OKLAHOMA TODAY
FALL 1961

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

OKLAHOMA SCRABBOOK

TRANSPORTATION MAPS

To focus attention on the National Youth Fitness Program, a physical fitness jamboree was held at the University of Oklahoma on Friday afternoon, September 1st. Bob Mathias, only man to win the Olympic Decathlon twice, acted as Master-of-Ceremonies for this first program of its kind in the nation.


Following the exhibition of skills by these stars, two hours of physical tests were conducted. Two-hundred youngsters volunteered to be tested. Their scores will be rated by the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, then returned to them, so that the youngsters may compare their physical fitness skills with the national average.
HAS
COACHED
COACHES
AND
ALL-AMERICANS
NOW THE
WILKINSON
TASK IS TO DEVELOP
ALL-AMERICA'S
FITNESS

AS HEAD football coach at the University of Oklahoma, Charles B. (Bud) Wilkinson has produced many great athletes. Now, he has taken on an added task that is far more awesome in both responsibility and opportunity. He has been assigned by the President to produce a nation of physically fit Americans.

It may surprise some to learn the two jobs have little, if any, relation to each other. The answer to the physical fitness problem is not more football players. The pressing need is a program that will raise the millions of physically-deficient Americans up to minimum acceptable physical standards.

It is a tribute to Wilkinson, and to the coaching profession, that he was chosen March 23 as Special Consultant to the President on Youth Fitness. His appointment came after several conferences with President Kennedy. Although he is admittedly no expert in the field of physical education, Wilkinson outlined what he thought had to be done. The President told him to get it done.

The 44-year-old Wilkinson took on the added burden
BY DICK SNIDER

despite the fact he's attempting to fight his way back from a losing season—for the first time in his career. He took it because he is convinced of its importance.

"The physical fitness problem," he said, "is so much more important than winning football games there's no comparison. If we can get people as concerned over fitness as they are over their favorite high school or college football team, we've got the problem licked."

The pressures of 23 seasons of football, the last 14 as head coach at Oklahoma, have silvered and thinned Wilkinson's blond hair. And now, the 6-2, 190-pound coach can count getting his top football players ready for each Saturday in the fall as only one of his problems. He must also worry about the physical condition of 180 million Americans. He is dividing his time about equally between his two assignments.

After he was named by the President, he appointed a three-man staff to help him, set up an office in the Executive Office Building, next door to the White House, and started planning a basic physical fitness program for use in schools in grades one through 12.

He rushed home for Oklahoma's spring football practice, arriving two days before it opened. Two days after it ended, he was back in Washington on a full-time basis. He and his wife, Mary, rented a 150-year old Georgetown home for the summer. In August, he returned to prepare for the opening of fall practice at Norman.

During the summer, the school plan was completed and endorsed by a dozen key national organizations of educators and medical men. This was necessary to get the bugs out of it and make it fully acceptable to all schools—public, private and parochial.

Since Wilkinson and The Council on Youth Fitness have no authority to force physical fitness, the school plan is a suggested program. It recognizes that physical fitness is but a part of the broad base of education essential to the proper development of youth. It stresses that spiritual and moral fitness, health education and intellectual growth are vital. But it zeroes in on its objective—improving the physical fitness of our youth.

The basic concept of the suggested program is con-

(Continued on page 28)
like t’hear the world’s finest jazz?
then you’ll like any tune played by the

FANTABULOUS
TEAGARDENS

Oklahoma and Texas, often competitors, have achieved one amazingly successful collaboration. In a short span of years prior to 1916, in Vernon, Texas, four youngsters were born. They were Jack, Charlie, Norma, and Cubby Teagarden; exact birth dates and biographies in Leonard Feather’s Encyclopedia of Jazz.

In 1919, they came to Oklahoma. Their father had died and Mrs. Helen Teagarden brought her brood, ages four, six, eight, and fourteen, to grandmother Amend’s big house at 411 West Main in Oklahoma City. Oklahoma City was “home” for the fantabulous Teagardens for almost twenty years.

An interesting early recollection of Jack’s, “Once a year they used to have Indian powwows out near the old fairgrounds . . . where the Indians would get together and sing those Indian chants. I would embellish on them—just pick up my horn and play—I don’t know how it came so natural . . .”

Mrs. Teagarden herself a musician, played and taught virtually every instrument and still does. Her four prize pupils were her own youngsters. She recalls that they used to have spats, as all kids do, and her best way of stopping an argument was to deny them the pleasure of playing together for awhile.

Clare Williams, Oklahoma City business man, recalls, “There was no Central High School band in those days. A few of us boys got together, bought some music and some jockey caps for uniforms and organized the first Central band, mainly to play for football games. We went over to Irving School to play for something or other—I remember we stood up on stage there in the auditorium to play, and Jack was standing right across the stage from me in a pair of short pants, blowing his horn.”

From Indian music at the old fairgrounds, and a pair of short pants on the Irving School stage, Jack Teagarden has gone a long way. Bobby Hackett says, “Jack,
to the trombone, is what Louis Armstrong is to the trumpet."

The greatest jazz trombonist of all time, "Big Tea" has become immortal, along with all the other jazz immortals with whom he has played; Red Nichols, Ben Pollack, Paul Whiteman, "Pops" Armstrong, and as leader of his own big bands and all-star combos.

Charlie Teagarden, two years younger than Jack, started his music career at Capitol Hill Junior High School. He started playing the trumpet there and came along so fast that four years later, he was a featured performer with the then thriving Central High School band.

Those were the days of the Chamber of Commerce "Trade Trips", when a whole trainload of Oklahoma Citizens took off each year on a tour of most of Oklahoma to make friends and boost business in the capital city.

The Central High band had its own "swing wing" in those days (anticipating Paul Whiteman) composed of Marvin Pitts (piano), Charlie Teagarden (trumpet), Elmer Luker (sax), and Wiley Lowrey (drums). This four-piece combo played the ragtime entertainment spots with the Central band on the "Trade Trips", and usually wound up playing for a dance that night in whatever town they were in. Wiley Lowrey relates that the combo also booked dances on their own, playing in Oklahoma's booming oil field towns, Seminole, Shawnee, etc.

Norma, now Mrs. John Friedlander of San Francisco, probably played more in Oklahoma City than her three brothers. She was a staff musician for radio station WKY for a long while, and a regular performer at Abe Hale's famous Oklahoma City night club of that bygone day. Every musician in Oklahoma City who has been around for a while recalls Norma's tremendous musicianship and telling glows of her creative and inventive piano artistry.

Wiley Lowrey's folks at that time had a grand player piano. Norma loved to practice on that piano. She had no interest in the "player piano rolls" but the fact that it was a player piano made the key action unusually stiff and hard. She liked to work out on it because it strengthened her fingers.

Cubby, somewhat younger, came along after Charlie and Jack were already headliners with Paul Whiteman. Though Cubby, whose real name is Clois, has left the music business and is now in charge of industrial relations for the Kennecott Copper Company in Salt Lake City, Utah, he still maintains his membership in the Oklahoma City Local of the Musicians Union.

