

**YOUNGSTOWN COLLEGE**

Pre-Lenten  
Dance, Friday,  
February 21st



"Where Masks  
Are Worn"  
Coming Soon

## PENGUINS END SEASON ON ROAD

### PENGUIN PRACTICE

Did you know??—That the dark haired coach of John Carroll was Mike Koken, an All-American football player from Notre Dame—That Ray Sweeney and Mike Koken attended the same high school and played football and basketball together—That "Pop" Schultz is playing his fourth and last year of varsity basketball at Youngstown, which is a lot of basketball in any man's land—That the Penguins have had 142 attempts at foul shots in 10 games and have made 92 count—That the 70-27 triumph of the Yocottes is the highest score ever chalked up by any team in the city—That Youngstown's holding of Wes Bennett down to 12 points was one of the few times that the star has ever been slowed down—That the Youngstown-Capital game will be played at the East High floor on Feb. 22, a Saturday night—That Paul Schellhase, a local boy, will be seen in action with Capital—That Jaffee has an average of about 12 points a game—That the student's cheering at games is so bad that it would sound better if there was no cheering at all.

After Schultz got smacked on the nose in the St. Vincent's game he got himself a few points and has been going good ever since. We hope he keeps it up.

Coach Sweeney says that with the exception of the St. Thomas game the Penguins stand a good chance of winning the rest of their games. This would give them a record of 11 won out of 18 games, which would be the best ever compiled by a Yoco cage machine. He says the St. Thomas game will be a real battle and the results will be close.

Sweeney has had a lot of tough luck with his players; Pugh was home sick for over a week; Jaffee had an infected toe and was ineligible for a short time; Vivo is out at present with a back injury, and the usual run of injuries such as bad ankles or wrists, foot blisters, etc., have played havoc with starting line-ups. These injuries have played a big part in the loss of the last few ball games. No coach can win ball games with his players out with injuries.

Event—Youngstown vs. Capital.  
Place—East High Gymnasium.  
Time—Feb. 22, at 8:15.

### Attention Freshmen

A sincere, though belated welcome to the new Freshmen. Now that you have survived the hectic days of Freshman Week, you may consider yourself "bona fide" college students. Forget green ties and cotton stockings and get into the swing of studies and activities. Especially the former. Get all you can from your classes; don't cut them. Remember you are paying for them now. At \$75 a semester for 15 hours you pay about 28c for each class you attend—or cut. You would not think of buying a ticket for a show and then throwing it away.

Let your conscience and not your grades be the criterion for your knowledge of a subject. If you think you do not know very much about a course and then get a "B", don't be "kidded" into believing that you must know it after all. Also if you get a poor grade in a subject that you really know, don't let it worry you too much. You will still have your knowledge long after grades are forgotten.

There is just one more matter I would like to mention. It is a rather delicate subject. We have in this school several social fraternities and sororities. Membership is by invitation. If you are pledged, "congratulations!" The following will not interest you. It is to those who are passed by that I speak. Do not take it too much to heart. Do not let it discourage you. The tendency is to think that you do not fit in, that there must be something wrong with you. No, there is nothing wrong with you. If there was you would not have gone as far as you have. The fact that you are left out is just one of those things that is nobody's fault.

I hope these few words may be of help to some of you new arrivals, if only to make you think seriously about your new venture. And as you go along and little problems crop up, I urge you to confide in your instructors. You will find them to be real friends, ready and glad to help you in any way possible.

—Frank Jaczko

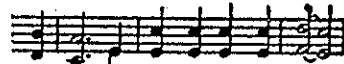
"Has your husband any hobbies?" asked the neighbor who was calling. "No," said Mrs. Newritch, "he has rheumatiz a good deal, and hives now and then, but he ain't never had no hobbies."

### RECEPTION MEMOS

By Frank Jaczko

Good music . . . good floor . . . nice turn-out . . . too much illumination . . . usual speeches . . . usual refreshment. Some objected to having it on Thursday night . . . others say Friday night interferes with classes . . . just proves that you can't please everybody. To certain people: Paper cups make a very interesting "pop" when turned upside down on the floor and stepped on . . . also make a lot of extra work for the caretakers . . . be a little more thoughtful. Too many stags or not enough girls . . . I don't know which. Moochers are increasing. Usually timid Freshman class . . . very good looking young men and women . . . a professor's daughter among its members . . . also two good ping-pong players. Too much intermission between dances. Very thoughtful of the two students to serve refreshments to the faculty and wives in the auditorium. Probably the best attended and most successful affair so far this year.

