

The Teacola

A STUDENT PUBLICATION, JACKSONVILLE STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

VOLUME EIGHT

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NUMBER SEVEN

AS WE SEE IT

Fellow students, the Christmas holidays are really upon us, those lovely days that we look forward to from the first of September and backward to until the next Christmas blots them out. This year there will be an additional week to build up the Christmas spirit. Three weeks to do all you just don't have a possible chance to do while school is going on, and to rest for the labors of the year coming up—1943. Three weeks to make resolutions for the New Year and swear that this year you are really going to keep them, and to hope that 1943 will bring us, as a nation, victory and a promise of peace.

The Sophomore Hop turned out to be a success, but without the swell support of the students that success would have been impossible to achieve. It only goes to show that when we all go in together on something we can make an apparently hopeless case do right well, doesn't it?

After the basketball game was over, we heard rumors that one had been played. If there were better advertising of games, basketball fans could probably be persuaded to attend the games and amply support the team.

To all the seniors leaving us this quarter we offer a sad but fond farewell. We hate to see you go, we'll miss you a very great deal, and we wish you all the luck in the world.

The qualitative analysis course ended with the close of the last quarter, and with good luck we'll no longer be bothered by those suffocating fumes of (in case you didn't know what they were) hydrogen sulfide. Most of the teachers on third who have been peering in the lab to find "what the heck is cooking now," will rejoice at that announcement.

We hail the good news that

Annual Christmas Cantata Held At Methodist Church

The members of the JSTC Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Ada Curtiss, presented the Christmas Cantata last Sunday night at the Jacksonville Methodist Church. The title of this year's program was "The Prince of Peace" by Ashford.

The following numbers were given: Sing O Heav'n (choir); The Heavenly King (baritone solo) R. C. Smith; Fear Thou Not (soprano solo) Ovelle Kent; Hail, Bethlehem (contralto solo) Maxine Ashburn; O Holy Night (choir); There Were Shepherds (soprano solo) Louise Perdue; (duet) Mary Rivers and Marion Coffee; Bright Star of Hope (soprano and alto) Dorothy Roszell and Marion Coffee; March of the Magi (men's chorus); Blessed be the Lord God (chorus).

Members of the club are: Maxine Ashburn, Marjorie Pyron, Dorothy Roszell, Josephine Bonds, Mary Elizabeth McCluer, Mary Rivers, Edna Bailey, Frances Weaver, Marion Coffee, Charlotte Mock, and Dr. C. R. Wood, Jacksonville; Enell Avery, Mabel Duran, Guntersville; Florence Jenkins, Katherine Killebrew, Anniston; Ruth Matthews, Tallassee; Mary James Patton, Jamison; Beatrice Saffels, Crossville; Lennie Smith, Albertville; R. C. Smith, Pisgah; Inez Spears, Pyriton; Sara Nell Stockdale, Childersburg; Waymon Strother, Geraldine; Julia Kellett, Whiton; Dorothy Meeks, Wellington; Louise Perdue, Boaz; Ovelle Tumlin Kent, Graysville.

The Christmas Cantata has been for the past six or seven years an annual presentation by the choral clubs of the college. Before the practice of giving the cantatas was begun, separate programs were given at Christmas by the Glee Clubs. By now the yearly event has become a custom, and a very appropriate one it is, too.

The program is always held at the Methodist Church on the Sunday night before holidays so that



Christmas

1942



Star Eternal

(By James Francis Cooke)

What Faith have they, who millions strong,
Kneel now beneath the Star,
The Star that shone in Bethlehem's skies
O'er desert lands afar!

What strength have they, who hold aloft
The deathless will to win
Those sacred aims that fire their souls
Above the battle's din!

O little child in Mary's arms,
No conflict is too great
To keep on earth the peace Thou sought,
And end this war of hate!

To all the righteous throngs alive,
O'er every land and sea,
We pray Thee, Lord, to bring once more
The power to make them free.

Let Love and Kindness reign supreme
To right an age of wrong;
With Peace, Good Will, and Happiness
Again our Christmas song.

Student Lounge Opened Monday

The new student lounge was formally opened Monday evening, December 7, with a reception for students and faculty, followed by a tea dance.

The receiving line was composed of President and Mrs. Cole, officers and members of the Student Council. Henrietta Sharpe, vice-president of the Council, introduced the visitors to President Cole, who presented them to Mrs. Cole and the Council members.

The lounge was brightly lighted and was decorated with two baskets of red berries and foliage placed at either end of the room. A delicious sherbet punch was served throughout the evening by Helen Hart, Sara Fryar, Jo Denty, and Jean McGouirk. Beth Cole played lovely incidental music during the

Pageant To Be Given Thursday

On Thursday evening, December 11, at 7:30 o'clock, the annual Christmas pageant will be presented in the college gymnasium by members of the Freshman Arts Group. The pageant has become an institution in recent years and has been very favorably received by the faculty, students and townspeople, each year on some evening just preceding the holidays.

The pageant tells the Christmas story with accuracy and beauty. Passages from the scriptures are read as the scenes are enacted by the students. The colorful scenery and costumes, together with the music, make it an event which rightfully heralds the advent of the Christmas season.

The students and faculty group have worked diligently on the pageant during the Fall Quarter.

Noted Artist Visits Campus

A studio of her own in New York—a professional artist while still young—years of study in Paris; instruction in the Ecole de Beaux Arts, more of the art of the Italians to complete her studies in portrait painting: Mrs. Lillian Schmidt of Sheffield, Alabama, gives a very charming account of her life as an artist.

Mrs. Schmidt, who is completing a portrait of the late Dr. C. W. Daugette, former president of Jacksonville State Teachers College, talked at length about artists and their works, telling in an interesting manner of her early life in Ohio, her later life in New York, where she had a Fifth Avenue

States Rights Topic Of Graves' Address Monday November 23 At Local Community Center

John Temple Graves II continued the discussion of states' rights Monday evening, November 23rd, at the Forum meeting as begun by Congressman Sam Hobbs at the session two weeks earlier.

Preceding his address, a program of entertainment was presented by a group of service men from Fort McClellan, two vocalists, a pianist and a magician. Clay Brittain, president of the Student Council, presided over the meeting, and members of the Student Council were seated on the stage, including Henrietta Sharpe, vice-president; Mabel Duran, secretary; Frances Weaver, treasurer; Hascall Sharpe and Frances Kimball, freshman representatives; Wynelle Riddle and Jane Tompkins, sophomore representatives; Josephine

Community Singing Held

Students of the college occupied front seats at the Community Recreation Center Monday evening, November 30, when Augustus D. Zanzig, consulting expert on music for the U. S. Treasury Department, appeared as director of a Community Singing. He was accompanied by Dr. Alton O'Steen, state supervisor of music.

