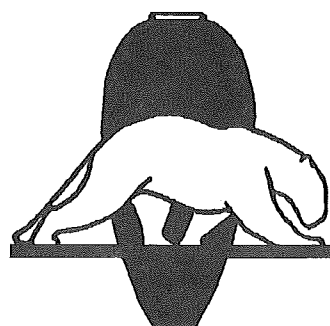
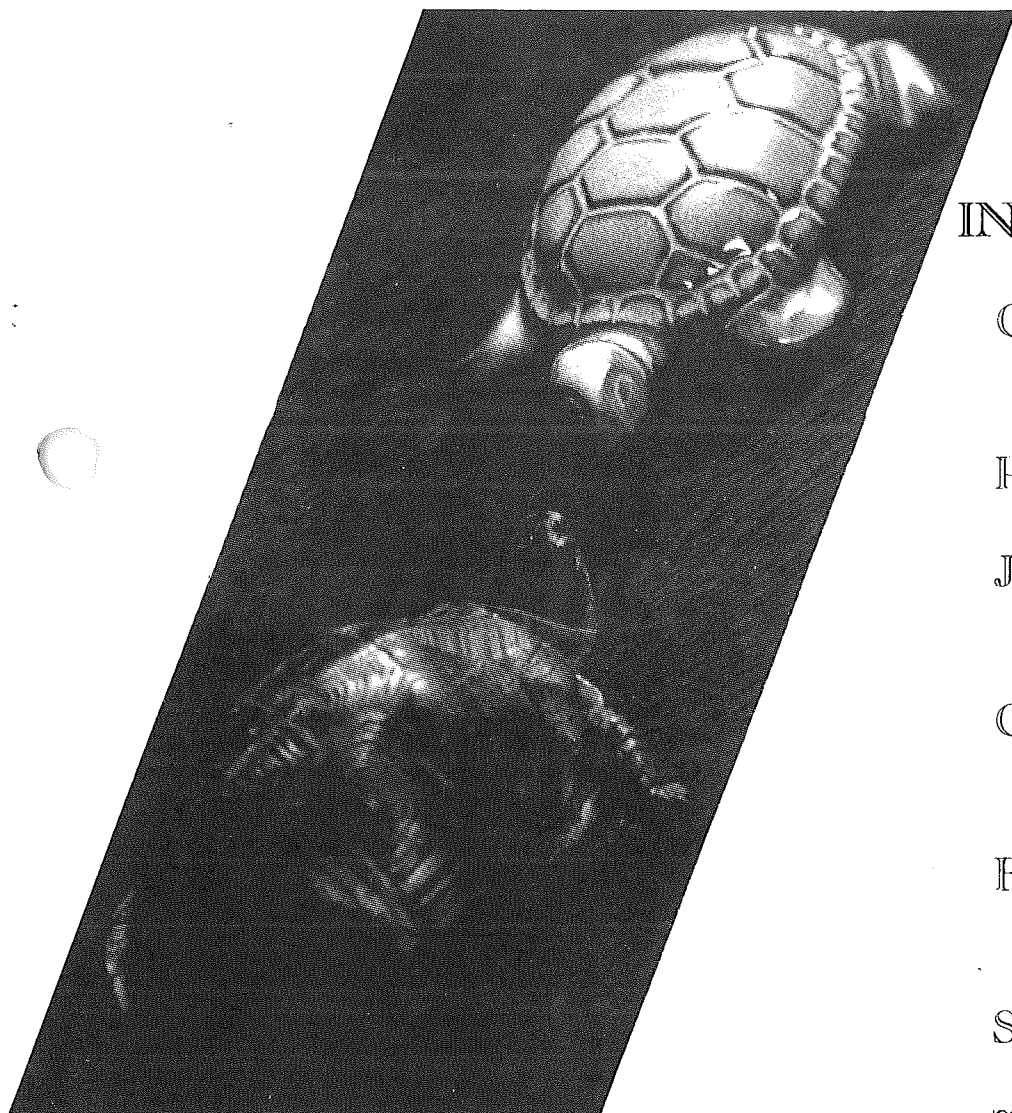


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Pot & Puma

Published by the Frankoma Family Collectors Association



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FROM THE PRESIDENT

RAY STOLL

The new year is well underway, and FFCA continues to grow! As often happens with new and growing organizations, there are a few growing pains to overcome. One of those occurred at our Board of Directors meeting on January 26th when Tom Grogg submitted his resignation as Trustee for personal reasons. The resignation was unexpected and accepted with regrets, Tom having been one of the main-springs in the founding of FFCA. We will miss his spirit and ideas and his willingness to work hard for the good of FFCA. Later in the meeting, Jim Shull of Shawnee, Oklahoma, was named to replace Tom on the Board until the next elections.

In other Board actions, Gene Parnell was unanimously approved as Chairman for the 1996 Reunion. He was given the privilege of selecting other FFCA members who are willing to work on this project with him. Volunteers can contact Gene at Route 1, Box 382, Sapulpa, OK 74066-9741, (918) 224-3464. Brenda Rogers of Harrisonville, MO has already volunteered and Gibb Green is the Board representative on the Committee. Sharon Tarver of Oklahoma City was named to the By-Laws Committee to replace Bob Hase, who declined to serve.

Phyllis Bess, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, is asking for names of those willing to serve in any of the positions for which elections will be held this year (all except her position on the Board are up, with only the President not eligible for reelection). Include a brief resume with your recommendation, along with an indication of the person's willingness to serve if elected. Phyllis' address is 14535 East 13th Street, Tulsa, OK 74108. Please send any recommendations to arrive not later than March 31, 1996. The Board also approved the new title of Business Manager for Steve Littrell, vice Public Relations and Advertising Chairman. Steve has done so much more that the old title would have recognized—he has

FROM THE SECRETARY

DONNA FRANK

Normally when a new member joins FFCA, we only write him or her a nice special "Welcome to the Frankoma Family" letter. It would be far too difficult to recognize all new members by doing a story on each and every one in the *Pot & Puma*.

Forgive me, but I'd like to make an exception in the case of the gentleman who has just become our 368th member.

Thomas M. Kuker is Oklahoma's new FBI chief, overseeing more than one hundred FBI agents in the state. In his twenty-four years with the FBI in the Washington, DC, San Diego, and Seattle offices, Tom took bits of Oklahoma with him wherever he was assigned—the state flag, an autographed University of Oklahoma football, and—*Frankoma Pottery*.

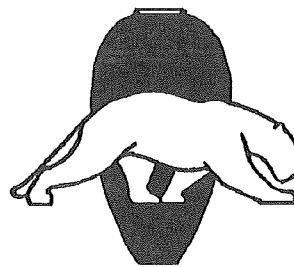
Tom's father was also an FBI agent and was re-assigned frequently, so Tom grew up in many places all over the country, including Norman, where he became an avid Sooner fan. He later adopted Oklahoma as his home state, also because his grandfather lived in Oklahoma City, and he spent many of his summers working in his grandfather's five-and-dime store.

"It's nice to be back here, close to home," he said of his new assignment. And he laughingly added that those treasured Oklahoma items are not all that unique in his new Oklahoma office.

So come on, all you Okies—let's give a warm "Welcome Home" cheer to Tom Kuker, and a very warm "WELCOME TO THE FRANKOMA FAMILY!" ■

Continued from column 1

been instrumental in FFCA Collectibles, e.g., the T-Shirts, the annual mug, etc., as well as negotiating for printing of the *Pot and Puma* and the *Prairie Green Sheet* as well the other items needed to run the operation of FFCA. ■



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ABOUT THE COVER:

Turtle to turtle? A photo of a real turtle face-to-face with the pottery turtle #170 is on the cover, taken by an unknown admirer, and sent to Joniece many years ago.

The Frankoma pottery photographed in this issue of the *Pot & Puma* was provided by various members of the FFCA. We wish to extend our gratitude and thanks to these members for helping us to enrich our issues with these photos.

CO-EDITORS, Donna Frank, Nancy Littrell

BUSINESS MANAGER, Steve Littrell

COMPOSITOR, Nancy Littrell

CONSULTANTS, Maxine Saddler, Pat Warner, Ray Stoll & Elaine Stoll

CIRCULATION, Donna Frank, Steve Littrell

PHOTOGRAPHY, Steve Littrell, Phyllis Bess

RESEARCH, Phyllis Bess, Pat Warner

COVER PHOTO: Frank Family Collection, Sapulpa, OK.

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Grace Lee Frank Smith 1905–1996

Dear Family Members...

It is with sad hearts that we must inform you of the passing of Grace Lee Frank Smith, our good friend, and co-founder of Frankoma Pottery. She died on Wednesday, February 21, in her home, of a heart attack and related complications, at age ninety.

Grace Lee was born to the Rev. Isaac and Mary Frances Bowman on September 4, 1905, in Orlando, Oklahoma, Indian Territory. In January of 1928, she met John Frank, an emerging young artist from Chicago establishing Oklahoma University's Ceramic Art Department, and they were married on September 4th, her 23rd birthday. This was the beginning of one of the most successful relationships in love, in business, and in the world of art that history has ever known. Together they founded at Norman, Oklahoma, in 1933, what came to be Frankoma Pottery. They moved the business to Sapulpa in 1938.

For over forty-five years, it was Grace Lee who was there to greet you when you entered the Frankoma Pottery showroom. It was her genius for display-

ing and marketing of the unique line of ceramic art and dinnerware she and her husband John created that helped high-light Sapulpa on the nation's map. Frankoma Pottery has since become known, loved, and collected the world over.

Grace Lee was a pioneer and leader in the recognition of women in business. Her personal accomplishments have placed her name in such volumes of honor as *The First Fifty Years of Oklahoma*, *Who's Who in Oklahoma*, and *Who's Who in America*. She was a past Vice President of the State Federated Women's Clubs, past President of the member of the First Methodist Church, Women's Chamber of Commerce, a member of the honorary educational sorority Delta Kappa Gamma, an award winning member of the Tulsa Garden Club, and was elected a lifetime member of the Salvation Army Board of Directors, to name only a few.

After her husband's passing, Grace Lee Frank married the Rev. A. Milton Smith, their lifelong friend, and their former pastor at the First Nazarene Church in Norman, Oklahoma.

Funeral services were held on Friday, February 23, at the First Methodist Church in Sapulpa. It was a celebration of a long, happy, and productive life.

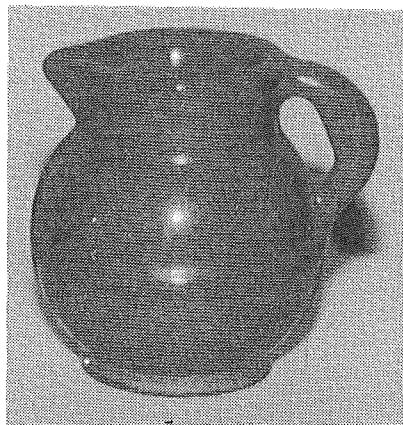
Be assured that all of the Frankoma Family of collectors were represented there that day, as it was the decision of the board that the blanket of flowers adorning Grace Lee's casket be arranged for by FTCA. We felt it was most appropriate that we be represented in this way. This very much pleased the Frank family, and they asked that their gratitude and sincere appreciation be expressed to the membership.

The large spray consisted of a bed of white snapdragons, which the florist special ordered, knowing them to be one of her favorites, white chrysanthemums, stargazer lilies, and mauve alstrameria, crowned by three white Cattleja orchids.

We mourn the loss of this distinguished and great lady, the last cornerstone of the foundation of our beloved Frankoma, whom we shall very much miss.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
FRANKOMA FAMILY COLLECTORS

GIBB GREEN ON ~ ~ THOSE AMAZING 550's



The 550, a 2 1/4" tall cutie
Blue gray jade, small round "o"
with tall collar

All right, you Frankoma aficionados—start learning them stock numbers! It's a whole bunch easier to reference the 550 than it is to say, "That tiny Guernsey pitcher." Anyhow, either way, that's the subject of this journal article. This is my favorite of the Frankoma miniatures, the 550, the 2-1/4" tall cutie.

I full well realize that the various books on Frankoma list production dates for the 550 as being 1940 to 1964. However, as my research indicates, and the photos herewith attest, the little critter is much earlier. I have two in my collection, one with a small round "o" logo (1934-35), and one with a Pot and Puma mark (1936-38). The earlier pieces are Osage Brown and Blue Gray Jade in color. The Pot and Puma marked one is Royal Blue.