Cub is a drummer, and a mighty fine one. Wiley Lowrey, who beat the skins for the Central Band jazz combo, aided Mrs. Teagarden's teaching by helping Cub learn to handle the sticks, and Cub played with the best of the local dance bands, before he joined Norma and his brothers in the big time.

It is impressive what a high regard everyone hereabouts has for the Teagardens as folks, as well as musicians. Everyone remembers, even more than where and how well they played, what nice people Mrs. Teagarden, Jack, Charlie, Norma, and Cub, are. Seems like they all have a special skill for being friendly and congenial, for making others happy. Which is as important, and perhaps one of the reasons why, they make such fine music.

And fine music they certainly make. Jack left Oklahoma City to go on the road at the ripe old age of 15. He played with the legendary Peck Kelley, in bands all over Texas, joined a group called the Tulsans in Oklahoma, and played in Mexico City with this band who had then become known as the Southern Trumpeters.

Jack worked in the oil fields around Burk Burnett and Doc Ross tells of the time Jack was standing around their bandstand in Wichita Falls, Texas. The boys in the band thought it would be a good big laugh to ask this oil field roughneck to "sit in". To their somewhat surprise, he agreed. The number they picked to play was a Dixieland tune which had a two bar introduction, followed by a two bar trombone break. (Continued on page 30)
A fur-trader searching for a trading post site founded a permanent settlement when he established La Saline

By Fannie Brownlee Misch
George Washington was president of the United States when on a rough windy March day Jean Pierre Chouteau and his party of explorers and Osage scouts followed the faint Osage Trace with heavily laden pack mules trailing drowsily behind. The grasses were showing green in the sheltered hillsides. The breech clouts and shaved heads with scalplocks gave a uniform appearance to the Osage Indian scouts. The white men in the party were outfitted with pantaloons of strouding, with cloaks or long shirts of soft doeskin fringed. Some wore their hair in the usual queue, others let it fall to their shoulders.

Major Chouteau was dressed in fringed doeskin with coonskin cap and mocassins of Osage design. The men addressed him as "Commandant". His father, Rene Auguste Chouteau, had come from France to New Orleans in the early 1730s.

Rene Auguste married a native of New Orleans, Marie Therese Bourgeois. Jean Pierre was one of their five children. He was one of the Chouteau brothers who became prominent in the early history of St. Louis. Also, Chouteau warehouses on the banks of the Missouri later became Kansas City.

The Governor of New Orleans needed the loyalty of the Chouteaus, and agreed for them to build a fort at their own expense to protect their extensive fur trade against Indian raids.

The new fort, at Halley's Bluff in Missouri, bore the name of Governor Caronelot of New Orleans. For centuries the haughty Osages had claimed the hunting grounds from the Missouri south to the Red River, from the Mississippi to the Rockies. Other tribes which used the area for hunting contested their claim with constant warfare.

As the Indians warred, the need for fur increased. Meanwhile, a new grant for the Osage trade was given to a young Spaniard, Manuel Lisa. Jean Pierre Chouteau was not interested in maintaining the Caronelot fort for others. Seeking new hunting and trading territory, the explorers set out in a southwesterly direction, deep into an unknown region.

The men rode silently, their eyes scanning the brush hillsides. They were four hundred miles from home when they came one day to a line of trees which marked the course of a stream. An Osage scout told Major Chouteau that, "from here the water runs deep enough to float big bateaux like on the Missouri. This river we call Ne-o-zho. It is good water and plenty of it."

The party camped for the night and deft hands made a serviceable pirogue from a giant cottonwood tree. The Major and a guide set out on the clear deep stream, while the others followed on land. They watched for two things; a clear spring branch with rocky bottom to serve as a ford. Toward evening both were sighted and the stream traced to its source. Major Chouteau had found the place he sought. This place is now within the city limits of Salina, Oklahoma.

It was an ideal place for a permanent settlement. The land was thickly wooded and rose upward to a ridge of hills. To the west the level ground across the Grand River stretched away for miles of vast grazing grounds. Here also were the salt licks where the Osages had come to hunt buffalo for generations.

Upon Jean Pierre's return to Fort Caronelot, he and his brother Auguste used their influence to enlarge the "Big Hill" branch of the Osage tribe. Auguste had already supported the elevation of Cheveux Blancs (White Hair) to chieftaincy. Now Pierre induced a large faction under Big Track to join with Clermont and move their villages down into the valleys of the Arkansas, Grand, and Verdigris Rivers. Big Track was made trading chief and Clermont war chief. This band of nearly three thousand Osages contained the most adventurous members of the tribe.

Gradually, while Napoleon acquired Louisiana, the Indians moved and the post at La Saline prospered with trade. Chouteau's on the Grand did not remain a little group of traders' cabins and half-dugouts very long. Permanent improvements were made. Wives were sent for. Others took Osage wives, spending their money for gay calico, blankets, beads, knives, and copper kettles to give as parental gifts in the wife buying procedure.

Three miles northeast of present day Muskogee, the Verdigris and Grand Rivers discharge their waters into the Arkansas. This junction in early times became known as the Three Forks. In the days when river navigation played an important part in the West, this area became important as a trading center and theatre of military operations.

The Grand River post La Saline prospered from the beginning. The country teemed with game for the trappers; otter, mink, fox, lynx, wildcat, raccoon, beaver and so many bears that only the young were killed for furs. Deer, antelope, bear, and buffalo furnished food, clothing, and oil for lamps, as well as robes for lodge coverings and countless bales of hides for barter.

Furs were baled at the post and floated down the Grand and Arkansas to the Mississippi. Zebulon Montgomery Pike, in 1806 wrote, "The borders of the Arkansas river may be termed the paradise of our territories for our wandering savages. Of all the countries ever visited by the footsteps of civilized man, there never was one that produced game in greater abundance."

In 1817 Jean Pierre turned La Saline over to his son Auguste Pierre. Auguste's home at the post was a (Continued on page 32)
Tourists the world over have grown so accustomed to her face, that few remember the other participants in that fabulous contest staged by E. W. Marland in the twenties, from which the Pioneer Woman of Ponca City emerged the victor.

Governor, philanthropist, oil man, Marland made his vast fortune from the oil fields developed on Oklahoma's frontier. Somehow he could never free himself of the obligation he believed Oklahoma owed its pioneers, especially its women.

"We would not have the America we have today," he said, "if we had not had the type of pioneer woman we had." He wanted everyone to remember that! He was determined to create a permanent memorial for the children, to preserve the story of their mothers' struggle.

He thought about it a lot, dreamed about it often. Finally, during a dinner party conversation one evening, he decided this tribute would be a Pioneer Woman Statue. He would put her in the Cherokee Strip of Oklahoma, her last job that of settling the Indian Territory. He would have her looking southwest because most of the early settlers came from the northeast. He would set aside 5 1/2 acres from the vast Marland estate at Ponca City for the statue. When it was completed, he would give it to the people of Oklahoma.

