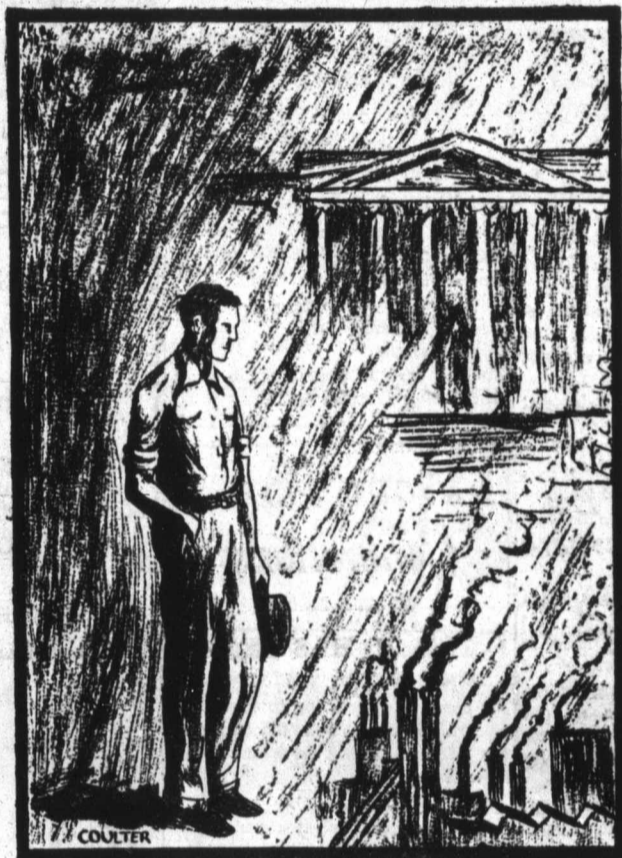






—The—  
**FORT WORTH ROTARIANS**  
 KNOW THE VALUE  
 —of—  
**LEADERSHIP**

To  
 You—



“The Working Boy”

We  
 Say—

*“Leaders are in demand. While you are yet young, realize this, and bend every effort towards a goal that, when crossed, will put you in the field of “Leadership.” In your work, be patient, courageous, persistent, and “know how” it should be done and then do it that way.”*

THIS PAGE MADE POSSIBLE BY THE FOLLOWING ROTARIANS

Guy M. Adams  
 W. F. Collins  
 M. C. Anderson  
 Alex Rhea  
 W. C. Guthrie  
 J. A. Durway

Ed T. Bagaby  
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 M. D. Evans

# THE SKIFF LITERARY SECTION

Edited by Clarence Marshall, assisted by Mrs. A. B. Bryson and Miss Rebecca Smith

## "The Southwest in Literature" Gives Regional Material

By MRS. ARTEMISIA BRYSON.

So far as T. C. U. is concerned, the book of the year has arrived. Bound in dark blue cloth, bearing a cactus design, "The Southwest in Literature," edited by Miss Mabel Major and Miss Rebecca W. Smith of the department of English, is attractive in appearance and refreshing in content. The book, which came from the press April 16, deserves in every respect the enthusiastic reception which has greeted it. Miss Major and Miss Smith are to be congratulated on their splendid work.

"Know the Southwest First" might well have been the slogan of the editors, for the book is a delightful anthology of literature about the Southwest. Although the book is designed as a text book for seventh, eighth and ninth grade students in the Southwest, it is much more than that. It is a stimulating collection of material which will arouse an enthusiasm in the readers for the section of the United States in which they live. "Fascinating," was the comment of Prof. Raymond Smith, who knows textbooks. "A wfully interesting," was the verdict of a freshman who read it with absorbed attention.

Within the 370 pages of this book are found both prose and poetry. There is fiction, history, description and pictures. While the contents of the book concern the Southwest, the authors are from far and near, past and present. Selections from Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller, George W. Cable, Vachel Lindsay, O. Henry, Carl Sandburg, Mark Twain, Henry Van Dyke, Amy Lowell, and Willa Cather are found here, as well as selections from such well known Southwesterners as Mary Austin, John A. Lomax, Dorothy Scarborough, Hilton Ross Greer and Charles J. Finger. There is certainly a cosmopolitan authors.

The editors have arranged the contents under two heads: "The People of the Southwest," and "Pictures of Town and Country." The early pioneers, the cowboy, the negro, the Indian, the sailors and pirates are adequately treated. "The Santa Fe Trail," "October in Arkansas," "The Oil Fire," and "Sketches of the Texas Prairie," are among the "Pictures of Town and Country."

The illustrations are admirable. "The Pioneer Woman," by Bryant Baker; "The Alamo," by Dawson Dawson-Watson, and "Oil Derricks," by Prof. S. A. Ziegler of the T. C. U. art department, are especially noteworthy.

As I said before, this is more than a textbook. It is a book children and grown-ups will equally enjoy, will read and reread and will wish to keep. The book will doubtless have the many adoptions it should have, and the rapid sales it deserves.

## The Original Freshman

By FLORENCE REYNOLDS

A freshman in college is a queer specimen. On Wednesday morning he is assigned a theme to write for the following Friday. He is asked by the instructor to write a coherent paragraph on any subject and to show originality. He then leaves the classroom and throws his books aside.

After the Thursday night study hour is nearly over, he picks up his book to see what the assignment in English is for the next morning. Oh yes, it is a theme—one paragraph showing originality. The freshman then looks at the clock. He has only thirty minutes before the lights go out. First he must think of something original with which to please the instructor.

It is strange how blank the mind of the wit of the dormitory becomes when he is trying to write a theme. For five minutes he sits on the edge of his bed scratching his head. The next five minutes is spent pacing up and down the room. He spends the next five minutes begging his roommate for an original idea. Finding his roommate just as original as he is, he returns to the edge of the bed and sits there, trying desperately to think of something to write. Then he glances at his watch. Impossible! Only ten minutes left!

Frantically he seizes his pen and scratches off a page of entirely unoriginal, incoherent "bunk" and hands it in to the instructor for an E.

## PRESENTING T. C. U. POETS

**OLD LACES.**  
By LOWELL BODIFORD.

Tonight, there is a pale green over the silver moon  
Reflecting God's goodness on his Mass of shivering subjects.  
Tonight, it is a silver gondola  
Sailing over a cloudless sea;  
But I think of the moon as a ball of  
Some little boy who threw it in the heavens;  
And it never came back.  
The full moon smells like lavender,  
Or some sachet powder.  
Look! there's a pale green over the silver moon  
Like a rare old Norman lace spread over a silver canopy,  
Shimmering in the melancholy blue.  
Or cat's eyes in the dark?  
The misty cloud passes on,  
But there is still a pale green over the silver moon.

**THE SCENT OF RAIN-DRENCHED ROSES.**  
By RUTHA FAIRIE ORR.

I like the scent of rain-drenched roses  
That comes like dim-remembered melody  
Over shadowy pools of slumber.  
The delicious odor fills my eyes with tears,  
And brings a fleeting breath in which I keenly sense the pugnacity of life and death—  
The scent of rain-drenched roses in the air.

## A Freshman's Grouch

By Zilpha Haskins

I have a grouch, a beautiful dark brown grouch, and after living with it for three whole days, minutely studying it, and intimately becoming acquainted with it, I'm going to tell the world just how my prize grouch was born and reared to its lusty maturity.

First, I am jerked protestingly out of my soft bed on a bright spring morning by the jangling clamor of the telephone bell. "Hello. Huh? No, this is not the dog pound!" Then comes a letter from my dear pappa: "Your mother has overdrawn her bank account again, so don't cash any more checks until I get it straightened out."

I look at the two loving dimes that bill and coo in my pocket and grit my teeth.

I go to school: "Mr. Ewing, Plato was not a Roman general. Nor was his 'Politics a discussion of farm relief.'" I leave the school with an immense load of study material. I feel a little better; my step quickens. Then:

"Hey, freshman, take this bass horn down to the music store to be fixed."

When I finally arrive home, weary and disgusted, I find that I have locked the door and realize with a shock that the key nestles in the pocket of a pair of trousers in my closet. I use second methods to get in, and succeed in skinning my arm and tearing my shirt. It has started to rain. I write three themes, tear the best two up and finally go to bed.

The first day in the life of a grouch is over.

### 1100 Books Read Daily

Approximately 1100 books are checked out of Mary Coats Burnett Memorial Library daily, according to Mrs. Mothershead, who has charge of the desk. Of these books, 150 are checked out for two weeks, while 800 are books on reserve, to be returned within an hour. Mrs. Mothershead says that about 150 reserve books are checked out at 3 p. m. each day, to be returned by 9 the next morning.

