



Vol. IV Youngstown, Ohio, February 9, 1934 No. 4

PROFS SCORE IN STUDENT PLAY

Many See "The Importance of Being Earnest"

Marian Howell, Peg Everth, Betty Bush
Cast in Miss Adventure

At the end of the last lovely strains of the "Valse Valette", played by the Rayen High School orchestra, the curtain went up for the first act of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest". And say who have we here as Lane, the butler? He is none other than Professor Wishart with Tommy Lloyd, and, my dear, his dignity and bearing, and that annoying monacle could belong only to John Northing J. P. known as Earnest in the country and Jack in the city. So this is Miss Mann as Lady Bracknell in this fetching tea gown accompanied by her white robed daughter, the Honorable Gwendolen Fairfax, played by Carolyn Mana.

The second act takes us to the lovely rose garden at the Manor House in Northing, and that lovely creature in pink, Cecilia Corden, played by Janis Ullman, is watering the flowers. In the big rocker an orchid-clad figure, Miss Leaticia Prism must be Mrs. Bowden. Who is Miss Prism's sweetie? Could the honorable Reverend Canon Chausble, D. D. be Professor J. W. Eare? Look there. Suddenly framed in the gateway, another butler—and so erect. Yes, Dr. H. V. Stearns it is.

At the end of the second act we have reached a confession of Ernest's and Bunbury's.

The drawing room at the Manor House serves as the setting for the third and last act, and the play slides smoothly and surely to a fitting climax in which all the characters give excellent performance. Bunbury and Ernst met instant death, only Ernest has resurrected, and thus closed "The Importance of Being Earnest".

Dr. Bowden should be commended for his excellent selection of cast. We are anxiously awaiting "Miss Adventure" to be given in three weeks. The cast is as follows: Marian Howell, Betty Bush, Peg Everth, Don McCandless, Phyllis Moench, and Esther Joyce.

EDITS JAMBAR



JOSEPH F. ROSAPEPE

In accordance with the Jambar policy of rotating as editors the members of the Editorial Board, this issue is edited by Joseph F. Rosapepe. He is a senior in the Department of Education and has had experience writing on the Kenyon Collegion and the Youngstown Vindicator.

SENIOR CLASS TO ISSUE ANNUAL

At the meeting of the Senior Class last Tuesday, under the presidency of John O'Connor, plans were discussed on the possibility of issuing an annual.

A committee composed of Marjorie Malborn, John Rudibaugh, Howard Fell, and Howard Aley, as representatives of the Jambar, was appointed to investigate further. Difficulties are foreseen in financing the issue because of the drain caused on the Student Activity fund by the Opening of Wick Hall.

Plans for an annual social affair sponsored by the Senior Class were postponed until the next meeting.

SCIENCE DEPTS. PLAN OPEN HOUSE

Dr. Scudder, head of the Chemistry Department, announces that tentative plans have been made to stage an Open House in the Laboratories sometime in March.

Experiments and demonstrations illustrative of the work of the College will be held for high school seniors and others interested in Science.

Freshman Reception February 16, For All Students

The Freshman Reception is to be held Friday, February 16 in College Auditorium. The receiving line will begin at eight o'clock. Faculty members, their wives, and members of the Student Council will welcome new students. One of the many enjoyable features of the evening will be a skit presented by the Dramatic Club under the direction of Janis Ullman. There will be cards, dancing, and refreshments.

Betty Bush and John O'Connor are co-chairman for the affair. Assisting them will be Jean Reid, Florence Inglis, Marietta Bagnall, Eunice Price, Jeanne Donnan, Mary Turner, Ray Codrea, Art Cocceno, Eud Cole, Bob McCallister, Ludt Welsh, Tommy Lloyd, Bill McDonald, and Louis Cambriel.

MUSIC NOTES

Many Yoco students are looking forward with keen anticipation to hear again the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Arthur Rudzinski. It will be at the Stambaugh Auditorium, Saturday, February 24th.

On Horseback in Central Turkey, Proves Dangerous Adventure

By Prof. George M. Wilcox

My chum Jack Sumner had just returned from a long, adventurous trip in Central Turkey during the first year of the World War. We were sitting in front of the fire place where some olive roots were crackling and at last I had managed to start him on his yarn. We sipped black Turkish coffee from tiny cups while he spoke in his slow, unconcerned drawl.

You know how the trip started Miss Flemming was stranded in her summer camp south of Antioch and was afraid to travel alone back to Aintab because of the soldiers, deserters, and brigands who infested the country. I knew that I could be spared most easily from the mission community and I was eager to make the trip, but Dr. Morris, president of the college, hesitated to let me go because I have been here such a short time and know so little Turkish. Then he remembered that an araba containing two Armenian students, one of whom spoke English, had started that morning for Antioch. If I could catch up with them at Kilis, which was the end of their first day's stage, I could

travel with them and have the services of the young Armenian as interpreter in case we were questioned by officials. I ran over to the stables, put a blanket and a few things into the saddle-bags, and was ready to start by three o'clock. Dr. Morris handed me his German-Turkish Travel Book with words and phrases in both languages just as I was starting. The araba had a nine hours start of me. My regular plan on a long trip is to hold the horse to a fast walk for forty minutes, then swing into an easy gallop for ten minutes, and dismount and lead Jimasu for the last ten minutes of each hour. On this trip, though, I was in a hurry.

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THE JAMBAR

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Just An Editorial

Now that you have read Madame X and Starr Beams, as you undoubtedly have, why don't you try reading this lengthy but readable editorial? The fact that most of us hardly ever read the editorials of our college paper or of the daily newspapers and magazines that come into our hands, makes us wonder in the futility of writing this one.

But better than anything we can do is this excerpt from the easier writings of Albert Einstein:

"Strange is our situation here upon earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine a purpose.

"From the standpoint of daily life, however, there is one thing we do know: that man is here for the sake of other men—above all for those upon whose smile and well-being our own happiness depends, and also for the countless unknown souls with whose fate we are connected by a bond of sympathy. Many times a day I realize how much my own outer and inner life is built on the labors of my fellow-men, both living and dead, and how earnestly I must exert myself in order to give in return as much as I have received."

There can be no comment to the words of a genius. Yet they can be translated into the terms of our college life.

Basketball

How many of us support the basketball team by actual presence at the games? The Jambar has found that student participation at home games has never exceeded twenty per cent of the total enrollment. Yes, twenty per cent. We are almost ashamed to print it, but it's a fact. Those who were there know it and those who weren't can continue to talk school spirit.

Notwithstanding this unconcerned lack of interest the team has made an excellent showing, winning five out of nine games, against tri-state contenders, who in the majority were tougher than most teams playing in both Ohio conferences. Coach McPhee and every member of the team has given unstintedly of his time and energy in a whole-hearted comprehension of real school spirit, which is completely absent in most of our student body. And so what? A new semester is just beginning, let's do something about it. After all Youngstown College is what we make it.

What Are You Looking For In College

The question before every conscientious high school graduate who anticipates attending college should be this: "What does this particular college have to offer me?" And the college which best answers that question, is the college at which that particular student should matriculate.

First, let me ask of you, "What do you expect of the college in which you wish to enroll?" The danger is not that you might expect too much of it, but rather that you might demand not enough!

The young man who last week walked into the registrar's office lamenting the fact that his college has only eight fraternities and six sororities upon its campus, was not expecting too much of his college. He was asking far too little. The social functions which he craves are avail-

able to practically every one, at practically any time, and it is beyond the scope of the college to attempt to compete with commercial entertainment agencies.

The function of the college is to assist in the adaptation of a changing individual to a changing world. The college is therefore no more a hotbed of pedantry, than it is a four-year period of entertainment. If you anticipate either of these in your college, you insult its dignity. You have demanded of it, . . . not enough!

