



LETTERS

Books that Inspire

Thank you for the beautiful “Books that Inspire” feature (Fall 2001), in which one member of the OU family interviewed, President David L. Boren, referring to John Stuart Mill’s extended essay, *On Liberty*, said: “It left me with a strong sense of the value of freedom and the dangers of censorship.”

That caused me to recall what the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt told the American Booksellers Association in 1941:

“We all know that books burn—yet we have the greater knowledge that books cannot be killed by fire. People die but books never die . . . No man and no force can put thought in a concentration camp forever . . . or can take from the world books that embody men’s eternal fight against tyranny of every kind . . . In this war we know books are weapons.”

What single book has made a *difference* in my life? The Bible—the book that is really a library! It is truly one of the “books that inspire.” I am awed by its haunting beauty alone.

Arthur H. Prince
’96 ph.d
Memphis, Tennessee

Two on the 50, Halfway Up

I read with interest your article about the OU ticket office (Fall 2001). I suppose mine is simply one more “hard luck story,” but I feel compelled to tell it anyway. I became an OU fan when I transferred to the U in 1964 and went to every football game, most basketball and some wrestling events until I received my JD in 1969 and moved away from Norman. Shortly thereafter my husband and I both became lifetime members of the OU Alumni Association and, as a benefit, received the privilege of buying season tickets to the football games. Every year I bought two tickets, and we went—win or lose. After we divorced, I discovered that the tickets had been issued in his name—I suppose that in the

’60s and ’70s era the assumption was that only men were interested in football, and that the tickets were always issued to the “Mr.” of the couple. I sent the ticket office my ex’s sworn statement that the tickets were not his, had never been paid for by him, and had been mine since day one. The only response I ever got was that “transfers of tickets were not permitted,” and they didn’t care how many affidavits were signed. For years after that I went through the uncomfortable ritual of taking the ticket application to my former husband for his signature. I would grovel and give him the money, he would sign the application and give me a check to send, and I would get the tickets and go to the games. That whole farce finally got too much, and I quit.

I still watch the televised games and go when someone else provides me a ticket, and I go to bowl games by buying into package deals which provide tickets, but I must admit there is a residue of anger which bubbles up whenever I am urged to give generously to my alma mater. (And actually, yes, I have known President and Mrs. Boren since the “broom brigade” election days.)

Elaine G. Howe
’66 ba, ’69 jd
Sulphur, Oklahoma

Another Ticket Tale

Years ago I discovered that OU’s Athletic Ticket Office has a little Sooner Magic all its own.

On January 1, 1986, the motor home parking lot in the shadow of the Orange Bowl was bumper to bumper excitement. Trumpeting “Boomer Sooner” horns answered Penn State chants, and colorful pennants waved away good-natured banter. Shortly before game time, my husband, Dave, began frantically tossing papers about and making pitiful sounds I didn’t want to interpret. I soon learned that two days earlier, for the *first time* in our 37 years of marriage, he’d decided to “tidy up” his ever-present nest of notes, re-

ceipts and clippings. And, during this Herculean effort, had apparently thrown away our football tickets!

He said we’d try the ticket booth. I wasn’t saying *anything*. Well, that’s not entirely true. I said separate single seats would be fine with me.

Fortunately two tickets were available, and we headed toward our “not bad” location. As I threaded my way to my allotted slot, I spotted a familiar face on this gorgeous hunk in the adjoining seat. There sat none other than Heisman Trophy winner Steve Owens! All during the game, my buddy, Steve, consoled me during fumbles, reassured me through setbacks and hugged me after every touchdown. In the process he probably saved a marriage.

Rachel Lou Dayvault, ’50 bs educ
Wichita, Kansas

Editor’s Note: Given the circumstances, Alumna Dayvault should be forgiven for giving us all the details but the score: OU 25, Penn State 10.

Adless Entertainment

My wife, Kandy, and I really enjoyed the latest edition of your *Sooner Magazine*. It is rare these days to find a publication sans advertisements that is educational, entertaining, exciting and interesting.

Congrats on another fine publication and thank you for keeping the great Sooner spirit alive.

Lt. Col. Richard E. Carr, USAF (Ret)
’66 bba
Michigan City, Indiana

About the Museum

I’ve been meaning to drop you a line. The *Sooner Magazine* issue on the Sam Noble Oklahoma Museum of Natural History (Spring/Summer 2001) was particularly well done. I know it was a lot of hard work. I really enjoyed it.

Carolyn L. York, ’70 bs lab tech
Dallas, Texas