### MUSICAL NOTES



The Youngstown College Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Myerovich, has set into vigorous practice for the June Commencement Exercises. They will present Beethoven's "Countra Dances", Rommeau, Mottis' "Ballet Suite", and Wagner's "Tannhauser March".

Practice is regularly on Monday noon and Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Anyone who is interested, whether he is in the day or night school, is welcome. It is of special interest to note that one-half hour credit per semester will be given to those who participate.

The personnel of the orchestra is the same as last semester with the addition of Nicholas, Brentin, John Bare, Natalie Weininger, and Thompson Roberts. With the constant increase of both members and ability, the orchestra will soon meet with all requirements of a standard college musical organization.

### FREEDOM OF PRESS?

Four University of Pennsylvania students have been put on probation because of a poem deemed "sacrilegious" which appeared in the campus literary magazine.

### Schultz and Codrea Play Last Game of Career at Rider

On Feb. 22 the Penguins will make their last home appearance of the season. To two boys on the team it will be their last basketball game for the college at home. Robert Schultz and Raymond Codrea are the departing boys. Bob has played four years of varsity ball and will be given the highest award Youngstown College can present to a varsity man—the school blanket. Ray Codrea is playing his first year on the varsity and will receive his sweater for varsity service. Being that this will be the last opportunity for you students to see these boys in action, the gym should be filled to capacity. Let these two boys know you recognize their fine work and give them a cheer that they will never forget.

After the Capital game the team goes East meeting St. Vincents, St. Thomas, and Rider Colleges. These games will be the last for the team this season, and with a fair amount of the breaks they will win two out of the three and possibly the three games. Good luck to the Penguins on their Eastern trip.

### OPEN ROAD CLUB

The last meeting was held Thursday night in the Biology Lab. with President Johnny Fell presiding. The newly elected members were welcomed into the organization. Chester McCracken was appointed general chairman for the organizing of the material for open house. The club feels that it is its duty to get an early start in order that its part in the Open House will live up to the tradition of the past ones. The meeting was adjourned to Vernon's, and another Open Road Club meeting was over.

### PHI SIGMA EPSILON

In order to have something different in the way of parties, Social Chairman Russell Hofmeister went out into the wilds of Pennsylvania and hired a road-side dance hall for a night, February 15th. Special garb was worn to this exclusive affair—for the ladies, an old gingham dress or a smock, and for the men—an old sweater and trousers. An old-fashion lunch was served (we call it old-fashioned, because it's stale), but only one thing worried us—that was, the location. All that Russel knew was that it was between New Bedford and New Castle, but heck, we found it. . . .

Headline in Pittsburgh paper—  
"Four More Sick of Poison Booze"  
—Well, aren't we all?

# THE JAMBAR

Published by The Students of Youngstown College

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 HOWARD BROOKS ..... Sports Editor (men)  
 ANN MONAHAN ..... Sports Editor (women)  
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 Tom Meenhan, Paul Maloney, Stewart Wagner, Joe Hanna, Louis Davidson.  
 Faculty Advisor.....Prof. J. W. Barc

## COLLEGE IS SUCH FUN

### A DAY FROM THE LIFE OF THE CO-ED COMMUTER

It is morning, very early morning, 6 A. M., to be exact, on a nice, wet, cold Monday morning. You have just been dreaming that you are on the coral sands of Florida quietly floating about on the back of a congenial gold fish, when someone sweetly whispers in your ear, "French toast," and you realize that it is breakfast time and you are having French toast. Nevertheless, and quite naturally, you are peeved. You groan and roll your eyes. The martyred expression is very good. After fifteen and a half years of school, it should be. The lady who did the whispering looks at you calmly and disgustedly and thinks she has never seen a surlier or more sour pan than yours. After ten minutes of this by-play during which time you both sour your indignations looking at each other, she leaves and you get up.

The dog comes in and happily licks off your feet. It's his paternal instinct. You watch him passively and wonder how he can stand it. Finally you get yourself into presentable condition and eat the French toast, all the while contemplating the injustice of it all. Why should John D. Rockefeller have God knows what for breakfast when you have just French toast? This makes you very bitter which naturally helps the digestion so much more. You take a little time to read the paper and discover that there are twelve brand new murders since six P. M. last night. Thinking how lucky you are that you weren't one doesn't improve your mood, it just makes you think, "What am I coming to when my only enjoyment comes from murder stories?"

