

# NEW BOOKS

FROM SOONERS  
AND THE O.U. PRESS

Reviewer—Dick Smith

*Rocket Science for Amateurs*, by L. E. Lewis, Jr., Sooner Science Publications.

RECOMMENDED: See our article on Page 12.

*Prehistoric Man in Europe*, by Frank C. Hibben, University of Oklahoma Press.

As handsome as this book is, and as marvellous as it is to have every significant, prehistoric, European potsherd put in its proper place—and in one volume—I have a suggestion for anthropologist Hibben which might help him sell his next book not only to anthropologists but to people as well.

The suggestion is that he should read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle more often. Making like Sherlock is the proper function of the writing anthropologist. Any other communications anthropologists have to make they should pass in secret among themselves.

These other communications invariably have to do with the love life of potsherds. And a potsherd, in case you're normal and don't care, is a piece of a broken pot.

I shudder to think how many people have broken how many pots since people began making pots. There are absolutely millions upon millions of potsherds lying around in the earth—usually in prehistoric graves or garbage dumps. And also in thousands of baskets in thousands of museums all over the world.

Archeologists are the particular breed of anthropologists who delight not only in collecting these potsherds, but in fondling them, and in cleaning them, and in measuring them, and in trying to stick them to-



Alumnus Frank Cole (center) with O. U. Press friends, Savoie Lottinville and Mary Stith.

*Oil Well Drilling Technology*, by Arthur W. McCray and Frank W. Cole, University of Oklahoma Press.

RECOMMENDED: When visitors drop in at the Engineering and Geology buildings wanting information about drilling, the professors recommend this book. The fact that two of those professors wrote the book has nothing and everything to do with its value. *Oil Well Drilling Technology* would be recommended even if Arthur McCray and Frank Cole taught at Notre Dame. They don't. This excellent, up-to-date, comprehensive book comes from the O. U. Press and from O. U. faculty—one of whom is an O. U. alumnus (Associate Professor Cole is '48eng, '49m.eng).

gether with other fondled, cleaned, and measured potsherds.

These men would be immediately and justifiably put away if it were not for the one amusement which their mania inspires: they like to speculate on the communities these pots came from.

In this sense they are the delight of us all.

A man of any perception soon senses that the archeologist's most publicized activity—digging, say, into Troy—is at best a dirty business suitable only for aborigines who are immune to malaria and centipedes. But once the archeologist has dug out all this—all these potsherds, et cetera, once he starts speculating that the tribe was cannibalistic because a few skulls show signs of having the brains scooped out with potsherds—then the game gets interesting.

Sir Arthur is but a step beyond.

Author Hibben is more of a lister than a

theorizer, and for the most part limits himself to a cautious collecting of other men's notions. This will please scientific minds but it won't entertain anyone. When one stands with a scooped-out skull in one's hand one has a classic opportunity to entertain—and to sell books.

This book's preparation reeks of a *Hedda Gabbler* collaboration; and probably anthropologist Hibben's respect for the original sherd-mapper (the book is based on the notes of Vladimir Fewkes) is the reason author Hibben has not turned into a normal, rampant (ergo interesting) detective.

All this takes me back to those dusty days in the basement of Guatemala's National Museum when several of us went Maya potsherd hunting last summer with the then

Continued on Page 23

**MARRIAGES:** Miss Phyllis Jewel McGill, '56 ba, and Charles Edward Williams, '58geol, both of Tulsa, were married November 29 in the Memorial Christian Church, Tulsa. They plan to live in Farmington, New Mexico.

Miss Joann Moring, '59, Norman, and Richard Murray, '56m.ed, Madill, were married December 13 in the Trinity Baptist Church, Norman. The Murrays are living in Norman while both are attending O. U. He is working on a doctor's degree and Mrs. Murray will receive a B.A. degree in January.

Miss Coralie Hicks and Wilbur Kermit Baker, II, '56bs, both of Oklahoma City, were married December 27 in Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, Poteau. Baker is a junior in the O. U. School of Medicine.

Miss Judy Koerner, Chicago, and Jim H. Lindsey, '56bs, Pauls Valley, were married January 7 in the First Presbyterian Church, Pauls Valley. They will reside in Pauls Valley until March when Lindsey returns to Northwestern University medical school to complete work on a degree in medicine, which he will receive in June. He plans to serve his one-year internship and four years of residency in surgery there.

**BIRTHS:** Jerry L. McCall, '56bus, and Mrs. McCall, Plainview, Texas, have chosen the name Jinda Marie for their daughter born December 20 in Plainview. McCall is employed by Montgomery Ward and Company as assistant manager of the Plainview retail store.

