

Help for People Who Try

Development Fund Scholarships have provided these three students the help they needed. More than 400 scholarships have been awarded since Fund was initiated in '48.

By BILL FRYDAY

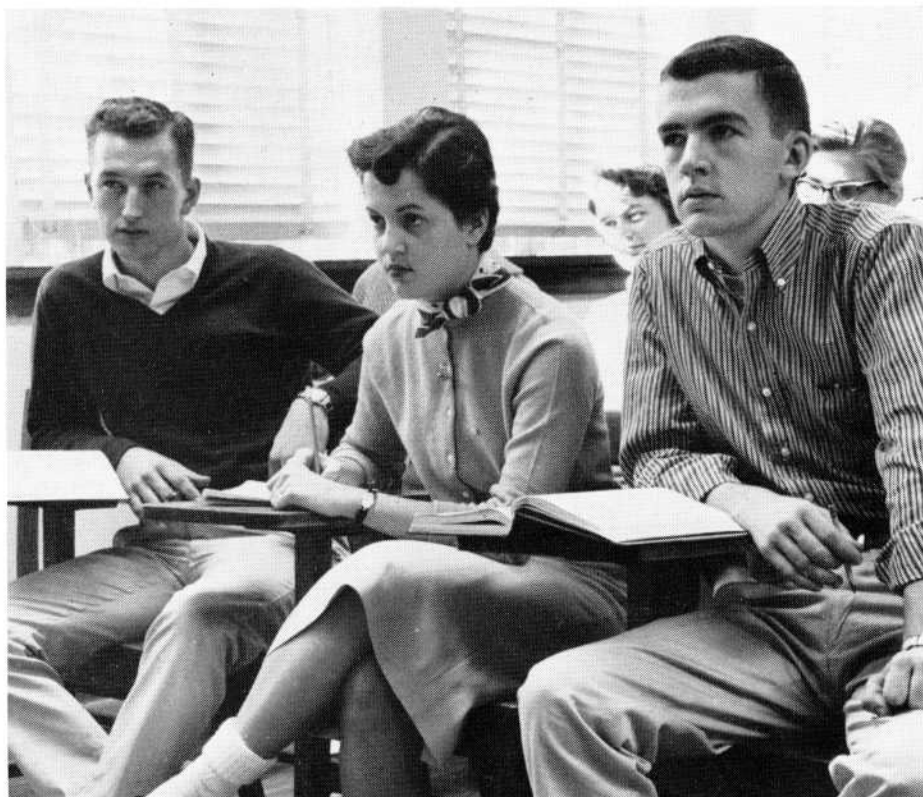
SOME SUDDEN, saving news came to Mary Lou Resler about ten weeks ago. It was the notification that she'd been chosen to receive an Alumni Development Fund scholarship, and it fell right into line with her philosophy: "People who try, who really have a desire for something—help usually comes to them."

Having just completed enrollment at O.U. as a freshman, she was faced with existence on a shoestring. Her tuition had been paid with money practically scraped together, and she was wondering how she would be able to survive in the months ahead. Then the letter came. It returned to her the funds she'd spent for fees, and it brought with it a vast sense of relief. Now she had a chance to begin her college education.

Several months ago she didn't know whether the chance would ever take shape. She visited the campus while still a Cherokee High School student and began asking herself how she was going to be able to return to O.U. without adequate financing.

"I'd wanted to come to college all my life," the pretty, freckled 18-year-old said, "but there didn't seem to be any concrete possibility—until the scholarship came through."

In fact, her scholarship came through just a shade late. After applying for it, she sat back and waited. And waited. As the fall semester began and she realized that the nod hadn't been given her, she threw caution to the winds, packed her determination with her clothes and came to Norman anyway. About all she could count on was hope. It didn't fail her. Soon after sectioning she learned that she was indeed an



Getting the feel of a first-semester class are, from left, Ted Metscher, Mary Resler and George Hazelrigg, three of the twenty students now attending O.U. with the backing of ADF scholarships.

A.D.F. winner and that her notification had merely been delayed.

Valedictorian of her high school class, Mary Lou's grade average was only a fraction removed from a perfect score. Probably her brother had been largely responsible. A 4-year scholarship holder himself, he urged her to maintain high grades. And another brother, now in O.U.'s School of Medicine, was careful to answer Mary Lou's questions when he noticed her taking more than just a casual interest in his chemistry problems.

"I used to sit for hours and question him about them," she said. "Now I want to get into chemistry courses as soon as I can."

