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1930. Marland elected Congressman from the 8th District.


May 1941. Marland sold the Mansion to the Discalced Carmelite Fathers for $66,000.


July 20, 1948. Mansion purchased by the Felician Sisters for $50,000.


Dec. 6, 1975. City took possession of Mansion.


Regular tours, Tuesday through Saturday, 9:00-11:00, 1:00-4:00. Sunday, 1:00-4:00.

Guests are encouraged to walk around the grounds; the mansion proper is the only building on the tour.

COLOR PHOTOS BY PAUL E. LEFEVRE

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PONCA CITY KEEPS A DREAM ALIVE

Laughter, fun, and parties enliven the Marland Mansion again. Philanthropist and colorful oil magnate E. W. Marland envisioned this gaiety in every detail of planning the mansion. In every facet of living, he craved to absorb the atmosphere of people having fun with the acquisition of the material things of life.

Now the happy sounds of people — garden club members, bank officials, oil executives — reverberate again from the palatial rooms during receptions and buffet dinners. Music emphasizes the pleasure of these occasions, whether wedding reception or congratulatory retirement banquet. Formal balls and sorority functions are parades of beauty and handsome attire, up and down the steps of this elegant castle, that has been a showplace.

Evening classes are offered week nights with extension courses from Oklahoma City University, Phillips University of Enid, and Northwestern State University of Alva. Plans are underway for seminars.

Jogging trails, nature trails and bird watching trails take advantage of the beauty of the grounds.

Ponca Citizens, in 1975, with a one-cent sales tax matched by a $717,500 contribution by Continental Oil Company purchased the mansion from the Felician Sisters after their twenty-seven year occupancy of loving care and adding facilities to enrich the grounds of the estate.

A Marland Mansion Renaissance Ball, black tie, to be hosted by Lt. Governor and Mrs. George Nigh on April 23, 1977, will raise funds to continue equipping and furnishing the mansion. Perhaps ghosts of laughter from the mansion's formal opening on June 2, 1928, an elaborate children's party given by E. W. Marland, will mingle as memories.

Ponca City's efforts are offsetting the disappointments that beset E. W. Marland in the final years of his life. They are reemphasizing the elegance of stone, the warmth of carved wood, the grandeur of chandeliers, re-capturing happy moments for guests with the lavish flair and refinement of the Marland Mansion's original host.

BY IRENE STURM LEFEBVRE

On June 2, 1928, the children of Marland employees and friends were invited by E. W. Marland to the formal opening of his new mansion. The children were met at the gates of the estate by pony drawn hayracks. Each young guest received a silver loving cup engraved with his or her name.
THE KIOWA SACRED FLUTE

At a gathering in the Kiowa country between the Washita River and Fort Sill, almost half-a-century ago, a presentation was made. It was made by Belo Cozad, Kiowa keeper of the sacred flute, to Woodrow Crumbo, a young Potawatomi artist.

Belo Cozad had studied at Carlisle at a time when Indian people were being strongly urged not to be Indian—to reject their heritage. Yet he strongly believed in keeping the old ceremonial ways. He often spoke out to young men, urging them to preserve the Kiowa traditions and honor their heritage. But not many of them did.

Crumbo, though Potawatomi, had many Kiowa friends, among them Scott Tonemah, grandson of Stumbling Bear. The young Potawatomi artist’s works were in the old tradition, and he was intensely interested in keeping the old ways, preserving the ancient ceremonies.

Belo Cozad was so drawn to him that he presented to him the sacred, cedar, Kiowa flute, with its strong power for good. The flute was made in the ceremonial way, its four upper holes symbolizing the four wind directions. Near its tip, a carved bird represents the message which comes from the innermost being of the flute player as he sends forth his song, through the flute, to the world.

After receiving the flute, recognition began to come to Woodrow Crumbo. He, and Scott Tonemah, were invited to Wichita University to perform ceremonial dances for Dr. Thurlow Lieurance. Dr. Lieurance, internationally prominent musician and composer, had immersed himself in Indian music. One of his most famous songs, "By the Waters of Minnetonka," comes from a Kiowa O-ho-ma song.

Over the years Woodrow Crumbo has become one of our nations outstanding Indian artists (see his "Nighthawk Rider," and "Peyote Ceremony" in the Summer ’58 issue of Oklahoma Today). His paintings are widely known and celebrated.

During the Kiowa Veteran’s Ceremonial at Anadarko this year, Woodrow Crumbo returned the highly regarded flute, with the strong blessings it implies, to the Kiowa people. Having now cared for the flute for forty-four years, Crumbo presented it to young Kiowa Tommy Ware.

Present at the ceremony was Scott Tonemah, who witnessed the first presentation forty-four years ago. The only other living witness of that first ceremony is David Apekaum. He was ill this year, and could not attend. Present to represent the O-ho-ma Society, Mac Whitehorse; to represent the Gourd Clan, Taft Hainte; Gus Palmer represented the Kiowa Veterans and the Tonkongo Society; with Presley Ware, chairman, representing the Kiowa Tribal Council.

We add our hope that the flute will be as meaningful in the life of Tommy Ware as it has been for Woody Crumbo, and that its spirit will help to keep our Kiowa people cohesive and strong.

BY BILL BURCHARDT
The latest word to reach the Home for the Aged—which is what we call our section of the newsroom—is that the newest fad among the young set is smoking bananas.

You scrape the pulp from the peel, dry it out in a hot oven, roll your own, smoke it, and they say you get a mild lift out of it.

It could lead to an entirely new industry—banana cigarettes. "Smoke Bananas," the advertisements will say. "Be one of the bunch."

And in a few years the Surgeon General will issue an order that each banana must carry a little notice on its peel:

"Caution: Banana smoking may be hazardous to your health."

And addicts will be advised: "Get the monkey off your back."

* * *

Jackie Furr, who works for our credit union (from whom all blessings flow), accompanied her husband to a meeting of the Typographical Union last Saturday in Tulsa.

This involved a lot of standing at a downtown hotel. Then a group moved to a private home, and at the first opportunity Jackie slipped out of her *peau de soie* shoes. (Technical description by Julie Blakeley, women's editor).

The next day Jackie decided to brush the shoes, only to learn that the two she had worn home weren't mates. In fact, the stranger had a pointed toe with cutouts and hers were round toed.

