

YOUNGSTOWN COLLEGE

COLLEGE
NITE
TONIGHT

JAMBAR

MAY DAY
FRIDAY

Vol. IV

Youngstown, Ohio, May 23, 1934

No. 5

Alumni Organizes

The Youngstown College Alumni Association, a long desired and expected association, has been organized at Youngstown. The alumni came into action with the election of officers and appointment of committees as the first step in forming a permanent organization. Jack McPhee, head of the physical education department, was elected president of the alumni. Meanwhile, the following alumni were also put into office: Mary Edwards as vice president, Freda Flint as secretary, and treasurer Louis Hyman.

TO HOLD BANQUET

The association will hold the Alumni-Faculty Banquet on June 7. Graduating seniors will be guests at this delightful affair. The annual election of officers will be held in connection with the banquet.

Educational Frat Organized

Within the last two weeks another fraternity has been organized in the college. An educational fraternity has been started by Dr. Wilcox, our educational head, with an eye towards becoming a member of the Kappa Delta Pi, a national honorary fraternity, of which he is a member.

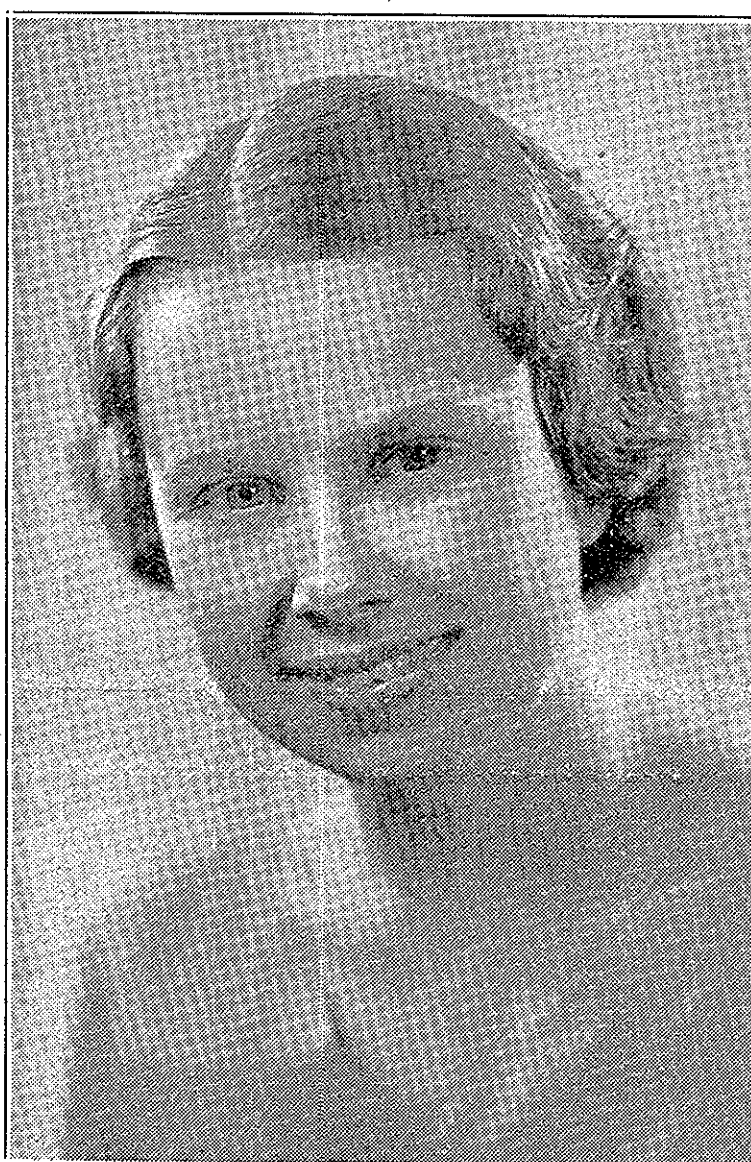
The organization already has twenty-eight members, and those interested in joining are asked to get in touch with one of the officers who were chosen at an earlier meeting.

Those elected were:
President—Art Halferty.
Vice-president—John Raupple.
Secretary-Treasurer—Olive Brown.
Historian—Marian Howell.
Reporter—Wilma Starr.

All regulations and by-laws of this national honorary fraternity are being closely adhered to so that when recognized as an educational unit our standing will enable us to become a member of this organization.

COSMOPOLITAN

The Cosmopolitan Club of Youngstown College will hold a picnic supper at Pioneer Pavilion on Thursday, May 24, for the club members and their guests. Supper will be at six o'clock, games, cards, and dancing following later in the evening. The committee in charge of the program includes Edward McKay, Elvira Tartan, Bill Balla, and Jessie George.



"It is the nicest ending to four years of college that anyone could wish for."—Rachel Griffiths.

HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN

Rachel! The May Queen! Rachel Griffiths!

That's all you've heard during the past week. But, let us remind you that it is one of the nicest things to hear. However, the new May Queen is so much sweeter to see and charming to know that we simply must expostulate.

"The gracious Queen Rachel!" But let's stop all this personal opinion and begin our dissertation on the May Queen, Rachel Griffiths.

It seems that back in the days of 1912 (?) Mr. and Mrs. H. Griffiths welcomed a member into their home—that grugling new member

was our own Rachel. When Mr. Griffiths saw the squirming little pug-nosed child—all children have pug-noses—he turned to his wife and said, "We don't want any more, there couldn't be another as sweet as this one." And that was that.

Then came the long journey through life—kindergarten, grade school, and South High. In South, Rachel began to get the recognition due her as a scholar by being admitted to the National Honor Society.

