

5-1952

## Crossroads, v1n4, May, 1952

Iowa State Teachers College

*Let us know how access to this document benefits you*

Copyright ©1952 Board of Control of Student Publications, Iowa State Teachers College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.uni.edu/crossroads>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [Higher Education Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Iowa State Teachers College, "Crossroads, v1n4, May, 1952" (1952). *Crossroads*. 2.

<https://scholarworks.uni.edu/crossroads/2>

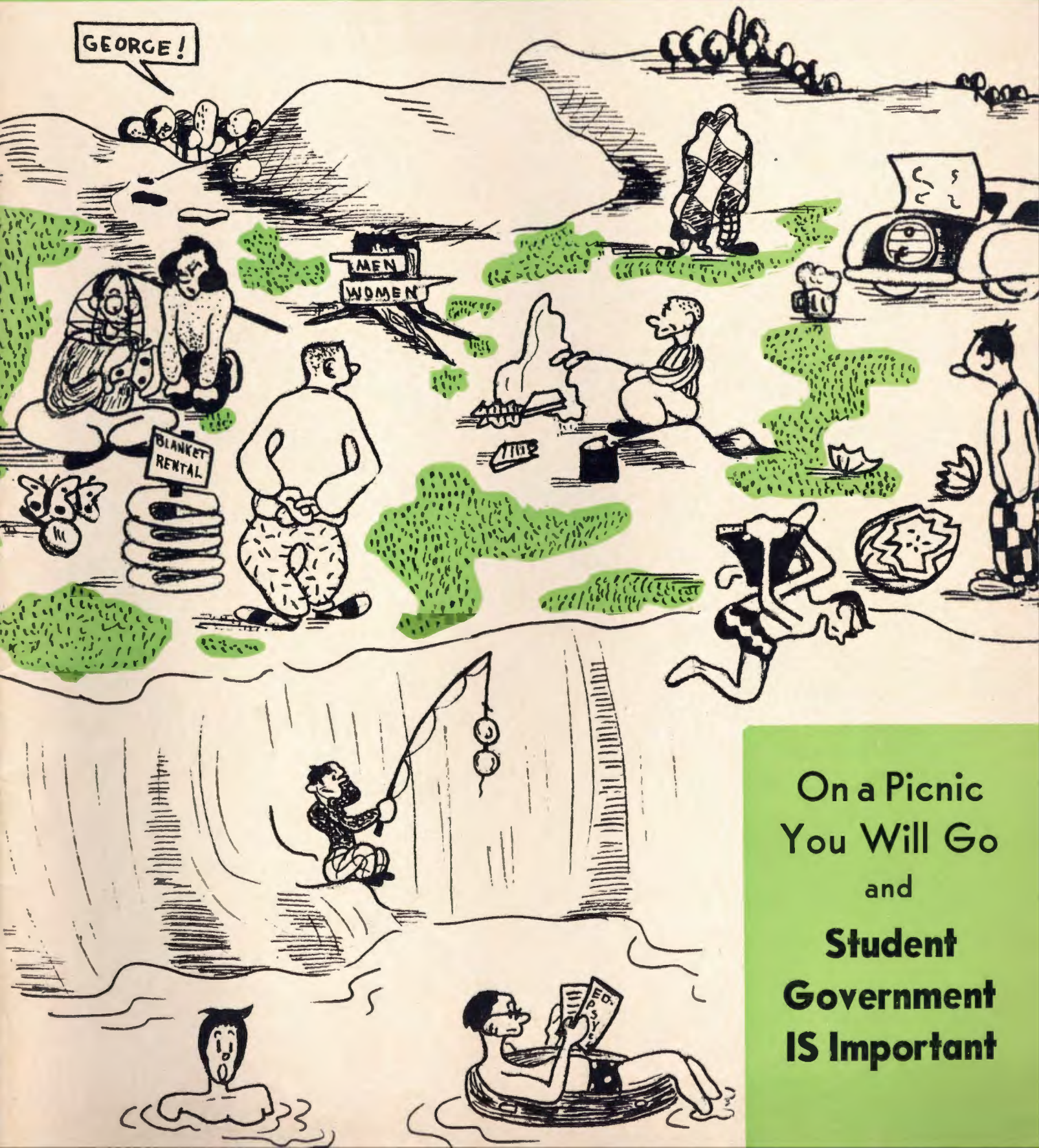
This Magazine is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Publications at UNI ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Crossroads by an authorized administrator of UNI ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@uni.edu](mailto:scholarworks@uni.edu).

**Offensive Materials Statement:** Materials located in UNI ScholarWorks come from a broad range of sources and time periods. Some of these materials may contain offensive stereotypes, ideas, visuals, or language.

# CROSSROADS

**May 1952**  
**25 cents**

*Iowa State Teachers College's New Magazine*



On a Picnic  
You Will Go  
and  
**Student  
Government  
IS Important**



# Crossroads

Spring Issue  
May 1952

## Behind The Desk

*Iowa State Teachers College*  
*Student Magazine of Literature and Humor*

Volume I

Issue 4

### Features

On a Picnic You Will Go .....	1
Your Worthless Rag .....	2
Moskowitz Wins .....	2
Student Government IS Important .....	3
Farewell McCuskey .....	6
Record Review, by Warren Hatfield .....	6
Vocational Guidance, by Pat Smythe .....	9
Around .....	10
Tennis, Anyone? .....	17
Social Strata Analysis .....	19
Crossroads Correspondence .....	23
No Drinkin' or Bettin' .....	25
Editorials .....	26
And so the Farmer Says to the Salesman .....	28

### Short Stories

Monday Through Monday, by Mildred Otto .....	5
Homecoming, by John Cazanaz .....	7
Strength, by Donna Merfeld .....	11
Please, by Ramona Askland .....	21

### Poems

Decay, by Lorwin Shook .....	4
Spring, by Joyce Roorda .....	8
Lovely Life or Lively Love, by Paul E. DeKock .....	9
Cuss, by Shirlee Davis .....	18
Impression, by Vera Jean King .....	25
Beast and Man, by Joyce Roorda .....	27
Inspiration, by Joyce Roorda .....	27
Royal One, by Prescilla Redin .....	27
Sheep, by Joyce Roorda .....	27

Copyright April 1952

by the Board of Control of Student Publications,  
Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls, Iowa

Gloria Galen and Bill Myers, whose outdoor capers illustrate the CROSSROADS feature on picnics which begins on page 1, weren't the first picnickers of the year, but they were probably the coldest.

Photographer Paul Smith picnicked with them April 4, when the temperature was close to 30. Gloria wore a heavy coat until just before Smitty took each picture and dived back into it after the shutter snapped.

CROSSROADS has documentary evidence of a March 30 picnic, but undoubtedly someone will claim the 1952 title with an even earlier outing. Applicants are reminded that "in-a-car-with-the-heater-on" picnics will not be considered, and that the decision of the judges will probably be to go on a picnic themselves.

\* \* \*

The little tale of frustrated love called "Please," which appears on page 21, is twice as good as most short stories.

After all, if one ending is a good thing, two endings should be twice as good. Ramona Askland, who wrote the story, finished it up in grand style with two conclusions. The second, which wasn't printed, would begin right after the word "SLAM":

"Just a whirl around town, cabbie. Now, look, gal, this is it! I've noticed you haven't been so enthusiastic about me lately, so give me the lowdown—do you love me or not? Yes or no?"

"WHY CERTAINLY, DARLING!"

As Miss Askland pointed out.

(Continued on page 18)

# Crossroads Gives Picnics a Blanket Endorsement

## On a Picnic You Will Go

*(A Special Crossroads Staff Feature)*

Everybody goes on picnics. Even Old Omar Khayyam was prone to picnic, as is shown in the 11th verse of his Rubaiyat: "A loaf of bread beneath the bough, a flask of wine, a book of verse—and thou, beside me singing in the wilderness—"

The popular and down-to-earth sport of picnicking sweeps the country every spring. There is no way of estimating the importance

of picnicking to such industries as the packing of weiners, the chipping of potatoes and the mallowing of marshes.

The picnic is easily adapted to such activities as camera clubbing or bird watching, though many picnickers prefer to lie on a blanket and study the clouds if it is daylight and there are clouds, or the stars if it is night and there are not.

Times are changing (so are temperatures) and soon the ability to picnic successfully will be more important than skill at fox-trotting and wolfwhistling. For this reason, CROSSROADS this month presents excerpts from Sir Isaac Dalton's COMPLEAT PICNICKER, which tells you where to go, when to go, how to go, with whom to go, how to build the fire, how to cook, what to cook, what to eat and how to finance a battery for your portable radio.

Picnic grounds at Island park, Mandalay park and the college golf course are good spots to toss out a blanket, or you can rent a canoe or boat and establish your own picnic ground somewhere up the Cedar river.

Josh Higgins state park, which borders the Cedar on the far side of the river below Main street, is not recommended for early spring picnics because its roads usually need much attention after spring high water.

Island park may also be closed off by high water, but Mandalay—which is on a bluff high above the river in Cedar Heights—and the college golf course are never threatened.

If you have a car, your problems are solved and you can even ramble around the countryside until you discover a picnic spot. It's easy to walk down to the college golf course, though, or bus to the other parks and the boathouse.

Island park is just across the river at the Franklin street bridge, while the boathouse is at this end of that bridge. Mandalay park can best be reached on the Water-

*(Continued on Page 12)*





## "Worthless, Gutless Rag"

Editor's Note: The following love letter was aimed at the University of Houston's *Cougar*, and is reprinted here to illustrate reader reaction.

Dear Editor:

The *Cougar* is a no-count, worthless, gutless rag fit to be read only by a bunch of imbeciles. The primary purpose of any college paper is to stir up trouble—any kind of trouble—but to stir up trouble.

On any good college paper, three editors a year are fired by the board of control. The *Cougar's* editors only resign to go to work for the public relations department.

Any good college paper starts two to four riots a year, as well as lynchings, bombings, burnings in effigy and a revolution or two. The only thing the *Cougar* ever started was a scholarship fund for journalism students.

Any good college paper should have its presses wrecked, reporters waylaid and beaten, and its office burned down. The only thing that ever happened to the *Cougar* was to have an Esquire calendar stolen.

At the very mention of the word *Cougar*, deans and administrators should have strokes. Instead they only vomit.

The first thing you idiots have to do is to abolish the editorial page. Do your editorializing in the news columns, where it should be done.

Second, be against everything but lost causes. Be against football, student government, bridge playing, clean living, paving of

## Loud and Strong Campaign Finally Over; Moskowitz Wins

Office of the President  
ISTC

### CROSSROADS:

I appreciate this opportunity to extend my sincere congratulations to Don Moskowitz, our newly elected Student League Board president.

It is no easy task to represent the student body effectively, to reconcile conflicting interests of various student groups, to plead the cause of students with due consideration for the long run welfare of the college. Election to this important post is a signal honor.

Believing firmly in student participation in the development of the college program—both for the good of the program and for the deepened insights into human relations which students may gain through such participation—I look forward with pleasure to cooperative endeavor for the betterment of ISTC.

Sincerely yours,  
J. W. Maucker

city streets and everything else that people generally favor.

Support to the last ditch all meetings, lectures, clubs, movies, plays, concerts and such that nobody goes to.

Finally, rewrite all letters-to-the-editor to suit your own purposes, destroy the originals and then answer the revised ones in heavy type.

Then people will begin to read your no-count, worthless, gutless rag.

