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SOONERLAND'S GREAT SALT LAKE

The nation's largest man-made salt lake, here in Salt Plains State Park, offers sandy swimming beaches, fishing, water skiing, boating, and adjoins the huge wildlife refuge with its Arctic snow-white expanse of salt. The river which creates this lake was called by the Osages Nescatunga (big salt water), an area often fought over by early Indian people. Its plentiful salt, and its irresistible drawing power for wildlife made for abundant hunting.
Henry Louis Bellmon was born Sept. 3, 1921, in Tinker, Oklahoma. His father, George D. Bellmon, was a Cherokee Strip pioneer. His mother, Edith Caskey Beltmon, taught in the schools of Noble and Garfield Counties for eighteen years. Governor Bellmon attended Elementary School at Glenrose, Morland High School, and Billings High School, where he was graduated in 1938. He played high school football, and raised wheat, registered Berkshire swine and Hereford breeding cattle as his Future Farmers of America program.

He worked his way through Oklahoma State University (then Oklahoma A. and M. College) receiving the Bachelor of Science Degree in Agriculture in 1942. While in college, he wrote for the Daily Collegian campus newspaper. He was a member of Phi Eta Sigma and Phi Kappa Phi scholastic honor groups and Alpha Zeta, agriculture honor society.

After graduation in 1942, he enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps and entered Officer Training at Quantico, Virginia. He served from 1942-46 as executive officer and platoon leader of a tank unit of the Fourth Marine Division. He received the Legion of Merit for action in the invasion of Saipan, was awarded the Silver Star for bravery in the Iwo Jima invasion, and now holds the reserve rank of Major.

Upon returning to Billings after the war, he served in the Oklahoma Legislature from 1946 to 1948. Governor Bellmon is Oklahoma's first Republican Governor.

In January, 1947, he married Shirley Osborn, of Billings. They have three daughters, Patricia, born March 11, 1948; Goi, born Dec. 6, 1950; and Ann, born Aug. 8, 1952. Mrs. Bellmon and the girls have been active in 4-H activities. The Bellmons have a modern farm home eight miles southeast of Billings where they have produced wheat, livestock, and poultry. They are members of the Presbyterian church.
THE CHEROKEE OUTLET
AN OKLAHOMA TODAY DOCUMENTARY—PAGE 12
FROM FINE MESH SURGICAL GAUZE
One of its most exciting uses is a special surgical gauze which may be sewed into the abdominal walls," said the lab technician. "Since Marlex is heat-resistant, it can be sterilized. Since it also is non-allergic, body tissues can rebuild around it."

The surgical gauze was perfected by Dr. Francis P. Usher of Baylor University. Now a tubing of woven polyethylene mesh is being used to replace a section of thoracic trachea in an experiment which may lead to further surgical use.

It is doubtful that anyone has a complete list of all the uses of Marlex, for a list that was complete yesterday would likely need to be augmented by adding new items today. The colorful containers of virtually all nationally advertised liquid detergents and wash-day bleaches are made of Marlex. So are portions of the automobiles we drive, toys of myriad variety, and a steam cooker for rice, fabricated in Japan.

The Plymouth Cordage Company, makers of marine ropes and hawsers since the days of whaling ships, now use Marlex instead of hemp in manufacturing various ropes—water-ski rope, for example—for Marlex is light, immune to rot, and smooth in texture, in contrast to the splinterly roughness of hemp. The vari-colored and brightly cheerful chairs and desks in contemporary school classrooms are often Marlex. So are pipes for corrosive chemicals, coating for papers and foils. Any of these items can be manufactured in a range of hues as variegated as Jacob's coat of many colors.

Experimentation which led to the development of Marlex was begun in 1952 by the Phillips Chemical Co., subsidiary of Phillips Petroleum. In October, 1956, the large Marlex laboratory was completed at Bartlesville. In December of the same year the first commercial Marlex was produced. The resin from which Marlex is made is obtained from natural gas liquids, "cracked" to make ethylene, then converted to polyethylene. Phillips' chemists, engineers and technicians search constantly for new ways to use and improve Marlex.

None of the items mentioned here are manufactured by the Phillips Petroleum Co. Marlex is sold in bulk form to fabricators who design and manufacture products to fit their special need. The Bartlesville laboratory provides special counselling services to customers.

"If someone needs a container for a new detergent," lab officials explain, "we assign two, perhaps three, chemists and engineers to work on the problem. Tests are set up and we continue to work with the customer until a solution is found."

The laboratory, which is actually a series of laboratories, begins with the compounding room where Marlex is kept. Stored in 50-pound bags, each granule of natural Marlex is translucent and colorless. Inorganic pigments are blended in the compounding laboratory to provide a wide range of colors for manufacturer's use. In the testing lab, tensile strength of Marlex is computed. It is tested for heat tolerance in a walk-in oven, for cold tolerance in a refrigerated room. Items, such as bowls, wastebaskets or flower pots, are injection molded to be used in special testing.

More than 20,000 visitors have toured the laboratory, many offering suggestions for new uses of Marlex.
tors ask why so many different kinds of Marlex are made. Officials point out that orange juice containers require a different type of Marlex than bleach. Detergents, most difficult of all to package, require a special type. Packaging must be both functional and imaginative. A children's bubble bath container is designed to simulate a rocket. Another is a replica of the space capsule "Friendship 7." California prune growers worked out a special design for prune juice sets. Florida orange growers requested that a special Marlex be developed, from which they manufacture a juice set with glasses shaped like oranges.

The laboratory does not create these designs, but assists with testing to assure that they will perform properly. Other fabricators ask for monofilament for the manufacture of patio mats, seat covers, fish netting, carpeting and doormats. Several months ago a lab workman molded a pair of plastic steer horns. They enjoyed such popularity that he molded a pair attached to a plaque, a western motif adornment for den, children's room, or restaurant. This proved so popular that he has now designed and molded a plastic steer's head with eyes that light up in the dark.

About the only problem the lab has not attempted is the familiar one of the baffled chemist who invented a universal solvent then couldn't sell it because it dissolved everything he tried to package it in. The Marlex people invite him to visit Bartlesville—they believe they can develop a special Marlex container to solve his problem.

**THE END**
Cambridge, April 29, 1775

This may certify that the bearer, Mr. Paul Revere is appointed to the committee of safety and that all dispatch and assistance be given him in all instances that the business of the postal may be facilitated.

