The 95th "Victory" Division passes in review.

CORONADO
BY HENRY CARLTON JONES

MECHANICAL TRAFFIC COP
BY BOB WOLF

THE FABULOUS MULHALLS
BY BILL BURCHARDT

95th "VICTORY" DIVISION
BY PAUL HOOD

STATE FAIR!
BY HARRY F. JAMES
JOHN LOUIS STONE, BILL WALLER, E. E. "JAKE" HILL

AUTUMN IN COLOR

BEST OF OTIS WILE

OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

HERITAGE
BY VERA HOLDING
Coronado! The very name conjures up visions of prancing steeds, armored knights and waving plumes, brave deeds and the eternal search for gold and glory.

If you are one who looks so closely at the immediate past that you miss the glamorous events of an older period you may not know that in 1540 and 1511 a great cavalcade of Spaniards and captive Mexican Indians wended their way across, then back again over a large portion of Southwestern, Western and Northern Oklahoma, including the Panhandle area, in a fruitless search for gold and the fabled city of Quivira.

These were probably the first Europeans to set foot on Oklahoma soil. And long before the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth!

If you think that Oklahoma is a Johnny-come-lately, with no history worth speaking of before the Run of 1889, then please take the trouble to look into history.

As I write I have a great pile of history books at the left of my typewriter. On the right is another stack of old reference volumes and rare maps, all authentic.

His full name is impressive. Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. Grandee of old Spain, rich, pampered and full of pride and an unquenchable greed for gold and glory. Furthermore, he was married to a beautiful, highly-born young woman who was a favorite cousin of Emperor Charles V, and daughter of the treasurer of New Spain. Coronado himself, at 35, in the prime of vigorous manhood, was royal governor of New Galacia, an important province of Mexico, or New Spain, as all of Spanish America was then called.

Explorations and wild rumors had set up a great excitement in Mexico City. Tales of the Seven Fabulous Cities of Cibola, somewhere to the North! Gold, silver and precious gems were reported in fantastic quantities! Even the streets were reported to be paved with gold. It sounded like Heaven itself!

So, after months of excited preparations, during which all the restless, adventurous young Spaniards of Mexico vied frantically with each other for a place in the grand expedition, a great caravan began to move North out of Mexico, led by Coronado.

Historians differ as to the size and strength of this force that was to blaze its path across Oklahoma, but it is safe to say that more than 1100 men were recruited and enlisted. Of these about 250 were high-born wealthy Spaniards, superbly mounted and equipped, daring and dashing and ready to become heroes of the Holy Empire. There were probably 250 more Spanish soldiers on foot and an army of miscellaneous Indians, servants and guides.

They started from Western Mexico and moved slowly up into Arizona and Southwestern New Mexico. They had over 1000 extra horses and a great number of cattle, hogs, goats, sheep and domestic fowls with them for food purposes and, of course, these slowed the progress of the great caravan and some of the animals escaped and became the ancestors of the wild horses, sheep, goats and pigs that later roamed the West in great quantities.

It was not an easy campaign. Trouble beset the expedition from the very first. The wild country across which they traveled was barren, and either blistering hot, or cold, incredibly rough and arid . . . and the
Parking meters are simply a mechanical means of facilitating traffic movement and there are not many things that we do today which are not in some way influenced by traffic movement. They are the most efficient method ever designed to effect turnover in parking space.

In 1933, Carl A. Magee, then editor of the Oklahoma News and the chairman of the traffic committee of the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce, was handed the task of trying to do something about the downtown parking situation.

Magee's interest in this particular problem was heightened by the fact that he himself often had been unable to find a place to park because of all-day on-street parking of downtown employees. He began toying with the idea of a mechanical device to regulate parking.

He had a rough model of a parking regulation device built, then went to the engineering school of Oklahoma A & M, now O. S. U., to get it perfected. There two members of the engineering school faculty, Gerald A. Hale, and H. G. Theusen, worked about two years on the project, and the first operational parking meters were installed in Oklahoma City in July, 1935.

Gerald Hale is now president of the Magee-Hale Park-O-Meter Co., of Oklahoma City, the world's first, and still leading parking meter manufacturing firm. Magee resigned as editor of the Oklahoma News in 1935 and was active in the company until his death several years ago.

Magee may also have been responsible for the development of the tubeless tire. During World War II he had a set of regular tires modified to run without tubes, and drove from Oklahoma City to Washington D. C. There he presented his idea to the head of the rubber conservation program, and three years later tubeless tires appeared on the market.

Many problems were involved in the development of the parking meter which we now take for granted. The machine had to incorporate three functions; coin operation, a timing device, and a signal system. It had to be small, and perform well under all kinds of difficult operating conditions.

People beat on the meters, kick them, and put homemade coins and other debris in them. They are subject to weather extremes, smog, constant exhaust gases; yet a Park-O-Meter will normally last 15 to 20 years.

Nothing remotely like it had ever been built before. The first meters were energized by a handle turned by the user. The user didn't always turn the handle.

The parking meter, now in world wide use, was the brainchild of an Oklahoma City newspaper man, and perfected at Oklahoma State University. The first parking meter installation in the world was in Oklahoma City, about one block north of where this early day patrolman is performing his duty.

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Will Rogers — Tom Mix — America’s First Cowgirl — show business itself seems almost to have begun with

THE FABULOUS MULHALLS

BY BILL BURCHARDT
E ven the beginning reads like a fable of Olympian design. The tale begins during the appalling cholera-yellow fever epidemic of 1848 in New Orleans. The entire family, except for one boy child, was wiped out.

The child's negro mammy, somehow, through the tragic remains of pestilence carried the boy up the Mississippi and, somehow, in St. Louis managed to locate relatives she knew he had there. In this foster home, the boy who became Zack Mulhall grew up.

His spirit was generous and unruly. By the time he was twenty he was a baseball star with the St. Louis Empires. He became a student at the Brothers College, later to be called Notre Dame. But his restless spirit was not for the disciplined ways of education. He never attained a degree.

Something else, more important came into his life. He found her at nearby St. Mary's and she became his wife. She seemed angelic to him then, and to everyone who knew her throughout her life. She bore him eleven children and they adopted two more. Nine died tragically young. Some were touched with the aura of immortality.

Continued on page 29
Looking across the Fort Chaffee parade ground one Saturday morning late in July, a veteran of Oklahoma’s 95th Division turned to a companion and asked, “Do you remember when—?”

And the companion, who also had seen the amazing development of the outfit parading in front of him, nodded. Yes, he remembered when a division review of this reserve unit meant little more than a thin handful of squads bravely trying to fill up the landscape and create the illusion of a fighting force.

He, too, remembered when the division, consisting of a few hundred officers not long out of World War II service, and a scattering of enlisted men, was so weak that it couldn’t go to summer camp without relying on the regular army for support and instruction.

Is it any wonder then that this 1960 version of the 95th Division provided some amazing contrasts? Arrayed on the parade ground for the annual review were more than 5,000 khaki-clad Army Reservists, ready to march past their division commander, Maj. Gen. Paul B. Bell, and other dignitaries on the reviewing stand.

Numbers, of course, tell only part of the story. They don’t reflect the fact that the division had undergone a complete reorganization and received an entirely new mission since those lean years.

