BEAUTIFUL SCENICS
COLUMBUS WAS RIGHT: THEY REALLY WERE INDIANS
FUNNY CAR TAGS
PHILBROOK ART CENTER
PIONEER WOMEN
FIRE
LEGEND OF THE FLUTE
CHRISTOPHER Columbus was right after all; at least some of the people in pre-Columbian America actually were Indians!

I am convinced of this after spending five months in Pakistan and India researching the spread of people and influences from the ancient culture centers there into other parts of the world. I have solid evidence to show that in addition to cultural diffusion, there were actual migrations to America.

This evidence is positive. It includes the names of the peoples themselves. Members of certain tribes now living in Oklahoma are direct descendants of the people who built the famed Indus Valley cities of 5,000 years ago.

These tribes include the Yuchi, Shawnee, Sac and Fox, Creeks, and Cherokees, and perhaps others as well.

The great Bronze Age cities now called Harappa and Mohenjo-daro were urban centers of a highly developed civilization which flourished between 2800 B.C. and 1500 B.C. along the thousand mile course of the Indus River and its four northern tributaries. The domain of this civilization also extended east and west of the river's mouth for several hundred miles along the shores of the Arabian Sea. Archaeological evidence proves that the area occupied by the Indus Valley people was larger than that covered by any other known civilization of the ancient world. More than 150 towns and villages which shared the Indus culture have been identified, and there is good reason to suspect that others are yet undiscovered.

Apparently prosperous and peaceful, the population was cosmopolitan in its variety. The greatest number were Caucasian, representing at least three types of this race, but there were individuals as well with African features, and others who were of a racial type similar to the Ainu of Japan.

Some of the Caucasians were of the “Mediterranean” type related to the people of the ancient Sumerian cities of Al Ubaid and Kish. Others were the same type as many of the Dravidian speaking peoples of South India. A third group were of the “Alpine” variety and had apparently come into the region from the northwest. The varied racial composition of the people indicates the vast extent of their trading contacts. This is a fact proved as well by the presence of rare metals and semi-precious stones from distant sources. Such metals and stones have been found in abundance during the excavation of these towns.

Development of the Indus culture began centuries before its emergence as a full-blown civilization soon after 3,000 B.C. Final collapse came with the abandonment of the larger towns and the two great cities, some time before 1500 B.C. The ruins of the great cities were soon buried under mounds of desert sands and the existence of the civilization they represented was completely forgotten. It was not even suspected until 1921 A.D. when exploratory excavations were begun at Harappa to determine the source of the millions of well-made bricks which had been continually mined from the site since the 1840s.

The spectacular scope of the ruins soon became apparent, as was also true 300 miles away at Mohenjo-daro, where similar excavations began the following year. The equals of these ancient cities were unknown anywhere else in the ancient world, at least before the time of classic Greece and Rome. Even then the ordinary citizens did not have the comforts of homes such as

Oklahoma’s Cherokee, Creek, Yuchi, Sac and Fox, and Shawnee Indian people did not come to the North American Continent “over a land bridge which once existed between Siberia and Alaska.” They, and probably others, are descendants of ancient Indian cultures once existed in India’s Indus Valley.

Dr. Joseph Mahan, whose research establishes this, wrote his Ph.D. dissertation on the prehistoric people who constructed our Spiro Mounds, and other similar mounds throughout the U.S. Southeast. Much of the research for his dissertation was done in Oklahoma, among our Yuchi people.
The Interpretive Center, now under construction at the Spiro Mounds, northeast of Spiro, Oklahoma, will be opened in late October. Through an ongoing and developing program, it will aid the visitor in interpreting the Spiro Mounds site through art and artifacts discovered there (Illustrations here are from the Spiro Mounds dioramas at Woolaroc Museum, Bartlesville.)

The poorer people had at Mohenjo-daro.

The mystery surrounding the abandonment of the Indus cities and the decline of their civilization has never been solved. It is generally agreed that invasions by Aryan peoples from the north were certainly a factor. Another cause was probably the shifting of the Indus River away from the cities, and the continued rising of the water table as the result of silt accumulation. It is likely that the disruption of trade as the result of wars, and the exhaustion of tin mines essential to the making of bronze, also contributed to the decline.

When my wife and I began our research in Pakistan, I had expected to show relationships between cultural features of the Indus Valley Civilization and those of my long-time friends, the Yuchis and their affiliated tribes, whose history and social customs I have studied for the past twenty-five years.

I knew from published material available that the people of Harappa and Mohenjo-daro painted designs on their pottery which were identical to designs these American peoples had once painted, stamped, or engraved on theirs. I also knew that the ancient Indus people made copper axes in sizes and styles that were identical to the tomahawks made by American Indian people. They also carved stone, ivory, and sea shells into shapes and made miniature clay vessels and “toy” animals exactly like those of our Indians.

It was apparent from studying existing nineteenth century portraits of American tribal leaders that there were many parallels between their costumes, jewelry and personal adornment and those of the historically known peoples of India. Similarities included the wearing of the same styles of turbans, earrings, silver head bands, bracelets and arm bands, as well as the distinctive silver crescents some of our chiefs wore on their breasts.

Even more significant was an enormous body of written material in our libraries and archives which had been accumulating since colonial times. Almost completely ignored by research scholars, this material documented numerous finds of coins, metal and glass objects and alphabetic inscriptions indicating extensive and long-time contacts in ancient times between the Americas and Western Europe, the Mediterranean area, and the Near East. Most of this material had been found, beginning as early as 1742, in the cultivating of fields or the digging of wells on the sites of prehistoric Indian towns.

Even when it was brought to learned attention, this material was consistently discredited by American scholars who held, almost without exception, that all the American cultures before the time of Columbus developed on this continent completely independent of any influences—or migrations—from the ancient civilizations of the Eastern Hemisphere.

During the past twenty years, however, an increasing number of serious scholars have drawn attention to the importance of this material, without being aware of the full amount and scope of it which exists.

My personal familiarity with the religious philosophy and ceremonies of the Yuchi long ago convinced me of their relationship to the well-known religions of the ancient Near East and of India. This belief was strengthened by the research I did for my dissertation at the University
of North Carolina, in which I show that the ancestors of these people had brought a fully developed and highly sophisticated culture into the southeastern United States from somewhere outside the area.

Recently, as I have studied the archaeological sites, the museums, and libraries of Pakistan and India, I have found still more cultural similarities. I have also found that there are identities of physical types between the peoples of this area and those of America which I had not even suspected.

Although evidence of this kind is clearly suggestive of direct contacts between the peoples involved, it is also subject to debate. There is always the chance that the traits and practices in question could have diffused through intermediaries or—except for the physical traits—they might, indeed, be mere similarities resulting from independent inventions by two completely isolated peoples.

Although I had not expected to find it so readily, I now have the “hard” evidence required to prove such contacts conclusively. This evidence is in the names that were shared by the peoples of both areas. These names provide positive identification of those who were once in contact—indeed were once the same people!

There are at least two distinct groups who can be thus identified. They are:

1. The Yuchi, whose relatives in India were the Yueh-Chih (local spelling), are best known as the people from whom came the Kusbana dynasty of kings in Northern India during the first and second centuries of this era. I have found such a high degree of similarity between the names and art symbolism of these people and the American Yuchis that there can be no reasonable doubt of their relationship. In 1957 the late S. W. Brown, Jr., of Sapulpa, Oklahoma, revered chief of the tribe, made a tape for me recording all the names he knew which his people had called themselves. There are eight of these names. Six of these are found in association with the Yueh-Chih of India.

2. The Tama and others. The names of at least six of the Dravidian speaking peoples who were part of the Mohenjo-daro population are identical to the names of tribes or “towns” living together, along with the Yuchi, in the southeastern United States when Hernando DeSoto explored the area in 1539-42. They are also known in later times as distinct peoples belonging to the Creek Confederacy or as part of other tribes.

These names with their Dravidian equivalents are: (1) Tama-Tamil; (2) Cana or Canada—Kannada; (3) Tali—Teligu; (4) Tulla—Tulu; (5) Kolomi — Kolomi; (6) Cheraw — Chera. It is likely that the last name is the initial syllable in the name Cherokee as well.

The first five are names which the individual Dravidian groups still call themselves. The sixth is a name by which part of the Tamil country was known to the Aryan Indians at an early period.

Duplications of a dozen names, in a related context such as this simply cannot be by chance nor by independent invention. This point will be expanded in my book, now in preparation, and entitled, “Whence Come the Yuchi!”

The National Hall of Fame for Famous American Indians

A shrine dedicated to American Indians who have contributed to the molding of our American way of life stands at the entrance of that city of museums, Anadarko, Oklahoma. Begun in 1952, the Hall of Fame now displays portraits in sculpture of nineteen of our greatest Indian leaders.

- Black Beaver Delaware
- Chief Joseph Nez Perce
- Allen Wright Choctaw
- Osceola Seminole
- Charles Curtis Kaw
- Sacajawea Shoshoni
- Quanah Parker Comanche
- Jim Thorpe Sac and Fox
- Pontiac Ottawa
- Sequoyah Cherokee
- Little Raven Arapaho
- Tishomingo Chickasaw
- Alice Brown Davis Seminole
- Pocahontas Powhatan
- Will Rogers Cherokee
- Major Gen. Clarence L. Tinker Osage
- Roberta Campbell Delaware
- Jose Maria Nadahko
- Hiawatha Mohawk

Geronimo will be added in 1978. Plans include the addition of Tecumseh (Shawnee), Pushmataha (Choctaw), Massasoit (Wampanoag), Keokuk (Sac and Fox), John Ross (Cherokee), Stand Watie (Cherokee), and others.