Kenneth C. Reed

Don Moskowitz pulled an optimistic platform through a vigorous campaign to win the Student League Board presidency in the recent All-Campus election.

After the election, Moskowitz found himself with 636 votes and the responsibility of selling the administration on two controversial planks in his platform—a student book exchange and unlimited cuts.

Second-place finisher Clyde Dilley advocated voting for the man and not the platform, and his logic was reasonable under the circumstances—the platforms of the six presidential candidates were strikingly similar.

Moskowitz came out publicly in favor of a book exchange ahead of the pack, but everyone else rounded out his platform with a similar plank. Revision of the cut system, too, was almost universally proposed.

One very sound proposal was generally neglected by both candidates and voters—Gordon Henry's idea of a Campus Chest to include all fund raising drives which occur during the year.

No other candidate borrowed that idea for his own platform, and the voters almost ignored Henry in the primary. He and Norm Huse and Bob Davis were eliminated in that primary test, which Moskowitz, Dilley and Norm Cohn passed.

A total of 1414 students voted—an all-time high for an election at this college. Election officials, who had originally ordered 1500 ballots in expectation of a large turnout, had 200 more printed in the late afternoon when they seemed in danger of running out.

# Student Government IS Important

**Governor Wm. S. Beardsley:**

"The student is one of the great hopes on the horizon of government and politics."

**U. S. Representative H. R. Gross:**

"Participation in student government is a priceless extra in a college education."

**U. S. Senator Guy M. Gillette:**

"Unless the organizational factors of government are thoroughly understood, democracy cannot function."



Governor Beardsley

## And Iowa's Political Leaders Tell Why

State Capitol  
Des Moines, Iowa

House Office Building  
Washington, D. C.

Senate Office Building  
Washington, D. C.

To the Readers of  
CROSSROADS:

At no time in the history of our nation and of the world has an appreciation of the responsibility of citizenship of the individual been more important than now. At present, and in the immediate future, decisions will be made which probably will effect the course of civilization for centuries to come.

It naturally follows that, as a matter of primary importance, students should take a keen and active interest in political affairs on all levels and in the political parties. Only through so doing can they make themselves felt, and in so doing they can contribute much to the building of higher standards of public service.

The problems of government today call for the same fine qualities

*(Continued on page 16)*

To ISTC Students:

Participation in student government is a priceless "extra" in a college education. It affords students the rare gift of a double viewpoint of the working of democracy—as a voter and as a public servant.

The opportunity to win the confidence of and serve fellow students is a bonus for the individual's future because the qualities necessary for success in student government are no less necessary for success in the teaching profession or any other career.

Of even greater importance, this experience is a bonus for the nation because the responsibilities learned and assumed in student government cannot help but pro-

CROSSROADS Subscribers:

Student government should help to demonstrate the organizational factors of government on all levels. Unless these are thoroughly understood, democracy cannot function, for representative government rests on the cornerstone of participation by the electorate.

Guy M. Gillette  
U.S. Senator from Iowa

duce more active citizenship. That is our crying need and perhaps the last hope to prevent our constitutional form of government from going down the drain!

H. R. Gross  
U.S. Representative from Iowa's  
Third Congressional District

# *Decay* The Story of the Newborn Liberal And His Reaction to Reaction

He was born, a tiny scrawny blue-faced infant,  
Wailing pitiously among the smoothbarked trees.  
Wailing in concert with the slow rumble of the  
Swaying, deepchested, black-pelted bear,

And the chilling roll of the proud wolf's  
And cringing coyote's piercing cry as it  
Flees the barrier of the sun-crowned  
Green-tipped hills.

He wailed for others of his kind as his arms  
Reached out in thin fleshed despair for the  
Suckling warmth of a mother's soft body and the  
Protecting cover of a father's hard-fleshed strength.

But in all the land there were no others  
Like him. Great men, well-bred and fat  
Haunched, sat in their ordered houses  
And scorned this strange weakling's cry.

Denied the comfort of his kind, he crawled,  
With slow disjointed flailing body,  
Onward into the purple hued shadows  
Of cloudshrouded, sky-sweeping trees.

He suckled at the black, savage virgin's  
Breast and grew into gawky restless boyhood.  
A tattered, long-maned, dirt-smeared child,  
Rompig in lusty man-killing play.

With growing strength he uprooted the shackled  
Trees and stacked them into a rude, rough,  
Rambling house, with soft, smooth deerskin  
Over its windows, and the gutted black-pelted  
Bear covering its earthen floor.

The great men, well-bred and fat haunched,  
Sat in their ordered houses and stirred

Uneasily at the sound of his savage,  
Defiant, youthful roar.

With the strength of his rough, gigantic,  
Black-browed, brown-hued manhood he slaughtered  
The trees and ploughed the green, moist  
Clinging land and planted grain to fill  
His hungry belly.

He quenched his thirst at the bank of the  
Snow-touched mountain stream and laughed  
With childish glee at the shimmering,  
Dancing stone weighing its sandy bottom.

With mighty blows from his heavy boned fists  
He punched deep into the guts of the helpless  
Land and ripped from the gaping wounds  
Metals and minerals for his use.

He forged whining humming motors and  
Ponderous, clanking machines and used them  
To build a shining high soaring house with  
Wild, fierce-eyed eagles resting on its peak,  
And furnished its broad glass windowed rooms  
With silks and soft sensuous carpets.

The great men, well-bred and fat haunched,  
Bowed him into their ancient, cultured houses  
And basked in the bone warming glow of his  
Awed smiles and leaned on his youthful strength.

Now he is a great man, the greatest ever known,  
Well-bred and slowly gathering fat and clinging  
To his ordered house, forgetting his defiant,  
Roaring, lusty childhood and youth,  
As he listens with a touch of fear to the  
Savage thunder of a new barbarian.

By LORWIN SHOOK

They Never Went Out, Never Did Anything;  
The House Was a Mess and She Was Leaving

# Monday Through Monday

By MILDRED OTTO

Kirk stepped down hard on the accelerator and the car shot across the intersection and through the next block. The sudden breeze ruffled his curly blond hair. In the rear view mirror he could see Ellen looking after him. He watched as she raised a hand to wave, then reconsidered and flipped her long dark hair back from her face. He couldn't see her face now, but he knew what was there. He could see her deep set eyes narrow to a half hating expression and her prominent jaw shoot forward to register disgust.

Two weeks ago Kirk had driven down the same narrow street of that small town. The sun had been sinking behind the two story buildings. The last of the shoppers were carrying arm loads of groceries to their cars and shop owners were locking the doors along the two block main street. Ellen had come out of the office door, tall and thin, wearing that funny red hat and her grey coat. She walked to the battered black Ford and Kirk, opening the door for her, had hoped that people were watching. He was proud of Ellen, and of himself for winning her. Everyone in town had had prospects for Ellen and everyone in town had been disappointed when she married, just out of high school, the tall ungainly Kirk, from the next town. There had been whispers about him not deserving anyone with Ellen's looks and intelligence.

The sun was almost out of sight now and Kirk had passed the edge of town. He was speeding down the highway, headed nowhere in particular. Kirk took one more glance in the mirror, though he knew he was too far away to see her.

He remembered that Monday. He had been out of town for the boss that weekend, and Ellen had stayed with Jean. He had known something was wrong when they got up Monday morning, but he

didn't know what. He had left her at the office. "Want me to pick you up for lunch?"

Ellen glanced down quickly, as if to avoid the question in his blue eyes. "I'm having lunch with Jean."

"I'll see you at 5:30 then."

She didn't answer, just closed the car door and walked toward the office.

At 5:30 Kirk was waiting when Ellen came out of the office door. He had opened the car door and she had gotten in without a greeting. They had driven home that way.

Kirk unlocked the door of their modest apartment and Ellen went in first. He could see the shirts Ellen had ironed last Friday still hanging on the back of the chair opposite the door. The studio couch had remained a bed for twenty four hours. Ellen removed her hat and coat, then reached for the apron that had lain in

a heap on the chair. Kirk watched her.

"Ellen, what's wrong?" Kirk was already on the defensive, but he wanted to be.

"Wrong, Kirk? I'm tired of it!" She was always brutally blunt when she spoke.

"Tired of working? Honey, I've told you, you can quit any time you want to! I'm making enough now. We can take a house and—"

"That's not what I mean Kirk! I'm tired of being married. We never go anyplace, do anything—. Every one knows we aren't happy. Jean told me this weekend how sorry she was." Ellen walked into the kitchen and Kirk followed, still wearing his hat and coat. The kitchen walls reflected the ice blue mood of the occasion. Coffee grounds still clung to the side of the coffee pot and trailed across the white of the enameled stove.

"Now Ellen, what has Jean been telling you?"

(Continued on page 20)







"College Athlete who Couldn't Make Wrestling Team Comes Back to Coach National Mat Champions—" Dave McCuskey's story makes good copy and it's been amply told. McCuskey was a triple-threat halfback and a star baseball pitcher for Iowa Teachers, but he never was able to win a berth on the wrestling team.

After graduating in 1930, he stayed on as coach and groomed wrestlers who won 30 individual national titles and made Iowa Teachers a power in national wrestling.

McCuskey's story was always good copy, but recently the tale was twisted with the announcement that he would do his coaching at the State University of Iowa beginning June 13th. McCuskey was evidently willing to trade the established reputation of coaching wrestling at Iowa Teachers for the challenge of building a sound mat program at the larger state university and the salary increase from \$5700 to \$6200.

When he goes, McCuskey will leave behind the mat trophies Iowa Teachers collected during his regime. He will take along, however, the best wishes of every athlete and every newspaperman who worked with him during his 18 years at Iowa Teachers.

## Record Review

By WARREN HATFIELD

Among the newest popular record releases one can find anything from the ridiculous to the sublime. Hollywood and New York songpluggers are in true form and the usual amount of feeble tunes and tired performances are being pushed on the American public. However, upon "digging" countless recordings of varying quality one may find some popular discs of merit. Here are a few current better than average platters:

For those who prefer a slow, ballad-type tune which compares favorably to some of the older standards, Mercury records has come up with a fair disc in Eddie Howard's rendition of "Be Anything." Mr. Howard does a little better job on this recording than most of his previous efforts. The flip side sports a medium jump tune entitled "She Took."

A tune which seems to be enjoying current popularity is the "Blacksmith's Blues". There are a number of recordings available, however the Ella Mae Morse disc for the Capitol label seems to be about the best. The turnover is even better as Ella sings the Gus Kahn favorite, "Love Me or Leave Me". She is backed by a swinging outfit under the direction of Nelson Riddle. The trombone man on this side sounds remarkably like Les Brown's Ray Sims.

Another current favorite is "Please Mr. Sun". The best version of this tune is, without doubt, the Coral recording featuring the fine tenor sax work of Georgie Auld with Jud Conlon's Rhythmairs. This is a very fine commercial side and the tune is pleasantly enjoyable. The reverse side is a similar treatment of "If You Go."

The next "record of merit" was selected for its so-called "B" side. It is Ralph Materie and his band blowing a jazz evergreen by Juan Tizol, "Perdido". The band plays very cleanly and the arrangement is fine. More sides like this would certainly be welcomed. The other side happens to be the currently popular "Tell Me Why". There is a vocal by one Bill Snary plus a small vocal ensemble.

