

It is gratifying to see so many present at this time. It shows that you are interested in the present project. Like the man who got a letter from the black hand gang saying that if he didn't send them \$25,000.00 they would kidnap his wife. He wrote back and said "I haven't got the \$25,000.00, but I am interested in your proposition."

I had been requested to express a few kind words about Federal Highway No. 270, at present designated from Oklahoma City to Hot Springs, Ark. I would be glad to take time and pay a tribute to those heady workers, many of whom I see in this assembly, who are accountable and should have the credit for the designation of this highway, in almost the building of it. But I denied the time and this opportunity because I have been directed otherwise.

I am expected in a small measure to picture for you the beauties and historical background of this new highway.

Starting at Hot Springs, in the National Park of that name, it would be useless and needless to attempt a description. The many interesting features, the healing waters, the magnificently industrious and enterprising citizenship. Who among us has not visited Hot Springs and enjoyed this pleasant resort and the association with its good people, or there found surcease from bodily pains and been bathed back into health again.

But we must pass on leaving westward on 270 we soon enter the Ouichita preseveration. Here we find nature displaying her wares in a manner that is prodigal, to say the least. We see in the land of fine mountains, beautifully clear, gurgling streams with game fish leaping from the dashing waters as though inviting one to try hand. Tremendous cliffs arising to imposing heights, dotted with magnificent pines as far as the eye may see. The road leads one continually along a fine, listening stream. The land of sunshine, fine trees, great mountains and dashing water. Waterfalls sending their spray into rainbows on every hand. When I say to you that in the great southwest there is no finer, happier land to be found, I want you to believe just that thing. All the way through Arkansas the same excellent scenery and with the exception of but a few miles an excellent, well built and graded highway.

Entering Oklahoma the first city of size is Heavener, a railroad center, surrounded by some of the finest agricultural lands to be found in eastern Oklahoma. A wideawake and progressive city. From here on we have a well graded highway through Wister and on the junction with old State highway No. 3. From now on we traverse a well maintained and harsurface highway. At Wilburton we might stop and visit the school of mines, or going further in the north woods visit the Cave of the Outlaws, where all the early bad men of the Territory was want to hole up, and which was the principal resort of the famous Bell Star.

Proceeding west we pass through the great coal regions of eastern Oklahoma—Halleysville, now Ashland and into McAlester, the metropolis of that section of Oklahoma. Here is many things of interest, a beautiful city, filled with most excellent friendly and progressive people. The home of the great masonic temple where the reunions of the Scottish Rite masons are held twice each year. Excellent golf courses and its great lake where fishing is at its best. No finer body of water may be found in Oklahoma than Lake McAlester. No finer place to camp and fish, or in season to hunt the festive duck. Even a cabin may be rented where congenial souls may look for the festive hole card, whatever that may be. Here also is located the state penitentiary, a place where the careless are preserved from the depression and troubles of the present out of door life. It may be interesting to many, but to us lawyers it is not so much so, as we meet so many old clients there.

But we pass to onthrough Stuart to Calvin a rugged little village on the banks of the treacherous South Canadian River.

One of the really old established town of the Indian Territory. Calvin is noted for being one of the busiest trading posts in that particular section of the state. It has always maintained one of the best cotton markets in the state because of the ingenuity of that capable merchant, John Hunley.

Passing on across the Canadian, a river whose quick sands have swallowed up many a wagon and team in those days before it was spanned by bridge, over a most excellent highway, through a most interesting scenic country to Holdenville, the county seat of Hughes County, and one of the most prosperous and progressive cities of the state. Sitting at the junction of the Rock Island Frisco railroads Holdenvilles, with its fine homes, excellent school and fine churches not to speak of its wide awake citizenship, boasts of being the center of the finest agricultural trade territory on the highway. Substantial and permanent, it presents to the passer by the ideal city of the west. We are now and have been for many miles on an excellent paved highway, from nine miles east of Holdenville to between fifty and a hundred miles west of Wichita Kansas one may speed along on the latest and best of paved highways to waiting welcome of Colorado.

But passing Holdenville, and ten miles west we come of Wewoka, the ~~capital~~ county seat of Seminole County, the third largest county in population in Oklahoma, and the ancient capitol of the Seminole Nation. Wewoka is a Creek or Muskogee word meaning "Barking Waters" Here the Seminoles made their laws, and here they executed them as well. The old whipping tree stands at the southwest corner of the Seminole county court house, just a block off the main highway, 270. What in those early days when I saw the victim of Seminole justice stripped to the waist, with his hands ~~xxxxxxx~~ shackled together, and his feet, as well, those shackled hands drawn up over a lower limb of the then small tree and whipped by a Lighthorseman, is today a magnificent pecan tree standing far above the imposing crest of the County Courthouse. Weoka is one of the really historical cities of the state. It was established in 1866 by E.J. Brown a white man who led the Seminole refugees back from LeRoy, Kansas, after the Civil War. There hangs in my office at Wewoka the first post master's commission ever issued to a postmaster of that now thriving and prosperous city. It states that on May 13th, 1867, E.J. Brown was appointed postmaster at Wewoka, Seminole Nation, State of Arkansas. We were attached to Arkansas for political purposes, and we have been democratic ever since. This was an old remount station between those far flung pioneer posts of Ft. Gibson and Ft. Sill. Here for a time was located the ill fated George Custer who soon after lost his life on the Little Big Horn in the Dakotas. The Seminoles called him the Yellow Hair. Here also Phil Sheridan was located for a time. Here the Seminoles paid out their annual payments, here they met in Council and made their laws. Here also was located the old Wewoka Trading Company, one of the pioneer mercantile establishments of the Indian Territory, which alone of all such establishment had permission from the war department to make its own paper money which the Seminoles called "chokasodka" The old execution tree stood in the very center of the principal business section of the city. It may be seen to day in the historical rooms of the state capitol, with bullet holes still in the trunk and stains upon the bark, perhaps the blood stains of those old victims of Seminole justice. Wewoka is replete with historical things of interest. It affords excellent hotel facilities a fine shopping district, amusement houses, fine homes, excellent schools, junior college, handsome churches and miles of paved streets.

