MUSICIANS LOOK TO GREENLEAF

This is one for those hide-bound skeptics who still try to classify the entire Southwest as "The Great American Cultural Desert."

Some time back, some mighty important Americans decided the musical life of the American people was in danger. The threat: a serious nation-wide shortage of first class string musicians.

They decided the solution was to have an International String Congress—to set up no mere one-day affair of speeches; but really have at it with two months of good basic training for at least fifty of the nation's most gifted young string students. And to bring in great string artists from all over the country for teachers, and to provide this teaching-festival with a really inspiring setting.

So where do you suppose they decided to hold it? In Oklahoma. Specifically, Greenleaf State Park, from June 15 through August 8 this summer.

It's really a remarkable story. An Advisory Board including men like Leopold Stokowski, Eugene Ormandy, Leonard Bernstein and Vladimir Goleghan (now Advisor to the Tulsa Symphony). Living expenses guaranteed by the American Federation of Musicians. Instruction underwritten by Oklahoma industrialists. Lodging, boarding and recreation provided by the State of Oklahoma and the Greenleaf Lake Festival of Tulsa. And this includes some mighty nice new facilities—30 practice sheds, air conditioned rehearsal rooms, etc.—built for the event on the shores of one of the prettiest lakes in Oklahoma.

Oklahomans who recognize this as a really great step in winning recognition for both the culture and the beauty of the Southwest owe thanks to many dedicated souls for this one. But chiefly to Dr. Roy Harris, celebrated American composer, Founder-Director for the Greenleaf Lake Festival; native Oklahoman.
Do you want $500.00 per month starting wage?

Know-how geared to automation and electronics?

Top-flight technicians for your industry--new or old?

If so, you’ll be interested in . . .
O.S. Tech students walk out of school into their chosen vocations like veterans because of the specialized training they receive.

Only recently one of the instructors looked up from his desk to greet a man standing before him with a twinkle in his eye. The man was a former student who had left a $35 a week job in Maryland to study a specialized subject at Tech. He and his wife had decided to spend their first vacation in Okmulgee, to celebrate their success with the instructor who had made it possible for them to enjoy a new way of life, with a $10,000 a year salary.

Every O.S. Tech instructor has similar experiences, which prove that proper vocational training really pays. O.S. Tech and its director, L. K. Covelle, are dedicated to one idea: men and women should be taught to do what they like best for a living. And taught in the most practical way—do it!

President Eisenhower has said, "Labor is the United States. The men and women who with their minds, their hearts, and hands, create the wealth that is shared in this country—they are America!"

Without the glass tube made by a technician, the scientist could not have discovered the elements that make the atom bomb explode.

Each succeeding class of cager, young graduates from O.S. Tech adds wealth to Oklahoma through a constant supply of trained technicians for the current statewide industrial expansion. No matter what the requirements, Tech can produce specially trained people to meet them; in automation, modern plant operation, cafeteria management, draftsmen, mechanics, electrical maintenance personnel, etc.

Names like Univac, the Resistor, and Ca Mnn W./.034:3, which sound like science fiction to most of us, are quite familiar to students in the Tech School of Electronics. Ca Mnn W./.034:3, incidentally, is the electronic brain which provided data for the Ford-United

The complicated technical process of separating the primary colors of these pictures, to be lithographed as halftones, was done by O. S. Tech students in Tech's own color laboratories.
Yesterday your old creaky editor took his nine children along for a trek around Sooner Strip territory. Here are some high spots, starting with FRONTIER CITY.

TRAIN RIDE. Longest dam ride of its kind I ever saw. Whiz past buffalo, burros, stagecoaches, cowboys, Indians, mighty nice little forest, old timey oil well and Frontier Chapel. Kids pulled pop-gun on engineer. Got two more free rides.

GHOST MINE. Real wild. All sorts of pleasant new companions like skeletons and three-foot spiders try to join the family as you reel thru pitch-black tunnels. Kids got over their scare and tried to catch spider, but he got away.

CIMARRON RIVER BOAT RIDE. Another wild one. Even outdoes Edna Ferber for jazzing up Oklahoma's Cimarron river countryside.

INDIAN KIVA. Real Indian village with stoic drum-beaters and dancing braves in fancy feathers. Kids wanted to Indian wrestle, but braves refused. Blamed high cost of feathers; can't muss.

TEEPEES TO TOWERS HIGH RIDE. Clear to the top of a 120-foot arrow for a view of Frontier City that really takes your breath away. Even kids were so awed they shut up for one whole minute.

JAILHOUSE. Turned over itemized list of children's offenses, but Marshall refused to lock them up even for pay. They are missing a real bet here.

Sated with thrills, we headed across the expressway to . . . Continued on page 29

Behind development of the "Sooner Strip" area as a major site for tourist attractions lies a big fact about the new U.S. system of Super Highways.

This system will literally transform Oklahoma into the "Crossroads of the Nation" for highway travel. It will do this by vastly strengthening the already strong north-south and east-west transcontinental travel pattern created by the criss-cross of U.S. 77 and U.S. 66 and the Turnpikes through Oklahoma.

Though the actual crossroads point lies northeast of Oklahoma City, sparking "Sooner Strip" development, travel experts foresee significant benefits for the whole state from the Super Highways.

Oklahoma is ready, with topflight state parks and lodges dotting the entire state; new lakes galore; growing resort areas in northeastern and southern Oklahoma; and general growth elsewhere.
Hummel Holiday Village developers have let no grass grow under their feet since they pioneered development in the "Sooner Strip" area three years ago.

Since then this unique "all women" corporation, spearheaded by tiny dynamo Lu Hummel, has parlayed their location directly across from Frontier City into a booming business in fine, hand-braided rugs and established their "Hummel Maid" brand-name nation-wide.

More recently they have expanded into a Village of fine shops to cater to the traveler.

Southwest three miles along Oklahoma City's northeast expressway, construction is now underway on the National Cow-boy Hall of Fame. Seventeen states are participating in a continuing drive to reach a goal of $5-millions to complete this great national shrine.

Lured in by such attractions and the silver-tongued oratory of Oklahoma Today associate editor Bill Burchardt (himself a Western Writer), the Western Writers of America recently held their national convention at Frontier City.

Frontier City was officially opened on Memorial Day, May 30, of last year. During June, July and August alone, more than 800,000 Americans traveling the north-south sweep of U.S. 77 and U.S. 66 and the Turner and Will Rogers Turnpikes east-west, stopped off to explore the new town.

There, sprawling over a scenic, wooded, 43-acre site, they found a very charming, authentic, modern-day re-creation of an old frontier town, complete with stockade, jail house, bank, general store, theatre, livery stable, saloon (beer only), cemetery and trading post. Sandwiched among these attractions, they found unique eateries; museums; shops offering everything from antiques to western clothes. Thrills and mystifications provided by a Mystery Shack, a Ghost Mine, an Indian Kiva. Gunfights staged twice daily in the streets. Rides in stagecoaches, surreys, horse and burro-back; and a 1½-mile long train ride that circles the whole town.

Set off from the park, in a spot all its own, they also found a beautiful frontier chapel where services are held regularly to offer the weary traveler refreshment of a deeper kind.

The town opened with 39 attractions. This year it has added 14 more. These include a wild boat ride down a river.

Continued on page 29
Major leaguers, minor leaguers
“Y” leaguers, it’s fantastic
how many Oklahomans...

play ball!

It is safe to estimate that ninety percent of
the television sets in Oklahoma were turned
on the afternoon of last October 2nd, and
focused on Milwaukee Stadium where the
second game of the World Series was being
played. In the fourth inning Mickey Mantle hit a home run.