Meanwhile, an accident happened in our queen's life. According to legend, Miss Griffiths went horse-back riding. She was and then she

wasn't on the horse. However, she asserts, a horse is the only animal she ever "fell for".

Came Youngstown College and what some nitt-witt has called the four year loaf. Our "Queen of the May" proved herself popular and a sparkling, vivacious student.

Queen Rachel has been or "is been" president of Gamma Sigma Sorority, member of the Dramatic Club, Jambar and Annual Staff member, Secretary of the Senior Class, Student Councilor, librarian and student-teacher, besides being the most loved girl in the college.

Now comes the shock of your lives. "Every intelligent person has a hobby", but Rachel is intelligent and has no hobby—just another statement proved false. Secondly, the queen does not like housework, but plans to spend the remainder of her life teaching school.

After all good news comes bad news. No, not bad news for Rachel, but for every undergraduate in Youngstown College. Rachel graduates in June.

While we hate to see her go, we wish her all the luck in the world and the utmost success. Though, we still don't see how such a sweet and charming person as Rachel will ever become a school-marm, spinster.

"Long live the Queen of the May, 1934."

Rain

Drip, drip, drip, down the window pane

Came the lazy everlasting rain,
Splashing, spattering against the sill,
Rushing here and there at will.

I sat beside the window, and,
Looked across the rain soaked land,
For I had planned to spend the day
Out in the fields among the hay.

Rain, rain, rain, and still more rain,
Just like an endless pokey train.
And here am I cooped up inside
Until it stops, here I abide.
—J. Raupple.

A TRIOLET

Do you know little Helene,
That tiny, pretty bunch of beauty?
The cutest thing I've ever seen,
Do you know little Helene?
She's never cross, nor cold, nor mean—

Not even when you call her cutie.
Do you know little Helene,
That tiny pretty bunch of beauty?
—Jack Raupple.

THE JAMBAR

Published by The Students of Youngstown College

May 23, 1934

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 Society Reporters Charles Bare, Rachel Griffiths, Janis Ullman, Ann Rubeck
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 Faculty Advisor Dr. R. D. Scudder

Just An Editorial

Over a period of four years the JAMBAR has grown from a small mimeograph publication to a real collegiate newspaper. However, it does not, at present, meet the standards set by other colleges in the matter of organizing an editorial staff for each school year. Undoubtedly much of the confusion and delay, which always precedes the preparation of the first issue after the opening of college in September, could be eliminated if a new policy was adopted.

This policy concerns chiefly the selection of members of the student body to fill the higher editorial positions before the closing of the second semester. A system of this kind would give the editor and his associates ample time to make all other appointments and to discuss plans for the next year of publication.

In addition to the foregoing issue, there is another which should be given careful consideration. During the entire history of the JAMBAR, the administration has always frowned on the matter of advertising. Yet, it is a known fact, that lack of funds has been the one big reason why the paper has not been published regularly. Now, if an advertising department could be added to the organization and an income from this source assured, the students of Youngstown College would have a paper of which they could be justly proud.

Youngstown College is rapidly assuming the aspects of a well organized institution of higher learning. Traditions are being made—why not make them liberal enough so that they will be a real acme of progress. We sincerely urge, for the betterment of the JAMBAR, that the students will sanction the new system of selecting the editorial staff and that the faculty and administration will lift the ban on advertising.

DON McCANDLESS

Where Does Your Activity Fee Go?

By James N. Gillam

Students have long desired to know where their activity fee money goes. It is for the purpose of enlightening these students, who have a right to know, on that subject. In presenting these figures the managing editor hopes that no misunderstanding will arise and all questions on the way student council is handling your money will be answered. First let me state that the student council only makes an estimate of expenses and how they should be met, the Y. M. C. A. takes care of any meeting the expenses. So let us understand, the student council is told what to do and can only do what they are told. We extend our thanks to John Connor for obtaining these figures and presenting them to us.

For your enlightenment we present the following report:

Activity	Amount provided for expenses (to May 1st.)	Amount Spent (to April 1st.)
Basketball	\$ 916.92	\$ 816.29
Intramurals	205.79	22.09
Social	399.00	213.40
Jambar	378.32	137.48
Wick Hall	489.61	255.81
Glee Clubs		5.40
Key Fund	226.86	
Debating, Orchestra, Dramatics		
TOTALS	\$2617.50	\$1523.72

There remains the May Day festivities, J. W. Breakfast, one Jambar, and a few other minor expenses. Some 250 dollars is being diverted from the other funds for the Annual.

A close examination of the figures will show you that there will be a pretty fair sum of money left at the end of the year. The money left is put into a reserve fund.

"And where does the reserve fund go?" The question is still unanswered. Student council can't seem to discover.

As a matter of personal opinion, one might suggest that the students be refunded their payments on the Annual. There seems to be plenty left to pay for the annuals without asking the students to pay another dollar. Any one who has read their activity card will remember that it contracts for an Annual as well as other social privileges. And so you have the figures and some personal comment, from this point onwards you may draw your own conclusions.

STARR-BEAMS

"Allah! Allah! Allah be praised! Freddie McFarland thus greets our Queen of the May. Reiterating his phraseology we join in saying same "Allah! Hail the Queen!"

John Raupple, Ray Codrea, Biff Holley and other Sig Deltis included the Queen of the May in their initiation ceremonies this year. Al Hardy, initiate, was taken for "a ride"—as a counterpart of initiation—home at 2 a. m. The Queen has her abode next door. Jack Raupple helped to arouse her, calling "Queenie! Rachel!"

Frede LaBelle and Billie Russell are going to take the "leap". Freddie now trots around with a gay and sure stride and a smile from ear to ear—sure sign of love. Freddie boasts of not "being able to wait until the day arrives." Congratulations!

