Stories from an autumn Indian National Trail Ride. Annual five campout trail rides in May and October are sponsored by Don Hoyt, 625 S. Monroe, Stillwater, Ok. 74074, to whom you may write for further information (phone 405-377-5581). Trail rider Hoyt also sponsors an annual Marine Tropical Trail Ride in the state of Colima, Mexico, and a Copper Canyon Trail Ride in Chihuahua, Mexico, in cooperation with the University of Oklahoma.
There is something about the windmill that attracts the eye of photographers and artists. Perhaps this fascination can be partly explained by the fact that the vertical shape of the windmill tower often provides relief from the monotony of an almost unbroken horizon. Standing alone amid the vast sweep of the plains, it strikes the observer as both more impressive and more comforting than the other few vertical objects in view, such as fence posts, sagebrush, and cattle scratchers.

But the windmill has also become something of a symbol to artists and photographers, a symbol of our history in this land. What could be more expressive of a hard life on the range than an old wooden windmill tower, its vertical thrust bent by time and its fan thrashed by cruel winds? This stark image can evoke feelings of nostalgia for a past that can never be recovered, or a shiver of dread as the observer suddenly feels the immensity and the stern laws of this land which has never been too hospitable to men or to their creations. Yet what could be more expressive of human triumph over adversity than this lonely sentinel on the plains, which brings up clear, life-sustaining water in a dry and thirsty land?

The frontier West could hardly find a more appropriate symbol than the windmill, for the history and settlement of the American West virtually began with the windmill. We did not invent the windmill. Horizontal windmills were grinding grain in Persia as early as the tenth century, and had been widely used in Europe for several hundred years before we Americans utilized wind power, giving it practical application in the windmill in the 1870s and 1880s. American inventors did apply an ancient principle to a unique American problem, producing a machine that was portable and efficient, and manufacturing it in large quantities at a reasonable price. They did the job so well that the basic design of the windmill has undergone only slight changes in the past hundred years, during which these wind-driven machines have changed the course and history of the nation.

In Europe, the windmill was used primarily to furnish power for flour mills. In ancient villages, the windmill, made of brick, stone, or wood, was a permanent structure with huge arms that measured fifty feet tip to tip. They were so large, in fact, that the miller’s working area was in
the upper level, his lodgings often in the area below.

When the Europeans applied wind power to the movement of water it was not to raise it from underground, but to move it from the surface into canals, like those in Holland, where the problem was not a lack of water but too much of it. European windmills were often equipped with cloth sails that could be raised or lowered, depending on the wind velocity, and even though they were large and permanent structures, they were built on a pivot so that they could be turned into the wind.

European windmills built in the seventeenth century are still in working order today. But wind technology did not transfer from the Old World to the New World. It was not until after the Civil War and the opening up of the vast western lands that the need for wind-driven machines arose in the United States. When large cattle operations began moving into the West and Southwest they found oceans of strong, nutritious grass, but very little surface water. After a rain, the plains might be dotted with thousands of small playa lakes and waterholes, making it appear to be a cattleman's paradise. But the lakes and water holes vanished in the thirsty earth, or after a few days of sunshine and dry winds. Even the few streams and rivers often proved to be dependable sources of water. Those rare places that had a reliable, constant supply of water were soon settled to capacity. The upland prairies could be used only for seasonal grazing when surface water was available.

The American version of the windmill corrected this deficiency. European windmills were fixed and immobile. The American version was portable. It could be transported long distances by railroad car or wagon. European windmills turned ponderous machinery. The American mill performed the lighter chore of raising a column of water from below ground.

The European windmill was handcrafted. The American version was mass-produced. It transformed the wind, however hot, searing, or moisture-sapping, into an asset; a constant source of energy free and available to everyone.

As machinery goes, the windmill is a simple brute. The depth of the well beneath it may vary greatly. Some wells in low-lying areas near the Beaver River in the Panhandle are no more than twenty feet deep, while wells north of the Canadian River go down four hundred feet to water. The windmill does not produce a large volume of water over a short period of time, nothing to compare with an
irrigation pump which will yield as much as 1,000 gallons per minute. But pumping day and night, week-in and week-out, it provides livestock with a reliable source of water, and since an average windmill may only take one gallon of water per minute from the aquifer it taps, it does not deplete the underground water reserves as irrigation pumps do.

Under normal conditions, the windmill requires a minimum of care and maintenance, which is fortunate since an average-sized cattle ranch may have between ten and fifteen mills. A large ranch may have several hundred. Checking windmills once or twice a week is part of the routine on a ranch. Usually when trouble develops, it can be fixed by one man. Some jobs, replacing the head at the top of the tower or pulling the pipe out of the hole will require the labor of two or three men. On some ranches all the windmill work is done by the cowboys, or in “swap-out” arrangements with neighbors. Other ranches employ the services of the local windmill man. This professional, a very important figure in the prairie country, has all the equipment needed for windmill work, including a winch truck with a boom, and a stock of windmill parts.

The curved blades of the windmill fan are designed to catch the slightest breeze. It must also withstand ferocious gales and is equipped with a device which responds to high winds, slowing it down, turning the fan out of the wind. The windmill is one of the most efficient and practical machines ever devised. Its source of energy does not have to be mined, pumped, refined, stored, or bought, and so far the federal government has not devised a way of taxing it.

Mother Nature has provided our Panhandle with an abundance of this natural resource—except at certain times of the year, usually in the late summer or early fall. At that time, the wind dies to a whisper, the windmills stand motionless, and the water level in the stock tanks begins to drop.

During these doldrum periods the water supply can no longer be taken for granted and becomes the primary concern of the rancher. On a hot, still day in August, a thirsty cow may consume 25 gallons of water. Multiply that by 50 cows watering at the same tank. A tank that is full on Monday morning will be almost empty by Wednesday afternoon. With thirsty cattle bawling around the tank the rancher must do something, and do it in a hurry. He can move the cattle to another pasture, though this is only a temporary solution.

Harn House Garden Park, near the Oklahoma State Library, Oklahoma City. William Fremont Harn purchased this homestead soon after the Run of '89. His windmill supplied water for the barn, his livestock, and provided indoor plumbing for his spacious home in a pioneer time when indoor plumbing was rare. Mr. Harn donated forty of the acres on which our state capitol complex is built. His pioneer home now contains the 89er Museum. Adjoining will soon be an apple orchard and herb garden, to be irrigated by the windmill.

unless the new pasture has surface water, springs, or an electric pump. Another solution is to haul water to the windmill. The ranch I manage has ten windmills, and a 150 gallon tank which can be carried in the back of a pickup. In August of 1976 we experienced several weeks of exceptionally hot and still weather. There were days when I began hauling water at six in the morning and continued until ten o'clock at night. This got us by until the wind started turning the windmills again.

A third method, and probably the best, is the temporary use of a gasoline pump jack. Thirty years ago, before pickups made checking these small motors a relatively easy matter, cowboys took turns staying with the pump jack. One man would spend the day watching the pump, and in the evening his relief man would arrive and spend the night. The cowboy's sole responsibility was to keep the motor running. If it quit, and if he could not correct the problem with simple repairs, then he had to ride back to headquarters for spare parts or a better mechanic.

It is surprising that, with the success of the windmill over the past hundred years, Americans have not done more to develop wind technology. But history tells us that invention most often follows need, and until recently our nation enjoyed what appeared to be an endless and inexpensive source of petroleum. Our inventors and scientists are now giving serious attention to wind as a source of energy.

Modern man simply does not know to what ends he can use wind as a power source. In the late 1400s, Leonardo da Vinci drew sketches of a hot air turbine which was turned by the movement of warm air up a chimney flue. By 1592, the Dutch were using windmills to furnish power for sawmills, and that same country devised ways of using wind power in the manufacture of paper. Had steam power, the gasoline engine, and electricity not come along, wind technology might well have advanced to a high level of sophistication, and today our home might be heated, cooled, and lighted by some modern form of the windmill.

