

WHEN WE published an item about the Culp family of Norman having seven degrees from the University, some of our readers expressed interest but pointed out that this is not a record by any means. There is, for instance, the Newby family which acquired eight degrees in its own right and then added four more by marriage! The Newby degrees are: Merle Newby Buttram, '06fa, '12ma; Errett R. Newby, '07fa, '08ba; Jessie D. Newby, '10ba, '25ma, J. B. Newby, '12ba and Warner W. Newby, '21ba. Three of these married spouses who hold four degrees from O. U. as follows: Frank Buttram, '10ba, '12ma; Lola North (Mrs. Errett Newby), '14ba; and Edna Cash (Mrs. Jerry B. Newby), '15ba. Warner Newby married a former student, Faye Dougherty, '22. And that's really not the whole story as we could go on to add the names and degrees of Buttram and Newby children—but this gives you a general idea. The Robert H. Wood family at Tulsa is also plentifully supplied with O. U. degrees, and next month we'll investigate that angle. It's a matter to be taken up by degrees.

AN OPEN-MINDED attitude toward University problems is promised by C. O. Hunt, '40law, Purcell lawyer who will become a member of the Board of Regents next March. A friend quotes him as writing this level-headed comment on his appointment: "Time alone will tell whether I have the proper background, training and ingenuity to make a good board member and render help and service to our university; however, I can assure you now that whatever is done by me will come as an honest decision and if it is in error it will be an error in judgment and not in intent. I hope also that I may always have the free advice and co-operation of all Oklahomans who are interested in our university." The new regent has a pretty good first-hand knowledge of how the people of the state feel toward their University. During a three-year period while he was in the Law School, Mr. Hunt worked part time for the University Extension Division and traveled 100,000 miles as field man for the division. He has talked with thousands of people in all parts of the state on numerous phases of the University's service program.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE a college education, we always say. Take the interesting case of a freshman girl who is working for her meals in one of the residential halls for women. She was serving tables the other day and when she got to the dessert, which happened to be hot peach cobbler, some of the girls got a bit impatient and tried to rush her. In

her flustered effort to hurry, she made the mistake of letting a dish slant too much and the next thing she knew, and extremely moist and terribly hot serving of peach cobbler was nestling in the patch pocket of the apron she was wearing!

PUZZLED OVER what his proper attitude should be was Hiram A. Warner, '15ba, '16eng, '22eng, before the Sooner-Texas game. His dilemma arose from the fact that he has two sons, Hiram, Jr., and Frank, who are students at the University of Texas. However, he added a P. S. on his letter to the Alumni Office: "Confidentially, I am for the Sooners in this game." Austin papers please don't copy.

ONE OF our trusted advisors suggested that we devote less attention to this guy Joe Brandt for a while. But what are you going to do when there is such a good flow of stories about him? His marked interest in student life, including his official frown on late jaunts to Oklahoma City, has aroused much interest among students. Most of them seem quite thoroughly in accord with his suggestions, but the usual campus wits seized the opportunity for wisecracks. Just as

the curfew whistle blew one night last month, the phone rang in the president's home and when President Brandt answered a youth's voice stated dutifully, "I'm home now, Mr. Brandt." Then there was a post card to President Brandt bearing the message "We took your advice about not going to Oklahoma City," and signed "Five O. U. students." The catch was that the postmark on the card was Dallas, Texas! President Brandt had a good laugh, and as long as students feel that he has a good sense of humor—which alumni already know he has—probably student-administration relations will remain on a very good working basis.

LACK OF "good organized cheering" in the O. U. stands at football games is deplored by Edwin S. Arnold, '41eng, who adds that he believes one reason for this situation is the kind of yells being used. "Some of them don't even sound good when perfectly executed," he comments. So he suggests a new one, the basic principal of which is the proper accenting of the different syllables in the word "Oklahoma." It goes like this:

(Slowly) OK-la-HO-ma,
OK-la-HO-ma,
OK-la-HO-ma, **FIGHT!**
(A little faster) okla-HO-ma,
okla-HO-ma, **FIGHT, FIGHT!**
(Faster) OK-la-homa,
OK-la-homa,
FIGHT! TEAM! FIGHT!

JOINT MEETING of the governing boards of the O. U. and Oklahoma Aggie alumni associations at luncheon before the Sooner-Aggie football game was naturally the occasion for a lot of razzing. Some of the O. U.'ites claimed that their board had more farmers on it than the Aggie board, but neither group seemed very anxious for an actual count to be made. The brief speeches were an entertaining blend of sincere good will and co-operative spirit, with a dash of wisecracks. For example, President O. F. Muldrow of the O. U. association said: "There's a great field of work for the University and an equally great field for A. and M. Why if my own boy were interested in agriculture, I'd send him to A. and M.—but I'd be awfully humiliated!"

BEING A NEWS magazine, we rarely publish poetry. But the lines in the adjoining column by Sula Saltsman Goodman, '37ba, are published for three good reasons: (1) They have a distinctively Oklahoma flavor; (2) Literary Critic Kenneth Kaufman, '16ba, '19ma, assures us that it is good poetry; and (3) The poem and the illustration, which is a painting by Oscar B. Jacobson, complement each other so well.



NOSTALGIA

BY SULA SALTSMAN

South of the Cimarron, there you are,
Where soil is Permian clay;
Where erosion cuts through short grass loam
To find the earth's heart gay;
And blackjacks rattle their dry, brown leaves
Whispering, "Here, to stay."

You live in a western Samarkand.
There I would choose to be,
Where banks of rivers are curving sand
As far as one can see;
While here I am in the cold north land
Planting a redbud tree.