



The Denver Alumni Club met August 6 in the Washington Park Pavillion for a picnic. The sound film of the Sugar Bowl game was shown by Boyd Gunning, '37ba, '37Law, executive-secretary of the Alumni Association, and George Cummings, '49-bus, assistant secretary.

Pictured at the left are some of the Denverites who attended the meeting. From left to right they are Mrs. C. B. Popkin, '35, Harry B. Kniseley, '26ba, '29ma, president of the Denver group, Mrs. Gladys Scroggs Hawthorne, '10ba, Mrs. Mary Jo West Kniseley, '35ba, Mrs. Betty Belcher, John G. Belcher, '39bus, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee.

## FACULTY

# First Impression

By Dr. Jerome Dowd

**The state was still an unsettled prairie when the young professor from North Carolina made his first trip to Oklahoma, but the signs of civilization were ever present although the Indians were not.**

I was "crazy" to see the Indians and have a firsthand acquaintance with their culture and problems.

I left my home in North Carolina, September 1, 1907, for Oklahoma. On the way, when my train was passing through Arkansas, I requested the Pullman porter to awaken me when the train crossed the line into Oklahoma. I had a keen desire to see the prairie region, and the Indians chasing the wild buffalo. I was awakened at 3 a.m. I dressed hastily, sat at the window in the smoking room and looked out to see what I could see. The stars were shining. About two hours later the sun came up and I could see that we were leaving the mountains and forests behind us and coming into the open country where the horizon was visible in all directions. I had never seen the like, and I asked myself the question, "Which is the more magnificent spectacle, the prairie, the mountains or the ocean? and I have not yet been able to answer that question.

A tall portly gentleman came into the room with his suit case, took out his shaving outfit, lathered his face and, picking up his razor with a flourish, said,

"What part of the country are you from?"

I answered.

"Married man?"

"Widower," I answered.

"Not a good place out here for a man looking for a wife. Women are scarce, that is, decent women, but there are plenty of whores in all of the towns. They just flock here from all parts of the country."

The train struck a curve and lurched, and the

shaving gentleman was thrown against the wall.

One day when Professor Dowd was teaching at the University of Wisconsin he received a letter from Dr. David Ross Boyd inviting him to occupy the chair of sociology at the University of Oklahoma. The Sooner Magazine is proud to present this amusing article on Dr. Dowd's maiden voyage into Oklahoma.

"This is the damndest roughest road in the United States. I was nearly thrown out of my berth several times last night. Expect to settle in Oklahoma?"

"Yes," I answered.

"What's your line of business?"

"Teaching," I replied.

"Got any money you want to invest?"

"As Bill Arp's friend said when asked if he had any children, 'I have none to speak of,'" was my reply.

"Well," said the shaving gentleman "My name is John Smith. I'm from Arkansas. I came to Oklahoma with the rush in '89. I'm what they call a 'Sooner.' I crossed the line with four other men on horseback the night before the time for the rush. We got four choice sections of land and sold at a good profit. I am now president of the Crystal Springs Mineral Water Corporation, and I am selling stock. The doctors say that this spring water

is the best in the world for indigestion, kidney, liver or bladder troubles. You know the drinking water out here is bad—gyppy and, if prohibition carries in the election this month, the people will have to drink water. I can sell you a \$100 share of stock for \$10. We are paying 20 per cent dividends on the stock now and we expect to pay double that amount next year. Let me sell you ten shares of this stock. You'll never have another chance like this in your life."

While Mr. Smith was shaving several other men came in with their suit cases. One of them attempted to shave.

The train stopped at a small town of shack store buildings and 1-story residences. There was not a tree nor a lawn visible in the town. I saw no Indians but a plenty of Negroes. I observed that the men generally wore broad-brimmed felt hats of the cowboy style, and that some of the horses and mules hitched to wagons wore straw hats.

The train continued to rock along. The second gentleman to perform the shaving act, said to me, "What part of the country are you from? Do you expect to settle in Oklahoma? What line of business are you in?"

When I had answered these questions, he said,

"My name is Joe Brown, I am from Kansas. I came to Oklahoma City a year ago and I am a stockholder in the Suburban Improvement Company of that city. We have purchased 100 acres of land, divided it into lots, and we are selling them to the new-comers and investors. We can sell you a 50-foot lot for \$100. In a few years these lots will be in great demand and sell for \$500. I am just returning from a trip through Tennessee, Ken-

tucky, and North Carolina selling these lots to men who are on the lookout for an investment that will bring in a quick and big profit."

