

to June, 1916, serving as custodian and head translator in care of all official documents, and was decorated with the Medaille du Roi Albert (Belgian) in 1920. "I really didn't deserve the medal," Doctor House remarked with a smile. "But it was free, so I accepted it."

Doctor House was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, by the French government, last summer. "I don't know what that was for either, but you don't hear of many people turning down honors; so I took that, too."

"During the larger part of 1918 I was stationed at Fort Sill, trying to teach the soldiers a little French. With the aid of some amateur French teachers, we managed to teach one group something, but for the most part, it was a pretty hopeless task. Illiteracy in the army was high, and of course you can't teach a foreign language to men who can't speak their own."

Doctor House has edited a collection of three short French comedies, and several language text books, histories, critical articles, book reviews, and translations. "I have tried my hand at writing almost every kind of thing, from articles on religious subjects for religious publications, to supposedly witty verses for

such magazines as *Judge* and *Puck*. As editor of *Books Abroad* I am a sort of general handy man, reviewing books in four or five languages. Reading is a hobby with me as well as a profession; so much so that I have time for very little else."

Recently, Doctor House was chosen to be editor of articles on French subjects, in the next publication of the World Book Encyclopedia.

A humorous feature written by Doctor House, entitled "Professor B. Sooner," ran continuously in the *Daily Oklahoman* for some time, several years ago. Professor B. Sooner was represented as an eccentric old gentleman who made random comment on things in general, taking an occasional swat at politics. "That was a mistake," Doctor House observed. "A man in public service should stay away from political comment." Someone drew a caricature of the mythical Professor Sooner, and a picture of the professor is now included among the wall murals of the Copper Kettle.

Doctor House has been a member of the University of Oklahoma faculty for 24 years, and has a reputation for long hours of work. He has not missed a class in 35 years of teaching.

put the towel back over his face and reclined slowly.

"Yeh," he said, "I guess there's something in that."

A couple of philosophers were engaged in a discussion of the wonders of the world during the recent educational conference on the campus.

The topic of conversation shifted from the quaint antics of man to the quaint antics of fish. Doctor Howard O. Eaton of the University philosophy department was telling Doctor Radoslav A. Tsanoff, head of the philosophy department at Rice Institute, about fishing along the Gulf of Mexico.

The scene was the billiard room in the basement of the Faculty club and the two were catching a smoke between formal hand-shakes.

"There's real fishing down there," Doctor Eaton declared.

Doctor Radoslav flicked an ash to the floor and waited for him to go on.

"The sharks in the Gulf often lead the fish a merry chase," he continued. "At times, all a fisherman has to do is walk along the sandy beach with his fish basket under his arm. The sharks chase the fish around the gulf until in self protection they jump up onto the beach. It keeps you busy picking them up before they jump back."

Doctor Tsanoff blinked a skeptical eye and smiled.

"I've heard fish stories like that," he said, "from old dyed-in-the-wool fisherman. But never yet have I heard such a story told as the truth by a reputable philosopher."

Doctor Eaton spent the next half hour trying to convince him it was the truth.

"The French revolution wrote insulting letters to the American revolution," was what the student wrote on her examination paper.

It perplexed the professor, so he called her in and asked, "What do you mean by 'the French revolution wrote insulting letters to the American revolution?' That doesn't make sense."

"But that's what you said in your lecture, professor," the student protested.

"I said that in a lecture, that one revolution wrote insulting letters to another?" he said.

"Yes, That's what you said, and I have it right here in my notes."

"Well, I'd like to see it. It doesn't make sense, and I don't believe I ever said it."

The student thumbed through her notebook, singled out the lecture dealing with the revolutions and pushed it in his face.

"See, here is what you told us," she insisted triumphantly. "You said, the French revolution corresponded in a rough way with the American revolution. So there."

## Barber Shop Blues

(SOONERLAND TOPICS)

**K**ING GEORGE PRICE, Soonerland's new assistant director of athletics, has brought an enthusiasm to the campus that has been missing for a number of years.

For Mr. Price works hard at his job, and almost every person he contacts, he meets as a potential customer to Sooner sports events. There is no "come on down to see the Sooners play if you want, and if you don't want to you can jump in the lake" about Mr. Price's attitude.

Just before the football season closed, Mr. Price had occasion to be in Stillwater making arrangements for the Sooner-Aggie game. He found, during his visit there, that he was in need of a shave, so he took himself to the nearest barber shop.

Stretched out at full length, a hot towel

coiled about his face, Mr. Price asked from underneath, "Going down to the Sooner-Aggie football game?"

The barber, as most barbers do, had very definite opinions about the game.

"No," he barked. "I should say not."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Price from underneath the towel.

"What do I want to go down there for? The Aggies are going to get beat this year. And if there's anything I don't like it's to see those Sooners beat the Aggies. Why, I hate those fellows down at Norman like poison. The bums. I'd like to get my hands on one of them."

Mr. Price sat up, removing the towel from his face. The barber stood over him, sharpening a straight-edge razor savagely.

Mr. Price swallowed with difficulty,