Butterfly and Bee

These small creatures have, for centuries, inspired poets to lyricism, philosophy, and cogent wisdom.

The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew,
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies. . . John Gay

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet. . . Ralph Waldo Emerson

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his winter song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness closely pressed
Within the poison chalice. . . Anne C. Botta

Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!
A solemn image to my heart. . . Wm. Wordsworth

Love, as is told by the seers of old,
Comes as a butterfly tipped with gold,
Fluttering and flies in sunlit skies,
Weaving round hearts that were one time cold. . . Charles Swinburne
Editor’s note: In the title of this article, the word on the left is Comanche, the word on the right is Kiowa. Both refer to the rattlesnake.

They are written in the International Phonetic System, for Indian languages do not adapt to the English alphabet.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{a} &= \text{uh} \\
\text{oe} &= \text{aw} \\
\text{A} &= \text{u as in shut} \\
\text{'} &= \text{glottal stop} \\
: &= \text{prolonged vowel} \\
\text{B} &= \text{like v but starts} \\
&= \text{with closed lips, rather} \\
&= \text{than upper teeth against} \\
&= \text{lower lip.} \\
\text{a} &= \text{ah} \\
\text{e} &= \text{ay} \\
\text{i} &= \text{ee} \\
\text{o} &= \text{oh} \\
\text{u} &= \text{as in you}
\end{align*} \]

The Comanche word refers to the coil, and the rattle. The Comanche word for snake is Quá-hi-sá:Bo.

The Kiowa word is best translated “the principle snake,” which indicates special respect for the rattler. The Kiowa word for snake is Sóné: The added hi (pronounced he) implies the “principle.” Thus there is another, longer, Kiowa word Sóné: Ahn-ö:n-say-tohn’ (snake rattling) which is sometimes used.

It wasn’t by chance the rattlesnake appeared in my view as I ascended the boulder strewn mountain. Having visited this den before I was surprised to see only a lone specimen — one rattler coiled sound asleep at the base of the red granite ledge.

After a quiet and unexciting capture, the writhing five-foot diamondback safely tucked away in a specimen case, I surveyed the den for my work, a research project on the chemical control of snakes.

It was a warm sunny afternoon in early spring. I moved about cautiously in the area surrounding the den. No other rattlers could be found under the mesquite, in the buffalo grass, or hidden among the broad flat leaves of the prickly pear cactus.

This particular den is called “Old Wagonstrap.” For identification it is customary to name the dens. In this case an interesting item, a rusty wagon part, had been found nearby some years before.

Old Wagonstrap is but one of many rattlesnake dens in the Wichita Mountains. As a small boy I enjoyed the opportunity to climb about the mountains many times and encountered snakes on several occasions.

In the past ten years I have harvested around seventy-five rattlesnakes from this den, taking only a
The symbolic facade of the Maya priest’s level in the ceremonial quadrangle of Kukulkan at Uxmal, Yucatan, is encircled by a rattlesnake. Here shown is its head (the emerging face symbolizing birth); above is the rattled tail.

The Aztec Temple of Quetzalcoatl at San Juan Teotihuacan. The coil of the venerated serpent, its head outthrust, encircles the temple, the symbolic rattle just to the right of the head.

The rattlesnake was the most venerated religious emblem of the Mayas and Aztecs. The Comanche and Aztec peoples descend from the same Nahuatl linguistic stock, indicating some distant common ancestry. Cultural and religious similarities may perhaps remain from these distant roots.

small percentage each year. It is not a large den and maintains a stable population, making it ideal for my research project.

Two huge boulders tilt together to form its triangular entrance. The floor is a dirt-covered granite shelf which extends out like a patio in front of the den. From this entrance a small cavern some nine inches high and twenty inches wide extends back into the mountain, fading into darkness as it recedes underground.

For several years I had been searching for a chemical that would repel snakes and was about to put the result of my research to the test in the field. The chemical liquid repellent was compressed in a high pressure bottle. Attached was a long copper tube that could reach into the remote recesses of the den.

While probing the labyrinth of Old Wagonstrap I was surprised at the depth of the den. Almost thirty feet of tubing disappeared into the mountainside. With the tube at maximum penetration I squeezed the valve releasing the repellent.

Considering the depth of the den it would be some time before the sleepy snakes would respond. I laid down in the triangular shelter, chin propped on elbow, to wait. Scratching the dirt floor of the shelter with my snake hook, I suddenly turned up a foreign object.

"An Indian bead," I thought curiously.

A second bead was uncovered, and I examined them carefully. The beads were made of fossilized crinoid stems. Each had been hand drilled for stringing.

Now with earnest curiosity I dug more carefully.

More beads, a leather fragment, a small piece of hand-worked metal, were uncovered, then a slight movement to the left of my face claimed attention. I turned my head, very slowly, toward the shaded motion.

About a foot from my face lay a four-foot rattlesnake. From the deeper shadows of the den a larger specimen was crawling forward. Easing back, I put my snake hook to use, dragging the snakes from their lair in rapid succession as a third appeared. The activity became fast and furious then as I scattered the snakes pouring out of the den.

Several hours later I completed the final stages of the research project. Thirty-seven snakes, aroused in their subterranean refuge by the chemical repellent, had been captured. I returned to the unexpected discovery of relics that had earlier captured my attention.

Digging once again, I recalled a collecting trip with Hugh S. Davis, naturalist and retired director of the Tulsa zoo who had casually speculated, “I think the rattlesnake dens here in the Wichitas are also Indian burials.”

Since that afternoon at Old Wagonstrap I have visited several dens in the Wichita Mountains. Despite the rummaging of prospectors and treasure hunters in the area for hundreds of years each snake den produced relics, verifying to my satisfaction that Indians did bury their dead in the rattlesnake dens found in the red granite mountains of Southwestern Oklahoma.

Elk Den, north of Lake Quanah Parker, contained a few beads and a flint point. A brass telegraph wire bracelet was found at Buffalo Pasture Den. Two rifles, some buckskin clothing, other personal items, and a skeleton were discovered at Medicine Creek Den, located just south of the dam at Lake Lawtonka.

Why? Why were these dead buried in or near the winter home of the rattlesnake? The practice was not uni-
universal with all the Indian tribes. Most members of the Kiowa, Comanche, and Kiowa-Apache tribes, indigenous to the area, will not discuss the secret of this peculiar method of interment.

"Maybe for the protection of the grave," answered George Smith Watchetaker, Comanche international champion Indian dancer. This is the most frequent answer, of both Indian and qualified non-Indian anthropologist.

Rattlesnakes were known well by the Indian, who would have been the first to recognize them as ineffectual grave guardians. Most of the year the rattlesnakes are either away from the den, or in the stupor of hibernation, deep underground. Their duty time, for sentry purposes at the den, would be no more than thirty to forty days per year.

Indians of the past knew that with the coming of the redbud blossoms in the spring they could find the rattlesnakes basking in the sun about their dens. By the time the prickly pear flowers enhanced the landscape, mating season was over and the snakes, individually, would be scattering over the countryside. Several months would pass, the Indians knew, before the snakes would return to their dens.

When the first harsh chill of a norther blew over the land the Indians knew the snakes would return to their wintertime refuge. Only on the warmest of days could a person observe a rattlesnake during the winter.

Man, greatest enemy of the snakes, can move with surprising freedom about a rattlesnake’s den. In the spring, should a person approach a den, the alert snakes usually respond with a silent and hurried retreat to the darkness of their refuge. If a snake happens to be asleep it is more than possible for a person to step on the creature before it arouses.

If a person accidentally, or with purpose, finds himself positioned between a sunning snake and its den, the reaction may prove interesting. If a snake suddenly awakens to find a person shuffling around in the path of retreat it will usually strike out viciously, and often without warning. Although if the person stops and stands motionless, the snake may settle once again to a quiet slumber. Or, to the surprise of some, the snake may pass silently by, over a foot, or between one’s feet to the safety of its den.

