festival of the forest

OWA-CHITO

Kiamichi

Continuous entertainment is a special feature of Owa-Chito, the festival of the forest centered around Beavers Bend State Park, June 7-9. Spring will be in full leaf and blossom to provide the setting for this second annual big fun hunt, and every daylight hour will see a "no admission charge" event; music from the most modern to old-time fiddling; forestry contests to horse shoe pitching; Indian arts, crafts, and foods; historic, artistic, industrial, woods and wildlife exhibits. Southeastern Oklahoma's Kiamichi Country is the place to aim for at Owa Chito time if you enjoy folks having fun.
What a fish fry!

Music.

Boat races.

Rodeo.

Queen Contest, Art Show, Terrapin Races, Golf Tournament, Horseshoe Pitching, Square Dancing.

Last year 17,231 people were served at the FREE FISH FRY. If you missed it, come this year and make it 17,232.

June 16-22

MADILL, OKLAHOMA
Where the storied Cimarron goes, there go the birds. Born of snow and mountain springs in the rugged highlands of northeastern New Mexico, the infant river plays along at first as a free-flowing crystal stream.

But upon reaching the flatlands below, it changes tempo. It creeps now through portions of three more states, extreme northwestern Oklahoma at a corner of southeastern Colorado and a loop of southwestern Kansas. In tracing its pathway east and south it crosses the 100th Meridian to become soon thereafter Oklahoma’s own.

The significance of the 100th Meridian, from a bird standpoint, is that here in our state east meets west. Theoretically, at least, eastern birds are to be found east of the meridian and western birds to the west of it.

In reality, however, western birds follow the river east of the meridian to the eastern edge of the plains and even into the crossborders. Changes in the topography of the area through which the river flows (changes due in part to the meandering and overflow of the river itself) is another factor which makes for widely differing species of birds and countless numbers of fascinating migrants. We can mention only a few.

Come with me to the Black Mesa country where the Cimarron enters Oklahoma. This panhandle region is known for its rare and beautiful birds.

In arid days amid the cottonwoods our binoculars pick up Lewis woodpeckers, pink of breast with the black wings of a flycatcher. Watch hopefully near water for that small flame of a bird, the glowing vermilion flycatcher.

A true westerner, the Say’s phoebe, wearing a rose-russet breast, haunts the rugged foothills, while in the river groves vivid Bullock’s orioles swing their basket nests.

In the dry valleys, curved hill thrashers nest in cacti and shy brown towhees float away on silent wings. Watch with me in far brown pasture, where perhaps the Cimarron once flowed, for that skylark of the sagebrush, the Cassin’s sparrow. A plain brown American sparrow, he sings a song so sweet and rich that he must needs accent it with a spiraling climb and a hover above his modest nest.

Poetry in prose, song in sage, beauty in a semi-desert—this is the contribution of the Cassin’s sparrow! This is one of the western birds which is following the river east; two nesting pairs were identified recently in a pasture near Stillwater.

Mist nets, used by authorities to trap birds for banding and subsequent release, reveal the presence of many warblers in this highland portion of the Cimarron Valley. Among these, the golden Wilson’s warbler with a black skull cap seeks thickets near flowing water. MacGillivray’s warbler, hooded and wearing a partial eye ring, and that better known little singer, the Maryland yellowthroat (the one with the Halloween mask) reward us with their presence here.

Lark bunting, the females in brown and white and the males in dapper black and white, seek water at the river as do those other pasture birds, the sky horned larks. Roadrunners dash through the brakes.

Overhead, western kingbirds scold us, flaunting their golden breasts and shapely forms in flight. Now an immigrant downstream, this bird is a common sight in summer in Perkins and Stillwater in the western crossborders of the Cimarron Valley.

In the high country of the panhandle, too, thousands of ducks and geese, shorebirds and waders invade the river shallows in migration. We have seen avocets in flocks, phalaropes, ruddy turnstones, willets, greater and lesser yellowlegs and many sandpipers in season. The list of migrants is much too long to mention and can only fill one with a sense of awe at the variety and majesty of nature’s creatures along the Cimarron way.

Nor is this sense of awe lessened as one follows the sleepy, meandering river east. Through the rich raw hills and vales of western Kansas, past Freedom, Oklahoma, with its nearby Alabaster Caverns, colorful bird life manifests itself everywhere. From the ground-loving pheasants and bobwhite quail, rare grouse and wild turkey to the high-flying mourning dove, from the cheery notes of the cardinal to the strident calls of the western kingbirds, one gains here a sense of high adventure.

Once out of the bluffs and into the flatlands the bird life of the Cimarron Valley seems to multiply in number and variety. Here one must be forgiven for using figures. In Payne County alone, where in the river’s wanderings it almost inscribes figure 8s, we have counted more than fifty species of birds which are year-around residents here.

Of these, for color, beauty and charm, one must mention the beloved cardinal and the eastern bluebird, the robin, the Carolina chickadee and tufted titmouse. Few exceed in beauty of color and form the American goldfinch, that bird that has won the wild canary. None equals for us the clashing fascination of five species of woodpeckers, including the big piliated woodpecker, a stiker for aged trees and tall timbers, the genial red-bellied woodpecker and the cunning downy woodpecker. Others are the flickers, the yellow-shafted and the red-shafted, cross-breed here thanks to our east west regions. Often this cross-breeding produces ludicrous color effects in whiskeys, underwings and caps, but all are for us the gentle woodpeckers.

The large russet Carolinas wren and the Bewick’s wren are most common here but sometimes the house wren appears. These match their song with the trill of the mockingbird and the piccolo pippings of the field sparrows.

We live amicably with sparrow hawks and the large buteos like the redtailed hawk. The first eats mostly grasshoppers and the second is a real eater. Four species of owls, including the great horned owl, are, for most of us, mere voices in the deep woods, but they can have their place in nature’s intricate web of life.

On the water or near it we see coots, snipe and that fine folk, the belted kingfisher among others.

These are but a few of our permanent bird citizens. To them we must add:
add the summer residents and the winter visitants.

Summer birds along this end of the Cimarron, more than thirty different species of them, add much to the pleasure of the season. Beloved purple martins and various swallows, including the family beauty, the barn swallows, the tail-wagging grey eastern phoebe and the chimney swifts all glean the air of flying insects including mosquitoes. Eastern flycatchers now compete with the western and eastern kingbirds. Notable among these is that long forked-tailed beauty, the scissor-tailed flycatcher, Oklahoma's state bird.

On summer nights, when the hosts of locusts sing as on a wild sonophone, the chuck-will's-widow holds a ball. He waddles along the ground before his mate, reiterating in strange song his claim to earth. His near relative, the night hawk, flies swiftly through twilight skies gathering insects as he goes.

No summer day would be so rare without the buntings, the chinspuns, the tanagers, vireos, and blue grosbeaks and hummingbirds, to mention only a few. On these, nature has lavished her richest hues.

The male painted bunting, green, rose and vivid blue, is America's most colorful wild bird. No other bird was called forth so many exclamations from visitors. He is simply too deliciously lovely to seem real! The indigo bunting, an all-blue jewel, is scarcely less attractive.

