IN THIS ISSUE

WOOLAROC 2 TWO WESTERN PAINTINGS — BATTLE OF THE WOLVES by CHARLES RUSSELL 7 MORNING SUN by FRANK TENNY JOHNSON 9 WIDER HORIZONS by ELIZABETH STUBLER 10 THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE by DORIS DELLINGER 14 MEET THE OILERS AND THE 89'ERS 17 ON THE WAY UP by ALETA LUTZ 18 CALENDAR OF EVENTS 22 THE FAIRY RING by BESS ROGERS 23 OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK 24 THE PAGEANT OF SPRING 26 THE 101 RANCH by GLENN SHIRLEY 34
The great, circular entrance rotunda at Woolaroc, with its varying colored lighting, sometimes semi-dark, and always quiet, is a mood changing room. Those entering, of all ages, from all places, their thoughts scattered and on many things, experience a gentle departure from hard everyday reality, and a gradual focus of thought on the pleasure at hand. It is a sensation as gentle and hushing, creating suspense, as the dimming of theatre house lights into the glow of footlights as the curtain rises. A dramatic setting for Woolaroc's dramatic presentation of our Southwestern heritage.

The statue here is that of Frank Phillips, oilman-philanthropist. He came to Bartlesville, Indian Territory, in 1903. Here he traded in oil and gas leases, organized a bank and, with his brother, the Phillips Petroleum Company; assets then three million dollars; twenty-seven employees. At the beginning of this present decade, the company's assets had grown to one billion, five hundred and eighty million dollars, with twenty-four thousand, five hundred and seventy-five employees.

Woolaroc was Frank Phillips' four thousand acre ranch home of Woods-Lakes-Rocks, now owned and operated by the Frank Phillips Foundation, Inc., a charitable institution, and open to the public the year around, free of charge, from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. daily except Monday.

Oklahoma Today is most grateful to Patrick Patterson, Woolaroc Director, for providing pictures and information for this presentation.
There is much to see and enjoy at Woolaroc in addition to the Museum. The fun begins when you enter the ranch gate from State Highway 123, about midway between Bartlesville and Barnsdall. On your right, just inside the gate, is the picnic area, shady and wooded, with tables awaiting you, whenever chuck-time fits into your visiting schedule.

On the drive through the ranch to the museum, you’ll observe herds of wildlife and single animals, both native and exotic. The American Bison, Zebu, or Brahma cattle, shaggy red cattle from the Scottish Highlands, Oriental Sika deer, elk, peacocks, many others.

There are seven lakes, all stocked with fish. Phillips dedicated the ranch and museum to “the boys and girls of today, the fathers and mothers of tomorrow.”

The museum itself is constructed of native stone, is air-conditioned, and contains more than fifty-five thousand exhibits, arranged in sequence of time from earliest known, pre-historic man, up to the present day.

The way of life of stone age man, his crude weapons, tools, and objects of worship, compose the first exhibit
you'll encounter, along with archaeological exhibits from South America and Alaska for comparison with those of our Southwestern Indian people.

The Spanish Conquistadores were in Oklahoma nearly a century before the Pilgrims came to New England. As you continue through Woolaroc Museum, you are graphically shown the effects of these early encounters of Spanish with Indian. Many tribes quickly adapted to the Spaniards' horses, through trade acquired herds of their own, and changed their entire way of life, becoming hunters and fighters, nomads depending almost entirely on the buffalo for food, shelter, and clothing. The removal of the five great tribes, Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek, Chickasaw and Seminole to Indian Territory, followed soon by the white man, the era romantically called “the Winning of the West,” with its ranches, cowboys, and cavalrymen successively come to
your attention.

The twelve original models are here, from which was selected Bryant Baker's Pioneer Woman (at Pioneer Woman State Park, Ponca City). Joe Mora's heroic statues of frontier and western characters, and a wealth of western paintings by Russell, Remington, Leigh, Johnson, Sharp, Couse, Balink, Berninghaus, and others are displayed. You'll see a stagecoach that was driven more than one hundred and twenty five thousand miles over western trails, and the first airplane to fly the Pacific Ocean, minerals, knives, guns, antique dolls, a dinosaur's egg one hundred and fifty million years old, silver mounted saddles, a colorful collection of Indian blankets, beautifully mounted animal pelts from all over the world . . . it is impossible to capture the drama and excitement of Woolaroc with words. There is only one answer. Go. See it yourself.
The boob tube has acquired a Ph.D. culturally, industrially, educational TV means...

By Elizabeth Stabler

The time: 11:25 a.m. on a sunny Monday morning.
The place: Mrs. Ruth White’s classroom at Cleo Springs High School in Northwestern Oklahoma.

As eight students open their textbooks, “El Camino Real, Book I,” Mrs. White quietly adjusts the venetian blinds and turns on the television set.

Smiling from the screen is an attractive brunette, Alice Kent, who greets her students in Cleo Springs with a friendly “Buenos dias, alumnos.” The daily Spanish lesson begins.

The Spanish course which students at Cleo Springs and other high schools across the state are watching so attentively is just one of the many educational, informative and cultural programs made available to the citizens of the state by the Oklahoma Educational Television Authority.

Approximately 60 per cent of Oklahoma’s population may be reached by the Authority’s two stations, KETA-TV and KOED-TV. They are on the air more than 3,000 hours per year.

Their extensive bill of fare is beamed to thousands of Oklahoma living rooms and classrooms. The Monday
through Friday program schedule has an appeal for every viewer from the wide-eyed first grader to the retired professional man.

There is a rich offering of informative programs of state, national and international interest: cultural programs on drama, literature, music and art, and the best shows available for out-of-school viewing for young Oklahomans.

There are credit high school telecourses for small high schools; enrichment programs for all levels of public school work, with emphasis on sciences, art, music and languages, as well as remedial courses in English and mathematics for high school students seeking entrance to college.

Other programs include credit and non-credit courses for the continuing education of adults; postgraduate courses for highly specialized professional groups such as doctors and lawyers, and in-service courses for public school teachers.

The evening schedule now being presented has particularly wide appeal. Some programs are live from Norman; others are on film or video tape provided by the National Educational Television and Radio Center with which the Authority is affiliated. The latter programs come to the Authority at a fraction of their actual cost, since most of them are subsidized by foundations or other organizations.

Training Aids for Teachers, a series sponsored by the Oklahoma Council of Churches on a non-denominational basis, is conducted by Mrs. M. C. Thomas, Bartlesville, conference secretary for children's work of the Methodist Church. Its aim is to give some practical training to persons who teach in church organizations, especially vacation church schools.

