

JUNIORS HOLD PROM



Ruth Wright
Rogers Studio



Betty Kile



Laurabelle Wighton
Rogers Studio

Tomorrow Evening At Stambaugh Auditorium

BLUE AND WHITE DECORATION

The Fifth Annual Junior Prom sponsored by the Junior Class of Youngstown College will be held in the beautiful ballroom of Stambaugh Auditorium on Friday, May 1. Dancing will be from ten until two o'clock to the mellow dance music of Ralph Bennett and His Eleven Aces, who is coming to Youngstown direct from the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Denver, Colorado. Harold Kennedy is the general chairman.

Prom festivities will be climaxed at midnight by an impressive coronation ceremony attended by the Queen of the Prom. The Queen will be one of the three Junior girls nominated by the masculine members of the Junior class and selected by the men of the College. The three candidates are three brunettes, Betty Kile, Laurabelle Wighton, and Ruth Wright. William Lackey, the president of the Junior Class, will reign as Prom King.

The Junior Prom is the most outstanding event on the social calendar at Youngstown College. It is formal and admittance will be by invitation only. The invitations which are limited to one hundred and fifty couples are in charge of the ticket committee. Don McCullough and Ted Holz are the co-chairmen who are assisted by Ted Bender, Marion Axelson, Ruth

Wright, Mary Jane Agey, Howard Brooks, Mary D'Ovidio, Alvin Turley, Carolyn Knox, Stan Mayls, Ted Moore, Jessie George, Ludt Welch, Helen Johnson, Eleanor Rodgers, Burt Rigelhaupt, Henry Todd, Mayme Tucciarone, William Ungar and Nate Williams.

Programs in blue and white, the Junior Class colors, have been selected by the program committee which is headed by Howard Hutzen. The members of the committee are William Balla, Ethel Bower, Howard Brooks, John Chizmar and Hibbard Dyer.

Blue and white will furnish the motif in the artistic decoration of the ballroom. Decorations are in charge of Helen Thomas, chairman, who is assisted by Anne Volk, Constance Sabatino, Robert Ray, Maurice Rad-

cliff. The officers of the Junior Class are: William Lackey, president; Ruth Wright, vice president; Frank Evans, treasurer; Mayme Tucciarone, secretary and Dr. Harold N. Burt, the class advisor.

— Go To The Prom —
When the science fraternity Phi Epsilon went through the Republic Rubber on an educational tour recently, one of the fellows complained of a cold floor—that's where all the girls work.

— Go To The Prom —
Many people, otherwise intelligent, still believe age-old superstitions concerning their diets. Here are a few beliefs that are now known to be fallacies: Fish, or any other sea food, should not be eaten with milk or ice cream; bananas and cheese are very difficult to digest; milk and fruits, particularly cherries, if eaten together will produce serious illness; all moldy foods are harmful; foods in metal cans should be removed immediately the can is opened . . . nine cases out of ten it is a better policy to leave them in the cans. The best diet you can follow, Doctors say, is that prescribed by your own common sense and your appetite. If you follow this you will be less apt to go to an early grave dug by your own teeth.

Notice on the bulletin board read: Has one room to rent, will do laundry and have a garage . . . (obliging).

Ralph Bennett Popular On Air Lanes; Favorite Of Opera Stars

Everybody remembers the popular Lucky Strike program of a few years ago that featured Walter Winchell and The Ace Bands of America. Among them Ralph Bennett and His Orchestra who was playing a six months' engagement at the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Denver, Colorado.

Ralph Bennett and His Orchestra, favorite of such noted artists as Rachmaninoff and Mary Garden.

Rachmaninoff, the noted concert pianist and composer, in an interview given a Detroit reporter, remarked that American jazz, as music was very ordinary art, the arrangements of some of the most simple tunes as played and arranged by Ralph Bennett and His Aces, who was then playing an eight weeks engagement at the Book-Cadillac of that city were indeed outstanding.

Mary Garden, Metropolitan Opera star, having heard the band while on a tour through the south and being very favorably impressed, was instrumental in obtaining an engagement for the orchestra at Monte Carlo.

