PIONEERS, OLD AND NEW

The Spirit of the Pioneer. Say it and what comes to mind? Some hawk-faced, handsome hero clad in buckskin atop a lofty peak scanning westward?

It's logical. From every side we're bombarded these days with the romance and rugged glory of the past and its hero. And this is very much to the good—if it gives us something of clean-honed and abiding personal value to carry into the challenge of today's world, and the future.

That, of course, is one of the real values of history. To read about pioneers like John Butterfield and Teddy Roosevelt, featured in this issue. And carry away a sense of the indominable courage, the vision and the strength to overcome all obstacles, which these heroes gave to the making of this nation, and this region.

But what happens today when we put down the book of their story, or the play ends? How many of us then turn to look out upon our own lives and see nothing but the same old 9:00 to 5:00. The same old wife, the same old friends, the same old hum-drum place we live in.

How many of us, in our secret heart, would like to be a pioneer; but there just doesn't seem to be much around worth doing.

And yet is not this the truth of the matter? That around us today wells up a world of greater challenge—and greater need for vision, strength and courage—than any which faced these great heroes of the past?

Here and there you will find men and women who have recognized this eternal fact about this or any age. They saw what needed doing, plunged into it heart and soul, and found — to their surprise — they'd become pioneers.

For evidence, this issue, we offer the architects of Oklahoma, the young scientists who are going to be working with O.U.'s new atomic reactor, various economic pioneers—and several others you can easily spot, with this sort of viewpoint in mind.

This is a great age for the Pioneer; and particularly, we believe, here in Oklahoma.

Dave Loye
In this Issue

TULSA CIVIC CENTER: which Architektur und Gemeinschaft lists as the world’s foremost architectural project for 1955, one of twenty-three top architectural achievements in the world during the past century. Cooperatively planned by the Tulsa Architectural League. Board of Design: Donald McCormick (chairman), Frederick Vance Kershner, Joseph Koberling, Murray M. McCune, David G. Murray, Leon B. Senter, Sr., R. E. West, and Robert Jones (project manager).

CONTEMPORARY OKLAHOMA ARCHITECTURE... by THE EDITORS

BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL... by BILL BURCHARDT

PRESS BOX... by ADDIE LEE BARKER

T. R. AND THE GREAT WOLF HUNT... by FOSTER-HARRIS

COLOR SECTION Autumn in Oklahoma

THE BEST OF RAY PARR

OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK

YOUR LODGE IN THE MOUNTAINS

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

PHOTO BY HAWKS-TERRELL
Whether you live in Cushing or Copenhagen, your life is being changed by Contemporary Oklahoma

Architecture

One of the world’s foremost architectural critics names the Tulsa Civic Center plan as the most outstanding architectural project in the world for 1955.

*Architectural Forum* singles out a Texas-Oklahoma firm for pioneering a revolution in school building.

Students for O.S.U. and O.U. rack down prize after prize in national and world architectural competition.

And publications from Tokyo to Italy play up such monuments as Frank Lloyd Wright’s Price Tower in Bartlesville—and the works of a startling number of native Oklahoma architects.

These have caught the national eye. And perhaps this has encouraged some travelers to head down this way expecting to see a lofty modern original rising out of a huddle of Indian teepees.

What they actually find is far more startling.

Instead of a few, rare spires or sprawling revelations, they find a modern state literally blossoming overnight into a massive showcase for contemporary architecture in every conceivable use, place and application. Churches, schools, clinics, homes, banks, business houses and big industrial plants; in big towns and in small.

It adds up to a revolution in modern living which has picked up steam so fast in recent years that most Oklahomans are as yet unaware of what is really happening here. Behind it lies not one individual architect, or two; nor to any great extent what might be termed “outside influences.” Actually a multitude of Oklahoma architects have pitched in with their own ideas, their own way of looking at things, and with evangelistic fervor, to create a new way of living for their own home land.

Our purpose here is to show what this native band of free-wheeling creators has been up to, and to explain what they are trying to do, and why.

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**GOLDEN DOME:** a geodesic dome of gold anodized aluminum, supported by black anodized aluminum struts; dominating feature of the new Citizens State Bank, in Oklahoma City. Henry J. Kaiser, international industrialist, and manufacturer of the material for this dome, has taken a personal interest in its construction. It is the first anodized aluminum dome in color in the world, and has received national recognition in *The Architectural Forum*, and *The Architectural Record.*
The Overland Route to California.

We present to our readers in this number an illustrated record of one of the greatest and most important achievements of the age. We have made great public, may almost national rejoicings over the successful laying of the Atlantic cable, and yet of how little importance is the consummation of that enterprise to us, as Americans, when compared with the vast results, broad and far-reaching, over the opening of an overland route direct to the Pacific. It would be a waste of time to speculate upon what these results may be, for they must be patent to every one who thinks upon the subject; but the one great result that must spring from the brilliant and daring enterprise of Butterfield & Co., and so recently successfully achieved, will be the directing of the public mind to the absolute necessity of a railroad to take the place of a wagon road, which has been proved to be perfectly practicable.

That a railroad will be ultimately built is of course a foregone conclusion, but in the ordinary course of events, under the control of our Congress, the undertaking might be delayed for years. Now, however, with the fact staring the world in the face that a wagon route created by private enterprise has pioneered the overland route to California, the public will demand a more rapid and more certain means of transit to our great sister State on the Pacific, and the action of Congress will be accelerate at least five years. Thus it is ever that all great enterprises which bring wealth and honor to our country are originated by individuals, and the Government lags on behind, affording a tardy and, in most cases, a negligently late assistance.

In the meantime along this great Pacific route will spring up stations and villages, and one or two locations will rise up to an importance which is at present but little dreamed of, except by a few shrewd speculators who are already in the field. Capital will be directed to these spots, and we even now hear of individuals who are preparing to locate upon the route, willing to take the chances despite of the fearful privations which "rouging it" in the wilderness is sure to entail, for the enormous profit which the future of only a few years is certain to produce. The indomitable perseverance and wonderful sagacity of our people are justly subjects of national pride. No undertaking is so difficult, so project so hopeless, but men are found ready to rush in and prove to the world that nothing is impossible to the strong will and irrepressible energy of a free man. The Pacific wagon road will build the railroad, and secure to us the whole commerce of the East.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATER, 646 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

We may well have been several nations, instead of one United States, had it not been for the awe-inspiring feat conceived and carried out by John Butterfield. Before the Overland Mail, the only mail and passenger routes

WOO-THOUSAND, seven hundred and ninety-five miles overland, through cross timbers, mountains, and desert, over trace and narrow trail, fording creeks and rivers, through a frontier made dangerous by white and Mexican brigands, and wild Indian tribes, is the story of the Butterfield stage route, the first trans-continental United States mail.

We might well have been several nations, instead of one United States, had it not been for the awe-inspiring feat conceived and carried out by John Butterfield. Before the Overland Mail, the only mail and passenger routes
from New York to California were sea routes; by windjammer ship to the Isthmus of Panama, across the Isthmus by burro train, then again by ship to California, or the longer sea route around South America’s Cape Horn.

