

When I think of the new adventures of the war in Korea, my reserve commission and income taxes, I find staggering reasons why I should beware of the Ides of March.

Many times, thinking of the problems

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that beset me as a man and those that confront me as a citizen of the nation, I become distraught with the world I live in, and wonder if there isn't some easy way out of my difficulties.

Usually I can find a temporary balm by escaping back into the good old days. The good old days for me were not days when steak could be purchased for 25¢ a pound. For me, and I suspect for many another, they were days when I was not worried about walking upright like a man; they were days when I was concerned only with being the child that I was.

And as a child, the memories of March are distinct and separate from those that plague me now. Then I was unworried about Shakespeare's admonition concerning March.

My earliest remembrances embrace a farm in Southeastern Kansas. Now, I think of my childhood environment as being ideal. Acres and acres of land to roam with nature, as elemental as ever captured by author or artist, as my roaming companion.

Nature and a child's imagination were monderful running mates. I could, without hesitation, imagine the tormenting winds of the month to be ferocious lions and the tranquil days to be innocent lambs.

Nature conspired with me in some of my designs. I watched the hedge trees and rows for their first budding. My parents had established the first appearance of green shoots from the hedge, a notoriously slow budder among the many species of Kansas trees, as a criterion for going bare-foot.

Nature conspired against me in other plans. The end of winter, signalled by the sharp winds and the calendar, meant field work and garden work. Truck patches needed to be prepared carefully, and the fields, soon to receive the corn planting, were plowed, disked and harrowed.

My mother and father, neither of whom had taken a college course in psychology, seemed to have a good working knowledge of its present day tenets. I was accepted as a partner in all of the farm efforts; a partnership which I reluctantly accepted.

St. Patrick's Day, a day with its own

meaning to Engineers in a grown up world, meant a day of back-breaking work. Because the *Farmer's Almanac* indicated that the "moon was right," potatoes were cut in accordance with their many "eyes" and entrusted to the earth.

By DAVID BURR, '52ba

Toward the middle of March, nature brought both joy and sorrow. The wild onions in the pastures began to make the land green and the cows' milk unbearable. By the end of the month, every living thing re-affirmed its vitality and life.

Somehow, I recall March as being a time for work, a tiresome month. Certainly not something to be sentimentalized as I have just done. But it is easy to attach sentiment to the past when the present seems untenable and the future impossible.

Without escaping into my childhood haunts and habits and sentimentality, I can, however, manage a respectable amount of optimism in March. Without stretching rationality, I give much of the credit for making the present and future

more optimistic for me to the Engineers.

They are the most optimistic group of people in the world. And their optimism is catching.

In no other field of human endeavor are professional efforts more ripe for pessimism. For example, consider an aeronautical engineer. Through months of tedious work and research, he develops a refinement for aircraft that makes it move faster, higher and with a greater weight load. Yet he knows that as quickly as his innovation becomes common knowledge in his profession his work has become obsolete. Yet another engineer has taken his findings and used them as a debarkation point for further progress.

The same conditions exist in other engineering fields. Still Engineers continue to pile advancement upon advancement, making the present a lively experience and the future an exciting gamble.

This month the *Sooner* pays special heed to the Engineers for their contributions to the society we live in. The editor paid heed to their optimistic attitude during the preparation of this publication, and feels inclined to accept the responsibilities of being a citizen in a land where the present is made more comfortable and the future more attractive through engineering progress.

Seniors Will Edit Sooner

Readers of the *Sooner Magazine* are due for a change of pace in May. The turnabout is planned to let members of the senior class have a chance to edit the magazine. Instead of material especially prepared for alumni, the *Sooner* will carry material especially prepared for O.U. students by seven top seniors. Only the Roll Call section will be maintained from present alumni features.

The idea, of course, is to present the student perspective in such a fashion that the publication will be of interest to any person vitally interested in the University and her students.

Graduating seniors will receive the special issue free of charge. Alumni subscribers will receive their copy as usual. Distribution will be made to other groups as long as the supply lasts.

Acting on a suggestion from Senior Class members that an issue of the magazine be made available to them, Dudley Culp, '34Law, Wewoka, president of the Alumni Association, and Boyd Gunning, '37ba, '37Law, executive secretary of the Association, invited President George L. Cross to select the student panel.

Those selected were Dorothy Young, College of Fine Arts; Charlene Caldwell, College of Education; George Odom, College of Business Administration; Tom Abbott, Jr., College of Pharmacy; Jim Work, College of Law; Dick Patten, College of Arts and Sciences, and Bill Spohrer, School of Journalism and president of the Senior Class.

Preliminary meetings of the Editorial Board have been held. From my position as adviser to the board, I already have had a demonstration of the excellence of Dr. Cross' selections. Ideas are being sifted and mulled. Decisions are being reached. The whole project gives promise of real merit.

I think it would not be presumptuous to expect something outstanding from the efforts of these students.