Oklahoma Musicale presents faculty and students from the University of Tulsa, Oklahoma State Univer-
A complete schedule of KOED-TV and KETA-TV's interesting and entertaining programs may be obtained by requesting it from the Oklahoma ETV Authority, Box 2005, Norman.

The university, Bethany Nazarene College, Oklahoma College for Women, Langston University and Oklahoma Baptist University. Another program, Music and Musicians from OU, is continuing.

Another highlight is The Nursing Story, sponsored by the American Red Cross. The hostess for the programs on home nursing is Marjorie Bouws, state nursing representative for the Red Cross in Oklahoma.

Festival of the Arts presented the music of Gilbert and Sullivan for three programs entitled The Immortal Jesters, then 12 of the world's finest dramas, including works by Jean Anouilh, William Shakespeare and Oscar Wilde.

Dr. Richard Hamming of the Bell Telephone Laboratories is hosting for a series on The Computer and the Mind of Man, which will be replaced later by a series called Exploring the Universe conducted by television star Dave Garroway.

Other programs are devoted to geography, electronic teaching aids, the American economy, elementary accounting, the Uniform Commercial Code which recently was adopted in Oklahoma, religion in the news, desegregation, master classes by internationally famous musicians, and instruction in French and Spanish.

The eight students at Cleo Springs are taking Spanish I, a beginning course in which credit is given by the local high school. The soft-voiced instructor, Miss Kent, is a native of Paraguay who is taking graduate courses in modern languages at the University of Oklahoma.

Her half-hour programs are video taped in the Authority's Norman studio and may be seen at 11:30 a.m. and 8 p.m. Monday through Friday. Study guides for teachers and textbooks for students are supplied at cost for this and other programs by the Authority.

"The Spanish course has been a wonderful thing for our students," commented Supt. Austin Barragree of Cleo Springs. "Fortunately for us our English teacher, Mrs. White, has a knowledge of Spanish and conducts a review session after each day's television lesson.

"Often I sit in on the course," Barragree added, "and I think it’s very effective. We bought our TV set last spring, primarily so we could take advantage of the Spanish course, but we also use the Authority's programs on music and art. Next year we hope to supplement our chemistry instruction via television."

The beginning course in Spanish is repeated at night for the benefit of approximately 3,000 adults who study for credit or for the pure pleasure of learning something new. Those who have completed the course in past years often write enthusiastically, telling how much their lessons helped them when they vacationed and went on business trips in Mexico, Spain or South America.

The Authority has also demonstrated its ability to telecast basic college courses. They believe that educational television, one of the world's most effective electronic teaching tools, is being put to excellent use in Oklahoma and has an almost unlimited potential.

The Authority is composed of 13 members; one from each of the six Congressional districts, a member-at-large, and six ex-officio members. These include the presidents of Oklahoma State University and the University of Oklahoma, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Chancellor of the Oklahoma State Regents for Higher Education, and representatives of the senior and junior college presidents.

The 13-member Authority was created in May 1953. John Dunn, at that time director of educational broadcasting services for the University of Oklahoma, was named Authority Director, a post in which he continues to serve.

The Authority operation was launched with a series
of bond issues totaling $690,126 and is supported by an annual appropriation of $100,000 from the Oklahoma Legislature. Significant assistance, in the form of facilities and cash (more than $650,000) has been given by private sources.

The Authority moved as fast as possible to activate the two VHF frequencies assigned to Oklahoma by the Federal Communications Commission. KETA, Channel 13, with studios in Oklahoma City and Norman, has been in continuous operation since April 13, 1956; KOED, Channel 11 in Tulsa since January 12, 1959. KOED picks up KETA's signals off the air for simultaneous rebroadcast.

KETA's studios are at the University of Oklahoma Center for Continuing Education in Norman and at the Oklahoma City Public Schools' Broadcasting Center at 1801 N. Ellison. The majority of the day-time programs originate in Oklahoma City, starting at 8:15 a.m. and ending at 3:30 p.m. The evening programs from Norman, which appeal to a wider adult audience, start at 5 p.m. Sign-off time is from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m.

The Broadcasting Center also houses KOKH-TV, Channel 25, an UHF outlet owned and operated by the Oklahoma City Public Schools. Only four other cities in the nation—Milwaukee, Miami, Ogden and Pittsburgh—have access to more than one educational television channel.

Dr. Bill Lillard, has been director of the Broadcasting Center since 1959. The Oklahoma City Board of Education annually provides between $250,000 and $300,000 for the operation of the Broadcasting Center. The Board received a Foundation grant of $483,702 for 1957-62. Of this amount, $100,000 went to the State Department of Education to help spread educational television to smaller schools in the state, and the remainder to the Broadcasting Center.

"I believe that money spent on educational television is a wise investment in quality education," Lillard asserted. "Educational TV in Oklahoma is not a gimmick. It is an opportunity to give our children a better education.

"It is being used in order to improve the quality of experiences available to the pupils and staff of our schools. It is not thought of as a substitute for a teacher, for there is no more important relationship than that between the pupil and the classroom teacher."

In the programming schedule of the Broadcasting Center, elementary school lessons are usually 15 minutes in length and are presented twice weekly. Secondary school lessons are 25 to 30 minutes long and are given two to four times weekly. Lessons are not presented daily, in order to permit the classroom teacher adequate instructional and testing time.

Quality instruction in science, foreign languages, arithmetic, art, and music are all offered to elementary pupils. The latest methods of teaching such subjects as physics, biology, and mathematics are presented via television to secondary students and their teachers.

"The studios and equipment of the Broadcasting Center are comparable to those of other broadcasting stations," Lillard noted. "RCA and General Electric cameras, two film chains, remote unit, kinescope, recording facilities, and a video tape recorder help the staff of 52 employees in the production of educational television lessons."

Lillard's staff includes 26 certificated teachers, 14 production members and 9 engineers and technicians.

In Norman, where the Authority office is located, Dunn's full-time staff includes a program director, chief engineer, transmitter engineer, studio engineer, art director and traffic manager, with part-time engineers in Oklahoma City and Tulsa. The teaching staff is drawn from various institutions across the state.

The Authority's future plans call for raising the power of its stations so as to serve a greater geographical area; enlisting the support of the Community Antenna Systems of Oklahoma to include ETV in their service in areas outside the Authority's coverage; and establishing production centers at Stillwater and Tulsa.

"At the last session of Congress, federal aid to educational television in the several states was assured on a strictly matching-fund basis," Dunn reports. "The Oklahoma Educational Television Authority is following developments of this program very carefully. From the very beginning, our slogan has been Serving Oklahoma; our goal, to make educational television available to all parts of Oklahoma.