We have two species of orioles along this eastern stretch of the river, the smaller rust-red oriole and the large orange-colored Baltimore, both beauties. The summer tanager is a singer and an all red bird while the male scarlet tanager (are here but seen occasionally) wears black barless wings over scarlet.

The Bell's vireo, a sprite in grey with the delightful yellow breast, is our common vireo here at Ranch o' the Dells, one-half mile from the Cimarron. We have seen others. The blue grosbeak's unbelievably beautiful song starts the summer day here, and ruby-throated hummingbirds dart the hours taking nectar from honeysuckle and other flowers.

Among summer bird residents of the eastern Cimarron Valley, one must not forget the oddities. The delightful yellow-breasted chat sings and flies with his legs dangling like landing gear. Then there is the warbler, so like a small meadowlark, who sings from a wire perch, his tail tucked down and his head thrown back as though in glee. "Dick-dick-dick-ciss-ciss" goes his monotonous little trill.

The yellow-billed cuckoo, the rain-crow, is one of the most familiar of the long polkadot lined tail and his mate's habit of forgetting occasionally and laying her eggs in the black-billed cuckoo's nest!

No list of summer birds, no matter how fragmentary, should fail to mention the blue-grey gnatcatcher, which, small as a wren but with a long, dark-centered tail, buzzes along taking the least of insects. Not common, none suggests that darling of American sparrows, the lark sparrow. Stripped of head with a side splash of white in a fan-shaped tail; this little fellow is a ground nester. He sings with a charmingly haunting limp in his throaty song.

Among the winter sparrows our binoculars pick up the clean lines of the numerous Harris sparrows, the brown-breasted and the handsome buff-colored. It is said that these big birds from the northern woods must come south to the Arkansas River to find their black bibs. But they belong in winter to the region of the Cimarron as well. Then see that one with a clear grey breast and a white cap, the white-crowned sparrow. Others are the white-throated sparrow, the dainty tree sparrow with a dot in his breast, and the big fox sparrow with a striped vest. These and the vesper, Lincoln and song sparrows, singers all, merit our care, warm water and grain on winter days.

We have at the ranch have lived for years with these winter sparrows. An incident remains in my memory. One cold snowy day a fox sparrow came laboring into the yard, flying low. His feet were encased in chunks of ice. We gave these wary creatures a feeder and ate grain until he could hold no more. Then we watched as he flew heavily to the watering rock and there in the warm bath plucked away the ice from his feet. Our shelter, food and water had saved his life.

Besides the sparrows, winter brings those little snowbirds, the juncos, and that shy, red-eyed ground robin, the rufous-sided towhee. Purple finch now enliven our yard, the male the color of raspberry jam. Saucy little pine siskins appear. These and many other cold weather residents help cheer the bird lover's winter.

But even after these are noted, there is yet another group of birds, the tourists or migrants. These long distance migrants go down the central flyway which bisects Oklahoma, on their way to Central and South America in the fall and on farther north in spring.

Because of the flyway we often see geese here above the river, sometimes snow geese, pure white against the blue. The dramatic sweep of great whooping geese across our state on their 2,000 mile trek from nesting in the far north to their chosen winter home in the Refuge of Texas and back is the high point of migration for us here. Yet this, with all its drama, is only a small part of the north-south migration along the ancient flyway.

Indeed, only on the map is the central flyway across Oklahoma a trail. It is in reality rather an irregular area along which many birds go north, south, south to north, in fall and spring respectively. And the central and eastern portions of the Cimarron Valley are crossed by the flyway.

Nowhere can one see this fact more clearly than at Twin Lakes in Cush- ing. These large lakes attract a remarkable variety of birds, both transient and local.

To see the birds, we creep quietly up the embankment of the lakes, our black forms almost the hum of the hundreds that swim out there in February and March hundreds of pintails and some redheads, numerous canvasbacks and scaup. A visit to the lakes in April reveals a change in scene. Now take the stage with shovellers and many more.

In April and May, too, black terns in delightful numbers skim the lakes flying around and around as though playing games! The beautiful things come so close in their search for insects that watchers can see them well with the naked eye. Surprisingly there are phalaropes swimming in circles out there. Wilson's snipe and water pipitts are to be seen along the embankment.

At the peak of spring migration these banks are sometimes lined with swallow hundreds of them, representing many of these varied and wonderful birds, going a long or a short distance to nest. Sometimes yellow-headed blackbirds in twenties and thirties, here practice the blackbird wave-over-wave flight with remarkable color effects! This year, lovely avocets black and white with gold on heads and throats, added to the glamour of the scene.

On tributaries and ponds near the river, awkward green herons and spotted sandpipers (the birds that teeters as he walks) are summer residents here in this amazing curve of the Cimarron.

Along the river itself as it loops and turns one finds wild geese in season, and bank swallows nesting in the river banks. Higher up, against the blue sky, pinions of rare eagle soar over the river. Yet a little while in spite of sorrow and loss, these symbols of our country fly. For this is America, "land that I love," and birds of the Cimarron Valley are part of its very heart.
1933: Enid’s first Tri-State Festival. Far back in the cornet section of the Goldman Band was a Guthrie 15-year-old named Billy Burchardt. He was awed by the prestige and dignity of Edwin Franko Goldman, maestro conductor of New York’s famous Goldman Band, and inspired by the splendid pyrotechnics of Horace Thromberg, trombone soloist with the 1933 and ’34 Phillips University Band.

Since those cold early April mornings and golden sun-warmed spring noonadays of almost half-a-century ago, Tri-State has been an event to anticipate all year long. Few festivals have been missed by this enthusiastic participant. In succeeding years I returned as a band director, with much pride in my students and high hopes for our Putnam City Pirates high school band.

In the years after World War II my daughters began entering the competitive music events there, and I was a typical father sitting on the nervous edge of his seat while his youngsters contested in solo, in ballet, in all the variety of ensembles and musical organizations. We set no records for winning top award ratings; we were always especially happy when the criticism sheets placed us in a top division; and somewhat more restrained when we didn’t do so well. In recent years I’ve enjoyed serving as a judge in solo and ensemble events. As student, teacher, parent, and judge, Tri-State has always been for me a three-day infusion of inspiration.

Enid is a beautiful city. If each city in the land were like Enid, urban blight would be a term that we would never have heard. Those natural raptures which are youth and hope combine with Enid’s high plains springtime air to make a euphoric blend with which to confront the challenges.

BY
BILL BURCHARDT
of Tri-State competition.

Every setting in which festival events are held is pleasing, churches, schools, auditoriums, Convention Hall. The center of the city, the square, is always clean and shining. Impromptu picnics of students and adult sponsors occur in Government Springs Park and on Phillips University's lovely campus.

The cream of young citizenry from Canada and seven U.S. states, 20,000 young people, were there last spring to display their musicianship.

And such a display! Throughout the festival music is eaten with and slept with as well as performed. It is a saturation of music, and today's amateurs are better than most professional musicians of the years preceding the birth of this festival.

