

OKLAHOMA

Land of Opportunity

GREETINGS!

Go THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS IN DETROIT



ROBERTA CAMPBELL LAWSON

In honor to our noble Tulsan

ROBERTA CAMPBELL LAWSON

Foremost among Oklahoma Women in Culture, Talents and Experience as a Leader.

Second to none in the Nation in Knowledge and Understanding of Programs and Problems facing the Federation.

A Woman of Vision—A Wise Choice for President.

We present:—

“OKLAHOMA, LAND OF OPPORTUNITY”

to the State Presidents of the Federation with the Compliments of

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Josephine Storey-White—Studios of Fine Arts

Mrs. Dan Morris, Author of Book.

OKLAHOMA

Land of Opportunity

By

Lerona Rosamond Morris



Co-Operative Publishing Co.

Guthrie, Oklahoma,

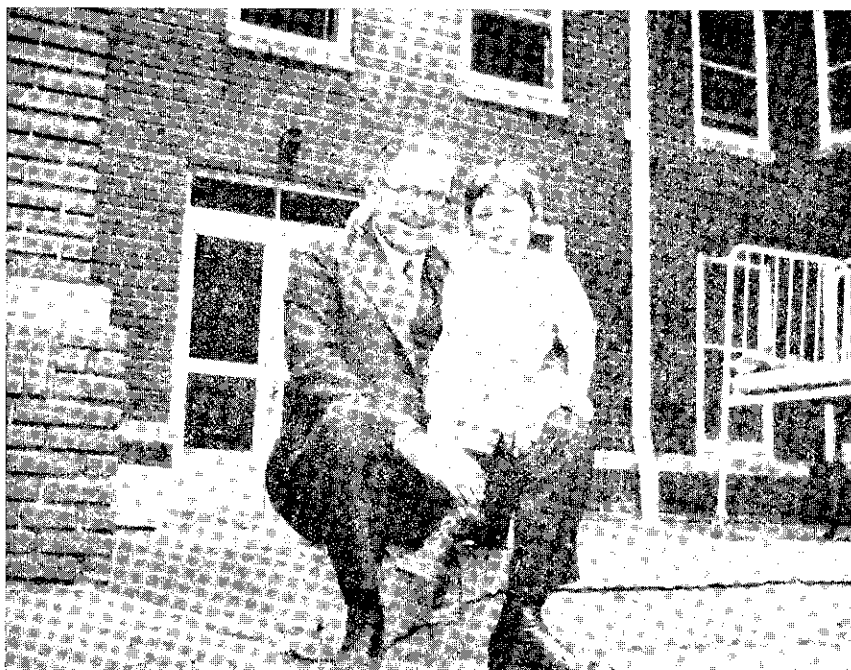
U. S. A.

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GO LITTLE BOOK

Telling the World of Oklahoma the Beautiful, and of her wonderful citizens, chief of whom is pictured below.



Honoring an Oklahoma Nobleman, Lew Wentz, and his greatest love—a crippled child.

Like unto our great national leader who takes time from his important affairs to care for unfortunate children, is our great Oklahoman—Lew Wentz.

The same quotation Dr. Prunty used in his eulogy of Franklin D. Roosevelt at the President's Birthday Ball, fittingly applies to our Oklahoman.

“He is an answer to the prayer of Samuel Walter Foss, ‘Bring Me Men’.

‘Bring me men to match my mountains;
Bring me men to match my plains.

* * * *

Bring me men to match my prairies;
Men whose thoughts shall pave a highway
Up to ampler destinies;
Pioneers to clear thought's marshlands,
And to cleanse old Error's fen;
Bring me men to match my mountains—
Bring me men!’ ”

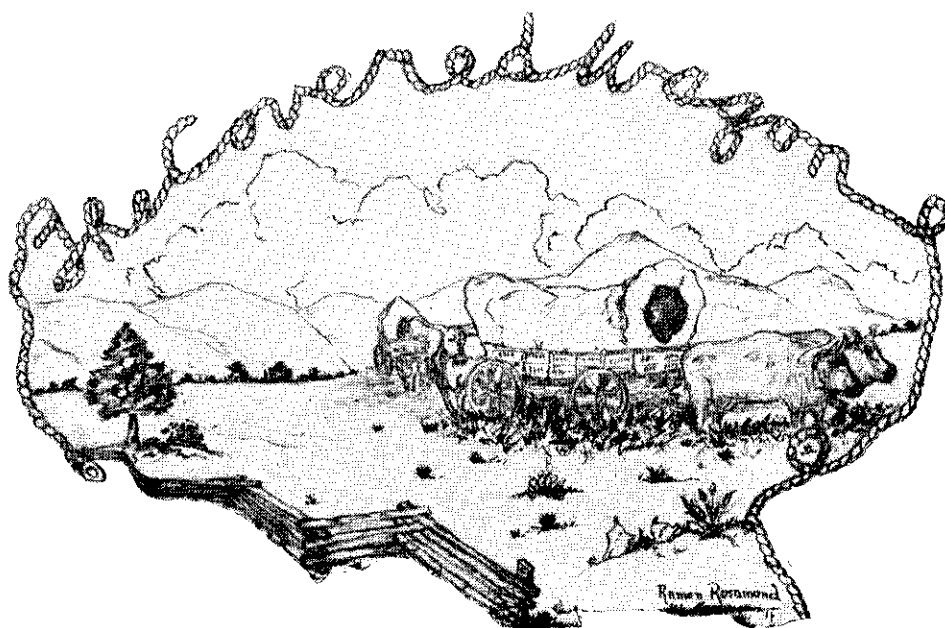
DEDICATED

To Oklahoma—in the Years Ahead—

—and to the brave Oklahomans who have buried Depression, realizing Oklahoma is truly a Land of Opportunity, in her illimitable “grains of gold”—her cotton patches, her mines, her fields of oil; in her matchless healthy-minded youth—the men and women of tomorrow. They, with Edwin Markham say, (quoting from April Good Housekeeping)—

“Now I turn to the future for wine and bread,
I have bidden the past adieu.
I laugh, and lift my hands to the years ahead:
Come on! I am ready for you!”

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY GREETES YOU



GREETINGS:

From Oklahoma, the Land of the Mistletoe—to the rest of America, and to the visitors within her gates.

May this little book give you a sane idea of our land of romance and realization, where the miracle of progress has been wrought within the memory of living men.

The covered-wagon days are phantom trains of the wind-swept plains. Where one stage-coach swayed along the trail, now a thousand cars eat the long straight roads. Where the ox-cart crept, big trucks speed wheat to elevators at fifty miles an hour, and freight trains hurry the grain to distant markets. The sky is crisscrossed invisibly with the trails of airplanes. The earth carries under its surface thousands of miles of oil and gas lines. Where buffalo bones once bleached, now cities of steel and stone glisten in the sunlight.

Oklahoma greets you and invites you to this Land of Opportunity.

INTRODUCTION

The most unique story-history that has ever been compiled on any state bears the title, "Oklahoma Yesterday Today Tomorrow". Chiefly this is true because Oklahoma possesses the most colorful history of any state in the Union, and too, the arrangement of subject matter and illustrations make a pictured encyclopedia of this work that is more interesting than fiction.

The author found that one by one the old western heroes and heroines are passing on to that eternal West beyond the Mystic Horizon, so the time is ripe to gather the true, historic romances lived by the pioneers before it is forever too late to record them. Many of the best stories are from their own pens.

There is a vivid picture of old Indian Territory and the Red Man that first inhabited it. Then hidden in the hundreds of covered wagons, those snowy, dream argosies that made their own trails into the golden Southwest, are many hundreds of separate heart-thrilling romances, found by the author. Then following these in brilliant panorama, are the Old Forts and War Heroes, the big Governmental section, which includes the opening of the Western side to white settlement; Territorial Days; Wedding of the Twin Territories, and a sketch of each governor since statehood.

There are interesting articles on Transportation from the Indian Pole Drag, Pony Express and Stage Coach era to aircraft, with a lively story of "The Passing of the Livery Stable." "Trails of Yesterday that Lead to the Highways of Today" and Cattle men and Ranch Life; Why the Outlaws Came, and How We Got Rid of Them, occupy intriguing pages.

There is a picturesque sport section, but "before the hunter's horn must come toil", so the big industrial section gives a true idea of Oklahoma's greatness and her phenomenal growth. This tells of Oklahoma's wealth on and under the ground, and the manufacturing companies that utilize it. All of this is in Volume I.

The second volume will tell of some of the leaders of today, of missions and missionaries and temples of today, will show dreams of educators fulfilled in the wonderful schools, and a pictorial representation of the Old Indian Captials and outstanding towns of today.

This has been the tremendous task of one lone woman, Lerona Rosamond Morris, of Tulsa. With no financial backing, only such as her ingenuity created, only she knows of the difficulties she has surmounted during this financial stringency. A small fortune was spent in gathering the material alone, from personal interviews, and the elaborate illustrations have well run up into hundreds of dollars, to say nothing of cost of printing and binding. One with less courage and determination would have given up long ago.

GORDON W. LILLIE ("Pawnee Bill").

The time is not yet ripe to produce Volume II of "Oklahoma: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow", as it is an expensive work, so, before something happens to the vast amount of material gathered in seven years of research, which, laid page by page, would probably reach from Tulsa to Oklahoma City, the author has decided to publish four smaller books, the first of which is this one—"Oklahoma: The Land of Opportunity", the second will be on Missions and Education in Oklahoma; this will cover the medical profession, also; the third will be Literature, Art and Music, and the fourth "The Oklahoma Speaker".

So, Reader, if you do not find your friends who have accomplished great things for Oklahoma, in this book, perhaps they will be in one of the others.

—THE AUTHOR. (Lerona Rosamond Morris).

OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA STATE SONG

I give you a land of sun and flowers,
And summer the whole year long.
I give you a land where the golden hours
Roll by to the mocking bird's song.
Where the cotton blooms 'neath the
southern sun,
And the vintage hangs thick on the vine,
A land whose story has just begun,
This wonderful land of mine.

A land where the fields of golden grain,
Like waves on a sun-lit sea,
As it bends to the breezes that sweep the
plain,
Waves a welcome to you and me.
Where the corn grows high
'Neath the smiling sky,
And the quail whistles low in the grass
And fruit trees greet with a burden sweet
And perfume the winds that pass.

CHORUS

Oklahoma, Oklahoma,
Fairest daughter of the West.
Oklahoma, Oklahoma
'Tis the land I love the best.
We have often sung your praises,
But we have not told the half,
So I give you Oklahoma,
'Tis a toast we all can quaff.

The sweet childish voices trilled the melody that quickened the heart beats of the listeners. Then seven year old Ruth said to her eight year old playmate: "Peggy, don't you love our State song?"

"Yep, but I bet you don't know who discovered Oklahoma."

"I do, too! It was Will Rogers in 1492."

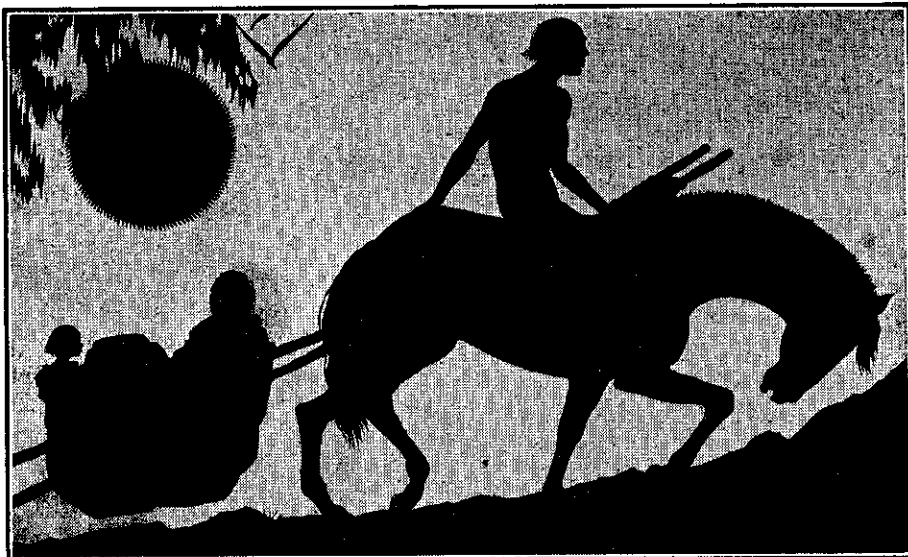
"'Twasn't either. It was Richard Dix and Coronado in the 'Run of '89.' My teacher told us about Coronado and I saw Richard Dix in 'Cimarron.'"

Laughing, Dorothy interrupted the dispute. "You little nit-wits! Come in here and let Grandma tell you the story of Oklahoma. Her mother was a missionary to the Indians before many white people lived here, and she can untangle your crazy ideas of the state that got a late start, but has shown more real progress than any that make up our United States."

Though interrupted with questions that brought merry chuckles from Grandma, and if space permitted, would bring smiles to the reader, the intelligent old pioneer gave the following information, in a little different language, to her eager listeners.

Into the background of no other section of the country has there been woven so colorful a splendor, and so rich a variety of romance and tradition as have been wrought into the history of ours, the Land of the Indian.

A great American Commonwealth has been carved out of the wilderness here in the Southwest within the memory of those now living. This Commonwealth, known as Oklahoma, is distinctly different in every respect from all others which make up the American Union.



THE INDIAN POLE DRAG

Through courtesy Binkley Auto Motive Radiator Company, Oklahoma City

Coronado, one of the earliest explorers of whom we have record, led his following in search for gold. Four hundred years ago this search was in vain, and his expedition written down as a failure by the historians of that period. Yet today, could he but come to us, he would find that for which he sought—not seven cities of gold, but seventy-seven, in as many counties. Wander through the streets of your modern Oklahoma city and think of Coronado, dreaming of yellow gold, not knowing of black gold which would one day be the wonder of the world. Black gold which would build here in the wilderness the great cities of his fancy.

Unrolling the Scroll

There were other explorers, both French and Spanish. The Spanish coming up from Mexico, traveled with trains of horses and pack mules, a picturesque train winding its leisurely way across the desert country, over the mountains and through the deep defiles, its brilliancy heightened by the drab background of sandy wastes.

The French sought furs, for there was an abundance of wild life in the section. The French came from Canada and the Mississippi River country, paddled up stream in canoes, another vivid picture on the background of this old jungle-land.

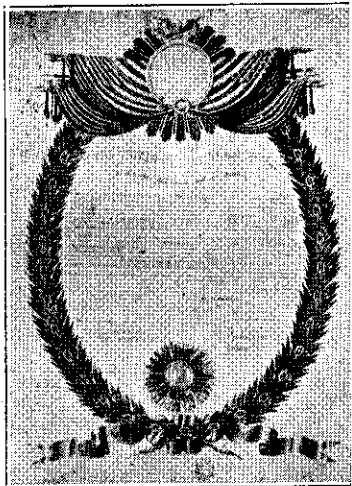
At this time, living in bark-covered houses, or lodges were the Quapaws and Osages, ante-dating by many years the advent of the Eastern Indians, afterwards designated as the "Five Civilized Tribes."

In 1783, at the close of the French and Indian War, the French possessions west of the Mississippi River were transferred to Spain. By 1801 France became the most powerful country in the world. By the treaty between Napoleon and the King of Spain, Spain agreed to relinquish all rights to Louisiana.

Napoleon's dream of a vast colonial empire vanished as suddenly as it had come for while England controlled the seas, it was folly for France to try to hold distant territory. Robert Livingston, the American Minister to France, pointed out this fact to Napoleon. 'Twas then negotiations for the greatest real-estate deal in history were begun. Therefore, when James Monroe arrived in

France with power from President Jefferson to purchase New Orleans and West Florida for \$2,000,000, he was offered the whole of the French territory for \$15,000,000, and though the American representative had no authority to make such an extensive purchase, the treaty was signed April 30, 1803.

In December, 1803, the French flag was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes waved from the government building, showing Louisiana was under the dominion of the United States. Thus at one stroke the area of the United States was doubled. Thirteen of the forty-eight states now in the Union were included in this purchase, Oklahoma among them. This rich land lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains is worth four hundred times the price paid for it. Today we know Livingston was justified in saying, when he arose from affixing his signature to the document, "this is the noblest work of our lives."



Dancing Rabbit Treaty Patent is Oklahoma's Oldest Document

Thousands of square miles of the land included in this purchase were regarded as a country lying beyond the very outposts of civilization. Except for the settlements of St. Louis and New Orleans, there was no thought of maintaining civilized life in so vast a wilderness. This vast area continued to be known, however, as the territory of Louisiana until about 1834 the government organized the Indian territory as a sort of refuge for the Indian tribes which had become broken and disheartened by their years of experience with the advancing hordes of settlers.

If the Indians of the eastern areas could be induced to accept this territory and remove themselves thence, thus bringing to an end the apparently eternal controversies between the two races, the government was willing to make any character of commitment necessary to arrive at such a solution.

"The Trail of Tears"

Here we are introduced to the most tragic romance in history—the removal of the Five Civilized Tribes from their homes of comfort to the unknown land west of the Mississippi. An Oklahoma writer says: "This was a racial emigration such as the children of Israel never knew, which in its details and its woes and tragedies dwarfs the sad story of Evangeline into a mere nothingness. In all the annals of human history there is not a chapter more filled with tragic woe, suffering and injustice than the removal of the Eastern Indian tribes from their ancestral homes."

Another writer says: "The Jews have preserved the memory of their forty years' journey in the desert. The Greeks recorded in classic language 'the Retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand', from the site of old Babylon to the sun-kissed hills of Greece. The English have not forgotten the great Saxon wedge driven north by ruthless William of Normandy, and the sixty thousand unmarked graves in the haunted moors of Northumberland. The French preserve in history the retreat of the Napoleonic Grand Army from burning Moscow, and the dead in winter

snows. Today, Americans are recalling the great events in Washington's life, the dreadful winter at Valley Forge, when the small army suffered from hunger and cold. All these tragic periods of a world's history pass in review before the student, but no historian was there to tell of the anguish of thousands of Indians marching into an unknown land. No one has told us of the ones who fell by the way, and slept in forest graves. No one has recorded the travail of mothers, the dying of little children, the grief of old men. Surely civilization took its toll along 'the Trail of Tears'."

To delve into the history of the tribal government, showing the high sense of honor the Indian possessed, is one of the most interesting, as well as unique, phases of life, measured by modern records. They had no prisons, for their word was a law unto itself. When convicted of a crime of any kind, the culprit returned at the appointed hour, even to the minute, to the old whipping post for his punishment in so many lashes, or to keep his tryst with death, if that were the decree of the tribal court.

The Indian of the Yesterday, felt if through just cause, he killed his fellow man, it was not murder, if he atoned with his own life.

Perhaps the most colorful period of what is now Oklahoma was in the days of the old Indian Territory, before the western side was opened to white settlement—during the days of the Traveling Courts, when there were no courts for the white man in Indian Territory. The court, presided over by Judge Parker at Fort Smith, Arkansas, took Fort Smith out of the obscure frontier town class to a prominent position in American Jurisprudence. This court long had jurisdiction over crimes and offenses committed in the territory, and later the courts at Paris, Texas, were given jurisdiction over the southern part of Indian Territory.

These courts, to the east and south of Indian Territory, appointed United States deputy marshals to hunt down the criminals in Indian Territory, and bring them to the Federal courts in Ft. Smith or Paris, Texas for trial.

Deputy marshals would start out on a trip with a number of warrants and a posse, very often accompanied by a United States commissioner, so warrants could be issued in case they were needed. These "traveling courts" as they were called, would travel for two or three months with wagons or on horse back, and return to Ft. Smith or Paris with from fifty to a hundred prisoners. The story is told when excitement began to wane, that often innocent parties were taken along with the criminals who were handcuffed, and with long chains the prisoners were shackled to a tree while the marshals went into camp.

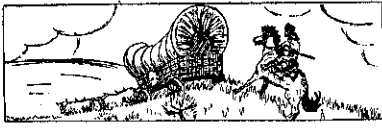


BELLE STARR

The world's greatest woman bandit in the days of the old red West. An interesting story of Belle Starr will be found in Vol. II of "Oklahoma: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow."

The romance of Indian traditions—the tribal customs, wedding ceremonies, their music, their religion may be found in the book "Oklahoma: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow" mentioned in the front of this booklet.

AGITATION FOR OPENING OF OKLAHOMA



Now, we approach the period of the southwest's history that should be of interest to every student, whether they live in Oklahoma

or not. The whole United States seemed on the move. The Mexican war and consequent extension of the American domain westward to the Pacific coast had completely changed the situation of the Indian country. Instead of being of the extreme limits of our possessions, lying as an outside frontier across which there was small incentive to induce the home seeker to emigrate, the Indian country suddenly became a forbidden land, interposed between the prosperous east and the new El Dorado, with its unbounded possibilities on the west.

Coincident with the acquisition of California came the discovery of gold, which more than any other single cause in American history stimulated westward expansion.

The land west of the "Five Tribes" being mostly vacant, passed into the illegal possession of cattlemen, and vast ranches were established in the Cherokee outlet, in the Cheyenne and Arapaho country, and in the lands ceded by the Seminoles and Creeks. Naturally this led to controversy between those who were seeking homestead settlement in the west, and the men who controlled the cattle industry.

It finally became a battle with home seekers on one side and cattlemen on the other.

About 1878-79, the question of the opening of Oklahoma to white settlement became more prominent in Congress.

David Payne organized a large and powerful Boomer Colony, but like Moses, he only viewed the promised land, and never lived to enter it as a citizen, for on Nov. 28th, 1884, while at breakfast at Wellington, Kansas, he passed on to the real "Promised Land" eternal in the Heavens.



A PISTOL SHOT STARTS AN EMPIRE

"The Spirit of '89"—a recent painting by the celebrated artist, Frederick Ruple, showing "Pawnee Bill", the last of the Boomers, in the foreground. This picture was presented to the Historical Society by Ponca City on April 22nd, 1933.

A pistol shot starts an empire! The crack of the pistol at high noon on April 22, 1889, was the signal for a race, such as had never been, in the history of the world—a race for homes. This story has been heard at every Oklahoma fireside, but the romance woven into that memorable "run" will never grow tiresome.



COLORFUL CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST

On Feb. 3, 1889, during the last session of the fiftieth congress, a bill providing for the opening of the lands of the unassigned district, between the Canadian river and the Cherokee outlet and between the Indian meridian and the ninety-eighth meridian, passed the house of representatives, and later in the form of an amendment passed the senate.

NUTSHELL HISTORY OF THE OPENINGS

Date: April 22, 1889.

Hour: Noon.

Authority: Presidential proclamation, based on congressional act.

Reservation opened:

Oklahoma county—Area, 717 square miles; present valuation, \$143,947,011; estimated population, 175,000.

Logan county—Area, 739 square miles; present valuation, \$21,344,265; estimated population, 31,000.

Canadian county—Area, 891 square miles; present valuation, \$25,222,154; estimated population, 26,500.

Cleveland county—Area, 554 square miles; present valuation, \$14,324,713; estimated population, 25,500.

Kingfisher county—Area, 890 square miles; present valuation, \$19,854,285; estimated population, 17,900.

Payne county—Area, 678 square miles; present valuation, \$40,354,918; estimated population, 38,500.

Beaver county, since divided into Texas, Beaver and Cimarron counties. Texas county—Area, 2,065 square miles; present valuation, \$19,241,480; estimated population, 16,500. Beaver county—Area, 1,813 square miles; present valuation, \$15,001,602; estimated population, 16,800. Cimarron county—Area, 1,849 square miles; present valuation, \$7,850,807; estimated population, 7,550.

Method of transportation—Special trains over Santa Fe from Arkansas City, Kan., and Purcell, Indian Territory; wagons, buggies, oxen, thousands on horses.

Population first day—Estimated at over 100,000.

First large cities—Guthrie, population first day, 15,000; Oklahoma City, population first day, 10,000.

Government—Laws of the United States, enforced by military and United States marshals.

Allotment of lands—160 acres to first party to prove occupancy of farm lands; one lot of fifty feet in designated town-sites to first occupant.

Old Beaver county had been settled prior to 1889. The proclamation included that area and the homesteaders were given patents to their possessions.

Cherokee Strip on September 16, 1893, with another run for homes.

The other portions of Oklahoma Territory were opened as follows:

In 1891: Lincoln and Pottawatomie counties, with slices to Payne and Logan, were born when the Sac and Fox and Pottawatomie-Shawnee lands were opened, with a run for homes.

In 1892: The Cheyenne and Arapaho lands, practically all of western Oklahoma territory, were opened with a run for homes.

In 1893: President Cleveland threw open the Cherokee strip.

In 1895: Greer county came to Oklahoma by a court decision.

In 1901: President McKinley opened the Kiowa and Comanche country and the Wichita, Caddo and Apache lands, over 160,000 persons registering for claims.

In 1906: President Roosevelt threw open the "Big Pasture" lands along the Red river, the tracts going to the highest bidders.

In 1907: Statehood came, bringing Indian Territory into a joint commonwealth with Oklahoma.

NO MAN'S LAND

GIVEN AT STATEHOOD ANNIVERSARY, 1929

By MAUDE O. THOMAS, Beaver, Okla.



Maude O. Thomas

"Not since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock has a more remarkable or a more interesting community existed on the American continent than that section of Oklahoma, formerly No Man's Land, now Beaver County, and of which Beaver is



Mother of Maude O. Thomas

the county seat and the metropolis. In the language of its early citizens, "it is a people without example or without precedent." It has been owned and discovered, claimed and disclaimed, an orphan among nations—no man's land—finally obtaining a permanent home as an appendage to the Territory of Oklahoma. Its lands have been under the sovereignty of two monarchies, three republics and two states. Its boundaries were created as a result of diplomacy, of war, of slavery and, in part, "Topsy-like" just happened. Originally French domain, it passed from France to the U. S. in the Louisiana Purchase, only to be disclaimed and given to Spain in the Florida Treaty. With the revolution of the Republic of Mexico, it passed to Mexico as a part of the Mexican state of Texas. When Texas won her independence it passed to the Republic of Texas. In the subsequent formation of states and territories, it was left completely out, a strip of land 34½ miles wide and 166 miles long lying between the parallels of latitude 36 degrees 30 minutes and 37 degrees and of longitude 100 degrees to 103 degrees, a section which Congress forgot and, very appropriately, it came to be known as "No Man's Land." It was simply the property of Uncle Sam but beyond the pale of any law because it was not within the limits of any judicial district."

See rest of this story in Vol. I Oklahoma: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow, pages 419-421.

Boomers organized "The Beaver City Town Co., March 6, 1886.

One of the most unique governments ever organized was when "No Man's Land" became Cimarron Territory Nov. 29, 1886.

In 1890 "No Man's Land" became a part of Oklahoma Territory.

MEMBERS OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION NOVEMBER 20, 1906 TO JULY, 1907.

W. H. Murray, President; John M. Young, Secretary; Frank Naylor, Chaplain; W.A. Durant, Sergeant at Arms; Pat Oates, Assistant Sergeant at Arms.

R. J. ALLEN.
H. E. ASP.
L. J. AKERS.
J. A. ALDERSON.
W. E. BANKS.
B. E. BRYANT.
C. W. BOARD.
J. S. BUCHANAN.
G. M. BERRY.
O. P. BREWER.
C. H. BOWERS.
J. A. BAKER.
G. N. BILBY.
W. A. CAIN.
J. H. COBB.
RILEY COPELAND.
H. P. COVEY.
J. M. CARR.
J. J. CURL.
W. J. CAUDILL.
J. H. CHAMBERS.
H. L. CLOUD.
J. J. CARNEY.
A. G. COCHRAN.
W. T. DALTON.
W. S. DEARING.
J. T. EDMUNDSON.
A. H. ELLIS.
W. H. EDLEY.
C. C. FISHER.
G. O. FRYE.
N. B. GARNER.
J. C. GRAHAM.
C. N. HASKELL.
DAVID HOGG.
PETE HANRATY.
J. K. HILL.
G. A. HENSHAW.
B. F. HARRISON.
J. B. HARRISON.
A. L. HAUSMAN.
S. W. HAYES.
W. T. HENDRICKS.
D. G. HARNED.
F. E. HERRING.
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W. D. HUMPHREY.
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P. B. HOPKINS.
W. L. HELTON.
W. C. HUGHES.
R. E. HEUSTON.
W. T. S. HUNT.
HENRY S. JOHNSTON.
W. D. JENKINS.
T. O. JAMES.

CHAM JONES.
W. H. KORNEGAY.
M. J. KANE.
HENRY KELLY.
J. F. KING.
W. N. LITTLEJOHN.
I. B. LITTLETON.
MILAS LASATIR.
C. S. LEEPER.
W. G. LIEDTKE.
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B. F. LEE.
W. A. LEDBETTER.
J. H. LANGLEY.
W. H. MURRAY, Pres.
J. L. MITCH.
E. F. MESSENGER.
J. H. MAXEY.
C. M. McCLAIN.
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E. O. McCANCE.
J. C. MAJORS.
C. C. MATHIS.
P. J. McCLURE.
E. G. NEWELL.
J. K. NORTON.
FLOWERS NELSON.
GABE E. PARKER.
C. H. PITTMAN.
J. J. QUARLES.
C. V. ROGERS.
D. S. ROSE.
S. M. RAMSAY.
THAD RICE.
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F. J. STOWE.
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GEO. W. WOOD.
D. P. WILLS.
R. L. WILLIAMS.
BOONE WILLIAMS.
CARLETON WEAVER.
E. R. WILLIAMS.
T. C. WYATT.

WEDDING OF THE TERRITORIES

Mr. Oklahoma and Miss Indian Territory Are Legally Married

November 16, 1907

The ceremonies of statehood day began in Washington, in the cabinet room of the President. Little formality attended the act. A number of Oklahoma citizens, several senators from other states, and newspaper correspondents were in the room when, at 10:16 o'clock, Secretary Loeb threw open the double doors leading from the President's private office. The secretary had the proclamation in his hand and laid it on the large square blotter at the head of the table. The President entered, greeted those assembled, and took his seat at once. He was handed a large eagle quill pen, (taken from a large eagle killed in Oklahoma. Both the pen and the mounted eagle are now property of the Oklahoma Historical Society.) Theodore Roosevelt lifted the lid from the inkstand, dipped the pen and wrote his name in large letters, the pen making an audible scratch with each movement. When he had finished his signature the President picked up a small blotter, with which he blotted his name, and then, looking up, exclaimed "Oklahoma is a state." The act of signing took just one minute, and the President then retired from the room, while the others hastened to communicate the news to the waiting crowds at the Oklahoma capital.

The scenes and incidents of this memorable day at Guthrie can best be described from the columns of the Oklahoma State Capital, which was published Nov. 17, 1907, where these words are now being printed.

"With solemn grandeur the youngest member of the Union was brought into being, at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, when the proclamation admitting Oklahoma and Indian Territory into the Union came hurtling over the wire from the national capital. Three hours later the new state officers had been sworn in, and the new regime was fairly launched on its voyage.

"The news of the signing of the constitution and issuing the presidential proclamation was received by a great demonstration of enthusiasm. Bells rang, whistles blew and people took occasion to show the feeling that imbued the great crowd.

"The ceremony incident to administering the oath to Governor-elect Charles N. Haskell and the remaining state officers was carried out at the Carnegie Library on a wooden platform constructed over the steps at the south entrance.

"For an hour before noon the street in front of the building was packed. Men, women and children stood patiently on the brick pavement waiting for the arrival of the Governor's party. The steps, which are high above the sidewalk and street, were decorated with flags and on the platform rested two huge bouquets of chrysanthemums.

"Mr. Haskell and escort and the other members of the administration to be, reached the library a few minutes before twelve. They were escorted in the side entrance on the west. The crowd saw them come and let out a noisy welcome.

"When Mr. Haskell appeared through the big doors on the platform a great shout went up from the thousands of throats below him. Coming from the darkened interior of the building the sunlight for a moment dazzled the Governor-elect. He quickly lowered his head and as he blinked his eyes to shut out the sudden light, he smiled at the moving mass of faces that stretched for a block below him. He bowed right and left, apparently delighted with the reception. After a few moments he stepped back

into the crowd and Judge Dale, chairman of the executive committee of the inaugural celebration, walked to the front of the stage.

"In a few words he introduced Charles Filson, secretary of the territory of Oklahoma, who read the presidential proclamation. The crowd received the formal announcement of the creation of the state with the utmost good will.

Mr. Oklahoma and Miss Indian Territory are Legally Married

"When the applause had died down Judge Dale introduced C. G. Jones, of Oklahoma City, who, he explained, would propose marriage on behalf of Oklahoma to Miss Indian Territory.

"The 'bridegroom,' not one whit abashed, took his place in the center of the platform and began his abbreviated wooing with a knowing nod in the direction of the spectators.

"I have been asked," he said, "to perform the agreeable duty of proposing the marriage of Oklahoma to the Indian Territory. Permit me to say that nothing gives me greater pleasure, as the President advises us in his proclamation that the marriage will be strictly legal, without regard to age, condition or previous servitude. The bridegroom is only eighteen years old, but is capable of assuming all the matrimonial responsibilities of a stalwart youth. Though he was born in trouble, in tribulation, his eighteen years on the plains have been years of tremendous activity, and he has grown to the size of a giant. Like every well-regulated masculine individual he has grown tired of being alone, though he was fairly capable of taking care of himself. Strange to say, on account of his youth and inexperience, he is possessed of an unconquerable modesty and he has asked me to propose marriage with the Indian Territory.

"Out of sympathy for the young bachelor, I now propose to the Indian Territory, who I am assured is matrimonially inclined, that the proposal be accepted, and that the union be consummated here and now. It should be understood, however, that nothing should be said about the age of the bride. It is a case when youth and age are to be blended together in harmonious union, and that under the constitution and laws a divorce can never be granted. This is not exactly a case of love at first sight. A lady by the name of Sequoyah at one time interfered with the courtship and at first tried to break up the match. But having failed to do so, and tired of the loneliness of single blessedness, she gracefully surrendered to the inevitable and has ever since been in favor of the marriage.

"By the authority vested in me by the high contracting parties, and in obedience to their requests, I now call upon Rev. W. H. Dodson, of the First Baptist Church of Guthrie, to perform the marriage ceremony."

"The response for the blushing bride was made by W. A. Durant, of Durant, Indian Territory, a fullblood Indian. His formal acceptance was as follows:

"To you, Mr. Jones, as the representative of Mr. Oklahoma, I present the hand and the fortune of Miss Indian Territory, convinced by his eighteen years of persistent wooing that his love is genuine, his suit sincere and his purposes most honorable. With pride and pleasure I present to him Miss Indian Territory, who was reared as a political orphan, tutored by federal official holders and controlled by an indifferent guardian residing a thousand miles from her habitation.

"Despite these unhappy circumstances of her youth, which have cast a shade of sorrow over a face by nature intended to give back only the warm smiles of God's pure sunshine, this beautiful maiden will come to him as the last descendant of the proudest race that ever trod foot on American soil; a race whose sons have never bowed their necks to the heel of the oppressor; the original occupants of the American continent.

"Although an orphan, Miss Indian Territory brings to her spouse a dowry that, in fertile fields, productive mines and sterling and upright citizenship, equals the fortune of her wooer. To Oklahoma, into whose identity Indian Territory is about to be merged forever, must be entrusted the care of this princely estate. We resign it to you freely in the confident hope that it will be well cared for, developed and conserved to the unending glory of our new state and untold benefit of her people.

"Oklahoma, your wooing has been long and persistent. For eighteen weary years you have sought the hand of our fair maiden in wedlock. If the object of your suit has at times seemed indifferent, believe it to have been but evidence of a maiden's proper modesty, and not a shrinking from the union.

"In winning the hand, you take with it the heart. Your bride comes to you without coercion or persuasion, as the loving maiden confidently places her hand in that of the husband of her choice. The love she bears for you, as the love you feel for her, arises from kindred interests, mutual aspirations and an unbounded admiration, one for the other."

"Until she stepped to the front to accept the hand of her fiancé, the identity of the bride was known to but few. She was Mrs. Leo Bennett, of Muskogee, a bewildering handsome matron, whose Cherokee lineage is evidenced in a dark complexion, heightened by the bloom of perfect health.

"As she came slowly forward to the front of the platform the crowd gallantly shouted an acknowledgment. With a huge chrysanthemum the young woman shaded her eyes as she looked out over the crowd. She smiled and bowed again and again as the applause continued.

"Then the Rev. Mr. Dodson offered a fervent prayer on the union, and the formal marriage of the 'Twin Territories' was consummated.

Haskell Becomes New State's Governor

"Following the picturesque feature, Judge Dale raised his hand for silence as Mr. Haskell and Leslie G. Niblack, a Guthrie newspaper man, stepped forward simultaneously. Facing Mr. Haskell, with one hand uplifted, an open Bible held in the other, Mr. Niblack, recently commissioned a notary public, administered the oath and immediately afterwards Governor Haskell signed the official papers.

"Mr. Haskell then delivered his address, taking about forty-five minutes to read it in his characteristic slow and distinct manner. The delivery was punctuated by bursts of applause as the sentiment in the words struck home.

"The first official act of Governor Haskell was the appointment of Robert L. Owen, of Muskogee, and Thomas P. Gore, of Lawton, United States senators from Oklahoma. This ceremony was performed so that the new state would not be without representation during the period before the meeting of the first legislature which will elect the two men, chosen at the recent state primaries. (Clarence B. Douglas and C. C. Jones were the choice of the Republicans.)"

"THE DAWN"

"In imperishable letters a new name has been inscribed upon the banner of freedom, a name synonymous with success, with beauty, grandeur, patriotism, fidelity, prosperity, loyalty and love of home. A name crooned as a lullaby in the bygone days when, sitting in the glowing twilight of the boundless prairies, the Indian mother from her tepee watched the shadows lengthen into night, and put her little ones to sleep. A name interwoven in the matchless history of marvelous things accomplished by those who dared to put their blood and brain and brawn into the contest and win a victory where defeat seemed most certain. A name now heard along the arteries of commerce, in the busy marts of trade and wherever beats the Nation's throbbing heart of industry, OKLAHOMA."

By Col. C. B. Douglas.

REMOVAL OF STATE CAPITAL

The outstanding event of the Haskell tenure developed during the closing year of his term. This was the removal of the state capital from Guthrie to Oklahoma City. At a popular election held in June, 1910, the people ratified the removal and ordered the capital to be located in Oklahoma City. This popular decision was reversed, however, by the supreme court and Guthrie remained the capital city of the state for a short period of time. But a special session of the legislature convoked by Governor Haskell passed on a capital relocation bill and Oklahoma City finally became the state capital late in 1910.

OKLAHOMA'S HEAD MAN*

The Governors of the new state are as follows:

C. N. Haskell, 1908-'10. (deceased 1933).

Lee Cruce, 1910-'14 (deceased 1932).

R. L. Williams, 1914-'18.

J. B. A. Robertson, 1918-'22.

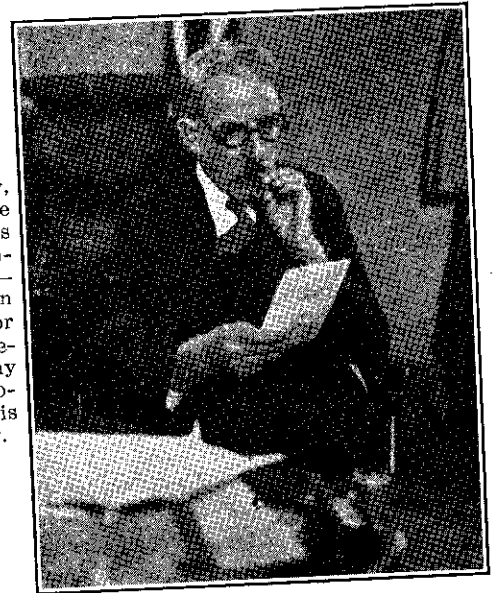
Jack C. Walton, 1923.

M. E. Trapp, 1923-'26.

Henry S. Johnston, 1926-'29.

W. J. Holloway, 1929-'31.

W. H. Murray, 1931-



GOVERNOR W. H. MURRAY

William H. Murray, known as the "Sage of Tishomingo" is the present Governor of Oklahoma—(1934). It has been said no governor has been the recipient of as many "bricks" and bouquets as has this colorful character.

* The most complete compilation—in interesting form—of a country's government may be found in Oklahoma: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow beginning with tribal government to the present, with stories of the colorful first years.

A FEW FACTS ALL OKLAHOMANS SHOULD KNOW

OUR GREAT SEAL

By J. B. THOBURN, Curator, Oklahoma Historical Society



SEQUOYAH SEAL AND GREAT SEAL OF OKLAHOMA

In the days of the old Indian Territory, each of the five civilized tribes of Indians had a tribal great seal which was affixed to its official documents, just as such seals were used by the public officials of the several states and territories. When the Territory of Oklahoma was organized, in 1890, the first session of the Territorial Legislative Assembly made provision for a territorial great seal, which was in frequent use down to the day when the change was made from Territorial to State government.

While the Sequoyah Constitutional Convention was in session, at Muskogee, in the late summer of 1905, the Rev. A. Grant Evans, who was president of Henry Kendall College (now the University of Tulsa), was asked to suggest a design for a great seal for the proposed new state of Sequoyah. President Evans designed and had carefully drawn a five-pointed star, on the angles or rays of which were emblazoned respectively the tribal great seals of the five civilized tribes of Indians. Above the star, and in the space between the two upper points, was a half-length figure of Sequoyah, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet, holding a tablet upon which, in Cherokee text, appeared the words: "We Are Brothers." In other spaces between the points of the star there were placed forty-five small stars in emblematic significance of the federal constellation to which it was hoped to add a forty-sixth star.

During the session of the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention, among the members of the committee of five which had been named to design a great seal for the proposed new state of Oklahoma, was Gabe E. Parker, a delegate from one of the districts in the present Bryan County. He was of Choctaw Indian descent, a graduate of Spencer Academy (one of the oldest Choctaw schools) and of Henry Kendall College. He was, at the time of the convention, superintendent of the old Armstrong Academy, then the oldest surviving Choctaw school. Mr. Parker wrote to President Evans for suggestions. The latter responded by calling attention to the design which had been fashioned for the great seal of the proposed new state of Sequoyah, less than a year and a half before, and suggested that the adoption of the same design might not be inappropriate. This suggestion was largely followed in the designing of the great seal of the State of Oklahoma, wherein the great seal of the proposed State of Sequoyah was combined with that of the Territory of Oklahoma. The position of the star was so changed that one point or ray stood vertically upward instead of one point being vertically downward, as was the case in the great seal of Sequoyah. The five tribal great seals were placed in the angles of the star, as before, with the great seal of Oklahoma Territory in the center.

Section 35 of the Constitution of Oklahoma provides for the Great Seal of the State and reads as follows:

"In the center shall be a five-pointed star, with one ray directed upward. The center of the star shall contain the central device of the seal of the Territory of Oklahoma, including the words 'Labor Omnia Vincit.' The upper lefthand ray shall contain the symbol of the ancient seal of the Cherokee Nation, namely: a seven-pointed star partially surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves. The ray directed upward shall contain the symbol of the ancient seal of the Chickasaw Na-

tion, namely: an Indian warrior standing upright with bow and shield. The lower lefthand ray shall contain the symbol of the ancient seal of the Creek Nation, namely: a sheaf of wheat and a plow. The upper righthand ray shall contain the symbol of the ancient seal of the Choctaw Nation, namely: a tomahawk, bow, and three crossed arrows. The righthand ray shall contain the symbol of the ancient seal of the Seminole Nation, namely: a village with houses and a factory beside a lake upon which an Indian is paddling a canoe. Surrounding the center star and grouped between its rays shall be forty-five small stars, divided into five clusters of nine stars each, representing the forty-five states of the Union, to which the forty-sixth state is now added. In a circular band surrounding the whole device shall be inscribed: 'GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF OKLAHOMA, 1907.'"

OKLAHOMA STATE FLAG

Mr. Thoburn tells the story of the new flag's conception as follows:

"Mrs. Fluke came to see me in regard to the matter of a state flag.

"I led the way to a wall in the museum of the Historical society on which there was hanging a framed silk flag which had been carried as the standard of a Choctaw regiment in the confederate military service during the Civil War. Its device consists of a blue field in the center of which is a white circle containing the tribal emblem of the Choctaw nation, namely, a bow, two arrows and a tomahawk, all crossing centers, in red.



Then I asked, 'Why not use blue for the field of this new flag?' adding that, when the white man forms an emblematic design he generally chooses a shield, two conventional forms of which were briefly described, followed by the statement that since this was the red man's state, it would seem appropriate to use the red man's shield, which was quite generally, if not invariably, circular in outline. With this there was also hanging on the museum wall an Osage Indian shield, fashioned from the thick, tough hide of an old buffalo bull and fringed with the feathers of the war eagle. Then the suggestion was made that, crossed upon this shield there might be placed the peace emblems of the two races, namely, the Indian calumet or peace pipe, and the white man's olive branch.

"Instantly grasping the significance of such a suggestive design, Mrs. Fluke proceeded to make sketches of the shield and of a typical calumet pipe. A few days later, when her finished design was submitted in competition with 10 or a dozen others, hers was the unanimous choice of the members of the committee. In due time it was approved by the legislature and became the official emblem of Oklahoma.

"Briefly stated, its symbolism might be thus summarized: The blue signifies devotion; the shield typifies defensive or protective warfare, but always surmounted by and subservient to the calumet and the olive branch, which betoken a love of peace on the part of a united people."

WHO KNOWS OUR STATE BIRD?

The selection of the Oklahoma Bird was a huge task.

The choice of the Bob White was ideal in opinion of Mrs. W. A. Campbell of Muskogee.

Mistletoe is the state flower. "Labor Omnia Vincit"

"Work Conquers all things" is the state motto.

THE ROMANCE ROAD IN OKLAHOMA IS COMPLETED.

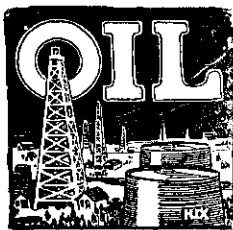
In 1930 another chapter in the colorful history of Oklahoma was written when the last link in the ribbon of concrete between Oklahoma City and Tulsa was completed. The noted chairman of the Highway Commission is fifth from the left.

The accompanying picture was made in 1930 when interested Oklahomans met to celebrate the completion of the highway. The photograph shows two members of the Highway Commission and other leaders in Oklahoma's Industrial world. From left to right in the picture are: J. W. Sloan, Pres. of Oklahoma Iron Works and of International Supply Co., and principal stock holder in beautiful Lake Frances Park near Siloam Springs. "Scotty" Taylor, who found the first indication of oil in Seminole area; L. C. Hutson, president of Associated Industries, and connected with big cotton interests in Chickasha and member of Highway Commission; W. J. Holloway, Governor of Oklahoma at the time picture was made, who gives enthusiastic service to every good cause; Lew Wentz, millionaire philanthropist and chairman of Highway Commission, who, by his wise planning and management has saved the state thousands of dollars in creating good roads; A. L. Farmer, president of Tulsa Chamber of Commerce and real estate promoter, who by his wisdom and foresight in beautifying certain sections of the city, before he puts the area



on the homestead market, has played a great part in making Tulsa the City Beautiful; and William Holden, the genial Executive Vice President of the Chamber of Commerce and leader in every activity for Tulsa's advancement.

OIL PAVES THE WAY FOR OKLAHOMA PROGRESS



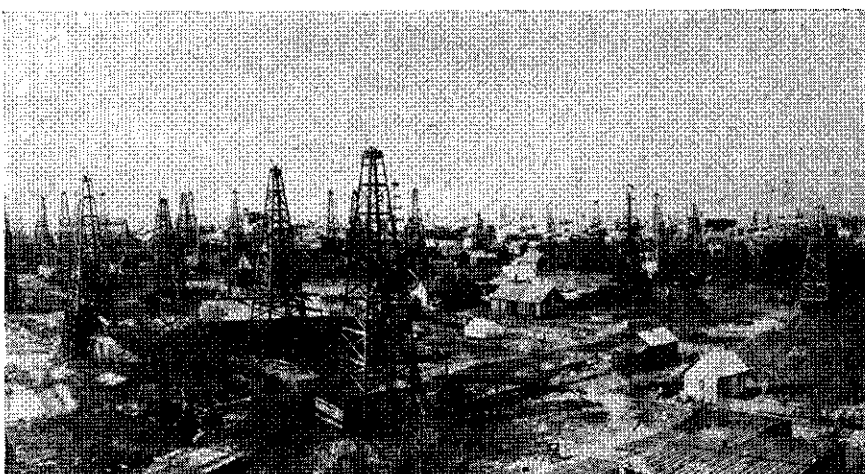
If this work were more voluminous, we could give to you stories of many, many Black Gold Princes of Oklahoma; stories that would sound like overdrawn fairy tales. If you wish to learn more about them, read the book,

"Oklahoma, and the Mid-Continent Field." If you want the complete history of every oil field of Oklahoma, read "The Romance of Oil" in the book the introduction of this book mentions.

What have the millions in oil done for Oklahoma? Read what Glen Condon says:

"You'll find these millions represented by modern school houses in small communities where frame shacks would still have to suffice were it not for the revenue from oil. And commanding skyscrapers in the larger towns, skyscrapers that might just as well (and no doubt with greater profit) have been erected in New York. In factories that employ thousands of people and add to the general prosperity of the commonwealth. In churches, schools, colleges and institutions that have been built and are being maintained, with money made from oil.

"Millions made and millions lost but those that were made have placed Oklahoma in the forefront of states. Interurban lines and paved roads that bring the city to the farmer's front door—would we have them had it not been for oil? Tulsa, Bartlesville, Enid, Ardmore and



BLACK GOLD MAKES DREAMS COME TRUE IN OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City, would they have been the cities they are today without oil men?

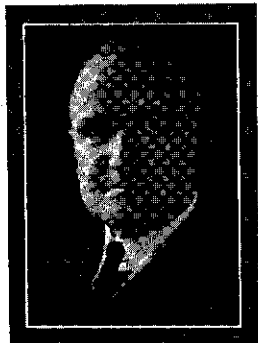
"The money from petroleum has found its altruistic way into every avenue of life and activity in this great state; has brought comfort, peace of mind, health and prosperity to countless thousands who themselves played no part in the pioneering that made this benevolence possible.

"The leaders of the oil industry are also leaders in thought and in civic enterprise. They are proud to be citizens of Oklahoma and to re-invest their earnings in enterprises that speed its progress and insure its future prosperity."

(From "MY OKLAHOMA" Magazine, Dec. 1927)

JOHN EDGERTON CROSBIE

One of Oklahoma's Most Loyal Booster Citizens. He Helped the Sooner State Find Liquid Gold and Became a Leader in Banking Business.



JOHN EDGERTON CROSBIE

A story of petroleum in Oklahoma would not be complete without giving something of the life of John Edgerton Crosbie, who was born in Petrolia, Ontario, Canada, in 1862, of Scotch-Irish parentage. His early boyhood was spent working on his father's farm during the summer and attending public school in the winter. When he was sixteen the opportunity for profitable employment, in the then rapidly developing Petrolia Oil Field, attracted his attention and he began work as a tool dresser. Sensing the wonderful possibilities in the oil business, he began a careful study of it while he worked, with the result that while still in his teens he was handling his own drilling operations. Industrious and intelligently he worked and success attended his efforts. In a comparatively short time he was profitably operating his own leases.

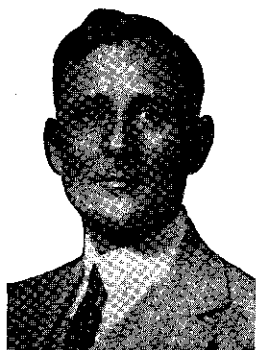
Among the operators in the Petrolia field were some of the most prominent in the business. Their attention was attracted to the careful and successful methods of this young Canadian, and he was offered an attractive four-year contract to take charge of developing the extensive holdings of one of the larger companies in the Island of Sumatra, Dutch East Indies. Here he remained from 1898 to 1902, and developed the company's property to where it had a good production. When his contract was completed he returned to his native community.

Shortly after his return, the Texas field began to attract attention and true to the pioneering spirit of the real oil man, he immediately plunged into this then unknown territory. Using his characteristic courage and conservative judgment, he rapidly developed properties in the Spindletop, Sour Lake, Batson and Humble fields, despite the fact that working conditions were bad and the market for crude unfavorable.

Before his plans had been consummated, however, the spirit of the oil pioneer had again been aroused by the remarkable discoveries in the Glen Pool field in Oklahoma. Again he entered on a period of development work and again success attended his efforts, with the result that in a few years he was the owner of a number of prolific leases, the value of which may be best judged by the fact that he arranged a sale to foreign capitalists which witnessed the appearance of the first million-dollar check in Tulsa.

Since 1908 Mr. Crosbie's interests have been closely interwoven with the progress of Tulsa. His later activities have been connected with banking, though he has never forsaken his first love—that of oil producer and may be found now, in 1933, at his office in the National Bank of Tulsa—one of the keenest minds in the Petroleum industry.

Mr. Crosbie has six daughters, five of whom live in Tulsa. They are: Mrs. C. H. Sweet, Mrs. J. A. Porter, Mrs. J. H. Egan, Mrs. W. B. Moran, Mrs. R. B. Warren, all of Tulsa, and Mrs. Charles Prather, Oradell, New Jersey. He has eight grandchildren. Mrs. J. E. Crosbie died in Tulsa some years ago.



CHAS. W. GUNTER

CHAS. W. GUNTER

Chas. W. Gunter, Executive and Vice Chairman of the Board of the First National Bank of Oklahoma City has all the requisites that make success. As a lad working in a drug store he saved more than three-fourths of his salary—that shows thrift and vision.

Later he proposed being taken into an insurance firm as a partner with \$50.00 cash, and his name to five \$50.00 notes six months apart, that was nerve and ambition.

By hard work he increased the business so much with new clients 'til he was able to sell 1/8 interest for \$5,000—that is diligence and super-salesmanship.

He has brought this keen business sense into his banking relations.

CYRUS H. SWEET

A Young Man with the Experience of an Old Veteran of Finance.



C. H. SWEET
Vice President of National Bank of Tulsa

Cyrus H. Sweet came to Tulsa from Wayne, Nebraska, in July 1909, entering immediately in the employ of the Central National Bank of Tulsa. At that time the deposits of that institution were less than one million dollars and the city was of very modest proportions. During these few years he saw the bank grow to a high point of thirteen million dollars in deposits, and Tulsa develop into the most important financial city in the state.

In May, 1929, the Central National Bank and Trust Company was sold to the Exchange National Bank and Mr. Sweet, who, at the time of this merger, was President of the Central National Bank and Trust Company, became associated with the Exchange National Bank as Vice President, which position he now occupies with the National Bank of Tulsa.

There are, at the present time, only three others now actively engaged in the banking business in Tulsa, who have been so engaged in that city for as long a time as has Mr. Sweet.

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN, H. B. Houghton.



"What would an Eastern boy have thought if, at thirteen, he were to be transplanted from his home in Boston, Buffalo or Hughesville, Pennsylvania to a frontier town in the American Midwest; to a land of cowboys and covered wagons; to the scene of fist fights and shooting scrapes?"

It happened to Harry B. Houghton, and his thirst for adventure is with him yet—for, he still has the adventurous spirit of youth that accomplishes things. The same sparkle is in his eye as it was in those days of romance when just after celebrating his thirteenth birthday in the fall of 1889, he came to Oklahoma City to visit his brother, Elmer Houghton, who was running a restaurant. He rode the Frisco Railroad Company's first "Meteor" into

On Feb. 17, 1927 at 10:20 A. M. placing the first telephone call that went from the State of Oklahoma to England. This was from H. B. Houghton, president, National Aid Life Association to Percy C. Mackinnon, Chairman, Lloyd's Signing Bureau of London, England.

the territory from his Pennsylvania home, and began work at once as night cashier of the restaurant. "There was plenty of time for me, with other boys of my age, to witness all the exciting things that happened thick and fast in those days of outlawry. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I always found myself in the thick of things. I marvel that my companions and I escaped all injuries."

But that same inquisitiveness helped the boy of yesterday as well as the man of today, to delve just a little deeper into the thing that held his interest, than the other fellows did, so in all his undertakings he has been successful. After he went back east to finish his education, he was a record breaker in sales as a newsboy, being one of ten boys throughout the U. S. whose sales won a trip to Chicago and the World's Fair.

Yet through the years, there romped down the "alleys of memory" those enchanting days in Oklahoma, and here he is today head of largest insurance corporation under an Oklahoma Charter.

R. OTIS McCLINTOCK



Among the splendid young men of the state who stand high in financial circles is R. Otis McClintock. From the time of his graduation from Tulsa High in 1909, Otis McClintock started his upward climb toward success.

The lure of the oil field first claimed him. Later he became Vice President of the company—The Gypsy—for whom he first worked. Waite Phillips, recognizing the ability of the young man, offered him the Vice Presidency of a new organization, The Phil-Mack Company, in 1925. This later consolidated with the Independent. In 1928 Mr. McClintock was elected to his present position, President of The First National Bank of Tulsa, an outstanding financial institution of the State.

tional Bank of Tulsa, an outstanding financial institution of the State.

OKLAHOMA—THE LAND OF GOLD AND PERPETUAL PROSPERITY

By ELIZABETH COULSON



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS ago Francisco de Coronado and a force of 1,300 men, Spaniards and Indians, wandered the plains of Oklahoma, searching for Quivira, the fabled country of gold. They found only the glitter of the sun on a gypsum bed, the glint of yellow where fields of wild mustard swept across the plains, the gleam of golden sycamore leaves in October, the amber glow of chinaberries on a sere branch.

Discouraged, they returned to Mexico. Other Spaniards, nothing daunted by Coronado's hardships, followed, crossing

these Great Plains, searching for this same precious ore. Many lost their lives. None found gold. Finally the search was abandoned.

Traders came in. The hunter, the cattleman and farmer in turn took up the quest, in different ways and in succeeding centuries. Today Oklahoma's gold rush is unabated. Today the Quivira of four centuries ago is pouring out vari-colored gold . . . the black of oil, the green of great fields of wheat which yellow in the sun, the white of her cotton patches, the dun of her ores and coal and the soft rich reds and greys of her granite quarries.

MR. C. W. CAMPBELL

Oil Man, Sportsman, Loyal Oklahoman.

Mr. C. W. Campbell, Tulsa, Oklahoma, is one of the state's best known oil operators and as everyone has a hobby of some kind, he has always been one of the leaders and supporters of outdoor sports such as hunting and fishing, and is one of the best authorities on bird dogs in the country, being the owner of one of the finest kennels of bird dogs in the state, both setters and pointers. Mr. Campbell is an ardent supporter of Field Trails and has owned some of the outstanding dogs of the nation. For a great number of years he has held important offices in organizations of this kind; such as, President of the American Sportsman's Protective League of the State of Oklahoma, President of the Oklahoma Division of the Izaak Walton League, President of the Mid-West Field Trail Association, as well as being a director in numerous other organizations of this character.

