gilcrease

THE JOURNAL OF GILCREASE MUSEUM

XV
1



Summer 2007
Vol. 15
No. 1
c. 2

Gilcrease Journal
Summer 2007
Vol. 15, No. 1
c. 2

Gilcrease Journal
Summer 2007
Vol. 15, No. 1
c.2

Gillis Library

GAYLORD FG

COUNTRY
drained by the
MISSISSIPPI
WESTERN SECTION.

THE SIGNAL

People having Certificates to enter the Strip will please line up by 11 o'clock tomorrow morning, Saturday, September 16th., 1893, in a space Two Miles East of the City Limits, and One Mile West of same. The Signal to enter Strip will be Fired Precisely at 12 M., tomorrow ☞Santa Fe Time, by Capt. Hardie 3rd Cavalry, from a point opposite the Registration Booths. This Signal will be repeated along the line by soldiers. Those desiring to go by the Railroad will please have their Certificates in their hands.

F. H. HARDIE,
Captain 3d Cavalry Commanding

JOURNAL PRINT.

VOL. XV NO. 1
SUMMER 2007

OKLAHOMA CENTENNIAL ISSUE

Gilcrease Journal is a benefit of membership in the Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association. Published biannually, it is copyrighted by the Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association, an Oklahoma corporation, 1400 North Gilcrease Museum Road, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74127-2100 (918.596.2700). All rights are reserved.

Additional copies may be purchased at $15 each from the Membership Office. To order by mail, please send a check for $15 plus $3 for postage and handling to the Gilcrease Membership Office, 1400 North Gilcrease Museum Road, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74127-2100 (918.596.2700), or email membership@gilcrease.org

Please address editorial comments and suggestions to carolharalson@esedona.net

GILCREASE JOURNAL
WINNER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF MUSEUMS AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN DESIGN
2006, 2004, 2000, 1999, AND 1998

KATHY TAYLOR, *Mayor of Tulsa*

GILCREASE MUSEUM
GARY F. MOORE, *Acting Director*
ROBERT BAKER III, *Director of Development*
JEFF YOWELL, *Director of Communications*

GILCREASE JOURNAL
CAROL HARALSON, *Executive Editor and Designer*
RANDY RAMER, *Curator of Anthropology / Collections Manager*
KIM ROBLIN, *Gilcrease Journal Staff Liaison*
LINDA GALBRAITH, *Gilcrease Membership Director*
SHANE CULPEPPER, *Gilcrease Photographer*

Page one: Broadside, 1906. Gilcrease 3526.2.

Facing: Cowboys at Dinner, photograph. William S. Prettyman. Gilcrease 4326.3544.



Essays

6 **THE CHISHOLM TRAIL** Myth, Memory and the American Imagination

RANDY RAMER

16 **MUSIC MADE IN OKLAHOMA**

GUY LOGSDON

32 **BLUE EAGLE, BEAVER, AND MCCOMBS:** The Place of Culture in Muscogee Painting

JASON BAIRD JACKSON

54 **A CENTURY OF BLACK TOWNS IN OKLAHOMA**

KRISTY FELDHOUSEN-GILES

64 **LATITUDES ON LONGITUDE:** Revealing Oklahoma through Cartography

KIMBERLY ROBLIN

Poetry, Fiction & Memoir

81 **IN THE OKLAHOMA PANHANDLE**

DON WELCH

82 **HARPSONG**

RILLA ASKEW

91 **LITTLE TOWN, BIG HEART**

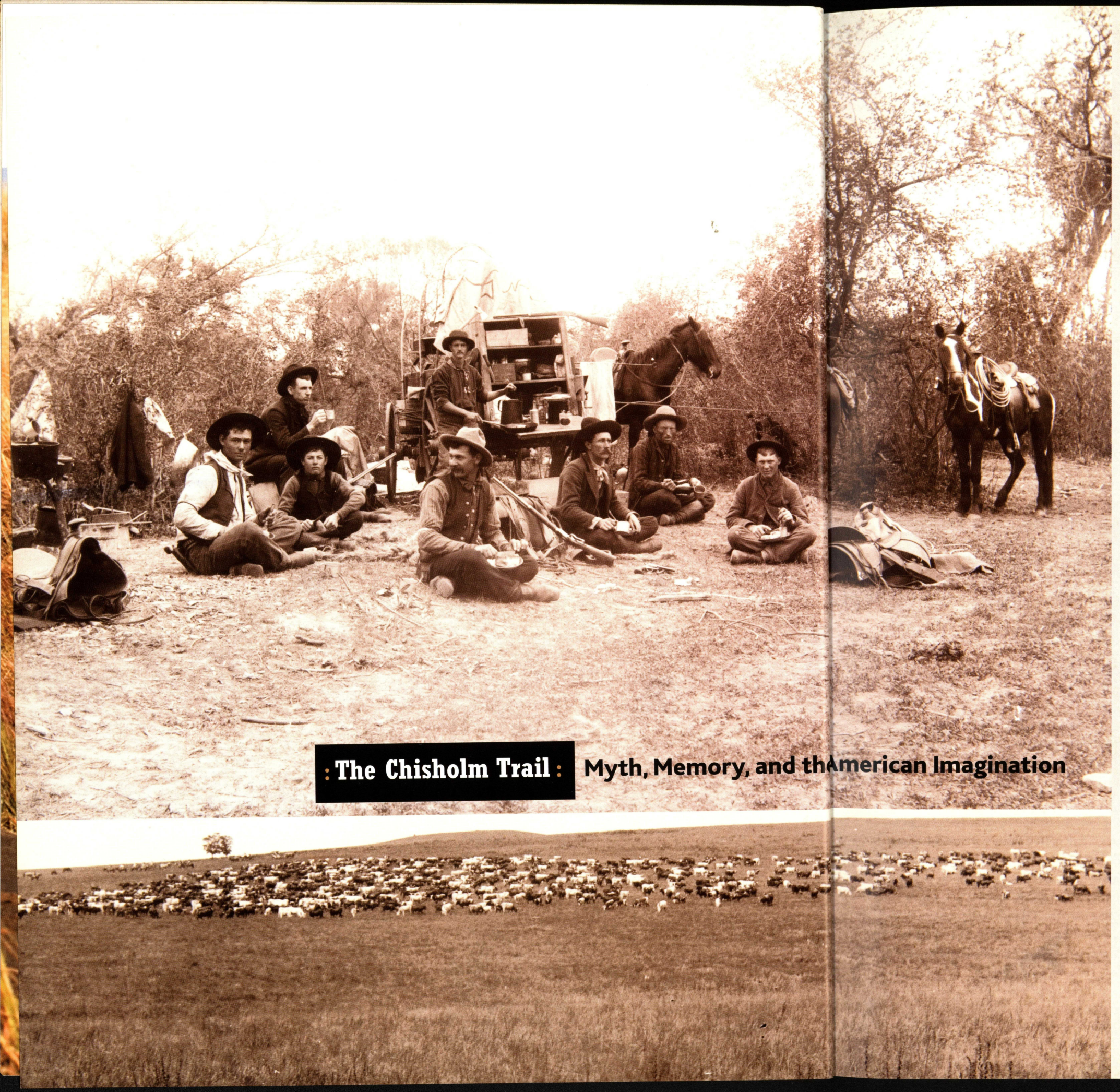
CONNIE CRONLEY

94 **AT SEVENTY: A SHAPE THAT MAKES SENSE**

FRAN RINGOLD

96 **WHERE I LIVE**

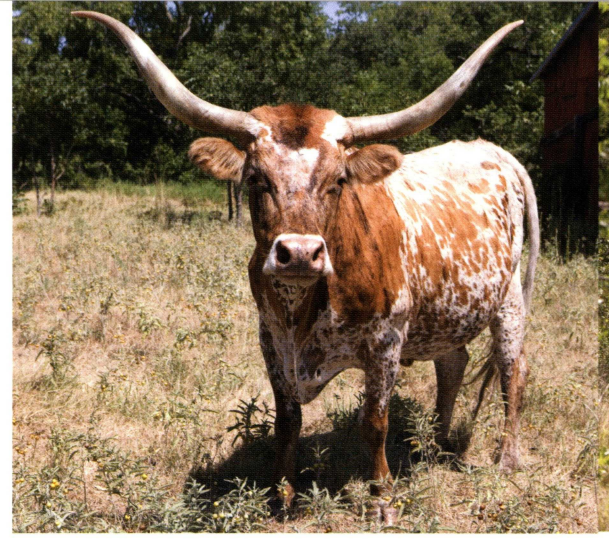
IVY DEMPSEY

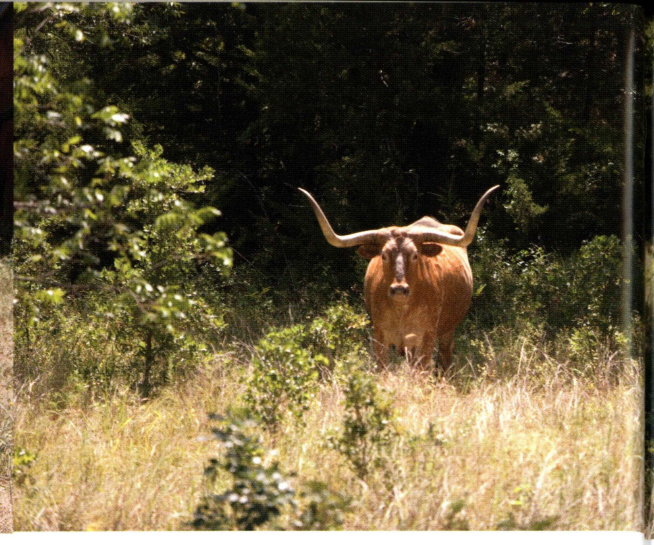


The Chisholm Trail : Myth, Memory, and the American Imagination

BY RANDY RAMER

FEW EPISODES from American history conjure such vivid images as the great American cattle drive. Dusty cowpunchers, swollen rivers, lightning and longhorn stampedes—all remain emblazoned in the American consciousness. Though its story ended before historian Frederick Jackson Turner announced the closing of the frontier and the "first period of American history," the Chisholm Trail was part of the grandest of all western enterprises. In a region that had witnessed a seemingly endless stream of booms and busts, migrations and annihilations—scores of people, places and events that remain central to an understanding of our past—the Chisholm Trail remains at the forefront of western memory. It is more than a place or a mere line on the map. It represents more than a moment in time captured in the yellowing pages of the historical record. The Chisholm Trail is a fundamental part of the cultural landscape. It can be seen as a metaphor of the American experience and presents us with a unique way of thinking about the American self.

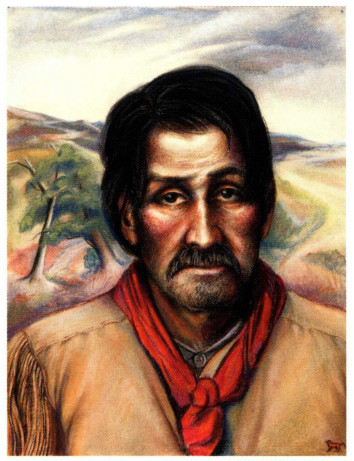








Between 1867 and 1884, Oklahoma Territory witnessed one of the largest collective migrations of animals in the history of the world.



Jesse Chisholm. LONE WOLF. Pastel on board. Gilcrease 1337.1139.

Previous page, top: Photograph, WILLIAM S. PRETTYMAN. Gilcrease 4326.3535; bottom: Photograph, WILLIAM S. PRETTYMAN. Gilcrease 4326.3539.

Top and facing: Texas longhorns. Photographs by Shane Culpepper.

Facing, upper right: *Trail Boss*. WILLIAM RODERICK JAMES. Pencil on board. Gilcrease 1337.1126.

The classic period of the American cattle drives is unique in the history of the world. It was a time of bullwhackers and brushpoppers, of cow towns and trail fever. The images are familiar to us, resonating somewhere just beneath the surface in the memories of a common past. Between 1867 and 1884, Oklahoma Territory witnessed one of the largest collective migrations of animals in the history of the world. Over two million cattle gathered from throughout Texas were herded to the raw clay banks of the Red River between Spanish Fort and Red River Station. On the far side of the river lay 700 miles of "rump boomin" trail. For many it was the beginning of an adventure. Their trials and triumphs would become enduring moments in the formation of an American identity.

Frantz and Choate's 1955 *The American Cowboy* speaks to the trail's significance to American culture: "In the story of the American frontiers, the cattle trail provides the fragments of poetry along the narrative way. And particularly the Chisholm Trail, which strung across a thousand miles of prairie…exists as a myth in the American imagination. And though few people might know its location, and not many more have an understanding of the problems facing the early trail driver on his way through a wilderness…it is a safe assertion that the Texas cowboy would never have become an American folk hero if it had not been for the Chisholm and Western trails."

A number of factors contributed to making the Chisholm the greatest of all cattle trails. It was named after Jesse Chisholm, the Scots-Cherokee trader who had established a lucrative route between tribes along the western reaches of the Indian Territory. After Chisholm's death in 1868, the trail would have faded into obscurity were it not for the convergence of money, men, and an idea. At the close of the Civil War, the demand was for beef, yet domestic feeder herds were at an all-time low. The nation's appetite had changed over the preceding decades, gradually turning away from pork, a staple since colonial times. Sheer numbers of domestic cattle throughout the United States had dwindled, yet the Texas herds had remained largely untouched. Hundreds of thousands of feral longhorns grazed in the thickets and brush of the Texas hill country. While longhorn beef was not as highly sought after as that from domestic herds, it could be purchased at rock bottom prices in the cattle-poor Texas of the day. In eastern markets, the same herds could be sold at considerable profit. There was money to be made. There were men willing to work to make the money. An idea was born.





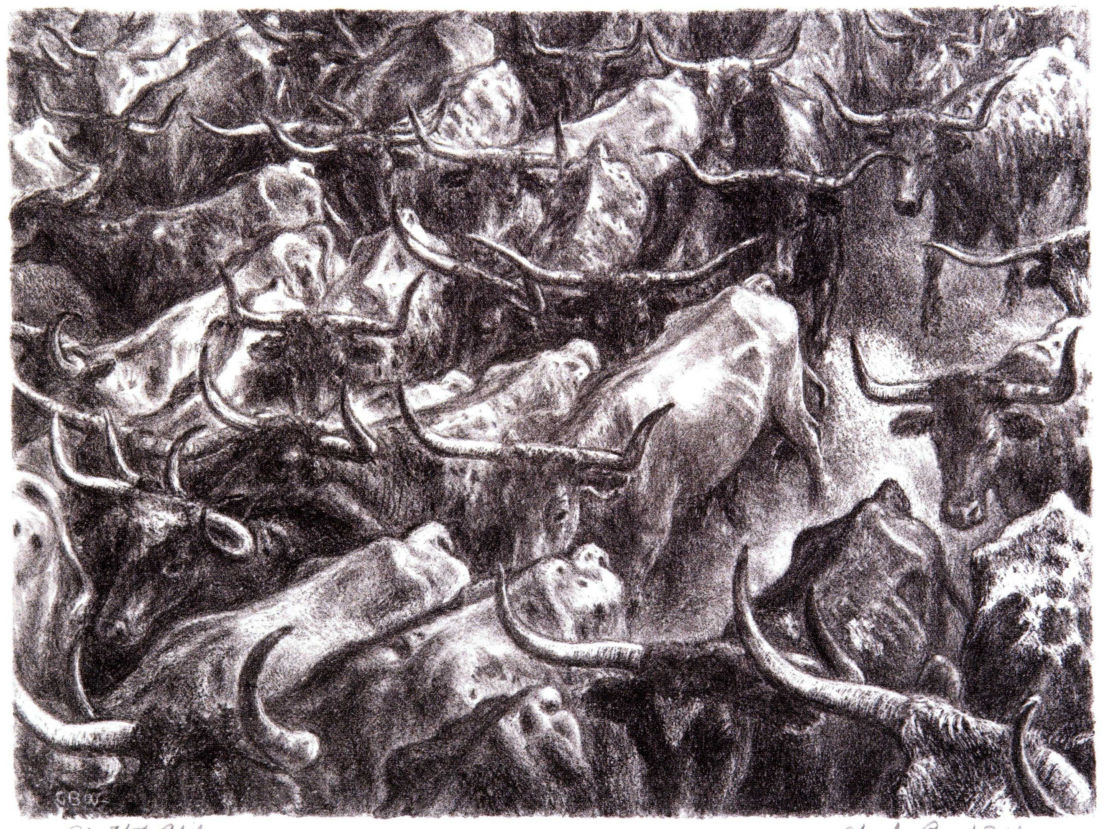
Many in the cattle industry saw opportunity in the vast herds of Texas longhorns. Disease, however, was a primary obstacle. Outbreaks of splenetic fever were greatly feared among cattle growers in the East. "Texas fever," as it was widely called, was common throughout the nineteenth century. The tick-borne disease had been the cause of regional quarantines as early as the 1700s and had wielded a devastating blow to domestic herds. Years before the Chisholm and Western trails were conceived, droves of longhorns were being led to markets in Louisiana, Missouri, and other points east. While neither stockmen nor scientists knew how the disease was transmitted, the fever was ultimately linked to the Texas cattle that were being herded in increasing numbers through domestic grazing lands. Longhorns were immune to the disease but its effect on local cattle was catastrophic. As fever epidemics broke out, many Texas herds were turned away at gunpoint by vigilante committees, groups of angry stockmen protecting their interests. Quarantine laws were established in many regions, severely regulating and often banning altogether Texas cattle.

For years, the fear of fever outbreaks hindered the Texas cattle business as a going concern. The notion of bringing longhorns into eastern markets remained only an idea to most business thinkers until a creative young livestock trader from Illinois put his ideas into action. In 1867, twenty-nine-year-old Joseph G. McCoy developed a plan that would address the issue of Texas fever and gain access to eastern markets. For years, he had listened to stories about the vast herds of longhorns and of the difficulties Texas cowmen had with local

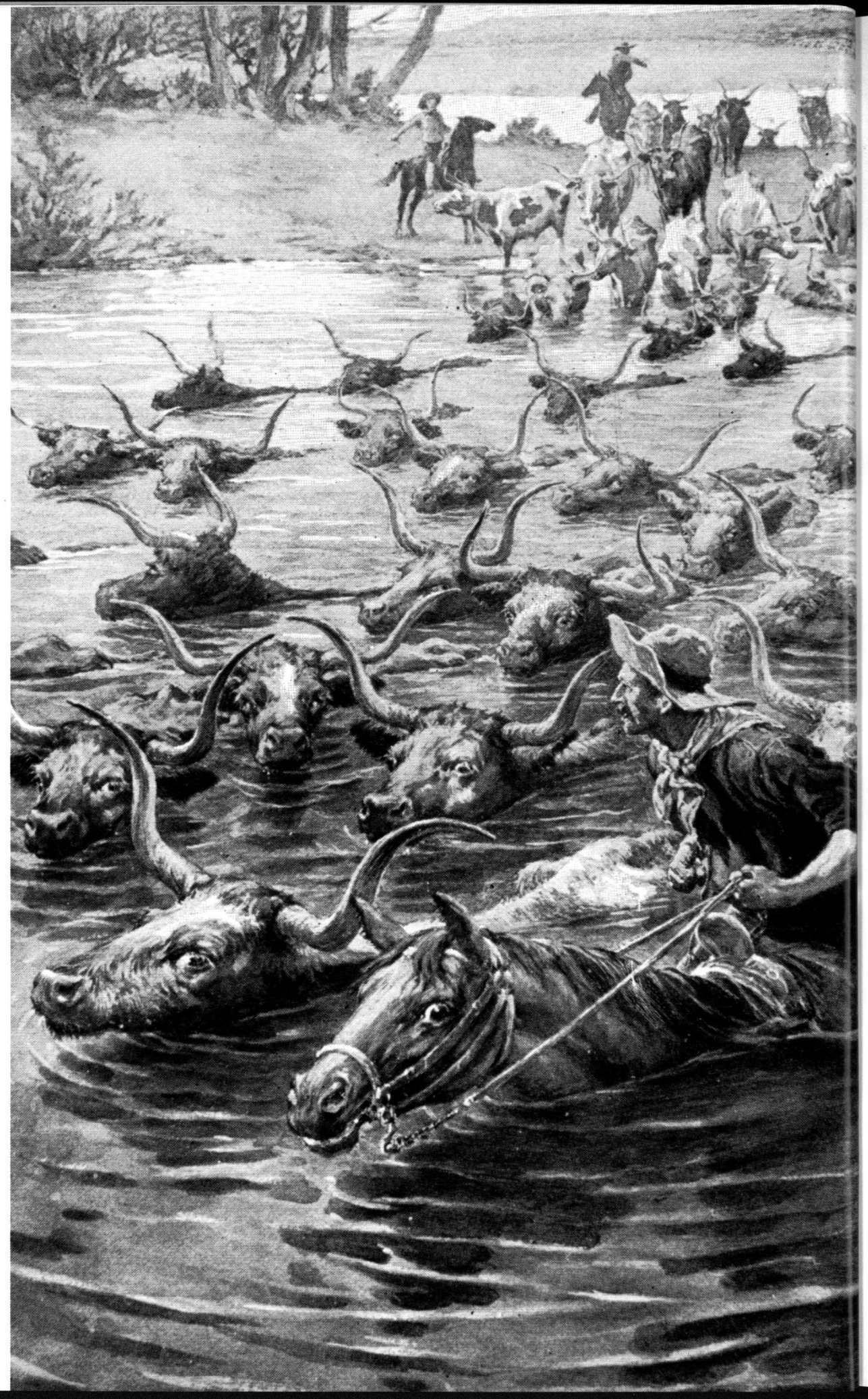
farmers and Texas fever concerns. McCoy was convinced that even lean Texas beef would be welcomed in the butcher shops and on the dinner tables of consumers. If Texas cattle were banned from the markets and railroads to the east, he would establish a market where no quarantine laws existed.

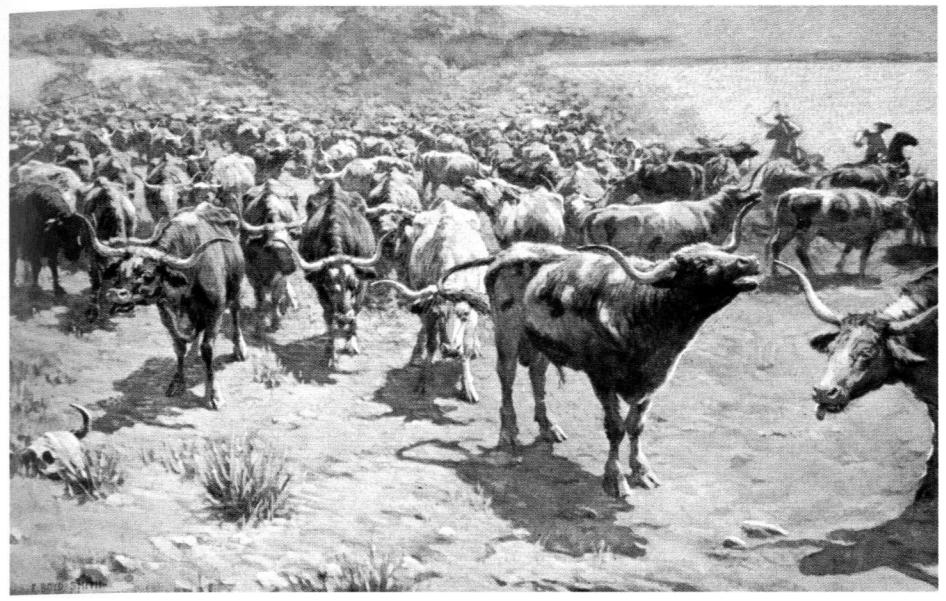
McCoy's plan eventually centered on Abilene, Kansas, a town that was barely a stop on the Union Pacific line. Abilene consisted of only a few buildings but its location was perfect for what McCoy envisioned. It was far enough away from any serious enforcement of fever laws and, above all, it was connected by rail to the meat packers in the East. The young entrepreneur wasted no time. Convinced by his enthusiasm, the Union Pacific railroad agreed to put in a siding along the stockyard he was proposing to construct. Even before the work in Abilene began, McCoy sent word into Texas advertising the new facilities. Ever confident in the eventual success of his venture, he built the stockyards and outbuildings and launched immediately into plans for a hotel and a bank. By the fall, McCoy and his ambitious cow town welcomed the first herds of Texas cattle, which would arrive by the thousands before the year's end. Early among these were some 2,400 longhorns that had made the first direct drive from Texas through Oklahoma Territory by what came to be known as the Chisholm Trail.

The notion of bringing longhorns into eastern markets remained only an idea to most business thinkers until a creative young livestock trader from Illinois put his ideas into action.



North to Abilene. CHARLES BANKS WILSON. Lithograph on wove paper. Gilcrease 1427.804.





Facing: *Swimming the Platte* from the book *The Log of a Cowboy* by Andy Adams, illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. 1903. Gilcrease 04.106.