He stopped shaving long enough to reach into his grip and hand to me a map of Oklahoma City showing the location of his lots.

A gentleman sitting next to me said,

"My name is Bill Jones. I own a cattle ranch in the Panhandle. In my last drive to market I cleaned up \$1500. I am returning from a visit to my old home in Kentucky.

I said,

"Mr. Jones, I would like for you to tell me what has become of the Indians and the buffalo. I understand that a third of all the Indians of the United States are in Oklahoma, yet I have not seen a single Indian or buffalo."

He explained that the Indians of the prairie wouldn't cultivate the land as long as they could hunt the buffalo, and that in their hunts they would raid the white settlements, scalping the men and stealing their horses and cattle. In order to stop this, the United States undertook to place the Indians in reservations in Oklahoma, that there are no reservations along the line of the Rock Island railroad and therefore a passenger would not often see an Indian from the car window. The buffalo, he said had long since been killed off, and now the Indians had to work for a living and the United States government had allotted land to each adult Indian on the reservations.

"Now," he added, "the white man is using every art to swindle the Indian out of his land."

After a stop for dinner at McAlester I rode in the crowded day-coach. I had never seen so many children in one car before. It seemed that every woman in the car had an infant and four or five other children. As I had been a student of anthropology, I was interested to observe the type of people in this part of the world. I noticed that all of the young children had white hair like the children I had seen in the mountains of North Carolina. They were "cotton tops" as I called them. The children between the ages of five and fifteen had flaxen hair and, above that age, dark brown and often very black hair. I recalled that this change in color of hair was a characteristic of the Nordic people of Europe, especially of the Anglo-Saxons, and I concluded that the people of Oklahoma would be made up of pure Anglo-Saxon stock like that of the mountains of North Carolina, i. e. a stock with no mixture of the brunet immigrants from Southern Europe whose children have dark hair in their infancy.

I arrived in Oklahoma City at 5 p. m. dined at the Threadgild Hotel, and sat down in the lobby to enjoy my cigar.

A very large tall, soldierly-looking gentleman approached me and said.

"I see you are from Charlotte, North Carolina. I am John Threadgild, owner of this hotel. I am from Wadesboro, North Carolina. I know your father. I was in the convention that nominated him for Congress."

We at once, of course, became fast friends.

Taking the Santa Fe train at 9:30 p. m. I arrived thirty minutes later, at Norman, a distance of 18 miles. Mr. McElhaneey who met all trains with his closed carriage and big bay horses, drove me to the Arline Hotel, a three-story building at the corner of Main Street and Asp Avenue. A recent rain had made the unpaved streets very muddy and the horses stalled several times before we reached the hotel. There were three men sitting in the lobby and three dogs lying on the floor. One of the men was Jake Fox, the clerk. When I had registered and told him my business, he said,

"Didn't you bring your gun?"

"Gun," I replied, "is it necessary for me to carry one in this town?"



Dr. Jerome Dowd, professor emeritus of sociology, and Dr. Cross are shown at a special ceremony honoring Dr. Dowd and his contributions to the University.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Fox, "but the ducks are flying south and I thought you would want to do some shooting. Quail and jack rabbits are plentiful here and you can shoot them any day in the year."

I told him that I had not had a gun in my hand since I was 18 years old but that I thought I would enjoy hunting again immensely.

"Well," he said, "I go out every afternoon. You get a gun and go with me tomorrow at 4 o'clock."

mathematics department in 1940, also, but continued to teach until 1948 when he was given the title, professor emeritus.

At various times Dean Reaves was president of the Missouri Valley Intercollegiate Athletic Association, chairman of the Student Conduct Committee and the Eligibility Committee, president of the Student Loan Association and a member of the Athletic Council.

His biography is listed in *Who's Who in America* and *American Men of Science*. He was a mem-

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## Dean Reaves Is Dead

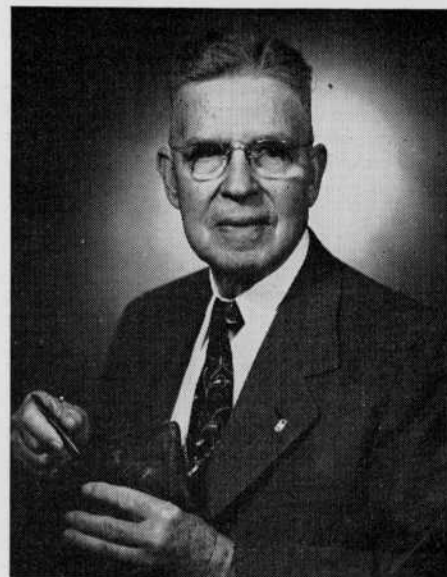
Samuel Watson Reaves, dean emeritus of the College of Arts and Sciences, died August 2 at his home in Norman. He was 75 years old. His death ended 45 years of service to the University.

