

2-19-1935

Daily Eastern News: February 19, 1935

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Normal U. Art Director Speaks Here Saturday

One Hundred Women Are Guests at Talk, Exhibit; Pictures on View This Week.

GIVE TEA AFTER TALK

About one hundred women from the various Charleston women's clubs, as well as women of the college faculty, were guests of the Art club Saturday afternoon when Miss Florence Tilton, art director at State Normal university, talked on the subject, "Art of Today in America." A tea was given in the art room for Miss Tilton following the talk.

An exhibition of oil and water color paintings, the work of University of Illinois art faculty members, was opened to the public at this tea for the first time. This exhibit was brought to EI by the special efforts of the Art club and will be in view for the public during this week. The pictures are hung in the art room and the hall of the East wing.

"The influences that have worked together to make it possible for Americans to really establish a truly American tradition which shall take a significant place in the cultural tradition of the world," said Miss Tilton, "are a reverence for the masters of the Renaissance; the influence of our early painters such as Copley, Trumbull, and West; and the Hudson River men, among them Whistler, Homer, and Inness."

Miss Tilton had with her a collection of her own water colors. "I am a teacher," she explained, "but to be a good teacher I must have a medium of creative expression. Therefore, my water color sketches."

Mrs. R. G. Buzzard, Mrs. F. A. Beu, and Mrs. Benjamin Weir poured at the tea held after the talk.

Debaters Will Meet Shurtleff Thursday

Local debaters begin competition for the state championship cup when the EI men's negative team meets Shurtleff's affirmative team at Alton this Thursday. Next Thursday, February 28, both EI affirmative teams meet the Greenville negative teams in a debate here.

Glenn R. Cooper and J. Paul Reed comprise the negative team which meets Shurtleff Thursday. Each team debates three times, making a total of 12 debates for the EI group. DeKalb won the championship last year.

Grace Kortum and Florence Duncan make up the women's affirmative team, and Frank Day and Richard Bromley the men's affirmative team in the match with Greenville next Thursday.

J. Glenn Ross, debate coach, has just received invitation from the University of Illinois debate coach setting the date for the non-decision meet between the U. of I. men's teams and the EI men's teams for April 4.

RALPH W. SHARP TO SPEAK ON TVA PLAN

Ralph W. Sharp of the Industrial Arts department will be the principal speaker at the next Industrial Arts club meeting on March 11. Mr. Sharp will speak on Tennessee Valley Authority. He lived in the vicinity of this government project for 17 years, teaching in a school only 15 miles from Muscle Shoals.

Industrial Arts club officials are planning to arrange this meeting in the form of an open house, to which the public will be invited.

HOUSING CARDS NEEDED

Dean Hobart F. Heller has announced that college men who are registering early must have their blue housing cards checked by him before final registration is completed.

Mr. Heller's office hours for this purpose are as follows: from 1 to 2:50 p. m. and from 3:45 to 4:30 p. m.

PLAYERS TO PRESENT ONE-ACT PLAY BEFORE ROTARY CLUB TONIGHT

The Players will present the one-act play, "The Dear Departed," by Stanley Houghton, directed by Mr. Shiley, for the entertainment of the Rotarians and the Rotary-anns after their annual banquet this Tuesday evening.

Those people appearing in the cast are: Abel Merryweather, Jerry Craven; Mrs. Elizabeth Jordan, Gladys Watkins; Mrs. Amelia Slater, Josephine Thomas; Mr. Ben Jordan, Frank Day; Mr. Henry Slater, Walter Morris; and Victoria Slater, Agnes Woreland.

Walton Morris is acting as assistant director and rehearsal assistant. The other members of the production staff are: George Henry, stage manager; Ruby Stallings, mistress of make-up; and Elizabeth Widger, property manager.

Art Club Hears Chinaware Talk On Friday Night

Collection of Thirty-two Pieces of Chinaware Supplements Talk by Mrs. R. G. Buzzard.

"China and China Making" was the subject of a talk given by Mrs. R. G. Buzzard at the Art club meeting last Friday. A collection of thirty-two pieces of the better known makes of chinaware, besides numerous pamphlets, supplemented her remarks.

Mrs. Buzzard discussed the making of pottery, the work and the materials involved, and the outstanding pottery of various countries. Lenox china, she said is the only quality ware made in the United States that is comparable to such foreign wares as Dresden, Satsuma, Majolica, and Delft. It has been chosen recently by Mrs. Roosevelt to be the White House china.

The china in the collection that Mrs. Buzzard brought with her included Satsuma, Wedgewood, Haviland, Queensware, Bone china, Willow ware, Lustre, and Wieland. She told something about each type, either the story of its origin or a brief biography of the creator.

The Industrial Arts and Home Economics clubs were the special guests of the Art club at this meeting.

PLAN FOR CHOOSING SECTIONS IS SAME

Dean F. A. Beu announces that students will again select the section of a course in which they wish to enroll by signing cards in the library room on registration day, March 4. Only a certain number of students will be admitted to each section, and the first-comers will have their choice. This notice applies to only those courses which have more than one section.

Prize Winners In News Contest Are Announced

Bernadine Wade, Virginia Snider, and Margaret Brandon Win Firsts in Three Divisions.

ONE DIVISION CANCELED

First prize in the short story division of the third annual Literary Contest was won by Bernadine Wade. She was the author of the story "The Brief Case." Other first places were awarded to Virginia Cottet Snider and Margaret Brandon who won the essay and poetry divisions respectively. Their manuscripts were entitled "I Collect Sunsets" and "This Very April." Due to the fact there were only a few book reviews, "none of distinction," according to the judges, the prize money was given to the poetry winners which were selected from the 55 entries.



H. Cottingham

Second place winner in the short story division was Wilma Birdzell, who wrote the story "Miss Jorey's Secret." The two honorable mentions in this group were awarded to Mrs. Mildred Kedley and Florence Duncan. The second place essay was written by Alene Moon and was entitled "The Value of Trades in High School." The honorable mention awards in the essays were both won by Virginia Cottet Snider.

Cash prizes totaling \$12.00 were awarded to the winners in the three divisions, short story, essay and poetry. First prize of \$2.00 was given in both the short story and essay group. The second prizes were \$1.00 while two honorable mentions were named. Since the prize money in the book reviews was placed on the poetry entries, the first prize in this division was increased to \$3.00 while second and third prizes of \$2.00 and \$1.00 respectively were awarded. In addition two honorable mention winners were decided upon.

Harold Cottingham was executive editor of the supplement.

The judges were chosen from the English department and were headed by H. DeF. Widger. Other members were Robert Shiley and Quincy G. Burris. According to the judges the elimination was most difficult in the poetry division in which there were 55 entries.

PLAYERS WILL MEET

The Players will hold a short meeting on Thursday evening, February 21, at 7:45 in room 6. Members who have not paid dues are asked to plan to pay them at this meeting. This is the last meeting before the end of the term, after which time the dues will be increased.

PETITION PROPOSES STUDENT ASSISTANCE IN CHAPEL PROGRAMS

What's in a petition? A number of EI students believe they are circulating one at present which features more than 25 names. They champion student participation in framing chapel programs.

Principal points of the petition are: to create a board which shall take the responsibility for arranging chapel programs; we suggest there be six members on the board—four students, President Buzzard and Mr. Koch.

The board will function as clearing-house for student-administration interests in chapel programs. Each class would elect one member to the board. President Buzzard would represent the administration, and Mr. Koch would be program adviser because of his contact with the music department.

Special Meeting Of Rural Clubs Is Slated Friday

Country Life Club and Township Farm and Home Bureau to Meet Jointly in Auditorium.

Plans were made for the joint meeting of the Country Life club and the Charleston township farm and home bureau at a meeting of representatives from the two groups at the court house Thursday evening. The joint meeting is scheduled for Friday night, February 22 from 7:30-9:30 in the college auditorium. Hazel Haskett and Catherine Anderson represented the Country Life club.

A George Washington skit by members of the Country Life club and songs by the club's mixed quartet will be main features of the joint gathering.

Edna Abenbrink is chairman of all committees in charge. Crystal Funkhouser has charge of the program and Hazel Haskett is chairman of the refreshment committee.

Plans for a country dance to be held in the gymnasium Saturday, March 30, are being made. The new club songs have been written and accepted by the members. A motto and a name for the group will be selected at the next business meeting. The recently approved constitution has been referred to the faculty committee.

COUNCIL POSTPONES MIDNIGHT SHOW BILL

Negotiations to bring "The Count of Monte Cristo" here for a midnight show this week under the sponsorship of the Student Council could not be completed. Its showing has been postponed indefinitely, although Gerald Royer, president of the Council, promises that it will be presented in the future. The show was to have been given Friday night.

Men's Chorus to Present Vesper Concert Sunday

Thelma Stoner Will Assist Chorus with Third of Vesper Series Sunday Afternoon.

24 MEN IN GROUP

The College Men's Chorus, assisted by Miss Thelma Stoner, will present the third in a series of vesper concerts next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the college auditorium. The chorus, an organization of 24 students, is directed by Friederick Koch, who has also arranged the program and will act as accompanist.

Students had the opportunity of hearing the Men's Chorus last week when Lincoln's birth anniversary was observed during the chapel hour. One of the songs they sang at that time—"Great Is God and Almighty"—will be repeated on the vesper program.

The two preceding vesper concerts have featured first the band and orchestra and then the College Trio. For both programs large crowds were in attendance. R. W. Weckel, director of the band and orchestra was in the charge of initial vesper program while Mr. Koch arranged and the second and will be in charge of next Sunday's feature.

In addition to the program arranged for the Men's Chorus, Miss Stoner and Robert Myers will sing a duet. Another feature will be the appearance of the Boy's Double Quartet.

The entire program is as follows: Men's Chorus—The Lost Chord, by Sullivan; Sylvia, by Speaks; All For You, by Perry; The Jolly Roger, by Deis; I Feel Thy Angel Spirit, by Hoffman—duet by Miss Stoner and Robert Myers; Rose of My Heart, by Lohr—Boys' Double Quartet; Great Is God and Almighty, by Jadassohn; Out of the Night—Nash; and Honey You's Ma Lady Love, by Mann.

Pi Taus Plan Survey Of Illinois Schools

It was decided at the Epsilon Pi Tau meeting Thursday evening to conduct a survey of the high schools in Illinois offering courses in Industrial Arts. The organization will seek information regarding combinations of subjects that Industrial Arts teachers are required to teach.

The information will be compiled in booklet form and will be available for anyone desiring such. The booklet will contain the combinations of subjects in order of frequency. It will also include the names and locations of all high school Industrial Arts teachers in Illinois along with the courses they teach.

President Burton Clark appointed the following committee to supervise the project: Vincent Kelly, chairman, Mr. H. R. Jackson and Lucien Cox. Mr. Clark also named the program committee. The members are: Ralph Haddock, chairman, Mr. Sharp and Tilman Lockard.

MEN STUDENTS RENTING ROOMS ASKED TO MEET

Dean Hobart F. Heller announces that there will be a meeting today of all boys who live in rented rooms in Charleston. They will be asked to fill out a questionnaire.

Mr. Heller also states that there will be a meeting of all men's householders this Friday afternoon at 2:30 at which any householders wishing roomers next year are asked also to be present. One of the new rules for householders which will go into effect next year is that of requiring all approved houses to display official window cards.

SPEAKS AT ROBINSON

Kevin J. Guinagh spoke at the Crawford County Teachers Institute meeting at Robinson Friday evening. He spoke on two topics, "Graft in Ancient Greece and Rome" and "Heinrich Schliemann."

League, Union to Sponsor Open House Saturday Night

Two campus organizations, the Women's League and the Men's Union, will cooperate Friday evening to sponsor an Open House in the gym. It is the aim of the sponsors to promote a complete social evening for EI students. Entertainment will include stunts, dancing, ping pong, and card playing.

The Open House will begin at 8:30 o'clock and will last until 11:30 p. m. The program will be divided into two parts. The first part will consist of stunts and the latter part of the evening will be devoted to dancing and card playing.

Alex Summers, who will act as master of ceremonies, announces the following program: Finals of the Men's Ping Pong Tournament; Finals of Women's Ping Pong Tournament (doubles); Tumbling act by the Men's Athletic Association; Tap dance by the

Women's Athletic Association; Song, Lola Hawkins accompanied by Robert Myers. Other numbers may be added pending word from organizations that have been invited to participate in the program.

THUS WE SAY ADIEU

This marks the final issue of the News during the winter quarter. Publication will be resumed on March 12.

Final examinations will begin next Tuesday and the Spring term will open on March 4. The reading period for juniors and seniors is on Friday and Monday while pre-registration for upperclassmen is February 22-28.

The amplifying system will furnish dance music. Ralph McIntosh and George Henry, operators of the system, stated that they will be able to offer radio orchestras for dancing by means of a special hook-up to a radio.

One of the outstanding numbers of the evening will be a song written by Robert Myers and featured by Miss Lola Hawkins, vocalist. Mr. Myers both composed and wrote the words to the song. It is entitled "The Moon is Playing Tricks on You."

Florence Wood, President of the Women's League and Vincent Kelly, Union President will act as co-chairmen. The Women's League Council of Nine and the Executive of the Men's Union will serve as committees.

Recreation tickets will admit students. Guests will be admitted for twenty-five cents.

Council Completes Plans for Honorary Banquet

Campus Leaders Will Be Feted Friday, March 8, in Mattoon; Speakers Named

President Buzzard Will Be Principal Speaker; Committees Work Out Details.

Leading the parade of social events for the spring quarter will be the Student Leaders' Banquet, to be held at the Hotel U. S. Grant in Mattoon on Friday evening, March 8. Sixty students chosen by the Student Council in recognition of leadership qualities and scholarship will be guests at the banquet. Athletes were not included in the list of guests considered because a banquet is given for them later in the spring.

President R. G. Buzzard will give the principal address of the evening. Other speakers will include: Hobart F. Heller, Dean of Men; Franklyn L. Andrews, of the English department; Florence Wood, Women's League president; and Vincent Kelly, Men's Union president. Gerald Royer, president of the Student Council, will act as toastmaster. Several numbers will be played during the evening by the College Trio, composed of Friederich Koch, Ernest L. Stover and Richard W. Weckel. One other part of the program is to constitute a surprise, and will not be revealed until the night of the banquet.

Student guests at the banquet have been notified of their selection during the past few weeks through the feature columns on the humor page of the News. The last names appear in this issue. All students who have received bids should secure tickets from some Council member this week.

Originally proposed by Mr. Heller and Miss Nathile McKay, Dean of Women, the plan for the banquet has been developed by the Student Council, and it is under the sponsorship of this organization that it is being held.

Senior Invitation Committee Chosen

Members of the invitation committee for the senior class were appointed last Tuesday morning. They are: Mary Young, Mrs. Hazel Weekley, Ralph Haddock and Herbert VanDeventer.

Mrs. Mildred Kedley was appointed to write up the senior class history for the Warbler.

FAREWELL DINNER IS GIVEN ON WEDNESDAY

A farewell dinner was given at 1525 Seventh street Wednesday evening in honor of Elberta Hendry and Marcia Wilson, who will not be in school the spring quarter. Ten guests were present.

KAPPA DELTA PI MEETS

After a short business meeting Monday evening, the members of Kappa Delta Pi enjoyed a party in the East music room. Cards and other kinds of games and dancing to radio music provided diversion.

HONOR LOCAL CHAPTER

The current issue of the Triangular, national chapter publication of Phi Sigma Epsilon, carries pictures of Leallyn Clapp, Gerald Royer, John Black, Hugh Harwood, Roy Wilson, all members of the EI chapter.

Evelyn Hallowell's birth anniversary is March 17. Send her flowers. Lee's Flower Shop—Phone 39.

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Name Committees For Dinner-Dance

Presidents of the two upper classes have appointed committees to arrange for the Junior-Senior Dinner-Dance to be given on May 24. Kathleen Forcum heads the following senior committee: Evelyn Hallowell, Roy Wilson and Melvin Alexander. Evalyn Schooley is chairman of the junior group, which includes Wilma Nuttall, Kathryn Smith and John Ritchie.

The dinner will be closed, and guests at the dance will be admitted only through special arrangement with the committees in charge.

Chairmen of the two class committees met Thursday and outlined plans, which were later submitted to Dean Heller for approval.

Group Entertains With Bridge Party

The boys who stay at Cofer's apartments, 1002 Seventh street, entertained at an eight o'clock bridge party Saturday evening. Refreshments of tea and cake were served to Miss Leonora Cofer, Eleanor Peters, Maxine Ford, Alberta Trousdale, Ella Mae Jackson, Dorothy Ritchie, Drusilla Smith, Howard Young, Lyle Specht, Forest Shoulters, Rex Burgess, Bernard Alexander, H. Tafton, and Clark Jenkins.

Group Is Guest at 'David Copperfield'

Faculty members and friends were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn H. Seymour at the showing of "David Copperfield" last Monday evening.

Included in the party were: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Fiske Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Friederich Koch, Mrs. Mary E. Miller, Miss Annie L. Weller, Miss Annabelle Johnson, and Walter W. Cook.

MISS FORD IS HOSTESS TO FRIENDS ON MONDAY

Miss Ellen A. Ford, Dean Emeritus, was hostess to Mrs. Martha Vastine, Mrs. E. H. Taylor, Mrs. W. J. Awty, and Miss Gay Anderson at luncheon Monday afternoon.

Later, the group attended the Lincoln theater showing of "David Copperfield."

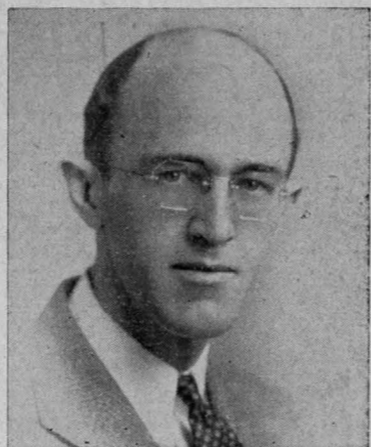
MR. AND MRS. SLOAN ENTERTAIN STUDENTS

Mr and Mrs. Paul Sloan entertained a group of students at dinner at their home Saturday evening. Those present were: Wilma Nuttall, Agnes Worland, Clara Balmer, Wilba Cribbet, Marvin Upton, and Herschel Kincaid.

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To Speak at Banquet



Dean Hobart F. Heller will speak at campus leaders fete.

Social News in Hues

Ruth Neal of Windsor visited Charleston friends last week.

Genevieve Lamson of Mattoon was a visitor at EI last week.

Florence Wood, Miss Nathile McKay, and Clara Attebery were guests at the Lair for Friday evening dinner.

Forest Weber visited her home in Paris last week-end.

Lola Hawkins was in Tuscola over the week-end.

Contributed by the "Campus View": Marjorie Sexson and Louise Brian spent the week-end with the latter's parents in St. Francisville. Madeline Strader was the week-end guest of Virginia Vandiver of Arcola. Golden Woodall and Adelia Tuttle were the guests of Louise Brian and Marjorie Sexson Thursday. Viola Maronto and Vivian Metcalf were the dinner guests of Fredia Parr and Caroline Specht, Wednesday. Glenn Davis was the dinner guest of Rosalie Funk, Sunday. Thelma Tipton spent the week-end in Willow Hill.

Spirit of Valentine Day Features Party

Unit seven met at Connells, 1075 Seventh Street, Thursday evening at 7:30. In keeping with the day, Valentine contests were played under the direction of Gladys Watkins. Refreshments of graham crackers, dessert and heart candies were served to the fifteen present.

FACULTY ENTERTAINS

Miss Annabelle Thomson, Miss Florence Litchfield, and Miss Ruth Cameron entertained a few friends at an informal tea from four to six Tuesday afternoon. Tea was poured by the three hostesses.

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Novelty Six Is Selected to Play for St. Patrick's Dance Feature Here March 15

Student Teachers Are Faculty Guests

Miss Winnie Neely and Miss Ruth Wilkins entertained their student teachers with a three course dinner, Friday evening at six o'clock. After dinner prophecies were read about the occupations of the student teachers ten years from now. Margaret Brandon read a parody on Poe's, "The Raven," and Golda Breen sang some songs from the Ozarks, which she had collected herself.

Student teachers present were: Golda Breen, Rose Verbeau, Marie Weber, Wilmina Reidell, Evelyn Hallowell, Jeanette Rosene, Louise McNutt, Margaret Brandon, Dorothy Lewman, Margaret Fleenor, Kathleen Forcum, Robert Evans, and Gerald Royer.

Miss Nathile McKay Is Dance Chairman

Miss Nathile McKay, Dean of Women, was general chairman of a Valentine's Days dance and bridge party sponsored by the Business and Professional Women's club in the Charleston Chamber of Commerce Hall on Thursday evening. The party was given for the benefit of the EI educational fund.

Gwendolyn Oliver assisted Miss McKay in distributing programs during the evening.

GROUP GIVES DINNER

The home Management group entertained Miss Annabel Johnson, Miss Mary E. Thompson, and Miss Violet Costello at dinner on Sunday. Miss Maxine Eubank acted as hostess.

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ALEXANDER'S

Dance Will Be Given by Industrial Arts and Home Economics Groups Next Term.

The Novelty Six dance orchestra of Effingham has been engaged for the Industrial Arts-Home Economics club St. Patrick's dance March 15. Gene Greuel, manager of the orchestra, stated to the entertainment committee of the dance, that the Novelty Six is all that its name implies—six musicians who specialize in novelty numbers. The orchestra promises several special Irish numbers to fit the occasion of the dance.

Earl Lucier, general chairman has announced the complete list of committees. He reports that they are functioning very satisfactorily.

FACULTY MEMBERS ARE GUESTS AT INITIATION

President R. G. Buzzard, W. S. Angus, R. W. Cordier, H. K. Metter, Donald R. Alter, Dean F. A. Beu, O. L. Railsback, Wesley C. Eastman, and Paul W. Sloan attended the initiation ceremony of Phi Delta Kappa, graduate educational fraternity at the University of Illinois, last Monday evening.

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The Last Trump

-: "This, Partner, Is Our Trick" -:



DO YOU WANT TO TEACH?
(Neither Do We)

The Teachers College News does not guarantee teaching positions to the winners of the Literary Contest. The paper will, however, through Professor Colseybur, do all it can to place those who submitted manuscripts in this contest. Our plan is really a very simple one. All you have to do is to fill out the following questionnaire. Your answers will be filed, whitened, and sawed-off to fit the position for which you are applying. There is no cost or value to this service whatsoever. Professor Colseybur is not liable for accidents of any kind or description. The information is strictly confidential and will not be turned over to the police. It is absolutely necessary to answer all questions fully.

