



HEFFNER

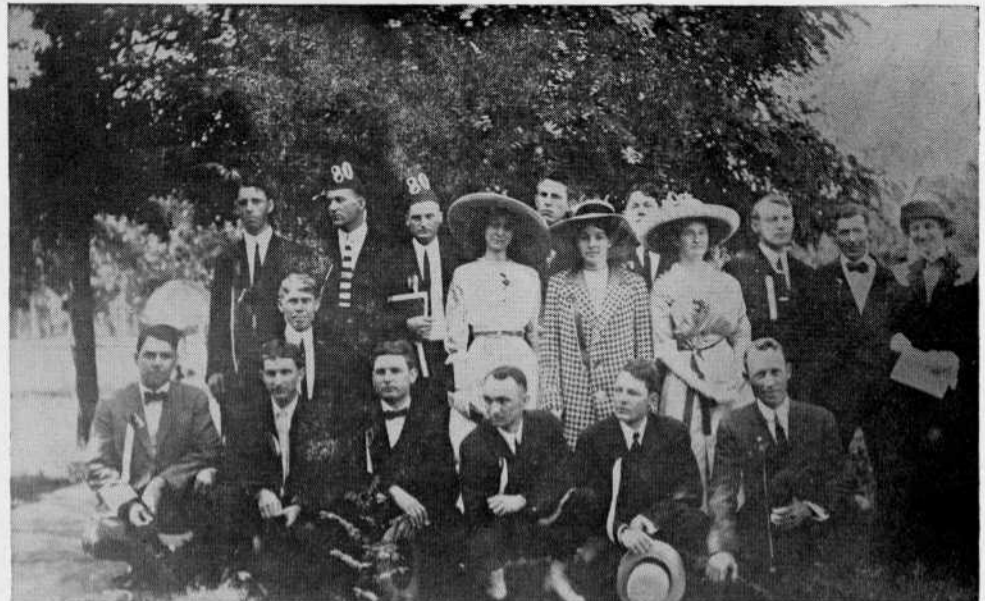
## The class reunions

**Class of '13 reunion (above):** Lower row, Deborah Haines, Dr. S. R. Hadsell, Mrs Hadsell, John T. Harley, Mrs Holmberg, Doris McWhirt, Dean Fredrik Holmberg, Raymond Tolbert. Upper row, Dr. C. C. Blachly, Claude Rosenstein, Dr. Lucille Blachly, Nina Keiger Black, Elton B. Hunt, George Wadsack, Esther Patton Wadsack, Doris Mundy McWhirt, Burr McWhirt, and Dr. W. K. West. Mr and Mrs Earl Foster, Dr. Roy A. Morter and Mrs Morter were at the banquet but not in the picture

**Class of '08 at their 1933 reunion (below):** Lower row, George C. Smith, Clint Port, Ella Thomas Williams, W. Cump Leach, Errett Newby, Lola North Newby, Mrs Tom Carey, Mrs F. E. Knowles; second row, Mrs Clint Port, J. F. Paxton, J. L. Rader, Guy Wilbur Wilcox, Mrs Wilcox, F. E. Knowles, and Tom Carey; third row, J. W. Sturgis, Lucia Loomis Ferguson, Adelaide Loomis Parker, Fannie Simpson Rader, Mrs McReynolds, Guy Y. Williams, and Mrs Paxton; upper row, Sam Ambrister, Mrs Ambrister, Roy Gittinger, G. B. Parker, Mrs Sturgis, Jack Foster, jr., Walter Ferguson, Mrs Gittinger, F. E. McReynolds, Jack Foster, Mrs Foster, Edith Shepherd, Mrs Keiger and Guy Keiger

## The return of the natives

BY SULA SALTSMAN, '35



TWO by two they came into the Union building much as tourists surveying a country new to them. But the strangeness of the campus and the queer effect which bald heads and added weight lend to a meeting of old friends after twenty or twenty five years, soon faded in the intimacy of the small rooms where the classes of '08 and '13 were meeting. And what a precious friendliness prevailed among these people who graduated in the smaller classes of twenty years ago!

