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This Is It...
'Twas a quiet Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago when she handed her husband a list of prospective titles for the new college magazine and asked him to pick the one he thought best. He perused the list of a dozen or so titles and chose one. At that moment the new college magazine got its title, CROSSROADS.

Mrs. Henry Harris, whose husband is in the college music department, then thought to herself, "My it would be nice to win," handed in her title, and tried to forget about it.

Mrs. Harris, the mother of five-year-old Susan, said the name suits because "'Crossroads' already a byword in the lingo of TC, suggests the 'merging', the 'focal-point' for many divergent opinions and expressions."

Mrs. Harris has not always been a housewife; she is also a professional musician. She was graduated from the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music and taught there for 10 years following graduation. Then she went to New York and went through the routine of ringing doorbells and making herself known. Her first position was with a dancer, pianist, and tenor as a violinist and they toured the country. Since then she has played with a touring Russian orchestra as featured violin soloist and the Houston Symphony orchestra. At present she plays with the TC Symphony orchestra and is sponsor of the SAI girls' music fraternity.

In the picture Mrs. Harris is shown posing with Grumpus, the clay frog, one of the contest prizes.
He woke up in the morning with the bottle under his bed. Today, he thought, is M-Day. Today is the day you meet her mother.

He thought about that for a while and then he thought about the night before and finally he came to think about the bottle which should have been under his bed. He looked and it was, almost half full.

Then he thought about the M part of his day again—"And I'm sure you'll want to meet mother while she's here." He didn't exactly care about meeting mother, one way or another. It wasn't mother who bothered him, it was daughter.

Here's daughter, he thought, a luscious doll. Here's darling daughter, all 115 beautiful pounds of her, in love with you, and you lie here and worry about it.

Yeah man, he told himself, and how I worry! I'm practically engaged to this woman and she won't shut up.

It was true — She babbled on forever about things of little and no importance. It was a minor vice but a telling one, and it was why she was free as well as white and 21, he figured.

Apparently he was stuck with her. Now he was even stuck with her mother, at least for one day. He could see what a day it would be—"And mother, I'd like you to meet Roger—he's just darling—and Roger, this is Mumsie—" and he'd "how-do-you-do" her and then the two women would rush on through lunch and their planned shopping trip, talking and talking and talking, while he trailed behind.

He fished the bottle from under the bed and contemplated it for some minutes in thoughtful fashion. It was half full and he had had no breakfast—it would really take effect. It was 8:30 now and he was to meet darling daughter and Mumsie at 11—he had plenty of time. He held the answer to all his problems in his hand.

It would be a sure thing, and it would be a permanent thing, he knew. He could imagine the scene:

"Oh there you are darling—Mumsie, I want you to meet Roger, what a darl—Roger, have you been drinking?" And darling Roger would fall all over himself and mother with glad hiccups of welcome—it would be a touching ceremony and he would be free again.

He was very pleased with himself for coming up with such a plan so early in the morning. He had just become a free man. He swirled the whiskey around in the bottle and thought about the situation.

It was two and a half hours later. "And mother, I'd like you to meet Roger—he's just darling—and Roger, this is Mumsie . . ." and he felt very sad and said "How do you do" and then darling daughter wiped some egg off his tie and then the two women rushed on through lunch and their planned shopping trip, talking and talking and talking, while he trailed behind.
Salvador Dali appeared here recently and brought with him a new Dali philosophy. This latest artistic adventure is labeled "Nuclear Mysticism." (Illustrated on page 5.) The idea or concept, according to the artist, deals with man's destiny in an atomic society and is imbued with romantic-religious overtones.

Dali formerly represented the Surrealistic movement in painting, a school concerned primarily with graphically portraying the realm of the subconscious. This approach to painting has determined his style for many years and brought him much of his present recognition. It seems strange, therefore, that the man should now switch loyalties and advocate a new philosophy in his work that seems to be diametrically opposed to the former.

The explanation of this behavior may actually be a sincere metamorphosis of opinion on the part of the artist, or it may be a calculated publicity stunt to arouse interest concerning a new movement in art, and thus keep the name of Dali before the public. The man has utilized extraordinary publicity techniques in the past and, although this practice has drawn criticism from many sources, it has accomplished in large measure his objective—notoriety.

In his lecture and illustration of his work Dali took a few deft pokes at a fellow-Spaniard, Picasso, even going so far as to show the reprint of a Picasso painting, "Massacre in Korea," an abstraction illustrating soldiers shooting pregnant women. (Picture page 5.) The soldiers of this canvas are Americans, says Dali, supposedly demonstrating the Communist leanings of Picasso. I have been unable to verify this statement concerning the work: indeed doubt exists in many quarters as to whether this was the artist's conception of his work. At any rate, the effect upon an audience is pro-Dali—anti-Picasso.

Dali summed up some of his views on painting about like this . . . "an artist should not become involved with politics . . . an artist should portray the entire panorama of one era . . . Picasso's painting ('Massacre in Korea') is bad because it deals with only one phase of politics in Korea . . . it's alright for artists to have convictions and opinions, but they mustn't let them influence their art.

"His own paintings portray what to him is a representation of the whole cosmology of the present age. (Illustrated by 'Raphaelesque Head Harmoniously Disintegrating' and 'Nuclear Mysticism' on page 5) He came to his new philosophy after the discovery of modern nuclear physics and feels sure that there will be a fusion of science and religion in the future."

Some observers tend to regard the artist as a sensitive perceptor of change within the society; and defined as such the work of art takes on a manifold social significance.

Others choose to believe that a painting is merely an exploitation of a plastic medium and should be regarded as such, not necessarily a commentary on the society that evolved it, but a judicious combination of the elements of design, color utilization, perspective, interpretation and transparency.

By the latter criteria we may honestly assume that Salvador Dali has made some significant contributions to contemporary painting and will probably continue to do so, whatever his subject matter or quirk of temperament.
Raphaelesque Head
Harmoniously Disintegrating
(Dali)

Nuclear Mysticism (Dali)

Massacre in Korea (Picasso)
Something Wrong Here?

Read More on Pages 20, 21

"What is this odor around the halls? It can't be intellectualism."

Two members of the English staff and a student seek to ferret out the source. Edwin Maurer introduces the problem, Josef Fox takes up the faculty and their responsibilities, and Jack Dunn lambasts the student body.

by Edwin Maurer

Too often we take the fact that we are a college as proof that we have the intellectual attitudes necessary in a college.

Students have undergone the experience of leaving home, adjusting to a new environment, and submitting themselves over a period of time to the hazards and inconveniences of college coursework: this, they feel, makes it certain that they are becoming educated persons. Faculty members, on the other hand, having completed their education—a phrase one frequently hears—and having established themselves in society as members of so learned a profession as this, likewise begin to take for granted the fulfillment of their proper functions.

Behind all this lies the assumption that because we are here we ought to be here—because we are college students and college faculty we possess the attributes desirable in students and faculty members. It is as though we thought that some mysterious and magnetic property (springing, no doubt, from the judicious arrangement of classrooms and library) had endowed us with the proper polarity.

Now of course those who believe this may be right. It may be that in going through the routine of taking and teaching a curriculum we do in fact become a college. But I submit that it is dangerous for us to make this assumption—dangerous because it allows us to become complacent, collectively and individually; and complacency in a college is fatal to real intellectual development. We hear too much. I think, about ISTC's pre-eminent position among other colleges of its type. We are too little accustomed to criticism and self-searching.

So I urge that we make a sincere and thorough-going inquiry into the matter. Let us begin to concentrate on the next seventy-five years. Let us admit the possibility—if nothing more—that we need to improve. Let us not ignore criticism, especially the criticism we find most embarrassing.

If we should be so fortunate as to discover that we are already doing the best job possible, the inquiry will have been worth while; simply for having set our minds at rest. If—as my colleagues in this symposium state—we find ourselves deficient, then we will be enabled to search out the causes for our deficiency and their remedial measures. In either event, therefore, the inquiry should be rewarding.

II.

What is meant by necessary, desirable, or suitable "intellectual attitudes" for a college? Do they differ from those of society at large? I think they do. For while we might think it desirable that society adopt the ideals of the college—and to some extent, this is the dream of any educator—a college is nevertheless an institution devoted in a unique way to the promotion of ideas. It specializes in them. I define an "intellectual atmosphere" as an environment in which persons who are part of it habitually weigh all their questions and decisions in reference to the ideas behind them.

It makes little difference whether the questions and decisions relate to playing a game of basketball, writing an examination, or building a theatre set. When Charles Darling, the star basketball center at State university, refuses to take advantage of his great height by going up on the center jump before the ball has reached its peak—in spite of the fact that almost all centers are breaking that rule these days—he is surely abiding by a set of ideas about which constitutes right and wrong. His decision is an intellectual one.

Cadets at West Point or students somewhere else cheat in examinations, and somebody stupidly vandalizes the sets for a theatrical production; it is evident that the people who do these things are making reference to no tenable set of ideals. The moral failure is a failure, in some way, of the educative process.

It may be argued that all ideas are not good and that therefore to live in continual reference to ideas is no assurance of living as one should. That is true, but it must be admitted that no other environment is so well equipped to root (Continued on page 28)
Whose Government

Sure, it says we have student government in the catalog but what can we say about?—Plenty, so let's say it in the right places where it will do some good.

by Clara Hack

Do we have student government? What do you care . . . . that's just for brown nosers and wheels. Wait a minute—before we make any rash statements let's look at student government possibilities on this campus.

We'll start with you. How do you fit in this picture? You're directly represented in your dormitory by your corridor chairman on house council. The president on that council is automatically a member of Student League board and the vice-president is a member of the Men's union or AWS board. Therefore, in this intricate system you are indirectly represented in all governing organizations.

Sure—it sounds good—all this representation, but what good does it do us?

In this way no one group is responsible or has control over every phase of campus life. Dormitory problems are taken care of in the dormitory; problems that concern only woman students are handled in AWS; Men's union has jurisdiction over the men's problems not covered by the housing units, and Student League board is concerned with things pertaining to the campus as a whole.

So what? We can gripe all day and nothing will happen.

So you don't think it will do any good to go to the right place—such as house council or the Student League board?

Did you ever try it? It is so much easier—and granted more fun—just to gripe. It takes a little more time and effort when you have to organize and present your points, in order to go through the right channels. But Student League board is trying to get Good Friday holidays because a student gripped in the right place. Women will smoke in North hall rooms because a committee went to Student government.

Think of all the red tape!! It will just get lost in a committee.

That's right. It involves a lot of red tape to get some things done. A democracy is that way. A dictatorship or anarchy is simple. Either one person tells all or no one tells anything. Real simple, but not always satisfactory to everyone.

A democracy, ideally, is looking out for the welfare of the majority. It takes time—it takes several committees sometimes to look at all sides and sometimes the committee finds it is not the best recommendation and works no further on it, failing to report the same to the people concerned, because the people do not demand a report!

O.K., O.K., so I gripe to the right people . . . . but those students are the wheels. I can't get any place.

Wait a minute—what did you do to get someone else elected to those positions?

The lack of interest in the all-campus elections on this campus the last three years was so sad!! Whoever gets in is all right with you. So after the people get in we don't expect enough of them and they don't work to the height of their capability—simply because there is no demand to do so.

How about telling the candidates what you want? Back that candidate and let him know what you expect.

What if we have the leaders we want and we are ready to back them to get something done on this campus—they can't do so many things because of the administration—we have no power over them.

Granted, we don't. One of the purposes of the Student League board is to promote sympathetic understanding between students and faculty in matters affecting student interest. The Board is to work with the administration on what is best for the college as a whole—not against them.

Do we have student government? Yes! Is it effective? So-so. Could it be more effective? That is up to you, me and the rest of the students.
Socrates' Nemesis

These youngsters learned the ancient game from a master and they don't know how it's done.

by Bernhard Kelly

(Editor's Note: We admired Mr. Kelly's desire to repay his alma mater, but we caution TC underclassmen against acting as recipients in behalf of this institution.)

Socrates supposedly had no peer in the teaching field, but I believe I have surpassed him decisively in one instance. The course I taught required judgment, finesse, skill, and four "live" ones—that is, pupils who helped further Barnum's thesis.

It didn't take Einstein to figure out that my subsistence check wouldn't quite balance my books. Since it was only a matter of hours before I left my alma mater, I thought it only fitting that I repay part of my indebtedness to her. What better method could I employ than the teaching of the finer art of crapshooting to some of her frosh?