The typical high school graduate has a premonition of what college life and a college education should mean. But it is a deplorable fact that most of these anticipations are based upon misconceptions of what, really is the truth.

Going AWAY to college, demands two great adjustments upon the part of the individual. The first of these is the trying adjustment to the new environment; and the second is the vexacious task of ably handling the new freedom.

It is my firm conviction that not every one is capable of handling the responsibilities which go hand in hand with college life. It is indeed, a far cry from the dictatorial methods of procedure which prevail in the high school, to the program of personal responsibility and initiative of the college. In fact, so wide is the gap, that many, many students every year prove and re-prove that college education is designed for those who can assume the new freedom and bear it well.

Would it not seem much the wiser, that the student who anticipates a college education, should first test himself . . . Prove whether or not he is capable of ably mastering the freedom which the college affords. If he attempts that, seriously and whole-heartedly, his first step will have been well met.

The great numbers of college people who annually fail in their work, bear mute witness to the fact that going to college is RIGHT! An intellectual RIGHT which should and must be earned by the individual. Again, let me emphasize that the average student who goes to college is not capable of making these two great adjustments at one and the same time.

What do you expect of your college in the way of future earnings? Let me say in this regard, that the college is not a creative institution. It cannot guarantee you an advantage of \$100,000 in life time income, over your unschooled competitor. The College is a developmental institution. If you come to it with an empty head, you will leave it with an empty head . . . and an empty pocket-book. It promises only to afford you an opportunity to develop the native abilities which are yours. It attempts to create nothing.

The lure of Going AWAY to College has long been one which has added much to the complexity of the educational problem. It has been too much a matter of the distant pastures looking greener. The day is fast approaching, I believe, when we shall be forced to concede the inadvisability of such an attitude toward education.

In fact, in looking over our own student body, I am convinced that it is already here. The fact that the rate of emigration at Youngstown College is greater than the rate of emigration, proves that the advantages offered locally are coming more and more to be appreciated by the young people of this city. The favorable balance of trade which we hold with other colleges denotes the growing sense of validity of our local educational program, and assures us of the satisfaction which our fellow students enjoy in their work here at Youngstown College.

One of the most amusing things about college life from the standpoint of typical procedure, is that so many college students completely disregard one of the primary principles of business, in their attitude toward the college and its work. In business, as well as in every other phase of living, there is an unwritten axiom which bids every individual get as much out of a thing for his money, as possible. Yet, too many colleges find that the problem of the administration is to motivate the students to take out of college, what their money has entitled them to take. In other words, they fail to take what they have paid for, and they are sent home . . . failures in college; misfits in society; and sources of great concern to their families.

If the term "Good Times" holds an insatiable lure for you, I should not advise or encourage you to attend College. Much less would I advise you to attend Youngstown College. College is no place for you. You would do better to get a job and pay for your entertainment than you would to go to College and let someone else pay for it.

But on the other hand; if college means to you an opportunity to enrich your life; to develop your native abilities; and to develop your personality to the highest degree of expression; then I would say that you need the college . . . and the college needs you.

If these are your attitudes toward College, I assure you that Youngstown College affords you a peculiarly inviting opportunity for the attainments of these ends.

Wholesome fellowships with both students and professors make for the development of well rounded personalities. Our social organizations including six fraternities and four sororities, furnish adequate opportunities for the development of the social aspects of the individual's college life. The broad cultural background which Herbert Hoover once cited as the "backbone of American cultural life" is his who attends Youngstown College. Again, I say, if these are your sentiments toward College, you will find yourself at home in our student body, for these are the attitudes of the typical Youngstown College student!

Anthony Adverse Novel of Interesting Theme

O. L. REID.

A novel of over twelve hundred pages—more than half a million words—is much like a ten billion dollar deficit: it must justify itself. It must have a mighty theme.

The author, Hervey Allen, uses an introductory quotation from Sir Thomas Browne to give the pitch of the theme song:

"There is something in us that can be without us, though indeed it hath no history of what it was before us and cannot tell how it entered into us."

The story of Anthony Adverse concerns itself with the struggle that all men must make to secure self-control on the basis of "something in us that can be without us" as against control by the "things" of life. Possibly the finest emphasis on this theme is found in that phase of the story that carries the hero to Africa where we see Anthony trading his soul for the "things" of the slave trade, including the beautiful half-breed girl Neleta. Here again salvation means sacrifice and we see that splendid priest, Francois, dying for the sins of Anthony. Later, in far-away Mexico, we see Anthony making supreme sacrifices for others until control from within is won.

Hervey Allen is truly a poet. His prose language satisfies John Milton's definition of poetic language: simple, sensuous, and passionate. By a strange magic he compels his readers to live on the spiritual heights or to sink to the depths with the characters of the book. We hear, we see, we taste, with the people of these pages.

Few novels have higher philosophical and historical values than Anthony Adverse. At Anthony's slave station in Africa we see the very roots of the American Civil War. On the background of the Napoleonic Wars we see the early masters of international finance spinning their golden webs. We catch the thrust of England's commerce into the seven seas. We sail on the Yankee brig and catch the black stench of the slaver.

Through the mighty rhythm of the tale we hear a rich overtone, at times reaching heart-piercing sweetness, the old-time glory of medieval religion with its sunset glow on the early nineteenth century.

It is a book that forces you to feel the oneness of humanity. It may leave you out of tune with the rampant nationalism of 1934; you may find yourself in sympathy with that internationalist of 1800, Anthony Adverse.

Smoke

Slowly, the smoke rises
From the depths of the night,
Silently;
In soft, round billows it rises,
Wave over wave,
Like spoonfuls of thick, rich cream
The smoke rises,
Hiding the lights of the idle factory,
Faintly outlined in the darkness:
Slowly a light breaks through the screen,
Here and there;
The rising smoke becomes
A thin white veil dotted with diamonds,
And disappears.

—Aurelia Potor.

Schumann's Class Gives Broadcast Over WKBN

In the evening of January 29 the college's advanced class in Voice Culture presented a play over station WKBN. Mrs. Shumann Hayes, the class teacher and a well-known author, directed the sketch. The play given was "Land of Heart's Desire" by W. B. Yeats. Throughout the plot was woven the magic unreality of fairy land. As the scene opened Mary Bruin was being scolded by her husband's family in whose home she was living. Mary longed to flee to fairyland. A fairy child came when she called. Then the priest and the fairy wrangled for the bride's soul, but the fairy won. Mary was taken to the Land of Heart's Desire. In real life she died. Professor Tulger composed a light airy piece especially for the students. It was named "The Wind Comes Out of the Gates of the Day". Beatrice McDermott played it, and Betty Bush sang. Each student in the cast is to be congratulated for his or her good acting. Thelma Ward as Mary Bruin, the cruelly-treated bride did exceptionally well. Several complimentary letters were sent to Mrs. Hayes after the broadcast.

The cast included:
Mauréen Bruin, Edward Humphrey; Bridget Bruin, Carolyn Watkins; Shawn Bruin, Victor Petrini; Mary Bruin, Thelma Ward; Father Hart, Victor Petrini; Fairy Child, Victoria Lucca; Announcer, Edna Stroh.
Gyula Mase.