That part of the story came from other sources during the 95th two-week camp at Chaffee, just southeast of Fort Smith, Ark. From the approving words, for example, of General Bruce C. Clarke, commanding general of the Continental Army Command, who visited camp just as it opened. Also from the commendations of other high brass visitors such as Lt. Gen. Edward T. Williams, Fourth Army commander, and his deputy, Maj. Gen. L. S. Griffing.
Best of all, division efficiency was attested by the actual operation of the summer camp, a camp which was in itself unique. This was actually the first large-scale test to see if the division could handle its mobilization mission.

When the 95th was reactivated early in 1947 as a reserve unit, its orders called for a skeleton organization of a regular triangular infantry division. This provided for three infantry regiments, division artillery units, plus other service and support units, along the lines of the World War II division.

But army planners, taking a long look at probable mobilization needs in the future, decided a couple of years ago that instead of retaining all reserve divisions as combat units, some should be prepared to jump into action and process and train men as quickly as possible in an emergency. They tagged 13 divisions across the country for this job.

It's safe to say that the initial reaction of the 95th to its assignment as one of these 13 training divisions was disappointment. But that disappointment was short-lived,

Continued on page 32
The sun is a-shining to welcome the day
So it's hi-ho,
COME TO THE FAIR

All Oklahoma is a colorful fair in Autumn; it is one of the most pleasant times of the year for weekend journeys to enjoy the beauty of the state's cities, parks, mountains, streams and rivers.

There are museums to visit, highways to travel, even city streets take on a new excitement in the glow of Indian Summer days. Football reigns king and marching band music holds court on every college and high school campus. There are the autumn foliage tours, super spectacles as Mother Nature becomes Miss America in her fashionable fall finery.

And there are the Fairs themselves; celebrations of the season in Tulsa, Muskogee, Oklahoma City, and in county seat towns all over the state.

It all begins at the County Fair; 4-H, Future Farmers, Future Homemakers, display the achievements of a year's work. Jams, jellies, and preserves; artfully arrayed displays of grain and produce; odors indescribably fragrant.

Then on to the State Fair; lovely dresses designed and made by lovely young ladies; shop work; arts and crafts.

White face steers with marcells; lambs trimmed to wooly squares; pigs squealing in confused protest as young men with canes guide them to the show ring.

Carnival music; calliopes blare; the Barker's hoarse, biting, beckoning voice; merry-go-round, ferris wheel, and thudding, spinning, dizzying rides; and harem girls in scanty dress.

Tractors, cultivators, plows, and rakes; glistening chrome of stainless kitchens; cookware; furniture; cackling hens, and roosters crow; horse races; thrillicades; crowds and noisy fun.

And hot dogs with mustard, and ice cold soda pop, for lunch.
COUNTY FAIRS have been in existence for many years, some as long as 50 years in Oklahoma. The purpose is still about the same, but changes for improvement are many. A properly conducted County Fair should, and does, result in increased production and quality of crops and livestock. No one factor does more than the County Fair to stimulate efforts of 4-H and FFA members, and adults as well, in the improvement of farming.

It is there that the farm people have an opportunity to see and observe the progress being made in the improvement of farm crops and animals and to compare their own efforts with the work of others. Their success in competing with their neighbors or other exhibitors of the county stimulates them to greater efforts. Winning the ribbons is wonderful, but all do not win ribbons. Their failure to win teaches them wherein their work has been at fault.

Throughout the state of Oklahoma, County Free Fairs are recognized as events which contribute much to the interest of all the people in the counties. Because of this interest, a majority of our counties are assisted in the operation of their Fairs through their county budgets. Through careful planning much can be accomplished. This financial
A Fair of major proportions which has existed for 45 years with a free gate is almost an impossibility. But officials of the Oklahoma Free State Fair have done it—and they are continuing their work with renewed vigor.

Each year they work countless hours without pay to live up to their slogan of "bigger and better than last year."

Growing into its present attraction, which shows to more than 250,000 persons each year, the Oklahoma Free State Fair got its roots from the early day Indian Fair and Exposition held in Muskogee.

Today it is more than a Muskogee Fair—it is a Fair at which scores of Eastern Oklahoma counties compete for more than $20,000 in premiums.

Hundreds of 4-H and FFA youngsters from all over Eastern Oklahoma flock to the Oklahoma Free State Fair Grounds for their three-day schools and to exhibit their livestock and their handiwork.

Industry and agriculture join hands to provide
exhibits for the Oklahoma Free State Fair. The "Showcase of Eastern Oklahoma" building is just that—a showcase of Eastern Oklahoma industrial and recreational attractions.

The spacious grounds of the Oklahoma Free State Fair belong to the City of Muskogee and are provided, without charge, to the Fair. On these grounds are located three large agricultural display buildings, a Fine Arts building, three large commercial exhibit buildings, a 4-H Club building and dormitory, an FFA building and dormitory, the 6,000-capacity grandstand with large rodeo grounds and a half-mile race track in front, in addition to a one-fifth mile track for stock car races.

In the center of these buildings stands the two-story Fair Administration Building.

And, running a distance of several thousand feet are paved streets upon which front the midway attractions at the annual exposition.

Each year, several score Muskogee businessmen band together and make a two-day tour of Eastern Oklahoma cities and towns boosting the coming Fair.

County Fairs throughout Eastern Oklahoma are timed just ahead of the Oklahoma Free State Fair, so that their winning exhibits may move on to Muskogee for the larger show.

One of the big attractions of the Oklahoma Free State Fair is "Muskogee Day" which is held on the Wednesday during the Fair. Schools are dismissed and Muskogee business houses close their doors so that all employees may visit and participate in the Fair's activities of the day.

Top state and national officials are guests of the Fair for this day.

Other attractions include "Typical Farm Family Day," when outstanding farm families from 35 eastern Oklahoma counties are honored; "Band Day," which attracts some 35 to 50 bands from Eastern Oklahoma cities for a gigantic downtown parade and competition; "Old Settlers Day," which honors the pioneers of Eastern Oklahoma, and two "kids days," one for Muskogee youngsters and one for area school youngsters, when schools are dismissed and prices on midway rides and attractions are reduced.

It's truly an Eastern Oklahoma exposition—where any resident of this great area may compete with all others for premiums.

AUTUMN UPTOWN

The colorful tones of autumn are not always confined to the creations of nature. Here the worlds of business and art have combined to create a lovely setting in the midst of a city. In Tulsa, the gold-leafed fountain in the park-court of the First National Auto Bank.

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEFEBVRE

OKLAHOMA TODAY
I.

SUNSET

We are willing to wager that nowhere on the great, green earth do sunsets come in a wider assortment of sizes and shapes, or in a more brilliant choice of colors and hues than in the cloud-littered sky over the hills and plains of Oklahoma. There is no color in the spectrum that does not find its season in these daily technicolor displays. And it makes no difference whether you live where the hills are rough and rocky or where the plains are high and level, you will not be deprived. For the sunsets are beautiful whether the accompanying sound effects are lapping lake water, or the wash of wind through grass and trees. This autumn sunset was caught by artist-photographer Lefebvre in Quartz Mountain State Park.

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL E. LEFEVBRE

OKLAHOMA TODAY

EVERY TIME a small-town club woman, a merchant, a millionaire oilman, a mortician, a dairy farmer, an insurance executive, and some three dozen other Tulsa countians of varied interests get their heads together over a big roast beef dinner at the Tulsa State Fairgrounds, it means that something pretty nice is about to happen for Eastern Oklahoma.

This has been the story since 1949 when 41 members of a legislatively created, non-profit board assumed control of the Tulsa State Fair and started running it as a business.