Almost immediately Marland went to New York City and invited to dinner twelve of the nation's leading sculptors. He outlined his plan and asked each artist to create a model of a pioneer woman possessing the qualities of courageousness, religiousness, determination, and self reliance.

When Marland saw the finished models, he could not decide himself. So he took them on tour of twelve of the nation's outstanding museums to let the people vote. Bringing them home at last for the...Continued on page 36
Here are the statues sculpted for the Pioneer Woman competition. This beautiful statuary may now be seen at Woolaroc Museum, near Bartlesville. The Pioneer Woman, as she stands in Pioneer Woman State Park, Ponca City, is pictured facing page 36.
THE OKLAHOMA FLAG

Oklahoma's flag was adopted in 1925. It was designed by Mrs. Louise Fluke, and had been entered in a state-wide competition sponsored by the D. A. R.

The Indian peace pipe and worn Chieftain's shield that Mrs. Fluke used as models can be seen in the Oklahoma Historical Society Museum. To them, in her design, she added the olive branch, placing all against a blue background.

The flag's blue field represents loyalty and devotion. The shield implies defensive warfare. The small crosses on the shield are said to be an American Indian's graphic sign for stars, indicating lofty ideals. The shield is surrounded by and subservient to the calumet and olive branch which betoken love of peace by an united people.

The word OKLAHOMA was added in 1941.

SECOND IN A SERIES
Our presentation here of Oklahoma's flag is the second in our series of official Oklahoma emblems. The first, the state flower, mistletoe, appeared in our Winter 1959-60 issue. Since that time we have received many inquiries from educators, students, and other interested readers, urging the continuation of the series. The state seal, the redbud tree, and the scissortail will appear in future issues, imprinted on this same size and type of paper so they may be framed as companion pieces.
OKLAHOMA FLAG

OFFICIALLY ADOPTED APRIL 2, 1925
When our thoughts became one
we found first
on a gentle slope—an apple tree:
young, yet old enough that even then
the allure of its blossoms
held in sweet obeisance
the honey bee.
Near it, we built our house—
the broad windows of the bedroom
standing high on stone foundation
held close the beauty of the tree.
When the sun had jockeyed the seasons into years
and the children who had come to make the house a home
had grown with the tree,
there hung from its branches
a trapeze and a swing;
while here and there in its thick greenness
seats appeared.
A delightful retreat for a boy lost in books
on long summer afternoons
or for girls sewing—hours at a stretch
for their ever-increasing family of dolls—
so busy that lunch must needs be sent up
rope-pulled in a basket.
When these days, so marked with happiness
they longed to be held as a pattern for all other days,
had journeyed where I do not know—
there still remained the tree.
Its age-old boughs filtering emerald coolness
like icepacks pressed
on eyes that looked from bedroom windows.
Grown taller than the house top
and old, with rot among its limbs:
its huge trunk from ground to summit
ringed with holes,
where Downy Woodpecker and cousin Red Head
had come to dine.

At Thanksgiving time, wives and mothers
spread forth such centerpieces of plenty, cornucopias of fruit, vegetable, autumn leaf and
flower, that we may visualize our plenty, and
give thanks for such overflowing bounty. It
seemed then fitting that here should be one
spread, not on tablecloth or sideboard, but in
God's own great out-of-doors, beside still waters
and on His earth from whence it sprang. We
are indeed thankful, for all the Lord's provision.
For food, for garments, for shelter and
home, most of all for the love He has abundantly showered upon us and teaches us to
share with our fellow man. And for such vistas
and pictures of beauty as greet our eyes when
we search for beauty, wherever we may look.
We are sorry that we destroy these scenes of
beauty and scatter them with our waste. We
would ask His forgiveness for our sometimes
carelessness and wastefulness in using His bountiful earth, and give further thanks that at last,
only in the moment before it is too late, we
tend to learn to conserve, and save. Let us this
autumn, now, resolve to be more grateful for
that which we receive, and better stewards,
more useful tenants of this estate of wealth that
we have been so freely given.
The trapeze has lost its performers
and the seats are used only by phantom children
but a short piece of faded swing rope still dangles,
offering its fibers as warp in nest building.
The tree, wise in its loneliness,
seeks solace in service
and welcomes the birds with generous hospitality.
High in the tree, a deserted seat his workbench,
Blue Jay—for the moment at peace
deftly cracks and extracts the kernel from a pecan
filched from the tree in the yard of a neighbor.
Through all the years of the tree’s gracious giving
with every day a fulfillment of promised adventure
moments of concern—
lost the robins in a bulging nest
spill over the sides at mealtime—
co-mingle with delight at the speed
with which the little brown bat
can dart within and attach himself
head downward—so quickly
he becomes in the rhythm of a pulse beat
a withered brown leaf.
Perennially, the tree
with perfume and blossoms
makes glad the spring:
while in summer
the rows of amber jelly in squatty glasses
 testify to its bounteous fruitage.
In its kindly hospitality and generous giving
with no expectation of return
I have found the true essence of friendship.
At times, when pots and pans
and the constant demands of the door and the phone
grow too burdensome to be borne;
or my soul has grown sick from mulling over
lost dreams;
I give myself the gift of one day
that begins at daydawn
as Carolina Wren shrills his first “good morning,”
and ends at dusk with the last bird call.
I sit at the window—
and enjoy with the tree’s restful presence
the colorful kaleidoscopic life
that goes on in its branches.
Gifts So Enchanting!

DUNES
Soonerland’s Little Sahara, complete with camels and Bedouin sheiks. On the Cimarron near Waynoka, these great sand piles are rapidly becoming a playground for all Oklahoma. Grace Ward Smith’s vision of making this and other scenic attractions of northwest Oklahoma known and available to all (see Oklahoma Today, Fall ’57) has come a little nearer reality with each passing year. Designated Little Sahara Recreation Area by the 27th Legislature, this area is being developed by the State Parks Division. Community building, picnic tables, and other construction is underway and planned. Northwest Oklahoma, with the Great Salt Plains at Cherokee, Glass Mountains at Orienta, Alabaster Caverns at Freedom, Boiling Springs State Park at Woodward, Lake Canton, Fort Supply Reservoir, historic Beaver City, No Man’s Land Museum at Goodwell, and the Coronado Trail, Black Mesa, Lake Carl Etling, Santa Fe Trail, and Dinosaur Quarries, all near Boise City, make a mighty interesting wandering place for the restless breed who like to go and look.
At high noon in a prairie place
Were people gathered for a race
More strange than any known before.
Some with full gear, some stripped for speed,
With ox team, train, and blooded steed,
They waited at the new land's door.

A horseman on a greening hill
Dropped signal flag, blew loud and shrill
Upon his bugle, shrill and loud;
And shots rang out along the line,
That April day in 'Eighty-nine,
And forward surged the hopeful crowd.

Ahead two million acres lay,
Uncultivated, at break of day;
But when the night came glooming down
The challenge of the dark was met
By campfires, and the stakes were set
Where those who won held farm and town.

Did those who lived on that far date
Know some day folks would celebrate
The glories of their homestead "run"?
That men would sing through future years
The saga of the pioneers,
Retelling this which they had done?

