THE LISTENING TREE

I watched the flying birds high in the tree. As it flew away, I lowered my binoculars. The cottonwood shimmered in the sun. It was a shining leaves reddening. As I stood admiring it, I realized how beautiful it was. The environment was serene. I closed my eyes and spoke, "How can I tell you, cottonwood?" The planet is their world, their silvered leopards. The tree as it watched the distant sun play over its glistening leaves, delighting in their quivering bully, and the grace of its breeze playing through its branches. The melodies of your music floated around me as I dreamt. I felt a sense of new life, a sense of renewal. Sometimes you added your special trills with gallopades. We were in tune, together we rose. The earth was our home, and the sky was our palace. In this dry and heavier plane, our songs echoed into the sky to be carried by the winds. Our homes were in the southern light of your gentle warmth and love. Your presence in the cottonwood, you are the tradition, the core of the canyon creek. You carry on your tradition, and I once was a part of it. A Monarch butterfly peeked out from its southward flight to light on the rough bank and rest. A sun ray struck a soft russet, its quiet, mossy to a twisted oak. It was a sweet, sweet sound. Its song was clear, its voice was strong. It was a part of the cottonwood, and its presence was felt. In this place, I find comfort, perched in the tree. The tree was quiet, as the mountains were still. It was a calm, peaceful moment, a moment of beauty and serenity. The cottonwood was a symbol of nature's beauty, a reminder of the beauty of life. It was a part of me, and I was a part of it."
A heavy lethargy hangs in the morning air. The forest, so still that the rustling of a bird's wing echoes noisily, awaits rain.

A slate-grey skymood diffuses the sun's light, flattening its perspective. Streams and forest canopy are somber. Pale shadows masked in pale heat.

A green heron, intent on fishing the water's edge, takes flight suddenly as it senses, more than sees, our approaching canoe. It barks displeasure at us. The sullen, sultry ambiance absorbs each harsh note. The canoe moves through the water as quietly as a muskrat, the gentle vee it draws disappearing without a sound. The chop of paddle spins a tiny whirlpool into the water's black glass. The sleek craft shoots ahead as easily as a cottonmouth, steadily, silently, hunting.

Summer mornings bring rain along Little River; hand-hewn skiffs, canoes, skin-glistening humidity, and the droning hum of fishing lines. It is a woodsman's realm, a haunt of the riverman. Glower, Mountain Fork—sister rivers swirling from the pine-clad Ouachitas—dropping, bending, meeting, swelling, in swampy reunion in the cypress lowlands. In this wild, green, growing country the lure of the waterways is a blood calling, an ancestral pathway, a life artery.

Civilization is hazy and distant for those who give their light boats to the backwater; each anticipating the moment when the wind suddenly shifts the treetops into restlessness, and the air snaps alive with rain.

by G. A. St. Clair
color photo by Gary Lantz
THE GRRREAT

BY JIM DOWNING
Oklahoma's splashiest extravaganza, The Great Raft Race, with some 700 entries from all over hellangone, will be run off on the Labor Day weekend.

Funny thing—I wrote that more than a year ago, and all I had to do was get it out and dry it off with a thick towel and it was as good as ever.

Because, as everyone with an aquatic bone in his head knows, last year's Great Raft Race did not go off on schedule.

At risk of repeating myself, a funny thing happened to the sponsors as they dragged their gaily decorated maritime artifacts down to the Arkansas River at Sand Springs last Labor Day.

The river came up to meet them. Jupiter Pluvius took no holiday. He picked the Tulsa area for one of his grander exhibitions and it rained and rained and rained. And rained. The downpour soaked thousands of spectators, hundreds of readymade sandwiches and the eager crews of some 640 entries. It kept the Coast Guard's big patrol boats out of the river and turned the launching and beaching areas into lobollies. (A "lobollie" is a quagmire that didn't finish grade school.)

Three or four intrepid crews did slither their craft into the river and two actually navigated to the finish line but it was all unofficial because worried sponsors had called it off. The postponement posed a problem because most of the volunteer workers (from about four dozen organizations) were available only because it was a holiday.

Some of the 600-odd (and, believe it, some were ODD) contraptions threatened to float off downstream without even being launched.

Ron Blue, manager of radio station KRMG which co-sponsors the soggy saga with the City of Sand Springs and the River Parks Authority, is exceedingly hopeful that Great Raft Race VI will go off on schedule this year, but at one point he was quoted as saying he didn't even want to think about it.

It all depends, of course, on what the Weatherman does for an encore. Actually, that isn't right, either, because he did his encore last year by raining out the race for the second weekend in a row, producing a fast-
moving front, 25 miles wide, which rushed in from the west just as things were about to get going, threw on the brakes and sat over the vicinity and poured. It made for an even muddier vicinity than before.

AND (if you are still with us) when the much-dampened proceedings did breast the tide (a mixed metaphor but a glorious one) on Sept. 19, more rainstorms bounced around — without, however, adding outrage to the insult and injury already inflicted. Less than 300 entries jostled for awards and trophies.

A veritable raft of hopefuls will try it this year, possibly the greatest armada ever.

What, really, is it all about?

It is often said—slanderously but with a modicum of justification—that the raft race is not run on water, but on beer. It certainly is true that in many cases if crew members happen to forget their paddles, poles, or oars they can always sweep to the finish with the plastic lids of their beer coolers. “We sail the foamy deep” is a most apt expression that comes to mind. The spectators also cheer sudsyly.

Nowhere have I seen credit given to the fact that the rains of 1977 helped mightily to dilute the normal chemical concentration of the Arkansas River. Cynics have even gone so far as to suggest that, instead of rafts, sleds might well be used to negotiate the quote waters unquote.

It is a fact that the Arkansas and its nearest tributary, the Cimarron, contain all manner of goop in solution—from salts to oils to a whole pharmacopoeia of industrial wastes—in spite of long-continued efforts to clean them up. Maybe some day . . . but in the meantime you don’t drink the water. And you don’t swim in it.

On purpose, that is. To be sure, many a Great Rafter has been dunked over the years since the feckless event began in 1973, but miraculously all have survived.

Fish do live in the river, inured, no
I doubt, by generations to an environment of copper sulphate, chromates, magnesium, and hydrocarbons plus the effluvia (what a way to put it) from ill-treated sewage provided by municipalities along the way. It might be libelous to suggest that the fish—enormous carp and buffalo and an occasional giant mud cat—have to come up for air often, but it is inarguable that many fishes are taken by archers who merely wait for their prey to surface.

All of which is lint-picking. The surface of the river from Sand Springs’ River City Park southeast not only looks like water but it carries most handsomely the many gay rafts, boats, inner tubes (and an occasional errant anvil perhaps) that take part in the race.

Most of this year’s entries won’t really be entries at all—but simply devil-may-care, fun-loving Rover Boys eager and anxious to get away from it all for a few hours without paying much attention to such finer considerations as style, form, discipline and elapsed time.

Such motley flotsam is lumped together (a happy choice of words) in the category “Pokie Okie.” This title is applied to something that is going to float in the river at the same time the more formal entries are testing their buoyancy... and gallantry.

The course over which entrants will race the clock is 9.2 miles, linearly speaking and not counting tackings, veerings, chute-shootings, backings, collisions (with each other, with bridges, logs, sand bars, the riverbanks, runaway beer coolers and occasional survivors of mishaps upstream) and other natural and unnatural course deviants.

This year’s expectations look back to the fact that the 1977 roster of entries totaled more than 650 from 11 states. The (drier and unpostponed) year before that, more than 700 went forth.

Craft ranged from muscle-powered paddlewheel scows to catamarans, outriggers, rubber rafts, kayaks, rowboats, canoes, seaworthy wash tubs to... well, anything that would float and support an ice chest or two.

All participants have to wear Coast Guard approved life jackets—probably the only no-nonsense stipulation—although most of the channel can be waded during periods when the Keystone Dam’s floodgates are closed. Which is most of the time, and makes mouth-breathers of the fish. The Army Engineers do crack the gates to send water down over the dunes before the event as a thoughtful flushing action, and keep enough flowing to give credence to the myth that there really is a river there somewhere and old-timers aren’t just spinning tall tales when they reminisce about the good old days.

Officially, the Great Raft Race offers six divisions of competition. Companies eager to see their names on something floating grandly down the great stream are apt to go hog-wild with fanciful floats that, last year anyway, ranged from a plastic foam oil tanker to a giant replica of Daffy Duck to a ridiculously large simulacrum of a six-pack of a well known soft drink.

Each raft (or whatever) is clocked into the water at Sand Springs and timed out at a pedestrian bridge completed last year by re-doing the old Midland Valley railroad bridge at about Tulsa’s 21st Street.