Mary Lou has some refreshingly practical ideas. She believes in balancing dancing and swimming, for example, against sewing her own clothes and reading top-flight literature ("Strangely, I like Shakespeare").

"I want a degree," she maintains. "I just can't see going to school and sacrificing so much, then not getting anything for it. And if you get married and something happens to your husband, then you really need that degree."

And one feels that the true cornerstone of her character lies in religion. "Church work," she said, "plays an important part in college work. Without it, being here doesn't seem to have any meaning. Again, you seem to be doing everything for nothing."

Perhaps the only things which Mary Lou and Ted Metscher, a farm boy from Enid, have in common are their ages and their scholarships. Ted had lived on his father's wheat farm all his life and ached to come to the university. Then, once he was at O.U., he found he had some adjusting to do.

"I'd never been away from home too much," he said with a quick, open smile. "I didn't realize how much I liked that farm until I got away. I miss it a lot now. And I miss all the space out there. My room just ate me up for a time. Nothing but four walls."

"It's a big challenge to come here in the first place, and then later on it's an even bigger one. My first impression of the campus—a rushee's party—changed in a hurry. For me, now, it's gotten to be a serious business."

But Ted isn't going to turn back from the challenge. He remembers meeting the mail deliveryman every day last summer and fuming with suspense before that certain letter came. He said he'll never forget the day; it was on July 18 when word came from Dr. Glenn Couch, dean of the University College, informing him that he could count on an A.D.F. scholarship. It came as the clincher for a decision Ted had been trying to make for years. His brother and two sisters had worked on him all the

Continued on page 29

with the Army at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. He is chief of the combat construction branch of the engineer test unit there.

Lieut. Robert R. Sullivan, '55med, Carnegie, recently completed the Army Medical Service School's military orientation course at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Sam Tannebaum, '55bus, recently has become a certified public accountant and now is associated with Alford, Meroney and Company, Dallas, Texas.

1956

Dr. Charles A. Rockwood, Jr., '56med, Oklahoma City, is now interning at Gorgas Hospital, Panama Canal Zone.

Lieut. Billy C. Pyle, '56ba, Norman, has completed the military police officer basic course at Fort Gordon, Georgia.

Lieut. Lester H. Dacus, '56ba, Oklahoma City, has been assigned to the Army's medical service school at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. He is assistant chief of the school's schedules branch.

Lieuts. Jerry S. Parker, '56bus, Davis; Stewart E. Meyers, Jr., '56bus, Oklahoma City, and James T. Weeks, '56journ, Muskogee, were graduated recently from a field artillery officers basic course at Fort Sill, Lawton.

Ira F. Brown, '56bs, Healdton, and Jerry D. Kennedy, '56eng, Oklahoma City, are continuing their educations as recipients of advanced study awards made to them by Lockheed Missile Systems Division. Brown attends Stanford University, while Kennedy is a student at the University of California, Berkeley. Both work part time for Lockheed.

Dale G. Shellhorn, '56bs, has been awarded a master of science fellowship enabling him to continue his education while employed parttime at Hughes Aircraft Company in Culver City, California. He was one of 200 students studying in Los Angeles to receive the Hughes grant.

Joe M. Nelson, '56eng, Shawnee, and J. L. Skinner, '56eng, Bartlesville, both O. U. graduate students, won fellowships totaling \$3,200 in October. Nelson received the W. A. Schleuter \$1,000 grant, while Skinner won a \$2,200 Celanese Corporation award.

Peddlers of Delusion . . .

Continued from page 21

the subject deftly by telling me that she had just completed a summer school course at Greeley, Colo., in advanced methods of teaching geography!

This summer the Phoenix school board said it would no longer hire graduates of teachers colleges to teach liberal arts subjects, that it would seek, instead, masters or doctors from liberal arts colleges. Phoenix, as one board member put it, was getting tired of teachers who returned each year to teachers colleges piling up academic credits learning more and more about less and less until their students understood their fields of instruction better than they did . . .

I would merely leave you with two thoughts. If you want to meet your challenges, if you want to bring about the brave new world of better instruction on which the survival of the nation may depend, there are two things in which you must not fail.

1. You must press for the introduction of teaching methods, however unusual or unconventional, that will utilize the latest devices of science to make instruction more dramatic, more impressive, and clearer to our children. This should be our criterion. Let us grab that which teaches more effectively. Let us boldly seize the method that permits instruction to be more eagerly received and more readily retained.