Miss Ada Curtiss, head of the music department, presided. She reminded the audience of the benefits of group singing; how it relieves strain and affords a common interest. She introduced Dr. O'Steen who in turn presented Mr. Zanzig to the large and enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Zanzig first led songs in tribute to the various branches of the service. He asked for the parents, wives, sweethearts and sisters of service men to stand. The veterans of the last war were recognized as were the men in uniform who were present. Among the songs sung in their honor were "The Caisson Song," "The Marine Hymn," and "Anchors Aweigh." At the request of Bobby Dillon, the Air Corps song was sung, with Bobby, Sonny

Sherrer and Waymon Strother, junior representatives; Mrs. H. B. Mock and Glenn Sides, senior representatives. The invocation was delivered by the Rev. E. L. Shirey.

Mr. Graves was introduced by Colonel Harry M. Ayers, publisher of The Anniston Star. Mr. Ayers paid tribute to his ability as a speaker and writer, and described him as one "whose words sing."

Mr. Graves stated that he was beginning where Congressman Hobbs left off in the discussion of states' rights. He attacked bureaucracy as opposed to states' rights and a threat to free enterprise.

"One of the best weapons against socialism or a total state after this war," he said, "will be the persistent faith of the South in states' rights, and the guarantee of that persistence in the peculiar circumstances which make it a region in some respects apart.

"A present enemy to states' rights is the bureaucrat at Washington who thinks all things are his province and the Marxian half of the New Deal which would put all mankind under one enslaving social control. But let us not forget that an equal and earlier enemy is the reactionary who held the states in such darkness that their rights were not decently exercised, that they were allowed to be exercised

ended with the close of the last quarter, and with good luck we'll no longer be bothered by those suffocating fumes of (in case you didn't know what they were) hydrogen sulfide. Most of the teachers on third who have been peering in the lab to find "what the heck is cooking now," will rejoice at that announcement.

• We hail the good news that comes to us from Africa and the Pacific with open arms and lifting hearts, but we couldn't help feeling a little sad when we read, the other day, an article in LIFE, the popular picture magazine. It opened with the words of a college song, "For your college life is a dream life, and your college days are dreams," and continued to say, "So goes an old college song that is truer today than ever before. The pictures you see on these pages will never be seen again. First, because the proposed draft law will sweep the colleges clean of their young men in a few short months. Second, because the end of the war will bring a new set of mores and customs to replace the pleasant practices depicted here." Sorry that we can't show the pictures that the magazine showed, but with those words you can probably catch the spirit we felt when we saw the article, and resolve, as we did, to make the most of school as it is now. At any rate, that's the way we see it.

• Don't know how you feel, but we feel that someone has granted us a pardon or reprieve in giving us a new quarter to clean out our note books and begin again. We feel as though the burden of the world has been lifted off our weary shoulders, and we can walk on air. Do you?

• Old man weather pulled a bad trick on us just as the last issue came out by changing his blustering icy tone to one of bland warm smoothness; consequently we made an error in this column. To help us straighten it out, will you please read last issue's write-up on cold weather? We believe that it will suit very well now.

FORMER STUDENT DIES IN TRAGIC ACCIDENT

Thurman Coker, a former student, was drowned Sunday night when he backed his car off a ferry on the Tallapoosa River, between Ashland and Wedowee. His body was not recovered until Tuesday.

Coker had been teaching in Clay County for a number of years, where he was a popular athletic coach. More recently he had been employed at Childersburg, holding a responsible defense position. He had been given special training for the work and was held in high regard by his employers.

During his days as a student, he was active in athletics and other

the past six or seven years an annual presentation by the choral clubs of the college. Before the practice of giving the cantatas was begun, separate programs were given at Christmas by the Glee Clubs. By now the yearly event has become a custom, and a very appropriate one it is, too.

The program is always held at the Methodist Church on the Sunday night before holidays so that the people of the whole town may enjoy the work of the Choral Club. It is looked forward to yearly by both the school and town people as the first celebration that ushers in the Christmas season.

Anniversary Of Pearl Harbor December 7

December 7th, "which will be remembered in infamy," was observed at assembly Monday morning under the direction of Mr. J. M. Anders, associate professor of history.

In introducing the program, Mr. Anders pointed out that the dishonorable aspect of the attack on Pearl Harbor, more than the attack itself, was the fact that we let Japan attack. He told how it was reported that the commanding admiral of the United States Navy had followed the policy of having the fleet berthed in different places each night when it returned from maneuvers, so that its location could not be known. The wives of the fleet's officers objected and carried their protests to authorities in Washington, who granted their requests that the fleet be brought into port each night, enabling the men to spend the nights at home. The admiral was removed to Washington and Admiral Nimitz and General Short were placed in command. The Japanese were able to learn the exact location of each ship and set up a model Pearl Harbor upon which they practiced an attack. They acquired perfect timing and accuracy, which served them well when the actual attack was made. Mr. Anders pointed out that it didn't take a genius to know that the Japanese would not declare war upon us since they had attacked Russia in the same manner, and that the greatest reflection was on us for being soft and asleep. Alan Humphries, Anniston, read a paper on "Why Japan Chose to Fight." He gave as his reasons: The domination of the military party in Japan; a desire for a decent standard of living; race and economic discrimination, and the desire for prestige.

Frances Kimball, Jacksonville, (See ANNIVERSARY, Page 4)

campus affairs, and many of the students and faculty members will regret to learn of his untimely passing.

visitors to President Cole, who presented them to Mrs. Cole and the Council members.

The lounge was brightly lighted and was decorated with two baskets of red berries and foliage placed at either end of the room. A delicious sherbet punch was served throughout the evening by Helen Hart, Sara Fryar, Jo Denty, and Jean McGouirk. Beth Cole played lovely incidental music during the reception.

The visitors then retired to the assembly hall for dancing. Upon walking into the hall, one immediately felt the Christmas atmosphere created by the beautifully lighted Christmas tree and the red candles in the windows. Dancing was enjoyed until ten o'clock.

The student lounge hereafter will be open every day for the benefit of all students, faculty, and visitors of the college. We urge you use this room at every opportunity.