Above: *Heat and Thirst* from the book *The Log of a Cowboy* by Andy Adams, illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. 1903. Gilcrease 04.106.

As word continued to spread, Texas drovers eagerly anticipated the coming year. Thousands and thousands of longhorns were being rounded up from beyond San Antonio and points all along the Brazos. McCoy's venture had almost single-handedly reinvigorated the failing Texas cattle business. The era of the great cattle drives had begun.

Over the next several years, the industry continued to expand, perhaps even beyond McCoy's own imaginings. By 1871, over a million head had made the drive from Texas along the Chisholm Trail to the Kansas stockyards. While competition with the neighboring cow towns of Ellsworth and Wichita percolated beneath the surface, Abilene remained king. Throughout Texas, the demand intensified for capable hands.

As most cowpunchers were barely into their twenties, the term "cowboy" was grounded in reality. For them the Chisholm Trail was not only a pathway between Texas roundups and Kansas railheads but an avenue of unequaled adventure. Days and weeks on the dusty trail through Oklahoma Territory was a fundamental rite of passage for a generation of Texas youth, an experience that was recalled with pride and emotion years after the last drive had ended. Cowboys had a sense that they were part of something grand. When they celebrated in saloons and bawdyhouses at the trail's end in Abilene, they felt they had been part of something greater than themselves. Cowboys, cow towns, and trail drives became part of the popular lexicon in the East as well. The Chisholm Trail and Abilene emerged center stage in the American imagination. They became elemental forces in the nation's changing notions of the American frontier.

The Chisholm Trail would see the last herds from Texas by the middle of the next decade. Abilene eventually bowed to the ascendancy of Wichita and other towns. Increased access to railroads and the fencing of the West ultimately brought an end to the great migration of Texas beeves, but the trail's place in American—and Oklahoman—mythology was firmly set, and for well over a century cowboys and cattle trails have remained fixed in the popular imagination. Their dusty images are deeply embedded in American attitudes and ideas. Books, magazines, music, motion pictures, and television have all shaped these attitudes and perceptions. The cowboy of American popular culture achieved and maintains a place on the world stage. He has become the enduring symbol of "Americaness," forever an object of praise, derision, and sometimes both, just as the genuine cowboy was in his own day. Emerson Hough's 1897 classic *The Story of the Cowboy* speaks eloquently in the cowpoke's defense:



The Stampede. Frederic Remington. oil on canvas. Gilcrease. 0127.2329.

Cattle Stampede on the Chisholm Trail. ROBERT OTTAKER LINDNEUX. Oil. Gilcrease 0137.1971.

Facing:
Cowboy. NICK EGGENHOFER. Wash on paper. Gilcrease 0217.1429.



The cowboy was simply a part of the West. He who did not understand the one could never understand the other. Never was any character more misunderstood than he; and so thorough was his misrepresentation that part of the public even today will have no other way of looking at him. They see the wide hat and not the honest face beneath it. They remember the momentary freaks of the man but forget his lifetime of hard work and patient faithfulness. They insist upon the distorted mask and ask not for the soul beneath it. If we care truly to see the cowboy as he was and seek to give our wish the dignity of a real purpose, the first intention should be to study the cowboy in connection with his surroundings. Then perhaps we will not fail our purpose but come near to seeing him as he actually was, the product of primitive, chaotic, elemental forces, rough, barbarous, and strong. Then we shall love him; because at heart each of us is a barbarian too, and longing for that past the ictus of whose heredity we can never eliminate from out our blood. Then we shall feel him appeal to something hid deep down in our common nature. And this is the way in which we should look at the cowboy of the passing West; not as a curiosity, but as a product; not as an eccentric driver of horned cattle, but as a man suited to his times.





: MUSIC : Made in Oklahoma

BY GUY LOGSDON

Music vibrated long ago in the air of Oklahoma—birdsong, wind across the grasses, cicadas, running water. Humans would in time add another layer of sound with the chanting, drumbeats, and songs of native populations. Thirty-nine designated American Indian nations and tribes continue distinctive musical traditions in the state today. Added to their voices are those of generations of later arrivals handing down their love songs, fiddle music, cowboy songs, outlaw ballads, children's songs, protest songs, union songs, and songs from a wide variety of ethnic and occupational genres. Oklahoma music embraces all of these, for if the United States was the "melting pot of the world," then Oklahoma was the melting pot of the United States, and its musical heritage is one of the richest in the nation.

Many believe that the land runs which began in 1889 brought diversity to Oklahoma, but diversity had been a hallmark of the area before that time. Europeans and Mexicans had come to Indian Territory after the Civil War to take part in the mining of important resources, especially coal. Today's ethnic festivals, from the Czech celebration in Prague to Tulsa's Scottish games, mark these early origins by the sharing of music, dance, costumes, and other traditions. The 1890 population figures for the Five Civilized Tribes lands, not including Oklahoma Territory or other areas now a portion of Oklahoma, reflect the diversity; there were 50,055 American Indians, 18,636 African Americans, and 109,393 "whites," none of whom were land run claimants.

Al Clauser and the Oklahoma Outlaws broadcasting over KTUL, Tulsa, for Page Milk Company, with the young Clara Anne Fowler, Claremore, singing as the second and permanent Patti Page.

The first documented song in the English language to come from Indian Territory was not American Indian or European immigrant in origin; it is the African American spiritual "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Mabel Hovdahl Alexander cites the work done by Jesse Irvin for the WPA Writers Project in the 1930s to preserve knowledge of early black music in Oklahoma:

> 'Swing Low Sweet Chariot' was sung long before the Civil War by Wallace Willis, better known as 'Uncle Wallace' and his wife, 'Aunt Minerva.' The two slaves were brought to an area near Doaksville in the southern part of the Choctaw Nation by Brit Willis, a prominent Choctaw who had owned a plantation along the banks of the Mississippi River. One sultry afternoon during the 1840s, Wallace looked ahead to where the Red River lay shimmering in the distance. As he gazed past the cotton field to the waters beyond, he was reminded of old friends and days gone by. Engulfed by homesickness, he broke into a song that expressed the longings of his soul:
>
> 'Swing low, sweet chariot,
> Comin' fo' to carry me home. . .
>
> His wife leaned on her hoe and joined in his crooning as she too looked far away. Together they sang:
>
> 'I look over Jordan, an' what do I see,
> Comin' fo' to carry me home. . .'

In the 1850s Uncle Wallace and Aunt Minerva Willis were loaned by Willis to work at Spencer Academy, a school established by the Choctaw Nation for the education of Choctaw boys. Reverend Alexander Reid, superintendent of the school at the time, treated the slave servants as part of the academy's extended family and was aware of their gift for oral composition.

Reid left Spencer Academy and Indian Territory toward the start of the Civil War. In 1872 he attended a concert in New Jersey given by the Jubilee Singers, a traveling group that raised money for Fisk University, the South's first black institute of higher learning, in Nashville. After the concert, he asked the singers if they would like to learn spirituals from Indian Territory. The next night he met with them and taught them songs he had learned from Uncle Wallace and Aunt Minerva. The first was "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," soon to become a gospel song sung around the world, followed by "Steal Away to Jesus," another song whose oral composition was credited to Uncle Wallace and Aunt Minerva. This African American couple was emancipated and became Choctaw freedmen; they are buried in an African American graveyard near Doaksville.

Another Oklahoma composer of gospel music, Albert Edward Brumley, contributed numerous songs to America's musical heritage. Brumley was born the son of sharecropper farmers near Spiro, Choctaw Nation, in 1905 and grew up in the shape note singing school tradition. In 1932, while chopping cotton, he wrote "I'll Fly Away," which became one of America's most widely sung and recorded gospel songs. He wrote hundreds of others, such as "Turn Your Radio On," becoming known as the "dean of gospel songwriters."

The first documented song in the English language to come from Indian Territory was . . . the African American spiritual "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."



OKLAHOMA'S BEST KNOWN MUSICIAN, one known throughout the world, was not a writer of spirituals, but a creative genius in the folk tradition who came from the informal family musical tradition. Woody (Woodrow Wilson) Guthrie came into the world on July 14, 1912, in Okemah, the third of five children born to Charlie and Nora Guthrie. Charlie had moved to the Creek Nation from Texas as a young cowboy; Nora had come from Kansas. Woody grew up in a diversified cultural setting learning songs and traditions from both parents. Unfortunately, he also grew up in a setting of tragedy and sadness, for his mother was a victim of Huntington's chorea, at the time thought to be a form of insanity. By the age of fourteen, Woody was on his own. His mother was in Central State Hospital in Norman, his sister Clara had died in a fire, and his father had been sent to Pampa, Texas, to recover in the care of relatives from severe burns sustained in another fire.

Woody stayed with various families and made money picking up scrap iron in alleys, selling newspapers, shining shoes, doing anything he could to gather a few pennies. A young African American taught him to play the harmonica; he earned a small amount of money now and then by playing his harmonica and dancing while sharing his humor on the streets of Okemah.

"This land is my land / from California to the New York island / From the redwood forest to the Gulf stream waters/ this land was made for you and me. / As I was walkin' that ribbon of a highway / I saw above me that endless skyway / I saw below me that golden valley / This land was made for you and me. . . "
Woody Guthrie's folk lyrics have been imprinted on the collective cultural memory of Americans.

Numerous books, articles and songs chronicle Woody Guthrie's life. His creativity inspired a huge following of devoted fans, among them Robert Zimmerman, the young Minnesota folk singer who would later be known as Bob Dylan. Guthrie's productivity was astounding: He wrote some 3,000 songs and poems, two autobiographical novels, many essays, hundreds of letters; he painted and drew over 500 illustrations; and he recorded hundreds of songs—his own as well as traditional folk songs.

He accomplished this massive contribution to our culture in an approximate seventeen years—between 1935 and 1952, the year he was first hospitalized with his mother's illness, Huntington's. After many hospitalizations over a fifteen-year struggle, Woody died on October 3, 1967. His songs "This Land Is Your Land," "Oklahoma Hills," "Deportees," "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You," children's songs, union songs, cowboy songs, and hundreds of other songs guarantee Oklahoma's Woody Guthrie a permanent place in history, and he brought the genetic Huntington's disease out of the closet.



. . . the station officially went on the air as KFRU (Kind Friends Remember Us) and enjoyed almost immediate success with live broadcasts from the Roland Hotel by Jimmie Wilson and His Catfish String Band (Sapulpa) and Otto Grey & His Oklahoma Cowboys.

The group Jimmie Wilson and his Catfish String Band was employed to broadcast live music from the Roland Hotel in Bristow, Oklahoma, for the new radio station KFRU. Radio made musical careers in the 1920s and 1930s in the way that television and audio recordings would do in later decades.

IN THE EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY, phonograph recordings and radio became major influences in musical heritage and traditions around the world, including in Oklahoma. The popularity of small local radio stations expanded nationally in the early 1920s, and in Oklahoma City a station broadcasting from a garage became the first to traverse the Oklahoma airwaves—it later became known as WKY.

During the early radio years, one of the most powerful and popular regional stations broadcast from Bristow. Oilman E. H. Rollestone, an early believer in radio's future, established a station in 1924 and began making test broadcasts. In January 1925, the station officially went on the air as KFRU (Kind Friends Remember Us) and enjoyed almost immediate success with live broadcasts from the Roland Hotel by Jimmie Wilson and His Catfish String Band (Sapulpa) and Otto Grey & His Oklahoma Cowboys. KFRU soon became popular far beyond Oklahoma. It was a source of broadcast country/western music many months before the show that became Grand Ole Opry, WSM in Nashville, went on the air.

Rollestone decided to let any community in the state have a day to promote their town on air. In 1926 the call letters were changed to KVOO, The Voice of Oklahoma, with W. G. Skelly investing in the station. Rollestone later sold full ownership to Skelly, and in



An advertising flier for Otto Gray and His Oklahoma Cowboys ("Radio — Stage — Screen Attraction, The Original Oklahoma Cowboy Band Organized in 1924, Traveling in a Caravan of Special Custom Built Cars and Trailers, Permanent Address Stillwater, Okla. or Care of the Billboard Cinnati, O., Affiliated with N.B.C. Artist's Bureau, N. Y. C").

September 1928 KVOO moved to Tulsa. By the early 1940s it was 50,000 watts strong. It continued as a major music broadcasting station until it was sold in the 1990s.

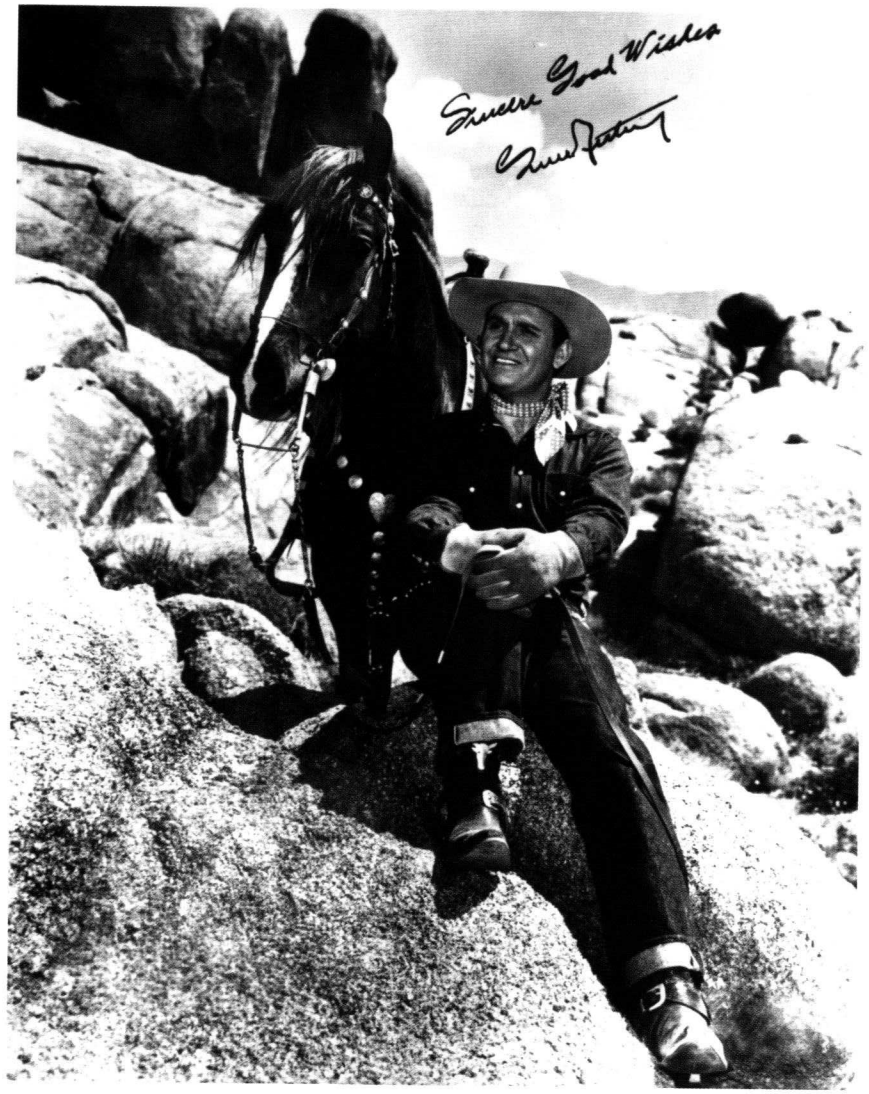
Jimmie Wilson was a humorist and a Rotarian in Sapulpa, and in 1920 he and others in the organization decided to organize a band to entertain and raise money for charitable purposes. Through their shows KFRU became the first radio station to use sound effects and the first to use the air waves to raise money for charity. In 1929 a mining disaster killed some sixty miners near McAlester, and Wilson and his group went on KVOO for twelve hours with their music and humor and raised $40,000 for the widows and children of the miners. They recorded a few songs before disbanding in the 1930s.

Otto Gray and His Oklahoma Cowboys was the first musical group to broadcast over KFRU and as a result became the most popular country/western theater act in the nation during the late 1920s and early 1930s. Otto's group toured the Loew's, RKO, and Fox circuits nationwide, and NBC fed their radio shows to 150 stations across the country. Gray's group was the first country/western group to tour in large decorated Cadillacs and was a major influence on the costumes of country musicians who mimicked their western clothing. Otto Gray was the first country/western artist to be featured on the cover of *Billboard Magazine*. The group recorded for four different labels and in 1929 was featured in an early sound movie short. The group disbanded in 1935.

Western music was growing in popularity when KVOO became a Tulsa station, and Gene Autry started his singing career as an occasional performer over KVOO. He was born in Texas and grew up in Ravia in southern Oklahoma before becoming a relief telegrapher for the Frisco Railroad stationed in Chelsea. Will Rogers heard him there singing and encouraged him to make a career in music. In late 1928 and 1929 he performed as

often as he could, occasionally singing with Jimmie Wilson and His Cat Fish String Band, before becoming an artist for WLS, Chicago, where he was billed as "Oklahoma's Yodeling Cowboy." He went to Hollywood in 1934 to be in a movie with Ken Maynard; the rest of Gene's story is a part of recording/radio/movie/television history.

The Sons of the Pioneers is a famous western musical group usually not associated with Oklahoma, but Tim Spencer, one of its founding members and a great songwriter, grew up in Pitcher. He, Bob Nolan, and Leonard Slye (Roy Rogers) in 1934 were the original Pioneer Trio. Tim Spencer came from a large family, and his father was a fiddle player and part-time musician. Tim learned to sing at church and at home. He worked as a miner after finishing high school, but a mining accident ended that work. He turned to playing music in northeastern Oklahoma until western movies took him to Hollywood, where he and his friends later became known as the Sons of the Pioneers. He became a songwriter penning such songs as "The Everlasting Hills of Oklahoma." Other Oklahomans later worked with the Sons of the Pioneers, including Ken Carson, born near Coalgate, and Shug Fisher, a native of Chickasha.



Gene Autry was the first of the singing cowboys. He made more than forty-four films before 1940, B westerns in which he played under his own name, rode his own horse Champion, and had many opportunities to sing. He became the top western star at the box office by 1937, reaching his national peak of popularity from 1940 to 1942. When Autry left the spotlight to serve as a flier with the Air Transport command during World War II he was succeeded as the top star by Roy Rogers.



Johnnie Lee Wills and his group at Cain's Ballroom in Tulsa, Oklahoma. In 1942 Bob Wills and his Playboys became musical actors in Hollywood western movies. Wills' brother, Johnnie Lee, stepped in to broadcast from KVOO and entertain Bob's following at Cain's. He "held down the musical fort" until January 1958 when his group went off the air. Bob became a legend thanks to Johnnie Lee.

Western swing, dance music played mostly with stringed instruments, is another musical genre that grew to maturity in Oklahoma. House dances had been held at farms and ranches long before big dance bands became popular, but dance music and dance styles changed as recording and radio came of age and the big band swing sounds began to influence fiddlers and other string musicians. Bob Wills was the legendary figure in western swing music. As with many families in the Southwest and West, the Wills family had a tradition of playing fiddle music supported by rhythm instruments for house dances; Bob continued in his father's fiddling steps, and in 1929 in Fort Worth he and Herman Arnspiger became a house dance duo. Singer Milton Brown joined them, and they became the original Light Crust Doughboys, a group not allowed by their sponsor's manager to play dances.

In September 1933 Bob left the organization and moved to Waco, where he and his band could play dances, but Texans allowed Bob Wills and the group that became known as the Texas Playboys to be forced out of the state. On February 9, 1934 the Playboys made a broadcast over KVOO Radio and were an immediate hit. The group was soon playing both 6:30 A.M. and noonday radio shows, plus nighttime dances, six days a week, and they made Cain's Ballroom a legend among western swing fans around the world.





The term "western swing" was not yet a familiar one but within a few years, as groups in the Southwest and West began to play the same style of dance music as the Playboys, the term slowly came into use. By the summer of 1942 Bob Wills and the Playboys had become musical actors in B-grade Hollywood western movies. Wills asked his brother Johnnie Lee Wills and his group, Johnnie Lee Wills and All His Boys, to take over the KVOO shows and other events that had been associated with Bob. Johnnie Lee made Tulsa his home for fifty years. There are still folks who say they grew up listening to Bob Wills on KVOO when it was actually Johnnie Lee they were listening to. Johnnie Lee kept the Wills music alive until January 1958 when his group went off the air; Bob became a legend in part thanks to KVOO and Johnnie Lee.

Other western swing bands came to Tulsa and Oklahoma. The Alabama Boys was organized in 1935 by a former Playboy who thought he could put Bob Wills out of business. He brought many excellent musicians to Tulsa, most of whom were Oklahomans. The leadership changed a few times, and even with a popular radio show and a few recordings, the group disbanded in 1942. Many musicians such as legendary guitarist Eldon Shamblin became Texas Playboys or members of Johnnie Lee's band.

Shamblin became one of the all-time influential guitarists, for he created the contemporary rhythm guitar sounds. He came from a musical family and grew up in Weatherford; he played and sang in Oklahoma City to survive the Depression years, then moved to Tulsa in 1935. Bob Wills talked him into becoming a Playboy in late 1937, and the Playboy music developed a stronger rhythm beat.

ANOTHER DANCE GROUP THAT CAME TO TULSA IN 1942 was Al Clauser and the Oklahoma Outlaws. Al Clauser started his musical career in Illinois while in high school, and his school trio grew larger with musicians who played two or more instruments and could carry a jazz sound. He chose the name "Oklahoma Outlaws" for its western flavor. The group had had successful recordings and had performed in a Gene Autry movie before making its World War II move to Tulsa to play music and work in defense plants. The group had a daily show sponsored by the Page Milk Company on station KTUL. It disbanded in the early 1950s; Al Clauser remained in Tulsa and ran a small recording company.

Oklahoma City was also the home of a major western swing band, Merl Lindsay and His Oklahoma Night-Riders. Merl Lindsay Salathiel was born into an Oklahoma City musical family that owned a dance hall called Salathiel's Barn. In the late 1930s he formed his own band, Merl Salathiel and the Barnyard Boys; in 1941 the group moved to California where it became known as Merl Lindsay and His Oklahoma Night-Riders. In 1947, back in Oklahoma City, Clauser started a noonday broadcast over WKY. He also had a television show before opening his own ballroom. In 1957 Red Foley hired his group and it became the Ozark Jubilee Band.

Leon McAuliffe joined the Playboys after the group moved to Tulsa. In 1936, while recording "Steel Guitar Rag," Bob Wills turned to him and said, "Take it away, Leon"—a phrase that entered the folk lexicon and gave McAuliffe popular recognition. He was a

Facing, top: Merl Lindsay and His Oklahoma Night-Riders. The promotional photograph was printed with the legend "Sponsored by the Quality Oil Co., distributors of Bell Gasoline and Bellube Motor Oil. Monday thru Saturday at 12:30 P.M. Radio Stations WKY Oklah. City (930 kc) and KFMJ Tulsa (1050 kc.)."
Bottom: Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys in Tulsa, 1938.

Playboy until he entered the military during World War II. He returned to Tulsa and worked with Johnnie Lee Wills for a short time before organizing his own band; the Cimarron Ballroom became its home base, and the group became Leon McAuliffe and His Cimarron Boys. They soon had popular recordings and a radio show, and their Saturday night dance became a televised show. As with many dance halls and dance bands, the group's popularity started falling as television became more entertaining and rock music became popular with younger folks.

HANK THOMPSON was another Texan who came to Oklahoma as a western swing star. He and his Brazos Valley Boys were gaining recognition and success during the late 1940s and early 1950s in the Dallas region, but Hank decided to make Oklahoma City his base of operations and soon had a very popular radio show there. After his manager, Jim Halsey, moved to Tulsa, Hank followed. Hank is associated with many "firsts," among them first country/western artist to record a live performance; his career spans seven generations of western entertainment around the world.

