

This Was Your Year

By NANCY ROYAL

When the Class of '41 Looks Backward to College Days, These Are the Things Most Likely To Be Remembered

SOME day you'll start remembering, some day when 1941 hasn't been so long gone but that you can still remember *Frenesi* and *New San Antonio Rose* as the top tunes on the Union nickelodeon and that the chief topic of conversation was the draft—especially for those who were caught in it.

It was the year that said goodbye to Big Tom Stidham and greeted once again diminutive, paradoxical Snorter Luster as head coach; it was the year the legislature came to college for a short course in procedure and then proceeded to balance the budget; it was a year of great change in your point of view and general perspective.

You stopped thinking about the decadence of campus politics and the perennial plight of the Men's Government Association long enough to realize that there was a war in Europe and that it was getting precariously close to you; you started looking at the campus with a little more appreciation than before because it was your last year, most likely, and it was going to be a year to remember. . .

But most of all, of course, it was the Joe Brandt year, and after the regents announced in November that Joe would succeed Dr. Bizzell as president of the University, anything else that happened on the campus was little more than an anti-climax.

You who were seniors in 1941 remembered seeing Joe Brandt around the campus before he left in the summer of '38 to become director of the Princeton University Press; you knew what he looked like and what he had done and what he could bring to his new job, so you decided he'd make a

fine president and were vaguely regretful that you wouldn't be around to see him start to work—although you were glad to be getting a degree at last—darned glad.

It happened so gradually throughout the year, all through the fall and winter and late in the spring, that it took you a while to realize that the University was changing character.

The wave of nationalism sweeping the country was reflected in smaller scale on the campus, and appointments made by the board of regents were almost 100 per cent from the ranks of the alumni: Brandt as president, Luster and Jap Haskell as coach and director of athletics, and numerous lesser appointments of former Sooners to responsible positions.

You developed an even greater respect for President Bizzell as you stopped to size up his fifteen years as head of the University and wondered what manner of man was this who, after being forced to contend with some of the toughest politicians and political educators in the state, could still speak with broadminded restraint of those who had been his professional enemies.

You read his final dramatic statement to members of the appropriations committee, meeting in mid-March at the capitol, and one sentence flung itself at you as if it were printed in the heaviest type—"The past ten years have been the hardest of my life."

There was the red hunt, according to time-honored custom, during the legislative session, but by now everyone, including you, had learned to regard it somewhat humorously. Verbatim accounts of the questionings were carried in the *Oklahoma Daily*, and after the prescribed number of rounds had been fought with no decision, it was generally agreed that the faculty had done very well for itself.

You first heard the term "educational co-ordination" and learned what it meant as applied to state institutions.

Originally somewhat dubious and confused, you finally decided the plan was basically sound, if somewhat Utopian, and you joined in the general concern and interest over the passage of the constitutional amendment that would legalize the co-operative setup for state-supported schools.

It passed, and you hoped it would mean a new deal for the University, but you kept

your fingers crossed as the politicians started in on their program of vitalizing the amendment.

Maybe you learned the conga; you read *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and, having heard very little about the "lost generation," thought you had discovered Ernest Hemingway; you either had a portable radio-phonograph or wished you had one, and you played and re-played recordings of Dinah Shore, Artie Shaw and the Dorsey boys; you went to Oklahoma City as often as possible and let your work pile up until the last month of school, when you buckled down in order to graduate.

It was the year when athletics seemed a little less important than in the past, the poorest football year of Stidham's four, but then even an average season would grow pale by comparison with the 1938 dream classic, when the Sooners raced to a Big Six victory and on to the Orange Bowl. But there were a few choice episodes in the 1940 season, among them little Orv Mathews' 92-yard runback of a Santa Clara kickoff and the incomparable extra-point converting ability of blond Jack Haberlein.

And neither did you get particularly enthusiastic over basketball, for the cagers, long ago deprived of the Boy Scat inspiration, lagged through the season, finishing third in the conference. It was probably the colorful playing of Hugh Ford that did most to make you basketball-conscious, but as for school spirit of the old Rah-Rah type,



it just wasn't there, and evidently nobody could do anything about it.

Anyway, nobody tried very hard.

The national defense program was early reflected in campus activity, and 1,200 men students registered on October 16 in the selective service setup; you soon accustomed yourself to seeing the new blue and white Naval R.O.T.C. uniforms along with the regulation colors of the old R.O.T.C.; by late spring there was little novelty in the sight of planes flying low over the campus as enrollees in the Civilian Pilots' Training Corps progressed beyond their ground school work.

With graduation coming closer, you probably started worrying about finding a job, or

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American Society for the Control of Cancer. Dr. Lain is the first Oklahoma physician to be given such recognition by the society.