I would guess the value of similar very early pieces to be in the \$30 to \$40 range; the \$30 range if it is a common glaze like Prairie Green, Desert Gold, or Black, and the higher figure appropriate if it's a Norman-era glaze like Blue Gray Jade, Osage Brown, Fawn Brown, Ivory, or Old Gold. The premium glaze pieces in Dove Gray, Gunmetal, Cherokee Red, or Jade Green might sneak up into the

\$50 range. Most of us will pay some big bucks for the early logos and rare glazes. The combination of those two really takes the rubber band off the bankroll! Later Ada or Sapulpa 550's are mostly in the \$10 to \$15 range, unless it's a really good glaze, or especially one I don't have yet.

I should also note here that the 1934-38 pieces have a thinner overall body than later ones, and they also have a taller collar (see photo). As the years zoomed by until the 1960's, the 550 was made with a number of different molds, one somewhat fatter and taller at the end of the Ada clay era, circa 1954 (largest of the incised logos).

My experience also indicates that the smallest 550 produced was in the red Sapulpa clay era, probably 1955 to 1964. My personal opinion is that very, very few of the 550's were produced in that era. I have found only two with very red clay, in Peach Glow and Brown Satin glazes. I sure would like to own one in Woodland Moss! My feeling is that the only way you could acquire the little guy in the red clay era was to special order it with a dinnerware set. I bought both of mine out of Oklahoma Plainsman dinnerware sets at flea markets.

I have been fortunate enough to collect over 30 of these charming little pitchers. They were produced in all of the Ada clay colors, with the possible exception of Verde Green. Of course, I don't have them all, but I've seen some of the ones I don't have in other folks' treasuries. I have two real keepers—one in Pompeii Bronze, and one in Gunmetal. However, these two colors are more spectacular in larger pieces, like a Fan Dancer or a #77 Fireside Vase, but they're still real conversation pieces in the 550.

As many other folks have noted, Mr. Frank had a real passion for designing objects with concentric circles, and the 550 is no exception. I love all of the "circle" pieces, especially the #18 Ringed Cream and Sugar, and the #12 and #13 Ringed Vases. But none is as cute and compact as the dynamite little #550.

Of course, the 550 is just a minia-

ture imitation of the #93 Guernsey pitcher with lid. Or is it? Which came first, the chicken or the egg? There are plenty of examples of the smaller version of #93 with a small round "o" logo (p. 55, Bess Book Two). So, the only answer to this question could be found in going back 57 or 58 years and reading Mr. Frank's mind. Did he first conceive the mini or the biggie? Did his dairy customer suggest the design? Was it an advertising piece first? Did Grace Lee put some good thinking into its design? Questions we'll probably never get answered.

Truthfully, any one of these answers would only increase my marvel of the design. I am glad the Guernsey was produced in a variety of sizes. Friend wife and I have both an Ada clay #93 with accompanying #90C Juice Tumblers in Prairie Green, and a Sapulpa clay set in Woodland Moss in our kitchen. Then I have a #93A&B Cream and Sugar in my office with the other miniatures. And there is a big Guernsey ad piece in the closet somewhere. Could be that the Guernsey line is a "signature" line for identifying Frankoma in an antique store or flea market, just like the rutile glazes.

Well, I could gas on and on for hours about these little critters, as any of you who have ever gotten me on the phone can attest to (pray it's my nickel!). Please write or call me if you have some unusual 550's.

One last zinger: Did you know that the 550's were made in three different Turquoise glazes? All three were Ada clay, although one *could* be Blue Gray Jade. Coming soon to the **Pot & Puma** near you—an article from old GG on the blue glazes. If you think I confused you with the 550's...

Ed. note: This article of Gibb's was being written about the same time as the following one. If we tried to plan two articles on the same subject by different authors, what are the odds? Holy Moses! Higher Forces were surely at work here! Notice that each sheds light on the other.)



Four sizes of "Guernsey" pitchers
 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ " 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Qt. #93, 7", 25 oz. #93a, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ " #550 the 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ " cutie

The Oklahoma Guernsey

by Donna

There are two islands in the English Channel called Jersey and Guernsey, only four miles apart. It doesn't take a scholarly historian to guess what these two islands are known for.

In 1916, Mort Woods of Ardmore, Oklahoma, acquired some of the dairy cattle developed on Guernsey Island and began breeding them, with which he established his local business known as the Primrose Farm.

Mort Woods approached John Frank in the mid-1930's to make some pieces that he could fill with some of his dairy products to give as Christmas gifts to his customers. Thus were born the four sizes of "Guernsey" pitchers in that wonderful creamy Ivory glaze. When Mr. Woods died, he passed along to his son the one full set that he kept. Mort Woods, Jr. now lives in Muskogee, Oklahoma. I was signing books at the Main St. USA antique complex in Muskogee on January 13th. Mort Woods, Jr. had read in the paper that I was to be there, and he dropped by to visit, bringing with him those four pitchers that had belonged to his father.

With great pride and flair, Mort unwrapped his prizes and showed them to me. They were indeed beautiful! On the bottom of the next to the largest Guernsey pitcher, Papa had printed clearly in the wet clay, "To my friend Mort Woods - JNF," and it bears the Pot & Puma trademark. On the bottom left is "1936." (The largest pitcher is the only

one that still has a lid.)

(Now the question arises—did he sign for Mort the *first* one out of the mold, or did he think to do it later on? If it were the first one produced, then we could nail the exact date they began. But he *could* have made them for the previous Christmas and signed the one for Mort early in 1936, and the date would be 1935. This detail may be lost forever in history. But now at least we know where the ball park is, and that's close enough.)

Mort sat down and told me the above story. When given as a gift, Mort said, he remembers the next to the smallest being filled with whipping cream. He also offered information about why that particular shape was chosen. The shape is that of the milk containers used on Guernsey Island—and are still used today. They're made in several sizes, up to five gallons. Some are made of pewter, but many more of copper (copper gives off the least taste to the milk).

The pottery lids were also made just like the ones on the island, which don't seal the containers tightly, but keep the milk from splashing out during transport and delivery. You may recognize the long bottom of the lid as being similar to some of the old fashioned milk cans found in antique shops.

So if any of you ever wondered how Papa came up with that particular shape, now you know. And so do we. ©

TESTAMENTS BY THOMAS

TOPIC: WHAT

What is a collectible?



Just because the manufacturer terms a piece as collectible does not make it so. In order to rate the term "collectible", a piece

must have been produced in a quantity large enough to be recognized but small enough to be difficult to find. Webster defines collectible as "works of art that is the subject of fancier interest." Applying this rule then all Frankoma Pottery is collectible and in my years of playing with it, I will not argue. As I write this, my eyes keep straying to the little #8A&B cream and sugar set in Flame that I recently picked up. They have as a background two Cocker Spaniel ashtrays, one #73 vase in Ivory, one bucking Bronco figurine, and one medium swan, one Redbud cornucopia, one Irish Setter and a Sky Blue rams head vase. The point that I wish to make is that this little cream and sugar set is the first thing I see when I look in that direction.

There are so many collectibles within our chosen love that we sometimes turn our noses up at them. Ray Stoll has over 190 trivets, one collector has honey jugs, another salt and peppers and the list goes on. We all love to find the Redbud Fan Dancer or Cherokee Red buffalo (or ANY color) but the real fun to me are these little beauties that are still available and affordable. My heartfelt thanks to the Franks and Frankoma for creating so many pieces in so many colors for us to enjoy. ■

Ed. Note: The Guernsey pitchers in the photo are Ada clay and are marked as follows:

Merry Christmas
 incised Frankoma round "o" mark
 MEADOW LODGE FARMS

Mort Woods, Jr. reports the Meadow Lodge Farms were owned and operated by E. K. Gaylord of OKC from the late 20's through the end of World War II—possibly later. Mort Woods, Sr. helped Gaylord establish his herd of Guernsey cattle from his own stock.

So—now we know! Thanks Mort

NOTE: The #93 pitcher in the photo is not one of the Golden Guernsey pitchers—it is included only as a size reference.

Profile of an Artist



If you've read *Clay in the Master's Hands*, the name Mike Bordon will ring a bell. Mike was the one who compiled a dossier on John Frank to nominate him for Oklahoma's Outstanding Small Businessman, which was subsequently sent to Washington and won for him also the Outstanding Small Businessman in America award.

Mike and Louise Bordon dropped by to visit Grace Lee just before Christmas. The first thing Mike did when he came through the door was to hand Joniece and me each a photocopy of a typed page. His beaming face told us he was quite pleased and

excited with his find. He said he had been cleaning out some old files and come across something our father had written way back in 1969 or 1970, which was in response to Mike's urging that he sit down and write a few words to describe his philosophy of living. "You really ought to get some of your thoughts down on paper, John," he told Dad. And these were the words that he wrote, signed, and returned to Mike. How could we not share them with our Frankoma Family?

And so, through the magic of time travel, this is our "celebrity interview" for this issue—a chat with John Frank himself.

One of my pet philosophies is, "Don't be a phony." In every phase of our decent patriotic and Christian philosophy we preach that honesty is the best policy in life, while our modern complicated society makes it so easy for us to constantly fudge on each other and make excuses for the cute tricks we pull for our own benefits. Some people might get ahead financially and socially through false fronts and manipulations, and hard work, but true satisfaction in life comes from genuinely developing your own gifts and talents, in harmony with your fellow men.

I think one of the greatest verses in the Bibles tells us, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." This, I believe, means giving of our whole self, our love, affection, interests, means, and influence, for by doing these things we are acting in front of a mirror and the reflection comes back. The Bible says that our cup shall be full, shaken down, and running over, for we always get more when we practice Christian giving.

Early in life I was convinced that Christ came to this world to show people how to live, and as He said, He came to give *life*—and the *abundant life*. I am convinced this is the essence of great living. No man lives alone, and the more we can give and share, the more we can inspire others to do the same. And eventually we find ourselves receiving what we give. I believe the greatest disease in our world today is selfishness and greed.

I have said that love is reflective. It's like looking in a mirror—you don't get a reflection until you give. To genuinely love people is one of God's greatest gifts to man, and we can never enjoy it until we give it.

Speaking of art, I don't think there are many ugly things in the world except those that are made ugly by man. Everything I see is basically beautiful, or it is a challenge to me to make it more beautiful by adding the "me." I have accepted the challenge many times of being put into many circumstances anywhere—on land, sea, or in the air, and I will design beautiful things from whatever I see. I think that this is the way that God intended us to be, instead of looking for the ugly, and distrusting everybody, and building up our prejudices and hates. These are the

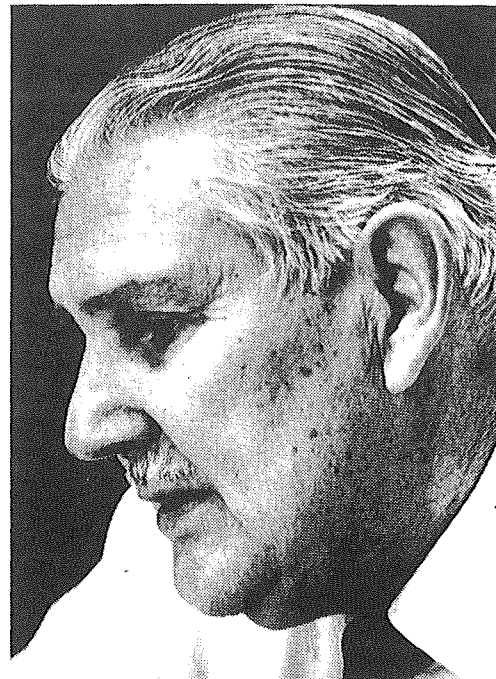
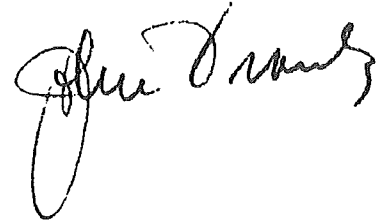
poisons of life. Love and its attributes are the channels of great living.