PARADISE FOUND

By Marjorie Malborn
"Hi, Gerry!"
"Hello, Tom!"
"Studied for your exams yet, Gerry?"
"No."
"What do you say we study 'em together?"
"Okay, when's the time?"
"Let's start right now. No time like the present as your old Dutch grandma says."
"Where'll we go? In the library?"
"No, you can't study in there; they're always shushing you and I don't like to be shushed. Let's try the auditorium."
"Okay."
The two young men settle themselves comfortably on the stage on the back of their necks and begin to cross examine each other.
"When did Columbus discover America?"
"Let's see, red, green, blue—blue, oh yeah, 1492."
"You're right, but why the color scheme?"
"1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue. Get it?"
"Yeah, well rhyme this one Shakespeare. What happened in 1066?"
"1066 huh? It's got something

to do with the French hasn't it?"
"Yeah, your luke warm, son."
"England's in it, too?"
"Your warm."
"There's a man in it, too?"
"Your hot, boy, your hot!"
"Let's see, a man—a sure, William the Conqueror!"
They spend five minutes shaking hands enthusiastically.
"These exams will be a push-over", says he who by providence happened to guess right.
"Wait a while, old man, that's only two questions. Who was it said 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse'?"
"Paul Revere."
"No, you sap, he's the fellow who waited for the light during the Civil War!"
"How long did it take to change color?"
The examiner looked at his friend to see if he was trying to be funny or just naturally dumb. He decided on the latter.

"When was the Maine sunk?"
"It's got something to do with Spain hasn't it? Oh, by the way, are you going to Slippery Rock to see the game?"
"No, what was the Maine?"
"You aren't? Say you ought to go to that game. Where's your school spirit?"
"When was the Maine sunk?"
"Oh yeah, the Maine. Now lets see. It went down with the Spanish Armada."
"Your right."
"Sure, I always remember when I link names up with events."
"It's a good idea. What's a nom de plume?"
"A nom de plume."
"Why it's a hat worn by the cavaliers with a big feather in it."
"No, you sap, it's a pen name."
"Well how did I know, why don't ya speak English."
"Who was the 'Bard of Avon'?"
"The—oh, oh, who's the platinum blond that just looked in?"
"Oh she's one of the sophomores. Who was the 'Bard of Avon'?"
"Say she's cute. She reminds me of a girl I had once. She—"
"Yeah, Who was the 'Bard of Avon'?"
"Oh, it was a boat."
"I said bard, not barge. You know, 'To be or not to be'?"
"To be or not to be,—to be or not to be."
"Sure, the Bard of Avon wrote that."
"Oh, you mean Hamlet!"
"No, who wrote Hamlet?"
"I give up."
"Ben Jonson, sap, Ben Jonson!"
"Who was Isaac Newton?"
"I don't know."
"Sure you do. He had something to do with apples."
"Apples,—apples—oh yeah, he shot one off his son's head."
"No you dumbbell, that was William Tell."
"Okay Einstein, Okay, you don't have to get mad about it. Gee, it's a peach of a day!"
"What did Queen Victoria say to Gladstone in their famous conference?"
"Just look at that sun. Looks like spring. Wonder what they'll have for lunch in the cafeteria?"
"Say, What did Queen Victoria say to Gladstone in their famous conference?"
"Oh sure, Why don'tcha come up and see me sometime?"
Moral: Ignorance is bliss. But try and tell your profs that.

Ennui

By JEANETTE LAMONT

You will drive me insane
With your entreaties.
I thought I made it plain
I do not love you.
And why do you complain?
For yesterday I was yours.
My love would be no gain
To you. So why do you seek it?
All love is useless, vain,
It is a dream, a fantasy,
And yet you would fain
Hold fast that love that yesterday
I did so carelessly deign.
To lavish on you.
Today you wish to detain
Me, and tell me
Of the deep pain
That lurks within you.
I thought I did explain
That of that boundless passion
Of yesterday, not one grain
Remains within me.
Why do you remain?
It is useless.
You interrupt my train
Of thought, You bore me.
I hope I make it plain
I do not love you.

PHI EPSILON FRAT VISITS NEELA PARK

On Thursday, December 22, Neela Park beckoned, and twenty two Phi Epsilon boys, in three cars, answered the call. It was noon when the entire company reached its destination and all got together. Then it was decided that lunch came first, so twenty-two eager scientists piled into a restaurant which was located near the park. After the proprietor recovered from his astonishment, he joyfully served twenty-two assorted kinds of sandwiches.

The twenty-two fraternity brothers then returned to Neela Park. "Neela," by the way, stands for Natural Edison Electric Light Association. The park stretches over quite a few acres and has many buildings in which there are offices, laboratories, and plants for small scale manufacture. Needless to say a good time was had by all—even Jack Röhmer.

SALLY'S SALLIES



Two heads are better than one—when they are on the same shoulder.

ELVIRA'S . . . OBSERVATION

Doesn't Jimmy Gillam look the hard-boiled reporter role when he smokes those fat cigars? His other weakness is blondes—business school preferred, though the co-eds rate 'way up with him also.

Incidentally, Jimmy was seen shopping for curtain rods recently.

Wick Hall is proving to be quite a Mecca for faculty members as well as for the college and business school students. Those card sharks!

An impromptu initiation held in the old building made Winnie Chappell the only co-ed in an informal fraternal organization. Professor Doll and Doc Ford were the faculty victims.

For a good Scotch "r" see Carolyn Knox. Carolyn can surely roll those "r's" when she gets excited.

Heard in Political Science Class: "Life is one darn thing after another; love is two darn things after each other."



A bit of Doctor Bowden's philosophy: "The hardest person to get along with is myself—I'm so much alike."

The place—third floor.
The time—doesn't matter.
The principals—Wilfred Meyers, Winnie Chappell, two witnesses.
Innocent bystander—Doc Bowden.
The discussion—Scotch marriages.
The result—Ask them.

The most cheerful person in school is John Cheatham. His attitude towards life inspires confidence when one's little earth seems topsy-turvy.



What's this we hear about Vincent Caggiano? Another new girl friend?

If you're considering sleeping during class hours, you might ask Max Peiss or Grant Hays about the comfort of the chairs in the Chem recitation room for such a purpose—experience teaches. I wonder if they really study so hard that they are worn out, or is it just the morning after the night before?



And, Doris Davis, what is the attraction on the second floor? I've been told he's 5' 8", blond—

Jonas Brenner seems to find quite an interest in Mary French's notebooks. Could it be possible that a

mere notebook is the sole cause of the interest?

Don believes in frankness and open daylight—he can always be found necking at the high hour of noon—

Lynn Gault has been very much in demand recently—but without success.

What's that we hear about Peg Evereth?—lucky at cards—unlucky in love? How can it be?

When Olive was asked for something about herself for Madame X she answered—Are you going to make the Jambar a dirt paper or what it really is supposed to be, a decent one?

Jeanne Donnan manages to keep out of the gossip columns. We wonder how she gets away with it.

It seems that Frances and Virginia—are breaking quite a few manly hearts around Yoco lately. What about it, Jack and Jim?

Lynn Gault Shows Art Work at Playhouse

Many of us did not know it, but recently Lynn Gault, a popular freshman, quietly gave an exhibition of several of his paintings. The exhibition was given beginning January twenty-fifth at the Young-



LYNN GAULT

town Play House during the time that the Youngtown Players presented the play entitled "Under Cover." In the display of paintings were several landscapes and portraits. One of the latter was a self-portrait. There were also masks, an especially outstanding one of Greta Garbo, and marionettes from the cast of "In Spite of Himself" by Moliere. Lynn Gault has been a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia where he specialized in painting.

Guyula Maze.

Chux McCallister for two weeks played the part of Doctor X. X marked the spot on his chin—a big white patch of cotton and adhesive tape. Only Betty Bush seemed to know what it was all about. Both had sheepish grins but neither would inkle a word. We wonder? Madame X claims the fortune of "getting under the patch". She KNOWS.

