Riding the Sooner Range

By TED BEAIRD

THAT boy—how he has ridden the Range! Maybe I should say International Range, and how! The more I read his stuff—well, the more I like him! The man in question? This E R N I E P Y L E (the columnist plus the girl he often mentions in his daily column, namely, Mrs. Pyle). Indeed, to date I have never had the honor to meet him in person—but maybe some day! Well, this chap Ernie should have been a Sooner grad—or at least an "X" of O. U.!

In his world-wide column release in the closing hours of November, 1940, just prior to the event of events—when St. Jack Crane plus the ten or so other Texas Longhorns down Austin way took care of the Kemmrough Aggies from College Station-ville to the tune of 7 to 0, and—while Coach Chief Tom and the Sooner football kids are on their second day out toward Frisco—Ernie, the glob trotter, stated, "Travel, they say, is educational. And so we have found in these last five and a half years of constant wandering." Yes, liking his stuff—following him line by line over these years in newspapers throughout the states—I started to like thinking about the full 1940 Thanksgiving evening to spend down here in Ft. Worth, Texas, while awaiting an important conference tomorrow, it’s up to me to beat the dead Frances come forth with Riding the Sooner Range.

Thinking and musing, if you please, of what and all Ted Beaird would have missed had he never been accorded the privilege of riding the Sooner Range, and (as "Globe Trotter" Ernie puts it), "Why, if we had just been sitting at a desk through all those years instead of bustling around, I never would have learned a thing or two, etc." So it is with your hired hand—without this wanderin’ around as an O. U. student-kid plus small time O. U. employee since 1916, I never would have learned—First, that in the span of a lifetime an eminent old gentleman of the type of DR. J. W. SCROGGS could have meant so much to one boy as he meant to me—

...
Los Angeles HAROLD McCOLLUM, '34ba, another Steinic product of the west coast.

BRYAN COLE, '34eng, and DORTHA COLE, '33h.e.c, W. E. "BABE" SMITH, '20ba, plus dozens and dozens of other Los Angeles Sooners—all at Barnsdall Park that balmy evening—made it something not to be missed!

And sixth, and seventh, etc., etc. (which could be numbered far into the night)—without these years with the privilege of Riding the Sooner Range (and not unlike my hero who inspired these mumblings—Ernie Pyle), I could have never had that pleasant Christmas vacation period in Chicago, some years ago, with Sooners, especially HERB SCOTT, '26ba, '26mem, of the O. U. staff—could not have awakened from my deep front seat slumber in the droning Eastern Airline tri-motor over the everglade lands of Florida and awakened to the forced landing at the emergency air port, Orlando (5 a. m. if you please) while enroute to Miami and Coral Gables, Florida, and more Sooners—could not have dashed through the impossible mist and haze out of Terre Haute, Indiana, leaving an assembled group of Sooners there on special mission to grab the American Airliner for a dash back home on an emergency call where many Sooners of national and international prominence were involved in what they thought was an O. U. crisis—could not have spent those pleasant days at Kent State College, Ohio, with Sooners and more Sooners again on special mission—would not have been privileged to have seen the new old city of New Orleans with some twenty Sooner couples back in a Christmas some years ago—could not have lived in a different (if not more complex) world as we did with those Sooners in Santa Fe, New Mexico, nor could we have stood on the rim of Grand Canyon and grown "poetic" over nature and later enjoyed the mechanical works of Boulder Dam, nor could we have ascended and descended in the galloping Lena car the great Pike's Peak on that misty day had we not been associated with Sooners—could not have had a marvelous dinner later in 'Frisco China Town—then a swing across the Golden Gate and a long gaze into the Pacific to the west—not without Sooners, sons and daughters of O. U. Well, in fact, I could not have been accorded the privilege over these years stacked on years of being associated and enjoying the friendship of Sooners throughout the four corners. And that, even though it may be limited globe trotting or unlimited globe trotting, has been to Ted Beard the Riding of the Sooner Range.

School Treasurer

A pioneer Oklahoman and retired bank executive, C. C. Roberts, '01ba, agreed last month to serve as city school treasurer of Oklahoma City. The school board practically "drafted" him for the nonsalaried position, feeling that his long experience in general finance, and particularly in the bond business, would be invaluable in the investment of school sinking funds.

Mr. Roberts, now 69 years of age, retired as manager of the bond department of the First National Bank and Trust Company, Oklahoma City, last July after serving the bank and its predecessors in that capacity for twenty-one years.

Waddy Young, '40, former All-American end on the Sooner football team who played last season on the Brooklyn professional football team, has joined the United States Army Air Corps.