The pictures here were made by a man who is, professionally, neither photographer nor artist. He is Phil Lindsay, and he is a medical doctor. His perceptive talents include the ability to see art compositions that others have passed by. An avid seeker, and enthusiastic, Dr. Lindsay and his family travel, to Honor Heights Park in Muskogee, to Platt National Park at Sulphur, north to Deer Creek, to the gleaming waters of the Nescatunga in the Great Salt Plains, to the Ouachita National Forest in eastern Oklahoma, to various of our Oklahoma lodges...in these settings to discover, along the forest floor, in the pattern of trees and clouds, in lichenized rocks, in the tracks of mother nature's wild children, these beautiful pictures now offered as gifts to us.

Dr. Lindsay is not limited by season. He finds beauty in winter as in summer, spring, or autumn. Woods dormant and sleeping are beautiful in ways not visible in any other season. It requires a searcher somewhat more hardy than the summer variety to isolate and identify them.

Give it a try. See if you qualify. Check in at one of our Oklahoma lodges, where the woods are not made off limits by "no trespassing" signs. Rise early. Put on your boots and warm clothing and venture out at first light while the woods creatures are searching for breakfast. You can photograph, or just seek and identify. Several nature books, of birds, fur-bearing animals and plant life, taken and kept back in your lodge room will be helpful in learning the habits of that which you observe. The winter cocoons of hibernating insect life alone make an intriguing study.

A winter morning's walk in the woods is a revealing and healthful "do-it-yourself" project. No guide is needed. Be yourself, creative and imaginative. The energy and patience you invest will be the measure of your gain. In this era of spoonfed and commercial amusement, hope that you have not lost your curiosity and aquisitive need for knowledge. It, like the woods, may be dormant.

If you have not used these attributes in a while, hope that they are still in you. These months, upcoming, will involve just the right time to get out in the early cold, while the wild creatures of the woods and prairies are stirring, and see if you still possess the vitality to transform curiosity into pleasure.

BB.
Pioneering on the BORDER STAR, in this decade . . .

Fort Smith to the Port of Catoosa

The Border Star is a majestic stern-wheeler riverboat. Like a packet streaming right out of a technicolor movie. She could hardly find a more exciting river on which to ply her trade. When first I saw her she was tied up to the bank at Muskogee, her hawser led out from the saloon deck to loop gracefully around a gnarled and ancient snag. It was a mid-winter day in January, bright with sunshine, but cold.

Had you struck a radius from the point where her gangway touched the bank its circle would include some of the most historic sites in the American West; Fort Gibson, when founded the western-most military post in the United States; Wigwam Neosho, where Sam Houston came to heal the wounds of divorce and find a new love — the beauteous Cherokee girl Talihina Rogers; Muskogee itself, prominent in every drama of the Creek nation. There is more in this inscribed circle, but we don't want to deprive you of the pleasant chore of breaking out the books and reading these tales and river lore which masquerade as history.

My next sight of the Border Star was in a dream sequence. She was tied up in the river at Fort Smith. I was walking up her gangway carrying my duffel as a passenger.

There is some confusion about the occasion. Boosters of that trip upriver claimed it to be the first passenger-carrying riverboat to Muskogee in a century and the first such trip ever to Catoosa. We heard this claim disputed by a river pilot on board who stated he had made the first such trip eight months ago, on this same boat, having picked up a clutch of charter passengers at Webbers Falls. We later heard the operator of a charter motor launch claim that the “first” honor belonged to him because he had taken charters up the canal to Catoosa even before the port there was opened. So we'll avoid the dissension regarding who was first for the reason most simple that any riverboat trip on the Arkansas is too remarkable for it to make any difference, first or otherwise.

Let us try to tell what it is like. As you move out into the channel, underway from Fort Smith, the sense of the historic drama of the river becomes uppermost. It was to this port that those tribesmen, women, and children who traveled the Trail of Tears by water came. From Fort Smith they dispersed out into the vastness of Indian Territory toward the west. To Fort Smith they returned for supplies until navigation of the river was extended past Sallisaw and to the landing at Fort Gibson.

To the Fort Smith landing, because they could come by water, came the federal troops who established Forts Coffee and Gibson. Fort Smith for more than half-a-century maintained its stature as a major port on one of the most important water arteries in the West.

With the proper deep-throated whistle signals, the Border Star moves now into the deep channel along the Oklahoma side of the river, majestically removing herself from bank sounds. Distant cries of water birds and the quiet lap and splash of the paddle wheel are the only sounds added to the morning's peace. Time becomes a water entity, only tenuously attached to the frantic hurrying of landsmen along the shore. Your muscles let go, nerves loosen, as you attune to the timeless flow of the river. River people, boat people, have a different bent and temperament. Especially in their proclivity toward land people. It is a mixture of pity and mild contempt. River folks are free of that bank yonder. Those people on the bank are fixed to a time.
Port of Catoosa

and place and forced to march relentlessly.

The river difference is this; you ease your pace to that of nature. On the bank you are hitched to the nervous hurry forced on you by others.

Toward mid-morning we on the river pass old Fort Coffee. There on the bank, a hundred years ago, the cold and hollow eyes of brass cannon would have stared at us. If our bills-of-lading had listed a rum cargo or distilled spirits of any nature we would have had reason to worry. Under the muzzles of those guns we would have been forced to heave to and justify, or disgorge, our cargo.

We approach Robt. S. Kerr lock and dam, pass through, and the river becomes more than a river, and magnificent. In places it is miles wide, dotted with verdant islands, one shore or the other sometimes only vaguely seen against the distant horizon. The magnificence of our passage here is owed to the passing of the navigational channel through the length of Robt. S. Kerr Lake, then through the length of Webbers Falls Lake. For miles the river is bordered with los alamos del rio, the cottonwoods, river brothers of los alamos de las montanas, the aspen. In autumn these trees turn to towering gold.

The Winding Stair Mountains through which we are passing now are covered with deciduous hardwoods; maple, oak, gum, chaste green in spring, lush green in sum-

mer, gloriously hued in autumn — flame red, salmon pink, crimson — rising to the evergreen conifers that cloak the summits.

Our pioneering trip, no matter whether it was first or second, no matter if it was the first such trip ever from Fort Smith to the Port of Catoosa, it is a cinch that few stern-wheelers as big as the Border Star have ever come paddle wheeling up the Arkansas to any destination. So it was a pioneering voyage and as are all pioneering efforts, subject to inconvenience and perhaps danger.

There were then few service facilities along the Arkansas for a craft the size of the Border Star. We were as likely to wind up our day’s cruise moored to a tree stump, as to port dolphins.

There were no sleeping facilities aboard the Border Star and passengers went ashore each evening to stay in motels. It was difficult to arrange transportation from boat to motel. To wait, for late, or non-existent transportation, turns into weight, the weight of frustration. Neither were there cooking facilities on the Border Star and the box lunches delivered on board were often poor examples of the culinary art. The crew had a difficult task. After a full and hard day’s work underway each day there was always a charter awaiting in port to be taken out at night. These charter cruises lengthened the
crew's working day.

