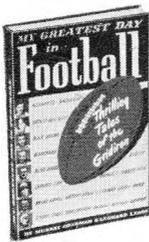


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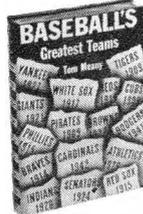
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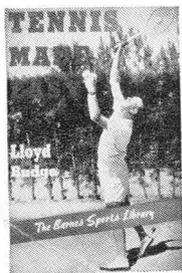


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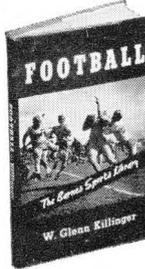
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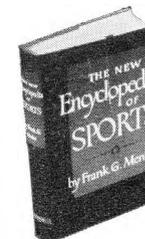
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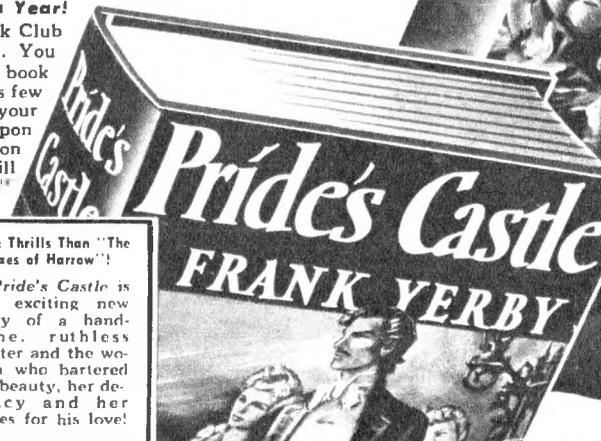
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FIRST DATE KISSES

Gentlemen:

In reference to your question on "First Date Kisses" appearing in your July issue, my answer is "NO."

My opinion is based on the realization of the position a girl is in when the man of the evening exercises too much speed. In the first place, I believe a kiss is an occasional demonstration of a beautiful form of worship and should be respected as well as the girl. Trying to kiss a girl on the first date might well risk a man's chances for future dates. The girl's respect for the man of the evening is lost; she cares less for him or refuses him entirely afterwards.

However, there are occasions where a man has a difficult time backing away. This is when the girl pretends or teases. This is most always mistaken for, "Kiss me quick" rather than "How's your will-power, bub?" She's testing and making plans for future dates with you. What is more important, a first night kiss, or a girl's respect and more dates? Remember what Shakespeare once said, "She is beautiful and therefore to be woo'd, she is a woman and therefore to be won." You can not win in one night, so why not wait?

Robert B. Baarlaer, USN
Patuxent River, Maryland

Gentlemen:

Most everyone thinks that his date for the evening expects a kiss either as a compliment or as a feeling of friendship. However, I don't agree with them. When he gets a kiss from a girl, it is not just something like a toy that can be discarded and set aside, but something that should be cherished and remembered. Personally, I like a girl who does not go around kissing everyone in town, but one who considers things first and does not give out kisses as if they were election pamphlets.

When my girl allows me a goodnight kiss, I feel as if I have won a major victory. Actually, what causes this problem is the one-time date with one girl one evening, and another the next. Part of this is the girl's fault. If she allows him to have a kiss, she encourages him and so he will come back for another date; but if she says no, he'll most probably go elsewhere. However, if the boy is the least bit interested, he will take her out again

until either he makes more headway or finds he is wasting his time.

All in all, though, I do not believe in first date kissing. If you have only one girl-friend, or a favorite, you are not bothered with this problem. That is how I solved it, gentlemen.

George Brozovic
Canton, Ohio

(The overwhelming majority of the letters we received from men on this subject was against first date kissing. Where, we wonder, is the "wild younger generation" so many people are complaining about?)

THE PORTSIDE PROBLEM

Gentlemen:

I have just finished reading "The Screwball Set" in the June issue of VAR-SITY, and I can certainly say that it has boosted my morale 100%!

Being a "lefty" myself, I have long sought revenge for those who are constantly making fun of left-handers. Now I can just let them read your story . . .

Whenever I'm writing a check, someone always has to say, "Why, that won't be any good, you're even using the wrong hand!"

Robert Kruse
Ira, Texas

(If nobody else wants them, we welcome all badly written checks, scribbled with either hand.)

BASEBALL PICS

Gentlemen:

In your June issue of VAR-SITY, Arlie Latham, as Mr. Baseball, picks his modern and 19th Century All-Star team. I see where he selects Hugh Duffy as one of the players, but said he was unable to get a picture of him. I have Hugh Duffy's picture along with hundreds of other baseball players that played around 1904 to 1912 and before that, also one of Arlie Latham when he was with the Giants.

These were and are, pictures of baseball players that came in packages of cigarettes at that time. I also have a scrap book made up of players according to teams. I would like to dispose of my collection of over 1,000 baseball players' pictures at a price, and I was wondering if you knew of someone who would be interested.

H. S. Wilkins
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(Any offers? Write to Mr. Wilkins.)

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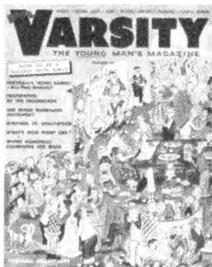
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Cover by Mort Walker



While it may be true that no single house-party features all the serewy situations Mort Walker depicts on the cover, most of them do occur during the course of any given school year. Our favorites are the coffee-cup grid strategists and the aggressive drum major-ette still going strong hours after the game.

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What's Going to Happen to

THE BOWL GAMES?

Hints of fraud, shaky financial setups and public apathy may cut down the more than 50 post-season games

By BILL CHIPMAN

THE antics of officers of the National Collegiate Athletic Association very often fail to make sense, or any great headway, but the lads have seized the bit with their stoutest molars in their drive to curb post-season football bowl games. The average NCAA committee fumbles the ball for the simple reason that it has too many members, too many cooks to spoil too much witches' brew. The bowl-curbng group, however, is made up of a working body of only nine which already has shown that its means business.

The NCAA never will be able to restrain the (illegal) recruiting of sturdy young men to play college football, since nobody ever has devised a way to curb the activities of eager alumni, but it does have the machinery to control the bowl business and this machinery already has been oiled up and made ready to run. To put what it deems to be undesirable bowls out of business the NCAA needs only to pass legislation prohibiting its members from participating in any but authorized bowl games.

What is an "undesirable" bowl? What are the chief complaints? The answers to these questions are numerous. Critics of bowl games center their attacks on distribution of money and tickets. A secondary squawk is that many, if not most, bowls are promoted for selfish motives—the glorification of a given community or the sale of certain tracts of real estate. Bowl opponents charge that, for reasons so non-athletic and so trivial as these, boys are taken from their studies in mid-December, carted hither or yon and kept away from classrooms until after colleges have reopened. All of this may

be true—and this applies to all bowls, even though some of the top promotions have outgrown their "chamber of commerce" beginnings. But there is really no record that any boy ever was an academic loser through having played in a bowl. No one team ever makes a bowl often enough to do appreciable academic damage to its players.

The complaints on money and tickets are more justified. Critics point out that the competing colleges never are able to get enough tickets at the important bowl contests and that they have tickets foisted on them at some of the smaller extravaganzas, with the admonition that they had better sell them or else. There is this story of a small college in a small bowl: The bowl, it seems, got into financial difficulties and attempted to pay off the college in question in tickets alone—a couple of days before the game was due to go on! There have been numerous charges, seldom if ever proved, that certain colleges were short-changed in certain bowls when crowds failed to materialize before the ticket windows with cash in hand.

The NCAA believes that it can remedy financial conditions and at least improve ticket conditions at all bowls it permits to operate. Nothing is promised, however, to the general public in the way of tickets. With more tickets demanded by the competing colleges, even fewer will be left for the public—and conditions are so bad in that line today that only a token public sale is held by all four leading bowls.

At its annual convention in New York in January, 1947, the NCAA very nearly (*Continued on page 40*)

FRATERNITIES at the



THIS Fall, with 17-year-olds instead of veterans dominating freshman classes on every college campus for the first time since V-J Day, collegiate social fraternities are entering Year One in their post-war existence. What they do, which way they orient themselves, may well prove more crucial than at any point in their 124-year history.

An institution peculiar to American universities, the Greek Letter societies have become the largest fraternal order in the United States, with more than one million members in 2,500 chapters. Yet today, at the peak of their numerical power, they are drawing increasingly severe criticism based on the premise that they are far from the ideal democratic institution. Many have attacked the exclusiveness of the system, the "blackball" that can keep a man out of a fraternity without his ever knowing why, the racial and religious lines formally drawn by a number of national headquarters and informally applied by many more local chapters.

Brown University President Henry M. Wriston stated the case of the critics in brief when he warned recently that "the Greeks will either represent a majority of the students . . . or they will not survive on this campus. As constituted," he added, "they are discriminatory, non-democratic and anti-intellectual."

On the other hand, a 20-page booklet issued by the Interfraternity Research and Advisory Council, summarizing university administration comments on the societies, calls them "one of the oldest student organized activities on the campus. They have continually attracted the interest and active participation of the finest and ablest students. Their contribution to the education and training of the student has been distinctly wholesome and varied."

Only a few schools have successfully banned fraternities—notably, Harvard, Princeton, Haverford, Oberlin and Wooster. State laws in South Carolina and Mississippi, prohibiting them at state-supported schools, were repealed within a few years of passage. In Arkansas, where the legislature excluded members of the societies from college honors and distinctions, most of the men affected chose to remain active Greeks.



Left, above, midnight-snack time at a Cornell fraternity house. Below, a lawn party in progress at an imposing Oklahoma A.&M. house. Fraternity living offers many similar social "extras" to dues-paying members.

CROSSROADS

Under fire from many quarters, the Greeks face a critical period in their long history

By JUD KINBERG and LEONARD HARRIS

Nevertheless, at this stage, one thing should be clear, even to the staunchest defenders of the system—too many sincere, intelligent, and influential people are debating the subject today for the fraternities simply to ignore the whole controversy. The Greeks will have to *do* something. And what that something is will be tremendously significant to the future of undergraduate life in the United States.

What many colleges hope for is a program to eliminate the faults without rooting up the entire system. These schools are watching with interest what is happening at Amherst College in Massachusetts, one of the Little Three.

In the Spring of 1946, the administration at Amherst called in student leaders of the 13 local chapters of national fraternities represented on campus. When the undergraduates left that meeting, Amherst had started its liberalization program. To be eligible to keep their houses open, chapters were asked to end any possible discrimination and to reduce dues payments to the national headquarters.

After approving the new rules at special house meetings, the chapters referred the matter to their higher echelon nationals. Delta Tau Delta, whose history dates back to 1860 and Bethany College in West Virginia, took immediate, negative action. It told Gamma Phi, its Amherst chapter, that membership restrictions must be maintained and national charges paid in full. Since Gamma Phi couldn't meet both sets of demands, Delta Tau Delta advised the local to remain closed until Amherst leaders toned down their demands.

The members, with veterans in the majority, decided differently. They told Delta Tau Delta to take back their charter. As they put it—"We welcome the opportunity to be in a fraternity, whether it be local or national, where we may exercise our democratic rights to determine with whom we may associate without let or hindrance from some power which considers itself higher than the country in which we live or the college we have chosen."

With that, the letters spelling out Delta Tau Delta were taken down from in front of the handsome Georgian house on (Continued on page 59)



Some schools try to provide social and recreational facilities for dormitory-living non-fraternity men (right, above) through student Unions. The Wisconsin Union, below, is a \$2,500,000, five-story standout in this field.

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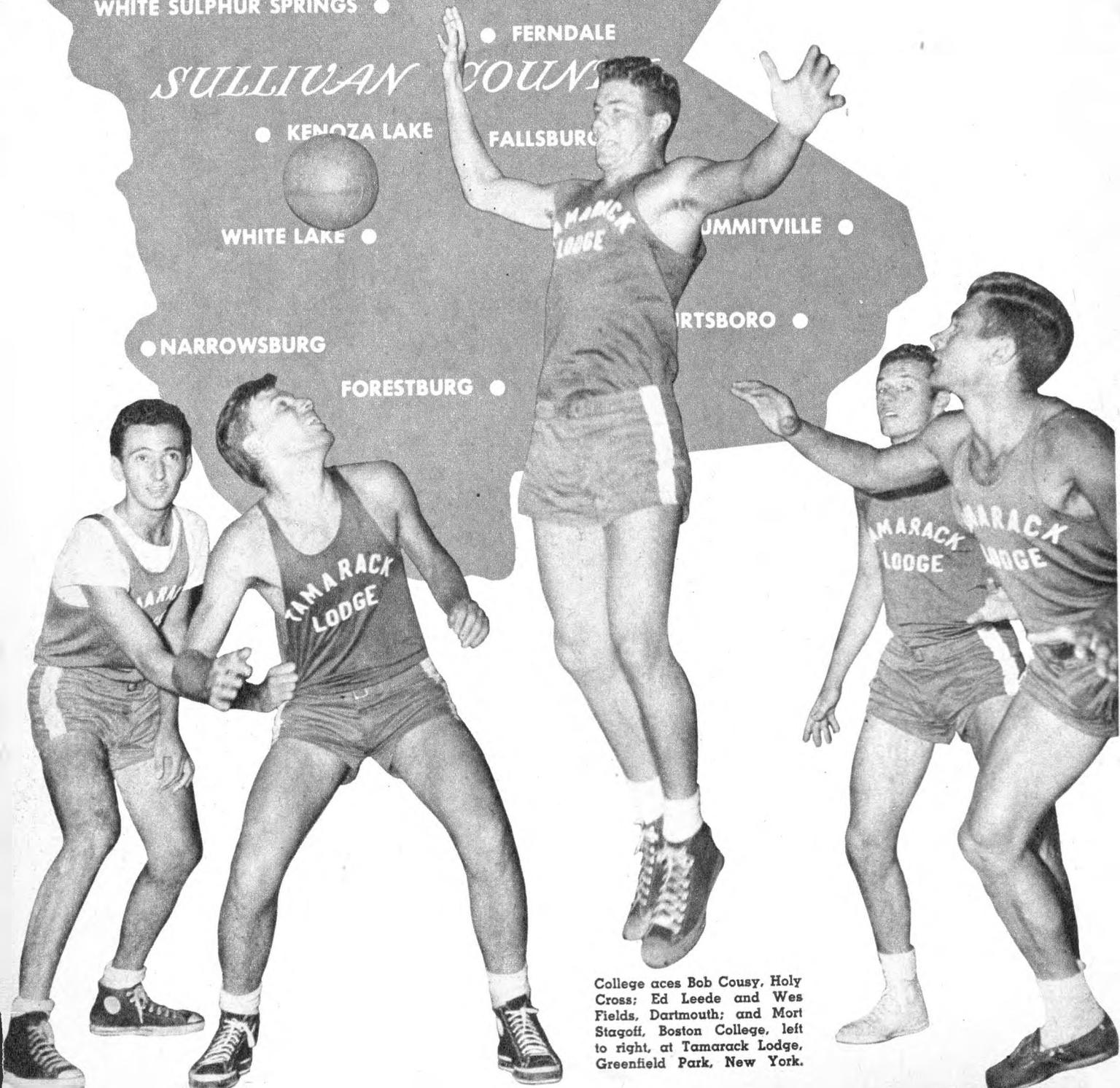
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CHAMPIONS are MADE

PAY your four-bit toll at the west end of the George Washington Bridge, nose your car northward along Route 17 and in less than two hours you'll be in the heart of the so-called "Borscht Belt"—that fabulous section of the Catskill Mountains which has spawned some of America's greatest comedians . . . and basketball players.

If a modern Rip Van Winkle were to rouse himself from a 20-year snooze in these picturesque Hudson hills, he'd find that the popular Summer pastime no longer consists of old gnomes rolling bowling balls, but young giants heaving basketballs. Indeed, the Catskills have become a hotbed of hoop activity in what used to be termed the off-season. Here's where collegiate "dark horses" come to cut their court eyeteeth . . . where conscientious regional stars develop into All-America aces . . . where even the professional players flock for the latest tricks of the trade.

All over the country now, the basketball season is just about starting. But court-wise habitues of Summer resorts in the Catskills already know that sophomores like Bob Wray, Notre Dame; Mel Seeman, NYU; Bob Joyce, Colgate; Jack McMahon, St. John's; Art Goldberg, Duquesne; and Bob Reiss, Columbia, are cinches to make the varsity this year.

They can also tell you that Charley Share, Bowling Green; Bob Cousy, Holy Cross; Zeke Sinicola, Niagara; Charley Cooper, Duquesne; Paul Arizin, Villanova; and Abe Becker, NYU, will be "there or thereabouts" when it comes to All-America honors next March.

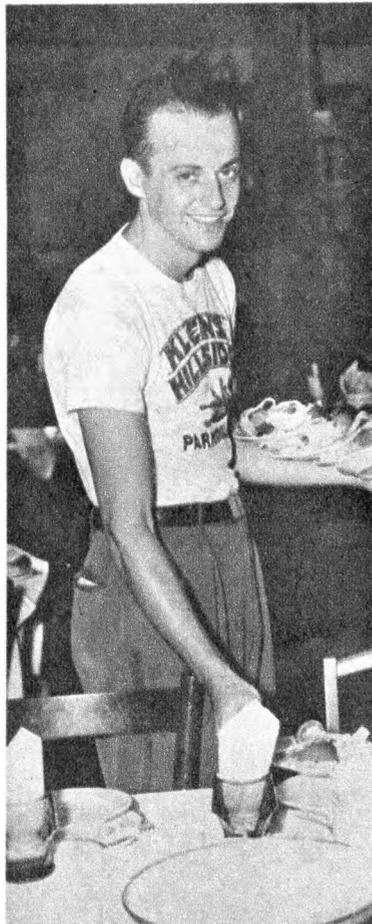
How can the Catskill vacationers tell? Well, these are the boys who waited on their tables, bell-hopped their luggage, handled their rowboats . . . and, twice a week, treated them to blistering basketball worthy of an 18,000 "house" at Madison Square Garden of a Winter's night.

Those of the Borscht Belt customers who don't mind wagering a bob or two on basketball made a killing back in 1947. Holy Cross entered the NCAA playoffs that year with a gang of unknowns . . . unknown, that is, to all but the aforementioned vacationers. In Round I, the Crusader quintet crushed a rugged Navy team. Next, they outslicked City College's favorites. When the kids wearing the purple of Holy Cross donned the robes of court royalty by routing Oklahoma for the national championship, the wisenheimer fans really collected on their bets. They had seen Bob Cousy, George Kaftan, Frank Oftring, Joe Mullaney and Dermott O'Connell playing as a unit for two Summers at Tamarack Lodge, Greenfield Park. These Holy Cross youngsters had split-second spot-passing down so perfect by the end of those seasons that they were a cinch to knock over just about any college opposition.

Any average (Continued on page 46)



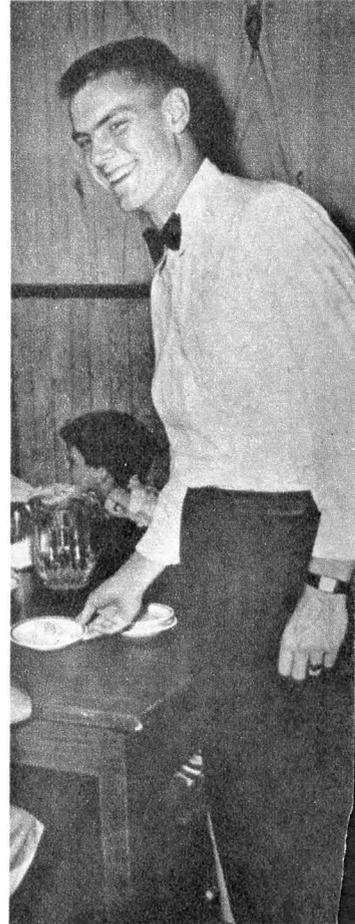
Joe Post
Brooklyn College
The Fallsview



Abe Friedman
Miami U.
Klein's Hillside



Charles Cooper
Duquesne U.
Alamac C. C.



Bob Wray
Notre Dame
Alamac C. C.

New Starlets in



Barbara Bates

DENVER born Barbara Bates took the roundabout, if not original, route to Hollywood—via New York, where she was a Conover model for a few months. Her photograph on a magazine cover brought an offer of a small role in "Salome". After a year at Universal studios Miss Bates signed a Warner Brothers contract, dyed her blond hair black, and played in "The Adventures of Don Juan". Next she'll appear with Mickey Rooney, Peter Lorre and Jeanne Cagney in "Quicksand". (U.A.)

Hollywood

Debra Paget

DEBRALEE GRIFFIN took her screen name from an actual ancestor, Lady Paget of England. Her more immediate relatives, most of them in show business, had always taken it for granted that this auburn-haired beauty would choose acting as a profession. Her film career began a good many rungs from the bottom of the ladder with a role opposite Richard Conte in "Cry of the City". Now she co-stars with Jimmy Stewart in Fox's Technicolor film "Broken Arrow".



YOU'VE heard the saying that opposites attract each other. The novelty of extreme differences in background or personality of two people is supposed to be conducive to romance. This may or may not be true. But among young men and women discussing marriage or courtship, these questions often arise:

"How much does it matter whether we are of the same nationality or religion? Why are parents often opposed to children marrying across religious lines? Is it all just prejudice? How great do differences have to be to constitute a "mixed marriage?"

The time to consider these questions is before the final choice of a marriage partner is made. Many marriages take place between people of widely different backgrounds, and success varies with the individuals involved. The chance for success is greater if the couple is aware at the outset that they will have to work harder for success than they would if they had similar backgrounds. All couples have *some* problems after marriage; in the mixed marriage, the number of problems is increased, and some problems which would normally exist are intensified. Any marriage that involves extreme differences may be called a mixed marriage, although the term is usually applied to those in which there is a difference in race, nationality or religion. First let's consider some of the religious aspects:

Bill Davis took his friends where and when he found them. Their religion didn't matter, and their race didn't concern him. Personality and character were what counted with Bill—surely a commendable attitude.

When he met Shirley Haire, it was love minus problems. The fact that her religion was different from his didn't disturb him any more than the fact that her eyes were blue while his were brown. Shirley believed in God, Bill believed in God, odds were that their children would be believers, too—and he felt that this, not the denomination of the churches they worshipped in, was the important thing.

Even if Shirley hadn't been completely convinced by this reasoning, she'd never have argued the point. The girl was too much in love to provoke an "unnecessary argument."

But the parents of Bill and Shirley feel differently. *They* believe that mixed marriages don't work and can't work.

Well, who's right?

No one can tell with absolute certainty what will happen if *you* marry a girl of different faith. Yet it is possible to make general predictions based on authentic studies. And if we change Bill and Shirley from two sweethearts to two statistics, we can make a prediction about their futures.

All other things being equal, their marriage is more likely to end in divorce than a marriage between two

people of the same religion.

Bill and Shirley—and you—will ask why this should be so. Aren't Americans more tolerant today than ever before? Isn't our understanding greater?

To begin with, let's recognize the fact that interfaith marriages are on the increase. And let's also grant that today's high school and college students attach decreasing importance to marrying across religious lines. In a study of 2,000 students at a mid-

At that time of intense hatreds and prolonged wars, each faith was convinced that the other was a heresy, and each believed that no measure to destroy the heresy was too strong. Today, many devout members of each religion still look upon those of the other church as lost souls.

And there's the first important point. Protestants fear that if a Protestant marries a Catholic, the children born will be brought up to be Catholic and so will be lost to

Are Mixed Marriages Advisable?

Now—before your final choice of a wife is

made—is the time to consider this vital question

By JUDSON and MARY LANDIS

**Based on their book "The Marriage Handbook,"
published by Prentice-Hall, Inc.**

Western college in 1947, 47% of the men and 59% of the women expressed a willingness to marry a person of a different faith.

America's religious population breaks down this way: we're made up of approximately 38,000,000 Protestants, 22,000,000 Catholics and 6,000,000 Jews. There are some 72,000,000 Americans who have no religious affiliation. This doesn't mean that we're almost fifty percent atheist, for the figure is made up largely of people with Protestant backgrounds, many of them children who are not old enough to become church members. Most Protestant churches do not receive children as members until they are 10 or 12 years old.

These three religions share certain beliefs and traditions; but they also have radical differences. One difference, for example, lies in their attitudes toward marriage. *And one similarity lies in the fact that each is unalterably opposed to interfaith marriages.*

Let's look first at a Protestant-Catholic marriage—the kind represented by Bill Davis and Shirley Haire.

Separating their two churches are not only doctrinal differences, but not-quite-forgotten bitternesses brewed during the period of the Reformation.

Protestantism. Catholics fear that the Catholic who marries a Protestant will become a lukewarm church member and that the children may be lost to the faith.

The Catholic church has fought an aggressive campaign to prevent interfaith marriages. But conscious of the fact that there will be people who disregard this teaching, they have also fought to guarantee that if such marriages are made, the children will remain in the Catholic church.

They attempt this in four ways:

First—if a Catholic marries a Protestant in spite of church pressure, the church asks that the Protestant take instruction in the Catholic faith. Regular classes are arranged for this purpose.

Second—the marriage must be performed by the Catholic church to be valid in the eyes of the church.

Third—agreements must be signed by the two parties to the marriage which agree that any children resulting from the marriage will be baptized and educated according to Roman Catholic precepts; that free exercise by the Catholic of his religion will neither be hindered nor criticized; that their marriage bond can be broken only by death; and that no marriage ceremony other than that



performed by the Catholic priest shall take place.

Fourth—the Catholic participant agrees that he has an obligation to induce his life partner to investigate the teachings of the Church seriously “in the hope that such investigation may lead to conversion.”

The Protestant denominations are without doubt as much opposed to interfaith marriages as the Catholics are. From the viewpoint of holding their members, they have, perhaps, reason to be more opposed because of the definite Catholic program of requiring that the children of interfaith marriages be brought up Catholic. The Protestants’ lack of a planned program to prevent or control interfaith marriages is due largely to the lack of organization among the many Protestant denominations.

