



Summer term ends—the new faces gradually fade, leaving only silent trees and sun-baked buildings to relieve the solitude of the campus.

## *The Fading Face of Summer*

It's more than just the heat that sets the summertime O.U. apart. Almost everything about the short term is different—the classes are longer, the pace is slower, the campus is quieter. But most of all, the difference is in the faces—faces with a distinction all their own, belonging only to the Fading Face of Summer. The faces are more mature, many belonging to wintertime teachers, to businessmen and women here for short courses, to nuns from a dozen different orders, to missionaries studying languages, to stu-

dents in a hurry who are here year 'round. But if the student body is older, the number of the very young is correspondingly larger—the children who accompany their parents back to school. And there are the caretakers, working from spring to fall to keep the campus manicured, touching up the paint job, regrouping their forces and setting the campus aright before the return of the more typically collegiate to form the Bright New Face of Fall.

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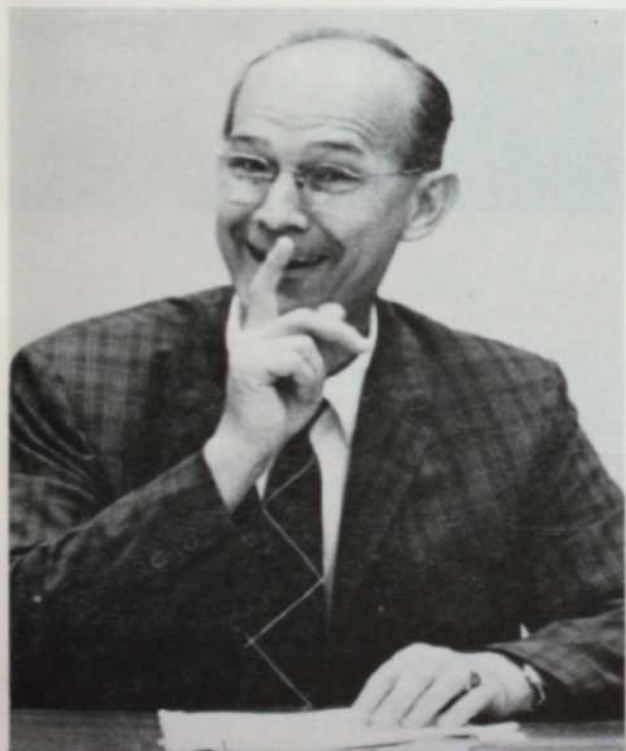
*Children have always found a way to amuse themselves . . . even while waiting for mother and dad to come home from school.*



*Trimming up hedges, painting up buildings, policing up the campus . . . summertime tasks to make ready for the fall invasion.*



*Students for a summer, but teachers come fall.*



*A professor ends one session, braces for the next.*



*A drama student brings down the curtain on another summer theater.*