For a fine choice the great Duke Ellington band gets the nod. The wonderful Duke has come up with a real crazy recording for Columbia—"VIP's Boogie" and "Jam With Sam". This new Ellington band sparked by drummer Louie Bellson really drives. Both sides are extremely fine and feature solo work by such jazz notables as Harry Carney, Jimmy Hamilton, Cat Anderson, Paul Gonselves, Britt Woodman and Butter Jackson. Really some exciting listening!



# He'd Been Quick With a Gun But Now Things Were Different Homecoming

By JOHN CAZANAS

The spacious and bright hotel lobby hummed with activity and there was an air of excitement and happiness. Even the worried looking girl walking across the lobby had an artificial smile.

She was a pretty girl in her middle twenties, and her brown hair flowed gently down to delicately squared shoulders. Her steps were short and businesslike as she neared her destination, a dejected young man in a chair by the elevators. Her forehead wrinkled in thought as she reached him.

"They have a room on the fifth floor for you, darling."

"You're wasting your time with a guy like me, Aggie. Just call my folks and tell them I'm back in the states. They might as well know now."

Aggie looked at him with longing eyes and then managed to force out words. "Never mind, Jack, I'm taking you up there now and I have the room just across the hall. We'll have plenty of time to talk tomorrow."

Unable to muster resistance, he picked up his cane and the two went, arm in arm, to an elevator.

Half an hour later he was in bed with his troubled thoughts. Not once had he turned on the lights and the dark room itself would have been enough to dull even high spirits.

His mind wandered off to the years before the war, and then came back to the present. He'd been one of Chicago's best private detectives, but now he was through. Hell yes, he had interest-

ing stories to tell. Like the time he'd tracked down one of Capone's last henchmen. Or the time he'd spent two months in the hospital after a gun battle with the small-time Byron mob of the South Side. Police stuff, and yet his cases had pulled him in. He remembered his fight with Lefty Phillips and how he'd knocked one of Lefty's eyes out with a slug.

He remembered too how Lefty had got a framed trial and gone free, vowing to avenge himself. Then a memory of the war broke his sequence of thought. He could see himself in the plane, diving. The ground was coming closer and closer, they were skimming—and then crashing!

He slapped this memory away  
(Continued on next page)



## JANE LEE APPAREL SHOP

FORMALS

DRESSES

SPRING COATS

185 W. 4th, Waterloo

Phone 3-2472

Shop and Save



# Homecoming

(Continued from previous page)

and thought of Aggie. Aggie had been his secretary before the war and now she wanted him to write about his old cases and have them published. She'd make a good secretary for that, too. Maybe even a good wife. No, forget that, he told himself. I couldn't tie her down that way, he decided.

The stillness was broken by a knock at the door. "Who's there?"

Get a Bunny or  
Poodle Cut and Permanent

★

Be Ready for Summer

★

Irene's Beauty Shop

Across from Campus

Phone 1381

We have recognized as an inherent psychological fact that the physical cravings of most folks exceed their mental cravings—the average person is naturally more concerned with what goes into his stomach than into his head.

We are in the book business, however, and if you need a book—any book—we are at your service and feel that we can please you.

**CROSS & CO.**

No answer. He repeated his question, and then he heard the door swing open and heavy footsteps that weren't Aggie's. The door shut and the light from the hall was gone. Thoroughly startled, Jack sat up in bed, still and motionless.

"Scared, soldier?" The voice was low and threatening. Jack knew it was Lefty, back for revenge, and felt helpless. Instinct took over and he dived out of bed onto the floor. Lefty immediately jumped on him and the two rolled over together. Lefty came up on top and got his big hands on Jack's throat and began to squeeze, but Jack rolled quickly, throwing Lefty off.

They stood up then and felt around the dark room, Jack trying to avoid the other man and Lefty stalking his prey. Lefty

## Spring

Amid  
Rusty pipes and pans and knives,  
Broken bottles holding rusty  
water,  
Moldy rags and rotting paper,  
Grows a violet.

By JOYCE ROORDA

moved in and connected with a solid swing that sent Jack sailing over backward, upsetting a lamp. Next he caught Lefty's foot in his mouth, hard, and realized he had to do something—anything. Lefty was a killer, and now he'd be hurrying to finish the job before help came.

Jack crawled into a corner and listened to the gunman feel around. He searched the corner with his hands and found a heavy ashtray that had been overturned in the scuffle. His sense of hearing was keener than Lefty's, and that might help. But he was half dazed and blood from his smashed lips almost gagged him.

He heard Lefty's heavy breath-

ing come closer and swung the ashtray as hard as he could. It hit something and Lefty swore and threw a heavy object. It was his gun and it caught Jack on the forehead. He fell on his back in front of the low window, almost senseless. Still, he heard Lefty moving in to finish him off. He raised his knees for protection just as Lefty dived at him, and Lefty landed on them, hard. Almost unconsciously, Jack tried to kick him off, catapulting him through the window.

Glass shattered and a scream faded away.

Then Aggie rushed in, turned on the light and gasped. She took in the broken furniture and shattered glass and "Thanked God" it was Jack still in the room.

She caught him up and cradled his bloody head. He smiled as he searched for her hand, and sniffled a little, bloodily.

She smiled too. "You can do it, see, even if you are blind!"

THE END

★ ★ ★

Then there was the salesman stranded in a small village who asked a native if there was a movie in the town.

"Nope," was the reply.

"Any poolrooms or bowling alleys?"

"Nope."

"Well, what form of amusement do you have?" asked the exasperated salesman.

"Wal, come down to the drug store," said the native. "There's a freshman home from college."

\* \* \*

"Has your brother come home from college yet?"

"I guess so, or else the car's been stolen."

\* \* \*

Co-ed: "Why didn't you find out who he was when the professor called the roll?"

Another co-ed: "I did try to, but he answered for four different names."

# Vocational Guidance

By PAT SMYTHE

Want to be a movie queen? Sit down and I'll tell you a little about the movie stars—

Read the latest gossip column? It tells you that so-and-so is going to divorce her nineteenth husband to marry the twenty-fourth husband of her best friend's second cousin on her father's side of the family.

It includes last week's little night club riot, when John's other wife was cut by a whiskey bottle while three men were fighting to determine who would be the lucky one to escort her to her thirty-five room bungalow. Of course, her Cadillac and chauffeur were waiting just outside the door, but she could go home that way any time.

Then there are those childhood romances which usually end up in an elopement and annulment. The annulment takes quite some time because the parents of the bride are in Europe and the parents of the groom are in Florida. By the time action is taken it is discovered that the couples are going to be proud parents three months after their marriage.

And have you heard that Earol Feeney was seen in an exclusive restaurant with his father's ninth wife? His father was confined to the hospital after his misunderstanding with her, so Earol had to take over. Good old Earol, following in his father's footsteps!

We are furnished with all this important news through the ability of Hedda Hooper, who travels in her helicopter from tavern to tavern each evening. We await breathlessly her broadcast every Sunday evening to learn of all the most recent affairs, brawls, battles, elopements, divorces, re-marriages, and re-divorces.

Did you know that Howard Hubley imported a new bundle of excitement straight from Paris? She's going to surpass the others who once never could be surpassed. And what does she have to say about America? Ah, yes, all she has to say is, "American men, whew!"

You say you still want to be a movie queen? American women, hmmm!

## *Lovely Life, or Lively Love*

Life

Is more than heavy stuffing.

(Pass the potatoes momma;

My screamin' stomach's starvin'!)

Love

Is more than anatomical juxtaposition.

(Gimme another kiss will ya huh?)

Loving life,

Living love

Is staring fascinatedly into a smooth-surfaced mirror.

(You get out of it only what you put into it.)

For to

Love-live someone, something

More than everything is to

Hope

Dream

Die

In an endless circle of wondrous desire.

By PAUL E. DeKOCK



The difference between freshmen and sophomores is that when a professor enters a freshman class and says, "Good morning," they answer him. When he enters a sophomore class and says "Good morning," they write it down in their notes.

\* \* \*

She: There are a lot of people who don't pet in parked cars.

He: Yes, the woods are full of them.



The average girl would rather have beauty than brains because the average male can see better than he can think.

\* \* \*

She: Before you married me you said you painted men and women and I thought you were a portrait painter!

He: I do paint men and women—I paint MEN on one door, and WOMEN on another!

\* \* \*

Night Club Operator: Our Hula-Hula dancer has a cold.

Assistant: Oh she can shake it off!

\* \* \*

Matrimony—An institution of learning in which a man loses his bachelor's degree and his wife acquires a master's.

\* \* \*

"But, darling, we can't live on love."

"Sure we can. Your father loves you, doesn't he?"

\* \* \*

The aviation instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute work, concluded: "And if it doesn't open—well, gentlemen, that's what is known as jumping to a conclusion."

## Good Food

## GOOD COMPANY



Friendly Students

Eat at a

Friendly Place



## DICK'S GRILL

College Street



# AROUND

*Editor's note: The following prose is not exactly a classic in the field of spring literature. It was first published in the College Eye in the spring of 1951, and since then there have been no requests to re-run it. As a result, it is not traditional to print the selection in some college publication every spring. And so, to meet no demand, we resurrect Louie the Fifth, who has now moved on to greener fields, and his friends.*

"Spring has come," says Peter the Wolf one day, "and it is time for the playing of tennis, the picking of wild flowers and the making of love!"

"Yo," says Heathcliff, who is in the naval reserve and has visions of a career afloat.

"Yo-ho," says Louie the Fifth, who has nothing against the navy but who prefers his foam in small and blowable quantities.

"Shut up!" says Big Bob, who is as usual sleeping in the top bunk.

"Leave us," says Peter the Wolf, "ask Big Bob what the coming of spring means to a wrestler."

By this time Big Bob is awake. "You tell me what it means to you," he says sarcastic like, "and I will write it down on my cuff and quote you later."

Sust a challenge is easy for Peter the Wolf, whose real name is just Peter and who has not been nicknamed after any musical compositions. "WHAT DOES SPRING MEAN TO ME? PICNICS—PICNICS WITH WOMEN!"

The question is harder for Heathcliff, who has to think for a

moment. "Soon," he decides, "I will go on my annual naval reserve cruise on a coal barge at Great Lakes—that is what spring means to me."

Louie the Fifth does not think too much of picnics with just women, and he thinks even less of working on a coal barge. "Spring's supposed to be a time of joy," he ventures. "We oughta have a celebration now that it's spring!"

Everyone ignores this suggestion, since everyone remembers Louie the Fifth's last celebration, which occurred the last time Louie the Fifth had any money. Before the silence can become painful, they wake up Big Bob again. "All right," he says, "all right—I will tell you what spring means to a wrestler."

"It means I can eat all of anything I can get and it means I don't have to work out every afternoon and it means I have to put up with stupid characters asking what spring means to me!" And he turns back over and goes to sleep.

"Well hell," says Peter the Wolf, "that is a poor attitude." And then he starts thinking. "I do not know," he says, "but what this

will be a poor spring—I AM BROKE AND THE BATTERIES IN MY PORTABLE RADIO ARE ALL RUN DOWN AND MY PICNIC BLANKETS STILL HAVE SAND BURRS IN THEM FROM LAST FALL."

"Maybe you are right," Heathcliff says "It may not be a good spring, for I am far behind in my knot tying and may not pass my naval reserve advancement test."

As far as that goes," Louie the Fifth adds, "I'm broke too, which means I'll have few hard boiled eggs and pretzels this spring."