In the top of the ninth, he hit another home run. At that moment
it is equally safe to say that tons of air were shoved clear out of
the state borders by the unison swelling of chests as Oklahomans said
to themselves, “That’s our boy!”

A similar effect was produced two days later when Warren Spahn,
Hartshorne rancher and Milwaukee Braves pitcher, treated the Yankees
to a shutout, and Milwaukee won 4 to 0. It looks like we’d be used to it by now.

But every baseball season continues to be a time of unusual rejoicing in this panhandled state, and World Series time produces almost the equivalent of a series of successive state holidays. It is a startling fact that this state has sent one hundred and four baseball players up to the Major Leagues.

Who can concentrate on routine business details when one of the home town boys is starring in the World Series? For instance, just prior to the current crop of standout Sooner big leaguers, there was Allie Reynolds.

The “Super Chief” tied the all-time record with seven World Series wins. He pitched for the All-Star teams of ’43, ’47, ’49, ’51, ’52, and ’53. In ’51, he was Pro-Athlete of the Year and won the Hickok Award. In ’52, he was Player of the Year and won the New York Sports Writers’ Award. He won the Art Griggs Baseball Award in ’48, ’50, ’51, and ’52. In ’51, he pitched two no-hit games for the first time in the history of the American League, and has pitched a total of 37 shutouts!

Or back up a little farther to Johnny “Pepper” Martin who literally won the 1931 World Series single-handed. Driving in 5 runs, scoring 5 himself, 12 hits for a total of 19 bases, and a batting average of .500, which is still the record high batting average for an individual in a seven game Series. According to the baseball writers of the time, “an obscure David who galloped unawed and roughshod over the mighty Goliath that was the Philadelphia Athletics’ baseball machine”, Pepper Martin is universally recognized as one of the greatest players the game ever produced.

Or how about “King” Carl Hubbell, the screwball pitcher from Meeker who once made the New York Giants invincible. Carl Hubbell won 253 games for the Giants and was a more than twenty game winner for five consecutive seasons. The “Meal Ticket” as the writers called him, is the pitcher who accomplished the incredible feat of striking out Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx, Al Simmons, and Joe Cronin in order, in the 1934 All-Star game. Bill Dickey got a single after that, then Lefty Gomez became Hubbell’s sixth strikeout victim.

Then there are the Waners, Paul and Lloyd. “Big Poison”, and “Little Poison”, whose deadly batting accuracy was the terror of National League pitchers. In fourteen years with the Pittsburgh Pirates, Lloyd Waner struck out only 158 times in 7,219 trips to the plate. Look at these batting averages: 1928—.336, 1929—.359, 1930—.362, 1931—.318!

Paul Waner was the National League’s Most Valuable Player in 1927. He batted .380 that year. He hit .379 his second year in the big leagues. In ’27, he drove in 131 runs, and hit 17 triples to lead the league for the second successive year. Paul Waner is in the National Baseball Hall of Fame.

So is Carl Hubbell. Two Oklahoma farm boys who grew up playing high school ball in Harrah and Meeker, just sixteen miles apart, and both wound up in the Baseball Hall of Fame—a situation which cannot be duplicated anywhere in the United States.

That brings us to the somewhat more complicated case of Dizzy and Paul Dean. Paul was born in Poteau. Dizzy was born in Holdenville, on Jan. 16, and in Lucas, Arkansas, on Aug. 22, 1911. He has listed his full name as both Jay Hanna Dean, and Jerome Herman Dean.

Dizzy says, “I’m mixed up myself. I swear I thought I was born in Holdenville on Jan. 16. But, do you know, my dad stood up in Branch Rickey’s office and said it was Lucas, Arkansas, on Aug. 22. Can you imagine that? I told him if anyone ought to know it was me. I was the one borned, for Pete’s sake!”

As to the name mix-up, it turns out Dizzy was born Jay Hanna but decided to take the name Jerome Herman when a boyhood chum of that name died. It is indicative of Diz’ big-heartedness that he did it to help ease the grief of the dead boy’s father.

It also turns out that Diz was born in Lucas, Arkansas, but grew up in Springer, Oklahoma, not far from Holdenville. And if he did get mixed up on places and dates, he certainly never got mixed up on a pitcher’s mound. Diz’ dad relates that his boys learned to throw...
It was hell in the hills when UNION forces tried to cope with the CONFEDERACY's RED FOX.
Modern Oklahomans are inclined to look surprised and even skeptical when told that several battles of the Civil War took place on Oklahoma soil.

"Why," they say with an "oh, pshaw" attitude, "Oklahoma wasn't even a state then." Which is true. But the battles did take place in what is now Oklahoma and some of them were little lulus, probably as bloody as and deadly, man for man, as any battles of the war.

No battle names appear on the Oklahoma record to compare in magnitude or historical importance with such blood-baths as Gettysburg, Shiloh, Antietam, Chickamauga or Sherman's march to the sea and the pageantry of waving flags, rolling drums and shrilling bugles was missing. There were no famous war correspondents covering the Indian Territory theatre of operations. But scores of deadly little battles were fought up and down the eastern quarter of the state and the men who fought them and left their bodies on the field of battle were just as dead as those who fell in the large engagements farther East. Men in Blue and Gray died by the thousands in the eastern theatres of the war where the heavy concentrations of population and armies took place, but they died by the hundreds up and down the Oklahoma-Arkansas border. And, considering the sparse population and smaller numbers of men involved, the results of the Oklahoma fights showed higher casualty percentages.

For four bloody years the friendly green Ozarks in the Cherokee country, the rugged Cookson Hills, the San Bois and the pine-clad Kiamichi Mountains of southeastern Oklahoma was a land of terror, of pillaging and killing, of night raids and house burnings. Up and down, back and forth rode and marched the warriors of the Union and the Confederacy. And when it was all done the hills and valleys were scarred and ravaged and most of the Indian residents were hungry and homeless and many of them penniless.

Much of the war was fought on a guerrilla basis . . . of quick hit-and-run raids involving only a few dozen or, at most, a few hundred men, some in uniform, some not.

Stand Watie's Cherokee Mounted Rifles figured in the greater portion of these affairs. What Mosby did as the Confederate raider in Virginia Stand Watie did with equal thoroughness in Oklahoma. While Mosby was known as the "Gray Ghost" of the South it would be equally fitting to call Watie the "Red Fox" of the West. Watie was three-quarters Cherokee, the only Indian to win a general's stars in either army.

On July 1 and 2 of 1863, the very same days on which the first two days of the history-making Battle of Gettysburg was taking place a thousand miles to the East a force of 1500 Confederates under Stand Watie, then a Colonel in the Confederate army, engaged a force of Union troops of considerably smaller number and attempted to capture a supply train of some 200 wagons containing supplies for Union forces at Fort Gibson.

The resulting conflict was listed as THE FIRST BATTLE OF BIG CABIN. It took place on the banks of Cabin Creek between Vinita and Langley. The Confederates attacked viciously and the fight raged for two days but they were beaten off and the wagon train with its escort of Yankee troops managed to make its way to Fort Gibson, fighting a rear guard action as it crawled painfully through the hills.

After their defeat Watie's men drew back into the woods, regrouped, counted their losses and prepared to try again.

The next chance came on July 17. Reinforcements for the Confederates came up in large numbers from Arkansas and Texas. Major General James G. Blunt, commander of Union troops at Fort Gibson, received scouting reports that a massed, all-out attack would be made on Fort Gibson and he moved quickly to nip it in the bud by going out to meet the Confederates before they had sufficient time to get set. In all Blunt had at his disposal some 3,500 men, including a small battery of artillery.