Every year, about the time September's autumn introductory offer expires in favor of October's full-scale fall campaign, people from Eastern Oklahoma's hundreds of small communities, the ranch country to the west, and the hill farms to the east come trooping into Tulsa by the thousands daily to pass judgment on the labors of these 41 unpaid directors who take their jobs as seriously as if they were responsible for one of the biggest Fairs in the Southwest—which, as a matter of fact, they are.

In the first nine years of decision making by the Tulsa Fair Board, the turnstile pace picked up from 150,000 to 600,000. The 1980 attendance goal—750,000 — represents an 11-year increase of 400 percent!
As amateurs in the Fair business, the first board had to decide whether to make its pitch through agriculture, entertainment, variety or sheer magnitude — so they compromised by concentrating on all four.

In the world's largest livestock exhibit building (7.6 acres under one roof) they annually stage at Fairtime one of the nation's biggest livestock expositions, including two national beef breed shows whose premiums alone total over $20,000.

They paved and widened their midway to accommodate a huge carnival, and turned the Pavilion into a temporary rink for a week's engagement each year by one of the leading touring ice shows.

As a lure for 4-H and FFA club exhibitors they built a special dormitory, then treated the ladies with a new Women's Exhibit building. When fire destroyed the old Commercial Exhibits building, the board came back with a 64,000-square-foot structure bigger and better than the first. And they did nearly all of this from profits!

As crowds grow each year the facilities grow, eating away at the 240-acre site set squarely in the heart of Tulsa's fast-expanding east side residential section.

While all of this is fine for the agriculturally inclined, what of the traditionally sophisticated Tulsans living within a hog call of this frenetic scene? Strangely enough, the same Indian summer madness obtains here, too.

Courtiers of the oil empire's inner circle, accustomed to working out their well spacings on the table cloths of the world's fanciest clubs and restaurants, go ga-ga over foot-long hotdogs. Aircraft workers from Douglas and American Airlines, living and working daily with the supersonic planes they accept as commonplace, stand in line to ride the Ferris wheels that go nowhere — and slowly.

THE ANCIENT WICHITAS

The long red-blue panorama which rolls into the distance of the Wichita Mountains is filled with historic sights. These are the mountains young Kiowa braves climbed, to fast and pray and search for the meaning of their lives. Here Custer, Sheridan, and Sherman rode, plaguing a proud people to furious and defiant defense of their homes and families. Here Quanah, eagle of the Comanches, came seeking to follow the "white man's road" in peace. The Spaniards, gold-seeking miners, border country outlaws, the yellow-legged frontier cavalry, all passed this way. Today, still beautiful, the Wichitas are a curious mixture of past and future; as old as the ancient earth, rich in historic tradition, now filled with the imaginative concepts of the space age, they have become the take-off point for jet flights and missile launchings.

COLOR PHOTO BY JIM NEWLIN

OKLAHOMA TODAY
In short, all Eastern Oklahomans go slightly fey at Fairtime!
And every year, almost before the "carnies" have
struck their tents, the Fair board has huddled again
—to receive their only compensation (another roast
beef dinner) and to look over new architects' sketches!

STATE FAIR
OKLAHOMA CITY
by
E. E. "Jake" Hill

TAKE A BUNCH of eager, curious Oklahoma young-
sters, dazzle them with a stereophonic, three-
dimensional planetarium showing of the uni-
verse... parade them past giant batteries of heav-
ily-muscled missiles and into the maw of a Hercelean
helicopter.

Fuse this image with a picture of their parents
furrowing their brows over a modern art exhibition
or gazing wishfully at a garden of ideas in modern
outdoor living and you will have a reflection of the
broadened fields of human endeavor on which the
State Fair of today focuses its spotlight.

Crops, livestock and kitchen products are still
there. So are the grandstand, the midway barkers
and the cotton candy. But as the Oklahoma City Times' Mary Goddard put it, "today's Fair is shifting em-
phasis toward all-around, mind-stretching excite-
ment for town and country families alike. It's a

BUMPER WHEAT

Oklahoma's bumper wheat crop of 1960
outgrew the elevators and storing
places. When everything is full, there
remains nothing to do but pile it on the
ground to await shipment or storage
space. This golden heap of
harvest's fruit is in Yukon.

COLOR PHOTO BY JESSE BREWER

OKLAHOMA TODAY
showcase of today's living, and a preview of the scientific and technological marvels just around the corner."

In the case of the State Fair of Oklahoma at Oklahoma City, the effort to find and display the new, the better, the more useful, the "impossible," is a never-ending task.

New forms of transportation and modern conveniences were first seen at the Fair long before their actual use by the general public, including the mechanical cotton picker in 1911, the airplane in 1912, radio in 1920, and television in 1932.

From an 1895 "Territorial Exposition" and the formation of the Fair on 160 acres in 1907, the State Fair of Oklahoma has established itself on a sound foundation with completion of the initial phase of construction of the world's most modern exposition grounds—occupying 640 acres.

For 54 years, the State Fair has progressed with the help of Oklahoma City taxpayers, who own the grounds, and the Chamber of Commerce which at times has raised funds to help the Fair grow and expand.

The purpose was laid down by the first directors of the Fair, and remains unchanged: "...to hold an annual Fair which will reflect the agricultural and industrial development of the state and point the way to further development."

The State Fair of Oklahoma is the birthplace of educational movements such as 4-H Clubs and the Future Farmers of America, stemming from boys' and girls' corn, cotton, and canning clubs organized there. These nuclei of the present nationwide organizations furnished the original stimulus that has developed for Oklahoma thousands of winners in national and international shows.

Since the pre-World War I beginnings of these youth education movements, the State Fair has for many years consistently topped all other fairs in the nation in number and variety of activities for 4-H Club and FFA youths.

The first "State Fair school" for farm boys and girls in 1910 drew an attendance of 200. Tents housed 240 delegates in 1913. Now modern dormitories sleep more than 3,000 youngsters. Completely equipped cafeterias and exhibit halls form the largest youth center anywhere.

It was in keeping with the Fair's tradition of pioneering new activities that the Oklahoma Council of Home Demonstration Clubs wrote its constitution on the fairgrounds in 1935, establishing a well-knit state organization after exhibiting their work there for 20 years.

The lean and lanky livestock of Territorial days disappeared rapidly as state cattlemen won prizes awarded by the Fair for good breeding. Within 25 years Oklahoma exhibitors could compete with the best in any national show.

Whither the Fair of the future? In the same direction, seeking and showing the new, the unusual, the "impossible".
These Foolish Things Remind . . .

Dear Cousin Otey: Well, here it is Thursday, the time when I like to write a few letters to my good friends, remembering all the good times together. It's a blustery evening, but here in my den it's cozy. I'm sitting before an open fire with my typewriter and slowly sipping a nice dry double martini. I only wish you were here but since you are not, the least I can do is to toast your health and happiness, so time out, old buddy, while I bend an elbow to you.

I just took time out to mix another martini and while I was out in the kitchen, I thought of all the time I would waste this evening if I went out to mix another drink every once so I just made up a bid pitcher of martinis and brought it back so 18d have it right beside me and wouldn't have to waste time making more. So now I'm all set and heregoes.

The gretes thing in thje whoal work if frieship. And Believ me pal you are the greatets pal anybody every had. Do you remembere all the swelw times we had to geger pal? The wonderful campin trips. I still laugh about it_rx once in awhile, nt as much as I used to, I stell xx laugh. But what the Hooeck after all you still by box old pal. And if a guy cn't have a lagh on a good true frine onc in a w ile what teh heck.