A new Administration Building, dedicated last year, at the Hall of Fame entrance, also informs visitors of Anadarko's other Indian museums; Indian City (three miles south of Anadarko), the Department of the Interior's Southern Plains Indian Museum (adjoining), the Philomathic Indian Museum in Anadarko's old Rock Island depot and, during the American Indian Exposition in August, provides details on the fairgrounds location of exhibits and the time of daily events.
Funny Car Tags

When I am travelling, and I register at a motel, and the desk clerk wants to know my license tag number, I have to go back outside and look because I don't remember. Nancy Dale Baker of Midwest City doesn't have that faulty memory problem. Her license plate reads, simply: NOTHING.

Or take, for another example, J.T. Coody of Cache, who opted for a pungent: POLECAT. Nancy and J.T. are two of the 8,012 Oklahomans who forked over an extra ten bucks this year for special individualized auto tags. It's a growing fad—that's nearly 3,000 more than last year.

Before 1977, Oklahoma license tags with names or slogans instead of numbers were allowed only on passenger cars, but now you can buy one for your pickup or your travel trailer or your motor coach. John Hargrove of Del City ordered TOURIST, which would be appropriate for almost any mobile vehicle, and several types of pedestrian.

Special tag buyers display humor, imagination, lack of both, pride, vanity, patriotism (YEA USA, A.W. Householder, Norman), and sometimes business acumen, utilizing their tags to advertise their occupations, like PLUMBER: Tim Blackwell of Claremore.

But then, for all I know, he may not be a plumber. It would take 2 LONG (Jack Holman, Tulsa) to check out all of these fascinating folks, so we can only speculate and conjecture, each in his own way, about what they do and why they chose their particular identifying tags. POOBAH (Patricia Susan Barret, Guymon) for instance. Or TYCOON, the personal plaque of Glen Robbins of Lindsay. A big broomcorn broker? Ringling's Ronnie Austin's WHO ME stirs the curiosity somewhat, whereas modest Lawtonite Raymond DelVecchio's ROMEO seems self-explanatory.

Speculation: Bud Ballew of Canute drives a 28 FORD; William Thomas of Moore herds a 29 CHEVY; J. I. Everest of Ok City owns a ROLLS (Royce); David Foerster a (Volks) RABBIT; and Ross Dugger of Sayre either now has, or else used to be, a 1930 CAD.

Conjecture: John Herryberry of Idabel, with TUTH DR, and Louis Rowe of Tulsa, with 2TH DR, are probably Dentists. But Raymond Toothaker of Okmulgee, with TOOTH and TOOTH 1, probably isn't a Dentist. He sounds more like a frequent customer.

A goodly number of special tag buyers want their names, nicknames, or initials on them, but Pam Smith of Stillwater preferred ZONK, and Jack Choate, Jr., of Hennessey chose a somniferous ZZZZZ. 1 INDIAN suited Mildred Potter of Tulsa, while cool-minded V. A. Giddens of Norman ventured upon THIN ICE.

Here's an odd batch to ponder: SHRIMP, SKI BUG, STREAK, ROOM 55, ROOSTER, PRUNE, PUDDIN, SIX-PACK, HANGMAN, KILLER, EXEMPT . . .

THE CHEF, Victor Chevalier of Collinsville, probably messes around the kitchen a lot. WRITER Charles Mooney, Sr., of Midwest City, doubtless owns a typewriter. Randy Jones of Shattuck is WICKED. X BOOKIE, a Tulsa whose anonymity I will protect so people wouldn't bug him with incessant humorous phone calls, may have quit taking bets after the 1975 Kansas-OU game, an event that cured a lot of us wagerers. (See UBETCHA, Phil Estes, Ok City.)

Denzil Rhett of Ramona, and George Martin of Tulsa, TRUCKIN and TWUCKIN, respectively, could either be gear-jammers or 1940s type dancers. Or, for that matter, neither.

Some people, like Carl Hensley, YALE, and Sam Billings, YUKON, chose tags with their home towns on them—they not only can easily recall their license logos but also where they live. Same with TULSAN Mel Waldorf, and a good many others.

The list of 8,012 special tags is fraught with duplication, including two XEROX plates, but not including REPEAT (Boyd Peat of Enid). There are four exuberant WOW's, five WISDOM'S, three TOMCAT'S, ten WATER'S, and a dozen or more other multi-plate company fleet listings (with a 1, 2, 3, etc. added to each tag). For some reason Charles Mason of Geronimo was taken with TAKEN, and so were Wallace and Dorris Hufschmid of Ok City, TAKEN 1 and TAKEN 2. TENNIS, anybody? Yup. Francis Baxter of Edmond and George Patterson of El Reno. Gary Nolan Quick, 2nd, of Ok City owns fifty dollars worth of QUICK tags. And WELDON crops up ten times, which probably interests me more than it does you.

by Weldon Hill
Some tags would seem to admonish tailgaters, like 2 FAST (J. Spencer Carson, Ok City), and 2 CLOSE (Noble Daniel, Bartlesville). Then there’s SAFETY, owned by Safety R. First, of Tulsa. I wouldn’t kid about a thing like that; he also has a FIRST tag. I don’t know if it fits into this general traffic-oriented category or not, but Dale Pollard of Cyril owns a tag with the ambiguous suggestion: SITONIT. That’s a SHOW-BIZ (Johnny Jones, Alva) term all Fonzie fanciers are familiar with. Whatever it means.

Here are some more free samples, unattributed. SNOOPY, SNUBBY, SNUFFY, SPANKY, SPARKY, SPUNKY, SPEEDER, SPIKE, SPOOK, SPIT.

REPENT, REPLATE, RERUN, RETRED, REJOICE, RELAX.


MY BIRD, MY BUG, MY CAB, MY MERC, MY TAG, MY MAD . . .

I WILL, I DANCE, I FISH, I LUVU, I AM 40, I’M LOST.

Theodore P. Klinker of Tulsa has KLINK and KLUNK tags. If he bought my 1967 pickup he could complete the trilogy with KLANK.

Joe Mueggenburg of Piedmont urges people to EAT BEEF, which undoubtedly meats with the approval of COWBOY Charles Stewart of Yukon and COWMAN James E. Haley, Jr., of Sallisaw.

Greg Hodges of Medford needn’t worry about anybody stealing his car. Who’d be dumb enough to steal an automobile with a tag that reads: STOLEN? Speaking of crime, lady policemen may, or may not, be represented by MS COP and MS FUZZ. But women’s lib is.

Collegiate fealty is expressed by such partisan slogans as OSU FAN, OSU NOW, OSU 77, OU OSU, OU BEAR, OU FAN, OU KID, OU LAND, BIG RED, OU NO. 1, OU 4 ME, OU BEST, and BEAT TX.

You had enough? Me, too. In conclusion, my vote for either the most imaginative, or else the least imaginable special plate goes to David Peterson of Ok City for 1 CAR TAG. At any rate it must be unforgettable when checking into motels.

Astonishingly enough, some special tag buyers forget to remember to pick up their easy to remember decals. As of just recently, the Vehicle Division of the Oklahoma Tax Commission was holding $6130 worth of the unique (UNIQUE, Jack Carlton of Shawnee) personalized plates, paid for by 613 forgetful people who aren’t getting much benefit out of their ten buck investments. And they probably need their special tags worse than anybody.

Some years ago when our license plates read OKLAHOMA across the top this magazine’s accountant, Don Paine, purchased a license plate that said TODAY. Thus his license tag read OKLAHOMA TODAY, an expression of his pride in the publication for which he works. Then, a few years ago, the legislature changed the top line on the license plate to read OKLAHOMA IS OK. So now Don’s license plate reads OKLAHOMA IS OK TODAY. A good many people ask him how come? He always explains. Anyway you look at it, as long as his license plate says OKLAHOMA IS OK TODAY, and it is on his car everyday, it makes for a pretty healthy philosophy.

Indian artist-humorist Bill Flores used to have a license tag that said UGH. We can’t find it among current listings so he must have decided that even that was too much conversation to fit his stoic Indian image.

It’s remarkable how many have resorted to the language of our neighbor nation to the south. Among our Spanish speaking license tags is ANGEL (pronounced an-hail) belonging to Angel Lara, Purcell, who operates O. U.’s hacienda El Cobano, in Colima, Mexico.

There is also BUENO, CABALLO, CAZADOR (hunter), CHILLI, EL GATO (the cat), EL LOBO (the wolf), EL SOL (sun) EL TORO (bull), plus EL FORD and EL SNAKE. Then ZORRO (fox), LA RAZA, MEXICAN, MATADOR, QUE PASA and K PASA, SIESTA, (get this one) PEEKUP, VIVA, VIVAS, VAMOS (we go), and ADIOS.

We’ll take the hint. So BYE BYE (Wm. Loring, Muskogee). This is the END (E. N. Dillard, Tulsa).
**CALENDRIFIC EVENTS**

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<td>&quot;New Year Dance&quot;</td>
<td>Oklahoma City</td>
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Caution! The Orthopedic General has determined that mattress moving could be hazardous to your health.

If I had my way the above tag would appear on every mattress sold in this country. If you are one of the unenlightened who scoff at the dangers present in this house cleaning chore it means, very simply, that you've never tried to carry a mattress.