"We are working continuously to improve our operation, particularly in the field of continuing education for adults. We are willing and able to provide further training for industrial employees. When you consider the potential of this single phase of educational television, in expanding present industry and acquiring new industry, the sky's the limit."
WHO SAYS women don't get enough exercise?

Women may look feminine and frilly on weekends, but most homemakers have endurance that physical fitness experts could never match. Let's review some of the rigorous events of an ordinary day around the house.

**Carrot crawl** — The athlete pursues a rollaway carrot along the baseboard of the kitchen cabinet lest a crawling infant snatch it up and confidently choke on it.

**Discus throw** — Slipped disc resulting from the (accidental) discovery by the participant's foot of the carrot.

**Hurdles** — Found in practically every phase of housekeeping, in the form of decisions, problems or pet dogs sleeping in doorways.

**Distance racing** — The challenge of tracking down a restroom in a large shopping center for a small, insistent child.

**Gardener's cringe and spring** — Inadvertent touching of small garter snake triggers the elbow into rose thorns as the body is impelled backwards.

**Pole vault** — An encounter with yellowjackets swarming around clothespin basket. Also known as the clothesline pole vault. The athlete gains points for correct form in avoiding being stung more than once.

**Running broad jump** — Performed when confronted with mud-covered children, at the moment guests are driving up.

**Running high jump** — Executed in process of cleaning up after children have wiped off excess mud on the best towels. High jump is completed when mother, already up in the air, folds all towels inside out to present a tidy room to guests, and answers the door, smiling.

**Athlete's foot** — Injury sustained when small child hears bell on popsicle vendor's car, and drops whatever he was handing his mother on her foot.

**Hop, step and jump** — The initial stance begins at the sink with the 2-year-old tying the athlete's shoelaces together. The athlete first realizes this as she turns to stir the pudding. Proper form is hop, skip and jump (over the child).

In the Housewives' Marathon the wise athlete ideally arranges free time in which to unplug the iron and sit down with lemonade and a new magazine. This change-of-pace will usually be followed by a period of wild calorie-burning, during which she undoes what the children did while she relaxed.

**THE HELPING HAND**

"WHUT DOIN', Mommy?"

"Oh, cleaning out cabinets and putting in new shelf paper.

Hear the scissors snip the paper?"

"Wan ting, Mommy!"

"One thing?"

"Wan ting. A-yak help Mommy!"

"WELL, A-YAK old boy, I think your bear and your blocks need you more—Give me the scissors. Son! Hand them to me!"

"Not yet!"

"Not yet, my eye! Scissors are not for 2-year-olds."

"Tell you, Mommy! A-yak need sciss'. A-yak HELP Mama."

"All right. You told me, dear. Now scoot! I truly don't need your help right now."

"ERIC? WHAT doing, Son?"

"Wash glubs."

"Whose gloves? Not the lavender gloves I planned to wear this afternoon?"

"A-yak help Mama. Wash glubs. Mama happy boy?"

"Son, you are a rascal. A water-logged, exasperating little rascal. Stop giggling; I'm lecturing you! I NEED my gloves—"

"WHUT DOIN', Mommy?"

"Well, I was dusting the piano until I started wondering whether I could still play it."

"A-yak help Mama play."

"Eric! Don't hit the keys with that clothespin!"

"Oh MuhDonnuh had fahm. Ee-yi, ee-yi-o!"

"Eric, you're driving me wild. Is it too much to ask you to play with your toys while I sit down five minutes with something I want very much to do?"

"Evewhere moo-moo—"

"ERIC, WHAT doing?"

"A-yak play."

"That's nice, dear."

WHAT, Eric? Oh. You had me worried there. It's just your
hands drumming on an empty shelf of the bookcase, pretending you're playing a piano. Continue, Mr. Cliburn. Eric? Eric, where did you put all the books that were on that shelf?"

"WHAT DOIN', Mommy?"

"Naptime, dear. We've had a busy day. Believe me, I'd never have made it through the morning without your help."

"What doin'?"

"Tiptoeing away! Sing Old MacDonald to your bear until he goes to sleep, Okay?"

"Hokay. Mama, whut doin'?"

"I'm spread-eagled on my bed, A-yak. Recuperating from those helping hands at home!"

he explains. It is difficult to understand him, because his teeth grip the belt to his plastic canteen.

"The canteen is my air tank," he adds, making realistic bubbling noises. "And I'm Larry, a skin diver."

"Why aren't you dressed?" I demand.

"Your feet are getting wet." David, alias Larry, replies. "All this part of my room is the ocean off Malibu Beach."

"I'M ON A SAND DUNE and the tide hasn't reached this far," I begin, caught in his play-pretend despite my dutiful mother intentions.

Casually he slips on an undershirt.

"You're going to freeze," I say. Here you will recognize a Thing Not to Say, which no mother I ever heard of could refrain from saying anyway.

"No, lady," he says politely. "It's a lovely day on the beach. Feel that sun."

"David!"

"I'm Larry, ma'am," he corrects me in a soft voice. "I'm getting dressed!" he adds hastily, as one who spies storm warnings for small craft.

I DUST. I wash dishes. I snap green beans and set them to cook. Davy emerges from his

Doris Dellinger has the golden touch. She encounters the trials and tribulations of all our family foibles, and finds fun in them. We hope you'll enjoy a few of them here with her. We can discover her secret if we will try. She sees all these things through the fine filter of love.
room dressed the way he was 20 minutes ago. He is holding a book.

"R-e-d spells red and g-r-e-e-n spells green," he announces. "And police has a little word in it and that's ice." I don't mention the other little word that starts with an 'l'.

"Put on the b-r-o-w-n, brown, corduroy slacks and the p-l-a-i-d, shirt I laid out for you, Son."

"AW, MOMMY." He grins at me. That mommy sounds as golden as honey. A word fitly spoken is like an apple of gold in a setting of silver. His arms suddenly clutch me with a vise-like grip.

"You're my goodest mom," he says. I hug him. Then he whispers, "Did I give you time? Have you ironed a cowboy shirt yet?"

SLEEPY TIME MOM

AT BEDTIME, they are reluctant to let the last remnants of day slip from them.

"Mom," says David, "it was a pretty good day, wasn't it?"

"Mama, we haf pree goo day," Eric agrees from the baby bed.

"Certainly did," I say. I put away the story book and whisk a stray tee shirt from the floor.

"YOU YELLED at me this morning," Davy says reproachfully, head bowed.