Confederate troops under General George H. Cooper, with Stand Watie second in command, numbered about 6,000 and they had no artillery:

Blunt was a stubborn and vigorous officer and he was thoroughly fed up with Stand Watie's constant harassing of his territory. He was determined to put an end to it. He also realized that Fort Gibson was the key to the entire area and if it fell into Confederate hands it would not only be a crippling blow to the Union but would also probably cost him his command. So he hastily prepared for action and marched from the Fort to meet the enemy as far from it as possible.

On July 17, 1863, just two weeks after Gettysburg, THE BATTLE OF HONEY CREEK, the most important Civil War battle in Indian Territory, took place.

The two armies met on the banks of Elk Creek, at the village of Honey Springs, near which the Confederates had their warehouses and supply stations, about 12 miles Southeast of Muskogee.

Fighting started early in the morning and lasted through much of the day. Each force fought fiercely and with every weapon at its disposal. But the Confederates were outclassed in equipment and weapons, and by the end of the day were forced to retreat, leaving over two hundred dead and numbers of wounded behind. There were almost no prisoners taken by either side.

Elk Creek today is a clear, blue stream that flows peacefully along a rocky channel but on July 17, 1863, its waters were red with the blood of the men who struggled along its banks.

When the rattle of musketry, the boom of artillery, the rebel yell and the Cherokee and Creek war cries died away that day in July Blunt's forces went back to Fort Gibson and the Confederates retreated, limping down the Texas Road fifty miles to Perryville, about 12 miles South of the present city of McAlester. Continued on page 31
PART II: THE EASTERN HALF
Take the advice of a man who’s been there often—there are a lot of surprises in store for...

THE TRAVELER IN OKLAHOMA

BY R. G. MILLER
"Smoking Room" columnist, Daily Oklahoman

Eastern Oklahoma! Ah wonderland!

Books, booklets and brochures by the dozen have been written and speeches and lectures by the hundred have been delivered about the natural beauty, the mountains and hills, the rivers and lakes, the forests, the history, the good neighborliness, the mineral deposits and the industrial opportunities in Eastern Oklahoma—but the half has not been told.

This story in Oklahoma Today may do little more than fill in some gaps and emphasize the whole. Perhaps it will stir the interest of countless thousands of Oklahoma residents, and numerous visitors, to set aside two or three days or a week or more to go motoring to see some of the most magnificent scenery in the land and to visit some of the sites where rich, meaningful history of the southwest was made.

So pack up, load up and let’s get going. Where to start? It doesn’t matter. Eastern Oklahoma presents a new pageant of grandeur with each passing mile in any direction from any takeoff point.

The mountains in eastern Oklahoma do not reach as high into the sky as the Rocky mountains, but they compare well when it comes to scenic beauty. Rich mountain in southern LeFlore county is the highest with elevation at one point of 2,950 feet. It is followed by Sugarloaf, also in LeFlore, with 2,650 feet. Then come the Winding Stair and the Kiamichi, in much the same area, with elevation close to 2,500 feet. There are innumerable mountains in that section of the state which are 1,200 to 1,800 feet up. These include the San Bois peaks and ridges which are as shapely and scenic as any of them.

At the foothills of these mountains there are clear-water streams which offer hundreds of ideal camp-out and picnicking spots. These streams come tumbling down from the hillsides with gusto, and they are all stocked by nature with bass, brownies, goggle-eyes and other game fish.

In April, the mountain region, from Broken Bow on the south to Wyandotte on the north, is alive with flowering beauty. Dogwood, redbud, flowering peach, locust, haw, and other trees and bushes give forth an extravaganza of colorful beauty. And in the autumn these same mountains present a pageant of rainbow color.

The Eastern Oklahoma mountain country is well-covered with forests of scenic and commercial value. Lots of people will be surprised to learn that Oklahoma has about six million acres of merchantable timberlands and more than 200 sawmills, including two of the largest such mills in the USA. Sixteen million fence posts are produced and marketed from this area each year; also

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NIGHTFALL AT THE CROSSROADS

Used to be a title like the above would evoke a picture of a quiet country store with a wagon passing, bright lantern swinging from the tail-gate. This color photo not only points up the dramatic change that’s come over the U.S., but Oklahoma as well. Photographer Paul Lefebvre set up his camera near the area northeast of Oklahoma City which is becoming, quite literally, the "Crossroads of America" for highway travel. He opened the shutter and let the headlights and taillights of cars and trucks enroute cross-country paint their own picture of travel at the cross-roads, 1959. U.S. Highway 66 and the Turner and Will Rogers Turnpikes are the big transcontinental traffic bearers through this key area. U.S. 77 provides the major north-south route to form the "crossroads."

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEFEVBRE
PART II: THE EASTERN HALF

The fresh new land that was Oklahoma comes to life again through the sketchbook of

THE TRAVELER IN OKLAHOMA

The Sugar Loaf, the Kavanaeu, and the Sans-bois mountains bound really paradisical valleys, over which Nature has poured out every kind of loveliness with inexhaustible profusion. The meadows, which are perfect beds of splendid flowers, tempt the traveller almost irresistibly to linger, or even take up his abode in them. They are ready to receive whatever seed he may drop into their bosom and return him a thousand fold; and the numerous little streams which constantly refresh the soil, dispel the fear of the excessive heats of summer, and promise a joyful harvest; while the neighbouring woods offer the settler hard hickory trunks for the beams of his log-house, and slender stems enough for his fences. The winter is here milder than in most of the neighbouring regions; for the impenetrable woods and the near mountains defy the north wind and protect the tenderest germs from this enemy so dreaded in less favoured regions.
It is delightful to the traveller to go from settlement to settlement among these Choctaws and Cherokees, and to find himself everywhere received with open arms like an old friend. Here the wanderer need have no fear of a rustling among the bushes, of the hissing arrow or the whistling tomahawk. The crow of the domestic cock mingles with the call of the little partridge, and the moaning cry of the panther has been long silent before the barking of the house-dog; and where once was heard the wild howl over slaughtered enemies and bloody scalps, you now listen to the peaceful bells of the grazing flocks and herds. Here are blooming farms which would do honor to a European settler, luxuriant crops, and a general prosperity.

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**SAILBOAT**

The slap of canvas in a spanking breeze, and waves lapping the gunwhale with the rudder hard over. Confirmed sailboaters will tell you there's no sport to compare!

No racketty motor noise — no exhaust fumes — only a cool lake breeze, and a quiet world apart.

**ON LAKE HEFNER.**

COLOR PHOTO BY JESSE BREWER
At a sudden turn of the road you see old Fort Koffee lying before you. This little fortress was erected thirty years ago, beautifully situated on a hill about eighty feet high, that rises abruptly from the waters of the Arkansas, and on the landside slopes gently down. The white building gleams out pleasantly from the dark cedars. After the building of Fort Smith, Fort Koffee lost its garrison and was transformed into a missionary school. The town itself consists of a kind of broad street, formed of log-houses and gardens, and does not differ much in appearance from many other thriving villages. Domestic animals of all sorts enliven the farmyards, gardens and streets. In general there is an appearance of lively industry about the place, called by the Indians Hei-to-to-wec, but by the American population Scullerville (Skulleyville) or simply the “Agency”. It is the rendezvous of all the industrial population of the country. The want of an inn was soon felt, and a small boarding-house helped to render the little town complete; and there may sometimes be seen alighting at it Choctaw gentlemen and their families who have been to visit their daughters at school.
When you reach the rather higher plateau which has received the name of Pine Grove, such a landscape is opened to the view, that any one must indeed be dull and insensible who can contemplate it without not merely surprise but emotion. The whole country of the Choctaws lies there unrolled before your eyes, and looking to the east whence you have come, you see for the last time the Sugar Loaf mountain, and a low chain, scarcely distinguishable in the horizon, passes behind the dark masses of the Kavaneau, which are met by the mountains of Sans-bois, the highest points of which, due south from Pine Grove, gradually sink towards the west, and lose themselves in the flat country.