The owner was identified as the wife of a delegate from Oklahoma City. Fortunately, the Typographical Union has lots of meetings, including one this weekend in Oklahoma City, and the two women plan to exchange shoes.

* * *

New game: How would you describe a dropped toothpaste tube? Crestfallen.

Any number can play.

* * *

Is it the power of suggestion or does our church editor, Beth Macklin, really greet friends by saying: "Halo."

* * *

Baptists' Late Surge Taps Lutherans, 7-4 (sports headline).

Does the winner meet the Lions in the Coliseum?

* * *

The other day at the Oral Roberts University dedication when both Billy Graham and Roberts were there, a lot of bad jokes were perpetrated.

One occurred when a small boy walked up to Chuck Wheat and asked him: "Is this seat saved?"

"Sonny," Chuck replied, "Out here everything is saved."

* * *

Joe Campbell has figured out the truth about our digging project on Mars.

"They want to find out if Mars is inhabited," he explains. "The best way to do this is to start digging. If anyone is around a crowd will collect in a matter of minutes."
George Huckett, who insists it is true, reports a Tulsa man who was participating in a noontime bowling jackpot, rolled 10 consecutive strikes.

Then he picked up his bowling ball, put it in the bag, sat down and began changing to his street shoes.

"What's the matter with you?" an excited friend asked. "You've just bowled 10 strikes!"

"I know," he replied.

"Two more, and you've got a perfect game!"

"I know," he said, tying the second shoe. "And if I do that, my name will be in the paper and my wife will read it, and she'll land all over me for not being at work."

* * *

Dr. E. R. Shapard III, Tulsa, was driving recently when he saw his wife approaching in the other car from the other direction. He was at a stop sign as she drove by and he hollered at her:

"Hey, good-looking, how about pulling over?"

When Dr. Shapard reached home, his wife was still hilarious. A policeman followed her home, she said, so she was very careful in her driving. When she pulled into her driveway the policeman stopped, and she was filled with one thought: "What have I done now?"

"I heard that masher yell at you," he said, "but I wanted to talk to you before I went after him. Did he bother you?"

The moral, Dr. Shapard says, is that the police are on the job.

There's another moral: Be careful what you holler at your wife.

* * *

"How come all the novels of this day and age," the office grouch asks, "have the heroine on heroin?"

* * *

It was KRMG's Fred Campbell who described the wind, which is always with us, in a weather report as:

"Wind 10-15 miles per hour, disgusting to 25 miles per hour."

* * *

I'd almost swear Chuck Adams gave the weather report the other day and said the humidity in Tulsa was 90 proof.

* * *

A man asked me Tuesday if I knew what "Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Thump! Thump!" was.

"No," I said, and he said "Laughing your head off."

* * *

Good old Don Bachelder relays word that the Navy is having trouble with its new submarine, the Will Rogers.

"It has never met a ship it didn't like," Don explains.

* * *

Jacque Stringer's mother knows someone who identifies members of a certain age group as "M&M girls: Between middle age and Medicare."
Harold Dunn of Ballwin, Mo., a school teacher, put together a collection of comments on aviation by pupils he has taught and sent them to Boeing magazine. They give us something to think about.

One wrote: "The Wright Brothers made their first flight in 1903. The year 1903 was really in the 20th century but everyone was behind the times in those days."

"During the Twenties, people started walking on airplane wings and things like that. I know it is crazy but this was before television or anything so what else was there to do?"

Another: Euclid thought out how to make geometry help people to fly. He was born in the 300s and died in the 200s. This is another thing he thought out how to do. He thought out how to do it by using B.C.s."

Here are some more: "Back in 1924, eight men tried to fly around the world but they only ended up where they started."

"Charles Lindberg was the first to fly to Paris. He did it by the airplane method."

"A straight line is the shortest distance between two points unless you are going with Lindberg to Paris. Things are different there."

A girl who claimed she was one of aviation's "starchest supporters" wrote, "The navigator figures out the latitude and the longitude. Latitude tells him where he is and longitude tells him how long he can stay there."

"I know what a sextant is but I had rather not say."

"A visa is a passport permitting an airplane to leave the country. For round trips you need a visa versa."

"In ramjets the air rushes out when the fuel is ignited. So would anybody."

Today's guest joke is from Bobby Richardson, by way of Maurice Gordon. Richardson recently spoke to a breakfast of 900 men at the Broadview Hotel in Wichita.

He said he once had heard an announcement which asked:

"Will the driver of a blue Volkswagen bearing the license number XSF XSF874091420724754208695 4768964355574832011089673 528 5742591 please move his car? Its license plate is blocking the driveway."

The new Prue Elite Cafe announces the new hostess is Miss Patty DuFoy Graw.

A society picture shows a Tulsa couple "inside a golden gazebo" according to the cutline.

My mother would murder me if I even hinted I wanted to go "inside a golden gazebo." Somehow, it sounds illicit.

As of this moment (Tuesday night), the money changer in the automat downstairs is accepting dollar bills but not giving enough change.

I suspect the machine finally has taken the ultimate step and is going into business for itself.

A panhandler who has been haunting the area of the World downtown stopped one of our staff members by saying:

"Say, buddy, can I ask you something?"

"No, you can't," said the staff member. "I don't speak English."

"Oh," said the man, moving on, "excuse me."

It wasn't true, of course. He does speak English. But he can't write it.

I don't know what Herb Karner, our farm editor, has against Claremore, but when it developed Friday that someone named Raines couldn't go there to speak, Herb quickly arranged to send a substitute named Hale.

For a while he sounded like Thor.

Helen Smith, Barnsdall, has a complaint. The World, she says, is using her picture in an advertisement without her permission.

"I was thumbing through the paper," she writes, "when I came face to face with my backside."

"I know it was me because there's no other woman in the world who looks exactly like that."

The ad promises to help one lose weight and shows a hippy (as opposed to a "hippie") woman walking away.

"Don't you think something should be done about this?" Helen asks.

I don't know, Helen. Turn around.
Bill Lambert points out a news item about Scotland Yard’s claim that it has a Labrador retriever which sniffs out dope.

The dog, the Associated Press reported, “has learned to ignore the smell of humans.” (Too bad television hasn’t mastered this.)

This was accomplished “by brain-washing the dog of everything but a burning desire to smell out dope . . . He is constantly rewarded by pats on the head, and by other things the Yard will not reveal.”

Bill suggests: “Maybe they give him a fix.”