Instead, experiments and discoveries in wind technology virtually ceased in the mid-nineteenth century, and today we find ourselves asking the most basic and elementary questions about wind power. Until we find out, the windmill will remain what it has been for the past century: a friend of thirsty cows and a symbol of the Old West.
There are some things that need to be said about today's young people. If too many cannot read, write, or calculate, at the other end of the spectrum there are those who are over-accomplishing, completely excelling their elders.

Few athletic records stand very long anymore. Athletic records are broken year after year and we know that they will continue to be broken. Can this be anything other than proof that the human race is improving physically, generation after generation?

I went as a student to Enid's first Tri-State Music Festival in 1933. In the years since, as a director of competing groups, as a sponsor of young competitors, and most recently as a judge, I have heard the incredible improvement of these youngster's musical skills. Today's young contestants perform with polished perfection musical works that only professionals attempted in my youth. Today's young musicians possess techniques so superior to their parents and grandparents that it is hardly believable, and wholly inspiring.

Compare the works in our Young Talent art exhibit (pages 12-19) with the works turned out by high school art departments forty to fifty years ago. Again, the superiority of today's students is abundantly apparent.

Visit your school's next Science Fair. The projects today's young scientists prepare, as compared to yesterday's, are equivalent to the difference between achieving a local record in flagpole sitting, and a landing on the moon. Many of the projects constructed by today's young scientists are totally incomprehensible to their parents, and to laymen like me. Since such vast improvement is so glaringly apparent in these graphic fields, where it simply cannot be ignored, I am forced to believe that it exists in other fields.

The article on the following pages is concerned with the dedicated teachers and parents whose work is producing these outstanding young people.

BB

Follow Through

By Ernestine Gravley

One-to-one interaction is important in Follow Through.
Walk into a class of kindergarten, first-, second- or third-graders and what happens? The children stare, shuffle their feet, giggle behind their hands. Right?

Not if it's a Follow Through class. The youngsters are too involved. Many are reluctant to leave their learning environment at close of day. What is the secret?

Frances Hodges Patterson, Shawnee Follow Through director, points out that children do not want to be taught, but are eager to learn. In the traditional classroom they sit in neat rows while teachers talk, talk, talk.

The heart of the FT concept is to replace the teacher-oriented method, and make the student's own ideas and experiences the central concern.

Shawnee and Chickasha, the only two Follow Through projects in Oklahoma, are two of only eighteen in the United States. McLoud is now a part of the Shawnee Follow Through project.

Based on the Tucson Early Educational Model (TEEM), the Oklahoma projects are results of research findings at the University of Arizona, where educators worked with psychologists, anthropologists, and sociologists who sought answers to three basic questions:

What is the nature of the culture for which children need to be prepared? (We live in a technically and scientifically oriented society.)

What is the nature of the child? (We need to know where the individual child has been, where he is now, where we want the child to go and how to get there.)

What is the nature of teaching? (Education is not a mass of inert facts or ideas, but an attitude, a style, an appetite, an approach, a continuing function of the total personality.)

Follow through accomplishes things the slate and the Blue Back speller could never achieve. In Follow Through the child learns at a very early age how to function at full potential in the kind of world in which he will be living. Positive attitudes of self-concept and confidence are foremost. One child put it aptly: "I said something important. Teacher wrote it down."

In every confrontation with a child the teacher or aide consciously models, elaborates, extends, and requires of the child increasingly complex language. Classroom adults are trained in techniques of social reinforcement such as praise and attention. Activities naturally result in reinforcing events, i.e. eating food after a cooking experience. Mrs. Patterson calls these simultaneous acts and results "orchestration." The classroom is "orchestrated."

Cooking motivates mathematical skills (weights, measures) and promotes social interaction. Papier-mache dinosaurs in arts and crafts may lead to the math center where lengths and weights are calculated. Manipulation of materials is a must. Motor activities and sensory-motor training are vital to intellectual development and basic attitudes.

Mrs. Patterson points to four principal goals; language skills, intellectual base, motivational base, sociological and academic skills. The four are taught simultaneously. That is, there are no blocked time periods for reading, math, science, etc. Reading is not something one sits down and does here, then stops and moves on to another interest area.

Classrooms are organized to use a variety of settings where multiple...
I

aspects contribute to the total educational impact. Interest centers are defined, focused and changed through arrangement of tables, chairs, play equipment, graphic, and other curricular materials. All activities are mediated and accompanied by spoken and written language in the children's own words, posters on the walls, labels beside objects, even on the ceiling, and in the halls. For these, teachers and aides take dictation of the child's own spontaneous speech.

The reading center has filmstrips, charts, dolls representing story characters, a peep-box showing a scene from a book being read. The writing area provides pencils, crayons, stationery for writing letters, current newspaper headlines, poems started and to be finished, task cards, dictionaries.

The listening corner has a record player with records and earphones, cassette recorder and blank tapes, commercially taped learning cassettes, and other multi-media materials. Art is a natural when surrounded by various sizes and textures of paper, finger paints, tempera, water colors, clay, materials for weaving, for making puppets. Science begins with things to classify, the magnifying glass, samples of soil; seeds to plant, working mechanical objects to take apart and reassemble.

Such varieties of things are at hand to invite attention in every interest center.

The teacher and her aide are the permanent classroom adults. A program assistant visits several hours a week. Parent volunteers are trained and utilized. The adults organize, instruct, demonstrate, take dictation, answer questions, and praise efforts. A parent coordinator and three parent aides act as liaisons between school and home.

The Follow Through program first contracted with Supplementary Training Associates, Berkeley, California, to train teacher aides. More recently, training is being provided by schools in Oklahoma. Ten from the Shawnee Follow Through graduated from St. Gregory's College with Associate of Arts degrees, eight from Oklahoma Baptist University with BS degrees in education, and two from Central State University.

Through a contract with the county health department, medical, dental, and psychological services are provided Follow Through students. Last year, according to Mrs. Patterson, physical examinations were given 225 children, of whom 176 were given follow up attention.

Federal funds for Follow Through are an annual $264,000 grant for program assistants, teacher aides, parent aides, comprehensive services, trips, equipment, and supplies.

Each August, Mrs. Patterson and assistants conduct a four-day pre-service workshop sponsored by the State Department of Education. Each workshop is attended by some 200 educators eager to learn from a project as yet unavailable to most.

Formerly a primary grades teacher, Frances Patterson started as a Follow Through Program Assistant in 1968. She succeeded William James as Shawnee Director in 1974. Mrs. Patterson holds a BS degree from OBU and a M.Ed. from OU, and came to the Follow Through program with 16 graduate credit hours from the University of Arizona where the TEEM model of Follow Through originated.

"A small child faces many frustrations," she smiled. "A hundred times a day he feels his smallness. Inescapably he is confronted with the things he cannot reach, lift, carry, or see. Follow Through gives children the confidence they need."
YOUNG TALENT IN OKLAHOMA is an annual art competition co-sponsored by the Art Education Association and the Oklahoma Art Center. It is specifically for high school students, and each year more than 2,000 students from some 70 high schools all over the state compete.

On the following pages are examples of their work.

The show is juried by faculty members from state universities and secondary schools, with care being taken to be certain teachers do not judge the work of their own participating students. An out-of-state artist-educator judges general entries. Scholarships and cash prizes are awarded.

The works of these competing students are exhibited from late February through most of March at the Oklahoma Art Center, Oklahoma City. The exhibition is a celebration of the creative talents of our young people. The exuberance and enthusiasm of these art works is a joyful reassurance. The quality of their work is utterly superior. Its promise is boundless.

Out-of-state juror, Prof. Janet Fox of the University of Houston wrote, "There is something for everybody in the Young Talent in Oklahoma Show. There are large things and small things. There are 'in' things and traditional things. There are subtle paintings and those with wild, forceful colors. There are abstractions, and magic realism. There is whimsey. There is humor."

Oklahoma Today heartily commends Young Talent in Oklahoma to you. Be sure to see this winter's exhibition at the Oklahoma Art Center, Oklahoma City.
Our front cover was painted by Brooke Boydston Mason while she was a senior at Memorial High School, Tulsa, as her entry in the Young Talent competition. The subject of her painting was then her boyfriend, and is now her husband. They were married this summer. Incidentally, her painting was the top award winner in the competition.