Ethel Bowers can't sleep at nights but says "It's not because I'm in love"; Betty Button, on the contrary, says "Oh, I can sleep, anyway"—a blush follows. More campus couples—Betty Button, John Galizia.

Mildred Strain, From Queen, still running around in a Woozy Fog; Freddie likewise. Notice that Fred and Millie both can blush.

Red lips? Red mouth? Francis Whiteside's story was "I got a mouthful of Carbol Fussion Dye in Bacteriology." "Prof" Chambers came to the rescue with a throat gargle, and stain-remover. Johnny O'Connor added, "Be Careful, Francis, Dr. Wirt is looking for 'Reds!'"

Chux McCallister included a number of questions on "heart trouble" in his list of questions for Dr. Bunn. Doctor, however, forgot to mention the most prevalent at this time of the year.

Bill Best holds the unique record of having tested more drinking fountains than a plumber.

Jimmy Rich who has aspirations of becoming a political boss has discovered the basic principle governing his future in politics—"A politician must kiss all babies." Age limitations?

Complaints from the Dentist's Association have reached Dr. Bowden because certain students have been trying to "put teeth" into the recent labor laws. "Careful boys, Gen. Johnson is around the corner", says Johnny O'Connor.

Prof. Wishart's pronunciation of a certain English village resembles a suppressed sneeze.

Ludt Welsh is a law abiding citizen and believes in the Youth Movement of backing up the present government in its Recovery Policies. Ludt helps the government decrease its deficit by drinking beer, so he says.

Phyllis Moench and Gwendolyn Ratcliffe still have the task of proving to Bill Lyden and Jack Patterson that the 5c hot dogs sold in a two by four hot-dog stand are O. K. Bill claims they're so old that they won't even bite back!

Therese Cronan has a "date list". The bandage wrapped around Therese's head three weeks ago (supposedly the result of an accident) has secured for her the name "Kid Cronan" and a long list of "fights" or "bouts" are scheduled.

Ben Kunicki is our Russian Banker. Charlie Bare is the "little Bare boy". Jane Strausbaugh is one in a thousand—can ride a horse like an Englishman, play tennis like Helen Wills, baseball like Babe Ruth and do "all those things". Biff Holley claims that neither Madame X nor Starr Beams can put him "on the pan" but there still is the mouse in the corner.

Coletta Lyden—"Oh Doctor." Bud Sheets and Elton Burky travel from Columbus every two weeks "to dance and to go to a movie in Youngstown". That's their story, but Madame X knows otherwise.

Johnny Fell almost succeeded in playing the part of "Sir Walter Raleigh" BUT instead of letting her "walk over" he "carried her"—BUT much to his chagrin he "dropped her". The pride of the young gallant has undergone a severe reverse.

Dr. Bowden raised his eyebrow upon seeing a Junior "sticking her tongue out". Was Betty Bush's face red?

A SUGGESTION

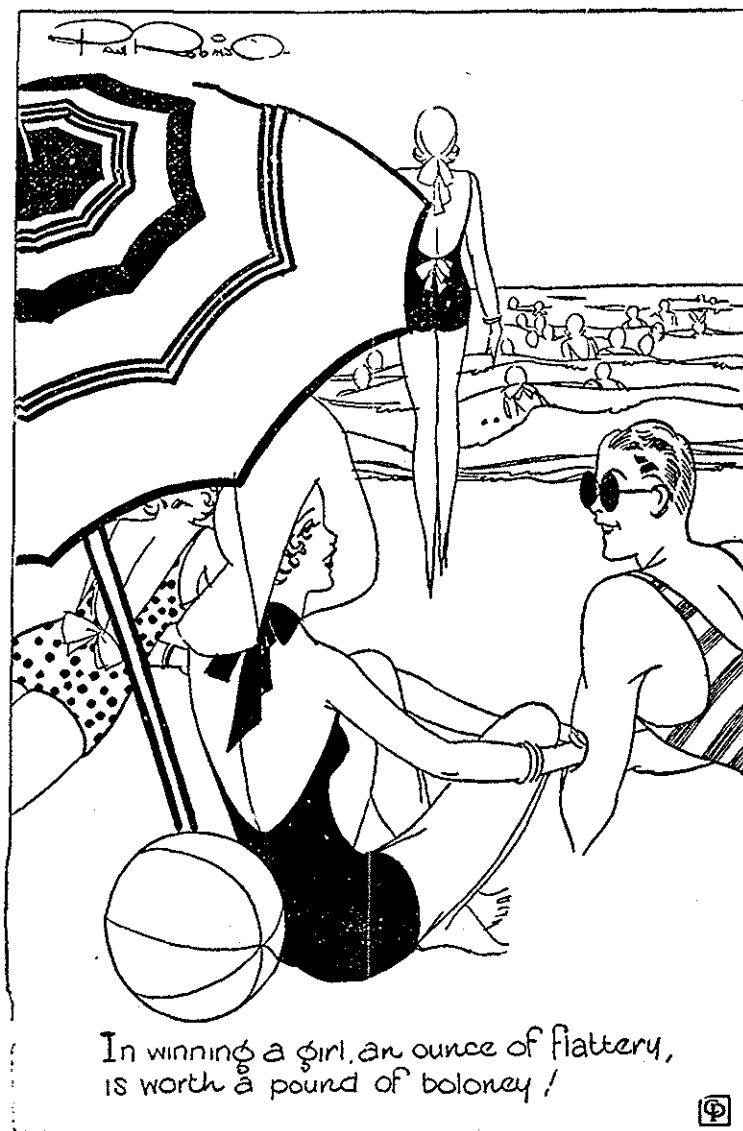
I am not wishing to guide the policy of the Student Council, but there is one point which should be considered by that body. Other schools appoint an editor for their school newspapers the latter part of the college semester. This, I believe, is a good policy because the newly elected editor can spend time during the summer preparing for the coming school year. In our case at Youngstown College, a paper should be printed for the benefit of the incoming students, as well as for the benefit of the entire student body. In the past we have made a hopeless mess of this problem. Let us have paid advertising for our paper and appoint our editor early so that next year will be a banner year for the college newspaper as well as the college as a whole.

