The color photos on the previous two pages are significant expressions of man and nature in the Carrizozo-Black Mesa country. Meaningful but incomprehensible petroglyphs, carved by the hands of prehistoric men, challenge modern man from ancient cliff and ledge living places. Lovely wild cactus flowers and perennials bloom on top of Black Mesa from early spring through early winter.

BY BILL BURCHARDT

Black Mesa thrusts abruptly out of the west, brooding and high, dominating the rough lands that fall away like a rough sea before the mesa prow. When clouds heavy with weather hang aloft it becomes aggressive, almost threatening, pendant, and darkly troubled.

A few years after the Louisiana Purchase had made this land U. S. territory two brothers, Juan and Vincente Baca of Las Vegas, New Mexico drove a herd of some 30,000 grazing sheep into the canyons beside Black Mesa. They were headed for trouble.

They profited from a splendid lamb and wool crop in 1864, spread the good tidings among friends and neighbors in Las Vegas, and two more brothers, Juan and Ramon Bernal, joined them in this Cimarron country with a herd of 20,000 sheep. They were to share the trouble that was brewing.

An outlaw named Coe with his band of robbers had preceded the sheep ranchers into this picturesque country. The gringo bandits were in business and well fortified in a stone fort atop the elevation we now call Robbers' Roost, high above the Carrizozo, a stream with a Spanish name referring to the reed grass which once grew thickly along its course.

Robbers' Roost mountain is just across the river from Black Mesa. It provided Coe and his rowdies with the perfect perch from which to scrutinize lone travelers and caravans proceeding through the valley below. A wandering mile south, the Carrizozo became an errant part of the Cimarron, and the Santa Fe Trail lay like a stretched rope across the lower reaches of the valley.

Prior to the coming of the brothers Baca and Bernal, Coe's bully boys had led a rich and happy life persecuting wagon trains and travelers that passed below. With the loot of their depredations it was easy to drift up to Denver and come back with a burro load of booze and a covey of friendly girls to ease the loneliness of their rock fortress hideout.

The coming of the Bacas and Bernales yet more enriched the outlaw's lives. Now they feasted, too. It was easier to kill a fatted lamb than it was to stalk the wary deer and other game the Cimarron country abundantly provided. But easy meat for the pot was not enough for Coe's renegades.

Their greed outran their judgment. In the mid-winter of 1867 Coe's outlaws killed three of the Bernal's sheep-herders and casually helped themselves to 3,400 of the Cimarron ranchers' sheep. It turned out to be one big mistake.

Ramón Bernal set forth with two of his best men plus two more Baca men. They trailed the outlaws quietly and carefully, choosing to let the thieving gringos camp, cook and eat, then go...
to bed and to sleep, before moving in.
Then they woke the outlaws up. They could easily have killed them, but such was not their purpose. The Bernal and Baca men sought justice, not blood. They recovered their sheep, appropriated the outlaws' horses, saddles, and camping gear, and departed.

About the only way you can really appreciate the outlaws' predicament at this point is to try traveling, afoot, and in the middle of the winter, from the Cimarron River confluence with Carrizo Creek up to the remains of old Coe rock fort atop Robbers' Roost mountain. It would be one, long, cold, walk.

Even this poetic justice was not quite enough for los señores Baca y Bernal. They did some traveling, too, on horseback, to the office of Sheriff L. A. Allen in eastern Colorado. Sheriff Allen adjured a posse and traveled back to Robbers' Roost. Here again taking advantage of the outlaws' determined, though false sense of security in the remoteness of their hideout, the sheriff waited, as Ramon Bernal and his men had waited, until the outlaws slept, without a posted guard.

The sheriff's posse captured eleven outlaws. The gringo sense of justice differed from that of the mejicano sheep ranchers. The posse lynched all eleven outlaws, hanging them from the limbs of winter-barren alamo trees up and down the banks of Carrizo Creek.

Coe was not captured with the eleven. It required a further fifteen mile chase to capture him. Nor was he lynched. There was reward money out for him. He was jailed in Colorado while the reward was collected. Then, somehow, he escaped. He got as far as Pueblo. And then he was lynched.

Rugged justice. Nevertheless, probably justice. The Cimarron country, with its rough barrancas and mesas was rugged country. It still is. It has always produced a rugged and precipitate breed of men.

Men—Caucasian, Spanish, French, and at first Indian—have been living along these northwestern reaches of the Cimarron for at least 10,000 years. The Folsom carbon-14 tests tell us that. We suspect that pre-Columbian Indian men, women, and children lived there much earlier than 10,000 years ago. The sturdy European frontiersmen who, in historic time followed them, did not live there. The Spaniards, Francisco de Coronado and Juan de Oñate, came to explore. Then the French came, using the country only for crossing, to exchange trade goods for Spanish gold and Indian good will.

The pre-historic Indians who lived there have left their commentaries in the pictographs and petroglyphs that abound throughout the region. They were rudimentary farmers, growers of corn. They were hardy men. A man who can kill a mastodon with a rock is a formidable man.

It is hard to envision what this pre-
Ghost town hunters seeking a ghost town to haunt should visit Kenton. Part ghost and part lively, there are crumbling and vacant adobe store, frame and masonry buildings. Some of these have been restored as retreats for escape to restful quiet. Kenton has a U.S. Post Office. It has picturesque Kenton store, stocking mundane items, groceries, soda pop, a few odds, rocks, painted wood chunks, and fossils of amity.
historic Cimarron country was like. In contrast to its nowadays seasonal climate it was, in pliestocene times, a tropical jungle. Dinosaurs feasted on its tropical fruits. Those lush tropical fruits are still found there, now petrified into stone.