Oil Painting
by Brooke Boydston Mason
Carol Hicks, instructor
Memorial High School, Tulsa

Drawing and Leather Collage
by William Servoss
Kathleen Rambottom, instructor
Northeast High School, Oklahoma City

Oil Painting
by Kenneth Hobbs
Marilyn Evans, instructor
Eisenhower High School, Lawton

Silkscreen
by Mark Brooke
Lysse Carter, instructor
Putnam City West High School, Oklahoma City
TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

A PANOPLY OF WESTERN TRANSPORTATION opened our Anniversary Issue. A collectors item collection of frontier vehicles, restored to mint condition by the Fort Sill Museums, they are reproduced in full color in Oklahoma Today. Accompanying them are other photographs and drawings showing how they were used in the 1890s, when they were our mode of transportation.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN KID tells the story of a fantastic Oklahoman, Milt Hinkle, who rode for the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, traveled all over the world, was one of the first men ever to bulldog a steer, and the very first to bulldog a steer from an airplane. The U.S.S. WILL ROGERS, one of our nuclear submarines, had just been commissioned and the United States Navy gave us some rather intimate details on how our atomic submarines operate and what it is like to live and serve on board one of them.

The Olympic Games were in the near distance in 1968, and we brought you up to date on the young Oklahomans who were likely to be competing in them. THE HEAVENER RUNESTONE has now achieved international recognition. In our ten year ago Anniversary Issue its discoverer, Gloria Farley, tells how she found it. Gloria's discovery of it and others since are of world-wide importance. Her name is known in the Arabic countries, where today's scholars readily translate the ancient rock carvings she has found along our Oklahoma waterways. It is a sad oversight that no scholar is now engaged in recording all that Gloria has learned about these carvings, for they indicate that not only the Vikings but people of Mediterranean origin visited Oklahoma during the millennia B.C. It is through such neglect that knowledge is lost, and succeeding generations are forced to rediscover the same things that preceding generations already knew.

You can secure a copy of this Anniversary Issue by sending $2.00 to Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., Oklahoma City 73105. It contains a beautiful collection of scenic pictures of Oklahoma autumn. One of the Univ. of Okla. Press' most prestigious collections, THE WESTERN FRONTIER LIBRARY, receives coverage in the issue. The issue contains a preview of that year's National Finals Rodeo, an event that will again be coming up soon.

We wrote for the issue an article about Oklahomans who were then performers in Disneyland. We invariably find Oklahomans performing in every principal attraction we visit across the country. The issue recognizes the 100th Anniversary of that tragic confrontation between the U.S. Cavalry and American Indians, the Battle of the Washita, near Cheyenne, on our western border.

Anyone who owns a complete set of Oklahoma Today issues covering the years from 1957 to the present possesses a research source which covers the Oklahoma story, containing in-depth information you cannot find anywhere else.

ALL-AMERICAN CITY

Oklahoma City was the largest city in the nation to achieve the coveted appellation All-American City in 1978. The city's comprehensive plan, Riverside neighborhood rehabilitation, and Historic Preservation Districts won the judges approval. Citizen participation rather than government grants provided a decisive factor. So many cities in Oklahoma have now achieved the All-American status that it has come to symbolize not an act of final approval, but a challenge to still greater achievement in quality of living.
TREASURE OF FORT GIBSON LAKE

In the 13th century men began trying to grow pearls by introducing a foreign object into a mollusk. Early lack of success was due to a misconception of how a pearl is formed. Once it was understood that pearls do not grow from nodes on the inner shell, but free in the host’s mantle, the ruffly fringe on an oyster’s body, experiments by Alverdes, and later by Mikimoto, led to the cultured pearl industry of today.

The industry depends on a continual source of fresh water mussel shells. Many of the world’s formerly productive beds have become polluted. Fort Gibson Lake, with neither salt nor alkali and a sufficiently consistent lake level, is a dependable and productive source. Last year four-hundred licensed divers took 1,278 tons of mussels from the lake.

These they sold for nearly $1,000,000 to processors who grade, clean, and ship the nacre to Japan, where it is cut and whirled into tiny perfect beads. The pearl farmers who breed the oysters implant these pellets. In three to seven years, they harvest the finished gems.

Diver Thomas Cooper, who came to Toppers, Oklahoma, from the Tennessee River, says that Oklahoma’s mussels are superior. Like most divers he is self-employed and works the season from February 15 to the following December 31. This requires occasional ice breaking. His equipment, which is expensive and often needs replacement, includes suits for all seasons.

He gathers mussels from two to twenty feet deep, the best harvesting being between eight and ten feet down.

Lonnie Garner is a shell processor who lives at Long Bay on Fort Gibson Lake. His plant furnishes shells for buttons, as well as pearls. Garner buys mussels that average three to four inches wide and steams them open in large vats. Once in awhile they produce a quality fresh water pearl. The clean half shells are trucked from the rails in Muskogee to Orient bound ships in Houston.

In Japan, the nacre is cut into cubes and tumbled with emery powder. The most popular size bead produced is six to seven millimeters, though one Garner customer produces eleven millimeter pellets for a pearl farmer who specializes in outsize gems.

In operating room sterile conditions, the beads are implanted in oysters grown for the express purpose of turning out cultured pearls. Implanted oysters are pampered in cages laced together for moving to suitable water temperatures, checked several times a day. The oysters are xrayed every three months. Those developing deformed pearls are discarded.

Even an expert needs more than a casual glance to detect the difference between a natural and a cultivated pearl. Next time you see a lady wearing a beautiful set of pearls you can justly wonder if they are cultured pearls, and whether they may have begun life in one of the lakes of Oklahoma.

... Jean K. Pope

The National Square Dance Convention this summer brought to Oklahoma City 23,879 dancers from all 50 states, the District of Columbia, Canada, the Canal Zone, England, Mexico, Saudi-Arabia, West Germany, Japan, Guam, Bolivia, Australia, and Africa. The camera catches the swirl and flow of dancing that filled the huge Myriad with movement, Country Western music, and the voices of the callers. Note the pretty patterns in silhouette the figures and shadows of the dancers make when limned by spotlight.
Ink
by Troy Shetty
Cheryl Mavey and Linda Vinson, instructors.
Edmond Memorial High School, Edmond

Tempera
by Linda Woodard
Patricia Sweeney, instructor.
Putnam City High School, Oklahoma City

Watercolor
by Bobbie Williams
Maudene Murphy, instructor.
Putnam City High School, Oklahoma City

Unidentified
NEW BOOKS

RANCH AND RANGE IN OKLAHOMA by Jimmy M. Skaggs, Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City, $8.00 paperback, $12.00 clothbound. The climatology and characteristics of every land are governing factors in the type of use to which that land should be put. In pre-European times this land largely belonged to the buffalo and creatures of the forest. Our Indian people made use of what mother Nature had provided. With the cattle drovers of the past century came the desire to turn the great buffalo pastures into cattle grazing lands. Struggles among the Five Tribes people who had been removed here, and with the U.S. Department of the Interior, frustrated that long range plan. The enlightening and informative articles by the learned historians writing for this book will expand your understanding of these events, in a most interesting way.

AMON by Jeny Flemmons, Jenkins Publishing Company, Austin, Texas, $12.95. This biography of Amon Carter may be the Wittiest book ever written. It contains humor in proportion to the humorous aspects of Carter's life—which makes for a generous measure of hilarity. He gloried in playing cowboy, though he never was one. He adopted for the Star-Telegram the slogan "Fort Worth—where the West begins!" and mild old Mr. J. C. Penney commented, "I think the West begins wherever Amon Carter is!" Twenty years ago biographer Jerry Flemmons attended the Kiowa Tonkongo Ceremonial at Anadarko, wearing a buckskin colored sombrero adorned with a long coup feather. He has counted many coups since then. This book is among his greatest. It will magnificently entertain any literate person. Anyone who has had any part in gathering or publishing the news will find it of special interest.

MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES IN THE OIL CONTROVERSY, 1917-1942 by Lorenzo Meyer, University of Texas Press, $19.95. The story of oil on the North American Continent is still very much being written. The whole history of our use of hydrocarbons is not much more than a century old. We find ourselves looking back and saying, "If we had only—" But we didn't. We had to develop all the techniques as we went and here is documentation of some of the blunders we made, both nationally and internationally. We brought ourselves early to the point where we must develop new sources of energy. Perhaps it is just as well to get on with it and find out whether we can do so, rather than being overly preoccupied with past error. A study of Meyer's thorough coverage may, however, help to prevent us from making some of the same blunders another time.

THE DELAWARE INDIAN WESTWARD MIGRATION by C. A. Weslager, The Middle Atlantic Press, Box 263 Wallingford, PA 19086, $16.00. The story of the removal of every Indian tribe from their homelands is grim. This is no exception. The removal of the Delawares from the Delaware River, west to the Susquehanna, on to the Ohio, across the Mississippi to Missouri, Kansas, and at last to Oklahoma is illustrative of the greed and deception that characterized the displacement of indigenous Americans. Though almost wiped out by their exodus, the two Oklahoma branches of the Delawares, in northeastern Oklahoma, and near Anadarko, have maintained their tribal unity and are one of the most progressive of Indian tribes. Author Weslager tells their story well.

Arthur Silberman's impressive show "100 YEARS OF NATIVE AMERICAN PAINTING," exhibited at the Oklahoma Museum of Art this spring, has received enthusiastic reviews in American Art Review, Oklahoma Today, Oklahoma Monthly, The Indian Trader, Art Voices, and the Southwestern Art Review.

A few copies of the show's catalog and poster are still available ($10.00 each). They may be obtained from the Museum, 7316 Nichols Road, Oklahoma City, 73120. The poster is an 18x24 reproduction in color of the Mopope Eagle Dancer painting here.

The catalog contains the finest of surveys of Indian painting, eighty-four paintings reproduced in black and white and in color, forward by James K. Reeve, and a thought-provoking introduction by Jamake Highwater. We believe that it is the best overall view of Indian painting in print, and will be valued by everyone interested in Indian art.
Fibers
by William Savoss
Kathleen Randobottom, instructor
East Central High School, Tulsa

Sgraffito
by David Shrode
Linda Wilson, instructor
East Central High School, Tulsa

Copper Etching
by Sandra Sexton
Karen Hoon, instructor
Memorial High School, Tulsa

Print
Allison Brooks
Marvin Embree, instructor
Heritage Hall High School, Oklahoma City
OKLAHOMA'S POCAHONTAS

The securely bound young white soldier looked helplessly about for someone who might save him. The distressed Indian girl ran to her father, pleading that the young officer's life be spared.

Familiar? Yes, but in this version the Indian maiden was not Pocahontas. She was a young Creek girl named Milly Francis. Her father was not the mighty Powhatan, but a prominent leader among the Creeks known as Francis the Prophet.

Soon after this episode he was himself executed by order of President Jackson for inciting the Seminoles to hostility.

The white man whose life the Indian girl saved was a Georgia militiaman, Captain Duncan McKrimmon. He sought her out years later and offered to marry her, an offer which she declined. In an unmarked and forgotten grave near Muskogee lie the remains of this special Indian woman, Milly Francis, Oklahoma's Pocahontas.

Milly was born around the year 1800 and grew up in Florida. Her father, during a visit to England in 1816, was received by Prince Regent George IV and made a brigadier general in the British Army.

At the time of the First Seminole War, 1816-18, it was a policy among the tribes that if any Indian caught a white man, he had the life of the white man in his power to do with as he wished. Not even a chief could save a white captive from death if his captors decreed it. It was during this period that Milly Francis came to the rescue of Duncan McKrimmon.

In 1844, a middle aged Milly Francis related her story to Major Ethan Allen Hitchcock during a trip he made to Indian Territory. Major Hitchcock, later to achieve the rank of major general, recorded the story in his diary.

Milly told Hitchcock she had heard a war whoop in the woods and went to investigate. She found two Indians with a young soldier who was naked and bound. He was lying on the ground and doubled over trying to hide his nakedness.

Milly went to her father and asked him to stop the execution. Her father told her the braves had the right over their captive's life, so Milly rushed back to plead with them. One of the Indians told her her two sisters had been killed by white men, and he longed to kill a white man for revenge.

Milly told the warrior that killing that man would not bring back his sisters. She pointed out how young the captive was. He had not the "head" of a man to guide him, she said, and should not be held responsible for being involved in the war.

Milly pleaded with the two braves until she had arranged for McKrimmon's life to be saved. Instead, he was to have his head shaved and be forced to live with the Indians. McKrimmon readily agreed to the bargain and thrust his head out saying, "Yes, yes, cut it all off if you choose."

McKrimmon remained with the Creeks for two years until he was sold to Spaniards for a barrel of whiskey. Milly's story became widely publicized. Niles Weekly Register, a prominent news magazine of the time, related how Milly Francis "saved the life of a Georgia man, whom her countrymen had taken prisoner and were about to put to death, when this modern Pocahontas, finding entreaties vain, determined to save his life or perish with him; she was successful, and the man preserved."

Milly told Major Hitchcock that, when the Creeks were moved to Indian Territory, people along the way had read about her, and gave her presents.

At the time Major Hitchcock encountered her, she was living in the Three Forks country near present Muskogee. She was poor, and was having a difficult time making a living for herself and her children. Major Hitchcock, in Indian Territory to investigate living conditions of the Indians who had been relocated here, reported the sad plight of this notable Indian woman to the War Department.

Hitchcock's letter was forwarded from the Secretary of War to the House Committee on Indian Affairs. The United States Congress passed an act on June 17, 1844, granting Milly Francis a pension of $96 per annum "as testimonial of the gratitude and bounty of the United States for the humanity displayed by her in the war...in saving the life of an American citizen who was a prisoner in the hands of her people and about to be put to death by them."

The act provided that a medal be struck and given to Milly to show the gratitude of the United States.

However, the wheels of bureaucracy turned all too slowly. It took three and a half years for the Indian Department to inform Creek Agent James Logan about the action of Congress. A letter telling of the pension and medal reached Agent Logan in late 1847. He read it to Milly and the Creek chiefs as they sat in council.

Many more months were to pass before the first payment on Milly's pension arrived. When Logan went to visit her to have her sign the papers needed for him to collect the money for her, he found her gravely ill and living in the most wretched conditions. He summoned medical aid, but the unfortunate woman soon died.

Milly Francis never received any of her pension, or the medal authorized by Congress. She did take some comfort in the recognition of her deed for, on her deathbed, she told Agent Logan she was grateful for the notice the government had taken of her.

... Judith Wall
OCTOBER

The days are swift birds that fly away.
Indian Summer yellows float to earth.

"The same cooler wind tomorrow"
flickers in the oaks and they chap with red.

Even the lakes get reflective in October;
the red of the sumac intermarries
with the blue wavelets of the lake.

The shadows of October are relaxed;
long and lean messengers of November.

Count up the promises made by March;
be content with the promises kept
and forget the omissions.

Until you understand October you cannot know April.
Until you reconcile the dying leaf,
you cannot consider the meaning of the redbud bloom.

Even folks with tough hands and deep brown wrinkles
just out of the glinting summer sun
say, "It's October," gently here.

NOVEMBER

The owl hoots in the night,
and the wild goose cries.

In November the wind rustles
and brittle leaves get the shakes.

The willows by the lakeside
have lost their golden wigs
and show only their bare sides.

A woodcock disguises himself,
and mingles with a crowd of leaves.

Clouds quilt their way over the sun;
hurrying.

A windmill creaks,
and tall grass bows in homage.

The snow is scared spitless
as winter's wrath toys with November.

The feathered pilgrim goose
belongs to a pattern,
a cycle, a song of faith,
when November migrates by.

by Ken Greenwood

DECEMBER

Smoke drapes a sandstone chimney
and hangs a silver garland on a frosty dawn.

December pilfers the short days away.

The aroma of hickory logs
rises toward the evening stars.

A tug boat and barge nuzzle the north wind,
and mallards wedge their winter mystery.
The robber crow finds a jury of sparrows.

Hedge rows sift the snow
and cedar trees make the wind a murmur.
Sleet covers the winter wheat.

In a windrow near the timber
leaves put on mittens of wet snow.