The 1913 law class got off into a corner where its members could swap tales and when the call came to dinner they hardly heeded it. Earl Foster, that versatile Sigma Alpha Epsilon who belonged to everything from the Gavel club to the Dramatic society and the football squad, and who is now a member of the law firm Darrough ('15law) and Foster, could not decide whether he should stay for the banquet of the class of '13, the year he received his law degree, or go with me to the Women's building, where his Arts and Sciences class of '08 was meeting. You remember he married Alta Sawyer who attended Epworth university in Oklahoma City. She seemed just as much a part of the '13 crowd as he. Mr Foster finally decided to stay with his law cronies and I left them greeting newcomers, excitedly exclaiming, "I'd never have known you Rosenstein!" Claude Rosenstein, class president, is now a prominent lawyer of Tulsa.

Downstairs I ran into Jack Foster, druggist of Norman, of the class of '08, looking for his banquet. With Mrs Foster, who was Eva Blake in school that year, too, and their son, Jack, jr., who is graduating in engineering this year, we made

our way to the Women's building. I had their pictures made together and the four of us climbed the steps to greet Jesse Lee Rader and his wife, Fannie Simpson, who was in the class of '10 which gave the old spoon-holder to the campus.

Here before me was the crowning achievement of dear old Doctor Boyd's work at the University of Oklahoma—the class of 1908. A class which has produced so many outstanding men that it was hard to believe they are the same young boys who once let their whiskers grow and played marbles on the O. U. campus for "something new to do."

Tall above the crowd I recognized George Bertrand Parker from the pictures I'd seen of him in *The Sooner Magazine*, and as I made my way toward him, I met Guy Y. Williams of the class of '06, who with his wife, Ella Thomas, '06; Etta Hutchins, '06, who had come with her husband, Sam Ambrister; and Adelaide Loomis, '06, who married "Deke" Parker, all in a huddle exchanging reminiscences.

It was gratifying to find Errett Newby, whom everyone on O. U. campus today is proud to point out as a representative Oklahoman, presiding at dinner.

My curiosity was aroused concerning a wiry, small, bald man who seemed to be having the best time of anyone there. Touching Charles Guy Kieger of Oklahoma City on the shoulder, I asked him whom he might be. Just then someone called, "Tell them the story of how you won the football game one time when we had twelve on the team, Cump." And the man about whom I was wondering told the following tale. It seems that he wasn't on the team at the time

The class of '08 during their sophomore year at the university: Lower row, left to right: Tom Carey, Arthur Tribbey, Sam Ambrister, Errett Newby, E. E. Holmes and F. E. McReynolds; second row: Lloyd Curtis, Edith Shepherd, Carrie Anson Preston, Addie B. Pinnick, George C. Smith, Harry Horner, Ruby Givons Johnson; upper row: Charles Guy Keiger, Frank Long, A. R. Wolfe, "Deke" Parker, and Jesse L. Rader

but was sitting on the side-line as a sub. The game was played on the old football grounds north of the music hall and the field was roped off with a wire. A play of the game came so close to the bench on which William "Cump" Leach was sitting, that in his excitement, he jumped out and tackled the opponent running with the ball. The players all fell on top of them, the referee was not where he could see, and before anyone knew the difference Cump Leach was sitting back on his bench and the game went on.

Sam G. Ambrister, who is managing a group of farms in Oklahoma; Dr. John C. Darling of Durango, Colorado, who has a daughter graduating from college this year; Finis E. McReynolds, faculty member of the Murray College of Agriculture, Tishomingo, Oklahoma, were there and added much to the exchange of memories. They recalled "Deke" Parker's habit of showing up about ten minutes before class not having even chosen a subject for his theme and yet managing the highest grade in the class for what he did submit.

The roll was called and everyone who

Tom F. Carey, of Oklahoma City, former president of the University of Oklahoma Association, in the organization of which he was a moving spirit, was elected president of the Class of 1908 at the quarter century reunion meeting. Mr Carey is an income tax expert



knew anything about members not present told what he could about them. George C. Smith, general traffic manager of the M. K. & T. railroad, supplied most of the missing information for he had seen many of them on his business trips over the United States. He told of having remembered that Ralph Dangerfield lived in Omaha, Nebraska, while on a trip there and deciding to call him to remind him of the reunion, found that he had gone to St. Louis, the city Mr Smith had just left.

