It was an exciting day when we finally found ourselves going up the gangplank to the ship, with France the goal, where Walter would complete his work on the life of Sitting Bull while Mallory and Dorothy would enjoy life on the Riviera, and where I too, might continue my writing.

We had perfect accommodations—a cabin on the open deck so we could keep our window open as we wished. Most of the trip, which took ten days, was very warm. Only the last two days were brisk and foggy. Everything was new and exciting and we had the double pleasure of enjoying new sights and experiences ourselves and also through the fresh minds of our children. We played deck tennis and shuffleboard, of course, and the night of the fancy dress ball the children took a prize with their costumes which had been fashioned from red crepe paper purchased at exorbitant prices from the ship’s barber. That was the high water mark of the trip for them.

We landed at Cherbourg and after ten days on the water I will never forget the excitement of seeing land again. France looked so green and so gentle and so inviting. We went through the customs with no trouble and found places in the train. The trip lies through Normandy and we pressed our faces against the window and absorbed every thing we could see. Finally Dorothy, who was tired and excited from so many new sensations burst into tears. When I got her quieted enough to talk, I asked her what the trouble was.

"I didn’t think that when I went to Paris, I would have to live in a house with a grass roof!" she said.

So we explained to her that we were not in Paris but in the country, and that all country houses in Normandy had thatched roofs. In Paris we deposited ourselves for the night in a regular hotel and Dorothy decided that life was worth living, after all.

I felt the same way about Paris—that beautiful and friendly city. We stayed there six weeks and during that time, of course, we went to the museums and Versailles and the Opera. But the real joy of Paris to me is wandering up and down the irregular streets and just looking at the thousand and one things that are beautiful and strange.

The physical means of life in France are always on view. The butcher shops have open fronts with counters where the windows would be at home, and on these open counters are displayed tempting cuts of meat and beside the open door hang whole sides of beef and veal, whole lambs and half a dozen or so fowls. Perhaps the front of this shop will be painted a gaudy vermilion. Right next door will be a blue fronted shop and on the open counters will be displayed opulent cheese, prepared hors d’ouvres, large jars of mushrooms, great platters of ravioli, ready to cook, Burgundy snails already stuffed with butter and garlic, and baskets of bright red lango-ustes—the French lobster that has four times the meat in it that our lobster has.

Then farther down the street, or just around the corner, will be another shop painted a soft bright color and this will be a bread shop fairly making one faint with hunger at the sight of long French loaves of bread, which are sold by the weight, baskets and baskets full of croissants, brioches and petit pain. Then the fruit shops—most of the boxes of fruit are on tables on the sidewalk, giving barely enough room to squeeze by without stepping off into the street. And here at the fruit shops, I had a lesson in shopping etiquette.

I stopped before a box of luscious peaches intending to buy one or two. I reached out my hand and gently squeezed the peach I intended to buy—not really to see if the fruit were ripe—that I could see at a glance, but more just for the sensuous feel of the firm juicy flesh that I soon intended to bite into. In a second the proprietor had bounced out of his shop and snatched the peach from my fingers. Jabbering in French, he laid the precious peach back to rest in its nest of tissue paper and then, turning upon me, he told me what he thought of me.

My French was hardly adequate to appreciate his oratory. All I gathered was that I was permitted to stop and look at the peach, or I might buy it, but to touch it, and worse to SQUEEZE it—well, what could one expect from a stranger.

As my conscience was entirely clear about intending to buy it, I felt justified in talking back and defending myself. I opened my mouth—No one but a traveler in a foreign land knows the agony of being unable to engage in a verbal battle. I could not talk back, my French was not adequate. Fairly drowning in my balked rage, the only revenge I could take was to refuse to buy the violated peach. Mustering what dignity I could summon, I walked away, leaving him to croon over his pressed peach.

Such trifles cause international misunderstandings. For several blocks I hated the French and even wished that the Germans had reached Paris, and then, cooling down enough to think rationally, it occurred to me that if the Germans had reached Paris and had taken over the operation of the fruit stands I should probably have been arrested for squeezing the peach, instead of being let off with a tongue lashing. Drawing a long breath of relief at my narrow escape, I again opened my affections to Paris and let her beauty and charm flow over me.