Organizes Employment Bureau



PROF. COLSEYBUR

- Directions: please write in English.
1. Were you ever in jail?
 2. When? . . . How long? . . . What for?
 3. Which of the following are insane?: (a) George Henry, (b) J. Paul Reed, (c) David Noyes, (d) Stanley Elam, (e) Vincent Kelly, (f) Roy Wilson, (g) Kathryn Walker, (h) Mildred Kedley, (i) Evelyn Hallowell, (j) Rose Verbeau.
 4. Did you ever strike a critic teacher?
 5. Which one of the following occupations is most like teaching?: (a) bootlegging, (b) preaching, (c) flag pole sitting, (d) lion taming, (e) valet, (f) shooting craps, (g) bookkeeping, (h) politician, (i) gangster, (j) hen-pecked husband.
 6. Would you take a second course under any of the following professors?: (a) Mr. Seymour, (b) Mr. Burris, (c) Mr. Coleman, (d) Mr. MacGregor, (e) Mr. Guinagh, (f) Miss Reinhardt.
 7. List the names of those faculty members under whom you have had courses whom you think should be fired.

Elmer's College Daze

Well theres nothing like a good term end to end things in. I'll be down home next week some time to chase down a chicken. How is things? Couldn't you perswade pop to take the bankrupt law so I could get on the FERA next term? That's the only way I'll have money enough to go to school next term so I really wish I had it. I'm afraid I can't convince em that we are awful poor since we got a team of horses and three cows unless pop does take the bankrupt law or some other drastix mezure. Somebody asked me who was Elmers daze the other day. I dont know what he means but I think he had evil contentions cause thats the kind of a guy he wuz. Do you know what he could mean? Did you get that Valingtime I sent you? Its the only one I could aford. I have forgot who give it to me last year but I thought it was purty.

- tion, (g) fortune telling, (h) begging.
15. Which of the following would you put into your school?: (a) more courses in education, (b) a safe, (c) pink curtains for the windows, (d) soda fountain, (e) bowling alley, (f) electric chair, (g) The New Yorker, (h) private telephone booths, (i) course in journalism, (k) midnight shows.
 16. In what year did you last go to church?
 17. Are you your mother's favorite child?
 18. Do you laugh at or with Elmer?
 19. Have you told the truth in any of these answers?
 20. Where do you want your body shipped in case of accident?
 21. What makes you think Professor Colseybur will recommend you, anyway?
- Oh well, you may as well come to the Council Banquet, Wilbert Cummins, Evalyn Schooley, Gerald McNeal, Raymond Abernathy, Glen Davis, Earl Lucier, Kathryn Hall, and Harry Rice.
- We is all friends, isn't we? Isn't we? We say, isn't we?
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We admit, there will be an ex-Pence in giving the big shots banquets. Its name is Micky. Have you the '75 Micky?

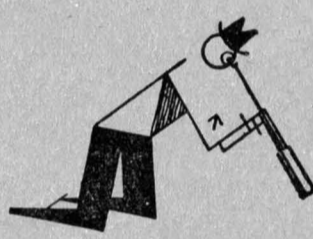
80 per cent of our brain is water. We wonder—

Heckler's Multiple Choice
Gym is a—cracker box, name, mess. Apple polishing is practiced by—students, unemployed, Ben Edman. Big shots is one who—is invited to the banquet, large gun, Rex Hovious. College students are a division of the human race who—go to school, wear collegiate clothes, or— (Make it easy on yourself.)

Among two thorns we find a rose. Annette Bloomquist wrote home for a new Big Shots dress.

Get up a petition—things ain't right.

EI's EAGLE-1 SPIES



The poem of the week (A weekly feature of this column) appears in the Literary Supplement. See if you can find it.

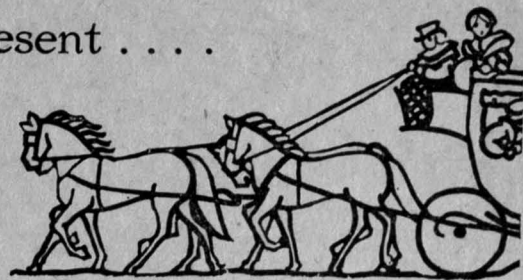
There were fifty-five entries in the poetry contest. There were fifty-two exits.

Well, anyway, you read this column while the big shot banquet lasted. Here's the last you'll hear from the Eagle I—Reno Bianchi, Helen Purl, Ruth Miller, Elbert Finley, and last but not least, Rose Verbeau.

An out-of-town speaker, ex-Hon. A. C. Spence of Decatur has been obtained with some difficulty but not much expense for the big shots banquet on March 8th, next. Mr. Spence will speak on the topic, "The Royal Bengal Bicycle Club." The speaker comes highly recommended by the WCTU, the Rotary Club, the Decatur Bar Association, the Behindthe Bar Association, and the Over-the Bar Club.

Twenty-One Jays Present

All The King's Horses



INTRODUCING—DOGGY IDEA FOR DOGS; BUT EI STUDENTS SUFFER

A doggy idea for doggy dogs, "Let not thy nose lead thee astray." And these dogs received for their Valentines choice morsels of meat (sausage, hamburger, steak, pork, bacon and wieners) that they "borrowed" from a window-box in the underground kitchen of eight college students, last Thursday morning.

"The Pan" Ponders

(Anybody's Intelligence Test.) If you don't know the answers to these WHAT'S and WHO'S, and WHICH'S, ask the ELEPHANT'S CHILD. She knows all about questions; see if she knows any answers. What PANTHER LAIR BOY wasted two "cokes" and two evenings and didn't even get asked to the Pem Hall-Phi Sig Formal anyway? Which PANTHER forgot that he wasn't at the LAIR and acted like Simon Legree to our LITTLE JO? . . . Which one of OUR beloved TEACHERS asks his classes to outline the book and fill it in for a final exam? . . . About which PEM HALL-ED have nasty murmurs been mumbled that she is a divorcee with a child under her wing? . . . What APPLE - POLISHER has been upsetting MR. THOMAS' recitation period in Economics 45? What versatile SIGMA TAU-ER plays the piano with brilliance and grace? . . . What ATTRACTIVE FRESHMAN girl gave the ENGAGED ONE the run-around to crowd out a cute SOPHOMORE in the affections of the top-most FIDELIS man? . . . What SILLY SOPHOMORE has accused a SERENE SENIOR of alienating the affections of an innocent male? . . . What NEW COED almost wore the corsage of the absent FIANCE to the Pem Hall Formal while having as her escort another one of the more important FIDELIS on the campus?

GUESS WHO are invited to the STUDENT COUNCIL'S pet peeve: JOHN WYETH, HELEN HAUGHTON, and BURTON CLARK.

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McKendree Whips Panthers in Overtime Game 50-43

Invaders Score Eleven Points in Extra Period After Late Uprising Ties Game

Wilson and Stroh Pace Scoring Spree in Overtime; EI Leads Up to Last Minute.

The Panthers faltered in the closing minutes of a game here with McKendree Friday night, suffered the score to be tied, and then lost out in an overtime period, 50-43. The Bear Cats from Lebanon scored 11 points in that hectic overtime period to climax a sharp rally in the last two minutes which flashed them into a 39-39 tie at the end of regulation playing time.

"Bear" of Bear Cats

Ken Wilson, veteran guard, was the "bear" in the Bear Cat uprising, his four baskets in the two minutes preceding the extra session and during the overtime sealing the Panther fate. Wilson made his dramatic claim for the hero's mantle so late in the conflict that a Panther victory seemed undeniable. Curry and Dettro had boosted the locals into a 39-35 lead before the pugnacious one hit two baskets from center court in rapid order. To open the overtime he obliged with a duplicating basket. The remaining Bear Cats decided Wilson needed help, whether he did or not, and Jordan, lanky center, and Stroh, smooth-playing forward, joined forces in the point parade. Howard Ballard's two baskets were all that EI could muster and they were pretty small hoops compared to the attack McKendree unleashed.

Panthers Take Early Lead

Previous to the drama just related, the Panthers had dominated play, leading from the start. Joe Curry, regular forward, chalked up six points in an impressive first half which returned the locals a 23-18 half time lead. Practically every man in the line-up had managed a point somewhere in the score column during the first half, which saw EI first pulling away to a long lead and then subsiding as McKendree crept up. At one time EI led, 10-2; at another point the score was EI-18, McKendree-11. The first half almost repeated itself in the final frame. The locals charged into a 28-18 advantage before the Bear Cats rallied to come within one point of a tie, 29-28. But again the Panthers took command and eased into another comfortable lead. Wilson finally blasted the charm and EI's chances to even their standing in the Little 19, which now reads five defeats and three victories.

More Name Puzzlers Posed for Cage Fans

With such accurate results on last week's list of colleges for you to locate, we will outdo ourselves this week to fool you. Thank you, R. W. We didn't have any trouble locating the towns, either. Here goes.

Indiana State Teachers college (watch your step), Wayne university, St. Ignatus college, McPherson college, Alma college, Hamlin university, William Jewell college, Larkio college, Doone college, Midland college, Canisus college, Hobart college, Mars Hill college, Lenoir Rhyne college, and Rio Grande college.

Hudnuts — Marvelous lipstick, eyebrow pencil and 50c powders—all for 55c.—Walgreen System Drug Store—North side of square.

Evelyn Hallowell's birth anniversary is March 17. Send her flowers. Lee's Flower Shop—Phone 39.

PANTHERGRAMS

By SIR LANTZELOT

BITS ABOUT 'EM—

Friday night's overtime game with McKENDREE was the second extra-period game which the varsity has played this year. The other was at Danville, Indiana, against the DANVILLE teacher's college — Spectators seem to think that there is no time in the extra period for working the ball in for good shots. They do not realize that there are five minutes in an overtime . . . WELBORNE, McKendree's freshman star, did not live up to his high scoring reputation against the Panthers. He was outscored by three of his team mates. His best shot, it seemed, was a two handed over-the-head shot taken from the side while on the run . . . SCOTT, McKendree's substitute guard, bears a marked facial resemblance to STUART IRWIN of the movies . . . JOHNNY POWERS, a star half-back on the EI Varsity a few years ago, is playing basketball with the RARDIN independent team. He coaches the RARDIN high school team . . . Fitzhugh, another grid star of more recent years, plays on the same team . . . WILSON, the flashy little McKendree guard, was one of the best backs in the Little Nineteen last season . . . JOE HENDERSON took on the appearance of the wounded drummer in the painting "Spirit of '76" when he appeared last week with a bandage around his head. He received a painful gash in the head while scuffling in the shower room . . . HOWARD WADDELL, one of the brightest prospects for guard on next year's football team, has a position in Moline, Ill.

TWELVE MEN SURVIVE THIRD ROUND PLAY IN PING PONG TOURNAMENT

Twelve men survived the third round of the Men's Ping Pong tournament in the first playoff Thursday evening in the gym. Two entrants, Robert Johns and Lee Watts, reached the quarter finals. Those reaching the fourth round are: Robert Johns, Joe Kelly, Richard Daily, Okey Honefinger, Gerald McNeal, Gerald Lively, Robert Holmes, Howard Ballard, Lee Watts and Wesley Cook.

The tourney will get under way again Tuesday evening. Gerald McNeal, tournament manager, expects to reach the finals at the close of the next session.

Red Birds Beat EI In Return Contest

The Normal B team won a 36-28 victory over the Panthers B's here Saturday afternoon. The Red Bird quintet held a 22-10 half time lead.

Neal and Watts, with nine points apiece, led the locals while Lyons with 13 counters and Hanes with eight were high for Normal.

The loss gave Charleston an even break in two meetings this year, EI winning at Normal some time ago.

| Normal (36) | FG. | FT. | PF. |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|
| Waite, f. | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Lyons, f. | 5 | 3 | 0 |
| Hanes, f. | 4 | 0 | 2 |
| Taylor, c. | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Dunn, c. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Hesse, g. | 2 | 0 | 3 |
| Suchuman, g. | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Kline, g. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 16 | 4 | 9 |

| Panthers (28) | FG. | FT. | PF. |
|---------------|-----|-----|-----|
| Linder, f. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Watts, f. | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| Neal, f. | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| Weekley, c. | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Henderson, c. | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Mahon, g. | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Cole, g. | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Heggerty, g. | 0 | 2 | 3 |
| Burgess, g. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 11 | 6 | 6 |

SIMON'S TEAM CROWNED WAA BASKETBALL CHAMP

The WAA Basketball Tournament ended Monday night with Ester Simon's team winning first place and Catherine Pagel's team taking second place.

Games and results of the finals were: Simon's team, 21, Woods, 11; Unit 9, 19, Pem Hall, 2; Simon's team 20, Pagel, 8.

The teams were coached and refereed by Miss Hupprich.

An all star team will be chosen Monday evening.

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South Side Square


Top Notchers Feature Intramural Conflicts

The Top Notchers trounced Caesar's Cohorts without mercy Saturday, winning 39-13. The Phi Sigs turned in a good game to beat the Tigers, 29 to 19. The Bethonians were unable to get started in their first game and barely nosed out the Gilbert Boys, 14 to 11.

In their second game the Bethonians defeated the strong Lions team, 22 to 18. The Shooting Stars won a close game from the Lair, 14 to 11. A sharp rally gained the Stars' victory. The Little Egyptians took a 1 to 0 forfeit game from the Math club, which was represented by only two men.

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Two Foreign Conflicts, One on Home Court Will Close Season for Panthers

LLOYD THUDIUM WINS CAPTAINCY OF PANTHER TRACK TEAM THIS YEAR

Lloyd Thudium, a senior, was elected track captain for the 1935 season last week by other members of the team. Thudium won letters in track at EI in 1932 and 1934. He runs the half-mile, was on the relay team his freshman year, and was used as a utility member of the relay team last year.

Thudium's home is in Charleston, having moved here to attend college. He was graduated from the Brookfield, Missouri, high school in 1931 where he was on the track team during the four years of his prep schooling. In high school he ran the half-mile and on the relay team.

Normal B Team Whips Panther Quint, 36-28

The State Normal Red Birds regained their old form Wednesday night to hand the Panthers a 53 to 39 defeat at Normal. Led by Don Adams, Barton, and John White, the Red Birds ran up a 24-15 half time lead.

Soon after the beginning of the second period a two-man rally by Ballard and Curry boosted the Panthers within two points of Normal. However, the Adams brothers, Alfeldt, Barton, and J. White went on a scoring spree to pull Normal away for an overwhelming victory.

By winning, Normal made a clean sweep of its games with EI this year. The locals lost a hotly-contested 31-29 decision here three weeks ago. Victory also served to keep Normal up with the conference leaders.

Standings Shuffled By Little 19 Upsets

Games in the conference last week provided several upsets, notable among them being Wesleyan's victory over Carbondale and DeKalb's loss to Knox.

The scores were: Illinois Wesleyan 38, Carbondale 21; Bradley 33, Monmouth 31; McKendree 50, EI 43; Knox 29, DeKalb 27; Eureka 33, Elmhurst 25; Ripon 26, Lake Forest 25.

Carbondale, Cape Girardeau, and St. Viator Provide Opposition As Season Wanes.


The Panthers will take on their heaviest duty of the season this weekend, playing three games to end their basket ball schedule for the year. Carbondale will be played a return game at Carbondale Friday night, then Saturday night they cross the "Father of Waters" to play the Cape Girardeau Indians. Monday night finds the Panthers back in their lair to meet the Irish of St. Viator. The Panthers hold victories over both of their opponents to be met on the road the week-end trip, a 39 to 30 decision over Carbondale's Maroons and a 49 to 27 early season victory over Cape's Indians. This is the first time in modern EI athletic history that a team will play on Missouri soil. St. Viator the third opponent has not been played earlier this year.

The Carbondale quintet defeated Normal two weeks ago 49 to 32 to hand the Red Birds their only defeat. Led by Holder, Gray and Emery who scored 32 points, the sum total of Normal, the Maroons will be in fine shape for EI. These three men scored a total of 8 points when they were defeated by the Panthers. Veach and Hall will be the other starters in the Maroon lineup.

Cape Girardeau after a disastrous start in which they lost seven straight games have at last found their pace and are second in the MIAA race. The Indians are led by Jones, Hubbard, Owen, Masteller, McDowell, and the McDonald twins.

The St. Viator squad has been hit by ineligibility, losing four members this way. The Irish are in the conference cellar, having dropped six consecutive league contests.

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Walter Cook Tells Of Interviews for Teaching Position

Walter W. Cook, director of teacher training, laid down some specific rules for the conducting of a personal interview in a chapel talk Thursday afternoon. As a supplement to the information given on interviews, Mr. Cook commented briefly upon commercial teacher's agencies and the importance of keeping the placement bureau informed as to your address and phone number.

"In making a personal application," Mr. Cook stated, "it is of extreme importance that you be neat and well groomed. You should give careful attention to your hair, nails, shoes, clothing, and facial make-up. The use of too much rouge and lip-stick, or an unusual way of combing your hair may be considered in bad taste. Clothing should be clean and well pressed. Expensive clothing is not important, but being appropriately dressed is very important.

Lead Conversation

"Do not go to an interview with the intention of only answering the questions asked you. Go with the intention of talking over in a very thorough manner the school, the community, the position, and your qualification for the position. You should be prepared to ask the school officials a great many questions. Formulate a list before you go. Be prepared to ask intelligent questions about the building, the equipment of the school, the curriculum, the pupils, the other teachers, the subject combinations of the teachers, the textbooks used, the standards of the school, rooming places, extra-curricular activities, the financial status of the district, etc. Do not let the interview lag. When you go into the interview, shake hands with the superintendent and the board of education, call them by name as soon as possible, and speak distinctly."

Mr. Cook stressed the point that applicants should not go into an interview reeking with tobacco odors.

Frequently the applicant may have a mutual acquaintance with the superintendent or a member of the school board. In this case, Mr. Cook advised that the applicant secure a letter of recommendation from the mutual friend.

Investigate Teacher Agencies

In reference to commercial teachers' agencies, Mr. Cook urged applicants not to join an agency unless a position outside the state of Illinois was desired. Registration fees or any other kind of toll should not be paid until a position is secured. If the applicant does join an agency Mr. Cook suggested that he specify that he does not wish to be notified of vacancies within 100 miles of Charleston. The placement bureau covers this area and does not charge the fee which an agency would levy.

In conclusion, Mr. Cook told of how important it is that the bureau be kept informed of each registrant's correct address and phone number, as candidates must frequently be reached on very short notice. Once a candidate has been notified he should inform the bureau what he is doing. Any registrant who accepts a position should notify the bureau and give a brief description of the position. The following references in the reserve library were recommended to applicants: Smart and McKelvey, "Business Letters," Pages 369-406; Sigma Phi Sigma "Monad," November, 1933, pages 119-123; and MacDougall, "Techniques of Teacher Placement," chapters on letters of application and the personal application. The latter reference will not be available until March 1.

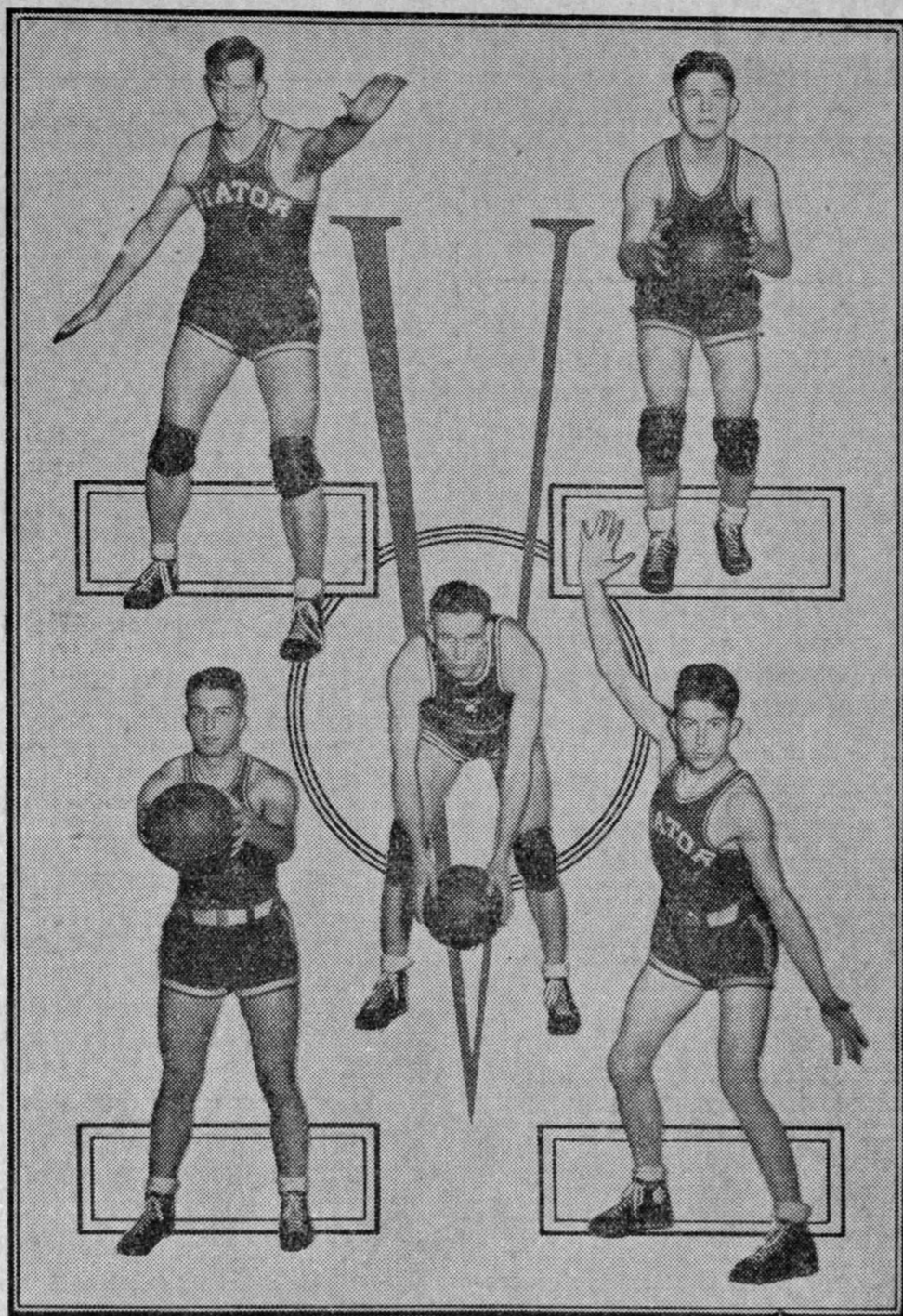
WRITERS WILL MEET

Sigma Tau Delta and the Writer's Club will meet third Thursday evening in one of the Pemberton Hall parlors. A special program is planned.

