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Volume 8 - 2000 Lehigh Review

2000

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Recommended Citation

Rotthaus, Walter E., "Alma Mater" (2000). Volume 8 - 2000. Paper 16. http://preserve.lehigh.edu/cas-lehighreview-vol-8/16

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Alma Mater



Walter E. Rotthaus '30

Reprinted from *The Lehigh Review* volume 1, no 1, May 1927

Lehigh, our Alma Mater. What does she stand for? How well do we, her sons, uphold her ideals? Any student can enumerate, for an interested stranger, a list of Lehigh standards which put to shame even the Socialist presidential platform. But if the stranger should follow the same student around the corner and watch him nudge his companion and burst forth into loud guffaws over his interpretation of the "old Lehigh fight," his respect for the college "ivy-clad and chestnut" might well suffer a decline. The time seems to have come when we, her sturdy sons and true, take all our Alma Mater can give us and feel ourselves fully justified in her eyes if we carry a Bursar's receipt in our billfold. The college publications can struggle along by forcing subscriptions on the unsuspecting Frosh. The athletic teams can play their skill, courage, and fight for the edification of a deserted gymnasium. We have a date across town with the beautiful telephone operator.

The "hello-habit" is a "good old Lehigh custom to promote student friendship." Every one knows the thing is a farce. How many upperclassmen greet the strangers that pass them? Again, the faithful Freshman bears the burden of maintaining the ideals of his college. At best, how much friendship is there in the enforced grunts of greeting muttered when we happen to be unable to avoid the eye of the passerby? It is a great and good idea to spend a week's time inculcating into the Freshman Class a deep respect and love for its new-found Alma Mater, but to what advantage is it if all these teachings are to become the laughing-stock of the class within the next week?

Class consciousness tears at the very heart of the University. For the same reason that the "hello-habit" fails, class organization, support of activities, and college spirit generally, suffer. Lehigh ideals? A fine lot of ideals, the bunch of unprincipled fools who make a bedlam out of the morning devotional services must have. But a non-conformer is looked upon with a touch of pity, and condemned as a "course-grabber" if he deigns to make a show of interest in his studies. We all study more than we care to admit, but woe is he who is openly proud of the fact that he is getting anything more than a good time out of his college course. We come to college to learn the real values in life, and proceed to choose as our friend the numbskull who wears

the "smoothest" clothes and the over-sophisticated individual who regales us with the most smutty stories.