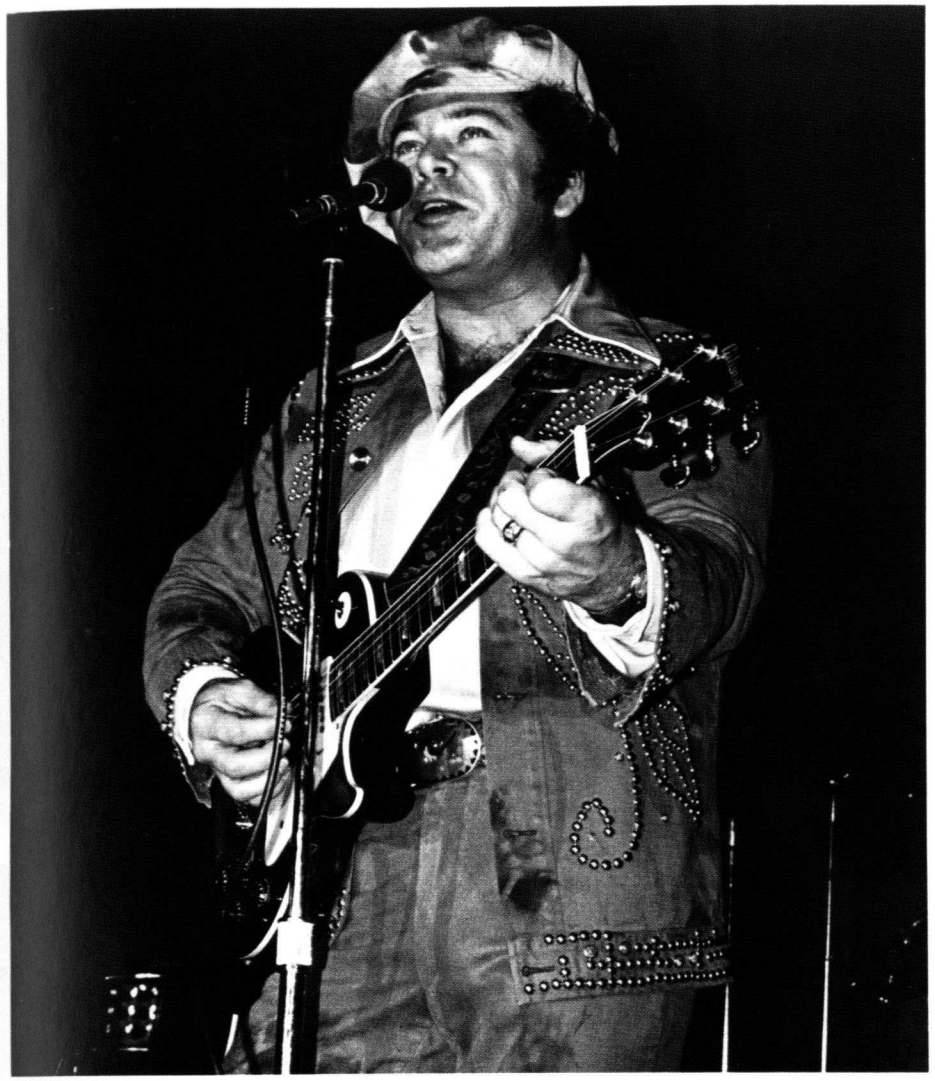
Jim Halsey, a Kansan, made Tulsa his home in the early 1970s. He is not a performing musician but made the careers of many musicians. He became Hank Thompson's manager and booking agent in 1949 and from there developed the largest country/western managing/booking agency in the world—operating out of Tulsa, not Nashville. Hank Thompson, Roy Clark, The Oak Ridge Boys, and many, many more owe their successful entertainment careers to Jim Halsey. He sold his agency in the 1990s and for a few years taught classes about the business of entertainment at Oklahoma City University. With a current residence near Mounds, Jim serves on many boards of directors around the nation and continues to bring attention and respect to Oklahoma.

It is impossible to write about each and every musician who has contributed to the state's—and the nation's—country/western musical heritage. There are hundreds—Tommy Allsup, a legendary guitarist, band leader, recording director; Roger Miller, singer, songwriter; Garth Brooks, country music star; Vince Gill, country music star; Jimmy Wakely, western movie, radio, and recording star; Tom Paxton, folk singer and song writer; Byron Berline, champion bluegrass and swing fiddler and recording artist; Wanda Jackson, country/rockabilly star; Reba McEntire, country music star; and many, many more.



It is impossible to write about each and every musician who has contributed to the state's—and the nation's—country/western musical heritage. There are hundreds . . .

THE MUSICAL INFLUENCE OF WHAT WAS ONCE INDIAN TERRITORY goes far beyond gospel and country and western. Homegrown but world-famous ballerinas include Maria Tallchief, Osage; Yvonne Chouteau, Cherokee/Shawnee; Rosella Hightower, Choctaw; Moscelyne Larkin, Shawnee/Peoria and Russian; Marjorie Tallchief, Osage; and other ballet performers. The Tulsa Ballet Theatre, organized in the 1950s, has gained worldwide respect along with Ballet Oklahoma in Oklahoma City. Opera has enjoyed Oklahoma's contributions with such vocalists as Joseph Benton from Weatherford who sang opera in Europe as Guiseppe Bentonelli and ended his career as a voice teacher at the University of Oklahoma. In recent years Leona Mitchell, of African American heritage, has enjoyed a very successful career as an opera singer in New York City and across the country. Tulsa had its "Grand Opera House" in 1906, but during the Great Depression and WW II, performances were ended. In 1948 the Tulsa Opera Club brought opera back to Tulsa, which remains a national venue.



BROADWAY MUSICALS have also enjoyed the musical talents of many Oklahomans. Ridge Bond, from McAlester, played the role of Curly in over 2,600 presentations of the musical *Oklahoma!,* not only on Broadway, but also in Germany and Canada. Kristin Chenoweth, from Broken Arrow, is an award-winning Broadway performer known for her role acting, singing, and dancing in the musical *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* and many other performances. This rising star was recently lauded by critics in *The New York Times.* Oklahomans may have heard her amazing voice recently on Garrison Keillor's "Prairie Home Companion" radio show. Another Broken Arrow native, Ralph Uriah Hunsecker, became known professionally as composer/songwriter Ralph Blane. His credits include musicals such as *Meet Me in St. Louis*; he co-composed "The Trolley Song," "Meet Me in St. Louis," and "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas." Songwriter and singer Pinky Tomlin grew up in Durant and attended the University of Oklahoma; he composed "The Object of My Affection, "The Love Bug Will Bite You If You Don't Watch Out," "In Ole Oklahoma" and many more songs for Hollywood.







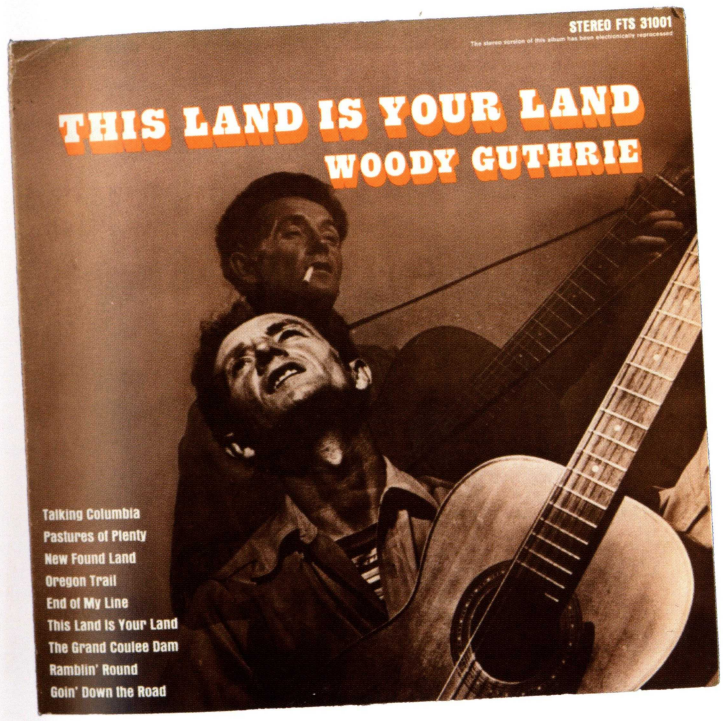


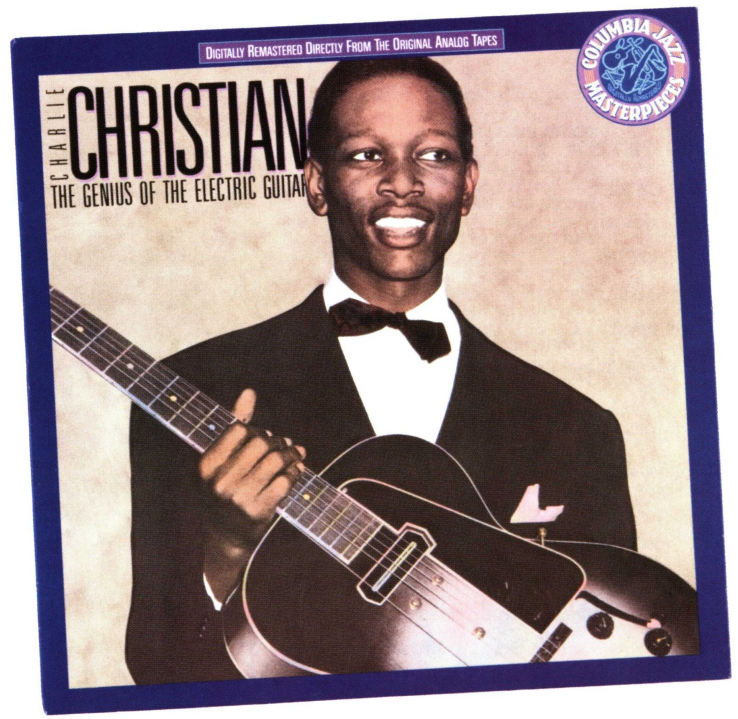
A gallery of Oklahoma musical artists. Album covers courtesy of Guy Logsdon. Photos by Shane Culpepper.



The Legendary Eldon Shamblin

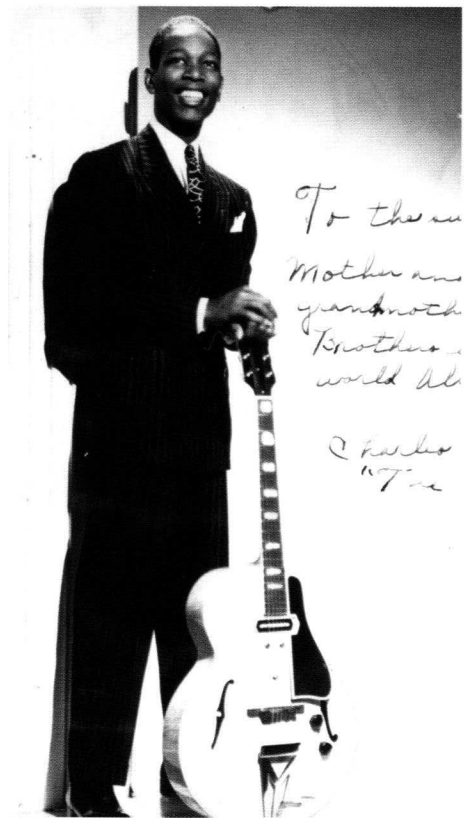






OKLAHOMA WAS THE HOME of some of the best known pop music singers. Jazz and big band singer Lee Wiley, from Fort Gibson, was known for her "little girl sound" and "great respect for lyrics;" she sang with the Paul Whiteman orchestra and other swing bands and co-wrote songs such as "Got the South in My Soul," "Anytime, Any day, Anywhere," and many others. Pop singer Patti Page was born in Claremore as Clara Anne Fowler, the daughter of a railroad worker, and as a teenager started singing in Tulsa on the Al Clauser and His Oklahoma Outlaws radio show sponsored by the Page Milk Company. Pop singer Kay Starr was born as Katherine LaVerne Starks in Dougherty; her father was a full blood Iroquois, and when she was young the family moved to Dallas where she started her singing career with her own radio show. She sang with the Glenn Miller Orchestra and many of the great swing bands; her recordings included such hits as "Rock and Roll Waltz," "Bonaparte's Retreat," "Wheel of Fortune" and many more.

ROCK MUSIC has benefitted and grown through the talents of numerous Oklahomans; the number is large and includes guitarist/songwriter singer J. J. Cale, Tulsa; Leon Russell, who grew up in Tulsa and helped create the Tulsa Sound and became a legendary keyboard rock musician/composer and recording producer; David Gates, another Tulsan, from a musical family, who became a keyboard rock musician, songwriter, producer, composer, and actor; and Jimmy Webb of Elk City, the son of a Baptist minister who grew up playing the organ in the Baptist Church and whose creativity took him into rock music songwriting, where he gained fame. The Tractors, representing Tulsa and many surrounding communities, was organized by Steve Ripley, who as a guitarist toured with legends such as Bob Dylan and produced numerous recordings at his Church Studio in Tulsa. Ripley put together musical veterans of the Tulsa Sound and others to record a distinctive blend of music. The Tractors offer Oklahoma musical sounds from both past and present with a rock accent.





Charlie Christian, left, in a photo inscribed to his family. At right, Jay McShann, Muskogee, jazz piano player and the last of the Blue Devils. Walter Page's Blue Devils, a territorial band, operated mostly out of Oklahoma and Texas. Territorial bands toured a circuit that extended south to the Mexican border, north to Canada, west to Denver and east to St. Louis.

NUMEROUS LEGENDARY JAZZ AND BLUES MUSICIANS add depth to Oklahoma's musical heritage. Charlie Christian, one of the all-time great guitarists, was born in Texas but grew up in Oklahoma City. His family each played a variety of instruments. His music teacher at Douglas High School, Zelia Breaux, encouraged and inspired many young black musicians in Oklahoma City and attempted to get Charlie interested in horn playing. The guitar was ultimately his instrument. In 1939 he joined the Benny Goodman organization and became the first guitarist to play the electric guitar as a solo instrument in the era of the large swing bands. Unfortunately he died a few years later, but his legend lives on.

Muskogee was the home of other black jazz/swing musicians such as fiddler Claude Williams; pianist Jay McShann, who said he moved to Kansas City because "liquor hunting sheriffs pushed" him out of Oklahoma; saxophonist Don Byas; and others. Legendary guitarist Barney Kessel, also from Muskogee, worked as a young white guitar player in all-black bands and was influenced by Charlie Christian.

Small and heavy Jimmy Rushing was known as "Mr. Five by Five," but his vocal size and strength made him a giant jazz/blues singer. Oklahoma City was his home, and he worked with the Blue Devils and other groups on his way to popularity. The Oklahoma Blue Devils started in Kansas City in 1923 and gained fame after moving to Oklahoma City in 1925 with Walter Page as their leader. Many well known black musicians gained experience with the Blue Devils—Jimmy Rushing, Count Basie, and others. The Blue Devils were known as a territorial band because they monopolized the bookings in their "territory." They were not a band of national reputation, but many members became the heart of other nationally recognized bands, such as the Bennie Moten Band that evolved into the Count Basie Orchestra. D. C. Minner, Rentiesville, is a successful blues singer, musician, and recording artist. Flash Terry was another blues musician born into a musical family, in Inola; he moved to Tulsa where he could play his music, recorded for various labels, and toured with a variety of bands.

OKLAHOMA pays tribute to many of its musical performers through the Oklahoma Music Hall of Fame in Muskogee and the Oklahoma Jazz Hall of Fame in Tulsa. Guthrie's Four String Banjo Museum exhibits an outstanding collection of instruments, and a new national fiddler hall of fame is currently planned for Tulsa.

Jazz and blues festivals are celebrated statewide, including the Dusk 'Til Dawn Blues Festival in Rentiesville that attracts musicians and fans from across the nation, bluegrass and banjo gatherings in Guthrie, Kolache festivals in Prague and Yukon, and the Woody Guthrie Free Folk Festival in Okemah.

And no wonder—there is much to celebrate in the state's musical heritage. From spirituals to jazz, native ceremonial music to cowboy melodies, rock and roll to folk ballads, blues tunes to church hymns, Oklahoma has sung out to the world.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

In 2007 the Oklahoma Historical Society will publish the two-volume *Encyclopedia of Oklahoma History and Culture*, and the University of Oklahoma Press will release a new edition of its *Historical Atlas of Oklahoma*. Each will include Oklahoma music and musicians.

For additional information about musicians mentioned and not mentioned, also see John Wooley, *From the Blue Devils to Red Dirt: The Colors of Oklahoma Music* (Tulsa: Hawk Publishing Group, 2006); George O. Carney and Hugh W. Foley, Jr., *Oklahoma Music Guide: Biographies, Big Hits, and Annual Events* (Stillwater: New Forums Press, 2003); and Mabel Hovdahl Alexander, *Via Oklahoma: And Still the Music Flows* (Oklahoma City: Oklahoma Heritage Association, 2004).



Apache Devil Dancers. ACEE BLUE EAGLE (1907-1959). Tempera on paper. Gilcrease 0227.456.

JASON BAIRD JACKSON

: Blue Eagle, Beaver, and McCombs:

The Place of Culture in Muscogee Painting

Acee Blue Eagle, Fred Beaver, and Solomon McCombs were descendants of Muscogee (Creek) ancestors forced west from present-day Alabama and Georgia during the 1830s. They were born and raised in eastern Oklahoma and lived out their lives there. Each is represented by significant artworks in the Gilcrease Museum collections, and each played a key role in the emergence of the dynamic, living, and ongoing American Indian fine art movement.

Art and culture intersect in the work of American Indian artists, and attention to both is an asset in the study of either. When people discuss art across cultural boundaries, they often encounter a tangle of philosophical and moral issues. The greater the gap separating the cultures involved, the more complicated things can become. I will sidestep most of those difficulties here, but will place my observations within some basic contexts so as to not do an injustice to the art and artists that I wish to consider.

Another place where Creek art and the rich experiences of life in Oklahoma intersect is depicted in Beaver's painting *The Orator* (facing page). This powerful image illustrates one of my research interests—ceremonial oratory, an important institution that continues to the present. The painting shows a phase of Creek, Seminole, and Yuchi ritual in which a nighttime dance is paused so that the town chief's spokesman or orator can speak formally to the assembled members of the town. Such scenes still characterize the ritual life of the Yuchi ceremonial grounds, places like the Polecat Ceremonial Ground (seen in the photograph below) and the Duck Creek Ceremonial Ground (pictured in the author's photograph of women performing the Ribbon Dance, page 35) where speech making, Ribbon Dances, and other traditional religious activities take place.[5]

While he did not gain formal art training at Bacone College, as did his contemporary McCombs, Beaver too was concerned with truthful representation of his Creek heritage and of accuracy in his depictions of the cultures of other Native peoples.[6] He was also troubled by the stereotypes Americans had about Native peoples. In 1970, he told the *Daily Oklahoman*:

> I wanted to change the non-Indian's image of my people, and I wanted to help my own people understand themselves, especially the young. So I sketched my own childhood and the rememberings of tales and legends told to me by my parents, and by my grandparents. In this small way I can give all races a part of the true history of the Indian and I can give my own people an authentic recording of the traditions and legends of their forefathers.[7]

Beaver pursued this documentary approach to the cultures of the Southeastern peoples in images like *The Orator*, representative of Creek, Seminole, and Yuchi life in Oklahoma, but he also pictured the distinctive variation on Seminole culture that developed in Florida among those peoples who, having separated from the Creek in colonial times by moving into Florida, later avoided the Trail of Tears and relocation to Indian Territory. This aspect of



Newman Littlebear addressing the members of the Polecat Ceremonial Ground, a Yuchi ceremonial ground, during its annual Soup Dance, July 23, 2006. Creek County, Oklahoma. Photograph by Jason Baird Jackson.

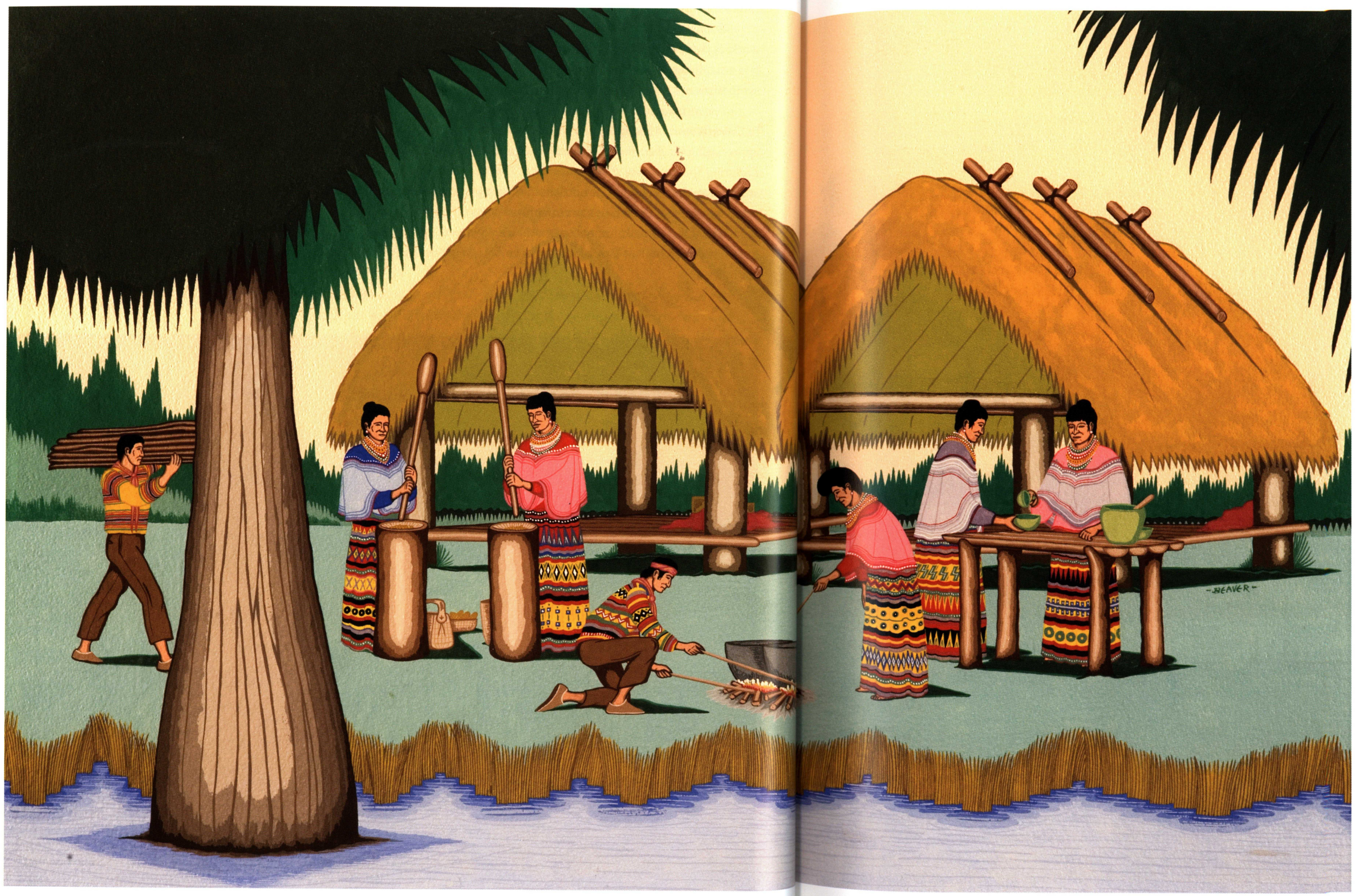
Beaver's work is represented in the many images of Florida Indian life he created during his career.

Seminole Making Sofkee (pages 38-39), derives from this Florida thread in Beaver's work. *Sofkee* is a dish made from dried, cracked corn cooked in a lye and water solution. It is a staple traditional food among Southeastern Indian people that, like its cousin grits, symbolizes the contribution of the Creek and their neighbors to Southern foodways.

For comparison, Blue Eagle treated the same subject in an Oklahoma Creek context in *Creek Women Making Sofkee* (pages 40-41). This image provides a nice means for appreciating the fine Southeastern river cane baskets exhibited in the Gilcrease Museum's *Enduring Spirits: Native American Artistic Traditions* exhibition.[8] While the boy plays on his stick horse, the women of the household use a cane sifter basket and a wooden mortar to prepare corn near the family's summer brush arbor, a shady place for family meals during the heat of Oklahoma summers before the air conditioning era. Such arbors are still a fixture in family camps built at Creek, Seminole, and Yuchi ceremonial grounds and near Christian churches.



The Orator, 1973. FRED BEAVER (1911-1980). Heard Museum, Phoenix, Arizona



Seminole Making Sofkee, 1949. FRED BEAVER (1911-1980). Tempera on paper. Gilcrease 0227.531.



Mortar and Pestle.
Gilcrease. 6115.1083 a & b





Creek basketry tray. Gilcrease. 7126.521.



Creek Women Making Sofkee. ACEE BLUE EAGLE (1907-1959). Tempera on paper. Gilcrease 0227.453.

Blue Eagle was slightly older than either Beaver or McCombs. It was he who, in many respects, established the pattern for Southeastern Indian artists in Oklahoma. Of Creek and Pawnee heritage, he created work that linked the Southeastern artists in eastern Oklahoma with the Plains painters, particularly the famous Kiowa Five of western Oklahoma. Blue Eagle established the art program at Bacone College and served as its first director, teaching many of the great figures of Oklahoma Indian painting. He also worked closely with his fellow Creek, Tulsa oilman Thomas Gilcrease, in establishing his personal collection of American Indian art, part of the Gilcrease Museum's founding collection. *Creek Women Cooking Fish* (page 43), from 1950, illustrates Blue Eagle's mature style, as well as his continuing interest in cultural documentation.