The pageant tells the Christmas story with accuracy and beauty. Passages from the scriptures are read as the scenes are enacted by the students. The colorful scenery and costumes, together with the music, make it an event which rightfully heralds the advent of the Christmas season.

The students and faculty group have worked diligently on the pageant during the Fall Quarter. This year they have decided upon still-life scenes which will include the Halleluia Chorus; Out of Dark Silence (prophesies from Isaiah); Ave Maria, piano solo; Annunciation, Hail Mary, Magnificat; Scene at Bethlehem; Shepherd Scene; The Nativity; the Temple Scene, and Joy to the World as the climax.

E. L. Shirey, of Anniston, will serve as reader. Taking other parts will be Louise Bonino, Republic, as Mary; Edna Bailey, Jacksonville, as Gabriel, with other characters portrayed. (See PAGEANT, Page 4)

SIGNAL! SIREN! DARKNESS

(An Editorial)

The night was dark. Overhead the fleeting clouds darted beneath twinkling stars, causing the anti-aircraft batteries to blast away at the illuminating bodies millions of miles away. The frustrated Civilian gunners tried vainly to choose between them and the Jap (or was it Nazi) planes that swarmed overhead.

Due to her snug location in the mountains, thousands of miles behind the lines, this was Jacksonville's first air raid. Courageously, madly, but foolhardily, her citizens manned the guns and gave their lives to fight off the invader. But it was all of no avail.

For months the citizens of that little city had taken the practice blackout as an idea of some crack-brained person or persons who were making an honest but dumb effort to be patriotic. No! Air raids were something that happened in England; they were a mighty weapon that was being used to destroy German cities, and they were the things that were going to blast Ill Duce clear over the Alps. But the idea of having one in Jacksonville—Ha! Ha! Laugh that one off.

But now as enemy planes swarmed overhead, the folly of the people turned into frenzy. It was too much trouble to turn off the lights on the campus of the State Teachers College; now Daugette Hall lay in ruins; Bibb Graves was only a few smashed walls now; the street lights that burned brightly through it all were beacons to guide the great destructive birds to their objective, Fort McClellan. They had been the lighthouse that guided the flying ships of the enemy to another "Pearl Harbor"!

Fantastic, eh? Sure it is. But not nearly so fantastic as the fact that American citizens who are so gravely concerned about "our" boys in Africa, and the Solomons, can't hold a blackout successfully. But that is the situation! Last week during a twelve minute "blackout," lights—street lights, campus lights, lights in homes—continued blazing away in full brilliance. The students, the people of Jacksonville, consciously or unconsciously, fell down on a job.

Of course, this is the first blackout; there are many mistakes to iron out. Next time, let it be hoped—more than that, let it be seen to that the alarm is loud enough to resound against the mountains and into the homes of the community, that the lights, both those inside and those outside, be blacked out immediately.

Yes, the above account is fantastic, it's unreasonably fantastic, and let "us" see that it continues to be so.

Turn out the lights!

Mrs. Schmidt, who is completing a portrait of the late Dr. C. W. Daugette, former president of Jacksonville State Teachers College, talked at length about artists and their works, telling in an interesting manner of her early life in Ohio, her later life in New York, where she had a Fifth Avenue studio directly across from the old Waldorf-Astoria. Indeed, her first painting went into the hotel as a Christmas present.

Later going to Paris, Mrs. Schmidt began an exhaustive study of works of the foremost artists, particularly portrait studies, which are her favorite. She added that at that time, contemporary artists weren't recognized and weren't allowed to exhibit in the galleries in London, Paris, or even New York. But now American artists have various works in the galleries.

Mrs. Schmidt said that she has made about twenty-five trans-Atlantic voyages. On one trip back to America from Paris, she met her future husband because of an incident at table: A gentleman was sitting beside her and was evidently having difficulty in ordering a meal. The waiter was American and so couldn't understand the gentleman's different attempts in French, Italian, German, and Spanish to select foods which he wanted. Seeing that she might be of assistance, the future Mrs. Schmidt offered to give his order in English. She did and from that date a romance began which subsequently led to marriage.

Today, Mrs. Schmidt, with years of experience as an artist, said that her great hope is for an art gallery for Northern Alabama. She is also interested in all of Alabama, expressing the wish that Birmingham and Montgomery will have art galleries large enough to house the works of art to be exhibited. Mrs. Schmidt believes that post-war reconstruction will bring about changes which will favor art in Alabama and the entire country. When the war is finished, she plans to have one-man shows with her husband, who is now interested in portraying the Southern negro.

Asked about her present work, the portrait of Dr. Daugette, Mrs. Schmidt said that she had wanted to paint the late president when she first met him. She was delighted when the opportunity came to portray him from life through her medium, oils. Too, Mrs. Schmidt has painted Dr. Willingham, one-time president of Florence State Teachers College, ex-governor Whitman of New York, Governor Nash of Ohio, and other distinguished citizens.

due to the various branches of the service. He asked for the parents, wives, sweethearts and sisters of service men to stand. The veterans of the last war were recognized as were the men in uniform who were present. Among the songs sung in their honor were "The Caisson Song," "The Marine Hymn," and "Anchors Aweigh." At the request of Bobby Dillon, the Air Corps song was sung, with Bobby, Sonny Leonard and Guigui Jones leading the audience.

Songs about home, romance and a hope for "peace ever after" were included. Little Miss Gloria Wood led the audience in singing, "The White Cliffs of Dover." Miss Christine McCann, widely known Alabama violinist, of the WPA Recreation staff, contributed two violin numbers, and led the audience in singing a negro spiritual. Dr. O'Steen was accompanist.

The concluding song was a hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers." Mr. Zanzig completely charmed his audience and the affair was declared to have been one of the most delightful of all those held here this year.

Mr. Zanzig was formerly a professor at Smith College, Harvard University and the University of Texas. He is traveling over the country as a representative of the Treasury Department to promote community singing. He spent only four days in Alabama, visiting the University of Alabama, Montgomery, Anniston, and the Jacksonville State Teachers College.

Dean Wood JSTC's Delegate At Convention

The delegate to the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools from JSTC this year was Dr. C. E. Wood, dean. The association met in Memphis, Tennessee, from November 30 until December. Dr. Wood reports that the highlights of the interesting convention were as follows:

1. A report on general education in the colleges and universities of the United States by Dean C. A. Ives of L. S. U. An important point in Dean Ives' talk was that, as it is commonly known, there is a distinct trend toward giving courses in general education in the first two years of college and university.

