dollars in contracts this year, is busy turning out the "brains" for all the Aerobee guided missiles fired from the White Sands proving ground in New Mexico.

(Not, as you might think, to set up bigger and better explosions, but instead to explore the earth's upper air. The O.S.U. lab is actually very actively engaged, along with 12 other universities across the nation, in working out some of the roughest problems yet remaining in making the flight to the moon!)

NEW INDUSTRY

What does all this mean to the cause of industrialization in Oklahoma? Just this. The industries of a future which is nearing more rapidly than most of us realize will be powered by the atom and controlled by electronics.

"We will create a pool of highly-trained specialists and technical manpower," Dr. MacVicar says. "Many will wish to stay here and develop their own industries. Outside industry will come into Oklahoma to take advantage of the services of many more."

Already many Oklahoma industries are making use of O.S.U.'s extensive research facilities. And the university's branch in Okmulgee, O.S.U. Tech—an amazing story in itself too long to explore here—is already recognized as one of the nation's outstanding technical schools. State industries ranging from cement plants to precision tools now draw a majority of their top skilled technicians from this school.

But beyond these brief examples, Dr. MacVicar feels Oklahoma's greatest opportunity lies in the "creation of a new kind of industrial society." More of this later. First it would be well to answer the question of what's to become of the farmer.

Amid all this talk of science and industry, is he destined to become Oklahoma's forgotten man?

TOMORROW'S FARMER

Not according to O.S.U.'s three top planners. In fact, all three see his role as one of vastly increasing importance.

"The farms will grow bigger, and there will be fewer farmers in relation to the total population," Dr. Darlow says. "But for this very reason, he will be more important. Right now every farmer has eight other people dependent on him. That's eight people who don't get fed if he can't do his job. Project those figures in terms of a national population that's supposed to double before the turn of the century, and you can see how important the individual farmer is going to be."

With so many dependent on so few, Dr. Darlow feels tomorrow's farmer must be increasingly better educated, and the need for the university's huge agricultural research and service program will grow ever more vital to the well-being of farm and city dweller alike.

Actually, "farmer" is a term all three find falling more and more behind the times, like the old "A&M" label for O.S.U. They also feel casting of the farmer as one thing and the industrialist as another is an increasingly false comparison.

"We talk of an industrial revolution, but the change is much broader than that. Agriculture itself has undergone a drastic revolution," Dr. Willham says. "There's not much difference today between running a farm and running a factory. Farming has become a very exacting industry, and today's farmer is a fullfledged industrialist."

The Oklahoma State Research Foundation's radia-
tions and radioisotopes lab is a good example of how both farm and factory feed off the same parent, science—and are in reality merely the right and left arms of the one body, called industry.

Chief use for the lab's radioisotopes is in tracing the flow of nutrients through plant and animal bodies—which winds up, in down to earth terms, in more and better food for your table.

**WAR OR PEACE?**

This is a matter which concerns Dr. Oliver Willham greatly. The fact that today there are millions of hungry people on this earth—and hungry people breed war.

Why is O.S.U. spending so much time developing a college in far-off Ethiopia? Why are top O.S.U. personnel shuttling back and forth between here and Pakistan like Manhattan commuters?

The basic reason is simply to prevent war—the one, big atom-powered holocaust that would make totally meaningless industry for Oklahoma, the future of the farmer, practically anything else you can think of.

The story of O.S.U. is filled with amazing facets, but this is perhaps the most amazing—and least understood—of all.

It started following World War II, when former A&M College president, the late Dr. Henry G. Bennet, was requested by the government to survey Germany and develop plans for rebuilding this wrecked nation. His work there led to his better known appointment as Point Four Plan Director. Later came the request from Emperor Haile Selassie for technical aid in rebuilding the wrecked economy Italy left behind in Ethiopia. In 1952, Oklahoma's A&M College helped found the Imperial Ethiopian College of Agricultural and Mechanical Arts—and for the past six years have operated this college in far off North Africa practically as a branch division out of Stillwater, Oklahoma!

Their goal has been to train enough native technicians and educators for the Ethiopians to take over entirely, or more simply stated, to “help them help themselves.”

The Point Four and Ford Foundation “self-help” programs in Pakistan have similarly been loaded with top O.S.U. specialists since the late 40's, chief among them former A&M vice-president Dr. Randall T. Klemme.