### Mozelle Johnson Ill at Home

Miss Mozelle Johnson of Sterling Cottage is at her home in Winsboro with the measles and mumps. Miss Johnson visited her parents last week, and while at home took sick.

**NIGHT-WINDS.**  
By Dick Long.

Prone upon the slanting lee  
Of a mountain gully,  
My head rested on a saddle.  
First the odor of the burning pine,  
Then a sultry wave  
From the pungent greasewood  
Came—like a miasma.

And lumps of mist rode overhead  
And made the stars wink.  
Darkness, and a hollow roar  
That seemed a howl of protest  
From the lonely heart  
Of a mountain.

**OUT OF THE DUSK.**  
By LETA RAY.

Like a rare old Norman lace spread  
Over a silver canopy,  
Shimmering in the melancholy blue.  
Or cat's eyes in the dark?  
The misty cloud passes on,  
But there is still a pale green over the silver moon.

Out of the dusk you came,  
Out of the yesteryears,  
Bringing a few sad smiles  
And falling tears.

**Out of the memories**  
Fraught with their tender pain,  
I found a bit of joy  
And smiled again.

Then as a vanished dream  
Fades at the light of day,  
Into the silent night  
You went away.

**TRUE HEARTS.**  
By CLARK RHODES.

Lips made red with carmine stick,  
Cheeks made flush with rouge so thick,  
Eyebrows made black with cosmetic jet,  
But hearts . . . not artificial yet!

## Beauty of T.C.U. Girl "Knocks 'Em Cold" Everywhere

"This is one of those cases which some people term 'love at right sight' and really I would like very much to meet your father and mother and congratulate them on having such a beautiful daughter," writes a John Tarleton boy to Miss Maxine Russell, who is a candidate for a beauty page in the Horned Frog this year.

Miss Russell's picture having appeared in the Star-Telegram a number of times, she is receiving many such letters from strangers, some of whom state that they met her in places she has never even heard of.

A number of boys have called to ask for dates—others just to say "hello" and to congratulate her on her beauty. A. & M. boys seem to be in the majority of those seeking to correspond with her.

Miss Doris Shaw, another candidate for a beauty page in the Horned Frog, received a letter from a Hollywood movie actor who starts his letter: "If that's the kind of girls they have in Texas, good-bye California!" He continues: "Well, I thought, 'she is attending a Christian college and perhaps she is not engaged to anyone. Why not write her a letter and take a chance on getting an answer, it will only cost 2 cents, and it might mean that I have found the girl of my dreams.'" He closes with the words: "Goodnight, Girl of My Dreams."

Miss Shaw has also been called by boys who insist on arranging an introduction.

**GIRL IN THE DOOR.**  
By SIDDIE JOE JOHNSON.

Shanty set by the side of the road—  
Web-hung window—earthen floor  
Glimpsed in a wedge through the wide  
door-crack—  
And girl in the door.

Mexican girl in a lovely line  
There against the rotting wall,  
Her bright dress on the dull boards  
sharp  
As a sudden call.

Shanty set in a barren place!  
Drab and shadow more and more  
Yawn till they swallow 'the house  
and path  
And girl in the door.

Mexican girl in a single sheath  
Of cotton the shade of the fading  
rose,  
Spelling a still, mysterious word  
That nobody knows:

Shanty and shadow quickly passed,  
But what lies after—what before—  
The sagging door with its dusty  
crack—  
And girl in the door?

**SNOW.**  
By C. E. M.

The Old Man is picking white geese  
And letting feathers fall;  
And the silved down  
Feels soft  
Beneath my feet,  
And looks like Christmas cotton.  
They call it snow below  
But up above  
The Old Man is picking white geese  
And letting feathers fall.

**Love By Generations**  
By A. M. Ewing

**LOVE BY GENERATIONS.**  
There is certainly proof enough in our present day courting to show that modern love-names and modern methods of love-making have not been inherited.

There was no courting at all in the savage stage. What a man wanted he took, providing his club was stout enough. Later on, however, the man left his club at home and carried violets to his lady-love. The lady was to him a Venus, and he to her, an Adonis. But in those days of hooped skirts, how could any Adonis tell whether his choice was a Venus or not?

Our grandmothers were serenaded with music instead of automobile horns. And our mothers were always waiting for Galahad to ride by on a white horse. Now we wait for the boy friend to drive by in anything that will take us there and bring us back.

The language of love has changed also. What would grandma have thought if grandpa had told her she was the "stem-heated suspenders?"

Now a girl gets a love letter of one page usually saying: "Hello little flapper. Know you're glad to hear from me. Your daddy sure misses that sweet neck. Tell the old man and lady hello for me." Our mother's love letters were many pages long, with quite a different choice of language.

## Impressions Just Before Last Bell Rings for Class

After chapel, any Monday or Wednesday: Dick Bailey with vengeance in his eyes, hurrying to his freshman French and Ody Thompson waiting to take Mary Frances Miller there. Cleo Bennett with a frog scaring the girls and one screams just as Dr. Waites passes. Sara Beth Boggess trying—and unsuccessfully—to sell Lester Brumbelow a ticket to the junior-senior banquet. Elizabeth Walling, who writes T. C. U. Chaff. Wonder why someone doesn't write some dirt on her? Anyhow, we know of someone who calls her "Pretty Baby."

Bernice Austin, through for the day and headed for food. R. Z. Dallas, next year's Horned Frog editor, besieged by offers to help him. Harve Light taking one of his pupils to class, but then he takes her quite often. Anna Lewis with another pair of gloves—that makes five that we know of. Frank Hughes trying to get the soph ramrod committee together. Sidney Latham with the going-to-Europe fever. Mae Morgan looking for Mildred Austin and the last bell that means late for class again.

Fellows,  
I'll Sure Bet on the  
Boy Who Has to  
Make His Own Way

—OOO—

For  
Tennis Rackets, Shoes,  
Nets, Balls

Just drop in and see

**R. L. Sigler**  
THE TENNIS MAN  
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## SOX

By EMBERY REEVES

It has been averred by some, who make great claims for the importance of beauty in cravats, that the sox are of no aesthetic significance. They make the ignoble assertion that sox, being merely wearing apparel, are trivial.


Let us say that we regard the use of sox as an index to the degree of a people's civilization. The savage wears no sox and the barbarian wears only a rough covering. Most children like to go bare-foot; there, look you, don't Freud and his gang tell us the child is a savage? Yet even childhood savagery suspends its sock from the mantelpiece to receive Nick's nocturnal benefactions at Yuletide.

As he progresses in wisdom and culture, the child learns to love the art of sock wearing. The small sons of our more sophisticated families wear half sox, knit in delicate blues and pinks.

Even the very name sock stands for something in culture. Was not the Latin "soccus" a symbol of comedy, hence of the stage, hence of drama, hence of art? The erudite member of the intelligentsia, conscious of his lofty perch on the peak of cerebral evolution, will daintily select his sock.

Now the sock has a utilitarian value to homo sapiens. For the hardy Alaskan musher there is the heavy sock of wool that asks not to be coddled, but serves as a bulwark of warmth against Thulian frigidities. For the golfer there is the noble sock, stoutly ribbed and interwoven, which protects his skin from aggressive beggar lice and attacking grass burrs.

The Most Successful Person in the World Is He Who Is Most Useful to Mankind . . .



Congratulations to you who are working for an education so that you may learn to be more useful to your fellow-man.

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### New Geography Course Is Popular

#### Dr. Frank Carney Inaugurates Course—13 Students Are Enrolled for Credit.

Geography, a new course at T. C. U., was added to the science department this spring term. It is taught by Dr. Frank Carney who came here at the beginning of the second semester.

This course is the first one of its kind ever offered in T. C. U. The administration hopes to establish a department of geography and give a minor in that subject, later on a major and finally an M. S. in geography.

The course deals with the development of man through the late geological periods with special reference to the geographical factors which have influenced his progress.

Dr. Carney is a geologist by profession. He has had previous teaching experience. He took his degrees from Cornell University. Dr. Carney is a member of several national scientific societies, including the American Association of American Geographers; the American Association of Petroleum Geologists; the American Institute of Mining; the Phi Gamma Delta, national science fraternity and the Sigma Xi. He has written a number of papers and has lectured on geography.

According to Dr. W. M. Winton, head of the science department here, Dr. Carney has a pleasing and interesting way of teaching his classes and his students are enthusiastic over the course. He quotes poetry, talks theology, religion and geology. His specialty is geographic influences on man and he is an authority on vertebrate paleontology, says Dr. Winton.