In any event, what we have examined are the view-points of the two churches themselves, and their views are largely based on the feeling that interfaith marriage leads to “lukewarm religious attitudes.”

“But,” Shirley and Bill might say, “these are problems for the churches, not for us. How would our differing faiths affect our lives?”

Opponents of mixed marriage list five ways in which Catholic-Protestant differences may intrude on the daily, ordinary life of the couple.

First—the wedding ceremony itself. Who is to marry the couple, and where?

Second—birth control. Will the couple use mechanical means to prevent pregnancy?

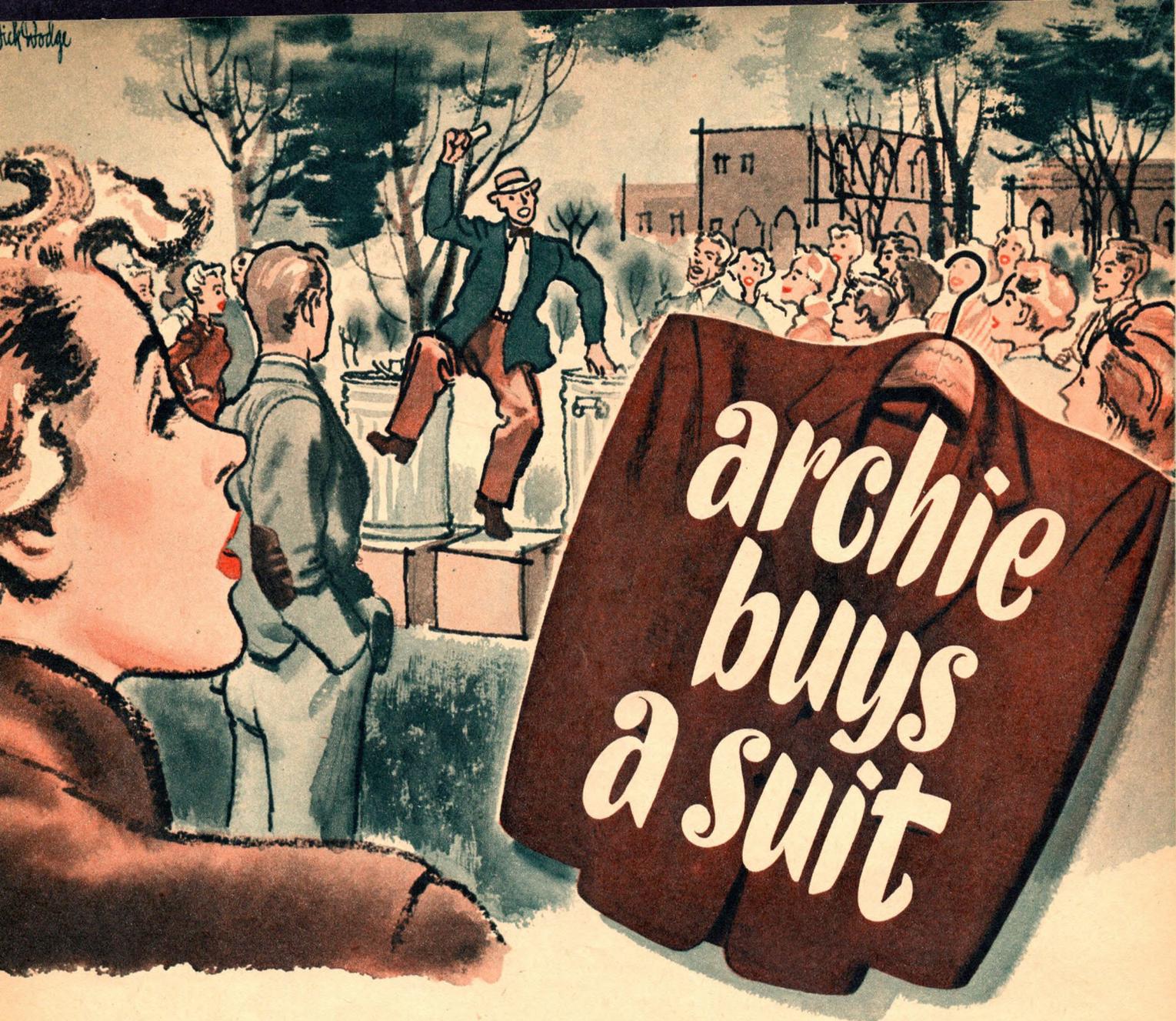
Third—divorce. Is their marriage contract to be viewed as a sacrament, ordained by God, and unbreakable except by death? Or is it to be viewed as a civil contract, which may be broken in accord with state or federal regulations?

Fourth—the religious training of children.

See if you can picture Shirley and Bill discussing their marriage ceremonies. In their opinion the important thing is to get married. Who marries them, where they are married—these are incidentals. They want to be wedded, period. But their parents feel different — one group wants a wedding ceremony performed by a minister; the other, by a priest. This, say those pointing out the difficulties of mixed marriages, is the first conflict.

Bill and Shirley, planning their family, next have to decide whether or not mechanical means of birth control are acceptable to them. While the Catholic church does not recognize such birth control methods, the majority of the larger denominations of the Protestant (Continued on page 48)

←
In the flush of real or fancied first love, many couples are blinded to the possible dangers they may meet if they rush into marriage. Success is more likely if problems are faced.



"We are being sold like slaves," the sorority girls giggled. That was Archie's simple scheme to finance a new suit. It worked, too

I WALKED to the office of the Campus Record and admired the blue sky and the frisky squirrels. What a dull place, a college campus can be on a Friday afternoon!

I sat down at my editor's desk and opened a comic book. Then the door swung open and Betty, all loveliness and cream, stood before me—a fire raging in her eyes.

"Chesterfield," she demanded, "What are you going to do about Archie?"

"What can anyone do about Archie? I asked.

"I don't mean that," she said. "He's raffling off all the girls in the sorority!"

"Gosh," I said.

"Stop him," she threatened, "Or I'll never split another B in a class with you as long as I live."

"No!" I cried.

By DICK PERRY
Illustrated by Dick Dodge

"Yes!" she yelled.

Then she was gone—Betty and all her loveliness.

I picked up the telephone.

"Sure," said the voice of my bunkie, "I'm raffling off all the sorority girls to the football players. And, of course, I'm selling raffles to the football players to the sorority girls. The two lucky winners of different gender will get a free weekend date with each other. The green is piling in. We need a new suit, don't we?"

His logic was sound, so I hung up. Then I called another number.

"We are being sold like slaves," the sorority giggled. "The housemother has just told the dean."

"No," I muttered.

"Yes," the sorority giggled.

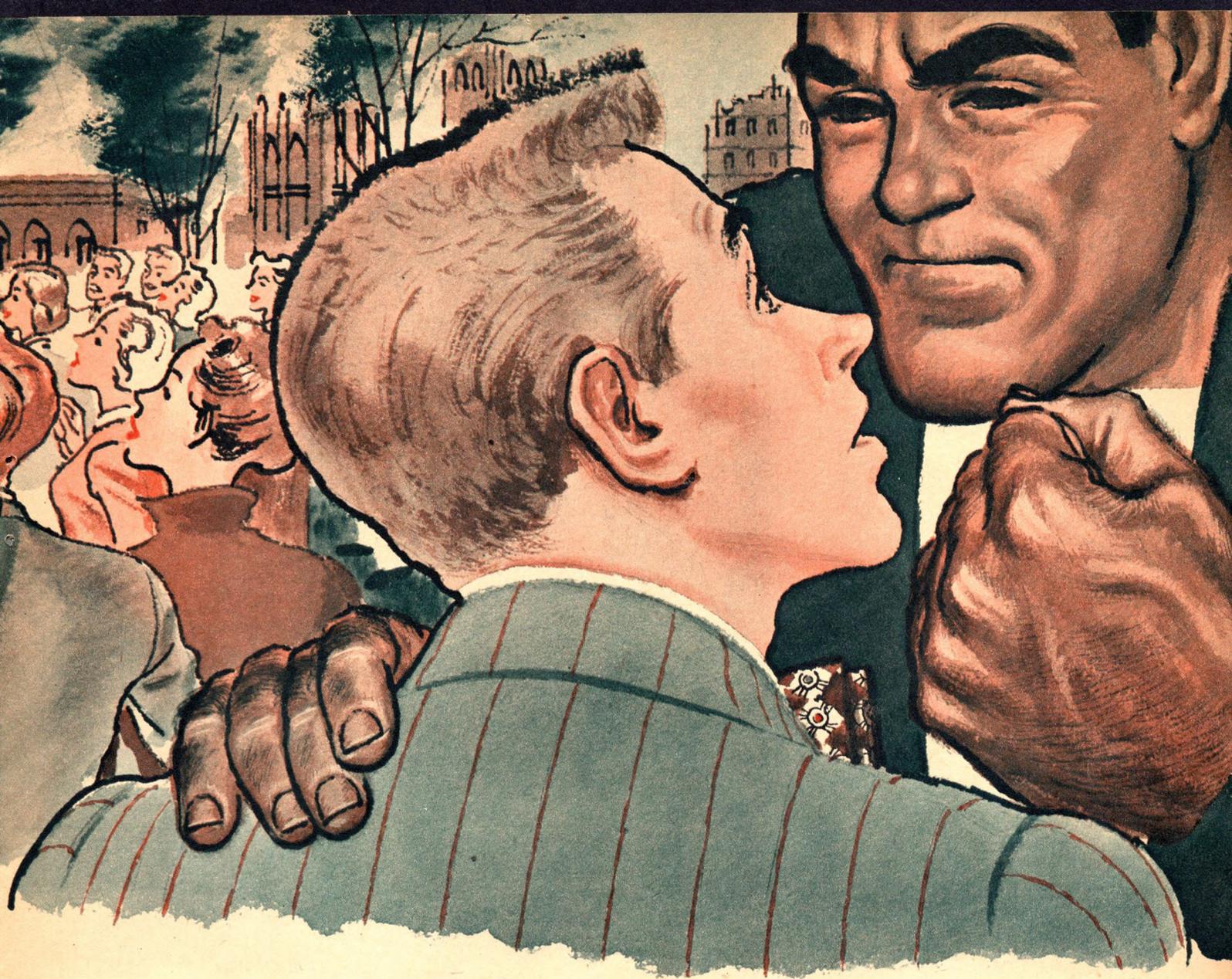
I rang down the phone. Suddenly I thought the lights had gone off, because I was covered with a huge shadow. It was cast by the brute figure of one Rollo, football player, looming over my desk.

"Chesterfield!" he roared, "Archie is raffling off the whole football team to girls. I hate women. Their names should not be associated with football players in the same sentence. Stop this stupidity or I'll break every bone in your puny body. I'll break one now just to give you the idea."

"I have the idea," I mumbled.

When he left, the telephone rang again.

"This is Dean Williams, Chesterfield. I'm warning you, there better not be any trouble—like you usually start. Your friend is raffling off soror-



"You dumbbell!" Rollo yelled. "Raffling off a real-live football player to a lot of women! . . ."

ity girls and football players. But I suppose I don't have to tell you that. He hasn't the brains to do such a thing, but who once sold the chapel bell to the junk man?"

"I did," I answered proudly.

"And who painted a white stripe down the back of my black gown?"

"I did," I answered proudly.

"And who once filled a football with cement during an alumni-faculty game, causing a board member to break his toe?"

"I did," I answered proudly.

"Of course, you did," he sputtered. "And when are you going to try and raffal off the faculty?"

"Say!" I answered, "That's not a bad idea. But on second thought, no one would buy a raffle for stakes like that!"

"I'm warning you," he screamed. "If any trouble comes from this silly raffle, I'll bounce you out of school so fast you'll think you matriculated in a wind tunnel."

Just then Archie popped into the office.

"It's going great," my bunkie said. "I'm going to hold the raffle tonight so the winners can have their date this weekend. We'll be plenty of chips up. We'll get that new suit."

Who was I to disagree? I just looked at him and asked, "We won't have any trouble, will we?"

"Trouble?" he asked unbelievably. "What's that?"

* * *

Archie stood on a soap box in the middle of the campus. All the sorority girls and football players were crowded around him. He was about to draw the lucky numbers.

Me? Well, I always shun publicity and spotlights. Besides, someone might have set fire to that soapbox, if anything went wrong.

My lovely Betty gave me one of those knifey looks. She didn't seem too pleased.

Rollo was less subtle. He lumbered over to me, looked down, and yelled, "I hate women! You dumbbell—raffaling a real-live football player to a lot of women. I should pull your

arms out and belabor your brain with your own carcass!"

"Go away, bone-crusher," I said, and quickly ran to the other side of the crowd.

Archie reached in the garbage pails and drew out the two winners. Before their names were out of his mouth, I was barricading the door to my room with the desk and bed.

They were my lovely Betty and rugged Rollo.

* * *

I should have stood in bed. I could only be lucky so long. On Tuesday, as I was walking across campus, I felt an arm grab me from behind and twirl me around like a top. It was Rollo. I wondered which bone he would break first.

But he just smiled and patted me on the back. By the time I picked myself up off the grass, I could see he meant it as a friendly gesture.

"Chesterfield," he said, "I love you." I shuddered. His first love pat had still left me groggy.

He was (Continued on page 55)

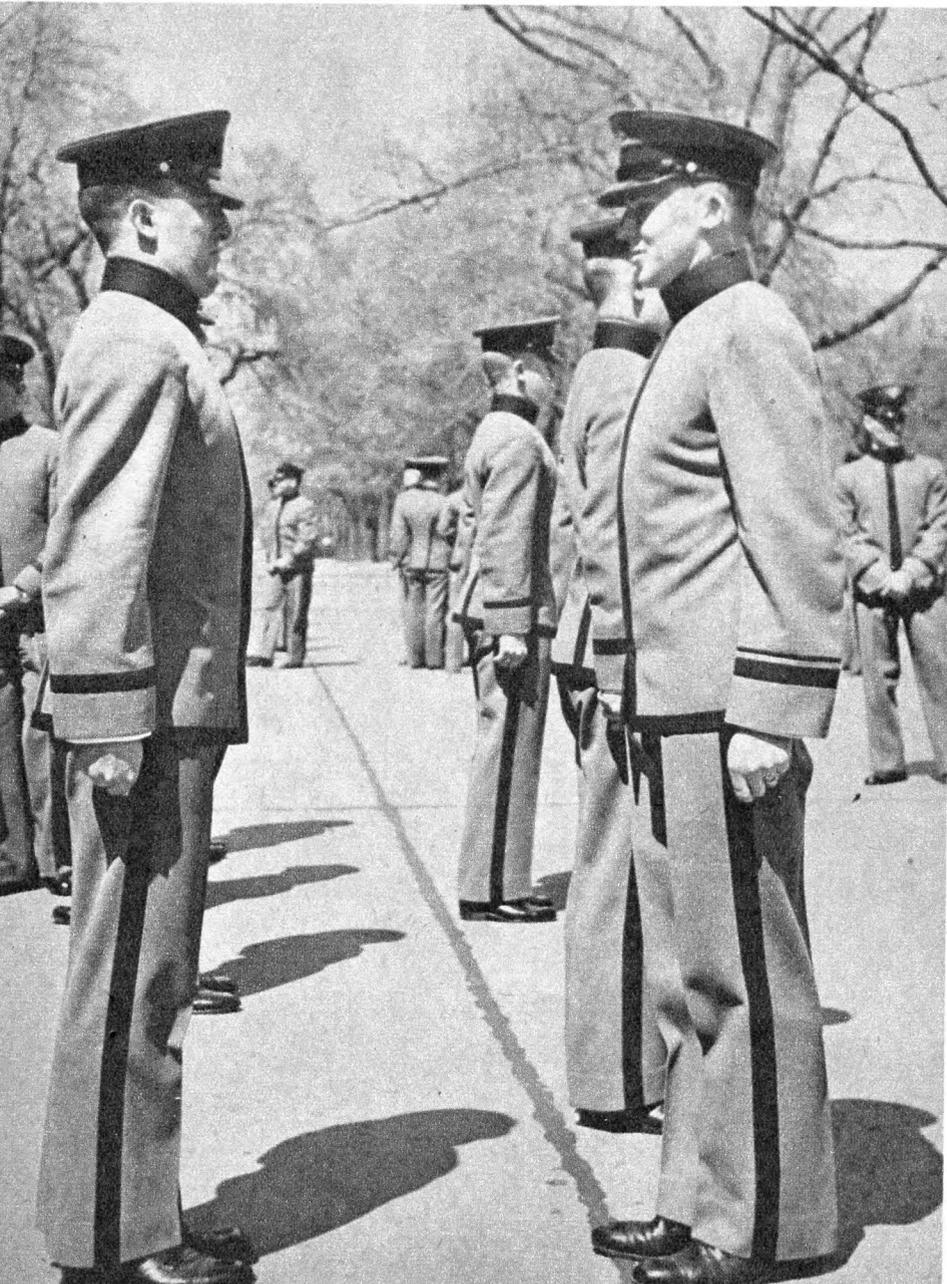


As if to overlook all activities at the Academy, the Chapel occupies a dominating position on the hillside.

INSIDE WEST POINT

Goal of many young Americans, the Academy admits a select few each year. Here, a 1949 graduate takes you through four years of cadet life

By LT. ELMER BRUCE PETERS



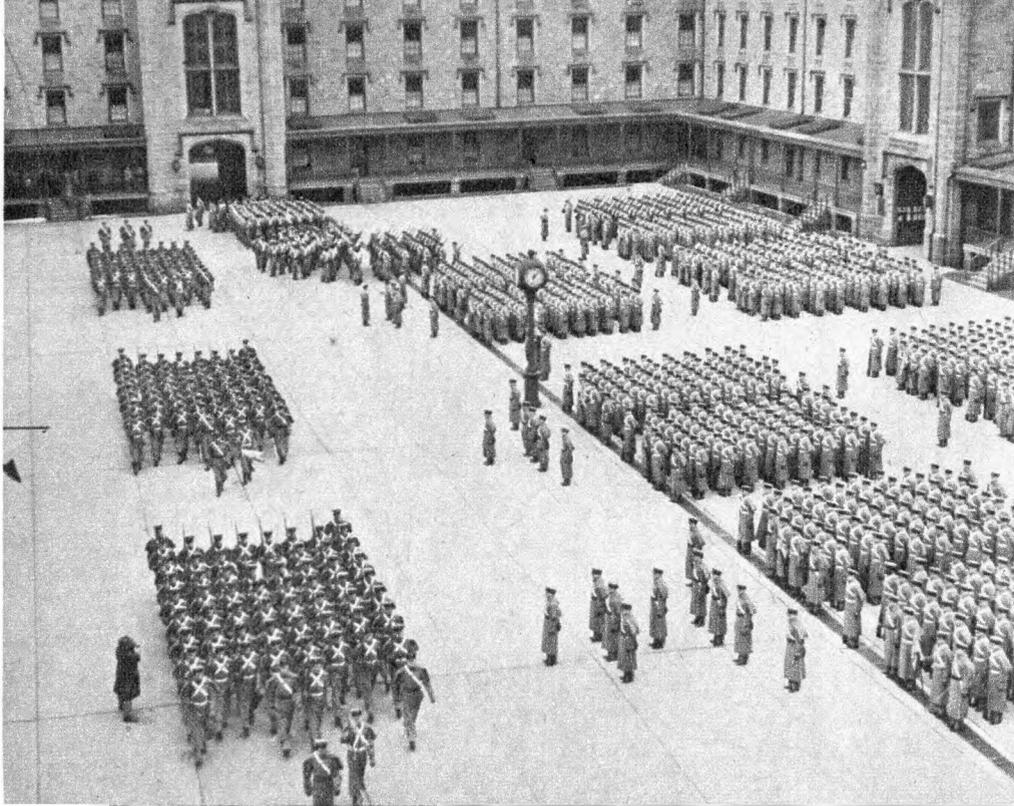
Stand tall, Mister! Plebes are subject to closest scrutiny by all upper-classmen. The stripe on the sleeve indicates the class. Cadet at left is a Plebe, has no service stripe; at right, a Yearling, denoted by his one stripe. Other classes: Cow (junior), First Class (senior).

For information on entrance requirements at West Point, write to the Adjutant General, Department of the Army, Washington 25, D. C., attention Military Academy Section.

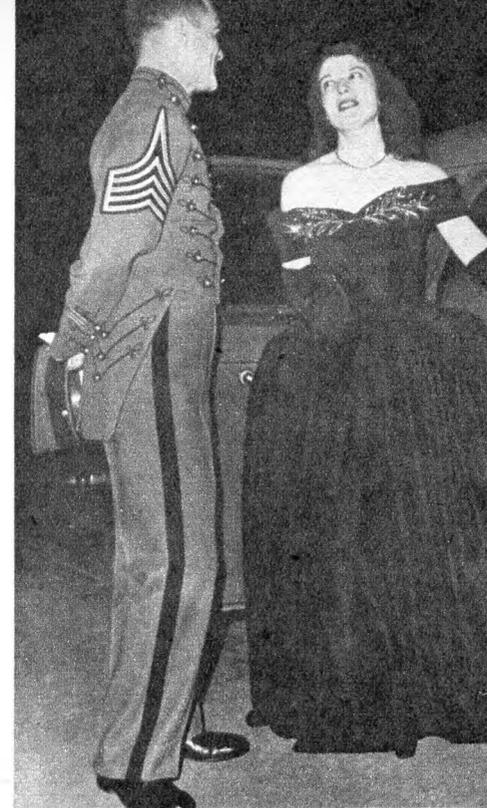
EACH year, on the first Monday in July, approximately 700 men walk up the long hill from the railroad station at West Point, New York, and follow the signs saying "New Cadets Report Here"—to begin their careers at the United States Military Academy. They come from all walks of life and all parts of the country. Some have college training or prior service in the Armed Forces, and some are just out of high school. Their fathers may be Pennsylvania miners, Texas ranchers, or New York brokers.

When they reach the last sign at the top of the hill, these men enter upon four busy, exciting years—different from anything they have experienced before. Some will succeed here; others won't. But from this point forward, success will be determined solely by their own abilities and effort. Here, then, are some of the highlights of life as a cadet . . .

Of the four years, Plebe year makes the greatest impression on one's memory. If you should come here as a cadet, the first day of New Cadet Barracks would be a significant part of that memory, for it starts the transition from the PCS (previous condition of servitude) to that of a cadet imbued with the traditions and the honor of the Corps. When you're told that first day to "Stand tall, Mister! Pop your chest up! Now move your chin in!"—the end might seem a long way off; but the process has already started. Although the end of the first day never comes too soon, the start of the second is worse. The reveille gun and the Hellcats' (traditional name for the drum and bugle part of the band) Reveille music blast you out of bed almost as if it



Pass in review. The Corps marches past the reviewing stand during a bandbox review in Central Area. Here, too, on Saturday and Wednesday afternoons, those cadets who have gone over their demerit allowances, spend their free time walking the area as punishment.



Weekend hops break the academic routine. But the social interlude ends promptly at 1800 (6:00 PM) on Sunday.

were the dawn of Judgment Day.

As the training in New Cadet Barracks progresses, you would be completely outfitted with uniforms and equipment, and by the time the period was finished, your professional knowledge would roughly equal that of a soldier after his basic training. The new cadet's summer training ends with a hundred-mile hike, and is followed by assignment to lettered companies for the academic year.

The academic grind starts soon after this assignment; here is a brief calendar of the rest of Plebe year and its bright spots:

Football season with occasional trips to New York for the games there. The climax comes with the Navy game. If Army wins, the Plebes may "fall out" (not be required to brace) for two weeks.

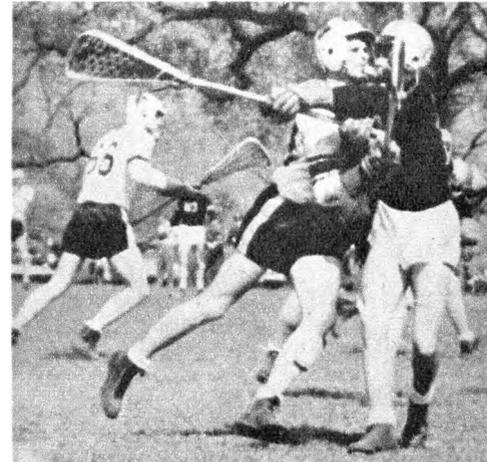
Plebe Christmas. All the upper-classmen go home on furlough, and the Post "belongs" to the Plebes for ten days. Skiing, ice-skating, the hops, and freedom from the Plebe system make as fine a Christmas away from home as possible.

Hundredth Night. This night, one hundred days before graduation and leave, ends what is known as Gloom Period, which starts when the upper-classmen return from Christmas leave. On Hundredth Night an all-cadet show is presented. Also, on that night, the Plebes can tell upper-classmen what they think of them without fear of retribution.

Graduation. This event tops them all for Plebe-year bright spots. The Plebe onus is cast off with the hand-clasps of recognition immediately following Graduation Parade. Everyone in the class (Continued on page 56)



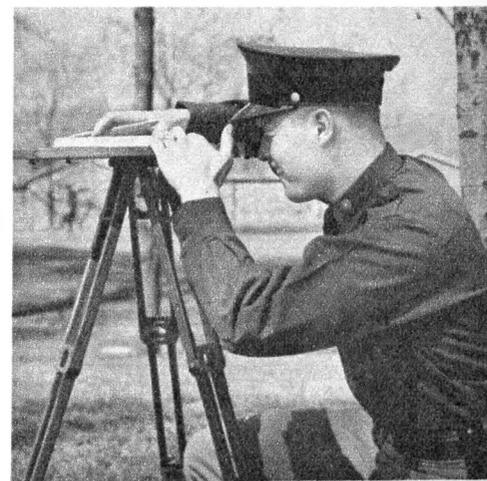
A guard puts up the "overcoat" flag. This is the way cadets are informed that the same uniform will be worn at succeeding formations that day.