Many Sports' magazines attest the prominence of our Oklahoman. We find in (Outdoor America a story which mentions an honor:—"C. W. Campbell, internationally known sportsman and breeder of fine bird dogs, was elected president in the recent state division convention held here."

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, of Muskogee.

The First National Bank of Muskogee, the oldest bank of Indian Territory, was organized August 10, 1890. The officers and directors were:

OFFICERS

Robt. L. Owen.....President
D. M. Wisdom.....Vice-President
B. A. Randle.....Cashier

DIRECTORS.

Robt. L. Owen
F. C. Hubbard
W. T. Hutchings
D. E. Harvey
J. S. Stapler
A. W. Robb
D. M. Wisdom
J. L. Dabbs
C. E. Foley

The history of this bank has been an unbroken record of progress since its inception. It has been conducted upon the soundest and most conservative business principles and has always identified itself in the onward growth of the city and contributed liberally to its prosperity. Not only has it lent great aid in the upbuilding of the town in which its birth originated, but it has fostered many a financial undertaking throughout the Indian Territory, and saved the life of a number of business ventures by affording that greatest of all business virtues, financial aid.

The capital stock of the First National Bank at organization, in 1890, was \$100,000.00, with deposits that for years were the largest in the Indian Territory. It is now capitalized at \$500,000.00, with reserves of over \$6,000,000.00. The scope of the bank was widened in June, 1916, when a Trust Department was added.

Mr. H. H. Ogden, the fourth president of The First National Bank and Trust Company, has served the institution since March, 1911. The twenty-two years Mr. Ogden has been in Muskogee have been years of growth and development, and the bank today is one of the strongest institutions in the State of Oklahoma.



C. W. Campbell with the quail killed over the points of the four noted dogs shown in the picture.

OTHER INDUSTRIAL LEADERS WHOM OKLAHOMANS LOVE TO HONOR

Mr. Kahle, Secretary of the Associated Industries, with his Employers Magazine, keeps the 1000 members of the Association informed about Oklahoma.

At the top of the list we would place the Chickasha Cotton Kings, Wooten and Hutson and Hart, stories of whom are in the Industrial Section of Oklahoma: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow.

Mr. Wooten owns more cotton gins than any man in the Southwest, and Cotton Seed Oil Mills at many points. Mr. Hutson has been associated with him for years and is a leader among business men of the state. He was president of the Industrial Association for years and of the State Chamber of Commerce.

J. L. Hart is a manufacturer of Cotton Gin equipment, and an inventor. The Employers Magazine stated that the state owes Mr. Hart a million dollars for what he has saved the farmers on the "bottle cotton", (the bolls that never open through lack of sunshine), with his machine attached to the gin that saves this cotton that was once a total waste.

There are the Humphrey brothers, with their flour mills at Chickasha and El Reno. The Kroutil brothers of the largest flour mill in the southwest—the Yukon mill is famous throughout the United States. Mr. J. Kroutil escorted the Oklahoma Indian Band and financed the trip, to participate in the inaugural parade of Franklin Roosevelt.

Then there are our electricity and gas men, who make it possible for the "wheels to go around" in Oklahoma.

The presidents of the O. G. & E., Owens, of Oklahoma City, and Insull, of Tulsa, are princely men, and leaders in everything that aids Oklahoma's progress.

We have many successful merchants, but John Dunkin in Tulsa, with his superior management, keeps things humming at the Brown-Dunkin Store. The depression didn't dwindle the crowds that thronged this store for excellent merchandise and money-saving values.

The busiest place in the state is in the offices of the State Chamber of Commerce, where even in their mad rush of things, they treat you with the most cordial courtesy.

The original Oklahomans, Inc., became the State Chamber of Commerce, about six years ago. The officials and directors are composed of the leading business men of the state. W. B. Estes was the first secretary, and just as the depression was headed for Oklahoma, Mr. Ford Harper, the most brilliant publicity director of the state, was persuaded to leave the Shawnee Chamber of Commerce, to steer our Ship of State as Secretary and General Manager. Not only does the State Chamber of Commerce let the outside world know of Oklahoma, but the main job is keeping tab on the financial situation of the towns. This office ferrets out the difficulties in each city, and can give you the financial rating of each community. Their job is to assist each city Chamber of Commerce to solve their problems, and inspire them to greater efforts.

(This is the author's own private opinion after seeing them at work in Oklahoma City office.)

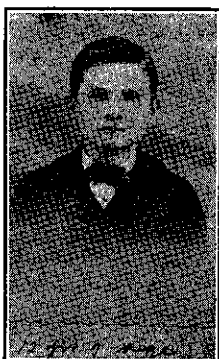
BOYS OF YESTERDAY

Leaders Among Oklahoma Men Today—

Introducing the Boy of Yesterday who is a leader among men today. The men chosen will be an inspiration to any youth today.

They proved their belief, that—

"It is better to dare mighty things
To win glorious triumphs
Even tho checked by failure,
Than to live in the gray twilight
That knows neither victory nor defeat."



GRANT McCULLOUGH

Grant McCullough, like Benjamin Franklin, realized early in life that "the rotten apple spoils its companion", and the man of today is as careful in his choice of associates, as they have helped him to accomplish great things.

Through his own magnetic personality he has ever made friends with the great. This charm of manner has ever been used for the betterment of the city of which he is a pioneer financier. When Tulsa decided she must have a library, Grant McCullough's personal visit to the big steel baron, caused Andrew Carnegie to make his liberal donation. On the corner stone of Tulsa's famous edifice on Third and Cheyenne streets, you will find McCullough's name as a member of the building committee.

A ten-story building for his banking institution, a hunting and fishing preserve, one of the handsomest homes in the city, and a place in his home town as a real leader, all of these things have come to him as a reward of effort, energy and integrity. For many years a successful banker, he has found time to serve as a member of the

library board, a director of the Chamber of Commerce, chairman of many important civic committees, member of the commission acting with county officials in building one hundred miles of concrete roads in Tulsa county, member of the non-partisan water commission, which is charged with expending \$8,000,000 for Tulsa's water system, and numerous other public assignments for service with religious and fraternal organizations of which he is a member.

During the great war he was one of the most active of the forces behind the lines and accepted every opportunity to serve his country, his state and his city.

His close contact with the powers in Washington—(being a Republican Committeeman) and with the railroad officials, has helped to make possible the new Federal building and the fine Union Railway station in Tulsa.

This information was not gleaned from Grant McCullough, himself, for one of his fine attributes is modesty in connection with his own accomplishments. Our grandmothers often quoted: "Self praise is half scandal." In this connection, no scandal ever touched Grant's life, for he never boasts, and doesn't allow his biography and photograph to appear in the "Mugg" books that flood Oklahoma.



Love came to Grant McCullough and Clara E. Bradley, in youth—"when the Springs of Life are fullest." There were two sons in this happy home, Carroll B. and Kenneth S. Carroll is still living, is married, and in the same business with his father. Mrs. Grant McCullough is the type that remains youthful and charming. She keeps herself thoroughly alive with interesting activities in church, club and social work.

ROBERT LATHAM OWEN, Jr.



ROBT. L. OWEN in 1860
Reproduced from the miniature
worn in the locket of his
mother's bracelet.

Muskogee has given no more distinguished citizen to the country, nor is any member of an Indian tribe more widely known or possessed of more marked ability, either as statesman or financier, than Robert Latham Owen. Born in Lynchburg, Va., of Irish, Scotch and Cherokee ancestry, his education was obtained from the common schools of his native town, with a later course and graduation, *cum laude*, from Washington and Lee University.

After his graduation Robert came to the Indian Territory, immediately identifying himself with the Cherokee schools, and later, during the administration of Grover Cleveland was appointed United States Agent for the Five Civilized Tribes.

During his leisure hours, the young man devoted himself to the study of law, familiarizing himself particularly with the various treaties of the Indian tribes with the United States Government. Equipped with this mastery of Indian affairs the ambitious young Cherokee, now an authority, became the arbitrator between the Delawares and Cherokees in their disputes over land titles, adjusting the affairs at large of the Eastern Cherokees; and, acting as attorney for the Choctaws, took an active part in settling numerous controversies between this tribe and the government. At the first session of the legislature following statehood, Robert Owen was chosen as one of the United States Senators, a position held for several consecutive terms in the National Congress.

He is the author of the Federal Reserve Banking system, a mastery of the details of which necessitated not only long and assiduous study, but numerous trips to foreign countries for a survey, first-hand, of the functioning of such system.

His grandfather in Lynchburg, was William Owen, in medical practice for sixty years. His wife, and the young Robert's grandmother, Otwayanna Carter, was a grandniece of George Washington. From these distinguished antecedents Robert inherited numerous rare and interesting articles of virtue, among these a miniature of the first president himself, done by a celebrated Irish artist of the day—1789. His father, Robert Latham Owen, railroad president and financier, was wedded to Narcissa Chisholm of Webber's Falls, Ind. Ter., a daughter of the hereditary Chief of the Old Settler Cherokees, Thomas Chisholm. The father of the latter, and maternal grandfather of young Robert, brought the first band of Cherokees west of the Mississippi River, and he it was who wrote the Cherokee Treaty in 1819. Senator Owen still has in his possession a large silver medal given by Thomas Jefferson to Thomas Chisholm in pledge of the friendship between the United States and the Cherokee Indians. An uncle of Senator Owen, William Otway Owen was a surgeon-general in the Confederacy and his father, Robert Latham Owen, a Colonel, in the Confederate Army.

The childhood home of the boy, in Lynchburg, Va., "Point of Honor," it was called, stood on Court House hill, an eminence some 600 feet above, and commanding an inspiring view of the James River. Of colonial design, and set in a magnificent grove of oaks, with a rambling English garden in the rear, it was a fitting setting for an imaginative child, a dreamer of dreams, and a builder of world-castles.

Robert Owen was married to Daisy Hester, daughter of Mrs. G. B. Hester, one of the revered Mothers in Israel of Muskogee, and one potential in all charitable activities and community good. (Most of this sketch is from the article written by the versatile Hala Jean Hammond).

Requesting the most important incident of Senator Owen's childhood, the following is a part of the letter this distinguished gentleman wrote the author from Washington, D. C.:

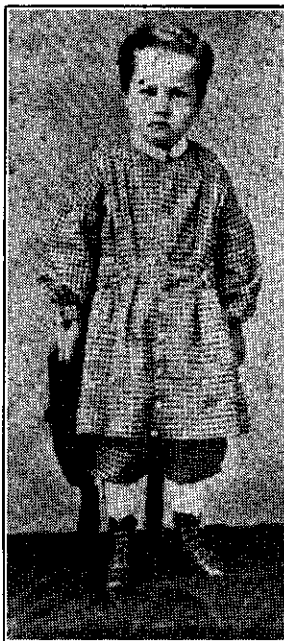
"The most important incident in my life was when I became sufficiently intelligent to discover my Mother whose influence over my life was profound. My love of truth and justice, my ambition to have understanding and learning were due to her. She was a woman of

great natural intelligence, of highest ideals, of greatest industry and of unflinching physical and moral courage. She painted beautifully, embroidered quite as well, might have been a prima donna in grand opera, played the piano and the guitar; was expert in keeping house and making a home; had a wonderful knowledge of plant life. Her beautiful garden, with an extraordinary variety of hyacinths, tulips, crocus, lilies of the valley, lilies, roses, foliage plants, dwarf and mammoth box ornamental shrubs, as well as of all the practical vegetables, fruits, berries, and melons, is a delicious memory never to be forgotten.

"I inclose you a photograph, as you request, of my very early childhood taken from a gold bracelet worn by my mother in which were miniatures of my father, my brother and myself.

Yours respectfully,
ROBERT L. OWEN."

GORDON W. LILLIE



GORDON W. LILLIE

Gordon W. Lillie, a little Kansas boy who has become the most romantic figure in Oklahoma life—linking as he does the old red west with the chastened country it has become today. He was acquainted with all the famous outlaws, had a circus with Buffalo Bill, led the Boomers into Oklahoma at the "opening", was a teacher of Pawnees, and has recently established the "Old Town" which is built to typify Oklahoma in pioneer days, though modern comforts for tourists, with a fifty year old saloon bar behind which is served "soft drinks", tables, arranged in the old trading post tavern, where barbecued buffalo and roast turkey are served. Major Lillie, himself, lives in a picturesque stone house on the top of Blue Hawk Peak, where one finds him a most entertaining host.

Quoting from the Cosmopolitan magazine: "It was on a late spring day in 1883 that Pawnee Bill first met Colonel Cody. Pawnee Bill, then a young interpreter of the Pawnee Indians, had been asked by Colonel Cody to bring to the Buffalo Bill show, a dozen Pawnee Indians. It was the first year of the Buffalo Bill outdoor show, and this meeting was the start of the warm and close friendship that lasted until Buffalo Bill's death, Jan. 10, 1917.

"Buffalo Bill was a very part of our national life. He was a shining example of courage and manhood and honor. He was the eternal hero of the beckoning west.

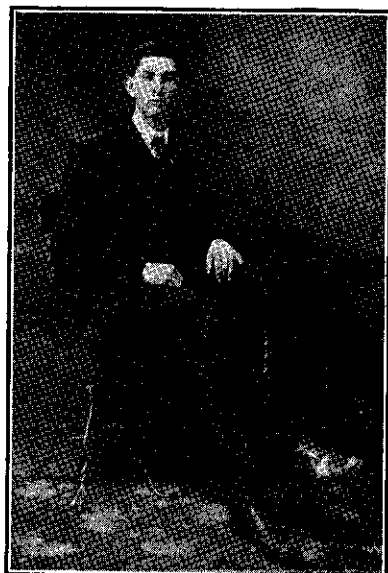
"And when he backed his white charger the length of the great arena and took the farewell salute, a certain something that had to do with romance, with youth, with the dream of life, backed out of our hearts and left us ever after."

Read—"Scouts, Leaders of the Old Red West" pages 576-584 in "Oklahoma Yesterday Today Tomorrow."



PAWNEE BILL and BUFFALO BILL

FRANK BUTTRAM



FRANK BUTTRAM AT AGE OF 18

Frank Buttram at the age of 18, a native Oklahoma son, who thru hard work and his own ingenuity in overcoming obstacles, has been called one of Oklahoma's Oil Kings. Early in life he found that if he attained any heights it was up to himself. He must work out his own problems. Laziness had no part in his boyhood, for ambition never thrives in a lazy boy, and Frank was determined to make something of himself. The first stepping stone was a third grade certificate at eighteen—the best looking paper he has ever seen. He decided to teach his home school to earn funds for further college work.

Frank's father was on the school board, but he told his son he would have to secure the place without any assistance from him. Mounting his old white horse he rode over to see the president of the board, who readily promised Frank the school, saying: "We will give you a seven month term, but can only pay thirty dollars a month." The man then tried to sell Frank a buggy and harness for \$35—telling him he could pay for it after his salary began. An idea presented itself to Frank, so he made the board chairman the proposition that if he would raise his salary to \$35 per month he would buy the buggy and harness. The deal was closed, and when he drove up to the house an hour later, his father asked why he had brought the buggy home. When the boy explained, his father said: "Well, I guess you will get along all right in this world, son."

This faculty of being able to think quickly and wisely has helped him to make a financial success. It caused him to outwit scheming Easterners who tried to crush him, when he was opening a new oil pool; it has made him decide to sell when the selling brought him a million dollar profit. Wise thinking made him a most successful regent of The University of Oklahoma—his Alma Mater, and right living has made him nationally known as a leader in the work of the Christian Church, and he was voted the most useful citizen of Oklahoma City in 1926.

In spite of his financial success, his active movements in civic and church affairs, Frank Buttram, typical of Oklahoma leaders, is still youthful, eager, enthusiastic. He had always had a desire to see beyond Oklahoma's boundary line. His wealth has made these dreams come true, and his family has shared with him the wonders of Europe, Asia and Africa, and the beauty spots of America.

He is interested in his city and state but his home comes first. Love and romance entered his life in college days, and the girl, Merle Newby, has proven to be the one woman in all the world for him. She shares his enthusiasm in making their home a place of artistic beauty with its famous paintings, oriental rugs and perfect statuary. But their magnificent home is not merely a place with "pic-

tures hung and gilded, it's a place where affection calls, a shrine the heart has builded."

Because of the insistence of his many friends, and for his state, Buttram allowed his name to be placed on the Democratic ticket for Governor in 1930, and though seasoned political veterans were in the race, too, he was in the finals with only one competitor, The Mighty "Sage of Tishomingo." It became a race of rich man against poor man, and the spirit of the times made the poor man victorious, though the campaign proved Buttram's popularity throughout the state he loved so well, and longed to serve in the fullest sense.

One of the high points that mark Mr. Buttram's success is the spirit in which he meets defeat. It reminds one of those lines of E. Vance Cooke:

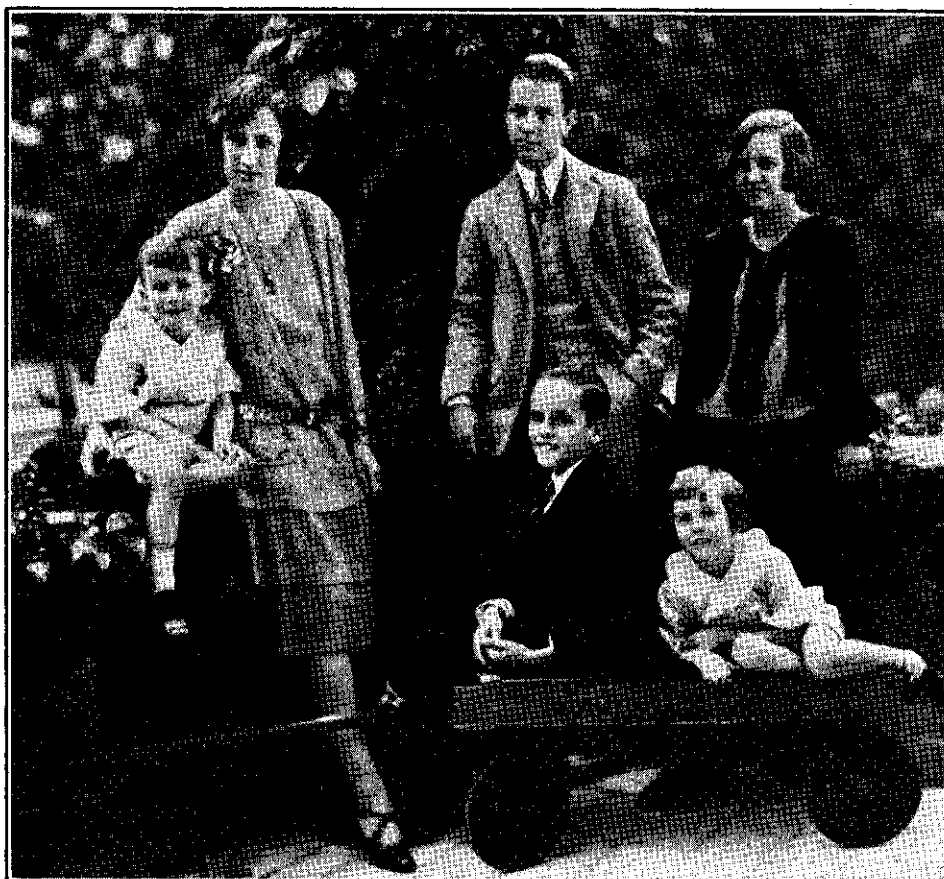
THE TEST OF LIFE*

"Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful? (He did).
Or hide your face from the light of day,
With a craven soul and fearful?
O, defeat is a ton, or defeat is an ounce,
Or defeat is what we make it.
It's not the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only, How did you take it?"

This poem was quoted over KVOO by Zandra—Voice of Wisdom, as his "Kind thought for today".

Though Mr. Buttram has made his money from oil, he is known more for his public works than for his success in the oil business. His efficient Regency at the University of Oklahoma placed our state University at the head of the ranks among schools. He has given generously of time, talent and finances toward making his city a livable place—the pride of the state. Good deeds shine far into a "naughty world." Even the President of the United States heard of our noble Oklahoman, and chose Mr. Buttram as a leader to bring Oklahoma out of her economic difficulties.

NOTE: Facts were gleaned from Rex Harlow's "Oklahoma Leaders."



Mrs. Buttram is a leader in club and church work, but with it all a wonderful mother to her five children, the eldest of whom Myron and Merle are twins. The others are Dorsey, Donald and Harold. The above picture was made on the lawn of the home at 601 West 14th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

BOYS OF YESTERDAY—LEADERS OF TODAY



ALVA J. NILES

Alva J. Niles, from bugler in Spanish American War at age of sixteen, to Brigadier General during the World War, are the titles that go with this young man. Cultivating a genial disposition along with a shrewd mind has made him a leader of men in finances in Oklahoma — banker and oil executive, as well as the state's best known military leader, having years ago organized the Oklahoma National Guard. We are proud to honor this noble Tulsan, who has proven his title to fame. A record of his World War service may be found in "O. Y. T. T."

Brigadier Gen. Alva J. Niles as bugler Company F, 21st Kansas Volunteer Infantry, War with Spain, 1898-'99. Enlisted with first call for volunteers at age of 16.

sas Volunteer Infantry, War with Spain, 1898-'99. Enlisted with first call for volunteers at age of 16.

CHARLES J. WRIGHTSMAN

Charles J. Wrightsman is the son of a Virginia minister who moved into the homestead region of the middle-west while Charles was a small lad. Charles graduated in 1890 from Georgetown Law School in Washington, D. C.



CHAS. J. WRIGHTSMAN

He attended at night working to pay expenses during the day. After graduation, returning home he found seven successive crop failures, mortgages, and sickness had brought the family to financial ruin. It was no time for a penniless youth to establish a practice in his profession. Like unto college grads of 1933, he had to take any job that offered itself to bring immediate cash for his family's needs. Such experiences have fitted him with sympathy for the jobless, with lasting appreciation for the good things that finally came his way, for he was numbered among Oklahoma's most successful oil men, for in the history of early oil development his name stands out as the discoverer of new pools.

In 1890 he commenced practice of law in Oklahoma City; in 1892 he was elected to the Territorial Senate; in 1893 was appointed County Attorney of Pawnee County upon opening of Cherokee Strip. He fought the fight of the pioneer lawyer in territorial days against lawlessness, wisely served on O. U. Board. He is a devoted student of economics and problems of government—a liberal or idealist in politics. In 1930 Mr. Wrightsman was a Democratic candidate for U. S. Senate.

His campaign was based upon the principles of equal rights and opportunities to all. Speaking of the result of this campaign, which was, indeed, disappointing to thousands of Oklahomans, in a personal interview with the author, Mr. Wrightsman said: "Victory is sweet to the great and the small; but the consciousness of a worthy undertaking honestly performed is dearer still to the mind that transcends selfish desire. Truly, our convictions are dearer to us than our ambitions."

ROBERT TERRY STUART

Oklahoma City



ROBERT T. STUART
the boy of yesterday

Robert Terry Stuart, a boy of yesterday who today is a leader in Oklahoma and Texas, was born on a ranch near Terrell in Kaufman County, Texas, in 1880. Robert Stuart was seven years old when the panic of 1887 wiped out the fortune of his father. The little seven year old boy seemed to realize the great disappointment which came to his father in the loss of the ranch, with its grassy hillsides and fat, sleek herds. This realization at that young age seemed to arouse in the child a determination to win, to succeed, as he exclaimed to his father, "Dad, I'll help you to make it back." This same determination has been a marked characteristic from that day to this.

Forty-four years later finds Robert Terry Stuart—affectionately called Bob by his many friends—a leader in business. He is president of the Mid-Continent Life Insurance Company, the largest insurance company in the state, with its home office in Oklahoma City. This company has grown from one with assets of \$200,000.00 in 1916, when it was purchased by Mr. Stuart and moved from Muskogee to Oklahoma City, to one with assets of \$5,000,000.00, with insurance in force of more than \$42,000,000.00 and operating throughout the Southwest.

He is president or chairman of half a dozen more important concerns.

Stuart owned and developed about 11,000 acres of citrus land in the Lower Rio Grande Valley near Harlingen, known as Stuart Place. Here is located his winter home with its beautifully landscaped grounds, its rows of stately palms, where flowers bloom all the year round.



Mr. Stuart is a lover of fine horses.

Young Stuart secured his early education by applied effort and hard work. The summer months found him in the harvest fields making money to continue his school work another year. Later he became a school teacher, selling insurance on Saturdays and studying law at night. But, Stuart was not destined to teach school. It was not long until the insurance business occupied his full time. On his desk in his beautiful private office at the Mid-Continent Life Building in Oklahoma City, are two loving cups which are the result of his efforts as an insurance salesman.

In 1909, at the age of twenty-nine years, Stuart was president of a million dollar corporation. In 1916 he began his association with the Mid-Continent Life Insurance Company, which institution has shown a most remarkable growth under his direction. It is now housed in its magnificent building in an exclusive residential district in Oklahoma City. The exterior of the building is of beautiful white limestone, with Italian marble throughout the interior, and with its lovely surroundings and beautiful landscaping it is one of the show spots of the southwest. Mr. Stuart is a forceful figure in state and national affairs, giving generously of time and money. To those who are not intimately associated with him he appears to be all business, but it has been said that his heart is as big as his body.

FROM SHEEP HERDER TO GOVERNOR



M. E. TRAPP

"In the days of soup-houses, big sleeves and mule - teams, when Guthrie was just the Santa Fe depot and a land office; when gas and oil, and zinc and lead were still the mystery and Osages married so many moons, there came to Oklahoma a boy, Martin Edwin Trapp," wrote Jennie H. Oliver.

"In those wild, raw days everybody, even small boys, toiled for the right of existence and so this boy found work on a blackjack farm, herding sheep. It may be that sheep-herding is something 'apart' — there were shepherds who saw a star in the east and perhaps, this small shepherd saw his own star — the star of empire — arising. Not consciously, for he was just a child; but utter soli-

tude is calculated to make even a child think and wonder.

"Among the scrub-brush of a strange land for the lone little plodder, there were hours and hours, day and night, in which to mark certain invincible forces: the strength of the sun and wind, the march of the seasons; the week-end, storm-ridden changes of the moon. These inevitable powers, he found, had to be met. If one would not freeze, he must swing his arms or an ax; if he would not starve, he must take his toll from the crude earth. And his occupation—if he kept that, he must surround it on all sides; he must be bigger than the job. As a sop from fate, there was the red smile of sunrise and the purple advance of evening through the 'sticks,' honied persimmons in their season; hilarious trails of the 'possum and the raccoon. Nature has a kind side, too.

"In the beginning, the ranchowner thought of the boy simply as a 'hand' too small, but somehow filling the place. Then he began to think about the boy. He told himself the Trapp boy wasn't a genius to try his hand at invention—he didn't even find any short cuts to make his work easier. But the boy did better than that—he liked what he did. If it happened to be the mending of a gap in the wire fence, that mending was the only thing worth while, until done.

Teaching school was his first step of progress, then an office in Logan County, the first to be held by a Democrat. Next in line he was state auditor during Haskell's administration.

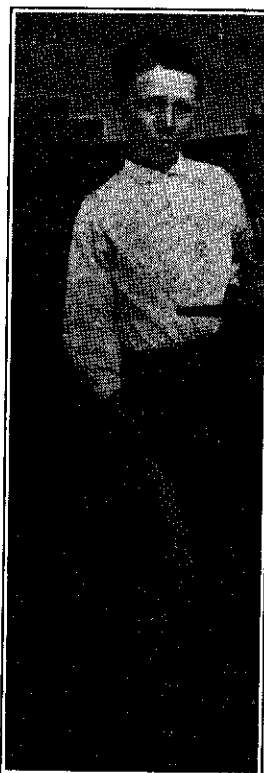
From 1915 to 1926 he held an executive position in the state, the last three years of that time, serving as Governor, filling the unexpired term of Governor Walton. A remarkable political feat that showed his popularity, as well as his superior ability, was the fact that for three successive terms he had held the office of Lieutenant Governor.

Ed Trapp had a thorough knowledge of parliamentary procedure, and an unusual capacity for governing men. The affairs of the state ran along with smoothness and serenity under his master leadership.

He was a champion of what was right in the face of any opposition. From childhood up, he had been thorough in any job that fell to his lot. His administration was marked with constructive ideas and acts. At the close of his term of office the papers of the state were filled with praise of his work. Many editors said that he was the best Governor Oklahoma ever had.

He was widely commended for his restoration of respect for law through his pardon and parole policy; his record in building roads, or the accomplishments of the highway department, and his sound, conservative appointments.

FROM CLERK IN A VILLAGE STORE TO NATIONALLY KNOWN CITY MERCHANT



WILLIAM A. VANDEVER

William A. Vandever, an Illinois boy who decided in his youth he would one day be a great merchant. The first stepping stone toward making his dream come true was in the general store in his little home town, Irving, Illinois, later in St. Louis until he became buyer for a city store.

It was in the fall of 1902 that he came to Fayetteville, Ark., as an employee of the Beane-McMillan store. Learning that the government was going to divide the land of the Cherokee nation and establish a land office at Tahlequah, B. C. Beane and Mr. Vandever formed a partnership and Vandever moved to Tahlequah where he conducted a small business during the year of 1903.

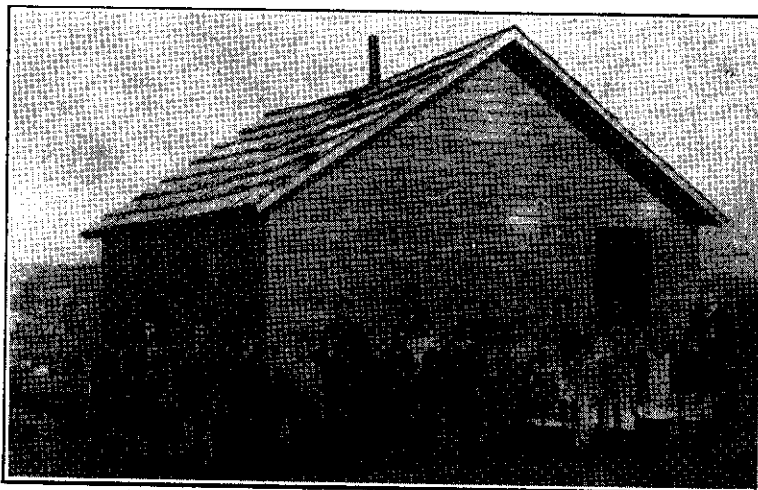
This store was moved by the partners to Tulsa in 1904 and opened at 109-111 S. Main st., in the building now occupied by Dick Bardon. The building was the pride of the city and attracted considerable attention to the two men who were brave enough to fill a whole store with drygoods in the then scraggly little town.

Later he was joined by his brothers. (Their story will be found in "Famous Brothers")

There came a proud day in 1924 when the brothers moved into their new building at Fifth and Boston, where they now occupy seven floors of selling space. Bill Vandever, as president of the company, has been in constant touch with every detail of the store and guided it through "the lean and the fat" days of business.

Enterprise and progressiveness have caused him to develop new opportunities and reach into new fields of endeavor. He is an enthusiastic worker for civic betterment and a liberal contributor to every worthy cause that is put forth in the name of charity or religion. He finds delight in aiding young men and women in their search for schooling. Coming to the southwest and casting his lot with the early residents of Tulsa, he has been a contributing factor to the upbuilding of Tulsa, and is today one of her most noble and prominent men.

A big event of his life occurred in 1900. He married Marie Delmore of St. Louis. They have reared two fine boys who are Archie Williams and Gaylord Halleck.



M. E. TRAPP, A TEACHER AT 19, IN COYLE, OKLAHOMA

W. C. KITE

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN OF THE YESTERDAYS



W. C. KITE
in the Yesterdays

Among the boys of yesterday whose life should be as a challenge to the boys of today, is that of W. C. Kite.

Today he is a geologist, a politician, a "big brother" and a business man.

W. C. was born in Stillwater, two and a half years after Western Oklahoma was opened to white settlement, and two years before the opening of the "Cherokee Strip." His father, Ambrose Hinkle Kite, entered that memorable race for a home in 1893, and succeeded in staking a claim to the north of Perry. Here W. C. lived for four years, moving into Perry, when the farm was sold.

Colorful incidents marched in panorama before the eyes of the Oklahoma boy—each day was exciting, for often he saw the men he had heard so many stories about—the cowboys that shot out the lights and the Dalton boys that frequented the place. All that kept him from being a cowboy was the education

his father gave him. While attending school, there was no time for much mischief for the fun-loving youth.

Being a large boy, with an athletic figure, they soon had him in the thick of things on the athletic field and in his Junior and Senior years, he was Captain of the football team in high school. In 1912 he entered A. & M. College as a Sophomore, and again made a record in football for the Aggie team.

In 1914, upon entering University of Oklahoma, he broke his shoulder in early practice, so was unable to try for a place on the football team, but was made President of his class, as he had been at Stillwater the first year.

His love for, and progress in the study of geology, soon won for him a place as assistant teacher in Mr. Taylor's department. He was made sole geologist in Mr. Marland's organization in Ponca City, while he still lacked one half year University work. From this and other work as a consulting geologist, he obtained finances to finish his college course.

He launched into business for himself, as a consulting geologist. He had been called to the oil fields of South America when America entered the World War. He heard the "Call of Columbia" and volunteered. He was studying to be an aviator when the Armistice was signed.

After the war, he continued his work as geologist and launched into the royalty business, then added banking to his interests when he became a director of the Farmer's National Bank in Oklahoma City.

He has served for a number of years on the Board of Regents of the State University.

In 1918 Maude Bandel became his wife. His two children are William Casper Jr. and James Bandle. They reside at 1536 West Thirty-seventh St.

FROM FARMER BOY TO U. S. SENATOR, J. W. Harreld

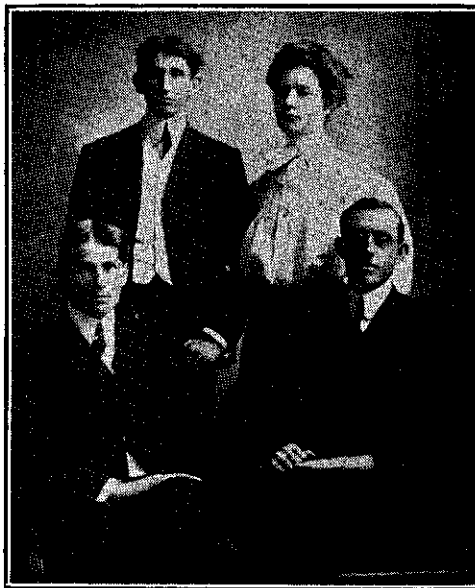
John Harreld, the boy from Kentucky. His parents came to Kentucky in 1787 with Daniel Boone. John was born in a log cabin. Being large for his age, he was plowing corn at the age of seven, and a little later he cradled wheat, ground sugar cane, and raised tobacco. One of the neighbor's daughters married a college professor, who sent them money to buy otherwise unobtainable books. John and his pal let the other boys play silly games, while they were editors, literally devour-



JOHN HARRELD OF YESTERDAY

Oklahomans elected him to Congress in 1919. In 1920 he was the first Republican to gain the United States Senate from Oklahoma, serving from 1921-'27.

Rising From Extreme Poverty to a Place in the U. S. President's Cabinet—Patrick J. Hurley



These four comprised the staff of the "Baconian", the Annual published by Bacone College:
Standing: Robert A. Crowell, Alice Smith.
Sitting: Pat Hurley, Rev. Morse, also a student.
(Photograph furnished by Mrs. Amelia Crowell Johnson.)

Among the many important things that were accomplished in nearly a century of living, by the fine old missionary, Rev. Morrow, was his discovery of a bright lad, Patrick J. Hurley. In 1900 he persuaded Pat to enter the Baptist School for Indians, Bacone College.

Like most of our American boys of yesterday who have attained fame today, Pat worked his way through school. There was very little doing about the campus or buildings in which he did not have a part. During the five years before graduation, the keen Irish wit, the strong char-

acter of the youth that made him faithful to every trust, made him beyond doubt, the most popular student of the College. After graduation in 1905, he studied law in Washington, and completed his course at George Washington, in 1912. Hurley proved his friendship for the Indians by the distinguished ability with which he served them for five years, as National Attorney for the Choctaw Nation. The service he rendered his country during the World War has made him one of Oklahoma's most honored men, for no man in all America answered the call of the bugles with a more genuine ardor than Pat Hurley, and none showed more gallantry on the ensanguined field. So it was in the book of destiny for him to be found at the close of the war, a Lieutenant Colonel. It was thru Hurley's untinted work in the campaign of 1928 that Hoover gained such a majority in Oklahoma. All of Oklahoma felt honored, when, Hoover in his turn, a year later, appointed Colonel Hurley as Secretary of War, making him Oklahoma's first man to be favored with a cabinet appointment.

ing all the good books the college man sent, and though their editorials, fiction and poetry they wrote, never saw print, it did not lessen the thrill of achievement.

At seventeen John's father told him he was a free man and could shift for himself. With the money from a tobacco crop he attended high school, and taught a country school, then back to school again. He alternated in this way until his education was finished. In 1903 with a wife, baby son and \$2500 he moved to Ardmore, Indian Territory. With thriving oil leases his funds soon increased one hundred fold.

A BOY OF YESTERDAY—A LEADER AMONG MEN TODAY

WILLIAM GROVE SKELLY

"Be diligent in business, and ye shall stand before Kings", quoth the wise man. To this proverb may be added—"If in that business you ever keep before you a definite goal, and your best plans, your most energetic efforts are ever bent toward one single purpose—not only shall you stand before kings, yea, verily you shall yourself be a King, shall don the crown of success." This saying has been verified in the life of one of our own oil Kings—William Grove Skelly.

"Big Bill Skelly" himself says: "Never in the history of American industry has there been a greater demand for young people, and never before have they had a greater opportunity to make connections with industry, but this is the day of specialization, the trained specialized mind is in universal demand. Every industry today is a training school, where the man below is being equipped to become the man above—the non-progressive go down and the progressive go up."

Back in a little Pennsylvania town in 1878, a busy mother tenderly tucks the covers around the fourth added gift to the home. Dreams—dear golden dreams for the future of this beautiful brown-eyed baby, fill her heart as she busies herself about the many household duties—for a thrifty woman is Mrs. William Skelly, Senior.

In such a brief space of time little Bill Junior was able to accompany his father to the great oil fields one hundred miles away, which seemed life's greatest adventure to him. His boyish mind began then to make plans for the day when he would have a legal interest in an oil field. While other boys made kites, he whittled sticks for miniature oil derricks.

But he did not dream idly of being a great oil man. His mother kept before his active mind the great men of history, and made him realize they made their companions respect them for their diligence in study—no dullard ever led in any line—so Bill became a student. Friends were gained through friendliness. Bill cultivated the art of ever saying a good word about those mentioned in his presence—soon he had dozens of allies who would stick to him through clear or stormy weather. To be a welcomed companion one must be entertaining. There was enough Irish in his makeup, even in those early days, to account for the comic streak in his nature, the twinkle in his merry brown eyes. He became noted for his good stories. His superior strength and ability at sports made him a great favorite on the play ground.

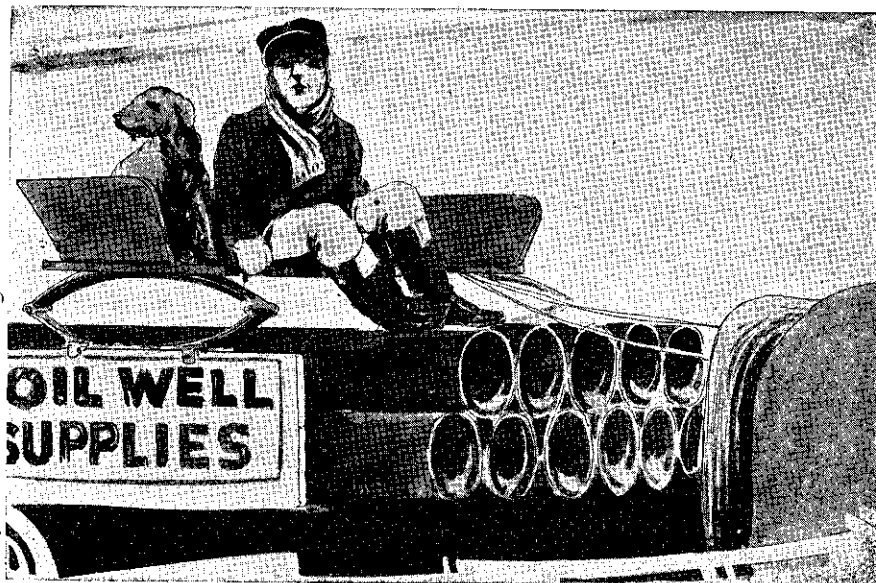
But not only must he study, be friendly and entertaining, he must learn to earn his way in the world. He was proud, but not too proud to sell papers, to shovel snow from door-steps.

After he had finished school at Erie, and had graduated from Clark's Business College, at sixteen he ventured out to earn his own way. The Oil Well Supply Company at Oil City, Pa., seemed to beckon to him, and though in 1894 he "bummed" a ride to that city on a freight train, he landed a job which he held for six years. Herein lies the secret of his success. He thoroughly mastered the oil business, the goal of his ambitions, in these years of labor. Here he came in contact with every phase of the oil game, from the work of the well dressed office man to that of the roughly garbed tool dresser.

He knew the successful man was the one to emulate, so he learned something from all he met. Some day he would organize an oil company of his own. Did he succeed—And How!—(as the modern school boy would phrase it.)

He has been chief executive of National Oil Fraternities, and head of innumerable organizations. Every university game at the immense Skelly Stadium is a reminder of Mr. Skelly's generosity.

Today one of the most noted oil men in the United States, this honored Tulsan was awarded the silver trophy in January 1929, as the most useful citizen in 1928.



BILL SKELLY—the boy. Failing to secure a boyhood photo, a Tulsa artist over indulgent in his desire for a robust youth, sketched an imaginary Bill—just a bit too husky.

MERLE PRUNTY



MERLE C. PRUNTY at 7

A man of today whose clean life, high ideals and magnetic personality has marked a trail toward success for thousands of students.

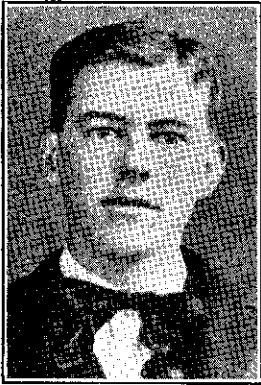
When Mrs. Alonzo Prunty knotted the big bow tie under the chin of little Merle, dressing him for Sunday School, and looked into the big, intelligent brown eyes, she knew that with proper preparation he could one day be a leader in the world of men. Little did she dream that 39 years later a mechanical device would let her son's voice be heard telling the world of a U. S. President's wonderful deeds, or of Tulsa's nationally known Educational System, of which he is head.

Merle's father was a stock raiser and farmer in Kansas where he homesteaded in 1874, living on the same site for sixty years. Young Merle plodded over the four miles to and from the little school house. He decided early in life to become a teacher, working toward this goal. Sixteen years ago when he accepted the Principalship at Tulsa High School, the enrollment was 850 students. Now, as Superintendent, he can well look with pride at the more than quadrupled increase, and the enlarged building, housing the third largest high school in the United States.

If Doctor Prunty could publish some lines for all American boys to read, perhaps they would be these of Edgar Guest's:

"You may lose today, and may lose again
But so long as you don't stay down,
When hope seems gone, but still you fight on,
You may some day gain the crown.
From your failures rise to start anew
You're not lost 'till you're downed at Waterloo.
Tho' battered and bruised and faint and sore
Hold on for another day. Don't lie in the dust
Until you must. Don't quit when the skies are gray,
You'll be proud of the hardships you've been thru,
If you win your battle at Waterloo."

JOSEPH IRWIN CROMWELL



JOSEPH IRWIN CROMWELL
As he appeared yesterday

Not alone by reason of an illustrious ancestry is Joseph Irwin Cromwell an outstanding character of the State of Oklahoma, but in his own right as citizen, man of affairs, and as one of the most successful business executives and oil producers that Oklahoma has ever had, he stands pre-eminent.

That branch of the illustrious English family of Cromwell of which the subject of this sketch is a scion, was established in America by Thomas Ireton Cromwell, a grandson of Oliver Cromwell, Lord High Protector of England. This early English settler in Colonial Maryland was a direct forebear of our citizen, Joseph Irwin Cromwell. Generations characterized not only by service in the Revolutionary War but by eminent attainments in the field of jurisprudence and other ranking professions, through both maternal and paternal ancestors, Mr. Cromwell might well be said to have received a heritage amply equipping him for his present-day attainments. Certainly the portents of the stars failed him not.

Coming to Muskogee in 1902, from Kansas, in which state he was born, Mr. Cromwell entered Government Service at the Indian Agency as a stenographer. Easy and quick promotion followed. He was appointed assistant postmaster in the Muskogee office, then, after a few years, becoming interested in oil development, which was in consonance with the spirit of the times, he began those activities as an oil operator that have continued and with such marked success, up to the present day.

Since 1916, it is a matter of record that Mr. Cromwell has discovered and developed seven (7) oil pools, the largest of these being the Cromwell and the Oklahoma County pools.

The Cromwell pool, opened in 1923, ranks in oil history as the first pool opened in Seminole County, opening the way as it did, to an activity recognized as one of vast import not only to the two counties involved, Seminole and Oklahoma, but to the entire section of country surrounding it.

Mr. Cromwell is now president of the Cromwell-Franklin Oil Co., and its subsidiary, the Capitol Drilling Co., and also of the York Petroleum Co.

In addition to his official positions in the oil world, he is a director of the First National Bank and the First Trust and Savings Bank of Tulsa, Okla. He is well versed, naturally, on financial



MRS. CROMWELL AND SON

problems at large, and is an authority on the problems of conservation and production of petroleum—on the conservation movement in all its phases.

A member of the National Council of Boy Scouts of America, he is also actively identified with the Baptist Church at Muskogee, having served this organization not only in lay matters but officially, and with fidelity and zeal.

He was married at Topeka, Kansas in 1898, to Miss Mabel York, two sons having been born of this union. The elder, Robert Cromwell is now deceased, and the second, Joseph W., is a cadet at New Mexico Military Institute.

The family residence is maintained at Muskogee, Okla.

Mabel York, after whom the York Petroleum Company was named, became the wife of Mr. Cromwell, Sept. 14, 1898 at Topeka, Kansas.

WALTER M. HARRISON

Walter M. Harrison, managing editor of the Daily Oklahoman and the Oklahoma City Times, is a native of Kentucky. Successively on the staffs of the San Francisco Call, the Winnipeg, Canada Tribune, and the Minneapolis Tribune. He assumed his present position in March, 1916. He was president of the National Editorial Association in 1928 and 1929.

When in April 1929 Walter Harrison of Oklahoma City was re-elected president of the American Society of newspaper Editors, the most important newspaperman's office in the United States, the "United States Publisher" printed an article headed: Walter M. Harrison stands for Clean Journalism." We quote some interesting parts of this article:

"The story of Walter M. Harrison is a kind of Horatio Alger story. It is the story of a self-made man who did a mighty fine job of self-making. Just 40 years ago he became acquainted with his excellent parents in Breckenridge County, Kentucky. They were and are most excellent people, but all the circumstances combined to make their bairn the architect of his own fortune.

"While still a lad Walter was living in Des Moines, whence his father, Gilbert Harrison, who was a British-born Kentucky horseman, had followed his profession. Of course the lad became a Des Moines newsboy and equally of course he became the best on the lot. Next he was a cub reporter on the Sioux City Journal. And here he was "too smart"—he lost his reporterial job.

"It all resulted from his facetious addition to a funeral story of the unhappy words, "A good time was had by all." Of course he expected the editor to blue pencil the objectionable words, but the editor failed to do his Nelson. The words came out in the printed column, and Harrison and the paper hit the street at the same moment; the latter looking for readers and the former looking for a job.

"He found the job back in Des Moines on the Des Moines Register. Here he made more than doubly good. He started as a legislative reporter. He wrote a column that showed brilliance. And here he met and loved and married vivacious Anne Waters, a Chicago girl who was working as an artist in the Iowa Capital.

"Soon the Golden West was calling and Walter Harrison and family were in San Francisco, where the head of the family was holding a high position with the San Francisco Call."

Next it was Canada, then Minneapolis, as Editor of the Minneapolis Tribune. Here in 1916 the Oklahoma Publishing Company found him, and added his name to its impressive payroll. Not only has he been Managing Editor of his Company's two big dailies but he has written a column of "Tiny Times" editorial matter for six days in the week. He has worked in Rotary and has been its local president. He has been a leading and militant churchman. He has served for years on the city board of adjustment. He is an officer in the reserve. He has spoken before clubs and societies and conventions. He has delivered commencement addresses and has become a major toastmaster. And he is now the father of five children. His happy home is his real life interest.

Mrs. Cromwell was not a mere wife but a real business pal as well, and Mr. Cromwell's devotion to her was a beautiful thing to see. Her work in the Missionary Society of the First Baptist Church in Muskogee was outstanding, and her contributions, with Mr. Cromwell's, toward the Baptist Hospital of that city, and other gifts to charity, will make a monument to the memory of this sweet Christian lady who so recently passed to her reward—to the city "not made with hands."



Walter Munford Harrison at 16

— IN MEMORIAM —

Here let us pause to remember reverently two boys of the yesterdays, who became the noblest among Oklahoma men of today—boys whose lives ran parallel as citizens of our state. Their valorous deeds for the upbuilding of the State were written so largely in the financial institutions of the State—one with the master-mind of an organizer, a financier who led his subordinates to success, the other with his facile pen that immortalized the things around him; both with footprints so indenting the paths to worthy things that the youths of today can safely follow—that those who read this will not need to ask their names. Of course, they are Bob Brewer and Omer K. Benedict.

Both of these men came to Oklahoma as youngsters; both were sons of devout Christians; Brewer's father being a missionary to the Indians, Benedicts's a staunch Quaker.

As a youth one was under gentle influences, thrown mostly with girls who attended the school his father taught, and made him their pet, yet it was the time when the desperadoes were the most daring, the life of an Indian Territory village most colorful, so he had a real boy's thirst for adventure. The other first attended school in a dugout in Kansas, was hidden in a canyon from Wild Indians, was in a border town where men were shot down on the street, and cow thieves were seen dangled to a rope. He heard daily stories about the boomer colonies being formed to go to the new country, Oklahoma. It seemed the families of every boy he knew was to get to go to the opening, and leave him there to do the neighborhood chores, and carry quilting frames around the village.

At fourteen, Bob Brewer was sent to Webb College, one of the most excellent schools of the South, then to Vanderbilt, where he won a fellowship. Later he entered Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas, where he was a leader in athletics as well as literary fields. (His fraternity was Phi Delta Theta, of which he was National President in 1925 and '26.) Here he prepared himself for the useful life that followed.

At fourteen, Benedict ran away from home to become an Oklahoma "boomer." He was on the cowcatcher of the third train as it left the border, awaiting the firing of the soldiers' carbine heralding the hour of noon, when the race for homes began. He thrilled with the adventure of the life—he was a part of something big and new. He entered every "opening"—there were five—and finally got some land of his own, which was deeded to his wife, for he had found a real companion.

Then both of these men started their life work: one to build up a strong financial background for the new state, organizing and becoming President of more banks than has been the record of any one man. The other recorded the deeds of state builders in his many newspapers that he established, being president of the first Press Association of Oklahoma. One continued as a financier, helping put on a strong footing Tulsa's largest banks, being President and Chairman of the Board of each, in turn. In 1929, he was made Vice President of the Chatham Phoenix National, of New York. Then he and the woman who had shared his triumphs, Lucille Barnett, whom he had married in 1901, left their friends, who were legion, and their married children, Robert, Jr., and Betty Brewer Russell, to go to the big city. Mr. Brewer's life here proved too strenuous—broken health brought him home to Tulsa.

In the meantime, Omer K. Benedict had become Postmaster at Tulsa, had entered the gubernatorial race, which he would have won, had not his party, Republican, been in the minority. Then he started banking connections, with the First National in Tulsa, since 1926 being Vice President. He was so efficient in his leadership, he was made President or Chairman of every organization or committee that was formed, doing, too, strenuous work as publicity director of a great institution, which was more than a constitution of iron could endure.

Then, in the summer of 1933, these two grand men who had helped in every worthy cause toward the progress of their state and city, heard their Master's voice—"It is enough. Come rest in the shade of the Tree of Life"—and Oklahomans are still saddened at the thought that no more in our midst will be seen the cheery smiles of

ROBERT PAINE BREWER

and

OMER K. BENEDICT

(Author's Note: Mr. Brewer had planned to write the history of banking for my Oklahoma Yesterday Today Tomorrow." Mr. Benedict had said: "Some day you and I will write a real history of Oklahoma." —Mrs. Dan Morris.)

INTRODUCING OKLAHOMA'S FAMOUS BROTHERS

As a tribute to the Men, who, as Brothers, have won their way to fame, not alone for themselves, but for their State as well, the following stories have been compiled.

If asked individually, these brothers would attribute their success to having lived up to the creed that was Roosevelt's: "I believe in honesty, sincerity, and the square deal; in making up one's mind what to do—and doing it."

THE VANDEVER BROTHERS

The House of Vandever is composed of five stalwart men. If we searched the United States, could we find a more splendid group of brothers than those pictured here? Arranged according to their years: William A., Charles, Voris, Gary and Vern Vandever.

Of course there are brothers and brothers, but seldom do we find five that can agree on one line of business, and become partners, and remain partners through years of successful pulling together.

The faith of five men in the small "cow town" that did not betray their trust, and a fascinating story of the romance of business is recalled by Vandever brothers' silver jubilee celebrated in April, 1929.

Passed Up Cooper Trade

The boys were born in Irving, Ill., a village of 500, located in the heart of the apple country 80 miles from St. Louis, where their father was a cooper, operating one of the largest barrel factories in the section. Early in life the boys were required to take up a trade and Vern was the only one who followed in the footsteps of his father mastering the cooper trade, the others took up other lines of business.

William Arthur Vandever, president of Vandever's drygoods store is leader of the brothers. They bow to his wishes and love him as only men so securely bound together through affection, understanding and loyalty can. He is known to his Rotarian and other friends as "Bill."

Gary Y. Vandever came here for the first time in 1904. After a short visit here with his brother, he went home but returned to Tulsa in the fall.

"Only the old-timers who were here then can realize what an amazing change has come to Tulsa during the last 30 years," he said. "The streets were muddy or dusty, according to the weather. There were no paved sidewalks. My room in Tulsa was in a little house at Third and Boston, where the Daniels building now stands. My landlord was a farmer who went to work early each morning. An old bored well, with a pulley and rope, was just under my window. The farmer would awaken me every morning when he was getting ready to go to the farm by drawing up water from that old well."

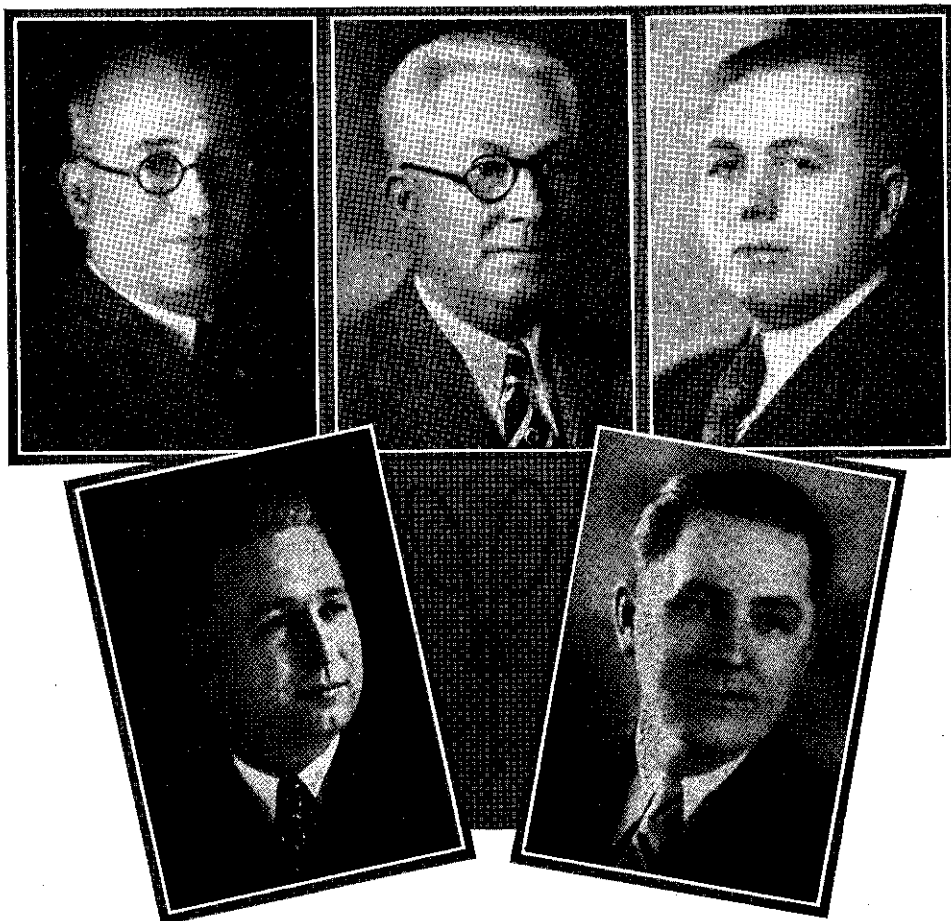
That winter Gary worked in his brother's store for a while. He also worked as messenger for the American Express Co., for a time. He was the only deliveryman, and during his employment with the company collected and delivered every piece of express sent or received by Tulsans.

The following year he returned to Irving to complete his high school work, and it was in 1906 that he took his place in the store, as a stockholder. He is now vice-president of the company.

He has contributed much to the building of the store and filled a large place in the civic life of the community. He has been elected to the office of president of the Tulsa Retail Merchants association several times, and a director of the Co-operative club.

He was married to Allene Vawter of Columbia, Mo., in 1914 and they have three children, Betty Lou, William Gary, and Geraldine.

The next brother to join "Bill" was Charles Vandever who is the second of the five brothers in point of years and only



In Union There is Strength.

four years younger than Bill. Although he came to Tulsa in 1906 it was not until 1910 that he bought an interest in the store and assumed an active part in the management and work of the store.

Luella Marshall of Glenn Elder, Kan., became his bride during his first year in Tulsa. To them have been born two children, Martha and Pauline, both of whom are now among the popular members of Tulsa's younger society group.

Charles is secretary and treasurer of Vandever's and an active member of the Kiwanis club. Like his brothers, Bill and Gary, he is a member of the First Christian church.

Voris, the next to the youngest of the brothers, who was born May 12, 1887, came to Tulsa in the spring of 1908 with two ambitions, to join his brothers in the store and to gather a business education in addition to his high school training.

He succeeded in both ambitions and today holds the distinction of being one of the three first graduates from the Tulsa Business College. He was a member of the class of 1910, in which there were but two other students, Miss Doris Bliss (now Mrs. Guy Parris) and W. B. Frederick, jr.

