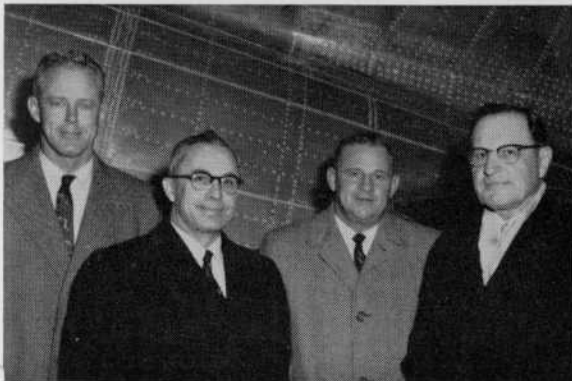




Gerald Tucker, all-time basketball great at O. U. and coach of the last Olympic team, takes time out from his coaching job with Phillips 66 Oilers to speak at Bartlesville's O. U. Day.



Bud Wilkinson and Gomer Jones are met at airport by two distinguished Bartlesville alumni: B. J. Heinrich, '29ba, '30ms, president of the sponsoring Lions Club, and Rayburn L. Foster, '16Law, president of the Board of Regents of the University of Oklahoma.



As part of the University of Oklahoma Day activities, Bud Wilkinson talks to Bartlesville Boys Club.

Bartlesville Honors O.U. With Special Observance

Overcast skies held the threat of sleet. Winter stood in the doorway, an unwelcome guest. But in Bartlesville, the activity climate was hot. December 18 was an unusual day in the life of the community, and unfavorable weather was ignored. It was also an unusual day in the life of the University of Oklahoma. By proclamation of the mayor, Bartlesville was celebrating "The University of Oklahoma Day."

Sponsored by the Lions Club with the cooperation of the O. U. Alumni Club, a long list of University administrators, coaches and faculty members were on hand to take part. So were several football players and two football queens. The 500-seat banquet hall had been sold out for days, and tickets for the second phase of the program at Civic Center's auditorium were also snapped up.

President Eisenhower sent his personal greetings to all concerned with the day, but it was Bartlesville's mayor who summed up many of the reasons for the O. U. party in his official proclamation. It stated:

"... The University of Oklahoma has excelled among colleges and universities . . . in scholastic attainment, citizenship development and athletic prowess, and . . . the University of Oklahoma has brought national acclaim on repeated occasions . . . to the whole state of Oklahoma."

As a good host should, the Lions Club and the City of Bartlesville paid tribute to its guest, and made its representatives feel welcome and appreciated. And as a good guest should, the University was flattered by the attention.

Mr. Morgan's boyish appearance, so different from that of the traditional college professor, and his popularity with new students soon won for him the nickname of "Fess," by which he has been known for many years.—Roy Gittinger, University of Oklahoma: A History of Fifty Years.

Gittinger's comment concerned the arrival of L. N. Morgan on the campus in 1912. The new instructor of freshman English did indeed become a popular figure among students and faculty members. But as the years passed, his mark—first made because of sheer likeableness—changed to a deep, definite impression pressed by a special brand of kindness, humility and compassion which indicated the genuine "Fess" Morgan.

He came to O. U. following his graduation from the University of North Carolina. Morgan was born January 22, 1890, in Yokohama, Japan, the son of American missionaries, but he grew up in Goldsboro, North Carolina. Even after

L. N. "Fess" Morgan
Teacher

settling in Norman he kept up his own studies between teaching sessions, taking courses at the University of Chicago and at Columbia. He received his master's degree from Harvard in 1916. Keenly interested in the writings of George Bernard Shaw, Morgan ultimately became an expert on the Irishman's works.

He held a Phi Beta Kappa key and was one of the charter members of the group's O. U. chapter. For 13 years he served on the Athletic Council. In 1929 he was appointed a full professor of English; by 1928 he'd begun a four-year term as head of the department.

Morgan became a kind of specialist in taking over difficult or emergency assignments and conquering them. When increased enrollments made mandatory the selection of an assistant dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Morgan took the job. When he was appointed director of University Publications, he dived into the school catalogs and began throwing out extraneous mat-

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Two O.U. Greats Pass From Scene

E. L. DeGolyer
Alumnus

Everette L. DeGolyer, '11geol, died December 14 in Dallas, Texas. The world's foremost geologist and father of applied geophysics, he amassed a fortune in the oil business. Yet he wasn't all oilman, nor all businessman. He took from the earth, then gave back in the form of knowledge and culture. O. U.'s DeGolyer Collection—more than 11,000 scientific and technological volumes valued at \$250,000—stands as proof. So does the *Saturday Review*, saved from bankruptcy by DeGolyer; thereafter he became its publisher.

He was born to a homesteading family on October 9, 1886, in a sod hut in Kansas. After attending a Joplin, Missouri, high school, he took up studies at O. U. in 1906 and worked toward a degree in geology. Summers he worked for the U. S. Geological Survey in the Rocky Mountain area.

