Cimarron, in the Spanish of today, means wild or unruly. In the language of the Southwestern frontier it meant a cow critter gone to the brush and turned wild.

Surely no name could have been better chosen for our favorite river. There is no river more scenic, no river more historic on the North American Continent. Like our early Oklahoma settlers, the Cimarron is not a native Oklahoman.

Born of billions of snow rivulets in the Colorado Rockies, sent cascading by waters rushing from the steeps of New Mexico's Raton Pass, it makes its earliest Oklahoma entry near Black Mesa, then drifts up into Kansas concurrent with the Cimarron cut-off of the Santa Fe Trail. North of Gate the Cimarron dips back into Oklahoma like a maiden half-persuaded, retreats again briefly into Kansas, then becomes an Oklahoma river for all of its adult life, the rest of its course.

There is speculation about the antiquity of man along the Cimarron. The remains of Folsom man, found near the Cimarron in New Mexico, prove that men have lived in the shelter of the ledges and caves along the upper reaches of our Cimarron for at least 10,000 years. Human bones found in the Folsom horizon were those of a member of a hunting party, likely ranging out from one of our Cimarron caves.

A South American archaeologist, Saul Padilla, has predicated that the Cimarron, in western Cimarron County, Oklahoma, is the cradle of civilization in North America. He may be right; some scholars of archaeology are convinced that men have been living along the Cimarron for much more than 10,000 years.

Through Cimarron County the valley of the river is strewn with relics, some of them eons old. Here are the tracks of the allosaurus, the brontosaurus, giant reptilian dinosaurs of the Pliocene age, taloned tracks of huge pterodactyl birds, trunks of petrified trees, and petrified tropical fruits.

As the river swings its loop northward, it encircles an area of Kansas where one of the most sanguinary county seat wars in western history was fought. It then re-enters Oklahoma to form the vast Cimarron Salt Plains. This area was known to early French explorers as the "Grand Saline," to Yankees and colonials as the "Great Salt." It provided a reason why President Thomas Jefferson was eager to negotiate the Louisiana Purchase. Here the surface bed of the Cimarron flows through thousands of acres of dazzlingly white salt. The underground course of the river is even more salty. Shallow wells drilled in the bed of the river produce a saturated solution of brine, salt even more pure than that you purchase boxed at the grocery store. Few have undertaken to estimate the quantity of salt that might be mined there. It is one of the great surface and sub-surface salt deposits on earth.

As the river flows on through our northwestern counties, one of its ancient tributaries has carved the magnificent Alabaster Caverns. At Waynoka the Cimarron's constantly shifting bed has left sand dunes so reminiscent of the Sahara Desert that the state park there has been named Little Sahara. To it, dune-buggy enthusiasts bring their strange appearing sure-footed vehicles. These dune-buggies climb and slide like martian insects over the constantly changing shapes of the towering sands.

Finished with such play, the river then moves on toward Fairview to accomplish further sculptures. Carving the technicolored mesas and buttes of the Glass Mountains has certainly been one of its major works; earth shapes of red, crimson, and pink, decorated with snow white gypsum, sparkling with selenite beneath the blue of sky and fleecy cotton clouds.

Throughout its length, the river has been a giver of life, and a taker of life. As its swirling currents gnawed at the rocks, patiently, to gouge out the shelters in which early man lived, so its swift violence has taken the lives of creatures and people, within the memory of every person who lives along its banks. Sudden rises, sometimes coming as an abrupt bank of water twelve feet high, have flooded, and torn away and carried off, rampaging and destructive, leaving behind vast areas of quicksand to trap the later unwary. The Cimarron and its shivering quicksands will suck and smother any living thing that fails to suspect the solid appearing sandbars across which they may be moving.

These Cimarron sworls and quicksands have consumed humans, wild creatures, cattle, horses, wagons, automobiles, and both freight and passenger trains. In its work of gouging and digging, especially in the Glass Mountains and central Oklahoma, the river provided hideout caves and strong holds for some of our legendary outlaws. Some of these hideout caves were, and are, large enough to contain remudas of horses, wagons, and a winter's supply of hay.

As the historical importance of the river did not end in Pliocene times when the giant dinosaurs mysteriously died, nor in later prehistoric times when ancient man had ceased to hunt the hairy mammoth here, so it has no yet ended.

The river made history prior to our great Land Runs as cattlemen built ranch headquarters and ran their herds along its banks in settings o
beauty like old Cowboy Flat in Logan County. From the reaches of its draws and spring-fed ravines, our own grandfathers cut cedar and oak logs to build their cabins, and posts to which they stapled their barbed wire fences.

Adventurous happenings along the course of the Cimarron have regaled us from the days of pre-history. A map of the Cimarron's course, carved on a canyon wall in Cimarron County, is marked alongside with the concentric circles, swastikas and interlocked squares, the hieroglyphics that were the written language of the pre-history people who dwelt along its banks.

Those were the days of oral history when tribal shamen sat nightly around the fires telling tales to circled listeners, later by daylight to record symbols on the rock-drawn map indicating the birthplace of a wise leader, the place where a warrior achieved storied greatness in war, a happening of special religious significance, another where the river's sands mired a mastodon—an occasion of tribal feasting—and another, and another.

In our time of written words, areas bordering the Cimarron have fascinated authors and readers. We hope that, if you have not, you will read *No Man's Land* by Carl Coke Rister; *Cimarron* by Edna Ferber; *Bill Doolin* by Bailey Haynes; *Oklahoma Today* articles *The Fabulous Mulhalls, Trail and Furrow, Panhandle, The Town That Was Killed in a Gunfight, The Cushing-Drumright Oilrush, Oilrush Lawmen; The Glass Mountains*; all these and more narrate adventures along the Cimarron.

Consider the story of Cimarron Territory, the Panhandle area which fought lawlessness by organizing itself with an aim toward separate statehood. These pioneers sent a delegate to the Congress in Washington, which refused to recognize him but in so acting heard his story of the problems of the forgotten land from whence he came, and in consequence made it a part of Oklahoma Territory. Or the brief story of old Cimarron City, born bursting with hope in the Run of '89, but soon to be swept away by a tornado, rebuilt with somewhat less enthusiasm, then missed by the railroad and left to whither away. There is not even a ghost where this town once stood on the river bank, in the northeast corner of Logan County.

There were upwards of a hundred cattle ranches along the Cimarron, from its westernmost reaches through the Cherokee Strip, near Kingfisher (the town whose name a famed Texas gunfighter borrowed), along the Chisholm Trail, through Cowboy Flat, and into the Golden Triangle—that three sided area bordered by the converging Cimarron and Arkansas Rivers.