A book could be written on The Mechanics of Mattress Moving. Since there is no such book in print, let me give you a brief look at the problem.

Carrying the unwieldy thing is not the first task to be mastered. Before you can transport it a single inch, you have to pick it up. There are only two possible methods of accomplishing this.

First, there is the "Early American Style," developed in those olden days when feather ticks were popular in use. It is not readily adaptable to the modern mattress in use today.

Following this old technique one member of the team lifts the mattress into an upright position while his assistant prostrates himself on the floor beneath it. Number one then drops the mattress on his ex-friend, who is left with the choice of lifting it, or smothering to death.

Floor-members of these teams have been known to suffer severe contusions to their nether extremities when their partner failed to note the difference between a mattress and a set of box springs.

The Modern American, or "Squirm Technique," involves pulling the mattress to the floor and crawling under it. This requires considerable dexterity and should not be attempted by the infirm or those who do not care for small cotton bunches between their teeth.

Once you are under the mattress you wiggle to the center and then rise to your knees. From the kneeling position you assume a painful crouch. You are up! This is something in itself!

Next, grasp both edges of the pad and pull them down to your sides till you resemble a giant hot dog with legs. This effect will be enhanced by your catsup-red face and the fear that you may not be able to cut the mustard!

Now it is time to move. Peering out of the small slit still remaining you begin waddling toward your destination. Have someone guide you if possible, for old mattresses have a tendency to droop before and be-aft.

The next step is to become lodged in the doorway. Most doors are designed so the striker plate will catch either on your fingers or the mattress carrying handles. You will quickly notice which. When you realize you are stuck, you will find it impossible to extricate yourself. If you are a one-man operation, the only escape is the "Mambo Retreat." This is a maneuver that was developed by a Cuban mambo dancer moonlighting as a mattress mover.

After you have freed yourself, your wife will happen by and ask, "George, why have you folded that mattress in the doorway?" And you will reply, "To take the sag out, darling."

Another situation which requires considerable skill is bringing a mattress downstairs. Simplicity says, let it slide (and hope Grandma doesn't start up during the exercise). I recently tried this simple plan and knocked three expensive plaques off the wall and broke them to shards. To compound the tragedy the mattress struck the front door and slammed it in the face of my mother-in-law. It did not help matters that at that moment I had cried out, calling the cursed thing "a sorry old bag."

A method developed here in western Oklahoma is to mount the pad and ride it down the stairs. This, you might guess, is called "cowboy a mattress." Being a westerner myself, I decided to give it a try. Half the distance was covered with ease, then the punchy thing hung on the stairs. I, of course, did not. My wife arrived to see my all-points landing, and chided me for playing on the stairs.

The last noteworthy type of lowering is called The Descent Control Method. You position yourself (or a friend to whom you owe money) at the top of the stairs with the mattress poised vertically above you. Begin backing down the stairs, merely keeping the object from escaping. After you descend a few steps the rear end of the monstrosity will creel to the front. This will cause the middle to bulge and put tremendous pressure on your arthritic shoulder.

There are two possibilities. One; you will soon be at the top holding back; or, two; as in my case, you will be enfolded and deposited at the bottom before you can say posturpedic.

A mattress defies all physical rules. You cannot push it anymore than you can push a rope. Pulling it is also out of the question, you may as well try to pull the current of the Cimarron River.

To relieve the pangs of this house cleaning chore, I have invented a carrier for all types of mattresses. It consists of two metal plates with holes in their centers. These are placed, one on either side of the mattress, and a bolt is threaded through both plates and the mattress. A tap is placed on one end and a hook is welded to the other. The hook is attached to a chain which you have fastened to a block and tackle and hung from a tree outside of the house.

When all is ready, you run downstairs and begin to pull. This brings the whole mess to the window. Rushing back up, you tear the window casing out and run down once more. Now you are in position to lower the mattress to the sod.

The method has its drawbacks, but as the fellow said, "We'll get the bugs out of it."

If we could solve the problems of why a mattress becomes misshapen it would remove the mover's dilemma. My seven-year-old came up with a logical reason for this.

"Why do you suppose they become lumpy?" my wife asked.

"They get that way," my son piped up, eyeing my ample middle, "because lumpy people sleep on them."

by Lowell W. Long
Treasure in Tulsa

When the Philbrook Art Center’s newly appointed director, Jesse G. Wright, arrived from Ohio, he found an attic full of treasures that our younger generation has not seen. Jesse Wright’s goal is to have again shown these long hidden collections by January of Philbrook’s 40th anniversary year, 1979. He has classified the treasures into sixteen major areas, and emphasizes that the Villa Philbrook itself is the primary art object.

Philbrook, an Italian Renaissance villa, was built in 1926 as the home of oilman Waite Phillips and his wife Genevieve. Some friends feel that the villa was built as a place for their two children to entertain. When they moved in, daughter Helen was sixteen, and son Elliott was ten. Eleven years later, with Helen married and Elliott in New York, Waite and Genevieve donated their home as an art museum, saying “All things should be put to their best possible use!”

The home, with twenty-three landscaped acres complementing its architecture, was given to the Southwestern Art Association, a corporation Phillips formed to operate the museum. He created further endowments for its support; but Tulsa community support is and has always been a most important element in the museum’s operations.

The Philbrook concept is to provide an integrated experience in the arts. Although the emphasis is on the collections, the lively arts offer fine and complementary programming in music, theatre, and film.

Summer concerts on the lawn are popular, as are film showings under the stars. Picnic privileges add to both. During August, a slide/tape presentation of the world of William Shakespeare was shown in the French Room during museum hours, followed by an evening lawn production of A Comedy of Errors. The lawn and wooded areas are used for seasonal sketching and photography, especially by the students in Philbrook’s summer classes.

Limited gallery space allows only a small portion of the permanent collections to be displayed at one time. The museum circulates portions of its collections periodically, giving them wider exposure, and the museum’s own collections are augmented by traveling exhibitions which show at Philbrook, and by one-man shows of local and regional artists.

July brought an exhibition of photographs and photograms by Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946) in the Clubb gallery. Moholy is known for The entrance-staircase hall of the Villa Philbrook admits into the great receiving hall, which overlooks the formal gardens. Adjoining, is the large Kress Gallery, featuring the sculpture "Virgin with the Christ Child" by Giovanni di Antonio Minelli di Bardi. Philbrook’s tapestries (a portion of one is seen here) are impressive, and one provided the cover for its 1976 Annual Report. Columns and ironwork were designed by Oscar Bach of New York. Ceilings throughout the villa were painted by Cooper and Gentilomo, New York mural decorators.

by Irene Sturm Lefebvre

Philbrook Art Center... Tulsa
... Color Photo by Paul E. Lefebvre
his photograms; abstract designs on light-sensitive paper made without a camera.

This summer also brought a display of Paul Jenkins’ watercolors, giving Tulsa and out-of-town visitors an opportunity to appreciate the vibrant and swirling abstract colors that are Jenkins’ hallmark. Jenkins’ paintings are part of many private and public collections, including New York’s Whitney and Guggenheim Museums, and the Museum of Modern Art.

Preeminent each spring at Philbrook is the annual exhibition and competition for American Indian artists. 1977’s was the thirty-second Indian Annual, show-casing more than two-hundred works by

A grouping including “Sunday Morning” by John Herring, a Laura A. Clubb gift; “Sunset Glow” by Albert Bierstadt; “Autumn” by Thomas Moran (Clubb Collection); and sculpture by A. A. Weinman.

WAITE PHILLIPS: PHILANTHROPIST

Oil brought Waite Phillips to Tulsa in 1918. He bought leases west of Okmulgee, drilled them successfully, and expanded into neighboring Arkansas, Kansas, and Texas. He sold his oil interests in 1925 for twenty-five million dollars, gave his employees two and one-half million dollars in bonuses, gave the Boy Scouts of America some five million, and Tulsa six million.

Phillips built the Philtower in 1927, then later made it part of the endowment for Philmont, the 127,000 acre ranch at Cimarron, New Mexico, which he gave to the Boy Scouts of America. An Oscar Berninghaus’ Philmont painting hangs in the Santa Fe Room of the Philbrook Art Center.

Waite Phillips gave 290 acres for Tulsa’s Southern Hills Country Club and twenty-five thousand dollars to help build a clubhouse. He also gave to the American Legion, and donated the cancer ward to St. John’s Hospital. He presented the School of Petroleum Engineering to the University of Tulsa. He bought a building for the Tulsa Community Chest, another for the Junior League, and another for a children’s home. He gave the Carson Memorial Fund one hundred thousand dollars.

After selling his oil interests in 1925, Waite Phillips organized the successful Philmac Oil Company. In 1945 Phillips moved to California where his real estate ventures were financially successful but reportedly not as satisfying as the challenge of oil. He died January 27, 1964, in Los Angeles, at the age of 81.

Philbrook Art Center...Tulsa
...Color Photo by Paul E. Lelebvre
Native American artists from throughout the United States. Philbrook’s American Indian paintings collection has been compiled from outstanding examples of these thirty-two annual showings. Represented in the collection are such prominent artists as Blackbear Bosin, Allan Houser, Woody Crumbo, Jerome Tiger, and the five early Kiowa artists: Mopope, Asah, Auchiah, Hokeah, and Tsa-to-ke.