Many were the tales told on Fletcher Davis of Shreveport, Louisiana, who must have had a varied and interesting career. It seems that Fletcher has travel-

ed around the world selling stereoscope views to steamboat passengers who couldn't get away from him while on board. One story was told of his having been arrested in France as a spy because he was wearing a Vienna-made hat which he'd bought in Louisiana.

"Deke" Parker said he'd had a letter from Coronado Walter Fowler.

Dean Roy Gittinger supplied the information that Clement Gittinger (whom you remember taught gym while in school) is with the Tulsa Engineering Supply Co.

A letter from Frank Long, Caiza 146. Porto Alegre, Brazil, South America, boasted that he can still run the mile as  
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## TRAFFIC MANAGER

George C. Smith, '08as, of St. Louis, (photo on opposite page) traffic manager of the M. K. & T. railroad, was the first student to graduate from the university in political science and later was an Andrew D. White Fellow of Cornell university, spending one year on that fellowship in Europe. He had held previously a political science scholarship at Wisconsin. He taught in the University of Oklahoma in 1911, during which time he was made a member of Kappa Alpha fraternity. He left Oklahoma to teach business organization and management at Cornell. He became consulting economist for the United States Steel Corporation in connection with their dissolution suit. Later, he became a member of the faculty of New York university, teaching economics, and a member of the staff of the Alexander Hamilton Research Institute. He resigned to go to Baltimore to assist in the reorganization of the industrial department of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. In 1919 he organized the Industrial Bureau of the Baltimore Board of Trade, the first attempt of its kind in the United States, with the purpose of benefiting community selling. This Bureau has greatly influenced modern policies of chambers of commerce throughout the country.

Mr Smith has been executive assistant to the Canton Railroad Co., the organizer of the St. Louis Industrial club for the expansion of industry in the St. Louis territory, and later general traffic manager of the Katy railroad. He is the chairman of the National Industrial Development council of America. He has served on two Presidential Committees, being chairman of Mr Hoover's "Share-the-Work" movement. His wife was Eleanor Gertrude Perry of New York City. The Smiths have one son, Teddy. Mrs Smith is a leader in the American little theater movement and helped organize the St. Louis Little Theater. She published the first Little Theater magazine, in Baltimore

## WE MISSED YOU, FRANK

Porto Alegre, Brazil is a long distance, geographically speaking, from Norman, but however great the distance, one heart beats there loyally for Soonerland—Frank M. Long, '08, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. there. Mr Long is seen here with his family: Top row, Frank, James, age sixteen and Eulalee, age fourteen; lower row, Mrs Long, Millard, age twelve, Lewis, age nine, and Edith, age three



water, for the last two years. Before going to A. and M. college he was superintendent of schools at Putnam City.

### 1928

Dr. P. Richard Auriemma, '28med, is taking postgraduate work in the medical school in Columbia university. His address is 18 Parnell place, Jersey City, New Jersey.

### 1929

C. C. Beard, '29M.S., has been elected for his fifth consecutive year as superintendent of schools at Poteau. Two new projects are under way there, a school building project and a school ground improvement project, which when completed will give Poteau one of the best and most modern schools in eastern Oklahoma.

Miss Lucy Tandy, '29as, '32M.A., who has been the house-guest of Ernesto Giménez Caballero, famous Spanish author, for a year, will return to Norman the first week in September. She has studied while there in the Centro de Estudios, annex of the University of Madrid, Madrid, Spain.

### 1931

William Edwin Wallace, jr., '31geol, sailed January 7, 1933, on the *Mauretania* from New York for the Port of Spain. He is micropaleontologist for the Standard Oil Company at Caripito, Venezuela.

Ben T. Williams, '31as, '33law, has been appointed city attorney at Stratford, and has been uniformly successful in all prosecutions thus far.