The Butterfield route crossed Oklahoma, with twelve stops between Skullyville, or Poteau, depending on high water, and Colbert’s Ferry, southwest of Durant. The mail schedule allowed twenty-five days to run the entire route, with stops only long enough to change teams, from Tipton, Missouri—the “end of the rails” one-hundred and

Continued on page 32
You paid to see the game. But how about the hard-working crew you never see—who are paid to see the game? The working press behind the scenes in that big mystery known as the

PRESS BOX

by Addie Lee Barker
outside in the huge maw of memorial stadium, 60,000 cheering fans whooped and pummeled their friends with gle as the Big Red blunder-buss of the Ruf-Neks boomed out its signal of a Sooner touchdown and the 140-piece Oklahoma band swung vigorously into “Boomer Sooner.” Cheerleaders waved red-and-white pompons gaily or turned swift flips in the air and the feet of the be-feathered but lightly-clad Indian mascot drummed a staccato victory dance on the sideline.

But in the narrow, three-decked press box high above Owen field, there was no such release of nerve-twitching tension that had built like pressure in a tea kettle since 8 a.m., hours before the opposing football teams arrayed themselves for the fray.

The slow freight elevator had labored continuously up and down the 130 feet from the ground entrance beside the tennis courts to one of the three levels of the box, creaking and groaning under its heavy loads of radio, television, movie and newsreel crews and their bulky equipment.

Despite meticulous advance planning and preparation, the usual unanticipated problems had arisen. As the 2 o’clock kick-off approached, newsmen were still sending out frantic S.O.S.’s for everything from a parking permit or hard-to-locate six-volt battery to aspirin tablets.

On the writers’ first-floor level, all 67 red-leather swivel stools were occupied by shirt-sleeved sports writers, top men from over the nation many of whom had passed up home-stretch big league baseball to cover a midwestern football game played in the 94-degree heat of late Oklahoma Indian summer.

Here were the veterans, the “old pro’s.”

But behind and above them on 12 seats at the second counter were the press box “amateurs.” Five Saturday afternoons each fall they spent in those same seats, tallying substitutions, figuring individual and team yardage in rushing, passing, kicking, penalties, etc., announcing plays over the press box p.a., operating the electric yardage meter, checking with the high school boys who follow the game up and down the field on each sideline phone for accurate information on the seriousness of any injury, why penalties were assessed, who made a key block or tackle, and innumerable other duties.

These are unglamorous, unpaid jobs, but there is always a long list hopefully waiting a possible vacancy on the statistics crew, though most of the jobs have been performed by the same men each game for a decade or longer. Many occupations and professions are represented—a university dean, a high school baseball coach, a printing press foreman, a grade school principal, a credit supervisor—but their common characteristic is an inordinate interest in and enjoyment of all phases of college football.

Behind the two rows of counters and stools, backs to the blank west wall, were the Western Union teletypes installed for the game by the newspapers and wire services filing stories. To see the action on the field, when they had no copy to send, they knelt on their folding chairs or stood leaning against their machines throughout the game.

On the second level of the press box all ten booths—one for television, seven for radio, one each for the assistant coaches of the two opposing teams who were connected with the players’ bench on the sideline by phones, the official timer who controlled the electric clock at the south end of the field, and the stadium public address—were jammed to capacity by VIP’s of national and regional radio and television.

Crowded amid a forest of camera tripods into the 19 front wall positions on the wind-swept roof were photographers for a national picture magazine, the Big Eight game-of-the-week, several major television newsreels, movie cameras to record the game for each team as well as for delayed telecasts, and photographers from wire services and daily papers from Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Muskogee, Ardmore, Kansas City, and Wichita, Kan.

Also, writers and cameramen assigned to cover the crowd and color in the stadium or on the sideline use the facilities of the press box to write cutlines and identifications for their pictures and stories or to grab a bite to eat at the snack bar on the writers’ level.

There was no recession at the snack bar, which opened at noon with excellent patronage and serve cafeteria style throughout the game. During the afternoon 250 pounds of fried chicken, 500 ham or beef salad sandwiches, 300 bread and butter sandwiches, plus huge quan-
A new slam-bang account of the most startling state reception ever given a U. S. President—by a top-notch Oklahoma teacher-writer.

T.R. AND THE GREAT WOLF HUNT

by Foster Harris

The big white horse, Sam Bass, came bucking over the bluff and there was the wolf, dead ahead, heading for rough ground. One greyhound left in the chase, Catch 'Em Alive Jack Abernathy's own, right on the wolf's heels. Snapping a glance back, Jack caught one glimpse of the rider behind him, a flash of big white teeth and glittering eyeglasses, and then the flying white horse was down in the flat.

It was a prairie dog town! Sam Bass went over it in ten and fifteen foot jumps, missing the holes only by that Providence which guards the sporting champions at their peak. The wolf doubled like a hairpin, leaping, bare-fanged at the rider as the white horse passed, slashing his boot wide open. It tripped as it fell. There was a wild yell from behind, and Jack Abernathy looked back.

The big man with teeth and glasses was coming like the wind, behind him more than a goodly space was his personal physician, Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York and far, far in the distance the jealous Texans, spurring hard. The greyhound caught the wolf, holding for just a second against the slashing teeth, just long enough for Abernathy to whirl and come out of his saddle.
Seated on the ground, President Roosevelt spins a yarn while the horses rest during the Big Pasture wolf hunt.

On the way back to Washington, the President spoke to Oklahoma crowds from the back of his special train. Here the train has halted in McAlester for a brief address.


Ripped red, the greyhound yelped and fled for life. The wolf whirled, leaped at the man, and the man drove his right hand straight into the wide-open jaws, past the big canines, clamping the back teeth and the jawbones—Catch 'em Alive Jack Abernathy of Oklahoma Territory had performed his incredible feat again, catching a perfectly wild and non-cooperative wolf with his bare hands!

"Bully!" a booming yell split the Big Pasture sunlight behind him, and there was the rider with teeth and glasses, lighting down, bubbling all over with excitement and enthusiasm, running over with outstretched arm.

"I'd like to shake hands with you, sir!" he shouted. "If, ah, you can manage to free that right hand."

John R. Abernathy of Cross Roads, Oklahoma, stuck his left thumb in the wolf's mouth, prying the savage teeth apart. Then he caught the back jaw with his left hand. Then he took his right hand out of the wolf's mouth; and thrust it into the hearty paw of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America.

It happened near Frederick, Oklahoma, April 10, 1905, in what was then the "Big Pasture," a tremendous reserve of 450,000 acres in the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache country, mostly under lease to Texas cattlemen. The President had come by special train all the way from Washington, at the invitation of Texas cowmen Cecil A. Lyon, Burke Burnett and Tom Waggoner, to enjoy some wolf coursing, Texas style. What he got was repeated exhibitions of Oklahoma wolf handling, to the vast discomfiture of Texas. Bare-handed—or well at least practically so, since the riding gloves he sometimes wore would have meant no protection whatever from those savage jaws—Jack Abernathy stole the Texans' show. As well as the eye teeth right out of the wolves.

During the six day hunt Jack Abernathy caught three or four more with his bare hands, for the President's edification, one in a hound and wolf fight right in the middle of four feet of creek water. Which wasn't too hot, Jack explained casually. He'd caught fourteen over in these same parts a few weeks previously, just sort of getting his hand in practice. He explained to T. R. how he did it.

A wolf, Abernathy pointed out, just practically never misses when it leaps and snaps. If you drive your right hand straight out at the open jaws you'll end up inside, automatically. Now if you're quick enough to grab the tongue or the back jaw, behind the big, savage canines that do the damage, Mister Wolf is plain helpless, and generally so amazed he won't even try to fight with his paws. So you wire or strap his jaws shut, and that's all there is to it.

