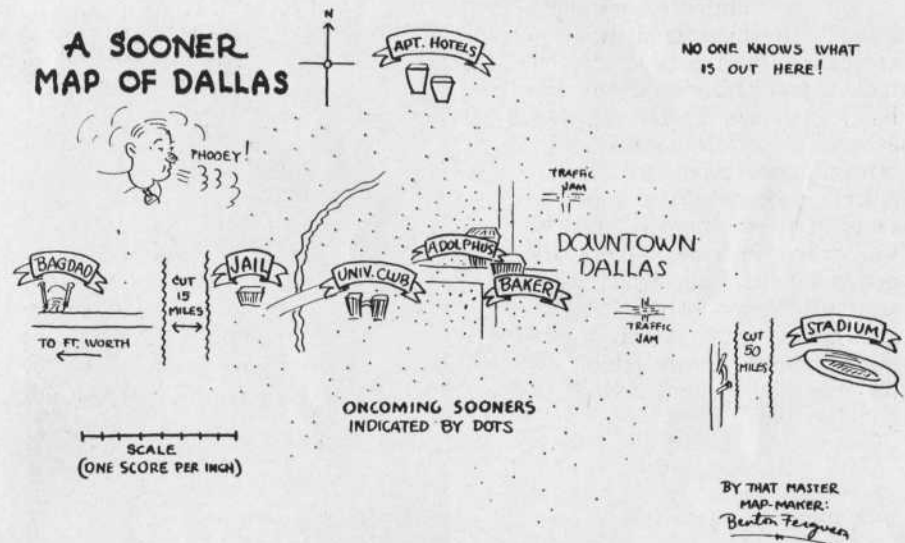


The Dangers of Dallas

BY BENTON FERGUSON, '32



THE most significant date on the calendar of any loyal Oklahoman is the date of the Dallas game. Every alumnus or student who can make the necessary mazuma has its date marked in red—blood-shot red.

It is the purpose of this shaky scribe to warn all well-meaning Sooner supporters of the pitfalls to be avoided. While I have not been through them personally, I have interviewed many an unfortunate lad who didn't make a reservation, or who ended up in Houston, and it is for the eradication of these evils that this is being written (I have to have SOME reason!)

The first thing to make sure of, when planning to attend the Dallas game, is to make reservations. Early. The Baker or the Adolphus are naturally to be preferred, since the diameter of all devilment runs through these points. Next are the excellent apartment hotels—the Stoneleigh, Melrose, etc. Next, I suppose, is a tourist camp, and alas, many have been known to stay up all night. It all depends on personal preference.

The next problem is getting to the game on time. The sure cure for this problem is to stay all night in the stadium. If this cannot be arranged, start at dawn from the downtown section, with a party of well fortified companions, and by the time you have overcome several taxi-drivers, you can probably make the stadium by 2 o'clock. Above all, don't try to drive yourself. You can make better time walking.

If you overcome all the aforementioned obstacles, you are naturally in the mood to see the game. This is impossible, if, (1) You have just met Brother Jones, '22, whom you haven't seen in ten years; (2) you try to walk from the Fair gate to the stadium; (3) you discover you left the tickets at the hotel; (4) you

don't like crowds, and (5) you haven't the stamina of a steam engine.

But the worst is yet to come. Allow three hours to get back from the game to the downtown section. Allow two hours to get everyone out of the room before dressing for the evening (Eating, is, of course, out of the question) and allow an hour for miscellaneous dressing, etc.

By the time all this is done, you have either helped organize a party of Loyal Alumni who want to celebrate the victory or drown the defeat or you have been forcibly injected into such a party. The next three hours are spent deciding where to go, with the ultimate result that everyone finally goes to bed.

We'll let you get yourself out of Dallas. That's a problem each individual must work out for himself.

It is a fitting tribute to the hardy sons of the Sooner State that many have been able to make the rounds of the better night spots. A celebration is on hand everywhere, so I speak of energy, not ingenuity.

The best dances are held at the following: The Baker, The Adolphus, the University Club, the Athletic Club and Bagdad. The accompanying map illustrates their approximate locations.

This year's game was, by virtue of the victory, an unusually fine affair. The best story involves a boy who surely couldn't have been from Oklahoma. The lad had an unfortunate tussle with one of the few disagreeable Dallas cops. He was promptly placed in the jail. He clinched his reservation there when he shouted to the jailer: "Say, if you let Harvey Bailey out of this jail, you oughta let me out!"

It would be futile to unfurl all the follies committed or the fun had: equally futile to try to list the thousands of

students and alumni who attended the game.

The fact remains, the Dallas game is the one football trip that shouldn't be missed. And I hope this article will help you avoid the mistakes that have befallen too many Oklahomans.

If you can't possibly make it next year, though, create your own atmosphere and turn on the radio. The atmosphere is created by sprinkling juniper juice in a telephone booth and crowding in twenty people.

Try it sometime.

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For Fine Furniture Lovers

The lover of fine furniture and old, lovely china, will find his heart's content in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chester H. Westfall at Ponca City. Mr. Westfall, '16 president of the University of Oklahoma Association, was for a number of years president of the Marland Oil Company of Mexico and lived in Mexico City.

In the entrance hall to the lovely Ponca City home of the Westfalls sits an old chest several hundred years old. It was specially carved for the Westfalls by a Mexican woodcarver, after the altar of a celebrated old Mexican cathedral. The hand-made nails and lock add to the charm of the chest.

The dining room table consists of unfinished mahogany. The table is round and is made from one piece of mahogany, several centuries old, and colored a beautiful maroon. The chairs, hand-carved, are made from mahogany railroad ties and have almost the same, aged deepness of color which characterizes the table.

There are many other old pieces and special carvings. Most of the furniture was carved according to designs and orders of the Westfalls.