Then came the day for which all had dreamed and worked, the brothers bought the store and thus created the now well-known Vandever's store. This was in the spring of 1912.

It is without fear of contradiction that many point to the work of Voris as a great factor in the success of the store. For Tulsans and many Oklahomans, and not a few from other states, look upon him as an authority in milady's wardrobe, and he has ample foundation for this reputation.

Voris joined the army during the World War and served

in France, and his brothers marked time in the business world in much the same way other business men did, giving the best of their energy to service for their country.

Returning to Tulsa at the close of the war he began his work where it had been interrupted and started the building of a splendid dress and coat department. Throughout the years this department has been his particular pride.

He was married to May Harris, a Tulsa girl, in 1922 and the children born to them are Sarah Lee, Vincent, and Patricia Mae.

The last but not least addition to the firm of brothers was that of Vern, the "baby brother" who had reached the proud estate of young manhood. He came the year the family took over the store and from the first interested himself in the children's department where he now is the guiding spirit for the company.

He was born October 16, 1892. During vacations and after finishing his high school education, Vern worked with his father in his cooperage business.

In 1916 he married Maude Handley and they have three children, Eleanor, Lottie and Elizabeth Ann.

Perhaps you are saying: "Yes, it is a splendid thing for five brothers to remain in accord twenty-five years, and build up a thriving trade in fastidious and fashionable Tulsa, but where does the fame come in? You said you were dealing with 'famous' brothers, not merely successful brothers."

It was in 1926 when Tulsa, sponsored by Tulsa Tribune, sent her loveliest daughter, Norma Smallwood, to enter the Beauty Pageant in Atlantic City, the Vandever brothers furnishing the clothes to adorn this fair lady. Voris searched the Eastern apparel shops for a winner's costume. He succeeded, for Miss Tulsa was outfitted in such gorgeous array that she was chosen the prettiest girl in America in evening dress, the day before she won the title of "Miss America." Not only was this an honor for Vandever's but a real jewel to be added to Oklahoma's diadem of achievement!

But this was not all. The next year the evening gown chosen for a "Miss Tulsa"—Virginia Howard,—one of the

charming Howard twins, won again. To be the wearer of the prettiest evening gown in America is a great distinction to a beauty, but is it not also a real tribute to superior artistry to be able to outclass twice, the great buyers of the famous eastern cities that lead in the world of fashion?

Free advertising in distinguished magazines, mail that would have turned the heads of less sensible men, poured into the business office of the Vandever store, but they go on buying the best the markets afford for other Tulsa beauties and their less fortunate sisters. They are happy in the thought that they can serve their Magic City, not only for Beauty Pageants, but every one of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.



NORMA SMALLWOOD



VIRGINIA HOWARD

"Caught" by the camera man with the "goods on them"—showing Vandever fame as buyers of feminine apparel.

Norma Smallwood, "Miss Tulsa" and "Miss America" 1926. Virginia Howard, "Miss Tulsa" 1927 in gowns that won them the titles, "Prettiest girls in America in evening dress."



FRANK PHILLIPS



WAITE PHILLIPS



L. E. PHILLIPS

THE FAMOUS PHILLIPS BROTHERS

"The Phillips Brothers. Frank, L. E., and Waite have been actively engaged in the oil business and in banking for many years. Their interests spread throughout the United States and they are as well known in eastern financial circles as here, but Oklahoma still remains their home and the center of their operations. Waite Phillips has his headquarters in Tulsa, while Frank and L. E. are located at Bartlesville, the home of the Phillips Petroleum Company."

THE RAMSEY BROTHERS

By BEULAH H. CURETON.



WALTER R. RAMSEY



WILLIAM EDWARD RAMSEY

PALS OF THE YESTERDAYS—PARTNERS OF TODAY

The Ramsey Brothers, William Edward and W. R., were born near Gainesville, Texas, but have resided in Oklahoma since the early date of 1887, when their parents came to the territory, and have experienced all the hardships and joys incidental to success, when achieved by forging one's way from the bottom to the top.

Wm. Edward Ramsey started his career in Ardmore as a shoe-clerk. Gave this up to enter the Healdton oil fields as a "rough neck", and passed through the different experiences of tool dresser, driller and lease man.

He is a partner in the Ramsey Petroleum Corporation and he and his wife divide their time between their two homes, one in Oklahoma City and the other in Los Angeles,

Calif., where the Ramsey Brothers also have extensive holdings.

As to the colorful career of W. R. Ramsey, this can best be expressed in his own words:

"As a boy, I lived on a farm and cattle ranch in the Indian Territory, that is now a part of the State of Oklahoma. During that time, this country was quite wild and very much of a pioneer country. My parents in fact, paid for a permit to the Indian Government at Tishomingo to live there.

"I spent my early days in a log cabin as that was the only type of house the pioneer had in those days. We used to ride the cattle ranges quite often, sleeping on the prairie at night and using our saddle blankets as covers and our saddles as pillows. There were no large cities or towns in this country at that time. Anything in the way of civilization was quite a curiosity to me. I remember quite well, the first circus at Ardmore, Oklahoma; I drove some thirty miles to see it.

"My parents were very poor and I considered that I had a fortune to spend if I had as much as entrance fee to the show and fifty cents extra. We would stay in the wagon yard at night, as we would drive to town in a covered wagon.

"My schooling was sadly neglected as we had no schools in those days. What little schooling we had, was in a log

school house and we would walk some three miles to attend school.

"All of this while, I had a determination to accomplish something and finally left the cattle ranch and farm at the age of 16 years and attended business college at Gainesville, Texas, in the way of taking a business course. Not having any money, I waited tables and sold newspapers to pay my expenses. After this was accomplished, I decided I wanted to go in the banking business. I had no influence with influential friends, not having any acquaintances in the business world, so I took the bank directory and made application to all of the banks in the state, receiving only one reasonably favorable reply, and I took my earthly possessions, which were few, as I could carry them under one arm, and immediately went to this bank, which was then in what is known as the Kiowa-Comanche Indian Reservation at Apache, Oklahoma. I went to work in the First National Bank, stayed there two and one-half years and to improve my situation, secured a position in the Oklahoma City National Bank at Oklahoma City, at a very meagre salary; stayed with this job until I became active Vice-President of one of the largest banks then in Oklahoma City, the capital of the state.

"During and after this time, I realized the great opportunities in the oil business and played the oil game in a small way, until I gradually built up and

could make several sales and did make them for several million dollars. I have drilled hundreds of wells in the Mid-Continent field and of course, have had many disappointments along with the success I had, but always carried on with a determination to win. Continual hard work, persistence and proper application enabled me to succeed.

"The first money that I ever earned, individually, was picking cotton at 75c per hundred, southwest of the town of Ardmore. I also engaged in the real estate business in Oklahoma City, along with my other duties while I was in the bank and working on the oil business. When I was working in the bank, I would spend week ends selling life insur-



W. E. RAMSEY

ance and buying and selling land."

Today his office is in his own sky-scraper—the tallest in the state, and one of the finest in the Southwest.

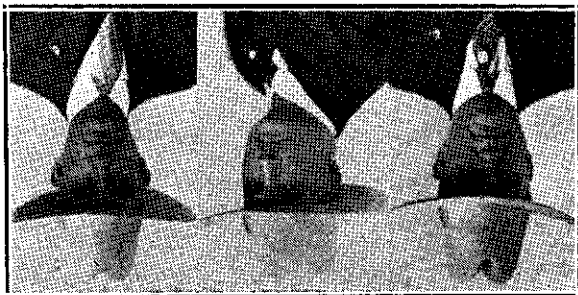
W. R. was married in 1909 and has three lovely children, two boys and one girl. His mother lives with him in his Oklahoma City home, which is one of the show places, due in part to its beautifully landscaped yard. Mr. Ramsey's love for shrubs, plants and outdoor life is also typified in his extensive country estate on Lake Overholser, twelve miles from Oklahoma City.

Most of his wealth having been made in Oklahoma he believes in using it in greater part toward civic improvement, hence we find him foremost in all charity and civic activities. He is a large contributor toward the new Y. W. C. A. building, and the construction of the imposing thirty-three story Ramsey Tower enhances the beauty of Oklahoma City's skyline.

As to how it is possible to rise from poverty and obscurity without money or friends, to this state of prominence in a community, Mr. Ramsey's slogans to young men are well worth quoting: "Keep your eyes open." "Get in location that offers opportunities and seek acquaintances among the leading

THE FAMOUS MILLER BROTHERS OF THE 101 RANCH

one day be Oklahoma Folk Lore, and Ranch Life" section of "Oklahoma Yesterday Today Tomorrow." This year of depression has hit the 101 Ranch a hard blow, but brave Zack says he has not been "knocked out." The Ranch will come back to its old-time place as Oklahoma's most prosperous Es-tate.



GEORGE

JOE

ZACK

There were three, but Joe, the eldest, and George, the youngest, trail, leaving Zack (the first in this picture), the middle of the trio in age, to fight his battles alone. The story of Zack's part in Oklahoma's most famous ranch—the ranch that is the connecting link between the romantic West and modern civilization, the cowboy life that will

JOSEPH C. MILLER, The White Chief of the Poncas

requested that he attend the Sun Dance, "just like Indian" as

they phrased it.

Accordingly Mr. Miller, knowing that his Indian friends

would be offended by a refusal of their invitation, arrayed

himself in an Indian costume of much splendor. This costume

was the gift of a squaw, whose patient hands had wrought

each design in beads and colored quills of the porcupine. To

complete the effect the cattleman sacrificed his mustache and

painted his face. By a fortunate choice of design he painted his

face after the design used by the late Chief Little Standing

of Buffalo. Mr. Miller learned later that his appearance, decorated

with the colors and design of the late chief, was regarded by the

Indians as a favorable omen.

Taking with him several spotted ponies to be presented to

Indians of prominence, and leaving word for several beavers to

be driven to the Indian camp, Mr. Miller left the ranch.

His arrival at the Sun Dance camp was the signal for the

outburst of savage yells and the beating of tom toms. He

made his arrival after the manner of a visiting warrior of

note and bestowed his presents and received presents in ex-

change. The Sun Dance was started and the dancing line of

Indian devotees were being ministered to by the medicine man.

Everywhere throughout the camp were the evidences of the

religious frenzy of the Indians. In the center of the camp

to the Great Spirit.

The Sun Dance Lodge, sacred to the chiefs and medicine

men, occupied a prominent place in the camp. After the ex-

change of presents the visitor was conducted to the Sun Dance

Lodge and was there informed by White Eagle that the tribe

had decided to adopt him if he were willing to become a member

of the tribe. The proposition came as a complete surprise to

Mr. Miller, but he accepted without hesitation and was placed

in the hands of two medicine men, the oldest in the tribe.

From the Sun Dance Lodge he was conducted to another teepee

and from that time until the completion of the ceremony of

adoption he was constantly under the instruction and surveil-

ance of one or the other of the two old medicine men.

He was instructed in the history of the Ponca tribe from

the earliest times and was required to memorize and repeat

certain songs which told of events famous in tribal annals.

One day and one night he was required to fast, being given

no food or water during that time. After the night of fasting

he was questioned as to the dreams or visions which had come

to him in his sleep. On the third night after his arrival in

the camp, and it was announced to the assembled Indians that he had attained

warrior rank and had been given the name of Mutha-monta. The name is translated

as "going up," indicating that he was progressing or advancing to higher things.

After the ceremonial presentation to the tribe as a warrior, Mr. Miller supposed

that his experience was at an end, but he was immediately returned to the Sun Dance

Lodge, and there for the first time he was informed that he was to become the suc-

cessor of Little Standing Buffalo and the

second chief of the Poncas.

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"This ceremony required two more days of instructions and ceremonies, and finally he was presented to the Indians as "Waka-huda nuga-ski," or Big White Chief. Highly appreciating the honor conferred, Mr. Miller sent to the ranch for more beeves and two days of feasting and dancing terminated the seven days of the Sun Dance, which has passed into the history of the Poncas as the Sun Dance of the Big White Chief.

"Only on ceremonial occasions do the Indians use Mr. Miller's chief name, for he is still Friend Joe to them. The chieftainship is not an empty honor nor without responsibilities. Mr. Miller is summoned to the council whenever matters of moment are to be considered. On several occasions he has travelled considerable distances to attend particularly important councils.

"Mr. Miller's intimate association with the innermost secrets of tribal affairs has given him the opportunity to gather a knowledge of Indian history, folk lore and ceremonials which the ordinary student of the American Indian does not have the opportunity to acquire. He hopes some day to secure the consent of the Indians to the publication of much information which is now unwritten and only preserved by the verbal recitation of one Indian to another."

(The above story was found in one of the many magazines given the author by George Miller, just a few months prior to his fatal accident.)

And then in 1928 came a blow that was felt throughout Oklahoma, and especially in Ponca City—the death of Joe Miller.

Working on his car in a closed garage, preparing for the return of his young wife, who had been visiting her mother in the East, he was found lying across a wheel, a victim of carbon monoxide.

In keeping with his position as White Chief of the Poncas, some of the Indian rites were observed in the days preceding the funeral.

One hundred members of the Cherokee Strip Cow Punchers Association, the organization which Colonel Miller perfected to bring together the men who were cowboys prior to the opening of the Cherokee Strip in 1893, attended the funeral in a body. He was their life president. Several of their number were active pallbearers—Major Gordon W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill) Colonel Zack Mulhall, William H. Vanselous, Oscar Brewster, Mont Tane, Hugo Milde, Jo Weldon and Charles Orr. The honorary pallbearers were former cowmen friends of Colonel Miller.

Then a year later a second time the "White House" at 101 Ranch was shrouded in gloom, by the fatal automobile accident to George Miller.

"George Miller had a heart without malice and a soul without fear. He had a mind without deceit and a being without smallness. He died as he lived—tempting chance. His smile has been a beacon light that has guided thousands to Ponca City—his industry and determination created a great national institution at the gates of his deeply beloved home town.

Foremost in History.

"George Miller was the foremost host in the history of Oklahoma. The famous White House of the 101 ranch became celebrated throughout all America, through the charm and warmth of George Miller's welcome. Whether a distinguished guest with a name that resounded to the very borders of the nation or the casual and curious itinerist journeying in a second-hand Ford, they were equally welcome. The public had the right of eminent domain at the 101 Ranch and the gracious host was never more happy, nor ever more himself than when proudly showing the wonders that had been wrought in the new land. As a small boy George Miller came to the wide open spaces and vast ranges of the Cherokee strip. He lived to see the ranges criss-crossed with barbed wire.

"He stayed long enough to witness the 'lone prairie' scarred with the farming tools of the settler. His eyes saw the sod shanty of the plains crumble into decay and the modern home that supplanted it. George Miller, although imbued with the spirit of the old trail days, kept pace with modern progress and reluctant as he might have been, exchanged the fractious long-horned steer for the scientifically bred and blue-ribboned type of cattle. The fodder rack gave way to the silo, and undulating prairies were turned into orchards. The blue stem was plowed under that the harvest might be reaped, and thru the genius of George Miller the grazing areas of the 101 Ranch were turned rapidly into the greatest diversified farm in the world.

Loyal to the Code.

"But through all the chain of change George Miller preserved the best of the old-trail traditions. He was jealously

loyal to the code of the old West, where honor and fidelity were the cornerstones of lonely men's faith. Progressive and modern, yet he maintained the picturesque flavor of the old Chisholm trail and kept the golden chain of its memories unbroken. He was one of the few remaining of his type. His face toward the rising sun, but his heart was with the yesterday of the pioneer who reclaimed a wilderness that an empire might be built.

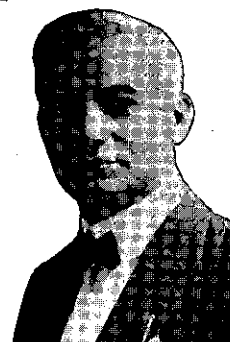
"Another famous and splendid Oklahoman has gone down the long, long trail—they are going fast—but the heritage of loyal, devoted friendships that George Miller leaves in his beloved Oklahoma is an everlasting monument to a great, warm heart—a shrine where all who love the mellow glow of fraternity may ever worship." Thus wrote Walter Ferguson of his friend.

THE FAMOUS JOHNSON BROTHERS

OF OKLAHOMA CITY



HUGH



FRANK

These brothers, Hugh and Frank Johnson, have been partners in most of their undertakings since they were left orphans in their youth.

They were born in Lexington, Mississippi, a sleepy county seat town situated in central Mississippi. Their parents were folk of about the same circumstances as

those who lived about them, which is another way of saying that they had no money.

While the boys were still in grade school, being about 8 and 10 years old, their father died and their struggle began in earnest. It is a tribute to the good business management of the mother and the enterprise of the boys that they were able to finish school without the helping hand of a father.

After finishing school they launched into business, buying the Kosciusko Star, which their father had founded years before.

It takes real business ability to make money out of a country weekly. And that is just what the Johnson brothers did. There were five or six other papers and job printing offices in Attala county but the Star was soon in its ascendancy.

The Johnsons went after jobs that folks wanted in a hurry. Instead of talking in terms of days on the delivery of printed jobs they talked in terms of hours. If some printing was promised for delivery in the morning they worked all night, if necessary, to get it out on time. People learned that they could depend on the Johnson boys and the Star grew and prospered. Before long it required eleven job printers to take care of the work.

Frank Johnson left Kosciusko, Miss., five years before Hugh did, selling his interest in The Star to his brother. Frank went first to Fort Worth where he was reporter on the Fort Worth Gazette. Then he came to Oklahoma City where he taught school for a while. He conducted a newspaper for a time which he discontinued to go into the fire insurance and loan business.

Finally both brothers entered the banking business, and with their old time zeal and record in financiering soon reached their goal as president—one of the American National, the other of The First National, both Oklahoma City banks.

In 1927 the American and First National Banks consolidated, bringing together over a half century of banking service in the lives of these two bank presidents who numbered their friends as legion.

The consolidation created a new institution much greater than the sum of the two constituents, and brought together again the brothers who had always been so closely allied in business interests.

In effecting the consolidation it was decided to use the old charter of the First National Bank which dates back to 1889.

The picture of the beautiful new First National Bank building will be found in "Oklahoma Yesterday Today Tomorrow." Frank and Hugh Johnson belong in "Oklahoma's Famous Brothers" section, for wherever banking is discussed the names of these two men are familiarly outstanding in the world of finance.

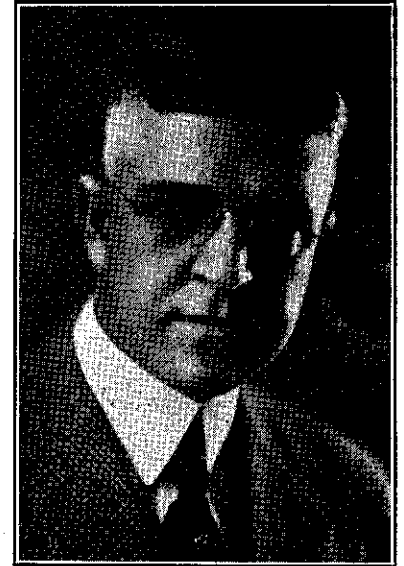
THE MCBIRNEY BROTHERS, TULSA



JAMES H. MCBIRNEY



SAM MCBIRNEY



LEANDER MCBIRNEY

The McBirneys—Noble and Prominent Family of Tulsa

In the year 1875 from the Province of Ulster, Ireland, Hugh McBirney and his wife, Susan McBirney emigrated to the United States and settled in the town of Elk City, Kansas. He was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church and was placed in charge of the Elk City church as pastor. He had the traditional fighting blood of the Irish and Scotch and from the pulpit or any other place, when necessary, he never failed to take up the cudgel against the evils of society, and by precept and example attempt to lead men to ways of righteous living.

They located in the raw state of Kansas in that same year, 1875. Susan McBirney reared a family of six children, saw that they received the best education the state afforded, and instructed and trained them in religious belief and righteous ways, and was ever an aid and inspiration to her husband in his work. It was her careful planning and wise management that enabled them to rear and educate their family, and it was the happy privilege of both Hugh and Susan McBirney to see their sons and daughters pioneer in the Indian Territory and the State of Oklahoma, be important factors in the commercial, social, and religious life of this great state.

James Hughes McBirney, the eldest son, made the early run into the Cherokee strip in 1893 when yet a youth, and on a small plat of ground, he and a few others organized a town-site and proceeded to elect officers. James McBirney was elected Police Judge, but he soon abandoned his judicial and political career and devoted himself to commercial pursuits and a study of the intricacies of finance. He was a bookkeeper in the C. M. Condon & Company Bank of Coffeyville, Kansas.

But James had the youthful spirit of quest, and Kansas was getting to a stage of staid complacency—Indian Territory beckoned. James McBirney came to Tulsa, Indian Territory, in 1897 and entered upon the duties of bookkeeper in the Tulsa Banking Company—now the First National Bank & Trust Company of Tulsa. He was soon made assistant cashier and had been advanced to Vice President and managing officer of the institution when, in 1904, he, with his brother Sam, who had joined him in the bank in 1898, and a few others organized the Bank of Commerce which was converted into the National Bank of Commerce of Tulsa in 1911. James McBirney was made cashier of the new bank and Sam McBirney assistant cashier.

Later James was elected president and Sam McBirney was elected cashier of the bank and still later Sam was elected vice president. James is still the president and Sam the vice president of this bank and it has been under their management since its organization. It is one of the oldest banks in Oklahoma with the same continuous management from organization to the present day. James and Sam have made banking their vocation but they have engaged in other business enterprises. They were quite successful in the Miami-Picher Lead and Zinc

fields and a number of mining and royalty enterprises were quite profitable to them and their associates. They have also invested in oil and gas royalties and Tulsa real estate.

The McBirney Building, a beautiful ten story office structure at Third and Main Street, Tulsa, was erected by them and they are the principal owners.

Their activities have not been confined to business affairs, but they are lovers of sports of all kinds, and in their younger days were baseball stars of more than local renown. Some of the old timers contend that baseball lost its greatest third baseman when Sam refused to be a professional and James, himself, looks longingly at the fingers that used to twist the curve, and feels the wing that used to shoot them over the plate.

He followed his mother's wishes and refused a baseball career to become one of Oklahoma's leading bankers. He has been a leader in the religious activities and as chairman of the



ROBERT MCBIRNEY

One of Tulsa's noble men and the Boy Scout's Friend

Building Committee of the First M. E. Church of Tulsa, he financed and supervised the construction of one of the most beautiful and conveniently arranged churches in the southwest. It is located on 11th street and Boulder Avenue, Tulsa, Oklahoma. James McBirney's home is on Galveston Street, Tulsa, overlooking the Arkansas River and from it he can see the

(Continued on next page)

THE MAYO BROTHERS BUILT THEIR WAY TO FAME



CASS MAYO



JOHN MAYO

It is only by means of permanent structures, or by means of the written word that the record of civilizations may be preserved.

As with the nation, so it is with the individual. Who leaves the greatest record of achievement, the man who builds a business for his own commercial advancement, or the man who builds in stone and marble to enhance the beauty of his city? Will not the latter be a monument to him long after the self centered man is all but a forgotten memory?

Thirty years ago, with nothing much but a goal to attain, the Mayo brothers started up the rugged hill. It was a long hard trail, not even a highway. There were no signboards to indicate the right and left curves, the narrow bridges or the underpasses. No one had removed the jagged rocks, or filled the mudholes, yet onward, upward they climbed to the summit of business eminence, and all along the way they left only a record of a clean manly battle for success, often giving

a lift to those they overtook and passed on the way.

Twice they put up ten story buildings on one story lots, and in each instance, as though by the wave of the magician's wand, these have become ten-story lots.

Four floors of one of these buildings are now occupied by the Mayo Furniture Company, a business these gentlemen have operated for 30 years. In fact the only large business dating that far back and retaining the same firm name. Associated with Cass and John in this business is their brother William Haskell Mayo who has been a very active figure for 25 years. It can be truthfully said Haskell Mayo has sold more furniture, representing greater value than any other man living in the state.

The building, however, that has made the house of Mayo known throughout the United States, that gives them their right to be grouped with Oklahoma's famous brothers, is the building of the twenty story Hotel Mayo. In all the Southwest there is no inn more complete in all its appointments. "The Oil Capital of the World" is famed for its great conventions, and the Mayo makes this possible with its 600 rooms of beauty and comfort. From the ends of the earth visitors have come to the "Magic City," and invariably register at the Mayo. Throughout the world, in the countries beyond the sea, wherever oil is discussed, Tulsa is discussed, and when Tulsa is mentioned, the Mayo is recommended as Tulsa's finest hotel.

Cass and John Mayo are proud of their record, as well they might be, but are not vainglorious. They have won their way into the hearts of the townspeople they have traveled with, on the Romance Road of Tulsa's progress. They have shared their crusts with the poor when all were poor together, and they have befriended the needy and unfortunate when fortune smiled upon them. They trod an uncharted path to success, but planted signposts along the way that those who follow may avoid the chug holes. Both have charming families that have helped to create higher planes in the church and social activities of Tulsa since little village days. Any Tulsan feels honored to be a guest in the lovely home where Mr. and Mrs. Cass Mayo, with their lovely daughter, Virginia, now on the threshold of gracious young womanhood, and the bright son, C. A. Jr., reside at 2301 South Boston avenue.

(Continued on following page.)

McBIRNEY BROTHERS—(Cont.)

lights of Red Fork where he used to walk every afternoon or evening after banking hours until he induced Miss Vera Clinton to become Mrs. J. H. McBirney, and thus save him much shoe leather and agony of suspense. Miss Clinton was native born, a daughter of pioneers from Georgia, a fitting mate for the son of pioneers from the Emerald Isle. Their hospitality is traditional, and in their home it is no uncommon sight to see between fifty and a hundred friends enjoying a buffet dinner and the good times that go with such a visit. James and Vera McBirney have four children, Dorothy, Martha, James Donald and Simmons who bid fair to follow the footsteps of their parents and be a credit to the heritage with which they were endowed by their pioneer grandparents.

James Donald McBirney is a graduate of Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, and studied the Banking and Business Law Course of Columbia University of New York City. He is now in charge of the Credit Department of the National Bank of Commerce of Tulsa.

Miss Dorothy is a graduate of Pine Manor, Wellesley, Mass., and a Phi Omega, and Martha (now Mrs. D. M. Bradley) is a graduate of Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., and a Pi Beta Phi. She also attended the University of Oklahoma at Norman. Miss Dorothy and Mrs. Bradley are active members of the Junior League. Dorothy is an enthusiastic aviatrix. It was she who piloted one of the planes in the tour of Oklahoma found in a later story.

When Sam McBirney turned his back on professional baseball he could not be weaned from sports and was one of the stars on Tulsa Football team, a team composed of Tulsa young men, most of whom had played football at college. Sam was football coach at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico, during the year 1909, and made an excellent record that is talked of today. He also coached the Tulsa High School Eleven, and won the State Championship of Oklahoma. During 1915 and 1916 he was football coach at Kendall College (now Tulsa University) with championship teams and developed

such an eleven that all were regarded as stars. It was truly said that there was rarely a substitute and each player had to play throughout the entire game. A number of teams of outstanding prominence in Oklahoma and adjoining states owe their success to plays invented by Sam McBirney, and training given under his direction and advice. Football receives the greater part of Sam's attention each fall and he forgets banking for the time.

Sam McBirney married Miss Nettie Williams and four children bless the union. Susan, named for her grandmother, Bill, Sammy, and Mary. Susan is attending Dana Hall, Wellesley. Leander McBirney, another son of Hugh and Susan, was a member of the surveying party that laid out the city of Tulsa. Dan Patton was in charge of the survey. Leander is associated with James and Sam in the bank, but he is best known for his love of beautiful paintings and his knowledge of art. He is considered one of the best informed men in Oklahoma regarding such matters.

Robert McBirney, another son of Hugh and Susan, deserves a page to himself. He came to the Indian Territory in the early days and has the largest number of burials and ambulance service of any mortician in Tulsa. He has prospered, but the greater part of his income is devoted to giving good times to boy scouts and newsboys. At any worth while entertainment it is a common sight to see Robert McBirney wearing a red carnation, (some say he sleeps with one on his pajamas), and every newsboy in Tulsa as his guest at the entertainment. This is his way of carrying on the ideal of Hugh and Susan McBirney.

Susan McBirney, at the age of 88, or Mother McBirney as she later became known in Tulsa, went to the Great Beyond in 1930 to join her husband and others who had preceded her into that mysterious realm. It was said to be the largest and most impressive display of flowers ever seen at a funeral in Tulsa. Thousands attended the services, not to mourn but to pay tribute to a great soul gone to rest, and through her to the Pioneer Woman, whose tribulations she shared and whose fortitude she exemplified.

THE BOY OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Does the lack of hardships spoil the chances of success for the boy of today?

A recent newspaper carried the opinion of a London educator that the boy of today will never make the man his father is.

We wonder if he is really fair to the boys of today, and then wonder again if his father before him did not believe that the soft, easy life of his son would not be his ruination.

We would say, if this boy of today, with the wonders of creation within his reach, has his activities properly directed, is given inspiration to use the harnessed power of the universe, he will far surpass any human that has gone on before. A wise man said the difference in a plodder and a genius is not in the possession of talents, but in the use of time. The genius has a driving ambition that urges him on, a great capacity for work that keeps him "toiling onward in the night." To every boy of every age has been given twenty-four hours each day. In the yesterdays one or two hours squandered in idleness did no special harm, but in the swiftly moving pageant of today, a moment wasted may be a lost opportunity for accomplishment.

Every boy has his talents, but he often confuses ambition for talent.

To show what that boy of yesterday was like, let's turn the pages back thirty or forty years.

An Oklahoma pioneer and writer, T. A. Latta, graphically described his boyhood in the following fashion, saying it was typical of the American life of Yesterday.

"Cold? It was worse than that. It took courage to thrust your feet from the soft, warm bed into a coating of snow upon the garret bedroom floor.

"You dressed hurriedly in cumbersome, heavy clothing. There was the morning tryst with the old cast iron stove down in the kitchen. The repellant old thing! Cold as the soul and heart of an old maid who had never known the fires of errant youth! The water in the bucket is frozen. The kindling, carefully prepared the night before, is indifferent. Even the kerosene failed to do its bit. Presently the fire did take, there was a splurge that all but lifted the lids from the stove; then a roar. You went about the matter fitfully and thanked God that there was no explosion, yet sort of half-heartedly wished that something would happen that would take you out of the ruck. Then a fire must be kindled in the living-room. You attended to that before going out to play chamber maid to Jersey and the horses and and pigs and the chickens. You thawed out the pump.

"After you had put harness on the horses, so all would be in readiness when the sun finally came up, and attended to this and that, you kept a weather eye on the kitchen. For long since, Mother had come into her imperial domain and breathed that breath of magic that all men know, yet none have ever yet completely understood. Finally you hear the familiar words you have been listening for—'breakfast is ready.'

"Did you and I, and the myriad sons of the commoners of America, pull up to the table and do justice to the spread set before us? And what a spread! The table was 'set'. There was smoking hot sausage on the platter, brown gravy galore. Preserves were in the

center of the festive board. The coffee was steaming on the back of the range, while the oven was open disclosing delicious biscuits awaiting your request. Butter, the old fashioned kind that has never yet been equaled, and will never be equaled even if all the wealth of Manhattan should be turned to its manufacture, is smiling at you from a plump pound mold covered with daisies. Slowly, but surely, limping in from the bedrooms, came the kiddies, rubbing the sleep out of their dear eyes. They know it is not Christmas, yet they have been summoned from dreamland. That's the one dark spot on these mind pictures of yesterday—the kiddies being awakened in the darkest hour of the night to feed them, and set them out upon their day's work. Presently all are gathered about the table. There was no visiting the corner grocery, or the butcher, or waiting for the milkman. And did we eat?

"I may not know my turnip-greens; nor yet my grape fruit in a winter in which the frosts have overlooked Florida but most surely I do know the whereof of my fellows who lived and thrived on the frontier of yesterday. Those were the days! Tell it to your grandchildren they were!"

Let's peek in at the window of the little red school house.

Tom and Ned sit together using the same desk, as they make squeaky "figgers" on the slates, and in case the sponge is missing use a convenient shirt sleeve to erase mistakes, or to make room for the diagrams from Reed and Kellogg's Grammar. They have ample time to do this, for the same teacher has a dozen other classes interspersed thru her day.

It's an event in the day's routine to get to take the waterbucket and fill it at the pump, or pass it around to the students, who drink from a common dipper. Recess at ten-fifteen and two-fifteen are eagerly anticipated, for a great matched game of baseball is on, and though only a few scores are made in the brief period, it serves to partially dispel the drowsiness. Then comes Friday, enlivened by a spelling match, a debate, or meeting of the "Friday Literary."

In the close intimacy of those school days, life-long friendships are made, and though the teacher is a being on a high pedestal, incidents have been known to happen

MAYO BROTHERS

(Continued from Page 28)

Mrs. John Mayo came to Tulsa as Miss Lillian Van Blum, a musician of no mean ability, as supervisor of music in Tulsa's public schools. 'Twas then Dan Cupid took a hand in shaping affairs for John Mayo. Soon there were wedding bells, and the erection of a home. For many years, their abode on South Cheyenne has been the favorite gathering place for Tulsa's young matrons and their husbands, for Mr. and Mrs. Mayo, through their own personal charm, have made their place with Tulsa's most valued citizenry. Their children, Margery, who graduating at Holland Hall has gone east to college this fall, and John Burch, who is the third John Mayo in direct line, are popular in school circles, as they have been endowed with the gracious manner, and have inherited the enviable traits that will make them follow in the footsteps of their parents.

that would bring them to a conversational level with the student.

A fitting example of this change in feeling of pupil toward teacher was emphasized by a story of a Journalism teacher who directs the student work on the school paper. "Ben, who had been rustling ads from the merchants, for 'School Life' said to me, 'And Honey, when I told that to the Old Boy, he readily signed on the dotted line.' Now, when a live-wire student can call an old-maid teacher, 'honey', I think that's showing a level of comradeship that is just what it should be to obtain the best results in our work together, and it gives the teacher a deeper interest in her task," said this lovely woman in her talk on school life of today.

More of this "Boy of Today." What is he like? He has in him the ingredients of all ages, the knowledge of the man of maturity of the yester-years. What if modern conveniences save him from hours of labor before his day properly begins? The extra sleep in the morning makes him physically fit to cope with the problems the boy of yesterday knew nothing about, for this is a competitive age, where brain instead of brawn wins the laurels.

Should we hold it against him there is no wood box to fill, no cows to milk, no pumps to thaw?

The modern boy is as comfortable out of bed as in, for though it may be freezing outside, it is only 72 degrees throughout the house. He rises, has plenty of hot water awaiting his touch on the faucet—(no need to wait 'til Saturday night for his bath. A daily scrub is part of his routine, even though he has a shower at school after athletics). He dresses in clothes not too heavy for perfect freedom of movement. He turns on the radio, and the things that happened throughout the world while he slept are announced to him. He eats his breakfast to the accompaniment of music. If it doesn't suit his particular mood, he turns his radio dial to another station 'til he gets what he does like—perhaps under the protest of big sister, but in the end he has his way.

Mother sits at the end of the table with a few doodads at hand that in father's boyhood would have convicted her of witchcraft. One of these is a high-faluting coffee pot. The rich brown color of the coffee as it percolates, its fragrant aroma, makes one realize why dad's cup is a few minutes later refilled. One "round" of waffles has been cooked on another electric doodad while the family consume grapefruit or a cereal, and the only commotion comes when John wants his third one before Sis gets hers, as a motor horn has already warned him a friend has come by for the fishing trip they are to have.

He is not surprised that in less than two hours he is in a motor boat on a lake seventy miles from the breakfast table he so recently left—a trip Dad would have made by two days' hard driving thirty years ago.

In the sky above airplanes are winging their way to distant parts—perhaps these planes are conducting oil men to answer in person important wires received in the night from fields hundreds of miles away. Aladdin's lamp was a nitiful little parlor magic lantern, compared to the bottled power of today—where all creation does the bidding of our sons at the touch of a finger tip.

Present day home equipment that makes house-keeping an interesting game intrigues the wide awake

boy, and he gladly shares in the work of making his abode attractive. Boy Scout life, the backyard oven built for steak fries, the Sunday night party suppers the wise mother lets him engineer for his own invited guests, all enable John II to know enough of culinary affairs that when he takes unto himself a wife, and later, when John III arrives, and the nurse has been dismissed, he can be of real assistance in his own home in a way that John the first "wot not of".

From my own close touch with these boys of today, I believe I could prove a few things to the London educator, who said, "Boys of today only care to dress up and look pretty." Though our boys have learned to take pride, too, in their personal appearance, they appreciate color schemes in accessories, they know the little niceties of dress as well as their sisters, they have many unwritten laws about little things, such as unbuttoning their collars when the tie is discarded; they have a high sense of honor, and all the traits of character that go to make the perfect man.

Even though they use a shocking freedom of speech concerning the intimate things of life, they are purer minded than were the boys of yesterday.

Take a boy's appraisal of a bathing beauty. In her lovely curves he sees only a physical perfection that he thinks is her right. He has seen so many girls in scanty clothing, so many boys in gym shorts, in fact has all during his school career tried to make himself perfect physically, so a good physique meets his appreciation, his admiration, as a thing of beauty—no more. But just watch the gleam in the eyes of middle-aged observers, and see their covert whisperings to each other.

The London writer seemed to believe the modern boy a weakling in courage, and in sports that make strong manhood. Hear what our most beloved American writer—Kathleen Norris—said of the Tenth Olympiad in Los Angeles, and we can share with her the belief that the youth of today will keep America safe for tomorrow.

"Worthy of old Rome or Old Greece were the boys and girls who came racing out across the green grass to contend for the national honors. Indeed, probably old Rome and old Greece never saw the equal of one of them. Their magnificent young bodies were almost bare: their mons of bright hair shone in the sun; their brown legs and arms took every classic position of the old statues and bas-reliefs: throwing the discus, leaping over the hurdles, wrestling.

"When all the heats were over, that is, when any one event was concluded finally, the trials over, the semi-finals and finals played, then the announcer's voice said clearly: 'Will you all please rise and face the victory flags.'

"This happened naturally, two or three times during every afternoon, for there were scores of championships to be won, and whenever one was awarded, this beautiful little ceremony was observed.

"After a few days of this sort of thing, this carnival time of youth and strength and games and happiness and hospitality, life took on quite a new meaning, and one felt that the tired, battered, stupid old world might pull through, after all. One felt that youth and courage and laughter exist in quantities much greater than they ever did before, and that youth and courage and laughter will save us all."

The following pages show

OKLAHOMA'S PROGRESS FROM TEPEES TO SKYSCRAPERS

Excerpt from Speech of Harry H. Rogers, President Oklahoma State Chamber of Commerce in 1931

It is a source of pride to have witnessed the marvelous development of this wonderful state. To have seen it as forest and prairie and to have watched the steady but sure development seems like a dream. From sod houses in the west and log cabin in the east, and the tepees here and there, we have seen the comfortable residence of lumber, brick and stone take their place.

From the trails we have come to continuous hard-surfaced roads; from the Indian and few boarding schools we have witnessed the rise and growth of a great university, a great A. and M. college, and numerous teachers' colleges, with a common school system unsurpassed. From the trading post we have passed to excellent department stores; from the cubby-hole office we have seen built office structures costing millions of dollars.

From the bosom of Oklahoma there burst forth not only crops of cotton, corn and wheat, but great riches in coal, oil and gas and everywhere factories abound.

Rich in resources and rich in the character and determination of her people, Oklahoma takes pride in her past and looks forward with faith, courage and high hope. Oklahoma beckons to you as a field for investment.

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR SHOWING PICTURESQUE OKLAHOMA



DOROTHY MCBIRNEY

"To stalk sky paths in seven league boots is one of the gorgeous experiences of this life," remarked vivacious Dorothy McBirney as some of the Eastern friends climbed in her plane. Dorothy is a good pilot, and like her father, J. H. McBirney in "Famous Brothers", isn't afraid to adventure in new things.

It was a gorgeous week in May that Betty Brewer and Dorothy McBirney decided to personally conduct their Eastern friends on a sight seeing tour of Oklahoma.

They started with their home town, Tulsa. Now in the days B. D. (before the depression) Tulsa conducted each year a rose carnival in May and had the slogan—"For you a rose in Tulsa grows." There is nothing more beautiful still, than Tulsa in a morning in May. Every part of town is a beautiful residential section with its noticeable rose bowers and green shrubbery, lovely parks and boulevards, its old Creek Council tree, Washington Irving Monument, its palatial homes, fine churches and schools and great University, its 2400 acre Mohawk park with its "forty-seven" things of interest, and last its Municipal airport where the party took off in the direction of Bartlesville, the oldest oil vicinity in the state.

From the air they viewed lovely Bartlesville, which ranks third, financially among Oklahoma's cities, then Dorothy piloting the plane, took her guests to Frank Phil-



BETTY BREWER

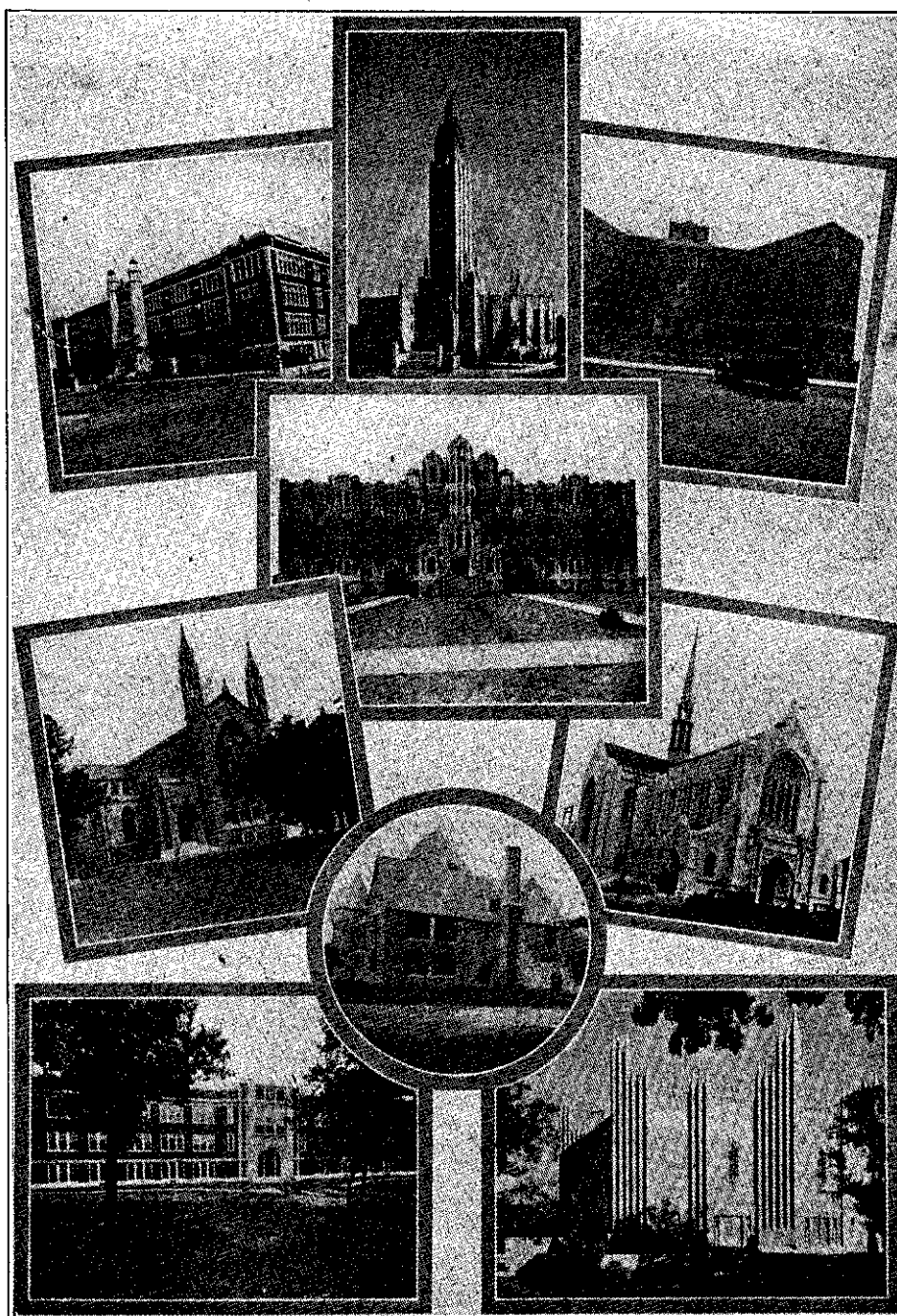
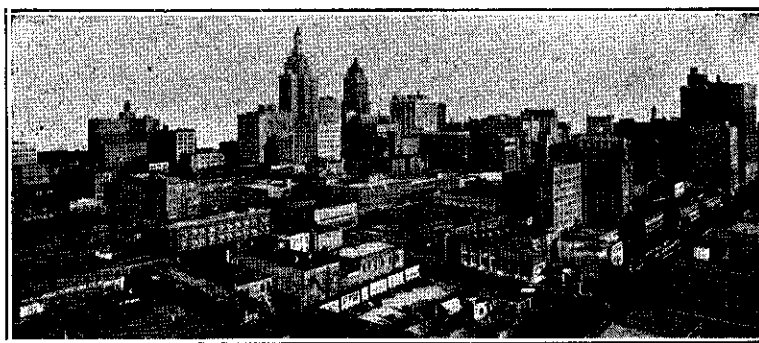
Betty Brewer (Russell) sharing the entertainment of the visitors, is the daughter of pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Brewer. Betty was the first bride to be conducted to the "Altar of Hymen" in the million dollar Boston Ave. Church in Tulsa.

lips' famous Woolaroc Lodge. Here he keeps the Dole prize-winning racer—Woolaroc Plane—of Art Goebel fame, as well as a fleet of air planes for his business trips. The lake and grounds are beautiful, but the visitors especially enjoyed looking at the curios, Indian relics and pictures that adorned the lodge, where the gracious host, himself, served coffee, sandwiches and little cakes in the spacious room with the huge fireplace, where a cheery fire dispelled the chill of the May morning.

Then to Sand Springs they flew, where a courteous matron showed them the living reminder of Charles Page's benevolence—The Page Orphan's Home—The bronze monument, as pictured here, was viewed, also the model library bearing his name. Then over the most picturesque highway in these parts—The Keystone Road—staying close to earth to note its beauty—they landed for lunch at Blue Hawk Peak where that genial gentleman, "Pawnee Bill," greeted them.

IN A STORY CONTEST ON "WHY I AM PROUD OF MY HOME TOWN," A TULSA SENIOR 1929, VIRGINIA MATTHEWS, WROTE IN HER FIRST PARAGRAPH:

"Why shouldn't I be proud of my home town, when that town is Tulsa, Oklahoma, in many respects the most remarkable city on the continent? Many national and international characters, after visiting Tulsa, have expressed astonishment at its growth and development, at its unique construction, and have described it as a city with a distinct personality. General John G. Pershing called Tulsa the 'Wonder City of the World', which it is. Ex-President Taft named it 'Marvelous Tulsa.' Senator James Hamilton Lewis designated Tulsa as the 'Miracle City' and Madame Schumann Heink described it as the 'City Beautiful', Barron Rosen of Belgium called it 'Tulsa the Magnificent'; Theodore Roosevelt said it was the 'Magic City' and great leaders during the World War called Tulsa the 'Patriotic City'. If these famous people, who have traveled the world over and have viewed its wonders, could exclaim over some distinctive charm of my home town, which is yet in its youth, why shouldn't I, though a youthful citizen, be most appreciative of her greatness?"



Lovely churches, schools, hospitals make Tulsa a delightful home town.

Frank Phillips Has Created a Haven of Beauty at

WOOLAROC LODGE

By Betty Kirk

Phillips had no corps of decorators, landscape designers and specialists to serve his place to him, ready made and artificial. Rather he conceived his ideal lodge and surroundings in his own mind and set about their construction. An engineering division laid out the roadways and surveyed for the house. Always they worked with the idea of beauty and comfort combined. The composition throughout has been made with these two elements as the essentials. Mixed with Phillips' own understanding of the west, for he came to Oklahoma at an early date, the materials and work have joined to produce an estate that is sumptuous in conveniences yet distinctly plains-like in motif and feeling.

The ranch is reached by eleven miles of well cared for road, piercing directly into the primitive Osage hills southwest of Bartlesville. The entrance is through a gate of natural stone and within the gate a roadway of red curves into and from lanes variously named "Buffalo Hollow," "Dead Man's Gulch" and "Geronimo Curve." The running water of a rocky creek bed slows our progress and as we glance along the wooded banks we see deer drinking just below us and sight black swans sailing sedately in a pool far ahead.

The gateway sign has read, "Frank Phillips' Ranch—Home of Buffalo and Wild Game," and the designation of "Home" is apt for none of the animals of the preserve may be molested or disturbed.

There are seven lakes on the estate, all of which are stocked with black bass and croppie.

The red road is ascending and we mount a rocky ledge to find Woolaroc Lodge squatted on its highest and flattest sweep. The lodge is of rough logs, split and rudely fitted together. The chimney is of the natural stone and the flagged courtyard, which surrounds the rambling structure, is of flat red rock which has been wrested from the hillsides. Small cedars flank its front entrance and beyond the cleared space are the natural scrub oaks of the Osages.

The lodge faces the thirteen acre lake which was formed by damming up a gulch between hills. The lake is serene and blue and ideal for fishing and swimming. At its farthest end it is 35 feet deep and its length provides a generous voyage in any of the canoes, row boats or the gasoline launch which are at hand.

Beside the lake is the bath house, divided equally into compartments for men and women. Outside it is of the red stone and crude. Inside it is tiled from floor to ceiling in glittering white. Full length mirrors, individual soaps, stacks of thick towels and a telephone to the lodge contribute to the comforts of the guests. Again the essentials of comfort and picturesqueness have been adhered to.

But the lodge on its crest of rocky hilltop dominates the scene and we hasten to explore its contents. The main floor is given over chiefly to a salon, sweeping in both length and height. High above its ceiling soars to a jagged peak, reinforced by rough log beams. At one end of the room is a fireplace and at the other three steps lead into the patio and dining room. Opposite the entrance to the salon a staircase of pine logs leads to a small balcony and the upstairs bedrooms. From the balcony two steer horns, measuring eight feet from tip to tip, establish the motif of the decorations.

The floor, of hardwood, is covered with Navajo rugs of barbaric design. The walls are of the rough logs with chinks filled with plaster. The furniture is of reed or leather and is covered with Indian rugs and Mexican serapes. A bench is made of a log split through the middle and mounted on log legs.

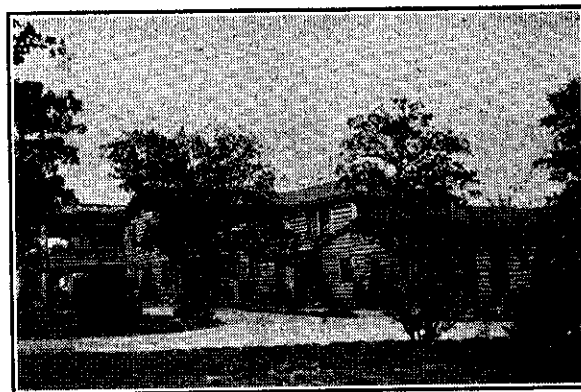
The grand piano standing in one corner and the phonograph opposite it are mounted in cases of pine bark. A whirring clock

is set in a hickory frame. The doors are of log slabs and the window facings are of rough wooden branches.

In the patio are hides of buffalo calves, zebra, reindeer and buffalo and more horns mounted



Boston Avenue in Tulsa looking south from Union Depot. On the right is the National Bank of Tulsa, on the next corner to the left is the Philtower.



Woolaroc Lodge and game preserve, the 3700 acre ranch of Frank Phillips in the fastnesses of the Osage hills near Bartlesville, is a magnificent testimonial to the fact that a financier can create beauty as well as wealth. Woolaroc Lodge, named for the woods, lakes and rocks which are its surroundings, is the creation of Frank Phillips of Bartlesville.

and set on the wall. I have neglected to mention the stupendous collection of horns which was in the main salon. Here the walls are decorated with the horns from every horned animal in the world with the exception of seven.

Two sets of horns in the patio which are of especial interest are a pair from the "OH" ranch of Senator Bob Owen and a pair from the milch cow, "Old Rebel," which belonged to Mrs. Mollie Samuels, the mother of Frank and Jesse James.

The dining room is a genuine reproduction of the house in which Frank Phillips was born in Greeley county, Nebraska, November 28, 1873. Phillips was the first white child born in Greeley county and his father, the first judge of that county, held court in the original of the present ranch dining room.

The dining room is as thoroughly western in equipment as it is in decoration. Its table cloths are checked red and white and the implements are of steel with stag handles. Plates and cups are of speckled granite.

The pictures throughout the salon, patio and dining room are of western subjects — Indian chiefs, prairie schooners and cowboys. They are framed in bark.

The bedrooms are equipped in the same western spirit and degree of comfort. In each is a private tiled bath and cedar lined closet and the beds have been specially constructed with hickory frames and double springs.

Guests at the ranch have at their disposal not only the lake for swimming but twelve capital riding horses. Again one may take his pick between the old and the new for six of the horses are cow ponies and the other six are gaited saddle horses. For a saddle the rider may pick from Kentucky saddles, flat saddles, McClellan saddles, Whitman saddles or the western stock saddle.

Phillips' young daughters, Mary and Sarah, prefer the cowhorses and western saddles. Under Graham's enthusiastic instruction they have become fine horsewomen and swimmers, and are now learning to be splendid rifle shots. For their rides about the ranch they wear angora cowboy chaps, dyed in black and orange.

Phillips himself usually appears at the ranch in western garb and like a true "puncher" is proud of his high-heeled and stitched boots, his sombrero with a beaded band and swaggering 'kerchief about his neck.

The extreme illustration of the thought put into the ranch may be found in its small but very fine library on western topics. These include Indian wars, voyages up rivers, travels and personalities.



Some of the guests posed for above picture with the genial host, among them—General and Mrs. Robert Bullard, General Roy Hoffman, wife and son Peter, some Eastern friends and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phillips. (The photograph is a favor from General Hoffman, a leader in his home town, Oklahoma City, and one of the most honored noble men of the state). A real pioneer who has served with distinction in many capacities. A more complete story of General Roy Hoffman, prominent attorney in Oklahoma City may be found in Vol. I, Oklahoma, Yesterday-Today-Tomorrow, "Oklahoma Leaders" and other books concerning Oklahomans.

In response to an inquiry about General Bullard, the following letter was received:

"Yes, the General's name is Robert L. Bullard, who commanded in the World War the First Division and later on the Second Army. He was third in rank—first, of course, General Pershing, second, General Liggett, then General Bullard. He was a very fine military officer, I think one of the greatest in the country, and I have had the best of opportunity to observe for I not only served with him on the Border, but also in the World War. At present he is living in New York City. Very truly,

Roy H. Hoffman."

Although Phillips' ranch is strictly private, it is bounded with eleven miles of fence with but a single entrance, Phillips entertains generously there. His parties vary from small personal ones to larger ones in which he entertains all of his employees. The personnel of his guests varies from the New York stockholders and financiers who make yearly trips to the oil fields to the visiting friends of his son or his nephews.

Ponca City, the metropolis of the Cherokee Strip, interested the sight-seers in many ways. A dip in the beautiful \$95,000 Wentz swimming pool was not the least of them. This pool has the distinction of being the finest outdoor pool in America. It is located within a camp, which Mr. Lew Wentz provided chiefly for boys' organizations but which is used together with the pool by all types of organized groups, properly sponsored and chaperoned. It is used by thousands of people annually.

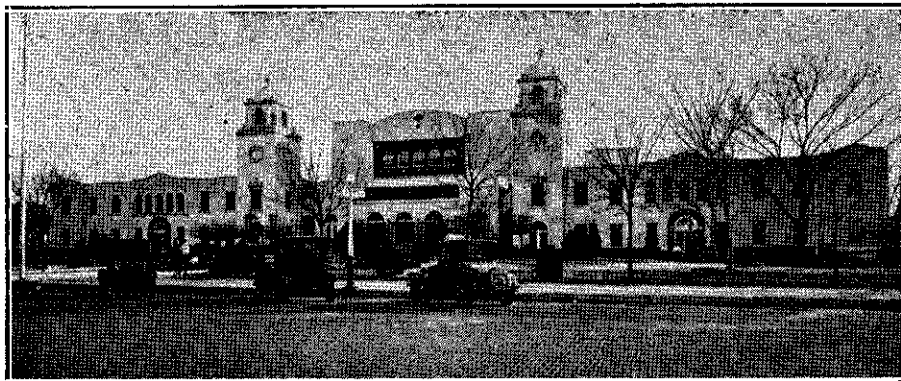
And then they went through the American Legion Home School. The only institution of its kind in the United States and probably in the world is the distinction that belongs to this school, an institution that came into being five years ago at the suggestion of E. W. Marland, Ponca City oil millionaire. It grew out of the desire of the American Legion, department of Oklahoma, and Mr. Marland to provide a home with home surroundings for the needy children of deceased and disabled World War veterans. The state raised \$30,000 for this purpose, and W. H. McFadden, too, of Ponca City gave generously.