If this seems difficult of belief, attend the concerts this spring. You will hear superior high school bands playing compositions that would have been a task for professional organizations in the time of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Four hundred and fifty musical organizations were there last year, competing in as many as 72 locations in Enid at the same time.

You will hear young soloists execute with ease the technical showpieces that displayed the virtuosity of professional concert artists in the early years of this century.

You may hear those who falter, too, for this is a purpose of Tri-State, to permit each individual and organization to compare musical competence. A surprising percentage of those who fall short elevate their sights, increase their self-discipline, then return the next year and earn a higher rating.

Dr. Milburn Carey, who each year masterminds, organizes, and administers this immense festival can tell such success stories.

One year a boy from Texas hitchhiked to Enid to compete in Tri-State. While there he met some folks from Interlochen, Michigan. At their urging he attended the National Music Camp at Interlochen. Then he went to Oberlin University. Now he is oboist with the Boston Symphony.

Nineteen bandmasters from Japan attended a recent Tri-State Festival.

You, too, should attend this year, May 2, 3, 4, Enid.
Indian In Industry

Editor's Note: Indian unemployment has been a difficult problem. The most immediate cause being that too many Indian youths drop out of school at or before the 7th or 8th grade. The causes of school dropout are not easy to challenge. Prejudice still exists. There is apparent need to help Indian youngsters develop the determination to succeed in spite of challenge, in spite of prejudice.

White-Indian conflicts of early U.S. history culminated in all-out confrontation in the late 1800s and reservation life created cultural shock from which many Indian people never recovered.

There have been no Indian reservations in Oklahoma since 1907, and pointing accusing fingers over past conflicts serves no useful purpose. No persons, Indian or white, can be held responsible for the acts of ancestors.

We live in the present. Our problem are in the present. We are at work trying to solve these problems and there are signs of progress. Many Oklahoma businesses now seek to employ large numbers of Indian people. Of the 250 wholly Indian owned and operated businesses, here are a few;

CHICKASAW MOTOR INN
One of the outstanding tribal-sponsored business ventures is the beautiful Chickasaw Motor Inn, Sulphur, where Platt National Park is located. It was built on the ashes of Sulphur's once-famous Artesian Hotel. The recently refurbished Inn now holds a proud face toward the traveling public.

With the purchase of the Artesian Motel in 1973, Chickasaw Governor Overton James and the Chickasaws made tribal history. Hundreds of Indians, the leaders of many tribes,
ect, Lost Hills District (north of Los Angeles, California) uses Prince valves. The highest multi-stage water lift in the U.S., at Tehachapi, California, uses Prince valves to prevent backflow under the tremendous operating pressures there.

Lloyds of London have approved Prince valves. They are being used by Marathon Oil and LeTourneau of Texas in the construction oil drilling rigs in the North Sea off Alaska. A six-month backlog now includes orders for Venezuela petrochemical plants; also for a new water system.

The Feather River irrigation project in the Virgin Islands; and for U.S. Navy and Coast Guard ships under construction at the Bath Iron Works, Maine; Bethlehem Shipyards, Maryland; Litton Shipyards, Mississippi, and National Steel and Shipbuilding, California.

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HA-PAH-SHU-TSE
INDIAN FOODS
Ha-pah-shu-tse—Red Corn Indian Foods—manufactured and packaged in Pawhuska, are owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Redcorn and their son Raymond III. After years of experimenting they perfected a fry-bread-mix and received a small grant through the Osage Agency.

With the grant they purchased equipment, but it was not enough to get a health department approved building. "We then applied for a Small Business loan. This provided us with working capital, and funds to purchase our own building in Pawhuska," Mrs. Redcorn explained. The building is finished in Osage designs and provides facilities for customers to sit and enjoy a meal of the real Indian foods prepared there.

Indian women employees wear colorful Osage blouses and ribboned skirts. Choices of meat pie, fry-bread with honey, beans, Indian squash, and chicken were available when we visited, with a dessert of wild grape dumplings.

Wild grapes, which must be gathered and brought in to the Redcorns, are not always available.

Foods packaged and sold both wholesale and retail include frybread mix, ready-to-serve Indian meat pies, corn soup, Indian squash, wild grape dumplings, Sofkie, and blue corn meal.

When Raymond Redcorn was 18 he went with a group of Boy Scouts to England to attend a World Scout Jamboree. The first Boy Scout troop in America had been organized at Pawhuska nine years earlier by the Rev. John Mitchell, a young Episcopal minister who had served as Baden Powell's chaplain. Invited to England by Baden Powell, founder of scouting, the Indian boys were housed in tepees and Powell brought King George VI and the Prince of Wales out for a visit. Ray-
mond Redcorn was cooking fry-bread at the time. He offered some to the King, where-upon the boys were invited to the palace and Raymond made fry-bread for royalty.

Trucks from Redcorn Industries deliver Indian foods to a market that now includes Tulsa, Bartlesville, Ponca City, Sedan, Kansas, and Neosho, Missouri, and is growing every day.

**OSAGE-SPONSORED TECHNICAL SCHOOL**

Raymond Redcorn also heads a school sponsored by the industrial development training program of the Osage Agency. Its on-the-job program teaches young Indians building trades including cement work, electric wiring, plumbing, and carpentry. The Osage Tribal Council chooses students from approved applications for the school. There is no age limit. Students are now at work remodeling a large home.

**THE REDMAN STORE**

The Redman Store, operated by Georgann Robinson at 606-Kihekah, Pawhuska, handles hand-made Indian merchandise. She includes Indian dance attire items for both men and women, beadwork, jewelry, and her specialty is ribbon work. Mrs. Robinson has just completed designing and making an Osage dress and mocassins for Mrs. Dewey Bartlett.

**OSAGE HILLS GOLF COURSE**

Laurence Bighorse is the pro and manager of the tribal-owned Osage Hills Golf Course. Two beautiful lakes surrounded by the colorful Osage Hills provide the setting for this nine-hole course and attractive club house. There are sixty-five club members and the public is welcome to play this year-around course for a small green fee.

**OSAGE BOARDING SCHOOL**

At the tribal-sponsored Osage Boarding School, Mrs. Ida Penn and Mrs. Maudie Chesewalla demonstrated traditional Osage finger weaving and displayed pieces of handicraft done by the two-hundred children who attend the school. They are keeping an old tribal tradition alive. Mrs. Chesewalla learned much from the late Josephine Jump of Pawhuska, who designed the beautiful costumes worn by Marjorie Tallchief, Yvonne Chouteau, Rosella Hightower, and Moselyne Larkin in the Four Moons Ballet which was presented in Tulsa and Oklahoma City in celebration of the 60th anniversary of Oklahoma's Statehood.

The school was opened on September 4, 1973. It is state accredited, licensed through the board of private schools, approved by the BIA, and by Oklahoma Vocational Rehabilitation. There are various loan programs for students.

“We have courses in carpet installation, sales and management. Nine months of instruction is followed by three to five years on-the-job experience. We are set up for both day and night classes, and can handle 100 students,” Toahy says.

