

A Happy Journey for Three Globe Trotters

Three of the University's globe-trotting veterans are at it again! This time it's Paris and the Sorbonne via Queen Elizabeth, the world's largest luxury liner.

The boys haven't turned aristocratic, but all of them deserve only the best after living for many months with what Congressional Medal winner Sid Stewart, Watonga, '37, '38, '48, once described as "lice-covered men dying at the rate of 40 to 50 a day aboard a Japanese prison ship."

Yes, all of them, Darryl Baker, '43, '44, '46, '48, Woodward; Leo E. Mills, Jr., '46, '47, '48, Altus and Stewart truly deserve better than the best because figuratively speaking, "they've been through the very depths of hell."

But, in spite of their various hectic war experiences, they made it back. It didn't take them long to get the old urge again. Their pockets, crammed as they were with passports, visas, certificates, checks and credentials, testified only one thing—"adventure." And, from all reports, their recent departure from Pier 90 in New York City will certainly satiate, temporarily at least, their appetite for excitement.

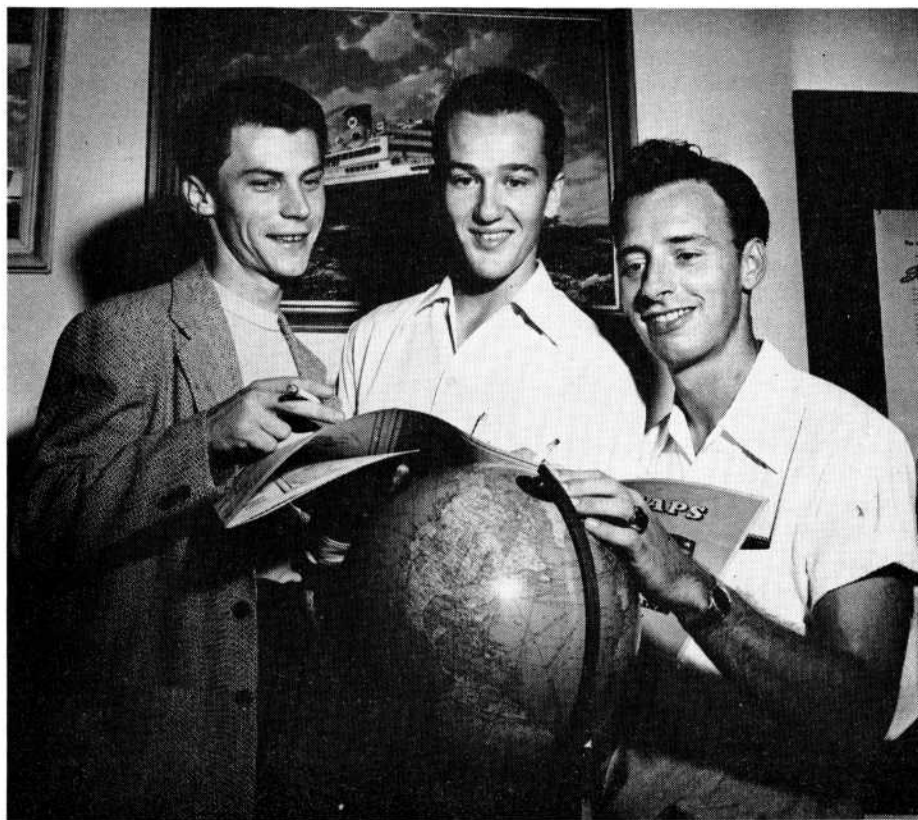
There were visas enough for a fast tour of Europe before classes began; hotel reservations in Paris; enrollment certificates, signed, sealed and accredited, for world-famous Sorbonne; ship tickets, train tickets and health tickets. Punctured arms were displayed by these veterans, now, once more, thoroughly inoculated against every ailment but love.

Just before sailing time Stewart stated, "We're *not* going to see the sea; we've seen it!"

His companions spent three years on the Pacific and he has crossed it every way—by air, by water, on deck and locked in holds. With two boats shot out from under him, he even swam part of the way.

Stewart introduced his companions as Leo E. Mills, Jr., of Altus, one-time ensign of the U. S. Navy, who saw three years' service in the waters of China, the Philippines, Japan and the Marianas—and Darryl Baker, Woodward, aerial gunner on a navy torpedo bomber during which time he saw the Pacific, too often, from too high, and for too long.

Mills and Baker, members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and Stewart, Phi Delta Theta, were eyeing graduation from the University in the near future when the sudden notion to take off for the Sorbonne, the famed branch of the University of Paris, hit them like the brainstorm that it was.



Before embarking on the Queen Elizabeth these three veterans of the Pacific pointed out, not only where they're going, but where they've been. They are (left to right): Darryl Baker, '43, '44, '48, Woodward; Leo E. Mills, Jr., '46-'48, Altus; and Sid Stewart, '37, '38, '48, Watonga. These boys will study at Sorbonne University, Paris, this winter and see a lot of Europe.