2. An address by Senator A. B. "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky. He is chairman of a military committee in the Senate which visited the war fronts recently. The theme of Senator Chandler's message was that although we have an uphill battle and no one can tell how long the war will last, we are definitely on the offensive. He pleaded with the colleges and high schools to adjust their programs to meet the

(See DEAN WOOD, Page 4)

"A present enemy to states' rights is the bureaucrat at Washington who thinks all things are his province and the Marxian half of the New Deal which would put all mankind under one enslaving social control. But let us not forget that an equal and earlier enemy is the reactionary who held the states in such darkness that their rights were not decently exercised, that they were allowed to be agencies of protection for the strong against the weak, the backward-looking against the forward looking, the march of prejudice against the march of time," he asserted.

"Pearl Harbor has taught us many things, and the greatest of these is that with rights go duties. So it must be with our states. Those who fail in their duty to keep up with time, to make a true democracy, to recognize the need of some federation, especially now in time of total war, even as they oppose the undoubted tendency to over-centralization—are enemies of their own rights.

"I am for 'states' rights,' more so every day, but I know that those words too often have been profaned, along with two other sets of words — 'the right to work' and, yes, 'the freedom of the press.' The great issue after the war is going to be free enterprise against collectivism. Only half of the enemies of free enterprise will be found in the collectivist camp. The other half will be found in the camp of anarchy, of laissez faire, and those who cry 'states' rights,' and 'local government,' and 'down with federal bureaucracy' when all they mean is 'up with the right of the strong to prey on the weak,' 'up with the right of the unsocial to destroy society,' 'up with the right of the anarchists to kill liberty for us all.'

"Those of us who believe in states' rights as a manifestation of true liberalism know that we have to call our shots and watch our company these days. And that is true also for those who believe in this thing called free enterprise without which there can be no real democracy. It needs to be said that free enterprise was not invented by the National Association of Manufacturers. It was invented by God; discovered for America by Thomas Jefferson, saved for America by Abraham Lincoln, and adapted to America's machine age by Woodrow Wilson.

"Neither is free enterprise threatened solely by the mounting bureaucracy of the federal government, as so many seem to think. It is threatened, too, by things the members of the National Association of Manufacturers do, by things the members of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations do, by things the American Farm Bureau Federation, and by the things all of us do.

"What is free enterprise? It is (See STATES' RIGHTS, Page 4)

THE TEACOLA

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-- STAFF --

Editor Billy Grissom
Associate Editor Charlotte Mock
Society Editor Marion Coffee
Sports Editor Robert Cox
Assistants to Sports Editor Earl Lindsay,
James Jones, Jr.
Feature Editor Wynelle Riddle
Feature Writers: Mary Rivers, Sara Nell Stockdale, Florence Jenkins.
Editorial Writers: Clay Brittain, Mary James Patton, Allan Humphreys, Charles Johnson, Ruth Mathews, Bill Hamilton.
Reporters: Jane Tompkins, Lester Sims, Dowling Wheeler, Hascall Sharp, Elizabeth James, Jeffie Pearl Landers.
Circulation Manager Joe Wilson
Assistant to Circulation Manager Lorene Guice
Typist Josephine Bond

of explanation cooked up which, wrong though it may be, helps us hide the fact from ourselves that we were so completely and thoroughly fooled.

"It's fun to be fooled. It's more fun to know." This is at least half true. It's more fun to know; but, dad-gum-it, who knows? Nine or ten tenths of the entire town explains the phenomena by simply saying, "It went up his sleeve." If it did, if that great big bird cage went up his sleeve while his arm was still in it!—well it's harder to believe that than to believe it actually vanished in thin air!

DOG PROBLEM

Today in JSTC there is a problem of a very troublesome nature confronting both the students and faculty. It has been bothering the students very much, and at times has been nearly on the point of the danger line.

This problem, which is of major importance, concerns the freedom with which dogs are allowed to roam the halls of this school.

Dogs can be very troublesome and mean at times, and it seems that when they are loose in the school, there is a tendency for them to both disturb classes and be in everyone's way at the same time.

The dogs that roam the halls of this school set a very mean example. For example, a student was walking leisurely down the hall one day minding his own business when all of a sudden he ran upon a big black mongrel with his teeth bared. The student was frightened out of his wits and scrambled off as fast as he could toward the other end of the hall with the dog close behind. The only thing that saved this student was the brightly polished floor. The floor was so slick that at every corner the dog would slide up against the wall, thus stunning himself and enabling the student to escape.

This is the problem confronting the students and faculty in JSTC today, and if dogs are allowed to come into the school and roam the halls of their own free will, there should be some measure for the protection of the students and faculty.

Ye Olde Gossippe

We have so many little angels around here that we can't get any gossip. Unless somebody commits a major or minor crime or does something to make subject matter for this tattle-tale column, it will have to be discontinued. So if you know any dirt, how about letting us in on it?

Wonder why TOM and FRANCES always sit way off in the corner in MR. HENDRIX'S English class . . . What happened to MAMMA STOCKDALE'S soldier, JACK? . . . Keep a happy heart, HELEN PATE, ROY will get a night off soon . . . News, news, news. We hear that ELINOR tells everything in her sleep, especially her affair with STANLEY.

BILL, you will miss walking to dinner with ELIZABETH every day, won't you? Now you can start riding with the boys again . . . Taking a peek into the music room the other day, I saw "SAMMY" (LESTER) SIMS leading a group of boys from his piano stool. The music sounded much like a young orchestra. Good work, LESTER old boy, we are counting on you . . . What influence do ELIZABETH and MARION have over HASCALL SHARP? He was going to let them cut his hair. Better watch them, HASCALL.

STANLEY asked ELINOR to marry him, and we're eager to know what the answer will be . . . Why did "TADPOLE" stare so longingly at the "EARLY" bird when the soldier sang "My Hero" in assembly the other day? . . . We hear "FLOSSIE'S" only one is giving a certain Forney Hall boy dirty looks lately . . . The Lieutenant ELIZABETH has been dating will miss her unless she comes back. So come on back, ELIZABETH.

CLAY says that blackouts are o. k., but they could be much better if they would only let a fellow know when they are gonna have one . . . JEFFIE has been mighty forlorn since EARL went away. Don't worry, honey, he'll be a comin' back soon . . . R. COX seemed to get full benefit from the blackout.