There are fallen, petrified trees on the shoulders of Robbers’ Roost mountain. The tracks of living dinosaurs, the brontosaurus, the allosaurus, and huge pre-historic birds, are frequent there, found hardened and embedded in the ledges of rock along the water courses.

These creatures of the Jurassic and Cretaceous Ages were preceded and followed by other forms of life, mastodons, camels, eophippus, mollusks and sea creatures. All left their fossils and bones to be wondered at today. Patiently, painfully, we piece together this fantastic and long dead past as archeologists and anthropologists excavate, reconstruct, and speculate.

We try to interpret the messages pre-historic men carved in symbols and left there for us to puzzle over. These spirals, swastikas, interlocked squares and other shapes are like those found in New Zealand, the Polynesian Islands, in Asia, and baked into the vases of ancient Etruria and Crete.

Were these symbols the written language of an ancient race who were “of one language and one speech,” as the Old Testament tells us? Have these devices, found around the world, incorporated in the hieroglyphics of Egypt and the cuniform writings of pre-Phoenician cultures, a single common source? We cannot know. History is quickly lost, destroyed by the ages, ravaged by disasters of earthquake, fire, wind, flood, and forgotten in the span of man’s pale memory.

There is utter fascination in seeing these wonders of the Cimarron country, in weighing, in speculating, and predicating theories we can hardly disprove, and cannot prove. There is like fascination in seeing this gorgeous expansive land of brooding mesa, sun flooded plain, river, a spread of hues and tints no eye can encompass in a single look.

You are impelled to see it from low, looking aloft at its arrangements and shapes, then to climb high and observe from above. This painted land; you cannot exhaust its viewpoints, for these are infinite. The whole of time is here, from the forming of the earth to the present hour.

That which you may decipher from its vastness is a speck. A speck of knowledge that has been known, will surely once more be lost, and may be known again. Challenging? Indeed.

River, arroyo, mesa, and plain; it cannot be gathered in a searching gaze, nor captured in the widest thought. Neither mind nor eye will hold it. No technique of book or film can truly contain or display it. Though it is there, and yours to try; we urge you to try, and congratulate you for trying.
NEW CAMPUS ARCHITECTURE

Oklahoma's tree shaded campuses, colleges and universities, have been made even more attractive by new structures recently added. Ultra-modern, conservative, or in accord with the style of architecture established and traditional on campus, each adds a note to the chord of growth, the theme music of the expansion of learning.
Max Chambers Library
Central State University
Edmond

Choctaw-Chickasaw Towers
Southeastern State College
Durant

Engineering
Oklahoma State University
Stillwater

Physical Sciences Center
University of Oklahoma
Norman

Horace Mann Bldg.
East Central State College
Ada

Davis Hall
College of Liberal Arts
Chickasha

Arts and Science
Southwestern State College
Weatherford

Administration Bldg.
Langston University
Langston

Fine Arts
Northeastern State College
Tahlequah

AUTUMN 1971
The chore that faces some is to forgive, and forget, that which they adjudge bad in the life of Woodrow Wilson Guthrie. For there is too much that is good and inspirational in Woody Guthrie's life ever to be forgotten.

Woodrow Wilson Guthrie was a genius. He was a true troubador, and "bound for glory."  Continued
"Many a month has come and gone since I wandered from my home in those Oklahoma hills where I was born.

"Many a page of life has turned, Many a lesson I have learned, While I feel like in those hills I still belong."

One of his beloved ballads about the days when dust darkened the sun in southwestern Kansas, southeastern Colorado, and the Oklahoma and Texas panhandles, was written while he lived in Pampa, Texas;

"The telephone rang, it rang off the wall. It was the preacher a-makin' his call. He said, ‘Kind friends, this may be the end;"

May be your last chance at salvation from sin.

"The church it was crowded, the church it was packed, But the dusty old dust storm blew up so black, That the preacher could not read a word of his text, So he folded his specs, Took up a collection and said, "So long, it's been good to know you, So long, it's been good to know you. . . ""

During his union organizing days Woody, who found it hard to be serious about anything for long, took off from the "Union Made" label and wrote a song called "Union Maid;"

"Now you gals who want to be free, Just take a little tip from me, Get you a man who's a union man And fight together for liberty. "Now married life ain't hard If you've got a union card . . ."

Woody, today accused of being subversive, was unable to pass the army physical for service in World War II, so he joined the Merchant Marine. The first ship on which he served, the Reuben James, was torpedoed and sunk.

"Have you heard of a ship called the good Reuben James? Manned by hard fighting men, both of honor and fame. She flew the Stars and Stripes of the land of the free, But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea.

"Tell me what were their names? Tell me what were their names? Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James?"

Woody served aboard ships through three invasions, and was twice torpedoed; "Door bell rung, in come a man,
U.S. Award Given to Woody Guthrie

By ROBERT B. SEMPLE, Jr.
Special to The New York Times
WASHINGTON, April 6

Woody Guthrie, the folk composer, balladeer and citizen of the open road who has spent the last 11 years seriously ill in a Brooklyn hospital, was honored in absentia today by the Federal Government for his lifelong efforts to make the American people "aware of their heritage and the land."

Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Interior, called Mr. Guthrie a "poet" of the American landscape, and presented the department's Conservation Service Award to his former wife, Mrs. Marjorie Guthrie Copper. The ceremony was also attended by Mr. Guthrie's three children.

Woodrow W. Guthrie, who is estimated to have written more than 1,000 songs between 1932 and 1954, has been hospitalized since 1955 with Huntington's chorea, an inevitably fatal nervous disorder characterized by jerky, irregular movements and by progressive dementia.

Described by a friend as "a little weather-worn man with incredibly bushy, wiry hair," praised Mr. Guthrie for summarizing in song: "The struggles and deeply held conviction of those who love our land and fight to protect it."

