Winter is a boy’s time of year. It is a time of challenge, and youth, especially a boy, likes challenge. In winter a commonplace errand becomes more difficult. Winter’s obstacles, snow, ice, biting cold, stimulate the imagination as well as the circulation.

In winter, boys don’t run errands—they go on expeditions. A trudge through the snow to a neighbor’s house to borrow a cup of sugar can involve all the imagined adventure and hardship of an Arctic expedition, dog-sledding in the Klondike, or a Stampeders packing across Chilkoot Pass through the Yukon to Caribou Crossing.

When one attains sufficient years to look back on boyhood, it is surprising how many of the most pleasant memories of that challenging time deal with happenings in winter. The chill pre-dawn darkness of a duck blind, of tracking and hunting, the mellow tangy ripeness of persimmons after first frost, chewing the fruit of the blackhaw, untangling the thorny tenacles of greenbrier, boots with a jackknife pocket, the flashing red of a cardinal’s flight through blackjack timber, the wing noise of quail rising in flight, the cold morning crackle of ice-coated trees, shafts of ice falling like thrown spears from those tree limbs during thaw, all are hardly forgotten.

As challenge inspires boyhood, so does searching. The urge to see what is beyond the hill, at the edge of the horizon, beneath that rock, or where those tracks lead, is overwhelming. Take a group of boys on a winter trip. If they are urbanized boys they may leave the car, wear off their first frantic burst of energy in chasing each other, and return to the car complaining there’s nothing to do. In this winter landscape of barren trees, dry grass, crusty-ice water courses, and overcast sky, “there’s nothing to do?”

Memory knows better. Boys yearn for adventure and curiosity is an instinct as basic as hunger. Just get them started. Point out the tracks in the creek bed, a spider’s web of frosty silver, a deserted nest on a barren limb, red berries, and native instinct prevails. The boys will discover their own curiosity, and things not of their town environment. It is fascinating; this world of winter things, vast and tiny. It waits throughout January and February, with a host of browns, evergreens, treasures hidden in an environment of cold, somber hues, dazzling snow, brittle ice, a challenge for those who are adventurous.

BB

THE ICY ARBUCKLES
color photo by George E. Gurley
Natural springs are frequent among the travertine labyrinths and limestone ledges of the Arbuckle Mountains. In the warm months these springs flow crystal clear and pure from the ledges, fountains for bird and creature, life-nourishing moisture for abundant flowering plants. In winter these springs become droplet displays, stalactites of icicles. Their numerous patterns, and the night’s freezing rain, have here created a forest of glass.
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*This is a sample of the information from the table.*
"The whistle of the first Katy locomotive to cross the Arkansas River on Christmas Day, 1871, signaled the end of the steamboats on the Arkansas."—taken from a Gilcrease Institute historical leaflet.

Less than 100 years later, there are new whistles on the Arkansas, and they are coming from tugboats pushing cargoes up and down the famed artery of navigation.

Muskogee was the first city in Oklahoma to officially be designated as a port city, the first city to break ground for a port, and, on January 22, 1971, will become the first city in Oklahoma to dedicate a port. Before that date, in late December, the first payloads will have been delivered to Muskogee's Port, located just below the confluence of the Arkansas, Grand, and Verdigris rivers, the famed "Three Forks" region so important from earliest times in the development of Oklahoma.

Muskogee has spent $4,000,000 in getting its port facilities ready for use and now has a concrete pier, 250 feet long and 60 feet wide, plus 20 dolphins, set for use by barge loads of cargo. A warehouse, with 540,000 cubic feet of storage, is completed and now in use, and construction is underway on a shell building of 40,000 square feet for lease or sale to new industrial prospects.

The port facilities at Muskogee are served by 7,000 feet of railroad spur, 16,000 feet of service roads 25 feet wide, 14,000 linear feet of sewer lines and 11,500 feet of water lines. Muskogee Port officials expect their warehousing facilities to be popular.

In the Port Industrial Park, Muskogee has 320 acres of industrial tracts for lease. The port area is bounded on the west by several of Oklahoma's major highways and the Muskogee Turnpike, which connect with two interstate systems. Rail service is available to the Port by Texas Pacific lines (a subsidiary of Missouri Pacific) giving direct connections to rail lines serving the central United States.

The long range vision of the Muskogee City-County Port authority was evident several months ago when it negotiated a management contract for the port facilities with Wilbros Terminal Company, an operating company of the internationally known Williams Brothers Company. This unique management system, not usually found on inland waterways, will offer complete service requirements of barge lines using the port. Wilbros is also contracted as an industrial locating service and is already in contact with a number of prospective industries for location in the port area.

The Gilcrease historical leaflet referred to at the start of this article stated that "in 1833 there were 17 boats docking in the Muskogee area regularly." In those days, the steamers had to battle the dangers of low water, snags and overnight channel changes.

The Corps of Engineers has removed these dangers from navigation on the Arkansas today. A constant water level is assured from Muskogee
downstream to the juncture with the Mississippi River—there will be no snags and no channel changes. Instead, a series of locks and dams will lift or lower the barges and their cargoes up and down the river navigation channel. Muskogee Port authorities also point to the advantage of a mild climate which will permit year-around operation at the port and of navigation on the river.

Muskogee's Port is located at the northeast edge of the city and is easily seen by visitors who cross the high twin bridges over the Arkansas on U.S. 64, east of Muskogee, or those who travel the Port Industrial Freeway (State Highway 165) which links the north and south legs of the Muskogee Turnpike.

In addition to the Muskogee Port, Frontier Steel Corporation, which is located on its own 250-acre industrial park tract two miles down river, has port facilities under construction which will be for use by Frontier and by industries locating in their area.

The Muskogee Industrial Foundation has 420 acres adjacent on the south of the Frontier property which is ready for sale or leasing to new industries.

Veteran river boosters, who have fought the battle for navigation on the Arkansas for decades, walk the streets today with smiles of confidence. They remember the day several years ago, when the late U. S. Senator Robert S. Kerr hauled his big frame atop a roaring bulldozer and dug out the first dirt at the location of Muskogee's Port. They remember the delays and red tape before Muskogee citizens marched to the polls and pledged the money for the port construction.

Now they are looking forward to January 22, when they will join with hundreds of industrial prospects and other out-of-state visitors who will be brought to Muskogee for the official dedication of the Port of Muskogee.

Muskogee is planning to take full advantage of the development of navigation on the Arkansas. A study is being made concerning location of a huge marina in an area along the east bank of the river, south of the U. S. 64 bridge and north of the Oklahoma Gas & Electric Company's generating plant. The Oklahoma Maritime Commission is working on plans to bring a Navy submarine up the Arkansas to Muskogee for permanent mooring as a visitor attraction.

The Muskogee area has been attracting visitors for a long time. Meriwether Lewis recommended the area to President Jefferson in 1805. In 1819 Thomas Nuttall, British naturalist and Harvard University professor, journeyed up the Arkansas River and predicted, "A town will probably be founded here at the junction of these streams."

The town founded here is now a beautiful and booming city and Muskogee intends to continue its growth and prosperity in this new era of navigation on the Arkansas.
MISS INDIAN AMERICA XVII

is Oklahoma's Virginia Stroud. Virginia is Cherokee, a student at Bacone College, Muskogee. She won her title by unanimous vote of the judges at All-American Indian Days, Sheridan, Wyoming.

She has since been feted at the Annual Tribal Leader's Conference on Scouting, Billings, Montana; at the International Conference of Associated Country Women of the World, Ft. Collins, Colorado; the Federation of Indian Women in Muskogee; Cherokee National Holiday, Tahlequah; Old Western Trails meeting, Deadwood, South Dakota; at the Sioux Falls College Homecoming; Central Baptist Seminary, Kansas City; Cherokee Holiday, Cherokee, North Carolina, and the Indian Crafts Fair, Oklahoma City.