### 1932

Olive Nuhfer, '32art, has completed an inspirational painting, "Triumphant Christ," which was unveiled at special services Sunday night, May 28, at St. John's Episcopal church. Larger than life size, the painting is beneath a Gothic arch at the extreme east end of the church, behind the altar. Praised by members of the university art department as a remarkable piece of work in design and feeling, the painting shows Christ, St. John, St. Mark and two angels. Christ, his arms outstretched embracing all humanity, is in the center in heroic size. To the left is St. John, the oldest of the disciples. He is clad in a blue robe. St. Mark, the youngest of the apostles, is to the right in a red robe. The instruments of Holy Communion, the patin and the chalice, are in their hands. On either side of them are two angels reading scrolls. The coat of arms of the four biographers of Christ decorate the top and bottom of the painting. They are the Winged Bull of St. Matthews, the Lion of St. Mark, the Griffin of St. Luke, and the Eagle of St. John.

Joe Hudson, '32eng., is Texas state cattle inspector at San Antonio, Texas.

### 1933

Hugo Goetz, '33fa, of Pryor, has been selected as drum major of the Rock Island Railroad band for the opening of the Century of Progress exposition at Chicago. Herman Ziemer, '33fa, of Yale, has been selected as manager of the official Rock Island band. Both have been active in the university band for the last four years.

Miss Helen Barbour, '33he, of Norman, has been awarded a fellowship for a year by Grassland hospital at Valhalla, New York. Miss Barbour who was voted the outstanding senior in home economics, will work in hospital dietetics.



## THE RETURN OF THE NATIVES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 278)

well as he did in school. "Deke" Parker said that Frank's work with the Y. M. C. A. in South America is coming along so well that he will soon be able to return to America and let it run by itself. Someone else volunteered the informa-

tion that Frank had accompanied Will Rogers, as an interpreter, on his trip through South America.

George Smith said that he had seen Charlie Marsh some time ago in Austin and had enjoyed a visit with him. Mr Marsh is directing twenty or thirty newspapers throughout the Southwest. According to "Deke" Parker, Mr Marsh is one of the most successful newspaper men he has ever known. He said that "he's the same old Charley; going a mile a minute and dreaming dreams as big as ever."

There are those who remember a botany trip and the freshman from Michigan to whom they introduced the fine art of eating Oklahoma persimmons without explaining their drawing qualities. I never heard such laugh all evening as came from that gang of men when they recalled the face of that freshman.

Clint Port, successful farmer of Edmond, Oklahoma, read a proclamation which he and a group of freshmen had printed. Not being satisfied with distributing it on the campus, they had glued it on all the coaches of a train going south. President Boyd received telephone calls from Texas people and the boys were reproached for the stunt in no quiet tones.

It was interesting to find that the Easter holidays so enjoyed my eds and co-eds today at the university would never have come into being had it not been for the concentrated efforts of the class of '08. They were determined to have Easter holidays observed on the campus even if they had to break up a chapel program to express their feelings. Doctor Boyd wisely found a good excuse for being out of town that morning; the class organized a hayride, and kidnaping Vice-president DeBarr, they took him along with them. The following week they submitted a formal petition and the faculty, acting upon it, decided to make the Easter holidays an annual event.

Many and wild were the tales mel-  
lowed with age which they all told on "Deke" Parker. The one which caused most merriment was George Smith's about "Deke's" wedding. He and a group of the boys planned to get Mr Parker tipsy and keep him from the ceremony if possible. They could not find him anywhere although they looked every conceivable place. But not once did they think to look for him at Adelaide Loomis' home. It was considered improper for a young man to call on his bride-to-be just before the wedding and they had at least expected "Deke" to do the proper thing one time in his life!

Another tale was about one of the times Doctor Boyd tried to expel "Deke" from school. He had a date instead of

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going with the boys on a stag-party one night. Their singing and cutting up had scared Mr Kirby Prickett's cow into breaking her tether and getting away. While the boys were out looking for the cow all the next day, Doctor Boyd called "Deke" into his office and asked him to resign from school.

"But Doctor Boyd," protested "Deke," "I wasn't on that party."

"All right," answered he, "If you can get someone I can depend upon to swear where you were that night, I will reconsider the matter."

"Well, er-a, I had a date with Alice."

