

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

The freshman class this year is expected to be one of the largest in the history of the institution. A certain number of this class will be sent here by their parents with their own grudging consent. They won't survive! Some will passively expose themselves to the atmosphere of this college in order to obtain a sheep-skin after completion of the four year process of absorption. They will accomplish nothing! Others have created images in their minds of a hilariously good time. They had better attend a co-ed school! There is, however, still hope. Whenever a group of people embark on an enterprise, there are always certain individuals who throw themselves whole heartedly and unreservedly into the attainment of the objects and aims of the enterprise. In this case the enterprise is a college education which consists of the development of thought and of a capability for action. It is hoped that the greater percentage of the entering class will fall into this category.

College life is not an evolutionary stage between high school and the commercial, scientific, or artistic worlds; it is a distinct transition. In the secondary schools the things taught and the objects desired are extremely vague and indefinite. This state of affairs is almost entirely due to the fact that our public educators are very often petty politicians rather than intellectuals. But this is beside the point. When one enters upon a college career, everything is different to a greater or lesser degree, but, nevertheless—different. The methods of instructions are different; the daily routine is different; the psychology is different; in fact, the complete environment is different. The student must adjust himself to these differences during the first part of his freshman year or else he will find himself dismally entangled in an inextricable turmoil.

The purpose of a college education is to direct the capacities and talents of each individual into channels that will be most beneficial to society as a whole, and which will therefore enhance the prestige of humanity in general. The individual, however, must not only recognize this fact, but must make it coincident with his college career. The group can not and will not burden itself with the development of the individual personality; the responsibility rests upon himself. He is the helmsman of his ship of destiny—the master of his fate.

MORE ADVICE!

We need not waste much time over the unthinking student, because he is the descendent of thousands of the same caliber; moreso we need not waste time over the herd-bound student, for he is the unthinking, and we should praise Allah that the herd provides him a ready berth—otherwise we should be troubled continually with the individual blunders of him and his million brothers. No, our tears must be saved for a group yet more unfortunate—the disillusioned men and women found on every campus.

Thousands enter college every year with the sad idea that four years in their chosen institution will bridge the gap between high school and an easy well-paid position, and will provide all the necessary equipment for the living of a happy and contented life after graduation. After their first year they begin to wonder about the truth of their supposition, as sophomores they stand ready to admit a common mistake, as potential seniors they flounder in a sea of confusing self-analysis, and as graduates they bawl at the stream of life like cattle being forced to cross a flood-swollen river.

This group of mis-led men and women are not primarily of the unthinking sort. They are just poor victims of faulty self-judgment. But on graduation they find themselves in a desert, fallen before the blistering truth: "I took the wrong course of study."

Let us take an example:

Joe Gud comes to college—A & M, let us say. Joe comes from an intelligent, well-to-do family. He's made high marks in his pre-college school work. He's versatile.

He comes to college. He has decided to become an engineer. An engineer's job is romantic. It's a man's job. Nothing sissy about it. No woman's job.

He starts in. Gosh! how easy it is. (He coasts on his high school training a while). After his freshman year he's still confident that he'll be a whiz of an engineer.

Sophomore! It begins to get hard, but he tackles it—a man. Some nights, studying, he catches himself envying his roommate—apparently enjoying a book titled **English Literature**. By Gosh! He would like to take that course, instead of so much math. Always did like English! Aw, the devil. Get on this engineering—this is **meat**—this is a real man's course.

Junior! Do I still want to be an engineer? Guess so! Looks like its too late to change now. Funny though—lost year I made an A in English and only a C in calculus.

Senior! Rats! I'm going to hate this year. Suppose I'll have to struggle through, though. But I'm certainly going to be a hell-uva engineer. I haven't liked my

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