She has made a documentary film The First Americans in Columbus, Georgia. She has been interviewed by national publications including Boys' Life and American Girl. Future travels scheduled include Washington, D.C., where she will be a guest of the Nixon family in the White House. She will appear on the Johnny Carson Television show. She will travel to England and Canada in February.

Virginia is active on campus at Bacone in art, music, and athletics. She was President-elect of the student body but resigned this post due to the fact that she must travel so much this year.

Virginia won first in the Woodlands Division, Indian Art Competition, Philbrook Art Center, Tulsa, last year. Scholastically, she is on the Bacone Dean's Honor Roll. She sings in the College Choir. She plays softball (all-state all-star team) and basketball. She is a volunteer worker at the Muskogee V.A. Hospital.

Perhaps all this is sufficiently convincing that Virginia is quite a girl. As the Tulsa World reported, "She has a list of accomplishments a mile long."
Now Aesop was a Grecian boy
Who rested on his laurels
And entertained the hoi polloi
With tales of beasts and morals.

These ancient allegories
Were employed with some design.
For parents used the stories
Just to keep their kids in line.

Though Aesop was an humble lad
Illiterate and poor,
A multitude of friends he had
Who gathered round his door.

But Mrs. A., no whit impressed,
Was often heard to holler.
Day and night, she only stressed
His need to make a dollar.

"See here," said she, "you lazy schnook,
Your tales impress the masses —
Why don’t you put them in a book
To sell to upper classes?"

Then fired with new ambition
Aesop’s soul commenced to burning.
He sold his first edition
And became a Grecian earning.

Leo is a big handsome character,
very light on his feet, with a thick
head of reddish hair. His chosen ca-
creer is larceny and his specialty is
sparklers. He is very successful and
is known to the press as Lucky Leo,
King of the Cat Burglars.

One day our hero snatches a string
of ice from a Park Avenue Penthouse,
pockets it and is making his getaway
by way of a crowded elevator. He
is reaching for his handkerchief to
mop the sweat off his brow when he
feels a hand in his pocket which does
not belong to him. As this is the
same pocket which contains the neck-
lace, Leo is perturbed.

Not wishing to cause a disturbance,
he clamps onto the hand until the
main floor is reached and everyone
ever gets out. He and the owner of the
hand ride to the basement like Sia-
messe twins.

The hand is attached to a little
old gray-haired doll in spectacles, a
woolen shawl, a gray dress,
and size 4 tennis shoes. She says, “Let go,
you big palooka, before I scream
for the cops.”

Leo looks her up and down and
shakes his head. “Tsk, tsk, tsk,” he
says. “It is a sorry day when a re-
spectable citizen cannot ride on a
public conveyance without being mo-
lested by pickpockets.”

“Yeah?” says the mouse. “Maybe
the fuzz would like to know what
Lucky Leo is doing with 10 carats
worth of glass on him.”

Leo is not slow to grasp the situa-
tion. Seeing it is a standoff he lets
go of the mouse and even sends her
on her way twenty bucks richer.

He is emerging from the building
when the fuzz spots him. “All right,
Leo,” says the cop, “we got a report
that a diamond necklace is stolen and
here you are. Put your hands on the
wall.”

Leo does as he is told. The cop
finds nothing on him and is forced to
let him go. This comes as a surprise
to Leo, as he thinks the ice is still
in his pocket.

"Just let me get my hands on that
mouse,” he says to himself. “After
that, I need a change of climate. This town is too hot. Every cop in the area and now even little old dolls are spotting me."

He steps to the curb and whistles for a taxi. A small black sedan pulls over to the curb and the little gray-haired doll motions him inside from the back seat. Leo, very much surprised, gets in.

"Granny," he says, "I have never done violence to a little doll such as yourself, but if you do not return my property forthwith, we are going to have an altercation."

Granny says to the driver, a short squatty type with a head like a melon, "Home, Sonny. And watch yourself. We don't want to get stopped with the merchandise aboard."

Then she turns to Leo and says, "Cool it, Clyde. I saw the cop frisk you. If you had been wearing the necklace five minutes ago you would have had a set of bracelets to go with it. I earned the twenty and then some. Your luck is running out in this town. Come home with me and Sonny. I've got a business proposition for you."

Leo sits back, very befuddled. "Tsk, tsk, tsk," he says, "Lucky Leo, outfoxed by a mouse in tennis shoes and her son, Magilla Gorilla. A sorry day indeed."

The mouse pats his arm. "Now, now," she says. "Sonny is not pretty and not very bright, but he knows cars. I like you, Lucky. When we hit town from 'Frisco six months ago I started following your career. Sonny has a twin sister, Lillian. Her daddy made me promise to get her a hand picked husband before they put him away. I've looked over the field. You're my choice. Since we're all in the family, you can call me Pearl."

Leo looks at Sonny's back and shudders, but decides to stick around until he gets the jewelry back. They make the rest of the trip in silence until Sonny stops the car in front of a little isolated cabin in the woods.

As they are getting out of the car, Leo gives Sonny's mug the once over and again shudders, "Twins you say?"

"Never you mind," says granny. "Lil was her daddy's favorite. He died last year in prison. I'm retired now but just like to keep my hand in so to speak. That's why I hoisted these diamonds from you. I'll give them back after you meet Lil." She ushers him in.

"Lil, I brought him," she yells, taking hold of Leo's arm to keep him from bolting. Out of the kitchen comes the cutest little chick our hero has ever seen. Lil is dressed in lounging pajamas and several thousand bucks worth of sparklers. "Hello, honey," she says in a voice like liquid satin. "Supper's ready. Won't you stay and eat with us?"

Leo turns to Pearl. "She can cook, too? You win, Granny. Get the preacher. I'm hers."

Pearl gives a sigh of relief. "Good. I never did believe in long engagements. And don't call me Granny again until you've got a reason to. Now let's eat and get out of here. I know a fence where we can get rid of this stuff at a good price. You two can get married and proceed on your honeymoon. Have you ever been to Ft. Knox, Leo?"

MORAL: All that glitters might be real gold if you're Lucky.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

Joe Ant, an industrious, solid citizen, works for the Schnauzel Hairpin Factory. At age 65, he retires to his snug little house with his homely, 23-year-old daughter, Hildegarde, a gold watch, and a modest pension.

The house next door, recently rented, is very run down with busted windows and peeling paint. A rickety fence surrounds a yard overrun with crabgrass and dandelions.

Joe takes pride in his immaculate home. His lawn looks like it's been gone over with a ruler and manicure scissors. Finally Joe can't stand it any longer and he goes over to the new neighbor and tactfully offers to help him clean up the place.

The neighbor, a young hippie clad only in denim cut-offs, lays on a sagging couch and hears Joe's offer without enthusiasm. "Cool it, Pops," he says, removing three empty beer cans from his bare chest. "You Establishment cats killed me. Busy, busy, busy. What's with you? Don't you know all this scurrying and worrying causes ulcers? Take a load off, Big Daddy, and have a brew whilst I lay my latest wail on you."

The hippie reaches for his electric guitar, the only clean thing in the joint. "Ain't it a beauty?" he grins proudly. "Cost me three welfare checks but it was worth it. Me and two other cats have got us a group. We call ourselves the Grasshoppers. If we only had a cute chick to get up there and swing her mini, we'd be packin' the kids in at three bucks a joint."

He thrums the strings. The amplifier is turned very loud.

"Never mind all that," says Joe. "Can't hear ya, Pops."

"I said never mind that!" Joe shouts. He face gets red as his blood pressure goes up a dangerous twenty points. "You clean this place up or I'll have the board of health out here! I'm giving you notice!"