Let's recall briefly the Saginaw Cattle Company's Turkey Track , 450 square miles of Sac and Fox land on the south side of the Cimarron from Cushing to Red Fork. Key point on the Turkey Track Trail from Texas. Cattle were driven from West Texas, across the Red River near Waurika to the Turkey Track's four huge pastures, one for steers, one for cows, one for beef cattle, and one for "through" cattle that were held until fat then shipped on the Frisco to Chicago from Red Fork. When the railroad built north from Texas some herds were shipped to the Turkey Track for fattening, then trailed northwest near Perry and Tonkawa, with water crossings at Skull Creek and Rock Creek, for sale and shipment at Great Bend, Kansas. The Turkey Track ran 20,000 head of cattle, held its annual roundup exactly where Cushing now is, employed 30 cowboys year around, and hired 10-15 more during the shipping season.

A Civil War battle was fought just north of the lower Cimarron. The Battle of Round Mountains was foredoomed when loyal Creeks led by Opothleyahola began making their way northwest, hoping to join the Union Cherokees in the northeast. Confederates under Gen. Douglas Cooper overtook them at the Round Mountains landmark on Nov. 19, 1861. The Union Creeks won the brisk fighting of the first night and Cooper was forced to withdraw. His forces were then augmented by troops of Colonel James McQueen McIntosh and Opothleyahola's Creeks were defeated. They fled as refugees to Kansas.

Washington Irving's *A Tour on the Prairies* crossed and recrossed the Cimarron. You remember that on Oct. 15, 1832, Irving's journeymen, with the distinguished artist Latrobe and the Count de Pourtales in their company, crossed the Cimarron three miles north of old Keystone. There they found tracks of elk, deer, antelope, bear, raccoon, turkey, ducks, and geese, so they paused for a hunting party. Here Beatte went off by himself and captured the mustang which won for him such respect. The tributary stream on which he made his capture is still called Wildhorse Creek. Two miles south and a half mile west of Ingalls stands "Irving's Castle," its rocky appearance described by Irving as "the ruins of some Moorish castle, crowning a
height in the midst of a lonely Spanish landscape."

In recap let's not overlook the rocky heights of Robbers Roost Mountain, above the Cimarron far northwest near Black Mesa, from which the outlaw Coe preyed on wagon trains of settlers (See Oklahoma Today Autumn '71). There is old Autograph Rock, Flag Spring, and Willow Crossing on the Cimarron cutoff of the Santa Fe Trail. Downstream 150 miles, north of Gate, are traces of a prehistoric irrigation project where ancient men caused the young river to overflow in dry seasons to water their crops.

The growing force of the powerful river created those huge cliffs between Buffalo and northwestern Oklahoma's real life cowtown Freedom. By the time the river has reached the Dover Crossing of the Chisholm Trail it has achieved the potential of becoming a raging monster, capable of devouring a railroad train, as it has, on occasion, done.

Twice, in the early days of this century, trains have been lost in the Cimarron—a passenger train bound for Kingfisher, and a freight train bound for Guthrie. For other interesting Cimarron area railroad tales see The Four Hundred and Fogarty, Winter '63-'64 Oklahoma Today.

It would not be possible to total the number of lives lost along the course of the river. The Indian-Pioneer papers contain legendary epitaphs, "on March 19, 1873, Edgar Deming, Daniel Short, Robert Pool, and Charles Davis — surveyors — were attacked here and killed by Cheyenne warriors." They were buried there on the banks of the Cimarron, north of Woodward.

East of the big bend which encircles the Cowboy Flat country is Horsethief Canyon. It is a blind canyon, enclosed by walls on three sides and the river on the fourth. So hidden is the canyon that it is invisible, even from its very brink. Along the canyon floor are rusty tangles of barbwire which made the corrals of the wild bunch who used the canyon. Horses stolen in Kansas were driven to be sold in Texas, while those stolen in Texas were herded to Kansas for sale.

At Camp Russell on the Cimarron, black troops of the 9th U.S. Cavalry were stationed. They drove out the "Sooners," regulated the Run of '89, and the activities of cattlemen before the land opening. The nearly inaccessible draws of the Cimarron and adjoining Cross Timbers provided a sanctuary for Bill Doolin, the Daltons, Bittercreek Newcomb, a score of such hardcases, and challenged the courage of Bill Tilghman, Chris Maddsen, Heck Thomas and their compadre lawmen.

Ripley was the hometown of little Billy McGinty, lifetime president of Roosevelt's Roughrider veterans. North of Ripley is Ghost Hollow, which we're told has produced a human death every 7½ years since a grieving Indian medicine man, mourning the loss of his favorite daughter, pronounced a curse on this wooded retreat along the Cimarron.

Passing Cushing, Drumright, and Oilton, oilrush boomers of a day more recently past, mined quantities of petroleum sufficient to help win two World Wars. The oilrush was a sort of social extension of frontier times into the 20th century. Oilrush boomtowns were reminiscent of the goldrush towns that preceded them in the previous century.

Sudden production of great wealth brought a tide of fortune seekers, and with them lawlessness (See Oklahoma Today, Winter '73-'74). The horde of cable tool drilling rigs, which once forested the Cimarron and its banks with derricks, is gone. The once oil-stained earth is so clean and green again that it strains the imagination to remember its oil boom times appearance. Only a few relic rigs stand among the blackjack timber near Drumright.

Today the river builds for the future. Near Tom Mann's old river ford stands Keystone Dam, impounding our river, turning its strength into electrical energy, lending its aid to the incredible river transportation project which has culminated in making Oklahoma a seaport, with ports downstream at Tulsa-Catoosa, Muskogee, Keota, and one in the making at Sallisaw. On the north bank of the Cimarron near Crescent is new Cimarron City, and an even more futuristic project utilizing Cimarron water in the process that converts atomic fuel to atomic energy.

Strangely, the river, in this present as in the long ago, is largely unknown as an entity by Oklahomans. Those who live along its banks are intimately acquainted with the part of the river on which they live. But they are not widely aware of what lies upstream, or downstream.

Sooner state folks think of the Cimarron in parts, but not as a whole. It is a remarkable stream, with a history unsurpassed, and impressive beauties unseen by most of us.

We hear talk of a possible Cimarron hiking trail. If it were possible for such a trail to begin at Keystone, and continue along the whole course of the river, it would take many days to traverse, but those who walked it would learn to know the Cimarron.

You cannot acquaint yourself with the river from the seat of a moving auto. It is a matter that must be undertaken afoot.
Maestro Thomas Lewis has established his conducting career both in the United States and abroad. His training includes studies at The Harris Conservatory of Music, East Carolina University, and George Peabody College. He has studied privately with conductors Dr. Richard Lert, Guy Taylor, and Eleazor de Carvahlo in the United States, and Hans Horner, Ferdinand Leitner, and Ludwig Kaufman in Europe.

After college Lewis joined the famed Seventh Army Symphony Orchestra, first as a violinist and then as conductor, performing an average of 100 concerts a year. His acclaim in Europe grew as the press noted, “Thomas Lewis had the musicians in the palm of his hand. He deserves unconditional praise.”—Dusseldorf, “Lewis produced an unaffected smoothness that won many admirers here. He drew the best from the orchestra.”—London, “A young American conductor to watch.”—Sicily.