DEACON SHARP has a new song that is mighty purty, mighty purty . . . DEASON and MCGUIRK, the jerk, are happily reunited, we have it first hand . . . A note was turned into the grab box containing: "BAR C and DELL." But that ain't the way we heard it! . . . DOYLE KIRK is called "PAPA KIRK" by his Forney Hall friends. Wonder why? . . . Speaking of BAR C, wasn't that a pretty solo he sang at the cantata?

MARY JAMES PATTON rates visits from a "DANDY" soldier almost every week. How does she do it? . . . The other day SARA NELL got a call from one of her soldier friends. He told her he was coming to see her on a furlough. She said: "Honey, don't you come on no furlough. You take a bus!"

JANE TOMPKINS gets lots of letters since CORPORAL LUCHICKAS departed . . . Shame on you, BILL HAMILTON and ALAN HUMPHRIES, for talking about girls in

DECEMBER 7, 1941 . . . DECEMBER 7, 1942

This year December seventh is a significant date—the anniversary of that black day when the war lords of Japan cast the die for international treachery and the United States was precipitated from neutrality into war.

Throughout the nation we will mark this day, and our men fighting throughout the world will mark it. Bitterness will in some measure claim this day for her own, but it seems certain that the true temper of the day will be akin to the solemnity of spirit of Thanksgiving.

We can thank God we survived the cataclysmic days of the past year. And we can do more than that.

As a united and free people, confident in strength, we shall honor the men and women who have already given their lives in the struggle; we shall give thanks unto God that we have survived the trying days of our history, when victory was only with the powers of darkness and degradation; we shall clear-headedly assess what has been done in our one year of war and what lies ahead in terms of Work, Fight, Sacrifice rather than selfishness, greed, prestige; we shall re-dedicate our strength, our wealth, and our very life to preserving the concepts we know to be true and more precious than life itself when enslaved—the Bill of Rights, the Constitution of the United States, the Magna Carta.

We cannot do this with words: it is done rather with a spirit that must flow from the heart, the realization that our truths are the very essence and life blood of America and that to defend these truths we must be prepared to surrender what is most dear and dear to us, save these, and these alone.

The war is not being fought because of a cowardly, dastardly attack by a pack of little

« Our Boys Write »

U. S. S. FIDELITY
(AM 96)
October 16, 1942.

Dear Mr. Gary:

I've thought many times in the past 10 or 12 months that I'd write you, but somehow never got around to it. There's no telling how many times I've thought about you and the many happy days I spent in Forney Hall. Those were probably the most happy and carefree days I'll ever spend. I've been wondering too if you've been getting your share of chicken since Decker and I left school. I have an idea the boys are not taking proper care of your appetite. Maybe it's because they don't know its capacity as well as we did.

The last time I was in Jacksonville was last December when I was up there to get Bruner "married off." I saw the thing finished off properly and then went back home and was in bed a week. Probably the shock of losing a comrade to the sea of matrimony speeded my sick spell.

Well, I was called into the navy in January—having signed up the previous September. After spending four months in Midshipmen's School in Chicago, I was commissioned an ensign and was ordered to duty in New Orleans—from there to Mobile, and then back to New Orleans for transportation to my present duty.

While in Mobile I ran into Frank Bassett, who was also an ensign the very first thing.

won't let him communicate with us.

If any chickens, especially those with a "French" accent, fly in the dormitory windows these nights I wonder if the boys take "proper" care of them. After this war is over Decker and I will have to come back up there and put you on a good chicken stew. Do you think you could stand one?

Well, I've rambled on quite a bit and haven't said much either. After I get this mailed I'll probably think of a dozen things that I wanted to write—and that reminds me of one now. If you happen to know where Cullom Hinds is located, I wish you'd write me his address. I've lost track of him too.

I hope you can find time to write me before long. When you're away from home all the time, letters surely do help out a lot. You probably remember that from the last war. About all the news I hear from Jacksonville is what Sara Fryar writes me and what I hear from home.

Take care of yourself and don't be too hard on the boys.

As ever, Your Friend,
BISMARCK EVANS

(Guess I'm still "Duckhead" to you)
Address:
Ensign G. B. Evans, Jr.
USS Fidelity (AM 96)
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.
(Morgan Annex)

377 Sqd 68 S. G.

We cannot do this with words: it is done rather with a spirit that must flow from the heart, the realization that our truths are the very essence and life blood of America and that to defend these truths we must be prepared to surrender what is most dear and dear to us, save these, and these alone.

The war is not being fought because of a cowardly, dastardly attack by a pack of little yellow madmen. It is being fought to preserve America and all for which she stands against ruthless aggrandizement on the part of any man or any nation. It is being fought by free men everywhere, men who know the right and live by it! Men who knew and worshipped the right and lived by it!—(Orange And White)

WAR CHRISTMAS

In the many yuletide seasons gone by, we of the younger generation have been able to buy almost any article that we wanted. Old Saint Nick has been able to get a sufficient supply of shining, nickel-plated toys with rubber tires and handles to go around to all the kiddies who have behaved well during the year.

This year, however, the situation is very different. The Axis forces facing our boys and the Allies with guns, tanks, planes, and ships, have caused a great international conflict which has created many shortages. Because of these shortages, rationing programs have resulted. People in general are getting higher wages, but they cannot buy just anything they want with this war money.

If you had walked up to a person a year ago and said, "Mister, a year from now, money won't buy just anything you want," what do you suppose he would have said? Don't you imagine that he would have probably made use of that coined American expression, "Go jump in the lake"? To tell anyone a year ago that money wouldn't buy any material thing that a person wanted this December would have been absurd. People would probably have pronounced you as a lunatic or an ideal patient for a psychiatrist.

Today, we are faced with this situation, nevertheless, and we must adapt ourselves to it. There are going to be many complaints from all over the country, because articles heretofore accepted as being marketable forever cannot be purchased. In order to keep down such a complaining attitude when we really need a spirit of good fellowship and unity, let us each express our complaints within our own selves, and look favorably toward a "white Christmas."

"IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW"

Even the most alert and wary among us were mystified last Wednesday morning when slight-of-hand artist, Private Harlan LaVine of Fort McClellan, appeared and began to make things disappear. The bird-cage trick, which seems to be his favorite illusion, left many of our skeptical scholars with their eyes bulging and many of our logic-minded professors believing in the black art of magic. How he did it will always remain a mystery to most of us; nevertheless, we probably all have some sort

ary—having signed up the previous September. After spending four months in Midshipmen's School in Chicago, I was commissioned an ensign and was ordered to duty in New Orleans—from there to Mobile, and then back to New Orleans for transportation to my present duty.

