
THE INTEGRAL

appreciated as well as I did that it was a case of get out or get fired. So I 'got,' but when I left I fully intended to come back the following Fall to finish my course. As you all know, I did not, because I fell into what seemed like a pretty nice position and I staid with it until the next Winter, when I had something better offered me here in Chicago with the stipulation that it was to be permanent. When I first got back to this city I had a little money and the town with its pleasures and attractions seemed like paradise compared to the surroundings I had while on the survey in the Southwest. But after a time I began to hanker for the treeless plains of Texas. My father's father was a dyed-in-the-wool farmer, and his blood in my veins must have made me feel that incessant 'call of the wild.' Finally it became so bad that I got fired from my Chicago job—first and only time I ever was, though—and I felt like jumping into the lake. As I still had a little money, I answered the 'call of the wild,' and left civilization for the plains of Texas without saying a word to anyone.

"I had met a big rancher down there when I was working for the railroad, and he gave me a job as sheep herder. I put what money I had into sheep, took out a claim, and in about six years was worth \$10,000. Then, just when I was ready to show myself back in Chi.—as evidence that a diploma was not necessary to success—there came a dry year, and I went broke, losing my sheep by the hundreds every day. Up against it again, I went to Oklahoma and got a job at \$15 a month on a ranch out there. One day when I was riding over the country, looking for water, I came to a place that appeared to be a dried-up spring. Here, in the center, was a sort of basin, containing a little water, and around it on all sides were strewn black rocks. I was very thirsty, yet could not drink this water, for it tasted so much like oil. That taste staid with me so long that I got to thinking about the matter, and began to study the country and paw over the geology I was supposed to have learned at college. I came to the conclusion that there was oil in the vicinity, and I decided to make a try at reaching it. So, when I had saved enough money, I put down a well—only had to go about 160 feet, too. After that things went easy. The greatest oil boom that Oklahoma ever saw resulted, the field being traced as far down as Indian Territory. Some people made millions, and, thanks to my knowledge of oils gained at Armour, I picked out some properties, early in the rush, that produced oil which presented a good refining proposition. Then the Standard came in, and I sold out, but with a few thousands to the good. I went at once to my old ranch in Texas, and there I am located now, with as nice a bunch of sheep as ever was raised.

"It all sounds like a page from a novel, yet it has all come to be a living reality to me. If it hadn't been for what I learned at Armour I never would have located that oil. So, boys, let's drink another to her and to the old Class of 190—."

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