Though France is governed by a bu-
reacruacy one does not feel the standardization that one feels in the United States. For instance, at night, of course, all automobiles are required to have lights, but the French are notoriously thrifty and most automobiles use only one of the parking lights. This complies with the law, reduces the glare on the streets and is generally most agreeable. I saw two youngsters driving a battered, stripped-down chassis, much like those one sees in Norman during track meets. They were stopped by a gendarme because they had no lights. Immediately one youngster produced a red paper Japanese lantern, lit a candle within it, and, holding it at arm's length over the side of the car, drove off, with the complete sanction of the gendarme. The red paper lantern danced and juggled down the street under the chestnut trees.

There are many bicycles in Paris and at night every rider carries a colored paper lantern hung on his handle bars. And summer nights, in the Bois de Boulogne all the boats are equipped with colored paper lanterns.

I loved Paris but we had to go south because it grew rainy and cold. When we left Norman, I swore that we would take nothing but our clothes. But, as usual, when we came to pack up once more in Paris, we discovered that we had accumulated the usual collection of toys, books, alarm clocks that didn't keep time, old shoes that we didn't want and couldn't make up our minds to throw away, and such various odds and ends. We finally managed to squeeze most of the stuff into our gaping, splitting bags — everything except an enormous hoop which Dorothy had played with in the gardens of the Luxembourg. This because of its size and shape, fitted nowhere. Dorothy was determined to keep it, she said, for a souvenir, and when we finally started for the train, Mr Campbell found that he had fallen heir to the hoop. He was the only one in the family who had an empty hand. When this obvious fact was pointed out to him, he said:

"I'll need that hand to get money out of my pocket. I don't mind being ridiculous most of the time. I might jump through a hoop but I'd be darned if I will carry one across France."

So the hoop was given to the maid who no doubt had a niece or grandchild who could use it.

The trip from Paris to Nice may be made in ten hours, but because we wanted to see as much of the country by daylight as possible, we took three days for the trip, stopping at Dijon and at Avignon. One of the delightful things about France is the retention of horse-drawn carriages. We always took one in preference to a taxi when it was possible. At Dijon we jolted over narrow, cobblestoned streets in an open carriage, drawn by a fine big bay and driven by a coachman dressed in a flat black straw hat and a long-tailed blue coat with brass buttons embossed with a big "N." In his vest pocket he kept a small rubber automobile horn and when he felt he needed it, he took it from his pocket, held it out at arm's length and tooted it vigorously. Dijon is in the heart of Burgundy, where the snails come from. On a great carved wooden doorway in one of the buildings, we found the arms of Burgundy and were delighted to find that the snail was part of the pattern.

The next day we went to Avignon. There we went through the palace of the Popes. It was this building that awakened me to the beauty of medieval architecture. I was interested in Notre Dame because of its literary associations, Sainte Chapelle because of its unrivaled beauty, Sainte Genevieve because of the intellectual appeal of its transitional architecture. But at Avignon in the Palace of the Popes, which is really a fortress, I caught the spirit of the building. It was an emotional experience I value above everything that has happened to me in France. Something which I had hoped for, but which I had hardly dared to expect.

High up in a tower we found a little room with fourteenth century murals, still fresh in color and charming in design. The little room, so withdrawn, (TURN TO PAGE 380, PLEASE)
Tell us when you come to Norman

HELLO GRADS!

REVOLUTIONIZING HEAT

(continued from page 375)

(continued from page 365)

Varisty Fountain
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Varsity Corner

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The Sooner Magazine
July

I came across a delightful thing in Nice. On Palm Sunday we were walking on the Promenade des Anglais beside the water and we noticed that the fishermen had tied sprigs of some green plant on the high prows of their boats. We asked one what it meant and he said that it was a sprig of laurel tied to the boat on Palm Sunday to bring good luck in fishing. Palm trees are not native to the northern coast of the Mediterranean—they were imported from Africa. Surely the use of laurel on Palm Sunday must antedate Christianity—a pagan custom held over.

Another bit of color given to the streets are the long strips of red cloth which hang beside the door of every teinturierie (dyer, dry cleaner, laundry, etc.) waving in the breeze.

The streets are full of bicycles and right along behind a snappily dressed gendarme on his bicycle, I once saw a woman in a fur coat with an American goby's hat on her head, peddling along in the rain with one hand holding an umbrella over her. Malory said she looked like a toy made in Czechoslovakia. Why should I try to write when I have a child who can think up things like that?

The dinner bell will ring shortly, so I must hasten on. No matter what the language, what the race, what the politics, what the religion, I have noticed that the dinner bell always sounds sweet to the ears of all pensionnaires. Do you remember the American classic:

Oh, how the boarders yell,
When they hear the dinner bell,
Oh, how the biscuits smell,
Three times a day.