While in Mobile I ran into Frank Bassett, who was also an ensign, the very first thing. He has since been sent to Mine Warfare School in Yorktown, Virginia. He has become the proud father of a baby girl. He met his wife in Chicago and they had a very speedy romance.

I was in New Orleans around September 1st and ran into Curtis Williams. He has duty on a minesweeper of the same type as the one I'm on. I don't know where he is now. His wife (Norma Plunkett) was with him at the time. Looks like all the boys are getting married.

Kathryn told me of seeing you in the bus station in Birmingham the other week end when I was home. I surely am sorry I didn't get to see you—it surely would have been a treat.

As you probably know Decker is in Officers' Candidate School in Fort Benning, Georgia. I've heard from him a couple of times since he's been there and from what he says they must be working him about as hard as they worked us in Chicago. I'm really glad he got to go and believe he'll make a good officer. (Editor's Note: Decker has been commissioned Lieutenant in the U. S. Army since this letter was written.)

You would really have appreciated seeing me study while I was in Midshipmen's School. I never knew anybody could study as hard as I did. The fact that I never did study much in college didn't help me any either. I guess I should have listened to what you used to tell me.

When you write me I'll be glad to hear all the news and gossip. Since Miss Rees left you probably have someone else "on the string" to keep you posted on what the female side of the faculty is doing—what about that?

I was never so glad of a change in my life as I was when I left Mobile. That place is a hell-hole if I ever saw one. It's crowded to death with shipyard workers and the transportation facilities are terrible. The duty I got after leaving there was more to my liking. I've been wanting sea duty ever since I got my commission, and now that I'm on a ship I'm very well pleased. I'm in hopes I'll see some real action some time in the future. We have a fine ship, good officers, and a splendid crew—and that's all you can ask for. Now I'm ready for all of us to begin to get this war over with—and I only hope I can do my part well. At least I'm going to fight and work the best and hardest I can.

There's not much more I can tell you about my duty. Of course I can't write anything about where I am or what I'm doing at present.

Do you have any idea as to where Bruner is? Decker and I have both lost trace of him during the past few months. His wife probably thinks we're a bad influence on him and

BISMARCK EVANS
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(Morgan Annex)

377 Sqd. 68 S. G.
Pendleton Field
Pendleton, Oregon

Dear Henrietta:

I had intended waiting until I reached my next camp before I wrote you, but then I decided maybe you'd like an Oregon post mark, so here's one with my best wishes.

I graduated from the radio school last October 31, the proud (?) holder of one of eleven diplomas signed by a general. I was fourth from 310 grads. But, darn it, they promised us wings, and then didn't give them to us. I didn't appreciate that; I had been looking forward to wearing them.

You should have been with me on the trip out here. Besides seeing lots of interesting and interested boys, you would have appreciated the beautiful and majestic mountains, and the other inspiring scenery thru which we rode.

For a while after we started, though, things weren't so good. Throughout Nebraska and in part of Colorado and Wyoming the surroundings were just one great flat, yellow-brown expanse which seemed very drab and not at all like the great grain producing country I had imagined it. But it held one really new experience for me; I rode on an escalator in the Omaha railway station. That station, by the way, is one of the best kept and finest I've seen anywhere—even better than the one at Chicago.

But after we entered the mountains the scenery became wilder and more picturesque. Off in the distance we could see huge snow clad peaks painted blue by their distance from us, and near at hand great, many-shaped rocks and boulders which caused my imagination to try to pick out a wild Indian crouching behind one with drawn bow—but evidently I couldn't quite find one; or else he missed me when he shot, for here I am still writing.

Our camp is situated here on the top of a great mesa which rises high above the valley in which lies the town of Pendleton. Pendleton has a population of about 12,000 when all of us soldiers get down there. The people aren't nearly as nice as those from Madison.

I am with a "hot" squadron which means that we will embark within a couple of months. But within those months, I'm afraid, lies very much hard work, something toward which I've always felt a definite aversion. Since I've graduated I haven't even seen an aircraft radio, and to top it all I sold my radio when I left Madison.

Well, I'm sure you are tired of reading all this stuff and I know you don't believe any of it which is well and good so—Bye.

As ever,
SCOTT.

P. S. I'll try to send you a card from where I go, so you needn't answer till then.

MARY JAMES PATTON rates visits from a "DANDY" soldier almost every week. How does she do it? . . . The other day SARA NELL got a call from one of her soldier friends. He told her he was coming to see her on a furlough. She said: "Honey, don't you come on no furlough. You take a bus!"

JANE TOMPKINS gets lots of letters since CORPORAL LUCHICKAS departed . . . Shame on you, BILL HAMILTON and ALAN HUMPHRIES, for talking about girls in church!

We can hardly wait to see DOT LANE in her Christmas present. We are wishing you a very merry Christmas, DOT.

We hear that DOWLING WHEELER and CHARLIE JOHNSON are moving to the city because the country is at war . . . Midst a "blare of bugles, the ruffle of drums," the noise and fanfare of an excited crowd, the mayor of SHORTY'S home town stepped forth to present the key of the city to the fair young lady by his side—the lassie, none other than MISS LENORA DEMPSEY! . . . LONEETI WHITE and PAT KING—need we say more?

MRS. KENT don't like teddy bears, so she goes away from teddy bear and leaves him with her friend, who likewise don't like teddy bears but who don't say nothing . . . (Editor's Note: Tch, Tch, such grammar!)

It was a dark, rainy, and dreary night. The wind was fierce as it wrestled with the branches of the trees outside and cut through our heaviest coats; there appeared, disappeared and kept reappearing in the window of a certain dormitory a very mysterious face. It was evidently looking for something. Who was the figure and where did the convertible go?

MARION COFFEE and ELIZABETH JAMES have been seen several times lately with two nice looking lieutenants . . . MR. KIRK (DOYLE) seems to have it bad about that girl in Weatherly . . . COOLIDGE SIMS is seen at Daugette Hall lots now. Could it be because of LENORA DEMPSEY? . . . We used to say that you see more of SARA when SEYMOUR is away, but with SEYMOUR here the lieutenant still sees a lot of SARA.