One of the silly little things I have repeated over a lifetime is, "You can't realize a dream you haven't had," and once you have a dream and build an air castle—the way to make it become real is to start pouring concrete under it. I know this is childish, but it has helped me a lot as a philosophy.

I am afraid of any man who says he really has no use for religion, for man is a spiritual being. Man's physical being is greatly limited, but nothing can stand in the way of man's spiritual power. When a man is wrapped only in himself, he makes a pretty small package.

It is difficult for me to trust a man who doesn't believe in God. One of my greatest personal challenges is the

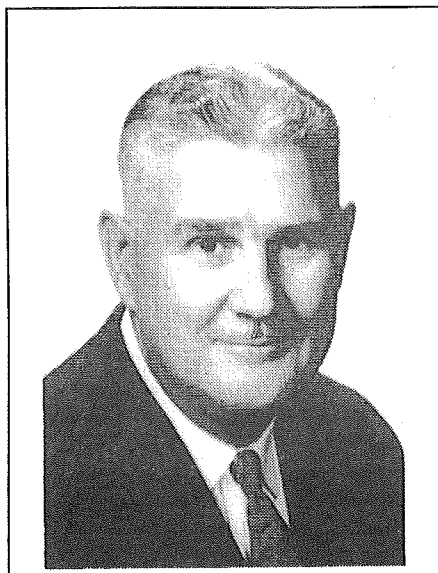
acceptance of the fact that we are in reality a creation of the Divine Creator—God. The Bible says we are made in His likeness, and if this is true, then we have a bit of that divine ability to create—to take what we have and, with that bit of divinity which we all possess, develop ourselves, our environment, help in every phase of life, and enhance it. Yes—really create. For it could not have been true without me—or you.



Profile of an Artist
John N. Frank

A Comparison of John Frank and Sapulpa, the Man

by Maxine A. Saddler



JOHN NATHANIAL FRANK
1905-1973

OUR PAST MAKES OUR FUTURE

To truly understand Frankoma, we must look back over the years and review the dream of John Frank. He was born in 1905 in Chicago, Illinois, the fourth of seven children of a poor German family. This proved to be a mixed blessing. Things took longer to accomplish, but the discipline and hard work established the durable fabric of the man that would emerge. As a teenager, he dedicated his life to Christ, and in this decision he never wavered. His service to his Lord and fellow men remained his top priority.

As his natural artistic ability developed, he entered the Chicago Art Institute in 1924, and in 1927 he was recommended by his professor for the position of ceramic instructor at the University of Oklahoma, the one who would establish its first Ceramic Art Department. This adventure in his life was surely divinely led, for very soon thereafter he met Grace Lee, who would become his wife and life-long helpmate. This was one of those love stories that we rarely hear of anymore. In 1933 John Frank's creative urge and dream of having his own pot-

tery business grew. Oklahoma became his beloved, adopted state and became part of the commercial name of the company he would soon begin—

FRANK + OMA—FRANKOMA!

In 1938 the pottery operation was moved from Norman, Oklahoma to Sapulpa. Books could be written of the many trials and setbacks—the fire of 1938, World War II, the Great Depression, all were gallantly met with Christian courage. Joys and successes were also added to this unusual team. John and Grace Lee were blessed with two lovely daughters, Donna and Joniece.

THE FAMILY—

THE FACTORY—

THE COMMUNITY—

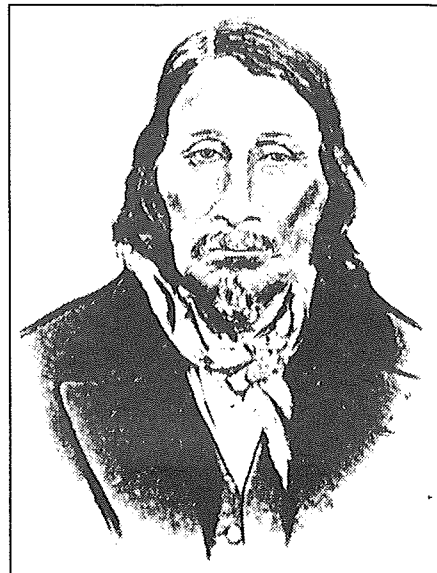
Their dream was coming true.

John Frank took a positive interest in the Indian of the Southwest and his culture. This is apparent in the designs of many of his pieces. He also gave counsel and help to the Indian brother. Awards, too, came in recognition of help in all areas, including Youth for Christ International, civic concerns, churches, and individuals, as well as being bestowed the name of "Lumhe Hetke" (White Eagle) when he was made an honorary Creek Chief.

FRANKOMA POTTERY OF SAPULPA, OKLAHOMA

This is the name now heard round the world. But let us explore these names. We know John Frank. Now let us meet a Creek Indian man known as "CHIEF SAPULPA" (so called, although he was never a chief).

It is interesting to note that these two men, though separated by a century, were linked by courage and vision, and migrated to the same area of Oklahoma. This Creek Indian gentleman, Sapulpa, joined hands across the years with John Frank, in like spirit, to "Pass it on!" They



SAPULPA, CREEK INDIAN
1824-1887

both passed on to so many the ideals of Christian living, service to God and mankind, and dedication to a cause.

OUR HERITAGE—

DEARLY PURCHASED, DEARLY CHERISHED

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON OF THESE TWO MEN

Both men left their homeland as young men.

Both men met their wives in their new adopted land.

Both men were well educated and well traveled.

Both men struggled to establish home and business.

Both survived destructive fires and rebuilt to succeed.

Both chose to live their lives in the small community known as Sapulpa Town, Oklahoma.

The pleasant area in Oklahoma known as the town of Sapulpa is a jewel of the Southwest, comparatively untouched by the world in many ways. The large city of Tulsa is so near, but Sapulpa has remained a quiet, lovely community with many churches. There is a feeling of closeness if you live there, or even if you just visit.

SAPULPA, THE MAN

Sapulpa, a Creek Indian, was born in the State of Alabama. His father's name was Omiya (The Swimmer), and his mother's name is not known. Records of his date of birth vary from 1812 to 1824. However, since Sapulpa gave his age as "forty" when he enlisted in the Confederate Army, it may be assumed that he was born in 1824.

He was left an orphan when very young and was raised by an uncle. His name "Sapulpa" came about quite by accident. He had only one name, and that was "Sepulchre." In olden times, Indians were given names to signify some event or happening. The religious groups sought names from the Bible. In reading the passage from Matthew, "...and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre..." the word signified strength as well as a burial place, and the boy was so named. Later, when Indian agents wrote the names of the Indians, they were written down as the agents heard them. The Dawes Commission, when enrolling Indians in order to allot them land, wrote the name Sul-bul-bur, and this evolved into Sapulpa.

Sapulpa was well-educated, well-traveled, and had a knowledge of the white man's language. The Creek Indians in those days often visited St. Augustine, Florida, where they did most of their trading. Sapulpa made friends among the white people and knew the merchants. He was persuaded to go with them to Charleston, South Carolina. From there he continued by boat to New Orleans. Then, knowing that many of his friends were living in the Creek Nation in Indian Territory, he decided to continue up the river to Fort Smith, Arkansas. One account tells us that Sapulpa and another Indian left the Council Fires in what is now called Okmulgee, and started Council Fires three miles south of what became Sapulpa Town.

His Indian instincts gave him specific reasons for stopping here. The town

site is like the bottom of a huge saucer, with low hills making the rim. He reasoned that the surrounding hills would keep the place safe from tornadoes. (They did until the 1940's when one struck the southwest corner of the town, and again in the 1950's when one struck North Heights Hill, which is really on the rim of the saucer.) That reason may only be speculation, but the next reason is valid. Plenty of water is needed for a settlement, as well as plentiful grazing for livestock. The grass in the bowl of the saucer was as high as a horse's back, and the ground in the valleys was fertile for farming. Sapulpa first settled overlooking Polecat Creek and Rock Creek.

Sapulpa was a member of the Coon Clan, and his wife was a member of the Fox Clan. He married NaKitty, who had come with her family in 1836 as part of the *Trail of Tears* migration. Sapulpa's home was three log cabins, one being used to cook, and the other two were sleeping quarters. Soon there were children. The boys were sent to school, but at that time girls did not go to school. All the children had to work, herding cattle and taming stray cows for milking.

The land was open range, with no fences. They grew sweet potatoes, white corn, and wheat. They would take the wheat to the mill at Muskogee to be made into flour. The corn they ground themselves. Around 1850, Sapulpa opened a store in conjunction with his blacksmith shop and sold coffee, sugar, tobacco, dry goods, flour, spices, and other items. He hauled in his goods by team and pack horses from Ft Smith and the Old Agency about eight miles northwest of Muskogee.

When the Civil War broke out, Sapulpa loaned \$1,000 in gold to the Confederate cause, and received a note as evidence. He joined the Creek Regiment of the Confederate Army. Sapulpa's discharge papers state he was born in the Old Creek Nation in the State of Alabama. He was 5'8" tall, dark complexion, black eyes, black hair, and a farmer by occupation. He enlisted April 1, 1863, and was discharged July 1, 1864.

Sapulpa moved his home a mile and a half up the hill from its former location, the first one having been burned down during the Civil War.

In 1872 he established another store, larger than the first, and his trade with the Indians was good. This location was near the cattle trail that cut across the Chisholm Trail to Eastern Kansas shipping points. This store was also well located for cattlemen, who traveled the

Red Fork Trail, especially after the railroad was extended across the Arkansas River in 1883. This time he brought his merchandise from Coffeyville, Kansas.

Sapulpa devoted his later years to his large ranch ten miles south of the town of Sapulpa. At this time he had about 55 acres under cultivation.

Sapulpa would go into "old Oklahoma" on hunting trips. There was usually a party of ten or twelve on those trips, and they would stay for a month or two each fall. They brought back young buffalo, deer, turkey, prairie chickens, and occasionally elk and bear. The meat was dried and brought back on pack horses.

An Indian preacher named Jersey Peter was a Methodist circuit rider. He and a Reverend James McHenry established four churches, one of these at the Sapulpa Station. Camp meetings lasted four days and were held twice a year. Great arbors were constructed, along with plenty of log benches. All of the services were in the Creek language.

It is said that Sapulpa was a very devout church member. He faithfully practiced his religion, giving to those in need. It is also said that he furnished all the food for the camp meetings at the Sapulpa Station. It was McHenry who converted Sapulpa to the Methodist religion. The consequences of this were that Sapulpa sent his last wife away, for Christianity did not allow two wives. However, he continued to provide for her and her children in the same manner as his first wife and family.

In 1868 Sapulpa was elected to the House of Kings with much honor, where he remained until his death.

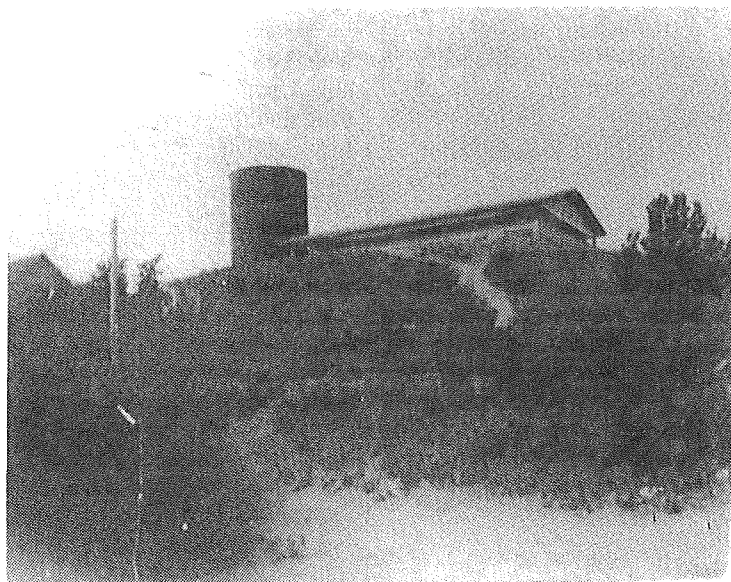
The railroad line was extended to the town of Sapulpa in 1883 to ship out the walnut logs that grew on the banks of Rock Creek. In 1886 came the first passenger train to the area. At the invitation of the Frisco Railway officials, Sapulpa's son Will took his father to Tulsa to ride the first passenger train into the town of Sapulpa. He was given a gift of two brass spittoons from that train.

