HUMAN FOOTPRINTS IN STONE

COLOR PHOTOS BY R. TRUMAN TUCKER

(see page four)
on the previous two pages . . .

we show you a variety of human footprints. Recently discovered in the far northwest corner of Oklahoma's panhandle Cimarron County, these footprints were made a long, long time ago, in alluvial mud. In the passage of untold years, they have become hardened into stone.

We have from time to time in Oklahoma Today pictured dinosaur tracks found in the same area, tracks of the allosaurus, brontosaurus, and huge pterodactyl birds. Science tells us that these dinosaur tracks were made in mud of the Pliocene age, literally millions of years ago. Now the mud of these Oklahoma Pliocene tropical jungles has become hardened into stone.

The photos of human footprints reproduced in color on our first two pages were made by Cimarron County rancher R. Truman Tucker. Mr. Tucker, now retired, has ridden Cimarron County rangeland since his early youth, and knows that country more thoroughly than anyone we know. He tells us that these human footprints were made in what has now become Dakotah Sandstone.

We believe that he is right. Dakotah Sandstone is a cretaceous formation, laid down in the age of the dinosaurs. Does the finding of these footprints indicate that man was living in the Oklahoma panhandle during the time of the dinosaurs?

Is the formation of this particular area of stone a "freak of nature," such that the footprints in it could have been made at a time later than the age of the dinosaurs? Were these footprints turned into stone by a natural process not peculiar to our Black Mesa country?

We do not know the answers to these questions. We leave the matter to you to ponder.

Somewhere, we recall having read a statement by a South American archaeologist who predicated that the valley of the Cimarron River in northwestern Oklahoma is the "cradle of civilization" in North America. Perhaps these footprints have some contribution to offer in the search for such answers. How long ago did the primitive people who made these footprints in stone live in the cliffs and caves along the Cimarron where it passes Black Mesa?

—BB

Oklahoma Today has long had an especially high regard for Oklahoma artists who portray Oklahoma in their paintings.

One of them is Gene Hartsell, of Yukon. Early in his work, artist Hartsell began portraying Oklahoma. He has always been enthusiastic about Oklahoma scenery and the infinite variety of colorful sites produced from the tapestry of Oklahoma's history.

We have felt that too many of our artists go to places out-of-state seeking inspirational subjects to put on canvas, that too many either are not aware of, or ignore, inspirational subjects close at hand.

Long a favorite of ours is the tale of Booker T. Washington in his autobiography Up From Slavery. He tells of a sailing ship becalmed off the coast of Africa in the days when ships were changing from sails to steam. The becalmed sailing ship had run out of fresh water. Its passengers were suffering from thirst. In the distance they saw a steamship approaching, under its own power.

As the steam ship came near, the sailing ship ran up a signal, "Send us fresh water. We are becalmed and dying of thirst."

The steam ship signaled back, "Let down your bucket where you are."

Those on the sailing ship knew this would be futile. They were becalmed at sea. Sea water is salt, and not drinkable. The winds had failed and left them with no means of moving in this sea of salt water. So they sent up a more frantic signal, "Send us fresh water. Or we will die."

The steam ship signaled back, "Let down your bucket where you are, and steamed off out-of-sight over the horizon.

continued
With no other recourse than to try, those on the sailing ship at last lowered a bucket into the sea, and brought up fresh water. They were becalmed just out-of-sight of the coast of Egypt, where the Nile River flows into the sea with such force that it pushes the salt sea water back. They had been becalmed in fresh waters for days, suffering from thirst, when all they needed do was lower a bucket, and they would have brought up fresh water.

Too many Oklahomans have been like that. They have failed to look for the things of beauty, and of great interest, right around them. Our authors have too often sought distant subjects to write about, our photographers out-of-state scenes to photograph, and our artists too often have sought distant scenes to paint.

Oklahoma Today's advice to any creative Oklahoman is drawn from Booker T. Washington's story: "Let down your bucket where you are."

You will draw it up full to the brim with fresh ideas, fresh subjects, and fresh and beautiful scenes.

50TH ANNIVERSARY

The annual Easter Sunrise Services held each year at the Holy City of the Wichitas celebrates its 50th Anniversary this year. Over the years, Oklahoma Today has devoted much comment and many pictures to this world recognized portrayal of scenes from the life of Jesus, His birth, ministry, passion and resurrection, our most recent the two opening pages in color in our Spring '72 issue. The first pageant was an inspired outgrowth of the work of Rev. A. M. Wallock. The Wichita Mountains Sunrise Service is an absolute must, as is a visit to its open-year-around Holy City setting north of Lawton. Oklahoma Today extends congratulations to the hundreds of dedicated people who create this annual event.
WOODY SEZ by Woody Guthrie, Grosset & Dunlap, New York, $3.95. There's no doubt about it—Woody Guthrie was a witty man. These writings are from Woody's San Francisco newspaper column People's World. The book opens with a biography of Woody by Guy Logsdon, Tulsa University's Director of Libraries. Some of Woody's autobiographical notes follow, along with his comments on a whole lot of things, and some cartoons Woody drew. It provides insight into the life and times of a mighty down-to-earth Oklahoman who has become mighty famous all over the U.S.A. so he devotedly traveled back and forth and up and down and crosswise.

FORT GIBSON: Gateway to the West by C. W. West, (order from 4409 Fondulac, Muskogee, Okla., 74401 $10.50). Washington Irving's Tour on the Prairies began at Fort Gibson. Other famed frontier personalities who were stationed there as soldiers, lived there as residents, or visited the Fort in the pursuit of their careers were Thomas Nuttall, Matthew Arbuckle, Sam Houston, Winfield Scott, Charles Latrobe, Count de Pourtales, Nathan Boone, Henry Leavenworth, Henry Dodge, Jefferson Davis, George Catlin, Henry Wadsorth Longfellow, Stephen W. Kearny, Jesse Chisholm, John Howard Payne, Zachary Taylor, Sequoyah, Braxton Bragg, Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert E. Lee, and others. Author West's coverage is complete, from Fort Gibson's beginnings in the early 1800s, through James Polk's winning of the Navy Cross for heroism in World War I, to the present; and liberally illustrated.

INDIAN HERITAGE, INDIAN PRIDE by Jimalee Burton (Ho-che-ne). University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $12.50. This is a personal remembrance of a lady who has worked throughout her life in dedication to a worthwhile purpose, that of emphasizing the worth and excellence of Indian heritage. It is a retelling of fine old legends, and an interpretation of Indian thought through colorful, personally executed, Indian paintings. It provides insight into the mysticism of Indian attitudes; it should be read by anyone who is curious about these matters; particularly the uninitiated. A mild reaction to the author's attitude toward the past: Indian people were being inhuman to Indian people before the white man arrived to add imported inhumanity. The history of powerful Indian tribes over weaker tribes has tended to be lost in our present scrutiny. Ho-cho-nee speaks of the latter, and the exclusion of the former. Historically, indicates that strong men of every race, on every continent, have too frequently been inhuman to weaker men. Charity, the greatest virtue, remain rare. If abundant, it could quickly dissolve all the racial and color complexions tensions which plague us. A bright and colorful book, full of warmly recounted stories, and Indian tradition.
WORLD THEATRE CONGRESS

In 1971 the International Amateur Theatre Association indicated interest in holding a World Theatre Congress in the United States. In 1972 the American Theatre Association extended the invitation. A year later plans were firm to hold the World Theatre Congress in Oklahoma City, concurrent with the 1975 Festival of American Community Theatre, in order to show the International delegates the best of American community theatre performances.

This will be the first International meeting held in the Western Hemisphere, and Oklahoma City was chosen for the distinction of hosting it because Oklahoma has become known as a place where non-commercial theatre thrives.

International delegates will arrive June 16 for a week of business, followed by three days of viewing the presentation of winning dramatic productions from nine regions across America. Each theatre company competing here will previously have won two competitions: its individual state competition, and regional competition.

Elaborate plans for hosting the World Congress include hospitality galore; Indian exhibition dancing, western square dancing, a chuck-wagon dinner, box supper and rodeo, in addition to formal parties, dinner at the Petroleum Club, and more. Past judges for the theatre competition have involved such luminaries as Henry Fonda, TV actor/director Barry Nelson, and stage director Michael Langham.

The Festival of American Community Theatre plays in competition will be presented at the Oklahoma Theatre Center, Oklahoma City, on June 20-22. The winner here will proceed directly to the International Theatre Olympiad to compete with amateur theatre groups throughout the world.