"I imagine there are two or three other mothers in this world who yell at their children now and then, Son. Anyway, let's think about happy, relaxing things."

"Hey, we went to the ballpark to watch Daddy and the other men play softball!"

"We just sing in car, too," Eric remembers. Softly he croons "Oh MacDarling, Oh MacDarling, Oh MacDarling Cwemmer-time!"

"AND WE TOOK off our shoes and played in a keen pile of dirt over by third base."

"Haf pree good time," Eric nods.

"And neither of you was scolded for getting caked with dirt."

"And I flew dat dirt in de air," Eric says, "and flew dat dirt up in—"

"Until I had two mudpies instead of two sons."

They giggle.

"What did you do with those mudpie boys?" Davy wants to know.

"LET ME SEE. They're not here. These are clean-clear-through boys, although the bathtub looks suspicious. Did I leave those mudpies at the ballfield?"

"No!"

"Maybe the rain dissolved them and they trickled off under the bleachers? If those boys show up, let me know."

Reliving the day's events certainly can be relaxing. I yawn, stretch. The next thing I hear is Davy's voice.

"Wake up, Mom! We're right here. Your big boy is in this bed—"


It's all I can do to get back to the living room to finish the evening paper, napping and nodding as I read. The boys? Oh, they're still wide awake. THE END

Doris Dellinger, born in Drumright, graduate of Ponca City Highschool, attended both O.C.W., Chickasha, and O.S.U., Stillwater. She wrote the story of her own wedding while she was society editor of the Ponca City News. Now she is full time housemama of the two sons who furnish so many ideas for her column, The Eternal Triangle, which appears each week in the Sunday Oklahoman, and where the preceding articles first appeared.

SIXTEEN OKLAHOMA TODAY
MEET THE OILERS AND THE 89'ERS. A few years ago we wrote an article on Oklahoma baseball, from the sandlots, to the major leagues. For it, we went to considerable effort to compile a list of all the Oklahomans who have played major league ball. The total surprised us. Most people, when asked to guess, will estimate that somewhere between 10 and 35 Oklahomans have become major leaguers. Actually, as of 1958, one-hundred and eleven Sooners had become major league ball players. Oklahoma is a baseball state. Not only in the quantity of ball players sent to the majors, but in the quality of baseball played here in Okie-land. Meet the Tulsa Oilers and the Oklahoma City 89'ers. Hang onto their game schedules, both of which are included on this page. There’ll be hot baseball action hereabouts, from April into September.
PREVIEW
TOMORROW'S
SOONERLAND
CELEBRITIES ON THE WAY UP

BY ALETA LUTZ

KAREN CROWLEY

RONNIE CLAIRE EDWARDS

OPERA AUDIENCE AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE IN MUNICH...
EVERYONE is familiar with the achievements of Van Heflin, Jennifer Jones, Tony Randall, Gretchen Wyler, Maria Tallchief, and a few dozen other Oklahomans we could quickly name who have won international fame in the performing arts.

But—step closely while we whisper—we're going to let you in on some advance information. You might like to know about a few young Oklahomans on the way up. Write these names in your remember book, because you're going to be hearing more and more about them. They are tomorrow's celebrities.

They come from communities of every size. From Waurika. From Madill. From a small town named Jones. From Shawnee and Enid. From every corner of the state.

Bill Harper and Carolyn Friday Goudeau are from Oklahoma City. Carole Frederick is from Jones, Karen Crowley from Enid. Jim Davis is from Waurika, John Archie Wiles from Oklahoma City, and Judy Bounds Coleman is from Madill.

Karen Crowley, Enid, winner of a Mozarteum Academy Scholarship, in Salzburg, Austria, was auditioned by the Munich Staats Opera in 1961. She was immediately accepted and became the youngest member of the company. She has now returned to the United States for auditions with the Metropolitan Opera.

Karen studied with the internationally known voice coach Max Lorenz in Salzburg and so impressed him that he offered to let her use his stage name, so it is as Karin Lorenzin that she is known in German opera. At Munich she has appeared in such opera productions as Strauss' Der Rosenkavalier, Mozart's Don Giovanni and Marriage of Figaro, and Wagner's Parsifal and Lohengrin.

John Archie Wiles, Oklahoma City, sings with the Gelsenkirchen Opera. Carolyn Friday Goudeau, who has appeared as a soprano soloist with the Oklahoma City Symphony, recently joined the Robert Shaw Chorale and toured Germany, Poland, and Russia.

Bill Harper, Oklahoma City tenor, has found a stimulating climate for his talent in German opera also. Winner of two Fulbright Scholarships which enabled him to study in Italy, Bill later moved to Germany and during the past four years has sung throughout Europe.

The past summer he returned to Oklahoma City and
sang the role of Nanki Poo in *The Mikado*, a Twilight Time Production. It was with Twilight Time that he began his musical career several years ago. He shared The Mikado lead with Carolyn Goudeau, who sang the role of Yum Yum. Bill now sings with the Karlsruhe Opera but his new contract calls for appearances with the Stuttgart Opera Company for the next three years.

Another particularly outstanding young Oklahoman is Carole Frederick, of Jones, who sang leading roles this season with the Munster Opera, in Germany. Carole went to Germany only two years ago as a student, winning a scholarship awarded by the Ladies Music Club in Oklahoma City. Her background includes appearances in Stairway to the Stars, the Aspen School of Music, opera performances with the Kansas Lyric Theater in Kansas City and Twilight Time in Oklahoma City.

Miss Frederick starred in the opening night performance of Mozart’s *Don Giovanni* at the Munster Opera House, singing the role of Norina. It was the first time *Don Giovanni* had been presented in several years because, as the director said, “It was the first time we had had a Norina.”

A coloratura soprano of great talent, Miss Frederick’s wholesome beauty radiates warmth and sincerity. Critics praise her “clear movable voice” and her “natural fresh grace.”

Another young Oklahoma City singer is Bill Miskell, whose dramatic tenor voice is well known throughout European concert halls. Bill spent his early years in Shawnee but completed high school in Oklahoma City.

Following army duty in Europe, he studied music for a year at Oklahoma City University then went to Switzerland where he entered the Conservatory of Zurich. After three years of intense study he began singing in concert halls where critics have praised his “assurance and his interpretation” and have called attention to his “clear agile voice” and his “fine diction.”