Knowing these facts, the Indian probably did not consider the rattlesnake as protection for a burial — at least not in the non-Indian concept.

The rattlesnake was held in high respect by the Indians of the past. This is evident in the stone carvings of rattlesnakes among the ruins hidden in the jungles and on the plateaus of Central-America and Mexico.

To the north we observe rattled serpents in the art of many pueblos and cliff dwellings. Despite this widespread symbolic art, the majority of the Indians did not use the rattlesnake in any other fashion, dead or alive. One exception, of course, is the Hopi Indian utilization of the snakes in a religious ceremony, after which the snakes are released unharmed.

So our question is unanswered. Why did the Indians bury their dead in the den of snakes?

Obviously the funeral ceremony was held a good distance away from the burial den, for the Indian would not chance an accidental bite. After the funeral the body would be carried to the den for burial. The Indians placed possessions; beads, bows, arrows, knives and maybe a rifle beside the body. When the last farewell prayer was given and the chants through, the body would be covered with stones for protection from the coyotes, buzzards and other varmints. The stones covering the body did not prevent access to the den by the snakes.

The findings in the Wichita Mountains indicate several tribes followed this procedure of burial. This is mysterious when we consider the same tribes also utilized the more typical sepulchre of the great northern prairies. In this typical method, the Kiowa and Comanche placed their dead on a raised platform high above the ground, as has been beautifully illustrated in the paintings of Tsa Toke, Blackbear Bosin, White Buffalo and others.

Why then, in the Wichitas, did the Indians bury at least some of their dead in the dens of rattlesnakes?

Perhaps we are entering the spiritual world of the Indian when we so question. Perhaps we seek a logical answer where only a mystical answer applies.

According to some Indian legends man and woman first appeared deep underground in mother earth. After their beginning they passed through several underworlds before their emergence to this world. According to some legends a snake was present at the time of emergence.

The part portrayed by the snake has several esoteric variations. To some tribes the snake represents reincarnation of another human being. To other tribes the snake is a protector that forewarns of impending danger or gives direction to that which is good or safe.

One group of Indians believes that upon encountering a snake in the path one should stop and listen. If the snake is silent, the person should pass quietly and respect the happening as a good omen. Should the snake blow or rattle this is a warning and the person must return to the place they began; otherwise suffer evil, sickness or injury.

In the past, Indians upheld the serpent with hallowed respect. This respect has diminished or disappeared in recent years, with most Indians adopting the strong contemporary fear of snakes. This change of attitude could be one of the many brought about by the introduction of Christianity.

The answer to our question is still unknown, or perhaps kept secret.

Perhaps the spirit of one buried in the shelter of a rattlesnake’s den in an ancient mountain was thought to receive guidance. As in the beginning, in the emergence from mother earth, a serpent might direct the spirit’s return at the end.
In a speech in Northeastern Oklahoma last February, C. William Verity Jr. told his audience that he looked for things in "this part of the country to snowball." Less than 48 hours later, nearly all sections of the state were under the heaviest snow of the winter.

Despite his perfect batting average, Verity is not a weather forecaster. He is president of Armco Steel Corporation and his speech was at the dedication of the Tulsa Port of Catoosa — where the stuff that dreams are made of is now being turned into solid substance on a daily basis.

Fifteen miles northeast of Tulsa, the port lies at the head of the almost unbelievable Arkansas-Verdigris River development that is opening the eyes of the nation — and a new water route from the Gulf of Mexico to inland Mid-America.

A "seaport" in Oklahoma? Yes, sir — in this very same state that once was part of the Dust Bowl; where water has been used for drinking, bathing, irrigating, sailing, putting out fires, and mixing drinks ... but never before for hauling cargoes hundreds of miles by barge.

It is hard to discuss the Arkansas River navigation miracle without sounding like a Chamber of Commerce man. Indeed, Verity himself, who comes not from Tulsa or Catoosa but from Middletown, Ohio, described the water as a "giant cornucopia" because it "will certainly prove to be a horn of plenty for the people of the Arkansas Basin."

Who is going to stand up and contradict a man who has demonstrated that he can bring on snowstorms? Besides, everyone in Northeastern Oklahoma agrees with him. And of all the gleaming futures lying in wait along the giant $1.2 billion navigation system, none seems to shine more lustroously than the one destiny holds for this newest port in the nation, at the very top of the 440-mile waterway.

A signboard on Tulsa's Interstate 44 between the Turner and Will Rogers Turnpikes proclaims the prevailing sentiment: "Opening the Heart of America to Waterways of the World." If that sounds a bit grandiloquent, consider the prediction in Reader's Digest last year that Catoosa would "take its place with St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Memphis as one of our nation's great port cities."

Folks who live in Catoosa aren't quite ready for all that glamor just yet. True, they've painted "The Port City" on their water tower, and the local Chamber of Commerce has done its part by holding a Miss Port of Catoosa beauty contest. But all the attention is somewhat unreal to longtime residents who remember when the area where the port is being built was a rough, wooded section known as "Rascals' Flat."

"I grew up there," recalls Mrs. Wanda Campbell, a columnist for the Catoosa Times Herald, "and it was a hiding place for outlaws. It was a valley surrounded by mountains and they felt safe when they got in there. That's how it got to be known as Rascals' Flat. It was pretty wild in those days; they used to say that if anybody went to a railroad station and asked for a ticket to hell, the station man marked his destination Catoosa."

If the "port city" has an unruly past, it was no more lawless than the Arkansas River itself, which has been pictured regularly in such terms as "rowdy," "raging," "greedy," and always "dirty." From its beginnings in the Rockies at 13,000 feet or more, it lurched through Oklahoma with a tradition of treachery.

There was talk of navigation as far back as the 1800's, but early efforts were short-lived. If it wasn't snags or
silt, the river was running amuck; flooding was its second nature. It was a terrible flood in 1943 that aroused the interest of the then Governor and later U. S. Senator, Robert S. Kerr, who became the No. 1 booster of Arkansas navigation and flood control in Congress. Scoffers called him the "Admiral of the Arkansas."

The history of the navigation-flood control struggle is a story in itself; it is enough to say here that through the efforts of Senator Kerr, Congressmen Page Belcher and Ed Edmondson and others—along with fellow enthusiasts from Arkansas—the 9-foot-deep channel finally was completed and the way opened for unobstructed traffic on this newly tamed version of the old water-dragon. The Tulsa-Catoosa facilities provide the westernmost inland port in the nation—and one that is never ice-locked, a big advantage in competition with Northern and Eastern sites.

The port is operated by a joint Authority manned by the City of Tulsa (six members) and Rogers County (three). The locale is 5 miles from the town of Catoosa via the present snakelike road—which will be replaced soon with a wider and shorter route.

Land and construction for the port were financed by $20 million in bond issues; the City of Tulsa owns the land and has leased it to the Port Authority. No one can say how great the return will be, but Sam Frevert, Executive Director of the Authority, says, "It's not inconceivable that some day we'll have a $150 million to $200 million operation from a $20 million stake."

The port is still subsidized by the City now but its operators hope it will be self-sufficient in its second year. In time it is intended to serve an estimated seven million people in 214 counties of the seven nearest Southwestern states.

The Authority controls nearly 2,000 acres, about one-fourth of it set aside for its own operation and 1,500 acres for an adjoining industrial park that will be complete with roads, rail connections and utilities.
The first port-operated building is a general dry cargo facility, for unloading barges under cover — the products to be reloaded on truck or rail cars (the port is served by the Frisco and Santa Fe Railroads). A second building will handle dry bulk; phosphates, dry chemicals, coal, etc.; and a third will take liquid bulk cargoes such as — yes, maybe even oil.