Those enrolled in the course in geography for credit are: Lee Hendrix, Fred McConnell, Gordon Griffin, Ralph Sanders, Bud Norman, Mary House, Jerome Smiser, Anne Brooks, Maurine Woolwine, Charlott Anderson, Katherine Atkinson, Wayne Sherry, and John Peter Smith. Dr. Ivan Alexander and Willis Hewatt are visiting the class.

### 16 Freshmen Have Records of High School Literary Activity

Sixteen former high school students who were class poets, members of the staffs of their school publications, or winners of various literary prizes while in high school, are members of the freshman class of 1932.

Central High School of Fort Worth sent to T. C. U. six of its graduates in the class of '32 who were active on the Panther, Central annual, or the Pantherette, school paper. Jimmy Wilmet, now a member of the T. C. U. Horned Frog Band, has served as editor of the Panther and Misses Clotilda Houle and Marian Smith, and A. H. Montford held positions on either the Panther or the Pantherette. These four all wear Quill and Scroll pins, emblems of a national high school journalistic fraternity.

Miss Louise Eason, another Central High graduate, was at one time society editor of the Pantherette and Miss Mary Louise Spinks contributed verse to her school annual while attending Jennings Junior High, and later contributed occasionally to the Pantherette while at Central High School.

Miss Ina Bramblett, Cleburne, has served as a reporter on the Cleburne High School Quill and as editor of Barton House, a study hall newspaper. Miss Bramblett also wrote the preface to a magazine project, a bound collection of term themes, sponsored by her English teacher.

Miss Thelma Breithaupt, Mexia, served as editor during her senior year in high school of the Mexia High News, a school page published in the Mexia Daily News, to which Miss Breithaupt contributed poems as well. She was also chosen as society editor for a special edition when the senior class of which she was a member edited the Mexia paper for one day.

Miss Maifred Hale of Stamford edited the Bow Wow, a high school newspaper and was class poet, while a junior attending Hamlin High School.

Miss Edna Lowry, Mount Vernon, contributed essays to the Mount Vernon High School News and was assistant editor of that paper, while Miss Alene Nicel, a Baylor Academy graduate, read one of her own poems at the academy commencement exercises and was class poet the year that she finished her sub-academy work. Miss Hallie Coffey of Breckenridge

High School, San Antonio, wrote for her school paper, and was a member of the staff of her high school annual and also wears a Quill and Scroll pin.

Miss Lena Agnes Johnson of Corpus Christi was assistant editor of La Caviota, her high school annual, and last year received the Altrurian medal, offered by the Altrurian Club of Corpus Christi, for having done the most outstanding work in English of anyone in her class. She was class poet her junior year and took third place in the Texas High School Poetry Contest her senior year. She has also received a number of prizes in both Statewide and local essay contests.

Miss Sidie Joe Johnson, also from Corpus Christi, and sister of Miss Lena Agnes Johnson, is a member of the Texas Poetry Society and has had two of her poems, "Shore Road" and "Heron Flight," published recently in Poetry Magazine. Her "Ballad of the Old Woman" was included in Braithwait's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1928." She is a frequent contributor to The T. C. U. Skiff.

Miss Lois Gray, Fort Stockton, edited the Panther, Fort Stockton High School annual, and wrote for the Panther Kitten, Fort Stockton High School newspaper. Miss Lillian Eylers of Shreveport, La., edited the Shreveport High School annual, the Gusher, last year.

Of these freshmen, Misses Smith, Eason, Bramblett, Coffey, Lena Agnes and Sidie Joe Johnson, are all members of Sigma Phi Delta, recently organized freshmen girls' literary club at T. C. U., as is also Miss Lowry, who is secretary-treasurer for the organization.

### Mrs. Leftwich Added To Music Faculty

#### Former Students in Department Hold Places in Public Schools of State.

"Since our department has grown to a number of 83 and since music supervision has become so important that it determines the trend of musical development of a nation, we have added another teacher to the staff, Mrs. L. L. Leftwich, to help me in this department," said Prof. Claude Sammis.

Four former students of this department now hold positions of public school music supervision. Mrs. Joe Ella Butler is head of the public school department of State Teachers' College of New Mexico; Miss Dorothy Leavell is teaching music in Lubbock public schools; Miss Lois White, in Fort Worth schools, and Miss Bernice Alexander, in Quitaque public schools. "Public school music is branching into two divisions," said Professor Sammis. "They are the supervision of vocal music, in which the aim is to give the pupils an appreciation and pleasure in music as well as a knowledge of musical symbols, and the supervision of instrumental music."

A degree in music is now offered with public school music supervision as a major.

### Tennis Match Postponed

The match that the freshman tennis team had scheduled with Terrill Prep for Wednesday, May 1, was postponed until Saturday, May 18, because of the strong gale blowing over the courts, making decent tennis out of the question.

that, should he find something objectionable there, he would use me hardy. But, to my great relief his towels were no more unbearable hot than before; and the accent with which he slapped my face, twisted my nose, gouged my eyes, wadded up my ears and yanked my head were none the more augmented than before.

At last I crawled, more or less tonorially perfect but, nevertheless, dejectedly, from the chair, and the shear leader of the Barber College handed me a check and smiled and bowed.



### ONE YEAR AGO

May 11—May Fete, "Indian Spring Festival," is given by the girls' physical training classes in honor of Mother's Day.

May 7—Students of Brite College have annual banquet at King's Tea Room.

May 8—Weir McDiarmid is elected president of the student body; Ralph Sanders is vice president and Charlotte Housel is secretary-treasurer.

May 9—Gladys Simon is chosen president of the Y. W. C. A. for second term.

### FIVE YEARS AGO

May 6—Seniors decide to complete sidewalk from arch to Brite as gift.

May 7—Horned Frog mascot meets tragic death by poisoning.

May 9—Chair of religious education is endowed for Brite College.

May 10—Hubert Robinson is elected president of the student body.

May 11—Mustangs bow in defeat to Horned Frog nine.

### TEN YEARS AGO

May 6—Frogs take three games from non-conference teams.

May 7—Mrs. E. R. Cockerell, head of the art department, wins prize for still life painting.

May 9—Speakers' club is formed by wearers of the "T" ring.

### David Leavell a Visitor

David Leavell, former student at T. C. U. now employed by the Fort Worth Press, was a visitor on the campus Tuesday evening.

### Eicher Visits Art Department

Benhardt Wall, Limerock, Conn., gave an etching demonstration Saturday in the art rooms. Mr. Wall is an etcher of national reputation. He is now returning to his home from a

tour of the South. He is an etcher of books. His latest book is "Lincoln's New Salem," which is valued at \$100. At the present Mr. Wall is editing a magazine called "The Monthly."

## 'TIS THE WORKER THAT WINS—

There is no royal road to learning. It is honorable to work and the road built by the honest industrious worker is a sound road to learning.

Work is the only path that leads to success. We congratulate the worker for he has found that path.



### CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK of FORT WORTH

### More About Room 805

(Continued from Page 5)

see how scared Sanders is." The door opened and the two strolled in without saying a word. Adkins, Eury and Sanders were sitting on their beds. They looked at Chappell and then at Williams, but the latter two were not giving themselves away.

"Did you guys turn us in at the desk?" Adkins ventured.

"Turn us in? What are you talking about?" Innocently.

"Well, somebody did, and the manager called up here and jumped on us plenty. Ask Sanders."

"I'll say so," burst out Sanders. "I thought he was going to run us clear out. But we were making lots of racket and I don't blame him."

"We were afraid something like that would happen—that's why we left when we did," Chappell lied innocently, "but let's go eat, and you can tell us all about it when we get to the lobby."

"Did you see how white old Sanders was?" Williams whispered as they followed out the door. "And quiet? I'll bet they don't throw another pillow in this hotel."

"Sh-h-h! Not so loud. Don't give it away yet."

### Miss Byrne Awarded Degree by Faculty

#### T. C. U. Senior Sufficiently Recovered From Auto Accident to Leave Hospital.

The T. C. U. faculty has voted to award Miss Cecilia Byrne, who received a fractured skull when struck by a boy on a bicycle recently, her Bachelor of Arts degree in June, in view of the fact that she had virtually completed the number of required hours for a degree at the end of the fall semester.

