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Dr F J Naples
466 Roslyn Ave
Akron, OH 44320-1241

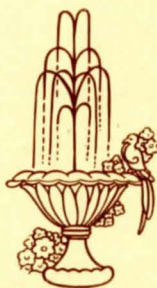
Autographs



THE NINETEEN THIRTY-TWO

WYE-COLLEGIAN

*A Year-Book of the Liberal Arts
Department of The Youngstown
College of Ohio*

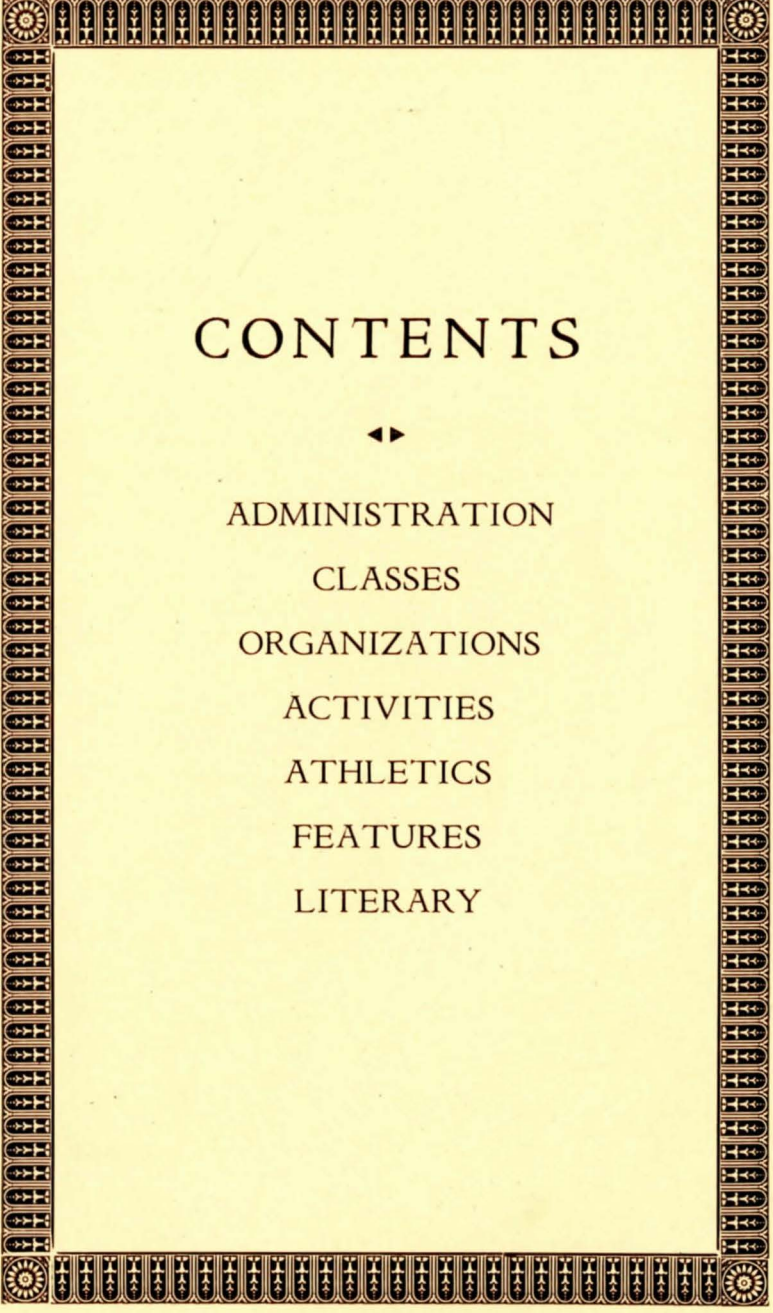


CLASS COLORS:
Black and Silver

The Youngstown Institute of Technology
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Foreword

*T*O BE GRADUATED from any higher educational institution is a signal honor of which anyone can be justly proud; a permanent record of school days and activities is therefore desirable. The success of an annual depends on these things. It must bring back in after years memories of those bright faces which were our joy here, but the value of which in the intimacy of daily, personal contact, we might not have fully grasped.



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ADMINISTRATION

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Dedication

*It is fitting that
The "Wye-Collegian"
of this year
should be dedicated to
a man who has always
had before him
the ideal of service.
Therefore it is to*

Robert Douglas Bowden

*that the Class of 1932
respectfully inscribes
this Annual.*



ROBERT DOUGLAS BOWDEN

The WYE-COLLEGIAN

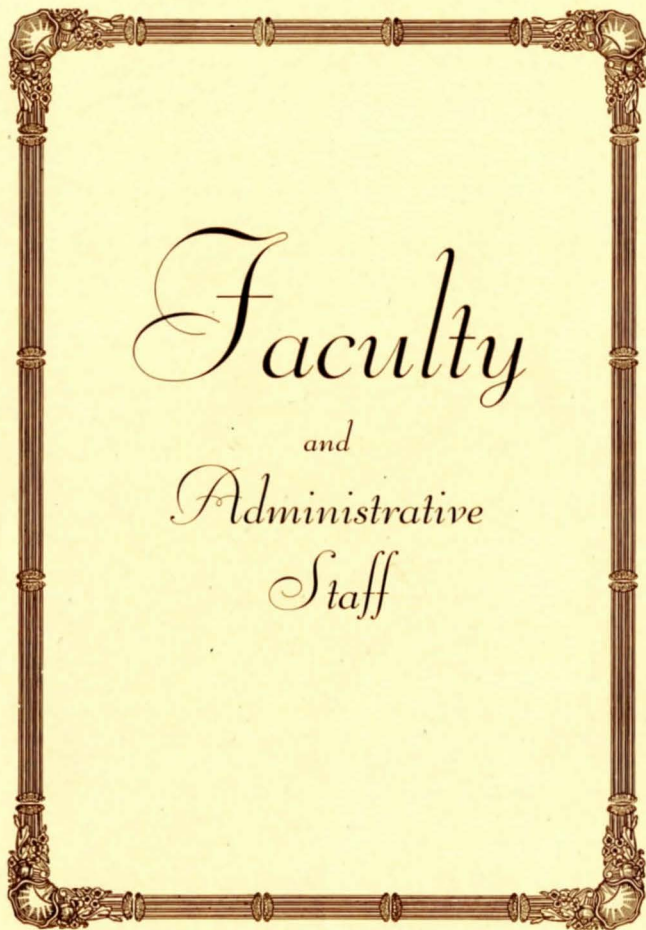
“WITH LAUGHTER”

In the brief span that is my lot,
I've tried to waste away the years,
I've tried to brush aside the tears,
With laughter.

I've tried to make the sun to shine,
I've thought to make the clouds roll on,
I've stopped the very raindrops free,
With laughter.

I've taken from the Book of Life,
Some pages there to write upon,
And gilded them along the edge,
With laughter.

—*Mary Mahar*



Faculty
and
Administrative
Staff

Faculty and Administrative Staff

LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

1. Phillip P. Buchanan, A. B. Registrar
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3. Raymond A. Witchey, A. B. . . . Business Manager
4. Clara Witter Alcroft, B. S. . . . Physical Education
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7. R. A. Waldron, Ph. D. Biology
8. Henry V. Stearns, D. Ped. Dean of Music Department
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11. Howard W. Jones, A. M. Director
12. Freda R. Flint, A. B. Director of Publicity
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20. Dwight V. Beede, B. S. Engineering Drawing
21. Eugene Dodd Scudder, Ph. D. . . . Chemistry
- Elsie Louise Mann Employment Secretary
- Mrs. Helen Lyon Librarian



CLASS OFFICERS

❖ [1932] ❖

President JAMES M. CHAMBERS
Vice-President HOWARD MERWIN
Secretary ANN GULANISH
Treasurer FRED MORRISON



Classes

CLASS OF '32

CLASS OF '33

CLASS OF '34

CLASS OF '35

The WYE-COLLEGIAN



Carl Abramovitz

CARL stands about two inches shy of six feet. He has dark hair and piercing brown eyes, and is built rather stockily, with extremely broad shoulders. His past? As far as I know, Carl has been living in Youngstown practically all his life. As an infant he cried a good deal, thereby developing a powerful voice which is of great benefit to his oratorical expressions.

A year at Central Junior High School and three years at Rayen completed his preparatory education. Having been graduated from Rayen School with honors, Carl was permitted to enter practically any school in the country but rather chose Youngstown College for more than one good reason.—(Milton Lessner).

CLASS OF '32



Blanche K. Buchanan

PETITE, dainty, in her softly flattering, gaily printed dresses she seems like a picture, just stepping from a crisp fashion book, whose pages have consented to lend us Blanche for just a little while. For her hours at Youngstown College have been all too brief to those who must see her go, one of the graduates of June 1932.

In her classes, she is mildly attentive—not that I mean that she does not give her whole-hearted attention to what the “prof.” is saying, but she has that disinterested air that is vastly more appealing to any speaker than that craned forward look characteristic of the rest of us.

Suffice to say that we look to Blanche Buchanan as one of the sweetest of our grads, but how we wish we could keep her here, at least just a little longer.—
(Jeanne Donnan).



James M. Chambers

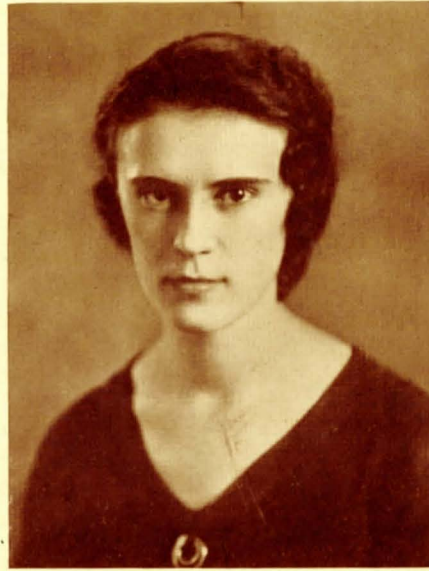
THE first day of school in the fall of 1930; a bunch of green freshies standing around, gazing with anxious eyes at a very important looking young gentleman.

He is at home in his surroundings, lending a helping hand, lightening the burden of a faculty member or of a student, with equal facility, and in spite of his apparent aloofness, a friend, ready and willing.

We look about rather hopelessly to find one who can fill the place Jimmie will leave vacant. It is rarely that a young man is found who is equally popular with students and faculty.

He has been basketball manager, student council president, dramatics instructor, Jambar editor, and a general leader. We'll miss you, Jimmie.—(V. R. G.)

CLASS OF '32



Ann Gulanish

DARK wavy hair, dark eyes that sparkle, a smile enticing and quick. Not very tall, weighs almost nothing at all. That's Ann Gulanish. For four years she has graced our halls, and she's had a finger in many a social pie of which the college boasts.

Sometimes I wonder about those ear rings and that red blouse. Ear rings are not only decorations for Ann—they are part of her. They go with her carefree, happy smile. They go with the Ann Gulanish kind of "It."

Ambition—she has that too. More school and then a career. Here's luck, Ann, and a host of friends are wishing it.—(Margaret Jefferson).



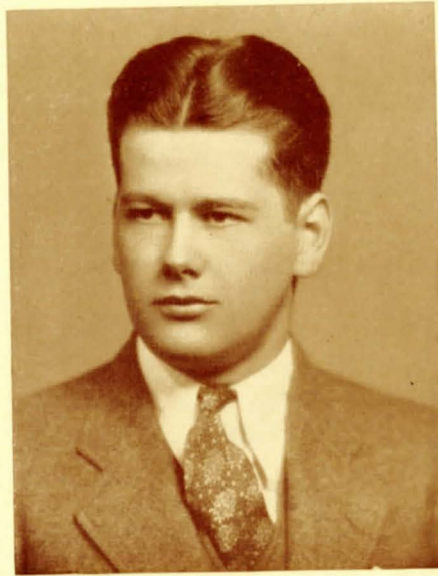
Marlea Lesher

MEET, agreeable, kind and serious are just a few of the adjectives that one may use to describe Marlea Lesher. Marlea has been an active member of student life at the college. She is a member of the Gamma Sigma sorority and was on the Student Council in her junior year.

Besides being a student, Marlea is a fine pianist. She is a member of the Youngstown Women's Symphony orchestra and has done a bit of traveling with it. She hopes to continue with her music after graduation.

We all hope that she realizes her ambition and that some day we may attend some of her concerts.—
(Olga Furdas).

CLASS OF '32



Howard Merwin

THE perfect host. Always a true gentleman. Happy in disposition, always immaculately groomed, and always with a ready smile and a cheerful "Good morning," for everyone. That's our Howard Merwin.

Thought after first meeting and chat, "I'd like to know him better," and after a short while you are friends. "A man you can depend upon," fraternity brothers in Phi Gamma say, speaking of Merwin. The word "loyal" probably best expresses his personality in fraternity life.—(Anne Rubeck).



Marian Morgan

MARIAN is short and sweet, with a sunny smile for everyone. Since her coming to Youngstown College two years ago, from Trinity College in Washington, she has gained a host of friends through her charm and friendly spirit. This year she was awarded the highest honor which can be bestowed upon any girl student, being elected May Queen by the student body.