The Philbrook’s auxiliary PACers provide hospitality for show openings and special events. They act as tour-guide docents, and staff the Museum Shop. The PACers also organize tours to other galleries. In 1976 they sponsored tours to view the Hermitage Collection in Houston, Fauves works in Ft. Worth, and the Treasures of Tutankhamen in Washington, D.C. A 1977 gallery tour in October will see Calder’s Universe, a retrospective exhibition of the works of Alexander Calder (1898-1976) at the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, and a special showing of the late works of Paul Cezanne at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. A trip to New Orleans to view the incomparable King Tut treasures is scheduled in November.

Some 77,000 visitors view the Philbrook Art Center exhibitions and attend its events each year. For children, the Junior League of Tulsa sponsors classes for a programmed involvement with Indian art. Some 7,000 Tulsa public school children have attended Philbrook’s Junior Gallery program.

The ground level of Villa Philbrook houses Philbrook’s American Indian collection. Currently the Indian Galleries are featuring the incomparable Clark Field Collection of American Indian baskets and pottery, including rare pottery artworks by Maria of San Ildefonso. Prominently displayed in the Philbrook library is the Roberta Campbell Lawson Collection of American Indian costumes and artifacts, with numerous one-of-a-kind examples of the Plains Indians arts. Several of the Indian art objects in the Field and Lawson collections are national treasures.

The famous Datsoalee basket from the Clark Field Collection is an example. It has been on loan to the Sacred Circles exhibition, organized in London by the Arts Council of Great Britain. Sacred Circles, two thousand years of North American Indian Art, had its only North American showing this summer at the Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City, Missouri. Datsoalee’s art in basketry is widely recognized. This beautiful basket was her last work before going blind. It is considered her most perfect work.

Permanent collections at Philbrook Art Center include the Samuel H. Kress collection of Italian Renaissance paintings and sculptures; thirty-seven significant art works created between the 14th and 15th centuries by such well known artists as Lorenzo Ghiberti, Giovannia Bellini and Piero di Cosimo. The Kress Gallery on Philbrook’s main floor, in part, a kinship with those of the Villa Lante at Bagnaia, north of Rome. Landscape architect Herbert Warren designed the gardens; they were constructed by landscape contractor Phillip Thomas of Tulsa.


Philbrook Art Center...Tulsa
...Color Photo by Paul E. Lelebvre
floor is set aside for its display.

The Shinenkan Collection of screens and scrolls, given to Philbrook anonymously in 1966, is a superlative Oriental collection that is rotated for the lack of space. Dominating the Southeast Asian trade ware aggregation is the Gillert Collection, of which the 15th and 16th century pieces were collected by Mr. and Mrs. Pete Gillert. Waiting for display facilities and cataloging are numerous additional pieces of Southeast Asian trade ware from other contributors.

The Gussman Collection of African Primitive Sculpture was collected and donated by Herbert Gussman of Tulsa and Lawrence Gussman of New York.

A collection of original prints from numerous sources includes works by Salvador Dali, Francisco Goya, Albrecht Durer, Winslow Homer, Pablo Picasso, Giovanni Battista Piranesi, etc. Philbrook has an antique toy collection, ancient art from Egypt, Greece, and Rome, glass of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, oceanic sculpture, and Mayan material. There are probably 500 pieces of decorative arts, rugs, tapestries, and furniture. One dyed-wool tapestry, a part of the Villa Philbrook's original furnishings, carries the Latin legend: Ars Aemula Naturae — "Art Emulates Nature." Philbrook has an outstanding art reference library, with many rare volumes.

Another superior permanent collection is the Laura A. Clubb Collection of European and American Art. Laura A. Clubb donated eighty-three paintings to Philbrook in 1947; the finest pieces from her collection originally hung in the Kaw City Hotel, the site of which now lies beneath the waters of recently constructed Kaw Lake. Mrs. Clubb was a Kay county school teacher who became the wife of one of Oklahoma's early day cowmen, Ike Clubb. After oil was discovered on the Clubb ranch they built a new and modern hotel in Kaw City, which Mrs. Clubb turned into an art center. The beautiful 18th and 19th century paintings she collected are now displayed in the Clubb Gallery.

 Appropriately related to Waite Phillips' career in oil, Philbrook intermittently exhibits the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey Collection of paintings of the oil industry. These paintings, commissioned and executed by members of Associated American Artists, document the story of oil during the crucial World War II years, 1940 to 1945.

Waite Phillips was a student of the lives of famous men. He often quoted them, and carried quotations from them in his billfold. In considering his philanthropies and charities, among them the fact that the Philbrook Art Center thrives in Tulsa today, the best measure of Waite Phillips is a statement he himself made, "The only thing we ever keep is that which we give away."

The Indian Collections at Philbrook are an expression of Waite Phillips' statement, "I have a deep feeling of gratitude to the American Indian and I want to see his culture preserved." Philbrook's Clark Field Collection of American Indian Basketry and Pottery is especially distinguished, for its rarity and its range.

The PHILBROOK ART CENTER, 2727 South Rockford Road, Tulsa, Oklahoma, is open Monday through Saturday, 10 A.M. until 5 P.M., and Sunday, 1 P.M. until 5 P.M.

Philbrook Art Center...Tulsa
...Color Photo by Paul E. Lelebvre
The most recent monument erected by the Oklahoma Petroleum Council and the Historical Society recognizes the Greater Seminole Oilfield. Carved on the monument's granite face is essentially this drawing of oilrush hardships during the rainy seasons, with a cable-tool drilling rig added in the background; and this narrative:

"The Greater Seminole Oil Field was one of several fields discovered in the mid-1920's that swung the United States' oil inventory from scarcity to surplus.

"Discovery of five prolific Seminole area oil pools in 1926 and 1927 glutted the market, resulting in voluntary reductions in oil production and a slowdown in field development.

"The Seminole city pool led the discovery race with the Hunton Lime discovery by Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Co. on Mar. 7, 1926. It was followed on July 6, 1926 by discovery of the Wilcox Sand Production by Amerada Petroleum Co. nearby. The Fixico well of R. F. Garland and Independent Oil Co. penetrated the Wilcox Sand on July 16, flowing 1,500 barrels of oil daily. This well revealed the potential of Wilcox production in the area and started the Greater Seminole Oil Boom.

"In rapid succession came the Searight, Earlsboro, Bowlegs and Little River pools.

"Peak production of greater Seminole was 527,400 barrels on July 30, 1927. Production has continued for..."
more than 50 years and totaled 201,-
246,000 barrels by the start of 1977.

"Oil discoveries brought an esti-
mated 20,000 oil field workers to the
area, transforming Seminole into the
last of the oil boom towns with sev-
eral satellite tent and shack towns
nearby."

We urge you to visit Seminole to
see the monument, and what a pleas-
ant place to live this last of the oil-
rush boom towns has become.

WESTERN WRITERS
CONVENTION

The Western Writers of America,
Inc., shown here gathered around the
Buffalo Bill Monument at Oklahoma
City's National Cowboy Hall of
Fame, met here in National Conven-
tion, June 20 through 23. These are
the authors who write 90% of the
nation's western books, movies and
TV shows. Dean Krakel, Exec. Dir.
of the Cowboy Hall of Fame and
Western Heritage Center, has ex-
pressed the hope that the Western
Writers will consider holding their
convention here every other year, in
connection with the Western Heritage
Awards Ceremony. This would place
in alliance the two strongest pillars
now carrying forth the traditions of
America's Western Heritage.

Photo by B.B.

WILL ROGERS PLACED IN
AVIATION HALL OF FAME

"Will Rogers preached the gospel
of the practicality and promise of
aviation, but his was a rather lonely
voice crying out for the public ac-
ceptance of flying," actor Jimmy
Stewart said at this year's Aviation
Hall of Fame enshrinement ceremony
in Dayton, Ohio, where the Hall of
Fame is located.

"From the very first day he (Rog-
ers) rode in an airplane, he became
the most ardent, persistent and in-
fluential booster for aviation our
country ever had," Stewart said.

"He did more than any other pri-
ivate citizen to promote public air
travel. He certainly was the best
friend pilots ever had.

"He flew so much and wrote so
much and spoke about it so often-
when the air lines were in their in-
fancy—that he gave the public con-
fidence in this vital new mode of
transportation that we accept so
readily today."

It seemed a "strange thing," Stew-
art continued, "that this cowboy-
born of parents of Irish and Cherokee
extraction in the Indian Territory
nearly a hundred years ago—should
become America's 'number one' air
traveler and booster, for he never
tried to learn to fly."

"But in a way," Stewart said, "he
became to air passengers what pio-
ners like Lindbergh, Doolittle, and
(Jacqueline) Cochran were to pilots.
Certainly aviation had no stauncher
defender."

Present for the ceremony was Lt.
General James Doolittle, U.S.A.F.
(Ret.), recognized as "the greatest
aviator of all time." In an interview
earlier in the day he recalled his ex-
periences with Will Rogers.

"Anytime I was flying someplace
I thought Will might enjoy going, I
would call him up and if he could get
away at all, he'd say, "Let's go!"

"Will really loved to fly," the Gen-
eral said with a fond-memory smile.
"But he did so much more than that.

"There was only so much that
pilots and others involved in aviation
could do to promote it," Doolittle
continued. "But through his columns,
his speeches and especially through
the contacts he had with politicians,
he could reach more people and have
more influence than any of us could."

LINDBERGH FLYOVER

On the first of October, at noon, a
replica of the Spirit of St. Louis will
fly over the Memorial at Claremore,
and dip its wings in salute to Will
Tony van Hasselt was born in the Netherlands in Nazi-occupied Holland. In 1952 publisher Jenkin Lloyd Jones visited Holland. Tony, then a young man learning English, wrote a letter to the visiting U.S. publisher. It was published in the Tulsa Tribune and, from it, grew a continuing correspondence between Tony and a number of Tulsans and Tony's eventual, in 1955, coming to Tulsa.

