

adult freshmen

by

dorothy reasoner

Many are the tales of timid college freshmen who approach the doors of their prospective Alma Mater with fear and trembling. High school graduates supposedly dread the first day when they must choose between an emerald cap and a close-cropped haircut. Other newcomers stand in awe of the paddle, wielded so lustily by fraternity brothers. These stories of first days in college are true to a certain extent, for a freshman begins a new period in his life at this time, and realizing this, is somewhat weary after his first strides on the campus. He is anxious to begin his college career in the right way; to do the right thing at the right time.

what about man?

by

joseph calderon

The question has been stated frankly because I like to state things frankly, especially when they don't mean much to anyone. However, to condemn the question for discussion would hurt me terribly, for I am a man, or at least I hope to be one some day. Therefore, since I have nothing else to do, I will make a serious endeavor to gather together enough material on the subject, to cover it intelligently which, as anyone will admit, it a difficult task.

When the freshman begins his college studies and activities, he realizes that he is being treated as an adult, and that no longer will he be babied and aided in his every action. Now he stands on his own feet, and knows that he is being treated as an adult, and success or failure as a student in the university. At first he feels lost, not in the new buildings, but bewildered in his lack of self-confidence, in the lack of a too-willing helper.

Such recognition of ability in freshmen is a good plan, though it may take some time for the freshman to become adapted to the situation. It teaches him to think for himself; it trains him to face the world, not as a robot, whose actions are determined by the thoughts and manipulations of others, but as a mature individual, shaping his own life and career.

It is the universal impression that man has advanced to an almost incredible height since Adam had his first difficulty. Eminent historians, forceful politicians, and convincing school teachers have seldom, if ever, failed to please the unthinking mind of man, by asserting that the greatest miracle of time has been the marked advancement of man. Man's apparent idiosyncrasies have led him to accept the statement as somewhat of an excuse for his presence on earth. This open manifestation of sophistry on the part of the historians, politicians and teachers, is a direct insult to the mind of thinking man, even if his kind is rare. If the subject is considered with any degree of intelligence at all, it becomes obvious that the advancement has not been made by man, but by the result of times and conditions. Man, today, is a weak, insignificant

mammal, decidedly inferior to the powerful man of the early ages.

In defending their preposterous conclusions, the historians never fail to point out the invention of man. What gigantic railroads, what luxurious automobiles, what swift airplanes—they represent the advancement of man! However, what seems to the historians an asset, seems to the thinking man, a detriment. These inventions have been from the inspirations of lazy men. Only the anticipation of ease and the hope of eliminating some honest labor have caused men to invent these things. With the automatic potato peeler, the automatic shoe-shiner and the splinterless toothpick illustrating my point, I dread the day when man's laziness forces him to invent a machine to dress for him, eat for him, and even to breathe for him. I understand that the robot has been found practical and is slowly approaching this stage—God forbid!

Man has been kicked about with such brisk energy by women in the past few thousand years that he has lost all signs of independence. Show the people one man who is brave enough to spank his wife, or to pull her hair if she bothers him, and immediately he becomes sensational news. This should certainly not be the case. The cave man did it with consistent regularity. He thought no more of knocking several teeth from his spouse's dental anerture than he did of combing his hair. He was the boss and his word was supreme. Certainly it is not then, to his credit, when man meekly submits to the wishy-washy appeals of woman.

No, if any advancement has been made by the human race, the woman has made it. Realizing her power at an early date, she began to use it with telling effect. Slyly, she worked herself into the literature of the world. From an inconspicuous part in "Beowulf," she moved to a more attractive part in "King Arthur, and the Round Table." From there she moved to a

pre-dominating place in "Vanity Fair," until today, no book is complete without her.

When woman's idiotic speech, "I tank I Go Home Now," takes precedence over the important message delivered by the President of the United States, then surely man's prominence is doubtful. When woman writes, practices law, boxes, smokes and even challenges man's supremacy at such sports as pinocle, it stands to reason that soon man will be no longer necessary to the world. It has been this decided advancement made by woman, coupled with the conspicuous decline of man's relative position to her, which strengthens my assumption that man himself has not advanced.

The radio has probably done more to deter man in the past few years than anything else. With it was born that unbearable exponent of inarticulate singing, the "crooner." The new fad has completely broken down our means of communication. After very little study one realizes that "Hi, de, hi, de, hi," means, "How do you think I am getting along?" and the whispered "Boo, boo, boo, boo, boo," is only another way of saying, "You are sweet and loveable."

With such radical changes in our language, I look forward to the day when I can merely write, "wee, de, bo, bo, bo," and you will immediately perceive, "that is all."

what is fear?

by

mildred engle

I stepped through the doorway with a feeling of dread. The room was dimly lighted by two spluttering candles. I had come to view the corpse of a distant relative. His wife hovered with red eyes over the casket