[Signature]

[Note]: ...the order that authorized Paul Revere to make his epochal Midnight Ride...
On my first day as the Institute’s director, I was in for one of the most astonishing surprises of my life. In an exhibit case, I saw the first letter written from the New World, dated 1512, penned by Diego Columbus, Christopher’s son. Inched away lay the only known letter by Hernando De Soto, written in 1535 to Ponce De Leon, six years before De Soto is credited with discovering the Mississippi River.

In another portion of the same case, lay the Declaration of Independence which Benjamin Franklin and Silas Dean sent to the Minister of Frederic the Great of Prussia. Next, I saw a copy of the Articles of Confederation, dated February 14, 1777, uniting the thirteen original colonies. To one side was an unassuming scrap of paper that triggered “the shot heard ‘round the world”—the order that authorized Paul Revere to make his epochal “Midnight Ride” on the eve of the Revolutionary War. Viewing these documents, one begins to experience the real meaning of patriotism, the meaning of being an American.

These are but a few of the magnificent instruments of history in the Gilcrease collection. The setting of the exhibition of letters and documents that day was appropriate. They were flanked by such outstanding examples of American painting as Thomas Sully’s Carollton, Hick’s Penn’s Treaty, George Washington at Lafayette At the Battle of Brandywine, a painting by Rembrandt Peale, George Bingham’s portrait of Daniel Webster, and John James Audubon’s renowned oil Th Wild Turkey.

The Institute’s massive and magnificent collection was assembled by the late Thomas Gilcrease during more than three and one-half decades, with an expenditure of many millions of dollars. Of the many tasks and privileges that I have at Gilcrease, none takes precedence over the care and preservation of these treasures. The must endure, so coming generations may be thrilled by them, as I was on that first unforgettable day.

A few Oklahomans know and appreciate the Gilcrease Institute. Eastern publishers see in it an untapped gold mine in it. Scholars and art enthusiasts the world over are thrilled by its holdings.

But most people to whom you mention it will say “You know, some time I’m going to see that place”’. If you are among these latter ones, you should certainly stop promising yourself and postponing. The Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, now owned and maintained by the city of Tulsa, is open from 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. each day including Saturday, and from 1:00 to 5:00 P.M. on Sundays. There is no admission charge.

BY DEAN KRAKEL
DIRECTOR/GILCREASE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART

OKLAHOMA TID
... the first letter written from the New World, dated 1512, penned by Diego Columbus, Christopher's son.

Original accounts of the travels and explorations in the New World of Spanish conquistadores De Soto, Cortez, Pizarro, and Columbus.
he saying that neighbors make a neighborhood, finds its counter-
part in the fact that a neighborhood contributes so much to the 
happiness of living, that its imprint leaves a vital essence in the 
lives of those who live within its bounds.

Years ago, say those who know, our neighborhood was claimed 
by an orchard of pears, apples, and peaches. It pleases me to think 
that this old ghost orchard bequeathed its spirit to our block when 
the country became a town. The fancy finds a semblance of truth in 
the flowering trees in every backyard. There are fruit, dogwood, and 
the beautiful redbud.

Ours is a restful neighborhood, where large shade trees offer a 
screen to eyes achingly tired from the glare of summer sun. It is a place where children 
are always playing, and birds in summer build their nests and raise their young. In fact, 
the birds like our part of town so well that they make it their winter resort. Many a grub 
tucked snugly away for the winter shivers in his bed of bark as he listens to the red 
headed woodpecker boring for his dinner.

To listen to the good night call of a robin, marked with that plaintive note of pathos; 
to hear the song of the cardinal and catch a glimpse of that brilliant bit of color warming 
the brittle cold of January sunshine; well, it's just receiving a gift that money cannot 
buy or thieves break in and steal. Homemaking and bird training are with us from early 
spring until late summer. We have them all; cardinals, catbirds, blue jays and brown 
thrashers; mockers, vireos, and painted buntings.

The orioles, both Orchard and Baltimore, feed their young under our trees although 
their nests we have never discovered. In fact, my neighbor across the street has kept a 
record and during a period covering seven years, 65 different birds either visited or made 
her backyard their summer home. Indolent, industrious, good tempered and bad, thought-
ful, thoughtless—just like folks we find them. One of the prettiest bits of efficiency that 
I have ever witnessed was staged by a redheaded woodpecker. Early one morning I 
heard a tapping and in a nearby tree perched a daddy and his little son. Instead of 
carrying food he had brought his young redhead to the source of supply. The little 
fellow was enjoying breakfast immensely as now and then the daddybird reached over 
and stuffed a juicy morsel in his throat.

This neighborhood, its background of green woven close with bird notes and the

Time turns the years

A NEW ESSAY THAT WILL WARM YOUR HEART

MARY BOZARTH CHRISTIAN CAME TO OKLAHOMA IN 1903. FOR MOST OF HER SIXTY YEARS IN SOONERLAND SHE HAS LIVED IN OR
perfume of flowers, has left upon those who claim it for their home a mark—intangible, best expressed by a word, neighborliness; that kindly interest—quick to approve and slow to condemn.

In winter, closed doors and different interests keep us more or less apart, but one of the pleasant compensations of the long summer is the fraternizing of the neighbors. Friendships are deepened with little jokes bandied back and forth. Happy customs cling from year to year. Comfortable chairs placed near the walk invitingly beckon the passerby or the neighbors across the street.

Occurring year after year, many times throughout the season, when the sun is folding in his rays for the day, a clarion call is sounded, "Ice cold watermelon!" And small or grown tall we stroll to a neighbor's yard. It is all so informal and quaintly symbolical. You carry your own knife and fork, sit crosslegged on the grass and eat slices of melon, icy cold and luscious. Just a brief interlude at the end of a hot day, and then a gradual, drifting away to other pursuits for the evening.

My neighbor to the north is one gentle in spirit, whose kind heart leads her to those places of sorrow where few are likely to go. My kitchen window frames a pretty picture. A backyard elm grown huge of trunk, boughs greenspread in summer, bare branches etched against the sky in winter. Jonquils, tulips, larkspur, dahlias and mums offer their time of color. Roses and honeysuckle climb over the fence. One would expect a small boy to be hampered by such surroundings, but far from it, varied activities are always going on. Today a lake is made, tomorrow a factory for turning out queer looking automobiles with old license plates tacked on sides and front and back. Always have I envied these neighbors of ours their skill at growing harmoniously both flowers and a boy.

