

READ

"Do You Park" Editorial, Page 2

THE SKIFF



ATTEND Campus News Auditorium, Tonight

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NUMBER 16

VIEWPOINTS

By MARJORIE JONES (President S. C. A.)

Since the beginning of this school year my job has been working with the social calendar and the records of the various organizations on the campus...

This organization is the combined Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and is campus wide. It is one of the few clubs on the campus which are open to the student body as a whole...

The ultimate aim of the "Y" is the development of the individual student socially, religiously, and intellectually. In order to reach this goal, the Student Christian Association brings to our campus each year outstanding leaders who can help us by giving us authoritative discussions of our present problems...

To outline the complete program by which the "Y" endeavors to achieve its ultimate goal is impossible within the limits of this column. In addition to guest speakers, recourse is taken to forums, intercollegiate conferences, surveys of campus thought, discussion groups, and meetings of a social nature...

Since the activities of the Student Christian Association are for the entire campus and are not devoted to the membership alone, we feel that the student body as a whole should have an opportunity to contribute the funds that go toward paying the expenses which they entail...

Mentioning Kirby Page reminds me to remind you that Mr. Page is to be on our campus Jan. 20, speaking to classes, having consultations, speaking that night and in general answering all our questions that are within the broad scope of his experience...

T. C. U. Girls' Trio, Dunlap Sing on Insurance Hour

Members of the Horned Frog Trio, Misses La Verda Sessions, Mary Frances Hutton and Helen Mielmier, joined by Wayne Dunlap, vocalist, filled their first important professional radio engagement last Sunday afternoon.

The program was broadcast over station WFAA at Dallas under the sponsorship of the Employers' Casualty Company.

The trio sang the popular numbers, "Once in a While" and "Harbor Lights," and Dunlap sang "Macushla."

The invitation to appear was extended by Carl Lamberts, studio maestro, and the vocalists were accompanied by his orchestra.

"Dead Week" Belies Name; Means Work!

Seven Days Are Set Aside Before Exams as Period of Study, Preparation.

IS TRADITIONAL PRACTICE

Organizations Will Have No Group Activities - Personal Privileges Are Unhindered

By SKIFF SNOOPER

No dances, no parties, no late hours, no trips, no running, no playing—November in January. Put these all together, they spell DEAD WEEK, a couple of words that imply seven days alive with work.

"It has become traditional on our campus to set aside the last week before examinations as a time devoted exclusively to study and preparation," says Dean Elizabeth Shelburne.

"During this so-called 'dead week,' all T.C.U. organizations agree to have no group activities. It is not intended that it shall interfere in any way with the individual privileges. We feel that the students always welcome and appreciate this period free from distractions and profit greatly by entering into the spirit of this observance."

So here's the one opportunity for all you Cabs and Carries who burn up the "midnight erl" dining and dancing to catch up with the far-seeing, practical Pats and Patsys who burn the "midnight erl" over thick books and typewritten notebooks.

So make good in your "last week of life" and be thankful for the coming "lull in your life," because sometimes failure causes a "lull in your allowance."

Varsity Show Gets Support

Students Present Own Songs at Audition—Committee of Three Named.

The T. C. U. student body is ready to launch upon a new field of endeavor.

The interest exhibited in the Varsity Show audition last Saturday proved that the students are behind this attempt to make the public T. C. U.-minded.

Singing, dancing and novelty numbers were prominent at the audition. Original tunes by George Campbell, with words by Troy Douthitt, were auditioned also. Miss Dorothy Godley sang her own composition at the try-outs.

The tentative outline for the action of the show was presented.

A committee composed of Jimmy Petty, Paul Ridings and Miss Frances Taylor was appointed to make final inquiries before actual work is begun.

Trip of 4500 Miles Planned by F. F. F.

6 Debaters Challenge McMurray, Weatherford Junior Colleges.

"We are completing our plans for the biggest debate trip any team representing T. C. U. has ever made, a trip covering 4,500 miles and eight states," Truitt Kennedy says in reference to the future of the Frog Forensic Fraternity.

Six members of the F. F. F. debated a triangular yesterday with teams of Weatherford Junior College and McMurray College of Abilene in Weatherford.

George Stroud, Rufus Whitley, Byron Buckeridge, Joe Day, Richard Poll and Truitt Kennedy, accompanied by Dr. Allen True, made the trip.

The subject of debate was, "Resolved, That the National Labor Relations Board should be empowered to enforce arbitration of all industrial disputes."

Committee Hears Cafeteria Petition

Students' complaints about the Cafeteria have now been formally heard by the Administrative Committee.

The joint committee of Council representatives and students appointed by Student Body President Dick Poll met with the faculty group last week.

The main topics of discussion were the complaints about unsanitary conditions and infrequent changes of table cloths and a request for choice of meats, as stated in the petition signed by 134 students.

Miss Lu Ellen Evans, student chairman, reports that no reply has been made to the group and that the complaints and requests were all heard and sent to Mrs. Georgia Harris, Cafeteria manager, in a letter from the Administrative Committee.

"They gave us serious attention," she added, "and President E. M. Waits took lots of notes on what we had to say."

Youth Leader To Be Speaker

Kirby Page, Noted Pacifist, Will Lecture at 9 p. m. Thursday in Auditorium.

Kirby Page, outstanding youth leader of today, will be brought to the campus Thursday by the Students Christian Association. He plays a leading part in the religious liberal thought movement for social welfare.

Several classes will combine to hear his lecture at 9 o'clock in the Auditorium. "All who wish to hear the address will be welcome," says Dr. C. R. Sherer.

The S. C. A. will have a luncheon Thursday noon in the alcove of the cafeteria honoring Page. There will be an open house from 3 to 5 p. m. in Student Center for the public.

Page will address the S. C. A. Thursday at an evening meeting at 8 o'clock in Brite chapel. He is the author of many books on war and peace, including "Living Triumphantly" and "Living Creatively."

At one time Page was the editor of World Tomorrow and he is now the contributing editor of The Christian Century.

Education Program Goes on Air Sunday

Dr. A. L. Boeck to Speak on T. C. U. Evening College—Ensemble Broadcast Tomorrow.

The second of a series of programs on education will be broadcast at 5:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon from KTAT. Dr. A. L. Boeck will be the speaker. His subject will be "The Evening College of T. C. U."

Miss Jo Ann Montgomery will present a short piano recital.

T. C. U. will make its second appearance on the "Collegiate Education" programs from WBAP at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. The program will be presented by remote control from the campus studio.

The University string ensemble will be featured. Miss LaVerda Sessions and Wayne Dunlap will be the vocalists.

At 5:15 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the "Safety Musketeers" presented the last of a series of 11 programs on safety education. The name of the play was "Forest Fires."

The cast included Miss Florence Parks, Bob Decker, Hartford Enloe, Eugene Haley, Jack Sherley, John Stanley, and Rufus Whitley.

Following the "Safety Musketeers," Paul Ridings presented "Campus Notes."

I. R. C. Makes Donation Of 4 Books to Library

Four books have been presented to the Library by the International Relations Club this week.

Books received by the club from the Carnegie Endowment are annually contributed to the Mary Couts Burnett Library. Peace in the main subject matter for most of the volumes.

"Best Foot Forward" If Roberts Shines 'em

Harry Roberts, ex-prexy, for two bits a week, helps any Clark or Goode resident put his best feet forward. Harry's just a shoe-shine boy at heart.

Any mud or seuff found on any shoes, boots or clod-clops (bedroom slippers, Oswald) will be removed, though it employs the squat, squint, and stoop method of removal.

Boothblack Roberts shined 300 pairs of shoes on his first day of business. To date, he has shined 1800 pairs of shoes.

Since business is so colossal, Harry must employ an assistant. So each afternoon, Joe, little local black boy, may be seen heating out a syncopated

rhythm with a shine-rag on somebody's shoes.

Harry vouches that golf-playing Bob Sikes has brought in the "super-dirtiest" pair of feet-coverings to date. "Foots" White has the largest feet of any customer. Rex McFall is the "champeen shoe-bringer-ner" since he has several pairs of shoes to be rejuvenated daily.

Roberts' office hours are from 4 to 7 o'clock.

"I don't know how I got the idea," Roberts confided, "but I'm glad I did. I am now working on the idea of curb service and taking the squeak out of shoes. Yep, boot-black is my business, and business is pretty dirty, but the future looks shiny."

\$300 Is Goal For SCA Fund

Drive Is to Raise Money for Bringing Prominent Speakers Before Students.

A goal of \$300 has been set by the Student Christian Association in its drive to raise funds to be used to bring prominent speakers to the campus.

"The club is a cross section of all the activities of the school. Its activities are campus-wide. Therefore, we feel justified in asking all students to contribute to the fund which will be used solely to bring interesting speakers to the school for all the students to hear," says Prof. C. R. Sherer, faculty sponsor.

The campaign will extend through tomorrow. Funds are to be raised by personal solicitation. The following members have been authorized to accept donations:

Richard Poll, C. H. Richards, Wilbur Mendall, Lamar Hocker and Lamar Hocker, and Misses Freda Watkins, Bernice Van Horn, Lee Ellen Evans and Jewell Dillinger.

Dr. Edwin A. Elliot spoke to the members of the S.C.A. at their meeting Wednesday in the Brite Club Room.

Human Body Exhibit Donated to T.C.U.

System's Chemical Elements Shown—Gift Comes From Texas Centennial.

Prof. F. W. Hogan and Dr. J. L. Whitman are looking for a spot to set up an exhibit that shows the elements of the human body.

This exhibit, which shows that the average man has enough phosphorus in his body to make almost 3000 boxes of kitchen matches, was on display in Dallas at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

It has been given to T. C. U. outright by the United States Public Health Service, and has been moved to this campus.

When the exhibit is set up, actual amounts per 100 pounds of the elements of which the human body is composed are grouped around a large figure of a man. In addition, actual amounts of the compounds of these elements and their equivalents are in common forms.

Charcoal, nails, iodine, and salt are a few of the common forms shown.

Chemistry Department Receives \$100 Exhibit

The chemistry department has recently received an exhibit from the Merck Chemical Company, and Dr. J. L. Whitman says that space will be made for it in one of the cases in the front hall of the chemistry laboratory.

Sixty different samples make up the exhibit, which is worth approximately \$100.

Dr. Goldsmith to Speak in Chapel Wednesday

Dr. Goldwin Goldsmith of the department of architecture of the University of Texas will be the principal speaker on the chapel program Wednesday.

TCU Evening College To Organize Council

Classes Will Inaugurate Their Own Student Government Early in February.

The T. C. U. Evening College will inaugurate its own form of student government early in February, when its first Student Council will be formed.

Each class will have a representative on the council, to give the students more of an active college life. All questions pertaining to student activities will be discussed in regular meetings of the council and many new activities for the Evening College student could be worked out by the council, says Dr. A. L. Boeck director.

Dr. Boeck has recently returned from California where he discussed with Dr. E. W. Ties, dean of University College of the University of Southern California, student activities for the students of that large evening school.

Dr. Boeck has also discussed plans for activities with the heads of other evening colleges. These discussions form the basis for the forming of a student council for the T. C. U. Evening College.

April 19-29 Is Period For Glee Club Tour

Singers, Twice Winners, Plan to Enter Federation Clubs' Chorus Contest.

The annual spring tour of the Men's Glee Club, which will be in South Texas again this year, will begin April 19 and terminate on April 29, according to Harrell Rea, business manager.

The club will be in Beaumont April 28 for the Texas Federation of Music Clubs' contest for male choruses. The T.C.U. club has won the contest for the last two years.

"Other engagements will be announced later," said Rea.

The Glee Club will give a concert at T.S.C.W. on March 7. Following this appearance, the Club will sing at N.T.A.C. some time in April.

Ready-to-Wear May Be Found In Book Store

The Book Store is contemplating enlarging its services to include a "ready-to-wear department." That is, if the owners do not claim their lost articles soon.

Miss Laura Shelton, manager, rates as the top article in her new "clothing department" a man's trench coat. It was found in Dr. A. L. Boeck's classroom and has been at the Book Store since before Christmas.

Then, too, there is a man's suede jacket—the very latest in style, zipper and all—that was turned in last week and is as yet unclaimed.

Not wanting to leave the girls out of it, Miss Shelton also has the coat to a lady's suit. It has been waiting for its owner for two months.

There are also two girls' hats, a couple of pairs of gloves and numerous miscellaneous gloves.

"I'm certain," says Miss Shelton, "that many students could find their long lost articles if they would just come to the Book Store. At the same time, I might urge finders to turn in the articles here for the owners."

"Purple Parade" Adds New Film

Your 15 cents will now buy 20 per cent more—that is at the opening edition of the "Purple Parade" at 7:30 p. m. tonight in the Auditorium.