MARY JAMES PATTON rates—having her breakfast in bed and served by MRS. DILLON . . . FERRELL GAMBLE is waiting for the day when SHADE comes down in his parachute . . . POLLY SIDES and FRANCES LOCKRIDGE have really been stepping out. Too much of the same thing is monotonous, isn't it POLLY? . . . Has anyone heard about LUCILLE REDMOND moving to the city because the country was at war? . . . NANCY TREADAWAY is to be complimented on the way she takes her ratting . . . LILLIE NORRIS, hadn't you better watch out and not give WOODY and POE a date on the same night? . . . How about it ENELL, who is the "LOUIE"? You too, FERRELL . . . JANE, you look lonesome these days. Has your "SHICK" gone . . . One day we ambled into ENELL AVERY'S room and found her cleaning up as hard as she could go. When asked what the rush was, she replied, "I had a burst of energy and thought I would clean up my room before I got lazy again" . . . LONETI WHITE is first hot and then cold. Hope she gets her heat regulated some day . . . MARTHA FREEMAN found a ring worm the other day and stepped on it. It left no circle, much less a ring . . . Last summer JENKINI and WILLBANKS were as thick as thieves, and then all of a sudden "poof," it was over. Oh well, that's the way it goes.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

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GATLING-FARR WEDDING
 THANKSGIVING EVENT

The marriage of Miss Rita Farr to Ensign Charles Chestnutt Gatling took place Saturday evening at Trinity Church in Birmingham, with Dr. Thaddeus McDonald officiating.

Nuptial music was furnished by Mildred Farr, an aunt of the bride.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, Raymond Farr. Captain James T. Gatling served his son as best man. Ushers were Billy Crouch, Jack Brittain, and Lee Duvall.

Following the ceremony the couple left for San Diego where they will be at home.

Ensign Gatling, a former student, has a wide circle of friends on the campus. He left school last Spring to enter the Navy Air Corps and for a time was stationed in Atlanta. His bride attended one of the dances here and met many of the students.

RUTH BOULDIN WEDS
 LEROY BLANKENSHIP

Ruth Bouldin and Pfc. Leroy Blankenship, of Fort McClellan, were married Saturday, November 22nd.

The bride is a former student and is now teaching at Mount Olive in Jackson County. Her home is at Henegar.

Pfc. Blankenship is a native of Huntington, West Virginia, and has been stationed at Fort McClellan for several months.

"RED" KEMP RECEIVES
 ANOTHER PROMOTION

It will be of interest to the host

of friends of "Red" Kemp among students and alumni to learn that he has received another promotion. He was recently advanced to the rank of captain. His present address is: Captain James B. Kemp, 612 Tank Destroyer Battalion, Camp Swift, Texas.

He left Jacksonville in November 1940 with the Alabama National Guard, having the rank of second lieutenant.

MRS. A. E. CULBERSON
 AUXILIARY PRESIDENT

Mrs. A. E. Culberson (Katherine Johnston) was recently re-elected president of the Auxiliary of the Calhoun County Medical Association. She is the wife of Dr. Culberson of Anniston, but formerly made her home in Jacksonville with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. LaFayette Johnston.

For a number of years she taught in the Anniston schools.

Ensign and Mrs. James Williams (Elizabeth Weaver) are at home in San Francisco, California.

Thad Barrow has been stationed at Jacksonville, Florida, with the U. S. Navy. He is only ninety miles from the home of his mother.

Lt. and Mrs. Richard L. Miller (Dorothy Wood) have a little son, Richard Charles, born November 8th.

Mrs. Ted York (Marguerite Fryar) and Miss Sara Fryar visited Private Ted York at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, recently.

Freshmen You Should Know . . .

The fall quarter of 1942 has come to an end. Hasty studying and theme writing have been done by the members of the freshman class during the last week. The afore-said studying has made it next to impossible for us to get around as much as we did last week, but we took an afternoon off just for the sake of keeping up the waning spirits of the desperate freshmen. We found that most of them were indeed desperate, going to any lengths to get the least plausible idea for a composition in English. In fact, it has been reported that

awfully pretty girl and we are naturally glad to have her sit with us. Ruth Anne graduated from AHS as did several other students here. She worked in a dentist's office this summer and has aspirations to become a dental hygienist. Her course here in school is one which will be the most advantageous to her. She is still bubbling over with excitement from last Saturday night when she "led out" in the Sophomore Hop. This was an honor even for a freshman. She talks about her father who is in the Army and about another soldier or

« Campus Personality »

On the nineteenth day of that wildest, that fiercest, that most unpredictable month of all months, in the year of 1922, there was born 'way down in Dixie a wee helpless infant who was destined to become one of the most outstanding personalities on our campus.

His home is in Alexandria, Alabama, where he grew up leading a normal life that included football, of which he is quite a fan. And he also admits rather sheepishly a few fights. Our hearts do ache when we think of how the other fellow must have always looked afterwards.

There is, however, in his otherwise peaceful past one incident that he is afraid time will never completely erase from his memory. The occasion was an assembly program. He forgot his speech. And so he cried. He cried hard. I must though, in all fairness to his manly pride, tell you that this happened in grammar school.

Ranking first among things that he likes are debates, newspaper work, movies, dancing, chewing the rag, reading, and ice cream, and Morgans, and girls.

When he was a freshman here he served as first speaker for the Calhoun Literary Society. In '42 he was again first speaker. I might



CLAY BRITTAIN

add that the Calhouns won this time.

We mentioned before that he likes newspaper work. Not only does he like it but is really good along the line as was shown by his work as editor of The Teacola last year. He is obviously rather

versatile in his interests and abilities since he has also served as president of the "Y" for over a year and has taken quite a part in our new student government. He has also shown considerable interest in the treasury department of said government. You might think that 'tis a pity there're not more like him. Well, my friends, I would have you know that he tells us he has a twin sister!

Our friend announced that he considers our school as good as any in the state, omitting none, and that he thinks the "Old Oaken Bucket" one of the most beautiful songs he ever heard. There's some little something in the title—you know. But he likes blackouts better'n nearly everything else in the world. "They're a good thing," he says. "We ought to have them more often."

Our campus personality this time, friends, is a third quarter junior and one of the best dishwashers to be found throughout the country. He is a member of the United States Naval Reserve and is the president of our student government. Quite a regular fellow is he. And he is none other than Clay (Chesty) Brittain.

JOHN McCLUER MADE
 LIEUTENANT

John McCluer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leon McCluer, visited home recently to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. A short time before, he was commissioned a lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

John, a former student, was a member of Company H, Alabama National Guard, and was mobilized in November 1940. He was stationed at Camp Blanding, Florida, and at Camp Bowie, Texas, before being recommended for officers' training at Fort Benning, Georgia.