Organization of the annual saturnalia has been likened by at least one star-struck writer to the complications of coordinating the British evacuation of the beach at Dunkirk.

In truth, the Great Raft Race is a spectator event. Singles, boy-girl groupings, whole families and all kinds of clubs and organizations crowd the river banks at every vantage point, gathering sometimes before daylight even to see the fun. It is a socializing time and the key word is enjoy! enjoy! The fans picnic, nap, sing, make love, dance, bicycle, play ball, toss Frisbies around and listen to their portable radios and record players, playfully dunk each other and occasionally compete to see who can throw cans farthest out in the water. If all the pulltabs discarded were laid end to end they would reach from here to that fabled Rocky Mountain spring.

The whole schmeer is played for fun and it is exactly that. More fun than a barrel of monkeys.

And, come to think of it, THERE’S an idea for a 1978 entry...
functioning OU Press operation appears to be the progressive policies of the three directors who have guided it since its inception in 1929 and the fact that a tight budget forced the staff to be aggressive in marketing some years before most of their competitors in the 70 university presses came out of their Ivory Towers.

Even the Press’ biggest current headache is one which many university presses would gladly bear. Director Edward A. Shaw, a native of Lawton, admits that he and his advisors underestimated the sales potential of several recent books now in the process of a second printing. One of these, Beginning Cherokee by Ruth Bradley Holmes and Betty Sharp Smith of Bartlesville, has just come out in a second edition. (This is the first textbook designed for use in teaching the Cherokee language to English-speaking persons. It was sold out within weeks of its release last spring.)

OU Press has a knack for moving its stock which must make commercial publishers envious, and an instinct for choosing books which become classics in their fields. With such a record, one is led to ask Shaw his philosophy of publishing. He points to the plaque on his office wall, attributed to a one-time director of the Harvard Press, Thomas J. Wilson: “A university press exists to publish as many scholarly books as possible—short of bankruptcy.”

Shortly after William Bennett Bizzell was installed as president of OU in 1925, he indicated that one of his objectives was a university press. At the time, the state was less than 20 years old. Bizzell’s philosophy is expressed in the motto mounted on the Press building across the street from the Student Union on the campus:

“The printed page is everyman’s university.” He wanted the stripling state, already known for its writers, to be recognized for its intellectual vigor in the wider world of scholarship.

Bizzell chose as the first director a young Tulsa Tribune editor named Joseph A. Brandt, a 1921 OU graduate and Rhodes scholar. Brandt’s assistant was Betty Kirk, a newswoman from Bartlesville whose Covering the Mexican Front was released by the OU Press in 1942.

The Press went into operation in 1929 with a pamphlet, “Terminology of Physical Science,” followed by a book of more general appeal, Dr. B. A. Botkin’s Folk-Say.

Brandt started the Civilization of American Indian Series, which now includes 144 titles, and the American Exploration and Travel Series, which numbers 64. Such classics as Alice Marriott’s Maria: The Potter of San Ildefonso, Grace Steele Woodward’s Pocahontas, John Joseph Mathews’ Wah’Kon-Tah and The Osages and Stanley Vestal’s Sitting Bull are part of the Indian series, along with books by Oklahoma historians Grant Foreman, Muriel Wright, A. M. Gibson and Angie Debo.

Wah’Kon-Tah was an early choice of the Book of the Month Club. A new addition to the Indian series, Debo’s Geronimo, was nominated last year for a prestigious National Book Award and recently was given the Western Heritage Award.

Brandt’s genius lay in his ability to inspire prospective writers. Mathews,
an early assistant, recalls that Brandt found a botanist, Paul B. Sears, and "fired him to expression...timely in the fight against waste and erosion." Sears' *Deserts on the March*, never out of print since its publication in 1935, was cited by the Phi Beta Kappa Society as a model for science books suitable for the public as well as for scientists.

OU Press books exhibit a remarkable staying power. Many of the early releases are still being reprinted, although most of these "backlist" books are coming out in paperback. Of the 1,000 titles in its general catalog, about 250 are in softback, and 10 per cent of the current publications are coming out simultaneously in hard and softback.

Brandt left the Press in 1938 to head the Princeton University Press. He returned to become president of the University and later headed the graduate department of journalism at UCLA. He was succeeded as director of the OU Press by Savoie Lottinville, another OU alum and Rhodes scholar from Tulsa.

Lottinville added 72 volumes to the Indian series before his retirement in 1967, built the Exploration series to 54 volumes, and began two new ones—the Western Frontier Library Series, numbering 52 volumes, and the Centers of Civilization Series whose 34 volumes range from *Athens in the Age of Pericles* to *Boston in the Age of John Fitzgerald Kennedy*.

The largest edition ever printed by the Press came during Lottinville's tenure when *The Grassland Livestock Handbook* by John M. White sold 600,000 copies. *Plowman's Folly* by Edward H. Faulkner, an Ohio county agent, is credited with making permanent changes in agricultural practices by urging the turning of "green manure" (organic leavings of last year's crop) into the top soil by use of a harrow instead of using the deep level cut by the moldboard plow. Total sales, including reprints in New York and London and translations in Paris and Buenos Aires, approach one million. *Plowman's Folly* is credited with being one source of the financial security upon which the OU Press was built.

Lottinville's contributions to the Press included his ability to interest authors from Calcutta to Helsinki in being published by OU, among them Nicholas Roosevelt, Louis Bromfield and Edward Wagenknecht, as well as encouraging Oklahoma writers. Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell's *Miracle Hill*, an account of Navaho life written in his own rich idiom, came out before the 17-year-old was graduated from high school.

In addition to inspiring a generation of Southwestern writers, Lottinville wrote *The Rhetoric of History*, a manual for historians. He is currently at work on another project.

Shaw has added another pair of series being published in cooperation with the Oklahoma Heritage Association. The Oklahoma Horizons series was initiated last year with *Guy Logsdon's history of the University of Tulsa*. The Oklahoma Trackmakers Series, biographies of notable Oklahomans, recently added *The McMan*, which explores the careers of oilmen Robert M. McFarlin and James A. Chapman, and a biography of Stanley Draper. Schedules for autumn is *Wheeling Carts Round the World*, concerning Sylvan Nathan Goldman, Oklahoma inventor of the shopping cart.

About half of the manuscripts submitted to the Press are solicited. Some, such as *The Oklahoma Voter*, are published as a public service and not expected to enjoy a large sale. Others, such as Larry Pointer's *In Search of Butch Cassidy*, based on the journal of a Spokane machinist believed to be the alter ego assumed by Cassidy after his bizarre escape from a shoot-out with Bolivian authorities, are expected to appeal to a more general audience. Pointer's book has sold more than 15,000 copies since last autumn.

Every Press writer is assured of marketing efforts or overseas sales, book clubs, movie makers and television producers. A movie option was sold recently for *The Secret of Sherwood Forest*. This story of Anglo-American collaboration on oil production to speed victory in World War II, involving prominent Oklahoma oilmen, is the joint effort of Grace and Guy Woodward of Tulsa.

Movie rights to William Leckie's...
The Buffalo Soldiers have been sold and negotiations are under way for Vestal's Sitting Bull. A television program has been made from Purple Passage, Madeline Stern's book about the colorful Mrs. Frank Leslie, and a movie option sold on the same story.

While admitting its interest in "winners," the Press has embarked on one of the most ambitious feats of scholarship ever attempted — the first facsimile volume of The Canterbury Tales. The 1,100-page volume will have each Hengwrt (cq) manuscript page facing a transliteration. It is the first of 25 volumes planned for the next 15 years to comprise the Variorum Chaucer, a project begun 10 years ago by OU English professor Paul Ruggiers and Donald Baker of the University of Colorado. Forty scholars from England, Canada and the U.S. are contributing to the Variorum, a project which collects the best of the critical commentary written on the works of a major author. Shakespeare and Spenser have been the subjects of such studies, but this is the first for Geoffrey Chaucer, who completed his writing some 600 years ago.

In the coming year, the Press also will release O.C. Seltzer, Painter of the Old West, first in a series of handsomely illustrated books based on the work of western artists in the Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art's fine collection in Tulsa. This will be followed by a similar art biography of W. R. Leigh and a facsimile reproduction of a Catlin sketchbook from the Gilcrease library.