On the street car, there are men all around you who are still masticating their breakfasts. One of them doesn't like his, apparently, and spits whole-heartedly on the floor. You give him the expression of a refined lady who has just been chuck-chucked under the chin by a gorilla and he wonders if you are sick. You are.

Naturally the school clocks have been set ahead by the janitor so you are late for class. You poke your head in the door and say, "So

sorry, hah, hah!" Dr. so and so coldly says, "Erumph" and looks at his watch. You slide into a seat and look nervously around the room, while everyone looks at you with the very icy expression of "Huh, wouldn't you know, that dub!" You make a mental note to step awkwardly on every one's feet when you leave the room. You do and are consequently despised the remaining time you spend in college.

Finally lunch comes. You eat with your friends and make them all hate you by making such subtly sarcastic remarks, as "Don't tell me that's a new hat, I thought it was a bowl of soup." Your friends ignore you, and so, of course, you feel neglected and abused. This is the time to put on a Garbo pose, so you take out a cigarette and gaze intently and unceasingly at your secret passion who looks vaguely surprised. You come to the conclusion that nobody loves you and sink to the depths of despair. You are no doubt a reincarnation of the last rose of summer, and you hope fervently that you die young. You can just see the newspaper headlines, "Beautiful Youngstown Co-ed Dies." You think the newspaper may have its uses and respect it fervently for a moment.

The afternoon is much like the morning. Your teachers all despise you and show it by giving you fawn-like expressions of alarm when you yawn. Finally it's all over and you go home. On the street car, all the men on God's green earth manage to stand on your feet during part of the time. They fight across you for the seats and shove your hat in your eyes. In view of past experience you decide you hate men—all men, whether they are little bitty babies or toothless old men with watery eyes. You hate them all even Santa Claus.

You look at your father very coldly when you get home, and he wonders if after all a college education pays. You argue all evening about politics about which you know nothing and succeed in making your father feel like a filthy capitalist who is taking the bread out of little children's mouths. Then you tell the rest of the family, they make you sick and go to bed. There although you don't believe in Him, you tell God a thing or two and finish the night by having yourself a splendid nightmare.

## ADVICE TO THE FRESHMEN

The prospective freshmen has fallen into the serious error of judging the university or college by its marked social affairs: the ostentatious entertainments, the elaborate dances, the galled sport-tourneys. But, however, it is not the college life and the varied activities that compose it that test the true worth of the institution. The intellectual ground-work, the knowledge, the education to be acquired during the four years of attendance are the main concern of the incoming student.

"Don't take college life too seriously" Mr. Percy Marks, whose excellent works I am quoting, has perceived through many years of intimate contact with the student body its modes and habits of living. This intimacy has promoted in him an astute perception of the workings of the student mind and a perfect understanding of the various factors that constitute the structure of college life. He has delved into the compartments of that "life", probed accurately, carefully, tapped the currents of its pulse-noted its constancies and deflections, and has isolated the important from the unimportant. He is eminently correct in his deductions. But, I, with my limited knowledge of college life have ventured an analysis and have correspondingly arrived at the same conclusion: that too many students devote more of their time to levity and light-headed pursuits than to the industrious, fruitful cultivation of study. Friends of course, provide pleasant interludes for the dull clodding hours of labor, but they must be subordinated, of necessity, to the procurement of an education. All too often, keen gossipings, obscure little conversations about sundry things, tittle-tattlings and the like have superseded, intruded upon, the hours allotted for work. The time will have vanished with nothing accomplished! Then, too, there is the policy of devoting too much time to extra-curricular activity. That must be definitely avoided. Enjoy yourself; but enjoy yourself moderately! A fellow may shine as a celebrity in his small college circle, his successes may excite admiration; but consider that fame is short of duration, ephemeral, brief; and the time he has squandered in reaping gossamer laurels would have been far more profitably spent in some educational endeavor! A man of superb athletic prowess may be a hero today; but tomorrow, so fickle is the public mind, that same individual will have joined the legion of forgotten men. So, therefore, mould your mind and talents to some solid endeavor, something substantially sound for the future; and in the procurement of that career beware of the insinuating alleys that diverge from the path of success. Be honest and persevering; be constant in your labors. Know how to differentiate the important from the negligent. Reserve for yourself the power to distinguish between the necessary and the unnecessary. Above all, do not dally away your time; nor encumber it with nothing! for time is the precious stuff of life and the darkness in eternity. Hold tenaciously to your moments, squeeze them dry of their vital juices; but do not let them escape strong and vigorous and wise—L. D.