One of the first things I shall do when I step off the boat in New York is to order some hot biscuits and a piece of pie. France has its charm, but there are certain racial traits that can never be ironed out by any amount of cosmopolitanism, and one of them is a taste for pie.

Some of our experiences have been unique—some are common to all coun-	ries, such as the rush for the bath after a dip in salt water. I invariably collide in the narrow corridor with a great fat Frenchman in his bathrobe. Then there is a great deal of "Pardon, Madame," and "Pardon, Monsieur," and we jump up and down and dodge back and forth, trying to get out of each other's way, and don't succeed. Then I decide to stand still and let him dodge around me, and he decides at the same time to do the same thing, with the result that once again we stand facing each other. Seized with the energy of embarrassment, we start jumping up and down again and
in the course of time, our rhythms being different, I go up as he comes down and finally manage to escape.

The United States and all her customs are the big influence on the Continent at present. Everyone speaks English—American English, with its slang and idioms. All dance music is American, all phonograph records are English, styles are American. The French beret, which the French have always worn straight across the forehead, must now be worn on the back of the head in the American fashion in order to be chic. In some sets it is fashionable to speak French with an American accent—Maurice Chevalier speaks English with a French accent, and French with an American accent.

One day, walking with a friend, I decided to go into a large hotel to inquire the prices—not intending, of course, even to think of stopping there; merely out of curiosity. The lady who was with me, an Hungarian who spoke fluently besides her own native tongue, French, German and Italian, said to me: "Speak English, it will make a better impression." Business men prefer English or German to other languages.

The Sooners apparently made a triple play in the second, Oklahoma winning 11 to 0. Beck's three hits, one of them a homer with Newman aboard, driving in two runs, while Mills blasted a homer with Newman aboard.

Young, making his first varsity start, blanked the Aggies with four safeties in the second, Oklahoma winning 11 to 0. Beck's three hits, one of them a homer with two on, set the batting pace while Young himself surprised everybody by driving in two runs with a single and double of his own. The game was played on the freshman diamond as rain had left the varsity field unplayable.

The team then left in automobiles for Lawrence, Kansas, where it was to meet Kansas in a pair of week end games, rest over Sunday, and engage Nebraska Monday and Tuesday at Lincoln. An attack of sciatic rheumatism having laid Coach Haskell low, Adrian Lindsey, football coach, and former minor league baseball player, was given charge of the squad.

But rain drowned out both games at Lawrence and also the first game at Lincoln, forcing Oklahoma to play a double-header against the Cornhuskers Tuesday. Captain Cannon submitted the prettiest pitching exhibition of the season in the opener when he shut out Nebraska with two singles. Young won the nightcap, 2 to 1, although it went 14 innings before Mills singled and May drove him home with a long double to left.

Next day the Sooners stopped over at Lawrence and played off one of the postponed games with the Jayhawker but the 23 innings of the previous day, plus a long automobile drive and a keen Kansas fighting spirit, let the Jays carry the day, 8 to 6. Cannon got three hits, driving in two runs, while Mills blasted a homer with Newman aboard.

Two days later Iowa State invaded Owen field for the final games of the season. Oklahoma had to win both of them to stay in the running. But who would pitch? Cannon was an impossibility as he had worked full games Tuesday and Wednesday. Young had had but three days rest.

Coach Haskell, limping to the bench despite the pain of his rheumatism, solved the riddle by deciding to gamble. He summoned Dick "Fire Ball" Bell, a relief twirler who had pitched but five innings all season, to the hill. Bell's chief stock in trade is a curve ball so slow that you can time soft-boiling eggs with it. The Iowa State coach countered by using Gustafson, whose fast ball throws off smoke and fire.

Bell came through nicely. In the first two innings his buddies made it hard for him with a flock of errors. But Bell bowed his neck, pitched out of hole after hole, and when he fanned Pinch-hitter Maddox with the bases full in the seventh, was well on his way to victory. Not until Oklahoma led 12 to 1 did he ease up, Ames scoring four times in the ninth.

As usual, Mills and May were the big noise with the stick. Mills got a home run, a double and a single. May collected a homer and two singles. Bell even came through by slashing a hit through the infield with the bases full, scoring two runners.

The Sooners apparently made a triple play in the third inning of this game. With Iowa State players on second and third and nobody out, the batter drove a ground ball to Shortstop Lobau of the Sooners who threw him out at first. Meanwhile Hambach, the Ames runner on second, had hustled down to third only to find that Gustafson, his team mate, hadn't left the bag. Andy Beck,