My own years at sea in the navy have perhaps made me oversensitive regarding water safety. There is nothing more misleading than the lulling sense of perfect safety which comes when you are cruising serenely along on top of the water. A few seconds, the slightest misjudgment, can create problems that swamp you, a crisis that can overwhelm the strongest. On the water, a few minutes can transform serenity into catastrophe, burning fuel oil, and a sinking boat. Which is why the rules for water safety are so stringent, and must be fully observed. A high percentage of cruise passengers are retired and elderly persons. A crew never over-tired, a complete knowledge by passengers of all safety procedures, especially including the location and accessibility of life jackets, is essential for safety.

Our pioneering cruise involved such difficulties as few shore installations, short fresh water lines, problems of obtaining ice and supplies, radio communications with port facilities, all difficulties soon or already corrected but problems for our pioneering cruise. But it was all so like a dream sequence that problems achieved the fragility of a dream. A dream so long dreamed that even now our thoughts grudgingly admit that it is real. A dream become reality on a beautiful river.

It is a dream that is bound to become known as one of the world's most scenic river trips. We are convinced that a regular commercial river packet duplicating the cruise of the Border Star will have more passengers than it can regularly carry.

The pastoral loveliness of the passing shoreline, the variety of greenery and trees, the tree-wooded islands that decorate the broad lakes of your passage, the lawn-like grassy shoulders along the canal approaching the Port of Catoosa, soft tree-tops sorting fleecy clouds adrift in the sky, white and multi-colored water birds, cranes, herons, now the wintering birds, and astern the riverboat's gentle lapping wake... these are dream-like qualities; objective assurance cannot yet quite dispel or quite convince that they are firm, hard reality.  B.B.
In this time when some tend to question the merits of our democratic form of government, here is a matter for consideration. Here is one of the most worthwhile works of mankind in modern times. It was begun, continued, and carried forth to completion under our democratic government. Several federal administrations—both democrat and republican—held office during the transpired time. Both youth and mature adults participated in this work. There was no generation gap. During its progress Oklahoma A. & M. College became Oklahoma State University, and three presidents, Dr. Henry G. Bennett, Dr. Oliver Willham, and Dr. Robert Kamm, presided over that institution. That this work was done is proof that it can be done—in a democracy. There can be no accusations of "colonialism." When you complete your work in a foreign land, then depart, it loses any possible taint of "colonialism." Perhaps most of all, it is proof that a program of foreign aid, once begun, does not have to continue endlessly into infinity. Here is one that was not.

Ethiopia
Ethiopia is a country akin to the world of the ancient Jews. Its civilization is directly descended from the Semitic civilizations of old Arabia. Christianity took root in Ethiopia early in the Christian era, but for a thousand years after the rise of Islam the nation was almost entirely cut off from the rest of Christendom. The Ethiopians are proud of their endurance and independence. During their centuries of isolation changes in knowledge and technology were gradually occurring in other parts of the world, but the manner of living and the ways of farming in Ethiopia remained unchanged.

In 1952, Oklahoma A&M College launched a program to assist the Sovereign Empire of Ethiopia in the establishment and operation of an agricultural education system. The project was financed by the United States Agency for International Development and the Imperial Ethiopian Government, with essential supplementary assistance by the Rockefeller Foundation, the National Science Foundation and others. In 1968, Oklahoma State University completed the work in Ethiopia, and the last of the O.S.U. staff returned home.

At the end of World War II, his Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, had returned from exile to find his homeland despoiled by war and occupation. He determined that the most pressing need of his people was education. With this in mind, the Emperor invited an internationally recognized educator, Dr. Henry G. Bennett, president of Oklahoma A. & M. College, to come to his country and assist him in planning the educational program best suited to the needs of the Ethiopian people.

Dr. Bennett was enthusiastic about the potential of the country. When the United States Point Four program was inaugurated in 1950, he was named its first director. Although Dr. Bennett was killed in a plane crash before the program was underway, his successor as president of Oklahoma A. & M. College, Doctor Oliver S. Willham, undertook the responsibilities of establishing an agricultural program in Ethiopia.

When the first Oklahomans arrived in Addis Ababa their basic assignment was to locate a site, construct a physical plant, recruit a staff, secure students, and establish and operate the educational system. It became immediately apparent that the operation of a secondary school would be a prerequisite to obtaining students for the proposed college of agriculture.

An abandoned set of buildings, constructed near Jimma during the Italian occupation, was chosen as the site for this secondary school. Members of the staff, and eighty students recruited from more than five hundred eager applicants, began the repair and renovation of the buildings.

When the first eighty students at the Jimma Agricultural Technical School, fifty completed the requirements for a Bachelor of Science degree at the Imperial Ethiopian College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts on an eleven hundred acre site near Alemaya in the eastern province of Harar. By 1956, construction was sufficiently advanced that classes could be held for senior students who had been studying at Jimma.

The first class of eleven students graduated in 1957, just five years after the arrival of the first Oklahomans in Ethiopia. The realization of a dream could be seen that day in the proud faces of the Emperor, the faculty, and the graduates themselves as they wore the robes of scholarship and received their diplomas.

Research was an integral part of the program at Alemaya. Some four hundred acres were devoted to tests of a variety of crops and livestock. Early in the program, the Central Experiment Station was established in the central highlands of Ethiopia, at Debra Zeit near Addis Ababa. Here the research program emphasized the study of poultry, and crop types suitable to volcanic soils.

In Ethiopia, where many farmers lack literacy, magazines, radio, or the opportunity to travel and observe, extension must also play a crucial part in the development of the economy. Field operations in extension were started in 1954. Two carefully selected young Ethiopians who had received special instruction began work among the farmers. As new men became available the service was greatly expanded. Agricultural extension became a part of rural Ethiopia.

Of the first eighty students at the Jimma Agricultural Technical School, fifteen completed the requirements for a Bachelor of Science degree at the Imperial Ethiopian College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts. Twenty-six went on to receive Master of Science degrees from U. S. institutions. Sixteen have, or are in the process of completing Doctoral programs. By 1966, the phase-out of American technicians at Jimma was complete, and the Ethiopians assumed full responsibility for the operation of the school.

Of the many worthwhile research projects carried out at Jimma, vegetables, spices, field crops, livestock, and poultry, the work with coffee is perhaps the most notable. In a comparatively short time, development of
an entire schedule, from planting to processing, produced an exportable product that competes favorably with the world's best coffee. Farmers in the coffee growing area cooperated wholeheartedly in accepting new methods of planting, cultivation, picking and processing the beans, and in meeting the high standards that competition in the world market requires. Research continues on tree types, and an average of some three hundred thousand coffee plants are grown and distributed to farmers each year.

The physical plant of the Imperial Ethiopian College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts at Alemaya was developed from a barren hillside to a modern, well landscaped campus including classrooms, dormitories, laboratories, library, an agricultural engineering building, faculty housing, animal housing, farm equipment buildings, a feed mixing plant, poultry farm and hatchery, a dairy barn with milk processing facilities, a greenhouse, and even a zoo.

