me somewhat plaintively that he had vainly tried to peddle that chapter to various magazines—the ones in natural history wouldn't touch it, and even the sensation magazines said it was too hot for them to handle! In the confines of our own plant it was suggested that we promote sales by offering the turtle chapter in mimeographed form with each order for ten or more copies of the book. We never have had a book banned in Boston, but sometimes I toy with the idea of what an unexpurgated edition of that volume might have done for an otherwise sedate University Press.

Happily, most authors appreciate the suggestions of the editor and are content to leave design in the competent hands of the art editor. But now and then an author has a definite idea how he wants his book to look. Usually he wants it to be as big as Professor So-and-So's, and certainly it should weigh as much as Dr. Thus-and-Thus's, because he has spent two more years in his research than either of them, and his book should look it. The art editor wonders if he judges the worth of all books by size and weight. And, of course, we get the repercussions if the book falls short by so much as an inch or an ounce.

We had an author once who persisted in addressing me as "Miss Smith"—a common enough mistake once or twice, but slightly irritating after several months of correspondence. He had a rather unusual name himself. It happened that just before his book went on the press, I had to send him a telegram requiring an urgent answer. A couple of days went by with no reply. I wired again, and was just on the point of resorting to long-distance phone when his reply arrived. It seems, according to Mr. Author, that a letter had been missing from his given name, so the wire had been making the rounds of all the offices in the Department of Agriculture in Washington before it got to the right man.

Now, even though editors are supposed to turn the other cheek to authors and to be consistently diplomatic, I couldn't resist. I wrote him a nice, sympathetic note, telling him I could fully share his feelings about his name since my simple, one-syllable surname was often spelled "Smith," although despite all the "Mary Smiths" in the world, my mail always seemed to reach me on time.

And Things . . .

Ordinarily the editor in a book-publishing organization is the most anonymous animal there is. There have been editors whose names have become known to the general public—witness the late, extremely gifted Maxwell Evart Perkins of Scribner's—but there are few Maxwell Perkinises either in ability or in news value. Most of us remain, except within the confines of immediate publishing circles or to "our" authors, faceless beings who vaguely "do something" in publishing.

But once I attained a sort of publicity, rather by accident to be sure. I was sent to Amarillo (in Texas) to represent the Press at an autographing party—a pleasant form of promotion when the public is invited to the book store to meet the author of a new book and, it is hoped, to buy a copy for the author to inscribe. This book was by a real rancher and cattle raiser of West Texas. That morning he had some calves to brand and so was late in getting to town. Before he arrived, in came the press bent on getting an interview and a picture for the evening editions. Time passed and no author. Newspaper deadlines can't be postponed, so the reporters and photographer bowed to the inevitable and took a desperate way out. As a result I treasure a nice cut of me fingering one of the books (title prominently displayed, of course) and an interview about the author, the illustrator, the University of Oklahoma Press, and scholarly publishing in general. I won't deny that I made the most of the opportunity. But I was a poor second to the colorful rancher, and my amazement at being drafted was so great that the people of Amarillo probably still think that all editors stand around with their mouths open.

Since things have gotten slightly personal, I may as well go on and tell you that, so far as my own position as associate editor of the University of Oklahoma Press is concerned, I am frequently identified with various other departments of the University, from Journalism to the Library, until I have almost quit trying to explain exactly what I am and what I do. "Why, I thought The Oklahoma Daily was edited by a student" (obviously I am past that age), or "Will you please put an ad in the Daily for me?" are everyday occurrences. Or, if the speaker has a little more information, "Isn't reading proof awfully hard on your eyes?" "You correct the punctuation and spelling, don't you?" Well, an editor occasionally does read proof, and he does correct punctuation and spelling, but he does something else, too.

After nearly fourteen years in the business of publishing, nine of them with the University of Oklahoma Press, I find that publishing books is nine-tenths sweat and one-tenth accomplishment and reward, but —Where's that blue pencil, the shop is howling for copy!

Books

Life and Death of an Oilman

A distinguished addition to studies of Oklahoma and Oklahomans is the recent biography of E. W. Marland, Life and Death of an Oilman by John Joseph Matthews, '20ba, University of Oklahoma Press. $3.75.

Drawings by J. Craig Shephard brilliantly illustrate the author's skillful revelation of Marland's character. The frontispiece shows the Marland of happy prosperous days, fondling his dogs. Chapter headings depict Marland the school boy, allowing his adoring mother to straighten the tie of his absurd Glengarry costume before starting him on his way to disaster; the smoking chimneys of Pittsburgh where the young man was secretly afraid; the horse and buggy which took him prospecting; the derricks of the oil field where he got his start.

The sketches move on to the New Cumberland Anticline where Marland brought in an oil well while he was hunting coal. They picture the buffalo, symbols of 101 Ranch where, after losing his first million, he arrived penniless to bring in a gusher; and the tank farm that spread over acres.

About the Author

Miss Mary Stith, '30ba, '37ma, Associate Editor of the University of Oklahoma Press, taught in the Anchorage High School, Louisville, and in 1938 became editor for the Economy Publishing Company of Oklahoma City. She joined the editorial staff of the Press in 1943. By her experience, discretion, and zest for her work, she is well-qualified to write this article for the Quarterly.
with a red triangle and the name "Mar-
land" on every tank.

They show the mansion he built at
Ponca City.

"Decade of Illusion" lay ahead. For this,
the artist has chosen a foreground figure
of a solitary Indian holding his horse,
watching from the shelter of his feathered
hat and blanket the automobile parked
beside the rutted road while its owner
supervised the mad activities at the well.

During the years soon after World War
I, Marland, like many others, seemed
to believe "that the supply would never catch
up with the demand, and that the people
would always have 'crazy money' to
spend." Sheppard has illustrated this at-
titude with a line-drawing of the hunt, that
curious anacronym so typical of Marland.

By 1929 the glory faded. Matthews,
analyzing Marland's reaction to disaster,
concludes that it was much like that of
the nation as a whole. The thing which hurt
him most was the disappearance from the
symbolic red triangles of the name "Mar-
land" and the painting in of the name
"Conoco" on every tank car, truck, pump
station, and company owned building. But
his optimism and energy were not "merged
out" with his name.

He borrowed $850,000 to pay his income
tax, mortgaged his estate, and postponed
the crash for a little while. One more time
he played the prince, presenting the statue
of the Pioneer Woman to the state. The
gesture was magnificent; it had cost $200,-
000 just to send the models made by twelve
artists over the nation that the people
might choose.

Like so many events of his life, that cer-
emony was marred, for him, by a change of
program not at all to his liking. This was
in his eyes a dignified, important occasion;
and he had refused to invite Will Rogers.
But Pat Hurley, Secretary of War, was
unable to come to Oklahoma, -and some-
how, Will Rogers flew in from California
in his seaplane to make the speech at the unveiling cer-
emony.

The crowd loved the earthy humor, the
exposure of human frailties, the punctur-
ing of all pretense, which Rogers always
enjoyed in his work; they loved his face,
what he said; they loved the way he said
it. He played the prince, presenting the statue
of the Pioneer Woman to the state.

The year of careluf study and research
provided the information which make the book authentic are well
understood. The result is worth more than a single
reading.

Mrs. Edith Jameson Copeland, '20ba, '25ma, has been active in school and civic
affairs in Norman, and is at present Executive Secretary of the Cleveland
County Tuberculosis Association. A writer, too, she is preparing a biography of Kate Barnard, the first
Commissioner of Charities and Corrections in Oklahoma, a colorful personality responsible for many of
the policies still in effect in that branch of state govern-
ment.

About the Author

Mrs. Edith Jameson Copeland