After leaving the Seventh Army Symphony, he became Associate Conductor of the Charlotte Symphony, a post he held for a year before accepting the position of Conductor and Music Director in Roswell, New Mexico. In 1968 Lewis was invited to become Music Director and Conductor in Rochester, Minnesota, where he has served since and enlarged the Civic Music organization to include the Rochester Symphony Orchestra, Chamber Orchestra, Chorale, Opera, Musical Theatre, and the Symphonic Band.

Lewis has continued his association with Dr. Richard Lert and served as assistant at the American Symphony Orchestra Conductor's Workshop at Asilomar, California, since 1966. He has also been active as director and conductor at All-State Clinics in North Carolina, New Mexico, and Minnesota and at the Conductors' Symposium at Tanglewood.

A member of the Association of American Conductors and Composers, original compositions to his credit include; a symphony, overtures, string quartets, orchestral suites, Sonata for Viola and Piano, and various piano and chamber works.

Lewis' capabilities have proven themselves again and again as he has enlarged the scope and format of organizations with which he has been affiliated. In Roswell, by the end of his tenure the budget had doubled with no end-of-the-season-deficit, orchestra personnel improved in quality and in number, Association Membership tripled, Women's Guild Membership doubled, and the orchestra's audience greatly increased. In Rochester, the orchestral season had nearly tripled and the budget doubled as well as the facets mentioned earlier.

Thomas Lewis, his violinist wife Renate (of Hamburg, Germany), and their sons Erik and Anthony, will reside in Tulsa.

Maestro Ainslee Cox background features an impressive list of credits. He assisted Leonard Bernstein with concerts at the New York Philharmonic in the spring of 1973, and Pierre Boulez with the Philharmonic on tour the following autumn.

He has filled guest conducting engagements with many major American symphony orchestras including the Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Dallas, National, and Peabody Conservatory Orchestras. He has also filled podiums in Denmark and Italy, where in 1965 he was an assistant conductor for opera and ballet at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto. He will befilling other European engagements in the spring of 1975.

Ainslee Cox was a protege of Leopold Stokowski during that venerable conductor's years with the American Symphony Orchestra. Maestro Cox was appointed Assistant Conductor of this unique musical organization in 1968—a post created especially for him. The following season he was named Associate Conductor and in this capacity he conducted concerts at Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, and throughout New York City. As director of the Symphony's educational activities he conducted more than 90 in-school concerts.

Noted for his versatility, he has conducted for television, ballet, opera, and unusual special concerts, including a mammoth Choral Festival at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, sponsored by the American Guild of Organists.

He continues his post as Co-Conductor of the Goldman Band. Each summer for six years he has conducted 40 concerts at Lincoln Center and in the parks of New York City with this distinguished musical organization.

He has conducted the Nuremberg Symphoniker on two recordings recently released in this country on the Genesis label: the Sgambati Piano Concerto and the Prokofiev Piano Concertos No. 2 and No. 3, played by internationally renowned pianist Jorge Bolet.

A native of Texas, he has lived in Alaska, studied at Westminster Choir College in New Jersey and at the Aspen Festival in Colorado. He holds two degrees in composition from the University of Texas where he has also taught opera and conducting.

For his conducting assignments he has received critical acclaim from press and public both here and overseas. Included in reviews have been such comments as these:

"Cox already has the attributes of a seasoned musician," Winthrop Sargeant, the New Yorker Magazine.

"Mr. Cox was in total control, making manifest the most delicate of nuances and the most monumental—highly theatrical — outcries," Trebor, Music Journal Magazine.
About the time that Indian Territory was trading in its name for statehood, James J. McAlester was issuing "trade notes" to customers. Forms of Oklahoma issued "money" do much to chronicle the history of the state. Money talks. Oklahoma tales come from such unusual— and relatively unknown—currency as Guthrie Clearing House notes, McAlester's "merchant scrip," fiber-board tax tokens, and calico cloth. Since there seems to be no universally accepted definition of what money (or currency) is, scores of unlikely articles have been considered under the term.

Currency has been called "that most general commodity, for which contracts are usually made." McAlester's "merchant scrip" or trade note seems to fall into that category by virtue of its inscription: "Will pay to the bearer /FIFTY CENTS/ IN MERCHANDISE/ When presented at my store at /McAlester/Indian Territory." This credit slip further states: "It is understood that this Note is only redeemable in such Articles as are for sale when presented." Issued in denominations from five-cents to a couple of dollars, the black-on-white notes were personally dated and signed by the merchant.

Doubtless, the first strictly Oklahoma note was that of the Guthrie Savings Bank. The red printing on thick brown paper was completed in time to carry the November 1907 date which corresponds, within two weeks forward or backward, to the state's admission day, November 16. Apparently, only one-dollar denominations of the bills were put into use in the first Sooner capital.

Soon afterward, Oklahoma money had a name you could bank on. It was in the era of National Currency, a little-known facet of obsolete American monetary systems. The now unfamiliar banknotes once circulated the area regularly, from Idabel to Miami, from Hollis to Boise City.

Basic in the designs of the 1902 Series were the portraits, the frame designs and the values. But there is also a very basic difference—the addition of local bank imprints. Thus, there are hundreds of possible varieties depending on the number of institutions using the currency.

Collectors of this extremely valu-
uble obsolete currency rate the Oklahoma bills as a commodity to acquire—provided one has the current cash to meet the market price. A 1902 Series, $10 bill from the First National Bank of Braggs may be valued at fifteen times its original face value; and a 1929 Series, $5 denomination from Citizens' First National Bank of Pawhuska at twenty-five times face value. Banks in Bartlesville, Nowata, Newkirk, Muskogee, and Miami are among issuing institutions.

National Currency notes were printed in sheets of 12, then cut and delivered to banks in vertical sheets of six bills. Two types of the 1929 Series exist. The second is rarer than its forebear since it was used for only two years, until it became obsolete on May 20, 1935. This “type two” had a face printed in black, with the bank’s charter number and name in brown. Serial numbers were consecutively listed on the sheets. Numbers on the earlier sheets were all the same except that they bear a prefix letter from A to L. Positions of the notes on each sheet may be determined by the number, or by the letter.

A “type one” bill with serial number “C002031A” indicates that it appeared third from the top on the left-hand side of the printing plate. Similarly, “type two” with number “A002011” shows that the bill was placed second from the bottom on the right-hand side of the sheet. Bills are often collected in uncut sheets, by position, by bank number, by state, or by face value. Such money went out of circulation less than forty years ago, but already shows a wide degree of collector interest.

Even earlier mediums of exchange—during Civil War Reconstruction—came from Arkansas Territory, which included part of present-day Oklahoma. Several negotiable bonds and securities with the Arkansas Territorial inscription circulated in the area. A few were also inscribed with the Cherokee Nation imprint.