The young men — and beginning with the 1967 school year, young women — who attend the college come from throughout the Ethiopian Empire. Some have been enrolled from other African nations. They represent a variety of ethnic groups with different languages and cultures but they all have one thing in common, the desire to learn. Students enthusiastically participate in a full life of study, farm work, recreation, and community service. Commercial concerns, at first skeptical of employing graduates, are now competing for the services of the Alemaya graduates.

The college began with a faculty that was entirely American, followed by an accelerating infusion of Ethiopian nationals into the staff. The post of Research Director was assumed by an Ethiopian in 1966. In 1966, the American president of the college turned his duties over to an Ethiopian. During the last two years O.S.U.’s role was purely advisory.

In the years since 1952, research on the college farm and at the central experiment station encompassed all phases of Ethiopian agriculture; the development of old crops, introduction of new crops, livestock and poultry improvement, and many of the day to day problems of the native population such as housing and water supplies.

Over nine hundred selections of wheat were tested and improved seed made available to farmers throughout the country. Small grain research also included barley, oats, sorghums, and the native Ethiopian bread grain “teff.” Another important grain is “nug,” a source of a major part of the oil used for cooking and making soap. Improved yield types were developed for this and other oil-bearing seeds such as sunflower, soybean, safflower, sesame, and linseed.

In the livestock program, specimens of the best native Borana cattle were crossedbred with Hereford, Angus, Santa Gertrudis, Holsteins, and others to produce offspring with all the good characteristics needed for survival under Ethiopian conditions as well as higher quality and quantity of meat and milk production. Experiments with locally grown grains and grasses has indicated a feed ration that produces the greatest gains for these cattle. With the introduction of more efficient breeding and feeding practices, the livestock industry shows promise of becoming another important source of economic advancement.

The college has established an improved dairy herd. Milk is being supplied, not only for consumption by students on the campus, but for the nearby cities of Harar, Dire Dawa, and Addis Ababa.

One of the more outstanding successes has been scored in the development of the poultry industry. Ethiopians have kept poultry and used poultry products for centuries, but the native chickens are small, and they produce eggs small in size and...
O.S.U. chose the course of starting with the equipment the Ethiopian farmer already had and showing him how to modernize it. Thus he was shown how to put a steel point on his ancient wooden plow, rather than showing him multi-furrow disc and tractor equipment he could neither afford to buy nor maintain. He was shown how to construct rat-proof farm buildings. Through field demonstrations, Ethiopian agriculture was gradually led to incorporate modern technology and mechanized equipment.

photos courtesy O.S.U.
number. Early in the agricultural education program, improved breeds such as Rhode Island Reds, Brown and White Leghorns, and New Hampshires were introduced. These larger birds, and larger eggs, were widely and rapidly accepted by Ethiopian farmers. A hatchery was established on the college farm and thousands of baby chicks distributed throughout the country.

The development of fruit and vegetable production has been extensive. Farmers have been quick to recognize the opportunity for consumer sales in the large market areas of the country. The Alemaya vegetable marketing cooperative, established with help from students at the college, has a contract to supply fresh vegetables to the neighboring country of French Somaliland.

Farmers were welcome to visit the college campus and farm at anytime. Numerous organized field days were held with elaborate displays and students to explain new products and practices. His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie was a frequent visitor at these and other campus events.

Some 115 publications prepared by members of the college staff cover a wide range of research and how-to-do-it bulletins. These are eagerly sought by farmers and agriculture officials. There is an old saying that if you lend a man a dollar, you make an enemy. If you show him how to earn a dollar you gain a friend. This was the basic concept of Oklahoma State University's program in Ethiopia from the beginning.

When final departure time came for the last O.S.U. staff members, Ethiopian farmers came from the remote hills and distant plains of that country to stand along the roads between Alemaya and the point of disembarkation. They came to wave goodbye, in a last farewell gesture between friends. At one of the earliest extension meetings an Ethiopian farmer had risen to speak with great feeling. When his remarks had been translated the Oklahomans learned he had said that these teachers had come a great way, from beyond the sea, and that anyone who did not listen to them was indeed foolish. The final attitude of most Americans who participated in the program was voiced by one departing technician who said, 'I've given this program the best I have, but I feel that I am taking with me far more than I am leaving behind'.
It all began when a young graduate of Phillips University left his coaching job at Cherokee in 1921 and became coach of all sports at Guthrie. Earl Young was the coach's name and the tireless strategist wasn't long in reviving the glory days Guthrie had enjoyed in pre-statehood days when GHS was known as Logan County High School and its various teams were among the most formidable in Oklahoma Territory. Sensational successes were scored by Coach Young's girls basketball team, the GHS Bluebirds, who achieved the greatest honors in the history of the old native stone and brick school that stood as an early monument to higher education at the northern edge of Guthrie.

In the memorable 1923 Championship Finals played at Norman, Guthrie and Alva met for the title, the GHS Bluebirds winning 29-27. The State Championship was just the beginning. That spring Audubon, Iowa, challenged Guthrie. The Bluebirds traveled to Iowa and won.

Back east, Croton-on-Hudson was the claimant of the eastern title. Correspondence between the New York school and Guthrie led to an agreement for a series to be played at the town able to raise the money to underwrite the expenses involved. Guthrie would have pledged the Santa Fe railroad roundhouse to see that series played. Civic groups raised the money. The games were played in Guthrie May 17-19, the winner to be presented a National Championship Trophy.

Guthrie's Bluebirds were flying high and captured three straight, winning the final game 32-14, a game played under the proposed new rule for girls' basketball calling for a twodivision court, rather than the threedivision court. The game, as then being played, called for two guards confined to the backcourt, a center and side center restricted to the midcourt section, and the forwards in forecourt, who obviously did all the scoring. Under the proposed rule, later adopted, girls played with three forwards in forecourt, three guards in backcourt.

There was much skeptical talk. "They just as well play boys' rules and run all over the court . . . it's not the way to play girls' basketball," some contended. "Next thing they'll
do away with bloomers and the girls will be playing in shorts!" others feared.

But no matter how they played, the Bluebirds swept to victory. Their record, 36 victories, two defeats — both losses to Alva, the toughest of all Guthrie's rivals.

One of the Oklahoma City papers noted, "No other team in the United States can boast of such an impressive record. It is one that will go down in basketball annals as an outstanding achievement. In fact, who is there to dispute Guthrie's claim to a National Championship?" The series with Croton-on-Hudson was played in Guthrie's old Masonic Temple, facilities quite inadequate to accommodate the fans who vied for tickets.

The tidal wave of enthusiasm for the GHS Bluebirds didn't subside with 1923. The Bluebirds of 1924 were formidable, but the flu bug wrecked the team at state tournament time. However, at season's close, Guthrie was challenged by Westfield, New Jersey, to defend the National Championship title of the year before. Westfield had come on to dominate eastern girls' basketball and invited the team from Oklahoma to play for the "Westfield Challenge Cup."