"It's almost impossible to predict what might be brought in," says Frevert. "Who would ever have thought they would bring in bauxite to the Little Rock port, with so much of that ore right there at hand in Arkansas? But there's an alumina reduction plant south of Little Rock and they import bauxite from South America. It's about like importing crude oil into our port. Don't bet any money that it won't happen."

Barge loads run up to 1500 tons, with the average around 1200. However, some "mini-ships" are being built in Japan to handle smaller loads and Frevert expects them to be operating from South America, perhaps bringing in coffee, rubber, and other exports.

Oddly, the mini-ships are owned by a Greek shipping company, so we may see Japanese-made vessels flying the Greek flag sailing from South America into Oklahoma.

One of the major aims of the port will be to develop cargoes that vessels coming into Oklahoma can carry on return trips. That will make the trip less expensive, benefit shippers both ways and provide an added incentive for bringing barges to this particular destination.

The port will collect 5 cents a ton for everything that comes across its wharf, plus fees for other services. Several tenants already have contracted for land in the industrial park, and some are constructing their facilities.

How about pleasure-boating on the Arkansas? After all, isn't that navigation too?

Frevert says there will be no marina for private boats at the port itself, but he expects docking and servicing facilities to be set up not far downstream on the Verdigris channel.

"The waterway is free and anybody can put his boat out there and go up and down the river," says Frevert. "Our facility is for commercial operation and we're not encouraging people in little play-boats. I wake up at night sometimes thinking about people skiing out there, with those big barges moving through. It could be dangerous."

One of the current concerns is how to handle boat traffic at the expected appearance of President Nixon for the waterway dedication in June. The Authority doesn't know how the President will arrive — by boat, helicopter or car. A Presidential vessel (or a flotilla?) might lend a touch of class to the port, but the details of the Nixon arrival are still unknown at this writing. In any case, Frevert and the Coast Guard — which is responsible for river safety — are already worrying about a traffic jam of boats carrying no cargo except sightseers and amateur photographers.

Everything is so new at the port that "firsts" keep popping up. There's always something to celebrate or dedicate. Last December, for example, a group of officials took a ceremonial flotilla to the port, with the details of the Nixon arrival are still unknown at this writing. In any case, Frevert and the Coast Guard — which is responsible for river safety — are already worrying about a traffic jam of boats carrying no cargo except sightseers and amateur photographers.

All these events are important milestones, but it would be unfair somehow to tell this success story without mentioning a man who spent three decades pushing it all to fulfillment — the late Newton Graham of Tulsa. Insiders have said if it hadn't been for his persistence there wouldn't be a barge closer to Tulsa than the Mississippi River. Every time a new Governor or President took office, Graham made it his business to bend his ear about the urgent needs of the Arkansas Basin.

In 1942, Army Col. Francis Wilson reported for work as head of the Corps of Engineers' office in Tulsa — which Graham had maneuvered to have stationed there. Graham called on him to talk about navigation and Wilson made an offhand remark that he hardly saw how barges would ever come up the Arkansas. Graham smiled and said, "Colonel, all I ask is that you don't make up your mind until you have studied the problem."

Wilson did study it — and became one of the biggest boosters for the project. After his retirement he served as Executive Vice-President of the Arkansas Basin Development Association.

Graham wrote prophetically in 1952 that progress on the project would rise and fall with the times, but that "it will go forward and some day that long-awaited boat will come around the bend." And when it does, he added, "some will wonder why we were so slow."

In his book Land, Wood And Water the late Senator Kerr called Graham the "Prophet of the River" and gave him much of the credit for the long campaign that finally prevailed. With the Tulsa Port of Catoosa now bringing in barges and building up a plant that can no longer be called a dream, it is timely to recall Kerr's prediction of a "bright epoch" looming ahead on the Arkansas.

He likened the struggle to a similar battle for the first toll bridge at Tulsa. "No more appropriate epitaph to men like Graham . . . could be emblazoned along the new navigation route," he wrote. "than the rustic sign nailed on the first wagon bridge, so typifying the blithe but stubborn spirit of those pioneers:

'You said we couldn't do it, but we did.'"
an Interview with Will Rogers

BY BRYAN B. STERLING

Reporter: Mr. Rogers, I am glad to find you looking so well.
Will Rogers: Thank you, people don’t realize that with us movie folk, we’re just in as long as our looks. Now take me, I’m going twice a week now for a facial. I’m liable to have to stretch that out into three times.
Reporter: Are you trying to tell me that it was your good looks that made you famous?
Will Rogers: Well, Mr. Ziegfeld went to Claremore, Oklahoma, to get me. The critics raved over me when I first went into New York; they said they had never seen such features...
Reporter: Oh?
Will Rogers: . . . anyway, they said I was different!
Reporter: You certainly are different, but everybody knows your fame is based on your unique views on this world of ours.
Will Rogers: Yes, it’s a great, old world, no matter what all seems to be wrong with it.
Reporter: Are you referring to anything specifically?
Will Rogers: Yes, everybody is running around in circles, announcing that somebody’s pinched their ‘Liberty’. Now the greatest aid that I know of that anybody could give the world today, would be a correct definition of ‘Liberty’. I guess, absolute ‘Liberty’ couldn’t mean anything but that anybody can do anything they want to, anytime they want to. Well, any half-wit can tell you that wouldn’t work. Now what might be one classes ‘Liberty’ might be another classes ‘poison’. So the question arises: How much ‘Liberty’ can I get and get away with?
Well, you can get no more than you give. That’s my definition, but you have perfect ‘Liberty’ to work out your own.
Reporter: You know Americans have always loved to criticize their government’s policies, whether as individuals or in pressure groups.
Will Rogers: There is nothing as easy as denouncing. It don’t take much to see that something is wrong, but it does take some eyesight to see what will put it right again.
Reporter: But you must admit that they do have fancier slogans these days.
Will Rogers: Of all the bunk things in America, the slogan is the champ. The merits of a thing has nothing to do with it. . . . take: ‘Two can live as cheap as one.’ That, next to ‘Law Enforcement’ is the biggest bunk slogan invented. Two can’t even live as cheap as two, much less one. P. T. Barnum come nearer to having a true slogan than anybody: ‘There’s a sucker born every minute.’ And Henry Ford was right there to take care of him the minute he come of age. The Germans’ slogan was ‘Germany uber Alles’. I don’t know what that ‘uber’ means, but whatever it means, they was wrong and it’s too late to look it up. So you see, a fool slogan can get you into anything. But getting you out of anything, takes bullets, hard work or money.
Reporter: Do you consider these various groups important or even potentially dangerous?
Will Rogers: No. In our country today, if you can start arguing over something and get enough publicity and keep the argument going, you can divide our nation overnight as to whether spinach or broccoli are the most nutritious. We can get hot and bothered quicker over nothing and cool off faster than any nation in the world.

Reporter: There is a current philosophy, especially among younger people, that God is dead. How would you answer them?
Will Rogers: It looks like everything is doing fine but humans. Animals are having a great year, grass was never higher, flowers were never more in bloom, trees are throwing out an abundance of shade for us to loaf under. Everything the Lord has a hand in is going great. But the moment you notice anything that is in any way under the supervision of man, why it’s cockeyed.
Reporter: All major cities are trying to solve their traffic problems. Do you see any solution?
Will Rogers: Yes, keep all the cars that are not paid for off the streets. But I don’t know why they call it the ‘traffic’ problem. When things cease to move, it’s not traffic.

WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL, CLAREMORE

Will Rogers’ saddles tell a part of the story of his travels. In Mexico, Argentina, every country of horsemen in which Will traveled, he could not resist adding to his collection a saddle typical of the riders of that country. Here are some of them. In the background is Jo Mora’s impressive mural depicting Will’s home country and activities from his career.