What lies ahead for the OU Press? Shaw would like to see a return to the 50 titles published each year before inflation set in. (Currently there are 40.) He would also like to reverse a 1970 decision which dropped the training program made possible through two OU Press Fellowships offered annually. Begun in 1948, this program offered 46 graduate students a chance to learn the publishing business by taking part in actual decision-making as well as in editing techniques. Shaw was a fellow in 1955, after which he was with publishers in California and Chicago before taking over as OU director. So was Doris Radford Morris, an associate editor. Four other fellows have become directors of presses, among them Don Ellegood of the University of Washington and John Kyle of the University of Texas Press. Twenty became editors and five, including Dr. Winston Weathers of the University of Tulsa, turned to the academic life.

Shaw would like to see the program reinstalled since it provided a much-needed training ground for would-be editors and publishers in a part of the country geographically removed from publishing centers. He would, of course, be happy with a large budget and more space in the Press building, but not at the expense of the almost break-even financial position the Press now enjoys.

As it moves toward its anniversary year, the OU Press is preparing 22 new books for its fall list. Regional interest books, on which the reputation of the Press has been built, include Arthur Campa's Hispanic Culture of the Southwest, Robert E. Bell's Oklahoma Archaeology and Oakah Jones' Les Pasionos, which deals with the first Spanish settlers, along with a sequel to Ramon Adams' work on erroneous views of the West named More Burs under the Saddle. There will be at least five books about Indians: The Potawatomis by R. David Edmunds; The Menominee Indians by Pat Ourada, The Chippewa of Lake Superior by Edmund Danzig, American Indian Archery by Reginald and Gladys Laubin and Pueblo Birds and Myths by Hamilton Tyler.

A biography, Jim Thorpe: World's Greatest Athlete, by Robert W. Wheeler, is included, as is Thomas Jefferson and the Law by Federal Judge Edward Dumbeld. For sports' fans, Harold Keith's Oklahoma Kick-off is being reprinted with a foreword by Barry Switzer.

The 50 books chosen for spring and fall catalogs come from more than 1,000 manuscripts sent to the Press annually from all over the world. About 75 per cent can be eliminated upon cursory examination. The remainder are read thoroughly by the four full-time editors. Usually a firm decision as to publication is made within three months. After that, it takes about a year for a book to go through all the processes of design and production. At one time all phases of book production were done on the Norman campus except for the binding. Now it is necessary to contract for additional production services.

Approaching 50, the OU Press is still in its prime and looking eagerly toward each new season.
Differences?

Similarities?

By Bill Burchardt

Even the casual observer presently senses the differences between Plains Indian and Five Tribes people. These differences are apparent in their styles of dancing, their songs, the manner of their tribal dress.

Yet we are at the same time aware of similarities more deep and abiding than the differences. Which makes it difficult to comprehend the differences.

We refer, of course, to the Plains people, the Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne, Arapaho, Crow, Sioux, and other nomadic tribes; and the contrasts between their customs or folkways, with those of the Five Civilized Tribes, Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek, Chickasaw, and Seminole.

The Plains people wore and cherished the feathered warbonnet. In contrast, the early Five Tribes people wore colorful cloth turbans. Among other nomadic tribes; and the contrasts between their customs or folkways, with those of the Five Civilized Tribes, Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek, Chickasaw, and Seminole.

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The Plains people wore and cherished the feathered warbonnet. In contrast, the early Five Tribes people wore colorful cloth turbans. Among the Five Tribes the ball game, related to the Mixtec-Yucatec ball game of Meso-America, is popular. It is a mighty team effort, with symbolic religious overtones. Plains games are almost invariably individual tests of skill or strength.

So many among the uninformed believe that "all Indians are alike" that we wanted to point out a few of these differences, illustrate them with pictures, and speculate in wondering why?

We would urge you to visit Tsa-la-gi at Tahlequah and Indian City at Anadarko and note these differences. They are very apparent; in cut of clothing and manner of dress, song and dance, construction of living abodes; the lifestyles of the two cultures are extreme in their contrasts, yet there are depths of philosophical similarity, similar outlooks and attitudes toward life and how it properly should be lived.

We recently published Dr. Joseph Mahan's article (Oklahoma Today, Autumn '77) setting forth his conviction that the great bronze age civilizations which existed at Harappa and Mohenjo-daro in the Indus Valley had significant input into the culture of our Five Civilized Tribes.

James F. Bailey in his book The God Kings and the Titans states that the powerful sea peoples of the fifth millennium B.C. traveled over regular trade routes to both North America and South America. They formed companies of men manning ships of up to 100 oars or more. These oarsmen were not galley slaves, but were members of the company and shared in the trading profits from the journey. They traveled here to secure copper, and especially tin, necessary for the making of bronze.

Evidences of this ancient mining have been found in our Great Lakes area (on Isle Royale in Lake Superior), and in South America's Bolivia. As successful merchants often are, these ancient traders were secretive about their sources of supply. To avoid creating competition, they kept quiet about where they were mining their metals.

When the iron age arrived the market for copper and tin collapsed. It was no longer needed for the making of bronze. Iron replaced bronze in the
DIFFERENCES? SIMILARITIES?

making of weapons and tools, and iron could be found in plentiful quantities, near at hand in the Old World. The trading voyages to North and South America came to an end, for they were no longer profitable.

In the long passage of time then, as centuries became millennia, the very existence of North America was forgotten and it became the lost continent of Atlantis. South America was similarly neglected. Some small Phoenician contacts obviously continued for ancient Phoenician inscriptions have been found on both continents, including those in our Oklahoma panhandle. Harvard's Dr. Fell reports a small Phoenician colony, founded in New England, which was in time assimilated into the Wabanaki tribe. Bailey reports a major Phoenician colony founded about 900 B.C. on the Gulf Coast of Mexico, which became the Olmec civilization.

In contrast, the migrations of those who came over the much discussed land bridge which once existed across the Bering Strait have been established beyond question, and early sea voyages across the Pacific to the west coasts of both North and South America are being documented. It seems possible that while both the Five Tribes people and the Plains Indians may have originated in the "cradle of civilization" of Asia, they may have over the centuries migrated in opposite directions, each to move half way around the world before once more coming together again here in Oklahoma.

Such comparative odysseys would account for the deep philosophical similarities between these people, rooted in the very primal beginnings of their identical common origin. It would also account for the complete and obviously apparent differences, in languages, customs, and folkways, these on 17-19 will point up many of the similarities and differences discussed in the adjoining article. But you must make your own visits to Tsa-la-gi, Tahlequah, and Indian City, Anadarko. You should make these visits in close proximity one with the other, perhaps on successive weekends, to note with full impact both the similarities and the differences you'll encounter.

Our pictures here are only a small sampling from each of these contrasting cultures. We urge you to make your own visits and your own pictures, of which you can take all you want at Indian City and Tsa-la-gi. Shown here is a typical Plains tepee surrounded by the windbreak of light sapling fence erected to protect it from the blowing snow and bitter winds of winter, easily removed in summer to let the breeze circulate under the tepee's rolled-up covering.

The Apache's wickiup could be quickly erected in high evergreen or deciduous forested mountain country on hunting journeys. Below is the Plains people's travois, propped up and ready for loading, then to be harnessed to a horse. In the background is a buffalo hide drying rack topped with skulls painted in a sacred way.

Our picture, upper right, is a burial scene at Indian City, recreated in honor of the great Kiowa Hunting Horse. Near Tsa-la-gi and Tahlequah, at Park Hill, is the cemetery where John Ross and other prominent Cherokees are buried. If you are interested in burial customs, ask your guides when you visit Tsa-la-gi and Indian City.

Lower right is a Wichita summer house. Beside it are the necessary stripped poles to complete the grass thatching of the house for winter. In the background you can see the top of the huge Wichita council house.

Indian City includes the Plains, and Apache, culture exhibits; the grass house village of the agrarian Wichita
acquired along the way in their globe circumscribing migrations. If we could fully comprehend all Indian legendry, we would of course have the answers to these questions.

Among the Plains Indians, for example, Kiowa legends tell us they came from a hollow log. Rather than putting this aside as ridiculous, we should ponder it. Any legend which has existed as long as the Kiowa legend likely has a basis in truth. The hollow log, or logs, from which they came may have been hollowed-out logs, of the type the French called a pirogue, or dugout canoe. Polynesians and Melanesians have used such hollow logs for the making of outrigger canoes, far back into prehistory.

The Kiowa legend originates from the vicinity we now call Yellowstone Park, along the Yellowstone River. Perhaps the Kiowas came down the Yellowstone River in their hollowed-out logs to a place which suited them, and settled there. That they came from farther northwest seems certain, for they retained tribal ties with the Athabaskan Sarsi, and those early Kiowas had in their possession sea shells of Pacific origin.