The great valley, lying thus like a picture framed in by blue mountains, is by no means a level surface varied only by the distribution of forest and prairie, although that will often compose a scene of great beauty, but hills and even mountains lie scattered about it in all directions, and the green prairies and dark woods are intersected by streams and rivulets, the windings of which are traceable through the meadows by the bushes on their banks, and through the forest by the deeper green of the trees. The traveller is tempted to linger long at this point, for he is now on the frontier of a rich and beautiful country.
If you follow the road into the forest that forms the broad border of the Sans-Bois, you will hear, at almost every hour of the day, the strokes of a smith's hammer falling briskly and regularly on the glowing iron and the anvil beneath it, as long as the industrious cheerful smith is able to wield it. Following the sounds of the forge, you find your way through herds of sleek well fed cows and oxen, who are reposing comfortably across your path, and are not at all inclined to allow themselves to be disturbed in the very pleasant occupation of chewing the cud. You come soon to a clearing, and to the paling of a farmyard, in the middle of which rises a rough but well-built log house. Some Indian children are about before the door, and a haughty-looking cock is observing their proceedings, while his own large family is picking up a living about the yard; a cleanly dressed Indian woman is following her domestic occupations, her dark earnest eyes continually turning to her youngest darling, rolling there in the grass.

**NIGHT HARVEST**

“Man’s work is from sun to sun,” says the old proverb—but not when the wheat is ripe and ready for the harvest. Labor ’round the clock is commonplace then, for a sudden summer storm can destroy in moments all the fruitful and abundant yield that has taken months to mature. Last year’s bumper crop produced almost 116 million bushels of wheat from 41½ million acres planted, bringing an income of $202,020,000 to Oklahoma.
What is this New Oklahoma? Nowhere does it reveal itself with more dramatic power than in northeastern Oklahoma's lake country. Imagine a land of wooded hills, small farms, and small towns sort of at a loss as to where the future was headed. Then imagine that a magician waved his wand and lo and behold, three mighty lakes appeared. Thousands of boats popped onto the water. The shores sprouted resorts, lodges, cabins. Millions of people began to pour in from all over the country. And the small towns came to life and started growing, growing, growing. And sports like Scuba diving — hard to picture in the Old Oklahoma — took hold like mad. This is no fairy tale. It is merely the story of what has happened in just two decades, following the development of Grand, Fort Gibson and Tenkiller lakes. The divers in this picture are Lucien Criner, Jr., of Okmulgee, and William Billig, a Henryetta jeweler. A former Navy salvage diver, Criner helped clear Nagasaki harbor after that city was flattened by the atom bomb, and helped salvage the Normandie in New York harbor. Following World War II he came to Oklahoma. He's now pretty generally credited with being the man who started Scuba diving on the way to its present popularity as an Oklahoma water sport.

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEFEVRE
Gaines Creek was reached at last, and the Indian smith returned to his forge. There was no difficulty in finding the way; running streams and gushing springs were sparkling all over among the rich grass of this beautiful country. The road was smooth, and leading mostly through prairies, bringing us nearer and nearer to the Canadian. After a few marches, we arrived at the first settlement of the Shawnee Indians. Scarcely was the arrival of the white party made known, than friendly Indians came trooping on horseback and on foot into our camp, bringing with them large quantities of maize, sweet melons, most refreshing water melons and juicy peaches for sale.

The time which the Shawnees can spare from their farms, they generally employ in hunting expeditions, passing by twos and threes into the territories of the Kiowas and the hostile Comanches, to pursue the shaggy bison and the beautifully marked antelope, and after months of absence to bring back their pack horses laden with dried meat. Their fondness for the chase and for adventure made it easy for us to find among them a guide, who undertook to conduct our expedition as far as the Old Fort Arbuckle.

**Night Skyline**

“Spend tonight in exciting, glamorous Oklahoma City,” say the signboards on the highways leading into town. This view of the Capital city’s colorful skyline makes the prospect indeed tempting. A multitude of cafes and restaurants serving menus of delectable food, theatres showing a variety of the latest attractions (or you can pick an evening when the Mummers or Miracle Theatre have a play on the boards), symphony, concert and celebrity series, nite spots featuring dance bands playing the rhythms you like, an evening in Oklahoma City can provide entertainment for you and that girl you married, or the whole family.
Automobile Workers' plan for supplementary unemployment benefits.

If that sort of language is puzzling, don't be alarmed. It simply means that the world is undergoing growing pains in what may be the most benevolent revolution in the history of technology.

Great industrial changes have forced occupational adjustments in the past. During the period following World War I, industrial mechanization upset millions of workers' dinner pails all over the country. That generation of Americans ate many a dry crust of bread while learning to operate machines to do much of the work that was formerly done by hand.

The current industrial transition is different. Man-operated machines are now becoming obsolete. The modern plant uses machines to operate other machines, electronically controlled by push-button specialists and technicians. Present day technology demands skills of a higher level than the current average of today's "skilled labor." Oklahoma State Tech produces skills of that higher level.

The role played by this school in lifting its students to higher economic levels is unique. Better paying jobs wait for them even before they graduate. And graduating students usually have their choice of several jobs that are open and waiting.

A confidential survey of Tech graduates shows beginning wages of well over $500 per month. In the self-employed group, reports show earnings as high as $1200 per month. The limit of success is entirely up to the individual's ability and ambition.

Charles E. Wilson became president of General Motors with a vocational school education. Henry Ford proved the value of technical training in developing his early automobiles. He insisted on technical training for his department heads as his company grew.

Chrysler Corporation received a contract to produce the Redstone and Jupiter missile systems last year while Detroit was in the throes of recession unemployment. The contract meant 4,000 new jobs, but the unemployed auto workers could not fill these jobs. All these new jobs had to be manned by specialists. Chrysler was compelled to hire 25% engineers, 40% technicians, and most of the rest were skilled workmen trained for more complicated work than had ever been done on an auto assembly line.

Such examples are becoming common. On the farm, in the oilfield, in industry, and in science, the technician is to our economy what bedrock is to the foundation of the Empire State Building.

Shakespeare says, "Experience is a jewel... for it is often purchased at an infinite rate."

Practical experience is what O.S.Tech abounds in, of course. But theory and related subjects are not bypassed in the process of producing specialists.

For instance, six hours of study per day for Electronic and Electrical Maintenance involves: two hours basic...
An indescribable odor of new leather assures you that huge strips of fine leather are being cut, stamped, carved, and sewn into beautiful handbags, saddles, or shoes and boots inside the door to the right. And that's the way it is for three miles of oakflooded thoroughfare.

Corridors permit wheelchairs to travel with ease and comfort to any building on the campus. This facility alone has transformed the lives of hundreds of physically handicapped students.

Sixteen months of continuous training gives O.S.Tech students what they need. A thorough training for the jobs they most desire. No frills. No lost time or motion. Just 1200 to 1500 young men and women studying a specialized vocation. They come from all states, from foreign countries. Their minds are made up before they come to Okmulgee, and they get what they came for.

Their philosophy is in full accord with Thomas Fuller's famous advice, "He that sips of many arts, drinks of none."

Oklahoma is indeed fortunate to have this unique school. It is the most complete of its kind in the country. A school that trains young men and women to work successfully with men of experience. And finally, a school where emphasis is placed on the basic techniques and skills which apply to the needs of this new atomic and electronic world of specialists.

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Thousands of Tech grads have upgraded their earning power by switching jobs, after specialist training at Tech geared to future needs. Typical are Raymond V. Adams (I), Tulsa; and Billy G. Marcum (r), Valliant. Both are employed by the Carter Oil Geophysical Department.

electrical and electronics theory; two hours related subjects—calculus, principals of radar; two hours shop work.