Regardless of the type of federal and state notes used, all have a common denominator, even in their individual rarity. It was the practice of most printing companies to forward the finished bills to the issuing institution in sheets. Bills were then hand-signed by both the cashier and the president of the bank. After signing, it was the duty of a teller or a dutiful relative to separate the sheets into neat stacks for proper handling. Banking was hardly a “soft” job under this cumbersome system of signing and registration. Since many banks ordered more notes than were necessary, uncut sheets still exist.

An even more difficult task in the fluctuation and inflation of monetary values was the handling of equally cumbersome “trade silver.” Such items had been introduced to American Indians as early as the 1700s. Most unyieldingly was the method of determining the value of such varied “coinage.” Not only were the trade silver ornaments also made of tin, copper, lead, pewter, brass, and babbitt-metal, the value was determined by size instead of the weight of precious metal. A three-inch pewter turtle might buy more than a two-inch solid silver beaver. Other acceptable forms were birds, fishes, crosses, rings, brooches, combs—in short, any ornament that an individual might take a liking to.

Larger pieces, such as gorgets, and arm bands, were engraved with Indians charging buffalo, and with eagles, geometric patterns, and hunting scenes. Numismatist Paul Dillingham tells part of the story in the Bank Note Reporter (Ciruita, Florida, October 1973), “There is no possible way to determine the actual number of pieces manufactured. For example, in 1801 Robert Cruikshank and his tradesmen produced 49,000 pieces; most were small brooches.

“If you multiply this by other active silversmiths you would arrive at a very large number . . . now preserved in private collections and in public ones.”

Public collections of numismatics (currency is studied under that title whether it is paper money or coin) hold a wealth of rarities. Some of them are housed in Oklahoma museums. One particularly well-known, the Buffalo or Indian Head nickel is on display in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City. This unique item is a nickel-plated “half coin” struck in lead. Termed the “All American” nickel of 1912, it measures about 18 millimeters in diameter which is about the size of a dime. The entire studio collection of its designer, sculptor James Earle Fraser, is housed in the Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center.

Tokens used on military bases, such as the NCO and Officers Clubs at Tinker Air Force Base, Fort Sill, etc., have some collector and historical interest. Some Oklahoma currency has had fleeting fame—as well as a diminutive value. Tax tokens (with values of 1 to 5 mills) can still be found. They are the once familiar sales tax tokens issued by the state and used by retail merchants as change in the collection of city and state sales taxes. Just for the record, one mill is worth one-tenth of one cent, an almost obsolete denomination itself.

New types of tokens, coins, and currency used in the state appear from time to time. There are still hundred of sleepers that only need publicity to make the demand for them felt. Hard times, sometimes cause “soft money.” Regardless, money might be privately printed paper, calico trade cloth, bullets or silver ornaments, but all of it has a name to bank on for the collector.

BY BOB HAMMACK

WINTER '74-'75
It was in 1928 and was billed as “The Great Cross-country Marathon Race” but the press called it “The Bunion Derby.” It was a foot race from Los Angeles to New York City. The first prize was $25,000; second prize was $10,000, and the third was $5,000.

Poised, jackknifed, crouched and kneeling at the starting line were seasoned runners and unseasoned runners. From all parts of the world. From 16 to 63. There were Americans. Englishmen. Canadians. A Hindu. A Finn. A one-armed miler. A bearded Hollywood extra. Two Hopi Indians. In all, 275 runners.

One was a 20-year-old Cherokee from Claremore, Andy Payne. He had been a high school track star. Payne, like the great Jim Thorpe, loved sports; especially track.

The runners sprang forward at the spat of the pistol. It was 3:46 p.m., March 4. The crowd at Ascot Park in Los Angeles cheered. A runner from Finland, Willie Kolehmainen, took the lead. In hot pursuit came Charles Hart, 63-year-old marathon runner from England. The two set a blazing pace for the first 15 miles. The others strung behind for ten miles. The two Hopi Indians paced themselves for the desert. So did the Cherokee.

Seventy-seven fell out the first day.

There were designated checkpoints for each day’s run. The runners were clocked for their time. Tents were erected for the runners and food was served in chow-line fashion.

Red Grange, football’s “Galloping Ghost,” assisted C. C. Pyle, the promoter of the coast-to-coast marathon and a promoter with no peer. It was Pyle who signed Red Grange as a pro football player; later becoming his partner and manager. Pyle promoted a deal with the Highway 66 Association for staging the cross-country race on the now famous highway. Towns and cities enroute jumped on the bandwagon. It was the beginning of king-sized advertising.

Pyle followed the runathon in a trailer fitted with luxuries. Following came a mobile broadcasting station, a corps of newsmen, a rolling shoe repair shop, and trucks carrying food, tents and other gear. Red Grange, “the Galloping Ghost,” galloped along in a deluxe roadster.

The second day it rained, and only 12 runners dropped out.

Lubricated with liniment and propelled by high octane desire, the Bunion Derby moved into the Mojave Desert. At Needles, California, Andy Payne was given a ride across the Colorado river in a canoe by Indians who had heard he was a Cherokee.

In the desert sun, Route 66 offered dust, thirst and heat exhaustion. On home ground, the two Hopi Indians got in second gear. They zipped like roadrunners. At Santa Rosa, N.M., only 93 sun-burned bumioneers were left.

Through the Texas panhandle Andy Payne and company braved spring rains, flash floods, hail and tornadic winds.

Henry S. Johnston, Oklahoma’s seventh governor, met Payne in Oklahoma City. There was a celebration. At Chandler 80 runners were left.

Children were let out of school to see the cross-country runners. Farmers, ranchers and oil field workers cheered Andy Payne. In Sapulpa, Creek Indians gave the Cherokee a warm welcome and wished him “good medicine.”

Chelsea was a checkpoint and night stop. Folks lined the highway as Payne jogged in. Some were friends and neighbors. They offered cool well water and country cooking. Claremore turned out for the home town boy, now one of the leaders.

Missouri. Over the Mississippi River bridge. Illinois. The marathoners dodged heavy traffic. Four runners were slightly injured by automobiles. A few were bumped by motorcycles. Some motorists tempted runners to ride, trying to get them disqualified.

The two Hopi Indians bit the dust. They were desert people who couldn’t take the climate nor cities.

Seventy runners made it to Chicago. People whose name was Birdwell met Payne in Chicago. They were Claremore folks. Payne stayed with them that night instead of at the runners’ camp. Many runners had done this earlier. Some were woned and dined. The next morning they ran like a dry creek.

Two months of running had passed when they left Chicago.

Peter Gavuzzi of England was lead-
He had the flag of Great Britain sewed to the front of his jersey. Pounding the highway behind him came the Cherokee from Oklahoma. The man-killing race moved through the Great Lakes region. Then the Englishman dropped out and the Cherokee took the lead.


The plains boy entered the canyon walls of New York City. The home stretch to Madison Square Garden, "the finish line," was a sea of faces. People cheered. Automobile horns honked. As a finale the runners had to do a 20-mile lap on a board track at Madison Square Garden.