I picked up my four dice and sought out the leaders of the gambling syndicate in the frosh dorm. They were gathered around a smoke-enveloped table, drinking root beer and orange pop, and playing a cut-throat game of hearts. I kibitzed awhile, then I threw out the bait. I told them I wanted to gamble if the stakes weren't too high. They set a 25¢ limit and we started to play draw poker. The type of cards I played would prove definitely that Hoyle hadn't wasted his time in writing his rules of card playing.

After I loused up the game for twenty minutes, I suggested we play dice. They laughed and condescendingly asked if I meant craps. I told them I'd just gotten some new dice and I would appreciate it if they would teach me the ropes. They took the hook and offered to teach me, one of the most superior crapshooters Uncle Sam ever turned out, the game of craps.

They voluntarily raised the ante to the wish of the shooter. When I got the dice, crapped twice and then missed my point, I couldn't have asked for more. I took even bets on four's and ten's and played generally like a fish.

In twenty minutes I dropped $50. The boys were fine pupils. While they were busily counting their winnings, they failed to notice that I brought the other two dice into play. I laid down $20 and told them that this had to be it. They practically begged to fade me.

After I rolled a seven, I offered to shoot the $40. Again they faded. Another natural and one pupil stated that I had beginner's luck. I suggested it would be unfair for them if I didn't offer to shoot the works. They faded $60 and I rolled another beautiful seven. I picked up the loot, the dice, and in a sportsmanlike manner offered to shoot for any amount they wished to cover. They had no cash and I felt that checks weren't to be desired.

I pocketed the money and the dice, and nonchalantly left the boys contemplating their lost lamb.
From the Lips of a

Two-Year Old

Who sits on whom when Mother calls in a coed to spend the evening with baby Jonathan?

by Shirlee Davis

The maxim that children should be seen and not heard could more appropriately be applied to babysitters, according to the unfortunate contacts I have had with them. Actually, I have no personal dislike for them as fellow human beings; it is only that they have such a perverted knowledge of the intelligence of a child.

One of the primary faults of the baby-sitter is her inefficient command of the English language. All of this babble about “taking off our little shoezies and going nite-nite” is particularly distasteful to a two-year-old. As a matter of fact, the word “shoezies” isn’t even listed in Webster’s Student Collegiate dictionary and if it were, the popularity and circulation of the volume would suffer inestimably. Moreover, I wear a size 3½ shoe which is categorically larger than an average child of my age.

Baby-sitters who use bribery as a disciplinary measure always seemed to me a menace to our society. Innumerable times I have been offered a lollypop or a stick of chewing gum if I would willingly take my scheduled nap or cease swinging the cat by his tail, the latter being only a natural and necessary outlet for a child’s emotions.

Dr. Wilma Snavely of the Palmer School of Child Psychology contradicts this type of disciplinary measure as follows: “Bribery is the lowest form of discipline because a child should recognize and accept the responsibilities of life without being offered a reward or compensation.” I question, too, my babysitter’s future when I read of the recent exploitations of the senate crime-investigating committee regarding bribery and other corruption so detrimental to our democratic way of life.

A meal with a baby-sitter is another atrocity with which a child must contend. The hackneyed psychology that “carrots make little boys strong and healthy” makes me feel that I will become a mass of muscles before I am three. This psychology is doubly exasperating to me because my baby-sitter always boils the carrots and boiling a vegetable naturally reduces its vitamin capacity.

Bedtime is quite as offensive to a child as mealtime. It is then that the baby-sitter resorts to such immature procedures as telling fairy tales and singing lullabies. We could possibly overlook their vocal deficiencies if the selections in their repertoire weren’t so incongruous with our modern civilization. Baby-sitters should realize that a “Rock-A-Bye-Baby” hasn’t appeared on the Hit Parade since 1917 and that Grimm’s fairy tales are completely inappropriate to scientific and realistic living.

I have already written letters to several college presidents suggesting that they include a course in professional baby-sitting in their home economics curriculum but the answers have been rather disheartening. They feel the curriculum cannot be expanded because they already have an adequate supply of excellent child psychology courses.

Perhaps some day I can move the world toward child suffrage but until then, we are destined to live in the humiliating ignorance of our elders.
Lyrics to Laugh By
from the classes of Jim Hearst

Making A Living

My hose on the run, my hair
A mess.
This wet, wrinkled rag, was once
A dress.
Devoid of tricks is my
Poor hat.
I am the sitter, on whom the
Baby sat.

by Patti Shearer

Teachers Dilemma

“But Jimmie never will go on!
He's really meant to till our farm..
We don't expect that he make A's,
Although he has his better days.

“It hurts him so to get a D.
Why couldn't he have had Don's B?
What matter if he's worse than Don?
I say, he never will go on.”

by Mildred Otto

On Man Leafing Through Esquire Magazine

Go ahead and look ye anxious one,
Thumb each page and fill your eyes,
Lift up your brow and stomp your foot,
We know what in your booklet lies.

We women-folk are not so dumb,
We've leafed that teasing booklet through,
Did you think we'd be that stupid,
To hand it, uncensored, straight to you?

by Jo Armstrong
Here in north-eastern Iowa a great many comments have been expressed concerning the success of the Wartburg College Artists Series, which is now in its 27th year of existence. Dr. A. W. Swenson, head of the Wartburg College chemistry department, has served as chairman of the Artist Series since 1935. Dr. Swenson, in an interview with CROSSROADS, related some facts concerning the difficulty of establishing and maintaining a successful concert series throughout the years.

"Money has probably been our biggest problem all along," explained the chairman. "At first, the public support was rather feeble, which put us in debt several times. However, now that the public is behind us, in recent years the weather has played havoc with our attendance, which also caused some financial difficulties."

Dr. Swenson stated the primary objective of the Wartburg Artist Series quite emphatically, "It is our foremost concern to give the students of this college, and the people in this area, a broad aesthetic experience through these frequent contacts with the various cultural presentations that we put on here."

Since the series is not a civic sponsored enterprise, Wartburg college handles the subscription sales, and fixes each year the season ticket prices: which is dependent on the number and caliber of artists that appear during the season. This season there have been four concerts thus far, with the Alberieri Trio scheduled for April 2. Some years the Series has as many as ten programs.

Recent success of the Concert Series can also be attributed to the new auditorium-gymnasium that Wartburg constructed in 1951. It has a comfortable seating capacity of 3000.

Dr. Swenson brought out the importance of the Teachers College Concert-Artist organization in relation to the one at Wartburg. "Many people find it very refreshing to attend presentations at both colleges. We have always strived to support the Teachers College Series, and they have supported ours very ardently through these past years."

The millionaire, examining a prospective son-in-law, demanded: "And would you love my daughter just as much if she were poor?"

"Absolutely."

"That settles it, you're out! We don't want any fools in the family."

The marriage ceremony had just been concluded. The groom thrust his hand into his pocket and inquired: "What do I owe you, Reverend?"

"There is no set charge." answered the minister, "but we are usually paid according to the beauty of the bride."

"Okay," said the young man, and handed over a quarter.

"Here's fifteen cents change," said the minister.

Groom: "This blueberry pie tastes queer, honey."

Bride: "Perhaps I put too much bluing in it."

Bride: "I saved $2.19 out of this week's allowance."

Groom: "Good girl. How did you do it?"

Bride: "One of the collectors didn't show up."

The bride was shy about asking her husband for money. "Jack dear," she said at breakfast, "will you lend me $5 but only give me half of it?"

"Of course, darling," said her husband, puzzled, "but why only half of it?"

"Well, then you'll owe me $2.50 and I'll owe you $2.50, and we'll be square, won't we?"

The office phone rang. The boss answered: "Hello?"

His wife (disguising her voice): "Guess who this is?"

Boss: "Phyllis?"

Wife: "PHYLLIS? ??"

Boss: "Guess who this is?"
No, we can't allow you to adopt the child. Your income fluctuates—Money! It takes money, huh? An' they think I ain't got enough money to support a kid. I'll show 'em—to-day it'll be rough—but it'll pay plenty.

Sitting on the diving platform, Bob could see the water and was ready for the ship's sudden roll. Stan, his helper, wasn't. Stan's wrench slipped—thudded against Bob's heavy diving shoes. Stan rightening the heavy nuts, said, "You're crazy, Bob. That barge ain't settled yet. Ya oughta wait—"

"An' let somebody else beat me to it!—Ya gotta move fast in this salvage racket." As Bob stood up to check the feel of the clumsy suit, he noticed ugly clouds pushing the southwest horizon. So did Stan.

"Money don't mean that much. I've seen storms move that far in an hour an' a half."

"This's for my kid. Put on m' helmet." Stan guided the helmet down—stopped.

"Ya ain't got a kid! An' I seen Lois yesterday—" "Adoption—Now shut up an get me under." Stan closed the window. Bob signaled for air, checked his lamp and his intercom.

The platform swung out and down. Just before going under Bob looked anxiously at the clouds. As the murky waters closed in—Bob raised his eyes toward what light there was. "Please, God, one hour's work—one hour—"

"Eighty-five feet—playing easy" the sudden voice startled him. It's hard to get used to someone talking to you down here. "See anything?"

"Not yet,—hold 'er steady." Bob stared through the gloom. Nothing. Somewhere down here there's a barge fulla copper bars—all I gotta do is find it—"Stan, been flowing in or out?"

"In, Bob, that storm's moving awful fast," the intercom buzzed.
How To Get Rid Of Guests

If your friends don't know about your eight o'clock classes, tell them—first subtly, then more forcibly.

by Harold A. Servis

The other day a friend of mine wanted to cry on my shoulder about "Company" trouble. I inquired quite solicitously, "What's the matter, George, were you fired again?"

"No, not this time," he said shaking his head sadly. "I'm having a heck of a time getting to bed at a reasonable hour. It seems all my friends must not have to work or something. They come and visit us and forget they have homes of their own."

He turned into a bar to bolster his morale, but I kept worrying about him. I like George and I hate to see him looking so beat, so I went home and prepared for him a list on "How to Get Rid of Long-Staying Guests."

I saw George today and he said my suggestions worked fine. Maybe you can vary the technique a little and use the list yourself.

Here it is:
1. Shake your watch violently. Hold it next to your ear and say, "Thought I'd forgotten to wind it." Then smile as though you were embarrassed by the whole thing.
2. Tell your guest, "It certainly is a shame I have to be in class so early in the morning!" Wait hopefully, but hold your temper.
3. Tell them of some gruesome crime perpetrated by someone who was overly tired due to lack of proper sleep. Hope they take this hint.
4. Ask (still laughing gaily), "Did you hear our alarm clock go off. It surely can't be that late!"
5. Excuse yourself and put on your nightgown and night cap. Carry a lighted candle and say casually, "What do you think of my costumes for the masquerade dance?"
6. If rules 1 through 5 have no effect on your company, do the following:
   (a) Open the door (it saves replacing later).
   (b) Apply your No. 10 brogans to the area of least resistance.
   (c) Toss their coats and hats on their recumbent bodies.
   (d) Shut and lock the door. Then go to bed.
   It's true that you lose most of your friends this way but after all, who wants friends?

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Girl of the Month:

Arjes Sundquist
Copper Bar
(Continued from page 12)

Bob moved the battens. The intercom crackled as he shoved the hatch aside.

"Get on that platform, Bob! Now!" Stan was scared. Bob could hear it. Well, so was he. The barge shivered slightly. Bob moved through the black mouth of the hold. The kid—Lois wants a kid—we fought about it—Doc says it’s my fault.

It’s hard moving in that hold. Stacks all torn up—ropes everywhere. Gotta get a bar that’s marked Claim commission. Money—we’ll adopt the kid.

The platform plunged like a gas balloon on a string. The barge shivered. His helper screamed over the intercome “The storm! Bob! The Storm!”

Bob pulled on a marked bar. It was free, “Stanley, I got it! I got it!”

Bob moved toward the hatch. The barge lurched violently. Copper bars tumbled, slid across the hold. Some like dungeon gates. Some like deadly missiles that pinned him to the hold.

Struggling to get up, Bob saw bubbles rising from his arm, felt the cold water in his suit. “Stan, tell Lois I tried. I really tried.”

Stan didn’t even hear him.

Why I Never Joined
A Sorority

(Reprinted from the results of a poll taken by the University of Buffalo Spectrum.)