"Chief Sapulpa" lived about a year after the coming of the passenger railroad, and died on March 17, 1887. He is buried in the Sapulpa Family Cemetery, which is located on South Division Street and cared for by the local Chapter of the DAR. †

Respectfully compiled and submitted by
Maxine Saddler, FFCA Librarian/Historian.

FRANKOMA & SUGAR LOAF HILL

by Maxine Saddler



Sugar Loaf Hill, 1913

Photo from Sapulpa Historical Society

The title tells the story. Frankoma trucked their clay/shale, or whatever they call the wonderful stuff Frankoma is produced from, from Ada, Oklahoma from 1933 to 1953.

Then the story changes! Devoted Frankoma collectors love all the beautiful colors. The early colors are/were exceptional! I don't need to itemize these. You have them! *You love them!*

Lo and behold, in 1953, another source of clay was found right smack dab in the middle of Sapulpa on Sugar Loaf Hill. This changed the "look" of Frankoma from the white clay to a beautiful red.

I had previously called the early Frankoma, 1933–1953, the "Golden Years." Then I called the Frankoma from 1953–1975 the "Vintage Years." (These terms are strictly your writer's idea.)

After 1975, although the clay still came from Sugar Loaf Hill, it was losing the deep red color, becoming lighter and lighter as the hill decreased. NOTE: Be careful, you collectors, as you might think you are finding some early Ada pieces, when they are in fact 1980ish from the lighter colored Sapulpa clay!

Now, case in point of this epistle:

My love of Frankoma includes all Frankoma, but especially the vintage Frankoma of 1953–1975, that's when the clay was taken from Sugar Loaf Hill.

Shall I tell you about Sugar Loaf Hill? It is, it was located in the 200 block of Lee Street in Sapulpa, just two blocks from Main Street.

In Sapulpa's early years, it became a boom town, the discovery of oil being the reason for a big migration of people coming from Ohio. The little town grew fast, and Sugar Loaf Hill was practically the center of town, a very popular place. The elevation was ideal for the big water tower to supply the town, and there was an open air dance hall on top of the hill. (I'll bet there were many romances that blossomed there!)

Time marched on, and Sapulpa grew. One of the families that migrated from Ohio happened to be my grandfather and mother. In 1907, from Rexford, Kansas, my other grandfather and father settled in Sapulpa. Both of these men excelled in business—one in oil and real estate, and the other in oil, real estate, groceries and a furniture store.

Then I was born just a block from Sugar Loaf Hill (circa 1919). By this

time, the water tower was gone; only the cement footers remained. The open air dance hall was gone. But what a wonderful place it was to play, or to go to when taking the long way home from school!

My grandparents lived in the 200 block of West Dewey, the old Route 66. I remember one time watching the KKK burning a cross on top of Sugar Loaf. I was sitting on the back steps at my grandparents' house. Of course I had no idea what the burning meant, or what it represented. No one offers clues to a little girl.

Another time, on the way home from school, up and over Sugar Loaf Hill, I climbed up onto the cement footer and jumped off—right into a nest of stinging ants! Wow! I screamed all the way home.

For a time, we lived across the street from my grandparents' house on



**Maxine, 1920 on top of
Sugar Loaf Hill**

You can see the St. James Hotel in the background. That is where John Frank stopped on his way home from Tulsa... and then the plans were made to bring his Pottery Shop to Sapulpa in 1933.

Dewey. My mother ran a used furniture store for her father. My brother and I would sit on the curb and watch the cars go by. He was five years older than I, and I thought he was the smartest person I ever knew. He told me the names of all the cars, and he said they could go all the way to California on that highway.

We would go to auctions in Tulsa to buy furniture for the store. Route 66 was *the highway!*

Time kept marching on. My parents moved to Kansas City, Missouri, when I was about seven. But we visited both sets of grandparents in Sapulpa from time to time.

From Kansas City, we moved to Ohio when I was sixteen. My mother was in a sense "coming home," because many relatives were still there. My grandparents passed away.

Then in 1969, I was introduced to Frankoma when a friend gave me a Christmas plate. Looking on the back, I saw where Frankoma was made. Voila! That's where I was born!

In 1977, we visited Frankoma for the first time. In 1981, I retired after twenty-five years as church secretary, and my husband took me to Frankoma for a retirement gift. That's when I met Leona Thomas, and she introduced me to my dear Joniece.

1982, we were back again. This time I met Grace Lee and others in the plant. 1983, we returned for the 50th Anniversary. This time I met Donna.

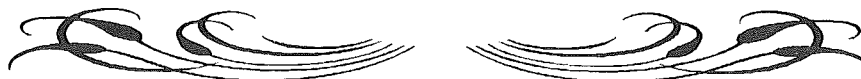
1984, we were back for the grand re-opening after the fire. 1986 was my last visit, but with the many friends I had acquired, I have always kept in touch by correspondence.

And now, to think the famous old Route 66 has turned into Frankoma Road! My Sugar Loaf Hill is now *flat*—but it has turned into beautiful Frankoma Pottery!

My grandparents belonged to the Methodist Church that the Franks belong to. In fact, I searched the old church records and discovered that my one set of grandparents were charter members when the church was organized in 1907, still Indian Territory. My other grandparents were members of that same church beginning about 1915.

Now, I am sure I have told you much more than you wanted to know about me. But the lovely ties I have with SAPULPA, with SUGAR LOAF HILL, and with FRANKOMA POTTERY... my life has been blessed more than anyone will know. ♪

Pat Warner on Collecting Frankoma



Review from last issue:

- I. Collect what you enjoy and like. Don't worry about how it compares with *Neighbor Jones's Collection*.
- II. Collect sizes you can live with—small, medium, or large—according to your available space.

COLLECTING BY CLAY

I. ADA CLAY 1934 to 1954–55

The earliest Frankoma clay, a creamy tan with no hint of red or pink, and sought after by collectors. This clay came from a leased site near Ada, OK, and was trucked to Norman and Sapulpa.

II. BRICK RED SAPULPA CLAY 1954-55 to 1965-66

This clay was from Sugar Loaf Hill in Sapulpa, the same red color as a common dark red brick. (In fact, at that time, the same clay was being used by Sapulpa Brick and Tile Co.) With American rutile glazes, it produced some of the most spectacular colors of all the Frankoma years. Some day this ten-year group will be highly sought after.

III. PINK FRANKOMA CLAY 1966 to date

There is much confusion as to why the change from brick red to pink clay. The fact is, *THERE WAS NO CHANGE IN CLAY*. It is still dug from the same source, but the clay lightened over the years as the hill diminished and veins branched off from the original hill, and the mineral content of the clay changed somewhat. There is no iron-clad rule here as to dates. Some authors say the pinkish clay began as late as 1980. I base my 1965-66 date from Christmas Cards and show the clay beginning to lighten about 1966, and became much lighter by 1970. I have never seen a dated brick red piece after 1966.

We will never know *exactly* when the Ada clay ended and the brick red began, as the clay bins were never completely cleaned out when they made the transition, so the brick red mixed for a while with the remaining Ada clay. (The change from Ada clay to Sapulpa clay occurred sometime in the mid-1950's.) And we'll never know *exactly* when the red began turning pink, as it mixed for a while with the brick red. So it *is* possible to find pieces made from the earlier clay at later dates. Mr. Frank commented that the Ada clay and Sapulpa clay did not mix well.

♪ Next issue ♪
Collecting By Size

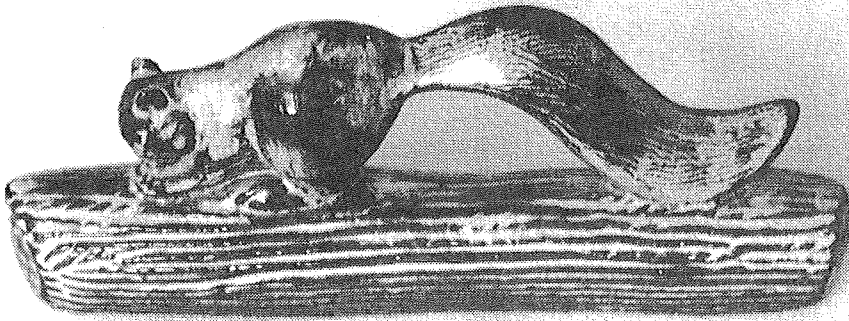
Joniece's



UH-OH!



Let's begin by getting a couple of our *OOPS!* items out of the way...



A squirrel with a head and body by Willard Stone, a tail by Joniece, and a base most likely by an anonymous employee.



#216 Gracetone Squirrel by Joniece from the Gracetone flyer

Joniece tells the stories...

Donna writes them down

OOPS! #1: When the last issue was being compiled, Nancy called to say that Pat Warner had one of my Gracetone squirrels I was writing about, and Steve would photograph it for the article. Knowing Pat, more than likely he *did* have one in his collection. When Nancy described it to me, she said it was a squirrel on a log-type base with its tail down, as was the one I designed for Gracetone. Then there were two clues that I *should* have picked up on that would have told me this was not mine. **First**, she said that the log was one color and the squirrel another. Never in Frankoma's production history did we do that, except for the garden dolls (that I recall at this moment). It's not necessary to glaze a squirrel brown and a log green for the consumer to realize it's a squirrel and a log. The art that Frankoma was doing just didn't call for that kind of thing. It would almost be like putting black hair and lipstick on the Pony Tail Girl, or getting color-graphic with the Fan Dancer. Some employees may have done their own interpretations and color schemes, and some of you may like that sort of thing. But Frankoma just chose not to, as a rule.

Second clue: She said the log was scratched like the #T7 coconut planter. Again, we wouldn't have done that. But the rest of the description sounded good, and the dimensions were approximately right. I couldn't imagine what else it could be other than mine, so we proceeded.

Upon receiving the **Pot & Puma**, I immediately saw that the photo of Pat's squirrel was not the one I had done for Gracetone. I quickly looked at the Gracetone flyer photo on Page 15 to confirm that the head on my squirrel was positioned differently than Pat's. And then I thought it was simply Willard Stone's squirrel, and a caster had bent the tail down while the clay was still wet. But then Donna called my attention to the fact that Pat's had *my* squirrel's tail!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Did anyone out there even notice?

Now, folks, let's back up here and recognize this *OOPS!* as a gift in disguise, a valuable lesson (even for me!), especially when you're collecting Frankoma. Please understand that no fingers are being pointed in blame! It's an established fact that *Nancy and Steve Littrell know their Frankoma!* And they looked at it and saw the same squirrel. Hey, that's great for my ego, that I could copy Willard Stone's style and no one notices the difference. However...

The key here is that my squirrel's head is up, not down. And once the size of the base is pointed out, it becomes as obvious as the nose on your face. Again, no blame here! The picture in the Gracetone flyer is so small, it's easy to overlook. But when you compare Willard's squirrel on Page 10 with Pat's on Page 11, along with mine on Page 15, *the differences leap out at you!*

Here's something you must also take into consideration. Daddy and I always considered the Frankoma employees to be very special. And I think they felt special because they worked at Frankoma. They were our "chosen ones." So they were allowed now and then to alter a piece, put names on mugs, hand glaze or paint pieces, or whatever they wanted to play around with. We looked at it as a privilege they should have because they were Frankoma family of employees. Daddy always thought that whatever your job, it should be fun.

That aside, if you watch the delicate way a *good* caster picks up a piece out of a mold and gently sets it on a board to dry, or the way a *good* trimmer carefully lays a knife and sponge to a piece, or the way a *good* glazer artistically chooses an angle before he pulls the trigger to spray the glaze on a piece—you cannot deny that every one of these people is an artist in their own right. Allowing them to do things on their own came with the territory.

So Pat, what you have is a squirrel with a head and body by Willard Stone, a tail by Joniece, and a base most likely by an anonymous employee. Well, what do we call it? I'll let you name it. But for

whatever it's worth—I can pretty well assure you that it is a "genuine one-of-a-kind."

Frankoma Collectibles?!?

Then comes the question—are these pieces true "collectibles?" Can they honestly be called pieces of *FRANKOMA*? Are they indeed *FRANKOMA* collectibles? Who's to say these "freaks" aren't as valuable—or more valuable—than any other piece? I'm not the one to answer this. Each of you has a love and a feeling for certain items that you want to possess.