## SPEAKING ABOUT SUPERSTITIONS

By Louis Davidson

Some people regard superstition  
 As a pagan fallacy;  
 But I think it's an inhibition  
 Of spirit doctrine.

Individual application  
 Of the mind's wide probing sphere  
 Will oft explode such visitation  
 As a mark of boorish fear.

Should you find disturbing sounds at  
 night,  
 List not what you've dimly heard—  
 Pooh! 'Tis but the whistle of a kite  
 Or the frowning of a bird.

Now the old folk gossip 'bout such  
 things  
 Cluster round the open stove,  
 Make a mountain out of mutterings  
 On what's "did" down Satan's  
 grove.

Are you listening Jenny? Say,  
 what's that?  
 You heard tapping on the floor—  
 'Course I'm b-brave! Most likely 'tis  
 a rat—  
 A rodent and nothing more—  
 But, JJenny, please lllatch that  
 cellar door!!!!!!

## THOUGHT ON THE SUMMER

By Louis Davidson

Summer is half gone now.  
 Rake over a pile of weeds thrown  
 from a garden  
 Not long ago  
 And you'll find the spring under-  
 neath it, rotten.  
 The sharp, damp smell of decay.  
 A red apple winks from a cluster  
 of green ones  
 And staring hydrangeas have come  
 To watch with pale faces through  
 the longer nights.

You will wake some morning now  
 And look through the blue of the  
 sky  
 To a challenge of copper;  
 You will smell copper  
 And hear its clang when bird-wings  
 beat against it.  
 Copper is poverty, death,  
 The smell of the rot beneath the  
 weeds.

But you—you will clutch decay like  
 a vulture  
 And rising like one  
 You will scorn the pallid hydran-  
 gea faces  
 As nearer and nearer  
 They bend to the ground.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SUN

By Louis Davidson

The sun seems like  
 An enormous red pumpkin  
 Suspended half way down  
 The middle of the sky.  
 No; a lantern  
 Arched between the branches  
 Of a dead tree.  
 But the blue purpled dusk  
 Slanting upward  
 Glances with a hostile eye  
 Noting the sun.  
 And without apology  
 Whips out a long lanky finger  
 To drop him now  
 Laughing, from his tree projection  
 Into her basket—  
 Leaving a whisp of darkness  
 There instead.

Dr. Barc: I have spent my en-  
 tire life in small, rural towns.  
 P. De Lelo: It stands out, Doc,  
 you needn't confess.

### The Greeks Have A Word

#### 'Round and 'Round with the Campus Groups

On January 30, 1936, the Sigma Delta Beta Fraternity held its first annual mid-winter formal at the Piccadilly room of the Tod House with music by Charlie James.

John Logan was chairman and master of ceremonies. He proved to be very adept at stalling for time. Ask John about his short story concerning a long walk. It really is surprising how much ambition the younger generation has after they exhaust their gasoline supply. He walked and walked and walked, and in walked the orchestra and the story came to an abrupt close.

It really is too bad that we don't have more dances, we could discover what more of the members do in their spare time.

Dr. Scudder gave a very interesting talk. It seems he was worried because someone had dropped a hint about tiresome and lengthy after-dinner speeches. Here's congratulations to Prof. Scudder, he filled the bill. Dr. Richardson also gave some very enjoyable comments.

Burke Lyden, one of our charter members, was given a chance to dissertate on the present generation, which he did very admirably.

All said and done, however, everyone had a good time and is looking forward to the next one this spring.

Sunday afternoon, February 2, was the date for the formal pledging of the Gamma Sigma Sorority pledges. Following the rituals, tea was served by the hostesses, Misses Judy Herr and Marjorie Wighton. The new actives are: Misses Jeanette Powers, Francena Moore, Irma Shirock, Peggy McAllister, Mary Margaret Cline, and Marthajane Kitchin. Eleanor Nagel will be pledged at the summer ritual in June.

The Gamma Sigma Sorority is planning a benefit bridge to be held at the Ohio Edison on March 5. Contract and Auction Bridge, as well as 500 will be enjoyed by those who attend. A nominal charge will be made.

