

Baldwin: *How do they feel about being national champs—at least for the moment?*

Ballard: Hugh likes it.

Greenlee: I think they are all real proud of it.

Ballard: A lot of people have said they'd rather go to the Orange Bowl not being national champs and beat the national champs, but Hugh says he likes being national champs.

Morris: Yes, because it's not going to help your rating any to beat the number one after the season, anyway.

Bolinger: Everybody seems to think that if we go down there number one, we can't win.

Morris: Yes, and a lot of people think, too, that if we're not number one and we go down there and beat them that makes us number one.

Ballard: And that's not the way it goes.

Baldwin: *Well, do your husbands particularly watch the polls? Do they look for the ratings?*

Greenlee: Yes, that's the first thing Monday and Tuesday mornings when the two polls come out.

Ballard: They check both the AP and the UP.

Baldwin: *Do you think that this pride in being the number one might have just as good an effect as being the underdog and trying to beat the champ?*

Bolinger: I don't know about anybody else, but we've been in the top ten for so many years that it feels good to finally make it one year. As long as Bo has been playing football here, we have been in the top ten, but we have never made it yet. I think they want to keep it.

Baldwin: *Is that a pretty general feeling, do you think?*

Chorus: I think so.

Baldwin: *In other words, when they went out last week, they sort of had something to uphold.*

Morris: This week especially. If they beat Nebraska, I think they'll be pretty sure of staying number one.

Baldwin: *As far as your husbands are concerned, then, they want to go down to Miami as number one and stay number one, is that right?*

Bolinger: It would be a great honor.

Baldwin: *They say that the Yankees have a pride in the Yankees—that you put on a Yankee uniform and you play far better than you do for other teams, because the team as a whole has a pride in its reputation, etc. You think that is somewhat true of Oklahoma's football team.*

Chorus: Oh, yes!

Greenlee: All of them are real proud of

Student Report Card

Campus at Christmas

The student columnist takes a look at the O.U. campus after the exodus for Christmas holidays has stripped it of life.

By PERRY ROBINSON

A CAMPUS DIES during Christmas vacation. Its death starts early in the afternoon and by dusk its throes are speeded by the roar of a thousand suitcase-filled cars exiting by the various traffic arteries. By dusk the once-teeming campus is subdued, dormant in its sudden inactivity.

An occasional lone figure issues from the mouth of the Union, moving slowly as if in indecision as to where to light, bewildered by the solitude spread like a pall over the time-worn buildings by life's exodus.

The Quadrangle projects a gaunt monument into the leaden sky of winter dusk. The doors are barred, closing the portals where only hours before the feet of coeds beat a tattoo, moving here and there in the aimlessness of youth.

Each light is smothered, as if a giant hand had closed over the Quadrangle, dispelling light and depositing darkness with a dispassionate flick of a finger. Outside, the yellowness of the blinking traffic lights reflect dully on the ribbon of pavement.

On the campus, each building has become a musty museum of lost sounds and movements. The Union sleeps silently in the midst of its stone counterparts, its slumber disturbed only by the muffled symphony of sounds emanating from the jumbled mass of concrete and steel that is the physical plant.

Each of the Union's rooms, which yesterday were like individual worlds, each with its importance and cause, is shuttered and silent. The terrace room is empty. The juke box is mute. There is no coffee line. No crowding students. Only nothingness. A dirty napkin lies on the floor near the water fountain, unnoticed by the janitors in their haste to seek the comfort of their firesides. Outside, December darkness has fallen and a chill wind whines mournfully around the sprawling brick giant, tearing at each outcropping, probing at each corner in senseless search.

The Administration Building stands like a medieval castle, its aged walls immobile and unfeeling toward the ravages of the wintry night. Inside, thousands of typewriters are idle, papers lie undisturbed in their resting places in the files. The nervous system is dead, each message paralyzed by the instant departure of life.

The North Oval is as empty as some wild and virgin glen, untouched by the hands of man. Buildings flank its solitude, their windows glutted with darkness. In the maze of hedge-bordered walks east of the administration building a lonely dog seeks shelter from the piercing wind. A gust of bitter cold ripples his fur, and he quickens his pace. The dog rounds the corner and all is unmoving.

The Union bell breaks the quiet with a stately toll, alien and alone in this ghostly kingdom. Around the perimeter of the campus, residents are warm and comfortable inside the walls of their homes. But the campus lies moribund, in virtual rigor mortis. The lifeblood is gone, spreading like chaff before the wind to a thousand homes and a thousand welcoming faces.

The hulking stadium, its monotonous grayness reflecting dully the light of a moon sliver hanging coldly in the southern sky, needs only to crumble a bit to resemble some deserted Roman coliseum. The cavernous mouths of the ramps yawn darkly. Underneath, all is quiet except for the rhythmic beat of an undisciplined window somewhere in the catacomb of steel and concrete.

The campus is dead. Each bit of life has departed, and darkness and solitude hold dominion over all.

Oklahoma University. Wayne considers it an honor to play for it. It's one of the best teams in the nation.

Bolinger: I think they have a lot of pride in the coaching staff, too. They are men they can look up to.

Morris: They get kind of mad at them sometimes, but I think they really respect them.

Greenlee: They do. They are real fond of all of them.

Baldwin: *I think that wraps it up nicely.*