10 YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

If you do not have a copy you should purchase Oklahoma Today's Spring '65 issue for one reason—the coverage it contains of the early day photographs and writing of Fred S. Barde. This brilliant man preserved for us a flavor and look of turn-of-the-century Oklahoma that is far different from that to which you are accustomed. He saw the beauty and striking aspects of this country in its virginity, and his talent with camera and word saved them for us. He added touches of humor in pieces like Tha Bung was Open, The Mine was Salted, and his article about the "money machine" owned by Fred Bonfils—then of our capital city (Guthrie), and continued on page 12
later to found *The Denver Post*. Fred Barde's work was superlative.

So is the poetry in *Stirring Songs of Soonerland* and *Springtime Songs of Soonerland* which face the gorgeous Lucyll Lamb, Rubye McCan, Bob Taylor, and Jesse Brewer color pictures in the issue. The center spread is Charles McBarron's prize-winning painting of the Run of '89. And the issue contains Zoe A. Tilghman's spine tingling thriller *A Bed for God*, illustrated by a Pawnee genius named Brummet Echohawk. You can purchase a copy of this Spring '65 Anniversary issue by sending $2.00 to Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., Oklahoma City 73105.

**GUTHRIE AND '89ERS DAY**

My hometown. A meaningful pair of words to almost everybody. They bespeak the pride of the youthful voyageur gone forth to challenge the world, often retain the connotation of family and friends throughout life, and carry the echoes of youth and bright days when that memorable time is long gone.

Having marched in my first '89ers Day parade almost half a century ago, however recent it seems, this for me is a time of long remembering. The Fogarty Junior High School Band in white duck pants, capes, and caps. Not so impressive then, as now, O.U.'s Pride of Oklahoma, stunning in red and white parade uniforms, and playing for the street dance that night in the wide boulevard approaching the Masonic Temple.

Bob Makovsky's tremendous Aggie band laying the *Colossus of Columbia* or equally stirring march on the assembled crowds with driving power. Who could stand still? Passing tableaux of the Pioneer Woman, Riders of the Chisholm Trail, Roundup Clubs, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, flower covered commercial floats, antique autos, the Shriners portraying clowns, or Egyptian potentates, or riding in matched Cadillacs, or on matched motorcycles, or on matched palominos, the unique musical tootles and honks of the steam calliope all atop too much cotton candy, popcorn, and hot Coney Island hotdogs followed by a family picnic in Mineral Wells Park.

Guthrie's '89ers Day festivities celebrating the Landrush which opened Old Oklahoma, will be held April 17-19 this year, with the big parade set for Saturday morning, Apr. 19.

Photos here are of past Guthrie parades. —B.B.
Latest in the series of oil historical markers being erected by the Oklahoma Petroleum Council and the Oklahoma Historical Society. Monuments at Tulsa, Pawhuska, Oklahoma City, Ponca City, Bartlesville, and on highway 169 south of Nowata and west of Chelsea, commemorate other salient aspects of oil in Oklahoma.

ASSISTANT TRAINER WANTED
A trainer of horses
With some college courses
Will hire a number-two man:
Non-drinker, non-smoker,
A thinker, no joker,
Should be "above average" human.

Deft with pitchfork and broom;
Will rub horses abloom;
Likes his chores done before dawn.
Skilled at re-setting plates,
Smartly straightening gait.
Prefer ninety-nine pounds of brawn.

Delights in care of tack;
Enjoys yearlings bareback;
Can castrate a colt in his stall.
Will preside, if moaners
Appear among owners.
Is clever at giving a ball.

Can chauffeur a van;
Steams a mash of wheat bran
And knows his equine nutrition.
He is surely inclined
To appear with boots shined,
If he's too seek this position.

Ten dollars per diem
—For a boy on the beam—
Is liberal compensation
For, while in our employ,
We do warrant our boy,
We'll finish his education.

... Jim Donnelly
"While most Americans would agree that education is important — even crucial — most of them would define education in a narrow way. The concept most Americans hold is that of a formalized activity engaged in during the first 18 to 25 years.

"Traditionally, American colleges have discriminated against adult students whose work or family responsibilities prevent them from returning to the campus for regularly scheduled classes. For such people a college education is difficult, if not impossible. The present system of higher education is oriented to the college-age population. As a result, human potential is going to waste."

That is the competent observation of Dr. Roy Troutt, dean of the College of Liberal Studies at the University of Oklahoma, which is changing the traditional concept of education in impressive ways through a unique program designed particularly for adults.

It started in 1961 with a Bachelor of Liberal Studies degree achieved through an off-campus, self-paced independent study program, including on-campus seminars, in three areas — humanities, natural sciences, and social sciences. The Inter-Area, which follows, emphasizes the interrelationship of all knowledge by integrating the three areas of study. Each area is equivalent to a year's study.

It's an understatement to say merely that the program has been successful. Far more. It's a whopping success! From an initial enrollment of 75 students there are now approximately 1,200 enrolled in the program, representing all 50 states and 14 foreign countries.

Developed around the theme of "Man in the Twentieth Century," the Bachelor of Liberal Studies curriculum serves as a national prototype, a leader in the "classroom without walls" concept of higher education. More than 50 leading universities have sent teams to the OU campus to study its ground-breaking, non-traditional approach to adult learning, and more than 200 universities have made inquiries.

In 1973 two new options were added. The BLS Specialty Option, primarily the same as the basic BLS program, offers specialization in education studies, health studies, and management studies. These programs are directed to the needs of employees who seek to know more about their field and earn a college degree at the same time.

The BLS Junior College Option, which can be completed in about two years, is available to students who have completed 60 or more college hours or who have an associate degree. In 1970 a BLS program for on-campus students was added to the adult program. It is designed for the recent high school graduate living on or near the campus.

The Master of Liberal Studies, launched in 1968, is designed primarily for students who hold baccalaureate degrees in specialized or professional fields and who desire a liberal education rather than further specialization at the graduate level.

It includes a one-week introductory seminar, directed reading in the student's selected field of concentration, a three-week residential colloquium, advanced study and preparation of the master's thesis, and an advanced seminar of three weeks in which the thesis theme is explored and the three-member MLS committee makes its final review. Approximately 75 MLS students are currently enrolled, and some 45 degrees have been conferred.

BLS students include military personnel, civil service employees, management and supervisory personnel from business and industry, housewives, secretaries, teachers, nurses, clergymen, and librarians. The majority of students, representing more than 200 occupations, falls within the age range of 25 to 55. A few students are under 21 and over 70 years of age.

Some students have finished the basic four-year BLS program in two years; others have required five to six years.

Why the widespread expansion and acceptance of these innovative adult programs?

"Education must be responsive to the needs of all segments of society," Dean Troutt stresses. "It is essential that we establish an environment in which adult learning is viewed as imperative. The concept of lifelong learning must become a reality."

"Opportunities for continuing education should be made available to all adults, whatever their motivation. At various points during adult life many individuals are interested in changing careers and seeking educational opportunities to make this possible. Other adults desire to continue advanced study in their areas of specialization — perhaps leading to advanced degrees, while a large number of adults are interested in a broadening or self-enrichment program of learning."

He views the terms "school-age population" and "college-age popula-

BY FRED

FOURTEEN
May's student takes a comprehensive examination following the program. Each student is advised by an individualized program of study. At the completion of each area the student takes a comprehensive examination. The BLS is further nontraditional in that letter grades are not used. A level of achievement is expected. If the student doesn't pass the first time, he attempts an alternate form of the examination following substantial additional work.

Three-week seminars in residence on the campus provide a succession of highlights. A teaching team of two professors, each representing a different academic discipline, is appointed for each seminar. The professors are available for individual counseling. The final Inter-Area seminar runs four weeks.

All sessions are held in the Forum Building of the Oklahoma Center for Continuing Education. BLS and MLS students attending seminars may be housed at the Center.

During the seminars the student experiences the give and take of classroom discussion. Enthusiasm is contagious as he projects and shares his learning and receives feedback learning. All other work, including admission and the examinations, may be completed at home. Students report that tolerance for the opinions of others is among the principal changes they have noted in themselves during the program.

Another advantage of the BLS program is evident as a dollars-and-cents bargain. An on-campus student attending a college or university can expect to spend $8,000 for four years of school. In contrast, a BLS student pays only $600 a year, plus his living expenses while attending seminars in Norman. Moreover, BLS students are provided books on a loan basis.

BLS students, in a recent follow-up study were asked, "How has the BLS program affected your life style—i.e., your thinking, interests, and activities?"

"I entered the BLS program with no practical application in mind, but for personal enrichment. It has far exceeded my expectations in terms of heightened awareness and appreciation—realization of the interrelatedness of all things in the universe," wrote a Duncan psychiatric worker.

"I am far more tolerant of ideas and opinions different from my own," replied a Borman teacher.

"I am convinced that no other segment of the population is better prepared for today's dilemmas than is the BLS graduate," said an Oklahoma City editor.

"I enrolled in the BLS program to obtain a degree. My interests were more math and science, but humanities opened a new day for me," the answer of a granite manufacturer from Snyder.