An Interested Student.

JUST AMONG US GIRLS



JUST AMONG US GIRLS



TO

Lips like tulips,
Eyes divine,
How I wish that
You were mine;
Then my sweet
This I'd do,
My love, my dear,
I'd prove to you.

Sweet as honey,
Fair as May,
You can't help it,
You're that way.
A pleasing smile;
Light brown hair
A kind of girl
That makes one care

Dare I tell you?
I don't know
If I do
You may go.
Then my dreams
O lasting joy
Would be shattered
Like a toy

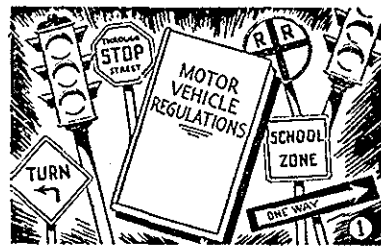
But if I don't
Somebody might,
And then there'd be
An awful fight
Because you see
Right from the first
You're the one
That quenched my thirst.
—John Rawpple

Co-Ed Athletics Active

This last semester has seen the uprising of the girls in the athletic field, and the recognition of their intra-murals by the college. The opening contest, Service Ball, was won by the Alley Kat group, headed by Claribelle Walker. A ping-pong tournament is now under way, and a girls' singles tennis tournament is to begin soon. There is also the possibility of a mixed doubles tournament being started in the near future.

The girls who are active in all these events will be eligible to join the W. A. A.

—Georgia Paul.



Speaking of blessings, suppose modern short skirts had come in style when bustles were all the rage.

OPEN ROAD PLANS

"The most active club in the college" has been the title given to the Open Road Club. Mixing pleasure with learning has made the club a success. It took an active part in our last Open House, and keeps its members busy by means of a hike every Sunday afternoon.

At present, plans are being made for the summer months. Dr. Waldron, group adviser, is planning to guide the group around the grounds of the World's Fair during the hot season. Plans for spending a week at Obleboy Camp, West Virginia, are also under way.

SIGMA DELTA

The Sigma Delta Beta fraternity will hold its annual dinner-dance on May 29 at Tippecanoe Country Club. This formal dinner-dance will climax the fraternity's activities for the current school year. The committee in charge of this affair are: Paul McNicholas, Ray Stambaugh, Ray Codrea, and Vincent Lyden.

Plans for an outing at Geneva-on-the-Lake during the summer have not as yet been completed.

PARODY ON "TREES"

I think that I shall never see
A man that's half as smart as me,
A man who really acts his years
And never causes women tears,
A man who looks at things worth while

And dresses in the latest style,
A man that may in summer wear
A little wave set in his hair,
A man who carries while he roams
Lipstick, powder puffs, and combs.
Men's faults are seen by fools like me,

But only God can their virtues see.
—Grace Barnes.

A man who is all wrapped up in his own self-importance is apt to be mighty thinly clad.

Lots of people are so busy talking that they don't have time to say anything.

If father is able to sign his name to checks, the family will forgive his lack of other accomplishments.

Nothing is needed quite so badly as the spread of intelligence among those who think they know it all.

PANSY PERSIMMON'S OETRY

Can you write poetry? If you can, send it to Pansy Persimmon, and perhaps you too can be the winner of one of these beautiful prizes.

First prize—Two straight pins.
Second prize—One straight pin.
Next four prizes—One slightly bent, straight pin.
For adjoining seats in History class, Seems Mr. Best's fond wish, One is for himself, of course, The other for Miss Bush.

With his picture in the paper He does a lot of damage, To the hearts of fair young ladies Who like him—Mr. Rammage.

With great big, eighteen syllable words, You'll hear him preaching daily, The chap that I have reference to Is our editor, Mr. Aley.

"Oh teacher, have an apple please," Came the invitation, "Thanks," he blushed and helped himself, Professor Randall Leyshon.

I have a can of dog-food here, The very best, I swear, If you won't buy it, I know who will, He sold it to "Pop" Bare.

"I'm the finest player on the team, I play without a hitch," And who's the one who says so? "Why, I do—Jimmie Rich."

On moonlit nights you'll see her, Stroll down lover's lane, With any one of sixteen men, The "darling, Millie" Strain.

When it comes to making love, You are a good pretender, You talk so swell, and deceive so well, You two-timer, Mr. Bender.

Oh what a smoothy is this guy, Whose smile is so blandless, He gets the ladies without a doubt, That "ducky" Don McCandless.

"I dreamt last night of great big flies," He very sadly moans, "I haven't touched a drop in years," I wonder?—Mr. Jones. (Tsk, tsk.)

If you want to appreciate All the things I write, Burn this thing, then close your eyes, And read with all your might. —Pansy Persimmon

LOST—ONE GIRL

Or so reads a note found in the hall the other day. It ran: "I guess I haven't got what it takes. First it was John, then Russ, then Fred, then John again. I asked you if you were going to the—, 'No!' you said, but you went. 'Are you going to the—,' I asked. 'No-o-o you said, and you went. Well I guess there's no use. John's waiting for you, so goodbye."

OPEN HOUSE A SUCCESS

The second annual Open House held on April 5 and 6 was very successful, and will be a permanent feature of the college. It is estimated that several thousand high school seniors, friends and parents, viewed the exhibits held in the science, music, and art departments of the college.

