READ:
RUGGED ROAD TO CANAAN
BIG CITY BARS
SPRING ROUNDUP
DAW-HOW-DAY
AND MUCH MORE
As the crow flies, it was only about 235 miles long. And even a not-in-a-hurry crow could fly it in a couple of days. But these were settlers, hard-handed men and determined women, hauling their every last possession down the trail. Into and through a land that dared the pioneers to produce their own milk and honey.

It entered Oklahoma's northeast corner, proceeded to Fort Gibson and North Fork Town, southwest to join the Butterfield Trail, through stage stop settlements with picturesque names; Boggy Depot, Nail's Crossing, Carriage Point. It left Oklahoma at Colbert's Ferry.

The land-seekers called this rugged route to Canaan The Texas Road.

Road? What road?

At the start it was no more than a collection of game trails, for bears, buffalo, the deer and their predators. Indians following the game across the centuries, moved along it in hunting, with their families, their camp equipment and their animals.

When the settlers found it and came to use it, they called it first a trace, then a trail, and only, at last, a road. But it was no road. More nearly a route . . . a way, a concept, perhaps even a state of mind. It was a mile or more wide in some of the easy valleys. It had a habit of meandering because the rains had a nasty habit of relocating the best fords. To balance out that situation, and make things yet more difficult, in some cuts through the mountains it wasn't much more than a wagon wide.

One such funnel was Limestone Gap near the southern end—a pass so natural (and providential) that the knowledgeable railroad surveyors, and later the highway builders, couldn't improve on it for many decades.

continued

LOCUST GROVE AT DAWN
Misty morning air, tender blossoms, and dew-moist grass. Mist-muted cowbell, and nearby the rhythmic sound of cattle cropping the dewy pasture. It is elemental, peaceful, soothing and reassuring.

One of the few trees truly native to North America, the tough, resilient indigenous locust made enduring fence posts for our pioneer grandparents. Its long-wearing hardness made splendid spokes and hubs for their wagon wheels. In the early days of electricity and the telephone it was used for the making of insulator pins, for its wood is so hard that, when wet, it swells very little.

continued
First the bear, the buffalo, the deer, then the Indians, then the covered wagons.

By the thousands, by the hundreds of thousands, they swarmed down the Texas Road. From as early as 1821 to the coming of the railroads in the 1870s, emigrants, mostly a faceless little people, have-nots with nothing much to lose, they came from all over the young nation to the jumping-off places in western Arkansas, southeastern Kansas, and southwestern Missouri.

The Forty-Niners and the Oregon Trailers were merely of the moment compared with the emigrants who filled the Texas Road for decades.

The Forty-Niners and the Oregon Trailers were merely of the moment compared with the emigrants who filled the Texas Road for decades.

The Kansas and Missouri legs of the road converged somewhere south-east of what is now Vinita. The Arkansas segment joined in from the east at about present-day Eufaula.

Crossing it here and there were other important routes. There was the California Trail of the gold hunters, a strangely unsung byway that sought out the flattest plains and the smallest mountains. There was the storied Butterfield Stage Coach Route (the first transcontinental mail), and any number of military paths, intersecting it.

U.S. 69 running down the eastern side of Oklahoma is today's nearest approximation of the Texas Road. They're pretty much the same route, except that the highway makers had a big advantage over the buffaloes, the Indians and the people in the covered wagons. They didn't have to go around every mountain or seek the most salubrious water crossings. The highway engineers could cut through or cut down the hills and throw bridges over the streams the pioneers had to ford.

The ox teams sought the most level ways. The highway builders didn't mind moving a ridge here and there and filling in the hollows to make a straighter road.

But there are a number of stretches where the blacktop and concrete of Highway 69 is right on top of the old stone age trail itself. In other places, even today, the sharp-eyed and knowledgeable history buff can find ruts left by the broad iron tires of the prairie schooners. Grant Foreman recorded several such spots.

Not everyone is a history buff, it goes without saying, but the un-fame of the Texas Road is a puzzler. Used for so many years and by so many people—some of the most famous men of the last century, in fact—the road has been oddly overlooked in song and story. In fact, to ask about it...
I don't know anything about that. Right around here? Well, I can tell you how to get to where they fought the battle of Big Cabin. That was just north of town here."

The road did figure prominently in the Civil War. It was a main supply route for the Union's military posts in Oklahoma and the Big Cabin battle — and the one later at Honey Springs — were the results of Confederate attempts to stop the flow of guns, ammunition, food and other necessities to the federal forts.

At Big Cabin, the Confederates waylaid a Union supply train coming down from Kansas to bail out the garrison at Fort Gibson. The Johnny Rebs were driven off by the Fort Scott regulars. They tried again at Honey Creek against Maj. Gen. James G. Blunt in July, 1863, with probably twice as many men as Blunt had. But they had to retreat, burning their supplies, when they found their gunpowder had been spoiled by wet.

Another footnote in history, the battle was fought almost squarely on the Texas Road and was a defeat for then Col. Stand Watie's Cherokee troops. Watie, later to become a most distinguished Confederate General, wasn't present at the Honey Creek fight.

The real significance of the Texas Road was its existence as the conduit for the southwestward course of civilization. It offered the escape valve for the pressures generated by the population growth in the east, by the people's great hunger for land and, of course, by the discovery of gold in California.

Whatever the impetus, from about 1821 until the coming of the railroads, the wagons rolled down the Texas Road, with frequent traffic jams at the passes and the fords. Sometimes they lined up for a mile or more, waiting their turn at some river crossing or defile in the hills—or taking turns choking the wheels as they climbed heights that had to be climbed.

"The creaking and rattling ox-drawn wagons beside which the lanky drivers walked and popped their long whips, military expeditions, Civil War regiments of the North and South, exploring expeditions, trains of freighters, herds of wild horses being driven north . . . all passed over the great, broad road and left scars on the prairies." (1)

After the Civil War it was worse, with traffic trying to flow both ways —settlers from the north and east breasting the current of fleeing blacks seeking real freedom in the Union states, and wave after wave of great cattle drives headed for the railheads in Kansas and Missouri.

There was a considerable up-traffic in the form of returning prairie schooners loaded with furs and other trade articles as well as some disillusioned Texas settlers.

There was a period when the not-so-gentle Cherokees added to the confusion by raiding the settler parties and the trail herders indiscriminately, driving off horses and mules to sell—and not forgetting an occasional tooth-

(1) Foreman, Grant, The Texas Road, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman.
some steer. The peaceable Choctaws viewed such activity with suitable scorn.

In fact, angered by the depredations of Cherokees in his territory, one U. S. Agent in the Choctaw Nation urged that the Army send mounted infantry to Boggy Depot and Fort Washita to supplement the small forces undermanned Fort Gibson could put into the field. "If we had one or two companies of Dragoons here, I think I would apply for them to burn up the Cherokee settlements on Boggy and Washita..." he wrote. "They are in the habit of lurking along the road from Ft. Smith to Coffee and stealing horses from emigrants..."

Historian Foreman noted that the route was "a well-traveled road" as early as 1836, being used by "emigrants, hunters, trappers, traders, explorers and military detachments seeking the easiest grades and routes across the prairies, mountains, and streams."

Perhaps not surprisingly, not all the travelers went straight through. Many found what they were hunting in the beautiful eastern Oklahoma hills and valleys—good land, plenty of water, and a long growing season. They pulled off the road and built homesteads in the Indian territory.

But not for long. The federal government, mindful of its pledge to the displaced Indian tribes, stepped in at last and waved a big stick at the squatters, who reluctantly pulled up stakes and moved on to Texas.

