CROSSROADS
Iowa State Teachers College's New Magazine

Graduation Issue
25c

IVORY
SNOW!
Crossroads

Graduation Issue
June 1952

Iowa State Teachers College's
Student Magazine of Literature and Humor

Volume I Issue 5

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Behind the Desk

Bill Williamson, who wrote the “Inside Mexico” feature on page one, served as managing editor of the COLLEGE EYE last fall. He went to Mexico in December and has been enrolled at Mexico City college since then.

The ISTC Board of Control of Student Publications recently selected Williamson to serve as executive editor of the COLLEGE EYE next year, when he will return here to finish college.

***

One of Bruce Florence’s critics, after viewing the graduation spread which appears in the middle of this issue, said: “All his people look alike!” Bruce, when informed, took in the whole campus with a swing of his head and answered: “Yes, don’t they.”

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ABOUT THE COVER: This month’s cover is called “Graduation in the Spring” and is a combination of the art work of Bruce Florence, who contributed the battle scared graduate, and some old leaves that were left over from the homecoming programs last fall.

Your simple editors, happy with the cover as it was, were shocked to hear a roving art major point out that it was “too white—too wide open!” A hurried and harried meeting of top brass came up with the answer—the IVORY SNOW on the cover.

Because of the whiteness of the cover, we converted it into a full page ad for Procter and Gamble. Our business manager intends to bill P&G for $1069, which will exactly cover the magazine’s deficit, and another two crises will have been met.
Mexico City

Dear Folks:

Have been having wonderful time--wish you’d been here--

(A newsletter from CROSSROAD’s Mexico City Correspondent, who mentions such interesting things as four cent beer and Greer Garson.)

By BILL WILLIAMSON

When I first enrolled at Mexico City College, after attending Iowa Teachers during the fall quarter, I was immediately impressed with everyone’s attitude here. The deans and the office clerks alike seemed happy to have me here. They didn’t condescendingly talk down to me or act as if they were doing me a favor by letting me attend their college, an attitude I’ve found at some of the colleges in the States.

The class assignments here are never large or definite, or filled with busy-work as some of those at TC are; yet I find myself doing much more outside work than ever before.

Of course, as at any college ‘n the States, life at MCC is not all classes. There is a weekly dance in the school patio, with a better orchestra than most territory bands around Iowa. On top of that, there are two or three parties each quarter at one of many private clubs in Mexico. The last one attended featured swimming, tennis, fronton, bowling and, later in the afternoon, dancing to the music of two good orchestras. These social events incidentally, are never as well attended as the school’s art exhibits.

At MCC there is much talent and even more interest in the fields of art and writing. Many former students are already making names for themselves in these fields and, though I’m no critic, I’m sure I’m safe in stating that there are even more on the way up.

Compared to Teachers College’s physical setup, Mexico City college is nothing. There are only six buildings scattered over an area of about six blocks; the campus is the streets of Mexico City with the stores, cantinas, street vendors, and beggars. The enrollment is also not large compared to TC, unless one counts the large number of Mexican students in the classes of English, most of which meet at night. The schedule of classes offered and the different fields of study open, however, are almost unbelievable for a school of this size.

There is, naturally, no dormitory life here. Students usually live with Mexican families or have their own apartments. Expenses for room and board range up from a minimum of about forty dollars a month. Even with the present inflationary trends in Mexico, the present rate of exchange (eight

(Continued on next page)
Mexico

(Continued from previous page)

pesos, sixty-four centavos for one dollar) and the wide variety of prices make Mexico a boon to students studying on the G.I. bill.

In some of the less expensive restaurants a full meal can be had for about twenty cents—but it takes a little time to accustom the stomach to this sort of Mexican food. For instance, in one restaurant an average meal for a peso and a half consists of soup, rice, a meat plate, enchiladas, beans, coffee and bread (a meal here isn’t complete unless there’s rice at the front and frijoles at the end).

Cigarettes, which went up in price recently, now range from about five to fifteen cents a pack. The price of beer ranges from about four cents a bottle in a cooler on the street to nearly forty cents for the same thing in the best nightclubs. Of course students seldom patronize the best clubs. From what I’ve heard (I’m no exception) the highest priced club in Mexico has a minimum charge of fifty pesos (about $5.75), which covers dinner, dancing, floor-show and everything offered by the best clubs in the States.

The supply of different things for students to do in their spare time is inexhaustible. They can take trips, go to movies (some of the best films come early to Mexico), the bullfights, races, the theater and, in season, ballets, operas, and symphony and Philharmonic concerts. Due to my friendship with a journalist and music critic (unfortunately, a great deal still depends on whom you know in Mexico), I have had complimentary tickets to Carlos Chavez and Igor Stravinsky directing the National Symphony Orchestra at the Palace of Fine Arts and the Mexico City Philharmonic under the direction of Sergin Celibidache, among others.

This is something quite new to an Iowa boy—finding myself in one of the world’s great culture centers. It is also something that may surprise many Americans, who have the opinion that most Mexicans are poverty-stricken, burro-riding Indians. But in Mexico the government sponsors such things as the National Symphony and the Institute of Dance, and gives those in charge complete freedom to present the newest and best performances possible, with few financial worries. In this way Mexico manages to be in many ways culturally ahead of even New York.

By going with my journalist friend on interviews I have met some of Mexico’s top playwrights, musicians, artists, and photographers. But I have also met peons, farmers, Indians, fishermen, and beggars. Although Mexico has a rising social security program, there are quite a few jobless people who are not covered by it and so they are taken care of by another, much older form of social security—charity. The Mexican people seem to be one of the most charitable groups of people in the world and many, even of the poor, will share whatever they may have with their not-so-fortunate neighbors, although few American tourists may get this impression.

Compared to the American people as a group, Mexicans are highly interesting individuals, mainly because they are just that—individuals. In general a Mexican does something simply because he wants to, not because someone else does it or because an ad tells him he should. Therefore some people here concentrate on making fortunes (a thing much easier to do in Mexico than in the United States today) and some make just enough money for their immediate needs; some people wear suits and ties, while some wear the more comfortable native clothes and go barefooted.

Few Mexicans care about the opinions of others, and this fact makes it very difficult for any advertising to compare in effective...

CROSSROADS foreign correspondent, Bill Williamson, lived in this house while attending Mexico City college. He paid 16 pesos daily (about $1.80) for both room and board.
Part of the Escuela Nacional de Maestros (Mexico's national teachers college) rises like a skyscraper in Mexico City.

* * *

ness with that in the U.S. Each person develops his own tastes for everything and, whereas in the United States everything is more or less uniform, here there is a wide variety in such things as food, drink, dress, cigarettes and music. Truly, compared to our ideas of them, the Mexican opinion of Gringos as a coke-drinking, gum-chewing, ad-buying people is not far from wrong.