"The work is all done of course by the students under the supervision of the instructors," said Dr. E. D. Scudder, head of the Chemistry department. "The experiments show work that is being done in the classes, and also portrays the fundamental theories of Chemistry. We do not intend to be merely spectacular. This Open House will be carried on annually, with some additions and changes each year."

There were ten or fifteen new projects set up this year in addition to last year's. Among these were a fire extinguisher, blue printing, and manufacture of baking soda. A featured part of the exhibit was the distillation of coal. Nitric acid was made by a process similar to that used at Muscle Shoals.

The Phi Epsilon science fraternity aided not only in the science experiments, but also in the making of signs, and in the registrations. An exhibit of slide making and inoculation was set up by Professor Chambers, of the Bacteriology department. A variety of fossils and animals was shown by the Geology class and the Open Road Club, under Dr. Waldron. Peter M. Dondella, professional hypnotist of Struthers, performed on Claribelle Walker, John Fatter-son, and Bob Haul, before crowds of visitors in the Psychology room. Other psychology experiments were also given.

Open House offers an opportunity for outside people, as well as students of the college, to learn more about the work being done. "A decided interest was shown by visitors and students, and many questions were asked, which was of course what we wanted," said Dr. Scudder.

SALLY'S SALLIES



A man often is a girl's intended long before he knows it.

MEN TO HAVE TENNIS

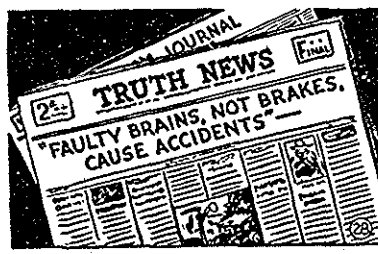
There has been a tremendous amount of enthusiasm for tennis to warrant a tennis tournament. It has not been decided whether the players will be arranged in teams or not. From the number of players of ability, the games should prove to be interesting. The tennis series will probably bring the Intra-mural program to a close for this year.

After a brief lull in its activities the Intra-mural program is under way again. The winter indoor sports were ended by the Sophomores winning the basketball tournament, and Bob McCallister taking over Bill Lackey to win the ping-pong series.

The Sophomores entitled to numerals are Gulfo, captain, Margo, Freed, Morris, Kemp, Smith, Stone, and Wagner.

The spring in the air has turned the young men's fancy to tennis shoes, old sweat shirts and baseball. The Seniors are trying hard to prove their superiority over mere under classmen, and have beaten all opposing teams in the first half of the basketball series. Although the Seniors have taken the first half the Freshmen are still proud of their victorious emergence from the football tournament and feel capable of taking the second half of the baseball tournament.

We thank "Ranny" Leyshon for the time and work he has spent in making this program a success. —Grant Hays.



FORMER STUDENT AT U. OF BERLIN

By Guylu Maze

William Hartman, better known as Bill, who was a student at Youngstown College last year is now enrolled at the University of Berlin, Germany, as a pre-medical student.

Bill has his living quarters in the old castle of Frederick I. One of his roommates is from Hiram, while his classmates represent seventeen countries.

All lectures and classes are in the German dialect, but one does not have to attend class unless he so desires. A student is, however, compelled to take one test in his subjects—this test being given once a year.

There are not so many social activities there. We have many more (that was last year), but sports predominate. Tennis, rowing and ping-pong are the students' favorites.

Although he is quite pleased with the present university, Bill, is of the opinion that old friends are the better friends. Well, we wish Bill success.

If you don't have push, you are not apt to have a pull.

SALLY'S SALLIES



Some young fellows are a credit to their family; others a debit.

WHAT'S VERSE

Miss Howells: "Do we have to write poetry?"
Miss North: "Oh no, verse."

Interesting Summer Courses Offered

The Summer Session at Youngstown College is scheduled to open Monday morning, June 18, and will continue for a period of nine weeks, according to President Howard Jones. "It is our purpose to offer courses which are of especial interest to students who are enrolled in Youngstown College now," President Jones said. We would urge students who need definite courses this summer to come in and enroll for them within the next few days. The summer schedule will be definitely made from enrollments. The tentative schedule of courses listed for the summer includes the following courses: General Psychology, Public Speaking, English Composition, Short Story, Educational Psychology, General Chemistry, Qualitative Analysis, Contemporary Literature, Modern Novel, Creative Writing, Magazines in America, Philosophy, Principles of Teaching, Classroom Administration, Special Methods, Principles of Education, Educational Sociology, Tests and Measurements, Character Education, College Algebra, Analytic Geometry, Trigonometry, Differential Equations, Statistics, Introduction to Political Science, Introduction to Sociology, History of Greece, History of England Since 1500, Fine Arts, and Physics.

Several courses will be offered in the evening for the benefit of those students who are working during the day.

The maximum load of work for summer school students is nine semester hours.

HAPPY

A Short Story

William Johnson let a sigh escape from his lips as he shut off the motor of his bantam automobile before the Gridiron Grill. "What-a-life!" he groaned. "Another New Year's Eve to spend with myself."

"Howdy, Bill!" Harry Alhouse, spare-time soda-jerker at the Gridiron, greeted from behind the fountain. "How come you're so all alone on this eve of the big prosperous year?"

"Hello, Harry!" Bill returned, ignoring the question.

"Didn't you get an invite to the Hi-Y Dance?"

"Sure, but you know that I don't dance," Bill informed him.

"Why the devil don't you wise-up to yourself and learn how?" Harry flung at him.

"I might if all the girls weren't afraid of size nines and my hundred and eighty pounds."