During one six-week period beginning in March of 1845, says Foreman, a thousand wagons crossed the Red River at one or another of the ferries at the end of the Oklahoma section of the road. The all-night screeching of dry axles disturbed the peace of the inhabitants of the region who were trying to sleep. Several writers comment on how the keening sound carried at night.

It takes about five hours to traverse the route through Oklahoma today. Then, it was more like a solid month. The casual traveler, spinning down U.S. 69 in his 1978 gas guzzler, likely does not realize he is passing historic site after historic site.

As Foreman put it: "For the 200 miles of this great thoroughfare, there are more historical locations, features and associations of historical interest and significance, than are found on any other highway of even much greater extent west of the Mississippi River."

Certainly the man at the filling station in Pryor, the waitress at the Atoka restaurant, and the motel operator in Durant mustered about the same puzzled expressions when they were asked, casually, about the Texas Road.

"Now, I've heard tell of it," said the filling station man. "But I thought it was, you know, just talk."

Washington Irving could have told him. He knew the road. So did old Matthew Arbuckle. And Sam Houston. And Sequoyah.

The only Texas Road most folks know today is the one we take to Dallas for the Oklahoma-Texas game. The original one was equally as exciting and interesting.
I couldn't believe it. I stepped out the front door. That's all. Never in my life have I thrown caution to the winds. Winds reek of caution after they pass by me.

All morning long, I'd heard a loud, harsh buzz followed by the heavy clang of the ornamental iron door gate, as each of the six roommate householders left for the day. I made a note of it from the kitchen nook where I drank my breakfast coffee and happily planned my first exciting day. That iron door grate opened. It shut. No problem.

I could hardly wait to get going. Driving from the airport the night before, I'd glimpsed a neon neighborhood of exotic shops, a gourmet grocery, a restaurant, a flavorful mixture I was eager to savor. On my way out, I stifled the mild apprehension I felt about roaming around alone on foot in a big city. After all I wasn't exactly white slave material. I was an Oklahoma mother blessing her 23-year-old son with a nice long visit.

Glorious sunshine greeted me as I stepped outside and smartly banged the door shut; it wouldn't do to have thieves make away with my son's orange crate furniture, or go lusting after his pin-up posters. Hearing the locks grab and hold on the heavy wooden front door, I pushed the iron gate door. It didn't budge, but I knew I simply was not hitting the right mechanism. Peering closely, I searched for the knob, lever, pulley, catch, or whatever, that would release this towering sentry that guarded the entry way. I was in a very small space between the iron gate and the front door.
I fiddled with the latch, examining closely to find the hidden release catch. Nothing budged. I grabbed the bars with all my strength and rattled hard. Same thing. And then it dawned on me; a guard door was not going to open just because you were inside, because anyone on the outside could reach through and do likewise. I kicked the damn thing.

"Pifie," I said aloud, and sat down on a rubber welcome mat in the cement foyer, realization settling in like cold shrouds of fog. "I am locked in here. I am actually locked in here!" I laughed aloud but it was a hollow, mirthless laugh, as they say. I got up from the welcome mat and rattled my cage experimentally, even daring to smile at my predicament. Wait 'til I get hold of that son of mine. He should have warned me!

I paced up and down, then impulsively pressed my finger on the doorbell. Perhaps someone still lurked under the shapeless piles of blankets in the apartment. I rang and rang. No shapeless pile came to the door.

I turned to the street forlornly, and then, suddenly, quietly, out of nowhere, came a tap-tapping down the sidewalk. "Hey! Is there anybody out there? Little boy! Little girl! Come here. There's a lady locked..."
up here. You hear me?"
I caught my breath and settled the catch at my heart. Where are you, you little monster, I thought rebelliously. No child with a lick of sense would come near me. The stick-bumping noise stopped.

I waited quietly for a few moments, intent to catch the slightest noise; like a cat poised to leap at the first sight of movement. But nothing moved. The streets of the city might as well have been the empty Sahara.

Then, as if to tantalize me, a car came speeding down the street; the first one, in what was now over an hour. I thrust both arms through the curls of iron, waving and screaming at the top of my lungs, then groaning aloud as the car zipped on by.

Petulantly, I roamed my cage. My only chance was somebody on foot. Oh, why wasn't it Sunday? There was a church next to the school. People would be walking to church. A good samaritan would help me. Why did it have to be Saturday? Where were the shoppers? The children out playing? Where was there another human being? Could everybody be watching cartoons?

The phone rang inside. I stiffened and wrung my hands. It rang and rang and my heart, body, soul, and liver all longed to answer that phone. It was no doubt my son.

"Hi, Mom! How are you enjoying your visit?" he would ask.

"Sit on it, son," I would say.

I was now talking to myself. I tried yelling "HELP" a few more times and this time, just for luck, I climbed halfway up the iron door. I was getting to be a raving maniac. "Helppp!" I howled. Nobody helped.

I held my arms around my middle, feeling chilly despite the sunshine. Abruptly, I sat down on the Welcome mat with, doubtless, a bugs' nest underneath. I still had a little pride. I'd been told there were more nuts per city, or the city that made a person into a nut? My mind was rambling. I had to keep control. An hour and thirty minutes.

The silence was driving me batty. I hurled myself to the bars and started to rattle and scream. Rattle, rattle, rattle, scream, scream, scream! I tried a prayer to St. Anthony, patron saint of missing articles. If the good saint would only find me! I envisioned the pitiful image of my son coming home from work to find his father dehydrated, bird and bug pecked, both sunburned and quick-frozen. An hour and thirty-five minutes.

Then I became wild. I began rummaging in my purse like an addled monkey. If I threw money down the stairs, it would magically bring people to the rescue. A child would be able to hear change tinkling for a mile. I would be saved. Pushing chewed strands of hair out of my eyes, I searched and searched for loose change. Not a penny! I wet my lips and stared at a five-dollar bill, then put it away. I wasn't that addled.

I thought then about a mirror. I could send signals with a mirror! I rummaged desperately dumping the contents of my purse on the bug-mat, but found no mirror to sparkle in the sunshine. I flung myself to the bars. HELP! HELP! PLEASE HELP! The first tears dimmed my vision.

And then, it happened.

A garage door popped open across the street and out popped a youth in a white shirt and blue jeans. I nearly came through those bars with joy.

"Oh, yoo-hoo," I called pleasantly, hiding the maniac inside, "I'm stuck, I'm —

I held my breath as he turned and stared wordlessly for what seemed a very long time. Was he or wasn't he going to get involved? Once involved, would he murder me? He waved. I moaned in joy and happiness. So he might kill me later, so what.

The young man bounded across the street and was halfway up the steps when he began to laugh. I felt exactly like a five-year-old who'd locked herself in the bathroom.

"I can probably get the hinges off," he said. "I'll get tools."

"Don't go!" I begged, remembering the feeble old lady who'd done the splits getting the hell out of there. In that instant I remembered my son telling me if I lost my key I could get in through the unlocked garage. So he had been concerned with my safety . . . a little.

Thump, thump, pound, pound. I rejoiced at the sound of my rescuer's footsteps flying towards me. In seconds, the inner door opened wide and the rank sound of that hoarse buzzer pierced the air. It was heavenly chimes to me! I felt transcended. The iron gate opened wide with a polite, "After you, ma'am," and the young man pointed out the buzzer inside the door jamb. "Before you lock the door, hit this buzzer to open the gate." Grinning, he flew easily down the steps and away like Superman.

"Thank you very very much," I called evenly. Already a certain ire was entering my soul. Why couldn't my own flesh and blood have told me that? I checked the hands of the watch: I'd nearly worn out with my eyes, just looking at it. A mere hour and forty minutes had elapsed since my ill-fated adventure began. But what if I'd had to go to the bathroom?