A Michigan student: "The important thing that has happened to me is that I can talk to my children again. With six grown children, all of them educated, I've had trouble communicating with them. Now I feel that we are on the same level."

From Alabama: "I have an end to my means. I want to teach and can't without a college education. This enables me to work at a full-time job and still get an education and a degree."

A Colorado woman whose husband and three children were also BLS students described the program this way: "It makes you want to be a student all your life. I really get turned on. I know it sounds trite, but that's the way to put it."

Many BLS students receive encouragement and financial assistance from their employers. FAA, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Western Electric, Kerr-McGee, American Airlines, Philco-Ford and Conoco are among those providing tuition assistance to education-minded employees. VA educational benefits are also available to eligible students.

OU faculty are as enthusiastic about the program as the students. Dan Davis, assistant dean of the College of Liberal Studies, feels that one of the important results is the effect on the campus faculty. "They are excited about it and use some of the methodology in their own classes. A number of things are happening in the seminars, colloquia, etc., that might have happened anyway, but I think our program has served as a catalyst."

So, if you've long wanted a college degree and have had to delay your education because of family commitments or other obligations, here's an all-important address: College of Liberal Studies, 1700 Asp Avenue, Norman, Okla., 73069, (405) 325-1061.
Job hunting 1975—a far cry from job hunting 1950 in the windy city of Chicago when my extreme youth, inexperience and other brainless attributes made it easy. Then I got every job I wanted.

Now, the only similarity was the wind blowing the set out of my hair. I'd already been turned down as a receptionist in a psychologist's office. They shouldn't have sent me away feeling like a patient instead of a prospect. They shouldn't have asked questions like “Did you ever get into trouble because of your sexual behavior?” I had five teenagers, didn’t I? So I answered “Yes.” So I didn’t get the job.

Trying to feel the rejection a little less, I drove to the next appointment. Drove, driving, driven. I'd been driven to this by the younger generation. Long, long, longer hairs winding around the fan belt of my sweeper drove me. Cool, cool, incisive glances drove me. I thought Alice Cooper was gross and said so. Therefore, I was gross and uncool, which is worse than plain gross. The unkindest thing of all happened when they wore my clothes to a Forties Nostalgia Day at school. They'd requested a crash course in jitterbugging, laughed and left.

I wasn't cool. Like that poor dingbat Edith in All in the Family, maybe I wasn’t over the hill, but I sure could see the top.

I parked my car, sturdy old thing. It didn't have mag wheels or stereo tapes or four on the floor. Just four wheels on the ground. It was uncool.

Walking toward the building where I intended to apply, I recalled the days in Chicago when an interview meant riding the L downtown, wearing a hat, white gloves, and a girdle under your suit.

My daughter didn’t know the definition of girdle let alone suit. I gained confidence going through the big glass doors. I’d put on eyebrow pencil, powder, mascara, eye-liner and lipstick. I brushed on blusher, formerly known as rouge. I looked very nice to myself. I had a face. Delineated by eyes, brows, lips, lashes and powdered nose.

Swinging into the office, I spoke to an unsmiling receptionist of uncertain youthful age. She was bra-less and I had a stab of concern. Would she hold my underwear against me?

She gave me some forms to fill out and I specified my qualifications in a neat hand, happy that I didn’t have to list my age or family. With five teenagers at home, I already worried that Zero Population Growth might be out to get me. And somehow, I didn’t want that bra-less girl to know it was people like me who overpopulated the world with people like her. I hadn’t been cool enough to know better back then.

I sat and wondered how it would be when this gray younger generation took over. Would my kids go to gray panther meetings and play old Alice Cooper records? Would their kids, if any, go to a rock concert nostalgia day at school? I handed the forms back to the grumpy girl, and comforted my imaginings. Ads for receptionists called for bright and bubbly people and this girl was a tombstone.

I shifted my attention to a pair of young women waiting in yellow plastic molded chairs. I wondered why they had come. The girl to my left had long, longer, longest, khaki colored hair to match her khaki colored frayed baggy pants. Small, ever so slightly smudged toes peeked out from her sandals. Not so much as a blush streaked the pallor of her complexion, which was also khaki. She looked far out and I decided she must be a patient waiting for a shot to cure her anemia.

The second girl was much more colorful, but hadn't much imagination. She wore jeans. Jeans everything. Jacket, shirt, pants, shoes, scarf, and purse. She looked like the Marlboro man. The Marlboro man had really come a long way, baby.

Soon, the khaki complexioned girl was called to the back offices and I realized she had come to be interviewed for a job, same as me. I pulled out my first cigarette and started polluting the air, remembering with distaste the men in white coats (pretending to be doctors) who advertised cigarettes when I was young and thought I was cool. It was then I heard a noise like a tree full of agitated woodpeckers who were really blowing their cool. I grew alarmed, mashing out the cigarette. Had someone brought a machine gun to work?

“She can type 90 words a minute,” I heard someone say. I relit the cigarette and began to pace, my polished shoes mocking me from below. This was my punishment for my lack of charity about her dirty toes. I paused in front of the bulletin board. A sign told me that these employers did not discriminate because of age. I was relieved. I had the whole United States Government on my side. On the other hand, my most recent typing experience was on a high school
portable. And that was before Uncle Sam was invented.

When the khaki girl left, smiling because she’d been hired, the blue jeans girl went into the office for her interview. I really became edgy and hid my white gloves inside my purse. All of a sudden I felt like a Kelly Girl on the Planet of the Apes. I wanted to bolt. But I was trapped by an upbringing that insisted that I see things through to the end.

It was not too far out of sight.

The blue jeans girl came out into the waiting room again.

“You typed 18 on the test,” I heard the interviewer say.

“Far out,” she replied coolly, swinging out the door.

I was embarrassed for her. Such a humiliation would have cost me weeks of self-searching. But as she sailed by, homemade jeans purse swinging from her shoulder, I could tell she wasn’t going home for a good cry. Somewhere, “far out,” she would get a job, or not get one. Whatever. She was cool.

It was my turn, and the minute I saw the man in personnel I knew that the things I planned to say were not going to be cool. All of twenty, what I could see of him under his hair, muttonchops, and beard, was handsome—I think. Anyway he had shoes on and that was reassuring.

I blurted out the damning truth. “I haven’t seen a dictaphone since 1955.” He may have smiled. At least the beard moved a little.

“I suppose I could learn?” my voice was rising. “I mean, things can’t have changed that much?”

I was babbling. He would get grossed out for sure. But he continued to smile and gave me a good looking over. He seemed fascinated by my face. My eyes, my brows, my lips, my cheeks, my hair, my earrings. He was eyeing me hungrily.

And then I guessed the horrible truth. He was going to lead me gently around the office to show the staff what office workers looked like in the forties. I understood his fascination. He was the one in charge of being indiscriminate. He wanted me for a show-and-tell older person.

“Would you like to take a typing

set now or practice a little first? This job has been available for some time.”

My heart sank right down to my dazzling shoes. Would my stiff old fingers uncurl?

He led me to a glassed-in cubicle.

I halted at the door, staring. Before my very eyes was a gigantic red typewriter. It was the Godzilla of all typewriters and I was terrified. Things had changed. Plenty! I really wanted to bolt. Just then I realized I didn’t want to go to work after all. Otherwise, I would have lied instead of telling the truth when I answered all those questions at the psychologist’s office.

Do you think you are being followed?

Well, of course I’m being followed. My kids need money every twenty minutes.

Do you have diarrhea?

Are you constipated?

Yes, yes, isn’t everybody?

Is there any insanity in your family—Well, Aunt Myrtle used to see pink elephants, but that wasn’t insanity. That was—

I tried to get ahold of myself. I should borrow a little cool from the younger generation. Somehow, I found the “on” switch and hovered about the keys. Nothing was worth this anxiety. Not a part time job anyway. There was sudden furious activity beneath my fingers. I looked down. I hadn’t felt a thing, yet I’d filled most of a page. It was the insanity in the family coming out again. Or else I’d invented a new language. Me and Sequoyah. I tried again. Same deal.

I got up and left the cubicle. The typewriter had a little dancing ball underneath my fingers. I looked down. I was practicing and getting to like it. The questions sounded a lot like "Did you ever get in trouble because of your sexual behavior?" I was careful, but I pushed myself back in time. I’d asked my mother, “What was so great about Rudolph Valentino? He had greasy hair.” Worse, mother didn’t wear a bra!

I blew my cool entirely. I sang all the lyrics to “Racing with the Moon,” “Stardust,” “That Old Black Magic,” and “East of the Sun and West of the Moon.”

I remembered my dad singing every last word of “If you knew Susie like I know Susie.” I remember admiring the old fellow’s courage.