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St. Viator Will Close Panther Season Monday



The five Viatorians pictured above were members of the same championship high school team last year. They hail from Cathedral High, Catholic champ. They are: Upper right—Dolph

Guy, center; upper left—Dave McGrath, forward; center, John Burke, forward; lower right, Marion Aiello, guard; lower left, William Knox, guard.

Little 19 Standings

| Team— | Won | Lost | Pct. |
|------------------------|-----|------|-------|
| North Central | 6 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Macomb | 9 | 1 | .900 |
| State Normal | 8 | 1 | .888 |
| Illinois College | 8 | 1 | .888 |
| Knox | 7 | 2 | .777 |
| Augustana | 7 | 2 | .777 |
| Millikin | 4 | 2 | .666 |
| Carbondale | 5 | 4 | .555 |
| Carthage | 5 | 4 | .555 |
| DeKalb | 7 | 6 | .538 |
| Ill. Wesleyan | 4 | 5 | .444 |
| Eureka | 4 | 5 | .444 |
| Charleston | 3 | 5 | .375 |
| McKendree | 3 | 5 | .375 |
| Wheaton | 1 | 4 | .200 |
| St. Viator | 1 | 7 | .125 |
| Bradley | 1 | 8 | .111 |
| Lake Forest | 0 | 1 | .000 |
| Monmouth | 0 | 5 | .000 |
| Shurtleff | 0 | 8 | .000 |
| Elmhurst | 0 | 9 | .000 |

HOUSE INSPECTION

Miss Nathile McKay, Dean of Women, has announced that the housing committee has begun House Inspection. This periodic check-up is expected to end before the Winter quarter is concluded.

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Plans for Dining Service, Lair Are Outlined in Talk

At the College Dining Service meeting Tuesday, Dean Hobart F. Heller led a discussion of suggested improvements for the Lair.

Mr. Heller indicated his hope of getting an appropriation for a much needed coal water heater to replace the inadequate and expensive gas heater now in use. A project involving re-arrangements of the upstairs floor space to provide more closet room was placed before the group for consideration.

It was decided to pay for the newly acquired ping pong table by assessment of the Dining Service men, rather than with fees charged for entrance in the ping pong tournament sponsored by the Men's Union. This will avoid the jam of outsiders which would result from Men's Union ownership. The Lair is no longer the Union clubhouse, as it was last year.

The tournament fees will be used to buy a trophy for the winner.

WAA Scoreboard

Helen Carver and Kay Lumbrick were winners in the ping pong tournament. They defeated all the other teams entered.

Running a close second were Maxine Kirby and Glenna Simpson. They were defeated 2-0 by the winners.

Our predictions for the All-star and second all-star teams in basketball include—Simpson, Garret, Pagel, Knight, Bubeck, Simons, Kirby, Etherton, Lumbrick, Shores, Miller and Farrell.

As soon as the Olympics are over we'll start talking about open house.

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with

Lionel BARRYMORE with Evelyn VENABLE

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FRIDAY & SAT.—

Buck JONES

in

"WHEN A MAN SEES RED"

SUNDAY & MON.—

Charles BICKFORD with Helen VINSON

in

"A NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN"

Additional Housing Study Material Is Announced; Chief Problems Listed

Miss McKay Outlines Rules and Courses Householder, Student Should Observe.

Several weeks ago certain data concerning housing conditions and householders of Charleston were published following an interview with Dean Nathile McKay.

A recent investigation has exposed the difficulties which are met in attempting to make housing conditions for EI women as near ideal as possible.

The survey revealed that this problem has been brought satisfactorily under control. Of houses on the approved list 15 are keeping full capacity while nine are keeping no girls at all.

The above statistics are a check-up on agreements made at the beginning of the current school year. At that time each householder was asked to state the capacity of her house and the charge asked for each room.

Definite improvement has been made in five houses. Those improvements include the installation of sinks, painting and papering of walls, and installation of new heating plants.

It will be a rule of the future that all householders must be registered and approved before the college will allow them to keep student roomers.

Miss McKay states that householders should insist on students paying their board and room in advance. Students are aware of this ruling through communication early in the school year.

All prospective householders and present householders must be registered by June of 1935. This will help to eliminate people moving in and out.

Mr. Shiley Comments On Literary Entries

A post mortem of a literary contest is very likely to render one person non grata. Nevertheless, I should like to say to the contestants that not a few inferior manuscripts were submitted, particularly in poetry.

To Harold Cottingham and the News staff, I offer commendation for this sponsorship of the contest. Is it too much to hope that if and when a similar contest is held next year, the News sponsors may have cause to be gratified with the more uniformly superior quality of the entries as a whole, rather than with the quantity of them?

—By Robert Shiley.

Unemployment Data Given in Discussion Before Forum Group

"Of the many people classed among the unemployed, many may be veritably ascribed as the being unemployable," said Wilfrid Kelley in presenting some facts before the Forum group Thursday evening.

The speaker pointed out a number of facts concerning our financial unfortunates. Of the 18,000,000 on relief during September last, 7,000,000 were of our rural population.

Following presentation of this matter, the group held an open discussion of unemployment problems. Some novel suggestions were made, such as the adjustment of the endocrine glands in order to eliminate unfortunates.

The next meeting of the Forum will be held on March 14.

J. Paul Reed Tabs Current Show, 'Hit'

The following review by J. Paul Reed is submitted as a sincere opinion by one who saw the picture, "Count of Monte Cristo," some time ago.

One of the few really good shows which have appeared in the last year is the panoramic Count of Monte Cristo. Superficially, the theme centers on a leading character—the Count of Monte Cristo, but Alexandre Dumas relied on historical events for most of his ideas.

From the standpoint of the picture producer, this film is a decided failure. In the first place, there are no "great" stars to grace the film, with the possible exception of Elissa Landi.

Furthermore, the directors were content to supervise the filming, recording, and other technical nuisances and let Dumas struggle along without their assistance.

For an hour of excellent entertainment, I recommend The Count of Monte Cristo.

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The Political Panorama

By Roy Wilson



After this issue we suspect our readers (both of them) will be quite ready to change this department's caption to "The Political Longorama."

Many Long Theories Are Mere Bait

The code of ethics of any decent newspaper may be summed up as follows: If it is news it cannot be kept out of the paper; if it is not news it cannot be put in.

It isn't a problem easily solved. The man makes too much real news to be regarded lightly. Yet he slyly employs the papers as a springboard for his personal political ambitions.

Politiana

Critics of H. L. Mencken applied so many derogatory epithets to him a few years back that a book, "Schimpflexicon," was published containing them.

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President R. G. Buzzard Leaves for Educational Meetings in Atlantic City

Sigma Delta Hears How P. T. Barnum Used Superlatives

Phineas T. Barnum, of circus repute, was depicted as the "father of modern advertising" in an article read before Sigma Delta last Monday evening by Thomas Chamberlin.

"She was the first person to put clothes on the unconscious infant who was destined in after days to lead our heroic fathers to glory, to victory, to freedom."

A test of 75 questions on topics of the day, compiled by Lealyn Clapp and Harold Cottingham, was the other feature of the meeting.

Refreshments of ice cream and cakes were served by Lois and Florence Cottingham.

Forum Critic Writes Prep History Study

Miss Mary Harden, former history critic in the Training school, is one of the three authors of an article on "Introducing High School Students to a Study of American Civilization and Culture"

Miss Harden is now director of social studies of Horace Mann School, Teachers college, Columbia university.

News ads will tell you what Charleston merchants have to offer. Watch them and trade with our advertisers.

But why, pray, does the good doctor leave poor old Andrew W. Mellon out in the cold?

Regular Normal School Board Meeting Is Held in Chicago on Monday and Tuesday.

President R. G. Buzzard left Charleston over the week-end for a two-day meeting of the Normal School Board in Chicago on Monday and Tuesday.

President Buzzard also plans to attend the meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education association which convenes in Atlantic City Sunday and continues the remainder of the week.

Lois F. Shortess Is Editor of Bulletin

The library has received the State Department of Education of Louisiana Bulletin number 277.

The bulletin has for its subject "Library List For the Elementary Schools of Louisiana." Lois F. Shortess is the author of the bulletin.

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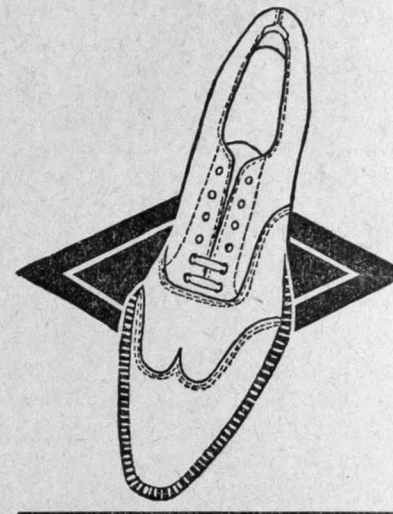
Allen Pattison, Dorothy Bonham, Charles Spooner, Evelyn Walters.

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I Collect Sunsets

Winner of First Award in
Essay Division

BY VIRGINIA COTTET SNIDER

I COLLECT sunsets. One advantage of being a naturalist is that I can amble about in the woods, or climb a high hill to see a sunset, and not be suspected of anything baser than the accepted idiosyncracies of the wool-gathering naturalist. I collect sunsets, but nobody minds if I do.

No man knows even half an hour before, how the sun will set, for every sunset is different. Long ago the Druids worshipped the sunset, and in some of us even now there remains a little Druid-cell that struggles to be heard as the sun nears its setting. The Druid-cell wonders with terror if the sun will ever come back from its journey—if the demons down under the earth will not destroy the sun. For—

Sunset is a ceremony,
Sunrise an incantation;
Night is a hymn to day,
And the day a celebration.

It is a life's work to collect them, and there is nothing tangible to show for it when the collecting's done. Yet, I collect sunsets.

One must be quiet when the sun goes down into the mecca of the west. And in that half-awing silence one sees little things that are not seen in the bustle of the sun's supremacy. One summer evening there was a boiling of orange-flame clouds in the northwest, and mountains of castellated purple and mahogany clouds, and a sleek swathing of cirrus veil of the most delicate rose and orchid hues. The colors were so transcendent it seemed strange, as I sat on the pasture-hill-top, that there was no sound in all that thunderous color. Just then, in the silence behind me I heard a small thump, a dusty thump, vital with life. Turning my head slowly, for the wild folk are shy of sudden movement, I beheld a cottontail rabbit behind me, probably one of the brush-pile brood whom I had watched all that month. He watched me with round, white-rimmed eyes. Our gazes interlocked. Then, as I half turned my eyes to keep track of the sunset, again I heard that queer soft thump as my visitor departed, leaving a small cloud of yellow clay dust in the sunset glow. I collect more than sunsets, sometimes, at sundown. Sometimes there are fierce white herons along the creek, or a wood thrush singing in the hushed green woods, or one lone star peering out of the east, or a moon-crescent half drowned in the tumultuous glow of the sunset. Yes, I collect sunsets, and sunrises, too, for sunrise is only sunset turned upside down.

Each of the editors is firmly convinced that each of the other editors has missed his calling.

Adventures on a Stormy Night

Winner of Second Award in
Poetry Division

BY MARGARET SERVEY

Come away with me, Melinda,
Come away tonight.
Do not hurry home so quickly,
'Tis not I that makes you shudder,
'Tis the madness of the night:
'Tis the wind that makes you hurry
Tugging at your shawl,
Torrents catching at your ankles;
Do not pale and draw it closer,
These are revels, that is all.
Sling the wind your shawl, Melinda,
Hurl your rubbers free.
Join the tempest's wanton gambols,
Those are only witches shrieking
Come away and laugh with me.
Can you hear my words, Melinda,
Whisperings and sighs?
Come away with me, Melinda.
Is it tears I think I'm seeing
Or the raindrops in your eyes?
Hurry, hurry home, Melinda,
Safe from gale and rain.
Stay beside your fire, Melinda,
Flowered chair and carpet slippers,
For I'll never come again.



Block Cut by Barbara Geneve Weeks

The Brief Case

Winner of First Award in Short Story Division

By Bernadine Wade

THE moon was shining brightly. The prison siren blew loudly as the night wind shifted. He could hear it now close, now far away. He tried to control his heavy breathing. His knees still trembled from the mad rush through the dark alleys. The dead leaves crackled under his shifting feet. It was bitter cold. The thin ill-fitting prison garb was no protection against the wind. His body was cooling fast from exertion. He needed warm clothes—a coat with a collar to turn up to protect his face from the wind, and from curious eyes.

Police cars were still screaming, racing in all directions,—but the right one. He had planned carefully. No other jail-braker would have made for the residential section of town. They always made for the highway or the river. His breathing was quiet now, but he was colder. He grasped tightly the stick that was to be his gun. There were bound to be clothes walking by on this fine street. Some fellow with swell clothes would be returning home even at this late hour.

He needed swell clothes to get into the hotel, the sweller the better. The hotel was Belle's idea. It had sounded like a nutty idea at first, but as she had said the friendly joints were probably surrounded even now. No one would ever believe that he, Curley Lye, would go to the respectable hotel of the town that boasted of a great prison and not so great college. Belle had checked in the hotel that afternoon as Mrs. Marston, telling the clerk that her husband would come in about midnight. In the privacy of their room he would change to the outfit, that Belle was going to bring for him.

He shivered. The frozen ground was melting and dampness had penetrated his thin-soled shoes. He heard someone walking along the sidewalk just beyond the bushes. Two large forms heaved into sight. In the moonlight he saw their sweaters with letters on the front that cataloged them just as his drab gray suit did him. He sank closer to the ground. They were opposite him now. These fellows would be harder to manage than cops. They were always ready for thrills, if all he had heard at the prison about college fellows were true. They stopped to light cigarettes, and mumble something about the house. Then they moved on into the shadows toward the campus.

In a moment Curley heard more footsteps. Turning he saw, coming down the brick walk from the large house, a man about his height. He was wearing an expensive looking warm coat, a derby hat, and in his hand he carried a brief case.

The brief case decided the question. Here was the gent to exchange with. The clothes were perfect, and the brief case was just the thing to toss to the bell boy at the hotel. No questions would be asked.

The man walked quietly down the path, as if not wanting to disturb anyone at this late hour. He glanced up the street and down. His shadow stretched long and dignified in the dim light.

Curley was ready. He grasped his stick tightly. One twig snapped as he got to his feet. The man turned quickly and looked back at the house as if the

noise came from there, and stepped quietly into the shadow of a bush with his back to Curley. With a quick movement Curley had jabbed the stick into the man's side. The man dropped the brief case and threw up his hands.

"Keep 'em up," commanded Curley.

"This is outrageous. A professor returning from a friendly call to be—"

"Close your trap."

Curley searched the man quickly and found a gun which he substituted for the stick. He felt safer now.

The man started to speak, "A man must carry a gun on a night like this."

"Too bad, Prof, you didn't know how to use it. Get over to them trees," and he pushed the man toward the trees that were just beyond his hiding place.

The man obeyed. Curley kicked the brief case into a shadow. He would get it on the way out.

"Now, take off your clothes," Curley ordered. Curley then took off his uniform, and flung it at the man. The man touched it and shrank away.

"Hurry up." Curley jabbed the man again, and the uniform was slipped on.

Suddenly and expertly Curley swung the gun against the man's head. The man went down into a limp heap.

A few seconds later a well-dressed man stepped into the street, fastened his yellow kid gloves, and started toward the hotel. At the corner he had noticed it was Lane Avenue, when he remembered the brief case. It was still back there in the shadows. Something said, "Forget it." It would be risky, but his heart was set on having the brief case. In fact, he couldn't do without the brief case.

He turned back. Someone was coming. He must not turn again. He reached the spot where the brief case was lying, and grabbed the straps just as a little fellow turned in the walk next door. Curley started on his way again. He did not hurry. He was calm and confident with the brief case in his hand. He was warm, and his heart beat more slowly than it had for some-

(Continued on Page 2)

This Very April

Winner of First Award in
Poetry Division

BY MARGARET BRANDON

This very April laughed along the lakes
And lingered on the lane to Shottory,
Twisted with buttercups in budded brakes
And wooed fair Scotia's winds in melody
This very April that now sings in me.

And such an April night brought Juliet
Star sweet, dream slender, to her balcony.
Fragrance of powdered iris, April wet,
Sent gold-haired Helen on a foreign sea
O, April, sing your songs again to me.

Miss Jorey's Secret

Winner of Second Award in Short
Story Division

BY WILMA I. BIRDZELL

OUTSIDE the window the trees were whispering faintly, somewhere a branch tapped insistently, and gray fingers of rain clutching at the glass, beckoned to me. There was a sudden rush of the rain, and with it a dark shadow passed the window. It was she—it was Miss Jorey. Every night since I had begun working with her papers she had been outside the window. But it was strange—she was not little and old as she had been when I knew her just before she died. She was slender and young, as she was in her portrait on the wall.

I cannot analyze my feelings as I sat there watching the rain streaking across the window. It was not fear. I had loved old Miss Jorey too well to be afraid of her, even as a ghost. But why had she left the quiet grave on the hillside to haunt me in the house where she had lived so peacefully?

With an effort, I turned my back to the window and picked up the last of Miss Jorey's old portfolios. I was glad I had come to the last. Perhaps the sad quaint girl who moved by me with every gust of the wind would return to her rest when I had finished.

It was with a feeling of superstitious awe that I opened the lock of the worn old portfolio. It contained only a sealed envelope. A sealed envelope! I laughed at myself for the romantic thoughts that came rushing to my mind. Miss Jorey had only sat and dozed, and been a little queer at times. Surely she had not been bothered with a "past." Nevertheless, my fingers trembled as I broke the seal, and spread the contents of the envelope on the table. There were several crisp, yellow sheets of what seemed to be poetry, a manuscript, which I noted with a start, was headed "Confession," and a newspaper clipping.

As I picked up the clipping, the cold damp wind touched my shoulder and ruffled the papers on the desk. Without turning to see, I knew that the window was open, and that Miss Jorey stood at my side.

When she spoke, it was not a voice from the grave, but the sob of a tortured being.

"Why will you not let me have peace? Even in my grave, I cannot have peace. I thought I should sleep; but rude, gossiping tongues will always awaken me. Oh, God, grant me peace!" It was a cry that touched every fibre of my being. I could not look at Miss Jorey. Her secret papers burned my hands and my heart. With a sudden impulse I gathered them all together, with the clipping on top, and moved to the fireplace. The crackle of the burning papers drowned out the ringing echoes of Miss Jorey's voice.

Fascinated I watched the bright flames rapidly consume the papers, and finally reach the clipping. As it burned it curled open revealing the caption—"Famous Painter Found Dead."

With a lightning flash my mind went back to the day I had come upon Miss Jorey standing before her portrait, and with a vacant smile she had said, "I have not lived since that picture was finished."

When I turned and looked at the picture the room seemed singularly quiet. I noticed that the rain had ceased to beat, and the eves were dripping monotonously. I was alone. Miss Jorey had returned to the darkness, and to the oblivion of death.

I think she had found peace.

The editors, from atop a clump of clouds, wish to report that three-fourths of the unprinted poetry manuscripts pertained to embracing and kissing. The other quarter referred to the mortal soul. We say, reader, is it too late for you to be our Valentine?

Quite unsuspectedly, the editors awakened from their slumbers Saturday morning to find themselves in command of a women's journal. Yes, it's true, every winning manuscript was penned by a co-ed. And the judges were all men.

Einstein's theory phrased after the Stein manner: "Is time, is space is distance is time and time again."

Cameos and Red Poppies

Winner of Third Award in Poetry Division

BY MARGARET BRANDON

When you sit alone
On your mountain top
And trace pictures in the clouds
Or bend Madonna-like above the dream-
ing lilies
Of a pool,
I shall bring you cameos,
Rose leaf and white,
And kneel a moment at your feet
In adoration.

But when you come into the meadow
And dance to the music of unseen tam-
bourines

And flaunt your gypsy skirts,
Or leap with slender feet the little brook,
Then I shall bring you red poppies
To pin behind your ear
Or at your waist,
And challenge all your gayness
With laughter, love and song.

For the mountain top—cameos,
For the meadows—red poppies,
For both, and for your pathway
Up the hill and down—my love.

Value of Trades in High Schools

Second Place Essay Winner

BY ALENE MOON

RECENT conditions have brought about the consciousness for the need of more intelligence and training in the industrial worker. This need has expressed itself in a demand for a kind of school work which would produce immediate results in terms of increased skill and efficiency.

Two entirely different elements have contributed to focus attention and effort upon the problem of readjustment looking to the appropriate recognition of industrial arts. The one, already mentioned, is the demand for a higher degree of skill and efficiency in the industrial worker. The other embraces a number of historical influences which have been developing with increasing clearness in the field of pedagogy since the Renaissance. The realism of Bacon, Comenius, and Pestalozzi; the naturalism of Rousseau; the doctrines of apperception and many-sided interests of Herbart; the principles of development by participation of Froebel; and the general pragmatism evolved in recent years through a scientific movement in education—in all these we see a progressively broadening tendency to bring the school life in closer relationship with the immediate world of industries and interests in which the young person lives. Nature study, agriculture, domestic science, domestic arts, household arts, and manual training are all terms for kinds of work which have helped to overcome the isolation between the school and life.

That the industries are of vital importance is evident when we recall that the matters of food, clothing, shelter, and transportation are of almost hourly consideration. In 1900, of all the people engaged in gainful occupations in the United States, seventy-six and three-tenths per cent were employed in a productive industry of some kind.

It is clear to every student of the subject that vocational education is simply one type of education; that it has a legitimate place for boys and girls of appropriate age and power; that its conjunction with or separation from liberal education is essentially one of administrative expediency. We are rapidly approaching the time when, in a scientific way, we may be able to inquire into the most successful methods, and by successive stages improve the quality of the work offered in the vocational school.

Thus, the value of trades, or vocational education, in high school may be summed up in four points:

One: It brings the school into closer contact with the world of industries.

Two: It trains the young people for their later occupations.

Three: It shows the boys and girl the importance of industries.

Four: It enables the people of a nation better to co-operate with one another.

The Web and The Widow

Recommended Poetry Entry

BY MARGARET SERVEY

I've dared to view the Camelot
I built myself with song.
No web is by the breezes caught,
But the mirror's crack is long.

My loom is good, and yet I heed
The little breezes sighing;
Why should I weep for what I need,
When what I have is dying?