More Impressions of Student Life In Italy

By Joseph F. Rosapepe

In the Universities of Italy there is not the class spirit of our American schools. This is caused primarily by the fact that students very rarely complete the full length of their course in one university. From year to year they go to other institutions in other cities in search of some especial course or particular professor that may attract them. Since all are state universities, there is practically no difference in the credit marks and no difficulty in their transference.

Slippery Rock, Guests of Yoco Open Road Club

The Open Road Club, under the sponsorship of Dr. Waldron, has proved to be one of the most active clubs of the year. Its membership includes twenty-three students.

The officers of the club are: President, Jane Hall; Secretary Treasurer, Mary Cooper. Hikes, week-end trips, and parties have filled the social calendar. Initiation services for the new members were held January 6 at the home of Guyula Maze.

The latest get-together was at Camp Yoco—near New Castle. There were 20 present from Youngstown College and 12 present from Slippery Rock College, who were guests of the Youngstown group.

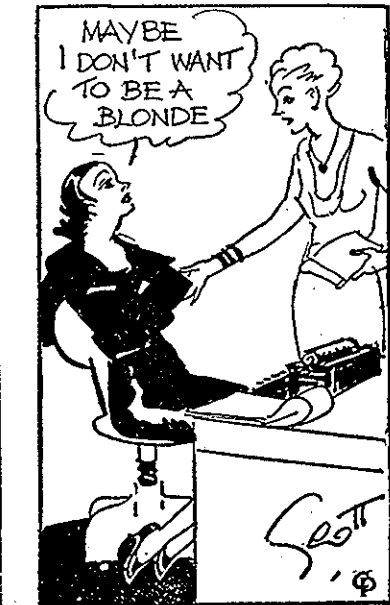
Saturday evening Dr. Waldron showed moving pictures of Bermuda and then the group sang camp songs and gave speeches.

Sunday most of the time was spent in different hikes around Slippery Rock Creek and in ice skating.

Coletta Lyden has been a bit secretive but Wee Birdie (or was it Key Hole Katie?) whispered that Buddy Sheetz likes Youngstown College and ? Can he dance? He does like "Babies". Take note at the next Gam Sig Dance co-eds.

Spong removed his dark "cheaters". Wonder where the little tin cup went? Howard Fell forgot his German costume when he came to the Gam Sig dance—should see him dance to the "Little German Band". Eunice Price and others in the audience kept time. Now Howard.

SALLY'S SALLIES



The difference between a blonde and a brunette is the price of a henna dye.

The freshman is called "matriolino" because that is the year in which he matriculates. And until he is initiated as a full fledged university student at the end of Freshman Week he has a tough time of it. Part of the hazing consists in treating the upperclassmen to drinks, cigarettes, or fancy pastries. And as the freshmen wear no caps or other distinctive apparel, it is up to the ingenuity of the upperclassmen to spot the likely victim. This is not very difficult as may be expected, because even in a group of several hundred there are very few "naturals". Usually the spotting is done near the University, and as every new student must register in person during the week, no one evades the ordeal.

With the kind persuasion of a paddle, the freshmen accompanies his betters to a nearby cafe, and foots their bill. He carries a highly embossed scroll document on which are set down in Latin and very much in detail with symbolic languages and savory epithets the attributes of the moronic and impotent numbskull, or words to that effect, who has the crass presumption of wanting to enter the mighty ranks of the superior and etc., etc.

On the back of this paper those who have been treated make their comments in design or in verse, or in any other graphic manner about the neophyte and his Latin auto eulogy. The back of this paper well covered with the artistic and often pornographic graphology provides the freshmen with immunity from other upperclassmen. The document is rarely counterfeited by some up and coming freshmen because he knows that to be found out there is the devil to pay.

At the end of Freshman Week a buffen court of honor is held in the main courtyard of the University. Every one is in masquerade, and while a number of upperclass law students compose the officers of the court, each freshman is brought up to stand judgment for various academic misdeamors. As punishment he must go through a lot of capers for the amusement of the court and the gallery. After which he is inducted into the student body by a ceremony similar to that of knighting, only here it is with a wooden sword.

In the evening there are parades with vari-colored floats and the thousands of gaily dressed students swarm the town, crashing theaters, cafes, night clubs, in fact everything that can be crashed. This, far, far into the night, and usually the morning after.

SOLID PLATINUM

A Short Story

By James N. Gillam

The sun beat down on the broad sidewalks of Atlantic Avenue to be reflected in a penetrating glare, into the eyes of Tubby Gordon. Now and then a stray taxi scooted over the wide brick street and an elevated emitted a dull roar from its tracks above the center of the street. The Sunday morning pedestrians were not—as they usually are not on the Sabbath in Boston.

Tubby's eyes were burning from the piercing glare of the early noonday sun, as the youth stood before the office of the steamship company. Tubby felt tired; in fact he was tired, unsteady, and grimy from his two day ride from Cleveland. He drew his lids more closely together over his eyes so as to permit only the minimum of the piercing beams to scorch his tired orbs. He unconsciously took his watch from his pocket, as he had involuntarily done quite often during the morning.

What time the white-gold cased watch indicated Tubby could not have told you as he replaced it in his pocket. Tubby was squinting at two old salts, who seemed to have developed an interest in him as they leaned against the old brick storage-building on the opposite side of the street from him.

The taller of the old salts did most of the talking—expelling tobacco juice from the right and talking through the left corner of his brown stained lips alternately. The shorter of the pair squinted unceasingly at Tubby and nodded his gray head to his companion's statements. Soon the pair separated, the shorter starting southwards down the pavement while the taller stepped inside the nearby hash-house.

Tubby turned and entered the steamship office. Soon he reappeared on the street adjusting his necktie more evenly inside his sweater. Aimlessly he started southwards along the street.

Presently he saw the short sloven salt cross the street and amble towards him. Tubby's muscles seemed to unduly contract with each step he took. His movements seemed clumsy. He began to wonder if he would last—if his little game would bring the results he desired. Would—but now the sloven old salt was but a few steps away. Presently they would meet—would his swimming head clear?

Dazed—the face of the girl he had seen in the steamship office earlier in the morning drifted before his dazed mind. His foot kicked the pavement viciously. The other foot shot forward to prevent the fall. The arms flew out simultaneously. The left arm caught the unsuspecting salt about the waist, as mechanically the latter's arm encircled the youth's hips.

There was a jerk in the vicinity of Tubby's appendix—his watch. Simultaneously his left hand jerked and closed over a thick watch and fob.

"Pardon me!" Tubby ejaculated, removing his arm from his victim's waist.

"S all right. We all have accidents."

"Thanks!" And the two continued on their respective ways.

Tubby's face grew solemn and then his lips twitched in a suppressed smile as he turned to watch the receding figure of the old salt.

"Did you see me drop my watch this morning?" a voice suddenly broke into his reverie—the even voice of a mid-westerner.

Dumpty, Tubby looked at the man. Slowly his face lit in recognition—this was the man who was with that girl he had seen in the steamship office. This was the girl's father—they had reserved the stateroom opposite his.

"No, I didn't."

"Guess it's gone then." The anxious face changed to one of despair.

"Wait a minute."

The gentleman looked hard at the youth.

"Is this it?" Tubby questioned, extending his hand so that the middle-aged man could see the watch enclosed therein.

"Where'd you get it?" asked the startled gentleman as he extended his hand and took the watch.

"Just took it from a pick-pocket."

Tubby became silent. He gazed at the sloven old salt, who was stopping and staring in consternation at an old cheap watch in his hand. Tubby saw the grizzly old hand shatter the watch on the pavement. He saw the enraged individual stamp away. He saw the scintillating glare of a thin white chain amongst the fragments of the watch.