Instead of sulking or plotting revenge on you-know-who, I gallantly went shopping, visiting all the exotic shops. But with each purchase I butholed, pigeonholed, or cornered the uneasy proprietor. "Do you know what just happened to me?" I demanded, pouring forth the whole repugnant story. "What kind of a cuckoo is she?" I could read in their eyes.

Returning to the house, I sat down on the bottom step to review the passing parade. "Uh-huh! Just as I suspected!" For now there were strollers, joggers, shoppers, toe to toe kids on the sidewalk, and cars bumper to bumper on the street. A cute little round-faced boy carrying pop bottles walked by nonchalantly.

Eyeing him sourly, I asked, "Where were you when I needed you this morning?"

"Watching cartoons," he said blithely, going incuriously on his way.

"I knew it!" I yelled triumphantly after him. The only time a kid comes around is when you don't want one. He turned, frowned, and gave me a "Boy, are you weird" look before running in my purse and unholed, pigeonholed, or cornered the uneasy proprietor. "Do you know what just happened to me?" I demanded, pouring forth the whole repugnant story. "What kind of a cuckoo is she?" I could read in their eyes.

Returning to the house, I sat down on the bottom step to review the passing parade. "Uh-huh! Just as I suspected!" For now there were strollers, joggers, shoppers, toe to toe kids on the sidewalk, and cars bumper to bumper on the street. A cute little round-faced boy carrying pop bottles walked by nonchalantly.

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"I knew it!" I yelled triumphantly after him. The only time a kid comes around is when you don't want one. He turned, frowned, and gave me a "Boy, are you weird" look before rounding the corner.

So that's it. I guess the moral of this story is that if you go to visit your son in the City, be sure to carry a pick and a file, a megaphone, and a battleaxe—or stay in a hotel!
Twentieth century man has a tendency to think of landmarks in grandiose terms. Grand Canyon, Grand Tetons. Picture postcard vistas served by interstate highways, clogged with traffic and people. In that light, it is hard for modern America to remember a low-riding series of buttes in western Oklahoma that served as a major beacon in this continent's frontier trans-Mississippi travel. They are known simply as the Antelope Hills, and they played their role with quiet eloquence.

The South Canadian River breaks across the Oklahoma-Texas border in a wide northern bend. Along this great break, and along the ridges of the Washita River to the south, came the great buffalo herds on winter migration.

Sharing the windbreaking buttes, the protein-rich grass and the many freshwater springs were vast numbers of antelope, or pronghorn. Early explorers placed sightings of these animals in the millions. The Comanche, Kiowa and Cheyenne held the area in great esteem, for with the herds rode life itself.

The Antelope Hills preside over the hybrid prairie-plain region of the southwest. North and West the midgrasses lose ground as the land climbs into the Llano Estacado—the arid, vacuum-like plain of the tenacious shortgrass. It is a land of little drainage, historically showing little mercy to men who did not know its nature.

These plains were termed "The Great American Desert" at the time of the Louisiana Purchase, and were both feared and scorned. Yet the Plains Indian knew the land was infinitely rich in its ability to sustain grazing animals. Like the animals, they knew where fresh water would be found.

The life of these nomadic horsemen, and that of the great herds, existed for years in seasonal harmony.

But from old continents had come new breeds of men. The Spaniard pushed his quest for riches through the shadow of the Antelope Hills. His thoughts, filled with conquest, made the journey even grimmer.

Gold was to be found on the plain, but it was gold grazing on the hoof. The riches of the Indian land was but disillusionment to the Spaniard, and he returned to the Pueblo country.
ANTELOPE HILLS

along the Rio Grande leaving bitter memories and bleached bones.

Centuries later, rumors of gold would again summon the white man into the shadow of the Antelope Hills.

Captain Randolph Marcy, a man of wanderlust and energy, came west in the mid-nineteenth century, opening a trail to California, where fact and rumor of quick fortune were wedded hand-in-hand.

By this time American vision stretched well west of the Mississippi, and, like rivulets racing from a roaring stream, explorers had met the plain on its own odds; although years would be required for adjusting to its temperament.

Marcy fared well in his trek to California, for he was driven not by personal gain but by an emerging national spirit, and along with a new breed of American frontiersmen, he had learned from the Indian that water and wild game were vital along an overland route.

The landforms marked upon his crude maps were his personal godsend; signposts of water, an hourglass in the essential passage of time. Dominant were the flat and crested ridges of the Antelope Hills.

Gone now are the pronghorn and the buffalo; in their place vast, fenced pastures of beef cattle. Townships came, lifestyles shifted; left to memory are the names.

Where once the sun caught and reflected the white rump patches of the pronghorn, now shimmers the glint of watertank steel and windmill blades. It is a good country, this sage and shortgrass expanse over which the hills stand sentinel.

From the crests one can see south to a bend in the Washita, where George Armstrong Custer came down on a November day to destroy the camp of Black Kettle the Cheyenne. The medicine men beseeched revenge, and it came as they predicted on Montana’s Little Bighorn.

Comanches camped near the Antelope Hills when Rangers from Texas rode through the sage to challenge their raiding. One warrior, regal in his invincibility, spurred his pony directly into the Ranger’s withering fire. His disdain for the bullets was matched only by his seeming immortality, until he arrogantly turned in profile to a single bullet . . . a bullet that felled the warrior and so shocked his followers that the Rangers were allowed victory that day. The bullet had entered under the warrior’s arm, in the one place unprotected by the ancient Spanish breastplate he had concealed so well under his robes.

So much history, in so little time. So many changes in a land that denies change. The sage country under moonlight is liquid silver. It would be on such a night the Comanche would go to gather this healing plant, “taking the ones that stand out special” as their great grandsons still know today.

If you had been with Captain Marcy and his Goldseekers, you would have seen herds of fleet antelope around these far western Oklahoma mesas which now bear their name. Wayfarers on this Trail of the 49ers relate how these beautiful animals stood, in the characteristic parenthesis of their own prong horns, held by curiosity until men came too close, then sped away, their white tail fur becoming bounding white flags of retreat.

The antelope’s curiosity hastened its destruction. Hunters report that a white cloth held aloft on a stick would attract the curious antelope. Antelope would approach a cloth fluttering in the breeze until they were in easy rifle range, sometimes even when the man holding the rifle was clearly visible. Then they could be shot down, often just for sport.

The sport of killing just for the fun of killing in part accounts for the absence of antelope from the mesas of our Antelope Hills, and that these photos had to be made on similar mesas in New Mexico.

THE ANTELOPE HILLS

For more than fifteen years, few were the issues of Oklahoma Today that did not feature several lovely scenic photographs taken by Rubye McCan. For awhile, those beautiful photos of hers have been missing from these pages. She has been learning a new technique. Now she paints, with watercolors. The scenes she used to photograph so skillfully. Her fine watercolor paintings are another manifestation of her stature as an artist. She is secretary of the organization Watercolor Oklahoma, and the most recent showings of her work have been at Oklahoma City’s Fidelity Bank and in the offices of Lt. Gov. Nigh.

Painting by Rubye McCan.

We do the Antelope Hills injustice by thinking them barren. You must drive the narrow dirt roads nearby, discovering the wooded bottomlands running with clear streams, fed by springs that have given life to men of many races and many endeavors. One misses the flashing signals of the pronghorn, their curiosity and amazing speed of flight. It seemed an integral experience of the plain, and we can hope for its return someday.

Always the hills remain constant in strength and solitude, a milestone of time’s passing, of where man is going, of where he has been. It is a good place to walk, to climb, to experience, and to dream. A message lies in the ridge shadows and sweeping grassland, a gift of vision and of dignity.
Dr. Roy Harris was born on Lincoln's Birthday in 1898 on his parent's claim in Lincoln County, Oklahoma, near Chandler. On February 12 just past, he returned to Chandler to celebrate his 80th birthday.

