

weighed in for the matches. This was up to the time the tournament was held, a national record. It was by far the largest tourney ever held in Oklahoma. Competition throughout the tournament was all that could be asked for by the most enthusiastic mat fan. All weights were well represented, and in no case did a man win a place merely because he had entered. Moreover, no weight was over-represented, for the entrants were well distributed throughout the nine weights.

High schools represented included Altus, Earlsboro, Tulsa, Cushing, Geary, Maud, Quapaw, Edmond, Stillwater, Elk City, Newkirk, Enid, Blackwell, Erick,

Picher, Perry, Norman, Chickasha, and Hobart.

From the start it was a duel between Cushing and Stillwater, and the championship was not determined until the consolation rounds were over. Cushing piled ahead with 28 points, to 24 for Stillwater, while Elk City, and Geary were tied with 12 each. Other schools finished as follows: Enid 9, Altus 8, Hobart 6, Clinton high of Tulsa 5, Earlsboro 4, Blackwell 2, Quapaw 1, Edmond 1, Newkirk 1, and Norman 1.

Individual championships in the remaining three weights went to Geary, Hobart, and Altus.

Buchanan, the man

He was an ideal university man

By DR. CHARLES N. GOULD

REMEMBER as if it were yesterday the first time I ever saw Professor Buchanan. It was at Christmas time, 1899. I had been invited by President David R. Boyd and Professor A. H. Van Vleet to come to Norman and discuss with them the matter of spending the next summer in the field with the newly-organized Oklahoma Geological and Natural History Survey, of which Doctor Van Vleet was then director.

Doctor Van Vleet met me at the train, and we walked up to his home on the corner of Comanche and the Boulevard. As we came into the yard, he said, "I want you to meet a member of the faculty, Professor Buchanan, who teaches history." A next-door neighbor, Mr. Buchanan, was out in the back yard. We walked across and Doctor Van Vleet introduced us.

I saw an upstanding man in middle life, well proportioned, with a long ox-horn mustache, who took my hand in a firm grasp, and looked me squarely in the eye.

This was the beginning of a friendship that lasted uninterruptedly for three decades. We grew to know each other intimately. On the campus, on the old-time faculty picnics, in his office, in my office, in faculty meetings, as we visited back and forth discussing things of mutual interest to ourselves and to the university we became fast friends. He had the solid basic foundations of ancestry, environment, and training, upon which to build a great life. No one would call him particularly brilliant. Rather would he be called solid, substantial.

Each day he attacked the day's job, whether instruction, administration, or research, as it came up, and each day he finished the task in a workmanlike manner.

One of his outstanding qualities was

that of friendship. Everybody liked Professor Buchanan. I presume he never had an enemy. He was one of those men to whom one instinctively applies a nickname. And the nickname came. About 1902 a favorite nephew, "Tom B." Matthews came to the university from the home state, Tennessee, and it was he who first here applied to his uncle the familiar name "Uncle Buck" which his nephews and nieces in Tennessee had used. It was only a short time until other young men and young women, intimates of Tom B., were saying "Uncle Buck." The name grew until it spread over the campus, over the State, and "to the uttermost parts of the earth." Today there are men and women in far-away lands who will shed a silent tear when the news comes that "Uncle Buck" has passed on.

Professor Buchanan was a man of affairs. In an early day he was a member of the city council. I remember well the time when he asked me to meet one evening with the council to discuss the installation of the first water system in Norman. He served in the constitutional convention in which he was a member of the committee on geological survey. He was instrumental in having written into the Oklahoma constitution a paragraph providing for the establishment of a geological survey, Oklahoma being the only state that has such a provision in the constitution. He was long an active worker and an officer in the state historical society.

He was an official in his church, the superintendent of his Sunday school, member of a civic club, of the chamber of commerce, and of a prominent fraternal order. He was a community builder, generous with his time, his influence, and his money, in every worthy cause. He saw the university grow from small beginnings. When he came to the campus in 1895 there was but a single building on

a bald prairie and a handful of students. He lived to see the school grow until it ranks among the great universities of the land, with a student body of 5,000 young men and women, and the beautiful campus we see today with twenty great buildings.

Professor Buchanan was an ideal university man, namely, a teacher, a scholar, and a drudge. For, in order to be a complete success, every university man must needs be these three things. First, he must be a good teacher. He must attract students, make his work interesting, and build up a department. Then he must be a scholar, a research man. He must do things in his chosen line outside the four walls of the classroom. He must enlarge and enrich his profession and make a name and reputation for himself. And lastly, he must be willing to do the hundred and one things on the campus that some one must do, and that few people like to do. He must serve on committees, advise with students, look after details, and help keep the wheels moving. In other words, he must be a faculty drudge.

ALL of these things Professor Buchanan did and did well. He was a good teacher. There are today thousands of men and women in middle life who remember with delight his classes in American history. His researches in early American history were scholarly. A few years ago he spent a winter in Washington, and on his return I heard him say that while there he had read every letter in the archives at the Capital city written by Andrew Jackson, on the history of whose life he had been working for many years. His researches in Oklahoma history were profound, and he was joint author with Professor Dale of a text book on the subject.

As a matter of detail in university affairs, he has had no superior. First, as head of the department of history, then for many years as dean of the college of arts and sciences, as acting president, as president of the university for one year, and as vice president for five years, he has been more intimately connected with the internal working of the school and has served in more different capacities in university affairs than has any other single man among us.

To all of these things he brought a wealth of information, of patience, and a solidarity of purpose rarely equaled. Kindly, friendly, jovial, willing to listen, willing to advise, "he lived in a house by the side of the road" in university affairs, and "was a friend to man." He knew sorrow and joy, he knew defeat and victory, he gave much to life, and life, in return, gave him much.

And now he is gone from us. No more shall we have his kindly counsel. We shall all miss him, but those who knew him best miss him most. He lived a full life, a useful life. He was a typical American citizen, a Christian gentleman. The world is better because James Shannon Buchanan "Uncle Buck" has lived.