



LETTERS

Reverence for Life Lacking

The article regarding the hunting of wildlife for trophies, which was recently published in *Sooner Magazine*, ["Living on the Wild Side," Winter 2006] definitely does not represent our pride in and for Oklahoma University. We are disappointed that it was a chosen topic for publication.

We feel honored to be able to view magnificent wildlife peacefully living with vitality amidst the wonders of the natural habitat. To see them lifeless at the feet of insensitive humans, who obviously take great pride and joy in stalking and ending the life of a defenseless creature of this planet, is sickening—and certainly does not represent our thought regarding the respect and reverence for beauty in life itself.

Judith P. (Johnson) Koontz, '62 *h ec*
Fred B. Koontz III, '62 *bs fin*

At Least Politically Incorrect

I am completely *appalled* by the Great White Hunter article in the *Sooner Magazine* Winter 2006!

I thought shooting exotic animals was, at the very least, politically incorrect.

Carol Beesley
OU Professor Emeritus of Art
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Appalled by Hunting Story

I was aghast at the story and most of all the pictures you featured in the recent issue of *Sooner Magazine*.

It is repulsive and outrageous to feature grisly photographs of animals OU Professor Steve Scott killed for no other reason than his own visceral thrill.

I can't imagine the psyche of a man who travels thousands of miles just to pull the trigger on magnificent animals and then watch as they die an agonizing and needless death. And then to grin into the camera?

I equally can't imagine a university magazine printing these revolting pictures featuring Mr. Scott's chosen "sport."

A few years ago the *Wall Street Journal* reported that the "sport" of hunting was no longer a popular fall outing. Fathers,

and more importantly their children, don't get the enjoyment of spending a weekend killing animals as they once did. Public education, compassion for animals, peer pressure and sons looking dad in the eye and saying "no" fortunately have caused a linear decline in this so-called right of passage.

Phil Baum
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Glorifying a Violent Sport

As a second generation OU graduate transplanted to the east coast, I had always enjoyed reading the *Sooner Magazine* to monitor more than just the football team. Since my graduation (education, '71), I had enjoyed seeing developments in education, the art museums and natural history. I must say that I found your "Living on the Wild Side" troubling as well as insensitive.

Why is the killing of innocent animals, which were likely doing more to protect the balance of the planet's increasingly fragile eco system than Professor Scott, to be celebrated? Where is the story of the indigenous people who helped Scott track his prey? What does he do with the meat from the animals he has killed? Professor Scott obviously doesn't need to hunt for his own food; does he share the food with the indigenous people who are logistically significant behind the scenes but selectively omitted from this article? The story is one of the 'great white hunter' or Victorian imperialism—white man vs. native species vs. indigenous peoples. It also illustrates to me not Scott's love of the outdoors but his wish to dominate it rather than live compatibly with it. He must subdue what he doesn't understand and can't control. Perhaps Scott and the author of this article should consider that some of the rest of us also love nature, but we would like to have it around to appreciate before Professor Scott kills it all off.

In conclusion, it troubles me that the magazine would publish an article that could be construed as glorifying a violent sport that is a return to rather than a movement away from an unenlightened past. Instead of the promotion of a return

to killing for profit and pleasure, 21st century societies should be looking at ways to restore the planet's natural balance and to live in harmony rather than conflict. It makes me question not only the ethics and morality of the editorial staff of the *Sooner Magazine*, but the faculty teaching at the University.

Sarah (Gay) Wilton, '71 *ed*
University of Maryland
Silver Springs, Maryland

Editorial Taste Questioned

I found the article, "Living on the Wild Side," in the Winter 2006, Volume 26, Number 2 issue to be offensive. When I open my issue of *Sooner Magazine*, I do not expect to be assaulted by images of dead animals. What Professor Scott chooses to do in his personal life is his business, but I do not expect it to be advertised and applauded in the *Sooner Magazine*. I hope you exhibit better taste in future editions.

Louis J. Fioravanti, '83 *eng*
Boulder, Colorado

Medicine as an Art

I would like to thank Debra Levy Martinelli for "Medicine and Literature" [*Sooner Magazine*, Fall 2005], a superb article pointing out that "Sheila Crow, assistant professor of pediatrics and interim director in the College of Medicine's Office of Educational Development, stresses the importance of balancing the science of medicine with the art of medicine."

As an associate professor of philosophy and sociology at Baptist Memorial College of Health Sciences in Memphis, Tennessee, I am delighted that she does that. For, I have always wondered why it has not been recognized that medicine can never be a science. Has it not been known for centuries that the practice of medicine is an art?

The fact of the matter is that a physician's biggest problems are ethical and moral ones—not scientific! He or she does not need scientific skills for these. What is needed is a highly personal style and a philosophical framework for

dealing with human values. Without that he or she cannot be the best physician to his or her patients.