1. I had never danced with a man in my life and I didn’t want to.
2. I didn’t fill out a sweater and I didn’t look very attractive in a sleeveless, low-cut gown.
3. I wanted to do as I wished and think for myself instead of being led around by a bunch of sorority sisters.
4. I had never gone into women’s clubs and organizations before I came to college and I didn’t want to start.
5. I didn’t like the idea of having a room with the same girl all quarter.
6. I am a male.

Attention, Students

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Said The Monkey To The Dog--

Something has got to be done about these people who continually sling the bull around . . . .

by Vera Jean King

I was meandering through the zoo the other day. As I was shuffling along I paused at the various cages of our fur and feather bearing friends to take in their witty discourse about "what fools we mortals be." Much valuable information was conveyed to me and I feel it my duty to pass it on for posterity.

Evidently the inhabitants of the zoo feel that a low breed of organisms are attempting crude imitations of them. Some of them were angry and some were amused but all agreed that for the sake of progress humans should stop aping the ape.

The elephant made the first noteworthy contribution when he stated, "The species of life known as humans should out of consideration of their pride and ours develop their own peculiar characteristics.

After he had spoken all the rest chimed in with their criticisms and comments.

"Well, of course," said the French Poodle, "I wouldn't mind if the ladies would wear their short hair in a manner that did me justice. But to bestow my name on those monstrosities without even paying me a royalty is an outrage for me to bear. I've not seen one of those which looks as nice as mine. Besides those females don't have the figures to wear my hair style with any degree of grace."

"It's a people's life," said the dog.

Laughing at this the horse spoke up: "You've got no gripes coming. Look at the injustice done to me. I've never considered my tail to be one of my strong points and it's been given embarrassing prominence in the last year. There ought to be a law!"

"Oh, it's a peoples life!" sighed the dog.

"Well, the men are no better," protested the canary. "Look how they imitate the poor zebra and the tiger with all their fancy shirts. It's quite funny. Most of the time the stripes don't even run in the right direction. But then you boys don't have to wear your stripes to accent your muscles."

"You know what?" asked the tiger of the canary.

"The other night I tried to tune in Pete Possums and his Possibles but instead I got hold of an opera singer who sang as if someone had bet her she couldn't sound as good as you. If that was the case she lost. I've heard better music from the wind blowing through an empty tin can."

"It's a people's life!" sighed the dog.

The monkey finished combing his hair and came over to join the conversation. "And all this talk about me imitating man! 'Monkey see. Monkey do.' Pure fabrication. I've hundreds of years more breeding than man. If he wants to get technical he's imitating me. I'll bet he never thought of eating peanuts or bananas until he spied me!"

Strutting around the pen, the bull stated majestically, "I've no objection to people except I'm getting black and blue from their slingin me around. You'd think they could fall upon a more picturesque phrase or at least a more justified one."

"Oh, it's a people's life," said the dog.
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LATTA'S

54 Years of Service to Schools of America

Opposite ISTC Campus

Cedar Falls, Iowa
Parade of Opinion

The Associated Collegiate press circulates features and news stories from campuses all over the country and some of them are worth reading here at TC. How about the comment on theory courses, or the college manners?

A Lament For Liberal Arts
(By Robert Griffin, Florida Flambeau, Florida State University)

With a bitter but true chuckle, a lament! This university once had an outstanding reputation for the finest liberal arts curriculum. It ranked among the top colleges as a college for women.

Alas, came the male, with his mind set on making money, not getting married. With the male came vocational training, and such courses as rubber band procurement 245, and stapling methods 311.

And the whole curriculum has been revamped. Now "sciences" have appeared to teach baking and driver training. Then there are millions of courses to train teachers.

Frehmen have this outlook:
Ed. 201—Educational Methods; Ed. 301—Theory of Education Methods; Ed. 401—Teaching the Theory of Education Methods; Ed. 500—Graduate seminar on teaching the theory of teaching methods; Ed. 600—Testing the teaching of methodology of theory of teaching the methods of theory of teaching the education methods.

Whew!

For an extra course throw in such liberal arts courses as teaching the teachers who will teach the car driving. Laugh, but then get serious.

It used to be that people thought if you knew the facts you could teach them. Now they have reversed this belief. If you know how to teach you can find the facts...

We're Not Alone

Noting that college youth has recently been accused of being irresponsible, silent and slap-happy, the Kansas State Collegian declared:

"... Please, please accusers, don't stop when you've stoned college youth sufficiently. Please note that we're not alone. And because we're not, all your challenges for us to change will be of little avail, unless you couple them with a challenge to all Americans.

"It's a national problem, so how about national attention, not just singling out college youth."

However, "Because our faults seem to be the common faults of Americans, that must not be an easy excuse. We must be willing to face the accusations hurled at us and either prove them false, or try to remedy our ways if they prove true."

College Manners

The Interfraternity Council of Valparaiso, Indiana, has tightened its drinking rules, to "cover any problems which may arise."

The rules prohibit the serving of any alcoholic beverages, "either directly or indirectly," at any mixed fraternity function. Punishments for violations can go as high as a $500 fine. * * *

At the University of Texas students are no longer permitted to smoke or have soft drinks in class. Some of the reasons cited: Fire hazard, extra housekeeping, unsightly floors.

Now Where's That Western Hemisphere?

What most college students don't know about geography would fill several university libraries, a New York Times survey indicates.

The paper gave a geography test to about 5,000 students in 42 colleges. Some odd misconceptions of how the world is laid out were turned up.

For example, when asked to name the countries bordering Yugoslavia, some students named Belgium, Egypt, Manchuria, Portugal and even Canada. Only two per cent, incidentally, could closely estimate Canada's population.

Less than half the students could approximate the United States' population. Many thought it was 500 million or more, while some placed it in the billions. (1950 census estimate of U. S. population: nearly 152 million) Five percent could name the states bordering on the Atlantic coast. Many states as far inland as the Mississippi were mentioned.

Block That Alliteration

Make It Look Worthwhile

by Josef W. Fox

It is almost universally recognized that the business of learning can be conducted more successfully in some circumstances than in others. Colleges and universities, for example, are generally assumed to provide a more suitable environment for the student than jails or army camps. Indeed, so potent is the college atmosphere as a factor in education, that, even if the student makes almost no personal effort to learn anything, some learning nevertheless takes place. This phenomenon is continually being demonstrated on every college campus in the land.

Here at ISTC, we of the faculty do not take sufficient advantage of this teaching device. If we believe that some environments are better than others for promoting learning, then we should address ourselves to the problem of finding out what kind of environment is best, and to the further problem of creating such an environment. For, the job of creating the proper intellectual atmosphere is ours, not the students’.

A good intellectual atmosphere, I submit, is one in which the student will encounter, at every turn, examples of men and women who obviously value knowledge and wisdom above everything else in the world. Confronted with such examples, the student will begin to value knowledge and wisdom and will begin to exert himself to acquire them. If, for example, every time the student blundered into the library, he found ten or twenty faculty members at work there, instead of two or one or none, he might eventually get the idea that the library is a place which may actually be frequented with pleasure and profit.

A good intellectual atmosphere, further, is one in which the student will hear or overhear, at every turn, intelligent conversation on important problems, conversation conducted in complete sentences and interlarded with references to basic concepts and a variety of allusions to significant monuments of intellectual enterprise. In such an atmosphere, it is quite possible that the student will develop an interest in these matters; he may even seek to acquire the ability to make such conversation himself.

Again, a good intellectual atmosphere is one in which the student will encounter, at every turn, certain kinds of intellectual activities. If faculty disputations or discussions or lectures or demonstrations were as readily available to the student as wrestling matches and basketball games and dances, he might eventually suspect that the latter are not the most important activities in the world.

A good intellectual atmosphere, in short, is one in which intellectual activity of some sort or another is the dominant feature. In such an atmosphere, the student will feel uncomfortable unless and until he develops within himself sufficient intellectual activity to attune himself to the environment. In such an atmosphere, intellectuality will seem the natural way of living.

Such an atmosphere, I believe, does not exist at ISTC. As long as the college newspaper devotes more space to a local basketball game than to an international art exhibit held on the campus, as long as it is necessary to question twenty-two faculty members before encountering one who is a reader of The Nation, as long as it is possible to question seven members of a certain department without encountering one who has read the principal work in their field, as long as book discussion clubs and faculty forums fold up for lack of faculty support, we cannot, I maintain, flatter ourselves into believing that we have created the best possible intellectual atmosphere for our students.

Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps having football games, basketball games, wrestling matches, track meets, dances, popularity contests, style shows, beauty contests, etc as the dominant feature of the environment constitutes the best possible intellectual atmosphere for the student. Perhaps.
At nearly every college of repute there is a group of students who concern themselves with intellectual matters: literature, philosophy, poetry, serious music, art, and related fields. This group is not always large but is almost always manifest.

It makes itself felt through college publications and student organizations and is usually represented in the student government. Even though this intellectual group need not be large, it surely affects the rest of the student body. Everybody is impressed by an intellectual.

Intellectuals are not always liked; often they are scorned: but they are always—overly or covertly—respected. And, little by little, they gain prestige. In a college, cultural standards are largely determined by the prestige of its intellectual coterie. The rest of the student body realize this and, although they don’t necessarily become members of the intellectual group, they usually set about changing their attitude toward education.

They begin to view higher education in a broader way; they begin to see it as something embodying more than their own particular interests. And as the student body acquires a broader view of education, they also acquire a more receptive, a more responsible attitude toward it.

It would be foolish of me to assert that an attitude of this scope is due solely to a relatively small number of students within the whole group. I don’t. The faculty, curriculum, and facilities of the college are surely as important. But given these things, they can only provide the means to such an attitude. It is the intellectual group within the college that provides the initiative.

The cultural standards at this college are remarkably low. We have discussion groups; but these were formed by faculty members and are poorly attended. We have art exhibits; but while the last exhibit was in progress, I could find no student outside of the Art Department who even knew of its existence.

It is too easy to try to explain this cultural deficiency by shrugging our shoulders and saying, “Well, after all, what do you expect—Iowa!” To make a regional matter of this situation is to greatly overcomplicate it. As I’ve indicated, low cultural standards in any college are due to either poor facilities in school, or an inadequate student body. By inadequate I don’t mean culturally incapable; no college student is that. I mean culturally shiftless—lazy.

What about our college facilities? Even before the recent inauguration of the Humanities courses, Teachers College was ranked by many as the second best of its kind in the country. It has a high proportion of Ph. D’s on its faculty. The proportion of instructors to students is unusually high. The library is excellent. There are the customary student functions: plays, debates, recitals. In addition there are faculty recitals, great books discussions, and a very good film group. The curriculum not only prepares a student for teaching but offers him a liberal education as well (not at all the same thing).

Judging from all this, however, it seems that, far from being inadequate, the facilities at this college are conducive to a high cultural standard. Yet any sort of intellectual leadership among the students is conspicuously absent. Wherein then lies the hitch? Could it be that the students are not taking themselves seriously?

Education, recently, has become a pretty cheap commodity. A degree is no longer the sign of a thoughtful man. Instead it has become a piece of merchandise awarded for a certain number of chores—like a paycheck; or a prize given away for doing a hundred pushups—like a kiss from the queen of the ball. The signs are pretty clear that this is the prevailing attitude on this campus.

But a college education is not a collection of chores. It is the means to an attitude whereby the student can assume a useful role in society, evaluate the society to change if necessary, and examine the variegated individual ideas produced from society to determine their validity. To achieve such an attitude, the student must have a broad and varied cultural background. Only then will his education have been worthy. Only then can he usefully take his place in society.

We now exist in a virtually cultureless society; a society of Philistines. Where are we to find a group of Davids to slay these Philistines but in our colleges? And how are we to equip them except with culture; culture composed of art, philosophy, and reason to overcome the Goliath-like giants of ignorance and vulgarity?

The serious-minded students who could provide cultural incent-

(Continued on page 23)
YEL-LAX, SWISTERS WILL MEET

Yel-Lax, men’s pep organization, will meet in the Commons tonight to discuss the forthcoming track meet with the Swisters, women’s pep organization. Refreshments, consisting of Ovaltine and Kellogg’s Pep, will be served. Regular active members will be served All-Bran.

