

Gleason, Ed Sullivan, and a host of others, have brought many hours of entertainment to the public. Present-day television has provided entertainment in the home for many children who might, otherwise, be roaming the streets. It seems axiomatic that the limited resources of the average American family would deprive them of many of these advantages and the daily use of the television receiver would, once again, become a "rich man's luxury." I do not believe that this result is in conformity with the American tradition of development of mass communication media. Newspapers, magazines, and radio have always relied upon advertising to pay the majority of their expenses, thus enabling them to present their material to the public at a cost in line with, or even below, the average economic level of the American family. This system has resulted in widespread dissemination of news, cultural events, entertainment, and public education. I believe that this policy should be the governing factor in the development of television, rather than placing the use of a public communications medium on the same level as other commodities.

Harlech Castle

Howell Lloyd

I WAS in a jovial mood, for it was the day that I was to view my first medieval castle. With my parents I boarded an early train for the seacoast in the little Welsh village of Llanbrynmair. The railway, first edging its way under overhanging cliffs and then leisurely rolling along the broad expanse of Estweref, followed the River Dovey down to the sea. Hills and meadows, blurred on a background of mist and haze, passed the coach window in an unending pageant. Cattle drowsed in the fields and sheep scurried away at the sound of the approaching train. Slate-roofed stone cottages clustered along the river in the valley, and over-hanging clouds made inky shadows on the mountain slopes. We were soon in view of the ocean, and shortly the railroad was threading its way along the coast. The smell of seaweed tainted the ocean breeze. Across the bay of Cardigan the gaunt purple steeps of the Snowdon range appeared.

As we suddenly rounded a bend, my father said, "There is your castle!" Strident on a rocky cliff stood the edifice that was Harlech. Before us reared its majestic countenance, heroic and shelterless to the four winds. Full of majesty, invincible to the storms and hurricanes of the Atlantic, the castle seemed to defy the elements and was beautiful even in its desolation. Our train came to an abrupt halt in a small station sheltered under the rocky eminence upon which stood the castle. The sea practically surrounded the rock, and we could easily perceive how impregnable was its defense. A few stunted shrubs clung desperately to the face of the cliff as if they were elbowing their way to the summit. Ivy, green and vivid, edged through the cracks. Clustered about the base were the picturesque

little houses and cottages of Harlech village. Cobble-stone streets wended their way to every shop and dwelling. I could see a steep-rock-strewn path ascending to the small level plateau on which the castle stood. As I gazed upon its sturdy weather-beaten walls, I could see the centuries in its face like ferns in a fossil. Within these battlements the memories of ages brooded. I suddenly noticed that the train was moving rapidly away from the station so I strained to catch a last glimpse of the castle through the window. I realized that there was an edifice that had stood for ages and would continue to last for centuries to come.

The Caucus System at Butler

Ruth Anne Clark

THE history of the United States has been one of constant struggles for freedom. At last we have achieved a state in which democracy and liberty prevail; now the students of Butler University are willingly conceding one of their basic rights for what they consider to be material gain. The right to make one's own decisions and freely speak one's mind on a subject has been subordinated to the caucus system here at Butler. The various honors are distributed among the members of certain sororities and fraternities, either by a method of rotation or by an even more shocking operation—that of pulling names out of a hat. This means that, since the presidency of the senior class is doled out to just one organization, the candidate may be chosen from as few as ten persons. The question of whether he is as well qualified for the position as another student is of no consequence; the caucus marches on.

Even though pupils receiving honors under this system are sometimes qualified and deserving, this oligarchy has a demoralizing effect on school spirit. This is a result of the fact that only a few organized groups are invited to participate in this spoils system, and the other organizations and those who are unorganized are completely left out. Some evidence of the functioning of this political machine is noticeable in general school spirit. Supporting activities that are supposedly campus-wide loses some of its appeal when it is a predetermined fact that the candidate from one specified organization will be selected queen, merely because of her being affiliated with this particular organization. Many students who come to Butler as potential leaders are never given an opportunity to prove their worth; even though some are strong enough to become leaders in a few activities, they realize that the door to higher honors is shut in their faces if they do not join a certain select group. Surely conditions such as these are not conducive to co-operation, and the school as a whole suffers. It suffers not only from the loss of qualified people who do not become leaders, but also from the passive attitude these students assume toward activities on the campus.