Ben Dyess, Tom Roberson and Allyn Berry have added a fifth reel to their show. The new short is a Grantland Rice Sportlight.

The feature reel, of course, is the much talked of campus shots. The main idea for this first show has been to get as many Frogland faces on to the silver screen as possible according to the promoters.

The other three reels that complete the initial program are the Pathe News Film on all-American football that features Sam Baugh and Darrell Lester, a Walt Disney Mickey Mouse and a musical short.

As previously announced, all the shorts, with the exception of the campus news reel, will be talkies.

Worship Room Nearly Ready

New Brite College Place for Services to Be Finished in About Three Weeks.

Work on the new Brite College worship room is near completion, and in about three weeks the first service will be held.

The room is to be similar to the Men's Club Room in the Administration Building, with panel walls and indirect lighting. Knotty pine, stained dark, will give the room a warm atmosphere for the worship services held there.

At the end of the 30 by 20-foot room there is a small stage to accommodate the leader or speaker. It will be lighted from overhead. The stage is 9 1/2 by 13 feet.

The room will seat 100 persons when the pews have been installed.

Services of the Brite College Chapel, the Brite College of the Bible organization and any like group may be held there.

Donations were secured from various churches and clubs, and the labor is being done by the University crew. The total cost of the project is set at about five hundred dollars.

Woodrow Jones is treasurer for the project.

Audience Cheers Frog Swingsters

The Horned Frog Swingsters played two concerts before capacity crowds this week. Monday they appeared at Riverside High School, Wednesday at Paschal High, and were roundly cheered at both schools.

Playing practically the same program on both occasions, the band presented symphonic jazz, modern swing and a dash of rumba thrown in. Wayne Dunlap and the girls' trio, consisting of Misses LaVerda Sessions, Helen Mielmier and Mary Frances Hutton, were enthusiastically received in their vocalizations of "Cuban Pete," "Gone With the Wind," "Veni Veni" and "Once in a While."

What proved to be probably the most ambitious number the band has presented in informal concert was an arrangement by Director Don Gillis of the late George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." This arrangement, featuring Miss Betty Dyer at the piano, is, in the words of Director Gillis, "perhaps the only time the composition has ever been attempted with band and piano."

English Department To Offer 'Make-Ups'

Members of the English department faculty have offered their services for makeup classes in sophomore English, to be conducted this week and part of next week. Classes will meet at 7 p. m. in Room 218, and will continue to 8:30 p. m. "The Ballad" will be discussed Monday; "Spencer" will be the review topic Tuesday. The review on "Shakespeare" on Wednesday and Thursday will conclude the series.

Department's Again to Elect Typical Student

Contest for 'Most Representative,' Begun Last Year to Be Annual Affair.

20 PERSONS TO BE NAMED

Six Honored Before Are Eligible Again—Nominations to Begin After New Semester

The "Most Representative Student" will again be selected, as The Skiff will again sponsor the contest, making it an annual affair.

The contest, as inaugurated last year, is for the purpose of rewarding the extra work, the added study and the extra endeavor that one puts forth for his major department.

The student selected as "Most Representative" of his department is one who is both a faculty and student favorite—that rare combination of a regular fellow and student.

In the first contest last year, 18 departments were asked to select such a person, and 14 responded. This year, there will be 20 departments asked to participate.

Physical Education to Select 2

Only six of the students honored last year are back in school this year. However, they are eligible to win, as they are undoubtedly still working in the interests of their department.

These are: Eugene Haley, art; Ned James, business administration; Kenneth Hay, Bible; Paul O. Ridings, journalism; Landon Colquitt, mathematics, and Kenneth Vaughn, music.

The English, history, philosophy, psychology, and government departments did not select students last year.

For this year's contest it was deemed wise to select a representative student from both men's physical education and women's physical education, rather than one for the two of them.

Rules To Be Announced

There is also a new separate sociology department and it will be asked to participate.

Besides the above-mentioned 13 departments, there are biology-geology, chemistry, economics, home economics, modern languages, physics and public speaking, which selected students last year, and will again vote.

Nominations will be taken after the new semester opens and complete rules will be announced after a consultation of The Skiff staff and department heads.

Mrs. Cahoon Speaks To Voice Students

Describes Visit to New York City, Broadcasts of Performances of Opera.

Voice students of the University assembled at the home of Mrs. Helen Fouts Cahoon yesterday afternoon to hear a discussion of her recent New York trip.

Mrs. Cahoon described the dramatic musical tragedies she saw at the Metropolitan Opera House. She gave an explanation of the Saturday afternoon broadcast of opera performances. The voices and music can be heard by the audience, she said, although the stage is glossed in.

Mrs. Cahoon also spent two days in Kansas City and Chicago.

Tea was served after the discussion.

Mrs. Cahoon has been absent from her classes this week because of a sprained ankle, received on her return trip from New York.

Business Law Court Will Try Gum Case

Someone will probably get stuck at 10 a. m. Monday when the Business Law court convenes in the Amphitheater to try a gum theft case.

W. S. Kemp is suing the statistics class for the alleged lifting of a package of gum from his person. Judge James Merritt will preside over the court and Bob Ward will act as prosecuting attorney. The court will be open to all that wish to come and see the fun.

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Do You Park?

This parking problem—yes, it is quite a serious one.

Not that. The one in question is the parking problem at Jarvis—the other one will take care of itself.

But to get back to Jarvis, where most every student, at least those of the male variety, likes to be—there is quite a parking problem.

All of the girls leave at approximately the same time, and do get back at exactly the same time, or at least they had better. That means one little triangular, or is it circular, driveway—or is it—has to accommodate all the cars.

Now at the Stadium, things are different. Ample parking space has been provided—for the huge crowds that come to football games. Texas Christian gets many compliments for the forethought exhibited to accommodate these crowds.

But what about the situation at Jarvis. Of course, as many persons do not come to Jarvis as attend the football games, but it is obvious that the present space is not ample. Why not be as considerate of the Jarvis girls as the football crowds?

Nope. The Skiff does not think that "Parking Meters" would be a solution—who ever heard of a Frogland boy with a nickel?

But there is enough space north of Jarvis that is all ready torn up, and no value, to solve the problem. Why not eliminate the "park" in the middle of the drive and let the boys park?

"What is your opinion of the value of term themes?"

"Very few students obtain knowledge from written term themes. Most of the themes are either rented or copied from a book. In the first case the student has no idea of what is in his theme. In the second case the information they copy simply goes in one ear and out the other."—Frances Porterfield.

"I remember little of the material I collected for term themes, and I can't think of any way in which they benefited me. Personally, I think term themes are evil, and not necessary ones."—Mary Porter.

"The system is more or less a mechanical process and I believe there is no real good in it."—Nadine Keith.

"As a review and as an aid in getting a perspective value of the course, term themes are to be recommended."—Bob Razland.

"Term themes are worth while if the student will do his own work. Otherwise they are of no value."—Grover Isbell.

"If the subject matter under consideration is of interest to a student, I believe the term themes are of great value to him."—C. H. Richards.

"Term themes are ordinarily considered a necessary evil, but they usually add some factor to a subject which is overlooked in everyday recitations."—Stanley Wilson.

"I could live without them."—Poppy Bass.

"They would be all right if they didn't come at the same time as tests, book reports, and more term themes."—Marjorie Bess Blair.

"Term themes may be of great value, or of no value at all, depending on whether the student takes his contract seriously. If he does his own work, he attains the unique joy and profit of learning how to discover truth for himself, and he may even discover some combination of facts and ideas new to others. There is no way so efficient for making a student aware of the pleasures of scholarship as the assignment of a subject for research in which the student himself consults the original sources."—Dr. M. D. Clubb.

"They require too much time for one subject, but they sometimes show what a student can do when he has time to dig it out. I believe they are worth while."—Pete Starr.

"I learned a lot I wouldn't have learned otherwise."—Joe Wallis.

"I think they're a waste of time and energy on both the teacher's and student's part."—Helen Ruth Verheyden.

Mrs. Bryson Has Poem In Southwestern Poets

"Evolution," a poem by Mrs. A. B. Bryson, appeared in the December number of Southwestern Poets.

This year, as an experiment, a course was added to the freshman curriculum which was a course in general knowledge. Proper table manners, among other things, were included.

It is crammed with such posers as "When should you use a finger bowl?" and "Who should be served first at a formal dinner?" and "How would you eat sweet corn noiselessly?"

Of course, there is always the "wise frog," as there was a Grinnell, who answered that "At a formal dinner, cocktails should always be served first," but, even so, such a course should be of value.

1938 SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE BASKETBALL SCHEDULE
Table with columns for teams (A. & M., ARKANSAS, BAYLOR, RICE, SMU, TCU, TEXAS) and dates/locations.



By MEGE McCLINTON

One of El Paso's College of Mines students can root for three eastern football clubs and feel justified. His university minded parents christened him Harvard Yale Brown.

All the inconveniences of Home. S. M. U. chapel "woke up" recently. Some would-be joker planted several alarm clocks to go off during the chapel hour. And go off they did, the frequent, unpleasant ringing so disturbed the program that students were asked to hunt for the offending clocks and remove them.

This being done, the hour of rest and sleep was resumed.

Not Goldilocks and the Two Bears. Once upon a time two Baylor boys were off to a deer hunt. They drove up to a ranch owned by one bear and spent the night in the ranch house.

Early next morn they left the house to shoot the deer. On their deer-less return they found that (in a gruff voice) "Someone had eaten their broths, someone had sat in their chair, someone had slept in their bed"—and it was not Goldilocks, cause that little gal wouldn't swipe two guns, have a tough week-old beard and a scarred face, and fresh escaped from a Corpus Christi jail.

The boys came back minus deers, but with tales of open range firing, minus \$100 rewards for capturing criminals, minus actually seeing the illegal visitor but plus hair-raising tales unequalled in True Detective. Boo!

Sermon Subject Sunday To Be "Overcome Evil"

"Overcome Evil with Good" will be Sunday morning's sermon subject at the University Christian Church by the Rev. Perry E. Gresham, pastor.

Special music will be a tenor-soprano duet by Mrs. J. E. McKinney and J. F. Anderson. They will sing "Love Divine, All Love Excelling," by Starner.

Jack Cummings will play a violin solo, "Berceuse" by Godard, at the evening services.

So They Say

By SKIFF SNOOPER

Ten dollars worth of fun for 65c—that's what the students had last Saturday night at the first 1938 dance in the "icerteria."

Guys like Kille Miser and George Garrett were in full glory as they were the ones who ram-rolled the Big Apples. Incidentally, there was something that I had never seen before, and I wonder at the authenticity of the thing—all stag Big Apple.

As I said, Kille was the caller for the main attraction, with Misses Margie Foster, Eunice Jones, Laura Jones, Hazel Smith and Olive Thomas doing the "specialty" numbers. Carmen Schenck, Lucy McClanahan, Roger McLeland, Horace Caswell, Bud Taylor, Charles Cope (hot stuff), Ben Bussey, Woodrow Lipscomb and Virgil Cloer, took the male prizes, had there been any.

There were, among the bystanders, several of us who raised eyebrows to a certain extent. Colby D. Hall and Byron Buckeredge were two of the main eyebrow raisers at the affair.

The Pirate's Cave must hold a particular fascination for James McWhorter, Miss Margie Lee Thomas, Kille Miser, Miss Helen Connor, Floyd Miller, Miss Priscilla Boyd and several other T. C. U.'ers, as last Sunday night they almost wore out their welcome (if that is possible at the hot spot).

Miss Helen Ruth Verheyden was escorted by Bob Patterson, of the Cleburne Pattersons—Bob is planning to enroll again in the University at midyear.

Speaking of Cleburne, Miss Sue Davis is planning to return there after the finals. Hope you change your mind, Sue.

Bill Farley, Miss Martha Majors, Thad H. Gregory, and Miss Helen Hale can sip Service Soda Straws this week. It's free.

Only Five Girls Sign For W. A. A. Basketball

Only five girls have signed up for W.A.A. basketball. Those who have reported to Miss Helen Ruth Braselton, manager, are Misses Mary Sam Blanton, Virginia Hagemeier, Doris Lawrence, Betty Magoffin and Jessie Van Horn.

Practice is to be held at 2 o'clock each Wednesday afternoon.

L. T. Miller Nears End Of Work on C. P. A. Exam

L. T. Miller, instructor in the business administration department, who took the certified public accountant examination in November, has received his condition notice, which means that he has successfully passed three-fourths of the required work for a C.P.A. certificate.

Snooper Sees 'Shiners'; Some Say Susy-Q Silly

By SKIFF SNOOPER

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MOVIE PROGRAMS

"One Pesticard"—which means that Dave Apollon is back again, and with another talented and versatile stage show. His troupe opens at the Worth tomorrow for their first live talent show of 1938, and it looks like a good start.