It was his cousin and teacher Blue Eagle whom McCombs cited as inspiration to paint "traditional" Creek subjects. In a 1959 artist's statement, Blue Eagle wrote:

> Not long ago, almost everything about the Indian was looked upon with contempt as crude and barbarian. The pressure was so great from government, administration and church. . . to make Indians into replicas of Euro-Americans or Whites. Despite this pressure through the centuries, the Indians with admirable tenacity have held onto their heritage and maintained their self-respect and culture alive. Art is perhaps to the Indian more related in his life and living of expressing spiritual nature and beauty than any other people. Indian art is as old as the Indian and was expressed in everything he did, wore, or used; in his ceremonies, stately dances and in his prayer. It was expressed in beauty of line and color, gesture and word. He honored the Sun and Mother Earth. He gave thanks to the Great Spirit in reverent ceremonies of music and dance, for harvest of tobacco, corn, squash, and beans. He gave thanksgiving in his dances for buffalo, deer, and all animals involved so he could live.[9]

Like Beaver and McCombs, Blue Eagle painted many images of traditional Creek life that, while appealing as imagery, are not self-explanatory. *Medicine for Children* illustrates Blue Eagle's work in this vein. The scene shows a family campsite at a Creek ceremonial ground. With the encouragement of their mother, two young boys are being "scratched" as part of the purification rituals that take place during the Green Corn Ceremony. The man in the yellow shirt holds a staff that signifies his role as a ceremonial official of the local town.

With these few images, I have introduced scenes of early twentieth-century traditional Creek and Seminole life as a sub-genre within the work of Beaver, McCombs, and Blue Eagle. The problem for them, and for us, is that such images were important in a personal sense but were enigmatic as works produced for a non-Native art market composed of would-be buyers without knowledge of Creek community experience. What effect did this disjuncture have? The artists needed audiences to achieve their educational goals, such as Beaver's goal of changing the non-Native image of his people, and they desired to support themselves as artists. This prompted compromises with the market. Such compromise is represented in two other genres I wish to consider briefly.



Plains Indians—No More Buffalo. FRED BEAVER (1911-1980). Gouache on paper. Gilcrease 0227.1919.



Creek Women Cooking Fish, ca. 1950. ACEE BLUE EAGLE (1907-1959). Watercolor on board. Philbrook Museum 1950.10.



Medicine for Children. ACEE BLUE EAGLE (1907-1959). Tempera on paper. Gilcrease 0227.457.



Buffalo Hunt, 1949. SOLOMON MCCOMBS (1913-1980). Tempera on paper. Gilcrease 0227.404.

The first centered on the creation of recognizably Indian imagery. Such works as McCombs's *Buffalo Hunt* (above) met the American Indian art market on its own terms. It reflected non-Native buyers' limited knowledge and expectations as to what Indian art and Indian culture represented.[10] The scene is of a generic Plains Indian hunter of the nineteenth century pursuing bison on horseback. Beautifully composed and executed, the work is picturesque and appealing without requiring new knowledge of a little-known way of life far different from that of the Hollywood Indian of popular film.

Beaver's *Plains Indians—No More Buffalo* (page 42) treats the same theme from a more critical angle, picturing the stereotype while painting the absence of bison brought about by European American settlement on the Plains and foreshadowing the destruction of Plains Indian lives and cultures that is represented by this loss. Its title makes it a prelude to the birth of the reservation era and the suffering that Plains peoples would soon experience. While creating marketable imagery, Beaver here has not abandoned his goal of expanding the understanding of non-Native audiences.

The Plains people were not the only source of recognizably Indian subject matter. The birth and boom of tourist travel in the Southwest put the Navajo, Apache, and Pueblo peoples on the map in a way that eastern Oklahoma tribes were not. This encouraged Oklahoma painters to treat Southwestern subjects, as did their own travels and their acquaintance and friendship with Southwestern Native artists. Works such as *Apache Devil Dancers* (page 32), in which Blue Eagle pictured Apache Mountain Spirit Dancers, found ready markets among buyers unconcerned with the disconnection between the artist's own culture and his subject matter, as long as it was recognizably "Indian" as communicated by visual difference from Anglo-American culture.



Creek Indian Ceremonial Eagle Dance, ca. 1940. SOLOMON MCCOMBS (1913-1980). Tempera on mat board. Gilcrease 0227.1716.

While McCombs did not paint as many images of non-Creek life as Beaver and, most of all, Blue Eagle did, he shared with them a third route to captivating the imaginations of potential audiences. The basic problem for representing twentieth-century Creek Indian life is a lack of recognizable imagery comparable to that, say, of feather bonnets and tipi, embodied in stereotypes of "Indianness" derived from the Plains tribes. Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Creek people lived in wooden cabins or wood-frame homes, wore cotton clothing, and made their living by farming. These activities lacked the exotic and recognizable qualities of western Native American cultures.

To up the "otherness" quotient while being true to their ancestral culture and their goal of educating their own people, Blue Eagle, Beaver, and McCombs all took pre-removal Creek culture, as known from study of both oral and written history, as a subject. Such an approach is apparent in McCombs's *Creek Indian Ceremonial Eagle Dance*. The image reconstructs the long obsolete Creek War Dance, knowledge of which is preserved in historical and anthropological sources but not lived experience. The result is true to ancestral Creek tradition but with an increase in visual and cultural distance, both from twentieth-century Creek life and from the lives of non-Creek buyers and critics.[11]

Blue Eagle achieves the same historical effect in *Creek Chiefs*, which shows two Creek men in the style of dress worn in Alabama, Georgia, and Florida in the 1820s and 1830s. This image draws inspiration from the widely reproduced portraits made by European American artists such as George Catlin and Charles Bird King during the early nineteenth century. King's portrait of Blue Eagle's predecessor William McIntosh, is one such historical inspiration.

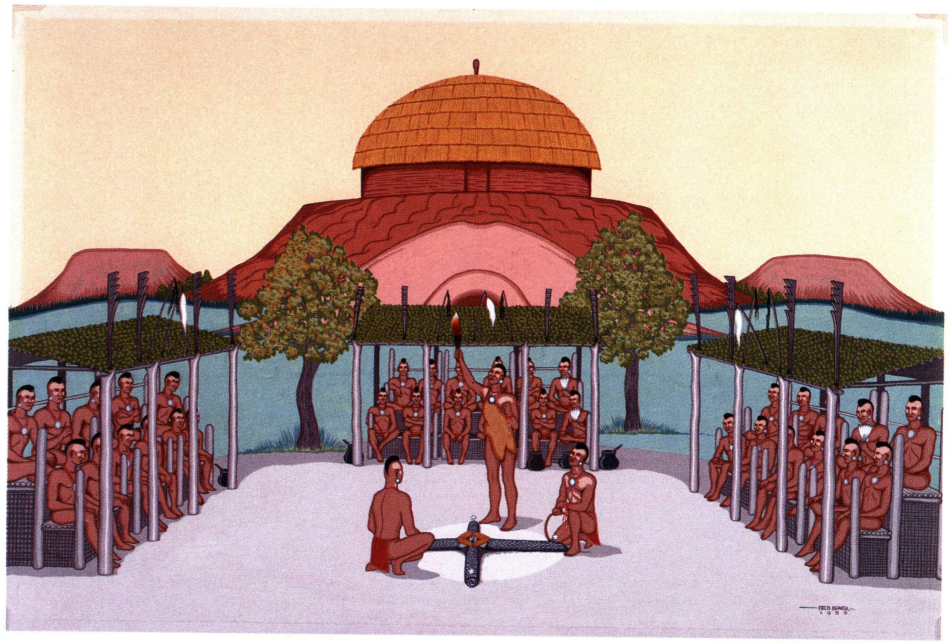


William McIntosh after Charles Bird King. *History of the Indian Tribes of North America.* McKenney & Hall. Vol. 1. 1837. Hand-colored lithograph. Gilcrease. 2126.1814.31

Creek Chiefs. ACEE BLUE EAGLE (1907-1959). Tempera on paper. Gilcrease 0227.469.

Preparation of the new fire at the Duck Creek Ceremonial Ground, a Yuchi ceremonial ground, during it annual Green Corn Ceremony, June 29, 1996. Okmulgee County, Oklahoma. Photograph by Jason Baird Jackson.





Creek Baskita Green Corn Ceremony, ca.1953. FRED BEAVER (1911-1980). Watercolor on paper. Philbrook Museum 1957.8.

Beaver's *Creek Baskita Green Corn Ceremony* is a fine expression of the historical reconstruction theme enriched by Beaver's own knowledge of the ceremony from later times. The image represents the Creek ceremonial life that all three artists knew firsthand, but projects it back in time to the pre-contact era in which Creek ceremonials took place in the shadow of Mississippian earth mounds. The presence of roached haircuts and the absence of modern cowboy hats and blue jeans increases the painting's cultural distinctiveness even as the meaning of the ceremony remains illusive for non-Indian viewers. By way of explanation, the painting pictures the phase of the annual ritual in which a new fire is kindled for the community. The word *posketv* (here spelled "baskita") means "to fast" in the Creek language. Often shortened to "busk" by early European observers, the term became a synonym for the Green Corn Ceremony during which participants fast as a means of individual and collective purification. From my own ethnographic photographs, the image at the top of the facing page captures the same moment in the Green Corn Ceremony of the Yuchi town of Duck Creek from just a few summers ago.

While transposing a current practice back into an earlier time produced marketable effects, it was not disingenuous. Blue Eagle, and the Bacone art directors who followed him, including Woody Crumbo and Dick West, emphasized research—by which they meant study of written ethnographic sources—as a component of artistic training for Indian painters. Such an approach reinforced native cultural identity and, as in works such as *Creek Indian Social Ball Game* by McCombs, highlighted the pride Creek and other native people could feel in their long preservation of valued cultural forms despite centuries of forced acculturation programs aimed at discouraging the maintenance of Indian cultures and social identities. My photograph on page 51 was taken during a public program associated with the 1998 Gilcrease Museum exhibition *Children of the Sun: Euchee Indian Culture and Tradition*. It shows the modern game being played just below the museum's Vista Room. As in McCombs reconstructive look at the social stick ball game, men and women compete for points made by striking a target, often a cow's skull or a carved wooden fish positioned atop a tall pole. In ceremonial contexts, the game is an important event that gathers local communities together in a way that is simultaneously a fun social event and a serious ritual occasion.



Creek Indian Social Ball Game, ca. 1957. SOLOMON MCCOMBS (1913-1980). Watercolor on paper. Philbrook Museum 1957.7.

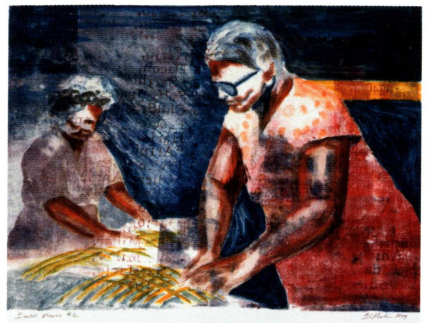


Four Native American Women. FRED BEAVER (1911-1980). Gouache on paper. Gilcrease 0227.1650.

The tug of war between the market on the one hand and the documentary and educational aspirations of these artists on the other sometimes led to clever compositions. As his statements reveal, Beaver was particularly interested in overcoming generalizing and inaccurate stereotypes about Native peoples. All Southeastern Indian people from Oklahoma can recount funny stories of disappointing non-Natives they have met outside Indian Country. Never having met an Indian person before, such individuals can ask some pretty naïve questions and they are often disappointed to learn that Southeastern Indians never lived in tipis or performed self-mutilation in dramatic Sun Dance ceremonies. In one of his last paintings, *Four Native American Women*, Beaver capitalizes on the tipi obsession to teach a lesson about native cultural diversity. The painting's vignettes link four regionally varied clothing styles with four traditional architectural styles—Woodland Oklahoma, Florida Seminole, Southwestern Navajo and Plains.



Members of the Yuchi community play stickball with Gilcrease Museum members and visitors in the lawn below the museum's Vista Room during CITGO Family Fun Day, October 17, 1998. This event for museum members and CITGO employees was held in conjunction with the Children of the Sun exhibition. Photograph by Jason Baird Jackson



Basket Weavers #2. BOB MARTIN (B. 1957). Mixed media on wove paper. Gilcrease 1427.836.

The range of subject matter chosen by Native American artists today has become highly variable, as have the styles within which artists are working. When, in the 1950s, Blue Eagle painted *Creek Man Shooting Wild Turkeys* and sold it to his fellow tribesman and patron Thomas Gilcrease, the Native American fine art movement was a relatively new phenomena and the marketplace placed considerable constraints upon the first and second generation of professional native painters. Yet the style that Blue Eagle, McCombs, and Beaver helped develop suited them well and they found ways to pursue their own artistic and educational interests within its framework. The traditional style was not yet perceived of as the hindrance that later Native American artists, such as Fritz Scholder and T. C. Cannon, would find it. Changes since the formative period of Creek painting bring us to a final point of interest.

The *Biographical Directory of Native American Painters* identifies and documents one hundred and thirty artists of Creek, Seminole and Yuchi heritage, all of whom worked in the twentieth century and were successful enough to be collected by museums and private individuals.[12] When compared to the total number of Creek, Seminole, and Yuchi people, this figure appears staggering. It is as if Midwest City, Oklahoma, had 130 professional artists working successfully in the final few decades of the last century. What is more, about half of these artists continued to work within the stylistic and content frameworks established for Creek (and Seminole) art by the first generation of Creek painters, particularly McCombs, Blue Eagle, and Beaver. In its own time, the emergence of Creek easel painting seemed like a novel innovation, a break from the traditional or folk art genres that preceded it. From the perspective of today, work akin to that of Beaver, McCombs, and Blue Eagle is mostly pursued by self-taught artists who remain connected to traditional lifeways and communities. While university educated artists such as Steven Deo (Creek and Yuchi) and Bob Martin (Creek) push the stylistic envelope and participate in the individualistic spirit of turn of the century American art, work in the Bacone style has been absorbed into Creek culture and become a new kind of folk art, one retaining the concern for tradition that is the imprint of its founders of the World War II generation—Acee Blue Eagle, Solomon McCombs, and Fred Beaver.



Creek Man Shooting Wild Turkeys. ACEE BLUE EAGLE (1907-1959). Tempera on paper. Gilcrease 0227.454.

NOTES

This essay began as an illustrated lecture delivered to the staff, docents and friends of the Birmingham Museum of Art, January 7, 2002. Appreciation is extended to my generous hosts on that occasion. Thanks to my many Gilcrease Museum and Philbrook Museum friends, past and present, for their help with this and other projects.

1 The three artists I focus on were all of Creek heritage and lived at least part of their lives among their people in eastern Oklahoma. The social frame of reference for the essay is what is sometimes known as Creek Country. Today, this term can refer to the Oklahoma social landscape that is home to people of Creek ancestry, to the Yuchi people (who live encompassed geographically and politically by the Muscogee [Creek] Nation), and to other peoples who have become associated with the Creeks. For Creek Nation enrollment information, see: http://www.muscogeenation-nsn.gov/executive/exec.htm, accessed November 21, 2006. For the basic history and cultural background of the Creek and other groups discussed here, see Raymond D. Fogelson, ed., *Handbook of North American Indians, Volume 14, Southeast* (Washington, D. C.: Smithsonian Insititution, 2004).

2 See especially Kevin W. Smith, "Flatstyle," *Gilrease Journal* 11:2 (2003): 8–31. For a discussion of the eclipse of the Flat Style and the aesthetic, political, and ethical contexts that surrounded the shift to other styles in American Indian painting, consult: Bill Anthes, *Native Moderns: American Indian Painting, 1940-1960* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 2006). My essay should be read as a more specifically focused companion to Smith's fine paper on the stylistic characteristics of the Flat Style. Here my goal is to look closely at the representational interests of the three artists treated; thus I neglect not only more detailed stylistic analysis but also the political and economic forces that shaped their work. The study by Anthes describes the artistic world that progressively replaced the one in which Blue Eagle, Beaver, and McCombs worked and to which they contributed significantly.

3 Lydia Wyckoff, *Visions and Voices: Native American Painting from the Philbrook Museum of Art* (Tulsa: Philbrook Museum of Art, 1996), p. 179.

4 Wyckoff, p. 179.

5 Jason Baird Jackson, *Yuchi Ceremonial Life: Performance, Meaning, and Tradition in a Contemporary American Indian Community* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2003).

6 The documentary record is, presently at least, a bit confused on the questions of Beaver's relationship to Bacone College and of his artistic training more generally. Assorted biographical materials collected in the artist files of the Philbrook Museum indicate that Beaver met Blue Eagle in 1927, when both attended Chilocco Indian School. Artist resumes in these files indicate that he graduated from Eufaula High School in 1931 and attended Bacone that same year. He graduated from business college at the Haskell Institute in 1935. One resume notes "private instruction in art and voice, Italy, 1944," and another describes "Private Art School" and "Training in Commercial Art." Various artist statements suggest that he did not study art while at Bacone or Haskell but took it up independently with encouragement from his friend Blue Eagle, just before the first annual at the Philbrook Art Center, which Blue Eagle dates, in a March 1975 interview, to 1946. I hope to gain a clearer understanding of the biographical details in the course of future research. In the 1946 interview, he emphasizes the role of self-study and experimentation in his work. See Beaver's 1975 interview, presented in Jamake Highwater, *Songs from the Earth: American Indian Painting* (New York: New York Graphic Society, 1980), pp. 164-168 and documents gathered in the Fred Beaver artist file, H. A. and Mary K. Chapman Library, Philbrook Museum of Art, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

7 Wyckoff, p. 71.

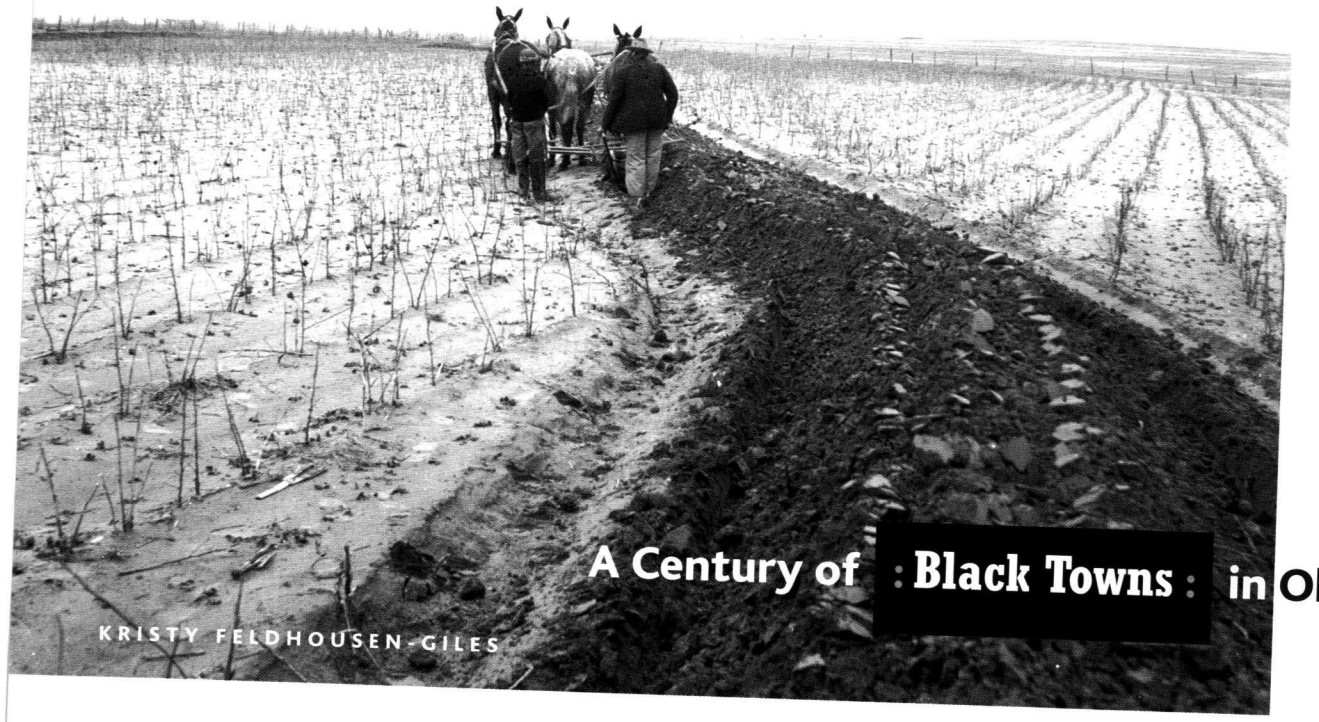
8 Jason Baird Jackson, "Containers of Tradition: Southeastern Indian Basketry," *Gilcrease Journal* 7:2 (2000): 5–25; Jason Baird Jackson, "Southeastern Indian Basketry in the Gilcrease Museum Collection," *American Indian Art Magazine* 25:4 (2000): 46–55.

9 Wyckoff, p. 92

10 For insight into art markets such as the one in which Blue Eagle, Beaver, and McCombs worked, see Ruth Phillips and Christopher Steiner, eds., *Unpacking Culture: Art and Commodity in Colonial and Postcolonial Worlds* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999). Extensive art historical, anthropological, and literary studies have examined the effects of racial and cultural stereotypes on native artists and art worlds. A fuller study of eastern Oklahoma's native art scene will need to address these issues directly.

11 The Eagle Dance is part of a larger Woodland warfare ceremonial tradition. See the sources discussed in Jason Baird Jackson, "A Yuchi War Dance in 1736," *European Review of Native American Studies* 16:1 (2002): 27–32.

12 Patrick Lester, *The Biographical Directory of Native American Painters* (Tulsa: SIR Publications, 1995).



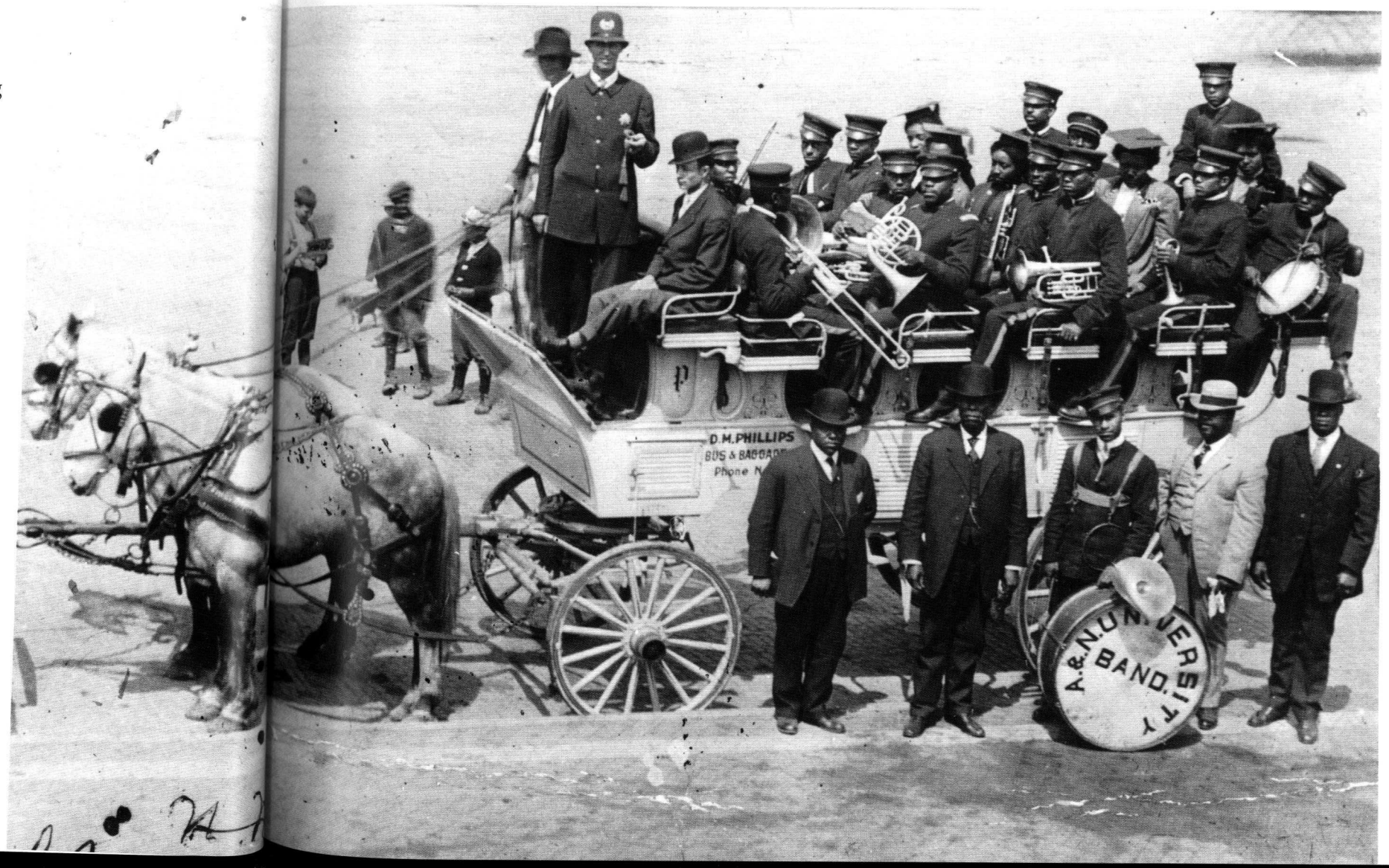
A Century of : Black Towns : in Oklahoma

KRISTY FELDHOUSEN-GILES

As Oklahoma celebrates its centennial, we reflect on the histories of people who converged in its creation, shaping a story unlike that of any other place. Some of the richest aspects of this heritage lie in Oklahoma's African American history, and specifically in the continuing legacy of the state's Black towns. With twenty-eight all-Black towns, and many more African American communities, Oklahoma had more Black towns than any other state in the nation. Thirteen of these are still incorporated, and many others remain small but viable communities. Often left out of Oklahoma history in the past, the Black towns represent a dynamic and critical part of the state's heritage that is now being rediscovered.