The political situation in Mexico is constantly improving. The country has come a long, bloody way, and still has a long way to go—although from here on without so much bloodshed. The cruel revolutions are over. For over a month now agencies have been open day and night so the people may register for the coming presidential election in July. This election will probably be honest (a rare event in Mexico); there is little reason for it to be otherwise. PRI (El Partido Revolucionario Institucional), the party now in power with President Miguel Aleman, is sure to win.

The PRI candidate, Ruiz Cortines, has his name and picture plastered all over the Republic and none of the opposition parties can compete with his financial backing. However, most of the people are satisfied with the progress being made under this party and, if it continues, they feel they will have few complaints.

Surprisingly, in spite of the one-sided government, there is still great freedom of belief in Mexico. There are no such things as "witch-hunts" or loyalty oaths in Mexico, the opinion being (and being practiced) that every man has a right to believe in what he wants to and to express his opinions without fear of being investigated or condemned. This is evidenced by such an example as the great painter, Diego Rivera. His outspoken beliefs and membership in the Communist party have no effect on his abilities as an artist as far as the government is concerned, and therefore he has probably been paid more by the government for his works and murals than any other artist in the country. And this in a Capitalistic country!

The government of Mexico is obviously far from perfect, however. There is corruption from the high-up positions down to the petty officials such as traffic officers and border authorities who expect (and get) their little mordidas (bribes). Some authorities attribute this to the "growing pains" of the country or, in small-scale cases, to the fact that the underpaid government employees have to compensate in their own man-

ner for the rising cost of living (they have it in Mexico, too).

The Mexican constitution, made in 1917, is usually ignored whenever convenient. The real control of the government lies almost completely with the president. For instance, although legalized by the constitution, most women in Mexico are not able to vote. Also generally ignored is the clause preventing schools, both public and private, from offering any sort of religious training. The upper-class parents, partly because of this, look down upon the government elementary and secondary schools and send their children to the many private schools and academies in the country.

Perhaps they have good reason to do so for other than religious reasons. One of the sights that hurt me most was that of the Escuela Normal para Maestros—the national teachers college. From a distance the fairly new and modern buildings of this school present a very good impression. But on closer examination I found the beautiful little campus trampled and dying, the trees stripped of their bark, windows of the building broken, and even the priceless murals by José Clemente Orozco defaced.

My Mexican friend was noticeably embarrassed and ashamed on showing me the place. He explained to me that what I saw was partly due to faulty administration and partly to the students themselves. He further explained that most of the students in this school are from the lower classes and younger than college students in the U.S., that they come from the little pueblos of the interior and simply do not know how to treat their new surroundings. Yet many of these are the people who go out to teach in the public elementary schools of the small towns and rural areas.

No future teacher of any repute attends the Escuela para Maestros. The best teachers are turned out by the national university.

(Continued on page 19)
Many people today shudder at the sight of a baseball player going into second base with his spikes two feet off the ground, hell-bent on knocking the shortstop or second-baseman into centerfield. If they think this is rough they should have seen some of the games played in the early stages of our national pastime.

Until 1848 it was the custom to retire a baserunner by plugging him in the back with the ball. This was usually done by running up to within ten feet of the baserunner and heaving the ball at the middle of his back. This rule stayed in effect until so many fielders misfired that it was questionable whether they were throwing at the middle of the runner's back or the middle of his head.

Back in those days it was legal for the base-runners to jockey themselves into position to deflect a batted ball, and most managers required their players to do this. It was not uncommon in those days to see unconscious players strewn along the base paths where they, in the line of duty, had prevented an out by letting a line drive hit them between the eyes.

A rule was made stating that the base runner should not interfere with the path of the ball. This rule was made, it was said, for the benefit of the fielders but the base runners were the ones most thankful for the rule.

Another hazard was added by the use of tall posts to mark the bases. Did you ever see a catcher get a foul tip in the chest or leg and afterwards proceed to go into a series of contortions to show his agony and pain? Chances are you thought that catching a baseball game must be cruel and inhuman. The truth is the catchers of today are softies compared to the backstops of old.

Not until 60 years after the advent of baseball did the catchers enjoy the comfort and protection of full equipment. Not only did they go without a mask, chest protector and shin guards, but they never even bothered to wear a glove to catch the ball with. They had one consolation however—they were permitted to stand back far enough to catch the ball on the first bounce.

In 1893, managers apparently felt that the catchers, with all the protection perfected for them, should move up to a position directly behind home plate. There was one piece of protection that hadn't been invented at that time however—the catching mask. So although the majority of the catcher's beat and battered body was protected, he still had to stand some two or three feet behind the batter with an open face.

In the old days the outfielders were sometimes in very precarious positions. Most of the ball parks had no wall around the outfield and many times fans would gather at the rope put up around the playing field. All too often some outfielder would come to the dugout at the end of an inning with cuts and bruises administered by some of the over zealous patrons.

It would be interesting to re-enact one of these old time baseball games, playing it just the way it used to be played 75 years ago.

This would probably hurt present day baseball attendance more than television, however, for who would want to watch our 'sissy' baseball games of today after seeing how it used to be played?

THE END
Jean Val Jean picked up his dead friend, slung him over his shoulder, and carefully picked his way through the sewers of Paris.

When we were exploring the underworld at ISTC, the sewers of Paris would have been a welcome relief. The sewers of Paris would at least have been cool.

To come to the point, this fair institution of learning has several miles of tunnels underneath its campus. These tunnels contain the large economy-size pipes through which the steam that warms our hearts and souls and shower water is carried. The paths of many of the tunnels are traced out by the melting snow during the winter. Most run under sidewalks and help to keep them free of ice.

The tunnels vary in height from about four to eight feet. There was no difficulty exploring the eight foot tunnels, but the four footers gave us some trouble.

The descent into the inferno was made by way of the maintenance building. We could have gone in either of two directions, but we chose west. A neat system of illumination is set up in the tunnels—light bulbs are strung all along the way, and there are light switches at every intersection and, on the straightaway, every couple hundred yards.

The tunnels aren't very wide—there is just room enough for the pipes with about three feet to spare. The height bothered Paul Smith, CROSSROADS's photographer, more than any of the rest of the party. Smith, who is at least six feet tall, had to stay bent over much of the time.

After perspiring almost to death, we reached the lower levels of the Men's Gym. A trap door was found, but after a few quick peeps by your feminine author this area of research was abandoned.

We started back and, at the first intersection, turned left. Following a detour, we ended up in Lawther hall. Nothing of interest—surprisingly enough—was found here, so we continued on to North hall.

A brief tour of this hall proved interesting but unexciting. Turning back, we followed the straight and narrow path to the maintenance building. Finding our coats, we turned out the lights, left the inferno and once again breathed fresh air.

