

Northbound - Just Past the Cimarron

While north bound on I-35 north of Oklahoma City, it was early afternoon with about half coverage of puffy cumulus clouds with a temperature of about 93 degrees. Not bad for the middle of September and the traffic was behaving, so me and ole Biscuit were enjoying the scenery. Was going from Logan County into the southwester edge of Payne and started down the hill to cross the bridge over the Cimarron River thinking of Edna Ferber and the time when I used to come up this direction in the late 50's before turning east to Oklahoma A&M. The Cimarron red looked very much like the Red 'red' I had crossed a couple of hours before.

Actually, I don't remember a prettier Oklahoma.

The natural grass, rolling hills, abundant green cedar trees everywhere, was as close to being in the native plains as one could get – there was even a lack of bill boards, cell towers, crossing high lines, and even few pumping stations.

And I thought about the Indians – way back there late in the 1700s and early 1800s with the Wichitas, Caddos, Apaches, and the Quapaws...wouldn't it be nice to kinda drift back and see what they saw? Just that six or seven mile jag. As pretty as it gets in Oklahoma – and we do have a lot of these jags we could hold up with the bucolic beauty of our state.

Up farther north getting ready to turn west toward Enid I saw them. The wind turbines. These are the big muthers like the ones in the Arbuckle Mountains on I-35. These large (huge) three bladed wind turbines look like they are here to stay.

And then I thought. Wonder what a warrior scout 200 years ago would do, coming up on one of these wind mills? Can you imagine a young buck maybe Osage, Pawnee, Kiowa, or Comanche topping the hill and then seeing in the distance this monster with slowing turning white blades?

I can see him. Reining in his pony, leaning forward with hand over his eyebrows, wide eyes looking. And then say sub-vocally to himself *"Whiskey, Tango, Foxtrot."*

Although this expression is probably a Potawatomi or Pushmataha dialectical slang, I can see him reaching for his bow and arrow and start plotting his attack.

Gary Heartsill

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