Mr. Udall also announced that a Bonneville Power Administration substation in the Pacific Northwest was being named "the Woody Guthrie Substation." In the early nineteen-forties, Mr. Guthrie, a firm believer in public power wrote 26 ballads about the Bonneville and Grand Coulee Dams.

The awards ceremony was both colorful and touching: Mr. Guthrie's son Arlo, 19 years old, sang several of his father's ballads accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perdue. Mr. Perdue is president of the Folklore Society of Greater Washington.

On the sidelines hovered the short, heavy figure of Moses Asch, who has recorded about 500 of Mr. Guthrie's songs. Mr. Asch, who once turned down Joan Baez because he felt her songs and style were derivative, and who today sang along quietly in the shadows of the auditorium, called the award a "great occasion." It was, he said "official recognition of an authentic culture that this country has long denied."

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I signed my name, got a telegram;
Says—if you want to take a vacation trip,
Get a dish-wasin' job on a liberty ship.
Woman a-cryin'; me a-flyin';
Out the door; down to the line.

"Ships loaded down with TNT,
All stretched out 'cross the rollin' sea;
I stood on the deck; watched those fishes swim;
Prayed them fishes wasn't made of tin.

"I'm just one of the merchant crew,
Belong to the union called the NMU,
I'm a union man from head and toe,
I'm USA—and CIO!"

"Fightin' out here on the water;
Gonna win us some freedom on good dry land."

How can the man who wrote and sung those words be labeled subversive? How did he feel toward his country?

"This land is your land,
This land is my land,
From California to the New York Island.
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

"As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above an endless skyway,
I saw below the golden valley,
This land was made for you and me."

Helping to build Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River, he wrote and sang:

"In the misty crystal gliter of that wild and windward spray,
Men have fought the pounding waters and have met a watery grave.
It tore their boats to splinters,
It gave men dreams to dream
Of the day Grand Coulee Dam would cross that wild and wasted stream."

He wrote, "Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground;"

"It's always we rambled,
That river and I,
All along the green valley
I will work till I die.
My land I'll defend with my life
if it be,
'Cause my pastures of plenty
must always be free."

Tell us not that Woodrow Wilson Guthrie was subversive and a threat to America. As Guy Logsdon of Tulsa points out in his biographical articles about Woody, Guthrie was an idealist. Loyal to his country, sometimes critical, a man who fell as far short of his own ideals as do all of us. BB

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Ataloa Lodge on the campus of Bacon College, Muskogee, contains one of the most delightful small museums we've visited. Bacone, founded as an American Baptist mission college in 1881, is today attended by students of all races and creeds. But it was first founded for Indian youth, and young Indian students came to Bacone from the length and breadth of the North American Continent, from beyond the Arctic Circle, from México, and Central America.

The Ataloa Lodge museum is made up of gifts. The gifts are special — hand crafted or especially chosen items sent to the museum by former students, special things made, chosen, and sent by these former students back to the campus they had come to love.

These are distinctive things, from Eskimo youngsters of our farthest northern continental culture, from Alaskan Indian youths, from the Canadian tribes, from the Pueblo peoples of New Mexico and Arizona, from Indian young people of coastal California, México, Chihuahua, Sonora, and throughout Oklahoma.

There are other and beautiful things, more than we have pictured, all carefully chosen and typical of the tribal cultures of the young persons who sent them. We recall especially a small, perfect Tlingit totem carved of some black, onyx-like material, a pair of Chippewa fur boots, unusual wooden moccasins from another Canadian Indian tribal youth, the kinnikinnick pouch which once belonged to Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, so many things that were locked in cabinets inaccessible to our camera.

The few gifts we show here serve only as an invitation to you to visit Ataloa (Bird-Woman) Lodge, named for a former and beloved teacher on the Bacone College campus, and see the rest.

BB
Apache saddle.  Pueblo kachina, and Seminole woman doll.

Apache violin, made of saguaro cactus.  San Ildefonso pottery (by Maria and Julian).  Kwakiutl black bear (British Columbia).

Side of a plains Indian cooking pot; cooking accomplished by placing hot stones from the fire in the contents of the cooking vessel.

Sombrero hat (Mexico).

Pomo basket, and wren house (California Coastal).

Hopi rug, made to imitate a sand painting.
See Oklahoma First

Oklahoma Today
The peanut (hypogaea arachis) is not a nut but a pea. The plant bears many small yellow blossoms which look like tiny butterflies. As our botanical drawing here shows, they will, angle down into the earth like geometric figures, and develop pegs or ovaries. The peanuts evolve on these and are formed underground.

Some issues ago we published THE PEANUT VENDOR, an informative article, which subsequently raised almost as many questions as it had answered.

THE
JOURNEYMAN PEA

BY MARY NEELY CAPPS

AUTUMN 1971
A journeyman, in origin, was a traveling artisan-worker. Our title fits the peanut, for it has been a worker everywhere it has traveled. As the title indicates, it has traveled widely.

Last autumn on a flight trip to El Cabano, Mexico, my seat mate on the plane was the public-relations man for a peanut seed company. His enthusiasm for his product sparked anew my curiosity about peanuts.

On returning home I delved into research concerning this pea that grows underground. Many questions remain unanswered, either by legend or by historical fact.

When was the peanut first grown? In what country? When and by whom were peanuts first grown in Oklahoma? Who first brought peanuts into the state for cultivation?

I turned to my acquaintances among county extension agents. They suggested that I write to the Oklahoma Peanut Commission. I received much helpful material there, and from sources as far away as New York, but these questions remain unanswered. It has been said, "If you want a project, start in your own back yard. The search will lead you all around the world and back again." That is exactly what the peanut does.

