

# Life Around the Oval

By Stewart Harral

**W**E have never known the thrills of these brisk canters by the dawn's early light. Horses are all right in their place, and certainly they have been of help to sculptors who must do generals in the mounted manner. Miss Grace E. Ray, who mixes her teaching and magazine writing, rides in spare moments. Last summer in Mexico City she was with a class, mostly folk associated with the embassies, on a ride. Six languages, including Danish, were spoken by various members of the party, and oddly enough, the teacher gave all commands in Spanish. Not understanding his language, Miss Ray decided to watch horses of the other riders and then fall right in with what was being done. Afterwards she learned that he had praised her ability to follow commands so well. In fact, he was more than awed by the whole thing.

## Not Smelling Salts

In spite of advice in certain advertisements, we were never quite sure about the relationship of certain perfume odors to personality. If you are devoid of glamour



it doesn't seem that a barrel of any Parisian scent would necessarily help matters. A co-ed dropped in at one of the local stores and asked the clerk about sampling some of the newer perfumes. Bottle after bottle was brought forth and each time the young thing would take a deep breath, sniff and try another one. Finally, the clerk whose patience had ebbed, asked, "Just what kind of perfume did you want?" The co-ed shrugged and said, "I'm not sure, but it must be exciting."

## If Winter Comes

It was one of those closing days of August when the locusts tune up early and sing all day. In the sun it was so hot that you felt like wearing just one sock. "Early bird" collegians swarmed around the employment office to get in their requests for jobs. Each was asked what kind of work he was qualified to do. Soda-jerkers, window washers, typists—one fellow said he had worked in a funeral home—all told of their past experience. Finally, the secretary, wiping his brow, came to an applicant and asked what he would like to do. Shifting his chewing gum from high into low, the fellow said, "I would like to fire a furnace."

## Pattern For Fun

There are times when we get so worked up trying to analyze situations for humor that it's sad. The moment you try to dissect a joke you are in the same boat with the little boy who tore up the bellows to see where the wind came from. Anyway, Max Eastman says that the ten commandments of the comic arts are (1) Be interesting, (2) Be unimpassioned, (3) Be effortless, (4) Remember the difference between cracking practical jokes and conveying ludicrous impressions, (5) Be plausible, (6) Be sudden, (7) Be neat, (8) Be right with timing, (9) Give good measure of serious satisfaction, and (10) Redeem all serious disappointments. We hope to study these more earnestly and in the meantime, if you have had any experiences in being sudden let us know.

## Are You Listening?

William Wright, assistant in violin, who does the classical and popular numbers with equal ease and finesse, is a veteran in radio work. His solos have been heard on NBC programs, and have been heard from Pittsburgh to Paducah. He recalls a rehearsal at which one of the fellows in the orchestra had pushed the wrong control button in the studio, and the musicians had no idea that their every sound was being broadcast. Playfully, one of them said, "There's that bass player over there—he's so \*\*\*%!\* bald that when he's out driving on a sunshiny day he's a positive menace to other drivers." Someone in the control room cut off the "secret broadcast"—someone else came by and did a little bawling out, and silence was mighty golden at every rehearsal after that.

## Behind the Glamour

Football success in this day and age is a lot more complicated than many of the Sunday morning quarterbacks realize. Who would suspect, for example, that sewage sludge in Oklahoma City might have a considerable effect on O.U.'s football fortunes for 1939? It seems that sludge was obtained from Oklahoma City to spread on the football field during the summer. As a result, the turf developed a thicker and softer cover for the field than ever before. No Sooner player developed sore feet during pre-season practice, whereas in previous years the impact of cleated shoes on hard thin turf had frequently produced incapacitating soreness. The Sooners played their first home game—a

hard fought tie game with S.M.U.—without a single injury to the entire squad of players. And so, when the band marches off the field and there comes that breathless moment with the kickoff spiraling down the field—reserve a kind thought for good old sludge.

## Way Back When

In the infant days of the University (plug: before it ranked 24th in size among all colleges and universities of the nation) someone conceived the idea of starting a bus service from the campus to town, and vice versa. The originator got him a shiny



Model-T with a one-man top. Since the "bus" had no lights to distinguish it from other cars, it was the source of some confusion. At night when students who were waiting at one of the stops sighted an approaching car which resembled the bus, they all piled in—because space was at a premium. More than one good Norman citizen and his wife, out on an evening spin, were surprised, on arriving at certain corners, to find their car swamped by students—inside and outside. On checking up the driver would find that his one-man top had been demolished and his wife arguing with utter strangers. Those must have been the days and the nights.

## You Never Know

Two nice little freshmen were whiling away their time the other evening in the Union lounge. They fell to discussing radio contests, and one of them said, "My sister has won two wrist watches, a fountain pen, an Indian ring and three bars of soap in radio slogan contests." Unimpressed, the other (who knew she had the last word) said, "That's nothing, absolutely nothing—why my uncle sent in a car and won a box top."

## Everything

The editor of our Have-You-Seen-Any-Crazy-Signs Department is out of town today, so it becomes our chore to tell you about one displayed at a Norman house the other day. Nailed on a huge post which dominated the lawn, it read: "Board, Room and Meals."