

Miss Fletcher Ryan Wickham, '30 M.A., Dallas, Texas, is the author not only of authoritative textbooks on Spanish but of an idea which is becoming a great force in creating a better understanding between the Americas, the Pan American League

## Pan American league

FOUNDED BY A SOONER ALUMNUS

BY RALPH B. ROBERTS, '34

**D**OWN in Dallas is a former student of the university who is at once the founder, the sponsor, and the motivating force of an organization, now in its sixth year, which is assuming international proportions.

She is Miss Fletcher Ryan Wickham who received a master of arts degree in Spanish from the university in 1930. Her organization is the Pan American League which she founded in 1927 with the aid of Spanish and history teachers in high schools and business and professional men and women of Dallas for the purpose of bringing about a closer relationship and a more sympathetic understanding between the peoples of the two Americas.

From the inauspicious beginning of the initial chapter at Dallas, Miss Wickham's league has expanded to include ten chapters located throughout Oklahoma and Texas, in New York City, the Panama Canal Zone, and negotiations are under way for a chapter in Mexico. The league has become affiliated with the Pan American Union at Washington, D. C., and has the endorsements of men in various international organizations and of former President Coolidge.

The mother chapter at Dallas now includes eight high-school chapters and has an adult, or associate membership, numbering about sixty. The organization there operates as a dinner club with five meetings a year at which talks are made by men and women prominent in Latin American affairs.

Consuls from Mexico, Cuba and other Latin American countries co-operate with Miss Wickham at the Dallas chapter and programs are presented in both Spanish and English.

The second chapter of the league,

which is located at the university and is sponsored by Miss Gladys Barnes, assistant professor of Spanish, has assumed more of an academic character. Locally known as "Las Dos Americas," the chapter holds bi-monthly meetings at which programs are conducted entirely in Spanish. An annual Spanish play, a fiesta and a carnival form special features of the university chapter. Representatives of the group have made frequent visits to the meetings of the mother chapter at Dallas.

Oklahoma City is the home of the third chapter which is sponsored by Miss Greta Mitchel of Norman. This group has developed the social possibilities of such an organization but has not lost sight of the serious purpose of the league as is shown by its annual charity dance for the benefit of needy Mexican children. This year's affair was held December 2.

The remaining chapters of the Pan American League have been established at Cristobal, Canal Zone; Waco and Sherman, Texas; Chickasha and Hobart, and at the DeWitt Clinton and the James Monroe high schools, New York City.

The movement is still growing and Miss Wickham plans for the organization eventually to establish chapters throughout the Latin American countries, to introduce an arrangement for exchanges of teachers between the various countries, and for travelling representatives from the chapters.

The Pan American League will hold a convention in connection with the fourth annual Pan American Medical Congress which will meet March 21 to 25, 1933, in Dallas. Men prominent in the Pan American Society, the All Nations Association and similar organiza-



tions will be among the speakers at the convention and Miss Wickham is extending an open invitation to representatives of any youth movement for the establishment of more friendly relationships between the Americas to attend.

In addition to her work with the Pan American League Miss Wickham is one of the three authors of the foreign language text book, *Modern Spanish Reader*, and has taught Spanish for the last eight years at the Forest avenue high school and the Bryan evening school at Dallas.

She received her elementary education and most of her higher training at schools in Oklahoma although she has also studied at Baker university, Baldwin City, Kansas; and at Middlebury college in Los Angeles, California. She is a member of the American Association of University Women and of Delta Kappa Gamma fraternity.



Doubleday, Doran in announcing the publication January 25 of Sinclair Lewis' new novel *Ann Vickers* reveal some interesting figures on the sales of Mr Lewis' previous novels, which are said to total \$3,357,335 in bookstore sales: *Main Street*, published in 1920, sold in the United States 723,473 copies for a total of \$1,105,104. *Babbitt*, published two years later, sold 283,316, bringing in a total of \$646,860. *Arrowsmith*, published in 1925, sold 290,834 copies with a total revenue of \$472,487. *Elmer Gantry*, issued in 1927, sold 403,389 copies, producing \$903,146. *Dodsworth*, published in 1929, has sold to date 91,895 copies, bringing in \$289,738 in revenue.

## YESTERYEARS

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was finally produced that faintly resembled the genuine article. But my heart was in my mouth when the time came for the break in the Indian attack, the whole fence was just as liable to go as part of it. But it held staunchly, all but the part that was supposed to give way and the climax went over big.

The senior class, back in these days, always gave a class play, to help defray expenses of graduation. They usually produced something like Sheridan's *The Rivals*, or some other classic. These, as a usual thing, were a little too heavy for the available talent to handle, although several very creditable productions were given. But it was a jolly last get-together meeting for those who had spent four years together, and was something for them to remember in after life.

