

checker," one of The Two started singing, and the whole crew joined in.

"Lay off, you guys!" I felt all watery inside.

"Say —"

I looked up at the broad one, towering over me. She just stood there, eyes lowered, scuffing the ground with one bare, grimy foot.

"Well, what?"

Then, in a tumbling rush of words — "We've got the best damn crew ever. And a hell of a good checker is worth all the rest put together."

"Aw, come off it —"

"No, listen, Sandy. I mean it. If you hadn't kept on our tails we never would a shaped up. And that would have meant no extra clean-up work. No clean-up pay. Hell, you know what I mean."

She stuck out her hand, and I took it.

"See you next year, huh, Sandy?"

"You bet. I'll be back."

—Joan Wagner, *T. J.*, *Soph.*



NO QUITTER

THE smooth, yet biting aroma of coffee filled the room . . . intermittent clanks of silver on pottery broke the silence . . . then, suddenly, the juke box let loose . . . crying the latest "rock-'n-roll blues" number . . .

"I'm gonna rock-'n-roll . . .

Don't want those blues . . .

Those rock-'n roll blues . . .

I just wanna rock! . . . and roll!"

Cram looked at Harlan . . . the younger man was stirring his coffee slowly . . . studying the hot blackness as he stirred it. His lanky frame was stretched to its fullest length on the uncomfortable wooden bench.

"Let's have it, Harlan, . . . why?"

"Why . . . ?" He said it slowly . . . as if pondering the

reason himself. "Well, I guess fraternity life just isn't for me." He continued stirring his coffee . . . sluggishly. "Besides, I don't think I can take it any more." Harlan raised his coffee cup to his lips and took a big gulp of the contents . . . then, set the cup silently on the saucer. The endless hours of working were etched on his face, especially in the brown rings beneath his eyes . . . the eyes that were red and heavy from lack of sleep.

"Gawd, Cram, I just can't take this endless torture . . . for days now, I've been sanding those damn floors until my head rings . . . even when the sander isn't turned on. Look, I barely have any skin left on my knuckles!" He thrust his hands at Cram . . . then, as though ashamed of his outburst, drew them back.

"Then, when they do let us sleep, I have a hell-of-a time sleeping . . . my body's still vibrating from the sander and the ringing in my ears is endless . . ."

"But, Harlan, every pledge class in every fraternity goes through a week like this . . . gawd knows it's rough, but you've got to be man enough to take it."

"Yeh . . . sure . . . man enough to take it . . . do you realize that the pledge class has been going hard since Sunday night? Now it's Friday." He paused, shaking his head . . . then picked up his coffee cup and sipped its contents. . . .

Cram looked around the coffee shop . . . it was early, so the place wasn't crowded yet . . . but a group of high school students were clustered around the juke box . . . playing and replaying the blues number . . . occasionally dancing to the somber music . . . but mostly just listening.

The waitress was wiping cups behind the long counter . . . keeping time to the crying beat with her foot

"I'm gonna rock-'n-roll . . .

Don't want those blues . . .

Those . . ."

Harlan had been listening to the music . . . he was tapping the spoon against the cup. Suddenly, he sat up and curled his legs under him on the bench . . .

"Then . . . tonight. Everything came to a head . . . the house president talked to us . . . and when I say talked, I'm putting it in soft words . . . he really laid it on the line . . . told us that the fraternity didn't want anyone that couldn't

take it. Said that anyone who wanted to depledge was welcome to . . . the house wouldn't hold any grudge."

"And . . . ?"

"And plenty. He also stressed that help week was far from being over . . . and the house didn't want anyone that couldn't last."

"Separating the men from the boys routine . . . Well, Harlan, that's it . . . no organization wants a quitter . . ."

Harlan looked up as Cram said this . . . he didn't like the word 'quitter' . . .

"But, Cram . . . so far this week, I've flunked two quizzes and failed a term report . . .

"Harlan, for gawd's sake . . . you're a sharp guy . . . and darned popular at the house . . . you've got personality and ability to do things well and effectively. You're no quitter . . . are you, Harlan?"

