

SPECIAL ISSUE

STONES & BONES

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parts before it will mean much. One of these parts, as Dr. Griffin puts it, is "the Dalton projectile point complex".

"One of our prime needs...is to pin down a date...and...obtain a satisfactory idea of the general cultural level of the people.."

The Dalton-Meserve projectile point was established as a type by F. G. Meserve, from a find in association with skulls of an extinct species of bison, near Grand Island, Nebraska - way back in 1924. Since then, similar points have been found from Canada to Texas, and all the way to the Atlantic - an enormous distribution suggesting an important major complex.

But who was this Dalton fellow who came, who saw, and presumably conquered - to judge by the way he scattered his characteristic projectile points and typical "Paleo" tools far and wide? After all these years, he is just another "missing link" of archaeology!

Despite the distribution, no ideal site has been found from which to obtain a solid C-14 dating. No good habitation midden has been excavated from which to learn what Dalton Man ate, and how he lived in general. And of course we have identified no Dalton skeleton!

Is there any wonder that Dr. Griffin says our Worley site provides an opportunity "which should not be missed"?

HALF A LOAF ?

!!!!!!!!!!!!

And should we miss half the opportunity? Should we supply Dr. Griffin with "half a loaf" for the very special study he wants to make of the perishable materials and lithic waste from our site? Should we be satisfied to do a half-dig of six weeks?

Our site has many ideal features. The soil is clean. It doesn't appear to have known a contaminating root for ten thousand years! There has been little contaminating moisture seepage. Our bottom midden is clearly separated from the classic Archaic midden above. There is plenty of charcoal. An unusually reliable C-14 date should be obtainable - which in itself is a rarity. Animal bone preservation is excellent - even to tiny rodent bones. This is a wonderful place to look for the bones of Dalton Man himself! And the good habitation midden - no mere "kill site" this! - should tell the archaeologists what Dalton Man had for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and how he lived - and how big a stick he used on the younger generation.

How tragic it would be to slice half of a loaf like that! After waiting 37 years for a good Dalton site, we now at last have the opportunity of a generation to solve "one of our prime needs in Eastern United States archaeology".

Should we settle for just half the bone and charcoal and general cultural evidence which archaeologists have been seeking for going on toward half a century? Should we settle for half the chance to find the first skeleton?!!!!?

Nor is that all, by any means! Think of all the future of Alabama's amazing Early Man archaeology! How much of that would go down the half-loaf drain? Should we settle for half the chance to make a really big splash - which might have enough momentum to keep going?

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Think of the discouragements if we come up with the lame excuse of "inconclusive results"!!! Contrast that with the impact that total victory would have on the press, the people, and even on our own Society members! We can make this a "tide in the affairs of men" that might well be taken at the flood - if we bust the headlines wide open all over the country!!! And we have both an unusually able, and unusually interested, newspaperman in Jim Spotswood to do just that!

WE'VE LEARNED THAT WE CAN!

The statistics prove that, beyond any possible doubt!

Five of our members have solicited \$1,428.00 outside the Society! How much might the other 200-odd members solicit!!!!

Ten donors-joiners have come through magnificently with \$282.00 - but they come to us through the efforts of only five members!

Twenty-six of our members have donated or pledged \$2,060.00. What can some 200 do who haven't got around to donating yet?

We have only about \$2,500.00 to go! It ought to be a cinch!

DOLLAR DONATION DRIVE

If you don't like statistics, take Matt Lively - he is still our best proof that we can! If we'd all done as well as Matt, we'd have, right now, sixteen thousand dollars!!! And we haven't heard that Matt has tackled any rich prospects!

But when we put out a questionnaire asking how many members would pledge to ask at least ten people for at least a dollar - just guess how many replied in the affirmative? Just guess!

N. H. Holmes, Jr., Mobile; Floyd Anderson, Gadsden; and Dick Humbar, Birmingham! President Britt Thompson has caught fire from Matt and is also going after small donors. Two percent of our members!!!

They are all meeting with success! Matt even gets them by mail! And remember that this is our best way to get a lot of names on our honor roll - make this a big operation and at the same time give a lot of people a personal interest in archaeology. And don't think they won't stick out their chests and crow when Santa arrives with Dalton in his sack, and Jim Spotswood spreads him all over the News. And they'll be converted for life, with two bucks next year. Let's saturate the community.

And, sure, some of us are dead broke too! And some of our good members are going to great personal expense doing volunteer work for our project - motoring over 300 miles week ends, etc. They will get plenty of credit for it, too. But gosh, please send in your buck. We do want your name, and we can make good use of your dollar. For the glory of the Society, and to firm our brag that "we did it", let's get most names of members on that roll of honor. And don't forget that "the widow's mite" may be the greater honor!