My daughter listened and listened. “That was cool, Mom. You’re far out. You’re in.”

I accepted the compliment. My daughter had better listen carefully to her Beatles records and remember them well. Because someday, her children, if any, will have a Rock Concert Day at school and she will have to tell, if she is truthful, about long hair, bare feet, and tank tops, dancing without touching, and embroidering the seat of her jeans.

I went back to my practicing at the typewriter. Like me, she will have to work at keeping “cool.”
What was once a distant threat is now a fearsome fact. Millions—mainly children in Asia, Africa and parts of Latin America—are literally starving to death.

For a long time, the signs that this might happen have been clear for all to see . . . increasing population . . . rising demands . . . diminishing resources. But we were busy with other things. We couldn't believe that it would happen.

Now the disaster is upon us. We must do something. But what?

The short-term answer is obviously relief. Despite its difficulties and frustrations, it must be attempted. But relief is a palliative and can become a drug. If persisted in, it encourages the very ills which called it forth. Moreover, in a food-short world, massive relief operations both deprive the donors and demean the recipients. Therefore, even as we accept the immediate necessity of relief, we must attempt the ultimate answer: helping people to help themselves; increasing food production and encouraging family planning in the hungry areas themselves.

And one of the agencies which has been at the forefront of this effort for the last twenty years has its headquarters in Oklahoma City. It is called World Neighbors. And it came into being in response to a sermon I was privileged to preach at Oklahoma City's St. Luke's Methodist Church in April of 1951.

From the nucleus of interest sparked by that sermon, the ensuing movement gained wide-ranging support. Now, as a non-sectarian and non-governmental agency, it is engaged in grassroots, self-help programs in 28 developing countries.

Working through a cadre of area representatives trained in agriculture and family planning, it assists indigenous groups in programs majoring on increased food production, improved health, the development of small-scale industries and the introduction of family planning. For the answer to recurrent starvation must contain at least two major components: the multiplication of food and the limitation of births.

And any attempt to deal with family planning in the developing areas must first recognize the need for an improvement in income levels and a decline in infant mortality. For, in most of the world, surviving children are the only known means of old age security. And, in a desperate effort to insure such "security," high infant mortality always fuels high birth rates.

From its beginning, World Neighbors stressed integrated programs designed to provide economic and social benefits. This was, it felt, the humane and intelligent response to basic human issues. It has found that this is also the response to the threat of overpopulation and subsequent starvation.

Take the case of Miguel Estrada of the Guatemala highlands, for instance. He was left an orphan at 16. The four eroded and worn-out acres his father left couldn't support his young brother and him.

So for 10 years Miguel had traveled to Guatemala's south coast to...
work for large landowners—just to earn enough to buy needed corn for his family. There, amid flash floods and under a scorching tropical sun, he worked for 75 cents a day. Three times he contracted malaria and barely made it home alive, forced to spend most of his earnings on medicine.

This vicious cycle began to end for Miguel last year. Miguel learned that Pedro Xajil, a farmer from his village and a World Neighbors extensionist, was giving classes in agriculture at a neighbor's house.

The classes were in the evenings and conducted in the Cakchiquel language so they could be understood. Best of all, Miguel knew these classes would bring results! For Pedro's own harvest had more than tripled in three years!

In fact, Miguel had so much confidence in Pedro that he decided not to go to the coast last year. Instead, he attended the weekly agriculture classes and put into practice every single suggestion. First, he crisscrossed two acres with contour ditches to stop erosion. Then he had his soil analyzed. After planting his two acres with traditional seed and also three new varieties, he seeded his land with plants that add nitrogen to the soil and applied fertilizer according to his soil analysis. A World Neighbors revolving loan enabled him to buy the fertilizer and seeds.

Miguel's efforts paid off. Erosion stopped, the fertilizer did its job, and the new varieties of corn grew like nothing Miguel had ever seen before.

He stored more than 4,000 pounds of corn—40 times what he had produced off the best third of the land the year before. His better harvest made possible a new house—for him and his wife and two young children—and an end to the trips to the coast.

But the most heartening part of Miguel's story is yet to be told. Just as Pedro before him, Miguel is a student-turned-teacher.

Miguel has become, in one short year, another World Neighbors volunteer extensionist. He has joined dozens and dozens of farmers in the San Martin area who have improved their own ways of living and are now teaching their neighbors how to do the same.

Miguel's wife is now an ardent advocate of family planning. When she saw her well-nourished babies staying well and growing strong, she decided that two were enough. She had been willing to have 12 or more only because half of the babies in her area had been dying before they reached the age of five.

In Africa's Sahel area, where six years of drought have brought death and devastation, World Neighbors is helping to show farmers in Upper Volta how they can produce more food for themselves. Farmers are urged to take the major step from hand cultivation to using animals for plowing.

This is not easy. Tradition yields slowly. Encouragement to accept a "package of practices"—including animal plowing, crop rotation, the use of organic fertilizer—has to be strong and continuous. So World Neighbors.

HOW-TO-DO-IT SECTION: THE HONEY BEE

The Colony - A Family of Bees

The Queen
The Drone
The Worker

There is only one queen bee in the colony. As ruler of the colony, her only purpose is to lay eggs. She may lay several hundred eggs a day. These eggs may hatch into drones, workers, or new queens. The queen is determinate, which type of egg she is going to lay. She lays only the type that she feels the colony needs. It takes 14 days for the queen to develop from an egg into an adult. Almost immediately she begins to lay eggs. Rats Do Not Like Clean Homes or Communities

Sanitary Landfill

Garbage and trash can be buried to a depth of 3 feet (91 cm) deep. 2 feet (61 cm.) wide, and as long as necessary. Each foot of water should be covered with 2 feet (61 cm.) of soil and compacted again. The trench should not be dug close to buildings and flood or water areas.

Ground Level

SANITARY LANDFILL

Cover with 24" (61 cm.) of compacted, dry earth. Each round should not be a gap more than 2 feet (61 cm.) deep. 2 feet (61 cm.) wide, and as long as necessary. Each foot of water should be covered with 2 feet (61 cm.) of soil and compacted again. The trench should not be dug close to buildings and flood or water areas.

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And in this area, while many of their neighbors will be in line to receive supplies of relief food, these farmers will be feeding their families with their own produce. They will have produced their harvests and they will have kept their pride.

And India's Maharashtra State has recently awarded "first prize in family planning" to a rural district (a "taluk" of 103 villages) where World Neighbors has been assisting a college-related community development project since 1960. The initial emphasis was on food production, health and small industries. But, once those foundations were laid, the project was the first to take mass programs of family planning motivation to the villages and the first to introduce vasectomy "camps" to the rural areas of the district. Partly as a result, that district now leads all others in the state in the numbers who have chosen sterilization as their method of birth control.

This college-related program has been endorsed by the Government of India and 41 other colleges have adopted its pattern of operation. It is programs such as these which caused Dr. Douglas Ensminger, who headed the Ford Foundation's development programs in India for 19 years, to say recently, "The approach of World Neighbors has proven that the world's underprivileged 40 percent do have leaders, are prepared to work together and, with a little help, can be successful in improving their living conditions."

World Neighbors has sought out these leaders—Miguel and Pedro and thousands of their counterparts in Asia and Africa—and with them developed programs which changed lives and conditions. The leaders have learned new methods. But in addition to these new methods, they have also been strengthened by World Neighbors, with that spirit which prompts loving concern for one's neighbors. In essence, they've become carriers of what C. S. Lewis called the "good infection." What we need to do now is to make it a "good epidemic!"

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**With Contour Ditches We Can Conserve Or Even Increase the Amount of Topsoil**

**MARKING CONTOUR LINES**

With the "A." Frame that you have been mark off contour lines on your field. Use stakes to mark these contour lines as you see here. The contour ditches will be dug following the contour line, marked off by stakes. As the ditches are dug, the stakes can be removed. The spacing between contours depends on the steepness of the ground, the drainage quality of the soil, and the amount of rainfall in the area.

**DIGGING CONTOUR DITCHES**

Here you see contour ditches that have been dug following the contour line, marked off by stakes. The ditches are about 12 inches deep and 2 cm wide. They are spaced 30 cm apart.

**PLANTING GRASS BARRIERS ABOVE THE DITCHES**

Grass or other slow-growing plants which are present at all times of the year should be planted on the uphill side of the ditch. This protects the ditch from filling up with soil and prevents the soil from being carried down the hill by rainwater. The grass can be planted sparsely, and with time it will thicken to become an impermeable barrier for soil. Oh, and another benefit: The grass will recycle nutrients from the soil, providing more nutrients for the crops.