THE END.
We need a new constitution for
the Student League Board!
The old one is a weak and pur­
poseless thing designed to kid the
student body about its part in the
government of the school.
Now I don't think the students
should run the school, and I'm not
saying that the students here now
have nothing to say about the col­
ge's operation. I do maintain ,
however, that there should be
some clear and simple definition
of what student government
amounts to on this campus.
And I think it should amount
to something!
Under the present constitution,
SLB has no power over anybody
or anything. The board's purpose,
as outlined in the present consti­
tution, is only to "stimulate think­
ing about college problems, to
promote student-faculty coopera­
tion and understanding, and to re­
present the entire student body."
SLB's only course of action, ac­
cording to the constitution, is to
"make recommendations concern­
ing student government to all
other student leadership organiza­
tions."
I think the SLB should be able
to do more than "make recommen­
dations concerning student
government." The board should
BE student government, at the
highest level, on this campus.
Certainly the board—if it is to
work for the general welfare of
the student body and the col­
lege—should be able to legislate
for the student body and should
be able to make that legislation
stick.
Certainly all housing units
should be subordinate to the SLB.
This doesn't mean that the board
should be able to tell each hall
what to do, but it should—since
the board is made up of delegates
from each hall—be able to tell
ALL the housing units what to do
in matters of common concern.

We Need A
New SLB Constitution
By SLB President-Elect
Don Moskowitz

On matters concerning both the
faculty and the students, the
board should work in close co­
operation with the faculty senate.
Just one year ago students
voted adoption of a "new" con­
stitution in an all-campus election.
The so-called "new" constitution
was the same old inadequate
document with just five very
minor changes.
So when I say I want a new
constitution, I mean that I want a
really NEW one. Surely a college
such as this one should have a
student government constitution
that says something and which
makes sense.
What's wrong with the old
constitution?
There are a number of things
entirely neglected in the old con­
stitution and there are a number
of misplaced items—things which
are fundamental to the Student
League Board are merely tacked
on in the by-laws instead of being
safely included in the constitution
proper.

For instance, the constitution
itself doesn't even state how the
board members shall be elected,
when the elections shall be and
how the elections shall be
handled. All these items are in­
cluded in the by-laws, which the
board—acting all by itself—could
alter in one short week.
Surely these things should be
included in the constitution itself,
to give student government some
permanency.
This year there was a primary
election to narrow the field of
candidates for SLB president
down to three. This primary was
planned just a few days before the
final election, when all the candi­
dates were in the middle of their
campaigns.
Election procedure should be
permanent and fixed—in other
words, it should be included in
the constitution itself.
I think the board, in the past,
has failed to make a complete
financial report on its operations.
A constitution should, I believe,
require the board to make a re­
port on the state of its finances at
least twice a year.
A constitution should also pro­
vide for both recall and referen­
dum, giving the students a voice
in the government at all times. In
this way students would keep in­
terested in what is going on, in­
stead of forgetting about their
student government from one elec­
tion to the next.
There should be a provision
made for a primary election in
case more than two candidates
run, and the number of candidates
for SLB president should be re­
duced to two. In this way there
will be no danger of having a
"minority president," as has been
the case in the past. I consider it
important that a new constitution
of student government be drawn
up by and for the students of this
college, and I hope that we can
achieve this next year.

THE END
Clem and Zeke had been friends for 40 years. Walking along the road one day, Clem finally found the courage to say what was on his mind.

"Zeke," he said, "I ain't meanin' to pry, but how come you and Sary ain't never had no kids?"

Zeke considered the question a while and finally answered: "Well, I'll tell yuh, Clem. A couple of nights before we were married I made a suggestion, and Sary made such a fuss that I never had the nerve to mention it again."

Angry father striding into dimly lit living room: "Young man, I'll teach you to make love to my daughter!"

Guy: "Good, I'm not making any headway at all."

A young army doctor in the South Pacific had diagnosed the ailment of a sergeant, but knowing he could do little with his limited facilities, he wired the base hospital: "Have a case of Beriberi. What shall I do?"

The message was received by a young technician at the base who wired back: "Give it to the engineers. They'll drink anything."

A tired doctor got his wife to answer the phone by the bed and say he was out, giving advice which he whispered to her.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Simpson," said the voice, "but I should like to ask you one thing. Is that gentleman who seems to be in bed with you fully qualified?"

First Janitor: "I hear the faculty senate is trying to stop necking."

Second Janitor: "That so? First thing you know they'll be trying to make the students stop too!"

"What a fine fit," said the tailor as he carried another epileptic out of his shop.

"I don't want any callers this afternoon," said the head of one of the college's departments to his secretary.

"If they say their business is important, just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon a lady called and insisted on seeing him. "I am his wife," she exclaimed.

"That's what they all say," replied the secretary.

Father: "How did you do in school today?"

Junior: "I was the smartest boy in my class—the teacher asked how many legs a dog has and I said three."

Father: "But that's not right."

Junior: "Maybe not—but I was the closest one to it."

"Mary, tell that young nan to turn the lights back on," yelled father from upstairs.

"But we haven't turned the lights off!"

"I thought I heard the light button snap."

"No faher, that wasn't the light button."

Three athletes from Iowa colleges, bemoaning their scholastic difficulties:

Iowa U. boy: "Is that calculus ever tough!"

Iowa State guy: "I just couldn't understand trig!"

ISTC wrestler: "Any of youse guys ever hear of long division?"

"Wilt thou do me the pleasure of accompanying me in a game of croquet?" spake Sir Gawain.

"Nay, nay, I dast no," quoth the shy Lady Elsinor. "Tis a wicket game."

"Why did you leave your girl's house so early last night?"

Well, we were sitting on the sofa, talking, and all of a sudden she turned out the lights. Well, I guess I can take a hint."

To Grads: Some Jokes to Take Along--A long way away

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Rapier Repartee

A tramp steamer had struck a mine and was slowly but surely sinking in mid-ocean. The ship, from captain down, was manned by as villainous a crew as had ever been gathered. They were now assembled on the slowly submerging deck as the captain asked, "Can anyone sing a hymn?" There was a shuffling of feet but no reply. The captain tried again, "Can anyone say a prayer?" Still no answer. The captain looked his crew over in disgust and grunted, "Well, we ought to do something religious. Hell, let's take up a collection."

A Russian spent a year in America and returned to tell his adventures to his friend.

"Boris," he said, "if you like it here, you should see America. You drive about in a limousine—for free. You eat dinners at the finest hotels—for free. You stay in beautiful rooms—for free."

"All this happened to you?" asked the amazed Boris.

"To me, no; but to my sister, yes."

Two Indians obtained a room in a big city hotel. Making a routine check to see if all his guests were comfortable, the manager found a tepee set up in the room and one of the Indians sitting in front of it smoking a pipe.

"How," said the Indian.

"Where's your friend?" asked the manager.

"In there," indicating the bathroom.

Looking in the bathroom, the manager found an Indian with an arrow in his heart. "My lord, who killed him?"

"Me—I killed him."

"For God's sake, why?"

"Him spit in spring!"