Sixty percent of the Corps is out for intramural sports; the rest, for inter-collegiate. Lacrosse is very popular.



Men of many armies meet on the grounds at West Point. Above, a cadet escorts officer from England's Royal Military College around "campus."



Training at the Academy includes both humanities and technical subjects. Above, work in Military Topography.



If you think you can find the answers in a book, go ahead . . .



Be courteous . . .



Be a sport . . .

How to be a Success

ALL right, gentlemen, before we start the discussion, let's all put our opium pipes away and stop dreaming about becoming the idol of all the women in America. To achieve such a position of dubious value, a man would have to have at least three heads: one blond and rugged for the gals who like the outdoor type; one dark and smooth for those who swoon over Latin looks; and one pale and lined for the sophisticate lovers. He must also own several different personalities and physiques: one set for the babes who yearn for the strong, silent he-men; one for the motherly chicks who like 'em weak and dependent; and one for the in-betweens who don't care what characteristics a man has when they meet him just so long as he's willing to be pushed around according to their whims.

He'd have to have a lot of other things too (including a barrel of money) . . . but you get the idea. Pleasing more than one woman at a time is no task for mere mortal man. Indeed, it has gotten those few hardy ones who've attempted it into troubles too distressing to relate.

So, the problem quickly shakes down to pleasing one particular girl,

which is no mean achievement in itself, as we shall see.

And first, like the man in front of all those little windows in the Automat, you've got to decide which is your own special cup of tea. Fortunately, in this respect, Nature lends a helping hand. Rare, indeed, is the fellow who, at least once in his teens, doesn't run across a package of young, blossoming womanhood and say to himself: "There, Allah be praised, is the girl for me!" You see her and whom—that's it. She's for you, and no other will do, as the songwriters say. And then the fun, if you can call it that, begins.

Well, gentlemen, what does the accumulated wisdom of centuries of male-female courtship offer us in the way of advice with our problem? Unhappily, the written record is both meager and spotty. Those literate Lotharios who could bring themselves to set down their experiences seem mostly to have been poor, sad-eyed souls who sighed their broken-hearts away while the girls of their dreams and their poems ran off with assorted squares, butlers and traveling salesmen. This is no help at all, unless you're looking for pointers on how to

keep from committing suicide after getting the cold shoulder. Truly, very little on how to be successful with women has been handed down to us from the past. However, taking that information such as it is, and adding to it the results of extensive first-hand research made possible by a generous expense-account from VARSITY'S editor, we have amassed some data which bears careful examination.

Before going into the actual mechanics of things like wangling an introduction to a girl or how to plan a date, let's first digest some general information which you should have in the back of your mind all the time—before and during your popularity campaign. We have grouped this material arbitrarily under headings which we feel are more convenient than the conventional ones.

HER APPEARANCE—CLOTHES, HAIR-DOS, MAKEUP:

These three subjects are loaded with pitfalls that have trapped more unwary men than there are herring in the North Sea. And, believe us, there are so many other things that can go wrong, that a fellow is a fool to antagonize his girl just because he doesn't like the insane hat she's wear-



Be a football hero . . .



Be smoooooth . . .



And then be-ware, because nobody knows all the right answers . . .

with Girls

Having a rough time of it? Consider the girls—they have to wait around for your calls

By ALEX BENTLEY
Illustrated by Vic Herman

ing. how unappealingly she combs her hair and how much lipstick she lards on her lips.

You don't have to be a Milquetoast about these things either. Just remember this—girls today (and, for that matter, ever since Eve zipped into her fig-leaf) take the business of what they should wear and how to improve their looks very, very seriously. Mama starts them off with pin-curls, permanent waves and lace panties beginning at age five or even before that. They spend a great deal of time thinking, studying and discussing these matters with their friends. They're bombarded with propaganda on the subject in newspapers, magazines and books, and via radio and television. They can't avoid it, even if they want to—which they don't. When you settle down on a Saturday afternoon to listen to Notre Dame versus Army, chances are your girl is either window-shopping, in a beauty parlor or boning up on the latest style edicts from the fashion-kings of Paris, New York and Hollywood.

With that kind of background, just how big a hit do you suppose you make when you pick up your date for the evening, take one look at her and

bellow: "Wow! Where did you get that HAT? That one just SLAYS me . . . hah, hah!" . . . or "Lookit the HAIR-DO on the kid! You look as if you just stepped out of a WIND TUNNEL! Yipe!" . . . Just how big a hit, huh? The poor chick has spent hours and days assembling this particular get-up, and you waltz in and demolish her dreams of irresistible loveliness with a fast wise-crack . . . you heel.

The thing to do, especially when asked for your opinion, is to pretend to take the whole business as seriously as your girl does. You don't have to agree with her (but if you do, by all means say so vigorously); you can disagree completely about the way she's decorated herself for the evening. But when you tell her about it, don't be flip, boy—be earnest. Tell her her outfit doesn't bring out the best in her, and what you think would. Actually, there should be a certain amount of self-interest here on your part; you certainly want your date to look well. At any rate, *be serious*, not sarcastic.

Look at the situation in reverse. You're standing around with the boys, deep in the last-week pennant battle

of the Dodgers and the Cards. Robinson's in a slump, Musial's pulled a tendon; Branca can't find the plate with the Palomar telescope, and Schoendienst has the flu. Things are rough. Important issues at stake. *You* know . . . Along comes this normally-intelligent, well-built gal who rates pretty high with you up to that moment, and gives out with; "Rodger-Dodger, baseball, phooey! What a silly game for grown-up men to be arguing about!"

See what we mean?

One last thought on this subject. When you realize that girls are so thoroughly aware of appearances, it should come as no surprise to you that they are keenly interested in how *you* look too. They are just as critical of you in this respect as they are of other girls. If you persist in dressing like a tramp, smelling like an old goat and letting your hair resemble a weather-beaten bird's nest, your chances for popularity with the opposite sex are reduced to the point of invisibility. Since they spend so much time on their own appearance, girls are quick to note—and appreciate—any special effort you make in this direction. *You* (Continued on page 63)



A pair of Radcliffe College girls try out for the female lead in the film, as producer William Alden, left, Harvard, '50, watches; Michael Roemer, '49, author and director, supervises; cameraman is Hugh Foster, '49.

HARVARD *VS.* HOLLYWOOD

Fed up with glamor and happy endings,
a bunch of the boys up in Cambridge make
their own "different" movie

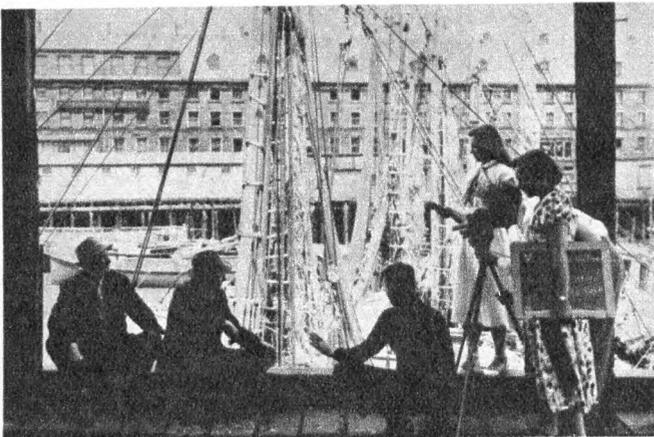
by N. L. ENGELSMAN

THE movies are everybody's business! Toss a comment about them into almost any group and you're pretty sure to flush some highly verbal critics of Hollywood techniques, each one eager to explain—and at length—just where the film-makers err, and to point out just what he, himself, would do if supplied with actors and a megaphone.

Now, to these self-appointed experts has been added a bright band of Harvard undergraduates who have declared themselves against Hollywood glamor and the conventional happy ending. But here there is a difference. Unlike the common or garden variety of amateur critic, the Cambridge contingent, known as Ivy Films, has practiced what it preaches and—wonder of wonders—has actually turned out a movie!

Whether this particular campus protest against a run-of-the-mill screen fare will cause movie moguls any loss of sleep is doubtful. It is also beside the point, because even if the young rebels have not succeeded in showing Hollywood any new tricks, their experiment is fascinating for the enthusiasm that spurred it into being. It is unique for difficulties encountered and surmounted.

The "father" of Ivy Films is a Harvard Senior, William L. Alden of Wellesley, Mass. He was only a Sophomore when the idea hit him and it struck, of all places, in a telephone booth! As Alden explains it, one minute he was just standing there looking out through the glass panes of the booth into a hotel lobby, waiting for his connection. And then, suddenly, he found himself wondering what stories lay behind such situations as a girl anxiously comparing her wrist watch with the lobby clock; the rapturous meeting of a girl and boy; the



For fill-in shots, the boys wandered from the campus in search of interesting backgrounds. They found one, above, on Boston's fishing docks, but were chased off Beacon Hill by an unsympathetic cop.



With money lacking for props, sets and stages, the action was filmed outdoors for the most part. Above, part of cast goes through a scene for cameramen Hugh Foster and Robert Young. Film is available for college showing this fall.

antics of a harried family man herding a flock of unruly children to the elevator; the gestures of an angry woman voicing a complaint to the desk clerk.

This sort of thing was real, thought Alden. Here was material for a life-like movie, one that breathed truth instead of cliches! And what better place to make it than right at college?

History is silent on whether Mr. Alden ever completed his phone call. It does relate, however, that he left the booth and hurried to insert a hopeful notice in *The Crimson*, Harvard's newspaper, inviting any students who were interested in making movies to come to a meeting and discuss the possibilities. A surprising number of potential producers responded to the summons. Certainly, they were eager to show Hollywood how things really should be done!

Thus: Ivy Films which boasts a membership of 54 earnest workers from Harvard and neighboring Radcliffe women's college. Alden, naturally enough, was its first President and has since been succeeded by Charles Yoder, '49.

The scenario decided upon for first filming is called *A TOUCH OF THE TIMES*, and bears no relation in setting or characters to Alden's hotel lobby inspiration. It does, however, carry out his determination to defy Hollywood tradition; to be different. A wistful little fantasy, its like will not be found on any commercial screen today. That, instead, it harks back to what the screen was showing a quarter of a century ago, may just pos-

sibly give Hollywood the last laugh.

The author of the script, Michael Roemer, '49, likens the film to a ballet with action and meaning expressed entirely in terms of movement. Mr. Roemer comments that Rene Clair and Charlie Chaplin influenced both his writing and the techniques of filming. And, indeed, a whimsical little suicide who dominates many sequences of the film bears a decided resemblance to the master clown with the splay feet and wispy mustache. This Chaplinesque role is played by Roemer, himself, and his frustrated attempts to take his life by various means supply grotesque but somehow delightful comedy.

The main theme of the picture touches on the "class struggle." A factory hand starts a kite-flying craze among his fellow-workers. The fad takes hold and the factory magnates are appalled and distressed by the innocent fun it brings to their employees. There must be something subversive about so amusing a sport, they figure, and so an edict forbidding it is passed.

The satire is pleasant though a bit difficult to follow. The kite, of course, is a symbol: once a means of recreation for a tired individual, it becomes the instrument for a ridiculous clash between two social orders. There are comic news headlines viewing with alarm the seditious kite-flying trend, meetings of bosses and workers at which nothing is accomplished, and stirring soap box harangues by an energetic labor agitator. This character, known (Continued on page 32)



Theme of movie is struggle between factory workers, foreground, above, and bosses, rear, over workers' hobby of flying kites.



On borrowed projector, rushes are run off. Romance shown above has unhappy ending, in keeping with plan to be "different."



The Nuts of Chestnut Street

Think you have it tough in that nice Quonset hut? Quilty thinks you ought to sign a ten-year lease—quick! Because this wild story of his life in a Boston boarding-house is all true!

By GLENN QUILTY

Illustrated by William Von Riegen



"Christmas Eve was an unforgettable night . . . the confusion was indescribable . . . I finally climbed down the fire escape and spent the night at the YMCA . . ."

THE current shortage of living quarters forces students to live where best they can, so I was prepared for the worst when I landed in Boston, low in funds, on a bright autumn afternoon not long ago. I had been awarded a scholarship in piano and composition at the New England Conservatory of Music and was eager to start my classes under master musicians.

Not wishing to sponge on friends, I decided to take anything short of a tool shed. It was comforting to think that the great musicologist Olin Downes had, in his student days, lived in a piano packing-case in the corner of a friend's Back Bay studio.

The YMCA was filled to capacity and I had no connections with fraternities or clubs, so I started tramp-

ing the streets for a room. One lady I called on smoked a large black cigar as she conducted me to an attic entered by a trap door and a ladder. The roof was so low I had to bend double just to look at the place, and the bed was an old mattress on a base of solid bricks. She wanted twelve dollars weekly for this arrangement. I withdrew. Another landlady graciously offered me a small cozy room for eight dollars, but all the roomers had to pass through it to get to the bathroom, which caused me to decline politely once again.

I kept on searching with the realization that all the good places had been taken and that only the more dismal closets and grottos were left. At one place they admitted that the room had been a mop closet; a small window had been cut high in the wall and if I stood on a chair I could look smack into a clanging brewery next door. The small portable electric heater could not be used since it set the walls afire, no matter where placed, because the room was so narrow. One family offered me a nice room free if I would take care of their red-faced, squalling baby and a fierce mastiff the size of a pony who knocked me down even as my hand was on the doorbell.

So, in dire need, I sauntered up to the smart district built around the famous old Bullfinch Capitol where I had some acquaintances who might be of service to me in my plight.

When I finally took a room at Mr. Rodrigue's exclusive guest house on Boston's Beacon Hill, I was ill-prepared for the fabulous goings-on that took place behind the serene facade—Colonial and dignified—of his old house, one of many such lining Chestnut Street.

My first intimation of the various disasters within came as I stood on the porch with my hand on the bell. There was a terrific noise of some great rumpus inside the house, and an outpouring of thick smoke from around and under the door. I thought this rather strange, but continued ringing until the door opened suddenly and a man in a three-cornered hat, white wig, red suit and cap of the period of George Washington motioned me in.

I found myself in a small hall, on the right of which was a huge, high-ceilinged drawing-room, while on the left, a massive and elaborate staircase wound upward. The entire scene I beheld was one of glorious confusion: men and women in gorgeous Colonial costumes rushed up and down the staircase and in and out of the drawing-room, all shouting wildly—swords were brandished—angry words were heard—and the whole was enveloped in a haze of smoke.

I just stood there. Presently, Mr. Rodrigue, whom I had known socially for some years, came up to me, himself in costume, and inquired my business in a calm way as if nothing were

going on around us. I told him of my wish to live there and he piloted me upstairs through the melee.

The only room available was an unheated one on the top floor, with slanting ceilings and a window overlooking the city. While we were settling the financial arrangements, a great banging and booming took place below—smoke wafted up and I was sure I heard someone shouting through a megaphone. I hesitated to ask Mr. R. if these proceedings were a regular occurrence in his house, since he had not referred to the clamor at all; but as he was descending the stairs, I screwed up enough courage to refer to the pageant below. He tossed it off quickly with—"Oh, a motion picture company has been taking a film on the Hill and they asked me if they could do a scene here. So I have let the house to them for a few days. What you saw was a rehearsal—you'll get used to it." Then his white-wigged head disappeared down the stairwell.

I soon realized that I would have to get used to a great many things. But since rooms were so scarce, I felt I was lucky to find even this one in such a nice neighborhood. As the days went by I became aware of, but never quite accustomed to, the various lodgers who had assembled to lead their very individualistic lives in the place. It often seemed to me as if all the peculiar and wonderful people in the country had decided that this was the spot for them and had then descended on it en masse.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodrigue lived in the basement of their twenty-one-room house and entertained now and then in the handsome first-floor drawing-room, which was richly furnished with articles that had been left by tenants who were unable to pay their bills, and leftover oddities from the auction rooms and second-hand shops of the city. Mr. R. was about forty, medium in height, dark and by profession a violinist; Mrs. R. was thirty years his senior, over six feet tall, deaf, and given to speaking in a small squeaky voice.

Among the tenants was a Miss Evlathine Pflugfelder (this is not her name—but her real one is just as hard to spell), who had a marionette troupe. She was constantly rushing up and down stairs with several of her actors dangling from strings, talking loudly and excitedly about them as if they were alive. Sometimes she would whisk around a corner and drag the dolls along on the floor after her, the effect to the onlooker being that several extremely small boys were creeping along ahead of him. Miss P. also imitated all her actors in different voices—one would hear a babble of various dialects only to discover Miss P. alone in her room, rehearsing. Several times I was startled by what appeared to be a small man that had been hung up in the hall by (Continued on page 53)



Remember the name Charlie Moore. A Cornell junior, he's the hottest quarter-mile and distance hurdler now on the way up.

We Predict: NEW CHAMPS COMING UP!

Some of these boys are "unknowns" today—But by the end of the coming indoor track season they'll be called our best bets for the next Olympics

By JOE SHEEHAN,
Sportswriter, N. Y. Times

COUNTRIES are pouring in to Dan Ferris, Asa Bushnell and Tug Wilson. Jack Lavelle has let out another reef in his voluminous tuxedo. The split-second watches of Tommy Lennon's expert timers have been adjusted to perfect microsynchrony. Glowing adjectives are poised trippingly on the tongue of the grandiloquent Pinky Sober.

In short, everything is in readiness for the 1950 whirl around track and field's grand circuit. This merry chase will keep the spiked-shoe set fast and furiously in action for the next six months, in the big city arenas, the college fieldhouses, the mommoth relay carnivals and the climatic sectional, conference and national championship meets of the AAU and NCAA.

The background scenery and other trappings of this ever-colorful pageant of speed, spring and strength remain much the same. But the current show, whose underlying theme is the development of a United States team for the inaugural Pan-American Games at Buenos Aires in the winter of 1951, will have many new faces in the spotlight, many new names in the bold type of the programs.

A whole new generation of limber-legged, long-winded and brawny-armed youngsters is ready to step up into the places of the illustrious legion that wore the American shield with such distinction at London two summers ago. The changing of the guard

that commenced right after the 1948 Olympics will near completion this year.

It was noteworthy last summer, when the AAU rounded up its fifty-two man squad for the dual meet with the Scandinavian countries in Oslo and side tours through other European countries, that only twenty-one of the sixty-five athletes who constituted the Olympic squad of 1948 qualified for this very appealing junket.

The United States had nine individual winners at White City Stadium. Significantly, only five still were in competition last year and, even before the end of the 1949 campaign, Pell-Mel Patton, the "world's fastest human," joined Bill Porter, Roy Cochran, Willie Steele and Guinn Smith in retirement. This quartet of Olympic champions had called it quits on coming home from London.

Gone from the picture, too, are such other topflight performers as Gil Dodds, Barney Ewell, Boo Morcom, Bullet Ed Conwell, Moon Mondschein, Gil Bourland and Dike Eddleman. And, if he sticks by what he said before departing for Europe last summer, Fred Wilt will do all his future running in pursuit of quarry designated by his FBI superiors.

Sentimental railbirds are entitled to shed a nostalgic tear over the absence of so many old favorites. The missing marvels had a special hold on the affections of the spiked-shoe clientele.

Most of them had kept in the forefront for a long time, having had to outlast a world war to get their chance at Olympic glory, the prime objective of every athlete.

However, there is no reason at all to view the situation with alarm. Immediate prospects for stirring competition are bright and the outlook for the United States in future international combat are positively dazzling. The rookie-dominated AAU team stood off the select of Scandinavia impressively and the resources of new talent have hardly been tapped.

Thrown off schedule by the disruptive influence of the war years, the athletic mills of the nation are grinding with full force once again. The high schools, the colleges and the neighborhood clubs have resumed their old practice of sending up a steady supply of strong-bodied, purposeful young athletes to bid for fame against the diminishing corps of hold-overs.

The operation of this process became markedly evident last year. Along with Mal Whitfield and Bob Mathias, two Olympic champions who remained at the peak of their powers, the 1949 roll of NCAA and AAU winners included a pair of athletes who never before had hit the major title jackpot, and a flock of others who, while they were good, were still overshadowed by senior stars in the Olympic year.



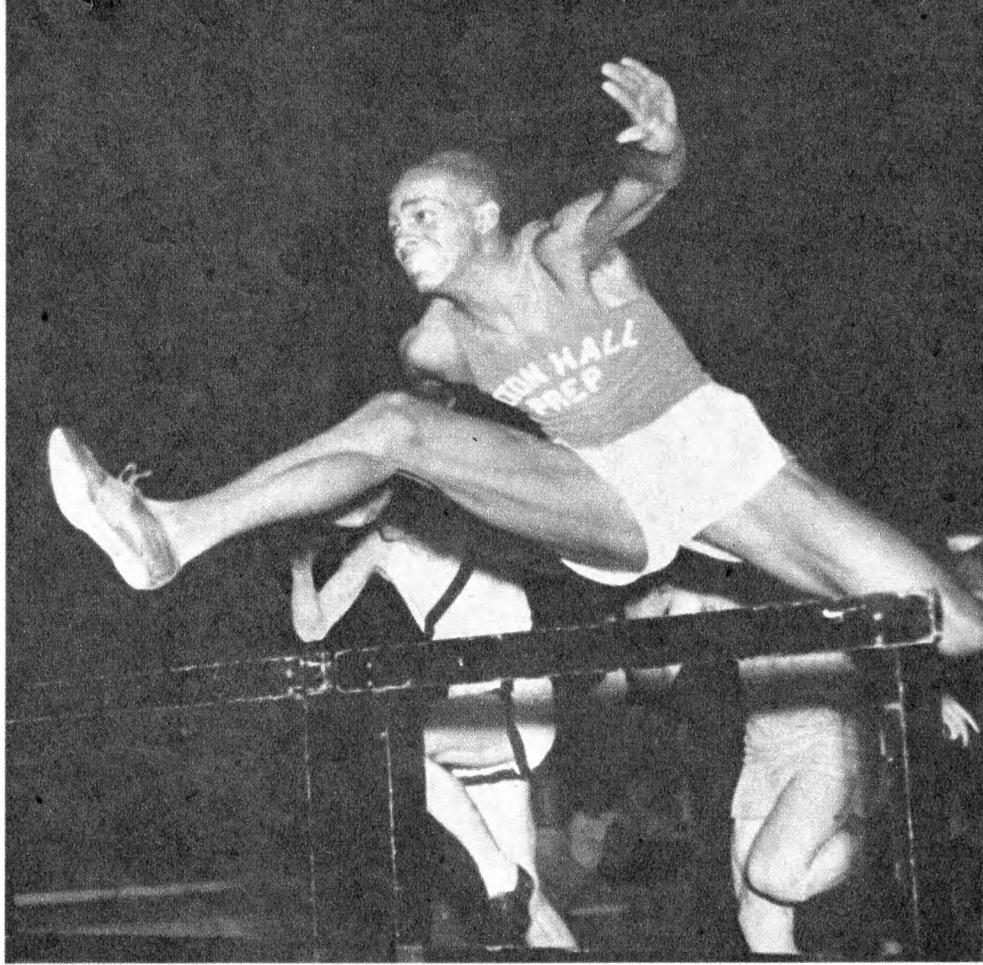
Andy Stanfield, of Seton Hall, has the makings of another Jesse Owens. He's the man to beat from 60 to 220 yards this season.

There will be more, much more, of the same this coming season. You can bank on that. With the normal four-year Olympic cycle safely reestablished, apparently, past experience dictates that the biggest change-over in the constellation of the great occurs in the mid-Olympic campaign, which this is.

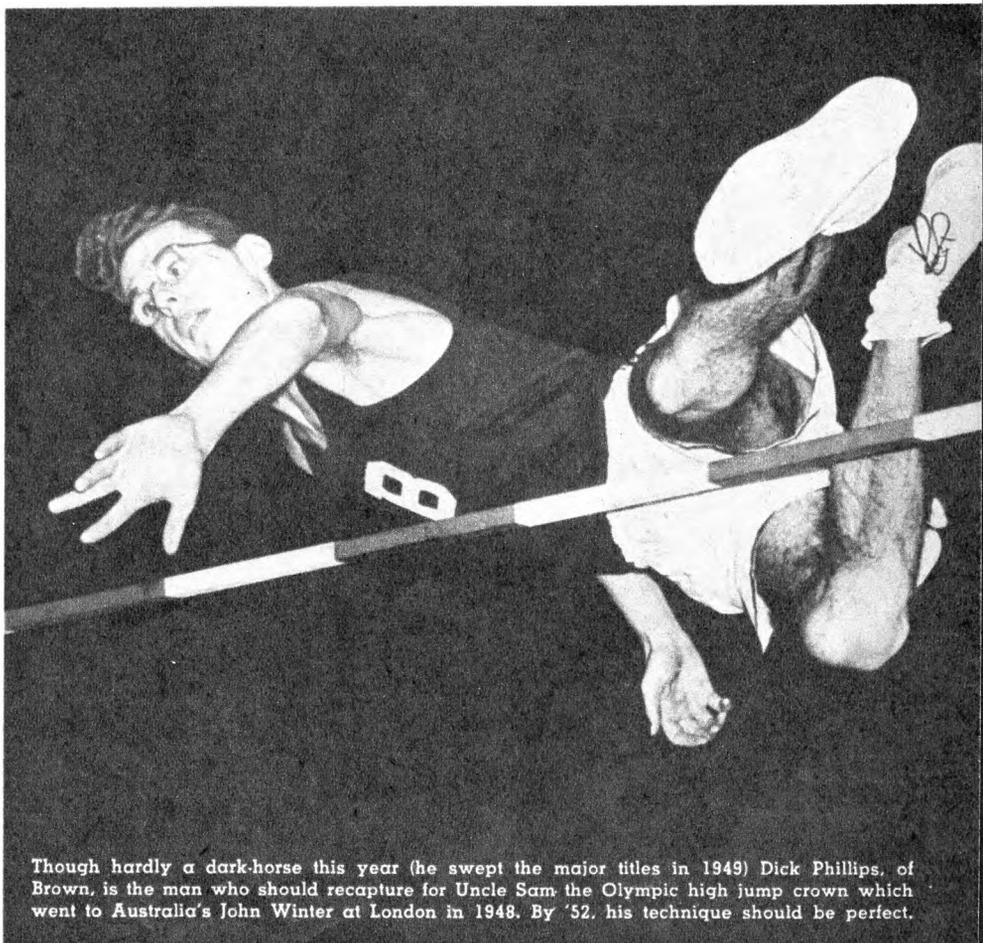
Among a score of likely new prospects, two almost sure-fire candidates for gold medals at Helsinki in 1952 emerged from the hopper in 1949, Moore of Cornell and Andy Stanfield of Seton Hall. Tremendous performers already, both these youngsters have two more full seasons of varsity competition to sharpen their form.