The Hollywood is telling everyone this week that "You're a Sweetheart," and that heart-beat Alice Faye is their spokesman, so no doubt there will be another balcony full of Frogland students this afternoon.

Another beautiful songstress, Dorothy Lamour, will be featured in the Parkway revival day film, "Jungle Princess." For the week-end show they offer that Powell-Loy double in "Double Wedding."

The Majestic, too, will have a songbird with Irene Dunne costarred with Randolph Scott in "High, Wide and Handsome."

Tony Martin will uphold the male end of this singing weekend by talking over the Tivoli screen in "Al Baba Goes to Town."

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STARTS FRIDAY! The Surprise Musical! Now she's a DANCING ALICE! Alice FAYE YOU'RE A SWEETHEART

PLUS Mickey Mouse • Donald Duck Hollywood

TIVOLI Sun. Mon Tony Martin Eddie Cantor—June Lang Roland Young in "Al Baba Goes To Town"

PARKWAY Fri. Sat. "TOPPER" Sun. Mon. William Powell Myrna Loy "Double Wedding"

Palace SAT. thru Mon. Jane WITHERS In "45 FATHERS" Fun, Frolic and More Fun

MAJESTIC 15c Saturday 25c Irene Dunne Dorothy Lamour (Star of Hurricane) Randolph Scott "HIGH WIDE & HANDSOME"

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It's Here Again

Dead Week has rolled around again. It begins Monday.

Dead Week is appropriately named, as most of the students are "dead" after the week. To the majority of seekers-after-higher-learning, it means the crowding of 18 weeks' work into one.

Those term themes, book reports, outside reading and all the other obstacles that the professors place in the way of a good time at college, will be done this week.

Perhaps that is one reason why it seems that the teachers expect too much. What was meant to be an 18-week task is done in one week, or most likely a day and night. At least that is an angle to be considered when the prof is "cussed."

Even if Dead Week does leave you "dead," you can be thankful that even this one week for study was set aside—that is presuming you have even the remotest desire to learn something (note: if not, what are you doing here?)—or else these "obstacles" might, never be overcome.

Dead Week means that there will be no campus socials, no club meetings or, in other words, absolutely nothing to tempt you from your studies. It gives you a week to devote to study, and at just the right time, the week prior to exams.

But Dead Week can be just another week to the student who has kept up with his work. Individual dates are not prohibited, so just keep this in mind, if you do not want to be dead after next Dead Week!

Help Frogs Win

The "Bronx Cheer"—let's eliminate that one from Frogland's vells this season.

In other words, do not boo the officials at the basketball games. These men are professionals. They are paid because they know the rules.

You, the fans, may have a little knowledge of the rules, but certainly you do not feel as if you know as much as the men who make their living because they know the game.

But Coach Mike Brumbelow and Capt. Jay Smith do know the rules. Texas Christian basketball is their business, too, and the rules permit them to question the officials about the rulings.

As for the fans, they have no right to question an official's ruling. In the first place, they do not know enough and secondly, the captain and the coach have the right and the knowledge and will certainly act when necessary.

The fan who insists on booing an official is really hurting his team, for this is unsportsmanlike conduct. The rules say, "The officials shall have the power to call fouls for unsportsmanlike conduct on the part of the crowd."

You should want the Frogs to win. Let's not handicap them by booing.

Getting Oriented

Freshmen are now bemoaning the coming examination, while sophomores, junior and seniors will remember their battle with it in other year.

Meaning, of course, "Social Science 12," which every freshman is required to take, as it is Texas Christian's orientation course.

Not to detract from the value of the social science course, but consider another orientation course, the one offered by Grinnell College.

This year, as an experiment, a course was added to the freshman curriculum which was a course in general knowledge. Proper table manners, among other things, were included.

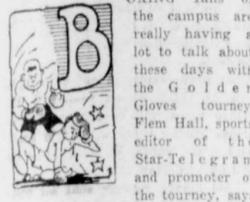
It is crammed with such posers as "When should you use a finger bowl?" and "Who should be served first at a formal dinner?" and "How would you eat sweet corn noiselessly?"

Of course, there is always the "wise frog," as there was a Grinnell, who answered that "At a formal dinner, cocktails should always be served first," but, even so, such a course should be of value.

WORTH SAT. DAVE APOLLON on the Stage in "VARIETIES OF 1938" ON THE SCREEN Leslie Howard Joan Crawford in "STAND-IN"

# RIDINGS RITINGS

By PAUL "SCOOP" RIDINGS.



OXING fans of the campus are really having a lot to talk about these days with the Golden Gloves tourney.

Here's also a special note for cage fans: The Frog basketeers open their home conference schedule tomorrow night.

SPECIAL NOTE: The last conference game the Purple five won was against the Steers when they met here last season.

Here is a statistical insight into why the Frogs lost last Saturday night.

And here is a chart on the Texans' accuracy, so you, the fans, and Frog defense will know whom to watch:

Player	Made	Attempted
Tarleton Jones	1	2
Willis Tate	2	20
Henry Chovanec	3	13
Don White	0	5
Tommy Nelms	0	7
Robert Moers	0	1
Warren Wiggins	1	1
Warren Osborne	6	17
Glen Parsley	0	1

Since the Purple made only four field goals, there is not much need for a chart, but Slim Mabry made one out of five.

They are telling this one on an English professor at S. M. U. Years ago he was a football coach at Southwestern University in Georgetown.

Since the subject is football, here's our bouquet of orchids to two popular magazines for the best all-American team selected—meaning, of course, the College Humor team with Ki Aldrich at center.

Certainly the first reason that this department likes them is because they feature the Frog stars.

As for the College Humor team, it sparkles with new names—men that played great football and were not selected simply because they had been the year before.

For a parting shot, here's two tips—first, read the editorial "Help the Frogs Win," and second, be on hand at the Basketball Gymnasium tomorrow night.

## Basketball Five Seeks Revenge Against Texas

T. C. U. Cagers Meet Longhorn Team Tomorrow Night in Return Game.

### ABNEY'S HAND IS BETTER

Tight Steer Defense Holds Purple Basketeers To Four Field Goals In Contest At Austin

By HILL HAWORTH  
Frog basketeers will have an opportunity to gain revenge over the University of Texas Longhorns when the Orange and White five takes the floor here tomorrow night.

Tail Ben Abney's injured paw is in fairly good shape now and the sophomore shooter is rarin' to go.

Coach Mike Brumbelow is not certain of his starters for tomorrow night. He has been experimenting in practice in an effort to find the combination which has the maximum of speed and size.

Woodrow Duckworth, another sophomore who is agile and speedy, and Abney, may open at forwards with Slim Mabry at center and Capt. Jay Smith and big Brad Snodgrass at guards.

Another possible combination might see the veteran Clifton Cowan at either center or forward and Mack Best at guard.

A tight Texas defense beat the Frogs down at Austin last Saturday night. The Frogs were able to sink only four field goals during the entire game. Thirteen free throws brought their total up to 21, which was 12 points behind the Steers' 33.

### Tackle Leads Frogs First Time Since '28

Captains for 16 Years of S. W. Conference Play Include 13 Linemen, 3 Backs.

I. B. Hale, recently named by his teammates to lead the 1938 Horned Frog eleven, is the first tackle to be elected football captain at T. C. U. for 10 years—since the days of Jake Williams of the '28 eleven.

The Frogs, in picking the captains of their 16 Southwest Conference football entries, have named four ends, four guards, three centers, two fullbacks, two tackles and one quarterback.

The gridiron leaders through these years have been:

- 1923, Blair Cherry, Fort Worth, end.
- 1924, Lindsey Jacks, Bonham, guard.
- 1925, Herman Clark, Fort Worth, quarter.
- 1926, Johnny Washmon, Harlingen, center.
- 1927, Bernard Williams, Fort Worth, full.
- 1928, Jake Williams, Fort Worth, tackle.
- 1929, Mike Brumbelow, Jacksboro, guard.
- 1930, Noble Atkins, Crystal Falls, center.
- 1931, Harlos Green, Fort Worth, full.
- 1932, Johnny Vaught, Fort Worth, guard.
- 1933, Jack Graves, Beaumont, end.
- 1934, Jack Langdon, Cleburne, end.
- 1935, Darrell Lester, Jacksboro, center.
- 1936, Walter Roach, Fort Worth, end.
- 1937, Mason Mayne, Tyler, guard.
- 1938, I. B. Hale, Dallas, tackle.

Team	W	L	T	FG	FT	TP	Pts
Arkansas	2	0	1	1000	31	16	78 54
Baylor	1	0	1	1000	9	8	26 23
Texas	1	0	1	1000	13	7	33 21
S. M. U.	0	1	0	000	6	11	23 26
T. C. U.	0	1	0	000	4	13	21 33
A. & M.	0	2	0	000	21	12	54 72
Rice	0	0	0	000	0	0	0 0

Drop By After the Game

Nearest Stand on Park Place

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## 3 Frogs Victorious In First Glove Bouts

Bull Rogers, Travis Griffin, Jack Hudson Advance in Amateur Tournament.

Purple leather pushers won three of their four matches in the opening round of the Star-Telegram's Golden Gloves tournament Monday night.

Bull Rogers, the "bull of the campus," roared out of his corner, throwing his mitts with reckless abandon to beat Foster Miller, T. W. C. heavy-weight, to the canvas.

Wavy-haired Travis Griffin, probably the class of the Frog boxers, won by default. Griffin, a light-heavyweight, is favored to win the state championship.

Nervy O. A. Richie, fighting for the first time in the light-heavyweight class, was matched against rangy "Tiger" Hosea, another T. W. C. product, and lost by a technical knockout in the first round.

Welterweight Jack Hudson, tall red-head, easily won his battle over Floyd Porter by scoring a technical K. O. in the second round.

## Frosh, Juniors Lead In Red, Blue Leagues

The Frosh and Juniors were victorious in the Intramural Blue League basketball race last Wednesday afternoon.

The Frosh defeated the Sophs by a close score of 18 to 17. Bobby Roberts was high point man for the winners, counting for 11 points.

The Juniors won by virtue of a default from the Seniors. They, however, played a practice game with the Frosh, losing by a score of 16 to 23.

The victors were again led by Roberts who tossed four field goals for eight points.

## Lusty "Lefty" Sez "Bull's" "Planty" O. K.

"Ladeez and gentilmun, we have in our midst tonight—"

This was the bombastic opening to freshman Clarence "Lefty" Alexander's eloquent oratorical outburst Tuesday night between the halves at the Decatur Baptist-Wog basketball game.

"Lefty" went on to say that the subject of his speech was Glynn "Bull" Rogers, winner by a technical knockout in his first fight in the Golden Gloves tournament.

"Bull" formerly attended Decatur Baptist College and "Lefty" named him as "the greatest athlete to come out of that school."

Miss Mary Ann Green spent last week-end at her home in Decatur.

Misses Helen Hale, Shirley Jenkins and Pat Mackey visited in Greenville last week-end.

## Tennis Rumor Suits Prouse

Star Neller May Transfer Here From N. T. A. C.—Would Fill McLeland's Vacancy.

By TOM SWILEY  
Although it's a bit early in the year for tennis activities, Varsity Tennis Coach Tom Prouse is all smiles over the news that Sidney Marx, Fort Worth netter who is attending North Texas Agricultural College, is tentatively considering transferring to T. C. U.

Marx, considered one of the top ranking Class A singles players of the city, would be a distinct help to the Frog squad, and would probably step into the No. 1 hole left vacant by the graduation of Don McLeland.

With the exception of Bobby Bass, two-year letter-man and captain-elect of the 1938 team, the entire varsity was lost through graduation.

Probable leading candidates for the remaining varsity posts are Guy Kelly, Pete Davis, Tom Keplinger, and Tom Swiley of last year's freshman team, and Clyde Gibbs, squadman for the varsity last year.

Prospects of a strong freshman team this year are exceedingly good. Edgar Shults of McKinney and Carl Poll of Fort Worth appear particularly promising, while there are many others who give promise of a strong varsity for a few years to come.

"Religion, Democracy" Is Dr. Lord's Subject

"Religion and Democracy" was the subject of the message that Dr. John Lord brought to the Brite College Chapel today.

## Baptist Take Wogs Two Games Straight

Decatur Five's 37-40-33, 30-40-29 Scores Are Due to Crew's Speed and Footwork.

For the second straight time Coach Walter Roach's freshman basketballeers dropped a close game to the Decatur Baptist Junior College five when they lost, 37 to 33, in the Basketball Gymnasium Tuesday night.