But like it always does, everything turns out well and one month later everybody is happy. Peter the Wolf has found a woman who really doesn't care to listen to a radio anyway, as long as there are stars to look at, and who is good at picking sand burrs out of blankets.

Heathcliff has squeezed through his merit examination and is busy tying knots on a Great Lakes coal barge, while Louie the Fifth's parents have sent him \$25, which he is supposed to use to buy himself a graduation present, and Louie the Fifth IS SPENDING THE MONEY DOWNTOWN SINCE HE IS FLUNKING TWO COURSES AND WON'T GRADUATE ANYWAY.

And Big Bob is in the top bunk catching up on sack time.

THE END

★ ★ ★

One snowy morning an old man was seen, dressed in his night shirt, vigorously chopping kindling.

His neighbor, amazed at the brevity of the old man's clothing in such severe weather, asked "How come?"

The old man never missed a lick in his chopping as he replied: "For the last 70 yearss I've dressed by a fire every morning, and I'll be dad-gummed if I'm gonna stop now."

It was a Cold Morning  
But the Fire Wasn't Started

# Strength

By DONNA MERFELD

The roofs of the farm buildings were covered with snow. To Gus they seemed to sag even more than usual under their heavy loads. The snow drift were so high in the yard that the lack of paint on the buildings was scarcely noticeable. A few thin animals shivered in front of a dilapidated old shed.

Gus had just finished the milking. He opened the barn door and looked out at the cold freshness of the snow. The glare of the morning sun made it difficult to see, but Gus could make out the mounded humps of snow that covered the old junk piles that stood around the yard.

The snow even covered the old rusty machinery that was lying here and there. His eyes focused for a minute on the electric wires. They seemed almost as weighted down as the old buildings, but like Gus, they seemed to stand up under it all. His eyes followed the wire that extended to the old house and suddenly noticed that no smoke was coming from the chimney.

He set out for the house, his heavy boots ploughing through the deep snow. Gus was tall and dark. He had a heavy beard and he seldom shaved. There was no sparkle in his eye, for hard work and grief had long since robbed him of his sense of humor. He was a man of few words.

His manners were far from polished, but he was not impolite. When people met him on the street they did not greet him enthusiastically, but neither did they lightly toss him aside. Gus was one of those few people whose depth of character almost seemed to show.

"Funny thing," he said to himself, "not like Jessie to stay in bed.

Wonder why'n hell she ain't got the fire goin'?" When he reached the house Gus was tired from struggling through the deep snow and felt in no mood to start his own breakfast.

He entered the house and yelled to his wife. "Jessie, what's keepin' you? It's damn cold in here."

"Ma ain't up yet," said Bud. The boys were running around with coats over their pajamas in an attempt to keep warm. "We called her, but she don't answer."

Gus went toward the bedroom shouting at his wife as he went. When he looked at Jessie in bed he saw that she was strangely quiet. He bent down and touched her. Without a trace of outward emotion he automatically straightened, moved back to the kitchen and headed for the telephone.

"Is Ma gettin' up?" asked Bud. "I'm hungry, and the baby's been crying." Bud's father did not even hear. He phoned the doctor and then sat down, remaining in a rigid

position and saying nothing at all. Finally he realized the doctor was pounding on the door and got up to let him in.

"Pretty cold out this morning," the physician said as he entered the house. "Jessie feeling any better?" Gus only motioned him toward the bedroom and remained in the kitchen. In a very short time the doctor returned to the kitchen and solemnly sat down.

"How was Jessie feeling yesterday, Gus?"

"The same as usual, I guess."

"She didn't complain?"

(Continued on page 16)

**\$25.00  
CASH GIFT  
EVERY WEEK**

**TRIANGLE**  
• LAUNDERERS  
• CLEANERS  
• FURRIERS

2209 College

Phone 2304

## PORTER'S CAMERA STORE

Is your store  
for

Photofinishing, Film, Flash

Bulbs, and Application

Pictures from your photograph

2208 College

Cedar Falls

## GIFTS

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

POTTERY

LAMPS

HOUSEWARES



**Cedar Falls Electric  
and Hardware**

H. Gaffney, Mgr.

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

318 Main St. Cedar Falls, Iowa



## Picnics

(Continued from page 1)

loo streetcar, though the Rainbow Drive bus comes within two blocks of it.

Some older people have the outdated idea that picnics are strictly afternoon events and that it is time to toast the last marshmallow and fold up the blanket when the sunset approaches. Today's young people, however, are not afraid of the dark and the picnic, while it will never replace night baseball, is recognized as a legitimate evening affair.

\* \* \*

To quote from the column *Around*, which appears in the *College Eye* off and on, "the successful picnicker is not one who is skilled at gathering wood, building fires and cooking outdoors. The successful picnicker is one who double-picnics with someone skilled at gathering wood, building fires and cooking outdoors."

If you are just going on a picnic to eat, it doesn't make too much difference with whom you go. On the other hand, if you aren't going just to eat, you can save a great deal of money by not buying food.

Nobody goes on picnics alone, however, thanks to ants. Picnics



"Experienced picnickers will kindle their cooking fire with small twigs and leaves, adding larger sticks as the flames spread—" (From Isaac Dalton's *Compleat Picnicker*)

are God's gift to the ants. Actually ants don't bother picnickers much, and none of us would even think of ants if the word rhymed with some item of clothing like hat or coat.

There is no talk, for instance, of bats in one's hat, or goats in one's coat. The ants, we must conclude, are being presumed upon. And probably, since the picnic season opened, sat upon.

\* \* \*

**Another Stop**  
on  
**Your Bishop's**  
**Good Food Route**  
Moderately Priced  
Hours—7-1:30, 5-7:30

◆  
**BISHOP'S**  
210 E. 5th St., Waterloo  
Phone 2-4143

**Enroll**  
in  
**The Waterloo School**  
of  
**Beauty Culture**  
and learn  
**Cosmetology**  
720 Lafayette St.  
Waterloo, Iowa

In the early spring, when it is cold, the fire smokes a great deal and is said to be "sure keeping the mosquitoes away." In the middle of the summer, when the mosquitoes have really arrived, the fire burns with high insect-attracting flames and the firemaker, between swipes at his sweating brow, remarks that the fire "sure chases the chill."

The white man greatly improved upon the Indians' firemaking methods. The paleface succeeded in using nine or ten times as much firewood to produce a fire three or four times larger than that of the Indians, who used theirs only for cooking and depended on light from the white man's when they went scalping.

Generally speaking, a fire is a good thing to have on a picnic. Common sense is another nice thing to take along—it will keep you from romping off and leaving your fire still alive.

\* \* \*

For a change, CROSSROADS suggests you forget weiners and marshmallows. Drag along an old kettle or a big empty tin can and have chowder or stew. Have everybody bring along a handful of something or other and toss the collection into the pot with a hunk of meat. After it simmers for a time, the results will be amazing.

This is called pocket stew, but its preparation should be limited to adult crowds—some youngsters collect things like toads and caterpillars in their pockets.

Coffee, either the instant or regular kind, is a cinch to make in an old tin can over the fire. Those who like to sleep at picnics may prefer hot chocolate, which can be whipped up from water and prepared mix.

Informality in cooking, as in all things, is the key to successful picnicking. The CROSSROADS home economics staff will be glad to assist anyone in planning a picnic, and the whole CROSSROADS staff will be glad to go along and eat pocket stew or weiners or marshmallows or anything, in fact. THE END

*Editor's note: "On a Picnic You Will Go," which was originally entitled "Be the Life of the Picnic," is number two in a series of How to Be Popular articles.*

*Article number one, which was unfortunately omitted last month, pointed out the advantages of owning a black 1952 Cadillac convertible. Protests from hundreds of students who owned RED 1952 Cadillac convertibles forced CROSSROADS to kill that story and allow local merchants to buy one more page of advertising.*



"The skillful outdoor cook will be careful to keep whatever he is roasting just the proper distance from the fire—" (From Isaac Dalton's Compleat Picnicker)

---

After finishing off the food, Gloria Galen and Bill Myers relax on their blanket. Gloria is listening to a favorite radio program and Bill is whittling on a stick. After a while, when the moon is rising and the stars are beginning to come out, Bill will move over closer to Gloria. He will put his lips close to her ear and he will say: "It is too dark for whittling—let's go home."







1. In the college's housing unit for married couples, faculty and students live side by side under truly democratic conditions.



4. and convenient public te

## Sunset Village

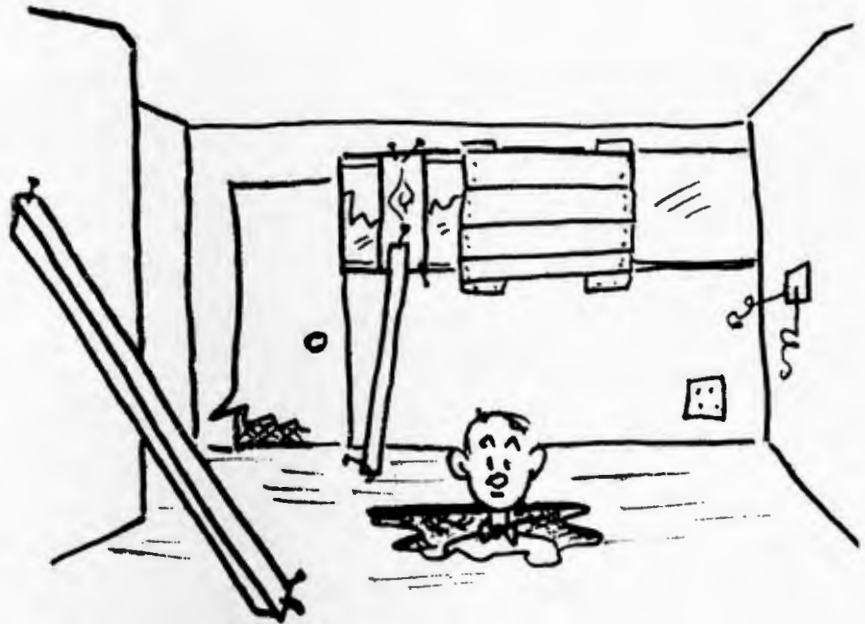


2. Some of the village's special features are a healthful play area for the children - -



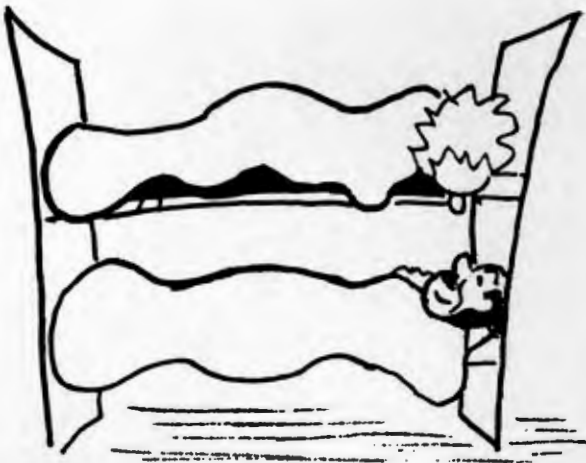
3. shopping district within easy walking tance - - -





5. The college makes all repairs - -

elephones.



6. and provides some furniture. All in all, though, it's pretty cozy. What's more, it's home!



7. "Hello, dear. I got lost looking for our oil barrel!"