On Feb. 1, Miss Byrne had a total of 114½ of the required 120 semester hours needed for graduation. When injured she had gone 11 weeks into the spring semester and at the end of the first nine weeks, at mid-semester, had passing grades in everything, hence the faculty voted to give her credit for the half semester that she had already completed. She was at that time carrying 15 semester hours so the 7½ hours for the first half of the semester gave her 122 hours, which is two more than the 120 needed.

### Pat Sullivan Has Operation

Pat Sullivan, junior in T. C. U. last year, is reported to be recovering from a recent operation. Pat is teaching school at Carpenter, Miss.

### My gentleman tonsillar artist next

combed my hair UP from all sides and proceeded to examine my character through the bumps and lumps of my cranium. I feared for a time

### More About Education

(Continued from Page 5)

We would surmise that the university offers a thorough course of thorough study of the thorough massage. And, directly applicable at this point, it would not be amiss to conclude that special research in the annals of phrenology is also offered by the university.

## Put Spirit INTO Your Work

No matter how well trained you are, how quick your eye and how skilled your hand, your work is not the best unless you put your spirit into it. And the more spirit you put into your work the more good it does you—

The spirited manner in which the Texas National Bank serves its depositors will please you.

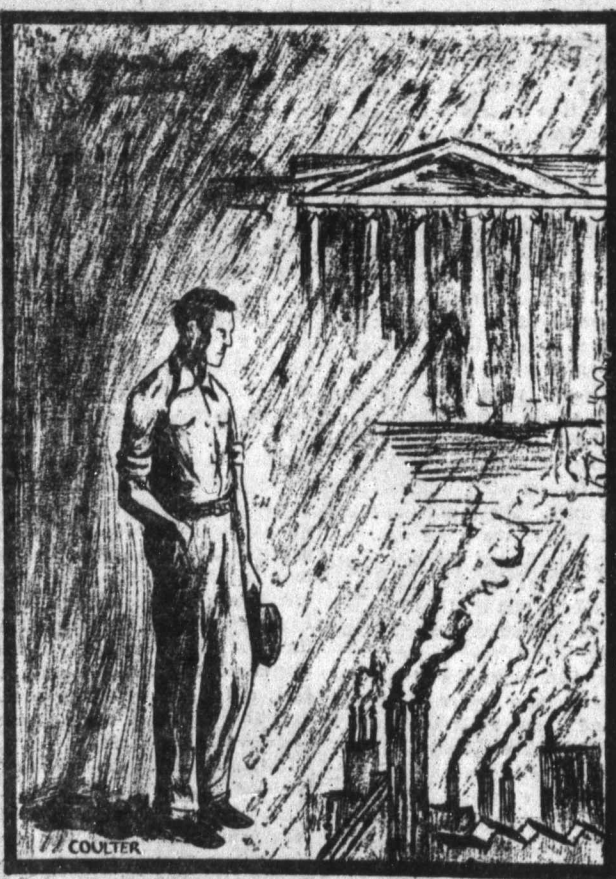
## TEXAS NATIONAL BANK

Ninth at Houston  
Friendly, Courteous Service.

Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed  
—William Cowper

Toil is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement.

All work is sacred, were it but true hard labor, there is something of divineness.  
Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven.  
—Thomas Carlyle.



## CONGRATULATIONS TO THE WORKING BOY AND GIRL OF T. C. U.

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## Opening of Bug Season Makes Biology Net Official Chaperone

Whoop! Bug season is here. In the spring of the year it is the delight of the young men who are being exposed to freshman biology, either through matriculation or heart palpitation, to procure their bug nets, fair damsel, etc., and venture forth into the realm of bugology, to the recesses of the shady labyrinths embracing the hills around Frog Land.

"Don't be surprised," said Dr. Gayle Scott, when he was giving instructions to his freshman biology classes, "if you see a senior who has taken the course three or four years ago going across the prairie with a bug net in one arm and a girl in the other, because in the spring there are a number of students who take the course, some for their third or fourth time.

"For example, Leo Hendricks is making his fourth collection this year. Also, we don't mind if the boys are in chasing the bugs, but we do ask

that the girls at least turn in their own collection."

It is a well known fact that with Mrs. Beckham a bug net is as good a chaperon as is required by the catalog. It is likely that Mrs. Beckham will procure a list of the names of these students enrolled in the course in order to prevent excess bug catching by those couples who have both had the course in previous years.

In the past, students have been known to spend the entire afternoon "bug catching" and return to the lab without a single bug. This phenomenon is not understood exactly, since insects in this vicinity are exceedingly plentiful.

Several hundred of the above mentioned chaperons have been prepared through the good-natured Willis Hewatt, of the biology department here, who is in sympathy with those who expect to go "bugless" bug catching.

until I had consented to be guided by him (at five shillings per guide) through the Abbey and the House of Parliament.

Westminster Abbey was wonderful! What a thrill to tread on the graves of those old monks, who had lived and died in the twelfth century, those men who had laboriously laid, stone on stone, the foundation of the British Empire! By the tombs we traced the history of England. Year by year the Abbey received the bodies of Britain's illustrious dead and wrote a silent history for thinkers to read. Never had the history of England meant so much to me, nor had I ever been so proud of the Anglo-Saxon blood flowing in my veins. These were my forebears, my own race, my own people!

Leaving the Abbey, we strolled to the House of Parliament to see the place where Guy Fawkes in 1605 had placed the gunpowder to blow up the House of Parliament. This was afterwards called the Gunpowder Plot. Next, I stood on the identical stone, where Pitt stood and fell dead while pleading for better treatment of the American Colonies. This was history with a meaning. What school boy has not thrilled to read of that impassioned speech, given by one of England's greatest orators?

Resting in the seat belonging to the Right Honorable Lady Astor, at that time the only woman member of Parliament, I had time to question the guide about this historic building. Where did the Conservatives sit? Where the Opposition? Whose small chair was that to the right of the throne? The Prince of Wales. Why was the King's throne an inch higher than that of the Queen? Because the Queen is the taller of the two, and that extra inch is necessary to raise their heads to a level, so that the Queen is not elevated above the King. All these things were most interesting, but the throne fascinated me. Why could I not sit on the throne of England? To think was to act. A second was all that was necessary to step over the velvet ropes, and, to the great horror of the guide, to sink down upon the cushions of that "holy of holies," the throne of England. To sit there and to gaze out over "my" House of Parliament and "my" invisible but devoted and admiring subjects, a "king" for thirty seconds.

One housemother is a believer in mental telepathy since certain of her girls made resolutions to keep their room clean.

## T. C. U. CHAFF

Putt—putt—putt—pow pow! Berr-r-r-r-r clankity clank click! Scrape-scraps-bang!

All of which is supposed to represent the sounds of a mortar mixer motor, a grass mower and the gentle art of pouring cement, and all just outside the windows of the amphitheater.

Pro. Elliot lifted his voice in competition with the noises of the spring morning to tell a sleepy class something of economics. But the possibilities of spraining a tonsil became serious and over half of the 8 o'clock class period was conceded in favor of the lawn mower, mortar mixer and the gentle lull of cement shovels.

Warren Day (big government man)—"Say, Willie, can you tell me why they have taken all of the brooms out of the White House?"

Bill Balch (mere musician, who cares not about how the governmental sweeping is done)—"Can't say that I know the cause for such removal."

Warren—"Well, they have a Hoover in it now."

In Fort Worth we "faw down and go boom," while in Chicago, they "go boom and then faw down."

A rival to Prof. Elliott's Scotch cigar joke is the one about the Scotch children who shot their parents so that they could attend the orphan's picnic.

Edith Kelsey—"You don't tell the stories you used to. Reformed?"

Lloyd Armstrong—"No, everyone knows them now."

Elizabeth Hutchingson—"I think all musicians look insipid."

Elizabeth Strahorn—"And you're a musician."

We understand that Mr. Smiser has gone to building ships—yes, miniature ships.

And Red Moore is getting to be an architect. He's building castles, oh, air castles.

Miss Fletcher—"My dear, the only way to remedy your complexion is to diet."

Emily Jackson—"Oh, yes, and what color would you suggest?"

## Beer, Broken Brogue, as Well As Temper, All Seen by Balch

"John McCormack keeps a bottle of beer backstage during his performances to take a nip from to boost him up," says William Balch, of the School of Fine Arts at T. C. U., in telling of some of his personal glimpses of some sixteen famous musicians whom he has met, talked with, or interviewed, either backstage or after their performances.

"McCormack does not speak above a whisper for several hours before his program; he always faces his audience several minutes before starting to sing." This, Balch says McCormack explained, is to give him time to overcome some of his nervousness.