Tony's art medium is watercolor, and his mastery of it won for him election to the American Watercolor Society in 1972. The Tulsa Skyline (facing) was painted from a viewpoint southeast of the Boston Avenue Methodist Church. Tony titled it Waiting for Progress, for this small former park area would soon become a part of one of the broad intra-city freeways now being built near the beautifully architectured Boston Avenue church.

Tony's work is international in scope, for he is the founder-director of Painting Holidays, headquartered in Tulsa, with a branch office in New York. Painting Holidays' students enroll.

James Resneder, of the Kiowa County Star-Review, shot this unusual picture of water pouring over Altus-Lugert dam after heavy rains. The ghostly human figures in the foreground are some Indian folks who wandered into the picture then back out during a time exposure.

ROY CLARK CLASSIC

Having raised $60,000 last year for Tulsa's Children's Medical Center, the Roy Clark Celebrity Golf Classic this year starred Bob Hope, Jimmy Dean, Seatman Crothers (whose playing-singing appearances with Redd Foxx were highlights of Sanford and Son), George Lindsay, (Goober on the Andy Griffith Show), Jack Albertson, Darrell Royal, and Fred MacMurray. Participating celebrities performed on Roy Clark Star Night at the Mabee Center to a sell-out crowd.

NEW BOOKS

AMERICA B.C. by Barry Fell, Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co., New York, $12.50. In our generation, archaeologists/ethnologists like Harvard's Dr. Barry Fell have gradually forced "authorities" to recognize that the history books they wrote were wrong. America was not first discovered by Columbus in 1492. Its history, written on the rocks of Oklahoma and other states, reaches back thousands of years before the 15th century (see Oklahoma Today, Winter '75-'76 and Spring '76). Still
the old authorities give way grudgingly.

No culture moved to the New World and survived intact, neither those that came from Asia over the much predicated "land bridge," nor the adventurous Polynesian, Viking, Basque, Celtic, Iberic, Libyan, Egyptian, Hindus Valley explorers and colonists who came by other routes, and left records of their presence on this continent. Science now accepts "continental drift," and the possibility that lands once existent have sunk beneath the seas. Heyerdahl's Kon-Tiki and others show that the potential of ancient navigation was much greater than has formerly been supposed. The two Americas, North and South, have been blending the races and strains of humanity far back into antiquity.

OKLAHOMA TRAVEL HANDBOOK by Kent Ruth, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $8.95. Town by town and site by site coverage by this Oklahoma Hall of Fame author. We can't imagine a book as valuable to have in the car while sight-seeing about the state, especially if you have out-of-state visitors you want to impress. Illustrated. Unusually fine maps.

BILL PICKETT, BULLDOGGER by Colonel Bailey C. Hanes, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $7.95. It is unlikely that a more complete, or more accurate, account of the life of Bill Pickett will ever be assembled. Twenty-seven splendid pictures, and anecdotes from the era of the Wild West Shows, are a bonus.

TOUR GUIDE TO THE OLD WEST by Alice Cromie, Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co., New York, $12.50. It is imperative that much space be devoted to Oklahoma in any well done Old West guide book, and we have hardly been neglected here, though some of our Indian tribes and important western historic sites are omitted in this overall coverage of the American West.

THE ICEMAN by Weldon Hill, William Morrow and Company, Inc., New York, $8.95. There is no finer novelist than Norman's Weldon Hill. The fact that he is not internationally known is due only to the long standing and wrongly inferior image of this region about which he writes, and the blindness of publishers and critics.

TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

The greatest of all Indian football teams, the incredible Hominy Indians, beat the New York Giants 13 to 6 in 1927. The tale is in our Autumn '67 Oklahoma Today. For ten years this club from Hominy, Oklahoma, took on any and all comers among the powerful national pro-football teams, and as a member of the Indians, the great Pepper Martin won his nickname "Wild Horse of the Osage."

An Oklahoma giant, the Oklahoma City oilfield, was born on Dec. 4, 1928, and its story is in our Fall '67 issue. "Wild Mary Sudik" achieved her notoriety in this field, which became the largest of its time. A true collector's item color photo of the Heavener Runestone which can never again be duplicated, for the Runestone is now fenced for protection, appears in the issue. Other photos include the State Fairs, colorful Talimena Skyline Drive, mirror-like autumn reflections in the Mountain Fork River, Greenleaf Lake, fall in Western Oklahoma, and the beautiful Oklahoma History stained glass window in John Wesley Raley chapel, O.B.U., Shawnee.

A RIDER OF THE 101 features Bill Pickett, whose most recent biography is reviewed on this same page. GRANITE, enough to supply the world for a thousand years, the resource and the industry, receives coverage in an article by author Ed Montgomery, and Laverne's Jane Jayroe summed up her year as Miss America.

You can secure a copy of this collector's item Autumn '67 issue by sending $2.00 to Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., Oklahoma City 73105. It recounts the FOUR MOONS BALLET which that year starred our Oklahoma ballerinas Yvonne Chouteau, Rosella Hightower, Moscelyne Larkin, and Marjorie Tallchief. Its KIAMICHI VACATIONLAND article will provide a perfect guide for your Fall Foliage tour.
Patrick J. Hurley, one of Oklahoma's most famous native sons, spoke at the dedication of the Pioneer Woman monument at Ponca City on April 22, 1930. Pat always made a good speech. On this occasion, speaking as the Secretary of War in President Hoover's cabinet, he was at his best. He observed that the Pioneer Woman "has been the bulwark ever standing between civilization and barbarism. The Pioneer Woman has played her part in the conquest of nature through all the ages. She has been with her man and her family in their struggles with the wilderness and the desert places of the world. The story of her struggles, her sacrifices, her pains and her sorrows, is lost in the passing of the years. The nameless grave of the pioneer woman is by every stream, on every plain and mountain, from North to South, from East to West, of this great land. The hardships to which the men were subjected during the first years of the occupancy of Oklahoma were great.

Those to which the women were subjected were pitiful. We like to picture our frontier father as a stalwart man, marching out into a country where the chances for success were equal to the dangers that were encountered. We admire his strength and his unfailing courage. But the real fortitude of that expedition was in the heart of the woman who marched with him. I fancy I see her now, her smiling face encircled by a sunbonnet. She was young, brave, full of hope, and beautiful in her own way. It was she who fortified the humble home, the cabin or dugout, with her character. It was she who went down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death to bring forth the sturdy sons and daughters of the pioneers. It was she who stayed when all others were anxious to leave. It was the pioneer woman and not the pioneer man who conquered the frontier."

We have often wished that we could publish an article about every pioneer grandmother in Oklahoma, including our own. There are so many we could never possibly get around to them all. In lieu, written by Dr. A. M. Gibson, head of O.U.'s History Department, here is a biographical homage to all of them.

Pioneer Women

By Arrell M. Gibson

Pat Hurley's tribute to the Pioneer Woman is for the thousands of Eve's daughters who came to this wilderness, who loved, worked, endured and suffered, and built. To personalize the Pioneer Woman, and to gain an intimate look at her let us vicariously spend the day with her, and thus witness the mainspring of the pioneer heritage she so graciously bestowed, of the direction and character she provides for our way of life.

The Pioneer Woman was the epitome of those thousands of mothers who settled this New Land. She came from the North, from the South, the East, and a few from the Far West. Wherever her origin, she left comforts and security for new opportunity for her man and her children. And if she missed her old home and family ties, her spunk, her poise, seldom permitted her to admit it. She brought with her the best of her old surroundings—initiative which established these civilizing forces in the New Land.

Few were the pioneer men who could make it without the aid and encouragement of women. In many cases husbands and wives came together to the New Land. Sometimes a young man homesteaded a claim, then returned to his old home to find his helpmate. It was not unusual to find a notice tacked on a settler's cabin door with the simple notice warning away claim-jumpers: "Gone to get a wife."

The isolated frontier homesteads made it a lonely life for the women. One pioneer mother in recalling early homestead days exclaimed: "It did seem so good to see the women coming in."

Although the toil, fear, and dangers were disagreeable, the loneliness was the most oppressive. As the days and weeks passed, the pioneer woman hungered for an opportunity to exchange thought and speech with one of her own sex.

One frontier mother lived on a claim so isolated that she did not see another woman for over a year. Hearing that at last one had come to live on a claim five miles away, she determined to see her. Setting out early one morning accompanied by her two little children, she walked over the prairie and at last reached the other's cabin door and—joy inexpressible! There stood one like herself. They were utter strangers, neither knowing the other's name, but they threw their arms about each other and wept, then laughed, and wept again.

The pioneer woman's frontier home might be a log cabin, a sod house, or a dugout. Sometimes the frontier home was of picket wall construction if timber was on the claim. However, much of Oklahoma was grassland. The absence of timber in much of central and western Oklahoma forced homesteaders to use other natural material. Sod
houses were common. The dugout, a sort of split level cellar dwelling, often was the first home in this wilderness. A ridgepole supported by frame or log construction at the front carried the roof which was often thatched limbs covered with dirt and sod. The pioneer woman worked and saved for the day that her man could build a two-room, frame nester house, but until this was possible she demonstrated amazing resourcefulness and creative talent.

