

WHY I CAME TO COLLEGE

JOHN F. CARSON

What does college mean to the young blood in the world? Is it to dull our senses enough to shoulder a rifle and take lives that mortal man was not meant to pass judgment on? Is college to offer this restless generation the chance to sell four years of its life in social madness and careless play? Or does college embody a serious pursuit towards a financial goal, a betterment of morale, and a trend to make our country more economically sound, governed with foresight?

College is not a toy. It should be used to the individual's advantage. Of course, when Junior leaves his family circle to plunge into a new environment away from home, he must scale barriers by his own fortitude. If he has never smoked, drunk liquor, or had a serious affair with a girl, the chances are that these things will be experienced long before the four years terminate. Why does vice creep into the character, crowding, pushing, devouring the good qualities? It is a parasite that weakens the heart fibers and diseases the mind. Youth is on the independent basis he craved, and yet it can court his downfall. The courage of denial strengthens the character.

A level head gives room to clear thinking. Eyes that are not dulled by dissipation can be kindled by the leaping flames of inspiration.

Why did I come to college? I'm taking a shapeless piece of clay to mold into a definite being. After college it will be heated and glazed into completion. It is the first handling of clay that makes it a good finished product.

I don't want to wade knee-deep in mud, treading on the mangled bodies of my comrades. I don't want to see the blinding bursts of shells or feel their concussion rock the earth. I want to deafen my ears to screams of agony welling from raw, dry throats. May I never see weeds entangling a lump of earth that houses the blood-stained, maggot-infested body of a comrade I played cards with, bummed cigarettes from, or slept in the same trenches with.

I want my life to be controlled by a purpose. I want to fulfill a social obligation I feel. My contribution to the world, however small, must be something I've struggled to give, something that was given with generosity not directed by personal gain.

THE WORLD UNMASKS

TED W. SEDVERT

I have one of the most interesting jobs in the world. It makes me smile and giggle, and sometimes my sides almost burst from laughter. It makes me sad, disgusted, and once in a while I may shed a tear. I have seen the world, yet I have not stirred more than a few feet. I have seen joy, heartbreak, laughter, and sorrow as an

everyday occurrence. I see the most flagrant displays of stupidity, and the wondrous merits of good common sense. I meet liars, schemers, doctors, lawyers, priests, and bums. I see young hopes and young love eager and fresh. I see old hopes and old love stimulating and lovely. In the parade of faces that passes me by I see the