A NEW GOVERNOR — AND DESTINY

On January 12, at 12:00 noon, on the south steps of the State Capitol, Oklahoma’s new Governor will be sworn into office. It will be a quiet ceremony, but packed underneath with greater drama for Oklahoma than any other event of the day. For on that day, for the 16th time since 1907, this state will again have come face to face with the challenge of its destiny.

What is this destiny?

When J. Howard Edmondson takes office he will become, at 34, not only the youngest Governor in the history of Oklahoma, but also the youngest present Governor in the United States. Already this fact and the dynamic nature of the man himself has captured the interest of a great many people outside of Oklahoma. It is our guess this interest has also led many to wonder anew what sort of state he will be leading.

Much has been made of the fact that Oklahoma is young itself, as a state; but we believe the significant fact no longer is its youth but how swiftly in recent years it has cut out for itself a place of increasing importance on the national scene. Stop and think for a moment as you read the following list quickly picked out of the air.


Isn’t the common factor here simply this—that every one of these is either unique in the nation, or carries an example of outstanding leadership in one particular or another?

It seems to us this is no happenstance. It seems quite logical that such things—and much more—should come out of Oklahoma; if for no other reason than that this is the most typically American of all the 49 states.

Our space is limited here, but consider just this one fact. That this is the one state, in the center of the nation, where all the great regional traditions that built this nation happen to meet. The Northern, the Southern, the Eastern, the Western—and the original tradition, the Indian. We believe this, among other very intriguing factors, has resulted in a people remarkably close today in their attitudes to the real spirit of American Democracy.

All this is just a small portion of why we feel the destiny Oklahoma has been striving for 50 years to attain is at last within its grasp.

And we believe that destiny is a truly key place of importance—and recognized as such—within the vital purpose of America itself; in an age of the very greatest challenge to all mankind.

Dave Loye
In this Issue

Stately South Portico of the Oklahoma State Capitol, Oklahoma City

PHOTO BY KAZIMIR PETRASKAS - STATE PLANNING BOARD

BLACK MESA.......................... by BILL BURCHARDT......................2
THUNDERBIRD DIVISION.............. by ROY P. STEWART....................4
NATIONAL JAYCEE HQ...................by PHIL DESSAUER.....................6
THE MAN WHO SCRATCHED HIMSELF....by BRUMMETT ECHOHAWK...........8
INDUSTRY'S NEW FRONTIER..............by GILBERT HILL....................10
COLOR SECTION: A KALEIDOSCOPE OF THE SEASONS.........................13
THE BEST OF JOANNE GORDON..............26
OKLAHOMA SCRAPBOOK....................36
CALENDAR OF EVENTS......................37

LAHOMA TODAY ONE
Expedition supplies and gear loaded to travel.

Searching out the past in a Cimarron canyon.

Mysterious Black Mesa always hovers nearby.

Unlocking the enigmas of Spider Woman Rock.

Feathered serpent, Quetzalcoatl, of Aztec myth.

Crocodile with accurately drawn upper jaw hinge.

Primitive horse, the hoofs the artist never saw.

The warlike invader man with spears and pack.

Beauty and remote solitude in Waterhole Canyon.

Rocky monoliths, eroded buttes, sculptured cliffs.
Cradle of North American Civilization?
Camp for Coronado?
These are but chapters in the mystery story
written in the rocks of Oklahoma's

BLACK MESA

BY BILL BURCHARDT

We hear a lot of talk these days about Oklahoma being a young state. It is interesting to contemplate that it is also among the very oldest—from the standpoint of human occupancy. A prehistoric people of the Folsom complex were living in the Cimarron Valley of Oklahoma's panhandle perhaps as long as 10,000 to 25,000 years ago.

They lived among animals now extinct, the mammoth, pleistocene camel, ground sloth, and the bison taylori. They apparently hunted animals that changing climatic conditions have since forced to move, the mountain sheep and the elk, and harvested crops from wild seeds and grasses.

Where did these people come from? Where did they go? These are mysteries upon which we can only speculate. Much more study of archaeological evidence there is necessary before definite answers can be reached. We cannot even speculate on the extent of the evidence available in the far-flung, rugged country of the Cimarron Valley, for only a minute part of it has been found and studied.

Continued on page 28
KOREAN CONFLICT

the saga of the fighting 45th

Thunderbird Division

by Roy P. Stewart

PHOTOS FROM THE OFFICIAL ARCHIVES OF THE 45TH DIVISION
You ask: "Who are these Thunderbirds—what is the 45th Infantry Division?"

The answer lies somewhere in 511 days of combat between Comiso airport in Sicily and the Nazi shrine city of Munich; in 429 days of battle in the Chorwon valley and on denuded slopes of Old Baldy in Korea.

It is in the compounds that held 128,000 enemy prisoners; among the bitter statistics of 21,899 battle casualties; among 62,563 killed, wounded, injured or missing; in the hearts of 36,874 replacements, who learned to wear with pride, the insignia of one of the best divisions in the history of American arms.

It is in the annals of the citizen soldier, the image of the Minute Man of Concord and Lexington; in the First Oklahoma infantry on the Mexican border; the National

Continued on page 30
From every state in the Union
and all U. S. Territories
205,692 live wires lead in to Tulsa's

NATIONAL JAYCEE HQ

On a rise overlooking Tulsa's
Boulder park, fronting a
street appropriately desig-
nated “Jaycee Blvd.” sits the
Jaycee War Memorial build-
ing, a handsome, modernistic split-level structure with a
fine view of the city's skyline. This is the $250,000 home
of the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce, the hatching-
house of enough do-good projects to give us all a nation
cleansed of sin, apathy, decadence and dirt—just as soon
as all the projects can be carried out.

At this very moment, in some 3700 cities and towns
across the land, groups of energetic young men are cheer-
fully breaking their backs in behalf of projects designed
to make their local worlds better places in which to live.
These civic eager beavers are regarded variously by their
elders as aging Boy Scouts, overactive whippersnappers,
and the hope of tomorrow.

BY PHIL
DESSAUER

"THE HOPE OF MANKIND
LIES IN THE HANDS OF
YOUTH AND ACTION"

PHOTO BY BOB MCCORMACK

SIX

OKLAHOMA TOD
Jaycees are familiar to almost everyone who lives in a town with a population of 12 or more. Not so well known is the fact that their national headquarters is in Tulsa, the "Young Man's Capital of the World."

Not far away from the War Memorial building is the "Little White House," where the national Jaycee president lives during his one-year tour of duty. "Tour" is exactly what it is, for the president spends most of his time visiting chapters in the 48 states, commending them for projects well done and encouraging them to start twice as many new ones.