"Why don't you get Fanny to teach you?"

"If I only could," the six-foot youth mumbled, looking at his hands. "One date with Fanny and I could die happy."

"Lo!" the young lady who seemed to be causing such a flutter in Bill's heart greeted from the door.

"Hello!" the two youths returned in harmony.

"Thought you were going to the dance tonight," Harry challenged.

"So did I 'til Joe showed up after getting mixed with a powerfully loaded flask," Fanny admitted.

"How about taking in the midnight at the Palace, then?" Bill begged.

"I'm not in the habit of accepting charity," the young lady countered with a smile.

"Aw, Fan, please!"

"All right, Bill. Gladly."

The new year was two hours old when the small auto bearing the beaming Bill and the young lady whom he was so much in love with came to a stop before the girl's home.

"Thank you, Bill, for the enjoyable evening," Fanny acknowledged, as she drew her coat more closely over her shoulder.

"That's not necessary," Bill faltered, laying his arm on the back of the seat. "I know you would have enjoyed the dance much more. I'd have liked to take you, but—"

She understood—at least her brown eyes said that she did. Bill could see that as they looked into his adoring brown orbs.

"Bill, you really are swell. Though at times so queer," she added.

"Yes," he began, "queer." But you're more than swell. Fanny, you're wonderful," the youth stammered.

"Please," she murmured in a voice filled with emotion.

Harry Alhouse came staggering down the avenue mumbling profanely about the wild and prosperous new year. In his hand waved a revolver. Above his head rose that hand to make two wobbly circles as "Ick! Ick!" escaped from his purple tinged lips. Then the arm began its descent. Suddenly the arm stopped as though a trap had caught and held it there, parallel to the ground. The muscles of the

liquor-saturated body contracted. The hand which held the revolver clenched; the index finger tightened over the trigger.

The couple in the bantam auto were suddenly awakened from their ecstasy by the roar of a powder explosion. The left hand corner of the windshield shattered. Bill Johnson's body jerked and stiffened. He felt a burning sensation just below the armpit of his left side, then a trickle down that side.

"Bill," Fanny exclaimed, "you're hit."

"No," he responded, "Just a scratch." And he pulled the handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the wound.

"You're coming in for a while," Fanny said, removing the key from her purse.

"I'll see you to the door," he informed her, taking her words as a question.

"And into the house," she stated. "That scratch, as you call it, is going to be taken care of. There's no sense of getting it chilled and maybe blood-poison."

There's no use arguing with a woman, as Bill's mother and father had taught him, so he permitted himself to be led into the kitchen and have his side administered with peroxide-saturated cotton followed by agonizing iodine smears.

The last strip of adhesive tape was applied and the girl looked up into his face. Her face seemed to be masked in radiance—"like that of an angel," he thought.

"Sweetheart!" he murmured.

"Darling!" she responded drawing his lips to hers.

Two silent figures on the stairs turned and silently returned to their room.

"She got her man, at last," the man said.

"Happy!" his wife whispered with a catch in her voice. "Happy!"

"Vindy" Editor Speaks

A man with wide college education is best prepared for newspaper work, Mr. William Maag, editor of the Vindicator, informed students of the journalism class.

Mr. Maag, who rarely speaks before assemblies of any type, stated that "the newspaper is the reflection of the man who makes it" as the thesis of his address, "The Newspaper as a Citizen."

"To be worth anything to your paper you must be accurate," but you cannot look beneath the surface and make distinctions unless you have an education.

"Learn something, read and study, fill your mind," the editor advised. "If you want to be a leader you must know more than the people you write for."

Those who would soon be seeking connections with newspapers were admonished, "If you apply for a job and don't get one, make one," write features, news notes, letters to the editor column material, etc. If you want to get far you must learn how.

LOVE LORN COLUMN

Dear Mr. Heartsease:

I am an actor. Years ago I was a star—my picture was in all the papers. People flocked to see me. But alas and alack, now I am through. I am only seventy-eight and still raring to go, but my public thinks I am old. All I need is another chance. I want something new; something showing the bare facts; something exposing, natural, uncovered; something—aw nertzs! What do you suggest?

A. B. Ham.

Dear Pork:

What you need is an engagement to act in a nudist colony or else try fan-dancing.

Sincerely,

Milfert Heartsease.

Dear Lovelorn Editor:

I have received much criticism from my buddies, so I am coming to you for advice. You see I have a habit of neglecting school work to take my various girl friends out to sit in the car so that I can make love to them.

Now you would think that if I wanted to do this I would at least have a little privacy—but no, everybody comes to tell me how. And you see I don't need to be told. What I don't know these girls do. So be a pal and help me out: What shall I do? I've got to sit in the car with them to keep them all pacified because if I jilt any one of them I'm afraid she would do something drastic and I have no desire to be on the receiving end of a bullet.

Until I read your answer I'll be—

Anxiously Waiting.

Dear Anxiously Waiting:

Why don't you arrange a definite schedule for your love-making and then go out in the car each day and place a large sign over the car: "Danger—Man At Work—No Help Wanted."

Sincerely,

Milfert Heartsease.

Dear Editor:

I don't know what to do with myself. I never look at any of the girls and of course it is the same with the boys. I have not the faintest idea who most of them are. I'm not bashful, but I'm getting so disgusted with life I'm going to kill myself unless you can help tell me what to do.

I really am considered rather an attractive girl. I have blue eyes and dark hair and a fairly cute figure, but these don't do me any good when I go around acting as though I were doing the world a favor by even living. Please help me.

Lonesome and Blue.

Dear Lonesome and Blue:

You are not the first one so troubled. I have seen it many times. Possibly it's stale and rancid coffee. Use Shase and Canborn's grated coffee.

