

The Academy Perspective

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Vada Lee Barkley, Editor

LOOKING AHEAD

Again this year our Plans and Programs Committee is planning a variety of programs. Each committee member represents an interest group. And each member is assuming responsibility for one program.

Gladys Snell has arranged for Richard Amend to speak at our October meeting. As Director of the Centenarians Club of Oklahoma, Mr. Amend has a wealth of entertaining stories to tell.

Our speaker for November 11 will be Todd Sheehy, Director of Aviation at SNU. Captain Sheehy served as an active duty fighter pilot in the United States Air Force. He was one of the most decorated combat pilots of the Persian Gulf War. Sam Davis is responsible for arranging this program.

For December 9, Rebecca Dorris is planning a musical program, featuring non-music majors.

SNU POOL HOURS

Monday	6 - 9 pm
Tuesday	1 - 5 pm; 6 - 9 pm
Wednesday	1:30 - 5 pm
Thursday	6 - 9 pm
Saturday	1 - 5 pm

Any Academy member can show his or her SNU ID card and use the pool during the designated hours.

Leisure Services Information Line:
789-6600 (Ext. 6521)

When you think about having a woman for President, that's no problem. It's the thought of having a man for First Lady

RESEARCH INTEREST GROUP

Dr. Jack Arnold and a dozen or so interested members will meet at 9:30 a.m., October 14, for fellowship and refreshments in the Royce Brown Conference Room #135. For further details about that meeting, see Jack's article in this Perspective.

WARNING:

OPEN SEASON ON FELT HATS

Last month it happened again. Dr. Olan Moore's hat disappeared from the rack outside Heritage. In the past two years, Art and Dr. Paul Gresham lost hats from that rack. No trace. Moral: HOLD ONTO YOUR HAT (and anything else of value). We promise to try to get back the rack we had inside the Heritage room.

ENCLOSURE

At Vada Lee's request, Bronell Greer has written about the work he and Paula are doing among international students. We are enclosing that information with this Perspective.

ART'S CHUCKLES

Golf is no longer a rich man's game. There are millions of poor players.

Distance lends enchantment--but not when you're out of gas.

Poise: Looking like an owl after behaving like a donkey.

Even a skunk can smell like a rose if he spends enough time among the roses.

A HALLOWEEN I'LL NEVER FORGET

by Vada Lee Barkley

Thirty years ago I was teaching English in Hobart (Ok) High School. Art was an announcer at Radio Station KTJS. I taught senior English sections and one section of Creative Writing. I had excellent rapport with my students--I thought.

On Halloween, however, I detected plotting going on among several boys. So I wasn't surprised that night.. Just after dark I heard tires squeal. I dashed to the door in time to see the pickup load of boys throw eggs at the house.

Art backed the car out and parked across the street and waited. When they rounded the corner the second time, Art gave chase. He got their license number. But not before the eggs flew.

The sickening sight of eggs splattered all over the front of our freshly painted white house demanded action. At work, I reported the incident to my principal Bill Ware. In the meantime, Art had learned who had that license number and called Bill Ware.

Armed with the driver's name, Mr. Ware called a meeting of all senior boys. "I think I can get you out of a little trouble," he told them. "All the Barkleys want," he said, "is for you to clean up the mess." Then he added, "If you were involved in this, either you go help clean that up or don't even suit up for the game tonight!"

At noon Mr. Ware brought two carloads of senior boys by to see the damage. He assured us he'd take care of it.

That afternoon Hobart Bearcats swarmed the place. Some climbed onto the porch roof to clean upstairs. Others scrubbed the downstairs wall. One mopped the front porch. Girls drove by to watch and taunt the guys.

At least one boy never forgot. He told me years later he had never wanted to throw another egg at a house since then.

**NEW RESEARCH GROUP TO SET
GOALS & MAKE PLANS IN OCT.**

by Jack David Arnold

Twelve or more research-minded Academy members will meet on Monday, October 14, 10:00 to 11:30 a.m., in the conference room 135, in the Royce Brown building to form the first Research Interest Group (RIG) and to set goals and to make plans for research projects for the 1996-97 academic year.

An observer might ask, "Why form a research group? As the designated leader of RIG, I shall in the Socratic tradition give a philosophical answer to this practical question.

Research enables us to act on the basis of the best conclusions which we have been able to reach.

"Knowledge," as the English mathematician and philosopher Alfred Whitehead writes, "keeps no better than fish." The work of the self-critical knower, like a woman's work, is never done. It is a demanding process; it can drain our supply of energy; and it often must be done over again. The pleasure-drive in us bids us to lie down, like a couch-potato, and dream delightful dreams; however, if knowing is our burden, it is also our pride, and if it is a perpetual draft upon our energy, it is also our economy of effort.

The self-critical type of thought known as the scientific method is a relatively new thing in the world, and the human race is understandably reluctant to change its ancient habits of thinking and acting.

We have taken centuries to win limited freedom to think our way out of difficulties, including some of the entanglements that we have created complicating our own existence. Having come this far, we cannot turn back to the chains of ignorance and the darkness of caves.

All men and women want to know; enlightened men and women want knowledge that is reliable. Setbacks and obstacles will temporarily slow researchers in the process of getting it; however, our civilization has made a huge commitment to the major proposition that no person, no power, or no principality can permanently disenlighten people.

The RIC charter members will welcome your interest, attendance, and participation in the October 14 premiere meeting!!!

THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

by Lora Lee Knippers Duncan

It had been a long hot summer for the Knippers children. Now it was coming to a close and we were glad to be heading back to Tennessee after traveling with our dad in evangelistic work. We had been responsible for the music each evening while he preached his typical "hell, fire, and brimstone" sermons. Things had gone well as we finished a series of revivals from Mississippi to Ohio. We had made a lot of new friends and had seen many people accepting Christ.

We were between Dayton and Cincinnati, Ohio, when suddenly by sister, Dorothy, realized she had forgotten something. Forgetting things was not unusual, but this was different. Daddy asked what she had forgotten that was so important and she, reluctantly, told him that she had left her lipstick in the bathroom of the home where we stayed. As he threw on the brakes, I thought this was going to be the end of the Knippers Family Evangelistic Party. He was horrified!

"Dorothy," he yelled, "You have ruined my ministry. I will never be able to slate another revival in the Church of the Nazarene if word of this gets around."

For the next few hours she sobbed tears of sorrow while Mother tried to console her. Daddy's slate continued to fill and we continued our travels as his special singers for several more summers. Evidently, the word didn't get around and "Keep on The Firing Line" rang out as clear as ever.