HOW THE PEOPLE GIVE
It Is More Than Money

Bill Steele - you know Bill - everybody does - went over to Atlanta. When Bill gets on his high horse, that's the way he does things - big operator. At the March meeting of the B'ham Anthro. Soc. he still hadn't quieted down - going on about the "RED DOG", Atlanta's latest rave - lineal descendant of the Red Dog of Juneau, Alaska, fame - only more famous - park your shootin' irons with the bartenders - who are fierce in Texas longhorn mustachios and part their hair in the middle - almost-free-lunch for a buck - real player piano to whoop it up in the Malemute Red Dog Saloon - beer on tap.

Joe Dale - everybody knows Joe, too - and ought to, seeing they have eaten in his famous restaurants across two states - the best restaurants and the best states! Joe - if you are one of those few unlucky people who don't know Joe - is really a most unusual person - we never met anybody who didn't like Joe - an awful lot.

Well, Bill had been over to see Joe - if they'll ever let us get on with our story. And he came back waving a typical Joe Dale check for our dig - so naturally he acted like he was still "on tap"! But the story ends happily - everybody still likes Joe - and Bill.

Mrs. Helen McCary Ballard - Atlanta doesn't want Alabama to get ahead in anything! - also sent us a check - from Atlanta! - but we didn't send it back. And - have you guessed? - Mrs. Ballard is the sister of our J. H. McCary II - another reason we can't fail - with another McCary.

Dr. Bob Work - what is this Past-President title? - he's a man of the future, when archaeologists all over pitch in to get something done - didn't forget to send us a fine check all the way from North Carolina - as if we needed to be reminded what nice folks moved away! (But just so our ladies might be gorgeous in those Chemstrand textiles!)

Charles K. Peacock - big wheel in the Tennessee Society - well, it seems they have all their archaeological problems licked up that way - no problems at all - so he sends his good out-of-state money down from Chattanooga to help us out! We sure are glad to hear the good news up there - and get the benefit!

Dr. Albert Fisher - gosh, we hated to do it to such nice guys as doctors - but you remember we published a bit on the many doctors who had contributed so much (brains) to amateur archaeology - sneaky, of course, but you know doctors are loaded - but not smart - they fell for it - our good doctors have been donating like mad! Don't feel too bad about it, though - they'll get it back - with a few of our organs for good measure.

Matt Lively - yes, we understand, but there's no evading him! - is in the limelight again - batteries still fresh - adding two more states to those donating - thirteen, though, now - so he'll have to come up with still another:

John E. Hetzel, from far Massachusetts, proves just what we have been worrying about - Matt's a guy you can't get out of your system - they were buddies way back in the old days of the 167th Infantry - went through hell together for four years and didn't even get disgusted with each other - so John must be quite a guy too - even as he remembers Matt as "quite a guy". Yup!

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Mrs. Alan Clow - but you would never in the world believe this - Emily Lively Clow - that man even has influence with his own sister! Twisted her arm way up in Rhode Island - even made her send best wishes for our "most interesting dig". That man!

A. S. Stanford just walks up and hands us cool cash - broke and dishonest as we are - which is one of the most amazing parts of fund raising - but we are glad to say it is still deductible, on record with us, Treasurer Spencer, the First National Bank, and the Bureau of Internal Revenue itself. (First time we ever heard about these tax fellows making anybody honest!)

W. D. Cospers - everybody is one for the book in this issue - a visitor at our B'ham Anthro. March meeting - also forced cash upon us - and then admitted he didn't know anything about our project! Of course we enquired around to see if, well, you know - but it is just that the Cospers are awfully nice folks - big polio workers and all that. We love their big hearts, but we do want them to know enough about archaeology to appreciate their good donation at least half as much as we do - so we are repaying their kindness by inflicting some Newsletters on them!

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay C. Smith - now there's the smart folks - they took a course of lectures on archaeology at the Birmingham Country Club - yessirree - so they could know what their donation was for - smart, but innocent - they didn't know that once you learn about archaeology you are hooked - through the hard part of the jaw. But come on in - what is it, now, that loves company?

Mrs. Robert L. Wickham - just to prove the hook won't pull out - sends in her second donation - without any evidence of pain - we haven't heard from Mr. Wickham, though. And she is an unusual person - a chip off the old block himself - C. H. Worley's daughter!

Mr. James H. White, Jr. - well, we come from that poor but self-respecting stock that doesn't go for these soak-the-rich and share-the-wealth political schemes - though when they are archaeological we do look more favorably on them - and what we are getting at is that Mr. White lets us get our big foot in the door of Hendrix & Mayes, Inc. Boy oh boy! Right in the First National Bank Building, too, where they make the stuff! Well, anyway, they'll have a lot of folks wishing them prosperity! And let's not forget that these smart business men will have a keen eye to see if we deliver the scientific goods in which they are led to "invest" - by Jim McCary, hunter and fisherman, both of whom have been known to enlarge slightly upon the actual facts.