The following notes from the diary of one of the girls bring memories of that unsophisticated era and the big trip east:

"On March 28 the team began the long train ride east, stopping in Kansas City to work out at the YWCA before boarding the Night Hawk for St. Louis. Sunday was spent sightseeing, a trip across the Mississippi and to Linwood Park and the site of the famed World's Fair of 1904, to the campus of Washington University, and other places of interest.

"Four and a half hours out of St. Louis we were surprised to find our train entering Washington—but learned it was not the nation's capital but Washington, Indiana! On to Cincinnati and then into West Virginia, and at Keyser the train entered the valley of the Potomac, which was at flood and doing tremendous damage. The train moved slowly to Cumberland, on to Harper's Ferry, and finally Washington, D.C.

"The team was met by the Oklahoma Congressional Delegation. We visited the capitol, watched the Senate in session, viewed historic places, practiced at the Christian Church gymnasium, and then hurried to the White House to be presented to President Coolidge.

"President Coolidge stated that he had heard of us and was sure such a robust group of girls could not lose. During our stay snow was falling. Next day the team was off to New York City, arriving at 10 p.m., two hours late because of the heavy snows. The Westfield girls met us in New York and we arrived at the New Jersey destination after midnight April 1. We had left Oklahoma in springtime and arrived at Westfield in winter, snow covering everything. After the workout next day, the Bluebirds were entertained by the Lions..."
Club at Echo Lake. The Challenge Cup was on display, and was admired by both teams.

"It was difficult the next night for us to get to the gymnasium through the tremendous crowd, many of whom had to be turned away. Guthrie won the first game 36-22. Again Saturday night Guthrie won, 33-17, and the beautiful cup was won.

"On Sunday the team was taken to the Atlantic shore for lunch at the Coleman House in Asbury Park. On the way back the team visited the Jay Gould estate and stopped at Lake-hurst to see the giant Shenandoah dirigible. Monday's third game was won by Westfield 27-19, a consolation victory, as the series was already decided. Tuesday a 10-minute exhibition was played so Fox and Pathe News could film action movies of the two teams. The National committee also presented a trophy to the Bluebirds."

Eager to continue playing although they had graduated from high school, alumnae players in April of 1924 formed the Guthrie Athletic Ladies Club. They chose the name of Redbirds and scheduled games with other teams, the Wichita Eagles, the Enid Midgets, and high schools of Oklahoma. Herman Smith, former Guthrian later to become mayor of Ponca City, coached the Redbirds.

Edmonton, Canada's noted team known as the Commercial Graduates, had toured Europe under Olympic auspices and won many honors. In March of 1925 the Canadian team challenged the Redbirds for a home and-home series. The Guthrie games were most unusual. They were played July 3 and 4, 1925, on a specially constructed outdoor court at the Logan County Fairgrounds. Captain Edith Harned's team had Otha and Winnie Nivens, Kenworthy, Stilts, Bowers, Hopkins, Ochs, and Hess. Edmonton was led by the great Connie Smith, then called the "world's greatest player!" The 5,000 fans who paid admission to the two games agreed. Indeed she was. Edmonton was too much. They swept the aeries handily, as well as the later series in Edmonton.

Forrest "Phog" Allen of Kansas University, refereed the Guthrie games. Hugh McDermott, coach of Oklahoma University, was umpire. Dr. James Naismith, inventor of basketball, was among those present. Dr. Naismith, who hung the fabled peach baskets in the "Y" at Springfield, Massachusetts, and invented the game, addressed the crowds. He praised the Canadians for their marvelous skill, as the first game resulted in a 21-5 triumph for Edmonton and the visitors did nearly as well in all the others. The Canadian return trip was to be the last of the big intersectionals.

Passing years tend to obscure the athletic triumphs of an earlier Oklahoma. New champions rise to hold their place in the limelight and the echoes of long-ago cheering die away. These girls of half-a-century ago and their surge into the national spotlight had all Oklahoma lifting toasts to them. We lift one more to the GHS Bluebirds, who claimed a National Championship and, as the Ladies Athletic Club Redbirds, made a try for an International Championship. The basketball activity of the girls was ended by a familiar cause, one celebrated in an old song — "those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine."

Best regards,

Otis Wile

Further, when we offered to pay him for his chores in putting this article together, he refused payment for his work. This is the spirit which keeps him from getting rich, but beloved by all.
An Archaeologist’s Plea:

The Tragic Loss of America’s Ancient Treasures

BY RON MILLER

Editor of the International Memo of The Guild of American Prehistorians
When the explorers, the conquistadores, the Vikings, and others (it is now beginning to look as though there were many others) first set foot in the Americas, the Indian works were fabulous. Great civilizations flourished; artists executed exquisite pottery with beautiful colors and designs: architects built works to rival structures of the Old World; ancient artists' creations in stone amaze artists and archaeologists today.

Such craftsmen took ages, drilling, pecking, grinding, and polishing hard granite, quartz, and other stones. The use of some of these artifacts, such as bird-stones, banner-stones and boat-stones still puzzle archaeologists. The artifacts have a beautiful stylized quality that blends with the abstract patterns and colors of the stone to form works that would win prizes in modern art shows.

In North America are found beautiful pipes, "calumets" made of the rare red stone called catlinite found primarily in Pipestone County, Minnesota. The stone was so prized by the Indians that it became a great trade item. Such pipes are found by archaeologists thousands of miles from the original source.

The Indians of North America also made artifacts of flint, obsidian, turquoise, quartz, mica, shell and copper. Magnificent copper items found at the Spiro mounds include a copper eagle, copper coated ear spools, embossed sheets of copper, stylized feathers, and a human head of copper. In Central and South America the Indians had even more precious stones and metals to work. The Maya loved jade. The Inca were exceptional metallurgists experimenting with all sorts of alloys. Little baubles of gold are found here and there in Central and South America — Mayan golden bells, Inca fish hooks of gold, sunbursts that drove the greedy conquistadores to all sorts of fanatic expeditions.

There are the monuments, colossal pyramids such as the Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan, complexes like Oklahoma's Spiro mounds. There are single artifacts, graves and rock drawings scattered outside the great centers; all left by different Indian cultures down through the millennia. It is a reasonable assumption that at one time every hollow and hill on the continent was known by the Indians. Every camp, whether it was an overnight camp or one regularly used, had at least an artifact or two cast aside. Some of the better known locations have tons of artifacts.

It is difficult to comprehend the enormity of the ancient scene. Along every creek, every river, in the bottoms, on the mid-elevation terraces, sometimes on the higher elevations, Indians may have at some time camped. Perhaps over thousands of years many different cultures camped there. It will stagger your imagination to try to fit the pieces together. Highly intelligent men and women, working for thousands of years, turned out utilitarian items, often adding touches of artistry to them. Most of the works of antiquity are functional, but they often went this extra art-craft mile.