MEMORY OF CHARLES PAGE,

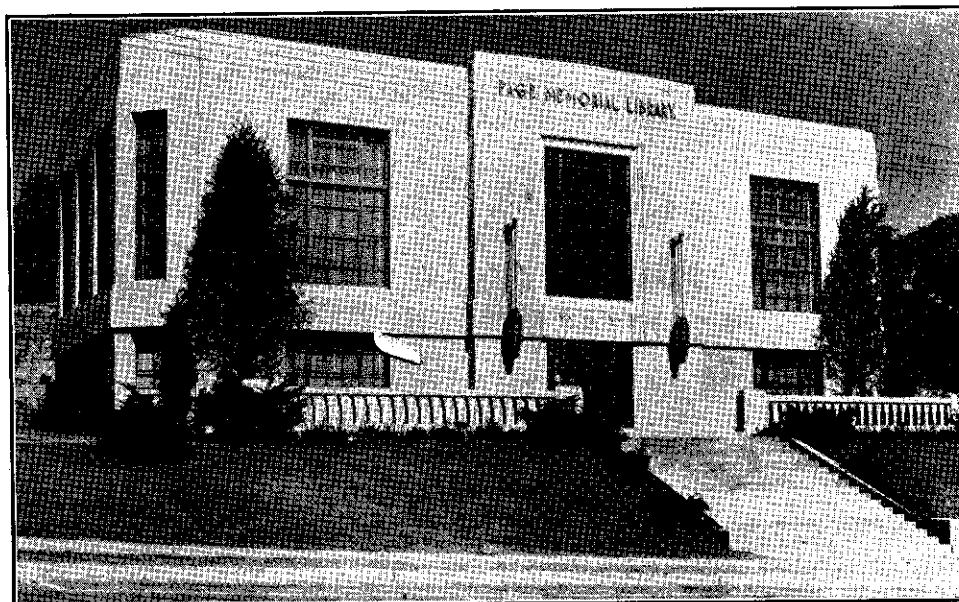
*Sand Springs Founder, Will Live
in Bronze; Work of Celebrated
Sculptor, Larado Taft.*

By Frances Cornelius

Sand Springs, that prosperous little city, eight miles west of Tulsa, was the scene of state and national interest, when it honored the memory of its founder, the late Charles Page, multi-



PONCA CITY MUNICIPAL BUILDING



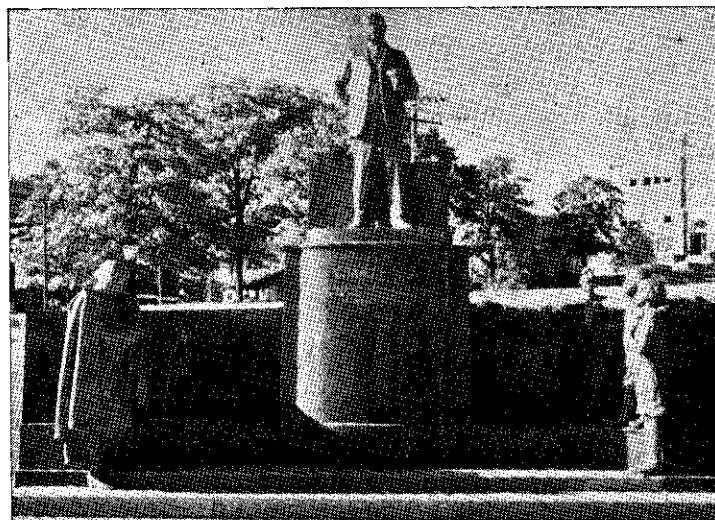
THE PAGE MEMORIAL LIBRARY

The memorial to the late millionaire oil magnate, industrial leader and philanthropist who died December 27, 1926, at his home in Sand Springs, is the second to be dedicated this year. The Page Memorial library, located on a commanding site overlooking the business district, and immediately north of the site of the statue, was established by Mrs. Page and presented to the city in dedicatory ceremony, February, 1930. This beautiful buff colored stucco building built along modern lines of architecture, and valued at more than \$100,000, was designed in the studios of Taft, also. Open house was held at the library throughout the day.

millionaire and philanthropist, in dedicatory ceremony at the unveiling of the huge bronze statue of the town-builder.

The statue in the triangular park near the center of the business district of Sand Springs, was designed and executed by the celebrated sculptor, Lorado Taft, who was present at the unveiling ceremonies and was one of the principal speakers on the program.

The bronze memorial to the man who had so much faith in the future of Sand Springs and whose benevolence was so well-known, was placed in the park by his widow, Mrs. Page, and the board of trustees of the Charles Page estate. The statue, with its dark marble base, is a magnificent work of art, and is designed in three groups. The two smaller groups depict happy, smiling children, symbolical of the philanthropist's great interest in orphan children.



MONUMENT ERECTED TO CHAS. PAGE

The Sand Springs Home, probably the most outstanding charitable institution established by Mr. Page, where the benefactor spent many hours of his leisure time in close contact with the small homeless children that enjoyed his beneficence, and where one day, late in December, 1926, his body lay in state while thousands mourned, is still under the supervision of the trustees of the Page estate.

PAWNEE BILL'S OLD TOWN

Suggestive of the frontier life in the days when he headed a Boomer drive into Oklahoma which was sponsored by the Wichita chamber of commerce in 1889, the Old Town of Pawnee Bill (Maj. Gordon W. Lillie) on Highway 64, is the old Indian teacher's final link with the long-gone days of pioneer hardships.

Opening of the town in the spring of 1930 marks a climax to a life of showmanship and exploitation of frontier life which was begun 55 years ago. Pawnee Bill first sprang into prominence as an Indian interpreter, guide and scout, and as the only man ever elected white chief of the Pawnee Indian tribe. As a frontier detective he also figured quite extensively, and in the summer of 1884, at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, he was instrumental in breaking up one of the most desperate gangs of bank robbers that ever invaded the western country. He judged correctly as to the place they would make their stronghold and led directly to it the party which captured them.

"On April 18," says the Daily Oklahoman, in describing Pawnee Bill's Colony of Boomers, "Four days before the date set for the opening, Lillie moved his more than 4,000 homeseekers into the Cherokee Strip and began the 60-mile march south, to the north boundary line of Oklahoma Territory. Lillie and his aggregation entered Oklahoma at what is now the center of the north line of Kingfisher county, and followed Turkey creek valley to its mouth, now marked by the town of Dover.

"The rush for homes being over, Lillie once again hearkened to the call of the circus trail, and launched another show."

Living intensely, enjoying close contact with all the empire building forces of that part of the great southwest known as Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, he became an inseparable part of its history. Through his connections with the show business, in company with such characters as Buffalo Bill, Jones, and others, he has neglected perpetuation of memory of his work in connection with early settlement of Oklahoma.

Last of the five original Boomers, including David L. Payne, William L. Crouch, Samuel Crocker and Sdiney Clark, Major Lillie also stands among the last of a long list of distinguished showmen who have carried the romance of the Old West to every civilized country on the globe. His shows have been witnessed, and he has been personally received, by practically every crowned head in Europe.

And now, his hair whitening but his eyes clear after his seventieth year of life has been passed, Pawnee Bill is home from his travels, and is devoting his time to perpetuating for posterity a narrow glimpse of the vigorous life of which he was an integral part.

Even today, as he goes about the thousands of acres of his buffalo ranch and other properties in his Pierce Arrow, he is at once recognized by his flowing hair, his characteristic Stetson, and by his unmistakable western air. One feels that when he passes, as he must ere many winters, the last of the picturesque characters of the drama of the winning of the west will have passed into that everlastingly verdant range where the grazing of the buffalo will never be disturbed by the shriek of the iron horse or the crack of pioneer rifle.

Even now, Pawnee Bill's attempts at restoration of the pioneer town of the west have been mercilessly limited by demands of the traveling public for conventions of the modern city. The Indian trading post, main building of the Old Town, and which is the visitor's sight of the pioneer village, is

defaced by signs advertising soft drinks and the statesmanlike qualities of political aspirants. There is no hitch-rack there; no sweating cow ponies; and no wooden sidewalks.

The color of the general scene lies in the braided strands of the shirted and neck-tied Indians; in the blankets and bead work of the Hopi and Navajo; and in the color of the skin of waddling squaws and bucks whose occupation is keeping the big ranch in order. Immediately to the east of the trading post is a duplication of a Hopi house, with bell-tower and lookout, executed by a Hollywood expert in sets for moving picture productions.

Within the trading post, visitors occasionally have the pleasure of eating delectable dinners of buffalo meat, served with highly seasoned portions of corn, beans and potatoes.

Gaping at the visitor from the rear wall of the trading post, stands a relic of the hard-drinking days of old Oklahoma, one which perhaps was known to more renegades and soldiers of fortune than to preachers or men of letters. It is the old "2-John" bar, which stood for many years in Oklahoma City.

Here it has been again set up, mirror, brass rail and all, in mahogany splendor, reminiscent; and it seems possible, too, that as Pawnee Bill puts his foot on its rail and calls for a Dr. Pepper, he too, must feel a pang of longing for the good old days. Lining the base of the mirror along its base shelf are interesting looking bottles, which might have set there during the most hectic days of its early supremacy.

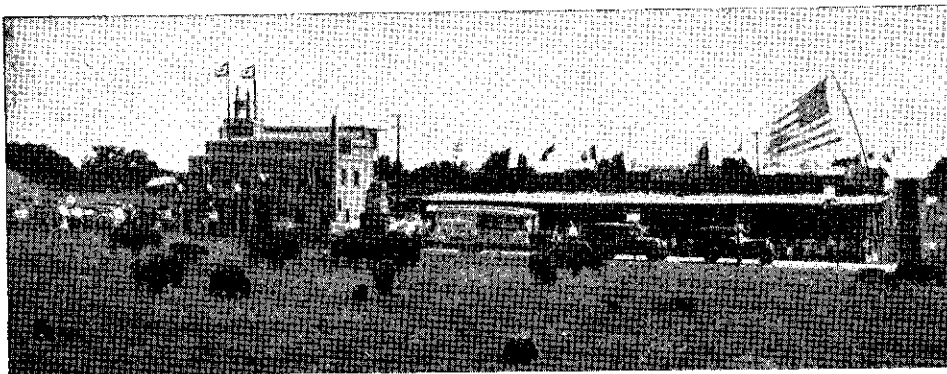
One stares, and then he sees that those bottles of Johnny Walker, dry Martini, Four Roses, and Gordon's Dry Gin are de-alcoholized, and that one-half of one per cent is the strongest drink now served over the old bar. As the drinker turns his back to the bar and looks out the open door, reflectingly, he sees to his left implements and accoutrements of another time—chaparejos, broad-brimmed Mexican hats, beaded mocassins of every description, pelts, muzzle-loading rifles, and other pieces of equipment built for utility rather than beauty, and which helped to make the pioneer's life possible as well as picturesque.

With bits of Oklahoma history in his mind, and such things as these before his eyes, the visitor invariably lets his mind wander into the realms of memory and conjecture. His eyes take in the rough-hewn logs, the stone floor, the rustic tables; and then he is caught short by the hum of the Frigidaire, the glare of the electric light, and the clink of bottles of Coca-Cola beeing unloaded from a truck outside. He feels a bit abashed, that such a noble effort at restoring the wonders of the old should be so endlessly put down by recurrence of the new.

To the rear and left of the trading post are summer quarters of the group of Indians who populate Old Town. These consist of several rows of canvas tepees, and a brush-thatched summer house. Also here one sees a replica of the sod house well-known to residents of western Oklahoma and Kansas in the early day; the old Pawnee council house, a dome-shaped structure of sapling poles tied at the center with strong buffalo gut, and covered over with a thick layer of sod and grass. Here the tribesmen gathered around their council fire, smoke from which was exhausted through a three-foot hole in the center of the roof.

Rustic tourist cabins form the background for the scene, and one finds a continuous bustle of activity about the post—sight-seers, tourists, mildly curious questionaskers, intensely interested students, and itinerant news and feature writers make up a steady crowd of visitors to Pawnee Bill's Old Town.

There, within 70 miles of Tulsa, is a notable attempt to preserve the Old West in its original form, and when one ignores gasoline signs and the hum of motors, there is a strong suggestion of the purpose set forth. The soda-pop wagons and the knickered Indian daughters, however, suggest that even this will soon be gone, and that the last echoes of that great American symphony, The Winning of the West, will have been lost except to the printed page.—From The Tulsa Spirit.



PAWNEE BILL'S TRADING POST

Col. Gordon Lillie, like a picture from the old glamorous west, greeted the tourists with his warm hospitality, introducing his dainty wife, Mrs. Lillie. Interesting hours sped by in listening to stories connected with the mementos from notables and presidents, relics of the Wild West Show days with Buffalo Bill, famous paintings, Indian costumes and war bonnets, cowboy trappings and keepsakes that the visitors examined with envy and delight.

The picturesque pioneer accompanied them to the lovely, clean, Spanish city of Ponca, home of the famous philanthropists, Lew Wentz and Congressman Marland, donor of the Pioneer Woman monument and other gifts to the state they both have helped to build. Then on to the state's most famous ranch—known over the world as the "Miller Brothers—101 Ranch." It has been the connecting link with the old west, the cowboy life that is Oklahoma's folk lore. Here and the Zack Mulhall ranch were the training fields for the movies' greatest cowboy stars. Zack Mulhall, who was a personal friend of Teddy Roosevelt's, passed on to the Eternal West beyond the setting sun two years ago. His daughter was the champion woman roper of the world, at one time.

After more than an hour with Mrs. Laura Clubb and her famous paintings in Kaw City the plane sat the guests down in Pawhuska, the Capital of Osage nation, where they had their fill in watching real Indians in blankets. This area is a part of the setting for Edna Ferber's book, "Cimarron", which has met with nation wide acclaim.

It was at this time Dorothy told her guests of the passing of one of Oklahoma's most picturesque characters—Chief Bacon Rind of Pawhuska.

A week before he died, March, 1932, he gave all instructions for burial rites in every detail.

At sunrise the Medicine Man went to his home to apply the paint of the warrior to the face of the old chieftain in preparation for his last journey.

He never wore the clothes of the white man. His wardrobe was resplendent with costly and colorful garments of the Indian—bright silk jackets and scarfs, fancy buckskin trousers, beaded moccasins and gay

blankets. Always he wore a glossy otterskin crown cap which added to his stature and the dignity of his bearing.

So, according to his instructions, his body was now dressed in his most gorgeous fineries, selected from his Indian garments.

It is an Indian custom to drape the casket in the American flag, then later place the flag on a staff at the head of the grave. Bacon Rind's instructions were to bring the flag home, after the ceremonies, and drape it around his picture, which hangs in his Indian lodge, and on every legal holiday to fly it from the flagpole in his yard.

His Indian blankets, which were many and costly, and his string of fine ponies were bequeathed to his best friends.

On his breast was placed his most cherished possession, a small portrait in a heavy gold locket, of the late President Warren G. Harding. This was presented to the chief in 1923 by Harding at a ceremony in Washington.

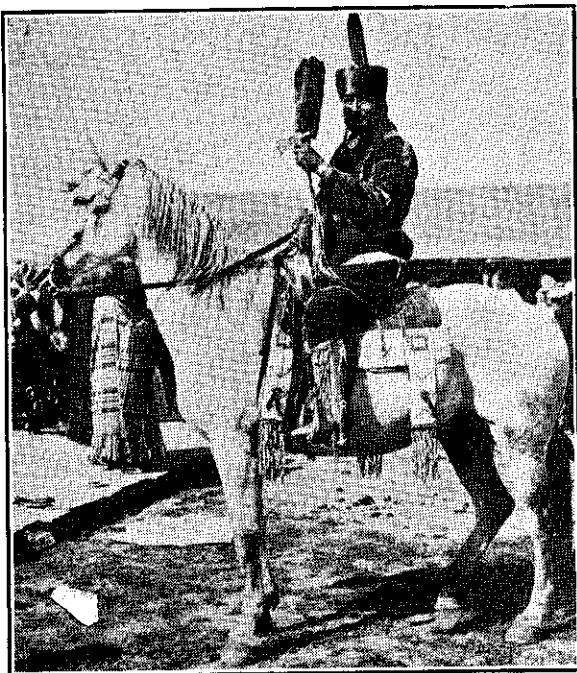
Catholic services were held at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, of which Bacon Rind was a member, at 10 a. m.; and exactly high noon, a significant hour with the Osages, the body was lowered into the grave. According to their belief, the gates of the Happy Hunting Ground swing open during the period the sun is sending down its perpendicular rays, thus the spirit may pass through.

With the body were lowered weapons and food and drink, reminiscent of the old aboriginal idea that he may find need of these in his journey to his haven of rest.

Immediately after the ceremonies, a great feast—instructions were to make it the most elaborate ever held in the Indian village—was to be partaken of by hundreds of Osages—as guests of the now silent counselor.

Bacon Rind was one of the few remaining fullbloods to cling to old Indian customs in dress, as well as other matters.

MRS. LAURA CLUBB AND HER MILLION DOLLAR COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS



CHIEF BACON RIND



Mrs. Clubb posed again in one end of the Library. Books, too, are a hobby with Mrs. Clubb. Among her collection are many "first edition" copies and many rare and priceless bindings.

Fifteen or twenty years ago when oil derricks began to rear their spires in the Osage hills, many a gold-showered land-owner realized his loftiest aspirations in a new Stetson and a glistening Twin-Six. But Mrs. Laura Clubb welcomed her wealth as a means to satisfy her longing for pictures.

Mrs. Clubb is a charming, motherly woman with lustrous white hair. She smiled and recounted her difficulties in securing admittance to many private collections; she waited 3 years to see the famous Huntington pictures in California; explaining that her own experience impelled her to welcome any art lover.

Upon entering the living room the focal point of interest is a marvelous Inness, until a few years ago of the famous Herrington collection. It is one of the very rare 'brown Innesses' and is declared by Professor Chatain to be the most valuable privately owned Inness in America. Other striking examples of this artist's work are hung nearby.

There are several Corots. One "Le Pont de Narni," was the master's exhibition picture at the Parisian salon carree in 1827. This one painting is worth traveling far to view. Here is a stream, sparkling in shadow, a pale bridge like a Roman aqueduct; on the bank Gypsies rest in the shade of poplars and aspens. There is no suggestion of pigment and brush, no profuse coloring.

Another marvelous Corot is "The Avenue of Trees," soft-hued and indistinct in outline, but suffused with light. A third canvas by the French pleinairist, "On the Road to Arras," is reproduced in the book, "Corot and His Friends." There is a shimmering canal, huts in the shade of soft trees, and the wide, shadowy road, its pattern enriched by a solitary figure and a felled tree.

Bougureau's "Resting in Harvest," a compelling portrayal of a French peasant girl, arrests the attention and evokes unstinted praise. It was painted in 1865 and until recent years hung in a famous European gallery. Nearby hangs a superb Blakelock, one of his many Indian encampment scenes.

The Constable display exhibits the distinctive nationalistic style of that painter, as shown in the familiar "Hay Wain." It is an English landscape with a stormy sky, and a gnarled oak seeming to uphold the nimbus clouds.

A Gainsborough painting, "Milking Time," is identical with the artist's background for the widely known "Mrs. Siddons." Here the individualism of the man who painted "The Blue Boy," just to be perverse in color, is shown in a delicious blending of ochres, umbers and siennas; witching trees, grave cows and fairy figures.

There is a forceful Sargent. It is a small portrait of a villainous freebooter in a great blue coat, and the glorious colors seem to have been piled on with smashing strokes.



"CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN"—by Frank Kirchback, costing Mrs. Clubb \$150,000.00. This hangs in the Clubb Hotel in Kaw City.

Mrs. Clubb paid Mr. Ed Miller, the photographer, from Tulsa, the greatest compliment, when she told us she had seen photographs of all the great art collections of the United States, and hers were absolutely the clearest and truest reproductions. Only a few of the photographs are printed here.



"Salome"—by George Papperitz

As the party continued their sight seeing tour, Lynn S. Wellborn told them something of the history of the following places:

Fort Sill, Medicine Park and the Wichita National Forest lie west and south of Chickasha. Fort Sill was established on August 1, 1869, on the site selected by General Phil Sheridan. It comprises 52,000 acres and is the seat of the Field Artillery School, the object of which is to train officers and a group of selected enlisted men in the technical and tactical principles of field artillery. Recent Secretary of War, Hurley, himself an Oklahoman, secured an appropriation of more than ten million dollars for improvements at Fort Sill. This school of mathematics at Fort Sill ranks even higher than that at West Point, and U. S. Army men from all over the world come here to study in the School of Fire, as it is called. During the World War, the only Artillery United States officers that served in France were from here.

Near Medicine Park is Lake Lawtonka, a large lake presided over by stately Mt. Scott, highest mountain in Oklahoma. This lake is a haven for fishermen. The state's largest fish hatchery is located at Medicine Park. It has been adjudged by experts the best managed and most productive in the United States, including those belonging to the national government.

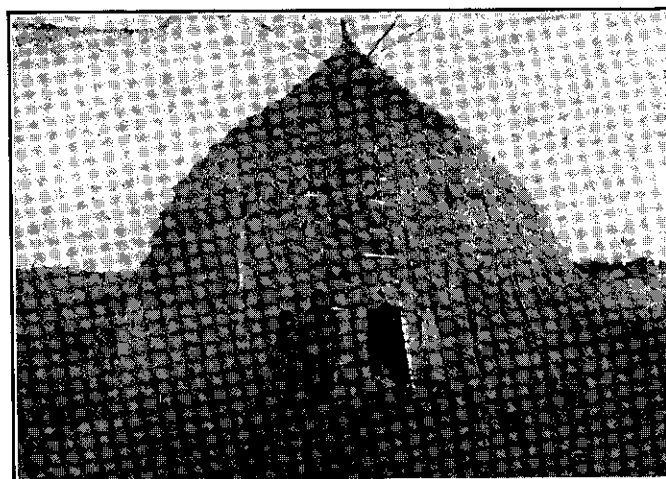
To the west, adjacent to Medicine Park, is the Wichita National Forest and Game Preserve, a tract of 61,480 acres, embracing the major portion of the Wichita Mountains. In this park is a 35-mile system of national forest roads, making the majority of the forest easily accessible.

In these mountains, between 1850 and 1860, General Sheridan, McClellan and Scott campaigned against the Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita Indians. Geronimo, famous Apache chief, who was known for his cruelty, was captured here after an expenditure of five million dollars by the government, and held prisoner at Fort Sill for nearly 25 years, until his death in 1911. The house in which this rebel leader was confined still stands at Fort Sill. Geronimo's relentless cruelty was the result of the murder of his beautiful young wife by a Mexican, after which he swore vengeance on all whites.

The Wichita Forest abounds in shade trees and clear, sparkling springs. There are many head of Longhorn steers, American buffalo, elk, white-tailed deer and antelope. The antelope are quite friendly and constitute a very interesting part of the reserve. In scenic value, the Wichita National Forest ranks high among the national forests of the country, being the oldest continental mountain range in continental United States. Disintegration here is far advanced and the countless strange and interesting formations, coupled with the indescribably beautiful colorings, resulting from the play of the sun and elements upon the crumbling rocks, present scenic effects both unique and compelling in their attractiveness.

The party leisurely viewed the beautiful scenery around the Arbuckle Mountains, Turner Falls and later the old Chickasaw Capital, from whence the "Sage of Tishomingo" came. Here they found the beautiful Pennington Creek, that has been the inspiration of many poets. It is flanked by huge granite boulders, one of which is known as Devil's coffin, from its shape.

Then they stopped for hours at scenic Sulphur, which has the distinction of possessing Oklahoma's National Park, which ranked second last year in popularity among tourists.

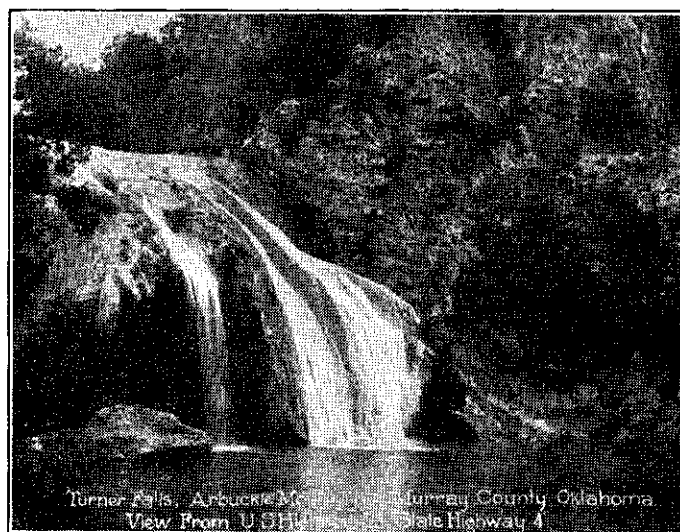


Wichita Grass House

Evelyn Hughes Shumard, writer from Sapulpa, gave the group some interesting facts about the Medicinal qualities of the springs.

Continuing straight east, the travelers find the whole southeastern part of the state occupied by a range of mountains known as the Kiamichi. This is perhaps the most heavily wooded and wild part of Oklahoma. Many thriving coal towns are to be found in this section, enjoying the beautiful scenery, excellent fishing and hunting and the good water. Starting from the southern counties the Kiamichi mountains will be found in Bryan, Choctaw, Pushmataha, McCurtain, LeFlore and Latimer counties. Choctaw county possesses two landmarks, the old Choctaw Court House, with its large tree outside where early day offenders were tied and horse-whipped, and old Fort Towson, one of the earliest military posts in Oklahoma. The largest tree in Oklahoma is in McCurtain County. Principal towns in this section are, Idabel, Durant, Antlers, Hugo, and Poteau. Coal and agriculture are the chief interests of this section.

Some delightful hours were spent in canoeing down the Illinois river with its clear waters and beautiful Ozark Mountain scenery. Camping conditions around the river are ideal for the vacationist, as there are numerous clear, cold springs for drinking purposes, and plenty of fish to be caught in the river, as well as places for swimming that outrival the "Ole Swimmin' Hole" of your boyhood days.



Turner Falls, Arbuckle Mountains, Murray County, Oklahoma.
View From U.S.H.W. 4, State Highway 4

R. C. Tate's description of the beauties of the "foothills of the Rockies" made a trip on highway No. 11, imperative, for sight seekers must surely see Oklahoma's highest point.

The story of the picturesque Flint Creek and especially of an old grist and saw mill on that stream, that was originally built in 1839, was told by John Knowles Weaver, a Tulsa musician.

The buhr stone on which the meal is still ground has a romantic story, taking a long, circuitous route from France to Indian Territory in 1840. The story of Beck's Mill may be found in Volume II of "Oklahoma—Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow."

After refreshing baths in the healing waters at Claremore and a good night's rest in the famous Will Roger's Hotel, the guests stopped to enjoy the scenic beauty of Dripping Springs in Delaware county, and then spent half a day at Spavinaw, which is a lake six miles long and one and one-half miles wide, created by the construction of a large dam by the city of Tulsa several years ago. This lake which is fed by a clear, cold stream of spring water, which is the source of Tulsa's water supply, is conveyed from Spavinaw to Tulsa, nearly eighty miles, solely by gravitation through huge conduits. The tourists found a camper's paradise here. Fishing, boating, a large concrete swimming pool, modern cabins, hotels and restaurants offer an answer to why thousands of people come and take advantage of the recreational facilities and beautiful scenery.

Not far from Spavinaw is beautiful Lake Frances—this section was formerly known as Forest Park.

Lake Frances Park is Oklahoma's most popular resort. The big lake, an engineer's dream come true, was named for one of his lovely daughters pictured above, Frances Sloan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sloan with their charming family of beautiful daughters live in Tulsa, but spend a great part of their time at Lake Frances.

The tourists stopped at the summer cabin of Mrs. W. G. Ricketts, a gracious Tulsa woman, who was writing a poem expressing her ideas of the park. She does these rhymes for her own amusement but was greatly pleased with the congratulatory remarks as one guest read aloud the closing lines:

"And so it is in the Ozarks high
A place to rest without a sigh.
To lazily dream by the sparkling
water
Where centers an outdoor symphony.
And as we return to the hot city
grind
Our mind wanders back to that
place sublime,
Where the birds sing their lay, and
the soul finds peace,
Where God reigns supreme, and all
sorrows cease."

The party enjoyed hearing about the third city in size in Oklahoma—Muskogee, which has the colorful background of the old historic frontier life. A high point in the romance of Muskogee was the establishing of the first Federal Court



Frances Sloan

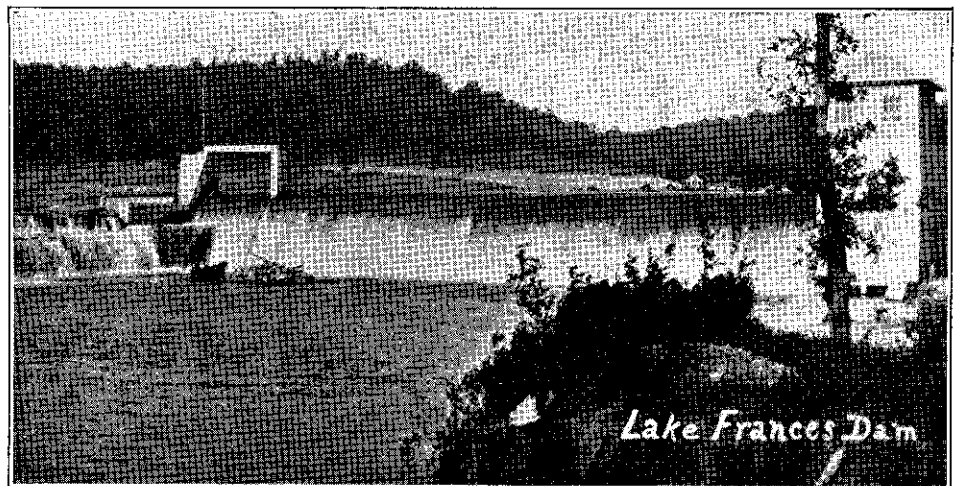
in Oklahoma three weeks before the western side was opened to white settlement—so, as Col. C. B. Douglas would say—"Justice was the 89er of Muskogee and Indian Territory."

The Dawes Commission was created in March 1895, which started the growth of Muskogee in a material way, for the master minds of the nation were sent here to carry on the stupendous task of enrolling the Indians, dividing and allotting their lands that had been held for them as tribes and not individuals.

They viewed the U. S. Veterans Hospital No. 90, a three-quarter million dollar institution, of magnificent proportions, which is maintained by government for the World War veterans. It has facilities for the care of 700 patients, rarely however having in excess of 500 patients at one time. The hospital is located on Honor Heights, noted for its picturesque, scenic beauty.

Facing the east, it has beautiful driveways of approach from all directions. The natural charm of this drive-way is accentuated by a sunken garden with fountain, thence on, past lily ponds overhung with weeping willows and bordered with brilliant-hued flowers, masses of gorgeous bloom broken by clumps of trees and shrubs, greeting the eye as one ascends the hill, until the summit is reached, on the topmost peak of which stands the hospital.

At Okmulgee they paused to view the old Council House, one of the few ancient, historic buildings left in the state. Some one reviewed for the visitors' enlightenment, the mode of punishment of the Creek Indians at the old whipping post, and how one of the last Indians to be executed under tribal rule had them measure him for his wooden coffin, and when it was finished and placed in a wagon, he sat on the lid and rode to the



This immense project was completed by J. W. Sloan and his company in early part of 1931.

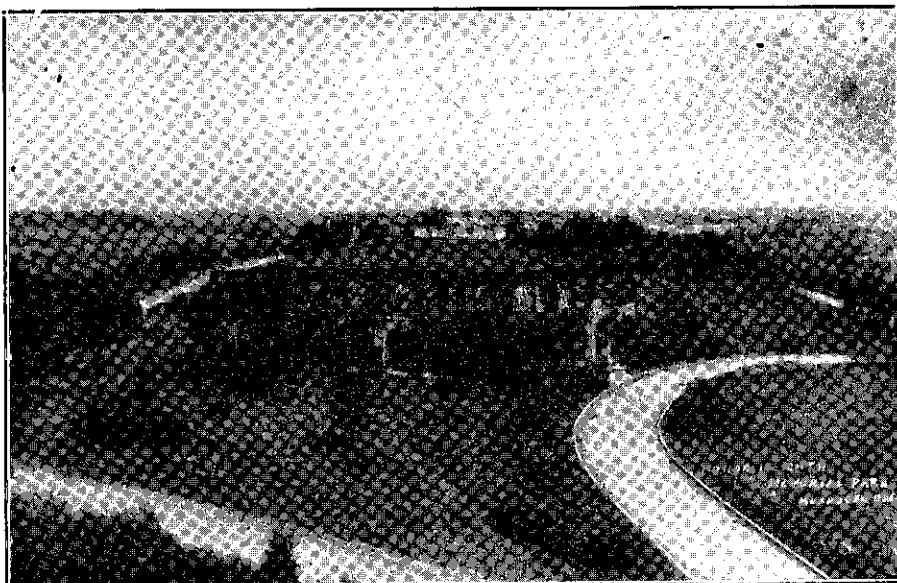
burial ground. There two light horsemen aimed at the white patch placed over his heart, fired, and the tragedy was ended, when the Creek fell forward on his face.

On entering Oklahoma City, Dorothy took the Easterners to the Capitol first, and then out to beautiful Nichols Hills Country Club, where that famous host, G. A. Nichols, made the day an enjoyable one.

"Rome, it is said, was not built in a day—but Oklahoma City was built in less time than that. Its population was a post master, a deputy marshal and some soldiers at noon April 22, 1889. In six hours, however, twenty or thirty thousand people had encamped on the townsite. They had come in the throng of a quarter-million people which swept that day across the border of the territory. In the days that followed, the crowd dwindled to about 5,000," said Ed Overholzer, President Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce.

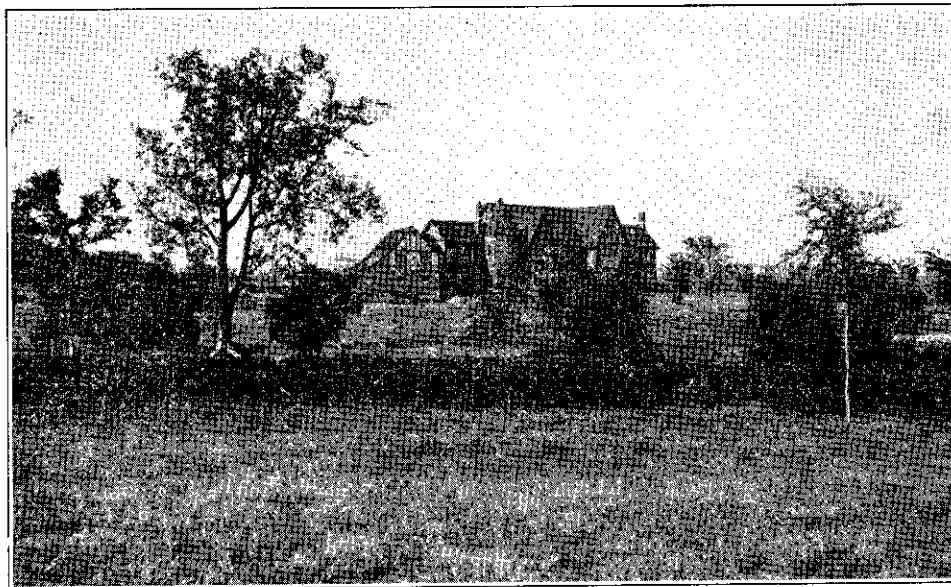
(This wonderful pioneer city builder, Chamber of Commerce president for many years, caused a shadow to fall over the entire city when the news of his death was announced over the radio late in April 1933.)

And how the city has grown! From buffalo grass to 33-story sky scrapers within the life time of those who trod the bare prairies of central Oklahoma in 1889. (The rest of Fred Wilmarth's story—Director of Publicity in Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce, will appear in a forthcoming book.)



HONOR HEIGHTS IN MUSKOGEE

The Chateau—(old agency building in modern dress). (Picture and description furnished by Muskogee's famous writer—Hala Jean Hammond.)

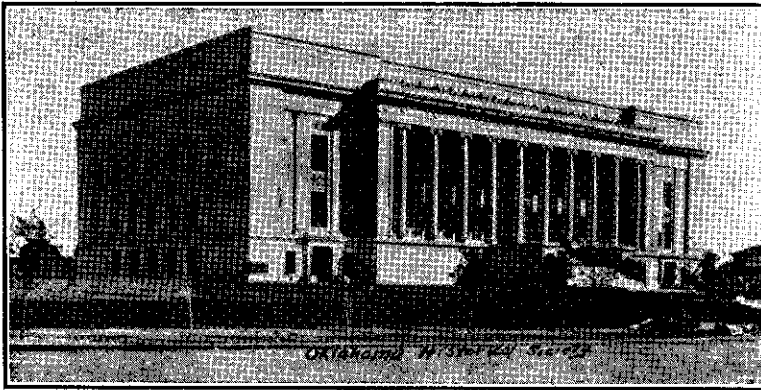


Beautiful Nichols Hills Club House



The Capital City's Skyline

PIONEER DREAM REALIZED IN NEW HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING



In May 1893 the Oklahoma Press Association at a meeting in Kingfisher organized the Oklahoma Historical Society.

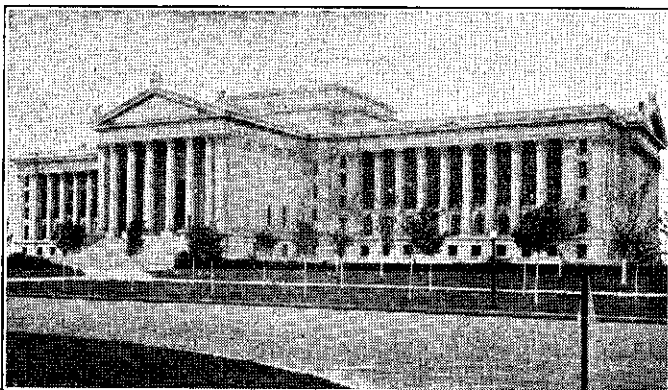
Thirty-seven years later, on the 23rd anniversary of statehood, the pioneer's dream was realized in the dedication of the Historical Society Building. Among the names appearing on the corner stone which was laid Nov. 16, 1929 are: Gov. W. J. Holloway; R. L. Williams of Muskogee, chairman of the building committee; Thomas H. Doyle, vice president; Jasper Sipes of Oklahoma City; Dan W. Peery, secretary of the society, Caddo county; Phil D. Brewer, W. S. Key and W. A. Ledbetter, all of Oklahoma City, and all of the building committee; Charles E. Colcord of Oklahoma City, president of the society; the members of the state board of affairs who are C. E. Dudley, chairman; C. C. Wollard and Roy O. Coppock.

For nearly 30 years J. B. Thoburn, curator of the society, has been affiliated with the organization officially.

STATE MEMORIAL MURAL PAINTING

Among the many things Frank Phillips has done to show appreciation for his state is the beautiful Memorial Mural Painting by Captain Gilbert White in Paris, France. White was selected by Mr. Phillips to paint the war scene, which was placed on the south side of the fourth floor of the state capitol building as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of Oklahoma, who lost their lives in the World War.

"The panel and semi-circular space occurring above the grand staircase are treated, as a single unit in which is depicted the impersonal idea of which the side panels are the personal development.



CAPITOL



"In the center panel is seen the winged female figure of the state, giving the call to arms. From her shoulders a flag floats loosely. With one hand she gathers around her its folds, while with the other she points upward to a sunburst in the semi circular space above; a sunburst through the clouds in which appears the sacred words 'Pro Patria.'

"In the foreground, a soldier bidding farewell to his wife and children represents the sacrifice of the family and the submission of the individual in time of war to the greater cause of the state.



IN MEMORIAM

"In the background stands the father and mother of the soldier. The father, although he hears the country's call, is too old to respond. Obligated to stay behind and care for those who remain, he turns his head and gazes at the departing troops passing below.

"This allegory, while teaching a lesson of patriotism and showing the subordination of the individual to the good of all, at the same time points out the disruption and sacrifice attendant on war."

* * *

In the meantime Betty planned something unique for the guests. She learned that two of her friends, Jack and Helen, were to be married at the old Post Road Inn, located between Fort Smith and Fort Gibson. They had invited her to accompany them.

After arriving at the old place filled with historic romance, being welcomed by Helen's grandparents, who kept the old inn, and the young people had rested a bit, Helen and Jack slipped away to prepare lunch, while grandpa took Betty on a tour of inspection.

As Betty looked around her at the huge fireplace, the immense living room, that had been the lobby of the old inn, she could see the ghosts of yesteryear coming down the wide, Colonial stairway—could vision the handsome Sam Houston with his Indian bride, Tiana, and the gay cavaliers that stopped on their way from Fort Gibson to take shelter for the night, before going on to Fort Smith.

Grandma joined them, and gave Betty some of the more intimate history of the old inn. "Uncle William Vernon was a lieutenant under General Zachary Taylor, and brought his young wife, Sara, to Fort Gibson in the thirties. Now Aunt Sara was a thrifty soul, and saw the prospects of making some money by having a convenient housing place for the hundreds of tourists and the officers and their families that often traveled the road from one fort to the other. So this building was her idea and a fine one it was. I was here in the fifties as a little girl from a Virginia plantation, and I never spent a more exciting summer."

Further reminiscences were interrupted by Helen, who with Jack, summoned them to the kitchen. "It's just so splendid in here, I wanted Betty to see the kind of kitchen Washington Irving described in his 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.' You know he was here, and I'll venture he had Aunt Sara's kitchen in mind when he told of the entertainment given in the big, cheery, shiny kitchen of the old Inn. Grandma has kept it as nearly like it used to be as she could, with a few modern touches in conveniences."

Later, while rummaging in the attic trunks for grandma's wedding finery and other lovely creations of more than a half a century ago, Betty recalled grandpa's interesting stage coach stories and conceived the idea of her brilliant entertainment for her New York friends that she had left in Oklahoma City.

The following evening it was a happy Betty that greeted the belles and beaux that stepped through the pages of history from the old stage coaches, with all the glory of the Knights and ladies of the glamorous past. Betty had remembered the trunk of imported costumes that had been used at the big masquerade dance sponsored by the Junior League, and grandpa had rustled up the stage coaches, so all plans had materialized perfectly.

After the wedding, the big feast, and an hour of dancing came the entertainment that had occupied hours

of thought on Betty's part. She had secured the cooperation of one of Oklahoma's best speakers and an operator from one of the theatres to run the slides, which were pages from the book—"Oklahoma—Yesterday Today Tomorrow"—(Vol. II.)

Just a few of the pages will be shown here.



The Butterfield stage coach of 1858 was the first to carry mail—Read of the exciting race with the great steamer in Vol. I, Oklahoma Yesterday Today Tomorrow.

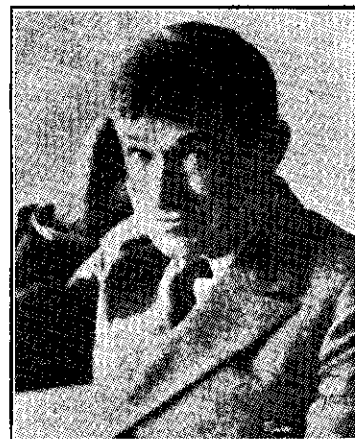
WILL ROGERS—OKLAHOMA'S OWN

With permission of the Editor we quote from "Interesting Southern Personalities" in Holland's—the magazine of the South—Will Rogers.

Whenever drawing Will Rogers from Oklahoma steps onto a motion-picture set, the weather clears, scowls dissolve into smiles, and life again takes on a happier complexion.

Rogers isn't exactly the poetry of motion as he walks and talks and acts. Yet his whole being speaks when he acts a part.

Don't let him fool you. He may have a retiring disposition, but he's a superb showman, with that rare ability not a half dozen actors can boast: to interpolate with his own thoughts as the action unfolds. No picture in which he acts contains the dialogue exactly as it is written for him. He not only is an actor, but he also improvises his lines as the picture progresses.



Will Rogers

One doesn't interview Will Rogers expecting thereupon to jot down some of his choicest verbal morsels.

One watches him work in a picture, sits near him at luncheon—or talks with his directors to learn how he puts himself across to millions, just being himself as the whistling, shambling *Jubilo*, or the dress-suited millionaire who finally achieves his crowning ambition of telling society where to jump before the last of prosperity tumbles in a heap around his shoulders.

It is no false modesty with Will Rogers when he expresses surprise that his pictures should be so popular. He was working recently on a ranch near Corona, California, when a member of the company remarked that a Rogers picture was breaking box-office records in a Riverside theater. "Mickey Mouse must be on the bill this week," he mumbled.

Rogers shuns all attempts at flattery as religiously as he refuses to flatter others.

He makes no pretense of being an actor—which is one reason he is a premier star, draws big box-office receipts, and receives in a week an income many of us would be delighted to earn in a year.

"Me? I'm not smart enough to act," he drawls. "If they can find a role that's sorta like me, I'm fair. Otherwise, I'm punk."

Rogers the Oklahoma cowboy and Rogers the Hollywood actor are one and the same. After the first sequence of one picture was in the can, with Rogers in the role of an old-fashioned, set-in-his-ways widower, Frank Borzage, the director, told him "dress-up" scenes would be shot next day.

The following morning Will arrived at the studio resplendent in a neatly pressed and tailored formal suit, gardenia decorating a lapel, pearl-handled cane, silk topper.

"You'll have to dress your hair, Will," Borzage said.

"What! Me slick my hair up?" Rogers replied. "Say, I don't see why I should change my ways. I've got by all my life with my bangs hanging natural."

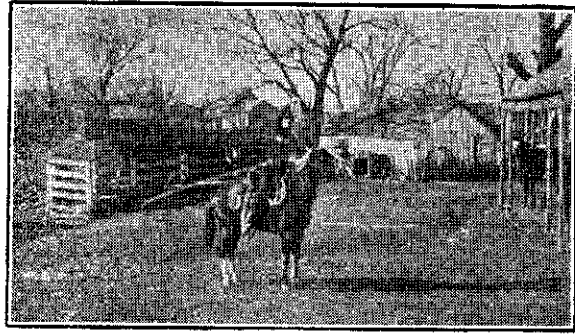
Rogers pulled at his chin, a familiar mannerism. Then he smiled. "Well, if you insist, bring on the pomade. I don't care how the flappers react, but I do hate to cut in on the Prince of Wales and Eddie Lowe. Imagine—grease on my hair!"

That's Rogers for you. Naturalness is the greatest art on stage or screen, and Rogers has it. Nor is it all for effect. You will find him between scenes, during the filming of a picture, sitting on a step ladder, lying on his back under a tree with a book or newspaper held at arm's length as he reads, draped across a fence, or reclining against a haystack, if one is available.

Yet for all his apparent ease, he's one of the world's busiest men. He reads dozens of newspapers, hoping to glean from them the big idea for his daily syndicate paragraph. Sometime during the day, usually after lunch, he pecks out with two fingers the choice morsels.

I should not call Will Rogers a wisecracker, even though I use the term to describe some of his humorous remarks. He keeps everyone on a movie set laughing, not because his monologue breaks out in a series of "cracks," but because he adds a touch of humor to otherwise drab remarks.

He has found acting before the camera beneath an ever-present microphone no different from making a stage appearance. It is his ability—developed to a fine art since he first remarked, nearly three decades ago, while twirling a rope in vaudeville: "I got all my feet



Will Rogers as a youngster on the Mulhall Ranch, Oklahoma's Best Beloved Cowboy—Humorist Movie Star.

through that time but one"—to see humor in every situation and to translate that humor into what passes as a joke, that has created in Will Rogers the foremost joke factory in the world.

Before visible or invisible audience, his mind works on a hair trigger. I know of no better way to explain Rogers' methods of getting his humor over than to carry you with me to the scene of his labors, on a California farm, during the recent filming of *State Fair*. Prominent in the picture is Blue Boy, a seven-hundred-pound prize hog. As the director and technical crew made ready to shoot, Rogers lay on the ground near by, shading his graying hair with a battered hat, one arm across his eyes to shut out the sun, a book held aloft in the other. An ever-present newspaper protruded from a hip pocket.

At last came the call. Blue Boy was ready to make a picture appearance. Up to this time Rogers had not been formally presented to the animal, but a few minutes later he encountered the dumb star and was obviously impressed with what he saw in the pen.

"So you're Blue Boy," he mused. "You're certainly some hog. When it comes to pork, there's nothing like you at all, even back at Washington . . .

"Well," he reflected, "you and me—just a couple of hams for Hollywood!"

Later in the day Blue Boy held up a scene with a bit of temperament. "You know where you'd look good?" Rogers asked him sternly. "Right on the breakfast table, between a couple of eggs."

Apparently Rogers' brand of humor failed to penetrate the animal's consciousness, for he continued his refusal to utter high-priced grunts for the microphone. "Himm," Will mused, "just as talkative as a stock speculator before a Senate investigating committee, aren't you?"

Blue Boy finally overcame his inertia and silently consented to do his bit for the camera. Rogers stood behind the hog, because, he explained, "After all, it's his pen," and the cameras ground on.

In a later scene, Rogers roped a goose. It was here he demonstrated both physical and mental skill when his lariat dropped neatly around the bird's neck and he remarked, instead of following his lines, "You needn't feel so bad. You're not the only goose in this country that's been roped in recently."

In a very subtle way Rogers diagnoses the Nation's ills while speaking through the lips of movie characters. He is not only a combination of American newspaper columnist, magazine writer, stage performer, and movie actor. As a wit, he belongs to the world. His words of wisdom fall with telling effect in Paris, Rio de Janeiro,

New York, Dubuque—wherever they may be heard or read.

Perennially a losing Democrat—until last year—he has become international property. He is America's most internationally minded citizen—and most influential. He inaugurated the campaign that ended in the late Sir Thomas Lipton's receiving a gold cup in honor of his fine sportsmanship. Single-handed he has molded public opinion on serious questions. Alone, through the power of his column, he has aided foreign countries in time of national catastrophe.

Were I to emulate any man, he would be the sage of Oologah and Hollywood. Though he lives on a large estate in the hills west of Hollywood, your existence and mine cannot be more simple in taste. He gives no parties, moist or dry; refuses to play the society game; and seldom appears in public, unless it be professionally or for charity. You never hear Will Rogers lisp over the radio, "Hello, everybody. I know this will be a grand picture," at some movie premiere.

Yet he lives near and believes in Hollywood—which, after all, is no different than your home town and mine. "Tend to business and you'll keep out of trouble, no matter where you live," he says. "It's no more temptation for me to go goofy in Hollywood than in Claremore."

Frank King, the director, likes to compare Rogers with Mark Twain. After a particularly hilarious scene with Blue Boy, Mr. King suddenly became serious as he contemplated Rogers. "It is quite impossible to think of a more remarkably similar pair than Samuel Clemens and Will Rogers," he remarked, as Will continued to stand in the pen, talking to the hog. "Rogers is the man Clemens would have been had Clemens been born thirty years later."

Clemens sprang from humble surroundings. He lived during the rich and roaring days along the Mississippi; then finally he began to write, giving the world some of its finest humor. Rogers, similarly born, was lifted from raw Oklahoma to the Ziegfield Follies, and thence to world fame, by a trenchant but kindly tongue.

LEW WENTZ

Who was it that said: "What you do speaks so loud, I can not hear what you say"? What Lew Wentz does speaks so loudly in his praise, we don't have to know him personally to admire him. He is so adverse to publicity that one can never get a real story of his private life. Every one knows he is a figure unique in Mid-Continent oil affairs, of Ponca City. He will celebrate his 23rd birthday as a citizen of Oklahoma this fall.

While the oil business keeps Mr. Wentz engaged, he finds time to keep busy with his greatest passion, that of helping the crippled and indigent children of his city, county and state. He built for them a home in Oklahoma City. And in his philanthropies, few other millionaires of the southwest have done as much work for humanity as Mr. Wentz. In spite of the fact that his oil properties net him millions annually, he shuns ostentation and is just a likeable human being. He still occupies the room in the Arcade

hotel at Ponca City that he occupied when he landed there from Pittsburgh in 1911.

Another enthusiasm of his is the "female of the species"—under five years of age.

Mr. Wentz has thousands of admirers, but his most devoted followers are tiny ladies of four and five—but here comes the story of a tiny lady nearing her eightieth birthday, who shows her admiration by presenting him with a beautiful quilt, on which she has painstakingly embroidered with deft fingers, the Seal of Oklahoma, as a large center. (The Story of the Great Seal of Oklahoma may be found near front of book.) Read Miss Virginia Nelson's story of the gift, from Oklahoma City Times:

WENTZ GIVEN RARE QUILT BY ADMIRER

By VIRGINIA NELSON
Member of Times Staff

You'd think, just off-hand, that having had 11 children, lived through three or four wars, and having one's eightieth birthday just two weeks away, would be just about big moments for one person's life.

But Mrs. H. F. Godfrey of Shawnee, Wednesday got the thrill of a lifetime—which has been pretty much of a gala affair as lifetimes go—when she met Lew Wentz and presented him with a quilt on which she has worked for ten months.

For a long time, Mrs. Godfrey has observed the doings of the highway commissioner with wholehearted admiration. She read of his acts of charity and the gracious way he has spent his money, with the greatest respect. In a way, it was a modified case of hero worship. And Mrs. Godfrey sometimes had the sneaking suspicion that Wentz didn't always get the credit that she felt was due him.

"I was always reading where Mr. Wentz was doing something for the little orphans, or the crippled children, or somebody," she said. "I thought it was just the finest thing; but you know, it seems like some people are against Wentz. So I just wanted to give him something



Lew Wentz receives a satisfying pleasure in aiding crippled children.

WENTZ GIVEN RARE QUILT

(Continued from preceding page)

to let him know how I admired him and I made him the quilt."

She is here visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. Nile Godfrey, 4528 Classen boulevard. Just about as big as a minute, there is nothing decrepit about this surprising little person; her eyesight and hearing are as good as a young girl's, and she gets about with ease.

Mrs. Godfrey's happiness was complete when Mr. Wentz, in his charming manner, made her feel his gratitude by saying he intended driving to Los Angeles, to show this quilt to his 88-year-old Mother.

Another hobby of Mr. Wentz's is the Boy Scouts, for whom he has had constructed an enormous bathing pool in Ponca City. Among his most far-reaching philanthropies is his loan fund for students at Oklahoma University. Who can measure the good of an education? The loan of \$125,000.00 with his capable financier's mind and management has grown to \$500,000, has aided hundreds to gain an education.



Mrs. Godfrey presents Mr. Wentz with rare quilt.



HISTORIC TAPESTRY OF OKLAHOMA PAINSTAKINGLY WROUGHT BY PIONEER—MRS. J. R. PHELAN



Mrs. J. R. Phelan with her tapestry.

A quilt which represents real thought and fascinating labor is that of Mrs. J. R. Phelan, a pioneer and an artist with her needle, of Oklahoma City, which tells in unique fashion the complete history of Oklahoma. From the coming of Coronado to the construction of large skyscrapers, one of which is a 33 story bank building at Oklahoma City; Philo tower and a million dollar church at Tulsa, universities over the state; the first oil well at Bartlesville to the big gushers of the world's largest oil field; the run of the '89ers; the territorial and state governors; men and women, who have built Oklahoma from the wind swept prairie to the wonderful, third to the newest state in the Union, all are portrayed in this quilt.

The first section of blocks is devoted to the arrival of the Five Civilized Tribes of the Indians; prominent chiefs and other noted Indians, who invented the Cherokee alphabet; Governor Allen Wright,

Choctaw who named Oklahoma; the woman Seminole Chief, Alice Brown Davis; Napoleon signing the Louisiana Purchase; Andrew Jackson addressing the Choctaws; the Santa Fe Trail; the Overland Mail; Pawnee Bill; the Last of the Boomers; Captain David Payne; the Pioneer Woman, Ponca City; the White House of the Famous 101 Ranch of the Miller Bros., and Council Houses of the different Indians.

The second section covers the larger cities; outstanding buildings; the Constitution of Oklahoma by Gov. W. H. Murray, President of Constitutional Convention; "Oklahoma's own" Will Rogers, State's Outstanding son, Charles Colecord inset in Colecord Building;

Oklahoma's Black Gold Kentucky Derby Winner in 1924; Presentation of the State Flag at Washington; such writers as Joseph B. Thoburn, Muriel Wright, Edith Johnson and Jennie Harris Oliver. Recent events include F. C. Hall's Winnie Mae, Post-Gatty Globe encircling flight.

The border joined to the quilt by a clinging vine of Bittersweet depicts the wild flowers, birds and animals of the state.

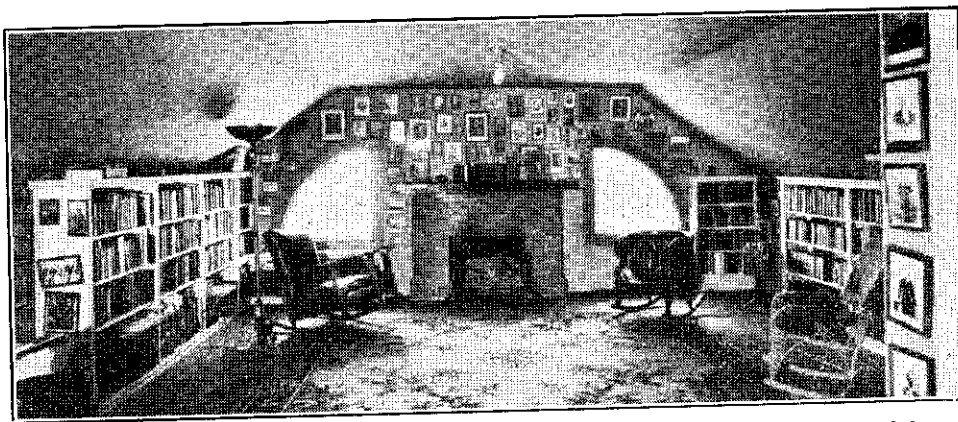
Mrs. Phelan conceived the idea four years ago sketching a likeness of prominent state persons, objects and places from photographs on the quilt and then embroidering the lines in silken colors.

A TULSA'S LIBRARY FAMOUS FOR ITS RARE HISTORIC INTEREST

Quoting from Frank Greer's story of this room of interesting relics, (the story complete will be found in Vol. II O. Y. T. T.): "Walter has been absorbing the history of this state ever since he was first in the newspaper business in Guthrie. Being personally acquainted with every prominent man in both territories, he has taken special delight in making scrap books of newspaper clippings of state historical interest. There is nothing like it in Oklahoma, probably not in any other state in the union. This third floor is a large room, and the walls are completely covered with the pictures of early day characters of Oklahoma, including colored pictures of the leading chiefs and other interesting Indian leaders.



Walter Ferguson, who came from Sedan, Kansas, as a youngster. His father was a Territorial Governor and later a newspaper man. Walter probably inherited his writing ability from his mother, and thru his own diligence has become prominently connected with the world of finance, being Vice President of National Bank of Tulsa.



The famous pictorial and reference library of Indian Territory and Oklahoma History, located in the club room on the third floor of the Walter Ferguson home.

What an entertainment for an old-timer—this galaxy of familiar faces!

The collection includes many rare old documents, also a twenty and ten dollar bill issued by the Republic of Texas, signed by President Sam Houston.

There is a poker table which served its purpose at the Blue Bell Saloon at Guthrie before statehood, and many other unique relics of by-gone days.

The library contains one thousand volumes relating to the history of the Southwest. Everything worthwhile on Indians, Cowboys, and explorations may be found on these shelves, which have helped many people doing research work. There are numbers of rare and out-of-print volumes connected with early history of the Indians and the Missionaries who labored among them.



Frank Greer, a beloved pioneer, whose life was so steeped with the colorful happenings of those early territorial days that one could listen spellbound for hours at his recital of them. The story of how he came to the "opening" and produced the first newspaper published in Guthrie, will be told in a book soon to be published, dealing with "Oklahoma Literature." His paper "The State Capital" was published at the very place where these words are being printed, in Guthrie.

Mr. Greer was a prominent citizen of Tulsa for a number of years, and his recent death (1933) saddened many hearts.

Not only does Mr. Ferguson entertain Oklahoma pioneers and writers in his library, but many celebrities from over the United States have found a gracious welcome in the Ferguson home.

There are many important editors and writers in the group pictured at the right. Among them — the famous Ray Long, former editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, now a publisher in Hollywood. Of course everyone will recognize the noted novelist and short story writer, Irvin S. Cobb. Mr. Howard is a member of the well known Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, and Mr. Parker with the same firm is one of Oklahoma University's most prideful boasts as he has climbed to the top in his chosen profession. Mr. Parker's memories of University of Oklahoma alumni may be found in the next volume of this series on Oklahoma.



