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## A College Girl Looks at Life

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*"What would you stand on?" inquires a veteran journalist and musician*

# A College Girl Looks at Life

by Beth Johnson



**I**T'S a wise old fox that knows his own mind," goes an ancient adage . . . . and it is a WISE coed that knows HER own mind, especially about that most important of subjects, her philosophy of life.

A happyometer, quantitative, qualitative electro magnetic sensitive instrument, can measure the depth, width and number of smiles per day. Yet it cannot measure the richness of life. Life—the most valuable, the most democratic possession one can have—has a fullness not to be measured in years, or in dollars.

Odd, isn't it, that so little time is spent in grasping the full meaning of this most precious inheritance? That we take so little to gain a comprehension of where we are going and why? Yet we give hours to learning to sew a straight seam, to build a house for \$5,000, and to juggle vitamins and calories into their proper proportions.

Mention the word philosophy to

a miscellaneous group. They are liable to turn upon you a blank stare and a "what-the-devil-are-you-talking-about-anyway" look. In fact one writer has gone so far as to say: "If the vast majority of us are equipped with anything resembling an outlook upon life and the world, it consists of a substratum of superstition about the supernatural, a smattering of social theory, a nest of group prejudices, a few wise saws, a rumor or two from science, a number of slipshod observations of life. To call this hodge podge a philosophy is to take unwarranted liberty with language—no, the best that can be said is that, speaking generally, we are spiritually hungry and hanker after cosmic interpretations."

Registration into college does not inoculate one with a philosophy of life. The fact that a woman attends college does not mean that she will have a precipitation of ideas. Yet ask the freshman girl to write a set of working principles for living, and she can and will do it and do it well.

What is it that we wish for most in our lives?

Truth?

Beauty?

Goodness?

Or is it happiness we seek?

Probably it is all of them.

But that is not the true philosophy, of the college woman. In the majority of instances she wants an attractive home, a healthy, intellectually active husband who adores her, and well-bred children. She desires to become an integral part of some community. In exceptional cases she wants a career.

But these wants are only a means to an end, and the end is the BIG thing. She wants to feel that she is a part of that mass of humanity who are ever working toward a bigger and better world, working toward the advance of civilization and a better conception of life for everyone.

The college woman is no different from other women.

Peace of mind and tranquility of outlook—an inner poise—are achieved by prayer, or if you prefer, meditation. The chief complaint of the college woman is, "I have no time to think." She must take time in order to decide what she wants out of life.

Once she has her creed, her philosophy, her attitude toward life formulated, let her ask herself, "If the heavens should fall would I stand on that?"