Of course legends become varied and embroidered in the telling. The Kiowa legend relates that Kiowas kept coming out the hollow log until a pregnant woman got stuck in the end of it and no more could get out. It is easy to imagine an oldtime Kiowa elder relating this oral history to a group of Kiowa youngsters, as was the tribal custom. One wise youngster says, "But, grandfather, if our people were coming out of a hollow log why did they stop?" Grandfather thinks about this for a moment then says, "Well, grandson, there was this pregnant woman coming out of the log and she got stuck in the end of it and no more could get out." Such is typical of Kiowa humor for Kiowas are a wonderfully good humored people and love to make a joke.

We have encountered Indian people who are convinced that they originated on this continent, that as "the first Americans" they are indigenous not in the sense that they were the first to arrive here and discover this continent, but that they were here "in the beginning." They may be right. So little has been scientifically proved about the origin and distribution of humankind over the face of the earth that it is not yet time to close our minds on this fascinating subject.

But it is surely interesting to speculate about it.

**DIFFERENCES? SIMILARITIES?**

Tsa-la-gi ball game, Tahlequah

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**DIFFERENCES? SIMILARITIES?**

Tsa-la-gi ball game, Tahlequah

- people: the stockade type houses of a Caddo village; the mounded earth lodges of the Pawnee, cool as a cave beneath a hot summer sun, yet easy to heat and keep warm in winter; the Navajo hogan; and Pueblo construction. Within the Cherokee Cultural Complex at Tahlequah, at Anadarko's Southern Plains Indian Museum, and at Indian City: a wide choice of crafts items and souvenirs are offered for sale. These include, from both cultures: pottery, beadwork, jewelry, woven items, feather, quill, and ribbon work, and a constantly varying choice of things which you'll find different each time you visit.

Your last stop on the Indian City tour is the dance arbor, similar to that erected each year in old times for the Kiowa Sundance. This annual festival was given to the Kiowa people by the Arapaho, and was similar to the Cheyenne-Arapaho Sundance minus the self-torture in which the Cheyenne engaged. For the Sundance, all the Kiowa bands came together from their scattered camps. The religious leader of the people, the keeper of the Taima, supervised the construction of the spacious lodge. Then followed a time of fasting and exhausting ceremonial dancing for those men who had made vows, later concluding with social dancing and feasting. Special ceremonies were held by and for the little boy Rabbit Dancers, the young men's Hóma Society, the adult Tia Pia, the Gourd Dancers, the O-ho-ma, the Katsenko Society of the ten bravest men; for all seven of the warrior societies it was a time of serious contemplation, ceremonies and rededication; but the Sundance time included lots of fun, too.

At the Indian City arbor you'll see young dancers gorgeous in feathers do the slow war dance, the fast war dance, special dances like the shield dance, eagle dance, hoop dance, all to authentic Kiowa songs. These Plains people have a fine heritage of songs and singers. The tepees shown here are authentically reproduced historic tepees as, in fact, all artifacts at both Indian City and Tsa-la-gi are carefully checked for authenticity.
Several years ago, on a July evening when tall thunderheads gathered over a Kiowa ceremonial along the Washita, I drove slowly along a backroad south to the Wichita Mountains, the haunting gourd dance songs still alive in the wind. At that moment a solitary horseman appeared on the crest of a stone outcropping, and I could see him as a symbol of the freedom and rugged individuality of this special countryside. He stopped in the distance, surveyed the land, then was gone. If mankind gave a heartbeat to the Wichitas then he gave it in the easy stride of the horsemen; both the proud Kiowa riders of history and the tough cattlemen of today. On that evening a rattlesnake's tongue of yellow lightening cut the sky like a trader's knife, and in the afterglow the Wichitas came alive with the Kiowa culture of old. A portion of the following story also came alive then, as I envisioned it in that timeless light. The future of the Wichitas belongs to today's horsemen, the cattlemen, who share with the Indian a love for wind and grass and moving free. These mountains cannot exist without blend of fact and fancy, for the countryside was born of legends, visions and dreams. May it remain so, with its caretakers men and women in love with the sun and the way it strikes a land that need never know change.

The young Kiowa, made restless by summer windsongs, had ridden north to the headwaters of the Washita. He had gone not so much from a sense of mission, but more from the expectancy that rode in his blood like the great, hot arch of the sun.

He rode freely and alone, with only the distances his eye beheld as a guide. His horse, a small, steely grey with a black mane that floated in the wind, covered the miles in a tireless canter. Seen in the distance, horse and rider appeared as one, for they were caught up together in the dreamlike quality of their traveling. They moved over the grassland like cloud shadows.

On this morning of high wind he felt his blood pull him like a curving riverourse. The little grey pony flared its nostrils and tossed its head back against the restraint of the rein. Something beyond the horizon pulled at the curve of the land with magnetic force; it caused the young Kiowa a sudden discontent and a need to establish a direction. The pony felt a sudden fire in its blood—an ancestral yearning for the freedom to run.

A sandstone ridge stands high over the plain where the Washita turns suddenly back upon itself in a deep, northern bend. The grey pony slipped as he climbed, but the Kiowa grabbed the billowing mane and pulled his weight high over the horse's withers, enabling the pony to gather its weight for a powerful lunge to the summit. Rocking lightly over the pony's rapid breathing, the Kiowa gave a faraway look to the south-gathering clouds.

The horseman turned westward, forsaking the cottonwoods and sycamores along the cool waters of Cache and Saddle Mountain Creeks. He kept the mountains on his left shoulder and gave the horse free rein, for there was suddenly a need for speed and the horse sensed this will. In the distance, wild horses, one a deep sunset red and the other black-and-white spotted, snorted alarm and wheeled dust with their heels as they fled toward a mountain canyon sanctuary. The Kiowa's grey pony, caught up in the power of his own speed, gave the wild ones no thought. They crossed the prairie with an essence of exquisite motion, caught up in the glory of grace, style, and strength, and the abandonment of caution.

They came to a place where the grassland swept down to a low line of trees. The Kiowa slowly restrained the horse, easing him into a snakelike pattern to break the fury of the charging gait. The pony side-passed and spun in its desire to continue to run, but the Kiowa anticipated each move, calming him with soft words.

The pony danced through the woods and, at a shallow stream crossing, the Kiowa found what he sought. There was the sign of many horses crossing, each fresh so that the hoofprints still welled up with water. The trail led south, and he turned slowly to follow.

He could see rainclouds gathering over Mount Pinchot, and soon a pale blue shroud drifted down to join cloud and granite. The south wind brought him a smell and taste of the distant rain, and the sensation gave him a sudden joy he began to sing. The pony's hoofbeats, renewed by the scent of the storm, echoed to the song like a drum.

In his mind the Kiowa could see ahead to where his people were traveling. He smiled as he thought of the young women's laughter, and the way the old women scolded them as a display of the privilege of age. The old men, straight and dignified in the saddle, would refresh each landmark in their memory, and recall in passing a story or a name. It was in the simple act of going they rejoiced, and the young Kiowa suddenly yearned to spur ahead and be with them.

In the evening he would dress in a red shirt of trader's cloth, and sit with the old men by a spring that came from within the mountains. From the north he had gathered two stones of a smoothness and color that gave power to his hand when he touched them. He would present them to each of the elders to
WICHITA

weigh and to ponder.

And he would tell them of his journey and what he had seen—the old men would nod with satisfaction as they recalled in their blood similar travels. The mountains would take up the secrecy of shadows. And in that melancholy, receding light, punctuated by a ghostly screechowls’s cry, all would fall silent and remember—the old men recalling the coming down; the great quest that led the wanderlust and pulled them ever southward to these mountains.

And the young man, pulled by the broad yellow face of the rising moon, would climb the smooth boulders to a place where the plain could be seen bathed in soft moonlight. If there were a wind, it would sing through gnarled cedars. And the young man would dream and find a prayer for this special night. In the granite faces of rock he sensed his people’s strength, and in the endless vision of the plain he heard the heartbeat of his people’s need for going.

By the autumn of 1901, history had bequeathed its relentless passion for change upon the Wichitas. Kiowa and Comanche Indians, only decades before compressed onto reservations, faced another abrupt alteration in lifestyle. A great hunger had come upon the nation, a hunger for land. The Indians were allotted individual 160 acre parcels of their former holdings, and a tide of white settlers swept in to vie for the remainder.

The silent mountains suddenly drew not only homesteaders but goldseekers as well, as some 20,000 fortune hunters swept in to roam the rugged terrain in a sweat-tinged exercise in futility. By statehood the Wichitas had federal protection as a U.S. Forest Preserve, due to the vision of Theodore Roosevelt, who had hunted in the area and had ridden away with fond memories. The environmentally conscious president's move was as bold as the granite mountains themselves, for it kept the heart of the range intact, sparing the unique landscape from the homesteader’s plow.