In her long day, that ran from before sunrise to well after dark, she saved some time for rug making. Floor coverings for the pioneer homes were made from old, worn-out clothing, narrow stripes of cloth were sewed together and rolled into balls six or seven inches in diameter. Rugs often required over thirty balls of this material. Some women hooked the rugs into a circular form. A few had looms and produced woven rugs. They placed straw on the floor for padding. One Pioneer Woman recalled that “when finally laid, one had a floor gorgeous to walk across and a covering that would last for years.”

In the dugouts and sod houses, dirt sifted through the roof and ceiling onto beds, other furniture, and the floor. And during heavy rains, water leaked through the roof and muddied the interiors. Insects and vermin of all sorts took up residence in the walls of the sod houses and dugouts. Many a frontier mother killed tarantulas in the baby’s crib. A regular occurrence was a snake’s head protruding from the sod wall or his slippery length coiled around a rafter. Early Oklahoma housekeepers found large fleas the greatest nuisance. One woman said “you could not keep them out of the dugouts. I have had my whole floor covered with devil’s claw trying to keep fleas off the bed.” A devil claw, she explained, “is a kind of sticky plant that grows on the prairie that fleas like to get on and they claim once on a devil’s claw a flea cannot get loose from the sticky substance that binds their legs to the plant.”

In the single room dugout or sodhouse the center of the household was the stove. General lack of wood made the familiar frontier fireplace scarce. Many settlers brought cookstoves to the new land. Seldom did these “throw out enough heat,” as the pioneers would say, so the woman turned to the “bachelor” stove, with a drum in the pipe for cooking. Women said it warmed the house and “it baked just as well as an oven in a cookstove.” In much of central and western Oklahoma wood was scarce, and fuel was a problem. Cow chips were commonly used. A chore for children was to go across the prairie with gunny sacks gathering cow chips.

An interesting talent of the Pioneer Woman was her business sense. One mother saved for years to raise $24 cash to buy a cow with a new calf so her children would have fresh milk. She developed a herd from this start, the single original cow producing through the years eighteen heifer calves. Another Pioneer Woman received twenty cents in cash in a letter from her mother back East. She was to buy stamps with the money. Instead she took that twenty cents and bought calico. Let her tell the rest of the story: “I took that calico and made a pretty sunbonnet which I sold to a neighbor for forty cents. I got pretty speckled calico and kept making bonnets and selling them until I had enough money to get one dozen hens. I paid twelve and one-half cents for the hens and the woman I bought them from threw in a rooster. I had lived in this dugout and made down beds on the floor, for four years, and I began to wish for a house on top of the ground. I soon had plenty of chickens so I sold some and bought turkey eggs. I raised seventy-five turkeys and sold them for $1.00 apiece, netting me $75.00. My husband went to Quanah and bought lumber to build two rooms above the ground which he built just in front of the dugout, and I took my $75 and got me some furniture. Did I feel proud!”

For home furnishings, most of the Pioneer Women were not so fortunate. Furniture often was made from cottonwood blocks, and tables and chairs were homemade, as were the beds. Wooden frames, with rawhide laced across the bottom to hold the feather or straw tick, were common. Sheets, table cloths, and undergarments were made from bleached flour sacks. Wall paper and lace curtains were regarded as luxuries. Many families brought some furniture with them to the New Land. One homesteader family from Texas, because the mother insisted, hauled in two bedsteads and three feather beds, a marble-topped bureau, six split bottom chairs and a number-eight wood cook stove. A daughter in this family recalled that “our broom was made of broom weeds, tied in a bunch. No one ever moved his broom as there was an old superstitition that bad luck would follow if you did.”

With all her other chores, the Pioneer Woman also had to provide light for her humble frontier home. The better-fixed pioneers had oil lamps, but most folks moulded tallow candles. The moulds cast six at a time. A sign of emergence from poverty was the coal oil lamp, which gradually came to illuminate most frontier households.

Life for the Pioneer Woman was made more difficult because of the water situation. The claim might have flowing springs or creeks, but distance from the dugout made frequent trips necessary. As her children grew to a size where they could help with chores, this was one of the first assignments made. Wells were dug or drilled, too, but the water from all sources generally was impregnated with minerals. One daughter of the frontier recalled that the worst hardship of pioneering for her was “the awful taste of the water which was saturated with gypsum. It tasted even worse than the Epsom Salts that we children were forced to down for almost any ailment, and it had the same physicking effect. Mother’s worst tribulation came when she had to use this water for laundry purposes. Unless she had broken the water with a few spoonfuls of concentrated lye, the soap simply turned into
These are the pioneer women sculptures entered in the competition from which our Pioneer Woman Statue at Ponca City was selected. Our pioneer grandmothers were certainly of many types, as are these statues. The sculptor is listed beneath each one. For the full and dramatic story of this fifty-year-ago competition, see Oklahoma Today, Autumn '81. All the original statues pictured here may be seen at Woolaroc Museum, Bartlesville.

Floating curds and it had absolutely no effect on the dirt in the clothes it washed. Mother wept over the drab appearance of her once snowy white sheets and pillow slips, now dingy as a result of being washed in this awful water and dried in the dust-laden winds. The water also played havoc with skin, especially faces and hands, leaving them rough, red, sometimes painfully sore to touch. Consequently mother barraged father until he dug a cistern and plastered its walls and bottom. When it rained, water drained off the roof down a pipe through a sand and charcoal filter to purify it for drinking. Of course the Pioneer Woman caught rainwater in the rain barrel, too, and saved it for washing certain fabrics and for washing her daughters’ hair.

The Pioneer Woman seemed to wage an eternal war on dirt and filth, and no matter how humble her household, it generally was neat and her children clean. Children seemed to detest washday, for mother was cranky and determined, not as patient as usual. Water was carried from the spring or creek, and heated in the big black iron kettle.

Wooden, and later galvanized wash tubs held the hot soapy wash water and rinse water. The entire family was mustered to help on washday. This was before the scrub board. One member of a pioneer family left the memory of his dread of washday at the dugout: "Oh, my, how tired I grew on wash day beating and pounding the clothes while mother washed them with her hands. I well remember the old battling stick on wash day. The clothes would be taken out of the wooden tub and laid on a bench or block made for that purpose and beaten with one hand while the clothes were turned with the other. The battling stick was in the shape of a paddle, only heavier."

The Pioneer Woman made her own soap. She saved ashes and threw them into a V-shaped hopper called a leach. Wood ashes were best, but corn stalk ashes were used largely on the treeless plains. While the ashes were accumulated during the winter, the meat scraps were collected in another container—all kinds of fat, bacon rinds, scraps from lard fryings, the drippings of tallow and lard, and bones, for marrow made excellent soap grease. When the time came to make the soap, water was poured over the ashes in the leach, and the liquid which soaked through the ashes was caught in a pail. For good soap this brown liquid had to be strong enough to float an egg. The meat scraps were put into the large iron kettle and the potash added. After several hours boiling, this formed a slippery mass called soft soap. Washing the bedding was the biggest cleaning
For dressing her family, the Pioneer Woman in early times spun the cloth and loomed it, both wool and cotton. She knew the secrets of color and after spinning the thread she dyed it different colors from tints made of oak bark, indigo, walnut hulls, and one woman remembered “There was a bloom that grew on the prairie and it dyed red if set with soapsuds. Red oak bark, set with copperas dyed black. Copperas in the dye solution kept the cloth from fading.”

A social leader in Oklahoma City, a daughter of the frontier, recalls: “Mother always made our clothes by hand, and taught all of us girls to sew. We wore corsets and bustles, and high top shoes, either laced or buttoned. I wore red flannel underwear in the wintertime until I was seven years old. If we wore a thin dress we wore four to six petticoats, and always cotton hose. Our dresses were made basque style with stays in each seam.”

Speaking of clothing one pioneer recalled “I was grown before I ever saw a woman wear a hat. An uncle of mine got a hat, a white bibbed apron, and a corset, for his operation on the homestead. One pioneer recalled, “We generally just washed quilts twice each year, in the spring and in the fall. Mother would soak the quilts in some of that lye in lots of water, or lye soap and water in large tubs and we children would get in there with our bare feet and tramp out the dirt.”

The Pioneer Woman’s inventiveness was shown in her ability to feed her family with amazingly limited resources. She drew upon nature in season for wild game, salad greens, wild fruits like sand plums and possum grapes, fought an erratic climate for a garden, and enriched the family diet with her flock of poultry and the milk cow. She dried fruits, canned fruits and vegetables, and supervised the preparation of pork and beef products for winter. One pioneer Oklahoma resident recalled, “My brothers went about twice a year for groceries and other household necessities to El Reno, our closest railroad town. They usually bought a hundred pounds of sugar, six hundred pounds of flour, fifty pounds of coffee, and a variety of dried fruits, twenty-five pounds. It would take a week to make these trips and sometimes three weeks when the rivers were up. The Canadian River was bad when the water was high.” In hard times the family fare might consist of tough prairie chickens and boiled kaffir corn, and one settler recalled “we developed the polite art of spitting out the hulls at the table.”

Resourceful Pioneer Women during hard times contrived coffee substitutes which included parched rye and wheat, and even sweet potatoes. One wrote “We’d parch them right brown, grate them first, and sometimes parch corn and meal to make a substitute for coffee. We called it ‘Lincoln Coffee.’ Sometimes on Sunday mornings we would have real coffee and biscuits,”

Concerning the Pioneer Woman’s attire she went on to say: “Everyone wore sunbonnets to church and everywhere. We were taught it was a sin of vanity to wear a hat. A glutton, one who always ate too much, was also a sinner. In fact,
pretty nearly anything you wanted to do was a sin."