A bachelor met a girl at a party and fell madly in love with her at first sight. "You're the girl of my dreams," he kept telling her during the party and on the way home. When they got to her apartment, he took the key and opened the door. And there in the middle of the living room floor was a dead horse. The man stared, horrified.

"Well, for goodness sake," said the girl. "I didn't say I was neat, did I?"
The Doctor Cures The Nurse

By PATTI SHEARER

The crisp white freshness of the new shift at Mercy hospital was like a shot in the arm to everyone's morale, thought Miss Judith Henderson as she smiled to herself in the mirror, adjusting her nurse's cap with particular care. The door opened behind her and the fat face of Miss Brock was beside her own in the mirror. Judith smiled again.

"Not quitting already are you?" She glanced at her watch and found she was still five minutes early.

"Yes, and it's not too soon!" Miss Brock took off her shoes to rub what would have been swollen feet if they had been anyone else's. "Really rough today. Nine new patients including a brat of a kid. Scratched this live-long...

Judith poked at a stubborn strand of red-gold hair. "I don't hear anything."

"She's either hoarse or exhausted. And so are the rest of us."

"What's the trouble?" Judith asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Malnutrition or something. Won't eat. I spent an hour trying to get a bowl of soup down her this noon."

Judith laughed. "Bowl and all? No wonder!"

"Yeah, well, I would have liked to. Nearly missed my own lunch. Hope you feel this good at 11 o'clock tonight." Miss Brock put her shoes back on with some difficulty and took her purse off the hook. "Three of the new patients are Dr. McCoy's," she said with a sniff.

"Oh, really?" Judith felt a slight lift.

"Yeah. Why does he like our floor so well?"

"Because we're so efficient!"

"Well, to hear him talk you'd never think so. Smart, young bug," Miss Brock sniffed again and prepared to leave. "Have fun, dearie."

"You bet."

Judith glanced up from Mrs. Pillsburg's chart.

Oranges Always Made Her Sick

So When She Wanted a Doctor--

Things were pretty slow right now, she thought. Head Nurse Cunningham was putting around with the 6 o'clock medications. Dr. McCoy's late tonight, thought Judith. Suddenly, she realized Miss Cunningham had said something to her. "Huh! What did you say?"

"When did Mrs. Pill last have a sedative?"

"Oh. Well, let's see. Two-thirty. Is she hollering for another one?"

"As usual." Cunningham was tall and all bones. Judith watched her for a moment. Pretty good egg, she thought. Good sense of humour for an old maid. Gosh, I shouldn't think that; I'm well on the way.

Judith turned again as she heard the hum of the elevator. Oh, darn. A light flashed on the board in front of her. She clicked the switch and said pleasantly, "What can I do for you, Mr. Miller?"

"Coming up," she said, clicking the switch again.

"Six blankets and a hat water bottle on a summer's day. Phooey!"

Cunningham smiled as Judith got up from the desk and tripped noiselessly down the white and spotless corridor.

Judith returned to find young Dr. McCoy pouring over someone's chart. Without looking up he said, "Miss Henderson, could you spare a few minutes? I want to do a spinal tap on 30B."

"Certainly, Doctor." And to herself she said, 'Miss Henderson, Miss Henderson, Miss Henderson! I'd spare you more time than that if you'd ask!" She took a bottle of novocaine and instrument tray from the shelf and followed Dr. McCoy to 30B. I'll bet someone gave him an extra dose of this once and he never did get any feeling back, she thought.

(Continued on next page)
The Doctor Cures--
(Continued from previous page)

"How's my best girl today?" Dr. McCoy asked the young patient who was lying in the white bed. "You know, Miss Henderson, Sally is one of the nicest patients I've got to work with. Never cries or anything. Oh, good—you brought an extra tube. You know, Sally, this is one of my favorite nurses too."

Efficiency plus, thought Judith. Six weeks of efficiency.

Judith held the tube, watching the fluid rise and fall as the doctor worked deftly and silently. Suddenly he looked at Judith and said, "What's the matter with your nose?"

She almost dropped the tube, she was so startled by such a personal question. "I guess I was under the sun a little too long today." She gave him what she hoped was her nicest smile. He grunted.

Finally Dr. McCoy withdrew the needle and said, "That's all, Miss Henderson."

She picked up the equipment and left muttering, 'that's all. that's all! Just like that!'

Hearing cries from A she set the tray down by the sink and went to the room. A little, blonde curlyheaded tot in a gown twice her size was holding on to the side of a bed soaked with tears. "Don't cry, honey," Judith said. "I've got plenty of time right now. Want to sit on my lap?" She picked up the child and sat down in a rocker. The cries soon died away to sobs, and only a few tears escaped from under the closing eyelids. Judith was completely engrossed in her subject when the door opened and Dr. McCoy stuck his head in. "I don't know where Cunningham has gone, but will you call me at once if there's any change in John Wilson?"

"Okay, Doctor."

He hesitated, "You'd make a nice mother someday."

"Well, thank you, Doctor. I hope so."

He closed the door and she mulled over what he had said, pretending the child was her own. She must have sat there for quite some time, for when the door opened again it was Cunningham. "Judith, we're getting a new patient and we don't have time to rock any of them!"

"All right." She deposited the sleeping child in bed and left...

It was ten minutes of eleven but the charts were finished and Cunningham had told her she could leave. With her coat over her shoulder and her purse tucked under her arm Judith trudged down the stairs, too tired to wait for the elevator. Her heart took a sudden leap as she saw Dr. McCoy standing by the front door. He smiled. "Aren't you a little early?"

"Yes, I guess I am." She couldn't think of anything witty to say. "What brought you back over here?"

"I just had a baby." He smiled again. "Say, you look hungry. Will you join me?"

"I'm starved," she said.

Henry's was a place on the far side of town where Judith had always wanted to go. It was small, but held a crowd of friendly people in a warm, candle-lit atmosphere.

Judith felt slightly uneasy and drew her coat more tightly around her uniform. "I don't want to feel like a nurse tonight," she thought. "I don't want him to think of me as just a dependable robot. This is my one chance."

"They're right on their toes," she said to Dr. McCoy, noticing a waiter in a red coat coming toward them with a look of pleasant expectancy.

"Are you Dr. John McCoy?" he asked.

The doctor nodded and Judith felt a slight sense of importance.

"Well, the hospital has called. An emergency, sir. The phone is right over there," Judith lost her feeling of importance.

"Thank you. Just a moment, ah, er, Miss ah—"

"Judith," she informed him.

"Oh yes, Judith," he said. "Please excuse me a moment."

"Certainly," she said with a slight note of disappointment as she watched him disappear. 'Huh,' she
thought, 'my last chance! No, not even that. I haven't had a chance!'

The doctor came back with a sheepish grin on his face. "I'm sorry, Judith, but there's an emergency at the hospital. I'll drop you off on the way."

"No, I'll get off at the hospital so you can get there right away. I just live a short way from there."

"You're not angry?" he asked.