During the intervening years he has composed symphonic works, cantatas, concertos; choral, solo, and ensemble compositions totaling more than 150, more than 110 of them commissioned by major symphony orchestras, NBC, CBS, ABC, BBC, the Library of Congress, League of Composers, Schools of Music, etc.

He composed the first orchestral work to be commissioned by a recording company (Victor), recorded by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony. His Third Symphony, perhaps his finest, was recorded by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. He was the first American composer to conduct his own work in the U.S.S.R. His Fourteenth Symphony "BICENTENNIAL" was commissioned by the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington, D.C.

Like his contemporaries, Bloch, Bartok, and Stravinsky, he has had many publishers. A catalog of his available orchestral, band, choral, and chamber music works has been published by California State University, Los Angeles, where he is Professor Emeritus and Composer-in-Residence.

He has been Composer-in-Residence at the Juilliard School of Music, Westminster Choir School, Colorado College, and Cornell University. He is Composer Laureate of California. His list of accomplishments, honors, and recognition, is international, filling many pages.

He was enshrined in the Oklahoma Hall of Fame as a Native Son in 1957, in celebration of our state's 50th Anniversary. On Feb. 12, this year, the Historical Society of Lincoln County flew Dr. Harris and his famed pianist wife Johana Harris to Chandler for a day of celebration that included:

- Proclamation making that day Roy Harris Day in Chandler, presented by Mayor Ben Walkingstick.
- Proclamation by Governor David Boren making Feb. 12 Roy Harris Day in Oklahoma, presented by Representative Charles O. Morgan.
- Visit to the Harris homestead site, which an historic marker now designates as the birthplace of Roy Harris.
- Birthday Dinner, during which Dr. Harris was given a copy of the Homestead Certificate from the Registrar's Office in Guthrie showing that his father and mother, Elmer and Lora Harris, had proved up on the claim; and a copy of the Patent on the claim, signed by President McKinley.
- Greetings from another celebrated American composer, Aaron Copeland, were read.
- Tour of the Lincoln County Historical Society Museum conducted by Society President Charles Good, and Vice-Pres. Mrs. Earl Renner.
- Evening concert of compositions by Dr. Harris, performed by Oklahomans, visiting out-of-state musicians, and by Mrs. Johana Harris.
- Reception at the First United Methodist Church, to give all present the opportunity to meet the distinguished guests.

Thanks should be added to Dan Wright, former Lincoln Countian, now Prof. of Voice at S. E. Louisiana Univer., and to Barbour Cox, Rev. and Mrs. Danny Moss, and Mrs. LaQuita Jones, of Chandler. Mrs. Jones baked a birthday cake, adorned with a grand piano with upraised lid, which Roy and Johana Harris found so irresistible they boxed up the piano portion of the cake and took it back to California.
NEW BOOKS

FIFTY COMMON BIRDS OF OKLAHOMA by George Milksch Sutton, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $7.95. O.U.'s Dr. George Sutton is the greatest living ornithologist, painter of birds, and writer about them. This book fully demonstrates his superiority in all three categories. His knowledge of birds is beyond intimacy, and his anecdotes about them are delightful.

ACCESS TO THE WORLD: A Travel Guide for the Handicapped, by Louise Weiss, Chatham Square Press, Inc., 401 Broadway, New York New York 10013, $7.95. Travel expert Archie Satterfield says in the current issue of The Travel Writer, "Much more than a plea for understanding, this book gives practical information on specific services provided by airlines, hotels, national and local governments ... readers will be pleasantly surprised how many tours are already available for the handicapped. Everyone can learn from it, travelers, employees of carriers, hotels, tour operators, travel agents, etc."

RAILROADS IN OKLAHOMA, edited by Donovan L. Hofsommer, Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City, 73105, $11.00 hardback, $7.50 paperback. Rail fans will surely not want to miss this one. Editor Hofsommer points out that the Soonerland railroads provide a microcosm of the entire nation's experience. An excellent reference, with a bibliography of books and magazine articles that will make you an expert on this subject.

THE WESTERN TERRITORIES IN THE CIVIL WAR edited by LeRoy H. Fischer, Journal of the West, Box 1009, Manhattan, Kan. 66502, $6.00. Oklahoma State University's Dr. Fischer has with proficiency chosen fine scholars and edited their writings into an informative whole. James W. Ware's cogent article on the Civil War in Indian Territory is clearly comprehensible, the best we've read on the subject.

MAYA RUINS OF MEXICO IN COLOR by William M. Ferguson and John Q. Royce, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $25.00. Our O.U. Press has published here by far the most usable and comprehensible book we've yet seen on the Mayan cities. It should certainly be read prior to visiting each site discussed, in hand during your visit, and preserved to point out to you all you missed after your return.
CIMARRON CHOLLA

Just prior to dawn there is a total absence of sound. This stillness arrests the calm high plains during the brief interval of false dawn. The vast land along the Cimarron seems to push out beyond the mind's ability even to conceive of its existence. A mystical time of indistinct shadows in the all-consuming quiet lends reverence to the simple act of being.

As the sunlight lengthens, the dim silhouette of a solitary cholla cactus reigns over this low ridge encircled in a soft cloud of golden light. Then the aged cottonwoods along the river emerge from the shadows. This wide sky streaked along its horizon with splashes of brilliant red, is seared by the sudden flight of a magpie. At that moment this vast amphitheatre of mesa, river, juniper, cactus, and plain is flooded and illuminated by the sun, beginning its march toward its zenith. An indescribable feeling that all is well with the timeless natural regulation of this region settles in, indomitable, ageless, and omnipotent.

No more wild mystical nor magical land could exist than our Cimarron mesa country. It is a realm of special solitude, of wisdom. There are messages on and in its rocks, carved there by men and the elements, yet to be explained and voices in the wind that sing of the ancient earth.

Photo by Gary Lantz.

SHOOTERS AND OTHERS LOOK THIS WAY!

Tulsa's nationally known black powder Muzzle Loading Firearms Matches have been held annually for eighteen years. This year's matches will be held May 19, 20, 21, with the usual safety regulations (no alcoholic beverages, no smoking on the firing line) and under National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association rules.

Flintlock, percussion cap, knife and tomahawk throwing, ladies "load your own," a pistol championship, and other matches with trophies and prizes galore. All in the rugged outdoor beauty of the JZ Ranch near Skiatook.

Last year those new to muzzle loading competition were invited to bring their black powder rifle and enter a "first timers" championship (with expert shooters available for assistance if needed).

For the skilled marksman, there's the Osage Rendezvous - trying to split a rifle ball on an axe blade, snuffing a candle, cutting a playing card in two - and the Osage Trace, a running match with elusive targets in the timber.

For more information, write Osage Territory Muzzle Loaders, 208 Montclair, Tulsa, Okla. 74104.

Photos by Vic Pakis

PRIMITIVE MATCHES
All primitive matches will be fired in designated primitive range areas.

FLINTLOCK CHOUTEAU MATCH
20. 50 yards offhand special 5
(Load from hunting pouch)

Winner's name will be on the Chouteau Match Plaque, made and donated by M.

FLINTLOCK OR PERCUSSION OSAGE TRACE
21. Running match, 5 shots, offhand rifle.

Contestants will run the match and make the return trip by canoe.

See Osage Trace Match Chairman for time and scoring particulars.