TOPIC FOR SOCIOLOGISTS

The Sociology Club will meet tonight to discuss plans for next week’s open forum on “Is It True That Eight Members Of The Jukes Family Are College Professors At ISTC?”

SPEAKS TO BOTANISTS

Meeting at 7:30 p.m. in the Commons Grill, the Botany Club will discuss current conservation topics, with Dr. L. M. Elmbright lecturing on “Is the Elm Tree’s Bark Worse Than Its Blight?” Cottonwood Mother will sing “Trees” and “Woodman, Spare That Tree” before the meeting.

A panel will be formed to discuss at next week’s meeting, “Ways And Means Of Propagating Poison Ivy On Teachers College Golf Course Greens.”

Conscience of a Judge

You there,
You,
Dead young man
Hanging from that tree,
You spoil my view.
You’re not at all gay.
A robin pecks at your ear
In delightful ignorance.
A limb brushes your horrible face
With delicate sweeps.
Too bad you’re not very pretty.
So, if you don’t mind
Go dangle somewhere else.
Tie your rope to another tree.
Get out of my mind,
You annoy me.

by CAROLYN PHELPS

Education

Yes my boy, learn to kill,
learn to lunge with bayonet,
how to twist for the spill,
parry, thrust and withdraw.

Take this bitter cast iron ball,
dormant only for a while;
first the throw, then the fall,
fractious wait for that brave blast.

That’s right my boy, learn to hate
know the other from what you hear
learn each foible, different trait,
find every half-dark blot.

For God, learn to kill;
throw off that inward pang
that dictates different will;
know the glory of twisted truth.

by EVERETT TRAYLOR
What Is This?

(Continued from page 6)

out error as one in which ideas matter more than things, and in which the often unfair biases and pressures of society can be disregarded in favor of truth.

Very well. Granting the advantages of living in an intellectual atmosphere, still how are we to determine whether our college provides such an environment? Both Mr. Fox and Mr. Dunn have suggested criteria which might be useful for this purpose. But I am afraid the real standards for any judgment of this sort are too subjective to be neatly formulated and machine-scored. The presence of an intellectual atmosphere is more likely to be detected in the snatches of conversations that one overhears on the walks and in the corridors.

Do students come out of their classes still discussing the ideas they have just been facing? Do they swarm through the library looking for material to supplement that which they have been assigned? What is the subject matter of their discussions in their dormitories and over the dinner table?

When students laugh because one of their classmates has used a word with which most of them are not familiar, or when an instructor closes a course two weeks early because "all the material has been covered"—then I think it is safe to conclude that there is no widespread atmosphere of inquiry and curiosity. Such things simply don't happen when there is.

Intellectualism at TC

(Continued from page 21)

ive for the rest of the student body have not shown themselves at this college yet. As I've indicated, I'm quite sure that they are here; they're only too lazy to concern themselves with something as seemingly unprofitable as cultural development. While these people spend their time drinking coffee, playing hearts, and having a beer, the lectures, recitals, and art exhibits, sponsored by this college, are predominantly attended by faculty members and unwilling students.

The means are all at our disposal. The question is whether our students value cultural standards enough to overcome their laziness. I have tried to show that intellectual leadership can affect desirable changes in educational attitudes. If a student recognizes this—even if he's only half sure—and does nothing, he is making a mockery of education. What's more he's making a Philistine of himself. Education won't remain a mockery always, you may be sure, but once our culturally shiftless fellow is a Philistine—it's for keeps.

* * *

Sigma Chi: Would you think it was mental telepathy if I was thinking of the same thing you were?

Delt: "No, just plain good luck."

* * *

Sophomore: "Do you know what they call a man who doesn't practice birth control?"

Freshman: "No, what?"

Sophomore: "Daddy."
Right Retort

(The NEA Journal has come up with suggestions for what to say on a number of academic occasions. Here’s the agenda.)

When you are given an objective test: “It doesn’t let you express yourself.”

When you are given an essay test: “It’s so vague. You don’t know what’s expected.”

When you are given many minor tests: “Why not have a few big ones? This keeps you on edge all the time.”

When you are given no tests: It’s not fair. How can he possibly judge what we know?

When every part of the subject is taken up in class: “Oh, he just follows the book.”

When you are asked to study a part of the subject by yourself: “Why, he never even discussed it!”

When the course is in lecture form: “We never get a chance to say anything.”

When the course consists of informal lectures and discussion: “He just sits there. Who wants to hear the students? They don’t know how to teach the course.”

When detail material is presented: “What’s the use? You forget it all after the exam anyway.”

When general principles are presented: “What did we learn? We knew all that before we took the course.”

The Korean occupation wasn’t much fun but it was a lot better than fighting a war—besides, we had a job to do over there. We were protecting the interest of the free world, and like the posters said, we were ambassadors of good will.

I remember one day when we were out on a ten mile hike. We were marching broken step along some raised earthen levees that surround each separate boggy rice paddy.

The day before our division commander had given us a very warming talk. He told us that we were damned rough soldiers. We knew it, too, but it was nice to hear him say it.

This day’s hike was to keep up our hard, iron-like trim. It’s wonderful what seven or eight weeks of training will do for a man just out of high school.

We were marching along a levee and all of us were starting to get tired except the first sergeant and our German police dog who were leading the column. The first sergeant was a big man with thin, steel gray hair cropped short. His long heavy jaw would have fooled you into thinking he was stupid but he had taught math in college a few years back. He liked the army better.

The first sergeant was holding Blacky by a heavy chain. That dog had a character all his own. The big hulking critter had been a Jap war dog but we had re-trained him to hate orientals instead of Americans. My guess is that he
Seven or eight weeks training prepared these young soldiers to watch the bloodthirsty police dog lunge at the old man and tear at his throat.

Hated everybody, except maybe Sergeant Mack.

Whenever our company came near any Gooks in the field, Blacky would almost tear that chain out of Sergeant Mack's hands. Must have been a dozen demons inside that dog but Sergeant's Mack, with a sharp gleam in his eyes, would haul back on the chain and chuckle half out loud that it was bad to bite anybody. I would almost swear he was egging Blacky on.

We marched along the low raised ridges for a time and then as we topped a hill we came upon an old man bending over his rice plot. Blacky lunged on his chain and before he could lunge again Sergeant Mack had slipped the hook from the collar.

In two jabbing leaps the dog was on the man who had turned just in time to catch the impact of the leap full in the face and chest.

They went down in a snarling heap—damn! the terror in that old man's eyes!

But good old Blacky was well trained. As soon as the man lay still, the dog stood over him and snarled at the Gook's jugular vein.

We stopped and Sergeant Mack went over and pulled the dog off and helped the man up. He was bleeding a little and his clothes were torn up some but he was scared more than anything else. Sergeant Mack dusted at the old man's clothes and said, "Sorry, the dog got away. Couldn't help it."

Then we were off again on our hike. It's just like the division commander said. "We were damn-

New Female Performer: "This is my first circus job. Better tell me what to do to keep from making mistakes."

Circus Owner: "Well, don't ever undress in front of the bearded lady.

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Black's Downstairs
Local interest in the 1952 Olympic games is running very high due to the recent announcement that Iowa State Teachers college would be the site of the tryouts for the Olympic wrestling team April 10, 11, and 12.

Four years ago, in 1948 when the Olympic wrestling tryouts were held here, three Panther wrestlers, Gerald Leeman, Bill Koll, and Bill Nelson, won berths on the Olympic squad.

The Olympic games date back to 776 B.C. when the Greeks first introduced the international festival. These first Olympic contests were held in giant amphitheaters before multitudes of people who considered the Olympics a means for a national holiday.

Fourteen centuries elapsed between the ancient Olympics and the beginning of the modern day games in 1896. The Olympics of 1896 were awarded to Athens because the original games were introduced there.

The United States contingent to these first modern day games was sponsored by the Boston Athletic association. The main problem of the Americans that year was procuring the necessary funds to send the team to Athens. (This condition still prevails as witnessed by the taking of collections at TC athletic meets for the Olympic fund.)

Despite the lack of money and the small number of athletes representing the U.S., the Americans won 9 of 12 track and field events at Athens.

The next set of Olympic games, held in Paris in 1900, was probably the most mixed-up and unsatisfactory of all the Olympic meets.

The United States competitors went to France with the understanding that they were participating in some exhibition contests in a Paris exhibition. Not until they received their medals after the competition was over did they realize that they had actually taken part in the Olympics.

Why the fact that this was actually the Olympics was kept in such secrecy has never been determined. Aside from this there were other difficulties. The sprint course has its ups and down, the discus and hammer throws were landing trees and the runners had no pits to start from. Nevertheless the Americans won 17 of 25 events.

American supremacy in the international Olympic contests really appeared in the St. Louis games of 1904 when they won every event except one. The one event not captured by an American was the 56 pound weight throw won by a Canadian.

In 1906 the United States had its first official Olympic team sponsored by an Olympic committee. On their way to Athens for the games that year the American contingent was stopped at an Italian port for inspection where Italian officials found bottles of mineral water in the athletes' suitcases. Thinking that these bottles contained gin, the Italians confiscated the water and gave them bottles of Italian wine to replace the "gin". Despite the athletes losing their precious mineral water they still managed to win 11 of 19 events.

Probably the most remembered Olympic meet was the one held in Berlin in 1936. It was here that Jesse Owens and company of the United States literally "ran away" with the honors much to the disgust of Chancellor Adolph Hitler of Germany.

World War II interrupted the Olympic games for 12 years until 1948 when London played host to the international festival. In this, the twelfth renewal of the modern day Olympics, the United States again finished at the top.

This summer the Olympic games will be staged at Helsinki, Finland. Again the United States will enter the games as the favorite to capture top laurels in the international classic.
Notice the linoleum cuts on pages 1, 2, and 3 of this issue. Fine work, isn’t it? But it takes time and work to produce those, and our art editor, Jan Trager, is looking for all the help she can get along that line. If you’d like to try it, call Jan at 148W.

* * *

The little girl in the middle, Arges Sundquist, is the first subject in our campaign for art for the sake of art. Probably you’ve got a girl that you’d like to see featured some month. Turn your suggestions in to Norman Annis, College Eye office, and we’ll train a camera on her and see what happens.

* * *

Congratulations from us to you, Mrs. Henry Harris, on choosing a name for the magazine.

Now students can ask for their copy by name, Crossroads.

Don’t miss the story of the winner on page 2.

* * *

Our thanks to the Delt pledges who sold the magazines last month. They did a swell job. May the actives be kind to them during hell week.

* * *

Are you all going to sit around and let Mr. Fox and Mr. Dunn treat us that way? Let’s do something about it.
And So To

Teach

Hold tight to your little chillun. The man you see walking in his shorts is a graduate of P. U. (Podunk University). He majored in education with minors in Survey and smattering.

Ask him what his educational philosophy is and he will snap right back (as soon as he has had a chance to examine all of the possibilities), "Humility."

You may ask yourself, "Does this mean that he intends to make humble all of his students?" No, it means that he intends to make himself humble to all of his students. That is where the pants come in, or rather do not come in.

He wants to teach the youngsters, (1) the meaning of humility so that they would be less critical of themselves and of others, and (2) that "Teacher" is not God, but rather an effeminate outgrowth of an era in which principles set forth by such educators as J. D. have been twisted, torn, and used for toilet paper.

Note: When the gentleman was an undergraduate he remarked after observing a class in a laboratory school, "I will not stand in there and let myself be a target of sarcastic remarks from a group of thoughtless, pampered, knuckle-headed teenagers!"
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*It’s the sensible test*... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you’ve tried Camels for 30 days in your “T-Zone” (T for Throat, T for Taste), you’ll see why ... 

**After all the Mildness Tests...**

*Camel leads all other brands by billions*
MARCH, 1952

25c

TC Atmosphere
Pages 6, 20, 21
CROSSROADS

March, 1952 Iowa State Teachers College

Iowa State Teachers College Magazine
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This Is It...
'Twas a quiet Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago when she handed her husband a list of prospective titles for the new college magazine and asked him to pick the one he thought best. He perused the list of a dozen or so titles and chose one. At that moment the new college magazine got its title, CROSSROADS.

Mrs. Henry Harris, whose husband is in the college music department, then thought to herself, "My it would be nice to win," handed in her title, and tried to forget about it.

Mrs. Harris, the mother of five-year-old Susan, said the name suits because "'Crossroads' already a byword in the lingo of TC, suggests the 'merging', the 'focal-point' for many divergent opinions and expressions."

