

There is an ever present danger for those of us who spend our days somewhat isolated in our little University World to believe that what we think and do are the thoughts and actions of everyman.

Living in a society devoted to education in one form or another is a stimulating way

Presently two girls and a sailor sat down in the pew across from me. The girls, cheaply dressed and in their mid-teens, were discussing the sailor's impending departure. I heard part of their story. They had met the sailor a short time before in a bar, on the street or somewhere, and had

of the throat. Apologetically, "I've got an awfully bad cold, you know."

A young child several seats away sang "Joy to the World." When she finished her traveling companion, perhaps her mother, urged her to sing another song, "You know that one about a hippopotamus that made the little girl in Oklahoma City famous."

The child's voice took off in all directions.

We changed busses and again there was a delay in making connections. Luckily I was standing in front of the right dock when the bus pulled in, giving me a top position in the battle for seats.

Suddenly, from behind me, I heard a loud voice asking, "Is this the bus for Oklahoma City?" The driver assured the voice's owner that it was. "Well, why did you stop on dock 4? Every time I've taken this bus before it's stopped at dock 2." The driver must not have heard the voice for he made no answer. As he started to check the tickets and let the passengers board the voice moved closer and closer. Before five riders had boarded, the owner of the voice was at the head of the line. I watched her pass me and felt no resentment at her remarkable progress.

At my last bus change in Oklahoma City, I met an acquaintance and sat down on the seat next to him. We had known one another for a long time and lost ourselves in the crowded bus. Just prior to departure time, a neatly dressed gentleman boarded.

"If I may have your attention for just a moment, folks," he began. In the next minute he delivered a full-scale sermon, quoting passages from the Bible with machine gun precision. As he prepared to leave he thanked us for our attention and gave us the Biblical sources for his quotations. He hoped he had been helpful. As rapidly as he had appeared he disappeared.

Forty-five minutes later I was back in Norman. The bus trip was over. I had returned to my University World.

Did You Hear the Roar. Within my little world, earth-shattering developments took place just prior to the holidays. Perhaps you did not feel the earth tremble but it did for at least two people.

Shortly before Christmas, Robert Talley, assistant editor of the *Sooner Magazine*, and Miss Kay Smith stood before Dr. Percy Buchanan, director of the Institute of Asiatic Affairs, and a flower banked fireplace to take their marriage oaths.

The earth trembled for me, also. It was my first experience at serving as best man. With ring securely placed and a tight locking of the knees the best man did his duty.

The bride and groom spent their honeymoon in California but are back in school and Robert is back on his editorial job.

Under Cover

By DAVID BURR, '52ba

of life, but can easily become a blinding experience.

Recently I took a bus trip that covered something short of 500 miles. When I returned to Norman, I suddenly realized that I had been travelling without the protection of my University shell. Certain sounds and sights remained with me:

On the outward voyage, late at night, a large crowd of people stood waiting on the loading platform. As busses arrived, those waiting moved in unison to check the lettered destinations on their front. A small group remained, satisfied by their move, but most moved off impatiently to await the next bus . . . the one that would take them where they wanted to go.

A young man, dressed more fashionably than most of the riders, stood apart from the surging mass. As I passed by, a part of the moving mob, I heard him say, "They're just like cattle." At first I was inclined to agree with him. Then I remembered that I was one of the cattle and resented the remark.

The bus was late. I asked the ticket seller how late it would be. "It oughtn't to be more'n an hour or so," he said. I rested my bags and myself in the waiting room. Most of the space in the pew-like seats was taken, but I wedged into an opening between two enlisted men.

I looked around the room. In one corner two deaf mutes were conversing, their fingers flying with messages. What they were saying I could only guess. Their faces were blank, emotionless. Only their eyes seemed capable of understanding.

A drunken old man, considerably beyond his prime, stumbled by. His years and philosophies were etched deeply in his face. Just inside the station door a young sailor, several years short of voting age, showed the effects of a weary passage and too much alcohol as he fought to keep his eyes open.

decided to see him off. Flattered by their attention, the sailor was trying to decide when he would return their way or if he really had to go at all.

A colonel in air force blues wandered by. Why was he at the bus station? Was he going someplace? Meeting someone? Killing time? I would like to have asked.

Finally the bus arrived.

The return trip found my fellow passengers in a holiday frame of mind. It was mid-afternoon and conversation time.

The gentleman who was sitting next to me remarked on the weather.

"Damned cold," he said. I assured him it was.

"Where are you going, son?" he asked. His sixty-odd years giving him the right to the familiarity.

"Norman," I replied.

"Well, I'm going to the City myself," he said and settled back for a comfortable few hours of talk.

"Do you work down there?" he asked, and suddenly the talk turned to football.

The lady behind me said to her companion, "Yes, honey, I work for an insurance company down there. The company only has two secretaries but we get along alright . . ."

"You know," my seat mate continued, not allowing the conversational threads to sever, "I usually get to see at least one game a year, but this year my only Saturday off was when Colorado played down there and I had to go see about some second-hand furniture . . ."

"Oh, the other secretary is okay. She just hasn't had time to get on to the job yet. Just been there for six months and it's taken me 20 years to learn what I know about the business . . ."

"As a matter of fact, I didn't buy the furniture after all," the end of one narrative was punctuated with a loud clearing