

# 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

world reflected.

My job is an insignificant one, and carries little influence in the world today; yet, to an observing eye it is on the pulse beat of the public. People come to my place of employment to relax, to laugh, and to cry. It is then that their lives show most clearly. They are no longer cautious of the world. They forget to present their mask of everyday life and show themselves as they are in unguarded moments. Not even in their own homes do they show on their faces so clearly what they are—even what they think—as they do in my house. It gives me a chance to look into every

heart. Many are the stories that could be told without even asking them a single question.

I am a servant of the people. I coddle and cajole them. I mother them and father them. I play tricks on them, lie to gain my point. I act as advisor and counselor. I love them and hate them in turn. I am proud of them one moment and disgusted with them the next. To some I lay down the law, others I obey with the meekness of a gentle lamb. Thus I learn much of life and follow many extremes of conduct in merely being an usher in a moving picture theater.

## ON EATING GRAPES DOWNWARD

BETTY SMITH

All my life I have heard that one must work and save so that when he becomes older, he will have something with which to enjoy himself. This viewpoint is prevalent even in grade schools. While in grade school, we were taught to look forward to the time when we would be in high school. Grade school was only to be endured until that time. Then in high school, the goal of going to college was set before us. Our high school life was planned with that view in mind. We lived for the future of going to college and really growing up. Now in college, we plan our courses for a job we plan to fill in the future. People that now hold positions look forward to the time when they can retire on old-age security, or look back to the time when they were in school, and wish they could repeat the experience. All our lives we look forward to what is to come. We forget about the present. We forget that we possess only the present, and

that if we fail to enjoy this, then we must inevitably look back on a life barren and fruitless. Samuel Butler expresses concisely and clearly the way I believe life should be lived. He says, "always eat grapes downward—that is, always eat the best grape first; in this way there will be none better left on the bunch, and each grape will seem good down to the last. If you eat the other way, you will not have a good grape in the lot. Besides, you will be tempting Providence to kill you before you come to the best." I believe we should open our eyes to the world about us, and begin to learn what we can enjoy now. If we live each day sincerely and honestly; if we are thoughtful and careful; if we do each job to the best of our ability; if we put our whole beings behind our fun; then we are eating our grapes downward. In this way we can be sure there will be none better left on the bunch, and we will not be tempting Providence to kill us before we come to the best.