Morning is gift wrapped in red and white haze
for opening later in the December day.

Evening spreads pink frosting from the horizon.
And the moon is half a homemade cookie
lifting through the silent night.
It isn’t June that busted out all over this year. It’s preservation fever. All over the state. From Laverne to Millerton to Rose to Duke.

One sees evidence everywhere. Residential and commercial areas becoming historic preservation districts . . . fine individual homes being restored, still-sound public buildings being put to new uses . . . historical societies being organized . . . books being published . . . new museums being established and old ones being expanded . . . recognized historic structures being preserved and unevaluated archeological sites being studied.

But let’s get down to specifics. What follows are some of the many projects now under way around the state.

NEIGHBORHOODS are back in favor. That fact should be understood to begin with for it underlies the bulk of preservationist activity everywhere. Reaction has clearly set in to urban renewal’s penchant for site-clearing demolition. Older families, to protect long-time home investments, are joining younger couples who seek the generous living space and tree-shaded graciousness of older housing to form historic preservation districts. The move is having far-reaching consequences.

Oklahoma City, under the leadership of the late George H. Shirk, led the way in 1967 with establishment of the state’s first municipal historic preservation code. First fruit was the Heritage Hills district just north of downtown, with its mansions and near-mansions of the City’s first builders.

Similar districts and neighborhoods are being created all over. They are not all silk-stocking affairs. Oklahoma City alone has over a half-dozen of them today, ranging from the Heritage Hills and Capitol/Lincoln Terrace areas to the more modest Edgemere, Putnam Heights, and Mesta Park.

Tulsa has established two fine preservation districts: Maple Ridge and Riverview. Both are just south of the downtown area, on the rolling wooded bluffs overlooking the Arkansas where the Oil Capital’s affluent began building in the 1920s.

Elsewhere over the state is Enid seeking to preserve its McKinley district homes. Lawton, having seen its downtown disappear almost completely, is moving to save a nearby area of fine homes. Nearly complete is restoration of the Historic Mattie Beal Payne House, a project of the Lawton Heritage Association.

Elk City is combining commercial and residential preservation in a nine-block West Broadway project. It starts with the one-time home of the German State Bank (1908) and runs westward over well-laid brick paving through five blocks of comfortable residences, oldest of which was built in 1902, only a year after the town was born.

Eventually Pauls Valley would go the “Guthrie route.” That is, it would
declare all of the city within its original city limits a preservation district. For now, however, it is beginning with a 14-block downtown area that, along with original brick pavement, still boasts many fine early-day commercial structures. Several of these have already been restored and local enthusiasm spawned an unusual spring preservation-revitalization seminar that attracted more than a hundred participants from a score of state cities and towns.

More modest, but a significant start, is Norman's downtown preservation effort. Starting at the Santa Fe tracks—with, hopefully, the Santa Fe depot and old Interurban station (it of fond and not-so-fond memories for all middle aged and older Sooners)—the district extends east for two blocks. Best known commercial building in the district is undoubtedly the old Sooner Theater, which local arts leaders hope to restore for a variety of cultural programs.

ISOLATED preservation projects are even more numerous and widespread. In most cases it's a matter of adaptive use—putting an old structure to a new use. Examples can be found everywhere. And they seem totally unrelated to the size and affluence of the town and/or organization pushing them.

Tulsa (pop. 331,638) has embarked on an adaptive-use conversion of its long-popular Adams Hotel (noteworthy terracotta work) into a downtown apartment complex while Laverne (pop. 1,373) has saved its modest frame Fox Hotel to house the town's museum.

Similarly, affluent Ponca City (pop. 25,940) is spending some $4 million to convert E. W. Marland's lavish mansion complex, The Villa, into a posh Seminar Center while Apache (pop. 1,421) is investing limited cash—but possibly more individual sweat—to adapt its two-story stone Apache State Bank for such typical small-town uses as library, museum, community meeting place.

Muskogee (pop. 37,331) has restored its handsome Union Agency to serve as the Five Civilized Tribes Museum while tiny Gate (pop. 151) has salvaged its M-K-T depot to house the town's library and museum.

Depots, incidentally, are "in" these days, largely because they are disappearing so rapidly from the scene. Along with Gate these Oklahoma towns with adaptive-use train stations come readily to mind: Forgan (restaurant), Sallisaw (bank), Slick (church), Hallett and Hitchcock (homes), Guthrie (feed store), Stratford and Poteau (city halls).

Depots-turned-museums are now found in El Reno, Pawhuska, Cushing, Anadarko, Drumright, Kaw City, and Collinsville. Meanwhile, Oklahoma City's prepossessing Union Station is being converted into a corporate headquarters building. And City of Shawnee and Pottawatomie County Historical Society officials are deciding how best to utilize the state's most photogenic depot—the be-towered, castlelike Santa Fe station.

HOUSES, of course, continue to be the most popular target of preservationists. And for a variety of reasons. Age, for example. The Muskogee County Historical Society is currently absorbed in reconstruction in Fort Gibson of the relocated Adair House. It dates from the 1820s and is certainly one of the oldest family homes in the state.

Type of construction is also an important criterion in determining the desirability of preservation. Cleo Springs with its homesteader's sod house and the picket-post teamster's cabin preserved at Fort Supply (both by the state) are familiar examples. But the Museum of the Western Prairie at Altus has only recently recreated a once-common stone half-dugout on its grounds. Now it is spurring interest in preserving several original ones in the area, along with two noteworthy Old Greer County ranchhouses, also of stone. And the history-minded in Lawton are working to see that some of that area's unusual cobblestone structures are preserved.

Naturally, the impressive near-
Preservation

mansion—especially if lived in by notables bearing such names as Marland, Phillips, Skelly, Overholser, Hales, Grissio, Champlain, Hefner, and the like—are eminently worth preserving. And many of them are, mostly as private homes. But a few—like the Overholser, and Hefner (Oklahoma Heritage Association) in Oklahoma City, the Frank Phillips in Bartlesville—are open to the public.

WHAT's causing this dramatic upsurge of interest in preservation? At the risk of appearing simplistic we suggest two factors, one esthetic, the other economic. They are not unrelated.

As the world about us changes with future-shock suddenness, we are becoming increasingly aware of the way of life we are rapidly losing . . . and of all its charms, real and imagined. We are seeking to preserve this vanishing lifestyle and its rich heritage.

Town and country histories are gushing forth all over the state. Kiowa County is now working on Volume III! Rocky Jones, Curator of the Oklahoma Historical Society, says there are now well over 100 museums across the state. And more are appearing almost every day.

Folks in Geary, Barnsdall, and Tillman County have begun to gather materials for museums-to-be. The latter recently announced, with appropriate pride, receipt of its first display item; a huge solid copper tub from the largest still ever confiscated in that county. And one can’t get much more preservation-minded than that!

But so much for esthetics. What about economics? It would seem to be the Holy Grail theme all over again.

Many towns (not all of them small ones) are casting about for a magic elixir to stimulate growth. Some have come to "an almost shocking realization: that the best thing the place can have is what it's already got." Such, at least, is the conviction of Philip Morris, who has studied a number of dying communities that reversed the trend and began to prosper by exploiting their historic heritage.

"The fact is," he explains, "Many small towns are urbane, complete neighborhoods enjoyable to visit and walk through, full of interesting architecture of the past—something fast becoming a rarity in most of the places people live." And what he says of small towns applies just as readily
to cities.

Only recently Oklahoma City has inaugurated "architectural tours" to stimulate interest in its historic heritage. And, admittedly, to encourage its preservation. A similar upsurge of interest in historic preservation, in its many varied aspects, is in evidence all across the state.

Arn Henderson of the University of Oklahoma, is currently compiling a pictorial inventory of Oklahoma architecture. John W. Morris and Charles R. Goins have written a book for the OU Press on Oklahoma houses, of all types, shapes, and sizes.

