



LETTERS

Knowing Marilyn When

Thanks ever so much for the *Sooner Magazine*. I enjoyed it very much and was inspired by "Adopted by a Diva" (Winter 2005).

I knew Marilyn Horne in high school (Long Beach Polytechnique). I participated in a presentation of "The Merry Widow" as one of Marilyn's suitors. Six of us followed her, danced with her, sang to her, etc.

She was a great gal and extremely talented.

I attended OU 1950-55, and your publication is bringing back many memories and fond feelings for my time at OU.

Please keep up the good work, and I'm looking forward to more good feelings of the past and current happenings at OU.

*Floyd L. Clawson, '55 bs geol
Ventura, California*

P.S. I visited Marilyn at one of her Santa Barbara programs.

Also had two years of service after graduation working in the Pentagon, including overseas work and vacation in London and Paris. Then finished up on a small 12-person group called a planning division. Studied many Asian countries, including Vietnam (before the war). Helped with Special Forces debriefing on experiences and findings on training missions to Asia. Now retired.

Happy Reminders of OU

After reading the winter issue of *Sooner Magazine*, I realized once again why it's so important to keep my subscription current.

The reasons? Well, there were the pieces on journalists in the war zones, reminding me of the legacy of the journalism school, and all that I owed to it.

Then there was the piece on Myrtle Drake, who reminded me that Bruce Drake was the man who pointed me toward a career in journalism. That is,

after I tried to make the basketball team and couldn't, he convinced me that I should consider becoming a sportswriter. He remained a friend and mentor until I graduated in 1951.

And then there was your name in the masthead, reminding me of David (Burr), a good friend and adviser during my years in Norman.

As I advance into my geezer years, it's nice to be reminded of the happy days I spent at the University of Oklahoma.

*Arnold Ismach, '51 journ
Eugene, Oregon*

The Drakes and the Keiths

Just a few lines to let you know how much I appreciated (Jay Upchurch's) story in the *Sooner Magazine* about Myrtle Drake. What a great job. She is a wonderful person. I sat a row behind her at all of the OU basketball games. She recently moved higher in the stands, and we don't get to visit as much as we had in the past.

The Bruce Drake family and the Harold Keith family were the closest of friends back in their tenure at OU. Bruce and Harold played Myrtle and Virginia (Keith) in a bridge game at least once a week. The losers did the dishes after the meal and game. Of course the men did cheat some when they could. The ones of us that are left of the two families are still close and visit when possible.

I enjoy [Jay's] work and am looking forward to more great stories as the one about Myrtle.

*Jim Keith, '51 bs ed
Oologah, Oklahoma*

Editor's Note: Jim Keith is the nephew of the late Harold Keith, OU's long-time sports information director and award-winning author.

Ellison Hall's Other Life

What a flood of memories arose when I saw the article on Ellison Hall in the Winter 2005 issue of *Sooner Magazine*.

I was an OU student from June 1951-January 1956. In those days, incoming students were given tuberculin skin tests, immunizations, temperature, pulse, and blood pressure checks, plus physical exams from campus physicians. An army induction center had nothing on us. Students who needed special diets, such as diabetics, were fed in the Infirmary dining room.

When the OU BSN program began in the 1950s, students spent two semesters on the Norman campus, 2 1/2 years on the Health Center campus, then returned to Norman for two semesters, separated by a summer spent in a county health department. In order to maintain our skills while back on campus, several of us worked at Ellison Infirmary.

Most of our patients weren't critically ill; they had the flu, sore throats, sprains and other minor accidental injuries. But we did have patients with appendectomies, kidney stones and other slightly more serious conditions. We even had coeds who had had fights with their boy friends. All our patients weren't students. We also cared for faculty, staff and their families. (It certainly didn't hurt my psych grade because the teacher was one of my patients.)

Those were the days when we were able to give the kind of nursing care that we were taught to administer. Patients actually got back rubs at night! The mother of one professor was admitted when she had a stroke. She was an Infirmary patient most of a year and never had a skin break-down. Not many places could say that. Our patients had excellent care!

We also gave medications, staffed the small emergency room and took call in the campus operating room. The night nurses had the added responsibility of emptying the buckets under the leaking roof during rain storms.

How things must have changed in that old building. Being there was truly a great learning experience!

*Carroll Morris Wilson, '56 bsn
Longview, Texas*