She has been very active in promoting the social functions of the college as a member of the Student Council. She is also one of the most active members of the Gamma Sigma sorority, president of the Dramatic Club, and carried a minor role in "Kid Colby" last year. Originality and determination are two of her chief attributes, and she is always ready to carry out new ideas.—(Helen Gulanish).

CLASS OF '32



Fred A. Morrison

FRED came to Youngstown College from Miami University only this year, or perhaps he would be better known. As it is, there are very few of us who really know him. He is inclined to be rather bookish in temperament, but his cleverness and abundant sense of humor save him from being too serious.

The idea of a large number of casual acquaintances does not appeal to him. He prefers a small group of congenial spirits and to those whom he chooses he is a real friend.

Since a college campus appeals to him as the ideal environment, he intends to become a college professor, probably in the fascinating field of chemistry.—
(Lucile Helm).



Anthony O'Neil

HE has the nimble, quick wit of the Irish, and a fine sense of humor, which is present at all occasions. When a boy, Anthony became interested in singing and now, after years of practicing, has a fine tenor voice, of which he is very proud. He knows quite a bit about singing, so he tells me, no doubt from his experience as a tenor.

Anthony comes from Girard, and is a graduate of Girard High School, where he excelled in both glee club and orchestra. He worked a year and then came to Youngstown College. "Tony" is a hard worker, both at school and at the public library, where he is employed.—(Carl Abramovitz).

CLASS OF '32



Joseph Sheban

FROM the bazaar-decked streets and oriental glamour of Arabia to the quiet studious classrooms of Youngstown College seems a great step, but not when one has a great career in mind. At least it was not to Joseph Sheban, quiet, easy mannered, with all the ease and fear of hurry characteristic of Oriental life. Yet how we often wanted to hurry "Joe" out of his maddeningly slow ways.

You don't know him? Oh, you must! Don't you remember that short, swarthy young man who took his studies so seriously, who went from his classes in Youngstown College to the city courtroom where he might see enacted his own dream—that of a lawyer? Of course you remember him. I knew you would, for after all, who could forget him? His very ease and slow deliberation were so entirely foreign to our people that the acquaintance of such a young man has left a lasting impression.—(M. Mahar).



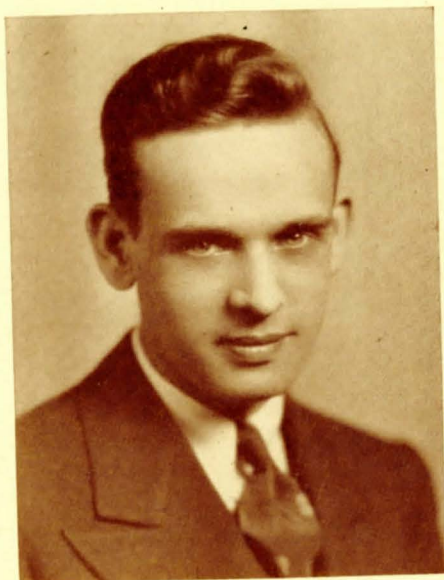


Louis T. Wagner

ROBUST to a marked degree, and as jovial as he is plump! Many a time we have called down heaven on an unfortunate "Louie's" head when he pounded out "America" in chapel, but that didn't seem to dampen "Louie's" ardor or enthusiasm, for he is a worker.

Much credit is due him for his work with the Glee Club and other college musical organizations. There is no musical activity in which he does not have a hand, and all must feel with me, a genuine regret that "Louie" is leaving us.—(M. M.)

CLASS OF '32



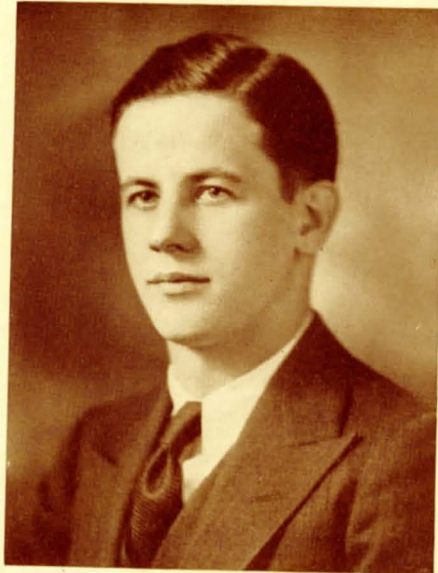
Frank Watkins

“DOC” STEARNS dropped his baton to the floor and looked over toward the piano. Frank Watkins had made a mistake! That fly-speck on “The Gypsy Love Song” he had played as a double-flat. “Tsk! tsk!” remonstrated the doctor.

Frank blushed like a school girl. Then a smile crinkled the corners of his eyes. “I’m sorry,” he said simply. The harmonies proceed without further interruption.

That is how I think of Frank Watkins—sitting at the piano, his slim body clad in soft gray; his finely shaped head with its dark hair, bending slightly over the keyboard. Then looking up slowly and smiling at Dr. Stearns in such a charming, half-apologetic fashion.—(Marion Ferrall).

The WYE-COLLEGIAN



William Wining

MASTERY is Bill's aim, as one can readily see from his class records and from his recent honors in the Sociology department.

Closely affiliated with the Y. M. C. A. from an early age, Bill has been a director in the Boys' Division, where his work, especially at Camp Fitch, during the summer season, has made a real vacation for many boys.

Bill is also an athlete. He plays baseball, basketball, handball, and volley ball with the best of them. He has won a place in the hearts of many, as a thinker, a doer, and more too—a gentleman.—(Helen Fails).

CLASS OF '32

EVENING STUDENTS
RECEIVING THE
A. B. DEGREE



SARA ESTELLA EDWARDS

VIRGIL FREED

BERNICE GARRISON

IRWIN I. KRETZER

NELSON WILLIAMS

H. D. POLEN

JANE ROWLAND

ETHEL L. SANDERS

MINNIE SNYDER

IRMA WHITE

ANNA MARIE WHITE

NELSON WILLIAMS



The Class of '33

CLASSES

Class of '33

Front Row (left to right)—Olga Furdas, Mabel Wilson, Mary Mahar, Grace Gleason, Ruth Strand, Helen Fails, Isabelle Summers, Grace Strand. *Second Row*—George Opretza, Al. Centofante, Carl Solar, Al. Reigelman, Ida May Fulton, Grace Leidy, Mary Turner, Sally Gulanish. *Third Row*—Jim O'Brien, John Naples, Jim Marks, Harry Peterson, Wanda Sporer, Louie Makres, George Beaumier. *Fourth Row*—Ken Irwin, Phil Ley, Bill Johnston, Ed. Thompson, and Ranny Leyshon.

OFFICERS

President James A. Marks
Secretary Ruth Strand
Treasurer Harry Peterson

MEMBERS

MRS. GLENNETTA BARR	MARY MAHAR
PETER BARTO	LOUIS MAKRES
GEORGE BEAUMIER	JOHN NAPLES
WILLIAM BOWNAS	JAMES O'BRIEN
MANNING COOPER	FRED MASTRIANI
ALBERT CENTOFANTE	HARRY PETERSON
HELEN FAILS	ALVIN REIGELMAN
IDA MAE FULTON	MANUEL ROME
OLGA FURDAS	PAUL SHALE
DONALD GRANT	PETER SOLAR
GRACE GLEASON	WANDA SPORER
SALLY GULANISH	GRACE STRAND
AUSTIN HUNTLEY	RUTH STRAND
KENNETH IRWIN	ISABELLE SUMMERS
MARGARET JEFFERSON	WILLIAM X. TAYLOR
WILLIAM JOHNSTON	EDWARD R. THOMPSON
RUTH KENNY	MARY TURNER
RICHARD KING	ALVIN C. VINOPAL
JULIA LAROCCO	RANDALL LEYSHON
GRACE LEIDY	RICHARD E. KING
MILTON LESSNER	THOMAS GRIFFITH
	MABEL WILSON



The Class of '34

CLASSES

Class of '34

OFFICERS

President Charles J. Mulcahy
Vice-President Lawrence Faust
Secretary Margaret Everth
Treasurer Rachel Griffiths

MEMBERS

HARRY AXELSON	BENNETT KUNICKI
EMIL BAYOWSKI	MARJORIE LEE
OLIVE BROWN	PRISCILLA LEWIS
DOUGLAS COCAYNE	DONALD McCANDLESS
ROBERT COLE	BEATRICE McDERMOTT
RUTH COOPER	EDWARD McKAY
MARY ELLEN DANIELS	THOMAS MacDONALD
JEANNE DONNAN	THEODORE MACEJKO
EUNICE EVANS	ANTHONY MORENO
MARION FERRALL	ALBERT MOORE
EDWARD FOLEY	JOHN O'CONNOR
IDA MAE FULTON	SOL PASSELL
HAROLD GLECKLER	JACK PATERSON
VIRGINIA GRAHAM	JAMES PHILLIP
HELEN GULANISH	ROMUALD PORE
WILLIAM HARTMAN	VIRGINIA REED
LUCILE HELM	ALICE ROHRBAUGH
JACK HERALD	ANNE RUBECK
JACK HESSLER	JOHN RUDIBAUGH
WALTER JONES	JAMES SHUTTS
GEORGE KERR	LUCILLE WALSH
CHARLES KNOWLES	EDWARD WELSH
FRANCIS KRYZAN	PAUL WOLF
WILLIS KUBIAC	



The Class of '35

CLASSES

Class of '35

OFFICERS

President Charles McCallister
 Vice-President Betty Coulter
 Treasurer Thomas Putt
 Secretary Alice Crockett

MEMBERS

September Class

Clyde Aley
 Howard Aley
 Grace Barnes
 Maxine Belkin
 William Best
 Elizabeth Blattman
 Margaret Brinko
 Alexander Brown
 Elizabeth Brungard
 Alma Bucheit
 Betty Bush
 Ella Mae Butler
 Americus Carbone
 Thomas Cannon
 David Cooper
 Leo Daff
 Frank J. DelBene
 James Dickson
 Ann Dolak
 Ruth Drissen
 Stephen Dzurhoff
 Donald Elser
 William K. Evans
 Georgiana Farragher
 John Galizia
 Mary Louise Gambrel
 Bernard Gilbert
 John Grizinski
 Morris Gutterman
 Ted Habuda
 Helen Hall
 Miriam Hanein
 Ben Hawn
 Otis Heldman
 Mary K. Hercules
 Raymond Holley
 Edward Humphrey
 Archie Itts
 Frank Jaczko
 Bert Jonas
 Joseph Kinyurski
 Madge Kovacs
 Arno Kmentt
 Morris Knell
 Charles Kerins

Merlin Lamb
 Phillip Ley
 Carl Lindberg
 Coletta Lyden
 Dan Lyden
 Raymond McKenzie
 Charles McMaster
 William McDonald
 Walter C. Marsh
 Marjorie Marsteller
 John Mikita
 John Miller
 Helen Morris
 Frank Morrow
 Margaret Morrison
 George Ockerman
 John O'Connor
 Homer Oliver
 Bernice Olson
 Edward Owen
 Hugh Palmer
 John N. Patterson
 Richard E. Platt
 Chester Porembski
 Albert Quaranto
 John Raupple
 Kenneth Reapick
 Kenneth Reilly
 Ronald Richards
 Evelyn Riddle
 John Roemer
 Howard Rogees
 James K. Rosenbaugh
 Fred Rowland
 Thelma Roxbury
 Mary Ann Sasu
 Lena Scali
 Kathleen Sigle
 Virginia Smith
 Christina Sobke
 Duncan Sutherland
 Elizabeth Trout
 Nicholas Trickilis
 John Terlecki
 Charles Vimmersteadt
 Elizabeth Walko

Fred Warnock
 Lowell Waterbury
 Margery Welsh
 Helen Williams
 James Williams
 Caroline Wining
 Joseph Zawrotnick
 Ann Zhuck
 Charles Ziegler
 Frank Zitnik
 Myron Zoss
 Orville McCrillis
 William Beach
 John Carlson
 George Chizmar
 Ramon Codrea
 Joseph Fisher
 Thomas Lloyd
 Fred McFarland
 Leah Marvin
 Isaac Pose
 Frank Schindler
 Michael Spiritos
 Wilma Starr
 Hubert Tedrow
 Archie Weekly

February Class

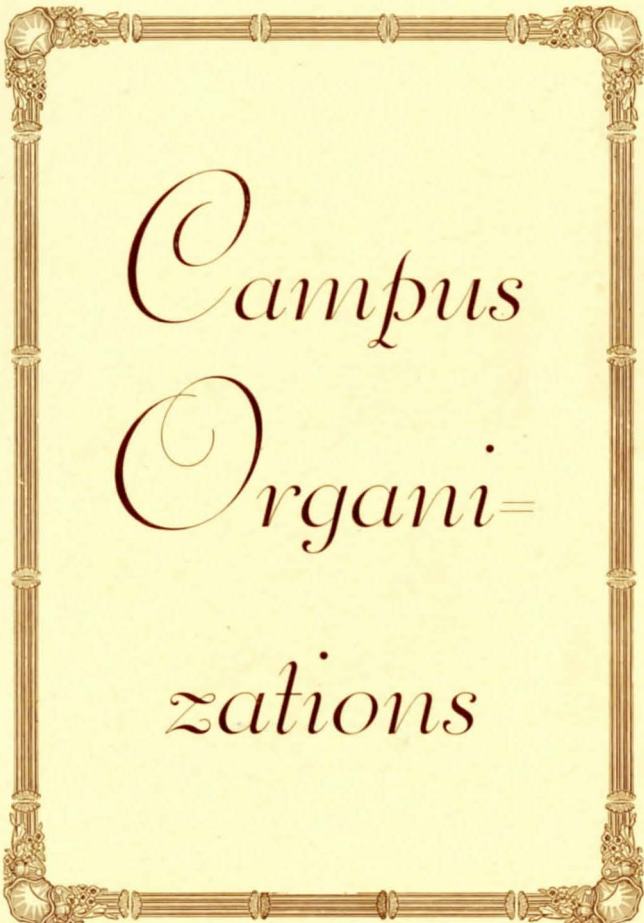
Helen Backus
 Nathan Abramovitz
 Willits N. Bowditch
 Isabelle Conklin
 Samuel Copperman
 Carl Dingley
 Kermit Evans
 Marian Foster
 Ernest Gottesman
 Taiba Kapciauskake
 Jayne Morrow
 Theodore Pore
 Gertrude Smith
 Karl Steverwald
 Troylan Teauc
 Carl Warner
 Mary Catherine
 Welsh

WATCH-CHARM

MY HEART is on his watch-chain.
He wears it with an air;
And every time I see him
He has it hanging there.
He never smooths or rubs it
To keep its lustre bright.
He never thinks to give me
His own to make it right.
It looks so frail and paltry
There torn from out my breast—
My heart is on his watch-chain,
But he has never guessed.