Alice Boyd was the president's daughter.

Mr Parker rose and called, "Let me finish that story." And he told how quite a few years later he had gone out as a reporter from *The Daily Oklahoman* to cover the opening of the Morris Packing Company in Oklahoma City. He had climbed high above the plant in order to survey the thousands of cattle penned up in the yards. Balancing on a high wall, and walking along with his head down, he ran into a man. When he looked up it was Kirby Prickett. He said he burst into laughter and asked, "Kirby, are you still looking for that cow?"

The class was happy to have Mrs Frank Elwood Knowles, their class mother, with them. Professor L. W. Cole, who is teaching now in Boulder, Colorado, could not attend.

The only girl of the class who was able to be present was Edith Shepherd, who is now instructor in English in the university.

The most lasting friendship formed in the group has been that of Tom Carey and Errett Newby. Working their ways through school together, Tom as purchasing agent and treasurer of the university, and Errett, as registrar, they became companions in crime (so the rest of the class informed me!). Later they were in Washington, D. C., together serving on the Committee on Special Training and Education. During the war Mr Carey was the chairman of the Chicago district, the largest of twelve in the United States. When the armistice was signed E. K. Hall, chairman of the committee and vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., said that Mr Carey's report was the most complete handed in to his department. He did public accounting and income tax work in Chicago after the war and is now an income tax counsel in Oklahoma City where he has been since 1921. During the last two years he has lost but two cases which came before him. Mrs Carey is a graduate of the University of Nebraska. Mr Carey tells of a Bohemian center in Wilbur, Nebraska, where

he had to hire an interpreter in order to buy his marriage license. He has a most fascinating hobby. On a farm a few miles west of Oklahoma City Mr Carey has the best facilities in the Southwest for breeding quail. Mr Carey's mother is still living in Norman in what was known then and is still known now as "The Carey House."

Mr Newby graduated in piano the year before taking his degree in '08. After graduation he was registrar and during that year became interested in the correspondence of Lola North who was attending the Oklahoma Baptist College at Blackwell and who wrote the university that she was planning to come to school in Norman. Errett met her at the train. He plays her accompaniments today sometimes in Oklahoma City when she sings at public recitals. Their four children: Rosemary, nine; David, eleven; Elain, fourteen; and Ruth, seventeen, who like her daddy is interested in science as well as music, keep the Newbys well occupied.

Mr Newby was with the Pierce Oil Corporation for some years before joining Frank Buttram in forming the Buttram Petroleum Corporation, of which he has been secretary for some years.

When Errett and Tom graduated Tom had decided that Doctor Boyd's last act would be to sign his diploma and arranged the certificates so that his would lie on the bottom of the pile. But Errett had the same idea and after Tom left the office, he slipped his under Tom's. Mr Carey heard this for the first time when Mr Newby gleefully told me about it.

I got back to the class of '13 banquet just as John T. Harley, '13as, '15 law, lawyer of Tulsa, who was presiding, read the following letter from B. A. Garside, of New York City. The letter was written on the stationery of the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China.

"Dear folks: As I was rummaging today through a trunk in the attic I happened to find a photograph taken over at Smythe's studio just twenty years ago. It shows the smooth face of a boy togged out in all the dignity of mortarboard and gown—the youngest member of the Class of 1913.

"I put the picture beside a mirror—an article I use mighty little, these latter years, save for the routine of shaving and dressing—and compared the faded portrait with the reflection in the glass.

"You who might remember the boy of the portrait would not so easily recognize the man who looks out from my mirror.

"Some of those lines began to appear faintly while I taught in Eastern Okla-

homa three years after graduation. (It was there I met the bonnie Scotch lass who now sits in the next room reading as I write.) A year in Hartford went by too quickly to leave any visible impress. But in 1919 I brought home from France that tiny scar across the left eyebrow, and a certain set to the jaw that doesn't appear in the picture.

"Three more years divided up between study at Columbia and teaching in Oklahoma and New Jersey left few traces. But the next four years in China are marked by certain intangible changes in facial expression and by the appearance of an occasional grey hair. And these last seven years here in New York have brought a generous quota of deepening lines and graying temples, particularly during these depression times when the needs and problems of half a dozen lusty young universities scattered throughout China have been borne down rather heavily.

