

phine and Allen MacIntosh of Hartford, members of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company family. Then the door opened to the DuPont family. Finally Arthur Netherington, senior partner in Goodbody and Company, was included.

When all of these rounds had been made successfully, Trice had his company organized and financed. His participants owned 35 per cent, his employees owned 14 per cent. That's how the Trice Production Company is set up today. The company was capitalized for \$452,000 and in the last three years alone has grossed more than \$24 million.

Since the organization of the company

on January 1, 1955, Trice has drilled 362 wells. Of that number 201 have been producers, including 16 dual or triple producers (wells producing from more than one reservoir simultaneously), and 151 have been dry holes. This average, which includes a large number of rank wildcats and other types of exploratory wells, is exceptionally good. Furthermore, the company has participated in 42 wells owned by others, and 23 of those are producers.

So far Trice has found oil cheaper than most operators. His average per-barrel cost for finding and producing oil is \$1.08. For his company, his investors, and his royalty and landowners he has found the

equivalent of 27 million barrels of oil. Today the firm is participating in something like 7,000 barrels of daily production even under present reduced allowables and pipeline proration.

When the city decided to ask for bids for its garbage dump property, Trice was the only bidder. This was so surprising that the city fathers almost recalled the bid. Trice had offsetting production, and Dan McCauley, his local manager (and old classmate from Oklahoma University), be-

Continued on Page 24

THE SOONER MAGAZINE
sentimentally brings you
a new feature . . .

GOLDEN DAYS

From the Roy E. Heffner Collection

IN 1936 a girl with a beautiful smile went to a mixer at O. U. Her smile, expressing everything wonderful about being young and at college, was a smile that is not easy to forget. The fact that her smile would have been forgotten except for the whim of a photographer is one of those bitter-sweet collegiate ironies which sustains alumni clubs, and transforms successful businessmen into 'little lambs' gone astray once they find themselves in the company of three other successful alumni (basso, tenori, and tenori secondo, preferably).

However, the girl's smile *was* captured (see opposite page). Her photographer, a 'campus character' who appeared at nearly all O. U. functions with his ubiquitous camera strapped on the back of his bicycle, had set up the familiar tripod, had ducked his head under the camera's old-fashioned black cape, and had taken what was later to be part of the 30,000 prints and 50,000 negatives which are prized today in the Bizzell Library as the Roy E. Heffner Collection—one of the most complete and unique records ever made of college life.

Roy E. Heffner seemingly had a much more auspicious future ahead of him, when he graduated from O. U. in 1919, than that of campus photographer and campus character: he had degrees in mathematics and electrical engineering, and had graduated at the top of his class; he received a master's in engineering from Cornell and was accepted on its faculty to teach electrical engineering and physics; and in 1922 he be-

came the head of the physics and electrical engineering departments at John Stetson University in Florida.

Then, around 1924, Heffner had an epileptic seizure. Sensitive over the occasional attacks that had threatened his future, Heffner resigned from his position.

He began a tutoring service at O. U.; and his ability and kindness (he had been a Sunday school teacher since he was 14) quickly won him respect and affection, first from engineering students, and later—as he began taking pictures—from all the students.

Heffner noted, in an autobiographical sketch which is included in the Collection, that he bought his first camera, a Kodak, in 1921 and that in 1922 "six different publications at Stetson University" had used his pictures. It is impossible to estimate how many publications at O. U. used his pictures, or how many athletes, dancers, paraders, queens, professors, picnickers, pranksters, and just plain students, first posed and then raced to his vending cart in front of the Administration building to see if the friendly man in the thick-rimmed glasses had posted their pictures. Impossible to estimate—yet easy to venture that nearly everyone who attended O. U. from 1927 to 1947 found himself, one way or another, in a Heffner photograph.

Dieting and the discovery of new medicines ended Heffner's exile from his original future. Satisfied that he could once more teach without the embarrassment of a stroke, Heffner accepted a position in

O. U.'s physics department. In the same year he married Edna C. Spencer, a teacher of the deaf. Then in 1948 he and his wife left to teach at the Haile Selassie I secondary school in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, as members of the Point Four program.

It was a typical decision. Heffner wrote in his autobiography of his aim in life: "To be of greatest possible service to mankind; ready to give time and energy to worthy causes. The greatest thing in life is *LIVING* (not merely existing). Character of the man and not his environment determines his success."

If a tragic reversal such as Heffner's can be thought of as fortunate, it was most fortunate for O. U. and for the people who met and loved him at Norman. He came at a time when O. U. at last had more-or-less normal facilities (e.g., a football stadium) and was entering into the period in which F. Scott Fitzgerald, Mickey Rooney, Sigmund Romberg, Rudy Vallee, and Robert Donat would immortalize college life's "golden days."

The graphic immortality Roy E. Heffner brought to the camaraderie and bravado of thousands of Sooners is a record we intend to draw from and post on the Roll Call page. Since many of the pictures are untitled and undated we would be most interested in hearing about the people in the pictures and in passing that information on to classmates who might have lost contact with other 'little lambs' if it had not been for a wonderful man named Roy E. Heffner.