The Birmingham Anthropological Society - hasn't known, or even cared, anything about parliamentary law since good Mr. Horton's days - really came a cropper this time, though. First, Vice-President Bill Steele made the motion that we rob our sock for the dig. Second, Elvira Hullender, Secretary-Treasurer as far back as we can remember up until this year, and long enough to know the value of money, and where it doesn't come from, revolted against all that frugality and said blithely, let's make it a hundred. President Martin Hullender - guess all that monkey business made him mad - took the "aye" vote and refused to take the "nay"! It probably isn't quite according to Robert's "Rules of Order" - but we recommend it.

CHANGE TO SPECIAL ISSUE HERE
(Regular Newsletter Printed Later!!!)

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Yes, here's where we jumped the track. And here might be where all of change the course of our lives a bit.

This is March 8, early for Newsletter but this is - or was - Deadline month. And we were up at six this morning - which we call ghastly, not early - and plugging away - until noon brought the postman and a grand letter from

Sigfus Olafson, Vice-President of our Eastern States Archaeological Federation - and his big Viking heart had enclosed a second check (or third, counting last summer). And this despite the distressing news that his wife suffered a heart attack in January, and though back from the hospital is still confined to the bed! We had one too - or shall we say we paid for one too? But we still have enough heart left to share with such people.

Because, do you know, Sigfus Olafson put his heart into that letter, too, and sent it along - and in a fine sort of way to remind us that we are, after all, vertebrates - supposed to have backbones:

"I think often about your problems in Alabama and the exciting prospects that lie before you....I have concluded that the contribution I sent you for the work at the Stanfield-Worley site was too small, when its possibilities and importance are considered...."

"This job just has to be done, so why don't you forget about your April 1 deadline and keep right on battling? I feel in my bones that you and your associates can make the grade...and that you will be making one of the major contributions to the knowledge of man in America."

Why heavens, there is our answer! Of course we can make the grade! We have four more months - not a niggardly, frightened three weeks! Just tell Dave to go ahead, all twelve weeks - no, we haven't the money, but by Ned we'll get it!

WHAT ARE WE AFRAID OF ?

We had mentioned something, in a previous letter to Mr. Olafson, about his Mother. We hadn't had too much information to go on, and that was some time ago, and further dimmed by these hundreds of letters we have been writing lately, and the generally grand state of misconfusion. But even what little was left about his Mother was big and fine. And this letter today, after completely derailing and re-tracking us, went on to plump out the thin wisps of our memory:

"You mentioned something I had said about my Mother. I am proud of her, as I presume most men are of their mothers, but particularly because I think she exemplifies the pioneer spirit that made America. She was a child when the family came from Iceland, lived briefly in Nova Scotia, then pioneered on the prairies of Dakota Territory, lived in a sod house for three years....Soon after she and Dad were married the Indian titles in northern Minnesota were 'quieted' and Dad went there and filed on a homestead and built a log cabin and soon afterward they moved there, Mother driving the covered wagon and Dad driving the live stock. The first night they were there the wolves killed 11 of their 12

sheep and the next night they got the other one...Pioneering is not as glamorous as it looks on TV....

"Mother is now 88 but still clings to the old farm, spending her summers there and her winters visiting her children...but she has never accepted any of the various forms of government bounty or largesse that have been so freely bestowed on the farmer. She has a fetish for obeying the laws and has never tried to go beyond fixed crop quotas but merely says: 'It is not right to accept money for not raising things.'...She has never applied for an old age pension and I am sure she never will if she lives to be a hundred. Anything that smacks of charity in any form or implies that she cannot fend for herself is anathema to her...She has now about 70 living descendants, all of whom have been so far able to fend for themselves and none of whom ever had a more serious brush with the law than a minor traffic violation."

Yes, the dim halo of our memory fits Mrs. Olafson like a crown. We remembered her like that - and America too. And we ask to share her son's pride in her - as all of us do - as the fitting symbolic "Mother of America".

What are we afraid of in a soft, sheltered day? We won't encounter any sod huts, log cabins built singlehanded, homesteading in the raw wilderness. We'll suffer no terrible northern Minnesota winters, bearing and rearing children out on the far rim of the world. The wolves won't get our sheep.

Maybe it is our loss. They might strengthen us, through and through - guts to backbone. They might even bestow upon us some of that "unbending code" of moral stamina.

But let us homestead a claim to part of our great American heritage of strength - and dig that shelter!