Aboard ship, Sid Stewart was poignantly conscious of the difference between a handful of wormy rice, munched in the dark, stinking hold of a death-packed prison ship, and juicy beefsteak served on a patterned damask beneath the crystal candelabra of the floating Queen's dining salon. For good reason, he thought of food.

"Guess what they serve on this ship!" he beamed. "Ten thousand meals a day! And you should see our baggage. Food! Boxes and boxes of it! We'll hit Paris looking like a traveling chain grocery. Oh yes—and with a year's supply of coffee. We're writers, you know—Baker and I."

Stewart, for one, has something to write about. Captured early after Pearl Harbor, he and 3,400 others survived the Bataan Death March to be put on the infamous "Hell" ship headed for Tokyo.

This ship was bombed and the few who could swim ashore were placed on another ship which was also sunk. Stewart survived to be herded onto the ship that he relates of—the Oryoku Maru. Six-hundred survivors out of the original 3,400 were on the ship with him.

The gruesomeness of his experiences in the dark, cold hold of the ship is well ex-

pressed by his simple words: "And the men died more and more men died."

Both the holy and the unholy prayed as they slowly died from lack of water and the bitter cold of January 1944.

Stewart's story is vivid with memories of four men. There was a priest by the name of Father Cummings who conducted regular evening prayer, and assisted the dying men in their last moments. There was "Ras" (Rasmussen) and Weldon and Hughes—three soldiers, yet more than that—three angels of comfort to the torn bodies of what were once men.

These men are dead now. The Imperial Japanese navy dumped their emaciated bodies into the yellow filth of the ocean somewhere off China. Approximately 3,250 out of the 3,400 found a watery grave beside them.

A story of what man will go through to help his buddies at a time such as this is told by Stewart in relating the death of Weldon and Hughes. Both men were entirely exhausted, delirious, and dying from gangrenous infection. Through parched lips they groaned the word that for many constituted their entire vocabulary—WATER! Stewart, conscious, yet suffering a broken

back and legs, had to help them. "I must get water," he related, "or they'll die."

Their burning foreheads and hands inspired him to muster strength, and he began to crawl about hoping against hope to find a ring among the stacks of dead bodies to trade the guards for a can of water. The stiff corpses had no rings. He crawled back. Weldon and Hughes still lived—still groaned. Searching desperately again, he found a dying man with a West Point ring on his hand. "I wanted to choke him, but my fingers wouldn't tighten to their task," he relates. The man did die though and rejoicing Stewart reached for the valuable ring.

The guard brought a rusty tomato can full of water when given the ring. It was now morning and men were beginning to stir. Others had been killed when mobbed for their precious ring-bought water. Stewart must get this back to Weldon and Hughes safely. He did, but upon touching the water to Weldon's lips, the man became crazed in his excitement and spilled the valuable liquid over the filthily hold floor. It was eagerly lapped up, nevertheless, by the swollen tongues of the thirsty.

Stewart's memory is full of similar horrible experiences. He tells with awed reverence, however, of the comfort that Father Cummings gave the boys by his daily evening recitals of the Lord's Prayer. Father Cummings died in Stewart's arms during one of these recitals—his last feeble words being "Give us this day."

These words remain vivid in Stewart's memory as he again recalls the horrifying shudder and the last gasp of the Holy man.

Stewart's first book now titled, *Give Us This Day* is expected off the presses before spring.

"Holywood beat me to that title, so we'll change it," he explained. "But it's still the story of three and one-half prison years during which I watched men starve and die—of weeks and months when I kept repeating day after day, 'Fella, you can live 24 hours more—just 24 hours more.'"

While in Paris, Stewart will finish his second book, *Manila Galleon*, a 17th century story of the Philippines.

Baker, with some success behind him in the field of magazine fiction, expects to finish at the Sorbonne his first thematic novel, now well underway. Its theme is religious; its thought serious.

The three adventurers plan to study such things as philosophy and (of all things) "civilization." "We expect to get a lot of experience there!" they all smiled.

Mills, whose interest lies in the field of international business will study economics, political philosophy, and languages, with a bit of diplomacy thrown in.

Since his return to Watonga, after months of hospitalization, Stewart has answered more than 3,000 letters, giving bits of precious information to wives, sisters, mothers and sweethearts of men who closed their eyes in Pacific prisons. He has contacted every family, except one, concerned in a death pact to "Tell the folks 'goodbye' back home," which he made with 47 other dying men at Moji.

It is this background, and much more that has yet to be told, with which Sid Stewart earned the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star, the Soldier's Medal, the Victory Medal, the Combat Medal, and a Purple Heart with two clusters, in addition to the unit citations bestowed on Medical Unit No. 1 of Bataan.