A long walk through the endless corridors connecting the ninety-four buildings on the campus is a rewarding experience. The ever changing aroma drifting out of the many doorways is as informative as the signs on the classroom doors.

The pleasant smell of fresh sawdust indicates cabinet and furniture making inside the door to the left. The indescribable odor of new leather assures you that huge strips of fine leather are being cut, stamped, carved, and sewn into beautiful handbags, saddles, or shoes and boots inside the door to the right. And that's the way it is for three miles of oakflooded thoroughfare.

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Pepper Martin beats out a hot infield single against Philadelphia, and Allie Reynolds hurl[s] the final pitch in his second 1951 no-hit game. The Boston Red Sox' Ted Williams is at the plate.

Continued from preceding page

Thorpe achieved a lifetime batting average of .320, and played six years for John McGraw's N. Y. Giants, from 1913. King Gustav of Sweden once told Thorpe, "Sir, you are the greatest athlete in the world."

What are Oklahoma's chances of continued success in Major League ball? A look at this season's rosters, in addition to Mantle and Spahn, turns up such names as Alvin Dark, Tom Sturdivant, Cal McLish, Von and Lindy McDaniel, Don Demeter, Jerry Walker, Johnny Callison.

The Tulsa Oilers, AA club in the St. Louis farm system, is looking for a big year, which will include 36 games with teams in Mexico, in the new Pan-American Association, in addition to their Texas League schedule. Future Cardinal talent is seasoning here.

The kid baseball program in Oklahoma is another indication of things to come. The YMCA program, which starts baseball in the "pee-wee" bracket at age 8, moves a youngster progressively through the "midget", "prep", and "minor" brackets, with state play-offs sponsored by the Roy Deal inspired OK Kids organization. There is American Legion ball for boys under 18. The American Amateur Baseball Congress is organized for teams in the Babe Ruth League (ages 13-15), the Connie Mack Division (ages 16-18), and the Major Division (age 19 and older).

The objective of the tremendous YMCA program is not to develop professional ball players, but to obtain the widest possible participation. In Oklahoma City alone, 9,007 boys played on 509 teams last year, playing a total of nearly 5,000 games before more than a million spectators. A stranger passing through on any summer afternoon is apt to wonder if every boy in town plays baseball.

With 15 to 18 boys per team, and two dads to coach them, each team is carefully graded to match boys of equal ability. Rules state that no boy may play more than 75 percent of the time, so every boy will get a chance to play.

The dads raise money to equip the team through pie suppers, carnivals, and donations (often digging deep in their own pockets), lay out and grade the diamond, build the backstop, and coach the boys. There is nothing in it for them except a lot of hard work, a chance to be with their boys, have a common interest with them and watch boys grow into men. Which is pretty satisfying all around.

Oklahoma City's "Y" baseball program has been written up in Life magazine. It is a pioneer, the first of its type in the nation, and has become a prototype. Gib Favor, "Y" executive who so successfully heads up the program, receives inquiries about it daily, from cities everywhere.

Many an Oklahoma baseball star puts his shoulder to the wheel of younger baseball after he retires from Major League play. The "Super Chief" Allie Reynolds, has been "Y" Baseball Commissioner since 1943. Dale Mitchell, whose batting average with the Cleveland Indians was a sensational .565 against Allie Reynolds, is also on the "Y" Commission and helps with the coaching.

In fact, every ex-Major Leaguer pitches in on the "Y" Spring Clinics, freely teaching the youngsters everything they know. There is a lot of baseball savvy in Oklahoma. With all the hub-bub of state-wide baseball activity summer after summer, it appears that the rosters of Major League clubs are apt to be listing Oklahomans for quite awhile.
OKLAHOMANS IN THE MAJORS

AMERICAN LEAGUE 1959

Jerry Walker, Adolphine, Kansas City
Jerry Adair, Tulsa, Detroit
Thomas Bond, McKeesport, Chicago
Lucien Cox, Joplin, Indians
Eugene Stephens, Oklahoma City, Boston
Johnny Collins, South Bend
Lettie Mose, Tulsa, Chicago
Harvey Wight, Oklahoma City, Cleveland
George S. Breslaw, San Diego
Thomas Shorten, Oklahoma City, Kansas City
Ralph Terry, Oklahoma City, New York
Mike Martin, Comanche, New York
J. W. Porter, Sherman, Washington

NATIONAL LEAGUE 1959

Alvina Dur, Caruthersville, Chicago
Robert Smith, Nashville, Cincinnati Reds
Don Denver, Oklahoma City, Los Angeles Dodgers
Gary Wilcox, Oklahoma City, Los Angeles Dodgers
Gene Conley, Minnesota, Milwaukee Braves
Herman Spahn, North Carolina, Milwaukee Braves
Howard Gross, Muskegon, Pittsburgh Pirates
Bob Boyack, Madison, St. Louis Cardinals
Lindy McNamara, Herculaneum, St. Louis Cardinals
Van McDowell, Halls, St. Louis Cardinals

FORMER MAJOR LEAGUERS

HERBERT JOHN ARNHEIM, Barbershop
BOB JUDD, Farnham
ED MACK, Strong
ESSIE BARNES, Guthrie
JAMES DASHE, Tulsa
DANNY ROY, Ada
AL BENTON, Mcalester
GERMAN BLACKMESS, Oklahoma City
CY BLAYTON, Muskogee
JAMES BLEACHACHT, Oklahoma City
CHION BRANDON, Oklahoma City
ALPHA BRENN, Leland
HARRY BRICHEY, Broken Bow
BILL BRIGGS, Tulsa
GUINN CANTWELL, Tulsa
Rex Deel, Lindsay
CHEF CHEVES, Oklahoma City
HARLAND GULLY, Ft. Worth
CHARLES CORDIER, Magness
JEFF CROSBY, Tulsa
COTTEAL, Tishomingo
JAY HANNA DEAN, Springfield
PAUL DEAN, Dareo
MOORE, Millwood
SILVIE C, Vinton
VALLEY ERLER, Allen
GEORGE FOSTER, Sapulpa
CLIFT GARRETT, Muskogee
JIM HENRYY SOODER, Muskogee
GERMAN GREGG, Sapulpa
JAMES "RED" HOLLAND, Wills
CARL, Haskell
MILLER HUNL, Weatherford
BEN HUNT, Enid
LORD JONES, Oklahoma City
ROBERT "INDIAN" JOHNSON, Pryor
ROY ROBERTSON, Muskogee
ROY CLEVELAND JOHNSON, Spiro
TOM GORDON, Bartlesville
ISSAC KNOTT, Eleuthera
HOM KNOTT, Tulsa
FRANK KELLETT, Oklahoma City
RAY KELLY, Bartlesville
HERBEY LAYTON, North Cheyenne
FRED MACK, Oklahoma City
FRANK MARTIN, Chester
PEPPER MASON, Temple
CLARK MOORE, Koshkonong
Dale Mitchell, Cushing
JUDGEE, Muskogee
WILLIAM MOORE, McAlester
KERRY MORGAN, Oklahoma City
ROBERTS, Muskogee
ROBERT "Randy" O'BRYAN, Muskogee
ALICE ROBINSON, Enid
LLOYD RUSSELL, Ada
PETE RUFF, Muskogee
JAMES SHUSTER, Tulsa
AGNUS SULLIVAN, McAlester
TERRY SNYDER, Oklahoma City
HARRY SPENCER, Chandler
RAYMOND STARR, Norman
SILAS TAYLOR, Checotah
CHARLES STONE, Oklahoma City
JIM TAPP, Tulsa
CLAYTON TAYLOR, Muskogee
LINDSAY THOMPSON, Muskogee
HENRY THOMPSON, Oklahoma City
JOE THOMPSON, Prague
LLOYD TROY, Custer
WILL TAYLOR, Ardmore
LLOYD WILLIAMS, Muskogee
PARK WILLIAMS, Muskogee
RALD WILSON, Tulsa
BEN LOUIS WINTER, Tula
TOM WINTER, Arapahoe
AB WRIGHT, Tenkiller
MUSCLE CHIEF, Yellowknife

TEASETTE Continued from page 4

HUMMEL HOLIDAY VILLAGE.
This place is really loaded with pure-out, quaint, old-timey charm. And because it is like going into somebody's house, is really good for quieting down the kids if they have any manners at all.