I pray with shrewd sincerity,
"No barge for me, my window calls!"
Poor prayers, that speak to me, not Thee—
I do not die; my city falls.

Stairs Without End

" - - - and stairs without end lead up to heaven"

Recommended Short Story Entry—By Mrs. Mildred Kedley

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following short story entry, although too long to be considered in the contest, was deemed worthy of publication by the judges.

KERRY had been at Clearwater two years before Jane came. It had always been like that, Kerry going before and Jane gratefully following in his footsteps. A long time ago . . . Kerry had been arrogant, even then lordling it over his slower playmates. He was a quick, golden lad with a powdering of pale freckles. His hair had a hard crispness, and his curls were also metallic in their perfection. He loved his long, slim length; even in overalls he loved it. He thought a great deal of himself, of his talent. That he could draw was a wonderful thing. His first country school teacher had noticed his eye for color.

A long time ago he had been laughed at and hooted by the farmers in the primary class because he was so beautiful, so sulky, so sure of himself. That is, everyone except Jane. Jane was too small even to be at school, but her mother was teacher, so Jane was tolerated. She always sat quite still and waited. She had sat still and waited on the first day, so long ago, when Kerry, ready to cry, had seen her. Here was some one he could lord it over. Her little crutch lay beside her even then. Nature had fixed it so that Jane would always wait, always be grateful to walk in someone else's foot-prints.

The other boys mocked Kerry for his attention to Jane, but they never said, "Jane's Kerry's girl," for who would want a cripple that hopped along? But she could sit quite still and listen, and that was what Kerry needed. All through those trying years of adolescence, he poured out his heart to Jane. He would implore her to understand why he dived off the railroad bridge, why he tore up the robin's nest, why he kissed Minnie Bowers. Jane listened while he explored his mind to find out why he was different than other boys, why a curved line could sting his senses alive, why a scarlet leaf could make him cry.

He was brutally frank with her; she knew of his first love affair, and, at its ending, she had listened to his sobs. He had appraised Jane's face and body with the eyes of a surgeon. "You have not beautiful bones," he confided, "it's a shame one leg is too short." It was he who insisted that she always use a crutch to keep from distorting her lovely body by limping. Her hair he adored, and would spend hours arranging it and holding it to the light. Its color warmed him, he would say. He liked the clearness of Jane's face. "It is not cluttered up with emotion," he told her, as if making an astounding discovery.

Jane was a sponge for his new ideas. She heard of his first experiments in color before they were dry. She kept all his drawings, even those first primitive curved lines. She never called it boasting when he praised a clever turn of his pencil. Jane had become an accepted part of Kerry's life, as breathing or sleeping.

II

TWO soon, for Jane, it was time for Kerry to go to Clearwater, the neighboring normal school. She was ready also, but her mother needed her help, so she stayed on the little farm and helped with the first graders, and waited for Kerry's week-ends at home.

As with a great many country boys, Clearwater was Harvard plus Vassar to Kerry. For a few weeks he wandered about dazed by the number of important people of his own age, and their ceaseless activity. He peered into the campus inns and was afraid to enter. Bare-legged girls assumed a new significance in his life. He grew to hate his red corduroys and longed for heavy linen knickers and tailored shirts.

Kerry sulked continuously. He'd show Clearwater where to get off! He spent all of his first week-ends with Jane. She gained the impression that Clearwater was dull as Sunday school. That was before Marjorie. Marge was a good scout, but she had been in circulation for three years. Taking up with Kerry was really cradle-snatching for a Junior, even if he was the most promising new student. He was her errand boy, sulky, but errand-boy nevertheless. It was she that knocked some of the crudeness off of Kerry. With her he learned to lounge at the Coffee Club instead of attending class. He felt devilish and very Bohemian. Then Marge dropped him for a Bradley Tech transfer with a 1932 Ford, sport model.

Kerry stalked about school, blind to everything but his own black rage. A girl—a girl like Marge threw him down! He was furious. He refused to shave for three days. Then he felt silly and hung around looking bored, but it took money to look bored at the places Marge would be. So Kerry began painting anything that needed painting. His landlady had a family group done in oils, the neighborhood grocery needed a new sign; he even printed wise-cracks on the boys' sweat-shirts.

By the end of the first year he had acquired an accent, a superior air, and a considerable wardrobe. He danced smooth as water after the sun goes down. He was in demand not only

as a dancing partner, but as a decoration, and for his sulky, arrogant conversation. He joined the list of college celebrities. It was Dicky Monroe, pride of the music department, Kerry of art, Leland in football, and so on. His popularity amused him immensely—he would tell Jane about it. "And I'm just a country lad with four shirts to my name, yet I rate, even if I do wash my own socks!"

Jane was happy, too. It had been decided that her mother would retire and Jane should take her place, and that meant two years at Clearwater. Jane had planned her whole course. If she saved on clothes, she could buy books to go on with her studies after Clearwater. So it happened that two years after Kerry's arrival, Jane came to Clearwater. Clothes could neither make nor mar a cripple, so Jane continued to wear her print dresses and cotton stockings. But she did have a brand new pair of crutches, fitted perfectly to her height, and she swung along easily without a jar.

It was not long before Jane found her social status—she was a 'goat,' that is, those students who do not belong in the charmed circle of college leaders. They never rate the College Press, nor do they have campus nicknames. Kerry was called 'Greek' and the inference was obvious. The goats never frequented the Coffee Club or the formals. They stayed at home and studied, or the more daring souls drilled round and round the city hall, looking in shop windows and giggling immoderately. Others, the less brave, were so homesick that they spent each week-end with the family. Jane studied, for, she reasoned, if I must be a goat, I'll be a bright goat.

Kerry spent all the time that he could with her, but when a fellow is rushing the Homecoming Queen and half her court, he has no time to just sit and talk. Besides, Jane would be there when he did get round to going. She would listen to his discussion of anatomy and dutifully repeat the names of bones after him. She would hear just what happened after the Elson Hall formal, and how her virtuous Kerry was so shocked. In fact, Jane knew the sheep much better than they ever dreamed. She would have liked to have talked to the girls, but the gap was too great for a goat to cross.

III

IT was in his Senior year that Kerry fell seriously in love. Rachael came from Southern Illinois to Clearwater. She was pale and mournful looking. She had the clear pallor of a perfectly healthy girl, but coupled with a pair of reproachful eyes, she looked like a night club debauchee contemplating the state of her soul. Eating hamburgers at the Coffee Club she looked out of place. She spent a great deal of her time there eating hamburgers. She looked like a disillusioned nun, while pensively roller-skating down Clearwater's main street.

Kerry was fascinated by the contradiction in her face, her actions. He spent hours staring at her reverently. A fibula ceased to be a fibula, and became the outer curve of loveliness in Rachel's slender legs. Sketching her hands on a menu card as she ate a hamburger filled Kerry with Bohemian delight. He would let a cigarette droop from the corner of his mouth and veil his head with blue smoke.

Then Rachel would lean over and whisper, "Satyr" into his ear. He would feel giddy with man-power. Rachel was always saying things like that—they were her line. She could whisper, "You wicked man" until the most dyspeptic math major would feel perfectly hellish.

It was this renewed interest in art that won Kerry the scholarship to the Art Institute in Chicago. He was in a maze of Rachel, scholarship, practice teaching, and the senior prom. He fled to Jane and she spent half the night listening to him. He was out of his depth. He had too many things to feel—Rachel's kisses, the thrill of his scholarship, and the pride of the art department. He tried to sort them out. Rachel's kisses, he decided, always promised more than they gave, and he was tired of

(Continued on Page 3)

Ideals

Winner of Honorable Mention in Poetry Division

BY SARAH WOZENCRAFT

They said that I lived
In a castle of paper;
That my dream of a life
Was a cardboard skyscraper.

They tried to beat down
My walls they called tin,
And to burn up my house;
But I shut myself in.

I closed the doors tight
And climbed all the higher.
Then when they were gone
I, myself, lit the fire.



Poor Little Lambs

Ma Du Diaw, The Cat-headed One

Winner of Honorable Mention in Essay Division

BY VIRGINIA COTTET SNIDER

A PURRING quaver in the half-light of sunset tells me that Ma Du Diaw, the cat-headed one, is back in his winter quarters in the hole in the old maple. From November to April, Diaw spends his daytime hours sleeping in the hole; in spring he goes away to another tree to rear his family. Chunked into the cavity like a cork in a jug, Diaw's red kitten-head and puffy breast-feathers are all that can be seen of him during the daytime. His ear-tufts stand erect—a palpable reason for the Chinese calling him "The Cat-headed One"—and his eyes are squinched shut against the sun-glare. Sometimes the boisterous blue-jays find him as he sleeps, and then he awakens enough to slide down out of sight into the hole, while the jays sit on the edge and shriek blue-jay epithets into the unresponsive cavity. Sometimes an unsuspecting downy woodpecker hunches his way up the tree as he searches for insect eggs. As he reaches the hole, into which Diaw already has disappeared, mindful of the disagreeable jays and therefore suspicious of every bird, the downy peers in. He gives vent to a loud and startled "Plink!" and backs down an inch or two to think it over. Peering in again, and seeing the cat-face of Diaw, which must indeed be a terrifying sight for a small woodpecker with no evil intentions, he plinks again and flies away in a hurry to a safer territory. Soon afterward Diaw's head and shoulders appear in the hole again.

But when the sun goes away into the oblivion of the west, Diaw climbs out of his hole, stretches, yawns ludicrous little-owl yawns, and perches on a twig nearby for a few minutes. Suddenly he is no longer there. The silent shadow that had darted away a moment before had been Diaw, off on a hunting expedition in search of mice and sparrows.

During the evening, occasionally I hear the soft purring quaver of a screech owl, and I know that Ma Du Diaw, my little red owl, the cat-headed one, has had his supper and has returned to his hole. A flashlight revealed him there one night, but he was no longer a sleepy bird. He was a tiny demon with blazing yellow eyes, a small menace on silent wings, but in the morning he slept peacefully again—Ma Du Diaw, my cat-headed one, in his hole in the old maple.

The Brief Case

(Continued from Page 1)

time. He entered the hotel easily, and tossed the brief case to a sleepy-eyed boy. A rapid glance around the lobby revealed the hotel detective. Curley gave him a contemptuous smile.

To the night clerk at the desk he said, "I'm Mr. Marston. Mrs. Marston engaged a room this afternoon?"

Nodding and smiling, the clerk acknowledged the fact.

"Boy, take this gentleman to Room six-seven." A feeling of triumph came over Curley. Everything was perfect. No one dreamed that he and Belle Bridgy would be leaving by the back way in about an hour.

The boy took the key and led him to the elevator. As they entered, the boy carelessly jammed the brief case into the door. The straps broke. A screw driver and a black jack hit the floor with a thud, and were quickly covered up in the mass of gilt edge bonds that spread out on the dusty floor.

Curley chilled. Before he could move something hard pressed into his side. He turned slightly and was face to face with the detective.

"Well, well, Professor Dellson. I thought that was you. I thought that I recognized the brief case."

As Curley was marched through the lobby between the detective and a porter the radio there droned out in a monotone, "Escaped convict found on Lane Avenue. Escaped convict found on Lane Avenue. Escaped con—"

I Am the Scarlet-spattered Dawn

Winner of Honorable Mention in Poetry Division

BY MARY CHITTENDEN

I am the scarlet-spattered dawn
Pierced with glittering needles of light—
I am the glare of the burning noon;
I am the soft, tender footfalls of dusk
And the purple velvet of midnight.

I am the fragile lotus-bloom
Enamoured of the moon;
I am the buxom sunflower
Turning with the sun;
I am a dark-stained rose
Deep-dyed in a nightingale's blood.

I am the ghost-like moon
Jostled by teeming clouds—
I am the impenetrable fog on a dank
night;
I am the rush of an irresponsible wave
That breaks its wrath on a black reef;
I am a deep, still, dark lagoon
Streaked by shimmering fingers of silver.

All of these things I am: a universe—
And yet I am but dust.

Stairs Without End

(Continued from Page 2)

promises. As for the scholarship—he knew he was good. He'd always known it and now everyone else did too. And practice teaching, he dismissed it with a gesture—they couldn't flunk him now!

Then Jane's mother died, just that quick—no farewells, no preparations—just died. Jane left to finish out her mother's school year. It was the least she could do. Kerry was forgotten. He had always been successful. His future was assured. He had Rachel to confide in. Jane tried to push back the idea 'if I could have finished, it was such a little while, mother.' So she went home, swinging bravely between her crutches.

Kerry's letters were incoherent blurs. He was doing, he was going, he was seeing. Then there was a black pause. About a week later Jane found him sitting on her doorstep, waiting. She felt strangely out of place; she had always waited. It was long after supper and the lights were lit before Kerry broke the silence. The scholarship advisory board had suggested a year of individual work for its steadying influence! The art department was shocked. Kerry was stunned. Rachel was neutral. Kerry's nerves were screaming in the silence. Jane became the maternal, incarnate. Would Kerry bathe her foot? It ached so. Kerry was busy at once, all his troubles dimmed by this immediate need. An hour later he was discoursing on the bones of her foot as he massaged it. "At least, I know my anatomy," he crowed.

Rachel was calm. She agreed with the advisory board on one point—Kerry should stay at home. And home meant a job, her, and a wedding ring. Yes, Rachel approved of the board more and more as June approached. Kerry looked forward to June—his golden arrogance was tarnished by the board's decree. And as for practice teaching—well, he hoped for the best.

Then Kerry caught a dream and forgot Rachel, practice teaching, and the scholarship. He had created a bit of blue,—a strange, new, compelling blue—a blue that had depth and breadth to it. Kerry was intoxicated with the color. The Office reminded him of certain school duties he was neglecting. The art department was peeved at their pet, and the Coffee Club was bored by the endless discussion of blue.

The board was visibly impressed by Kerry's achievement. They would gladly reconsider their hasty judgment. He, no doubt, would appreciate their supervision in his later experiments in the field of color. Rachel also made announcements. She wanted a set date and a ring to go along with the job offered by the local high school.

Jane's foot ached often during the last week of May, and Kerry frequently massaged it for hours. Jane waited, sat perfectly still and waited, for the artist in Kerry to rebel. She never hoped one little hope for herself; she was too wise; she just waited. It seemed to Kerry that everyone was waiting for him to do something. The art department and Rachel hinted delicately of what he owed them. The board was insistent.

It was practice teaching that started the war in Kerry. To be frank, he flunked it. The Office was sorry, but in the face of so many concessions granted him, it could not let him graduate under the existing conditions. Those conditions were F in practice teaching. The art department and Rachel were furious and said so, so pointedly that Kerry flung out of Clearwater seeking Jane.

Three days later his marriage to Jane was announced. Clearwater was shocked. The art

(Continued on Page 4)

Novalis

Winner of Honorable Mention in Short Story Division

By Florence L. Duncan

THE dimly lighted little shingle that served as a signboard to show the whereabouts of "Father Brown's Bookshop," was a welcome beacon, tonight, to a weary traveler. It was late, and every place else in the town was closed. And, besides that, the traveler was drenched through. The rain, which had been pouring in torrents since early evening, had saturated the old overalls and the worn jacket till the being within was hardly sensible longer to their wetness. In fact, he had been out in the weather so long that a decent, dry suit of clothing would have felt strange to him.

Peering through the shop-window he stood, momentarily hesitant, half fearing to enter. What he saw within was a picture of perfect serenity: An old priest sitting alone near an open fireplace, surrounded by many shelves of books. Oh, even priests can ride their hobbies, the man in the rain thought. The little shop looked inviting; the priest had a friendly countenance; but one who is running away has no time to stop, even for an hour, for physical comfort. And yet, if they were following, who would suspect a priest of harboring a criminal? Or who would believe that he was a criminal who would deliberately call on "Father Brown?" Fearing a change of his own decision, he opened the door quickly and stepped inside. The priest rose.

"Good evening, my friend. I am pleased to see you."

The stranger had closed the door and stood with his back flat against it. Unanswered, the priest continued:

"Won't you come closer to the fire? I see you have been traveling through the storm."

The face that looked into his was a youthful, blonde one. The eyes were blue. The rain had curled the naturally wavy hair, which, after the torn hat was removed, sprawled rather awkwardly over the boyish head.

"The storm doesn't bother me—much!" he said.

"Storms are beautiful," said the priest, "but most of us enjoy them best by sitting by our firesides." The stranger had accepted his host's invitation and was standing as near as possible to the blazing logs. He was inclined to keep comparatively silent at first. The room was redolent of burning hickory and pleasant to his critical taste for art. It was quite the most comfortable room he had been in for a long while. And those books! But was not it an eccentric notion for a Catholic priest to own a bookshop?

"Do you own this place?" He asked rather bluntly. It was no use being tactful now; it seemed a little foolish for a criminal to be careful of his conversation.

"Yes. It is my whim. But it is only a rare occasion when I am able to be in it myself. It furnishes employment for a neighbor of mine."

"You were reading when I entered."

"Carlyle's Essay on Novalis. Have you ever read it?" The question was asked merely for politeness rather than for the sake of an answer.

"Yes," said the boy a little sadly, "I read it two years ago, while I was in college."

"Oh, you have been in college!" It was not necessary for the priest to look again at the young man's clothing to verify an opinion that

his appearance was that of a common laborer. He had seen it all when the man first entered, and it was not the priest's habit to be surprised at anything. "Then you would perhaps enjoy looking over my books. Though they are used, and the bindings are worn, I have the finest classics of all ages."

"I have observed them, sir, already."

The priest smiled. There was something to this boy whom the wind and rain had swept in. His refinement and intelligence were evident. Nothing delighted Father Brown more than to find interesting, rather eccentric characters, and here was one who would have thrilled him with less than half his charm.

"And so you have read Novalis? And what did you think of him?" It was the kind of night that conversation in any circle was likely to be serious, when people, in the inspiration of the moment, reveal a little too much of their inner thought, only to regret it on the following morning. And the priest intended to take every advantage of the night.

The stranger spoke softly, though as one who had thought the matter through.

"Novalis! 'The material creation is but an appearance, a typical shadow. Not only has the unseen world a reality, but the only reality.' That is Carlyle's conception of Novalis' philosophy. It is a beautiful thought but not the truth."

"You think it is not the truth?" The priest was probing for something more definite.

"In college," the stranger replied, "I thought the world was a world of ideas. I lived in the world of Kant and Transcendentalism. My world was the unseen world. I had a vague belief that an idea would triumph over any material situation."

The priest was beginning to understand. "And all of that has changed?" he said.

"I left college—with my degree. That was two years ago. I'm married and have a child, a little girl. But I've found that the world is not the world of Novalis. Novalis is as far from earth as the stars. This is a world, not of ideas, but of things—it is a world of struggle for bread and shelter and clothing." The priest's eyes had strayed to the window, but his guest knew he was listening. He went on, "Man cannot live by philosophy. Ideas cannot furnish milk for a hungry child. This earth is a material world. The material creation is not a shadow; it is the only truth. This is a world of struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest."

"Novalis had an earthly sorrow."

"Yes. But death is a part of the unseen world. Death is kind. But suppose his Sophie had lived and had known hunger and privation. Then Novalis would have been disillusioned." "Yes," he said, "this is a world of the survival of the fittest." But his own repetition of the words "survival of the fittest" recalled to the boy that he was running from the law. He had forgotten it for the past half hour in the world of ideas. The priest was silent and motionless, thinking deeply.

"I must go," the stranger said. "The storm is about over and I have miles before me tonight."

"Oh, no." The priest rose. "You must stay with me tonight. I can give you a comfortable

(Continued on Page 4)



"Look, I've lost my Kappa Delta Pi key!"

Bessie

Winner of Honorable Mention in Short Story Division

BY MRS. MILDRED KEDLEY

BESSIE stopped her tenth policeman and asked the way to the Court of Domestic Relations. As usual, the tenth policeman pointed the way out, the elevator to take, the floor to get off at, and gave Lawrence a nickel. Bessie removed the nickel from his boney fingers. Lawrence stared at her; he didn't cry, he had cried two hours already this morning.

Bessie shifted Ewald Peabody to the other arm. He whimpered weakly and she stuffed the end of a dispirited looking grey nipple into his mouth. He gnawed eagerly for the first few breaths, then let it hang from the corner of his mouth. He did not cry; he, too, had learned something this morning.

Bessie sidled through the open double doors into the ante-room of the court. Though it was still early, the long polished benches were nearly full. She looked helplessly about her, until an elderly matron came to her and piloted her to a vacant section of a bench. She gave Bessie a ticket with a number on it, and told her to sit until she was called. Bessie sat. From her plump person she removed a crushed box of soda crackers, a bottle of weak milk capped with another gray nipple, and several bits of worn paper.

She set Ewald Peabody beside her, on his little round bottom. He promptly rolled over and hit his head on the corner of the milk bottle. He howled; the same primitive howls rose from the depths of the Upper Congo a thousand years ago. Calmly Bessie reached over, pulled him up, and stuffed the nipple further into his gaping mouth. She commenced undressing him with careful fingers. She removed a shawl, knitted cap, and a coat; then his shoes and sweater. Ewald Peabody was ready now, for life as it came by.

Lawrence had stood beside her, disinterestedly gazing upon the American scene. She removed his cap, a muffler, a coat, a sweater, and rubbers and elastic garters. She stuffed these about Ewald Peabody so his round little bottom wouldn't roll over again. Lawrence was given a soda cracker, not because he wanted, but because he might. He took it in his tiny hand and stood there, solemnly holding it. His little face, fine drawn to the point of emaciation showed no answering light to his mother's gift. He was dressed in a 'store-bought' wash suit, some sizes too large for his three year old frame. Hang as his trousers might, his heavy underwear hung further. Already his garterless stockings had started downward. His hair was braided into four dusty plaits, as were Bessie's and Ewald Peabody's.

Ewald Peabody had smaller plaits, while Bessie's were long and thick. She had twisted them round and round into a lump of hair, resembling nothing so much as just hair. She, too, had on 'store bought' clothes, a green rayon dress that had never seen a silkworm's product. Bessie's dress didn't matter except as a frame for her striking face. It was a deep wood brown, clear and smooth. She had other features, but all one noticed was her large calm eyes that looked on life and did not understand it. Deep and brown as rocks in a hidden woodland pool, they swam in the shadows of her lashes. It was their trusting glance that had made even the tenth policeman be patient.

Bessie sat. She sat all morning in one place with her hands folded, placidly looking about her. At intervals she gave Ewald Peabody his bottle, or Lawrence another cracker. During that time, Lawrence collected from admiring

(Continued on Page 4)

A recent book by Miss Peggy Bacon describes Sinclair Lewis as having "flesh like tomatoes with seeds in them." All of which pretty nearly evolves our favorite sacred cow bulldogger into one of Heinz 57 varieties.