► Dr. John M. Butcher, '36med, who completed his internship in the Gallinger Hospital at Washington, D. C., in 1939, is now a practicing physician in Sarasota, Florida.

► Dr. Perry Hewitt, '37med, whose home is in Muskogee, has returned from Montreal, Quebec, Canada, where he spent the last four years in hospital training. Dr. Hewitt spent one year as an interne in the Royal Victoria Hospital and three years in the Neurological Institute of the Royal Victoria Hospital under Dr. Wilder Graves Penfield. Dr. Hewitt last month was visiting at his home awaiting military orders to be called into service somewhere in the Eighth Corps Area.

► Capt. Orville Tackett, '39med, and Mrs. Tackett announce the birth of a son, Christian, April 21 in Oklahoma City. Captain Tackett is on duty with the army at Camp Barkley, Texas.

► Lt. A. A. Hellams, '38med, who has been taking a six weeks' course in aviation medicine at Randolph Field, visited his parents at Oklahoma City last month and also visited the Medical School. He reported that Lt. Robert Drummond, '36med, was also at Randolph Field taking a course in aviation medicine, that Lt. Robert Lowrey, '36med, is at Brooks Field in Texas attending a school of aviation medicine there; that Capt. Kenneth Hudson, '38med, was at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and that Dr. Gordon Hall, '39med, was at Anchorage, Alaska.

► Dr. Alice Cooper, '38med, is taking a residency in pediatrics at the Presbyterian Hospital of the City of Chicago.

► Dr. James Larry Southworth, '38med, has been transferred from the U.S. Marine Hospital, Stapleton, Staten Island, New York, to Laborador.

► Dr. John Frank Sargent, '21med, died of a heart ailment in an Oklahoma City hospital last month. After graduation from the University Medical School, Dr. Sargent practiced at Beaver, Kansas, and later at Waverly, Kansas. In 1929 he moved to New Market, Iowa, and the following year he returned to Oklahoma City and entered practice there. He had been in failing health since 1937. He was 48 years old. Survivors include his wife, four daughters, Mrs. Lois E. Collins, and Alice, Edna Marie, and Annabet, all of Norman; and two stepsons, Sterling Scott and Norval Scott, both of Oklahoma City.

► Dr. Herman Roth, '32med, who has practiced in Monte Vista, Colorado, for the last eight years, visited the Medical School last month.

► Among the seven officers of the 120th Medical Regiment who were sent to Carlisle

Barracks in Pennsylvania, for a one-month Reserve Officers course starting May 1 were Capt. Gilbert W. Tracey, '38med, and Lt. James R. Ricks, '38med.

► Dr. Gerald Rogers, '30med, associate in the department of gynecology of the School of Medicine and a practicing surgeon in Oklahoma City was one of the guest speakers of the recent meeting of the Panhandle District Medical Society at Amarillo, Texas.

► Dr. Wallace Norman Davidson, '19med, who has been commanding officer of the 2nd Battalion headquarters of the 120th Medical Regiment, Camp Barkley, has been promoted from the rank of major to that of lieutenant colonel.

► Dr. Roy L. Curry, '31med, is an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist in Clovis, New Mexico.

► Miss Harriett Loewen, '39, Clinton, and Dr. Louis J. Kennedy, '36med, medical director at the Western Oklahoma Charity Hospital at Clinton, were married in April. Dr. Kennedy is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

► Orders for Dr. Zale Chaffin, '36med, of Oklahoma City, to report for army duty have been revoked. Dr. Chaffin is a practicing physician and part-time staff member of the Oklahoma City Health Department.

► Dr. H. K. Speed, Jr., '33med, and Mrs. Speed, (Ruth Armstrong, '32ed), are living in Denver, Colorado, where Dr. Speed has been assigned for army duty.

► Dr. Kenneth J. Wilson, '16med, has been elected president of the Sequoyah Knife and Fork Club at Oklahoma City.

► Dr. Gilbert Tracy, '38med, formerly stationed at Fort Sill and later at Abilene, Texas, has been transferred to Pennsylvania for special training for medical service on the battlefield.

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maybe you were merely in a hurry to finish up so you could walk into a job that stood ready and waiting. Perhaps it was the draft that lay heaviest on your mind, or maybe it was whether your old man would come through with a convertible on Commencement Day in appreciation of having been permitted to pay your way through college.

Anyway, you were thinking—actually thinking—and you had enough sense to know that you had seen some pretty important things happen in one swiftly moving year.

It was a crucial year that saw O.U. embark on a greater program of service to the state, a year that saw some changes made and that permitted nobody to be bored, even for a minute. But most of all it was the Joe Brandt year, and he was the man who gave you something to remember it by.

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