"Angry? Doctor, I've been a nurse too long to be angry."

"I just wanted to make sure," he said, opening the door for her.

Two days later Judith awoke with an exclamation to her apartment-mate. "Betsy" she called, "I feel terrible this morning. I've got a headache and a rash on my arms! I think you'd better call the doctor."

Betsy appeared at the bedroom door with a piece of toast and not too much concern for her usually-healthy friend. "What doctor, honey?"

"Why, ah, Doctor, ah, McCoy, I guess."

"Now wait a minute," Betsy shook her unpin-curlas head, "let's see that rash! Well, for heavens sakes, you do have a rash. Do you suppose it's measles?"

"No, I don't think so. I used to get a rash from eating oranges, but I don't know what's the matter now." She slid farther under the covers.

"Well, I'll call the doctor right way." Betsy came back in a few moments. "He said he'd be over in about an hour."

"Is that all he said?"

"He didn't make love to me, if that's what you mean!"

"He wouldn't!" Judith said, sinking down in the bed with a hand on her head. "Oh, Betsy, I don't know when I've felt this bad."

"Maybe I'd better stay home from work this morning," suggested Betsy eagerly.

"Oh, no, you don't have to do that!" Judith raised up quickly. "I mean, ah, I wouldn't want you to miss work just because of me. Oh, and Betsy, before you go, stick the coffee pot on, will you?"

"You're sure you'll be all right now?"

"I hope so," Judith said with a look of anguish.

No sooner had she heard her friend leave than she jumped out of bed and began to tidy the apartment. "I want to make it look 'womanish,'" she thought to herself, putting her knitting in a very obvious spot on the coffee table.

It was almost an hour before she had everything arranged to her satisfaction, even though one could reach most parts of the apartment by standing in the middle of the floor. 'It may be small,' she thought, 'but it's very homey.' She gave the big, red pillows on the studio couch one last going-over before returning to the bedroom to don her frilly bed-jacket. She contemplated putting on make-up, but decided that her faded-out countenance was more appropriate.

No sooner had she turned on the radio and gotten back under the covers when a tap sounded at the door. "Come in," she said in her weakest voice. The door opened. "I'm in here," she said, even more weakly.

Dr. McCoy walked in looking very handsome in a light tan suit. 'Good morning, Judith. What seems to be the trouble?" He put down his bag and walked over to the bed. "I must say, you really are the business woman. You even pick your day-off to be sick!"

"I don't know what's the matter," said Judith, rising with difficulty. "I've got this rash all over my arms."

"Well, let's see if you've got a fever."

"Say, Doctor, while I'm doing this there's some coffee on the stove in the kitchen. Maybe that'll make you for your having to make a trip up here."

"Thank you, don't mind if I do." He went to search for the kitchen, which was nothing but an over-sized closet off the livingroom. "Would you like some too?" he called.

(Continued on page 16)
"I've sure enjoyed playing basketball for you these last seven years, coach."

"I knew I should never have taken that art course—where'll I pack this stuff?"

"May I remind you that we make free alterations on caps and gowns?"

"I hated to leave any bills behind."

"I'll bet my dad graduates with better grades than your dad."

---

By
Bruce Florence
Lucky Old Sun

Summer arrived and Gwen Andresen felt like exposing herself to a little sun on the sand. Gwen, who's in terry cloth jumper and tennis shorts in the picture at left, is from Davenport and has hobbies, nicknames, measurements and majors, but somehow your editors thought you'd be more interested in looking at Gwen than at such facts. The sand, though, is some of that surrounding the Cedar Heights' sandpit. (Picture by CROSSROADS Photographer Paul Smith.)

★★★★

A Chemist Looks at Women

Symbol: WO
Accepted Atomic Weight: Around 120.
Physical Properties: Boils at nothing and freezes at any minute. Melts when properly handled. Very bitter if not well used.
Occurrence: Found wherever man exists.
Chemical Properties: Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones. Violent reaction if left alone. Able to absorb great amounts of food. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen.
Uses: Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits and equalizer of the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most effective income reducing agent known.

★★★★

Mechanic: "With a car like yours, I'd advise you to keep it moving."
Jalopy Owner: "Why?"
Mechanic: "If you ever stop the cops will think it's an accident."

Summer

Rainy
Green
Invigorating
Warm
Cheerful
Cool
Dazzling
Hot
Huggable
Gloomy
Longing
Tolling
Pulsating
Enervating
Seductive

(If you didn't read this when you looked at the pinup gal, it's your fault!)

By JAMES RASMUSSEN

15
The Doctor Cures--
(Continued from page 11)

"Yes," she answered, nearly swallowing the
thermometer.
"Cream or sugar?"
"No."

Being a little clumsy at pouring coffee he spilled
da few drops on the workbench. He used a paper
towel to wipe up, and when he threw it away
noticed numerous orange peeling in the waste­
basket. He picked up the two cups and unsteadily
departed for the bedroom. For a moment he forgot
what he had been going to say. Judith looked so­
different. Her healthy complexion matched the
hue of the room, and the morning sun artistically
streaking the walls set her hair afire. "Judith, your
roommate tells me you're allergic to oranges."

"That's right."
"Well, perhaps she shouldn't eat them around
you." Judith removed the thermometer for a moment.
"Oh, she doesn't, doctor!"
"Well then, who has been eating oranges in your
kitchen?"

Judith nearly swallowed the thermometer a second
time. She shrugged her shoulders and felt herself
getting red. Dr. McCoy removed the thermometer
and noted that her temperature was slightly below
normal.

"Do I have any?" she asked humbly.
"No," he said. "Not enough. Drink this coffee—
maybe it will warm you up. I'll leave some ointment
for your rash, some of these capsules for your head­
ache, and I think you'll feel better in no time! I
intended to ask you if you wanted to try Henry's
again tonight, but since you feel so poorly—"
"If I could just get rid of this headache, Doctor,
I'd love to."

"Well, I think a couple of days in bed will do
it." Judith felt herself becoming really sick. "Thanks
for the coffee," he said, "but I've got to hurry now.
I'll stop around this afternoon and see how you are
then."

The remainder of the day dragged for Judith,
but not knowing when to expect the doctor she
stayed near the bed. It was about four o'clock when
she heard another tap at the door. "Come in," she
called, quite brightly.

The door opened and an elderly gentleman in
his middle seventies walked in. "Why, Dr. O'Fla­
tery, how nice of you to drop in!" She saw a mental
picture of Dr. McCoy with his head on a chopping
block.

"Well, Judith, Dr. McCoy asked me to make his
calls this afternoon as he's all tied up."
"Well, I'm glad you come," she rationalized.
"It's not so much this rash as it is that I feel faint
everytime I get up. And my head is just pounding."
At that moment the telephone rang and Dr. O'Flatt­
tery handed the receiver from the bedside table to
Judith. "Hello, Oh, Dr. McCoy. What? I feel won­
derful; my headache has completely disappeared!
Where? I'd love to, Doctor. Eight o'clock? Good­
bye."