Son of Crip Moore, a crack high hurdler for Penn State twenty-five years ago, 19-year-old Charlie Moore topped off a great sophomore season by scoring a sensational NCAA-AAU double. Roaring around the cinder oval in 47 seconds flat, the Cornell flier captured the NCAA 440-yard crown in an outstanding upset. A week later he came back to register a record-breaking 51.1-second triumph in the National AAU 400-meter hurdles.

Roy Cochran set an Olympic mark with the same time that Moore returned at Fresno and this was only the Big Red prodigy's second crack at the 400-meter barrier event, one of the toughest tests on the whole track and field (Continued on page 33)



Spectators gasp at the tremendous, seven-league strides of huge Charlie Slade. A junior this year, he's specializing in the 440 and 600 yard events, but can also skip over the timbers creditably in fast company. Slade and Stanfield give Seton a strong one-two punch.



Though hardly a dark-horse this year (he swept the major titles in 1949) Dick Phillips, of Brown, is the man who should recapture for Uncle Sam the Olympic high jump crown which went to Australia's John Winter at London in 1948. By '52, his technique should be perfect.

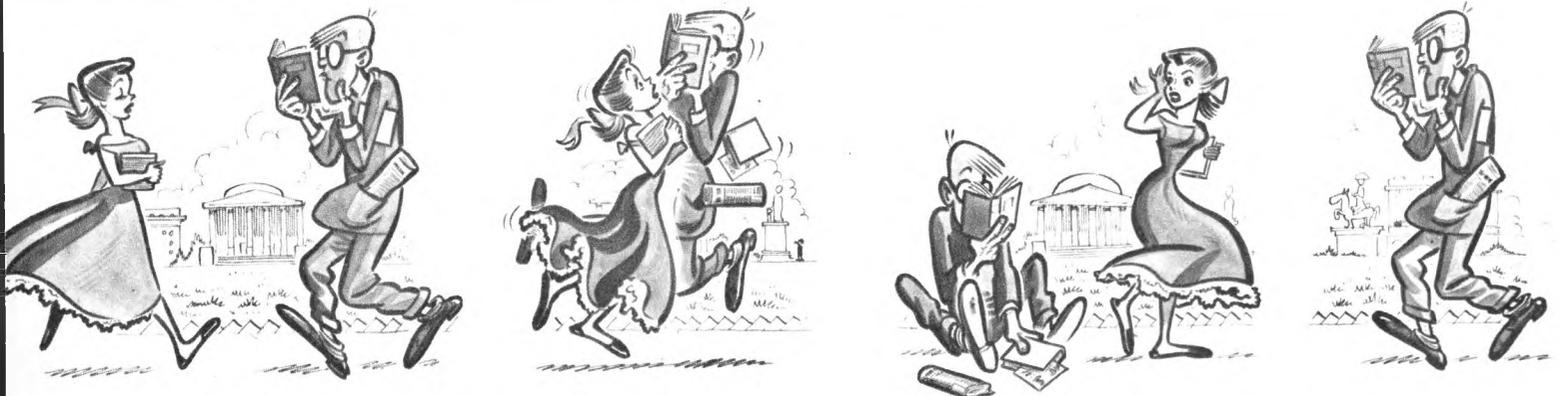
Follow That Girl!



RUMORS have reached VARSITY'S office that college men are so serious about their studies these days that they're beginning to ignore the pretty co-eds who abound on America's campuses. So we assigned our intrepid artist, Harvey Harmon, to check. Cleverly concealed behind a large sketch pad, Harvey followed close on the heels of a lovely sophomore (right) as she made her way around a typical campus. He recorded the contradictory evidence shown on these pages.



LOVETT FIRSTSIGHT—Lovett's life has been a series of mad, violent crushes. When last seen, he was still propped rigid against that tree.



BYRON BRAINTRUST—Nothing interferes with Byron's book-learning. He wouldn't know a co-ed if he saw one . . . which he seldom does.



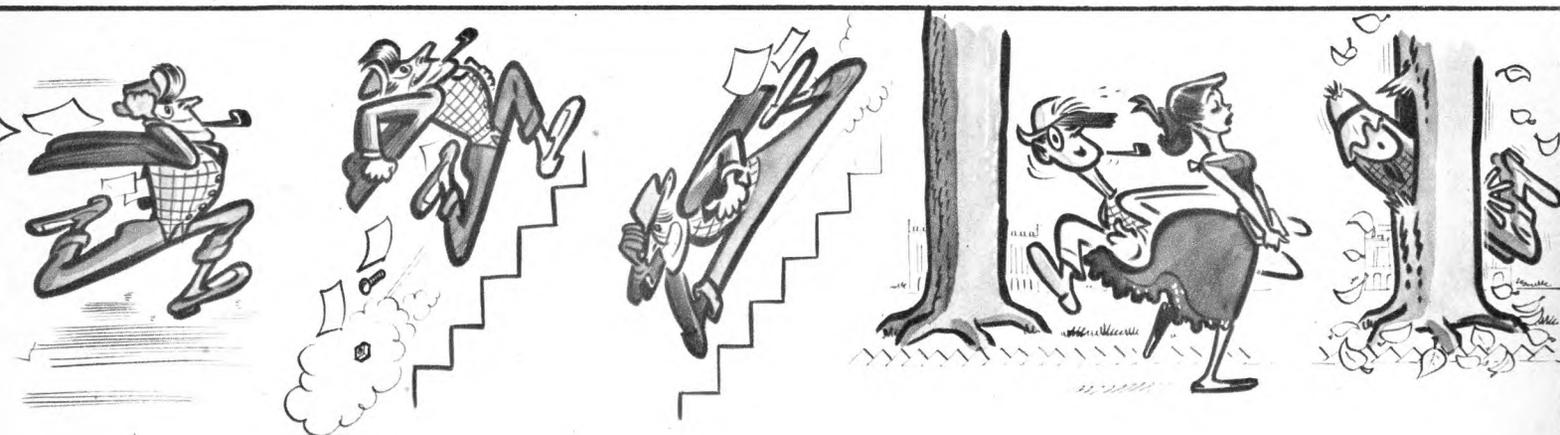
WALTER WELSHMERZ—It's not that Walter hates girls individually; he hates them collectively. He hates the whole world, period. Ugh!



FINNEGAN FOULSHOT—Finnegan is the typical campus athlete . . . lithe, pantherlike . . . perfect timing, smooth . . . Ooops!



BERTRAND BASHFILL—Bertrand was scared by a game of post-office at a tender age. This left him allergic to girls in any shape or form.



RUSHMORE DISHDASH—Rushmore is always tearing around at full speed. It took our co-ed and 32 inches of solid oak to slow him down.



PROFESSOR STRAITLACE—After thirty years of the sedate climate of ivy-covered halls, prof still has a touch of the "gay dog" in him.

THAT VARSITY LOOK

ON COLLEGE CAMPUSES

Moving around the stadium at half-time, our candid camera caught these football fans in clothes that could also be correctly worn for many other outdoor activities

By LEONARD A. ROTHGERBER, JR.
 VARSITY's roving fashion scout



Always news are the dressier trends that seem to take hold among the eastern university students. This Yale man, above, exemplifies this trend perfectly with a fly-front, Oxford grey Chesterfield. The hat is a snuff-shade snap-brim of moderate width and a contrasting lighter color welt edge. The advantage of this dressier stadium garb lies in its appropriateness for any of the various functions that can crop up after the game.



One of the popular choices of well-dressed undergrads is this fellow's striped Shetland odd coat worn with flannel slacks and a solid color cashmere sweater. He tops it off with a small-shape Bowl cap. Rear view of the cap shows the important detail of the adjustable self-strap. On foot are all-white buckskin shoes. He also seems to know how to put his date to work!

The alpaca-lined ulster, below, gives warmth-without-weight in climes where the mercury dives low. This undergrad likes his with alpaca pile collar, and combines it with smart-looking small-shape University Bowl cap. More about odd vests at right.



WITH fall comes football. But football weather means something different to each part of the country. Some of you will watch the game played on a grassy gridiron under sunny skies and others in ankle-deep snow and freezing cold. Wherever your school is and whatever its climate, you'll need clothes to fit the occasion; the right clothes for foul weather and fair, for the football games as well as other outdoor activities.

Ask around and find out what the other boys' wardrobe ideas are and then look at the pictures on these pages to see "what they're wearing." The ideas and the pictures will help you form the basic pattern of your wardrobe but don't fall into the rut of mere copying—add that all-important touch of originality! Though there are definite trends in stadium wear, there is still plenty of leeway for individuality and, except for some far-western schools where students are asked to dress alike to achieve a uniform effect in the stadium, the majority of schools have no "laws" that govern dress. So take a good look at these stadium styles, pick those that suit you and your part of the country and then remember that fashion trends that are copied by the "slaves" began with some individualistic soul that paved the way. Maybe you can do a little mild paving yourself!



This football fan likes a Shetland-type odd coat and solid color slacks in milder weather, and carries a coat "just in case." The odd vest he wears is one of the newer variations, reminiscent of the Gay Nineties, made of an authentic Tartan plaid pattern which gives his ensemble the needed color pick-up.



For milder weather, the rain-topcoat is a popular choice, invariably worn in natural tan. The two undergrads, above, wear knee-length models incorporating fly front and slash or patch pockets. The small-shape Bowl caps which were first worn in the east, are now spreading across the country. The fellow at the right likes his in colorful plaid. The Windsor-knotted tie he wears is a solid color wool.



No, this good humored undergrad, right, is not an exchange student from Edinburgh and he speaks without a trace of a burr. We don't know a thing about his spending habits, although his knitted tam, adding a colorful headnote to his polo cloth coat, is adapted from the Scotch Curling beret. The coat is popular with many students in both the single and double breasted models but the color chosen is invariably natural tan. The tam is typical campus originality.

HARVARD VS. HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 23)

as "the worker boss," is portrayed by the energetic Bill Alden, complete with another Chaplin mustache.

The film has its boy and girl angle, too. The kite-enthusiast hero, billed with simple anonymity as X and played by Joseph Cannon of Harvard, has a leisurely romance with the heroine Y, Miss Bayla Cohen of Radcliffe. But there is no happy ending! Y leaves X and goes off with a wealthy fellow in a Cadillac.

Michael Roemer sums the effort up as a "divertissement." "When the film is over," he says, "we are exactly at the point at which we had started. Although the action takes a full hour, nothing is accomplished by it . . . it has no moral, unless, perhaps there is a moral in just the fact that nothing is changed, accomplished, proved or disproved."

Understandably, the scenario underwent a wide and fluid variety of changes after shooting once got under way. Some of the alterations were second-thought improvements that occurred to cast or director in process

of filming. But more of them were forced by limitations of locale and equipment. For it was in the making of A TOUCH OF THE TIMES that Ivy Films ran into real difficulties. To quote Roemer again, "Writing it merely took time and a certain amount of madness. Making it required miracles!"

Here was an eager band of amateurs with plenty of fire and ambition but without any other visible assets for the job in hand. They had no experience, no actors, no studio, no props, no sound and no money! But still, they turned out a film.

Certain limitations were so obvious as to create decisions within themselves. Naturally, A TOUCH OF THE TIMES would have to be a silent film. Naturally, all leading players would have to be culled from the membership of the organization.

Happily, two pieces of rare good fortune befell Ivy Films while its pioneers were wondering how to get started. First, Mr. Benjamin Crocker, president of the Boston Film Society,

lent the necessary cameras, a projector so rushes could be run off and a knowledgeable editor who gave counsel on the project. The second bonanza for the budding company was the finding of a cameraman who had the distinction of knowing something about what he was doing. Hugh Foster, '49, had helped in the filming of the documentary SECRET LAND, and his background of experience added to the more naive zeal of the others gave impetus to the venture.

It was not until the fall term of 1947, however, that affairs began to get really under way, and then, by the time a cast was chosen and a few props rustled up, the skies began to take on a wintry cast and there was no sun for shooting.

By the time spring again brought suitable camera light, about half the cast had lost interest!

Undaunted, Producer Alden, Director Roemer and Property Man Chuck Yoder turned themselves into actors and doubled as principles and bit players. Doggedly they shot scenes, edited and cut, shot over again until, by June, they had taken about a thousand feet of film.

Since earlier optimism had scheduled the completed opus for May showing, this didn't stack up as rapid progress. Interested friends were beginning to ask, "What ever happened to that picture you were going to make?"

June, moreover, brought new problems. Some of the cast and personnel graduated, fell in love, married or departed for vacations. Desperately, someone proposed that volunteers remain on campus to finish the film during the summer without course of study interruptions. This bold idea gave birth to a devoted nucleus of zealots who nicknamed themselves "The Loyal Seven" and who actually did give up vacation time to hard and discouraging labor on what was beginning to assume the proportions of a nightmare.

By dint of superhuman effort, the summer soldiers got on with their jobs. Nothing went smoothly, to be sure, but it went. The group ran into trouble with policemen on location and were chased off Beacon Hill. Amicable drunks ambled up occasionally and insisted on getting into the picture. Romances developed and taxed the steadfastness of even the self-styled Loyal Seven. Money ran out. The hero was called home before all his scenes were shot and had to be replaced. Another actor left for an unexpected summer job and the cameraman took over his role.

Still, the making of a movie continued. Pedestrians and passers-by were pressed into service as extras. The denizens of an old people's home proudly starred in one sequence, as audience for the kite-flying factory hands. A local taxi company lent a fleet of Cadillacs. Harvard and Rad-



Representing Texas at the last Miss America contest in Atlantic City was Ysleta Leissner, Fort Worth's gift to the student body at the state University, where she's a Junior. 32 Ysleta's beauty also has earned her the titles of Aqua Queen and Aqua Belle at school.

cliffe students obligingly posed in evening clothes, in broad daylight on Boston Common.

In other words, a little bit of everything went into A TOUCH OF THE TIMES. In a triumph of mind over matter, the invincibility of the human material involved made up for lack of experience, equipment and cash.

By the autumn of 1948, nearly two years after its first birth pangs, the film was finished. Editing and cutting had been done and a composer found

to take charge of scoring and mood music. But most important of all, the fall term of 1949 finds A TOUCH OF THE TIMES ready for showing. Ivy Films has bookings at major colleges and a contract with a distributing agency for what its members hope will eventually be world-wide screening of their production.

You can make your own judgments on the film by seeing it. Perhaps you'll find it just your cup of tea; perhaps you'll feel you could have done it all

much better yourself. But whether you deem it masterful or mediocre, you will admit that the picture has a mood and quality entirely its own; that it does carry out the original Alden intention of doing something different and out of the ordinary; best of all that it demonstrates the power of verve and imagination. So—hats off to Harvard, and to Ivy Films for energy and follow-through and firm refusal to admit that anything is impossible!

NEW CHAMPS COMING UP

(Continued from page 27)

program. He's bound to improve.

A tall, long-striding runner who goes out from the gun, much in the manner of Herb McKenley, there is almost no limit to Moore's potentialities. He has what it takes to crack the world records for 400 meters and 440 yards, both on the flat and over the fences.

With his speed, power and fine form, (he was originally a 220-yard low hurdler) young Charlie already is almost untouchable in his timber-topping specialty. If he continues his phenomenal development, he also could "take it all" in the 600-yard cup races to which he will devote his time this winter, and in the big quarter-mile races of the outdoor season.

A high school 440-yard champion who was converted into a sprinter just a year ago, Andy Stanfield won five major titles and came within a couple of feet of registering a clean sweep of outdoor dash honors in his first season of big-time competition.

His first eye-catching success was in the indoor Intercollegiate, when, as the darkest of dark horses, he beat a fast 60-yard field in 6.2 seconds. In the outdoor IC4A Championships, Stanfield scored a smashing double, taking the 100 in 9.8, after a 9.7 heat, and breaking Barney Ewell's 220-yard record with a breath-taking 20.6-second flight down Randall's Island's furlong straightaway.

In the NCAA championships, 21-year-old Andy raced the great Patton all the way to the tape in both the 100 and 220, losing out by a scant foot in each race. Pell-Mel stayed out of the AAU title meet, and perhaps it was just as well that Troy's Splendid Splinter did.

Improving as he went along, Stanfield turned up razor sharp for the climactic test of the American season. He blazed to a clean-cut triumph in the 100 meters, equaling the meet record of 10.3 seconds and, in the 200, beat his closest rival by four yards in 20.4. This also equaled the AAU championship record, but a favoring breeze cost Andy official credit for his time.

There was no holding Stanfield after this. Overseas, in the Scandinavian dual meet, he led home American sweeps of the two metric dashes, again returning 10.3 in the 100, in

which Olympic champion Harrison Dillard placed third.

Tall, slender and long-legged, Andy is more than a little reminiscent of the great Jesse Owens. He has the same easy, relaxed form of the triple Olympic winner of 1936, giving little evidence of effort as he glides along with his smooth strides. Stanfield may be taken now and then at 60 yards, for he is no Conwell off the starting blocks, but he looks like a world-beater at 100 and 220 yards for the next few years.

These outstanding trail-blazers are backed up by a small army of other bright new hopes. Among the sprinters to watch this year are UCLA's Bob Work, heir-apparent to Patton on the Pacific Coast; Jim Conaway, who caught the eyes of New Yorkers at Brooklyn Boys High; and Henry Thresher, a Long Island schoolboy phenom bound for Pennsylvania by

way of Mercersburg. A big, powerful youth who has been credited with shading 21 seconds for the furlong, the reports on Thresher are startling.

Moving into the 440-600 picture are gigantic Charlie Slade, the Seton Hall sophomore whose seven-league strides carried him to the National AAU junior 400-meter title in 47.3 seconds; N.Y.U.'s Maiocco brothers, Hugo and Dick; smooth, strong runners with attributes that recall Bill Carr, and Gene Cole of Ohio State, who made the headlines in 1948 with a 100, 220, 440 triple in the Ohio high school championships.

Up-and-coming half-milers include Pat Bowers of Kansas, 1:52 victor in the junior national 800 meters, and Cornell's Bob Mealey, who supplied one of the big stories in 1949 by upsetting Marcel Hansenne of France in the national indoor 1000 and ran many

(Continued on page 34)



"No, Filbert, I won't take your ATO pin and it will do you no good to sit there and pout."

From the University of Washington COLUMNS 33

NEW CHAMPS COMING UP

(Continued from page 33)

other impressive races before falling afoul of leg trouble in the late spring. However, the wonderful Whitfield is far from being over the hill. If Mal remains in competition, the 1950 race probably will be for second place.

Wisconsin's Don Gehrman, who fell heir to the mantle of American mile king worn with such distinction by the ill-starred Dodds, is likely to find himself with a flock of worthy rivals this year. George Wade of Yale, who brought his time down from 4:20 plus to 4:13 minus in 1949; Bobby Karnes, the mighty mite from Kansas; Bill McGuire of Missouri; Dick Pratt of Syracuse and Ronnie Wittreich of Princeton all are on the rise, and Pennsylvania has a real dark-horse in Tom Kirwan.

It takes time and maturity to develop a good distance runner, so, with Wilt inclined to drop out of the parade, old familiars like Curtis Stone, Horace Ashenfelter, Browning Ross, Bob Black and Vic Dyrgall probably will continue to dominate the field. New prospects with intriguing possibilities include Michigan State's Warren Dreutzler, Bill Lucas, a Manhattan sophomore, and Bob McMillan, the young Californian who made the 1948 Olympic team as a steeplechaser, then dropped temporarily out of sight.

With Harrison Dillard no longer an invincible, UCLA's Craig Dixon is America's top-ranking hurdler. However, the third man in the United

States Olympic sweep has plenty of rising challengers for his newly-won honors. Dick Attlesley of USC, Penn State's Jim Gehrdes, Horace Smith of Michigan State, Compton's Billy Anderson, son of radio's Rochester, and a youngster from Dartmouth, Pete McCreary, can hop the fences with the best of them.

Field event athletes lead a longer life than their cinder-churning confreres so changes come about more slowly in the throwing and jumping events, where painstaking development of technique is such an important factor. However, the situation is far from being "stet" in the spring and sling department.

Perhaps the most sensational performer of all track and field in 1949 was head-snapping Jim Fuchs of Yale, still a comparative tyro in the game. The brawny Bulldog first caused a stir by squeezing into a berth on the 1948 Olympic team, ahead of lame-backed Chuck Fonville. He blossomed out as a full-fledged star last year, when he climaxed a series of prodigious heaves with a world shot-put record of 58 feet plus at Oslo. NYU's Stan Lampert and Otis Chandler of Stanford also took a long step toward the heights in 1949 by attaining the 56-foot class with the shot. Lampert even managed to outrange Fuchs on one occasion.

Fortune Gordien, the Minnesota graduate now affiliated with the San

Francisco Olympic Club, assuaged his sorrow at failing to capture the Olympic discus crown by scaling the Grecian platter more than 184 feet for a world record in Portugal last July and, though he is more of a veteran than Fuchs, must also be considered a part of the game's vital element. Sim Iness, a gigantic youngster from Bob Mathias' home town of Tulare, California, Byrl Thompson, another Minnesotan, and Yale's Vic Frank, have record-breaking potentialities in the discus, also.

Bud Held of Stanford and Delf Pickarts of Santa Barbara took the javelin play away from the veteran Martin Biles and Steve Seymour last year, and other whip-armed throwers are coming up. Sam Felton, just a baby among the hammer-throwing whales, now is tops in his specialty, with Bob Bennett retired. Ageless Henry Dreyer, a veteran of the 1936 Olympics, is Felton's leading rival.

Dick Phillips of Brown, just breaking into the major leagues in 1948, has taken command in the high jump. He swept the major titles in 1949. Marvelously consistent up to 6-7, he should be able to raise his sights a bit this year. John Heintzman of Bradley was another high-jumping newcomer who entered the blue-ribbon class.

Bob Richards, the vaulting vicar from the Illinois A. C., is the senior pole vaulter. He had new company in the post-Olympic excursion abroad, his companions being George Rasmussen of Oregon and John Montgomery of USC instead of Guinn Smith and Boo Morcom. Don Laz, of Illinois, who cleared fourteen feet with pleasing regularity as a sophomore, is on the way up.

Gaylord Bryan of Stanford surged to the fore in the broad jump and took the AAU hop, step and jump title as well. He also is a great decathlon prospect, as is Bill Albans, North Carolina's all-around ace. However, with Mathias hardly decrepit at the ripe old age of 19, the ten-eventers are rather well blocked off.

Dan Ferris scouted Europe for talent while he was abroad, so the expectation is that the track and field campaign will get off to a flying start indoors, with Continental swifties like Gaston Reiff, Willy Slykhuis, Erik Ahlden, Ingvar Bengtsson and Marcel Hansenne, who visited here in 1949, again on hand to make things interesting for the American milers and two milers.

A return meet with the Scandinavian countries, probably at Minneapolis, is in the making for this summer and, with travel unrestricted and flying time so short, there will be more junketing abroad for America's top-notchers.

There will be many a new name among them, but they will preach the gospel of United States athletic might with the same old devastating effect.



The road from Paris to Hollywood is well-traveled by beautiful, hopeful young actresses, few of whom, strangely enough, ever duplicate their foreign success over here. Best bet in a long time is Corinne Calvet, above, who has a way of looking like our own Rita Hayworth. See her in Paramount's tense thriller, "Rope of Sand," with Burt Lancaster.

Varsity's Dating Clinic

Dating problems are the same the country over—These solutions by an expert should help you too

By ALLEN LUDDEN

Moderator of NBC's popular network program "Mind Your Manners"

THE Varsity DATING CLINIC is open for business, and after looking over your very enthusiastic mail it seems that we are going to have a lot of customers for this month's session. Let's start off by looking at the problem sent in by J. B., in Grand Rapids, Michigan. J. B. writes:

"What I want to know is, how do you go about meeting a girl that has struck your fancy without having someone introduce you to her? I would be very grateful if you could answer this problem for me, because it's one that keeps coming up."

This problem certainly is common enough—probably because the answer to it isn't altogether easy. To find that answer, though, let's look at the best way to go about meeting a girl, which is the "old-fashioned" way of being introduced to her. Through a more-or-less formal introduction, you are able to start out your relationship with a girl on an easy, relaxed basis, so it stands out as the best way, and you should always try to arrange it, if you can. In other words, if you see a girl who strikes your fancy, try to find somebody who knows her and then try to arrange an introduction. You will find that it will be well worth your trouble, in the long run. However, if you cannot find a mutual acquaintance, wait for an opportunity when you can introduce yourself to her gracefully, and then make a point of that self-introduction. Don't try any of those old gags—"Haven't we met before?" or other such unoriginal gimmicks for meeting girls. Walk up to her and say, "My name is such-and-such—I live in such-and-such place," and proceed from there. Make it strictly a self-introduction. Don't try to be too "cute" about it. Before we leave this problem, though, I want to repeat that the best way remains an introduction by a third party.

A young man who lives in New Brunswick, New Jersey, gives us our second problem:



"I made a date with a girl for the first Sunday after school was closed. She told me to call on Wednesday to make the time exact. I called three times on Wednesday, and then I called twice a day for the rest of the week, up until Sunday. She was never at home, and I could never get anybody to take a message for me. When Sunday finally came, I decided that I didn't have a date with her, after all—and so I went to the shore with my boy-friend. Now I'm wondering if I stood her up, and if I should have just gone up to her house without getting in touch with her by phone before I came?"