Real simple, yeah—except! The good doctor from New York and one of the Amarillo Texans tried it, and got very nicely chewed for some pains. Luckily Mr. Abernathy just happened to have along a bottle of his favorite wolf bite remedy, which he cheerily applied to the wounds, lifting the victims' spirits no end by recalling that right often these here prairie wolves have hydrophobia too, you know, and you never can tell. But anyhow the President had a bully good time.

In the hunting party, along with the Texans, were a number of old comrades from T. R.'s famed Rough Rider regiment of Spanish-American war fame, a rip-snorting outfit which had been recruited partially from Oklahoma. There was also another famous guest who probably hoped privately the wolves would bite 'em all, Quanah Parker, last war chief of the Comanches, complete with three wives and one baby. It is not recorded that the great chief said anything, but he was a man of few words. When the officious government once told him he couldn't have three wives, he must pick one and tell the other two to go home, the Chief thought awhile, looked at the Federal agent and remarked, "You tell 'em." Like Cal Coolidge, Quanah also would probably have done well in the White House. Among other things he was against white lies.

Undoubtedly the greatest sportsman who has ever... Continued on page 31
WHAT IS CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE?

If you asked an Oklahoma architect this first, basic question, his answer would likely run something like this:

If we pause even briefly to consider, a fact that we must face is this; we cannot live in the past. Since we must live in the present, should not our architecture be expressive of the present, today, the time in which we live?

This is the answer to our question; contemporary architecture can be created only when a client says to his architect, “I need a structure,” telling the architect the purpose for which the structure will be used, then leaving the architect free to create a building that will best serve the client’s need, not being limited by the client to any architectural style out of the past.

The Grecian, the Roman, the Gothic, all served the needs of their time. Each age has produced its own architecture to answer its own need.

Oklahoma architects, in designing and building a contemporary structure, are merely seeking to serve the needs of the time in which we live, today.

HOW IS THIS PHILOSOPHY BEING APPLIED TO OKLAHOMA?

Well, our fictional architect might say, let’s take a look at the school problem.

Everyone is aware of the space problem faced by today’s schools; too many children for not enough space, and inadequate funds to answer the need.

The contemporary architect is the educator’s ally in attacking these problems. For instance, in Perkins the old school was condemned as unsafe. A new school had to be built, but available funds fell far short.

Meeting the challenge, an Oklahoma architect designed an attractive building containing classrooms, a general purpose room with a stage, offices, teachers’ study, and storage rooms, all centrally heated and acoustically sound conditioned, with masonry walls and vinyl tile floors, so economically planned that it was built for $7.12 per square foot. The Reader’s Digest was so impressed they have assigned a writer to research for a Digest article on how Oklahoma is able to get so much school for so little money.

The problem is not always money. Sometimes it is space. For a new Tulsa school, only a small plot of ground was available. To meet this need, another Oklahoma architect designed a round school building, which meant less wall area, less roof area, and less corridor space loss.

WHAT ARE SOME OTHER QUICK EXAMPLES OF WHAT IS BEING DONE HERE?

I can show you better than I can tell you, our expert might say. (And so on pages twelve through twenty-seven, we’re reproducing an eye-catching selection from a much broader spread).

But on one Oklahoma project he would be likely to elaborate. Partly because most Oklahoma architects are very wary of seeming to try to toot the horn for themselves or for any other individual architect—and this has the self-effacing advantage of being a group project. But mainly because it has been labeled one of the twenty-three most outstanding architectural projects in the entire world since the year 1866.

This is the Tulsa Civic Center plan. The rating is by S. Giedion, one of the world’s foremost architectural critics, in his book ARCHITEKTUR UND GEEMEIN- SCHAFT. And in placing among the top 23, architects for the Tulsa plan join such choice company as Le Corbusier, Walter Gropius, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Richard Neutra.

A glance at the picture on page one will give some idea of the boldness and the beauty of the master plan for the $25 millions project. To date, the Tulsa County Court House portion has been completed. A Bond Issue to move ahead on the next portion will be submitted to the voters this fall.

The project has attracted its chief attention nationally as, to quote ARCHITECTURAL FORUM, “a dramatic example of what can happen when men trained in planning and design actually take the lead in urban redevelopment.”

This is one big example, but perhaps of greater overall significance are the number of innovations in new building materials put into first use by Oklahomans. The Pryor high school gym, for instance, is the first prestressed concrete building in the U.S. The school at Freedom is the first barrel shell type of roof construction. Other examples, too numerous and detailed to list here, are well-known among architects nationally.

Last but not least, the logical question to ask might be;

WHY HAS CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE PROSPERED IN OKLAHOMA?

Our fictitious expert would probably find the obvious answer in the state’s two consistently fine schools of architecture, at Oklahoma State University in Stillwater, and Oklahoma University in Norman.
The First Christian Church, "Church of Tomorrow", Oklahoma City. A thin-shell lightweight concrete dome sanctuary, first of its kind and the world’s largest such dome. Perimeter offices and classrooms. Education and fellowship building center, and fine arts building beyond to the left. Concrete carillon tower. Featured in LIFE magazine, Feb. ’57.

R. DUANE CONNER

LINCOLN PARK

Oklahoma City. Houses state’s outstanding zoo, including one of the largest reptile gardens in the midwest, along with a wide variety of native, African, and Asiatic animals.

COLOR PHOTO BY EALM GREGORY
The Shell Building, at Boulder-on-the-Park, Tulsa. The slab sun-shades above the windows form attractive patterns of light and shadow on the wall, while functionally preventing glare inside the building. A graceful fountain, and pleasant lobby with winding, carpeted stairs to the second floor parking area add a relaxed air to this contemporary business building.

McCUNE and McCUNE
Vacation cottage overlooking the Arkansas River Valley, in Osage County. Built on the highest point of a five-hundred-and-forty acre tract, these windows will overlook a breathtaking view of Keystone Lake when the dam is completed. The stone shell with raised living quarters makes the cottage immune from dry season brush fires.

FREDERICK VANCE KERSHNER

WINDMILL AND RED EARTH

The windmill, symbolic of western ranching, where grazing herds come at evening, enhanced by the vermillion glow of an Oklahoma sunset. U. S. 66 between El Reno and Hydro.

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEFEVRE
National Guard Armory, Metropolitan Park, Lawton. Termed by Maj. Gen. Roy W. Kenney, "one of the most beautiful in the United States", plans for this building have been purchased for possible use in model construction of similar units throughout the country. The building contains a one-hundred foot drill field, offices, vehicle storage, and vehicle maintenance facilities. Headquarters of the 2nd Battalion, 179th Infantry, a rifle company, and an ordnance company are located here.

PAUL HARRIS

FALL NEAR TALIHINA
A walk through the splendor of a hill country trail, bordered by autumn tinted trees, illustrates why the fall foliage tours sparked by R. G. Miller are so popular.

COLOR PHOTO BY KAZIMIR PETRAUSKAS
Jane Phillips Elementary School, Bartlesville. Large glass areas provide a spacious, stimulating environment for learning. Designed so that no halls are necessary, providing more educational space, at less cost. Practical and functional throughout, with every problem of ventilation, heating, and lighting carefully and mathematically solved, but planned for children, to make the teaching process a pleasant one.

CAUDILL-ROWLETT-SCOTT & ASSOCIATES
A two-page, pictured article in the German architectural publication Die Bauzeitung tells the story of the Coston residence near Oklahoma City. Basically, it is an addition to a farmhouse built in 1893. Its triangular roof shape, created by lightweight steel beams, extends to form adjoining greenhouse areas. Stone, brick, and redwood form the exterior and interior finishes.