*By Bruce Florence*

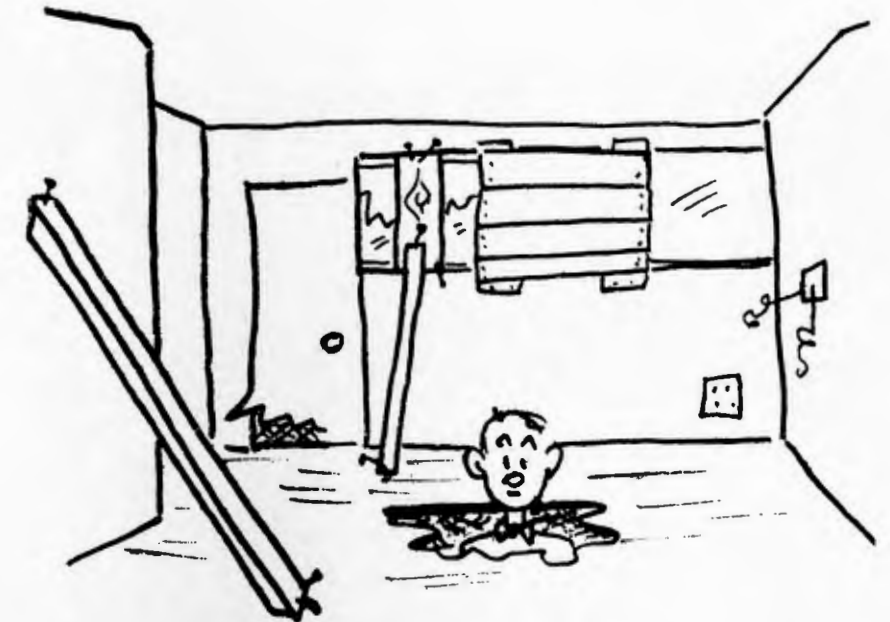
dis-



1. In the college's housing unit for married couples, faculty and students live side by side under truly democratic conditions.



4. and convenient public telephones.



5. The college makes all repairs - -

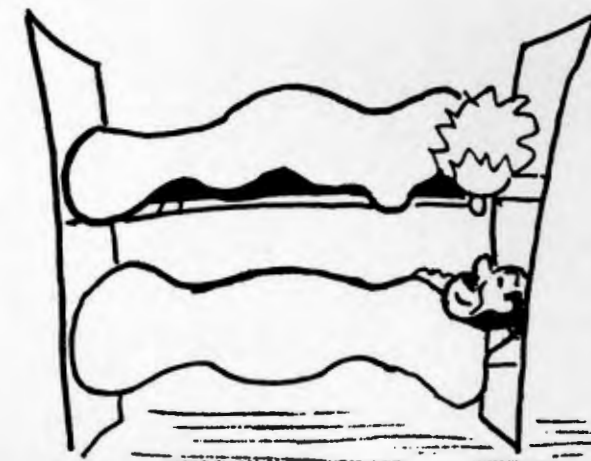
## Sunset Village



2. Some of the village's special features are a healthful play area for the children - -



3. shopping district within easy walking distance - - -



6. and provides some furniture. All in all, though, it's pretty cozy. What's more, it's home!

By Bruce Florence



7. "Hello, dear. I got lost looking for our oil barrel!"

## Strength

(Continued from page 11)

"No, she never did."

"You know, Gus, that she's passed away."

"Yes."

Gus stood leaning against the cold stove, still no sign of emotion showing. Unthinkingly we watched the doctor get up and go to the stove and start the fire. Finally he walked over and pushed the coffee pot on the stove. Then he re-

alized the baby was crying. The two boys stood silently in the doorway, sensing that something was wrong.

Gus realized he must help them—two small boys and a baby could not be left uncared for in a cold house. He must do something.

Seemed sort of funny, he thought, Dr. Schmitt always was the one around when trouble struck. When Joan died he had taken care of the arrangements and consoled Jessie. Then when they had the car accident he had been the doctor who had happened along.

After each of these occurrences Gus had felt that life was not really worth living, but he always had realized he must keep going for the sake of Jessie and the other children. As a result, he put in his crops and harvested them as usual.

The coffee started to boil. Hank watched the doctor take it off and pour him a cup. Silently he sat down and started drinking it.

### THE END

\* \* \*

The first Iowa Teachers student to have a television set in his room will go down in history—and just about every other course.

## Beardsley

(Continued from page 3)

of decision and leadership that are necessary in all other fields of endeavor.

A good scholastic foundation is one of the firmest bases for sound decisions, and the significance of the decisions to be made in government are of such importance, and mean so much in the development of a stable and well-ordered society, that it behooves everyone to do his part in making contributions to the body politic.

The student, being blessed with the vigor, strength and confidence of youth, and with vision undimmed and courage undaunted, is one of the great hopes on the horizon of government and politics.

Wm. S. Beardsley  
Governor of Iowa

\* \* \*

Angry instructor to girl coming into class late: "You should have been here at eight!"

Girl: "Why, what happened?"

**Have your laundry done**

at

**BLAKE'S**

**In and Out the Same Day**

**7:30—6:00**

2223 College Phone 1031

### STUDENTS

Make Our Store Your  
Headquarters for

**Women's  
Gym Equipment**

and

**Home Economics  
Supplies**

**HUGHES**

2218 College Phone 546

### CUMMINGS JEWELRY

Watches

Diamonds

Jewelry

Sterling

Towle and International

324 Main St. Phone 163

Need a Haircut?

**It Pays to Look Well**

**4 Master Barbers  
at your Service**



**COLLEGE HILL  
BARBER SHOP**

**Lewis and Anderson**  
2216 College Street



# Tennis, Anyone?

*CROSSROADS*

*serves*

*up its May*

*Girl of the Month*

*in tennis togs.*

*She's Anne Rath*

*of Sioux City*

*and this business*

*and being a*

*photographer*

*would be*

*quite a racket*

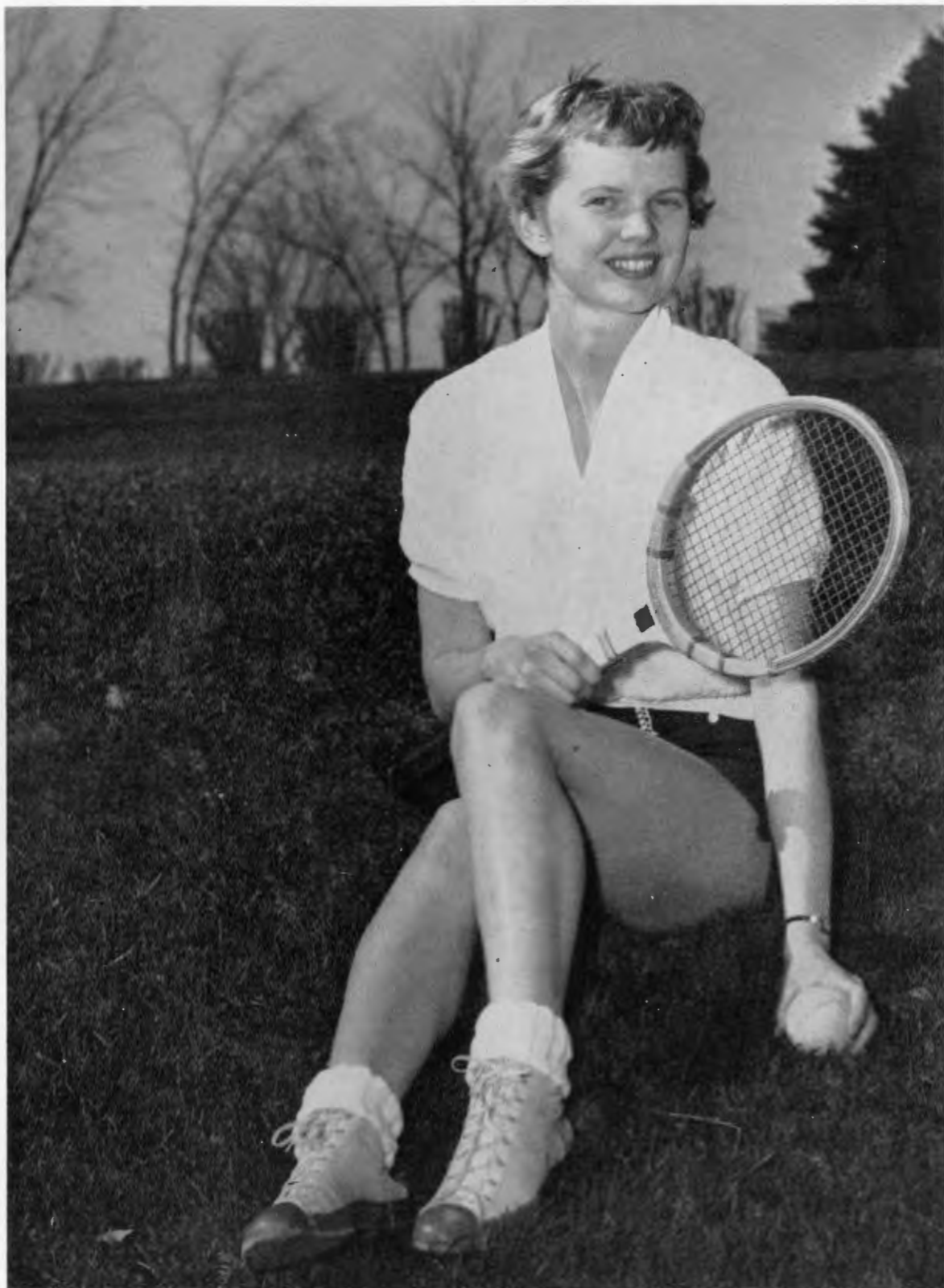
*if one netted*

*assignments such*

*as Operation Anne*

*every day.*

*(Picture by  
Paul Smith)*



# Cuss

Expression in speaking  
Is important, indeed.  
Tone, pitch and grammar,  
You also should heed.

But still, for my money,  
To really be heard,  
The thing to remember  
Is the choice of a word.

Especially in swearing  
You'll find this holds true;  
Some familiar examples  
May prove this to you.

You state an opinion,  
Your friend says you're wrong.  
If you say "Go to heck, Joe"  
It sounds like a song.

Instead, "GO TO HELL, BOY!"  
With your voice at a peak.  
Joe will argue no further.  
In fact, he won't speak!

And when you feel bitter  
And left on life's shelf,  
Don't sit in a corner  
And complain to yourself.

Get out with the public,  
And throw them a sneer.  
Shout ing, "D A M N T H I S  
D A M N W O R L D"  
For the damn world to hear.

My examples are many,  
But the printers object  
To words much more violent,  
So the rest I'll reject.

But remember the moral  
And you'll never go wrong—  
Some words may be weak,  
But the best ones—are strong.

By SHIRLEE DAVIS

\* \* \*

Chaplain: "I'll allow you five  
minutes of grace before your exe-  
cution."

Condemned man: "Well, that's  
not very long, but bring her in."

## Behind The Desk

(Continued from inside front  
cover)

the first ending points up the boy-  
girl setup here at TC, while the  
second hits at the fickleness of  
women. We guess it's a case of  
"You pays your money and takes  
your choice."

Miss Askland is a sophomore  
art major from Osage.

\* \* \*

We'd like to claim a signal hon-  
or for this issue of CROSS-  
ROADS: Though we've included  
several features on spring, we  
haven't quoted "In the spring a  
young man's fancy lightly turns to  
thoughts of love."

We've even refrained from as-  
sorted wiseries such as "In the  
spring a young man's fancy, but a  
woman's fancier!" Vive la spring,  
anyway!