"HERITAGE" considerations obviously figure into many preservation projects. The Cheyennes and Arapahos have handsomely restored Cantonment's last remaining stone building to serve their developing recreational complex on Canton Lake in Blaine County. The Cherokees are repossessing their old (1869) Capitol, which has served as Sequoyah County Courthouse since statehood. With the one-time Supreme Court Building (1844) and National Jail (1874), it will become part of a new Cherokee Nation complex in downtown Tahlequah. Near Rose the state has restored Saline Court House (1871), lone survivor of nine that once served the Cherokee Nation.

As for the Choctaws, they have recently completed a handsome restoration of their Old Capitol (1838) at Tuscaloosa. Nearing completion is restoration of old Presbyterian College in Durant (to serve as tribal headquarters) and they are now moving to preserve the main building of famed Wheelock Academy near Millerton. Both institutions played important roles in Choctaw history.

But along with "heritage" values these projects also make dollars-and-cents sense. Historic preservation, the U. S. General Services Administration reports, is superior to urban renewal because it creates more jobs, saves on demolition costs, provides greater amenities (saved time, more space), and—most importantly—gives "people a sense of time, place and meaning in terms of where they live." Historic preservation is thus "successful for purely business reasons—it costs less to rehabilitate a building than to construct a new one . . . "

Partly this is so because of tax benefits under the Tax Reform Act of 1976, according to Dr. Howard Meredith, director of the state preservation office within the Oklahoma Historical Society. With Dr. Harry L. Deupree, state historic preservation officer for Oklahoma, he is over-all director of the state's multi-faceted preservation effort. As an example of its present scope: the 1978 budget has allocated some $600,000 to more than a dozen individual projects across the state.

"Historic preservation," says Meredith, "has become a major focus in the urban centers of Oklahoma where young families are seeking the space and quality of older housing, fifty years old and older." (Significantly, he is one of them, having taken over the Gov. Roy J. Turner home in the Capitol/Lincoln Plaza Historic district. Another: Dr. Paul F. Lambert, youthful director of the Oklahoma Heritage Association, who has become a homeowner in the Heritage Hills district.)

WHERE will it all end? Happily, no one knows! But the outlook is bright, at least so far as the preservationist-minded Sooner is concerned.

With construction costs sky-high, rehabilitation and putting to new use structurally sound buildings becomes increasingly desirable. Witness the recent conversion of Tulsa's old, handsomely classic City Hall into an even more handsome office building. Two other city halls promise similar adaptive use: Okmulgee and Hobart.
Guthrie has Oklahoma’s first Historic Preservation Project funded by the National Archives. Headed by Lloyd Lentz, III, the project is microfilming records from Guthrie’s beginning in 1889 to 1920, preparing an inventory of and permanent security for these records; an effort of incalculable value to future research. Police Dockets, Ordinances, Fugitives Wanted Notices, Arbitration Board of Claims Disputes, and other records are included. Some gaps created by record books destroyed or stolen exist, but the overall picture is still surprisingly complete. This project hopes to make it immune to further deterioration. Shown here are some of the items being preserved: Historic Photos, Oklahoma Avenue in 1910 (page 26), the Santa Fe depot on April 23, 1889 (page 26), Bond Records, letter dated August 26, 1889, from the first mayor of Guthrie to John Noble, Sec. of Interior, Washington, D.C.; opening page of the minutes of the first meeting of Guthrie’s city council, April 26, 1889, four days after the Run.
Words on the Wind

The clever *Book of Lists* (Bantam Books, New York, $2.50) names the twelve windiest cities in the U.S.A. Oklahoma City is number two: Chicago isn't even on the list.1

The best description of our Oklahoma wind was written by a Venezuelan, Rómulo Gallegos. He called the wind *la copla errante* and if you can read Spanish you'll find it beautiful.

Todos los caminos la oyeron pasar. ¡Y mire que hay caminos en el llano! Allá va por delante de la punta de ganado, a través de la muda soledad de los bancos y a veces se quita las palabras y se queda en cuernos de tonado, silbido lúgubre y tendido. Allá viene, compañera del caminante solitario con varios soles a cuesta. Allí entona galeros y corridos al son del arpa y las maracas. Aquí llega; rasgueando el cuatro, a la porfía de los cantadores alardosos:

Desde el llano adentro vengo
tramoliando este cantar.
Cantaclaro me han llamado.
¿Quién se atreve a replicar?

Don Rómulo Gallegos was writing of his own country which, like Oklahoma, is of a varied terrain, even more exaggerated than ours. But the Oklahoma lands and those of Venezuela have a kinship that is alike in spirit. Our translation of Don Rómulo’s words on the wind is more emotional than literal;

Every road has heard it pass; and through the plains it makes its own roads. There it goes, beyond the head of the trailing line of cattle, crossing the mute solitudes of cutbanks and draw. At times it snatchs the very words from your lips, then remains, in horns of tone, whistling languidly and long drawn out. Now here it comes, companion to anyone who rides alone, from whatever direction. Yonder it sings, of the gallant or of the homely, to the sound of harps and clattering rhythms. It arrives, playing its own guitar with such artistry as to shame the virtuosos.

I come from deep in the plains
there behind me
Riding and singing I play my guitar
A maker of songs as many have called me.
Who dares deny me, either near or afar?

---

1. 1. Great Falls, Mont. 7. Milwaukee, Wis.
5. Wichita, Kansas 11. Dallas, Tex.
Chicago, if listed, would have ranked No. 16.
One night, waiting for sleep to arrive while I lay in my room at Arrowhead Lodge, the strong wind gusts sweeping out of those timbered hills and valleys were singing a double quartet around the lodge eves, in the window casements, aloft and alow; great “horns of tone” sounded, “whistling languidly and long drawn out.” A verse came to me;

\[
\text{SONG} \\
\text{The wind sings of my native earth.} \\
\text{For the outsider it sings rough verses of sadness almost overwhelming.} \\
\text{But for me— I have lived my life In the arms of this wind, For me it sings differently.} \\
\text{It sings of things close to my heart.}
\]

As a gesture of respect to Don Rómulo Gallegos, I put it in Spanish;

\[
\text{CANCION} \\
\text{El viento canta de mi tierra natal} \\
\text{A los extranjeros un verso borroso de tristeza casi abrumadora.} \\
\text{Pero a mí que he hecho mi vida en los brazos de ese viento canta de otra manera.} \\
\text{Canta los versos de mi corazón.}
\]

... BB
It had been raining in Oklahoma City for a solid week. At the Linwood Road Racing Course, 37-year-old Barney Oldfield slapped the Friday edition of The Oklahoma News against his thigh and muttered, the trademark cigar clenched between his teeth. The Southwest Sweepstakes Road Race had just been postponed for the second time, and it was now April 23, 1915. Dull skies prompted predictions of more rain on Saturday and Sunday, and Oldfield despaired that the race ever would be held. He repeated his desire to leave Oklahoma City not later than Sunday in order to arrive in Indianapolis in time to begin preparations for qualifying for the 5th annual Indianapolis 500 motor race. He saw little chance, after talking with Dick Cashart, president of the Southwest Racing Association, and Referee W. J. Furlong of San Antonio, that the race could be held in time.

For Oldfield and the other drivers gathered in Oklahoma City for the southwest's first big American Automobile Association-sanctioned road race, it was a disheartening prospect. The $5,000 purse was incredibly large for its day and among the other entrants were America's foremost racing pioneers, both drivers and riding mechanics. Oldfield was the best known of the motor racing daredevils. His fame came as driver of the Henry Ford-built "Ford 999," a fire-and-brimstone racer with a tiller steering apparatus and tall, thin tires.

On Memorial Day, June 25, 1903, he became the first American to cover a mile a minute during a match race in New York, and he was front page news across the nation. He also was the U.S. Driving Champion. During the next 12 years, Oldfield continued to race and set a new land speed record of 131.1 MPH.

On March 17, 1915, his last race before coming to Oklahoma City, he won the 300-mile Venice (California) Grand Prix in a Maxwell with an average speed of 88.80 MPH.

Flamboyant, irascible, controversial, a daredevil, a great showman—Oldfield's entry in the race assured one of the largest crowds ever to watch a sporting event in Oklahoma.

While Oldfield fretted about the weather, the head of the Oklahoma City Bank Clearing House Association, R. O. Wunderlich, contemplated asking the city's member banks to close for the race—ly and when it was held.