So many incidents crowd my memory. The time we returned from seeing our teenager to a distant college, and found a bouquet of rosebuds, their fragrance filling the emptiness of our lonely home. A transfer for one of our neighbors caused them to move to another city. We missed them and when we learned that she whom we loved was ill, the idea of a neighborhood box was conceived. Foolish little rhymes, and gifts, some useful, some amusing, went into the box. I recall noting as I packed the articles that every neighbor had added a gift. Much as she enjoyed the box, it was the long letter we wrote, with its news of every one and everything, that gave our friend the greatest pleasure. Nothing was too trivial—the fact that certain young fry had reached the tooth shedding age was mentioned, along with the luxuriance of the crepe myrtle that her own hands had set out.

For another "going away" party, from the garden of one came irises, pinks, columbines and gorgeous peonies. From the basement of another came baskets. Another neighbor furnished lacquer in delicate colors. Others came with paintbrush in hand. These baskets, freighted with flowers, carried along with their beauty and fragrance, a personal touch of love and sympathy.

Changes occur in our neighborhood as time turns the years, but the pattern of neighborliness is not disturbed when loved faces go and new appear; for always love can be woven into life's tapestry on the loom; a design, plainly marked, for kindly living.

BEAUTY . . . BY MARY BOZARTH CHRISTIAN
Keystone Dam—Osage County

Wheat elevators—Enid

Livestock—Cherokee Outlet

Continental Oil—Ponca City
A family of Cherokee Strip Pioneers.

The nearest barbershop was "back in the States."

Young gentlemen of the Osage, Pawhuska.

Gathering for "The Run"

AN OKLAHOMA TODAY DOCUMENTARY

BY BILL BURCHARDT

DESIGNED BY PAUL E. LEBEBRE
The eagle feathered train of White Antelope's war bonnet swept shoulder high in the warm mid-morning breeze as he halted his horse. Three men, feathered of scalplock, rode up beside him. As they spoke together—a tense, quiet jargon, lost quickly in the rolling sun swept vastness—others joined them.

Any of their enemies would have recognized, with alarm, among this massive war party warriors of the Red Shield, the Hoof-Rattle Society, the Coyote, Wolf, and Bowstring Soldiers. For a hundred yards down the slope of the long rise, the high grass was hidden by the swarm of warriors. Some of them were painted black all over. The majority of these silent riders were Cheyenne; with them rode a considerable number of their ancient allies, the Arapaho; their mission—revenge.

Among them, the far-famed Dog Men Soldiers whose name is perpetuated among fighting men even now, moved toward the perimeter of the attack group, forward into positions of danger, for their sworn destiny was to die fighting in battle.
Yonder on the low ground along the river, where the trees darkened the prairie, were their enemies, the Kiowa, and with them their allies the Comanche and the Kiowa-Apache.

A Cheyenne war party of forty had been wiped out by the Kiowas during the previous summer of 1837. Cheyenne warriors had been the aggressors in that fight. They were out hunting horses and scalps against the counsel of their own old men, who would not even permit them to carry the Medicine Arrows.

Now, for the lost forty, the fighting Cheyennes with the full strength of every warrior society and their Arapaho allies, came seeking revenge. Their chiefs surveyed the sage and yucca dotted land, then with sweeping gestures laid out the plan of attack, and gave the war whoop.

The Cheyenne-Arapaho swept in from the east, then turned and plunged into the stream seeking to gain the north bank where the enemy camp lay.

They had chosen a valiant enemy. Though the fight was long and hard, lasting until sunset, only one Cheyenne gained the north bank. He was Rising Sun, a chief, and he fell dead from his wounds as he struggled out of the water. The Kiowa-Comanche-Apache defenders formed quickly and countercharged, and as evening fell the Cheyenne-Arapaho abandoned the field with heavy losses. Though these tribes soon made a peace which has never been broken, their battle was not the last bloody conflict fought in the Cherokee Outlet, nor was it the first.

Who knows when the first such encounter was fought? Who, for that matter, knows when the first man viewed the rolling immensity of the Cherokee Outlet? Each new archaeological discovery pushes the date of man's first habitation there back a few centuries.

The states of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Delaware could all be placed within its boundaries and still leave more than four thousand square miles unoccupied. We know that Francisco Coronado crossed it in 1541. La Salle claimed it for France in 1682. Pierre and Paul Mallet's explorers navigated the Arkansas River through the Outlet in 1740.
Don Facundo Malgares crossed the area now occupied by Alabaster Caverns and Boiling Springs State Park in 1806. George Sibley visited the Osages on the Chikaskia River in 1811. U.S. Army Captain Jesse Bean led an exploring expedition from Fort Gibson up the Arkansas, the Cimarron, and south in 1832. With him was a chronicler and author named Washington Irving.

Daniel Boone's son Nathan led an expedition from Fort Gibson across the Outlet to the Santa Fe trail, then back through the western Outlet in 1843. Boone's Rangers logged almost a thousand miles of travel within the Cherokee Outlet. At the time of these explorations, the boundaries of the Cherokee Outlet as we know it had not been created. It was part of the Louisiana country purchased from Napoleon's France in 1803.

In 1828, the United States set aside 7,000,000 acres in the northeast Indian Territory for the Cherokee people. In that treaty they granted the Cherokees "a perpetual outlet to the west", assuming that the "west" would forever remain unsettled, wild and free, of value only to the fur trapper, the buffalo hunter, the nomadic plainsman, and the horse Indians.

It was not so. By the end of the Civil War, the Cherokee Outlet was an island in a sea of civilization. It had become the last of the Frontier West. Even it had undergone change. Its eastern extremity had been divided among six Indian tribes; the Pawnee, Oto-Missouri, Ponca, Tonkawa, Kaw and Osage.

The Osage Reservation was the largest of these. The Osages had long hunted in this area. Washington Irving had encountered them here in 1832, and commented admiringly on "their fine Roman countenances, and broad deep chests... like so many noble bronze figures..." The French trader Chouteau had induced several Osage chiefs to settle their bands nearby when he established his trading post at the "Three Forks" confluence of the Arkansas, Grand, and Verdigris Rivers. It was of this country that explorer Zebulon Pike had written, "The borders of the Arkansas River may be termed the paradise of our territories... Of all the countries ever visited by the footsteps of civilized man, there was never one that produced game in greater abundance."

Using their own tribal funds, the Osages had purchased a million and a half acres of the eastern extremity of the Outlet from the Cherokees. It was an area that had been overlooked by the homesteading settlers of that early day. Its green distances were tangled with blackjack and postoak. Uprushes of limestone—hard on plowpoints—were frequent. The pioneer settler had no way of knowing that those limestone pastures produced a variety of grasses richer in nutrients than any in the nation. Carload upon carload of cattle are shipped into the Osage country each spring to be fattened and finished on grass alone, the only range in the nation where this is possible.