From here it looks to me as if you stood her up. If you could not reach her by telephone after several tries, you should have tried the mails or a personal visit. Under no circumstance were you justified in going off for the day with your friend without having made more of an effort to reach the girl you had dated for that day. If I were you, I'd try to square myself as soon as possible. Standing a girl up can give you a reputation that is hard to live down.

A fellow whose initials are D. K., and who lives in Janesville, Wisconsin, submits this problem to the DATING CLINIC:

"I like my girl friend, but I don't like the way she dresses. She wears very fussy clothes almost all the time, and she always wears too much make-up. I think someone should correct her, and I'm wondering if I should be the one to tell her?"

Here's a problem that keeps coming up on our "MIND YOUR MANNERS" broadcasts; and every time, the men on our panel have agreed that it's up to the boys to let the girls know how they feel about fussy clothes and too much make-up. Just how to let the girls know this isn't easy. A solution has been reached, though, and I think you might try it on your girl-friend: Admire other girls who wear simple, tasteful clothes, in the presence of your girl; also, compliment her highly on what beautiful skin she has, or how pretty she looks when, on rare occasions, you catch her without make-up. In other words, through every subtle means let her know that your tastes tend toward the simple, unaffected girl who makes the most of her youth. If the subtle means don't work, then you might have to resort to more direct methods. However, I suggest that rather than making yourself look foolish, it might be a good idea to find another girl-friend who dresses more to your taste. In no case do I suggest that you go to the extent of hurting your girl-friend's feelings. After all, the way she dresses and applies her make-up is a very serious matter with her, and you must regard it as such.

From San Antonio, Texas, comes this one:

"When I became engaged, I gave my fiancée a watch. It cost me every cent (Continued on page 44)"

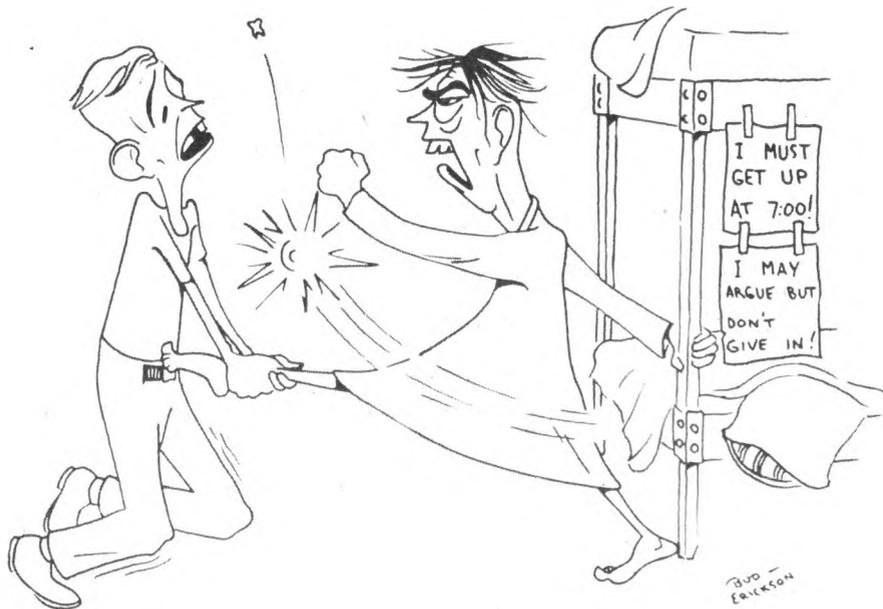
Campus Humor

SELECTED FROM LEADING COLLEGE MAGAZINES



"Tell me, doctor, what cigarette do you smoke?"

from the U. of Iowa FRIVOL



"I said I've changed my mind!"

from the U. of Washington COLUMNS

He: Will you marry me?
She: No, but I'll always admire your good taste.

from the U. of Texas RANGER

Soph: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Frosh: "No, who teaches it?"

from the U. of Colorado DODO

A hopeful writer submitted a poem entitled "Why Do I Live?" It was returned with a note from the editor reading, "We regret we cannot use your poem, but we can answer your question. It is because you mailed the poem to us instead of delivering it in person."

from the U. of Virginia SPECTATOR

Prof: "I believe you missed my class yesterday."

Student: "Why, no, I didn't. Not in the least."

from the Ohio State SUNDIAL

"When I was in India," said the club bore. "I was swimming in the river one afternoon, when a huge ferocious tiger came charging down upon me. However, with great presence of mind, I splashed some water in its face and it slunk away."

"Gentlemen," said a man in the nearby armchair, "I can vouch for the truth of this story. Several minutes after this incident, I was coming down the river. I met this tiger, and as was my habit, I stroked its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were wet!"

from the Dartmouth JACKOLANTERN

Professor: "Young man, do you know who I am?"

Freshman: "No, sir, but if you remember your address, I'll take you home."

from the Ohio State SUNDIAL

A university is an institution which has room for 2,000 in classrooms and 50,000 in the stadium.

from Georgia Tech YELLOW JACKET

A young doctor and a young dentist shared the services of a receptionist and both fell in love with her.

The dentist was called away on business, so he sent for the receptionist and said:

"I am going to be away for 10 days. You will find a little present in your room."

She went in and found 10 apples.

from the U. of Colorado DODO

How to give a girl a surprise:

Place arms around waist. Draw her strongly toward you and hold her tight. Start to kiss her. When she says "Stop!" release her. Note amazement on face.

from the U. of Colorado DODO

Professor of Economics: "You boys of today want to make too much money. Why, do you know what I was getting when I got married?"

Voice from rear: "No, and I'll bet you didn't either."

from the U. of Florida ORANGE PEEL



"Man, in Taixas, we'uns use this size for bait!"
from the U. of Minnesota SKI-U-MAH



"Would you run through that again, please?"
from the Syracuse U. SYRACUSAN

"Whenever I get down in the dumps," said the first girl, "I always buy a new hat."
"Oh, so that explains it," said the other, sweetly. "I've often wondered where you got them."

from the Dartmouth JACKOLANTERN

I had sworn to be a bachelor.
She had sworn to be a bride.
I guess you know the answer—
She had nature on her side.

from the Penn State FROTH

He and his best girl were seated in a corner.

"Give me a kiss," he pleaded.

The girl made no answer.

"Won't you please give me a kiss?" he asked again.

Still no answer.

"Please, please, just one," he begged.

Still no answer.

"Are you deaf?" he shouted, at length.

"No," she snapped. "Are you paralyzed?"

from the Randolph-Macon OLD MAID

A spinster was shocked by the language used by workmen repairing a telephone line near her home, so she wrote the telephone company. The foreman was requested to make a report of what had happened. The report read as follows:

"Me and Spike were on the job. I was up on the pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Spike—right down his neck. Then Spike looked up at me and said: 'Really, Harry, you must be more careful.'"

from the Carnegie Tech SCOTTIE

He: "The last issue of the humor magazine must have been good."

She: "How do you know? I thought you never read it."

He: "I don't, but the editor's been kicked out of school."

from the Arizona University KITTY-KAT

An indignant sorority sent this note to a fraternity house: "Your course in anatomy is not appreciated. Please keep the blinds down."

The house manager returned the note, after scribbling on the back: "Course not compulsory."

from the Indiana University CRIMSON BULL

A grave digger absorbed in his thoughts dug the grave so deep he couldn't get out. Came nightfall and the evening chill, his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted. "I'm cold."

The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the grave digger.

"No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt on you."

from the U. of Maryland THE OLD LINE

A young reporter who was asked to cut his obituaries a little shorter wrote the next day as follows:

"James C. Humphries looked up the shaft of the Union Hotel this morning to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. Age 24."

from the University of Texas RANGER

I asked my girl if me she'd wed,
She lifted up her lovely head,
And in her sweetest manner said,
"Go ask Father."

She knew I knew her father was dead,
She knew I knew the life he'd led.

She knew I knew what she meant when she said,

"Go ask Father."

from the University of Cincinnati PROFILE



"You'd be surprised how much it's improved their accuracy!"

from the Marietta College BROADHORN



1 Rudy Vallee plays Mr. Jessup, pussyfoot Alumni Prexy. Here he warns Cooper that unless the team's losing streak is halted, the university will sign up a new coach for the coming season.



2 Cooper's wife (Maureen O'Hara) remains his loyal fan. So does his youngest daughter (Natalie Wood)—to the extent of a shiner acquired sticking up for Dad before other kids.

FATHER WAS A FULLBACK



At a loss for good football material, Coach Cooper (Fred MacMurray) tries to piece together a team. Players do their best, too, but lose consistently. Everybody blames the coach, naturally, and he plainly sees the handwriting on the wall saying "Back to Elmtree High."

Pat casting and a snappy script mark this movie version of the home life of a college coach

THIS comedy about the trials and tribulations of a college football coach is based partly upon a Clifford Goldsmith play and partly on a magazine article "Football Fans Aren't Human" by Mrs. Harry Stuhldreher, wife of the former Wisconsin coach. Among the writers who whipped up the script were Mary Loos and Richard Sale, the wife-husband writing team responsible for "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College" and "Mother is a Freshman." Fred MacMurray—an old hand at looking harassed—plays the coach. Simultaneously, he must cope with an adolescent daughter, a consistently losing team, an Alumni Association on the warpath, and countless kibitzers who hound him to use their "sure-fire" plays. Maureen O'Hara, who seems to be making a habit of playing the helpful helpmate, is the coach's wife, maintaining an understanding attitude and a sense of humor through all the furor. Events move along at a good clip and supporting players contribute admirably. Thelma Ritter, in particular, makes the outspoken maid-of-all-work an embodiment of the cartoon "Hazel." Betty Lynn has a good deal of screen time allotted to her and never fails to utilize it to full comic advantage. The ending represents a real deviation from routine in not showing a big victory for the home team. (20th C-Fox).



3 Older daughter Connie (Betty Lynn) is more concerned with personal problems. Here she hints for an introduction to the football team, but Dad, deep in his own problems, misses cue.



4 Off men, Connie decides to become a writer. She pens an article entitled "I Was A Child Bubble Dancer," and gets it published. Jessup is shocked and warns of dire repercussions.



5 On the spot in more ways than one, the coach "says a few words" at the Alumni banquet. He promises victory in the big game, explaining that he has been saving his "secret weapon."



6 Secret weapon is a play built around a lightning-fast track star, but the eager runner knocks himself cold before ever getting into play! By the time he revives the game is lost, 6-0.



7 Jessup advises Cooper not to renew the lease on his house. Meanwhile, Connie is out with Hercules Smith, the high school football hero whom Jessup has been trying vainly to sign up.



8 Hercules says he'd attend University to be near Connie. With Connie his only way of getting Hercules, Jessup surrenders, quickly wishes Cooper a happy next year as football coach.

THE BOWL GAMES

(Continued from page 7)

outlawed *all* bowl games without having had the slightest intention of so doing. A delegate from Virginia Military Institute, vexed no doubt at the sight of larger colleges collecting huge sums from bowl games, noted that most of the men who really run the NCAA were absent from the meeting at the moment. When the speaker finally sat down, the gentlemen from VMI arose and moved that the NCAA forbid any member college to play a football game later than the second Saturday in December, or more than ten games in all.

The motion was quickly seconded and a vote impended. Panic gripped the badly outnumbered representatives of bowl-minded colleges. They succeeded in delaying the vote and dispatched messengers to round up the wandering brethren from snack bars and such. By the time the vote was taken, the big-college bloc had just enough votes in the hall to save its bowl fees, but it was a narrow squeak.

Anti-bowl sentiment increased in NCAA ranks until even the large colleges realized that something had to be done about the situation—to preserve the desirable bowls, if nothing else. As a result, the nine-man bowl committee was appointed at the annual meeting in San Francisco last January to replace a three-man panel which had done the preliminary investigating.

The nine-man board went into action at once. After months of inquiry it held two Summer meetings and revealed the requirements which it thinks should be demanded of bowl promoters. These recommendations, six in number, will be submitted to the NCAA membership at the annual meeting in New York in January, and it is fairly certain that they will be enacted into law. They are:

1. Any non-collegiate bowl committee must have at least two NCAA representatives on its administrative board.

2. NCAA members are to be limited

to one bowl game each season. (Hardin-Simmons of Texas played three last Winter.)

3. Competing colleges shall select the game officials.

4. Each competing college is to get at least one-sixth of the tickets for sale to its own undergraduates and alumni.

5. The competing colleges are to divide at least 80% of the gate receipts after taxes. The colleges are to pay their traveling expenses, the bowl promoters the cost of staging the game. (This is the toughie.)

6. The post-season game must be approved by an extra-events committee of the NCAA.

Compromise may be effected on some of these provisions, particularly the one giving 80% of the receipts to the colleges, but NCAA authorities consider it certain that the restrictions will be passed essentially as they stand. Competent college authorities believe that the regulations will benefit both the bowls and the colleges.

"The NCAA has no opposition to bowls as such," remarked Asa S. Bushnell of Princeton, commissioner of the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference, "but I think our officials share my own opinion that the bowl business might easily get out of hand. The trend seems to have been in that direction in the postwar years. We had more than fifty bowl games last Winter. In another few years, this number might grow to 100 if the NCAA stood idly by, and it is certain that there are not 200 bowl-worthy teams in the country in any given season. There are not even that many major teams."

Bushnell added that he was not opposed to the number of bowls as much as he was to the way some of them were conducted. "We have to have something in addition to the long-established, blue-ribbon bowls if the outstanding teams from the smaller colleges are to have a chance to display their skill in post-season games," he said. "But the number of games can be reduced by one-half or two-thirds and still leave room for most, if not all, of the deserving teams."

Many college authorities concede that some concession will have to be made to bowl promoters on the proposed 80-20 split of the money. Most of the "large bowls have expressed themselves emphatically on this point. All of these observations follow the line first voiced by a spokesman for the Orange Bowl in Miami, who said: "We can show the National Collegiate Athletic Association books which will prove that the Orange Bowl game simply cannot be put on without loss if we get only 20% of the receipts."

Bowl representatives undoubtedly will have their day in court before the NCAA in New York in January, and it seems certain that the college authorities will not be unreasonable. They

(Continued on page 42)



Joan Evans never attended drama school, modelled for magazine covers or sang in night-clubs. Her Hollywood debut was the real Cinderella story. Samuel Goldwyn's talent scouts, searching for an "unknown" to play the title role in "Roseanna McCoy," found her 40 in her parents' apartment on New York's Central Park West. She's fourteen years old!



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SCHICK COLONEL (left) 3-M hollow-ground shearing head; powerful AC-DC motor; "Whisk-its" catch beard clippings. In smart leatherette travel case **\$17.50**

THE BOWL GAMES

(Continued from page 40)

will not attempt to force the operators of any of the long-established bowls to operate at a loss. The predicted compromise is at a 75-25 division of the spoils.

Regardless of what regulations are passed, it is certain that all of the traditional bowl games still will be open for business when January 1, 1951, rolls around. These include the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans, the Orange Bowl in Miami, the Cotton Bowl in Dallas, the Sun Bowl in El Paso and the 'Gator Bowl in Jacksonville. Of these, the Gator is the youngest, but it already has established itself as a well-run bowl and has won the approval of both of the major college conferences in its area, the Southern and the Southwestern.

On-the-spot observers believe that, beyond these six, some doubt attaches to the future of major bowls, such as the Delta in Memphis, the Dixie in Birmingham, the Salad in Phoenix and the Harbor in San Diego. One NCAA spokesman said that the colleges had nothing against any of these bowls but that all were new promotions and, hence, might be crowded out by major bowls of longer standing.

As for the smaller colleges, not all of them, by any means, are members of the NCAA, and that organization, naturally enough, cannot control the activities on non-members. The spirit in the NCAA is that a sufficient number of minor bowls should be maintained to give the smaller fish adequate swimming space. Since only about 200 of the 600-odd minor colleges maintain NCAA membership, it would seem that minor bowl contests still may increase rather than decrease. They will increase if the colleges and the promoters make money. Otherwise, they will wither on the vine. In the ticket market we have had since the early days of World War II, almost any-

thing in the way of sport has earned a profit, often a fabulous one.

Not all of the major bowls have been uniformly successful, even in these lush times. At one pretentious bowl not too many years ago, one of the competing colleges, collecting far less than it expected, had to wire to its home town bank for a loan with which to pay its hotel bill and the cost of its return journey. For financial or other reasons, certain other major bowls have had to toss in the sponge, among them the Alamo in San Antonio and the Oil in Houston. It is no secret that Cotton Bowl authorities gazed at these rival Texas promotions with a most jaundiced stare. The Southwest Conference apparently had no great love for them, either. The beef of the Cotton Bowl was not on financial grounds since the big bowl at Dallas is always sold out in advance. The real complaint of the Cotton promoters was caused by the competition the rival organizations would give in future years in the fundamental matter of signing attractive teams. With bowls in operation everywhere, it is easy to run out of suitable teams. This phase alarmed the Cotton Bowl folk even though they automatically had first call on the champion of the Southwest Conference.

Some college officials made no secret of their disapproval of the financial setup at the Harbor Bowl in San Diego last winter. Coach Joe Sheeketski of once-defeated Nevada, was eager to get into a post-season bowl to display the forward-passing magic of his Stan Heath. There were those, too, who said that Joe was on the prowl for a new job and wanted to add what prestige he could by winning a bowl game. The Harbor Bowl was close at hand and open.

Reports are that Sheeketski accepted the game for \$5,000, which just about covered his team's expenses.

Far more had to be paid to interest Villanova, from Philadelphia's Main Line, in appearing as Nevada's opponent. NCAA bigwigs were greatly displeased when they learned of this unequal arrangement.

The result of the game may have had nothing to do with the subsequent distribution of coaching plums, but it didn't help Sheeketski any. Villanova won by 27-7, and the widely-advertised Heath, built up as "the game's greatest passer" on the basis of NCAA statistics whose value is open to great suspicion, was kept flat on his back through most of the afternoon by the pressing defense devised for him by Villanova's young coach, Jordan Olivar. After the smoke had cleared, Henry R. Sanders of Vanderbilt bobbed up with the coaching post which Sheeketski sought at UCLA, and young Olivar gained a promotion by accepting the head job at Loyola of Los Angeles. Sheeketski had nothing left but the change from his frayed \$5,000.

Southeastern Conference officials barred their teams a couple of years ago from competing in any bowls except Sugar, Cotton or Orange. Chick Hosch, veteran publicist at Georgia Tech, explained recently that, in so doing the Conference did not intend to voice disapproval of the Amvet Delta Bowl or the well-run Dixie Bowl.

"Conference officials hated to give what seemed to be a cold shoulder to these new bowls," said Hosch, "but all hands then felt that no more than three of our teams should appear in bowls in any given year. We have only twelve members and, therefore, are unlikely to have more than three absolutely topflight teams. We felt that we owed more to the bowls which already were in existence and which had helped SEC teams gain national recognition in earlier years. That seemed to rule out the newer bowls, but I am told that the bar against games other than Cotton, Sugar and Orange may be abolished at the forthcoming annual meeting of the conference."

With NCAA regulation of the bowl business apparently certain, impetus is given to the often-asked questions, "Will the NCAA ever get around to conducting a series of playoffs for the national title, such as it now holds in basketball, baseball and hockey? And, if so, how will this affect the bowls?"

The answer would seem to be that the NCAA is heading in the direction of national playoffs in football but that development of this scheme is still about five years off.

Regardless of anything that happens to bowl games or to national championships in NCAA meetings or out of them, fans are certain to have an adequate and attractive menu of New Year's Day tidbits as long as they pay to see them—in droves ranging up to 92,000.

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY . . .



A FIVE-FOOT George Washington University freshman had a hard time getting anyone to dance with him at the All-U stag or drag. Every time he asked a girl for a dance, she had either promised it to someone, or she was on her way to the powder room. Finally, in desperation, he worked up a routine.

Going over to an attractive girl sitting at the rear of the dance floor, he asked calmly, "Will you marry me?"

"What?" the girl exclaimed, surprised. "Then will you kiss me?" he asked, ignoring her surprise.

The girl sat and looked at him curiously, without answering.

"Well, if nothing else," he said sorrowfully, "won't you give me this dance?"

He danced for the rest of the evening!

—Lee Jackson



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VARSITY'S DATING CLINIC

(Continued from page 35)

I had. Last week she broke our engagement and she didn't return the watch. Don't you think I have a right to ask her to return it?"

Sorry, but by all the rules of social behavior, your watch was a gift to your fiancée, and you should consider it as such even after your engagement has been broken. Your fiancée is obliged to return only your engagement ring. Other gifts are hers, for her to dispose of as she sees fit. As a matter of fact, most girls will return such expensive gifts as wrist watches, when the engagement has been terminated. If your ex-fiancée, however, does not plan to return her wrist watch, you have to abide by her wishes. Asking her to return it would be a very embarrassing chore for you, and I strongly recommend that you avoid putting yourself through it. Keep your pride—and let the watch go.

Here's an interesting problem sent in by a friend of ours in St. Paul, Minnesota:

"I am considered by my friends to be something of a "hot rock" with the women, and my best buddy has come to me with this problem. You see, he is the shy type and is very much in love with a girl who isn't reacting too favorably to him lately. He has asked me what he can do about her and it's put me in a spot, because I don't think this girl goes for him at all, and I think she has lately been playing up to me quite a bit. I was just about set to ask her for a date myself. Now I don't know what to do about my buddy. How can I go about telling him that this girl has been giving me the "play" lately, without sounding to him as if I am taking away his girl and betraying a very good friendship?"

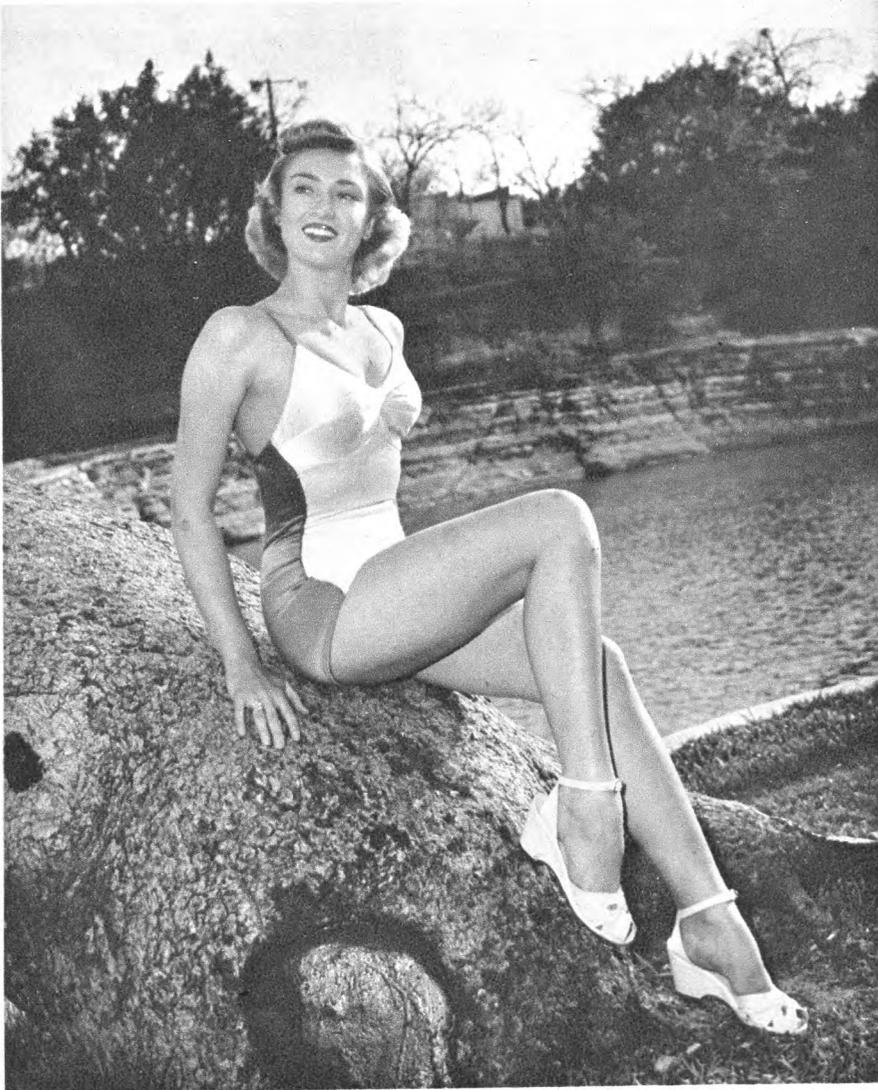
By your own admission, you are quite a man with the women, and for that reason it's clear that you can have dates with many different girls. I suggest that you let this lady, who has been making her interest in you so obvious, go her way, and you find somebody else. If your friend is in love with her, he will, no doubt, discover soon enough that she has eyes

for several others. Just let him find out himself—and, certainly, don't point out to him that she is making a play for you. As far as your dating her, I strongly recommend that you remain a good friend and wait until your buddy has severed his relations with her before you start taking her out. Good friends are hard to find, and there is no sense in breaking up a friendship over a girl who flits from one boy to another. Just for your own consideration, I should like to suggest that any girl who goes with one boy and makes a play for the boy's best friend is a girl to be questioned in the first place. Let this girl go her way, and don't give her the satisfaction of asking her for a date. You know, it's possible even for the "hot rocks" to be "suckers" where certain women are concerned. I hope you keep your friend and your enviable reputation.

* * *

And before we close up shop for this issue . . . a suggestion about Christmas Shopping would seem to be in order. I'll pass these observations along to you for what they're worth, and you can use them if they make sense to you . . . forget them, if they don't. When buying a gift for your girl . . . make *sure* that it will be the kind of gift that will please her. To do that, ask yourself three questions: (1) Is it something that she will proudly show her family as being the gift of her boy-friend? (In other words, is it "impersonal" and in good taste?) (2) Does the gift "Look like her?" (In other words, is it the same quality as her other possessions?) (3) Is it something that could easily be a duplicate of an item she has already? (If so, of course, don't get it!)