**WHY TOPSOIL IS NEEDED**

Figure 1 shows a "red profile"—a picture of the soil from top to bottom. The layer of soil on the surface of the ground—the topsoil—contains desirable vegetation, minerals, and base soil. The topsoil is where most roots of a plant grow. The crops we grow must obtain the nutrients that nourish them from this layer of topsoil. Because this soil is on the surface of the ground, it is the first to wash away if we do not protect it.
The bow of the huge Yorktown II dug deeply into the emerald green waves of the storm-tossed Southwest Pacific. Sprays of salt water cascaded upward. A tropical squall swept the flight deck with rain, drenching the "island" of the aircraft carrier, where vital controls were housed. The lines in the faces of the men exposed to these elements were etched deep. Their ship was hunting a fight. Overhead above the signal mast's yardarm, circling radar probed the sky, seeking unidentified aircraft. Out on the horizon a line of destroyers, hull down, swept the depths with sonar, seeking the enemy's raiding submarines.

The Captain of the Yorktown II was a former Oklahoman, J. J. (Jocko) Clark. Circumstances such as these were familiar to him. He experienced them many times during his naval career. The four-star admiral-to-be was born near Pryor, Indian Territory, on January 12, 1893. Clark's career saw him graduate from the Naval Academy, serve as an Ensign on the battleships USS Mississippi and USS North Carolina, then enter the naval aviation program that was to influence the rest of his life. Before he retired, four stars were to mark him as the highest ranking American Indian in U.S. military history.

One of Clark's good friends, Will Rogers, was born about 40 miles from Pryor, at Oolagah. Both were of Cherokee descent. While Clark was still an Ensign, Rogers wrote a yarn about him:

"My friend, Ensign Joe Clark, of the battleship North Carolina, was holding sea bag inspection the other day. His men had their belongings neatly laid out on the deck. As he inspected one seaman's gear, Joe asked, 'Young man, where is your toothbrush?'

"The sailor picked up a two-foot long brush called a Kiwi, used in the Navy to scrub decks. He said, 'Here it is, sir.' Ensign Clark exclaimed, 'Do you mean to tell me you can get that thing in your mouth?'

"'No, sir,' the sailor replied, 'but I can take my teeth out!'

Will Rogers ended the yarn with a typical tongue-in-cheek comment: "This is the worst story I ever heard."

Jocko Clark's interest in naval
aviation was intense. In the 1930s he was stationed on the west coast making tests with Navy flying boats and having trouble with Navy brass regarding the value of planes in naval warfare. It was only after Clark had taken Vice Admiral Henry “Benjie” Butler on a test ride in the new PBY Catalina flying boat that there was much movement to integrate this plane, and aviation in general, into the Navy.

Soon after this flight Jocko Clark called Will Rogers at his Santa Monica home. They had a long conversation in which Rogers told Clark, “I want to go everywhere and see everything. Wiley Post and I are going to fly to Point Barrow, Alaska.”

Soon thereafter Naval officer Clark learned of his friend’s death from the newspaper headlines. Clark was involved in sea battles that earned him 13 battle stars. He was executive officer of the first Yorktown. Nicknamed “The Fighting Lady,” the aircraft carrier sunk 118 enemy ships and destroyed 2,358 enemy aircraft. During his career Clark was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, the Navy Cross, and the Silver Star for extraordinary bravery in action.

An everlasting tribute to Jocko Clark is a part of the Cherokee National complex at Tahlequah. In the form of a monument, the base is hewn from Oklahoma granite, and holds a larger-than-life bust of Clark. You can see it on your next visit to Tsa-la-gi.

Admiral Marc Mitscher was born at 229 East Park Place, Oklahoma City. His father, Oscar Mitscher, was Oklahoma City’s second mayor. Ensign Mitscher graduated from the Naval Academy in 1910. During World War I he served aboard the USS Huntington on patrol duty in the North Atlantic, protecting troop ships enroute to Europe.

He was awarded the Navy Cross as a member of the crew of the Seaplane NC1 which made an overseas flight from Newfoundland to the Azores (the first trans-Atlantic flight). For distinguished service as a line officer he was awarded the Order of the Tower and Sword by the Portuguese Government.

He was commander of the Naval Air Station at Anacostia, 1921-22. In 1926 he was ordered to our first fleet aircraft carrier, the USS Langley. He was assigned to the Bureau of Aeronautics, 1930-37, then went aboard the USS Wright as commanding officer. In 1941 he was ordered to duty in fitting out the USS Hornet and, on August 12th, became her commanding officer.

As Captain of the Hornet, he took part with General Jimmy Doolittle in the first bombing raid on Tokyo. In 1942 he was promoted to the permanent rank of Rear Admiral. One hot summer day in 1943 the new Oklahoma Admiral was summoned to the Navy Department in Washington. He learned that he was to have a most unusual assignment. He was assigned to combine a hybrid group from the U.S. Army, Navy, Marines, and the New Zealand Royal Air Force into a fighting unit.

Admiral Mitscher’s famed Task Force 58 won the battle of Midway, destroyed the naval forces of the Japanese at Truk, then cleared the way for our invasion of the Marshall Islands, Saipan, Formosa, and the Philippines. Task Force 58 was the deciding factor in the winning of World War II in the Pacific.

Two young men from Medford, Apollo and Zeus Soucek, followed a most unusual course to naval fame. Their father, John Soucek, came to Oklahoma during the Cherokee Strip landrush. He was an avid reader of the Greek classics. The first names of all five of his children were taken from Greek mythology.

Apollo and Zeus had their eyes on the skies even in high school, often experimenting with homemade gliders. They wanted a military life. Apollo entered the Naval Academy in 1897. His brother followed two years later.

In 1917, Apollo entered the naval air service. He was later transferred to the USS Mississippi, then again returned to the air service where he tested experimental aircraft.

In 1923 Zeus received orders to the Philadelphia Navy Yard and was there assigned to the Aeronautical Engine Laboratory. He tested the PN-12 Flying Boats, and set three world altitude records. For his highest, he piloted the plane to 43,160 feet, in spite of bitter cold and sluggish controls. For this record Zeus was presented the Distinguished Flying Cross.

After Zeus resigned from the Navy in 1929, Apollo made the headlines. In flying a small, open-cockpit Wright Apache he encountered the same altitude problem his brother had. Pointing the tiny plane upward he penetrated the high, frigid, thin air, reaching a maximum of 39,104 feet, a new world record for this type of plane. A month later, he added pontoons and set another world record at 38,560 feet, thus claiming his own place in the aeronautical hall of fame. His final record took him to 43,560 feet, exceeding his brother’s earlier record. He, too, was honored with the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Admiral William F. Rayborn, though born in Texas, grew up in Oklahoma, and was appointed to the Naval Academy by Oklahoma Senator Elmer Thomas. The atomic “Polaris” submarine was developed under Admiral Rayborn’s command. Assigned this remarkable chore in 1955, he was initially given ten years in which to complete the task. To everyone’s amazement he finished it in five years.

“Polaris now exists as one of our nation’s mightiest deterrents to aggression, largely through the management wizardry and indefatigable drive of this highly respected officer,” is the statement which heads the chapter devoted to Admiral Rayborn in Men of Space.

“No one could ever forget his red, red hair,” says a friend who knew Rayborn as a youngster in Hastings, Okla., where William Rayborn, Sr., owned a cotton gin in 1908. The family later lived in Ryan, and Marlow, where William Jr., attended high school. “As I look back at the cotton gins,” Rayborn has said, “I realize they employed just about every mechanical principle I later studied at the Naval Academy.”

“Red” Rayborn’s modesty notwithstanding, it is a long way from the mechanics of a cotton gin to the genius involved in master-minding the creation of a nuclear powered submarine firing a missile with a nuclear warhead.

Five of our state’s Congressional Medals of Honor were achieved in the line of naval duty. E. E. Evans, Men of Space by Shirley Thomas, Chilton Book Co., Phil.

TWENTY-THREE
born in Pawnee and reared in Muskogee, as Captain of the destroyer USS Johnson, led naval forces into action in the central Pacific Battle of Samari (1944) with such determination that he carried us to victory. Battle wounds there cost Commander Evans his life. Lt. Richard McCool, Jr., Tishomingo, commanded the LSC 124 at Okinawa. Through the days of the hottest beach fighting and air assaults there, he saved the lives of many, and inflicted massive damage on the enemy in spite of the serious wounds he himself sustained. Marine Corps Private First Class Albert Schwab, Tulsa, though twice wounded by machine gun fire, wiped out all the fire points which confronted him at the Okinawa landings. John Smith, Lexington, commanding Marine Corps Fighting Squadron 223, shot down sixteen enemy aircraft over the Solomon Islands in a period of less than one month during 1942. The squadron he commanded destroyed a total of eighty-three enemy planes during the same period.