Ray Long, Irvin Cobb, Ray Howard, J. H. Evans, Rex Beach, J. J. McGraw, R. L. Jones, Walter Ferguson, Geo. B. Parker, John J. Harden, Mr. Rennich, John H. Markham. This group, snapped by the camera man on the porch of Walter Ferguson's home just after an appetizing breakfast, with Mrs. Ferguson as hostess, portrays not only Oklahoma celebrities but men whose names are recognized the world over.

Perhaps the most noted local man in the group is the genial editor of the *Tulsa Tribune*—Richard Lloyd Jones. Mr. Lloyd Jones was brought up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. His father, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, was a Unitarian minister of Chicago.

Mr. Jones' career gave him friendships that have influenced his life. His contact with the great in literary fields as editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, and later of *Collier's Weekly* has given him rich experiences that he loves to recall.

Always interested in promoting a patriotic spirit, Mr. Jones, August, 1905, bought at public auction at Hodgenville, Kentucky, the farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born. With the late Robert J. Collier and Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph, he organized the Lincoln Farm association, a patriotic society, which invited the American people to contribute the small sum of 25 cents for a memorial fund. In these small amounts nearly \$400,000 was raised. The cabin in which Lincoln was born was housed in a granite temple on the spot where the birthplace cabin stood on the 12th of February, 1809.

President Roosevelt laid the cornerstone; President Taft dedicated the completed Memorial, and President Wilson accepted it on behalf of the American people. Today over 80,000 patriotic pilgrims visit this national shrine annually. It is the only memorial of its kind which a people has ever raised to mark the beginning of a great life.

For nine years Jones was trustee of the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, Tenn. In 1918 this university conferred upon Mr. Jones its honorary LL. D. degree.

Mr. Jones is a trustee of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida.

In 1907 Mr. Jones married Georgia Hayden of Eau Claire, Wis., a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, class of '96. They have three children, Richard Jr., Jenkin and Florence. Mrs. Jones is a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, of which she has twice

been international president. Mr. Jones is a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

A more detailed story of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jones will be found in a book in which will be given the history of Oklahoma's leading newspapers and their editors.

CARL C. MAGEE

Noted for his high ideals in Journalism, and for editing a clean sheet, is Carl C. Magee, editor of the *Oklahoma News* in Oklahoma City. Mr. Magee is the son of a Methodist minister, so the training he received in the character-building years accounts for the true nobility of the man of today.

His education prepared him for useful fields—as school teacher, school superintendent, lawyer and editor.

He attained national prominence as principal participant in exposures that led to the government's investigation of the Tea Pot Dome oil leases.

Mr. Magee practiced law in Tulsa from 1903 to 1920. He has been editor of the Scripps-Howard newspaper, *The Oklahoma News*, since 1927. His daily column, "Turning on the Light," has become a foremost factor for public good in Oklahoma.

The history of the birth of the *Oklahoma News* and its growth will be found in a forthcoming book on Oklahoma literature.

EUGENE LORTON

In *Romances of American Journalism* found in "The Editor and Publisher" for July 19, 1930, was an interesting story of our successful Tulsan, Eugene Lorton, from which we clip the following:

"Reflecting some of the lurid color generally associated with frontier states two or three decades past, the life of Eugene Lorton, owner, publisher and editor of the "Tulsa World" has its elements of drama, many of them, standing out in high relief, crowd forward for front place on the narrator's stage of action. As for example, his quelling mobs by mere force of will at the more turbulent stages of an eventful career. And

having arrived at the mature age of 61 years and having acquired the ownership of an influential paper, the curtain is still suspended high on Mr. Lorton's stage, for there are other battles to be fought, and other victories to be won before the new empire of the Southwest is brought to its fullest development.

To reach his present place in the publishing world, Mr. Lorton was successively printer, railroad brakeman and telegraph operator and finally a newspaper publisher, dating from his first venture in 1889 when he released the "Salubria (Idaho) Citizen" at a price of \$1.00 per month. From that day onward, he has been at the helm of newspapers, steadily progressing until in 1918 he became sole owner of the "World."



EUGENE LORTON,
Editor and Publisher of
"Tulsa Daily World"

Several trips around the world, four or five to Europe and a South American voyage, give Mr. Lorton sane ideas toward vital world problems, and broaden his views of American life, from which his own publication derives benefit.

"The Tulsa publisher believes that his extensive travels have made him appreciate Oklahoma more thoroughly. Along with his enthusiasm for Oklahoma, he is equally laudatory of the World staff, particularly of F. O. Larson, vice-president and business manager since 1915, and G. Henthorne, executive editor, who joined the World in 1912.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the World gets along better when the publisher is away. It has exceptionally capable executives and there is never a misfire anywhere in the organization."

Despite the attractions of other fields of activity, a condition which exists in Oklahoma to a marked degree, he has continued his concentration on the World and its publishing problems, except for politics, his life-long hobby. He stepped aside from the beaten path six years ago to be a candidate for United States Senator from Oklahoma. He also accepted appointment as chairman of the Oklahoma State Board of Control.

In 1933 Mr. Lorton was made a member of The International Joint Commission. This commission consists of three members from the United States and three from Canada. They sit as a court for the arbitration of all matters pertaining to boundary waters. This appointment was made by President Roosevelt.

The World, politics and travel—these are Mr. Lorton's major interests, and they fill the calendar so completely that others are secondary. While in travel, he does not emulate the example of the late Joseph Pulitzer in having detailed reports telegraphed or cabled him, but nevertheless there is little going on in the World building with which he is not readily familiar and exceptionally well posted.

U. S. SENATOR W. B. PINE

The City of Okmulgee is proud to own as a citizen the national figure, William Bliss Pine. In 1924, though



W. B. PINE
U. S. Senator—1924-1930

a Republican, Mr. Pine had the support of many Democrats in his campaign for the United States Senate, and was elected. His ideas of government are not unlike those of Lincoln, who grew to manhood in Pine's native state. Like the Civil War President, the future senator from Oklahoma was born on a farm. After finishing high school, he taught school for three years; then became salesman of binders and expert repair man for the Osborne Company. One of the secrets of his success is that he thoroughly mastered the

job in hand, not being content to merely keep the pay envelope coming, but to know the "whys" and "wherefores" of the thing he was tackling, so when the oil fields of Indian territory beckoned, he was not long in the service of a big company as scout, 'til he had taken on some leases himself. He said—"In competition with the 'doodlebug' drillers and the average uninformed oil man, I had a clear field when I resorted to science."

In less than three years Mr. Pine and his partner had leased forty thousand acres of land which brought them, when a sale to foreign capitalists was effected, the sum of \$725,000. This was the beginning of the good fortune that continued to come to our Oklahoman, 'til he became one of the most influential producers of the Mid-Continent field.

Mr. Pine soon identified himself with many of the commercial and industrial phases of life in his home town. As President of the Okmulgee Chamber of Commerce, he became deeply interested in good roads and was a factor in securing the first improved highways in Eastern Oklahoma.

Oklahoma has had but five U. S. Senators in the less than 27 years since statehood—as some of the same ones have been re-elected. In 1907, Thomas P. Gore and Robert L. Owen were chosen as U. S. Senators by the Democrats. Mr. Gore was re-elected in 1930, which position he still holds. Senator Owen held this office continuously 'til in 1924 he chose to retire, at which time W. B. Pine had the overwhelming decision of Republicans and Democrats alike. In 1920 J. W. Harreld, another Republican, was elected to represent Oklahoma in the U. S. Senate, then in 1926, Elmer Thomas, Democrat, known as "Oklahoma's Business Agent", was elected for four years, and re-elected again in 1932.

CHARLES PAGE

This picture was made upon the occasion of a visit by Governor Trapp, and the men of the group, reading from left to right, are:

Ernie Davis, Oklahoma City, an attache of the Governor's office; Representative Frank Boyer of Tulsa; Newton D. Graham, Ex-State Senator and publicity director of the Exchange National Bank of Tulsa; Governor M. E. Trapp; Charles Page; Walton Clinton of Tulsa; Lee Clinton of Tulsa, and former State Senator R. L. Davidson of Tulsa.

This picture appeared in the Mentor Magazine, May, 1927, accompanying a story of Charles Page, entitled: "A Letter to a Salvation Army Girl of Forty Years Ago."



Charles Page entertaining visitors at the Sand Springs Home

It was this Salvation Army girl who gave Charles Page a dollar to pay for food and a place to sleep. She told him he could replace it when he earned it. In explaining to him the principles of tithing, she planted a seed in the little boy Charles, that grew into the stalwart Oak among men, that big Charles Page became—giving not only a tenth but his all to widows and orphans. Who can measure the good of one small act of kindness? (Cut was furnished thru courtesy of Ex-Governor Trapp, who was a close friend of the late Charles Page.)

PROMINENT TULSANS

Robert M. McFarlin, the first in the group below, is a Texan who came to Oklahoma Territory in 1892, locating at Norman, where the foundation was being laid for the University of Oklahoma. As farmer, stockman, oilman, civic worker and philanthropist, he has had a large part in the development of the state. In all the vicinities in which he and his noble wife have lived—Norman, a ranch in Hughes County, Holdenville and in Tulsa since 1915, have been left memories of his altruistic

life. And now comes the generous gift to Tulsa, the beautiful McFarlin Library, which is one of the most essential things in the growth of a university.

In the picture below from left to right we find next to R. M. McFarlin, Harry Rogers, a life long friend and business associate who has wielded a master hand in financial, civic and religious growth of the state, as well as an international figure in the work of the Rotary Club. Next to Mr. H. H. Rogers is Mrs. McFarlin, who was, before marriage, Ida May Barnard, daughter of a well known ranchman, and sister of the esteemed H. G. Barnard of the National Bank of Tulsa. Next is Arthur L. Farmer, realtor and insurance man, embodying a rare combination of business acumen and civic leadership. He was serving his second term as President of the Tulsa Chamber of Commerce when this photograph was made. John Rogers, though young in years, has forged his way to the top as oil man and attorney. He has a record as a Champion of Education, and possesses in his own home the finest library, it has been said, of any Oklahoman. It was partly through

his persuasion that the University of Oklahoma now has her wonderful President, Dr. Bizzell. Mr. Rogers saw service in France as Captain of the 348th Infantry. He is a leader among young men today, being president of the Y. M. C. A. in Tulsa. Then comes the beloved pioneer, Alice Robertson, now deceased. From a school for Indian girls in Muskogee, which Miss Alice founded, grew Kendall College which later moved to Tulsa. This was the beginning from which developed our Greater University of Tulsa. Then we see the smiling face of the Chancellor of the University, Dr. John Duncan Finlayson, who has traced a path as student and educator since he was born in the province of Ontario, Canada in 1886. At the age of ten, he was brought to the States



This group of Tulsans lined up for the ground-breaking ceremony March 1929, for the now completed McFarlin Library.

where he has had a full life. He received a Bachelor of Divinity Degree in 1914; at Harvard in 1915 a degree as Master of Sacred Theology was conferred upon him, and another the following year as Doctor of Theology. He did not long fill the pulpit as pastor, however, for the World War led him to France as Regional Educational Director of the Y. M. C. A., with the A. E. F. After filling many important positions in the Educational field, he came to Tulsa as Chancellor in 1927.

Last in line in the group is J. Arthur Hull, chairman of the University of Tulsa's Board of Trustees and President of the Board of Trustees of Tulsa Boy's Home.

As a producer of oil, a philanthropist, and a friend of youth, J. Arthur Hull has made a name for himself. Modest as few men, it is not easy to convince Mr. Hull that his record is exceptional. Mr. Hull's name is always near the top in the list of those who do things for Tulsa.

Mr. Hull is a deacon in the First Presbyterian church, a member of the Y. M. C. A. Board, which he helped to organize in 1909. He served in France as a Y. M. C. A. worker during the World War, and has for many years been counted among Tulsa's noblest citizens.

The book soon to appear on Oklahoma Missions and Schools will present the beautiful new buildings at the University of Tulsa and their donors, among them the magnificent fine arts building by Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrell and the Petroleum Engineering building by Mr. Waite Phillips.

All true Tulsans would love to honor this last named noble man, builder of our most handsome skyscrapers, in a way that would let the world know our pride in him as citizen, but his extreme aversion to publicity, makes us honor his request to leave him out of things. School children must know this generous man has helped in more worthy causes than any other citizen of our city. The American Legion Hut, a spacious structure, the Children's Home on West Easton, the Junior League's Crippled Children's Home have been made possible through his magnanimous gifts; also the new Union Bus Station, which is a prideful theme of Oklahoma travelers, as it is a delight to all from afar who need to rest between busses in its comfortable lounge. Not only the tall buildings that enhance Tulsa's sky line and make strangers realize ours is a city that has made a definite name for itself, but each year, as civic problems have to be met with large donations, makes us realize the debt Tulsa owes to one man—Waite Phillips.

TULSANS HAVE SPENT 30 YEARS COLLECTING INDIAN RELICS

In the accompanying picture are Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Simpson among their famous relics. We mention only a few. The secret-betraying blanket is in the background. This blanket was woven in black and gray and red, by a half-breed girl. Because into its symbols she had woven the ceremonial secrets of her tribe, she was condemned, by the tribesmen, to death. Just before the time set for her execution she managed to free herself and run away, thus escaping the death that was to have been meted out to her for her betrayal of her people's jealously-guarded secrets.

Among other interesting and valuable relics found in the collection are handsomely embroidered robes, both for men and women, highly ornate with heavy bead work



Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Simpson

and fringe. A deer tail head-dress, said to have been worn by Bacon Rind, is a fine example of Indian hand-work. A deer tail was used in making the head-dress because the Indians considered the deer the swiftest and strongest of all animals and it was their belief this strength and fleetness would be bestowed upon whoever wore the head gear.

A pair of ball sticks, hanging on the wall of the museum room, bear a tragic history. They were given to Mr. Simpson by an Indian ball player who, during a game, was struck over the head with one of them by another player. Mr. Simpson, a witness of the attack, ran to the fallen Indian with some water. The blow proved fatal and the man died, but before his death he presented the sticks to Mr. Simpson as a token of his gratitude for the water.

Pages could be written of the interesting stories connected with each of these valuable relics owned by pioneer Oklahomans. Mrs. Simpson's father was the most familiar character of the Seminole oil field.

DELVING INTO THE NEGLECTED FIELD OF INDIAN ART

Into the beautiful home of Mrs. E. B. Lawson, the author accompanied the photographer from the Ed Miller studio, to get these illustrations that all of Oklahoma might see this choice collection of rare Indian relics owned by one of Oklahoma's most famous entertainers—the sweet singer of Indian songs—granddaughter of last chief of the Delawares.

Mrs. Lawson's Indian Museum, arranged in her lovely basement, built especially for the purpose, contains priceless relics she has secured from all parts of America. A small piano and library of books on Indian lore fill one room, which is made picturesque with the large fireplace and mantle decorated with Indian motifs, and many interesting paintings. A miniature covered wagon drawn by oxen is at one side of the room. The polished floor, covered by beautiful Navajo rugs, enhances the charm of the room. In another room, across the hall, are the glass cases which extend to the ceiling on three sides of the room that hold the treasures that make this a show place in Tulsa, for her notable guests. Each separate article contains a romance in Indian lore that only Mrs. Lawson knows the full content, so I won't dare spoil her museum by attempting to tell of the things that held me spell-bound. The main thing of interest



Mrs. E. B. Lawson's Indian Collection.

in the hall that has the stairway that leads to the upper rooms of the house, is the glass case in which repose the guns of all sizes and kind. Each could a tale of exciting information relate, could it but speak, from the Revolutionary type down to the toy pistol of the son of the house, when he was a wee laddie.

OKLAHOMAN, GRAND DAUGHTER OF TEXAS HERO WRITES OF SANTA ANNA'S GRATITUDE

Ardmore, Oklahoma,

Mrs. Dan Morris,
Authoress, Oklahoma Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.
Dear Mrs. Morris:

Your letter of inquiry regarding the story of the capture of Santa Anna by my grandfather, Col. Joel W. Robison, is before me. I have only a few facts regarding his early activities in Texas—he was a veteran fighter in the cause of Texas liberty and was a member of the Constitutional Convention from Fayette county in 1875. I do not think there was ever a picture of Col. Robison wearing the "red silk-velvet vest with buttons of gold," which was Santa Anna's and by him presented to my grandfather as a token of gratitude for kindness shown him.

This vest was stolen from my family and none of the family possesses even a button.

There hangs in the State Capitol at Austin an oil painting depicting the bringing into Sam Houston's camp Santa Anna on a horse. Santa Anna was wounded, so my grand-

father let him ride, and led the horse into camp. All this history you could get most concisely, I think, from Mrs Pennybacker's History of Texas, which was used for years as the text-book of Texas schools.

I have in my possession the commission of Colonel to Joel W. Robison in 1832, by Gen. Sam Houston. The history of this pioneer Texan, who was born in Georgia, has left an indelible impression on his family. My mother, Mrs. Fannie Robison-Smith, the last direct descendant passed away Nov. 3, 1923.

My first cousin, W. A. Ledbetter, whose mother was a daughter, also, of Col. Robison, has made history for Oklahoma, as he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Oklahoma.

I love my adopted state, Oklahoma, as I loved Texas and I came to Ardmore with my father and mother in 1875, and count myself a pioneer of Ardmore.

Thanking you for your interest and wishing you much success with your book, I am

Very Sincerely yours,

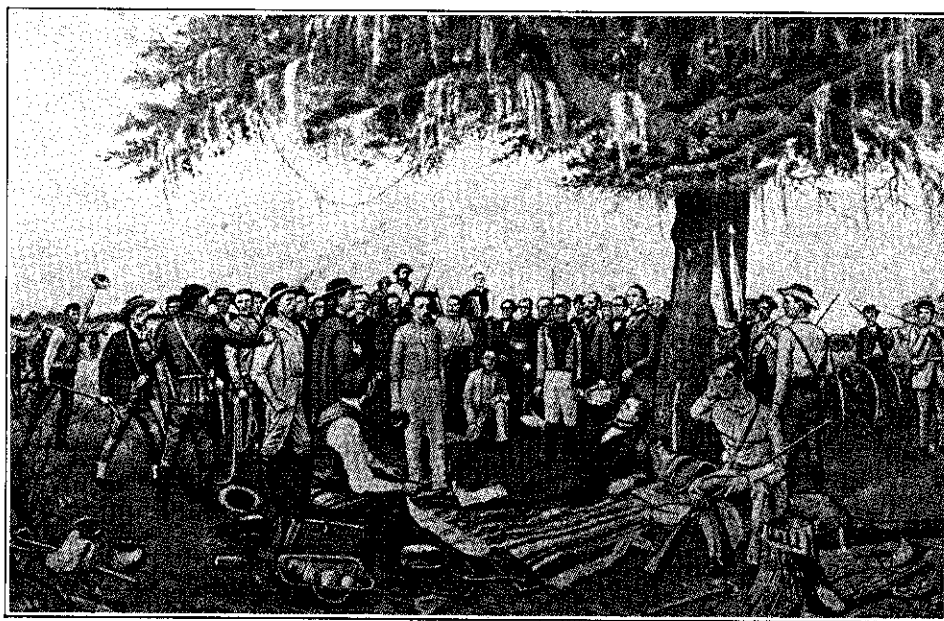
Mrs. Minnie Wall,
1420 Third S. W.

The above letter will explain the part Oklahomans have in this story of Houston and Santa Anna.

In brief, the Battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, had been won by the Texans, changing the history of an Empire.

The grand army of Santa Anna, the great Mexican general, was entirely destroyed. The General was found the next day disguised as a common soldier, hiding in the tall grass of the prairie. Pretending that he could not walk, Joel W. Robison, who was struck by Santa Anna's courteous manner let him ride on his horse. In this manner they came to General Houston.

Houston's horse had been shot from under him and he himself was badly wounded in the ankle. The wound was very painful and had kept him awake all night. When Santa Anna was brought to him, he was lying on a pallet under an old oak tree, and had fallen into a doze.



Houston under the tree at San Jacinto—1836.

He was roused by the cries of Mexican prisoners "El Presidente! El Presidente!" Raising himself on his elbow, he gazed into the face of the Mexican President. Santa Anna stepped forward and with an impressive bow told who he was, and begged that his life might be spared. Houston was a brave man, and the brave never exult over the fallen. He promised Santa Anna that when Mexico should have withdrawn all her troops across the Rio Grande, and agreed to the independence of Texas, he should be released.



"Mother Cook"
of Oklahoma City

Alice Downs Cook, "Mother Cook," to the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company girls of Oklahoma City, and her brother, Harvey Downs of Monroe, La., and sister are the only living offsprings, so far as they can ascertain, of men who are in this group with Houston under the Trec. The father was a very young man at the time and had been a close friend of David Crockett.

Mrs. Cook tells a very inter-

esting story connected with the old Alamo at San Antonio, Texas. Texas History



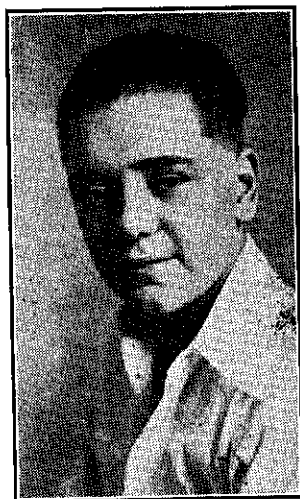
Harvey Downs,
of Monroe, La.

Students will recall that David Crockett was one of the heroes of the Alamo, that never lived to tell the story. He had stood by the door protecting himself as best he could and ran his spear into the Mexicans as they came in swarms into the room. Over this door some one had carved the image of David Crockett's dog. On one ear of the dog was printed "David Crockett."

When Alice Downs was five years old her mother took her to visit the Alamo. In the other ear of the dog picture she printed "Alice Downs," and lifted Alice up to see what she had done.

—The Author.

OKLAHOMANS OWN MANY RARE OLD LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS



Kirol R. Holm, Jr.



Francis Maurice Breen,
who married Catharine Baker.

Kirol B. Holm, Jr. is a direct descendant of Samuel Baker the first, being a great, great grandson.

He is the son of the well-known oil man, Kirol Holm, and Mrs. Holm, who, before her marriage was Ghyneth Breen. Her father was a pioneer oil man in Bartlesville, his father being Francis Maurice Breen, who married into the famous Baker family.

Old Letter Tells of Washington's Campaigns

Tulsa Woman's Ancestor Crossed Delaware on Christmas Night and Escaped From Prison Ship

It has been 158 years since that dark night when George Washington and the colonial army crossed the ice-encumbered Delaware and captured the unsuspecting Hessians at Trenton, but the recurrence of the birth date anniversary of the "father of his country" brings the story to our minds afresh each February. And although to most of us the tale of that great military victory has

only historic significance, there is one Tulsan who treasures it as family tradition as well.

Mrs. Kirol R. Holm, 1632 Swan drive, is the possessor of a letter written by the son of her great great uncle, who in it describes his father's experiences as a soldier in the Continental army under George Washington, how he engaged in the battle of Long Island (or Flatbush as the British called it), was captured by the Hessians and placed on a Jersey prison ship from which "floating hell" he made his escape, found his way to the headquarters of Washington's army, then stationed at Morristown, and on the night of December 25, 1776, crossed the Delaware and helped make prisoners of the very Hessian regiment to which he had been forced to surrender the August before.

This Samuel Baker the 2nd, who wrote the letter is one of a family of seven children, which included John Baker. John Baker's daughter was Catharine, who married Maurice Breen shown at beginning of this story, who was the father of Maurice Breen of Oklahoma. This makes Catharine Baker Breen the grandmother of Mrs. Kirol Holm of Tulsa, and Catharine is the granddaughter of the Samuel Baker the first, of whom this story is concerned.

Samuel's father, Robert Baker, was an early pioneer of Fannet Township, Path Valley, Pennsylvania. His family history may be found in Pennsylvania Archives, 2nd series, Volume II, page 509.

(Mrs. Kirol Holm, the Tulsa descendant of this illustrious family, is a member of the D. A. R., her national number being 246503.)

Tulsa Council Passes Resolution

As evidence of the fact that the Tulsa City Council was not without a sense of humor in 1906, we print the following resolutions, that contain the seal of the "Incorporated City of Tulsa, Indian Territory."

This was found among his treasures in Judge Randolph's office—Randolph, Haver, Shirk—in the Cosden building.

WHEREAS: It has come to the notice of this Council that one certain Alderman Randolph, he of the Fourth Ward, has departed for parts unknown but with the known purpose of taking unto himself one wife, and

WHEREAS, this Council recognizes the fact that it is not good for man to be alone and that the state of single blessedness is much to be preferred to that of blessed singleness, and

Whereas, his action in this matter meets with the hearty approval and endorsement of every member of this Council and every patriotic citizen of this City and with the approval of President Roosevelt whose views on Race Suicide are well known,

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED: That this Council express its approval of the said Randolph's action and its confidence in his good judgment and discrimination and cause it to be spread on record, and that the City Attorney be instructed to communicate with said

Alderman and provide him with copy hereof.

W. D. Abbott,
Recorder.

John O. Mitchell,
Mayor.

I, W. D. Abbott, Recorder of the Incorporated City of Tulsa, Indian Territory, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct copy of a resolution, introduced by Alderman Hawley and passed and approved by the Mayor and Councilmen at an adjourned meeting of said Council, held in City Hall, October 1st, 1906 and that said resolution is now a part of the said council proceedings had at said meeting at said date.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the Incorporated City of Tulsa, this the 7th day of October A. D. 1906.

(Seal) W. D. Abbott,
Recorder of the Incorporated
City of Tulsa.

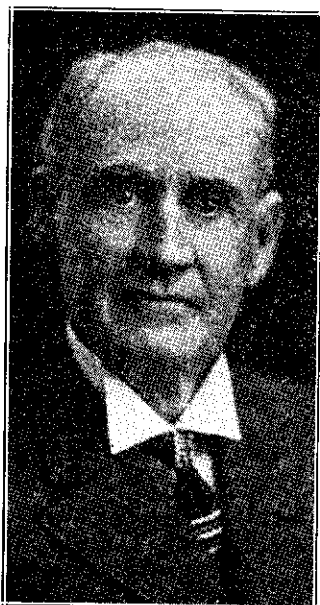
INTERESTING PIONEERS WHO ARE ACTIVE CITIZENS TODAY

J. M. Hall, the only Tulsan who has lived to see his City's Golden Anniversary. 50 years of advancement marked August, 1932.

J. M. Hall, founder of Tulsa, has been the first to do most things to help a little cow-town become a metropolis. He was the first postmaster, had the first store, was the first Sunday School Superintendent; helped organize first school system, first commercial club, aided in bringing statehood to Indian Territory and suggested the name "Tulsa" for our county. In fact, his life history is almost the history of Tulsa, for so closely allied with the town's progress was he that scarcely an enterprise but in some way reflected his influence.

Today Mr. Hall and his wife live at 1801 East Admiral boulevard, their home for the past 20 years. The corner of Fourth and Main streets, where the Majestic theatre now stands, was their home for 16 years. They also lived on the corner of Eighth and Detroit, and the corner where Boston crosses the Frisco right of way.

J. M. Hall's brother, H. C. Hall, selected the location of Tulsa and built the first store here. He has been called the "Founder of Tulsa" and J. M. Hall was closely associated with him in all his ventures. H. C. Hall did not live to see the allotment of land and the remarkable growth of Tulsa from an Indian village to a metropolis. After a lingering illness of three years, he died in 1895. His wife and daughter reside in Tulsa now.



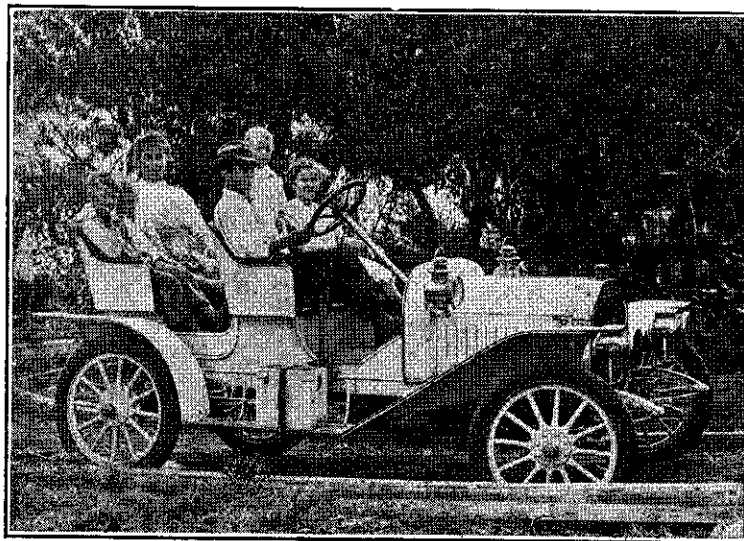
J. M. HALL
—the only surviving "first citizen."



An Interesting Home in Old Indian Territory

Old home of Charles and Louise Clinton at Red Fork, built in 1885. Red Fork is now a part of Tulsa. This home played its part in the oil history of Tulsa.

It was in this charming old home that Fred and Lee and Paul grew to manhood. And it was here that petite Vera's romance with James H. McBirney was begun, that culminated in their happy marriage. The fine old mirror that hung in the living room will tell the rest in—"Reflections."—in a book on Missions, Education and Professional Men and Women of Oklahoma.



"Touring No. 1"—First car of the Tate Brady family, pioneers of Tulsa

INTERESTING OKLAHOMANS



Chas. F. Colcord, pioneer cowboy, peace officer, city builder and financier, President of Oklahoma Historical Society and most beloved citizen of Oklahoma City.

In the old-time Chronicles of Oklahoma City's magic progress, five great builders' names were always mentioned—yet of the five, Charles Colcord, alone remains to continue to add new laurels to the glory of this imperial city, for he is a figure pre-eminent today as well as yesterday.

To catch Mr. Colcord in a reminiscent mood in his comfortably furnished office in the elegant Colcord building, is well worth the expense of a trip to his city when one is searching for historic romance, for this delightful pioneer bubbles over with it.

So the reporter from the United Press must have thought when in April, 1930, he wrote:

Founder of Oklahoma City Began With Team of Horses

Oklahoma City, April 25, 1930.—(UP)—Upon a team of horses, a wagon and a ramshackle building rest the history of a city and the life of a man, the two inseparable.

The city is Oklahoma City, one of the nation's most thriving towns. The man is Charles F. Colcord, its builder.

Colcord, now gray haired, but keen and vigorous despite his 75 years, has watched the city grow from a "Boomer" village of tents 41 years ago to its present position of leadership in building of all southern cities and fifteenth in the United States.

A horse and wagon traded for the first building which was erected for the first mayor the first day of the town's existence, is the basis for Colcord's \$1,000,000 fortune in real estate.

This meager start gave Colcord the determination to build a city.

Colcord, owner and trader of the team and wagon, watches the growth of the city like a father watching his child. From the top story of his office building, the first in the state, he told the United Press of the city's present affluence.

Pointing from his window, he looked down upon two lots in the heart of the city which he purchased for \$900 each, as late as 1910.

Across the street, the steel work of the new Biltmore hotel, a 26-story structure was rising. He financed the project. To the north two blocks distant, the framework of three 30-story buildings were at a level of the old Colcord building's skyline.

Below was Main street where he patrolled as a federal marshal before Oklahoma became a state.

In January this year, the city to which he devoted his life was surpassed in total building permits by only New York City, Detroit and Los Angeles, all in the million population class.

The factor that caused Colcord to select Oklahoma City as the site for his life's work is given as the reason for the city's phenomenal growth—its location in the exact geographic center of the state.

When Colcord and his father nudged their way to the front rank of the "Boomer" line in 1889, ready to dash into the territory for a land claim, they chose this location as their goal because it was the center of the opened territory.

Lean years, when the village threatened to go the way of many western towns and vanish, appeared to have disqualified their decision that it would eventually become a thriving city. Years later the dream is real, spokelike trade lanes radiating from the city in every direction.

IN OKLAHOMA SINCE YOUNG BOYHOOD

C. Guy Cutlip—1881 —Wewoka



JUDGE C. GUY CUTLIP

C. Guy Cutlip was born in a dug-out, fifteen miles west of Medicine Lodge, Kansas, on April 6, 1881. He is the son of pioneer parents who were not content to submit to the humdrum sameness of the more thickly settled eastern communities, his father coming west from West Virginia, in the confidence of his young manhood, and his mother with her family from Tennessee, to seek that freedom of thought and action afforded by the plains and forests of the west.

His earliest recollection was of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes on the warpath going to Sitting Bull for his second uprising in the early '80s. Runners coming thru the southern Kansas county notified the people of the Indians coming and many went to the "stockade" at Lake City, Kansas. But the father of Mr. Cutlip, who was at the time on a roundup where the 101 Ranch is now located in the Old Cherokee Strip, had prepared a cave or concealment in the bank of the Little Dog Creek, running just back of the small cabin in which the family was living, under some willows and here the mother, together with her youngest sister, and Mr. Cutlip who was then but a small child, hid until the Indians had passed. That raid carried the Cheyennes and Arapahoes several miles west of the hiding place of the family. Along the edge of the Cedar breaks there was a caravan of wagons, consisting of eight or ten. Every human being in the wagon train was killed. Many Indians were also killed, and riding out to the battle ground in front of his father, the young Cutlip viewed the charred remains of the wagons, the Indian graves, and many others, with their blankets wrapped around them, their most

OKLAHOMA SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES ARE HER PRIDE



DR. BENNETT
President of A. & M.



DR. W. BIZZELL,
Pres. of University of Oklahoma

The following was clipped from the United States Daily of February 22, 1930, written by Oklahoma's Governor, at the time, William J. Holloway:

Oklahoma's annual public school bill is \$30,000,000. There are more than 18,000 teachers watching over the intellectual training of Oklahoma's youth. Twenty-seven colleges, public or private, afford a genuinely democratic

(Continued on page 57)

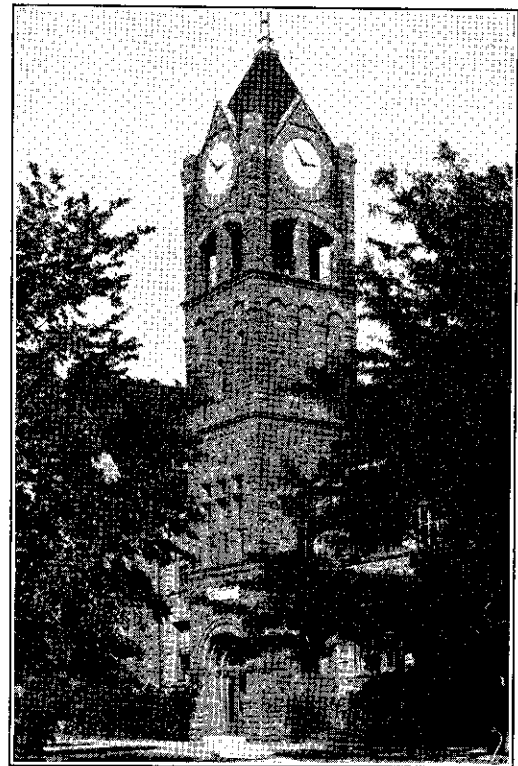
INTERESTING OKLAHOMANS—Continued

prized possession enclosed therein. This was less than fifty years ago, and since that time the history of Oklahoma has been written.

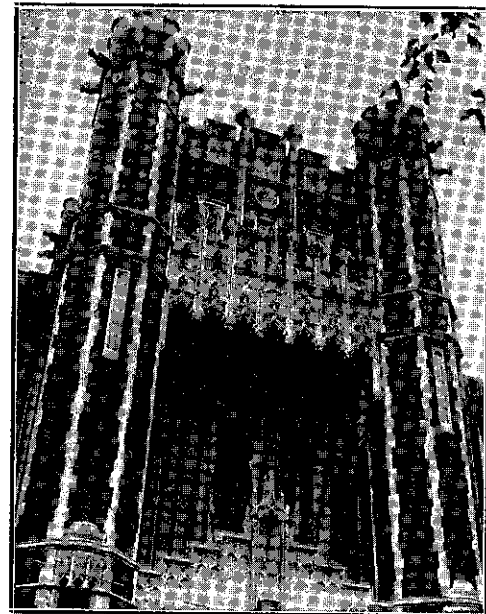
Mr. Cutlip witnessed the thundering thousands sweep into old Oklahoma territory in 1889, and take up homes on the wind swept wastes. He saw the formation of a government, and the foundation laid upon which the superstructure of the great commonwealth of Oklahoma was erected, knew and respected the early day men and women of the state. Saw them come and go, knew their hardihood, their courage and their sturdy independence. They all played their parts in the present day civilization. Even the keen eyed gambler with his long tailed coat, his gaudy vest and his black mustache taught that life, after all, was a game of chance. The early day "bad-man", who carried his statute of law on his hip, taught his lesson for he made men self reliant, courageous and capable of meeting every condition.

Mr. Cutlip early became a part of the new state. Moved to Wewoka in Seminole county in 1901, where he has resided ever since. He has been a part and parcel of the progress of that wonderful city, and that wonderful county and has been associated with every move looking to progress for his community and in this recognizes his greatest pleasure and worth.

He was the first mayor of the city of Wewoka, has been many times President of the Chamber of Commerce, was a member of the Board of Governors of the Star-Bar of Oklahoma at the time he resigned to become Superior Judge of Seminole county. He maintains a comfortable home and has a fine family.



Old North Tower with "Big Ben" in evidence. "The Territorial Normal School" at Edmond, now Central State Teachers College. First College Building in Oklahoma, begun in the summer of 1892. What romances cluster around "Old Central" at A. & M. — running a close second to Old North Tower, in age, contracted for in June 1893.



The beautiful library with the two Gothic Towers at University of Oklahoma, Norman. Proud, too, are we of our noble men at the head of our institutions. Especially Dr. Bizzell and Dr. Bennett. A story of them and other leaders will be found in "Missions and Education" —soon.

educational opportunity on the higher level to Oklahoma's high school graduates.

Our State University has won distinction beyond the State, especially through its schools of petroleum engineering, law, and medicine, while our Agricultural and Mechanical College is one of the largest and most effective land grant colleges in the nation. These institutions of higher learning enroll annually 55,000 young men and young women.

Oklahoma spends annually on her college program, public and private, between \$7,000,000 and \$10,000,000, bringing the total expenditures within the state for public education of all types to \$40,000,000.

Oklahoma's educational progress, more especially in the last 10 years, has been a matter of national comment for genuine accomplishment. There is within the reach of every child, every youth, every young man or young woman, reasonable educational opportunities when compared with similar opportunities afforded by the most progressive states.

A partial list of names belonging to the group pictured below was found. They are: Tommie Seruggs, Mary Adair, Ida Jeffries, Annie Trainor (Mrs. Warren Butts, Muskogee), Annie Smith, Myrtle Barnes (Mrs. Gibs Henry), Sadie Blake, Effie Dunwoody, Patsy Mayes, Clu Gulagar, Waddie Hudson, William P. Thompson, Dr. Chas. Ross, Burris Blake, Will Canup, W. W. Hastings, Ed Blake, and next to the organ, Prince Dolgorouki.

Among those in this picture that deserve a whole story to themselves are W. W. Hastings, Oklahoma Congressman, from Tahlequah, whose interesting family has been a part of Tahlequah's progress many years, and the teacher of the big music class, most of whom were members of this choir of Tahlequah Presbyterian Church. Who could find a more aristocratic looking group, representing that period of forty years ago? The music teacher was also organist at the Church, but he made the

strongest appeal because he was an exiled prince from Russia. Edwin V. Dolgorouki was accused of displeasing Her Royal Highness and in Russia, incarceration in prison is the punishment for the slightest misdeed, so in a cage of brick, with only slits in the wall to thrust in a bite of food, he was imprisoned for months. Some American Missionaries secured his release, but he had to leave as an exile. He came to Indian Territory, and located at Tahlequah, where his musical talents were discovered, and in this cultured little village, the capital of the learned Cherokees, he soon had a large class that furnished most of the entertainment when a special program was needed for a civic celebration.

Annie Trainor, whose first husband was Dr. Leo Bennett, was called the belle of the Cherokees. It was she that was chosen as the bride—Miss Indian Territory—when the two territories became Oklahoma.

Oklahoma is known far and near for its palatial homes, its picturesque gardens with flowers and shrubs brought from foreign climes to take root in the rich soil of Oklahoma.

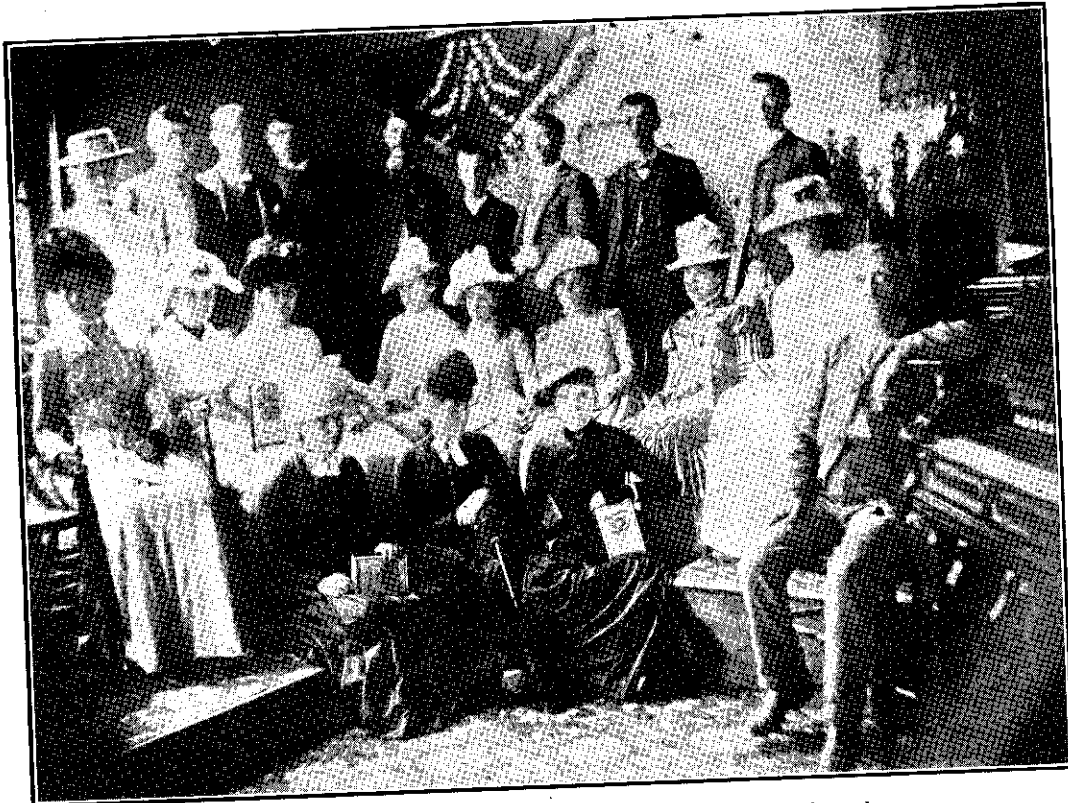
THE HOME E. W. MARLAND BUILT

"He was a man who found his millions in corduroys,
And now that he has them, can think
To set a hedge of silvery Russian olives
Against a grove of black jacks."

—Sigrid Arne.

"As you enter the high-ceilinged, white stone hall you see, first, a white arch looking through to further rows of arches, covered with a delicate Japanese mural in soft greens and grays. To reach that upper level there are two flights of steps rising from the dull red and blue tiles of the hall floor.

Second, you can look down a flight of some 15 steps, through a long hall, hung with rich, rose-colored Persian rugs, into the famous Marland banquet hall that sits



The Choir at the old Presbyterian Mission in Tahlequah

low in the house, and to the back looking out over the large swimming pool.

To the right, in the hall, is a small parlör, panelled in soft, brown woods, to receive callers' hats. And to the left is the formal dining room, also wood panelled.

Every few steps in the home means another grouping of walls and windows that somehow make a "frame" for another beautiful picture—another vista.

* * *

If you ascend the steps from the hall, the arches with the Japanese murals form a hall running the length of the parlör floor, and revealing through their pillars double sun parlors that are a picture from every angle, the arches creating depth and variety.

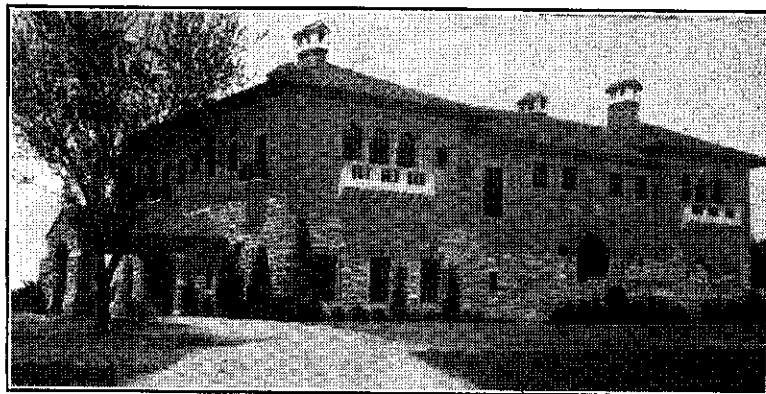
The parlör to the right looks out through triple windows to the statue of the "Pioneer Woman." Those to the left look out to a curving lake, set in soft trees.

Those to the right really look out to three vistas, that fan-tail into the house. "That is one of the features that makes the Hampton Court gardens in England so beautiful," Marland explained. "So I thought I'd copy it here."

"You see the avenue with the statue look across to my old home. And the one straight ahead is a copy of the gardens at Versailles that Marie Antoinette loved. And the one on the left is just a soft hall of trees that lead off to the woods."

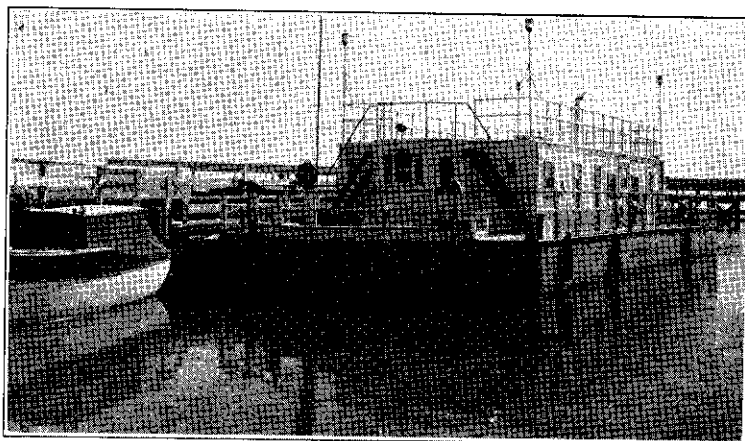
Marland's eyes gleam with the beauty of the scene. It seems as though he doesn't own it, but is just an art-lover who has dropped into an art museum for some pleasure.

Sunlight can fall into those comfortable, informal looking parlors at any time of the day, but the furniture and the colors seem to help the gay feeling of the rooms along. The right parlör is filled with groups of dull gold furniture, upholstered in black." (Quoted.)



An Oil King's Castle on the Kaw.—Ponca City

Lack of space prevents detailing all the beauty of this unusual mansion.



Far from the turmoil of city streets, Walter Ramsey finds quietude and peace at his country place and in his house-boat—near Oklahoma City.



Spacious grounds and flowering plants make this Tulsa home a haven. For many years, the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hull, the scene of gay, garden parties and good times. It is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. G. Snedden and still furnishes enjoyment to Tulsa's elite.

INTRODUCING THE OKLAHOMA WOMAN

In her are found the ingredients of every age; her talents and capabilities are as diversified as there are separate individualities.

On April 22nd, 1930, at the unveiling of the Patron Saint of America in Ponca City, E. W. Marland said:

"Master of Ceremonies, Pioneer Women and Guests:

"When I hand the deed to this monument and the land on which it stands to the Governor of the State of Oklahoma, I will have expressed by that act, better than I could by any act of mine, my appreciation of the nobility of character of the pioneer women of America.

"Four years ago I commissioned twelve artists, American, French, English and Italian sculptors, to submit to me small models in bronze in competition for the commission to design this monument in heroic size.

"The people viewing them were asked to vote for their choice, and convenient ballots were provided. Hundreds of thousands of people saw the twelve models and voted for their favorite.

"When the votes were finally counted—in September, 1927—it was found that a considerable plurality had voted in favor of the model from which this monument was designed.

"The vigorous beauty of her figure, the courageous light in her countenance, the victorious swing of her stride as she ventured into the new life with the Bible in her hand, a bundle under her arm and her enthusiastic son at her side, had made their appeal to the people everywhere. 'Here,' they said, 'is the Spirit of the Pioneer Woman.'

"Out of respect for their choice, I awarded the commission for this monument to the sculptor, Mr. Bryant Baker. How well he has succeeded in creating an enduring work of art is for you and posterity to judge."

An impressive thought in Col. Hurley's eloquent address at unveiling of Pioneer Woman monument was: "The reason women are not mentioned in history, men write the histories." For once, a woman is writing a history, and she is giving woman her just dues. Someone said: "No man has ever reached the heights without the touch of some good woman's fingers." We say, "No man, except Adam, ever entered the world without woman's assistance." She was the channel thru which the most sublime event in the history of the world transpired—the coming of the Lord Jesus. She was the last at the tomb, the first at the sepulchre. If one seriously reviews the history of the world, one can glimpse here and there and find, of a truth—"The female of the species is more deadly than the male." To get real recognition, though, she had to be a pious Hannah or a wicked Jezebel, or perform some spectacular deed yet unheard of, to be mentioned in the records where even ordinary men are chronicled.

When the little school girl asked Genevieve Gertrude of Good Housekeeping fame who the woman was in the 'Bible piece about the Lord is my Shepherd'—G. Gertrude answered: "I'm sure there was no woman mentioned, for in Bible days women held no front seats, they couldn't vote nor nothin'."

The child replied—"Well, I heard them plain at Sunday School, say, 'And good Mrs. Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life'."

Every community in every one of the 77 counties of Oklahoma has a number of women worthy of mention in a history, but as this is the first of a series of books that will give her Royal Highness—Woman—some proper publicity, we present here only a few.



First is our—

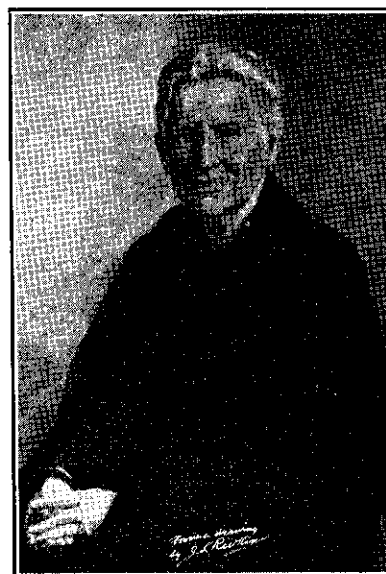
Foremost Pioneer Woman

MISS ALICE ROBERTSON

Miss Alice M. Robertson, of Muskogee, is a native of Oklahoma, her parents being missionaries among the Creek Indian people. More than that, her mother was born in Georgia, where her parents were missionaries among the people of the Cherokee nation.

Her preliminary scholastic training was under the immediate direction and oversight of her parents both of whom were college graduates—in a day diplomas from such institutions were convincing evidences of hard work. Her own education was completed at Elmira college, in New York.

After graduation, she sought and obtained a clerical position in the office of Indian affairs at Washington, where she remained several years. Voluntarily leaving that position, she returned to the Indian Territory to take up work as teacher in Indian mission schools. When the great Car-



MISS ALICE ROBERTSON
(Photograph of hand sketch by J. L. Rivkin.)

lisle Indian school was founded, she was numbered among the members of its first corps of instructors. Two years later, she was recalled to the Indian Territory by the death of her father, to whose work she succeeded. She founded the Nuyaka mission, taught at Okmulgee, established a school for girls at Muskogee, which developed into Henry Kendall College (subsequently moved to Tulsa and now known as the University of Tulsa.) She was postmistress at Muskogee from 1905 to 1913. In 1920, she was elected to congress as representative from the Second Oklahoma district.

But the story of the attainments and public services of Alice M. Robertson would not constitute half of the story of her life or of her services in a world wherein sympathy has had to meet human suffering at every turn and in which helplessness, poverty, privation, injustice, heartlessness and rascality were ever in evidence.

Through the years, she has lived a life of self-abnegating charity, with her heart filled with love for the unfortunate, the down-trodden and the victims of wrong, and with her hand ever reached out to help the needy.

Her years on this earth have not always been kind, yet, heedless of self-interest, she has gone on in her own self-forgetful way, laying up her treasures, "where moth and rust do not corrupt and where thieves cannot break through and steal." Can the people of any common-wealth yield their meed of appreciation, honor, love and veneration more worthily?"

The above was clipped from a series of biographies in "Daily Oklahoman", just after Miss Robertson had been honored as one of Oklahoma's greatest living pioneers in Nov. 1930—by Memorial Association of Oklahoma.

In the summer of 1931 Miss Robertson's tired hands were folded and her spirit found rest with the Master she loved to serve.

A Pioneer Teacher and Home Maker

The Pioneer Woman was Author of Peace between Red Man and White.

The tales of Indian Territory which drifted back to Missouri in the 1880's held such fascination for young



MRS. J. M. HALL

Miss Jennie Stringfield that she wanted to go there to stake a claim. Her father, however, would not hear of such a step, and it was not until 1887 when she was teaching music and several classes in German at the now extinct Sedalia university, that Miss Stringfield learned of a vacancy in the principalship of the Presbyterian mission school in Tulsa. She immediately wrote the necessary application to Rev. W. P. Haworth, missionary in charge, and to the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and in due time she received an appointment to be principal, and one of the three teachers who were employed.

When she left for Indian Territory to take up her new work, she was accompanied by her sister, Miss Betty

Stringfield (Poage), who came in the hope of teaching in the mission school also. A year later another sister, the late Miss Alice Stringfield, joined them. After Miss Jennie had taught four years she married J. M. Hall, who was a merchant at the time and a man active in school affairs, and who today is the only man in Tulsa who was here when the town was founded.



JUANITA HALL SCOTT
Daughter of Mr. J. M. Hall, director of Pioneer Bank, representing Tulsa Banking Co. in 1895 in a pageant. Her dress is covered with dollar bills.

The mission was a free school for Indians, established in 1884 at the instigation of Mr. Hall, when it was discovered that the teacher of the first Tulsa school was supplementing his pedagogical career with nightly gambling ventures. Although the children of the white settlers were allowed to attend the mission school, many of the Indian pupils were young men and women, whose lenient upbringing did not always fit into the disciplinary schemes of pioneer education. The first task, of course, was to teach them to speak, read and write the English language. Mrs. Hall found that most of the Indian pupils could soon be

very beautiful penmen, but if they were not anxious to learn, it was very difficult to teach them.

At the time of the opening of the western strip in the spring of 1889, there was a continual stream of settlers through Tulsa despite the eastern location of the town. A well in the yard back of Mr. Hall's store on First street was almost drunk dry by passers in a few weeks' time, Mrs. Hall said. For sixteen years the Hall home was located at the corner of Fourth and Main, a lot which although now worth a million dollars, was sold by the Halls for only \$16,000.

Mrs. Hall was vice president of the first missionary society organized in Tulsa. The dress in which she appears in the picture was her wedding dress. She had the distinction of having white hair when she was still a young woman.

LOYAL EIGHTY-NINER

"It is with sweet, sad memories that we recall the lives of the Women of '89, those who heralded the birth of Oklahoma, guarded its interest and development as they would the life of a precious child, and rejoiced that they had such a successful share in unfolding this spot in God's creation that men from every Christian country in the world are glad to call home. By faith and Christian work she helped to make the prairies blossom as a rose, clung to the Cross of Jesus, and placed it on high ground lest it be trampled under foot in the rush to create a great commercial city."

Mrs. J. B. Harrell's words fittingly describe one's opinion of Mrs. Harrell herself. She doesn't want any

one to think the women of '89 were uncouth, less fine in their ideals of what it takes to make a home and a town to live in just because the things to do with were lacking.

She has worked day and night to add culture and refinement to the groups with whom she comes in contact. Her gentle voice, her sweet, cordial southern hospitality make one glad there are women like her in Oklahoma. She is so interested in gathering and treasuring data on her state the writer has found her a source of information—so did Edna Ferber when she came to get material for "Cimarron." She wove some of Mrs. Harrell's own experiences into her narrative.



MRS. J. B. HARRELL
Oklahoma City

Mrs. Harrell says in her eulogy of Mrs. Mary Katherine Hanson:—"No praise one could utter would make her life sweeter than it really was. Let us hope that as the history of Oklahoma is written all credit due will be given the women of '89, for it is such as these who make a nation great—for who is greater than a woman who makes a home in a land that hasn't a sweet memory or a land mark breath of other days?"

Of Mrs. T. M. Richardson, she writes:—"To softly speak the name of Helen Richardson and bow our heads in loving, respectful silence would be the greatest tribute we could pay our dear friend. When God transplanted her to Oklahoma in eighteen hundred and eighty-nine she became a 'Star of the West' that always led to better things, and through her strong influence for good did much in the upbuilding of this wonderful city."

Mrs. Harrell pays tribute to many women in her—"In Memoriam"—Mrs. Clegern, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. J. M. Owen and others, but we wish to quote from what she says of Mrs. Marian Rock Haskell, as many references are found of the woman who wrote Oklahoma's first history, entitled, "The Land of the Fair God."

"A picture of the possibilities of Oklahoma was on her mind, and she began with energy to develop it. She was the first woman to make for herself a place in the business field. When Oklahoma City was so fortunate to have a public library she accepted a position there.

That Nature might speak to the heart of the pioneer and point him to God, she early inaugurated a civic beauty movement that resulted in the adornment of this lovely city, and made its out-of-doors a joy and an inspiration."

WOMEN OF '89 BUSY IN OKLAHOMA CITY

Mrs. Jasper Sipes sits in her beautiful home on West Fourteenth street, with its furnishings of treasured antiques so carefully mingled with the modern styles, and speaks with tender reminiscence of those early days when with her husband she homestead the claim in the

Crutcho neighborhood—a homestead which they still own.

It Was Happy Period

"That was one of the happiest periods of my life, living on that homestead and enjoying my children and living close to nature," says Mrs. Sipes. "Mr. Sipes was kept in town by his business all day and I drove him back and forth in my buggy, but I kept my house and did all the necessary chores incident to farm life. Of course, we had inconveniences, like coal oil lamps and lack of household equipment, to which we had been accustomed, but we just made the best of things."

During the seven years while Mrs. Sipes "held down the claim," she served as president of the school board of district 74, and took her children to and from school.

Later the family moved into the city for the convenience of the husband's business and the children's schooling, but in the living room hangs a beautiful picture of the little creek below the house on the homestead, and many of the pieces of furniture which have an honored place in her collection of antiques, helped Mrs. Sipes make a home of that little house on the claim.

City Moved to Country

Mrs. R. W. Higgins, who now makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Jack Jones, on West Nineteenth, is another of those mothers who faced the problems of a new country with a family of children. Mrs. Higgins arrived in Oklahoma City with six children one month after the opening. Two others were born here.

