Barber Shop Blues

(KING GEORGE PRICE, Sookerland's new assistant director of athletics, has brought an enthusiasm to the campus that has been missing for a number of years.

For Mr. Price works hard at his job, and almost every person he contacts, he meets as a potential customer to Sooner sports events. There is no "come on down to see the Sooner play if you want, and if you don't want to you can jump in the lake" about Mr. Price's attitude.

Just before the football season closed, Mr. Price had occasion to be in Stillwater making arrangements for the Sooner-Aggie game. He found, during his visit there, that he was in need of a shave, so he took himself to the nearest barber shop.

Stretched out at full length, a hot towel coiled about his face, Mr. Price asked from underneath, "Going down to the Sooner-Aggie football game?"

"The barber, as most barbers do, had very definite opinions about the game.

"No," he barked. "I should say not."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Price from underneath the towel.

"What do I want to go down there for? The Aggies are going to get beat this year. And if there's anything I don't like it's to see those Sooner beat the Aggies. Why, I hate those fellows down at Norman like poison. The bums. I'd like to get my hands on one of them."

Mr. Price sat up, removing the towel from his face. The barber stood over him, sharpening a straight-edge razor savagely.

Mr. Price swallowed with difficulty, put the towel back over his face and declined slowly.

"Yeh," he said, "I guess there's something in that."

A couple of philosophers were engaged in a discussion of the wonders of the world during the recent educational conference on the campus.

The topic of conversation shifted from the quaint antics of man to the quaint antics of fish. Doctor Howard O. Eaton of the University philosophy department was telling Doctor Radoslav A. Tsanoff, head of the philosophy department at Rice Institute, about fishing along the Gulf of Mexico.

The scene was the billboard room in the basement of the Faculty club and the two were catching a smoke between formal hand-shakes.

"There's real fishing down there," Doctor Eaton declared.

Doctor Radoslav flicked an ash to the floor and waited for him to go on.

"The sharks in the Gulf often lead the fish a merry chase," he continued. "At times, all a fisherman has to do is walk along the sandy beach with his fish basket under his arm. The sharks chase the fish around the gulf until in self protection they jump up onto the beach. It keeps you busy picking them up before they jump back."

Doctor Tsanoff blinked a skeptical eye and smiled.

"I've heard fish stories like that," he said, "from old dyed-in-the-wool fisherman. But never yet have I heard such a story told as the truth by a reputable philosopher."

Doctor Eaton spent the next half hour trying to convince him it was the truth.

"The French revolution wrote insulting letters to the American revolution," was what the student wrote on her examination paper.

It perplexed the professor, so he called her in and asked, "What do you mean by the French revolution wrote insulting letters to the American revolution?" That doesn't make sense."

"But that's what you said in your lecture, professor," the student protested.

"I said that in a lecture, that one revolution wrote insulting letters to another?" he said.

"Yes, That's what you said, and I have it right here in my notes."

"Well, I'd like to see it. It doesn't make sense, and I don't believe I ever said it."

The student thumbed through her notebook, singled out the lecture dealing with the revolutions and pushed it in his face.

"See, here is what you told us," she insisted triumphantly. "You said, the French revolution corresponded in a rough way with the American revolution. So there."