And Dr. O'Flattery picked up his satchel and
left the room chuckling to himself. THE END

As the man started across the street, a St. Ber­
nard dog rushed by and bowled him ove... Before
he could get up a Crossley tore around the corner
and ran over the hapless man, leaving him cut and
bruised.

A sympathetic spectator rushed out to help the
victim to his feet and inquire if he'd been hurt. "No,"
said the man, "but that was sure as hell a big can
tied to that dog's tail!"
By Everett Traylor

There was once a colony of frogs whose king was a trusted potentate who had never wronged anyone. One day this leader, while he was sunning himself with a few of his wives, was almost killed by a snake.

The snake gobbled up several of his youngest and most tender wives, but the king escaped. He was so terrified, however, that he decided to devote the rest of his life to doing homage to the "Great Being." The king called a meeting of all the clan and issued the new mandate—"The new rules set down by someone higher than the king himself," he said. They included:

No one must sun himself, for that would be pleasure.
Midnight songfests would have to go, for they offended the higher being.
Only certain bugs could be eaten, and
During the day all subjects would remain submerged at all times, as far as breathing would permit.

The frogs, who weren't as wise and knowing as their leader, protested this curtailing of the pleasures heretofore enjoyed, and small rebellions flared up. The king was prepared for this; however, and the instigators were rounded up by his aides and either put in confinement or banished from the clan.

Slowly, as time went on, the king got tired of the rules, but he didn't want to revoke them because his people, who hadn't been able to sneak a sunbath once in a while as he had, were getting weak and possessed little will to do anything except that which was required of them.

Time passed and one day a frog from another clan came to them and told them that their king was tyrannical and that if they would follow him he would lead them to a place where they could live as they wished. The king denounced this as subversive and claimed that the strange frog would go where all bad frogs go, along with all the frogs that followed him.

Some subjects thought the strange frog was right, and a good number, many of whom had also snatched a little sunning behind a secret lilly pad, went away and lived happily until their new leader was nearly killed by a snake one day.

THE END
The teacher was quizzing the class. "Now who can tell me who gave us our nice schoolhouse?"
"President Roosevelt, teacher."
"That's right, Johnny. Who knows who gave us our beautiful parks?"
"President Roosevelt, teacher."
"That's right, Mary. Who gave us the birds and the bees and the flowers and the trees?"
"God did, teacher."
Voice from the back of the room: "Throw that Republican out of here!"

* * *

"I took her to a show, bought her dinner and then went to a night club. Then do you know what she said?"
"No."
"Oh, then you've had her out, too."

Dear Son:
I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make much higher grades than those who do. This is something for you to think about.

Love, Father.

Dear Father:
I have thought about it. But truthfully I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact, I would rather smoke and drink and get a C. Furthermore, I would rather smoke, drink and neck and make a D.

Love, Son.

Dear Son:
I'll break your neck if you flunk anything!

Your Father.

"What party do you affiliate with?" the election judge asked the mountain gal.
"Has I gotta answer that?" she frowned.
"If you want a ballot you do."
"Wa-al, then I don't want no ballot, cause the party I affiliates with ain't divorced yet."

"Mother," queried the little tot, "Do fairy tales always begin with 'Once Upon a Time'?"
"No, dear," replied his mother. "They sometimes begin with 'My love, I will be detained at the office tonight'."

Customer: "Do you have notions on this floor?"
Floorwalker: "Yes, madam, but we usually try to suppress them during working hours."

The judge had just awarded a divorce to a wife who had charged non-support.
"And," he said to the husband, "I have decided to give your wife $50 a month."
"Thats fine, judge," the man replied, "and once in a while I'll try to slip her a few bucks myself."

Two girls met for lunch and were discussing their marriage prospects.
"I hear your boy friend graduates from law school this spring. I suppose you'll get married then?"
"Oh, no, not right away," answered the other, "I want him to practice about a year first."
Mexico

(Continued from page 3)

where they study few of the technical courses thought so important by many educators in the United States. Here the courses are more intense and books and tuition are more expensive. (Tuition at the national university is about eleven dollars a semester for Mexican citizens.) In all fairness to Mexico, I can't mention the conditions at the normal school without pointing out their almost complete opposites at the university.

The Universitaria Nacional is the oldest, yet the newest and most modern in this hemisphere. It was established in 1851, fifty-six years before the permanent settlement of Jamestown, and opened in the year 1553 with a Catholic staff. At present, under the control of the government, the different colleges and faculties are spread out all over the city. But before the present president leaves office, the new "University City" will be ready for occupation. La Cuidad Universitaria, as it is called, really is a city, located on the outskirts of Mexico City on the road to Cuernavaca.

From the looks of the area at present, it is easy to believe that this will be the most beautiful and modern university in the world. There is also little danger that these new buildings will meet the same fate as those of the normal school, because the university students are, on the whole, serious-minded and interested in education and politics.

Several times so far I have alluded to American tourists and an explanation is probably in order. Many Mexicans have a rather low opinion of these tourists and, because of them, of Americans as a whole. Here I'm speaking solely of tourists as a group, because there are (I understand) some Americans who cannot be classed with the rest.

Most Americans come to Mexico with plenty of money and, although they like to let people know they have it, they are most tight with it in the pettiest ways. They are wary of everyone and think, with some reason, perhaps, that everybody is trying to gyp them. Fearing the sanitary conditions of Mexico, they stay at the most expensive hotels and eat the most expensive food, yet they will spend half an hour haggling over a few centavos with a street vendor, although they usually end up buying their souvenirs at twice their value. (A popular pastime here is going downtown to watch the turistas. In these cases, the words heard most are "mucho! mucho!" accompanied by a variety of idiotic gestures.)

Many tourists hire guides (an American institution) to show them the country and save them money. Hence they see only the part of the country made for tourists, buy their goods at the "cheapest" places (the places where the guide gets the biggest cut), and get to know no real Mexicans—in fact, really get an absolutely false impression of the whole country. The guides, though licensed and usually fairly well-educated men, have answers to all the tourists' questions and, whether the answers are true or not, the tourists are usually satisfied.

One of my friends, who with pride claims full-blooded Aztec ancestry, couldn't quite believe his ears when he heard a guide tell his susceptible clients at the citadel near the ancient Pyramids to the Sun and Moon that this (an area the Indians used for their religious ceremonies) was where, believe it or not, the Indians played football. (The tourists, of course, did believe it.) For these reasons I can't exactly be proud of most of my fellow-citizens in Mexico. I simply can't help feeling more like a Mexican every time I come into contact with a group of tourists.