How would some of the present day performers like to have to make up an entire cast, or a cast and chorus of any where from twelve to one hundred people with a few sticks of grease paint, a wig or two, a little crepe hair, a bottle of spirit gum and a box of talcum powder? And only one person had any idea how to use what he had. That was the common occurrence at every performance until the year 1907, when we had three or four more who knew something of make up. Yet we produced plays ranging from *The Merchant of Venice* down to the *Merry Milkmaids*, the lightest of light operas, with a correctly costumed cast and the details of make up faithfully followed.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable occasions in the pre-historic period was the trip to Guthrie to dedicate the first Masonic temple erected there. The play chosen was *The Lion and the Mouse*, then in the heyday of its popularity. A crowd of about fifteen were in the cast, and with the orchestra, consisting of around forty or fifty pieces, was—don't tell anybody—wined and dined for two days and gave two performances to a packed house on both occasions. And as the small town papers say "A fine time was enjoyed by all."

There were no try-outs for parts. The students were asked if they cared to take part in the play, and if so to report for rehearsals. Then an almost professional rule was followed. Usually the leads were understudied, and when on two or three occasions they tried to get too temperamental they were removed at once and another given the part. After this had been done a few times there never was any trouble with any one in the respect of not obeying the stage manager.

In those "good old days" you could see Guy Y. Williams, John Darling, Roy

Kingkade and Roy Cook put on a tumbling act that was as good as any of the high class circus performances. And the night after the show at a dance, you would see Professors Paxton, Par- rington, Buchanan and other members of the faculty, vicing with the students for the pleasure of a dance with this or that fair co-ed. Those were happy days when faculty and student body were members of one big family.

Did any of you ever see "Gov." Ferguson embarrassed, or at loss for a ready verbal "comeback." Well if you see him ask him what he said to Alice Brittain when looking for his hat, and see him turn red and stutter. And ask "Deak" Parker why the old *Transcript* could never keep a waterbucket longer than one week. This will probably be "over the heads" of the present generation, but it is beery unlikely that the old timers will fail to understand.

Back in those "good old days" there was plenty of pep and fun on the campus. One Hallowe'en a bunch of students procured all the wagons and buggies that could be found in town and after bringing them to the football field, which was located where the fine arts building now stands, carefully took them all apart. It was about two days before all the parts were assembled and removed. There was a bright freshman from New York here that year, and one night he made a few remarks too many down town. The local order of D. D. M. C., or what then corresponded to it, called on him about two o'clock and escorted him to West Main street where there was a ditch with a convenient water hole, and invited him to sit down in this up to his neck and deliver one of Cicero's orations in the original and translated, interspersed with original comments. The comments were much more numerous. Another time George Bucklin, then registrar, was told to get his hair cut. He neglected to do so, and about ten o'clock one night he was called to the door, taken out in the yard and given free tonsorial services. President Boyd attempted to interfere with this and some way the next morning he came to classes with his handsome VanDyke beard shaved off. And it seems that the bunch were no respecter of persons.

At football games the whole student body would get on the side lines and yell themselves hoarse. And we had a regular beef trust team most of the time in those early years. They played the guards back and tackle over then and when you saw one 210 pounder line up behind another 210 pounder, with a 180 pound back back of him, another 190 pounder, a 185 pounds and a 165 pound quarter thrown in to balance things, you would wonder how they ever stopped them. They did—some times—and

sometimes not. Fred Roberts went over for a touchdown in one game against Texas with four husky Longhorns hanging on him the last twenty yards, and in five minutes afterwards Fred Merkle repeated the trick the same way.

One year the team went to Arkansas, and it was said that they were rocked from the side lines all through the game. The next fall when Arkansas played a return date here, one of the players evidently forgot himself on the first down, for he slugged John Hefley, a 200-pound tackle. The rest of that game had all the resemblance to a Dempsey-Firpo bout, mixed up with a crowd of Irishmen at a wake where plenty of the usual liquid refreshments had been supplied them. At the finish of the game all the substitutes on the Arkansas team were in there "battling" (that's sure the right term) and most of them were ready to go to the hospital. And there was not a single Oklahoma player out of the lineup that started that wasn't still in there. Two or three black eyes and a broken nose by Bob Wingate were about all the casualties suffered by the Sooners.

After "Benny" came the teams ran more to speed and less to beef. And believe me he sure produced some speedy ones. His "war-cry" was "get a little pep," and they sure had it. Many a time Bill Cross would be calling signals for the next play from the bottom of a pile of players, and the Sooners would be lined up and gone with two or three opponents laying on the ground back of the line of scrimmage.

And so when one runs across an old time picture or a clipping, and leans back in his easy chair to reminisce in the days that are, and thinks of the days that were, as the pipe smoke whirls and drifts ceilingward, he ponders over the friendships made and wonders how and when and where and what part of the "old gang's" still here and who have passed to the great beyond. But one thing's sure and that is if any part of that old bunch ever gets together on a home coming day and turns loose it will take more than the Ruf Neks and Jazz Hounds to bring peace and quiet to the stadium.

Some day I would like to see a bunch from '02, '03, or '04 up in the stadium when Oklahoma is staging a spectacular game and hear the old "rebel yell" float out over the air again. It may be prejudice, but honestly, I believe that seventy-five of those old boys could make more noise than all the gang out there now.

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Walter P. Crysler, jr., whose publishing firm of Cheshire House has been principally a fine book publisher, has entered the general publication field with a mystery novel, *Anonymous Footsteps* by John M. O'Connor, \$2.