Harlan looked down at the table . . . the clatter of the jukebox echoed in the room.

"Have you thought about your father . . . about what he's going to say when he learns you've depledged?"

Harlan looked up . . . his facial expression one of surprise . . . "My father . . ." Very matter-of-factly . . . almost as if he were thinking out loud.

Cram knew how much Harlan adored his father . . . He had been president of the house when he was in school . . . and probably hopes Harlan will follow in his footsteps.

"Have you ever read the Senior Award Plaque in the chapter room? Your dad's name is on it . . . most outstanding senior member of the fraternity. He's president of the Chicago alumni chapter too, isn't he?"

The younger man nodded . . . he was looking hard at the cup that was cradled in his hands . . .

"Y'know . . . your dad has done a lot for you . . . he's sent you to college, given you a car, nice clothes, and a hell-of-a-lot-of encouragement and buildup . . ."

"Yeh, he would take it hard, all right . . ."

"You don't want to disappoint him . . . make him think he's done all this for you in vain . . . because his son's a quitter!"

That hurt . . . Harlan looked down . . . oblivious to the noise and commotion going on around the table. His eyes were staring at the coffee cup . . . his hands were clenched

tight . . . he was taking those words to heart . . . mulling them over and over in his mind. Just what he needs . . . to be jolted . . . and Cram knew this. He had to keep at 'im . . . couldn't let up until he saw clearly . . . he didn't want him to be a quitter!

"I don't want you to depledge, Harlan . . . I think you're tops and I'm damned proud to be your pledgefater . . . you don't know how I fought to get you for my son . . . you were the most popular pledge we got during rush . . ."

" . . . don't want those blues

Those rock-'n-roll blues . . .

I just wanna rock! . . . and roll!"

That music wasn't helping things . . . wish those guys would play something more lively . . . Harlan will feel worse than ever.

"Ya-know . . . life's a big struggle . . . and when a guy's making a life for himself, he's got to expect a struggle. Help week is just one of those struggles . . . and not a very big one . . . actually over in no time . . . why, you'll think and talk about it and laugh about it in a few weeks. Life's like that . . . ups and downs . . . And you've got to face this roller coaster."

That's right . . . a roller coaster . . . but actually I've had a few more downs than ups . . . if my dad woulda had money, I wouldn't have had to work for school . . . to join the fraternity was a real struggle . . . but I made it On the other hand, Harlan's had many advantages and taken them well . . . he's not a snob . . . he appreciates his gains . . . a genuine character . . . he's intelligent. I've got to show him the score . . . otherwise he'll hate himself for being a quitter.

"Do you think of yourself as mature?"

Obviously surprised, Harlan looked at Cram. "W . . . well . . . yes. What's that got to do with this?"

"Well, along with life's roller coaster . . . a guy grows up . . . and I think a fraternity helps one mature. When you graduated from high school you really were still pretty much a kid. Isn't that right?"

Harlan nodded.

"Sure, every high school graduate isn't quite sure what the score is . . . but when he goes on to college, he learns to live a life . . . to accept responsibility. A fraternity is just

one of the many things that help. When one chooses to pledge a fraternity, he should be prepared to face the circumstances that add up to membership in one.”

Cram paused . . . the music penetrated throughout the room . . . he wished the place was more quiet . . . but for a Friday night, it was about right. The ‘rock-‘n-roll blues’ number had been played over and over . . . and still going . .

“I’m gonna rock-‘n-roll.

Don’t want those blues . . .

I just wanna rock! . . . and roll!”

“Waiter, bring us some more coffee . . . and a couple of sinkers.” Cram sat back and observed Harlan . . . so far, he was taking it quietly . . . still hadn’t said much . . .

“Have you ever thought where you’ll go if you do de-pledge the house?”

“No, I haven’t thought of that . . . guess I’d get a room someplace . . .”

“Harlan . . .” Cram paused and looked down at the table momentarily . . . he just had to convince Harlan . . . “Gosh, what can I say to convince you . . . you’re good for the house and the house is good for you.”