THE JAMBAR

Published by The Students of Youngstown College

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TILLY TELLS ABOUT THE PROM

By LOUIS DAVIDSON

(A Telephone Conversation)

Hi, Sue; I've got so much to tell ya that I don't know where to begin first. Remember that dress I was tellin' ya about? Naw! The evening one! For the prom. Sure ya got to have an evening one for the prom. This is a classy social, a formal. I got one—a green chiffon with bubbles in it, and white shoes. I look like a pine tree with skids on! Say, why don't you go to the prom. No boy friend. So what? Ya can dig one up. Sure; if ya look on the bulletin board you'll see an announcement about a dating bureau—it's secret and everything—and there's nothing to it. If you don't like the guy ya get, ya bounce him back like a rubber check, and get another one. We used to do that in high school. The Prom's going to be held at Stambaugh Auditorium, in the ballroom, on May 1. They've got Ralph Bennett and his orchestra. Say can that baby swing a mean stick. I heard him over the radio once. I almost broke my back trying to keep up with him. His slow music gets ya, too. He's from Colorado—got a young girl tourin' with him that can yodel like a canary. Hey! Tell the mug that's buttin' in on the line to get his schnozzle off the hook. These three party lines, they get yer goat. And listen if ya go ya might have a chance to be elected Prom Queen. Didn't you know about the Prom Queen election. Say you were nominated and ya didn't know it! You take the cake! You've got to go now. The final election takes place at the Prom . . . sure! then at midnight they announce who's won. Of course ya might win! And what if ya don't? Think about all the good time you'll have dancing and swaying to nifty rhythm, and all the beautiful soft lights and colors. Say? Is that dumb mug breakin' in again? Well, tell him to lay off for a second. Now where was I. Yeh! the lights and the gorgeous dresses, and guys rigged out in their tucks. Gee! I'm startin' to dream about it already. There goes that lalalaloosa again! Yeh! I'll see ya tomorrow. Hey, wait a minute. Why don't ya change to a one party line, then ya can talk all day. S'long!

COLLEGE STUDENT CLASSIFIES PROFS INTO FOUR GROUPS

Professors are mountains, coffins, windows or fireplaces to Arthur Siegel, Wayne university student, who catalogs them in the college newspaper.

His category follows:

"Mountains—They are in the majority. From his Olympian heights of scholarship he looks down upon the pigmy student. His class is a gathering where he may condescend to drop a few intellectual crumbs.

"Coffins—You can smell the odor of decaying scholastic tombs. The lessons are given out by formula. A questioning of ideas is sacrilege for the Good Books have it so-and-so.

"Windows—Those profs who always give the feeling that they are mentally flying out the window. Their thoughts are in the main outside the classroom, occasionally returning to the subject for a fleeting second.

"Fireplaces—The professor who makes you feel welcome. He is friendly and within limits treats you as a potential intellectual equal. The classroom is warmed by flames of his own personality. No matter how cold the subject, the dish is served hot. This type is rare, for they are teachers—artistic teachers."

— Go To The Prom —

A newly composed, compiled, plagiarized and unabridged dictionary for the benefit of the new freshmen.

Class—Place to catch up on sleep.

Lecture—Opportunity for the Prof to let off steam, also good for catching up on sleep.

Textbook—Place to deposit specimens from an Open Road hike; also useful for making memos.

Assignment—Subject to be discussed in the next recitation—by the professor.

Term Paper—A composition that must be obtained from an upper-classman before the end of the semester.

Chapel Attendance—A game of wit with the dean.

Bull session—an opportunity for the intelligensia to decry the professors and the world in general.

Penthouse—Location of the college.

(Additional words gladly accepted—not from freshmen.)

Dr. Bowden Completes Another Book, "Boies Penrose"

"BOIES PENROSE, Symbol of An Era," a brilliant biography of one of America's greatest and, in many respects, most colorful political bosses, will soon be added to the list of important American biographies. And it was written by a Youngstown man.