May we now invite you to guess how many contemporary Admirals are Oklahomans? How many did you say? We'll bet you guessed too low. Add Admiral Ralph Cousins, Eldorado. A dive bomber pilot in the Pacific during W.W. II, he more recently served as Vice Chief of Naval Operations.


Admiral Emmitt Tidd, born in Shreveport but grew up in Oklahoma; former Commander of Cruiser-Destroyer Flotilla VI, later heading up the Navy Recruiting Command. Admiral Joe Schoggen, Norman, expert in Naval Supply. Admiral George Talley, Jr., Lawton; Deputy Commander-in-Chief and Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Pacific Fleet.

Admiral Patrick “J” Hannifin, Devol; Commander of the Thirteenth Naval District; of the Western Sea Frontier; then of Submarine Flotilla VIII. Admiral Paul Pugh, Sulphur, Commander of U. S. Forces, Marianas;
then Operations Division Staff, Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Fleet. Admiral Pierre Charbonnet, Jr., Tulsa, Commander Carrier Division VI, then Commander of Fleet Air, Mediterranean. Admiral William Rogers, Wilson, Commander Cruiser-Destroyer Flotilla XI.

Admiral George Kinnear, Mounds; as a fighter pilot in Vietnam he was awarded the Legion of Merit, four Distinguished Flying Crosses, three Navy Commendations and thirteen Air Medals. Admiral John Kirkpatrick (ret.); Oklahoma City oilman and philanthropist. Admiral Ray Ackerman, Oklahoma City advertising executive and active Naval Reservist.

We were unable to obtain recent assignments of four Oklahoma Admirals; Admiral Claude P. Ekas, Jr., Duncan; Admiral Albert L. Kelln, Shattuck; Admiral Cleo N. Mitchell, Oklahoma City; and Admiral Kenneth I. Sears, Cleveland.

We'll close with a brief mention of U.S. Navy ships with Oklahoma names, and a glance at the future. The battleship USS Oklahoma was a casualty in the Dec. 7, 1941, Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Raised and dry docked in 1943, the damage she had sustained was too great. She went down for the last time during the attempt to tow her to the west coast.

The cruiser USS Oklahoma City (CL-91) then became the largest capital ship bearing an Oklahoma name. The frigate Muskogee (PF-49) was loaned to the Republic of Korea in 1950. The USS Neosho (AO-23) met her death during the Battle of the Coral Sea when she was attacked by 24 Japanese dive bombers.

The ocean going tug USS Seminole gave up her life when she was attacked by three Japanese destroyers at Guadalcanal. The successor bearing her name is the cargo ship USS Seminole (AKA-104) which saw action during the Korean occupation. Her sister ship the USS Chickasaw achieved a record of valor in rescuing 280 men during the invasion of Tinian.

The USS Caney was in the fierce fighting at Okinawa, and operated with Task Force 38 during the raids on Japan. The USS Chikaskia (AO-54) still holds the record as the only ship to refuel two 55,000 ton battleships simultaneously (accomplished during the Battle of Palau in 1944). The USS Cimarron was with Gen. Doolittle's raid on Tokyo, and is one of the few ships that can lay claim to having participated in every major naval operation of W.W. II.

The USS Thomas was the first destroyer (DE-21) named for an Oklahoma hero during W.W. II; she was named for Lt. (jg) Harold C. Thomas of Cleo Springs, Okla. Marine Corps Major Kenneth D. Bailey of Pawnee, was awarded the Congressional Medal of honor for his hand-to-hand defense of Henderson Field in Guadalcanal (1942), and the destroyer USS Bailey (DD-713) was named for him.

Ten naval vessels bear the names of Oklahoma counties. The USS Logan (APA-196) took part in the hot fighting at Iwo Jima and Okinawa. The USS Noble (APA-218) was active in the occupation of Korea. The USS Beckham (APA-133) was baptized in fire at Iwo Jima. The USS Custer (APA-40) participated in the invasions of Kwajalein, Majuro, Saipan, Guam, the Philippines, and the occupation of Japan.

The USS Haskell (APA-117) shot down the Japanese plane that attacked her in the South Pacific and survived to take part in the invasion of the Philippines. The USS Adair (APA-91) saw action at Okinawa, in the Philippines, and the Korean occupation. The USS Latimer (APA-152) was in on the fighting at Okinawa, and helped occupy Japan.

The USS Ottawa (AKA-101) carried the marines and their supplies to Japan for the occupation of Nagsaki. Two more vessels named for Oklahoma Indian tribes, the USS Potawatome and the USS Chickasaw received Unit Citations from the Secretary of the Navy for their work clearing the Manila harbor during the final year of W.W. II.

The atomic powered submarine USS Will Rogers "is bigger than a light cruiser. She looks, breathes, and swims like a fish. She can dive to unheard depths, and can travel farther and faster on less fuel than any surface ship afloat. She can outrun a destroyer and . . . travel submerged almost indefinitely." She is armed with 16 Polaris missiles which carry more force than all the munitions fired by all the nations in W.W. II, and her dedicated crew stands out to sea on constant watch, preserving the peace.

Oklahoma's future in the United States Navy is assured by the many young men and women who are today serving on ships at sea and at shore stations; and by these young men who are presently students at the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

CLASS OF 1975

BERTALAN, Frank J. DUDURY, Dan M.
FOSTER, Leslie E. MCGUIRE, Maria
GRAY, Thomas B. MCGUIRE, Robert
HOOD, James B. Jr. McGUIRE, William
JEWELL, David E. MCLOD, Donald
LINDSEY, Mark R. MCLAUGHLIN, John
REUST, Gerald M. McLAUGHLIN, John

CLASS OF 1976

CARWILE, John J. McCALL, James
COLLINS, Elmo Elbert Jr. McGURL, Andrew
DRENNAN, Michael L. McGUIRE, Thomas
FUSSELMAN, Milton J. Jr. McKINLEY, Richard
GRAYSON, James Eldred McKUH, Wren
KITCHIN, Doyle Ray MCKINLEY, Robert
LOVE, Donald Stephen MILLS, Charles
WEISS, C. John MILLER, Charles
WHITSETT, James C. C. Jr. MILLER, Charles
WILEY, Stephen Nelson MOORE, James
WEISS, Robert E. MORK, Mark

CLASS OF 1977

ANDERSON, Brian Scott MILLER, Richard J.
BAKER, Corbin C. III MILLER, Robert
BLAKE, Joe Cameron MILLER, Robert
BURTON, John Carl MONGEAU, Niall
CONNERY, Robert Austin MORGAN, David
FOX, Steven Cruz NELSON, Robert
GARDNER, John Steven NIALL, Robert
HIGH, Harper A. Jr. NOBLE, Charles
KRCHA, Clifford W. Jr. NOBLE, Charles
MCKELVIE, David Robin NOBLE, William
POWELL, Robert D. NORTON, James
REED, Michael Edgar ORTIZ, Joseph
RIGHTHEOUSE, David B. OSBORNE, William
ROUSE, Harry Vernon IV PAGE, John
SQUIRES, Monty Shane PEARSON, John
STENSTROM, Thomas A. PICKering, Henry
THORP, Mike LAWSON, Richard
VASQUEZ, Billy Lee MILLER, Robert
WHITSETT, Daniel J. MILLER, Robert

CLASS OF 1978

BENNETT, David Lynn MILLER, Robert A.
BENNETT, Keith Lynn MILLER, Robert
CALDWELL, Eric Ray MILLER, Robert
CHANG, Russell Ming MILLER, Robert
CHEEVER, James L. MILLER, Robert
DUBBERLY, Richard Lynn MILLER, Robert
MILLER, Charles A. III MILLER, Robert
SCHIEFEN, Richard E. MILLER, Robert
WHALEY, Michael Scott MILLER, Robert

† From U.S.S. WILL ROGERS by Reed E. Hillsdeth, Oklahoma Today Autumn ‘68, page 14.
In 1885, Molly Doeskin was generally known as a midwife in the Indian Territory. Not because she couldn't dig out a bullet and cauterize a wound, but because folks allowed midwifing was the only genteel avenue for a doctoring woman.

Yet she never allowed opinionated people to stand in her way of ministering to man or woman who stood in pain or peril.

She was my grandmother, the wife of George (Buckskin) Waters, and part Cherokee.

"Being female, I can't rightly be called BUCKskin," she insisted with a laugh, "so I'm Molly DOESkin."

She kept a big, well-thumbed doctorbook she had bought from a Bible
I and into the house.

"Poppy!" Molly cried, rushing into her husband's arms.

"I came to get you, Molly," he said. "Some men need patching, or they'll die."

From 13-year-old daughter down to the baby, all the children were tucked into the big, two-seated hack with a good supply of quilts, hay and pillows, for Molly meant to stay as long as she was needed. She came out with her big doctorbook, a satchel of medicines, and plenty of old sheets, as clean as good lye soap and boiling water could make them, for bandages.