—*Lucile Helm*





*Campus
Organi-
zations*

The WYE-COLLEGIAN



Front Row (left to right)—Sally Gulanish, Marian Morgan, Dr. R. D. Bowden, Anne Rubeck, Virginia Graham. Second Row—Carl Dingley, Ed. Humphrey, Lawrence Faust, Louis Makres, Bill Johnston, Jim Chambers and Jim Marks.

The Student Council

OFFICERS

President James M. Chambers
Vice-President Virginia Graham
Secretary Sally Gulanish
Treasurer Louis Makres
Faculty Representative R. D. Bowden

MEMBERS

ANNE RUBECK EDWARD HUMPHREY
CARL DINGLEY WILLIAM JOHNSTON
 MARIAN MORGAN

ORGANIZATIONS



Front Row (left to right)—Wilma Starr, Helen Hall, Peg Everth, Betty Bush, Alice Crocket, Betty Coulter, Marian Morgan, Mary Catherine Welsh, Marjorie Malbourne. *Second Row*—Charles McCallister, Phil Ley, Ruth Drissen, Helen Morris, Christina Sobke, Lucile Helm, Marion Ferrall, Donald Elser, Wanda Sporer. *Third Row*—Thelma Roxbury, Marjorie Lee, Thelma Turner, Dr. R. D. Bowden, Tom Lloyd, Russell Ramage, Jim Chambers, Louis Wagner. *Rear Row*—Ed. Thompson, George Beaumier.

The Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	<i>Marian Morgan</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Louis Wagner</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>George Beaumier</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Jeanne Donnan</i>

MEMBERS

ED. THOMPSON	THELMA ROXBURY	HELEN MORRIS	BETTY COULTER
JAMES CHAMBERS	WANDA SPORER	RUTH DRISSEN	ALICE CROCKETT
RUSSELL RAMAGE	DONALD ELSER	PHIL LEY	BETTY BUSH
THOMAS LLOYD	MARION FERRALL	CHARLES MCCALLISTER	MARGARET EVERTH
THELMA TURNER	LUCILE HELM	MARJORIE MALBOURNE	HELEN HALL
MARJORIE LEE	CHRISTINA SOBKE	MARY CATHERINE WELSH	WILMA STARR
	VIRGINIA REED		



Gamma Sigma Sorority

ORGANIZATIONS

Gamma Sigma Sorority

Front Row (left to right)—Wilma Starr, Helen Gulanish, Isabelle Summers, Rachel Griffiths, Ida Mae Fulton. *Second Row*—Virginia Smith, Ella Mae Butler, Grace Leidy, Marlea Leshner, Anne Gulanish, Peg Morrison. *Back Row*—Sally Gulanish, Mary Hercules, Coletta Lyden, Marian Morgan, and Elsie Randle.

GAMMA SIGMA Sorority, largest active women's organization on the campus, celebrates its third anniversary next fall. It was founded as the Topaz club in October, 1929, with a membership of fourteen. The club was re-organized at the beginning of this year and became known as the Gamma Sigma Sorority. It now has 25 members.

OFFICERS

President *Isabelle Summers*
Vice President *Sally Gulanish*
Treasurer *Rachel Griffiths*
Secretary *Helen Gulanish*

MEMBERS

BETTY BARE	MARIAN MORGAN
IDA BREEN	MARGARET MORRISON
ELLA MAE BUTLER	VIRGINIA REED
IDA MAY FULTON	FLORENCE RICHARDS
IRENE GARWOOD	KATHLEEN SIGLE
ANN GULANISH	VIRGINIA SMITH
MARLEA LESHER	ELIZABETH TROUT
GRACE LEIDY	ADA ZIMMERMAN
COLETTA LYDEN	WILMA STARR
RUTH BRYSON	MARY HERCULES
ELSIE RANDLE	

The WYE-COLLEGIAN



Front Row (left to right)—Sally Gulanish, Margaret Morrison, Marian Morgan, Wilma Starr, Lucile Helm, Helen Gulanish, Anne Rubeck, Mabel Wilson, Mary Mahar. Second Row—Howard Aley, Charles McCallister, Douglas Cocayne, Don McCandless, Al. Brown, Charles Mulcahy, James Chambers, James Shutts. Rear Row—Dean J. W. Bare, Richard Platt, Isaac Pose, James Marks and Jack Herald.

The Jambar

"The Collegiate Voice of Youngstown"

JAMES M. CHAMBERS	Editor-in Chief
CHARLES J. MULCAHY	Managing Editor
JOHN G. HERALD	Associate Editor
DONALD GRANT	Associate Editor

Features—MARIAN MORGAN.

Society—ANN RUBECK, Editor; Associates, HELEN GULANISH, WILMA STARR, JAMES MARKS and HARRY PETERSON.

Faculty Representative—J. W. BARE.

News Staff — JAMES SHUTTS, Editor; Associates, MADGE KOVACS, LUCILE HELM, ISAAC POSE, RICHARD PLATT, CHARLES McCALLISTER, DOUGLAS COCAYNE, FRANK MORROW.

Alumnae and Exchange—MABEL WILSON, Editor; Associate, MARGARET MORRISON.

Literary and Dramatics—MARY MAHAR, Editor; Associate, DONALD McCANDLESS.

Business Manager—SALLY GULANISH; Associate, AL BROWN.

ORGANIZATIONS



Front Row (left to right)—Lawrence Faust, Jack Herald, Frank Watkins, Douglas Cocayne, Nate Abramovitz, Howard Rogers. *Second Row*—Louis Wagner, Bill Hartman, Anthony O'Neil, Tom Lloyd, Milton Lessner. *Rear Row*—John Raupple, Harry Peterson, Carl Abramovitz, and Kenneth Irwin.

The Men's Glee Club

Dr. Henry V. Stearns, Director

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	<i>Jack Herald</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Anthony O'Neil</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>George Beaumier</i>
<i>Pianist</i>	<i>Frank Watkins</i>

MEMBERS

KENNETH IRWIN	THOMAS LLOYD
WILLIAM CAMPBELL	ORVILLE McCRILLIS
DOUGLAS COCAYNE	JOHN RAUPPLE
MARION FERRALL	RONALD RICHARDS
LAWRENCE FAUST	HOWARD ROGERS
WILLIAM HARTMAN	EDWIN THOMPSON
DAVID COOPER	AL VINOPAL
MILTON LESSNER	LOUIS WAGNER
CARL ABRAMOVITZ	



Phi Lambda Delta Sorority

ORGANIZATIONS

Phi Lambda Delta Sorority

Front Row (left to right)—Virginia Eastlake, Alice Crocket, Betty Coulter, Betty Bush, Eleanor North, Anne Rubeck, Helen Hall, Ruth Strand, Evelyn Riddle. *Second Row*—Ruth Kenny, Peg Evereth, Priscilla Lewis, Marjorie Malbourne, Olive Brown, Grace Strand, Virginia Graham. *Rear Row*—Bessie Faulkner, Beatrice McDermott, Mary Ellen Daniels, Mary Catherine Welsh, Isabelle Conklin, Margery Welsh, Wanda Sporer.

PHI LAMBDA DELTA is a local sorority formed in the fall of 1927 when Youngstown College was established. It has, at present, a membership of sixty. Its initial purpose is to promote a feeling of friendliness and good will and a true spirit of sisterhood in the college as well as in the sorority.

Professor John W. Bare has been the sorority's advisor since its beginning and today is aiding the organization in all its activities.—A. R.

OFFICERS

President Anne Rubeck
Vice President Virginia Graham
Secretary - Treasurer Helen Eckel

MEMBERS

ALICE RORHBAUGH	MARY ELLEN DANIELS
MARJORIE MALBOURNE	BEATRICE McDERMOTT
EVELYN RIDDLE	VIRGINIA EASTLAKE
HELEN HALL	ALICE CROCKETT
BETTY BUSH	BESSIE FAULKNER
GEORGIANNA FARRAGHER	BETTY COULTER
OLIVE BROWN	RUTH KENNY
THELMA SHANKS	DOROTHY CARNEY
ANNE HOFFMAN	FRANCES HALL

Pledges

GRACE STRAND	PEG EVERETH
RUTH STRAND	EUNICE EVANS
PRISCILLA LEWIS	ISABELLE CONKLIN
MARY CATHERINE WELSH	



Front Row (left to right)—Buddy Cole, Charles McCallister, Jim Marks, Howard Merwin, Francis Kryzan, John Rudibaugh. Rear Row—Bill Johnston, Willis Kubiak, Don Boylan, Louis Makres, James Williams, Jack Patterson.

Phi Gamma Fraternity

PHI GAMMA is the oldest fraternity on the campus, having organized in 1927 with Prof. R. V. Prichard as its first advisor.

OFFICERS

President James Marks
 Secretary Charles McCallister
 Treasurer Paul Wolfe

MEMBERS

LOUIS MAKRES	WILLIAM JOHNSTON
ROBERT COLE	WILLIS KUBIAC
HOWARD MERWIN	ORVILLE McCRILLIS
DON BOYLAN	HAROLD GLECKLER
JAMES WILLIAMS	JACK PATTERSON

OTIS HELDMAN

Pledges

PAUL SHALE	JOHN RUDIBAUGH
FRANCIS KRYZAN	

ORGANIZATIONS



Front Row (left to right)—George Beaumier, Jack Herald, Lewis Nauss, James Chambers, Thomas Putt, Ted Macejko. *Second Row*—John Raupple, Dan Lyden, Howard Rogers, Edwin Thompson, Bill Griffiths, Lawrence Faust, Americus Carbone, Raymond Holley. *Third Row*—Fred Warnock, Tom MacDonald, Harry Peterson, Isaac Pose, Tommy Lloyd, Billy Barker.

Sigma Delta Beta Fraternity

OFFICERS

President	James Chambers
Vice President	Jack Herald
Secretary	Thomas Putt
Treasurer	Lewis Nauss

Active Members

GEORGE BEAUMIER	HOWARD RODGERS
LAWRENCE FAUST	EDWIN THOMPSON
RAYMOND HOLLEY	FREDERICK WARNOCK
EDWARD HUMPHREY	THOMAS MACDONALD
DANIEL LYDEN	ISAAC POSE
THOMAS LLOYD	JACK RAUPPLE
THEODORE MACEJKO	EDWARD FOLEY

Associate Members

WILLIAM GRIFFITHS	BERNARD GILBERT
EDWARD OWENS	HARRY PETERSON
ROBERT GARRETTE	WILLIAM BARKER
JACK YERIAN	CHARLES KFRINS
WADE YOUNG	BURKE LYDEN

JOHN N. PATTERSON

The WYE-COLLEGIAN



Front Row (left to right)—Prof. J. W. Bare, Marian Morgan, Wilma Starr, Charles Mulcahy, Anne Rubeck, Sally Gulanish, Mary Mahar. *Second Row*—Howard Aley, Richard Platt, Louis Makres, Bill Johnston, Jim Marks, Buddy Cole, Jim Chambers, Jim Shutts.

The Wye-Collegian Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	<i>Charles J. Mulcahy</i>
<i>Business Manager</i>	<i>Louis Makres</i>
<i>Associate Editor</i>	<i>James R. Shutts</i>
<i>Associate Business Manager</i>	<i>William Johnston</i>
<i>Faculty Representative</i>	<i>J. W. Bare</i>
<i>Staff Secretary</i>	<i>Wilma Starr</i>
<i>Alumni</i>	<i>James Chambers</i>
<i>Features</i>	<i>Richard E. Platt, Howard Aley</i>
<i>Organizations</i>	<i>Don Grant, Anne Rubeck</i>
<i>Activities</i>	<i>Marian Morgan, Sally Gulanish</i>
<i>Athletics</i>	<i>James A. Marks, Buddy Cole</i>
<i>Literary</i>	<i>Mary Mahar</i>



Activities

September 1931

to

June 1932

Diary of a Modern Co-ed

SEPT. 24. Got up in the middle of the night this morning to attend the breakfast and dance for the freshmen at Pioneer Pavillion. Anne Rubeck and Don Boylan cooked the eggs aided by Bee McDermott, Ann and Sally Gulanish, "Ginny" Graham, Olive Brown, Lou Makres, Bud Cole, and Howard Merwin. More fun!