2. You must throw your influence toward the return to some basic integrity in our teaching theory. Let's quit coddling the weak and lazy and stifling the smart and industrious. Let us grade both teachers and students on what they can accomplish in comparison to what others can accomplish. While we give due understanding to the slow, let us put spurs to the fast. For that school that conceals the fact that the world holds vastly different rewards for the fumbler and for the catcher is no school at all. It is a peddler of delusion.

The Happy Life . . .

Continued from page 19

The closer the time came to leave for the Orange Bowl, the harder certain people were to please. The wives agree they wouldn't trade places with their husbands, but we would like to trade places with someone as the pressure begins to build. If no calendar was present, we could still recognize the approach of a game.

Have you ever seen a lion pace in his cage; refuse to eat; toss and turn at night, and wake up to a new day hating just about everyone? That's not just one individual, it's typical of most of the players.

We couldn't trade our husbands in on a new model now, though. They've spoiled us so no one else could stand to live with us.

And, besides, we're rather fond of them, anyway.

Help for People Who Try . . .

Continued from page 15

way through high school, urging him toward a degree.

"I've been the guy they say 'Go to college and get an education' to," Ted said. "They didn't get the opportunity."

Ted is considering the idea of medical school. It will be a long and hard road, harder than this first year when his scholarship has enabled him "to settle down to the routine before I get a part-time job." But he has few doubts about staying on. He keeps thinking of a good friend who went to college last year, then gave it all up in a surprisingly short time and dropped out. Ted was shocked, because his friend had the reputation of being able to stick out just

IMAGE IS NOT AVAILABLE
ONLINE DUE TO COPYRIGHT
RESTRICTIONS.

A paper copy of this
issue is available at
call number LH 1 .06S6 in
Bizzell Memorial Library.

about anything. Ted was sorry, too, because he feels that nowadays a man absolutely needs a college education. So he remembers his friend and wears the incident like a warning to himself.

George Hazelrigg is another of the 20 students attending O.U. this year with the backing of A.D.F. scholarships. Like the others, he finds the scholarship a key which opens the first and most narrow door through which he must pass toward high education; during this introductory semester he's finding himself able to adapt and form study patterns without the hindrance of money worries. Later it will be easier

for him to handle both school and a job simultaneously. George has already faced the fact that he will have to work to help support himself at college.

"I'd have been able to come to school in any case, I suppose," he said the other day, "but the scholarship helps an awfully lot—an awfully lot."

A Norman resident, George is quiet and has a quick smile which seems to dart out from behind a usually sober expression. A good student, he was pulling straight A's in his high school classes last year, and he was engrossed in math and science. Definitely college material, he hadn't quite

made up his mind to set his sights in that direction.

Then he received some explanatory material from the office of Dr. Carl Moore, chairman of the School of Geological Engineering at O.U. Going through it, he found a whole new world suggesting itself, and one that he liked. He made his decision, applied for and won the help he needed and dived into college.

Today George is carrying seventeen credit hours, plus labs, in his first semester. It's a heavy load for a freshman, but then he knew his curriculum would be anything but a breeze. He seldom finds the time to think of other paths, the ones he didn't take, or where they might have led him. He's on his way to a future.

IMAGE IS NOT AVAILABLE ONLINE DUE TO COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS.

A paper copy of this issue is available at call number LH 1 .O6S6 in Bizzell Memorial Library.

Tribute for a Good Man . . .

Continued from page 22

munity in southwestern Oklahoma, where her brother lived.

At 17, Wilbur Cloud had no inkling of the fact that he would help mould the world's largest petroleum engineering school. He had no special ambition and when an opportunity appeared to teach in the Lone Wolf grade school, he accepted. Oklahoma was an infant state and one needed only a third grade certificate to teach. After two years at Lone Wolf, Cloud resigned to accept a position as grade school principal at Hobart.

The picture of a 19-year-old boy acting as grade school principal contrasts as vividly with education administration today as a young Oklahoma compares with the industrialization and urbanization of modern Oklahoma.

IN THE SUMMER of 1916, he made his first contact with the oil industry, one which decided one aspect of his career. World War I was hovering around the corner and Cloud was expecting the draft. He resigned his job at Hobart and from 1917 to 1920, except for a short term of duty as a private in the Army, he worked in Texas and Oklahoma oil fields as a tool dresser, ditch-digger, swamper, roughneck and roustabout, gaining the foundation of solid practical experience that has aided him throughout his 30 years as a teacher.

The oil industry fascinated him. He saved enough money to enrol at O.U. in the fall of 1920 to study geology. When school started that fall, only two universities in the United States were able to present a petroleum engineering curriculum, the University of Pittsburgh and the University of California.