It was Saturday night, May 26, 1928. The "Bunion Derby," a blistering ordeal from ocean to ocean was ending. Fifty-five struggled in. Some had their feet bandaged. They limped. Jogged. Walked. Puffed. Staggered. Andy Payne, after wearing out five pairs of shoes and running for 3½ months covering 3,422.3 miles and clocked at 573 hours, 4 minutes and 34 seconds, legged in to win.

Payne won $25,000. The second prize, $10,000 went to John Salo of Passaic, N.J. Phil Granville, a Canadian, took third and $5,000. Mike Joyce, Cleveland, was fourth for $2,500.

Andy Payne was a national hero. This writer was attending Pawnee Indian Boarding School at Pawnee when Payne won the race. At school cross-country running became popular.

On Sundays we had an "Andy Payne" race. The mini-marathon, ages 7 to 14, included many tribes—Pawnees, Otos, Poncas, Kaws, Shawnees, Kickapoos, Sac and Foxes. Competition was keen.

The starting point was the school. The route went north to the Pawnee Indian Baptist Church. To the Skede-Pawnee cemetery. Northwest to Highway 18. North to a stock pond called Feaster's Lake. To this point was about eight miles.

At Feaster's Lake we embody ourselves in Andy Payne and skirt the "lake" as Payne did Lake Michigan. Jogging through blackjacks, we imagine crossing far-off states. We follow a creek south to the North Roundhouse. This was a Skede-Pawnee ceremonial lodge. It was a wooden building cone-shaped and patterned after the ancient earth lodge. (The ceremonial lodge now lies under the Pawnee City Lake.) We pause here. We place a leather belt around the chest to "control" breathing. It was a Ponca boy's idea. No one knew if it worked. But if you didn't sport the belt, you weren't a "cross-country runner."

Just when we feel like giving up, Wendall White Horn hollers, "Andy Payne!" Hearing that, we perk up with new life. White Horn, an Oto from Red Rock was a fine runner. We zig zag through persimmon trees, sumacs, entanglements of blackberry bushes and poison ivy. Now and then we belly-down for a drink of "crick water."

We head east, flushing bumble bees and grasshoppers from milk weeds and buffalo grass. Occasionally a covey of quail explode and hum for cover. We pass Indian homes and mean dogs. They encourage our speed records. We reach the Indian Church. Two more miles. Tighten belts. Don't get excited. Causes heavy breathing. Hold an easy rhythm of breathing. Use an even stride. Don't strain.

Upon reaching the Indian school, we sprint one lap around the square and stop in front of the American flag.

The winner is called "Andy Payne." There is honor even in just competing.

This writer visited Andy Payne recently. Payne, 66, after 36 years as clerk of the Oklahoma Supreme Court, is retired now, but keeping busy. Still trim, Andy Payne is pleasant with a quick mind.

When asked about his philosophy, he ran a hand through his thick grey hair. He looked out the window at the autumn trees and grass, then said, "One can't be an athlete all his life, but he can use the same desire that made him. For clean living. For love of God and country."

My kind of hero.
Of all the seasons, winter is the quietest: a time set apart for listening. Each soft, wary movement, of the mouse in the wood-pile, the rustle of a leaf, the falling of the last acorn, becomes a small note of song. It is now that we hear how distinct and glad is the cardinal's cry.

The day's light seems as brief and frail as a candle and the night comes swiftly down. The crack of the cold is heightened in the hush of the dark. And we hear more sharply, too, sounds that comfort us: the laughter of logs in the hearth, and the voices of friends gathered around the fire.

A WINTER ESSAY
by KATHARINE PRIVETT

color photos by BILL BURCHARDT

CABIN IN THE WOODS, near Arcadia
There are winter days when the sky and the earth seem to change places. As the sky is emptied of light, the earth is covered with brightness. The clouds turn gray, but the land turns luminous in grandeur. The tall grasses that nourish the cattle shimmer and glisten, thin straws of pasture gold, and glory.

WINTER GRASSES, near Draper Lake
In this enchanted place a Merlin has worked his alchemy. He has brushed the sky with his sparkling wand, touched the trees, and they are knights lifting their lances in salute.

His apprentice has joined the trickery with inspired strokes, heaping drifts into after-images of doves tumbling from a magic hat, engraving the landscape. He shapes and forms these fantasies, sculpturing beings that never were—the castle of a charmed kingdom, and a great fish with a sparkling fin, griffins, unicorns, and ghosts.

SNOW SCULPTURE, near Lake Shawnee
Yesterday, almost at dusk, I went into the woods to get mistletoe and cedar branches for the house. The snow had stopped falling and the silence was drenched in blue so that the cold seemed warm and time to have stopped, or not to exist at all. A rabbit ran right up to me. Not the least shy. Why should he have been? It was his woods. I was the intruder, stealing what remained in the winter white to remind him of summer—the vivid boughs and the scent of them: his frankincense and myrrh. How I wished that I had brought a child with me, for in that case, he might have been able to understand and forgive.
As is the way of mystery, snow reveals even as it conceals, and the coating of sleet makes of morning a crackling parchment on which is written the true nature of things. Patterns and essential elements stand out and the woods wakes to its own innerness. We see the spaciousness of heaven and the radiant curve of the clouds, the strength of the enduring rocks and the serenity of shadows. Under the dazzle and shift of sunlight, our eyes are opened with fresh amazement to the rise and fall of the graceful land and the mosaic shapes of ice crystals and the exquisite designs.

THE WINTER WOODS, near Chandler
Earlier, just at dawn, a mist rose from the lake like a silver tree of sleep, calling the owl home. But now the lake is all ablaze. The reeds that border it are caught up, too, and spin like catherine-wheels. The milk-flowers in the pods dream of the time when they will shake off the snow, and fly away. The seeds keep the memory of life. They long to burst and splinter, to be released from their snug sheaths, so that they may make good their glowing promise.

SEEDS IN WINTER, near Lake Carl Blackwell
Being half-flame: half-frost: and sealed in celebration: winter's colors are like no others. The sky is deep turquoise and sapphires are sprinkled on the tinted snow. Where it has been churned by the wind, shells of rainbows seem to flash and play. The foliage that has frozen is dyed saffron and pink and marigold. But, oh, how festive are the trees that are ever-green. They have a quality of beauty which renders immortality from that which is mortal. It is for this reason that they are special, that we have chosen them for our holy days and holidays.

HOLIDAY TREES, near Lake Thunderbird
In winter, the world becomes clean, whole, and innocent: once more a pure Eden, a shining miracle of praise. The sky burns as blue as a stained-glass window. The storm wind from the north beats like the wings of an on-rushing Gabriel. The green cedar and the dried grass, the quick and the dead, dance together at its blowing. Then our hearts, like the redbud too early, flowering in rosy splendor, stir with exaltation. As snow-water in sunlight, our tongues are loosed and rejoice in the hope and expectation of spring;

“Send forth Thy Spirit and we shall be created and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.”