Winners in Teachers College News Third Annual Literary Contest

FIRST PRIZE IN SHORT STORY DIVISION—\$2.00

The Brief Case
By Bernadine Wade

SECOND PRIZE IN SHORT STORY DIVISION—\$1.00

Miss Jorey's Secret
By Wilma I. Birdzell

HONORABLE MENTION IN SHORT STORY DIVISION

Bessie
By Mrs. Mildred Kedley

Novalis
By Florence L. Duncan

FIRST PRIZE IN ESSAY DIVISION—\$2.00

I Collect Sunsets
By Virginia Cottet Snider

SECOND PRIZE IN ESSAY DIVISION—\$1.00

Value of Trades in High School
By Alene Moon

FIRST PRIZE IN POETRY DIVISION—\$3.00

This Very April
By Margaret Brandon

SECOND PRIZE IN POETRY DIVISION—\$2.00

Adventure on a Stormy Night
By Margaret Servey

THIRD PRIZE IN POETRY DIVISION—\$1.00

Cameos and Red Poppies
By Margaret Brandon

HONORABLE MENTION IN POETRY DIVISION

I Am the Scarlet-spattered Dawn
By Mary Chittenden

Ideals
By Sarah Wozencraft

HONORABLE MENTION IN ESSAY DIVISION

Ma Du Diaw, The Cat-headed One
and

The Frogs of Kimlake
By Virginia Cottet Snider

Novalis

(Continued from Page 3)

bed and food. And I'd like to talk to you more. Surely you need not travel in such weather as this?"

"It is absolutely necessary. I have enjoyed a half hour in a comfortable room. Good-bye." He held out his hand, which the priest took.

"Remember that you are always welcome here," said the priest.

The boy walked again into the night. The priest went back to his chair. He sat with his eyes closed and his fingers tapping gently on the chair arm. It was the old conflict between mind and matter, he thought. The old philosophers passed in a long procession through his mind, followed by modern writers. In the ranks were such men as Kant, Voltaire, and Spinoza. Darwin came, then George Eliot, Hardy, and the noble Tennyson. He wondered how to answer all their questions. He would like to settle the conflict for their sakes and for the sake of his late guest. He went on pondering in the unseen world, the world of ideas.

The stranger was walking again through the rain. He felt the icy pelts of the drops in his face, and they were very real. He saw the lightning close to him, and it was real. In the dark he bumped into a tree and felt its actual hardness. It was real. He smelled real odors as he passed a slum district. He heard the rumbling of thunder of the subsiding storm. Were he not there to feel and see and hear and smell, these things might not be. But so long as he was there, they were real. He was experiencing the reality of the material world of which the priest knew little. "There are more things in heaven and earth," he thought, "than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Stairs Without End

(Continued from Page 3)

department felt guilty. Rachel felt jilted. The board felt nothing because only graduates are eligible for scholarships. And who was Jane? There was much thumbing of year books to find her picture, and when it was found, someone remembered she was crippled! Kerry's fate was bemoaned. To throw away that golden arrogance on a cripple! Rachel sat and consumed hamburgers, looking heartbroken and wistful in a new sweater suit and cut-out sandals. It was decided that Jane had caught him when he was under that home town influence.

Kerry thought the same thing on graduation day when he came up for his belongings. Jane had caught him when he was feeling low. Clearwater pitied Kerry, and he enjoyed feeling like a martyr. And Jane—why Jane was the unspeakable Turk that had captured golden Kerry in a weak moment. Rachel said so, and Rachel was sulky and bewildering in the queerest shade of green Kerry had ever known.

Going home just before dawn, Kerry thought over his day in Clearwater. He was troubled deeply. Was it his scholarship, not graduating, or Rachel? He was stirred by her image in that odd shade of green. The sky had paled and deepened to that glorious blue he had caught once—a long time ago it seemed now. He felt crowded in the little car, and got out, afraid of losing a second of the blue. He stumbled over the pavement to the hedgerow and flung himself down, staring deep into the sky. He was drowning and he let go and sank down, down into the blue. Nothing mattered now that he had found his blue to be a living thing—had felt of it—had been a part of it. Clearwater was one of the dun clouds rolling back before the day,—and Jane?

An hour later he was gently massaging Jane's foot as she sat very still and listened.

The novel of the century is going to be written by somebody attending college today, says Professor Harlan H. Hatcher of Ohio State University's English department. My, this is certainly going to be a novel century.

Judges of Third Annual Literary Contest



ROBERT SHILEY



HOWARD DeF. WIDGER



QUINCY GUY BURRIS

Continuing the plan adopted by the sponsors of the first literary supplement, the *News* selected three members from the English departments of the college and high school to judge entries in the 1935 *News* feature. This year two of the judges, Quincy Guy Burris and H. DeF. Widger, are from the college and the third, Robert Shiley, is from the high school department. Mr. Shiley and Mr. Burris have been judges in previous supplement contests.

Although four divisions—poetry, short story, essay, and book reviews—were open to literary aspirants, prize money is being awarded to winners in only three of those departments. The book review division was eliminated at the last moment because only three contestants entered and because, in the judges' words, "entries were not of distinction." In view of this, supplement heads decided to use the prize money originally set aside for that division as supplementary prize awards in the poetry department, in which 55 entries were received.

The Frogs of Kimlake

Winner of Honorable Mention in Essay Division

By Virginia Cottet Snider

GOLIATH said "Urk!" and dived into the water of Kimlake. The biggest bullfrog I had ever seen, as he sat "folded up" on the bank, became twice as large when he leaped, uttered an indignant "Urk!" and disappeared in the mud of the lake, kicking up a mud-eddy as he reached bottom and sat concealed from sight. I was taking the boat around the lake after the June sun had set and the waters had become smooth, filled with the drowned reflections of trees. I was counting bullfrogs. Goliath, the biggest of all, had been coughing consumptively on the shore, but had ceased as I quietly shoved the nose of the boat into the mud before him. I returned his imperturbable stare, the while gloating on the beauty of his great eyes rimmed with gold, his bright green mouth set in a perpetual grimace of complacent frogginess, and his yellow pulsing throat. With a petulant "Urk!" he sprang into the lake. I dug the boat out of the mud with my oars and proceeded silently around the lake.

Another great frog bellowed near the dam. Three others left the banks in a simultaneous dive, unseen until they leaped as I came into their field of vision. In the inlet, the "Cove Oyster", otherwise known as "Job" because of his perpetually complaining, ox-like bawl, choked and coughed before beginning his tirade. All day he sat concealed in the bubbly algae, only his gold-rimmed eyes showing above the slime.

The snorting of *Rana Typhalensis* came from the cattails. All around me, as the boat slid through the darkening water, were the enthusiastic clickings of the cricket frogs, while on the north shore sounded the squalling of Fowler's toads—"Gwaw-gwaw-gwaw!"

The boat floated calmly and aimlessly through the warm summer evening, now in the dark drowned reflections of trees, now in expanding paths of moonlight, and while the bullfrogs bawled, I contemplated the mystery of water and recited French poetry to the moon.

Cryptic Commentaries About Our Contributors

VIRGINIA COTTET SNIDER, a freshman here, is best known for her sprightly two-page "Nature News" sheet. A virtual "girl of the Lumberlost" (though she does hail from Springfield), she has delved into nature's haunts and come out with prizes that have paid her way through school. This young naturalist is no amateur literateur, having written a book, "Midland Flowers," with a foreword by Ernest Seton, United States' foremost naturalist, and having compiled the Illinois annual booklet, "Arbor and Bird Days," for 1934. Besides these she has for five years contributed articles to the Illinois State Journal, and has spoken before women's clubs in various cities.

MRS. MILDRED KEDLEY "writes for pleasure, not for publication," according to her own statement. Yet she has missed only two weeks in three years of weekly book reviews for the *News*. We wondered if it did not become a burdensome pleasure sometimes. But when she mentioned having read "Captain Nicholas" in two hours (reviewed in this issue), it became evident that a book review is a minor chore for her.

MARY CHITTENDEN'S interests at EI have been varied. Having graduated from CHS in '33, she came to EI and was an active member of the Players, Glee club and French club. This year she says she is paying more attention to her studies, and has limited herself to membership in Sigma Tau Delta. She has had a dozen poems published, more or less, in the *News*, has directed a one-act play, "Holiday," for the Players, and has written the skit for the Players stunt night act. Like many other contest winners, Miss Chittenden is an English major.

ALENE MOON, of Mulberry Grove, is a math major, physics minor. She is a farm girl, and claims an uneventful life. She likes horseback riding and outdoor sports, and her literary enthusiasm is principally essays. In college she belongs to the Glee club, GAA, and is a *News* reporter.

MARGARET BRANDON'S biggest ambition is to write a successful novel. Her start in that direction has included the winning of essay contests all the way through her school career,

publication of stories in the paper at Taylorville, where she completed her high school work, poetry in the State Journal and The Rectangle, Sigma Tau Delta publication, and work of all kinds for the *News*, including a short novel, *Deirdre*. Her column, "Anastasia Dale," was familiar to *News* readers of last year.

SARAH WOZENCRAFT, another winner, says, "I love to dash off poetry, and enjoy reading Gertrude Stein. Some day I want to write a play." Miss Wozencraft is a freshman in college, coming from Glenbard high school, Glen Ellyn, Illinois. At college she is majoring in English and minoring in art; companion extra-curricular activities are membership in the Writer's club, and Art club, of which she is social chairman. Miss Wozencraft will have some work in the Sigma Tau Delta anthology.

FLORENCE DUNCAN, though somewhat impervious to reporters, revealed that she tried out for the Writer's club and didn't make it. Miss Duncan has won essay contests in high school. She is a freshman in college, English major, science minor. She was graduated from Robinson high school, but Flat Rock is her home town.

WILMA BIRDZELL is a moving picture addict, but, peculiarly enough, she says she seldom enjoys the pictures she sees. Her hobbies include outdoor sports and rock gardening, and her favorite forms of "literary expression" are the short story and the drama.

She is a junior in college, majoring in both English and history. She is a member of the WAA, Forum and Writer's club. Some of her writings will appear in the Sigma Tau Delta-Writer's club anthology.

BERNADINE WADE likes to write term papers! However, she has no other unusual hobbies, and finds her time well taken up with work for H. F. Heller and her English major and history minor. She is from Paris high school, where she was a member of the Literary club and Glee club.

GENEVE WEEKS, who is responsible for the block print appearing on the front page of this

Bessie

(Continued from Page 3)

ladies several oranges and three more nickels. Bessie took the nickels and one orange.

IT was after lunch before her number was called. Across the hall the matron led her to the "room of reconciliation." There stood her husband, tall, thin-faced and shabby. The judge read the details of the case. They were the usual sordid ones, non-support and physical cruelty. The husband had nothing to say; he stood there like one trapped. Only his eyes implored the judge, mutely as a dog's, caged by mistake. His gaze avoided Bessie and Lawrence. Bessie stood very still and looked helpless. She was burdened with Ewald Peabody, all their wraps, and such collections as Lawrence had made. The matron stood it as long as she could, then relieved her of everything but Ewald Peabody.

The judge spoke to Bessie: "Do you love your husband?" "Yes, sir."

"Does he give you his money?" "Yes, sir, he used to."

"When did he stop?" "After he hit me."

"Why did he hit you?" "Because we were broke and Ewald Peabody was crying."

"Why were you broke if he gave you all his wages?"

"Well, it just went, sir."

"Where did it go?"

"I kept it in a baking powder can and it just went—by the middle of the week the can was empty."

"Did you feel it was wrong for him to strike you?"

"Why, no, I love him. That makes it all right."

"Who sent you here?"

"My landlord."

"Where will you go if your husband divorces you?"

"Back home. They have plenty of room, and down there no one ever hurries. There's plenty of money, they trade at the plantation store and settle up after cotton picking. I can pick lots of cotton." Her voice was vibrant with wistfulness. The judge carefully avoided her helpless gaze. Rather he looked at the bubble of saliva that almost, but never quite, escaped the corner of her mouth to burst. He turned to her husband.

"I think I am right to refuse a divorce." The husband never moved. Lawrence munched his last cracker with a bored air. Ewald Peabody slept. Bessie still held that same look of helplessness wistfulness.

"But," the judge went on, "I believe separate maintenance an excellent thing for about six years. I suggest heartily that your wife go home and supplement the weekly four dollars you will send her by a little extra work. At the end of six years, you will have the education of your sons to consider and your wife's future. By that time you will be better fitted to cope with them. Good afternoon."

The husband gripped the judge's hand hard and silently. Bessie shifted Ewald Peabody to the other arm and groped for Lawrence's hand.

"I wonder," she breathed down Lawrence's neck as she helped him into his wraps, "if Mom has saved enough cane to eat on all winter." As her husband helped her out of the building, past all the uniforms and endless doors, she sighed happily and looked up into his face. With her eyes dark with affection she said, "Four dollars. What a lot of money!"

Catching at the last straw as his senses drowned in her happy eyes, he slapped her. The judge detained him and that is why four policemen and two matrons started Bessie southward. The judge smiled and gave her husband's shoulder a pat as he let him go. Bessie slept happily in the day coach, her head resting on a pillow that a sympathetic porter had given her. Ewald Peabody gnawed a nipple and blinked at the lights. Lawrence carefully crumbled his cracker out of the window, one crumb at a time.

supplement, is a graduate of the college, majoring in Art, and is now in school doing part time work. Miss Weeks also executed the wood cut which was used in last year's supplement. She has continued her art work this year through activity in the Art club, conceiving and writing a column of 'Artifacts' for the *News* earlier in the year.

MARGARET SERVEY is the only winner from TC high school. She has found time not only to edit the Blue and Gold, and be active in most of the high school organizations, but to invade the sacred limits of EI's literary contest and carry away a prize. Last year she won fourth place in the Scholastic Poetry contest.

DANIEL MORGAN, cartoonist for the supplement, is a junior in college and is an art major. In addition to being an active member of the Art club, Mr. Morgan is a member of the college orchestra, Sigma Delta, and Phi Sigma Epsilon. Besides his school work, he indulges in cartooning as a hobby. At present he is drawing a sketch of the Lincoln Trail which will appear as the cover of the 1935 Summer Bulletin.

Literary Contest Supplement of the Teachers College News

Published by the students of Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, at Charleston.

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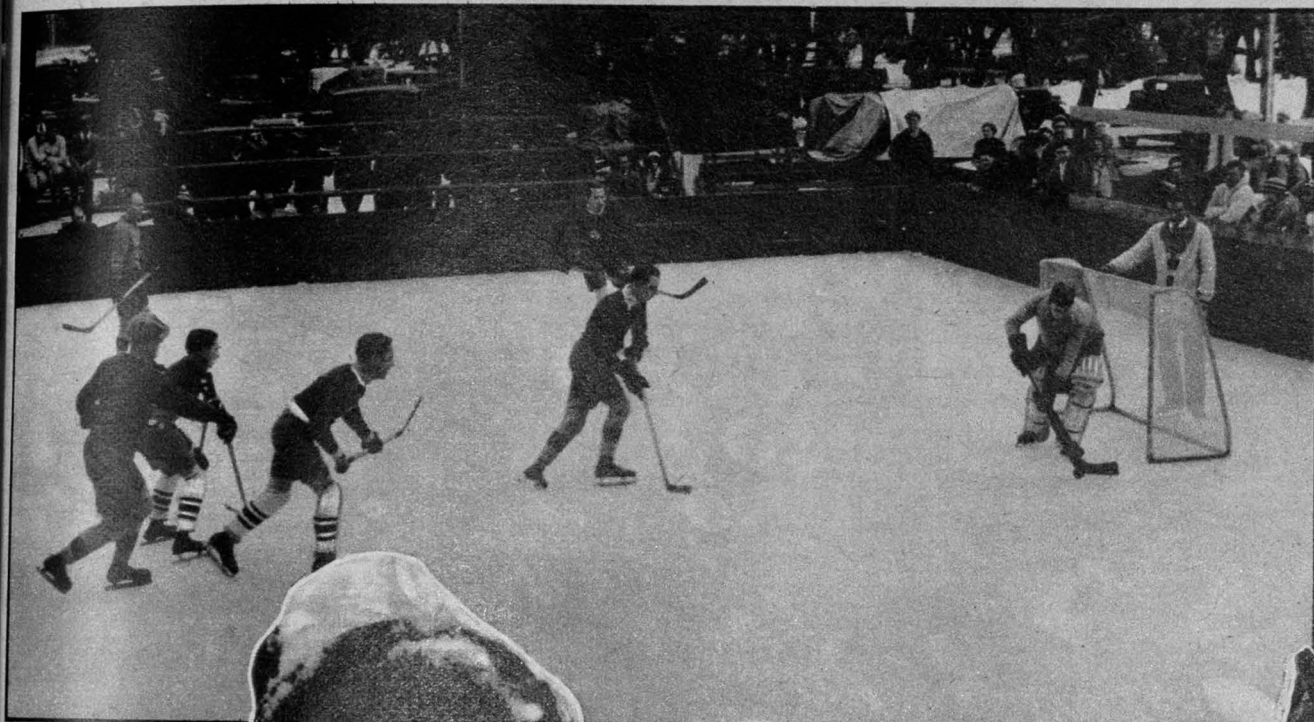
Faculty Adviser
F. L. ANDREWS

Collegiate Digest

SECTION

"National Collegiate News in Picture and Paragraph"

U. S. TRADEMARK SERIAL NUMBER 313412



Above
HE STOPPED THE SCORE » A thrilling moment during the University of California-Loyola University (Los Angeles) match played at Yosemite National Park.

Above
SKI ENTHUSIASTS » Ruth McNulty and Elizabeth Bailey, Middlebury College (Vt.) students, arrive safely at the bottom of College Hill without a spill.



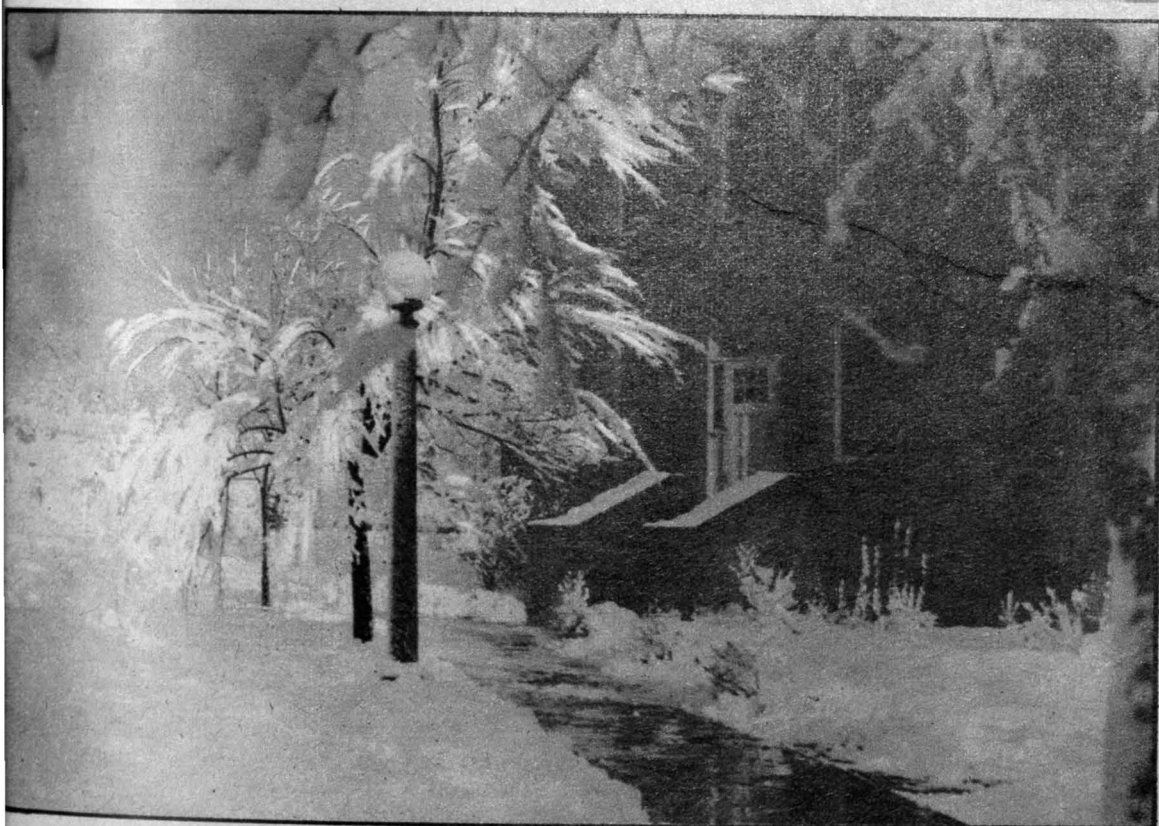
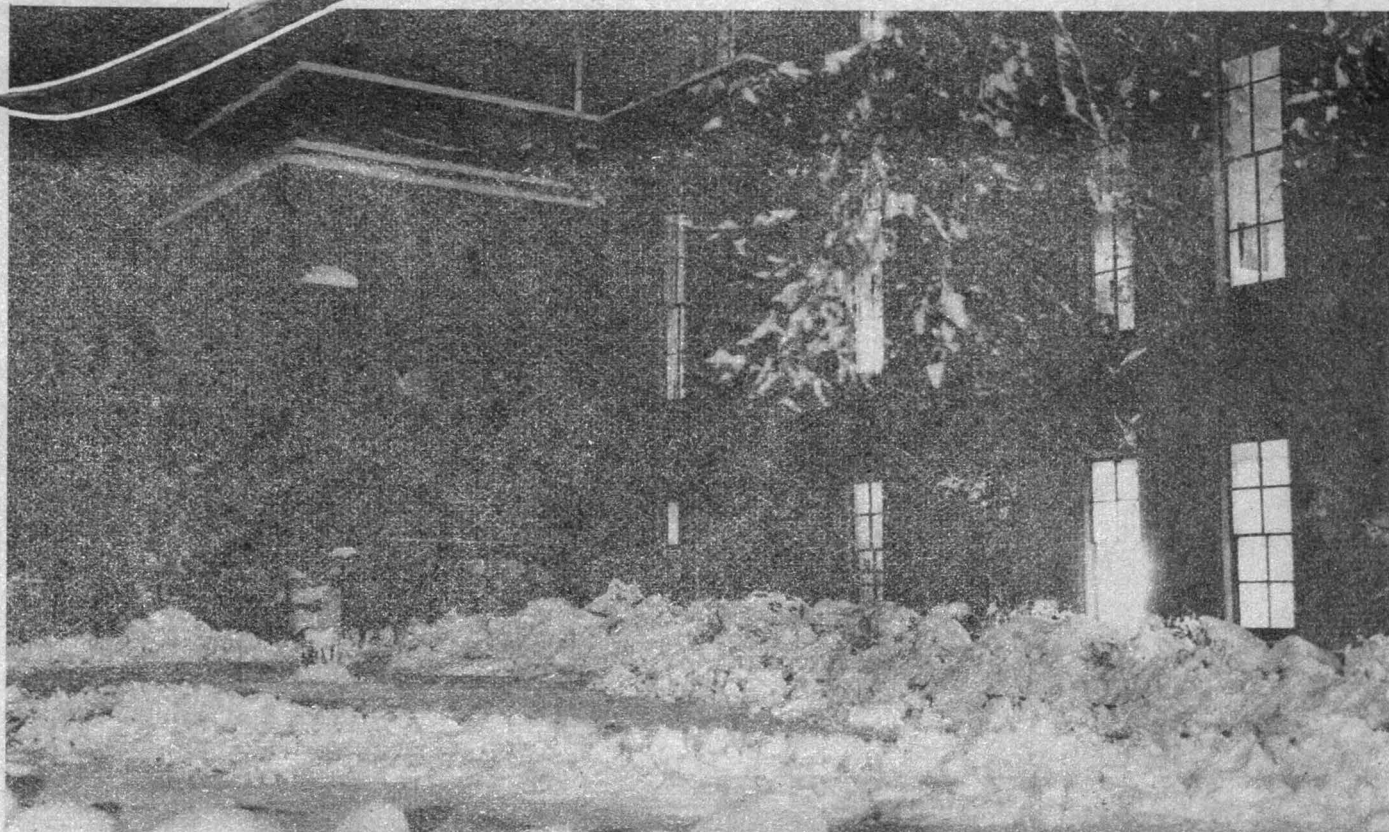
SKI LEADER » Georgie Williams, Smith College (Northampton, Mass.), is all set for a thrilling jump.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