Dam pitcher is empty so, just wentoutand ma de anogher one and i sure wisch you were old pal to help me drink them martoni be-cause they're siply dedduocious. Pardn me while I lif wy flass to you good halth agian because you are the bests al i got. Of course why a pol would do a dirty think liek putin a skunn in a other pals sleping bagg I'M dam if i kno. Thar that was a lousy thing for anybohdy todo an oily a first clas heele would doit. Wasn'a dam bit funrey. Still instinst. and if you thinit (9 funey your dirty lous andas faras i'm concened you scan goppulum to hell andstay there you dirty lous.—virje Richardsjon.

OKAY, ANY QUESTIONS?

OSU Vice-President Al Darlow's story about the new county agent, called out to help the farmer break a balky mule, might occasionally be applicable to football coaching: The agent walked out to the lot with the farmer and looked the mule over. He then picked up a 2x4 and splintered it over the mule's head. "I like to get their attention," he explained, "before I start to work."

AIDES TO SPORTS WRITERS

Ready-made pre-game and after-game statements. Cover all situations. Keep the copy moving quickly with these helpful statements that have proven effective over the years.

PRE-SEASON STATEMENT: "Well, we lost 23 lettermen, the graduation of these seniors coming as a distinct surprise to us, which leaves us a little bit thin. We'll have one backfield letterman. Fortunately he is a good punter. But the kids have a lot of heart, I'll say that and I never worked with a finer bunch of young men, fine students. Except for 12 straight days of rain, we had a good spring practice. They ran hard."

PRE-GAME STATEMENT: I'll level with you, fellows, give it to you straight . . . as I see it. The club that can control the ball, keep the ball in play, move the ball, that ball club should win tomorrow. Don't underestimate Tech. They have a fine ball club. There isn't a finer coach than old Clarence. But our fellows will be ready. They want this game.
Forget last week. That was my fault. I'll take the blame for that and those eight fumbles. Will Buttertip Jones start tomorrow? Well, no. Having a little scholastic trouble.

AFTER-GAME STATEMENT: "Over here, boys, here I am over here with the alumni officers. Let that news reel fellow through, boys. Oh, T-V? Fine, fine. Thanks, men. Yes, I am mighty well pleased. It was closer than the score indicated. Give the credit to our fellows, they were great out there. They coached themselves for this one. Just say it was a team victory. Those six touchdowns Smith made were team touchdowns, they were 'blocked' touchdowns, I mean. He's great, but I told the boys all week we could take that new stuff I put in and spread 'em. . . . but believe me, the kids won this one, not the coach. I take the defeats, men, give the wins to the boys. We started in Monday on the new variations. Pretty smooth stuff, eh. The kids were skeptical at first. "Looked like the ole man had blown his top, I guess. But maybe not, eh? However, it was a team victory and I want those kids to have the credit. After I talked to them in the ready room they went on that field with tears in their eyes. That may account for that fumbled kickoff . . . but I told them, I said 'Boys, they put their pants on one leg at a time, just like us, see,' and then I broke the tension by saying, 'they are no doubtedly so upset wondering what I have cooked up for them, they probably put their left leg through their jersey sleeve.' We went on that field crying. It wasn't me, understand. This one belongs to the kids. Leave me out of the stories, fellows. But I'll say this . . . this was the greatest tribute any team ever paid a coach. That strategy . . . it wouldn't work except they had heart . . . they had it in here, see. Anybody could have worked out those formations. It gets a fellow. I tell you fellows, a team that won't be whipped, well that is a team that . . ."

MAKINGS OF A DAVY CROCKETT

Art Griffith, A&M mat coach, is a notable hunter and fisherman and the best squirrel gun in Payne County. He can't bear to see shells wasted, either. Wrestler Paul McDaniels kept begging the coach to take him squirrelin'. They stopped at the head of a creek fork and Grif explained the art. Shortly a bough dipped in the top of a cottonwood and Griffith's target rifle spoke. He picked up the squirrel and said, "Now Paul, I'll circle the tree. You stand motionless and one will come edging around the limb, watching me on the far side." Presently McDaniel fired. Excitedly he hanged away five more times. Grif came walking back. "Okay, let's go home," the coach said. "Why, we just got here!" says McDaniel. "No use being a hog," Grif said, "With that one I killed and the six you shot, we got a mess."

The visitor at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, wanting some little something from the store to take back to Oklahoma, decided to buy a handkerchief. The beautiful Texas clerk priced them at $6.75 each. When the purchaser remonstrated, the sales person, well-manicured hand to her coiffure, says, "But dearie, them's hand did."

THAT'S WHY HE LEFT THE STATES

Charley Richardson tells of the incident of the early 1930's when he was a just-graduated engineer working in Tulsa. Some of the old A&M boys were accustomed to rally on Saturday night at one of the hotels and play cards. One gay soul this Saturday night had become bored with the game and was idly reading through the classified ads of the Tribune. The depression was on, many small items were listed for sale. Two caught the chap's fancy. An ad listing a canoe for sale was followed by one listing a washing machine. He picked up the phone, although it was well past midnight, "I see you have a canoe for sale," he said to the awakened householder. "I know it's late but I am leaving for White river real early tomorrow and I'll pay $5 bonus if you'll throw that canoe on top of your car and bring it down to the Mayo. My car is parked in front and has a washing machine tied on the front. I'll meet you and we'll close the deal." Then he called the owner of the washing machine. Same story. Wife needed the washing machine at the cabin... bring it down, "You can tell my car, it has a canoe strapped on top of it in front of the hotel."

Charley, who has worked for years in Venezuela, relates, "We watched out the window half an hour later. Dannestf fight broke out you ever saw between a guy with a canoe on top of his car and another guy with a washing machine tied on front of his."

Cowpoke back Jim Wiggins, the wiggler, runs like a halfback who always had a loose bicycle seat when he was a kid.

I CAN STILL HEAR HIM

The late Johnny Maulbetsch, Oklahoma State's coach in the 1920's shouting, "Gaddy, Gaddy, where are you Gaddy!"

"Here I am, Maully."

"I know where you are, but where ort ya to be!"

Lest you are aghast at our frivolous approach to the stern, unbleached facts of athletic life, let it be understood that we are in full accord with the theory of hard work as a means of achieving victory. We only want to point out that the sweetest jerseys we ever saw contained the gayest hearts.

OSU's football brochure therefore strives to lure writer and fan alike with visions of Saturday afternoons filled with robust clash and clang and combat, permeated with fun. Nothing is so incongruous to us, as a stuffed shirt in a stadium, nothing funnier than the day the limb broke on the hanging tree and the effigy knocked out three bold and daring fans.

—Otis Wile
Coronado  Continued from page 3

native Indians were distinctly unfriendly.

After wandering through parts of Arizona (one group of scouts went off and discovered the Grand Canyon) one group went over into New Mexico where they found a collection of disappointing pueblo villages. Coronado himself was wounded in a skirmish with some uncooperative Pueblo Indians who did not wish to have their corn appropriated and their choicest maidens ravished by the swaggering invaders, and showered them with arrows and stones.

During the Fall of 1540 Coronado captured an interesting Indian identified as "the Turk" who told a great tale of the wonderful City of Quivira . . . and pointed North and East. He offered to lead them there, and since they'd found no gold and the Seven Cities had proved to be only mud pueblos, Coronado decided to take a chance . . . and go with him.