Students must have finished the eighth grade and be sixteen years of age. Manager Jim Toahy holds a B.S. degree from O.C.L.A. at Chickasha.

**WANA-TUA DESIGNS**

Wana-Tua Designs has successfully invaded the East and West coast fashion markets. Mrs. Mable Harris, Sac and Fox, is the guiding creative force behind Wana-Tua, which means "pretty" in the Sac and Fox language and is a most fitting name for her beautiful creations.

Doris Antun, assistant fashion editor for Mademoiselle magazine, saw several Wana-Tua designs at the Anadarko Indian Exposition in 1968. She was enthusiastic about them and published a six-page feature about Wana-Tua.

At a fashion show in the Native North American Art Museum ten professional Indian models showed Wana-Tua designs to buyers from Grand Union, I. Magnin and L. S. Ayers, resulting in the placing of orders. The designs have since been featured in a week-long fashion show in Indianapolis. In addition to Mademoiselle, articles have appeared in Houston, Chicago, Los Angeles and Oklahoma City newspapers. New York publicity is now further popularizing Wana-Tua Designs.

**FIRST AMERICAN CARPET CENTER**

Located in Oklahoma City is the first operation of its kind in America. The young manager, Jim Toahy, Kiowa, said proudly, "Since we are Indians, the first Americans, we decided to call it the First American Carpet Center."

**TSA-LA-GI OF THE CHEROKEES**

At Tsa-La-Gi, south of Tahlequah, the Cherokees have their recreated
ancient Cherokee village. Nearby on highway 62 is the beautiful Cherokee restaurant, where Indian foods are included on the menu. Authentic Cherokee arts and crafts may be purchased in the attractive shop adjoining. Tahlequah is the historic center of Oklahoma’s Cherokee culture and the area includes such sites as the Cherokee National Capitol (1867) Supreme Court (1884), and the Murrell Home (1845) among others.

The Trail of Tears is presented nightly during the summer season to thousands of visitors. The outdoor amphitheater provides a perfect setting for this stirring drama. Visitors who take sufficient time to tour and enjoy Tahlequah and Tsa-La-Gi will find it a rewarding experience.

CHOCTAW ENTERPRISES

The Choctaws are building a sound economic future through the establishment of training centers. These offer both technical and artistic training. Assistance is offered tribal members who wish to go into business for themselves.

Choctaw Nation Enterprises, Inc. was founded nearly two years ago to provide an umbrella organization for industrial development. A garment factory has been built at Talihina. A $350,000.00 clinic has been built in Broken Bow and leased to the Indian Health Division of the Public Health Service.

The Choctaw Nation operates arts and crafts centers in Idabel, Hugo, Bennington, McAlester, Antlers, Tuskahoma, and Broken Bow. These centers teach the old handicrafts and provide sales outlets for crafts.

Under study by the Enterprises organization are such projects as an Industrial Park to adjoin the Talihina garment factory, possible construction of a motel and restaurant in Choctaw country, as well as other various types of small industry.

The tribe sponsors a two-year course in nursing at Wilburton. The Choctaws have established a Housing Authority with housing projects in Pittsburg, Haskell, and Latimer Counties. A revolving loan fund is available to individuals seeking training.

Problem solving is an ongoing process. What appeared to be "The End of the Trail" to some has proved otherwise. "The Vanishing American" has not vanished. Indian people are a growing and creative economic force in Oklahoma.
In spring Oklahoma is a profusion of green. New grass pushes up through the winter brown prairie. Elm leaves are thumbnail-sized and waxy yellow green. Maples have an airy translucence; the redbud, wild plum and dogwood a pastel softness. The blackjack oak, faithful and final harbinger of change, blossoms with long, streaming tassels, hanging like tendrils of Spanish moss in the warming days.

The spring season may be tempestuous as well as beautiful. In March the new life drags its steps warily. The weather is prone to wild moods. Sunny days are often sliced thin by dark, cold-blowing storms. Leaves and flowers may be lulled to uninhibited displays during balmy timespans, only to be frozen back by a charging norther. But winter's vengeance is unfailingly overcome.

In spring the rare plover returns to the Osage grasslands, to rest idly, like a maternity shop storefront stork, on weathered fenceposts. The mourning dove builds frail stick nests in the oaks, always tardy with its engineering design. The nesting dove, often victim of the last thrashing strike of winter, is enigmatic with its great prosperity and population in the fall. Spring is Killdeer tracks along pond banks; their shrill, worrisome cry, and running, fluttering flight.
Oklahoma spring brings calves, colts, and fawns in their wide-eyed innocence. It is a time when horses run and buck for no reason, and men find an excuse to walk alone through the lengthening twilight.

With April rains, Cookson Hills streams swell to torrents. Through clear Flint Creek the Stoneroller now moves as busily as a housewife expecting company. The Blue Heron drifts down through clouds for summer nesting. Along Barren Fork Creek and the Illinois, the lingering evenings give fishermen the first seasonal symphony — frog voices, rising, and falling away, as if at some cue.

April is the voice of Bobwhite quail in the eastern Oklahoma mixed hardwood-prairie land. The familiar “bob-white” nesting call is imitated from farmboy’s lips and by the multilingual mockingbird, who taunts the bird-world with its repertoire.

Those who go early into the pastures hear the phenomenon of quail gathering along the ponds and lake-shores for a customary first light drink. As the sun breaks over the horizon they explode into song, the sound vibrating and resonating among the hills and through the trees until the origin is lost and the sky seems to fill with one great quailsong.

Then the birds are abruptly silent. It is as if they are offering a ritual chant of thanksgiving. It is the same disconcerting, magical mood caught in the evening calling of coyotes, taking their pups to a nearby knoll for a quick and quivering serenade, or in the melodic discord of spring geese, the sound that brings one instantly awake and to the window, searching wistfully.

May, now green and glowing, edges along the brink of seasonal change. At sundown man and beast alike scan the horizon for great thunderheads, sometimes sprouting up like mushroom rooms after a warm rain. Windstorms can build with an unequaled suddenness and ferocity, splitting hailstones to chew away at new leaves. The farmer, the doe and the dog all test the air with noses and its touch on sensitive skin, to see if they can sense a coming storm in the idle blue skies.

The month of June drifts into the personality of summer with warm and balmy days reminiscent of the lazy ways of old men sunning, smoking and talking around the Tahlequah Courthouse Square. June is the growing month, when vegetable gardens swell with luxurious green sprays. It is the time of the summer’s longest days, when youth are free from school and prone to spend the evening diving from the old Illinois River bridge or from the tall cliffs along Tenkiller Reservoir.

It is a good time for hiking, for campfires along the backwater sloughs of the Arkansas, for bass fishing in clear and gentle lakes Spavinaw and Eucha.

June, the transition month, always leaves a reminder of the capriciousness of spring: Blackberry winter. All of eastern Oklahoma expects to shiver during those few days when the blackberry vines bloom. It is a part of nature’s timetable that cannot be explained away as coincidence, somehow an integral role in the renewal of life.

Early summer is a time of labor for the people of Green Country. Lanky, blue-jeaned cowhands build fences and
brand calves on the great and stretching prairie pushing out north and west from the now inundated course of the history-rich Grand River.