These facts and legends exist:

When Coronado crossed the southwestern states of Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico, in 1540-1541, his three-hundred armored cavalrymen and seventy-foot-soldiers carried peanuts as a part of their rations. The peanuts he brought came from M6xico. But how had they arrived in Mexico? (The Chinese, in ancient times, crushed peanuts, moistened them with tea and served them as dip.)

Asia today grows more peanuts than any other continent. Peanuts were grown on the African continent by early black people there. France was the first European country to import peanuts from Africa and trade them commercially. Slave ships carried peanuts for provender of the slaves they traded for sugar and molasses on the New England Coast. It is possible that the peanut migrated from New England into the Deep South. Did the Cherokees bring the first peanuts for cultivation to Oklahoma when they came over the Trail of Tears, beginning in 1830?

Soldiers of the Confederacy had peanuts as part of their rations, along with shelled corn, during the Civil War. The nuts were new to the Union soldiers but they relished them and filled their pockets with peanuts to plant when they returned to their fields back home.

My late father-in-law, son of a Union captain, told me of his introduction to the peanut. Before he started home from high school one afternoon, he purchased a paper bag of peanuts. He was not aware that the nut should be shelled. He ate them hull and all and enjoyed the taste. By the time he had ridden horseback three miles he had consumed the entire bag of nuts, shells and all.

George Washington Carver taught the nation that peanuts would grow on any land that would grow cotton. When the boll weevil ravaged southern cotton crops in the early 1900's cotton growers accepted the scientist's advice, and changed the economy of the south. The genius Carver discovered more than three hundred uses for the peanut. When he died in 1943, he was working on research using peanut oil as a medium for polio vaccine.

Although we do not know from whence nor when the peanut migrated into Oklahoma, or if it grew here as a native, we now recognize it as one of our three most important cash crops. Peanuts provide us with hundreds of products, including soaps, health foods, and cooking oil.

Peanuts enrich the soil, for the plant is a nitrogen fixer, as are other legumes. Peanuts provide cattle feed, for the tops of the peanut plant make hay as rich as clover. Even the shells and skins of the peanut are ground up and used as additives to cattle feed.

Peanuts grace the lace-covered table for teas. Peanuts and peanut-butter satisfy hungry school youngsters both as after school snacks and as part of the school hot lunch program. Peanuts make delicious candies and cookies. The Peanut Commission, Madill, Oklahoma, supplies free booklets of peanut recipes. Peanuts are more than "crunchy good," they are good for us.

Editor's note: If you have answers, or can suggest sources of answers, to any of the questions in this article, we'd be glad to hear from you.
Fans rarely know anything about athletic locker rooms beyond the sign on the door which says

**KEEP OUT**

**BY FRANK BOGGS**

The inner-sanctum of the football locker room is a no-man's land for the majority. It most definitely is a no-woman's land. It is a place stuck off in the back of a stadium, usually somewhere far south or far north of the last goal post. It is where grown men sometimes cry or sometimes jump and giggle like four-year-olds or sometimes do both before a Saturday afternoon is ended. In a giant stadium where 60,000 or more persons have cheered and sweat and hoped and stomped their feet so hard their girl friend's mum fell off, the locker room
is the only place where privacy exists.

For all the thousands of people who are so close, football can be a very lonely game. The locker room often is headquarters for that loneliness.

"It is where you just have your own thoughts," says Bob Warmack, the little guy who used to quarterback the Oklahoma Sooners before joining their coaching staff a couple years ago.

A locker room experiences three sets of man’s behavior each Saturday. There is the pre-game ritual in which the players go to their individual cubicle and shed their "civilian" attire for that of their uniform and its many pads and straps. There are ankles to be tightly taped and perhaps healing injuries from a previous game to check. There are the last-minute reminders from the coaches. It is a no-nonsense area because, although football is still considered a game, the men who play it know there can be no enjoyment afterward unless there has been victory.

There is the halftime visit. “On the hot days,” says OU assistant coach Leon Cross, “there are a lot of people in there dying.” Much must be accomplished in 15 minutes. There are mistakes to correct; injuries to be mended; decisions to be made. No matter what the scoreboard says, players must do everything possible to guard against too much confidence, or too little.

Lee Snider, an assistant at Oklahoma State, was talking about that phase of coaching. “You never know what the tempo is going to be at the start of the third quarter.”

Football teams run on stuff called momentum. It is sort of like a miracle drug when you have it; like some terrible disease when you don’t. Snider was coaching the Oklahoma State freshmen last fall when they played the Arkansas frosh. At halftime the O-Staters had streaked to a remarkably large 36-0 lead.

“We really got down to brass tacks at the half,” says Snider, “with the people who were making mistakes. Of course, there weren’t many mistakes being made. But, if we play one half and they play the second half, we can wind up with a 36-36 tie.”

So there is no rest at the half, whatever the score.

“There is not much smiling going on at halftime,” says Snider.

The third stage consists of the post-game ritual. A quick glance will reveal the winning team. Players who survived the battle haven’t noticed the small cuts, the bruise on the leg, the aching hand some giant trod upon. Those who lost can barely drag off their sweaty clothing and every new mark on their anatomy burns with pain.

All football coaches keep doors locked to outsiders for a few minutes after a game. It’s called a “cooling off” period and then the guarded door is opened to the writers and their questions. At many schools the writers are requested to visit with the coach first; then with the players. The coach gives his opinions for winning, or for losing.

If a writer is in the winning locker room, he must finish his questioning of the coach hurriedly because the players can shower and shave and dress in their girl friend’s favorite shirt in an unbelievable hurry. But, if they have lost, there is no rush. Players sag against their lockers. They slowly cut the dirty tape from their ankles. Every move is an effort. You know they will be there for awhile; they are in no hurry to step outside where the friends and relatives are waiting to say, “Nice game anyhow.”

There are not many old-fashioned orators in football today. It used to work magic; today it does not.