Most accounts of Oklahoma's Black towns begin with the founding of Boley and Langston, true "boomer" towns created through pioneer settlement prior to statehood. However, many of Oklahoma's Black towns existed long before the land runs opened the former Indian Territory to outside settlement. Indian Freedmen and Black Indians were integral in the Five Tribes (Muscogee Creek, Seminole, Cherokee, Choctaw, and Chickasaw nations) prior to statehood and were also instrumental in the establishment of Black towns in the statehood era. The diverse populations that would come together in Black towns across Oklahoma created unique places of historic, cultural, and racial diversity. While many of the Black town community members were of different geographic areas and cultures, and many were multiracial, they were brought together by racial categorization that defined them as "Negro" according to the one-drop rule.

The Black population of Indian Territory prior to the Civil War consisted of slaves belonging to citizens of the Five Tribes, Black Indians, and people of African descent who had joined or married into the Five Tribes.



Boley, Oklahoma area, the farm of Douglas Alexander. April 15, 1938. Oklahoma Historical Society.

First band at Langston University. Oklahoma Historical Society.

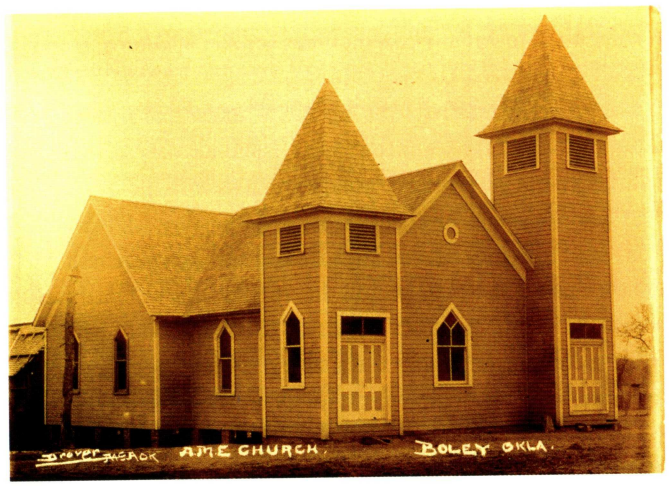
The Black population of Indian Territory prior to the Civil War consisted of slaves belonging to citizens of the Five Tribes, Black Indians, and people of African descent who had joined or married into the Five Tribes. The first Black towns in the present state of Oklahoma were created by Seminole Maroons, people of African descent who had lived and fought alongside the Seminoles in their Florida homelands, and who were removed with them to Indian Territory in the 1830s and 1840s. Of these Maroons, who today refer to themselves as Seminole Freedmen and Black Seminoles, most were eventually claimed as slaves by Seminole Indians. However, slavery among the Seminole differed greatly from slavery in the southern United States. Seminole Maroons were able to continue living in separate settlements from those of their Indian owners and had their own distinct culture and language that blended aspects of Seminole, African, and White cultures. These towns—Thomas Town, Noble Town, Bruner Town, and Pompey Town—were some of the earliest Black towns in what is now Oklahoma, although culturally they were remarkably different from the Black towns formed in the Oklahoma statehood era.[1]

More Black communities were formed when Indian slaves were freed following the Civil War. Called Freedmen, many of these people were multiracial individuals with African, Indian, and White ancestry. In the 1860s, countless Freedmen communities formed across eastern Oklahoma, especially in areas where there had been large plantations with many slaves. Groups came together, for example, in the Choctaw Nation along the banks of the Arkansas and Red Rivers, in the Creek Nation along the Arkansas, Grand, Verdigris, and Canadian Rivers, and in the Cherokee Nation in the Webber's Falls area. As race consciousness grew in the Indian Territory and some Indians disassociated themselves from their kinsmen who were visibly Black, more Black-Indian communities formed (Sameth 1940). However, many other Black Indians remained in their families' towns and experienced little prejudice from their relations.



Boley, Oklahoma, E.L LeGrand Residence. Oklahoma Historical Society.





Fort Coffee, Oklahoma, Ruins from an original building, c. 1914. Oklahoma Historical Society.

Boley, Oklahoma, African Methodist Episcopal Church, Antioch. Oklahoma Historical Society.

Following emancipation and increasing steadily into the statehood era, many newly freed slaves from the United States traveled to Indian Territory in hopes of finding land and economic promise. These African Americans were distinguished from Freedmen and Black Indians of Indian Territory largely by culture and history. The people of Indian Territory referred to the newcomers as "State Negroes" or "State Blacks," while the Black tribal citizens were called "Natives" or "Indian Blacks" or "Indian Freedmen." In the Creek and Seminole Nations, Native Blacks kept their distance from the State Blacks for the most part, seeing them as inferior and attributing the increasingly negative racial climate to their presence:

> State people come into this country before statehood, pulling they hats off and kneeling and scurrying down to the White folks. They ruined the country and made a lot of natives leave for the North. . . . If the Southern Negro didn't Uncle Tom so much they never would have drawed the line between the races.[2]

Many Natives in the Creek and Seminole nations felt this way. However, in the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, and to some extent in the Cherokee Nation, Natives were more inclined to accept and build families and communities with State Blacks.

State Blacks were attracted to settlements where there was already a Black population, and so many newcomers settled in previously established Native Black/Freedmen communities. This was the case in Freedmen settlements throughout Indian Territory, such as Oak Lodge, now called Fort Coffee. While the original population consisted mostly of

emancipated slaves from the Scullyville area in Choctaw Nation, as well as Black Choctaws, many African American families came from across the American South to settle there, intermarrying and ultimately contributing to the community that is today Fort Coffee.

The Black town of Foreman had a similar beginning. Several wealthy Cherokee families operated large farms on the other side of the Arkansas River from Fort Coffee. One of these was the slave-owning Gunter family. Following emancipation, one of the former Gunter slaves, Zack Foreman, established a town nearby with several stores, a post office, and a cotton gin. Mr. Foreman, who had been born a slave and was illiterate, soon became one of the area's most successful businessmen, and arguably the wealthiest cattleman in the Cherokee Nation. This town was founded by and named after him. Later, several African American families from outside Indian Territory settled in Foreman and intermarried with the Freedmen residents. As in Fort Coffee, Foreman became a town of diverse cultures and histories that came together to form a community that was distinctly Oklahoman. Such is the history of many Black towns and communities across Oklahoma, among them Tatums, Springer, and Shady Grove.

Those towns generally referred to as "all-Black" towns had somewhat different but equally significant histories. Like many towns in Oklahoma, they were created in the statehood era as the federal government broke its treaties with the Indian Territory tribes and opened their lands to settlement. The all-Black towns were established by people who obtained townsite land in the Oklahoma land-runs or through purchasing tribal allotments. These sites were then promoted as havens on the frontier. In true Oklahoman form, the all-Black town movement was the first part of a vision to bring enough African Americans into the territory to establish Oklahoma as a Black state. Edward P. McCabe, fresh from service as Kansas's first African American state auditor, sought out this vision when he learned of the upcoming 1889 land run in Oklahoma Territory. Not long after this first land run, McCabe founded Langston City on October 22, 1890, calling it "The Only Distinctively Negro City in America." McCabe began promoting Langston to African Americans throughout the South in an effort to bring more Blacks into Oklahoma, enough to constitute a large enough segment of the population to secure Black statehood.



Boley, Oklahoma, Farmers and Merchants Bank (David J. Turner on steps). Oklahoma Historical Society.

The country is as fertile as ever was moistened by nature's falling tears or kissed by heaven's sunshine. Here, too, is found a genial climate... admirably adapted to the wants of the Negro from the southern states.

In his efforts, McCabe established the *Langston City Herald*, and this newspaper was distributed throughout the South from Texas to Florida. In it, African Americans would find persuasive descriptions of the fledgling Black town:

> Langston City is a Negro city, and we are proud of the fact. Her city officers are all colored. Her teachers are colored. Her public schools furnish thorough educational advantages to nearly two hundred colored children. The country is as fertile as ever was moistened by nature's falling tears or kissed by heaven's sunshine. Here, too, is found a genial climate—about like that of southern Tennessee or northern Mississippi —a climate admirably adapted to the wants of the Negro from the southern states. A land of diversified crops, where there need be no such thing as total failure. A land where every staple crop of both north and south can be raised with pride.[3]

Descriptions like this one enticed thousands of African Americans throughout the South to escape the poverty and prejudice of their homes and set out for the Oklahoma frontier. One man described witnessing the departure of hundreds from their Tennessee homes.

> My parents, Ben and Emily Randle, were both slaves. I went down to the river at Memphis, Tennessee, and saw the crowd of about six-hundred negroes leave to find free homes in Oklahoma. It took about three trips of the ferry-boat to take them all across the river. Many of their relatives did not want to see them leave and there was much praying, shouting, and shedding of tears.[4]

By the end of 1890, Oklahoma Territory's African American population had grown to more than 3,000. Throughout the decade of the 1890s, the Black population grew steadily so that by 1900, over 55,000 Blacks resided in Oklahoma and Indian Territories (Franklin 1982).

McCabe made no secret of his plan to use Langston as the nucleus of an all-Black state with himself as governor. (Crockett 1977:23). Potential settlers were lured not only by the moving descriptions, but also by illustrations appearing in early editions of the Herald picturing massive buildings and broad streets in the town. However, these pictures were merely McCabe's vision of the future. Upon arrival in Langston, early settlers found one general store and a small cluster of wooden shacks surrounded by a tent city of residents awaiting the construction of homes. Disappointed, some returned to the South. Yet, Langston continued to grow in the early 1890s, reaching a population of approximately two-thousand in 1891. In 1897, the Colored Agricultural and Normal University was established in the town, providing a boost to Langston. At the same time however, White settlers were working to secure their own power in statehood. The Five Tribes also had their own Indian statehood movement called the State of Sequoyah. Despite McCabe's appointment as



Inman Page, president of Langston University. Oklahoma Historical Society.



Boley, Oklahoma, Members of the Town Council: L. to R. Front: 1. 2. 3. David J. Turner, banker 4. Thomas Hayner, Boley Promoter. Oklahoma Historical Society.

Assistant Territorial Auditor and the large influx of African Americans into the territories, it was evident by the late 1890s that the Black state movement had failed. Blacks never accounted for more than 10 percent of the population at any time during the 1890s.

Despite this political setback, Black towns in Oklahoma and Indian Territories continued to attract African Americans from across the nation, becoming "boomer" towns that seemed to spring up overnight. Clearview, formerly Lincoln, and Boley were two of the larger Black towns established in the early 1900s. In June 1903, the Clearview town site was plotted by three African American men, two of whom had been born in the Creek Nation. By August 1904, the town claimed a population of 250 with one school, two churches, and seven businesses. Boley was officially opened on September 22, 1904 and was incorporated the following year. Much of the land on which Boley was located had been Creek Freedmen allotments that were sold to town developers in 1904. Both of these towns were built near already existing Native Black communities, although most Natives there segregated themselves from the newcomers, even going so far as to terrorize the town residents. Boley and Clearview, like many other Black towns in Oklahoma, became bustling communities in the early 1900s. The towns were developed according to the philosophies of Booker T. Washington, providing separate places of development for African Americans. While Boley became the largest and most significant, many other Black towns in Indian Territory held promise for African American settlers, among them Rentiesville, Grayson, Lima, Taft, Summit, Tullahassee, and Redbird.

Early settlement in the towns many times proved difficult. Many African Americans spent what little money they had on transporting their belongings to Oklahoma Territory, and then in buying their land. With no money left to plant a crop, many starved and became further impoverished in their first years in the new frontier. Others had settled elsewhere in Oklahoma, only to be forced to leave their homes and belongings as Whites attempted to eliminate the "Negro element" from their communities. In the Black towns, however, most eventually met with success in farming and business. Locations near the railroads ensured success for town economies as most farmers began producing cotton.

For many African Americans, settlement in the Black towns brought their first opportunities to direct their own futures through political participation. Although women were prohibited from voting, African Americans in the territories had a political voice. In Boley, a mayor and town council were elected, and citizens were able to present their opinions at regular town meetings. However, their participation in territorial politics was cut short by Whites in surrounding towns. In enthusiastically voting for state and county officials, African Americans became the target of racial violence and discrimination. Two Black homes were dynamited in Okemah in the beginning of 1907, and later that year, the first lynching of an African American in the new state of Oklahoma took place twenty miles east in Henryetta. The violence continued through dynamite and murder while racial hatred filled local White newspapers. Even before Oklahoma enacted a grandfather clause in 1910 that prevented most African Americans from the vote, Okfuskee county Whites did their part to make sure that Blacks in their county did not have a part of democracy. By one estimate, ninety percent of Boley's adult population was disenfranchised in the early 1900s.

The territories' Black towns promised economic and political freedom to those African Americans attempting to escape economic, social, and political prejudice in their Southern homes. However, racial antagonism and violence in the territories grew into the 1900s. Hopes for equality and opportunity were virtually vanquished at Oklahoma statehood in 1907 as the new legislature immediately passed Jim Crow laws. To White settlers in Oklahoma, statehood meant new democratic freedom. For African Americans, it meant a future of Jim Crow segregation, political invisibility, and ensured inequality. For many who had come to the territories seeking freedom from racism and violence, they were only to find that these freedoms were fleeting. However, Black towns provided refuge from prejudice and violence, as well as economic opportunity for Blacks during the Jim Crow era. At a time when African Americans were classified as intellectually inferior to Whites, Black towns in Oklahoma proved to the world that African Americans could build successful towns, be successful business owners, and control their own affairs.

Like most small Oklahoma towns that depended on cotton farming, the nation's economy took its toll on the Black towns in the early twentieth century. As cotton began failing in the 1920s, cash-crop farming became nearly impossible and many people began moving to the cities to find work. The population move to the cities continued throughout the Great Depression and the rest of the century, as better job opportunities presented themselves in Oklahoma City and Tulsa, and even in cities like Kansas City, Wichita, Flint, Michigan and Gary, Indiana. The Black towns suffered population loss like many other small Oklahoma towns and became a fraction of what they once were. Throughout most of the twentieth century, the Jim Crow system served to insulate Black communities and persistently provided something of a safe haven economically and socially for African Americans. These things remained important to Blacks as they continued to find blatant racism and signs posted "N---, don't let the sun go down on you" at the entrances to neighboring White towns well into the 1970s.

Integration brought about a great deal of change for Black towns in the 1960s and 1970s. As schools integrated, African American schools were no longer needed in the towns. Being inferior to nearby White schools, most Black schools were closed. Many Black teachers lost their jobs. In terms of Black town economies, many Black-owned businesses in the towns soon failed after integration. As African Americans were able to enter more stores

and restaurants, the need for these Black town businesses declined. Integration, while finally bringing legal equality to African Americans, also brought down central parts of Black community structure. Because the institutions in the towns were built on the premise of service during Jim Crow, many of them disappeared as integration was fully accepted.

Despite the decline of these Black institutions, churches in each of these communities have endured. Usually Baptist, Methodist, or Holiness, or Church of God, these churches represent the lasting centers of Black communities. Many Black churches in Oklahoma pre-date statehood and continue to have regular services today. Besides the churches, social and familial networks continue to keep the remaining Black town communities alive. Residents in these small towns know almost everyone else in their communities, and many times have long-extending kinship ties to most of the people there. Yet, social relations have changed with the times, leaving many longing for the old days. Two sisters who grew up in the Black community of Hugo recall:

1: Our community raised the child, where they say, they say it takes a whole community to raise a child, we grew up that way.

2: It's the way it was.

1: And we would walk by on the street here without speaking to the people on the side and *(laughs)* we had a phone call before we got home!! Yes, *(imitating mother's voice)* 'You pass by so and so's house and didn't speak?' 'Well mama I'm uh...' 'No, we don't do that!' Yeah, and we had to go back and apologize or go back and speak or whatever.[5]



Oklahoma fostered twenty-eight all-Black towns, more than any other state. This quilt from the Gilcrease Collection commemorated the birth of Red Bird, Oklahoma, in 1903, four years prior to Statehood.

Most all residents of Black towns recall this aspect of small-town life and in some towns, it continues to some extent. Some Black towns have died completely, with only a few older men and women still living in the area. Those who grew up there have only memories of the town that used to exist. Other Black towns have been revitalized as men and women who moved north to major cities return to be near family and to strengthen the town of their birth. In the case of Fort Coffee, originally a Choctaw Freedmen settlement, many have moved to distant places for job and educational opportunities. Yet, many have returned after retirement and many others continue to come back each summer to reconnect with family and community members. Despite its population loss over the past century, town leaders worked to finally incorporate Fort Coffee. Today it continues on its path of revitalization and is part of the Oklahoma Conference of Black Mayors.

Many other Black towns in Oklahoma have also followed this pattern. Despite population loss and lack of town businesses, many African Americans have worked to keep their Black towns alive, now understanding their historical and personal significance. Many of the Black towns have joined organizations like the Oklahoma Black Mayors Association in order to connect with other Black mayors and towns across the state, and to work for the continued vitality and improvement of these towns. Oklahomans are now rediscovering the significance of the Black towns to Oklahoma history, and consequently tourism has been developed, offering bus tours of the towns. Most Black towns have regular community events that attract people from across the state. Rodeos bring in visitors far and wide as do Juneteenth celebrations, church anniversaries, community dinners and gospel sing gatherings. Thus continues the vibrant cultural life of the Black towns.

The significance of Black towns was often overlooked in Oklahoma's history because racism clouded portrayals of pioneer history. However, these towns present a truly Oklahoman legacy. Begun in the removal of Native Americans and Blacks from the American southeast to Indian Territory, towns were developed by Native Blacks in slavery and freedom. As African American settlers moved into Oklahoma and Indian Territories, their histories and cultures intertwined with those who had been here, creating unique possibilities and histories that would not be matched elsewhere in the world. Surviving slavery, the journeys to the towns, and the discrimination and hardships presented by Jim Crow, the people of the Black towns demonstrate determination and perseverance. The towns represent the rich cultural, historical, and racial diversity found in the state of Oklahoma, as well as within its small historic communities. Moreover, they teach us an important lesson in Oklahoma history that should not be forgotten. One hundred years ago at Oklahoma's statehood, Black towns provided safety and opportunity as segregation was instituted. One hundred years later, they remain legacies of this past, yet hold new visions of hope for Oklahoma's future.

NOTES

1 For more information about the culture and history of the Seminole Maroon towns, see Kevin Mulroy, *Freedom on the Border: The Seminole Maroons in Florida, the Indian Territory, Coahuila, and Texas* (Lubbock: Texas Tech University Press, 1993).

2 Interview with Creek Freedman quoted in Sigmund Sameth's dissertation at the University of Oklahoma, Creek Negroes: A Study of Race Relations, p. 54.

3 *Langston City Herald,* November 17, 1892, quoted in Arthur Tolson, *The Black Oklahomans, A History: 1541-1972,* p. 76.

4 Wilson Randle interview, Grant Foreman Collection, Indian Pioneer History, Oklahoma Historical Society, v. 113, 206-207.

5 Author interview with two Choctaw Freedmen descendants, January 2004.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Crockett, Norman L. *The Black Towns*. Lawrence: Regents Press of Kansas, 1979.

Franklin, Jimmie Lewis. *Journey Toward Hope: A History of Blacks in Oklahoma*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1982.

Mulroy, Kevin. *Freedom on the Border: The Seminole Maroons in Florida, the Indian Territory, Coahuila, and Texas*. Lubbock: Texas Tech University Press, 1993.

—. "Seminole Maroons." In *Handbook of North American Indians, Southeast Volume.* Vol. 14. Edited by R. D. Fogelson. Washington D.C.: Smithsonian Institution, 2004.

Sameth, Sigmund. Creek Negroes: A Study of Race Relations. Dissertation, University of Oklahoma, 1940.

Tolson, Arthur L. *The Black Oklahomans, A History: 1541-1972*. New Orleans: Edwards Printing Company, 1974.



:Latitudes on Longitude:

Revealing Oklahoma through Cartography

KIMBERLY ROBLIN

In the half-light of a Turkish cave the scene on the rock wall slowly emerges through the centuries. Representing the relationships between men and nature, it is a striking image of a settlement shadowed by a volcanic eruption and an example of one of the earliest forms of communication, a silent testimony to the human inherencies of curiosity and self-appraisal. It is a map—created 8,000 years ago by the Cata Hayuk civilization. This age, however, represents not the origin but the evolution of mapmaking, a medium that arose during the Upper Paleolithic. Although it is important to know when maps began, it is perhaps more important to know what maps are.

Christopher Columbus from *Vita de Cristoforo Colombo,* 1818. Luigi Bossi. Gilcrease 2376.1862.

Ask the average person the definition of a map and the answer is consistent. It provides directions, mileage, and locations; something to be kept under the passenger seat because inevitability dictates that at some point taking the wrong exit or missing the right exit will result in the familiar, but undesirable situation of being lost. With a map, however, the highway is always within arm's reach.

While not incorrect, this definition is incomplete. Maps provide direction, but on a scale larger than most realize. Superficially they illustrate only a place and time. Metaphorically, they illustrate the human desire to know our place within the natural order, because order equals stability and stability equals security. A world without order, therefore, is a world of chaos. Maps, however, provide establishment and affirmation of position. Old or new, authentic or fraudulent, political or personal—the possibilities are nearly endless because maps are man's creation, imprinted with his intrinsic complexities and subjectivities. Studied within this context, maps not only represent the physical environment, but also the social, political, and cultural environments of a specific era. By examining the details of a map, scholars can reestablish the perceptions from past worlds.

It is interesting, however, that maps, implements of definition and containment specifically created by man, cannot be contained. Reaching beyond their marginal boundaries they are something else entirely; and if a key holds the knowledge to deciphering the information on a map, then maps themselves have become keys to deciphering the narrative atlas of human history. Somewhere in that narrative is the story of Oklahoma, a land of tall grass prairies and Ozark foothills, with a history as diverse as the landscape. It is a history, however, encompassed by another—one born of an elusive combination of myth and men in the untamed wilderness of the nineteenth century—the history of the American West. Rarely have two words forged a more dramatic image: of wind swept plains and horizon spanning sunsets, cattle drives and wagon trains, war-bonnets and Winchesters, where East met West and changed the ways of both forever.

As we approach the Centennial, we reflect on this enigmatic past, using maps from the Gilcrease collection to reveal the perceptions that shaped, and ultimately determined our place in recorded history, remembering always the subjectivity of cartography and that Oklahoma was in the eye of the mapmaker.

Theatrum Orbis Terrarum

When Christopher Columbus stumbled upon present day Haiti, he ignited an age of exploration. Spanish, French, and English ships sailed across the Atlantic, searching for new land and resources while European publishers produced maps of this New World and its wealth. During the sixteenth century, just as today, land and resources translated into power, and within this context, these maps were the original "treasure" maps. The maps, however, were awkward to store as individually rolled parchments; and in 1566 Abraham Ortelius, a mapmaker living in Antwerp, became the father of invention when he decided to create a bound volume of maps. After four years of collecting only the best and most current maps, he finished his work and published the first modern atlas. He called it Theatrum Orbis Terrarum *(The Theatre of the World)*, and if all the world was a stage, then Spain commanded the leading role.

Ortelius' map conveyed this and more. The ships at sea established the broader context of exploration, while the large number of settlements stretching from Mexico to South America illustrated Spanish dominance of colonization. Finally, the exaggerated size of North America revealed the limited knowledge about the continent, as the land north of Mexico was still largely unknown.

The significance of the Theatrum Orbis Terrarum cannot be overstated. Allowing men to literally hold the world in the their hands, it served as a model for some of the great atlases, such as the Mercator and Blaeu. It not only revolutionized cartography, but also recorded one of the first times in documented history that Oklahoma was on the map.