WINTER SPORTS LEADER » Jeanette Hall, student head of the winter sports program at LaSalle Junior College (Auburndale, Mass.), is all ready for a thrilling toboggan ride.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

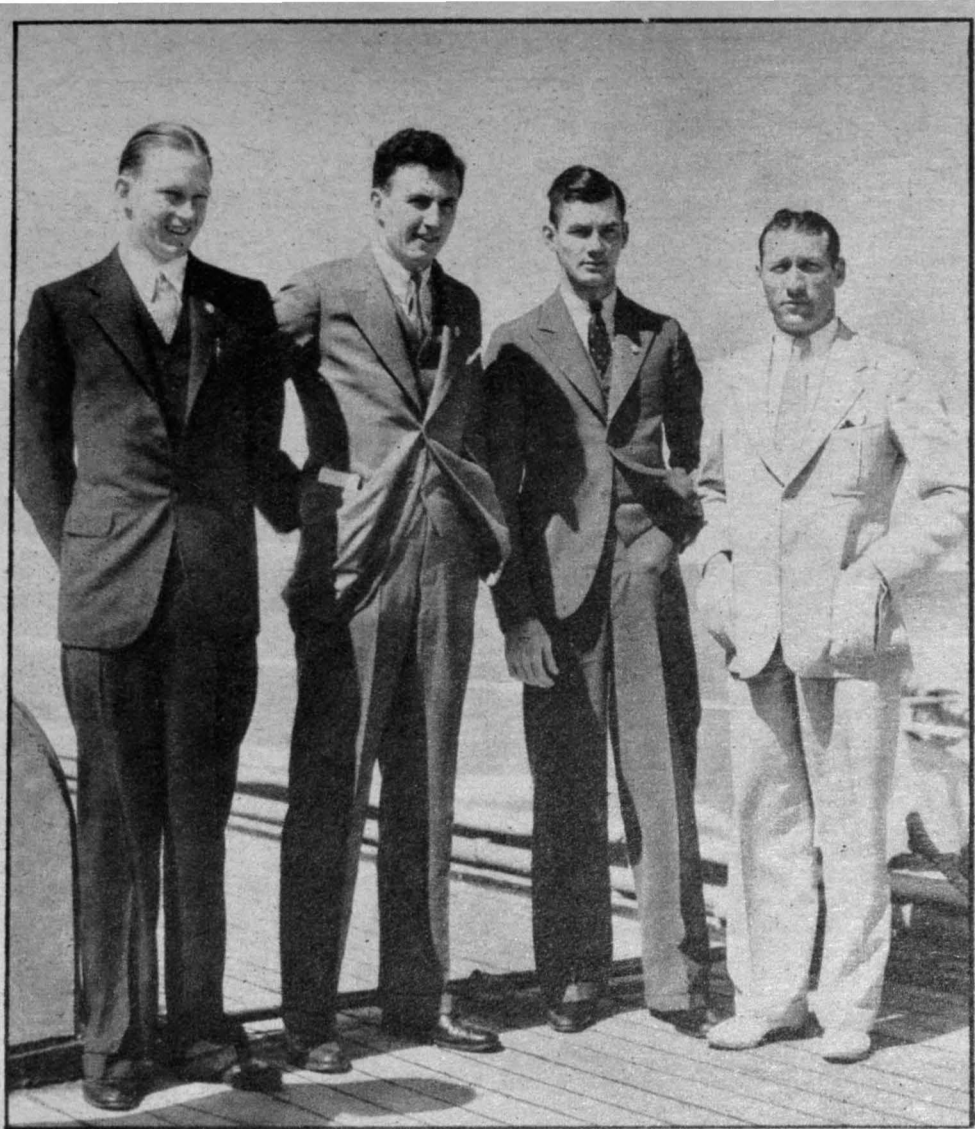
Right
WINTER SILHOUETTE » "Old Main," administration building at Drake University (Des Moines, Ia.), is outlined against the blackness of night by an early winter snow.



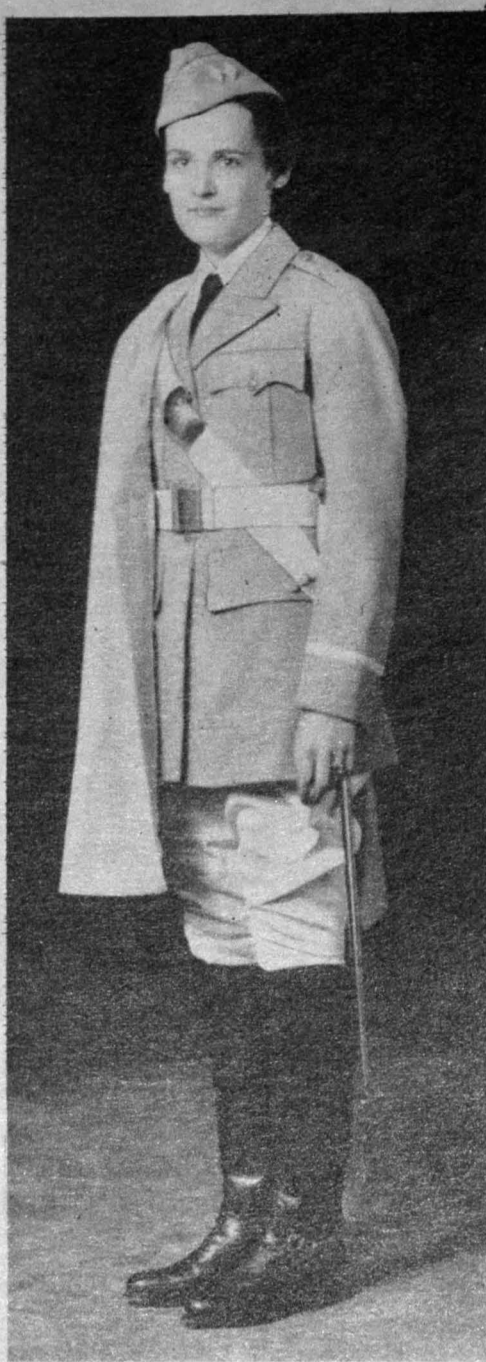
THE SNOW KING drapes the trees and shrubbery around the women's dormitory at Arizona State College (Flagstaff) with a fluttery blanket of white.



IMAGINARY CASTLES are constructed by the beating wind and spraying water on the shores of Lake Mendota at the University of Wisconsin (Madison).



TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONS MEET » (Left to Right) Walter Marty, Philip Good, of Bowdoin, Dudley Wilkins, of Southwestern Louisiana Institute, and Glen Cunningham, University of Kansas.
KEYSTONE PHOTO



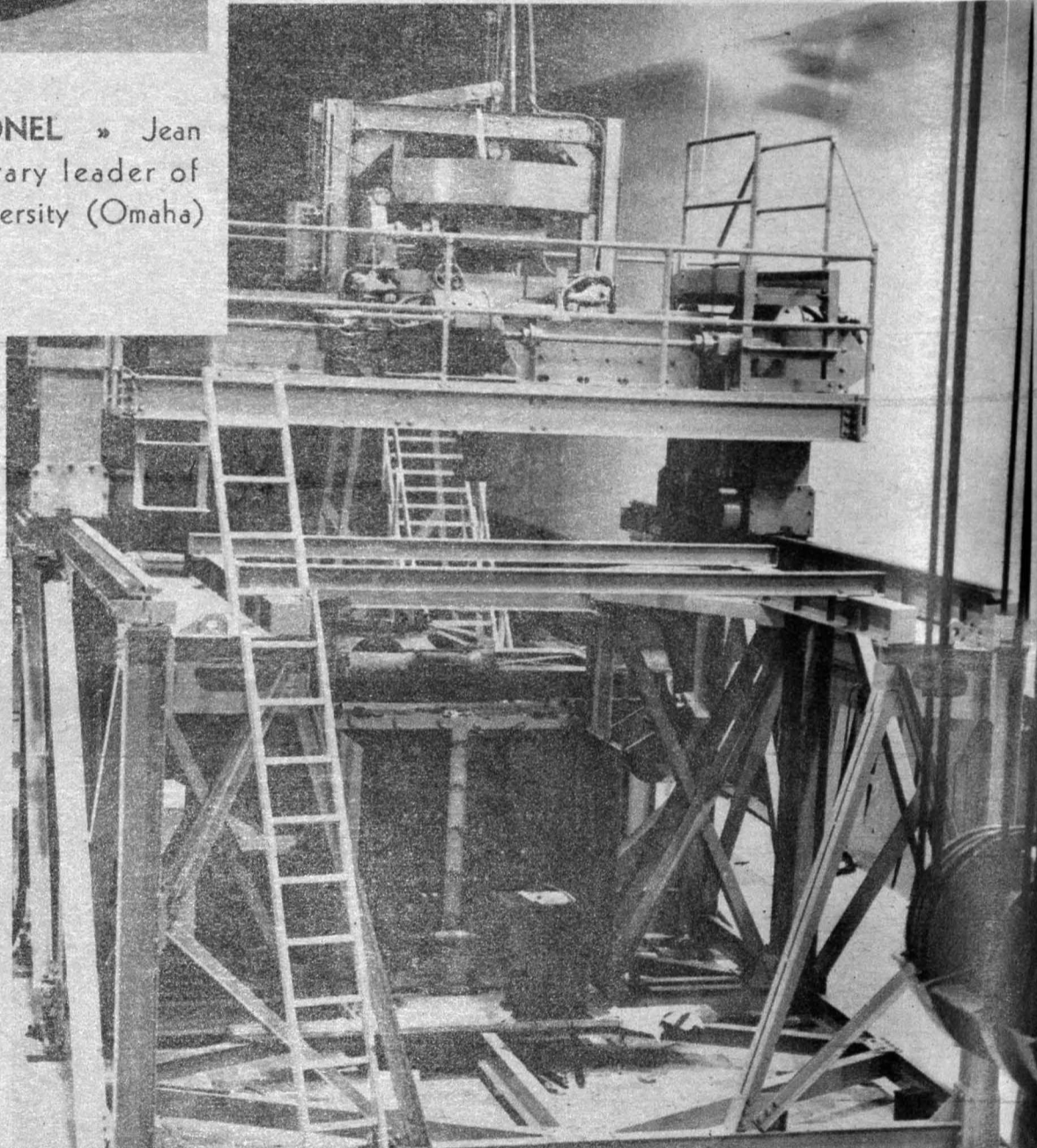
"MISS" COLONEL » Jean Burke is honorary leader of Creighton University (Omaha) R.O.T.C. unit.



A STUDY IN SHADOWS » An unusual photo of student harpists at Christian College (Columbia, Mo.) taken at a recent recital.



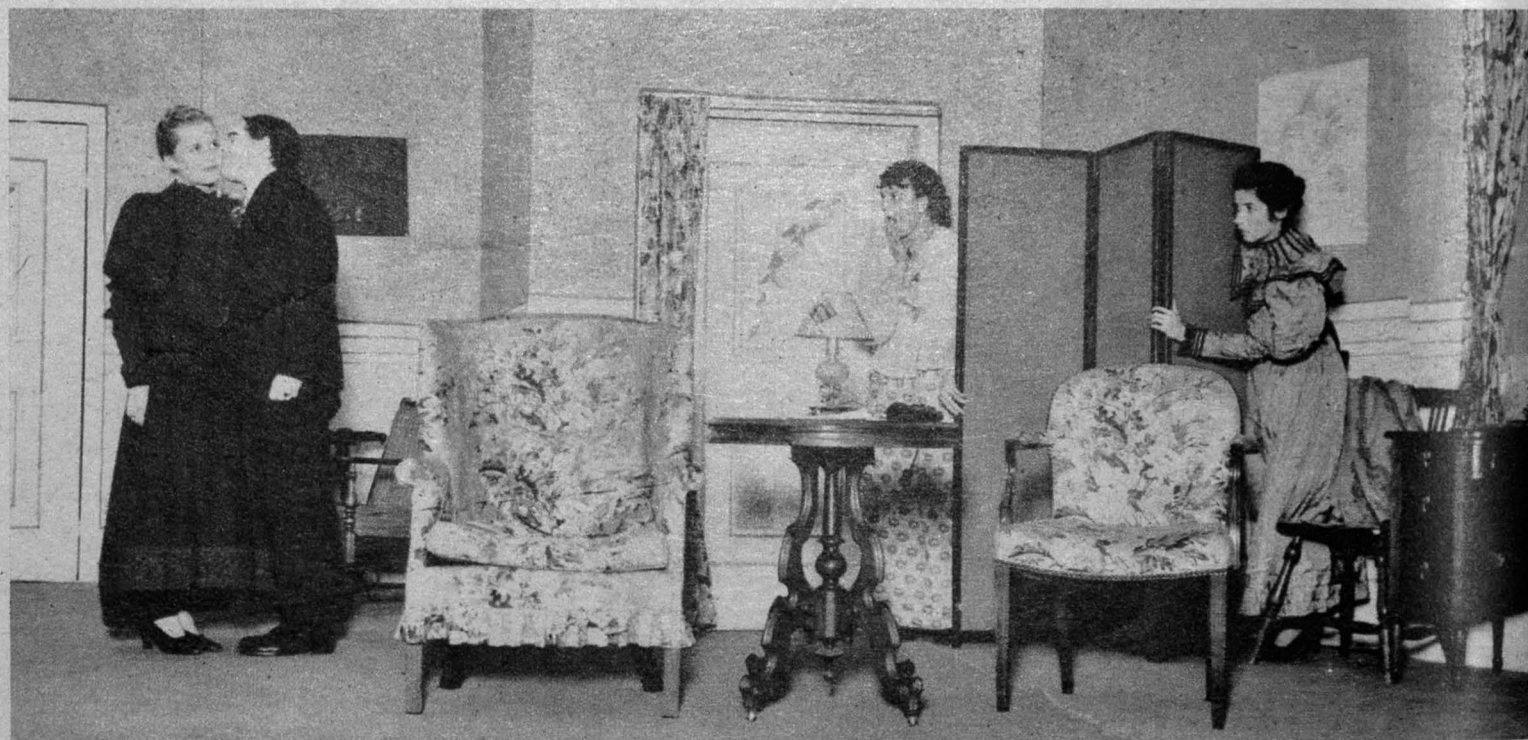
HEADS YOUTH CONFERENCE » Viola Ilma addresses the American Youth Conference at its recent meeting at New York University (New York City).
KEYSTONE PHOTO



TO POLISH FIVE-TON DISC » This machine will grind the 120-inch disc which will be the lens for the huge California Institute of Technology (Pasadena) telescope.
KEYSTONE PHOTO



DIRECTS PRINCETON'S ATHLETICS » Prof. Durham Dell heads new Princeton University (N. J.) board of athletics.
KEYSTONE PHOTO



MY! HOW SHOCKING! » That's what the two behind the screen are thinking in this scene from the Mt. Holyoke College (South Hadley, Mass.) presentation of *Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire*, Sir James M. Barrie's famed play.

STUDYING
TILL ALL HOURS?..

GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL!

"LIFE IN COLLEGE is a busy one," says John Cowdery, '38. "Take my case, for example: I have a leaning toward dramatics, and spend every minute possible studying the drama and playwriting, in addition to the work required by my general course. On top of that, I have a job that takes up three nights a week. So you can see my time is pretty full. I get tired...feel 'blue' sometimes when my energy is at a low ebb. Then a Camel sure does taste good! It's really swell how Camels bring me back. Although I smoke them all the time, Camels have never made me feel nervous."

(Signed) JOHN COWDERY, '38

**COSTLIER TOBACCOS
ARE USED**

"Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



ANNETTE HANSHAW

**ON YOUR
RADIO! YOU'LL
LIKE THE
CAMEL
CARAVAN**

starring

WALTER O'KEEFE

ANNETTE HANSHAW

GLEN GRAY'S
CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA

TUESDAY

10:00 P.M. E.S.T.
9:00 P.M. C.S.T.
8:00 P.M. M.S.T.
7:00 P.M. P.S.T.

THURSDAY

9:00 P.M. E.S.T.
8:00 P.M. C.S.T.
9:30 P.M. M.S.T.
8:30 P.M. P.S.T.

OVER COAST-TO-COAST WABC-COLUMBIA NETWORK

"WHEN I WENT TO COLLEGE, I switched to Camels. I found that smoking a Camel when you're tired somehow makes you feel fresher... more alert. And what a grand taste Camels have... so mild and appealing!"

(Signed)
MARGUERITE OSMUN



"WHEN I COME OFF THE RINK, tired, I want a Camel. Camels have a way of taking the load off my shoulders. And I've found that I can smoke all I want and still keep my nerves healthy—when I smoke Camels."

(Signed) PAUL THOMPSON
Star of Chicago Black Hawks

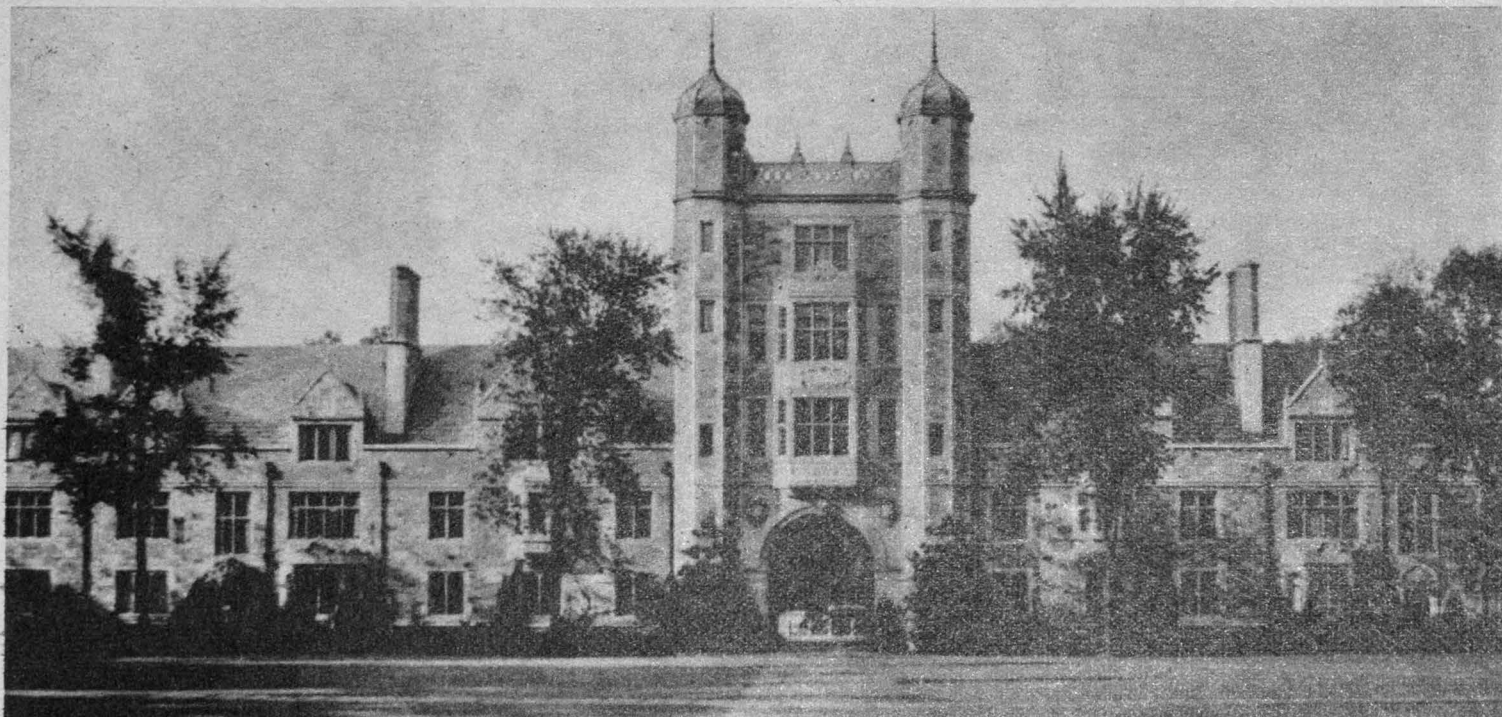


CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

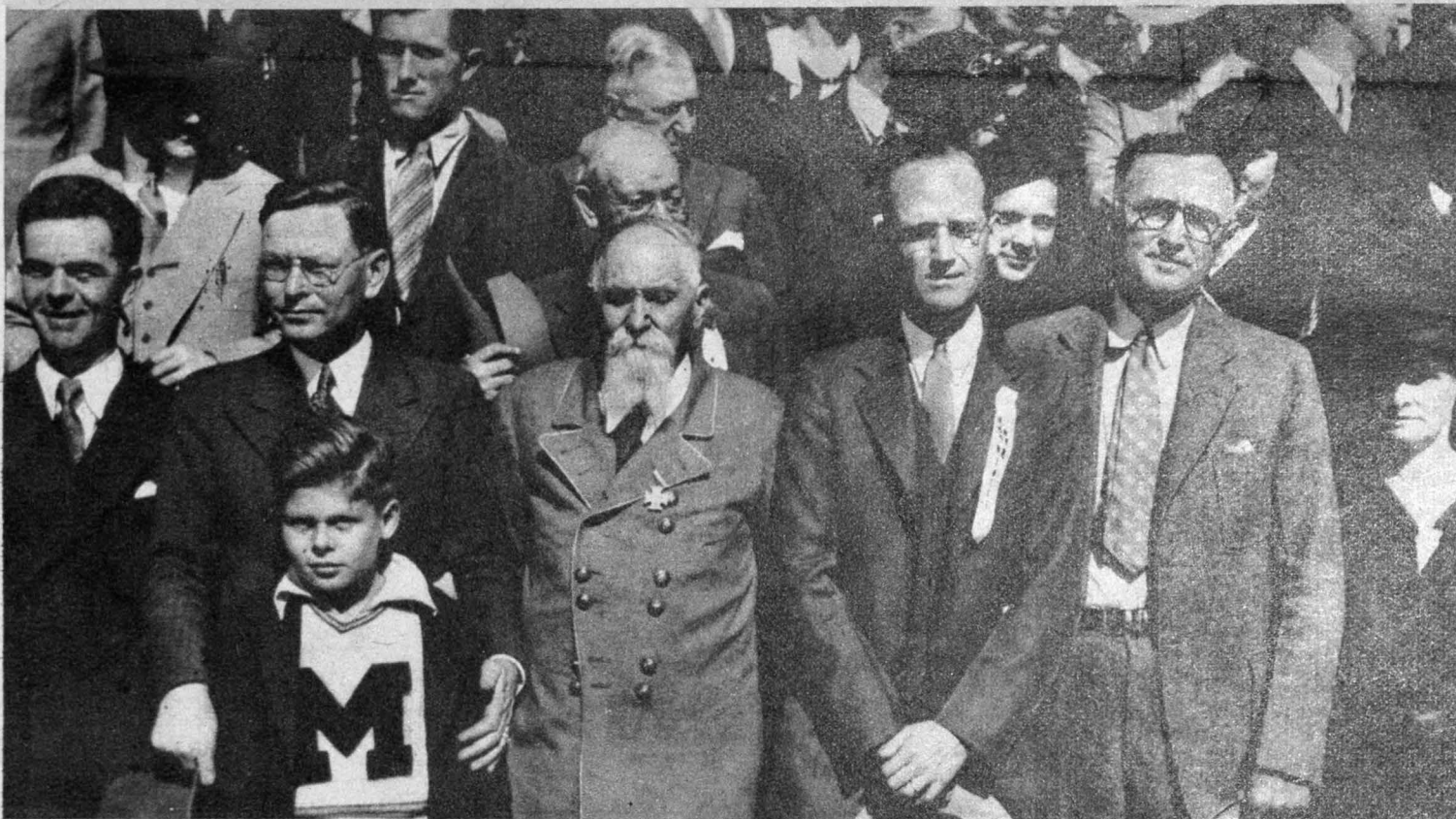
NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!



