
Clearing the Desk

WE MISS Ted Beaird's refreshing "Riding the Sooner Range" column in this monthly journal since he has become too busy serving as captain in the Air Corps to turn it out any more. Ted is now riding the West Coast range from one air field to another in connection with his duties as S-3 officer, which is quite different from herding an automobile over Oklahoma highways from one alumni center to another.

IN ORDER to do much riding these days, you really need a horse and no fooling! Your acting alumni secretary does manage to hitch a ride now and then, however, or do a little traveling by common carrier, and it's always a real pleasure to get to see a few alumni personally. On a recent trip to Tulsa we enjoyed visiting briefly with Earle S. Porter, '11ba, '12ma, vice president of the Amerada Petroleum Corporation and an O. U. alumni leader from way back; John Rogers, '14law, business man, former O. U. regent, and now a member of the State Regents for Higher Education; and Dr. Oliver Hodge, '33m.ed, '37ed.d, who from his office high in the Tulsa County Building directs the Tulsa County school system.

BETWEEN TULSA and Sapulpa we stopped long enough to go through the remarkably ingenious pottery plant operated by John Frank, formerly of the O. U. art faculty. Frankhoma pottery has become so popular that everything the plant can produce is sold out months in advance of production. There was a time when business wasn't so good, and John Frank had to use his head to keep the plant operating. He is not only "cooking with gas" in his kilns in a literal sense, but he is really cookin' with gas in his power plant. All the motive power for grinding, mixing, turning and so on, is furnished by an old Ford motor fixed up to run on natural gas, with a set of Rube Goldbergian pulleys.

THE WAR has focused new attention on the value of a university degree. Bob Yoder, '27, dropped into the office last month to say he's back on the campus to finish up the one semester's work he needs to get a degree. He has a job as instructor for the Army awaiting him when he attends to this little detail. After figuring out his one-semester schedule to finish work for the degree, Bob found that he would need two more hours of credit to make the grade. Thinking back, he recalled that when in school back in the '20's, he had taken a course in track coaching from John Jacobs. He had taken the

course just because he liked track and John Jacobs and although he had attended most of the classes, he never bothered to take the final examination. But it was a two-hour course. So Bob called John Jacobs on the phone and said, "This is Bob Yoder; I'm back to take the final examination in that track course I took 17 years ago!" Not to be taken by surprise, Jake replied, "Okay. Your final examination will be ten laps around the track in the Stadium, and I want to see you really waddle."

THE ALUMNI OFFICE is making every effort to complete arrangements for the manufacture of phonograph record albums from the recordings made by the O. U. Glee Club and Choral Club during the last year, but numerous difficulties have arisen. If the plan can be worked out, an announcement will be made at the earliest possible date.

BOYD GUNNING, '37law, a lieutenant on duty on one of the South Pacific islands, wrote friend Thurman White, '35ma, in Norman, for help in getting some repair parts for the moving picture projector used by his unit. It's hard for the men at that distant point to understand the details of priorities and rationing and so on which are now quite familiar to civilians. "If we were suddenly placed on our own somewhere in the midwest, we would probably starve to death," he wrote.

FROM ENGLAND comes a V-mail note from Nathan B. Chenault, Jr., '37eng, now a lieutenant colonel in Ordnance. He was in good spirits except for a bit of confusion resulting when he stepped on scales the other day and the pointer said 14-2 stone. "Best I can tell, I am holding my own," he concluded.

OUR REQUEST for a photograph of Capt. A. G. C. Bierger, Jr., '21ba, of Guthrie, who has just been commissioned in the Judge Advocate General's Division of the Army and assigned temporarily to Ann Arbor, Michigan, brought a reply which could come only from a lawyer—and one with a sense of humor. "The only picture extant of me in uniform," he wrote, "is one made for the record and identification purposes here, without regard for the esthetic qualities, and needs only a number hung about the neck to qualify for that of a confirmed porch-climbing burglar in durance vile. I should not be flattered if my many friends among your readers recognized it too readily, which they probably would."

R. C.

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