The current president, Bob Cox, a 32-year-old former football coach, is expected to cover some 250,000 miles before he returns to his clothing store at Chapel Hill, N. C.

PHOTO BY JESSE BREWER

The boys at headquarters like to tell about one of the early-day presidents whose plane crash-landed in a small southern town while he was on tour. He came out unhurt, but was grounded for six hours. With all that time on his hands, he just naturally organized a Jaycee chapter in the town...

While Cox is winging here and there using up his $9,500 travel allowance (he receives no salary but gets the travel money and $6,000 for living expenses), the business of the national headquarters is carried on by a staff of 60 headed by Ben Swanson, executive secretary. Swanson, a former Tacoma, Wash., member, moved up to the top salaried post a few months ago after serving as national comptroller.

The U.S. Jaycee organization is a big-business outfit with a $700,000-plus annual budget, but it's probably the only corporation in the nation that changes its board of directors every year. It's also a poor place to work for a man looking for security. When a Jaycee passes 35 he's over the age limit, although about 30,000 such elder citizens are still on the rolls as "Exhausted Roosters"—too old to belong but young enough to remain interested. Some local chapters have associate members in their 70's and 80's who get a kick out of helping the young bucks light firecrackers under hometown civic fuddie-daddies.

The Junior Chamber has no official connection with the senior U.S. Chamber of Commerce, and the similarity of names has caused some confusion and dissatisfaction in the younger group. When the Jaycee board of directors meets next March it will talk about changing the name of the national organization, perhaps to something like U.S. Jaycees.

PHOTO BY DR. WALTER JOHNSON

National Drag Strip Races, Oklahoma City ... World's Championship Boat Races, Lake McAlester ... Jaycee Sponsored.

Under any name, the headquarters at Tulsa will still be a beehive. The staff has grown so much in recent years that the Jaycee board of trustees—a seven-man group that handles the building's business affairs—has decided to add a third floor to provide more space.

The national staff needs more room, not only because the Junior Chamber has doubled the 1800 chapters it had in 1950, but also because somebody is always thinking of a new program to crank into operation. The unofficial plan for the members at the local-dues-paying end of the line is to keep 'em bustling, keep 'em busy and keep 'em building.

That pattern is supposed to keep 'em happy. A Jaycee has been described as someone who's not old enough yet to believe that anything can't be done. The way to hold a fellow like this in the fold is to keep pouring challenging jobs on him—enough to keep him humping to stay only six months behind. Continued on page 32
There was once a pale-face farmer who moved near my grandparents back when the Pawnee reservation was first opened for white settlement. That was in 1893. White men were few among the Pawnees then—as farm neighbors, that is. The reservation was pretty big—some 391,000 acres.

The pale-face farmer worked his new land and began to get acquainted with his Indian neighbors. The farmer saw hard times at first and came to borrow things often. Many times, after a hard day’s work, he’d stop by and have supper with the Old Folks. And he was welcome there too.

So it went. He borrowed things and he returned them. He ate supper with the folks sometimes and, like before, he was welcome. As the man became more acquainted with his Indian neighbors, he picked up a few words of their language.

The farmer was proud of the fact that he could say some Pawnee words. He’d say them when he helped the Indians with their butchering. In the fields, the man echoed these words often, though he might have wished that the Pawnees had a cuss word or two in their language—allways, there were cockleburs. The farmer got so he could pronounce some of these words like a full blood. At the supper table he was a real whiz. The man answered to his Indian name too.

Indians usually give a person a name that best describes him. The farmer’s Indian name was, “Kuh-tee-tah puh-roo wuhree.” It meant “He scratches himself.” This described him, for when the man came to borrow something, he unconsciously began to scratch.
Things went along fine. He borrowed things. He returned things. He ate supper like before. Like before, he was welcome. In his limited Pawnee he soliloquized. As his farm improved the man scratched out a better living—the rest of the time he just scratched.

Folks back east knew that the wild frontier was on its way out when they heard big talk about changing Indian Territory to Oklahoma. Cowboys had fenced in their cows and since hung up their six shooters. The noble horse gave way to the iron one. And Buffalo Bill Cody, who was now shooting blanks, had it. The only buffalo that was to be seen would be on the five-cent piece. But as for the Indians, some of the easterners weren’t too sure—at least, that was the case of He-Scratches-Himself’s friends.

He-Scratches-Himself had been writing to his eastern friends all along. The man told them that he lived right among real Indians. Pawnee kind. The farmer told them that he could speak their language too.

The frontier wasn’t dead yet.

One day the pale-face farmer came to visit the Old Folks. He didn’t borrow anything this time, but he did ask a favor. The Old Folks listened. The man scratched himself and explained. His friends from the east were coming for a visit and he wanted to impress them. The farmer wanted to talk Indian to the Old Folks in the presence of his guests. The man asked if they might answer in the same way. They agreed. He-Scratches-Himself scratched himself, then left.

The big day came.

The easterners were bug-eyed and long-necked when the buggy stopped in front of the Old Folks’ place. Our hero was at the helm. He stood up as if he were about to address the congress of the United States. All eyes were on him. Then he spoke in a loud voice, “Noah! pah-rah-rits’-coo-sooh’, pe’ra-hottis, ky’eet, Kuh-tee-tah’ puh-roo wuh-ree.”

That did it—he had it made.

The Old Folks answered in Pawnee. The easterners were impressed. The visit was brief. Upon leaving our hero spoke up in Pawnee as though he had just climaxed an important Indian treaty. His words were the same, only scrambled a bit. The frontier visit ended when the buggy pulled away with He-Scratches-Himself in command of the conversation. His mission was accomplished.

The story ends here, but back east the tale might have been told over and over. It might have even ended up being a drama with the hero speaking more words. Maybe, with those very words, he might have quelled an Indian uprising. No one knows.

The old Indians had a good sense of humor. Subtle. And they know that you can’t start an Indian uprising or quell one—or do anything else for that matter—by saying, “Noah! pah-rah-rits’-coo-sooh’, pe’ra-hottis, ky’eet. Kuh-tee-tah’ puh-roo wuh-ree,” because those words mean: “Hello, cow guts, cockleburs, salt and he-scratches-himself.”
When the spinning wheel began to disappear from England’s rural kitchens about 200 years ago, historians tagged it as an “industrial revolution.”

When an Oklahoman invented a gadget that turned the retail grocery business upside down overnight—creating the modern supermarket as we know it—it was only one more step in industrial growth.

But when an atom bomb fell on Hiroshima it not only marked the end of World War II—but gave birth to a new industrial age, a new way of life, on a new industrial frontier with Oklahoma right smack in the middle.