Joe slams out of the house, twists his ankle on a loose board, and limps home mumbling to himself.

"What's the matter, Daddy?" asks Hildegarde, peering through her thick glasses as she emerges from the bedroom twisting her blond hair into a tight bun.

"That - - - Bum! That's what the matter!" says Joe. "These kids today have no values and no respect. They don't even know how to make music. Hildegarde, thank your stars you're a sensible, well-brought-up girl who knows how to speak to her elders," he gazes with satisfaction at her plain navy blue suit and sturdy shoes.

"Yes, Daddy," says Hildegarde.

That night Joe wakes suddenly with severe chest and stomach pains. Hildegarde calls an ambulance. Joe is packed off to the hospital. The diagnosis is high blood pressure and serious ulcers. They rush him to surgery but he dies on the operating table.

His funeral is very large. The Hairpin Factory even permits employees time off to attend the funeral.

Three days later, Hildegarde sells the house, takes her hair down and her skirt hems up, buys contact lenses and runs off to New York with the Grasshoppers. They are a smash on the Ed Sullivan Show.

MORAL: Don't you Establishment cats know that all this scurrying and worrying causes ulcers?
The climactic battle of the Civil War in Indian Territory, was fought on July 17, 1863; a clash of arms that had been in the making since the beginning of the war.

More than two years earlier the United States government had withdrawn its small peace-keeping forces from the forts of Indian Territory for what it considered more urgent military needs in the East. Soon afterward, authorities of the Confederate States signed treaties of alliance with the Five Civilized Tribes, and for a year Confederate control of Indian Territory remained unchallenged.

Then, as part of an overall plan for conquering the Confederacy, Federal forces prematurely invaded Indian Territory.

After a year of unsuccessful efforts to reestablish Federal authority, Colonel William A. Phillips of Kansas occupied Fort Gibson in April of 1863, and Confederate authority in Indian Territory was successfully challenged for the first time.

At once the Confederates made plans to drive the Federals from Fort Gibson. While Colonel Phillips struggled to keep his supply line open to Fort Scott, 175 miles to the north, the Confederates assembled twenty-five miles southwest of Fort Gibson at Honey Springs. From this location Confederate cavalry detachments harassed the Federals at Fort Gibson and attacked supply trains enroute from Fort Scott.

The Confederate installation at Honey Springs consisted of a stone commissary building, stone powder magazine, log officer quarters building, a log hospital, and numerous tents. Several springs supplied ample water for soldiers and livestock.

Through the encampment ran the Texas road, the main prewar transportation route connecting the Indian Territory, Texas, Kansas, and Missouri. Honey Springs had served for some years as a stage stop, provision point and watering place on the Texas Road. Early in the Civil War it became an important depot for the Confederates. It took on increased significance as the Confederates planned to drive all Federal forces from Indian Territory during the midsummer of 1863. For this purpose 6,000 soldiers were collected. Supplies were brought from Fort Smith, Arkansas, as well as from Boggy Depot, Fort Cobb, Fort Arbuckle, and Fort Washita, all located in Indian Territory.

The Confederates at Honey Springs were ready to march on Fort Gibson except for approximately 3,000 reinforcements and additional artillery scheduled to arrive from Fort Smith on July 17 under the command of Brigadier General William L. Cabell, a West Point graduate distinguished for bravery in combat. In command of the Confederate forces at Honey Springs was Brigadier General Doug-

LeRoy H. Fischer, Professor of History at Oklahoma State University and specialist in the Civil War era, has contributed extensively to the Historical Society's projected development of this site as a Battlefield Park.
las H. Cooper, a former United States Choctaw-Chickasaw Indian agent and an officer veteran of the Mexican War. He was highly respected by the Indians he faithfully served in both civil and military life.

Confederate deserters and Federal spies had kept Colonel Phillips informed of the impending attack on Fort Gibson. Supplies and troops were rushed from Fort Scott. On July 1 and 2 Confederate forces attempted to intercept a large military supply train of 200 wagons at Cabin Creek enroute to Fort Gibson. They did not succeed and the Federals were able to hold this installation and prepare for an offensive operation against Honey Springs. The supply train had barely reached its destination when Major General James G. Blunt arrived from Kansas with additional troops and artillery. Altogether only about 3,000 Federals were then at Fort Gibson available for field operations, and information soon reached Blunt about the plans of Cabell to bring 3,000 men to join Cooper's 6,000 Confederate troops for the planned attack on Fort Gibson.

Blunt's background was unique. Although first a sailor, he became a physician by profession and a general through politics. Before he assumed command of the District of the Frontier, which was his present assignment, his military campaigning had been uniformly successful and strongly characterized by offensive operations. The challenge of again taking the battle to the Confederates was before him, and in addition he considered the Federal situation at Fort Gibson especially critical because of the anticipated arrival of Cabell's troops at Honey Springs on July 17. Thus Blunt took immediate action to attack Cooper's forces before Cabell could bring reinforcements. But on July 14, several days after starting campaign preparations at Fort Gibson, Blunt came down with an intense fever. Although still severely ill after spending a day in bed, he decided to begin the advance on Honey Springs because of Cabell.

With the completion of the construction of a number of flatboats to ferry his forces across the Arkansas River, Blunt issued six days of rations to his men. He himself took 250 cavalry and four pieces of light artillery at midnight on July 15 and rode up the north bank of the swollen Arkansas River about thirteen miles to a ford. At this location he drove away the Confederate pickets, crossed over the Arkansas River, and returned downstream to the mouth of the Grand River. Blunt then ordered the remainder of his troops to cross the river, an operation that was completed by 10:00 P. M. on July 16 except for several cavalry units. The Union force consisted of about 3,000 men equipped with the latest model Springfield rifles and twelve pieces of artillery, including several efficient Napoleon guns.

Blunt's men proceeded immediately down the Texas Road, and at about midnight the first skirmish occurred near Chimney Mountain during a rain shower when the Union advance guard encountered a Confederate scouting party. It was then that the Confederates, who slowly fell back, discovered that their gun powder had absorbed moisture and sometimes would not fire. At daybreak Blunt's cavalry came upon Confederate advance units about five miles north of Elk Creek, skirmished briefly, and drove the Confederates back to their main line.

While the body of the Federal force was collecting north of Elk Creek on the Texas Road, Blunt and his staff rode forward to examine the main Confederate position. He discovered their line, about one and one-half miles wide, concealed in the timber immediately north of Elk Creek. He then ordered his wet and exhausted troops to rest and eat lunch from their haversacks behind a little ridge about one-half mile from the Confederate line. When a shower of rain occurred during this two-hour rest period, the Union troops filled their empty canteens with water taken from depressions in the Texas Road.

At about 10:00 A. M. Blunt formed his force into two columns, the one to the left of the road under Colonel William A. Phillips, and the other on the right under Colonel William R. Judson. Both columns moved to within a quarter mile of the Confederate line, and then were rapidly deployed to the left and right. In less than five minutes they were in a line of battle across the entire Confederate front. Blunt's force was composed of units from Wisconsin, Colorado, Kansas, and Indian Territory.

On the other side, the Confederate units were arranged in battle formation as Brigadier General Cooper had directed three days before. The engagement, with 5,700 men present for duty in the battle. About one quarter of them were without serviceable firearms, and they were supported by only four pieces of light artillery. Several units of Texans were serving with the Indian forces. Colonel Stand Watie had been scheduled to be present in case of attack at Honey Springs, but at the last minute was sent by Cooper with a small cavalry unit to conduct a diversionary movement in the direction of Webbers Falls. All available Confederate forces were to be committed in case of attack except for the First Choctaw and Chickasaw Regiment and two squadrons of Texas cavalry, which were to be held in reserve.