The grocery store where Mrs. Higgins purchased her groceries was where the American-First National bank now stands, and while they had delivery service, she was not entitled to that because she lived in the country, so her little boys brought the supplies in a small express wagon, and also met the iceman at the outskirts of the city on Walker street.

The Higgins family never did move into the city, but the city very soon moved out to them and beyond. The serenity in her expression as she counts these changes tells the observer more than mere words could ever do that those everyday episodes of pioneer life were met calmly and taken as a matter of course.

Many Social Duties

Mrs. James Hickey was also a busy mother, but in addition to her household duties she was first organist of the Catholic church and was faithfully in her place for 18 years.

These wives and mothers were untiring home makers, laboring under the lack of accustomed conveniences and struggling with the problems of promoting schools for their children, establishing churches, and laying a foundation of culture and refinement in their surroundings.

Mrs. W. J. Pettee, Mrs. A. L. Welsh, Mrs. Selwyn B. Douglas and numerous others were women whose "busy-ness" was not only productive of results in the early days, but which has had a lasting effect upon the development of culture in Oklahoma City.

The Philomathean club, founded in 1891; the Philharmonic club, in 1892, the early efforts which resulted in a public library, all reflect the spirit of the times and that is what has made Oklahoma City what it is today.

Homes Were Hospitable

It is easy to entertain when one has a large and lovely home with well-trained servants, but in small homes, which had sprung up as if by magic, this was a different matter.

The dainty refreshments were all prepared by the hostess's own hands, and if there was neighborly darting to and from with reinforcements of linen and china beforehand, it only deepened the feeling of friendship.

There is no better commentary upon the fellowship of those early days than the story of one visitor who, after being entertained in numerous ways, remarked upon the coincidence that the various hostesses had all chosen the same pattern of silver, never realizing that perhaps she had supped from the same spoon the whole week.

(These last facts were gleaned from the files of Oklahoma Publishing Co.)

PIONEER DAYS IN A CRUDE CABIN WITH MRS. D. J. RANDOLPH

Mrs. D. J. Randolph had spent her first days in the new country in a dug-out. How happy she was, when she had the good news that the logs were now ready for the cabin-home. One fine day, in November, 1889, Mr. Randolph called in eight men to help him "raise" the cabin. The day before he had had a successful hunt, having killed three coons and thirteen turkeys. The little wife prepared a great feast from the turkeys, the fresh vegetables from her garden, there was plenty of milk and a few eggs, though she was treasuring the eggs for her setting hens. By night the cabin was finished. Straw was thickly scattered over the dirt floor and a rag carpet stretched securely over this. Mrs. Randolph's artistic ingenuity gave many homey touches to the rude furnishings. After many months in a tent a cozy little cabin looked like a palace to the young couple and the two adorable children. There was no door, a quilt hung in the opening to keep out the winter winds. One cold night when Randolph was in Guthrie with a load of logs, Mrs. Randolph heard stealthy steps around the cabin, a rattling of her wash tubs, and moaning cries as of a woman in distress, "wild cats," she thought, and remembered her four setting hens—precious things they were, for she had already visioned the worth of four broods of fryers. She must chase away the vicious wild cats. So arousing her sister, who was staying with her, she lighted the little brass lamp that had no chimney and ventured into the dark. Ten feet from her the light shone directly into two bright gleaming eyes as big as tea cups. Dr. Dunkin had told them if they ever needed help to call, and he and his hunting dogs would be right over. Mrs. Randolph had her sister to look over her shoulder at the glistening eyes, telling her to give a "help call" for the doctor, but her sister's voice failed to make a sound, she was frightened speechless. Not so the brave Mrs. Randolph. The glistening



MRS. D. J. RANDOLPH

eyes drew nearer and nearer, and from her throat came a yell few feminine creatures could imitate, for there was nothing small about Mrs. Randolph except her physical make-up, as she had never tipped the scales at 100. The scream brought the doctor and his dogs, gun and lantern. Mrs. Randolph insisted that they go down the ravine where the setting hens were, to kill the wildcats, for now, armed with a rifle, she proudly marched behind the doctor, with his shot gun, sister following with the lantern. They could hear the running sound of swift feet, as the dogs were chasing them. Mrs. Randolph insisted on going further till they killed something, she was ready for battle, but the doctor led the way back to the cabin, insisting that they go to bed, while he built a camp fire and watched outside till he felt all was safe. In the early morning he came over to announce that the "big eyes to see you with" belonged to the largest panther he had ever seen. He measured the tracks around the wash tub, which were larger than the big man's hand. All through the winter months our little heroine endured such as this, the wild cries around the cabin, with only a quilt in the opening between her and danger.

The doctor was fine in some ways, but had a streak of greed, of ingratitude, that is the superlative of any story I have ever heard. He was given a stray herd of Texas cattle to feed during the rest of the winter. Some good milch cows were among the herd, from which he could realize a nice profit. Mrs. Randolph's turnip patch was the finest thing in the whole country. She had worked hard to make it thrive, and the turnips sold readily, tho she had sent them to the doctor's family for many a fine meal. He found that the turnips made the cows give quantities of milk, so let them loose, to take their fill of his neighbor's garden. She got on her horse and drove them out several times, one day threatening to drive them out of the country. Just after one of these cow-punching trips, she came home tired and sick. She felt her time had come. At this point in the narrative my own soul bowed in reverence before the bravery of a tiny mother. Ah, those pioneer mothers who lived through travail and suffering with no skilled hand to help them through the "valley of the shadow." 'Tis they that have handed down to succeeding generations heroic souls, have bequeathed an unfaltering trust in the One Great Helper, who with tender care watcheth even the sparrow. He watched over the little mother that night, who would not let them call the selfish doctor. Sister and husband went out to get help, she was left alone. It was nearing the anniversary date of the time the Holy Star of Bethlehem gleamed as the symbol of the most sublime event in history. Around the cabin the stars, "the forget-me-nots of the angels," blossomed in the meadows of heaven—and unaided, alone, the tiny mother gave birth to a lovely human flower. The little flower grew and grew, and is now a charming rose, looking after your wants and mine in the drapery department at Vandever's store in Tulsa.

Mrs. Temple Houston

One of the pioneer women of Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle is Mrs. Temple Houston of Woodward, Okla. Mrs. Houston was born on Thilbodeaux plantation in Louisiana in the year 1863.

Her father was a sugar planter and after the war he took over the Waldeck plantation in Brazoria county, Texas. It was here that Mrs. Houston then "Miss Laura Cross," grew to womanhood, and it was here also that she married the young District Attorney of the Panhandle District of Texas, Temple Houston on February 14, 1883.

The wedding trip, while not extraordinary at that time, is full of interest in these days, when rapid transportation is the thing most to be desired. With frequent stops for lavish entertainment provided by friends along the way, they reached Wichita Falls which was then as far as they could go by rail, and which left 189 miles to be made by stage to Mobeetie where Mr. Houston had prepared a home for his bride.

Mobeetie at that time belonged to the far flung frontier, and Comanche Indians on the war path were to be reckoned with. The government maintained a military post (Ft. Elliott) at Mobeetie.

From the time that Mr. Houston came to the Panhandle of Texas until 1893 they lived at Mobeetie and Canadian. When the Cherokee Strip was opened Mr. Houston brought his family to Woodward, Okla., and practiced law until his death in 1905. To Mrs. Houston fell the lot of rearing the family.

There was a beautiful sentiment displayed in 1913 when Postmaster General Burleson appointed Mrs. Houston as postmaster at Woodward, Okla. This office she held during the two Wilson administrations.

Postmaster Gen. Burleson's father was a member of the cabinet of Gen. Sam Houston when he was president of the Republic of Texas, and Temple Houston was a son of Gen. Houston.

Mrs. Houston, recently deceased, lived in the many gabled house on a hill overlooking the little city of Woodward. She could recount many tales of early days in the Panhandle of Texas, and the early days of north-western Oklahoma, when her husband was one of the most colorful characters of frontier life.

Temple Houston, youngest son of the Texas hero, Gen. Sam Houston, was the first child born in the Texas Governor's mansion in Austin, while his father was at the helm of the Lone Star state.

Temple Houston's speech defending a prostitute woman, (found in O. Y. T. T.) was used almost verbally in Edna Ferber's "Cimarron."

Mrs. Florence Carpenter of Cushing, Okla.

Among the women who braved the dangers of those crude times of early Oklahoma was Mrs. Florence (C. W.) Carpenter of Cushing, Oklahoma, mother of Mrs. Glenn Smith of 1203 East 19th St., Tulsa.

Mr. C. W. Carpenter had entered the race for homes in 1889—coming from Kansas. Not securing a claim, he again made the run in the Cherokee Strip. He sold this claim, and later moved with his wife and three children eight miles from Cushing, where he conducted a store for the Indians. He was often visited by the outlaws. Mrs. Carpenter tells some exciting stories of experiences

while Mr. Carpenter was away from home buying the lumber for the new home they were to have in Cushing. They moved there, where he conducted his store when there were only three houses in the town.

One afternoon when Mr. Carpenter was away, Mrs. Carpenter had two neighbor women as guests. After they were gone an Indian man in the store, in his limited English, explained that two outlaws were in the vicinity. They had two Indians employed as interpreters. One of them came in with four burly Indians, all of them drunk. He told her he would take them away as one of them was ugly when drunk. The other interpreter came in with a gun in his belt. She told him to go on the errand he had suggested and not to come back that night, after she had persuaded him to part with the gun which she put in her trunk. He advised her to hide her money, which she had done already. The coin she put in shot sacks and dropped in a big bucket of slop she was saving for the pigs. The currency was put in a bag and buried in a large sack of rags.

Later two outlaws came in. The nine year old daughter had insisted upon going for the nearest neighbor, one mile away. So Mrs. Carpenter was left with her two little girls, one of them six year old Bess, (now Mrs. Glenn Smith). The desperadoes wanted to cook their supper, so she gave them permission to use her stove. Later she went out and talked to them. She had heard they were usually kind to women if appealed to in the right manner. She told them she was alone and defenseless save for the two Indian interpreters. She said, "Please do not give them anything to drink, as they are my only protection." They were courteous in their manner, thanking her for the use of the stove, and as they rode away said, "If the Indians get drunk, we want you to know we did not give them anything to drink."

The Carpenter's store, sleeping quarters and kitchen were housed in tents made of lumber and canvas. There was a wooden shutter for a door, which had a rather crude fastening that did not promise much security for a lone woman. One night when Mr. Carpenter was away the neighbor women came to spend the night with Mrs. Carpenter, as they had heard the outlaws were coming. The women and children went into the store and made them a stockade with barrels, behind which they hid. Shooting out the lights was a favorite sport among not only the outlaws, but law-abiding cowboys in those days, so it was not safe to sit near a light. So the women made themselves comfortable behind the barrels. In the "wee sma' hours" they heard loud voices at the door. They knew some one was trying to break in. Soon the door came open with a crash, and two drunken Indians, staggered in, bringing the wounded interpreter, who too, had been drinking. She had the injured man placed on a cot, then dismissed the other Indians, and dressed his wounds and made him comfortable.

The pioneer woman had to be versed in the art of nursing, and in a manner, of surgery too, for often it was her timely ministrations that saved countless lives. Her days were full, and her nights were filled with peril, often tragedy. What a debt we owe these women of yesterday! Today—wherever you are—we quaff to you this toast, (cribbing on Longfellow): "May your nights now be filled with music, (with restful slumber), and the cares that infest the day, like the Arab's tent be folded, and as silently steal away."

ZOE A. TILGHMAN,

Pioneer Wife of an Oklahoma Guardsman

LONE TREE

"Oh Lone Elm Tree on the rocky hill,
The winds blow thru you; the winds are still,
And you are alone with the stars to-night
To keep the vigil from light to light.
Oh Lone Elm Tree on the rocky heights
Sweet the winds whisper o'summer nights,
And could I but sit at your feet again,
Perchance their sweetness would ease my pain.
Twisted and gnarled by many a blast,
Bravely you stand 'neath the stars steadfast,
Teach me, tho alone, to be steadfast and brave,
For the stars look down on a new-made grave."

—Zoe A. Tilghman.

Can't one visualize thru their mist of tears the brave woman who bared her soul in the lines above?

Watched over, protected as she had been by the noble man who was called one of the "Three Guardsmen of Oklahoma," and without a moment's warning to lose him, it was a blow from which one would turn to a symbol of strength for comfort.

When the pioneer woman statue was first discussed, some one said she should be imaged from the strength and beauty that shows in the face of Zoe Tilghman. She had trod Oklahoma's Red Earth, she had also stalked, in spirit, Oklahoma's blue sky paths. She had endured the travails, had had the soul uplifts, that came in their turn, to Oklahoma's genuine pioneer women. And who can deny that Bryant Baker caught the gleam of the soulful strength that lies in the eyes of Zoe Tilghman?

The highest paid scenario writer in the world, Frances Marion, (a letter from whom the writer cherishes), said, "To write successfully, one must tell of the things one knows." On this hypothesis, Zoe Tilghman could be, and perhaps is, Oklahoma's best writer along certain lines, for since little Zoe Stratton sat her first horse on the big ranch in the Osage hills, to the lone woman of today, keeping in touch with the newsiest items she writes weekly for Harlow Publishing Company, she has steeped her mind with the great romances of her state.

Pioneer Ranch Woman

Little Mrs. Zack Mulhall has been "Ma" to many famous cowboys. Her busy life looking after her own stock, and overseeing the work of the big ranch in the days when Mr. Zack was off with his cowboy band, leading inaugural parades, or entertaining the vast show crowds with his expert ropers, where his talented daughters, too, played a part, has had many bright spots. The letters of affection from these boys who made good out in the world of men and the goodly check that came regularly, when her days became drab and colorless, from her favorite, and all of Oklahoma's favorite—Will Rogers—with that term of endearment, "Dear Ma," was like a rift of sunshine to the sweet old lady with the soft white hair that framed a lovely face.

The writer did not have the pleasure of meeting her 'til the sun of Mrs. Mulhall's life was "most at the setting," but thoroughly enjoyed two visits with her in

the spring of the year she passed away, 1930. These will be remembered with the pleasurable things of a book compiler.

PIONEER CLUB WOMAN

Mrs. Annette Ross Hume, of Anadarko

Mrs. Annette Ross Hume, the daughter of Hon. James White and Catherine Darling Ross, was born in Perrysburg, Ohio, and was reared there, marrying in 1876 Doctor Charles Robinson Hume, who had graduated from Michigan University in 1874 with M. D. degree. Their two sons were born there, Judge C. Ross Hume, Anadarko, and Dr. Raymond Hume, the latter living at



MRS. ZACK MULHALL,
(deceased)

Minco, both early graduates of Oklahoma U.

Mrs. Hume considers herself a real American for her maternal ancestors came from Winthrop in 1630, founded Boston.

In 1893 Mrs. Hume began organizing the mission work of the Presbyterian Church in the two territories, and formed the Synodical Society that fall, and has served as an officer in it ever since, except one year. Now its historian. She helped form the Philomathic club Jan. 1899, which federated at once, and ever since she has aided the Oklahoma Federation



MRS. ANNETTE ROSS HUME,
Representing Oklahoma Women's
Federated Clubs.

by serving as an officer or on committees, and has not missed an Oklahoma Federation since 1900, the only club woman who has such a record. After the death of Mrs. Selwyn Douglas in 1902, she was chosen to take her place on the Louisiana Purchase Commission, and served on that during the St. Louis Exposition. She was the first parliamentarian of the federation, serving eight years; then as General Federation Secretary served three years; in 1913 was elected President of O. S. F. W. C., served two years, founded the "Annette Ross Hume State Endowment Fund," and served several years as Chairman. At Chicago Biennial, 1914 represented as its president O. S. F. W. C. She was one of the organizers of the State Conference of D. A. R. 1908; one of the charter members of the National Society of Colonial Dames in the State of Oklahoma.

She was named one of the twenty-four "outstanding women of Oklahoma" by the committee not long ago, and also received a diploma from the Oklahoma Memorial Association Nov. 15, for meritorious services, which was presented by Gov. Holloway. This framed diploma, with the seal of our great state is highly prized by her, and all the more because these honors came unsought and as a great surprise, for whatever she has done in church, civic, educational and patriotic lines has been without thought of remuneration or even of appreciation, but just to satisfy her own conscience,—and she is grateful that these tributes have been given to her while living—and not wait until she has "passed on."

She is a genealogist—known in other states, as well as in her own, and has compiled much of value as a historian of various organizations.

Author's note:—It was with a real heartache that the writer heard this week—last of Nov. 1933, that only a few months ago, Mrs. Hume had "passed on." I heard her beautiful paper on "Work and History of Foundation," which I now possess and will publish some day.

Past Presidents of State Federation of Clubs

Past Presidents of Oklahoma Federation include those of the Indian Territory and Territorial Days.

Mrs. C. E. Wilcox lives in Okmulgee.

Mrs. Michael Comlan, Oklahoma City, is from Atoka, where the first club house exists.

Mrs. John Threadgill is in Mangum at present.

Mrs. Tom Hope lives at Ada.

Mrs. Chas. Hume, of the "Annette Ross Hume Endowment Fund" has held a permanent address in all the years at Anadarko, and has attended more State conventions than any other person, having missed none, since the beginning. Died 1933.

Mrs. E. B. Lawson, formerly of Nowata, is now residing in Tulsa.

Mrs. J. C. Pearson from Marshall—present address same.

Mrs. J. R. Frazier, from Wilburton, is now a resident of McAlester.

Dr. Winnie Sanger has been a resident of Oklahoma City for 36 years, except when in college attendance.

Mrs. J. A. Riehl is an "old-timer" in Blackwell.

Mrs. Selwyn Douglas the organizer in Oklahoma Territory, died in 1902.

Mrs. George Rainey, Enid

For thirteen years she taught in the public schools of Missouri and Oklahoma and served as deputy in the offices of county clerk, registrar of deeds, and county superintendent of schools for a period of twelve years.

She has taken an active interest in the affairs of government, having served for eight years as county vice chairman and six years as vice chairman of her congressional district, and since 1905 has been active in the work of women's clubs, serving three years as president of the Enid city federation, four years as president of the second district federation and since November, 1927, as president of the state federation for two years.

Mrs. Frank M. Blackwell, of Heavener

Mrs. Frank M. Blackwell of Heavener, has been active in federated club work in Oklahoma for nineteen years.

Mrs. N. Edward Hale of Lawton, has been the President for the last three years.

It has been said that Mrs. Virgil Browne of Oklahoma City, has been an active member of more clubs than any woman in the state. A story of her success in Parent-Teacher work will appear in another volume.

Mrs. Frank Korn

Mrs. Frank Korn's father, J. Henry Brosius, was a merchant in Hamilton. She is descended from a long line of noble ancestors from both sides of the family; was reared in a cultured atmosphere, and has perhaps more zeal for organizing clubs of different kinds than any woman on record. A history of her activities is a repetition of the words Organizer, Chairman, Vice-Chairman, or Registrar. She was the author of the law on the Missouri statutes designating the "First Monday" in October as Missouri Day. That was in 1915.

In 1917, her husband was transferred to the Oklahoma Division of the Rock Island, with headquarters at El Reno, and it didn't take Oklahomans long to find her



at 13 ANNA LEE BROSIUS at 15 at 17
Now Mrs. Frank Korn

At thirteen, she is adorned with her first watch, at fifteen, she had represented the "Hamiltonian" (newspaper) in a trades display and her costume won first prize. At seventeen, Anna Lee is seen in her graduation gown—an imported Paris creation of silk embroidered brussels net, made over satin the same shade. The lace robe cost \$100.00 and was the envy of the class.

capable of "putting things over" here in a big way; and she has been organizing, directing and assisting ever since.

She decided Oklahoma must celebrate her birthday into the Union of States by having an "Oklahoma Day." This goes to her credit, for in 1926, she formed the Memorial Association of which she is president. Each Oklahoma Day, worthy living pioneers are given official recognition by the State, and presented with a certificate of noble service—a splendid tribute to those who have served.

Lack of space prevents us from enumerating all the worthy things Mrs. Frank Korn of El Reno has done for the state and her own city.

Mrs. Guy C. Cutlip

Twenty-seven years ago Wewoka wasn't the town that it is today. There was lots of dust, a few houses, more dust and a rough rolling country. That was the sort of things that met Mrs. Guy C. Cutlip when she came to this pioneer country as a bride. Did that daunt her? Did she sigh for the trees and green growing things of the place she left? Well, anyway, it's more fun to plant a tree than to sit in the shade of one; it's more fun to organize clubs and watch the seeds of culture planted by one's own hands blossom and mature into fruit than to appear every two weeks of one's life and read a paper or hear one read by someone else. An old established culture is very apt to degenerate into form while a new country is throbbing with opportunity. There may be heart break in a new country but at least it is rarely dull.



Mrs. Guy C. Cutlip

So Mrs. Cutlip, being on the ground floor of things in her community has a vision that she works at to materialize. There isn't an organization in Wewoka that has not felt her influence. She is certainly the outstanding club woman in her town today. She helped organize all the clubs now functioning in Wewoka including the City Federation. She is a charter member of the Bay View Study Club, the Athenaeum Garden Flower Club, the P. E. O. She was the first president of the City Federation and for five years served the Athenaeum Garden Flower Club as president. She was secretary of the Red Cross during the duration of the World War and for over a year after its close.

Mrs. Cutlip worked tirelessly in the interest of the District convention for 1930 and it was largely because of her efforts that Wewoka is to be the meeting place for it. She is now vice-president of the 5th District.

Ask anyone from Wewoka about Mrs. Cutlip and you will find that she has a very decided place in the community and is a beloved member of Wewoka society. —By Mary Johnston, Oklahoma Club News.

Margaret Yost

Margaret Yost who is employed by the Extension Division of the Oklahoma University, Norman, Okla-

homa, has to know everything—or where to find out about it—that anyone wants to know. A pretty large order but one that she is capable of filling ably. She is the official advisor for the Oklahoma State Federation of Women's Clubs, the Parent Teacher Association, the League of Women Voters, the American Association of University Women in Oklahoma. This sounds like the work of an Amazon but in most ridiculous contradiction, Mrs. Yost puts in a demure, elf-like appearance vibrant with vitality and that highly desirable and indefinable quality which must be bestowed at birth if one is not to go forever without it, personality. It is not by brawn, hardly by brain, that Mrs. Yost accomplishes her work, but rather by tact, that "open sesame" which unlocks the well-nigh inaccessible doors to peace and harmony in working with large organized groups.

SWEET DAY—"MOTHER'S DAY"

By INA GAINER

(Don't you love Miss Ina Gainer for giving us this beautiful tribute to the Mother who is with us only in spirit.)

I always cull the fairest blooms.
To honor your sweet day
And let their fragrance fill the rooms
Where you so loved to stay;
And then across your waiting chair,
I place the scarf you used to wear
And in my heart, I feel you there,
Mother, mother.

* * *

The home I deck in brave array,
As for a cherished guest,
And one small rose I lay away
In your fond memory blest:
No little gifts are waiting near
To fill your hours with love and cheer,
Nor can I hold you close, my dear,
Mother, mother.

* * *

The pink Killarney's missing you
And in its crystal vase,
Its curling petals deep in dew,
It guards your empty place:
I press my face against your dress,
Where it still hangs, that it may bless
Me, like your hands in soft caress,
Mother, mother.

REVERED PIONEERS OF MUSKOGEE

In December 1932 a Muskogee paper carried the news that saddened hundreds of hearts all over the state, the passing of one of Oklahoma's noble women, Hannah L. Lindsey Martin.

The author considers her visit with this interesting pioneer among the treasured memories in compiling her books on Oklahoma.

The low-pitched, musical voice, the eyes that twinkled as she recalled the merry tales of early experiences in Indian territory, the sweet motherliness that beamed from her face, her gracious personality, reminding me of my own mother, endeared her to me, and prepared me for that same charm I found later, in her daughters.

Thrilling Trip from Texas to Territory in Winter of 1870 Often Related by Hannah Lindsey Martin.

In May of 1932, she was a delegate to Mrs. William H. Murray's quilting bee, and made the Muskogee county block, with stitches so fine that they could scarcely be seen.

Hannah Lindsey Martin had lived in Indian Territory since the winter of 1870. She came to this state



HANNAH LINDSEY MARTIN

from her native Texas immediately after graduation from Charnwood college, to live with her father, Dr. Harvey Lindsey, the first graduate physician to practice medicine in Indian Territory in civil life.

Trip Eventful One

Her vivid memories of the trip from Texas, which was made in a light wagon drawn by a team of horses, made an exciting story for her children and grandchildren. The transportation was luxurious for the early days. The Canadian river was crossed on a ferry, and Mrs. Martin often told that the noted Tom Starr, bandit with whom the government treated several times, carried her across the ice near the shore to the waiting boat. Frightened, she had drawn back until he gently reassured her, saying, "Don't be afraid, little girl, I won't hurt you."

With her father, the young girl lived in the General Stand Watie house at Webber Falls. It was the only frame house for miles around and was considered a mansion.

In 1878, she was married to W. N. Martin, then a teacher in the Asbury mission at Eufaula. It was while teaching at this institution herself that Mrs. Martin met him. Mr. Martin later became superintendent of the mission, and afterwards went into the mercantile business.

In 1880, Mr. and Mrs. Martin moved to Muskogee.

Mr. Martin was appointed postmaster by President Grover Cleveland, after his inauguration in 1885, and was the first person to hold this office after Muskogee had been made a first class office. Later he was associated with the F. B. Severs Mercantile company. He died in the early days of statehood.

Charter Members of Church

Mr. and Mrs. Martin were charter members of the First Methodist Episcopal church, South, and were active in church work, Mr. Martin being superintendent of the Sunday school for 25 years.

Mrs. Martin's death leaves Mrs. Ella Robinson as the only living charter member of the First church.

Mrs. Martin was an active member of the General Forrest chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; past grand matron of the Muskogee chapter No. 14, Order of Eastern Star, and a member of several other organizations.

Three of her sons saw service in the World War. John, who was gassed in the Argonne, October, 1918, died in 1922. William was in France when the armistice was signed and Eugene on a ship sailing for France.

Mrs. Martin is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Eck E. Brook, of Muskogee; Mrs. Rees Evans, of Ardmore; Mrs. Joe Bailey Allen, of Oklahoma City; and Miss Sybil Martin, of the home; three sons, William L. Martin, Duval Martin, and Eugene Martin, all of the home; and six grandchildren, William Daniel Evans, Betty Evans, Rhys Evans, William Martin Allen, Charles Allen and Joseph Allen.

A CHEROKEE PIONEER

Ella Flora Coodey Robinson

There is living in Muskogee a Cherokee citizen in whose body flows the proud blood of the Ross, Coodey, and Fields families. As a rule the Cherokee are very clannish, probably inheriting this trait from the Scotch with whom they were largely intermarried, so that one member of the nation is likely to be related to several other Cherokee families and almost any Cherokee is cousin to any other Cherokee one may mention.

Ella Flora Robinson was born in the Cherokee Nation on April 28, 1847, on her parents' homestead, about six miles east of where Muskogee is located, and having lived for eighty-six years in this country she has seen her birthplace develop from a wilderness to a prosperous and progressive state.



Ella Coodey Robinson and little daughter, 1867

Her father was the distinguished William Shorey Coodey who rendered valuable service for his nation in its contacts with the United States government.

Mrs. Robinson's mother was Elizabeth Fields, the daughter of Richard Fields and Lydia Shorey Fields. The Fields were noted for their beauty, and were considered lazy because of their fondness for books.

In May, 1865, Ella Coodey was married to Joseph Madison Robinson, at Preston, Texas. Her husband was a student at Emory and Henry College, in Virginia, when war was declared and he, with other boys in the college joined the Confederate forces. Young Robinson served

under General Bragg. He was in the army four years and was wounded.

Mrs. Robinson has lived in Muskogee since February, 1879. She was the mother of four children, two of whom, John C. Robinson and Miss Ella Robinson are living. Her husband died in Texas in 1878.

Mrs. Robinson joined the Methodist Church in Paris, Texas, about 1871 and she was one of the three charter members of the First Methodist Church, South, established in Muskogee in 1879 with the Rev. Theo. Brewer as pastor. She has survived the other charter members and the pastor. This church was located at the southwest corner of Cherokee street and East Okmulgee avenue and there was a Sunday school in connection with it from the first.

Mrs. Robinson is still active in church and missionary work. She is an indefatigable reader and has a deep interest in the affairs of her state and country. Her life has spanned the time from ox carts to aeroplanes and yet her erect figure, bright eyes, and keen mind belie the years.

The author had a delightful visit with this beautiful Cherokee woman. Most of the story is taken from a long and interesting one in Oklahoma Chronicles by Carolyn Thomas Foreman.

PIONEER MUSIC CLUB LEADER



MRS. FRED S. CLINTON

Regal would be the adjective to describe the Southern belle who came to the Indian Territory village as the bride of Dr. Fred S. Clinton, just in time to aid in the cultural growth of the little Tulsa that was destined to become the music center of the state. With others she organized the Hyeckka, Tulsa's pioneer music club. A few years ago she was made life president of the club.

Mrs. A. G. Eakins, of Shawnee

Mrs. A. G. Eakins of Shawnee, should have a record in history as one of the most active in the church, club and social life of her city. She has had a colorful and useful career.

As Mary Battle, she first graced Eufaula, Alabama, with her presence. As a tiny girl she was petted and spoiled by five hundred slaves on her father's Louisiana plantation. The Federals made raids into Louisiana, and destroyed homes and property. Everything was sacrificed in the cause of the Confederacy, and Mr. Battle moved to Marlin, Texas, where with the help of his negroes, he put the rich bottom lands of the Brazos into cultivation. To this day it is known as the Battle Plantation.

Mary Battle's school days began in a log cabin built in Marlin by her father. Later she went to Bryant and then Chapel Hill, the Female Seminary in Washington county, the best school for girls in Texas at that time, graduating at fifteen. She moved to Dallas on the first train to enter that city, the H. & T. C. Then her days were full—social activities, writing poetry and short stories, teaching, club work and helping to build up the Methodist Church and Missionary Society.



MRS. A. G. EAKINS

Then in the swift moving pageant, A. G. Eakins entered her life, changed her name and helped to control her destiny. The lure of Indian Territory beckoned, and Mr. and Mrs. Eakins came to Shawnee, where her executive ability in organizing clubs and missionary societies was really appreciated. She has been a leader in all these activities, being a member of the "Ladies Round Table" since 1910. She is still a member of many Texas Literary Clubs, and almost every year is a delegate to state and interstate conventions. Mrs. Walter (Mario) Templeton, her only daughter, is carrying on the work in Shawnee so ably begun by her mother.

The office which she cherishes most is that of chairman of Four Minute Men speakers during the World War, as she was one of two women in the whole United States to hold the office of county chairman.

She appreciates the words of General Pershing: "Madam, that was one of the most forceful and important organizations of the World War."

PIONEERS IN GUTHRIE

The rarest flowers of this garden are the two pioneers who have kept the home fires burning, and quietly wielded an influence for good throughout the years in Guthrie.

In the gay and gorgeous "nineties" in Guthrie—the Capital City of the Territory—Oklahoma's elite resided. Her women were the most prominent in the state, and though in those days, women held few public offices, they made up for it in their social and church activities.

The leading club women were the wives of the Governors, Judges, bankers, teachers, editors—good women all, but in the swiftly moving pageant called life,

one by one most of that early day group have gone, some following the fortunes and work of husband or children to other fields, some have gone to that bourne from which no traveler has returned.



Mrs. Carrie M. Tallman and Mrs. Jennie B. Vanvoorhees

The two I have chosen have such a modest conception of what their lives have been they will be much surprised when they open the book to this page—yet this is the sort of women we love to honor. Those who bury their secret longing to live as they would plan life, but day by day do their home work cheerfully, rearing their children, making comfortable and happy the circle around the fireside, that these children may have a future.

These women were both '89ers. Mr. Tallman was in the "run", and took up his homestead claim near Guthrie. Here Mrs. Tallman labored, keeping fresh the huge pats of butter, and the gallons of milk that supplied many Guthrie people.

This morning I heard the story of the caving-in of the dug-out they used for kitchen and dining room. The walls were covered with burlap, a rug on the floor, and it was cozy and comfortable. There was a center pole that was the main support to the dirt-covered roof. Around this the children had been playing "merry-go-round," and had just been sent outside as the grown-ups, and there were guests, were putting the food on the table, when the pole split, the dirt filled the place, half burying one of the guests, who had to be dug out and rescued through the window—the others having fled to the stairs.

After moving to town, and finances became more plentiful, through proper management of affairs, the work of the mother for her brood never ceased. The Grim Reaper had claimed one, bringing an ache to the heart that has never gone, but her days were filled looking after school clothes, music lessons, meals, and helping "Doc". College days and then wedding bells broke the family circle, but the brave little woman felt it all belonged to Mother love, and she had her memories of all their happy days together, when she had made home a pleasant place to bring their friends.

One daughter remains to cheer and comfort and keep her young. It was only a few years ago she had the privilege of trying out a latent talent—sketching and painting. While artistry is written in her sweet refined face, the wave of her well-kept silver hair, and the mode of her lovely frocks, her friends gaze with admiration and wonder at the tapestries and framed pictures that

are the work of her deft fingers, with no more than half a dozen lessons from a very fine instructor.

She loves beauty in any form, and it is this quality that attracts the refined and cultured to her home—that has caused her to improve the morals and the living conditions of all that come within her influence. Her quiet capabilities, her own charm, her desire to keep busy and useful, has been a real inspiration to the Author, who has spent many moons—literally—in the large room within her portals, working on this book.

The other lady of the picture, Mrs. VanVoorhees, might have stepped from the frame of a Whistler's conception of "My Lady in Her Garden," for she is the kind that would belong to an old-fashioned garden. Her friends say she made a home for the brilliant young people of Guthrie in an early day that came here—unattached—to do the work that kept the city moving. In the group that "boarded" with Mrs. Van were the young attorneys, doctors, bank clerks and editors, the bright, youthful school teachers, sales ladies and office "help." She made the rooms attractive, the table homelike with the delicious food that kept them strong and well. The refining influence of her sweet Christian character has been recorded in the splendid lives of dozens of Oklahomans living today.

Pioneer Inn-Keeper—Ponca City

The State Lost a Fine Pioneer in the Passing of
Mrs. Annie Rhodes of Ponca City.

"Aunt Annie" Rhodes, as she was affectionately called, by those who knew her well. At the "Pioneer Woman" unveiling, Mr. Marland introduced her to those near, as a real pioneer woman. He should know as he lived at the Arcade Hotel in the days when this plucky woman had some real labor to see that things were sanitary for her guests in the trying time of few conveniences. "Saturday night and the wash tub" often had to suffice for cleanliness, though Mr. Marland contrived a pipe of his own from his oil pipe equipment for his bath tub.

Mr. Wentz and his niece, Miss Dorothy, too, shared in the hardships of the early day hotel, but now live in luxury at the modernly equipped Arcade.

One had to think fast and furiously to match their wit with Mrs. Rhodes, if they found themselves with her in one of her jolly moods. She had seen much comedy in her role as inn-keeper and told it well.

It was sad news, indeed, when the newspapers reported the passing of this fine lady who could laugh at the crudities of the gay nineties, and had her full share in the rapid march of Oklahoma's progress.



Mrs. Rhodes as she looked in the days the fashion ran to "figures and furbelows."

Mrs. Walter Ferguson Tells Why Women Are Losing Their Interest in the Kitchen.

The career of domesticity is the best career for women, says a learned gentleman acquaintance. Righto.

To make a home, to rear fine children, to possess in one's last days peace and ease and a spot in which to think of one's youth, is the greatest good that can come to woman.

Why, therefore, do so many modern wives fail to see this? Well, the main reason is that the career of domesticity is regarded as quite insignificant by the United States government. Notwithstanding the fact that there is a general roar that we go back home and stay there, we find that even in this good day housewives are listed on Uncle Sam's books as having no occupation.

Everything else is not only praised but paid for, save only this great career of home-making. Those who are successes in other lines receive plaudits from the world. Prizes are given women for the writing of good books and the painting of fine pictures. Medals are struck for those who are learned in science and the professions. Citations are bestowed on good nurses. Fame comes to musicians and architects and business women. It is only the mother who makes homes and raises up good sons who receives no verbal or tangible reward. No banquets are tendered to her after her labors are over. She always takes the back seat in the great amphitheater of the world.

This, too, is the reason that the art of cooking is fast going out of American homes. We are told that to make a perfect mince pie is to manage a husband with ease. We have tried that ruse, lo, these many years, and find it sadly wanting in results.

Cooking is the one thing that takes more time and gets less praise than anything a woman can do. Hours may be spent in fixing a perfect meal, and its creator can see it vanish in 30 minutes and hear no remarks about its excellence.

Domesticity for women and farming for men are two handy subjects for the oratory of congressmen and receive about the same amount of other consideration from them. Every time I hear somebody holding forth on kitchen work for women I wonder how long the speaker would stick it out if he or she had it to do.—Oklahoma News.

Lena Dancy Ledbetter

A Fine Old Texan with Oklahoma Relatives.

Lena Dancy in her debut gown worn at reception given by Madame Carnatz in New Orleans, 1868, a few days after graduating. It was canary colored silk sent from England by her god-mother. The lace bertha, Point de Venice, was made by her great grand-mother, and is now in D. A. R. museum in Washington, D. C., with permission that it may be withdrawn to adorn a bridal gown, as it has been the something old for sweet young brides since 1827, in four generations. The snake ruby bracelet was



Lena Dancy Ledbetter

the wedding gift of Col. Dancy to his bride in 1849. The original photograph was made by H. B. Hillyer, Austin, Texas, in April 1869, copied in Tulsa by Yetter studio.

* * * * *

Oklahoma is truly a cosmopolitan state. Here citizens from the north and the south, the east and the west meet on common ground. Among the delightful old southern aristocrats, now in Tulsa, is the most charming belle of the yesterdays it has been my pleasure to meet—tho research work has developed hundreds of acquaintances that I would not have missed in passing for worlds. This versatile old Texan is Lena Dancy Ledbetter, related by marriage to famous Oklahomans, Tulsa writer, musician and artist, and her mind today is as fresh and lively as it must have been in wee winsome maidenhood when she—as Lena Dancy—sat upon the knee of that honored Texas patriot, Sam Houston. She still proudly displays the old hickory chair with its spotted calfskin bottom that was Houston's favorite when, in 1855, he was a frequent visitor at her grandfather's house, a double two-story log house which was built on the highest hill, (at that time), in Austin. There were many fine chairs in this house where slaves came at their master's call, but Houston preferred this chair of solid comfort. Dozens of times little Lena chuckled with delight as her hero trotted her up and down on his knees to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker", or tenderly stroked her coal black hair as he told her stories of his daring deeds, firing her fierce little patriotic spirit with a deep devotion for the state that had suffered much and rejoiced much in its glamorous days of exciting romance—Texas under Six Flags.—Tho her hero never had the pleasure of seeing "Old Glory" for the second time wave over the Lone Star State.

She has in her possession a catalog from B. J. Smith's Academy of Austin, Texas, dated 1859. This was the school of her young girlhood. Several years ago (1923), ghosts of yesterday came trooping down thru the alleys of memory so vividly, she decided to hold open house in her Austin home for every person who had ever attended B. J. Smith's Academy. The invitation was issued through an Austin newspaper. Mrs. Ledbetter was the only one, tho several dozen old students called in response to the invitation, who had preserved a catalog of the school.

Her oil painting "The First Easter Dawn" took the blue ribbon at several Texas fairs, and other fairs. Also her display of well preserved relics, two of them exactly like George and Martha Washington's in Smithsonian Institute. She was the first musical composer and publisher in Coleman county, and organized there the first literary and music clubs and cemetery association (in 1873) at La Grange, Texas, sending by request the by-laws she compiled to many other cities for similar organizations. Her days have been full. She has fed the hungry, clothed the needy, and brought inspiration to the discouraged all through the more than eighty years of her eventful life, and is now making her daughter, Mrs. H. H. French, with whom she resides, and her friends happy with her genial presence.

Having no sons to enlist in the World War, she treasures the "honorable discharge" of her daughters, Unity and Olivia, (Mrs. French of Tulsa), one a "yeomanette," the other "Red Cross Personnel" in Washington, D. C., therefore Capt. Wm. Buckner Chapter D.

A. R. has one "Mother of World War Enlisted Daughters" in its directory.

The Curator General writes: The honor is due Mrs. Lena Dancy Ledbetter of presenting the First Revolutionary Relics from Texas, April 1919, to our National Museum in Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

Indian Woman of Prominence

A new trail was blazed as the first woman ever clothed with the mantle of authority of an Indian chief, signed the oath of office—the woman was Mrs. Alice Davis of Wewoka.

The ceremonies proper preceded the oath of office, administered by W. J. Farver, a Choctaw. Seated among the audience were many notable Indian characters who, too, made history during the tribal days of their affairs.



MRS. ALICE B. DAVIS

A dramatic hush overspread the court room immediately following Mrs. Davis' induction into office, which broke into applause as the full significance dawned on those present that history was in the making and that the age of woman had really arrived. There was added sentiment to the exercises when the only two Alices of their kind met. Miss Alice M. Robertson, Oklahoma's only woman member of congress, extended her congratulations at the conclusion of Mrs. Davis' address and presented a huge bouquet of American Beauty roses to the new Seminole chieftain, with the remark that she desired to present "the queen of roses to the queen of the Seminoles."

PROMINENT INDIAN WOMEN *Mrs. William H. Murray*

How appropriate that a little Indian princess should hold this honored station, for she is indeed, the last connecting link between the old romance of Indian Territory and the up and coming state that has so recently become of age.

The adjective we would suggest that best conveys Alice Hearrell Murray's personality would be "genuine." She is a genuine product, a native Oklahoman, reared in the atmosphere of tribal lore, not in the tepee of the savage race, but in the fine culture of a progressive "Civilized Tribe," in the home of the most beloved and honored of the



Alice Hearrell Murray, Chickasaw Princess becomes First Lady of Oklahoma in 1932.

ancient Chickasaws, that of her uncle, Douglas Johnston, who has held the place of Governor of the Chickasaws longer than any one man has ever remained in that high office among the Indians.

"Gentle Alice," her friends call her, always sat at the feet of learned teachers. In her home she acquired the graces of a genuine Indian princess, like Hiawatha, learning of all the "birds" their language, how to do the fine needle work and the beaded art so treasured among her people.

At the Bloomfield Seminary for girls, she was the pet of all the instructors and classmates, for along with her genuineness was an alert mind, a sparkle of humor that caused a ripple of contagious laughter in any crowd that surrounded her for she was ever the center of attraction. Her charm, that comes from within, was the magnet that drew friends then as it does now. She mastered the first rudiments of all the subjects taught in that early Indian Institution. She had a thirst for knowledge, and continued her studies until she attained her degree. True to type, her artistic mind must find means of expression, so her capable fingers, learned the use of pencil and brush, and her paintings are today, treasures of Art.

As a tribute of their affection for her, her old school mates at Bloomfield gave a party at the Huckins Hotel, Oklahoma City, commemorating her fifty-sixth birthday, in 1931. Many of the old Alumni were there, sponsoring the party. It was most gratifying to meet again these loyal friends of the yesterdays, as well as those who are to be the companions of tomorrow.

She told the writer in 1930 that when her husband first aspired to the office of Governor, and failed by a few votes attaining it, she felt it keenly, but she really believed she would die of disappointment if the goal was not reached this time, so we rejoice that the lady lives, and

Mav the niece of the Indian Governor, and the wife of the Oklahoma Governor, ever receive the loyal favor of her subjects as she did in the happy days when she was the little Indian Princess from Tishomingo.

Estelle Chisholm Ward, Granddaughter of *Jesse Chisholm*

A resident of Oklahoma since the pioneer days of Indian Territory, and a member of a family which for six generations has been reared in the territory, Estelle Chisholm Ward has long been a prominent figure in Oklahoma affairs. She is a writer and publisher of wide reputation, whose articles and essays are extensively circulated, but in addition to her own work, she has given much time and effort to service in the public interest, and her influence in Republican party affairs has steadily increased.

Mrs. Ward was born near Chism in the Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory, on June 18, 1875, a daughter of Julia (McTish) Chisholm. Her father and grandfather, Jesse Chisholm, were both born in the Cherokee Nation, while her mother was born in the Chickasaw Nation. Both paternally and maternally her family are Scots, and the paternal lineage is traced directly to King James I. of Scotland.

She was educated at Bloomfield Academy in the Chickasaw Nation, and was the first graduate of this school, where she afterward taught for two years. Dur-



Estelle Chisholm (now Mrs. Ward) and Annie Chumwalter, a school friend, as sweet girl graduates at Bloomfield.

ing 1894 and 1895 she attended Kidd College at Sherman, Texas, and in several years following she studied at Potter College, in Bowling, Kentucky, on a scholarship from Bloomfield Seminary. After the completion of her educational training she taught for some time at Burris Chapel in Tishomingo.

Mrs. Xavier Ryan and Her Four Charming Daughters



Adelaide, Winnifred, Xenlana (Mrs. Wallace), Xavier, the mother and Patti, (Mrs. Balkum).

These young ladies, with their mother and father, who was an attorney of real ability, spent ten happy years in Oklahoma City, arriving before that town could lay claims to being Oklahoma's Imperial City. A more comely group could not easily be found, search where you might, so they were soon discovered by the elite of the growing city.

N. B. Feagin laid siege to Adelaide's heart, which he finally won. For twelve years Tulsa has been their home, where they have been a real asset to the social and civic life of the city. Mr. Feagin is an oil man and banker. The three Feagin children—Barney Jr., Donald and Jane are well known for their brilliant school careers.

Miss Winifred, "Daughter," is in Tulsa, a young business woman, the other two sisters, with their mother, are in San Antonio and Ft. Worth, Texas.

Mrs. Athenius M. Colbert (Almost Century Old Pioneer)

Mrs. Colbert was born August, 11th, 1835, near Broken Bow, Oklahoma. Her parents were Reverend and Lovica Folsom. She attended the Choctaw girls school at Pine Ridge, and Wheelock Academy. Two of the first schools established in the Choctaw Nation, in old Indian Territory.

In 1853 Miss Folsom was married to James Allen Colbert of the Chickasaw Nation, thus uniting two of the largest and most prominent families of the two tribes. They lived on Red River, near what is now known as the town of Colbert, which was named for the Colbert family.

Ten children were born to Mr. and Mrs.

James A. Colbert, six of whom are living. Charles who lives at old Fort Washitaw, Walter, of Ardmore; Ben in Washington, D. C. as Secretary to Congressman U. S. Stone, of Oklahoma. Mrs. Lovica McBride, of Denver; Mrs. Michael Conlan, of Oklahoma City with whom Mrs. Colbert has made her home for many years, her husband having died some fifty years ago. Mrs. Colbert passed away in 1930—her 95th year.

Mrs. Czarina Colbert Conlan

By Elizabeth King Cowgill

Mrs. Czarina Colbert Conlan is one of the most prominent women of Oklahoma, as she was of the Indian Territory before statehood. From the standpoint of lineage and also of personal accomplishments, her name is closely connected with Oklahoma history throughout its development.

She is one-quarter Chickasaw and one-quarter Choctaw. Her father, James Allen Colbert, was a member of the Chickasaw tribe, and his father, Martin Colbert, was named on the committee of seven delegated by the U. S. Government to investigate the lands west of the Mississippi before signing the treaty of the removal of the Indians.

The father of Martin, Levi Colbert, great-grand father of Mrs. Conlan was a standard bearer at the battle of New Orleans under Andrew Jackson. He was awarded a medal for his bravery on this occasion.

As supervisor of the Indian Department of the Oklahoma Historical Society, Mrs. Conlan is following in



Mrs. Athenius M. Colbert

the footsteps of this noted ancestor, and becomes the "Standard Bearer" of her people in her devotion to the work of collecting and recording history pertaining to the Indians.

The youngest daughter of a large family, she was born near Colbert, Chickasaw Nation Jan. 14th, 1871.

Her mother Athenius Folsom, was born in the Choctaw nation, daughter of Israel Folsom who was one quarter Choctaw, a college man, descended from the well known Folsom family of New England. He served as missionary to his people for many years, translating several books of the Bible into their language and was the first to translate the Lord's prayer into Choctaw. This prayer done in needle point and framed, is hanging in the Historical building. A reproduction of it may be found in Missionary section of book soon to appear.



Indian Mother

The Oklahoma Club News devoted a special number, Sept. 1927, to Indian Women. This was dedicated to Oklahoma's most nationally known Indian Woman—Roberta Campbell (Mrs. E. B.) Lawson, who will appear in the book—"Literature, Music and Art," of Delaware descent. We quote:

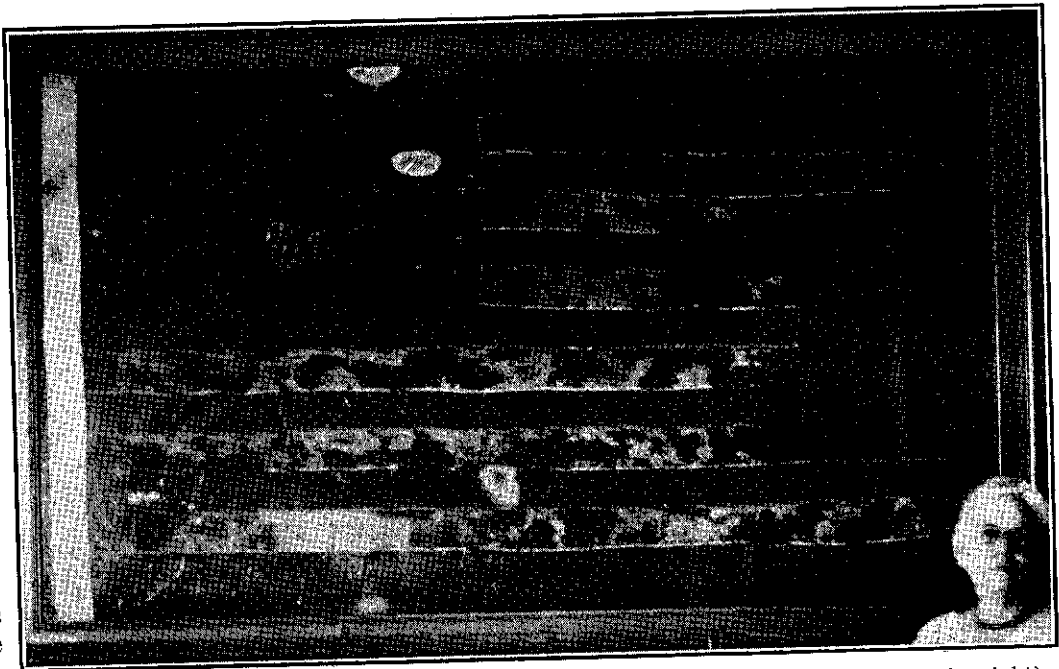
"With the amalgamation of the Oklahoma and Indian Territory Federations when statehood came, the Indian women maintained the same interest. Mrs. Eugene B. Lawson is one of the past presidents of the Oklahoma Federation. At this time she is National Chairman of Music for the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

"The Indian Territory Federation of Women's Clubs was organized by a Chickasaw-Choctaw woman Mrs. Czarina C. Conlan, who was its first President. It is believed that through that channel more Indian women were brought into closer contact with club activities than ever before.

"At the present time there are two very important clubs in the Federation whose entire roster is composed of Indian women, the Ohoyohoma Club at McAlester. Mrs. Alice Gotcher is President. Among the prominent names are some of the oldest families in the state, the McAlester, Le Flores, and Pitchlyns with many others. Those women have been a power along civic and philanthropic lines in their county.

"The H. I. Club of Pawhuska has made its influence felt in and around that locality. It is composed of Indians who have attended Haskell Institute, the Indian school which is so well and favorably known. The President of the club, Mrs. Irene Beauleau is a Sioux, and

OLDEST FLAG IN OKLAHOMA



The flag carried by the great-great-grandfather of Mrs. Conlan—who stands at the right) in battle of New Orleans. Photo by Ed Miller, Tulsa.

for a number of years has been a very valuable member of the school board at Pawhuska."

Mrs. Conlan works diligently securing relics for the Historical Society, being superintendent of Indian department. The writer had a Tulsa photographer to make several photographs of these, some of which are in Vol. I, O. Y. T. T. Note Mrs. Conlan standing under the old flag her great-great grandfather rescued at the battle of New Orleans. The flag was presented to him by Andrew Jackson.

Ida Mae Collins—(Mrs. C. L. Goodale)

On Aug. 1, 1906 Ida Mae Collins became Mrs. C. L. Goodale at her parents' country home, Oak Lawn with 200 guests as witnesses. The best man was Will Rogers, who with Miss Mary Gulager of Ft. Gibson, added to the entertainment with a cake walk.

Mrs. Goodale began an active club and civic life as soon as she became a matron, and her zeal for doing worthwhile things has not abated. No woman in Tulsa, or vicinity, is better known in the City Federation, of which she is past President, than is Mrs. Goodale.



Ida Mae Collins (Mrs. C. L. Goodale)

PROMINENT INDIAN WOMEN

There is a small Indian club composed of Kiowa Indian women at Anadarko who have created much interest along domestic art lines. One of its most influential members, Mrs. Emily Bosen, is past sixty years old, and a full blood. For many years she attended the Indian school at Carlisle.

Prominent Indian Women of the Sixth District are: Mrs. F. B. Fite, Muskogee; Mrs. Robert Wiley, Tahlequah; Mrs. J. A. Lawrence, Tahlequah; Mrs. W. W. Hastings, Tahlequah; Mrs. Connell Rogers, Fort Gibson.

Elleen Howard Miller, of Bartlesville

Civic and nature work have taken a great part of her time. In a letter complimenting her war work, Secretary McAdoo made her a life member of the advisory board of the Boy Scouts.

As chairman of conservation for old Third District, she sent out letters asking that trees be planted along the highway in honor of our soldier boys, and in December, 1920, had the pleasure of assisting in planting trees on Victory Row for Washington County sailor and soldier boys.

Later, she compiled all names for the boys from this county who were in the World War, and through the splendid generosity of Frank Phillips, had them engraved on bronze tablets, and placed on handsome pylons, these being placed on a memorial bridge spanning the Caney river in Bartlesville. The only Memorial bridge, bronze tablets, and pylons combined, in the world.

One of the interests of long standing in which she started active work in Bartlesville in the spring of 1916, backed by the Tuesday club, school superintendent and teachers, was conservation and study of bird life. Bird sanctuaries were established all over the city, work put in schools, and now hundreds of song birds that were formerly strangers, are to be found in our parks and lawns.

That this work has been far-reaching is evidenced by the fact that in 1921 she was appointed state chairman of Birds and Natural Life by the Oklahoma State Federation of Women's Clubs. This office she held until the Seventh Biennial, held in Bartlesville in 1925, of which she was general chairman. She was then elected president of the Pioneer Club of Oklahoma which was organized at this time, and also State Parliamentarian for the Oklahoma State Federation of Women's Clubs. To both she has given time, thought and work, but always, these messengers of song and beauty find a warm place in her heart, and this year bird study was placed in all the Washington County schools.

Mrs. Sallie Rogers McSnadden, of Chelsea, while enthusiastic about club work, is more interested in her church. She is a Bible teacher, and has reared a fine family. She is the sister of our famous Will Rogers.

Mrs. Lilah D. Lindsey

From "The Mirrors of Yesterday."

Art bloomed in Tulsa during its earlier years and one of its most enthusiastic exponents was Mrs. Lilah D. Lindsey, also a prominent pioneer woman, distinguished since for her work in civic activities and constructive endeavors. She now resides at 1206 S. Guthrie av.

Mrs. Lindsey is a native Oklahoman, having been born eight miles west of Muskogee, Indian Territory.



This painting of "The Merrimac and the Monitor" hangs in Mrs. Lindsey's living room.

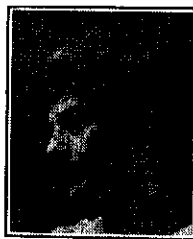
Miss Lilah Denton, as she was known in those days, attended school for a year and a half at Fulton, Missouri, and later was graduated from Hillsboro, Ohio college in 1883. She returned to Oklahoma, and taught in the Wealaka Mission, under the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, with headquarters in New York. Following her work in this school, she accepted a position in the first school opened in Tulsa, located where the city hall now stands.

She spent a number of years teaching in and around Tulsa. Mrs. Lindsey has always led an active useful life in the Humane Society, Federation of Women's Clubs, (a past president), A. A. U. W., W. C. T. U. and a charter member of the First Presbyterian church.

A Distinguished Indian—

Mabel Washbourne Anderson

Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, the author of the sketch of General Watie in "Oklahoma, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," is a descendant, on her maternal side, from the prominent and influential leaders of the Cherokee tribe, Major and John Ridge.



Mabel Washbourne Anderson

Her great-grandfather, Major Ridge, was one of the Cherokee chiefs, speaker of the House of Council of the Cherokees, as early as 1793, at the age of 19 years,—serving in that capacity for many years. He distinguished himself in the Creek war under Jackson, and was appointed a Major Commander of the U. S. forces.

Her grandfather, John Ridge, was a highly educated and distinguished orator and political leader of his tribe. She is also a great-niece of General Watie. Her paternal grandfather, Rev. Cephas Washbourne, was one of the very earliest missionaries to the Cherokees of Arkansas, and one of the founders and promoters of old Dwight Mission.

*Daisy Maude Underwood**The Chickasaw Nightingale*

Daisy Maud Underwood has won fame in Oklahoma, not alone for her sweet voice as a singer, but for her gift in managing and planning musical programs as a concert artist. Mrs. Underwood's life has an interesting background—her grandfather being the noted Captain of the Indian police, Charles LeFlore, who was a son of Forbes Le Flore, the famous Choctaw leader and educator, whose story is in the Indian section of "Oklahoma—Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow." Daisy Maude had some Aunts, who were twins, whose names have made them memorable to Oklahomans: "Chickie" and "Chocie"—for the tribes to whom they belong—Chickasaw and Choctaw. Hon. Lee Cruce, Oklahoma's second Governor, married one of these twins.

The following was clipped from a Tulsa paper, detailing honor won by Daisy Maud Underwood:

"Two Indian costumes owned by Tulsa people, one of them valued at \$3,000, recently brought their owners victory and \$50 prizes in a costume contest held at the Shan Kive masked ball, an annual affair conducted by the Colorado Springs, Colo., chamber of commerce.

"The costumes belong to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Underwood of 1515 S. Main st. Mrs. Underwood is better known in Tulsa as Daisy Maud Underwood, or Princess Pakanli, the 'Chickasaw Nightingale.' She is known to radio audiences far and wide, being a frequent broadcaster over station KVOO. She sings before visible audiences, too, and on several occasions has entertained Tulsa theater-goers. Mr. Underwood is a traveling salesman for the Skelly Oil Co., and is prominent in American Legion work in Oklahoma.