COSTON-FRANKFORT-SHORT

Architecture

Between Oklahoma City and Yukon, surrounding trees and woods lend great charm to this capital city's oldest residential area. Our capital city's oldest residential area.

MOONLIGHT ON LAKE OVERHOLSER

PHOTO BY PAUL E. ELLIS

OKLAHOMA TODAY
The only restaurant in existence which arches like a rainbow completely across an ultra-modern, six-lane divided turnpike highway. Cafeteria and snack bar in luxurious surroundings, on the Will Rogers Turnpike, near Vinita.

Hodgins-Thompson-Ball & Associates

**ROMAN NOSE STATE PARK**
Northwest Oklahoma, near Watonga. One of the most charming of Oklahoma’s parks. A fine place for the entire family with a beautiful, blue swimming pool.

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEFEVRE
O.S.U. students have been awarded the medal for winning the most awards in National Institute of Architectural Education contests; in all, 67 prizes, including twelve firsts, in the last six years.

In 1950, the Oklahoma University School of Architecture won the top award at the International Congress of Architects, and Frank Lloyd Wright, world dean of architecture, made this statement: "I, myself, at one time believed the function of a University to be to awaken the sleepers and the School of Architecture of the University of Oklahoma has encouraged that belief by its teachings. This is already well established by its own young architects' work, which has done more to put Oklahoma in the front rank of educational pursuits than anything else."

It follows logically that top students from both schools should by and large want to stay and create their new world here at home—if the home folks should want them.

And that the home folks have wanted them is apparently the other part of the answer.

"Oklahomans are by nature too practical to build something fantastic just for the sake of creating the bizarre," our expert might say; "yet their minds are open. This is a young state. Not bound to tradition. Oklahomans are ready to listen to new ideas, accept new concepts, and to pioneer into the new age we are entering."

And this seems all very fine and true, but we feel there is one more thing that should be added.

You do not have to talk with many Oklahoma architects before you realize that their work is founded on something deeper than an obsession with design, or mere economic necessity. They are deeply aware that their profession is the expression of man's endless search for that which is beautiful, and satisfying to his soul.

At the same time, here is a state giving strong evidence in so many ways of an awakening, a yearning for new beauty, and a desire to find for itself a greater place in destiny, a greater soul.

Lao-Tse, the philosopher, tells us that architecture is more than roof, and floor, and walls—it is the space enclosed therein. One contemporary Oklahoma architect feels that architecture is man's attempt to express the infinite in terms of something finite that our minds can grasp.

Walk through a beautiful contemporary building, and note how it can form and alter your emotions, much as the music of a great symphony or the form and color of a vast mural.

With this in mind, we cannot escape the conviction that in creating these new free-flowing, open structures, the architects of Oklahoma are actually creating the shape of things to come in all fields. A new society based on what we actually have and are and need and can become—rather than merely making do with the hand-me-downs from the past.
Reaction to "The Best of Troy Gordon" in last spring's issue was so favorable, we are pleased to continue this series of top state newspaper humorist's work with the reprint of a classic from the Daily Oklahoman's Ray Parr. Ray wrote it in October of 1956. We have chuckled over it ever since. Texans and Oklahomans need no orientation, but other out-of-state readers may find it helpful to know that Bowl Games of any sort involving O.U. (and most of them do), have always been the occasion for one of the most intriguing Oklahoma phenomenas. The marshalling of huge expeditionary forces to carry enlightenment to the natives of other states. Parr, a rabid O.U. fan, has always been in the vanguard of such forces, firing back some of the wildest and merriest coverage ever to be given a sports event. But one of his best, this one, came out the year he didn't go along for the annual Cotton Bowl free-for-all in Dallas. A native of Granite, regaling Oklahomans with some of the funniest bits on their foibles over the past 25 years, Parr is also regarded with great affection by the Oklahoma Legislature. In 1955 the 24th session voted him a special chair in the House Chambers in recognition of his service to the state as an outstanding political reporter. In fact, Parr on politics is out of this world. Maybe the next session will give us their blessing to run him on this topic. (We sure aren't going to attempt it otherwise.)

The Editors

The Ancient Society of Retired Cutups shall now drag out the slippers and come to disorder.

The question before the house is: Can television ever take the place of those delightful hi-jinks of youth, as we once pursued them south of the border on Big D day?

Well, anyway we can make a try at it, bravely covering up that twinge of envy as we watch the youngsters fly south like the geese in autumn, and pretend we are just being sensible—instead of too darn old.

It is a well-known fact that we will see more football on the TV set, but then there are other diversions at Dallas, and if you don't know what I mean, then you, my friends, are worse off than me. You are too old to remember.

It is said that the chief drawback to television is that you miss much of the color, the noise, the glamor, the crowds and the excitement.

What they really mean is that there's too much comfort at home. I have decided to do something about that. You just don't feel like you are in Dallas when you wake up seeing out of both eyes.

From many years of rich and varied experiences on football junkets I have developed certain rules of behavior which will assure you that old Dallas feeling, and make it wholly unnecessary to get out of your home county.

First, too many people planning to substitute television for youthful energy, go to bed the night before the game. Now that's a mistake. Who ever heard of waking up in Dallas with a nasty old sleep-clogged head. How do you expect to be in the mood for the kickoff?

You ought to start out at 5 p.m. Friday visiting. Every time you see a neighbor, throw your arms around him (or her) and holler, "You old so and so's—what are you doing way down here? Come on up to the room." I've never been able to figure that one out but it seems that anybody looking only slightly familiar on a football mission turns into sort of a long lost brother.

Even if back home you can hardly stand the guy, he always looks great in the lobby of the Baker or the Adolphus, where fellowship and love toward all mankind flows from every beating heart.

Along about midnight, gather up everybody, including a few stray salesmen from Omaha, who somehow seem
to have become enveloped in the party, and say, “Let’s
go get a big old Texas steak.”

Somebody will then say, “I know where you can get
the best steak in Texas—it’s a little old place the crowds
won’t know about.”

Then you drive around for two hours, amidst growing
complaints of hungry wives, trying to find that little old
place. It is always just around the next corner—somebody
thinks.

By that time, half the party is mad and quarrelling
bitterly, and you turn around and go back to town. The
sparkling conversation has died down somewhat, punc-
tuated now and then by loud snores from an 8 o’clock
life of the party.

When you get back to town, don’t rush right into a
place. Stand in line for 30 minutes. It always peps up the
sagging dispositions.

By then everybody whose feet hurt will have
wandered off toward home. You decide to walk down
the street three blocks and get a quick hamburger. The
onions give you indigestion all night.

But this is only the starter. There is danger you
might oversleep the next morning and feel rested when
you wake up.

If you have a youngster with any musical instrument
—we have drums at our house—bribe him to set the
alarm and start practicing at 4 a.m. Better still, have him
invite four or five little friends over to spend the night.
They can organize a band before breakfast.

In reserve I have several long-playing records of Elvis
Presley I will have my youngster turn on at sunrise. I have
also given him permission to set off those firecrackers left
over from the last Fourth of July.

I have arranged for him to hit me a friendly lick over
the head with his baseball bat. How you gonna enjoy the
Dallas game without a throbbing head.

I will have my wife wake up, jabbering the usual pre-
game pep ritual. If you’ve ever been there, you know how
it goes:

“I never saw anybody act so silly—I was never so
humiliated in my life—I’ll never go with you to another
football game etc. etc. etc. . . .”

She won’t have any trouble remembering it. She’s
sorta got it memorized over the years.