"I've wanted to meet the husbands and wives you've acquired, to admire the newer generation of which you are the proud parents—some of them must be enrolled in O. U. by this time. I want to learn more of what you have done, for even a conscientious alumni magazine can't tell everything. Have some of the heads once adorned by heavy shocks of football hair now begun to show bald spots? Have some of the deep manly chests developed by gym and athletics now begun to slip below the waist line? And while we boys have been losing a bit of our youthfulness, have the girls of the class outgeneraled us again by inducing the years to go skipping lightly, by leaving no traces behind?

"This begins to sound far too much like a middle-aged letter to suit the bunch of gay youngsters who will be banqueting together on the evening of June 4th."

And Bettice A. Garside, once so prominent in sports on O. U. campus, touched the spirit of that meeting when he said "gay youngsters." As Dean Fredrik Holmberg, class father, said in his talk to the group, "Classes graduating now will never enjoy their reunions half so much as you are enjoying yours. How little you fellows have changed!—ladies and gentlemen. I can't say that it makes me feel any older to have you come back twenty years later. The queerest thing is that I remember you folks better than I remember the ones who graduated a few years ago. I think it is because the school has grown so that there are some of the faculty now that I can't be perfectly sure I know when I meet them in the Faculty club. It would be nice if our schools could be divided somewhat as they are at Oxford so that

the intimate contact of faculty and students would not be lost. I don't even know the membership of D. D. M. C. now."

Mrs Hadsell, class mother, said that, "Just as a mother has been proud of her children's accomplishments so I have felt tonight when I know what each of you have done since leaving O. U. twenty years ago."

Others who sent word which was delivered in the meeting were Abbie Odell Dixon, Santa Ana, California, who said she was sorry she could not come and bring her three girls and one boy; Doctor Asa Wright, San Antonio, Texas; W. E. Holland, Dallas, Texas; C. I. Cowden, Atlanta, Georgia; and S. A. Denyer, lawyer of Drumright, Oklahoma.

Bertha A. Haseman-Crane wrote that she was teaching school with one hand in the winter and doing secretarial work for lawyers with the other in the summer. She is living in Bloomfield, Indiana. Her husband is a graduate of the Indiana University Law school, '14. She ended her letter, "Since our finances have not been such as to enable us to have a winter home in the south and a summer home in the north, we have compromised and have a log cabin in the hills of the eastern part of our native county. So if any of the class of 1913 find themselves in the mood of travel, drop in at Cranook Lodge some fine summer's day and you will find us resting over the weekend so as to be ready to come back to Bloomfield for another good week's work. We have an old-fashioned native hewn fire place that has the reputation of having had more big yarns told before it than any other in the whole state. Come and exchange the ones you hear at the reunion."

C. H. Harrington wrote that he was in the middle of putting out eighty acres of citrus trees in the Rio Grande valley and just couldn't make it this year. He asked Mr Cleckler, alumni secretary, to express his fealty and good will to the lawyers of 1913. Everyone had a good laugh when someone in the crowd remembered Charlie's mustache!

How I wish he could have been in on that law-parley those men were enjoying. The rest of the class had a hard time getting them to mix, they had so many extremely funny things to remember together.

Frank Watson wrote that he and Mrs Watson were in New York just wishing for a good excuse to come south so they could take in the reunion. His letter was written on the stationery of the Superior Incinerator Co., The E. E. Myers Co., New York City.

After this letter was read Dr. W. K. West rose and casually remarked, "Oh, yes, I ran across Frank in the subway in

New York City just about ten days ago. He looks fine. I wish he could have made it."

Much laughter was provoked as various members recalled incidents relating to the annual burlesque staged to raise funds for the yearbook. They all remembered the time the show was written, cast selected, and parts learned, when it was suggested that Professor Jenkins, dramatic coach, look over the lines as censor. It was a burlesque of a meeting of the board of education and no sooner was it in the hands of the faculty than a movement was made to keep the show from going on. After the entertainment was banned they had offers of money from groups interested in harming the board tempting them to play the show anyhow. Doctor Hadsell recalled the part Doctor West had taken in a burlesque and he must have been superb because every person there had some recollection of it and it was just as funny twenty years afterward. Dr. Willis Kelly West, as he is known throughout the Southwest today for his work with the Crippled Children's hospital in Oklahoma City, still has the same sense of humor, deepened perhaps, but just as catching as it must have been then.