Color photo by Paul E. Lelievre.
Interview

lights you have now are a great thing. They make everybody walk with the automobiles. The drivers had that put into effect. When they used to let people walk as they pleased, they made so much better time than the people in the autos, that they got jealous, besides people weren't buying cars. But it don't do any good to speed up traffic . . . If you get the fellow there quicker he will turn right around and come back anyway. You got to figure there will be just so many cars blocked on the street all day anyway and it just as well be the same ones as different ones every minute.

Reporter: If current polls show that President Nixon's popularity has dropped, do you think that this might decide him not to seek re-nomination?

Will Rogers: You can have famine, Heel flies and an epidemic of the itch, all through the first three years of a political reign, and then kinder pick up on the last year and you can walk in. No voter can remember back a year. What happened in the last six months is as far as his mind can grasp.

Reporter: It's hard to imagine the numerous pressures on President Nixon and Secretary Rogers.

Will Rogers: It's a tough life, being President and trying to please everybody — well, not exactly everybody, but enough to be re-elected; and that's a tough baby, that Secretary of State thing. You come in labelled a Statesman and limp out headed back anyway. You got to figure there will be just so many cars blocked on the street all day anyway and it just as well be the same ones as different ones every minute.

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Reporter: If you were in a position to make recommendations to the United Nations, what would you suggest?

Will Rogers: I got a plan that'll stop all wars. Move nations away from each other. Take France and Germany, they can't agree. Well, take France and trade places with Japan, let Japan live there by Germany. Take England and move 'em away from Ireland; take 'em over to Canada and let 'em live on their son-in-law. When you move England away from Ireland, don't you let Ireland know where you are taking 'em, or they'll follow 'em and get 'em.

Reporter: Would you comment on the current plea to restrict foreign travel.

Will Rogers: There ought to be a law against anybody going to Europe until they had seen the things we have in this country. Americans spend billions of dollars each year to be insulted in Europe, when they get it done for half that much over here.

Reporter: I know that all your observations are based on your extensive travelling. What were your most recent impressions?

Will Rogers: You know, of course, or perhaps you had it hinted to you, that we stand in Europe about like a horse thief. Now I want to tell you that that is not so. We don't stand like a horse thief abroad. Whoever told you we did, is flattering us. We don't stand as good as a horse thief. In Europe everybody talks about how we are hated, but you can't find me one nation in Europe, that has a real, down to earth regard for any other nation. France and England think just as much of each other as two rival bands of gangsters. A Frenchman and an Italian love each other just like Minneapolis and St. Paul. Spain and France have the same regard for each other as Fort Worth and Dallas. Russia hates everybody so bad, it would take her a week to pick out the one she hates the most. Norway, Sweden and Denmark are apparently getting on pretty good, but you call a Swede a Dane and you better reach for your hat.

Reporter: Despite their dislike for us, Americans are still flocking to Europe in ever increasing numbers.

Will Rogers: A bunch of American tourists were hissed and stoned in France, but not until after they finished buying. They couldn't hate us more, unless we helped them out in another war. But there is one thing about these European nations: They can't hate you so much, they wouldn't use you. The main thing is a misunderstanding about the amount we did in the war. It's been quite a while since they were saved and they're not willing to admit that they were saved.

Reporter: What did you think of your visit to Russia?

Will Rogers: Communism to me is one third practice and two thirds explanation. You can ask a Russian any question in the world, and if you give him long enough, he'll explain their angle, and it will sound

WESTERN SPRING

A wooden windmill is a sign of old ranch country. There are plenty of them in western Oklahoma. Well, not plenty, for as they give way to the weary of time they are usually replaced by steel windmills. So, each year, there are less oldtime wooden windmills. This one is a few miles north of Woodward. It has always seemed to us that a wooden windmill draws water a little more sweet and cold than a steel windmill. Ridiculous, huh? Right, but it seems that way. If there are those who think there is no real west, that the word “western” means all make-believe, let them spend some time in the sage grasslands of western Oklahoma. The cattle, horses, and men, who live there will change their conclusions.

COLOR PHOTO BY BILL BURCHARDT.
plausible. And there is always this to look forward to with Russia: pick up the morning newspaper and look for Russian news and have a fear of reading the worst — you won't be disappointed.

Reporter: Visitors come from Russia with conflicting opinions these days. Who is right?

Will Rogers: If you want to start an insane asylum that would be 100% cuckoo, I would just admit applicants that thought they knew something about Russia.

Reporter: Would you say the Russian people are happy?

Will Rogers: There are millions of people in Russia. I couldn’t talk their language, so I couldn’t ask ’em ‘are you happy?’ It’s awful hard to look at a person and tell just how happy they are. We looked at ’em for eight days at hundreds of stations, crossing on the Trans-Siberian railway. We’d see the people come down to the trains and just stand there with a dull, blank expression on their faces — no joy, no smile. They just looked like they didn’t know what the future held in store for them. But I sat in the gallery in the Senate and in the gallery in the House of Representatives in Washington and I’ve seen the same dull, blank expression — not knowing what the next election held in store for ’em. But there is one thing about the Russian — he thrives on adversity. He is never as happy in his life as when he is miserable. I have always claimed that’s why they were such great parachute jumpers, because they were disappointed when it opened.

Reporter: What did you think of their language?

Will Rogers: There is nothing that thrives on adversity. He is never so happy in his life as when he is miserable. I have always claimed that’s why they were such great parachute jumpers, because they were disappointed when it opened.

Reporter: Visitors come from Russia:

Will Rogers: Not bad; but as for caviar, it’s without a doubt the poorest fodder on earth. I was surprised, I figured a fish in Russia would lay hard boiled eggs.

Reporter: After being in Russia, how did it feel coming back on an American ship?

Will Rogers: You know, the American business man or traveler from home is a queer duck. All I heard was ‘I am afraid of things at home. It don’t look good to me’. Then for a couple of days the stock market picked up and now they were running around, grinning like a possum. Imagine a people, whose whole idea of our country is gained from what it does every day in a stock market.

Reporter: While you were away, the New York Stock Exchange threatened to move to New Jersey, if New York City increased their tax on stock transfers.

Will Rogers: Well, there’s no industry that could move easier. All they have to do is change their telephone number, pick up their blackboards and tell the loafers where to meet tomorrow.

Reporter: Did you see where the last seat on the Exchange was sold for over two hundred thousand dollars?

Will Rogers: You pay that for a seat where nobody sits down? That’s not a seat, that’s a license to hold a sucker up when he buys and blackjack him when he sells; to commit petty larceny when he buys and grand larceny when he sells.

Reporter: By the way, do you have a market tip for me?

Will Rogers: My advice to you is: don’t gamble; take all your savings and buy some good stock and hold it till it goes up, then sell it. If it don’t go up — don’t buy it.

Reporter: Thanks, I’ll follow that — after I figure it out. Have you had a chance to observe the new fashions for ladies?

Will Rogers: I see where they arrested a girl in Hollywood the other day. She was driving down the main thoroughfare with nothing on but a heavy tan, not a stitch. Course, this is all hearsay, I would miss it! I think they let her go, for it’s awful hard to tell when a woman is nude nowadays and when she is fully clothed.

Reporter: Mr. Rogers, would you give us your opinion on the currently high rate of divorce.

Will Rogers: There is nothing that denotes prosperity quicker than to hear that so-and-so and his wife ain’t getting along. You can’t be broke and get a divorce, because you have to pay alimony — which is just like furnishing ammunition to the enemy. I maintain that it should cost as much to get married as it does to get divorced. Make it look like marriage is worth as much as divorce, even if it ain’t.

Author's Note: Of course the preceding conversation never took place. The questions are those of today; Will Rogers' answers are of today, still as pertinent as the day he spoke them.
We are hoping that this photo, and the one of Tucker Tower on page 20, will tempt you to drive to Ardmore this spring over the new I-35 through the Arbuckle Mountains. It is a delightfully scenic drive through America's oldest mountain range, an outdoor geological laboratory and classroom known worldwide by those who study the ages of the earth.