"All kinds of costumes vied for the honors won by the Tulsans at the Shan Kive ball, but judges decided that Mr. and Mrs. Underwood owned the "best and most unique" garments of any. Mrs. Underwood had twice before won prizes at the ball with the same costume, while Mr. Underwood's first victory occurred this year.

"Mrs. Underwood's unusual costume is made chiefly of buckskin and wampum. Wampum is the Indian medium of exchange, and consists of various kinds of coins, beads and trinkets. This wampum literally covers the buckskin under it, having been sewed on in a very artistic manner. Stella LeFlore Webb, mother of Mrs. Underwood, collected the wampum."

TE-ATA OF THE CHICKASAWS

Aug. 1927, "My Oklahoma"

A Chickasaw princess playing Shakespearian roles! And playing on the stage of the Stratford-on-Avon theater to the English! Impossible!

But no, for that is just the offer which Te-Ata, princess of the Chickasaw's, a Tishomingo Indian girl, has received from the mayor of Stratford-on-Avon. The mayor journeyed from England this spring to New York City to hold his conference with this young Oklahoma actress who is making a success in the east with her interpretive dancing and Indian legendry. And at the close of the conference he asked her to set a date soon for an English appearance in the role of Cleopatra. She probably will go to England for this appearance at the close of her summer's engagements.

Te-Ata's father is Thomas Benjamin Thompson of Tishomingo. He was the last treasurer of the old Chickasaw nation in the cabinet of Governor Johnston. Her

mother has both French and German blood mixed with Indian. Te-Ata was born in Indian Territory near Tishomingo, which is the old Chickasaw capital town. First she attended a little Indian school at Emet. Then when she was about eight years old she was sent to Bloomfield Seminary, the Chickasaw boarding school on the Red River near Denison, Texas. Later she finished highschool at Tishomingo.

When she finished highschool Te-Ata had a little money of her own and there were three places that she wanted to spend it.

"I wanted a baby grand piano," she admits, "although I couldn't play a note. Then I adored the looks of the little rustic summer houses to be placed on the lawns and so distractingly advertised in the mail order catalogues. Finally, my brother, E. R. Thompson, had been away to college and told us such anecdotes of college life that I wanted a whole year of good times and different people such as he had.

"After much thought and family discussion, I decided on college and went to the Oklahoma College for Women. I was homesick for a while . . . dreadfully homesick . . . but I went to work hard on my studies and presently the homesickness was gone."

Te-Ata was enrolled in Frances Dinsmore Davis's class in dramatic art. After the first few weeks she found that this was the most interesting of all her classes and began to wish, terribly, is the adjective she uses, that she might have private lessons but was too shy to ask. Miss Dinsmore had been watching the little Indian girl, however, and when the year was about half over she suggested the private lessons much to Te-Ata's delight.

Later on it was Miss Davis who sponsored the meeting between Te-Ata and Thurlow Lieurance, noted composer of Indian music. Lieurance offered Te-Ata her first professional tour.

After finishing college Te-Ata went to the Carnegie school of technology, in the theater school, at Pittsburgh for a year and then went to New York. The first year she was in New York she received several small offers and started her Broadway stage work. In the summers she continued to do chautauqua work. That she has given up now, however.

"I have been doing more and more Indian work," she says, "and of course my whole heart is with the Indian race and more than anything else I want to go far in bringing before the English speaking people some of the real beauties of Indian lore. There is so much in Indian poetry and drama that should be brought to the attention of all people and should help to bring about a better understanding. I want to do my bit in that direction. It seems to me this is a most opportune time to do it."

A typical Te-Ata program is made up of numbers similar to the following:

Legends: Hiawatha's Wooing, Longfellow; The River of Stars, a tale of the Niagara, Alfred Noyes; The Blue Duck, Lew Sarett; Other legends, Lew Sarett; The Scalp, Hartley Alexander; How Death Came Into Wild, Hartley Alexander; typical legends of romance, death, creation of the race; native songs.

Interpretative Indian dances: The Land of the Sky Blue Water, Cadman; The Moon Drops Low, Cadman; By the Waters of Minnetonka, Lieurance; Hunting dance; Indian dance steps; The Mountain Madrigal, Roos-Lieurance.

In 1933 Te-Ata charmed the Tulsa highschool students with her interesting stories of Indian customs.

INDIAN WOMEN OKLAHOMA LOVES TO HONOR

Mrs. A. E. Perry



Carrie LeFlore
Perry

Carrie LeFlore Perry was born in Boggy Depot, Indian Territory. Her people have been closely allied with Indian governmental affairs since before the removal from Mississippi in 1830. She was educated in St. Louis, Missouri at Sacred Heart, a celebrated French order of teaching nuns.

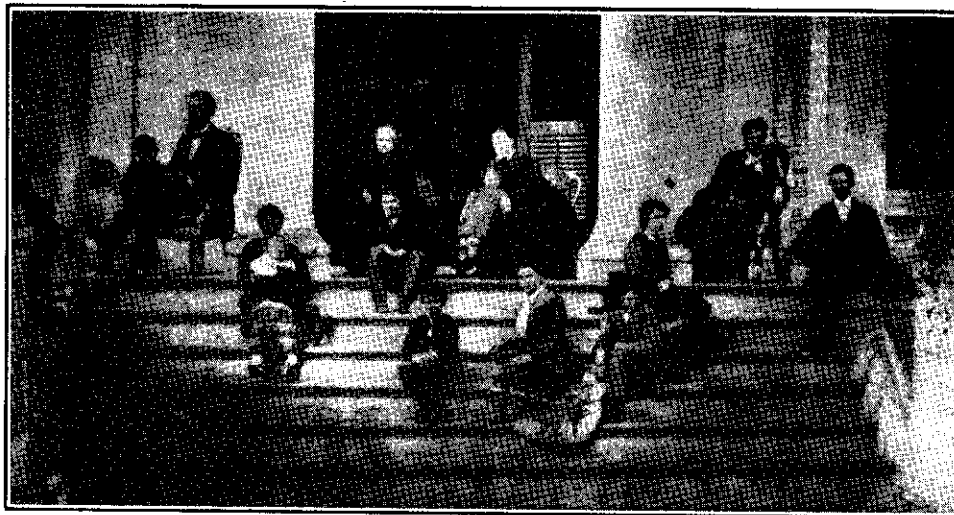
She married A. Edward Perry, July 27th, 1896. They resided in Coalgate, Indian Territory for many years where Mr. Perry was a merchant and owner of several coal mines. Their home now is in Oklahoma City. Mr. and Mrs. Perry have traveled abroad extensively.

Mrs. Perry has always been a great lover of books and has a large library in her home. She has written several articles of early Choctaw history. Mrs. Perry possesses many valuable papers of her father's pertaining to early Choctaw history; also she has many articles of her French ancestors; among them being a holy water font that belonged to her great-great-grandmother.

Mrs. Perry's mother's people have lived in the village of St. Croix, Alsace, since the Middle Ages. Her great-grandfather was one of Napoleon's bodyguard.

Mrs. Perry wrote the very interesting story of her father—Forbis Le Flore—which appears in "Oklahoma—Yesterday Today Tomorrow."

A CENTURY OLD PALACE PATTERNED FROM THAT OF AN EMPRESS



This remarkably preserved photo shows Colonel LeFlore, his family and servants resting on the porch.

The picture above was the home of Mrs. Perry's uncle, Greenwood Le Flore—the last Chief of the Choctaws east of the Mississippi River. It was Greenwood Le Flore who signed the Dancing Rabbit treaty, the Choctaw's agreement to exchange Mississippi land for their western homes.

The stately mansion near Greenwood, Miss., is still owned by LeFlore descendants. "Malmaison" has 15 rooms. Eleven have black Italian marble mantels, and all inside doors are ten feet high, three feet wide, and two and one half inch thick. "Malmaison"—named in honor of Napoleon's wife—Empress Josephine—who after her divorce, retired to her French home by same name. The drawing-room contains four immense windows, on whose shades are hand painted scenes of France—making the room one of gorgeous splendor, when the light of sunshine or electricity brings out their wondrous beauty.

Pioneer Woman Editor—Mrs. Tom Ferguson

Widow of former Oklahoma Territory Governor in a Tulsa World story tells why she sold her newspaper established in 1892—The paper was sold in 1930.

"I came in a covered wagon with my husband and two babies into the Cheyenne and Arapaho reservation at the opening in April, 1892, to carve a home and a newspaper out of the raw, far from a railroad.



Mrs. Tom Ferguson

and what we were going to do when we got there.

"To most of these questions, I did not know the answer myself.

"The baby on my lap gave his life for his country during the World war, and he of the many questions is now associated with one of the leading banks of the southwest.

And he whom I followed with faith and courage into the new country has followed the trail still farther toward the sunset, leaving me to finish the journey alone."

Some time ago Miss Edna Ferber visited Oklahoma and not long afterward began the writing of her book "Cimarron," which is also the name of one of Oklahoma's principal rivers. It is not generally known that the incidents of country newspaper in "Cimarron," even down to the "muffin tin for thin spaces" were all obtained from the Watonga Republican office, and her story built around Mrs. Ferguson's experiences as a newspaper woman with considerable fiction and imagination thrown in. She spent some days in Watonga about the Republican office, collecting her data.

Mrs. Tom Ferguson's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Walter Ferguson is perhaps the most prolific woman writer in the state, writing a daily column, which is syndicated in the great chain of Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

A story of Mrs. Ferguson will appear in a forthcoming book in Oklahoma Literature, as will that of Miss Amy Comstock, Tulsa Tribune Co-Editor and Miss Edith Johnson of the Daily Oklahoman staff. The four women mentioned here are prominent in their chosen work and were selected among the 24 outstanding Oklahoma Women in 1930.

Dr. Winnie Sanger—Leader in Medical Profession

Dr. Winnie Monroney Sanger came from Carmi, Illinois in 1894, where, as Miss Monroney, she had taught for a couple of years in grammar grades of her home town, having been the "lone class" and first graduate from the Carmi High School. She became a teacher in the Oklahoma City High School with Mrs. Selwyn Douglas, Principal, and one other teacher for the one hundred and twenty-five students then enrolled. Miss Monroney was a teacher of Mathematics and Science. When she quit teaching, she had a State Certificate from Oklahoma and Missouri, with a grade "A" in all subjects taught.

She was Secretary of the Territorial Teacher's Association at the time of her marriage to Fenton M. Sanger, who was a teacher, and in Oklahoma City High School,—not at the same time.

When the son was two years old, Mrs. Sanger began the study of Medicine, having her degree from the University of Kansas. Dr. Sanger is so capable she has been given a leading part in all organizations to which she belongs, which are too numerous to mention here.

She has won laurels in a field not too frequented by women—the Medical Profession, which will be included in another Oklahoma book coming soon.

Pioneers in Outdoor Advertising

Rose Blanton Shleppey is THE pioneer woman of the outdoor advertising business and remains the only woman



Rose Blanton Shleppey, Tulsa, Oklahoma

of like versatility in this industry. She is a commercial designer, making the designs for painted bulletins, hand painted posters, electric signs, and electrical spectacular displays, and is equally at home on a swinging stage painting fifty foot bulletin boards. She has the practical experience that goes with a successful business and has to her credit many displays that are outstanding in this state, under the name of the Shleppey Outdoor Advertising Company.

"Twenty nine years ago," she said, "women did not enjoy the freedom in selecting an occupation or profession they do today, and I was looked upon by men in this field as a menace to their welfare, as this profession was considered safe from the intrusion of women owing to its skill in workmanship and the hazards of working on a stage. One old timer expressed it, 'When it comes to skirts on a stage it's time for me to dive off.' I had to be a pioneer in some line as my parents and grand-

parents and great-grandparents were all pioneers. My great-grand father Blanton came from England to settle in Virginia. My grand-father went west to Missouri, then on to Oregon, as did my mother's parents. My most thrilling moments, and one of deepest reverence, came to me as I stood by that stone marker and read 'Old Oregon Trail.' Both my parents, as children, passed over that spot. Somewhere along this trail sleeps the beloved grand-mother who succumbed to the hardships of that journey some 82 years before, the ox-drawn wagons obliterating all signs of that sad burial. They could not vision then, surrounded by hostile Indians, the previous train having met the fate of the massacre, that one of their descendants would stop by that trail, driving a vehicle that could shorten the six-months dreary journey to six days. As I stood there my heart filled with gratitude and love and pride for those red blooded men and women who braved untold hardship to create in the new country that most precious of all possessions, a Home. New country has always fascinated me, and the possibilities in Oklahoma drew me from a city of three million, and I have never regretted the step."

A number of Mrs. Shleppey's adolescent years were spent on her father's New Mexico ranch. She gives credit to a wonderful mother for those years of pleasure and knowledge. The study of books at her mother's knee, first hand knowledge of Nature and the wild life of the country, interpreted by a true daughter of pioneers. The study of wild flowers, birds, poisonous snakes and animals. The excitement of the round-up; sour-dough biscuits and dried peach pie served by a marvelous camp-cook to the accompaniment of bawling calves as the hot branding iron seared the tender skin; the quick action of cowboys in rescuing horse and rider caught in the quicksand of the Pecos River; the witnessing of a fierce battle between a great grey wolf and a poor old cow for the possession of the young calf, and the relief at seeing the wolf lose; helping brother smoke out young wolves from dens in the earth; dining on antelope and wild fowl; riding miles to a party, and other interesting things.

Mrs. Shleppey is related to that old warrior "Fighting Joe" Hooker, and was brought up on tales of heroism and courage. Her great-grand-mother held the 'Yanks' at bay, and with the aid of other women prevented the burning of the community cotton gin, their only source of revenue with the men in the war. A cousin, three times removed, fought for two years at the side of her captain-husband, and led the company to victory in the battle that brought him death.

How could I be less than a pioneer in some line," said Mrs. Shleppey, "and perhaps it is due to those early pioneer ancestors and their bewilderment in finding a way through unmarked lands that has subconsciously led me into the outdoor advertising business; my hope is that many other women will find the trail, in Oklahoma, as some are now doing in other states. Oklahoma is old in history but young in possibilities. On this last frontier I am very happy to watch the development, that will to my grandchildren, be a greater contrast than the ox team and the Automobile as modes of travel."

McKellips Sisters—Professional Photographers

It is not unusual to see brothers in business together, for men of the same family often inherit the same likes and dislikes for the things of life; but seldom do we see two sisters work congenially together, with a common bank account, and yet such was the case with the Mc-

Kellips sisters. Beautiful indeed, was the devotion of these two women—Myrtle McKellips Hill and Mary McKellips Nistl.

Myrtle since fourteen years old had been an adept with pencil and brush, and at twenty-one owned her own studio, turning to photography as her chosen field of art. Lovely hand-painted miniatures have been her specialty.

Both were artistic, so they decided on photography as their life work.

Mary perfected her knowledge of the different phases of the photographic art in the McMinnville Photographic School of McMinnville, Tenn. 1917, worked a part of the time in Tulsa studios, later, attending the Professional Photographic Association of America School at Wiona Lake, Indiana.



McKellips Sisters

They both married, but decided to re-enter business together in Tulsa. The beautiful studio in the Colonial building on Fifteenth and Quaker is evidence of the artistic ability of these girls, who have recorded the likeness of so many satisfied Tulsans.

But now Mary must work alone, for on Jan. 19, 1931, the Father said: "It is enough, Myrtle, Come unto me." Now the tired, skilled hands have perhaps found a finer way to express her noble thoughts in the Great Beyond. Hands that worked even harder after three precious babies had come into her life—David, Warren and little Tommie, now only five.

Mary permitted the story to be used as a tribute to the sister-companion-partner who consoled with her in the dreary days, who smiled with her when came the joyous occasions and the gay triumphs, who was her inspiration to attain the heights, for their goal is the top of a beautiful profession.

These thoughts of Myrtle's sweet comradeship will forever be enshrined in Mary's heart, and will add new zeal to her task she is so well fitted to carry on. For Myrtle's sake she will add fresh laurels, will bring more fame to the firm of the McKellips Sisters, now in Ritz Building.

Irene Frank—Professional Woman

Proffering an Art center to Oklahoma and the Southwest, the Irene Frank Studios located in Tulsa are decidedly individual among similar institutions in America. Unique in its construction to accommodate private and civic musicals, plays, recitals and balls, the building is a beautiful example of modern adaptation of the Italian Renaissance. An auditorium for 600 is provided with the latest improved acoustic properties and a spacious stage equipped with complete draperies and lighting facilities provides the uppermost in the production of musical and theatrical performances. Reception and retiring rooms, cloak hall, office and kitchen are with the auditorium on the street floor. Below are spacious dressing and costume rooms, five shower baths and heating plant. Miss Frank's apartment occupies space off the balcony.

The building was constructed by Irene Frank in 1928 to provide the most propitious surroundings for her school of ballet and stage dance arts where the most classical might be achieved in the presentation of the Irene Frank Dancers in recital. At the same time the building affords Oklahoma musicians and artists, as well as visiting celebrities, privileges unique in these United States.



Lovely attribute of Miss Frank's is her devotion to her mother

Born in Clay Center, Kansas, Irene Frank came from Topeka to Indian Territory just before Statehood. Not a pioneer in the state in the full sense, but more or less a pioneer among careers for women was Miss Frank as events proved. Editor of the first High School senior book "The Odios" in Bartlesville she became a cub reporter on the Bartlesville Enterprise. In the east it fell to the Oklahoma newspaper girl to be the first woman to sell newspaper display advertising in Philadelphia while connected with The Press later consolidated with the Philadelphia Telegram and finally consumed by the Public and Evening Ledger. Issuance of one of the earliest foto gravure sections by The Press proffered Miss Frank the first woman's job of roto gravure advertising. During her newspaper career in New York and Philadelphia as representative of The Press, Telegraph and The Record respectively, Miss Frank followed her artistic inclination begun at Bethany College of Music, Lindsborg, Kansas, with the intensive study of the dance. Her Oklahoma studios of classical dancing were opened in Tulsa and Bartlesville in 1923. The construction of the Irene Frank Studios five years later records a precedence in structures of Art in Oklahoma and achieves the foremost in individual studios of America.

Irene Frank is the daughter of J. M. and Ella Frank who crossed the states from Cincinnati, Ohio by mule team and train and pioneered in western Kansas. They are living in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, as is their second daughter, Lucille Frank Mitchell. Their son, Edwin K. Frank, first mayor of Oilton, Oklahoma now a resident of Tulsa, is the creator of the Mid-Continent Map Co. making abstract maps of the oil fields.

Anna Lewis—Successful Teacher and Writer

*University Grants Second Doctor's Degree
To Anna Lewis, Chickasha Teacher*

"The University of Oklahoma Tuesday conferred its highest degree upon a graduate student—the second in the history of the school.

"Dr. Lewis was given the black hood with its red, white and blue lining, which signifies that she has earned the doctor of philosophy degree."

Dr. Anna Lewis, History Professor in Okla. College for Women, Chickasha. The story of this wonderful school and of the town in which it is located will appear in a forthcoming book.

"Doctor Lewis, who has achieved an enviable reputation as an educator in the state, Tuesday reached the goal which she set for herself many years ago. From the time that she began her college course in the University of California, taking her bachelor of arts degree in 1915, she determined not to stop until she had gotten a doctor's degree. Tuesday, in the annual commencement exercises of the university, Dr. W. B. Bizzell, bestowed this honor upon her.



Dr. Anna Lewis

Doctor Lewis will return to the Oklahoma College for Women at Chickasha, where she will resume her post as professor of history, which she has held at intervals since 1917.

Born at Poteau, October 25, 1889, Doctor Lewis graduated from the University of California in 1915, taking her master of art degree from that school three years later. From 1916 to 1917 she was an instructor of history in the Presbyterian college at Durant, going from there to Chickasha to the women's college. She did graduate work in the University of California in the summers of 1919, 1921, 1922, and 1923, and at the University of Wisconsin in the summer of 1924.

In 1927 and 1928 summer sessions at the University of Oklahoma, Doctor Lewis was a special instructor in history, and will be a special lecturer at the Oklahoma A. and M. college this summer. After attending the state university here during 1928-29, the summer of 1929, and during 1929-30, she completed required hours for her doctor of philosophy degree.

Doctor Lewis did her major work in history and her minor in government. Her doctor's thesis was on the early history of the Arkansas River region, 1541-1800."—(Notes from the University Press of a few years ago.)

This is "why" she was chosen as one of the 24 outstanding women of Oklahoma.

A Woman Who Has Won Thru Her Ability As A Concert Artist and Musical Pedagogue

Pre-eminent in a city noted for its artists is Josephine Storey-White. It is strange that as seemingly trivial a thing as a visit to one's parents would control the destiny of hundreds of people, yet such was the case when back in 1915 Josephine Storey-White came from Boston for a three days' stop with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Storey.

A great talent can not be hidden, so something of her cultural background, her intensive study under famous teachers such as David Bispham, Oscar Saenger of New York, Stephen Townsend of Boston and Douglas Powell of London and New York leaked out before her arrival. The Hyeckka, Tulsa's oldest Music Club, famed

for its ability to ferret out musical treats, invited Mrs. Storey-White to sing, so she, with her charming personality and rich contralto voice, scored another triumph. A movement was set forward at once to make this talented and gracious lady

prolong her stay if possible to make Tulsa her home.

At the various entertainments that followed, her hearers agreed with the article in the Eastern newspaper.

"Josephine Storey-White seems to embody all the requisites of a great artiste. Endowed with extraordinary beauty and gracious personality, she charms her audience before she utters a note, and when the golden glory of her voice, a luscious contralto of wide range which she uses with consummate artistry, is poured forth in

song she captivates it. Her splendid singing of Elgar's "Sea Cycle" was noteworthy. Opulence of tone, exquisite shading, refinement of interpretation and impeccable diction, made last night's program an unalloyed delight."

A position as director and soloist in the choir in First Presbyterian Church was offered her, and in a short time all the aspirants for voice and expression culture that she could manage, were clamoring for admittance in her classes.

She immediately became identified with Oklahoma's musical and cultural life, and through the years has been untiring in her services to the community. She has served as program chairman and membership chairman of the Hyechka Club, is a past president of the Wednesday Morning Musicales and the Associated Music Teachers, is a charter member of the Shakespeare Club and at present is first vice-president of the City Federation of Music Clubs, of which organization she has had the honor to be elected a life member.

With what pride she must look over her years of accomplishment. Students, both adults and children, have found their way to fame thru her instruction. They've thrilled to see their names in emblazoned letters on Broadway, in Hollywood and unseen radio audiences have been enraptured by their performances. They've found lucrative positions at home and abroad, or have made loved ones happy with their ability to entertain—all thru the Musical and Dramatic powers of a wonderful teacher, Josephine Storey-White.

Miss Margaret Wyndham *Professional Woman*

If she so desired Miss Margaret Wyndham, pioneer teacher of expression, could some tales unfold concerning the people she taught to "eloquence," who are now prominently helping Oklahoma's progress.

It was back in 1907 when she first arrived as a private teacher. Later she was employed by Kendall College, when she and John Knowles Weaver, (who now has his own College of Music), were the fine arts department in a "lean to" of the old Presbyterian Church, which was located where Pioneer building that houses the S. W. Bell Telephone Co., now stands.

Soon Mrs. W. J. Holway came along and formed the Drama League, then The Little Theatre was established.

A peep at Miss Wyndham's scrap book, containing scenes from some of her University plays would start some interesting reminiscences from scores of people.

In 1928 Miss Wyndham produced a pageant of the South West dedicated to the late Miss Alice Robertson. Most of it was written in 1922 by Miss Wyndham, the poetry contributed by the instructor of French and Latin, Miss Frances Reubelt. The scrap book

contained the press notes and many letters of commendation concerning the pageant.

In the long winter evenings when the "rocking chair gets her," what a source of comfort that old scrap book will be to the director of Expression at University of Tulsa.

Professional Writer *Dreaming Dreams that Live*

Jennie Harris Oliver, Oklahoma's most famous writer, selected in November, 1930, as one of the twenty-four outstanding women of Oklahoma.

Her home and garden in Fallis, Okla., is the mecca and meeting ground of cultured men and women coming from far distant points; people who feel it is a great privilege to meet and talk with the nationally known writer, poetess, artist and musician.

In fancy first and then with her typewriter, she builds huge fireplaces, polished floors, marble gateways, rose gardens, beautiful girls and strong men; shining rivers and burning deserts, purple mountains and mist-haunted valleys. Resin and pine, and the gold of Ophir are hers.

How proud we are of the recent success that has come to our already famous Oklahoman—Jennie Harris Oliver, of Fallis, Oklahoma.



Jennie Harris Oliver

To be able to write for that splendid magazine "Good Housekeeping" and get \$800.00 for one short story, seems like the zenith of fame to an amateur, but to have a series of stories accepted by producers like Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and receiving \$5,000.00 in actual cash, besides the

privilege of still using the stories, is most too good to happen to one's own friends. But that is the truth about Mrs. Oliver's Mokey Delano stories, and Jackie Cooper of "Skippy" fame is to have the title role.

J. C. Hunter of the Ritz Theatre told a Tulsa World writer that since the success Jackie made in "Skippy," Metro has been casting about for children's stories that can compete with Paramount's Mark Twain series and First National's Booth Tarkington films—stories in which to cast Jackie. If the Mokey stories succeed in the screen version, Mrs. Oliver goes into distinguished company—Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, Mrs. Oliver!

The characters live in Guthrie. Much of the scene lies around the old Royal Hotel, which during territorial days was quite a grand Inn, housing as it did famous Senators, Governors and all the notables who visited Oklahoma. Teddy Roosevelt, himself, slept in the room that Mrs. Oliver has used for several weeks, where she finished writing her Mokey series.

The ghost of this strong old hero seemed to whisper encouragement to the little lady of beautiful, poetic thoughts, and the inspiration of his own heroic struggles of the dim yesterdays, helped her to fashion Mokey into a fine splendid character all youths will enjoy.

Chleo Spencer—A Pioneer in a Unique Publication

Chleo Nichols Spencer deserves admiration and a place in the history of business women, who by their own efforts have won their place in their chosen field of work.

No thought of her ever having to enter the business world came to the minds of her parents, so her early education was centered on the study of music, art and the classics. Consequently Mrs. Spencer was fitted to take her place in society and the home rather than in an office. Looking for a field where she might use her limited study of journalism and her natural ability to meet the public, a field where she could earn a man's income, Mrs. Spencer chose the business of publishing and advertising. She might well be termed a pioneer in her chosen work in Tulsa. She published Tulsa's first Hotel Greeter Publication, "This Week In Tulsa", which grew from an eight page information guide for the hotel traveler into the recognized convention paper of the city.



Chleo Nichols Spencer

While playing the part of daddy to the beautiful child which blessed her home in her early marriage, Mrs. Spencer never neglected the role of Mother. Catherine, her only child finished high school in Tulsa and attended Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Illinois, for two years.

We are glad to add Chleo B. Spencer, who is yet a young woman, to our galaxy of successful business women.

Her success does not depend on her ability to compose a good story, and to make an attractive layout for

her magazine, but in the charm of her personality that brought her the material with which to work.

Nelle Bunyan Hardwick

Nelle Bunyan Hardwick has won thru intensive work on a special line of newspaper writing—

For a decade Mrs. Hardwick has directed the publicity work of the state Federation of Music clubs and for seven years was music editor of the Tribune at Tulsa.



Nelle Bunyan Hardwick

Mrs. Hardwick is a patroness of Sigma Gamma chapter, Sigma Alpha Iota, national music fraternity at the university of Tulsa; treasurer of the League of American Pen Women branch at Oklahoma City; charter member of the Schubert club, the state's oldest and largest women's choral organization at Oklahoma City; member of Hyeckka club at Tulsa, and each season writes for the Daily Oklahoman a series of special feature articles announcing the appearance of the Chicago Civic Opera company at Tulsa, whose annual engagement sponsored by the Hyeckka club is a statewide event. Her pen name is "Peggy Lynn"—in the special line of advertising she does for the Tulsa Tribune.

Beulah H. Cureton—Business Woman

One of the most charming and versatile women in the state is Beulah H. Cureton.

She taught school in three states before coming to Oklahoma. From 1920 to '22 she was Vice-Chairman Republican State Committee, and from 1922 to 1927 she was Post master of Muskogee, second largest office held by a woman in United States. She is active in National Postmaster's Association, being Vice-Chairman of same.



Beulah H. Cureton

She has one son, Lee, and was left a widow in 1929, tho she seems capable of steering her own course, as she is now Publicity Director of the Biltmore Hotel, Oklahoma City and can be heard each day

in a Broadcast over KOMA.

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS WOMEN

This demure little maid of the yesterdays you would recognize, in a modern picture as the brilliant and successful business woman—Ruby Frank.

When R. F. Frank was receiving a salary of \$2 a week on her first job, she hitched her wagon to a star and thought it would be wonderful if her income should ever attain the mark of \$75 a month. Today she is one of the highest paid women executives in the southwest, an official and director of several big business institutions.

Yes, "she." For the secretary of the Public Service company of Oklahoma, who receives most of her mail addressed to "Mr. R. F. Frank," is none other than Miss Ruby Florentine Frank. She rarely uses her given names, however, signing all communications merely as "R. F. Frank," so many of those with whom she has business correspondence believe her to be a man.

She has studied typing and stenography, so this inexperienced girl who started out to make her own way in the world readily obtained a job as secretary to a Pueblo doctor, with the princely salary of \$2 a week.

Later, she had many and varied positions, her salary climbing with each job.

It was then, in 1913, she came to Oklahoma. Fred Insull, with whom she had become acquainted when he previously was connected with the Arkansas Valley company, had come to Oklahoma to take over some electric properties in this state. She went to Oklahoma City and became associated with Mr. Insull. They were the only executives of the baby concern then, and together they laid the foundation for the Public Service Co. of Oklahoma. The company organization was perfected in May, 1913, with Mr. Insull as president and Miss Frank as treasurer. The company's holdings then included only the electric properties at Tulsa, Vinita, Guthrie, Coalgate and Atoka, with head-

quarters in Oklahoma City. The company owned no property in the capital, so in 1916 headquarters were moved to Tulsa and since that year Miss Frank has resided in this city.

On removal to Tulsa she was made secretary as well as treasurer of the company. The company prospered and



Guess Whosit—

as it grew, the duties of the two offices became too numerous for one person, so they were separated and Miss Frank relinquished the treasurer's position, at the same time remaining as secretary and becoming a director. She still holds those positions with the company which has grown from five small properties to 121 properties and franchises in as many towns and cities in eastern Oklahoma.

Margaret Chilton Bray

An outstanding example of the successful business woman of Tulsa is Margaret Chilton Bray, whose ancestors came to America in the Mayflower.

She is the daughter of James Robert Chilton a pioneer of the Indian Territory.

Education and fashions are hobbies with Mrs. Bray. She is particularly interested in higher education for girls and her charming niece Narcissa Blackwelder is a graduate of Conway-Broun fashionable girls school (pictured on a later page as a sweet girl graduate.)

Mrs. Bray is a grand opera patron, a member of the Little Theatre group of patrons, the Chamber of Commerce, the D. A. R., and fine horses and riding are her chief sports interests.

Mrs. Bray's charming and gracious manner, her keen discernment of the finest in fashion and her gift for creating beautiful trousseaux and gowns have brought attention and recognition from the foremost creators of fashion in New York and Paris. In private life she is Mrs. Ralph William Bray and lives in a beautiful residence whose interior decorations she planned, at 1634 South Denver avenue.

Vannie Reed Lay—Business Woman

Will Rogers, distinguished Humorist, brought a round of laughter from his audience when, speaking at the dedication of the Pioneer Woman Statue, at Ponca City, he referred to the fact that a close inspection of the figure revealed the good lady wearing a corset, fashioned after the type of foundation garment favored by the mode of her day. This started him on a line of reminiscence about the days when he had to tighten the strings of the back-lace corset for his wife. The laughter that so easily spilled over at every witticism was uncontrollable when he reminded the old-timers that they, too, knew all about the old-time corset. "Why, if they'd kept on a-wearing 'em, I'd been a fair harp player by this time, fingerin' those strings so much."



Vannie Reed Lay.
(Mrs. Earl Lay)

Vannie Reed has fitted and helped hundreds of women struggle into the old corset that shaped the hour-glass figure and now she travels to New York twice a year to get the latest models in foundation garments of finest satin and exquisitely woven elastic, which are used to "mould" milady's figure in 1934 into modish lines.

These lovely creations and many other things dear to "feminine fancies" are found at her fashionable shop on Fifth Avenue, in the Philcade building.

A Life of Service

Though her children come first, Mrs. Maude Richman Calvert has been a very successful woman in her service not only to her state but the world, for she has been a prolific writer on the subjects concerned with Health and Home Making.

She has organized classes in Parent Education, is Director of the Oklahoma Council of Child Development, and a leader in many organizations. That is the "reason why" she was chosen as one of the twenty-four outstanding women of Oklahoma, and one of eight Oklahoma Women in Who's Who for 1931.



Mrs. Geo. Calvert and children
Mary Ann and Betty Lou

THE NINETEENTH AMENDMENT GAVE WOMAN HER RIGHTS

Woman suffrage wasn't put over in Oklahoma without a struggle.

The men didn't give the vote to women. The women took it.

The first move to get the vote for women in Oklahoma was made during the constitutional convention when statehood was being born. The measure didn't get past first-base there.

Then in 1910 the movement came to a head again and the legislature passed a resolution referring the question to a vote of the people. It was defeated. In that campaign, which was when nearly every man was convinced that woman's place was in the home or at the cradle and not in the stenographer's chair or on the golf course, Robert L. Owen went up and down the state battling for the women until the cry came from the southeastern counties to stop Owen. His talks for suffrage were hurting the Democratic party's chances. However, Owen remained on the firing line for the women's cause throughout the long siege, and if there is a daddy of the woman's suffrage movement in Oklahoma, Bob Owen probably is it.

No attempt is made to name the real mother of the movement. Women are too good fighters for us to take that chance.

Una Lee Roberts Has Held Her Own as Assistant Secretary of State Through Super-Service

Pioneer work of any kind is seldom easy. Particularly is it difficult when it means breaking away from established manners and customs. Under these conditions all the more credit is due to those women who have braved public opinion by accepting political appointments and elections and great is the gratitude due them by their sister citizens when they have made good. Miss Una Lee Roberts, Assistant Secretary of State for Oklahoma, is an outstanding figure among the women who have made good and are continuing to make good. Miss Roberts has seen the wisdom of looking before making a leap. She has been willing to learn by serving as an assistant rather than rush madly to attain an executive position for which she had not, to her own conscientious character, prepared herself. Now, after many years of actual experience wherein she has made good in a number of offices, she is qualified, and all the citizens of Oklahoma know that she is qualified, to fill successfully almost any office in the State Government to which she might be elected or appointed. No man within this state has a higher standing, nor is one more highly esteemed as a public servant than Miss Roberts. She is a native of Texas, the daughter of Sterling G. and Josephine (Brown) Roberts. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were married at Longview, Texas, on February 4, 1874. They later made their home in Hallsville, Harrison County, and then, as Mr. Roberts' business interests made it necessary for him to be located in more of a business center, they moved to Dallas where Mr. Roberts carried on his wholesale lumber business.

Una Lee, who was the first child to bless this home, was born at Hallsville, Harrison County, Texas, on April 16, 1875. The mother died when this child was eight years of age and to her father she gives full credit for her bringing up. She received her education in James College and in grammar school, then graduated from the old High School in Dallas, Texas. This was in the time when there was only one high school in Dallas, and after finishing there, finding that she had both talent and taste for business, attended and graduated from a business college in Dallas. With this equipment, she began her business career in her father's business in Dallas in the position of stenographer. Her first work outside of her father's office was with the Dallas Oil and Refining Company. Her next position was with the Federal Government in the National Park Bureau. For fifteen years Miss

Una Lee at Nine



Roberts was with the National Park Bureau at Sulphur, Oklahoma, and at Hot Springs, Arkansas. She served under five superintendents—evidence of her ability. One of these superintendents was Colonel Sneed.



Una Lee Roberts

When Colonel R. A. Sneed came to Oklahoma City as Confederate Pension Commissioner of Oklahoma, he brought Miss Roberts as his Secretary. When the Colonel was elected Secretary of State, he appointed Miss Roberts Assistant Secretary of State.

In 1927 when Colonel Graves Leeper was elected to succeed Colonel Sneed, Miss Roberts was again retained, as she was when her first chief, Colonel Sneed, was again elected to the office of Secretary of State, taking this place January, 1931. She began her ninth year in this capacity. The spirit of efficiency, the cordial atmosphere that prevails in this office makes it a pleasant stopping place while at the Capitol, and the most charming person there is Miss Una Lee Roberts.

LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

In October 1929, Gretchen Prescott Haralson writes for the Tulsa World an enlightening article on Why Oklahoma Women are Interested in "League of Women Voters."

The League of Women Voters has the distinction of having organized for efficiency in government, public welfare in government, and international co-operation.

This last year found the League of Women Voters growing steadily both in program and membership which combination makes for strength. Few organizations show more future and the vital subjects so scientifically studied before definite action is taken, all over the land by thinking women, play a big part in the development of good government.

The work of the League of Women Voters in Oklahoma under Mrs. Herbert Straight of Bartlesville, state president, is concerned chiefly with the study of the state constitution and the continuance of the maternity and infancy work already done in Oklahoma. Live discussions will be heard at the state convention in Tulsa, October 24 and 25.

The simplification of our state constitution is a subject that should be of vital interest to every citizen of Oklahoma.

Facilitate Business.

For the same reason that the National League of Women Voters is advocating the lame duck amendment to the United States constitution, the state should revamp certain parts of the Oklahoma constitution in order to facilitate the business of the commonwealth. When the fathers of our country set the time for the new members of congress to take their places in the capitol and the date for inauguration after the election of the United States president, they could not see steam travel, nor aeroplanes, and the dates were so made as to insure the gentlemen being present. Washington was more than a month late to his first inauguration due to travel inconveniences. Therefore does it not seem reasonable to suppose that a state growing in population and industrial development as rapidly as Oklahoma, would necessarily be inadequate in part, and need serious study. Election laws alone need simplification as do many other branches of the state government.

The study of international co-operation has interested the women of America for years and rapidly the women of the world are organizing to study the subject seriously and scientifically. The convention is proud to announce

a national speaker from the New York office, of which Miss Ruth Morgan is national chairman. Miss Morgan and Miss Belle Sherwin, national president, attended the International Suffrage alliance in Berlin this summer. Miss Morgan is chairman of the peace committee. What a distinction!

Work Is Vital.

The work of the League of Women Voters is vital, immediate. The league's program made up from a suggested one dictated by the small groups throughout the country, not a program handed down by a national board.

Herbert Hoover says of this political university, for that is what it is, "The League of Women Voters is the most wide-awake body of American citizens in America today."

President Hoover is in position to know.

The League of Women Voters is for all parties. The study program has in it material of interest to all citizens. Its publications are unparalleled. Under Mrs. George Abbott, Tulsa president, study groups and round table are actively working in Norman, Bartlesville, Ponca City, and other cities in the state. There is no excuse for citizens not to know the whys of political questions today.

In February 1934 at Oklahoma City the Women Democratic leaders met to form an organization known as "The Oklahoma Democrat Council of Women." Tomorrow will see the outcome of their great plans.

Mrs. John G. Catlett

Among the charming women who have done their share in perfecting the purpose of the Nineteenth Amendment, Mrs. John G. Catlett, of Tulsa, stands pre-eminent.

She has a background of Southern Culture, enlivened by the adventurous Western Spirit that makes women, as well as men, venture forth in new fields.

Coming to Oklahoma in little girlhood, she received her early education here, later rounding out her social graces and intellectual pursuits at her birth-place, Holly Springs, Mississippi.

One could easily draw a parallel in the high points of the lives of this young Oklahoma Democrat and the famous Feminist Leader who has just celebrated three quarters of a century of active living; the first three letters of their names, too, being the same—Catlett and Catt.

"Carrie Chapman Catt was elected president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association in 1900. Later she organized the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, and lectured for it in every important country in the world. When the success of suffrage in the United States seemed assured, she planned and organized the League of Women Voters so that members of her sex would know what to do with the vote when they got it.



Mrs. John G. Catlett

Scores of the world's great send her greetings on her birthdays. Universities have showered her with degrees. She has won most of the prizes of achievement.

Plenty of laurels? Yes, but Carrie Chapman Catt isn't resting on them just yet."

Our Mrs. Catlett served as County Vice Chairman Tulsa County 1924-25; State Vice Chairman Democratic Central Committee 1930-31. Belongs to two women's democratic clubs of Tulsa; League of Women Voters (charter member); Delphian Chapter; League of Young Democrats. She was very active for President Roosevelt in 1932 campaign.

The following was clipped from one of the campaign papers:

"Mrs. Catlett's ability as a speaker has been recognized to the extent that she now occupies the enviable position of National Speaker on the National Speaker's Bureau, in the national campaign, and to her further credit, she is the only woman from Oklahoma who has signed up with the national headquarters to speak at her own expense.

Mrs. Catlett often resorted to air travel in order to be able to complete the itinerary schedule of the national committee.

Mrs. Catlett is extremely active in civic affairs, and is widely known for her philanthropies and is never too busy to "lend an ear" to the poor and distressed and to give her complete co-operation to any movement for charitable purposes."

Who knows when the mellow age of seventy-five crowns the activities of our Oklahoma leader, the ever widening opportunities of modern woman may bring laurels that even the astonishing energies of Mrs. Catt never won.

Mrs. Frank B. Lucas

An Example of a Womanly Woman in Politics and a Civic Leader

Mrs. Frank B. Lucas is also State Chairman Roadside Beautification Committee O. S. F. of Women's Clubs.

To show what the men think of a woman who worked hard for Woman's Suffrage, we quote from an old clipping, which was written by Oklahoma's Adjutant General, Charles Barrett.

A Deserved Tribute to One of Oklahoma's Progressive Women.

Mrs. Frank B. Lucas of Ponca City, Oklahoma, is one of the acknowledged leaders of her sex in every forward movement that has engaged the energy and enterprise of the live wire citizenship of the great southwest during the past decade.

Her active participation in the public life in the State has in no sense detracted from her charm as



Mrs. Frank B. Lucas, Pres. Ponca City Garden Club; Dist. Chairman International Relations O. S. F. of Women's Clubs.

an attractive and accomplished woman, and her love for home and domestic pursuits. Mrs. Lucas is pre-eminently "A Woman's Woman." Activity in politics has not led her to sacrifice those finer traits of the gentler sex and those social accomplishments which are the crown of American Womanhood. The subject of this sketch has fairly won all the honors and recognition that has been accorded her by her party. She has been a worker in the ranks before she achieved leadership and her promotions have been dearly earned.

Her selection as one of the delegates to the National Democratic Convention at San Francisco was a credit to the party and the State and her host of friends in Oklahoma are proud that her years of splendid service for men and women have won her this recognition and this high distinction."

PORTIA SEEKS HER PLACE IN THE SUN **GRACE E. GIBSON**

A professional woman who is rapidly gaining recognition in her chosen field, as attorney. She is the only woman in Oklahoma who has filled the place of County Judge pro tem. She has been practicing law five years in Tulsa. The following article was written five years ago.

Tulsa's Women Lawyers Find They Fill a Definite Need in the Profession

By S. M. Toomer.

There is a stir of interest, a hush in the drab dusty courtroom as a calm, dignified gentlewoman, brief case swinging at her side, makes her way to the lawyers' table before Judge Saul A. Yeager. Seventeen serious looking young women bend over their ponderous tomes in the night classes of the Tulsa Law school. Six inquiring Portias answer "present" when Dr. J. M. Watters, director of the extension division of the University of Oklahoma, calls the roll at his night class of business law.

What motives have prompted these busy Tulsa women to study into the small hours of the morning, month after month, to wrestle with such terms as, "mala in se," "squash," "replication," "ad libium," "caveat emptor?"

"Life holds a challenge, there is a debt we women owe to society, we must give back to it something which will make it a better place than we found it." This is the motive which prompted Mrs. N. A. Gibson, wife of one of Oklahoma's most prominent attorneys, to turn from her garden, the bridge table, the ceaseless round of social engagements to fit herself so that she might meet this challenge.

"I like to think that in five or six years I will be an authority in that phase of law which deals with juvenile and domestic problems. I think I am, as a woman, particularly fitted to do this work. I hold a different opinion from that of many Tulsa women lawyers. I feel that women are not equally adapted to all phases of law, especially is this true when it comes to courtroom practice, but I do think that women have a definite flair for certain branches of law."

"Many young business women take up the study of law to improve their professional status. I think the



Grace E. Gibson

monetary gain is a secondary thought." This is my personal opinion," she added. "What type of girl or woman finds her way into this profession? She must be a serious type, a hard worker or it would never appeal to her."

The paint is hardly dry on the frosted glass window of the door on the third floor of the Court Arcade building which announces, "Grace Elmo Gibson, Attorney at Law." As the door swings open one catches a glimpse of pine latter-back chairs, a bowl of ivy on a sturdy antique table, a tinted etching above an orderly desk. The figure of a woman is silhouetted against the window which presents an ever changing picture of Tulsa's commercial life.

As one stands on the threshold of this law office there is the thought that the modern woman is bringing into her business life a breath of freshness, color, beauty, an almost unconscious force which will strike a higher key, will add interest to a rather prosaic business and professional world.

Mrs. Gibson, who is president of the Tulsa chapter of Phi Delta Delta, legal fraternity for women, has been practicing two months. She holds a degree of A. B. from the University of Kansas. Her LL. B. was granted by the Tulsa Law school.

The first woman graduate of the Tulsa Law school is Mrs. Clara Harwood. For seven years she was associated with the city attorney's office. In 1927 she became identified in a legal capacity with the firm of Whiteside and Whiteside, local real estate firm.

"Why did I take up the study of law? Surely it was not the thought of financial remuneration. I feel that women can serve their own sex, that in rendering aid and legal advice to women I serve society. It is surprisingly true that women will be far franker with women lawyers than they will be with men," Mrs. Harwood said.

"I think domestic relations and juvenile work offer splendid opportunities to women. Some people say we have an increasing number of domestic problems leading to the divorce courts. I think the truth is that there were always as many misunderstandings, between husbands and wives, but before women attained definite legal rights, if a rift came in the marriage relations, the woman was forced to "carry on" or return home to her father or brothers. Today women may become economically independent, they have definite rights before the law. They can demand these. This is the reason we are more conscious of this phase of the social problem, I think."

"Do I think women lawyers should demand equal fees for equal services rendered? I certainly do! We don't get them—yet. Law is one profession in which men haven't admitted women on the same footing. This is not true of the attitude we meet with on the bench. Judges always show the greatest deference and respect for women lawyers."

Mrs. Harwood said she thought women should have a college background before they take up the study of law as a profession. "The ideal way is to major in law during college years. It takes the stuff martyrs are made of to go to law school six nights a week. That's what we did when I was attending the Tulsa law school. It means that a woman must forego everything, must cut out all social life. But it pays. There is no wiser investment than to study law. It offers mental gymnastics.

It can be put to use no matter what one's occupation or profession."

Mrs. Harwood is a member of a family which has diversified interests. Two members of the family are identified with the theater, her uncle, Theodore Dreiser author of "A Gallery of Women" and "An American Tragedy," is one of America's outstanding literary figures.

"Motives which prompt women to study law?" Emory E. Hanson, assistant county attorney, whirled around in his chair, leaned across the desk, a light of keen interest lit up his face. "First, I would say, the desire to increase their usefulness, to broaden their scope of knowledge. I have never known a Tulsa woman to take up the study of law with the thought that it would aid her in a political career. That might be a possible motive, but I have never known a case where it was. Law combined with the other occupations, especially that of banking, secretarial work, offers splendid opportunities for the modern business woman.

"I think in some cases women are better fitted to sit as judges in domestic relations courts and juvenile courts than are men. They make splendid divorce lawyers (out of court). I do not think that women are fitted to do courtroom work. The fields they are best suited for, in my opinion, are briefing, corporation law, office consultation and research. These fields are unlimited for women."

Mr. Hanson is executive secretary of the Tulsa Law school which was founded in 1922. Judge Robert D. Hudson, Wash E. Hudson, M. C. Rodolf, L. J. Underwood and Emory E. Hanson were the founders of this school, which is one of the two Oklahoma institutions which can confer the degree of LL.B.

"Women students, we find, are superior to men students, but they do not make better lawyers when they get out," Mr. Hanson added. "There is no telling what the future holds for women in this profession, if they continue in the next 10 years as they have in the past 10. I think it is rather significant that there is today, in Boston, a law school for women only, the Portia Law school."

The following occupations are represented by women in the classes of business law offered by the extension division of the University of Oklahoma: Bookkeeper, bank teller, purchasing agent and stenographer. According to Dr. J. M. Watters, director of the Tulsa division of the University of Oklahoma extension division, this course is given for general information of legal problems. It is the only law course offered off the campus by the university.

Among the women in Tulsa who are practicing law are the following: Lou Etta Bellamy, who is associated with Eldon J. Dick. Miss Bellamy has been in the practice possibly longer than any other Tulsa woman. Ethel Proffitt recently came from Okmulgee, where she was engaged in the practice. She is in the local firm of Stephenson, Proffitt and Shackelford.

Ester Marce Calkins, one of the most familiar figures in the Tulsa courtroom, is a graduate of Yale university, 1928. She had a degree of A. B. from the University of Iowa. Mrs. Calkins is in the firm of Samuel A. Boorstin.

Nida Boaz, a graduate of the Tulsa Law school, is private secretary to Fred Insull of the Public Service

company. Miss Boaz and Miss Jewell Russell Mann, who is also a graduate of the Tulsa Law school, ranked first of all the students when they took the state bar examinations. Miss Mann is in the legal department of the Turman Oil company. She was admitted to the bar in 1928. Della Hillhouse graduated and began to practice in 1929.

Mrs. Lillian Everett Herndon is one of Tulsa's young business women who has successfully combined the knowledge of law with that of banking.

Norma Wheaton, who is associated with the firm of Hudson & Hudson, says that she thinks that criminal law should be the last field to attract women lawyers.

"Contrary to the once popular belief that a successful business woman would effect a masculine severity in manner as well as in costume, the woman one finds in the business and professional world is essentially feminine in attitude and outward appearance."

The first woman admitted to practice in Oklahoma was Miss Margaret McVean, of Oklahoma City. That was in 1903, and she has been engaged in the practice of law in Oklahoma since that time. She is the oldest woman practicing attorney in the state, according to Mrs. Jessie Moore, also an attorney, who is clerk of the supreme court of Oklahoma.

Mrs. Jessie Elizabeth Randolph Moore



Mrs. Jessie Moore

Mrs. Moore is one-eighth Chickasaw Indian and was born in Panola County in the Old Indian Territory, now a part of Oklahoma. She belongs to one of the prominent Chickasaw families, the Loves.

Mrs. Moore was educated in Denison and Sherman, Texas. She has been a member of the Order of the Eastern Star for eighteen years, and is one of the pioneer club women of the State.

The public has come to know Mrs. Moore as one of the efficient

business women of the State. She served as Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court for ten consecutive years, and was admitted to the Bar on motion by the Supreme Court, January 22, 1923, but she resigned as clerk in 1924 to take the position of Assistant Commissioner of Charities and Corrections.

The importance of preserving and conserving the history and relics of the State for future generations, has greatly appealed to her. She is a life member of the State Historical Society and has served as its Treasurer for a number of years.

Mrs. Moore served as Clerk of Supreme Court and the Criminal Court of Appeals for four years 1926-'30. (From Oklahoma Club News—1929.)

Kathryn Van Leuven

While daily more and more women are entering the legal profession we still have women who are classed as way-showers because they began their careers when it was quite a novelty for a woman to do a thing like that. One of the most outstanding of these is Kathryn Van Leuven. Not only is she a good woman lawyer but she is an exceptionally good lawyer.

Mrs. Van Leuven has been a resident of Oklahoma since 1906 and began the practice of law in 1913. She has the distinction of being the first woman in the United States to be appointed to serve as Assistant Attorney General in which capacity she served Oklahoma for five years. She was the first woman to appear in the Circuit Court of Appeals of the new 10th circuit. She was admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. She was the first woman to argue a case in Arizona Supreme Court and win the case.

Mabel Bassett

Mrs. Mabel Bassett holds the office of State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections. I know her best from her work last summer on the unhappy affair that happened at Pauls Valley. You may be proud and most happy over the part women played in the reorganization of that school.

Close to her heart is a project for a more adequate mother's aid bill, an old age pension bill and help for the State's underprivileged and afflicted children.

During her tenure of office she has accomplished much for the betterment of unfortunate humanity in Oklahoma. Her fearlessness in the cause of justice has ever been a marked characteristic. (Written in 1929.)

Mrs. J. R. Dale and the State Library Commission

If you live on a lonely farm in Oklahoma far away from any public library, and if by a simple written request you could obtain a collection of books which would afford instruction and amusement for your entire family and the families of your nearest neighbors, you would probably look upon the institution which provided these books as a sort of Santa Claus.

And this is what your state, through the Oklahoma Library Commission, of which Mrs. J. R. Dale is secretary, is doing for all its book-starved folk. Its service is extended to farmers' unions, boy scout organizations, orphanages, home demonstration clubs, Sunday schools, small libraries, farm women's clubs, rural schools and state reformatories, not to mention countless individual citizens.

Mrs. Dale organized the work of the Commission in 1919 and in



Mrs. J. R. Dale

1920 she sent out the first shipment of books. In the seven years which have passed since then Mrs. Dale has had the proud and happy satisfaction of watching Oklahoma climb from a humble position among the forty-four similar state commissions and take its place as sixth in rank in circulation of books.

Due to the vision and confidence of Mrs. Dale the work of the Commission has gone steadily forward despite such handicaps as a too small staff, and quite recently, a cut in the book appropriation. To her the goal of this gigantic task of providing reading matter for a commonwealth was summed up in the slogan "Books for everybody." Here was a new state with library facilities wholly inadequate, and it was the work of the commission to fill, as nearly as possible, that stupendous lack. Even at present there are thirty-five out of the seventy-seven counties which boast no tax-supported library.

In order to get an idea of the work of the Commission, let us look at the two ends of the line, the "sending" end, and the "receiving" end.

On the third floor of the State Capitol Building, in the extreme northwestern corner is located the office of the commission. This is the "sending" end; and if you think it isn't a busy place just drop in some morning when Mrs. J. R. Jackson, Miss Margarette McGuire and John Mileham are selecting books for some dozen or so organizations, filling stout boxes and sending them into every nook and corner of Oklahoma. Of some of these places most of us have never even heard. And if you could read some of the letters which are received from the recipients of those boxes you would get a real glimpse into the part which this department of the state is playing in the lives of hundreds of Oklahomans, and you would realize what an indispensable institution the Library Commission has become.

Some books supplied are those devoted to child culture and training, dramatic study and criticism, debate material and travel. The most frequent requests from patrons are for books on these subjects.

The Commission has sponsored the Summer Library at the State University at Norman, from which seventy librarians have received certificates. One hundred and fifteen schools have been assisted in organizing libraries and several new institutions have been established.

Mrs. Dale has accomplished a seeming miracle in the seven years of her administration. Her work has at all times received the active co-operation of the Board of Library Commissioners which consists of John Vaughan, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Rev. R. T. Blackburn of Ada; Mrs. Tom C. Waldrep of Shawnee; Jesse L. Rader, librarian of Oklahoma University and Mrs. Raymond Tolbert of Oklahoma City."

Five years have passed since the above was written for My Oklahoma Magazine by Mary Hays Marable—Mrs. Dale has thought out many new plans of carrying on her wonderful work.

One can easily see why Mrs. Dale was chosen as one of the most outstanding women of the year of 1930.

POLITICAL WOMEN

Mrs. Lamar Looney

Mrs. Lamar Looney, the first woman to be sent to the state senate, served two terms, 1921-29.

Left a widow with five small children, the eldest but ten years of age, Mrs. Looney experienced all the privations of pioneer life on an Oklahoma farm which she homesteaded.

She says, "I well remember when we made out first crop, I held the plow-handles while my oldest boy drove the horses." In reminiscent vein, she reviewed those early conditions, "We had no house and I built a dug-out with my own hands, and without assistance, except for the children. After we were settled in it, I worried considerably lest one of the "twisters" so common in the vicinity should tear up our home by the roots and kill or injure us, so I dug a hole in the ground under the bed just large enough for the children to lie flat under a wagon sheet, and for me to sit in by their sides. Many a stormy night I have sat there after they had gone to sleep, with a brass lamp in one hand and a book in the other, and I secured a good deal of my education in just such sessions."

Mrs. Looney worked in a real estate office in Hollis for a time, after which she clerked in a general store, and was then successively elected county register, county clerk, and member of the state senate.

In this office, Mrs. Looney was chiefly interested in Legislation affecting women and children, educational and health measures. She has left a record which future women legislators may well look to with pride.

(By E. Cowgill)

PIONEERS WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO CHURCH WORK

The true Pioneer Woman was a real help-mate to her man. The following was clipped from the Tulsa Tribune's "Mirrors of Yesterday," September 7, 1930.

The year 1900, which saw the coming of Reverend and Mrs. C. W. Kerr to a Tulsa of 1,100 population and to the ministry of a tiny Presbyterian church with 75 members was in an era of wild-westernism. There were Indian stomp dances to attend under the old council tree now marked on the Peter's lawn. On the Perryman lot where the courthouse now stands the Kerrs used to see cattle

branded by real cow-boys. More than once they have heard reckless young bloods engaged in the colorful sport known as "shooting up the town." At the time of the Crazy Snake uprising near Okmulgee their families in the eastern states were extremely alarmed for them and wrote anxious letters to know if they were safe.

Mrs. Kerr says that water was a dear commodity in pioneer days, and a number of families carried it from the well in the back of the J. M. Hall store. On one occasion an overheated chimney in Mrs. Kerr's kitchen ignited and filled the house



Mrs. C. W. Kerr, Tulsa
Pioneer Pastor's wife.

with smoke. The alarm of fire was sounded, whereupon all the neighbors grabbed buckets and hurried to the Kerr's house by way of the well back of Hall's store. The fire was slight, however, and by the time the good people had arrived it had been extinguished with water already on the place. So every receptacle was filled and, of course, the wits in the crowd accused Mrs. Kerr of starting the fire to get water pails filled.

Mrs. Kerr is a member of the Presbyterian Board of National Missions, an organization consisting of 48 members of whom 32 are men and 16 are women, and for whose meetings she makes periodical visits to New York. She belongs to the Tuesday Book club and to various missionary organizations of the city. During the 30 years of Dr. Kerr's ministry in Tulsa both he and Mrs. Kerr have been prominent in many of the progressive movements which have helped the city's spiritual development to be in keeping with the material development.

Their son, Hawley Kerr, is a Tulsa attorney, and Mrs. James S. Hendrick, their daughter, who was a bride of June 21, is now in Vienna, Austria, while her husband does graduate work in surgery at the University of Vienna.



Mrs. Samuel A. Apple,
Oklahoma City.

Miss Byron Weston, who married the romantic figure of the big Healdton Oil Fields, S. A. Apple, spent her girlhood and youngwomanhood in Ardmore moving here in 1892, and leaving, to make Oklahoma City her home, in 1923.