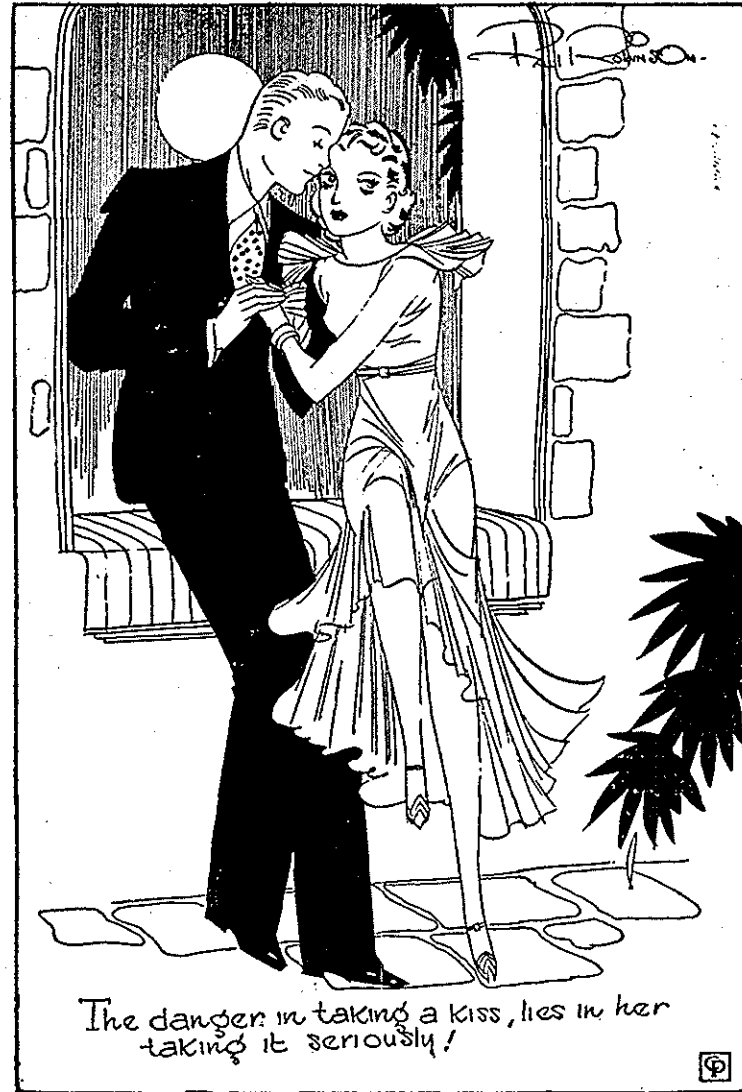
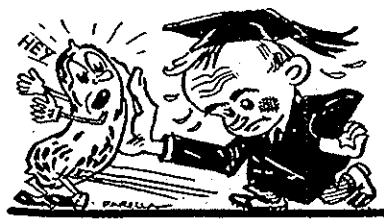
Like one in a stupor, the mid-westerner watched the youth hurry and retrieve the chain. He saw the youth's face light with a happy smile as the latter returned.

"It's platinum," Tubby explained to his newly found friend.

"What?" the mid-westerner asked as he piloted the youth into a taxi and to the driver said, "Statler!"

"It's platinum plated," Tubby responded as he drew a white-gold watch from the shirt pocket under his sweater and attached the chain. "And its owner is solid platinum," the mid-westerner added. "And Mary Lou likes good metal."

Tubby's eyes closed as his head touched the upholstered seat. Fatigue won the battle over a tired will. "Solid platinum," his lips reiterated.



Gamma Sigma Valentine Hop Proves Biggest Hit of Year

Sigma Delta Beta Initiates Eleven

The Sigma Delta Beta fraternity held initiation this week. The following were initiated: Alburn, Codrea, Evans, Gambrel, Hardy, Mc-Nicholas, Patterson, Rosapepe, Scott, Murchie, and Lewis. The pledges were introduced, in the regular fashion, into the fraternity, and then were sent off on errands concerning the very serious business of the activities. In all probability if you were about last Tuesday night, you perhaps saw one of these misguided young men wandering about in the pursuit of devious tasks.

However after the initiation, better things are to come. The formal initiation will take place in two weeks followed by a party for the new members.

We regret to say that Vice-President Tommy Lloyd has withdrawn from school.

Then there's Don McCandless and Elizabeth Snyder—a quiet corner for them, two sharpened pencils, a piece of paper and you should read the notes exchanged. But? Yes, Winnie Chapell is holding out on us. Who is this tall, dark-headed Romeo with whom Winnie has been seen?

The Valentine Hop, given Feb. 2, by the Gamma Sigma Sorority, following the Geneva-Yoco game was quite a successful affair. Dancing was enjoyed to the strains of Joe Martinko's orchestra from nine to twelve o'clock, with the auditorium a flame of blood red hearts on a background of white.

Chaperones for the dance included Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Scudder, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan and Professor J. W. Bare. Colleta Lyden and Esther Joyce were co-chairmen assisted by the entire sorority.

Two popular Yoco freshmen co-eds, Lorene Payden and Florence Ingis are members of the Gamma Chi Gamma. The sorority is giving a Valentine dance tomorrow night in the Hotel Ohio ballroom. Bill Semple's orchestra will play.

Frances and Virginia Whiteside were members of the Junior Dance Committee for the successful President's Ball held at Stambaugh Auditorium January 30 in honor of our President's birthday.

Didja hear the one about Tubby and Olive? Ask Olive.

Yoco Cagers Make Good Despite Student Unconcern

AT HIRAM TOMORROW

To date the Youngstown College basketball quintet has made a better showing in Tri-State circles than was expected. Six games have been won, and only five reverses have been marked against the local crew. The victories have been clean-cut and well-deserved. Among the victims are: Oberlin, Indiana, Allegheny, West Liberty, and the Alumni, while the Penguins fell before Grove City, Slippery Rock, Indiana, Saint Vincents and the Geneva aggregations. Return games are to be played with Saint Vincents and West Liberty. In addition there will be the game against Hiram.

Coach McPhee feels confident that his charges will go through these remaining three games victoriously. This will mark the 1933-1934 basketball season as the best enjoyed by followers of the local school. So far, no Youngstown College quintet has been able to go through its season with at least half of its games won. Considering the opponents met so far, the material available in our school, and the difficulty of finding a suitable time when the whole team can practice, it is to Coach Jack McPhee's credit that he has rounded out as fine a team as is representing Youngstown College this season.

Bridge and five hundred have been two of the main pastimes for the students. A movement is in circulation to raise enough money to obtain a ping-pong set for one of the rooms. Very large and comfortable chairs have been purchased and Wick Hall is an ideal place for the students to spend their odd moments. The house is always warm on cold days and cool on warm days. There are plenty of rooms, enough for one to set aside for studious persons. As time goes on perhaps more things to occupy the student's time will be purchased and Wick Hall will be the social center for all the students.

As was stated before, there are a great number of rooms in Wick Hall. Would it be possible to obtain one of these for a Jambar office? It would be very fitting, because all college papers have an office and one in Wick Hall would be ideally located.

Frank Evans.

POINTS SCORED BY PLAYERS

Game	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Totals
Rich	5	10	10	7	10	6	1	10	6	65
Schultz	10	3	0	8	2	10	12	2	2	49
Spong	2	4	7	*	12	4	9	4	4	46
Lackey	5	5	2	8	2	3	0	0	0	25
Leyshon	*	2	*	2	8	4	4	0	0	20
Kunicki	4	1	3	0	2	0	0	4	2	16
McFarland	1	2	1	2	4	0	1	0	1	13
McDonald	*	0	0	*	4	0	2	4	0	10
Lewis	2	1	*	2	0	0	*	4	*	9
Cole	0	0	4	*	0	2	*	*	*	6

*Indicates a player did not participate in that certain game.