Bill specializes in lieder and oratorio singing but his repertoire includes a much wider field. In 1961 he sang at the Braunwald Festival, the oldest summer festival in Switzerland. He also sang at the Selliman Musicale at Ascona, Switzerland, appearing with several internationally famous artists including Nathan Milstein and Isaac Stern. Their music was carried on thirty-six radio
Munchen Kammer Chorus and Orchestra in a Bach cantata which was broadcast over radio from Munich. Judy is also director of the English-American church choir in Munich and teaches privately.

Vida Chenoweth, of Enid, is another Oklahoman who has achieved prominence in musical circles abroad. Critics refer to her as the "Segovia of the marimba" and have credited her with raising the marimba to concert-classic status. She recently returned from an European tour where she was praised for her "dazzling technique and range of musical expression."

Vida Chenoweth also studied percussion and organ. Recognized nationally before she was twenty, she was the first concert marimbist to be a guest soloist in Carnegie Hall. Today there are more than twenty musical works composed for the marimba, seventeen of which are dedicated to Miss Chenoweth. A recent album features nine of these.

Karen Keyes, pianist, formerly of Oklahoma City, a winner of the Tulsa Philharmonic's Young Artist audition while a scholarship student at the Eastman School of Music, is also well known in European concert halls. Miss Keyes is another Fulbright scholarship winner. She concertizes throughout Europe several months each year, and makes her headquarters in New York.

A more recent Philharmonic Youth Concert winner, showing outstanding ability, is young Richard Kilmer of Tulsa, who just completed a tour of Russia and the Near East as concertmaster of the Eastman Philharmonic Orchestra. A violinist of outstanding ability, Kilmer has joined the staff at Interlochen Arts Academy, where he will teach violin.

Why are most of these young people now performing in Europe? Part of the answer lies in an oddity in our American cultural pattern. For some strange reason, young American artists must achieve success in Europe, then make a triumphal return, before we will accept them.
Perhaps it is because we do not yet trust our own judgment. We are reluctant to recognize any young talent as an artist until Europeans have previously pronounced them so.

Perhaps, in another generation or so, we'll have sufficient confidence in our own judgment to recognize young Americans as artists, without their first having to receive the European seal of approval.

Legitimate theater, moving picture, and musical comedy aspirants, likely because of the language difficulties, do not find European performance an essential prerequisite.

For example, Hugh Franklin, of Tulsa, recently completed a long run on Broadway with Julie Harris in A Shot in the Dark. He then understudied Melvyn Douglas in The Best Man and assumed the role when Melvyn Douglas left the show.

Wayne Maxwell, Jr., Tulsa, toured with Gertrude Berg in The Matchmaker and played the same role in New York with Ilka Chase and Miriam Hopkins. Jack Eddleman, Tulsa, after a long run in Camelot, is now rehearsing a new musical, Hot Spot, with Judy Holliday in New York.

Ronnie Claire Edwards, of Oklahoma City, recently completed her first screen role in the movie All the Way Home. The movie was adapted from the Pulitzer Prize play, which was taken from the Pulitzer Prize novel Death in the Family by James Agee.

Ronnie Claire, whose quiet beauty shows strength and purpose, worked in summer stock at Virginia City, combined in these young Oklahomans; dogged determination, and talent, they just won't give up until they attain the plane of success they seek.

But the great credit is due, we feel, to the young artists and actors themselves. A set of qualities has combined in these young Oklahomans; dogged determination, the willingness to work long and hard, humility, and talent. We hesitate to conjecture as to why Oklahoma produces so much young talent, so many national headliners. Certainly the caliber of training in the arts to be obtained in Oklahoma is above average. Through some fortuitous set of circumstances, several of the nation's finest artist-teachers have chosen to work in Oklahoma.

The desire for adventure still beats strong in the blood of these children of the Last Frontier.

We may have omitted some you know. If so, we would appreciate hearing from you. Please send us the name of the young artist or entertainer, where they are now appearing, and a brief account of their professional experience to date.
It started four years ago. In the late spring, when the ground was warm and moist, I noticed some very interesting looking toadstools on my front lawn, growing in somewhat of a circle. People passing along the street noticed them.

The next year a distinct circle of grass greener than the rest of the lawn showed up. And in it, toadstools held up their pretty white umbrellas. People passing stopped to question and speculate.

The postman stopped. “You’ve got a leak in your water pipe,” he assured me.

Someone else said, “Lightning has struck the ground here at some time.” And another, “There’s been a haystack here which caused the circle.”

A lady called and said, “I think you’ve got fairies around there. They come out at night.”

I arrived at a theory of my own. Buffalos once roamed these prairies. During hot weather they searched out low places that held a little moisture and lay in them for the coolness they afforded. Finally the “buffalo wallow” held a layer of black, oozy mud.

When this land was cultivated, the buffalo wallows were filled in, but the earth in that circle, being heavily fertilized, remained unusually rich. Was there an old buffalo wallow on my front lawn?

But the next year, the circle was noticeably larger. So there went my theory of the buffalos. My next stop was the library. I was surprised that so much had been written about toadstools.

I learned from a book by Louis Krieger that these circles were called Fairy Rings, and they have attracted the attention of people from the earliest times. In the absence of a scientific explanation, some of these early people thought the fairies “stepped the light fantastic” on moonlit nights, dancing and whirling, thus wearing the grass down inside the circle. Some believed that gnomes and goblins buried their treasures inside the confines of the ring.

In the latter part of the 18th century, an English botanist discovered the real cause. Spores start the growth of a mycelium. It spreads steadily outward, unless interrupted by lack of food, sometimes attaining a diameter of great dimensions. Rings or segments of rings have been found that might have taken from 250 to 600 years to form. The release of nitrogenous material from the toadstool stimulates the grass and causes a greener growth. As the food inside the ring is used up, the toadstools grow outward.

The wonders of nature never cease, and they are often more wonderful in fact than in fancy!
WORLD SERIES OF SPORTS FISHING

In 1959, Hy Peskin, photographer for Sports Illustrated, organized a World Series for fresh water fishermen. He chose Grand Lake for the site of this sports event. This year the series also included fishing in Lake Eucha, the Illinois River, Fort Gibson and Tenkiller Lakes.

Both years the maximum number of contestants (75) took part in the event. Last year, twenty states were represented by their champion fishermen. This year there were also contestants from Mexico and Puerto Rico. Hosted contestants are sponsored by various associations in the states from which they come. Their challengers are sports writers from the press, national publications, radio and television.

Contestants fish between the hours of 7 A.M. and 5 P.M. only, for white bass, black bass, catfish and crappie. This year’s winner was Virgil Ward, Missouri’s 1962 state fishing champion.