An attractive woman walked into the cosmetics department of a downtown store. She wore no makeup at all, and, in all candor, needed some.

She asked for a specific product. The clerk, following the first rule of sales, suggested:

“Honey, you have such beautiful eyes. Have you ever used mascara?”

The woman looked at her with tolerance and answered: “I already have seven kids.”

One meat producing firm in Oklahoma ought to develop as a sideline a product featuring frozen loaves of bread ready for thawing and the oven.

They could call it: Rodeo-dough.

Russell Greenlee, Minneapolis, Minn., stole this from an early bird radio show there:

“A sophisticated western is one in which the Indian sends up a smoke signal and is arrested for air pollution.”

Tom Lobaugh reports that at the end of “The Queen and the Rebels” at Tulsa Little Theater the other night, the rebel leader led the queen offstage to face the firing squad.

An almost breathless audience waited to hear her fate. No one knows what happened but the sound man for some reason sounded an automobile horn instead of a gun.

Arch MacKay, Tulsa, reports: “Seems like everyone I know is wearing glasses. The other day I saw a gingerbread man with contact raisins. I just learned that his girl friend is a rag doll with bifocal buttons.”

Would you call a discreet watchdog at the embassy “a diplomatic pooh?”

The thought for a day is from the Memorial Park Christian Messenger. “People are funny — a man hadn’t kissed his wife for 10 years, and then went out and shot another fellow who did.”

Some more of KOTV’s Historical Headlines—or maybe it should be Hysterical Headlines—have been relayed to me by a spy working for Mike Miller. Things like:

Cain Gets Nod for Slaying
Water-to-Wine Draws ABC Probe
Columbus Denies Junket to Nassau
George Washington Hit by Perjury Charge
Autopsy Ordered for Lot’s Wife

Margaret Lawrence provides another chariot bumper sticker, although this one’s from the coach of Henry VIII:

Keep the Faith, Baby.

A Tulsa man who sent me a propaganda sheet labeled it on the envelope “Third Class Matter,” and I’ll go along with that.

W. A. Roberts, Bartlesville, has an answer for that oft-asked question, “How do you write your column?” He suggests I reply:

“Well, first you get a narrow typewriter . . .”
A Survey of the Past Five Years

by Jon R. Ford, Commissioner
In the Spring '72 issue of Oklahoma Today, Dr. Oliver Wilhelm ably presented the history and scope of Oklahoma Agriculture. He traced the sweeping changes in this vital industry, as farmers have reacted to changing technology and economics.

Dr. Wilhelm, agriculturist-educator, formerly president of Oklahoma State University, was so thorough in this aforementioned article that no effort need be made here to repeat or supplement what he has so ably already written.¹

It is interesting, however, to note some of the changes that have occurred in the last five years.

Gross Sales. In 1975, agriculture became, for the first time, Oklahoma's No. 2 industry in terms of total gross sales. When measured by the dollar volume of cash receipts, only oil and gas superseded agriculture. What makes this situation unique is that in 1975 Oklahoma farmers turned out a near record production of livestock and crops, but the prices received for both were down. Conversely, at the same time the volume of gas and oil production was down, but the price received at the well was up.

In 1965, the State's cash farm receipts were $855 million. This figure rose to $2.26 billion in 1973, but with production at the same level, the farm receipts dropped to $1.92 billion in 1975.

Oil and gas sales in 1965 were recorded at $745 million. This figure increased steadily to $1.94 billion in 1975. ($21 million above agricultural gross sales).

Size and Number of Farms. The number of farms in the state has continued to decline since 1972, but at a slower rate than in the previous five years. At the same time, the average size farm has increased proportionately. In 1972, Oklahoma's 88,000 farms showed an average size of 420 acres. The number had decreased to 87,000 farms in 1975 and the average farm increased 8 acres in size.

The total land in agricultural production remained basically constant from 1970-75, at 36.8 million acres.

Crops vs. Livestock. The makeup of Oklahoma farmers' total income, when viewed from the source of the specific enterprise producing it, continues to indicate a dominance of livestock and livestock products.

In the 1946-50 period, livestock versus crop sales were almost equal, 52 percent from livestock and 46 percent from crops. As more farms added or increased their livestock producing, growing or feeding enterprises, sales from live-

¹A copy of the Spring '72 issue containing Dr. Wilhelm's article may be ordered by sending $2.00 to Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Memorial Building, Oklahoma City, 73116.
Agriculture

stock now account for 72 percent of the total dollar income—crop dollars slid to 19 percent of the total.

The most significant change in income source is the decrease in cotton production in the state, which was fourth below cattle and calves, wheat and hay in 1973. The $101.43 million in cotton sales three years ago has dropped to $37.64 million in 1975, placing cotton now ninth among enterprises as to producing dollars. The state’s 1975 cotton crop was the smallest since 1896.

Total Value. Oklahoma farmers have seen the value of their production units, land and buildings continue to climb in the past few years. In fact, the average value of land and buildings per farm rose six-fold, from $13 thousand in 1949, to $74,838 in 1969. During this same time, farm production expenses rose three-fold, from $370 million to $1.2 billion. The result is that farmers’ and ranchers’ net worth has increased and their cash flow has almost dried up. When people ask me why so few young people return to the farm, I often reply, “It’s just not very glamorous to live poor and die rich.”

Ownership of Land. The ownership of Oklahoma farms continues to rest with individuals in spite of the fact that much has been said about farm ownership going to corporations.

A review of the legal ownership of farm units in the state in 1969 showed 88.5 percent of all farms owned by individuals or families, partnerships own 10.7 percent, and corporations showed up as owners of only .3 of 1 percent. When viewed on a size or acreage basis, individuals and families owned 82.4 percent, partnerships 15.3 percent, and corporations 1.5 percent of the acres in farms.

Marketing. Vital to Oklahoma agriculture is the ability of its marketing system to move its crops, livestock and livestock products interstate and into foreign markets. Restrictions in free trade and movement result in artificial surpluses, depressed prices and a crippled industry. That is why the agricultural segment of America reacted so violently to the grain embargoes of recently past years.
Farmers share the same basic concern as any businessman. Since the farmer's existence is determined by his net profit, he is alarmed at the inflationary climb in his fixed cost, machinery, fertilizer, labor, et cetera. He is further concerned that the unit price he receives per pound of livestock or bushel of grain fails to increase at the same rate as do his costs. Many of the most efficient farmers and ranchers are experiencing a negative cash flow because of last year's excellent worldwide weather (which reduced foreign demand for our crops) and grain embargoes by our government (which damaged our reliability as a seller in the world community). If worldwide weather returns to normal in 1977, exports should increase to a level sufficient to utilize our full production at prices acceptable to farmers.