Dr. R. D. Bowden, head of the Department of Social Science of Youngstown College, and well known author, has written an authentic and interesting account of Boies Penrose and the period in which he lived. The big lumbering giant from Philadelphia who for so many years dominated the political scene in Pennsylvania and the nation, lives again in these stirring pages. We follow him with admiration, and sometimes disgust, from his law partnership with the ultra-respectable Wayne MacVeagh and George Bismarck where life "was too damned dull," to Frozen Bill Conery's oyster house or Jerry's side street ale house to the Presidency of the state Senate at Harrisburg. We chuckle at him while he was earning his first fee as a lawyer—he wrote an "authoritative" and highly sensational description for Mr. Barnum, of the latter's white elephant. Barnum thought it was magnificent, too.

Later in the United States Senate when, at the death of the senior Senator from Pennsylvania, Matthew Quay, Penrose demonstrated his political sagacity by being the undisputed boss of the Republican party till death removed him on New Year's day, 1922. He was a commanding figure in public life and perhaps more than any man of his time was "Symbol of An Era," that period in American history from 1875 to 1920 which set the pattern of thought and action that has resulted partially in the present debacle.

Dr. Bowden, an authority on American history, particularly the social, economic and political phases of the last half-century, has done an enormous amount of research work the past four years in selecting the material that goes into this biography of Boies Penrose. A few finishing touches in re-checking data remains to be done, but the main body of the work is complete.

This will be the third published book for Dr. Bowden. The first one, "The Evolution of a Politician," was published some years ago. In 1931 he won the national Agar Award sponsored by the National Arts Club of New York for the book published that year which best set forth all the complicated phases of the American Scene. (The Macmillan Company of New York published that book and signed an optional contract for two more books by Dr. Bowden.) On the strength of the honor achieved by the above publication Dr. Bowden was presented with an Honorary Life Membership in the National Arts Club, one out of only eleven persons in the United States to be so honored. Besides the Macmillan Company, whose reading critics have given high praise to style and contents of this biography, another and newer publisher, the Greenberg Publishing Company of New York, this week offered him a very favorable contract for the book rights and serial rights.

VARSAITY LETTERMEN RECEIVE AWARDS

In a brief, yet important ceremony the Lettermen of Youngstown College received their rewards for the 1935-36 basketball season at the end of the Chapel Service on April 15. In the absence of Coach Sweeney, Li Foard assumed the role of speaker and presenter of the spoils. Those who received the first year sweater were: Tony Vivo, Steve Nagy, Louis Simko, Harry Pugh, Thomas Robinson and Stanley Sylak. Mike Jaffee received the two year award—a white sweater with the letter and a red arm stripe. Our scrappy little forward, Bill Lackey, was presented with the three year award—a white sweater and letter with two red arm stripes. Robert Schultz, the only senior—a fine sportsman and a cool, heady, fighting ball player, received his last award from Youngstown College; but it was the highest tribute that the College can pay to an athlete. He received the red blanket with the gold "Y" emblazoned on it. Bob was also Captain-elect of the varsity this year. For his valuable services to the team as manager, Danny Opritzka was awarded the first year sweater and letter.

This ceremony completed the basketball doings of the College for this season. If all the undergrad lettermen return to school next fall Youngstown College can look for a well-experienced team, and can expect a banner season. But for the present all we can say is "goodbye floor burns, sore feet, infections, colds, and small student cheering sections" until next winter.

— Go To The Prom —

JAMBAREE

With Mike Jaffee

Ralph Bennett who brings his band here for the Junior Prom May 1, is a real showman . . . hails from the South . . . lots of personality . . . features sweet, entrancing music . . . played to a capacity crowd last year at Stambaugh Auditorium.

Incidentally the Junior class is sponsoring a date bureau for the Prom . . . names sent in will be held in strictest confidence by the committee.

— Go To The Prom —

Youngstown college needn't have trouble selecting an orchestra for future affairs . . . Tee Ross is improving with each job . . . sounded like a million at the swim-dance party, held at the Y. Charlie James never sounded better when he played for the dance following the athletic banquet in the school auditorium and Steve Conti presented a pleasing arrangement in dance music when he rhythmized at the Valentine dance.