For instance, some of you collect by quantity, or quality, only miniatures, one clay or the other, certain colors, etc. There are some people in this world who even collect matchbook covers, beer bottle tops, or balls of twine—not valuable to me, but they have value for those who collect them.

Take Mother's collection of Madonna's—not for how many she could find to fill her shelves, but by a selection of various native artists of many countries, representing the same subject, done in an infinite variety of styles and materials from many kinds of wood to porcelain, stone, and metals to paper.

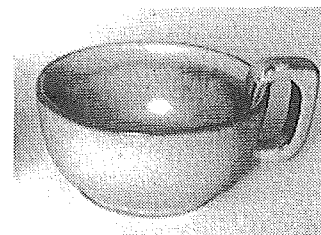
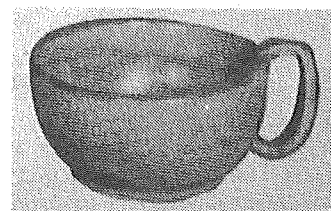
To me, there's no right or wrong in collecting. If it's fun for you to collect, then don't let anyone discourage you. "Whatever Makes You Smile" is the name of the collecting game.

OOPS! #2: Now, about those soup cups pictured on Page 12 of the last issue. *Neither* of them is the soup cup I referred to that appears on Page 17 of the 1972 catalog. Again, no blame here! Also, I know that only a few of you have that catalog, so it's not surprising that no one has called us on this one.

All of these, and possibly another, were actual production pieces of Frankoma Pottery, and they all had the same stock number. But in design, they were all a little different according to when they were made. As you can see from the picture (right) taken from that Page 17 of the 1972 catalog, the handle has a distinctive piece on top for a thumb rest—and a fatter, more "bulbous" cup. Once again, this is all training for your

eye to look *very* carefully. Do more than glance at what's in front of you!

I would like to encourage you collectors to begin developing a more discerning eye. Obviously, *things are not always what they appear to be!* Learning to spot such little discrepancies could mean the difference in a great find and a worthless fake. And of course that's one of the purposes of this publication—to educate you on what to look for, and how not to get taken by even well-meaning, but often uneducated, sellers who think they have an item of great worth. The piece may or may not be. But it stands to reason that the more you know, the more valuable your collection can become.



Top: #4SC early, page 17
Middle: #4SC later, page 13
Bottom: #4SC Soup Cup

Adios, Little Turtle▼

Now, moving right along. A Family member has written to ask about the "rumor" that my little Frankoma #107 turtle is slated to be discontinued at Frankoma. The fact is, the ax has already fallen. If you look at last year's Frankoma catalog, you won't find it. So be it.

The same couple also tells us that the turtle is their favorite piece, all because of a story they heard me tell, and they've ask that I share it with the rest of the Family. So here goes, slightly *expanded*...

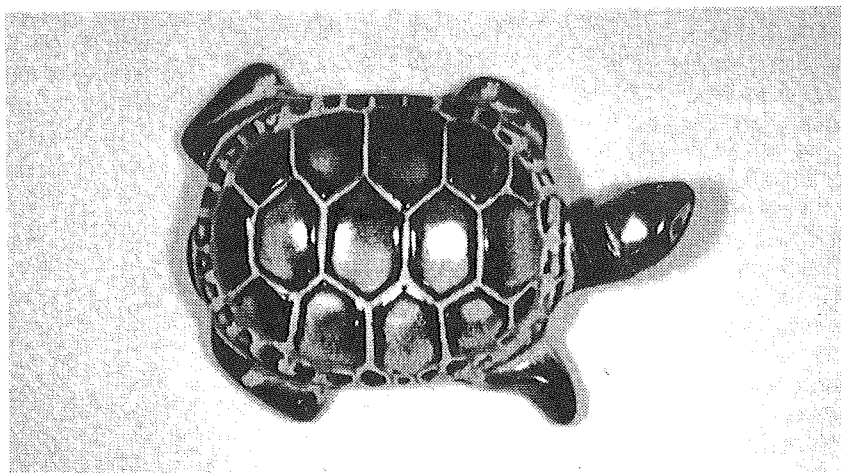
One day in the early 1970's, Daddy assigned me to do a turtle, a special order for Tulsa's Sigfried Insurance Co. It was to be an "executive paper weight." The challenges here were to design it so it could be made on the hydraulic press (i.e., a two-piece mold); it had to be relatively thin, so the bottom had to be recessed—but flat, and of the size to hold Sigfried's motivational story sticker that said something like, "The turtle cannot go backward, only forward. And he cannot move forward until he sticks his neck out..." and it continued with several other clever parallels that salesmen could relate to. We've tried to find one so we could quote it verbatim for you, because it was a great story. But for all our efforts, nothing but blind alleys. If one of you out there knows the story or ever finds one of those stickers, *let us hear from you!* (Later, the turtle was put into the regular line minus the story.)

Herein lies the reason that the name "Frankoma" is not printed in that flat recess on the bottom as it normally would have been, but instead on the rim between his front and back legs. This will also explain to some of you who have complained you can't find the name "Frankoma" on it and presume it's an unmarked piece. The fact is, very often the glaze was thick and filled up those recessed letters of the name. But I assure you that every single turtle did start out with "Frankoma" on it. I had every intention, after it proved its popularity, to put the name in legible raised letters on the bottom. But that's just one of those

things that never worked its way to the top of my priority list, and I never got it done.

I started by studying turtles with photos and drawings to help me get it anatomically correct. Then I began making all those necessary adjustments to cope with any number of production problems. Like making sure a mold can easily be pulled from it (no undercuts), getting the correct thickness in all areas, etc. Thickness/thinness is crucial for a press piece, less so for a piece that will be cast.

For instance, turn your turtle over and look at the head and neck. I had to



#107 4½" Turtle Paper Weight

hollow out that part and drop his neck on both sides to act as "props" to hold it up. If I hadn't, the head and neck would have been too heavy, causing it to sag and droop during drying, and crack and/or explode during firing due to its thickness. Why would a thick piece crack and/or blow up? Keep reading your *Pot & Puma*, because that will be discussed in a later issue.

Finally, I wanted a real living turtle as a model, to give me a sense of what the creature is, and does, and how, so I could zero in on some sort of a personality. After the basic design is done, a critter still needs to "say something." (We're currently working on a plan to get a buffalo into our studio. But the old refrain keeps coming back to us—"Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam, and I'll show you a very dirty house." However, do any of you seriously think it could do anything to mess up *our studio*?)

When I was a kid growing up in and around the plant, there were plenty of turtles to play with. I could always go down to the creek or out in the field be-

hind Frankoma and find a turtle. So that's where I went looking this time, and I didn't have to look far or for long. (More correctly, it was a terrapin, but we've always used the generic name "turtle.")

Turtles are thought to be shy because they shrink back into their shells. But that's just the way they protect themselves from danger. This one apparently didn't feel threatened by me in the least, because as soon as I set him up on the table in my studio, he made a dash for the edge. I kept grabbing him and bringing him back, but all he wanted to do was run. I even tried setting him in the lid of a box to corral him, but he either hid in a corner where I couldn't see him, or he climbed the walls. He wouldn't stop and let me look at him!

Finally, so that I could easily observe him, as well as keep him from committing suicide, I took a hunk of clay, made it into a pedestal, and stuck him on the top of it. But this didn't dampen his energetic quest to escape. His head and legs continued to frantically flail about,

sometimes as if he were running forward at great speed, and other times he would go into reverse and appear to be swimming backwards. Another very interesting thing I observed about turtles, besides a persistent determination to get somewhere, is that they walk on the *sides* of their feet, not the bottoms.

When I had finished my model of him, I returned him to the same spot out in the grass that I had found him so he could pick up where he'd left off. I hoped he wouldn't suffer any great trauma and have to go through hypnosis to remember his "alien abduction" experience. Even his closest friends would never have believed him anyway. ("You went *WHERE*? You did *WHAT*?")

A photo of a real turtle face-to-face with the pottery turtle is on the cover, which someone took (I wish I knew who) and sent to me.

SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? Right—it doesn't have a caption! Some say he's about to ask for the next dance, or he's asking for directions to the men's room, or he's

offering to buy his buddy a drink. What do you think is going on here? What is the real turtle saying to the pottery turtle? We'll give a prize to the member who sends in the best dialogue/caption no later than March 31. (Send to Donna.) And remember—neatness counts!

And so let us applaud as we eulogize the long-lived little Frankoma turtle, symbol of longevity and endurance, the winning underdog in his race with the hare, a creature who will forever capture the curiosity and imagination of both children and adults. But, like all living things, even a turtle cannot live forever. And so we bid a fond and affectionate farewell to him. Thank you, friend, for giving us so much pleasure and so many smiles for more than twenty-five years. But happily, we still have you around, and we'll continue to enjoy you for many long years to come.

(If you don't have a Frankoma turtle and want one, write or call Frankoma, as they probably have some left.)

Numbered Pieces ✓

It was very typical of both Daddy and me to come up with great schemes and plans, which sometimes we didn't or couldn't follow through on. One of his ideas was to have the first ten numbers of the limited edition vases go to certain family members and special friends every year. #1 was Mother's, #2 was mine, #3 was Donna's, and so on. Although I can't recall them all, among those first ten were my daughter BeverLee, Paul and Irene Keen of Norman, potter Dave Greer, and Dave Cox of YFC. But time passed, and many close personal friends either moved away, contacts waned, or they passed away.

As years went by, Mother continued to get hers, the Keens got theirs (#10), mine were on display at the plant, and Donna's were stored upstairs at the plant. I tried after Daddy's death to save back the rest of the first ten that would have gone to those "missing" people, with great plans to one day find them and send them their vases. But in 1983 they were all destroyed in the fire.

So now if you run across any #1's to #10's in collector vases or plates, you'll know they're somewhat special and why.

Other pieces Daddy numbered like that were the first Jesus plates. As time went by, though, that's about all that got numbered. It became too much of a bother to keep it up. For Daddy, it just seemed like a fun thing to do at the time, trying to make something out of very

little that would make it special and important to certain people. (Yes, I know—there were also some of the Conestoga Plates numbered, but that's another story, to be discussed in a future issue.)

One other thing he thought of doing was to mark some of the Jesus plates with "artist's proof." He had intended to do 25 numbered artist's proofs, which he may or may not have done that year. It seemed to me he did, but I can't be certain. Remember, the sole purpose of the Teenagers of the Bible series was to raise funds for Christian youth activities, primarily Youth For Christ. He intended to charge extra for numbered artists proofs, the proceeds *not to go into his own pocket—but theirs.*

Dirty Birds Beware! ✓

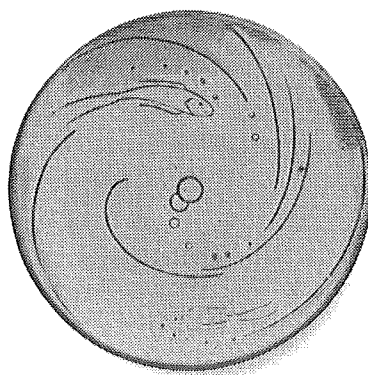
More about that discerning eye you're now developing!

Ever since I can remember, people have always wanted us to make outdoor and yard decor items. So Daddy finally decided one day that a bird bath would be a good idea.

He approached the designing of a bird bath in about the only way I could see it being done—a three-pronged, stick-in-the-ground item for a stem, then screw the plate part onto this wrought iron post and have a perch for the bird. The perch also doubled as the nut that tightened and held the whole thing together.

It looked beautiful, the plate was a lovely design, and it disassembled reasonably simply for shipping—if you consider an iron pole and a large flat-ish dish compatible for the same shipping container. (PS, unlike today, back then, wrought iron was a very inexpensive means of construction.)

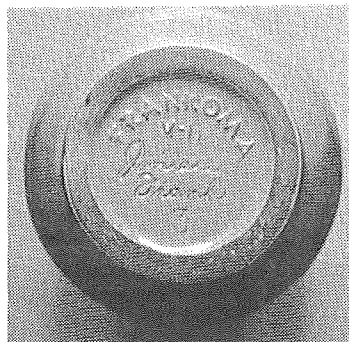
The main problem with this bird bath was that birds didn't like to land and bathe on the slick-glazed side of a plate. So, as attractive as it was, it was simply not functional and practical from the bird's point of view. It also collected heat from the sun, heated the water, and birds didn't go for hot baths in the heat of summer. Besides all of the above, in winter it froze, crazing the glaze (expansion and contraction), and the glaze would fall off, or the whole plate would break.