This table includes games up to January 13. The games with Hiram, Slippery Rock, West Liberty, and Saint Vincents are not included.

Wick Hall Proves Popular With Students

Beginning the new year with a good resolution Wick Hall was opened to the students on January 5, 1934. Miss Semple is in charge of all the activities and in general keeps everything in the proper order.

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PENGUINS ON SHORT END AGAINST GENEVA

Rich and Schultz Score

Coach Jack McPhee's Penguins rose to great heights in the game against the Geneva College aggregation during the first half and the first part of the second half, but the superior team-work of the Covenanters showed to advantage when it was needed and the latter combine was able to take home a 40-26 victory. The Youngstown crew got off to a fine start and headed the Genevans by a 7 to 1 score after a few minutes of play. Both teams played well defensively during the first half. The half ended with Geneva holding the edge of a 17-16 score. Little doing most of the scoring for them while Rich led the Penguins' scoring.

The Geneva five opened the second half with a fast passing attack and soon had an eight point lead over the Penguins. Little and Gimsberg were outstanding for the Genevans in the second half, while Rich and Schultz were also able to score for the locals. The final score was 40 to 26.

Geneva	G.	F.	P.
Ginsberg, f	3	3	9
Penabaker, f	3	1	7
Schmitz, c	0	0	0
Grahame, g	2	1	5
Little, g	6	4	16
Hutzley, f	0	0	0
Hurley, f	1	1	3
Smith, g	0	0	0
Hompson, c	0	0	0
Jones, g	0	0	0
Totals	15	10	40

Youngstown	G.	F.	P.
Schultz, f	2	2	6
Lackey, f	0	0	0
Lewis, f	0	0	0
Rich, f	5	5	15
Spong, c	2	1	5
McDonald, c	0	0	0
Kunicki, g	0	0	0
McFarland, g	0	0	0
Leyshon, g	0	0	0
Cole, g	0	0	0
Totals	9	8	26

Sophomores Win Cage Intramurals

The Sophomores, with three victories, no defeats, and no ties, are the victors of the first part of the Intra-Mural Basketball Contest.

The Panthers (Sophomores), with Gulfo as captain, and the Spartans (Freshmen), with Hays as captain, played against each other in the opening game. At the end of the first half the score was 6-6. But the Panthers showed some fast playing in the second half and won the game with a score of 17-11.

The second game was a hotly contested affair between the Rough Riders (Juniors), led by Codrea, and the Cardinals (Freshmen), captained by Scali. The game was very close all the way through. The score was tied to the last half minute of play. A foul shot by Jimmy Williams at the end gave the Juniors the game with a score of 14-13.

The next struggle scheduled was that between the Juniors and Spar-

tans. All that can be said is that it was just another ball game. The end of the game found the Juniors at the tail end of a 32-15 score.

Of course there has been the usual rivalry between the Sophomores and the Freshmen this year, and the game of the Sophomores versus the Cardinals proved to be the most interesting one of the series. The score ran close all through the game, and was tied by the Freshmen in the final period. Immediately before the end of the game, however, the Sophomores gained a point, and the final score stood 26-25 in their favor.

In the next game the Juniors bowed to the Sophomores. The Cardinals and the Spartans reluctantly played their scheduled game, with the Cardinals being the victors, winning by eight points.

—GRANT HAYS.

W. A. A. To Be Organized At Yoco

Esther Joyce

In almost all American colleges and universities the Women's Athletic Association holds a very prominent place on the campus. It is primarily for the benefit of the women students, but its usefulness is felt by the entire school. It develops competitive school spirit, notably in support of our school activities; nothing so hampers a team as the lack of student support.

The W. A. A. when organized should be supported by every woman student. It should be the foundation for new cooperation and companionship among the co-eds. Such an organization is fertile ground for the development of health, character, and leadership.

Every girl should be proficient in at least one sport to be considered an average American. In the W. A. A. every girl will be competing in such sports and games as soccer, tennis, golf, volley-ball, basketball, ping-pong, swimming, and others. She is bound to excel in one or two of the mentioned sports. Thus, she greatly increases her self-confidence, so vital to success. The American girl has ceased to be a spectator; she is now a contestant.

The W. A. A. forms an integral part in campus life, supporting every worth-while activity and organization.

A Women's Athletic Association will be organized in the Youngstown College, providing every girl supports the movement and is willing to cooperate in every detail. Eunice Price and Clarabelle Walker, the women members of the Athletic Board are working hard to get the enterprise under way and Miss Eloise Spencer of the Y. W. C. A. has consented to sponsor the club.

The movement is not entirely a new idea in the school, but due to the lack of the proper spirit and cooperation any attempt has been a failure. Will we see it fail again, or shall we give our whole hearted devotion and put Youngstown further on the map as an up-and-coming college?

Come on, girls, let's stand on our toes and back our school! Come on, Youngstown, let's go!

**Gamma Sigma Holds
Initiation at Y. M. C. A.**

The pledges of the Gamma Sigma Sorority were installed as members at a candle-lighting service held in the auditorium at the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, January 21. The new members are: Esther Joyce, Betty Cooper, Gwen Ratchliffe, Therese Cronan, Florence Inglis, Lorene Paden and Phyllis Moench.

The committee in charge of the affair included Martha Rudbeck, chairman, Esma Smith, Ella Mae Butler, and Wilma Starr.

PHI GAMMA

More fun! Oh! How it hurt! Remember?

The skating party in the Eagles auditorium on Jan. 10. This was the first of its kind in Youngstown College and it was a "howling" success. Here's hoping we have more.

Then there was the Inter-fraternity Prom for all College social organizations, held in Stambaugh auditorium. This is to be an annual event.

The committee in charge included Ed Nolan, Howard Brooks, Ted Welsh, Art Coccono, and Bud Cole.

Dorothy Dix recently compared a man's heart to a hotel—there's always room for another occupant. Some of our college students will have to put out capacity signs soon or else consider building annexes.

Doctor Richardson tells us you can't "be comfortable" in French. For verification, ask any student who has come to class without his lesson.

Have you seen the snapshots of Alaskan life that George Magan took while living in Alaska? They are very interesting—but some of the stories George tells rival those of the Baron.

Madame X is Madame Luck too—she sees loads, knows loads and gets away with loads.

History is being made so quickly these days there is little chance to study cause and effect. The effect is here long before the cause is discerned.

Earthquake rocked a large section of Mexico. It used to be the bandits.

A year ago the technocrats were having their flare in the news. Now a lot of Technocratic books are gathering dust on shelves—the gold standard has disappeared—and it would take a whole army of such professors working night and day to solve some of the situations which have developed since then.



On Horseback In Central Turkey

(Continued from page 1)

ry, I kept Jimeau to a fast walk for ten minutes and then to a slow, easy lope. We covered lots of ground that way and at six o'clock I was delighted to see the khan that marked the half way place between Aintab and Killis. We had done a six hour stage in just half that time.

We turned in at the gate and I asked the khanji (inn-keeper) to see that the horse was well rubbed down and fed. In half an hour I sat down before a large tray on a low table set in the open court of the inn. I noticed that there was another guest at the khan, a fine looking young Arab sheik. We ate from the same dish of pilaf and lamb stew and talked together as much as my limited vocabulary permitted. I noticed that he was carrying a beautiful string of amber beads. He saw me glance at it a few times and according to their custom he gave it to me. I hated to take it because I had absolutely nothing that I could give him in return, but I knew he would be offended if I refused his gift and I accepted it with thanks.