Forget the cave man stereotype, the character with the bludgeon and slobbering lips. These ancient people were equally as intelligent as the people of today. More, they had senses which we find difficult to comprehend. Ours have been dulled by civilization. They did not have the accumulated technology we have. Technology can be very misleading. If you want to know how skilled and clever America's ancients were, examine a Folsom point. Look at the thin winged banner-stone with its characteristic hole all the way through. Now try and make one. Don't forget the flute in the Folsom point (both sides), and that the hole in the banner-stone must be kept true — straight up and down. And you must use the tools of the ancients.
Early pioneers found, literally, bushels of such stone work in fields. The white man could not have picked a more inopportune time to stage his entrance. He landed right at some major high cultural points. If left alone there is no telling where the Indian cultures would have gone. The Aztec and Inca empires as they were dazzled the eyes of the conquistadores. The Indians of the eastern U.S. had developed a workable and highly specialized system of government which influenced the government we have today. The Indians of the southwest had developed complex cultures. They were excellent farmers, builders, craftsmen. The Indians of the Northwest Coast had developed a great woodworking craft and fishing culture. All of the Indians were producing wonderful artifacts. Some of the very oldest cultures produced the finest flint work ever made. Their beautiful flint spear points, such as the Clovis, Folsom, and Dalton styles, are gems to behold. Then the destruction accelerated. Time, the elements and the Indians themselves contributed, but after white men arrived the story of destruction becomes vivid. The conquistadores melted down tons of gold art treasures. The pilgrims commenced their pioneer advance by robbing an Indian grave near Plymouth Rock to get some corn. Since that time there has been a tragic loss of America's ancient treasures. Today the situation is most alarming. Some of the contributing factors are urban sprawl; man made lakes; weak antiquity laws and little enforcement; fake artifacts which weaken the scholarly fabric; pot hunters who care nothing for the story of ancient man and seek only treasures they can sell or add to their own collections. Destruction is a sad thing to watch. If you are really interested in the science of archaeology, it is difficult to watch a bulldozer plow through a mound, see a housing development cover the site of an ancient camp, or a river valley flooded. Professor Jesse E. Wrench, founder of the Missouri Archaeological Society said: "While agricultural operations, road building, railroad construction and the laying of pipelines furnish a continuous whittling away of archaeological remains, it is the dam that blots out a whole area which conceivably might contain the answer to an otherwise insoluble problem. It is in the river valleys that the story of the past is most completely told."

What is being done and can be done about the destruction? Some states
have antiquity laws that attempt to control the situation, but enforcement remains a problem. Laws need to be up-dated, and enforced. There is the problem of rampant fake manufacture. Imitations need to be labeled as such and signed by the maker.

The Italians have antiquity laws and provide for immediate payment of cash to anyone finding ancient sites and artifacts. This encourages immediate turnover to the proper authorities.

The British now are having crash brainstorm meetings trying to come up with new archaeological-ecological ideas. They have had some striking ideas including a national organization entitled RESCUE. It would be wise to follow their work closely, and do some creative thinking of our own.

It looks as though much of the real work will have to be done by amateur archaeologists. There are not enough full time archaeologists to do the job. A few state universities have built their departments up a little and more states have a lone state archaeologist. Some ambitious archaeological and historical societies have special site preservation groups. But the sites are too many and the destruction is too great. Some new thinking, and doing, is in order.

Everyone needs to appreciate the antiquities. Just a little education might cause a bulldozer operator to pause before plowing up a site. Everyone should praise the discoveries by youngsters. Do something nice for a construction company that holds off a while so that the archaeologists can investigate a site. Encourage people to report finds and to take care of what they find. Keep records, number artifacts, write reports, support museums.

It is a whale of a job. Most people have fun arrowhead hunting and taking artifacts from the site, but everyone now has to start giving. We must now recycle our knowledge, interest, and fun so that others may enjoy and benefit from what is learned.

Some new thinking has to be done. What about saving a part of a site for new methods of the future? How many professors now wish they had saved part of those old sites for new methods of the future? How many professors now wish they had saved part of those old sites for radio carbon 14 analysis, pollen studies, and argon dating? A number of university professors look down their noses at amateur archaeologists and lump all of them into the destructive category. This is ridiculous and negative. A great percentage of the big discoveries have, in fact, been made by amateurs.

The late Dan Josselyn of the Alabama Archaeological Society, one of the pioneer antiquity savers, wrote a great deal on the subject of archaeological conservation. He is the one who pointed out that archaeology is one of our most important natural resources. Antiquity is our roots in the soil. There is a tremendous amount of useful knowledge in archaeology—knowledge that may help man untangle himself from some present problems. The ancients developed plants that we enjoy and need. Think of them tonight as you eat your mashed potatoes, green beans, corn, and tomatoes.

Plant specialists continue to make the old plants bigger and juicer—but there is archaeological work underway too. The late Dr. Jacques Rousseau, ethno-botanist of the Universite Laval, Montreal, did some fascinating work on seed specimens of the extinct Giant Ragweed (ambrosia trifida) once possibly cultivated as an edible seed by the Ozark bluff-dwellers. He used a mutant stimulating chemical on modern varieties of the weed and recreated it. The new plants were unable to reproduce themselves.
I (this will probably be good news to hay fever sufferers) but who knows, there may be food possibilities from the ragweed someday because of Dr. Rousseau's imaginative work.

Along this line, we just received at our work center something we can hardly believe, but it is here. It is a most unusual ear of corn known as pod corn, an ancient variety and one still used by certain Indians of South America (according to Elting and Folsom's *Mysterious Grain*). Each little kernel has a husk or glume of its own. This ear, we are told, was grown from a kernel or seed found in a dry rock shelter. If so, this would certainly change the thinking of those who believe that ancient seeds will not germinate. It is a husky ear. Who knows, someone may be able to cross it with a modern variety and come up with a blight resistant type.

There are many reasons for saving sites and studying the antiquities. Artists of today find ideas and inspiration in the works of the ancients. Archaeology can provide fun, excitement, recreation, and romance. That last is a dirty word in some stuffy scholarly circles but heaven help us when all the romance is gone from our lives. Getting out in the countryside and looking for artifacts is quite a sport. Excavating will build muscles.

**Plea:**

If you would like to become an amateur archaeologist, here is author Ron Miller's suggested reading list of books that will be helpful to you.


**HISTORICAL ARCHAEOLOGY: A comprehensive guide for both amateurs and professionals to the techniques and methods of excavating historical sites**. By Ivor Noel Hume, Director of the Department of Archaeology at Colonial Williamsburg.


Lastly, before you undertake any actual digging, read Oklahoma Today's article on Antiquity Laws on Page 28 of our Autumn 1971 issue. Be sure that you comply with these laws.

We have lost a great deal. Hopefully there will always be something left for us to study. But not unless we sharply revise old methods, and come up with new ones. We must learn to conserve our sites as well as preserve our archaeological treasures or we'll be coming up with an empty artifact bag.

"Oh Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the Winds, and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me.

I come before you, one of your many children. I am small and weak. I need your strength and wisdom.

Let me walk in beauty and make my eyes ever to behold the red and purple sunset. Make my hands respect the things you have made, my ears sharp to hear your voice.