Burr McWhirt's little daughter, Doris, gave an impersonation of a child having to practice her music lesson. It wasn't hard to realize that she was the daughter of Doris Mundy about whom the following was written in the 1913 annual: "With eyes that would make the toughest heart ache, and the wisest man a fool, sir!" Mrs McWhirt, sitting between Burr and Doris, looked just as she did in her cap and gown but dressed in the fashion of 1933 it was hard to imagine her carrying the eighteen by twenty four muff with which she is pictured in the annual.

Elton B. Hunt, one of Tulsa's most prominent lawyers, is still proud of the fact that he got away with one of Judge Eagleton's three daughters. You may remember that he met Olive while on a hayride one night when he had a date with her older sister, Eloise. I wonder if this was the same hayride which Doctor and Mrs Hadsell so well remember. The gang had provided them, as chaperons, with a special horse and buggy. Mrs Hadsell thought they ought to ride the rack for the sake of decorum but Doctor Hadsell was afraid the boys would think he was afraid to drive the horse, which had a wild reputation. He insisted that they drive the horse out and return on the hay-rack.

How natural it seemed to this crowd to have John T. Harley presiding at their meeting. For many years they listened to him debate on why *The Umpire*, university paper, should be changed in name to the *University of Oklahoma* semi-weekly. Many recalled that it was he who instigated the idea of expanding its columns from four to seven. After his college journalistic career and a few years away, he returned for a law degree and Robena

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Hutchinson introduced him to Mary Elizabeth Fonvielle of Oklahoma City, whom he married. Mrs Harley could not come to the reunion because John, jr., was still in school in Tulsa. John was chided by the group about having but one date while in the university and he did not deny it. They said that he was elected to lead the senior prom as a joke because of the fact that he'd never had a date!

Raymond A. Tolbert, lawyer in Oklahoma City, senior member of the Tolbert dynasty of which there were Virginia who lives now in Fayetteville, Arkansas; Ruth Ann living in Amarillo, Texas; James R. "Bon," also of Amarillo; and Miles S. of Hobart, Oklahoma. Raymond, president of almost everything to which he belonged during his senior year, married an Oklahoma A. and M. girl named Irma Rapp. She attended parties on the O. U. campus and will be remembered by many of the class of '13. Doctor Hadsell said that he remembered Raymond in his argumentation class and felt a thrill of pride each time he won a case because he knew he had something to do with it. Since graduation, few Sooners have done so much for the university as Mr Tolbert.

Claude Rosenstein, lawyer of Tulsa, roomed with Raymond at Professor Reaves' home in those good old days. Claude was president of the senior class. There must have been politics in those old days when those two lawyers planned far into the night how the presidency of an organization could be secured. They certainly specialized in presidencies!

Earl Foster said the thing he remembered most vividly about O. U. was an English class under Adelaide Loomis, '06, who married "Deke" Parker, '08. Mrs Foster was Alta Sawyer who received a master's degree from the university three years ago.

A great deal of excitement was created by the late entrance of Dr. Roy "Hutch" Morter and his wife from Kalamazoo, Michigan. Doctor Morter has been making a name for himself as medical superintendent of the Kalamazoo State hospital. Graying temples and a new dignity were the only differences noticeable in a comparison of the man with his senior picture. A determined set to his jaw was perhaps a little more pronounced, but all in all it was not hard to imagine him one of the gayest young men in the medic class of 1913.

Nina Keiger Black, chairman of the reunion committee, whose major was German and whose interest was the Zetalethian society, is the same vivacious girl and most of the success of the 1913 homecoming should be attributed to her.

Conventions are inspirational groups. The Lions, Rotary, and Masonic conventions I have observed have always impressed me greatly. But no convention or reunion could have been more stirring to an observer and onlooker than the getting-together of the classes of '08 and '13 in

an attempt to show the university and its president that they were backing it with the confidence and determination always attributed to the people of the west.