I will skip breakfast—yep, even the coffee. Lo, those
many times I have begged room service for just one morn-
ing sip of life restoring java. Never once, did I ever see any
trace of it, except on the bill when I checked out.

I shall go out to the capitol and stand in the cor-
ridor at quitting time, so I will get stomped on, shoved,
mauled and run over as the loyal workers reluctantly lay
down their heavy duties for the weekend.

I will drive back home where I will pay my youngster
a buck for the privilege of parking. He also has agreed to
take a hammer and knock two big dents in my fenders,
just for the spirit of the thing. He is beginning to love
this project.

Another thing about television that ruins the mood
—the color and the glamor—is that it’s too cool and com-
fortable in the living room. A refreshing breeze will blow
right on you if you’re not careful.

I will carefully lock up every window and door and
turn on the floor furnace until it gets at least 95 degrees.

I have borrowed a sunlamp which I shall sit under
and blister my nose and bald spot.

I shall wrap up in my heaviest raincoat. The weather-
man, you know, is always saying it might rain at Dallas
and I always lug it out to the Cotton Bowl.

I have drafted my drinking neighbor to come sit be-
hind me and spill coke down my neck everytime we
make a first down.

At intervals, my youngster will serve me cold hot
dogs and hot pop and collect 75 cents.

I shall take 50 bucks and toss it out the window.
That will be the 50, you know, which you never can figure
out where it went after you get home.

I have brought in a cement block on which to sit
throughout the game.

What with my aching sitter, my killing feet, my
throbbing head, the heat and the sweat, and the butter-
flies holding scrimmage in my tummy, the old football
spirit will flame high and I will whoop and holler and
annoy staid citizens for blocks around.

The final whistle will blow and I will be broke, ex-
hausted, whipped to a frazzle, my wife will have left
home and my dog will have quit speaking.

But I will be content. I will glow with sweet nostal-
gia, and I will feel I have been to Dallas.
PRESS BOX  Continued from page 7

tities of sweet pickles, potato chips, coffee, milk, cokes, cookies and doughnuts vanished.

Months earlier airconditioned rooms in jampacked Norman and Oklahoma City hotels and motels had been reserved for the out-of-town press, and on Friday night a brief get-together for the press and coaches was held in Oklahoma City.

On Friday afternoon before the game student writers in the sports publicity office lugged large boxes of programs, forms for keeping statistics, stiff cardboard “speed” cards which listed three-deeps and rosters of each team, special press programs, sheets listing pre-game and half-time activities, pencils, carbons, yellow copy paper, typewriters, a ditto machine, and football brochures, and distributed them at each position in the box. Also available were lists of all press box and sideline passes or parking permits issued, a register of doctors and their numbers so they could be paged in emergencies, match books, and a box of aspirin.

Spotters, cue men, and caption writers needed by radio and television broadcasters, photographers, movie and newsreel crews had been assigned and instructed as to their duties. Preferred for these jobs were freshmen football players, a recent letterman, or an injured member of the football squad since they knew the numbers and positions of all players and were familiar with the various plays and types of offense or defense used. With so many required for this game, however, the final list included track men, baseball players, swimmers, and a high school assistant coach.

An hour before the kickoff and while only a few early-bird spectators had drifted into the stadium, the press box was jammed though the elevator still labored incessantly from floor to floor. Questions rose urgently over and above the general hubbub of voices.

“Where can we get hold of another typewriter?”

“Where’s my seat? Or am I supposed to hold this thing on my lap?”

“Has our spotter shown yet? See if you can find him and tell him to be down on the sideline in five minutes. Or find somebody else for us.”

“Hey, this teletype’s gone haywire! Where’s the repair man?”

“When can we have the temperature and wind velocity? They’re asking for it in the radio booths. And how about the attendance figures?”

The press box phone buzzed constantly. Every town in Oklahoma seemed to have some sort of crisis or emergency call even though the stands were only slowly filling and the stadium public address system was not yet available for announcements. Notes flowed up the elevator pipeline like salmon up a waterfall from newsmen and photographers who had forgotten, lost, or mislaid their passes and found that they couldn’t get in without them.

Even the great Red Grange, here to do the color for a national telecast, had to wait while the conscientious gate-man inquired whether he was entitled to entry.

But with the kickoff, every writer was accommodated somehow and quiet concentration replaced the pandemonium in the press box. In their glass cage, the newsmen ignored the clatter of typewriters, click-clack of teletype and telephone keys and shrilling phones. Only an occasional question came over the inter-com as the press box announcer called off plays.

An old grad in California phoned to offer a hundred bucks to anyone who would cut off the air a sportscaster he fancied was prejudiced against his alma mater. Someone else insisted he had to talk to Coach Bud Wilkinson immediately. He had been watching the game on television and had a bit of strategy for Bud that would put the game on ice for the Sooners.

But win or lose, this bit of strategy had to be saved for another day.

Throughout the game a steady stream of dittoed information had been passed unobtrusively to each writer and also fed into the radio and television booths to aid with stories or broadcasts. A play-by-play was distributed at the end of each quarter, team statistics at the half, a quickie summary, lineups, and team and individual statistics at the end of the game. Post-game comments of coaches and players were obtained by personal interviews in the rival dressing rooms for background material for use in “sidebar” stories.

Fiercely-concentrating newsmen hunched over typewriters, turning out page after page of copy, always conscious of hovering deadlines. A few oldtimers still used a hunt-and-peck two-finger system with amazing speed, if not much accuracy.

Already the stands and upper levels of the press box were empty. The gay pennants had disappeared from atop the stadium. The last red cushion had sailed from the top-most row of seats and disappeared under the stands. The lights were blazing on the writers’ level and the lime-striped field was cloaked in shadow.

By 7 p.m. even the Western Union operators had filed their last paragraph and departed. The press box, fantastically littered with coffee-stained paper cups, soiled programs, empty coke bottles and countless wads of yellow copy paper, was quiet and relaxed as a flat tire.

But Operation Pressbox still had some loose ends. At midnight Bill Stern phoned from Chicago where his plane had just landed. He had left his thick-lensed dark brown tortoise shell horn rim glasses in the press box radio booth. Could they be airmailed to him Sunday in New York?

They were. Ten days later his letter of thanks arrived.

“You will be amazed to know,” he concluded, “I promptly left them in Purdue the next week. All I need is a new head.”
served in the presidency, Theodore Roosevelt kept the White House practically stuffed with wild animals, mounted or alive, during his tenure of office, from 1901 to 1909. Soon after his return to Washington he called Abernathy to the capital and appointed him Federal Marshal for Oklahoma. In 1907 a motion picture of Marshal Abernathy catching wolves was made in the Wichita Mountains area, and the reformed outlaw, Al Jennings, was one of the participants. He and Abernathy were close friends. The movie, made at the President’s direct suggestion, was shown first for the President and his family, then for all the high brass of Washington, including the Supreme Court justices and Cabinet members.

Marshal Abernathy was invited to accompany T. R. on his famous big game hunt in South Africa, but had to cancel arrangements at the last moment because of the death of Mrs. Abernathy. T. R., history records, had a bully good time on his trip, as usual.

But it is unlikely he ever saw anything in Africa one-half as spine tingling as what he had witnessed in an old Oklahoma pasture, near Frederick, now fifty odd years ago. A man catching wolves with his bare hands, ramming his fist right down their throats! They used to grow 'em right rugged in Oklahoma. Even in the eyes of Texas; and Presidents!