The settlers also had no way of knowing that beneath those pastures a fortune of untold riches was hidden. The Osage oilfield has produced more wealth than all the gold rushes in American history combined. The oil boomtowns of the Osage; Shidler, Webb City, Burbank, Carter Nine, Whizbang, Wildhorse, Pershing fostered a lore of wild tales and legends that have become one of the most colorful threads in the weave of Western Americana. Modern water and
thermal pressuring methods now maintain the Osage oilfield's vitality, and exploration through new test wells continues.

Huge, tawny, hump-backed Brahma cattle produce much of the wealth of the Osage country's eastern ranges. A major, intangible asset of the whole is scenery; eye-resting distances; quietness; the conversational calling of a flight of crows, the bright twisting call of a meadow lark, all unmarrred by the clatter of man or any of his machines.

Osage Hills State Park, the Museum at the Osage Agency in Pawhuska, Hulah (Osage meaning eagle) Lake, fantastic Woolaroc, all are free, awaiting your pleasure.

Adjoining the Osages on the west are the Pawnees. Coronado's guide, the Indian "Turk", spoke of the Pawnees. From their home on the Platte River, they frequently made horse raids on the early Spanish settlements of New Mexico. The Pawnees became perhaps the most noted of the U.S. Army's Indian Scouts. One of the most important annual tribal celebrations is the Pawnee Indian Veterans' Homecoming, which opens for three days on July 5th each year. Visitors are welcome, and while in Pawnee be sure to visit the new Pawnee Bill State Park. Here on Blue Hawk Peak, west of Pawnee, you may visit the palatial home of this famous old Wild West showman and partner of Buffalo Bill, along with the barns and bunkhouses that make up the ranch headquarters.

West of the Pawnees, the Oto-Missouri tribe settled in 1881. To the north are the Ponca lands, thousands of acres of which were once leased to the 101 Ranch. To the west is the old Tonkawa Reservation, where the lovely, tree-shaded campus of Northern Oklahoma Junior College now graces the city of Tonkawa. Farthest north, adjacent to the Kansas border, the Kaws settled in 1872. Vice-President Charles Curtis was a Kaw.

In the year 1865, a Scotch-Cherokee frontiersman named Jesse Chisholm made his way down through the Cherokee Outlet with two wagon loads of supplies to trade with the Indians. He followed a route from Wichita to Anadarko long familiar to Black Beaver, the Delaware guide and interpreter for the U. S. Dragoon expedition into Oklahoma in 1834. Black Beaver had guided Marcy's gold seekers in 1849, and the Pacific Railroad Survey in 1853. He had led the federal troops from Indian Territory in 1861. It is doubtful that any man contributed more to the early knowledge of the Cross-Timbers and Southern Plains, and has received less recognition, than Black Beaver.

The trail Black Beaver chose to evacuate federal troops from Indian Territory at the beginning of the Civil War lay northward, through Bison, Waukomis, Enid, Pond Creek, Jefferson, and Medford. He had surely described the route to Chisholm, who traded throughout the Kiowa-Comanche country. Black Beaver resided there, his grave is there now, at Anadarko. Yet in the happenstance of history, the trail Black Beaver laid out, which Chisholm later followed, and over which millions of Texas longhorns were driven to the cowtowns of Kansas, became known as the Chisholm Trail.

The Texas trail drivers, moving their herds to Wichita, Abilene, Ellsworth, and Dodge City, discovered that instead of losing weight on the drives, their cattle gained weight on the luxuriant Cherokee Outlet grass. They began taking a superabundance of time in the Outlet, grazing their cattle there for months, even seasons.
In spite of attempts by the U.S. Army to prevent such grazing the cattlemen stayed, eventually worked out lease agreements with the Cherokees, and the Cherokee Outlet was in the cattle business. E. G. "Parson" Barnard, A Rider of the Cherokee Strip, is a foremost authority on that adventurous era, for he was there. His narrative recounts that "the grass was four feet high on the upland, and eight feet high on the creek bottoms." His outfit, which branded Long Seven, ran cattle where the Chisholm Trail crossed the Cimarron. The herds were held on the range by line riders, not fences. The bunkhouse was built of cedar logs. Coyotes and wolves ran in packs, marauders so vicious they would cut the dogs off from the ranchhouse and kill them. They took a tremendous toll of winter weakened cattle during the blizzard of 1884.

Gambling was the bunkhouse pastime and "cheating meant shooting." Rustlers, with their long ropes and running irons, plied their nefarious trade throughout the Strip, and it was suicidal business to approach a rider on the range who was "waving you around" with his hat, directing you on which side to pass him, and far, far away.

My own favorite yarn concerns the rancher who accidentally came upon a gang of rustlers who had just skinned out one of his calves. The rancher quickly recognized his brand on the hide that lay on the ground. An ominous silence prevailed. The rancher knew that the rustlers would kill him without hesitation. "Boys," he said, "I wish you'd give me a quarter of that calf. I've never tasted my own beef." Solemnly, the rustlers carved off a front quarter. The rancher laid it across his saddle, thanked them gravely, and rode off.

The cowboys rode to the border cowtowns across the Kansas line "in the states" for recreation and celebration. "Parson" Barnard describes one such; "The boys started in at Tom Snow's saloon and made the rounds of all of them. By midnight they were some wild cowpunchers. They were in the old Hardwick Hotel when all of a sudden someone started shooting. It became general and soon spread downtown. Men ran here and there and window glasses crashed. Bullets whistled and fire spit from six-shooters and Winchesters. It seemed as if all hell had broken loose." Happily, "Parson" is able to conclude his account, "but so far as I know no one was hit or hurt."

One of the most uncurried characters of the time earned the sobriquet "Ranicky Bill". He wore a rattlesnake skin hatband, a wildcat skin vest, and two guns. Bill was a joker from who laid the chunk, though his idea of fun brought terror to many a homesteader after the land was opened to settlement. On his horse Blue Dog, Ranicky made the Oklahoma Run, and in doing so encountered a "Sooner" who already had plants growing six inches high in his garden.

"Say, pardner, where did you get that kind of seed?" Ranicky asked.

"Oh, I just transplanted these," the "Sooner" nervously answered.

"Seems like you'd do well in any country," Ranicky opined.

Open range in the Cherokee Strip came to an end shortly before the Run of 1893. Constant pressure exerted by David Payne's "Boomers" was resisted by the Cherokee Strip Livestock Association. Payne, a relative of Davy Crockett, was a determined man. Repeatedly he led "Boomer" parties into
Oklahoma, only to be arrested or driven out by the army. Congress and the Dept. of Interior, were besieged with pressure groups from both sides, settlers and cattlemen.