Far fetched? Let’s examine a few economic facts which too often are overlooked by historians.

Actually, the basis for the industrial revolution, elimination of home or small local shops and creating of the huge spinning mills and textile industry—which has spread since in all directions—was perfection of the steam engine.

For the first time in history man had a source of power other than his own hands and that of draft animals—or remote water wheels.

But, in order to use that power men had to gather around the engines—live and work in smoke, soot, dust and filth, with all the social, health, housing, transportation and other problems created by jamming too many human beings into too small an area.

Industry moved to town. It created the cities. The cities created the markets on which industry feeds—thus giving rise to even more factories of different kinds, in the same crowded centers of the world.

Most people never did like it—really! They wanted to live “out” in the suburbs, and did, where possible. They would have preferred to work there, too, of course. But since they couldn’t, they commuted.

Even with constant research, with development of new and better ways to use power and machines, efficiency of industry was slipping. Management knew it. Workers knew it.

But it wasn’t until the turn of the century that a new kind of power became available to help solve the problem—electricity, which could be generated at one spot near fuel and then “shipped” over power lines to several factories long distances away.

The movement back to the country started then, really. Business leaders were working hard on plans to “decentralize”—build several smaller factories, often, in several places, to take the place of one big one, even long before World War II.

Management then was thinking of savings in reaching new markets in “rural areas,” of more profit by using workers who were not already exhausted, peevish, and looking for an argument by the time they got to work.

But business men still lacked a powerful incentive to “take a chance” and leave huge investments and markets until it came in World War II. First it was the “blitz” over London that made many a manager realize that concentrated industry is but a sitting duck for military attack. The bomb over Japan gave urgency to action.

Of course, production men had learned considerable in the operation of war industry which was located for military safety far from the areas usually considered as major markets. But the markets developed! And here were perfected the new cost saving techniques using all-on-one-floor buildings surrounded by acres of parking lots for workers who drive their own cars.

The wide open spaces have come into their own as the new frontiers of industrial development!

Oklahoma stands squarely in the middle of opportunity—as dozens of plants, both home grown and imported, already are discovering.

With Goodyear building tires at Miami; Munsingwear making hosiery at Vinita; with three different firms...
Within the next few pages, we present Oklahoma in all its seasons; artistically, through the sketches of Augusta I. C. Metcalfe, Oklahoma's justly famous "Sagebrush Artist"; photographically, through the beautiful color photos of some of our finest photographers (whose names will be found adjoining their pictures); and poetically, through quotations by Angie Debo, outstanding historian and writer, taken from her book *Oklahoma: Footloose and Fancy-free* (Univ. of Okla. Press).

"The Oklahoma climate is of spangled sunshine—with variations..."
Spring comes early with a flash of mockingbirds' wings, moving across the land in power like an army with banners...
Summer is dry and scorching with cool breezes at night (about six weeks of that) ...
Autumn is golden and perfect; it begins the middle of August or the first of September and lasts till after Christmas...
Properly speaking, there is no winter; the period is filled with weather left over from the other seasons – spring days alternating with autumn days, an occasional summer day, and once in a great while a howling blizzard...
But all the seasons are likely to be jumbled—snow in May, hot winds in March, spring showers in November, with hailstorms or even tornadoes thrown in for good measure...
Only sultry days are practically unknown; the wind takes care of that. Of course there is a reason for this unpredictable weather. In United States weather maps showing the generalized path of storms, Oklahoma is a little white island surrounded by sweeping black lines—a fortunate isle set in a tempestuous sea."

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One of the things it’s hard for me to get used to as a parent is the children’s preoccupation with the great outdoors. I have never been a back to nature type—in fact, the only time I go outdoors is on my way to and from the indoors.

So the children’s constant expeditions into the yard are something of a nervous strain for me.

Pre-children, I believed the advertisements which always showed the youngsters, clad in immaculate play clothes, frolicking on the green with a huge Collie dog while the mother, reclining in a nearby lawn chair, looks on smilingly.

Those advertising people ought to come out of their Madison Avenue cubbyholes and find out, like I did, the facts of the situation.

Nobody frolics on the green at our house. They leap out the door the first thing after breakfast, get covered with mud or sand as soon as possible and then they go in and out, in and out, in and out, pausing only to ring the doorbell as they come and go.

The few occasions they don’t come in, they plaster their noses against the screen door and shout. They want spoons, dump trucks, trikes taken out of the garage or for me to come out and get their wagon unstuck from the fence.

These preliminaries taken care of, the fights start. It’s my observation children don’t play outdoors. They use the yard as an arena where they fight.

Now it’s your turn to run in and out, in and out. You bring children in, put bandaids on children, tell children this fighting has to stop or they can’t play, order Don to quit hitting Susie on the head with a stick, tell Vicki it doesn’t matter what the little girl down the block does, she, Vicki, is not to cross the street, tell children this fighting has to stop, or they can’t play.

I was remarking to our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Hitchens, that the ultimate occurred the other day when Vicki, who is 3, tried to smuggle a pocket full of bugs into the house—the slimy kind of bugs that live under rocks.

When I dumped them out, you would have thought from her reaction that I had struck down some of God’s little creatures. She stood on the porch and howled, “You’ve killed my roly-poly! You’ve killed my roly-poly!”

Mrs. Hitchens said she understood. She said I’m not the only one who has a housefull of young Frank Bucks. She said she had a friend who still gets slightly nauseated when she thinks of what her little son did.

He crawled off into the yard, spied a garter snake and before his horrified mother could stop him, he picked it up, chortled gleefully and bit it in two.
I have had several inquiries about our dog, Daisy — the animal that my husband, Troy, picked out for us at the SPCA.

When we first got her, she was a lumbering, splay-footed shepherd-collie with several doubtful characteristics which Troy said would vanish as she grew. His prediction has been partly right. She has grown.

As a result, she is now a huge, strong thing on the order of a horse who does exactly as she pleases. While she is not vicious, she is what I weakly describe to company as “rather untrained so I’d leave her alone if I were you.”

To give you an idea—a Sunday or so ago, some friends of ours (I should say some former friends of ours) dropped in on us for a visit. They had with them their three little children, Debbie, Larry and David.

Larry, who is 2, announced that he was “going out to see Daisy.” I spoke my little piece about her being untrained, etc., but nobody paid any attention to me. So off Larry went and I mentally reassured myself that I probably shouldn’t worry since it was just supposition on my part that Daisy might eat children. (My thinking is influenced by the fact that she eats everything else).

About 3 minutes later, Debbie, who was watching out a window, comes running into the living room. “Daddy, Mommy,” she announces, “Daisy’s got Larry.”