The Confederates opened the battle by firing on the Federal artillery, which replied with spherical case shot, shell, and solid shot for one hour and a quarter. Meanwhile, Blunt had dismounted his cavalry units to fight as infantry and ordered all commands to fire briskly and advance as rapidly as possible against the Confederate line. For over two hours the Confederates effectively held their position while attempting a spirited flanking movement on the Federal left. The fighting in the underbrush was slow moving and confusing as the lines swayed under the impact of close-in and hand-to-hand combat. With many more men committed to the battle than were available to the Federals, the Confederates appeared to be compensating satisfactorily for their inferior gunpowder, firearms, and artillery.

Then a set of unusual circumstances prevailed to turn the tide of the battle. Blunt ordered Colonel James M. Williams, the commanding officer of the First Kansas Colored Infantry Regiment, located near the
Brigadier General Douglas H. Cooper, the commander of the Confederate forces at the Battle of Honey Springs. He was a former United States Choctaw-Chickasaw Agent and was highly respected by the Indians.

Colonel William A. Phillips, the Federal commander at Fort Gibson. On the eve of the Battle of Honey Springs, Confederate forces at Honey Springs were preparing to drive Phillips and his command from Fort Gibson.

Confederate Brigadier General William L. Cabell was scheduled to bring 3,000 reinforcements and additional artillery from Arkansas for the use of Brigadier General Douglas H. Cooper. He reached Honey Springs two hours after the battle was over. Had he arrived before the battle the Confederates would likely have won.

Major General James G. Blunt, the commander of the Federal forces at the Battle of Honey Springs. He was a physician by profession and a general through politics. His military campaigns before the Battle of Honey Springs were uniformly successful and strongly characterized by offensive operations.

center of the Federal line, to capture the four-gun Confederate artillery battery supporting the Twentieth and Twenty-Ninth Texas Cavalry regiments. Williams, of abolitionist beliefs, had told his men before the battle that no quarter would be given if they were captured. He then ordered them to "fix bayonets" and move forward in formation. Soon both lines fired simultaneously. Along with Colonel Williams, Colonel Charles DeMorse of the Twenty-Ninth Texas Cavalry, received severe but not fatal injuries. Incessant firing continued.

As the battle progressed, units of the Federal Second Indian Home Guards unintentionally moved in between the First Kansas Colored Infantry and the Twentieth and Twenty-Ninth Texas Cavalry regiments. Williams' successor, Lieutenant Colonel John Bowles, ordered the Indians to fall back to their position in the battle line. The Confederates heard this command and supposed that the Federals were falling back. The order was then given to pursue the Federals. The Confederates approached to within twenty-five paces of the Federals, to be met with a volley from the deadly accurate Springfield rifles of the First Kansas Colored Infantry. The Confederate color bearer fell, but the colors were immediately raised, and again promptly shot down. They were raised again, and once more they were leveled by a volley from the
First Kansas. Then Federal soldiers from the Second Indian Home Guards picked up the Confederate colors, much to the dismay of men and officers from the First Kansas, who asked permission to break ranks and secure them. Permission was refused, but they were promised that the matter would be righted later.

Realizing he could no longer hold his position north of Elk Creek, Cooper ordered his Confederate forces to remove the artillery, vigorously defend the bridge across the creek, and stand firm on the south bank of the stream. They made several determined efforts to hold the bridge, but finally superior Federal firepower prevailed. As the Federals poured across the bridge and the fords of Elk Creek and onto the prairies beyond, the Confederates were in orderly retreat for about a mile and half down the Texas Road to Honey Springs Depot. Here a final but effective stand was made mainly by reserve Choctaw and Texas units, giving the Confederates time to evacuate virtually all of their forces, artillery, and baggage train. All buildings and supplies at Honey Springs were fired by the retreating Confederates; the Federals arrived soon enough to extinguish some of the flames and save quantities of bacon, dried beef, flour, sorghum, and salt.

By 2:00 P.M. the battle was over—four hours after it began. The Confederates moved east from the battlefield and about 4:00 P.M. joined Brigadier General Cabell's 3,000 man force en route from Fort Smith. If Cabell had arrived in time for the battle, the Federals would likely have lost. Cooper attributed his defeat not only to inferior ammunition and superior Federal arms, munitions, and artillery, but to the lack of Cabell's reinforcements. Blunt decided not to pursue the Confederates: his men and horses were sorely fatigued and his ammunition was almost exhausted. He himself was still suffering from an intense fever and had to go to bed. He ordered his forces to bivouac for the night on the battlefield, treat all the wounded, and bury all the dead. Late on the day following the battle, Blunt directed his forces to return to Fort Gibson.

Cooper reported his losses as 134 killed and wounded, with 47 taken prisoner. He maintained the Federals killed and wounded exceeded 200. Blunt reported his losses as 17 killed and 60 wounded. He said he buried 150 Confederates, wounded 400 of their men, and took 77 prisoners. The exact numbers will never be known. Cooper afterwards sent a letter of appreciation to Blunt for his burial of the Confederate dead. Their unmarked graves are still at Honey Springs. The bodies of the Federal dead were later reinterred in the Fort Gibson National Cemetery.

The Battle of Honey Springs was in both size and importance the Gettysburg of the Civil War in Indian Territory, for it marked the climax of massed Confederate military resistance and opened the way for the capture of Fort Smith and much of Arkansas. Perhaps, in terms of results, Honey Springs was the Gettysburg of the trans-Mississippi West. It is significant also because it was one of the first engagements of the Civil War in which Negroes proved their qualities as fighting men. The Honey Springs settlement completely disappeared with the construction of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad. The Texas Road was closed with the coming of United States Highway 69. But clear-flowing Honey Springs can still be seen about one and one-half miles east and north of Rentiesville, in McIntosh County. The stone foundation of the Confederate powder magazine remains as a tangible remnant of Oklahoma's colorful history. Today the Honey Springs battle site of nearly 3,000 acres is still wooded and rural, much as it was at the time of the engagement between the North and the South. The Oklahoma Historical Society has purchased about 400 acres of the site, including Honey Springs and the location of the first battle lines north of Elk Creek, for the purpose of developing a historical park.
Ten years ago in Oklahoma Today

Eight o'clock on a May morning. You have been up since 4:00 A.M. making the trip, by school bus, from your home town to Enid. Now you are here, in the lobby of Enid’s Convention Hall. All around you are displays of new band instruments; golden, glowing brass and silver trombones, French horns, cornets — glistening against rich velvet velour, fragrant with new lacquer, bordered with blown-up photos and testimonials of musicians from the “big time” who play them.

With this opening our Winter 1960 Oklahoma Today tells the story of one of the world’s most exciting festivals, the Tri-State Music Festival held each year in Enid.

The Winter Oklahoma Today of a decade ago contains a unique narrative, WILL ROGERS OF THE MOVIES, written by Homer Croy who wrote the scripts for several of Will’s movies. Homer Croy, though not as famous as Will, was a Pulitzer Prize winner with his novel West of the Water Tower. Croy’s novel They Had to See Paris became Will’s first talkie.

In one of Homer Croy’s letters to us he wrote, “I have lived a long time and learned little. I had one musical play on Broadway. However, it was a sick calf and soon died back of the barn. I put myself through the University of Missouri, failed to pass English the last semester and didn’t get my degree. But 51 years later I was called back and given an honorary degree of doctor. Please call me doctor, and don’t smile.”

“Doctor” Croy signed his letter, “The man Calamity Jane really loved.” He has passed away during the decade since he wrote this article for us. We, and a lot of others, miss him.

In this issue Dr. Val Theissen wrote for us CHEROKEE CADMUS, the story of the genius Sequoyah, the only man in world history to invent, single-handedly, a written language and teach an entire nation to read. Sequoyah’s “talking leaves” is one of the proudest chapters in the Oklahoma story.

