

First Lady Elect

Capable in Any Emergency—
That's Sallye Little Brandt.
You'll Be Hearing About Her

WHERE were you on the morning of June 29, 1938? If you were in Norman and happened to be friends of Joe and Sallye Brandt, chances are about ten to one that you were sitting on a packing-case in their denuded living room, watching them pack up for Princeton.

The Brandts were bowing out of Norman with their last informal entertainment.

Endlessly concerned in the futile frenzy of moving, Sallye calmly corralled the kids, supervised the tasks of the moving-men, rounded up stray trunks and boxes and managed to be a perfect hostess all the while.

The Nielsens wandered in, along with the Courts and the Copelands and the Lotinviles and a half-dozen others who wanted to stay with the Brandts as long as possible. At first they sat on chairs. Then the movers took the chairs, so the guests transferred themselves to the front lawn, where they watched almost tearfully as the Brandt car was geared for action.

In were loaded the family cat, the dog in a little carrier-cage, Brenda and Teddy, Margaret Mueller—Mr. Brandt's secretary—and Joe and Sallye, along with assorted suitcases, and the great cross-country trek began.

The Brandts were on their way.

LATE next July the Brandts will be coming back, and anybody who knows Sallye Brandt is quite positive that she'll preside over the president's spacious home with as much ease and adeptness as she once managed the five-room bungalow in the days when her big sandy-haired husband was director of the University Press.

"Sallye's most dominant characteristic," recalled a long-time friend recently, "is her absolute refusal to let anything get her down."

Which is a polite and ladylike way of saying that the future president's wife has courage and fortitude. It could be that she picked up the trait during her newspapering days in Tulsa, where she is still remem-



Mrs. Joseph A. Brandt

bered as a member of that rare clan of journalistic ladies who successfully combine beauty and brains.

In Tulsa Sallye Little worked for Joe Brandt, city editor of the *Tribune*, until she was lured away by the opposition paper. As the *World's* star gal reporter she often scored scoops that made Joe Brandt's face turn as red as his hair, especially in view of the fact that little Miss Little was by now his fiancée.

They were married in 1927, and the following year Joe was chosen by President Bizzell to direct the University Press—given the tough job of vitalizing the plodding print shop that had previously been the University's only facility for literary production.

As wife of the director of the Press, Sallye did the job of two or three women; she managed a home and handled a couple of lively children, kept her literary and intellectual interests going at full speed, and was always ready to pitch in and help at

the office on anything from stenography to proof-reading.

The easy graciousness of the Brandt home—whether in Norman or Princeton—has made it a rendezvous for all sorts of interesting people. Sallye Brandt as a hostess is what the slangsters would call a natural, and she has always considered it one of her chief duties to be at home to entertain the friends of her husband and children.

She reads omnivorously. A graduate of De Pauw University, Greencastle, Indiana, she by no means considered her education finished when she acquired a couple of letters after her name. In fact, she ignored the formality of the letters and kept right on learning.

As a result, she's an excellent conversationalist and has ideas and theories of her own which are heard with deference by most literate friends.

Poised and possessed of the dignity that comes to an attractive young woman with

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hair growing prematurely white, Sallye Brandt has done many jobs well. Probably best of all, however, she likes the job of bringing up two children, 12-year-old Brenda and Teddy, 11, both of whom were born in Norman.

"She's taught those kids to take things as they come," a friend says admiringly. "They've been taught to do things for themselves."

Having gone through the mill herself, Mrs. Brandt will be able to understand the problems of the young faculty wives who must keep up appearances on a limited income and worry as much about the intellectual life of the family as about the vitamin balance. A woman of great independence of spirit, she has the further ability of being able to understand the viewpoint and problems of those who are in an entirely different situation.

While she was a faculty wife she made many friends among the University students, and, although she herself did not work her way through college, she seemed to have an excellent understanding of the problems of the working student.

AN excellent cook, the inimitable Mrs. Brandt can whip up a meal as effortlessly as she can write a book review, and there are dozens in Norman and points east who say that Sallye Brandt can make a cheese soufflé better than anyone else in the world, a veritable dream of a cheese soufflé, an art which her friends hope will still be with her when she returns.

Mrs. Brandt likes to sew, and makes part of her wardrobe and Brenda's. No devotee of weird design and garish color, she is addicted to the simple tailored clothes of good line and classic style, smooth complements to the standard tweeds worn by her husband.

When she was in Norman in January, Mrs. Brandt was most concerned with housekeeping problems. The big house occupied by the president of the University and his family looms like a giant over the little bungalow that was the Brandts' former home in Norman, and it has to be filled, for it comes unfurnished, leaving each first lady free to follow her own ideas in decoration and furnishing.

So Sallye Brandt's mind revolves about a maze of furniture and silverware and floor covering, and What should go in this corner? and What in that? But she can handle it and turn her problem into no more than a minor emergency, because she's got what it takes and is never at a loss, whether it's for the right word or the right end-table.

And soon Mrs. Brandt will again be one of Norman's favorite hostesses, this time at a new address: 407 West Boyd Street.

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