The Baptist crew's speed and footwork were the chief factors in their victory. Their fast-breaking offense and clever maneuvering under the basket netted them many points.

Forward Robert Groseclose led the Pollwogs in scoring, hitting the bucket for five field goals and four free throws for 14 tallies.

Last Friday night at Decatur the frosh lost a hotly-contested battle to the Baptists, 20 to 29. The game went one over-time period.

Miss Eddie Rae Lees spent last week-end in Dallas.

## Hale, Aldrich, O'Brien Receive Wrist Watches

I. B. Hale, Ki Aldrich and David O'Brien received \$50 wrist watches at a sports banquet in Waco last Friday night.

Coach Dutch Meyer and Publicity Director J. Willard Ridings also attended the banquet.

Mrs. Richard Bass, mother of Bob and Poppy Bass, of McKinney, visited the campus last week-end.

## DUKE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE DURHAM, N. C.

Four terms of eleven weeks are given each year. These may be taken consecutively in three and one-quarter years or three terms may be taken each year (graduation in four years). The entrance requirements are intelligence, character and at least two years of college work, including the subjects specified for Grade A medical school Catalogues and application forms may be obtained from the Dean.

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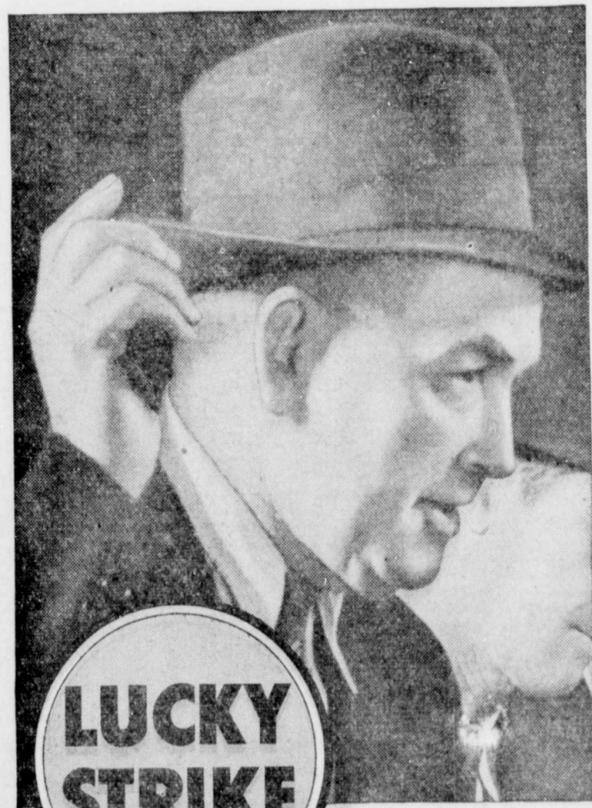
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Bob Harrell—Washer's T.C.U. Representative

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# STILL "TOPS"... after 31 Years As a Tobacco Auctioneer



## Veteran Jim Edwards tells why tobacco experts prefer Luckies 2 to 1...

"I recently sold 489,000 pounds of tobacco in one 6 1/2 hour day," says Mr. J. N. Edwards of Farmville, North Carolina.

"There was a buyer, naturally, for every one of those 489,000 pounds... But there was as much difference between the best grades and the inferior, as between a pretty girl and a homely one.

"At auction after auction, I've seen Lucky Strike go after the prettiest lots of tobacco. It's no wonder Luckies taste so good. I've smoked them since 1917.

"And another thing... even after yelling out tobacco bids all during a seven hour day, Luckies are still just as easy as ever on my throat."

Only Lucky Strike offers you the finest tobacco plus the throat-protection of the exclusive process "It's Toasted". This process takes out certain irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

Men who know tobacco from A to Z—experts like Mr. Edwards—are surely good judges of cigarettes... Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined.

# LUCKY STRIKE

Sworn Records Prove It...

## WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

## Dead Week Prospects Make Campus Gloomy

By FRANCES TAYLOR

With Dead Week in the immediate offing, term themes in the air and exams just around the corner, it is dangerous to show a cheerful face on the campus. And to whistle a bright little ditty practically signs your death warrant. Our new year will not begin until the new semester opens, it would seem.

**IN SWINGTIME:** Two things every college student knows are "yumph" and "Mr. Schon" (pronounced Shane, we hope.) Figure out the pronunciation of "yumph" yourself. It's the new word for personality, "it" and what have you, and is most necessary, we hear.

**Lecturitis:** Dr. Slocombe (his beard is actually a flaming red) made a hit with his audience Monday night. His appearance lived up to the advance notices, which cited him as a man who makes exciting news happen. He was tall and robust in appearance and made rather startling statements about the Far East in his mild, well-bred English voice.

**Orchids after the Winchell manner:** The first orchids of the year go to George Campbell and Troy Douthitt; to George for his music, to Troy for the words that go with it. Two of their songs, presented at the Varsity Show audition, had the catchy rhythm and smooth wording that make people listen, an important quality for a song. About 18 persons tried out at the audition. We have the show, the enthusiasm, the talent, the interest—all we need is a magic crystal-ball to foretell the future of the Varsity Show.

**PERSONALITY OF THE WEEK:** Dan Morgan, for his remarkable talent displayed in three fields: art, poetry and ministry. Dan has taken art work at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., and has made a study of commercial art and sculpturing. His bust of Dr. Clinton Lockhart has caused much favorable comment.

Most of his art work has been done in the field of miniature modeling. He has attempted many dignified and famous subjects, but he admitted that the most popular of his models has been a study of an old Southern darkey.

Dan is now president of the Poetry Club. Last year he won second place in the Bryson Poetry Contest. To climax his busy existence, he is assistant pastor to the Rev. Perry Gresham at the University Christian Church.

**PARTING SHOT:** We hear that the campus news reel, "The Purple Parade," will give you plenty for your money tonight. The show will include campus shots, a Pathe News film, a musical feature and a comedy.

**Homer G. Hultt Speaks On "Life Marches On"**

Homer G. Hultt, state manager of the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company, spoke before all the 9 o'clock TTS classes of business administration Tuesday.

Hultt's subject "Life Marches On" was illustrated by a twenty-five foot chart showing the stages in life and the types of life insurance policies one should buy.

He has in the past made many addresses to business administration classes here and has made possible scholarships for T. C. U. students.

**Dinner Guest of Honor Tonight Is Dr. Lockhart**

At 6:30 tonight Dr. Clinton Lockhart will be the guest of honor at a dinner at the University Christian Church, where he will be presented with a bust of himself, made by Dan Morgan.

Dr. Lockhart is the oldest faculty member on the campus. He came to T. C. U. in 1906 as the president and served until 1911. He has been on the faculty since then.

## Success of Dictators Due to "Young People"

It's fun to hobnob with Mussolini, Hitler and Mahatma Gandhi, to live in the capitals of the European nations and to be in the midst of history making events.

That is the impression made by Dr. George Slocombe, foreign correspondent, novelist and news-maker.

Mussolini was not always a dictator of men and Dr. Slocombe can remember him "when."

He tells this story on his friend, who was with him at the Kahn Conference in Italy in 1922. Mussolini, then the editor of an obscure Italian paper, boasted to the two men, "I have an army of 400,000 young men; I'll be master of Italy within a year."

Dr. Slocombe's friend was derisive. "You can disregard anything Mussolini says," and added, "he is of no importance."

Dr. Slocombe paused in his story

### "Fencing" Is Subject Of Club's Program

"Fencing" was the subject for Les Hidalgo's only meeting for this month, which was held last night.

Jack Murphy spoke on the "History of Fencing" and Billy Jennings, Lamar Stuckert and Miss Isabel Hill demonstrated the art.

Music accompanied the program and refreshments were served afterwards.

### Parabola Club Visits Physics Lab

Members of the Parabola Club were entertained Wednesday night at their meeting held in the physics laboratory by various demonstrations of the physics department.

Also Miss Eva Marie Cooper spoke on "The History of Calculus."

### Bryson Club Selects New Members

New members for the Bryson Club were voted on last Wednesday night at the first meeting of the year at the home of Miss Anne Whitley.

### Mrs. Bryson Entertains "Maverick Boys"

Mrs. A. B. Bryson gave a coffee for the "Maverick" (out-of-town out-of-dormitory) boys in the Cafeteria this morning. The purpose of the gathering was for the boys to become acquainted.

### Intramurals, W. A. A. Give Everyone 'Break'

Classes Include Tennis, Golf Swimming, Boxing, Badminton, Volley and Baseball.

A T. C. U. letter, participation in a varied sports program—these are the chances offered by the intramurals and the Women's Athletic Association.

In all the various sports offered by these two groups, entries are now open for all the intramural classes and part of the W.A.A. sports.

In the intramurals, there have been 30 persons who have entered the badminton class, and entries are still being taken. There is also a large class in handball.

For the first time in the history of T.C.U., the intramural boxing class has entered the Star-Telegram "Golden Gloves" tournament.

The basketball tournament started Wednesday afternoon. The winner in each class will be determined in the intramural open house March 4.

The W.A.A. has some type of sport offered all during the year.

Volleyball has just ended and baseball will start at midyear. Also in the spring, outing, hiking and skating will be offered.

The classes that are open all the year are tennis, golf, horseback riding and swimming.

If a girl stays in the W.A.A. for two years and has taken four sports, she will get a "T" pin. If she works for three years, she gets a jacket, and for four years' participation, she will receive a blanket.

### Music Club, Orchestra Hold Joint Social

The Big Apple, apple-bobbing and a "jam session" were the highlights of the joint social held last Monday night at the Eagle Mountain Lake Lodge by the Music Club and the orchestra.

The meeting was started with Kenneth Vaughan acting as master of ceremonies and introducing a few "warm-up" games. The apple-bobbing contest was won by Herschel Gibbs for the boys and by Miss Betty Seaton for the girls.

The Big Apple dance was illustrated and called by Woodrow Lipscomb. A "jam session" was held with three of the Lightcrust Doughboys, together with Don Hayes, Paul Lipscomb, Jack Harrell and Vaughan.

The "jamming," used for dance music, closed the entertainment.

### Phi Sigma Iota Meet Is Postponed

The next meeting of Phi Sigma Iota has been postponed until Feb. 4 or 11 because of the midsemester examinations, Miss Virginia Clark, president, has announced.

### Ampersand Honors Night Students

Women students of the night school classes were honored by members of the Ampersand Club at three coffees during the past week.

Hostesses for the occasions were Misses Lu Ellen Evans, Ann Day Jarvis, Florence Parks, Virginia Clark, Marjorie Vockel and Marjorie Jones. A lace cloth covered the table, and a silver service and candles were used.

The entertainments were informal and were held in the new Men's Club Room during the intermission of the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening classes.

### Brushes Will Visit Physics Lab

Miss Martha Murray, president of the Brushes Club, asks that all club members meet at the physics laboratory at 2 o'clock this afternoon, where Dr. Newton Gaines will show the club members slides of snowflakes and other objects. The purpose of this exhibition is to demonstrate the perfect patterns observed in these objects.

### Miss Simons Honored At Birthday Dinner

Mrs. R. V. Simons and Miss Ruth Simons honored Miss Virginia Simons with a birthday dinner last Friday night.

Afterwards the couples went to the Den for dancing.

The guest list included: Misses Emajean Haggard, Frances Chandler, Ruth Neal and Martha Murray; Johnny Hall, Al Welsh, W. A. Welsh, Don Looney and Dutch Ehlers.

### Mrs. Hart Addresses Ministers' Wives

Mrs. Bessie Hart spoke to the Ministers' Wives Club last Tuesday night on the problems that will be found in working with the church.

The club met at the home of Mrs. Otto Nielsen. Refreshments were served after the talk by Mrs. Hart.

### Science Club to Hear Guest Speaker

A guest speaker will be presented to the members of the Natural Science Society in the physics laboratory at 7:30 p. next Monday.

### Alpha Chi Initiates 18 Members

Eighteen new members were initiated into Alpha Chi yesterday afternoon in the Brite Club Room. C. H. Richards, president of the class, had charge of the initiation.

New members initiated are Miss Marjorie Jones, William Colquitt, Merrill Rippey, Jack Brooks, Charles Zlatkovich, Miss Clara Shelton, Miss Hazel Thompson, Landon Colquitt, Miss Jessie Van Horn, Miss Marjorie Beetham, Miss Pauline Ernst, Miss Dorothy Jordan, Miss Frances Taylor, Miss Dorothy Rose, Miss Miriam Glaze, Miss Dorothy Cadwalder, Colby Hall and John Alexander.

Members who were initiated last year are C. H. Richards, Richard Poll, Earl Barnes, W. A. Welsh, Charles Robinson, Miss Catherine Haizlip, Mrs. Fanny Pitzer Gordon, Miss Marjorie Vokel and Miss Ann Day Jarvis.

