The quiet of O.U.'s dating system was disrupted last month with an explosion comparable to a burst fire plug on a peaceful Sunday morning. It was "Now or Never Week," the school's annual tribute to what college men have to go through to socialize with the gals.

For seven days—many added the word, glorious—it was the gal who had to call the guy and the gal who had to hold the door and the gal who had to provide the transportation and the gal who had to pay the check.

Besides giving the boys a break they could appreciate, it also opened a key-hole to many finding exactly what their feminine friends thought of them. If that special girl a boy had been dating consistently didn't ask him for a now-or-never date, he would get a pretty good idea that he had it, and that the gal was just riding either his car or his pocketbook on toward greener hunting grounds.

Anyway, just about everyone, whether it turned out bad or good or middlin', was glad it was over and that things could settle back to normalcy.

Not glad to see gone by on the calendar was the annual Sooner Scandals, March 11 and 12. Under the direction of Joe Remak-