Mrs. Harris has not always been a housewife; she is also a professional musician. She was graduated from the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music and taught there for 10 years following graduation. Then she went to New York and went through the routine of ringing doorbells and making herself known. Her first position was with a dancer, pianist, and tenor as a violinist and they toured the country. Since then she has played with a touring Russian orchestra as featured violin soloist and the Houston Symphony orchestra. At present she plays with the TC Symphony orchestra and is sponsor of the SAI girls' music fraternity.

In the picture Mrs. Harris is shown posing with Grumpus, the clay frog, one of the contest prizes.
He woke up in the morning with the bottle under his bed. Today, he thought, is M-Day. Today is the day you meet her mother.

He thought about that for a while and then he thought about the night before and finally he came to think about the bottle which should have been under his bed. He looked and it was, almost half full.

Then he thought about the M part of his day again—"And I'm sure you'll want to meet mother while she's here." He didn't exactly care about meeting mother, one way or another. It wasn't mother who bothered him, it was daughter.

Here's daughter, he thought, a luscious doll. Here's darling daughter, all 115 beautiful pounds of her, in love with you, and you lie here and worry about it.

Yeah man, he told himself, and how I worry! I'm practically engaged to this woman and she won't shut up.

It was true — She babbled on forever about things of little and no importance. It was a minor vice but a telling one, and it was why she was free as well as white and 21, he figured.

Apparently he was stuck with her. Now he was even stuck with her mother, at least for one day. He could see what a day it would be—"And mother, I'd like you to meet Roger—he's just darling—and Roger, this is Mumsie—" and he'd "how-do-you-do" her and then the two women would rush on through lunch and their planned shopping trip, talking and talking and talking, while he trailed behind.

He fished the bottle from under the bed and contemplated it for some minutes in thoughtful fashion. It was half full and he had had no breakfast—it would really take effect. It was 8:30 now and he was to meet darling daughter and Mumsie at 11—he had plenty of time. He held the answer to all his problems in his hand.

It would be a sure thing, and it would be a permanent thing, he knew. He could imagine the scene:

"Oh there you are darling—Mumsie, I want you to meet Roger, what a dear—Roger, have you been drinking?" And darling Roger would fall all over himself and mother with glad hiccups of welcome—it would be a touching ceremony and he would be free again.

He was very pleased with himself for coming up with such a plan so early in the morning. He had just become a free man. He swirled the whiskey around in the bottle and thought about the situation.

It was two and a half hours later. "And mother, I'd like you to meet Roger—he's just darling—and Roger, this is Mumsie . . ." and he felt very sad and said "How do you do" and then darling daughter wiped some egg off his tie and then the two women rushed on through lunch and their planned shopping trip, talking and talking and talking, while he trailed behind.
Dali At TC

by Bob Brown and Ann Weinhardt

Salvador Dali appeared here recently and brought with him a new Dali philosophy. This latest artistic adventure is labeled "Nuclear Mysticism." (Illustrated on page 5.) The idea or concept, according to the artist, deals with man's destiny in an atomic society and is imbued with romantic-religious overtones.

Dali formerly represented the Surrealistic movement in painting, a school concerned primarily with graphically portraying the realm of the subconscious. This approach to painting has determined his style for many years and brought him much of his present recognition. It seems strange, therefore, that the man should now switch loyalties and advocate a new philosophy in his work that seems to be diametrically opposed to the former.

The explanation of this behavior may actually be a sincere metamorphosis of opinion on the part of the artist, or it may be a calculated publicity stunt to arouse interest concerning a new movement in art. and thus keep the name of Dali before the public. The man has utilized extraordinary publicity techniques in the past and, although this practice has drawn criticism from many sources, it has accomplished in large measure his objective—notoriety.

In his lecture and illustration of his work Dali took a few deft pokes at a fellow-Spaniard, Picasso, even going so far as to show the reprint of a Picasso painting, "Massacre in Korea," an abstraction illustrating soldiers shooting pregnant women. (Picture page 5.) The soldiers of this canvas are Americans, says Dali, supposedly demonstrating the Communist leanings of Picasso. I have been unable to verify this statement concerning the work: indeed doubt exists in many quarters as to whether this was the artist's conception of his work. At any rate, the effect upon an audience is pro-Dali—anti-Picasso.

Dali summed up some of his views on painting about like this . . . "an artist should not become involved with politics . . . an artist should portray the entire panorama of one era . . . Picasso's painting ("Massacre in Korea") is bad because it deals with only one phase of politics in Korea . . . it's alright for artists to have convictions and opinions, but they mustn't let them influence their art.

"His own paintings portray what to him is a representation of the whole cosmology of the present age. (Illustrated by 'Raphaelesque Head Harmoniously Disintegrating' and 'Nuclear Mysticism' on page 5.) He came to his new philosophy after the discovery of modern nuclear physics and feels sure that there will be a fusion of science and religion in the future."

Some observers tend to regard the artist as a sensitive perceptor of change within the society; and defined as such the work of art takes on a manifold social significance.

Others choose to believe that a painting is merely an exploitation of a plastic medium and should be regarded as such, not necessarily a commentary on the society that evolved it, but a judicious combination of the elements of design, color utilization, perspective, interpretation and transparency.

By the latter criteria we may honestly assume that Salvador Dali has made some significant contributions to contemporary painting and will probably continue to do so, whatever his subject matter or quirk of temperament.
Raphaelesque Head
Harmoniously Disintegrating (Dali)

Massacre in Korea (Picasso)

Nuclear Mysticism (Dali)
Something Wrong Here?

Read More on Pages 20, 21

"What is this odor around the halls? It can't be intellectualism."

Two members of the English staff and a student seek to ferret out the source. Edwin Maurer introduces the problem, Josef Fox takes up the faculty and their responsibilities, and Jack Dunn lambasts the student body.

by Edwin Maurer

Too often we take the fact that we are a college as proof that we have the intellectual attitudes necessary in a college.

Students have undergone the experience of leaving home, adjusting to a new environment, and submitting themselves over a period of time to the hazards and inconveniences of college coursework: this, they feel, makes it certain that they are becoming educated persons. Faculty members, on the other hand, having completed their education—a phrase one frequently hears—and having established themselves in society as members of so learned a profession as this, likewise begin to take for granted the fulfillment of their proper functions.

Behind all this lies the assumption that because we are here we ought to be here—because we are college students and college faculty we possess the attributes desirable in students and faculty members. It is as though we thought that some mysterious and magnetic property (springing, no doubt, from the judicious arrangement of classrooms and library) had endowed us with the proper polarity.

Now of course those who believe this may be right. It may be that in going through the routine of taking and teaching a curriculum we do in fact become a college. But I submit that it is dangerous for us to make this assumption—dangerous because it allows us to become complacent, collectively and individually; and complacency in a college is fatal to real intellectual development. We hear too much, I think, about ISTC's pre-eminent position among other colleges of its type. We are too little accustomed to criticism and self-searching.

So I urge that we make a sincere and thorough-going inquiry into the matter. Let us begin to concentrate on the next seventy-five years. Let us admit the possibility—if nothing more—that we need to improve. Let us not ignore criticism, especially the criticism we find most embarrassing.

If we should be so fortunate as to discover that we are already doing the best job possible, the inquiry will have been worth while; simply for having set our minds at rest. If—as my colleagues in this symposium state—we find ourselves deficient, then we will be enabled to search out the causes for our deficiency and their remedial measures. In either event, therefore, the inquiry should be rewarding.

II.

What is meant by necessary, desirable, or suitable "intellectual attitudes" for a college? Do they differ from those of society at large? I think they do. For while we might think it desirable that society adopt the ideals of the college—and to some extent, this is the dream of any educator—a college is nevertheless an institution devoted in a unique way to the promotion of ideas. It specializes in them. I define an "intellectual atmosphere" as an environment in which persons who are part of it habitually weigh all their questions and decisions in reference to the ideas behind them.

It makes little difference whether the questions and decisions relate to playing a game of basketball, writing an examination, or building a theatre set. When Charles Darling, the star basketball center at State university, refuses to take advantage of his great height by going up on the center jump before the ball has reached its peak—in spite of the fact that almost all centers are breaking that rule these days—he is surely abiding by a set of ideas about which constitutes right and wrong. His decision is an intellectual one.

Cadets at West Point or students somewhere else cheat in examinations, and somebody stupidly vandalizes the sets for a theatrical production; it is evident that the people who do these things are making reference to no tenable set of ideals. The moral failure is a failure, in some way, of the educational process.

It may be argued that all ideas are not good and that therefore to live in continual reference to ideas is no assurance of living as one should. That is true, but it must be admitted that no other environment is so well equipped to root out
Whose Government

Sure, it says we have student government in the catalog but what can we say about?—Plenty, so let's say it in the right places where it will do some good.

by Clara Hack

Do we have student government? What do you care .... that's just for brown nosers and wheels. Wait a minute—before we make any rash statements let's look at student government possibilities on this campus.

We'll start with you. How do you fit in this picture? You're directly represented in your dormitory by your corridor chairman on house council. The president on that council is automatically a member of Student League board and the vice-president is a member of the Men's union or AWS board. Therefore, in this intricate system you are indirectly represented in all governing organizations.

Sure—it sounds good—all this representation, but what good does it do us?

In this way no one group is responsible or has control over every phase of campus life. Dormitory problems are taken care of in the dormitory; problems that concern only woman students are handled in AWS; Men's union has jurisdiction over the men's problems not covered by the housing units, and Student League board is concerned with things pertaining to the campus as a whole.

So what? We can gripe all day and nothing will happen.

So you don't think it will do any good to go to the right place—such as house council or the Student League board?

Did you ever try it? It is so much easier—and granted more fun—just to gripe. It takes a little more time and effort when you have to organize and present your points, in order to go through the right channels. But Student League board is trying to get Good Friday holidays because a student griped in the right place. Women will smoke in North hall rooms because a committee went to Student government.

Think of all the red tape!! It will just get lost in a committee.

That's right. It involves a lot of red tape to get some things done. A democracy is that way. A dictatorship or anarchy is simple. Either one person tells all or no one tells anything. Real simple, but not always satisfactory to everyone.

A democracy, ideally, is looking out for the welfare of the majority. It takes time—it takes several committees sometimes to look at all sides and sometimes the committee finds it is not the best recommendation and works no further on it, failing to report the same to the people concerned, because the people do not demand a report!

O.K., O.K., so I gripe to the right people .... but those students are the wheels. I can't get any place.

Wait a minute—what did you do to get someone else elected to those positions?

The lack of interest in the all-campus elections on this campus the last three years was so sad!! Whoever gets in is all right with you. So after the people get in we don’t expect enough of them and they don’t work to the height of their capability—simply because there is no demand to do so.

How about telling the candidates what you want? Back that candidate and let him know what you expect.

What if we have the leaders we want and we are ready to back them to get something done on this campus—they can’t do so many things because of the administration—we have no power over them.

Granted, we don’t. One of the purposes of the Student League board is to promote sympathetic understanding between students and faculty in matters affecting student interest. The Board is to work with the administration on what is best for the college as a whole—not against them.

Do we have student government? Yes! Is it effective? So-so. Could it be more effective? That is up to you. me and the rest of the students.
Socrates’ Nemesis

These youngsters learned the ancient game from a master and they don’t know how it’s done.

by Bernhard Kelly

(Editor’s Note: We admired Mr. Kelly’s desire to repay his alma mater, but we caution TC underclassmen against acting as recipients in behalf of this institution.)

Socrates supposedly had no peer in the teaching field, but I believe I have surpassed him decisively in one instance. The course I taught required judgment, finesse, skill, and four “live” ones—that is, pupils who helped further Barnum’s thesis.

It didn’t take Einstein to figure out that my subsistence check wouldn’t quite balance my books. Since it was only a matter of hours before I left my alma mater, I thought it only fitting that I repay part of my indebtedness to her. What better method could I employ than the teaching of the finer art of crapshooting to some of her frosh?

I picked up my four dice and sought out the leaders of the gambling syndicate in the frosh dorm. They were gathered around a smoke-enveloped table, drinking root beer and orange pop, and playing a cut-throat game of hearts. I kibitzed awhile, then I threw out the bait. I told them I wanted to gamble if the stakes weren’t too high. They set a 25¢ limit and we started to play draw poker. The type of cards I played would prove definitely that Hoyle hadn’t wasted his time in writing his rules of card playing.