The Winter ’60 Oklahoma Today contains a twelve month calendar featuring important dates in Oklahoma’s history, illustrated with full-color scenics, four of them from the camera of master photographer, now deceased, Jesse Brewer.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE, two pages of the marvelous poetry of Maggie Culver Fry, completes the issue. Let us close here quoting from her gorgeous imagery:

Once when I rode on the old Gritts Ferry
I saw a young brave with eyes like the berry
Of the black haw, late in the year.
Perched up there like a queen in my surrey,
He looked at me and a wild, wild flurry,
Filled me with sudden fear.
As I sat there, and sat there, quite aware
Of his deep black gaze on my curly hair;
The ferry boat drifting, slow . . .
On the road at last, I rushed my filly . . .
(People who fell in love were silly)
What could my young heart know?
Each time I looked, as I rode the ferry;
Gone was the brave, with eyes like the berry
Of the black haw, late in the year.

Maggie Culver Fry

In case you are interested, there are a very few copies of this collectors’ item issue of Oklahoma Today available at $1.50 per copy.

NEW BOOKS

A HISTORY OF THE INDIANS OF THE UNITED STATES by Angie Debo (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $8.95). To undertake such a subject in a single volume would require much courage and much knowledge. Angie Debo has both. Her book is a challenge to the unthinker, and the wrong thinker, and they seem in the majority with regard to matters Indian in every state, including this one. Angie Debo has taught the vast subject of Indian history as a survey course for continued
We are the white wolves,
we are swift,
we are strong.

In summer the full moon hides us-
we are no whiter
or less white
than the shadow cedars, the quickened fields,
the tall stalks
that glow under the moon.

In winter we are as hard to follow
as the smoke that rises from the lodge fire
and swings now this way and now that
for the snow's bright tracks
cover our own,
we are the silent gliding children
of a ghost mother.

And in the spring
all fear the howling of the wolves,
the high singing of the hunt,
the new hunger.

We are the pack
that runs
and never tires.

...Katharine Privett
university graduate students. It is the in-depth research for her university teaching that undergirds this work. We challenge you to read the opening essay that is her preface, for we think you will then read the rest of the book, though it will take a while, for every page presents topics which command such interest as to lead to other sources of information. Carefully chosen Selected Readings follow the final chapter and suggest these sources.

**THE GREAT RIVER AND SMALL** by Welborn Hope (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $4.95). This author is an unusual gentleman, even for Oklahoma. He is a poet, and a tramp. A splendid poet, and an honest-to-goodness tramp. His poetry makes powerful medicine;

*Not for the river were his snatches of sense,*  
The great octopus gulf-bound with its seizure  
Of rich topsoil, the nation’s gullike rinse  
Bearing the offal of cities in its leisure,  
And abortions from those areas, safe, immense,

Where millions in its tentacles slept secure.

He uses words with beauty, as when he writes about the Whippoor-will:

*Strange voice, as from a haunted singer’s mouth,*  
Whose grief at night alone may be expressed;  
And of Spring;  
*In front of me, my walk, the blue sky cloaks*  
The bowed brown immobility of oaks.  
*Softness I shall seek for, with song’s nets:*  
He writes about far places in time and space, Virginia, the Old West, New York City. He writes about Oklahoma and our people. Welborn Hope writes expressively and concisely. And he provokes thought.

**LONESOME TRAVELER** by Weldon Hill (David McKay Company, Inc., New York, $6.95). In this day when so many folks have stopped reading fiction because there is so little fiction worth reading there is, thank goodness, Weldon Hill. When you have finished reading this book you’ll have the feeling that it all really happened, and to people with whom you are personally acquainted. Author Hill is well acquainted with his characters. Before he finishes he sees to it that you are too.

**THE MEXICAN WAR DIARY OF THOMAS D. TENNERY** edited by D. E. Livingston-Little (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $4.95). In its own time the war with Mexico was unpopular with the people of our country. It is even less popular today. Here are the timely reactions of a soldier involved in this conflict of which neither he nor we are proud. His comments involve interesting expressions and customs of a time now far removed into the past.

**THE SECRET OF RIVERSIDE FARM** by Jean Hager (Steck-Vaughn Company, Austin, Texas, $2.95). In our Autumn 1966 issue of Oklahoma Today we published a thought provoking piece called The Thinking Rock by this author. It was the first piece she had published. We thought then that it showed promise. The promise is being fulfilled. This is her second published novel for young people, and it is set in Oklahoma. We think it certain that the pre-teen set will find this tale most enjoyable reading, and it contains a lesson on the preservation of historic artifacts
that we wish every Oklahoman could learn.

INDIAN AND WHITE: Sixteen Eclogues by Winston Weathers (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, $3.95). This attractive volume deals, in poetic fashion, with the ethnological melding which has formed this corner of the southwest. Author Weathers is a professor of English at the University of Tulsa and has been the recipient of the Elinor Frost Scholarship in Poetry, and MacDowell Scholarship. He was born in Pawhuska, and is steeped in the tradition about which he writes. Many of these eclogues have been previously published; in the Cimarron Review, in the Arizona, Minnesota, and Arlington Quarterlies, and in Prairie Schooner.

ROGERS RANCH HOUSE
The central attraction in recently opened Will Rogers State Park is the Clem Rogers Ranch House in which Will was born. “The White House on the Verdigris” was built by Will’s father in 1875. It has been moved from an area which will be covered by the waters of Lake Oologah. The ranch house is completely restored and furnished in the style of the past century. A blacksmith shop and other ranch buildings will be restored, and a roping arena constructed nearby. To reach the new park drive north of Oologah on Highway 169.

NEW GREEN COUNTRY ATTRACTION
James Leake, Muskogee, President of the International Automobile Hall of Fame, has been collecting famous and antique cars for a quarter of a century. They are now on display in his Horseless Carriages Unlimited museum (admission, adults $1.50) on Highway 62 north of Muskogee. Here are 40 vintage cars, each looks like new and is in perfect running condition. Among them are Pierce-Arrows, Packards, Rolls Royces that have belonged to famous personages around the world, an oldtime popcorn wagon built by Cretors, and a double-decker London Picadilly bus.

OKLAHOMA FIREFIGHTERS MUSEUM
The museum of the Oklahoma State Firefighter’s Association, (admission, adults $.50) at 2716 N.E. 50th Oklahoma City, is the only museum in America owned and operated by Firefighters. The Association’s members are the 6,000 Firefighters in Oklahoma, representing 300 cities and towns. The museum contains Oklahoma’s first fire station, built of logs, and moved to the museum from its original site at Fort Supply. Fire trucks, hose carts and equipment from early fire departments in Guthrie, Enid, Elk City and other Oklahoma communities are on display. Two sections of pioneer wooden fire main are on display. These were laid from any handy well to a pit dug in the earth near the fire. Bucket brigades filled their buckets from the water in the pit. The last section of the wooden log fire main had a hole near the end, stoppered by a wooden plug. The plug had to be pulled to allow water to flow into the pit. From this wooden plug the modern outlet we call a fire plug actually took its name.

MAJOR LEAGUE PLAYER OF THE YEAR
Johnny Bench of Binger now holds that title. The National League this year selected Johnny as the League’s “Most Valuable Player.”

Last March during spring training for the Cincinnati Reds, Ted Williams, manager of the Washington Senators, autographed a ball for Johnny. Williams wrote on the ball, “To a future Hall of Famer—for sure.”

Johnny has completed his third full season with the Reds. He hit .293 this season and drove in 148 runs. His 148 RBIs breaks the old club record of 141 set by Ted Kluszkowski, who is now the Red’s batting instructor. Johnny Bench has broken another record; he hit 45 home runs, which is an all-time record for big league catchers.