Lake Wewoka

But we pass on through the great oil fields of Seminole County where more than three hundred millions of dollars in wealth was produced in one twelve months time to the thriving, prosperous and happy city of Seminole. The home of our president, and to which city he has contributed much of its progress and excellence. Here one may see, perhaps, the finest high school building in the state, built without a bond issue and with a cash reserve still in the treasury. Here too one should stop and see the home of our president Dr. Grisso, a magnificent palace of buff brick, with sunken gardens and all that makes for one of the truly show places of the state. Seminole has the distinction of the greatest increase in population between the census of 1920 and 1930 of any place in the United States More wealth among its citizenship than may be found in any other city of like size in the great southwest. Miles of paved streets, the finest of schools and churches, fine homes and a fine citizenship

But we pass on, still through the oil fields of Seminole County and crossing the route taken by Washington Irving nearly a hundred years ago when he sought the data for his incomparable story of the "Prairies", a thing he never really saw, to Shawnee the metropolis of Pottawatomie County, and the largest city east of Oklahoma City on No. 270. One of the really beautiful cities of the state. Here every accommodation may be found for the weary traveller. Situated on the banks of the North Canadian River in the early days it was known as the Forest city of Oklahoma. Progressive, prosperous and substantial, the home of the Rock Island railway shops, and the Baptist and Catholic Universities, and nothing nearer to a riot than the Ku Klux has resulted by reason of the fact. Shawnee wants you to see the city, too, because there are six stop lights and signs on the highway as it traverses the city limits. You will witness the magnificent school buildings, also Woodland Park on your left. You will have plenty of time to see all this, waiting for the lights to change on the signals.

Passing on to Dale, McLoud, Harrah (noted for its bank robberies) Choctaw, Nicoma Park, and into the Capitol city of the state. The metropolis of Oklahoma and also the commercial and industrial center.

You will agree that we have made progress when I tell you that but a few years ago it took an entire day to drive to Oklahoma City from Wewoka in an automobile, while today it can easily be made in an hour and forty five minutes.

There is no need to describe Oklahoma city, it speaks for itself. However it would be sacrilege, indeed, for one not to mention those early day city builders, Henry Overholzer, Grist Mill Jones, Anton Classen, Charley Colcord, Bill Pettee. I pause here to pay tribute to the finest group of town and city builders the west has produced and to whom this excellent city owes more than it knows for its present day excellence.

We have told you what we have, we want to mention what we want. We want this highway continued northwestward to an intersection with the old Santa Fe trail, and thence onward to the great parks and play grounds of the northwest, to Colorado, the ~~xxxxxxx~~ summer play ground of America. Crossing the old Chisholm trail over which were driven the great trail herds of the seventies, through what is now El Reno, Kingfisher, Enid and into Kansas. More than five hundred head of long horn Texas cattle were driven over this trail during the days when it was used. We pass onward toward the great table lands of northwest Oklahoma where countless thousands of buffalo roamed a half century ago. The shaggy masters of the plains knew this territory as home. The Buffalo grass and the wallows speak of their erstwhile presence. Here was the native habitat of the antelope and the prairie chicken, the prairie dog, the rattle snake and the small horned owl. The Kerlew screamed from the dog town to its mate and its note could be heard for miles over the great plateau. Here the savage Cheyenne and Arapaho made their home. But today their camp fires are gone and in ashes, their arrows broken and the old men passed on to the happy hunting ground. The great salt plains, glistening in the sunlight, and the walking sand hills, are interesting to note. Also the gyp water is interesting to note, also. Perhaps to Woodward, the old home of Temple Houston and Jack Love, and the scene of many early day dramas, into no man's land that would not be claimed by Kansas, could not be claimed by Texas, was not a part of Oklahoma, and claimed no allegiance to Colorado or New Mexico. The very center of the great plains, land of mystery and magnificent distances. The barns are usually five or six miles from the ranch house. Crossing the Beaver and the Cimarron, made recently famous by the frivolous fiction of Edna Ferber, we speed into Kansas and the city of Liberal and thence north to the junction with the old Santa Fe Trail, famous for the early day wagon trains, romance, indian fights and all the western characters renowned in history and song. I might write you a book about the Santa Fe Trail over which I passed in a covered wagon when it was yet the main thoroughfare of the West. But we have now reached an outlet to the playgrounds of the northwest. We must accomplish this highway, we must continue our National Park Trail. With men of push and energy this will be accomplished in less times than it has taken to accomplish the road to the east, because the building of roads there is less expensive, and the necessity more apparent.