We all sped out to the back yard where we could see that Debbie had made a very accurate report. There was Daisy, in hot pursuit of Larry. Her tail was wagging, her ears were up and you could tell she was having more fun than running the Kentucky Derby. Just then, she caught him. Playfully, she jumped on his back, knocked him down and in a friendly sort of a way mauled him around in the mud.

Troy ran over and hauled Daisy off Larry and Larry’s daddy carried his offspring, still screaming and covered with mud, into the house.

I was so embarrassed I couldn’t think of a thing to say. Finally, I asked as politely as I could, “Would you care to wash him off?”

They said they would. After that, the conversation languished and pretty soon, they left.

I wish I could say that the experience chastened Troy to the point where he realizes that Daisy should be taught a few rules of behavior but it really didn’t. He still considers her just a big, old, exuberant, friendly pal.

The other night, we had a thunderstorm. Daisy is afraid of thunder so Troy let her in the house. I was sitting on the living room sofa. Came a big clap of thunder and Daisy bounded across the room and hurled herself (all 60 pounds of her) into my lap and buried her big, hairy face on my shoulder.

I parted her fur and looked out. There was Troy, doubled up with laughter.

He has such a keen sense of humor, I can just hear his jolly laugh when I show him his socks with no feet in them that Daisy ate off the clothesline.

The experts on family living have been drumming away on the theme “Togetherness.”

They feel that togetherness is the answer to everything and for awhile, I was truly grateful to them for pointing out to me how lucky I am. Because we may not have much money but if there is one thing our family is loaded with, it’s togetherness.

Living with four children in a five-room house makes it absolutely impossible to be anything but together. The minute anyone gets the silly idea he’d like to be alone, the kids put him back on the beam and he’s together again.

He’s together no matter what he does. For my own part, I’m shadowed constantly by my claque of three 3-year-olds and one 7-year-old. I don’t so much as go to the kitchen for a drink of ice water that I don’t find myself together with one or more of them. When I sit down with a cup of coffee, we’re together again just Linda and me and Vicki and Susan and Don makes five.

About the only place we’re not together is the bathroom and the reason we’re not together in there—may the experts forgive my degradation—is by virtue of a good strong lock.

(Recently on a TV quiz show I watched, one of the contestants mentioned he was the father of six kids. “Six lovely children!” the m.c. gushed. “How wonderful!” “I guess so,” the man said. He added wistfully, “I haven’t been alone in the bathroom for the past 10 years.”)

Never is togetherness more apparent around our house than at mealtimes. The children take little interest in their own food but they’re positively fascinated by what and how an adult eats. Every mouthful is accompanied by a fascinated stare and unless you’re as vigilant as the FBI, you’ll find a chubby paw in your plate together—there’s that word again—with your food.

We’re together in the car—oh how we’re together—and in the mornings we’re all up together at the crack of dawn when the kids rise and shine.

Talking about it doesn’t exactly depress me—after all, we’re models of togetherness and I’m proud I’m doing SOMETHING right.

But I can’t help sort of wondering what the experts will come up with next. If they can’t think of something, I’d like to advance a suggestion.

Just for the heck of it, let’s—all together now—try some allbymyness.
The material and pictures we present here are the results of six expeditions into these rugged, almost inaccessible Cimarron canyons, led by Martin Wiesendanger of Tulsa. Mr. Wiesendanger, then Lecturer in History of Art at the University of Tulsa, took small groups of his students into the area for six successive summers. The petroglyphs and cave drawings the Wiesendanger party discovered there have contributed to the knowledge of prehistoric North American civilization, and have raised many interesting questions.

Saul Padilla, Venezuelan archaeologist, believes that they may have discovered the cradle of civilization on the North American Continent, although their primary purpose was to search out and study examples of primitive art.

Their procedure for entering these remote areas was to set up supply headquarters at Kenton, Felt, or some other small town in the area, then proceed on foot with a wagon load of supplies and camping equipment. Hard and demanding as their journeys were, they were also rich in findings.

Working among the dramatically scenic eroded buttes and solitary monoliths, the wide valleys, the caves and sculptured cliffs along the winding Cimarron, they found pecked into the wall of one canyon an apparent map of the old course of the river, and one of its tributaries, Carrizo Creek.

In Mesa de Maya they discovered an entire cliff dwelling, complete with stone metates for corn grinding, cut into the rock floor. A rancher in the area directed them to an inscription which aroused great excitement in the party when it turned out to be a petroglyph of the feathered serpent, Quetzalcoatl, the mythical “giver of knowledge” in ancient Aztec legend. How the legend may have crept up into this far area is mystery.

These drawings are uniquely composed of dots, pecked into the rocks, not inscribed lines as is common with other ancient petroglyphs. Other representations in the area include a koshare, familiar shaman and clown of the pueblo peoples of the Southwest. A death-cult skull on the wall of one of the Cimarron caves may indicate that the people engaged in rites of human sacrifice.

A curious factor is that these drawings, dancing figures, crude anthropomorphs, men robed in feathers, are all of full facing figures. The Egyptians, at a much later time, were still drawing only profiles. Wiesendanger believes that these are the earliest representations of full facing human figures found anywhere in the world.

They are located approximately forty miles from the New Mexico site where the first artifacts establishing the existence of Folsom man were found. A canyon near Felt, Oklahoma, is rich in petroglyphs. Elk Rock, in the far western panhandle, apparently served as a primitive “post office”. Elk pictured here indicate that elk inhabited this area before climatic changes forced them farther north. Hunting parties inscribed messages here for later wanderers, stories of success or failure of their hunts, and mystical signs that defy translation.

Spider Rock, near Black Mesa, depicts the primitive legend of the “spider woman”, showing a spider carrying away a man, as well as the record of a long, arduous hunting trip with its hardships and hunger, and eventual success. Signs of much walking, a deer with an elongated
front foot which was the primitive way of representing running, a starved hunter with his ribs showing and hands spread in a gesture of frustration, then fertility signs, a head symbolic of a dead deer, and a tally count showing the number of days the hunters were out are all pictured.

One of the most challenging petroglyphs in the valley is an accurate representation of a crocodile. It is inconceivable that crocodiles ever infested this area, yet the primitive artist had seen them, for the characteristic hinge of the crocodile's upper jaw is accurately represented.

One drawing depicts a naked, warlike invader who evidently inspired terror in those who saw him. He is shown carrying a heavy pack on his back, and two great spears. These spears were thrown with a notched stick called an atlatl, a weapon which preceded the bow-and-arrow and identifies this drawing with the basket-maker culture of 1500 B.C.

