

of America. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have a daughter, Jennifer, 1, and live in Corpus Christi, Texas.

Wilbur L. Bressler, '51ms, is research laboratory supervisor for Dow Chemical Company, in Freeport, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Bressler have two sons, William Leland, 5, and Mark Eugene, 1.

Judy Bounds Coleman, '51ed, '53mfa, is living in Pittsburg, Kansas, where she is teaching voice at Kansas State Teachers College.

KLINGSICK-HARLOW: Gareld David Klingsick, '51eng, and Miss Patricia Louise Harlow were married June 26 in the Lawrence Avenue Baptist church, Oklahoma City. Mr. and Mrs. Klingsick are establishing a home in Wichita, Kansas.

J. P. Neal, '51Law, and Mrs. Neal, the former Mary Lingenfelter, '48bs, have chosen the name Larry Lingenfelter for their son born August 22 in Oklahoma City. The Neals live in Midland, Texas.

Claude Arnold, '51ba, and Mrs. Arnold, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, have chosen the name Blake Calvin for their son born August 25 in Edmonton. The Arnolds have another son, Cody, 2.

Omer Kircher, '51eng, will take advanced work in chemical engineering at the University of Wisconsin under a National Science Foundation fellowship awarded recently. Kircher is from Fairland, Oklahoma.

Charles R. Crane, '51bs, '52ms, has received a fellowship from the National Science Foundation for study leading to a doctor of philosophy degree in Biochemistry. Crane, who is from Barnsdall, will complete his studies at Florida State University.

Norman McNabb, '51bus, Norman, has taken over as head grid coach at Casady School in Oklahoma City. A four-year letterman at left guard for O.U., McNabb now operates a sporting goods store in Norman.

Joseph P. Young, '51eng, has been awarded the degree of master of science in aeronautical engineering by the University of California. The degree was received in commencement exercises held in Los Angeles on June 12.

Monroe L. Billington, '51ma, Duncan, is attending the University of Kentucky, where he is working toward the degree of doctor of philosophy in history. The topic of his dissertation will be the life of Thomas Pryor Gore, former United States senator from Oklahoma.

Ernie Schultz, Jr., '51ba, has been released from active duty after serving with the United States Army since February, 1951. Lieutenant Schultz saw service in Korea and Japan during his tour of duty.

Charles H. Elliott, '51eng, was recently named intermediate geophysicist in Stanolind Oil and Gas Company's Midland, Texas, Geophysical Office. Elliott was formerly located in the general office in Tulsa.

Robert C. Anderson, '51bus, and Mrs. Anderson have chosen the name Daryl for their daughter born July 18. The Andersons also have a son, Mark Wilson Anderson, 2.

Louis F. Trost, Jr., '51bus, is manager of Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, in Tulsa. He and Mrs. Trost, the former Ann Tillma, '51ed, have two children, Louis III, 2, and Scott, 9 months.

PHILLIPS-MACK: Miss Patricia Ann Phillips, '51journ, Bartlesville, and Clifford Robert Mack, Terra Bella, California, were married recently in the First Methodist Church, Bartlesville. The couple has established a home in Kalamazoo, Michigan, after a wedding trip to Lake Michigan.

BROCK-BLANKS: Miss Kathryn Ann Brock, '52ba, Holdenville, and Clifton David Blanks, '51geol, McAlester, were married April 16 in Barnard Memorial Methodist Church, Holdenville.

Lt. Wyndell E. Brogden, '51bfa, and Mrs. Brogden, have chosen the name Theodore for their son born April 27 in the U. S. Army Hospital,

A Student Views Dallas

By LARRY LEVIEUX, '55

THE TENSION began to mount Wednesday before the Dallas game. The biggest concern of students was, "Will Professor Snarf give us a free cut Friday?" The biggest complaint was, "Oh, no! Not a quiz Monday." By Friday morning the campus was astir. Cars were gaudily painted with red "Beat Texas" signs, and were sporting red and white streamers.

By 10 o'clock the traffic had hit weary U. S. 77, south. The convoy increased in size throughout the afternoon, and covered the 200 miles to Dallas as quickly as four wheels and an engine could get there.

