

It is 5 a.m. December 25, 1952. From the large frame house at the summit of a hillock, multicolored Christmas lights flicker, bending the darkness at a hundred points, but never breaking it.

Southeastern Kansas farmland sweeps up from all sides to meet huge cedars that nestle the house in their arms. The weather is chill. Snow has fallen only to lose its first test, leaving the sky clear and the air brisk.

Suddenly a yellow light lashes the darkness, succeeding in its battle with the night where the technicolored bulbs have been de-

that this is a day to be remembered. And then, around dusk, the children and grandchildren who disappeared after breakfast return. The day is completed by a dinner of leftovers and conversation that runs to meet physical numbness.

This is a preview of Christmas with the Burrs, December 25, 1952. Millions of Americans are observing the birth of Christ in a similar fashion. Only the faces and the places will be different.

For those of you who will be alone, in unfriendly areas or lost in the confusion of

dividual portions without knowing the content of any other forum paper. I expected some overlapping but the professors defined and divined their subjects so well that such is not the case.

Selected to participate in the first faculty forum were Dr. Ralph Olson, whose study of geo-politics made him especially suited to set the stage for the discussions that follow; Dr. W. N. Peach, professor of economics; Dr. M. L. Wardell, '19ba, David Ross Boyd professor of history; Dr. Maurice H. Merrill, '19ba, '22Law, research professor of law; Dr. J. Clayton Feaver, Kingfisher associate professor of the philosophy of ethics and religion; Dr. Percy W. Buchanan, professor of history; Dr. Oliver Benson, '32ba, '33ma, professor of government, and Dr. Carlton W. Berenda, associate professor of philosophy.

Each man could have used five times the amount of space allotted him to discuss his subject. Yet each held the line. The results: concise writing, cutting to the heart of the subject, but limiting the author's justification for his reasoning. I say this, not as an apology for the article, but to explain that the authors were limited by space requirements.

As you read the article, see if you do not agree with me that the prevailing mood is one of optimism. No author believes peace to be impossible. However, neither do they suggest that peace is easy.

I've tried to balance this issue with a generous mixture of the serious and the light. On page 14, graduate student Bob Lattimore, '52ba, surveys the trend humor has taken on the O.U. campus. The first 60 years' efforts show some jokes to be as omnipresent as the late drought—others gone and not lamented.

Please read the story carefully. Then give me your opinion. I realize that some of you will disagree with a portion of what is said. I should like to know the areas of disagreement as well as of agreement. More particularly, I would like to know if you think this type of forum is of value to you. Think it over and let me know.

The legend and presentation of The Juggler of Notre Dame is given attention on page 8. A fine Christmas story is never repetitious and I think you will enjoy having your memory refreshed.

Other highlights of this month's effort is the story about Harry Kornbaum, '33, and his Rainbow Travel Service and the article concerning alumni activities in South Bend and Chicago.

As the holidays will be over before we meet again through this column, may the Lord bless and keep you and make His face shine upon you throughout this holiday season.

Under Cover

By DAVID BURR, '52ba

feated. For a mile around, the neighbors can tell, if they are awake, that the Burrs are up.

Inside, with fires lighted and the old-fashioned, wood cookstove adding a scent to the house that the electric range never reproduces, the household stirs. Half-awake, half-asleep, the Burrs check the tree to make sure no one has been overlooked.

A car comes huffing up the driveway. A door slams. The contest is on. He who shouts "Merry Christmas" first wins all. The contest is a yearly ritual. There is no prize except the honor of officially beginning Christmas Day. At one time, it was the little Burrs of my generation who sat around the tree, trembling with anticipation, laughing with pleasure. But on this day, a second generation does the shouting. Their elders content themselves with watching for signs of desires fulfilled or of black moments of disappointment.

As the presents are finally unwrapped, and tried on for size or pulled and tugged and stretched to test ultimate possibilities, the matriarch moves toward the kitchen to start the hot cakes, eggs and sausage. All who have gathered for the grand opening stay for breakfast. Then the segments of the group who have interests in other family circles depart to prepare for their next visit.

Those who remain behind realize that the day has only begun. There are still visits to the neighbors and relatives that live in the area. Each visit results in the "Merry Christmas" shouting contest.

Throughout the day, telephone calls and visitors stream into the house—testimony

the times, come, join us. Have Christmas with the Burrs. It isn't necessary to travel to Kansas to be with us. If you feel a renewal of faith, a generosity of thought and gratitude for the gains that have been made through the past year, wherever you are, you will have Christmas with us. Since I won't see you Christmas morning, "Merry Christmas."

Except for sports reporting, superlatives are frowned upon for use in *Sooner Magazine*. The reason is simple. If they are used frequently, they have little meaning when they should be used for a specific effect.

Now is one of those times. This issue of the *Sooner* contains what I believe to be the most significant article ever printed by this publication. If you haven't already found it, the article is a faculty forum that appears on page 4. It concerns itself with several aspects of "Peace."

Christmas is the time when "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men," is supposed to mean more than at any other time of the year. It is the day when the Prince of Peace made his appearance in human guise.

But Peace on Earth has been absent for many years. Perhaps it was never present—merely the goal for which most of humanity strives.

To discuss the subject, I invited eight authorities in fields that were related to my specific questions to tell me in limited verbage their thoughts pertinent to peace.

The results are more than gratifying. Without exception, they are excellent. I must add that the professors wrote their in-