The Pioneer Woman from her earliest days on the frontier worked for schools and churches that her children might have the benefits of intellectual and spiritual development. Very often she had taught her children to read before schools were provided for them. She worked for the subscription-type school in the earlier days and through her husband promoted the local public school. The Pioneer Woman helped raise the money for the teacher’s salary, often boarded the teacher, and worked at benefits to raise money for books, a chalkboard, and other improvements for the humble schoolhouse, which often was a sod or picket wall structure much like the homes of the district. Often through the initiative of Pioneer Women, church conferences sent circuit rider clergymen and evangelists to their settlement for protracted meetings where they converted the community and organized a church.

A Pioneer Woman who had worked for years to establish a local church happily wrote: "We had a protracted meeting and a lot of conversions and baptizings. We had to baptize in buffalo wallows, anywhere we could find water deep enough. One of the first improvements we did was to dig a well forty-eight feet deep. We got an abundance of water and it was not long before people began to camp near this well for it was about the only water in the region."

Another Pioneer Woman who had worked long and hard for a church reported the spiritual harvest of the evangelist who answered her call. "I have gone to a baptising when the candidates would all take hands and wade out in the stream together. The preacher would go down the line ducking them under the water one at a time and the whole line of a hundred or more would have to wait until the last one was ducked for the last prayer before they could wade out. When I was baptised the ice had to be broken on the water for us to be dipped. I think there were about forty baptised the day I was. The weather was so cold that as many as could pile into a hack were driven out into the water. We got out one at a time and were baptised singly. As soon as one hack full was through, those who had been baptised were driven to the nearest house to change into dry clothes."

The Pioneer Woman saved her egg money to buy her heart’s desire. Many purchased organs. This drew company for community sings, company so much desired. It provided an attraction for young people to come calling on her children. It made her humble home a social center.

We have seen that the Pioneer Woman was resourceful, inventive, creative. She was versatile, too. Doctors were rarely called to treating family members. She did most of the doctoring. Her secrets for cures, a blend of folk medicine and common sense, brought amazing results. Plasters and poultices she made from linseed, mustard, and other preparations for boils and muscular disorders. Turpentine, camphor, boric acid, coal oil, and soda were common ingredients used by the frontier mother in treating her family. A syrup made from whiskey and rock candy was regularly used for coughs. One Pioneer Woman has recorded her treatment for snake bite. "Our little girl was bitten by a rattlesnake right by our front door. I corded the leg and put the foot in a bucket of coal oil. The doctor from Beulahland came and split the foot open four ways and let out all the black clotted blood. The place was six months healing and she crippled around for a year but finally got over it. She was wild, out of her head for three days and many people thought that the poison would effect her brain but it did not."

Through the Pioneer Woman, life was sustained and future generations assured to populate the frontier which she and her husband had tamed. She gave her life and reciprocally assisted her sisters at childbirth as a midwife. And she presided over the preparations the frontier community accorded those who departed this Vale of Tears. Her responsibility for "laying out the dead" was probably her sternest test, and her poise and initiative in these situations must have been amazing. One account of this role of the Pioneer Woman tells of the death of the grandmother. The Pioneer Woman sent the men to the barn to make a coffin and box to lay grandmother away. Neighbors began to arrive. She sent the women into the kitchen to make a dress suitable for burial and others into the bedroom to "lay her out." They bathed grandmother and combed her hair. They put coins in her eyes to hold the lids closed and tied a cloth around her chin to hold it up until the features were set. They covered her face and hands with cloths moistened in camphor to keep them white. When the new dress was ready it was put on and she was placed in the new coffin. More neighbors came. These friends were coming to sit up with the family. The old body would not be left alone nor in the dark for an instant until it was laid lovingly in the box and put safely to rest underground. They spent the night in drinking much hot, strong coffee and recounting old stories to keep themselves awake until the funeral procession formed at break of day.

If the Pioneer Woman had one weakness it was itinerant peddlers. There were lightning rod salesmen and notions drummers, but the fruit tree peddler gave her the most trouble. These agents carried beautiful pictures of apples, plums, cherries, and other fruits. She, longing for trees and fruit like that in her old home, was tempted to buy more than she could afford. The agent’s commission was high and the trees frequently were a long time on the road, arrived in poor condition, and few of them lived.

Oklahoma’s Pioneer Woman, like all her pioneer sisters, suffered much pain. More pain than pleasure, more sadness than joy. From her joyous youth she toiled, and the bloom of that youth withered long before it passed.

This they did, in the silent spaces of the Great West.
Like a blacksmith's hammer the sun pounded down on the fans waiting with the patience of anvils for the second half to get under way. The spectators were hot and tired, but they had waited months for this game. It was an intersectional rivalry so great that it had kept just about everyone up all night either partying or placing bets on the expected outcome. The crowd snapped out of its lethargy quickly enough with the arrival of the players back on the field. Soon after the second half began the home team partisans were on their feet screaming, "Go Big Red," as their red raiders advanced the ball steadily down field into the shadow of the visiting team's goal posts. Their opponents, in white, fought savagely to stem the onrushing crimson tide. They failed. The "big red" scored. The crowd went wild.

The officials called time out after signalling—"Ili tok."

This was not a football game played in the fall of the year involving Texas Tech, Alabama, or Oklahoma, though at one time or another this game could have occurred at the site of any one of those campuses. What has just been described is part of "Toli," the Choctaw version of a game popular with Indians throughout most of North America long before the white man came and set up his own goal posts.

Toli is still played on a field of from 200 to 500 yards in length with goals resembling our football goal posts at each end. These goal posts, called "byes," were described by George Catlin, a 19th century ethnographer and artist, as "two upright posts, about 25 feet high and six feet apart, set firm in the ground, with a pole across at the top." The object of the game was to throw or propel a deerskin ball to or through the bye by means of ball sticks two feet in length having their ends bent and cupped with deerskin thongs.

The game was held when one village challenged another. If the challenge was accepted, negotiations ensued wherein the date, place, and player eligibility were determined. This last point restricted the type of people who could compete. Sometimes only married men were allowed to play, sometimes only fathers, or sometimes only single men. On occasion women competed against each other and even against men, though rarely. The day before the game, the field was marked off. The goals were positioned; and at a point just half way between, was another small stake, driven down where the ball was to be thrown up at the firing of a gun to start the game. The night before the game, a giant pep rally was held with bonfires and dancing. This kept not only the fans, but the players awake all night. Early the next day, the players prepared for the game. In Catlin's time, teams were made up of hundreds of players. Later the teams were gradually reduced to about twenty on a side. Each player would take the "black drink," a combination laxative and emetic which purged everything, one way or another, from the athlete's body. After drinking, they would "scratch themselves around their legs and arms until they drew blood." The games lasted quite a while and this scratching prevented muscle cramps. Team members would then don either red or white insignia and paint. The red and white stood for the dual division of most Southeastern Indian tribes into war (red) and peace (white) villages. Catlin's description of the uniforms included a tail made of horse hair or quills and a mane on the neck made of horse hair dyed various colors.

The game began when one of the officials, usually a medicine man, threw the ball up in the middle of the field. The ball would be caught by a player in his sticks and passed to a teammate or thrown toward the goal. If perchance the ball hit the ground, a great deal of mayhem resulted. Gut punching, eye gouging, and crotch kicking were all legal and the very reason it was to each player's advantage to have nothing on their stomach during a game. Butting...
with the head and the use of weapons were banned from the game. When a goal was scored, the words “Illi tok” were shouted and the game was stopped briefly. “Illi tok” means one dead, that is to say one number less needed to score.

In Catlin's time, the games continued until one side had scored 100 goals. Later the games continued from about 10 am to 5 pm with a half-time for lunch (for spectators only). The first team to score from 12 to 16 points was the winner.

The spectators took these games seriously. According to Catlin a great concourse of women and old men, boys and girls, and dogs and horses gathered around each of the byes the night before the game. The people wagered “a little of everything that their houses and their fields possessed, goods, and chattels—knives—dresses—blankets—pots and kettles—dogs and horses and guns.” All were placed in the possession of stakeholders, who guarded them on the ground all night before the game. If it was a really big game, a man might even wager his wife or his own person on its outcome.

Their post-game festivities were similar to those of Americans today, too: “... the limit of the game ... accomplished ... they took the stakes; and then, by a previous agreement, produced a number of jugs of whiskey, which gave all a wholesome drink, and sent them all off merry and in good humour, but not drunk.”

Our pioneer ancestors naturally had—had to have—the ability to make do. They improvised.

This is about one of their improvisations that was practical and, happily, delicious.

With sugar a weight-in-gold item, many made-do with sorghum molasses.

Now there are knowledgeable folks who will firmly aver that sorghum isn't a substitute for ANYthing. It is unique. It is superlatively, deliciously—versatile—and beautiful. And it is sweet, and sweetness was hard to come by in sod shanty times.

Sorghum! What it is is the clarified, semi-congealed essence of summer sunshine on a field of golden grain. It is made at the time of year when the frost is on the pumpkin and the leaves are trying to outdo each other turning color.

The taste of sorghum is, well, just different, like no other syrup. It grows on you.

Sorghum molasses can be found on most grocery shelves all year round but, sadly, it isn't always the pure stuff. Much of it is thinned down with corn syrup, diluting some of that different taste. Maybe the reason for mixing it is to keep it from becoming too strong—which the pure stuff is apt to do if it's kept too long.

