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New Mortar Boards

The chattering, laughing crowd of students, parents, and visitors picnicing on the old campus lawn is suddenly quiet. Filing through the spectators are the black robed members of Mortar Board, red roses in their hands. Tapping of new members at the Junior Weekend picnic is a solemn ceremony, broken here and there by the wild cheers of members of a living organization when one of their women is given a rose, signifying membership. It is a happy occasion for those junior women who have received the highest honor as a recognition of their outstanding leadership, scholarship, and service to the University. But it may also bring deep disappointment and disillusionment to those few women who are in every way qualified for membership in Mortar Board, but who somehow missed The List.

In the very near future presidents of women's organizations and head of all-campus activities will be asked to submit to the campus chapter of Mortar Board their list of junior women who, in their estimation, are worthy of membership in the senior women's honorary. Mortar Board members will compile a composite list which will be sent to faculty members in each department for suggestions and opinions about the women mentioned. The registrar's office will ascertain the grade point average of each prospective member; the minimum requirement is a 2.75 GPA.

Finally, this year's Mortar Boards, with their advisors, Miss Leona Tyler and Dick Williams, will elect the Mortar Board for 1947-48.

It is of great importance to Mortar Board and to the University that no worthy student is missed by oversight or negligence. If Mortar Board is to maintain its reputation as a service honorary, the chapter must include a large enough number of women to make fairly extensive service projects feasible.

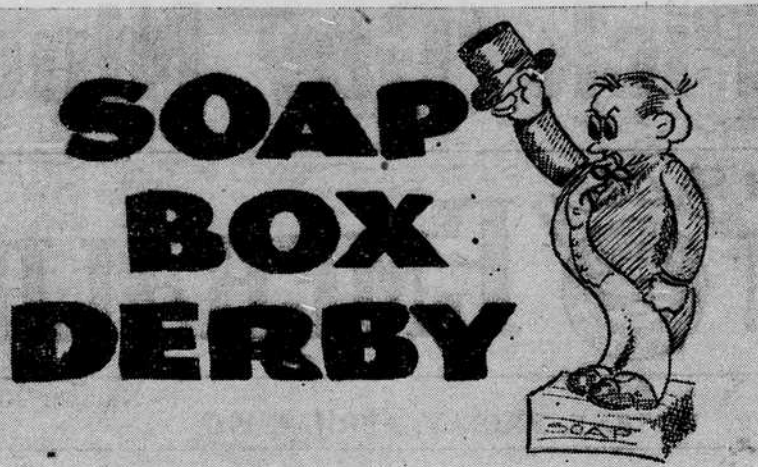
And any woman who deserves membership in Mortar Board but is missed lessens the effectiveness of the honorary. This means that any junior women who have served the school faithfully and well, who have shown leadership ability, and whose scholarship record is well above the average, should be tapped for Mortar Board—whether or not she actually has been elected president of the Amateur Basketweavers club or head of the Tree Pruning committee.

A closely-knit group of really outstanding women, sincerely devoted to the interests of the University, and willing to work on its behalf could do much next year. Recognizing the need for such a group of Mortar Boards, we urge everyone responsible for submitting names to consider the matter seriously.

The Washington State Evergreen says that the next time your professor mentions how busy he is, remind him of the duties of a schoolteacher in 1661. At that time they acted as court messengers, served summons, conducted ceremonial services of the church, lead the Sunday choir, rang the bell for public worship, dug the graves, took charge of the school and performed numerous other occasional duties. And not only that, but Adam Roelandson, one of the first schoolteachers in the colonies, took in washing on the side.

Porter R. Bahm, 54-year-old junior in the College of Agriculture at Louisiana State gets up at 4 a. m. and bicycles 50 miles to class every day. . . . Our own Professor Warren C. Brice manages to peddle five miles to school, which, we still think, is doing pretty well.

The witch hunt is on. One professor cautioned students Wednesday to look under their chairs for any stray communists lurking in the classrooms.



By ROY FRANCIS
"What's in a name?" they ask us, "a bleary-eyed gentleman who appeared to be mightily weary was talking, 'and 'A rose by any name would be as sweet,' they say. That might be true of roses (though we must admit that often the name is its only selling point); but for man—? Aye! There's the crux to man's personality. 'What's in a name?' they ask us. 'Why only,' we reply, 'the making of the man.'" He paused long enough to note a certain degree of attention on my part, and then continued.

"Your college has a course on marriage and the family; a department of home economics; and various courses in child and adolescent psychology. But they offer no advice, no caution in the most important event in a man's life—his becoming tagged and labeled, or, what is technically known as being christened.

"Supposing you and I," he went on, waving a long hairy arm in the immediate vicinity of my face, "were to call on a man who is an utter stranger to you, one Elmer Fudd. Without previous acquaintance you could describe him accurately enough to secure a conviction on a murder charge; you would be able to anticipate his actions, tastes, and remarks simply because an Elmer Fudd is only and eternally

nothing other than Elmer Fudd, and all that which such a name implies. It requires no great insight to recognize the existence of these nominal stereotypes. We accept them, and use them in our hurried life. But we never, never question why such utility is inherent in these stereotypes, nor why they become as dreadfully valid as they do.

"If a person were consistently called 'Elmer Fudd,' and was rewarded for actions supporting that nominal stereotype, and punished for violations, the individual would act as though he were an Elmer Fudd and would soon feel himself to be none other than this Elmer character. He would acquire an 'Elmer-complex,' or, rather, an 'Elmer Frame of Reference.' His role in society would be that of an Elmer and all expected of one; and his status would depend on how well he lived up to that name. Eventually his behavior patterns would be so habitual, his frame of reference so fixed that he would irrevocably be nothing more than an Elmer Fudd."

My informant paused long enough to converse slightly with the burly waiter who was menacing him with guttural questions. "Sure I'll have more of the same," my man snapped, "and stop calling me 'Hypo.'"

Moral: Call others no names until thine own back hath ceased to itch.

It has been said that people disappear for weeks at a time in the stacks at the libe.

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Graduate Transcripts

Well, the search for classes is over for another term. Many students no doubt feel that they have been robbed of a part of their education because so many professors and classes hung out the "no space" sign early in registration. Granted that the war has crowded all the institutions, still it seems an unnecessary loss that students must go without some individual instruction from their professors.

This is especially true in the upper division courses. There, where the student has more chance to cut his course down to the specialized fields, where he most needs individual instruction, he is faced with a lack of professors which makes for continued large classes. True, those available are doing everything in their power to help in the struggle to attain some measure of private discussion. Not every student that stays to speak to his teacher is an apple-polisher. Many problems or prejudices can be smoothed away only by discussion and evaluation of facts under the guiding hand of specialists in that field.

Learning in the old days was a matter of a few gathering around the teacher in a bull-session fashion. At the college level this can be obtained only after that student has become a graduate. He may then join a seminar and with five to ten of his fellow students achieve some measure of individual coaching but here again there is a shocking deficiency. Interdepartmental seminars are non-existent at the University, yet everyone admits the inter-relationship of geography to history, political science and economics, geology and geopolitics, etc. Indeed some departments offer no seminars for their graduates and requirements must be met by courses from another department.

Let us hope that future efforts of the legislators will be toward less restriction in financing the institutions of higher learning rather than toward more restriction upon freedom of speech and thought.



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