Standing between two pictures of his former commanding officer is Billy McGinty, life-time President of the Rough Riders, of Ripley, Oklahoma. Billy was a working cowhand and bronc rider when the Spanish-American War broke out. In spite of being only 5' 2" tall, his horsemanship and skill won him a place with Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

In 1905, President Roosevelt set aside the Wichita Mountain Wildlife Refuge, in southwestern Oklahoma. Here may be found hundreds of buffalo, and longhorn cattle.

Elk, white-tailed deer, wild turkey, antelope, and myriad varieties of birds live in this sixty-mile-long range of mountains, where quartz and granite combine to form colorful outcrops which vary from purple to red. The high country is timbered with scrub oak, and the valleys are shaded by ash, elm and black walnut.
The result of Captain Brown's efforts is that the Butterfield route will be re-run during this centennial year. Eight states are co-operating in the celebration. Actual U. S. mail will be carried, and "corrals" will be formed at major stops, to exhibit a century of progress in mail service.

John Frizzell, Oklahoma City oilman, who's hobby is collecting old-time horse drawn vehicles, has purchased and completely restored a stage coach of the Butterfield type. He will drive the coach in this centennial re-run of the historic route.

Captain Brown's major interest in bringing about this celebration and re-run has not been just to commemorate a historic event, tremendous as it was, but to challenge the imagination of modern Americans. Certainly no problem we face today is more monumental than that pioneer challenge of spanning an untamed and trackless continent. This centennial re-run should inspire us to attack our modern problems with the vision and courage of the men who brought into being the Overland Mail.
NEW ATOMIC REACTOR FOR STATE

O.U.'s now all set for a new atomic reactor, thanks to a recent Atomic Energy Commission grant of $96,950. This makes two for the state, with O.S.U.'s; and a third reactor, even more powerful, is scheduled for the O.U. North Campus Industrial Park within the next two years. These things are starting to crop up so fast around here, we wonder if Oklahomans aren't beginning to take them pretty much for granted. And yet each one opens up a powerful new guarantee that Oklahoma will not only be ready for the future, it may even wind up in a leading position in national economic affairs.

MISS OKLAHOMA LOOKS GOOD

This Miss America business may smack a bit of tinsel and commercialism, but Oklahomans are still pretty doggone proud of their pretty women. Particularly when the Miss Oklahoma of late have been coming so close to winning the national title each year. Our latest looks like another good bet to win the crown. She's Anita Bryant, a real nice Tulsa charmer who has her sights set on a singing career. She's already sung on a number of shows around the country, and has a new record out titled "Be Mine, Dance on." Naturally we're rooting for Anita to be the new Miss America. But even if she doesn't make it, we still figure she's on her way up there to join some other mighty pretty Oklahomans—like Kay Starr, Patti Page and Jennifer Jones.

ANITA BRYANT

MARY FAITH MARCHES ON

Remember the two fine youngsters who won the Outward Oklahoma Essay Contest featured in our Fall issue a year ago? With juvenile delinquents getting most of the publicity these days, we thought our readers might appreciate keeping track of what a pair of bright, wholesome kids were up to, year after year. We haven't heard from young Bill Corr of Bartlesville lately, but here's the latest from 15-year-old Mary Faith Marshall of Wyandotte:

"Well, I've collected quite a while, so now I'm reporting in. I have not sent all the activities I've been in, but these are the most important.

"As you can see by the clippings, one of the pictures shows the highlight of my 4-H work, where I won Grand Champion over-all in the Dress Revue. This was quite an honor, since the prize is usually given to Seniors in school, and I was only a Sophomore. There were 297 boys and girls competing. I also won Grand Champion in a Clothing Demonstration, which went to Stillwater.

"The other picture and clipping show another important event.

I won first in County and 3rd in District competition. To qualify, I had to write an original speech on My Responsibilities in the Future of Oklahoma. Then I had to memorize and give it to the board of V.F.W. judges. The first prize in County was $10.00; third in District was a lovely necklace and earring set. I also received the medal shown in the picture from the County V.F.W. Association.

"I hope this information will be helpful. This August I plan to try for the State award in the Personality Improvement Contest, which I won last year in County. Thank you very much for your interest.

Sincerely,
Mary Faith Marshall

PARDON OUR WOODEN HEADS

Our Plains Indian Painting section last issue failed to identify the whereabouts of hide paintings used both as brochure cover and as an illustration. Both were from the excellent Southern Plains Indian Museum in Anadarko, which has one of the finest selections of Indian crafts in the state, and certainly deserved more recognition from us than what came out in the magazine. May we offer our apologies to L. D. Cone, director.

ARTISTS HAVE BIG THINGS FOR STATE

A project which this publication thinks is pretty tremendous is now underway among Oklahoma artists. It's called "Oklahoma on Canvas," an official project of the Oklahoma Association of Conservative Artists.

The idea is for state artists to take off and paint up a storm to capture the real beauty of this, their native land. All the places that R. G. Miller has been urging people to take a look at for years. Plus the drama of Oklahoma's cities and new industries. Purpose: to promote interest both in art and travel. They plan to really have at it with gusto, and hold an exhibition of the best results sometime after the first of the year possibly in the State Capitol itself.

This whole thing is the brainchild of well-known portrait artist John Metcalfe, who is certainly going to deserve a special commendation from somewhere for this one.

RECREATION IS BIG BUSINESS IN OKLAHOMA

Recreational activity at three Oklahoma lakes produced an income of $66,500,000 in 1957, according to the Tulsa District Army Engineers.

The Engineers report that of the 126 public projects available for recreation throughout the United States, Lake

OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK
Texoma rates number one, with $60,000,000 in recreation business last year.

Fort Gibson is number two in the nation, with $4,000,000 in 1957. Also high on the list is Lake Tenkiller, in tenth place, and Lake Wister, in twenty-fourth place.

OKLAHOMA ON THE MARCH

A four-unit $250,000 natural gasoline plant is being constructed near Marietta by the Greenville Gasoline Corporation. The Bureau of Mines will build a $14 million helium extracting plant at or near Kaysen. Temco Aircraft Corporation has signed an option with the City of Ardmore for operating an aircraft modification, overhaul and maintenance facility at the U.S. Air Force Base near there, employing approximately 1,800 people. Business expansion in Oklahoma City has totaled $180,913,294 compared to $131,208,748 for 1956. The new $200,000 Union Stockyards at McAlester is expected to do a $12 to $15 million business a year. Over $9 million was spent for new plant facilities, machinery and other equipment by 60 manufacturing firms in Tulsa County during 1957. The Continental Baking Company has formally opened their new $1 million bakery in Tulsa. Whitson Food Products Company of Hugo is spending $50,000 on an expansion program. The Alva Industrial Foundation is going to construct an industrial building at the Alva Municipal Airport. Excel Body Corporation of Durant has reopened its assembly line for production of the Company’s 1958 school buses. The Bureau of Aeronautics, Department of Navy, has signed a contract with Gallery Chemical Company of Muskogee for production of high energy fuel for jet aircraft and missiles. The initial order was for $150,000. The Oklahoma Farmers Union Co-op has installed a new feed mill at Yukon at a cost of more than $250,000. Oklahoma Tire & Supply Company has announced plans for a $3 million expansion program. The Stilwell Chamber of Commerce is forming an industrial foundation. It will be incorporated for $50,000. A new million-dollar terminal for the Transcon Truck Lines will be constructed in the sky line industrial district in Oklahoma City. The Oklahoma Farmers Union Co-op has installed a new feed mill at Yukon at a cost of more than $250,000. Oklahoma Tire & Supply Company has announced plans for a $3 million expansion program. The Stilwell Chamber of Commerce is forming an industrial foundation. It will be incorporated for $50,000. A new million-dollar terminal for the Transcon Truck Lines will be constructed in the sky line industrial district in Oklahoma City. The Oklahoma Farmers Union Co-op has installed a new feed mill at Yukon at a cost of more than $250,000.