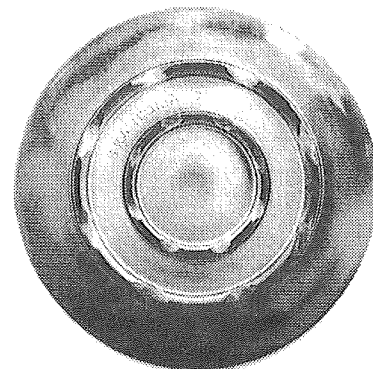
Front, Fish Plate/Bird Bath



Back, Fish Plate/Bird Bath



Limited Edition V-11 Vase with #3 for Donna Frank



Later #7FC Aztec Chop plate with double circle foot

But! The plate itself still was so beautifully designed, we decided to manufacture it as a serving piece.

Well, Daddy was always fascinated with a vitrified stone body clay, as we've mentioned before in his desire to produce a stoneware via Gracetone. Stoneware, being totally vitrified, has a vastly stronger body, but it has to be *thicker* to be *stronger*. But what *he* wanted was a *thinner* stoneware, somewhere between porcelain and what most people think of as stoneware, which contains lots of heavy grog. The most perfect example—and the ware that he most admired—was made by Heath in California. Heath somehow did it, and did it beautifully.

In many of his designs, Daddy would make a piece just a fraction thinner than what was reasonable for our Frankoma clay body to manufacture. And that's precisely what he did with the Fish Plate/Bird Bath. (Remember that when we refer to the Fish Plate, we also mean the Bird Bath.) It was too thin, and the foot on it was too small to be anything but "artistically beautiful."

Many times over the years, I would question Daddy about the thickness or thinness of a piece. Or Ted would have trouble firing a piece because it was just slightly too thin. But the bossman would smile broadly and say to us, "Aw, now, I know you can do it! There's a way! You'll find it—I know you will!" Of course, that was a comment designed to make us work harder. And we usually did, but not always with the results he wanted. We simply couldn't fight that Law of Physics!

Daddy was always trying to screen our clay thinner and thinner, then expect the impossible of it, confident that it could be done. Well, Health Ceramics did it successfully—but *not* with Oklahoma clay from Ada or Sapulpa!

Look at that bubble in the exact center of the Fish Plate. That's where we drilled the hole to make it a bird bath. Oh, the problems we had with that one piece! It almost invariably warped! It sagged! It drooped! Ah, but when it *was* right—it was a thing of beauty and delight.

After all, it was the face of the plate that was the part you could see, the part that would encourage someone to either buy it or walk on by, and that part we thought was outstanding. So we decided to change the *back* of it to try and make it work. We borrowed the well-constructed, beautifully-designed foot of the #7FC Aztec Chop Plate. It gave the support needed for the cantilevered sides of

the plate, had good air space for firing, etc. So remember, it was the *shallow single circle foot* that came first, and the *double circle #7FC foot* that came later. Both were stock number 820.



#T11 Palm Leaf

"So, why didn't it stay in line?" people ask. Well, because of its thinness, we still had some warping problems and those awful fire checks. But more than that, from a pure marketing standpoint—it just didn't fit as a serving piece. Not quite deep enough for some items, and too deep for others. Also, it had no companion pieces, like there were no bowls to match it, no pitchers, no salt and peppers, etc. And because it had fish on it, was it to serve fish on? Maybe, but not for a regular family dinner. It would take an awfully big Oklahoma community fish fry to fill that one up!

The Palm Leaf

This brings to mind another really outstanding piece. And that is the #T11 Palm Leaf serving tray in the Polynesian line. Parenthetically, many things that

Daddy did I get credit for, and many things that I did he gets credit for. But let it be known that we worked together on almost everything. However, almost all the Polynesian pieces I did virtually by myself.

The Palm Leaf Daddy did alone. And instead of making it first in clay, as is usual, he first "carved out" the mold from a piece of plaster—doing the whole thing *in reverse*! That is, the raised areas of the piece were carved into the plaster. Thus, when the clay was pressed into that mold, those recessed areas in the mold became the raised areas on the piece. That was his process on this piece. Artists who are adept at that particular skill are rare indeed—and Daddy was the best!

Referring to a lot of things I do, and especially when I'm lettering a mold, which must always be done in reverse, people often ask, "How did you learn to do that?" Easy. I spent years and years looking over my Dad's shoulder.

Looking at his Palm Leaf purely as an artistically triumphant design, I think it is one of my very favorite favorites—the way he laid one blade of that frond over another precisely the way the wind would blow it. And it served a great purpose in the Polynesian restaurant for hors d'oeuvres.

But then, it was too pretty for ordinary people to buy to put food on. You see, it didn't have sides, it had no depth, it was just "beautiful." This goes back to those "potboilers" I talked about in the last issue. You always have to have in your line things that people buy in quantity, so you can enjoy doing those nice single beauties.

The question above is often asked with regard to this piece as well. "Why did you ever take that out of line? It was the most beautiful thing you ever made!" Well, I think I just explained that. For one reason or another—it *just didn't sell*!

By the same token, a good basic design can still be popular and useful, and it will continue to grace a table after more than fifty years. Like the #201 serving bowl. It stands alone, but goes with everything. A fish plate needs fish things; a palm leaf needs tropical things; but a good basic utilitarian shape—artistically done—will endure the test of time.

Where is Heath now?

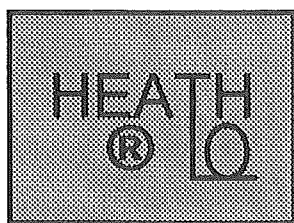
In those days long ago when Daddy and Mother and I made gift shows together, Mother would go shopping around the show for items to put in the retail shop, while Daddy and I went

potteries displayed there. It was simply impossible for the salesmen to accept the idea that *we were not there to steal their designs*, but merely to admire and appreciate good designs and good potting, like we would visit a museum.

One booth we never missed seeing was one that had a few pieces of Heath, that lovely, wonderful stoneware. There was one particular teapot that Daddy was in love with and wanted *so much* for his private pottery collection, which we would always try to buy. But of course they wouldn't and couldn't sell it to us, as it was their only sample, which they needed to show customers and take orders for. And knowing us to be a manufacturer, they wouldn't take an order from us. And in all of Mother and Daddy's travels in the world, he never found one elsewhere.

I've wondered all these years about that unique, lovely teapot. I've also asked many of you if you knew of the company. The potter was a woman in California and, as I recall, she was an older woman twenty-five or thirty years ago. She had only a small, studio-type operation, and I heard she had children with an interest in continuing the business after she was gone, although their mother was the artist. This is all I know, and this is all hear-say. But *there* was truly a great artist!

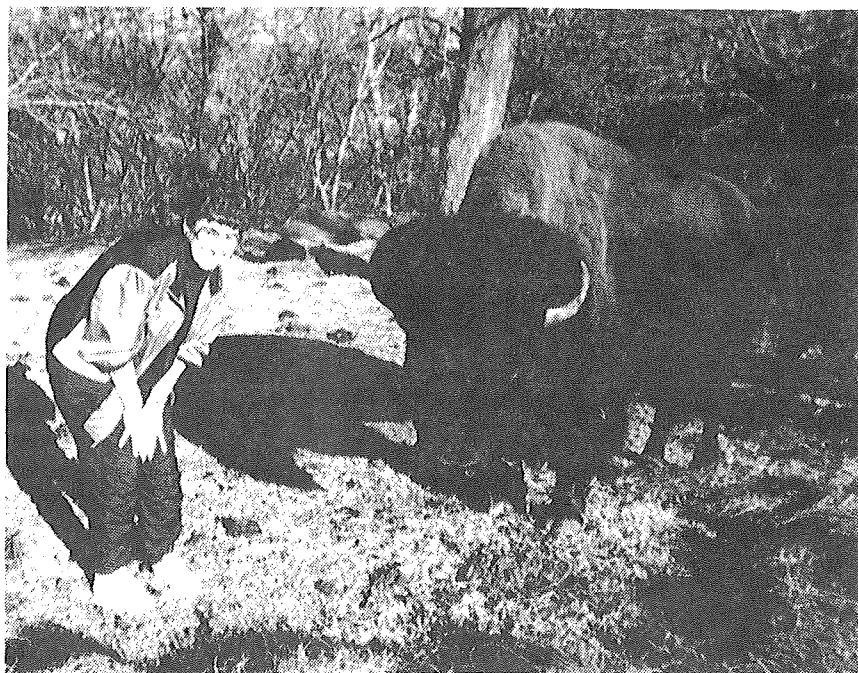
I would love to know the status of that pottery, if they're still in business, and where those children are. This is their trademark, a simple incised "Heath." If someone can shed any light on the subject, I would appreciate very much hearing from you.



Last summer I was ecstatic when by chance I found four lovely Heath cups in perfect condition at a yard sale—cheap—and I treasure them. *Now if only I could find that extraordinary teapot!*

In conclusion...

Many thanks to you who wrote and said, "More stories!" I'm pleased you liked them. So it looks like they're going to be around for a while—at least until I run out of things to talk about. ☺



Research is hard work!
Here's Joniece trying to coax Cody the Buffalo into her studio for a sitting.

Joniece Has Been — BUFFALOED

Last minute update: Joniece recently drove up to a ranch about an hour from Sapulpa and spent the day with Alice and Saber Jackson, owners of a small herd of relatively tame buffalo that wander around loose in their enormous yard. There's Cody, the bull, and four of his girl friends, who together have four of his children. When Joniece first laid eyes on Cody, it was love at first sight. After several hours of talking to him, he trusted her enough to allow her to scratch his forehead and nose. It was quite a thrill for her.

It is quite obvious that this little family of buffalo is under patriarchal rule. Cody is very protective of his ladies and his children. However, one of the ladies is a bit jealous and protective of Cody, especially when women get too close to him and overly lavish their praises on him.

Talk of his magnificence and proud demeanor makes her nervous. So when she was around, Joniece was cautioned to stay near a tree, just in case she flew into a jealous rage and charged.

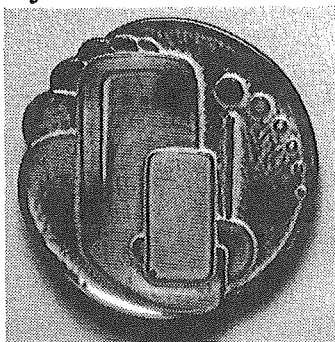
"He's huge! He's beautiful!" she exclaimed. "But how do those skinny little legs hold up all that massive weight—much less when he runs?"

Joniece, my hunch is that the answer to that comes under the same category as "bumbees can't fly." Only God Himself can explain why He designed them that way. Perhaps just to baffle our scientists and give them something to do?

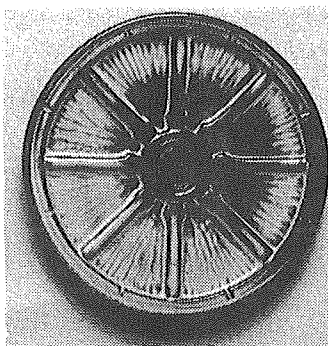
Joniece says, "You can look at all the pictures you want to. But there's no way in the world you can get a sense of what a buffalo is like until you're face to face with one. Cody is my wonderful 'Oklahoma Teddy Bear!'" *

Trivets, Anyone?