Significant within this total picture is the fact that Klemme, Dr. Bennett's chief aid in the development of Point Four, the Ethiopian venture and later director of Ford's work in Pakistan, now heads Oklahoma's new Commerce & Industry Department.

This overseas work started as a humanitarian gesture, and still remains so to a great extent. But O.S.U. has rapidly learned the truth of the scriptural “Cast your bread upon the water and it shall return to you a thousand-fold.” They have learned that peace is only meaningful to people who have nothing to gain by war. They have learned that true friendship between the peoples of this earth can only come when the “have-nots” are given the opportunity to learn the modern technical skills they need to become “haves.”

The down-to-earth immediate benefits to the folks back home are further pointed up by Dr. Willham in this way.

“We must improve international trade to take care of our present surpluses. These people cannot afford to trade with us at present. By helping them build their economies we are creating wealth overseas so they may trade with us on a more equal footing, and good trade links will provide a solid basis for long-term friendships and greater understanding.”

From tomorrow for the world it's a short jump—O.S.U. style—back to tomorrow for the university itself and Oklahoma.

**OKLAHOMA TOMORROW**

Here's what the Drs. Willham, Darlow and MacVicar see for a target date around these parts of, say, 1980.

An O.S.U. with enrollment more than doubled to 23,000; famed for its teachings and work in basic science, basic research (“We must concentrate on the basics. The world is changing too rapidly, applied techniques are going out of date too fast,” says Dr. MacVicar); an institution that in Dr. Willham's terms, will be “taking education right out to the man on the job,” through closed-circuit TV and airborne instructors who, like the circuit rider of old, will teach in as many as five different cities over the state within one week.

For the state as a whole, Dr. Darlow says Oklahomans will be eating better foods—and for no more, possibly less than they pay now. Thanks also to agricultural research and training, farmers, though fewer in number, will be wealthier and their industry more stable.

As for industrialization, Dr. MacVicar believes that by 1980 Oklahoma will have created “a new kind of industrial society,” known for these qualities:

High standard of living. “Everything is most favorable here for the development of industries demanding a high quality of personal skills, which bring the greatest monetary return to the individual worker.”

Beauty of surroundings. “We have the advantage of building fresh, with modern planning from the beginning, and we have clean fuels. We can build without the smog of Los Angeles, the drab stretches of row houses of Baltimore, or the pall of Detroit or Chicago.”

This, then, is O.S.U., a unique institution serving, as one of their favorite unofficial slogans puts it, “Oklahoma, the nation, and the world.”
Exotic beasts like llamas or gnus observe you calmly, from the same type of pens in which you are accustomed to find calves or chickens. A disgruntled male lion is roaring his displeasure because Leo in the cage next to him has a girl-friend while he must remain a lonely bachelor.

A gigantic hippo grazing contentedly about a barnyard like some huge hog... but stand clear; these are wild beasts, not farmyard pets. That hippo is apt to lunge and knock you down. She weighs 4000 pounds and doesn't have to deliver much of a body blow to injure you seriously.

Most of the folks you find on a circus winter lot are not performers. Performers are in and out. When they are out, they are making appearances on television or other indoor shows about the country. When they are in, they live in often sumptuously equipped trailers, parked among the trucks that transport the show in summer.

These trucks are an amazing show in themselves. Great wardrobe trucks that become dressing tents in short moments by opening out the sides to form roof and floor, adding walls of canvas. Trucks that include a huge water tank, a section for tent stakes, another for side poles, and at the rear an automatic stake driver.

This truck can circle a tent site, unload poles, place and drive stakes, combining into one what was three tasks for the old, railroad circus. Kitchen trucks are modernized, motorized chuckwagons.

Monkey trucks have hinged floors that can be raised to provide hauling space for camels and zebras during the move between cities. Even the audience's seats fold up and become trailer units, which are loaded with canvas and tent poles when the circus moves.

A circus in winter quarters is somewhat like dad, home from a hard day's work, in his sock feet and undershirt, overhauling the plumbing. But if company comes, he'll quit work to shake hands and make you welcome.

So if you're passing near, take time to visit an Oklahoma winter-quartered circus; the most Stupendous, Scintillating, Spectorama of Soul-Stirring Sights of the Season to be Seen in Soonerland; in Edmond, or in Hugo (Circus Town), Oklahoma (Circus State), U. S. A.