Along the river’s sprawling lakes—northernmost Grand, Hudson, huge Fort Gibson—marina operators, tavern owners, fishbait suppliers, lake guides, merchants of picnic supplies, boats, swimwear, angling tackle; all step to the pace of recreationists from throughout the nation seeking relaxation and lakeside sun.

The Pendergraft brothers are busy preparing their park near Disney for the crowds that will soon descend to play and appreciate bluegrass music. Motel owners in Grove keep a watchful eye on the fishing reports, hoping the bass go on a biting binge so their neon sign may profitably click to “no vacancy.”

The Illinois River is specked by hundreds of bright canoes, filled with modern voyageurs. Float trip operators hustle up-and-down scenic highway 10, depositing customers above the rapids, retrieving their craft at float’s end — trying to keep pace with the growing line waiting to savor this quiet, natural, aesthetic experience.

In the hills along the valley of the Grand and Illinois the Cherokee live quietly, given to their ageless native tongue, endowed with an atavistic comradeship with nature. Their tiny, white-frame churches are alive Sunday mornings with a musical language, and visitors experience an humbling sensation when they witness the unity of the Cherokee, a tribe so romantically intertwined in the history of Oklahoma.

Throughout the summer months the eastern Oklahoma hills resound with ancient ceremony of the Cherokee, the Creek, and to the south, the Choctaw. It is ageless drama reenacted, a communion with trusted deity, scripted by the example of a thousand years.

Eastern Oklahoma is enriched with startling contrast. Cosmopolitan Tulsa, with its modern skyline, renowned art museums, and emphasis on modern education, is only an hour away from a frontier vestige, with sturdy families living in log cabins with woodfire stoves, planting crops around rocky hillsides, supplementing their diet with wild game.

Only hours from the immense, blue-stem prairie cattelland of the Osage is the pine-clad forest of the Ouachita Mountains. Both offer mind-stretching vistas: on the prairie, a rolling illusion of the sea, on the crest of Talimena drive in the Ouachitas, the feeling of flight, with clouds beneath one's feet and streams running like silver ribbons far below.

Green Country is a changing, changeless land: a paradox in its resistance to agricultural domination and modern industry, unashamed as it lures pilgrims seeking outdoor experience. In this manner eastern Oklahoma has kept its soul intact, yet allowing its citizens a livelihood. With foresight, Green Country can become a mecca of beauty and spiritual enlightenment for a disenchanted urban population. For in this wild and primitive country the glare of neon is overshadowed by wind, water and pine, trails lead into quiet hills, and highway sounds are lost to the chattering of grey squirrels and the splash of the smallmouth bass.
Green Country

ATTRACTIONS

(Area One)
Craig, Delaware, Mayes and Ottawa Counties
Pensacola Dam
Grand Lake o' the Cherokees
Shangri La Lodge
Spavinaw Lake and Recreation Area
Har-Ber Village
Lake Hudson (Markham Ferry)
Chouteau Memorial
Snowdale Recreation Area
Salina State Recreation Area
Saline Court House
Locust Grove State Park
Buffalo Ranch
Splitlog Church
Thunderbird Frontier Museum
Vanpool Lead and Zinc Mine Tours
Eastern Trails Museum
Twin Bridges Recreation Area
Cherokee State Recreation Area
Bernice State Recreation Area

(Area Two)
Nowata, Osage, Pawnee and Washington Counties
Osage County Historical Society Museum
Osage Tribal Museum and Indian Agency
Osage Hills State Park
Nellie Johnstone Oil Well
Price Tower
Woolaroc Museum
Phillips Petroleum Exhibit Hall
Cleveland Opry House
Bartlesville Library History Room
Frank Phillips Home
Barnsdall Main Street Oil Well
Tom Mix Museum
Restored Old Dewey Hotel
Pawnee Bill Museum
Keystone Lake and State Park
Walnut Creek State Park
Feyodi Creek Recreation Area
White Eagle State Park
Nowata Museum

(Area Three)
Adair, Cherokee, Muskogee and Wagoner Counties
Port of Muskogee
Submarine Battleship
Honor Heights Park
Five Civilized Tribes Museum
Horseless Carriages Unlimited Museum
Bacone College Indian Museum
Thomas Foreman Home
Fort Gibson Stockade
Fort Gibson National Cemetery
Judge Garrett's House of History
Cherokee Capitol Building
Cherokee Cultural Center
Northeastern State College
Tsa La Gi Cherokee Indian Village
Trail of Tears Drama
Murrell Home
Illinois River Float Trips
Briggs Sequoyah Indian Weavers
Rocky Ford State Park
Adair State Recreation Area
Bitting Springs Mill
Fort Gibson Lake
Western Hills Lodge
Sequoyah State Park
Sequoyah Bay Recreation Area
Webbers Falls Lock and Dam
Webbers Falls Lake
Greenleaf Lake State Park

(Area Four)
Creek, Rogers and Tulsa Counties
Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art
Philbrook Art Center
World Museum and Art Center
Oval Roberts University
Sun DX Refinery
University of Tulsa
Alexander Hogue Gallery of Art
Woodward Park and Municipal Rose Garden
Mohawk Park and Zoo
Tulsa Port of Catoosa
Port of Catoosa Recreation Area

(Area Five)
Sequoyah, LeFlore and Haskell Counties
Talimena Skyline Drive
Talimena State Park
Winding Stair Mountains
Ouachita Mountains
Cedar Lake
Heavener Runestone State Park
Peter Conser Home
Lake Wister State Park
Kerr Museum/Poteau
Kerr Research Headquarters
Robert S. Kerr Reservoir
Hand Blown Glass Plants
Kinta Court House and Jail Ruins
Cavanal-World's highest hill
Tenkiller State Park
Gore-Cherokee Courthouse
Sequoyah's Log Cabin Home
Sallisaw State Recreation Area

(Area Six)
McIntosh and Okmulgee Counties
Lake Eufaula
Asbury Mission
Fountainhead State Park
Fountainhead Lodge
Cherokee Creek Nation Crafts
Choctaw Court House
Creek Nation Council House and Museum
Okmulgee State Recreation Area
Conners College Museum
The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid . . . (Isaiah 11.6)

In the case of the animals at the Holy City of the Wichitas today, Sarah, the rabbit, sleeps with Honey and Barney, the dogs, and the dove, Noah, fraternizes with all three.

The dogs, free to come and go as will about the spacious grounds, never molest other animals, but they prefer to dwell in the house with Mrs. Maud Smith, resident hostess of the Easter Pageant site.

Honey, who is part collie, and Barney, a greyhound-whippet, vie with Noah for the attention of visitors. But Noah, the dove of peace, is capable of giving a stellar performance which always wins the contest. He soars around the living room on diamond-white wings, diving on Honey's back to hitch a ride, then flying off to light in front of a favorite statuette for an interlude of noisy "vespers." He bows and coos like a devoted pagan, then flutters away to another "idol," where his devotion is repeated.