One of Balch's biggest thrills came when he was chosen to receive Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink backstage and assist her from her car to the stage. After assisting her two assistants, a violinist and Madame's accompanist, from the car, he was ready for the big thrill.

"And what a thrill it was! As you know, Madame is no small woman, and it is rather difficult for her to enter and leave cars. I waited hours, it seemed, and at last I saw her hand extended, and heard her say in her broken brogue, 'You will haf to pull pretty hard.' Rather surprised at this, I assured her that I would do my best; I pulled, but with no result. 'You are a mighty small man to be pulling me around; maybe you could get someone to 'elp you,' she suggested at my failure. With this I became more determined, and with great effort, on my part, and hers too, out she came.

"After her first group of numbers Madame received a large applause, or at least I thought so, but she was distressed; it seemed that in the East her applause was more of an ovation. I explained to her that the applause had been very good for this part of the country, and she returned to sing an encore."

Balch has met both Fritz Kreisler and Ignace Paderewski. "They are the most temperamental musicians I have ever met," Balch said.

"The least temperamental of all, the most sociable, and the one who is most beloved by all, is the grand old king of the march, John Philip Sousa. He is never in such a hurry that he can't spare a moment with you and answer a few of your questions.

"After all, musicians are human like everyone else, although most people put us off in a separate class from the rest of the world. But for me, I'm just as human as anyone," Sousa said," Balch says, in describing the

great band leader. Francis McMillian, one of the foremost violinists of the concert world,



WILLIAM BALCH  
—Courtesy Star-Telegram.

took time to explain to Balch the interesting and technical parts of his famous Antonio Stradivarius violin, during an intermission at one of his recent appearances here. Balch was interested in the instrument, and ventured to ask about it. To his surprise the artist began a lengthy explanation of its history; his audience patiently waiting for his program to continue.

"Tito Schipa, the Italian lyric tenor, was too rushed to autograph programs for girls who flocked to the stage following his performance, as he had to make train connections. However, he took my name and address, and later sent me an autographed picture," Balch said. Balch has made a hobby of obtaining pictures of noted artists, and the walls of his studio are lined with them.

"Two of the youngest artists I have met are Suzanne Keener and Barre Hill. Both have the appearance of experienced singers, but backstage Barre Hill said, 'Gosh, I wish this was over!' and Miss Keener said after her last number in a performance here, 'Well, that's that, and I'm sure glad it's over.' They are very friendly," Balch said.

After finishing an audition with Herbert Witherspoon, Balch was trying his best to be polite. The great singer took a package of cigarettes from his pocket and started to offer him one, but declined, saying, "No,

you are not ready for that yet." Balch was going to be polite and accept the smoke, but the musician was so fatherly about his advice that he thanked him, and tried to be at ease. Witherspoon's wife, also a famous opera singer, was present at the time, and smiled her disapproval.

Other artists whom Balch has met are: Don Jose Mojica, of the Chicago Civic Opera; Director Williams of the Westminster Choir of Dayton; Louis Graveure, New York baritone who recently shaved his beard and started singing tenor; Lambert Murphy, and the famous duo pianists, Maier and Pattison.

Balch has personally autographed pictures of Tito Schipa, Don Jose Mojica, Suzanne Keener, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Louis Graveure, Barre Hill, and Francis McMillian.

Meeting famous musicians, and collecting pictures and autographs, has been Balch's hobby for ten years.

I don't believe that the Fort Worth motorists have the spirit towards the collegiate pedestrian that those of Houston have. In Houston a college boy or girl can get out on the main street, anywhere and yell "Rice" at a motorist going south and get a lift. I beseech you, therefore, Fort Worth motorists, carry us "towners" to school in your seat rather than on your fender and bumper.

## GROTESQUE GARGOYLE

I spent a very enjoyable evening at a Bryson Club meeting recently.

The members fell to reading extracts from the work of Stephen Leacock and Don Marquis and we were convulsed at the ridiculous fancy of a cockroach manipulating a typewriter.

Fred Pray, who was present at the meeting, went home afterwards and turned out two pretty poems in the modern style.

A lady in Arlington Heights rebinds her books in the color and design suggested to her by the contents.

A little volume of modern poems is done in orange leaves on a blue field all in the modernistic design. Poe, she bound in purple velvet.

Well, all I know is just what I read in the textbooks. And it seems that in the essential spirititude of the soul, located in the fifth ventral cavity of the brain, there lies a possible conception of the fourth dimension; but what, may I ask, is your candid opinion of cypernatious zoology?

## King for Thirty Seconds

By RALPH ROSS BAILEY

London was as usual, a foggy morning that finally gave way, before the onslaughts of a reddish, sullen-looking sun. The fog had not retired gracefully defeated, but threatened at any moment to return and enshroud the city in gloom. Upon the appearance of the sun, I had started out with my kodak to try for some pictures. I had tried every day for a week to get pictures of some points of interest, but the ever-present fog had thwarted all efforts, and this same fog, alas, again spoiled my picture making and forced me to see the sights without permanent record of "having been and having seen."

After delving awhile in the "Old Curiosity Shop," having luncheon in the "Olde Cheshire Cheese Inn," made famous as a gathering place of Dr. Johnson, Dickens, and others, I wandered down to Whitehall to gaze at the window through which Charles I had been led forth to his execution. At the same time I wondered what prompted such curiosity as this—to gaze upon scenes of past violence. I, there, decided it was because we like to say to our friends, "Oh yes, I saw that, too, while in London."

After Whitehall I took a four-wheeled cab to St. James Court to see the home of the Crown Prince. All that distinguished it from others in the Court was a small, golden coronet above the door. That was a great disappointment. Why cannot princes dwell in the fairy palaces of our youthful dreams? Life sometimes is so disappointing. After the poor showing the home of the Crown Prince had made, I decided to hunt for "bigger game," so I instructed my top-hatted, rosy-cheeked "cabby" to drop me near Westminster. I did not care to ride up to the portals of that historic building; I wished to approach more humbly and on foot. Who was I to ride where Kings and Queens had walked?

While standing before the massive, bronze statue of our own Lincoln, who sits and gazes calmly across to the Abbey, the resting place of England's Kings, a cockney, a guide for the Abbey, took me in charge and would not desist,

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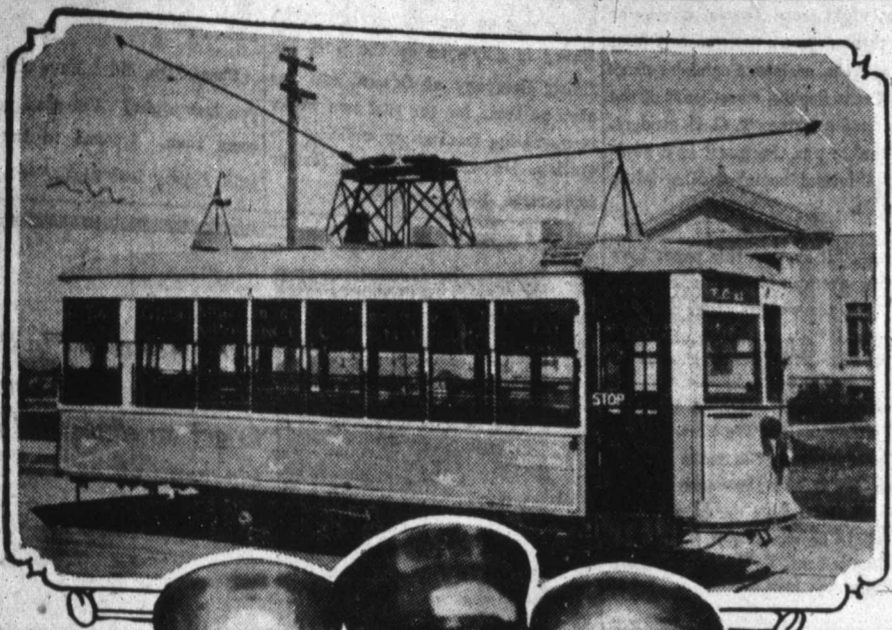
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Observations From The Trolley Men



"Toonerville" Skippers Tell of Experiences With T. C. U. Students

"T. C. U. students are better than they used to be," says J. T. Phinney, one of the ten street car operators who run on the University line. "They used to grease the tracks, chunk rocks through the car windows and make trouble for us in general."

The T. C. U. street car line has been in operation since the fall of 1912 and is familiarly known as "The Toonerville Trolley." Service has steadily improved since the early days, until now during the rush hours there is a car every twelve minutes. The University's car is painted in the well-known purple and white combination, and is known as the "Horned Frog."