And this might be a good time to mention some of my travels about Mexico, because I'm somewhat of a tourist myself, though I hate to admit it. Since being here, I have, in what little extra time I've had, taken trips to the Piramides; to Cuautla, a little city in the semi-tropics famous for its sulphur baths where a friend has an interest in a small banana plantation; to Cuernavaca, the land of eternal spring, where almost every private home has a swimming pool; to Tehuixtla, where, after crossing a river on a hanging Indian bridge I found three magnificent swimming pools; to Taxco, the town on the side of a mountain that is a national monument and appears today almost as it did hundreds of years ago, where nearly everyone speaks English (tourists again.)

I've also been to Acapulco, which is probably as wonderful as most articles state, but not as ex-

For Picnics and Graduation Parties

shop at RATH'S MARKET

2214 College Phone 909

A discouraged traveling salesman in a wire to his home office:
"If Stalin wants more territory, he can have mine!"

They sat like this upon the seat,
With now and then a kiss;
Then he said some foolish thing
And now they sit like this.
pensive as most Americans make it. It was there that I became friends with the fabulous fellow Fausto Martinez (the beard), who was at the time running a couple of little clubs on the beach (he has since returned to the City and plans on going to Chicago this summer—coming back with me, possibly). He is called “Fabulous” Fausto because of the many things he has done in his life; he is a poet with one book published and another coming, but has also been, among other things, a master of ceremonies in a night club (he later bought the place and went bankrupt), a radio announcer, a singer, a bum, a college student, a conquistador de gringitas, and an illegal immigrant into the United States. As has happened with so many Mexicans, he was arrested, jailed, tried, and sent back to Mexico. The other fellow in the picture, Ramon, who is from Spain, has only one claim to fame—Greer Garson once invited him to come see her sometime.

My last trip has been by far my most interesting. At the end of last quarter, I went to Acapulco, scrounged around the waterfront and finally found a little cargo-fishing boat bound for the jungle village of Zihuatanejo, about 150 miles up the coast. I spent two nights sleeping on the deck of said boat—one in the harbor at Acapulco waiting for the cargo of ice in which to pack the fish to be caught, and one at sea.

In spite of returning to Mexico sunburned, chewed up by mosquitoes, and having spent three days in the hospital with all the symptoms of malaria, I can’t wait to return to Zihuatanejo.

As one native Zihuatanejan said, “We don’t have any jail or any church—everybody’s happy here.” And so I found it. There were fine beaches for swimming, plenty of coconuts, bananas, papayas and watermelons to eat, and plenty of time in which to do nothing. Better yet, there were almost no tourists there because of the difficulty of transportation. However, planes have started flying in recently. In a few years there may be a road, and then the village may develop into a small-scale Acapulco. There are now only three jeeps in the town and, in dry weather, an occasional truck.

When the road is built and tourists start coming, the place won’t be the same. The men will take off their guns, the kids will put on their clothes, there will be more than four hours electricity at night, and the natives will quit living a happy, lazy life and will start spending their time figuring out how they can make some of the easy money that will begin floating around. And I’ll not vacation at Zihuatanejo.

THE END
I find Mr. Jacobs behind the merry-go-round. Mr. Jacobs has a long mustache and is a man to be respected for two other reasons—because he owns a carnival and because he is my boss.

Mr. Jacobs is looking at the merry-go-round. It is old, that merry-go-round, and much in need of paint and repairs. Mr. Jacobs walks around it halfway and stops to look at one of the horses, the one that had once been red and orange. The horse looks back at him. Then Mr. Jacobs touches the animal's head and it falls off. Glad I am that I am not Michael Roseberry, who runs the merry-go-round, for I suspect that Mr. Jacobs will be angry.

Then he sees me. I was right—he is angry!

"Where have you been?" he asks.

"I have been publicizing our coming to Plainfield," I tell him.

Plainfield is our next stop if we ever get out of the muddy lot where we are now set up.

"And have you tended Mable?" he wants to know. Mable is our elephant, and is really what holds the carnival together since there is little else of attraction, except Mr. Jacobs wife, whom he no longer exhibits. Sometimes I feel his wife causes him to talk so roughly when he is working with us men—he has no chance at all against her two heads.

"No," I tell him. "I have not yet tended Mable."

After this he tells me many things. He says that my mother is some animal we do not have in the managerie and that I have never heard of, and he tells me I must go and tend Mable at once.

I go tend Mable. When I am finished I go to his trailer and tell him I can no longer be expected to manage the elephant along with my other duties.

"What other duties?" he wants to know right away.

I draw myself up to my full height. "I am your new publicity man," His mouth opens, which is strange since he knows our other publicity man is no longer with us. "It will be five years before Blackie will be able to return to his work," I tell Mr. Jacobs. "Five years—that is what the judge said."

He turns purple, which I have never seen anyone do before, but then I have been in the carnival business only a few years. Then he yells: "No, you won't take care of the elephant anymore, How could I expect anyone with your mentality to take care of an elephant! You will go—Go! GO!

I leave.

Outside, at the other end of the lot, I stop and think. It is queer for him to act that way. Though he agrees that my mind is too delicate to waste on elephants, he becomes aroused when he tells me to go out and do publicity work. But he has ordered me to go, and he is my boss. So I collect all the posters I can find and start out with a big paste pot.

I am about half a mile down the road when Mable catches up to me. Naturally I am surprised and I look to see why she is not still staked out. She has not pulled the stake out of the ground—it is iron and quite long—but her chain has parted in the middle. Probably Mr. Jacobs wanted her to accompany me for publicity and did not know how to undo the hitch around her leg.

So I take the short length of chain from around her front leg and throw it to the side of the road. If Mr. Jacobs wants me to take Mable with me, that I shall do. I mount up, and we ride toward Plainfield. It is very nice out under the stars and the time goes very quickly.

(Continued next month)
Crossroad's Correspondence

To the Editor:

I must confess that after reading Robert Simmons's diatribe in the May issue of CROSSROADS I feel less secure about my future. Mr. Simmons's pointed allusion to skid row derelicts knowing all about the fine arts gives me some cause for alarm. More alarming, though, are Mr. Simmons's assertions.

If there is safety in numbers, Mr. Simmons is safe in his claim that "we are at college to learn how to get along with people," which is a pretty popular fallacy right now. Nevertheless, it is a fallacy. By thus making a college education roughly equivalent to a Duncan Hines handbook, Mr. Simmons is being quite tactless with the teaching profession.

He is also betraying a remarkable naivete by thinking that "life's bumps" can be surmounted by a handshake and a pat on the back. Today's problems are a little too complex to be solved by means of Rotarianism.

In my previous article I declared that cultural background is essential for anyone for whom education is more than a word. That is still true. For education can only enable us to meet and solve contemporary and future problems by drawing upon the teachings of the past—in philosophy, literature, the sciences, poetry, art and music.

This is culture, and for Mr. Simmons to say cavalierly "I don't like it" and walk smugly off is only to thinly disguise the laziness I described in the March issue.