No doubt some groped all unaware
That Romance dwelt among them there—
Knew but the hardship, were afraid—
But others with high-hearted zeal
Were blessed with vision to reveal
They moved where history was made.

INDIAN SUMMER

Autumn, without shocks of fragrant corn to rustle dryly in the November wind, would hardly be autumn at all. Only a few months ago you would likely have found luscious, green watermelons nesting in the shade along these corn rows. Now, in walking through them, you are more likely to jump out a cottontail rabbit that has been working hard to store up a layer of protective fat beneath its fur, against the snow time ahead. Quail coveys like corn shocks for cover. So do field mice. Corn is not shocked for the purpose of protecting and feeding wild life, but the little creatures apparently think that it is and move in each autumn, making themselves comfortably welcome. These shocks of red top cane in Washita County, near Dill City.
A SAMPLER OF SOONER VERSE

SONG OF PEACEFUL DAYS

BY ZOE A. TILGHMAN

My brothers, who take for your sacred symbol
The god of day who sitteth in the heavens,
By his power shall you be strong;
Hard shall it be for death to overcome you.

Take for your symbol also the male star
The god who shines brightest in the morning,
And the female star, which in the evening
Is brightest in the heavens.

These gods shall make you strong.
They shall make you hard to be overcome by death.
By their aid you shall count deeds of valor,
Triumph in war. You shall perform great deeds,
And sing their story.
And count many feats of valor
As you travel the path of life.

SONG OF THE HEAVENLY GODS

BY ZOE A. TILGHMAN

O God of the cloudless days,
Who art free from anger and hatred,
Give to thy people, the calm and peaceful days.
Let them be free from anger and hatred,
Give them long life and peace.

O God of darkness,
Who holds the beginning of life,
Give to thy people increase; bring new grass,
Bring increase of all that we use for food
Give us long life and increase.

O God of the upper sky
Master of Life, increase thy people.

O Goddess of the lower world, Earth Mother,
Bring life to thy people and all things,
Give them long life and peace.

Two Osage prayers, adapted by Zoe Tilghman from the Osage-English of Francis La Fleche.

SEPTEMBER SATYR

The Saturday Evening Post says: “It is hard to choose among the Sooner State’s museums. Three of the best are gifts of Oklahoma oilmen... The Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa came from Tom Gilcrease and has a collection of Remington and Russell paintings and sculpture that can hardly be topped anywhere, in addition to hundreds of Catlin’s frontier pictures. Across town Tulsa’s Philbrook Museum was the gift of Waite Phillips. It is more an art institute than a museum, but does have a serious collection of artifacts from a mysterious archaeological mound at Spiro, in Eastern Oklahoma. The most pretentious of such institutions is the huge park and museum of Woolaroc, near Bartlesville, maintained by a foundation organized by the colorful Frank Phillips. This striking picture was made at Woolaroc, where the historic past is presented with more dramatic impact than at any museum, anywhere.
Night friends

BY TAHLTE

As the land gently pulls up the comfort of night,
And drops one by one the sounds of the day,
The timid plea of a lonesome dove
Engulfs my thoughts in the strangest way.
Attuned,
The monotonous chorus from the field begins
With an answering chirp from a cricket.
The swift swirl of unseen wings
Grant knowledge of homes in the thicket.
The muted warble of a knowing owl
Gives warning to his listening prey,
Who worries, then scurries
And hurries to his temples of hay.
The drone of a distant car brings
A signalling bark of a watchful dog.
The lonely cry of the distant train's whistle
As it seeks its haven of light.
These are my friends,
Familiar, loved friends,
My friends, the sounds of the night.

The foliage trail

BY ORPAH E. SMITH

All of us Okies existing on the plain
Living here, admiring here, and aiming to remain
Are longing for the color fest that follows Autumn rain
We are honing for the Foliage Trail.

Black Mesa, Indian Creek, and on to Beavers Bend
Sure, she's a sight for any eyes from beginning to the end
Sweet briar, sassafras, and winter berry blend
We'll meet you on the Foliage Trail.

Stow the wheelbarrow, the sickle and the hoe
Lay aside your fiddle, your resin and your bow
The flaming oaks are waiting beyond the cotton row
We are heading for the Foliage Trail.

Golden willow, brown sedge, purple sage and spar
Walnut by the sand dune; scrub oak near and far
Pinion blue and long-leaf green against the mesa scar
We are going down the Foliage Trail.

Cypress lace and black haw, sycamore, sweet gum
Spice tree and butternut where the ripples run
Buckeye and blood root, dogwood, flag and plum
We'll be coming up the Foliage Trail.

TIMBER HOME

There is undoubtedly something wrong with
this way of living, but just offhand we can't
figure out what it might be. This Indian cabin
is snug in the winter and cool and shady in the
summer. There are no city rockets or man made
smells to contend with—just the fragrant odors
the Lord himself put into the woods. Fact is,
except for the night breeze and the birds and
the song of the tree frog, it is wholly quiet at
night. There are deer in season, small game in
every season, and fish in the stream nearby.
Inside the cabin, rifle and rod hang on their
antlers rack. This woods dweller who lives very
simply, north of Stillwell, has felt no need for
expensive appliances or fancy clothes. His fur-
niture is rustic, mostly made with his own hands.
Like we said, undoubtedly our frantic and hur-
rried, noisy and neurotic, highly refined and
civilized life, cluttered with all kinds of shiny
power-driven machines and gadgets, is some-
how better than the quiet, placid life these folks
live with nature and with God, but offhand we
just can't see how.
A SAMPLER OF SOONER VERSE

Harvest

BY MARGARET EAST

The wind from the South blows full and free
Through the rustling leaves of the cottonwood tree
Shuffle of wood and clang of steel
Gliding of belt and whir of wheel
Rumble of wagon and click of spring
Faint hot odors brisk breezes bring
And the waving blue stems' murmuring!

In the stifling heat of the kitchen there
The wife works, flushed, with moist brown hair.
A harvest-hand meal, her art she bids
From steaming kettles with bubbling lids
The scent of food and the oven's heat
With toil-worn hands and busy feet.
Far off is the breeze in the blue stem sighing!

In blazing sun of the Summer noon
The meadowlark lifts his care-free tune,
Tugging horses with huge loads go
Down dusty length of the Sudan row—
They turn at the tall lone mulberry tree
To meet that south wind blowing free
Through the blue stem murmuring drowsily.

'Tis life's high tide on the high plains farm;
The scoop is swishing in lean brown arm—
Creak of wagon on sandy road,
Glint of gold on the wheaten load
The driveway's curve, the barn's deep red
The sparrows complaining overhead,
And the farmer's heart well comforted.

The moods of lady soonerland

BY CATHERINE CLARK

I have seen her when her petticoat was showing,
Red and flippant from beneath her wide green skirt.
I have witnessed her in stormy, tantrum-throwing
With her dark brow knitted and her manner curt.

I have watched her as she gathered redbud magic
Then, with love, she sent its beauty everywhere
Yet, her crying spells have made an April tragic
Just as all her laughter's made the June days rare.