As a matter of plain fact El Senor Coronado was in great trouble. His expedition had been a complete failure. Spanish and Mexican backers had shelled out a million dollars into his safari (a fabulous sum in terms of money in those days) and thus far it was all down the drain . . . a real flop.

So, he listened . . . and with about 40 of his best men . . . this gallant young man, the pride of Old Spain and the hope of Mexico, turned East and North . . . toward Oklahoma.

What was Coronado's trail across Oklahoma? Get three historians together and you get three opinions.

TRAFFIC COP  Continued from page 5

when he put in the coin. Thus his time didn't start until someone, generally a policeman, came along and turned the handle. One of the early improvements was an arrangement by which the insertion of the coin energizes the timing device.

The first meters took nickels only. They were modified to take pennies and nickels, then improved over the years to give a wide variety of time periods for many different combinations of coins.

Magee-Hale Park-O-Meters are now in use in Cairo, Egypt, which will adjust to accept, or reject, any combination of eight different sizes and shapes of coins, including 6-sided, 8-sided, center-holed, and scalloped-edge coins.

Heart of the meter's operation is the timing unit, which is made in Tulsa by Precision Products, Inc. This unit snaps onto the rest of the mechanism, and can be replaced by anyone with a key to the meter. A complete replacement timing unit costs only $2.50. Timers, and other replacement parts are seldom necessary, but all parts are easily replaceable. One city, using 200 Park-O-Meters, had to replace only two timers in seven years.

Municipalities are by far the largest purchasers of parking meters. As of November, 1959, more than 600,000 Magee-Hale Park-O-Meters were in use in 1,422 cities — in all 50 states and such distant points as Hong Kong, China; Hobart, Tasmania; Bulawayo, Rhodesia; Haifa, Israel; and other cities throughout the world. Park-O-Meters are now being manufactured, under Magee-Hale franchise, in both England and Canada.

Besides providing meters, Magee-Hale's service includes planning and engineering parking control systems for municipalities. Meter revenue is used by many cities to build off-street parking facilities.

Another Magee-Hale innovation is the "blind" meter. For years manufacturers tried to develop ways to cancel the remaining time off of a meter when a motorist leaves. Complicated methods, involving photoelectric cells, and below-curb treads were devised and put into use experimentally.

Magee-Hale solved the problem by simply removing the time indicator from the meter window. Time may remain on an unoccupied meter but the incoming motorist never knows how much, and thus must pay for the time he expects to use.

Research has shown that meters increase parking turnover by about four times. With a constantly increasing number of cars in use, the parking meter is the only device which successfully regulates parking. It is necessary to the "downtown" pattern of urban business. Through its development, an Oklahoman's idea has been a major factor in influencing the driving habits of much of the civilized world.
There was Logan, beloved of his father, who died of diphtheria while still a young boy. Logan County was named for him. There was Agnes, whose beauty was legend. The romantic heroine of a Broadway play of the day, A Texas Steer, was patterned after Agnes. The girl in the play was called Bossie. When A Texas Steer became a hit in New York, Agnes was nicknamed Bossie and so she remained the rest of her life. Bossie led the grand march at President Roosevelt's inaugural ball in Washington, D.C. She died of pneumonia, a notorious killer of the time.

Then there was Mildred, lovely and talented, whom Zack nicknamed Mecca. "This is my Mecca," Zack said when she was born. "I want no more from life."

There was lusty, rambunctious, swashbuckling Charlie, so rugged and handsome the girls of New York's horse show set did swoon upon the sight of him. And perhaps greatest of all, there was the incomparable, unbelievable Lucille.

There had been none like her before and there shall be none again. Brunhilda and Diana were her prototypes, her habitat horseback, her standard perfection. A girl of epic grace and skill. She became the world's first cowgirl and a legend in her own lifetime.

But we get ahead of our story. When Zack Mulhall had reached a man's estate he became, in the world of commerce, Commission Agent for the Santa Fe railroad. It was his business to contract cattle shipments in Texas and the Indian Territory. In the heart of the Indian Territory, he saw the place he could not resist. It was to become his home, the Mulhall Ranch.

When the land was opened for settlement in the Run of '89, he homesteaded it. With the generous earnings from his success as a cattle agent, he bought surrounding land until at one time, the high water mark of the Mulhall ranch, he held title to 82,000 acres. Here amid rolling green hills, belted with crosstimbers blackjack and oak, his children grew up.

Here Lucille, Mildred, Georgia, and Charlie acquired the riding, shooting, and roping skills that took them to the very pinnacle of the Wild West Show world.

The ranch headquarters stood near the Santa Fe tracks at the edge of the town which came to be named for Colonel Zack Mulhall. It was a place of hospitality, often filled with visitors, from the great and prominent to the outlawed and unfortunate. Teddy Roosevelt was a welcome guest; so was Henry Starr the Indian Territory outlaw.

Folks still tell of the time Colonel Zack was in the depot when the Santa Fe puffed in and Zack learned from the conductor that among the passengers were five small children and their widowed mother, riding exhausted and hungry in the chair car. The Colonel went home, snatched the dinner off the table and carried it to the train, which the conductor held waiting.

Young Charlie and his sister Lucille helped their father train racing colts there on the ranch, for the St. Louis race tracks. Lucille had no time for dolls and calves. Colonel Zack finally told her she could have all the calves she could rope and brand, then had to renege on the deal when an LN-bar began showing up on most of his herd.

A favorite tale concerns Lucille and the wolf which was preying on the stock. Lucille, age ten, came upon the wolf one day while it was devouring a downed calf. She rode it down and roped it before it could escape, dragged it, then dismounted and killed it with her running iron. Teddy Roosevelt, upon hearing the story, found it hard to believe that a pretty little girl in pig-tails could accomplish a feat few strong men would attempt, so Colonel Zack presented him with the wolf's mounted head, still marked by the scars of the little girl's stirrup iron.

But for all her tomboy tendencies, Lucille was no rowdy. Like her sisters, she went to St. Louis to "finishing school" and learned to be a lady—a very lovely one; a beautiful, cultured young society miss who had one talent possessed by no other debutante of that day or this—she could catch, rope, throw, and tie a steer in 28½ seconds. Will Rogers testifies that, until Lucille Mulhall, there was no such thing as a "cowgirl"; the word was coined for her.

Will Rogers started his show career on the Mulhall ranch. So did Tom Mix. In 1900, Colonel Zack took them all to St. Louis to put on a Wild West Show for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It was a trial run for greater things to come. This first big show even included a cowboy band; the colonel had simply outfitted the first Missouri Regiment band in chaps, but this gave him an idea.

His idea became the Frisco Railroad Cowboy Band, which Zack later organized from genuine Oklahoma cowhands. It toured the country under the sponsorship of the railroad and the Colonel.

In 1900, the Rough Riders held a huge reunion in Oklahoma City. Colonel Teddy Roosevelt was present. Colonel Zack and the Mulhalls put on a show for them. Teddy was profoundly impressed with Lucille's horsemanship and competence with a rope. He was invited to the Mulhall ranch for a visit which ripened into a lifelong friendship.

It was Lucille, Colonel Zack, and the cowboy band who led T. R.'s inaugural parade in Washington. When Teddy became president, he appointed Zack territorial governor of Oklahoma, then the roof fell in! Roosevelt had to cancel the appointment. His political party would not stand for it. T. R. and his administration, you will recall, was Republican. Colonel Zack was a Democrat.