The men who run these cars are well known to the town students, and real friendships have resulted from these incidental contacts. Between 7:30 and 8 o'clock each morning the trip out becomes a "Cooks' tour," for the car has to stop at every corner between Mistletoe Heights and Park Hill Apartments to unload negro maids. There is always a sigh of relief when the top of the hill is

reached with no tardy marks this time.

Of the 650 town students, approximately three-fourths ride the cars to school, and their favorite method of fare-payment is the token. Few realize as they drop their tokens and wait for their transfers that they are riding in a \$10,000 car. The car is light and easy to handle, thereby aiding the operators in maintaining his schedule.

"My work is a pleasure on this line, because of the jolly atmosphere created by the students," says J. H. Mackay, nine years on the run. "I like the students, and I always read The Skiff when I find a copy on the car."

C. R. Hotchkiss, five years on the T. C. U. line, voices the general opinion of the other men. "I like the people out on this run, they are nice. Rich or poor they are always considerate."

"Skipper" Phinney complimented the students by saying, "The boys and girls make good passengers, because they step lively and usually

have the correct change."

There are two crews, of five men each, operating the University cars. The day shift goes on about 5 a. m. and the night shift about 2 p. m. The "college men" on this line, as the operators are known to other operators in the city, are:

C. R. Hotchkiss, J. H. MacKay, J. T. Phinney, O. W. Thompson, B. Wright, F. H. Gomillion, C. S. Moore, T. L. Nesmith, R. E. Phillips, and C. E. Shepard.

Guy Fox Gets S.M.U. Government Fellowship

Award for Next Year Will Pay T. C. U. Senior \$750 and Tuition.

Guy Fox, who will receive his A.B. degree in June with a major in government, has been granted a fellowship in government at S. M. U. next year. The fellowship is \$750 and tuition.

Fox attended Rice two years before coming to T. C. U. He plans to study law for his professional work. This year he is No. 4 man on the varsity tennis squad.

Waits to Address Church Convention

Hall and Gray Have Parts on Program—Ridings Is Publicity Head.

President E. M. Waits is on the program for one of the principal addresses of the forty-fourth annual Texas Christian Missionary Convention at Breckenridge May 13 to 16. President Waits' subject will be "Christian Education." He will speak at the morning session on Thursday, May 16.

Dean Colby D. Hall will give the annual report of the convention for T. C. U. and Brite College at the Wednesday morning session.

The Rev. A. Preston Gray, pastor of the University Christian Church, will lead the devotional period at the Thursday afternoon session.

Prof. J. Willard Ridings is chairman of the state publicity committee for the convention.

Good Loser



SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES.

Here is a brief summary of some of Rainy Elliot's outstanding activities while in T. C. U. He was president of the freshman class of '27, was advertising manager of the Horned Frog for '28, was elected student prince in '28, and was selected as one of the royal purples listed in the Horned Frog for '28.

Band Gives Concert

Classical Numbers and Song Hits Included on Program.

The Horned Frog Band, under the direction of Prof. Claude Sammis, gave an hour's concert on the campus last night. The concert started at 6:30 p. m. and was attended by a large number of visitors from town as well as students of the University. The program included classical numbers and many of the latest popular song hits.

The band returned late Monday

Palestine Visitors Here

Mrs. O. B. Rogers and daughter, Christine, drove up from Palestine last week to spend a few days with Franklin Pitts.

night from a very enjoyable trip to the East Texas Chamber of Commerce Convention at Bryan, according to members of the band. The freshmen members of the band had a warm time the whole day as the upperclassmen made things hot for them.

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—W. Bourke Cochran.



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### "Ring-Around-the-Rosy" Is End of Perfect Day for Baseball Squad

Few students outside those on the baseball squad know that perhaps the best exercise a fellow can take to whip himself into shape is a simple little game known by no other name than "ring-around-the-rosy."

Absurd! You'll say, but nevertheless it's true. Ask any present member of Dutch Meyer's baseball squad. No, the game is not the same as it was when most of us as "kids" pranced around a circle with joined hands; but it has been revised and modernized to fit the needs of athletes who are inclined to accumulate fat around the waistband, or indeed for all others who need to "get in shape."

Who invented the game no one seems to know. Some of the boys think it started in the big leagues, but most of them are of the opinion that it's the sole work and pet hobby of Coach Meyer—at least they know that it is his pet hobby. However, the game is here and belongs in the Frogs' daily grind, even though it draws more grumbles (and quick breaths) than any other work of the afternoon.

Incidentally, it comes last on the program and is a fitting finish for an athlete's daily routine. Two plays in each game, one doing the hitting and the other racing around the hitter catching ground balls which hit just in front of him. The one fielding the ball must catch twenty-five before he gets to hit; and both participants must change up three times, or field 150 ground balls each, before the game is completed.

It is rather a strenuous exercise—one which requires continuous bending of the knees and back while chasing around in a circle, and Dutch will tell you that it is just what his men need—especially the pitchers.

Dutch usually gives the pitchers a double dose of the game, too. There is one that he fairly delights in seeing chase around time after time, for he is one that needs it and one that

insists that he can't be "burned out." He is Bob-Ell Cox, giant right-hander who is expected to carry much of the pitching burden this spring.

One day last week Cox wound up a long, hot afternoon by taking about all the "rosy" Dutch was able to hit to him; picked up his bat and started for the gym singing one of his own compositions to the air of "That's My Weakness."

It went like this:

"I never cared for 'ring-around-the-rosy,'

But Dutch likes 'ring-around-the-rosy,'  
So that's my weakness now!"

"Yeh! It's your weakness all right," Dutch fired at him, "but just the same it's bringing that waist-line of yours down to normal. You need weaknesses, too, for there's quite a few more around the conference and you might as well get accustomed to some now."

Yes, he's the same old Dutch.

### Fifteen Candidates for Master's Degrees

Nine to Take M.A., Six M.S.—Majors and Home Towns Are Listed.

Fifteen students have been announced as candidates for Master's degrees for June, 1929, according to Dr. John Love. The candidates, their home towns and majors are: Dick Bailey, French, Fort Worth; Jack Bailey, economics, Holland; J. K. Bentley, history, Fort Worth; J. Warren Day, government, Fort Worth; Harve Light, education, Athens; O. D. Monroe, sociology, Fort Worth; Miss Hazel Summers, English, Fort Worth; Mrs. Hazel Tucker, philosophy, Fort Worth; Miss Catherine Weaver, English, Fort Worth.

Candidates for the Master of

Science degree are: Miss Anne W. Brooks, biology, Fort Worth; Willis Hewatt, biology, Fort Worth; Fred McConnell, geology, Fort Worth; Clifford R. Smith, chemistry, Fort Worth; Jerome Smiser, geology, Fort Worth, and Miss Leore Williams, geology, Fort Worth.

### Is Coaching Handley H. S. Play

Miss Gynervra Adams, a senior, is coaching the senior class play at Handley High School. Miss Adams is a major in the public speaking department.

Mrs. Bynum: "Do you think medicines are any good?"

Mrs. Barton: "My uncle derived a lot of good from drugs."

Mrs. Bynum: "What was wrong with him?"

Mrs. Burton: "He was a druggist."

### Tom Cook Is Student-Farmer

Tom Cook, junior in T. C. U., spends his spare time helping his father care for his cattle and sheep. Mr. Cook owns land north of town, near Haslett. When his sheep need shearing or his hogs killing, Cook goes to help his father. He admits this sort of work affords a change from his school work which he greatly enjoys.

"Doc" Dalton (reading a telegram from his girl): "Gosh, I never saw anything to beat it!"

Berry: "What's the matter, Doc?"

"Doc": "She can't even send a telegram without saying 'Stop' after sentence."

Madge: "How are you getting along with your automobile lessons?"

Midge: "Fine; today I learned how to aim the thing."

### Miss Rankin Visits in Austin

Miss Margaret Rankin returned Sunday night from Austin, where she spent three-days as the guest of Miss Juanita Willis, assistant calendar clerk of the Texas Senate, sweetheart of the Senate, and a former T. C. U. student. Miss Rankin was the guest at a number of informal social affairs while in Austin.

Newton: "It says in this paper here that the average woman's clothing from tip to toe weighs eight ounces."

McDonald: "It's a shame for 'em to have to wear such heavy shoes."

A newspaper, in speaking of a deceased citizen, said: "We knew him as Old Ten Per Cent, the more he had the less he spent; the more he got the less he lent; he's dead—we don't know where he went—but if his soul to heaven is sent, he'll own the harp and charge 'em rent."