After I loused up the game for twenty minutes, I suggested we play dice. They laughed and condescendingly asked if I meant craps. I told them I’d just gotten some new dice and I would appreciate it if they would teach me the ropes. They took the hook and offered to teach me, one of the most superior crapshooters Uncle Sam ever turned out, the game of craps.

They voluntarily raised the ante to the wish of the shooter. When I got the dice, crapped twice and then missed my point, I couldn’t have asked for more. I took even bets on four’s and ten’s and played generally like a fish.

In twenty minutes I dropped $50. The boys were fine pupils. While they were busily counting their winnings, they failed to notice that I brought the other two dice into play. I laid down $20 and told them that this had to be it. They practically begged to fade me.

After I rolled a seven, I offered to shoot the $40. Again they faded. Another natural and one pupil stated that I had beginner’s luck. I suggested it would be unfair for them if I didn’t offer to shoot the works. They faded $60 and I rolled another beautiful seven. I picked up the loot, the dice, and in a sportsmanlike manner offered to shoot for any amount they wished to cover. They had no cash and I felt that checks weren’t to be desired.

I pocketed the money and the dice, and nonchalantly left the boys contemplating their lost lamb.
From the Lips of a
Two-Year Old

Who sits on whom when Mother calls in a coed to spend the evening with baby Jonathan?

by Shirlee Davis

The maxim that children should be seen and not heard could more appropriately be applied to baby-sitters, according to the unfortunate contacts I have had with them. Actually, I have no personal dislike for them as fellow human beings; it is only that they have such a perverted knowledge of the intelligence of a child.

One of the primary faults of the baby-sitter is her inefficient command of the English language. All of this babble about "taking off our little shoezies and going nite-nite" is particularly distasteful to a two-year-old. As a matter of fact, the word "shoezies" isn't even listed in Webster's Student Collegiate dictionary and if it were, the popularity and circulation of the volume would suffer inestimably. Moreover, I wear a size 3½ shoe which is categorically larger than an average child of my age.

Baby-sitters who use bribery as a disciplinary measure always seemed to me a menace to our society. Innumerable times I have been offered a lollypop or a stick of chewing gum if I would willingly take my scheduled nap or cease swinging the cat by his tail, the latter being only a natural and necessary outlet for a child's emotions.

Dr. Wilma Snively of the Palmer School of Child Psychology contradicts this type of disciplinary measure as follows: "Bribery is the lowest form of discipline because a child should recognize and accept the responsibilities of life without being offered a reward or compensation." I question, too, my baby-sitter's future when I read of the recent exploitations of the senate crime-investigating committee regarding bribery and other corruption so detrimental to our democratic way of life.

A meal with a baby-sitter is another atrocity with which a child must contend. The hackneyed psychology that "carrots make little boys strong and healthy" makes me feel that I will become a mass of muscles before I am three. This psychology is doubly exasperating to me because my baby-sitter always boils the carrots and boiling a vegetable naturally reduces its vitamin capacity.

Bedtime is quite as offensive to a child as mealtime. It is then that the baby-sitter resorts to such immature procedures as telling fairy tales and singing lullabies. We could possibly overlook their vocal deficiencies if the selections in their repertoire weren't so incongruous with our modern civilization. Baby-sitters should realize that a "Rock-A-Bye-Baby" hasn't appeared on the Hit Parade since 1917 and that Grimm's fairy tales are completely inappropriate to scientific and realistic living.

I have already written letters to several college presidents suggesting that they include a course in professional baby-sitting in their home economics curriculum but the answers have been rather disheartening. They feel the curriculum cannot be expanded because they already have an adequate supply of excellent child psychology courses.

Perhaps some day I can move the world toward child suffrage but until then, we are destined to live in the humiliating ignorance of our elders.
Lyrics to Laugh By

from the classes of Jim Hearst

Making A Living

My hose on the run, my hair
A mess.
This wet, wrinkled rag, was once
A dress.
Devoid of tricks is my
Poor hat.
I am the sitter, on whom the
Baby sat.

by Patti Shearer

Teachers Dilemma

"But Jimmie never will go on!
He's really meant to till our farm..
We don't expect that he make A's,
Although he has his better days.

"It hurts him so to get a D.
Why couldn't he have had Don's B?
What matter if he's worse than Don?
I say, he never will go on."

by Mildred Otto

On Man Leafing Through Esquire Magazine

Go ahead and look ye anxious one,
Thumb each page and fill your eyes,
Lift up your brow and stomp your foot,
We know what in your booklet lies.

We women-folk are not so dumb,
We've leafed that teasing booklet through,
Did you think we'd be that stupid,
To hand it, uncensored, straight to you?

by Jo Armstrong
Here in north-eastern Iowa a great many comments have been expressed concerning the success of the Wartburg College Artists Series, which is now in its 27th year of existence. Dr. A. W. Swenson, head of the Wartburg College chemistry department, has served as chairman of the Artist Series since 1935. Dr. Swenson, in an interview with CROSSROADS, related some facts concerning the difficulty of establishing and maintaining a successful concert series throughout the years.

"Money has probably been our biggest problem all along," explained the chairman. "At first, the public support was rather feeble, which put us in debt several times. However, now that the public is behind us, in recent years the weather has played havoc with our attendance, which also caused some financial difficulties."

Dr. Swenson stated the primary objective of the Wartburg Artist Series quite emphatically, "It is our foremost concern to give the students of this college, and the people in this area, a broad aesthetic experience through these frequent contacts with the various cultural presentations that we put on here."

Since the series is not a civic sponsored enterprise, Wartburg college handles the subscription sales, and fixes each year the season ticket prices: which is dependent on the number and caliber of artists that appear during the season. This season there have been four concerts thus far, with the Albaneri Trio scheduled for April 2. Some years the Series has as many as ten programs.

Recent success of the Concert Series can also be attributed to the new auditorium-gymnasium that Wartburg constructed in 1951. It has a comfortable seating capacity of 3000.

Dr. Swenson brought out the importance of the Teachers College Concert-Artist organization in relation to the one at Wartburg. "Many people find it very refreshing to attend presentations at both colleges. We have always strived to support the Teachers College Series, and they have supported ours very ardently through these past years."

The marriage ceremony had just been concluded. The groom thrust his hand into his pocket and inquired: "What do I owe you, Reverend?"

"There is no set charge," answered the minister, "but we are usually paid according to the beauty of the bride."

"Okay," said the young man, and handed over a quarter.

"Here's fifteen cents change," said the minister.

Groom: "This blueberry pie tastes queer, honey."

Bride: "Perhaps I put too much bluing in it.

Bride: "I saved $2.19 out of this week's allowance."

Groom: "Good girl. How did you do it?"

Bride: "One of the collectors didn't show up."

The bride was shy about asking her husband for money. "Jack dear," she said at breakfast, "will you lend me $5 but only give me half of it?"

"Of course, darling," said her husband, puzzled, "but why only half of it?"

"Well, then you'll owe me $2.50 and I'll owe you $2.50, and we'll be square, won't we?"

The office phone rang. The boss answered: "Hello?"

His wife (disguising her voice): "Guess who this is?"

Boss: "Phyllis?"

Wife: "PHYLLIS??"

Boss: "Guess who this is?"
No, we can't allow you to adopt the child. Your income fluc- Money! It takes money, huh? An' they think I ain't got enough money to support a kid. I'll show 'em—Today'll be rough—but it'll pay plenty.

Sitting on the diving platform, Bob could see the water and was ready for the ship's sudden roll. Stan, his helper, wasn't. Stan's wrench slipped—thudded against Bob's heavy diving shoes. Stan. tightening the heavy nuts, said, "You're crazy, Bob, that barge ain't settled yet. Ya oughta wait—"

"An' let somebody else beat me to it!—Ya gotta move fast in this salvage racket." As Bob stood up to check the feel of the clumsy suit, he noticed ugly clouds pushing the southwest horizon. So did Stan.

"Money don't mean that much. I've seen storms move that far in an hour an' a half."

"This's for my kid. Put on m' helmet." Stan guided the helmet down—stopped.

"Ya ain't got a kid! An' I seen Lois yesterday—"

"Adoption—Now shut up an get me under." Stan closed the window. Bob signaled for air, checked his lamp and his intercom.

The platform swung out and down. Just before going under Bob looked anxiously at the clouds. As the murky waters closed in—Bob raised his eyes toward what light there was. "Please, God, one hour's work—one hour—"

"Eighty-five feet—playing easy" the sudden voice startled him. It's hard to get used to someone talking to you down here. "See anything?"

"Not yet—hold 'er steady." Bob stared through the gloom. Nothing. Somewhere down here there's a barge fulla copper bars—all I gotta do is find it—"Stan, been flowing in or out?"

"In. Bob, that storm's moving awful fast," the intercom buzzed.

"Thirty minutes—maybe—but it's getting rough. Bob, an' that barge ain't settled—" Ain't settled buzzed in Bob's ears.

"Damn it! I know it ain't settled—It'll take those thirty minutes to get that kid Lois an' me been wantin'. Now ahead sixty, left twenty, up ten—"

The platform lurch-ed crazily—up, down, to the right. Bob held on. The grey mass moved too—or did it? It's hard to tell under water.

"Never mind, move me in—slow" one hour's work—I'll lay claim to the salvage commission. The platform moved silently. Little Bobby—Lois an' me'll adopt him, Doc says it's—"Easy fella. I can see where it plowed into the bottom."

The platform danced like a puppet with a broken string; then eased along as it should with the current. Bob steadied himself on a guide rope—ahead and to the left was a grey mass.

Bob, probing intently, was startled by "Bob. I'm gonna bring ya up—that storm's almost—"

"No, I'm too close now to worry about that. I can see her. How long do I have? The platform lurched crazily—up, down, to the right. Bob held on. The grey mass moved too—or did it? It's hard to tell under water.

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How To Get Rid Of Guests

If your friends don't know about your eight o'clock classes, tell them—first subtly, then more forcibly.

by Harold A. Servis

The other day a friend of mine wanted to cry on my shoulder about "Company" trouble. I inquired quite solicitously, "What's the matter, George, were you fired again?"

"No, not this time," he said shaking his head sadly. "I'm having a heck of a time getting to bed at a reasonable hour. It seems all my friends must not have to work or something. They come and visit us and forget they have homes of their own."

He turned into a bar to bolster his morale, but I kept worrying about him. I like George and I hate to see him looking so beat, so I went home and prepared for him a list on "How to Get Rid of Long-Staying Guests."

I saw George today and he said my suggestions worked fine. Maybe you can vary the technique a little and use the list yourself.

Here it is:

1. Shake your watch violently. Hold it next to your ear and say, "Thought I'd forgotten to wind it." Then smile as though you were embarrassed by the whole thing.
2. Tell your guest, "It certainly is a shame I have to be in class so early in the morning!" Wait hopefully, but hold your temper.
3. Tell them of some gruesome crime perpetrated by someone who was overly tired due to lack of proper sleep. Hope they take this hint.
4. Ask (still laughing gaily), "Did you hear our alarm clock go off? It surely can't be that late!"
5. Excuse yourself and put on your nightgown and night cap. Carry a lighted candle and say casually, "What do you think of my costumes for the masquerade dance?"
6. If rules 1 through 5 have no effect on your company, do the following:
   (a) Open the door (it saves replacing later).
   (b) Apply your No. 10 brogans to the area of least resistance.
   (c) Toss their coats and hats on their recumbent bodies.
   (d) Shut and lock the door. Then go to bed.

It's true that you lose most of your friends this way but after all, who wants friends?

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Arjes Sundquist
Copper Bar
(Continued from page 12)

Bob moved the battens. The intercom crackled as he shoved the hatch aside.

"Get on that platform, Bob! Now!" Stan was scared. Bob could hear it. Well, so was he. The barge shivered slightly. Bob moved through the black mouth of the hold. The kid—Lois wants a kid—we fought about it—Doc says it's my fault.

It's hard moving in that hold. Stacks all torn up—ropes everywhere. Gotta get a bar that's marked Claim commission. Money—we'll adopt the kid.

The platform plunged like a gas balloon on a string. The barge shivered. His helper screamed over the intercome "The storm! Bob! The Storm!"

Bob pulled on a marked bar. It was free, "Stanley, I got it! I got it!"