BOB KERR COUNTRY

For the American Automobile Association, Senator Robert S. Kerr once wrote, “...a young Swedish traveler stood dazzled by a sight few Americans have seen. He stood on a windy look-out and saw the crests of mountains all around like giant waves on a sunlit sea. On the near slopes, the green of pine...here and there the sun gleamed on mountain waterfalls, and down below in green valleys rivers wandered lazily. The distant mountains were gradually lost in a purple haze. This young man who had lived with the rugged splendor of the North countries and who had seen the charm of the other mountains in springtime, said, ‘This is one of the finest sights a man could ever see.’ He was standing on what to me is the most beautiful and challenging spot in America. I have been visiting this overlook in the Kiamichi Mountains for more than thirty years. Often when I was tired or overburdened with care, I would drive up a winding mountain road and stand there in the sun and wind to renew my spirits. I recommend this tonic...”

Senator Bob will not be there this spring.

We hope that you will make the drive, to view the grandeur of this spot he loved, and pause there a moment to remember one of Oklahoma’s most stalwart sons.

DON’T MISS THE NATIONAL COWBOY HALL OF FAME’S WESTERN HERITAGE AWARDS PRESENTATION FEATURING LAWRENCE WELK AND HIS ENTERTAINERS MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM—OKLAHOMA CITY APRIL 4, 1963

NEW BOOK

THE CHEROKEES by Grace Steele Woodward (Univ. of Oklahoma Press). Savoie Lottinville says, “In the long history of our publishing on Indian subjects, no one before Mrs. Woodward has ever had the courage to undertake the enormous job of research required for a full-statured ethnological history of the Cherokee Indians.” Her primary research took Mrs. Woodward to the British Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, libraries and museums in Georgia, the Phillips Collection at the University of Oklahoma, Tulsa University and Gilcrease Institute, and included maps, diaries, old newspapers, orations, birth records in Bibles, and inscriptions from tombstones. Mrs. Woodward traveled the Trail of Tears by private plane and automobile, she even walked part of the way on foot. THE CHEROKEES should prove valuable to all those interested in fresh historical material.

—Maggie Culver Fry

SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP

The original “surrey with the fringe on top” used in so many presentations of the Broadway musical OKLAHOMA! has found its home as the honored attraction in the Lynn Riggs Memorial, on Lynn Riggs Boulevard, in Claremore.

Recently opened, the new Memorial results from the work of Chamber of Commerce Secretary Standlee Thomas and a number of persons who knew personally...
the late Lynn Riggs, author of Green Grow the Lilacs on which OKLAHOMA! was based.

Also on display at the memorial are Riggs' personal library, the manuscripts of his published and unpublished works, the original musical score of OKLAHOMA!, pictures from the life of the author and of the many theatre greats who were his friends.

AWARDS TO O.U. PRESS

Top honors for design, printing, and binding were awarded this year to six University of Oklahoma Press books in the annual Southern Books Competition. The books chosen were:

A CATALOG OF MAYA HIEROGLYPHS, by J. Eric S. Thompson, the English archaeologist and world authority on Maya civilization.


GREAT SURVEYS OF THE AMERICAN WEST, by Richard C. Bartlett, professor of history in Florida State University, Tallahassee.

DAN EMMETT AND THE RISE OF EARLY NEGRO MINSTRELSY, by Hans Nathan, professor of music in Indiana University.

THE OPENING OF JAPAN, by George Henry Preble, edited by Boleslaw Szczesniak, professor of history in Notre Dame University.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN YUCATAN, by John Lloyd Stephens, edited by Victor Wolfgang von Hagen, a frequent contributor to the Press list.

WHOOPS ! ! FREE FISH FRY ! !

The City of Madill is issuing an invitation to everyone to attend a gigantic free Lake Texoma fish fry this spring. The giant free fish fry will be the crowning event in a week-long celebration honoring Lake Texoma's fish king—the sand bass.

The dates are June 16-22. Many of the activities will be centered on the city's unique square, which will take on a Mardi Gras festive air for all out fun. An art show, treasure hunt on Lake Texoma, boat racing down Madill's main street, street dances, week-long sand bass fishing contest, professional boat races on Lake Texoma, golf tournament, children's fishing contest, and a beauty contest are among the entertaining events scheduled.

Madill says, "Y'all come!" An' we say, "We're a-goin!"

TRY THIS RECIPE


Method: First, catch about two bushels of grasshoppers, place them in a fairly porous sack, suspend sack from a tent pole or tree directly over a large iron pot. Leave hoppers hanging 24 to 36 hours or longer until they have secreted enough oil to drip a gallon or two into the pot. Now catch enough live grasshoppers for number of servings desired. Meanwhile have 2 cans beer cooling. Keep same handy for use at the proper moment. Put a fire under the oil pot, add Yak butter, sage, salt, pepper, and bring to a boil. Live grasshoppers should be kept in a net of cheesecloth or other sievy material. Drop net of hoppers in boiling oil. Allow to boil until legs and wings drop off. This leaves a pump little tidbit of hopper with a nutty flavor. Dish up the oil-boiled hoppers in a large bowl. Bring out 2 cans of beer. Open same. Throw away the grasshoppers and drink the beer. Those who have tried this recipe say it is delicious, especially if served with pretzels and cheese. It also helps get rid of grasshoppers.

—S. Omar Barker

NEWSPAPERS TO IMITATE TV?

The other night I attended a dinner where the chief speaker said newspapers ought to be more like television.

I have been pondering that remark. A possibility would be the listing of proper credits on every story. It might look something like this:

GROUP ELECTS NEW PRESIDENT

Joe Doaks, 35, of 1122 Anywhere St., was elected president Monday of the Edmond chapter of the Behave and Be Good society. He and other officers will be installed at the group's next meeting.


We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of: The U.S. Postal Department, the Edmond postoffice and staff; Western Newspaper Union, Carpenter Paper Co., Uniform Towel Service, United Press International, and all our advertisers. And now, a word from our alternate paper, The Edmond Booster...
The trees that stood with cold bare limbs,
Defying winter's stress,
Are looking through the new spring styles
To choose an Easter dress.

Some noble oaks that grace our land,
Proud monarchs over all
Will dress in pink in early spring
And purple in the fall.

The sycamores wear deep-veined leaves,
Three lobed with picots shining;
Vain poplar trees go out for style
Pale green with silver linings.

The maples choose a palm-shaped leaf
A symbol old and clean:
While sumac trees wear flaming red
And graceful elms wear green.

The Master's Hand designed the leaves
The lovely trees adorning
For trees must wear their Easter robes
On Resurrection morning.

T'was promise in the drifting snow
Spring rains would come 'ere long
And in the haunting wild geese call
We'd hear a robin's song.