HUMMEL RUG STORE. Gracious ladies braiding luscious rugs.

SURREY HOUSE. Damdest collections you ever saw of old-timey china, glass, iron-work and handcraft from all over the world. Kids went for old-time guns, swords, candy store, and nine wiggling rubber monkeys. I went for . . .

PATIO. A real, restful oasis, surrounded by nice shops of all kinds. After refueling at the handy "pop" shop, regrouped safari and headed southwest along expressway to . . .

HILLSIDE SITE FOR NATIONAL COWBOY HALL OF FAME. Ground cut up with construction getting underway, but still a real thrill to stand here late in the day and imagine yourself one of the last of the cowboys, astride his trusty steed against the sunset. Dream punctured by nine small voices howling "Where are the cowboys?"

"Bless your dear, tender little souls, they will be here next year," I explained; and so led them, howling, home.

MAMMOTH Continued from page 5

creation of Oklahoma's famed Cimarron river; and—to cap the bright accumulation of all sorts of whizzing, whirling amusement park type attractions that fill the south end of the park—two of the most unusual rides in the country.

One, billed as a Teepees to Towers High Ride, carries thrill-seekers by cable-car to the top of a gleaming 120-foot arrow. The other is a huge, 45-foot-diameter Flying Saucer designed to waft over 40 people "to the moon."

The surprise generated by all this sort of thing today seems, however, to pale somewhat beside the one big surprise of the town's "early days"—the fact that it ever got going at all.

Two years ago Frontier City was just an idea in the mind of Jimmy Burge, director of the Semi-Centennial Exposi-
Continued from preceding page

tation at that time. A year-and-a-half ago it was just a big hunk of ground that hadn't been paid for, one small building, a train and this same Jimmy Burge—all sitting on top of the hollow fact recession fears were at their peak and investors had fled.

Then five months before opening date the idea caught up four Oklahoma City businessmen — Luther Dolaney, C. A. Vose, Ancel Earp and E. L. Gaylord. In 48 hours they underwrote the venture to the tune of $450,000. But now savvy operators familiar with Disneyland and Knotts Berry Farm were saying the same large-scale approach would never go this far inland. No-one would take a chance on building or leasing anything to go on the big hunk of ground. Four months before opening date, only one lease had been signed. Three months before opening date, a dab of construction began. Then suddenly the idea caught hold generally, and the rush was on.

An oil man hurried in to establish a livery stable. The wife of a local printer (James Norick, new Mayor of Oklahoma City) put in a newspaper, gift shop, antique shop. Oklahoma City's largest laundry operator (Jack Williams, now Frontier City mayor) leaped in to establish a string of attractions now numbering twelve in all.

It was the history of a thousand frontier towns all over again—lots paced off at a run, building from quick sketches, deals made on the spot, word-of-mouth; everything at fever pitch and strictly rule-of-thumb.

In ten short weeks, Frontier City shot up from nothing to sprawl along the expressway for one-half mile; and the job was done so skillfully, by opening date there wasn't a thing on the place that didn't look at least 100 years old.

Today tourists find Frontier City a mighty interesting place to visit. The town's "settlers" enjoy their unique new community life—and the cheery whang of ye old cash register. (An initial investment in Frontier City of well over $1-million has since grown to nearly $3-millons). But looking to the future, Frontier City folk see something else.

They view theirs as just one of many large-scale investments that will someday transform the expressway northeast of Oklahoma City into "The Sooner Strip": major U.S. tourist attraction and travel center.
Perryville at that time was an important town in the area and had been a principal depot for the Butterfield stage line. It was the county seat of old Tobucksy County of the Choctaw Nation. The Confederates had one of their key supply stations here and they were among friends, so they licked their wounds and took a rest. Meanwhile Texas reinforcements under Brig. General William Steele arrived and General Cooper breathed easier. If the Yanks came after him again he'd be better prepared this time.

And come after him they did. General Blunt, stubbornly pursuing his policy of taking the fight to the rebels, came pounding down the Texas Road again in early August and surrounded the town, which, in addition to the rebel troops, contained a civilian population including several women and children.

The resulting engagement is officially listed as THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE. The stubborn General Blunt won again.

After hours of fighting and the loss of several men killed the Confederates realized the futility of resistance and General Cooper ordered his men to evacuate the town, but first he had his men dump salt into all the wells.

Union troops moved in and took possession. Orders were issued for all remaining civilians to leave, then the torch was put to every building in the little town. All that night the flames of Perryville's death agony were visible for miles. And when morning broke the next day Perryville was no more . . . and has never been again.

The vicious "little fights", the raids and the pillaging up and down the border continued through 1863, '64 and well into '65 and only one other engagement of sufficient size to be dignified by the name of "battle" took place and that was a night affair starting at two o'clock on the morning of Sept. 19, 1864.

It was called THE SECOND BATTLE OF BIG CABIN and occurred on the same general location as the first one a year before.

Again Stand Watie, a Brigadier General now, led the Confederates and this time they won.

This scuffle, like the first one, was over a well-loaded Union supply train of some 295 wagons full of supplies and provisions desperately wanted by Watie's threadbare legions of the hills.

Watie now had some cannon, captured from the more prosperous and better equipped Yanks, and he used them to good effect, splintering many of the wagons and sending their escorting troops diving into the trees for safety.

The rebels took what supplies they wanted, about 130 of the wagons, several thousand uniforms and 3,000 tons of hay for their horses, and burned the rest. Included in the loot was a generous amount of whiskey intended for the Union officers at Fort Gibson.

Watie's men promptly appropriated it and did what thirsty soldiers usually do with free whiskey. They drank it . . . all they could hold. Watie, fearing his men would become too drunk for action, ordered what was left of the whiskey poured into the creek.

The raids, the burnings and the isolated killings went on until the end of the war, and even much longer, but the big fights were over and the bloody but unbowed Southerners were eventually forced to yield.

Stand Watie was the last of the Confederate generals to surrender. The quiet little man, who looked more like a harmless Indian farmer than a soldier and a general, finally disbanded his men and went home to his farm in the hills.

A few scattered markers, half-buried in the weeds on little traveled side roads now mark the spots where these bitter struggles took place . . . four battles and scores of skirmishes and engagements. For full details on these encounters see The Official Records of The Union and Confederate Armies, imprint of 1880. Actual reports of the officers serving as field commanders are included. You'll have to search through dozens of fat, closely printed volumes, but the full facts are there if you want them.
many carloads of crossties, power poles and pulpwood. Four charcoal plants are now helping to meet the national demand of backyard cook-out enthusiasts. In December some of the world's prettiest holly berries come from the southeastern corner.

The principal vacation lodges and state parks, where millions of people play and relax every year, are well known, but they should be included in this round-up. Lake Murray lodge and park are just south of Ardmore. Tenkiller park is south of Tahlequah and north of Vian. Western Hills lodge is in Sequoyah state park between Tahlequah and Wagoner. Osage Hills park is just off U.S. 60 east of Pawhuska. Robbers Cave state park is just north of Wilburton. Lake Texoma lodge and park are between Durant and Madill. Beavers Bend park is near Broken Bow. Wister park is just south of the town of Wister. At the east-west dividing line you find Turner Falls park south of Davis, Platt national park at Sulphur, and Devil's Den near Tishomingo.