When we finished supper I mentioned that I was going on to Killis that night. He said, "Oh no! You must not do that. The road is full of bad men and I know that an Arab tribe is on the move tonight. It would be much too dangerous to go on tonight." I showed him that I as well armed with an army revolver. He admitted the weapon and asked to look at it. I snapped it open, unloading it, and handed it to him. When he returned it, I snapped it a few times to show how quickly it would shoot. He said, "Yes, but what is one man against so many?"

I walked over then to the khanji, paid him, and said I must be getting on to Killis. He protested vigorously, refusing absolutely to do anything about getting Jimeau ready. I had to saddle him myself. When I mounted, the old khanji with his long, white beard, raised his arms outstretched toward heaven and said, "Allah, Allah protect you". If I had not taken their previous protests seriously, I did then. As I rode out of the gate into the night, I felt the chills running up and down my spine.

It was a clear night with plenty of bright stars, but no moon and rather dark. I felt that I would have to press on as fast as Jimeau could go, yet I wanted to save him as much as possible in case we had to run for it. I kept a sharp lookout on both sides and behind and I can tell you I was nervous. We had gone for several miles before I saw anyone. Then just as we were cresting a rise of ground I saw a group of eight or ten horsemen off to the right. As I watched them they quickened their pace and it looked as though they would intercept me. I was on the sky line where they could see me rather clearly. I drew my revolver and held it up at arm's length and spurred Jimeau to a strong gallop. After awhile they dropped behind and I let Jimeau slow down to a walk to get his wind.

Perhaps an hour later there came suddenly a most frightful screeching from somewhere at the right. I was startled. What could it be?

Another Armenian massacre? A village being raided by the Arabs who were on the move? The screeching kept on, rising and falling. After awhile I saw a long column moving diagonally, approaching the road from the right. Then I understood. It was the Arab tribe travelling southward and the unearthly racket was only the noise made by the solid wooden wheels of their two-wheeled carts turning on their greasless axles! What a relief. I spurred up a bit and passed the head of the column before it reached the road.

Half an hour passed. Then as I topped another long rise I saw a camp fire about a mile away. I walked Jimeau quietly on the soft ground beside the road. I could see them now. There were about twenty of them camped in a grove a little way from the road. They might be soldiers or gendarmes, or they might be decidedly worse. Anyway, I didn't want to talk with them. When I got near to them I spurred Jimeau into a strong gallop. As we clattered along on the road three or four of them jumped up and ran to their guns. On the other side of the road just across from them was an old deserted khan. Jimeau decided he had gone far enough for one day. As we came opposite the gate he swerved sharply and made for it. As we galloped under the portico I pulled him around and jabbed the spurs into him. We ducked between the posts that held up the roof on one side and the gate on the other, and galloped on down the road.

It seemed that we had hardly quieted down again when suddenly a horseman loomed out of the dark right ahead of me. I pulled my gun and held it on him. I could see his rifle pointed at my stomach. We came to a halt a few feet from each other. "Who are you?" he said. "And where are you going?" "I am an American," I replied. "I am going from Aintab to Killis." I could see he was in uniform. "The mail araba will be passing this way in a few minutes. There are several gendarmes with it. You had better get well off the road until they pass. They might not stop to ask questions." I thanked him and rode off to one side. Sure enough a wagon soon passed with several outriders.

Soon after that I came into the grape-growing region. On both sides of the road as far as I could see the ground was covered with grapevines. What was the use of being on the alert? An army could hide in those vineyards and not be seen until they moved. I was getting pretty tired. So was Jimeau. We jogged along awhile. Suddenly the lights of Killis showed over a rise. What a relief!

I made for the inn at the edge of the city. They are built like a fort with a high wall all around and great solid gates. I pounded on the gate. No reply. I pounded some more and shouted. At last a voice grumblingly asked what I wanted. I said I had come from Aintab and wanted to spend the night there. It was close to midnight then and he was suspicious. The innkeeper is responsible for all horses and arabas lodged with him and everybody knew that the army

SALLY'S SALLIES



A woman can say more in a sigh than a man can in a whole volume.

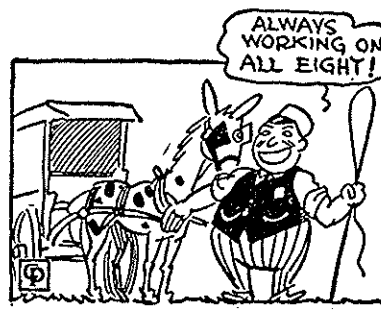
**Phi Epsilon Forms
Beta Chapter For
Science Co-eds**

The first social gathering of the Phi Epsilon Fraternity since the formation of the new Beta Chapter was held last week. Ping-pong and dancing were social diversions and a very interesting talk was given by Dr. Scudder. Late in the evening a tempting lunch was served.

The Beta Chapter has been formed for girls majoring in science. Members are Lois Shaw, Betty Brungard, Aurelia Potor, Virginia and Francis Whiteside, and Guyla Maze. Mrs. Waldron has been chosen as sponsor.

was confiscating everything they could lay hands on. At last he opened the small door within the great gate (the eye of the needle) a crack and peered out. As soon as he saw me he tried to slam the door shut, but I had thrust my boot into the crack. I was dressed in an outfit that looked like a military uniform and he was scared. Then I called him several kinds of a bad man and told him I wanted to get in there and get some rest. At last he was convinced either by my foreign accent or the fact that I was alone, and he unbarred the gate.

The next morning I found the araba with the young Armenians and continued the journey to Antioch with them. But that is another story.



STARR-BEAMS

Welcome Frosh! By the way of a first DON'T—"DON'T get weak knees, palpitations of the heart and a lump in your throat on seeing an upperclassman stroll down our halls—that same upperclassman was a frosh.

Scared Rabbits? Exactly They had a questioning and "wonder what it's all about" look in their eyes. These froshes—Eleanor Rogers, Minnie Mirken, Helene Skinner, Jane Strausbaugh, Virginia Euyer, Robert Ray, Ray Shilling, Robert Williams, William Daley.

Exams are over! Should hear Doc. Bowden, Doc. Wilcox and Prof. Bare chuckle while grading papers. "What ya chuckling about, doc," says Howard Aley. Doc. Bowden: "Just some of these eccentric elucidations which have been elicited onto my exam papers." Howard gulped—that Doc. was going one better over Howards' usual flowery speeches.

Wick Hall is now a rendezvous for various tete a tetes Peg Evereth, Dorothy MacDowell, Louis Hart and June Rummell prefer the reclining chairs and a fairly interesting novel. Rachel Griffiths, Fred Roland, Jack Rosapepe and the Whiteside twins like their cards. Fred McFarland and Marietta lounge about in the chairs nearest the fireplace.

And Bill Best enjoys Doc. Bowden's Political Science when he can have it in Wick Hall, within the confines of an easy chair, with a bon-bon in hand, and a bridge lamp over head—Added to that the syn-copations of Wayne King's Waltzes and Alice Abrams hovering about with her words of encouragement. Ideal.

Freda Flint and Jane Hall have been sporting our halls with dog collars around their necks. Some kind friend sent Jane a box of dog biscuits and a dog chain. Perhaps Jane was hungry? Hungry dogs bite.

SALLY'S SALLIES



The most positive thing in the world is a woman's negative.

Betty Cooper! How shocking! We must tell everyone. Betty boldly stopped a number of girls on the first day of school and asked them if they wanted to "sell their love". LOVE? Finally Betty by way of explanation blurted out "yes, your Analytical Geometry book by Love. Mmmmm.

Author's Note: If this column doesn't appear in the next issue—someone has taken the columnist for "a ride"—after reading the "things in print".