Another is a beautifully drawn primitive horse, shown without feet. The horse was a fleet animal these people could not catch, and since it was always distant, its feet hidden in the tall grass, the artist was never able to see and draw its hoof structure.

The few general conclusions that can be inferred, indicate that two types of people inhabited this region. One, a migratory people who built no houses, a pre-bow-and-arrow hunting people, before pueblo, who moved with seasonal game migration. The other, a sedentary group of cave dwellers; a harvest scene of great antiquity is drawn on one of their cave walls. These groups may have conflicted, one driving the other out, or they may have intermarried and lived peaceably together.

They were probably basket makers, but were a purely neolithic people with no knowledge of metals or pottery, very near to neolithic man. They may be the offspring of Pleistocene man. The Midland, Texas, Pleistocene skull, dated by geologic evidence at about 12,000 B.C., was found not far from here.

Charles Steen, of the U.S. Park Service, states that it is in this area that he would search for the earliest beginnings of man in America. The first early migrants from Asia, coming over a land bridge which is presumed to have existed during the age of the great glaciers, may well have come directly down into this area. A way through the glaciers was then open, following approximately the route of our modern Alcan highway from Alaska down through Canada, then along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains.

This is an arid country, yet with water available to attract wild game. Holes in the volcanic cap were habitable, affording dry living quarters. The canyons could be easily defended from the cliffs. Game and wild plants for food were abundant.

One of the most recent inscriptions found by the Wiesendanger party is on Castle Rock, twenty miles from Kenton, where the old Santa Fe Trail crossed the Cimarron. The inscription reads, Coronado 1541. Beside it a much later traveler has inscribed, H. G. 1877. History records that Coronado followed this route in 1541. The time-eroded edges of the lettering, its authentic Castillian style and spelling (Coronatto), and the remote place in which it is located speak strongly for its authenticity, carved by Coronado himself or one of the men in his expedition. The 1877 inscription, being later, is far less eroded and much more sharply lettered.

And so we leave the matter with you. With this inscription left by the Coronado expedition which crossed Oklahoma seventy-nine years before the Pilgrims departed England in the Mayflower, and incised drawings made by men hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years before Christ, whether you want to consider Oklahoma a young state, or perhaps the very oldest on the continent, you can find interesting evidence to support your case.
45th "esprit de corps" proved more than a match for the mountains of Korea.

... and drove the Thunderbird division on to victory through the smoking ruins of Messina.

Thunderbird

Guard square division of the four states southwest. It is in the tradition of men like Baird Markham, Wm. S. Key, George Ade Davis, and Raymond McLain, who made the division ready for its wartime destiny during the complacent years of peace when the American public, having bought the idea that it had won the "war to end wars", fell into the fallacy of a false pacifism. And the triangular Guard division on federal duty in 1940 as one of the first four—and again in 1950 as one of the first—and the first Guard division into the line in Korea.

It is the record of more combat days, more prisoners taken, more battle casualties suffered, more combat amphibious landings made—than any other division of the combined American forces—with the possible exception of the 3rd, or "Rock of the Marne" division—which fought with the 45th on its flanks.

What is the 45th Infantry division? It is the Jewish lad shipped to Camp Polk in 1950 as a filler under selective service, who cried when he got off the train and saw the Thunderbird shoulder patch—because the last time he saw it was when, weak and emaciated, he stumbled with the other living dead through gates of infamous Dachau— which the 45th opened.

It is the throbbing, exultant beats of the drummer of the Fifth Gordon Highlanders, when in 1945 the Thunderbirds captured and returned to them the historic instrument lost to the Germans at Dunkirk. It is the tramp of marching Indians from the Chilocco school through the stadium at Nurnberg, which the mad house painter built to review the "master race" when he had conquered the world.

This is the division that saved the landing at Salerno, when the out-gunned, out-numbered 36th division was about to be thrown back into the sea. This is the division about which its commander, Troy Middleton, said when Mark Clark's army headquarters alerted the navy for possible evacuation of the beach-head—"put food and ammunition behind the 45th. We're going to stay here."

And stay they did, through five bitter days and nights of combat, when confusion was almost as bad as the great snafu of the Sicilian landing, while Thunderbird artillerymen suffered their greatest casualties not from the enemy's big guns but from small arms fire—and Hal Muldrow wouldn't pull his 189th howitzer battalion back of the infantry it supported until given three direct orders. To him, even a re-grouping meant a minor retreat.

This is the division filled, fought and officered by men of many occupations who in time of peace prepared for war, with the sense of service obligation of the true citizen soldier; a division whose officer personnel of Guardsmen were so adept that in Italy's toughest campaigns, only 12 regular army officers could be found on its rolls out of more than 800.

It is the division whose artillery hurled 129,732 rounds from the flat plain of Anzio into the German guns emplaced in the hills—in just 29 days—so that a top commander of one of the four full Nazi divisions that joined elements of three others thrown at Thunderbirds alone, asked when captured to see the "automatic artillery" led by Ray McLain.

This is the division that was too busy fighting to write many commendations for high decorations; the survivor of Purple Heart Valley at Venafro; the unit of eight Congressional Medals of Honor for War II and one for Korea, with boxes of Bronze and Silver Stars; the division of the Volturno river crossing; of the Rhineland; of Sicilian dust and Pine Camp snow. Yet with all that behind, the first Guard division to be completely re-organized and federally recognized after War II and the first to hold a full postwar summer camp—in the Thunderbird tradition of service.

What is the 45th? It is Ray McLain and Earl Taylor, shooting up Vittoria from a halftrack to lead the 3rd battalion of the 179th into the first large Sicilian town to fall; of Pfc. Wilburn Welch asking for someone to "please take these 10 Eyeties off my hands—they gave up."
It is Ellis Ritchie getting a tree cut off over his head by a Mark VI tank at Biscari airfield, at 60 yards, as he directed counter fire. And Robert Burns directing fire from beside the road with a broken and lacerated leg.

These were the men of whom Ernie Pyle said: “The men of the 45th fought with unquenchable fortitude and personal gallantry.” It was “Railhead” Wirtz, organizing a mule train for the “mules, mud and mountains” campaign around Cassino; Bill Nolan telling the Canadians they didn’t need to reduce Secili by shelling—he had already taken it with 12 men and a superlative bluff.

It was Charley Ankhorn, in front of his regiment, losing a leg to a mine; it was Bill Fillman, hiding the wounded he went to aid from enemy patrols and bringing them out with prisoner stretcher bearers; the 45th Division News being printed on a hand press as the first army newspaper in Europe; the 158th artillery under Dwight Funk fighting as infantry on the Sele; Joe Robertson and his men of George company, 157th, in hand to hand combat.