Lucille's career as a horsewoman, meanwhile, went on apace. She rode into the arena at the St. Louis Exposition to rope a steer, then leaped to the steer's back and rode the bucking, pitching beast instead of roping it, much to the dismay of her father who forbade her ever to do such a thing again.

"Leave the rough riding to Charlie," he ordered curtly.

And Charlie rode 'em; steers, wild horses, anything anyone could catch and hold until he could get on, Charlie would top. Together they went to El Paso, Lucille to enter the steer roping, Charlie to ride the buckers. The boys in the local saloon didn't believe a
girl could rope a steer. The saloon keeper posted odds; 100 to 1 she can't rope and tie; 50 to 1 she can't rope and throw, 25 to 1 she can't even rope!

When Colonel Zack saw those odds he lost his temper and bet $1,000 at the best odds the saloon keeper would actually give him, 10 to 1. Lucille had some trouble. She missed her first loop, but caught the steer on the second. Then she threw it and tied it. The rodeo crowd went wild. They swarmed on the field and started tearing her clothes off. Charlie rode hard and fast to rescue her.

"They wouldn't believe that you are really a girl," Charlie explained to his hotly embarrassed sister.

Colonel Zack collected his $10,000.

At a steer roping contest in St. Louis Lucille fractured her ankle. The rest of the family was going to San Antonio for the International Fair. Lucille was determined not to be left at home. She made the trip in a plaster cast. To her surprise at the Fair they presented her with a trophy of solid gold shaped like a steer's head on which was engraved the Lone Star emblem of Texas and Lucille Mulhall Champion Steer Roper! She was the honored guest of the entire occasion.

At Fort Worth they called her Queen of the Range. In McAlester, Indian Territory, she set a world's record in steer roping, prize $10,000. By the time she was eighteen years old her incredible horsemanship, roping ability, and beauty had made her the idolized sweetheart of the American West.

And the biggest and best was yet to come. When the New York Horse Fair was held in Madison Square Garden in 1905 the Mulhalls were invited. They had just finished showing at the World's Fair in St. Louis the previous year, where they had been sensational. Will Rogers rejoined them there with his rope act. He had just returned from months of wandering through South America, Australia, and New Zealand.

Colonel Zack arranged for the full show: cattle, horses, a stage coach and team, and Charlie's bronca, to be transported to New York. The Mulhalls' first ride through Central Park, just for fun on the occasion of Charlie's birthday, attracted crowds of New Yorkers who were not used to seeing pretty young ladies riding astride. The side-saddle was the thing for ladies of that day, and the New York press carried many a comment on the shocking novelty of the way the Mulhall girls rode.

The Horse Fair was a society affair, for high bred saddle and carriage horses from the stables of McNaughton, Albert de Cernea, and the like. The Mulhall's wild western antics swept like a high wind through this atmosphere of stuffiness and stuffed shirts. The press went wild idolizing Lucille, Georgia, and Bossie; and particularly little Mildred, then 10, as the curly headed little beauty spun through the arena driving a coach and four, two of de Cernea's prancing, matched teams.

Lucille showed her trained horse Governor, acclaimed the most intelligent horse in the show, winning thunderous applause when Governor performed the unique feat of walking on his knees. One night Lucille leaned out of her racing horse's saddle to pick a handkerchief from the ground. She reached too far, and fell with a thud. Her boot hung in the stirrup and Governor dragged her bouncing across the tanbark.

At last she shook loose. With the stretcher bearers running toward her, Lucille arose, brushed herself off and caught Governor, remounted and raced again to pick up the handkerchief. The crowd stood and roared at her courage.

Charlie got a dragging too, when a bucking named Hightower collided with the arena wall and fell, knocking Charlie out then dragging him unconscious. After a few stitches at Bellevue, Charlie was ready to ride again. The Mulhalls were resilient people.

It was during the Madison Square Horse Fair that an incident occurred which many people credit with springboarding Will Rogers toward fame. A steer got loose and climbed into the stands. Spectators streamed out of the way in panic. A New York newspaper headlined the event TEXAS STEER AMUCK IN GARDEN, INDIAN COWPUNCHER'S QUICKNESS PREVENTS HARM.

"Claude Lanigan, an usher, seized its horns and was thrown across several tiers of seats," read the article. "The steer went up the second and third flights into the balcony. The Indian Will Rogers ran up the 27th street side and headed the steer off. As it passed, he roped the steer's horns. Alone and afoot, he was no match for the brute's strength, but he swerved it down the steps on the 27th street side, where it again jumped into the ring."

When Will Rogers had returned to the arena and stood coiling his lariat, he shifted his chewing gum and commented with a grin, "Way folks are actin', you'd think I'd done something."

OKLAHOMA TODAY

THIRTY
Tom Mix, standing beside him, said laconically, “Maybe you have.”

Mix turned out to be quite a prophet, for Will had done something. He had attracted enough attention to fetch his first offer to appear on the stage with an act of his own. Will left the Mulhall show taking one rider, Buck McKee, with him and soon was on his way to fame and stardom.

Tom Mix achieved quite a reputation too. He made over 300 western movies. In spite of which fact, Tom Mix was never a “Hollywood Cowboy.” He was a soldier of fortune, a man of near heroic stature who would have achieved equal success in anything he attempted. Tom Mix served in the Rough Riders with Teddy Roosevelt at San Juan Hill. He fought in the Boxer Rebellion, the Boer War, and in the Philippines.

Mix had been a major in the Texas Rangers and a peace officer in more than one rough and ready western town. He was a dead shot with six-gun or rifle. His early life was a patchwork of legendary caliber, in which he lived and actually accomplished the feats he later performed on the screen.

In his early years with the movies, Tom Mix would allow no stunt man to do his dangerous chores, but soberly performed them with an abandoned courage that kept his directors in a state of nervous trepidation. Later, when he became so valuable a property that the studio laid down the law, it is interesting to note who became his stunt man; it was Charlie Mulhall.

After the New York Horse Fair, the Mulhalls turned to vaudeville. The act became a headliner on the Keith and Orpheum circuits. Lucille was the star, riding, roping, and showing Eddie C., who succeeded Governor and was billed as a horse of almost human intelligence.

The act included Georgia, Charlie, and Martin van Bergen “the cowboy baritone.” Assorted livestock, a coyote trained to howl on cue, two fighting roosters which were tossed in from opposite wings of the stage to open the act, a longhorn steer, horses, and a bucking outlaw named Buzzard X, made the act an exciting one. “BRONCO BUSTING ACT SUCH A THRILLER IT FRIGHTENS,” proclaimed a newspaper headline.

The act was also an expensive one, requiring two railroad cars to transport it. This was perhaps the greatest trouble with every venture Colonel Zack Mulhall entrepreneured throughout his show life. The ads were too expensive.

His enthusiasm for showing his talented family too often overcame the sound business judgment that had made his early years so financially sound. The expenses of the show years consumed the profits, and a little more.

As a result of the Colonel’s too abundant generosity, the great Mulhall ranch is no more. Lucille retired from show life after the vaudeville days. Charlie went on to Hollywood as a stunt man for Tom Mix and later as a double for actor Charles Bickford, whom he greatly resembled.

Lucille spent the last years of her life at the ranch, and was killed there in a tragic auto accident in 1940. It is an odd commentary that the three great show people, Lucille, Tom Mix, and Will Rogers, who began their troupiong days with Colonel Zack, were all killed by machines. Horses were their life and the source of their fame; but Lucille and Tom were killed by autos, Will in an airplane crash.