### Harry Akers Visits T. C. U.

Harry Akers, last year student from Tyler was on the campus last week. Harry is employed by the Gulf Refining Company at Odessa, and has been at home for the past two weeks recuperating from an appendicitis operation. He was visiting his former room-mate, Bob Alexander.

Try this one on your boy friend:

Hee: "I'm sorry I couldn't come by last night. My car broke down and . . ."

Shee: "Oh, did I have a date with you last night? I'm glad you didn't come then. I went to the theater with Jimmy last night." (X)



Our hats are off to the boy who is determined to get an education by his own toil

Elbert Lavender

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**Wise Cracks**

**Precisely.**  
 "How would you classify a telephone girl? Is her's a business or a profession?"  
 "Neither. It's a calling!"—London Mail.

**First Traveler:** "I recently saw a machine that knows when one tells a lie."  
**Second Traveler:** "That's nothing—I married one."

**Interference.**  
**Warfield:** "She's got a mean pair of knees."  
**Note:** "Yeah—they're always knocking each other."

We could tell a good one about crude oil, but it isn't refined.

**Diner (to proprietor):** "The minute I sat down she spilled a plate of hot soup over me!"  
**Proprietor (to waitress):** "You mustn't greet the guests too warmly."

**The Heights of Caution.**  
 He was a cautious witness, and regarded every question put by the cross-examining solicitor as a trap for the unwary.  
 "And what," he was asked, "was the complainant shouting when you heard him?"  
 "He was shouting, 'Tom! Tom!'" replied the witness, after deep thought; then, fearing to commit himself to such a downright statement, he added, hastily: "Or words to that effect!"

**Absolutely.**  
**Jack:** "Should a girl marry for love—or money?"  
**Laura:** "Yes."

**Bull:** "Yes, sir, I learned to play entirely by ear."  
**Durham:** "And you have never had the ear-ache?"

"I believe that you should have an alienist examine your son."  
**Not me. An American doctor is good enough for me.**

"That's enough out of you," said the milkmaid as she moved over to the next cow.

**Other Working Students**



ELMER DAVIS



J.W. WINTON



CHARLES WALDEN



O.E. STEADMAN

Colonel Billy Gilmore, the peerless horse trader of Morgantown, West Virginia, of whom mention has been made in these columns before, once toured the county making speeches for his political party. The party platform called for the need of statesmanship in office and Billy played upon this point with typical political fervor.

"Statesmanship," he would shout, "that's the thing this county needs—statesmanship."

His oratory became so widely known that he was asked to speak before the local high school. During the course of his talk he asked—  
 "Does anyone here know what a statesman is?"  
 One innocent young freshman cried

out—  
 "It's a man who makes speeches."  
 "Hardly, sub, hardly," Billy answered, "I make speeches but I'm not quite a statesman. Think again."  
 The freshman thought a moment and then said—  
 "I know, it's a man who makes good speeches."  
 Human nature resents restrictions, so, instead of the "Stop! Look! Listen!!!" sign, why not introduce this one?  
 "Don't Stop—You're Unimportant."  
 Or here's a sign that will make a man go "mad," or rather so angry, that he will mentally fight back and refuse to try it:  
 "Nobody Will Miss You; Be as Careless as You Like."

**A. C. Easley Lists Football Captains From 1896 to 1929**

A partially completed list of T. C. U. football captains was published in a recent issue of the Interpreter. A. C. Easley of Waco was interested enough to fill in the blanks and mail the completed list to Prof. E. W. McDiarmid, editor of the Interpreter. The completed list follows:

- 1896—A. C. Easley.
- 1897—C. Mc Clellan.
- 1898—Jeff Spert.
- 1899—Jim McClintic.
- 1900—C. I. Alexander.
- 1901—Tom Reed.
- 1902—Homer Rowe.
- 1903—H. H. Watson.
- 1904—A. J. Muse.
- 1905—H. G. Knight.
- 1906—Bonner Frizzell.
- 1907—Loy C. Wright.
- 1908—Manly Thomas.
- 1909—Loy C. Wright.
- 1910—William (Bill) Massie.
- 1911—Milton Daniel.
- 1912—Bryant F. (Bun) Ware.
- 1913—Allen Freeman.
- 1914—Crawford E. (Potts) Reeder.
- 1915—John P. Cox.
- 1916—Ralph (Gish) Martin.
- 1917—O. Hawes.
- 1918—Bryan Miller.
- 1919—Will Hill Acker.
- 1920—A. Douglas (replaced by Troy Haire.)
- 1921—Chester (Boob) Fowler.
- 1922—Judge Green.
- 1923—Blair Cherry.
- 1924—Lindsey Jacks.
- 1925—Herman Clark.
- 1926—John Washmon.
- 1927—Bernard Williams.
- 1928—Jake Williams.
- 1929—Mike Brumbelow.

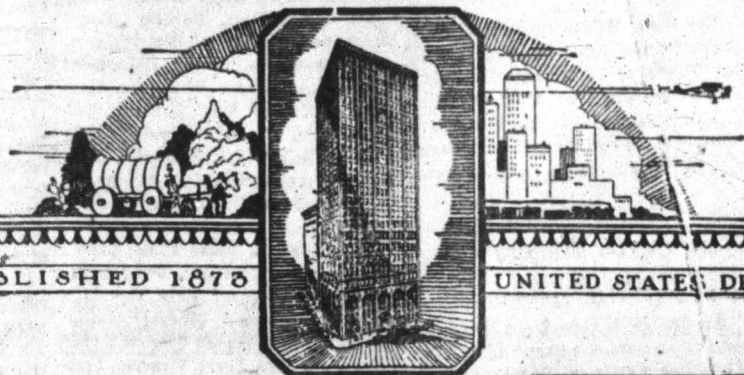


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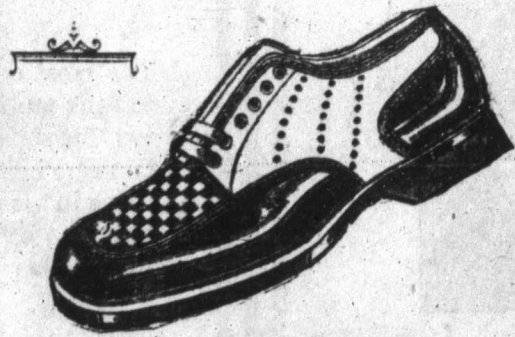
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**Baseball Briefs**

By JAY WILLIAMS.

Close observers at the two recent T. C. U.-Aggie baseball games probably noticed a small black mass atop Dutch Meyer's baseball cap. The mass is chewing gum, some of which has been there since the Frogs won their first game down in Waco last month. The rest has been added after each additional victory.

Dutch is perhaps the most superstitious baseball coach in the conference. Chewing gum on his cap means good luck (sometimes), he hunts the "lucky spot" on the bench, he switches his coaches when things are going against him, and woe unto the guy who allows the bats to get crossed. And during a batting rally he will even spit in his cap to keep the good luck going.

"Hobo" Carson, one of the best athletes ever to graduate from the Purple school, pitched and batted the San Antonio Texas League team to victory in a game last week. He allowed only seven hits, and on the offense drove out a triple and a single which were incidental in the victory.

"Boob" Fowler, another T. C. U. product, is playing third base for Toronto, in the International League. A few days ago he did right by his Walker, Railton, Douglas and Wendt are perhaps the class of the loop. Keith, Rice southpaw, who was such alma mater by hitting a home run with the bases full.

Buster Walker is perhaps the equal of any pitcher in the conference. a nemesis to the Frogs last year, has failed to win a game from the Meyer crew this spring. He couldn't stand the gaff when Frog players began screaming "ball" every time he took his wind-up and eventually he would have to be taken out.

Cox has never come through as was expected at the beginning of the season, but he has the stuff and sooner or later will deliver. Chappell has shown plenty of ability and will be a winner in another year.

Baseball teaches its share of morals, and the latest comes from Detroit sports writer in quoting the manager of the Cleveland Indians. The latter was asked why such a valuable man as Bip Falk was riding the bench instead of playing in the Cleveland outfield, and he replied that Falk was undoubtedly the best left fielder on the club but that Charlie Jamieson was going to play the position until he (Jamieson) thought he was no longer a help to the club. He explained that Jamieson for years had played hard and faithfully, even at moments when the rest of the team seemed to lose interest and heart, and therefore he was giving him his just reward.

The moral is clear, and Frog reserves might find lots of truth in it. Every athlete could well take heed. After the moral must come—the end.

**More About Commencement**

(Continued from Page 1)

degrees in June, and 67 summer school seniors working for bachelors' degrees.