### Science Club Meeting Postponed

The Natural Science Society meeting, which was scheduled for next Monday, has been postponed because of "Dead Week."

### WAA Social Calendar Set for Spring

A progressive dinner, a bridge party, the annual camp and a luncheon are included on the social calendar of the W. A. A. for the spring semester, as set at a business meeting of the organization Tuesday night.

Members of the W. A. A. have been invited to attend a playday in March at W. T. S. T. C. in Canyon, Miss Lu Ellen Evans, president, announced.

The progressive dinner will be held Feb. 15, Miss Evans said, and the bridge party will be March 15. The annual spring camp will begin April 23, and the annual W. A. A. luncheon will be held May 24.

Miss Evans reports that all dues must be paid before Feb. 14. "Only paid members may attend the socials," she said.

Mrs. Helen Murphy has requested all girls taking golf and horseback riding meet in the gymnasium at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hawkins visited their daughter, Janie, last weekend.



*I'm all dated up  
for '38*

*... a date  
with Chesterfield  
will show you how re-  
freshingly mild a cigarette  
can be... it will introduce  
you to that better taste  
that smokers like.*

*Chesterfields will  
give you more pleasure  
than any cigarette you  
ever smoked.*



**Weekly  
Radio Features**  
LAWRENCE TIBBET  
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ  
PAUL WHITEMAN  
DEEMS TAYLOR  
PAUL DOUGLAS

## THE MESSENGER

By A. D. RHEA

First Prize, Short Story  
Freshman Writing Contest  
Spring 1937.

HUGH Livingston stood near the grave of his friend, and though his eyes were fastened attentively on the frock-coated figure who was reading the entombment ceremony in the strangely sonorous voice characteristic of funerals, he heard only snatches of the service. Between the lucid intervals when his mind was able to grasp the words read, his thoughts wandered restlessly. Almost numb with sorrow though he was, his mind was unusually clear and active, but with the strange, clarified intensity that one experiences when in the first stages of an opium illusion. The events of the past few weeks passed in kaleidoscopic review through his mind.

Elliott's death had been so sudden and unexpected that he could hardly believe it was possible. Had it been only one week since he and Elliott had conversed so earnestly on the subject of death and eternity? Was it only last week that he, openly scoffing, and Elliott, sincere and vehement, had argued about the life after death, and the possibilities of communication with the dead?

Elliott made him promise that if one of them should die, they would both make an effort to settle the question one way or another. He had not thought much about it at the time, but now, so soon, he remembered that vow.

"You're so darned cynical," Elliott had remarked "that you've got to write that down. No matter which one of us dies first, I intend to keep my part of the agreement, and I mean for you to keep yours. Here, sign this."

Livingston remembered every word of that note which Elliott had thrust in front of him, almost as if the words were engraved on his mind.

"I hereby swear that I, Hugh Livingston, at intervals during the month following the death of Tom Elliott or myself, will seek to communicate with him, either in this world or the next."

His scrawled signature followed: "Hugh Livingston."

It had been something of a joke on his part at that time, but it was no joke now. He was bound irrevocably by his agreement to a man somewhere beyond, he did not know where. It was difficult for him to analyze his emotions. It would not be fair to Tom if he ignored the promise altogether, as common sense told him he should do. Tom believed in spiritualism, passionately, and he had always been a sensible fellow. He wondered just what process one would use to prepare oneself for communication with another world. How could he prepare his mind for something he felt to be impossible?

The last words of the funeral ceremony brought him back to the present abruptly:

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Perhaps, after all, Elliott could get in communication with him. Perhaps the veil which separates this world from the Eternity could be pierced if the will were strong enough. Where was the Eternity? There must be one, somewhere. The imperfect life one lives on this

world could not be the only one. Why couldn't Elliott communicate with him? He'd been so sincere and determined about it.

The priest had closed the little book, and the crowd was silently dispersing. Livingston stood quietly alone, sensing for the first time the scene about him.

The open grave, into which the gray casket had been lowered, was banked with the bright, unnatural green of the artificial grass carpet. The roses and carnations which covered the mound were strikingly brilliant. Elliott, who had loved harmony and soft, sensitive beauty, would have shuddered at the atrocity.

The sickeningly-sweet odor of the carnations stifled him; he felt that he must move away to where the sweet, fresh air of the early summer day could bring back his senses. He stood for a moment longer, then turned his back on the scene, and blindly hurried away to where John Darwin, junior member of the Livingston and Darwin law firm, was waiting for him in the car. Without words, they drove back to the city.

THE next morning, as Livingston sat at his desk in the quiet dignified office behind the plate-glass door with its gold-lettered sign bearing his name, he stared unseeing before him—his morning correspondence untouched. John Darwin, who was rattling papers and frowning thoughtfully, with a great show of industry, marveled at such a lack of attention on the part of the older member of the firm, usually so methodical in his dealings. Darwin could scarcely refrain from commenting on the fact, for he remembered many occasions on which Livingston's sardonic remarks to him, when he found pleasure more pressing than business, had been rather cutting.

Hours passed, and still Livingston sat, almost expressionless, as if in a trance. Darwin's wonder increased but suddenly remembering the funeral of the day before, he dismissed the anxiety from his mind with an "Oh well, I guess the old man is taking Elliott's death rather seriously. Didn't know he had it in him."

Darwin got his hat, stopped at the door to tell his secretary in the adjoining office that he had a "conference" and would not be in again that morning, and left his partner in the office alone.

In his mind, Livingston was groping for some explanation of his own mood—analyzing, searching, fearing. He had spent a horrible, sleepless night after the funeral the day before, and the questionings which filled his thoughts seemed to have paralyzed his brain, except for the one idea which recurred again and again with the regularity of drumbeats—could he get in communication with Elliott? And if he could, must he try?

Common sense had once told him that it was preposterous, absurd. But now, he was not so sure. The peculiar state of mind which now possessed him, the strange inhibition which seemed to have made him incapable of logical thinking did not make him feel quite so sure of this as he had once been. He wanted to know the truth. He wanted to be free from the clutching fingers of doubt and uncertainty which gripped him. Of one thing he was certain: he would

never receive that message unless he could create within himself some power of will to receive it. He must live with the idea, must put his entire mind to the one purpose. The idea of concentrating his mind, trained as it was to sound reasoning and analytical law procedure, on such abstract and remote things, had once seemed impossible. He remembered quite well his own laughing statement to Elliott that he was lacking in the artistic temperament which his friend possessed, and could hardly be expected to understand such nonsense. And now suppose Elliott were out there somewhere, seeking to reach him, and his very nature stood in the way. He wondered if it would be possible to will his mind out into the space of the unknown. Radio had made possible the ability to pick up sound from the air. Could his mind, attuned to a much finer pitch,

"Why—oh—no—yes, yes, Miss Bryant. Come on in," Livingston actually stammered. The sight of this very live person had brought him back to earth with a start. He felt like a drowning man gasping for air. A human presence, anything, anybody, would help. "I do want to dictate some letters," he said, more calmly now. "Can you take them now?"

"Certainly, Mr. Livingston. Just one minute while I get my notebook."

As she withdrew from the room, Livingston suddenly felt that he must call her back. He was afraid to be alone—afraid of that feeling of his mind floating away into space, and leaving his body sitting there, mute and lifeless.

"All ready," was her cheerful reply as she entered the room. "Here are six letters that came this morning. One's only an advertisement. Don't suppose you want

take care of yourself," Mary said anxiously. Never before in all her five years in his firm had she seen Hugh Livingston ill. "Do go home, and to bed, and don't even think of business. I'll carry on for you here."

"Thank you. I guess I'm upset. I'll rest this afternoon, and I'll be all right."

Mary Bryant left the room. Livingston got his hat and cane and started toward the door. Slowly, half-ashamed, and wondering at his own action, he walked back to his desk, stood hesitatingly, there for a moment, then reached into the wastebasket and picked up the advertisement which Mary had thrown away at his command. He pocketed it without a glance and walked hurriedly out the door.

All the way down to the first floor, as the elevator descended, then as he subconsciously turned in the direction in which his bachelor apartment was located, he kept wondering why he had gone back for the card. He did not intend to use it; it was absurd, and he had thought so when he ordered his secretary to throw it away. He had received advertisements of the same kind before and thought nothing of them, and now he had let this unnerve him in a manner totally foreign to his nature.

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently to throw off the feeling, and tried to force his thoughts to some other subject. It was useless. As he passed the public library, he walked in and turned in the card index to the books under the subject "Spiritualism." He received two books from the surprised librarian who habitually handed out to Mr. Livingston ponderous volumes on law and economics.

He walked directly home, not allowing his mind to revert to the subject of Elliott during the twelve blocks to the club. He usually rode home, but today he hoped to relieve some of the tumult in his mind by physical exercise.

When he reached the clubhouse, he passed directly through the deserted lounge to his room. He sat down in front of the window which commanded a view of the western horizon, free from the obstruction of the buildings which surrounded the club on all other sides, and opened his book. The history related the evolution of spiritualism as practiced among the ancient peoples of the world. He read, not from a prejudiced point of view, but with an open mind and a determination to weigh carefully each bit of knowledge gained from the book.

In the description of certain forms of spiritualism practiced in different countries, he found this statement which impressed him greatly:

"A higher form of spirit possession is that in which a man's mind is controlled by the in-dwelling spirit, so that he becomes a medium through which the thought and will of the spirit are communicated. This is akin to the inspiration of the prophets by the gods. The phenomena of telepathy and telephasia, of mind reading and fortune telling, of hypnotism, foreboding, and divided personality are due partly to possession by spirits of the dead, and by divine power from the gods."

Livingston read on and on, absorbed in the description of the

(Continued on page 2)

### First Love

*She let me kiss her painted lips  
Aware that lips are lies,  
She gave me back each parching kiss  
And shut her painted eyes.*

*She shut her quiet eyes because  
She dares not speak the truth.  
What if to her this is not love,  
Dare she spoil the dream of youth?*

*She flung my love to the wanton winds  
And broke my heart in twain—  
But oh!—would she come asking,  
I'd give it back again.*

—Dan Morgan.

and more sensitive to impressions, catch other thoughts which sought to make contact? He thought of how electricity could leap across space from one contact to another, and the application of the analogy to his own situation startled him. He realized this fact: that at the death of Elliott, he had been wondering and questioning if Elliott could send a message; if it were possible for spirits to communicate; and even if there was an Eternity. Now it seemed as if he no longer considered that phase; he was taking that fact for granted; he felt sure Elliott could send the message. He was now thinking, "Can I receive it?"

The realization of his changed attitude surprised him and moved him so that he could hardly control his emotions. His hands gripped the edge of his desk in his effort for self-control; cold sweat stood upon his forehead; he felt faint and weak.

"If I don't pull myself together, I'll go mad," he muttered aloud, not realizing he had spoken. "I must control myself. I'm acting like a schoolboy," he thought. But his desperate effort for self-control did not lift the cloud of doubt and fear from his heart.

Mary Bryant, his secretary, entered the room with the morning mail. "Some letters, Mr. Livingston," she said cheerfully. "Are you ready for the morning dictation?"

She paused, halfway across the room, surprised at the frightened and worried expression on the face of her brisk, business-like employer, for whom she had worked for five years, and who still called her Miss Bryant.

that—some old fortune-teller, or spirit medium, or something."

Livingston started and turned to her suddenly. "I beg your pardon, Miss Bryant. What did you say it is?"

"It says, 'Madame Euphasia Toronto, Bridge between the Known and the Unknown. Do you have a relative or friend with whom you wish to communicate? Do you desire contact with someone in the Beyond? Madam Toronto can make that contact! Seances begin each evening at 8 o'clock, 1008 E. Sixty-third Street.'"

"Absurd!" Livingston barked. "Throw it away."

Mary dropped the card into the wastepaper basket, surprised at such vehemence from the usually smooth-tempered, coldly-polite Mr. Livingston. "Sorry," Mary said in an offended tone. "I'm ready to take the letters."

Livingston picked up the first of the letters lying on the desk and read it through, then started reading it again, before he realized that he did not know what he was reading. Mary Bryant observed that he was trembling violently, but she said nothing.

Livingston made one last effort to concentrate on the letter, but his mind was clouded with some feeling which he could not shake off.

"I—that's all for today, Miss Bryant. I think I must be ill. You may go, if Mr. Darwin doesn't need you when he comes back. I believe I'll go home."

"You've been working too hard. That Davidson murder case was so very trying on your nerves, and you had so much responsibility during those weeks that you didn't

# The Messenger

(Continued from page 1)

gradual development of the cult of spiritualism up to the present. At length, he raised his eyes, startled to find that it was growing dark. Although it was nearly noon when he came home, he did not realize that he had been reading for many hours.