The last years of the Mulhalls were quiet, not in the garrish limelight of publicity, but the glory of the old days will never be forgotten.
because officers and men of the division soon discovered what a challenge had been tossed at them in this new assignment.

The name was changed. The 95th now became the 95th Division (Training). Organization was changed. From the old triangular pattern the division was converted into a brand-new grouping. Even locations of units were changed as planners sought to make the best possible use of military skills available in Oklahoma, as well as Arkansas and Louisiana.

Settling into the new pattern on April 1, 1959, the 95th had its new mission impressed on it: Organize and train your units to such a degree of proficiency that in event of emergency you can move into an army training center (such as the moth-balled Fort Chaffee) and in one week be prepared to accept and train the first of 12,000 to 14,000 men for combat duty.

In the summer of 1959, only four months after reorganization, the assigned personnel of the division moved into Fort Chaffee and tackled the job of training itself. From that experience it drew a Pentagon rating of No. 1 of the 13 training divisions.

This year, with the help of reserve support units, grouped under the 5016th U.S. Army Garrison Unit commanded by Col. Adrian L. Fuller of Shawnee, the division received 2,200 trainees from a five-state area and set out to operate as it would in an emergency situation. These trainees, all men who had had from six month to two years of active duty but had not joined reserve units to keep up their obligated training, were split up among the 95th units and given a fast refresher course.

Those who had had a minimum of active duty and were not qualified for advanced work were assigned to the three Basic Training Regiments, the 377th and 378th from Oklahoma and the 379th from Arkansas. Some who had special skills needed in all army outfits, such as clerks, mechanics, and cooks, went to the 95th Common Specialist Training Regiment from Louisiana. Others with more specialized skills went to the 291st Advanced Individual Training Regiment from Oklahoma.

With the lessons of the 1960 camp learned, the 95th has gone back to its home armories, scattered in communities all across a three-state area, and settled down to more training. And when the summer of 1961 rolls around, again they will assemble on a similar test mission at Fort Chaffee, confident of improvement.

A record such as the 95th has posted, in spite of changing demands, is the proof of leadership. In the division this has been amply provided by General Bell, in civilian life a vice-president of Oklahoma City's Central State Bank. He has had top level assistance from Brig. Gen. Ernest L. Massad of Ardmore, an oil operator and real estate developer. General Massad, remembered throughout Oklahoma as "Iron Mike" Massad of early-1930 OU football, fills one assistant division commander position. The other assistant is Brig. Gen. Charles D. Henley, a Little Rock, Ark., insurance executive.

Heading up General Bell's staff is Col. William H. Reiff, an Oklahoma City physician who only last year took several months out of his private practice to attend and be graduated with honors from the army's Command and General Staff Course at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

For regimental commanders General Bell has three Oklahomans, one Arkansan and one Louisianan. From Oklahoma are Col. Ross W. Hall of Stillwater, state administrative officer for the Soil Conservation Service; Col. Arthur M. Foster of Bristow, a banker, and Col.

While it has only been in recent years that the red, white and blue oval patch of the 95th has become familiar to many Oklahomans, the division is no newcomer on the scene. Its history goes back to World War I days, when the outfit was partially activated in the closing days of the war. But with the end of that war, the 95th reverted to a reserve organization.

It was in July 1942, with the United States again at war, that this paper reserve organization was converted into a flesh and blood combat division. After activation at Camp Swift, Texas, the 95th went through intensive training and maneuvers in this country, ranging from Louisiana, to the California-Arizona desert to the West Virginia mountains.

Then came the call overseas, with the division shipping to England in August 1944. After a brief staging period in England, the division crossed the English Channel, went over Omaha Beach and prepared for the test of combat.

That initial combat test came in October 1944 when the 95th went into the line with General George Patton’s Third Army on the Moselle River south of Metz. It won its first real recognition as an effective fighting force by sharing top honors in the capture of Metz, a heavily fortified city that never before in history had fallen before military assault.

From that victory the division pushed eastward into Germany, smashing into the rugged Siegfried Line at Saarlautern. New honors came when the aggressive action of the 95th permitted capture of a bridge intact across the Saar River before the defenders could destroy it.

At Saarlautern the 95th settled into a determined, toe-to-toe slugfest with the Germans and was making slow but steady progress when the Battle of the Bulge broke out to the north. Progress was stalled there for a while, then the division was shuttled into the Bulge area. Before the division was committed in that sector, orders were changed and the 95th moved again to the north, this time to the Ninth Army area where it joined in the drive to the Rhine and into the Ruhr Valley. The division was engaged in cleanup operations along the Ruhr, already having captured Dortmund, Germany’s sixth largest city, when V-E day came.

Because it had been selected to go to the Pacific theater, the 95th was soon sent back to the U. S., where after a brief rest the division reassembled at Camp Shelby, Miss., to prepare for its second overseas movement. Advance parties were at San Francisco when V-J day came and the move was canceled.

There are still a few in the present division who saw service in combat under the 95th banner. Outstanding among these is Colonel Hall, regimental commander of the 378th. Back in World War II days Colonel Hall won recognition as a fine combat commander in his post as leader of one of the 377th Infantry Regiment battalions.

Members of the 95th today, playing the vital role of part-time soldiers as they go about their civilian occupations, are rightfully proud of the history and combat record of their division. But they are well aware that the demands of today’s organization can’t be satisfied by mere reliance on past glories.

That’s why you will find Oklahomans from Miami to Mangum and from Woodward to Hugo, working with determination each week at unit drills and each summer on active duty, filling important roles in today’s “One Army”, teaming the efforts of Army Reserve, National Guard, and Regular Army into a reliable force to meet whatever challenge may come.
STATE REGISTERS ECONOMIC GAINS

A survey of business growth since World War II, by the U.S. Department of Commerce, shows that Oklahoma has grown more than average. Most remarkable is a 114 percent gain in manufacture of goods produced; a $388,000,000 growth.

The number of plants increased by 649 since 1945, up some 37 percent, and employed 35,000 more workers, a 64 percent jump. Factory payrolls rose by $289,000,000, up 201 percent.

Retail sales expanded 46 percent, $761,500,000. Retail business employment increased 10 percent, providing jobs for 9,000 more persons with an increased payroll of $51,000,000, up 51 percent.

Wholesale trade increased 54 percent, $929,500,000. There are 288 more establishments, 3,500 more workers—an increase of 13 percent—and the payroll is up $33,000,000, 69 percent.

Service trade rose 100 percent, a boost of $145,600,000. The state has 4,200 more establishments, 4,500 more workers, an 18 percent hike, and the payroll is up 81 percent to $83,000,000.

Personal income rose from $2.2 billion to nearly $4 billion, up 83 percent. Per capita income has grown an average of $1,015 a year to $1,740, a 71 percent gain.

THE FIRST COMERS; Alice Marriott (Longman's, Green). Indians of America's Dawn is the subtitle of this new book designed for the amateur archaeologist. The book describes the lives of the first American Indians, from the Artic Circle to the Mexican border and tells how groups in different parts of the country lived and worked. A separate section, for those who make a practical hobby of archaeology, describes archaeological field methods.

Miss Marriott has based THE FIRST COMERS on research done while she was ethnological representative for the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, U.S. Department of the Interior, and on her work among the Kiowas, Cheyennes, Cherokees, Tewa Pueblos of New Mexico, and the Hopis of Arizona. The book, illustrated by Harvey Weiss, is filled with authentic and interesting information about early Indian peoples.