Madame X

Hear ye! Hear ye! The latest dance news just off the floor—I mean, just off the press! The Inter-Fraternity dance was a huge success—for me, at least. I got a lot of new slants on new couples. I suppose you noticed them, too—in case you didn't, here are some that particularly struck my fancy—or something. Lorene Padon was there with her new steady; however, in reference to this, I want to quote the title to an old song—"How Long Will It Last?" Coletta Lyden couldn't be trying to two-time that blond that goes to Ohio State, could she? Another interesting couple was Wilma Starr and Howard Fell—could it be they have found something of common interest? I always thought Bill Robinson was supposed to be a fickle young man, but Jean Reid and he appeared together again the other night. It couldn't be steady, could it? Did you know that Kay Thompson was out of town? I suppose you guessed as much when Bill Best and Alyce Abrams were paired off. Speaking of the Thompsons, I don't think I would miss my guess if I were to say that Eddie Thompson seems to have yielded to Ludt Welsh—in the case of Florence Inglis, I mean. These two Inglis and Welsh, make a cute couple, don't they? Another note of interest at the dance was Mildred Strain and Eddie Thompson. Where was Fred MacFarland? Maybe he decided—"I must have 'Milly' or no one and so I'm through with—",—should it be "Love"? In case you wondered about the name of the girl in red velvet who was with Johnny Patterson—here is a little light on the matter: She is Virginia Waldron! Suppose we leave the dance at this point because before my space runs out I have a few more words to add!

Here's a good one—on somebody! I hear that a certain young man called for Mildred Bothwell after her sorority meeting. Someone made the grave mistake of addressing him as "Barry"—(meaning "Barry" O'Connor, of course). Imagine their surprise when the fellow turned out to be a Mr. Perry Neidon. Oh well, "Barry" and "Perry" do sound alike, don't they? However, they do happen to be two different men in Milly's life.

Did you see Betty Button's name and picture in the Cleveland paper? She is supposed to have quite a lovely voice. I, myself, don't know about the voice, but I do know that she has a very very, very nice b. f. —Carl Simonton, by name.

Here's a very small observation I just made. Did you notice that Louis Hart seems to prefer a certain young man who accompanies the gee club? So what? So he "plays on the strings of her heart!" (Incidentally, I hope you recognized the songs I quoted from! Whoopee! Am I feeling musical?) It won't be long now until the snows of winter will give place to the flowers of spring—and then will I have fun! Ha, Ha! (I'm laughing!) You know the old saying "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what a girl has been thinking about all winter." Spring will tell us! Will tell us what? Will tell us what's on the mind of these young people! Ho Hum—listen to this one! (I've been told that Terese Cronan is out to beat —'s time with Tommy Lloyd. Cronan may be good, but I'll bet she isn't that good! You may think you've heard something good, but "you ain't heard nothin' yet." Here is the copy of the original letter someone put in someone else's locker. Here goes— My Dearest B— Betty, darling, I hurt you today, didn't I? I am sorry, really I am, because you see I care a great deal for you. You'll forgive me, won't you? Have you thought about going steady with me? I suppose you know that Winifred doesn't want me to. But then I'm a free man these days. Honey, I want to see you about noon about a date for the Gamma Sigma Valentine Hop, you'll go, of course. Well, dearest, D—'s got to get back to work. So until —? Love and kisses, Your D—(if you want him)

young man who accompanies the gee club? So what? So he "plays on the strings of her heart!" (Incidentally, I hope you recognized the songs I quoted from! Whoopee! Am I feeling musical?) It won't be long now until the snows of winter will give place to the flowers of spring—and then will I have fun! Ha, Ha! (I'm laughing!) You know the old saying "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what a girl has been thinking about all winter." Spring will tell us! Will tell us what? Will tell us what's on the mind of these young people! Ho Hum—listen to this one! (I've been told that Terese Cronan is out to beat —'s time with Tommy Lloyd. Cronan may be good, but I'll bet she isn't that good! You may think you've heard something good, but "you ain't heard nothin' yet." Here is the copy of the original letter someone put in someone else's locker. Here goes— My Dearest B— Betty, darling, I hurt you today, didn't I? I am sorry, really I am, because you see I care a great deal for you. You'll forgive me, won't you? Have you thought about going steady with me? I suppose you know that Winifred doesn't want me to. But then I'm a free man these days. Honey, I want to see you about noon about a date for the Gamma Sigma Valentine Hop, you'll go, of course. Well, dearest, D—'s got to get back to work. So until —? Love and kisses, Your D—(if you want him)

LOVE LORN COLUMN

By Milfert Heartsease

Dear Mr. Heartsease:

I am what you call in dear old Spain, "a gay caballero". Each night I would go to a spot 'neath the window of my loved one, and sing sweet odes to her glamorous beauty. But not so since I have fallen 'neath the spell of the soft smile of a most gorgeous creature. Ah, she is heavenly—but her father—foeey! He is as uncouth and vulgar as she is sweet. And each night when I sing to her he drenches me with a bucket of water. This irritates me considerably and sometimes I think I'm all wet for going on like this. The water also ruins the strings of my guitar. What shall I do? My clothes are all shrinking and are too small for me and I am going broke buying guitar strings. yet I love her too much to quit going to her.

—PUZZLED.

Answer:
Dear Puzzled:
You might take an umbrella with you, or even pitch a tent in the yard. Or perhaps you could broadcast to her. But personally I think the best solution is to go in a swimming suit and play a saxophone or mouth organ.

Sincerely,
Milfert Heartsease

Dear Mr. Heartsease:
There are several things which have been bothering me, and I have decided to come to you for advice. I am very much in love with a certain girl, and she says she is in

love with me. But what bothers me is this: Why does she always shut her eyes when I kiss her? Another problem which has confronted me is this: I have always entertained hopes of becoming a cheer leader. A certain famous cheer leader, (named "Too Late") tells me he got that way drinking root beer. Do you think cheer leaders train on root beer? And would such a diet help me? Joe F.

Answer:
Dear Joe F.
Did you ever hear the old saying, "love is blind", and do you know that when one gets very close to someone else's face, the beauty is sometimes transformed by some blemish not noticeable from a distance? So o-o-o, perhaps your lady-friend believes that love is blind and she also doesn't want to be disappointed. You can sit her down when you kiss her, but personally I don't see why that should bother you. As far as drinking root beer to help your cheer leading ability, I think its "Too Late".

Very sincerely,
Milfert Heartsease

Dear Mr. Heartsease:
care Youngstown College Jambar: For years and years, in fact for what impresses me as an interminable sequence I have wooed and courted a gorgeous maiden. Our infatuation for each other has speedily blossomed out into a beautiful and divine halo of hope. Yet when I beseeched this fair angel to grant me her palm she demurely but sternly denied me the honor. I am bewildered and perplexed at my fruitless effort. I wonder why she answered in the negative? —Prof.

Answer:
Dear Prof.:
Why you big tomato, she ain't Webster, she prob'ly didn't know what de heck you were gabbing about. Why in de name of Pete don't you talk ENGLISH. Yours truly,
Milfert Heartsease

Dearosky Milfertsy Heartseaseovitch:
I am on the outsey with my big momentsovitch. We were once very congenial (25c) but lately she seems very distant. She no longer likes to neckovitch and when I call on her she greets me with a smile which looks more like a smirk to me. I also have a suspicion that she is two or three-timing me. I use life-buoy and listerine, do not have athlete's foot or any similar ailment. Just you try and get me out of this muddle.

—Rubinoff.

Answer:
My good fran' Rub'noff:
It is wary plain, as well as obvious dat something wery drastically iss wrong. But I heard it from a reliable source, what you bought yourself a wiolin. Is it not so? Dere iss your hanswer. Also I don't like to have said it but de shade vas up by your house last nite and I saw you kissing your wife. And I later found to my complete surprizal that you vasn't home last nite. He vas about Cantor's size.

Sincerely,
Milfert Heartsease