A young man's career was signed, sealed and delivered in the way it was sitting around after lunch the other day—Bill Howell, Frank Parsons and I—having our coffee and talking about this and that, and the subject got around to how we all got started in the work we were doing.

I'd told them how winning an essay contest in school had put me on the road to being a writer of sorts instead of the engineer I thought I was going to be, and then Bill Howell explained how, as a voting lad, he had become interested in architecture through watching them remodel his father's grocerystore.

I turned to Frank Parsons and said, "Looks as if you're the only one here who followed his father's footsteps, Frank. Was that by accident, or by choice, or what?"

Frank tamped some tobacco in his pipe and grinned. "Well, it's quite a story, but if you're really interested, I'll tell you ..."

He held a match to his pipe and puffed thoughtfully for a moment and then went on. "My dad always wanted me to go into the same business he was in, but he never tried to talk me into it. He wanted me to do whatever I thought I could do best, and let me have my own way about choosing a career."

"One day after I got out of college back in 1930, I stopped at Dad's office to tell him I was going across town to see about a job I'd heard was open at the mill. Dad said that was fine and wished me luck. Then he picked up a couple of envelopes from his desk and said, 'As long as you're going over that way, Frank, would you mind dropping this off for me?' He handed me one of the envelopes, shoved the other in his coat pocket and said, 'I want to deliver this one myself because it's pretty important—and it will save me some time if you take the other.'"

Frank Parsons put down his pipe and said, "I never did get to the mill that day—or any other. After I delivered the envelope I went back to Dad's office and asked him how soon I could start working for him."

Bill Howell leaned across the table and said, "What happened that made you change your mind?"

Frank Parsons smiled and said, "It was that envelope. It was addressed to a woman who lived on the way to the mill, and she opened it while I was standing there. Inside it was a check from New York Life. Her husband had died just a short while before and left her with four small children, and—well, I guess you just never know what life insurance is all about until you see what it means to people ..."

Bill Howell nodded. "That was a pretty smart stunt of your father's—sending you on an errand like that, knowing that it might be the one thing that would swing you over to being a New York Life agent like himself."

We pushed back our chairs, and as we were leaving the table Frank Parsons said, "That's the funny part of the whole thing. Dad was in such a hurry and the envelopes looked so much alike that he gave me the wrong one! He thought he'd sent me over to pay the gas bill!"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

FEW OCCUPATIONS offer a man so much in the way of personal reward as life underwriting. Many New York Life agents are building very substantial futures for themselves by helping others plan ahead for theirs. If you would like to know more about a life insurance career, talk it over with the New York Life manager in your community—or write to the Home Office at the address above.
With most of the meeting and recreational facilities in operation, the new, expanded Union threw open its doors September 17 for a student looksee. The openhouse was staged with a dance band playing in the beautifully decorated ballroom and another holding forth in the bandshell on the ground-floor terrace.

About the only things that were not available to the students at that date were the various eating places, including the Will Rogers Room and the Ming Room. But even these areas were near completion. The Cafeteria (Will Rogers Room) has since been opened (it was ready for the first football game crowd September 29), and the Ming Room is slated for opening October 14.

The Union will serve as a special meeting place for alumni throughout the home game schedule. An alumni luncheon will be held each home game in the Union and all alumni are urged to visit the Union, enjoy the food and meet with alumni friends.

The redecorated Union is now open. Built with an eye for service coupled with beauty, it is ready to serve you.

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