— Go To The Prom —

In Doc Bowden's sociology class recently, there was one vacant seat in the middle of the room that refused to unfold itself . . . late arrivals to class naturally seemed to head for that chair and suffered embarrassing moments in futile attempts to seat themselves . . . each of them assumed the same positions and the laughter of the class grew louder at every interval . . . by the time the sixth tardy student had finished struggling with the stubborn chair, the entire class was in a hilarious state.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN
By Milfert Heartsease

Greetings all you Freshmen and all Freshwomen! And all my fellow upperclassmen. Milfert, Heartsease welcomes you to the finer and more emotional sphere of college life. All you dear children with heartaches, headaches, and stomachaches, know you need me. Don't hesitate to write me all your troubles and let me help you from your difficulties. If you wonder why no one loves you, ask me. If your best friend won't tell you, ask me. If you don't know who to ask to the sorority dance, ask me.

Your friend and servant (sees all noes all) —Heartsease.

Dr. Mr. Heartsease:
I am a senior in college but it is not of me that I write. It is Grandpa. He is only 95 but I don't know what to do with him. He won't stay home nights, he breaks things, and only yesterday I caught him in back of the garage reading a dime novel and smoking a cigarette. He doesn't get to bed until midnight and I'm so afraid he is going to start drinking. But that isn't all. Almost every day he gets in a fight, playing marbles with Johnny Jones' grandfather. He's really getting out of hand. I can't control him and I know he should keep away from cigarettes. What shall I do?

Dear Mr. Out of Patience:
The best way to keep grand-dad away from cigarettes is to buy him a long cigarette holder. As for his misbehaving, buy him a bicycle or a wagon to take up his interest. And why don't you promise him a lolly-pop or some marbles each day that he doesn't fight. But of all things don't lose your patience. Remember: "Grandfathers will be grandfathers". Sincerely yours, Milfert Heartsease

Mr. Dear Milfert:
I'm not bragging but what is the use of being modest and trying to fool you. I'm really a lovely girl. I'm considered as one of the best looking girls in the college. I have all the attention one can ask for, except: the only one I really want. Oh, but he's wonderful, so handsome, such beautiful eyes, such charming personality. Oh, I don't have to mention his name, you must know who I mean. Why doesn't he do something?

P. S.: My address is 666 2-3 What Street.

Dear Waiting:
For Evans Sake why didn't you tell me before. I'm not proud I'll be up to see you tonight. Milfert (Clark Gable) Heartsease.

Wanted: a place where the men of the college may gather and discuss the important events of the day without being interrupted by the professors walking in upon them. This is especially needed when they wish to talk about the faculty.

Speaking of a couple of lovebirds around school—their friendship was described as plutonic.

The ticket sale for the Junior Class was a complete success and we wish to take this opportunity to thank all those that helped either by selling tickets or attending the showing. It is one more step toward a bigger and better Junior Prom. It won't be long now—only two more months.

LIBRARY

Sometime we hope that certain officials of this College will learn that even college students have a little pride. It certainly is rather cheap to have a teacher hand one a dun ticket for a book due at the library. We realize, of course, that the fines are needed in order to maintain discipline in regards to returning books. Yet, it seems to me to be a cheap way to handle it.

And please, Miss Robinson, can't you work out a system whereby one might get a book which he has reserved. It is a swell feeling to get to the library only to find that someone else has been allowed to withdraw the book, despite one's prior reserving.

The Annual Staff certainly had a wonderful turn-out for its picture—but oh, when the work started.

PHI SIGMA EPSILON
George McCracken, and his committee proved themselves real masters of the art of handling a steak fry, when they entertained the rest of the boys, and their friends at a steak fry, held at Dr. Sullivan's cottage. The afternoon was spent playing baseball, Peter DeLeo proving to be a regular bearcat, when the game was finished all eagerly attacked the meal set before them. Following dishwashing, which consisted of heaving the paper plates in the fire, all gathered around the fireplace. An enjoyable evening was spent singing songs and swapping stories. Karl Benkner gave the address of the evening, and around 11, those interested indulged in a little intellectual star-gazing. By midnight weary, but happy, with smoke-filled eyes and steak-filled stomachs, the party broke up.

S. Herr: (Putting pictures in the Annual) "this is the only time I have ever been able to paste all those I don't like"—where's Evan's picture?