On Wednesday evening, February 5, the Phi Lambda Delta Sorority held its formal initiation of the pledges. The ceremony was held at Wickliffe Manor where a delightful luncheon was served. Jean Reid, President, welcomed the new actives; the response was made by Jane King. The newly pledged actives include Misses Jane King, Roseanne Walsh, Gertrude Kraemer, Billie Sue Conway, Helen Gifford, Madeline Agnone, Louise Perkins, Coletta Hussey, Betty Frederick and Miriam Jones.

It is believed that about 10,000 tons of metallic copper were mined at the Isle Royal pits, in Michigan, by Indians in prehistoric times.

Twenty-five prisoners at Alcatraz, which houses the toughest Federal criminals, are taking correspondence courses at the University at California.

### Penguins Amass Largest Score In History Of College In Trouncing John Carroll 70-27

#### Jaffee Scores 29 Points

With Mike Jaffee leading the way Coach Sweeney's quintet ran roughshod over a weakened yet dangerous John Carroll team from Cleveland. The Yocoites were so superior in every department of the game that Coach Sweeney had to use every available man to keep the score down.

The Blue Streams gave the Youngstown fans a scare by turning the first three tip-offs into scores, but then the Red Machine took charge of the scoring and displayed their real ability as a cage outfit. Lackey, Robinson, Schultz and Nagy aided Jaffee in point-getting while Simko and Pugh displayed fine defensive play.

Thompson and McGraw were the only Carrollites to break through the Yoco defense. Wolanski, high scoring Carroll center was held scoreless.

#### NO COMPETITION!

Youngstown	G.	F.	P.
Lackey	6	1	13
Robinson	4	1	9
Schultz	3	0	6
Sylak	1	1	3
Jaffee	13	3	29
Litvin	0	0	0
Pugh	1	0	2
Simko	1	0	2
Nagy	3	0	6
Greenburg	0	0	0
Codrea	0	0	0
Totals	32	6	70

John Carroll	G.	F.	P.
Thompson	4	3	11
McGraw	3	2	8
Wolanski	0	0	0
Novalski	1	0	2
Garrett	1	2	4
Lavelle	1	0	2
Balaga	0	0	0
Totals	10	7	27

Paul Green, noted playwright and member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina, announced in a recent lecture that, in his opinion "Garbo is lousy, Crawford pitious, Dietrich trivial". We wrote in for pictures and failed to get them too.

A Syracuse University criminology class has discovered that morons make the best dancers. We wouldn't like to draw any obvious conclusions, but we certainly feel a lot better about certain things right now.

Advertising men take note: Sally Rand, in a recent copy of a college paper, makes the following interesting statement, "It pays to advertise. I attribute my own success to the judicious use of white space!"

Does the success of "The Music Goes Round" mean that we go for anything that isn't on the square?

### YOCO DROPS OVERTIME MIX WITH FENN

The Penguins journeyed to Cleveland to play Fenn, an age-old rival. Every Youngstown-Fenn game has been hotly contested and close, and this game was exceptionally close. At the end of the regular length of playing time the count was all knotted up at 20-all. Fenn rallied to score eight points in the overtime period with Youngstown only garnering three.

For the second consecutive night our elongated center, Mike Jaffee, was the chief point getter with Simko helping out nicely. Jones and Hadlicka were the main offensive threats for the victors.

#### TOUGH GOING!

Youngstown	G.	F.	P.
Lackey	1	0	2
Schultz	0	1	1
Jaffee	6	2	14
Robinson	0	0	0
Pugh	0	1	1
Simko	2	1	5
Totals	9	5	23

Fenn	G.	F.	P.
Jones	5	2	12
Sepsinnol	1	0	2
Okonski	1	0	2
Hadlicka	3	3	9
Szabo	1	1	3
Jamieson	0	0	0
Totals	11	6	28

#### THIEL DOWNS YOUNGSTOWN-

Displaying the finest passing attack seen on a local court this year Thiel College edged the Penguins by a 34 to 29 count. The going was tough for both teams, and the score changed hands very often. Sweeney's passers couldn't seem to get their plays functioning toward the end of the game when points meant being victorious.

Little Tony Vivo led the Penguins with 12 points. Lackey and Simko displayed some defensive work that kept the Red and White cagers in the thick of the battle.