Russell L. Roberts, '56geol, and Mrs. Roberts, Oklahoma City, have chosen the name William David for their son born December 18, 1958, in Deaconess Hospital. They also have two daughters, Debra Ann, 3, and Janey Carol, 15 months.

#### 1957

Walter Brinton Fielding, '57eng, is at present a lieutenant in the U. S. Air Force, stationed at Scott Air Field. He is from Wilmington, Delaware.

Lt. Donald S. Klein, '57pharm, Pawhuska, was the coach of the Division Trains pistol team which recently placed second in 1st Infantry Division competition at Fort Riley, Kansas.

## NEW BOOKS

Continued from Page 15

director of the Stovall Museum, Dr. Stephan F. Borhegyi

Dr. Borhegyi is a dedicated sherd measurer—and an intrepid theorizer. He used to lure us into this museum basement to clean potsherds by telling us anecdotes of his trials and tribulations as a Hungarian Sherlock.

In particular, I remember his anecdote about the strange stone mushrooms. And I offer it and the fact that I remember it as an incentive to anthropologists for their weaving speculations more broadly through sherd plotting.

Dr. Borhegyi, so the story goes, had received funds for a summer's digging from a New York artifact enthusiast. Dr. Borhegyi dug and dug and one day came across strange stones shaped like mushrooms. At first he assumed they were phallic symbols, but for some reason which I probably couldn't print anyway, he changed his mind and decided they were this—and then they were that—and then maybe they were this again . . .

All the while keeping his New York backer posted.

Dr. Borhegyi and other archeologists found more of the stones and fewer explanations as to what the whatevertheyweres were.

Then one morning, Dr. Borhegyi woke up with a great thought: They are stools to sit on!

So he gathered all his mushroom stones and began sitting on them to test his theory.

Not quite satisfied (or not comfortable, one), he visited nearby museums and collectors and asked if he could sit on *their* mushroom stones. And in my mind's eye I

can just see this dapper, portly Hungarian making the rounds in Guatemala, asking, with cigarette holder askew, if he could try out mushroom stones. In all, he sat on approximately 200 mushroom stones.

Either Hungarian bottoms are large or mushroom stones are small, but Dr. Borhegyi became convinced that the mushroom stones had not been used as stools.

His New York money used up—and the summer as well—Dr. Borhegyi, quite dejectedly, wrote his backer and told him the entire summer had been wasted in erroneous speculation about the mushroom stones.

"Could it be," the sponsor wrote back, "that the stones are exactly that: representations of mushrooms?"

"And you know," Dr. Borhegyi told us, "I think he was absolutely right."

**RECOMMENDED:** Great for people who like to speculate; so-so for people who enjoy watching other people speculate.

---

*New Mexico's Royal Road—Trade and Travel on the Chihuahua Trail*, by Max L. Moorhead, University of Oklahoma Press.

**T**HIS is one of those scholarly texts which gives the author renown in his circle, the publisher prestige in his field, and the reader some pedantic asides for his dinner guests. For instance:

Did you know that prairie schooners, when new, were usually painted red and blue?

Did you know that Indians attacked small wagon convoys and begged from large ones?

Did you know that Americans heading over the Santa Fe Train for the *Camino Real* carried "a bewildering variety of merchandise" such as muslin, broadcloth, drills, prints, flannels, linen, calico, nankeen, pongee, taffeta, velveteen, cashmere, alpaca, merino, silk, clothing, rings, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, crucifixes, beads, buttons, hairpins, ribbons, handkerchieves, brushes, combs, razors, razor strops, mirrors, cologne, clocks, watches, thread, needles, thimbles, scissors, knitting pins, curtain hooks, wallpaper, window glass, white lead, pots, pans, coffee mills, dishes, corks, bottles, wrapping paper, pen points, pencils, slates, books, candlewick, matches, percussion caps, gunflints, gunpowder, rifles, traps, knives, axes, shovels, hoes, tools . . .

**RECOMMENDED:** But make sure you have large provisions of interest before you start out.

**Hal Muldrow Agency**

'28

Insurance of All Kinds

Bonds

117 E. Comanche

Norman

IMAGE IS NOT AVAILABLE  
ONLINE DUE TO COPYRIGHT  
RESTRICTIONS.

A paper copy of this issue  
is available at call  
number LH 1 .06S6 in  
Bizzell Memorial Library.

TREAT YOURSELF TO



Potato Chips