\* \* \*

The following quotes, which  
appeared in the Des Moines Reg-  
ister of March 22, are from a  
speech Mrs. Jessica W. Payne  
made to a conference of Iowa's  
Daughters of the American Re-  
volution. CROSSROADS cau-  
tions students to be calm about  
Mrs. Payne's revelations; it is  
hoped none will pawn their text-  
books and march eastward in a  
crusade to chase the dirty United  
Nations delegates out of the coun-  
try.

Mrs. Payne said:

"The United States should  
either get out of the United Na-  
tions or get the United Nations  
out of the United States.

"The United Nations is being  
used as a hiding place for Com-  
munists in the United States.

"Those people," meaning dele-  
gates to the UN, "are not even  
responsible to any law in the  
United States.

"The UN flag should fly in  
front of the UN building, but  
never over the courts, schools or  
public buildings in the United  
States or on the same pole with  
the Stars and Stripes."

According to the Des Moines  
Register, "Mrs. Payne urged the  
use of textbooks that teach Ameri-  
canism and the employment of  
only those teachers who are 'pro-  
American.'"

Obviously Mrs. Payne has a  
direct pipeline to the most secret  
UN committee meetings—who  
would have guessed that there are  
Communists at the UN sessions,  
right in our own American  
America?

\* \* \*

Mildred Otto, author of "Mon-  
day through Monday," says she  
isn't against marriage, even  
though her story doesn't make the  
institution look too appealing.

Miss Otto, who is an elemen-  
tary BA, says her story is a com-  
posite of many separate incidents  
gleaned from watching many of  
her high school classmates marry.

"Monday through Monday" is  
a result of a creative writing class  
assignment by Instructor James  
Hearst, and is one of Miss Otto's  
first short stories.


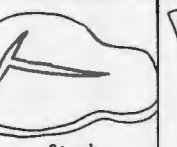

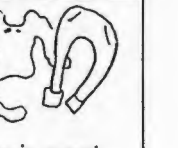











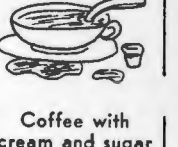





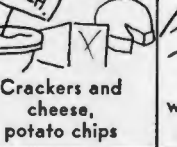






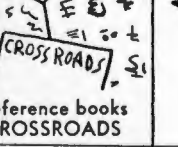
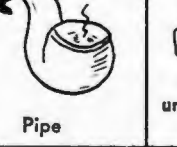
Before coming to Teachers Col-  
lege, Miss Otto studied at Morn-  
ingside and Colorado State Col-  
lege of Education and taught two  
years.

\* \* \*

Special credit for art work goes  
to Bruce Florence, Ramona Ask-  
land and Ed Harris this month.  
Cartoonist Florence reproduced  
some scenic Americana for the  
cover and did the "Inside Sunset  
Village" exposé on page 14 and  
15. Harris and Miss Askland cut  
all the linoleum blocks in the May  
issue. Harris did those on pages  
4, 7, and 21, while Miss Askland  
responsible for those on pages 23,  
26 and 28.

# Analysis of Students' Social Strata

(A Special Crossroads Staff Feature)

	Likes--	Drinks--	Eats--	Reads--	Smokes--	Wears--
<b>Sportsman</b>	 Listening to games on radio	 Usually milk, sometimes beer	 Steak (on road trips)	 Sports pages, comics, CROSSROADS	 Seldom	 Levis, sweat shirt and sox
<b>Culture Vulture</b>	 Ballet, symphonies, road shows	 Tea or red wine	 Spaghetti and sauce	 Harpers Saturday Review, CROSSROADS	 Offbrand king size cigarettes	 Dark suit, often with no tie
<b>Bop Boy</b>	 Jam sessions, listening to progressive records	 Soda pop spiked in bottle	 California hamburger, malt	 Downbeat, CROSSROADS	 Popular brand cigarettes	 Loud sport shirt, sport coat
<b>Frat Man</b>	 Cheering at games, coke dates	 Coffee with cream and sugar	 Shrimp cocktail, French fried onions	 Esquire, CROSSROADS	 Popular brand cigarettes	 Wool slacks, sweater over sport shirt
<b>Brew Buyer</b>	 Dark booths, loud juke boxes	 Beer	 Crackers and cheese, potato chips	 Pocket books with lusty covers, CROSSROADS	 Anything	 Wool slacks, sweater
<b>Beard Stroker</b>	 Browsing through library stacks	 Black coffee	 Bean soup, rye bread	 Reference books CROSSROADS	 Pipe	 Faded shirt unpressed pants plain tie
<b>You</b>	Kindly fill this in yourself—you're different!			Except that you read CROSSROADS, just as everyone else does		



# Monday through Monday

(Continued from page 4)

"Jean says the whole gang is talking about us. We aren't so 'happy-go-lucky' as we used to be. We never go to their parties." Ellen was too busy arranging the table to look at Kirk.

"Ellen, has it occurred to you that you're growing up? For gosh sakes, do you still want to be arranging coke dates and cavorting around with a high school crowd when you're fifty?"

"High school! My friends are high school kids—but I suppose your gang of football bullies are adults?"

Kirk was sitting at the table, his long legs protruding on the opposite side. The plain white luncheon cloth was sprinkled with crumbs from the morning toast, and he could hear the crunch of sugar as he slid the chair closer to the table. He removed his hat and ran his fingers through his disheveled blond curls. "Now Ellen, sit down. Let's talk this over."

"The meat will burn!" She stabbed the chops with long handled fork, using it as though it were a sword and she were saying "touche."

"Well let it burn!"

"Don't shout at me!"

"I'm sorry, Ellen. Now just turn off the meat and talk to me for a minute. We can straighten this

out." Kirk laid his hands on the table, palms up.

"There's really nothing to straighten out—I'm just tired of it. There's nothing you can do to change it. I'm not happy and I'll search 'till I find the man who can make me happy." She walked back to the stove and turned the chops that were almost too brown.

"You really mean this Ellen? Wouldn't you be happy if we took a house and had a baby? Ellen, you've always wanted kids. We can afford it now. Honey, let's be sensible. We can't let a gang rule our lives."

"That 'gang' has opened my eyes to something I wouldn't admit to myself."

"Okay Ellen—What is it this time? A new hat? Want some new furniture? How about a little trip? We've never had a honeymoon—let's both take off a week and go south."

"Can't you understand, Kirk? I don't want to be your wife. I don't want to be anyone's wife!" This time Ellen was shouting as she flopped the meat onto a platter leaving a trail of grease from skillet to table.

"Ellen, for God's sake, why don't you take the

(Continued on page 22)

Be  
in  
Step  
with  
Style

## CUSTOM - TAILORED GABARDINES

Before you buy your next suit see us.

See our superb selection of quality twill, sheen and duo-tone gabardines in a wide selection of colors and patterns.

Learn about the advantages of having your suit designed, cut and tailored exactly to your measurements.

**\$68.50 and up**

**SEE US FOR OUTSTANDING VALUES**

**Art H. Knief**

Custom Tailor  
616 Sycamore St.

Sports Wear  
Phone 4230

Waterloo



"But professor, wouldn't it be worth an 'A' just to see my face light up?"

# Darling Didn't Seem to Care-- Please

By Ramona Askland

"But darling, let me explain. You know I never could look at anyone else—haven't I told you every hour on the hour that I love you dearly? Don't I call you every morning and walk you home every night? I always walk to your classes with you and carry your books, and I run to meet you at our favorite corner between classes. Can't you see that my life is yours and your wish is my command—that we were made for each other and are destined to share all the happiness the world has to offer? Now, please, look at me and tell me everything is all right between us again!"

**SLAM!**

"Operator, would you ring that number a few more times? Oh hello, darling! How good it is to hear your sweet voice again. Please forgive me for gaping when you slammed the door in my face—I was a bit stunned, but nothing can mar our beloved friendship. Perhaps, my love, you misunderstood me when I was professing my deep affection for you. My heart is yours forever and ever; do with it what you wish, but it is my wish that you take it for your own, to have and to ho—

**CLICK!**

"Box 36—hmm, just one!"

*My very dearest darling:*

*Minutes have seemed like hours since I heard your sweet hello over the phone. You're a quiet and reserved person, but I love every bit of silence in our love affair. You needn't ever talk, my dear heart. Just to gaze upon you and admire you from afar satisfies my longing for you. Perhaps in the near future you will have some free days that I may spend with you and tell you how much I truly lo—*

**RIP!**

"Hey bus driver—wait! Whew, close, Angel! Am I lucky to catch you on the bus. I'll just sit here and—oh let me feast my eyes on you. You haven't ans-



wered my letter, sweet one, but you'll never have to write me. Just allow me always to tell you of my sincere and enduring love for—where are you going? This isn't your corner!"

**SLAM!**

"Two coffees, waitress. Now look, kid, why not give the poor dope a break and go on one date—it won't kill you!"

"I can't help it, I JUST CAN'T STAND WOM-EN!"

THE END

## PHOTOGRAPHS MOTHERS DAY SPECIAL

**3 x 5 Goldtone Miniature**

**Regular \$3.00 Value**

**Only 98c**



**National Studio**

Phone 4617

Lafayette Bldg.

# Monday through Monday

(Continued from page 20)

platter to the stove? Look at that grease!"

"I don't know that that's any worse than dripping water all over the bathroom or shaving cream on the sink." She violently slopped the peas into a bowl.

"I wouldn't care if that were all, but my God—look at the place! The bed's not made, clothes on all the chairs, dishes in the sink, and I'll bet this table cloth hasn't been changed in weeks." Kirk brushed the toast crumbs from the fist he had pounded them into.

"If you're so damned particular, why don't you do it yourself?" She put the last hot dish on the table. Kirk removed his coat and Ellen sat in the chair across from him, but neither of them ate.

"Sure, sure! I bring home the bacon and you want me to cook it too!"

"Is that supposed to be funny? You'll have to tell me so I can laugh!"

"Why do you have to be so damned obstinate?"



If I ask you to do something it's just the thing you won't do and then you bitch, bitch, bitch. All you ever do is bitch!"

"Oh shut up—you make me tired!" Ellen was standing now, glaring at him.

Kirk was holding a knife in one hand and a fork in the other, gripping them in prize fighter fashion. "I haven't finished talking—now you shut up and listen!"

"I won't listen to another word!" and she turned and ran through the living room to the bathroom. The door slammed with finality—then silence.

Kirk looked at the untouched food, then the unkept kitchen, sighed and stood up. "Ellen—Ellen!" No muffled answer came from behind the closed door, not even stifled sobs. "All right stay there! I'm going bowling. You can stay there all night if you want to!" He grabbed at the hat and coat and stomped to the door, making sure Ellen could hear each foot as it connected with the hard oak floor. He jerked open the door and felt the chill of night air. He closed the door softly and put on the coat that hung over his arm, then opened the door again and stepped out. A jerk on the handle gave the door a final bang.

Kirk had bowled every Monday night since before he and Ellen had married and tonight would be no different. Kirk left the apartment at seven and when he returned at ten Ellen was gone.

\* \* \* \*

Kirk lifted the receiver and dialed familiar numbers. Outside the wide office window the first tiny snowflakes were beginning to fall. Smoke from the 7:30 mail train still hung around the buildings almost an hour later. Then he heard the answer from the other end. "Fulton and Lane, Attorneys."

"May I speak to Ellen?"