OCT. 2. Jimmy Chambers elected president of Student Council. Dedication of new college tonight. Must have been at least a thousand people there . . . flowers everywhere giving a very festive air, as likewise did the members of the office force who appeared in formal dress. While the ceremonies were taking place in the auditorium, upstairs in the Jambar office the first issue was going to press. Jambarites worked until mid-night.

OCT. 3. Am I tired! Just returned from the Freshmen Reception—auditorium beautifully decorated with flowers . . . Billy Barker took charge of the program and Sally Gulanish the luncheon . . . Dancing, cards, and the reading of the Edict followed a varied program of stunts and readings by the "freshies" themselves.

OCT. 5. Freshmen week began today. The girls look darling in their green hair ribbons and black hose. Here's hoping they're well supplied with peanuts. They are very fresh and smart and need to be taught to respect their elders.

OCT. 16. To the Gamma Sigma rush party tonight at Isabelle Summers' . . . more fun! . . . bridge, music, refreshments. Rushees were Ella Mae Butler, Betty Traut, Virginia Smith, Coletta Lyden, Peg Morrison, Irene Garwood, and Marian Morgan.

OCT. 20. Dr. Bowden autographed copies of his prize winning book, the "Defense of Tomorrow" today. Dramatics Club elections.

NOV. 2. Had a snouzy time at the Hallowe'en Hop tonight . . . auditorium bedecked with cornstalks, witches, and balloons . . . lighted with only candles in the jack-o-lanterns. The committee consisted of Marian Morgan and Lawrence Faust as chairmen, aided by Anne Rubeck, Philip Ley, and Sally Gulanish. Hot music by Al Ocker. Dr. Bowden's book was placed on file in the library today.

NOV. 15. Danced all evening at the Belmont Country Club. Florence Richards, Anne Gulanish, Ida Mae Fulton and Ida Breen of the Gamma Sigma Sorority were the committee. Everyone in a gay mood and enjoyed himself.

NOV. 19. Phi Gamma initiation tonight . . . and are those folks nervous! They are "Ghost" Evans, "Boots" Heldman, "Horse" McCallister, "Flat-tire" McCrillis, "Tubby" Patterson, "Plumber" Williams . . . they probably won't be able to sit down tomorrow.

NOV. 20. Ritual ceremony and formal installation of Phi Gamma pledges took place after the banquet at the Y. M. C. A. this evening. Dr. Foard was the principal speaker for the evening.

NOV. 25. Pioneer Pavillion the scene of much Thanksgiving cheer tonight . . . Phi Lambda Delta Sorority entertained at a party. Hostesses

ACTIVITIES



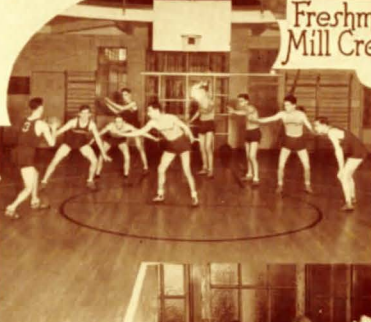
Annual
May Fete



Swimming



Freshman Breakfast at
Mill Creek Park



Basket Ball



Fencing



College Paper Staff

The WYE-COLLEGIAN

were Alice Rohrbaugh, Ann Hoffman, and Marjorie Welsh. The Sig Delts also had a big affair at the Belmont Country Club . . . annual fraternity initiation dance. The committee in charge was Bob Garrette, Jack Herald, Lew Nauss . . . a big time was had by all.

NOV. 26. Once again to the tunes of Bill Cave's orchestra I danced my feet off. Thanksgiving Hop attended by a large percentage of student body as well as Alumni. Hospitality dispensed right royally by Virginia Graham, Ed. Humphrey, Ruth Kenny, Al Riegelman, Al. Brown. Decorations in keeping with holiday spirit.

DEC. 2. First play of the season today under the direction of Jimmy Chambers . . . "Good Medicine" was very well done. "Chux" McCallister in the role of a serious young doctor was very well cast. Betty Coulter as the doctor's wife showed excellent stage presence and the role of Hetty Sage, an eccentric society matron, was deftly handled by Betty Traut. Hope we have more of them.

DEC. 5. First basketball game of season . . . we lost.

DEC. 18. After assembly today at which Lynn Nearpass' Players presented a play "The Passing of Chow-Chow" featuring Maxine Belkin, Marion Ferrall, and William Beach we held a ceremony which we hope will become a tradition here at the college—a "Friendship Circle" was held on the front lawn. We all sang "Holy Night." Isabelle Summers recited a poem and taps were sounded from the tower by Ronald Richards and William Campbell. Miss North suggested the custom and Marian Morgan arranged it.

DEC. 21. Christmas program and gift exchange was enjoyable feature at Phi Lambda's party at Helene Eckel's . . . sorority co-operated with Phi Gams with plans for Christmas charity.

DEC. 23. Something new in dance committees took charge of the dance tonight after the Youngstown-Geneva game. It was composed entirely of men! Don Boylan, Bill Barker, Ed. McKay, Howard Aley, Al. Brown, "Cholly" Mulcahy, Al. Riegelman, Harry Peterson, and Anthony O'Neil.

DEC. 26. Bessie Faulkner was chairman for the Phi Lambda's Annual Christmas Formal. The committee assisting was Betty Bush, Georgianna Farragher, Betty Coulter, Beatrice McDermott, Marjorie Malborn, Dorothy Carney, Thelma Shanks, and Frances Hall. The dance was held at the school auditorium and decorations were in true Christmas style.

1932

JAN. 1. The Phi Gamma's fourth annual fraternity home-coming dance, held in the college auditorium with Billy Hites' orchestra. Dance followed the Youngstown-Allegheny basketball game. Committee in charge: Bud Cole and "Chux" McCallister, co-chairmen, assisted by Louis Makres, Jim Marks, and Paul Wolf.

FEB. 6. The Gamma Sigma Sorority's St. Valentine's dance—first dance of the new semester, in college auditorium with Bill Cave furnishing the music. Peg Morrison was chairman and was aided by Marian Morgan, Sally Gulanish, Isabel Summers, Ruth Miller Bryson, and Coletta Lyden.

ACTIVITIES



—Spratt Studio

WILMA STARR'S golden - blonde beauty graced the First Annual Junior Prom, April 22, as Queen. James Marks, Junior class president was Prom Leader.

The WYE-COLLEGIAN

Assisting were Bert Jones, Fred McFarland, Howard Aley, Al. Brown, Howard Rogers, Harold Gleckler, and Charles Mulcahy.

FEB. 10. Reception for Freshmen—stunts, skits, and the reading of the freshmen edict added to the spirit of the event. Committee who planned the affair: Anne Rubeck and Larry Faust, co-chairmen; Marjorie Malborn, Marian Morgan, Betty Bush, Charles McCallister, Bud Cole, Paul Wolf, Wanda Sporer, and Fred MacFarland.

FEB. 29. Phi Lambda Delta Sorority Leap Year Party! . . . Pioneer Pavillion . . . many surprising features added to the pleasure of the evening. Committee: Ruth Kenny, chairman; Marjorie Welsh, Marjorie Malborn, Helen Hall, Georgianna Farragher, Betty Bush, Alice Crockett, Betty Coulter, and Olive Brown.

APRIL 2. Sigma Delta Beta's "April Fool" Hop . . . Floor Show featured—Si Ludt's Bonnie Blue Boys. The college auditorium was attractively decorated. Committee included Jack Herald and "Lew" Nauss, chairmen; Ed. Thompson, George Beaumier, Fred Warnock, Billy Barker, Dan Lyden, Tom Lloyd, and Ted Macejko.

APRIL 15. "The Tightwad" presented in the college auditorium by the College Dramatic Club . . . Cleverly cast and highly entertaining. Cast included Peg Everth and Charles McCallister, who played the leading roles, Russ Ramage, Marjorie Malborn, Tom Lloyd, Maxine Belkin, and Marion Farrell. Jim Chambers directed.

The fifth annual college "Spring Hop" followed the play. Dancing to Al. Ocker's orchestra. Committee in charge, Sally Gulanish and Bill Johnston.

The Junior Prom

APRIL 22. First College Junior Prom! Marble Room at the Stambaugh auditorium with George Bannon's Moonlight Serenaders. A glorious event, lovely gowns, handsome escorts added splendor to the beautiful setting. Grace Strand, chairman; Wanda Sporer, Al. Vinopal, and Ed. Thompson. Publicity by Anne Rubeck, Jim Marks, Isabel Summers, Ruth Kenney, Alice Crockett, Randall Leyshon, "Bill" Johnston, and Bob Palmer. "Willy" Starr Prom Queen, escorted by Jimmy Marks, president of the Junior Class.

MAY 2. Fifth annual May Morning J. W. Breakfast at Pioneer Pavillion. Baseball, dancing—a great day. Committee included Virginia Graham and Ed. Humphrey, chairmen; Lucile Helm, Bud Cole, Carl Dingeldy, Jeanne Donnan, Olive Brown, Marjorie Malborn, Helen Gulanish, Tommy Lloyd, Paul Wolf, Ed. Welsh, Tom Cannon, Ed. Thompson, Betty Coulter, Elsie Randle, and Louie Makres.

APRIL 30. Gamma Sigma Sorority Card Party—Y. M. C. A. club rooms . . . attractive prizes. Plans made by Betty Traut, Virginia Smith, Ida Breen, Marguerite Johnston, and Ella Mae Butler.

MAY 5. Phi Lambda Delta Sorority Spring Formal . . . Marble Room of Stambaugh auditorium . . . Chuck Samuels' orchestra—delightful. Committee: Marjorie Malborn, chairman; Bessie Faulkner, Eunice Evans, Helene Eckels. Programs of black leather with white silhouettes were most attractive . . . very dignified affair. Prof. and Mrs. Bare were chaperones.

ACTIVITIES



—Spratt Studio

MARIAN MORGAN, *one of the college's most beautiful and popular co-eds, was crowned Queen of the May at the Fifth Annual May Day Festival, here, May 20.*

The WYE-COLLEGIAN

MAY 14. Gamma Sigma Sorority Annual Spring Formal, Mahoning Valley Country Club. Wick Mackey's Musical Aces furnished the music . . . one of the outstanding social events of the school year. Committee: Marian Morgan, chairman; Wilma Starr, Peg Morrison, Coletta Lyden, Mary Hercules.

MAY 10. Gold keys awarded to the members of the Student Council during the chapel hour. Dr. Bowden, council advisor, presented the awards to the smiling ten, Jim Chambers, president; Virginia Graham, vice president; Sally Gulanish, secretary; Louis Makres treasurer; Lawrence Faust, Marian Morgan, Ed. Humphries, Jim Marks, Anne Rubeck, "Bill" Johnston and Carl Dingeldy. The keys are darling.

MAY 18. To the Sig Delt Dinner Dance at Tippecanoe Country Club. All agog to learn who was going to announce his engagement—imagine my chagrin when it wasn't *that* kind of an engagement. Seems that Jack Herald has been engaged to sell milk—HUH! The dinner was delicious, the programs beautiful, and the music tantalizing. There was a big moon too—.

May Day

MAY 20. This has been the biggest, the loveliest, most beautiful day I've ever known—the weather could not have been more perfect and the program went off like clock work due to the efforts of Sally Gulanish and Louis Makres. Three hundred guests assembled on the campus to witness the crowning of the May Queen—Marian Morgan; the Pageant, and the May Pole and Folk Dances. The attendants, Alice Crockett, Betty Bush, Ella Mae Butler, Grace Gleason, Helen Gulanish, Marlea Lesher and Coletta Lyden, Margaret Morrison, Virginia Smith, Wilma Starr, Isabel Summers, Betty Traut were beautiful in their pastel gowns. Anne Rubeck and Mary Ellen Daniels were charming as maids-of-honor.



Left—Betty Miller, last year's May Queen, placing the crown on the head of Marian Morgan.
Right—The May Pole Dance.

ACTIVITIES

The most colorful event was the Pageant, "the Fountain of Youth," with Georgeanna Farragher as the Guardian of the Fountain, Wanda Sporer as the Daughter of the Dawn, Marion Ferrall as Ponce de Leon, Jimmy Shutts and "Lou" Wagner, followers of Ponce de Leon, and Marjorie Malborn, Ruth Strand, Ruth Cooper, Bee McDermott, and Virginia Reed as dancers.

In the May Pole and Folk Dances were: Fannie Andrews, Helen Backus, Elizabeth Blattman, Isabelle Conklin, Anne Dolak, Ruth Drissen, Mary Grambrel, Julia Larocco, Marjorie Marsteller, Jayne Morrow, Helen Morris, Lena Scali, Gertrude Smith, Marjorie Welsh, Caroline Wining, Anna Zhuck.

The procession wound its way across the campus slowly between floral chains of lilacs and roses to the throne prepared for the Queen. Music was furnished by our own college orchestra, directed by Louis Wagner and including the following musicians: Milton Lessener, Troyan Tecau, Don Elser, Nathean Abramovitz, Isaac Pose and John Phillips.