While still an undergraduate he left O. U. to join the newly organized Oklahoma Geological Survey, but in 1909 he went to Mexican Eagle Oil Company as a field geologist. His fame was assured when he staked the location for what proved to be one of the world's largest producing oil wells; this was the well called "Petrero del Llano No. 4," and eventually it gave up more than 100 million barrels.

In 1911 DeGolyer came back to O. U. to receive his degree and to marry Nell Goodrich, '06mus, '07ba, who had taught him German I there. Returning to Mexican Eagle as chief geologist, he then staked the location for the discovery

well of spectacular Los Naranjos Field. For a time he maintained his own consulting practice in Norman, but after completing a geological reconnaissance of western Cuba in 1916 he opened a consulting office in New York. By 1919 he'd helped organize Amerada Petroleum Corporation.

Amerada's success largely was due to DeGolyer's pioneering efforts in oil geophysics. Serving successively as the company's vice president and general manager, president, and chairman of the board, he introduced the torsion balance, the modern magnetometer, and the refraction and reflection seismic methods of exploration into this country. Also in this period he successfully directed the first geophysical survey of a U. S. oil field, and several other companies organized by him discovered many fields in Texas and Illinois.

In 1936 he aided in the formation of the world-famous oil properties appraising concern of DeGolyer and MacNaughton. He joined boards of oil and railroad firms too numerous to list. World War II came, and he was called upon to serve in several high government posts.

Never one to be inactive or behind the changing times, DeGolyer took the lead in 1956 in organizing Isotopes, Inc., a firm designed to adapt radioactive isotopes to industry use. At the time of his death he was a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, an advisor in exploration and mining, and had just been elected a board member of the Smithsonian Institution.

talked of his play park featuring an M. K. & T. junior railroad. He likes children, and he and Mrs. Walker have three of their own now. "There's Bobby, 11," he said. "He's sick today. I'm raising a Boy Scout in him. Then there's Doak, 7; he's going to be a football player, and we named him for Doak Walker. And there's Sally—"

"I'm five," volunteered Sally, seated in a brown leather reclining chair in the corner of the room.

"Say, come over here and take a look at my Christmas present," said Walker, unseating Sally and coaxing the visitors to try the chair. "Like it? You fellows wait 25 years and that chair'll come in handy."

Erma Walker, a strikingly pretty woman, had been sewing during the interview. Now she rose and hurried toward her back door. "I'd better see what's causing my dog to make so much noise," she smiled. However, she paused long enough to point out that the interview room had been built by Walker during the previous summer. A large, pine-lined recreation area, it had become Walker's special project when a seizure of restlessness came upon him.

"I got tired of playing too much golf," he said, "so I hired a carpenter to help build the room, and I worked side by side with him, kept up with him all the way. While I was at it, I built Bobby a dark-room under the stairs and both the boys a room of their own upstairs."

But the restlessness wasn't quite abated. When, about three months ago, one of the local school districts needed a history teacher, Walker gladly took the position and enjoys it to the hilt.

He still follows football closely, and of course his favorite team is the Big Red. He and other alumni gather for TV parties when one of the games is on the air, and he gives Texans the devil about their Cotton Bowl losses to the foe from the north.

A newer interest is his Hammond electric organ. In a tiny room which seemed built around the instrument, Walker seated himself, switched the organ alive and, waiting for it to warm, put on his spectacles. Green tropical plants brushed his elbow and a brightly painted Indian totem hung above his head.

Sally clambered up the staircase, plopped herself down near the top and watched the crown of her father's head through a glass partition backing the organ.

Everything grew quiet. Then Walker raised his face and grinned. "Won't those O. U. football players laugh when they hear about this!" He waxed serious: "This is something every man should have. I didn't know a note of music, and

yet I learned, just playing this thing. One of our friends is coming over tonight to listen to the organ, and to sing with us. She wants to try and talk her husband into buying one."

He played a soft "Silent Night," then "La Golondrina." Obviously both seemed appropriate. Then he insisted the visitors attempt his "easy method" of playing, which consisted of following illustrated scale formulas in a special songbook. "It's like shooting fish in a rain barrel," he said.

There are nights when Walker has trouble sleeping. On such occasions he comes down into his tiny room, switches on the organ and one light above the music, and he plays for half the night. The feel of the music does something for him.

But he's no brooder. He thinks about himself harnessed around a dangerous stomach, and he talks about it, but he keeps the talk light. "Come out some night and have a bowl of chili with us," he'll say. And he'll chuckle: "I'll drink soup."

His philosophy is blunt, exactly what one would expect from such a straightforward person as Ab Walker:

"I'm trying to stay busy, alive, and out of trouble."

L. N. MORGAN

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ter which had cluttered them for years. When the *Sooner Magazine* included an "Oklahoma Quarterly" section for five years, Morgan edited it.

For more than 40 years' service he was made a Regents Professor in 1955. Only two events had ever seriously diverted him from his job. The first consisted of military service in World War II; the second came about five years ago, when he developed a heart condition.

Though his illness brought with it two bad attacks, Morgan kept working. Then, on December 15, the hardest attack of all came. He died at the age of 66.

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of . . . grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.—George Bernard Shaw.

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