His glance traveled to the window and stopped, arrested by the beauty of the sight there. The sun was setting. Strange that he had never closely observed that view before. Of a sudden, on the western horizon two golden doors had begun closing on a canopy of night, and in and out of them seemed to pass glittering, swift-winged things, as souls might tread the Gates of Heaven. The clouds that floated in an unending stream out of the gloom across the orange-hued western sky seemed like travelers pressed onward by the breath of destiny. They were black and somber, until they caught the radiance of the setting sun; then they took on the shining brightness of wings. Then one by one they floated off onto nothingness. Livingston's mind floated off with them. Perhaps it was worth while to be a mere drift of cloud, storm-driven and rain-laden in the bitter night of life, if deliverance brought such transformation. Beyond those gates lay the answer to the mystery which he longed to penetrate.

The sun sank below the skyline; the golden gates were shut. He had begun dreaming, and was chilled to the bone. Mental and bodily wretchedness took possession of him. He was faint from not having eaten since morning, but he did not feel his hunger. His mind was absorbed with one thought which had become almost a passion, to get in touch with the spirit of Elliott. Now he no longer reasoned with himself, but openly, nakedly, in his own heart gave his will over to the achievement of this unnatural end.

How was it to be done? That was the sole dilemma which tormented him, as the possible method of obtaining the drink he craves, or the drug that gives him peace and radiant visions, torment the morphia victim in his guarded prison. He thought of all the electrical appliances in existence, innumerable as might be their possibilities. Unsolvably as seemed the mystery of their power, they were still physical effects in accordance with the laws of nature. What he sought lay beyond nature and was subject to some rule of which he did not even know the elements, and much less the axioms. Man-made machines were here as futile as the prayers of an archbishop. The link was missing. He must discover the spiritual ether, and also the animating force by which it might be influenced. This he knew to be the rule: to beat down the flesh and its instincts, and to nurture the spirit and its powers. And this was the end, to escape before the time, if only at intervals, into an atmosphere of vision true or false, where human feet were meant to find no road, the earth-bound soul of man no point of outlook. Livingston wanted more desperately than he had ever wanted anything in his life to reach that frame of mind, but years of sane, prosaic existence bound him to the earthly.

As he aroused himself from the trance into which he had fallen, and rose from the chair, he felt old and stiff. All his life he had kept in good trim, and he had not allowed his forty-odd years to change his appearance to any great extent. Since he was thirty he had looked somewhat the same. Now as he clicked on the light and caught a glimpse of his reflection in the dressing-table mirror, he was startled. Lines about his

mouth made him look as weary and tired as he felt. His brown eyes had the strained appearance of having looked too long into a distance for some object which is dim and almost invisible. He extinguished the light and went to bed in the darkness. He did not expect to sleep, but somehow, from sheer exhaustion, he slept, and it was several hours later that he awoke. Every nerve in his body tingled as though it were receiving some of that mysterious current that filled his mind with strange memories and foresights. Visions filled him, visions which he could not define, and which slipped from him when he tried to grasp them. His spirit blanched with the dread of the mysterious current which possessed his being. He had worked himself into this frenzy by the power of suggestion, or was he about to receive some message from the spirit world? Suddenly he was afraid, desperately so. He feared a loss of his sanity. He knew that his nerves were past his control.

His long years of law experience had taught him enough of human psychology to make him cognizant of the fact that one can work one's self into any state of mind merely by suggestion, and he wondered to what extent he had allowed himself to be influenced in that way. Of one thing he was sure, the message from Elliott would never come of his own calling. He knew that he could never achieve it alone. He made his decision. He would go to the medium whose card then lay in his coat pocket, and by this last effort, he would know the truth. He would free himself from the harrowing doubts and misgiving which possessed his soul; he would free himself so that he could go his way unmolested by the desire to penetrate the veil which hung between him and the Eternity, or free to worship at the shrine of spiritualism. He would go to her, willing to know the truth, and with an honest desire to accept any word which might come; but if she failed, then he would be free from the awful dread which held him in its grip.

For the first time since Elliott's death, he relaxed, and slept soundly until morning.

THE next day, Livingston was outwardly composed, and performed the tasks of the office methodically, but beneath the calm exterior, he was taut and strained. He had made his appointment with Madame Euphasia for that evening, and his nerves were attuned for the occasion as violin strings are tuned to the touch of the master's hands, by stretching.

Livingston often wondered later how he existed through that day, how he managed to be natural and composed when his soul was seething with emotion. As eight o'clock drew near, Livingston was ready for the events of the night, ready to be convinced. His mind was as eager to grasp a message as it would ever be. Never again would he question. He would know the truth that night.

Promptly at eight o'clock Livingston grasped the handle of the knocker on the door of 1008 Sixty-third Street. His heart was beating so loudly that he wondered if the dark-skinned Oriental who answered the door could hear it.

The Oriental spoke only three words as he led Livingston into the presence of Euphasia, "This way, sahib."

The medium was fat and old, and of some foreign birth. Her swarthy complexion, her black hair, and her piercing eyes with a slight upward slant spoke of the Orient, but her English had only a slight accent, which seemed Spanish.

Livingston was startled to find in the reception room seven people already assembled. Somehow he had expected to be alone with the medium. He could tell at a glance

those members of the group who were sincere in their belief, and who had been there before. The tight-lipped, sternly reserved woman sitting erect and motionless on the edge of her chair looked as if it were an old and essential experience in her life. Only three of the group were women; the rest were men, all well-dressed.

Euphasia waddled majestically to the middle of the room and began speaking in her queerly droning voice: "My freens, I am so glad you have come. The speerets have sent you to me. For several days I have been troubled with some message which I cannot get without help. Weel you follow me?"

She led them into a tiny room, brightly lighted with an electric light in the center, directly above a round table. About this table were placed nine chairs. Euphasia seated herself, her back to the door, and indicated the places where each of them was to sit.

Livingston she placed beside her, on her right. Next to him, the gray-haired, stern-faced woman whom he had observed in the ante-room. On the woman's right, Euphasia seated a rather cynical-looking young man who kept grinning knowingly at another young man who sat next to him. They had both been drinking. Next to the boys sat a very young and very frightened woman, a pale, thin little blonde who clung to the hand of the heavy, burly young man who was her husband. Lines of recent grief marked his face, and he kept rubbing his arm across his brow as though he were dazed or stunned by some unexpected event.

A tired-looking gray-haired man in a well-tailored business suit, a fat, over-dressed, jewel-bedecked woman of the type usually found at the abodes of fortune tellers and mystics, and a quiet, reserved man whose dark eyes looked intently about and missed nothing, completed the circle.

The quiet was unbroken for several minutes. The grinning boys began to look ill at ease, then almost frightened.

Livingston looked straight in front of him, seeing nothing.

"Now," Euphasia began in an impressive voice, deep and low, so low that the group leaned forward in order to hear, "Weel you please get in a receptive mood for the message weech you seek? I cannot work where there is unbelief. Think! Think upon those who have gone away. Think of the life beyond, and let there be complete quiet."

The moment was tense, dramatic. To most of the members of the party about the table it meant either complete belief in Euphasia or the scoffings of the unconverted. To Livingston it meant far more. Upon the results of that seance hung his sanity, his return to the normal or his conversion to the doctrine. Either way he felt that it would be a relief; the uncertainty was driving him mad.

Euphasia sat close to the table, and her long black dress touched the table legs. Her left foot was placed on the instep of Livingston's right foot; her other foot on that of the man on her left. This was her guarantee that her feet would play no part in the phenomenon. The light was still burning brightly.

The eight members of the group sat about the table with their hands on its upper surface, interlocked to form a chain. The medium pressed Livingston's foot and that of the man to her left, and asked them if the control was satisfactory. They answered in the affirmative.

The silence for a moment was intense; then, almost inaudibly at first, louder and louder raps came from the table. Then came responsive raps. The medium closed her eyes, stiffened; then, doubling her hands, she beat the air with her

fists in a jerky, spasmodic movement.

The attention of the group centered almost painfully on the woman. Livingston sat as if hypnotized, his whole being strained to catch the faintest indication of the message he sought.

The table began slowly to rock back and forth; then as she held the hand of the man to her left high above their heads, and placed that of Livingston on the table, the table moved up into the air, several inches off the floor, every leg was raised.

Not a sound broke the stillness save a choking from Livingston. The feverish, tense attitude of strained attention on the part of the entire company gave proof of the emotional tumult in every mind.

Slowly the table settled back on the floor. The group which formed the circle sat with fascinated eyes glued on the face of the medium.

Raps came on the table. One, two, three—pause—then four quick raps together. Euphasia, her voice seeming to come from a long way off, spoke, "I receive a message from someone"—her eyes swept the group, and settled on the young man and his wife. "A child." The group tensed. The woman seemed to wilt; she leaned closer to the strong man, who appeared not to hear. Euphasia closed her eyes, jerked spasmodically, and choked out, "I—want—to—come—back, Mommie."

The young woman screamed once, like an animal in pain, then pressed her hand over her mouth and sat, uttering little moans. The young man's shoulders shook with suppressed sobs.

At the sudden, short interruption of the intense quiet, Euphasia opened her eyes, straightened and said sternly, "The message—now it ees gone. You should not have done that. You weel have to come back another time. Theen, perhaps—" With a wave of her hands, she dismissed them from her thoughts.

"I shall try again," she murmured. The group waited, tense and expectant.

The silence was again broken by raps on the table. They came in quick succession now. Euphasia's face assumed the trance-like expression of one who listens to sounds far away.

"The message," she panted at last. "The one I have been feeling. It is for somebody who has recently lost a friend." Livingston tensed. Euphasia turned to him, "The speeret is calling you, calling," she jerked, "calling, calling."

Three raps from the table. "The message." This time she almost shouted. The expression on Hugh Livingston's face was almost that of a madman. His eyes were staring wildly, his parched lips apart, and his breath came in great sobbing gusts. His hand clutched that of Euphasia as she continued. "I'm—all right—H-u-g-h," she spelled out. "Don't worry—"

Euphasia paused. "Go on," Livingston urged frantically.

Euphasia seemed not to hear. Her eyes rolled; her body stiffened, relaxed, stiffened, relaxed. The raps came, this time more insistent.

"I—shall—come—back," she spoke again. "Don't—let—"

She stopped suddenly, and her expression changed to one of sudden fury. Livingston, leaning toward her in his effort to urge her on, did not notice.

The table gave one last convulsive heave, and the quick, sharp voice of the man to her left sounded through the stillness like a pistol shot.

"O. K., Sam, hold that until I move the table. You be still!" He thundered the words in Euphasia's direction. A muffled voice came from be-

neath the table. "She's kicking like a mule. Hurry up!"

The dazed group, still sitting with their hands clasped together, did not realize what was happening. Livingston felt only anger that his message was interrupted.

"Will you help me lift the table, Mr. Livingston?" the man asked.

Livingston looked at him dazedly. The man pulled back his coat to reveal the insignia of a police detective.

"You are Mr. Livingston, aren't you?"

Livingston nodded and pulled himself to a standing posture. He reeled like a drunken man. Slowly, his self-control came to him, and he and the detective lifted the table up and over the group sitting in the circle. On the floor where the table had been, crouched an officer in uniform, holding desperately to Euphasia's foot, which was raised in position to tap the top of the table.

"Gees," he muttered, "kin I get up now?"

The detective nodded. The group sat, still unable to grasp the meaning of the scene before them.

"Gees," the big policeman muttered again, this time to Livingston. "She had me almost believing her for a while, till I nearly forget to watch her feet, but I says to myself, 'Well, if the great lawyer Livingston thinks its worth his time to come here to help detect a fraud, then it's up to me. Pat O'Malley, to tend to my end of it, which is the foot.'" He grinned, and walked over to Livingston. "Would you shake hands with Sergeant Patrick O'Malley, who is glad of the privilege of helping in a case with ye?"

The detective, who had been watching Livingston intently, interrupted him. He, too, held out his hand. "Yes," he said, "we do thank you. I wonder how you came to know we were going to do this tonight. I've just called a police car, and when the reporters arrive, I'll surely mention your helping us. That will explain your presence."

The last words, together with the straight, meaningful look he gave him, brought Livingston back to his senses.

"Thank you," he answered quickly. No other words were necessary.

O'Malley, from his position beside Euphasia, whose hands had been cuffed together, kept talking, mostly to himself, but to anybody who would listen "Yes, sir, she nearly had me fooled. But then I guess she wasn't so smart after all. Anybody could tell that it was a baby them young people had lost, just by looking at them, and she didn't say anything in the message I couldn't of said. Also anybody who reads a newspaper could of seen that Mr. Livingston was a friend of Mr. Elliott. She ain't so good. And when I seen that foot move so that Mr. Livingston's was on Mr. Garvey's, I knew she was a fake."