She is like a child with turbulent emotions
She can act just like a demon or a dove,
Still, with blue skies, she can charm you to devotion
For she'll win from you forgiveness and your love.

THRESHING BEE

When technology and progress speed our production and lighten our load, we tend to look back with some longing toward the way we used to do things. Thus, each year, we parade our stagecoaches and Conestoga covered wagons, fire-muzzle loading rifles in competition, reconstruct vintage automobiles—and hold a harvest threshing bee. Here, on the Harry Landwehr farm near Waukomis, each year the reaper and binder run again, the steam driven threshers labor, straw piles up in a golden heap, harvesters enjoy harvest cooking as in days of yore. And a wonderful time of remembering is held... after which everyone is likely appreciative of the more efficient methods of our modern harvests.
A SAMPLER OF SOONER VERSE

Strip tease
BY RAE JACKSON

My redbud tree is a Burlesque Maid
Dancing on Spring's stage
Fully arrayed in flowery dress
Of bright crimson dye—
A bewitching Circe—to quicken the eye;
Swinging and swaying
For all to applaud—rustling and fluttering
Her finery and gaud.
She plays to young April,
A right lusty swain—
Who tears off her garments
With slashes of rain.
Now she comes on again—trying others to please
In a jade bathing suit
Of tender young leaves. With it she wears
Many ornaments rare
Clustered pendants of seed pods
Tied in her hair.
With May in the spotlight
She next tries to please
In a heavy green dress, fashioned
Down to her knees—
Spangled with bird wings, and butterflies, too.
She lingers on stage, the whole
Summer through—to music arranged
By the thrush and the lark
While firefly neon burn holes in the dark.
Now Autumn she spies, drops streamers
Of yellow—to try out her wiles on this
Mellow old fellow—'till her audience
Tires of conduct so loud—only Winter is left
When she strips to the nude.

AUTUMN SUNSET

We recall the old harvests with nostalgia, but we operate modern harvests with efficiency. Day and night, combines move in ordered ranks through this sea of grain, like military machines on maneuver. Deep bedded trucks wait to transport the loaded grain to storage in elevators that stand in giant ranks along railroads and spurs. When the storage bins are full, heaps of grain grow long and high in streets and lots, to wait until freight cars are available for transportation to flour and food mills and storage. This year’s bumper wheat crop produced almost one hundred and twelve million bushels of grain, which adds up to a lot of bread and boxes of breakfast food. While wheat is Oklahoma’s dominant cash crop, Sooner farmers also efficiently produce other small grains, fibers, meat, milk, eggs, poultry, hay, peanuts, broomcorn, and other crops to feed and clothe our nation’s increasing population. This harvest sunset was photographed south of Cordell.
Anything is Apt to Happen
After this Pair has Said

Good Morning!

Eddic: It's 13 minutes before eight o'clock and I'm on the telephone with Judge James Demopolos. Good morning, sir.

Judge: Good morning, Edward. What do you say?

Eddie: Well, Mr. Henegar is going to record our remarks for posterity this morning and I want to be sure he has all the wheels pushing.

Judge: Don't say anything about recording. They'll think this thing is not live and nothing could be farther from the truth.

Eddic: Well, that's true if you mean live in the sense that we are both up.

Judge: You're making it worse.

Eddie: How's your criminal thing going this week, your Honor?

Judge: Well, the criminal thing is going in a criminal manner.

Eddir: Yes?

Judge: You know what's really criminal!

Eddir: What?

Judge: You know the ladies these days... Perhaps I better talk specifically.

Eddie: You'd better or you are going to get your foot in your mouth here.

Judge: My wife and daughter they buy the stuff by the case. Now, wait a minute... it's hair spray... you know, this spray they put on their hair.

Eddie: Oh, your Honor! You have just touched a tender spot.

Judge: Yep. It smells something like paint thinner or collodion you put on wounds, you know.

Eddie: Yeah. Well my wife uses that stuff and it's the nearest we've ever come to discord I think. It misses her head and gets on mine and at the club fellows start moving their lockers away from me.

Judge: It's terrible Edward! I tell you it will really clean your sinuses out when it gets in the air conditioner. They used to have this beautiful hair without all this stuff, and now they put it on and it cakes up and when they take it down and start combing it—boy! It looks like the warden pulled the switch just as the pardon came!

Eddie: That's the truth. You try to run your fingers through their soft lovely hair and you come away with barbed wire cuts. Let's banish this from the market. Okay?

Judge: I will file a petition if you will testify in corroboration.

Eddie: I will sign it and even furnish the affidavit.

Judge: Well, about these traffic violators. We've got to talk about them.

Eddie: Oh, yes!

Judge: I've come to the conclusion that you can classify traffic violators into three classes, generally.

Eddie: What?

Judge: They're the can'ts, the don'ts, and the won'ts.

Eddy: Oh.

Judge: You see what I mean.

Eddie: (doubtfully) Yeah, I think so.

Judge: You see, the fellow that can't is the fellow who cripples up to the bench to plead not guilty and trips over the rail because he can't see it.

Eddie: Yeah.

Judge: The only thing you can do with him is to have him re-examined and possibly take his license and get him off the streets.

Eddie: Serves him jolly well right.

Judge: Now the don'ts are the people who are careless and just goof off. With this type you can do a little educational work. Traffic school and things like that will help them. The won'ts are
the flagrant violators and they say 'to heck with the law!' You have to do something more than slap their wrists.

Eddie: That's true. Maybe an occasional repose in the pokey would help.

Judge: That has happened. Good morning, Eddie.

Eddie: Good morning, your Honor. Well, there's our chat with the judge this morning and, hey, we ran over a minute...

Judge: Good morning, Edward. It's a sweet morning, Edward. People are sweet these days. I asked a lady yesterday—trying to be polite in ordinary conversation—I said, "How's your husband?" She said, "As compared to what?"

Eddie: The weather makes you feel that way, you know. Does it bother you in court? I mean do you feel that old free swinging gavel arm getting limp during the day?

Judge: It definitely has an effect, but the most noticeable effect, I would say, is on the people appearing before me. Take for instance yesterday. A lady was charged with failure to yield the right-of-way. She was making a left turn and the vehicle coming straight ahead collided with her. Of course the rule is that the left-turning vehicle has to yield the right-of-way. She testified that as she began her turn she saw this car approaching at a speed she knew was 60 or 70 miles an hour. When it was about half-a-block away, she said that to avoid the accident, she turned off her ignition, put on her emergency brake, rolled up the windows...

Eddie: I fear that your girl is somewhat overstating.

To paraphrase Shakespeare, "methinks the lady doth protest too much."

Judge: Comes to mind now Dizzy Dean. You know I heard him last Saturday. The batter, I think it was Roger Maris, struck out and Dizzy said, "and Roger nonchalantly walks disgustfully back to the clubhouse." Good morning, Edward.

Eddie: Good morning, your Honor. Have a dandy weekend.

Eddie: It's our pleasure now to present the telephone voice of his Honor Judge James Demopolos. How are you this morning sir?