It was Sherrick, a forward observer at Anzio, who when the front was over-run, called down fire on his own position to stop a fanatical attack, in one of the great feats of heroism of the war. His last message was: “I am destroying my code—shift 300 yards right.” It was Monte Strong, clearing mine fields like they had been placed for his own pleasure, until the day he too got his dog tag hung on a little white cross. It was Anse “Eddie” Speairs, who went from finance clerk to a fighting troop commander.

These were the men who hit the narrow shelf of beach at Ste. Maxime, went up through Southern France, knew the fighting of Epinal and Colmar pocket; rolling hills of the Marne and Moselle valleys; the open meadows which Germans kept zeroed in until their hill positions were taken; the men who plowed through the marshy forests with their mines and traps.

These were the men of whom a captured German general said in Alsace: “Your ‘Falcon’ division was impossible for us. You met all of our attacks, not with counter-attacks, but with attacks of your own. We could never get started. You are the American S. S.”

But before him Von Kesserling, after Rome was bypassed as Thunderbirds went across the Tiber, gave the ultimate praise when he said: “The 3rd and the 45th American divisions are the two best that the Wehrmacht faced. Anzio was the epic of American heroism as Cassino was for the Germans.”

This is the division whose spirit was epitomized by Jack Treadwell, commissioned from the ranks, who in the assault on the Siegfried line, pulled the almost incredible feat of going alone to clear a hill, silence six pillboxes that held back more visible assault troops, captured 18 Germans—and doing it all under fire. He too wears the ribbon of white stars on a blue field for the nation’s highest award.

It is the division that, having finished its incomparable record in Europe, came home to retrain for the Pacific, to be deactivated on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor day after the Japanese gave up. It is the division that, after the Communists rolled south in Korea in June of 1950, went in August to the Louisiana pinelands and in December the next year, went into the campaign with what “Iron Mike” O’Daniel—the corps commander—called “the best trained division to reach Korea.”

These were the men like Jim Styron, Wash Kenny, Preston Murphy, Fred Snyder, Joe Cathey, Scudder Autry, Pappy Rice, Clarence Cochran, Ira LeMasters and roll upon roll of honored men, with stripes and bars and bare sleeves who placed their trust in the man beside them and those who led them. These were the men like Jerry Smith, serving in his father’s 180th infantry, who was the division’s first casualty in Korea. He followed the pattern of the citizen soldier set so ably by J. O. Smith, in peace and two wars, from his first twin command stripe of a corporal to an eagle.

And Omer Manley, staying to fight on “Point Erie” of T-Bone hill when it was over-run by Chinese, spending weary months in prison camp until operation “Big Switch,” to return home, join the Thunderbirds after their second post-war reactivation and command a company which does not seek war—but will be ready if it comes.

So what is the 45th Infantry division? It is 7,680 officers and men in 125 units in 110 towns of Oklahoma, with battle streamers and presidential unit citations fluttering from its colors and flags, with an amazingly high total of active duty experience in its officers and non-coms—and every major command held by officers who have come up through grades in the most genuine military school there is—combat. Yet they serve today in the best American tradition of the citizen soldier—the dual force which is the National Guard—under the wing of the Thunderbird.

Observation post during maneuvers at Fort Sill, as the 45th Division continues to maintain its policy of national preparedness. PHOTO BY GEORGE SAPPOLT
This Project Dreaming-Up Dept. at Tulsa has more than 50 national programs going right now, ranging from Christmas decorating contests to "Bosses' Night" dinners and selection of outstanding young farmers. They fall under such headings as community development, leadership training, public affairs, community health, safety, sports and recreation, public relations and youth welfare.

Most of these works are dressed up in go-getter titles: Keep America Beautiful, Speak Up for Government Economy, Teen Age Road-e-o, Project Tax Reduction, and Clean-up, Paint-up, Fix-up. The Jaycees also like to talk in initials; they have programs known as TOYM (Ten Outstanding Young Men), RIAL (Religion in American Life), FLOW (Future Leaders of the World) and others. The Beltsville, Md. chapter came up with LSMFT (Let's Save Maryland From Trash).

Of course, local Jaycee chapters think of hundreds of ideas on their own to fit conditions at home, and this makes everybody happy. In fact, the No. 1 national program this year is community and chapter development, which calls for each local group to make a survey to determine what the most important hometown needs are, decide which ones it can cope with, and then roll up its sleeves and go to work.

A recent issue of the national Junior Chamber magazine, "Future," gives a good idea of the variety of these projects. Massachusetts Jaycees were pushing the training of teachers for deaf children ("Speak Up for the Deaf"); Philadelphia members had set up a committee to assist parolees; Cranston, R. I., and Huntington, Pa., chapters were collecting books for institutions without libraries; Chattanooga, Tenn., was helping teen-agers find jobs and the Albany, Ore., Jaycees sponsored a "World Championship Timber Carnival" for log-rollers, wood-choppers and axe-throwers.

The Minneapolis Junior Chamber gave a picnic for members of the school safety patrol; the Kennett, Mo., group tossed a rock 'n' roll party to finance a kids' baseball team, and the Riverside, Calif., Jaycees sponsored a "zoo club" to end their city's zoo-less days.

Rummage sales, golf and tennis tournaments, telethons, civic festivals, clean-up campaigns, voter registration drives and help for stricken families—these are all commonplace among Jaycee groups. There have also been deeper programs, such as campaigns against local corruption in government, a drive against the Ku Klux Klan in Atlanta, agitation for prison reform and community health improvements.

And some things nobody but Jaycees would think of—the Okeene, Okla., annual rattlesnake hunt; a national muskrat skinning contest at Cambridge, Mass., and the yearly pancake races at Liberal, Kan. The Mobile, Ala., chapter sponsored a junior Miss America contest for teen-age beauties this year, and Hartford, Wis., organized a Junior Jaycees club to teach youths 16 to 21 how to be "senior" Jaycees when they grow up...

In all these projects and many more, the national organization tries to be a combination goad and guide. It also serves as a catalyst for Junior Chamber International, the world-wide organization of Jaycees in about 90 countries seeking to foster friendlier relations abroad. In this spirit, the War Memorial building in Tulsa bears an inscription on an outer wall: "May this memorial, dedicated to young men of America who served the cause of freedom in time of war, endure as an inspiration to young men everywhere to continue the search for peace."

The building was erected in Tulsa after a campaign typical of Jaycee vigor. The national organization, which had its roots in a dancing club in St. Louis, Mo., in 1915, had no permanent home for many years. In 1944 the idea of a war memorial headquarters was born, and it caught on as the Jaycees boomed after World War II.