Then, there is one more thing, which is just a personal idea of mine, but you might find it useful. And that is to give a gift that is of the *very finest quality*. That doesn't mean you have to spend a lot of money. It makes more sense to me to buy the very best make of an inexpensive item for \$5.00 than to buy a cheap \$5.00 edition of a more expensive item. In other words, if you want to spend \$5.00 (and that's a respectable amount, indeed!) . . . buy the very best handkerchief you can, for instance . . . or a small amount of an expensive perfume. Just make sure that the quality of your gift is high . . . and the cost of it will be secondary. You can be sure that a \$5.00 handkerchief, or set of three, will please any girl . . . because they will be very good handkerchiefs . . . and she will always be proud of them. I use the handkerchiefs only as an example of an inexpensive gift that does vary in quality. There are many others. If you're sold on this idea, start looking right now and become an expert on the item you have chosen to give your girl, so that you will know that the one you buy is really a *good* one!



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WHERE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS ARE MADE

(Continued from page 11)

fan would be startled to learn of such large-scale basketball operations between regular seasons, and the real wonder is that such secrecy has surrounded a development of national sports importance. Here's what a survey showed last Summer:

(1) Within a radius of 15 miles in the Catskill region, 45 hotels and resorts had really strong basketball teams!

(2) In this same area, there were more than 500 players with college or pro experience!

(3) Hotels all boasted first-class courts costing from \$3,000 to \$7,000 to build, complete with macadam surface (for outdoor play), bleachers seating up to 1,500, lighting for the predominantly night games, glass backboards and clear public-address systems.

(4) Officiating is topnotch, with frequent appearances of Madison Square Garden regulars like Lou Eisenstein, and pro experts like Pat Kennedy.

(5) Owners garb their players in eye-catching uniforms costing \$15 per man . . . more expensive than college outfits . . . and pep up the inter-hotel games with (honest!) cheerleaders.

If word of this "good thing" hasn't circulated generally among basketball fans, it certainly has seeped deeply through the ranks of the coaches. Ed Hickey, coach of St. Louis University's National Invitation champions in 1948, said, "I sent my strigbean center, Ed Macauley, up to the Catskills for a Summer job, and sure enough he gained weight as well as court experience." Nearly every player loses weight during the regular basketball season, but they all put on weight in the mountains, thanks to the outdoor life and three-big-squares per day. The added weight and wisdom helped Macauley clinch All-American center honors in 1949, even though his team failed to repeat.

Hank Iba, who ranks with Adolph Rupp and Nat Holman among the

country's greatest coaches of the last decade, arranged for his Oklahoma A. & M. team to work as a unit in a Catskill resort, but there was a last-minute hitch in plans. Hank tried to substitute his freshman hopefuls, but the proud resort owners wouldn't settle for second best, and Hank had to ask for a "rain check" for his Aggies next year.

Another little-known aspect of Borscht Belt basketball is that so many all-conference crackajacks are in action throughout the concentrated Catskill area that rival coaches take special trips up there for scouting purposes. By watching an outstanding individual in a series of games, a canny coach can learn where he shoots from most often, whether he favors one side of the court, what are his defensive tricks, etc. These Summer "seeds" are planted in fertile files and bloom into many a Winter upset in collegiate competition.

Nor is the accent all on the colleges. The resorts are loaded with pros . . . though employers are careful not to snafu some college kid's career by letting him play on the same team with pros. There have been only rare violations of this fundamental rule. When pros are hired as athletic directors, they often watch the lower-echelon help (the teen-aged collegians who serve as busboys, etc.) in basketball practice and gratuitously offer coaching help.

Perhaps the best-known and best-paid basketballer in the Catskills last Summer was George Mikan. When the 6-foot 10-inch center entered the Basketball Association of America last season, he explained his unstoppable floorwork as follows: "I took a job in the mountains in 1948, and the brilliant ball-handling I had to contend with in every game served as a sort of challenge to me. In college and in the National Basketball League, I was always a record-breaking scorer through backboard domina-

tion. Concentrating on all-around floor-work up in the Catskills really made a whole player out of me."

There was no doubt about the "new" Mikan's greatness. After he annihilated all pro records last year, he was universally acclaimed as the game's all-time, all-star center.

With such a heartening experience in his first crack at the resort "league," it was only natural for the former DePaul University ace to return last Summer. With basketball interest at a new all-time high there, they were eager to have the sport's No. 1 player again. So here is the deal the owners of Klein's Hillside, at Parksville, worked out:

For serving as full-time athletic director and part-time player against pro teams, Mikan received a salary of \$2,000 for the season . . . plus room and board for his wife, two children and mother-in-law! He also was provided with a governess to look after the children several hours a day and in the evening. Big George coached the kids and also acted as host, but still had time enough for himself to shoot 18 holes of golf a day!

Resort owners take great pride in their teams. They hate to lose. Before each season, they arrange to hire Summer help to provide for a certain number of good basketball players. Inter-hotel rivalries are terrific, especially between teams representing "cheaper" against "ritzier" resorts. Hundreds of basketball devotees drive up from New York City for big weekend games in the mountains.

'Twasn't ever thus. Basketball was just as unseasonable in the Catskills each Summer as everywhere else until about 15 years ago. The first "invasion" on record of any real court talent was in the late 1920's, when the Original Celtics visited the Laurels C. C. They made plenty of fans, but nobody followed up till 1932, when the remnants of the Celtics worked at the Copake C. C. for the Summer, playing teams which traveled up from the city each weekend.

In 1933, Flagler's employed the Brooklyn Jewels—the famed St. John's "Wonder Five" which turned pro as a unit. These hoop heroes were Matty Begovich, Rip Gerson, Allie Schuckman, Max Posnack and Mac Kinsbrunner. Cedar's went in for basketball in the early '30's, too.

In 1934, Grossinger's employed as athletic staffers the first of Clair Bee's great LIU teams. These kids had just finished their freshman season. Marius Russo (later a World Series pitching star for the Yankees), Kenny Norton, Julie Bender, Ben Kramer, Art Hillhouse and Arch Karemos made up the unit that drilled daily between hotel chores . . . and perfected an attack that went on to win 43 straight games in intercollegiate competition from 1934-36!

The next year, 1935, Moe Dubilier, former John Marshall star, also went



"Hey, you guys—ya wanna play war?"

From the University of Washington COLUMNS

up to Grossinger's, but interested neighboring hotel owners in trying basketball. Bob Greenberg (now coaching Gimbel's team) started a booking service, guaranteeing the players a certain amount (around \$100 for the entire team) to come up from the city for one-night stands. When this taste of basketball competition proved pleasant, hotel owners began to toy with the idea of fielding teams from their regular staff.

The big break came in one particular year when the staple product for Catskill evening entertainment—the touring drama companies and concerts—happened to be especially mediocre. The hotel owners' association echoed their guests' complaints and decided to plunge en masse into basketball. It was a cheaper form of entertainment . . . and, as one owner cracked, "the guests were more tolerant of a foul throw that went wide of the mark than of a high note some soprano would miss."

At first only New York City teams were attracted. Gradually the appeal spread all over the East and to other sections. By the war's end, a typical Catskill season had players from as far north as Western Ontario University, as far south as Miami University, and as far west as UCLA.

If you doubt that Catskill customers

saw some great basketball last Summer (with never an admission charge), just cast your eye over this partial list:

Alamac C. C., Woodridge—Paul Senesky (waiter), who paced St. Joseph's last year with 483 points, fourth highest in the nation; Charley Cooper (bellhop), who was Duquesne's mainstay; Marv Jaffe (tennis court ground-keeper), who figures to be Muhlenberg's best player this year; Bob Wray (waiter), a soph center sure to crack Notre Dame's varsity.

Tamarack C. C., Woodridge—Bob Cousy and Frank Oftring (waiters), Holy Cross; Ed Redding (athletic staff), St. John's; Ed Leede and Wes Fields (waiters), Dartmouth.

Nevele, Ellenville — Paul Arizin (waiter), pride of Villanova, who set the all-time collegiate record last year of 85 points in one game; Abe Becker (waiter), fast-rising NYU star.

Flagler's, Fallsburg—Charley Share, 6-foot 11-inch Bowling Green boy sure to top all centers.

Fallsview, Ellenville—Joe Galiber (bellhop), City College co-captain; Joe Post, Brooklyn College.

Windzor, Fallsburg — Bob Kelly (waiter), Manhattan's sharpshooter who set the all-time Met scoring record; Bob Wanger, Rochester regular.

Swan Lake Hotel—Ed Bartel, all-

conference star from North Carolina State.

Pines, Fallsburg—Irwin Dambrot, CCNY; Norman Glick, Loyola (L.A.); Jerry Norman, UCLA; Art Goldberg, Duquesne; Art Cerra, George Washington.

Nemerson, Fallsburg — Johnny Byrnes, Manhattan; Irv Koenigsdfer, Missouri; Bob Farley, St. Michael's (Vt.).

Brickman, Fallsburg—Billy Hassett, Notre Dame; Don Carlson, Fordham. Stevensville, Swan Lake—Joe Dolhon, NYU.

Ambassador, Fallsburg—Dick Joyce, Yale; Ken Goodwin, Rhode Island State; Bob Joyce, Colgate.

President, Swan Lake—Bob Reiss, Columbia.

Young's Gap, Parksville — Harry Donovan and E. McGee, Muhlenberg; Jack McMahon, St. John's.

Klein's Hillside, Parksville — Leo Barnhorst, Notre Dame; Abe Friedman, captain, Miami U.

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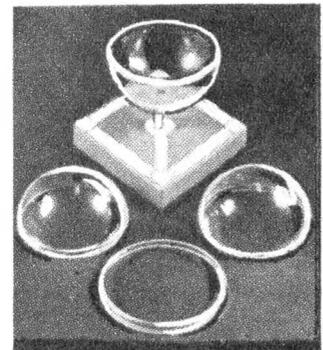
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ARE MIXED MARRIAGES ADVISABLE

(Continued from page 15)

church has officially recognized them as not only right but often desirable in marriage. And so—the second conflict, this a more enduring one.

Bill and Shirley, planning their marriage, are obviously not going to think about divorce. They refuse to consider that their love can be perishable. But if it were to prove so, a third conflict would present itself. The Catholic church does not recognize civil divorces, grants annulments only under specified conditions, and grants separations only with special permission. The position taken by Protestant churches is that divorces are permissible under certain conditions; the trend has been toward recognizing more conditions justifying divorce.

Finally, and what may be a key factor in any Catholic-Protestant marriage, there is the problem of religious training for the children of the family. Shirley—young, in love, impetuous and unworried—may be completely honest in her intentions to allow her children to be brought up

in the Catholic faith when she signs the agreement discussed earlier. But when, four years later, her son or daughter is old enough to ask questions on the subject—then the situation may be very different indeed. When the time for religious instruction is at hand, this entire question must usually be appraised. *How* a decision is reached and what effect it has on the marital happiness of the parents is a question worth looking into.

A study was made of 4,108 mixed and non-mixed marriages among the parents of college students in Michigan. Special attention was given to: conflicts resulting from religious differences; types of solutions attempted to ease the conflicts; the adjustments reached by the parents on the religious training of the children; and the eventual denominational choice of the children.

Using separation and divorce as an index of failure, the study showed that mixed marriages in which both husband and wife hold to their separate

religious faiths have a much higher rate of failure than other marriages. Where both parents were Catholic, the divorce rate was lowest—only 4.4 per cent of these marriages ended in divorce; if both were Protestant, 6.0 per cent ended in divorce. The highest divorce rate of all existed in marriages in which the husband was Catholic and the wife Protestant. Of this group, 20.6 per cent were divorced.

Sociologists explain this unusually high divorce rate in this manner: children, especially daughters, tend to follow the faith of the mother. In the study just discussed, for example, it was found that 65% of the boys and 75% of the girls followed the mother's religion. If these percentages held true in most marriages where the father was Catholic and the mother non-Catholic, the father might become particularly embittered at the training of his children—sufficiently so, perhaps, to think in terms of divorce.

The reverse situation—a Catholic wife and Protestant husband—doesn't seem to lead to divorce as often. Some 14% of these marriages ended with separation decrees, according to one study—a difference of 6%.

Fairly similar results were produced by two other large studies in widely separated parts of the country. One investigation centered on the marital status of some 6,500 families of parochial and public school children in Spokane, Washington. Here the investigator found a divorce rate of 3.8 among Catholics, 10.0 among Protestants, 17.4 in mixed marriages, and 23.9 if neither husband nor wife had church affiliations. Another sociologist, who analyzed the marital status of 13,528 families of mixed and non-mixed marriages in Maryland, found a divorce rate of 6.4 among Catholics, 4.6 among Jews, 6.8 among Protestants, 15.2 in mixed marriages, and 16.7 if there was no religion in the home. All this seems to show that both Catholic and Protestant authorities are justified, from the viewpoint of family stability, in discouraging young people from entering mixed religious marriages. These studies, admittedly, have dealt with couples with children. It is possible that the divorce rate is no higher than average in mixed marriages where there are no children. On this point existing data are as yet insufficient.

It is true that if all the foregoing questions are faced squarely before a final choice of a mate has been made, the chances for success are increased. If Shirley and Bill will face the fact that they'll have to work harder for happiness than couples whose marriages are not mixed, they may find ways to avoid the pitfalls.

What of marriages involving the third important religion in America, Judaism?

A marriage between a Gentile and a Jew faithful to the traditions and
(Continued on page 50)



"I hate to refuse, Louise, but I'm in training."

SHOPPING SCOUT

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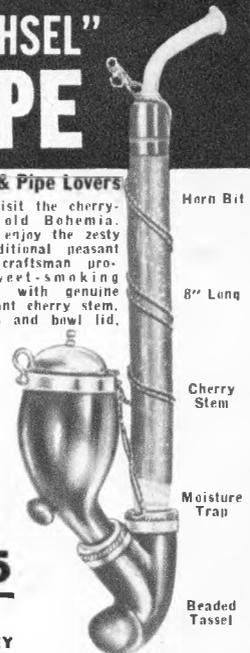
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ARE MIXED MARRIAGES ADVISABLE

(Continued from page 48)

customs of his religion is mixed not only in religion but also in additional aspects of culture. Differences in food habits, holidays, and days of rest are involved. Because of these and also because Jews strongly urge their children to marry within their religion, relatively few Jewish-Gentile marriages take place.

Jews recognize two types of Jewish-Gentile marriages: intermarriage and mixed marriage. Intermarriage is marriage between a converted Gentile and a Jew. Orthodox, conservative and reformed rabbis will perform marriages of converted Gentiles and Jews; however, this type of marriage is discouraged since many Jews do not feel that Gentiles converted to Judaism will be faithful to their new religion.

When the Gentile does not accept Judaism, the marriage is termed a mixed marriage. No orthodox rabbi and few reformed or conservative rabbis will officiate at a mixed marriage.

Centuries of discrimination and persecution abroad set a pattern in Jewish families that emphasized solidarity. In America today that pattern still holds to a great extent, and the Jewish family tends to be a closely-knit group into which it is often difficult for an outsider to fit.

For example, in one study of almost 200 Jewish-Gentile marriages, it was found that 20% of the Jews were not accepted by their own families, and 23% were not accepted by the family of the spouse. Sixteen per cent of the Gentiles were not accepted by their own families, and 27% were not accepted by the family of the spouse. Some 57% of the total group, however, were either partially or entirely accepted by both families.

Another factor which stands in the way of successful Jewish-Gentile marriages is the anti-Semitic prejudice of some Gentiles. The Gentile who marries a Jew is conscious of Gentile attitudes and sometimes attempts to avoid being identified with Jews as a group, although he may love the one to whom he is married. If the family lives in an area where such discrimination exists, the Gentile is pained to see his child suffer as a Jew.

One warning note before we leave this subject: here we have presented the negative side of mixed religious marriages, and touched only briefly on the fact that such marriages can be highly successful.

In considering another kind of mixed marriage—the interracial—it should be noted that biologically there is no reason why races should not inter-marry. Superior people mentally and physically beget superior children regardless of the color of the skin or the shape of the eyes. However, as long as society frowns upon interracial marriages, it is extremely difficult for two people of different

(Continued on page 52)

What's new



Latest wool gabardine version of Eisenhower jacket has zipper opening, rayon lining, back waist insert of zephyr wool. Available in five colors, price \$20. From Maurice Holman, Inc., 925 S. Maple, L. A., Calif.



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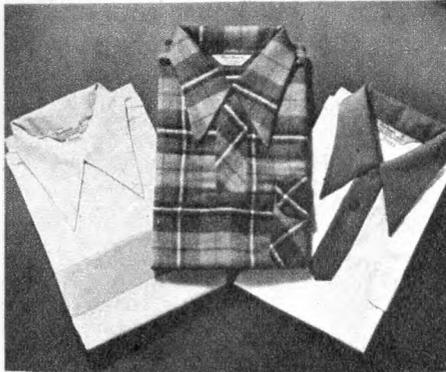


Left, worsted jacquard knit ski sweater, 4 color combinations, about \$6. Center, worsted Award Coat, 12 colors, about \$10. Right, washable cotton jacquard knit shirt, about \$2. All by Barclay Knitwear at better stores.



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in Apparel



Left, Duoway cross-stripe sport shirt of rayon gabardine; right, Duoway slip-over. Both in eight different colors, \$3.95. Center, Plaidorama slipover of woven cotton, sixteen patterns, \$3.00. All by Marlboro, Baltimore, Md.



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ARE MIXED MARRIAGES ADVISABLE

(Continued from page 50)

need extra money for Christmas?

racers to find happiness in marriage. They can hardly be completely indifferent to the thinking of those about them. Even if the two who marry are able to accept philosophically the fact that both will be subjected to discrimination, not only as members of the minority race but also because of their defiance of the social disapproval of such a marriage as theirs, they will still face serious problems when children come. People who can endure prejudice against themselves may suffer intensely when the prejudice strikes at their children. The hazards to happiness in such a marriage are great.

Differences in intelligence, or in economic status, are less serious than some others but may still constitute a mixed marriage and involve hazards to happiness for one or both spouses.

Several studies have also been made which attempted to discover whether educational differences of the spouses affect adjustment in marriage. The majority of these studies show that the same amount of education is slightly favorable to good adjustment in marriage. It is probably true that if a person from a family of highly educated people, who place a great value upon education, married into a family with little or no formal educational background or interest in education, the marriage would involve elements of a mixed marriage. If difference in education also meant a great difference in intelligence, then the educational difference between the spouses might have a greater effect upon marital happiness.

Differences in economic status may constitute a mixed marriage if they are great, and if the two families have correspondingly great differences in ways of life. Here again the outcome will depend in part upon the two individuals. Some girls who marry into a higher economic level renounce their "poor relations" and live entirely within the circle of the husband's family and friends. If the economic status or "the money" is in the wife's family, problems of adjustment may arise because of the husband's attitude. Traditionally, the American husband expects to support his wife and is expected to do so. Many men rebel at economic domination by the wife. Some men will compensate by aggressive attitudes in other areas. However, research studies have not yet yielded enough reliable data on this type of marriage to warrant definite conclusions.

Physical differences will cause problems only if they loom large in the minds of either one in the marriage. A tall woman who feels embarrassed and conspicuous when dating a man shorter than herself might adjust more happily in a marriage with a man of her own height or taller. A man who feels inferior and conscious of his shortness when with taller girls might better marry a girl of his own

height or less. But if a person is not height-conscious, there is no reason why height differences or other differences in physical type need matter.

Young people are often concerned about age differences between the husband and wife. Various research studies which have attempted to determine whether age differences affect happiness in marriage have provided no conclusive evidence. Marriages in which there is as much as a ten years' difference in ages seem to have as much chance for happiness as those in which the spouses are the same age.

Our study of 409 marriages of long duration showed no consistent relationship between age differences of husband and wife and happiness in marriage. The largest percentage of very happy marriages was among couples in which the husband was from one to eight years older than the wife.

We have analyzed 1,226 marriages among the parents of college students to see whether any significant relationship existed between age differences of the spouses and the divorce rate. The divorce rate in these marriages had been lowest in marriages in which the wife was older than her husband.

If a woman marries a man ten years older than she, it may mean that she has been conditioned to respect older men or has idolized her own father; she finds greater happiness in marriage to an older man because of such conditioning. Similarly, the man who marries an older woman may marry her because he needs to be mothered and because she wants to mother someone. The marriage may be above average in happiness because it fulfills needs of both. A man of a different makeup would find such mothering intolerable. No set rule can be stated. All types of age combinations can be found that have worked well provided they were suited to the two personalities involved.

A mixed marriage may result from a combination of factors, all of which make for extreme difference. The greater number of contrasts between the husband and wife, the more hurdles will have to be surmounted to achieve happiness in marriage.

Consideration of all types of mixed marriages forces the conclusion that whether the difference is in race, religion, nationality, or in certain other characteristics and circumstances in the individuals' make-up or background, serious hazards to success may be involved.

Further, it seems that the differences in mixed marriages do not usually decrease with the passing of time after marriage. They tend to become magnified in the minds of the couple and their families. To achieve happiness in such marriages, individuals must be mentally and emotionally mature and possess more than average understanding and tolerance.

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THE NUTS OF CHESTNUT STREET

(Continued from page 25)

his neck until dead—it was probably part of some marionette pirate play; but at first glance, the green face and protruding eyes were disconcerting. Then, too, a small arm or leg left carelessly around would give one a start. Miss Pflugfelder was always getting up shows in her room, and the tenants, and people from outside, crowded in and overflowed into the hall, clapping and speaking in admiration.

Now and then I beheld a small, middle-aged lady, rather oddly dressed (she was given to wearing real flowers and leaves pinned to her hat, long trailing skirts, gaiters, and black cotton gloves), hurrying downstairs with a basket on her arm. This basket was the home of a pet monkey, and his chattering would be wafted up to me at various times. Another inmate often left the house with her parrot on her shoulder, startling passersby.

On the second floor, Mr. Whinery, who was an archery expert, held forth. In order for him to hit the target that was on the wall in his room, he had to open his door and step out into the hall to get a good distance from it. Here he would assume the classic stance of the archer, and his arrows would whizz by all comers who tried to pass him en route to their rooms. Several times, I had to crawl by him on all fours, since he would not stop once started. This was particularly difficult when I had bundles.

Once safely through Mr. Whinery's arrows, the hapless lodger had still other hazards to pass before reaching his haven. On the third floor, all the rooms were taken by a group who belonged to an obscure religious sect. They had many guests and spent hours listening to a speaker and kneeling in attitudes of silent prayer in their rooms and overflowing into the hall. I had to pick my way carefully amongst these holy people, who often covered the landing. I once felt a very devil of wickedness as I was picking my way neatly among them and inadvertently dropped a bottle of bourbon into their midst.

The house was entirely heated by open fireplaces—with the exception of my room—and this method was so insufficient to warm the huge place that the doors of all rooms were constantly left open, to the detriment of privacy.

My unheated room adjoined an unheated bathroom that had so many things wrong with it that I know I will not be believed when I tell of them. It was under the eaves, and even a very short person could not stand upright in it, but had to remain bowed—one had to stoop very low in getting in and out of the tub. Through some faulty hookup of pipes below, the toilet bowl was often filled with boiling water, and it sometimes chose to squirt a firm stream of water from

the vicinity of the handle affixed to the flushing tank. I would be shaving at the bathtub (there was no sink) with my back to it when, without warning, a hot stream would drench me. There was no lock on the door and people barged in when I least expected it or was prepared for their entrance. The tub had two water themes: the cold water gushed forth with a roar and spate that rivalled Niagara, and the hot water, generally cold and usually rusty, would trickle in temperamental dribbles, especially when needed for a bath.

For some reason, the mirror could not be fastened to the wall and it apparently took delight in sliding at odd times from a small shelf into the tub with a crash. The worst thing, though, was to be nude and shivering in the tub in this cold bathroom on a wintry night, in a kneeling position with head stuck under the faucet for a shampoo (there was no other way to wash your hair), all soaped up with suds getting into your eyes, and then to find that the water would be off for a long period. This came about often, as the top floor had to wait, if people below were running faucets.

My immediate neighbors on the top floor were nice enough, but their habits became a burden to me. Next to my room lived a young woman who spent hours typing and admonishing her young daughter not to cry—when she took the child out, a relief shift of stenographers would show up and continue the typing.

The other room on my floor was tenanted by a passé ballet dancer, old and furrowed, who sometimes donned a very décoletté ballet costume and hurried downstairs to practice her routine in the warm kitchen. In summer, she chose to display herself on the roof of a small wing which protruded from the back of the house. Now and then, she would wish to avoid people in the house and at these times she would climb up the fire escape in her frayed costume and clamber in at my open window in order to reach her room. My mother, visiting me on a hot summer day, was stunned to see, first a head, then the bare shoulders, then the ballet skirt and legs and ballet shoes appearing by degrees outside my window and culminating in a jump nearly into my lap. With a cheery toss of the hand and a "Hi!" my neighbor tripped through my room.

Other people also chose to use the fire escape, and my room, as an entrance to the house. I soon got used to strangers appearing at the window and walking through, even when I was in bed. One man said he was testing the fire escape; another said he had to paint something—and so on. A squirrel, a cat—and once a small girl—came into my life in this way.