SURF BOARD STUDY HALL » Co-eds at the University of Hawaii (Honolulu) do their studying on a surf board drifting in the calm waters of Waikiki. **ACME PHOTO**



LAWYERS' CLUB » This is the home of the law students at the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor)—one of the most picturesque buildings of its kind.



OLDEST ALUMNUS » Francis Dooley, University of Mississippi (University) graduate of 1862, visits the campus dressed in his Confederate uniform.

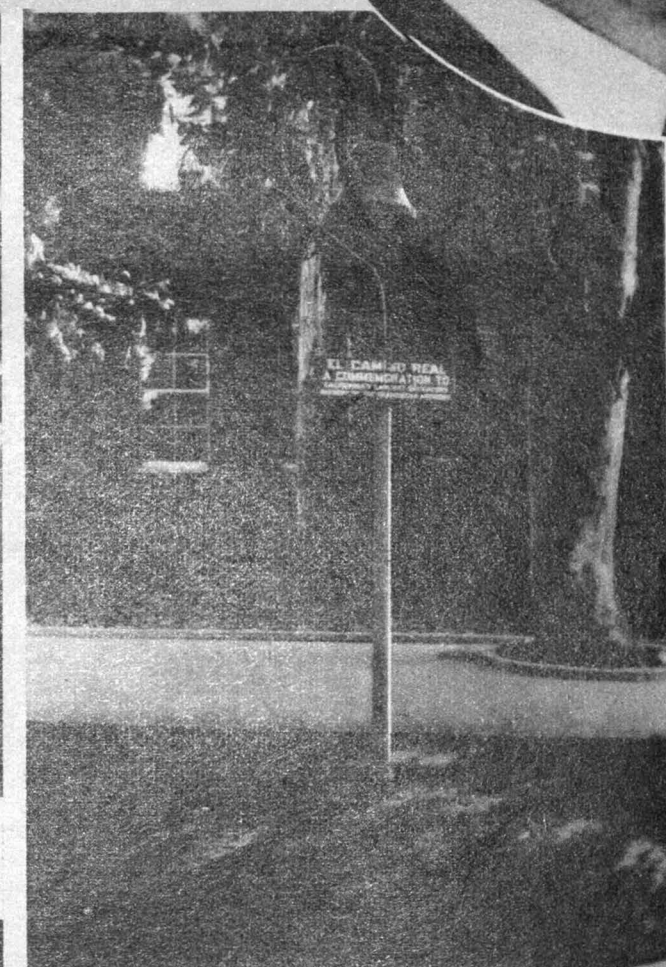


GREET NEW COACH » Sports editors and writers of Chicago papers welcome Lynn Waldorf, Northwestern University (Evanston, Ill.) mentor, at Bismarck Hotel dinner.



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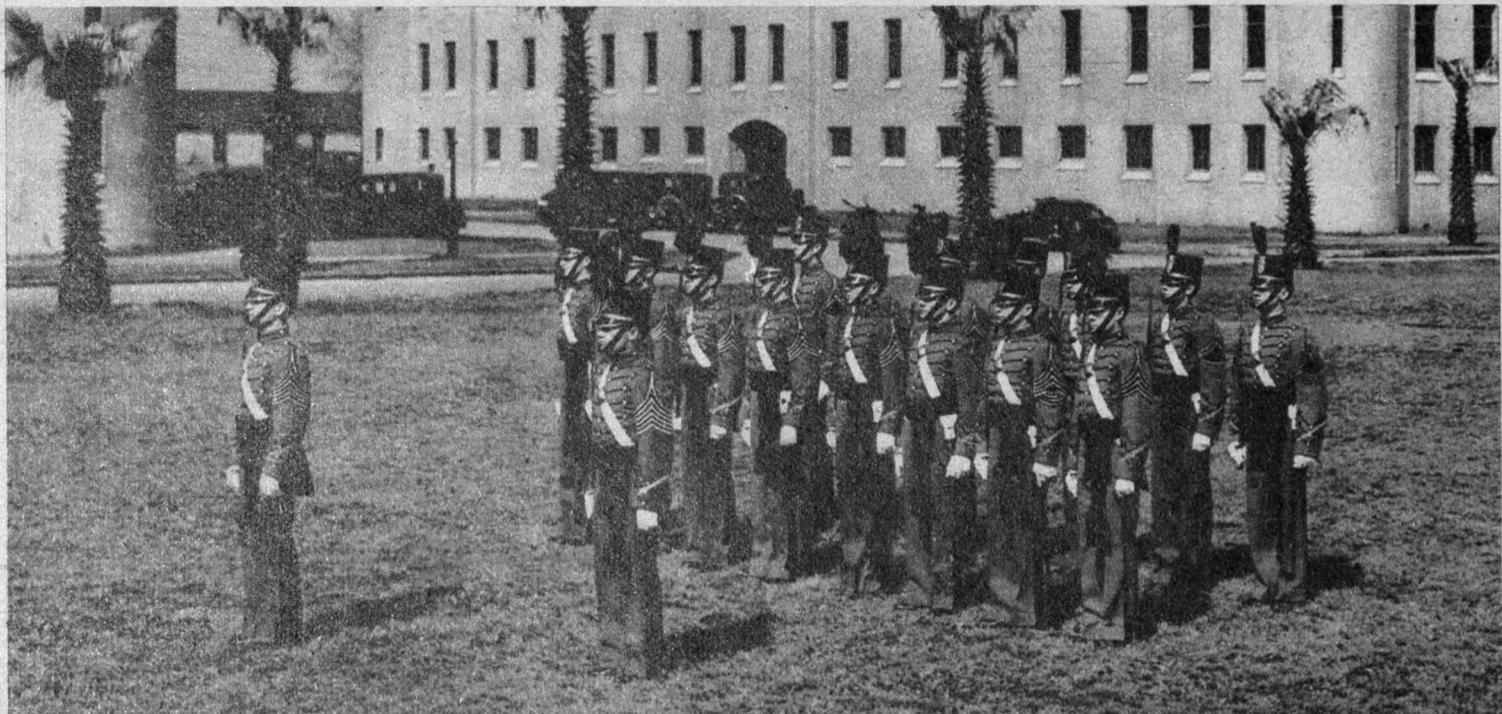
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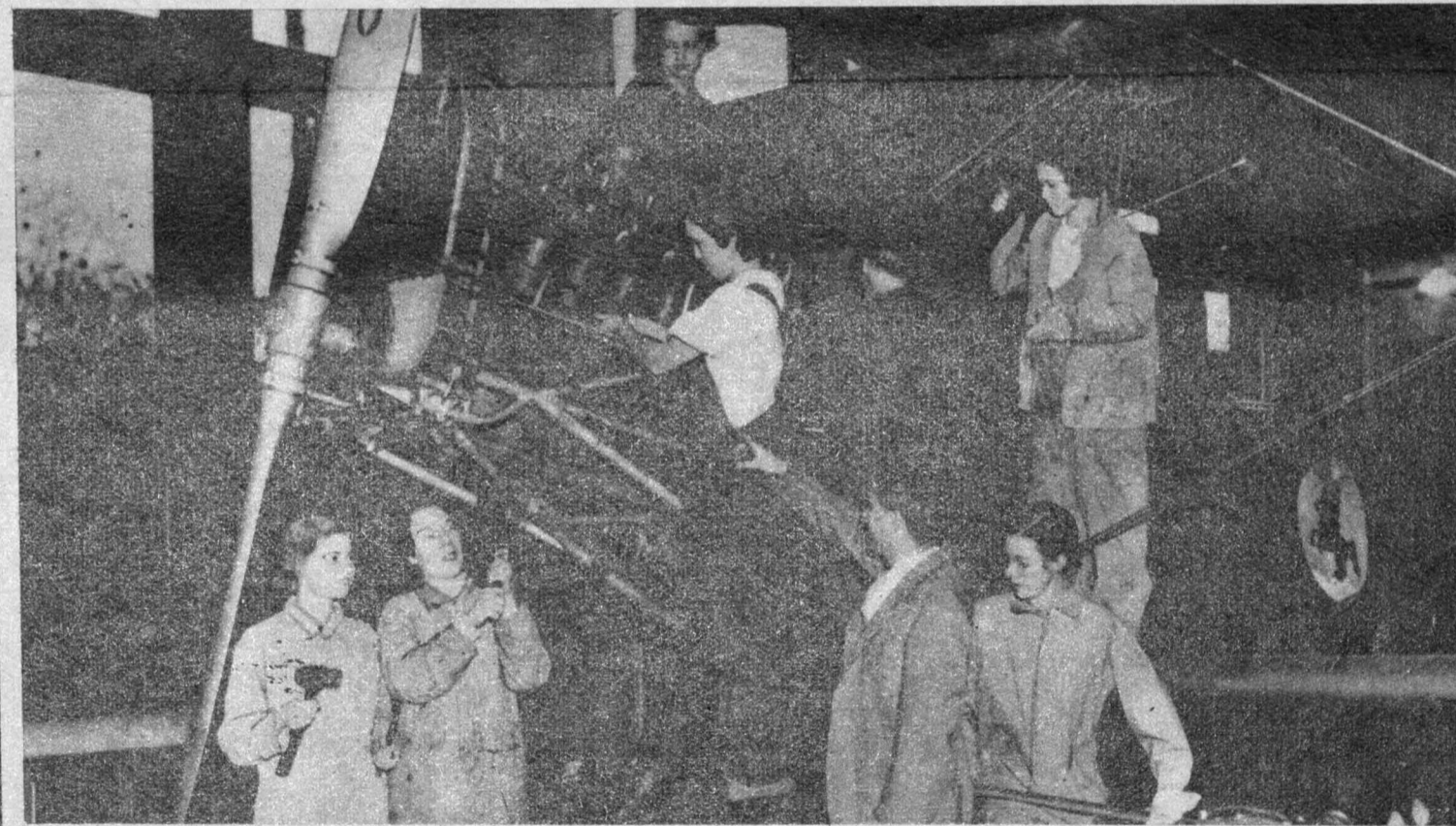
OXFORD CREW PRACTICES » The Oxford University (England) crew opens its practice in preparation for the Putney race. Henley Bridge is in background. **KEYSTONE PHOTO**



DRESS PARADE » The regimental staff of the coast artillery and infantry units at The Citadel, Military College of South Carolina at Charleston.

Left
CLAIMS 3.2 BEER NON-INTOXICATING » Dr. A. J. Carlson, University of Chicago (Ill.), paid volunteers \$1 a day to drink beer for science. **WIDE WORLD PHOTO**

Below
HONOR ENGINEER » Thomas A. McGoldrick heads the student council at Manhattan College (N. Y.).

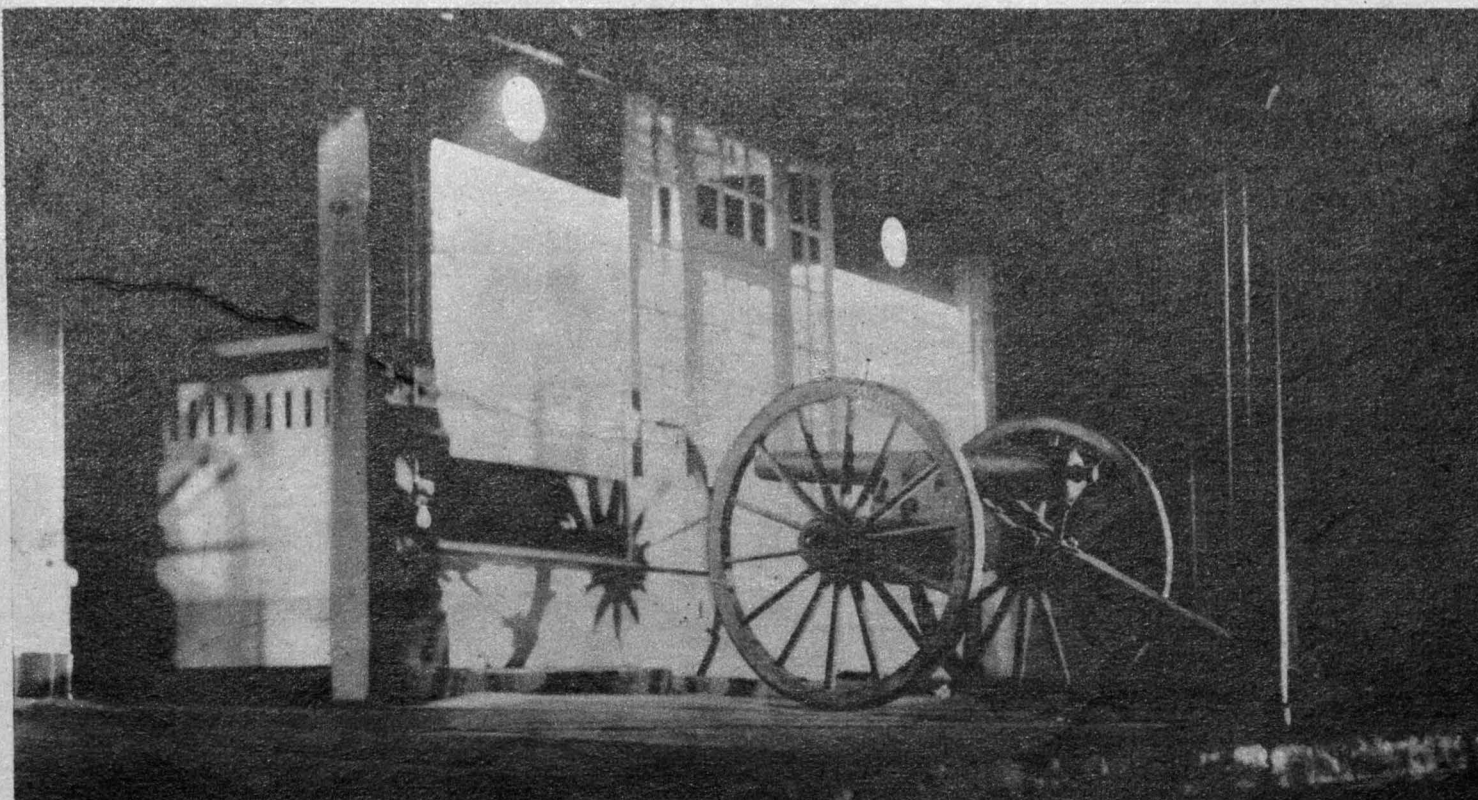
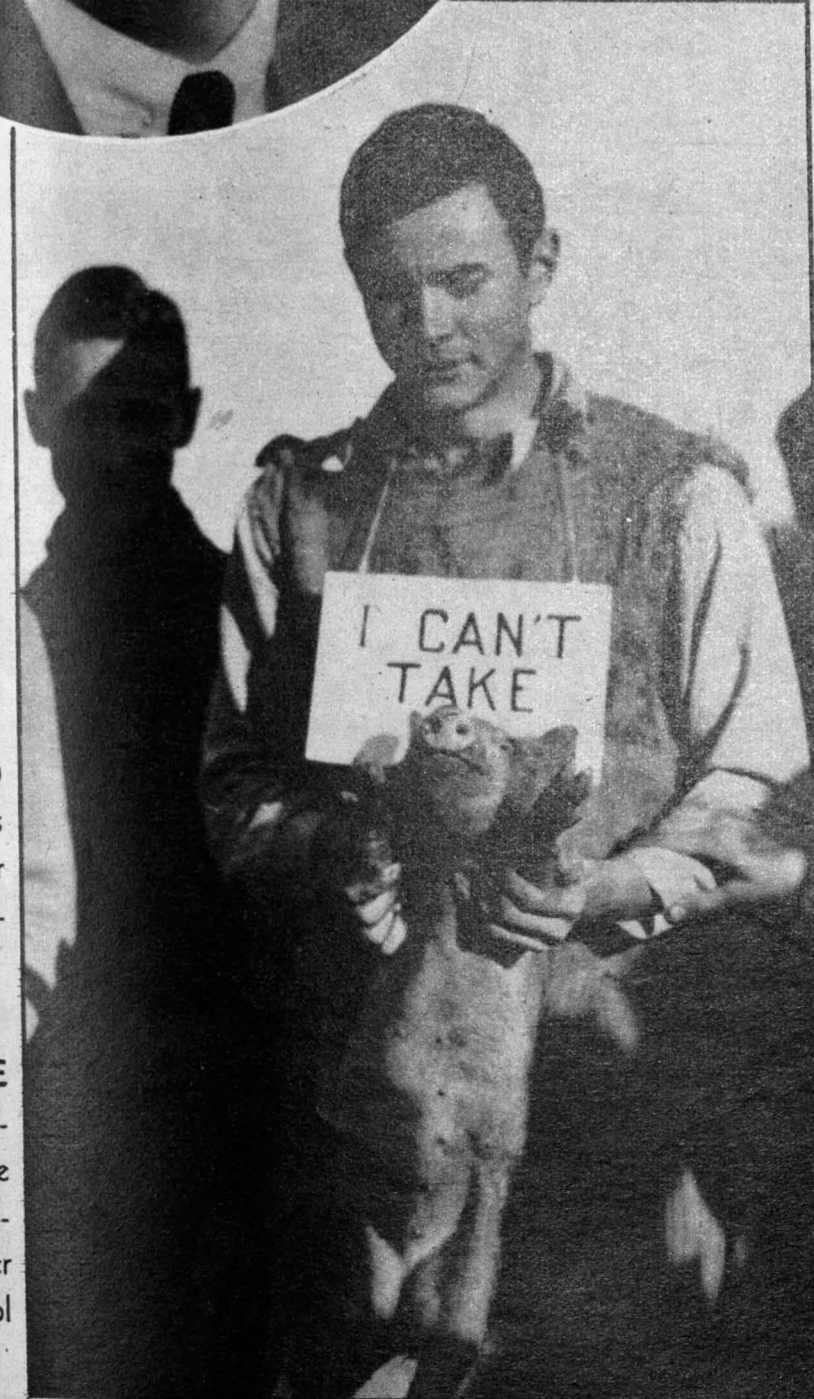


LEARNING AVIATION is a part of the requirements for co-eds at Peabody Teachers College (Nashville, Tenn.). They also receive theoretical air training. **ACME PHOTO**

Camino
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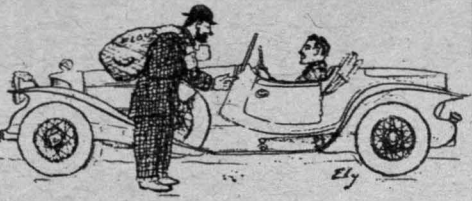
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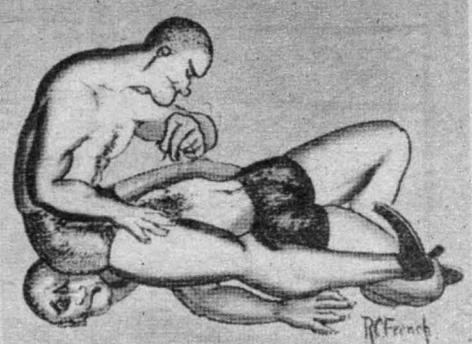


AN OLD-TIME FEUD prompted the Sigma Alpha Epsilon pledges at Ohio Wesleyan University (Delaware) to move the Phi Kappa Psi cannon downtown. **LE BIJOU PHOTO**