All of these playgrounds are visibly alive with scenery, hills to climb, flowers to enjoy. Their lodge rooms, cottages and group camps are in such demand each season that it is well to nail down reservations many weeks in advance. All of the rooms and suites in the lodges and most of the cottages in the parks are air-conditioned, playgrounds are clean and inviting, the boating is fine, so is the skiing, also horseback riding—and the lodge restaurants serve as fine food as can be found anywhere. Camping areas are maintained in all state parks.

Probably the most scenic river is the Mountain Fork in McCurtain county, with the Illinois in Cherokee county a close second. Many sportsmen nominate the Glover and parts of the Little river as No. 1 for scenic value with high rock walls and bluffs all along. The Blackfork in LeFlore county is a beauty. So is the Grand river in places. And the Baron Fork. The Spring river in Ottawa county and the Cowskin in Delaware are beautiful. The Blue and Pennington in Johnston county would take some prizes in a beauty contest.

Skipping around the eastern half of the state let's...
pick out a few spots that sightseers should not miss. Four of them are the Osage hills in Osage county, the Flint hills in Delaware and Adair counties, the Potato hills in Pushmataha county and the Pontotoc hills in Johnston and Pontotoc counties. In the last three of these chains of hills you can pick up basketfuls of pretty rocks for your home collection. And if you are intrigued by big rocks be sure to visit Rock City a few miles west of Clayton and the McKinley rocks on top of Kiamichi mountain near Clayton. Some of these rocks are as big as a four-story hotel.

As you go hither and yon in the eastern and southeastern counties you will be impressed by the number of boats on the lakes. Lake Texoma has more than 8,000 registered boats and as many as 2,000 of them may be seen on the water at one time. Grand lake has nearly as many boats. Tenkiller and Murray lakes have hundreds of boats. And skiers? You see them every day cutting their didoes in professional and amateurish ways.

Hundreds of fishermen will be observed on the larger lakes and in the streams in the mountain sections. It is claimed that more game fish are caught in two of the state's largest lakes than are caught in all of Colorado's lakes and streams combined. That's only a claim.

While gallivanting around Eastern Oklahoma it is well to have some of the historic points in mind. At a place called Nanih Wayah, first capitol of the Choctaws in the 1830's, near the present Tuskahoma, the first constitutional law was written for Oklahoma. Parts of that law are embodied in the present constitution. Note three of the important Civil war battlefields: near Oktaha, near Ketchum and near Yale. Also the old Confederate cemetery near Atoka. And don't miss old Fort Gibson and the national cemetery just east.

At the moment considerable study is made into some runestones discovered just east of Heavener. Characters chiseled into these stones indicate they were put there as far back as the year 800.

The spiritual. "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," was inspired, words and music, by two Negro slaves at the site of old Spencer academy, north of Sawyer. Boggy Depot in Atoka county was the site of many historical conferences. The state's first church service was conducted under trees at Pecan Point in the southern part of McCurtain county in 1818, and the oldest church building in the state is near Millerton, established in 1832. The oldest standing house in the state is known as the Chief's house and is near Swink in eastern Choctaw county, built in 1834.

The biggest tree in the state is a cypress at Eagletown; it is 120 feet tall and is 43 feet around at its base.

There are historical and art museums at many places. They include the Philbrook and Gilcrease museums in Tulsa; Woolaroc near Bartlesville; the Creek museum in Okmulgee; the Cherokee museum in Tahlequah; the Osage museum in Pawhuska; the Choctaw museums in Tuskahoma's council house and in Durant, and the Seminole museum in Wewoka.

The 12 stations in Oklahoma, which were on the Butterfield transcontinental mail route beginning in 1858, are properly marked from Fort Smith southeast through Wilburton to Atoka and on to the Red river.

Sequoyah's hut, in which he finished working out the famous Cherokee alphabet, is a few miles northeast of Sallisaw.

One of the very first white-settlements in Oklahoma was Ferdinandina, occupied by 300 French people from 1740 to 1755. It was near Chilocco.

So Oklahoma has about everything—history, scenery, pretty rivers and lakes, wonderful mountains, good roads, etc., and the horizon is brightening every year.

Industries are coming fast to the eastern half of the state—auto tires, salt works, steel mills, cotton mills, garment factories, lumber mills, peanut, vegetable and fruit processing plants and so on.

And the people are so neighborly that if a stranger begins standing against a phone pole in any community someone will tap him on the shoulder and ask if he can be of some service.
What makes a classic? We think you'll find the answer on this adjoining page.

Mark Of Heritage
Before starting your summer tour of Oklahoma you should certainly purchase a copy of Mark of Heritage, the Historical Society's new publication. It gives the location and the historical background of each Historical Marker in the state. A map in color and a mosaic cover add to its attractiveness. A course in Oklahoma history by itself, it will pinpoint many an interesting place for you to see. Order from the Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City; one dollar, plus 15¢ for mailing.

World's Air Speed Record
Miss Jerrie Cobb, Aero Design executive pilot, has just captured the world's speed record for light twin-engine planes. Flying an Aero Commander 680E over a 1,248.7 mile course at the World Flying Congress, on April 13, she set the new record at 226.147 miles per hour. Former holder of the record was a Russian, Petr Zakhoudantine, who set the record in a Yak II fighter in 1953 at 223.7 miles per hour.

This is the third world's record Miss Cobb has set. Her first was a non-stop distance flight in an Aero Commander 560E, from Guatemala City to Will Rogers airport in May of 1957. Her second world's record was set five weeks later, an altitude record of 30,361 feet, set in an Aero Commander 680.

The Aero Design and Engineering Co., located in Oklahoma City, is now building its 750th plane. Because of its safety features, the Aero Commander was selected in 1951 as President Eisenhower's personal plane.

New Books
Confederate Indians by Frank Cunningham (Naylor). If our Civil War article on page 9 has whetted your interest in the stirring exploits of Gen. Stand Watie, the Red Fox of the Confederacy, we strongly recommend Confederate Indians to you. This colorful book covers much exciting material we could not even touch upon in our limited space.

Indian troops fought some important Civil War engagements in Oklahoma, which are now beginning to receive just recognition by historians.

One Saint and Seven Sinners by Ennen Reeves Hall (Crowell). A heart-warming autobiographical book about the trials and triumphs of an early day...
Listen Son:

I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

These are the things I was thinking, Son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with the towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor. At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread, and as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, "Goodbye, Daddy!" and I frowned and said in reply, "Hold your shoulders back."

Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive — and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, Son, from your father! It was such stupid, silly logic. Do you remember later when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. "What is it you want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs. Well, Son, it was shortly afterward that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart. What had habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault or reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

And here was so much that was good and fine and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you so. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me goodnight. Nothing else matters tonight, Son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there choking with emotion, and so ashamed. It is a feeble statement: I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying: I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a "real daddy!" I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: "He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!"

I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet, as I see you now Son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder, I have asked too much, too much.

Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers and the damp forehead.

—Walter M. Harrison
SCAPBOOK  Continued from page 32

Oklahoma minister and his family. Territorial days in the Chickasaw nation are the setting. Pastor Reaves (the Saint) and his family (the Seven Sinners) are real folks, and you'll feel that they are personal friends after reading Mrs. Hall's book.

National Champion

Mardonna Sue Richey, 9-year-old, third grader at Washington School in Alva, is a national champ. Her safety poster, shown here, won 1st in the primary division in the Oklahoma Motor Club sponsored state contest, and was judged Grand Prize winner in the state, even winning over the posters entered by high school students. In the national contest, sponsored by the American Automobile Association and judged at Washington, D. C., 16,000 posters were entered from 1,885 schools. But even this stiff competition could not keep Mardonna from winning again—1st prize in the nation. Her poster will be reproduced and used in the safety campaign in schools throughout the United States next autumn.