Knute Rockne was the acknowledged master. Notre Dame always had some special, teary-eyed reason for winning. Everybody knows the Irish “won one for the Gipper” that day long ago. But, if the Irish weren’t winning for the Gipper, danged if they wouldn’t win for somebody.

Today football has become so complicated there is really no time for long speeches. And teams today employ many assistant coaches. Before the game, and again at halftime, they meet with their specialized groups and go over their particular part of the plan.

Football locker rooms simply are not the tense, emotional places the movies of Rockne’s life projected.

Oklahoma State head coach Floyd Gass says the locker rooms have changed considerably over the years. “You don’t have the fire and brimstone talks you used to have. The head coach says a few words before going out onto the field.”

The Cowboys, as most teams, hold a prayer before each game. Last season they were preparing to play Houston and hopeful of scoring a surprise victory over the Cougars for their third straight year. “Somehow,” admits Gass, “I forgot the prayer.”

The team headed for the doorway. Then a co-captain rushed up to Gass.

“Don’t you think,” he asked his coach, “that as upset as Houston has been about losing to us the last two years, that we’d oughta say a prayer?”

Gass agreed.

Gass says he’s still amazed at the attitude of players following a game. “If you win, they tell about the funny incidents that happened in the game.
If you lose, they are quiet as a morgue.”

Says Gass: “It always has been an amazing thing to me how players react after a game. A lot of people think they really don’t care. But, there’s all the difference in the world.”

Chuck Fairbanks normally speaks in a level, quiet voice. That’s normally.

“Yeah,” says Warmack, “he can get loud. And he can get awfully strict. Whenever he speaks, everybody listens.”

That is understandable. A football coach devotes an entire working year to the preparation of 10 or 11 Saturdays. A fellow who sells shoes must sell shoes every day but Sunday.

School teachers teach damned near every day. Bus drivers drive busses all the time, even on Sundays. But a coach’s career hinges on what transpires during only 10 or 11 afternoons.

The tension, obviously, is great. Most of them do amazingly well at keeping their cool.

One of the most likable men ever to coach anywhere was the late Jim Mackenzie. His OU team jumped off to a brilliant start in his only season as a head coach—winning its first three games, including a triumph over Texas. Notre Dame was the next assignment and the outcome was disastrous for the Sooners that day. They were beaten horribly.

“Well,” said Mackenzie as writers flocked at the wake, “it’s a short distance from the castle to the outhouse.”

Leon Cross graduated from OU after the 1962 season. He played for Bud Wilkinson. “He was kind of an evangelistic type of coach,” says Cross.

“He was a psychologist. He was never satisfied.” Cross says it didn’t matter what the halftime score might be; Wilkinson would find mistakes. “And if it was a close ball game he’d get pretty inspirational.”

Leon recalls what he considers Bud’s best speech.

“My senior year, we had beaten Syracuse but lost to Notre Dame and Texas in close games. We were playing Kansas and were behind 7-0 at halftime. He gave one of his best speeches that day. We won the game, 13-7, and that second half was the turning point of our season. We went on to win the conference championship.

“It was a psychological thing. He appealed to us to do our best. He talked of the opportunity we had, one accorded very few people. He said not many football players ever had a chance to win a conference championship, but that we did . . . I don’t know if his talk is what did it or not—but we won.”

Football players nearly always recognize their own mistakes. And no mistake goes unnoticed anymore because too many intelligent eyes watch a player’s every move. Not only do humans watch, so do movie cameras. Many schools have pictures developed by halftime and these are studied while the bands and dancing girls are performing outside.

“And the kids try to straighten out a lot of problems if you have your program where you want it,” says Snider, the Oklahoma State assistant.

What little group sessions held are staged in the final minutes before returning to combat. An official enters the door to give a two-minute warning. Only then is the head coach likely to speak to the entire team. Hopefully, all the adjustments have been made within the small groups. By then the players have had time to rest a bit, to cool off with a soft drink, to analyze themselves.

“Don’t forget the trainers,” suggested Leon Cross. “They’re pretty busy at the half, too. It’s kind of a repair place at halftime.”

A real, genu-wine, bonafide Body Repair Shop, in other words.

It is my opinion that basketball coaches show more emotion—and perhaps let their anger show more—than football coaches. This is to be expected, simply because basketball coaches boss a game that has screaming spectators so close. No coach can expect to go through a season without an irate fan pouring Coke down the back of his new suit. Many have been swatted over the head by a purse waved by an enormously large woman.

A coach once had a 6-8 center who had stood around flat on his feet most of the first half. He had scored two points. His little sister surely would have played better. At halftime the basketball coach called him to the center of the locker room, with all his team mates watching. The coach placed a sheet of paper on the floor.

“Lemme see if you can jump up on that paper,” said the coach.

The player’s face reddened.

“Jump!” said the coach. “But, coach,” said the embarrassed player, “you know I can jump that high.” “I don’t have any idea you can,” said the coach. “Prove it to me.” He jumped. And made it. He scored 27 points the second half.

Abe Lemons, the wit who coaches basketball at Oklahoma City University, called his players around him before a game in Alaska two years ago. He had them sit quietly as he erased a blackboard left filled by the coach who had visited there previously. Lemons looked serious. He told his players they had had some vital pre-game instructions. He wrote across the blackboard:

“Good Luck, Men.”
wells the rare exception, wellhead
christmas trees, pumping and produc-
ing devices, pipeline building and
maintenance equipment, need has
moldered invention and the newest
aspect of every device is displayed at
the I.P.E. The oilmen of the world—
thousands of oil men, the producers
of the world's energy—gather to see, to
plan, to reminisce, to purchase. It is
an essential exposition, a most prac-
tical one. Searching for and producing
oil and gas, on the Arctic slopes, from
the deserts of Asia and Africa, on the
great plains of the Mid-Continent
Field, in remote mountainous areas,
and from beneath the very seas them-
selves, however necessary and prac-
tical, can never be other than a great
adventure, so a special aura mixed of
challenge, courage, strength, and dar-
ing enhance this exposition. It is
the stock-in-trade of men who risk in
the developing of such equipment, and in
the use of it in the search.