His favorite is a brass head of the elegant Egyptian Queen Nefertiti. Frequently he "reverences" a squat, unknown deity of balanced stones from the South Pacific. But there is one statuette he refuses to worship. It is a scrapply, dull-colored figurine about three inches tall. Noah always knocks it down, pecking and quarreling at it until it is removed from his sight.

Like saints of all ages, Noah has one glaring fault. He's jealous of meek
little Sarah the rabbit. If she gets more attention than he does he chases her beneath a table or behind the divan.

Outside, a variety of fowl live harmoniously. The ducks, Reuben, Rachel, and a mallard named Sergeant share nature’s goodies in the biblical garden with Caesar the peacock, his wives Calpurnia and Cleopatra, and their as yet unnamed albino chick. Hatched last spring, the chick’s sex is still undetermined, and Mrs. Smith hesitates to name it until she is sure.

During molting season Caesar the peacock always has to be begged to “come to the feast.”

“He’s so ashamed of his shaggy appearance,” Mrs. Smith says.

He stands at a distance with his family, over whom he has complete control.

“They won’t eat until he does,” Mrs. Smith explains. “When he is in full feathers he struts around as if he owns the place and is always ready to eat.”

At feeding time for the 30 pigeons there is always an air show at the cote. The fantails turn themselves upside down like holy men of India practicing yoga. The rollers come tumbling down as if they’d been shot. The homers swoop in like gliders. Joining them are flocks of wrens, sparrows, and more colorful birds from the mountains.

An array of birds will line up on top of the cote, chattering as if they’re discussing the menu. Then they dart away to flit to the eaves of the house and into the trees where they again stop to chatter excitedly. They fly down and taste, then take off again. Finally they settle down on the feeding trays to eat their fill.

Even creatures often scorned and hated go unmolested at Holy City. That is, unless some misguided visitor throws a rock or applies a boot heel.

“In those cases,” says Mrs. Smith, “if I see them I try to redirect their thinking. We had a tarantula living in a flower bed out there, and children sometimes got after it with rocks or sticks. I’d pick it up to show that it was harmless, and stroke its fuzzy back. It would huddle down in my palm as if it thoroughly enjoyed the petting. Once it crawled up my arm, and on my shoulder. A visitor from Texas snapped a picture of it.”

Recently Mrs. Smith found a rattler curled up in the sun near the house. She watched it a moment then walked away. “I thought it had as much right here as I did,” she explained.

During the more than twenty years that Maud Smith has been hostess at the Holy City many animals have come to her. There are 35 graves in the animal cemetery behind her house. They were such creatures as Abel, the baby burro, Herod, the snake, St. Peter, the rabbit, Shadrack, Meshack, and Abednego, baby skunks. Balaam, the tarantula, is now buried there, as is Salome, the raccoon, Magdalene, a white dove, Pilot, the barn owl, Esau, the opossum, Jonah, the quail, Pharaoh and Samson, peacocks, David, a duck, Solomon, a pigeon, Barnabas, a crow, Amos, a green lizard, Martha, a mallard, and Goliath, a muscovie duck.

Some of the secular names were Sleepy, a bullfrog, Dearie, an injured fawn whom Mrs. Smith nursed back to health, Dasyplus, an armadillo, Lady and Tramp, dogs, Charlie Brown, an owl, and Old 83, a homing pigeon.

Each creature is remembered for its own individual personality. Old 83, for one, was a favorite with Mrs. Smith’s grandchildren when they lived in Lawton, about 15 miles southeast of the Holy City as the pigeon flies. They would take Old 83 home, turn him loose, and in 30 minutes he would come circling in to dive bomb on the cote. Once Mrs. Smith’s son took Old 83 to San Antonio, Texas. A day and a half later he flew in home.

“I’ve always loved animals,” says Mrs. Smith. “After I came here to the Holy City of the Wichitas I grew even more fond of them. You can’t live with creatures year after year without recognizing their individual worth, and their importance to life on the earth.”
Blue Grass
MUSIC
BY SUE McLANE

It's a combination of square dance, brush arbor, mountain and down-home country music. The titles are often familiar; Sally Goodin, Foggy Mountain Breakdown, Black Jack Davy.

The instruments are native to the Oklahoma community, the same ones frontier settlers brought into the Territories — mandolin, banjo, guitar, and fiddle, with the more recent additions of string bass, and an occasional dobro thrown in for good measure.

The groups wear such names as the Arbuckle Mountain Boys, Stoney Creek, the Cherokee Gospel Singers, Shirley Landrum and the Bluegrass Partners. They range from old timers who played statehood parties to youngsters almost hidden behind their banjos, with mothers, wives, and sisters helping out.

The crowds who come to hear the shows are as diverse as the players. They come in pick-up trucks, campers, Volkswagen buses, or with
backpacks. There are fans from the city, truck drivers, salesmen, computer programmers and, of course, country folks, from farm and ranch.

Over one hundred blue-grass festivals were held in the U.S. in 1972 and last year's festivals more than doubled that number. The national publication Bluegrass Unlimited, begun in 1966, finds its schedules of festivals and performers growing longer and more complicated each year.

August 5-11 of last summer was "Oklahoma Bluegrass Week," officially so proclaimed by the Governor's proclamation and backed by the Oklahoma Bluegrass Club and the magazine Bluegrass Central published in Stillwater.

The bluegrass festivals at Round Springs near Disney in July and at Salt Creek near Hugo in August grow larger each year. They provide good motive for entire families to get out of the city and away from their regular routine to have a good time together. Crowds mill around, joking and laughing. Someone starts up a fiddle tune behind a camper, a guitar emerges, then a banjo, and before long the amateurs, often as good as the scheduled performers on stage, have formed their own impromptu band.

It all sounds simple enough, but bluegrass is really a highly structured art form. It officially began in the 1940s when Bill Monroe organized a group of Kentucky friends he called "The Bluegrass Boys." Monroe wanted to play traditional songs with traditional instruments, but with a new style. By the 1950s, the sound of the music had adopted the name from the original group—bluegrass. Although it was second fiddle to traditional folk music in the 1960s when folk festivals were at their height, the 1970s have brought a renewed revival of bluegrass. Even movies have given it a boost. Foggy Mountain Breakdown served as the theme for "Bonnie and Clyde." "Deliverance" chose a song called Dueling Banjos as its theme and the tune became number one on the pop music charts for weeks.

The music itself is built along traditional patterns. This usually means a four-line verse with three or four chords in 2/4 or 3/4 time. The lead banjo player must be accomplished on the three-finger roll picking style made famous by an original member of Monroe's group, Earl Scruggs, well-known as the long-time partner of Lester Flatt. The guitar player must be able to perform both open chord backgrounds and flat picking. Both the mandolin and fiddle players use styles borrowed from breakdowns, old-time fiddling, and country blues. The string bass player keeps the group together by picking the downbeat.
None of the instruments are electronic.

A good group will include at least two vocalists, a lead singer and someone who can carry harmony. If they are extremely lucky, they may stumble across someone with a voice similar to Monroe's ultra-high frequency tenor. But voices like that are difficult to come by.