At the track, Referee Furlong set the race for Sunday, April 25th, at 2 p.m. In downtown Oklahoma City, reported The News, "hotels are filling up in the same manner as they did for Thursday last. Many downtown stores will close and most of the other official places, and plans were being completed . . . for permitting attendance by school children. A half price has been offered to school children by the racing association."

So the stage was set for an exciting 83-lap, 200-mile race: the daredevil auto racing stars of the day were on hand, the race was billed as a prelude to the Indy 500 and the repeated postponements had garnered additional publicity. In short, the entire city was talking about the great road race.

On Saturday evening, April 24, 1915, it rained again in Oklahoma City.

BY MIKE MCCARVILLE
The following Sunday afternoon at 1:15 p.m., a conference was held among officials and participants. All agreed to wait one more day before cancelling the race, even though this was the third postponement and even though drivers Earl Cooper and Dave Lewis objected to waiting any longer.

In mid-afternoon Sunday, as a deluge fell, the race was set for the following Thursday at 2:30 p.m.

On Tuesday, between sprinkles, Bob Burman uncovered his Peugeot and made several warmup laps of the course. His last lap took one minute, 56 seconds, a speed of about 64 MPH.

Wednesday was dry. At dawn on Thursday, declared a "gala day" by Mayor Ed Overholser, came clearing skies. It was 67 degrees.

As the sun's faint and struggling rays first broke through the remaining clouds, Furlong, Carlhart and other race officials were at the Limwood course. A preliminary, 150-mile motorcycle race was first on the day's schedule, to be followed by a warmup race and then, the 90-mile auto race and then, the 200-mile feature race.

Burman and Oldfield spent the morning at the baseball game between Oklahoma City and Tulsa, at the request of city fathers. Burman threw the first ball out—to Oldfield.

"I'll be so fast Barney won't even see it," said Burman.

"Bob throws a baseball like he drives," said Oldfield. "I'll have no trouble catching his pitch." Burman's pitch whistled by Oldfield, who didn't even get his glove on it.

By 1 p.m., reported The News, "the sidewalks leading to the entrance were crowded with people, and the pavements were thick with chugging autos. Shortly after 2 p.m., Racing Association President Carlhart estimated the crowd at 12,000, a sell-out and the largest crowd known to have gathered for any event in Oklahoma's young history.

At the same time, Referee Furlong and starter Fred Wagner were aligning the cars. Wagner, known throughout the country as the premier starter on the AAA racing circuit, was an unlikely official: he couldn't drive a car himself.

At the start line, Furlong and Wagner directed the cars into place.

The temperature was 84 degrees.

In the first row of two abreast were the #10 Stafford driven by Albert Striegel with riding mechanic Day in the passenger seat, and the #4 Case with Rainey driving and Moore the riding mechanic.

In Row Two were the #3 Simplex of Louis Dishrow with Needham his riding mechanic, and the #8 Stutz with the famed Earl Cooper driving and Dutton the mechanic.

In Row Three sat the #6 Peugeot driven by "Wild Bob" Burman with riding mechanic, and the #5 Case with Eddie Hearne driving and Louis LeCocq the mechanic.

In Row Four were the #7 Stutz of Dave Lewis with Carlhart and the mechanic, and the #2 Maxwell with Billy Carlson the driver and Frazen the mechanic.

In Row Five were the #1 Maxwell of Barney Oldfield, Goetz the mechanic, and the #9 Mercedes driven by George Clark of Fort Worth, with Reese the mechanic.

In Row Six, alone, sat the #11 Tulsa car with A. F. Scott the driver and Combs the mechanic.

Eleven cars driven by the country's best and most famous drivers, awaited the riding mechanics aboard, awaited the knowledgeable starting gurations of the man who couldn't drive a car himself.

Precisely at 2:30 p.m., with the 12,000 spectators on their feet screaming, the first two cars were off. At 20 second intervals, the other cars followed, in pairs, until all were underway.

The lone car in Row Six, the Tulsa car driven by A. F. Scott, shot away with Wagner's start. Accelerating rapidly, Scott dove into the course "Willard Hook" turn, the car shot off

Barney Oldfield
Burman, driving the #6 Peugeot, was in 4th place by about 35 seconds, 20 of which was the starting interval time. Then, in the 11th lap, Burman suddenly slowed and pulled into the pits, and Dave Lewis, driving the #7 Stutz, drove like a madman to overcome Burman's time lead.

Remarkably, Burman and mechanic Haibe changed a tire in only 30 seconds and pulled back onto the course as Lewis came charging into sight less than five seconds behind. Soon thereafter, Earl Cooper put the #8 Stutz into the inside bank at “Rainbow Curve” and was out.

Nine cars now remained. George Clark, driving the #9 Mercedes, knew he was in trouble when he saw the first piece of flame licking from the side of the car. Braking and pulling to the side of the course, he and mechanic Reese scrambled to safety. But the nearby crowd panicked and several persons were trampled in the stampede to escape the burning car.

Eight cars now remained. Up in the front of the pack, Burman had moved the Peugeot steadily forward. Over his shoulder sped Lewis in his Stutz, the gap between them barely a car length.

On they raced this way, to the midpoint and beyond, slowly moving up on the leaders. Suddenly, Billy Carlson's Maxwell staggered, belched smoke and he was out of the race with a blown engine.

Seven cars remained. Burman and Lewis, their cars straining at speeds near 70 MPH, hurled around the course. At about lap 72, Lewis lost control in the Willard Hook curve and his car shot over the bank. Seconds later, never having stopped, the car roared back onto the track, sideways, in pursuit of Burman.

Burman, meanwhile, was fighting a personal battle of his own. Unknown even to Haibe, his riding mechanic, a rock had hit his goggles on lap 7 and a piece of the goggle glass was jammed into the corner of his right eye. He later described the pain as "terrible." Yet on he drove, keeping both eyes open despite the shard of glass. He later said the rock had been thrown up by the tires on Eddie Hearne's car.

As Burman and Lewis raced on, they overtook the Hearne car and, ironically, a rock kicked up by Burman's car hit Hearne in the nose, breaking his racing goggles.

Near lap 75, Burman and Lewis were in front of the five other remaining cars with only eight laps remaining. Lewis had a half-car length lead.

The cars were virtually neck and neck as they hit the main straight. Burman pulled slightly ahead and a small rock kicked up by his left rear tire hit Lewis in the goggles, cracking both glasses. Lewis dropped back slightly and then began to close the gap again. Slowly, he passed Burman as the crowd roared.

Then, the Lewis Stutz suddenly seemed to drift and, with mechanic Devore pointing frantically at a tire, Lewis slowed and, on the next lap, whipped into the pits as the air slowly went from the tire. No time was kept for the tire change, but it must have been at least as fast as Burman's 30-second tire change early in the race, for Lewis and Devore shot back onto the track as a thunderous ovation from the spectators rolled over the course above the noise of the cars.

But Burman had set his sail by now and appeared at least a full minute ahead of Lewis.

At lap 82, with one to go, Burman had the lead by a solid margin. In 2nd was Lewis. In 3rd was Rainey in his Case, and in 4th, Hearne in his Case. Louis Disbrow's Simplex was 5th and Al Striegel, 6th.

Barney Oldfield, plagued by engine troubles, limped along in 7th—and last—place, and that's how the race ended.

Burman crossed the finish line at the end of lap 83, having driven 199.532 miles in 2 hours, 56 minutes at an average speed of 67.98 MPH, a remarkable speed considering the condition of the damp and rock-strewn course, not to mention the piece of glass stuck in his eye.

Lewis, his visions of 1st place dashed by the off-course excursion and flat tire, finished 2nd with a time of 2 hours, 57 minutes and 25 seconds, almost a minute and a half behind Burman.

At the end of the race, Burman had to be helped from the car. Blood trickled down his face and an emergency operation was needed to remove the glass from his eye. But he had won. He had the lion's share of the $5,000 purse, he had beaten arch competitor Lewis and he now had the psychological advantage going into the prestigious, 5th annual Indy 500.

The importance of the Oklahoma City race became clear in later years, as most of those who competed became international driving champions whose names today are synonymous with motor racing history.