Well, well, well—I wonder who will get "Jim" Turner's bid to the Prom—Guess there will be a few disappointed girls in Youngstown College.

Foolish fable (very foolish) Once we had company for chapel, and we didn't get panned out.

W. A. A. ELECTION

The Women's Athletic Association of Youngstown College recently elected officers for the school year of 1936-37. They are: Miss Helen Thomas, president; Miss Helen Johnson, vice-president; Miss Constance Sabatino, secretary, and Miss Mayme Tucciarone, treasurer. The formal installation of these new officers will take place May 16 at a dinner held at Stoneleigh Tea Room.

Those going out of office are: Miss Mary Louise Plegier, president; Miss Lois Shaw, vice-president; Miss Constance Sabatino, treasurer, and Miss Helen Thomas, secretary. Miss Bollard of the Y. W. C. A. is club advisor. The club is holding an outing at Mill Creek Park on April 26 with Miss Helen Johnson in charge.

—Go To The Prom—

Attend J. W. Bare Breakfast
May 5 Pioneer Pavilion 7 A. M.
Admission 20c



RALPH BENNETT

There is a big treat in store for Youngstown College music and dance lovers for the simple reason that one of America's outstanding musical figures is coming to town. Who doesn't remember Ralph Bennett and His Eleven Aces, all 14 of them, as the band who played two hours and forty-five minutes of continuous dance music each Sunday night for three months over Station WBAP in Ft. Worth, Texas, and a coast to coast network, and won not only the hearts of all the south, but all America. As proven by the fact that they were winners in the National Radio Digest Popularity Contest of America.

The Prom is being sponsored by the Junior Class with Youngstown College and it is generally conceded that the committee is to be congratulated upon having secured the services of this outstanding musical unit.

Ralph Bennett's engagements are probably more varied than most bands, including hotels, ballrooms, concert, radio and many one night tours throughout the country.

- He played successful engagements at:
- Hotel Feabody, Memphis, Tenn., 22 weeks.
 - Chase Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.
 - Brown Hotel, Louisville, Ky.
 - Netherland Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, O.
 - Castle Farms, Cincinnati, O.
 - Muehlebach Hotel, Kansas City, Mo., four repeat engagements.
 - Baker Chain of Hotels, Texas, 16 months and repeat of 17 weeks.
 - Cosmopolitan Hotel, Denver, Colo., 6 months and repeat of 10 weeks.
 - Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., 3 repeat engagements.
 - Schroeder Hotel, Milwaukee, Wis.
 - Skirvin Hotel, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 - Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C.
 - Mounds Country Club, St. Louis, Mo., 4 months.
 - Book-Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, Mich.
 - Iroquois Gardens, Louisville, Ky.
 - Alamo Nite Club, San Antonio, Texas.
 - Trianon Ballroom, Cleveland, O.
 - Normandie & Totem Pole, Boston, Mass.
- He was featured at radio shows in Louisville, Kansas City and Memphis. Winners in the Chicago Radio Digest popularity contest of America. Recorded for Okeh, Columbia and Brunswick Melotone records. Featured on best CBS and NEC chain programs. Played over or through

over 60% of all stations in America of 1,000 watts or more.

This attraction consists of fourteen members, including lovely Betty Elliott, southern songbird, who for the past year has been featured at the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel, Atlanta, Ga., and recently joined Ralph Bennett during his engagement at the Normandie, Boston, Mass.

—Go To The Prom—

CAMPUS COMMENTS

By FRANK JACZKO

Two exceedingly happy girls. A hundred hurt and saddened hearts. That's the result of the Prom Queen and May Queen election. Seems to me as if there was something wrong with this ancient and honored tradition.

The coeds who stopped in at Baker's Shoe Store the week before Easter felt right at home. Twenty Yo-Co lads were there to serve them. We (your c. c. was one of them) were affiliated with the concern for several hectic days. Result: most of the boys' opinion of the fair sex underwent a radical change.

A new campus organization that shows real promise is the Purple Mask dramatic fraternity. The maskers plan to give the school some real entertainment in the line of dramatics. They have the willingness and the ability, all they need is the cooperation of the school. John Logan is president of the fraternity.