By Ray Stoll



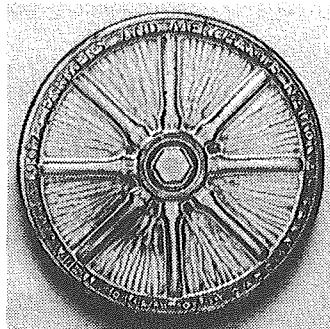
Lazybones 4TR



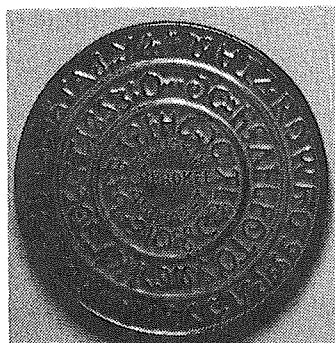
Wagon Wheel 94TR



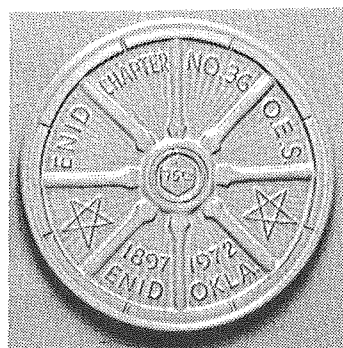
Cherokee Alphabet 7TR, early



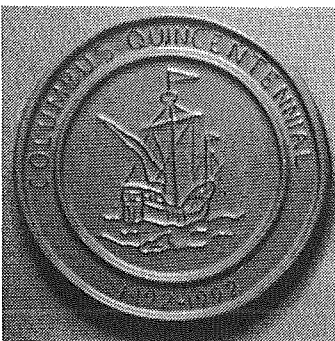
Farmers & Merchants Bank



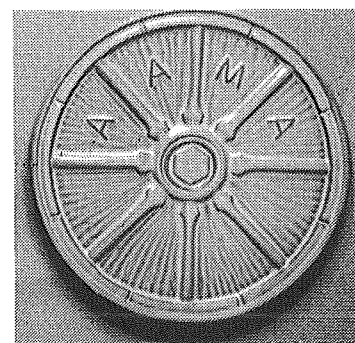
Cherokee Alphabet 7TR, later



Oklahoma Eastern Star



**Columbus Quincentennial
1492-1992**



**American Automobile
Manufacturers Association**

Trivets are one of the "fun" collectibles produced by Frankoma. They are usually reasonable in cost, most are readily available, and they are often very colorful. They can also be displayed to good effect in such ways as modified plate rails, hangers, stands, or placed on tables, just to name a few.

Frankoma produced the first of many different trivets in 1957, these being the Lazybones trivet (4TR), the Wagon Wheel trivet (94TR) (produced in 1957 only), Cattle Brands (94TRC), Horseshoe (5TR/94TRH), and Cherokee Alphabet (7TR) trivets, which remained in the line for a number of years.

The Lazybones trivet was made as an accompaniment to the dinnerware of the same name, was 6" in diameter, with a scalloped pattern in the upper left quadrant. It was probably made only in Prairie Green and Desert Gold, but the 1957 catalog does not rule out the possibility of other current colors having been used.

The Wagon Wheel trivet was likewise made to accompany the dinnerware of that pattern, was also 6" in diameter, and made in Prairie Green and Desert Gold. This trivet, however, was used in that same year for what was probably the first advertising trivet for the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Fairview, Oklahoma, celebrating the Oklahoma Semi-Centennial. That inscription appears in small letters around the outer face rim of the trivet. The legend on the reverse side says "The Romance of the West lives on with WAGON WHEELS. They carried the courageous pioneers in almost every conceivable kind of vehicle into this vast, new frontier. Frankoma 94TR."

In 1972, the Enid, Oklahoma Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star also used the Wagon Wheel trivet as the basis for a trivet commemorating its 75th anniversary. These have been found in both Prairie Green and White Sand.

Finally, in 1973, the American Automobile Manufacturers Association (AAMA) commissioned a trivet using

the Wagon Wheel design, which states on the reverse side "Wheel of Professionalism Convention 1973, Oklahoma." This trivet is in White Sand, and is 6.25" in diameter. If you have other examples of this, please let me know about them!

The Horseshoe trivet began in 1957 as 94TRH, but some appear with the 5TR stock number. I have two Flame Horseshoe trivets—one marked each way. It was produced until 1976, when it was suspended from the line until 1985. It remained in production until sometime in 1995, when this style of trivet was discontinued. The Cherokee Alphabet (7TR) was also begun in 1957; however, the earlier trivets (perhaps through 1967–68) were of a slightly different design from those made subsequently. The older design contained the words "SEQUOYAH CHEROKEE ALPHABET" in a raised 1.5" in diameter circle in the center of the 6" trivet, and the trivet itself is significantly thicker than later editions. These have been found in Prairie Green, Dark Brown Satin, Clay Blue (!), Peach Glow, and White Sand, and bear the number "7T" and a backward, upside down "2".

The later editions, which were made until sometime in 1995, have the aforementioned inscription in an unraised center area about 1.75" in diameter, and the trivet is about 6.25" in diameter. It has been available in most of the colors carried in the lines over the years of its production. Likewise, the Cattle Brands trivet (94TRC) appeared first in 1957 and was continued until 1995, again, available in most colors that were in the line at time of production.

Frankoma has produced only two square trivets. They were the Eagle trivet (2TR) made in 1966 and 1967, and the Spanish Iron or Fleur de Lis trivet (3TR) from 1966 to 1989. The first of these, the Eagle trivet, is extremely hard to find because of its limited production, probably because of the difficulty encountered in warping that seems to plague footed square and oblong pieces (e.g. the Will Rogers trivet). It is 6" on a side, with slightly rounded corners. The #3TR Spanish Iron trivet was made for over twenty years, also about 6" on a side, with slight scalloping to accommodate the design. These can be found in most colors used in the Frankoma line during its manufacture.

There have been quite a number of other trivets that were/are carried in the open line of Frankoma items. These include various State trivets—Arkansas (ARTR), Iowa (IOTR), Kansas (K2), Louisiana (LATR), another Louisiana (LTR), Louisiana Crawfish (LCTR), Oklahoma Flag (OFTR), Royal Gorge (Colorado) (RGTR), Texas (TST), and the Route 66 trivets which were annotated Missouri, Oklahoma, and New Mexico (DTR66).

Other regular production trivets include the Bird trivet (8TR) (1986–93), Rooster trivet (94TR) (1965–95), American Eagle trivet (AETR) (1976–78), Butterfly trivet (BTR) (1975–94), Ride 'em Cowboy trivet (CBTR) (1991–95), US Flag trivet (FLTR) (1974–78), Liberty Bell trivet (LBTR) (1973–1978), Five Civilized Tribes trivet (OK3) (1971–94), Owl trivet (OTR) (1980–91), Flycatcher trivet (SCTR) (1986–95), Unicorn trivet (UCTR) (1983–95), White Buffalo trivet (WBTR) (1989–92)*, and Zodiac trivet (ZTR) (1971–76).

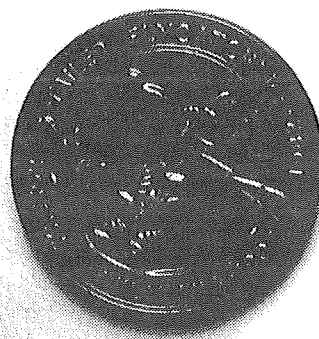
Numerous special purpose/commemorative trivets were produced starting in 1957. In addition to the one produced for Farmers and Merchants National Bank, one was made, cele-

brating Arrows to Atoms for the 1957 semi-centennial. Many have been made celebrating Church anniversaries, municipal anniversaries, and even personal anniversaries. There was a series of 13 trivets issued on a yearly basis denoting annual meetings of Nazarene International Retreat of Golden Agers (NIROGA). These will be discussed in another article, along with other NIROGA items.

Masonic, Rotary, Scouting, business, and industrial groups all had trivets made to commemorate their anniversaries, activities, or events. Because of the 1983 fire, records as to exact numbers of different trivets made are not available. Suffice it to say that the total is in the hundreds.

Today Frankoma is still producing trivets, but most are of a completely different style. Computer-aided HDI designs (High Density Imaging) are being employed to produce intricate designs and extensive wordings on the new trivets. A classic example is the memento trivet produced for our 1995 FFCA Reunion.

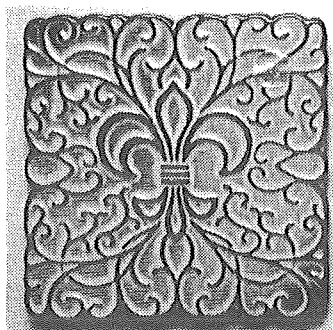
**The White Buffalo trivet was designed by Andrew Lester, who took all remaining stock in 1992 and terminated production, as he held the copyright.*



Flycatcher, SCTR



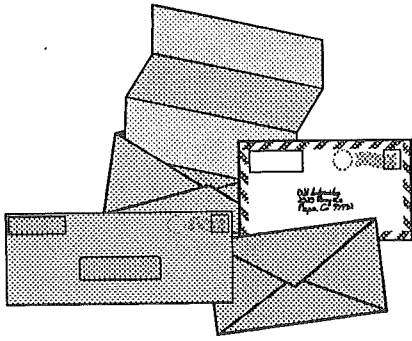
White Buffalo, WBTR



Fleur de lis, 3TR or Spanish Iron



Eagle, 2TR



Dear
Donna...

...today I received your mailing of the current/last **Pot & Puma**, etc., etc., I am so pleased with this wealth of information.

You must realize that what I received today is truly a *wealth of information*. I have only glanced at the material and in scanning the article on "Prairie Green" I find I own a desirable piece, the #555 Thunderbird pitcher (I also have plain ones in blue and light yellow)! Also, I can now date my Woodland Moss dinnerware set—my grandparents bought it at the factory in the 1950's.

I look forward to my experience with the association. I am enclosing my order form and check for back issues, plus the trivet and mug. I feel like I'm on my way in knowing what the heck I'm doing here in CA. I look forward to a membership directory and finding if there are other collectors nearby.

PS—Just *devoured* the literature—*please more STORIES*—I found them fascinating! My mother's family is from Muskogee—I'm sure they were struggling along with the Frank's about the same time—their business was furniture—"Nelson Furniture" headquarters in Muskogee. I look forward to receiving more info!! Thanks

Larry from CA

We're so thrilled that you're so thrilled, Larry! We're just tickled you're now part of our Frankoma Family of Collectors. That's what we're here for—to better educate you about what you have and what to look for and why. Your Woodland Moss dinnerware is surely a prize, to be appreciated and enjoyed, because it's the early, richer rutile glaze. If you don't believe its worth just find the Short short Frankoma story on page 2 in this Prairie Green Sheet and check it out. And I'm quite prepared to take an oath that the story is a true one.

~~~~~  
I hope I'm not too late, just an oversight. I'm very much interested in keeping my membership and not missing a single issue. Hope the reunion went well. I know

everyone had a great time.

Love Joniece's angels! Have really enjoyed all the articles in the newsletter, and your book is super. Hope to meet some day.

Eileen from MI

*Good to hear from you, Eileen, and to know you've enjoyed the Pot & Puma and Clay. Joniece says thanks, too. Missed you at the shindig in September. We thought you'd abandoned us. Welcome back to the fold!*

~~~~~  
I have recently been bitten by the "Frankoma bug." I would appreciate any books on Frankoma that you could recommend as a good source. I am looking forward to becoming a member and am waiting on pins and needles for my first quarterly journal of **Pot & Puma** and also the *Prairie Green* publication... I spotted your ad in Jan. 17 issue of the *Antique Trader*.

Dona from NM

We welcome you to our family of Frankomaniacs, Dona! Also congrats—you're our first member in NM—our 37th state! Thanks for writing, and I'm sending you info on the books. Hope we'll meet you in September, and do bring your bug along. He'll find many of his cousins running rampant at the reunion!

~~~~~  
Dear Joniece...

Happy Birthday to the Birthday Girl!

I am still reflecting on my Sapulpa trip last September. What a wonderful time that was for me. It was such a long wait for the **Pot & Puma**. It would have been great to have received something (earlier), especially for the newer members. But I must say—THE WAIT WAS WORTH IT. It would take a book to respond to the entire **Pot & Puma** articles.

I especially want to thank you, Joniece, for the "Believe It Or Not." Whee... what a bundle of information we could not ever receive any other way, except from you personally. Your article alone would have been more than enough. Thank you for sharing your vast store of Frankoma information.

What a thrill to learn that the inspiration for your #302 Candle Vase came out of the #835 Honey Jug! Who would have thought that? I knew it was your first piece to be put in the line, but did not know the rest. And, Joniece, I have two of the #F55 Wine Bottle Vases—one in Brown Satin and ONE IN FLAME THAT REALLY STANDS VERY STRAIGHT AND TALL. I found it in Danville, Indiana. I keep reading your article over and over and finding things I did not know. I am thrilled you are doing the "Believe It Or Not" for all your Frankoma followers. The cover of the **Pot & Puma** with the photo of you and your father is wonderful. The sparkle in your eyes is worth a million.

For all you've done, and do, for countless

things, this greeting brings a world of love to you. And greetings to Donna. Her work on the **Pot & Puma** is so valuable.

Have a great birthday, and a super year ahead!  
MS from OH

*Donna and I are most grateful for all your compliments and praise. We're so happy that you're so happy with what we're writing. But I must say, if you have two straight #F55's, in any color, you can start your own "Believe it or Not!"*

Joniece

~~~~~  
Our book was truly an inspiration to me. As a matter of fact, I feel the Master led me to Frankoma (book signing) to meet you and to buy your book. After reading your book, I realize my faith has not been strong enough. Now I know what the Master was trying to tell me. Thank you for touching my life through your words.

