

Clearing the Desk

By R. C.

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WE SEE by the papers that a brilliant football candidate changed his mind about attending O. U. in order to enrol at Tulsa University, because he thought he would have better prospects in his profession, petroleum engineering, if he went to school in Tulsa. About the same time we heard this, we also saw a letter from the personnel office of a major oil company at Houston. This one company signed up *ten* members of the senior engineering class at O. U. this summer. "We are looking forward with pleasure to again visiting the University for the purpose of obtaining more good potential * * * * material," wrote the personnel director. Just thought we'd mention it.

AND BEFORE waiting any longer we would like to explain that it was a very pleasant coincidence that a life membership check arrived from R. J. Clements, '22ba, president of an Oklahoma City coffee company, just as *Sooner Magazine* for September was coming off the press. The September issue contained a page article about Mr. Clements. What we started to say was that the life membership check had no relation to the article, and vice versa. As a matter of fact, the article was prepared from material collected by the Magazine office a good many months ago, and Mr. Clements had no idea that the article was appearing in the September issue. Unless it was mental telepathy.

PUBLISHING alumni directories isn't any fun, and every summer for the last four years the Magazine office has struggled with names and addresses and proof revisions to the point of wondering whether it was worth the trouble. Today, we feel like it is. On the desk is a letter from Cairo, Egypt, ordering a membership-subscription in the Alumni Association and commenting "I am most anxious to receive the Business Administration Alumni Directory." The letter was from Lloyd Paxton, who is an accountant for an oil company in Egypt. His address, which would fit nicely into an oriental mystery story, is "22, Sharia Kasr el Nil, Cairo."

STUDENTS are pretty well convinced that President Joe Brandt is a hustler. One admiring student, talking about the general impression around the campus that the new president is full of energy, cited a bit of evidence to prove her point: "Why, I saw him running upstairs in the Union Building two steps at a time!"

SOONER FOOTBALL practice has been so secret this fall that even Harold

Keith, veteran sports publicity director, was reported to be having difficulty crashing the practice field. And President Joseph A. Brandt had to do some fast talking to get past a burly guard in order to give a welcoming talk on the first day of practice. The Luster system depends a great deal upon deception, and the canny coach was taking no chances.

WE DON'T have any accredited war correspondents for *Sooner Magazine*, but the Alumni Office gets word now and then from various O. U.ites in Uncle Sam's far-flung armed forces. Red Bone, '41, who used to work in the Union Building, writes from Ryan Field, Hemet, California, that the life of a flying cadet has its tough spots. When upperclassmen order "Pop to," a cadet has to try to "pop the buttons of our shirts with our chest expansion and get as many wrinkles under our chin as we are years old." Another stunt which keeps things from never getting dull is for an upperclassman to command "Prepare to birddog—birddog." Upon which, the cadet poises on his left foot, leaning forward and pointing his finger at some object until the command "Flush" permits him to run like all get-out before some other project can be started. Of course they do some flying too... Paul Harkey, '39, an ensign of the U. S. S. *New Mexico*, writes that "lying at anchor in isolated ports, and under way on patrol, my thoughts turn more and more toward the days when the war will be over and I can return to law school." ... George H. Montgomery, '27ba, '27eng, who is an engineer on the Panama Canal, writes that the entire Canal Zone is war-conscious, with bombers and fighting planes all over the place. Some months past, he relates, when a freighter went through the locks a steward threw overboard three bottles of beer which hit the bomb net towed under the ship and set off an alarm. For awhile everyone thought the war had really started.

AMONG OTHER research projects we have carried on during the last month was a survey of opinions about the beginnings of the Brandt administration at the University of Oklahoma. We have queried alumni and faculty members and students and politicians and plain good citizens about their feelings toward the new president since some of his plans and policies have become known. The general feeling, as nearly as we can make out, is the kind of admiration and surprise felt by a man who stood just a trifle too close when a super streamliner train swished by. —R. C.