Like ants at a picnic, the football fans swarmed over Dallas. They were everywhere; in the streets, in hotels, restaurants, night clubs and private homes. As a senior I had seen the football festival several times. There was no change from the previous years except that the crowd was bigger, the noise louder, the confusion greater—and the football better! These superlatives seem to fit every year.

The usual crowd packed around the Baker and Adolphus hotels. Hundreds of cars streamed past, all filled with students screaming like banshees. In the Sooner rally around the Adolphus, red and white banners and badges were present in profusion. As soon as a large crowd had gathered, the cheerleaders led the rooting for Big Red . . . The students yelled their young lungs out. Nearby, the Texans competed for the distinction of making the loudest racket. It was impossible to tell who won.

The fans soon tired of whistle-rahs and yeah-teams and broke up to roam the streets. The downtown hotels soon filled with the throng, from the lobby to the top floor. A group of Texans started a "Beat O. U." chant, and were immediately drowned in a chorus of "We're Number One, Hey!"

The local nightclubs were full of pleasure-seekers. Smooth dance music was swamped in a deluge of "Boomer Sooner." No class worries were apparent here. The entire campus had migrated to Dallas for a weekend of complete, unrestrained good times.

The city was like a deserted ballroom Saturday morning. The merry-making which had rocked the town the night before was tucked in bed. The Dallas police took a brief rest. By mid-morning the streets

were again crowded, but quieter. The game had now taken a more serious aspect. "What are the odds now?" was the question of the day. The exuberant over-confidence of the night before was gone, and partisans of both sides were worrying about the success of their respective teams.

By noon the football crowd had begun to head toward Fair Park. The Texas State Fair, world-famous, opened its gates and welcomed the largest number of people ever to see a football game in the southwest, 76,204, to the Cotton Bowl. Soon the stadium was packed and steaming in the warm autumn sun.

The Texas-O. U. game was its usual hysterical self—always an exciting contest between two evenly-matched teams. The Sooners were again successful. Their power and speed were too much for the Texans to the tune of a 14-7 score. With 30 seconds until the final gun indicated on the scoreboard clock, a group of young, rabid Sooner fans pulled down the wooden goalposts. If one of the last two Texas pass plays had been completed for a touchdown, making the score 14-13, the referee would have been in a touchy situation. The game was over and the two groups, one very happy and one very sad, began to file slowly out of the stadium and out of the fairgrounds.

The noise and tension had subsided. The Oklahomans were satisfied with the performance of their team and were willing to let the Texans off without too much ribbing. After all, Texas had lost six of the last seven of these yearly spectacles. However, I didn't detect too much sympathy among the bet collectors going the rounds of their buddies.

By Sunday night, all was quiet again on the home front. The students had returned to Norman, big heads and all, and were preparing their little minds for that never-ending class Monday morning. An abortive attempt was made to pressure President Cross into allowing a holiday for winning the game, but a threat to cancel other holidays promptly squelched that. Resigned to their fate, the disappointed students returned to their residences. "Dallas" was over again—and the campus was glad of it. But you heard the same comment from everywhere, "Wait till next year." (The

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rolment reached an all-time peak of between 12,000 and 13,000. With the facilities available on our Main Campus at that time, we could not hope to provide classrooms and laboratories for more than 8,000 students. Our housing situation was also critical. We had no provision for married students.

In May of 1946, the University obtained the use of the entire Naval Air Station, now called the North Campus and Max Westheimer Field. The buildings were suitable for converting to classrooms and laboratories were modified immediately. This work was completed by the opening of school in September. Entire departments and many classes were moved to the North Campus. The Land and Appurtenances, Buildings and Structures, and Personal Property were inventoried at over seven million dollars.

On October 14, 1946, the N.A.T.T.C., south of the Campus, was turned over to the University; a property transfer inventoried over 13 million dollars. We immediately began to remodel and equip 15 buildings which were used for classrooms and laboratories.

Housing facilities were also modified to accommodate the students.

That was a hectic time, but we did succeed in providing the space which was needed in this emergency.