Make me wise, so that I may know the things you have taught my people, the lesson you have hidden in every leaf and rock.

I seek strength not to be superior to my brothers, but to be able to fight my greatest enemy—myself.

Make me ever ready to come to you with clean hands and open eyes, so when life fades my spirit may come to you without shame."

*Prayer by Yellow Lark*  
Sioux Indian Chief
Jan. 1–2 Disney on Parade (Circus) . . . Tulsa
Jan. 3 Tulsa Art Exhibit, TU . . . Tulsa
Jan. 4–11 "A Thousand Clowns" Little Theatre . . . Tulsa
Jan. 15 OU vs. Oral Roberts (basketball) . . Oklahoma City
Jan. 16 OU vs. Southeastern (basketball) . . . Oklahoma City
Jan. 17 OU vs. Williams (basketball) . . . Oklahoma City
Jan. 20 TU vs. Creighton (basketball) . . . Tulsa
Jan. 21 OU vs. Kansas City (basketball) . . . Oklahoma City
Jan. 22 OU vs. South Alabama (basketball) . . . Norman
Jan. 23 OU vs. Sacred Heart (basketball) . . . Tulsa
Jan. 24 Cameron vs. Dallas Baptist (basketball) . . . Lawton
Jan. 25 OSU vs. Missouri State (basketball) . . Stilwater
Jan. 26 NE A&M vs. Seminole (basketball) . . Oklahoma City
Jan. 27 NE A&M vs. Tulsia (basketball) . . . Oklahoma City
Jan. 28 OSU vs. John Brown (football) . . . Stillwater
Jan. 29 OSU vs. Denver (basketball) . . . Oklahoma City
Jan. 30 Allegri Quartet . . . Tulsa
Jan. 31 ORU vs. William Jewell (basketball) . . . Tulsa
Feb. 1 CSU vs. Midwestern (basketball) . . . Edmond
Feb. 1–27 "What Did We Do Wrong" Gaslight Theatre . . . Tulsa
WANTED

FOR ARMED ROBBERY AND
ATTEMPTED ROBBERY OF
SANTA FE, M. K. & T., AND
ROCK ISLAND TRAINS IN
THE OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

AL JENNINGS

WHO IS BELIEVED TO BE ARMED AND
DANGEROUS, HAVING CHARGED
AGAINST HIM FELONIOUS ASSAULTS
WITH FIREARMS.

INFORMATION CONCERNING HIS
WHEREABOUTS SHOULD BE
IMMEDIATELY COMMUNICATED TO
THE OFFICE OF THE DEPUTY UNITED
STATES MARSHAL, GUTHRIE,
OKLAHOMA TERRITORY

TWENTY-SIX
A clipping on the death of Mr. Al Jennings in Tarzana, California, sent me drifting down memory lane to the time this bad man of the Old West held me in custody.

I was 16. The year was 1927. I'd come from Texas to California to live with my father, who was divorced from my mother. Aunt Eunice, my mother's sister, lived in Los Angeles.

One day, because the relationship with my father had become strained, I went to see Aunt Eunice. With an over-blown sense of the dramatic, Aunt Eunice seized upon the situation as one calling for cloaks and daggers. Moreover, she threw in the aforementioned Mr. Jennings, terror of the Oklahoma Territory, albeit reformed.

With Aunt Eunice's boy friend Dick driving, the three of us took off in her 1923 Ford. In my aunt's imagination my father was chasing us. So we raced around the Hollywood hills in the best Mack Sennett tradition, finally pulling up in front of a white two-story house. Dick rang the bell beside the front door, the top half of which was stained glass. A gentle little man opened the door and we entered a sombre entrance hall.

While Dick was talking quietly to the man — no doubt asking asylum for me — Aunt Eunice said casually that he was Al Jennings, "a famous bandit who has shot a lot of men," adding that I was to stay with him while she and Dick attended to some business. In an instant, they had gone.

I was alone in the dark with the pardoned outlaw and I wanted to say, "Pardon me, I have to leave," but I'd lost my voice.

However, as my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I saw that I was towering over Al by perhaps two inches. Peering down into his small wizened face, topped by gray-streaked red curly hair, I felt relieved. He seemed as old as the hills of Hollywood, and I figured if necessary I could throw him over my shoulder with one hand.

The only thing I had to fear was fear itself — and his gun. I wished I knew where he kept it as he led me up the stairs. We entered a room completely in contrast to the one below.

"This is my study," he said.

The white walls reflected the sunshine streaming in through two large windows. Al sat down at an old rolled-top desk strewn with papers, and I sat in a straight chair beside him.

Still thinking of the gun, I tensed as he pulled open one of the desk drawers. Much to my relief, he only took out a sheet of paper.

"I've been doing some writing," he said, looking at me. "Maybe you can tell me if this sounds all right."

Then Al read a paragraph I recall somewhat as follows:

As Bill crept toward the tree, his feet grated on the fallen leaves, which creaked in the piercing heat. A few feet away a horned frog skittered across to a hollow tree trunk and disappeared inside.

When he finished reading, he said, "That's the way it was back there in Oklahoma—very hot with leaves and brush crackling. Do you think I got it down right?"

I assured him I thought it an exact description.

As if in answer to questions I didn't dare ask, Al explained.

"I was a train robber and an outlaw, you know. I'm writing about those days. I write in longhand and I have a secretary working here doing my typing. I'll have her bring us something to drink."

Al pushed a button and moments later a young woman came in. He asked her to bring us some milk and cookies, which she did.

Since Al didn't mention his wife, I don't know whether or not he was then married — the news item said he'd died of a broken heart after the death of his 81-year-old wife the month before.

When Aunt Eunice and Dick returned they told Al that they might turn me over to the juvenile court, so I would have a place to stay. But Al advised against it, saying it would put my name on record — something best avoided.

In the end, tired of the chase they took me back to my father.

As for Al, maybe he's unique — as outlaws go.

He went, dying a natural death, at age 93.
Hear the mighty working engine
Hear that lonesome whistle squall
When the signal for that freight train
Says, "Clear track ahead. Highball!"

Listen to the clatter as
That engine pulls an' strains
She's a roarin', rumblin' rattler
Through the Osage hills and plains...

**FREIGHT TRAIN**

Telephones ring in darkness. Fumbling hands reach to answer, then fumble for lamp switches. Lights break the midnight black in half-a-dozen homes, torturing the unready, suddenly opened eyeballs of Number 23 train crew. In an hour their cars are parked beside the depot.

Inside, the conductor is going over his train orders with the trainmaster. Outside, engineer and brakeman are completing the train and disjointed talk crackles through the depot squawk box as they seek to locate an air leak somewhere between the caboose and the head-end. Clattering computers are coding out the conductor's wheel report on the 48 cars scheduled to pull out at 3:00 A.M. The bills of lading list a general store assortment of bolt goods, oil drums, piggyback trailers, anti-freeze, nails, sheet zinc, carloads of fruit, shelled
corn, milo maize, newsprint, peanuts, furniture, steel, lumber, insulation, soybeans, chemicals, glass, and miscellaneous crated commercial goods.