The final result is a team effort. Even though each person must be an adequate soloist, each must also be able to function as a part of a team. Many of the groups have sprung from mom-and-pop back porch sessions, with children, cousins and in-laws incorporated to fill out the group. It isn't infrequent to find a group built around a son or daughter who turned up with talent on the mandolin or banjo.

But most people who come to hear the music could care less about details or particulars. They only know that bluegrass sounds great to them.

So they clap, tap feet, sing along, and sometimes even stomp. Whether it's Hugo, Round Springs, Pryor, Tahlequah, Norman, Heavener, or wherever, the music is the same - pure string-picking fun mixed with the old-time camaraderie of an ice cream social or a box supper at the school house.

That's what bluegrass music is really all about.

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April 20
Oklahoma Bluegrass Club Show
Oklahoma City

May 31 - June 2
Little River Bluegrass Festival
Lake Thunderbird

July 5-7
Powder Horn Park Bluegrass Festival
Langley

July 18-21
Round Springs Park Bluegrass Festival
Disney

August 7-11
Salt Creek Park Bluegrass Festival
Hugo

August 23-25
Little River Bluegrass Festival
Lake Thunderbird
CHEROKEE BRAND BOOK

John Shleppey, a rare book dealer at 4530 Sheridan West, Seattle, Wash., 98199, has reprinted the Cherokee Brand Book originally published in 1884 by the Indian Chieftain Pub. Co., of Vinita, Indian Territory. The reprint contains the registered brands of Clem Rogers (Will's dad), along with J. H. Bartles (of Bartlesville), W. E. Halsell, J. T. and J. C. McSpadden, B. F. Fortner, and other prominent Indian Territory names. Copies of the 3"x6½" paper-back booklet may be ordered (from Seattle) for $10.00.

PICTURE BOOKS

Nature's messages serene are told in picture books,
Near and far, in fields and woods, and many pleasant nooks.
The seasons turn the pages, to stories ever new—
Of rocks and rills, and magic tricks, well wrought in frost and dew.

And sometimes longer epochs in basic history,
Are locked in tight, until revealed, in fossil forestry.
Again, these secrets of the past seem carved in canyons deep,
Or, etched by time, in rare design, on mountains tallest peaks.

While overall, to please the eye, are lichen's fairy frost—
Ancient twines to teach us how, so not a whit is lost.
And sometimes lovely poems, in living green we see,
With flowers for illustrations and songs for you and me.

... Vera Fly

SYMPHONY SHOW HOUSE

Open for three weeks following April 25th will be an Oklahoma City Symphony benefit called Decorators' Show House. The former Kerr family home at 7205 Nichols Road, Oklahoma City, is the attraction. Areas in the home have been redecorated by 28 firms, each donating their own time and money to complete the project. Ideas galore for home decorating will be displayed. Open 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday, 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Thurs., admission $2.50 per person, all proceeds to the benefit of the Oklahoma City Symphony.

... from the Cherokee Brand Book
ARTESIAN BEACH: GAGE

There is a recreational spot in northwest Oklahoma that has provided fond memories for three generations of young people.

It all began this way.

In August, 1917, a cable tool rig drilling for oil on the outskirts of Gage came in with a roar. But the liquid which came geysering up out of the earth with such towering force was not oil.

The drilling crew had brought in an artesian well and the liquid gushing over the crown block was water, almost 15,000 gallons per minute of it. This tremendous flow of water soon created a pretty little lake of sparkling clear water.

The pretty little lake attracted swimmers and picnics. It became more and more a community attraction. Gage acquired the property, built a bath house, planted trees, erected stone tables and benches and a small boat dock.

A king-size concrete swimming pool now ranges alongside the pretty little lake, and young people come from surrounding towns, Fargo, Shattuck, Arnett, and even greater distances to get acquainted there. An extensive Red Cross summer program is held here each year. Classes in swimming are taught, life-saving tests given, and competitive swimming meets held.

In 1957 Bill and Wanda Johnson, just newly married, leased Artesian Beach. Tragedy struck just a few years later with Bill's sudden death from cancer.

Mrs. Wanda Johnson still leads the Red Cross swimming activities each summer and is Water Safety Chairman of Ellis County.

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APRIL HAPPENING

With new life stirring
in every tree,
and flowers
on boughs
in April dress christening . . .
why must my forlorn heart,
a frail
and piteous thing
always break in spring!

... Jaye Giammarino
OKLAHOMA WRITERS

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Oklahoma Writers Federation, to be held May 3-4, 1974, at the Holiday Inn, South, Oklahoma City, is expected to attract some 150 Oklahoma writers. The Federation, organized in 1968, is made up of sixteen local writers' groups in Oklahoma, with a total membership of about 400. Mrs. Ernestine Gravely, Shawnee, is president.

The Convention registration desk will open Friday afternoon, May 3. Information on advance registration may be had from Mrs. Lucyle M. Lamb, P.O. Box 249, Yukon, Okla. 73099.

Keynote speaker at the Friday evening dinner will be Mr. Harold Sherman, noted author, playwright, lecturer, and former journalist. Saturday programs include workshop and panel sessions on writing, a gala autograph party for Oklahoma writers with books in print, and the OWF Annual Meeting.

Highlight of the Convention will be the Awards Banquet, Saturday evening. Cash prizes, of $25.00, $15.00, and $10.00 will be awarded for unpublished: Short Story; Confession Story; Article; Play; Novel; Nonfiction Book; Juvenile Short Story; Juvenile Nonfiction Book; Poetry — Traditional Form; and Poetry — Contemporary Form.

Trophies will be awarded for the best works published by Oklahoma writers in 1973. These are: Tepee Award — Novel; Okie Award — Nonfiction Book; and Pegasus Award — Poetry Book. The Oklahoma Arts and Humanities Council participates with OWF in offering these awards.

Membership in the Federation is open to all Oklahoma writers — published, beginning, or interested in learning — through affiliation with an organized group, or by membership-at-large.

... Alta M. Ingram

ASTRONAUTS

Seems like we’ve “lost communication” with the space flight center in Houston. We’ve tried and tried to get them to confirm or deny our claim that Oklahoma has more astronauts who have made space flights than any other state. But as they say from out there in space, “No joy!” which is voice code indicating no reply, either affirmative or negative, from NASA. So we’ll just make the same claim again. And this time with more added. Folks in Claremore want us to add Stuart A. Roosa to our list of Oklahoma astronauts. Stuart Roosa was born in Durango, Colorado, but grew up in Oklahoma and was educated here. He graduated from Claremore High School and attended O.S.U. Stuart piloted the Command Module, Apollo 14, for thirty-four revolutions around the moon, flight time 216 hours 1:59 minutes.