Yet homesteaders did crowd onto 160 acre tracts in the northern portion of the mountains excluded from the preserve. They broke the rich, black prairie sod between the granite ridges, and raised cattle on leased portions of government land.

When the Wichita Mountains Forest Preserve was designated as wildlife refuge, grazing permits were canceled within the 60,000 acre mountain heartland. Homesteading farmers, dependent upon cattle operations to supplement meager crop production, were hard pressed to survive in harmony with the land. One-by-one they sold the little valley farms, and acre-by-acre visionary families began to accumulate the land. Plowed fields slowly reverted to natural grassland. The Wichita prairie, long favored by grazing buffalo, would soon become the realm of sprawling ranches, with beef cattle the symbol of a new era, once again dominated by men on horseback.

Although millions have been awed by the grandeur of the wildlife refuge, few except for local landowners know the primal beauty of the Wichita Mountains North Range. With spring and fall rains, the weathered granite cliffs wear sprays of wildflowers and rushing, clear springs like garlands for some mythical deity summoned from stone. And, when the sun dominates the long summer days, the countryside is, in the words of Kiowa poet Scott Momaday, an anvil’s edge.

And the cattlemen who know this land like the lines in their weather-and-work beaten hands are but a personification of the mountain seasons. Many recall the Texas steers that once came north to fatten on spring grasses, although most have now invested in select breeding animals, cultivating the quick-fattening hereford and angus that seem integral to the eye on Oklahoma prairie.

Nutritious native grasses predominate throughout the North Range, including the taller bluestems and Indian grass, mixed with the shorter, hardy grama and mesquite. The area hosts a varied plant community, due in part to a higher average rainfall over the mountains than that of the adjoining western plains. One can find varieties of maples growing in the canyons that are several hundred miles west of the species’ normal range. With sensible grazing practices, the grasslands can produce a rich forage that fattens cattle at an amazingly low animal unit/acre ratio. Local stockmen take pride in the land’s ability to grow quality beef, and despite the ups and downs of the cattle industry, rarely is land for sale at any price.

North Mountain Ranches aren’t big, compared to the 100,000 acre Osage empires to the north. Several of the more beautiful holdings contain slightly more than 1,000 acres. Yet if each acre were multiplied by the owner’s pride and the area’s historical riches, the range would stretch beyond the imagination.

To the Kiowa and Comanche, the mountains were literally a garden of the gods, a place of prayer, sustenance, and contemplation. For the oldtime cowboys, the mountains were a final fortress for the last wild wolves, the last wild horses, the last tough, onery, sharp-horned, wild-eyed longhorn steers. Now it is a final fortress of a way of life truly American, that of the cowboy. If there is a legend left for coming ages to live, let it be chaps and spurs and a string of cow ponies range-smart and bobcat-quick. Let it be a cow bawling from the shelter of a cedar canyon, voicing her dissatisfaction at a snowbound norther. Let it be a spring calf, with a fresh white face, bucking and kicking with the energy of new life. Let it be an order of existence in touch and in tune with the land, in harmony with the seasons. May there always be a man on horseback pressed against a sunset horizon, and may the mountains always stand a changeless sentinel over the plain. If progress is a forward march, may the Wichita cow country form a rear guard, for mankind needs this monument, tall in polished rock and rich grass, to measure the limits of his spirit and his truth.
Murry Sidlin, new Music Director of the Tulsa Philharmonic, is of Russian-Latvian parentage, holds the Master of Music degree from Peabody Conservatory of Music, with graduate studies at Academia Chigi ana in Italy, and Cornell University. He is a former winner of the Baltimore Symphony’s Young Conductor’s Competition. Conductor Sidlin made his Carnegie Hall debut in 1975 with the National Orchestra Association of New York under Leon Barzin. He has served as Asst. Conductor of the Baltimore Symphony, Music Director of the Maryland Ballet, Asst. Conductor of the Aspen Festival, and Resident Conductor of the National Symphony in Washington, D.C., conducting concerts at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and at Wolf Trap.

Other symphony orchestras that have performed under his baton are the Minnesota, Pittsburgh, Houston, Atlanta, Milwaukee, New Jersey, Nashville, and the New Haven Symphony of which he was Music Director prior to accepting the Tulsa post. He served on President Ford’s Commission on Presidential Scholars and has been reappointed by President Carter. He is host and conductor of the PBS series MUSIC, ten educational TV programs for young people. On September 28, Murry Sidlin will conduct the Tulsa Philharmonic in the J. S. Bach Suite No. 3 for Orchestra, Brahms Symphony No. 2, and the Beethoven Piano Concerto, with Emanuel Ax as guest artist.

COMPOSER, PIANIST, PITCHER

On “Michael McVay Day” at Tulsa’s Grissom Elementary this spring an outstanding Oklahoman was honored. Twelve-year-old Michael this year won the Music Teachers National Association First Prize for his composition Variations on a Hungarian Folk Song. Winning this prestigious national competition places young Michael among America’s top composers. He had lots of help from his parents, Mickey and Louann McVay (his mother is a former concert pianist). He began studying music at Tulsa’s Yamaha Music School at age 4, and was later coached by Dr. Bela Rozsa.

Michael is an “A” student, plays center on the Grissom Celtics basketball team, and pitches for their Grandslams baseball team. He composed the school song when he was in the second grade. His winning composition earned for him an appearance on the national TV show Kid’s World, a trip to Chicago to play for the Music Teachers National Convention, a cash prize, and sturdy encouragement in his ambition to become a concert pianist while continuing to be a composer.

Drilling for oil is and has always been as exciting and romantic as gold or silver mining. It is past high time for oilmen to receive credit for the imaginative technology they have created. It is their genius that has discovered and produced the energy that enables us to travel with the freedom that we enjoy today, to energize the multitude of machines that serve us and make such a myriad of fabrics and materials that we are terrorized with the thought of running out of oil and gas and having to do without all of these material comforts that facilitate living.

Knowing the insoluble problems oilmen have solved, the insurmountable barriers they have surmounted, we think they constitute a group most likely to solve today’s energy problems, creating the practical techniques that will provide energy for the future. Oilfield folks, solving their problems when, and wherever, they occur, are the most ingenious problem solvers in world history.

Master photographer David Fitzgerald has made (here and on page 27) the two most striking oil drilling pictures we’ve seen. If you would like to purchase signed enlargements of them write David at P. O. Box 18743, Oklahoma City 73154.
NEW BOOKS
GHOST TOWNS OF OKLAHOMA by John W. Morris, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $14.95. Our telephone rings with regularity, the caller asking, "Are there any ghost towns in Oklahoma?" "Many," we reply. "You’ll find our article about them in the Winter '72-'73 issue of Oklahoma Today." Now we’ll be recommending this book. Dr. Morris has been most thorough. His tales of the 130 ghost towns included are so lively it seems incredible that they could have become ghosts.
GERONIMO: The Man, His Time, His Place by Angie Debo, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $14.95. Dr. Angie Debo in peak form. It will grip your attention like a novel from first to last and you’ll never notice the errors in Spanish. A masterpiece of writing which restores the dignity of a man who never should have had his stolen from him.
IN SEARCH OF BUTCH CASSIDY by Larry Pointer, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $9.95. Butch, Sundance, and Etta Place fired the imagination long before Peckinpah’s popular movie with its "Raindrops" song. Joe Horan proves conclusively, beyond the slightest shadow of doubt, that both Butch and the Sundance Kid were killed in South America by el ejercito de Bolivia. We don’t believe Joe Horan. We believe Larry Pointer, and think you will too.
THROUGH TIME AND THE VALLEY by John Erickson (photography by Bill Ellzy) Shoal Creek Publishers, Box 9737, Austin, Tex., $12.50. Surely shows the kinship between western Oklahoma and the Texas panhandle. This author-photographer, 140-mile horseback pilgrimage, through the Canadian River Valley makes a superior book. Laughter at Erickson’s witty yarn spinning is interspersed with sadness, over past tragedies befallen. Factual photos and delightful prose.

TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY
How many Oklahomans have participated in the Olympic games? In what did they compete? Who won? Oklahoma’s participation in the Olympic games has been extensive. It is fully covered in our Anniversary Oklahoma Today, from inception to the publication date of the issue.

The flags of how many nations have flown over Oklahoma? Under what circumstances? What was the time of their dominion?

Probably a good many Oklahomans would be able to answer, "Fourteen flags." But we’ll bet mighty few could name the nations who were the proprietors of those flags, and their time of dominion over Oklahoma. Pictured in full color in our Summer ‘68 issue is the Fourteen Flags Plaza before our Capitol Building, with full information about each flag and its time of dominion over Soonerland.

