

Student Report Card

Throughout the year, the magazine's student editorial assistant will chronicle the life and times of O.U.'s students.

"Yeah, it's a pretty big school all right. Almost too big." Someone at the end of the cafeteria line cracked a joke and the rest of the stocky boy's words were lost in a wave of laughter. Pretty big is right, mused the slight, unsure appearing freshman who happened to overhear the statement. He pushed through the door and headed back over to the dormitory.

I guess I'll get used to it, but gosh, just think, more than two thousand people in my class. What a joke, "my" class. I'll probably never meet half of the persons in my class. Not quite like it was back in high school when I was halfback on the football team and vice president of the student senate.

He dug his hands deeper into his jacket and hunched his shoulders as a group of guys passed him and crowded him off the sidewalk. He slowed his pace and kicked at a non-existent can on the lawn. The lights of the dormitory glowed like expressionless eyes in the face of the long ugly-pink building that was to be his "home" for nine months. A thousand sounds penetrated the evening air but none pierced the mantle of aloneness that seemed to weigh so heavily on his shoulders.

Wish I knew some people. Heck, I didn't realize college was like this. I thought everyone would know everyone. Where are the convertibles full of friendly girls, riding around waving at boys? All the girls I've seen so far have been attended like royalty by well-dressed, ivy-leaguish older guys.

I wonder what the kids at home are doing now. I would be getting ready for a date with Sandra and making excuses to the folks about that D in Algebra. I think I'll get a ride home this weekend and try to get a date with Sandra. More fun than I will have here. Don't know any girls except Helen Barnes, and she's so rich, boy, the bankers' daughters up here get farther than they do at home. Background helps, I suppose.

"Hey, do you want to go to the show?" It was the big, blond fellow who lived across the hall in the dorm.

Lessee, I have got to write that theme and 15 problems to do in math 2, but if we get back by 11 I can do it all by 12:30.

"I need you to take this date," the blond bellowed impatiently, "Joe had a test come up and couldn't go."

He doesn't even know my name, but I guess that doesn't make any difference. Be with you as soon as I brush my teeth.

"Okay, I'll wait for you, but hurry," the blond shouted. Minutes later the black, hardtop convertible disturbed the night with its strident voice. The slight freshman settled into the back seat and felt much better as he permitted the fall darkness to rush in through the window and buffet his face.

What's on at the Boomer, he asked the blond. "Some gangster show," he muttered from behind his king-size cigaret. The car pulled up in front of Hume house. As the freshman pushed the door open, he reconsidered. *Maybe this school isn't too big after all. I can handle it.* The blond slammed the other door loudly and the two strode confidently up to the door of Hume house to meet their dates.

THE SAME THINGS that dominate the campus each October took over with practiced precision this year. The Dallas weekend, Homecoming, the inevitable success of the football team, the always-impressive return of sweaters and tight skirts—all occupied the student's mind.

The exciting return of sweaters and tight skirts was simultaneous with the appearance of swiveling heads and craning necks. More than a month of class had passed and a few cowardly souls had opened books, apparently mindful of the fact that 8-week quizzes were approaching.

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