WHEAT HARVEST

The country glows from edge to edge;
All trees stand dark and bold;
The earth’s no longer made of soil
But, glory touched, of gold.
... Nell Ives

NEW BOOKS

The Rand McNally Company, Chicago, has just published a facsimile of their oldest existing road atlas, the edition of 1926. It is a Golden Anniversary commemoration, celebrating 50 years of publishing, and it is a jewel. A copy costs $2.95. There were mighty few miles of paved highway in Oklahoma in 1926. But the real fun is checking the “improved” (graveled) roads and the “graded” (dirt) roads, over the roundabout ways you had to take to get from here to yonder. Motoring cross-country would have been a real and time-consuming adventure in 1926. What’s more, this antique Atlas contains some interesting “Things Worth Knowing.” For instance, here’s a way to use your watch for a compass. “If the sun shines point the hour hand to the sun. Half way between the hour hand and twelve o’clock is south.” Which just goes to show that you can read this oldtime Atlas for information as well as for fun.
NATION’S BEST PAVING
An Oklahoma highway, some six miles of U.S. 177 between Asher and Pearson, has won the national award as the highest quality full depth paving project in America for 1978. The award was presented to the State Highway Department and the contractor, Broce Construction Company, of Woodward, at the convention of the National Asphalt Paving Association in San Francisco.

FIFTH ANNUAL AZALEA ARTS AND CRAFTS SHOW
In Muskogee, on April 20-21, at Hatbox Field, this “buy-sell-trade” show of antiques, guns, coins, stamps, Indian items, paintings, sculpture, baskets, and all will be held. And just across Okmulgee Avenue, in Honor Heights Park, a million azaleas will be blooming.

SPRING COMMAND
The general has lost command
His armies now retreat . . .
The mandate of the winter stand
Bows humbly in defeat.
As blades of green
Break swords of grey
And gentle rains demand . . .
The victor’s Place . . . The battle’s won
And Spring is in command!
. . . Peggy Rankin

TRAVEL IS PATRIOTIC
Thoughtful analysts are urging us to help squelch the idea that it is unpatriotic to travel. Every turn in the energy crisis seems to create its own small panic, and any trend to curtail vacation travel would be most harmful.
Statistics establish that vacation travel is a remarkably small user of fuel. If Americans cancel vacation plans great harm to the economy will result. Travel and the jobs travel makes are of major importance to our national economy. If travel is sharply curtailed spreading job losses will depress the entire economy.

It is through travel that our patriotism is strengthened. Traveling, seeing the beauty of our state and country, is a progenitor of patriotism. Patriotism remains at its lowest ebb in those areas of the world where travel is discouraged or forbidden.

Of course, we must travel with as economical use of energy as possible. This is the year to concentrate on seeing areas closer to home than in previous years and, having arrived at a destination, stay there longer and see the area more thoroughly. Whenever possible, use public transportation, airlines, busses, trains. Trains and busses are especially economical users of fuel. If it has been a long time since you took the train or rode the bus, you are apt to find a special nostalgic pleasure in such a trip. Don’t cancel your vacation this year, but do plan more carefully than usual to make the most of the energy required.

NATIONAL CHAMPION
Dr. M. E. Gordon, with trophy, and Bud Daugherty, with trophy, escort Crossmatch, this year’s National Champion Bird Dog who could also have been carrying a trophy if he’d had a free arm. Crossmatch has won more trophies, including this year’s top national honors, than several people could carry. Dr. Gordon, Claremore, is Crossmatch’s owner. Bud Daugherty, of Inola, handled the champ in the National Championship Competition, held on Ames Plantation near Grand Junction, Tennessee.
TEN YEARS AGO
IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

Oklahoma was getting ready to participate in a World's Fair ten years ago, and for it we prepared a “tours statewide” issue of Oklahoma Today. We divided the state into areas, ancestors of today's “Countries—Red Carpet, Green, Great Plains, Fun, Frontier, and Kiamichi.” Our tours were authored by Val Thiessen, Kent Ruth, Maggie Culver Fry, Eric Allen, and Bill Burchardt. Then we added articles about two of our finest summer events, Rodeo by Clem McSpadden, and Pow Wow by Carol K. Rachlin. Our color scenes in the issue came from the Will Rogers Memorial Rodeo at Vinita, a ranch stream near Cheyenne, No Man's Land in the panhandle, an oil drilling rig near Cordell, the Ton-on-go Ceremony at Anadarko, the Ouachita National Forest near Big Cedar, Grand Lake's Honey Creek near Grove, and the Creek Capitol at Okmulgee. A few copies of the issue are available for $2.00 each from Oklahoma Today, P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City 73105.

It is sad to note that things important in the issue no longer exist. Chimney Rock, featured in the opening of our Northwest Country article, no longer exists. After centuries of standing as a scenic wonder its time came and it fell. The fine old Kiowa gentleman, Henry Tenandoah, who dominates the cover of the issue, is deceased. Born on an upper arm of the Washita, even before the Custer battle on that stream, Tenandoah achieved the status of a supreme court judge among the Kiowa people. A wise elder, revered and venerated, his time, too, came, and he is no more among us. Time, things, and each of us, passes on. Moments remembered, and all too fleet.

WALKING AN OLD INDIAN TRAIL

Here where ridges burn with copper light
Frost fired in September grass,
I lean my ear upon their corridors of air
Beside these ancient piles of stones
Marking the way the people wandered.

I listen for sound a travois made
Scraping past juniper where berries hang
Like pale beads of sky, and wait for wind
To carry back across the years faint echo
Of a word as round and real as rain.

Overhead the eagle pumps toward distant blue
In languid strokes of feathery dark, soars on
To drift above the hills. Only silence waits
Among the dust and parching purple weeds.
I bend to place new rocks beside the trail,

As though I marked some passage of my own.
I see the shine of chip—broken arrowhead,
Fragment I fold within my hand.
It warms against my flesh as though a voice
 Tried to rise through memories of stone.

... Peggy Simson Curry
OUR FAVORITE MEXICAN-OKLAHOMAN COLUMNIST

Loyd Rosenfield

Sidelines

"Hello. Oh, it's you, mama. Look, I'm very busy. I thought I told you to call me only in an emergency."

"This is an emergency, Henry. I just read in the paper you're going to Cairo. What's a nice Jewish boy like you doing going to a place like Cairo?"

"Look, mama, it's not a pleasure trip. I can assure you. I'm going in the interests of peace in the Middle East."

"You can't win any more prizes this year, Henry. Wait till next year." "I'm not trying to win a prize. I'm just doing my job. I have a conference with Golda Meir Thursday and I'm flying to Cairo for a conference Sunday."

"So you'll spend the weekend with her and drop her off on your way to Cairo. That's nice."

"I'll be working all weekend, mama, and I won't be dropping her off on my way to Cairo. She has her own plane."

"So? You could save her the gasoline."

"Sure. That's all we need. If I gave Golda Meir a ride back to Tel Aviv the Egyptians would probably start the war all over."

"They should realize all's fair in love and war, Henry. Well, give Golda my love and promise you won't eat any camel meat in Cairo."

"Egyptians don't eat camels, mama. They use them as beasts of burden."

"That doesn't surprise me a bit. No wonder they've got humps on their backs, poor things. So from Cairo you'll go to China, I could use a nice teapot, Henry, and be sure to let me know what it says in your fortune cookie."

"I already know. It'll say 'Your mother will phone you as soon as you return to Washington and ask if you've heard from Golda.' Goodbye, mama."