BULLY

From the east, a charmin' maiden
Sat and viewed a rodeo,
She was thrilled to tops of glory
with the big bull-doggers throw.

She had later met the hombre
And had asked him face to face,
Are you sure enough a cowboy
In this ruffian-looking place?

"Naw," he answered rather coldly
As he gave his rope a pull.
"I ain't punchin' any cattle:
I'm the guy that throws the bull."

... O. K. Fannin

LOOK — BUT DON'T TAKE!
The destruction of the Spiro
Mounds by pot-hunters taught Okla-
ahoma a costly lesson. Destruction by
the careless digging of treasure hunt-
ers across America has taught the
entire nation a costly lesson.

As a result there are both national
and state laws against the excavation
of historic or archaeological sites, on
both public lands and on privately
owned property. If you discover either
ancient bones or historic artifacts,
there is a well-defined legal procedure
you must follow before digging them
up.

These laws are called "antiquities
laws" and they are necessary. The
Spiro Mounds were even dynamited
by treasure hunters in their greedy
search for relics they could sell, and
in the process vast quantities of the
ancient objects buried there were de-
Oklahoma's antiquities laws provide that any person making investigations, explorations or excavations of prehistoric ruins, ancient burial grounds, fossilized footprints, fossil bone deposits, ancient rock carvings or paintings (petroglyphs or pictographs), shall first secure a permit from the director of the museum of vertebrate paleontology of the University of Oklahoma. Anyone who disturbs any historic site without first securing such a permit is liable for a fine of $200.00 or a 30-day jail sentence.

The law breaker is liable for these penalties whether the historic objects are on public land or his own private property, the reason being that the history of a region, or of ancient man, is the property of all the people, not just any individual who might purchase an historic site or a piece of land on which ancient relics are located.

The federal antiquities laws are even more stringent, providing fines of $500.00 and 90-days imprisonment. Historic and archaeological sites are few, and treasure and souvenir hunters are numerous. Once an object has been removed from its original position most of its value for scientific study is lost.

It would seem that any property owner so fortunate as to discover on his land anything that might help enlighten us by providing a window into the unknown past, and so to increase our knowledge of ancient man, would be more than willing; eager to share such knowledge and such a find with everyone.

We hope that this is so in today's Oklahoma.

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STORM SYMPHONY FROM AN OKLAHOMA SKY

As the heavens are opened the chimed rain descends
Touching light prelude notes in a rhythm which blends
With the wind's gentle hum of a lyrical tune.
But staccato, crescendo, vibrato come soon.
As a symphony swells Nature's instruments play
In creative, exciting, demonstrative way.
Wind and rain arrange chords in new musical scores.
Sudden lightning sparks trill before loud thunder roars.
Darkened earth becomes covered with harsh, crushing sound.
All the beauty is gone; only noise can be found.
The mood changes at last... quiet tones reappear.
Now, the movement is slow, chase and sweet to the ear.
All the world becomes bright as the sun shines again;
So, one quickly forgets the discordant refrain.

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INDIAN SUMMER

The charm of Indian summer afternoon
Is one of restless leaves and drowsy croon
Of sighing winds pitched all in tune,
Of shadows slung the length of tawny hills
To mark the saffron sheen that fades and stills
To evening hush with birdling trills,
Then disappears before the moon
At call of whippoorwills.

... Ruama Hawley

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NATIONAL SMALL BUSINESS MAN OF THE YEAR

Sapulpa's John Frank, creator of Frankoma Pottery, is the nation's, and Oklahoma's, Small Businessman of the Year for 1971. Mr. Frank, who established his business with $100 in 1936, now employs 110 people and ships 27,000 pieces of pottery per week from the Frankoma plant in Sapulpa. Quoting Mr. Frank, "It is entirely unfair to think I could accept this honor alone, because it could not have been achieved without my partner, Grace Lee (Mrs. Frank). There is no such thing as a self-made man. Many business men and loyal employees in Sapulpa are the real recipients of this honor—I merely represent them." Mr. and Mrs. Frank received the award from the hands of President Nixon in Washington, D.C., and were honored at a luncheon given by House Speaker Carl Albert, attended by the Oklahoma Congressional Delegation, and by E. Bruce Cafky, Oklahoma's director of the Small Business Administration. Speaker Albert spoke special words of commendation for the efficiency of the Oklahoma District of the S. B. A. under Bruce Cafky's effective direction.

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... Doris Watson McWhorter
TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

Pioneer Women by Eileen Coffield will lead you to the Woolaroc Museum near Bartlesville. At Woolaroc are displayed the eleven almost lifesize statues which lost, in the competition which Bryant Baker's statue won, to become the PIONEER WOMAN monument in Ponca City. If you don't know the story, you'll find it more interesting than fiction, in our issue of ten years ago. Then you should drive to Woolaroc to see the eleven that lost, and decide for yourself whether you would have picked the Bryant Baker entry, or one of the eleven that did not win.

The amazing Jack Teagarden, all-time greatest jazz trombonist, grew up in Oklahoma City along with his brothers, trumpeter Charlie and drummer Cubby, and pianist sister Helen. A family without peer in America's original cultural art form, you'll find their story in the Fall '61 Oklahoma Today. And no place else. For their story, as a family, has never been published anyplace else.