Bob moved toward the hatch. The barge lurched violently. Copper bars tumbled, slid across the hold. Some like dungeon gates. Some like deadly missiles that pinned him to the hold.

Struggling to get up, Bob saw bubbles rising from his arm, felt the cold water in his suit. "Stan, tell Lois I tried. I really tried."

Stan didn't even hear him.

Why I Never Joined A Sorority
(Reprinted from the results of a poll taken by the University of Buffalo Spectrum.)

1. I had never danced with a man in my life and I didn't want to.
2. I didn't fill out a sweater and I didn't look very attractive in a sleeveless, low-cut gown.
3. I wanted to do as I wished and think for myself instead of being led around by a bunch of sorority sisters.
4. I had never gone into women's clubs and organizations before I came to college and I didn't want to start.
5. I didn't like the idea of having a room with the same girl all quarter.
6. I am a male.

Attention, Students
A good lesson to learn:
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You'll save money,
and
You'll receive friendly service

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Said The Monkey To The Dog--

Something has got to be done about these people who continually sling the bull around . . .

by Vera Jean King

I was meandering through the zoo the other day. As I was shuffling along I paused at the various cages of our fur and feather bearing friends to take in their witty discourse about "what fools we mortals be." Much valuable information was conveyed to me and I feel it my duty to pass it on for posterity.

Evidently the inhabitants of the zoo feel that a low breed of organisms are attempting crude imitations of them. Some of them were angry and some were amused but all agreed that for the sake of progress humans should stop aping the ape.

The elephant made the first noteworthy contribution when he stated, "The species of life known as humans should out of consideration of their pride and ours develop their own peculiar characteristics.

After he had spoken all the rest chimed in with their criticisms and comments.

"Well, of course," said the French Poodle, "I wouldn't mind if the ladies would wear their short hair in a manner that did me justice. But to bestow my name on those monstrosities without even paying me a royalty is an outrage for me to bear. I've not seen one of those which looks as nice as mine. Besides those females don't have the figures to wear my hair style with any degree of grace."

"It's a people's life," said the dog.

Laughing at this the horse spoke up: "You've got no gripes coming. Look at the injustice done to me. I've never considered my tail to be one of my strong points and it's been given embarrassing prominence in the last year. There ought to be a law!"

"Oh, it's a people's life," sighed the dog.

"Well, the men are no better," protested the canary. "Look how they imitate the poor zebra and the tiger with all their fancy shirts. It's quite funny. Most of the time the stripes don't even run in the right direction. But then you boys don't have to wear your stripes to accent your muscles."

"You know what?" asked the tiger of the canary.

"The other night I tried to tune in Pete Possums and his Possibles but instead I got hold of an opera singer who sang as if someone had bet her she couldn't sound as good as you. If that was the case she lost. I've heard better music from the wind blowing through an empty tin can."

"It's a people's life!" sighed the dog.

The monkey finished combing his hair and came over to join the conversation. "And all this talk about me imitating man! 'Monkey see, Monkey do.' Pure fabrication. I've hundreds of years more breeding than man. If he wants to get technical he's imitating me. I'll bet he never thought of eating peanuts or bananas until he spied me!"

Strutting around the pen, the bull stated majestically, "I've no objection to people except I'm getting black and blue from their slingin me around. You'd think they could fall upon a more picturesque phrase or at least a more justified one."

"Oh, it's a people's life," said the dog.

"My mother is a Picasso collector."
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Opposite ISTC Campus

Cedar Falls, Iowa
Parade of Opinion

The Associated Collegiate press circulates features and news stories from campuses all over the country and some of them are worth reading here at TC. How about the comment on theory courses, or the college manners?

A Lament For Liberal Arts
(By Robert Griffin, Florida Flambeau, Florida State University)

With a bitter but true chuckle, a lament! This university once had an outstanding reputation for the finest liberal arts curriculum. It ranked among the top colleges as a college for women.

Alas, came the male, with his mind set on making money, not getting married. With the male came vocational training, and such courses as rubber band procurement 245, and stapling methods 311.

And the whole curriculum has been revamped. Now "sciences" have appeared to teach baking and driver training. Then there are millions of courses to train teachers. Freshmen have this outlook:

   Ed. 201 - Educational Methods;
   Ed. 301 - Theory of Education Methods;
   Ed. 401 - Teaching the Theory of Education Methods;
   Ed. 500 - Graduate seminar on teaching the theory of teaching education methods;
   Ed. 600 - Testing the teaching of methodology of teaching the methods of theory of teaching the education methods.

Whew!

For an extra course throw in such liberal arts courses as teaching the teachers who will teach the car driving. Laugh, but then get serious.

It used to be that people thought if you knew the facts you could teach them. Now they have reversed this belief. If you know how to teach you can find the facts...

We’re Not Alone

Noting that college youth has recently been accused of being irresponsible, silent and slap-happy, the Kansas State Collegian declared:

"...Please, please accusers, don’t stop when you’ve stoned college youth sufficiently. Please note that we’re not alone. And because we’re not, all your challenges for us to change will be of little avail, unless you couple them with a challenge to all Americans.

"It’s a national problem, so how about national attention, not just singling out college youth."

However, "Because our faults seem to be the common faults of Americans, that must not be an easy excuse. We must be willing to face the accusations hurled at us and either prove them false, or try to remedy our ways if they prove true."

College Manners

The Interfraternity Council of Valparaiso, Indiana, has tightened its drinking rules, to "cover any problems which may arise."

The rules prohibit the serving of any alcoholic beverages, "either directly or indirectly," at any mixed fraternity function. Punishments for violations can go as high as a $500 fine.

At the University of Texas students are no longer permitted to smoke or have soft drinks in class. Some of the reasons cited: Fire hazard, extra housekeeping, unsightly floors.

Now Where’s That Western Hemisphere?

What most college students don’t know about geography would fill several university libraries, a New York Times survey indicates.

The paper gave a geography test to about 5,000 students in 42 colleges. Some odd misconceptions of how the world is laid out were turned up.

For example, when asked to name the countries bordering Yugoslavia, some students named Belgium, Egypt, Manchuria, Portugal and even Canada. Only two per cent, incidentally, could closely estimate Canada’s population.

Less than half the students could approximate the United States’ population. Many thought it was 500 million or more, while some placed it in the billions. (1950 census estimate of U. S. population: nearly 152 million)

Five percent could name the states bordering on the Atlantic coast. Many states as far inland as the Mississippi were mentioned.

Block That Alliteration


And in the same paper, same page: "Infirm Lads, Lassies Look to Legislature."
Make It Look Worthwhile

by Josef W. Fox

It is almost universally recognized that the business of learning can be conducted more successfully in some circumstances than in others. Colleges and universities, for example, are generally assumed to provide a more suitable environment for the student than jails or army camps. Indeed, so potent is the college atmosphere as a factor in education, that, even if the student makes almost no personal effort to learn anything, some learning nevertheless takes place. This phenomenon is continually being demonstrated on every college campus in the land.

Here at ISTC, we of the faculty do not take sufficient advantage of this teaching device. If we believe that some environments are better than others for promoting learning, then we should address ourselves to the problem of finding out what kind of environment is best, and to the further problem of creating such an environment. For, the job of creating the proper intellectual atmosphere is ours, not the students’.

A good intellectual atmosphere, I submit, is one in which the student will encounter, at every turn, examples of men and women who obviously value knowledge and wisdom above everything else in the world. Confronted with such examples, the student will himself begin to value knowledge and wisdom and will begin to exert himself to acquire them. If, for example, every time the student bumbled into the library, he found ten or twenty faculty members at work there, instead of two or one or none, he might eventually get the idea that the library is a place which may actually be frequented with pleasure and profit.

A good intellectual atmosphere, further, is one in which the student will hear or overhear, at every turn, intelligent conversation on important problems, conversation conducted in complete sentences and interlarded with references to basic concepts and a variety of allusions to significant monuments of intellectual enterprise. In such an atmosphere, it is quite possible that the student will develop an interest in these matters; he may even seek to acquire the ability to make such conversation himself.

Again, a good intellectual atmosphere is one in which the student will encounter, at every turn, certain kinds of intellectual activities. If faculty disputations or discussions or lectures or demonstrations were as readily available to the student as wrestling matches and basketball games and dances, he might eventually suspect that the latter are not the most important activities in the world.

A good intellectual atmosphere, in short, is one in which intellectual activity is attuned to itself to the environment. In such an atmosphere, intellectuality will seem the natural way of living.

Such an atmosphere, I believe, does not exist at ISTC. As long as the college newspaper devotes more space to a local basketball game than to an international art exhibit held on the campus, as long as it is necessary to question twenty-two faculty members before encountering one who is a reader of The Nation, as long as it is possible to question seven members of a certain department without encountering one who has read the principal work in their field, as long as book discussion clubs and faculty forums fold up for lack of faculty support, we cannot, I maintain, flatter ourselves into believing that we have created the best possible intellectual atmosphere for our students.

Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps having football games, basketball games, wrestling matches, track meets, dances, popularity contests, style shows, beauty contests, etc as the dominant feature of the environment constitutes the best possible intellectual atmosphere for the student. Perhaps.

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At nearly every college of repute there is a group of students who concern themselves with intellectual matters: literature, philosophy, poetry, serious music, art, and related fields. This group is not always large but is almost always manifest.

It makes itself felt through college publications and student organizations and is usually represented in the student government. Even though this intellectual group need not be large, it surely affects the rest of the student body. Everybody is impressed by an intellectual.

Intellectuals are not always liked; often they are scorned: but they are always—overly or covertly—respected. And, little by little, they gain prestige. In a college, cultural standards are largely determined by the prestige of its intellectual coterie. The rest of the student body realize this and, although they don’t necessarily become members of the intellectual group, they usually set about changing their attitude toward education.

They begin to view higher education in a broader way; they begin to see it as something embodying more than their own particular interests. And as the student body acquires a broader view of education, they also acquire a more receptive, a more responsible attitude toward it.

It would be foolish of me to assert that an attitude of this scope is due solely to a relatively small number of students within the whole group. I don’t. The faculty, curriculum, and facilities of the college are surely as important. But given these things, they can only provide the means to such an attitude. It is the intellectual group within the college that provides the initiative.

The cultural standards at this college are remarkably low. We have discussion groups; but these were formed by faculty members and are poorly attended. We have art exhibits; but while the last exhibit was in progress, I could find no student outside of the Art Department who even knew of its existence.

It is too easy to try to explain this cultural deficiency by shrugging our shoulders and saying, "Well, after all, what do you expect—Iowa!" To make a regional matter of this situation is to greatly overcomplicate it. As I’ve indicated, low cultural standards in any college are due to either poor facilities in school, or an inadequate student body. By inadequate I don’t mean culturally incapable; no college student is that. I mean culturally shiftless—lazy.

What about our college facilities? Even before the recent inauguration of the Humanities courses, Teachers College was ranked by many as the second best of its kind in the country. It has a high proportion of Ph. D’s on its faculty. The proportion of instructors to students is unusually high. The library is excellent. There are the customary student functions: plays, debates, recitals. In addition there are faculty recitals, great books discussions, and a very good film group. The curriculum not only prepares a student for teaching but offers him a liberal education as well (not at all the same thing).

Judging from all this, however, it seems that, far from being inadequate, the facilities at this college are conducive to a high cultural standard. Yet any sort of intellectual leadership among the students is conspicuously absent. Wherein then lies the hitch? Could it be that the students are not taking themselves seriously?

Education, recently, has become a pretty cheap commodity. A degree is no longer the sign of a thoughtful man. Instead it has become a piece of merchandise awarded for a certain number of chores—like a paycheck; or a prize given away for doing a hundred pushups—like a kiss from the queen of the ball. The signs are pretty clear that this is the prevailing attitude on this campus.

But a college education is not a collection of chores. It is the means to an attitude whereby the student can assume a useful role in society, evaluate the society to change if necessary, and examine the variegated individual ideas produced from society to determine their validity. To achieve such an attitude, the student must have a broad and varied cultural background. Only then will his education have been worthy. Only then can he usefully take his place in society.

We now exist in a virtually cultureless society; a society of Philistines. Where are we to find a group of Davids to slay these Philistines but in our colleges? And how are we to equip them except with culture; culture composed of art, philosophy, and reason to overcome the Goliath-like giants of ignorance and vulgarity?