C. Snyder and Strimer were outstanding for Thiel, accounting for 25 of their team's 34 points.

#### TOO MUCH PASSING!

Youngstown	G.	F.	P.
Lackey	2	0	4
Schultz	0	0	0
Vivo	5	2	12
Robinson	0	2	2
Nagy	1	0	3
Jaffee	1	0	2
Simko	2	1	5
Codrea	0	1	1
Litvin	0	0	0
Totals	10	9	29

Thiel	G.	F.	P.
Strimer	4	2	10
Sowash	0	0	0
W. Snyder	0	0	0
Miller	0	1	1
C. Snyder	6	3	15
Clare	1	0	2
Bierbach	3	0	6
Totals	14	6	34

A native bush of Ethiopia, called n'grabrowe, has a root, which when dried, ground, and mixed with tobacco, will kill the smoker who takes more than three puffs.

### APOLOGIES TO JOHN KEATE

By Ted Bender  
Sequel to the ode to Morpheus

It happened one day in the library, My thoughts were great and deep, A score of books around me, Countless papers in a heap.

A goodly crowd was there that day, Each one pursuing knowledge, Still and quiet, and hard at work, Of course, it's Youngstown College.

I was working on a problem, My head was getting sore, When suddenly, it seemed to me, I heard a frightful roar.

The ceiling seemed to tremble, The walls began to shake, Around me things were falling, The college seemed to quake.

My hands began to tremble, I dashed then, for the door, But the scare was brief, for to my relief,

'Twas just Joe Fisher's snore. Library, Fri., Feb. 8, 1936, 10:00 a. m.

### SONG OF THE BIOLOGY TEACHER

To the tune of "All of Me"  
Bi-ol-o-gy, why not take bi-ol-o-gy, Can't you see, your lost without it, Take your Math, you'll just forget it, Take your Lit, you will regret it, His-tory, is just a mystery, Can't you see, you'll never use it, Come all you mugs, and study the bugs, So why not take bi-ol-o-gy. —Theodore Bender

Dr. Wilcox (giving an example of an unrelated learning fact): Now if I look up in the sky some mid-summer night and see the star Betelgeuse— Voice from the rear—You'd be doing mighty good—it's a winter star.

Youngstown College has a well organized cheering squad, and they can always be found wherever the team is playing. Icy roads and cold weather made no difference to them, and when the opening whistle of the Fenn game was heard—they were on hand, twenty-two loyal members of Youngstown College. Even a defeat could not dampen their spirit and soon all tramped forth in search of food. A small way-side tavern was finally picked as the refueling station. Fortunately one Cleveland was in the crowd and invited the entire group to her home for the balance of the evening. So then the party started. At about 3 p. m. the party broke up, and the travelers scattered to their respective lodgings for the night. Sunday was spent in sleeping until noon, eating, going to church, eating, and then attending a movie—one more farewell meal and all cars loaded once more toward Youngstown—tired, but happy.

BASKETBALL SCORES	
St. Vincent	49
Youngstown	36
Westminster	45
Youngstown	19
Upsala	20
Youngstown	50
Thiel	34
Youngstown	32

# JAMBAREE

With Mike Jaffee

*Unheralded and unannounced—* (which is as it should be) this column makes its debut in today's Jambar—Editor's note—the space has to be taken up somehow. Unfortunately the editor has the last word—we had a snappy comeback for him. We will say however, that this column doesn't intend to come in alyin' and go out like a lamp. Contributions and criticisms will be gladly welcomed—especially contributions. Kindly leave them at the cafeteria. Please omit birth notices, impending marriages or idle gossip. (See me personally).

*Outstanding New Students . . .* entire mid-semester group. New Freshman class looks bigger and better than ever . . . didn't seem much frightened when the edict was read at the reception last Friday nite.

*Familiar Faces . . . "Wee Willie"* Found who dropped out of school last year when he was treasurer of the Freshman class. Victor Logan, who took part in the play "The Queen's Husband".

*Gone, But Not Forgotten . . .* blond, curly haired Jimmy Turner who was transferred by his company to Cleveland . . . Emil Bayowski, who intends to complete his studies at Ohio U. . . Louie Thayer, who dropped out in order to devote full time to his work at the funeral home where he is employed . . . plans to enter embalming school later . . . we're pulling for Louie and would like to see him get ahead . . . but hope it's a long, long time before he gets our business.

*Sally Allen*, after several months sojourn in Florida, returned to school at mid-semester in the face of one of the most bitter winters that this town has known for years . . . wearing a nice tan, she related the pleasant hours spent on the beach relaxing in the kindly rays of Old Sol . . . "But don't mention grapefruit to me," she said, "they get in my hair". (which is moving it up a bit).

