

What? No Admirals!

(SOONERLAND TOPICS)

THE visitor paused in front of the Ad building for a drink of cool water. He mopped a damp brow and turned to a student:

"Nice campus you have here," he said.

"Yes," said the student, "we think so."

"By the way," asked the visitor, "who is dean of the medical school now?"

"General Patterson."

"Oh, yes. And who is director of athletics?"

"Captain Biff Jones."

"Of course. Is Colonel Alley still head of the government department?"

"Yes."

"And who is the polo coach now that Captain Waters is gone?"

"Major Hayman."

"To be sure. And the pistol coach is?"

"Captain DeMuth."

"And the head football coach?"

"Captain Jones is that too."

"That should work all right. Well, maybe you can tell me, son. I'm going in to talk with General Bizzell. Do you call his secretary Colonel Kraettli or just Major Kraettli?"

Balyeat being a name of French origin, it is only natural that some people pronounce it Bal-yet to rime with not-yet

and others give it that twist that makes it Bal-yea to rime with you-don't-say.

This slight difference has provided material for a rather humorous story that is told on Dr. Ray Balyeat, who, regardless of how you pronounce his name, is one of the world's leading authorities on allergies.

Now, Dr. Balyeat, who was graduated with B.A., B.S., and M.D. degrees from the University in 1912, 1916 and 1918, is an unpretentious medic and not the type at all who would insist that people pronounce his name anyway except the way they wish. Working quietly in his Oklahoma City laboratories he made remarkable strides in tracing the causes and treatments for allergic ailments.

But in the rural sections of the state where Ray Balyeat was known during his youth, there happened to be a farmer who suffered all sorts of torture from hay fever. He had seen physicians in the neighborhood and taken all manner of medicines and precautions to cure himself. But all to no avail.

Finally, a local doctor suggested that he go to Oklahoma City and allow Dr. Bal-yea prescribe for him, Dr. Bal-yea being one of the best known allergic specialists in the world.

The farmer was happy to learn that such an authority lived within his own state and immediately set out for the

capital city to find this Dr. Bal-yea. At length, he arrived at the Medical Arts building and was ushered into the suite of the well known physician.

After waiting for several minutes, he was ushered into the inner office for his examination. To his great surprise, he found that the face above the white apron was a familiar one. The doctor's assistant said, "This is Dr. Bal-yea."

"Well, I'll be hanged," said the patient, his face lighting up, "if it isn't old Ray Bal-yet. Are you this great Dr. Bal-yea?"

The thousands of persons who at some time or other came in contact with the inimitable late Will Rogers have been recalling remarks he dropped, observations he made and the thousand and one little things that made him the favorite of the gods.

Morris Tennebaum, whose Norman business house bears the sign "2 Hand Store," has his story. Morris, as most Sooners of the past seven years remember, hasn't missed a football practice or a major event on the campus since he became one of those characters that makes a university an interesting place.

Says Morris:

Several years ago when Will was here, someone dared me to go up and talk with him. I knew he wasn't a swell-head, so I said sure I'll do it.

"Will," I said, "how much you take for that blue serge suit. My farmer customers like blue serge and I give a hypodermic price for blue serge."

Will looked at me, scratched his head and said.

"Yeh, but if I sold you this suit, I'd be in a hypodermic way, my friend."



Here is Will Rogers with President Bizzell when the former visited the University campus several years ago to give a Red Cross benefit performance in the Fieldhouse.