You'll encounter an I-35 exit which will take you to Platt National Park, where Travertine Creek flows through America's smallest National Park. Its camping areas are packed from June through August, but diligent park rangers maintain it beautifully, and Travertine Creek flows cold and clear, as do its bubbling springs of medicinal waters.

Returning to I-35 you can exit at Ardmore and visit one of Oklahoma's oldest cities, see the reconstructed headquarters of Bill Washington's famous old 700 Ranch, and continue on to Lake Murray. Tucker Tower there contains a geological museum, and the view from its 100-foot-high observation platform is splendid.
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| "89ers vs. Oilers"

### Events Calendar

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WONDER AND AWE

We never look upon these incredible Salt Plains without experiencing those emotions. A natural wonder, bound to earth's contour like the sea, their far horizons are such visible proof of earth's roundness as to force incredibility that ancient ignorance could even have believed the earth flat.

Though flatness is here too, close at hand and obvious. Who could estimate the tons of salt within the range of vision here! And it is salt. It is not snow. This is the Selenite Crystal Area of the National Wildlife Refuge, northwest of Jet. The tracks you see were made by a federal ranger's vehicle, not speedsters on a salt flat holiday. Such risky sport is not suitable. These plains, like muskeg, sometimes develop soft spots that would not support an auto's weight. They should be driven on only by those sufficiently knowledgeable to follow safe trails.

On weekends and holidays, from April 1 through October 15, you may search for the rose-selenite gypsum shapes that crystalize here, though it takes a combination of know-how and luck to find one. In summer it is hot work. Death Valley would be no more deadly to a loner on foot than this glaring white plain in summer's midday heat to one trying to walk across it. At the same time it is a paradise for birds and wild creatures who know the ways of this land.

Here wildlife is protected from man. Here is plentiful salt, essential to the body chemistry of these creatures, and they are here in vast numbers and variety of species to revel in the generosity of nature.

Be quiet and observant, and you may find an experience of joy, even wonder and awe, in the abundance of birds and creatures to be seen here, and in this incredible natural wonder.

COLOR PHOTO BY BILL BURCHARDT.
It was across this valley that the three young Comanches of Ben Capp's award winning novel (see THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD on page 26 of this issue of Oklahoma Today) fled with their herd of cleverly stolen army horses. The North Fork of the Red River bends through the right middle ground of our picture. Tepee Mountain is just out of view beyond the picture's edge. Soldier Spring is almost directly below, down the mountainside. Behind us as we stand on this crest facing the distant Wichita Mountains, is historic Devil's Canyon, a human habitation from pre-historic times. The earliest Spanish explorers found Indian people living in Devil's Canyon. To our knowledge there has been no research to determine how early this remarkably habitable and defensible canyon was occupied, but men must have been living here for centuries before their presence was discovered and recorded in written records.

COLOR PHOTO BY BILL BURCHARDT.
THE AMERICAN INDIAN edited by John M. Carroll (pub. by Liveright, 386 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10016, $100.00). From 1927-31, in Tulsa, Lee F. Harkins, Choctaw-Chickasaw, edited and published a handsome magazine THE AMERICAN INDIAN. Among other things the depression was against him. It might also be said that we were delinquent in failing to recognize and support an outstanding literary and historic achievement among us. Historian-author-editor John Carroll says, "this magazine is one of the greatest contributions to America. Lee Harkins was before his time." How highly others regard the work of Lee Harkins and his publication is evidenced by the fact that all of the issues of THE AMERICAN INDIAN have now been re-issued in facsimile, in two beautifully bound volumes, a boxed set. Each issue contains articles of interest, written by Indian people, about Indian heritage, Indian poetry as well as prose. As the title indicates the magazine covered the activities of all Indian tribes in America, illustrated by excellent black and white photographs. The nostalgic advertising of the period has its own special fascination.

FORT SUPPLY: Indian Territory by Robert C. Carriker (Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, $7.95). Founded in 1868, terminated as a garrison in 1894, for 26 years there was little time for boredom at Fort Supply. Each year provided its own particular crisis. Fort Supply was the center of action from which Plains warfare was fought. Even before the Plains tribes were defeated cattle herds were coming up the Western Trail to Dodge City and the predatory whiskey sellers who preyed on cowboy and Indian alike were concealed in the canyons and draws. There were competitive ranchers on Cherokee Outlet grazing leases to regulate, and at last to be driven out to make way for the settler flood of the Cherokee Strip Run. It was still a raw land with competitive settlers afoot and outlaws a-horse when the last garrison departed and turned Fort Supply to the Dept. of Interior. These last were matters of concern to civilian police and marshals, not the Army. Historian Carriker tells the story year by year, from well-organized research; a bringing together from widely scattered sources. He has given us a complete, thorough and welcome source book on this important fort.

THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD by Benjamin Capps (Harper and Row, New York $6.95). This fine novel of a young Comanche trying to find his way in a foreign way of life is set entirely in Oklahoma. In tragic dignity, this youth organizes a horse raid that is brilliantly executed then sinks into futility and frustration. It is our idea of "must" reading. Time may concede it to be a classic. It is truly American literature. The army pursuit of the three young raiders and their horse herd past Tipi Mountain and Soldier Spring into the high country crests of the Quartz Mountains is as real as reality (see color photo page 25 of this issue of Oklahoma Today). You can purchase a soft-cover copy of THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD for 95c plus 10c handling from Ace Books (Dept. MM), Box 576, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036.

TALES FROM THE MOHAVES by Herman Gray (Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, $4.95). Oklahoma anthropologist Alice Marriott wrote the introduction for this book and her endorsement is sufficient assurance of the worth and authenticity of any book. Indian tales written by Indian people are still rare, so we have a second reason why this book should be doubly appreciated; author Gray is Mojave. We are intrigued by the similarity among the creation stories which have come from the early generations of so many primitive people—i.e. so many involve an all-destroying flood;—coincidence?

SAM HOUSTON'S WIFE by William Seale (Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, $6.95). Of extra interest is Margaret Lea Houston, who was the mother of Temple Houston who made indelible marks on western history through his work, speeches, and associations as a Woodward attorney, and through the fact that he was Edna Ferber's model for Yancee Cravat in the novel Cimarron. The personality, the power of the man who was Margaret Lea Houston's son, illuminates our curiosity. And this author writes of Temple Houston's mother in a manner as fascinating as a novel. It also tells us that we can learn more about another of Sam Houston's fascinating wives, Tiara Rogers of Wigwam Neche (near Fort Gibson), if we will read Sam Houston with the Cherokee by Strickland and Gregory, which we intend to do.
Ardmore citizens are involved. This is the fact behind the announcement on March 4, 1971, that Ardmore is a winner in the “All-America City 1970 Citizen Participation Awards” program sponsored by the National Municipal League and Look magazine.

In the preliminary entry, submitted in July, 1970, Ardmore’s Contest Committee cited three projects or areas of citizen involvement to place among 22 finalists. These projects were racial integration involving Ardmore’s Red, White and Black population; a city-wide “Operation Pride” clean-up and beautification program; and citizen initiative in providing community and area facilities and programs in education, culture, recreation and industrial development.

Next hurdle in the contest was a presentation to the finals judges in Portland, Oregon, August 24, 1970, and in this the Ardmore committee detailed the accomplishments and problems of the community in a script and color slide presentation.

The following quotations from the script indicate Ardmore’s theme: “Our town has had, and has, problems, but we are happy to report we finally found the obvious solution. It is involvement of our citizens . . . all citizens.”

Integration and other developments were contrasted historically. When Ardmore, in Southern Oklahoma, was established in the Chickasaw Nation of Indian Territory in 1887, Indians and Negroes were citizens; white people were not. Statehood, in 1907, reversed this and brought segregation.