“I know, Cram . . . I know the fraternity has done me good . . . I’ve gotten high grades and I like the guys . . . I don’t think I’ll ever live with a greater group But, this last week . . . it’s been a tough one . . . why, right now I’m so tired I could fall asleep without any trouble at all.”

“I don’t doubt that . . . but think a minute . . . I told you about pledgship before you pledged . . . you knew what you were getting into . . . and I’m sure your father told you about the house and its methods. . . .”

“Yes, but. . . .”

“But nothing, Harlan . . . I went through this same type of help week . . . sure, I got tired and disgusted, but I wanted to prove myself . . . to the fraternity and to myself. I don’t think I would have liked living with the knowledge I was a quitter . . . and YOU won’t either . . . it wouldn’t be a good feeling!”

Harlan looked stunned . . . Cram had mentioned quitter before, but not in such strong terms. . . . The silence was broken when the waiter set the fresh coffee cups before the two men. . . . The waiter cleared the dirty dishes away and walked away. . . .

"Come on . . . drink up, Harlan . . . it'll make you feel better. . . ."

Still no movement from the other man . . . he sat with the same stare. . . . Cram leaned on the table with his elbow and drank his coffee . . . carefully watching Harlan . . . watching to catch any emotion. . . .

". . . those blues. . .

Those rock-'n-roll blues. . . ."

I just wanna. . . ."

The juke box still pealed out with the now familiar tune. . . .

"Ya know, Harlan, you've gone through the sessions for nearly a week now . . . there can't be that much left . . . and what if there is . . . you can stick it out, can't you?"

Harlan didn't respond to Cram's question . . . he seemed to be listening to the music . . . but yet Cram knew he was listening to him . . . listening very hard . . . Cram wished he could tell Harlan about activation on Sunday . . . but that wouldn't be fair to the other pledges or the actives, for that matter. He wanted his pledge son to make up his mind without knowing. . . .

"Remember when you told me how your father got started in business . . . he fought a long battle, but he came out on top. And mostly because he kept with it . . . didn't give up . . . or . . . quit."

"You're right, Cram . . . dad was no quitter . . . so I don't imagine it would be so good if I were to be one. . . . Would it . . .?" He smiled at Cram . . . the first smile Cram had seen on Harlan's face since they had arrived. Then Harlan continued . . . "I guess I was just too tired to think it out . . . just wanted a lot of sleep . . . a hell of a lot of it! He raised his cup and said, "Let's toast a convinced pledge."

Cram was proud . . . so proud he couldn't find words to express himself . . . he just followed suit and clanked his cup against Harlan's. . . . The blues droned on . . . but now unnoticed. . . .

". . . I just wanna rock! . . . and roll!"

"Harlan, you're all right in my book . . . you're no quitter. This calls for a celebration, Harlan . . . let's have another round of coffee. . . ."

"Nope!" Harlan stood up abruptly. "C'mon . . . let's

get going . . . gotta go back and do my share of the work . . . as long as I've gone this far . . . I'll finish . . . I'm no quitter!"

The two men started toward the door . . . the crying blues continued . . . but neither one of them noticed its sadness. . . .

—Dave Anderson, T. JI., Sr.



Student-Teacher Gripes

IOWA STATE is an institution for education. The faculty is here to teach. The student is here to learn. These are ideals.

In reality the teaching and learning processes often do not function in perfect harmony. In order to locate the notes of discord we have questioned both students and instructors at Iowa State who voice this criticism of one another.



Here is how some of Iowa State's 9,000 students criticize instructors and their teaching methods.

Too many repeat only material in the text and do not supplement with additional information. "I feel we're entitled to additional information," says a junior in home economics. About the instructor who has written the text used in the course, "He just rambles in lecture," says a vet med student. The comment of one of Iowa State's foreign students was, "The instructor should show a real need for his or her presence—anyone can read a text without coming to college."

A large number of instructors are too research-minded and not teaching-minded. After 6 years at ISC a vet med student's comment was, "Many instructors know the subject in their own right but don't know how to put it across in class."