T'was promise in the falling leaves
Again the trees would jade
And from the creek bed's icy still
Green grass would rim the glade

T'was promise in the cold bleak wind
A zephyr warm, would blow
And in the prairie's tarnished breast
Wild flowers again would grow

T'was promise in the shortened days
The evening star we'd see
And from the long long winter nights
A twilight hour there'd be

T'was promise in the leaden skies
A golden sun again
And from the magic wand of God
There'd be another spring!
When the wind from the west grows warm as wine
   And the sky bends down like a turquoise cup.
When the wind that blows in from the bottom land
   Is sweet with the fragrance of corn heading up
Then it's June in Oklahoma, O it's Oklahoma June!

Gray mocking bird, come build within my tree,
   And I a watch will keep that none molest.
The while you bide in peace ... be filled with your melody:
   And my heart shall rise, whenever you sing,
To heights above on your white-tipped wing.

Yes, each to our Maker, we offer our praise,
   You so tiny and I so strong.
I write without ceasing my tuneless lays.
   Laboring early and late and long.
But only to you does magic belong.
   You with your effortless, glorious song.
There's a redbud gaily dancing
   On the corner of our block
Arm in arm the lilacs prancing
Keep the tulip bed in shock
Silver fog creeps through the valley
Turning into rainbow mist
And a dogwood in the alley
Does a six-eight rhythm "twist."

There are kettle-drums of thunder
Heralding a welcome shower
And the earth is filled with wonder
Spring comes closer by the hour.
Prairie land in spring house-cleaning
Shakes red dust from every curve
Every hill is swept and leaning
On earth's bosom which will serve
All the beauties of creation
As the singing prairies bring
Everything to animation
It is Oklahoma Spring!

While the fields lie lush in the noonday heat
And the brown sorghum jugs are washed and sweet
When the yellow yams climb their mounds of earth
And the peanuts sprawl, doubling weight and worth.
There's a scissortail on a high guide-wire
With a weather-eye on a Hereford sire
As he stands knee deep in the prairie grass
With his head held high to the winds that pass.

There's an old rail fence laced with rusty wire
Making "lines and spaces" for a black-bird choir
Where the oil derricks march in stark charade
To shoulder a sky where soft clouds parade
In a tempo quickened by wind and sun
And there's peace and content for everyone.
Come a shower or sand—come rain-washed day
I belong to this red earth roundeley!
The wind across the prairie
Plays a melancholy air
Through the harp-strings of the grass:
It breathes a soulful prayer
Against vermilion boulders;
It ripples fields of grain
Into shimmering lakes of green and gold,
And bears the scent of rain.

The wind across the prairie
With organ voiced sigh
Sings a hymn to Oklahoma
In the haze of earth and sky.
The lonely horseman ponders
As he feels the wind's soft breath,
The grandeur of the prairie
And its song of life and death.

The wind across the prairie
Like a sculptor's careful hand,
Carves upon the earth and stone
The splendor of the land.
With a voice both cruel and tender,
It sings its song of Time,
And bends aside the mundane things
To show us the sublime.

Are beloved Kiamichis
 Flaunting emerald everywhere.
And with the winter's going
 Bird-notes trilling on the air?
 Does redbuds' leafless splendor
 Paint rose lace on nature's green,
 While rains send crystal waters
 Gushing down the Travertine?
 Amphibian life awakens
 Along the brooks and rills,
 Is a dogwood tour a-making,
 To enchanted Cookson Hills?
 Yes, it's spring in Oklahoma.
 And I'd barter all that's known
 Of Old World wealth and grandeur,
 To be there and walk alone
 To see a Sooner sunset.
 Then a full moon sweep the skies,
 Showering gold on mountain homes.
 In an earthly paradise.
WHAT WAS THE REAL WEST LIKE?
WELL, A BIG CHUNK OF IT WAS...

THE 101 RANCH
BY GLENN SHIRLEY
THE Miller Brothers’ 101 Ranch.

101,000 acres of rolling prairie in present Kay and Noble counties, encompassing three towns—Bliss (now Marland), Red Rock and White Eagle. 25,000 cattle, shipping pens on the Santa Fe railroad, 300 miles of fence, 100 horses to work the range, 250 employees, telephone service connecting headquarters with every foreman, mounted riders delivering mail to all sections of the ranch daily, its own schools and churches, and miles of roads for public as well as private travel.

Add an electric power plant, a canning factory, cotton gin, tannery, cider mill, an alfalfa mill, a modern dairy and poultry department, a meat packing and cold storage plant, a community store, restaurant, and a small refinery turning crude oil into gasoline, kerosene and fuel oil for ranch use.

Spice with the largest diversified farm in the United States, experimenting in agriculture, horticulture and livestock cross-breeding. For extra spice, throw in a $300,000 Wild West and Great Far East show, a complete zoo, movie-making, 300 Indians in full regalia, and hundreds of visitors daily—and you have a picture of what life was like on the 101 Ranch at its peak in the 1920s.

People who did not witness its dozen varied and successful enterprises find it hard to believe such a fabulous place existed. Gone now is the famed White House, the three-story ranch headquarters. Its immense white stucco walls and wide verandas were a landmark throughout the Southwest, and its doors swung wide to guests from every corner of the universe.

The community store still stands, half concealed in trees. But the small city of imposing buildings that surrounded it is gone. Gone is the spur track on which dozens of specially designed railroad cars once waited to load “the most magnificent tented attraction ever put on wheels.”

Tourists still go out of their way to see the remains of the White House. As they pause at the Salt Fork bridge and look east, they see the hill which the Miller brothers set aside in memory of the Cherokee Strip cowboy, who worked the prairie range, tasted applause and brief glory before millions, even kings and queens, with the great 101 Ranch Wild West Show, then passed into oblivion.

Lonesome, this windy hill. Blue-stem grass tall as an Indian pony, almost conceals the fence that surrounds the handsome gravestones. One marks the grave of Bill Pickett, the Negro cowhand who invented the feat of bulldogging, and won for himself a place in the wild west hall of fame as “The Dusky Demon.” Zack, the last of the mighty Millers, often paused here to survey the ranch in its glory. He, too, sleeps on Cowboy Hill.

The empire which brought wealth and fame to Zack T. Miller, George L. Miller and Joe C. Miller, was a dream-come-true for their father, Colonel George Washington Miller, a Confederate veteran who came west from Kentucky in 1871, with visions of a huge cattle ranch in the virgin Indian Territory.