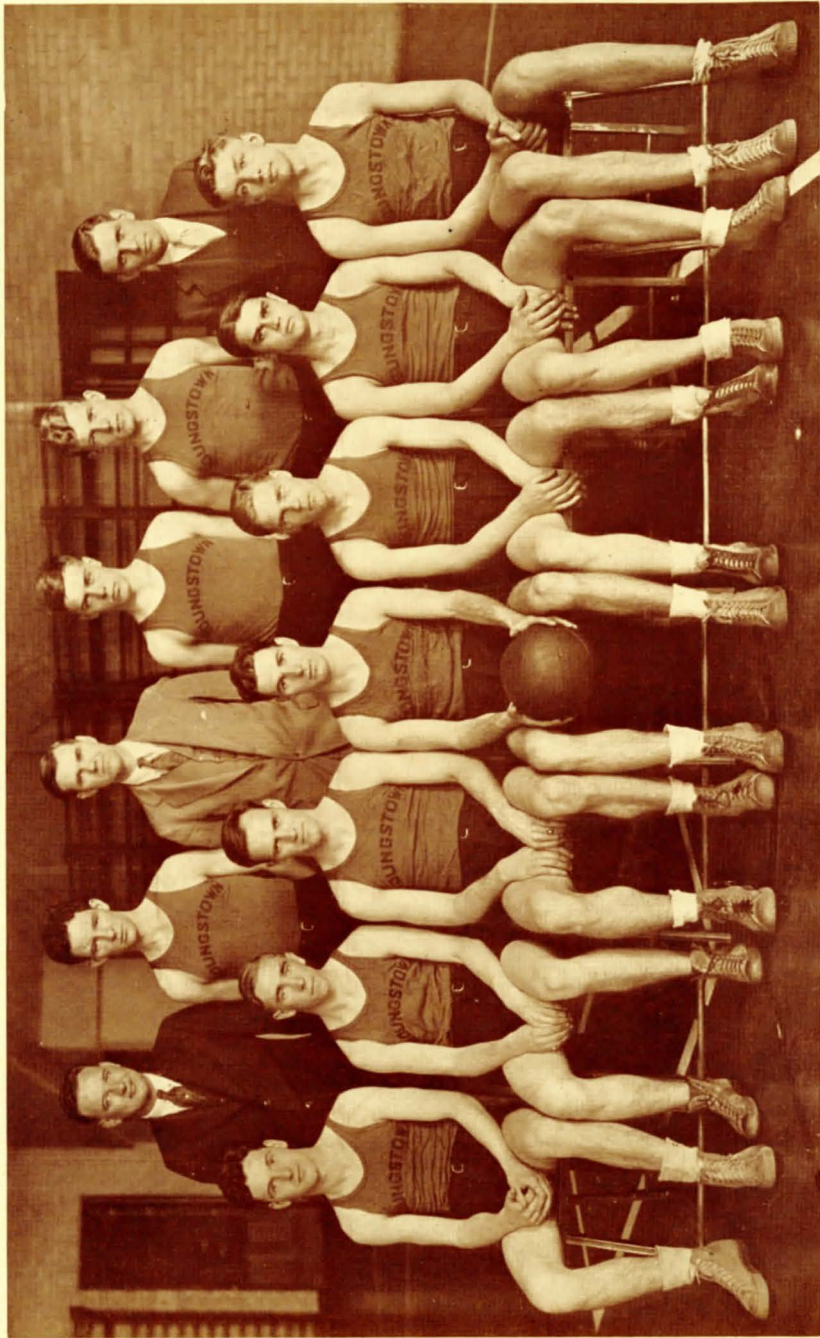
The Glee Club under the direction of Dr. Stearns, contributed much to the success of the afternoon: Tom Lloyd, Jack Herald, Carl Abramovitz, Al. Vinopal, Howard Rogers, Dave Cooper, Anthony O'Neil, Louie Wagner, Ed. Thompson, Frank Watkins, Douglass Cocayne, Ronald Richards, Nathan Abramovitz, Bill Hartman, Kenneth Irwin, the guests of the afternoon.

In the evening George Bannon's Boys were responsible for the rhythm that made the dance a memorable one . . . favors were darling—sport necklaces for the girls and tie clasps for the men. And so the program "from one to one" came to an end. The Gamma Sigma sorority presented the May Queen with a set of seed pearl ear-rings and bracelet following the Grand March.

MAY 31. The Seniors established another tradition today: Ivy Day. Miss North brought some ivy from Pembroke College, Oxford, England, which we planted at the foot of the two towers. Mr. Jones and Jim Chambers each made a speech and Ernie Grass took pictures of Louie Wagner digging the hole and Jim Chambers planting the ivy.



James Chambers, President of the Class of '32, planting the ivy as a symbol of friendship.



The "Y" College Basketball Team

ATHLETICS

Basketball Summary

THE Youngstown College basketball team opened its season's schedule December 5, against the Ohio College of Chiropody. The Cleveland quintet proved too tough for the Youngstown team however and the locals lost 36 to 23. Although they were outscored the team showed a marked improvement over last year's outfit, insofar as they were more experienced and were strengthened by the addition of several new players, Fred MacFarland and Pete Solar. Marks and Boylan were the high scorers.

Lose First Team Match

Youngstown then met what is generally accepted as their foremost rivals, Fenn College of Cleveland. Last year Cleveland and Youngstown managed to break even in their games, each winning one apiece. The games was a real thriller from start to finish. It was only in the last second of play that the deciding point was obtained. The final result was 20 to 21 in favor of Fenn.

In the third tilt of the season, McPhee's cagers were set for the highly touted Oberlin five. This game was especially interesting in that Coach Jack McPhee was a former star on the Oberlin team. However the locals were unable to break into the winning column and succumbed to the count of 30 to 10. Although their shift in the line-up was necessary due to the illness of several regulars, Boylan, MacFarland and Cole, they were unable to cope with the deceptive accuracy of the Oberlinites.

The team ran into another defeat at the hands of St. Francis 25 to 18. The Geneva College basketekers handed Youngstown its fourth straight defeat at the "Y" floor, the Covenanters winning 54 to 15. The locals were no match for the giants from Geneva. Marks and Boylan topped the local scoring column with a field goal and free throw apiece.

The powerful Allegheny five proved too strong and Youngstown bowed 44 to 21. Peterson played outstanding ball for Youngstown with 12 points to his credit. In the final game of the three day trip through Pennsylvania, Indiana defeated the Youngstown team 28 to 13.

The Youngstown team had a total of 87 shots at the bucket but were unable to hit even on the law of averages missing all but 3 of these. Cole was high point man getting the only field goals for Youngstown. St. Vincent's took a hard fought game by the score of 29 to 15. The score at the half was 9 to 15 in favor of the Latrobe team. The game was fast from start to finish but Youngstown was unable to break through the St. Vincent's defense.

Locals Win From St. Francis

The St. Francis game at the "Y" floor opened a new chapter January 13. The Youngstown College five, playing as though a championship were at stake, broke a losing streak of eight straight games by defeating the strong St. Francis College quintet by a 19 to 15 score. Youngstown

The WYE-COLLEGIAN

entered the game with a revamped lineup that proceeded to show results from the opening whistle. This new combination displayed a passing attack that had the visitors baffled during the contest. Cole led Youngstown in scoring with 7 points. MacFarland's work on the defensive was one of the bright spots of the game. Both he and Boylan kept their men well covered. Marks and Cole made a good team at the forward posts while Faust handled the "hot-spot" like a veteran.

Slippery Rock College shattered the hopes of the locals, however, by handing them a 26 to 16 defeat. Slippery Rock started things in short order and at the half they were out in front by the score of 20-6. However the plucky Youngstown team came back in the second half and held them to six points while gathering ten themselves. Banks and Faust were high scorers with five and four points respectively. Nevertheless Youngstown was not to be denied their second victory of the season. Indiana was the victim.

Win Indiana Tilt

The local team played perhaps its best offensive game of the season. In the earlier part of the season they had defeated Youngstown but were no match on the return battle. The locals seemed inoculated with a new kind of pep and led by Banks, Marks, and Peterson they proceeded to run up the score. Banks was high man with four field goals and two fouls. Marks and Peterson shared for second place with four field goals each. The visitors were dazed by the strong defensive and accurate shooting of the Youngstown team.

Even Up Affairs With Fenn

In the roughest game of the year Youngstown defeated Fenn College 20-16. This was the most exciting game of the year both from the spectators and players points of view. The initial half was 8-8. Marks and Peterson topped the local scoring column with five markers apiece to their credit. This closed the locals' wins for the season. Youngstown dropped their two remaining games to Hiram and Slippery Rock Colleges.

Season's Scores

Youngstown 23, Ohio College 36	Youngstown 19, St. Francis 15
Youngstown 20, Fenn 21	Youngstown 19, Slippery Rock 32
Youngstown 9, Oberlin 30	Youngstown 35, Indiana 15
Youngstown 15, Geneva 54	Youngstown 20, Fenn 16
Youngstown 22, Allegheny 44	Youngstown 16, Slippery Rock 26
Youngstown 15, St. Francis 28	Youngstown 15, St. Vincent 28
Youngstown 12, Indiana 28	

Coach McPhee

JAMES A. MARKS

COACH Jack McPhee has just completed two years of coaching at Youngstown College. He is a former Cleveland East Tech graduate, starring in baseball, basketball, and football. He then entered Oberlin and

ATHLETICS

later Grove City Colleges where he continued his successful athletic career.

When McPhee was appointed coach he had a difficult task ahead of him, that is, of taking an inexperienced team and teaching it the fundamentals of the game from start to finish. This in itself is a difficult accomplishment for it necessitates patience and a thorough knowledge of the game. Much time must be spent in establishing a new system, therefore, there is really no doubt that the coach has a successful future before him.

"Mickey," as he is sometimes called, has that drawing personality which tends to bring instead of take away. His understanding heart encourages the boys to come to him with shattered love affairs and broken bones. Yes, he is a true pal—a Mr. Fixit Fixes it.

In his list of hobbies McPhee marks golf, bridge and handball as favorites. As a golfer he has the qualities of a natural athlete—timing, accuracy and judgment of distance. In handball he displays the characteristic called "endurance"—ask Mr. Jones. But when it comes to bridge, he has several bids that tend to daze the opposition—for instance, the "Crow Bid." If you can figure it out you're wrong anyway.

One of Coach McPhee's favorite stories to the basketball boys is: "Boy you should have a coach like I had. Why he actually drove us until our ankles blistered and burned. Yes he did."

McPhee doesn't just "coach," for he has his regular gym classes and classes in hygiene. Although he has a "hard-boiled" expression on his face during class, the boys know that it is only a camouflage.

Youngstown College is proud of its coach and knows that under "Jack's" tutorage the team will make even greater progress in the future years than it has already made. The boys trust McPhee and vow that they shall keep a firm backbone in every game that he manages.

INTRA-MURAL POSSIBILITIES

JAMES A. MARKS

A SUPERVISED intra-mural program which would benefit a majority of the students, could be installed here at a low cost as compared with the present varsity system of athletics. Sufficient money could be appropriated from the activity fund to pay for the use of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, pool and hand-ball courts. On certain nights each week the program could be held, and each of the different classes, along with fraternities and sororities would have representative teams. The interest in the sports would be greater because students who felt themselves to be incapable of varsity play would be taking part in the athletics program.

The following intra-mural program would cover the college year sufficiently: fall sports, would include soccer ball, pass football, cross country and tennis; winter sports would take in basketball, handball, swimming and volley ball. The spring season would be wound up with recreation ball, track, cross country and tennis.

This program would hold interest and create a spirit of keen competition along with the physical development which the student could not

The WYE-COLLEGIAN

otherwise obtain. It would benefit at least 85 percent of the students while under our present system only 15 percent of the students participate in the athletic program.

A system of intra-mural type must be developed gradually and this naturally takes time and patience but the benefits of such a physical program are much greater than its disadvantages.

The possibilities of developing an intra-mural program at Youngstown College are very good, because of its limited number of students. That in itself is sufficient reason to establish an intra-mural program. In the present system about 16 athletes represent the school in sports. Almost 100 men could participate in athletics under the intra-mural system.

Coach Jack McPhee is an ardent sponsor of the mural type of athletic program. The high cost of equipment and the limitations of material are the only difficulties in establishing such a system here. Equipment for a football team, for instance, would necessitate a student athletic fee which would be beyond reason.

In basketball the material is limited and consequently, the team is not of such a high calibre as is needed for competition with both larger colleges and teams which represent a city of the population of Youngstown.

Our team would have to compete with high schools, church leagues and independent ball clubs. If the team did not win at least 75 percent of its games it would lose the backing of the students.

The Varsity "Y" Club

THIS is the second year of existence for the Varsity "Y" Club on the Youngstown college campus. The organization is honorary, only those being eligible for membership, who have won major awards in athletics. Although the organization has been inactive along social lines, its members have always supported other activities on the campus.

OFFICERS

- President James Chambers
Treasurer James Marks
Secretary Robert Cole
Faculty Advisor Coach Jack McPhee

MEMBERS

- LAWRENCE FAUST KENNETH REARICK
FRED MACFARLAND CHARLES McCALLISTER
PAUL WOLF FRANCIS KRYZAN
LOUIS MAKRES RANDALL LEYSHON
KENNETH REILLY PAUL BANKS

FEATURES

What We Really Think of Our Faculty

Dean John Winchell Bare

TO SEE him hurrying through the halls, loaded with books and papers, one might scarcely guess that in his crowded life as professor of English and Psychology, that he would have much time for the social part of college life.