Conclusion. Most experts agree that world population will continue to increase at a more rapid rate than agricultural production, even with improving technology. Thus, America's ability to produce an abundance of food and fiber remains one of the—if not the—most important elements of our national strength. One key to that strength is that Oklahoma Agriculture is, and always has been, in the hands of optimistic and courageous people who continue to turn problems into opportunities—and to change with the times. Each year's record shows Oklahoma farmers and ranchers are experts in their professions.

REFERENCES:
Oklahoma Experiment Station Bulletin B-720 Structural Changes in Oklahoma Agriculture.
"Except for an ardent few," Time noted in mid-1972, "Americans have traditionally looked upon long hikes as a slow form of torture inflicted upon Boy Scouts and Army infantrymen."

But that view, the magazine surmised then, "seems to be changing." And indeed it was, encouraged by such things as glowing reports on the therapeutic value of exercise in the outdoors, environmentalist paens to the soul-stirring thrill of the wilderness experience... and the Arab oil embargo of 1973 with soaring prices for not always easy-to-find gasoline! Today, as a result, striking out on a trail with 20 to 40-pound back pack has become, to borrow a cliche, as American as apple pie and credit-card overspending.

In the meantime, of course, this surging interest in hiking has spread to such related recreational areas as horseback riding, bicycling, motorbiking, and canoeing. And all conceivable federal, state, and municipal agencies — along with special-interest groups and no few concerned individuals — have rushed in to provide the required facilities.

Last year's American Bicentennial obviously stimulated this trail-building trend. The 3,700-mile-long Trans-America Trail was opened — from Williamsburg, Va., to Astoria, Ore. — the first cross-country bicycle trail and backbone for a system expected eventually to serve all 50 states.

There are similarly ambitious plans for hiking trails. A National Scenic Trails system was authorized by the Congress in 1968. It now includes the 2,350-mile Pacific Crest Trail from Canada to Mexico on the west, the 2,000-mile Appalachian Trail from Maine to Georgia. More than a dozen others are being built, or proposed, including two along historic routes of special interest to Oklahomans; the Santa Fe Trail and the Chisholm Trail.

These, however, are still well in the future. So let's look today at what has already been accomplished in Oklahoma in the "trails" field... where and by whom... and what one can expect to find in the current travel season.

A number of trails were opened last fall, including the Clear Bay Hiking Trail at Lake Thunderbird near Norman. A state parks project (helped along by the Oklahoma Trails Association, of which more later), this five-mile-long interpretative, hiking/nature trail boasts one significant "extra" — a connecting one designed especially for wheelchairs. Switchbacks are used to reduce a steep grade to the lake to a manageable five per cent.

Encouraging indeed is this move toward providing recreational facilities for the handicapped. New Mexico and Colorado have long had trails for the
blind. Yellowstone National Park has its Three Senses (sight, smell, hearing) Nature Trail. Oregon has for many years provided easy-access fishing areas for wheelchair-bound anglers.

In 1976, Oklahoma's State Park Division opened the Murrell Home Nature Trail. Just south of Tahlequah, and Tsa-La-Gi Village and Theatre, it is designed to be accessible to as many people as possible.

It's a half-mile-long and paved. Says a parks spokesman: "For the most part the trail is on level ground... Five audio stations are located along the trail, each with a brief interpretive message and selected bird calls."

A small nature center features a number of "touch and feel" exhibits. There are rest areas, and flower beds. A handsome interpretive booklet is keyed to a dozen stations identified by number along the trail. But, it subtly reminds the unhandicapped, "if you walk quietly and use all of your senses, you will probably find that the most exciting part of the trail's story awaits your discovery between the signs."

And the end is not yet. Parks director Robert A. Pike has begun a study of all the state facilities under his jurisdiction. He promises that accessibility will be provided at once, if possible. Where that is not feasible, he says, it will be incorporated into all future construction.

The state intends to spend some $150,000 this year on a 245-mile trail system. "This is a great beginning," Governor Boren said last October when he unveiled an ambitious three-year trail-building program aimed at seeing the state invest nearly a million dollars in all types of trails.

The Oklahoma State Trails Program was authorized by the Legislature in 1974, funded with $25,000 the following year. On Jan. 24, 1976, the tourism department called a meeting to see what was needed.

Some 75 persons came, representing such outdoor-recreation interests as hiking, horseback riding, bird-watching, camping, and canoeing. From the meeting emerged the Oklahoma Trails Association. OTA has worked closely with the state ever since to develop a comprehensive trail system.

Included in the initial phase of the Governor's program are: a 20-mile backpacking trail from Lake Spavinaw to Lake Eucha; some 35 miles of trails in the Greenleaf Lake/Camp Gruber Wildlife Refuge/Lake Tenkiller area; a 50-mile motorbike trail at Camp Gruber; extensive bridle trail facilities at Robbers Cave; a 50-mile hiking/horse trail along the rugged South Canadian River between Carmen and Taloga. Other state parks trails, recently built or soon to be opened, can be found at Sequoyah, Arrowhead, Fountainhead, Lake Murray, Quartz Mountain, Boiling Springs, and Great Salt Plains.

Also budgeted, if the Katy abandons its rail line between Oklahoma City and Bartlesville, are three right-of-way trail sections. Most important, and controversial, is a 20-mile segment near the proposed Arcadia Reservation. Rail rights-of-way, of course, offer excellent trail-building opportunities. Some 10,000 miles of track in the U.S. have been abandoned since 1970. Wisconsin is but one of several states to capitalize on these abandonments for inexpensive, easy-to-build trails. Talk is already under way to develop such a trail along the Cimarron River near Guthrie.

The federal government is also deeply involved in Oklahoma trail building. The U.S. Naval Depot south of McAlester, for example, offers a trail that features Indian ruins... and an abandoned whiskey still! At Sulphur the National Park Service offers the Travertine Nature Center and a mile-long, text-in-place, self-guiding nature trail. Once the feature of Platt National Park, it is now part of the expanded Chickasaw National Recreation Area.