I would like to say something about the personnel of the Department. I have not referred by name to any of the employees of the Physical Plant Department. There are so many rendering fine service to the University that I would not name a few and leave out the others. The work of the Phys-

ical Plant Department of the University covers many phases of endeavor and the employees range in ability from unskilled workmen to highly skilled mechanics and professional engineers. These, together with the secretarial employees, form the backbone management of the University. On the whole these employees are industrious, conscientious and loyal. They are aware of the importance of their work and know that the "show must go on."

In my twenty-eight years of service I have seldom seen or heard of an employee who would refuse to work day or night in an emergency, and I want to add that in our work there are a lot of emergencies. These employees have enjoyed the good will of the President and of the Faculty. There is hardly a week passes that I do not receive a phone call or note from someone on the front stage commending the work of some of our employees. For these thoughtful reminders we are sincerely grateful and thankful that we are identified with a great and progressive University.

A Student Views Dallas . . .

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Texans at Austin were saying the same thing, with a slightly different meaning.)

The campus has been quietly academic except for the Dallas weekend. With the back-to-school activities over and eight-week exams coming up, almost everyone has settled into a more conservative routine of life. The classroom is king, and many of us are now realizing that the mountain of study assignments won't get any smaller by just thinking about it.

No Feathers for This Indian

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tered the eighth grade—"They had to put me there. I was too big to enter the fourth." At 21 he graduated from the Indian Institute of Wichita, Kansas and went on for three years at Wichita University before transferring to O.U., where he continued studying art.

By the time he hit Oklahoma he was well enough known that he could paint his way comfortably through tuition and spending money. His paintings already had been seen in most of the major cities of this country and in at least one overseas.

This implies that the Crumbo high road was smooth. It was not. Woody has a phrase for his life that he still uses, "Chicken one day, guts and feathers the next."

After a couple of years at O.U. Woody received an offer to set up his easel as art

director at Bacone College near Muskogee and a while later he moved out into the professional world to free-lance and live his kind of free life. Chuckholes and detours—near hunger and stacked-up bills—came up too often. Woody accepted a position designing aircraft parts during the war, the only time in his life he was pinned down by a nine-to-five clock.

This lasted until the war subsided. Then luck boosted him onto his free-lance feet again. Woody received the last of a long series of Julius Rosenwald fellowships, \$2,500—chicken for quite a while. For a pot to boil it in, Woody made a deal to collect Indian art objects for the Gilcrease Foundation.

In the meantime he traveled to Indian reservations over the country, studying the

folklore of the tribes. On one of these trips he met dark-haired, attractive Lillian Hogue, a Creek Indian and a schoolteacher. As Woody told the rest of the story in his plain language, "After some fast talking, I married her."

The union has been a good one. Woody and Lillian have two children, Minisa, now 12, and Max, 8.

With Lillian, their children, and their chicken and their pot to boil it in, Woody moved to Taos, New Mexico, to join the somewhat-fabulous art colony there. "After six years we decided to leave. It was dog-eat-dog with so many artists around—almost a hundred—so we moved to Oak Creek Canyon.

And it was here in this little community that Woody realized one of his great dreams. Probably because of his life as a boy, Woody has nourished an urge to help lift up the Indian.

For several years at one time Woody ran a school for Indian artists to help them get on their feet in the only way he could. He wasn't rich, but he made sure his students were taken care of and were given an opportunity to show their work. More important, though, he helped them sell.

Woody had worked in nearly every medium—water colors, oil, silkscreen—and he taught his students his skills including silkscreening, a job so difficult that many artists send their work abroad for processing. This project, undertaken on his own in an old adobe building, planted the seed for a greater realization of his dream.

Now his students are in the big time. Mrs. Fowler McCormick of International Harvester wealth has opened a gallery in Phoenix strictly for Indian artists.

Crumbo is the pace-setter, the master that the students shoot to equal, and he admits this modestly. That's another aspect of the man.

When Woody casually says he's the foremost Indian painter in the United States, he mentions it with the same calm assurance that he would tell you he had eggs for breakfast. To him it is an obvious fact that no other Indian artist is turning out either his quality or quantity.