Our picture here is the inside front cover of Ohio’s official state magazine, showing Johnny at work before a capacity crowd at the Reds’ home stadium in Cincinnati.
“RODEO’S CHILE”

Let all the rest cheer the “All-Around,”
We’ll give a quiet smile
To the Kid who’s right now less renowned.
He’s workin’ on his style!

Sometimes tears mix with the dust
And freckles of “Rodeo’s Chile”
But he goes on doin’ what he must.
He’s workin’ on his style!

Those spinnin’ bulls can call his bluff
And stack him on the pile;
But he’ll never admit he’s had enough.
He’s workin’ on his style!

He walks away from some awful wrecks!
Back at the ranch – meanwhile –
Sure that he’ll soon walk off with fat checks,
He’s workin’ on his style.

Though loved ones cringe and cowboys chuckle,
Bull by bull, and mile on mile,
He knows someday, he’ll win that buckle.
He’s workin’ on his style!

... Jim Donnelly
The M.C.A. (Miniature Cowboys Association) is for youngsters 12 and under. Calf ropers can be 13. Their rodeos, essentially the same as adult rodeos, are held each year in a number of state towns and cities. Photos by Chester Weems:
After scoring in excess of 120,000 points in more than 6,000 basketball games in over 30 years, Marques Haynes is giving some indication that he might be interested in beginning to retire.

The tipoff (you should pardon the expression) is that he has signed Dwight Durante, a 5-9 fireball from Catawba College, Salisbury, N.C., and is working with him in a serious effort to make Durante his successor as the super-dribbler and play-maker of the Fabulous Magicians.

Haynes, a native Oklahoman and a life-long resident, began this season at his same old position. But as the weeks go by and he and Durante work together, he hopes to use Durante more and more, and devote his time to running the team.

"I don't think there is any doubt he can do it," Haynes said in his Tulsa office a few weeks ago. "He's a good player and ball handler, a terrific shooter, and does a fine job of dribbling."

Haynes wants to get away from the every-night and sometimes twice-on-Sundays-and-holidays grind. But he'll still play "in spots."

"It has become such a part of me I couldn't give it up altogether," he said, "but I'd like to spend more time promoting and developing."

Haynes has played basketball almost all of his life. He started at the age of 3 or 4 (he's not sure which) in his native Sand Springs. His sister, Cecil, would have the assignment of taking care of her little brother, so she'd take him along to her basketball practice.

Marques would go to the other end of the court and play with a basketball. He couldn't come close to getting it up to the basket. But he could bounce it.

See how coming events telegraph themselves?

There have been many trips up and down the court since then, and it is impossible to guess his age either from his appearance or his break-neck speed on the court.

"I'm 21, going on 22," he says. "I used to say I was 21 going on 20, but now that my older daughter, Marsha Kaye, is 18 and going to college, I'd better start going the other way."

His age is a well-kept secret. Even long-time associates don't know it. Recent guesses have ranged from 34 to 56, but close figuring puts him in the vicinity of 45, based on a careful examination of his career.

Incidentally, Marques is bigger than you'd think. He is barely under six feet tall (a flat 6-feet with his basketball shoes on). But when you see him on court among all those big people he looks small.

After several weeks of workouts and exhibition games in the vicinity of Tulsa, the Magicians opened their 18th season Nov. 7 at the Spectrum in Philadelphia. Marques was at the helm, ably assisted by Sugarfoot Johnson (6-6½), Lew Johnson (6-7), Paul Plowden (6-8), Eldridge Webb, Joe Parker, Boo Ellis, and of course Durante.

Waiting in the wings and playing on what Marques calls "the international unit," were Bill Hayes, Nashville; Jimmy Carr, Oklahoma City; Ken Scott, East St. Louis; Al Scott, Virginia Union, and Larry Griffin, Oregon Tech.

They'll travel more than 55,000 miles in the team bus (that's what they average each year), plus overnight train hops, a few flights and whatever overseas travel Haynes and his partner, Fred Podesta, arrange this season. Podesta, former vice-president of Madison Square Garden and now Haynes' partner, handles the Magicians' New York office.

The gradual retirement (if it begins) and Podesta's help combined "will take a lot off my shoulders," Haynes said. "For 16 years, I did it all, with the assistance of my wife."

Despite his early introduction to basketball, Marques didn't break into the starting lineup at Booker T. Washington High School in Sand Springs until nearly the end of his junior year.

He had been the team's mascot (which really was a combination of equipment manager and janitor) since he was in the sixth grade. And he had suited up for home games all his junior year.

But when a regular player became ill, Marques was advanced to the traveling squad for a trip to a national Negro tournament at Tuskegee, Ala.

They won it, two of the players made first team All-America and two,
including Marques, made second team.

From that time on, he has started every game he has played.

His senior year was a good one, but they lost to Boley in the semi-finals of the state tournament.

At Langston University, Haynes was a starter all four years. They lost twice to Southern University of Louisiana in his freshman year and once to Tennessee State in his senior year.

But they won the other 112 games in those four years.

Almost lost among all the basketball statistics is the fact that Marques was the quarterback of his football team at Washington and at Langston, and they too had good records.

The dribbling routine developed gradually. All basketball players mess around in their spare time cultivating odd shots, passes and dribbling techniques, when the coach isn't around.

Marques was no exception. He was (and is) fast and mobile and he'd dribble around and through his fellow players, daring them to get the ball. He became very good at it too, but he had never considered using it in a game.

During his senior year, at the Southwest Conference tournament at Southern University in Louisiana, Marques sat in the stands watching Southern clobber an opponent in the semi-finals.

With only a few minutes to go, they began to clown—passing behind their backs, weaving and—Marques thought—embarrassing their opponents unnecessarily. The idea occurred to him that Langston might meet Southern in the finals, and if they did and if Langston had a lead near the end, he might just try his dribbling act to give them some of their own medicine.

It turned out just that way, and Marques did go into his routine.

The crowd went wild, cheering him on—and so did Coach Zip Gayle, who chased him up and down the sidelines yelling at him to stop that nonsense.

Finally with seconds to play, the coach ran out onto the floor to stop Marques, who quickly dribbled in for a set-up and continued running into the dressing room.

The coach was right on his heels. When Marques came to a stop, Coach Gayle shouted: "That's the last game you'll play for Langston University!"

It was too. It was the last game of his senior year. Whether the irate coach was aware of that, Marques never asked.

"It really isn't just a stunt," Marques explains. "I've used it ever since with the Globetrotters and the Magicians. The crowd likes it. But in addition it serves several purposes—it eats up time on the clock, it draws the other players away from their men and leads to easy baskets, and if all else fails I'll break away and dribble in for two points."

In Marques' senior year, Langston had been selected to play the Globetrotters in Oklahoma City, and upset them 74-70.

After his graduation, he wrote them asking for a tryout. They invited him to Chicago, and after watching him in action signed him for the Kansas City Stars, a farm club which frequently played preliminary games at Globetrotters' appearances.

The Trotters were impressed with Marques and the crowds' reaction to him, and within a month he was promoted to the Globetrotters and played with them for over seven years.

The Globetrotters play the same type of back-breaking 200-plus game schedule the Magicians have adopted, and names of the players became household words among fans across the country.

Marques immediately was one of the top stars and a favorite, along with the ever-popular Goose Tatum. Other stars of this era included Sweetwater Clifton, Josh Grider and Babe Presley.

"That was the greatest club of this type ever," Marques says. "I don't think there'll ever be another to compare with it. Tatum's clowning, my dribbling and Clifton's ball-handling delighted the crowds, and they could play against any team and beat them."

The Magic Circle—several players form a ring and do things with a basketball you have to see to believe—the baseball game, the football games, the ball on a string, the wobbly ball, and the pail of water
trick—all were instituted during this time.