The integration was presented as not without opposition, but without violence. City schools are totally integrated, students and faculty. A volunteer “Let’s Talk” inter-racial group was organized, and city officials appointed a Human Relations Council. Successful programs for training and employment of minority groups were set up.

In 1913, oil was discovered and Ardmore became a boom town. Then apathy set in and it remained almost the same size from 1920 to 1960. The present era of citizen involvement and progress began in the 1950s and gained momentum during the 1960s. New local industries and growing payrolls are crowned by a $75 million Uni-royal tire plant.

“Operation Pride,” begun in 1968, mushroomed in 1970 until some 4,000 residents were involved. Hundreds of truckloads of trash and junk were removed and 161 delapidated homes and business buildings have been torn down.

Outstanding community and area facilities and services include a $2 millions Area Vocational-Technical Center; The Chickasaw Library System serving six counties, some of which never had any public library services before; a $600,000 C. B. Goddard Center for the Visual and Performing Arts which opened in spring of 1970; a Developmental Education Center for children with learning handicaps; a Sheltered Workshop for mentally retarded and physically handicapped; more than 50 churches of all major faiths and denominations; and an area and regional medical center with three hospitals and many medical and dental clinics.

The presentation ended with: “This, in brief, is the story of Ardmore as, hopefully, worthy of the proud designation “All-America City.” The judges ruled that it is.

Mac McGalliard was recently named Outstanding Citizen of Ardmore, the first such award since 1961 and the second in history. He was cited for 28 years of community service.
"Sufficeth then, this plan:  
That he should take who has the power,  
And he should keep who can!"  

Cowboy Flat was the name given to the vast spread of rangeland that lay embraced in the great bend of the Cimarron River between Guthrie and Coyle. From the rising bluffs that contain the Cimarron this valley spreads flat, rich, and fertile as far as you can see, fading into the hazy atmosphere against the opposing bluffs along the far horizon.

When the settlers came in the Run of '89 the name of that rangeland was changed to Pleasant Valley. The town that grew up there was so called, but the taming of Cowboy Flat required a great deal more than changing its name to Pleasant Valley.

The cowhands who rode Cowboy Flat during the years it was open range include Bill Doolin, Bill Dalton, Bittercreek Newcomb (the Slaughter Kid), Dick Broadwell, Little Dick West, Zip Wyatt, and Bill Powers. Each of these men turned outlaw and, in time, was shot to death. Five of them "soonered" a claim in the Cowboy Flat range country in 1889. Not one of them farmed his claim. They relinquished their claims, for nothing, for a few, or many, dollars, and rode off down the owlhoot trail to die.

There were adventures betwixt the Cowboy Flat days and these violent deaths. Dick Broadwell sold his relinquishment for $1,200 and hied himself off to Dallas with a pretty neighbor widow who had just sold her claim too. In Dallas, Dick kept enough money to buy a new suit to get married in, and gave the pretty widow all the rest with instructions to go buy the marriage license, then open a joint bank account for them. He never saw her again.

His adventures as an outlaw took a turn even more grim.

As the range cattle industry rose to dominance in Texas after 1865, men of the Halsell family there became prominent. The Halsells rode the Chisholm Trail drives, crossing and recrossing the Oklahoma country, branching east and west of the trail, searching out new grass for the grazing herds, learning the country.

It was a country of succulent, nourishing pastures. Where the grass grows stirrup high, waving even higher than a cowboy's saddle horn near the rivers and creeks, it becomes temptation irresistible to a cattleman.

By the 1880's range camps had sprung up throughout the Cherokee Strip, in the Chickasaw country, even
in the Kiowa, Comanche, and Cheyenne lands and, especially, in the Unassigned Lands of central Oklahoma. From these headquarters and line camps cowboys rode herd on thousands of fattening cattle.

The Halsells of North Texas, Glenn and Billy, owned 14,000 of these cattle. Their headquarters were one mile east of Skeleton Creek on the north bank of the Cimarron. Their cattle grazed over thousands of acres of the Unassigned Lands.

Bossing this operation were the older Halsells' nephews, two young brothers, Harry and Oscar Halsell. In the winter of 1881 Glenn and Billy Halsell sold their entire herd, range delivery, to the Wyeth Wholesale Shoe Company of St. Louis. Harry and Oscar Halsell had about 500 head of their own cattle in the herd, Harry's branded H#, and Oscar's HX.

When the Wyeth Company riders took range delivery of the herd Harry and Oscar cut out their cattle and moved on down river to Cowboy Flat. There they began building their cow camp, whereupon the Wyeth foreman and his men rode down river and interrupted them.

They wanted to know what Harry and Oscar were up to. The Wyeth Company figured they had bought the range when they bought the cattle. Harry disillusioned them. Harry informed him that this was Indian Territory, that they were all trespassers, that he and Oscar liked this range, and aimed to stay.

The Wyeth cattle boss shrugged and led his men away. Harry and Oscar had taken; they also kept. The Wyeth Company lost out all around. The following hard winter killed most of their cattle. In frustration, they sued Uncles Glenn and Billy Halsell, still in Texas, and lost the lawsuit.

In the timber along the north bank of the Cimarron, Harry and Oscar built their headquarters camp; roomy dugouts in two sandy hills twenty feet apart. They lined and roofed the two big dugouts with split cedar logs. Between these two cedar-fragrant dugouts they built a long connecting hallway, and were snugly situated for the cold winter ahead.

Oscar suggested that if Harry would secure horses he would get some grub. Harry rode to Arkansas City, borrowed four hundred dollars, and bought eight horses. Oscar rode to Caldwell, won four hundred dollars playing poker, and bought a wagon load of supplies. Which suggests the similarity, and the difference, between these two aggressive and increasingly successful cattleman brothers.

On one cold night during that winter, while Harry was away, Oscar and the cowboys remaining in camp spread prairie hay on the earthen floor of one of the dugouts to make for warmer sleeping during the night. They spread out their blankets, played cards for a while, then turned in.

Around two o'clock in the morning Oscar woke up. Flames of fire were spreading. The hay and bedding were on fire. There was a five-gallon can of coal oil in the dugout. Oscar told a cowboy to carry it out. He did, and set it right beside the door.
Three cases of cartridges in the dugout began to explode, along with the shells in gunbelts left in the bedding. Everybody ran outside. As they reached shelter in the horse sheds the coal oil exploded. A wagon loaded with feed and supplies stood in the long hall between the dugouts. The burning coal oil caught it on fire.

It was bitterly cold and by now the whole camp was burning. Leaving the disaster behind, Oscar and the men saddled up and rode off in the freezing night to seek shelter. Next day, in the cow camp where they found shelter, Oscar won three hundred dollars playing poker.

This adventurous life with its free ups and downs came to an abrupt end when the country was thrown open for settlement in the Run of '89. Oscar became a business man in Guthrie. Harry returned to Texas where he became a banker. While so many of their cowboys rode off down the outlaw trail; Cowboy Flat became a community of farms, and changed its name to Pleasant Valley.

By 1910 the town of Pleasant Valley had proudly grown to include a frame hotel, a postoffice, three doctors' offices, cotton gin, First State Bank, two churches—Catholic and Lutheran, a telephone line and switchboard operated by a crippled fellow named Bill Hogan, depot and railroad with four passenger and two freight trains daily, two—later three—general stores, a shifting number of saloons, and blacksmith shops which by 1920 had become garages where gasoline was sold and Model T Fords repaired.

This pleasant little inland town established an annual Fair, with horse racing among its competitions, amusements, and exhibits. There was a town band, a baseball team, and a volunteer fire department. M. C. Rouse observed the whole passing pageant.

His father, George Rouse, had purchased Zip Wyatt's claim in 1892. In the small frame house he built on that claim his son was born. M. C. Rouse still lives on that claim. The sturdily built little homesteader house in which he was born stands behind the large comfortable farm house in which he now lives. M. C. Rouse grew up to become Pleasant Valley's postmaster and operate a general store there.