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Our Contributors

Our special thanks to Roy Deal, Allie Reynolds, Lloyd Waner, for their generous help in preparation of our baseball article, and to Dorothy Williams, Oklahoma Historical Society, for her help in gathering together the Mollhausen material in our last two issues. Her patience and kindness have been far above and beyond the call of duty.

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Henry Carlton Jones is an Oklahoma City advertising man and author of many stories and articles in leading magazines including: The Saturday Evening Post, Readers' Digest, American Mercury, Toronto Star Weekly, Boys Life, Progressive Farmer, Printer's Ink, and Sales Management.

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Marcel Lefebvre has published many articles in trade journals, the Sunday Oklahoman Magazine and other newspapers. He was born in Belgium, recently retired from the Pittsburg Plate Glass Co., in Henryetta, and is now Director of Civil Defense for Okmulgee County.

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Calendar of Events

June 5-6 Bob Crosby Memorial Rodeo - Chelsea
June 5-6 Rainbow Girls Convention - McIntosh
June 5-6 Oklahoma Forest Festival - Broken Bow
June 5-6 Annual Historical Society Tour - Oklahoma City
June 5-7 Lions State Convention - Lawton
June 5-7 Pageant—“Story of Ruth” - Lawton
June 5-7 Disabled American Veterans Convention - Ardmore
June 13-16 Veterinary Medical Association — Western Hills Lodge
June 15-19 Civil Defense School - Stillwater
June 19-20 Osage County Cattleman's Convention - Pawhuska
June 21 Regional Boat Races - Broken Bow
June 23 Ben Johnson Memorial Steer Roping - Pawhuska
June 22-25 Western Writers of America - Frontier City
June 25-27 RCA Rodeo - Yukon
June 28 Horse Cavalcade (Adams Park) - El Reno
June 30 National Boat Races - Pawhuska
June 28 Founders Day - Owasso
June 28 Osage Indian Tribal Dances - Held according to the time of the moon. Date not set until about 6 weeks before the event - Pawhuska
July 2-4 RCA Rodeo - Lenapah
July 2-4 Indian Dances, east of Miami at Creek's Promenade - Miami
July 2-4 Horse Racing - Woodward
July 2-4 Roundup Club Rodeo - Tahlequah
July 2-5 Roundup Club Rodeo - Fairfias
July 3-4 Boom Day Golf Tournament - Seminole
July 4-4 of July Celebration - Waynoka
July 4 4 of July Celebration - Sulphur
July 4 4 of July Celebration - Cherokee
July 4 American Legion Celebration - Salina
July 4 Fireworks Display - Duncan
July 4 4 of July Celebration - Frederick
July 4 Fireworks and Magic Circus - Beaver
July 4 St. Teresa Picnic - Harrah
July 4-6 RCA Rodeo - Holiday
July 7-11 RCA Rodeo - Claremore
July 9-11 RCA Rodeo - Mangum
July 9-12 World's Largest Free Indian Powwow and Homecoming - Pawnee
July 10 Greer County Pioneer's Reunion - Mangum
July 12-14 Rural Letter Carriers State Convention, Lake Texoma
July 15 Community Fish Fry - Bristow
July 15-17 Junior 4-H Club Camp - El Reno
July 14-17 RCA Rodeo & OKA Queen Contest - Chickasha
July 15-18 Rodeo-Roundup Club - Pryor
July 15-22 Junior 4-H Club Camp - El Reno
July 24-25 International Roundup Cavalcade - Pawhuska
July 24 Zonia Flower Show - Woodward
July 25 Horse Cavalcade (Adams Park) - El Reno
July 26 RCA Rodeo - Holiday
July 30 -
Aug. 1 Roundup Club Rodeo - Duncan
31st thru Aug. 2 Colored Rodeo - Drumright
Aug. 2 Annual Powwow Prides
Aug. 3 Seminole Country Rodeo - Sulphur
Aug. 5-8 Jaycette's Annual Rodeo - Broken Bow
Aug. 6 Ranger Club Rodeo - Lawton
Aug. 6-7 Indian Powwow - Shawnee
Aug. 10-12 Annual Green Corn Feast of the Seminole-Cayuga Indians - 3E of Miami on the Cown River - Miami
Aug. 12-15 RCA Annual Rodeo - Ada
Aug. 13-15 Seminole County Rodeo - Sulphur
Aug. 15-16 Sports Car Road Races - Oklahoma City
Aug. 17-22 American Indian Exposition - Ardmore
Aug. 20-22 22nd Annual Rodeo - Enid
Aug. 20-22 Rodeo - Medford
Aug. 24-28 Sooners State Dairy Show - Enid
Aug. 26 Old Settlers and Cowhands Reunion and Homecoming - Visalia
Aug. 26-29 RCA Annual Will Rogers Parade and Memorial Rodeo - Visalia
Aug. 27-29 RCA Elk's Rodeo - Woodward
Aug. 30 Horse Cavalcade - El Reno
Aug. 31- Sept. 2 RCA Annual Rodeo - Elk City
Net Set Oct. 8 Oil Industry Appreciation Day - Holdenville
3rd Week Feb. Cimarron Rodeo (3 days) - Waynoka

OKLAHOMA TODAY

THIRTY-SIX
| WARREN SPahn | TOM STURDIVANT | JERRY WALKER | LLOYD WANER | PAUL WANER |
| PITCHER | PITCHER | PITCHER | OUTFIELDER | OUTFIELDER |
| MILWAUKEE BRAVES | KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS | BALTIMORE ORIOLES | PITTSBURGH PIRATES | PITTSBURGH PIRATES |
| NATIONAL LEAGUE | AMERICAN LEAGUE | AMERICAN LEAGUE | NATIONAL LEAGUE | NATIONAL LEAGUE |

| LINDY McDaniel | VON McDaniel | CAL McLISH | DALE MITCHEL | ALLIE REYNOLDS |
| PITCHER | PITCHER | PITCHER | OUTFIELDER | PITCHER |
| ST. LOUIS CARDINALS | ST. LOUIS CARDINALS | CLEVELAND INDIANS | CLEVELAND INDIANS | NEW YORK YANKEES |
| NATIONAL LEAGUE | NATIONAL LEAGUE | AMERICAN LEAGUE | AMERICAN LEAGUE | AMERICAN LEAGUE |

| "DIZZY" DEAN | PAUL DEAN | CARL HUBBELL | MICKEY MANTLE | "PEPPER" MARTIN |
| PITCHER | PITCHER | PITCHER | OUTFIELDER | INFIELDER-OUTFIELDER |
| ST. LOUIS CARDINALS | ST. LOUIS CARDINALS | NEW YORK GIANTS | NEW YORK YANKEES | ST. LOUIS CARDINALS |
| NATIONAL LEAGUE | NATIONAL LEAGUE | NATIONAL LEAGUE | AMERICAN LEAGUE | NATIONAL LEAGUE |

| JERRY ADAIR | HARRY BRECHEEN | JOHNNY CALLISON | ALVIN DARK | DON DEMETER |
| PITCHER | PITCHER | OUTFIELDER | INFIELDER | OUTFIELDER |
| BALTIMORE ORIOLES | ST. LOUIS CARDINALS | CHICAGO WHITE SOX | CHICAGO CUBS | LOS ANGELES DODGERS |
| AMERICAN LEAGUE | NATIONAL LEAGUE | AMERICAN LEAGUE | NATIONAL LEAGUE | NATIONAL LEAGUE |