American Sive from *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*. Abraham Ortelius, Antwerp, 1570. Gilcrease Library 3965.569.

American Sive from *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*. Abraham Ortelius. Antwerp, 1573. Gilcrease 3935.62.





An Accurate Map of North America

In 1754, a young Virginian led troops into the Ohio country to confront French forces refusing to abandon Fort Duquesne. Their arrival provoked a battle and a French officer, Joseph Coulon de Jumonville, was killed. This event signaled not only the beginning of what would become the French and Indian War, but also the first time the young Virginian, George Washington, stepped onto the pages of American history.

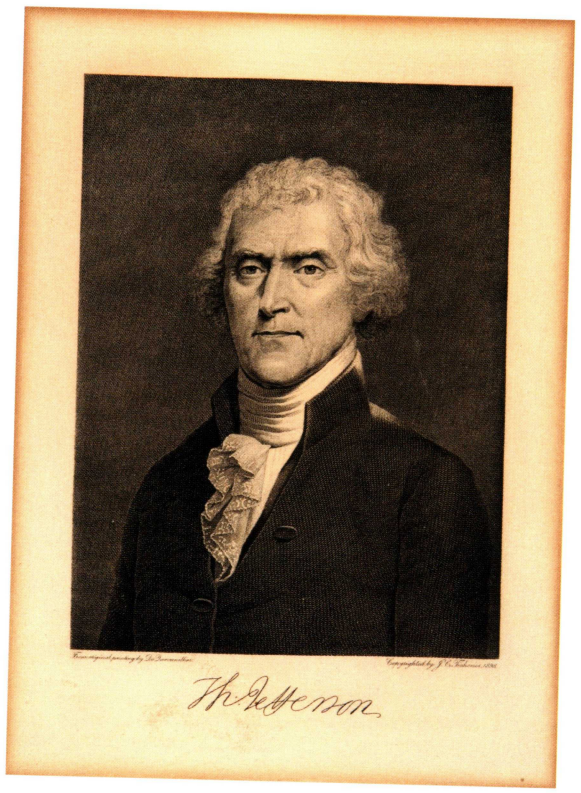
In 1763, after seven years, the war ended with the Treaty of Paris. The most significant result was the loss of New France to Great Britain. To illustrate this and other territorial changes, Emanuel Bowen drafted a map that was later included in Thomas Jefferys' American Atlas. Jefferys was one of the most prominent map publishers in England during the eighteenth century and also served as geographer to King George III.

The American Atlas provided the most accurate map of the American colonies at the start of the Revolution. Most historians agree that the American, English, and French forces probably used this map during the war. Although the colonies were detailed, the western United States remained largely ambiguous. Note, however, the American Indian tribes located on the map, particularly those in the Southeast. Over the next fifty years the demography of this region would change drastically through a combination of encroachment and a new governmental policy. As the population in the northern states increased, white settlers began pushing south onto tribal lands, creating conflict. The solution, as President Andrew Jackson determined, was the removal of the Five Civilized Tribes from their Southeastern homelands to the land west of the Mississippi—the land of Oklahoma.

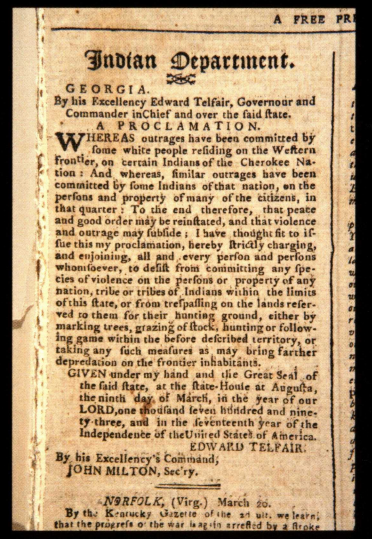
Thomas Jefferson. De Quevanillier. Etching. Gilcrease 15.1122.

The Three Cherokees, 1762. Broadside. Gilcrease 3576.429.

Clipping from *The Boston Gazette*, 1793, enjoining peace among the inhabitants of the Indian Territories. Gilcrease 4126.115.







A FREE PR

Indian Department.

GEORGIA.

By his Excellency Edward Telfair, Governour and Commander in Chief and over the said state.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS outrages have been committed by some white people residing on the Western frontier, on certain Indians of the Cherokee Nation: And whereas, similar outrages have been committed by some Indians of that nation, on the persons and property of many of the citizens, in that quarter: To the end therefore, that peace and good order may be reinstated, and that violence and outrage may subside; I have thought fit to issue this my proclamation, hereby strictly charging, and enjoining, all and every person and persons whomsoever, to desist from committing any species of violence on the persons or property of any nation, tribe or tribes of Indians within the limits of this state, or from trespassing on the lands reserved to them for their hunting ground, either by marking trees, grazing of stock, hunting or following game within the before described territory, or taking any such measures as may bring farther depredation on the frontier inhabitants.

GIVEN under my hand and the Great Seal of the said state, at the state-House at Augusta, the ninth day of March, in the year of our LORD, one thousand seven hundred and ninety three, and in the seventeenth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

EDWARD TELFAIR.

By his Excellency's Command;
JOHN MILTON, Sec'ry.

NORFOLK, (Virg.) March 20.

By the Kentucky Gazette of the 20 ult. we learn, that the progress of the war is again arrested by a stroke

"Whereas outrages have been committed by some white people residing on the Western frontier, on certain Indians of the Cherokee Nation: And whereas, similar outrages have been committed by some Indians of that nation, on the persons and property of many of the citizens, in that quarter: To the end therefore, that peace and good order may be reinstated, and that violence and outrage may subside: I have thought it fit to issue this proclamation, hereby strictly charging and enjoining, all and every person and persons whomsoever, to desist from committing any species of violence on the persons or property of any nation, tribe or tribes of Indians within the limits of this state, or from trespassing on the lands reserved to them for their hunting ground, either by marking trees, grazing of stock, hunting or following game within the before described territory, or taking any such measures as may bring further depredation on the frontier inhabitants."

— Edward Telfair, 9 March 1793, "in the seventeenth year of the Independence of the United States of America"

An Accurate Map of North America. Describing and distinguishing the British and Spanish Dominions on the great Continent: According to the Definitive Treaty Concluded at Paris 10 Feb. 1763 from *The American Atlas*. Thomas Jefferys. Engraved, 1776. Gilcrease 3976.160.





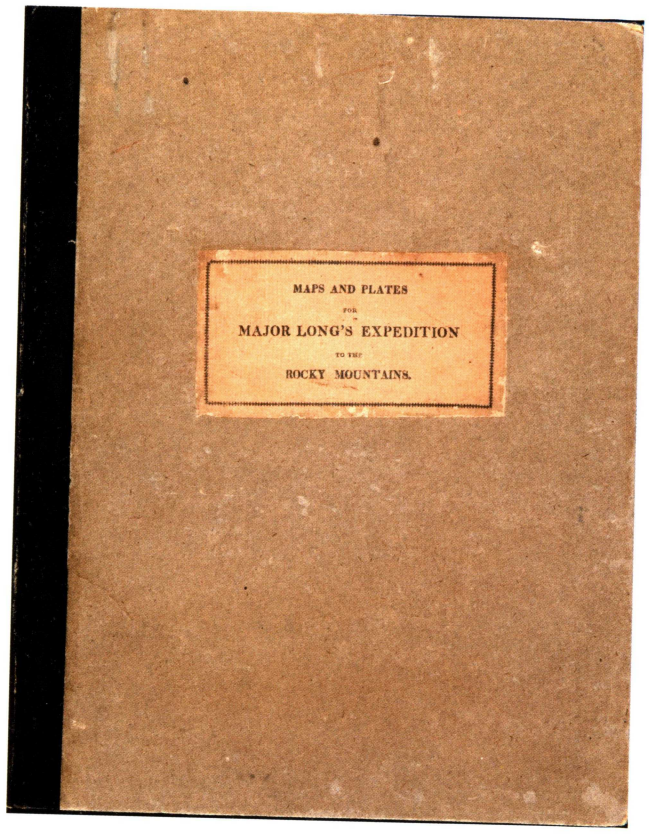
Country Drained by the Mississippi

On April 30, 1803, the United States purchased the Louisiana Territory from France. Consisting of 828,000 square miles, it sold for $11,250,000—roughly $13.60 per square mile. With the stroke of a pen Jefferson greatly increased the size of the young republic, but it was not enough to have the land. Jefferson wanted to know the land and so the age of military exploration began.

One young soldier committed to the cause was Stephen H. Long, a Dartmouth graduate and a United States Army Topographical Engineer. Despite a disappointing expedition up the Missouri River in 1819, Long organized a second expedition in 1820 to locate the sources of the Arkansas and Platte Rivers on the Southern Plains. It was the first scientific expedition of this region and the mapped results established standards for subsequent representations.

The expedition of 21 men, including scientists and soldiers, set out from Council Bluffs on June 5, 1820 and although they did not locate the source of the Arkansas, they did find that of the Canadian, shedding light on the river systems of the Southern Plains. The most infamous detail of the resulting map, however, pertained not to a source of water, but rather a lack of one. He labeled most of present day Oklahoma as the American Desert, a description some historians believe discouraged the settlement of the region. His team, however, did encounter large areas of sand and gravel and were not the first to document the conditions. Zebulon Pike had previously called the area dry and uninhabitable.

Despite labeling much of the state as barren and inhospitable, Stephen Long generated a more important effect by securing Oklahoma's place in the emerging imagery and history of the western United States.



Front cover of *Major Long's Expedition.* Gilcrease 2426.228.

Country drained by the Mississippi from *Maps and Plates for Major Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*, 1822. Gilcrease 2426.228.



A Map of the Indian Territory

Josiah Gregg was a wanderer from birth. His parents, like many in the Appalachians, looked hard to the west for opportunity, and soon after Josiah's birth in 1806 moved to Illinois. Within six years, however, the Gregg's lived in Missouri, a frontier territory perched on the rim of the West and it was here that Josiah grew up. A sickly boy who excelled at school, particularly in mathematics, he studied to be a surveyor by the age of 16; but commitment was an elusive trait for the young man and disappointment with teaching and law only increased his restlessness.

Fate, however, intervened. Suffering from a severe consumptive attack, Josiah weakened. His doctors suggested he travel to the arid plains for their temperate climate, and so in 1831 he struck out on the Santa Fe Trail and found solace on the angled lands of the West. Over the next eleven years he kept notes of his travels across the trails, and in 1843 traveled to the East to publish them. The result was *Commerce of the Prairies,* described by Carl Wheat as "the most important book printed on the Southwest."

It provided information not only through text, but also through cartography and included settlements, wagon roads, places of attack and topographical details. One detail, a large sandy area, supported Stephen Long's "American Desert" descriptive. Another topographical detail was the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains, in Texas, identified for the first known time in cartography.

In addition, he also included the Santa Fe Trail, a vital trade link between the East and West. Even though people were not settling in Oklahoma, they were traveling more frequently across it, lessening the obscurity of the territory. More important was the inclusion of the recently removed Five Civilized Tribes from the Southeast. His rendering, and others similar, reflected the newly established public perception of Oklahoma as a land synonymous with Native Americans—a perception that dominates still today.



Photograph of Josiah Gregg. Gilcrease

A Map of the Indian Territory, Northern Texas and New Mexico Showing the Great Western Prairies from *Cerographic Atlas of the United States*, 1844.



Indian Territory

When Josiah Gregg published *Commerce of the Prairies* in 1843, the American West was to most people a place that existed only on the pages and canvases of those who had experienced it. By 1880, however, Manifest Destiny had rolled across the nation with the wagon trains from the East; but Oklahoma, with settlers passing predominantly to the north and south, remained uniquely isolated. S. Augustus Mitchell's New General Atlas from 1881 illustrated this isolation.

Mitchell, born in Connecticut, turned to map publishing after becoming dissatisfied with the geography textbooks he used as a teacher. He produced his first atlas in 1831 and quickly became one of the dominant mapmakers of the nineteenth century. Upon his death in 1868, his son issued the New General Atlas to replace an older version. This map of Indian Territory is from the 1881 edition.

There are two major differences between this map and Josiah Gregg's. During the second half of the nineteenth century the U.S. government expanded its removal policy to include tribes from the Northern Plains and the Great Lakes regions. Like those of the Southeast, these tribes were relocated to present day Oklahoma. Mitchell's map reflected this with its inclusion of Pawnees, Kansas, Sac and Fox, Pottowatomies, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Wichitas, Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Quapaws, Ottawas, Wyandottes, Senecas, and Shawnees. Another difference was the presence of railroads across the territory. White settlement was not extensive, but as more people traveled across the land they needed a more efficient method of travel than wagon trains. Railroads provided the solution.

Although Oklahoma's population was increasing, it was largely a result of forced removal and involuntary settlement; but a historic event would drastically shift this pattern—the Oklahoma Land Run.



Photograph of Cheyenne camp, 1881. Gilcrease 4326.5262.

Indian Territory; Colorado on Verso from Mitchell's *New General Atlas*. S. Augustus Mitchell. Philadelphia, 1881.



Proposed State of Oklahoma

It was April 22, 1889 as people jockeyed their horses and wagons along the starting line. At high noon the shot sounded and marked a turning point in Oklahoma history as settlers rushed to stake their claims in the Land Run. Over the next six years five more land runs occurred, opening millions of acres to white settlement and dividing the land into the Twin Territories: Oklahoma to the west and Indian to the east.

At the time, the individual governments of the Five Civilized Tribes controlled Indian Territory. The leaders, however, realized the benefits of a unified state, and in 1905 held the Sequoyah Constitutional Convention in Muskogee. Upon adjournment, a delegation traveled to Washington with the resulting constitution, plan of government, and map of counties; but the proposal was declined. Eastern politicians did not favor an American Indian state and so President Roosevelt insisted that the Indian and Oklahoma Territories would only achieve statehood as a combined state.

The delegation returned to Indian Territory with the President's answer, and in 1906, the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention assembled in Guthrie with both territories represented. They drafted the longest known constitution (250,000 words) and created this map of the proposed state. Satisfied with the efforts, Roosevelt granted the territory statehood on November 16, 1907.

In the 337 years since the *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum,* Oklahoma had evolved from the New World into a State of the Union. Cartographers not only documented this progression, but also helped to establish the enduring parameters for the history of Oklahoma—a state forever defined within the landscape and legacy of the American West.

Boomers Approaching Railroad Bridge from *A Collection of Oklahoma Indian and Cowboy Views*, 1881. Gilcrease 4527.85.14 12)

Proposed State of Oklahoma. Andrew B. Graham Co. Lithographers, Washington, D.C., 1906.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

Buissert, David. Ed. *From Sea Charts to Satellite Images: Interpreting North American History Through Maps.* Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1990.

Cohen, Paul E. *Mapping the West: America's Westward Movement 1524-1890.* New York: Rizzoli, 2002.

Harley, J.B. and David Woodward. Eds. *The History of Cartography. Cartography in Prehistoric, Ancient, and Medieval Europe and the Mediterranean. Vol. 1.* Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1987.

Nichols, Roger L. and Patrick L. Halley. *Stephen Long and American Frontier Exploration.* Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, 1995.

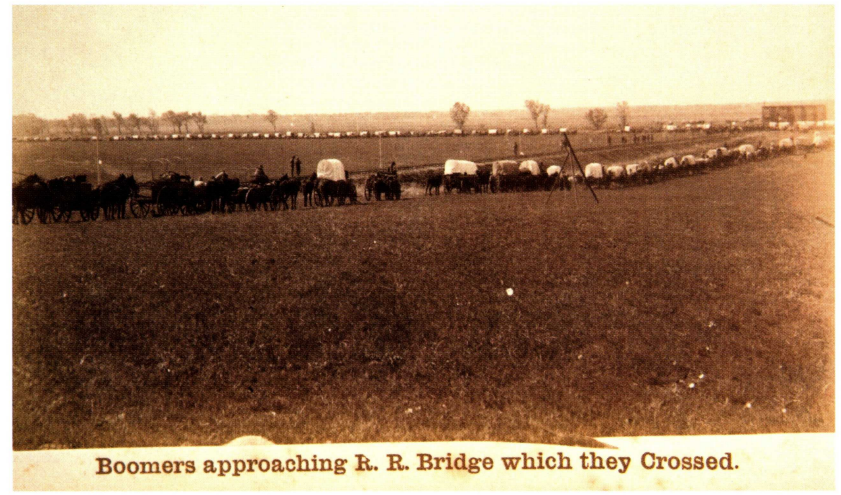
Reinhartz, Dennis and Charles C. Colley. Eds. *The Mapping of the American Southwest.* College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 1987.

Ristow, Walter W. *American Maps and Mapmakers: Commercial Cartography in the Nineteenth Century.* Detroit: Wayne State University, 1985.

Short, John Rennie. *The World through Maps: A History of Cartography.* Firefly Books, 2003.

Wheat, Carl. 1540-1861 *Mapping the Transmississippi West.* Vol. 2 San Francisco: The Institute of Historical Cartography, 1958.

Wilford, John Noble. Ed. *The Mapmakers: The Story of the Great Pioneers in Cartography—From Antiquity to the Space Age.* Revised edition. New York: Knopf, 2000.





Oklahoma prairie landscape. Photo by Shane Culpepper.

In the Oklahoma Panhandle

BY DON WELCH

The summer over,

the heads of the sunflowers
are heavy with black prayer,

but here is a girl skipping to school,
kicking up dust,

as if the hot wind were
a flower.

Perhaps she's one
for whom the best sounds will be

like conch shells held to her ear;
who will swirl out of herself

a soft whorl of words;
as if her journey over,

her poem's just begun,
she can listen

to what laps out of silence
and comes ashore

at the edge of a word.



Crucified Land. Alexander Hogue. oil on canvas. Gilcrease. 0127.2000.

From Harpsong

BY RILLA ASKEW

That's me and him standing at the side of the road outside Joplin, Missouri. To look at it you wouldn't know where it was, would you? Dirt road, bare trees, it could be anywhere, Arkansas or Mississippi, these Oklahoma hills even, where we came from. You wouldn't know what year either, but I can tell you. 1935. I believe it was March maybe. The trees were just fixing to bud. The lady that took it posed us to look like that, like we were hitchhiking, which we weren't, though we did do a lot of hitching. We rode the rails too, especially at first. That valise in the dirt wasn't ours. Me and Harlan used a rucksack. The lady drove us in her car to that spot and got that valise out of her turtlehull and set it on the ground between us before she took the picture. It's the only picture ever taken of me and Harlan, so far as I know.

I didn't know about that one, or I didn't know it was a public picture, till I ran across it in a postcard rack in Tahlequah way up after the end of the war. I about fainted. I felt like I was watching an old dream come alive in front of my face. I bought it so quick, like somebody might snatch it, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect when it was taken. My hat there's what caused me to finally remember. I'd found that cloth hat in a bar ditch near Joplin and lost it to the wind outside McAlester, so I knew right when the picture had to have been taken, and then I remembered the lady.

She came and picked us out of all the other folks camped under that railroad overpass, she walked right past women and their little kids and men with sores on their feet, which, if she meant to be taking pictures of poor people, like she said, you'd think she might have picked one of them. We were sitting in the shade underneath a girder, Harlan wasn't playing his harp or anything, but that lady made a bee-line right for us, and really, I don't know why, unless it was just because my husband was so pretty. He didn't like anybody to say it, of course, he acted like that was such an embarrassment, but you'd seldom catch him smiling with his mouth open to show where his tooth was broke. See it there? She caught him with his lips open. You can't tell if he's grinning or squinting, but Harlan kept his lips shut tight over that chipped tooth most the time, except when he was singing or talking.

I cherish this picture anyway, even if it does feel like the lady stole it. She didn't really, I guess. She told us what she was doing, and we stood right there, still as still, while she took our picture with a big black box camera.

It wasn't like she snuck around. She drove us back to the camp after and dropped us off, we never saw or heard from her again. Come to find out, she put that picture in a book along with a bunch of others. I didn't know you could do that, take somebody's picture and put it in a book or on a postcard and never ask them. But she paid us two dollars and a half, or she didn't call it pay, she just gave it to us, said, "Here, get y'all something to eat." We left for Oklahoma the next morning.

There's another thing about this picture. I was with child then. I didn't know it at the time, or my mind didn't, but if you look at my face, staring off at the side of the road like that, you can see how I'm looking inward and outward at the same time, so some part of me must have known. So really, if I think about it, this is the only picture in existence of me and Ronnie and his daddy. That's another reason I love it. I don't care if a hundred thousand people see it, this picture is mine. My own and only, now. Oh, people act like they know everything, they tell all sorts of stories, don't none of them know the real truth. They don't. Me here, Sharon, his wife. I'm the one that knows Harlan.

I was fourteen years old the first time I laid eyes on him. He come walking out the road from Cookson on a hot May morning the week after school was out, 1931. It was a Saturday. My daddy was gone preaching. I was supposed to be sweeping the yard but what I was doing mostly was watching for Marie Tingle. She was a neighbor girl who sold Cloverine salve and delivered our GRIT once a week, and she rode an old white dray horse that mudged along slow as cream rising. I'd drag that shoemake broom through the dirt, weave a pattern out to the yard fence, and then I'd stand a while, looking. I aimed to be the first one at the gate when Marie got there, because if Mama saw her first, she'd come grab that magazine and put it away till we got the work done. Then she'd go off by herself to read the story, and the day would be half gone before I'd get my chance to read the next chapter. The GRIT ran a love story that went week to week, I was real anxious to find out what came next, I remember.

I seen him coming, I thought at first it was only the dust stirring, and then I thought it was a drunkard lolling, he had that rolling slap-footed gait, you know. I forgot all about Marie Tingle. I dropped the broom and ran up on the porch hollering, "Mama! Mama!" All five kids came tumbling out the door, and Mama right behind them. The dogs were barking a racket. Harlan kept coming along, he stopped outside the fence and said howdy, and then he stood there, peering up at us, smiling. Mama called the dogs off, they slunk back under the house, and after that it was just the sound of the locusts. Well, nobody was surprised to see a stranger in the road in those days, even if you lived a mile out from town, like we did, but Mama gawked at Harlan the way a calf looks at a new gate. He was all dressed up like he was set to go someplace. Believe me there wasn't anywhere to go around Cookson, Oklahoma, that would justify a tie and a snap-brim hat, but that's not what Mama was staring at anyway. She was looking at his face.

Oh, I can't describe it, you can see for yourself. What that picture don't show though is the color of his eyes, they were the prettiest light green. It don't show how smooth his skin was, just practically like he was covered in doeskin. You can't even see how long and black his eyelashes were, or how they curled up. Pretty. I'll bet that was the very word in my mama's mind. It was sure enough in mine. He asked for a drink of water, and Mama said, "Sharon, honey, go draw him some water."

I blinked at her. My mama never called me honey. She motioned for him to come inside the fence and have a seat on the busted crate in the shade of an old bodark tree we had in the yard there. I felt Harlan's eyes on me, I went to the well and drew the bucket, handed him the dipper. We were only a few feet from each other, out in the bright sun – he didn't go to the shade and he didn't sit down - but I wouldn't glance at him any more until I got back on the porch. His hat was pushed to the back of his head. He thanked Mama for the water, commented on the heat and so forth, but he kept flicking his eyes my direction. Mama stepped to the porch ledge, hoisted Ellie Renee on her hip, said, "I suppose you're hunting a hand-out." She didn't appear nearly as suspicious as the words sounded.

"No, ma'am," Harlan said, "don't reckon I am. Wouldn't mind if you had a little job of work a fellow could do, though."

"What kind?" Mama said. I turned my whole head to stare at her. I'd never heard her say anything but move on down the road to a hobo.

"Any kind, ma'am. I can do about anything on a place needs doing."

"I ain't got any money to pay you."

Harlan laughed. "Ain't nobody got any money, near as I can tell. No place I been."

"Where-all have you been?" Mama asked. She was shading her eyes with her free hand, but I saw her slip her other hand back to smooth her hair behind her ears.

"All over the country, ma'am." Harlan cut his eyes at me. "Here to California and back," he said. "Down to Texas, east as far as Georgia. Hadn't been to Washington DC yet, but I'm goin'. Maybe in Washington somebody's got some money."

"Sounds like you been doing some hard traveling."

"I have that, ma'am."

"Well," Mama said. The yard got so quiet, except for the insects. Even the twins were hushed, staring out from behind Mama's skirt, Leonard had his fist wrapped in the cotton, sucking it in his mouth. I could see the baby moving up and down with Mama's breathing. She was about two then, I guess, Ellie Renee. She was the blondest of any of us, had the finest hair, it feathered out in wisps all around her head like little fish fins. Mama kept reaching up to wipe her dirty cheek, rubbing over and over till Ellie started squirming, and then whining, and finally squalling, and then it wasn't quiet no more.

Mama said over Ellie's squalls, "You might bust me up some stovewood if you want. I could probably feed you a bite. The ax is yonder." She nodded at the double-bitted chopping ax stuck in the tree stump.