The members of the seance party kept edging toward the door. Detective Garvey stopped them.

"We'll need your names as witnesses," he said. "You've just seen the fraud of the cleverest medium anywhere discovered. We've been on her trail for two years," he added to Livingston.

"You see what a woman like this could do," the detective continued. "She preys on the emotions until sane people will believe her. I'm glad you happened to know we were coming tonight, so you could see this fraud disclosed. Here comes the car."

The police car rattled to a stop. A crowd began collecting outside.

"Yes, I see what a woman like this can do," Livingston said in a natural voice. "And (his hand pressed that of the detective), I thank you, more than you'll ever know."

# HIGH GATE-POSTS

By Marjorie Sewall

part of New Mexico we gate-posts so that a ridge-joose-legged in the saddle rhythm of his pony as over the fan-spread of see the gate and nose toward it without losing High gate posts are the tie us ranchers to the days of the first changes when horses were means of getting from to another. We all still high gate posts on our that is, all except my neighbor Swain. He has just one left.

lives near me in a house alters cool shadows in the wide porches. But Boone care for his house. He is a his land. He loves it for coarse mesquite grass from the earth and not thick, burbling oil that under the surface.

comes to my house and his boots on my front steps his creased hat back forehead as he stoops door. In the split second takes Boone to cross gate to my doorstep. I re the pantomime a little boy day in my branding cor- this is the way you walk" lifted his feet as if they "And this is how Boone The boy was across the the dart of a chaparral's

dinner table Boone bends his plate as he guides the into his fork with the bis- his hand. The muscles of tense and relax under skin that shines slick- his dash in the washpan as at the windmill.

dinner, we squat on our with our backs against wall. Boone rolls a cig- between his thumb and fore- He licks the edge of the paper with his tongue, the end and cups the match with his hands. I wait to dry twang of his voice sounds like grass in the fall the hoof of a pony.

Man Eaves says feed's goin' high this fall." "By dollars a ton," the papers going to buy?" I re-

"I'll buy. What's more I'll a prairie dog hole against dicate dime my steer year- weigh yours by a hundred- this fall. Just like they al-

will collect, too. He is of his cattle. He puts all his from oil leases into them. cottonseed cake by the to feed when everyone else eezing how to manage a ton He breeds his cows to calves in December so that calves will have almost a year's by marketing time the next to other rancher bothers to the calving season; calves the spring as they always

he rubs his shoulders against and grinds his boots deep- the dust. We both glance east at the spider-legged back a quarter of a mile on Boone's place.

"Ned," Boone exclaims, "if well shows good, the first I do I'll buy me four new mills and a fresh water for every mill."

Old Man Green at the Store?"

get 'em out of Roswell. Green's too dam high. what that old skinflint Tuesday? Said he'd sell new sixteen-inch tank for

\$24 to take the place of the one in the North Pasture that the Winkler doodlebug fellows tore up. How'd he know those oil fellows ruined a tank for me? By God, I don't care about everybody in Coverton knowing what happens to me. And as for those doodlebug guys, not another one of them is comin' poking 'round over my pasture, drilling holes in my section corners, and shootin' up my water tanks. Came to me this morning and wanted to pay me \$2 a shot to set their instruments on my land. I told 'em to get the hell out of there and if I caught a one of 'em in my pasture I'd cut down every one of my high gate posts so they couldn't tell where a single gate was if they were going to be drawn at sunrise. I'll make these oil fellows see they're not so smart as they think they are when they try traipsing 'round over this flat prairie without a gate post to steer by."

It was several days after Boone had laid down the law about the tanks and gate posts that I rode my blaze-face into my Little Well Pasture to look after a two-year-old I had seen with a grass knot on her throat. When I had cut the knot quarter-wise with my pocket-knife and slapped the cow with my rope to send her back to the herd, I swung into the saddle to go to see Boone. Only a fence separated my Little Well Pasture from Boone's home section. A plain barbed wire with sixteen-foot posts. I had loped my pony over a quarter of a mile when, just out of habit, I looked to spot Boone's gate. I slowed my blaze-face and squinted my eyes. Nothing but a straight line of marching fence posts separated me from him. He had cut down his high gate posts. The top of the stumps were as smooth as yellow butter.

When I lifted the horse-shoe that unlatches Boone's front gate, he was slumped in a chair on the porch with his heels on the rail. The leaves of the cotton-wood trees dappled the house with shadows and a Delco frigidaire whirred in the depths of the kitchen. Boone did not shift a boot-heel.

"Well, you've done it," I said. "By Ned! I sure have." His boots hit the floor with a whack. "Sawed every post clean off. That'll teach 'em not to come poking 'round in other folks' pastures, shootin' blasts in section corners." "You'll maybe dance to another reel when the Winkler Company cancels their lease for your interfering with their exploration activities."

"Not by a tank-full. Winkler may own the mineral rights to my land clear down to Hell, but there ain't no company can dictate what I do on the surface."

But I saw the red begin to crawl up the back of his neck. I had introduced an idea he had not thought of. I left Boone in the same chair with his feet on the rail. But his Adam's apple was working up and down against the band on his collar. He was thinking of what might happen with cake at forty dollars a ton and no Winkler lease money in the bank.

The cow whose throat I lanced did not do well, and I was busy for two or three days looking after her and others like her. But the boys who dropped by and propped themselves against my kitchen wall talked.

"Guess Boone's calves won't outweigh everybody's in the county this fall. The Winkler Company's canceling their lease on that forty in his home pasture." "Heard about Boone? Cut down his high gate posts to keep the

doodle-bugs from working his land. Now, the company's threatening to cancel their lease."

"Know Boone Swain's turned outlaw? Took a shot-gun to a crew of geophysical fellows other day when they tried to survey his land."

"Goin' to have the case up before a lawyer in Coverton Saturday. Better come. Seeing Boone mad's better than lickin' a pile of wild-cats."

In Coverton Saturday I met Boone coming from the lawyer's office with its narrow little window. His jaw would have peeled the bark from a cedar post.

"Come on and have a drink," he called. "Just finished signing a new lease with the Winkler fellows. And, by Ned, I'm going to take this money and buy me every roll of sheep fence Old Man Green's got in the Hardware Store."

Boone counted the change for the drinks. He gripped his glass and tilted his head to pour the whiskey down his throat.

"Well, then, guess you'll be putting back your high gate posts," I offered.

Boone's Adam's apple hit his collar band with a bump.

"One," he said as he ground his glass hard on the bar and rose to shove through the door.

With lease money in the bank Boone is once more sure that his steers will outweigh every other rancher's on the plains. Once more a line of marching fence posts with a sixteen foot gate separates my Little Well Pasture from his home section. It is a five foot net wire fence so tight a cottontail couldn't squeeze through, and those high gate posts are the only ones on Boone's ranch. Occasionally, he puts a padlock on the gate and stands by to open it with a scrape when the Winkler geophysical crew comes through.

## Autumn Reverie

The skies are bleak—  
Have been all week;  
The clouds are gray  
Once more today;  
It soon will rain,  
I fear, again;  
The trees are bare,  
And everywhere  
The Fall is here—  
Just like last year  
It makes me sigh:  
I, too, must die  
Sometime, somewhere, without  
a sound,  
When my own Autumn comes  
around . . .

—W. A. Welsh

## Advice

Spend your nights weeping  
For lost love to return;  
Spend your days crying  
With eyes that sting and burn;  
He is gone forever,  
He won't come again,  
So carefully seal your heart  
And get another man.

—Virginia Simons

## THIS SUPPLEMENT

This first issue of The Skiff Literary Supplement is sponsored jointly by the journalism and English departments. The English department committee which selected the material was Miss Lorraine Sherley, Mrs. Artemisia Bryson, and Dr. M. D. Clubb.

## Skyscraper

A mighty bulk of stone and steel upthrust  
How rightly named the Scrapper of the Skies,  
Its slender lines like soaring wings arise;  
Its highest towers sway in each quick gust  
Of perennial winds that race on high; the trust  
Of man in conquering Fate has built this prize,  
Which he has flaunted in God's very eyes.  
Man has forgotten that his place is dust.

Over all things the splendid building reigns  
Spurning the ground in its stupendous height  
In proud defiance of all laws it strains  
To burst its moorings in tremendous flight.  
As once man with his quick, ingenious power  
Conceived and built a foolish Babel Tower.

—Everitt Gillis

## Keeping Awake In Church

BY ORA SHELTON Second Prize, Essay Freshman Writing Contest Spring 1937.

I cannot remember when I did not go to church on Sunday morning. Nor can I remember when I have heard a whole sermon. Sleeping in church may be excusable when a person is six or seven years old, but when she is of college age the habit is embarrassing. I sometimes wonder if I would not be more religious if I slept at home in bed instead of in church, where I disturb those pious souls who want to hear what the preacher says, but who want even more to know what is causing the funny noises that sound like a saw mill.

My earliest attempts at keeping my eyes open were very simple. First, I tore my printed program or Sunday School lesson paper into half, then one of those halves into halves, and so on until finally nothing remained but a handful of confetti. I raced furiously with the preacher to see if I could tear the whole paper to pieces before he finished his sermon. If I won the race, the bits of paper went between the pages of the song book and I made up stories about what would happen when someone opened the book. If I lost, and I often did, I clutched the paper until I shook hands at the door with the preacher, when I left half of it with him and the rest I gave to the wind as soon as I got outside.

I loved to play games, and if it was possible, I made a story about the Sunday School lesson, putting myself in place of the main character. When all other stories failed at being dramatized, I came back to the faithful story of the flood, pretending that I was to go into the ark and could choose from the congregation on that day a complete outfit of clothing. The task of choosing a hat was easy. Women then wore large hats, some of them with plumes. My teacher always wore an unusually large hat with a lovely plume, which I liked very much, and since she was already my ideal in everything, I chose her hat to take on the ark. But I was harder to please when I came to choose a dress. Maybe I liked Mrs. Jones' sleeves, but the color of Miss Jackson's was prettier, or the collar on Mrs. Martin's was daintier. Then I did not play quite fair with myself and imagined a new dress combining the good qualities of each one I liked. Some of the women, poor dears, never had anything I wanted to take on the ark. I knew that Mrs. Johnson's hat had been made over for the third year, because they were our neighbors and her little girl told me so.

The day the sparrow flew in while the soloist was singing "His Eye Is on the Sparrow" was very exciting. If the bird had not found the broken window for a few minutes, I should not have had to count the times the preacher said "the."

I could never have lived through

eighteen years of church services had it not been for hymn-books. I first made the titles in the index into pairs. I read each title hundreds of times in the course of those eighteen years, but one combination, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" "No, Not One," always brought forth a giggle that everyone investigated. Tiring of "cross questions and crooked answers," as that game certainly was, I began to add words and phrases to make complete sentences of the titles. The most amusing procedure was to add the same phrases to each title and notice the meaning of the new title. I have added the numbers of the pages, although by the time I reached four or five thousand my eyes were too heavy to see the next number, and I have diagrammed the words of hymns on the fly-leaf. The greatest difficulty in diagramming was that only the children's hymns could be used; I could never find both subject and predicate in the hymns the adults sang.

I shall never forgive the person who suggested that I count the number of people present. The first time I put the suggestion into practice the choir had sung "We All Like Sheep Have Gone Astray" and the pastor was preaching from the text, "The Lord is my shepherd," and counting heads was so much like counting sheep that I immediately went to sleep.

The person who invented diamond-shaped bits of glass in church windows will never know how much he has helped me. Besides helping me keep awake for fifteen minutes to watch the sunlight coming in through the colored glass, he has made it possible for me to work numerous math problems, including the theorems, "Vertical angles are equal," "Exterior-interior angles are equal," and "Alternate interior angles are equal," thus saving the time which would otherwise have to be spent in working geometry for the following Monday.

I cannot guarantee any of these panaceas; I have tried all of them and none of them worked. Many of my friends have given me "fool-proof" remedies, but they have been no more effective than the remedies given me for insomnia. You see, I cannot sleep at night and I cannot stay awake on Sunday morning. Perhaps that is beside the point, but maybe I can find therein some reason for my sleeping-sickness. My inclination to reverse the natural order of sleeping affects only me at night, but it affects everyone, including the pastor, the choir, and the organist on Sunday morning.

Last Sunday I discovered a new device which promises success. It may succeed, and it may fail as the others have done, but I shall give it a fair trial. I listened to the pastor's sermon

# OLD MAIDS

By Florence Colston

Having been a member of the Sisterhood of Old Maids for a number of years (exact number not stated), I feel that I should be qualified to speak for and about the order.