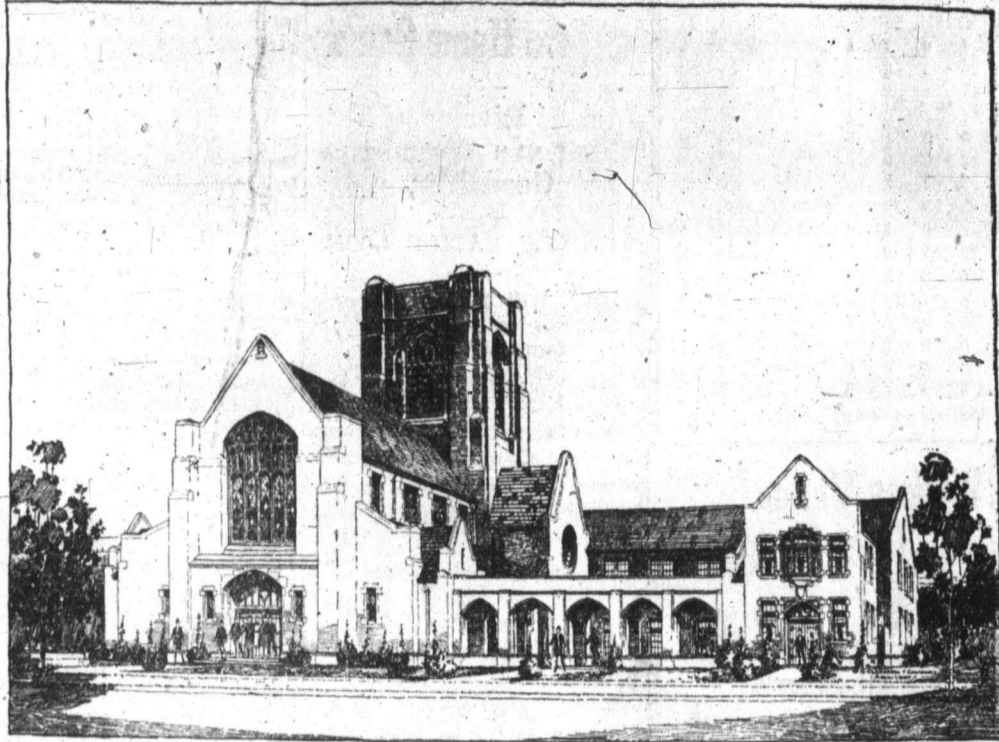
The 1929 commencement season extends from May 27 through June 3. The order of events is as follows: Recitals, during the week of May 27-June 1; Class Day Exercises, 8:30 p. m., Saturday, June 1; baccalaureate sermon, 11 a. m., Sunday, June 2; ex-students' reunion, 5 p. m., Monday, June 3, and commencement exercises, 7 p. m., Monday, June 3.

Spring final examinations will be held for undergraduates June 3, 4, 5 and 6. Enrollment for the summer term will be June 5 and 6, with classes beginning on June 7 and ending August 7. A board of trustees' meeting will be held Monday, June 3.

**J. W. Herndon's Marriage Announced**

The marriage of J. W. Herndon, Jr., who withdrew from school the beginning of the present semester, to Miss Mae Simmons of Sweetwater, has recently been announced. Herndon was a junior and was an assistant in the chemistry department for the past two years. He is now employed by the U. S. Gypsum Company of Sweetwater, and he and his wife are living with his parents.

**New University Christian Church**



This is a preliminary drawing of the new University Christian Church. In the finished form the tower will not appear so heavy, and the lines of the building will be much more embellished, trimmed in stone. The same architects, W. G. Clarkson Co. built the Library building for T. C. U., which has elicited so much praise for its grace and beauty.

The tall portion of the building, to the left is the worship suite to be constructed first. The Educational plant to the right must be left for a later day.

**Final Music Recitals To Be Given Monday**

Piano, Voice, Violin Pupils Will Be Presented on Last Public Program.

The final monthly public recital of the music department of Texas Christian University for this year will be given in the University auditorium, on Monday evening, May 13,

according to Dr. H. D. Guelick, head of the department.

The program scheduled by the piano department is as follows: Miss Louise Lester, "Dance Caprice," by Hahn; Miss Rita Mae Hall, "When Leaves Turn Red," by Adams; Miss Wilma Spratt, "Concert Etude," by Friml; Miss Launa Fretwell, "Witches Frolic," by Bartlett; Miss Deidre Dyche, "Waltz Caprice," by De Leon; Miss Ida Katherine Moore, "Hungarian," by McDowell, and Miss Marguerite

Bennett, "Scotch Tone Poems," by McDowell.

Miss Betty Self will sing "Michael's Flute," by Rolfe, and Thompson Shannon will sing "Invictus," by Huhn, as the numbers from the voice department.

**Hellman to Regional Meet**

Stewart Hellman will represent T. C. U. and the district of Texas in the regional meet of the National Oratorical Contest, May 17. The meet will be held in Liberty, Mo.

**THE CONSTRUCTIVE WORKER IS THE ONE WHO WINS**



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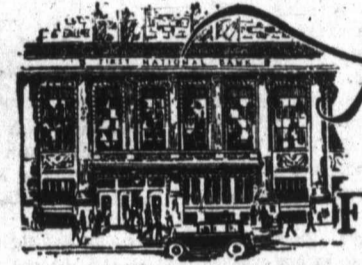


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We commend these two students for they have proven themselves

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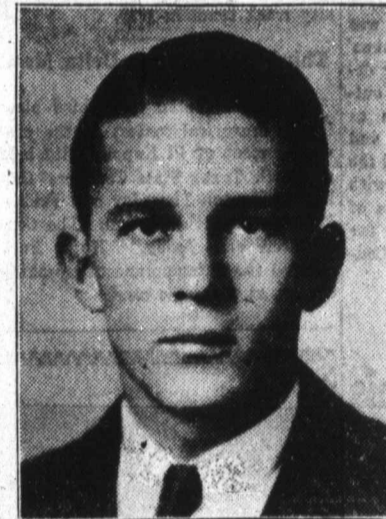
**These T. C. U. Men Reflect Credit on Their University**



GORDON GRIFFIN, '29



JACK MOORE, '29



ROY JENKINS, '30

During their spare hours, these three Texas Christian University Students are employed by the Northern Texas Traction Company at its offices. Their integrity, ability, and conscientious discharge of their duties have won for them the respect of the entire organization and the recommendation of their employers.

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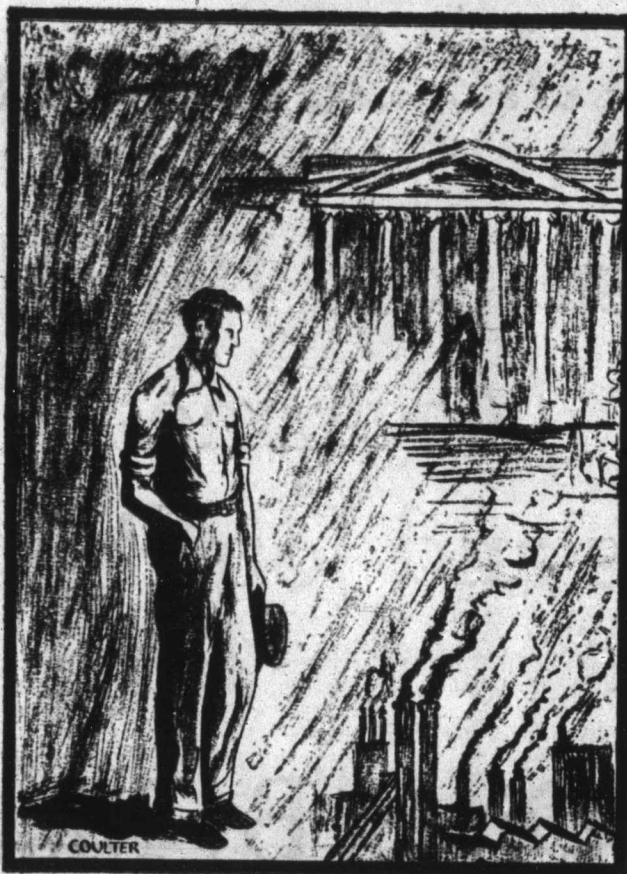
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"It is said that the palm tree has 376 different uses. Try to be a human palm tree."

"You are not getting very far until you realize the responsibility which every one owes to those about him. You should work at no task that is not necessary to the comfort and welfare of your fellows. Then keep in mind that you must

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