Ten years ago our Cherokee Strip celebrated its Diamond Jubilee. Beloved Henry Bass, now deceased, related the excitement of the Cherokee Strip Run in a very personal way for his father participated, and Henry was born there just four years later. The issue also contains some of our earliest coverage of Tsa-la-gi, which receives further extensive coverage in this current issue. It is interesting to note that Oklahoma is so big, with so many exciting things to cover, that a decade can elapse before we are able to return to one of our major attractions after first coverage of it.

Exciting profiles of singer Patty Page and Indian artist Johnson Scott are included in the issue, along with wrapups of the National Poetry Convention at Central State University, the International Softball Tournament in Oklahoma City, and America’s 1968 Junior Miss, Debbie Faubion of Norman.

FULL SPEED AHEAD kept our readers informed on the progress of the Port of Muskogee, Port of Catoosa, and the Arkansas River Waterway, which, it was predicted, would be carrying one million tons of freight annually within ten years after completion. The waterway was carrying a million tons of freight annually before completion. Last year the Oklahoma portion alone carried more than two-million tons of freight.

You can secure a copy of this collector’s item Anniversary Issue of Oklahoma Today by sending $2.00 to Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Memorial Building, Oklahoma City, 73105. You’ll find it as entertaining as OSU’s far-famed ENTERTAINERS, who are covered in the issue. These young folks work their way through college by performing in the lively arts. Some of them become celebrities. The Anniversary Issue concludes with Ty Dahlgren’s amusing OILFIELD SLANGUAGE and you can add to your conversation such knowledgeable terms as pebble puppy, mudhog, crowfoot, duck’s nest, alligator grab, and thribble.
Governor’s Art Awards recipients this year, shown here with Gov. Boren, are Vivia Locke for her encouragement of young Indian authors, Mary Frates for her leadership in the Summer Arts Institute, and Shawnee Brittan for the production of his film on the American Indian Exposition, Anadarko. Lifetime Service Awards were presented to John Kirkpatrick and Joseph Taylor. Former architect Dow Gumerson was saluted with a posthumous award. Community Awards were presented to Ardmore, Muskogee, Oklahoma City, and Woodward. Special recognition was given Altus for the Kansas City Philharmonic Concert they sold out, only to have it snowed out (with no rescheduling possible). Lt. Gov. Nigh’s “Arts Against the Odds” Awards for achievement in non-metropolitan areas were presented to the Arts and Humanities Councils of Cotton County, Ada, Antlers, and Tahlequah.

ROUGHNECKS AIM FOR POWER
Tulsa’s new NASL soccer team is the first major league sports team in Oklahoma (see Calendar of Events for their home games). Stars include Ninoslan Zec, Milan Dovedan, and Zivorad Stamenkovic, from Yugoslavia; Colin Boulton, from England; Billy Gazonas, from New Jersey; and British coach Bill Foulkes.

Foulkes played in 70 English Cup games and 70 European International games as a member of the championship Manchester Unions. Professional soccer is fast moving action with no time outs, no huddles or other game slowing devices. It demands unbelievable stamina, fantastic dexterity, and skill in ball handling. For gripping sports action, go see Tulsa’s National Soccer League Roughnecks play.

THE DEVIL’S GREEN THUMB
by Jean Estelle Samson

I classify seed catalogs right in there with bust developers and ten- 
day diets. Now, I’ve never had a green thumb. I can take a healthy tomato plant, give it tender loving care and it re-
wards me with three sickly tomatoes, blistered on one side, a worm hole on the other. Onions come to the table the same size they were when I set them out, while across the pasture my mother-in-law grows them big enough to choke a pro-linebacker.

After much disappointment I should give up but I’m a pushover for a convincing ad. After weeks of snow, sleet, cold, and gloom that seed catalog with enthusiastic testimonials is the Devil with chocolate icing. If Mrs. D. A. from Podunk can do it, by golly so can I.

With visions of bountiful harvest, I tried this new tactic I’d heard so much about. I TALKED to my plants. I patted, petted, dusted and called them sweet names. One chili pepper, two rows of green beans, and the crabgrass, heard. Everything else turned a deaf ear and disappeared beneath the marching feet of the eager crabgrass.

The pepper plant, sole survivor of six, thought it had to carry the load for its fallen comrades so it concentrated on being six times hotter. Heat waves from it blistered my legs as
IN SUMMER FIELDS

In summer-ripened fields, the
droning bee
Is stealing honey from each flowered
mass
Of clover, warm with sunshine
spilling free
Upon the lush and gently moving
grass.
The wheat is waving gold beneath
the heat
From fiery sky that turns tomatoes
red;
And trees with peach are hanging
heavy-sweet;
The valley with their glow is
overspread.
The vines begun in greening May
expand
With laden arms of August ripened
grape
And apple orchards, crimson-
crowned now stand
With fruit for waiting bins that burst
their shape.
And all this transformation can
but be
Creation's answer to eternity.

Jaye Giammarino

In rededicating Oklahomans to the
spirit of the Pioneer Woman, Will
Rogers Jr. is standing exactly where
his father stood in making the first
dedication almost half-a-century ago.
This year's Pioneer Woman Award
was received by Soonerland's (and
America's) first female astronaut, Dr.
Shannon Wells Lucid, whom Lt. Gov.
Nigh told, "If going out into space
doesn't qualify you as a pioneer wo-
man, I don't know what would!"

A Certificate of Appreciation to
Senator Dewey Bartlett was received
by his son, Dewey Jr.

At the Marland Mansion Renais-
sance Ball which followed, Master-
of-Ceremonies Nigh inducted into the
National Petroleum Hall of Fame
Howard Robard Hughes Sr., inventor
of the rotary rock bit which revolu-
tionized rotary rig drilling, and W. K.
Warren, founder of Warren Petro-
leume, director of Gulf Oil, and presi-
dent of Warren Medical Research
Center, shown here (right) receiving
his certificate.

PARADE

The redbud leads with rosy glow
The dogwood shows white blooms
like snow.
White hyacinths, a joy to see
Honeysuckle, replete with bee.
Japonica then with golden bell
And willow buds begin to swell.
Azaleas! What a gorgeous sight!
While lilacs scent the air at night.
Red poppies bend before the breeze
With white spirea by the trees.

Wee crocus

Blue violets on the window sills.

A pansy face greets me and you,
And iris shows its cups of blue.

Bluettes and clover lift their heads,
Geraniums, petunias, in bright flower
beds.

The lovely rose is queen of all
Tulips and flocks line the garden wall.
Meanwhile a pert and saucy clown
Slips in and fills our entire town!

I hooed around it. I thought of send-
ing it to the tabasco sauce manufac-
turers for their yearly supply but
couldn't find an asbestos box to mail
it in.

Oh yes, the green beans heard.
They grew lush and green. They grew
heavy with beans. I was proud. I
picked and ate and canned and start-
ed over. I picked and canned and
canned some more. Every jar was
full. Friends and relatives were stock-
piled for weeks. Still my beans grew.
I couldn't keep up. As I picked I
talked to them again. I left out the
sweet names. I was downright unkind
and handled them roughly hoping
they would feel my non-love. They
stretched their little tendrils to cling
to my fingers and rub against my
legs. I could see them growing. I
could hear them growing. I was ex-
hausted. I looked at my hands. All
ten thumbs were green—dark green
with stain.

The moment had come. I could
stand no more. With a jerk of the
starter rope and a battle roar, my
power mower and I approached the
enemy. Up the bean row we went,
ruthless, heartless and deadly. Little
bits flew out and fell to the ground.
Up one row we went and back down
the other.

We headed for the pepper plant.
I swear when the mower blade hit
that plant I heard a sizzle like water
hitting hot grease. Steam hissed dis-
approval. But it was done and I was
glad.

When you read advice on talking
to your plants, add this footnote:—
some plants are like a love-starved
dog. Pat him once and he's in your
lap the rest of the day.
When wildcatters drilled the first major oil discovery in Indian Territory near Bartlesville in 1897, they were already championed by a folk- tale hero. Gib Morgan (the fictitious one) arrived here with the earliest oilfielders who came Southwest to drill and develop this new gokonda.

Gib had been making up stories about himself and the oilfields since the Civil War. In his tales, like those of Davy Crockett, it was sometimes difficult to separate the real Gib Morgan from the fictitious one.

Gib Morgan glorified the oil industry, which in contrast to the gold and silver mining camps, had no Bret Harte or Mark Twain to glamorize them. For most of his adult life the real Gib Morgan traveled from boomtown to boomtown, caught up in the excitement of the oilfields. He knew the skills, the courage, and the ethics of the drillers, toolies, and roustabouts.