Fresh sorghum can be found in some roadside stands about the time the pecans start falling and persimmons turn ripe. But to find a mill where it is made isn't easy today. There are a few places in Oklahom and in the Ozarks. There's at least one around Stilwell.

A young friend—by young I mean not of my generation—recently went with me when I bought a can of sorghum at a roadside stand. By the time we got home my taste buds had begun to work in anticipation. When I mentioned it to my friend she didn't know what I was talking about because, she told me, she never had tasted this concoction called sorghum molasses.

I gave her a spoonful and watched her swallow. I could tell she was hooked. I told her it wasn't a concoction, but a pure syrup made from the boiled down juice of cane. No additives.

And I had watched it being made. It helped to make it, in fact. From the

Sketch by George Catlin in North American Indians courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society
time my Dad planted seeds until the sorghum was on the table, I was intimately familiar with the sorghum story.

Being an old farm hand, Dad always insisted on sharing the work with whichever kid that was handy. I was always handy.

Actually, all the farming Dad did while I was growing up was on a 10-acre piece of land after he retired from the oilfields. Since my Mom and my sister and I were the only ones at home, we had to help. On that 10 acres we had a house, a garden, milk cows with all their facilities and, I believe, every kind of berry imaginable, fruit trees, pecans—and some rows of sorghum cane.

Every kid growing up should experience the joy of chewing a stalk of sorghum cane. Sugar cane, Hawaiian type, is good but to my way of thinking it can’t compare to the Oklahoma variety of sorghum. With several stalks, on a frosty, bright autumn day, lying on top of a barn or high up in a pecan tree . . . heavenly.

But back to syrup. When it was time, my sister and I, armed with machetes, went down the rows stripping off the leaves to use later for feed. Then we cut the stalks down and loaded them onto the wagon to take to the mill. There weren’t too many mills even then and now they are really rare.

That first time, when Dad said I could go to the mill with him, it was almost too much for this 10-year-old. It was a bright, fall day and the frost hadn’t burned off when we started. The trip by team and wagon took the better part of the morning. I guess I had expected to see a big factory with shiny equipment, like I had read about in my school books.

But disappointed I wasn’t. This was more like it: What I did see was a rustic brush arbor and under it was this odd looking machine. A mule was going on an endless walk, around and around, pulling on a long sapling pole that was fastened to a kind of a large wringer. They fed the canes into the wringer thing and the juice was squeezed out and ran down a trough into a catching barrel. It had to pass through a piece of screen wire and a square of burlap to strain out cane fibers.

The sap ran through a pipe from the barrel into a big shallow cooking pan, copper, with dividers in it, unmistakably homemade. The pan sat over a makeshift stove of logs with which a fire was kept burning all the time.

As the juice boiled, rich yellow foam rose to the surface. That foam had to be skimmed off. If memory serves, one person, likely one of the mill owners’ kids, was posted with the skimmer—a long-handled dipper on a longer stick. They said the foam was impure—or maybe unsanitary—but I’m sure many a ladleful went into a childish mouth instead of the “skimming hole” dug for that purpose.

I know because I was drafted as official skimmer when our sorghum was being cooked.

As the foam was skimmed away, the boiling juice first had a muddy look. Then as it cooked and was paddled down the divided pan (there were gates to let it through) it turned from green to muddy brown again and then to a golden, amber color and then it was done.

An adult always handled the paddle to move the syrup along to the finishing end, and decided when to draw off the molasses by pulling a plug from the bottom of the pan and drain-

BY ROBBIE BOMAN

ing it into jugs. It was a slow business, and a continuous process—fresh juice flowing in at one end and the finished product out the other.

It took about four gallons of juice for one gallon of molasses. With a yield of about 36 gallons of syrup per acre, a farmer could make about $216 on an acre of cane at today’s price of $6 or so a gallon. But in those days it sold for about $2.50 a gallon. Those WERE the good old days!

But mostly it was for home use. If a farmer got more molasses than his family needed he might give the mill man some for the processing. There never was much for the market because a big family could use up a lot of sorghum from one season to the next. It had so many delicious uses.

For many families it was the only sweetening they had. “Long sweetenin’,” they called it. And it made heavenly gingerbread and molasses cookies, and it was always used on hot cakes.

As anyone over 50 knows, there were “taffy pulls.” Taffy is made by cooking sorghum with a little vinegar until it’s at the “hard crack” stage, letting it set until it’s cool enough to handle then pulling it with well-buttered hands. As it is pulled it gets lighter in color and sets solid.

Taffy pulls were a great source of entertainment for the courtin’ sets and just how much taffy pulling and how much courtin’ was done was anybody’s guess. Probably many an engagement was sealed with lips sticky sweet with molasses taffy.

Today I guess the brush arbor and the mule and the wood fire have been replaced with electricity and gas heat. Everything super-sanitary of course. Maybe, too, there are screens to keep out the hordes of (horrors!) bees, wasps and yellowjackets that used to buzz the pans. Ah, so. The old order changeth, but real sorghum changeth not very much.

As I told my young friend: “Some cold winter morning, pour a puddle of warmed sorghum into your breakfast plate, mix in some soft butter and take a hot biscuit, split it . . . and SLATHER it!”

She’ll think summer’s back. Man!
A black and white reproduction of the painting **PRAIRIE FIRE** by Kiowa artist **BLACKBEAR BOSIN**. This famous painting has appeared in National Geographic, Life, and as an illustration in numbers of published books. The original painting is the property of the Philbrook Art Center, Tulsa.

Prairie and timber fires can be pretty—with all the grace and beauty of a striking rattlesnake! They cause only sorrow for the creatures, both animal and human, who are caught in them. We urge all our readers to exercise the utmost caution these dry autumn days. Don't throw cigarettes out of your car windows. Be sure all picnic and campfires are fully extinguished before leaving the site. Don't start a prairie fire, or a forest fire. Here is the Oklahoma Press Association's Column of the Year winning editorial, by Homer Ray, from the Yale, Oklahoma, News.

**The Yale News**

Timber Fire near Heavener... Color Photo by Gene Hall.

"The farmer is covetous of his dollar and with reason... he knows how many strokes of labor it represents. His bones ache with the day's work that earned it." —Ralph Waldo Emerson

And his heart aches down to an empty stomach while he stands ankle-deep in the ashes of his pasture. Fried feet sizzle inside rough-out Wellingtons. Crows feet, chinked with soot, spider web around fire seared eyes which scan cindered lespedeza and clover. His head throbs.

Smoke from glowing pasture corkscrew out of ebony grass and snake through blackjack skeletons.

Nearby, two neighboring farmers shovel dirt along a smouldering fence post. Tobacco juice explodes against the downed timber. Clangs from their shovels herald a hacking of staples from the post as barbed wires twang free.

They move up the line. The next one is found still sound after a careful examination so dirt is packed about its base. No one speaks. Only the crunch of shovels biting the hot earth answers snapping grass roots.

A volunteer fireman coils the limp hose around the truck's front catwalk, checks pumper gauges and climbs into the cab. His helmet bumps against its roof.

His actions signal to sweating firemen the truck's tank is empty again. Exhausted hands hoist the unit's large hose atop its...
reservoir housing and reach for railing handles above the tailgate. The driver changes into low. Each man hopes he can hold on to the truck and not embarrass himself as the unit climbs a rise and chugs toward the highway amid a swirl of ashes. A pickup trails behind.

The farmer stumbles down his pond's watershed and falls on his knees at the tank's edge. Grimy hands splash away cinders which have settled on its surface. The water cools. But tells him his face is blistered.

Despair shrouds him like the approaching dusk. His years of careful feeding and soil conservation suddenly flash across his mind and he can hardly believe he is huddled in its embers.

A son wanders to the pond. He drops a tattered burlap sack, leans against his father and cries. The farmer cups the boy's shoulder with a burned hand, pulls in a lung of smoke-filled air, coughs, then sighs.

Both know today's evening chores will be done in the dark.

--- Homer Ray

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The Legend of the Flute

From the most ancient times young men have climbed upward to the peaks, there to fast and pray, seeking the vision that would give meaning to their lives.

One of them, near the turn of the century, climbed to a rocky outcrop near the summit of Mount Scott in the rugged Wichitas. There he fasted and prayed for three days and nights. In despair, he had begun to believe that no vision would come to him.

On the fourth night, as he dozed fitfully, he began to dream, hearing beautiful music. In the distance he could hear a rumbling storm, and as it came to surround him it was overpowering. The unleashed power of the lightning struck, splitting the rocks with thunderous crashes, and a voice spoke to him out of that storm. It told him that he must listen carefully.

After the voice had spoken a jagged thrust of lightning tore a dry branch from an ancient cedar beyond the place where the young man lay huddled, and hurled the gnarled cedar branch to the earth beside him.

"From this branch," the voice said, "you are to make a sacred flute. The knots from which small branches once grew will show you where to carve its holes. There will be two in the body of the flute, one for the Spirit God, one for the Mother Earth. Four in the upper body will represent the north, south, east, and west."

This much we know.

Many years later, when the maker of the flute was no longer young, he gave it for safekeeping to a younger man of another tribe, relating the way of its making, and the discipline that must be followed in its care. The rules for its care remain secret to this day.

Four things more we know. Carved near the tip of the flute is a small bird. Only the old tribal songs can be played on it. Its music blesses whoever hears it. And though we call this legend, it is not. For it did happen and we have long known the son of the musician-mystic who carved it, and the young man of another tribe to whom he later gave it.
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