Thousands of alumni passed through the college of arts and sciences while Dean Reaves was in charge. He became acting Dean in 1923 and was named to the deanship two years later. He held the post until 1940 when he asked to be retired.

Dr. Reaves was born at Marion, South Carolina, in 1875. He never attended highschool but by studying at home entered the Citadel College, Charleston, South Carolina, where he was graduated in 1895. He later received degrees from the University of North Carolina (BS), Cornell University (AB), and Chicago University (AM and PhD).

Before coming to the University in 1905 as head of the mathematics department, Dean Reaves taught in the Marion, South Carolina, highschool; Orchard Lake, Michigan, preparatory school, and Clemson College.

Dean Reaves resigned his chairmanship of the



DEAN S. W. REAVES  
... As to all men



Dear Boyd (Gunning):

. . . While I was at Bristow last weekend, my daughter, Dorothy Cloyd McAdams, and her husband, Thomas P. McAdams, Jr., gave me the attached snapshot (see above) of our oldest granddaughter, Joan Elise McAdams, with her O.U. sweater on, and I thought you might get it to the right place for a spot in *Sooner Magazine*. Joan was born at Dallas on November 30, 1945, while "Tuffy" was on duty in the army with Headquarters Eighth Service Command in the Engineer Section.

Joan expects to be an O.U. freshman about 1963.

and, of course, has to be a Sooner, since both her grandparents on her mother's side are O.U.: Agnes Chase Cloyd, '14mus, and myself, '19ba, '28Law. Dorothy, of course, was '41fa, and Tom, '41ba. Joan's grandfather on her father's side, Thomas P. McAdams, Sr., of Tulsa was A. & M. but he can't "out-influence" two O.U. grandparents.

Dorothy and Tom live at 308 East Sixth Bristow, and he is in the oil drilling and supply business with his dad, Tom, Sr. They have another daughter, Janet Eileen McAdams, who was 2 years old September 2.

Sincerely, Richard H. Cloyd, '19ba, '28Law, Oklahoma City.

**Ed's Note: Letter and snapshot reached destination. Open season is hereby declared on snapshots of children of alumni. Sooner Magazine will print children's pictures if alumnus or alumna will include with the picture all the latest alumni news available.**

### Dean Reaves . . .

ber of the American Mathematical Society, the Mathematical Association of America, Sigma Xi, Phi Beta Kappa and Delta Chi.

Three months ago Dean Reaves received a bronze star medal awarded his only son, the late Capt. Henry W. Reaves, '41bus, who was killed in action on Okinawa in 1945.

Dean Reaves' first wife died in 1945. He is survived by his second wife, the former Miss Ima James, past director of the University Physical Education Department for Women. They were married in 1946.

He was active in Norman civic affairs and served as president of the Lions Club and chairman of the Cleveland County Red Cross.

Dean Reaves was honored in 1945 by his colleagues and friends when they established the S. W. Reaves Scholarship Fund to be used "in the best possible way to promote the spread of useful knowledge of mathematics." The tribute was occasioned by the anniversary of 40 years of service to Oklahoma University then completed by the Dean.

### Former Professor Dies

Lt. Col. Alfred J. Ackerman, former professor of radiology at the University's school of medicine died August 18 in Brooke Army Medical center, Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas.

He had been ill with nephritis for a year. A native of Poland, Dr. Ackerman came to the U. S. in 1935 and moved to Oklahoma after a year's study in Vanderbilt Clinic, Columbia University.

He served as a resident roentgenologist at the medical school and was an associate professor of radiology from 1936 to 1942. Then he entered the army and served 16 months in England.

Upon his return from overseas duty, he was assigned to Brooke Army Medical center as chief of the X-ray service. His commanding officer said he was considered the outstanding radiologist in the army.

A graduate of the University of Vienna, Austria, he was a member of the American Medical Association, American College of Radiology, American Roentgen Ray Society, Radiological Society of North America, the American College of Physiology and other honor societies. He was a diplomat on the Board of the American Radiology.

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