I Fought with Geronimo; Jason Bitezine with W. S. Nye (The Stackpole Company). Here is the prototype of a book long overdue; Indian warfare in the late 1800's written by an Indian who actually participated. Virtually all history of plains Indian warfare has been written by white men, from the white man's point of view. It is high time for an accurate account of the Indians' side of the story. Here is a well-written account of Geronimo's campaigns and the life, customs, and folk ways of the Apaches before their defeat. It has been written by a much respected Apache who knows the story first hand because he lived it. Jason Bitezine, who now lives in Apache, is a highly regarded citizen of Oklahoma and his telling of those exciting days with Geronimo's warriors contains new facts of history never before told.

SPURS WEST; Western Writers of America (Doubleday & Co.). An anthology of award winning short stories, edited by top author S. Omar Barker. Here is yarn spinning at its best. Seventeen tales that will excite the taste of the most discriminating connoisseur of Western America. You will recognize the work of such fine authors as Dorothy M. Johnson, author of the Warner Bros. production THE HANGING TREE; Thomas Thompson, author-producer of NBC-TV's BONANZA; Donald Hamilton; Norman A. Fox; Peggy Simson Curry; Noel M. Loomis; Amelia Bean; Hall G. Evarts; Kenneth Fowler; Ray Gauden; and Stephen Payne; novelists, motion picture, and TV authors all. Stories by four Oklahoma based writers are included in the collection; Saturday Evening Post writer Ed Montgomery's BIG MAN FROM TEXAS, Spur Winner Bill Gullick's THIEF IN CAMP, novelist Fred Grove's HOSTAGE TRAIL, and Bill Burchardt's WINE WITHOUT PRICE, winner of the Oklahoma's State Writers' Best Short Story award last year.
DIETING?
It is getting to where the living is so easy in Oklahoma that all of us are eating too high on the hog, loafing too much, and gaining too much weight. We don't want to become a state full of fatties. Here is a 10-calorie diet guaranteed to hold your weight to a minimum.

**MONDAY**
- **Breakfast**: Weak Tea
- **Lunch**: 1 Bouillon Cube in 1/2 cup diluted water
- **Dinner**: 1 Pigeon Thigh and 3 oz. Prune Juice (gargle only)

**TUESDAY**
- **Breakfast**: Scraped Crumbs from Burnt Toast
- **Lunch**: Doughnut Hole (without sugar) and 1 glass dehydrated water
- **Dinner**: 2 Jelly fish shins

**WEDNESDAY**
- **Breakfast**: 1 cup boiled-out stains from tablecloth
- **Lunch**: 3/4 dozen Poppy Seeds
- **Dinner**: Bee's Knees and Mosquito Knuckles, sauteed in vinegar

**THURSDAY**
- **Breakfast**: Shredded Egg shell skins
- **Lunch**: Bellybutton from naval orange
- **Dinner**: 2 eyes from Irish Potato (diced)

**FRIDAY**
- **Breakfast**: 2 Lobster antennae
- **Lunch**: 1 guppy fin
- **Dinner**: Fillet of soft shell Crab claw

**SATURDAY**
- **Breakfast**: 4 chopped Banana seeds
- **Lunch**: 1 broiled Butterfly liver
- **Dinner**: Jelly Fish Vertebrae a la Bookbinder

**SUNDAY**
- **Breakfast**: Pickled Hummingbird tongue
- **Lunch**: Prime rib of Tadpole
- **Dinner**: Tossed paprika and dove leaf (1 only)
  - Aroma of empty custard pie plate

**FIRST WEEK YOU LOSE ONE HUNDRED POUNDS—SECOND WEEK WE LOSE YOU.**
(Contributed, but not recommended, by J. L. "Mingo" Arlitt. We don’t recommend it either!)

**OKLAHOMA FALL**
Quail scatter through the gray hay of last season’s mowing,
And are lost in the purple shadows of crimson sumac burdened with blackened pods.
An unorthodox green jack oak stands among his sun-bronzed brothers:
And lacy grasses whisper softly in answer to the black crow’s throaty call.
**Indian summer is Nature’s prelude to winter and Oklahoma’s fall.**

... Wilda N. Walker

**NATIONAL CONSERVATION WINNER**
Vincent Myers, of Apache, is one of six individuals and organizations to receive this year's National Conservation Service Awards from the Department of Interior. In his letter of citation to Mr. Myers, Secretary of the Department of Interior Fred A. Seaton wrote, “For the past fourteen years you have followed conservation practices that have resulted in many improvements on your farm. More important, however, is the service you have performed to the community in which you live by your leadership in your Indian Soil Conservation Association, your school and your church. Your leadership is an outstanding example of the progress that can be made in the field of natural resources conservation.”
COWBOY HALL OF FAME
Construction underway at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center is showing visible progress. John Wayne visited recently to be honored as a “Westerner First Class.” The various sections to be included in the Hall of Fame are:

- Hall of Fame Great Westerners
- Rodeo Hall of Fame
- Hall of Fame of Western Actors and Motion Pictures
- Museum of Western History
- Research Library of Western Americana
- Institute of Western Art
- Museum of Western Agriculture, Commerce and Industry
- Institute of Western Music and Folklore
- Founders’ Hall
- Western Flora Gardens
- Heritage Hall

Through these areas of emphasis, the Hall of Fame will become the national hub of the preservation of our Western Heritage. The 37 acres of the site will be landscaped to contain flowers, shrubs, and trees from all over the western United States.


I’LL KEEP IN TOUCH
When I become an angel
How happy I will be!
I’ll sail with air-borne splendor
To those who wait for me
On days when I’m not busy
With cheerful chores above
I’ll buzz my Oklahoma
And check the spots I love.

. . . . Vynola Limerick
HERITAGE

By Vera Holding

COW-PUNCHIN’ DAD

He’d have “ruther been raised” than reared
He’d have sooner “drawed” than have drawn
He pulled on his boots at daylight
Was never “awakened” at dawn.
The checks he “drawed” gave us college
The “youngins” he “raised” toed the mark
He showed us the ways of the prairie days
The plover, wild flowers, the lark.

He “knowed” about all things that mattered
Yes “knowed” more than we ever knew
He hobbled his worries behind the hill
And we thought his troubles were few.
He wasn’t a “gun-totin’-waddie”
Not once plucked a Spanish guitar
His singing rope made a song of hope
When he camped beside Sunset Bar.

He’s ridin’ night-herd on cloud-dogies
And he’s “thowed his brand” on a star
A Friend to-ride-the-river-with
He’s found. And the way is not far
To Sunrise Peaks on the “Home Range”
Where he’ll spread his bed roll on the ground
And his coiled rope rings a wistful hope
That we “strays” will not let him down.

TAP ROOT

My mother was a great liveoak
Her love an ever-greening cloak
Her roots sank deep into the soil
Tenaciously, though drought and toil
They clung. That courage, will to grow
Would somehow let her children know
That life is not one Spring’s quick turn—
A burst of bloom when redbuds burn,
But year by year a steady flow—
The sap of faith as seasons go.

A timid shoot, a spring-dared leaf,
The growth of courage, hope, belief,
The pruning out of doubts and fears
The healing spray of prayers and tears.
Yes Mother was a great liveoak
Her love an ever-greening cloak
And I but pray she left in me
The tap root of that blessed tree.
NEXT ISSUE

WILL ROGERS
OF THE MOVIES
BY THE AUTHOR OF HIS FAMOUS SCRIPTS
HOMER CROY

OKLAHOMA
CALENDAR
IN FULL COLOR