It is muscle jarring, nerve straining work to move such freight cargo from point of origin to point of use in Oklahoma. The train must be in part disassembled, then made up again, at almost every depot stop. Laden cars must be spotted for unloading. Empty cars must be picked up. Carloads of manufactured products, agricultural harvests, crude oil, and refined petroleum products are added to the train as it makes its way through Oklahoma.

These are photos of a portion of such a freight run on the KATY line, between Coffeyville, Kansas, and Cushing, Oklahoma. A freight yard becomes hypostatic when you are a part of it, even so small a part as a passenger permitted to ride the caboose with camera in hand as the freight train and its crew of trainmen make their hard-working day down across Oklahoma ... Dewey, Bartlesville, Wynona, Hominy, Cleveland, Hallett, Jennings, Yale, Cushing.

There are in the Osage places, now only names — Okesa, Nelagony — where the train rarely stops. But yesterday, ah yesterday ... as the train approaches Okesa cut, pulling up that hard grade, recall the long ago night when Al Spencer and his gang lurked there, waiting to pull off the last train robbery in Oklahoma (see Oklahoma Today, Autumn '70, Robbery on the Rails by Arthur Shoemaker).

Cattle loading pens and sidings lined with flat cars loaded with oil field supplies no longer make those nearly forgotten stops lively. As times change so does the load and the work of the freight train.

Steam to diesel and piggy-backed semi-trailers, radio intercom between head-end and caboose, innovations alter and modernize the freight train and its way of working. Somehow, whatever the changes, one thing will linger. It is the aura of romance that buffers the air around the railroad. A faint scent of coal smoke, though the fuel be diesel. A touch of steam whistle wail in the sound of the distant air-powered claxon. We think it is that old ghosts will not depart. They haunt rails and ties and, roused by clacking freight train wheels, shed old odors and lend their wailings, faint, but clearly discernible, to the din.
RIDING THE HORSE RANGE

Oklahoma Today has twice previously offered articles (Autumn '59 and Winter '65-'66) with special emphasis on quarter horses. The pictures in this issue underline the importance of other breeds in Soonerland.

The Oklahoma Paint Horse (page 31) Club Registry lists some 300 ponies with national prestige, in this breed so beautiful, adaptable, and trainable.

Not trainable at all are the rodeo bucking horses (page 35) that are the speciality of rodeo stock contractors. These bucking horses are athletes with a specialized task to perform — not unlike that of a pass receiving split-end or halfback. These horses don't have a pass to catch, but are specialists at getting rid of the guy who wants to stay with them.

The Arabian is one of the most useful and durable horses in the history of mankind. A beautiful girl riding a fine Arabian horse make a twosome awesomely spectacular, as our cover and page 37 aptly demonstrate.

The "two-toned" horses, the Appaloosas (page 33), date back in history to ancient Libya, China, Egypt and Africa. The Moors brought this colorfully marked breed to Spain, the Conquistadors to Mexico. Through the California Spanish grants the Appaloosa reached the Nez Perce Indians along the Pelouse River. There fur-traders spoke of the spotted horse as "a pelouse" — so it acquired its modern name. Nez Perce warriors riding their Appaloosa horses outmaneuvered the U. S. Cavalry.

THE ANSWER

What the dickens is the matter with this blamed old head of mine?
Seems to me that I'm a feelin' Jist a little extra fine.

Ever'thing seems mighty rosy
Never was like this before
Guess I'm ridin' purty reckless
Right into the bug-house door.

I can't find a single worry
All the world is made complete
Spineless cactus blooms in splendor
'mongst the thornless bush mesquite.

Trails ain't half so steep and rugged
As they were not long ago

Saddle leather soft as feathers
Guess I must be plumb loco.

No, it can't be cowhand likker
'Cause I haven't had a drink
So it must be somethin' different
Somethin' mighty — let me think.

No, it can't be that I reckon
Leapin' lizards, saints above
I've jist rode onto the answer
Bet a hoss that I'm in love!

... O. K. Fannin.

NEW CAMPUS ARCHITECTURE

University Center on the campus at Oklahoma Baptist University, Shawnee.

Davisson American Heritage Building on the campus at Oklahoma Christian College, Oklahoma City.
The Poet When He Is Older
Not grown too old to sing —
still the snowy orient,
The lyric live-oaks melting him,
lonely listening
nor lived too long to laugh
at the after-thoughts of Adam,
or to grieve for gentle men —
but no longer
awe of love
or the love of awe
no more fine lines
to death,
it's too close to profane
or to honor —
having chosen honor mostly,
he's forgotten pondering it.
and no longer floods of color,
nameless good,
waste of wand
his seed leaf moves
more carefully
to plant its length of flame.
His beauty's
wearing wisdom
like a coat against the wind —
and all around him's
softer sound,
star and falling, all small
winter sounds.

TEN YEARS AGO IN
OKLAHOMA TODAY
We were involved, awhile back, in
a panel discussion with a literary
longnose who commented that it was
a shame that Oklahoma had never
had a Pulitzer Prize winner. Where-
upon we were pleased to point out
that Oklahoma has not only had more
than one Pulitzer Prize winner, but
is one of the few states with a two-
time Pulitzer Prize winner. Marquis
James, of Enid, won the Pulitzer
Prize twice; for his biographies of
Andrew Jackson, and of Sam Hous-
ton. Read the story in Bess Truitt's
article in our winter '61-62
Oklahoma Today.

We've consistently claimed that
Oklahoma's oil rush was far more ex-
citing than anybody's gold rush, but
Oklahoma had a gold rush too. It was
in the Wichita Mountains, and gold
was discovered, but never in quanti-
ties sufficient to make commercial
mining practicable. There were gold
rush towns, Meers, Mt. Sheridan,
Wildman, Oreanna, with their own
booming newspapers like the Mt.
Sheridan Miner. There were mines,
the Gold Coin, Copper King, Gray
Eagle Lode, Bonanza, and plenty of
excitement, all communicated in Steve
Wilson's article in the winter '61-62
Oklahoma Today.

One of the most popular Indian
paintings we've published is The Long
Snow by Jesse Davis. It is in that
winter '61-62 issue, along with Mag-
gie Culver Fry's collection of delicious
Indian recipes, From our Indian Cup-
board.

FIRST SNOW
Soft on bare branches
of shivering trees
snuggling the rooftops
carressing the hills
the first snow lingers
leaving white patches
scattered across the fields
like unseasoned blossoms
in the listening grass.

