

Life Around the Oval

By Stewart Harral , '36

COMES December with jingle bells, mistletoe, greeting cards and everything else that goes to make up the merriest season. Through the years we have been urged to do our Christmas shopping early, but somehow we get caught in that last minute push at the five-and-ten. We had a friend who did his shopping a bit too early—they caught him in one of the stores before it opened. It seems too bad that Christmas always comes at a time of year when all of the stores are so crowded. Last year a certain professor sought a gift for his wife. He was in a store looking at a kitchen clock and the saleslady asked, "Is it a surprise?" and he replied, "I'll say it is—she thinks she's going to get a fur coat."

A Thing of Beauty

When not absorbed in atom-smashing theories and other problems in the realm of physics, Dr. Homer L. Dodge, dean of the Graduate School, enjoys his hobby of photography. Each summer he takes a jaunt and returns to Norman with colored movies, slides and a new speech. Last summer he rode up Gotham way and took innumerable shots of Grover Whalen's "World of Tomorrow." And when the dean tackles a subject with his lens, you



may be sure that nothing is omitted. His world's fair speech, which is illustrated with colored slides, emphasizes the beauty of architecture, landscaping and art as exemplified at the New York spectacle. Omitting nothing, he has slides which picture beauty as emphasized by Billy Rose's Aquacade, the Congress of Beauty and Living Magazine Covers.

Clothes and the Man

Even though we've been active for years in the American Drug Store Coaches Association, we have never been sufficiently ired to dash out on the field during a bruising contest and argue with officials about penalties. Some of the spectators, slightly biased, thought that the black-and-white clad gentlemen penalized the Sooners a shade too much in the Kansas encounter. One of them sat in our section at the Oklahoma-Oklahoma Aggie game, and just as the officials came on the field be-

fore the game the fellow said, "Gosh, we're in for it again today. Look, we have the same officials that we had at the last game." And I spoke up and told him that they weren't the same. He said, "Oh yeah, well just look at their clothes."

Intra-State Publicity

A Sooner swain who goes to Stillwater at more or less regular intervals to see the object of his affections brings news of a certain happening in Aggie-land. It seems that he was over there on the eve of the Aggie-Texas Aggie grid game, and at the pep meeting one of the professors made a speech. He made a plea for Aggies not to start their "Beat O.U." yells so early in the year because, as he viewed it, it "gives the University too much publicity." It's an amusing little story but really, we hate to print it because it gives A. and M. so much publicity.

From Aab to Zwick

One of the research consultants for the *Oklahoma Daily* dug up some interesting facts about the student body of 7,000 when the student directory came from the press. Carl H. Zwick, senior lawyer from Oklahoma City, won the race for last place this year, but it doesn't mean a great deal because it's the fourth time for him. Joyce Aab, fine arts freshman from Glenpool, takes first place honors this year, and she feels safe for several more years unless someone pops up with the triple A angle. Miss Aab also leads the alphabetical list of more than 75,000 persons who have enrolled in the University since its founding in 1892, George Wadsack, registrar, says. "I don't like it so much at times," she says, because "you can't get anyone to answer the roll call for you."

Musical Secrets

Maybe we're the emotional type, but our spine always tingles when the Sooner band strikes up a tune. Back of the group's intricate marching formations are hours and hours of plain and fancy drudgery. The horn tooters you have seen at the grid games this fall practice at least six hours a week on formations, Director W. R. Wehrend informs us. The band functions with precision and finesse in its performances, but there is some rivalry behind the scenes. For instance, the bass players and the piccolo section met in a football game the other afternoon. One of the signal callers was a bit confused at times, presumably because he didn't know

whether to call for less crescendo or for more punch on an off-tackle play. And did you know that the bandsmen sing the O.U. chant just before they leave the armory for the stadium? No wonder they strut out determined to give their last ounce of breath for dear old "Boomer Sooner."

Inflation From Home

Senator Josh Lee, one of the University's best-known alumni, used to say that the term, "college-bred" meant just a four-year loaf to many students. Despite the fact that many students work their way,



money from home is still the propelling force in the trek towards a degree. Just the other afternoon two students were chatting in the Union building and one of them said, "I wish Dad would write just a little every week, even if it's only a check."

Jekyll-Hyde, Maybe

By this time you have probably noticed that some of the grid fans carry portable radios to games at the stadium. Not that it's a bother, but it has set us to wondering. Here are people who watch one game and hear another over the radio as though the split personality theory were true. And often, one of them listens so intently that he forgets the tugging and pushing in the battle below. At a game recently we noticed a gentleman who hung onto every word that came from his portable. Once or twice he smiled. Maybe it's an advantage to have a spare game to use in case the one you're attending goes phht.

Heavy Stuff

New words are continually popping in the current scene, and if we ate and slept with a dictionary we would still be behind the parade. It was no great surprise when beauty parlor operators became known as beauticians, nor were we particularly jarred when funeral home employees suddenly decided that they were really morticians. But recently a huge truck roaring along a street of the campus did make us stop. On one side of the truck, done in rather artistic strokes, were the words, "Kelly and McGuire, Truckologists."