World Neighbors works. Karim, an Indian who lives near the Anklesvar World Neighbors project in India, had three Leghorn hens and two roosters.

He went along day by day, delighted when his hens laid eggs, but not disappointed when they went for weeks without laying. Then Karim saw another native with a hen that laid 200 eggs a year.

The friend said that he learned that a high egg yield could be produced by careful selection and breeding at the World Neighbors poultry farm. Karim received nine eggs at the poultry farm, with instructions in the rudiments of good poultry management.

Five hens hatched from Karim's eggs. They lay eggs twice the size of the ordinary village egg—and Karim is able to sell them for twice as much as before.

The late president of the Philippines, Ramon Magsaysay, co-operated with World Neighbors and encouraged the movement to develop a bulwark against Communism in his country. World Neighbors is exploring new horizons, and has requests to take the program to Kenya, Nigeria, and Uganda in Africa.

World Neighbors feels its destiny is plotted by divine help. It was founded on the Christian theory of neighborliness, and still retains that philosophy.

"We have progressed," Peters says, "but we have only begun. One day, God willing, this will be an international people's movement, united in the realization that we are interdependent sons of the same Heavenly Father."
While traveling with Cody’s Wild West, he met his wife, May Manning. It was love at first sight. This venturesome, brilliant daughter of a Philadelphia physician learned to ride and shoot and became noted for her marksmanship from horseback. Both of them performed a trick shooting act in the show.

The show failed at Easton, Maryland. Bad weather was against him but, chiefly, it was because of competition from Buffalo Bill.

This was the winter of 1887, when thousands of settlers were waiting on the Kansas border to march into the unoccupied heart of the Indian Territory. Captain David L. Payne, the leader of the Boomers, had died. Others were taking his place. The Wichita board of trade, interested in seeing the country developed as a vast trading area south of Kansas, organized some of these scattered bands and summoned Pawnee Bill to lead them into the new country.

Lillie left his wife with her family in Philadelphia and took the train to Wichita. A brass band was waiting for him, and he had to fold his hat so the hole that had been worn in it would not show.

His arrival was a tonic to the Boomers. The march was organized and had moved out from Arkansas City, 3200 strong, when word came from Washington that Congress had passed the bill opening the Unassigned Lands to settlement. Pawnee Bill and his followers moved to Caldwell, and on April 22, 1889, he led them into Oklahoma. Four years later, he was employed by the Kansas City and Arkansas City boards of trade to organize a group of Boomers for a march into the Cherokee Strip, and after its opening, he was referred to as “The Little Giant of Oklahoma.”

Although Lillie’s greatest service was on these frontiers, his fame and fortune came from his Wild West shows. With Mrs. Lillie, he again organized Pawnee Bill’s Historic Wild West. Its Indians were wild and terrifying, its horsemen were death-defying. Pawnee Bill plugged coins in mid-air with his six-shooter, and May broke glass balls from the back of a galloping horse. She was billed as the Champion Lady Horseback Shot of the World, and even her chief rival, the feminine sharpshooter Annie Oakley, never disputed her title.

The show became one of the best paying circus properties in the United States. Lillie took it to King Leopold’s International Exposition at Antwerp, Belgium, and later toured Europe. This time, Buffalo Bill, who had the field virtually to himself, recognized that he had a real competitor, and in 1909, went into partnership with Pawnee Bill under the imposing title: “Buffalo Bill’s Wild West and Pawnee Bill’s Great Far East Combined.”

Lillie worked with Cody three more years. A showman to his fingertips and shrewd in his business dealings, everyone respected him. He dominated Cody, because Cody was no business man.
Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody) as they appeared when they combined their two big Wild West shows in 1908. The combination became known as Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Great Far East, and was commonly referred to as the "Two Bills" show.

Two miles west of Pawnee on Highway 64, he established an Old Town and Indian Trading Post of the construction and atmosphere of the days of the pioneer. Excellent saddle horses, Indian villages, a lake abounding with wild duck and geese, frontier cabins, dugouts, old stagecoaches, prairie schooners, and other relics attracted visitors from everywhere.