Payne died suddenly in a Wellington, Kansas, hotel on November 27, 1884. William L. Couch succeeded him as leader of the “Boomers”. The pressure continued and the Cherokee Tribe agreed to sell the remainder of their lands in the Outlet, now universally known by the popular name of the Cherokee Strip. In March, 1893, Congress appropriated $8,300,000 for the purchase. The amount paid was smaller than the amount promised. The matter has remained in litigation to this day, but on September 16, 1893, the epic of the Cherokee Strip Run was enacted.

If the cattlemen had resisted the land opening, certainly the majority of their riders, the cowboys of the Cherokee Strip welcomed it. The sudden presence of all those nestor girls in a country that previously had been almost womanless was an event most joyous! Most of the punchers made the Run, staked a claim, and weddings were frequent. A few of the cowhands chose another way; accustomed to complete freedom and the wildness of the cowtowns, a few couldn't settle down.

Outlaws had long prized this unsettled country as a hideout. The Daltons, Bill Doolin, Zip Wyatt alias Dick Yeager and others of the wild breed, most of them range riders looking for excitement and easy money, chose a way of life they were never able to abandon. Even after the country “settled up” they continued raiding and robbing. But their way of life was doomed. The Dalton gang was wiped out in an attempt to rob two banks simultaneously in Coffeyville, Kansas. Bob and Grat Dalton, Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers were killed; Emmett Dalton survived to be sent to prison. Heir apparent Bill Doolin was pursued and plagued by the three guardsmen, Marshals Chris Madsen, Heck Thomas, and Bill Tilghman. Doolin was at last killed by Heck Thomas and a posse near Lawson, in August, 1896. Fatally wounded, Dick Yeager was captured in a cornfield near Marshall. He died in the Enid jail.

The Cherokee Strip Run did not solve the settlers’ problems. They began with it. More than one hundred thousand land seekers made the Run. Some succeeded in staking claims, some failed. By sundown on the day of the Run, Perry was a tent city of 25,000 people, Enid 12,000. Glenn Shirley’s Heck Thomas; Frontier Marshal contains an exciting account of Perry’s early days. Marquis James’ nostalgic The Cherokee Strip, is the story of young Enid, and is one of the finest books yet written about Oklahoma.

It was a big country. In spite of the number of settlers, neighbors were often far apart. It was a hard and lonely life. Three years of drought following the Run broke many a farmer. My grandfather came to the Strip with livestock and farm machinery. He made the run from the south line, on a racing mare, and staked a claim which he made the mistake of riding completely across before driving his stake. By the time he had returned to its south boundary, he had a contestant.

Litigation followed. Seeking a solution, granddad bought a neighboring claim and gave it to the contestant. His action was hardly understood in a day when property was often taken by force, or held by force, and a gang of neighborhood
horsethieves decided he must be an easy mark. They rode onto the claim one day in his absence to steal the racing mare on which he had made the Run. Grandmother protested. She was thrown down and beaten into insensibility. They took the horse, then rode into the pasture, and cut out granddad’s prized black herd bull.

When granddad returned, he went after his horse and the bull. He brought them back the next morning. He never explained how he had recovered them but remarked to his daughter, my aunt, “They won’t get that bull again!” And, my aunt relates, “They didn’t. We ate him!”

Times were indeed hard. Grandmother had suffered a slight stroke in the beating. She was never well thereafter. Eventually it was the cause of her death. The three years of drought, the expense of buying a claim for his contestant, the death of his wife, these were hard blows, but such hardships were commonplace. The Cherokee Strip pioneers were a hardy lot.

They survived, and built a sound economy of wheat and cattle, then oil and industry, from which the nation, and nations abroad, have benefited. The great Cheyenne-Arapaho, Kiowa-Comanche-Apache Indian battle described earlier was fought on Wolf Creek not ten miles from today’s Woodward, a twentieth century cowtown and city of culture and industry so progressive that it has twice in succession won the State Chamber of Commerce and Development Council’s coveted Community Achievement Award.

The Cherokee Strip must certainly be, mile for mile, one of the most productive areas of earth ever to come under the hand of man. It has produced millions of barrels of oil, and fattened untold millions of pounds of cattle. It has produced wheat in such abundance that it can create a surplus, overflowing all available storage in the most bountiful years, literally covering the streets of the wheat towns with great heaps of gold-hued grain.

It has not produced this abundance with ease. It is the land of milk and honey, but it must often have seemed to the pioneers like stripping the bag of a wild range buffalo cow to obtain the milk, and like thrusting a naked arm into a bee swarm and enduring the torture of infinite stings to get the honey.

It is a fantastic land. To the south of the Cherokee Strip they round up the rattlesnakes each spring, milk them of their venom for medical serums, take their hides to manufacture luxury items for the ladies, then preserve the succulent white meat in cans for gourmets. The Cherokee Strip contains some of the most wildly beautiful scenery ever to strike the eyes of Indian nomad, range riding cowhand, or eastern tourist; the Great Salt Plains, Alabaster Caverns, Cedar Canyon, Boiling Springs, the Glass Mountains, the Cimarron Dunes at Little Sahara State Park, beautiful lakes near Ft. Supply, Cherokee, Canton, and Stillwater. At Ponca City visit the Pioneer Woman State Monument. If it were not for the great ladies she memorializes, many of us would not be here today.

The natural resources of the Cherokee Strip are tremendous. If in years past a few have misused these resources and this land, willing to destroy it for quick profit to satisfy their greed, they have failed. God grant that such shall always fail, and that we shall use that abundant land, with its great heritage, increasingly well, with wisdom, with respect, and care. END
1. Remembering their ancient warrior societies (the Cheyenne Dog Men, Soldiers, and the Kiowa Crazy Dog) Indian G.I.s in World War II often called each other "dogface." The term became popular and spread until a "dogface" came to mean any American soldier.

2. Quoted from A Rider of the Cherokee Strip by E. G. Barnard, pub. by Houghton-Mifflin Co.


TWENTY-SIX

OKLAHOMA TODAY
A Cherokee Strip ranch bunkhouse.

Perry in October, 1893.

The first bumper wheat crop after the Cherokee Strip Run.

The Murder of "Pat" Hennessey

THE SOLDIER AND PATRIOT

Who Met Death at the Hands of the Red Skins.

