

The Sooner Salutes

The Class of 1952 . . .

What does tomorrow hold? To seniors ready to graduate, clairvoyance would bring a pretty penny.

At graduation exercises on the O.U. campus June 1 and 2, the end of an epoch came for many.

Yesterday they were safe and secure in an academic atmosphere. They danced the Charleston and raised hell when the spirit struck them.

Yesterday they were students; tomorrow they would be face to face with reality. Dreams and illusions would still be available but they were expendable commodities on the world's stock exchange.

No one thought that tomorrow would bring an end to fun. Everyone thought that fun would be mixed with bullets, business and bruises. No more coke dates or Dallas weekends. In short, the future held more pitfalls than an Oklahoma highway.

It wasn't war that worried the senior so much. It was the rumor of war. Where one called for a clear cut approach, the other was more difficult to attack.

In many ways the seniors of 1952 were the silent ones. There were few in the class who shouted. Many whispered and a few spoke in conversational tones.

They did not want to be thought of as reds, pinks or any other subtle shading. They did not want to be thought of as reactionary either. Somewhere down the middle of the road was the rut they searched for. So they looked hard and said little.

Probably the one race the seniors hated most was the furious galloping out of confusion into chaos. They knew they wanted to reach a stage of preparedness—not to be frightened and confused.

What kind of a dent the seniors would make when they stopped being students and started being responsible citizens of a different sort of social order, was a question worth asking.

No one knew the answer for sure.

Certainly the seniors had a much more realistic approach to their coming out party than many crops of graduates. From childhood they had been trained in the disruption and confusion that an official war or a police action brings.

Probably better than any generation in U. S. history they were grounded in the rules of "One World." They understood the cost of a responsible part in world leadership.

An older generation can remember when things were different—the present crop has no such experience to retard progress.

As the 1952 Class moved across the commencement stage, they had only superficial experiences in the process called living. They had not had to accept many responsibilities. They had little to say about their past. They had less to say about their future.

As they embark on a period that will see them become community, state and national leaders, the *Sooner* wishes them God Speed. They have maintained an equilibrium when others were losing theirs; they have held on to optimism. The *Sooner* salutes the Class of 1952 and holds for its members great expectations.

. . . And Their Parents

Somehow the parents of the graduating seniors manage to be the forgotten ones.

Everyone is so concerned with patting the lucky ones on the back that the people who have made it all possible are overlooked. Very few of the Class of '52 would have gotten that way without financial aid and moral support from their parents.

To the parents, therefore, the *Sooner* offers an A. A. degree—Applied Appreciation—*cum laude* to the party or parties who have made the Class of 1952 possible.

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