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service provides a hiking and nature trail at its Tishomingo refuge in Johnston County, another on the north shore of Great Salt Plains Reservoir near Cherokee, and one in the sprawling Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge. Most spectacular perhaps, is that amid the rocks of the Charons Garden
Wilderness Area.

The Ouachita National Forest extends into large areas of LeFlore, McCurtain, and Pushmataha counties. Its featured attraction is the 55-mile-long Talimena Scenic Drive between Talihina and Mena, Ark., along the crest of the mountains. And five of the forest's seven Oklahoma trails are accessible from it.

But the most prolific federal provider of trails—understandable enough, considering the number of giant state reservoirs it is responsible for—is the U.S. Corps of Engineers. Its Tulsa office has developed a dozen or more trails featuring scenery, history, and nature in varying mixes. They can be found at Broken Bow, Eufaula (one recognizing Belle Starr), Tenkiller (the Glory Hole is laid out with children in mind), Fort Gibson (Taylor Ferry South, primarily a nature trail), Keystone, and Oologah. The Corps is also touting its Jean Pierre Chouteau National Historic Trail along the Arkansas River.

Cities, too, have begun to recognize the trend toward trails. Ponca City has laid out a 1.5-mile nature path at Lake Ponca east of the city. The Red Stick Nature Trail is a similar footpath in Oklahoma City's 130-acre Martin Park, off N. Meridian just west of the Mercy Hospital.

Neither a zoo nor a playground, in the conventional sense, Martin Park is a wooded preserve of natural scenic beauty with a five-acre lake and a variety of plant and animal life. The Red Stick Trail starts at the Nature center, offers visitors a sampling of the park's many natural charms.

Tulsa's major nod in the direction of bicyclists, joggers, and plain strollers is the three-mile-long Riverpark Trail. Hard-surfaced and lighted, it roughly parallels busy Riverside Drive between 11th and 56th streets south. Connecting with it is a mile-long stub on an abandoned railroad right-of-way. By mid-1978 the city plans to have four more miles of asphalted trails ready for use.

An ambitious project getting underway in Bartlesville is the Pathfinder Parkway. It will utilize Caney River and Turkey Creek to tie together four existing parks with two new ones to create a natural-beauty recreation complex. Bicycles and walkers will both be accommodated, along with canoe and raft enthusiasts.

But there are trail developments almost everywhere you look these days. And here and there independent groups have not waited for government to act. OK Canoers has long been actively exploring and mapping routes along waterways they are particularly interested in. These include the Illinois near Tahlequah and Spring River in Ottawa County.

The Frank Phillips Foundation has laid out a 1.5-mile nature trail within its superlative Woolaroc Nature Preserve southwest of Bartlesville. Its first quarter-mile leg is paved for use by wheelchairs. The Ozark Society and the Oklahoma Trails Association are currently cooperating on the Jane Dennis Wilderness Trail in the Fort Gibson Reservoir area, a five-mile-long affair for backpackers.

In 1969 Tulsa area nature lovers, spearheaded by Tulsa University's distinguished botanist, Dr. Harriet G. Barclay, gave the state its first Nature Conservancy Preserve (Oklahoma Today, Spring 1975). Hailed as "a slice of the wilderness that is vanishing in America," the 80-acre Redbud Valley Nature Preserve (just northeast of the city) embraces both
Oklahoma’s Scenic Seven State Resorts offer a foolproof formula for successful vacationing, whether you’re keyed to a “nest pocket” weekend or a full two weeks of recreation.

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Our color Scenic, facing, is of Arrowhead Lodge on Lake Eufaula...
—photo by Fred Marvel
Clear summer nights full of stars are customary in Oklahoma. If the present boom in outdoor drama continues, summer nights full of theatrical stars will become commonplace, and equally customary.

Not long ago, Oklahomans had only two places to go for outdoor theatre; the popular Tsa-La-Gi Trail of Tears drama in Tahlequah or out-of-state. But times have changed!

During some weekends this summer, as many as five different outdoor plays will be performed throughout Oklahoma. And almost anything one could want is available, from popular musicals, to historic drama in an air-conditioned amphitheatre, to road show melodramas that play a different location every night.

Newest addition to the state’s outdoor drama repertoire is *Dust on Her Petticoats*, a musical based on the life of Alice Mary Robertson, nineteenth-century pioneer who became Oklahoma’s only female member of Congress. Through the eyes of her theatrical counterpart, Althea Randall, the play explores eastern Oklahoma’s early development, placing special emphasis on the union of white and Indian cultures and the role of women in the state’s settlement.

Over 100 cast and crew members were recruited from across the country for last summer’s premiere season. *Dust on Her Petticoats* was written by Kermit Hunter, author of numerous plays including Tsa-La-Gi’s *Trail of Tears* drama. Dr. Frank Lewin of Columbia University composed the music. The result was an exciting two month run in the beautiful new Discoveryland Theatre west of Tulsa.

Both musical and amphitheatre were commissioned by World Changers, International, a non-profit child-care organization sponsoring underprivileged youth. Proceeds from last seasons performances helped World Changers reach disadvantaged Indian children across the nation, the first time that an outdoor drama’s receipts had been so applied.

*Dust on Her Petticoats* produced several other important firsts. It was the first outdoor drama to explore the role of women in the nation’s development and the first to be directed by a woman, Dr. Hazel Hall of Georgia’s Columbus College.

Ms. Bobbi Bounds Wilson, a graduate of the New York School of Ballet,
expertly choreographed the wide range of fast-moving, action-packed sequences.

Discoveryland Amphitheatre, designed by architect Frank Wallace, is both beautiful and functional. A pavilion of heavy beams and shake shingles overlooks the seating area and natural stone stage. Discoveryland Theatre borders a scenic wooded area about 20 minutes west of Tulsa. Its 2,000 seats make it the fourth largest outdoor theatre in America.

This summer, World Changers is expanding its format to include presentation of the hit Broadway musical Oklahoma. Both Dust on Her Petticoats and Oklahoma will be performed by the same cast on alternating nights so that weekend visitors to the Tulsa area can see both plays. Dust on Her Petticoats will be presented on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and Oklahoma on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. There will be no performances on Sundays.

World Changers general manager Bill Jeffers is excited about the expanded format. "When many people from outside the state think of Oklahoma they think of the Rogers and Hammerstein musical. I can't think of anything more appropriate."