Ladies...
"Load Ye Own"

10 50 yards rest 50 yard 5
11 50 yards offhand buffalo 10

Rifle Matches
Matches 1 thru 22

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of Match</th>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Range</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<td>Flintlock</td>
<td>1.</td>
<td>50 yards</td>
<td>offhand</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2.</td>
<td>50 yards</td>
<td>offhand</td>
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<td></td>
<td>3.</td>
<td>25 yards</td>
<td>offhand</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4.</td>
<td>25 yards</td>
<td>offhand</td>
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FLINTLOCK Aggregate... Matches 1 thru 4
Winner's name engraved on RAI Co.

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Percussion</th>
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<th>50 yards</th>
<th>rest</th>
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<td>6.</td>
<td>50 yards</td>
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<td>7.</td>
<td>100 yards</td>
<td>offhand</td>
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HAVE A HIGH SCHOOL REUNION!

How long since you've organized or attended a reunion of your high school graduating class?

Our pictures here are from the past autumn reunion of the Medford High School Class of '37.

We recently attended the reunion of the Guthrie High School Class of '34.

Why are we writing about high school reunions in the blush of springtime, when reunions are usually held in autumn? Because we want to urge you to organize a reunion for your high school, and now is the time to start.

When your high school class reunites, you are often among the same friends with whom you entered the first grade, and were with throughout your school years. The memories come flooding back, not only of high school years but of happenings from all the years before, a true tidal wave of nostalgia, and mostly delightful.

Be sure to have a parade. It likely won't surpass the Rose Bowl Parade (but it will be more fun for its participants and spectators).

If your high school is not too large you might try a three-year reunion, say the classes of '36-'37-'38. Then next year, '37-'38-'39. Each such reunion would bring together three classes who were together in high school.

There is really no way to translate into words how revivifying of your youthful spirits such a gathering can be. Give it a try!

Photos by Paul E. Lefebvre.

INDIAN BLANKET AND SAGE

Here the living sandhills ranging along Buffalo Creek bear mute witness to the ceaseless urging of forever blowing winds. The dominant force on our northwestern high plains is a wedding of sun and wind. Man and women who cannot attune to a dominance of these elements have no place here.

There exists no frail beauty of the plains. Even the scarlet carpet of Indian Blanket wrestles its existence from the aromatic sage in this big land, a testimonial to toughness evolved over the millenia. Yet true beauty needs no association with frailty. We find infinite loveliness in all living things here on these high windswept ridges. The distant humpbacked sandhills recall the mighty herds of bison, made perfect by evolution for this land. If we listen quietly the gusting wind will play sweet music through the limbs of the gnarled cottonwood...dream songs of the Cheyenne. For this was their country long ago. They knew its sweeping miles with a special insight and love. Those today who hold derision for this uncompromising country should be pitied for their lack of insight. The hardy people who have come here and accepted it on its own terms offer only praise. Their strength and the strength of this land will temper the generations to come.

Color Photo by Gary Lantz.
FROM POINT OF DEARTH
April showers blurring sun
Blurring blossoms white . . .
Sunshine tinting everything
Tender-green and bright.
Warming rays now open buds
Nature all is blending . . .
Yellow, pink, in cool array
Colors never ending . . .
Transformation of the earth—
Lavish season of rebirth.
—Jaye Giammarino

THESE STUDENTS CAN READ.
There is more than adequate publicity about our delinquent and illiterate young people. But there is an incredible lack of publicity about our diligent and brilliant young people.

Five Oklahomans are among the three hundred brilliant young scientists emerging as winners in this year's Westinghouse Science Talent Search. They and their investigative fields are:

Bartlesville—Geoffrey Stuart, 17; Transfer of Carotene Excitation Energy to Alpha Chlorophyll in Petroleum Ether.

Duncan—Randall Craig Elliott, 17; Models Studies of Solar Energy: The Sun in the Service of Mankind.

Muskogee—Anne Clare Kershaw, 18; Partial Characterization of the Rosette Factor and Cytotoxicity in Tumor-bearing Serum.

Oklahoma City, Bradley Martin, 17; Microcomputer Controlled Digital Waveform Analyzer.

Ponca City, John Michael Dew, 17; A Model for Simulating Reservoir Behavior.

Are you one of those who complains about what a poor job the schools are doing? If so, do you comprehend the projects these students are working on? Could you explain these projects to those of us who feel the schools are doing a far better job than they are being given credit for doing?

Oklahoma Today urges less recognition for dope users, pushers, and delinquents, and more for the caliber of student who wins in scientific, scholastic and ethical competition. It will be these latter students who lead us out of today's crises. We ought to recognize them, and know who they are.

TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY
Our ten-year-ago Anniversary issue is one in which we take the greatest pride. Its mosaic cover, from the old Oklahoma Petroleum Club, depicts most vividly the three types of geologic traps in which oil is most frequently found: the stratigraphic trap, the geologic fault, and the salt dome.

Our opening article, timed to coincide with the International Convention of Petroleum Geologists held here that year, will give you some insights you did not previously have on how oil is found (unless you are a professional geologist). The article is not dull and pedestrian. Written by talented Tulsa author Phil Dessauer, you'll find it lively and entertaining.

A HAND UP THROUGH SELF-HELP by Ralph Sanders is a heart-warming account of our Sooner originated World Neighbors program. Without one cent of government funds, it has been helping the poverty plagued emerging peoples of the world for more than two decades.

Featured in full color are the striking "fun for all ages" aspects of our state's wide annual variety of parades. This year, also, is the tenth anniversary of the passing of one of the finest artists who ever photographed Oklahoma with his color camera. Our anniversary issue contains a tribute to him, with a cross-section of his work.

The Oklahoma Journal's Bill Tharp tells the inspiring story of Lawton's Easter Pageant, seen again this spring against the rugged background of our Wichita Mountains. Beginning at midnight, climaxing at sunrise, this celebration of Easter and the risen Christ has become as well-known and as well-attended as Oberammergau's Passion Play. Hugh Scott writes of research programs that produce fine aircraft near Bethany, and a Paul Lefebvre photo tells the story of pro-

continued on page 24

OKLAHOMA TODAY
duction of fine Frankoma pottery at Sapulpa.
The "Run of Eighty-Nine" dominated the front pages of our nation's newspapers in 1889. Historian Dr. Stan Hoig tells you all about it with appropriate and nostalgic illustrations from the old newspapers themselves. In DREAM COLT, popular racing author Norman B. Wiltsey spins out the fascinating tale of Oklahoma's Kentucky Derby winner Black Gold. You can secure a copy of this timeless and mighty interesting issue of Oklahoma Today by sending $2.00 to Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., Oklahoma City 73105.

The HUMOROUS ART of that incredible funny-man Indian-painter Bill Flores, which concludes the issue, will leave you chuckling about what a fine investment, in a truly colorful collectors' item, you have made.

NATIONAL SQUARE DANCE CONVENTION

The 27th National Square Dance Convention will be held in Oklahoma City June 22, 23, 24. Twenty-four thousand, five hundred and sixty-eight (yes, that's right, 24,568) dancers were present for last year's convention at Atlantic City.

Which means there is going to be one whopping crowd in town during late June. Twenty-one major hotels and motels in the area are listed as "Headquarters" for various groups and events. Thirty-three more hostleries are listed for participants, with recreational vehicles, served by shuttle busses, dominating the Fairgrounds.

The Myriad will be swinging as never before, and National Cowboy Hall of Fame attendance will soar. We'll try to have pictures of all the gaudy foofuraw of swirling skirts and benchmade boots for you to enjoy in our autumn issue.
It's a crazy way to make a living. You have no control over your basic raw material. Your product comes in an odd size and shape that makes it difficult to ship and impossible to store in a warehouse. You have no control over your markets; if your expenses go up, you cannot raise your price to cover yourself. Your industry has no union, no pension plan, and very little political clout in Washington. If you make money this year, the tax collector will be there to take his share. If you lose money next year, there will be no government subsidies to tide you over.