The quick and the dead lay on the dirt floor of the old blacksmith's shop, whose family lived in a lean-to. There was a young doctor; called by some a "quack" just because he was young, new to Vian, and unadapted to territorial ways.

Molly's eldest daughter, Florence, made down beds for the children who (except for the smallest) were anything but sleepy, and Molly dominated the scene, bandaging the bleeding.

Molly used not only her skills and her doctorbook, but a secret verse from the Book of Ezekiel, her spiritual recipe for stopping the flow of blood.

The blacksmith had a large family. It was a most disrupting night. Once the young man doctor dropped one of his instruments and was searching for it by feeling on the ground with his hands. The blacksmith's wife called him to account, "You come out of that corner!" she commanded. "That's where my oldest girl is sleeping."

"Five men died that night. One of them was George Starr, who had married my half-sister, Sarah," mamma told me. Sarah was already dead and the children were now orphans. Someone had brought the two little boys, Bill and Charlie, to where their father lay dying.

When we drove home, in the chilly pre-dawn, the two little boys rode home with us, bound for their new home—our home.

So Molly's skill was often needed to minister to men as well as to women. And her services were gratefully accepted, though Molly Doeskin never had a medical diploma to hang on her wall.  

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUMMETT ECHOHAWK

salesman who worked his way through the wilds of northeastern Indian Territory. She wouldn't let him go until she had made a good swap for that book which in time, helped her raise her own family, and sometimes sent her on strange missions in the night.

Like the time the storekeeper made up a batch of blackberry cordial, a stuff that seemed to blow the sanity right out of the brains of certain topers.

"I had a quarrel with George Buckskin that morning," Molly confessed long afterward. "Before I saw him again I was praying as I'd never prayed before that he'd come back to me, all in one piece."

"It was a still summer night," my mother recalls. "The little community of Vian, Indian Territory, with its few stores and blacksmith shop was nearly a mile away."

"We were sitting on the porch, long after supper, with papa still gone when we heard a distant shot, followed by an agonizing cry. Then more shooting opened up with a blare. All of us children crowded around mamma, terrified."

"Suddenly there was a loud 'BLOOMBLOOM' as two guns were discharged almost simultaneously. Two men had surely fired at each other. Were both killed?"

"All of us children started crying. "They've killed papa!"

"'Hush now. Papa's all right,' Molly Doeskin assured her frightened little ones with a firm voice."

Someone was riding down the road in the moonlight, straight toward their house, his horse galloping as fast as he could.

Molly straightened up and marched her children into the big sitting room to wait. Later she confessed her fear—that the rider was a messenger sent to bring word of her husband's death.

The dark figure rode up under the tall furry cedar tree. He jumped from his horse and bounded up the walk and into the house.

SPRING 1975  TWENTY-SEVEN
A rain-fed stream—dozens of species of birds—hundreds of varieties of wild flowers, shrubs and trees—myriads of flitting butterflies—massive cliffs of limestone—a virtually undisturbed prairie grassland—a lazily flowing creek. The naturalists' paradise of which these things are part is called Redbud Valley.

A dream of Dr. Harriett Barclay, professor-emeritus of botany at the University of Tulsa, came true when her favorite natural area became a Nature Conservancy project. Dr. Barclay, world-renowned botanist, "discovered" Redbud Valley years ago. She was amazed to find wild flora of such great variety growing so near a large city. She directed many of her university students on field trips to this area.

Then Dr. Barclay envisioned this beautiful, natural area being preserved. She appealed to Nature Conservancy, a national organization which purchases areas for the purpose of keeping them in their natural state. The organization responded, and purchased the property from its then private owners.

To pay off the note to Nature Conservancy, the Tulsa Tribune instituted a financial campaign. Hundreds of Tulsans and other citizens of northeastern Oklahoma contributed to preserve the scenic limestone cliffs and their surrounding countryside. With their interest and financial assistance, the Nature Preserve in Redbud Valley became a reality.

The trail through Redbud Valley, laid out by Boy Scouts and Tulsa University students,
winds through several types of topography, which makes the area a microcosm of nature. The walk first passes a small rectangular pond encompassed by cattails, fine real estate for the summer abode of Mrs. Redwing Blackbird. The slopes of the pond boast the pinks of wild verbena and rose in the spring, the orange flame of butterfly weed in summer. Moving on, the trail enters a grove of oak and hickory trees where chickadees maintain a happy chatter as the intruder enters their domain. The path leads the visitor to a natural wood gate especially designed to keep all motorized vehicles off the trail—they are out of place in Redbud Valley.

Now the pathway narrows as it rounds the base of a limestone bluff. Every sight and every sound indicates that one is in a natural area, with civilization far behind. Bird Creek flows nearby, and with abnormally heavy rainfall of winter and spring, its waters may rise to within just inches of the trail.

Students of botany use this floodplain, studying it as an example of the meadow which thrives and changes with the overflow of its river. The casual observer notes the tender violet in spring along the wooded river bottom, and if he approaches cautiously, there is often a great blue heron or other wading bird plying his fisherman's trade along the creek bank.

Skirting the floodplain, the trail now enters another wooded area. The redbud for which the preserve is named is seen in abundance here, as is wild plum with its earlier white clouds of blossom. With binoculars handy, the bird watcher can here observe woodland birds among the trees of the slope, the meadow dwellers of the floodplain and those winged creatures who prefer the statelyl oaks and hickories along the banks of Bird Creek.

At "Grapevine Rock" the wanderer pauses to gaze at the huge boulder which has tumbled from the bluff in some past century. Large
grapevines grow up its sides, and into the trees that surround the rock.

Now the trail begins to climb as it moves upward toward the limestone cliffs and caves. Limestone outcroppings which in May are aglow with wild columbine in riotous bloom become evident on all sides. Rock ferns and green mosses cling tenaciously to the boulders. Ahead is heard the sound of rushing water, for this has been a rainy year and from the bottom of the cliffs a natural spring, fed by seepage from the plateau above, sends a merry tumbling stream down the side of the hill. Its waters emerge from the base of the overhanging cliff, gather gravity’s momentum and fling themselves pell-mell down to a pond at the foot of the hill. The swift-flowing outlet rushes over rocks and grasses toward its confluence with Bird Creek. Just before entering the pond below, the waters from the spring fan out like a fine lace veil over the foot of the hillside, then flow into the pond which has the color of deep sapphire because of the water’s clarity.

Rockhounds, explorers and amateur mountain climbers find these cliffs to be the choicest part of Redbud Valley. There is seemingly no end of rocks to climb, shallow caves to explore, and wonders to discover. Careful hunting might even turn up an old Indian arrowhead. These cliffs were known by man long before there was an Oklahoma.

The trail moves through the cliffs and rocks, then finds itself in a narrow passageway that leads upward again, only briefly this time, out of the limestone cliffs, onto the natural prairie mesa. In wanting to preserve Redbud Valley, Dr. Barclay was particularly interested in this upland meadow since it represents a vanishing natural phenomenon on the American scene, the undisturbed prairie grassland.

Here wildflowers abound — yucca, painted blanket, wild larkspur, black-eyed Susan,
prickly pear cactus and others too many to mention. A carpet of flowers in summer, and flitting among them an army of butterflies. A lizard may scurry through the grass, alarmed by the visitor in his domain.

The trail is laid out in a semi-circular arc through the grassland, rough-twisted dogwood brushing the wanderer in one place, sumac in another. In one area rare smoke trees, found only in a few locations in Eastern Oklahoma and Western Arkansas, can be seen. Deciduous holly lends its bright red berries to the otherwise grey-brown drabness of the winter scene.

All the while, a constant chorus of bird calls from the trees and shrubs keeps the bird watcher busy with binoculars and identification guide.

Once more the trail enters the oak and hickory forest with the path skirting downed logs and limestone outcrops. The quiet of this shady glade is a constant reminder of the peace the out-of-doors can lend to man's usually noisy existence. The forest canopy which covers the hiker gives a sense of contentment and solitude. One tends to forget that civilization is really only a few hundred yards away.

The trail once again comes to the limestone cliff which encircles Redbud Valley on three sides. The hiker makes his way through a break in the rocks where sugar maples overhang the trail. Moving down the slope, he comes to the end of the trail and the parking area where he left his car.

As one leaves Redbud Valley, among the thoughts that cross the visitor's mind, whether bird watcher, botanist, university student, butterfly enthusiast, photographer, or just an average person "getting away from it all," all should surely feel grateful to Dr. Barclay, the University of Tulsa, Nature Conservancy, the Tulsa Tribune, and the hundreds of contributing Oklahomans who made the preservation of Redbud Valley a possibility.
This inscription is located near the Cimarron River, in western Cimarron County, Oklahoma’s westernmost panhandle county. The chalk lines in the carving were added by some previous viewer, not by us.