Mr. Simmons concludes his reply by saying: "Mr. Dunn, we are more concerned about how to successfully become socially adaptable that how to be an intellectual." Yes, Mr. Simmons, that is manifestly true. I can only say that if, after reading your newspaper thoroughly tomorrow, you are still able to say "we will concentrate on living in the manner that God intended (as you outlined that manner)." God must have given you a remarkable conscience.

JACK DUNN

To the Editor:

What have you got against wrestlers? Every issue of the magazine you run some snide joke which is a frounhanded slap at wrestlers. Last month you had a girl asking another if she had ever been run over by a truck and the girl answered: "No, but I've been kissed by a wrestler."

Jokes like the ones you print give people the idea that wrestlers are rough characters who are ignorant of proper manners and grammar. We ain't, so watch what you print or I will come over and beat the hell out of you!

GUS GATTO

And then there was the instructor, always anxious to improve his course, who added this last question to his final exam: "What do you think of the course?"

The instructor, upon reaching the end of what had been the worst of his papers, found the following notation: "I think this was a very well rounded course. Everything not given during the quarter was included in the final examination."

"I think you better steer."

For Sports Afloat
It's Olsen's
Canoes — Boats — Motors
OLSEN BOAT HOUSE
We're Still Pure!

Students here are still pure, having narrowly escaped the naughty doctrine of Marx and Engels, thanks to a decision throwing the Communist manifesto out of the humanities sequence.

The college’s action in abandoning plans for the teaching of the manifesto is not only pathetic, it is criminal.

It is possible to blame two groups for the stupid caper. We must cast some of the blame on the citizens of Iowa, who through past actions have created the impression that they would be horrified at the teaching of the manifesto.

But a good share of the blame must fall on the people at this college who didn’t have the guts to include the manifesto, even though they knew it belonged in the course.

Why is the Communist manifesto so important? It is vitally important because at this moment this country is engaged in a global conflict with Communism. It requires extreme stupidity to assume that we can best meet this challenge through complete ignorance of our foe and his ideas.

Obviously we can never understand what we are fighting FOR until we are familiar with what we are fighting AGAINST.

Even though the manifesto is not included in the course, individual students can locate a copy and read it for themselves, of course. But a mature instructor’s careful analysis of the manifesto and some thorough discussion would probably make the Communist doctrine appear much less attractive to young and inexperienced students.

The world has now come to the point where we can no longer play three-monkeys-on-a-shelf, the popular little game in which one hears no evil, speaks no evil, sees no evil and waves the American flag blindly.

Our country is a great nation with traditional attitudes we can well be proud of. The suppression of all foreign ideas is not going to make this nation any greater, however, and to stand still—even in the race of ideas—is to fall behind. Worst of all, by refusing to test our ideas against others, we will soon forget what the flag we are waving really represents.

Sorry, This Is It

Readers of this issue of CROSSROADS have the rather questionable privilege of being around at the death of a magazine. From all indications, THIS IS IT—there will be no magazine next fall.

To come quickly to the point, the magazine lost money. Students and faculty here supported the magazine well and its sales were generally as high as was expected. Its advertising revenue, however, fell way off.

The Board of Control of Student Publications reluctantly allowed this June issue to be publised only because all of the engraving and most of the typesetting had been completed.

We are naturally sorry to see CROSSROADS fold. We sincerely felt there was a place for a combination literary and humor magazine on this campus, and we believe its presence contributed something to the academic atmosphere of ISTC.

Some of its content can probably be absorbed into the COLLEGE EYE, but there is one thing that cannot be absorbed—its individual editorial viewpoint.

We mourn the magazine’s passing primarily because we considered it to be a potentially valuable sounding board for the college’s free thinkers. While it, too, could become prostituted to ultra-conservative do-nothing policies, we believe its very reason for existence committed it to a wide awake analysis of college problems.

But anyway, so long. And it HAS been good to know you.
"And So the Man Says, 'Why That Dog Isn't Shaggy!'"

Father: "Can't you cut down on your college expenses? You're ruining the family."
Son: "Well, I might do without books."

A fashionable wedding is where the father sticks a rose in the barrel of his shotgun.

He: "I'm going to kiss you when we get to the next corner."
She: "Don't you think that's going too far?"

Girl: "Why did you park here when there are nicer places farther on?"
Guy: "This is love at first sight."

Diner: "Is that ice cream pure?"
Waiter: "As pure as the girl of your dreams."
Diner: "Give me a ham sandwich."

Coroner: "What were Louie's last words?"
Friend: "He said, 'I don't see how they make any profit on this stuff at a dollar a fifth.'"

The farmer's daughter returned from college for her summer vacation, and her father looked at her critically and asked: "Lost some weight, haven't you?"
The girl replied: "Yes, father, I weighed 110 stripped for gym, whereupon the father leaped out of his chair and grabbed for his shotgun.

Guy on Phone: "How do you feel this morning?"
Girl: "Fine."
Guy: "I guess I have the wrong number."

Little Johnny with a grin
Drank up all his father's gin.
Mama laughed to see him plastered.
Said "Come to bed, you little darling."

Television: A device that permits people who haven't anything to do to watch people who can't do anything.

If two hula-hula girls love the same man, will they draw straws for him?

An old gentleman riding the top of a Fifth Avenue bus noticed that every few minutes the conductor would come up from the back and dangle a piece of string down before the driver underneath. Whereupon the driver would utter profanity terrible to hear. Finally the old gentleman could stand it no longer and asked the conductor why he dangled the string and why the driver swore.
"Oh," the conductor said naively, "his father is being hung tomorrow and I'm just kidding him a little."

"How did you puncture that tire?"
"Run over a milk bottle."
"Didn't you see it?"
"Naw, the kid had it under his coat."

"Papa, what is the difference between prosperity and depression?"
"Well, my boy," Papa replied, "in prosperity we have wine, women and song; but in depression all we have is beer, Mama and the radio."

They say that Texas is a good place for men who have asthma to go. The girls there are so dumb that they can't tell it from passion.
Statistics: Yale grads have an average of 1.3 children, while Vassar grads have 1.7. This proves conclusively that women have more children than do men.

* * *

Some girls are like flowers—they grow wild in the woods.

* * *

And then there was the devil who backed into the lawn mower, then rushed to the liquor store because he’d heard they retailed spirits there.

* * *

King Arthur: “I hear you’ve been misbehaving!”
Knight: “In what manor?”

* * *

Motto for Dairymen: “All I am I owe to udders.”

* * *

“Just one more kiss, darling,” she pleaded with half closed eyes. “On an empty stomach?” he inquired hungrily.

“Of course not—right where the last one was!”

* * *

New WAC: “Where do I eat?”
Captain: “You mess with the officers.”
New WAC: “I know, but where do I eat?”

* * *

And then there was the girl known as “Checkers”—she jumped whenever a guy made a wrong move.

* * *

Men who kiss and tell aren’t half as bad as those who kiss and exaggerate.

* * *

The stock is blamed with a lot of things which should be blamed on a lark.

* * *

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