Even the few who faded into obscurity contributed to what auto historians now describe as one of America's classic early road races between men who became legends.
When oil was discovered in Oklahoma it changed the lives of a lot of people, my family included.

Dad was a farmer before he became an oil field pumper, but that was before my time. Since I was born on an oil lease, that makes me a true, born and bred Oilfield Brat.

Life on an oil lease when I was a practicing Oilfield Brat was different from that life today. In fact, I'm not sure that families still live on leases. In some areas, maybe, but I think that today most of them live in town and drive back and forth.

It didn't matter which lease or in what part of the country we lived because each one was pretty much like the other: a house with two or three bedrooms, a dining room, living room and kitchen and, if you happened to be a boss or chief, a bathroom. Most of the houses had big front porches and sidewalks, else how would we have learned to roller skate? You dug your own cellar and built your own barnyard facilities.

We were transferred around a lot and even if it didn't matter about the location, the time of year and what the previous occupants had done was important. Dad might be moved in the spring just when the garden was ready to harvest, or when a new crop of baby chicks was about ready to hatch, and there was no guarantee that the people who lived in the house before you had the same decorating tastes you did.

It made a big difference to us school children. We oilfield kids were generally accepted the same as other children in a country school, but it was different if you happened to be the first Oilfield Brat in a school where they had never heard of an oil boom. In one such school someone asked a teacher how many students she had and her reply was “20 students and 10 Oilfield Children.”

Oil. Black Gold. But that's not what it was called around our house. Dad had a few pet names for it, and if Mom referred to it at all it was that nasty stuff we had better have wiped off of our shoes before we came into the house. (We had been playing in it all day!)

Mom and Dad were Albert and Augusta Beers and we had a large family, 12 in all, but because of age differences and because not all lived to be grown there were never more than five at home at the same time. You can believe that with a name like Beers at least one of us always had the nickname “3.2.”

I was the last of the 12 so my life had nothing to do with the first half of the family except in passing.

Living in an era with no television and few radios, with towns few and far between, we took our entertainment where we found it. A movie was a rare treat. Our lives revolved around school and its activities, rod lines, circulating tanks, and pipe lines.

Each morning Mom and Dad would be up with the first rooster crow. Breakfast meant home-cured ham or bacon, eggs from the henhouse, big, fluffy biscuits spread with freshly-churned butter and, of course, thick, rich milk from our Jersey cow.

About half way through breakfast the telephone would ring and Dad would answer it with “Beers here,” then tell the person who was calling
how much oil his wells had pumped the day before.

The telephone, far from the streamlined beauty of today, was a big, clumsy box on the wall. It had a long, protruding mouthpiece and a heavy black receiver that hung on a hook on the side.

At least a dozen families used the same line. All the rings were heard in every house so it wasn't by accident that every conversation also was heard by others on the line. Our ring was one long and one short and among his cronies Dad was known as Long, Short Beers.

After we finished breakfast Dad would be off to start his wells, Mom about her household chores, my older sister Jimmie and me off to school. If it happened to be summer or a Saturday I would tag after Dad because what he did was more fun than washing dishes or making beds, things I'd have had to do if I stuck around the house. I was a hopeless tomboy.

Recently I met a classmate I hadn't seen for 30 years and he was telling his wife that he didn't know I was a girl until I was grown up.

The first stop was the power house to start the engine that made all the wells go. It was a big thing but the fly wheel used to start it was stupendous. Suspended like a gigantic wagon wheel, it was connected to the engine by an axle and Dad made it go round by climbing up the spokes. He did this until it went fast enough to start the engine.

The engine transmitted power to the well pumps by means of “rod lines” that moved back and forth, doing the same job, I guess, as the handle on the water pump. Dad could control the pumping of each well by connecting or disconnecting rod lines. Our beloved rod lines. How we loved to ride 'em!

With the wells scattered over acres of land, the rods crossed and crisscrossed the oil lease, sometimes lying flat on the ground, sometimes high in the air. They crossed deep chasms and shallow streams, reaching out to the often distant well whatever the terrain.

After Dad got the engine started and running good he had to go from well to well seeing that all was okay. After that his day was usually filled with keeping the lease neat and clean.

Weeds are weeds, whether they are growing between rows of cotton or corn or between oil tanks and derricks. They have to be hoed. That and keeping the tree trunks whitewashed filled plenty of hours for him.

I was usually free to pursue my own desires. My friends Dorris and Winston and I climbed trees and played Cowboy and Indian, but our favorite was skinning the cat or walking on the rod lines or the pipe lines.
Sometimes Jimmie would join us. Sometimes she "wouldn't be caught
dead playing those silly games."

There was a small storage tank for
every well on a lease and, at the end
of the day, Dad would gauge (meas-
ure) the oil in each one. If the well,
for some reason, had not done its job
he'd have to call the roustabouts and
have them "pull it" and clean it out.
At the end of the week an official
gauger would come around, measure
all the tanks, and that oil was sent
on to larger tanks. Then still bigger
ones.

The bigger the tank, the bigger the
pipe line. Like the rod lines, they
crisscrossed the countryside. An inch
or so to 24 inches in diameter. They
stood still and were better than rod
lines for crossing ravines or chasms
because they were easier to walk.

My favorites were the 24-inch ones,
but even these were not easily ma-
neuvered, especially when crossing a
rain-swollen creek. Many times my
older sisters Juanita or Jimmie had
to rescue me from the middle of one
because I would get scared and sit
down and scream and refuse to move
until one of them came back and held
my hand.

After we had suffered through a day
of summer heat, without air condi-
tioning, of course, evening would bring
its reward. A swim in the circulating
tank.

Other kids may always have had
their parks and beaches and swimming
pools. We had Hickory Creek,
or the circulating tank. Waikiki it
wasn't. It didn't even have a sun deck
to lie on.

The circulating tank was a large
affair of wooden slats, like an over-
sized barrel, and was kept full of
clean, clear water. It had its tech-
nical use like everything else on the
lease but as far as we were concerned
it was there for the sole purpose of
providing us a place to swim. We
were content with it, and Hickory
Creek.

As I said before, lease houses were
pretty much the same and not many
had bathrooms. Most had a little
house out back.

It was equipped with a catalogue,
from which we girls had cut out all
the paper dolls.

In the wintertime, one didn't linger
long in those outhouses. One didn't
plan to, anyway, but one time Dad
took too many Carter's Little Liver
Pills and spent most of the night in
one. The very next day, after well-
starting and checking, he didn't stop
until he had run a gas-line to the
outhouse. Behold! Once the word got
around, there wasn't an unheated outhouse in the country.

Ah, that natural gas! All a family
could use, and free. No worry about
it running out. Everyone cooked with
it. Our lights were gas jets in the
ceiling. It was used for heat and Mom
even had an iron that was heated with
a gas jet. Better than the kind with
removable handles that were heated
on the stove but still archaic com-
pared with today's sleek models.

And what a convenience for the
younger set. Practically every house
had a torch in the back yard, yester-
day's version of today's yard light.
Ours were better, though, because
they could be turned up as bright or
down as low as the occasion required.
Most of them were long pipes sticking
up in the air but ours was fixed so
that it could be up high or down on
the ground; high in the summer to
play games by, and down on the
ground in the winter, where ghost
stories were hatched and told around
its warmth, and an occasional weiner
sputtered on a stick, or a marshmal-
low toasted and fell to the ground.

When Dad wasn't tending to all
the numerous tasks expected of him,
or Mom wasn't canning something
grown in our garden or working at
any of the hundred and one chores
that she found to do around the house,
they could be counted on for a game
of croquet or horseshoes, or a freezer
of ice cream made in the shade of a
tree on a hot summer day.

It wasn't a bad life. Not bad at all.
When I left the oilfields things had
already begun to change; all kinds of
modernization so that one man could
handle more leases.

Lease houses were sold to the peo-
ple who had been living in them, or
to anyone who wanted to buy them
and move them away. Pumpers who
weren't out of a job were furnished
a car so they could live in nearby
towns and not on the leases.

Not long ago I took a nostalgic trip
back to one of the places I had lived.
All I found were a few crumbling
foundations.

And a million memories.
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