*Arthur H. Prince, '96 ph.d phil
Memphis, Tennessee*

A Need for Restraint

The College of Journalism has good reason to appreciate the new facilities described in your article ["Gaylord Hall: Just the Right Look," *Sooner Magazine* Fall 2005]. That Gaylord Hall should also relate to the "dominant" character of the campus while expressing "what is happening now" is an attractive notion but not so easy to accomplish. Combining such different points of view demands considerable care and imagination . . . and some restraint. This last is especially missing; or perhaps, our colleagues of the press feel themselves so besieged at times as to need to cower behind medieval defenses—parapets scattered with arrow ports and two turrets complete with crenelations. Maybe, this is what you mean by "Just the Right Look"?

*Wayland Bowser
OU Professor Emeritus of Architecture
Norman, Oklahoma*

Flying Solo

Your Fall 2005 story on "Flying Sooners" brought back many memories. In 1962, I learned to fly through the OU Aviation Department, courtesy of Air Force ROTC. At that time, OU was using the Champion 7EC, a tail dragger and most with only a 65 HP engine. The fuel gauge was a rod sticking out the top of the fuel tank which moved up and down on a float.

My first solo was almost the end of my flying career. I was so tense, I forgot what the rudder pedals were for and almost ran off the side of the runway during the takeoff. The landing wasn't any better as I nearly ground looped several times. My next two landings and takeoffs were not much better. My instructor was not pleased, so we called it quits for the day.

On the way back to the main campus, I seriously considered dropping my fly-

ing career. I tried again several days later with much better results. Twenty-six years later, I retired from the Air Force, having flown fighters almost my entire career. Along the way, I encountered many flying aberrations; but that first solo was an experience I never forgot.

*Jim Sharp, '62 bs a&s eng
Niceville, Florida*

Right Place, Right Time

Along with many others, I've also enjoyed Jay Upchurch's article on the South African contingent featuring Graham Johnston and the other swimmers ["Still in the Swim of Things," Fall 2005]. Over the years, many times I've thought about how it almost didn't happen.

In 1950 I was a member of the 10-man USA Track Team that spent three months touring the Union of South Africa, competing against the South African athletes in every major city. After a competition in Bloemfontein, the South African sprinter/jumper Neville Price asked me if it would be okay for him to ask our USA Team coach, Ralph Higgins (then coach at Oklahoma A&M) if he could enroll at A&M and run track?

Immediately, I whisked Neville out of there and up to my hotel room. I asked him to forget talking to Coach Higgins because my dad, John Jacobs, was track coach at the University of Oklahoma. We called Dad, and two days later he called me back with a scholarship offer at OU.

Neville arrived in Norman in early January 1951, and the rest is history. Other South African trackmen and swimmers soon followed. They competed for several years and became conference and relay champions. The University of Oklahoma can certainly be very proud of their South African contingent.

*Bill Jacobs, '51 bus mkt
Eagle, Idaho*

Finding Graham Johnston

When I read the Fall 2005 issue of *Sooner Magazine*, one of my life-long mysteries was answered. There was Graham Johnston's picture, both after win-

ning a competitive event, followed by a great current picture with my friend, Buddy Leake.

Graham and I started our OU college experience in the fall of 1952. I was living at home on Tulsa Street in Norman during my freshman year. Then, in the fall of '53, I moved into the Beta house at 800 Chautauqua and lived there the remaining three years until graduation in 1956.

OU track coach John Jacobs was a good friend of my father, Gene Kendall (OU '34). I recall Coach Jacobs being at our Tulsa Street home on one occasion, and apparently that was to visit Mother and Dad about my vacant bedroom on the second floor of our home.

It turned out that Graham Johnston, and one of the other South Africans, began living in my room in the fall of 1953. I would meet and subsequently see all of them from time to time. Mother and Dad were very impressed with Graham and his friends and enjoyed them all.

The thought occurs to me now that I probably—possibly—have some movies that Dad took over the years (now on video cassettes, having been transferred from the old 8mm movies). I'm planning to find them (now stored in my large garage), and go through them all looking for South Africans.

Even if Graham doesn't appear "in the movies," I'm grateful to be able to contact him after all these years.

*Philip E. Kendall, '56 ba let
Fort Collins, Colorado*

Around the Corner

I was delighted with your story on "The Campus Corner" [Winter 2006]. I spent at least one noontime lunch a week at the drug store/soda fountain. Miss Dorothy Kirk always gave her art history class a "pop quiz" one day a week. Since we didn't know which day it would be, we spent our lunch hour studying. I spent mine with a "toasted chicken salad sandwich and a chocolate milk shake"—always at "The Corner."

*Fran Sheedy Butler
'42 bfa in art for industry
Irvine, California*