

February has more memorable days than any other month. If you're a calendar watcher, you know that the month holds Valentine's Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday and Ground Hog Day.

Valentine's Day is remembered as a tribute to love. Lincoln's Birthday honors

were only absences of light that occurred when I allowed my imagination to come between reality and illumination.

These were shadows with no substance. Shadows that only threatened when truth was lost to fantasy . . . when vision lost a round to blindness. I made them. I could

serene in the knowledge that this man will say in a benevolent tone, "This is a shadow, children . . . do not be alarmed . . . we will turn on the light . . ."

Since we cannot elect such an official, there is something we can do for ourselves. When we see a shadow forming that is composed of fear, ambition and greed, we should recognize it . . . call it by name . . . light it up.

Education is supposed to cause its players to think . . . to look for truths. This is the role that college graduates must accept in the show of living. If played to the hilt, the play can't help but be an All-American success. Problem people and events will still provide the drama, but they will be assigned a shadowless perspective.

Under Cover

By DAVID BURR, '52ba

a man "with malice toward none." Washington's birth date is a salute to the leader who brought his children out of bondage into the promised land. Ground Hog Day features the furry little fellow with the shadow complex.

This year I paid only passing attention to the three more prominent days. It was Ground Hog Day that held special significance for me. Strangely enough, I do not remember whether it was sunny or cloudy February 2. Yet, I'm inclined to think it was sunny, the ground hog saw his shadow, and there will be six weeks of winter left.

I do not believe that any self-respecting ground hog would want to run contrary to the viewpoint of a large portion of the public. And even a ground hog, with no record of mental achievement behind him, should be able to sense that many people are afraid of shadows—either their own or those cast by other people and events.

Webster offers a definition of shadows that includes: "darkness; as, night's shadows; figuratively, an influence casting gloom, etc.; as, hate is a shadow." I think it is conceivable that other emotions—say, fear—may also cast a shadow.

My most vivid memories of shadows come from my childhood. Then they were mine—tall, grotesque, evil. I gave them substance in my imagination. They were very real ogres, spirits and demons.

To dissipate my fears, a member of the family was apt to point out that there was nothing lurking in the darkness. "You mustn't be afraid of your own shadow," one of them would say firmly. Although it didn't cure my fears, it helped a little to know that I was the instrument of my own fright.

As I grew up, I came to realize that many of the patches of darkness I experienced

force them to retreat.

It would be nice if all areas of darkness were as easily brightened. Unfortunately, there are shadows cast by other men and events that are not so simply dispersed.

Some we would like to keep near us.

Most of us have a favorite shadow. Usually it is the outline of a tall man or woman—someone whose knowledge, wisdom and kindness outstrip the size of modest men and women. This shadow we cling to . . . stretch to fit . . . reach to fill.

Some we would like to dismiss quickly.

Hitler cast his shadow across the world . . . Stalin stood between his people and the light . . . men of lesser size have blackened the earth around them in their communities, states, nations. Wherever truth and justice are lost . . . shadows exist.

Nor are we Americans who pride ourselves on our freedom to search for the truth . . . our inheritance of justice . . . completely immune. In every newscast and newspaper, words appear that are calculated to cast frightening shadows. Consider, for examples, Communism, Depression, War.

Because we have seen the devastation that all three can bring, these words have a tendency to take monstrous shapes.

Some will consider it incredibly stupid of me to suggest that we do not need to fear such shadows. But I do make that suggestion. I do not mean that we should be blind to their existence, however.

To be alert to dangerous shadows is a necessity . . . to be frightened into wallowing in their embrace is cowardice. To let truth and justice go begging because we are afraid of the shadow of dissent seems to me like eating something that our stomachs will reject simply because we follow the rules of a foolish etiquette.

I think it unfortunate that we cannot elect a shadow buster to office and be

For most of my years as editor of the *Sooner Magazine*, I've wanted to carry a story about Guy Y. Williams, '06ba, '10 ma. He's one of the vanishing tribe of pioneers who has grown up with the state and the University.

Because he has never been a colorless individual, his students will have no trouble remembering him in or out of the classroom. As counselor, administrator, teacher, and innovator, he has left his stamp on the University.

In the story that appears on page 12, *Sooner* reporter Bob Talley, '55, has caught some of the reasons why he is "The Fabulous Guy Y."

All-Sports Luncheon Set

Something new has been added to the Oklahoma sporting scene. On April 10, the first O.U. All-Sports day will be held, featuring the annual Varsity-Alumni football game. In addition, tennis, track, baseball, basketball and wrestling teams will compete to provide a full display of Oklahoma's well-balanced sports program. (See p. 32 advertisement for more details.)

As a part of the new day with O.U.'s sports teams, an All-Sports luncheon will be held in the Union Ballroom, beginning at 12 noon. The coaches of the various sports at O.U. will attend plus other sports celebrities. Paul Brown, Oklahoma City, will m.c. the luncheon.

Alumni are urged to make their reservations for the luncheon early. Write or call Leo Cade, First National Building, Oklahoma City (Ph. CE 2-9458) or the Alumni Office, Norman. Tickets are priced at \$1.50 per plate.