TOO EARLY SPRING, near Edmond
LIVING IN TWO WORLDS

EDUCACION BILINGUE

BILINGUAL EDUCATION

BY DR. CLARA CHÁVEZ

MY LITTLE ANIMAL BOOK

LIVPT
English a foreign language in Oklahoma? Indian Fry Bread or sopapillas instead of hamburger buns? Because many ethnic groups reside in Oklahoma, English is apt to be an alien tongue in some homes, and wild grape dumplings or flan may be preferred to apple pie. The children from these homes often enter Oklahoma schools with no knowledge, or only a limited knowledge, of English. In the past, the tendency has been to consider the non-English speaking child deficient, and to insist that he must speak, read, and think English, and only English. Consequently, because he has been unable to compete scholastically and linguistically, the child has been made to feel inferior and ashamed of his own language and culture.

At last Oklahoma children of native American and Spanish backgrounds are beginning to acquire a positive self-concept. Recognizing the importance of the child’s heritage and first language, Oklahoma educators have begun to build on that foundation. A program of bilingual-bicultural education in Oklahoma is encouraging the non-English speaking child to develop the skills of his dominant language at the same time that he learns English. Now youngsters in several Oklahoma schools may begin their formal education without leaving their heritage at the school door.

Under the bilingual method, the child learns to read and write in his first language while he is acquiring the rudiments of English. Although Dick and Jane may relinquish their prime time to Running Bear, Carmelita, Little Deer, and Tito, the children are reinforcing their first language without overlooking the dominance of the English language which surrounds them.

The major purpose of the instructional program is to assist children in developing proficiency in both languages and to provide a wide background for cultural growth. To accomplish these goals, the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Seminole bilingual programs have prepared various texts and teaching aids in their respective languages and have translated into English folktales already familiar to many American Indian children. Materials for Spanish speaking children are available from publishers in the United States, Latin America, and Spain.

The academic life of a non-English speaking child in Oklahoma schools varies according to his background. Learning vowels and consonants is a painless task for the Seminole first grader with Nakokv Eskerretv Semvhaytev which introduces him to written words through hand-drawn objects he recognizes. For the Spanish speaking student, Tito, a black and white puppy, relieves the drudgery of learning to read his native language. Tsutana Disuwisudi (Big Objects to Color) leads a Cherokee youngster to suspect that the hardships of pursuing a scholastic career may be somewhat exaggerated. And a Choctaw student learns to spell without even knowing that his language is composed of phonemes and morphemes, language phenomena which his teacher simplifies with the Choctaw manual of orthography.

Preparation and publication of the texts and other materials used by the American Indian children has been the exclusive task of the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Seminole Bilingual Education Programs located respectively in Tahlequah, Durant, and Ada. Requests for the bilingual materials have come from many parts of the U.S. and Canada where the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Seminole languages are spoken.

Materials for the Cherokee program are unique because they use the characters devised by Sequoyah. Limited facilities for printing the Sequoyah characters, consisting of eighty-six syllables, requires either writing much of the material by hand, or using the Roman alphabet. Type-writers to type the Cherokee characters are available, though costly, and some of the texts do include the type-written syllabary. Because some of the
characters in the Sequoyah syllabary are similar in appearance to the Roman alphabet but differ in meaning, children in the lower elementary grades learn only the Roman alphabet. The other languages use the Roman alphabet exclusively.

Non-English speaking children follow academic courses in their dominant language until they develop the skills necessary to learn subjects in English. A bilingual approach to their cultural heritage encourages the learning of English. Folktales written and recorded in both languages relate such stories as How the Cherokees Learned to Make Pottery, How Night and Day Were Divided, Cufe Horkopv, and La Cucarachita Martina.

The students learn of the historical, cultural, and athletic contributions of their ancestors. The Cherokee Sequoyah, only man in history to develop, alone, a written language and bring literacy to his people. Benito Juarez, the Mexican Abraham Lincoln, who held public office as a sacred trust. The students take pride in the accomplishments of athletes Jack Jacobs and Jim Thorpe. And they learn that the Thanksgiving season (Vkvsvmkv-Emetv Oketv) is a time to ask the Great Spirit (Epofvnkv) to help them promote justice and to live at peace with their fellowmen.

Besides the reading and writing materials, the bilingual programs have prepared audio-visual aids to encourage the development of the target languages. Oral language materials have been designed for both younger students and for adults. Conversational Cherokee for adults is available on cassette tapes with corresponding written lessons comprised of dialogues, drills, and grammar. Younger students learn Cherokee, or reinforce their knowledge of it, by means of the Cherokee Oral Language Program materials. A videotape demonstrates the language of the Choctaws and a social studies kit contains materials on Choctaw language and culture.

The Seminole bilingual program, like the Cherokee and Choctaw projects, prepares and publishes its own audio-visual materials. A monthly newsletter informs teachers of slides, filmstrips, and records that are available and useful in teaching the Seminole language. The newsletter also includes reports of activities in the project schools of Strother, Justice, Bowlegs, Wolf, Sasakiwa, and Pleasant Grove. The newsletter indicates that skits depicting the history, customs, and traditions of the Native American in Oklahoma are an integral part of the Seminole program. The dramatizations involve not only the students but also the people of the community who display their artistic talents in creating stage settings and costumes for the productions. The esprit de corps found in these dramatic presentations would be the envy of many professionals.

Also enviable is the wealth of materials which the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Seminole bilingual programs have produced. Among the thirteen publications listed in the Cherokee brochure is a 1974 calendar written entirely in the Cherokee syllabary and illustrated by Indian art. Also available is a bilingual songbook using both the Cherokee syllabary and the Roman alphabet. Of universal appeal, the songbook contains Unelanwhi Uwetsi (Sweet Hour of Prayer), Uwoduhi Nididvga (Deck the Halls), Amayetti (America), and Kwoah Unsdalv Dikanogisdodi (The Mulberry Bush), to mention a few. The brochure also lists the textbooks, cassette tapes and cultural and historical publications. The Cherokee Bilingual Education Program in Tahlequah is responsible for publication and distribution of the materials.

Equally impressive is the brochure listing the materials published by the Choctaw Bilingual Education Program in Durant. Besides the language texts, social studies kit, and videotapes, the program also publishes a history of the Choctaws in which the students become familiar with their history and culture.
following exhortation and conclusion appears: Don't let anyone tell you that the Choctaws were a wild and blood-thirsty tribe one hundred years ago, because they were not. For better or for worse, they were in the process of adopting white man's civilization even then. I'm not sure it was for better when I consider all the problems we have now.

From the Seminole Bilingual Education Project in Ada comes Yvhiketv Coku, an illustrated songbook for children. In it a horse-drawn sleigh sets the mood for Jingle Bells, while the drawings for Vpukev Ocvit Likvtes unmistakably signify Old MacDonald. Also illustrated is the 1974 bilingual calendar where January is known as Rvfo Cuse (Winter's Younger Brother). Little Spring Month, March, Tasahcuce precedes Big Spring Month, Tasahcerakko, with its appropriate drawing of a little girl in Seminole dress Easter egg hunting in the woods. Indian artists have illustrated the calendar. Although both the Cherokee and Seminole calendars are 1974 publications the philosophy and sentiments expressed by the illustrations are timeless and inspirational.