May the Master bless you and your family through the holidays and all the seasons to come.

Ava from OK

We have all been warmed by your kind and wonderful letter. Those words in the book may have been my words, but the story was Papa's, you know. I feel anyone could do what I did with great material like I had to work with. From the heart, Ava, thank you for your lovely letter!

~~~~~  
If you had an especially nice Christmas, perhaps you were perceiving the joy I had reading my Christmas gift, *Clay in the Master's Hands*. Cover to cover in one day. Thank you.

In 1969 when I moved to North Carolina from Oklahoma, I met Arthur Ray Cole, a lifelong NC potter (1892–1974). We had a nice conversation one day, and he told me he had kicked himself ever since, because in the (early) 1930's, Mr. Frank had said to him, "Arthur, I have found a fantastic clay deposit in Oklahoma. Come join me, and we'll start a pottery."

Do you know anything about how Mr. Frank met/knew A. R. Cole?

Mr. Cole's pottery was called Rainbow Pottery in the 1920's, and then simply A. R. Cole Pottery, Sanford NC.

Stan from NC

*Stan, we regret that none of us know the name A. R. Cole. But the photo you enclosed is certainly interesting, and we thank you for passing it along. Looks like he may have been influenced by JF. Could Cole have been a student of his? If anyone of the Frankoma Family members has any information regarding this artist and/or pottery, please write "Dear Donna" at headquarters and tell us what you know. Thanks, Stan, for your most welcome letter and nice compliment about Clay. You sure know how to put a smile on a girl's face!*

## IN SYMPATHY

**M**url Kerrick, husband of Ann C. Kerrick, passed away January 22, 1996. The Kerricks were Charter Members of FFCA and residents of Lawton, OK.

If you wish to send a card to the Family, the address is 3833 NW Ferris, Lawton, OK 73505-4947.

The officers and members of the Frankoma Family Collectors Association offer our sincere sympathy to Ann and her family in their loss.

## We Remember Our Friend

US Representative Mike Synar from Oklahoma regrettably passed away in early January of cancer at the young age of 45. Mike was well known and respected by his peers in Washington, as well as by his many constituents and close friends in and around his home town of Muskogee. Mike knew as early as age ten that he wanted a career as US Senator, and he spent his entire life in public service.

A great young statesman has left us. Our sincere and heart felt condolences go to his family and friends in their deep loss.

## Farewell to Two of the Frankoma Family of Employees

from Joniece...

Daddy always maintained that, "The best casters are born, not trained." This described Vernon McGee and Dale Forbes to a capital T.

Vernon and Dale went to school together and grew up as the best of friends. They both started to work at Frankoma when in high school, and were there for twenty years. Along with Hank Perkins, these three were the very best casters that Frankoma ever had. They were that rare breed of "natural born casters." Hank is still employed at Frankoma, and has been there for forty-four years.

Vernon and Dale had a deep and lasting friendship that was never broken. In late December, Vernon passed away. Only three weeks later, Dale followed. When we think of one, we will always think of the other.

Our sincere condolences to both their families and all their friends, among whom we count ourselves. They were to us both family and friends.

## TRAGEDY STRIKES GROGGS' HOME

The entire nation is aware of the recent perilous fires raging in Oklahoma and Texas caused by a severe drought, coupled with high winds.

It was the afternoon of February 23rd. Tom, Jeannie, and Derek Grogg were attending Grace Lee's funeral. They returned to Kellyville to find that their entire home, their vehicles, their Frankoma storage building, and every possession gone. The Groggs had just built an extension onto their living room for added space to display their Frankoma collectibles. There was nothing to be saved. The loss was total.

When we learn how we Frankoma Family members can best help the Groggs restore their tragically interrupted lives, we will advise everyone. In the meantime, please keep them in your thoughts and prayers.

Those of you who want to send your best wishes to the Grogg Family, please use the following address:

Tom Grogg  
PO Box 847  
Kellyville, OK 74039-0847

## Continued from page 20

What a pleasant surprise yesterday when our postman delivered mail (including *Clay in the Master's Hands*), following two days of no delivery because of the "Blizzard of '96" which we are experiencing in the Washington, DC, area.

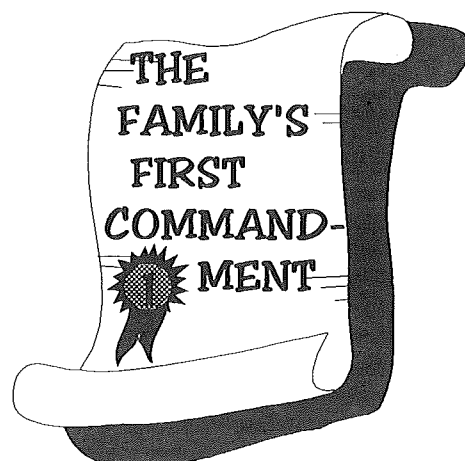
I understand your interest in knowing how I learned about ordering the book. It is a simple explanation—my mother, who is 89 years old, has been living with us for the past 21 months. We have continued her subscription to *The Ada Evening News*, and I read the article and information about ordering the book in it.

Lloyd and I grew up in the Ada area, and Lloyd was on the faculty at OSU in Stillwater until he joined The World Bank in 1980. We will be returning to Oklahoma later this year. We have purchased my family farm and are in the process of building a home on the property. If my mother is able, we will encourage her to live in her home.

We have enjoyed having a few pieces of Frankoma Pottery through the years, and it certainly catches our attention when we see pieces in the antique shops here in the Washington area. And, though I am going to let my mother read the book first, I am anxious to read it. In just flipping through some of it, my eye caught the sentence about your sister's latest work being a series of angels. I will want to follow through on that!

Mary Ann from VA

*Thanks for your letter and answer to my curious question! We fully intend to see your names on our Frankoma Family membership list when you return—if not before. You don't have to be Frankomaniacs to join, you know, although we will try to convert you. You're our kind of people!*



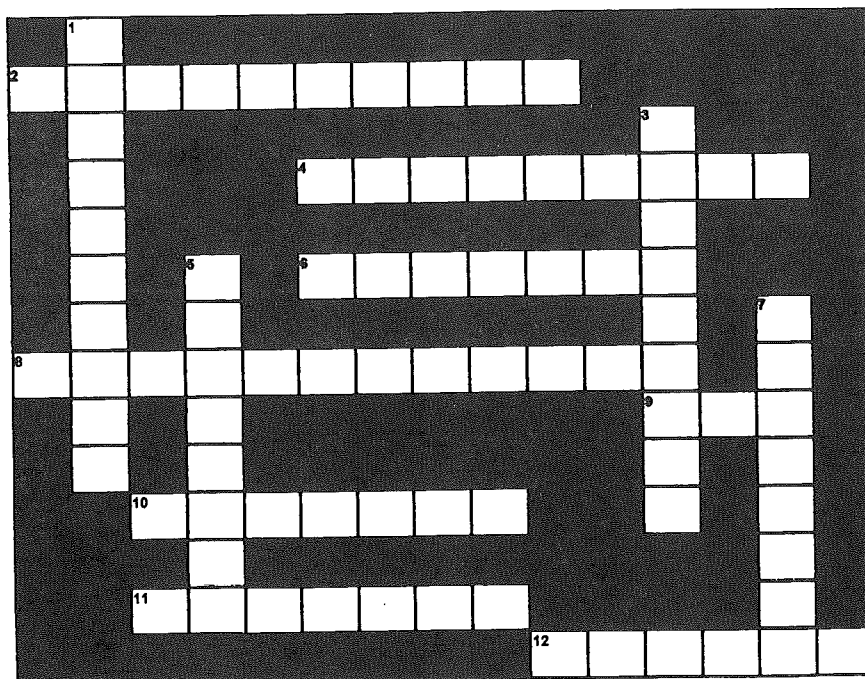
**"RENEW NOW"** If you find these words on your address label, and if you're still enjoying your *Pot & Puma* and *Prairie Green Sheet*, don't hesitate another day. Just whip out that righteous check book and obey the Family's First Commandment:

## IF YOU'RE DUE—THOU SHALT RENEW!

**IF** you are *due*, failure to act means these are your last publications until we hear from you, plus you're in danger of losing your charter membership standing if you wait too long, and you'll probably be visited by a plague of locusts. (This is our first try at "Tough Love." Is it working?)

# FRANKOMA FUZZLE FUN

BY ALAN STOLTZ & CECE WINCHESTER-STOLTZ, CA



## COLLECTOR'S FUN

### ACROSS

2. Quarterly newsletter
4. Butterscotch color
6. Annual family event
8. 1934 Taylor piece
9. Early clay type
10. Angel sculptor
11. Home of Frankoma
12. Reunion gift

### DOWN

1. Book author
3. Founder of Frankoma
5. Norman, \_\_ (state)
7. John's soul mate



Koma Gal & Koma Kid License Plates

## Frankoma Cryptoquote

by Gretchen & Kaydee Adams, TX  
Age 13 & 8

Here's how to work it: **LABYDXRB**  
is **FRANKOMA**

One letter stands for another. In this sample L is used for the letter F, B for the two A's, etc.. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints.

J OUQA HUJF COUC SDQA  
JH MAZSAKCJQA. JC'H  
SJYA SDDYJLT JL U  
NJMMDM—BDW FDI'C TAC  
U MAZSAKCJDI WICJS BDW  
TJQA. CD TAIWJIASB  
SDQA XADXSA JH DIA DZ  
TDF'H TMAUCAHC TJZCH  
CD NUI, UIF LA KUI IAQAM  
AIEDB JC WICJS LA TJQA  
JC. —EIZ

Puzzle answers on back page

## FFCA 1996 Family Reunion

September 13–15, 1996

Sapulpa, OK



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Frank Home Tour

Seminars

& Much Much More

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Second Edition  
by

## Donna Frank

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## FRANKOMA CRYPTOQUOTE Answers

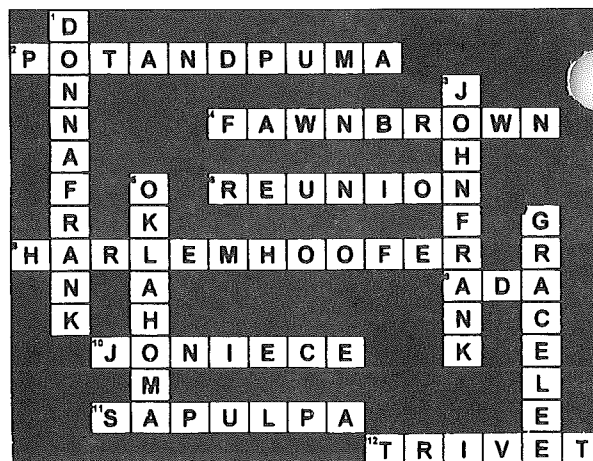
### This Issue:

I HAVE SAID THAT LOVE IS REFLECTIVE. IT'S LIKE LOOKING IN A MIRROR—YOU DON'T GET A REFLECTION UNTIL YOU GIVE. TO GENUINELY LOVE PEOPLE IS ONE OF GOD'S GREATEST GIFTS TO MAN, AND WE CAN NEVER ENJOY IT UNTIL WE GIVE IT.

—JNF



## Frankoma Fuzzle Answers



## Collector's Fun



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CITY

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AREA CODE + TELEPHONE

FFCA MEMBERSHIP NUMBER

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☐ FULL ADDRESS, OMIT PHONE

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