"I'm sorry but Ellen has taken a week off. You may be able to reach her at 704W."

"She—thank you!" He replaced the receiver slowly and pushed his hat far back on his head. With his hands deep in his pockets he stood staring out the window. "My God!"

\* \* \* \*

Kirk pulled up to the curb and turned the car off. He looked at the large white house, then slowly untangled his long legs and slipped out from under the steering wheel. The walk from the car to the house was short and he was glad. On the porch he met Champ, the family's black cocker spaniel. Champ stood there wagging his tail and panting his welcome. Kirk reached down and gave him a pat on the head and then stood in front of the door, wondering if he should ring the bell or just walk in. It had been a long time since he had rung the door bell of Ellen's home, but maybe—he pushed the bell with his index finger. The chimes rang some-



where inside and then he heard footsteps. Ellen's mother stood in the doorway.

"Hello Kirk." Icicles hung on the words. Her face held the same expression Ellen had when angry. In fact Ellen was very like her mother. The greying hair was the only distinction.

"I'd like to see Ellen." Kirk managed to choke out the words to the icy stare.

"Ellen isn't here!"

"But they said at the office—well, where is she?"

"She's gone to Minneapolis to visit my sister. I don't think she wants to see you!" She seemed almost happy over the situation.

Kirk felt like a whipped puppy. He glanced at Champ who still stood wagging his tail and panting. "Will she be there long?"

"I don't know, she didn't say."

"Well—thank you Mrs. Johns. I—I'll see you." He turned to go, then turned back. "You don't think it's my fault do you?"

"All I know is what Ellen has said. She wouldn't have any reason to lie."

"But I didn't do anything to her. I didn't start this thing. Ellen was the one—"

"I don't care to discuss it with you, Kirk."

"All right. I'm sorry I bothered you." He turned and walked back to the car. He knew now. The whole family was against him.

\* \* \* \*

In the apartment the studio couch was still a bed, the shirts still hung on the chair. Kirk gulped

(Continued on page 24)



## Crossroad's Correspondence

To the Editor:

I sit down at my typewriter to blast the "holy hell" out of your recent article by Jack Dunn, a student of this institution. As I read this article, the only conclusion I could reach was that Mr. Dunn is a snob in every sense of the word. Intellectualism my foot! What gave Mr. Dunn the idea that patronizing the arts would make an intellectual out of a student? If I dislike to attend music recitals, orchestral performances, or any other so-called "cultural events," supposedly given for the intellectual enlightenment of TC students, then as far as Dunn is concerned I'm entirely estranged from the intelligentsia.

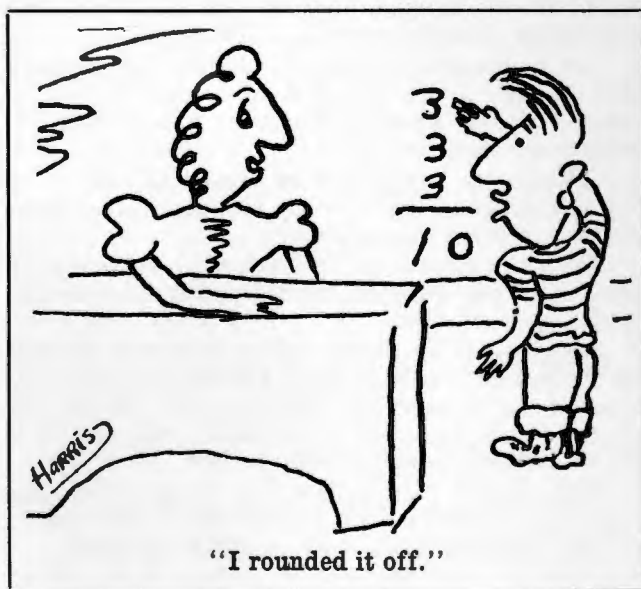
One of the greatest intellectuals of contemporary times is Dr. Albert Einstein, who once admitted that he used the same bar of soap for both shaving and bathing. If he can keep life that simple, I wonder what he thinks of the so-called "cultural arts?"

I wonder, Mr. Dunn, if you have ever walked down one of the campus sidewalks without having had at least one of your college brethren fail to say "hello" to you? There are entirely too many snobs at ISTC now, without your trying to make it worse. We are not going to college to make intellectuals of ourselves, we are going to college to prepare ourselves for life and its "bumps". Moreover, we are at college to learn how to get along with people. A man who has learned how to get along with people can go a long way in the world.

For example, the derelicts that line the skid rows of such cities as Chicago and New York are not there because they had no "book larnin'"; they are there because they didn't know how to face people and the world about them. I would suspect that you would find a good percentage of these individuals that know all about the fine arts. But are they happy?

Mr. Dunn, we are more concerned about how to successfully become socially adaptable than how to be an intellectual. You may retire to your room and feast upon Plato's *Symposium* and we will concentrate on living in the manner that God intended.

Robert Simmons



# Monday through Monday

(Continued from page 22)

the last of a cup of very muddy coffee and reached for the phone. "Long distance please."

"This is." That disgusting musical voice.

"Call Mrs. Ellen Westergaard at Sunset 9932, Minneapolis, Minnesota. I'll hold on."

"Thank you."

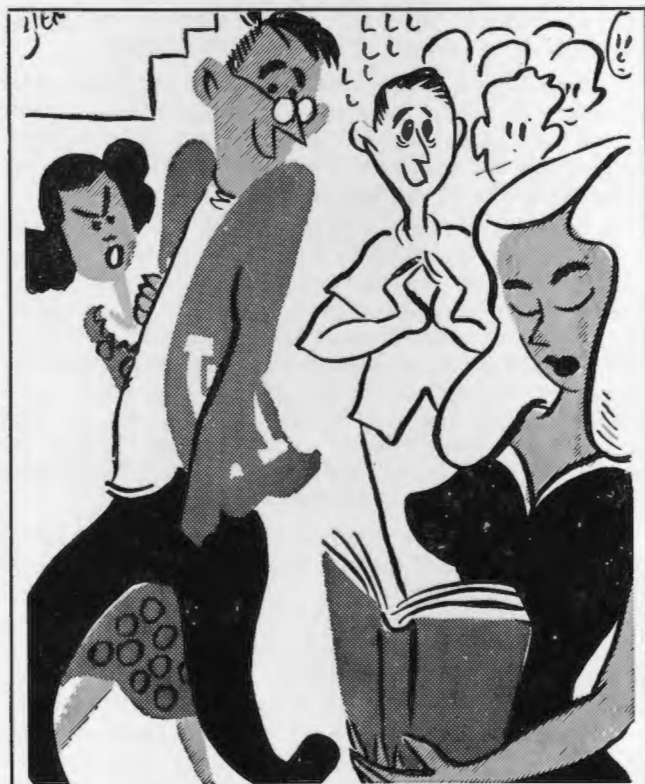
Kirk heard the operator placing the call and he began to wonder what he was going to say. Then he could hear Ellen on the other end and the operator say "Go Ahead!"

"Hello Mom?" It was Ellen's soft musical voice, the way Kirk liked it, and he smiled.

"It's Kirk, Ellen—look honey, I—"

"I don't want to talk to you!" Her voice was sharp. There was the click of a receiver.

"Ellen—" He shouted the name but got no answer. He clamped the receiver back on the hook, then quickly picked it up. "Operator, would you call the Minneapolis party again?" He waited, nervously smoking a very short cigarette, dropping ashes on the living room floor.



"Take away the fact that she's on the dean's list and what have you got?"

"I'm sorry sir, but your party doesn't answer now. May I try again in twenty minutes?"

"No, no thank you." He replaced the receiver and dropped his head into his hands. The room was spinning and Kirk wished he could be flung out of it and away from all that it meant.

Daily he called her and daily the click of the receiver cut off his words.

Friday the boss had called him to the phone. It was Ellen. "I'm at mother's, Kirk. I'd like to talk to you." She still seemed cold.

Kirk clutched at the tiny straw of hope, "I'll be right over!" He grabbed for his hat and fumbled the receiver onto the hook at the same time. He whistled a little as he rushed out of the office. Two minutes later he was ringing the doorbell of Ellen's home. The door opened and Ellen was there wearing a new red dress and holding a dishtowel in one hand.

"Go on into the living room, I'll be there in a minute." She slipped into the kitchen hurriedly, avoiding the embrace in Kirk's eyes.

Kirk lumbered into the living room. On either side of the fire place were rows of books. Light tones of green were repeated throughout the room. The walls were green. The couch was green. Even the mirror was full of the reflection of the green room. Kirk chose a book at random, glanced at the cover and replaced it. He heard Ellen enter. He turned quickly and walked toward her.

"I think you may as well sit down in a chair, Kirk, though this won't take long."

He knew from her tone that there was no alternative. He dropped into the nearest chair. His eyes took in the neatness of the room, and Ellen standing by the couch opposite him. "I'm glad you came back Ellen. I need you honey—I'm sorry—"

"I'm not coming back to you Kirk. I've seen my lawyer and I'm starting divorce proceedings." She stood defiantly silhouetted against the pale green walls in her deep red dress.

"Ellen—you can't! I'm in love with you. Lets talk it over first." Kirk sat up straight in the chair. His face twisted in horror.

"You can talk in court! Now will you please go?" She placed one hand on her hip and tapped the toe of the opposite foot.

Anger replaced shock and Kirk found himself on his feet. "I'll fight it Ellen! I'll fight it with every penny I can scrape up!" He stomped toward the door. "You'll never get a divorce from me! If I can't have you no one else can either."

Ellen didn't even follow him to the door. She stood there with the same defiant look on her face.

Kirk glanced back, then slammed the door.

(Continued on page 26)





## *Crossroads Editorials on Life and Elections*

### A Canned Life?

A good many Teachers College students register for what is called a "canned schedule" of classes, which means that the necessary courses are all neatly arranged for them and passing the classes guarantees graduation. We do not know whether this is a practice to be condemned, condoned or lauded.

However, we strongly condemn the many Americans who go through life on "canned schedules," who do, say and think the things everyone else is doing, saying and thinking.

A "canned schedule" in college guarantees that the student will be graduated. A "canned schedule" in life guarantees that the person will be accepted by all the other conformists.

Conservatives are quick to point out how foolish it is to be different just for the sake of being different. By their standards, however, anyone who fails to conform is "being different just for the sake of being different."

However, those who conform are good, safe and dependable." Conformists do enjoy the security and comfort of the crowd, certainly. Those wishing to enroll in "Conformity" and follow a "canned schedule" in life can begin right now by:

Going TV mad.

Listening to radio commercials.

Viewing the nearest chromed-up car with longing.

Hating the Russians blindly.

Pursuing the Readers Digest as gospel.

Waving the flag unquestionably over our men in Korea.

Trying the latest Hadacol-type product.

Those wishing to be slightly selective and to think for themselves throughout life can expect to be smeared and slammed by the conformists, but

that price is probably reasonable for intellectual freedom.

As was pointed out, now is as good a time as any to begin conforming completely, if that is your goal in life. On the other hand, now is better than any future time to start thinking for yourself and questioning the crowd. Now is a good time to stand on the sidewalk and watch the bandwagons go by!

### Let's Stay Hot!

The revived competition which marked ISTC's recent All-Campus election proved that there is high quality leadership available on this campus and the turnout at the voting places showed that students are interested in their student government.

HOWEVER, this enthusiasm so far has served only to select new officers. It has not yet supported any of those officers in the carrying out of their pledged platforms.