Pleasant Valley town became a casualty of the highway and fast auto travel. Now it is a ghost. The town is gone and little material remains to show where it once stood, but Pleasant Valley community is still a prosperous agricultural district of substantial people.

Not so the outlaws who once rode and staked claims there. Within nine years after the Run of '89 all of them were dead. Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers were killed with Bob and Grat Dalton on October 5, 1892, while trying to hold up the First National Bank and the Condon Bank in Coffeyville. Bill Dalton was killed on June 8, 1894; hunted down and found, by a posse in his hideout near old Elk, Oklahoma.

Two years later Bittercreek Newcomb and Charley Pierce were killed on the Dunn ranch near Pawnee. The
The date was May 2, 1895. The manner of their deaths was not so certain. There were shot punctures in the soles of Charley Pierce's feet. There were claims that the Dunns, John and Dal, shot the outlaws while they were asleep. Bill Tilghman and Heck Thomas, both U.S. Marshals, declared this untrue, for they had killed the outlaws in a fair fight as Bittercreek and Pierce were trying to flee.

Zip Wyatt was pursued by the law and shot near Hennessey in August of 1895. He died a long death, finally breathing his last that September, in the Garfield County Jail.

Doolin lasted one year more, spent in flight. He was killed by a posse near Lawson in August, 1896.

Little Dick West was the last to die. He is the only one of the outlaws who rode for the Halsells who is mentioned in Harry Halsell's later self-published books The Old Cimarron and Cowboys and Cattlemen. Little Dick was brought to the Halsell ranch in Texas as a small orphan boy. A homeless waif, he was first called "Ragged Dick" and was much beloved by the Halsell family.

One of the ranch's foremen had found Dick and as he grew up "Rag-ded Dick" learned the cowboy's trade. He came to Oklahoma with Oscar and Harry, who recognized Dick's steadfastness and courage many times. In Harry's narratives of clashes with Indians, with the army troops from Camp Russell who forced the cattlemen to remove their herds from the Unassigned Lands before the Run of '89, with hardcases and law officers in the Kansas cowtown Hunnewell, with rustlers, with rival cattle barons on the open range, Dick West always seemed to be nearby and loyal and brave in his part of the action.

Dick West was brave in dying. In 1897 he threw in with whose comic opera outlaws Al and Frank Jennings. After their several failures in train robbery, Little Dick left them in disgust. The Jennings boys were captured and went to jail.

Little Dick hid out awhile, then went to work on a farm on Cottonwood Creek near Guthrie. A posse led by Logan County Sheriff Frank Rinehart and including Bill Tilghman found Dick and attempted to arrest him there, but Little Dick preferred to fight. He was shooting his sixgun at the officers while he dived under a barbwire fence when he died, early on the morning of April 7, 1898.

It is no good to sit in judgment of these men, for we can never know all the factors that joined in the making of their decisions. But it is hard to forget the psalmist's declaration regarding those who "are like chaff which the wind drives away," that they will perish.

Perhaps if these brave and resourceful men had done what they did not want to do, if they had proved up and worked their claims in Cowboy Flat, they might have lived long in Pleasant Valley, instead of becoming targets; for bullets, for the morbid eyes of the curious, and for photographers, as they lay cold and dead on board sidewalks, in wooden coffins, or on mortuary slabs, far from home.

The Cimarron Valley Historical Society will dedicate an historical marker to Cowboy Flat on Sunday, May 16. The ceremony will be held at 3:00 P.M., beside the old Fitzgerald log cabin where the Dalton gang planned the disastrous Coffeyville bank robbery. To reach the site drive approximately 8 miles east of Guthrie on highway 33. Turn north on the paved road there, continue north about 3 1/2 miles, and you'll encounter the old cabin on your right.

WEST DALTON DOOLIN POWERS BROADWELL NEWCOMBE WYATT
The recent International Rodeo Association Finals in Tulsa produced plenty of action. And there’s RODEO to come:

Apr. 1-3—IRA Rodeo Dewey
Apr. 1-3—NIRA Rodeo Stillwater
Apr. 16-17—IRA Rodeo Tahlequah
Apr. 22-24—IRA Rodeo Guthrie
Apr. 22-24—NOC Rodeo Tonkawa
Apr. 22-24—IRA Rodeo Okemah
Apr. 23-24—IRA Rodeo Fort Gibson
Apr. 30-May 1—RCA Rodeo Guymon
May 4-9—RCA Rodeo Tulsa
May 7-9—IRA Rodeo Locust Grove
May 13-15—IRA Rodeo Nowata
May 14-15—Roundup Club Rodeo Broken Arrow
May 20-22—IRA Rodeo Noble
May 21-22—IRA Rodeo Tahlequah
May 26-29—Jim Shoulders Rodeo Miami
May 27-29—IRA Rodeo Colbert
May 27-29—IRA Rodeo Okmulgee
May 27-29—IRA Rodeo Pryor
June 3-5—IRA Rodeo Paula Valley
June 3-5—IRA Rodeo Seminole
June 10-12—IRA Rodeo Talihina
June 11-12—IRA Rodeo Wagoner
June 16-19—RCA Rodeo Claremore
June 17-19—IRA Rodeo Wilburton
June 20—Ben Johnson Memorial Steer Roping Pawhuska
June 23-26—IRA Rodeo Durant

A delightful aspect of Tulsa’s summer are the Starlight Concerts at Skelly Stadium. The band is professional, the summer evenings are pleasant, the aura of an oldtime concert in the park, music classical, semi-classical, modern, everything combines to make each performance a charmer, and it is all free. Concerts are on the evenings of June 29th; also July 6th, 13th, 20th, and 27th.

Through plaintive eyes of retrospect
I see the mighty rivers;
The laughing waters in the dells
Where lived the silver slivers.

The peaks, adjoined in sisterhood,
Are decked in capes of ermine;
The cloudlets, ballerina like,
Their pirouettes determine.

The cataracts where rainbows grow,
The sun their only reigning;
Reflections in a mirrored pool
Where solace knew sustaining.

Where vagrant sunlight filters through
I see the lofty forest legions,
Embedded deep in quietude
With chimes in upper regions.

From out the mists of fateful years
I see my people’ hunger,
A hunger for the land they knew,
As when the race was younger.

... Charles Ruggles Fox

UNREPENTANT HUNGER

Born of a race that lived of life,
A race akin to Nature:
They cherished things they saw and heard;
No wealth enhanced their stature.

Aroused from sleep’s exactitude,
Beneath the star-flecked heavens,
I saw the Night her curtains fold...
The tapers die by sevens.

The loom of lights on mountain heights
Foretold Aurora’s baring
Foretold the coming of the day...
The splendor of the morning.

Afar the prairies stretched away,
The breezes gently grooming;
Afar the vistas held me fast
Though morning mists were looming.

I see the land my fathers knew,
The land that knew no master,
Where bison roamed, in vasty herds,
Ere poachers brought disaster.

Shawnee and Oklahoma City are this year winners of Top Ten Awards in the continuing effort to clean up our environment. At the National Clean-up Conference in Washington, D.C., these trophies were presented by Mrs. Richard Nixon to Milford Bowlan, Chairman of the Shawnee Chamber of Commerce Area Beautiful Committee, Shawnee Mayor Pierre Taron, Jr.; and to James W. Hale, Director of Oklahoma City Beautiful.
TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

Our Spring 1961 issue raised the question, "If your grandson is born on a space ship to Mars will he be a citizen of the United States or a citizen of the world?" Perhaps there are some who think it is silly to even consider the possibility of a child being born on a ship traveling through space. But since our moon landings, you might find it of interest to turn back and re-read this 1961 article on SPACE LAW.