While keeping alive the Old West traditions, Lillie promoted the new. He envisioned the great progress that the automobile would bring, and the highways that would traverse the West as had the railroads years before. He helped build Highway 64 into an all-weather route from Little Rock, Arkansas, through Oklahoma to Raton, New Mexico. For three years he served as president of the Highway 64 Association, which he had helped organize in 1927.

This activity kept Pawnee Bill in the national limelight. His services were demanded by historical societies and movements and Old Timer reunions.
Writers recognized Pawnee Bill's "dime novel" appeal, and from 1890 through 1921, fictional stories of his life and exploits appeared in Frank Tousey's Five Cent Wide Awake Library, Beadle and Adams, Pluck and Luck Stories of Adventure, Street and Smith's Western Story Magazine, Buffalo Bill Weekly, and many others.

May Lillie, wife of Pawnee Bill, as she posed before the Queen of Belgium. She was the star performer of his Wild West show for nearly twenty years, and was billed as the "Lady Champion Horseback Rifle Shot of the World."

He and May spent their summers in Taos, New Mexico. Here, on August 31, 1936, they walked down the stone-flagged path of the town plaza to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, in celebration of fifty years of married life. Motion picture companies filmed the event for the newscasts.

On the night of September 13, they were returning to Pawnee from Tulsa, where they had previewed the film. Near Cleveland, on U. S. 64, an old car moved along the wrong side of the road. There was a crash. Mrs. Lillie died three days later. Pawnee Bill lay unconscious nine days before he recovered.

When Pawnee Bill lost May, he lost his real single interest. His last days he spent among his buffaloes, spotted ponies, relics, and the Indians, living in the past when Oklahoma's red earth fairly radiated romance.

On February 3, 1942, when it was announced that the last of the Old West lay dead in this stone house atop Blue Hawk hill, there was real regret over Oklahoma and the world. For he had world contact, and more friends and admirers than come to a few Americans.

A conspicuous character of the kind that gave the West much of its verve and color, he did his part in the unrivaled development of Oklahoma from empty prairies to a big and busy state.
PECAN BREAD FOR CHRISTMAS

A fine way to let your state pride show would be to prepare this recipe among your Christmas goodies;

Pecan Bread
3 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
7/8 cup sugar
1 cup chopped nuts
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar. Stir in nuts. Combine egg, milk and shortening. Add to flour mixture and blend only until all flour is moistened. Bake in greased loaf pan (about 9”x5”) in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour or until done. Store several hours or overnight before slicing.

Variation: Use brown sugar. Add 3/4 cup dates, cut small.

Our recipe is taken from Oklahoma Pecans (circular 511), prepared by the Oklahoma State University Extension Service, Stillwater, Oklahoma. If you’re interested in pecan pie, pecan brittle, pecan butter balls, pecan waffles, and other tempting pecan recipes, the O. S. U. Extension Service will gladly send circular 511 to you.

In serving these goodies at Christmas time, you’ll be paying a delicate compliment to Oklahoma, the nation’s second largest producer of pecans, and Chandler, official “pecan capitol of the world”!

WORLD SHOWING FOR OKLAHOMA PHOTOGRAPHS

An opportunity to show their work—and Oklahoma—to the world is available to Oklahoma photographers. For “an integrated visual interpretation” of our state the United States Information Agency wants photographs that will give a sense of the feel of the state, its personality, and the way it looks.

The best of pictures from sensitive, understanding photographers are needed; those who know and love Oklahoma for all that it is and contains. The picture profile that will be selected from their submissions will be sent to 79 countries throughout the world, to be seen by a calculated audience of 500,000,000 people.

It will be used in illustrated foreign magazines, and exhibited in national capitals and other cities abroad. Photo profiles of all 48 states are being prepared as a part of U. S. I. A.’s continuing effort toward world understanding.

Oklahoma Today will send a list of suggested subjects to interested photographers upon request. Or, 8 x 10 glossy prints may be submitted directly to Helga Wall, IPS/EV, Room 654, U. S. I. A., 1776 Penn. Ave., Washington 25, D. C. Enclose stamped return envelope, and state your rates per print.

TILGHMAN ODE

As a fitting close to Oklahoma’s Semi-Centennial year we have a new ode by historian-author Zoe A. Tilghman. Mrs. Tilghman, who has produced some of the state’s finest historical writing, has herself been a living part of our history.