Also you probably don't sleep well. Use Vovaltine. It's deliciously nourishing.

And last but not least have pep by eating Nrape-Guts. In fact all nerts are healthful, and so I say—"Nuts to you."

Sincerely,

Milfert Heartsease.

Madame X

"Tempus fugit!" You don't think I knew Latin, did you? Well, you were right, I don't; but there are some things I do know. Time is flying and soon we'll have "time on our hands," which to my mind seems a lot better than books on our arms. That was terrible, I admit, but then it was not original so that accounts for it.

By the way, Ben Kunicki isn't the woman-hater he once professed to be. She lives on Chalmers Avenue. You can ask Ben for particulars—he certainly *should* know.

Have you noticed Betty Button and John Galiza walking together, talking together and studying together? She had better be careful or she'll be getting all "hooked up."

Extra! Cafeteria brews romance! Over somebody else's kitchen sink, Jean Raupple has caught the fancy of Tubby McDonald. Tubby can dish it out!

Jerry Morris has been complaining about not ever having his name in the paper. Yes, Jerry still pursues little Rosemarie Bell. Well, Jerry, here it is! How does it look in print?

The only reason Jack Herald can find for stopping between Youngstown and Cleveland is because Helene Snyder lives in Girard. But then, that's sufficient reason, isn't it?

Bill seems to be the Best to Mary Clair, right now. Well, there's one romance that should last—cause, you know they say, "distance lends enchantment." It is so awfully far to Niles.

Eunice Price has revived an old flame—Freddie Purucker. For a while, Howard Fell seemed to be all aglow, but smoke got in his eyes and now all he can see is Clara-belle Walker! "Burn, fire, burn!"

All dressed up and someplace to go! Vic Norling came to class Friday night in a tux! It is rumored that he went to the Phi Lambda Dance with Eleanor Roberts.

All this time we have failed to pay due respects to an old romance—with interruptions. "Reddy" Black and Dave Cooper have weathered the storms and are sailing serenely along.

Again they have provided us with the final *fade-out*. Presenting that master team McCandless and Snyder. They enter the rear door and directly opposite the water fountain they pause—and lo, upon her ruby lips he—well, the story goes as all good movie *fade-outs* do!

And so "the time has come to lend thine ear to 'au revoir,' and "a pleasant vacation" (with analogies to the old maestro). I hope I have provided you with the latest scandal and have not *really* offended any of you. You will forgive me for any offenses, won't you? Thank you, I knew you would. And now with a toodie-oo, a tweet-tweet, so-long and good-by, I will say, "See you next year, I hope!"

After marks were recorded in the office, the dean of Chreighton University placed a sign on the office door which read, "Get your marks here and pass out quietly."

—The Thielsonian.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

The last moving truck was gone; a handsome young man with a mourning-band around his arm, wandered through the still, vacant rooms looking for anything that had been left behind. Nothing had been forgotten, no, not a thing.

He went out into the hall, trying not to remember all the things that had happened to him in this apartment. He spied on the wall, near the telephone, a slip of paper tucked in the directory.

This paper was covered with handwriting; some entries were legible and some were just scrawls. Here was recorded the whole lovely romance that he had lived in the short time of a year and a half.

All that he had resolved to forget was written here—a year and a half of his life.

He took the sheet of paper in his hand. It was a yellowed piece of scratch parchment. He laid it on the window sill in the living room, and, stooping over, began to read.

First stood her name: *Louise*—the most beautiful name he had ever known. It was symbolic of his sweetheart. Beside that was *Reuben's*—where first he saw this vision of beauty.

Beneath was printed *The Office*. It was there that he earnestly toiled during the day; it was a work sacred to him, for it meant food, home, and family—the very foundations of life. He had been laid off, but after a short period of much anxiety had been reinstated.

Then followed *Central Park Casino* and *Hotel St. Regis*. That was when the courtship was in sway, the engagement had been announced, and he had had a large bank account and spending allowance.

The want ads in the *New York Times*—they were looking for apartments. The furniture dealer, the decorator, the radio store—they were preparing and furnishing their new home.

The *National Transfer Company*—they were moving into their apartment.

The *Palace Theatre*—they were newly married and went to the vaudeville theatre on Saturday evenings. *Opera House Box Office*—their most delightful hours were those spent there, sitting quietly, while their hearts united in the beauty and harmony of the magic voices on the other side of the footlights.

Sturgis—the name of a friend (crossed out), an acquaintance of long standing who had risen to dizzy heights, and fallen rapidly after the stock crash. Such is the will-o'-the-wisp, Success!

Now something new came into the lives of the happy young couple. Entered in ink is *The Nurse*; below her name is written: Dr. Lloyd.

Here appeared on the notation *Mother*. That is his mother-in-law, who had discreetly kept away so as not to disturb the newly married. But now she has been summoned, and comes hastily for she is needed.

Employment Bureau—the maid has left, and a new one had to be found. A prescription and the name of *Owl Drug* follow. The dairy—sterilized milk is ordered. The grocer, the butcher, the gas and electric—all household affairs are conducted by telephone. The mistress is confin-

ed to her bed and is not at her usual post.

The next entry he could not read clearly, for it grew dim before his eyes. But there it stood recorded, in plain, large black letters: *The Undertaker*.

That tells the story—a larger and a smaller casket.

There was nothing more. He thought of the saying: "From dust to dust; the way of all flesh."

He took up the paper, folded it tenderly, and put it in his breast pocket.

In a few minutes he had lived over a year and a half of his life.

He was not bowed down as he walked down the hall; on the contrary, he carried his head high, like a proud and happy person, for he knew that he had been given the best that life could hold for a man.