How long could the steel industry operate under these conditions? Or the automobile industry? How long could any industry survive which had no control over raw materials or the price it received for its finished product? The cattle business operates under these conditions, and in the Oklahoma Panhandle ranchers have managed to survive for almost a hundred years.

Under the best of circumstances, ranching is a risky and unpredictable venture. In the first place, the basic raw material in ranching is grass, usually the same grass that has cov-
eroded the land for centuries. Cattle eat the grass, and with their marvelous four-chambered stomach, are able to convert coarse roughage (on which a human would quickly starve to death) into delicious beef (upon which humans are fond of dining.) That is all very nice, except that grass does not grow without proper moisture, and even the shrewdest ranch managers have yet to produce a single raindrop.

The rancher is completely at the mercy of Mother Nature, and in the Panhandle she has often been accused of child abuse. The droughts of the Thirties and the Fifties are deeply etched into the memories of cattlemen who survived them, and the rest of us are hoping we will not be etched by the drought of the Seventies. And then there are the legendary blizzards, such as the storm of 1886 which taught English and Scottish investors a bitter lesson about converting their cash into a product as perishable as cattle. And there are dust storms, hail storms, electrical storms, and, when you least expect and need them, floods.

A second factor which makes ranching unpredictable is the finished product: cattle. From an efficiency standpoint, the primary disadvantage...
of cattle is that they are alive. Where an inanimate commodity such as slab steel can be crated, stored, and shipped with relative ease, cattle cannot. They have a deplorable habit of eating and drinking every day, and when denied feed and water, they will respond by losing weight and quality—and therefore money. With live animals, even the simplest and most basic of business functions, inventory, becomes a chore. Before cattle can be counted, they must first be assembled; before they are gathered from, say, a pasture of five square miles, they may jump a fence into the neighbor’s pasture, hide in some tamaracks along the Beaver River, or simply be overlooked in the high sandhills north of the river. And even when they are gathered and the counting begins, three cowboys may come up with three different numbers. Counting cattle is not exactly like counting toothpicks on the kitchen table. It is more like counting mosquitoes on the front porch.

Still, there is a predictable and orderly side to ranching, a routine of work that roughly follows the seasons of the year. Let us take a closer look at the work routine on a typical ranch in the Oklahoma Panhandle, starting in the month of October.

In the Panhandle, the first freeze can be expected around October 15. With a hard freeze, the grass ceases to grow and goes to sleep for the winter. It also begins to lose its food value, and the amount of protein it will yield to a range cow steadily declines until green grass comes again in the spring. This decline in nutritional value coincides with the arrival of cold weather, when a cow requires a certain level of protein and energy just to keep herself warm and to maintain her body weight through the winter. As a result, ranchers in this part of the country must begin feeding their cattle a protein supplement sometime between Thanksgiving and December 15, depending on the range conditions in that particular year.

The daily feed run is the most important ranch job in the winter. With sacks of feed in the back of his pickup, the rancher drives from one pasture to another, calling up the cattle with any one of a variety of methods. Some honk the pickup horn. Others use a bull horn, an actual horn that is blown like a trumpet. Still others will cup a hand around their mouth and bellow in their own distinctive manner, making a sound like “Woooooow!” or “Hee-yo!” The objective is the same in every case: one wishes to inform the cattle that dinner is served. They will take care of the rest.

The feeding will continue until green grass appears in the spring, usually between the middle of March and the middle of April. By then, flights of cranes, ducks, and geese have passed overhead, the wild plum has burst into bloom, and the days have become warm and balmy. More baby calves are being born every day, and the rancher begins preparing for the next major job, the spring roundup and branding.

Anyone who enjoys working around cattle cannot help feeling a bit of excitement with the approach of the spring branding season. You get up at five o’clock in the morning, feed your horse some oats, saddle him in the moonlight, load him in the trailer, and arrive at a neighbor’s ranch around 6:30, when the sun is still a pink bud in the eastern sky. There you drink coffee and swap yarns with the other cowboys until the rest of the crew pulls in. The crew may be as small as five or as large as fifteen, depending on the size of the ranch and the type of work planned for the day.

The best of these cowboys will be highly skilled professionals. They will be well mounted and their equipment will be in good shape. They will know the lay of the pastures, the temperament of the cattle, and the roundup strategy. Once they are given the general orders for the roundup, they do not have to be coaxed or scolded or corrected; they know what has to be done and they will do it. As a rule, cowboys draw poor wages, but they are fiercely proud and independent.

Gathering cattle out of the big pastures along the Beaver River resem-
SPRING ROUNDUP

bles in many ways a military maneuver. Sometimes stealth and cunning are required, other times the speed and quickness of the horses will be the deciding factor. If all goes well, the herd will be surrounded, thrown together, and driven toward the working pens, and the outlaw cows will be foiled in their attempts to break back into the brush or to make a run for the sandhills.

At the pens, the cows and calves are separated, and the calves will be "worked": branded, ear-marked, vaccinated, dehorned, and the bull calves castrated. The castrated males, steers, are the basic meat producing animal in the cattle industry, since they possess qualities of temperament and body conformation that make them superior to either bulls or heifers. At the spring branding, the calves might be roped and dragged to the branding fire, in much the same way they were worked seventy or eighty years ago; or they might be run through a chute or calf cradle, a device which confines them while they are worked.

With spring branding over, the rancher turns his attention to the summer work. This might include a number of odd jobs that have been put off until now: building and repairing miles of barbed wire fence, a job that never ends; painting outbuildings, fixing corrals, keeping up roads through the ranch, and patching leaky water tanks. But the most important task during the hot dry months of summer is checking windmills and making sure the cattle have a supply of water. On a hot summer day, a cow will consume twenty-five gallons of water, and deprived of it for just a few days, she will die.

With the approach of fall, the rancher in this part of the country begins to think about shipping day, the day when all the calves on the ranch are loaded on trucks and sent to market. For those not familiar with the cattle business, the cows, or adult breeding females, are not sold, only their offspring, which will usually weigh between 325 and 500 pounds. Shipping day usually falls sometime between September 15 and November 15, depending on several factors, such as the price of cattle and the range conditions on the ranch. When the calves are shipped, the cows are relieved of the burden of providing milk for them and begin gaining weight. The rancher hopes that his cows will be fat and in good shape before the cold weather hits, as they will tolerate the winter better if they are fat instead of thin.

If the calf crop brings a good price, the rancher will have a good year. But if the market is low, as it has been for the past three years, then he must tighten his belt and hope conditions will be better next year. If he hits three or four bad years in a row, then he must also hope that he has an understanding banker. If he doesn’t, he will be out of business.

And with the approach of winter, the cycle begins again: feed run, spring roundup, summer work, and shipping time, following the seasons in a rhythm begun many years ago when cattle first came into this country.

I think you’d have to say that ranching is not just a job. If it were, not many people would be interested in it. The pay is average to poor, the risks high, the hours long, the work hard, dirty, and often dangerous, and the survival conditions range from difficult to damned-near-impossible. It is a way of life: a style, a tempo, an attitude.

They say there are two good reasons for going into ranching: basic stupidity and an incurable attachment to the ranching way of life. Most ranchers I know freely admit to the first, but are also hooked on the second. Today, they will tell you it is a blessing. Tomorrow, they will not be so sure. It will probably depend on what the weather does, and nobody in the Panhandle would dare predict the weather.
More and more Indian people have begun to write the tales of our Pioneer-Indian history from the Indian viewpoint.