POETRY CONTEST ANNOUNCED

The tenth annual Davis Contest for unpublished poetry in any form is underway, and will close Dec. 31. Prizes of $5, $3, and $2 are offered. Judges are Frances Farmer, of Hollywood, California, Hansford Martin, of Oklahoma City, and Rudolph Hill, of Wewoka. Send all contributions to James Neill Northe, 15 S. Robinson, Oklahoma City.

HONORS COME THICK AND FAST

We thought well-wishers might like to know this. During recent months, Oklahoma Today has been honored with: An official Oklahoma Today Day proclaimed and promoted heavily in Tulsa; burial in a time-capsule at Western State Hospital in Fort Supply (to be dug up at the turn of the century); the Oklahoma City Ad Club’s Distinguished Service to Advertising Award for 1958 (presented annually to the organization which has done the most to advertise Oklahoma); and shared honors with the Semi-Centennial Commission and the state Jaycees for their national 2nd place award won by the Jaycees for the Onward Oklahoma Essay Contest Project.

MONEY PICTURE LOOKS GOOD

We don’t pretend to know much about economics. But we suspect we’re not alone in having tried to bone up on the subject in a hurry during those queasy recent months of all the ’recession’ fact and talk.

One thing we’ve discovered is that figures like those released by the O.U. Bureau of Business Research can be pretty fascinating. For instance, one of their recent Business Bulletins ticks off the following surprises for the month of May in Oklahoma:

The general business index was at its second highest point in history, exceeded only by May of 1955.

"Adjusted general business was 5.1 per cent ahead of the April volume. Nearly all components were stronger than was expected on the basis of normal seasonal changes. Industrial production was up nearly four times the normal rise and construction likewise exceeded the seasonally expected rise considerably."

"Agriculture production increased by more than twice what is normal and retail trade nearly doubled its usual May increase."

"The gains of recent months have been sufficient to raise the amount of public works construction for the year to date nearly 74 per cent above the fairly normal volume for the first five months of last year.

"For the second successive month, employment rose by nearly twice its normal seasonal and for the first time this year, exceeded year ago levels.

"Personal income rose far more than normal and totaled $300.9 million. This was 4.5 per cent above April and nearly 1 per cent greater than May a year ago.

No dull story this—when it’s your own bread and butter that’s involved.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Foster-Harris, head of the world famous school of professional writing at the University of Oklahoma, has long been a Theodore Roosevelt enthusiast. His article in this issue about the President’s fabulous Oklahoma wolf hunt is told with all of Foster’s flair for writing exciting action, and his dedication to historical accuracy.

We extend our special thanks to Mrs. John Frizzell for gathering the illustrative material for our article on the Butterfield Overland Mail; to Juanita Mahaffey, editor of Oklahoma Wildlife, and to A. L. Gibson, head of the Division of Archives of the Univ. of Oklahoma, for their help in gathering material on Theodore Roosevelt and the wolf hunt; and to Ken Miller, of Ken Miller Public Relations in Tulsa, for his invaluable help in assembling the pictures of contemporary Oklahoma architecture.

FESTIVAL OF ARTS

Oklahoma continues to show an encouraging trend in blasted the arts out from the tea parties into the market place. Latest bit of cultural razzle-dazzle: the first city-wide Festival of Arts, a three-day offering of Oklahoma

Continued on page 36
MOST everyone cherishes the dream of a lodge in the mountains or a cabin on the lake. In Oklahoma, it can be more than a dream. And it is a labor of love. Working outdoors on weekends and holidays, you can soon have that haven away from the world.

Decide where you want your rustic retreat. Spend a few weekends camping in the area; the Kiamichis, the Winding Stairs, any scenic, wooded mountain region, or near any of Oklahoma's lakes.

The Chamber of Commerce in the town near the site you choose will be a big help to you. They can suggest available land, and reliable realtors who can assist you in purchasing your lodge site. You may be surprised to find you don't have to be wealthy, or anywhere near it, to own a lodge in the mountains. The pictures here were made at Morningside Lodge, in the Winding Stair Mountains. Morningside belongs to Erma Snyder, Oklahoma City teacher, and everyone knows school teachers aren't wealthy.

Your camping outfit may come in handy, or you may want to build a temporary shack for shelter while you are getting your main project far enough along for habitation. A few general pointers; a mail order catalog can be a gold mine of information for the do-it-yourself builder. Material available, window types and sizes, heating, wiring, and plumbing equipment, many ideas can be gleaned from such a catalog, as well as booklets on how to install the material. Oklahoma State University offers helpful booklets, such as how to install a septic tank.

Choose a site that is not too isolated. Neighbors nearby can help protect your property. If you are near a lake, be sure you locate where your cabin will not go under water during heavy rains, or when the lake is at flood pool. A high site will insure a good breeze when the weather is warm. Build on the south side of the road so traffic dust will blow away from you.

Investigate the water well situation. On lake sites you can install a pump to bring water from the lake for general use, but it can become an onerous chore to constantly have to haul drinking water from any great distance. Build your lodge as fireproof as possible, and you'll save much worry when autumn woods and grass are highly inflammable.

Many interior fixtures, cabinets, etc., can be constructed at home and hauled to the lodge on weekend trips. For after the lodge is built comes the greatest pleasure. You will be constantly on the lookout for antiques and rustic-flavored things "to go to the lodge". Every trip will find you loaded down with new treasures, and friends and weekend guests often repay your hospitality with gifts of articles and furniture to add to the lodge.

... Bill Burchardt.
Look for an interesting picture. Oftentimes your picture are too small to be handled by our color separators. You'll dog, or casting the snags for a bass to strike. Roll film is inexpensive. You can afford to waste a few shots, and sometimes it is these “waste” shots that a constant panorama of possible color pictures. Few things; the moss on the rocks, a clump of wild flowers, if you will just stop and look. Oklahoma sunsets are transparencies, mountains, and desert; rolling cattle lands and wheat other states have such variety; timberlands, swamps, fields, lakes, historic sites, and always, interesting people. is not in the breathtaking scope of the scene, but in small results he gets with this minimum equipment, examine his work in the color section of this issue.

As you drive along Oklahoma roads, you are seeing a constant panorama of possible color pictures. Few other states have such variety; timberlands, swamps, mountains, and desert; rolling cattle lands and wheat fields, lakes, historic sites, and always, interesting people.

A good exercise is to stop at any given spot, and look for an interesting picture. Oftentimes your picture is not in the breathtaking scope of the scene, but in small things; the moss on the rocks, a clump of wild flowers, if you will just stop and look. Oklahoma sunsets are tremendous—why not try to capture one on film.

Don’t worry if the camera store handbook says it’s too late to take a picture, or the light isn’t just “right”. Roll film is inexpensive. You can afford to waste a few shots, and sometimes it is these “waste” shots that surprise you after the film is developed. You may turn up with something beautiful and unusual.

Pictures submitted to Oklahoma Today must be transparencies, 2½ x 2½ square, or larger. 35 mm slides are too small to be handled by our color separators. You’ll have a lot of fun hunting scenes with your camera, says Paul; it’s as exciting as prowling the woods with gun and dog, or casting the snags for a bass to strike.