And yet, the jovial proprietor of "Bare's Den" is perhaps the most "collegiate" among us. He has a "Hello, Ann," or a "Good morning, Jimmie," wherever he goes. He is unsurpassed as a specialist in "Heart Trouble" cures, and many college romances are flourishing, which would long ago have broken on the rocks of misunderstanding and inexperience, were it not for his fatherly ministrations. Hence the name, "Pop."—*(Maryann Sasu)*.

Eleanor B. North

She was not made for silver sets,
The fragile china was for her,
She seemed as dainty as each piece,
As fair as each sweet painted bloom.
One pictured her before a fire,
With lights turned low throughout the room,
Pouring tea from a china pot,
That simmered on a samovar.

—*Mary Mahar*

Castle W. Foard

THEY can't make 'em any better than Castle W. Foard, professor of mathematics and physics, and better known around school as "Doc." "Doc" has two weaknesses—fishing and bridge, but he insists that "the missus" is the better fisherman in the Foard family. I recall some of the nights his wife probably thought he was sound asleep when he was pondering over a "crow-bid." "Doc" has been a real companion to the basketball team on its trips abroad.

In Indiana, "Doc" got the idea that the only theater in the town didn't look so hard to get into, so he tried to enter via the rear entrance because he thought he ought to see the last part of the picture. The usher didn't think he should and persuaded "Doc" to agree with him, so out the exit he came, a good deal faster than he went in. The fellows say that "Doc" got a big "kick" out of it.

Dr. Joseph Smith

NOT a large man—but with energy enough for two of his size; a face that has been bronzed by the sun while its owner chases a little white pill over hills and dales; a pair of eyes that twinkle at the world through rimless spectacles, in much the same way, we think, as do those of the man from Mars who finds this earth of ours a very queer and amusing place; a mouth that can be one firm line yet which is ever ready to crinkle up at the

The WYE-COLLEGIAN

corners; a quizzical mind that can turn things inside out and still know which way they ought to go; a personality which has all the necessary "it" vitamins;—that's Dr. Smith.

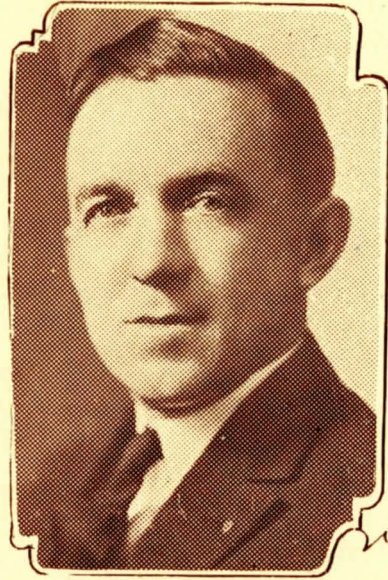
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*"Of him 'tis said he hath a heart of gold,
And this we know 'tis true."*

YEARS ago in one of many dreams in the interest of his fellowmen, there came to Leonard T. Skeggs a vision of a beautiful building where men and women in all walks of life, from the man whose hands and face are covered with the grime of the mills to the professional and business men of our city; men of all creeds and color—could pursue and further their education at the least cost and expense.

Last September when Youngstown College was thrown open to hundreds of day and night students, Leonard T. Skeggs saw the realization of his dream. His loyalty to his fellowmen; his humanitarian interest in those who are not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods—has been the incentive for the years of courageous, ceaseless activity and hard work which this educational center represents.

Youngstown College owes not only the building in which it is housed, but its very existence to Leonard T. Skeggs. He has erected a living monument which will not only serve in the present, but will be a stepping stone in the building of character and the education for future generations.—(H. W. J.)



Phillip Buchanan

WHERE Mrs. Buchanan is mildly disinterested, he is bustle and hurry. Where she is calmly inclined to rest her chin in the palm of a languid hand, he is rubbing his hands together with a gesture that is oddly Semetic. Sometimes I wonder whether "Phil" should not have been a merchant plying his wares somewhere, but then again, he does ply his wares, and no one fails to remember how he got his money, when he was in charge of matters of tuition.

Such is our Mr. Buchanan—jovial with a gay, ready smile for the new comers to the office.—*William Taylor.*

FEATURES

Dr. Henry V. Stearns

STOUT people are all good natured and usually laughing. Dr. Stearns is no exception. He is congenial, good-natured, and generous. He is an excellent story teller and every class he teaches is taught with a spirit of good fellowship, his numerous yarns intermingled with the lesson. He is never too busy to do a good turn for someone. He always has a cheery "Good morning" for everyone.

He always answers to the call of "Henry" from his better half. The fact that she is uppermost in his mind convinces me that he is much devoted to her. They remind me of two children playing along life's highway. She relishes telling jokes on Dr. Stearns, but all in playful fun.—*Louis Wagner.*

Dr. Robert D. Bowden

"SOME Hottentot in Timbuctu thumbs his bloody nose at us"—quoting Dr. Bowden in class. In a neatly pressed suit and a precisely tied cravat he carries on the class calmly and collectedly. He has an excellent sense of humor and likes his little jokes and witty sayings—incidentally, so do we.

He tells us to be "honest skeptics," and he practices what he preaches. He knows his history well—that's the trouble, he expects us to know it, too. He always advances a new idea in discussions. He wrote a book. You say that doesn't mean much? Ah, but *his* book won a prize. He assigns long lessons and plenty of themes, but we forgive him that, just because he is Dr. Bowden.—*Margery Welsh.*

Levi G. Batman

TWICE a week, he appears at school to help us to understand and appreciate the English Bible. He enters the room with a benign expression on his face and greets the students as we file in. When the class has started, it would be hard for anyone to tell that the instructor had not been trained for the class room, were it not for moments when his "pulpit manner" asserts itself, and his voice rolls out in sonorous periods calculated to be plainly heard in the back rows of a large church.—*Lucile Helm.*

Dr. L. T. Richardson

DR. RICHARDSON is a scholar in the highest sense of the word. He is not satisfied with teaching us our lessons, but he studies them himself with the deepest concentration, delving into dictionaries and books of various languages to give to us the exact meaning of words and thoughts. He is a seeker, a thinker, a quiet humorist. There is something gentle and calm about his personality that puts students at perfect ease in his classes. This friendly atmosphere brings the students near to him and makes class discussion a pleasure.—*Marjorie Malbourne.*

NEWS STORIES OF 1950

By RICHARD PLATT and WILMA STARR

Youngstown, Ohio, June 7 — Mayor James (Jimmie) Chambers officiated today at the dedication of the new \$300,000 Liberal Arts building, latest addition to the Youngstown College group.

AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY MAY REVOLUTIONIZE FUEL

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 4 — (E. Z.) — A new heat-producing substance that is destined to supplant the use of coal and oil throughout the world has been discovered by Frederick Morrison, chemist, in an experiment completed today in his Highland Park laboratories.

FAMOUS MODEL TELLS SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS

New York, N. Y., May 3 — (E. Z.) — In an informal address today before the banquet in the Hotel New Yorker, of the Associated Male Models of America, Howard Merwin, famous model for Arrow collar advertisements and the masculine ideal of many a feminine heart throughout the nation, gave his formula for success.

Society Woman Endows College

Miss Ann Gulanish, noted society woman, has done much to help various organizations in their social work. Her last endowment is that of \$25,000,000 for the purpose of enlarging and bettering conditions of Youngstown College which she attended and graduated when a girl.

250,000 VOLUMES IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Youngstown, O., April 30 — (E. Z.) — City Librarian Anthony O'Neil announced today that the Youngstown Public Library contained at present over 250,000 volumes, or a book for every person in the city.

"This," said Mr. O'Neil, "represents a satisfactory growth of our library system in the last ten years. Youngstown now compares favorably with other large cities as to the per capita number of books in public use."

NOTED PIANIST HEARD AT METROPOLITAN OPERA

Miss Marlea Leshar of Youngstown, Ohio, entertained music lovers in a program which astounded listeners. Her fingers expressed in music that which cannot be explained in words—happiness, sorrow, beauty and love. Critics have praised her work to the utmost and the public has finally found someone who can express their most delicate emotions in music.

Organist Goes To New York

Youngstown, O., May 7 — Frank Watkins, organist at the Indianola M. E. Church, will leave for New York tomorrow, where he will take over his new position as chief organist at St. John the Divine cathedral. Mr. Watkins is a graduate of Youngstown College and a Fellow of the American Guild of Organists.

YOUNGSTOWN ARTIST AT THE KEITH-PALACE

Youngstown, O., July 30 — "Louie" Wagner, famed specialty pianist, will be at the Palace all this week. He will grant request numbers, besides his regular repertoire, and it is expected that many of his former college friends will not let him get by without at least one "St. Louis Blues!"

EXPERT SAYS ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS THE BEST

New York, N. Y., May 1 — "English will very soon be the universal language. It is now spoken by over 300,000,000 people, including the Hottentots and Basutos. This is only natural, for the English tongue possesses the largest number of words, excluding cuss-words, of any language."

LECTURES ON BLIND

Miss Marian Morgan gave a touching lecture on blind before teachers, parents, and interested public. Miss Morgan explained that blind people can feel that which we cannot see.

FEATURES

CLASS PROPHECY

MARIAN MORGAN

"EVERY member of the class of 1932 is endowed by nature with certain potentialities and to you I will entrust the secret method whereby the subconscious personality will disclose itself to you." With these words Prof. Bare of the Psychology Department initiated me into the mystery of dissociating the Psychic Determiner of Future Conduct from the living body.

The first person I met was Ann Gulanish. With my hand on her shoulder I spoke the magic formula. Immediately a dreamy expression came over her face, an aura of silver mist surrounded her, from which she emerged, walking slowly down the hall. The misty shadow remained, took on the form of Ann and preceded me into the auditorium.

"Tell me, quickly, what have you planned for the future?"

The Shadow moving restlessly to and fro, spoke in a sibilant whisper: "I desire wealth, travel, and beautiful things. I shall teach school for a year and then to Paris where I shall marry a Frenchman, a widower with five children all taller than I." The Shadow was growing fainter and her voice weaker and fearing a complete disappearance, I dismissed her. Meeting Ann a few minutes later I noticed the dreamy expression had been replaced by her usual impish, mischievous smile.

I encountered Jimmy Chambers dashing up the steps to the Jambar Room. I repeated the formula and Jimmy sat down on the stairs while his misty self and I proceeded into the Jambar Room. I related to him my desire but could obtain no definite answer as there were conflicting plans and urges. Jimmy it seems wants to be a great Educator like Kilpatrick or Bade. On the other hand, he has the desire to go to Hollywood and become a protege of D. W. Griffiths, and then again, he may marry and settle down in California. His Subconscious self was of the opinion that he would do all three.

Marlea Lesher, I cornered in the cafeteria. I was deluged by a dozen questions before I had time to ask mine. "Oh," she said, "I've planned to continue my music abroad and then come back to Youngstown College and organize the most famous college musical department in the world."

"Will you ever marry?"

"Never! Men are insipid creatures and I never expect to find one to measure up to my ideals. I shall adopt three sets of twins to satisfy my maternal urges."

That unnerved me so that I sent her back to her Conscious self.

I trailed Louie Wagner for a half day before I could stop him long enough to apply the magic formula. When I finally succeeded, he sat down at the piano and fell asleep. The Sub-Conscious Louie cavorted madly around the auditorium and I had difficulty in keeping up with him to hear what he had to say.

"I am destined to go to Chicago for an audition over the radio. There I will become the greatest Blues singer the world has ever known. Russ

The WYE-COLLEGIAN

Colombo and Bing Crosby will sink into oblivion and I shall marry a chorus girl." By that time I was so tired racing around after him, that I could listen no more.

I had to apply the magic formula twice before Howard Merwin's shadow reluctantly dissociated itself.

To my question he answered: "I shall go to Hollywood and my technique in the love scenes shall be the sensation of the world. Women shall love me — they won't be able to help it. I shall set the fashions for the men. However, I shall be a spendthrift and die a poor man. The serious part of my life I shall devote to the high purpose of running my car without gasoline and I shall remain an optimist even though I do run an automobile."

"The way you drive now," I said, "you'll never be an optimist."

"It's simple," replied the shadow, "if I get hit, I'll just turn the other fender. What could be nobler?"

Frank Watkins' misty self and I sat on the stage in the auditorium back of the curtain. His plan was brief and to the point.

"I shall devote myself to combining business and poetry. I shall write epic poems on the beauties of the Budget System or the Face Value of the Man in the Moon. In case of a Depression, I shall give music lessons."

Fred Morrison evidently didn't like the idea of being dissociated from his Sub-Conscious self followed the Shadow and me into the Girl's Rest Room. Fred's dislike of women, it seems, is a mere defense mechanism. His career will be a long marital one.

"I shall marry seven times and have twelve children. I shall have charge of the Community Chest Fund and die a rich man."

I had to go to the Public Library to interview the Sub-Conscious selves of Anthony O'Neill and Carl Abramovitz.

Anthony's shade had a stern sense of duty and begged me not to detain him long from his work.