A young Tulsa member, Dick Gode, was struck with the idea the building should be in Tulsa, and the state organization took up the cause in 1944. Other cities were panting for the headquarters, but Tulsans made it a civic project and raised $100,000 in cash and notes to bolster their city's bid.

The bid was accepted in 1946, and the national organization boosted the kitty with a "buck or better" campaign among all chapters and members. Design of the building grew out of a national competition among architects, and the ground-breaking took place July 10, 1950. The Jaycee staff moved in the following July, and a historian of the organization later wrote about the decision to locate in Tulsa:

"Wisdom of this move has been proved conclusively in the years since 1947, for Tulsa is a city which seems well adapted to the personality of the Junior Chamber itself—young and vibrant; proud of its brief past, but more concerned with a greater future."
making brassieres, inexpensive leather items, and expensive helicopters all on one tract at Frederick—

With fine and expensive western clothing, fishing weights, and highly technical printing machinery being produced at Woodward to match payrolls for lingerie and water-closet float valves at McAlester—

With steel folding chairs, flour mill machinery, play and work clothing and glass fruit jars at Ada; house trailers, luggage, and hats at Lawton—

With Jonco making airplane component parts for Fairchild in far away Philadelphia at Shawnee, and providing plenty of skilled help for Sylvania Electric Co.—

With a wide variety of industries on top of oil and agriculture, there is little wonder that Oklahoma felt very little the late lamented “recession” in older industrial areas.

It was S. N. Goldman, then just getting his Standard-Humpty Dumpty stores started into a nationwide grocery chain, who came up with the idea of a rolling market basket which made the huge super-market practical—and reduced the average price of groceries in our country an estimated ten percent. His Folding Carrier Corp., started in a shed behind his office, is shipping the carts all over the world.

A man with another idea got financial backing and interested civic support for a basketful of blue prints which has become Aero-Design & Engineering Co., manufacturer of Aero-Commander airplanes in Oklahoma City.

With living space the goal, virtually every town in Oklahoma can go after factory payrolls, as Hugo has proved so successfully.

Paper and chemicals near Pryor, and now Callery Chemical Co. (rocket fuels), and Fansteel (rocket metals) at Muskogee, have come to live beside furniture, tire patch, canning, ceramic, and optical machinery plants already in that area.

There is apparently a real future for electronics as indicated by Western Electric Co., in Oklahoma City; Sylvania at Shawnee; home-grown Dorsett Laboratories in Norman; and delicate oil field instruments in Tulsa, along with the heaviest kind of steel industry in oil field equipment.

The biggest dream is the development of a new Ohio—or Ruhr—valley of industry along the waterways and proposed canals from Eastern Oklahoma. And the significant point is that this huge project is a lot nearer to reality than most people realize. (See map on page 34).

Of course, Oklahoma isn’t the only “wide open space” in our great country’s new industrial frontier where factories can come—or develop.

But no state is any better located geographically, squarely in the center of the nation, as far as possible from military attack and as near as possible to all markets in the nation from one location.

Macklanburg-Duncan, for instance—a native concern that has become one of the world’s largest manufacturers of building specialties—now services 50,000 retailers all over the U.S. directly from their plant in Oklahoma City.

Few states have done any better job of getting ready. The lack of a state tax increase for two decades, the reduction in the state income tax, the limit of 35 percent on appraisals for ad valorem taxes—and that tax used only for local purposes—plus the “warehouse law” to encourage industry, create what is known to industrialists as “a climate favorable” for payrolls.

The record of production of Oklahoma employees, their high educational level, and ability and desire to work; a plentiful supply of natural fuels; and businessmen in virtually every community who are prepared to provide sites and financing, are other very real assets.

But perhaps the most powerful factor of all is Oklahoma’s concentration on the jobs—and factories—that can be created through science. The Frontiers of Science Foundation already has created nationwide attention in its effort to guarantee sufficient supplies of well-trained manpower at all levels for the new industries of the future.

Western Electric, Callery and Fansteel are merely the giants who have spotted the long-range importance of the new Atomic Reactors at our Universities, and the stepped-up training of technicians at Okmulgee’s O.S.U. Tech. Smaller science-minded industries have also started to develop here, and to move in.

The only possible forecast is that development of new industry is inevitable. The only question is how fast.

That is largely up to Oklahomans themselves—and how much time, effort, thought and money they want to give to this opportunity to play a leading role on America’s new industrial frontiers.

For full information, any phase, write:

Director,
State Commerce & Industry Dept.
State Capitol Station
Oklahoma City, Okla.

OKLAHOMA’S Biggest Brain-Storm

Of all the big projects now underway in Oklahoma, the canal and waterways plan for Eastern Oklahoma is undoubtedly the biggest, boldest and least generally understood. It has been called the key to the creation of a new Ohio or Ruhr Valley of industries; a project to rival (in reverse) the accomplishment of the Dutch in digging back the North Sea. Basically, it is simply an answer to the age-old problem of how to bring home the bacon so the kids can eat.

The bacon in this case happens to be the fabulous industrial potential (water, lumber and mineral wealth) of Eastern Oklahoma. Right now the bulk of it is pretty

Continued on next page
Continued from preceding page

well locked-up by transportation problems. The basic plan is to make the Arkansas River navigable from Catoosa (near Tulsa) clear through northeast Oklahoma and Arkansas to the Mississippi. This will connect Oklahoma, by low-cost barge transportation, with the vast market areas served by the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence Seaway to the Atlantic, and the Gulf. This phase is already far enough along that a date of 1973 has been set as the likely time for the first barge to arrive in Catoosa.

A second leg of the venture, still in the survey stage, has been tabbed for completion by the turn of the century. This is the Southeast Canal project, designed to bring water from the plenty of southeast Oklahoma to the growing needs of central Oklahoma. A branch canal out from the midway point near Asher is to connect with the big Arkansas Basin development.

Since 1946, nearly $75-million has been appropriated to work now underway on the Arkansas Basin project in Oklahoma alone. Total cost estimates range over $1-billion (for Oklahoma and Arkansas combined). A large sum, yes. But mindful of the U.S. population boom, proponents claim this will prove a small price to pay for the unlocking of America's last great industrial frontier.
Flint Steel Corporation opened a new $2-millions plant in Tulsa’s Cherokee Industrial District. 364,000 square feet under one roof; one of the largest steel fabrication plants in the U.S. B. F. Goodrich Co. expands their plant in Miami with new 214,000 square foot warehouse—fifth major expansion since Goodrich came into Miami 13 years ago. Oklahoma’s 1958 wheat crop sets new records; adds $180-million to the state’s economy.