If awards are ever presented to those most responsible for the proliferation of outdoor drama in Oklahoma, Kermit Hunter should be one of the first considered. While Dust on Her Petticoats is one of the newest of his 35 plays, the Trail of Tears drama is one of the nation's oldest and best known. Its ninth season premiers in Tahlequah on June 18. By seasons end, it will have played before an all-time audience approaching the quarter-million mark.

The reason for its success is obvious to anyone who has seen the Trail of Tears drama. The rich history and culture of the Cherokee people is brought to life with an impressive display of music, dance and pageantry. The drama unfolds with the uprooted Cherokee people forced to emigrate from their homes in southeastern America to the then unsettled territory that would become Oklahoma. The play follows their conflicts and triumphs in the new land, the evolution of their nation and its eventual incorporation with the State of Oklahoma.

Special attention is given the great Cherokee leaders—Chief John Ross, who led his people during the difficult periods of relocation and adjustment; Sequoyah, whose alphabet brought literacy to the Cherokees, and Stand Watie, the last Confederate general to surrender.

Visitors to the Trail of Tears drama are invited to come early and explore the entire Cherokee Cultural Complex, of which the Tla-La-Gi theatre is a part. Two attractions well worth an early arrival are the new Cherokee National Museum, which houses displays of the life and history of the Cherokee Nation, and the Tla-La-Gi Village, a reconstructed seventeenth century village where Cherokees in authentic dress keep alive the skills and customs of their centuries-old
tradition. The museum is open year-round and the Tsa-La-Gi Village is open from 10-5, Tuesday through Sunday, between early May and Labor Day.

The Tsa-La-Gi theatre itself is unique among outdoor theatres—it's artificially air cooled! Over 70 tons of air cooling equipment has been installed, insuring audience comfort on even the warmest nights.

With outstanding productions like the Trail of Tears drama, Oklahoma and Dust on Her Petticoats, Oklahomans will have plenty of first class entertainment available this summer. But if you can't make it to the theatre, take heart, the theatre may be coming to you. The American Theatre Company, a Tulsa based group, will begin its third road season this summer. Two ATC production companies will criss-cross the state, performing at lakes, parks and resorts from Broken Bow to the tip of the Panhandle.

While ATC is currently one of the few companies producing traveling dramas, the concept of traveling shows is certainly not new. Some of the old flavor of vaudeville and chautauqua has been captured.

It began two years ago with a 29-day, 5,000 mile tour of eastern Oklahoma. The Innocent Heiress, a turn-of-the-century style melodrama written by Bob Odle and the play's director, Jerald Pope, proved extremely popular.

"We knew it would be successful because of the large number of people who visit the lakes and parks," says ATC producer Kitty Roberts, "but the response was incredible. Now some people even plan their vacations to coincide with our performances."

The 1975 season was so promising that it was followed last year by a 47-stop, two-month tour of For The People, a special bicentennial play written by Pope and Odle. For The People played before over 10,000 statewide including a large Fourth of July gathering at the State Capitol Building.

But the efforts of the past two seasons were mild compared with this year's undertaking. On June 7, two different companies will each begin nine week, 45-stop tours of Oklahoma. One company will again perform The
Innocent Heiress while the other presents an as-yet-unnamed Pope and Odle western melodrama.

Both companies will perform free of charge, funding for the project coming from a series of public and private grants. The Oklahoma Department of Tourism and Recreation, U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and various tourism promotion organizations are sponsoring this year's productions.

Will outdoor drama continue its growth in Oklahoma? Kitty Roberts thinks so. “We are seeing a tremendous growth in professional regional theatre. More people are moving to the Sun Belt all the time and the arts are on the upswing here. I think it is an idea whose time has come.”

If the past few seasons are any indication, then it appears she is right and Oklahomans can look forward to more summer nights of the best in outdoor theatre.
Since 1790, there have been reports of ancient Mediterranean coins found in South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Now two have been found in this area, one in eastern Oklahoma and one in western Arkansas. Both have been identified by Dr. Norman Totten, of Bentley College, Massachusetts.

One, a bronze coin about the size of a fifty cent piece, was struck in ancient Carthage, North Africa, before Carthage was conquered by the Romans in 146 B.C., and probably during the three years preceding this date. The obverse design was borrowed from Sicily. It portrays Arethusa, water nymph of Elis spring, surrounded by four dolphins, symbols of good fortune. It is the reverse design, a horsehead which was used as the symbol of Carthage on coins, which identifies its Carthaginian origin. Its Punic lettering, of the style of that period, has been translated by Harvard University's Dr. Barry Fell. It means Citadel. The uprooted date palm on the coin is purposed to convey to Greeks the origin of the coin, for the Greek word for palm is phoenix, the etymological root for Phoenicia and Punic. Of particular interest is the hole drilled near the top. Dr. Fell observes that it was the custom of early explorers in America to give such drilled coins to Americans to wear as adornments.

This coin was found in 1973 by Jesse Ray Kelley, near Cauthorn, Arkansas. It was buried six inches deep at the foot of Poteau Mountain, near a small stream which is a tributary of Poteau River. Dr. Totten, who is a numismatist, states that the patina and corrosion verify that it has been buried for centuries.

The second coin, slightly smaller than a twenty-five cent piece, and imperfectly round, bears the profile of Nero. It was struck in ancient Antioch, North Africa, in 63 A.D. Its Greek script reads Nero Augustus Caesar. The reverse shows an eagle holding a thunderbolt, with a palm branch to the right. This coin was found in Heavener, which also lies at the foot of Poteau Mountain. A young man, Wilbert Stewart, on September 24, 1976, while mowing and cleaning, picked up a pop bottle lying at the bottom of a ditch some eighteen inches deep. Stuck to it with gummy mud was the rusty-looking coin. He took it home and scrubbed it, which removed any possible patina, and making it presently impossible to determine how long it may have lain buried.

These coins may provide an important link in the gathering evidence that Mediterranean people were in this area before the birth of Christ. (See Newsweek, May 26, 1975, "Who was First?"; Readers Digest, February 1977, "Who Really Discovered America?" by Thomas Fleming; Oklahoma Today, Winter '75-'76 "The Stones Speak," Spring '76 "The Stones Speak Part II," and Autumn '76 "The Pontotoc Stone," by Gloria Farley.)
You are gliding down a quiet stretch of water. On either side of the river, the shore seems primitive wilderness. A sense of aloneness creeps into your being. You feel the warm sun, are aware of the woody odor of the nearby forest, and hear the lazy music of the water.