George LaFlin gave Hennessey his Winchester, saying to him, "Pat don't you let the red devils get that from you;" and Pat replied: "Not as long as I have a load to throw into them." They

Indian people felt they were defending their homeland. Immigrants, traders, etc., felt this land was theirs by right of conquest. The difference of opinion brought war. Freighter Hennessey was a casualty of that war.
If it were somehow possible, every Oklahoman should examine the record books of the 84 towns entered for the 1963 Community Achievement Awards. These huge books tell a story of determined growth and achievement that is a source of inspiration for every person fortunate enough to be a member of the judging committees. The accomplishments of these communities are not the results of flash enthusiasm that waxes briefly hot then burns out with the winning, or the losing, of a bronze or silver plaque. Most of the solid accomplishments shown in these record books are the fruition of planning and work begun one, two, three or more years ago. An amazing variety of things happen. Claremore turns their Chamber of Commerce office into a beautifully presented museum and memorial to native son Lynn Riggs, author of the drama which became “OKLAHOMA!”; we challenge any town to show a Chamber office as attractive and effectively used. Woodward charters busses, taking all service station attendants, waitresses, the folks toward whom questions are most often directed, for a tour of the scenic wonders northwest. Now when a tourist asks, “How do you get to” Alabaster Caverns, Chimney Rock, Little Sahara, or another scenic park or place, he finds out, instead of being answered with a shrug and, “I don't know.” Bristow secures a new industry, a result of planning, investment, thought, and long sustained hard work by many community groups working together. Yukon is booming, not by accident, but because an alert citizenry there has creativity and optimistic courage. Poteau can demonstrate by chart and word the course their growth and expansion will take for years ahead. These plans do not result from any mercurial “booster spirit,” or fragile hopes and dreams. They result from careful scientific study of population trends, labor potential, natural resource reserves; there is no Babbitt-bluster or ballyhoo in today’s community planning—it is strictly business, business devoted to the prosperity, culture, education, spirituality, and comfort of people.

These few items here are certainly not the high points of Oklahoma's growth this past year, or even the high points of progress in the few towns mentioned. To gain any concept of Oklahoma’s overall growth through Community Achievement you would, as first stated, have to examine the record books of all the communities entered. These massive 24" x 36" books of charts, maps, exposition, news clips, photographs, summaries, have a message for Oklahoma. They are saying with quiet power that the show is on the road. If your town was not entered in competition this past year it likely means that the entered towns of your size are passing you by.

Here are this year’s Plaque and Certificate-of-Merit winners, but it cannot be emphasized too much or too often that every town that enters is a winner. The annual Community Achievement Awards competition is accomplishing more, of lasting worth and good for Oklahoma, than any other program now underway.
Last Thursday night Juw 14 a dinner meeting was held at Midway C+e near Onspa joint mmuuttk of the #h&e of Commerce from Eufga, for the 9-e of 1cusston end planning of a C~un EImpitaL Much information was exchanged between the groups at a plan of action was agreed upo Francis Stipe, chairman of the #hiauln C of C commi
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Propositions on the ballot, $245,000 to...
JUNIOR MISS
Mary Martha Nelson, 17, of Norman, is Oklahoma's 1963 Junior Miss. At the American Junior Miss Pageant in Mobile, Alabama, this spring she was a finalist and won the First Place Trophy in the Creative and Performing Arts Division with her "sincere and stirring" speech on What the United Nations Means to Me. Mary Martha won the Oklahoma title at Ponca City last January. She plans to enter O.U. this autumn, where she will major in special education to become a speech therapist. Oklahoma Today congratulates Forest and Mrs. Nelson for having such a pretty daughter, and Mary Martha for representing Oklahoma so admirably at Mobile.

WESTERN HERITAGE
The Western Heritage Awards, presented by the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, this year became the nation's largest and most spectacular such presentation. The Honoree State of North Dakota was represented by Governor William L. Guy, of Bismarck; Senator Leland Roen, of Bowman; House of Representatives Minority Leader Art Lurk, of Alexander; Cowbelles' American National President Mrs. James Tyler, of Bismarck; former Chicago Opera star and now ranch woman Harriet T. Beckert, of Killdeer; Lawrence Welk of Strasburg, and his entire troupe of Champagne Music Makers and ABC-TV stars.

Oklahoma's Governor Henry Bellmon and First Lady Mrs. Bellmon welcomed these and other distinguished guests, film and tv stars, and award winners. Enthusiastic spectators, 5½ thousand of them, applauded the winners and enjoyed the Lawrence Welk Show.

Wrangler Trophy Winners
Best Western Motion Picture—The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance.
Best Western Fictional Television Program—Stoney Burke—"The Contender."
Best Western Factual Television Program—Death Valley Days—"The Hat That Wore the West."
The Best Western Documentary Film—Appaloosa.
Best Western Non-Fiction Book—Where the Old West Stayed Young by John Rolfe Burroughs.
Best Western Novel — Fire on the Mountain by Edward Abbey.

Best Western Juvenile Book—The Book of the West by Charles Chilton.

THE LONELY LEADER
No warmth of closeness brings relief from cold
That pierces bone and marrow through and through.
No others here, atop the lonely mount.
None thought it worth the climb to see the view.
Of lesser spirit, others now will find
The well marked path, which now no danger holds.
And ne'er a thought will ever cross their mind
About the road made smooth by spirit bold.
Oh, someday, someone will point out with pride
That one with strength and foresight led the way.
By then though, he, with even greater stride,
Having forged still farther on will lonely stay.
... by Jim Campbell

HAS GUN — BUT WON'T TRAVEL
When the City of Poteau recently annexed a piece of Dog Creek Ranch along the Poteau River for future water transportation development, rancher Roy Reed did like it says on the card; he wired Paladin—San Francisco. Which goes to prove you just can't believe that television . . . Paladin ain't never showed.

INTERNATIONAL BRICK THROWING
On July 20, at 7:00 P.M., a competition of overwhelming international significance will be held at Stroud, Oklahoma. It is the International Brick Throwing Competition. The contenders; Stroud, New South Wales, Australia; Stroud, Ontario, Canada; Stroud, Gloucestershire, England; and Stroud, Oklahoma.
U.S.A. On July 19, festivities will get underway with the selection of MISS BRICK TOP. Qualifications; girls 18-25, single, with hair any shade of red (natural red, that is!). Last year a new event was added—Rolling Pin Throwing—and Mrs. Beryl Abbott of Stroud, Australia won with a record throw of 119½ ft. The U.S.A. still holds the Brick Throwing championship, on Jim Christian’s new world’s record throw last year of 114½ ft. Comparing those distance records, it appears that the female is still deadlier than the male.