Paul was born in West Virginia and grew up in New Jersey. He studied at the Philadelphia Museum School of Art, majoring in advertising design and minorin in photography. After almost five years in art and photography in the U.S. Army during World War II he came to Oklahoma City to make a career of advertising art.

His advisors are his wife Irene, daughter Michelle, son Paul, II, and baby Mark. The Lefebvre family’s annual vacation is not a two or three week trip out-of-state. Instead, they take their vacation a day here and a day there, throughout the year. Short jaunts to every corner of Oklahoma, scenery seeing, and picture taking. They find vacationing in Oklahoma the greatest of fun, and are altogether enthusiastic about the entire state.

PLAN X WIND-UP

Our deepest thanks to the following list of fine friends who pitched in to win new subscribers for Oklahoma Today under Plan X. Top winner for the whole contest was the amazing Mrs. O. E. Lehenbauer of Ponca City who wound up with a total of no less than 145 new subscriptions! As Leigh Hunt said of Abou Ben Adam, “May her tribe increase.” Other winners: Dr. B. J. Youngblood of Galveston, Texas; Erma Biggers, Port Hueneme, Calif.; M. Estelle Angier, Wheaton, Ill.

Entrants were as follows, and perhaps you can spot some old friends among these names:


Ponca City—Mrs. O. E. Lehenbauer, F. K. Clemens, Jane Vance.

Wagoner—Evie P. Miller, Bob Jeffrey.


Canton—Mrs. Bert R. Willis, Bessie Gray.

Enid—Mrs. F. B. Minnix, Mrs. F. B. Denslow, Morris E. Andruss.

Chickasha—Margaretta B. Netzel, L. S. Kerr, Mrs. Hazel Pitts, Mrs. Lloyd A. Palmer.


Betts—Margaret R. N. Bean, Dr. G. W. Harper.

Claremore—Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Bluhm, Frank J. Podpechan.

Lawton—J. C. Kennedy, Jean Hamilton.

Others—L. J. Harris, Shawnee; Raymond Harber, Seminole; Mrs. Lenora I. Miller, Taloga; M/Sgt. Perry Hill, Vance AFB; Dr. O. W. Starr, Spavinaw; Clara Biebedorff, Perry.

Mrs. B. E. Davis, Mangum; Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Redding, Muskogee; Mabel E. Boggs, Norman; Albert G. DeLerio, Mooreland, H. N. Patterson, Granfield; Mrs. Dave Haymes, Dewey; Mrs. Jimmie C. Stephens, Cordell; Harrah School, Harrah; Mac Bretch, Hobart; James E. Latta, Fargo; Mrs. O. L. Taylor, Hillsdale; Gladys Julian, Alva; Emogene Blue-Eyes, Durant; Mrs. W. H. Frank, Bokchito; Florence Allen, Coweta; Mrs. L. P. Hetherington, Miami; Bettie Ringrose, Guthrie; Mrs. Adell Herrian, Bison; Mrs. Ernest Hooser, Eagleton; Dr. F. D. Stickney, Comanche; Mrs. W. E. Warner, Hooker; T. A. Crigger, Arahbash; Dr. H. H. Violet Sturgeon, Hennessey; Joe F. Moad, Cheyenne; Bobbie Hopkins, Ft. Sill; Kelso Department Store, El Reno.

### Calendar of Events

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<td>Davenport Community Fair</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 15</td>
<td>Free Fair and Pioneer Celebration</td>
<td>Watonga</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 15</td>
<td>Noble County Free Fair</td>
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<td>Sept. 16</td>
<td>Osage County Free Fair</td>
<td>Pawhuska</td>
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<td>Sept. 16</td>
<td>Cherokee Strip Celebration</td>
<td>Perry</td>
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<td>Sept. 16</td>
<td>Pioneer Day</td>
<td>Cleveland</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 16</td>
<td>Town and Country Banquet</td>
<td>Mountain View</td>
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<td>Sept. 17</td>
<td>Rogers County Free Fair</td>
<td>Claremore</td>
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<td>Sept. 20</td>
<td>Overland Mall Centennial Celebration</td>
<td>Durant</td>
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<td>Sept. 20</td>
<td>Mexican Independence Fiesta</td>
<td>Waynoka</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 22</td>
<td>Oklahoma State Fair</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 21</td>
<td>Civil Air Patrol's Annual Fly-In Breakfast &amp; Air Show</td>
<td>Bartlesville</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 22</td>
<td>Annual Car Lot Feeders Show &amp; Sale, and free Bar-B-Que</td>
<td>Tishomingo</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 23</td>
<td>Nat'l Assn. of Radio &amp; Television Broadcasters</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
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<td>Sept. 23</td>
<td>Tulsa State Fair</td>
<td>Tulsa</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 27</td>
<td>O.U. vs West Virginia (Football)</td>
<td>Univ. of Okla.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 27</td>
<td>O.S.U. vs North Texas (Football)</td>
<td>O.S.U.</td>
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<td>Sept. 29</td>
<td>Festival of the Arts</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
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<td>Oct. 3</td>
<td>Homecoming Northwestern State College</td>
<td>Alva</td>
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<td>Oct. 4</td>
<td>O.U. vs Oregon (Football)</td>
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<td>Oct. 9</td>
<td>Phillips Univ. Founders Day</td>
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<td>Oct. 15</td>
<td>Oil Progress Day</td>
<td>Drumright</td>
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<td>Oct. 17</td>
<td>Oil Industry Appreciation Day</td>
<td>Healdton</td>
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<td>Oct. 18</td>
<td>Amateur Golf Tournament</td>
<td>Healdton</td>
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<td>Oct. 21</td>
<td>Oklahoma Lumbermen's Assoc. Convention</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
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<td>Oct. 23</td>
<td>Community Builders Banquet</td>
<td>Idabel</td>
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<td>Oct. 23</td>
<td>Oklahoma Education Association</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
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<td>Oct. 25</td>
<td>Oklahoma University vs Kansas State</td>
<td>Univ. of Okla.</td>
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<td>Oct. 26</td>
<td>Oklahoma Automobile Dealers Assn.</td>
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<td>Oct. 31</td>
<td>Halloween Inc. Carnival</td>
<td>Pawhuska</td>
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<td>Nov. 1</td>
<td>O.S.U. vs Air Force Academy &amp; Homecoming</td>
<td>Okla. State Univ.</td>
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<td>Nov. 5</td>
<td>Great Plains Polled Hereford Show</td>
<td>Guymon</td>
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<td>Nov. 4</td>
<td>Will Rogers Day</td>
<td>Sherman</td>
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<td>Nov. 8</td>
<td>Oklahoma Farm Bureau</td>
<td>Okla. State Univ.</td>
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<td>Nov. 10-13</td>
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<td>Nov. 10-11-12</td>
<td>Sheridan Pony Sale</td>
<td>Ada</td>
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<td>Nov. 15</td>
<td>O.U. vs Minnesota (Football) and Homecoming</td>
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<td>O.S.U. vs Kansas (Football) and Parent's Day</td>
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<td>Nov. 16-23</td>
<td>Annual Turkey Shoot</td>
<td>Ketchum</td>
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<td>Nov. 22</td>
<td>O.U. vs Nebraska (Football) &amp; Dad's Day</td>
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<td>Nov. 29</td>
<td>O.U. vs O.S.U. (Football)</td>
<td>Okla. State Univ.</td>
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FIGHTING 45th
NEW INDUSTRY
HUMOR
SCENIC COLOR PHOTOS:
A KALEIDOSCOPE OF
ALL THE SEASONS