SPELUNKERS in the same issue tells of the fantastic number of caves across Oklahoma, many of them still only partially explored. Otis Wile’s article WRESTLING should surely be read by anyone who has interest in Oklahoma’s sports stature. At the time we published that article Oklahomans had won the National Collegiate Wrestling Championship twenty-six of the thirty-one times it had been offered. Sports-author Wile tells about our Oklahoma Olympic wrestling champions in the same article. It is downright exciting.

Some of our most unusual town names; Torpedo, Hogshooter, Slapout, Sid, Micawber, and many others have interesting stories behind them. You’ll find them in the Spring 1961 Oklahoma Today.

Our Arbuckle Mountain country will have a new flood of visitors now that new I-35 is entirely open. The drive will be even more interesting if, before starting, you’ll read Robert Moser’s delightful account of the geological background of those ancient mountains.

A number of the works of world-renowned Oklahoma sculptor Leonard McMurray are pictured in the issue. 1961 was the first year of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame Western Heritage Awards. Those first year winners are listed in the issue.

Eight gorgeous color scences are included in this issue. An architect’s drawing of the Will Rogers and Sequoyah Memorial Buildings fills the inside back cover. During the past ten years both buildings have been built and fully occupied. So much has happened that we hope you’ll find it of interest to review the Oklahoma Today published ten years ago.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
BE A GOODWILL AMBASSADOR

Are you planning a vacation to visit a friend or relative in some other state this summer? Then why not take advantage of the new OKLAHOMA TODAY offer that will open all sorts of doors of pleasure for you and bring hours of enjoyment and reading pleasure to that special individual.

If you send in a renewal or new subscription to OKLAHOMA TODAY, before May 15th, we’ll send you a FREE copy of this 1971 Spring OKLAHOMA TODAY.

Then you will have your own copy, as well as another one to give away. You’ll proudly prove that Oklahoma is a beautiful state and will have the pleasure of giving Oklahoma’s finest magazine.

When you send in for this offer, please mark your check FREE. Then we’ll know you want that extra magazine that you can almost hear say, “Take me along too.”

Use the enclosed envelope (we pay the postage) to send in your check or money order. Then we’ll rush the extra copy to you.

A WARRIOR’S COMMISSION

You who are alive,
Live and love for us,
Make much of life.
Awaken to spring,
Touch the first violet,
Feel the earth in your hand.
Let your laughter ring out
With solvent happiness,
Sing and dance.
Should storms come
Let the wind push
You close together.
And remember
The enchantment of night
Is yours for loving.
Let your heart beat fast
With warm blood pulsating
Through your living body;
Ours has spilled cold
Upon the cold rock,
That yours remain warm.

Dorothea Hardy Proctor

SQUARE DANCE SHOW

Northeast Oklahoma square dancers will hold their 24th Annual Festival at the Tulsa Assembly Center on April 3rd. Five to six thousand colorfully costumed dancers make this an exciting event to observe. Advance tickets are being sold or you may purchase yours at the door.

On January 4 of this year 1971 the first loaded barge arrived at the Port of Muskogee.

The Muskogee Port was officially dedicated by Governor David Hall, the Oklahoma Congressional Delegation, Muskogee citizens and distinguished guests on January 22. Several huge barges were on that day moored to the wharf for unloading.
How can we describe the elation, joy, the sense of new adventure, that rises as we stand alongside the dock and watch the barge tows moving upriver with deep-throated whistle signals to resonate their intentions to approaching craft moving downriver. We have talked of river navigation so long. We are accustomed to reading about it. These aspects of words, print, or pictures on a page are no longer strange. You must experience it with your own sight and your own hearing. So go, and allow adequate time for an experience that, strangely, becomes more unreal as you actually experience it.

To be there, in actuality, as a vessel arrives from far away, or singles up and gets underway for some distant port, to hear a command from pilot or captain that has the sound of seagoing, to see the powerful swirl in the tug's stern waters, then come the indescribable sensations.

An arriving tug backs down, maneuvering in to the dock, presently shutting down its diesels with the ring of engine room telegraph from the bridge, or getting underway, moves out into the stream, and diminishes downriver. Quiet comes to you. The sun glints and sparkles all across the wide river. Here converge the Verdigris, Grand, and Arkansas. This great gathering of waters laps at the dock on which you stand. The lapping river sound is somehow comforting and timeless. The sea has come to Oklahoma.
When the city of Galveston was almost devastated by the tragic flood at the turn of the century, the city fathers searched for a material that could withstand the surge of the sea. In their search they turned to their sister state Oklahoma for stones from her quarries. The retaining wall which serves the island of Galveston as a fortress against the wrath of hurricane winds and waves was built in 1902 of Oklahoma granite.

Some of the better business houses in Dallas have polished granite and corner stones from Southwestern Oklahoma. Altus Air Force Base runway was paved with crushed granite from the Navajo Mountains, near Headrick.

Most persons think of Oklahoma as an agricultural or petroleum producing state. We are both; with zinc, lead, coal, copper, and gypsum mining added. We are more. According to a research report from the National Geographic Society, Southwestern Oklahoma is the granite center of the world.

Prior to World War II, Copenhagen, Denmark, was the world’s greatest exporter of granite. From granite cliffs rising as islands from the Baltic Sea the granite was quarried and shipped. When shipping was hampered by World War II and the granite quarrying industry expanded in Southwestern Oklahoma, Denmark yielded first place to Southwestern Oklahoma.

Mill Creek had been one of the first granite quarries in Oklahoma. Meers and Granite had early active quarries. Mountain Park, Snyder, Roosevelt, and other communities welcomed the constant stable level of economic income from quarries operating in the early 1900’s. Frederick has some wholesale granite houses, but the granite quarries are in the Wichita Chain of the Rocky Mountain Range, which extends from Caddo and Comanche through Jackson, Greer, and intervening counties.

“Certainly, I know about Snyder, Oklahoma,” a man in Boulder, Colorado, told me. “I have friends in the granite business in Sanderstown, Rhode Island. They have Oklahoma granite shipped in all the time.”

We are sentimental about the scars as our mountains are slowly carved away, although there is as much or more granite under the ground as above the surface; granite in gray, red, pink and other colors, which polish and engrave beautifully. With our granite we are building men, as well as industries and churches. Neither wind, hail, nor high water can limit this crop that never fails.
MISS INDIAN AMERICA, Virginia Stroud of Muskogee, is an “A” student at Bacone College, an all-state athlete, and an artist.

Her painting won the 1970 First Place Award, Woodlands Division, at the Philbrook Art Center’s annual competition shortly before she won the Miss Indian America title.

The painting is titled RETURNING HOME. It is painted in traditional style, and based on research. Her art professor, then Dr. Richard West at Bacone, insisted on careful research. So we see a sun and night calendar at the top of the painting. The returning hunter has been absent two nights, one day, and two half-days. On the day of his return it rained.

The teepees are drawn in the traditional style found in old ledger drawings made by chiefs and warriors during their captivity as prisoners after the Indian wars of the 1800’s. Virginia has added the woman’s touch in their graceful lines and in the beautiful color blendings she has chosen.

The bear paw track in the right foreground indicates that a bear came into camp while the hunter was absent. The horsehoof tracks tell us the hunter traveled across the mountains on this trip. The deer hoofmark to the left of the yellow sun emblem on the smaller teepee tells us that he was successful on this hunt and returned with a deer. The larger teepee to the left tells us that he has been a successful hunter and provider for quite a long time, so successful that he has been able to provide the materials for a larger teepee to which he will now move.

Significant is the prominence Virginia has given to women’s work; the Arapaho ladies weaving, in her painting. Woven into the rug before the large teepee is an old musket, which suggests a family heirloom, a trophy taken by a warrior grandfather in battle some generations ago. Near the center of the rug is woven a strung bow, the hunter’s principle weapon. In the right hand portion of the rug the ladies are now weaving, cleverly concealed, you will find Virginia’s nickname.
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