In addition to this lack of privacy, my personal life was further affected

(Continued on page 54)

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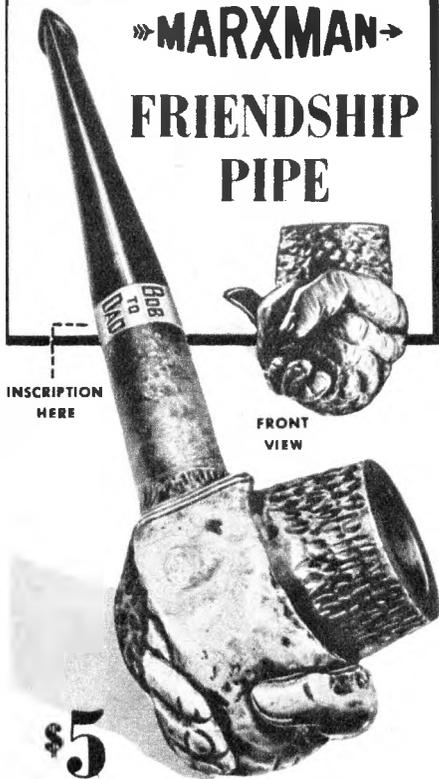
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by the fire law, which insists that rooms must have a door connecting them in case the hall is impassible. This is a good law, but after the workmen, in order to bring the premises into line with it, had made a terrible mess of my room and had banged their way through the wall, they put up a door of such thin insecurity that through it I could hear every breath taken by the people next to me. This door could only be locked on one side—their side—leaving me entirely unprotected.

My room had no electricity and I depended on oil lamps and candles for illumination. In winter, I had to leave the door leading into the hall open to let in any warm air that might be about, and in the summer it had to be open to allow a draft through. If the door was shut, the room immediately became an ice-box, or a furnace, depending on the season.

One lady below me, who admitted to good taste in music, spent hours lying on the floor in front of her phonograph, drinking gin and listening to opera recordings played full blast. The miserable machine handled whole operas at a time, and when I heard her asking a neighbor through the always-open room doors: "Shall I play *Aida* or *Tannhauser*?" I knew I was in for it.

Mr. R. had many violin pupils and he secreted them in odd parts of the house to do their separate workouts. With the open-door policy in operation, it was rather confusing to hear, in addition to all the other noises, six or eight violins playing different tunes at one and the same time.

In the back yard, Mr. R. spent hours sawing up old wooden beams and planks—this was very noisy, but was absolutely necessary in a house heated exclusively by fireplaces. Of course, my room, having been a storage closet originally, would be the one room in the house without a fireplace.

Because of the housing shortage, Mr. R. had even rented the laundry to a dear old lady who was very fond of buttermilk and spent hours at an old churn she had acquired—it made a clanking sound quite audible in my room.

One of the guests was a sick lady who had to be carried to her taxi daily to be driven to the doctor for treatments—the driver often went through the house selling lollypops, made by his daughters, who, he said, were running for president.

The traditional Beacon Hill Christmas Eve open house was observed here and that was an unforgettable night. Mr. and Mrs. R., in faultless evening dress, served peanut butter and crackers with port in their magnificent drawing-room. Miss Pfluefelder gave a special, bang-up Christmas show with her puppets. Mr. Whinery took pot shots at everyone with his bow and arrow. The lady with the

monkey handed around a box of cookies in which she had forgotten to put sugar but not salt. The parrot lady had a little show of her own with a few friends who called, bringing their parrots for a good get-together of "Polly wants a cracker" and "Where the hell is that sailor"—the religious people prayed with renewed fervor as dozens of them cluttered the halls and stairs. Nothing in the bathroom would function. The tenants on my floor graciously lent me their rooms to entertain my numerous guests, only to return unexpectedly and shoo everyone out and place me in the embarrassing position of not being able to crowd fifty people into my room. Mr. R.'s pupils played quartettes on every floor and by the time a group of my friends arrived, heralding their way up the stairs by blowing trombones and trumpets, I climbed down the fire escape and spent the night at the Y.M.C.A., leaving all comers to devour my caviar, pate de foie gras and champagne.

Mrs. R. was very fond of arranging and rearranging the rooms and could be observed constantly running up and down stairs, with pieces of furniture, pictures and other objects. Trucks were always arriving at the front door with massive pieces of furniture, while trucks were always driving away from the back door with pieces of furniture that had given out, owing to the constant movement from room to room and floor to floor. The master and pupils would lug huge bookcases up stairs, heavy trunks down stairs, barrels of bric-a-brac to the basement or attic and then next day, all would be moved up and down again. The rooms were changed around so frequently that upon leaving for a few hours, I never knew what horrible pieces would be whirled around and come out as an arrangement for various rooms. One day, all would be in order, furniture in place, curtains up, and rugs down; next day, the furniture would be out of place, or elsewhere, the curtains down and the rugs up. We never knew what to expect, and the halls were filled with rolled rugs, bedsteads, frames, old chairs and other oddities. Mr. R. also had some original ideas on painting, and a purple room with a revolting green ceiling was one of several decors too disturbing to think about.

Since Mrs. R. was deaf and spent hours roaming through the house, her spouse was given to summoning her to meals with a heavy wooden clapper, which echoed through the house like a peal of thunder. Mrs. R. also had a fine collection of life-sized girl baby-dolls and spent much of her time dressing and undressing them. At odd times, she would put some of them into a real baby carriage, and walk up and down in front of the house.

On my floor was a cold-water tank that blurped, rumbled and hissed for

hours on end and there was also another tank for hot water, directly over my room, in the attic. This one used to get boiling so hard that it would shake the whole upper part of the house, and it would go off at odd times, usually when I was asleep. It was an old tank, so one day it just gave up and burst, and gallons of water came down on my floor, ruining my clothes and possessions, and, since I was in bed, me.

While I was incensed at this happening, it was not the event that caused me to leave. Several nights later, the water-weakened ceiling of my room fell and I felt that the last straw was beginning to show, so I gracefully withdrew and am now living in a tent on the roof of a mental hospital, which seems nice and quiet.

ARCHIE BUYS A SUIT

(Continued from page 17)

smiling from behind his muzzle. "I shall always be indebted to you for your kindness."

He hesitated for a moment. "Maybe it was fate," he said, "but I'll give you the benefit of the doubt."

I figured Rollo was still punchy from football practice. I started to get out of his path before he came to.

Just then I saw my Betty approaching. My lovely one ran up and threw her arms around my neck and planted the red oval right on my cheek.

"Chesterfield," she beamed, "I love you. How can I ever repay you?"

I restrained myself from telling her to write out a check. What with everyone loving me, I felt like Adonis. But maybe, I thought, Rollo slapped a headlock on her Saturday night and she's punchy too.

"Chesterfield," she continued, "I'm sorry I was angry at you. I'm not any more."

"That's fine," I said, still trembling in Rollo's shadow. I'll see you tonight."

"Oh, no," my lovely Betty said, "I'm going out with Rollo again tonight."

It was finally dawning on me.

"Rollo?" I laughed. "But Rollo hates women!"

"I used to, but no more," Rollo said. "Ever since I won Betty in the raffle, I've changed my mind—at least about one woman."

He smiled at her like the 250-pound, gentle-hearted baby he isn't. The next thing I knew, he took her arm tenderly in his grimy paw and they were walking across campus together.

My lovely Betty in the hands of that block-buster! Suddenly I had visions of myself gently and sweetly choking Archie.

I recovered from the shock just in time. Dean Williams was walking toward me.

"Chesterfield," he smiled with forgiveness, "I was wrong. I'm glad to see that the raffle came out all right. I really thought you were going to start some more trouble."

"Trouble?" I muttered. "What's that?"



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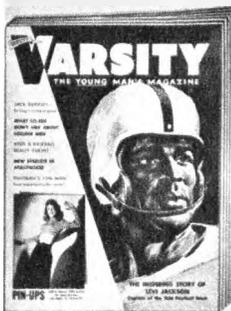
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INSIDE WEST POINT

(Continued from page 19)

becomes a Yearling the next day, just as soon as the last man in the graduating class receives his diploma.

Plebe year, viewed in a strict military light, is regarded primarily as a period of instruction in military virtues such as good posture, promptness, etc. Yearling (sophomore) year, on the other hand, is regarded as a period of observation in which to learn and profit from the good points—as well as errors—in the leadership methods of others. Yearling year starts with a welcome month's furlough, after which the whole Yearling class goes out to Camp Buckner on the shores of Lake Popolopen for summer training.

You would find Buckner wonderful! Of course, there is the serious, professional side: the pulsing of tank motors, the whine of bullets, the "dit-dah" of Signal Corps radios, the whir of Quartermaster machinery—all become commonplace by the end of the training period. A knowledge of almost every branch of the Army is gained. But it's not all work. There are also informal hops, picnics, sailing, swimming, tennis, canoeing—among other things—to occupy free time.

Buckner is similar to furloughs in that it is over all too soon, and the return to barracks is made preparatory

to starting another academic year. These never change very much in their schedule of events. The same bright spots that mark Plebe year also stand out during the other years. There are a few important changes, however. No longer do you march to class; you can go home for Christmas; you can also leave for the three-day Spring Vacation. At the end of the year, the Yearlings become Cows (juniors) or Second-Classmen, and they actually start assuming military duties and understudying the First Classmen (seniors) in earnest.

During "Cow" summer training, major Air Force Bases are visited. Then comes a month's furlough, followed by Operation Camid (Cadet-MIDshipman), the joint landing exercise staged in the vicinity of Norfolk, Virginia.

The end of Cow year is marked by elevation to the august position of First Classmen, and the responsibility for running the Corps is taken from the preceding class. This is the year for practical application of the leadership theories absorbed in the previous three years. The first part of the summer training consists of a combined arms trip to principal army posts to learn the functions, capabilities, and limitations of armor, infantry, and artillery. The trip is followed

by work as an instructor on the New Cadet Detail, at Camp Buckner, or at a replacement training center. Twenty days leave is also included in this summer schedule.

With the close of summer training, the First Class returns to barracks along with the rest of the Corps. The schedule for the last academic year is very much the same except for more privileges and weekend leaves. But even the normal activities take on a rosier glow, with graduation in the offing. Finally, the end of the year brings graduation and a sixty-day leave.

So much for the serious side of four years at West Point. On the lighter side, there are the weekends and sports—mainly football. The weekend activities usually consist of an athletic event Saturday afternoon and the show and hop Saturday night. After chapel on Sunday, the cadet and his "drag" may eat dinner together at the U. S. Hotel Thayer. Later in the afternoon they may go to the show, the tea hop, or for a stroll along Flirtation Walk (off-limits for Plebes). The social interlude comes to an abrupt halt at 1800 (6:00 PM) Sunday evening when the Corps forms for supper.

The activities included in "dragging" on a weekend often cause it to be classed as a sport by the more indolent cadets, but those more generally recognized as sports also play a large part in a cadet's life. Of these, football is supreme, and the one game that outshines all the rest is, of course, the Navy game.

The traditions connected with the Navy game always begin the week before. On Thanksgiving Day there is the Goat-Engineer game which has its origin in the Runt-Flanker games of the past. The Runt-Flanker game was a natural outcome of the division of the Corps into companies according to height; and the placing of the tallest men on the flanks when the Corps formed for review. The tradition had it that if the Runts won the game, Army would beat Navy. To ensure that end, the Runts were not limited in the number of men they could put on the field, and they would finally carry the game by sheer numbers. But this was merely a prelude to the roughhouse that followed. After defeat in the game, the Flankers retired with their flag to one of the divisions of barracks. Then it was up to the Runts to take the flag by storm. One year, one of the little men who sneaked into the division was undressed and shoved out into the area. A passing officer of the cadet guard promptly reported him for "appearing in area of barracks without a dress coat!" The Runt-Flanker games ended in 1920 after the Commandant was crowned with a bucket-full of water while quelling one of the riots that had gotten out of hand. In its place came the Goat-Engineer game. The



"You know too damn much."

From the Princeton TIGER

Goats are the men at the bottom of the class in academic standing, while the Engineers are at the top. The tradition now has become, "as the Goats go, so goes Army."

Shortly before the Corps leaves on the trip to Philadelphia for The Game, a rally is staged in the mess hall. The Superintendent and various other people speak to the Corps and call on it and the team to make their greatest effort. Later that night there is an after-taps rally and bonfire on the Plain. The following weekend comes the game with its pageantry—and victory for the Army, naturally. Most of my classmates and I have Navy B-robos (bathrobes), cuff links, and jackets as a result of bets on the games that ended victoriously for Army during our four years.

There is usually quite a bit of horseplay in connection with the game, not to mention the "muleplay" of Army's two mascots, but back through the years the spirits of the men in the Corps have been known to effervesce at other times as well. For example, there is the time the reveille gun was placed in the Clock Tower. I went around to see Sergeant Lawrence, the raconteur, to check the details. Sergeant Lawrence was one of the men in the squad of soldiers that took a week to get the gun down again! He told me that cadets had also put the gun in the Tower one night when General Douglas MacArthur was First Captain back in the early 1900's. "Did MacArthur do it?" I asked. "Now don't you go asking me about who was responsible, but if you were to ask MacArthur, I reckon he could tell you who did it as well as how they got away with it. But then, that's nothing compared to the time someone barber-striped the flag pole one night back in '07. It took a steeple-jack two weeks to repaint the 140-foot pole!"

Then there's the night the cadets fired a battery of guns on the Plain and then rapidly retreated to barracks to defend themselves. They shot Roman candles into the seats of the trousers of the officers trying to quell the disturbance!

Finally—at Buckner, each class helps to perpetuate the tale of the cadet who sent his girl a letter a day during Plebe year—no mean feat, by the way. When he finally went home on furlough, she had married the postman!

Possibly because these are rather serious times, there have been few of the wilder escapades in recent years. It's not all grim, but West Point is tough—and success is made up of hard work, ability and a few other ingredients. But let's get the dope right from the boys who should know—the top men in my class.

Naturally, the man to start with is the First Captain. Formerly a star man (one who wears a star on his collar to show he is in the top 6% academically) and president of the Debate Council, Harry Griffith represented success in several fields; but his principal asset was his outstand-

ing leadership qualities. His selection as First Captain is in itself proof of this. As you might expect from a military man, Harry was terse and to the point. "A year of college, a year in the Army, form about the best background. Then, any man wanting to come to West Point should first find out just what he is getting into. There have been some good books on West Point. A man should get hold of one of those and a copy of 'Bugle Notes' (the Plebe's bible), if possible, to read up on the place." "Tex" Hervey, formerly Harry's roommate and Brigade Adjutant, chimed in to say, "You should pick out the good characteristics of some outstanding man and try to adopt them as your own." "Tex" had followed his own advice. His model was the Brigade Adjutant during our Plebe year.

Next, a man outstanding in athletics. With 40% of the Corps out for intercollegiate sports and the rest on intramural (commonly known as "intramurder") sports, it is difficult to single out any one man as the most outstanding. Nevertheless, Jack Hammack, who was captain of the track team and a cadet lieutenant platoon leader as well, is certainly one man who has earned his major "A." He was known throughout the Corps for his hard work. Jack felt that the will to win was the important thing to cultivate. Applying this to specific points in track, Jack said, "First you should work for form by copying someone who is very good. This is especially important during Plebe year when you are first starting out. Just overcome any bashfulness you might feel, and go up to one of the top men on the team and ask for his help. It's very flattering to any man to be asked to help out someone just getting started. Another thing, you should set high goals for yourself and keep them high. Then, always run to win, no matter what champion you're up against. Get in shape early; remember that anything worthwhile costs a lot. You can't dissipate and stay on the track team. There are other things like team spirit that are just as important, but you'll learn those before long if you stay on the team."

Sports at West Point are indeed important, but other extra-curricular activities occupy a large amount of a cadet's time. Bill Gorog, who was the head of the activities committee and a very active member of the Debate Council—he was sent to England as their representative recently—also a "wheel" on the Special Program Committee, pointed out that there are forty-seven activities open to cadets. He said that the most important thing is to get started in the activities that most interest you during the first part of Plebe year. He felt that the Debate Council was the most important because its activities teach logical reasoning and effective thinking on your feet, important qualities for an Army officer. The Debate Council is also very rewarding, with occasional trips abroad and frequent trips to other

colleges. "The trips furnish a valuable addition to your education, broadening your view of the civilian student and the ways of his school," Bill said. "And there are other benefits of extra-curricular activities; just think of the practical business experience the business manager of the Howitzer (the year book) receives handling the Howitzer's \$40,000 advertising account."

Academics are another major phase of cadet life, and the mission at West Point is different from that of the ordinary college. Academic training at West Point is designed to give a broad foundation in both technical subjects and the humanities, in order to permit a graduate to undertake almost any type of work as an Army officer. The two men most outstanding academically were the two Rhodes Scholars, Dick Carvolth and Dan McGurk. Both were star men, of course; both were battalion adjutants; and both worked on the Howitzer. Dick felt that a college preparation for West Point was much better than preparatory school because of the greater knowledge of fundamentals that would be acquired. He also emphasized the importance of getting started early in Plebe year in what-

(Continued on page 58)

CONSOLATION PRIZE



A NEW type of college "award system" has been inaugurated at Stanford University for those students who report the lowest grade on a test paper. "Attention Numbekulls!" is the rallying call used by a Palo Alto sportswear-for-men shop in its newspaper advertisements. Each week the Charles Moulds shop awards a gift order for the lowest test score submitted to the store by 5 p.m. Saturday. First award of the year went to Leonard Collins for his 0 in a Political Science test. The pair of Argyle socks were presented "not in the spirit of condoning or encouraging poor scholarship, but in the spirit of consolation."

—Robert K. Bullock

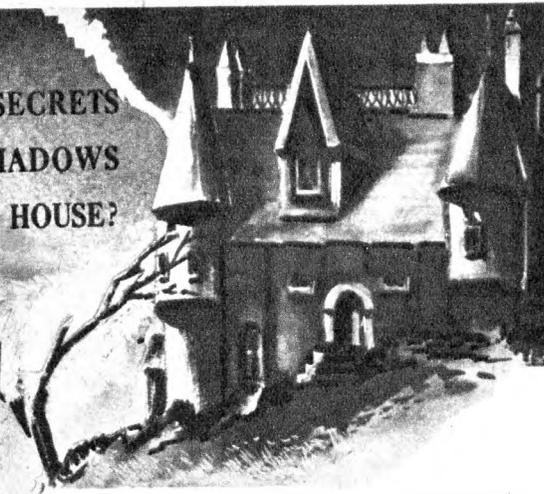
INSIDE WEST POINT

(Continued from page 57)

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ever activities you plan for yourself. Dan's opinions were similar to Dick's, but he felt that the extra-curricular activities are the most important thing to emphasize. "The way I look at it, academics and sports pretty well take care of themselves. You have a certain time set aside for each, but there is no definite time set aside for activities. Another thing I think is important is outside reading. The education here is general. On your own, you have to pick something interesting to you and gain a further knowledge of it."

There is yet one major aspect of cadet life: the moral training embodied in the Honor System. While it is not correct to speak of one cadet as more successful than another in this field, one man from each company in the Corps is designated as Honor Representative (the "reps" are known colloquially in the Corps as "hoods"). Another cadet lieutenant and platoon leader, Honor Rep Paul Dow was a star man, president of the Sailing Club, and a Rhodes Scholar candidate. He pointed out the importance of the Honor System from the viewpoint of its battlefield significance; a commander must be able to rely absolutely on the word of his subordinates in order to avoid mistakes in planning, and needless sacrifice of life. The mission of the Honor System at West Point is to instill this truthfulness. Paul summarized the essentials of the Honor System very neatly when he said, "The four pillars of the System are that a cadet does not lie, cheat, or steal, and he always keeps his word. Other main points: the Honor System is the Corps' own; the men of the Corps are the ones that enforce it; it actually works; and there are no second chances for a person who violates the Code. Surely, if there is anything outstanding about West Point, it is the Honor Code."

I have recounted at some length the results of my "bull sessions." If there are any golden keys to success at West Point, these comments from the men who have shown themselves most outstanding should at least indicate the means of finding the keys' hiding-place. After graduation, fourteen of the twenty-two classmates in my company were married immediately and thus ran true to this verse of the traditional song "Army Blue":

"To the ladies that come up in June
We'll bid a fond adieu,
Here's hoping they be married soon,
And join the Army too."

Of my class as a whole, forty per cent received their commissions in the Air Force. The rest were commissioned in the Army. Troop duty overseas is next on the agenda for all as soon as specialized branch training is finished. Later years may include, in addition to troop duty, further schooling at the Command and Staff College or

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Air Command and Staff School, a tour as an instructor with a civilian component, further university training, or for a few, the Army War College or Air University.

Not a single class has been graduated from the Academy that has not seen war service. The best measure of West Point's contribution to the nation's war efforts is found in comparative casualty figures. In the first World War, the casualties among first lieutenants were 195 per 1000 for graduates, 29.2 per 1000 for Regular Army officers, and 30.3 per 1000 for emergency officers. In the last war,

these were the percentages of men killed in action:

Enlisted men	2.1%
Total male army personnel	2.1%
Total male officers	3.3%
USMA graduates	5.5%

An interesting sidelight is the fact that only 1% of the officer corps during World War II was composed of graduates, while 57% of the commanders of division and higher rank were former cadets. It might also be interesting to note what Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, former

Superintendent of the Academy and wartime commander of the 101st Airborne Division, said with reference to the continuing mission of West Point:

"West Point succeeds or fails in the future to the degree in which it continues to produce broad men of character, capable of leading other men to victory in battle."

In a more personal vein, my class has now joined "the long gray line." But as we think back over our four years at the Academy, we again find moral support to aid us in maintaining the motto of West Point—Duty, Honor, Country—as our own.

FRATERNITIES AT THE CROSSROADS

(Continued from page 9)

Amherst's Fraternity Row; the chapter renamed itself Kappa Theta and went local. Promised support by President Charles Woolsey Coles of the school, it has made the transition successfully. In the rush seasons since then, Kappa Theta has pledged men who would have been automatically excluded under the constitution of the national from which it seceded.

Amherst was news again last year. Alpha chapter of Phi Kappa Psi was about to institute Thomas Gibbs, a Negro. The Phi Kappa Psi headquarters acted with such speed that, by the time Gibbs came up for membership, the Amherst local had been dropped from the fraternity for "unfraternal conduct."

Despite this uncompromising stand taken by some nationals, headed for the most part by alumni members and the professional fraternity men, Amherst's program has begun to spread. There is even a new fraternity—a year old and seven chapters strong—formed by men who see themselves "combining democracy and the best parts of the Greek Letter societies." Called Beta Sigma Tau, its members are Catholics, Jews, Protestants; white and Negro.

Local fraternities with the same viewpoint include Phi Lambda Theta at Bucknell, Pi Alpha at Florida Southern, Kappa Mu Kappa at Kent State, Union College's Beta Eta Upsilon, Sigma Delta Phi at Wisconsin. In addition, many locals of national fraternities—such as the Alpha Delta chapter of Alpha Sigma Phi—have also felt the influence of ex-servicemen. While their efforts have not, thus far, rewritten national constitutions, they have cut through a great deal of the alleged injustices and acknowledged rigamarole.

Paradoxically, the Greeks face their latest test at a time when they can honestly claim greater attempts at liberalism than at any other period in their history. The nominal beginning of the fraternities goes back to December 5, 1776, when Phi Beta Kappa was organized at William and Mary College in Virginia. PBK soon became what it is today—an honorary society for men and women with out-

standing scholastic and extra-curricular records. Kappa Alpha, the next college fraternity, started at the University of North Carolina in 1812. After expanding to several other schools in the south, it fell apart because of internal stress on the slavery question and was defunct by the time of the Civil War.

The true line of social fraternities, with their secret rituals and multi-million dollar, multi-chapter organizations, started at Union College in Schenectady, New York, in 1825. That year, another Kappa Alpha was formed. Opposition to it led to the founding of Sigma Phi and Delta Phi at Union two years later. The "Union Triad" branched out to other campuses, and the number of chapters was multiplied by opposition groups throughout the country.

Under the impetus of boom times after World War I, and the greatest college enrollments up to that time, fraternities became the layman's symbol of lavish playboy living. The

average fraternity man was made up of a raccoon coat, a flask for each hip, a coed of the flapper variety and a flock of souped-up Stutz cars waiting outside to rush the whole conglomerate stereotype to the football stadium or a convenient speakeasy.

Between 1917 and 1925, the number of chapters increased by 42 percent, and while the life was never as good—or as interestingly bad—as outsiders believed, it was undeniably hectic.

Fraternities took on mortgage responsibilities for over-sized houses, certain that the payments would be met easily by the classes to come in the future years which everyone predicted would be even more prosperous than 1927 or 1928.

Unfortunately, the students proved to be just as wrong as everybody else. When the crash came, it left a lot of chapters just one step from genteel bankruptcy. Together with the colleges themselves, the Greeks went

(Continued on page 60)



"Whoops! Hold it, George!—We've got our ends mixed again!"

FRATERNITIES AT THE CROSSROADS

(Continued from page 59)

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through severe retrenchment during the last depression. Then, just when money ceased to be a nagging problem, manpower shortages took its place. At the start of World War II, many fraternity and non-fraternity men left school to volunteer in the British, French and Canadian armies. Shortly afterwards, the draft whipped across the campus. By 1942, hundreds of chapters had suspended operation or were barely making a go of it with skeleton staffs.

Despite its drain on membership, however, the war proved to be a financial boon to the fraternities. With Army, Navy and Marine units to train, colleges found themselves hard-pressed for accommodations for servicemen. Hundreds of chapter houses were offered and accepted. For the duration, the Greeks—or the few of them that were left—met in student unions and rented rooms. And the rents paid by the services for the houses often helped reduce mortgages when the fraternities took back their facilities at the end of the war.

If the societies had been man-poor in 1942, they were now faced with exactly the opposite problem. The backlog of members started returning to school and the trend toward fraternity "boarding houses" rather than chapter houses became obvious and vexing. Locals which had never numbered more than 30 or 40 active brothers now had 130 or 140.

At one southern fraternity, last fall, after a day and night of hectic rushing, the members met in the crowded front room to discuss the pledge possibilities among the new men. "I don't care about most of these guys one way or the other," said one man, "but there are two jokers who'll get in here over my dead body." The two he named were both fellow-members, initiated the year before, but lost in the plaid-jacketed shuffle!

But many chapters have moved to larger quarters because of the current boom in men. Somehow, they will have to maintain maximum membership in order to make an economic go of it. This expansion, if balanced in a few years by a decline in total college enrollment, could be a liberalizing influence in itself.