ELVIRA'S . . . OBSERVATION

George Mogan, you're to modest. You certainly deserve those press notices that you so quietly removed from the bulletin board. We're still skeptical about some of those stories you tell, though.

"In the spring time a young man's fancy—" Anyway, in French class the other day Albert Julius was gazing very, very earnestly in one young lady's direction. Looks suspicious. "nest ce pas?"

It really is surprising how enthusiastic Lois Shaw and Howard Putzen have become about their Spanish.

Vivian Price has gone and done it. Accept our belated congratulations, Mrs. Robert C. Burge.

Those budding poets, Paul James and Rocco Lucirell, are really not half as bad as their poetry would lead you to believe. Some of their poems are good.

Ann Volk has an axe to grind. We wonder what will happen to the unlucky one.

And who would ever believe that our dignified Editor-in-Chief would fall in love with a Yoco student—and a Frosh, at that! But the bridge at Wick Hollow has seen many an affair between him and his lady love.

Our own simile: As vague as the sophomore's plans.

To Whom It May Concern: Charlotte Dustman mixes up her dates—history dates, we mean. "Dusty" learns them backward every time.

The depression is over! Vincent Caggiano has started to wear silk shirts to school.

'Nother simile. As frequent as the Jambar.

Did you ever see the picture in Johnny Sirbu's watch? John is to be commended on his excellent taste. No wonder he was poring over a closely-written letter.

Jimmy Gillam is another who carries around a snapshot of his lady love. How romantic!

If you're in need of a realistic horse laugh, see George Hudson. George is an expert in the act and will soon voice his interpretation over the air, so we are told.

The other day in Chemistry lab, there was quite a crowd of People in one corner of the room, so Dr. Scudder, up to his usual investigations, decided to find out the cause. Well, he found that a certain boy and girl were working an experiment together, and that the other boys and girls were determined not to leave these two together too long. The main characters? Oh yes—Valentine Orsary and Elinor Rodgers.

And who is the young lady who powders her white shoes?

A paved walk from the college building to Wick Hall would certainly draw a rousing cheer from the frequenters of the old building. You mustn't expect all the students to be Sir Walter Raleighs, you know.

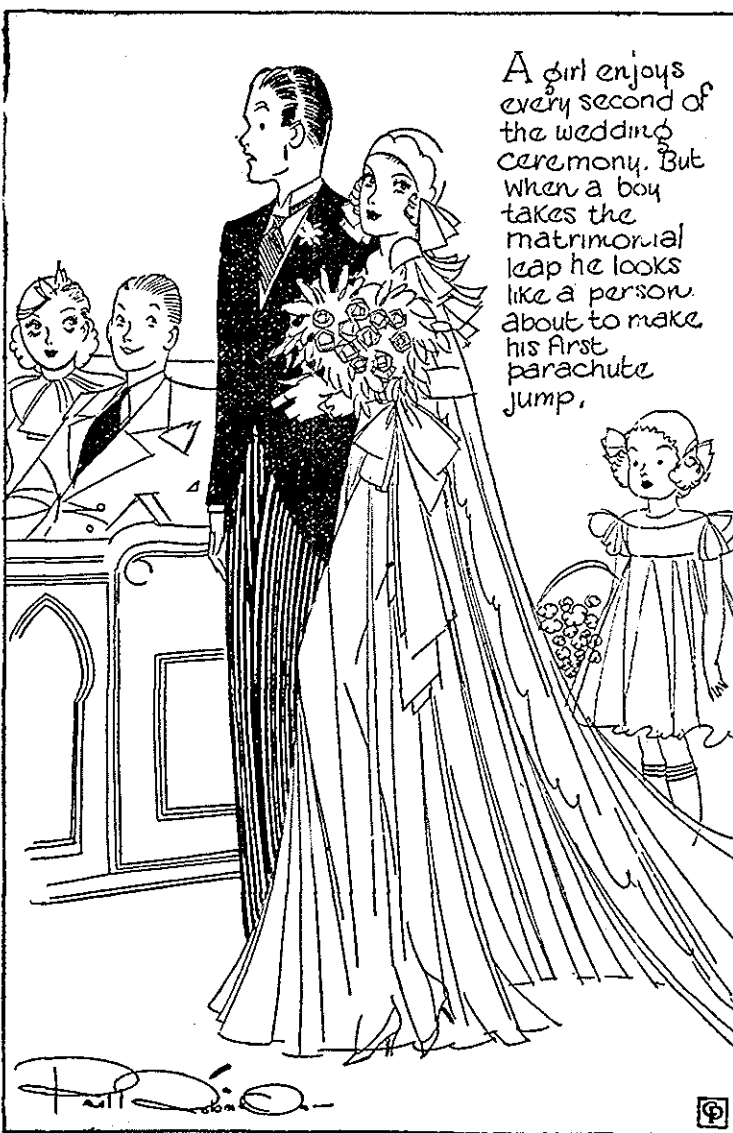
"Who's Afraid of the Three Bad Frosh?" Those three young gentlemen who delight in initiating defenseless gals in their secret fraternity are hereby exposed. So take your medicine like loyal sons of Tappa Keg o' Nails, Jimmy Dickson, Jimmy Nuth, and Al Turley. The next time you hold an impromptu initiation, don't select a Jambar reporter for the victim.

Riegels the second—Best forgetting to tag the runner at home plate, with the score tied.

Girls: Stay away when the Senators are playing. Rich can't keep his eyes on the ball.

And then there's the story of Raupple tearing out into right field from short stop after a fly. Ask Miglaresse or Cooper.

JUST AMONG US GIRLS



A girl enjoys every second of the wedding ceremony. But when a boy takes the matrimonial leap he looks like a person about to make his first parachute jump.