"I shall be a student and a philosopher," he said, "and I shall devote my spare time to the raising and selling of Kangaroos."

Carl it seems had aspirations for establishing his own private collection of first editions. His library will be world famous and he will charge only 25 cents admission.

"Wealth means nothing to me — it breeds avarice. All I want is enough to provide myself with barest necessities of life."

All Bill Winings' subconscious self could talk of was Y. M. C. A. work. "It is the greatest vocation in the world—it improves the spiritual physical and moral life of the individual. I shall devote my life to the gaining of more members for this institution."

I could not see Mrs. Buchanan alone. Her husband is always in the way.

"MAY"

May shakes her head in girlish glee,
And laughs at April's maiden tears,
She waves impotent hands at Jove,
Taunting him and his thunderbolts.

—Mary Mahar

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CLASS WILL

MARIAN MORGAN

WE, THE members of the class of 1932 of Youngstown College, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former or other wills and testamentary dispositions by us at any time heretofore made. Most earnestly do we instruct the beneficiaries that they do not try to obtain any of the following bequests:

ITEM 1. To the Juniors we bequeath the title of Senior, with all the dignity, grace, authority, brilliancy, diplomacy, and favor accruing to said title.

ITEM 2. To the Sophomores we bequeath the task of checking up on Student Council and keeping a weather eye on all activities so that they will maintain the same high standard in the future that they have in the past.

ITEM 3. To the Freshmen we bequeath our example. We think it has been pretty good.

ITEM 4. To the class of 1936 we bequeath the sympathetic helpfulness of Miss North, Dr. Bowden's smile, and Prof. Bare's Exams.

ITEM 5. To Louie Makres we bequeath the hope that next year will be his last at Youngstown College.

ITEM 6. Jimmy Chambers gives to all the classes his executive ability including his numerous offices to be divided among them equally.

ITEM 7. Anthony O'Neill gives to the college his pale complexion acquired in the library and in the pursuit of higher psychology.

ITEM 8. Howard Merwin gives the secret of his popularity to anyone having aspirations in that direction.

ITEM 9. Marlea Leshner gives her musical ability and graceful walk to Georgeanna Farragher.

ITEM 10. Louie Wagner gives his "St. Louis Blues" to Kinyurski.

ITEM 11. Ann Gulanish gives her treatise on "How I Stay Thin" to all the fat girls in the school and her ability to speak French to Al Moore.

ITEM 12. Frank Morrison gives his enigmatic expression to the Secret Service.

ITEM 13. Frank Watkins gives that portion of the earth the meek inherit to the College for a new building.

ITEM 14. Carl Abramovitz gives all his old Saturday Evening Posts to the Salvation Army.

ITEM 15. Bill Wining gives to anyone who doesn't need it, all his school spirit with interest.

ITEM 16. Mrs. Buchanan gives to Elsie and Freda the duty of watching over and protecting her husband "Bucky."

ITEM 17. We hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint—in other words we think it would be a good thing to make someone, no matter who, the executor of this will.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal of Youngstown College. (Note: It seems we have lost the seal).

The Class of 1932

A LINE ON LINES

"DE BOLIUS LA TIGNETTE"

FOR SOME time during the past three years the author has been constantly annoyed by the free usage which the word "line," as applied to certain courses of amatory procedure, has achieved. If a girl uses the same kind of conversation with two different fellows, she is supposed to possess a line. The same applies to the men. Should a man say: "I'm crazy about you, Josephine," and a few weeks later say the same thing to a friend of Josephine's, the two compare notes and mark him down as a man with a line. Anyone with any intelligence whatsoever can see that this is absurd.

People all have a certain definite personality; they say the things which come most readily to them, and, if they are sincere, can very easily make the same statements to any number of girls or fellows with the same amount of truth.

But to continue with the accepted meaning of the word "line." We have at hand all types and varieties of lines. Reduced to their prime elements, they are all more or less complicated and inefficient ways of saying "I love thee." This phrase, however, is so hackneyed that people search about in the quest of new ways to express it. Lines are the result.

Feminine "lines" depend entirely upon the circumstances. For example, a girl cannot get the same thing across at the Ohio as she can while riding horseback at night. The woman must adjust her flow of thought to synchronize with her companion, as she is usually on the defensive (usually, I say). If they should be in an automobile, staring out at the moonlit waters of Lake Newport and the boy should say, "Moonlight on the water always has sort of fascinated me—it seems so romantic and alluring," she would reply something like, "I feel exactly the same way, sometimes . . . We do have quite a few things in common, don't we. Alphonse?" Or, to change the scene to a more home-like atmosphere, we behold two figures upon a luxurious davenport, facing an open fireplace. The gentleman says, "Isn't the fire weird? (pause for three seconds). You know, Mary, I enjoy sitting here with you more than anything else I know." (cause, perhaps, by the current depression more than anything else). Mary smiles and says, "And I enjoy it, too, Frederic—ever so much more than going to a show or something like that (she knows there is a depression)—and the fire makes it so cozy. Feel how warm my hand is." But these examples are superfluous, you know they range from "I wonder where the moon is tonight" to, "I really must go now, William; really, you know."

And now let us take up the case of the man; the aggressor in this particular case. The man has a tremendous scope of originality. He may range from the customary, "You're very charming tonight, Lucilee—blue always did look well on you," to the ever-useful farewell quotation, "Goodnight, goodnight, parting is such sweet sorrow that I could say goodnight till it be morrow." Some men depend entirely upon brilliant conversation and others rely upon thier own attributes. But all eventually

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arrive at the same conclusion, provided, of course, that their companion is favorably impressed with their demonstration.

The amazing thing about it all is that the fellows and girls who presumably carry the weightiest line are in reality the most sincere. Both sexes become so used to the usual flow of compliments from their escorts that when an individual is encountered who disregards all these trivial preliminaries, he is immediately looked upon as carrying an inconceivable stock of hypocrisy. People who pride themselves upon their facile art of deception are not the kind that are likely to impress anyone. The person who gets forward is the one who can say sincerely, "You're the first girl I ever told this to, Eloise—I mean Evelynne," instead of beating about the bush and finally coming out with, "I love the way you blow your nose, Abigail—It's so risque."

A MODERN FABLE

MARION A. FERRALL

ONCE upon a time a woman went out to buy a hat. There was nothing unusual in that, except that her husband had given her five dollars and insisted that she buy herself something to wear on her head besides that straw creation, encircled with pink tea-roses. This poor woman had not been shopping for years, because her husband had bought all her clothes which she had not inherited from an aunt.

When she got to town she was so bewildered by the traffic and stop-lights that she made several serious mistakes. Her first great error was to get into a men's clothing store; her second to buy a shiny black derby, and her third to wear it home. On the street car everyone stared at her till the poor woman wondered if she should not sit down on the seat instead of hang on a strap.

When she arrived home she looked in the dresser mirror. Oh horrors! There was a derby on her head. "This error must be concealed," thought she, and so she put a feather on it. Her husband was deceived and gratified to receive from her two dollars change. Next Sunday, with some misgivings, she wore the hat and feather to church. "What a clever hat," said everyone, "and so original!" The following Sunday, others had adopted the feather style, and in two Sundays everyone wore a feather. Thus, in a short time the Eugenie hats became all the rage.

MORAL: Never admit a mistake; put a feather on it.

SONG

THE air is heavy with rain today;
The clouds are over the sky;
The voiceless song birds have fled away
For soon will the shower be by.
My heart is heavy with tears today,
With tears that erelong may fall,
For you, my darling, are far away,
Too far to answer my call. —*Lucile Helm*

WHAT PRICE EDUCATION?

HOWARD W. JONES

IN THIS DAY of counting the costs this query is both natural and just. The world and the student body alike want to know. Let us see what the ancients and moderns say.

"With all thy getting get wisdom."
"A man's a man for a' that."
"Let me live in a house by the side of the road—"
"Beauty is truth: truth, beauty."
"God bring you to a fairer place than even Oxford town."
"Riches avail not."
"To err is human: to forgive, divine."
"A young man idle, an old man needy."
"System will increase your efficiency."
"The spirit that does not soar will often grovel."
"Consult duty, not events."
"Love is of God."
"He that loses his conscience has nothing left worth keeping."
"If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep."
"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

All these heart cries are but a minute fraction of the sum of utterances of wisdom and inspiration that studies bring to the heart of man. What of the achievements, the problems, and the aspirations in the field of Science? In Philosophy? In History? Education is the open sesame to the realms of great wealth, to all these stimulations to richer, fuller living. But such gain is not without price and that price is—effort.

Are we gathering only facts and information, or also thinking power and vision? Material gains or spiritual capacities? Has the world enlarged and our sympathy with it? Is life more glamorous, more challenging? Have we stronger incentives, newer springs of hope and fortitude? Can we dream more dynamic dreams, and make them come true? Is our insight, our faith, and our freedom greater? Is life a grand and upbuilding opportunity to loftier achievement and realization of our ideals and happiness? Have we new and finer skills and powers with which to assume the responsibilities our elders are passing on to us, bidding us "farewell and God-speed"?

If you can answer these questions in the affirmative your education has been cheap in price. If you cannot, you have paid too much for your time, and your education is cheap in quality. Not how much we know, but how big we have grown. Not how much we have done, but how much can we do. Education could also say, "I have come that you may have Life, and Life more abundantly."

LITERARY

“THE KINGDOM FIRST”

“Beauty Endures — Beauty in Form, in Character and in Life.
Life is a Poor, Barren Thing Without
These Things”

ELEANOR B. NORTH, *Dean of Women*



IN THE sweet freshness of early dawn I stood last August with my little band of pilgrims beside the last resting-place of the young, O, so gloriously young, golden-throated singers, Shelley and Keats, in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome. There, under the shadow of the Aurelian Wall, as was our custom in the presence of immortal dust, we tenderly placed on each low mound a tiny purple wreath while a chosen one of our number read aloud the haunting lines of “Adonais.”

Rome, the Eternal City, hallowed by countless footsteps . . . Peter, Paul, Michael Angelo and a thousand thousand Caesars.

“A friend is one who is kind to my dream.” There is nothing that humanity is so hungry for as true sympathy and understanding, and there is nothing that is so rare. Life is a poor, barren thing without these things, and friendship alone can give them. After all, life goes only in the direction of our friendships. Admit to friendship only those souls that are akin to thine. Live the trusted life.

Forget not for a single moment that you are a bit of God, living for a time in a marvelous dwelling that His own hands have made. Do all that you do in view of this tremendous fact. What you get from pure religion and from the highest poetry works in you and through you in ways that no man understands, and makes you see and lead others to see the glory that lies in and about our lives—a glory without the vision of which we “sit in darkness, being bound in affliction and iron.”

Let no day go by without enriching the life of the soul. Read every day good books, listen to good music, look at the finest in Art, and cultivate the life of the soul. Keep your heart *sensitive* and your real self on the higher levels.

Love God, love Jesus Christ, love all men. Live all that you can in an atmosphere that is purer and sweeter and more lovely than you. Your life will expand and sweeten and become a benediction to all about you. These are the “melodies” I most sincerely crave for you, dear “family” of mine, and this the Beauty for which I daily make petition. May He bless the crossing of our pathways, helping us, each and every one to “put the Kingdom first.”

Psychology in Education

JOHN W. BARE, *Dean of Men*



“WHEN one stops to think,” is a common enough phrase, but by implication it discloses a dire situation. We do not usually pause to think things through.

Insurance companies take cognizance of a group of persons they call accident-prone, and deal accordingly with them. Psychologists add that the causes may be faulty habits of thinking.

Educators are now dividing teaching—and learning—into two types: the older, conservative, parrot-like repetition, copy-teacher-opinion group, and the newer, progressive, independently-thinking, dynamic group. It is to be hoped that an environment that stimulates clear cut thinking prevails here.

Can I think? Do I think? In the field of art, religion, ethics, science, logic or elsewhere, what is the habitual type of my response? Do I pause to think clearly, concisely, and comprehensively over each new problem? When we have answered this question satisfactorily to ourselves, I believe we will have measured, to a certain extent, our Education.

Added, now, is this fact. Our very thoughtfulness, in other words our cultural preparation for attack on life's problems, places on us a solemn obligation. If low ideals lure us we shall lead ourselves and our fellows to downfall. If, on the other hand, we possess a glowing core of spiritual earnestness and moral responsibility, we become dynamic, leaders in a true sense, sorely needed today.

Our advantages and inheritances have made us keepers of a light that should shine through any darkness about us. When it does, they can say of us we have a vital education. “No man lights a candle to place it under a bushel.”

ACTIVITIES

"COLUMBINE"

MARY MAHAR

LEE, that *is* pretty; I like it." The artist turned from the easel to face the speaker, then glanced back at the unfinished picture, an approving light in his grey eyes.

"Look who posed for it, Marie," he said gently. "You are beautiful."

The girl blushed, then rose from her place behind him, stood close to the picture.

"Columbine," she whispered under her breath. He turned to her again.

"Like it, Marie?"

"Love it, Lee."

"We'll go to Paris on this picture. Want to?" he murmured softly, his dark head close to her golden brown one. She nodded happily, then her small hands searched, found his, held them tightly as though fearful of letting them go.

"Love you, too, Lee," the words barely audible now. He bent close to hear her words, kissed the soft curl beneath her ear.