With the end of the school year so near I think our annual can use a little publicity. Several boys were shooting craps. One of them complained of being tired of the stooped position. "Here", said another, handing him a copy of our year-book, "rest your NEON this".

"Fourteen years of his life went into the mastery of his profession. But he need have no fear of losing what he has gained. No other man can displace him, except at the cost of fourteen years of work." Pretty sound thinking, isn't it? There's more where it came from. For a profitable two minutes read "What Makes a Job Good." It's hanging in the lobby of the main entrance to the school.

Eight Sig Delt pledges are wishing that "tempus" wouldn't "fugit" so fast. May 11th starts Hell Week and the actives are aching to work out on an "unusually cocky bunch of pledges."

—Go To The Prom—

To succeed nowadays, according to a college wit, a girl does not make up her mind to apply herself to her tasks, but applies her mind to the task of making up herself.

Columnist suggestion: (not ours) Why not let the Rice Owls and the Temple Owls play it out for the football championship.

A columnist at the University of Maryland sat himself down and classified the four types of men, as they are when on a date. His results:

Brute—A fellow who tries to kiss a girl on the first date and doesn't get away with it.

Coward—One who doesn't try and could have gotten away with it.

Smoothie—One who tries and gets away with it.

—Go To The Prom—

Here's wishing luck to Professor Bowden who's running for Congressman in the May primaries. His election will mean a great loss to the school but our folks will certainly benefit.

MARIMBA WITH LIGHT BEAMS—Dr. Phillips Thomas



DISCOURSE ON "OPEN HOUSE"

By LOUIS DAVIDSON

There is an invigorating, infintismal something in Spring weather that prods one into a frenzy of activity—a sort of coming out of hibernation. For the housewife the energy is redundant in "spring cleaning." For the college student, the symptoms are pronounced in a salubrious burst of "Open House" activity. And at this time Youngstown College takes great pleasure in announcing that its fourth annual "Open House" will be held on Thursday, April 30 and Friday, May 1. The hours for general inspection are from two to five p. m. and from 7 to 10 p. m. on the aforementioned days. During this period the entire college will be open for public inspection. Last year several thousand visitors heartily endorsed Youngstown College and found vast delight in viewing the unique and novel exhibits and demonstrations. But, this year Youngstown College will launch "Open House" on an even more ambitious and elaborate scale. All departments have co-operated to make this spring exhibition a huge, brilliant success.

There will be more than several hundred exhibits and demonstrations this year, and everyone of them will be an kaleidoscopic World's Fair in itself.

One of the highlights of "Open House" will be the amazing light demonstrations of Dr. Phillip Thomas the renowned research engineer and inventor and internationally known speaker. He will repeat for us a number of demonstrations recognized collectively as "Ramblings in Research." Through the magical manipulation of his \$10,000 electrical apparatus he has been able to play the most difficult marimba music with light beams as the activators, and has been able to make moving objects to appear stationary. He has performed feats of modern industrial research which have entertained, amazed, instructed, and delighted hundreds of private audiences.

In the chemistry room will be a battery of smooth, shining flasks and tubes in which veritable feats of magic will be initiated. The amazed beholder will see ordinary, drug store cotton gauze converted before his eyes into acetate silk; he will see bodies become fluorescent under the concentration of ultra-violet rays; he will see baking soda manufactured from ordinary table salts; he will see cosmetics emerge from the sticky, black masses of eosin coal dyes; he will witness tests for the exact determination of the acidity of blood.

And you will not want to miss the entertaining personality and aptitude tests that are going to be conducted by the Psychology department. A profoundly arresting and instructive demonstration is to be given with rats and mice to determine their learning capacity. Al D'Orsey is in charge of this demonstration.

The Biology department has prepared a typical medical laboratory for clinical diagnosis. Over a dozen individuals have collaborated on this one exhibit alone. Lois Hart will officiate and minister to those who become slightly giddy during the demonstrations. I shouldn't have said that. Someone's liable to faint on purpose! Among the other demonstrations will be those to illustrate the effect of caffeine in coffee and tea, the microscopic projection of animacules and weird plants similar to the one given at the World Fair. Bill Wells and M. J. Hamilton will demonstrate and answer all queries about the minute organisms. Carolyn Wells and Albert Pisani have rigged up an enormous cardboard tree that will span almost half a room. This tree, designated as the tree of life, reveals the origin of life, beginning with the primordial forms and ascending to man.