Judge: Oh, wonderful, wonderful:

Eddie: Quiet weekend, I trust?

Judge: Quiet except for the usual non-quiet factors that creep into the life of everyone. Do I understand that you called some grocery store and failed to reach me.

Eddie: Yeah, wrong number. They kept saying, "Who? Who?" I must have got an owl's store by mistake.

Judge: Well, these groceries haunt me too. You know we've got to invent something.

Eddie: Yes?

Judge: There are times when I take a notion to look at a late movie or Jack Paar or something. About 11:30, after seeing all those Union cavalrymen riding against the Indians I get hungry and grope through the dark rooms in to the refrigerator thinking there's fried chicken in there, I know, and some of that salad with a lot of onions on it... then I open the refrigerator door and everything is very neatly covered with this tin foil.

(Continued on page 33)
Wilkinson may be a unique appointee in Washington. He favors a small staff, and the first thing he did when he got it together was deliver a forceful lecture on holding down expenses.

"Treat this job," he said, "like it was our personal, private business. If we don't show a profit at the end of the year, we're out of business."

The nation should hope Wilkinson, in his physical fitness work, enjoys the success he has had at Oklahoma in building winning teams, and in molding the men who make winning teams. If he does, the fitness problem is solved.

His Oklahoma teams—light, fast and aggressive—have made him the most successful coach in history. The Sooners, since he took over in 1947, have won three national titles and six of seven bowl games. They were ranked among the top 10 in the country 11 straight seasons.

They put together a record string of 47 straight victories and another streak of 31 straight. In Big Eight conference action they played 74 times under Wilkinson before losing. In his first year they tied for the title and then won 12 undisputed championships in a row.

The output of great individual players matches the won-lost record. While winning 124, losing 19 and tying four games, the Sooners have put 25 men on various All-American teams and have had nine selected for national individual awards.

Wilkinson is proud of the fact his players do well after leaving school. A check of Oklahoma's All-American list since 1947 offers reason for this pride.

His first two are head coaches, guard Buddy Burris in high school and quarterback Jack Mitchell at the University of Kansas. Burris was picked in 1947 and both were named a year later.

Jimmy Owens, Wade Walker, and Darrel Royal, named in 1949, have three of the nation's top headcoaching jobs, Royal at Texas; Owens at Washington, where he had a Rose Bowl winner last January; and Walker at Mississippi State. Royal was a quarterback, Owens an end and Walker a tackle.

Guard Stan West and halfback George Thomas also were named in 1949. West now is president of a trucking concern in Oklahoma and Thomas is district manager of an oil company in Kansas.

Four Sooners—fullback Leon Heath, tackle Jim Weatherall, back Buddy Jones and end Frankie Anderson—were named in 1950. Heath now is an oil company salesman, Weatherall combines pro football and business, Jones is a geologist and Anderson an insurance man.

Weatherall repeated in 1951, along with center Tom Catlin, who now is an assistant coach in professional football, in Dallas.

Catlin was a repeater in 1952, being named along with quarterback Eddie Crowder, halfback Billy Vessels and fullback Buck McPhail. Crowder now is a Sooners assistant coach, Vessels is in public relations work in Miami, Florida, and McPhail is assistant coach under Pete Elliott at Illinois.

Guard J. D. Roberts was the lone selection in 1953. He is line coach at Auburn.
In 1954, end Max Boydston and center Kurt Burris were named. Both are playing professional football, Boydston in the National Football League and Burris in the Canadian league.

Halfback Tommy McDonald and guard Bo Bolinger were honored in 1955. McDonald now is a pass-catching wizard for the pro Philadelphia Eagles, and Bolinger is line coach at Tulsa.

In 1956, four Sooners again were named to various All-American teams—McDonald, guard Bill Krisher, tackle Ed Gray and center Jerry Tubbs. All are playing pro football, and Gray also has a half-interest in an oil field business in Odessa, Texas.

Clendon Thomas, still a pro player, was named in 1957 at halfback, and center Bob Harrison, another current pro, was picked in 1958. In 1959 the list was completed when tackle Jerry Thompson was named.

In addition to Mitchell, Walker, Royal and Owens, three other former Sooners are collegiate head coaches. Carl Allison is at Arkansas State at Jonesboro, Melvin Brown is at Southeastern Oklahoma, and J. W. Cole at Western Oklahoma.

A total of 14 former Wilkinson players are assistant coaches in collegiate ranks and another 20 were, at last count, coaches of high school teams in Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Georgia, Arizona and Idaho.

Collegiate Assistant Coaches:
- Dee Andros—University of Illinois
- Bo Bolinger—Tulsa University
- Bert Clark—University of Washington
- Eddie Crowder—University of Oklahoma
- Merrill Greene—Texas Tech
- Dick Heatley—University of Washington
- Bob Herndon—University of Oklahoma
- Jack Lockett—Lafayette College
- Leon Manley—Northeastern Louisiana State
- Dick McPhail—University of Illinois
- Jay O’Neal—University of Oklahoma
- J. D. Roberts—Auburn
- Calvin Woodworth—Utah State University

High School Coaches:
- Jim Acree—Corsicana, Texas
- Dan Andergess—Crane, Texas
- John Bell—Vinita, Oklahoma
- Bob Bodenhamer—Lawton, Oklahoma
- Chuck Bowman—line coach, Tulsa Central
- Dick Bowman—Ponca City, Oklahoma
- Bert Clark—line coach, Kermit, Texas
- Robert Burris—Pauls Valley, Oklahoma
- Dick Corbitt—line coach, Ponca City, Oklahoma
- Bob Gaut—Shawnee, Oklahoma
- Benton Ladd—line coach, Hobbs, New Mexico
- Nolan Lang—assistant coach, Atlanta, Georgia
- Emery Link—Coolidge, Arizona
- Wray Littlejohn—Norman, Oklahoma
- Clair Mayes—line coach, Amarillo, Texas
- Gene Mears—assistant coach, Norman, Oklahoma
- Joe Mobra—Hobbs, New Mexico
- Cecil Morris—line coach, New Mexico Military
- John Reddell—Amarillo, Texas
- Ed Rowland—Butte County, Arco, Idaho
FANTABULOUS TEAGARDENS

(Continued from page 5)

They figured it would be a real kick in the head to hear this boy mess up that trombone break. So they kicked the tune off, played their two bars, and listened. That Teagarden break brought their anticipated hilarity to a grinding halt, and they persuaded Jack to join, and become the musical leader of the band.

In 1927, Jack went to New York and there joined the Ben Pollack band that has made jazz music history. It wasn't long until Charlie turned sixteen, and went east to join Jack in the Pollack band.

It would be a false cliche to say that Jack Teagarden was then "at the pinnacle of his power as a jazz trombonist", for now, thirty years later, Jack is as Paul Whiteman puts it, "playing better than ever". But both Jack and Charlie have been since 1931 at the pinnacle of the jazz music world.