All three Indian bilingual programs are affiliated with local universities which have introduced special courses to meet the needs of teachers and teaching aides in the bilingual schools. Adult members of the local community who are bilingual and who hold a minimum of a high school diploma serve as teaching aides. An outstanding feature at Southeastern State University, Durant, is the teacher education program directed at training bilingual teachers of the Seminole language.

The plan for teaching Spanish-English in Oklahoma is similar to the Indian bilingual program, but training bilingual teachers of Spanish is somewhat more simple since most colleges and universities offer courses in Spanish. Bilingual materials are available from several companies including Oklahoma City's Economy Company which publishes Oral English, a text designed to teach children English through pictures. The black and white puppy, Tito, also comes from the Economy Company. Tito is a beginner's reader in Spanish.

ROCK and ROLL, which do not sound like Spanish related subjects, are acronyms for Region One Curriculum Kit and Region One Literacy Lesson and are designed to entice the students of Spanish. Prepared for use with Texas Spanish-speaking children, the ROCK kit teaches English as a second language and contains language card illustrations, filmstrips and records; the ROLL kit stresses Spanish language arts and consists of games, drills, transparencies, and flash cards.

Public television also provides schools with opportunities for understanding the nation's cultural diversity. Villa Alegre, a daily Spanish-English program focuses on the Latin American cultures to create an awareness of the distinct and valuable contributions that varied ethnic groups make to the nation's social and cultural life. The show merits the widest possible exposure not only among the country's Spanish-speaking communities, but also among viewers of all social backgrounds. Although intended primarily for young children, the program will appeal to anyone who wishes to broaden his view of the world and the cultures that abound in it.

Providing access to a wider world where a student may acquire a more open mind about himself and other people is the objective of a bilingual program. Strengthening his first language will improve the student's self image and instill a deeper pride in his background. Knowledge of a second language will provide a linguistic and cultural bridge that makes possible meaningful contributions to two societies. Oklahoma has a distinction; in Oklahoma more distinctly different languages are spoken than are spoken on the European continent, or in any other state. We need to expand and intensify our bilingual programs to make us worthy of the contributions of a multi-lingual society.

Each of the following words has the character глась. Listen as your teacher reads these words and notice the difference in the shape of these two characters.

\[\begin{array}{l}
\text{agasa} \\
\text{agaya} \\
\text{wahyas h?a?} \\
\text{wahya} \\
\text{ga?niya}
\end{array}\]

Now practice writing глась and глась:  
\[\begin{array}{c}
\text{s ya} \\
\text{s ya}
\end{array}\]

Listen to your teacher read the following words. Write either глась or глась in the blank spaces.

1. D{_} 
2. D{_} 
3. D{_}
A GUARANTY OF BRAVERY

Some 1,161 miles south of Oklahoma State University, on Rancho Santo Domingo in the heart of the Mexican nation, O.S.U. graduate Don Javier Labastida is engaged in a romantic occupation. He raises the brave bulls.

His brand and his red, yellow, and black divisa is affixed on the flank and cuello moreno of corridas that bring aficionados to their feet in plazas throughout México and America del Sur.

Don Javier graduated from O.S.U. in 1960. He then returned to his home, the Rancho Santo Domingo south of San Luis Potosí and took up the work begun by his grandfather, raising both dairy cattle, and brave bulls. Hacienda Santo Domingo was founded over a century ago, in 1860.

Using animal husbandry skills acquired at Oklahoma State University, feeding his cattle silage, concentrate, and alfalfa, Don Javier raises some 50-60 toros bravos each year, and his ganadería provides the milk for the markets of San Luis Potosí.

Critics of the arte taurino describe Rancho Santo Domingo as; tierra dura donde los toros adquieren fortaleza y agilidad que los hieda lucir ser bravura en los ruedos. Una casta magnífica de bueyes que se distinguen, por su presentación imponente y por su estilo de maravilla, su suave y alegre embestida, de nobleza incomparable, que bruce que los toreros se disputen el privilegio de lidiatlos para triunfar con ellos.1

The ancient cathedral at the hacienda, the lovely tropical flowers, towering palm trees, the murallas and adobes of the corrals, all are expressions of old Spanish México. The Rancho offices with wall posters, picturing famed toreros, the mounted heads of bulls that fought bravely, an ornate, framed tribute to Don Javier’s grandfather Manuel Labastida y Peña; all provide setting. A proudly displayed commentary from a México City newspaper states; El nombre de Santo Domingo en los carteles es siempre la máxima garantía de que habrá toros bravos . . .2

Don Javier sends greetings from the state of San Luis Potosí to his former classmates and friends at O.S.U. We respond with this salute from Oklahoma.

1 A land where the bulls acquire fortitude and agility which makes their bravery shine in the rings. Their magnificent caste distinguishes them, defiant in presentation, remarkable in style, reckless in assault, matchlessly noble. Their promise of triumph inspires toreros to strive among themselves for the privilege of fighting them.

2 “The name of Santo Domingo on the posters is the maximum guarantee of brave bulls . . .”
THE UNWRITTEN BOOK

Angus Kent LaMar's preliminary sketches of his proposed work of sculpture for the new Weatherford Library won the immediate enthusiasm of Librarian Dee Ann Ray and the Weatherford Library Board.

The little girl in the Sculpture is standing on a book that is old, and large enough to support her. It represents all the books of the past. She is holding a book in her left hand, representing the books of present, and she is reaching out for the future books, yet to be written.

Money for the sculpture was raised by the members of the Weatherford Library Board, through donations. They later learned that they might have tried for matching funds through the Arts and Humanities Council or the National Foundation for the Arts, but the money was already raised and Board members decided to spend it as they had promised in raising it.

Sculptor Angus LaMar holds the Bachelor of Fine Arts in Professional Art degree from the Oklahoma College of Liberal Arts, Chickasha, and the Master of Fine Arts degree from Instituto Allende of the University of Guanajuato, México. He teaches oil painting and metal sculpture at Caddo-Kiowa Vo-Tech, Fort Cobb.

The little girl and her inspiring concept in The Unwritten Book will be installed on a pedestal with special lighting in the inside front of Weatherford's new library.

NEW BOOKS

THE WORLD OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C. 20036, $9.95. This gorgeous book of color is a mixed bag of errors, omissions, and an awe-inspiring overview of the incredible cultures Indian people had developed here before the white men arrived to thwart them. At the same time the current of Asian immigration was flowing down from the north, a current of immigration was flowing up from the south from the isthmus of México. From this southern current flowered Illinois Cahokia, Ohio's Serpent Mound, Oklahoma's Spiro. These Aztec-Maya constructions on present U.S. soil are among our least known Indian cultures. The huge wall map which accompanies this volume is an information trove.

BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS OF THE SOUTHWEST by Ethel and Chauncey O. Moore, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Hardback Edition $15.00, Paperback $4.95. Surely no area of earth has a population more heterogeneous than Oklahoma.
To this Southwestern frontier came people of every heritage. All brought their songs, frontiersmen from almost every country and from every continent. They were seamen, cowboys, farmers, railroaders, lumberjacks, trappers, oilfielders, etc. There are no Indian songs in this book but the dominant presence of Indian people had effect. For with mingling of population elements, the natures of songs changes, producing a new type of music. Here are 600 titles, melodies, and texts, all collected in Oklahoma.


SOONER MUSICIAN

Dr. Robert Dillon is an Oklahoma composer. A true professional, he has arranged and composed for O.U.’s Sooner Scandals, written for school musicians and school music groups, and composed instrumental and choral works the performance of which requires virtuoso technique.

His masters degree was earned at the University of Southern California, his Ph.D. at the University of Oklahoma. In 1950 he won in national competition with his Sonata for Violin and Orchestra. His chamber music has been performed at the Universities of Indiana, Kansas, Texas, U.S.C., and Oklahoma.

He is a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, and has served as chairman of the committee for review of new music in manuscript of the American School Band Directors Association. For 15 years he was director of the Bethany High School Band. He is now Professor of Theory and Composition at Central State University.

Much of his early music was composed for school music groups; Distant Hills, overture for band, published by Schmitt, Hall, and McCreary; numerous solos for band instruments; published and manuscript works including trios, quartets, quintets, etc., for all manner of wind and string ensembles; four-part vocal works, and songs.

An opportunity to hear some his music will appear March 4, 1975. On that date, at 8:00 in the evening, the Central State University symphony orchestra will present an all-Dillon concert. Among other compositions, the C.S.U. symphony will perform his Sonata for Violin and Orchestra, with Dr. Roger Strong, conductor of the symphony, as soloist. Kent Kidwell will solo in What Are You Doing with the Rest of Your Life (originally arranged for one of the Oklahoma City Symphony’s Swinger Series concerts). The concert will premier a series of songs based on Robert Frost poems, the music for them composed by Dr. Dillon.
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<td>“The Mad Mad” (Univ. Theatre) Norman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug 10</td>
<td>Blazers vs Denver (Ice Hockey) Okla City</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug 12</td>
<td>Annual Jazz Festival  Weatherford</td>
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<td>Aug 14</td>
<td>Oilers vs Salt Lake (Ice Hockey) Okla City</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug 17</td>
<td>H.S. Speech Tournament (CSU) Edmond</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug 20</td>
<td>“Play it Again, Sam” (Playhouse) Porca City</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug 22</td>
<td>“Rigletto” (CSU) Okla City</td>
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<td>Aug 24</td>
<td>Custom Car Show Okla City</td>
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<td>Aug 26</td>
<td>“Flower Drum Song” (Jewel Box) Okla City</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug 28</td>
<td>Blazers vs Dallas (Ice Hockey) Okla City</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug 31</td>
<td>East Central vs CSU (Basketball) Ada</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sep 03</td>
<td>TU vs LSU (Basketball) Tulsa</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sep 06</td>
<td>OU vs Kansas (Basketball) Norman</td>
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<td>Sep 08</td>
<td>Barbershop Quartets (Civic Center) Okla City</td>
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<td>Sep 11</td>
<td>Royal Western Watercolor Show Okla City</td>
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<td>Sep 13</td>
<td>Harlem Globetrotters (Basketball) Okla City</td>
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Winter '74-'75
CANNON WALK

Fort Sill's cannon walk is a stunning exhibit of artillery pieces from the World War I and II arsenals of all the major powers. The walk extends from the Old Post Guardhouse, where great Indian chieftians were once confined, to McClain and Hamilton Halls. Along the cannon walk are displayed French and German field guns and trench mortars, a V-1 "buzz bomb," a German "88" from Rommel's Afrika Korps, a Japanese rocket launcher, an Italian truck-mounted anti-aircraft gun, Soviet anti-tank guns, U.S. towed and self-propelled artillery, and many others. Some World War I artillery pieces are painted in the old three-color system of camouflage then employed. The irregular shaped patches of green, yellow, and cream were intended to render the shape of the gun irrecongnizable by breaking up the mass into what would appear to be separate clumps of foliage. The biggest piece on the walk is "Atomic Annie," the historic 280mm gun that fired the world's first atomic artillery round, at Frenchman's Flat, Nevada, on 25 May 1953.

B.B.
In October, the countryside around Fort Cobb Reservoir is a rush of pickup trucks and peanut combines. Dust filters skyward as the cash crop is bundled into burlap bags. Somehow all this harvest activity may be a signal telegraphing itself across the land. For then the crows come.

From as far north as Canada the birds flock to the fall rendezvous. A thousand, then ten-thousand, then when frost and freezes rob natural forage from the fields—millions.

Caddo County fields lie protein-rich with waste peanuts, and the new brown earth is a table spread for the cawing, fussing, winged black masses. Early in the morning, one can hear the crows roar out their hunger from a stand of blackjack timber on the north lakeshore.

As darkness recedes, first one bird, then another, takes wing. Then with a windstorm-roar the trees erupt a black horde.

They swirl straight up in tornadic motion, then level out into huge "crow pipelines," heading out in all directions like the spokes of some strange, airborne wheel.

For twenty, even thirty miles they may fly; over rustic resort cottages, over deep, sandy roadbeds, past silent, redstone rock formations rising from the land; over aged fenceposts and rusted barbed wire piled tall with tumbleweeds.

A filling station operator in Eakly, a cafe cook in Albert, a farmer loading sacks of cattle feed near Gracemont; all could set their watches by the approaching flight. The crows, once in the fields, quarrel among themselves like children on a recess playground.

In the afternoon, they perch in the savannah, some quiet as if reflecting, others harshly throaty. The small trees sag and moan under their building weight.

In the waning hours before sunset, in a uniform mass exit throughout the county, the crows launch their return flight. Tailwinds carry some flocks high; those fighting lower altitudes headwinds struggle low against the treetops.

It is an awesome sight—a feathered black thunderhead on the horizon. In mass, they steal the face of the sun.

Over the safety of a state-provided sanctuary, the birds drop like bats tumbling through the air. The steady cawing in flight turns to purrs of glee.

The crows fume and fight over favorite perches, then socialize more quietly until nightfall. Fort Cobb Reservoir reflects a sunset rich as a Renaissance painting as thousands of birds keep flying in.

Estimates have been made that as many as 10-million crows come to Fort Cobb each winter. It is also estimated to be the largest such gathering in the world.

March brings new warmth to the countryside, and the birds begin to scatter back to nesting areas. In fall, with young, they will return.

The great flocks of passenger pigeons that once darkened the sky have been decimated. The buffalo herds that once covered the plain like a brown carpet are gone.

But the wily crow, with his respectful distrust of mankind, has survived, multiplied and prevailed in the encounter with progress. The great roosting area at Fort Cobb serves to remind us of other wild things that have failed.

BY
GARY LANTZ
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