Yonderly a woodpecker knocks on a hollow tree. A squirrel scrambles up another. An excited wild duck followed by three chattering ducklings hurries toward the safety of a cove at your approach. You are seeing mother nature at her best.

You round a bend. Limestone bluffs now tower over you and you hear the roar of rapids. You see it then, the river boiling into white water ahead.

You are swept into the quickening current, and thrust into the heart of the rapids. Your throat tightens. The roar seems overpowering. Cold spray hits you. You are at the mercy of the river. The canoe dips, bobbles, there's a bump, a grinding noise, a terrifying moment in suspended time.

Then as suddenly as it began, you shoot from the rapids, and drift again in the placid current. Your pulse returns to normal. A wave of exhilaration sweeps over you. You have fought the river and won. You bask in a spiritual kinship with your trailblazing forefathers.

Such is the type of experience awaiting anyone who chooses a float trip on the Illinois River in eastern Oklahoma's Green Country. You will have to use your imagination a little on the white water, for the mild Illinois rapids hardly qualify. In summer the average current is about two miles an hour, the rapids about five.

One of the few near primitive rivers left in the United States, the Illinois flows through the forested slopes of the Cookson Hills, reputed to have been a refuge for outlaws in earlier times.

Today, the river is a favored spot for those wishing to leave civilization behind for a day or a week. Those wishing to float the Illinois can put their own canoe or rubber raft in the water at any point they choose along the river's 60 mile route above Tablequah.

Or they can rent a canoe from one of the many operators spread along State Highway 10, along the Loop Route. Often, for those who rent, it is their first canoeing experience.

Such was the case when my husband and I chose to tackle the Illinois. Jess and I chose a commercial operator for our first float trip. We opted for a two-day, 35-mile trip, perhaps a little too much for first-timers.

Along the Illinois
FLOAT

By Bonnie Speer
Float trip operators agree. “Our most popular trips are ten to fifteen miles,” they suggest. Such a trip takes approximately four to six hours. Most operators haul you and your equipment to the starting point and pick you up at the end to return to your car.

I was pretty scared at first, having a natural fear of water, knowing nothing about a canoe, and mistrusting its fragile structure. To my relief, one of the first things I learned when stepping into the craft was that it is not as easily tipped as I had always supposed.

Learning to paddle a canoe takes some doing, as I found out. Free advice is available from any of the operators.

“You paddle on the side you want to stay away from,” Linda Lowe advised.

“Basically, there are only four strokes,” Rocky Angel, a float trip guide, told me. “The one in the back has the control. When you want to turn, he backstrokes a couple of times on the opposite side.”

Later, we met a couple of experienced canoeists from Oklahoma City, who were also helpful.

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"You paddle on the side you want to stay away from," Linda Lowe advised.

Her friend, Larry Grove, nodded, "The Red Cross has a free, basic canoeing book that explains things well."

I sighed, wishing I had known about that book earlier. I think Jess and I spent half our time on that first trip going down the river sideways.

"The thing to remember," says Rocky Angel, "is that good water safety habits apply here as well as any place else."

"Sometimes spilling is unavoidable. Beginners should expect a dunking or two. You should wear life jackets. Commercial operators insist that life jackets be worn. Leave your valuables locked in your car, or in the care of the operators, before beginning the trip. Securing these things in a waterproof plastic bag tied to the canoe is a safe method for those with canoeing experience."

Experienced floaters are often seen skillfully paddling downstream with a full load of camping equipment, prepared for an overnight stay along the river. Some operators offer customers free camping at their landing sites. Public camping is also available.

Some of the float trip operators are open seven days a week. June, July, and August are the most crowded on the river. The other months aren't without their fans, though. The season runs according to the weather, from February to November.

We believe you'll agree, as have most who have tried it, that a float trip is fun.
READERS: PLEASE WRITE
We appreciate hearing from you. If you see something in Oklahoma Today you don't like, let us know, and we'll try to avoid a second offense. If you read an article, a poem, a feature, or encounter a scenic color picture that pleases you, let us know. We want to please you.

OKLAHOMA WRITERS FEDERATION CONVENTION

Sixteen writer's groups from Oklahoma towns and cities comprise the Oklahoma Writers' Federation. It has more than 400 members. The Federation promotes writers and writing through conventions, workshops, annual contests, and special help to students.

This 1977 Annual Convention will be held at Oklahoma City's Holiday Inn South on May 6 and 7. Featured speaker will be Tony Hillerman, a unique Oklahoman.

Now professor of journalism at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, where he is also special aid to the University's president, Tony grew up at Sacred Heart, Oklahoma. Tony and his brother, Oklahoma City professional photographer Barney Hillerman, attended Sacred Heart Academy, and graduated from Konowa High School.

Tony attended O.S.U., graduated from O.U., and became a newsman. He was a staffer on the Lawton Morning Press and Constitution. While writing for United Press International he was transferred to Santa Fe as bureau manager. He has written three mystery novels.

THE BLESSING WAY was a finalist for the Mystery Writers' of America Best First Novel award, and made the American Library Association's Notable Books list.

FLY ON THE WALL was a finalist for the M.W.A. Edgar Allen Poe Award, and since U.S. publication has also been published in Germany and Sweden. You'll recognize the Oklahoma state capitol building, where Tony worked as statehouse correspondent for U.P.I., as the setting for this one.

DANCEHALL OF THE DEAD evolves from Pueblo-Navajo Indian settings and customs as does THE BLESSING WAY. DANCEHALL won the Edgar Allen Poe Award (1974) over British and Swedish finalists, and is now also published in Germany, Japan, and Denmark.

He has authored a number of other books and his newest mystery, LISTENING WOMAN, will soon be published by Harper and Row. Tony's yarns are sure-grip, and will hold your interest from first page to last.

Anyone who is interested in writing may register for and attend the O.W.F. Convention. Details may be obtained from president Opal H. Brown, 809 S.E. 38th St., Lawton 73501.