After fantastic success with the Pollack band came even more fantastic success with the Paul Whiteman Orchestra. Whiteman, billed as the King of Jazz, and his Rhapsody in Blue theme had gained world renown through network radio broadcasts, recordings, and personal appearance tours.

Whiteman's featured combo throughout those years was The Three Ts, Jack and Charlie Teagarden, and Frank Trumbauer. In 1937, during one of their tours, I heard the Whiteman band, with Jack and Charlie the stars, on the stage of the Criterion Theatre here in Oklahoma City. Holy smoke, what exciting music! I can personally affirm that they far more than lived up to
their billing.

In 1931, for nearly a year between the engagements with Ben Pollack and Paul Whiteman, Jack and Charlie were back in Oklahoma City. During that time both of them, with Norma and Cub, who was now 16, played with local bands, notably Clarence Tackett, and Paul Christensen, who had the WKY staff orchestra and played regularly at the Skirvin Hotel.

Jack played a great deal with Tackett's orchestra, and Clarence Tackett quite willingly shoves business aside now to spin yarns of those days, "Jack loves to play. One night we were playing a job at the Oklahoma Club and Pat Denham came up to the bandstand and wanted us to come out to his house for a jam session after the dance. Jack was ready. He started out after the dance and his car broke down somewhere around 39th and Pennsylvania Avenue. Jack got out and walked clear out to Pat's house, north of Bethany, better than five miles—and it was a cold winter night—then played the rest of the night.

"Several bands played one-nighters here that winter. Count Basie, Fletcher Henderson, I don't remember who all, but they always called Jack to sit in, then jam with them after the dance. Everywhere we played, the crowd would stop dancing to listen to Jack."

Clarence Tackett is hardly alone in his high regard for Big Tea. A good many pages could be filled with such eulogy from Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman, Harry James, Red Nichols, Hoagy Carmichael, Sid Catlett; like Louis "Pops" Armstrong's quote upon hearing Teagarden's trombone for the first time, "I had goose pimples all over—I never heard anything so good in all my experience".

After the Whiteman days, Jack formed his own big band, in which Charlie, Norma, and Cubby played. Then came the World War II years and the wane of popularity of the big bands. Jack Teagarden joined the Louis Armstrong All-Star Combo that toured Europe for the U.S. Department of State.

Jack later formed his own All-Star Combo, again with Norma and Charlie, for a long series of coast-to-coast tours and recordings. Their wonderfully creative music has enlivened several motion pictures, and Jack has appeared as a star with Bing Crosby, Mickey Rooney, Brian Donlevy, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, and others.

In 1958, the State Department asked Jack to form an All-Star Combo for a tour of 18 nations in Asia. They have played to enthusiastic, standing-room-only audiences all over the world.

At the time this article was written the fantabulous Teagardens were pretty well scattered across the face of the nation. Jack, on tour, was playing in Miami, Florida. Charlie, leading his own combo, is starring at the Silver Slipper in Las Vegas. Norma is in San Francisco, Cub in Salt Lake City, and mama, Helen, teaching in Long Beach, California. But playing together or playing separately, on radio, television, recordings, or in the movies, the Texas and Oklahoma Teagardens have made a tremendous contribution to the music of America.
two story house of hewn fitted logs and great stone chimneys, a broad lower verandah, and an upper gallery. Furniture and books filled the rooms. Precious paradise trees imported from France were surrounded by staves bound with thongs to stretch with growth. The trading house was enlarged. A level spot nearby was used for a race track to train his fine horses.

In 1823 he purchased the trading house of Brand and Barbour near the Three Forks. Auguste here built a shipyard where his men constructed keel boats capable of bearing many tons of fur or a hundred barrels of salt.

In 1824 Fort Gibson was founded. Peltry shipments in April that year included 300 female bear, 387 beaver, 67 otter, 770 cats, and over 3000 deer skins. Colonel Chouteau was acquainted with Sam Houston when the latter lived at Wigwam Neosho and they often discussed the manufacture of salt. In 1830 Houston acquired the Salt Springs near La Saline. Chouteau's influence helped Houston with the Cherokee Indians and Houston furthered Chouteau's interest with President Jackson. They were both equally at home in fringed buckskins and coon-skin caps or tall beaver hats and sateen pantaloons. The Colonel and the General made a matchless pair.

Colonel Chouteau's absence from home on government business, the coming of the Five Civilized Tribes to the country, and thinning of wild game gradually caused his business to wane. He attempted to meet this situation by extending the string of trading posts across the country westward. When this did not succeed, Auguste's father, Jean Pierre, assisted in bringing his son's business to a satisfactory close. The end of the fur trade did not end the importance of the Chouteau name in Oklahoma. Chouteaus have remained consistently prominent in Oklahoma commerce and culture.

Recently a sprout from the original paradise tree planted at Salina was set out on the grounds of the Oklahoma Historical Society in Oklahoma City. The original tree was brought from France by Pierre around 1800 and grew to maturity at the frontier home of the Chouteaus. It was, perhaps, the first tree ever planted and cultivated in Oklahoma by man.
GOOD MORNING

(Continued from page 28)

Eddie: Yeah, kinda crums things up, doesn't it?
Judge: You time yourself for the commercial. You just have a minute or two to fix up this banquet, then you have to open all those things and—
Eddie: What a problem!
Judge: Did that strike home?
Eddie: I think I've got the invention you need.
Judge: Please elucidate.
Eddie: Longer commercials.
Judge: Mercy!
Eddie: I'll call the TV people right now and tell them. This will be glorious news! Look, your Honor, you are likely to put on a mess of weight if you keep up this refrigerator groping.
Judge: I'm a good rangy light heavyweight.
Eddie: I'm rangy. Or did you say raunchy?
Judge: Some of these traffic cases are. Had a young fellow up here yesterday for improper lights. He said he was guilty and I asked the boy what was wrong with his lights. He said, "Well, your Honor, when I dim the lights the horn blows." Fascinated me. He said he'd just bought the car and didn't know what caused it.
Eddie: Hey, you know, that's a pretty good idea.
Judge: I didn't know whether to charge him with improper lights or improper horn!
Eddie: You ought to give the kid a medal. This is the kind of thinking that made America great. You meet a car that won't dim his lights—this way you don't have to honk at him. It's automatic!
Judge: I agree. But what if you just want to honk the horn alone?
Eddie: Oh, to do that you open the back door.
Judge: A lady came in, charged with speeding. The officer testified that the lady told him she knew she was going too fast. But nevertheless, she came in and pleaded not guilty. In court she testified she did say that, but in later talking with her four-year-old son he told her, "Mother, you weren't speeding!" So she decided to come to court, and plead not guilty. "I know that son must have been right," she said, "if you want the truth go to a child."
Eddie: Right, you're not going to call her kid a liar!
Judge: Then we had a young lady in for improper backing and she had an interesting defense.
Eddie: What was that?
Judge: She was a den mother.
Eddie: A den mother?
Judge: Yes. It was such a minor offense I dismissed the case. Then, lo and behold, in that same court session 5 more den mothers identified themselves.
Eddie: She started a trend. I do hope you have a dandy day in court today.
Judge: Thank you, Eddie.
Eddie: Good morning, sir.

