



Indian tribes of the southern prairies fought for glory and economic gain. Their war regalia was believed to lend supernatural aid in battle

THE MARVELS IN OUR MUSEUMS:

Here, in the second of a series on U.S. museums, is the story of the red man. His heroic legend comes to life again in a priceless store of relics, handsomely displayed in Chicago's Natural History Museum

THROUGH the slow centuries, man asks—and may forever ask—the same eternal, wondering questions about his world: its plan, its purpose and its place in a largely uncharted universe. But always, his most insatiable curiosity is about himself. What am I? What made me as I am? What is my history, what is my destiny, and what is my place in the evolution of my species?

For some of man's questions, there are yet no answers. But for others, he can turn to students of anthropology, whose business it is to seek out and dissect every scrap of information about man which may enable him better to understand himself.

Anthropologists learn of man through his past, which is the study of archaeology, and through his present, which is the study of ethnology. They seek his past deep in the earth, where lie buried the relics of ancient cultures; they follow his present in the ways of living people throughout the world. We may learn of their findings in schools and in books; but we learn perhaps most eloquently in our museums of natural history, where the anthropologists gather together, in visual form, the facts and ideas and ways of life which have descended through the long ranks of our total ancestry to make us precisely what we are today.

Any anthropological exhibit in any of our fine, modern museums is a rewarding experience. One of the best is the display on North American Indians in the Chicago Natural History Museum. There, in four great halls artfully filled with price-

less specimens, the visitor sees a dramatic record of one of the proudest phases in the growth of a nation. Stepping from display to brilliant display, he lives again the ever-changing life of a people—their tribes, their homes, their families, their implements of work and war, their religious and cultural achievements—from the time the red man first crossed the Bering Strait into North America, some 20,000 years ago, almost to the present day.

Following this life's record, the visitor cannot but come away with greater tolerance and appreciation of the differences among men. For, although the Indian may have evoked alien gods with a grotesque mask upon his face, and slept and worked and eaten in ways strange to the white man, it is precisely through these differences that our own heritage has been immeasurably enriched. And viewing the magnificent contributions of the red man to our civilization, we become newly aware of the great part he has played—as we all play—in forging the links which fashion the cultural continuity of mankind.

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Sacred masks, similar to two shown at right, were worn by members of False Face Healing Society, a group of Iroquois Indians of the eastern woodlands. They believed that evil demons called Flying Heads brought disease to their villages, and attempted to appease the demons in special ceremonies and dances