"Lee," making an amusing little attempt at severity "you must be at your work. If you don't turn around there and go on, I'll go home." Obediently he turned about while she sat nearby, humming a gay tune under her breath. Suddenly he whirled around, dropped his brushes and caught her hand.

"Come on, Marie, let's go out for a while."

"Lee Courtenay, come here and paint."

"But I did paint some, Marie," he protested.

"About six strokes."

"Oh, come on, Marie, I'll paint when I come back. I can't work very well when you—when you are around."

"All right." Together they ran down the steps from his studio, started to walk through the park.

"What will you do with the picture, Lee, when you have it finished?"

"I don't know, yet, Marie, but I think it will sell quickly. Don't you?" She nodded, her brown eyes dreamy with visions of the future. She with Lee, a well known artist, his pictures sought after. They had planned so much on this picture of "Columbine." Things had to happen.

They strolled contentedly through the park, each dreaming of what "Columbine" would do. It was growing dusk when they arrived at Marie's home. Lee would not go in then, he would hurry back and paint as much as he could on the picture.

Instead of going home, the young man continued to walk through the streets. He slipped into a small restaurant where a few of his friends always dined, then went back to the studio. It was too dark to paint then, but Lee lighted the lamp and stepped over to look at the canvas. It was the picture of a young girl, a girl with a pair of pensive eyes, the expression of them belied by the picquant curve of the small mouth. There

The WYE-COLLEGIAN

were waves in the painted hair, golden brown in color, which seemed to have caught the stray sunbeams and held them prisoner. And caught in the lock of hair which curled below and above her ear was a flower, a Columbine, delicate lavender in color, and intricately veined in pale rose. There was a deep collar of lace around the soft throat, and pinned carelessly in the dainty folds were two more flowers. There was something beautifully appealing in the heart-shaped face, the wide eyes, the smiling mouth that made it delightfully charming. Lee gazed at it for a few minutes, then he began to dress to go to Marie's. He would finish the picture, then try to sell it.

The next morning, Lee set to work with a heart beating dangerously fast. He made a few dexterous strokes, added a bit of color to the shadowy fringe of lace about the throat, and the picture was finished. He turned about, Marie was standing in the doorway, her vivid little face radiant with happiness.

"Oh, Lee," she whispered, her eyes on the picture: then again she whispered, "Oh, Lee."

"Like it, Marie?" he cried joyously.

"Oh, you must take it somewhere. They will buy it immediately. Oh, hurry, Lee. It's too beautiful to waste standing here. Quick." He smiled at her eagerness.

"All right, Marie. I'm going out as soon as I dress and that will be soon."

"Please, Lee come to see me tonight, and tell me all about it." And she had gone away before he could say anything more.

It was not long until Lee had dressed and was prepared to try to sell "Columbine." Carefully he wrapped the picture, started out in search of a buyer. He turned to the offices of the "Joy" magazine. They had bought other pictures, small sketches that he had made, perhaps they would take this one for a cover or one of their feature pictures. He arrived at the building, entered. He was known well enough to gain immediate entrance to the Managing Editor's office. Holmes, the editor, rose when Lee came in, motioned to a chair.

"New sketches, Courtenay?" he guessed.

"A real painting this time, Holmes," Lee said quickly, eagerly.

"Let me see it."

Hastily Lee tore the coverings off, held the painting up for inspection. The expectant light in Holmes' eyes vanished; he frowned a little. Lee, watching his face hopefully, was puzzled. His other drawings had always pleased Holmes, and he knew that this was finer, more carefully drawn. The editor studied the picture for a moment with half closed eyes, his lips pursed a little. Then he shook his head.

"Won't do, Courtenay."

"Won't do?" repeated Lee, dazedly. "What—what is the matter?"

"Isn't it well done, or what?" he hurried on.

"It's very well done," answered Holmes.

"Isn't it a good subject?"

"It's a good enough subject," the other told him quietly, but with

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such finality that Lee began to mechanically arrange the coverings around the canvas.

"It's a very good subject, Courtenay, but not for this magazine."

"But what is the matter?" Lee saw all his dreams of Marie, of Paris, tumbling down hopelessly.

"It's too old-fashioned. The other pictures were fine; they were excellent. This is well done, a perfect subject, a beautiful picture, but not for a magazine. Readers like pictures like your others, modern. That's old. I'm sorry; perhaps you'll draw more of the others, Courtenay. As soon as you make another drawing that is a little more suitable for this magazine, I shall be glad to see you."

Lee rose, bowed stiffly, hurried from the room without a backward glance. He knew that "Columbine" was the finest thing he had ever done; he had worked far more diligently on it; had taken more pains with it than any other. What was the matter with it? Of course it was not modern, it breathed an old-fashioned charm, but that should make it the more beautiful. He had so wanted to make one of Marie, and she had wanted that type of picture. He shrugged. Holmes had not recognized the charm that he and Marie had seen in it. Some one else would. He turned to the "Century" magazine headquarters. He managed to see the editor, but could not sell the painting. The editor was sorry, he said, but they had the staff artist do all their work. The picture was beautiful, he acknowledged, but he couldn't take it.

Heartsick, Lee left the building. But he was a little encouraged by the editor's words. The painting was beautiful, he had said, and it was only the fact that the magazine had a staff artist that prevented their buying his picture. Wearily he visited four more editorial offices, all with the same result; the picture did not suit, or the magazine employed an artist of their own. Too tired and discouraged to do any more, Lee took the painting home, had dinner and dressed to go to Marie's home.

When he rang the bell, the girl came dancing to the door, her brown eyes wide with anticipation of the joys he had to tell her. But when she saw the unhappy grey eyes, the lines of discouragement in the youthful face, her eyes clouded with sympathy.

"Oh, Lee, couldn't you sell it today?" He shook his head as he seated himself.

"Maybe you didn't try hard enough," she suggested brightly.

"Oh, I tried hard enough, Marie, but they—no one cares for it or they have a staff artist or some excuse. I don't think it's going to be as good as we thought it would be. We planned too much for it. We shouldn't have done that."

"But, Lee, it was so pretty. You had it drawn so cleverly, and the colors were so delicate. I don't see why they didn't like it. Haven't some of them bought other drawings and sketches of yours?"

"Yes, that's the trouble. They say that it—that it's too old-fashioned, that it isn't suitable for their magazines. They want pictures like the others, modern, up-to-date things, and I wanted to draw this one."

"Poor Lee, tell me all that happened today. Maybe you didn't go to the right people to sell it."

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Quietly he told her all that had taken place since she left him at the studio. She listened without an interruption to the tale as it tumbled from his lips, half angrily, half sadly. When Lee finished, she sat lost in thought for a moment, then she looked up happily.

"Lee, why don't you take it to the 'Regent' or 'Nelson Memorial' or one of those magazines? Or to some man who has a private collection?"

"I will, Marie, but let's go to a show. I want to go somewhere." She assented joyfully and together they sallied forth.

The next day Lee went to the publishers Marie had suggested. Still there was no one who desired to buy the picture. Days passed, Lee was becoming more discouraged. Not even the cheaper magazines bothered to consider the painting. The boy was so weary and unhappy that all joy in his work had left him. The few sketches he made in the afternoons could find no market. Marie watched the change anxiously, saw the youth grow thinner, noticed the transformation in his work from fine clear sketches to mediocore drawings, poor in design.

But one day, Marie, coming to tell Lee of a new prospect of a sale, found Lee away and the picture gone. That evening she waited impatiently for him. When he did come, he was more discouraged than ever. He had gone to Johnston, a lithographer, in an effort to sell "Columbine." He had thought that it might be quite good for a calendar. But the lithographer had shaken his head. The picture was very fine, very pretty, but it was the wrong shape.

"They all have new excuses," he cried angrily when he had finished. "I can't see why it won't sell. It has a jinx on me now, too, Marie. I tried to sell a few small sketches I made this afternoon, but they say that they are very poor. What shall I do?"

"Dear Lee, I do not know what to tell you to do. You have tried. You have worked so hard on it. Oh, I wish you had never done it. I wish I had not wanted it that way."

"I'm going to try once more tomorrow, Marie, and then if it doesn't sell, I'm going in for another and it will be modern enough for them."

Vainly he tried to sell the picture the following day. There was no one now who even thought it was pretty. Lee turned to the little cheap restaurant where he had been buying his meals for the last week. He never knew what made him do it, but at the conclusion of his dinner, he rose, found a hammar and four nails, and boldly tacked the lovely canvass in full view of all the diners. Red-faced, indignant, the angry little proprietor hurried over to Lee, caught at the painting and jerked it down. Then quivering with anger, he handed it to Lee.

"Take that away. It isn't pretty. It's ugly. And never come back here again with that thing or I shall burn it."

"I wish someone would burn the thing," Lee murmured to himself when he was on the sidewalk on the way to his studio. Arriving there, he tossed the picture in a corner and threw himself on the couch.

The next morning Marie stopped at the studio. As she entered the small room, Lee turned from the tiny fireplace to face her. He had the canvas in his hand.

"Lee, what are you going to do?" cried Marie, hurrying over to him.

LITERARY

"I'm going to burn this picture, Marie, then my bad luck might stop. I'm tired of seeing it here."

"Give it to me, Lee."

"I can't, Marie, oh—I don't want anyone, not even you, to have it."

"But Lee, you can't do that. The picture's too lovely to destroy it that way. No one has seen the beauty of it yet."

"And never will," he retorted impatiently.

"But Lee, can't you wait. Please, for me." She came nearer him, tried to take the picture from him. He resisted for a moment, then she had the picture. She laid it down on the table, then:

"Lee, I think Neils of the 'Century' will take those sketches you made the other day. I heard that he wanted a small scene, and—and I came here to tell you." She was lying desperately, and praying that he would go.

"Honest, Marie, did you hear that? I'm going down there now."

"You may walk down with me, then."

He caught up a small portfolio, and they went out together. When Marie left Lee at the office of the "Century," she walked down the street a short distance, then called a taxi, told the driver the address of the studio and urged him to hurry. When she arrived at the building, she told him to wait, and ran up the steps. Feverishly she fumbled with a bunch of keys, found a skeleton key and inserted it in the lock. It grated, then the lock clicked reassuringly, and she pushed the door open. She picked up the unlucky "Columbine" and closing the door swiftly, hurried down the stairs, and into the waiting cab. She left the painting at her home and went on to her work.

When Lee came that evening, Marie noticed the light of happiness in his eyes.

"Did you sell the sketches, Lee?"

"I sold one of them, but that isn't what makes me so happy. Some one, poor fool, thought that 'Columbine' was worth while, and stole it this morning. I had to laugh when I saw that it was gone. I hope they don't have as much trouble trying to sell it as I did. I'll be able to work now with that thing gone. I was so tired of seeing that picture there that I couldn't do anything. Aren't you glad it's gone?"

She nodded.

"Oh, I am glad, Lee, and so glad that Neils did take your sketch."

To celebrate the great event of the disappearance of "Columbine" Lee and Marie went to the theater. Lee's work showed a gradual improvement after the loss of the large picture. Once again he was able to sell his small sketches. Marie still kept the painting, not knowing what to do with it. At last she heard of the contest at the National Museum of Design. Lee was making a few small drawings to enter in the contest, and Marie finally resolved to send in "Columbine." The day before the contest closed, long after Lee had taken in his drawings, none of which were as fine as "Columbine," Marie took the large painting to the museum. She entered it in Lee's name, and half angered, half frightened by her audacity, she fled from the museum.

Two months later it was announced that the winning pictures were

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on exhibition. Lee and Marie had long planned to go to see the winning pictures and when the announcement was made, they hurried to the museum, almost bursting with eagerness. As they entered the long corridor, Lee caught at Marie's arm, his face deathly pale.

"My God, Marie, it's 'Columbine,' and the first prize winner." The girl raised her eyes. Smiling down from the white marble wall was Lee's picture.

"The one who stole it entered it in the contest. Why didn't I take better care of it? Oh, well, let's see whose name is on it. They've probably erased mine." They walked over. Lee's eyes darted to the lower right hand corner, saw the name Lee Courtenay, written in his own bold hand. He turned to the excited girl.

"Marie, it's in my name. I won the prize. I wonder who sent it in. I could—I could hug them, as you'd say, for that." He was about to go on, then he noticed the red mounting in Marie's small face. He caught her hands.

"Marie, was it you? I found your handkerchief there that evening, but I—I thought you had left it there when you called in the morning. Did you take 'Columbine' and bring it here?"

She nodded rather shamefacedly.

"I'm going to hug you, Marie."

"Oh, no, Lee, not here," shrinking back from the astonished eyes around them.

"Right here, Marie." And he did, but he kissed her, too. And many of the onlookers were ready to swear that the brown eyes of "Columbine" assumed a becomingly sweet look of mystery as if she had had a share in this fun. But perhaps the spectators were mistaken, were moved a little by the scene into imagining anything, for when Lee and Marie glanced up at the picture, the brown eyes gazed down as demurely as before.

HEART EASE

Softly o'er the silver garden
Floats the fragrance of the flowers.
Two young lovers feel the magic
In their choice of dainty bowers.
Somewhere, someone's heart is riven;
Someone weeps through lonely hours.

Can it be that sweetest moments
Must be bought by others' tears?
While two hearts dream in the twilight,
Must another know but fears?
Life is strange and filled with sorrow.
Do we gain heartease with years?

—Lucile Helm

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