In order to become a writer of history, the Indian first had to learn a foreign language—English. Further, since most Indian languages are not written languages, Indian authors are not grounded in a tradition of centuries old writing techniques, as are their contemporaries of European background.

So the Indian author has confronted awesome barriers. English was probably not the language in which his parents and grandparents communicated at home. He grew up speaking Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne, Apache, some tongue other than English, almost everywhere except at school, where he was forced to speak English, and made to feel guilty if he did not forget his mother tongue, culture and customs, and make every effort to become an imitation white person.

Having gained some proficiency in the use of English, he must then learn how to compose a narrative in written form, another technique entirely new to him, and as foreign to his ancestral cultural patterns as the language he must now use.

There has been a third barrier. Prior to this generation, it was dangerous for Indian people to write, especially if their views conflicted with the earlier expressed views of Caucasian authors. If an Indian's account of a happening conflicted with previous accounts, probably written by the very enemy who had defeated the Indian, the Indian author might be the victim of retribution. It took rare courage for an Indian to write.

It still does, for while danger to the Indian's life and safety is lessened, opinions regarding these historic happenings have been fixed by earlier written versions of them—sometimes so thoroughly that the old accepted version seems set in concrete. An Indian author who challenges it may be disbelieved, criticized vocally or in the public print, or with insulting letters.

This crucial raid by the Kiowas, one Comanche, and some Kiowa-Apaches, in the spring of 1871, led to many repercussions. It sealed and hastened the doom of our free way of life. Many times while I was young, I heard the story of this raid and how General of the Armies William Tecumseh Sherman's life was saved by a Kiowa Medicine Man. It was told to me by grandfather, Kiowa George Poolaw (1860-1939), of Mountain View.

My grandfather was, to me, the very ultimate source of Kiowa history. Although he was too young to participate in this raid he was an eye-witness of many such happenings. His brother, Rainy Mountain Charlie, being old enough, actually participated. Rainy Mountain Charlie was the son of Dohate, the Medicine Man I am going to write about.

It is a great tragedy we could not record my grandfather on tape. He knew all the ancient Kiowa legends. He knew the stories of our raids and war expeditions, and the songs connected with them. He remembered the complete ceremonies of our six warrior societies. His generation is gone now and it is too late. But the Kiowas have done a better job of
maintaining and restoring our old culture than most tribes.

I have never heard better songs than are sung by Kiowas today. Two of our military societies, the Tonkongia and the Teepeai, have been restored by descendants. Through marriage and assimilation, our Gourd Dance has spread widely through other tribes, but it still requires Kiowa songs and singers. The 0-ho-mo Society preserves the oldtime war dance.

Before the Treaty of Medicine Lodge in 1867 the Kiowas ranged over and controlled an immense territory from the upper Arkansas to deep in old Mexico. Among their enemies were the Texans, called Tehannos, the Indians and Spanish of Mexico, the Navajoes, Utes, Pawnees, and Osages to the north and west. After peace was made with the Comanches around 1790 and with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes in 1840, the Kiowas and their allies became a formidable barrier to “manifest destiny,” the presumed God-given right of people from the East to ever increasingly encroach on those whom they considered wild and inferior.

Before Medicine Lodge, the Kiowas had an annual Sundance early each summer with our Sundance medicine the “Tai-me,” but our oldest medicine has always been the Ten Grandmothers. The sacred Ten Grandmother bundles were given to us in legend by twin boys after our origin from the land of our friends the Hidatsa, on the Missouri, then eastward to the Black Hills, then south where we obtained the horse and developed our true Plains Indian culture.

As nomadic hunters of the buffalo, with warfare as our way of life, we and our allies did indeed control the Southern Plains. At Medicine Lodge, the white interpreters could speak only Comanche, a much easier language than Kiowa, and through faulty interpretation the Kiowas did not really know what they were actually giving up.

Then, when the provisions of the treaty were not kept, the Kiowas again began raiding in Texas, and even into Mexico. These incessant raids, by both Kiowas and Comanches, caused subsequent outrage and outrages by Texas settlers. Their cries for help finally prompted General William T. Sherman to make an inspection trip to Texas to see and decide for himself how much damage the raids were causing.

According to the military account, General Sherman went by boat to New Orleans, then to San Antonio, and from there by military ambulance to Fort Richardson, Texas, to hear the Texans’ protests. He was accompanied by Major General Randolph B. Marcy, Colonels Tourtelotte and McCoy, and a cavalry escort of fifteen men.

Now the Kiowa version of this raid told by Quitan and Big Tree and from my memory of what my grandfather told me. The Kiowas crossed the Red River in the spring of 1871 to raid and plunder the Texans. They numbered over a hundred, the very elite of the Kiowa warrior societies, led by Mamante. “Going above” with him were Chiefs Satank, Satanta, Big Tree, Eagle Heart, and Fast Bear.

Mamante, or Dohate as some of the whites called him (in Kiowa more closely “Daw How Day” literally meaning “the medicine man”) was a mysterious, covert, and influential man whose stature and status increased in the late 1860s and early 1870s. This was because he was then the most famous Medicine Man, with strange powers of clairvoyance and psychic prophecies. He thus was asked to participate and in fact lead every important war raid during this period to insure success. His medicine was the owl and he became known as “the owl prophet.” He carried his stuffed owl on his left wrist when he made his medicine before each raid or battle and through ventriloquism made the owl talk and twitter.

Dohate master-minded this raid, not Satanta who later at Ft. Sill said that he did. The identification of the other chiefs resulted in the death of Satank (Sitting Bear) and the imprisonment of Satanta (White Bear) and Big Tree. Big Tree was finally released, but Satanta leaped to his death from a high walk-way in the Texas prison.

After Dohate’s war party crossed the Red River they made camp near Cox Mountain in northern Texas to await Dohate’s orders and medicine prophecy. During the night Dohate received gifts from his comrades to his medicine the owl as offerings for a good prophecy, and made his medicine. He then told the chiefs and warriors his prophecy; a small party of soldiers would appear and pass them about noon the next day, but they were few and of no consequence “so let them pass.” Later in the afternoon a large wagon train would appear full of goods which was theirs to attack and plunder.

1 See Oklahoma Today, Autumn ’75.
What Dohate did not know was General Sherman would be in the first party with Major-General Marcy. His medicine, although powerful, could not identify the particular people involved. Of course, General Sherman did not know he was being watched by over a hundred fierce eyes wanting to attack him as he lumbered past them unmolested to Ft. Richardson. But the Kiowas stuck true to Dohate's orders for a bigger gain a little later.

Finally, around the middle of the afternoon the Warren-Duposes wagon train appeared as Dohate had prophesied. These were government contractors carrying corn and other supplies. The Kiowas had been waiting a long time and were now very impatient, and even as Satanta was blowing his captured bugle they had already charged the wagon train. Big Tree and Yellow Wolf, who evidently had the faster horses, made first and second coup in that order. The first charge killed most of the teamsters. The lone Comanche, while lifting the canvas rear flap on a wagon, was killed by a wounded teamster.

Then Hautau, a Kiowa, was shot in the face in the same manner. This enraged the Kiowas who then went berserk, wrecking everything in sight, mutilating the dead teamsters, and burning wagons. They were interrupted by a violent thunderstorm then, and left with their loot, including forty-one mules. Dohate had promised them success. They had it. But the Kiowas did not know there were survivors who told their tale to General Sherman at Ft. Richardson.

I have often wondered what would have happened to the Kiowa tribe if Dohate had given the order to attack General Sherman and his small escort, for General Sherman was the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, and a hero of the Civil War. If General Sherman and his escort had been wiped out I believe that we Kiowas would have fared much worse than the Sioux and Cheyenne did for killing Custer on the Little Big Horn.

