



## September Song

As students return to school, the campus is a chorus of voices. Buildings pick up the tempo and echo the words. The voice of the student is heard in the land.



Upperclassmen move quickly back to study-leisure routine. Jerry Tubbs (center) leaves Gittinger Hall class.

Few events remain as unchanged as the first days at college. Freshmen are still confused, homesick, a little frightened, as they begin college days.

*He who enters a university walks on hallowed ground.*—James Byrant Conant.

"This college is going to be a snap. Nobody looking over your shoulder or telling you what to do. Why, you don't even have to go to class all day." The words sound assured, the voice uncertain.

"This is the first time I've been away from home for very long. I thought I'd like to be away, but this is so different." Homesickness begins to find a home.

"I just hope I'm good enough. You know, Dad was a good student. He's never said anything, but I know he wants me to make good grades." Pressure pinches the speaker.

"I told the folks I'd try college if they wanted me to. But I don't care much. The

social life sounds fine but I don't know what I want to study." Success begins to slip away with enthusiasm.

These quotes and hundreds of variations could be heard as classes started on the O.U. campus September 17. Freshmen, uncertain and fumbling, began their search for a degree.

Behind them was a life of familiarity and security. Before them the prospect of growth and maturation. How successful they were in college depended to a large extent on how quickly they adjusted to the new freedoms that called for self-discipline.

As the more than 2,500 freshmen set out to find their first college classes, there was little indication that they believed they were walking on hallowed ground. The events of the past seemed a matter of indifference as they challenged the present.

Campus archway, gateway to University, also serves as frame for the art museum.