It was in Ardmore she was most active as Church and club woman, having sung in the choir of the Presbyterian Church for twenty-two years.

Lack of space prevents us from mentioning the dozens of women in the state who are just as loyal to their church as those mentioned here. A later volume on Missions will depict the state leaders in church and Religious Education.



Mrs. L. J. Martin in
the Yesterdays.

Mrs. Martin has had a big share in the religious and social development of Tulsa. She still reigns as queen of a lovely home that has shared its hospitality not only to her own friends, but she has been hostess thru the years for the Stag parties staged by her sons, and her popular, genial husband.



Mrs. Mary Jane
Steinberger.

Here we introduce you to Mrs. Martin's friend, Mrs. Steinberger, who has been a loyal active member of the Presbyterian Church for thirty-eight years. She came to Tulsa in 1905, and has done her share in the Missionary Society all these years. Since she's been left to face life's battles alone, she finds a greater solace in her Master and in those who do His bidding.

LOYAL CHURCH WOMEN



Little Viola Hawley, tightly clasping her most treasured possession, her Bible. She grew up to be the wonderful woman pictured to the right.

Viola became Mrs. W. V. Hannum of the First Baptist Church in Tulsa. Her first memories are connected with going to Sunday School, dancing along the sidewalk of an old Ohio town, or primly walking along in her shiny new shoes with her hand in that of her tall, handsome father. High School, College, teaching in the Public



Mrs. W. V. Hannum
(deceased)

Schools, found her always a close Bible Student, and planning new ways of being of service to her church. For twenty-five years of her life she lived in Pittsburg, Pa., teaching the Weekly Bible School there for seven years. She helped organize such a school in Tulsa when she arrived eight years ago.

She is religious director and "Generalissimo" of every phase of the work of the First Baptist Church in Tulsa. She may always be found in the business office of the church, and from janitor to the pastor, in every item of information sought, it is, "see Mrs. Hannum." But the work of the Sunday School is her forte, and every class president, every officer in the Sunday School calls on her for advice, yet too, so do the Missionary Society workers, the B. Y. P. U. groups, the Boy Scouts and even the choir leader brings to her reports. It takes a master mind to carry so successfully this leadership, this tremendous nerve-racking responsibility and with it all be a capable homemaker and a devoted mother.

In another book will be found what H. G. Wiley, Director of Religious Education of the First Presbyterian Church, has to say about Mrs. Hannum's part in the Tulsa Week Day Bible School.

The above was written the early part of 1932, but since penning the little story the writer, as well as the entire church and city, were saddened beyond words when the news came on April 15th, 1932, that after many weeks at St. John's Hospital, the spirit of Mrs. Hannum slipped away, peacefully and as a gentle sigh, to be with her Lord.

Her Pastor, Dr. J. W. Storer, wrote a beautiful tribute to this noble woman, which would add much to the value of this page, bring comfort to saddened hearts, if space permitted the printing.

A pioneer member of the First Baptist Church is likely to slay someone when she sees the corseted figure at the right, resurrected from the writer's request, from an Album of the Yesterdays, by her son. It was the way she looked back in Tennessee before coming to Tulsa with her husband, who was a pioneer doctor.

She is the type that is ageless, as vivacious as she was in girlhood, and so accepts all the jokes about her being a stunning widow, with bright repartee.

The Author is inexpressibly grateful to Mrs. Bass for the loan of an old history of Oklahoma.

Mrs. Bass moved to Ponca City, a few months ago, much to the regret of the T. E. L. Class and scores of others.



Mrs. Florence Bass.

First as wife and Mother, then as Superintendent of the Junior Department in the First Baptist Sunday School, and leader in other activities. There are none in the church more capable or more beloved than Mrs. W. C. Franklin.

"This picture was taken in 1903, when I was Josephine Morrison attending National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C. Mr. Franklin was attending the Law School of George Washington University and was also employed in Indian Territory Division of the Interior Department.



Josephine Morrison
Now Mrs. W. C. Franklin

We met there in Washington and were married in August, 1905, at Chataqua, New York, my summer home. I was from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Franklin from Marion, Kentucky. I always said it was a case of North and South meeting on Mason Dixon's line.

Mr. Franklin was transferred as law clerk to the Dawes Commission to the Five Civilized Tribes, in November, 1905, and we came to Muskogee from Washington, lived in Muskogee until 1918, then moved to Tulsa. Our three children

were all born in Muskogee: Wallace, Jr., Genevieve, and Hugh Hale. (The latter is now a prominent senior in Tulsa High.)

Mr. Franklin became an official of the Tidal Oil Company in 1917, but houses were so scarce in Tulsa, we could not move our household until a year later."

(The above information was mailed the author after great entreaties over the telephone.)

Mrs. Laura Walsh until recently teacher of the Loyal Women's Bible Class of First Christian Church deserves a long story, as she was also her pastor's right hand helper.

This class is the largest in the southwest, as its enrollment is 1,000 members. A picture of the class at 600 membership will be shown in book—"Missions and Education."

Mrs. Walsh has moved to California, but the class is still held together by the efficient president, Mrs. Lucy Clendenin in Tulsa.

INTERESTING SERVICE WOMEN

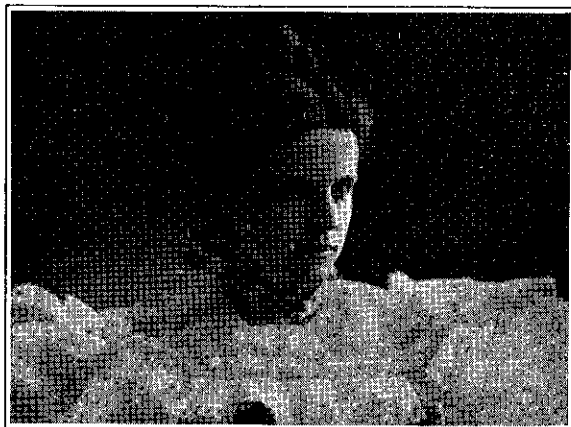


Mrs. Chas. Herndon Haralson and children, Betty, Margaret, and Prescott.

Mrs. Haralson who was formerly Gretchen Prescott of Washington, D. C., came to Oklahoma with her husband in 1919.

Perhaps there is no woman in Tulsa who has so efficiently steered the course of important civic and beneficent organizations as has Mrs. Charles Haralson. Her capable planning and contagious enthusiasm have put over many worthwhile undertakings that would otherwise have met with failure at the outset.

Among her many offices are the following: First president of Oklahoma State League of Women Voters (1926-1929)—three years; vice-president Tulsa Junior League (1927) and building chairman Tulsa Junior League Convalescent Home for Crippled Children and chairman of the Home; member Governor's Child Health Council (1929-1930); member of advisory board Oklahoma Bureau of Child Development and Parent Education (1929-1931); chairman Indian Monument committee Tulsa D. A. R. (1928-1931) to mark the spot where the Creek Cherokee and Osage nations join in Tulsa; executive vice-president, Tulsa Little Theatre, Incorporated (1930-1931); member Tulsa Mayor's Committee on unemployment 1931; Women's Crusade Chairman, 1933.



Anna Crawford (Mrs. A. W. Roth)
Civic and Social Welfare Worker.

Mrs. A. W. Roth nee Anna Crawford was a teacher of Bible in Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Massachu-

Women Who Have Won in Social Service

setts, and a Y. W. C. A. Secretary in Passaic, New Jersey, before she became Mrs. Roth in 1900 and moved to Detroit, Michigan. She with Dr. Roth and two small sons came to Tulsa in 1910.

Tulsa was a new city and various institutions and organizations which enrich community life were then lacking. In the beginning of the Public Library movement here in 1913 Mrs. Roth gave much time and effort until the library was opened in the basement of the courthouse.

Early in 1914 a provisional committee for the organization of a Young Women's Christian Association was called by her and on March 9, 1914 the Tulsa Y. W. C. A. was incorporated and in November 1914 the formal organization was launched. For the first seven years Mrs. Roth served as president and during that time a \$200,000.00 building was erected.

The work of the Church and Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church have always been of deepest interest to her and for twenty years she has taught a Bible class for young women. She is now also president of the Senior Missionary Society.

She helped organize The Travelers' Aid Society of Tulsa, in 1912.

With all these civic interests she has found time to study with the Tuesday Book Club and the Shakespeare Club.



Mrs. Roy Hoffman and Peter
(Clipped from the Army and Navy Journal of October 20, 1928)

Mrs. Roy Hoffman

As the wife of Brig. Gen. Roy Hoffman, President of the R. O. A. of the U. S., the many activities of Mrs. Hoffman will naturally be of interest to the women of the Regular Service. Mrs. Hoffman may surely claim distinction in feminine circles akin to that achieved by her husband in military and business spheres.

With four children and engrossed by their education, her activities have naturally centered in young people—home first but certainly not last and always. Two daughters and one son are married, living in Oklahoma City. Her son, Peter, eight years old, seems to have inherited his father's love of things military.

Undoubtedly, Mrs. Hoffman's deepest public interest of most constant effort has been in behalf of the Oklahoma College for Women, a State institution not common

to many states. She had considerable to do in advancing the idea and establishing the institution. She also served on the National Council of the Y. W. C. A., and assisted in the development of its program in the Army Camps, as well as handling a daily routine of Red Cross work.

Mrs. Hoffman is a member of the Executive Board of the Art League and Ladies' Music Club and belongs to the D. A. R. in her home town, Oklahoma City.

Mrs. Robert F. MacArthur



Mrs. Robert F. MacArthur

Mrs. MacArthur could well hold the title "Tulsa Leader in Cultural Activities." At least her many years in Tulsa have been devoted toward giving of her best to improving our city, and making it a finer place for our women.

In 1906, she and Mr. MacArthur came to Tulsa. When Convention Hall was built, Mrs. MacArthur was responsible for the installation of the pipe organ in 1915, the fifth municipal organ in the United States, and the first in the west. This has made it possible for Tulsa to have as entertainment the cream of the artist musicians throughout the years. In fact, Tulsa has led the cities of the southwest in her ability to bring Grand Opera stars to this part of the country.

Mrs. MacArthur is honorary member of Hyeckka club; she helped organize the Tulsa Art Association, and was president the first three years of its history.

She is best known for her devotion in helping solve the problems of the Y. W. C. A. She is a charter member of this organization, and one of the few original board members still active, serving as president in 1929 and 1930.

THE TULSA JUNIOR LEAGUE 1923-30

The Junior Leagues of Tulsa and Oklahoma City are outstanding in the U. S. for the wonderful service to crippled children and other worthy undertakings.

The Junior League movement represents in general a serious endeavor on the part of young women of leisure to fit themselves through special training and work for citizenship, in order that they may become constructive factors in the activities of their respective localities. In 114 cities in the United States, Canada, Hawaii, and Mexico may be found organizations that are more or less replicas of the Tulsa Junior League, which with their total aggregate of 22,000 members form the Association of the Junior Leagues of America, Incorporated. Originated thirty years ago in New York City, the Association has grown from a small beginning to its present position of importance, with imposing headquarters in New York, ownership of an official organ, "The Junior League Magazine," a welfare department, and bureaus through which different phases of Junior League activities function.

INTERESTING SERVICE WOMEN

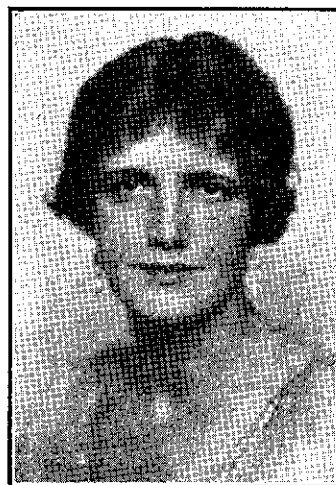
The first six presidents of the Junior League of Tulsa are members of well-known families, but have won prominence thru their own noble work.



Mrs. Ralph R. Lockwood,
First President of Tulsa Junior
League—1923-'25.



Mrs. Allmond Blow, V. Pres.
of the Ass'n. of Junior Leagues
of America. President Tulsa
Junior League 1925-'27.



Mrs. Patrick J. Hurley,
Pres. Junior League 1927-'28.



Mrs. Frank L. Moore,
Pres. Junior League 1928-'29



Mrs. Sam S. Russell,
(Betty Brewer)
President 1929-'30.



Mrs. R. Otis McClintock,
President Junior
League 1930-'31.

Varied activities serve merely as spokes around the hub that is the main interest of the League, the Convalescent Home for Crippled Children. Here in a beautiful modern building on South Lewis Avenue, built and owned by the League, twenty-five beds are kept filled with convalescent crippled children who are taken from hospital charity wards and nursed back to health and happiness. A splendid staff of doctors donate their services; the school board furnishes a teacher; the Junior League members instruct in weaving, modelling and other occupational therapy work; and the entire maintenance of the Home, including nurses and attendants, is assured by the Tulsa League. It is a full program and a grave responsibility, but if anyone thinks it is not worth while, he is urged to go to the Home, where visitors are always welcome, and take one look at the cheerful sunny faces of our little wards who so trustingly put themselves in our hands to be made anew—physically, mentally and spiritually.

—Dorothy D. Blow.

A History of the Junior League of Oklahoma City—An Adventure in Service.

In 1927 a group of young women, having watched with interest similar organizations, organized and incorporated—Mrs. Joseph Rumsey, president—the Junior Service League of Oklahoma City. This organization had for its purpose the same high motives that incite the Association of Junior Leagues of America; "To foster interest among its members in the social, economic, educational, cultural and civic conditions of their community, and to make efficient their volunteer service."

The aim of this organization was to become so effective in carrying out this purpose that it might be admitted to that group. With these goals the League fared forth for adventure.

After consulting the social agencies of the city it was found that a community house was needed and so the League established a Community Center in Walnut Grove. Through Mr. Richard Mills, a young college man, who gave part-time work, the boys of the center became interested in advantageous use of their leisure time. A circulating library was established. A young woman was employed as handicraft teacher, play and club organizer for the girls. The public school system assisted by sending Miss Greta Smith who conducted classes in mothercraft. Sewing and cooking were taught by League members who gave volunteer service in every activity from painting woodwork to telling stories to small children.

That year a Motor Corps collected delicacies for the County Tubercular Sanitarium; furnished transportation for the Sunbeam Home; aided the Traveler's Aid Society. A successful concert was sponsored. A News Sheet was published. Ways and means were furnished by parties, a Christmas Card sale, and a Fashion Show.

In February 1928 League Members felt that all efforts were rewarded when after a visit of inspection from national headquarters and adjacent Leagues, the Junior Service League of Oklahoma City was admitted to the Association of Junior Leagues of America, and henceforth was to be known as the Junior League of Oklahoma City. That year, delegates attended the regional conference at Tulsa.

In the following year—Mrs. Helen Gloyd Hampton, president, the League added to its volunteer service the

establishment of an Occupational Therapy Department in the Crippled Children's Hospital. A Horse and Livestock Show was sponsored, thus fostering interest in civic affairs and at the same time giving financial aid to welfare work. A committee organized to give puppet shows with success from a remunerative and charitable standpoint. Final exhibitions of scenery and puppets were made at the regional conference, San Antonio, and the Theater Arts Show, National Headquarters. That year an exhibition of paintings was sponsored by the League.

The League, now in its fourth year of adventure in the field of service with two years under the able executive, Mrs. W. O. Smythe, looks back over its history to find that help was given to the stricken miners of McAlester in 1929; that the Community Center has progressed from a place of curiosity among its neighbors to one of confidence; that the Occupational Therapy Department has proven itself so that it is maintained now by the hospital, with an assistant, whose salary is paid by the League and continued volunteer service by League members; that another and more successful Livestock and Horse Show was sponsored; that the Y. W. C. A. building fund was augmented by solicitations by League members; that splendid new additions have been added to its membership each year; that last but not least ways and means have been successfully supplied by the edition of a cook book, rummage sales, the Livestock Show, and party Junior League night, and by the establishment in the fall 1930 of a Thrift Shop.

It is said that nothing succeeds like success. If that be true the Junior League of Oklahoma City is succeeding because of success but most of all because it holds before it so fine a purpose as that of the Association of Junior Leagues of America.

THE HOSPITALITY CLUB

The largest service club in the state is known as The Hospitality Club of Oklahoma City with more than 100 members. Little did the handful of women who organized this club in 1924 realize the potential powers it would gain, and the avenues for real service that would open within ten years of activity.

Mrs. James R. Armstrong was first president, 1924-1925. Mrs. Martin E. Trapp was elected president for 1925-1926; Mrs. Trapp resigned and Mrs. Marcus B. Brewer completed the year. Mrs. John J. Volz was elected 1926-1927 and has served continuously since. Under Mrs. Volz the club has grown into a great civic power in Oklahoma.

In looking over some old clippings for information concerning this marvelous club, the writer selected one written in 1932:

Tess' Tea Table Talk

THE GOOD THEY DO * * *

"MY DEAR:

"As I sit here at my desk and watch the social world go around, I often marvel at the changes that take place, how the pendulum swings to and fro with steady rhythm, and how folk come and go and leave their mark upon our social structure.

"Clubs and organizations are formed for this or that purpose, some worthy, some trivial, some born to succeed and some born to fail.

"One of the most amazing of these groups is the Oklahoma Hospitality Club that has grown from a little

handful of women to a membership of 775 in the eight years of its existence.

"Organized for a social purpose, with a strong political flavor, the club has broadened the scope of its activities under the leadership of Mrs. John J. Volz, who has served it as president for six years, to include civic, charity and philanthropic work, with enough of cultural and social activities to keep the balance true.

"As I sat through the last of the club's monthly luncheons today and listened to Albert L. McRill, whose broad vision and sympathetic outlook on life continues with a fine gift for saying what he thinks in well-chosen words, I viewed in my own mind some of the things the club has accomplished in the year just ending.

"Going back to last summer, the club members aided the milk and ice fund for needy children of the city by selling \$1100 worth of tickets to autogiro circus at the state fairgrounds. They supplied automobiles for transporting railroad and city officials to the new railway station opening. They entertained the women who attended the third annual Southwest Trade Conference held here. They provided the means to send one young woman through the A. & M. College. They sponsored the Junior Symphony Orchestra. They contributed 100 books to the library at the Crippled Children's Hospital, which they reorganized and catalogued. They have given programs throughout the year for the residents of the Old Folk Home. They outfitted two little girls for the Lions' summer camp. They took the boys from the Taylor Home to Lincoln Park for a visit to the zoo and a watermelon feast. They have refurnished the dining room at the Holmes Home of Redeeming Love. They have given programs and gifts to the disabled World War veterans in the University Hospital.

"For the little children, who are in need of love and kindness, these women have done wonders. They gave a Thanksgiving dinner for the children of the William Jennings Bryan School and their mothers. They gave their annual big picnic, with entertainment features and all the things dear to the childish heart, for the little folk at the Crippled Children's Hospital.

"They gave \$50 to the Sunbeam Home and also entertained the children of that home at a picnic at Belle Isle and gave them a Hallowe'en party. They gave a Christmas party at the Warner Brothers Theater, which was attended by 2000 children. They gave a Christmas celebration for the crippled children with gaily decorated trees placed about the hospital and along with the numerous trees they gave gifts to gladden the hearts of the little folk. They dyed and distributed 2000 Easter eggs to the various charitable institutions for children. They gave an Easter tea for the children of the Bryan School and a Colonial tea at the Children's Hospital.

"The club has done many worth-while things in these last six years, too numerous for me to tell you about here. But best of all the things it has done, it seems to me, has been beautifying the grounds about the Old Folk Home.

"Of all the bleak and barren places about Oklahoma City that was the worst until the Hospitality Club undertook to beautify the grounds. Now there are two large pools, one with a fountain, there are trees and shrubs and flowers and graveled drives, so that when these old folk sit on the verandas or the lawn on summer evenings they

may look out on something beautiful to rest their weary eyes.

"There is so little that is beautiful in the lives of these old folk, so few who will do kindly things for them, that if I should choose the biggest work of the Hospitality Club, I should not hesitate to say it is that done at the Old Folk Home. I feel like taking off my hat to the women in that group every time I pass the place."

A few more recent activities of these noble women headed by the super-woman that is their chieftainess—Mrs. John Volz—are listed here:

They are on the Civic Committee, Chamber of Commerce. Spent over \$700.00 beautifying the grounds at the County Poor Farm. Furnished the Boys' Sun Room and the Mothers' Rest Room at the Crippled Children's Hospital. Furnished two dormitories at the Sunbeam Home. Three beds each. Furnished the large community dining room at the Holmes Homes of Redeeming Love. Each year give a Christmas party for 2000 underprivileged children of the city. Annual picnic at the Crippled Children's Hospital. Furnish and dye 5000 Easter eggs each year for the underprivileged children. Have furnished two scholarships to the John Brown School and many other business scholarships. Picnic for 400 Community Camp children each summer.



MRS. J. A. HULL,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Mrs. J. A. Hull, the perfect hostess. Her garden parties for celebrities, like Amelia Earhart, and festivals for aiding the work of the Y. W. C. A. alone make her memorable to Tulsans.

A TALENTED MOTHER



Mrs. William Henry Crowder wearing a perfect replica of a Martha Washington costume, in a pageant of Daughters of American Revolution in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Crowder has been a resident of Oklahoma since statehood, moving to Tulsa from Shawnee early in 1918. She has been active in promoting musical interests in the state all of these years, and has served with distinction on the National Board and Council of National Federation of Music Clubs, both Junior and Senior.

Della B. has cultivated a decided talent for Dramatic Art, and is doing in the field of drama what her mother has done in raising the standards in the musical world.

Della B. is director of the Children's Theatre at the University of Tulsa. She graduated at Columbia College of Expression, Chicago, and at the Northwestern University, Chicago. She attained the degree of Bachelor of Letters from the School of Speech. She has also done graduate work at the University of Michigan, and with Madame Theodora Irvine of New York.

A TALENTED DAUGHTER



Della B. Crowder in a perfect reproduction of a George Sands' costume, worn in the play "A Chopin Nocturne." This play was presented in 1923-24 by North Shore Little Theatre, Chicago, with D. B. in leading role.

BRIDES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY



Mrs. S. H. Kimmons
1900



Florzelle Mincks
1929

At heart the brides of yesterday and today were the same—the same sentiments—the same maidenly wonderment of what the great tomorrow might bring to them. But how different the environment! One was coming to Tulsa to live in its one and only hotel—the other was leaving Tulsa, where the best days of her girlhood had been spent in one of many of the hotels noted for splendor, for every convenience that modern skill could devise—the beautiful Mincks Hotel—for Florzell Mincks, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ike Mincks is the lovely bride of today, pictured above. Dainty, petite, a talented

singer, under Mr. Carson's instructions, just entering the life her parents had planned for her—it was hard to give her up to the young musician who took her out of the state.

And the bride of yesterday had left a Texas home, just as lovely, to come to the little Indian Territory village where few conveniences awaited her in the St. Elmo Hotel, managed by Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Calhoun, where one advertisement read: "Six rooms with bowls and pitchers, six without." At any rate, the bath water had to be brought up the stairs from the kitchen, and poured in her own new wash tub, which was kept under the bed when not in use.

But pride in her popular doctor husband, the romance of an entirely new people and country was intriguing to the wide-awake little Texas girl, and she was eager to go on long drives thru the country, often helping make her husband's patients more comfortable with her timely ministrations—and then the countryside was so gorgeous in the spring and early summer, and delightful at all seasons.

She was welcomed into the Thimble Club, called the Merry Dames, and into the Presbyterian Church, which had the same pastor then as now—Dr. Kerr. Here she found plenty of Sunday School and Aid Society work.

So few telephone connections on the switchboard made one personally acquainted with the operator, to whom she could give instructions, where she could be found, if not at home. Often she would take her "fancy work" and spend the afternoon with this jolly operator, who perhaps would not have a call for hours at a time.

The lovely bride of today can scarcely believe this happened in her own home city, where dozens of operators are now constantly busy, and where through modern devices she dials her numbers without speaking to an operator.

THE OKLAHOMA SPORTS WOMAN

THE GIRL OF TODAY

*The great change in woman's dress
Revolutionized her sports.*



Mrs. M. C. Hale, wife of pioneer hardware man, was a member of a Country Club in the "Naughty Naughts" in Tulsa.

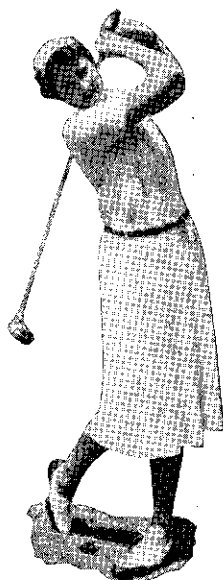


Ann Kennedy Parrish, daughter of Tulsa pioneer (his story will appear in Medical Association of "Old Indian Territory" in another series)—star of the Country Club, known throughout the South for the way she can swing a "wicked" golf club, piling up her honors as a Sports woman.



Mrs. J. W. Megee

Mrs. J. W. Megee possesses the spirit of Sportsmanship characteristic of her family. Back in 1902 her husband began his business with a small saddle shop, where he manufactured fancy bridles and bits for the cowboys. Today the J. W. Megee Sporting Goods (wholesale and retail) including "year around toy department," has the most complete showing in the southwest.



Mrs. Pat Beyers, State and Trans-Mississippi Champion—winning more honors in three years than any other woman golfer.

The girl of Today—Hats off to her!

She is like a Chameleon.

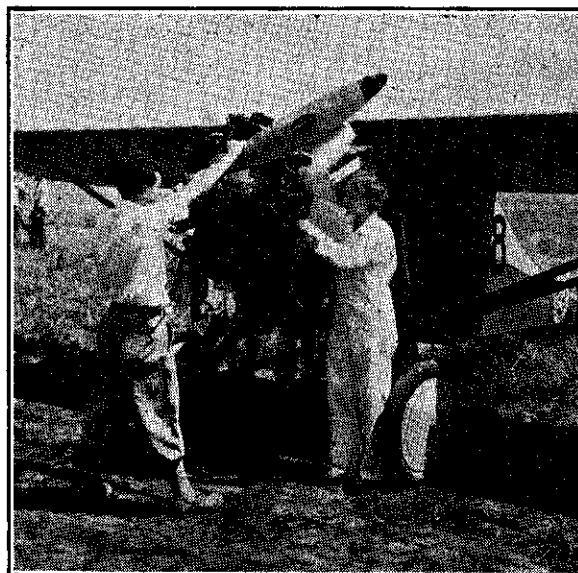
"Today's ageless young woman must make her personality harmonize with any background, and in an instant, change from hard-boiled, to demure, sophisticated or old-fashioned, which makes her a perfect model to paint," says the celebrated artist, Willy Pogany

Ingredients of all the ages are to be found in the girl of today. She has had the opportunity of seeing her generation in the light of all that has gone before—the demure maiden of hoop skirt, and her immediate predecessor; she knows the cunning of Cleopatra, the notoriety of Marie Antoinette, who held court in her beautiful garden, the famed beauty of Beatrice, and all the sirens of history—yet she does not pattern herself from any one, but in her super-wisdom uses the best points of each.

Mr. Pogany says about these girls who pose, as models for him:

"You have merely to suggest that you want them to be demure young ladies of the nineties and, disappearing for a moment to change costumes, they reappear as the very mirror of the type. They seem to know exactly what expression that bygone girl would have had; how she would have carried herself; how she would have walked, talked and appeared in public.

"It's quite a shock when rest periods come to have this same young woman reach in her handbag, take out a cigaret and ask you for a match. And two minutes after the role has been dropped, it's just as amusing to have her reach for her cosmetics and daub lipstick about her mouth."



Opal Mincks, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Mincks, learning to fly up where "Old Man West Wind herds his gray sheep," the clouds.

OKLAHOMA GIRLS WIN THRU BEAUTY

Miss America—nee Miss Tulsa—nee Miss Norma Smallwood (1926) (Her picture will be found in story of the first of The Famous Brothers in this volume.)

Her official chaperone—sent from The Tribune, Celestia Harrington, said of her in the Tulsa Spirit of October, 1926:

"If Tulsa never has the privilege of being the home of a Miss America again, she may sit back in her old age and in her moments of reminiscence remember the beautiful child of Tulsa they sent to Atlantic City as Miss Tulsa of 1926, and a board of the nation's most eminent artists and illustrators placed the crown of the most beautiful girl in evening dress on her head one evening, and the next declared her the most beautiful girl in America, and sent her back to Tulsa as 'Miss America of 1926'."

TULSA TWINS CAPTIVATE ATLANTIC CITY IN 1927.

Meredith and Virginia Howard first won prominence when as identical twins they took Atlantic City Pageant by storm. Tulsa Tribune sent Celestia Harrington, as chaperone and sponsored Tulsa's part in the pageant. Vandever Department store furnished Miss Tulsa's (Virginia) clothes, and they, with other firms, almost outfitted her twin, Meredith, in similar garments, except for the main event.



TWIN BEAUTIES
Meredith and Virginia Howard

McCall's Magazine for February, 1931, carried an article about the seven girls chosen from throughout the nation, who have come to New York and have made good.

The Howard twins were among the seven.

Here is what McCall's says about Tulsa's own girl:

"Once I was separated from Meredith, my twin, for 15 minutes. I was born 15 minutes ahead of her." Virginia looked at her demure twin. Each dimpled. Each adjusted a brown poke hat.

"As little girls, we grew up accustomed to the smell of oil. Our cribs rocked to the chug of pumps. At breakfast and on the front porch evenings, father and mother and neighbors told stories of penniless clerks made rich over night and ruined in a day. We saw skyscrapers shoot up on the plains, gushers leap from Heaven knows where, burning oil-wells, violent strikes, show-off wealth... So you see, Broadway didn't exactly knock us over. We came from Oklahoma already sophisticated.

"And this is how we came. Tulsa had a beauty contest. Meredith and I competed, and I won. I was chosen 'Miss Tulsa' and sent to Atlantic City to compete with other contestants for the national honor, 'Miss Amer-

ica.' And would you believe it, 'Miss Tulsa,' won some of the honors again!

"Then I went home. The oil and the plains smelled good after the city. But an offer to both of us from Broadway came out of a clear sky... We joined a road show. Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis were in the company. We played one-night stands for eight months: schoolhouses, movie theaters, drafty opera houses.

"Finally we came back to New York, and out of scores of contestants were chosen for 'Whoopie.' We're booked for next season. Good jobs just drop in the lap—or is it laps?—of twins'."

WEDDING SATURDAY FOR TULSA BEAUTY

Miss Meredith Howard, Showgirl, Will Wed

Scion of Studebaker Family

(Tulsa World, Jan. 17, 1934)

Miss Meredith Howard, former Tulsa girl, who gained for herself a place in the Ziegfeld Follies chorus after winning a beauty contest here, will be married Saturday to Russell Erskine, jr., heir to the Studebaker millions, according to information reaching Tulsa yesterday.

The ceremony will take place in the "Little Church Around the Corner," in New York. Virginia Howard Courtney, Meredith's twin sister with whom she has appeared in a number of Broadway shows, will be matron of honor. H. E. Atwater, jr., of Chicago will be the best man.

Meredith recently has been appearing in Joe Cook's show, "Hold Your Horses." During the appearance of the twins in the Ziegfeld Follies several years ago the two sisters were voted the most beautiful twins on Broadway.

OKLAHOMA WOMEN DEVOTEES OF THE SADDLE AND BRIDLE

Mary Gwyn Stables Put Oklahoma Horse Interests In Envious Place

It is to be doubted if there is today any stable in the country where so many high class, top notch show horses can be found as in the stables of Miss Mary Fiers of Oklahoma City, Okla.

Miss Fiers came from Kentucky and it would not be natural for her to move from that state to Oklahoma without sooner or later desiring to own horses—splendid show horses. The love of the horse is an inherited one of all true Kentuckians. This charming product of old Kentucky is blonde, slight of posture and holds the admiration of the spectators and judges. She has in a



Mary Fiers and her famous horse—Roxie Highland, a chestnut mare, 15.3, nine years. Undisputed World's champion three-gaited saddle horse. One of the best walk-trot horses the world has ever known.

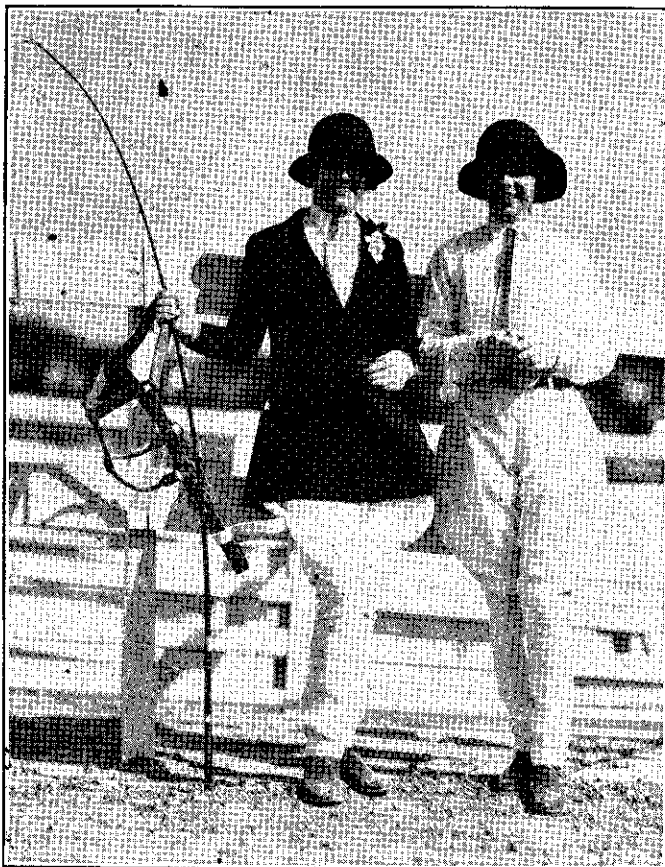
short time accomplished miracles, as her first appearance in the show ring was at the Oklahoma City and the Dallas Fairs in the fall of 1928.

She rides with grace and ease and handles her horses with an unusual amount of generalship. All kinds of horses do well for her, and she has no hesitancy whatever in riding her best horses in the big stakes against any kind of competition, oft-times the only woman exhibitor fighting for supremacy over fields of great horses guided by the most noted professionals in the game.

Her horses have won so many laurels that Miss Fiers has done more than her share in attracting the eyes of the world to Oklahoma.

Mary Fiers has owned and shown such champions as Roxie Highland, My Souvenir and King's Genius. Roxie Highland probably the greatest champion of all is still continuing on her unbroken chain of victories having won over sixty championships and 150 blue ribbons. She has been shown from coast to coast and her championships include those of the largest shows in the country. One of her latest championships was at the World's Fair in Chicago. Gay Crusader another member of the stable also won the Junior Five Gaited championship at this show.

The establishment is now comprised of about 75 horses including twenty-five royally bred mares headed by Oklahoma Peavine 12898, by Rex Pevine and the stable is now engaged in producing and training horses of its own breeding.



Mrs. T. K. Simmons and her charming daughter, Katherine. Miss Katherine won the title—"Best Lady Rider"—at the Louisville State Fair in 1929.

—From Saddle and Bridle Magazine.



Nina Billingslea and one of her champion dogs, "Arkansas."

Nina Billingslea is the breeder and owner of some of the most famous bird dogs in the United States, as well as some well bred saddle horses, the breeding farm and kennel is located near Catoosa, Oklahoma. Mrs. Billingslea owns the pointer dog, triple champion "Muscle Shoal's Jake," also the pointer bitch, Champion "Mingo," who was the outstanding sensational derby of 1927. "Arkansas," the pointer dog winner of The American Field Futurity in 1925 was raised in the Billingslea kennel.

This sportswoman is intensely interested in the Field trial sport and takes an active part in it. She is one of the few women who handles her own dogs during the running of the field trials and has won many places with her pointers.

Mrs. Billingslea is also a devotee of horse shows having shown several of her horses at various places. The world's champion five gaited saddle stallion, "Admiral King" heads the stable at Spunky Creek Farm and there are some promising youngsters by this great horse, and Mrs. Billingslea takes much interest in their training and development.

The American Field Magazine for February, 1934, also a press notice from Shuqualak, Miss., carries the pleasing news that Mrs. Billingslea's dog "Spunky Creek Joann," daughter of "Muscle Shoal's Jake," is the national free-for-all bird dog champion for 1934. This brought our Tulsa \$1,000 in cash, and a huge cup of triumph.

THE MILESTONES IN A GIRL'S LIFE

"Across the silver sheet of life,
Fair leading ladies pass,
The maid, the school-girl, debutante, and the wife,
Like shadows in a glass.
But she who plays the greatest part
Kneels with a down-bent head,
And watches with a singing heart,
Above her baby's bed."

(Borrowed from Margaret Sangster)



Maxine Day (Masters)
In cuddly babyhood.

Maxine Day (Masters) was the first bundle of chubby perfection to bless the home of Dr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Day, at Vinita. At ten she moved to Tulsa. She lived in the affluent days when high school graduates could go to Ward Belmont, and the University of Wisconsin, then a trip to Europe before settling down to wifehood and motherhood, for in 1926 she married Alan Dunning Masters.

This baby of yesterday is now the mother of two fine sons: John Day and Charles Day Masters. Her husband is the son of John A.

Masters, who built the first electric light and power plant in Oklahoma Territory.

After the above story was left with the publishers, Maxine's family, as well as scores and scores of Oklahomans were saddened by the death of Dr. Chas. W. Day, in Tulsa, at the beginning of the New Year of 1934. His story will be found in a volume soon to be published.

GRACE CAMPBELL CLARKSON

Since the primary class at Sunday School sang in their sweet babyish voices, "A Sunbeam, a Sunbeam, Jesus wants me for a Sunbeam," the warbling notes that came from the throat of tiny Grace Campbell were noticeably clear and sweet. She was chosen for a leading part in special programs even during the first years of school life, for the charm and beauty of the girl herself matched her accomplishments.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Campbell, pioneers who have aided in Tulsa's marvelous progress, recognized the child's talents, and gave her every advantage in piano and voice culture, as well as developing those graces of mind and character of lovely youth that blossom into gracious womanhood. After graduating from Tulsa High School, she entered Stephens College in Missouri, receiving her diploma in 1923.

She attended other cultural schools, but finished at the Conservatory in Cincinnati in 1926.

It was nothing but natural when she returned home to be chosen as leading soprano in the choir of the First Baptist Church, where she had attended since tiny girlhood.

When Cupid began his wary wiles, it is also natural that he would join forces to win the favor of this beautiful maiden, with Harry Irving Clarkson—Tulsa's finest baritone, famed for his ability in directing chorus singing in the Shrine Temple, Knight Templar, and Church, as well as the city's boast among soloists.

Their many friends, who enjoyed listening to their voices together, which blend so harmoniously, were not surprised when they received a bid to one of the most beautiful weddings Tulsa has ever had—the first marriage service ever held in the new Baptist Church, which had just been completed, on the date of April 27, 1927.

So the little Grace Campbell, pictured with the curls, became Mrs. Harry Irving Clarkson. On November 29, 1930, "there came, as a lovely flower—the last and perfect added gift to crown love's morning hour." Of course he is Harry Irving Junior.

The Hyeckha—oldest and most famed music club in the state—claims her as an appreciated member, as does the Little Theater of Tulsa. She and her husband are also assets to other musical, social and church activities, where they do their share making Tulsa renowned as a cultural center.

Author's note:—The above was written some time ago. Just as we go to press with this book the sad, sad news comes that Tulsa's sweet singer, Harry Irving Clarkson, has met with a fatal auto accident. How our hearts go out in sympathy to the brave little wife who we know will face her sorrow with courage.



Grace Campbell (Clarkson)
In the morning glow of childhood.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

Nelle Bullette is the "sweet girl graduate" of the interesting yesterdays in Tulsa, when the little city was just beginning to feel growing pains, in 1909.

Nelle was born, and spent her early childhood, on a farm which is now in the city limits of Tulsa. There were no schools for the little maid to attend, so she can boast of having had a private tutor. Her father furnished a house, and paid a teacher, that his children might have educational advantages.

Mr. Bullette built one of "Tulsey Town's" first stores in 1882, where he sold general merchandise, groceries, hardware and drygoods. Also his home was the first frame house. He is of Delaware Indian descent.

Mrs. Bullette, Nelle's mother, was the type of which Governor Holloway spoke at the unveiling of the "Pioneer Woman monument, when he said, "We are met here to honor and pay homage to the pioneer woman, who with silent patience and grim strength, came westward into the hardships entailed in the winning of a new

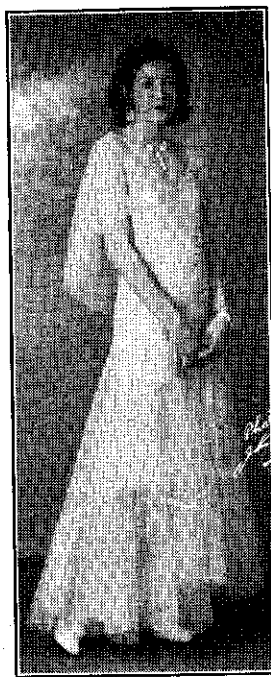
country to civilization and in the almost overwhelming struggle of rearing families in the face of drouth, inadequate facilities, and isolation from the comforts and conveniences of life." She was a charter member of the First Methodist Church, and did her share in the religious life of the community.

graduated from Holland Hall, in Tulsa, in 1928, and obtained her A. B. degree in 1932, from the University of Tulsa.

Virginia is lovely, not only physically, but has that rare charm that comes from within. She has been carefully reared by a Mother who is a real gentlewoman, who



Nelle Bullette (Baldwin)
Central High School, Tulsa
Graduate of Yesterday,
1908.



Narcissus Blackwelder,
Conway-Broun School.
(Niece of Margaret
Chilton Bray)



Vera Clinton
(Mrs. J. H. McBirney)
The College Graduate,
from

A famous school for girls
in Georgia



Virginia Mayo
Holland Hall

After graduating from Tulsa High School, which was located where the Philtower now stands, Nelle attended Warrensburg State Normal, secured a certificate and began teaching in 1910, when Clarence Grimes was Tulsa County's first superintendent. The young teacher had her first experience at Turley.

There were no paved roads, and during a rainy season the way to Turley was almost impassable. On these occasions she could not use her buggy, drawn by her favorite pony, Diamond, but would ride horseback instead.

Nelle Bullette Baldwin, who is our own Mrs. C. E. Baldwin, wife of a prominent Tulsa attorney, holds a high place in the club and church life of the city where she has spent all her days. She is still young, and has not nearly accomplished all the things she intends to do, which according to Mary Garden is evident proof of her youthful spirit, as she says, "a woman remains young who has a goal in view. She is only old, who feels she has already attained life's allotted achievements, and lives in the past."

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, with their talented little daughter, Betsy Ann, live at 134 So. Xanthus.

VIRGINIA MAYO

Virginia, only daughter of Tulsa pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mayo, was born in Tulsa, and has spent all of her school days here, with the exception of one year at Mount Vernon Seminary, in Washington, D. C. She

still believes in implanting old-fashioned ideals in modern youth.

One can sense at a glance, when they are together, the sweet spirit of comradeship between Virginia and her father, who has a place in this book among Oklahoma's Famous Brothers.

She is an out-door girl, reveling in horse back riding, golf and tennis.

She is a member of the Auxiliary Board of the Crippled Children's Home and of The Children's All Day Nursery, so has a definite social standing, and is learning early to take her part in the noble work with Tulsa's Society leaders—the caring for those who are needy and physically disabled.

LOU STRANG—the Debutante—(Mrs. M. E. Trapp)

This lovely chiffon costumed maiden, Lou Strang, made her real debut in society at the reception in the White House in Washington, given for the "Army and Navy" while she was a guest of the daughter of Congressman Dennis T. Flynn. No wonder she and Dot Flynn made a visit to the photographer next day in those fairy frocks, for didn't they want to cherish forever their first introduction to the uniformed gallants with the brass buttons, while the famous Marine band played dreamy, romantic music, such as comes over the radio from a certain Chicago band today?

Lou Strang was the daughter of Attorney General J. C. Strang, and lived in those glamorous days when

the Governor of Oklahoma Territory was a real personage, and the Court life in Guthrie was made memorable with many grand and dignified parties. Charming Lou was always among those present at the inaugural balls, in fact, in all the years, even since statehood, she has never missed but two inaugurals. Even when attending college out of the Territory, these affairs were considered important enough for her to make a journey home to attend.

A group of Guthrie girls always assisted the Governor's wife in her entertainments, so Lou learned the art early in life. They went to a great deal of trouble in making their decorations and preparing elaborate refreshments, for that was not the "ready made" age of today. Parades, with floats of hand-made flowers, which consumed weeks of work, were in vogue.

The band concerts every Saturday night were high points in the social life of Guthrie. The whole town attended. This was followed later by an impromptu dance, in which the young people engaged.

There were few residence telephones, so when a fair lady saw a small colored lad at her door with a little envelope, her heart gave a flutter, for she knew that her cavalier was begging the "pleasure of her company" to some social event.

Then M. E. Trapp entered the court life, and the contest for favor in the heart of the little belle. He won, changed her name to Mrs. Martin Edwin Trapp. She was the daughter of a staunch Republican and became the wife of the first Democrat to hold office in Logan County. When in the course of progress, Oklahoma became a state, with the capital at Oklahoma City, and M. E. Trapp was made Governor, our debutante of the early days became a most gracious hostess, as first Lady of the State; and today she is recognized as a real asset in the social and civic life of the imperial city of Oklahoma.

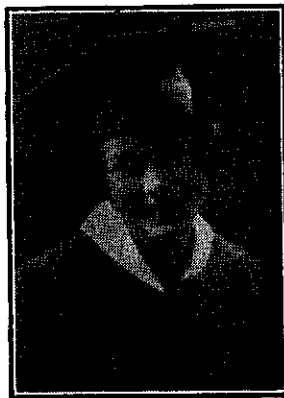
VIRGINIA MATTHEWS (Raines)

Virginia Matthews (Raines), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd A. Matthews, Tulsa, author of "Why I'm Proud of My Home Town." Virginia holds the Tulsa man responsible for Tulsa's wonderful growth, and in closing says, "Here's to the Tulsa man, may his tribe increase, 'til every Tulsa school girl has one a piece." Her toast-wish has been fulfilled for her Tulsa man is Lee Raines.

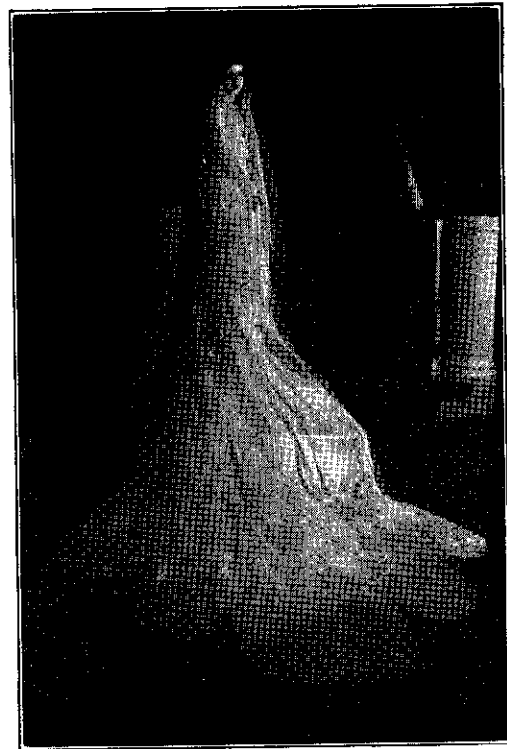


Lou Strang (Mrs. M. E. Trapp) "The Debutante."

"The Debutante" is indeed a fitting title for this picture which is a little belle of territorial days that looked with innocent, yet curious eyes to see what would happen next in the big, wonderful world she was learning to know.



High School Graduate of Today in cap and gown.



THE BRIDE—MARTHA JANE PHILLIPS

There was not a day of girlhood but what held in it some hope, some sweet confident thought of the time when he whose life had been planned as the complement of hers would come a wooing and claim her for his own.

MARTHA JANE PHILLIPS—The Bride

(Mrs. John Wilbur Starr)

The bride—the culmination of a maiden's dreams. To represent the supreme moment, the most charming illustration possible was desired. You and you and you, reader, will agree that it was found. She must be not only beautiful, but picturesque. This was discovered in Bartlesville, not alone in the chaste, girlish beauty that a real bride should possess, but the bridal array with the filmy veil, and the long graceful sweep of the rich train satisfies our most vivid dreams of gorgeous wedding finery. To look at her we can hear the sweet strains of thrilling melody that is the wedding march, as the bridal cortege marches down the old church aisle, strewn with perfumed petals from dainty baskets of little fairy maids, can vision the proud bride-groom prince and our enchanted princess, as they take the solemn vows that make "two souls with but a common thought, two hearts that beat as one."

In all of Oklahoma, the perfect bride fell to the lot of Martha Jane Phillips. She met all the requisites. Martha Jane is the only daughter of our much honored and respected Oklahomans—Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Phillips of Bartlesville.

Her pleasant personality, her charming manners, free from all affectation, show the training of sensible

(Continued on next page)

The Milestones Move on to Fulfillment—"Motherhood."
 Since play-mother days she had dreamed those dreams
 of soft baby fingers.



MRS. BASCOMB ROGERS,
 The Mother and baby Maye Marie
 (This picture fittingly ended the screen production.)

THE YOUNG MOTHER—MRS. BASCOMB ROGERS

Of the supreme moments in a girl's life, surely the superlative degree has been reached when the holy state of Motherhood crowns her life. When a little flower is sent to add its earthly fragrance, and crystallize the dreams that were hers in the long months of waiting—

MARTHA JANE PHILLIPS—(Continued)

parents, as well as the genuineness of Martha Jane, herself. The answer to certain questions in an interview are further proof of this:—

"There is really very little to tell about me. I was born in Bartlesville, twenty-three years ago, and have lived here all my life, graduating from high school here. I spent two years in Boston at the Erskine Girl's Finishing School; went on a Mediterranean cruise with school friends; flew to New York with Art Goebel in my uncle's Wooloroc plane: (Oklahomans will remember this plane with Art Goebel as aviator, won the Dole race to Hawaii)—had five months in Europe with father and mother. What am I most interested in doing? I like to sew, to do hand needle work of all kinds, to travel, I'm fond of horse-back riding, and keeping my new home. I have dark hair and blue eyes, which ever that makes me, blonde or brunette?" (My answer would be a real Irish beauty, with blue, blue eyes, fair complexion and lovely dark hair, a rare combination that is always beautiful. She may have no Irish ancestors, however, at any rate, she is the ideal American girl.)

"This picture was made at Swanson's Salon in Kansas City by Straus Peyton, in October 1929, one week before my wedding, which was in the Christian Church in Bartlesville. Now, I am rather settled and contented with a nice home here in Bartlesville, and an adorable husband."

then woman feels repaid for her part in the pageant called Life. She who has missed the gurgling sweetness of baby's laughter, the music of pattering feet, loses life's most inspiring symphony.

The author in searching the studios for her ideal Mother and Baby photograph, found it at Frank Yettters' in Tulsa. Mr. Yetter makes a specialty of such poses. This was made in Holdenville, Oklahoma—though the subjects now reside in Oklahoma City. The Mother, Mrs. Bascomb Rogers, has the true maternal spirit in every feature of her lovely face, and who will say a more perfectly adorable specimen of "cuddly" babyhood could be found (unless it were your very own), than dainty Maye Marie Rogers, who has attained the most precious age—four months.

The young Mother was, before marriage, Maye Arnold, the daughter of Holdenville pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Arnold.

Petite Maye was a leader in her social set, a favorite at Holdenville High School, where she graduated, and at Southern Methodist University of Dallas, Texas.

Baby Maye Marie's father, Bascomb Rogers, though a mere man, deserves some mention, as he is of the type that will not stop short of success. He and a brother have the firm name—Rogers & Rogers Oil Co., in Oklahoma City.

* * * * *

Before the guests departed for the east from the old Inn they told their entertainers they had truly learned more romance than they thought any one state could possess.

As a parting gift they were given a copy of Vol. I. "Oklahoma—Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow," and told the name "Oklahoma" means "Land of Red People"—the name suggested by a famous Choctaw Governor—Allen Wright.

Marked parts of the book indicated the most interesting stories of famous Indians, and special emphasis was laid upon the article which we mention here for the benefit of Oklahomans.

LEARN THE HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST IN OKLAHOMA'S CHANGING BOUNDARY LINE.

"Truly it may be said, to know the boundary of Oklahoma with all its ramifications, is to know the history of the United States. Probably no other state in the union has so much concerned with the setting up of its boundaries. It can easily be seen why this particular geographic area should be one of the last to be formed into a territory and later into a state. There are more details of interest involving a greater number of personalities concerned with Oklahoma than is the case with any in the Union; international diplomacy, the making of a state of the remnants of empires, republics and states. These two sections of Oklahoma—the rectangular part and the Panhandle—constitute an area that has had more flags floating over it and more various forms of government than any other state. Although yet to be written, the romance of the Southwest and the Indian is within the borders of Oklahoma."

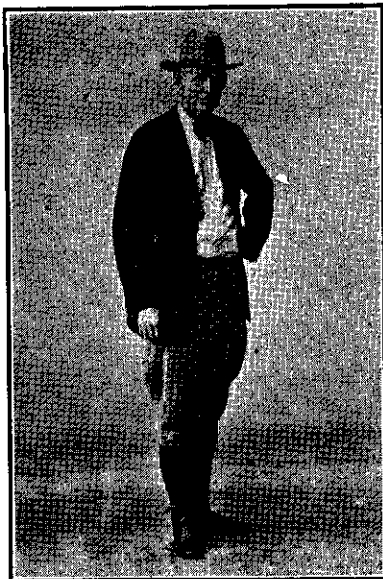
—From Southwest's History in "Oklahoma Boundary"—by M. L. Wardell in O. Y. T. T., pages 570-576.

A MAN WHO IMMORTALIZES OKLAHOMA

(A few paragraphs from Grace E. Ray's story of Dr. E. E. Dale.)

Twice recognized by the federal government as a leading historian of the west, Dr. E. E. Dale, head of the history department at the University of Oklahoma, is perhaps most noteworthy because, although a scholar and man of culture, he at the same time satisfies the still unshattered American ideal of what every Oklahoma resident should be—either a cowboy or an Indian. Dale is both. For many years he made his living as a cowpuncher, and he is an adopted member of the Black-foot tribe. He also has served a term as a western deputy sheriff, like those pictured in the movies.

Dale was the historian selected by the institute for government research, which made a survey of the Indian tribes of the United States, at the request of



DR. E. E. DALE,

history professor of O. U. belongs in so many sections, it was settled by calling him "An Interesting Oklahoman."

the federal government.

Doctor Dale has assumed leadership in the collection of century-old manuscripts and relics of the cattle range and Indian tribes, and has established at the University of Oklahoma one of the most valuable historical museums in the southwest. He is the author of leading books of western history, and, with his conception of the function of a university history faculty, he is building up one of the strongest departments in the middle west.

As his name becomes known over the country as that of a scholar and historian from the west, Dale can support his title to Oklahoma residence and Texas origin, if need be, by riding a mildly bucking broncho, roping a galloping steer, dancing to the tom tom, talking tribal sign languages, or regularly hitting a bull's-eye the size of a dollar at a distance of sixty yards. Yet it will be somewhat disappointing to learn that he rides to his classes in a velvet-upholstered sedan, instead of galloping down University boulevard on a spotted pinto, waving a gun in each hand; that on parade occasions his costume is the black academis robe and mortar board instead of the picturesque chaps and wide-brimmed sombrero; and

that a Phi Beta Kappa key now hangs from his belt where once the pistol swung.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

Dr. E. E. Dale

Since the dawn of history the word "West" has been associated with romance and achievement and high adventure.

The western spirit is a youthful spirit. The West was the kingdom of youth. On the frontier a man forty years of age was regarded as an old man. This spirit of youth persists in the newer western states in most remarkable fashion. We are young in our speech, our dress, our pleasures. "Come to see me" say the Oklahoman of any age, "Come this evening. I will take you out in my new car and show you the city. We have a beautiful speedway, an excellent country club, parks, swimming pools, and all the features of a real city. After we have seen the town I will take you to a restaurant—a nice bright place with a jazz orchestra and we will go to the picture show and see **Flaming Youth** or something similar."

"Come to see us" says the staid, sedate Bostonian of the old school, "Come next Wednesday evening to tea. We will have tea—baked beans, brown bread and other good New England dishes. Then after tea we will build a fire on the hearth, pop some corn and take turns in reading aloud from the **Atlantic Monthly**."

That in the slang parlance of modern youth is their idea of "making whoopee." It does not appeal to the average westerner. He represents youth; the New Englander mature age.

It would seem natural when vacation time comes many of us would journey to the cultural centers of the East there to hear or see the work of great artists, to study in the great libraries, and to view the rich treasures of museums and art galleries. As a matter of fact we do nothing of the kind. We put a luggage carrier on the left running board of the family automobile, pile in blankets, army cots, pots, pans and other camp equipment and start west. We stay at tourist camps by night, or camp beside a stream and cook bacon and coffee over a camp fire.

It is the blood of Daniel Boone flowing in our veins, the spirit of Kit Carson and of all that multitude of pioneer ancestors which sends us out in search of great open spaces each summer by tens of thousands.

Let us trust that the Spirit of the West will enable us to triumph over difficulties; that the energy, faith, and ideals of the pioneer in his log cabin will carry us safely through the dangers of our modern industrial life.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

holds Oklahomans in this state of their choice.

To you—Outsider—

Oklahoma is a field for investment.

Heed the beckoning to "The Land of Opportunity."

— F I N I S —

Being a woman I must have the last word—

As I write the last line here in the office of the publishers, and cast my eye over the stack of copy I've been trying to cut down for weeks, my heart quakes within me, for I know full well they will say: "You don't intend to put all of that in one book!"

My hand trembles as I write when the thought comes that probably I have left out the most important woman in the state, (I'm not afraid of the men.) I know I left out my best writer-friends, but I "take heart" when I remember this isn't my last book—if I live thru the strain of work that found me in the wee sma' hours, still at the task of recording valorous deeds of Oklahomans, or pasting engravers' proofs in their proper places to illustrate the scenes of action.

The collecting of this material has consumed interesting days that have mounted into years, and I have contacted personally every pictured individual, and thank them sincerely for their aid in such a tremendous task.

My most heartfelt thanks must go to the girls, Elizabeth Durham and Alma Keeth, who have prevented my copy from looking like a Chinese puzzle, and Evelyn Miller and Ethelynn Lewis, who stop their work to respond to my innumerable needs; to the men in the composing room who have run off hundreds of cut proofs for me, that soon they will be juggling to the best advantage for the press work; to Mr. Hal Welch, Superintendent of the factory; to Mr. W. I. Dowell, the Credit Manager, who has been so lenient with me; and last, to the Great Chief, T. H. Harman, who has the respect and admiration of his whole office force, and my lasting gratitude for wonderful kindnesses here at the

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