TOP STATE AT 4-H CLUB
CONGRESS
For the second successive year,
Oklahoma has topped all other states
in National Award Winners; at the
50th 4-H Club Congress in Chicago
nineteen young Oklahomans were na-
tional winners; Linda Welch, Duke;
Mary Torzynski, Tulsa; Edwyna Syn-
ar, Muskogee; Alan Synar, Muskog-
ee; Chuck Straus, Hooker; Mike
Steward, Shawnee; Nannette Pope,
Bartlesville; Rodd Moesel, Oklahoma
City; Retta Miller, Enid; Linda Mil-
er, Bartlesville; Monte McCarty, Chick-
asha; Cora Ann LeGrand, Stillwater;
Paula Hellwege, Kingfisher; Ted
Harp, Jay; Jacquelyn Deason, Ft.
Cobb; Jimmy Curl, Branan; Ronald
Chavez, Faxon; David Bogle, Okla-
ahoma City; and Beth Barnett, Chick-
asha; Tammie Morrison, Stillwater;
and Kathy Sullivan, Tulsa, were sec-
tional winners. Debbie Rigdon, Cres-
cent; Phil Huggard, Yukon; Nancy

THIRTY-FOUR
Linda Miller receives her 4-H Club Award from President Nixon.

Hill, Lawton; and Cliff Ernst, Bartlesville, were regional winners. This group won $14,800.00 in scholarships, a new high record, the largest amount ever won by a single state at a 4-H Club Congress.

BOW BROKEN

The song is still.
Seeded—Now in deeper tunes.
Strings to the tune hang
With the broken bow.

The master sleeps next to a man
Who sleeps cold.

The wind unearths little past
the deeper land.

In some curious
Form-Flesh
Flex-Frame,
Perhaps the sky itself
If they look together; (yet, let
the cold man be).
They look forever.

... B. Whiteman

NEW COLOR TOUR

Eight full-color 35mm slides of Oklahoma places and people, for you to project, enjoy, and share with guests and friends, are included in our Color Tour Number 28. You'll find an order blank for Color Tour 28 on the subscription insert included in this issue. Pictures in the tour are:

1. The Border Star: from Old Fort Coffee
2. In the Verdigris Channel: near Tulsa
3. Winterscape: near Midwest City
4. Sunset Worship: near Broken Arrow
5. Schooling the Paint Horse: Yukon
6. Appaloosa Horse Show: Purcell
7. Saddle Bronc Riding: Enid Shrine Rodeo
8. At the Arabian Horse Show: Oklahoma City

NEW BOOKS

MYRIAD OF SPORTS ... a profile of Oklahoma City, by Pen Woods and Frank K. Boggs, published by the All Sports Association of Oklahoma City, $3.95. We don't pretend expertise at predicting future collectors items, but in this case there can be no doubt. Future Oklahoma City buffs will pay dearly for this one. The pictures are the best we've seen of the gardens and malls planned for downtown Oklahoma City.

SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY, by Bill Gulick, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, $30.00. Former Oklahoman Bill Gulick, a prose perfectionist, has achieved the unusual in that his narrative surpasses even the photographic reproductions in this splendid book. Author Gulick is a master of anecdote, a talent given full play in this thoroughly researched, descriptive, and historic treatment of a gorgeous chunk of North America.

THE BLACK MILITARY EXPERIENCE IN THE AMERICAN WEST, edited by John M. Carroll, published by Liveright, New York, $17.50. How can we understand a past that would exclude a man's name and his achievements from the pages of history because his skin was black? If we cannot understand, we can certainly extend every present effort to research and include. Astonishment is the emotion most likely to greet a reading of this book. Try it and see.

BRIEF GARLAND, by Harold Keith, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, $4.95. No better account will ever be written of what it was like to coach girls' basketball in a small Oklahoma high school. Let's also add that no author writes suspenseful narrative with more skill and finesse than Harold Keith. A tale expertly woven with a happy and satisfying ending.

PLAINS INDIAN ART FROM FORT MARION, by Karen Daniels Petersen, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $9.95. Here is documented history and historical Indian painting. Many of the paintings are in color, the photographs are excellent, and the "Pictographic Dictionary" is of special value. Of the Fort Marion prisoners, most of the Kiowa and Cheyenne men were artists who both drew and painted. The Comanches and one lone Caddo left no art. These autobiographical writings and paintings by the prisoners, and the astute analysis of author Petersen, provide understanding of an heroic group of prisoners, and an invaluable reference source about Indian painting.

THE UMBILICAL CORD, by Maggie Culver Fry, Windfall Press, 1814-E Norwood St., Chicago, Ill., 60626. Rather than trying to tell you how good Maggie Culver Fry is, here is a sample of the vividness of her imagery; the poem is Dust Storm, from her new book:

Wind, like a villain a-prowl,
Seducing
The cultured, ripened heart of
quiet earth,
Wooing, until at last she grows
forgetful;
Deaf to her children's wail, blind
to her worth;
Hating the dead inertia, tired
of service,
Rising to his call, without a sigh,
Subtle, on muted wings, she goes
a-roving
Changing to muddy-brown, the
flawless sky.

Maggie Culver Fry
Every literate Oklahoman should invest in the purchase of a copy of *THE ART OF THE OLD WEST: from the collection of the Gilcrease Institute.* To do so would be a deed equivalent to rising and standing while the song OKLAHOMA! is sung.

This past decade has been a continuing recognition of the fact that Oklahoma is an uncommon commonwealth. The achievements of individual Oklahomans, of Oklahoma organizations and institutions, and the positive national recognition resulting, has passed in a steady procession. The publication of this book is the equivalent of any accomplishment and equal in stature to any recognition Oklahoma has received.

No jewel in Oklahoma’s stately crown glistens with more beauty and dignity than the Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa. It is “a national treasury” of certain and inestimable wealth. This deluxe book, devoted only and entirely to the Gilcrease western and frontier collections, has the permanence and splendor to justly reflect the Gilcrease.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, the book was printed in Italy, and a 707 jet was chartered to fly 17,000 copies to the U.S. to stock bookstores in time for the release date.

The book is 9½ X 12½ inches in size. It contains 300 plates, and 134 full color reproductions. The paintings were selected, by Gilcrease Director Paul A. Rossi and Art Director David C. Hunt, to tell the story of western America, and the narrative was written by them. The Book-of-the-Month Club has selected this book to be especially offered to its members sometime during 1972.

Here is the superlative art of Remington, Russell, Miller, Moran, Leigh, Seltzer, Schreyvogel, Bodmer, Catlin; the Indians, cowboys, cattlemen, pioneers, mountain men, traders, the buffalo, beaver, grizzly, the West that was, as it is now preserved in The Gilcrease Institute.

It is, as nearly as is possible, your opportunity to purchase the Gilcrease Collection for thirty dollars. Order from your local bookstore; or from The Gilcrease Institute, 2500 W. Newton, Tulsa, Oklahoma, 74110; or from Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 201 E. 50th St., New York, N.Y., 10022.
IT IS THE PURPOSE OF OKLAHOMA TODAY TO DEVOTE ITSELF TO THE ENTIRE STATE OF OKLAHOMA AND ITS EVERY POSITIVE ASPECT: ITS SCENERY, CULTURAL, RECREATIONAL, AND VISITOR ATTRACTING EVENTS; ITS INDUSTRY; NATURAL AND MAN-MADE WONDERS; ITS ACHIEVEMENTS; ITS HERITAGE; ITS PRESENT; AND ITS FUTURE.

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