Many of them were rowdy. Some were hard drinkers, and as likely to be on the job as off when drunk. They could fight viciously. But they had deeper values, too. Few dreamed of becoming petroleum millionaires. Once married, they worked hard to support their families. They harbored the admirable traits of pride in their abilities, found stimulus in their work, and when on the job, stuck to it, come what may. Of these qualities, folk tale heroes are made.

Gib Morgan recognized these traits in his fellow oilfield workers. Along with it, he carried a rich heritage in folklore tales, heard in the hill country of Pennsylvania where he was born in 1842. He adapted the older tales to the oilfields and made up new tales.

With himself as the protagonist, Gib Morgan’s fame as a storyteller and legendary hero spread widely. Wherever a few experienced hands had a few minutes leisure—and especially when credulous “boll weevils” (beginners) were present, Gib Morgan’s tales were sure to be repeated.

Usually, in his tales, Gib Morgan solved his problems with Yankee ingenuity, a trait the Oklahoma oilfield workers admired from Glenn Pool to Cushing, Wewoka or Seminole. Such was the case in the story of “The Whickles.”

The whickles were a cross between a canary and bumble bee, which Gib Morgan had bred himself. But some of the whickles escaped. Crude petroleum was a favorite delicacy for them. They were flying down to the bottom of the oilwells and drinking up all the oil. That was why some oilfields were gradually drying up. But there was one thing that Gib Morgan knew the whickles liked better than crude oil. That was applejack. So Gib Morgan sprinkled all the bushes around the oilwells with apple jack. When the whickles got drunk, he grabbed them, saving many an oilfield.

In the tale of his “biggest rig” Gib Morgan related how the drilling crew was making hole in a likely spot. But the company’s crack drillers were having trouble. The well kept caving in. The company president called in Gib Morgan for consultation. Gib Morgan studied the problem. He ordered special tools, some larger, and some smaller, than had ever been used before.

While awaiting delivery of the tools, he set about building a big rig. The rig was so huge it covered an acre. It stood so tall Gib had to hinge it in two places to let the sun and stars go by. Knowing they were going to be there awhile, Gib fixed the derrick up real nice inside, plastering it and building bunkhouses at certain levels. It took fourteen days for the derrick man to climb to the top of the rig. Gib hired fourteen men, so that he could have one man on top all the time while the others were climbing up and down.

When Gib’s special tools arrived, he began drilling. The longest tool reached within 10 feet of the top of the rig, and the drill stem measured 12 feet in diameter. At the first sign of caving, Gib cased in the hole with thousand-barrel oil tanks riveted together. Each time the well threatened to cave in after that he reduced the size of the casing and drill bit again. Finally, he was down to his smallest bit, and one-inch tubing. Still he had not reached the oil sand. Refusing to be stumped, Gib Morgan brought in the well with a needle and thread.

In other tales, Gib Morgan was assisted by “Big Toolie,” a giant tool dresser who measured twenty inches between the eyes. He could grease
up between cable tool workers and rotary rig operators, each claiming their way more efficient. With Gib Morgan already established as the champion of the cable tool crews, the rotary operators sought a new hero. They imported none less than Paul Bunyan, the temperamental, legendary giant of the Northwoods.

Moady Boatright, renowned folklorist from Southern Methodist University, first met the Paul Bunyan tales in 1920 in the Hewitt Field near Ardmore. When he set out on Bunyan’s trail though, Boatright found to his disappointment not the full folklore cycle he had expected to find, as with Gib Morgan, but only scattered tales. Nevertheless, there was enough to indicate that Paul Bunyan was alive and doing well in Oklahoma and Texas oilfields.

Unlike Gib Morgan, who was always a driller, Paul Bunyan was a jack-of-all trades in the oil industry. He usually solved his problems with his herculean strength. Several times, in a fit of temper, Bunyan threw down a hammer or hatchet so hard it brought in a well.

Once, he attempted to bring in a well with 500 quarts of nitro-glycerine. The charge exploded on the way down and created a mighty gusher before the crew was ready. Paul Bunyan jumped on the gusher and sat on it until the crew could close it in. The pressure within the well was so great it lifted the casing and Paul Bunyan high up into the sky. It took the crew three days to build a derrick tall enough to get him down.

Another time, when a boiler exploded, Paul Bunyan jumped astride and rode it into space, then back to earth.

Powerful, tireless, and considerate, Bunyan often let his men sleep half-a-day while he did the work of five. Childish in his pride over his abilities, Bunyan boasted he could dig a hole with a stick faster than a crew with a drilling rig.

Bunyan is credited with developing many of the tools and practices used in modern oil fields. In Arkansas, he invented the first ditching machine. While bossing a pipeline crew, he bought a herd of razorbacks and taught them to root in a straight line.

Bunyan could skid a rig to a new location by hand. He could hold 2,000 feet of steel drill stem in the air while the crew changed the bit, thus saving much time for drilling.

Boatright found some of the tales told by Gib Morgan attributed to Paul Bunyan, too. Bunyan also had a giant rig hinged in the middle to let the moon go by. Once the drilling started, the derrick man could come down only twice a month (on pay days).

Sometimes Bunyan’s tales were even more bizarre than those of Gib Morgan, such as the time Bunyan was drilling carelessly and got caught in the cable line. He was jerked to the bottom of the well, where he met the Devil. There old Satan showed Paul Bunyan his harem.

Paul Bunyan lost two holes. Once he drilled into an alum bed and the hole closed up so tightly he could not get the tools out.

Another time, when he was drilling on a high hill, a windstorm came up and blew all the dirt away from the hole. Nothing for Bunyan to do but saw up the hole and sell it to local farmers for postholes.

The real live Gib Morgan never worked in the Southwest's oilfields, though they often figured in his tales. With a friend, he visited Oklahoma once, shortly before his death, in 1909 in Tennessee.

With his death, the Gib Morgan cycle of tales began to fade. Today, few in Oklahoma’s oilfields recall having heard of him. Paul Bunyan lives on, his name synonymous with giant size and brute strength, though he is better remembered for his lumberjack image than his oilfield exploits.

The old-time tales of both Paul Bunyan and Gib Morgan of course seem silly, but when compared with modern technology now actually being used to bring in oilfields, offshore, in deep sea water out-of-sight of land, in the searing heat of deserts, in the incredible cold of the Arctic, the tales of folklore pale. Tremendous feats, calling upon herculean strength and oilfield ingenuity, are still being performed by oilmen, everywhere!
THE adventures of the army engineer who constructed our National Historic Landmark, FLIPPER'S DITCH, at Fort Sill.

HENRY-O-FLIPPER

by STEVE WILSON
When Lieutenant Henry Ossian Flipper stepped off the stage at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, New Year's Day 1878, the 21-year-old officer brought two firsts with him. He was the first of his race to graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point, and he was the only black officer in the Regular Army. His assignment with the Tenth U.S. Cavalry was the culmination of a five-year dream.

Born into slavery at Thomasville, Georgia, March 21, 1856, his mother, Isabella Buckhalter, was owned by the Reverend Reuben Lucky. His father, Festus Flipper, a skilled shoemaker and carriage trimmer, belonged to Ephraim Ponder, a slave trader.

Henry Flipper's education began when he was eight in the woodshop night ch of another's slave. That was interrupted when they escaped ahead of Sherman's advancing armies. After the Confederate surrender in 1865, Festus Flipper returned to Atlanta with his family, and established his business. Henry learned to read and write when he was ten. When he was accepted to West Point in May 1873, he was a freshman at Atlanta University, and barely seventeen.

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He was the fifth black cadet at West Point. He would be the first to graduate, in June 1877, excelling in engineering, law, Spanish, and French. When Henry Flipper stepped forward to receive his diploma, he drew heartwarming applause from the crowd of spectators and his fellow cadets, who had ignored him in public, while privately treating him as an equal.

Flipper wrote in his autobiographical commentary on West Point life, completed the following year and published while he was at Fort Sill, "Even the cadets and other persons connected with the academy congratulated me. Oh, how happy I was! I prized the good words of the cadets above all others. They did not hesitate to speak to me or shake hands with me before each other or anyone else. All signs of ostracism were gone." Feted in New York, Atlanta, and Charleston, Lieutenant Henry Flipper became a national celebrity.

At Fort Sill, another lieutenant, Henry Ware Lawton, helped him find quarters and the two became friends. Neither realized then that one day the city to be founded nearby would be given Lawton's name.

Flipper's first assignment was that of post signal officer.