Statistically, the nation's fraternities are stronger than they have ever been. The last count shows 58 nationals represented in the National Interfraternity Conference, with 2523 chapters and an undergraduate-alumni membership of 1,148,468. That represents a rise in chapters of 124 and in membership of 38,533 over the previous year. These would be major gains for any institution.

Since 1901, when seventeen fraternities sent representatives to a meeting called by Dr. Francis W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan, fraternities have had a super-national ruling body of their own. The National Inter-

fraternity Conference, with its annual meetings and its many operating committees, has been an important force in stabilizing practices throughout the country. Its accomplishments include the Decalog of Fraternity Policy, its official, on-record opposition to physical hazing, its publications and many cooperative efforts with college administrations.

At the Conference's annual meetings of the past two years, discrimination has been the hottest topic. Both times, the under-graduate members of various nationals and chapters have argued vehemently, clashed strongly and then voted down proposals for scrapping discriminatory clauses in fraternity constitutions. In the November '48 conclave, a motion to give local units the right to decide whom to admit regardless of national rules was also killed.

The existence of the Conference, the membership figures and the estimated \$125,000,000 invested in chapter houses, plus the cost of national headquarters, put the Greeks in the big business category—not counting the jewelers, printers and suppliers on a national scale who are directly tied to the fate of fraternities. As with any other business, the common denominator of this one lies in the individual unit: the firmly entrenched local chapter of a major national. These range down from Sigma Alpha Epsilon's Georgia Beta at the University of Georgia, with over 1,000 members, the largest chapter of the largest national.

Delta Chapter of Beta Xi is very mythical and very average. It is one of 25 at the also mythical State College. BX's aren't too concerned with grades, yet their marks vary very little from those of non-Greeks. No nation-wide figures have ever been compiled, but record spot-checks show schools whose scholastic averages favor the Greeks, while on other campuses the reverse is true. One reason for improved fraternity scholarship is the growing practice of colleges and the societies themselves of requiring pledges to pass a minimum number of courses before they become eligible for initiation.

One disadvantage of attending State College lies in its bigness. The enrollment, which recently topped 10,000, makes it a city in itself—a city that can seem strange and overpowering to a seventeen or eighteen-year-old away from the security of home for the first time. Beta Xi provides a swift avenue for the freshman to satisfy the strong universal desire for that sense of "belonging." If he joins, he immediately acquires the general friendship of an entire house of men, his own age and older, clipped together by the same fraternity pin. Almost every initiation oath swears members to "abstain from speaking evil of my brothers and to allow no evil to be spoken of them." While

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there are often, understandably, breaches of this idealistic refrain, the members generally form close friendships. These develop rapidly when men live, eat and work together constantly, as they do in chapter houses.

Examination of this particular facet of fraternity life will also reveal its inherently dangerous possibilities. The man for whom the chapter house replaces the security and attachments of home, runs the risk of completely missing the benefit of close association with men on campus of differing social, economic, intellectual, racial and religious backgrounds. Blinded by fraternity, he will revolve in the comparatively narrow circle of his brothers, who picked him in the first place because he resembled them closely in interests and home-town environment. This is not, of course, a pitfall which traps all, or even most, fraternity men. Preversely, however, it does seem to trap those who would most benefit through greater mingling with the diverse elements to be found on almost every campus.

Finally, there is the freshman who comes to college with years of unsocial living already behind him. "Afraid" of girls, non-athletic, lacking in social confidence, he desperately wants and needs just the things fraternity life might give him. Too often, however, such a man is looked upon by Beta Xi as a poor risk, and is passed over. And this final rebuff may well make a complete introvert of him for the rest of his life.

At State, as at many other large schools, the college administration has indirectly attested to the extra-curricular value of fraternity-house living by investing a lot of money in a student Union. Complete with ping-pong tables, cafeteria, small theater and meeting rooms, this building serves the same purpose for non-affiliated students that the fraternity house does for Greeks. Unfortunately, at those schools large enough to afford a Union, even such facilities are often inadequate for the size of the student body. There the fraternities fill a definite need.

On the other hand, the attitude of some of the smaller schools is reflected by the statement of Dean Gilbert T. Hoag, of Haverford College. (Haverford has banned the Greeks.) "Although we recognize that in a large institution they (fraternities) serve a very useful purpose, we are unanimous in feeling that in an institution the size of Haverford they would have little if anything to contribute . . ."

At State, Beta Xi's entertain more than the independents on campus, undoubtedly because they have the facilities for it ready at hand. In addition to the frequent big weekends, they have three-day house parties once or twice a semester. On the remaining weekends, some of the members always manage to arrange impromptu affairs. Although State is coed, BX's like to import their dates from nearby girls' schools, since these women are not bound by the State

interfraternity code which rules out coed drinking in the chapter houses, or even their being in the room when the men drink. This regulation has been variously and unflatteringly described by the girls.

Because a BX parties more than non-Greeks, there is strong basis for the often-heard, but unproved statement that he consumes more liquor. Few college affairs run on water or grape juice punch and almost every chapter has its own bar. Dormitory law prohibits liquor in the rooms, so drinking is far more convenient for fraternity members. Whether or not they abuse this convenience is debatable.

One or two weeks out of the school year, Beta Xi's become super-salesmen of fraternity and its way of college life. Rush week has calmed down since the days when every freshman was considered fair game from the time he set foot in the college town. The passing of much of the slam-bang was welcomed by the brothers; they had to work the hardest. Before sanity and university administrations took hold, Beta Xi often spent several hundred dollars to get an important pledge. If he was a key man in his class, he stood a good chance of never wanting for company and never having to pick up a check until the day when he said he would "go BX."

Open rushing like that proved too much for the college, or the chapter. Today, Beta Xi, along with the other societies at State, observes clearly-worded and enforced rushing rules. Infringements can bring severe penalties, up to the loss of rushing privileges for a year or more.

Following the lead of the majority of schools, State set up a plan for restricting rushing. There can be no mention, overt at least, of "fraternity" until the week set aside for freshmen to visit all the chapters on campus. After making the rounds, the new students return to all, some or none of the houses on subsequent nights. If they play the game correctly, they will wait for invitations to return after the first contact.

Theoretically, no student announces his choice until the day set aside for official pledging. Every night during the hectic week, Beta Xi members have a weary house meeting after the freshmen leave. The long list of prospects is repeated, discussed, and the blackballs counted. Finally, at the end of a week of furious activity, during which neither the rushers nor rushees have revealed more than facade personalities designed to impress each other, State holds its breath and goes through its Sunday pledging ritual. Bids from the fraternities are distributed at the office of the Dean, the students pick them up and then go to the house each one wants among those which have bid for him. For some, it can be a very gloomy Sunday when they find themselves ignored by the chapter they most wanted. It can be as gloomy for a chapter if it loses

(Continued on page 62)

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FRATERNITIES AT THE CROSSROADS

(Continued from page 61)

four or five of its outstanding potential pledges to a rival.

Despite stories of heartbreak, blighted college careers and even suicides by disappointed undergraduates, these experiences are relatively few. That doesn't mean they should be forgotten or ignored. Very often, as noted before, the immature person who would benefit most from the social living of a Greek is the one who is thrown deeper into himself by being passed over in the pledging.

When a man enters mythical Beta Xi, what has he gained that we have failed to note so far? He has, in most instances, improved his physical surroundings, including facilities for study and recreation. As for the storied fraternity files of old quiz papers and notes, they are sadly overrated, but coaching from upperclassmen in the house often helps carry a pledge through a shaky semester.

Two additional areas of college life where fraternity definitely helps are dating and campus politics. House parties, socials and the impromptu weekends bring the new member into contact with a large and changing group of women. For the many freshmen who haven't advanced beyond the "post-office" stage, this presents an unequalled introductory course in Dating I. Asked whether the fraternity men show more poise on dates and whether they date more often, the Dean of Women at several midwestern schools answered yes to both questions in VARSITY's recent sampling of opinion.

Their centrally-controlled manpower makes the Greeks a strong force in elections on campuses everywhere. Like a ward machine, they can deliver the vote, so ambitious college politicians find the going much easier if they have fraternity support. The societies easily coalesce under the catalyst of a mild version of the spoils system. The counter-force of the dormitories has always proved difficult to organize.

At one time, the cost of living as the Greeks do demanded a fairly well-off and indulgent father. Within the past ten years, however, month-to-month room and board charges in an increasing number of chapters have come down to a point where they match or even undercut the dorm student's budget for these items. Of course, that doesn't include the big bite for pledge fee, initiation fee (a high percentage of which goes directly to national headquarters), monthly dues and the periodic special assessments for everything from a house party to a new kitchen stove.

A brother at mythical Beta Xi pays \$20 when he pledges, \$100 when he is initiated and \$5 dues each month for as long as he remains an active of the chapter. The jeweled pin costs him \$20, just about the tariff for a house party. That may be a significant relationship, incidentally, since there

is usually a direct cause-and-effect between a heavy weekend and the loss—temporarily at least—of the pin.

The problems and revenues of the individual locals are reflected and magnified at the national echelon. Hundreds of thousands of dollars flow into the big headquarters each year. What happens to it usually remains a matter of vague knowledge to individual members. One obvious expense is maintenance of the national houses, clerical staff and paid executives, as well as the magazines, song books and pledge manuals printed each year.

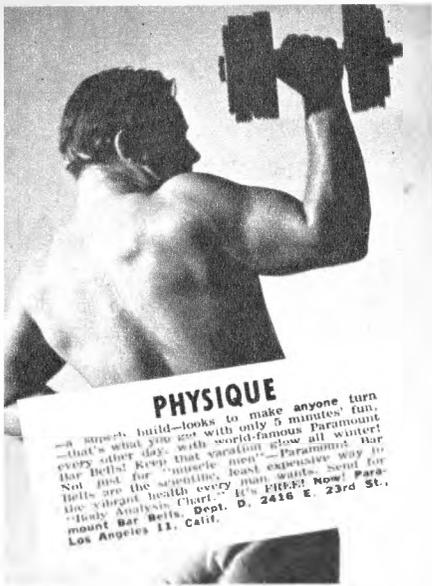
The executive secretary of a large fraternity is the professional undergraduate throughout his entire career. Constantly on the move visiting chapters throughout the country, he must be able to match the exuberance and stamina of undergraduate members, then solve any major problems that may arise. One of the most frequent of these is money, and the locals expect favorable consideration when they call on the national for loans. Special funds, built up through contributions and amassed fees and dues, are held in reserve to meet the demands. In the case of a chapter in severe financial difficulties, the national often lends several thousand dollars at a low rate of interest, knowing full well that getting it back will be a matter of many years.

Relatively new, but of growing importance, the permanent endowment foundation of the fraternities is used to underwrite the education of undergraduate members who can't carry the full financial load of college life. An outstanding service of the Greek societies, the foundation lends money on notes whose repayment date is up to the student. According to Colonel Harold Reigelman, a past president of the NIC, hundreds of men have been aided by these funds, "and I've yet to hear of a defaulted loan."

With finances a matter of increasing concern, the multi-million dollar system has been the subject of a special Washington decision. According to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the Greeks are exempt under the provisions of the Revenue Act of 1921 since "the purpose and actual activities of the chapter appear to be to maintain a chapter home, for active members who are students of the university . . . No part of the income is credited to surplus or inures to the benefit of any private individual and the organization has no capital stock." In addition to the federal exemption, chapter houses and property in 12 states have also been taken off the tax rolls.

Aided by the government, criticized and extolled by both members and non-members, the fraternities have an importance and influence greater than the simple sums of money and men they control. Admittedly, only a small percentage of young Americans comes

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in contact with the societies, and far less than half of all the male undergraduates join them. What makes them—and the current controversy surrounding them—important is the acknowledged role of the university campus in contributing leaders to our society. One-half of the nation's Presidents, for example, joined fraternities, as well as 23 percent of all the college graduates listed in the

current Who's Who in America.

College training for all who desire and qualify for it has become a strong possibility for the next decade, and the fraternities will grow with the schools. All of us should be concerned with the future of this social system within the framework of higher education. There is a need for clear thinking and action to make fraternities as good as they could and should be.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESS WITH GIRLS

(Continued from page 21)

don't have to wear a tuxedo on a Coke-date, or put perfume behind your ears. Whatever you do wear—whatever you can afford—should be clean, neat and in keeping with the occasion. You're also past that stage where regular use of soap, water, combs and nail-files is looked upon as somehow effeminate. Also shoe-polish.

If you want her to give special attention to you, you might try giving some of the same to yourself.

RHUMBAS, SAMBAS, BEBOP

If you can wiggle to Cugat and hop to Kenton, this little chapter is not for you. But if you're one of those scared or cynical lads who thinks shuffling his feet to musical rhythm is a wearying chore and a dreary bore, stick with us, kid.

Civilization has come up with few more pleasant and satisfactory devices for promoting conviviality between the sexes than The Dance. And a sucker is he who doesn't take advantage of this historic truth. Especially to be pitied is the guy who doesn't take advantage of it despite the fact that he's a slow starter with girls and has trouble holding on to female friendship when he does get a break.

The man who doesn't dance will give you a dozen reasons why he prefers sitting in the corner. His feet are too big, he doesn't have natural rhythm, he thinks dancing is sissy-stuff, he doesn't like the orchestra that's playing, etc. The plain fact is that he'd love to slip his arm around a cute babe and glide around with the rest of the crowd—but he's scared to death! First, he's scared that he'll step all over her feet or end up flat on his face. And, second, he's scared of the girls.

If you fit this description, you're being silly on both counts. Anybody in possession of the normal, number of limbs and faculties can learn how to dance. If you're ashamed to ask your kid sister to help you out with this, go to a good dance school. The few bucks you invest will pay dividends for years. If we had the space here, we'd draw you a few diagrams that would give you the basic steps in fifteen minutes of practice. That's how easy it is. Hop to it, bud.

Now this business of being scared

of girls. Frankly, if you're going to let this thing lick you at your age, you're in for an unhappy time of it for the rest of your life.

The companionship of girls now, eventual marriage to the right one and the building of a home and family comprise the best background for lifelong satisfaction and happiness for most men. The exception is rare, and you're not it, fortunately.

But enough of the lecturing. Let's get rid of the problem for good. Take stock of yourself—and don't spend too much time on "looks." What one girl calls handsome, another girl won't find worth a second glance. As a matter of fact, a great many girls deliberately shy away from men they consider handsome because they're convinced that good looks and conceit go hand-in-hand in men. This may or may not be true, but the point is that any girl who decides she doesn't want anything to do with you solely because of your face and the size of your biceps isn't worth worrying about in the first place.

You know darn well you have as much to contribute to a boy-girl friendship as any man in your crowd. If you're honest in this self-examination, you will undoubtedly uncover some qualities in yourself that aren't as developed as they should be. Like a sense of humor, or an ability to make "small talk," or a knack of expressing yourself. So what? So work on these things. Look—if a guy with a bad stutter (Demosthenes) can be-

(Continued on page 64)



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State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George J. Hecht, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of VARSITY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) GEORGE J. HECHT,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1949.

(Seal) Ruth Jarvela.

(My commission expires March 30, 1951.)

come one of the finest orators in history, if a man in a wheel-chair (FDR) can become one of the greatest presidents, if an ex-GI with an almost completely shattered leg (Lou Brissie) can become one of today's top major league pitchers—why should you let any small drawback keep you a wallflower so far as girls are concerned? You'll find most girls just as eager for your friendship as you are for theirs. There isn't a single good reason why you should be afraid of them.

BIG SHOT, BIG HEAD, BIG FLOP

High on any list of men whom girls shun is the lad who thinks he's this generation's precious gift to women. The guy who sits aloof at a party, just bored with it all. The one who begins every sentence with "I think," "I am," "I know," etc. The one who's so wrapped up in himself that he considers only those topics which interest him as fit subjects for conversation. He's the guy who makes a date with a girl who prefers dancing, movies, riding streetcars—anything—to sports events; and then takes her to a night baseball game because that's what *he* likes.

The worst kind of offender in this category is the man who is simply conceited—all the time, everywhere. But almost as bad is the one who's a pretty regular guy with the boys, and turns on the superiority strictly for the benefit of the girls. This hot-shot is a throw-back to the dim, distant past when all men were universally accepted as superior to all women in practically everything except child-bearing. Woman's place was in the home, where she was "protected," and discouraged from using her brain because this was an exclusively male occupation. Them days is gone, gentlemen. There are gals today who can run faster, shoot straighter, think clearer and earn more money than the majority of men in your hometown. This superiority business doesn't go anymore. And what's more important to our discussion, the women—without exception—hate it. They hate it as much as you scorn the girl who thinks she's too good for the men in her crowd, which is another story.

So if you know a poor soul who's stuck on himself (and maybe this guy is you, huh?) give him a break by telling him the facts of life. Open his eyes and his mind to things other than himself. He'll begin to enjoy himself then, and the girls will start to enjoy him.

POPPAS AND MAMAS

Even if you and your girl haven't the slightest intention of ever getting "serious" about each other, it's still true that in order to maintain your popularity with her, you'll have to get along pretty well with her

father and mother. Actually, this is the simplest of your problems. Parents do not enjoy the sight of their daughter sitting home twiddling her thumbs while the other girls in her circle are out on dates. They're eager for her to have boy-friends. If you don't look like one of the local dead-end kids, if you can talk intelligently and if you play it straight with their offspring, you'll be welcome in their home. And that can be a big help. If you can't count on that welcome; you're working under a handicap that can make things mighty uncomfortable for all concerned.

One girl in a thousand will be ready when you come to pick her up for a date. Chances are you'll never meet that one. So, while she's combing her hair for the tenth time or while she's adjusting whatever girls adjust so their slips won't show, you have your first opportunity to get in solid with the folks.

Avoid two things. First, try not to feel like a captured criminal getting the third degree at headquarters. That feeling will throw you way off balance, make you appear nervous, self-conscious, unsure of yourself. Remember that your girl's home life is probably very similar to yours, that her parents have the same, normal interest in the welfare of their children as yours do. They just want to find out what kind of a guy you are; whether their daughter is "safe" with you, or will end up in an automobile accident at four a.m.

Second, don't go to the other extreme and become a loud, big-time glad-hander—slapping papa on the back and pinching mama's cheeks. Somewhere in between these two phony poses is the sensible, simple attitude of being yourself. Eventually, no matter what kind of false front you fake, you're going to be judged on the basis of what you really are. And the folks will appreciate your basic honesty.

Never tell her parents you're going one place for the evening when you plan to do something else. You can't get away with it for long; and when you're found out, your name becomes a synonym for poison in that household and throughout the neighborhood. If there's a chance you may be bringing your girl home pretty late that night, explain the situation beforehand. Don't rely on the old "we ran out of gas," or "we had a flat tire" excuses. Nobody believes those routines anymore.

Be appreciative of whatever is done to help you feel comfortable and "at home." Most parents devote their lives to providing pleasant homes for their children. Compliment them on those efforts—whether it be the party they threw last week for your crowd, a basement playroom or a new television set. They're also proud of the daughter you're dating. If you like her (and if you don't, you shouldn't

be dating her), let them know about it. And don't treat the rest of the kids in the household as if they were little morons.

Finally, don't get so wrapped up in the business of pleasing the parents that you forget the primary purpose of the evening—your date. You may be deep in an interesting discussion with pop, but when your girl gets that look in her eye that means "let's get out of here, bud, before we miss the last show at the Bijou"—it's time to break it up. No girl considers it much of a date to spend the evening listening to you and her dad swapping opinions on who's going to make this season's All-American team. And you can't blame her.

I'M JOE, WHO YOU?

Stowing away all the foregoing general dope in the back of your skull, let's take up some specific problems. First, that perennial puzzler—how to manage a self-introduction. Up on page 35, Allen Ludden discusses the same question in the Dating Clinic, but we'd also like to throw in our two-cent's worth.

There's no problem, of course, if you've got a mutual friend to handle the introduction, and you should exhaust your circle of acquaintances before you're sure there's no one who can bring you and the girl together in this casual manner. But even if the girl is a complete stranger to you and your pals—so what? Take our word for it, this is the age of informality—on this subject anyway. No matter what anyone tells you, there is nothing wrong in approaching a girl straight-forwardly and saying: "Hello, I'm Joe Zilch. I take English Lit with you. Mind if I walk along with you to class?"—or any similar, frank self-introduction that fits the occasion. You don't have to trail a girl for days, waiting for her to drop a handkerchief for you to retrieve as a means of meeting her. Don't be afraid to walk up at a dance and say hello. Remember again that girls are just as willing to be friendly as you are. They think boys are pretty wonderful creatures; you may be too prone to think it's all the other way around.

After you've talked to the girl a few times (and if she still lives up to your expectations) start thinking about a date. That's right, think about it—don't ask her until you know exactly what afternoon or evening you want, where you're going to go and what you're going to do. By this time, you should have some idea of her tastes and interests—dancing, the movies, sports events, concerts, etc. Plan the date accordingly. *Always* try to plan your dates. The only decision you should ask a girl to make is whether or not she wants to go out with you. What you're going to do for the evening is your job.

HOLDIN' HANDS

Too many young men (and women) treat the whole subject of kissing,

necking and petting as a completely extemporaneous affair. Their vague notions about it are seldom thought through. And nine-tenths of the trouble that couples get into can be traced to this simple fact that neither the boy nor the girl had decided beforehand on a definite code of behavior.

Actually, such a code is one of your most valuable and highly personal possessions. Furthermore, very few people have any right to help you formulate that code. And *we're* not going to, either. We're not going to tell you what you should or should not do, but we strongly urge that you get this proper counsel—from your parents or whomever or whatever books they suggest—and organize your thinking on these matters as soon as possible. And stick to the decisions.

What all this has to do with your being popular with girls should be fairly obvious. A girl doesn't enjoy having to do battle with her boyfriend on the front porch after an evening out. She doesn't appreciate the man who goes blithely ahead with his advances, waiting for *her* to call a halt to the proceedings. And she's right, of course. If anything, you are even more responsible than she is in this matter.

What it boils down to, gentlemen, is simply this: learn the score, get hep, grow up . . . or whatever they call it in your circle.

PLEASE NOTE— IMPORTANT FACT

Despite all the foregoing and any other advice you may get on the subject, you, sir, will never be popular with men, women or dogs unless you accomplish one more thing. You've got to be the kind of person whose friendship other people will value.

What we've discussed so far are some of the little tricks you can use and some of the intelligent attitudes you can acquire that will bring you, pleasantly, to the attention of others. But you must be able to back up that impression with an interesting, warm, well-rounded personality. There are other adjectives you might use to describe the kind of man *you* admire—well-informed, considerate, trustworthy, optimistic . . . However you judge other people, remember that every single thing you do, every day, goes to make up the YOU that other people judge. Examine your habits, your prejudices and your pet ideas, and cast out those that don't make sense—those that you wouldn't admire in others. Why should you expect others to admire them in you?

The world and all the people in it—and that includes that special girl—will always welcome the man who has something of value to contribute whether it be a better mouse-trap, an act of kindness, or a cure for cancer. Become a man who has something to offer, and you'll always find plenty of takers. That's the best kind of popularity.



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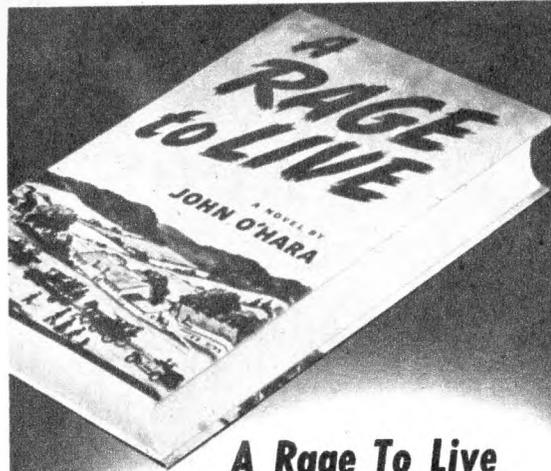
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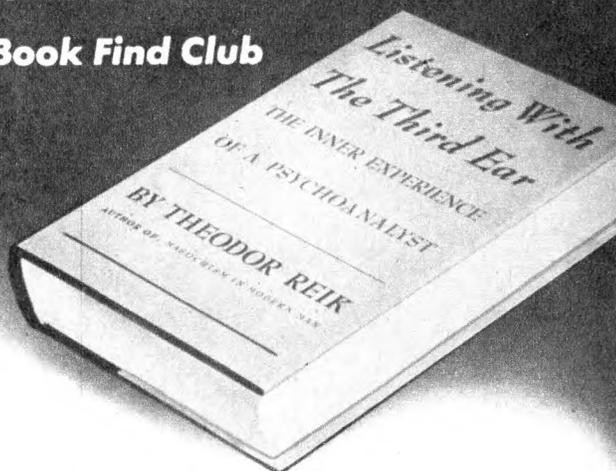
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by Theodor Reik

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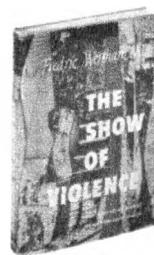
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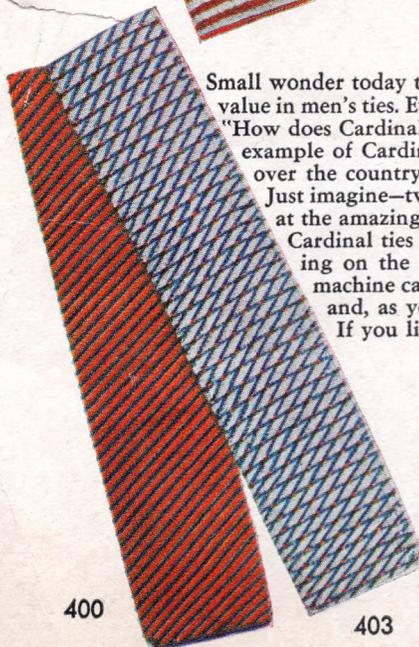
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