*Summer Can't Be Far Off . . .* baseball's in the air . . . heard the boys in the library the other day discussing the Cub's chances to repeat in the National. Some wise-acre wanted to know if Ohio had joined the South during the Civil War, would that have made any difference in the climate—it's things like this that get you all steamed up.

Jack Greenberg and Willis (babbling) Brooks are two lads who are looking forward to warmer weather . . . coming in from Sharon every day, the boys depend upon kindly motorists to reach school each morning and home each evening . . . the cold days are rather discomfiting to this type of commuting . . . the two knights of the road estimate they have covered approximately 1,500 miles since September by the use of the thumb . . . Brooks does the hitching these days since his partner injured the thumbing hand during basketball practice.

Early to bed and early to rise Gives the old folks at home a real surprise. \* \* \*

*Jimmy Cannell*, the young men's physical director, has a glowing and enviable record to look back upon in his career as an amateur pugilist . . . starting out in town he captured and held the 126 lb. championship for two years as a Golden Glover . . . he moved up a notch the third year and annexed the 135 lb. title . . . he continued his ring conquests at Springfield College and swept through four years of stiff intercollegiate competition without dropping a single bout . . . he climaxed his achievements by defeating the best leather pushers of his weight in the country to cop the A. A. U. Crown.

Shifty, a stout heart, the ability to take it, and a wallop in each hand, Jimmy was always a dread to his foes in the ring . . . a perfect gentleman on the street . . . a real champ.

*Louis Davidson*, Yoco's literary genius, has had several of his short plays presented over the air by station WKEN and is at work on another for the local broadcasters . . . incidentally, it wouldn't be a bad idea for a group of students to organize for the purpose of writing original plays and producing them via radio as a regular college feature . . . two plays were given last year by a group known as the "College Players" under the direction of Prof. Bunn . . . Tommy Collins, now out in movieland, was the playwright . . . there were even a few bits of fan mail.

Speaking of plays, we picked up a one-acter the other day by George Kelly, who has written such outstanding hits for the New York stage as "The Showoff", "Craig's Wife", and "The Torchbearers" . . . it was called the "Flattering Word" and the setting was in the home of Rev. Loring Rigley, pastor of the East Hillcrest Grace Reformed Church in Youngstown, Ohio . . . it's a small world.

When Churchill Klay Wilcox enters West Point Academy in July, he will have realized a dream that is harbored by most every young American boy . . . Clay, as he is known to his friends, received early military training in an academy in Switzerland . . . returning to the States, he became active in Boy Scout work . . . displayed marked leadership . . . a graduate of Rayen school . . . entered Youngstown College in 1935 . . . became outstanding member in his class . . . received appointment from Rep. John G. Cooper . . . Clay will be a fine addition to the institution that boasts the finest young men in the country.

*Most Likely to Succeed . . .* Bill Thumblin who hails from Coshocton, Ohio . . . held down a paper route for four years in which time he saved up enough money to attend college . . . majoring in Social Science.

Danny Petite who carries more than the required amount of hours without suffering in his grades . . . works in his spare time . . . delights in helping a fellow student and has taken in plenty on the chin without finching . . . majoring in Psychology.

Jimmy Tavalario for his fine ability to play the piano and accept the praises heaped upon him with real modesty . . . a true artist . . .

some day we'll be proud to say we knew him when.

Bill Lackey for his natural qualities as a leader . . . a veritable dynamo of action . . . a little man with big ideas and the ability to carry them out . . . for the big natural smile he usually wears and the shrewdness of one far beyond his years.

All the girls . . . for the Good Lord meant it that way.

While wintry blasts raged outside, Big Bill Tilden pranced about the Rayen-Wood Auditorium last Friday nite in a pair of white ducks showing local fans how the game of tennis should be played . . . which brings us around to Prof. Bare, a great devotee of the game himself . . . While stationed out in India he was the outstanding racquet wielder among the whites . . . although he modestly admits that he was often defeated by the native Hindus who play a fast and skillful game . . . matches were held on close cropped grass courts and speedy tennis was the result . . . low caste native boys served as ball chasers and tables were nearby loaded down with drinks . . . soft or otherwise . . . "It was our favorite diversion" Prof. Bare concluded and we add, "why not?"