In past years, this college HAS NOT BEEN NOTED FOR RED HOT STUDENT GOVERNMENT. There are many high schools in this state whose student councils have out-acted our SLB in the last four or five years.

This is pathetic, since many TC graduates will someday be expected to advise student governing bodies. Some of the blame for the situation can probably be placed upon the SLB itself, but a great share of the responsibility for effective and progressive student government belongs to the student body.

WE CAN HAVE RED HOT STUDENT GOVERNMENT at this College. The recent campaign has proved how much interest can be generated, but there is a natural tendency to sit back and forget the whole thing once the election is over. Let's not—Let's KEEP CAMPUS POLITICS A HOT ISSUE.



## Monday through Monday

(Continued from page 24)

Monday when the boss had called Kirk to the phone, it was Ellen's lawyer. Ellen wanted to talk to him again. The lawyer had suggested that they settle their trivial differences between themselves. Kirk made arrangements to pick her up from work. At 5:30 he drove down the main street. The sun was almost down and shops were closing.

Kirk saw Ellen emerge from the door of the office. He automatically slowed the car, while thoughts raced through his mind. The fight—the gang—her mother—the phone calls—her red dress—the lawyer's call. He felt sick inside. He loved her, but he hated her. Hated her moods—hated her gang—hated her domineering way—hated her for not loving him.

She had walked toward him and suddenly he knew he was tired of talking, tired of the whole thing, and his foot pushed down on the accelerator.

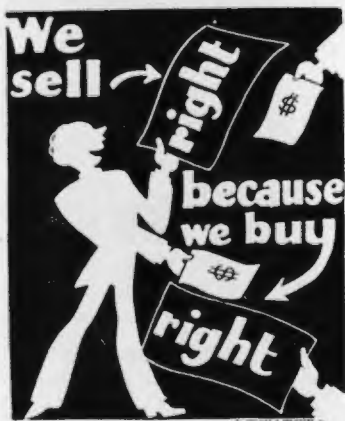
THE END



The young couple were entertaining friends in their new pre-fabricated home, when suddenly one of the guests sat up and listened.

"Surely," said the guest, "you're not troubled with mice already."

"That's not mice," said the host. "It's the people next door eating celery."



Your dollars cover more of your requirements, when every purchase brings a full money's worth.

You are sure of that at

**Steele's 5 - 10 - 15c Store**

## No Bettin' or Drinkin' On This Here Campus

"The use of tobacco, intoxicating liquors, the carrying of firearms, and the playing of cards or any games of chance" were strictly forbidden by the regulations of ISTC in the early years of its existence. \*

Back in the 1890's for amusement "the young ladies and gentlemen played croquet in season." There really wasn't much to do then, because private walks and rides were forbidden. The young ladies and gentlemen could get special permission from the principal and have a meeting, but for business purposes only.

The revelation of many more interesting facts concerning TC and its development can be found in the new book called *The First 75 Years*, by Irving H. Hart, TC's archivist and historian. The book is not a chronology of the happenings or the people of TC, but instead it is "a history of ideas fundamental to the development of the Iowa State Normal School and the Iowa State Teachers College."

The book contains excerpts from letters and discussions of proposals submitted to the legislature that answer a question which has often been asked but has not always been answered correctly, "Why has Iowa only one state teachers college?"

It contains a brief history of the beginning of the normal school which was set up in the buildings that were used for a Soldier's Orphans Home. The contents include a discussion of the idea that "the overall curricula of a state teachers education institution should be such as to lay a broad and thorough foundation for the work of the teacher."

The book records the many changes in curricula and teaching methods. Mr. Hart has been careful to tell of the many additions to the program of the college, and how some of the things which have become as extracurricular activities have gradually become part of the curricular program.

The book contains a few more than 150 pages. Mr. Hart's son, Evan A. Hart, who is a commercial artist in Milwaukee, illustrated the book without charge.

Mr. Hart was honored at a special Author's Tea in the Georgian lounge of the Commons April 16.

---

\* *CROSSROADS* points out that the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors, the carrying of firearms and the playing of cards or any games of chance ARE STILL forbidden. Men, of course, can smoke in most places on campus, and some women—those living in Lawther hall—can smoke in their rooms.

## *Beast and Man*

A sight to exult in is the free-gliding movement  
Of a lion in native habitation;  
Fearless and steely, unrestricted he goes,  
Never knowing the existence of man.

A memory to forget is the languishing slink  
Of a lion in a small-town zoo;  
In a space little larger than his muscular frame  
He remembers that once he had life.

By JOYCE ROORDA

## *Inspiration*

A sheet of paper with nothing on it  
May inspire some to write a sonnet.  
Not me.

I have my congenial mind to thank,  
For it, in sympathy, also goes blank.

By JOYCE ROORDA

## *Sheep*

Butting, sprawling, skipping, bawling,  
Sheep cover the hills.  
Each with eyes only on the next one's tail,  
Follows that beacon through dust and water,  
Over stones and brambles, under barbed-wire fences  
Until, completely entangled in brier,  
He stops with the flock to await further movement.  
The first sheep glances at the numbers behind him  
And calmly munches the flower he came for.  
Skipping, bawling, butting, sprawling,  
Sheep cover the hills  
And men the earth.

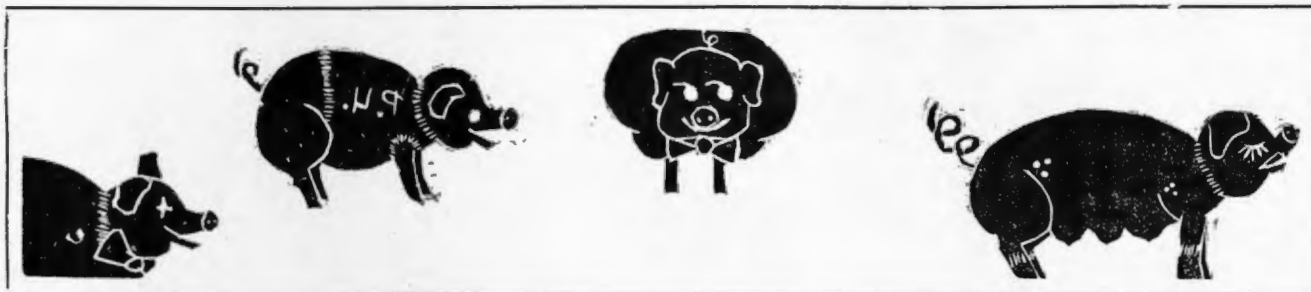
By JOYCE ROORDA

## *Royal One*

Little one in your cradle,  
Peaceful, calm, serene,  
Don't let them disturb you,  
Those people with great ideas.

All too soon  
Their thoughts will mold you,  
Will shape you.  
Stay in your cradle,  
Peaceful, calm, serene,  
Be a child a while longer.

By PRISCILLA REDIN



## "And So The Salesman Says To The Farmer--"

Mother (examining her daughter's wardrobe): "Did you go to the formal this year, Marie?"

Daughter: "No mother, I ripped that shoulder strap playing tennis."

\* \* \*

"Little boy, you shouldn't kick your sister down the street."

"Oh, it's all right—she's dead."

\* \* \*

Suitor: "I want to marry your daughter."

Father: "Have you seen my wife yet?"

Suitor: "Yes, and I still want to marry your daughter."

\* \* \*

Coed: "I'm not asking anything for myself, God, but please send my mother a son-in-law."

First TC coed: "Have you ever been hit by a truck?"

Second: "No, but I've been kissed by a wrestler!"

\* \* \*

Frosh: "Am I the only man you ever kissed?"

Deb: "Yes, and by far the best looking."

\* \* \*

"Oh, here's the place mother told me to stay away from—I thought we'd never find it."

\* \* \*

Lawther girl: "Why are you straightening up your room?"

Roommate: "I just read in the paper that two girls were arrested for keeping a disorderly house."

\* \* \*

Zoo visitor: "Where are the monkeys?"

Keeper: "They're in the back, making love."

Visitor: "Would they come out for peanuts?"

Keeper: "Would you?"

\* \* \*

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle, "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "Because they lessen from day to day."

Freshman: "Why didn't I get an A on my American history test?"

Prof: "You remember the question, 'why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?'"

Freshman: "Yeah."

Prof: "Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect."

\* \* \*

Said the bellhop to a noisy party in a hotel bedroom: "I've been sent to ask you to make less noise, gentlemen. The gentleman in the next room says he can't read."

"Tell him," was the reply, "that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Why, I could read when I was five years old."

\* \* \*

The old woman sighed, "Thank God!" as she finally managed to squeeze into a Moscow subway car.

"You shouldn't say that," a Red Army soldier rebuked her. "You should say, 'Thank you, Stalin, for the Moscow subway.'"

They rode on in silence for a while. Then the old lady asked: "But what if Stalin dies?"

"Oh," replied the soldier, "then you can say, 'Thank God.'"

\* \* \*

A new England physician received this postal card.

"Dear Doc—When you are up this way again, will you stop in at our place and vaccinate the little boy you gave birth to last month?"

IN CEDAR FALLS  
BRING YOUR  
**Prescriptions**

TO

**Berg & Berg**  
The  
REXALL STORES

PHARMACISTS

2227 College  
323 Main



## Big New Contest

CROSSROADS, the magazine which gave away caviar and frogs and such in a "Name It" contest in March, this month announces its big new contest called "Herd the Words."

First, list in longhand all the words you can form from the letters in the sentence "Over the quick brown fox jumped the lazy dogs."

And then list all the words that rhyme with the word orange.

Contest entries will be accepted up to the deadline, May 31, by Contest Editor John Cazanias. Prizes will include the uranium rights to Sunset Village and the Lawther Hall pretzel concession.

# Crossroads

Spring Issue  
May, 1952

Volume I

Issue 4

## Edited by Don Coombs

Managing Editor ..... Shirlee Davis  
Associate Editor ..... John Cazanias  
Copy Editor ..... Sally Hildebrand  
Business Manager ..... Bill Roehlke  
Advertising Manager ..... Carol Kamphuis  
Advertising Staff ..... June Kodani  
Elizabeth McGreevy  
Gertrude Miller  
Photographer ..... Paul Smith  
Art Staff ..... Bruce Florence  
Ramona Askland  
Ed Harris  
Advisors ..... Fred Hoar and Ed Maurer

Come to  
**THE CIRCLE**



for the

**"BEST HAMBURGERS  
IN TOWN"**

109 E. Third . . . Phone 426



**TYPEWRITERS  
FOR RENT OR SALE  
ALL MAKES**

Portables and Office Standards

We Service All Makes  
Typewriters

**WATERLOO  
TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE**  
225 E. 5th St. Dial 33986

Zenith Radio and Television  
Phonograph Records  
Record Players

**Jenney Company**

Two Stores

Phone 2355 118 Main Street  
Cedar Falls

Phone 3-4228 219 W. Fourth St.  
Waterloo

**COMPLETE SELECTION  
OF RECORDS**

Jazz - Popular - Classical



*Campus Interviews  
on Cigarette Tests!*

## No. 17...THE MAGPIE



He's a chatterbox himself — outclassed by no one! But the fancy double-talk of cigarette tests was too fast for him! *He* knew — before the garbled gobbledygook started — a true test of cigarette mildness is *steady* smoking. Millions of smokers agree — there's a thorough test of cigarette mildness:

*It's the sensible test . . .* the 30-day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke — on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments. Once you've tried Camels 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***