Like great men there are three kinds of old maids: some are born old maids, some achieve old maidhood, and some have old maidhood thrust upon them. I always state that I am an old maid from choice—without saying whose choice. We are also known as spinsters, maiden ladies, ladies-in-waiting, unappropriated blessings, and bachelor girls.

Few, if any, girls start life planning to be old maids. In her youth, each has a vision of a tall, handsome hero, brave and tender, loving and true, well educated, of course, of good social position, and if not rich, at least in the process of becoming so. But alas, the supply of paragons doesn't seem to equal the demand; so many of them finally compromise. In fact, so common is the compromise that it has been embodied in a well known story. A young girl said to her mother one day: "Mother, if I don't marry will I be an old maid like Aunt Jane?"

"Yes, dear."

"And if I marry, will I have a husband like daddy?"

"Yes, dear."

You remember the little girl sighed and said: "It's a hard world on us women, isn't it, mother?"

Even so, if, as we are told, "a half loaf is better than none" perhaps a husband minus some of the desired qualities is better than no husband at all. Those of us who drive Fords and Chevrolets know that is true about autos. Far be it from us old maids to pass judgment.

Then, too, different qualities appeal to different ages. It is said that the maid of twenty asks, "Who is he?" she of thirty, "What has he?" while the forty-year-old inquires, "Where is he?"

There is a story told of one old maid who must have been in the forty-year-old class and who decided to pray for a husband. Repairing to a secluded spot in the woods, she knelt under a tree and began, "Oh, Lord, send me a husband. Please, Lord, send me a husband." An owl in the branches overhead cried "Hoo-o-o, hoo-o-o." "Oh, anybody, Lord," she said. "I'm not particular."

Hearing it said that as Eve was fashioned from one of Adam's ribs, even so, every woman, in a sense was the rib of some man and could never find full happiness until she had found her place by the side of that particular man, a member of the Sisterhood expressed herself as follows:

Oh, unknown man whose rib I am  
Why don't you come for me?  
A lonely, homesick rib I am  
That would with others be.  
I want to wed; there now, 'tis said,  
I'll not deny nor fib.  
I want my man to come at once  
And claim his rib.

Some men have thought that I was theirs,  
But only for a bit.  
We soon found out it would not do.  
We didn't seem to fit.  
There's just one place, the only space  
I'll fit, and I'll not fib.  
I want my man to come at once  
And claim his rib.

There was a time when it was not difficult to know whether a woman was an old maid or not. When you were introduced to "Miss" Jones, you knew she had never been married. You looked at her, estimated her age, then classified her mentally. But, now, life is not so simple. "Miss" Jones may

belong in any one of three classes. She may be one who has never married; she may have gone to Reno a "Mrs." and come away a "Miss"; or she may be in the class with Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, who is privately Mrs. Wilson; Miss Amelia Earhart, the aviatrix, who was Mrs. Putnam, Miss Joan Crawford, the screen star, who is also Mrs. Franchot Tone. The list could be extended indefinitely.

Discretion suggests that gentlemen be careful to find out whether the attractive "Miss" they have just met belongs in this last class, and thus avoid embarrassing, not to say dangerous, meetings with the husband.

The popular conception of bachelors and spinsters is thus expressed:

"Here's to the bachelor, so happy and gay.

It is not his fault; he was born that way.

And here's to the spinster, so lonely and good.

It is not her fault; she hath done what she could."

But since Marjorie Hillis has told us how "To Live Alone and Like It," the spinster, if she will, can be "happy and good" instead of "lonely and good." Did you ever stop to think that Old Maids are a Christian institution? There are none in pagan countries. And how useful old maids are at times! They send Johnny and Mary to college, lend (?) money to relatives, and give advice on how to rear children. Of course the advice is not always followed nor rated high by the recipient. A social worker had been addressing a group of underprivileged mothers on the care of children. After the meeting one mother was heard to say to another: "I don't need no old maid to tell me nothing about raising chilluns. I've buried eight."

Among the women whose lives have been a blessing to humanity and whose names rank high in the Hall of Fame we find three old maids: Florence Nightingale, Frances E. Willard and Jane Addams. Many others as well known and many not so well known have also labored faithfully according to their talents that others might have a more abundant life. They did what they did, and it was good.

## Return

*Green are the hills,  
Bright are the flowers in  
Red River valley.  
Copper-skinned Indians  
Flee from the white men  
Searching for gold.  
Yellow pine houses  
Spring out on the mountain;  
Long gray gashes  
Cut in the mountain.  
Light blue smoke  
Rising from chimneys;  
Muddy brown ruts  
Made in the grasses.  
Long silver rails  
And cold black ashes  
Of the new railway.*

*Then gone is the gold  
Before the year ends  
Soon the men follow.  
Gone is the smoke  
Gray are the houses,  
Weathered and broken.  
Grassy the roadbed.  
And the green forest  
Takes the old valley  
Back in its arms*

—Eugene Haley

(Bryson Contest winner in '37)

## Living on Third

BY CHARLIE WILLIAMS

As we enter Clark Hall we can hear, from the time we step into the door, the rumblings from the third floor. By the time we have mounted the stairs to the second floor the distinct crashing of furniture, the slushing of water, and sometimes profane language are gathered in by our ears. Now we must be more careful because as soon as we step on the first step which ascends to third we must prepare ourselves to duck and dodge. Here comes a Coca-Cola bottle or an ice cream carton sailing toward us. Ah, at last we have reached the top, but look out here comes a bottle of ink. As we dodge and duck down the hall, we try to glance into the rooms as we pass. In the first are two boys trying, with no luck, to keep the checkers on the table while three more fight around their chairs and under the table. Across the hall are several sophomores with their paddles trying to keep a room full of "fish" quiet and at the same time enjoy themselves by burning them up. Oh, oh, put on your over-shoes because these freshmen preachers have just had a water fight and the water is ankle deep in the middle of the hall.

Well, at last we have safely reached our room. Now to lock the door and get in a good, quiet evening of study—that is if no one breaks down the door to get to us.

## My Dog Sandy

By FELIX EVANS.

Everyone laughs at my dog. They laugh long and uproariously. I, too, laugh at Sandy. Sandy, the crazy, winsome mutt, is short where he should be long; and he is bony where he should be fat. Despite his failings, flagrant as they are, he has won my heart completely. This walking contradiction was tagged "Sandy" because of his shaggy reddish-brown coat. Sandy—mongrel-like—has a provoking way of trotting sideways. Provoking because it invites every humorous fellow to belittle Sandy's intelligence—his worth as a dog. He is off balance, and it is true he makes a comic figure when he trots. But one needn't place his frailties on a billboard. No, for they are glaring enough as they are. Yes, explanations have been offered to account for his comic trotting: probably he was kicked when he was a pup; and one kind soul had the audacity to suggest that his eyes were not exactly parallel.

This rogue, this mixture of fun and havoc, has a heart but not a comely frame. His heart is as big as his appetite, which is unbelievably big. Sandy eats his food with the same fierceness he would exhibit if he were chasing a rabbit. Those who are acquainted with the rascal will verify this admission. He does everything wholeheartedly. Sandy lives without reservation. If he is trailing a rabbit or eating his supper or chewing up my shoe, he does it with his whole heart. Critical-minded people have often reminded me that is disobedient. But it is quite another thing . . . perhaps, individuality or the pains of obscurity, but not disobedience. Yes, I agree, he is unique. Moreover, he is a natural retriever. He never fails to bring all the bones he can find in the neighborhood to the flower garden. Sandy's ability to scent buried bones is uncanny. Uncanny is an understatement. In truth, it amounts to genius. But, as I mentioned, he brings them to the flower garden—to the flower garden. Could he be aesthetically inclined or is it plain, unvarnished greediness? Be prejudiced if you will, but I have my own explanation.

# FINER SIDE

(A Monologue)

BY AMELIA MAE McCLINTON

Martin, I told you to get seats close to the front. Well, seats on "L" aren't so very bad, but I did want to sit where I can see everybody. However, we can do very well from here. Don't let me miss Elsa Treadwell. Helen told me this afternoon that Elsa was going to wear the long green velvet gloves that Clarence gave her with that mauve-colored gown. I want to see the two colors together. I just can't imagine—Oh, good evening, Martin, there's that Washington widow, and look how that dress clashes with her hat.—Don't be a sentimental fool; she needs no pity, married twice! Martin, speak to the Allens.

Pardon—but your feet—my dress!

What? That man asks me to remove my hat and spoil my entire ensemble? I should say not. Tell him? Why simply explain that—oh, never mind; I'll do it myself. Sir—I, oh, good evening, Dr. Lance, Mrs. Lance and dear Alfred. I was just telling Martin how clumsy this hat was and I can hardly wait for the curtain to go up so I can take it off. Well, drop in just any evening, won't you?

Gracious, Martin, you might have informed me that was the Lances. I guess you know she's having a formal dinner—THE thing, so I've heard, and I certainly do not want to discourage my invitation.

Oh, Martin, I failed to get a program; do get me one, will you, dear? Oh, how could you step on my left foot! But it was not in a dangerous place; I distinctly remember moving my feet out of your way. No, Martin, don't place the blame on me.

You what—forgot your glasses? I knew you would! I told you so. Well, I'm not going to share mine with you, as I want to see this play from beginning to end. It's too late to rent any because the curtain is going up now. See? See? Don't be so overbearing. Of course I know you're not a child What in the world—shhh!

I really can't say that I care for the settings—it certainly doesn't fit in the situation—you must be mad. Martin, I wish you would look—do you recognize that coat—you don't? Well, I had one exactly like it year before last—made just like it; but mine certainly fit me. I can't understand why you don't remember. You are SO unobserving. You should take some kind of course—a memory

course, perhaps. You have heard of important things to remember—never heard of a lawyer—anything to remember—can't tell me. Oh certainly we didn't realize we were wearing Quiet, Martin, don't argue me further.

Martin, I certainly think the hero is better looking than the heroine is for man. A better actor—indeed I know, Martin, because I've seen them through these glasses—could just see them with you could tell she was a princess—here—but no, I'm not to let you. It's a scheme to get glasses. I know you had to get them, but you were going to let these people—like that, who leave before the performance. They're no, er—no finer side. Martin, turning.

Here comes a strong, fine lean face, square-cut, convincing—Oh the tall one there, Martin, with the on. He's who. The villain! how very misleading, a was in the plot and character!

Hmmm—first intermission I didn't get ONE thing that entire first act. Let's let's just sit here. You Lances aren't leaving. Show you have a fine, appreciation not to leave in the middle of a duet.

Martin, who was that speaking to? Oh yes, his the woman who insists upon black satin on every You think she's attractive what do men know aboutiveness.

At last the second act—woman—heavens! She's started screaming and again. I tell you the stage is definitely on. She is over-dramatizing bearable, Martin, unbearable leave. What difference make if it IS during the mance? Come along, Parndon.

What's that you are about finer side? Who's thing about finer side? He become a muttering idiot!

Thank goodness! Martin! I forgot to take hat. The Lances—they fended! We'll never be in and it's all your fault. You have reminded me.

## MY OLD HAT

By FELIX EVANS.

My old hat isn't much to look at, but I confess a fondness, perhaps even a genuine affection, for it. If I should lose it, which is probable, I should feel the loss keenly. But then it is unwise to dwell at length upon eventualities, however interesting they may be. This dirty, crumpled, brown hat has, indeed, a personality; and a very remarkable one. It possesses a unique combination personality, a veritable three-in-one: Tom Sawyer, Scrooge, and Punchinello. Moreover, it admirably enjoys or suffers my every whimsey. Upon it I may vent my passionate displeasure on all and sundry without a touch of penitence. It serves as an emotional release, a most invaluable thing. Yes, and I could recount many stories of its democratic character. It will unscrupulously grace or disgrace any hat rack. Because of this painful truth, I trust it implicitly in any gathering of men. It is a respectable hat, and for this old, wrinkled, discarded, worthless hat I have only praise, praise—mind you—the highest praise. Besides being a thoroughgoing Democrat, it is a denominational hat, a Methodist. I attribute, in its nature, its utter disregard for its religious affiliation. This life-worn, tired, tattered flauts his ugliness, with impunity. But, that personian Democrat and Methodist make a queer ship, if not an agreeable one. Yet there is another side, a disreputable side. After drenched in an Autumn becomes stiff, unruly, and matic like an old man. pardonable in an old man isn't in a hat. No, I bear of conscience on telling the well remember my undignified trance to the party—my ping water and clinging head like an old lady's. There are other grievances toward this ragged I should mention its susceptibility to the smallest puff of There is, however, one feature about owning an you can have it blocked and re-blocked.