In the fall of 1953, Haynes wanted more money. The Globetrotters were internationally-famous, they had made two movies (from which the players received nothing) and were involved in other money-making projects which Marques thought should be shared.

But Manager Abe Saperstein said no and refused to discuss the matter. Haynes caught a plane to Tulsa, intending to get a teaching or coaching job.

Later Saperstein notified him his contract had been sold to the Philadelphia Warriors of the National Basketball Association.

"I really would have liked to play for the Warriors or some other NBA team," Marques said. "I believe I could have helped them, and I would have enjoyed it. But I believed Saperstein had a connection with the Warriors, and I didn't like that."

So he formed the Marques Haynes all-stars, consisting primarily of former basketball players in his home area. They barnstormed through Oklahoma and Kansas and on as far west as Utah, occasionally having to go to court to contest Saperstein for gate receipts he attempted to attach.

They finished two seasons, but made little money. Marques returned to Sand Springs, intending to retire from basketball.

A few months later, he was running a recreation center in Las Vegas when Goose Tatum left the Globetrotters. The two of them decided to form their own team.

They did—the Harlem Magicians. Ray Felix, Andy Johnson, Warren Davis, Willie Murrell, Josh Grider, Chuck Cooper, Jim Tucker and Sammy Moore were among their outstanding players.

After the 1956-57 season, Tatum decided to form his own team, and Marques kept the Magicians.

At the start of the 1970-71 season, they had played more than 4,500 games, losing only nine.

Proving that you can't win them all.

One of the more interesting recent special appearances of the Magicians was with the Hudson Valley Symphony Orchestra in New York.

Wearing the formal clothes they always use in performing the Magic Circle, the basketball players performed to ballet music.

"It was a natural thing," Marques said. "After all, basketball at its best is ballet—the moves, the pivots, the jumps, the passes, the shots."

When Marques got out of college, Negroes weren't in the picture for professional sports. Now they play a major role.

In fact it is doubtful that many whites in Oklahoma knew of Marques Haynes' accomplishments at Booker T. in Sand Springs or at Langston. The white press just didn't cover their games.

Integration has made sports better, Marques says, not just because the good blacks are playing but because they have an incentive to play even better.

There were many great stars who went unheralded in those days.

I. V. Tate of Tulsa was one Marques singled out.

"John Winesberry (of Tulsa Washington and now Stanford University) is an exceptionally fine athlete, but I don't think he has the talent Tate had at the same stage.

"Long Tom Smith of Sand Springs could have been one of the great basketball players of all time, but he had no opportunity beyond college.

"Fat George Homer is still regarded as the greatest player ever out of Sand Springs. Funny Pyles, Tulsa football and basketball star, could have played pro in either sport. Jabo Smallwood was a great all-around athlete."

Marques has stayed in Oklahoma by choice.

"I've had offers. Some of them were very inviting, but not inviting enough to get me out of Oklahoma. I'm here to stay.

"I still have ambition to do some coaching, and I'd prefer junior high school because I'd have more of a raw product there. There isn't so much emphasis on winning. There's far too much of that now.

"I think too many kids are deprived of the opportunity to play because of too much demand for victory. A kid shouldn't be deprived of participating just because five or six kids are better.

"Teach the kid to be a good player, a fair player, an understanding player, a clean player, and if he doesn't win it isn't anything to cry or get mad about.

"Sportsmanship has declined. Kids are great watchers. They imitate what they see older people doing. The fathers and mothers lack coolness or self-control. The coach jumps up and argues with the referee. The fans too.

"What I'm interested in is teaching how I think the game should be played."

What will be the next major development in basketball?

"The 8-foot player. Six-four is small now. We have 7-2 and 7-3 players. I don't know where they are but people tell me there are 7-5 and 7-6 high school players. They'll be showing up in college in a few years, and the 8-footer will be there in about 10 years."

P.S.: Marques' other daughter is Marquetta Kolette Haynes. She is nine and a fourth grader at Holland Hall school in Tulsa.

Marques said if I left that out he'd dribble me the length of the court.

—TG
From the viewpoint of that hawk soaring there in the updraft they spread—south to north—farther even than the hawk's long vision can perceive. More than two thousand square miles. Glittering mesas, jeweled with decorations set in the brightest hues of blood red, blue, milky white, verdant herb and mesquite green, or golden yellow.

The range of blues is widest, azurite, ultramarine, turquoise, beryl, all the variety that clay and sky can make, and sparkling in the sun glint, glittering with selenite diamonds set in rough earth.

The Blaine Escarpment begins to rise even beyond our north border. In its bounty it gives us the Great Salt Plains, the Nescatunga and the Cimarron, Alabaster Caverns, Cedar Canyon with the natural bridge, Chimney Rock and its fantastic arena, the Glass Mountains, the Gyp Hills, Roman Nose Park, Red Rock Canyon, the Tonkawa Hills.

Wild, semi-arid country, often apparently deserted—but only apparently. The hawk wheeling there high, now diving, is sighting down the arrow of its beak at a field mouse, which sees the fast running ground shadow of the hawk and terminates its hurried mouse-nibble in a leap for safety.

The mouse was nibbling a remnant of calf hide left among bone litter,
Wind and water, the artist sculptors, have carved master art works throughout the Glass Mountains. Some of this art is impressionistic, all is original, some is reminiscent of other places, and other objects.

Since long before our time this rising hummock has been called "The Houndog." Its similarity to a relaxed and sleeping hound is apparent.

After the assassination which followed the Civil War, settlers named this formation "President Lincoln." They meant no disrespect. It does share resemblance to a human body laid out for burial and lying in state.
the leftovers of a coyote pack's moon-light feast of some nights past. Where the coyotes have left few tracks the cattle have left many.

Narrow, winding cattle trails, single-filing across the solitary, mute banks of arroyos, trails which tangle and unsnarl themselves in loose and easy wandering toward every horizon. It is an open country of few fences. Only time hinders you from removing yourself to another place on any horizon.

Only time hinders you but you must learn patience, for the distances are long. Haste breeds frustration. Go with patience, with easy stride if afoot, with the wind your companion. He also accompanies the horseman who rides easy, this companion who never speaks, for he can only sing. This he does without surcease, a booming bass in deep arroyos, sometimes howling in the canyons and draws, plucking his own accompaniment on every barbwire fence and net of high wires. This virtuoso wind companion can sing the highest falsetto on the peaks and crests.

He can chill you in winter until your bones are a percussive chatter for his rhythmic wail. His heat can dry you in summer to parched yearning, and use it to suck up thirst quenching water from a cow track.

Whereupon he may taunt you, dancing and swirling in dust-devil retreat across the Cimarron sand and its cool blue pools of salty water. The companionate wind, gentle, saucy, wild, a free devil forever departing, never returning, and always present.

The true natives of this country of extremes... the quiet breeze... silence... shimmering squirming heat waves... incredible color... a bitter chilled blast of whipping flesh cutting sleet... snow... cold as hard and intractable as iron, gripping the same earth refined by midsummer's furnace heat... gentle, cool rain... a caress in spring... autumn's sleepy lull...

It is apt to drive you to insensitivity— the insanity of wanting to live your whole life there. Its solitudes are good for a type of casual, easy living, possible only to a paradoxical people who can instantly change to cope with change; change which may be sudden, and even violent.

Who named the Glass Mountains? Nobody knows. The name first appeared on a map issued by the federal land office in 1873. Two years later a map from this same source called them the Glass Mountains, precipitating a conflict which continues to this day. And it inspired a probable legend.

The 1873 map resulted from a survey led by an engineer named T. H. Barrett. Historiographer James Cloud is of the opinion that the draftsman who copied the 1873 map misread the "a" and thought it was an "o". There is a persistent legend that a member of that first exploring party was British, or Bostonian.