"But this isn't war," said Stewart, lifting his voice above the band music, as the Queen Elizabeth's flags fluttered and her polished rails tossed back the sunlight. "This is today!"

Indeed, the Lord gave Stewart, Mills and Baker *this day*.

Yearbooks Reveal History

BY BETTY JEAN McLEAN, '49
Roll Call Editor

Lined up row on row in a book shelf in the Alumni Office are the yearbooks published at the University of Oklahoma since 1905. The first issue, which was published by the junior class of 1905, was called *The Mistletoe*. Here on its yellowed pages is depicted the history of an era in the life of O.U.

Along the "paths" of the campus the students trudged to class in their long skirts and high-necked collars in 1905. The height of fashion was reached by every young lady when her hair was piled high upon her head and fastened there in a neat roll. It was a "must" for every young man to have his hair parted in the middle and plastered to his head on each side.

The absence of the many trees that now adorn the campus is shown in pictures of the old University buildings. The landscape was barren of any plant beauty and only brush covered the now carefully planted and mowed lawns.

Looking up University boulevard one could see small young trees growing on either side of the concrete sidewalk. But the street was yet unpaved and the grass grew high on either side such as we see now on many rural roads.

The legend goes that Dr. David Ross Boyd, president of the University from 1892 to 1905, was buying water at 15 cents a barrel so that the beautification and landscaping of the campus could be carried on. Dr. Boyd is given credit for the blending hue of color now seen on the campus.

Pictures of the old University Hall, which burned in 1903; the old administration building; the Carnegie Library, which is now the College of Education; the Old Science Hall, and the gymnasium appear on the aged pages of *The Mistletoe*.

The Administration building has more the effect of an old state house. The main entrance to the building was built high above the ground with steep steps leading to the stately pillars of the struc-

ture. To complete the illusion of the dignified state-house, a large dome, which could be seen from a distance, was perched on top.

In 1905, such men as W. C. Washburn, instructor in pharmacy; J. W. Sturgis, instructor in Latin and Greek; E. T. Bynum, professor of modern languages; F. E. Knowels, instructor in mathematics; R. P. Stoops, '98ba, instructor of bacteriology; J. S. Buchanan, professor of history; R. Gittinger, '02ba, instructor in history and civics, and Edwin DeBarr, professor of chemistry, were members of the University faculty.

On the rolls of the honored members of the senior class of 1905 one may find the names of two young ladies. They are Rosalind C. Catlett, '05ba, and Maud A. Ambrister, '05ba. The young men in the class were Chester A. Reeds, '05bs; Charles A. Long, '05bs; Oscar Ingold, '05ba; Ellis Edwards, '05bs; Harry B. Tosh, '05bs, and Clarence Reeds, '05ba.

Rivalry between the four classes at the University in 1905 was at a high pitch. Evidence of this is shown in the class yells claimed by each. "He, Ho, Hive!, Let Her Drive!, Senior!, Senior!, 1905!" "Booma, Licka! Booma, Licka!, Booma, Licka, Lix!, Junior! Junior!, 1906!"

The class of 1907 was proud of "Whang! Bang! Boomer-rang! Hullabaloo, Baleven, Sophomore! Sophomore! 1907!" The freshman class, or the class of 1908 as they were known, was not to be outdone. "Freshman! Rah, Rah! Freshman! Rah! Rah!, Whoo Rah! Who Rah!, Freshman, Rah, Rah!"

In 1905 the University of Oklahoma claimed the distinction of being the only state University to which Mr. Carnegie had given a library. Through the solicitations of Dr. Boyd a sum of \$30,000 was secured with which the building was erected. Since then a new library building has been constructed and the Carnegie Library now houses the College of Education.

The University Glee Club of 12 men are posed in a stiff portrait of dignified elegance most becoming to men of talent. The members were selected by a process of elimination from more than 25 men who presented themselves for the first rehearsals. Frederick Holmberg, for whom Holmberg Hall was named, was director of the Glee Club and also of the University Orchestra.

1905 was the first year that the University could boast of having a band. It was organized in September of that year and appeared at the football games, track meets, baseball games, and "in fact, every place where a great deal of noise adds to the enjoyment of the occasion." The first director of the group was L. L. Curtis, member of the Fine Arts faculty. The band has grown from a membership of 18 to the large group of 140, now known as the "Pride of Oklahoma."

The University of Oklahoma was a bit too young to boast of any affiliation with national fraternities. But it had societies which gave the students whiffs of true fraternity atmosphere. In 1948 there are a total of 23 nationally affiliated social fraternities and 13 social sororities on the campus.

The beginning of organized football at the University was in 1897, but it was not until the game between Fort Worth Christian University and O.U., on Thanksgiving day of 1898 that it became a college game. When we tied Texas and beat Texas A. and M. College, the two best teams in the South, in 1903, we earned the right to the title of Champions of the South. Even then the competition between Texas schools and the University was at a peak.

In the 1904-05 season the mighty men from