In late January, Company A of the 10th Cavalry arrived at Fort Sill led by Captain Nicholas Nolan, famed Indian fighter who had risen through the ranks. An Irishman who knew the sting of prejudice, Nolan took a liking to young Lieutenant Flipper. Nolan, 43, a widower with an 8-year-old son, later married 21-year-old Annie Dwyer of San Antonio and brought his bride and her sister, 17-year-old Mollie Dwyer, to Fort Sill.

When settled, the Nolans invited Henry Flipper to live with them. He discharged his cook and did so. Mollie Dwyer and Flipper became fast friends and spent their spare time on horseback rides with other officers and their ladies.

In early 1879, Flipper's troop was transferred to Fort Elliott in the Texas Panhandle. At Fort Elliott Nolan became the commanding officer and Flipper the post adjutant. When Troop A was ordered back to Fort Sill, Flipper served four months as acting captain of Company G, commanding both black troops and white junior officers.

Since Colonel Benjamin Grierson had founded Fort Sill a decade before, natural basins had filled in the rainy seasons and became stagnant. Soldiers were dying from malaria. Lieutenant Flipper was ordered to survey and supervise the construction of proper drainage. When the general inspected the completed work he told Flipper he...
Dedication of Flipper's Ditch as a National Historic Landmark.

"had his ditch running up hill and the grade was wrong." Flipper had to convince him it actually ran down hill. When the rains came, the ponds drained perfectly. The malaria stopped.

"Flipper's Ditch," as it came to be known, was designated a National Historic Landmark almost a century after Flipper engineered it. On October 27, 1977, his grand-nephew, Joseph Flipper, participated in the ceremony unveiling the bronze marker commemorating Flipper's Ditch at Fort Sill.

In 1880 the 10th Cavalry was ordered to the Rio Grande in the campaign against Victorio and his renegade Apaches. From Fort Quitman, Captain Nolan sent Flipper with dispatches to Colonel Grierson waiting at Eagle Springs, a stage station 98 miles away. When Flipper reached the colonel's tent twenty-two hours later, he fell exhausted from his horse.

Flipper was next ordered to Fort Davis, where he was made post quartermaster and commissary officer in charge of all supplies, transportation, and equipment. In early 1881 Colonel William Rufus Shafter, a huge 260-pound officer, took command of Fort Davis. He and Colonel Grierson had long been at odds over methods of dealing with the Indians. Six years before, Shafter had relieved Captain Nolan of his command and attempted to bring court-martial charges against him. Grierson intervened, saved Nolan, and afterward transferred him to keep him from serving under Shafter, who was notoriously coarse, profane, and harsh on junior officers.

Shafter immediately relieved Flipper as quartermaster. The young lieutenant then discovered post funds were missing from his trunk. He tried to conceal the loss until the money could be found. Shafter ordered him arrested, and told Flipper he would not be court-martialed if the discrepancy was made good. Flipper's friends collected the money in his behalf, but Shafter brought court-martial charges anyway. The trial stretched from the first of November into mid-December. Hoping Flipper would win his case, Colonel Grierson wrote him wishing him success. Grierson admired the young officer and planned to transfer him "as quickly as possible."

Flipper was found innocent of the embezzlement charges, but guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman. Effective June 30, 1882, Flipper was dismissed from the army. To his dying day, Henry Flipper believed Shafter and others had conspired to railroad him out of the army, and that the money missing from his trunk was a part of the plot.

A lesser man might have let such harsh judgment at an isolated frontier post destroy his spirit. But, by late 1883, Henry Flipper had embarked on a new career that would bring him fame and recognition. He became a surveyor for American companies holding concessions on vast public lands in Mexico. By 1886 he was chief engineer for the Sonora Land Company of Chicago. While in the Sierra Madre that year, he camped for two weeks with Captain Henry Lawton, then leading the campaign against Geronimo.

In 1890 Flipper opened his own civil and mining engineering office in Nogales, Arizona. He was employed by the townspeople to
prepare their land grant case for the Court of Private Land Claims. He won the case and the town celebrated with a banquet in his honor. For four months he served as perhaps the first black editor of an all white newspaper when the publisher of the Sunday Herald left it in his hands. Because of Flipper’s expertise in Spanish, and Mexican land and mining laws, U.S. Attorney Matthew Reynolds hired him as a special agent for the Court of Private Land Claims of the U.S. Justice Department. From 1893 to 1901 he translated thousands of Spanish documents, surveyed land grants, prepared court materials, and testified as an expert on penmanship. “During the seven years Mr. Flipper was connected with this office,” wrote U.S. Attorney Reynolds, “his fidelity, integrity, and ability were subjected to tests which few men ever encounter in life. How well they were met can be attested by the records of the Court of Private Land Claims and the Supreme Court of the United States.”

Each year from 1898 to 1901 Flipper traveled to Washington, D.C., to assist with the court cases. The first year, and in the years afterward, his friends persuaded congressmen to introduce bills for his restoration to service. Each bill died in committee. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Flipper telegraphed the War Department offering his services, but that offer went unanswered.

In 1901 Flipper returned to Mexico as resident engineer of the Balvanera Mining Company with mines in southwest Chihuahua. In 1905 he joined William Greene, Arizona, the National Geographic Society, and the Southwest Society of the Archeological Institute of America. In 1908 he was made resident engineer and legal adviser of the Sierra Mining Company. He was offered a professorship in the Military Academy of Mexico at Chapultepec, but declined and, when the Revolution in Mexico broke, Flipper left Mexico. He lived in El Paso as a representative of Sierra Mining, and later became secretary of the New York company. Flipper was well liked in El Paso. In 1917 he was the subject of a sketch entitled “Rise of Lieut. Henry O. Flipper from Slavery to Be One of Most Respected Men, Reads Like Novel.” Reporter J. O. Ponder stated that “men of affairs who come in contact with him are quick to recognize his ability and sterling worth as a man among men.”

In late 1919 Flipper was summoned to Washington as translator and interpreter for the Senate sub-committee on Mexican affairs. There he was hired, on March 5, 1921, as special assistant to the Secretary of the Interior, to work with the Alaskan Engineering Commission.

Even at sixty-five, Flipper had not given up his crusade to vindicate himself in what had become an obsession to prove his innocence. He prepared and printed his own lengthy statement and brief, seeking to be restored to grade and rank.
and retired from the army. In 1924, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge reintroduced the bill to clear his name, but by then Henry Flipper, at sixty-seven, had begun yet another career on another continent.

William F. Buckley hired Flipper as engineer for his newly formed Pantepec Oil Company in Caracas, Venezuela, where he would help pioneer the oil industry in that country. At seventy-four, in 1931, Henry Flipper returned home to Atlanta. He lived with his brother Joseph, bishop of the AME Church, and his wife. Her grown children were daily visitors. “Lieutenant,” as they all called him, was methodical in everything he did, exhibiting a soldierly bearing and stern military attitude. He read and wrote constantly, “like a student doing research.” Letters came to him from over the West, Mexico, and South America.

At eighty-four, Henry Flipper died, May 3, 1940.

In December, 1976, the Department of the Army granted Henry Flipper an honorable discharge, dated June 30, 1882. Ceremonies were held at Atlanta University, and at the United States Military Academy, where a bust of Henry O. Flipper was unveiled. A century after he graduated, a 1977 West Point graduate, who most typified the exemplary qualities of its first black graduate, was selected to receive an award which will now be presented annually.

In February of this year, Henry Flipper’s remains were exhumed from an unmarked grave in Atlanta and removed to Thomasville. His flag-draped casket was carried to Old Magnolia Cemetery by mule-drawn caisson, with riderless horse following. There “Lieutenant” was buried beside his parents while some 500 well-wishers looked on. The ceremony eulogized and honored Henry O. Flipper, giving him his final salute with full military honors.

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**THIRTY-SIX**

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We present here, and on page 39, eight paintings from the Oklahoma State Art Collection of paintings, sculptures, sketches, ceramics, and other art forms. Begun in 1971 by the Arts and Humanities Council to collect and display Oklahoma art, it has been exhibited at various places in the state. It has had one international showing, at the celebration commemorating the four-hundredth yes, 400th birthday of the city of Saltillo, in the state of Coahuila, Mexico.

Coahuila and Oklahoma are partner states in the international Partners of the Americas organization. Arts and Humanities Council Chairman Jon Wagner and his wife Betty accompanied the exhibit to Saltillo, Betty Price of the Council, her husband Morris and son George, traveled to Coahuila to escort the collector home. All were graciously hosted by Governor Oscar Flores T. and the state of Coahuila, and her wife doña Isabel Davila de Flores.
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