MISS OKLAHOMA

Pretty girls galore adorned the stage of the 1961 Miss Oklahoma Pageant, and Governor Edmondson was on hand to present the trophy. This year's Miss Oklahoma is Dana Darlene Reno, 19, of Stigler, a junior chemistry major at O.S.U.

Luncheon in Washington, D.C. and festivities in New York City, including visits to Broadway theatricals, were on Darlene's itinerary enroute to the annual Miss America Pageant at Atlantic City.

ERRATUM

The first sentence in the cutline facing the picture on page twenty of our summer issue should have read, "The first Boy Scout Troop in America was organized in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, in May, 1909."

The last sentence in the cutline facing Charles Banks Wilson's portrait Osage Orator on page thirty-one should have read, "The near life-size painting was commissioned..."
by James A. Kennedy, and was recently unveiled in ceremony at the Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, Tulsa’.

Our apologies for these mistakes. We presume this is what you call human error, but when we make this many in one issue we hate to admit that we are human.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF STUDENT COUNCILS

Almost 700 young people from every state except Hawaii and Utah, and from several foreign nations, met at Northwest Classen High School in Oklahoma City June 18-22 for the National Conference of the National Association of Student Councils. It is fitting that this Conference was unusually successful, for the National Association of Student Councils was founded by an Oklahoman.

Warren Shull, then a student at Sapulpa High School, now editor of the O.S.U. Alumni magazine, organized the National Association of Student Councils, and served as its first president in 1931.

The National Association has now come full circle, for its current president is an Oklahoman, Larry Steams of Northwest Classen. David Nemecek of Capitol Hill High School, Oklahoma City, is president of the Southern Association of Student Councils, and Dave Landholt of Holdenville is president of the Oklahoma Association.

The five day conference was greeted by a letter from President Kennedy, in person by Governor Edmondson, and highlighted by the lectures of national officials, educators, and U.S. Senator Gale McGee of Wyoming. Discussion groups probed phases of education, national and world problems, and panels were held, such as the one on International Understanding by four field service students, Marta Vaive of Argentina, Veronika Kroitzsch of Austria, Yukiko Chiga of Japan, and Helge Rinholm of Norway.

Entertainment for the National Conference included dinners, buffets, plays, variety shows, a chuckwagon barbecue, banquet and dance, tour of Frontier City, and a rodeo exhibition at Yukon. Adult advisors for the Conference included educators from Pennsylvania, Texas, Maryland, Colorado, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Arizona, and Washington, D.C. General Chairman was Kathleen B. Owen, Director of Activities at Northwest Classen.

KEITH GRAND SLAM

Harold Keith, Sports Publicity Director for the University of Oklahoma, is this year’s winner of the Arch Ward memorial trophy. Engraved on the trophy is: “For your outstanding contribution to the profession through your relations with fellow sports information directors and members of the fourth estate.”

O.U.’s 1960 football brochure, produced by sports publicist Keith and Addie Lee Barker, was named best in the nation. Mrs. Barker (author of PRESS BOX in the fall ’59 Oklahoma Today) is also credited by Keith as being largely responsible for the third honor won by the O.U. department; a citation for providing excellent press services at O.U. basketball games.

NEW BOOKS

SAVANNA; Janice Holt Giles (Houghten Mifflin). This author grew up in Eastern Oklahoma. Her story has frontier Fort Gibson for a setting, and her heroine encounters Auguste Chouteau and Sam Houston, (see La Saline page 6). Here is the excitement of frontier Oklahoma in fiction.

THE SOUTHWEST OLD AND NEW; W. Eugene Hollon (Knopf). It pleases us that this author includes Oklahoma as part of the Southwest, which it indeed is, in terrain, in climate, and in the spirit of its people. Author Hollon’s book includes both past through present. It makes good reading, and what’s more, you are apt to learn something.

THE OLD-TIME COWHAND; Ramon F. Adams (MacMillan). A book fit to counteract and correct the TV image of our range riding Sooner forebears.

INDIAN CIVILIZATIONS; Robert S. Reading (Naylor). Tribal history and anecdotes of many of our well known Indian tribes.

OUR AMERICAN INDIAN; Monroe Heath (Pacific Coast Publishers). Many of the pictures illustrating this booklet were made at Indian City in Anadarko.

LOST TRAILS OF THE CIMARRON; Hayre E. Crisman (Alan Swallow). Buffalo hunting, trail herding, and tales of the ranches and men of the early Cimarron country. Several rare photos and yarns of our panhandle “No Man’s Land”, an area that has more than its share of unresearched and unrecorded history.
PIONEER WOMEN
Continued from page 9

Ponca City homefolks to see, they chose F. Lynn Jenkins' Adventurous. But 750,000 other Americans wanted Confident. Confident it was to be and Bryant Baker, winning sculptor, started to work on the giant statue in bronze.

It cost $300,000 to finance her, the eleven sculptors receiving $10,000 each for their work. The 17-foot-high, 12,000 pound statue had been finished and paid for, but not yet set when Marland lost his fortune. But his heart and soul were embedded in this dream, and he wanted to complete it so badly that he borrowed money, and sold stocks and bonds to get the funds.

Finally, on April 22, 1930 it was unveiled and Oklahoma's famous humorist, Will Rogers, flew from California to participate. National writers described the dedication as the most stirring outdoor event in the history of Oklahoma.

The twelve models were at Marland's estate for a while, but are now permanently displayed at Frank Phillips' Woolaroc Museum near Bartlesville. How did they get there? A close friend of Marland's says that the statues were sold to Frank Phillips to pay for an illness in the Marland family.

Today the Pioneer Woman Statue stands in her own state park with her own museum. In size she bows only to the Statue of Liberty and Lincoln Statue. It is thought to be the only park and statue in the world dedicated solely to a phase of womanhood.

Ernest Whitworth Marland's dream came true, a monument to pioneer women, vibrant, radiant, striding forward without fear, doubt or uncertainty. She is a symbol of all women who created homes in the vast virgin land of the American frontier.

THE PIONEER WOMAN, in Pioneer Woman State Park, Ponca City. The model for this statue, designated Confident in the competition, was selected not by Oklahomans alone, but by the votes of more than 750,000 Americans, during exhibitions of the models in cities across the nation. When you see this heroic bronze, you may be somewhat surprised to find nearby a most interesting museum, devoted to portraying the pioneer woman and her frontier home. Pictured here are both museum and statue. Name designations of the various models during the competition were (see pages 8-9): Heroic (Mario Korgel); Protective (John Gregory); Challenging (H. A. MacNeil); Faithful (Arthur Lee); Trusting (Jo Davidson); Sturdy (Mahonri Young); Self-Reliant (A. Stirling Calder); Affectionate (James E. Fraser); Determined (Maurice Sterne); Fearless (Wheeler Williams); and Adventurous (F. Lynn Jenkins).
CALENDAR PICTURES
IN OKLAHOMA? WAIT TILL
YOU SEE OUR WINTER ISSUE!