This Britisher (or Bostonian) awakening early one morning in the survey camp east of the mesas, saw the sun glinting on the selenite. He exclaimed in his long eastern patois: "Why, they look just like glaws!"

Thence, the party's cartographer simply wrote down what he thought he had heard. It was a passing error. Glass was the right word for their name, and so it remains. Other errors have passed through the vicinity. A pair of them were outlaws, pariahs named Dick Yeager, alias Zip Wyatt, and Ike Black.

Zip and Ike had a cave hideout west of Orienta. They stole horses, hijacked travelers and freighters, lived off their plunder, and made general nuisances of themselves. The tale of their killing and capture from the viewpoint of W. D. Fossett, special agent of the Rock Island Railroad who participated in the chase, differs in details from other accounts, as do all eye-witness narratives.

Railroad detective Fossett was in Kingfisher when he heard of the pursuit. A large number of volunteers urged him to form a posse, and he wired Rock Island headquarters for permission to join the manhunt. Permission received, the number of his volunteers suddenly dwindled to two, a gent named Bill Banks and Fossett's own son, age sixteen. Yonder in the Glass Mountains, a group of eight men had already surrounded Yeager and Black.

In the gunfire Ike Black had been instantly killed by a shot through the head. Dick Yeager had been wounded,
shot in the breast. Yeager, a tough man, retrieved the Winchester the bullet had knocked from his hands. Firing it with accuracy, he drove the eight men to cover and won his freedom.

Wounded, and afoot, he then forced a farm boy to carry him in a cart deep into the gyp hills. Here he abandoned the boy, stole the horse, soon exchanged it for another at gunpoint from a homesteader, and fled to hide in the hills.

Railroad agent Fossett, with his son and Bill Banks, trailed Yeager into Greaver Canyon then on toward the ranch of famed Indian Scout Amos Chapman. Moving fast, unable to obtain rest or food, Yeager in desperation finally took captive a homesteader named John Daily.

With Daily as hostage Yeager stopped at the John Pierce claim long enough to eat the only food in the house, some bread and milk. Stealing a fresh horse from the neighboring Blakely pasture Yeager then left Daily and fled alone.

The railroad detective and his two cohorts missed Yeager at the Chapman ranch and again at the Pierce homestead and were still trailing him. Daily, instead of returning to his own home, was riding for help. Darkness came on. The paths of Yeager and Daily crossed in the dark. Daily, approaching a pasture pond, saw the dark silhouette of another rider. Daily recognized Yeager, kept his distance, and changed his voice to ask for directions. Yeager failed to recognize his recent captive.

At the nearby Miles homestead Daily found a meeting of the Anti-Horse Thief Association in session. Here was help. Marshall pioneer Billy Fox was among them. Detective Fossett, his son, and Bill Banks joined forces with this Anti-Horse Thief posse soon after daybreak.

Yet another posse, led by Garfield County Sheriff Thralls joined in the chase. The Gyp Hills were swarming with manhunters. Yeager headed for the home of his sweetheart, on Skeleton Creek. They ran him to the ground there during the morning.

The exhausted outlaw had crawled into a cornfield alongside Skeleton Creek to rest, and had fallen asleep. The manhunters awakened him with gunfire. Two of the bullets hit Yeager. He was a hard man to kill. Mortally wounded, they carried him to Sheridan community church.

It was Sunday morning. Services were just over. The manhunters came reasonably close to a gunfight among themselves over whether Yeager should be jailed in Kingfisher, Logan, or Garfield County. The argument cooled as soon as it was decided how any reward money would be split.

Yeager was taken to Hennessey then to Enid, where he finally died, but only after languishing throughout the month of August and seven days into September, in the Garfield County jail.

The Indian-Pioneer papers contain many tales of other hunts in the Glass Mountains, these not for men but for wild game. One of the most unusual tales concerns Amos Chapman mountain man, frontiersman, Indian Scout, who married a Cheyenne girl and was adopted into that tribe.

Deer and wild turkey abounded in the Glass Mountain mesas. New York City's Mayor Hewitt had come to hunt them. When Amos Chapman came upon Hewitt's camp, the camp was deserted. The entire party was out hunting.

Amos figured any New York politician was bound to have come supplied with plenty whiskey. Amos hunted around the camp until he found the whiskey, and stole it all.

The mayor's camp was near Sheridan's Roost, southwest in Major County, established by General Phil Sheridan as a semi-permanent camp during the Indian skirmishes of 1870. A quarter century earlier, in 1843, Captain Nathan Boone, son of Daniel, wrote colorful descriptions in his journal of this vivid country, its red earth, blue clay, white gypsum, bitter water, and the geologic shapes along the Cimarron, which he spelled "Semarone."

These mesas of the Blaine Escarpment contain three types of gypsum; satin spar, massive, and selenite. Formed 200 million years ago during the Permian Age, an inland sea with its shores in the Arbuckle and Wichita Mountains deposited the massive gypsum strata which forms the caprock of each technicolor mesa. The selenite is shining and crumbly as isinglass. Satin spar is thicker, sometimes crystalline, sometimes stained to various tones of red.
Over the centuries the Permian seas became dry. The marine water evaporated and wind and river began its eroding work. Each lone peak is still gradually changing its shape. The "Red Beds," slopes, and arroyos, tinted by iron particles turned to rust, are rich grazing land.

Herds of both beef and dairy cattle graze here. Ranchers in Major County totaled their herds at 89,000 last year; 61,000 beef cattle and 28,000 dairy cattle, pasturing now on cured winter grasses and grazing vast fields of winter wheat which will grow through early spring, ripen in summer, and produce a harvest of more than one-and-a-half million bushels; 1,868,400 bushels last year.

Beneath the wheat and the grassland pastures lie oil and gas. Major County is one of the Mid-Continent Field's most active drilling areas.

There are many more imitative shapes among these mesas. As Orlin Trego of Woodward points out, "Half the fun of the game is using your imagination to discover new ones."

Here is a mileage table we hope will help you find those shown here. It covers the section of highway 15 between Orienta and Bouse Junction, 24 miles west of Orienta. Remember, you must travel east from Bouse Junction before 10:00 A.M., or west from Orienta after 3:00 P.M. to see the silhouettes. You can see Buffalo Rock only in the morning. The mileages we list are only approximate, but look sharp and perhaps you'll find all we've pictured, and several we haven’t.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FROM BOUSE JUNCTION</th>
<th>FROM ORIENTA</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3.8 mi. Houndog</td>
<td>20.2 mi.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.0 mi. Turn north and drive to &quot;El Castillo&quot; (about a mile) through the &quot;Technicolor Desert,&quot; perhaps the most vivid area of the Glass Mountains, then return to Highway 15.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.7 mi. &quot;Mt. Rushmore&quot;—(color picture on page 35). Free imagination will help you visualize carved faces along the crest of this sharply peaked mesa south of the highway.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.7 mi. &quot;Diamond Head&quot; in the distance to the northwest.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.4 mi. &quot;President Lincoln&quot; along the top of the mesa south of the highway. Very early Indian people called this &quot;The Chief's Burial.&quot; An imaginative youngster recently told us it looks like Frankenstein's Monster sleeping. Facing it, visible for various distances are the profiles of the two &quot;Chiefs,&quot; or &quot;The Honor Guard.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.6 mi. &quot;Indian Princess&quot; profile, south of the highway.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.4 mi. &quot;Buffalo Rock&quot; charging south of the highway.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.7 mi. &quot;Sphinx&quot; north of the highway. There is a well formed &quot;Pyramid&quot; here, too.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

In winter, if there is snow on the ground, take along your encyclopedia showing the outlined shapes of famous mountains of the world. There are several similar counterparts here among these colorful mesas when they are snow-capped.

... Photos by the author.
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