The Sampler of Sooner Verse in this 1961 issue will amuse, instruct, and move you, with exciting word pictures of Oklahoma and the folks who live here, interspersed through pages of scenic color photos you'll find as inspiring as the verses they face. Introducing the color section is Paul Lefebvre's painting of the Oklahoma Flag, the finest presentation we've ever seen of this Oklahoma emblem in which we all take quiet pride.

SUNSET GOLD

The end of day was drawing near,
A hush grew over bold;
The cottonwoods were all aglow,
And soft the tales they told.

Below the jagged western rim
A blazing cauldron swung... .
And fiery drapes, like molten gold,
Athumbt the heavens hung.

A mirrored catalytic sky
Bright colors superpose,
Reflecting o'er the far-flung lands
A tint of amber-rose.

The Master laid a lavish brush,
A counterpart of dawn,
And, while you gazed in wonderment
The shades of night were drawn.

... Charles Ruggles Fox
AN OKLAHOMA QUIZ
by Allan Page
(Answers on page 38)
Complete each of the following sentences with the name of an Oklahoma town. To help you get the idea, the first sentence is complete.

1. The river is pretty swift right here, but when we get around the bend we'll be in (Stillwater).
2. It's not so hard to paint the walls, but it's a real chore painting the ( ).
3. There are only two girls living in this town. It's really a ( ).
4. The last five people who came in found the church so crowded that three of them had to sit on the floor because there was room for only two in ( ).
5. He was able to play the cymbals okay, but he was kicked out of the rhythm section because he couldn't beat the ( ).
6. The trees obstruct the scenery right here, but over on the other side you get a ( ).
7. The food was terrible, but to be polite he tried to eat the whole meal; however before he was half way through he started ( ).
8. Let's have a fish fry. I'll cook 'em if you'll ( ).
9. These doughnuts are nice and light — just right for ( ).
10. It's pretty rough along this trail. I'll lead the way and ( ).
11. He knocked the chip off my shoulder, but I wasn't just about to take ( ).
12. The camels were thirsty after four days in the desert, and it was terrible when they reached the oasis and found ( ).
13. He already owned 14,000 acres. I can't imagine why he felt he needed ( ).
14. Asked what he and his family did when the alarm clock went off, the Italian immigrant said, ( ).
15. There's an old song about the girl who lived in an alley, and you'd be amazed if you could see what ( ).
16. There's a long line at the bathroom door, but I'll be polite and wait until after ( ).
17. I'll help you round up the chickens. From here I can spot five roosters, but this is the only ( ).
18. She consumed two hamburgers and two Cokes and took in two movies, which used up all the money her date had. This left her with a ( ).
19. He drilled sixteen dry holes before he came up with a ( ).
21. The new printing press reproduced all of the colors faithfully but didn't print the ( ).
22. When we go fishing we'll take along our trot line, our seine and ( ).
23. The boy ran barefoot across the rockpile, banged his foot on a stone, and yelled, "Oh, Oh, my ( )."
24. The preacher said, "Now that we have a new steeple on the church I could let people know when it's time for services if only ( )."
25. You can have all of my sweet pickles you want, but keep your cotton-pickin' hands off of ( ).

From Twenty Thousand Receipts In Nearly Every Department of Human Effort, pub. by Frank M. Reed and Co., 1875.

1. Never alight from a steam-canyon train while in motion.
2. In a run-away, it is safer, as a rule, to keep your place and hold fast than to jump out.
3. During a time of lightning avoid the neighborhood trees, or any leaden spout, iron gate, or other conductor of electricity.
4. Never blow out the gaslight, but turn it off, and before retiring see that none of it escapes.
5. When benumbed with cold beware of sleeping out of doors; exercise yourself vigorously; rub yourself, if able, with snow, and do not hastily approach the fire.
6. If caught in a drenching rain, or if you fall in the water, keep in motion sufficiently vigorous to prevent the slightest chilly sensation until you reach the house; then change your clothing with great rapidity before a blazing fire, and drink instantly a pint of some hot liquid, not spirituous.
7. Never leave saddle or draught horses, while in use, by themselves; nor go immediately behind a led horse, as he is apt to kick.
8. Ride not on footways, and walk not on carriage roads or railroad tracks.
10. Keep lucifer matches in their cases, and never let them be stewed about.
11. Have your horses' shoes roughed directly there are indications of frost.
12. Before retiring for the night, carefully look through the house to see that everything is as it ought to be.
NEW BOOKS

CHOCTAW LITTLE FOLK by Novella Goodman Martin (The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas, $3.95). Nothing we might say about this little book of stories for little folks could possibly be as effective as one of the stories. Why the Owls Stare is typical:

"There are more owls than pigeons," boasted Owl.

"No," said Pigeon, "many more pigeons. I challenge you to count numbers!"

"Agreed," responded Owl. "The big woods is fine place. Plenty trees for everybody."

"Fine. A week from today will give time to notify all owls and pigeons," Pigeon said.

On day to count, owls came first. Trees were full of owls. They laughed and said, "Oowah — wah — wah!" They were sure there could not be as many pigeons. Owls were all over the place.

Soon they heard roar from east, then roar from south and roar from north. Pigeons covered trees so limbs broke. Owls could not believe there could be that many pigeons. They sat still moving their heads back and forth staring with wide eyes. Pigeons kept coming.

"Go! We'll" said owls darting under trees and flying away. They travel at night so they will not meet pigeons. Owls stared so long and hard at pigeons their eyes just stayed that way.

All the stories are charming, all Indian and Oklahoma in spirit. Your children will enjoy these stories as much as you'll enjoy reading the stories to them.