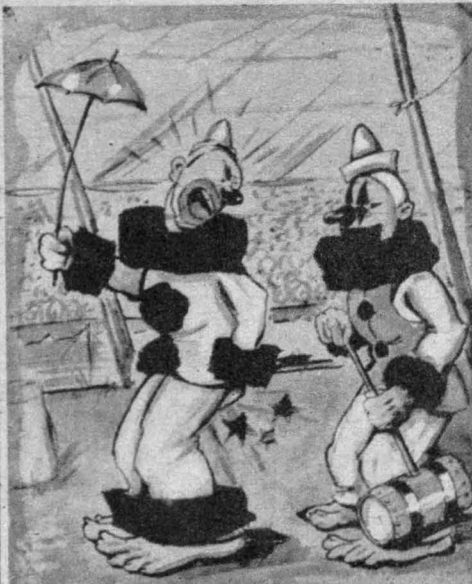
CAMPUS TO CAMERA



"Take the advice of an old grad, son, and get in Berdan's Daily Theme class."
YALE RECORD



"Loves me—Loves me not!"
—Sundial



Even though your heart be breaking—
Laugh Clown, Laugh!
—Bison



"Heil Hitler!"
—Puppet



"AND FOR GOD'S SAKE,
WHERE'S THAT DAMN
COLLAR BUTTON?"
—Missouri Showme



"But, sir, why can't we have
a Cross Country team?"
—Pointer



Ward Bond
University of Southern California



Lew Ayres
University of Arizona



Claire Trevor
Columbia University



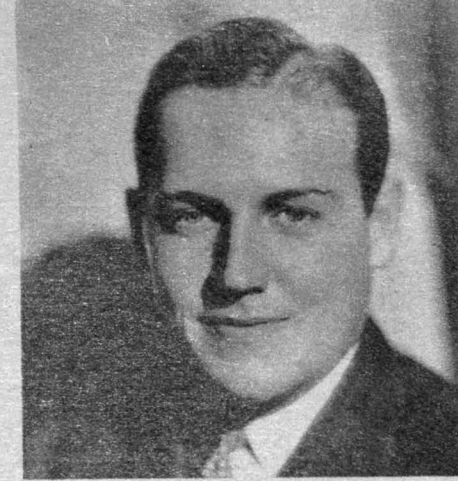
Will Rogers
Kemper Military Academy



John Mack Brown
University of Alabama



Dick Powell
Little Rock Junior College



Robert Allen
Dartmouth College, Phi Kappa Psi



Arthur Hohl
Stanford University



John Boles
University of Texas



Rosemary Ames
Mills College



Nick Foran
Princeton University



Norman Foster
Carnegie Institute of Technology



Edmund Lowe
Santa Clara University



George Murphy
Yale University

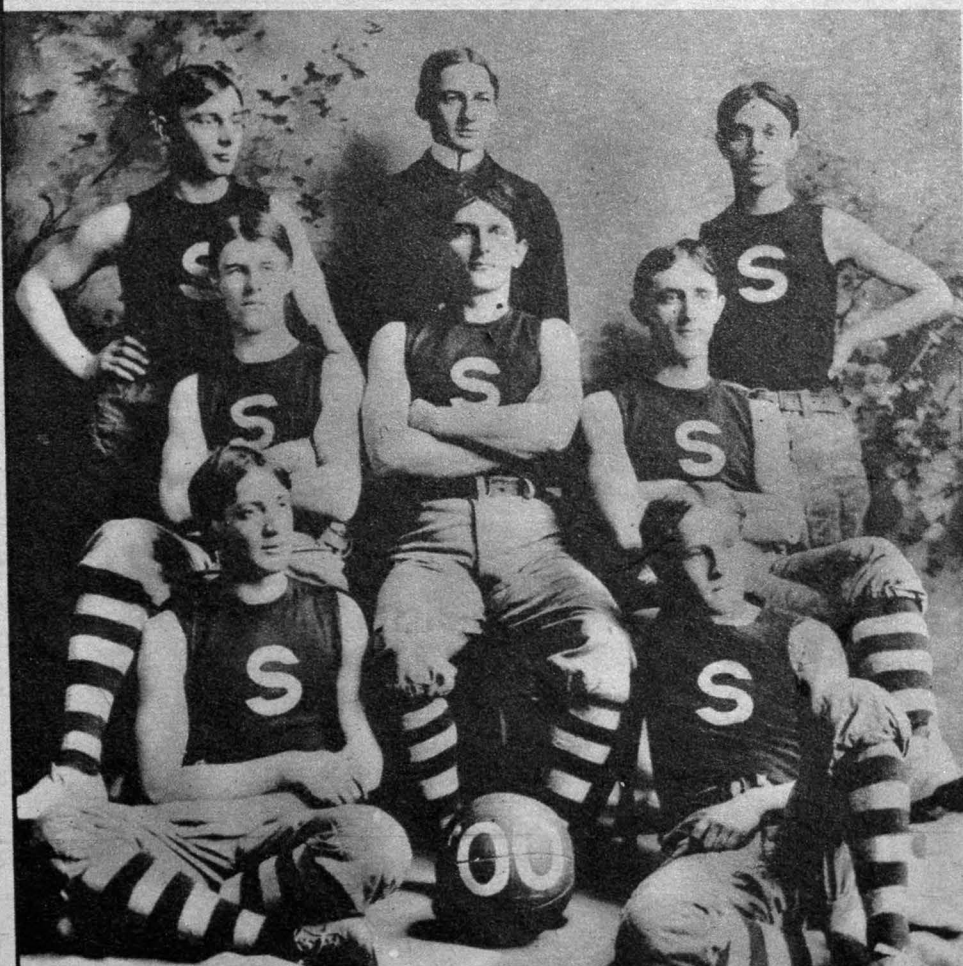


Sheila Mannors
University of California (L. A.)

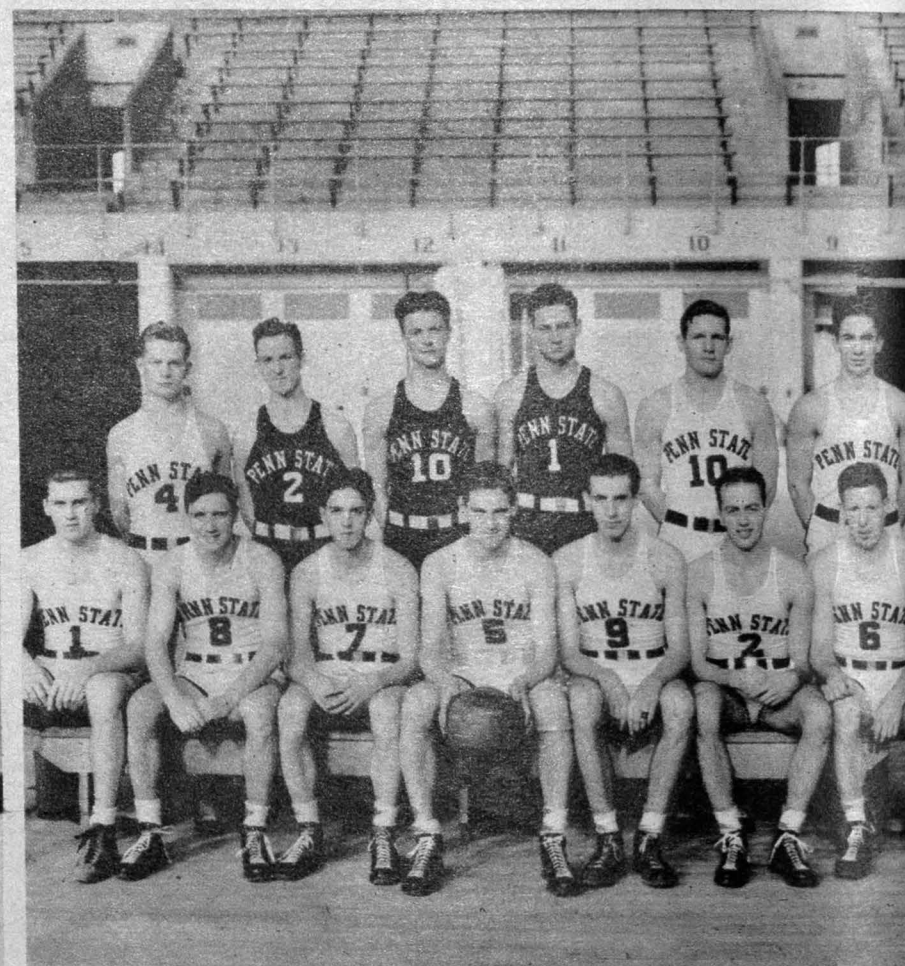


Spencer Tracy
Marquette University

YESTERDAY AND TODAY



Thirty-Four Years Later, or Up from Long Pants might be the title of this group in the series of Yesterday and Today pictures. Can't you just imagine the bashful boys of the 1900 Pennsylvania State



College (State College) basketball team blushing at the suits of the 1934 cage squad.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

IN TRANSFORMING ALTERNATING TO DIRECT CURRENT, THE MOTOR-GENERATOR CAN CONSIST OF AN INDUCTION MOTOR DIRECT-CONNECTED TO --- ETC.

IN CHANGING FROM ONE FREQUENCY TO ANOTHER, WE MUST USE A MOTOR-GENERATOR WHICH IS MADE UP OF A SYNCHRONOUS MOTOR DIRECT-CONNECTED TO AN ALTERNATING CURRENT GENERATOR.

WE USE 110 VOLTS D.C. FOR LIGHTING - 220 AND 550 VOLTS FOR MOTORS - 600 VOLTS FOR STREET CARS - 1200 TO 1500 VOLTS FOR --- ETC.

Female Substitute

By Alice F. Jones
University of Arkansas

Annabelle Watkins was going through a very normal stage of girlhood. Whenever she chanced to observe some handsome gentleman, her heart was gone. Long evenings were then spent pondering and sighing over this person of her dreams. Her active mind went so far as to vividly picture herself as a beautiful, elusive young lady, charming this most sought after male.

PIPE ENGINEERING

THE PLEASANTEST SHOCK I EVER RECEIVED WAS WHEN I LEARNED THAT THERE ARE TWO FULL OUNCES OF MILD, MELLOW, "NO-BITE" PRINCE ALBERT IN EVERY TIN

M-M-M-M-M

SMOKER'S ADVANCED NOTEBOOK

PIPE SMOKING

Prince Albert is mild. Prince Albert is cool, and also long-burning. Important point - "P.A." is crimp cut. No harshness - a special process takes out the "bite."

A blend of top-quality tobaccos! For the above reasons, Prince Albert is the largest-selling pipe tobacco in the world. P.S. Remember to get tin of "P.A." after class!



PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

But while her thoughts were so fondly roaming, her father had other ideas. Eighteen years before he had been bitterly disappointed at the birth of a baby girl and had sworn she would be as athletic a sort of individual as his son would have been.

All her life Annabelle had been forced to kick footballs with her tiny feet, thrust her lovely hands at heavy punching bags, and entertain herself by constructing different objects with her expensive tool chest. And now her father insisted that she learn to swim.

Seven years before was the time that she had ever summoned up enough courage to enter the water, and at this time she was instantly ducked by one of her well meaning friends. It had taken poor Annabelle quite a while to recover from this terrifying experience. For years the use of the word "swimming" had been prohibited in the Watkins' household. But as time passed, Mr. Watkins overcame these silly notions and resolved that his daughter should learn to swim, since he had been such an excellent swimmer in his day. When Annabelle heard of these plans, she was horrified. She said that she was never, never going to learn to swim. Mr. Watkins, incensed at his daughter's stubborn refusal, called her a coward, a disgrace to humanity, and many names which are not often repeated in polite society.

The next day, after much tugging, pulling, screaming, crying, and yelling, Annabelle was finally ushered into the car and rushed down to the swimming pool. After being none-too-gently placed in her suit by her usually timorous mother . . . for orders were orders . . . she was escorted to the water's edge.

Amid her screams and cries, the anxious parents tried to induce her to separate the bottom of the pool and her avoirdupois so that she might skim over the water in an eel-like way. No, she would not do it! Mr. Watkins went walking toward her, first trying to coax her lovingly, then laying aside all pretense of adoration and devotion, he began reaching for her rebellious feet so as to make them kick, even if he had to do it himself.

Annabelle was getting madder by this time, since she had all the terra firma spectators interestedly watching the performance. Being no publicity hound, Annabelle began to wish vehemently that the audience would center their attentions elsewhere. Finally, for the sake of the family name, she started slowly raising her previously immobile feet to a height that was somewhat nearer the surface of the water. Her mother's beseeching expression became triumphant; her father loosened his death-like grip on her benumbed legs, and the unbidden spectators relaxed to a more normal condition. In spite of all resolutions, Miss Watkins had learned to swim.

With happy expressions on their beaming faces, the proud parents talked a blue streak all the way home. But Annabelle remained silent. When they arrived at their imposing domicile, she jumped quickly from the car and rushed into the house, running straight to her room.

Modest and timid? Oh, no! She was heartbroken that no gallant young gentleman would ever be able to rescue her from the terrifying depths of a swimming pool . . . for now she could save herself!

COLLEGIATE DIGEST Section is looking for Short Short stories. Manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. Payment at regular rates upon acceptance. Address: Story Editor, COLLEGIATE DIGEST Section, P. O. Box 472, Madison, Wis.



COLLEGE SWEETHEART * Juanita Thompson was given this name by students at Daniel Baker College (Brownwood, Texas).

ACE SWIMMERS * (Left to Right) Coach Robert Kiphuth, Yale University (New Haven, Conn.), Al Weghe, backstroke champion, Art Highland, sprint champion, and Jack Medica, holder of several world's records.

COLONEL BETTY * University of Iowa (Iowa City) R.O.T.C. members chose Betty Wurster as their honorary cadet colonel.

C R O S S W O R D P U Z Z L E

Horizontal

1. What your old man says when you ask for dough.
2. No collegian wears one.
3. Use a certain soap for this.
4. What the profs are dry as.
5. What people don't drink when they go to one.
6. Put this in front of 7 across and you have a good tune by Hoagie Carmichael.
7. Just a little higher than Do.
8. An Irish poet.
9. How would you like a bottle of Old _____?
10. We do our part.
11. A Chicago radio station.
12. Phonetic spelling of a sailor's yes.
13. Anglo-Saxon (abbr).
14. Greek prefix meaning well or good.
15. You have to ask the bursar for this.
16. Possessive pronoun.
17. Give him an inch and he'll take this.
18. Smoke a _____.
19. Use this to soothe the savage beast.
20. What the janitors do to the boards.
21. A religious sect.
22. Cowboys ride this.
23. Knights of Pythias Lodge (abbr).
24. Third letter of the Arabic alphabet.
25. The tenth one by this name was a de Medici.
26. Ice in Germany.
27. United Press.
28. What you can hardly do under a great burden (two words).
29. Born (Fr).
30. Gaelic.
31. Canadian Railway Transport (abbr).
32. It is another word for personality.
33. A short letter.
34. The Southern Branch of the UC is here.
35. A movie comedian's first name.
36. Aluminum sulphate.
37. Fellow of the Royal Society.
38. An Arabian prince.
39. Animal.
40. This holds 252 gallons.
41. Initials of a well-known columnist.

Vertical

1. Greek Letter.
2. Omit the first letter of two across.
3. How you feel on the morning after.
4. All right.
5. Your radio has one of these.
6. This gets in your eyes.
7. You can't notice this.
8. The Senate and People of Rome.
9. There's an institute in this state.
10. Fear.
11. An Australian ostrich.
12. A rodent.
13. Electrical engineer.
14. You'll hear this in the opera.
15. Pope wrote an essay on this.
16. In France this is east.
17. Add "n" to 44 across.
18. The middle name of the author of Henry Esmond.
19. A Cockney would say that a camel is as a _____.
20. This is said to be golden.
21. Part of the verb "to be."
22. Ravel wrote one of these.
23. The length of a movie comedy (two words).
24. Toward the east.
25. A suffix denoting an agent, profession, or one concerned with.
26. To lean over.
27. This is a good wind for somebody.
28. The 19th letter of the Greek alphabet.
29. Try one across again.
30. Mr. Manchu's first name.
31. What _____?

Answer To Last Week's Puzzle

By Charles S. Murrell
University of Omaha

BY FRANZ J. MONTGOMERY
University of Minnesota
(Minneapolis, Minn.)



LEAD LEAD-OUT » DeNean Stafford and Jane Miller headed the list of student leaders at a recent University of Georgia (Athens) dance. He's president of Pan-Hellenic Council and a Sigma Chi.



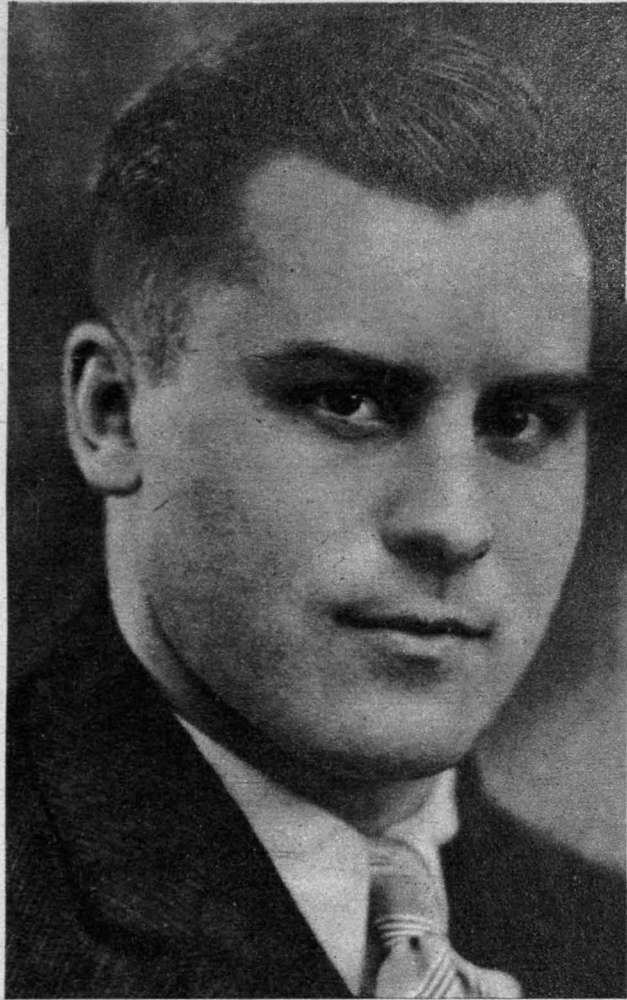
IT'S OVER » A group of volley ball players show a burst of speed and action in a recent practice session on the Columbia University (New York City) courts. Volley ball is one of the more popular of the intramural sports at the metropolitan institution, and the courts are located so as to be easily accessible to residents of the dormitories.



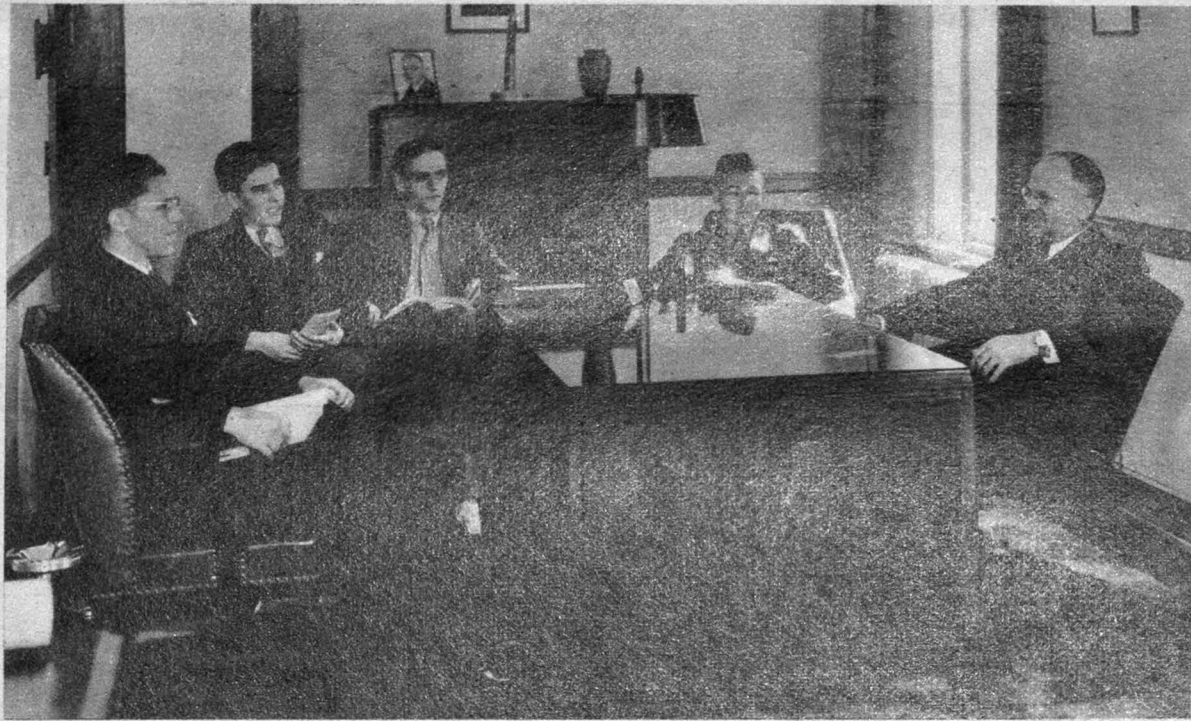
ROCKNE MEMORIAL » This granite shaft marks the spot where Knute Rockne, famed Notre Dame University (Ind.) coach, met his death in an airplane crash in the Flint Hills of Kansas. WIDE WORLD PHOTO



FRESHMAN CLASS HEADS » Carolyn Eichholt (Left) and Juanita Kastner head the class of '38 at Texas State College for Women (Denton) as president and vice-president, respectively.



NEW FROSH COACH » Fritz Mackey, formerly of Ohio Wesleyan University (Delaware, O.), has accepted a position at Ohio State University (Columbus).



STUDY IN CITY HALL » These Kalamazoo College (Mich.) students were selected to work on city administration problems through the year with the mayor and city manager of Kalamazoo.



LOOK AND DRESS ALIKE » Of course Helen and Norma James are twins, and they attend Rhode Island State College (Kingston).



PLAN ANNIVERSARY CARNIVAL » These members of the Dartmouth College (Hanover, N. H.) Outing Club made all of the arrangements for Dartmouth's silver anniversary winter carnival. The Carnival is one of the most extensive affairs of its kind planned by collegians in the United States.



SKI SUITS AND EAR MUFFS are regular winter-time attire for these University of Vermont (Burlington) co-eds when the wind and snow drive across their campus.