If the inscription pictured here is authentic, it is the oldest known inscription relating to Spanish exploration within the boundaries of the United States of America.

The setting of the inscription is shown on the facing page. The top photo pictures a broad expanse of the area surrounding Castle Rock on which the inscription is found. The lower photo is a close-up view of Castle Rock.

As one views the inscription in situ, the focus of the past becomes diffused into the present. There are other inscriptions on Castle Rock, some of them quite recent. As you stand viewing the CORONATO inscription it becomes easy to believe that it may be no older than the later Castle Rock carvings. But as all factors are considered in turn, you find yourself being forced into a reasonable consideration of its antiquity.

The carving is located near the tapered overhead of a recess at the right base of Castle Rock. The narrow vertical opening of that recess, almost like a shallow cave, is clearly visible in the photograph shown here.

Beneath the carved CORONATO are two large initials, H G, and the date 1877. This latter carving is widely accepted as authentic. There are many such carvings throughout the area, made by pioneer people passing through on the Santa Fe Trail or settling near it. Dozens of such carvings, many completely authenticated, are found on the Autograph Rocks a few miles away.

Indian petroglyphs centuries older than the CORONATO carving are found in this area along the Cimarron, along the Carrizozo, and adjacent to the series of springs along the ancient Indian trace that in the past century came to be the Santa Fe Trail.

The H G 1877 carving is much more deeply incised than the CORONATO carving. The natural wear of two and a half centuries difference in age would account for this. Two hundred and fifty years from now the H G 1877 carving will likely be as shallow and weathered as the CORONATO carving is now and, unless preserved, the CORONATO carving will have disappeared completely.

Another factor that occurs is this. The style of the CORONATO lettering resembles sixteenth century calligraphy. A collection of conquest and early colonial Spanish manuscripts is reposited in the Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa. We have studied many of these old manuscripts from the time of Cortez and his contemporaries. The similarity between the CORONATO lettering and the stylized character of that period’s calligraphy connotes relationship. Particularly notable is the character of the down-drooping 5 in 1541.

That style of 5 was especially popular in the 1500s.

The place where the carving is located is hortatory. It implies a carver with the sense of the long run of time who instinctively, or purposefully carved his letters in a place where they would be most safely protected from the ravages of time, wind, and rain. There is the feeling that some sense impelled him to leave these traces where they would long remain.

Perhaps the most persuasive factor is the spelling of the name, CORONATO. Francisco Vázquez de Coronado was castellano, de Salamanca. The spelling of his name, in Spanish is C-O-R-O-N-A-T-O. C-O-R-O-N-A-T-O is the Italian spelling of that name. We know that there were two Italian soldiers with the Coronado expedition. They were Bartolome Napoleoniano of Italy, and Francisco Rojo Loro of Cicily, each of whom took three of his own horses and his own weapons on the expedition.

The CORONATO carving then, if made by one of the Italian soldiers, leaves us an evidence of authenticity stronger than if the name had been carved C-O-R-O-N-A-T-O. If some teenager, or passing idler, had carved that inscription in the rocks, what spelling of the name would they most likely have used? The common Spanish spelling is found in all our history books. Would they not have been more likely to use the common Spanish spelling rather than an obscure Italian spelling unknown to all except the most learned?

The latter, Italian spelling, would likely have been unknown to a teenager, or passing idler. This factor has, in fact, to our knowledge, occurred to only one historian. He is Dr. Cleve Strout, a dedicated Coronado expert and language professor at the University of Tulsa. Dr. Strout concurs also, that the calligraphy of the panhandle inscription is sixteenth century in nature.

To arrive at the next factor which convinces us that the inscription is authentic, we must recall the background against which Coronado undertook the final leg of his march to Quivira in the spring of 1541. His expedition had spent the previous winter at Tiguex, an Indian village on the Rio Grande near present day
Bernalillo, New Mexico.

As the winter waned, Coronado led the expedition out from Tiguex, east across the panhandle of Texas, to the area of Palo Duro Canyon, Las Barrancas to the Spaniards. It was while they were in the Palo Duro area that Coronado accepted the insistence of the Indian captive called the Turk that he could lead the expedition to the golden cities. The Turk believed that he was leading the Spaniards to their death, his hope being that when they arrived among the Indian villages of his people in Kansas/Nebraska the Indians would capture the Spaniards and kill them. Thus he, the Turk, would not only be returned to his own people, but the deaths of the Spaniards would insure his freedom.

The Turk pleaded his cause so convincingly that Coronado, persuaded, struck out northward with thirty of his men “by the needle.” They followed no known trail, simply proceeding north toward the villages of Quivira and Harahay “by the needle” of the compass.

The magnetic compass did not, of course, indicate true north. The Spaniards had no means of correcting the compass error so they traveled slightly east of north, arriving at Quivira in central Kansas in July of 1541.

Neither Quivira nor Harahay, further north near the 40th parallel, were cities of gold. The Turk’s falsehoods, and the reason for them, was apparent to Coronado. This cost the Turk his life. Coronado killed him with his own hands, and prepared to return the expedition to Tiguex. But they would not return by the same route they came, or guided by the pointing of an erratic magnetic compass. They would be guided by experienced Indian guides from the Kansas/Nebraska tribes.

These Indian guides knew the location of Tiguex on the Rio Grande. They also knew the most direct route to Tiguex. It was an ancient trail which followed down the chain of springs and watering places which later became the Cimarron cutoff of the Santa Fe Trail.

So it was that the Coronado expedition passed near the Castle Rock formation in Oklahoma’s Cimarron County. The trail they followed returning to Tiguex lies about eight miles from Castle Rock. Near enough that an outrider exploring the terrain would have encountered Castle Rock.

We can reconstruct circumstances under which it might have been encountered. While these are convincing reasons that the inscription is authentic, I have found no clear and convincing proof that it is not. Having put aside the “doubting Thomas” instinct which is a natural human attribute, my attitude is that the burden of proof must rest with the doubters. Until someone can conclusively prove to me that this inscription is not authentic, I will believe that it was carved there by one of the Italian soldiers who accompanied the Coronado expedition. Perhaps it happened like this.

Late in the afternoon of that autumn day in 1541 a lone outrider, pursuing a course parallel to the main column of the expedition moving southwest to his left, crested the rise from which Castle Rock is first visible.

As you will note in our photo the Castle Rock formation is quite yellow in color. Even today, when the late afternoon sun strikes that formation just right, its over all color becomes that of an ingot, golden in hue.

You must remember that this expedition had been told by a priest of the church that gold was abundant in this country. They had been told that the Indians had gold in such quantity that the cities were built of gold, that in this rich country gold so abounded that it could be picked up off the ground.

To a Coronado expedition outrider, in a country where gold was reputed, on the word of a man of God, to be bounteous, it would not have seemed impossible that there might be an actual ingot thrust up out of the earth. However tired that outrider might have been from a long day of riding, however disappointed at the expedition’s past failures to find gold in the lavish amounts the priest had predicted, he would surely have said to himself, “I had better go and see.” Perhaps wearily, probably without even much hope, and though it was late in the day, he would have ridden the distance across country to Castle Rock to see, to be sure.

Arriving there he would have found that it was just rock, yellow rock, but only rock. With the extra hour of riding it was possibly near dark. The main column of the expedition would now have been some fifteen to twenty miles distant. Rather than to risk losing himself in this vast country in a night riding attempt to find and rejoin his comrades, he chose to hole up for the night in the shallow Castle Rock cave. As dusk closed down with a small fire burning on the entry floor of the cave, he took out the tapered dagger suspended at his belt and, using its point, worked at the sandstone above his forehead until he had gouged out, in the Italian spelling most familiar to him, the name of the commanding officer of this long expedition to which he had committed himself.

It was a way to pass the time. Through a long and lonely evening, he may even have worked in a wry and cynical mood, chiseling a sardonic commentary in stone on the caballero commander in whose name he had ridden on one more wearisome wild goose chase.

A pesar de todo, the name is etched there and has been there beyond the memory of the oldest panhandle settler.

One final note. This inscription is located on private property. You must have the permission of the landowner to enter and see it. This is as it should be and is our best protection against the depredations of vandals who have already damaged or destroyed many historic and pre-historic treasures in the panhandle. It is for this reason that we do not tell you precisely where it is. The panhandle is a vast area. To find one particular rock in it is almost impossible, unless you have the guidance of some resident who is familiar with the area. Such a reliable resident will insist that permission be obtained from the landowner and that you be accompanied by some local person, should you visit the site.

Do not attempt any other course. Trespassers on private property are liable to arrest and a stiff fine. In one or two instances they have even been shot at. We strongly underwrite the stern attitude of property owners in this regard. These treasures must be protected.

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