. . . Alta M. Ingram

Here is the Oklahoma City Advertising Club's Addy Award, presented to Oklahoma Today for Irene and Paul Lefebvre's article and photographic coverage of the Quarter Horse in our Summer '76 issue.
A SKELETON OF A STORY
ABOUT A SKELETON

While digging a water well on a high point overlooking the Cimarron River near Coyle, John Hughes dug his pick into some rib bones. Carefully removing the dirt, he discovered the near perfect skeleton of what appeared to be a six-foot-tall man.

Remnants of clothing which still clung to the bones soon turned to dust after the skeleton had been removed from the hole. Examination of the grave revealed interesting items. A heavy Navy revolver was found, then a long rusty Bowie knife, and a leather belt which was badly eaten away with age. Further search produced a large chamois pouch, which came apart when Hughes tried to pick it up. From it fell a considerable number of mouldy coins and a roll of decaying currency.

There were 74 gold coins of various denominations, totaling $1,515. The bills were so badly stuck together they could not be counted. A doctor who examined the bones placed the time of the man's death at around 1863, which would have been during the Civil War. One $10 gold piece was dated 1852.

Not far from where the lonely grave was discovered is the site of old Camp Russell, first established as a military post during the Boomer invasion of the Stillwater area in 1884. Prior to this, the region was little known.

Who was this man? How did he come to die far out in the wilderness of the Indian Territory? What was he doing there, and why was he buried with all that money? If he had been killed by Indians, his gun and knife would surely have been taken. White outlaws certainly would not have left the money behind, unless perhaps they feared a contagious disease. What were the strange circumstances that placed this victim in his grave?

It is unlikely we will ever know. We are left only to wonder about this well-armed, well-heeled man who came to his end far from any known trail or field of action.

(This unexplained mystery, turned up while doing research on another subject, was found in the May 31, 1893, Guthrie Daily News.)

... Stan Hoig
About three miles north of Headrick seven peaks rise abruptly on the plain. These are the Navajo Mountains. When I taught at Headrick one of my students told me why the peaks are called the Navajos.

The story goes that the Navajo Indians were dropping south of the Santa Fe Trail and preying on the horses of the Plains Indians. The Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches banded together to stop the thieving.

One night when the Navajos were camped at the peaks, a Plains warrior rode to inform the allied enemy tribes of their presence. Braves came from the three Plains tribes, and congregated not far from the peaks.

Next morning while the Navajos were cooking breakfast around their camp fires the Plains Indians surrounded them and killed about fifty. It is said that only one of the Navajos managed to get away alive and that he stayed in the mountains for a long time. Thus the peaks were named the Navajos.

In early territorial times a village was located near the Navajo Peaks. There was a general store, with a post office. Because another post office in one of the western states was named Navajo, the spelling for the Oklahoma town was changed to Navajo. Cattle drivers used to drop off the Western Cattle Trail and buy supplies from the Acer and Dale Store there. This was their first trading place north of Doan’s Crossing on Red River, and their last before Dodge City.

Indians came to Navajo to trade. One woman told me that, as children, she and her playmates would run to the town well to see the Indians, and listen to the tinkling of their moc-casin bells. Cowboys and Indians loved to gamble, and there were many horse races and card games. One cowboy, caught with two aces of the same suit, deliberately chewed and swallowed one of them, earning his nickname, Eat-Em-Up-Jake.

Navajo was a thriving little village until the Frisco Railroad located its depot on land given by the Headrick family and the road was constructed three miles south of Navajo. Houses and businesses immediately moved to the new town site. Except for the well-kept cemetery, pictured here, with the Navajo Mountains in the background, little trace of the former village remains.

Stories of its hardy pioneers, and humorous happenings, are still told. Buck Skin Joe was one of Navajo’s interesting characters. He came from Fort Worth as a land promoter. For thirty-five dollars he built a half-dugout for his family. With three hundred dollars he built an eight room hotel. Fried chicken, hot biscuits, potatoes and gravy, with plum-cobbler for dessert, could be had for twenty-five cents.

Saddle-bag ministers served the churches at Navajo.

North of Navajo a few miles a cowboy shot Chief Polant’s son. Geronimo and other Indians were preparing for an uprising. Mrs. Leslie Miller, now deceased, told me of the settler’s fears when they heard the Indians’ wagons and war cries. A cattleman from the Yellow Hammer Ranch told Chief Polant he would butcher two beefs for the Indians if they would call off the uprising. They did.

When it was deemed necessary to hold court a judge came from Mangum and, in the summer, court was held under the Twin Elms north of Navajo. The judge used a barrel head for his tribunal. Kip Thornton once told me that he loved to go with his father to listen to the trials.

There was a popular dance hall near Navajo. Church people later bought it for worship services. A stile-rock still stands, where young men would help their dates to mount their horses. Old timers still remember the young man who gave an extra push to his overweight date. She bounced entirely over the horse and saddle and landed on the stoney ground.

Altus Air Force Base is paved with Navajo granite. When I drive along Highway 62 approaching Altus, I often look north to count the seven peaks of the Navajo Mountains and recall the substantial pioneer community that once thrived there. It has left us a heritage worth remembering.

1For more tales of the Navajo Mountains, read “Old Navajo” in Frontier Historians: the life and works of Edward Everett Dale, pub. by the Univ. of Okla. Press; or Chronicles of Oklahoma, Vol. XXIV.

BY MARY NEELY CAPP
Commencement Quatrains

By Rudolph N. Hill

I do not know why winds should blow
With such soft fragrance here,
Or locusts shower white tears of flower
With graduation near.

But I have known a book-musk blown
Beneath old, shady trees,
A wondrous bloom upon a loom
Of book-lore memories.

The tang of red dirt lingers here
As on old wagon-trains
Canadian flood and pioneer blood
Have left eternal stains!

So many young, soft words on tongue,
Have passed through door and room,
Each classroom, wall; each arch and hall
Exude youth-wistful bloom.

This poem was written in remembrance of Mr. Hill's O.U. years, but all graduates are likely to feel a nostalgic tug toward their own alma mater upon reading it.

Teacher, attorney, judge, Boy Scout leader, Rudolph N. Hill lives in Wewoka. He is a member of Poets Laureate International, having been appointed a poet laureate of Oklahoma just over a decade ago. He has served three terms as president of the Poetry Society of Oklahoma, and three times on the Poetry Panel of the Southwest Writers' Conference, Corpus Christi. His work has been internationally published and anthologized.
OKLAHOMA TODAY
HONORABLE DAVID BOREN
Governor
HONORABLE GEORGE NIGH
Lieutenant Governor

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