the Right Gift
for Nome or Office

Owen Stadium
Ash Trays

This 3%Z by 4",6 inch replica of
the famous Owen Stadium,
complete with pressbox, in glazed
ceramics is available this fall for
the first time. Designed and dis-
tributed by O.U. alumni, it is avail-
able in the following colors:

- RED AND WHITE
- EMERALD
- ROCK MOSS
- BRONZE

colors that were selected to
blend well with any room furnish-
ings. To order for yourself or your
friends please use the order blank
below.

To:
University of Oklahoma Association
University of Oklahoma
Norman, Oklahoma

Please send
ashtrays at
$1.00
each (price includes
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my check for
$ (Add
10c
per ashtray to
cover shipping
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My color
choice is

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PACI
28
SOONER MAGAZINE

Student Report Card

Throughout the year, the magazine's student editorial assist-
ant 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 mut-
tered from behind his king-size cigarette. 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 prac-
ticed 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.