Arriving at Newtonia, Missouri, then an outfitting point on the frontier, he and a group of cowboys made a long trip to Texas, driving back one of the first longhorn herds to trek north to the lush pastures of the Indian Nations.

He established his first ranch on the Quapaw reservation. In 1879, he established his second ranch in the Cherokee Strip near the present town of Lamont.

For another decade he pastured Texas cattle, selling them to northern ranches and in Kansas trail towns. Then the government issued a proclamation opening the Cherokee Strip for settlement, and ordered the cattlemen out.

East along the Salt Fork lay the vast reservation of the Ponca Indians. Colonel Miller had been
a friend and advisor to the Poncas since first coming to Indian Territory. Their friendship continued through the years. All the Millers became members of the tribe, participated in their councils, furnished schools and teachers for their children, and advised in business matters.

In return the Indians added true western color to the ranch, its wild west shows and roundups. When the Strip was opened to settlement in 1893, they leased Colonel Miller thousands of acres of their reservation. Miller had only to move his herds down the river.

The first headquarters was a semi-dugout on the Salt Fork.

As the ranch grew, a new house was built across the river. It was destroyed by fire a few years later and the famous 101 White House, which was to serve as headquarters until the ranch itself crumbled, was built two years after the death of Colonel Miller in 1903. It was now that Joe, Zack and George conceived the idea of a large farm. More than 15,000 acres were put into feed crops, orchards were planted, and melons and vegetables were raised in quantity. With 75,000 acres in pasture, a large herd of buffalo, all kinds of stallions from Arabian to thoroughbreds, the largest herd of purebred Duroc-Jersey hogs in the country, and cattle by the thousands, including the largest herds of Holstein, Shorthorn and Hereford cattle in America, the 101 leaped into prominence as a live-stock breeding enterprise.

By this time the Millers were publishing their own newspaper. While attending the National Editorial Association meeting at St. Louis, Joe invited the group to hold its 1905 convention at the 101 Ranch.

Preparations were made to accommodate 10,000 guests. Instead, 60,000 people streamed to the banks of the Salt Fork, and the hair-raising stunts and massacres performed that day by 100 cowboys and Indians were so widely acclaimed that the Millers decided to put the acts on the road.

The original 101 Real Wild West show left the ranch the spring of 1906. A special train of 150 freight cars and Pullmans carried 126 performers, show stock and equipment. It played Madison Square Garden, Convention Hall in Kansas City, the Jamestown Exposition in Virginia and the Chicago Coliseum. In 1908 and 1910 it toured Mexico and Canada.

In 1914 the show went to England. At a performance in London, Queen Mary, the Czarina of Russia, and the queens of Spain, Greece and Rumania, sat in the royal boxes and applauded “the most marvelous wild west performance ever seen.”

When England entered World War I, the show stock and equipment were commandeered for the British army. Only by shrewd bargaining were the Millers able to save their most valuable, highly-trained horses.

They got the show troupe back to America and swore they were through with the sawdust ring for good. George concentrated on the oil business, Zack traveled the country buying mules for the army, and Joe went back to ranching and farming.

During these years the 101 achieved fame as the largest diversified farm in the United States. Its experiments and production grew until, in 1924, the “garden” alone consisted of 125,000 Bermuda onion plants, 25,000 frost-proof cabbage plants, 6,000 tomato plants, 400 acres of Irish potatoes, 160 acres of sweet potatoes, 30 acres of cantaloupes, 200 acres of watermelons and muskmelons, 200 acres of peanuts and 25 acres of corn for roasting ears. That same year, 75,000 bushels of field corn, 500 bales of long-staple cotton, and thousands of busheels and tons of wheat, oats, rye, barley, cane, sweet clover and sudan grass were grown.

Luther Burbank obtained its records of the developments of fruits, vegetables, and other plants and flowers that grew on the extensive White House campus. Students from agricultural colleges spent weeks at the 101 to get information not available elsewhere.

The packing plant processed 100 hogs and 50 head of cattle daily. The meat was transported in refrigerated trucks to shops within a radius of 100 miles. The tannery turned out saddles, harness and every kind of leather gadget. Visitors purchased souvenirs, carried away eggs, poultry, milk, butter, jams and jellies, and ate fine foods in the restaurant.

The Millers organized the Cherokee Strip Cow-punchers’ Association, with membership limited to cowboys who had handled cattle in the Strip before the opening, deeded them Cowboy Hill on which to hold annual reunions, and launched “The 101 Magazine” as the association’s official publication.

In 1924, the National Editorial Association again visited Oklahoma, and again the Millers staged a big round-up to entertain the newsmen. This prompted the brothers to go on the road with a new show.

This time a Great Far East segment was added. The combined show featured 1,400 people from all nations, 300 Indians, 600 horses, and scores of wild animals from the Walter L. Main Circus, which the Millers purchased. Its tents and arena walls were spun from the long-staple cotton grown on the ranch, its wagons, bleachers and other equipment were built from timber processed in the ranch mill, and a train of refrigerated cars left for show sites every ten days with 30,000 pounds of meat, fruit and vegetables for the mess tent tables.

It toured the nation, and Europe. During one engagement near London, 700,000 persons witnessed 33 performances.
In off seasons, thousands came to the ranch to watch rehearsals, stare at the Indians, and see the wild animals in winter quarters. The White House drew a steady stream of statesmen, writers, artists and millionaires until its guest book read like "Who's Who in America."

Motion picture companies came to shoot scenes at the ranch. From 1924 to 1926, movies like "On With the Show," "Trail Dust," and portions of "North of '36" were filmed near Bliss and Ponca City. Many 101 performers like Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson and William Desmond Taylor were launched to movie stardom.

The ranch reached its financial peak during this period, then a series of misfortunes began to overtake the 101. The deaths of Joe and George Miller were the beginning. The stock market crash of 1929 and the depression that followed caused prices of livestock to tumble. Zack Miller, overwhelmed by debts and the loss of his brothers, shouldered the burden alone.

The Wild West Show was broken up and sold. In 1932, the ranch equipment and livestock—everything except the White House and its furnishings—went under the auctioneer's hammer. Four years later Zack sold the White House furnishings. In 1943, the White House and other ranch buildings were sold by the Farm Security Administration. Purchasers razed the structures for lumber to be used in other construction projects.

Zack Miller re-entered show business, appearing with wild west shows from 1945 to 1949. He died January 3, 1952, to end the last chapter of the fabulous 101 Ranch.

• THE END •
THESE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS:
PAUL REVERE'S ORDERS (FOR HIS FAMOUS RIDE). THE FIRST LETTER WRITTEN FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT AND OTHER