The letter from Frank Long reads as follows:

TO THE CLASS OF 1908 OKLAHOMA UNIVERSITY, NORMAN, OKLA.  
FELLOW CITIZENS:

For twenty five years I have planned to be with you on this day, and instead I am some six thousand miles distant. Nor can I listen in. What shall I say then about the whole matter? Just this, if my absence loses the cup, I am very sorry. I have the time, but I do not have the cash. I could fly to Norman from here in about nine days, and back in the same time, the ticket is all I lack.

In July I will have been in Brazil twenty years. They have been very happy and prosperous years. I came one, I am now seven, and one of the seven, James Alvin, sixteen in July, should enter O. U. in September. You will know him when you see him. If you get a glimpse into his head you will not think him mine, but, then, he has an intelligent mother.

There are many things I would like to say to you at this time, but I will boil it down to this:

A. Professor Cole was right, the most real things in life are the yeses and the noes.

B. Friends are worth more than millions.

C. North Americans are not the only people in the world.

D. A kind word will go farther than a gattling gun.

E. The world still moves, but one ages with one's thoughts.

Take these for what they are worth, believe it or not, I am the same guy I was twenty five years ago, only with less hair on the top of my head. I can not run quite as fast, but play one hundred per cent better tennis and basketball.

Kodak of the tribe herein.

This is trusted to Errett Newby to take to the reunion so with thanks to him and you all, I am the same old,

FRANK M. LONG.

▲ ▲ ▲

## THE VIRTUE OF THE SCHOLAR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 283)

We of the English-speaking world can see ahead no new Shakespeare. Besides, as our world's limits are drawn together by ships on land, water and air, adventure loses the charm of the far-away and the world of romance shrinks around us. The imagination that is trained on inventions is shut out of Parnassus and sees the Muses playing on typewriters. Let us not deceive ourselves. In literature we have gone back-

ward. Do we lack the courage humbly to confess the fact? It will help the mission of education if we do not.

There is a similar lesson for us in philosophy. We are nearer Thales' day than Aristotle's. Why? Because the Stagirite gave his world a sure foundation for philosophical speculation; the one that centuries later Aquinas used upon which to erect the world's greatest philosophical skyscraper. Modern philosophy has gone back to seek again a sure foundation but has not found it. A mass of personal opinions, daring guesses, and doubtful tracings of the royal line of philosophic thought is not philosophy. Here we have done even as in literature, produced only our own humiliation. I know of course, that a mechanical age will be our excuse, but can we afford to buy anything at the high cost of fundamental wisdom?

In art our humiliation is almost complete. There are critics who give us a lower place in the fundamentals of true art than they give to the Primatives. I shall throw the responsibility for one of the hardest of criticisms back on its author, by quoting from Augustine Cochin: "Academic teaching created by the Encyclopaedists, from Diderot to Condorcet, has killed popular art in one generation, a phenomenon which is perhaps unique in history. Teaching in school instead of forming in the studio, making pupils learn instead of making them do—explaining instead of pointing out and correcting—is what constitutes the reformation conceived by the philosophers and imposed by the Revolution. Isolated artists have survived, but like rocks battered by the sea of banality and ignorance, not like great trees in the forest."

Only a rare exception in an age of selfishness and such false methods of teaching can be an artist. I have tried to contrast the despair and the hope in feeble verse:

To strive and never win; to work  
and never rest;  
To seek the Beauty true, but only  
know the quest;  
To see the height and climb, but  
never touch the peak;  
To drink and yet be dry; to  
dream, but never speak;  
To see the Vision fair, but not  
the story tell;  
This is the artist's fate, his life-  
enduring hell.

To know there is a gate the fool-  
ish call a grave,  
That opens up a way to lose and  
yet to save;  
To hear the call to try re-echo  
from afar,  
And see his dream on high en-  
jewelled as a star;  
To know the Perfect lives and  
humbly toward Him grope;  
This is the artist's peace — his  
everlasting hope.

Those to whom logic is the first of the