As the wife of famous Marshal Bill Tilghman, she has often been near the center of action in the exciting episodes of Oklahoma’s early days. One of her most popular books is the biography of her husband, Marshal of the Last Frontier.

GOLDEN YEAR

We measure years and build memorials; mark
The centuries, milestones of time,
Till time shall be no more.
So, in this Golden Year, the State
Honors its first half-century,
Viewing the changes wrought, the labors done.
Present and past we have; for the future, augury.
All that has been is part of now and after till the end;
But in the rigor and insolence of life,
So imperceptibly they blend;
And noiseless is Time’s footprint on the moses
Of fifty years. Yet, cognizant, she pauses,
And we remember also, apprehend,
And say that it was good.

Oklahoma!
Fifty years since the forty-sixth star
Shone in the Flag; and all afar
The name brought tarps, or smiles supercilious,
And the mocking laughter of “Nine-foot sheets!”
Oklahoma, accepted with mirth or with charity,
Slow to win to a grudging parity—
Today, with welcoming smile she greets
Strangers and friends who come to share her joyance,
Hailing her one of well-approved fame.

What has been, is done, and laid
In time’s tremendous keeping.
Like those who in the years gone by, came first,
All-daring for the best or for the worst,
(Theirs was the sowing, ours the harvest reaping)
Upon the threshold of a new and wonder-world
We stand; look back on that begun
And nobly molded by our pioneers;
To them, a reverent tribute of “Well done!”

Ay, reverent too, yet brave and well-assured,
A-face to ever-widening pathways, heights unguessed,
Tepees to Towers, Arrows to Atoms—
Ours to achieve, to carry on, whatever comes!
OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Glen Shirley is particularly qualified to write about Pawnee Bill since his biography of that colorful Oklahoman has just been published. Glen has authored four books, some 500 short stories, magazine articles, and novelettes, is a member of the Payne County Sheriff’s staff, and nationally known for his work in crime detection and criminal identification.

Ray Shaw began his newspaper career on the El Reno American. Three years as an army sergeant, two years on the Oklahoma City Times, during which he was the religious editor, now a staff writer for the Associated Press, Ray is married, has a four-year-old son, and teaches a third grade boys’ Sunday school class.

Roy Stewart is Oklahoma’s expert on ranches—and Russians. You’ll recall he was chosen to shepherd the Russian delegation of exhibitors through our Semi-Centennial Exposition. Add to that his high talent as a barbershop tenor, and this popular Oklahoman columnist turns out as a mighty well rounded man.

R. W. Robberson, President of the Robberson Steel Company, is the owner of the Augusta J. C. Metcalfe painting reproduced on our cover and on pages 18-19. We are grateful to him for lending this beautiful painting to us all the many times that were necessary while we made color separations, and worried and compared, to achieve an accurate reproduction of the wonderful original.

Otis Wile has been writing sports for Oklahoma State University since 1924, first as a collegian, then as sports editor for the Stillwater News-Press from 1928-42, and since then as sports publicity director for O. S. U. He comments that it has been a most enjoyable 34 years.

In Tulsa... on October 18 and 19, a first took place; Four ballerinas of international fame... four of the great ballerinas of all time... all of Indian descent... all native Oklahomans... appeared as solo dancers on the same programme under the sponsorship of Tulsa's Ballet Arts, Inc.

Moscelyne Larkin was formerly a ballerina with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, now teaching ballet in Tulsa

Maria Tallchief is prima ballerina with the New York City Ballet

Yvonne Chouteau is a ballerina with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo

Rosella Hightower is prima ballerina with the Grand Ballet Du Marquis de Cuevas in Paris, France
SHOW YOUR FRIENDS OVERSEAS AMERICA AT ITS BEST—SEND THEM A SUBSCRIPTION TO OKLAHOMA TODAY!

If nothing else, Russia's Sputnik has accomplished one thing. Few will now deny the most important thing in our lives today is the world struggle between the way of free men and the way of tyrants—and the need to win this struggle without war.

Perhaps you have felt rather helpless before the size of the problem. What can you, as one lone individual, do to help history decide which way shall prevail?

Here is one small answer—but many small answers can become a big and powerful thing. We believe that Oklahoma is an exceptionally good example of American democracy at its best. We know, because of our Indian heritage, that Oklahoma's story can have exceptional appeal to the peoples of this earth who hunger for understanding of our way of life. We also know that Oklahomans have many world-wide ties.