The serious-minded students who could provide cultural incent-

(Continued on page 23)
Campus Bulletins

YEL-LAX, SWISTERS WILL MEET
Yel-Lax, men's pep organization, will meet in the Commons tonight to discuss the forthcoming track meet with the Swisters, women's pep organization. Refreshments, consisting of Ovaltine and Kellog's Pep, will be served. Regular active members will be served All-Bran.

TOPIC FOR SOCIOLOGISTS
The Sociology Club will meet tonight to discuss plans for next week's open forum on "Is It True That Eight Members Of The Jukes Family Are College Professors At ISTC?"

SPEAKS TO BOTANISTS
Meeting at 7:30 p.m. in the Commons Grill, the Botany Club will discuss current conservation topics, with Dr. L. M. Elmbright lecturing on "Is the Elm Tree's Bark Worse Than Its Blight?" Cottonwood Mother will sing "Trees" and "Woodman, Spare That Tree" before the meeting.

A panel will be formed to discuss at next week's meeting, "Ways And Means Of Propagating Poison Ivy On Teachers College Golf Course Greens."

Conscience of a Judge
You there.
You,
Dead young man
Hanging from that tree,
You spoil my view.
You're not at all gay.
A robin pecks at your ear
In delightful ignorance.
A limb brushes your horrible face
With delicate sweeps.
Too bad you're not very pretty.
So, if you don't mind
Go dangle somewhere else.
Tie your rope to another tree.
Get out of my mind,
You annoy me.

by CAROLYN PHELPS

Education
Yes my boy, learn to kill,
learn to lunge with bayonet,
how to twist for the spill,
parry, thrust and withdraw.

Take this bitter cast iron ball,
dormant only for a while:
first the throw, then the fall,
fractious wait for that brave blast.

That's right my boy, learn to hate
know the other from what you
hear
learn each foible, different trait,
find every half-dark blot.

For God, learn to kill;
throw off that inward pang
that dictates different will;
know the glory of twisted truth.

by EVERETT TRAYLOR

Recruit: "Well, one piece fits."
Supply Sarge: "Which one?"
Recruit: "The necktie."

One serviceman to another:
Did you enlist or did you wait to be asked?

Sgt.: "Digging out holes?"
Cpl.: "Nope, I'm digging out the dirt and leaving the holes."

Tact is making a blind date feel she got the worst of it.

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What Is This?

(Continued from page 6)

out error as one in which ideas matter more than things, and in which the often unfair biases and pressures of society can be disregarded in favor of truth.

Very well. Granting the advantages of living in an intellectual atmosphere, still how are we to determine whether our college provides such an environment? Both Mr. Fox and Mr. Dunn have suggested criteria which might be useful for this purpose. But I am afraid the real standards for any judgment of this sort are too subjective to be neatly formulated and machine-scored. The presence of an intellectual atmosphere is more likely to be detected in the snatch-es of conversations that one overhears on the walks and in the corridors.

Do students come out of their classes still discussing the ideas they have just been facing? Do they swarm through the library looking for material to supplement that which they have been assigned? What is the subject matter of their discussions in their dormitories and over the dinner table?

When students laugh because one of their classmates has used a word with which most of them are not familiar, or when an instructor closes a course two weeks early because "all the material has been covered"—then I think it is safe to conclude that there is no widespread atmosphere of inquiry and curiosity. Such things simply don't happen when there is.

Intellectualism at TC

(Continued from page 21)

live for the rest of the student body have not shown themselves at this college yet. As I've indicated, I'm quite sure that they are here; they're only too lazy to concern themselves with something as seemingly unprofitable as cultural development. While these people spend their time drinking coffee, playing hearts, and having a beer, the lectures, recitals, and art exhibits, sponsored by this college, are predominantly attended by faculty members and unwilling students.

The means are all at our disposal. The question is whether our students value cultural standards enough to overcome their laziness. I have tried to show that intellectual leadership can affect desirable changes in educational attitudes. If a student recognizes this—even if he's only half sure—and does nothing, he is making a mockery of education. What's more he's making a Philistine of himself. Education won't remain a mockery always, you may be sure, but once our culturally shiftless fellow is a Philistine—it's for keeps.

* * *

The young husband had settled himself in his favorite chair to read the evening paper. His wife of six months sat opposite him. Pulling out her knitting she remarked: I went to see the doctor today."

He kept on reading. At long last he looked up and absently replied: "Oh, you did? How is he?"

Sigma Chi: Would you think it was mental telepathy if I was thinking of the same thing you were?"

Delt: "No, just plain good luck."

* * *

Sophomore: "Do you know what they call a man who doesn't practice birth control?"

Freshman: "No, what?"

Sophomore: "Daddy."
Right Retort

(The NEA Journal has come up with suggestions for what to say on a number of academic occasions. Here's the agenda.)

When you are given an objective test: "It doesn't let you express yourself."

When you are given an essay test: "It's so vague. You don't know what's expected."

When you are given many minor tests: "Why not have a few big ones? This keeps you on edge all the time."

When you are given no tests: It's not fair. How can he possibly judge what we know?

When every part of the subject is taken up in class: "Oh, he just follows the book."

When you are asked to study a part of the subject by yourself: "Why, he never even discussed it!"

When the course is in lecture form: "We never get a chance to say anything."

When the course consists of informal lectures and discussion: "He just sits there. Who wants to hear the students? They don't know how to teach the course."

When detail material is presented: "What's the use? You forget it all after the exam anyway."

When general principles are presented: "What did we learn? We knew all that before we took the course."

Prelude

by Everett Traylor

The Korean occupation wasn't much fun but it was a lot better than fighting a war—besides, we had a job to do over there. We were protecting the interest of the free world, and like the posters said, we were ambassadors of good will.

I remember one day when we were out on a ten mile hike. We were marching broken step along some raised earthen levees that surround each separate boggy rice paddy.

The day before our division commander had given us a very warming talk. He told us that we were damned rough soldiers. We knew it, too, but it was nice to hear him say it.

This day's hike was to keep up our hard, iron-like trim. It's wonderful what seven or eight weeks of training will do for a man just out of high school.

We were marching along a levee and all of us were starting to get tired except the first sergeant and our German police dog who were leading the column. The first sergeant was a big man with thin, steel gray hair cropped short. His long heavy jaw would have fooled you into thinking he was stupid but he had taught math in college a few years back. He liked the army better.

The first sergeant was holding Blacky by a heavy chain. That dog had a character all his own. The big hulking critter had been a Jap war dog but we had re-trained him to hate orientals instead of Americans. My guess is that he
Seven or eight weeks training prepared these young soldiers to watch the bloodthirsty police dog lunge at the old man and tear at his throat.

hated everybody, except maybe Sergeant Mack.

Whenever our company came near any Gooks in the field, Blacky would almost tear that chain out of Sergeant Mack's hands. Must have been a dozen demons inside that dog but Sergeant's Mack, with a sharp gleam in his eyes, would haul back on the chain and chuckle half out loud that it was bad to bite anybody. I would almost swear he was egging Blacky on.

We marched along the low raised ridges for a time and then as we topped a hill we came upon an old man bending over his rice plot. Blacky lunged on his chain and before he could lunge again Sergeant Mack had slipped the hook from the collar.

In two jabbing leaps the dog was on the man who had turned just in time to catch the impact of the leap full in the face and chest.

They went down in a snarling heap—damn! the terror in that old man's eyes!

But good old Blacky was well trained. As soon as the man lay still, the dog stood over him and snarled at the Gook's jugular vein.

We stopped and Sergeant Mack went over and pulled the dog off and helped the man up. He was bleeding a little and his clothes were torn up some but he was scared more than anything else. Sergeant Mack dusted at the old man's clothes and said, "Sorry, the dog got away. Couldn't help it."

Then we were off again on our hike. It's just like the division commander said. "We were damn-

New Female Performer: "This is my first circus job. Better tell me what to do to keep from making mistakes."
Circus Owner: "Well, don't ever undress in front of the bearded lady.

***

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25
Olympics

by Jack Hovelson

Local interest in the 1952 Olympic games is running very high due to the recent announcement that Iowa State Teachers college would be the site of the tryouts for the Olympic wrestling team April 10, 11, and 12.

Four years ago, in 1948 when the Olympic wrestling tryouts were held here, three Panther wrestlers, Gerald Leeman, Bill Koll, and Bill Nelson, won berths on the Olympic squad.

The Olympic games date back to 776 B.C. when the Greeks first introduced the international festival. These first Olympic contests were held in giant amphitheaters before multitudes of people who considered the Olympics a means for a national holiday.

Fourteen centuries elapsed between the ancient Olympics and the beginning of the modern day games in 1896. The Olympics of 1896 were awarded to Athens because the original games were introduced there.

The United States contingent to these first modern day games was sponsored by the Boston Athletic association. The main problem of the Americans that year was procuring the necessary funds to send the team to Athens. (This condition still prevails as witnessed by the taking of collections at TC athletic meets for the Olympic fund.)

Despite the lack of money and the small number of athletes representing the U.S., the Americans won 9 of 12 track and field events at Athens.

The next set of Olympic games, held in Paris in 1900, was probably the most mixed-up and unsatisfactory of all the Olympic meets.

The United States competitors went to France with the understanding that they were participating in some exhibition contests in a Paris exhibition. Not until they received their medals after the competition was over did they realize that they had actually taken part in the Olympics.

Why the fact that this was actually the Olympics was kept in such secrecy has never been determined. Aside from this there were other difficulties. The sprint course has its ups and downs, the discus and hammer throws were landing trees and the runners had no pits to start from. Nevertheless the Americans won 17 of 25 events.

American supremacy in the international Olympic contests really appeared in the St. Louis games of 1904 when they won every event except one. The one event not captured by an American was the 56 pound weight throw won by a Canadian.

In 1906 the United States had its first official Olympic team sponsored by an Olympic committee. On their way to Athens for the games that year the American contingent was stopped at an Italian port for inspection where Italian officials found bottles of mineral water in the athletes' suitcases. Thinking that these bottles contained gin, the Italians confiscated the water and gave them bottles of Italian wine to replace the "gin". Despite the athletes losing their precious mineral water they still managed to win 11 of 19 events.

Probably the most remembered Olympic meet was the one held in Berlin in 1936. It was here that Jesse Owens and company of the United States literally "ran away" with the honors much to the disgust of Chancellor Adolph Hitler of Germany.

World War II interrupted the Olympic games for 12 years until 1948 when London played host to the international festival. In this, the twelfth renewal of the modern day Olympics, the United States again finished at the top.

This summer the Olympic games will be staged at Helsinki, Finland. Again the United States will enter the games as the favorite to capture top laurels in the international classic.
Notice the linoleum cuts on pages 1, 2, and 3 of this issue. Fine work, isn't it? But it takes time and work to produce those, and our art editor, Jan Trager, is looking for all the help she can get along that line. If you'd like to try it, call Jan at 148W.

The little girl in the middle, Arges Sundquist, is the first subject in our campaign for art for the sake of art. Probably you've got a girl that you'd like to see featured some month. Turn your suggestions in to Norman Annis, College Eye office, and we'll train a camera on her and see what happens.

Congratulations from us to you, Mrs. Henry Harris, on choosing a name for the magazine.

Now students can ask for their copy by name, Crossroads.

Don't miss the story of the winner on page 2.

Our thanks to the Delt pledges who sold the magazines last month. They did a swell job. May the actives be kind to them during hell week.

Are you all going to sit around and let Mr. Fox and Mr. Dunn treat us that way? Let's do something about it.
And So To

Teach

Hold tight to your little chillun. The man you see walking in his shorts is a graduate of P. U. (Podunk University). He majored in education with minors in Survey and smattering.

Ask him what his educational philosophy is and he will snap right back (as soon as he has had a chance to examine all of the possibilities), “Humility.”

You may ask yourself, “Does this mean that he intends to make humble all of his students?” No, it means that he intends to make himself humble to all of his students. That is where the pants come in, or rather do not come in.

He wants to teach the youngsters, (1) the meaning of humility so that they would be less critical of themselves and of others, and (2) that “Teacher” is not God, but rather an effeminate outgrowth of an era in which principles set forth by such educators as J. D. have been twisted, torn, and used for toilet paper.

Note: When the gentleman was an undergraduate he remarked after observing a class in a laboratory school, “I will not stand in there and let myself be a target of sarcastic remarks from a group of thoughtless, pampered, knuckle-headed teenagers!”
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