Callery Chemical’s $38-millions Muskogee plant nears completion. Now recognized as the world’s largest high-energy fuel plant, the plant will produce jet and missile fuel for the Navy; will start with 500 employees. The new $14-millions national administration center for the CAA in Oklahoma City is completed; almost immediately launches a new $5 millions expansion. Kerr-McGee completes a $5-millions expansion at their Wynnewood refinery; plus a $2-millions expansion of its office building in Oklahoma City. $33-millions in construction, planning, and study money is allocated to Oklahoma water projects by the U.S. Congress.

Transcon Lines starts construction of new $1-millions central terminal in Oklahoma City—hub for the truck line’s nation-wide system. Work nears completion on Ideal Cement Company’s $22-millions expansion of their plant in Ada. This includes the longest conveyor belt system in the world. A belt 5½ miles long; passing over three public roads, two railroads, several livestock and farm machinery crossings; to carry crushed limestone and shale from the company’s quarry at Lawrence, to the Ada plant, at a rate of 100 tons an hour.

Announcement that a Titanium separation pilot plant will be built near Cooperton, in Kiowa county. Three new grain elevators, 3-million bushel capacity, under construction at Catoosa. Continental Baking Company completes $1-millions expansion in Oklahoma City. First National Bank moves into new $320,000 building in Norman. A $10-millions statewide industrial financing authority is recommended to legislature by the Governor’s Economic Development Commission.

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MEDICS PRAISE MAGAZINE

Thomas Wicker, administrator for Shattuck's Newman Memorial Hospital, dropped in with an amazing story. Seems they discovered the color pictures from Oklahoma Today had such a good effect on patient recovery (bright, restful appeal) they framed a huge set for their walls. Results looked so fine they decided to really take a plunge, and are now restyling the entire interior of the hospital from stem to stern, keying wall colors, draperies, furniture—everything—to the Oklahoma Today pictures selected for each room.

The story of the Newman Memorial Hospital itself is one of the most startling in the annals of Southwestern medicine, and we hope to run it in a forthcoming issue.

SCIENCE STRIDES AT O.U.

An explosive impact on the state's economy is forecast for what comes out of two new buildings on the Oklahoma University campus at Norman. One is O.U.'s new $2.9-million Center for Continuing Education. With a staggering enrollment of more than 60,000 annually expected within five years, purpose of the new Center will be to offer adults streamlined courses and seminars to up their earning power. A significant point is that the money comes from a W. K. Kellogg Foundation grant—and the work of Oklahoma's Frontiers of Science Foundation is credited as a major reason for Kellogg's decision to put these funds into Oklahoma.

The other building will house O.U.'s $550,000 high speed computer. Based on an improvement in the design of the AEC's "Maniac II" computer at Los Alamos, if O.U.'s computer were in operation today, it would be the fastest in the world. Both buildings are tabbed for completion within the next 18 months to two years.

OKLAHOMA ART CENTER

Breathes there a man with soul so dead he still thinks the arts are just something pleasant for women's clubs to fuss over? Then let him consider this cold-sober fact about the fierce competition among the states for new industries. Increasingly, the arts are gaining recognition among industrialists as a valuable bell-weather as to the economic maturity of any city or region under consideration for a new plant.

Current bell-weather: the opening of the new Oklahoma Art Center in Oklahoma City on Dec. 5th. A half million dollars has gone into the construction and furnishing of the Art Center, the largest contributor being John Kirkpatrick, who provided the building and air conditioning at a cost of some $275,000.

The opening show will feature the history of American Art from the Colonial period to contemporary. Another section will be devoted to the French impressionists and post impressionists, and a group of old masters will be exhibited. Art collectors and critics from throughout the nation will be present for the opening.

WILD STREETS

Wild Streets (Doubleday & Co.), the Western Writers of America's newest anthology, is a book that will interest anyone who likes an exciting yarn well told. It should be of particular interest to Oklahomans since Western Writers of America's next convention will be held in Oklahoma.

Gathering from every corner of the country will be the writers of your favorite Western books, movies, short stories, and TV shows, to enjoy the hospitality of Frontier City and Indian City. The men who write Wagon Train, Tales of Wells Fargo, Restless Gun, Zorro, all of them will be here.

You can get a preview of them and the way they spin their gripping, gun-smokey yarns in Wild Streets, a collection of stories with the famous towns of the frontier as their settings. We recommend it to you, or to that lady or gent on your Christmas list who enjoys a stirring saga of the horseback men.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Phil Dessauer, describes himself as a "foreign correspondent" for the Tulsa World. That means he's stationed in Oklahoma City, where he serves the World as capitol correspondent and political writer. He also has written spare-time articles for a number of national magazines including Coronet, The Saturday Evening Post, Look, and The Nation's Business. He confesses he is not a Jaycee, explaining, "I'm a slow thinker. When I finally decided the Jaycees might be a pretty good outfit to join, I was over-age."

Roy P. Stewart, "Country Boy" columnist of The Daily Oklahoman, is a lieutenant colonel in state headquarters, Oklahoma National Guard. His first service in the division itself was a gunner (corporal) in Battery D, 158th artillery. His last divisional assignment was as a special staff officer with a silver leaf.

Gilbert Hill has been covering industry and general features over Oklahoma, and in many parts of the nation, for the Oklahoma City Times, for many years. His column "Rambling Around with an Okie" is a regular Times feature. From the first he has seen the need for balancing Oklahoma's agriculture and oil economy with industry, and has worked with almost every group in the state at that job.
Calendar of Events

Dec. 1 - Tubas Philharmonic, Vladimir Goussev, conductor, with Leonard Rose, cello, Tubas City
Dec. 4 - Unity of Texas vs. Oklahoma State, basketball, Tubas City
Dec. 13 - World Affairs Institute, Philomusics, Tubas City
Dec. 30 - Oklahoma State, Tubas City
Dec. 31 - "Dodgeball," Central States Colleges, Tubas City
Dec. 5 - Oklahoma State, Tubas City
Dec. 6 - "Basketball Tournament, Parkside A&M," Goodwill
Dec. 10 - Oklahoma State, Tubas City
Dec. 15 - "High School Speech Tournament, Southeastern," Tubas City
Dec. 17 - "Unity of Texas vs. Kansas," Tubas City
Dec. 20 - "You're Not on the Job, Sentry - A Sniper Almost Got Me!"

Bill Mauldin's cartoons from the 45th Division News in World War II are internationally famous. The destruction, the danger, the eternal weariness of war is in them, drawn with pathos, and etched with the humor of one who had the courage to see it.
NEXT ISSUE
MARCH 3

OIL
THE BLACK GOLD STORY

TRAVEL
VACATION ROUTES
BY R. G. M.

SPORTS
JOHN ZINK
RACERS