Our foreign subscription rate is $2.25—from now through January 20, 1958, we are cancelling that rate.

Send us the names and addresses of your friends overseas—with accompanying check or money order—and we will enter them for a year's gift subscription at our domestic rate of $1.85!

This is one small offer—from one small magazine—but we make it hoping for a response that will encourage some larger American publications to do the same!

SPRING ISSUE OF OKLAHOMA TODAY

DON'T MISS

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF A STATE PARK VACATION ... a fun guide on things to see and do at Oklahoma's fabulous state parks and lodges by nationally famous travel writer Kent Ruth.

PLUS

The historical heritage of our state park country by foremost Southwest historian Angie Debo.

AND

Oklahoma Springtime . . . the most beautiful color pictures of scenic Oklahoma your dreams can conceive.

ON SALE THURSDAY, MARCH 6TH.

GIFT PICTURES

Dr. George Sutton's new portrait of the Scissortail Flycatcher—a star item in our Fall issue—has proven so popular we're offering a limited quantity matted and framed for $5.00 each, post-paid. If you wish this sent as a gift in your name, so instruct us and we'll enclose gift card. But we must have all gift orders by December 15 to make an Xmas delivery. We cannot guarantee receipt by Christmas for orders received after this date.

White mat, medium-dark 3/4" fruitwood frame, 11 x 14 size, without glass.

BACK ISSUES

Back issues—rapidly becoming collector's items—are still available. Seven issues prior to Semi-Centennial Souvenir, 35 cents each. Semi-Centennial Souvenir issue and Fall issue, 50 cents each. Add 10 cents to cover postage. All nine back issues, $3.25, plus 25 cents to cover postage.

CENTS BUREAU: PLEASE NOTE—

Your magazine is so good that everyone I've shown it to wants to move to Oklahoma. I let our cousins Jack and Clara Wright take our copy home and she is trying her best to get Jack to move to Oklahoma.

—Mrs. George Carpenter, Wichita, Kansas

I raise my cup to a distinctive and most refreshing magazine. I have arrived at the point where I look forward to every issue as eagerly as a child for a special treat. It might interest you to know, that as soon as I have finished some business here, I am headed for "settling down" in your great state.

—Brent Nielsen
Santa Rosa Beach, Fla.

Recently I received the fall color issue of Oklahoma Today . . . Dr. Sutton's painting of the Scissortail was truly a masterpiece. Be sure to keep me on your subscription list for years to come! Since I plan to become a "Soonerlander", this splendid magazine will help me love my adopted state more and more.

—Rev. Clay Lamberson
Fort Worth, Texas

After receiving several issues of Oklahoma Today, I am more than convinced Oklahoma is where I should locate. The excellent photography and very graphic feature articles have quite clearly proved to me that Oklahoma is a state with a great future.

—James H. Price
Little Rock, Ark.

I just want to tell you how thrilled I was when I received my Fall color issue. It has a picture of Tenkiller Dam. My father lives just 5 miles from there. He is a great fisherman. We are buying a lot there, so we can spend every summer on Tenkiller. That's how much we love Oklahoma.

—Mrs. J. Souza
San Lorenzo, Calif.

(Shades of Pawnee Bill, is a new run underway?—Ed.)

In Oklahoma City, on November 17, another first! The premier performance of Dr. Jack Kilpatrick's new EIGHTH SYMPHONY "OKLAHOMA."

The work was commissioned last winter to be composed by Dr. Kilpatrick, who is an Oklahoman, with a spoken text to be written by Oklahoma writer Mrs. Alberta Wilson Constant. Dr. Kilpatrick, now composer-in-residence at Southern Methodist University, is a graduate of Bacone Indian School, Muskogee, and is a distinguished music critic.

His new symphonic work, in three movements, is the first and only symphony to have the name of a state in its title.

Will Rogers, Jr., narrated the text at the premier. Indian dancer Jim Bodine, soloist John Loren Jones, an inter-city high school chorus, and 12 square-dancers added to the colorful performance.

Three more Oklahoma composers were represented on the concert by contemporary works; FOLK RHYTHMS OF TODAY by Roy Harris, DANCE SUITE by Spencer Norton, A MIRROR FOR THE SKY and FESTIVAL OPENING by Gail Kubik.