A real battle of music could be staged by the local bands if all of them represented by Yoco students were brought here . . . piano players predominate . . . Al D'Orsi tickling the ivories for Charlie James ork . . . Bobby Shrock leading his own group from the keyboard . . . Earl Smith playing with Ford Allison . . . John Beane with a combine down at the Piccadilly . . . Bobby Wilkes who limbers up his fingers playing the typewriter upstairs during the day, pounds the keys for Wick Mackey . . . formerly with Don Esker and Don Bigelow . . . has written several original numbers . . . Versatile Anthony Rossano performs on the accordion and guitar . . . leads his own band . . . known as Tee Ross . . . includes Vincent Philips who blows a mean trumpet . . . John Frobst, also a trumpeter, is a member of Harry Hyland's band . . . Eugene Bayowski is the trombonist for brother Emil's orchestra . . . and Laura Thrasher employ their talents as saxophonists with an all-girl band . . . and the music still goes 'round and 'round.

Brevities . . . Doc Stearns is overlooking a real find for his choir in Don McCullough, sweet-voiced boy soprano . . . Three gals with a shotgun . . . Betty Kile, Elinor Rogers, Peggy McAllister . . . result—one dead rabbit . . . Prof. Bunn will be in line for the soldier's bonus when it comes due . . . served with Battery E 73rd Railway Artillery . . .

Frank Jaczko is a sergeant in the National Guards Co. H. . . Sgt. Jaczko has also been a regular member of the company basketball squad for several years . . . conscientious student . . . thinks all work is easy till you make it hard . . . Combining their writing utensils with fencing equipment, a number of students here have taken up the sword at the local Y under the direction of Burke Lyden, president of the college alumni . . . among these leading exponents of the parry and thrust are George Morgan . . . Jack Kennaston . . . and Ted Holz . . . plays heady game . . . has uncanny ability of

returning shots . . . always a favorite with the crowd . . . Junior class headed by Bill Lackey will sponsor a theatre party beginning Feb. 21 . . . proceeds will be used to defray expenses of the Junior prom . . . ask co-operation of the entire student body . . . fortunate in securing what promises to be one of the outstanding hits of the 1936 season . . . "Rose-Marie" starring Nelson Eddy and Jeanette McDonald . . . you may purchase your ticket from any member of the class.

I'd better stop—I've got an eight o'clock tomorrow.

## THE PLANTING OF SPRING

By Louis Davidson  
The moon is a white mask  
A pale white mask shivering  
Up through high heaven,  
Through star space illimitable  
And star realms of sapphire,  
Viewing with parent indulgence  
Ambitious young comets  
Scaling the lucent walls  
Of their vaulted sky prison,  
Bearing in her broad lap  
A cold metallic seed  
Of vague design,  
A diminutive coin  
Stolen from the pocket of time,  
Milky white and flawless,  
Smooth and vibrant  
Awaiting life.  
The pale evanescent moon  
Pauses for a moment  
On the lonely promontory,  
On the solitary purple hill,  
Big, above a silver plain.  
Intense eyes flash beneath  
And burn through the saucer round  
His mask of snow—  
Eyes intense with purpose,  
With singular determination  
Yet capable of fear  
Lest the night betray a secret!  
Slowly the moon maiden  
Emerging from the mask  
Descends to the river  
Trailing her robes  
On its crystal surface  
Describing its boundries with flame.  
And gracefully bending  
She moves her long thin finger  
Along the cool green grasses  
And rakes the warm earth clean,  
Makes it fresh and new  
That it may receive the white seed  
Whirling down from her bosom.  
And the surprised earth sweeps  
The moon-gift to his breast  
With the eagerness of a lover  
Impatient to express  
His ardent desires:  
Crushes to himself this celestial love  
That bears promise of grain  
And golden tepees of corn.  
And the moon swings away  
Exultantly laughing  
As she skims the great forest  
Bowing and smiling  
While the deligher trees  
Applaud the first act of spring!

Emil Zerella had to be content with runner-up honors in an unsuccessful attempt to capture the city singles table tennis title at the Y Feb. 8 . . . this is the third time he has lost out in the finals . . . was a near champ 1933 and '34 . . . however, he was a member of the doubles champs last year.

Was Chet McCracken's face red when the lady at the restaurant in Cleveland asked him if the 21 odd boys and girls were all his—

A Woodbury College co-ed who has the use of only one hand is two weeks ahead of other students in a typing class.