"Ma'am, if I could get that bite to eat first, I could sure work better. I'll even sing you a song for a bonus. Singer's my name anyhow, like the sewing machine. I don't sew but I do-si-do every chance I get." Harlan folded his arms and cut a gawky little square-dance step in the yard. Mama tried to frown, but her face wouldn't let her.

"Well. Come on then," she said.

Harlan started across the yard, and I saw it again, how awkward he walked. Ellie kept squalling in Mama's arms. Harlan stopped, whipped a harmonica out of his pocket and ran a trill up and down. The baby hushed and stared. The other kids peeked out from behind Mama's skirt, the busted ladderback, the old canning crate, where they were all hiding.

"Have a seat," Mama said. Harlan ran one last trill, moved to sit on the steps. "Sharon," Mama said, "go fix Mr. Singer a plate."

Well, there wasn't a plate of anything in our house to fix, only cold biscuits left over from breakfast, which me and Mama both knew, but that wasn't what had me caught. I was watching Harlan, how he held onto the banister while he swung himself down. His left leg flopped to the side like he couldn't control it. My stomach dropped. The only person I knew with a leg that wouldn't work right was the mail carrier Max Stunke, and that was because his was wooden. I thought that was what was wrong with Harlan's.

"Sharon Earlene," Mama said, "go in the house and fix Mr. Singer a plate of biscuits."

I slammed in the house and poured about a pint of sorghum on those cold biscuits, and you know sorghum molasses was just nearly liquid gold to me, even if our daddy did own a sorghum mill and got paid with syrup for grinding other folks' cane. Seemed to me like I just never could get enough of it. But I slathered those three biscuits like a punishment,

like I was going to punish the stranger on the porch with too much of the thing I loved best, because in those few minutes he'd went from being perfect to awkward to one-legged. That's what I thought..

I came back outside. Harlan had his harp making every kind of sound in the world, a train and a laying hen and a hoot owl and a jaybird, and the kids were jumping up and down and clapping, and the rooster was all puffed up on the chopping stump, crowing, and even Mama was leaning against a porch post, smiling. I set the plate on the top step and Harlan turned to me. He still had his lips wrapped around the harmonica, but he kept his eyes on my face. He nodded. My stomach went hot, my chest runny, like syrup on the stove, melted and running down. I forgot all about his crippled leg. I mean that. It was like I couldn't see it anymore, even when he stood up afterwhile and went slap-footed across the yard to split a few licks of kindling.

When Daddy came home Monday afternoon, me and Mama were doing the wash on the back porch. We heard the team and wagon, the kids shouting, we neither one looked at each other. Mama wrung out Daddy's second overalls, handed them to me to put on the line. I didn't watch her wipe her palms on her apron, but I felt it, how she raised a hand to smooth her hair. I was still standing by the clothesline when she stepped off the porch and went around the side of the house.

Mama was shading her eyes on the porch steps when I got to the front. Daddy was yonder by the barn, trying to unhitch the team one-handed. He had the baby in his left arm, a twin hanging off the back of each leg. James and Talmadge were shooting each other dead in the flatbed. Mama hollered, "You, Leonard! Leora Jane! Let your daddy alone! Talmadge Ray, I'm going to cut a switch to you two in a minute. Y'all quit that and help your daddy get them horses in the barn!"

Daddy glanced at Mama, but he went on unhitching, and when the boys led the horses off, he reached in the bed for a sack of flour and hoisted it to his shoulder, started toward the house. He stopped when he saw me at the side of the porch. "Why, hello, Sissy," he said. "You ain't got a hidey for your old daddy?" There was a flickering moment then, I looked up at Mama, and then Daddy did, and then Harlan came ambling around the corner from the back of the house with the hoe laid across his shoulder. After that, everybody's eyes were on Harlan. That's how it always was, no matter where he turned up.

"Howdy," Harlan said.

Mama said, "Earl, this fellow here's going to help plant the cotton."

Well, we'd never had any help planting cotton, chopping it, picking it, nothing. Cotton was your cash crop and there was little enough profit to begin with, and the landlord Mr. Casper was owed a third of that. Plus, the ground was broke already, Daddy'd busted it with the cultivator a week ago. I figured for sure he was going to say, Move on down the road, mister, but he only stared at Harlan a minute, drew his chin in, nodded real slow. Then he continued on up the steps, carried that hundred-pound sack of Clara Bell flour in the house.

After supper that night Harlan took out his harp and began to play old-timey hymns for my daddy while me and Mama cleared the table. Daddy sat at the table with his eyes closed, listening like he was praying. And Harlan stayed to plant the cotton.

He sparked me the first time a couple mornings later, right out in the truckpatch in back of the house. I looked up from my hoeing and seen him coming, my breath caught a fist in my chest. He was still far enough away and he was walking so slow you almost couldn't detect that little slap in his gait. I was praying he wouldn't come over. It was a real sweltery morning, all I could think about was the sweat on my face and under my arms.

Harlan started calling from way off at the edge of the corn, "Sharrrrron! Sharon Singer!"

I got so flustered. I hacked at the weeds around the potatoes, acting like I didn't hear it, even to myself. He came and stood outside the double strand of barbed wire Daddy'd put up to keep the cows out.

"Man alive," Harlan said, "that plantin's thirsty work."

I shot him a look. Planting cotton wasn't hard. All you had to do was walk the furrows behind the team.

"Where's a fella supposed to find a drink of water in these parts?" Harlan said.

I could see he was sweating too, his white shirt soaked through. "If you'd just waited," I said, "they'd have brought you the bucket before noon."

"Who would? You?"

"No," I said. "That's the twins' job."

"Well, see," Harlan said, "that's what I was afraid of. You spoilt me that first morning. If it's not you bringing me water, I'd as soon go on and die of thirst."

I dipped my head so my hat covered my face. I didn't want him to see how red my face was, which I knew, because that's how it felt.

"What you got there, a copperhead?"

I was chopping the weeds hard, making my way down the row. "I've got work to do," I said. "You'd better get to work too. If my daddy catches you sluffing off you'll wish he hadn't."

"What's your old daddy going to do?"

"Kick your lazy self off this farm."

Harlan laughed. "He's not going to do that."

"You just hide and watch," I said.

But the truth is, I was scared. I'd been hoping that if Harlan worked really hard, maybe Daddy would keep him, but I could tell already Harlan wasn't any too work brittle. I figured for sure Daddy was going to come home one of these evenings and see how little work had got done and send Harlan packing. I turned and started chopping another row. "That cotton's not going to run out there and plant itself," I said.

"It won't?" He was sidling along the wire, following me. "Why, Miss Sharon Earlene, didn't you know there's a place where the bitterweed don't grow and the cotton plants itself? Picks itself too, jumps its own self right in the sack."

I snapped back over my shoulder, "Not here it don't!"

"Well, just naturally a place like that ain't in Oklahoma. It's far, far away," he said, his voice dreamy. "This land where the cottonseeds hop their own selves in the ground and the green plants pop up in a minute and dance around. You haven't got to chop it neither, they tell me. There's no such of a thing as a weed in this place. Come autumn, they say the cotton's blooming far as your eye can wander, pretty and white as popcorn, man alive, the bolls just itching to jump off the plants."

I snorted, turned to start another row. I could feel him following. Sweat was running down, my eyes were stinging, I had to let go the hoe with one hand to wipe my forehead. I glanced back at the house in case Mama was watching but I didn't see anyone, only the baby, sitting by herself in the yard, playing with her spoons in the dirt.

"Know where it is?"

"Where what is?" I said.

"The land where weeds don't grow and the water tastes like cherry wine?"

I knew I oughtened to answer, and I didn't, really, but I guess I shook my head.

"Why, it's in California!" Harlan laughed, like it was a big joke. "That's how the song goes, innit?" he said. He pulled his harp out of his pants pocket. "That's where I'm fixing to carry you, Miss Sharon Earlene, one of these sunny mornings."

I glanced at the house again. "What'd you do," I said to change the subject, "leave them horses standing loose in the field?"

For an answer he went to playing that old Jimmie Rodgers song about going to California where the water tastes like wine.

I worked on down the row, the tops of the potato plants flying as much as the weeds.

He called out, "I been meaning to ask you something! How'd you get so pretty?"

I stopped. I knew he was mocking me.

"You're the prettiest thing I seen since Christmas."

"Shut up," I whispered.

"How'd you get to be out here in these old blackgum hills?" He was talking soft now, not calling it out, because I'd quit moving away. "How is it I been hunting all over creation, and you were here all the time, getting growed up right under me? You reckon God likes a good joke?"

"Shut up," I said.

"I been to Tipton." He kept coming, walking slow along the wire. "I been to Pampa, Amarillo, Georgia, I been all over God's green and dusty country, you were here all the time, the prettiest girl in the world, standing in her daddy's yard."

"Shut up!" My chest was burning, I wasn't anything but knob-kneed and meatless, my hair hung straight down, we couldn't afford any Toni home permanents, my ears stuck out through my hair, it was so fine and thin, it wasn't yellow like the baby's, it wasn't reddish like Mama's, it was just plain ashy-brown, and I couldn't think anything but he was making fun of me. I felt like I hated him, except I was too ashamed.

Harlan said, "Reckon I'm going to have to start believing in the Almighty again."

That threw me. I stared at the potato plants. It'd never occurred to me there could be such a thing as not believing. That'd be like not believing in sky or wind or water.

"What else could it be but a miracle of the Lord that you were standing in the yard when I walked up the road?" His voice was so quiet "Otherwise I might've walked right on past. What would have happened then?"

I kept looking at the ground. There was a soft tumping sound, his foot in the dust as he came along the fence.

"What would've happened if I never met you?" he whispered. He was only a few feet away, just on the other side of the wire. I heard him plain. Then all I could hear was the sound of the oak trees, the locusts crying in the oak trees, and way off by the pond, Belle calling her calf. Harlan kept on not saying anything.

After a long time, I answered, "Well." I still had my head down.

He started blowing the saddest, most beautiful sliding minor tune on his harp.

To this day, I can't name what that song was. I heard him play a lot of mournful songs through the years, but I never heard that same one again. He made it up in that moment. He thought there was a chance he wasn't going to get me, see, and he was telling me in the music what would happen to him if he didn't. I raised up finally. He stopped playing, lowered the harp, smiled with his lips closed. My insides were ringing, my chest was making its own song alongside Harlan's, because I knew that what I'd heard him calling from far off was real. I knew he meant me to marry him. And I knew that I would.

He climbed over the barbed wire, he had to lean on a post to swing his leg over. He came straight across the rows to where I was standing, took the hoe from me and let it fall on the ground. He went to try to kiss me, but our hats bumped. I pulled away. I was so sweaty. He took his hat off, bent his face again

I just… it was such a surprise. I'd never felt anything like it. I'd practiced kissing my arm under the covers at night, but this was nothing like it. His mouth was so soft. I could taste the salt. Then he reached under my chin with two fingers, touched the base of my throat, where the blood beats, said, "Sharon Earlene Singer." He put his hat on then, turned and limped off. The soft dirt in the garden made it harder for him to walk.

It wasn't until I picked up my hoe and turned to finish the row that I saw Mama standing way across in the backyard, looking my direction. She was too far away for me to see what her face said. I was hoping she'd just then come out the door. I said to myself, She's fixing to light into me for lolling around when I'm supposed to be working. I started chopping a fury, like there really could've been a snake in the potato plants. I just wanted to believe it, you know, that she didn't see me and Harlan. Out of the corner of my eye I watched her bend over and lift the baby. She started toward me.

"Hi, Sissy," the baby said, from where she was riding on Mama's hip. "Hi, Sissy." The closer they got, the more she said it, trying to get me to answer. "Hi, Sissy."

I was on the far side of the patch then, back toward the cornfield, acting like I didn't expect anything, I just kept hoeing. Mama hiked her skirt and stepped over the wire, coming toward me.

"Hi, Sissy. Hi."

I raised up, said hi, finally, to hush her. Mama didn't look mad or purse-mouthed or anything, just smooth and blank. The baby started in with her next favorite word after hi and no. "C'mon. Come on, Sissy. C'mon." She was still saying c'mon when Mama reached me and took the hoe out of my hand and dropped it, like Harlan did, and then she slapped the fire out of me. Everything was quiet until Ellie Renee let out a long wail. After that, I could hear her squalling while Mama carried her back to the house, but I couldn't see her, I had my hands up over my face.

Published by permission of the University of Oklahoma Press. www.oupress.com



Any Summer Afternoon. Charles Bank Wilson. Acrylic. Gilcrease. 0137.2465.

Little Town, Big Heart

BY CONNIE CRONLEY

I grew up in a small town in northeastern Oklahoma where everybody knew who you were and what you were up to, and called your mother and told her.

My high school friends and I were once pulled out of a Brigette Bardot movie because it was considered too racy for us. Another time, when we were riding around in a boyfriend's car while he played golf, his mother pulled us over and put us out of the car. That's the way it was; people took action.

When I was a little girl in Nowata, Oklahoma, I spent much of the summer hanging around in front of Benjamin's Funeral Home. The funeral home directors went on world travels—Mexico, perhaps, or Colorado—and brought back toys for every child in town who had sent in his name. You mailed in your name and age and then waited in sweet anticipation for weeks. Then, one magical day, the funeral home window display was filled with toys. The plastic funeral wreaths disappeared and in their place was an array of small toys and in front of each toy was a white card that read something such as "Connie Jo, age 6." And in front of the plate glass window was a crowd of children looking at this bounty. One year I got a tiny band of frogs playing musical instruments.

Today I might cynically identify this as public relations, but it never occurred to me then that it was advertising. For advertising, Benjamin's gave away paper fans with a colored picture of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane. We didn't think it was surreal that a funeral home gave away toys. We didn't think it was a subtle marketing campaign. We just thought, "Lucky us! Toys!" Gifts came with the territory of being a kid. We had to come inside at dark and we had to get shots with the hypodermic the size of a meat prong, but we got gifts for Christmas and for our birthdays and from Benjamin's in the summer. That was life, jumbled together like my aunt's three-bean salad.

In my hometown, my Aunt Helen was a heroine. She was a telephone operator for twenty years in an era when you spoke to the operator and told her the phone number you wanted. The telephone office was up a rickety stairway to the second floor. During tornado season, when the rest of us were in tornado shelters, Aunt Helen was up there by herself, keeping in touch with the sheriff's department and tracking the storm's progress.

Aunt Helen was my role model. Not just because she was a working woman in the 1950s, but because she taught me how to make potato soup and gave me her entire library of Book of the Month Club selections. That's pretty heady stuff when you're ten or twelve.

Every Sunday the whole family—all my aunts and uncles and cousins—gathered at my grandmother's house for Sunday dinner. The main course was usually chicken, grabbed from

my grandmother's chicken coop that morning and fried. In season, dessert was strawberry shortcake. The day before, my grandmother would put on her sunbonnet and she and I would walk through the stand of hollyhocks to the strawberry patch where we picked a pan of tiny strawberries for the cake.

It was an old-fashioned family. The men ate first and then the women. The children had a separate table in the kitchen. My mother was more progressive—when Sunday dinners moved to our house after my grandfather died, everybody ate together.

On holidays, the uncles spent some time outside sipping whiskey from a brown bag-wrapped bottle that was kept in the trunk of a car. The uncles' holiday moods grew cheerier as the day progressed. After their meal, the uncles all took a nap while the aunts finished eating and then washed up. The children were outside by then climbing trees or sliding down the cellar's tin door.

As a teenager, I attended Saturday night dances at the VFW, which was always called the VFW hut. The VFW was something of the community center. It hosted turkey shoots, horse races, bingo parties, and patriotic celebrations. Rock-and-roll dances were held there most every Saturday night— in summer they got going late, after the boys came in from working in the wheat fields. The next morning, the boys tried to recall Homeric fights in the parking lot, comparing bruises. That's how they measured how good a time they had.

In an earlier period, the 1950s, there was a Civil Defense program at the VFW to spot enemy aircraft. My parents were good citizens, patriotic and community-minded. My father was a proud veteran, a Mason, and a volunteer fireman; my mother was a homeroom mother at my grade school, dutiful with plates of cookies and cupcakes. She made an angel food cake with butter icing for the cakewalk at the annual school carnival.

Parties and projects were ongoing. In fall we gathered pecans, and in the winter we sat at the kitchen table shelling them for pies. In the summer came swimming and water skiing vacations to Grand Lake and overnight fishing trips to Moon Lake. Fishing trips for the whole family and hunting for my father were popular. Fishing was a year-round adventure, including crappie fishing in a boathouse on Grand Lake in the winter. My mother could fry fish filets as golden and light as clouds at sunset.

It was a gentler time. For a while the sheriff didn't drive and had to call the cab when there was a crime. The cab company was a tough place in a dark basement full of smoke and boisterous men. Only my father ventured there, certainly no women went into such a rough place. On pretty days, the jail prisoners got to sit outside on a bench under a tree at the courthouse. When one particular candidate ran for office pledging to reduce crime in our town, we knew he could—because he was responsible for most of it. Even so, he was not elected.

When hobbies swept through the town, our house was never spared. Embroidery captivated both my parents for a while, then paint-by-number.

They hosted canasta parties or poker parties, pancake and sausage suppers, and summer barbecues where the chicken wasn't considered done until it was black. The kid parties received just as much attention. One of my earliest memories is of my mother making me a gypsy costume for a Halloween party with hoop earrings made from canning lids. Her hors d'oeuvres for my parties always astonished my friends—deviled eggs or canapés of a cube of cheese, thick slice of wiener and sweet pickle on a toothpick. One birthday party, my father hired a horse and wagon for a hayride out into the country where we had a wiener roast.

In the small town version of a barn-raising, my parents and their friends would rally together and knock off ambitious projects: building a storm shelter, laying a hardwood floor, or making a tubful of homemade tamales.

So naturally my parents signed up for the Civil Defense aircraft program. They went through a training session, then they were assigned a shift. Every week for months each of them went to the VFW for an hour-long shift. They climbed the aircraft-spotting tower built especially for the purpose and spent an hour scanning the skies with binoculars for enemy planes. It went without saying that they would be Russian planes. This was the Cold War era.

Today I realize that if enemy aircraft had got as far inland as Oklahoma without being spotted, our country would have been in deep trouble. We didn't think about that then. It was the community spirit that counted.

Part of the Civil Defense assignment was to record the time and type of each airplane sighted. My parents never saw any Russian planes, but they did see quite a few aircraft headed for Tulsa's commercial airport. My mother had such poor eyesight she could never identify any of the planes. She wrote down the time and recorded each plane as "unidentified."

About this time, my Uncle Bus, a worrier by nature, was suffering sleepless nights worrying about a Russian attack. I told this story to a young friend of mine not long ago, a Russian ballet dancer from St. Petersburg. He was puzzled.

"Your uncle worry that Russians come over here?" he asked. "Well, here I am!"

I don't think that my uncle laid awake nights on an Oklahoma farm worrying about an invasion of Russian ballet dancers.

Despite the fear and paranoia, and the ludicrousness, of the Cold War tale, there is a sweetness to the story of the Civil Defense tower at the VFW. I have a wonderful image of my pretty mother in the tower, wearing a crisp sundress, squinting intently at the summer skies through her horn-rimmed glasses. There was a sense of community spirit, not for social recognition or business profit, but just for the good of the community and the family. Maybe that's what kept the Russians at bay.

At Seventy: A Shape That Makes Sense

again for Manly

BY FRAN RINGOLD

These old birds trap souls of nightingales,
whistle curves of music in one smooth motion
like the soft neck of the golden horse
turned back to look at its image in longing.

The small book flutters open:
a child's thumb print,
a mother's words,
a crown of matted locks
pressed between yellow papers;
brown photos: a lean man in a high white collar,
a proud woman in points of lace, in her hands
a basket blooming lotus and sweet meats.
photos: the seasons of a garden,
snow and flower; the coiled handle of
the tantric lamp that steamed mustard
so they might breathe;
wings of wood;
bits of shell herald
the trumpeting ocean.

And here. . . a man curled in slumber,
a shape that makes sense:
fire in his head,
fingers aimlessly drumming,
breath soft and even.
He dreams . . .
The gods themselves
slept half the year,
knew when to gather in,
when to build.

And now, the gods
are everywhere:
in the belly of a tree,
in a garland of peach amaryllis,
especially, in roots of trees tenderly transplanted,
in oxen dressed in robes and flowers,
in snakes, in wobbling birds and cow birds
and gulls and dry rivers and in the water,
brooking the liquid power of water and waves.

And he wakes and remembers how it was said
that one must feed the gods on the New Year,
to appease them, to make them happy.
Then they pat their plump stomachs and lift
obstacles in our path and spin a sacred thread
from generation to generation
that binds the disgusting
and the marvelous
into a strong vine
on which each bird balances,
sings and sleeps.

Where I Live

BY IVY DEMPSEY

Home is
the mourning dove
covering the eggs in her nest
that is poised in a crook
of the drainpipe under the eaves
over our patio — she is
there. Just

there. Living
the duty that she takes, willingly,
as her nature. She is good,
outside morality. Outside justice.
She will not live
very long. She
is good.

Home is the strangeness
of goodness. Not drawn, as a wire
by the potter, to cut through the wet
clay. But rather the clay itself — wet,
moving in the potter's hands. Ready
to be shaped. Used. To be
broken. Without regret.

Home is
this body, and not
this body. This vessel that is clay
and is not clay. Is stardust. Is flesh

breathing now. Later not. Is ante-
chamber, and that other room
that waits.



Log and Barbed Wire. Charles Bank Wilson.

The Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association greatly appreciates the generous contributions of the following donors, including Business Art Alliance and Patron members, who help make possible programs and publications of Gilcrease Museum. The listing includes gifts of $750 or more for the period of July 1, 2006 through April 18, 2007.

*Deceased

Business Art Alliance

Council

Helmerich & Payne, Inc.
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Public Service Company of Oklahoma
Vintage Petroleum, Inc.
The Williams Companies Foundation

Benefactor

Apache Corporation
Bank of America
Beck Design
CITGO Petroleum Corporation
ConocoPhillips Petroleum
Cowen Construction Company
Dollar Thrifty Automotive Group, Inc.
MidFirst Bank
The NORDAM Group, Inc.
ONEOK, Inc.
Unit Corporation
World Publishing Co./Tulsa World

Investor

Atkinson, Haskins, Nellis, Brittingham, Gladd & Carwile
Cancer Treatment Centers of America
Gable & Gotwals Foundation
Hilti, Inc.
James, Potts, Wulfers, Inc.
Jim Ruley & Company, Inc.
Osage
St. Mary Land & Exploration Company
The Zarrow Families Foundation

Partner

Allied Bearing Supply Company
American Bank & Trust Company
Arvest Bank
Bank of Oklahoma N.A.
BluBlocker Corporation
Blue Cross & Blue Shield of Oklahoma
Bridgewater Investment Management, LLC
The G.C. Broach Company
Brown Electric Services, Inc.
BS&B Safety Systems, Inc.
Cargill for the House
Case & Associates Properties, Inc.
Cox Communications
Doerner, Saunders, Daniel & Anderson, LLP
Edward Jones Investments
Fellers Snider Law Firm
Gay and Lesbian Fund of Tulsa
Grant Thornton, LLP
H. W. Allen Company
Hall Estill Hardwick Gable Golden & Nelson
Infinite Business Solutions, LLC
Irving Productions
Jarboe Sales Company
JP Morgan Chase Bank, NA
JSR Enterprises, LLC
Kal's Southern Hills Chop House
Kenneth Petty Company, Inc.
Lamar Outdoor Advertising
Magee Rausch & Shelton, LLP
Matcha Design
McKesson Corporation
Midwesco Industries
Oklahoma State Senate Democrats
Paul L. and Helen I. Sisk Charitable Trust
Petal Pushers
Peter M. Walter & Associates, Realtors
Prescor Inc.
Reiss Painting of Tulsa, LLC
ResourceOne Communications
Retirement Benefit Advisors
Rhodes Hieronymus Jones Tucker & Gable
Rosenstein Fist & Ringold
Sneed Lang, P.C.
Spector Insurance Services
Summit Bank
Syntroleum Corporation
Tulsa Convention and Visitors Bureau
Woodcrest Lithography
The John Steele Zink Foundation

Collector

A.G. Edwards & Sons, Inc.
American Heritage Bank
The Bama Companies, Inc.
Cabin Creek Vineyard, LLC
Carrera Gas Companies, LLC
CCI Corporation/Crane Carrier Company
The Chalkboard
Class Act Party Rental
Cohlmia's
ColorComm
Davis Affiliates, L.P.
Jackie Cooper Imports
Keener Oil & Gas Company
KWB Oil Property Management, Inc.
Oklahoma Arts Council
Tulsa Plastics Company

Patron Circle

Remington

The Robert S. & Helen Grey Trippet Foundation, Inc.
Julie L. & Thomas A. Adelson
Joan B. & Thomas M. Atkinson
Billie T. & Howard G. Barnett, Jr.
Margery F. & James M. Bird
Jeanine & Randy A. Foutch
Cheryl & Richard Groenendyke, Jr.
Judy C. & Robert S. James
Cathryn M. & James D. Moore
Peggy C. & Charles C. Stephenson, Jr.
Kathryn L. Taylor & William E. Lobeck, Jr.
Kevin M. Webb
Randi S. & Fred N. Wightman, Jr.