The art division will have its complement of representative paintings and sketches. The contributions of the art group will be significant because of their vivacity of colors and tenability of form. Heads sculptured from clay and finely delineated will

be of especial delight to those who prefer plastic modeling to the verisimilitude of the canvas.

I can scarcely begin to enumerate the fine exhibits and demonstrations that will go into the concocting of a brilliant, successful "Open House." Come to "Open House," marvel at the wonders of science and art; enjoy yourself. Youngstown College extends a special invitation to its alumni, faculty and students and their friends.

— Go To The Prom —

Chiclettes

Gentleman—One who waits until the second date to classify himself.

The waiter laughed when I spoke to him in French, no wonder, it was my old prof.

Doc Stearns: What about the basses on that song?

Back Row: They were loaded.

"I owe it all to the little woman," said the student as he dashed out of the boarding house without paying his rent.

The faculty members of the University of Toronto have passed a ruling forbidding students to bring stenographers to class with them to take lecture notes.

A Frosh at a recent dance received as nice a "cut" from a co-ed as has ever been handed out. When he asked the fair maiden, "Would you care to dance this one?", he received the prompt and color rising reply, "Yes, would you mind asking someone for me?"

For our weekly drammer:

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS

Act I: One bull, two toreadors.

Act II: One bull, one toreador.

Act III: One bull.

Act IV: One beef sandwich.

CURTAIN

THE CAMPUS MATH. PROBLEM

Given: I love you.

To prove: You love me.

Proof:

1. I love you.
2. I am a lover.
3. "All the world loves a lover".
4. You are all the world to me.

5. Therefore, you love a lover.
6. Hence, you love me.

Q. E. D.

Another little hint of spring is here—Howard Rempes and Polly Cook do very nicely together!

Were we surprised to see Lois Shaw and Howard Hutzen looking at engagement rings in Levinson's jewelry store?

So Helen Gifford has a Silent Love? We should like to know who the gay young romeo is who doesn't even know that Helen is worried about him.

DEPRESSION BLUES

Henry Todd: "Max, what time is it?"

Max, looking at his watch for quite some time—(the watch, incidentally, has one hand broken off) failed to reply.

Henry: "Say, can't you tell time?"

Max: "Well, Henry, time has got so bad that I had to lay off one of the hands."

We were very amused to see Helene Snyder and Jack Herald in the Merchandise Mart, looking at the model kitchen. Ho-hum.

Even if the weather man fails to verify the fact that spring is here, we can judge for ourselves. Just look at the new romances budding around here; Peggy McAllister and Johnny Fell, Bill Gubbins and Patsy Stanley are good examples.

Some of us just found out why Mike Jaffee dropped out of psychology. He said that eight o'clock was too early for any playboy to get to class.

Marion Collins had quite some time explaining her interest in dishwashing machines. But we can agree that tickling the ivories does require lovely hands!

It took Morris Hodgekinson a long time to find out why a bow-legged lady was insulted when the floor-walker said:

"Walk THIS way, lady!"

Gamma Sigma Sorority is planning for its second annual Spring Dinner-Dance to be held at Southern Hills Country Club on May 6. On Sunday afternoon, April 13, Catherine Jones and Opal Weiss were installed as actives of Gamma Sigma Sorority. Marjorie Wighton and Julia Herr were charming hostesses for the social hour which followed the ceremony. Mrs. E. D. Scudder, the sorority mother, presided at the beautifully appointed tea table.

Missing around the cafeteria is "Pop" Schultz who has accepted a position with a Cleveland firm . . . comes in every evening . . . attends night school . . . ambition what is ambition.

Most likely to succeed: The three students who worked for several successive nights in the biology lab after Easter vacation had begun.

When one of the playboys around school was reminded one afternoon that he was cutting a subject he remarked: "Keep quiet—you're making me class conscious."

Despite the fact that all is not gold that glitters . . . those bronze knobs that were puljeined at the top of the stairway in the front entrance cost a pretty penny.