STILL ON THE WAY UP
Since the article in our last issue, we’ve learned that Karen Crowley has become Mrs. A. Peter Fraenkel, and has the lead in Mozart’s Marriage of Figaro to be presented at the Chautauqua Festival this July, under auspices of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Vera Miles, of Boise City, has been presented a Wrangler trophy by the National Cowboy Hall of Fame for her part in the award winning movie The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance. Shannon O’Neil, of Woodward, has been signed by Metropolitan International Studios to play the lead in My Cup Runs O’er. Nancy Myers, of Frederick, will be playing the part of Julie in Showboat this summer, with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel, Starlight Theatre, Kansas City.

NEW BOOK
WILDFLOWERS OF OKLAHOMA ($2.50) by Dean Burch. Forty pages containing fifty-four color photos of wildflowers from all over the state, their common and scientific names, where they are found, time of blooming, etc. Miss Burch is an artist-photographer. The photos are beauties. May be ordered from the author, 2506-A, East 14th Place, Tulsa.

CAMP IN THE ARBuckles
A note from Mrs. A. L. Best informs us that the area where the waterwheel pictured in our last issue is located has been purchased by the I.O.O.F. and Rebekah Lodges for a summer camp. They are mighty pleased with their new recreation area in the Arbuckles, and Oklahoma Today extends congratulations on a beautiful site well chosen.

101 RANCH RODEO
You are cordially invited to attend the 101 Ranch Rodeo, September 13-14-15 and visit Ponca City, the old stomping grounds of Bill Pickett, Milt Hinkle, The South American Kid, Zack Miller, Tom Mix, and a whole remuda of other Oklahoma is likely to be a long time forgetting. Have you visited the Pioneer Woman State Monument and Museum there? You have missed one of the most impressive memorials in the American West if you haven’t.

WILL ROGERS
A new long play recording, just released, ($4.98; Sumark Enterprises, Inc.; 505 Fifth Ave.; New York 17, New York) brings back the beloved voice of Will Rogers, spinning yarns, poking at pretense, kidding, laughing at us and us, as only Will could. It’s not an imitation, it’s the real Will—an anthology of some of his best wit gathered here from original

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

| July 14 | Guapos Apollos Powwow | MIAMI |
| July 24 | Home Rodeo & Rodeo | WOODWARD |
| July 25 | Kiwanis Cook Classic | CRISSCROSS |
| July 26 | Rock R.C.A. | LYNHAN |
| July 27 | July 4th Celebration | ChEROKEE |
| July 28 | July 4th Celebration | LAWTON |
| July 29 | Fireworks | PAULS VALLEY |
| July 30 | Fireworks | SAINT |
| July 31 | Fireworks | WYNKOPI |
| August 1 | Kaw Nation Powwow | VERNON |
| August 2 | Rock Rodeo & Cowboy | TAKAHINA |
| August 3 | International Golf Tournament | CHICKASHA |
| August 4 | Indian Powwow | IDAHO |
| August 5 | Elm Creek Trail Ride | OKLAHOMA CITY |
| August 6 | Oklahoma Hi-Hat | OKLAHOMA CITY |
| August 7 | Indian Powwow | MANSO |
| August 8 | Indian Powwow | OKLAHOMA CITY |
| August 9 | July 4th Celebration | LAWTON |
| August 10 | Rocky Creek Powwow | WAPITI |
| August 11 | Rocky Creek Powwow | TAKAHINA |
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THIRTY-TWO OKLAHOMA TODAY
recorded sources. If you're past 40 just listening to this record will make you feel 25 years younger. For the youngsters, or anyone who never heard Will, here is an opportunity to hear the wittiest American at his best. It's a mighty temptation to relate one or two of the yarns on the record here, but the fact that they sound so much better coming from Will makes it possible to resist that temptation, and just suggest that you buy the record. It is called, simply, Will Rogers.

COMFORT IN RETROSPECT

My Father's hands are rough and hard, Tettered and broken and many-scarred. They've known the feel of a Stillson wrench And the kick and sting of a line and winch. They've conquered the whims of numberless mules And toiled for days at a string of tools. You wouldn't think such hands as these Could be adept at bringing ease, But I remember nights of pain And fears that numbed my heart and brain When all the skill that love commands Was given to my Father's hands.

... by A. R. NOONCASTER, from Seven

PLAIN INDIANS CEREMONIALS

Organization is in progress of a new group to be called "Plains Indians Ceremonials," their purpose being to revive and preserve the colorful, idealistic, reverent, and ancient ceremonials of the nomadic plains people. The group will sponsor an annual meeting at Indian City, Anadarko, during the third week in August at which these ceremonials will be re-enacted. A wonderful and worthwhile project, and no finer setting could be found than among the authentically recreated villages of Indian City. Be sure to visit Indian City during the third week in August this summer to see this first presentation, by Indian people themselves, of the way things really were. These ceremonials are unfailingly inspiring to those who see and understand them.

WE BLEW IT AGAIN

Remember all those fine historic pictures of the 101 Ranch in our last? Well, we forgot to tell you where we found 'em. They're from the Univ. of Okla. Library, Dept. of Manuscripts. And after all the help Dr. A. M. Gibson and Jack Haley gave us in sorting them out, we felt plumb guilty. Dr. Gibson is Sheriff of our brand new Indian Territory Corral of Oklahoma Westerners too, so we hasten to correct our oversight lest he throw us in the pokey.

INDIAN EXPOSITION DATE CHANGED

July 15-20 will be the dates of the American Indian Exposition in Anadarko this year. Delaware Director Art Thomas says they are hopeful that more out-of-state folks and more Oklahomans too, will be able to see the colorful Exposition and Pageant since they've moved the dates up toward the middle of the vacation season.

ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

Oklahoma sends exhibits to many a Travel Show around the nation each year. Dorothy Baker goes along with these exhibits, her dusky Cherokee beauty being frosting on the cake. Kazimir "Casey" Petruskas goes along as major-domo to handle arrangements and see that nothing goes haywire. At the recent New York Travel Show they put on a publicity campaign for Oklahoma that was indeed inspired. To begin, this being at the height of the national hullabaloo over hiking, Casey hiked the last fifty miles into New York City (Dorothy following by auto to rescue and revive Casey in case of collapse). New York City news photographers met them at Washington Bridge, and so publicized the feat that Dorothy was asked to appear at the opening of each floor show, which gave Oklahoma—we admit it—a good deal more than our fair share of publicity. But our hero and heroine weren't satisfied even yet. The musical show "OKLAHOMA!" has opened again in New York. Casey and Dorothy hunted down its star, Peter Palmer and persuaded him to appear at the Oklahoma exhibit. He handed out literature, autographed, then sang the title song "OKLAHOMA!" on stage. Dorothy and Casey presented him with a warbonnet (picture in the paper). They presented a peacepipe to William Noble Thompson, manager of the New York Mirror (more pictures in the paper). Casey then proceeded, on invite, to Hartford and Westchester, Connecticut, for radio broadcasts, including a 3-way long distance telephone broadcast with Tourist Bureau Director Jeff Griffin, and a tourist forum for an audience of 750 in Westchester High School. Only then having saturated the effete east with lusty Oklahoma publicity did our envoys return home.
YOUNG INSTRUMENTAL ARTISTS FROM ADA . . . BETHANY . . . CARNEGIE . . . CHANDLER . . . CHICK-ASHA . . . CHOCTAW . . . DEL CITY . . . DURANT . . . EDMOND . . . EL RENO . . . GUTHRIE . . . LINDSAY . . . MIDWEST CITY . . . MOORE . . . MULHALL . . . NICHOLS HILLS . . . NORMAN . . . PUTMAN CITY . . . SHAWNEE . . . VILLAGE . . . WALTERS . . . YUKON JOIN OKLAHOMA CITY YOUTH IN WINNING INTERNATIONAL RECOGNITION . . .

JUNIOR SYMPHONY

BY PENDLETON WOODS

The scene is the spacious ballroom of the Conrad Hilton Hotel in Chicago. The audience is composed of 2,000 of the nation's top music educators, for this is the national convention of the National Music Educators' Conference.

The orchestra performing is a junior symphony, made up of more than one-hundred Oklahoma student musicians. This organization had been selected, from among youth orchestras throughout the United States, to play the featured concert at this national convention.

As the Oklahoma City Junior Symphony completed
the final selection of its concert program, thunderous applause followed. The young people broke into their traditional encore—Oklahoma. The applause grew even louder.

As the thrilled music educators filed out of the hall one was overheard to say, “The Chicago Symphony could not have played that concert any better.” His companion, a bit skeptical, remarked, “They must have professionals in that orchestra. I can’t believe that they are all students!”

That was in the spring of 1962. It would seem that after performing before the nation’s top music educators any new appearance would be anti-climactic. But the Oklahoma City Junior Symphony is getting ready for an even bigger event. Its next major appearance will be in the White House, before the President and his guests—that is, if plans work out as expected. The Junior Symphony has received tentative confirmation from Washington that arrangements are underway for a White House appearance in 1964.

This Junior Symphony didn’t just happen. When it was organized in 1950 by the Oklahoma City Junior Chamber of Commerce, there were no high school orchestras in the city. Today, partly due to the influence of the symphony, both high schools and junior high schools have fine orchestras. In 1950, capable string players were hard to find. It was virtually impossible to find young people experienced in playing string instruments with large groups. In its early rehearsals the Junior Symphony sounded almost as much like a band as an orchestra. Almost anyone who owned a string instrument could qualify. Today, players are selected by audition and a waiting list is kept. Some youngsters travel as much as 150 miles to rehearsal each Saturday.

After its founding in 1950, Dr. Louis May, Eric Parham and Tracy Silvester were employed to conduct the orchestra. Players ranged in age from adults (used to fill seats where young people were not available), to seven year old Nancy Dyer, whose cello then was considerably larger than she was. Nancy played with the Junior Symphony eleven years, and was a paid “extra” in the Oklahoma City Symphony before she graduated from high school. Today, there are no adults in the orchestra, and only a small percentage of the players are college students. Seldom can a student under high school age qualify against the stiff competition with which prospective members are faced.

By 1953, only Eric Parham remained of the three who had originally conducted the orchestra. He continued to direct until the fall of 1955. At that time Everette Gates, of the Oklahoma City University music faculty, became conductor and led the orchestra for two seasons. Gates then joined the faculty of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York. Larry Fisher, of the Oklahoma City Symphony, followed in 1958 and conducted the orchestra for one year before relinquishing the post.

During the past four years the symphony has been conducted by Burns Westman, music director at John Marshall High School and principal violist of the Oklahoma City Symphony. The Junior Symphony first broke into national prominence in 1961 when it was selected as one of three young orchestras in the United States to play for the biennial convention of the National Federation of Music Clubs in Kansas City. The other orchestras selected were the Kansas City Youth Symphony and the Racine, Wisconsin, Kiwanis Youth Orchestra. Our Oklahoma group played Karelia Suite by Sibelius, Classical Symphony by T. J. Anderson and American Salute by Morton Gould.

The program was to be climax by a massed concert of the three orchestras, under the baton of the nationally famed Thor Johnson. Just before the massed concert, an oversight was discovered. Each orchestra was supposed to have been notified of the music selected for the concert, in order to learn it in advance. The other orchestras had received their information. The Oklahoma City Junior Symphony had not. Johnson doubtfully asked the Oklahoma youngsters if they could play the selections by sight, if they had the music. They said they thought they could, and it was furnished them. They sight-read the music with no trouble and the applause of the audience indicated their success.

This success led to their invitation to play the Chicago concert before the Music Educators National Conference the following year.

These invitations to play at top national events do not include expenses. Faced with the problem of raising money for the trip to Kansas City, the Junior Symphony made a 12 inch, long-play recording, and pressed 500 records. It was a sellout within two weeks. The next year a larger amount was needed for the Chicago trip, and another record was produced. More than one thousand were sold.

Most of these records went into the private music libraries of their purchasers, but a few had exotic and exciting destinations. The Maharaja of India, who had studied music in London, where he is an Honorary Fellow of the Trinity College of Music and Licentiate, heard a tape from an Oklahoma City Junior Symphony concert while visiting in Oklahoma City. He requested a record to take home to India for his personal music library.

Adelaide Franzel, who heads the Braille and record services for the blind at the Oklahoma State Library, bought four records to be used as prizes in reading contests among junior readers of Braille. A PTA president bought a record to send friends who were organizing a symphony orchestra in Puerto Rico.

Then came the highlight, the real climax of the Junior Symphony’s recording experience. The United States government ordered 250 records, to be sent throughout the world, for use on the “Voice of America”, and in the programs of the Armed Forces Radio Service. The Oklahoma City Junior Symphony has gained an international audience, and these broadcasts overseas are proof to the world that culture is indeed a lively and active pursuit among the young people of the United States.
THE OKLAHOMA CITY
JUNIOR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
T. Burns Westman, Conductor

SIDE TWO

PIANO CONCERTO No. 1
Opus 25, G Minor
(Mendelssohn)
Bette Ringrose, Soloist
1. Molto Allegro Con Fuoco
2. Andante
3. Presto Molto Allegro e Vivace

Recorded By
MASSEY RECORDING SERVICE