

IF I were the diary keeping sort, here are some entries I might have made a few days ago.

August 30: I don't believe I ever saw so many boys and girls at rush before. They never looked so young. The campus feels a new breath of air. Can these youngsters get the glamor of going to O.U.—the big college—out of their eyes in time to read their textbooks two weeks hence. I doubt it.

August 31: Who said the meek would inherit the earth? I never saw so many free-wheeling fraternity men and sorority women before. If they were this aggressive during the school year they'd burn them-

like they went to a movie they had already seen. Homework holds no bright promise.

September 7: The old-timers are beginning to come back. "Bet you a dime I can spot a freshman every time."

September 8: Now all the principals are on the scene. Gripes about sectioning are being warmed up. Football is on every lip. "Can we beat California?" "Do you plan to go to Dallas?" "How good is the team?"

September 9: Lines and lines and lines. Everyone is convinced they are standing in the longest line in the world. The line is encouraging. It keeps the University moving. When its stops, the University stops.

Under Cover

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selves and the Greek System out. Oh, well. This must be comparable to the opening of the Cherokee Strip. Only difference is that the horses are inside the hood of a Cadillac.

September 1: The chase is in full cry. Most of the game is in the open but real results are being achieved in smoke-filled rooms. Everyone is putting his or her best foot forward. There's tension here as fraternities and sororities jockey for position with their best prospective pledges. And the rushees. Anxious to please and pleased to be anxious. The British might call this "Good Sport."

September 2: An emotional calm has been superimposed on nerves. A good line is being established on the rushees. Be careful. Don't count your chickens. Rush chairmen are beginning to sweat. In a few hours the results will be in. Work and Pray. Give it that little something extra. Some are still undecided. Get them. They're the ones you wanted all the time.

September 3: Fraternity and sorority members wait at their houses for the returns from bid-house. You can almost reach out and touch the anxiety. Members are nearly sure of the outcome—but certainty loves a caprice. The cars begin to arrive. Where's that big pledge. Worry about the one that got away tomorrow. Make the ones you got welcome today. Take off for home and a relaxing weekend.

September 6: Monday again. The same youngsters are back ready to be oriented to campus life. What happened to the eager, bright, young faces. Now they look

September 10: Finish sectioning today and go home for the weekend. Did you get the courses you wanted when you wanted them, student? You can feel the faculty body begin to stir. In one of those sectioning lines you will find a great mind to be developed, faculty. A personality that begs for help that you can give. Dream a little. Remember more. Give of your best.

September 13: Classes began today.

IN the first week in May, I followed a familiar pattern of clipping and pasting what were supposed to be the best features, news stories and columns that had been carried in *Sooner Magazine* for the past year.

As I worked selecting the best of everything, I was struck by the awful thought that none of the material was very good. Passable. But not very good.

With this sense of inadequacy, the material was bundled together and shipped to Princeton, New Jersey, where it was to be judged with similar entries from every institution in the country that publishes an alumni magazine.

Announcement of the winners was to be made at the American Alumni Council's convention in July, so a month and a half of waiting ensued. During the waiting period I convinced myself that the *Sooner Magazine* should not have entered; that I should be fired for incompetence; that we would be lucky to receive an honorable mention.

With forebodings, I sat in my chair at the convention as the time neared for the winners to be announced. The Princeton editor, who's magazine won the national championship the previous year, started reading the awards. He began with the schools of 10,000 alumni or less. The tension was building.

Then he announced the winners in the 10,000 to 30,000 alumni classification. Would he never get into the unlimited category. And then he started to name the winners in the over 30,000 alumni group.

The first award that was announced was the contest called "The Institution and its Faculty." We were shut out. Next, the category of "Undergraduate News." I could hardly believe what was happening. The *Sooner* took a first.

For "Alumni" coverage, the *Sooner* was again ignored. But that was the last time. For "Appearance," the *Sooner* ranked third. For "Intellectual Stimulation," the magazine rated an honorable mention. And for "Opinion," the *Sooner* won another first place. Only one other magazine in the nation polled two firsts and that was a publication in the under 10,000 alumni classification.

By this time, I was torn between retaining a semblance of dignity and issuing a whoop of joy.

Then came the decision as to which magazines were the best in the nine national districts that comprise the American Alumni Council. For the district we are a part of, the *Sooner* was named the best magazine.

And the greatest thrill of all—for the first time in the history of the magazine, we were picked in the nation's top ten alumni magazines. No other institution west of the Mississippi was so honored.

I went back to my hotel room to telephone the Alumni Office the good news. While I waited for the operator to connect me, I suddenly felt a great depression, a kind of physical numbness. It might have been the normal let down after an emotional highspot. But I know it was not. My problem was that I could not take credit for a single award. And, selfishly, I wanted to.

Instead, for every item that received the judges approval, credit was directly due to the thousands of alumni who subscribe to the magazine and keep it financially stable; to a wonderfully cooperative administration and faculty; to talented photographers, compositors and pressmen, and most of all to a faith-providing Executive Secretary. I was the instrument through which the notes passed but I did not provide the talent that made the notes sweet and fine.

So be it.