Dohate's prophecy and his orders did inadvertently save General Sherman from an almost sure and sudden death.

The raid Kiowa historian Poolaw has written about here has been the subject of some of the finest writing inspired by the tragedies of the Plains Indian wars. We especially commend to your interest THE WARREN WAGON TRAIN RAID by Benjamin Capps, pub. by The Dial Press, New York (1974); THE TEN GRANDMOTHERS by Alice Marriott, Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman (1945); and CARBINE AND LANCE by W. S. Nye, Univ. of Okla. Press (1937).

Author Newton Poolaw's most often quoted source, his grandfather, Kiowa George Poolaw, is shown here in tribal costume, and as a soldier in the United States Army (circa 1880), dual roles in both of which he served admirably.
"Vocational Education is first and foremost education for work. Effective education for work is not merely one item on a laundry list of national concerns; IT IS A NATIONAL IMPERATIVE."

(Congressman Albert H. Quie, Minnesota, speaking to vocational educators October, 1976, in Minneapolis.)

While many college graduates and Ph.D.'s are beating the bushes for positions, students who finish one of the Vocational Technical School programs offered across the state are likely to find jobs looking for them.

According to Education USA Vol. 20, No. 5, October 3, 1977, "The American public is becoming over-educated and under-employed because 80% of the jobs now available do not require a college degree. This was one finding of a study commissioned by the Association of Independent Colleges and Schools. In the next 10 years the study says 800,000 men and women will graduate from college "into a world that doesn't need them." The study also points out that "since 1969 the advantage in starting salary a college graduate could expect over all other members of the labor force has fallen from 24% to approximately 6%." Students need to be more realistic about their options and look harder at schools where they can learn specific job skills.

Created by the Vocational-Technical Education Act of 1963, area Vo-Tech schools qualified for federal funds and two years later the first "area" school was opened in Tulsa.

An amendment to the Constitution of Oklahoma was passed by the people in May, 1966, providing for the formation of Area Vocational Technical School Districts. This amendment allows several school districts to band together to form a large area school district with all participating districts sharing in the benefits of the area school. The area school concept is completely democratic. Its purpose is to offer quality, modern education through local initiative, financing, and control. Area schools are located from Afton to Lawton, from Sallisaw to Alva, from Hugo to Pryor . . . 31 campuses in all, administered by 21 area Boards of Education.

Now more than 175,000 Oklahomans enroll each year in one or more classes taught by 2,300 schools, plus the 31 Area Vo-Tech specialized teachers in 435 high Schools within commuting distance of most citizens of the state.

Although they are planned primarily for students in their last years of high school, more than 45,000 adults are learning new skills to upgrade their present positions or to qualify for better jobs.

Purpose of the Vo-Tech program is clear and to-the-point; to provide training for those who want to learn a skill to get a job.

Or to help those already working to do their jobs better.

High school students in the 11th or 12th grades keep right on going to their regular classes, participating in music, sports, or other activities.

The only difference is, they spend three hours a day—morning or afternoon — in an area Vo-Tech school, learning skills that will help them to earn a living. Credits are given for these courses, transferred back to the home high school, and students grad-
High school students can develop such diverse skills as aeromechanics, carpentry, commercial art, drafting, masonry, appliance repair, medical office assistant, secretarial, welding, photography, commercial food handling, fashion design, vocational electronics...

Dozens of special courses are set up in the area centers in both daytime and evening hours for adults. They range from word processing to electronics and drafting. Flower shop management, operating room technician, refrigeration, practical nursing, sewing, secretarial training, and many other areas.

Teachers in the program have valid teaching certificates. The schools are accredited by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. But they must also qualify through actual work experience in the areas they teach. Theory is taught along with the skill the student is learning. Clusters are being used more and more where all of their resources are pooled, utilizing location, teachers, and related courses.

Administrators stress that Vo-Tech education is not for slow-learners nor for "good-off" students. It does often create new enthusiasm in students who might otherwise drop out of school from boredom.
VO-TECH

Reading becomes important to the student who needs to understand written instructions or printed information related to a skill. Writing may be a more obvious necessity when a person has to write a job description, or to make up a bid proposal for a proposed contract. Math has an immediate purpose to those in certain areas.

So, instead of replacing the “core” courses, Vo-Tech education makes the standard classes more meaningful.

Education is enhanced by the Vo-Tech courses. And the individual can complete high school ready to take an important place in society, filling jobs that go begging in many communities for lack of skilled personnel.

Today’s job market is becoming more and more competitive and the skills needed to succeed are more complex, technical, and cover a wider field than even a few short years ago. In this respect, the Vocational-Technical Schools are providing people who know their jobs, because they keep up-to-date with the fast changing requirements in their fields of work.

The first Vo-Tech school located in Tulsa had grown from two buildings in 1965 to seven in 1977. That latest building was completed in June, 1977. The Student Instruction Center is on a ten acre site at 3420 South Memorial Drive. It contains approximately 49,000 square feet.

The Center houses the Administrative, Business, Adult Education and Career Education offices. It also has a film and technical library, Advanced Learning Lab, Media Specialists, Psychometrist, Math and Reading Instructors.

The Center also has excellent facilities for seminars, workshops, and other educational and professional meetings. It was dedicated in September to a long-time Vo-Tech educator, the late Morris J. Ruley. The Ruley Seminar Center will seat 1,000 persons and is available to the public as well as the Vo-Tech faculty and students. The Peoria Campus as well as Memorial Campus is now available for students; 41 programs are offered to high school students from 26 participating high schools. Average placement of the student in an occupation upon graduation is 95%. The high level of placement is due to close coordination with Advisory Councils made up of local citizens from industry and business who are specialists in their area of work. Many students choose to go on to college to obtain a degree.

Vo-Tech Schools provide each student with “A Choice, not just a Chance.”

Today’s challenges, the unemployed, the lack of skills, the non-graduates, the changing times, special needs, and others must be met.

Vocational and Technical Education is a vital part of the total education picture. It is available to all persons who want the opportunity to better themselves.

John W. Gardner, former HEW secretary says, “An excellent plumber is infinitely more admirable than an incompetent philosopher. The society which scorns excellence in plumbing because plumbing is an humble activity and tolerates shoddiness in philosophy because it is an exalted activity will have neither good plumbing nor good philosophy. Neither its pipes nor its theories will hold water.”

The Area Vocational Technical Schools in Oklahoma continue to be a “Challenging Education for a Changing World.”
CALCULATED EQUATION

CHOTAWAY CRY

In early Oklahoma, for a year after the passing of a Choctaw tribal member, "cries" were heard, and sometimes still are, held. Family and friends gather at the burial place to mourn, and to remove one of the six grave roles left at the time of interment. The last ceremony was held at the end of the year. As it concluded, all placed their grief and sorrow on the last of the grave roles and it was taken away into the wilderness and hidden.

The spirit of mourning was exchanged for one of good fellowship. All joined in sharing a generously prepared feast. As H. C. Cristman's History of the Choctaw Indians reports, all enjoyed in a joyful atmosphere. Their days returned to their homes and the name of the departed was no more, that the spirit of the deceased might not be distributed.

Moskopolis and Peter Piépin, outstanding Choctaw chiefs of the early 1800s, are portrayed in the foreground. They are seated and smoking the pipe. The women to their right are cooking pasha, prepared from maize much like hominy, succulent and popular under a variety of tribal names, among most Indian people.

Painting by Brunetta Griffith.
It is the purpose of Oklahoma Today to devote itself to the entire state of Oklahoma and its every positive aspect, its scenery, cultural, recreational, and visitor attracting events, its industry, natural and man-made wonders, its achievements, its heritage, its present, and its future.