BOOK OF THE GODS AND RITES AND THE ANCIENT CALENDAR by Fray Diego Duran (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, $12.50). Three-hundred years elapsed between the writing of this remarkable book and its publication. Consider the similarity Duran notes between the Tower of Babel and the Pyramid of Cholula; that the priests of Hueyotzinco kept an arc of relics similar to the Arc of the Covenant of Israel; that the Aztec leader Topiltzin touched the waters with his rod and they parted, allowing his people to escape while their pursuers were drowned in the closing waters. There are similarities between the religious rules followed by Aztec priests and priestly laws found in Leviticus; young Aztec acolytes carried out law like those described in Deuteronomy. The Aztec's ended their calendrical cycle every 52 years; Hebrew law set the Jewish cycle at 50 years. A year the Aztecs practiced human sacrifice and was Jehovah's chosen people (see Psalm 106: 3. 37, 38). Both the Aztecs and Hebrews, as chosen people of God, endured a long pilgrimage in the wilderness, during which they were fed by manna from heaven before they reached their respective promised lands, Canaan and the Valley of Mexico. Account for the similarities as you will, or if you can. It remains remarkable that the book which points them out remained unpublished for 300 years. A reading of this book is essential to any understanding of modern Mexico.

TOURING THE OLD WEST by Kent Ruth (The Stephen Green Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, $6.95). A lively, lively travel book. As enjoyable for winter reading as for the wanderer in season. Kent and Helen Ruth have a sharp sense for selecting and spotlighting the significant, and Author Kent's word sense makes all come alive. The opening anecdote is a stunner, perfection for illustrating the dilemma confronting today's western traveler. Beyond this, it is thorough Your knowledge of the American West will be widened as you share Kent's perceptive tales. The Oklahoma portion provides a splendid guide to nearby sights, and will beckon you toward farther, enlightened, traveling There are chuckles galore, like the epitaph Kent found on a Virginia City, Nevada, tombstone; Here lies the body of Virginia Marlottie.

She was born a virgin and died a harlot.

For eighteen years she preserved her virginity —

That's a damned good record for this vicinity.

Illustrations throughout are exemplary. So is Kent's travel philosophy of "self-fulfilling" expectations, "Plan to have a good trip when you start out — not how you're going to have a good trip, specifically, just that you are — and we believe, firmly and unalterably, that you will."

INDIAN ORATORY compiled by W. C. VanderWerth, (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, $8.95). A pervasive sadness rules this book, for most of these words were spoken by men in the process of be-
ing defeated; wise men who saw the inevitability of change, yet so violent and far-reaching as to preclude any vision of the future. They foresaw that not just their time, but that of their children and grandchildren, held tragic disorientation. The sincere eloquence of their orations, however persuasively expressed, would be, they knew, inadequate in persuading their own people, or in staying the hands of their conquerors. Knowing there was no other than the long, hard way which could not be tempered or shortened makes their native poetic talents evoke deep sorrows, a yearning that all our visions might be lengthened, lest we all be overwhelmed by spectres of little hope.

MOSTLY MAMA by Lewis Meyer (Doubleday & Co., New York, $5.95). If there are places in the world that are good places, and God’s places — and there are — it is because of folks like Mama Meyer. We won’t try to guess what you’ll enjoy most, Mama’s relatives in Texas, her work with the Salvation Army, her wit and warmth in dealing with her family, the Sapulpa community and the times in which she lived — it is all delight from the beginning and told with Lewis Meyer’s always sophisticated yet equally gentle humor, and it is dismaying that such a book ever has to end at all.

MISSION AMONG THE BLACKFEET by Howard L. Harrod (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, $7.95). For centuries the Indian mission was thought a sole source of good, that through it the “heathen” and “savage” Indian could be “civilized.” Now we are aware of the damage wrought by those missions, by segregationist preachers, by stern priests more concerned with sacraments than the people who received them, by missionary teachers who made Indian children ashamed of being Indian, forced them to abandon their language, and deprived them of their heritage. The missionaries were often good, well-meaning, seeking to help Indian people in making transition in a terrible time wrought by incomprehensible forces. This carefully focused study of a single tribe permits the reader to make his own evaluation of missionary success and failure, and to examine how modern missionary efforts compare with those of the past.

WAR JOURNEY by Fred Grove (Doubleday & Co., New York, $4.95). It is a strangely exciting thought that few early white men who either through capture or adventurous choice, came to live among Indian people ever returned, willingly or permanently, to live in white civilization. This stands as an indictment of the white man’s folkways. Not that they are all wrong, but that the life style of Indian people was better. How was it better? Why do Indian people, after two centuries, still resist the white man’s world? Should we try to find out? Reading Fred Grove’s fine new novel will provide understanding of why most men and many women of that day preferred the Indian life. Now we need to listen. In every meeting between modern white and Indian men, white men listen only briefly; they are soon doing all the talking. We need to reverse this. We need to meet, frequently and long, with Indian elders. Those of us who are white need to do all the listening. If no words are being spoken, we need to learn to sit silently for real communication is not obtained through endless talk. ‘There is effective communication in silence.’ It is during intangible silence together that real understanding seeds germinates, and matures.

NEW MEDICINE by Jeanné Williams (G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York, $4.95). This novel for young people, all soundly based on truth, will help its readers understand the struggles young Indians of an earlier age faced in learning to live after the conquest of their people. It is positive in its treatment, as it should be. The circumstances of all our lives are in constant change. When we fail to cope with change we die, either physically or spiritually, through embitterment. Author Williams’ story teaches that how we respond to the pressures upon us is most important for more important than the external pressures themselves. Whatever the difficulties, it is possible to surround them by out-living them, in vitality and/or in terms of time.

ANSWERS TO THE OKLAHOMA QUIZ
On a giant boulder, far in northwest Oklahoma, ancient man has carved — a deer? — an elk? — a five pointed star — a three toed track — strange devices — a miniature image of himself — a six fingered hand? — a six toed foot? — an animal paw? — what is it he says — his undeciphered message reaches us across the ages — we must try to determine what he sought to let us know!