Russell

Carol M. & David M. Adelson, MD
Pat & Keith E. Bailey
Sam L. Beakey & Trisha L. Parks-Beakey
Donnie V. & John A. Brock
Irene & Sanford P. Burnstien
Bryan Close
Diane K. & K. Wiley Cox
Stacey & Glenn J. Craig
Phyllis N. & George S. Dotson
Mrs. Presley Ford
Sandra K. & Kent J. Harrell
Kathleen & Markus Hilti
Joan L. & Robert G. Hunt
Susan B. & Robert W. Jackson
Cherine K. & Howard E. Janzen
Norma M. & Robert L. Kramer
George R. Kravis II
Margaret M. & Jack H. Neely
Martha P. Roberts
Phyllis & Leslie Simmons
Paul J. Woodul

Catlin

The William K. Warren Foundation
Barbara J. & William Boone
Kathryn V. & James Ford Brett
Richard A. Callis
Kimberly A. & Robert E. Coretz
Janet T. & Fredrick F. Drummond
Margo & W.K. Dunbar
Linda L. & Michael D. Earl
Joan F. Flint
Susan & E. Murray Gullatt
Marci & Stan Johnson
Jerri & Jenk Jones, Jr.
Virginia Krumme
Marilyn & Larry E. Lee
Ruth K. Nelson & Tom Murphy
Sandie & Donne W. Pitman
Tracy & Harold W. Salisbury
Jana Shoulders & Robert Soza
Piper & Deacon Turner
Warren B. Weeks, Jr.
Penny & John Williams

Moran

The Fulton & Susie Collins Foundation
The Gelvin Foundation, Inc.
The Herman Kaiser Foundation
The Leon Matthews Family
Ellen G. & Stephen J. Adelson
Teresa B. & Alex K. Adwan
Jennifer M. Ahlert
Kathryn & James F. Arens, II
Melissa P. & Michael P. Atkinson
Rita M. & Robert A. Augsburger
Shannon H. & John R. Bair
Candice G. Barry & Myles P. McClanahan
Jann E. & Terry Berg
William G. Bernhardt
Jean C. Berry
Susan L. & Charles Besancon
Jeanmarie M. Billington
Frances & Robert F. Biolchini
Cristine B. & James R. Bolley
Marian R. Bovaird
Patricia L. & David W. Bowman, Sr.
Debbie J. Branch
Linda* & Larry J. Bump
Douglas A. Campbell
Patricia D. & Joseph E. Cappy
Randee & David Charney
Ann & Doyle W. Cotton, Jr.
Cynthia A. Cox
Laura Stauffer Daniel
Catherine & Gentner F. Drummond
Cheryl L. & William B. Emmer
Margaret & John Erling
Katherine H. & Lynne E. Frame
Debbie & Del Gann
Mary Jane C. Garner
Elizabeth Ann Graves
Sharon J. Bell & Gregory Allen Gray
Harleen & Shivrajpal S. Grewal
Minisa Crumbo Halsey & James Halsey
Patsy Gilcrease Hoffelder & Phillip L. Henderson
Debra K. & Steven B. Hildebrand
Burt B. Holmes
Nora & John N. Hove
Meredith & Oliver S. Howard
Jennifer & Todd C. Jesness
Elaine M. & Gordon K. Joens
Kristen & Timothy D. Kenneally
David E. Kidd
Patti & Patrick D. Lester, MD
Janis & G. Scott Lewis
Becky & Chris Lincoln
Leslie D. & Robert E. Lorton, III
Roxana R. & Robert E. Lorton, Jr.
Teri & Marc C. Maun
Louis M. Medina
Darcey & Joseph P. Moran, III
Mary Frances Myers
Sarah A. Nelson & Joel Donohue
Evelyn R. & Lester I. Nienhuis
Frances W. O'Hornett
Mia & Herbert C. Oven, Jr.
Elizabeth G. Peterson
Jacqueline K. & Robert C. Poe
Bobbye R. Potter
JoAnn & Gene Quarles
Gail Z. & Emmet C. Richards
Casey L. Roebuck & Jay A. Smith
Angela & John E. Rooney
Florence & Paul A. Rossi
Melissa H. & Robert B. Sartin
Aubrey Schellhorn
Donna & Richard W. Schmidt
Brenda & Kyle M. Shepard
Milann H. Siegfried
Charles S. Smith
Caroyln R. & James W. Smith
Dana & Stuart Solomon
Susan J. & Glen L. Sparks
Priscilla C. & Joseph N. Tate
Susie & David Thorne
Johnna L. & Mark O. Thurston
Rosemary Tran & Alvin Williamson
Peggy A. & Steadman Upham
Rachel Blue & Tom C. Vincent, II
Peggy J. & Mark S. White
Nancy & Andrew M. Wolov
Leigh Anderson Woosley
Amber & Chris S. Yuill
Henry H. Zarrow
Maxine & Jack Zarrow
Hilary & Scott F. Zarrow
Rachel W. Zebrowski & Ben Castello

Bierstadt

Doris R. & William W. Allen
Cathy & Dub Ambrose
Jo & John F. Babbitt
Ludi M. & John P. Beasley
Vera Y. Berlin
Nancy & Gary L. Bracken
Marilyn P. & James P. Conner, III
Brenda B. Davis
Nancy A. & James F. Dominy, DVM
Ruthie & Stephen Duenner
Alan E. Feen, MD
Cynthia S. & Lawrence D. Field
Pat & Charles R. Ford
Sharna & Irvin E. Frank
Laura B. & Robert W. Gaddis
Linda N. & L. Greg Gaither
Kerri B. & Stephen C. Gannaway
J. Richard Hall
Linda K. & Michael R. Harkey, MD
Pam & Steve Holton
Shelley & Stephen E. Jackson
Agnes Janco
Patsy L. & Robert B. Lyon
Doris Bush Maher
Lee M. Lobeck-Marks & David O. Marks
Thomas E. Matson
Joe D. Meeks
James B. Monroe
Mary Nancy Patton
Sarah G. & Donnie Perkins
Lynna M. & Charles W. Pollard
Marcialyn & Bernard N. Robinowitz
Norma & Richard P. Small
Eloise E. & Sherman E. Smith
Jane B. Sneed
Joan J. Stauffer
Barbara & James M. Sturdivant
Pamela C. & Thomas A. Vining
Jane & Bruce G. Weber
Patricia W. Wheeler
Josephine G. & Thomas G. Winter
Dorothy W. & Robert L. Wortmann, MD
Phyllis K. Zeligson

Life Patron

Lindsay L. Alexander
Ann A. & William S. Atherton
Mary Jean & Thomas R. Brett
Donna & Morton H. Fleischer
Cip & Blaine G. Frizzell
Ann & Ronald G. Harper
Lea R. & Hans C. Helmerich
Jenny & Jonathan D. Helmerich
Janelle & Rik Helmerich
Peggy & Walter H. Helmerich, III
Zak Helmerich
Bonnie & Frank X. Henke, III
Paul Hinch
Grace F. McMahon
Rep Patterson
Robert E. Patterson
Sabrina Patterson
Shannon Patterson Powers
Marilyn Riggs
Peter M. Walter
Terese T. & Joseph H. Williams
Mollie Williford
Maxine & Jack Zarrow
Jan Zink

Exhibitions

Lines of Discovery: 225 Years of American drawings

Bank of America
World Publishing Co./Tulsa World
The Lorene Cooper Hasbrouck Charitable Trust

American Art in Miniature

The Williams Companies Foundation
JoAnn & Gene Quarles
Tom & Julie Kivisto Family Foundation
The Drummond Law Firm
Jackie Cooper Imports
Art Society/Tracey Norvell
ONB Bank and Trust
Corporate Survey
BS&B Safety Systems, LLC

John James Audubon American Artist and Naturalist

JoAnn & Gene Quarles
The Raymond and Bessie Kravis Foundation
Oklahoma Arts Council
Tulsa World
Lorene Cooper Hasbrouck Charitable Trust Darcey & Joe Moran

The Many Faces of Edward Sherriff Curtis

John Steele Zink Foundation
The Mervin Bovaird Foundation
Oklahoma Arts Council
Raymond & Bessie Kravis Family Foundation
George R. Kravis II
Tulsa Word

Manuel: The Star-Spangled Thank You Tour

The Ralph and Frances McGill Foundation and The Trust Company of Oklahoma
The Williams Companies Foundation
Cox Communication
Hotel Ambassador
Journal Broadcast Group
BluBlocker Corporation

Manuel Gala 2007

TITLE SPONSOR

The Ralph and Frances McGill Foundation and The Trust Company of Oklahoma

PRESENTING SPONSOR

The Williams Companies Foundation

MANUEL

Jean & Randy A. Foutch and Sandra K. & Kent J. Harrell
Harold C. Stuart Foundation
Randi S. & Fred N. Wightman, Jr.
Minisa Crumbo Halsey & Jim Halsey

STAR-SPANGLED

Dollar Thrifty Automotive Group
Helmerich & Payne, Inc.
Carol M. & David M. Adelson, MD
Joan B. & Thomas M. Atkinson, Kristen Kenneally, Mia Oven and Eilzabeth Peterson
Cora B. & Robert W. Baker, Jr., Susan & E. Murray Gullatt and Martha P Roberts
Patricia D. & Joseph Cappy & Billie & Howard Barnett
Sam L. Beakey & Trisha L. Parks-Beakey
Kimberly A. & Robert E. Coretz
Philip E. Landers
Darcey & Joseph P. Moran, III

THANK YOU TOUR

Bank of America
The Grace and Franklin Bernsen Foundation
Grant Thornton, LLP, Robert Soza and Bradley Stoots
The Maxine and Jack Zarrow Family Foundation
Ruthie & Stephen Duenner
Paul J. Woodul

ENTOURAGE

Cherokee Art Market
The William K. Warren Foundation
Teresa B. & Alex K. Adwan
Margaret & John Erling
Melissa H. & Robert B. Sartin
Donnie $ John Brock

Special Donations

The Grace and Franklin Bernsen Foundation
Carr & Carr Attorneys
H.A. & Mary K. Chapman Charitable Trust
Commonwealth Foundation
Charles W. and Pauline K. Flint Foundation
The Drummond Law Firm
Thomas Gilcrease Foundation
The Helmerich Foundation
Jenkin Lloyd Jones & Ana Marie Jones Foundation
George Kaiser Family Foundation
Virginia Mayo Charitable Trust
Oklahoma Arts Council
Oklahoma National Bank
Orthopedic Hospital of Oklahoma
Quik Trip
Retirement Benefits Advisors
Spirit Aerosystems, Inc.
Samson
The Sherman E. Smith Family Charitable Foundation
Harold C. Stuart Foundation
Target Community Relations
C.W. Titus Foundation
The Robert S. & Helen Gray Trippett Foundation
The Trust Company of Oklahoma
Harold A. & Edna L. White Foundation
The Williams Companies Foundation
Rita M. & Robert A. Augsburger
Joan B. & Thomas M. Atkinson
Margery F. & James M. Bird
Donnie V. & John A. Brock
Larry J. Bump
Debbie & Chester Cadieux
Karen E. & Tommy Lee Campbell
Margaret & John Erling
Shama & Irvin E. Frank
Sandra K. & Kent J. Harrell
Jenny & Jonathan D. Helmerich
Peggy & Walter H. Helmerich, III
Bonnie & Frank X. Henke, III
Clydella & David A. Hentschel
Janet K. & David R. Hicks, MD
Rosalyn R. & Wilson Hurley
Shelley & Stephen E. Jackson
Grace F. McMahon
Darcey & Joseph P. Moran, III
Elizabeth G. Peterson
Nieta & James C. Pinkerton
JoAnn & Gene Quarles
Martha P. Roberts
William S. Smith
Jana Shoulders & Robert Soza
Piper & Deacon Turner

Matching Gifts Corporations

AT&T
Bank of America Matching Gifts Program
Bernstein Investment Research & Management
BP Amoco Matching
Bunge North America Foundation
Burlington Northern Santa Fe Foundation
The Capital Group Foundation
Caterpillar Foundation
ChevronTexaco Matching Gift Program
CITGO Petroleum Corporation
Duke Energy Field Services, LP
First Data Corporation
IBM
Merck Partnership for Giving
ONEOK, Inc.
POGO Producing Company
SBC Foundation Matching Gift Program
The Williams Companies Foundation

In-Kind Gifts

Ambassador Hotel
The Bama Companies, Inc.
BluBlocker Corporation
Cabin Creek Vineyard, LLC
The Chalkboard
Cohlmia's
ColorComm
Cox Communications
Empire Plumbing Supply, Inc.
Exquisite Valet
Fabricut, Inc.
Infinite Business Solutions
Irving Productions
Kal's Southern Hills Chop House
Lamar Outdoor Advertising
Matcha Design
Oklahoma Offset, Inc.
Osage
Petal Pushers
Sutton Avian Research Center
Walsh Assoicates
Woodcrest Lithography
Glenda & Larry Silvey
Paul Steven Workman

Gifts to the Collection

Ruthene & John P. Alexander
Joe Anna Arnett
James Asher
Dr. Irvin B. Braverman
Rosalind W. Cook
Charles R. Ford
Walt Gonske
Tony Hochstetler
Vincent F. Jennemann
Jodie & James A. Rea
Thomas E. Wallrabenstein
Lois V. Woodson
Maxine Zarrow

Board of Directors

Melissa H. Sartin, Chairman
Randy A. Foutch, President
Teresa B. Adwan, President Elect
Robert Soza, Secretary & Treasurer
Andrew M. Wolov, Legal Counsel
Carol M. Adelson, Vice President Finance & Administration
Joan B. Atkinson, Vice President Collections/Exhibitions/Programs
Douglas A. Campbell, Vice-President, Facilities & Grounds
Kent J. Harrell, Vice President Development
Elizabeth G. Peterson, Vice President Marketing
James F. Arens, II, Member-at-large
John A. Brock, Member-at-large
Randi Stuart Wightman, Member-at-large

DIRECTORS

John R. Bair
Sam L. Beakey
William G. Bernhardt
Cherry Bost
J. Ford Brett
Kimberly A. Coretz
Frederick F. Drummond
Gentner F. Drummond
Michael D. Earl
Cynthia Stephenson Field
Charles R. Ford
Gregory Allen Gray
James Halsey
Jonathan D. Helmerich
Steven B. Hildebrand
Ralph A. Hill
Kristen Kenneally
William G. LaSorsa
Phyllis E. Logsdon
Donald F. Marlar
Louis M. Medina
Ernest L. Moody, III
Darcey Moran
Mia Oven, Acquisitions & American Art in Miniature Chair
Harold W. Salisbury
Stuart Solomon
Robert Soza
Deacon Turner
Steadman Upham
Tom C. Vincent, II
Paul J. Woodul
Ex-officio Member
Deanna Storm, Gillies President

EMERITUS DIRECTORS

Lindsay L. Alexander
Robert F. Biolchini
Marian R. Bovaird
Neva L. Brannin*
Mary Jean Brett
Mary Ann Burdett
William F. Fisher, Jr.
Gregory J. Flanagan
Bonnie Henke
Burt B. Holmes
Paul H. Johnson
Roxana R. Lorton
Patsy L. Lyon
Robert L. Parker, Sr.
Milann H. Siegfried
Joan J. Stauffer
Jon R. Stuart
Patricia W. Wheeler
Terese T. Williams
Jack Zarrow

Board of Trustees

Dale A. McNamara, Chairman
Walter H. Helmerich, III
Yvonne Hovell
Joseph R. Schulte
Mayor Kathryn L. Taylor

Join Gilcrease Museum today! Enjoy the benefits of membership all year long.

Thank you for supporting Gilcrease Museum. A portion of your membership contribution may be deductible for federal income tax purposes.

Enroll and pay membership dues conveniently online. We offer a secure online payment option for membership dues and unrestricted donations on our Web site: **wwwgilcrease.org** Or mail to: Membership Office, Gilcrease Museum, 1400 N. Gilcrease Museum Road, Tulsa OK 74127-2100 Questions? Please call the Membership Office at 918.596.2758 or e-mail membership@gilcrease.org

Benefits of a One-year Individual Membership $50

- Guaranteed free admission to all exhibitions
- One coupon for a free Acoustiguide audio tour of the American West galleries
- A free subscription to the Gilcrease Journal
- Six issues of the members-only newsletter and calendar of events
- A 15% discount on Museum Shop purchases
- Exclusive member-only invitations to exhibition previews, parties, lectures, and other special events
- A 10% discount in the Osage Restaurant
- Member discounts for educational programs and special events
- Special travel opportunities

and much more!

Benefits of a Dual Family Membership $65

- All individual benefits for a family of two adults and children 18 and younger living at home. Or two grandparents and their grandchildren

Plus two coupons for a free Acoustiguide audio tour of the American West galleries

Explorer Members $125, add

- Membership in the Western Reciprocal Alliance (19 museums across the United States)
- Two free one-time guest passes to a ticketed exhibition
- Two coupons for a free Acoustiguide tour of the American West galleries

Settler Members $250, add

- Membership in the Western Reciprocal Alliance (8 museums in North America)
- Four free one-time guest passes to a ticketed exhibition
- Four coupons for a free Acoustiguide tour of the American West galleries

Prospector Members $500, add

- Six free one-time guest passes to a ticketed exhibition
- Six coupons for a free Acoustiguide tour of the American West galleries
- Complimentary admission to the bi-annual Art of Collecting program

Young Patrons $750

Young Patrons are the future leaders of Gilcrease Museum. In appreciation of their investment, they receive the same benefits as Bierstadt Patron Members plus an opportunity to purchase tickets to the annual gala with a 25% discount. Age 40 and under.

Bierstadt Members $1,000, add

- Recognition on the museum donor wall
- Invitation to an annual patron member special recognition event

Moran Members $1,500, add

- Complimentary one-time use of the museum's Vista Room for a reception, meeting, or other private event

Catlin Members $2,000, add

- A private tour for you and four guests led by a member of the Gilcrease curatorial staff, by appointment

Russell Members $2,500, add

- A Museum Shop $100 gift certificate

Remington Members $5,000, add

- Complimentary admission for two to the annual gala dinner, by request

Special Discounts

Senior Citizen

Age 62 and over, receive a 10% discount on any level of membership up to $750 annually

National Associate

20% discount on all levels of membership up to $750, for those living outside the state of Oklahoma (National Associates living outside the United States, please add $10.)

Business Art Alliance

Please call 918.596.2757



Join the museum and pay membership dues online at www.gilcrease.org or use the forms below

Membership Application

Yes! We'll join and enjoy the benefits and privileges of membership.

Mr./Mrs./Dr. /Miss/Ms._____

Please circle title(s) and print name(s) as you wish them to appear in our records.

Address_____

City_____ State_____Zip_____

E-mail address_____

Telephone (_____)_____

❍ My/our check made payable to the Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association is enclosed.
❍ Please charge my/our x VISA x MasterCard x American Express

Card number_____Exp date_____

Signature_____

❍ Individual ❍ Dual/Family ❍ Explorer ❍ Settler ❍ Prospector ❍ Bierstadt
❍ Young Patrons ❍ Moran ❍ Catlin ❍ Russell ❍ Remington

❍ My company provides a matching gift program. Necessary information is enclosed.

To find a matching gift corporation, please go to www.gilcrease.org and click on the Corporate Matching Gift link

Gift Membership Application

We would like give the benefits and privileges of membership to a friend.

A gift to Mr./Mrs./Dr. /Miss/Ms._____

Please circle title(s) and print name(s) as you wish them to appear in our records.

Address_____

City_____ State_____Zip_____

E-mail address_____

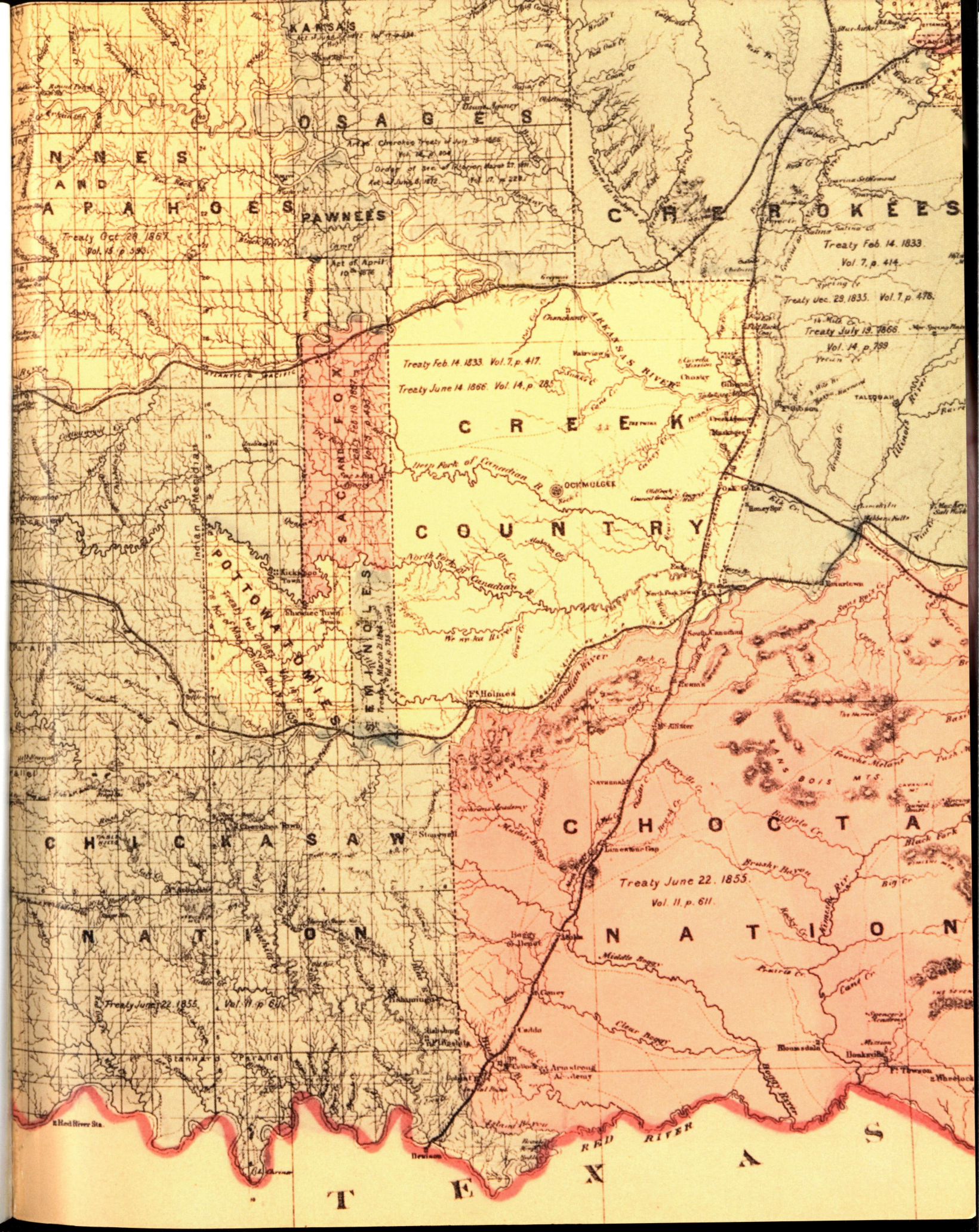
Telephone (_____)_____

❍ My/our check made payable to the Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association is enclosed.
❍ Please charge my/our x VISA x MasterCard x American Express

Card number_____Exp date_____

Signature_____

❍ Individual ❍ Dual/Family ❍ Explorer ❍ Settler ❍ Prospector ❍ Bierstadt
❍ Young Patrons ❍ Moran ❍ Catlin ❍ Russell ❍ Remington


KANSAS
OSAGES
NEZ PERCES AND
ARAPAHOES
PAWNEES
CHEROKEES
Treaty Oct. 28 1867
Vol. 15, p. 593.
Act of April 10th 1876
Treaty Feb. 14. 1833.
Vol. 7, p. 414.
Treaty Dec. 29, 1835. Vol. 7, p. 478.
Treaty July 19, 1866.
Vol. 14, p. 799
Treaty Feb. 14. 1833. Vol. 7, p. 417.
Treaty June 14. 1866. Vol. 14, p. 785
CREEK
COUNTRY
OCHMULGEE
SAC AND FOX
POTTAWATOMIES
CHICKASAW
NATION
Treaty June 22. 1855.
Vol. 11, p. 611.
CHOCTAW
NATION
RED RIVER
TEXAS