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES GUEST
 OF HONOR AT DINNER

An elaborate dinner was served on Monday evening at the Hendrix home when Mr. Lance J. Hendrix entertained in honor of Mr. John Temple Graves II.

The lovely home was beautifully decorated with fall flowers in the living room and dining room. The dinner table was lighted with candles. The central decoration was a colorful bowl of fruit.

The menu consisted of turkey and all the fixings.

Covers were laid for the following: Mr. Graves, Colonel Harry M. Ayers, Mr. Houston Cole, Dr. C. E.

WEATHERLY HALL NEWS

At a regular house meeting, December first, house officers were elected for the new quarter. Mary James Patton succeeded Ferrell Gamble as president. Lorene Guice was elected vice-president and chairman of the social committee. Pauline Sides became secretary and treasurer, and Frances Lockridge, Martha Freeman, and Loneti White, members of the social committee.

These new officers are already showing their ability and interest in their positions, by planning the annual Weatherly Hall Christmas party.

Weatherly girls always have a big Christmas party to end up the fun of "Peanut Week." You should see the girls slipping candy, fruit, and little gifts into the "peanut's" room without anyone seeing them. So far, everyone is in doubt as to who her peanut is. All mysteries will be solved at the gay Christmas party being planned.

The girls at Weatherly Hall are glad to have Nancy Treadaway join them. She makes another Rat. That brings to mind the Rat Meetings we had the other night. For a long time we've been sitting around listening to the boys tell tales about their Rat Meetings and how they "spanked" the boys.—We upperclassmen decided we would try "spanking" our Rats. After

BLIND STUDENT
 ENROLLED AT COLLEGE

Among the interesting new students who registered at the beginning of the Winter Quarter is Euclid Rains, of Albertville. Euclid has been blind since he was six years old. When he was three he injured one of his eyes with a pair of scissors, and when he was six he lost the sight of both of them.

He began his education at the Talladega School for the Blind and completed the elementary and high school courses there. He studied primary music, and specialized in band music, learning to play the baritone. Upon graduation, he entered Snead Junior College at Boaz and finished two years of college work there. Now he has entered the college here with the expectation of working toward a degree. After he receives his degree here, he will enter law school.

Although Euclid has been in Jacksonville only a short time, he has already won the friendship of everybody at Forney Hall, and of a great many other students who are in his classes. All of them comment upon his ability to learn voices so that he is able to call most of their owners by name.

In a personal interview with Euclid, this writer asked him about how he prepared his lessons. He

Forney Follies

BY
 BILLY
 GRISSOM

"His clothes are all ragged,
 His language is rough—
 He eats corn-dogers,
 My goodness! How tough!"

G. Howard Sides, the biggest, eatingest, toughest lad ever to grace or disgrace the halls of Forney, has made his departure and will soon, in his own rugged way, grace "the Halls of Montazuma," or wherever the U. S. Marines hang out. This lanky leatherneck is craving action, and his chosen branch of the service is trying hard to accommodate him. He is to leave December 21 for Parris Island, South Carolina, to begin his training.

Glen is only one of Forney Hall's men in the service. Fellows who once took lodging in our dormitory are now fighting at the four corners of the world!

Forney Hall! Producer of fighting men! Named for a fighting man, General John Forney!

This is a story of revenge—revenge so gruesome and cold-blooded that only the bravest of you should read of its gory details; revenge, not sweet, but bitter, cold, deadly. I was unlucky enough to be an eye-witness to this revengeful epic, and shudderingly I pass it on to you as accurately as inadequate words will describe it.

For a long time or maybe longer a cauldron of ill-will had been brewing between Forney's gift to the fair sex, Playboy Deason, and another handsome inmate whose name will necessarily be kept secret. As usual the cause for conflict was a woman. It seems that Deason took a liking to this fellow's girl, took liberty undue a freshman, and took her. The loser, smouldering with jealousy, swore to have his revenge. Nothing hap-

pened for a few days. The bitter loser kept waiting for an opportune time, meanwhile "nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

At last his waiting came to an end. A brutal idea found its way into his scheming brain. He arose in the black of night, dressed, and stealthily crept toward the young Deason's room, a fiendish gleam from his eyes cutting through the blackness and lighting his way. Slowly he opened the door to Deason's quarters and glided silently, like a hungry cat stalking a mouse, to where the object of his wrath lay sleeping. With a deadly deliberation he woke John, and with a voice of fury he lashed his victim with these stinging words:

"Git up, Deason! Git up and suffer! Now you'll get what's coming to you; I've waited for a long time for this moment. I'm going to tell you something that will ruin this Christmas and all the others to come for you! There ain't no Santa Claus, Deason! What do you think of that? There ain't none at all!"

Whereupon the avenger hastily withdrew leaving a disillusioned heartbreaker heartbroken.

Getting away from frivolity for a change, this column, representing the fellows of Forney Hall, pays its humble respects and extends its heartiest welcome to Euclid Rains, a newcomer to our clan who cannot see with his eyes but who can see with his ears, see with his nose, and see with his hands. Indeed, he can see so much better than most of us that we feel ashamed of ourselves. Euclid wants to become a lawyer, and with his abundance of determination, we don't see how he can fail.

LOUDER AND FUNNIER

Two pigeons, residents of Bibb Graves' ledges, were sitting discussing this and that one sunny day, when a foreign pigeon alighted and minced toward them.

"Get a load of that," exclaimed one of the natives to the other, "that pigeon is walking people-toed."

You've probably heard about the inmate of a lunatic asylum who was white-washing the ceiling atop a tall ladder. A fellow nut called up to him.

"Hey, Nicodemus," he yelled, "have you got a good grip on that brush?"

"Sure thing," the first answered. "Good. I'm taking the ladder."

ATTENTION HEP-CATS!

Did you know that an orchestra is beginning to take form in the halls of JSTC? Those peculiar noises you've been hearing down in the music room were issuing together for the first time. All that is needed now is some more sax players and a little support from the faculty and student body. If anyone has any suggestions or can play an instrument, please see Lester Sims or Dowling Wheeler right away for a try-out. It is something worth while.

seems that most lunacy stories require very energetic and workman-like maniacs. Anyway, this character was wearing a pair of overalls

ARIS as did several other students during the last week. The afore-said studying has made it next to impossible for us to get around as much as we did last week, but we took an afternoon off just for the sake of keeping up the waning spirits of the desperate freshmen. We found that most of them were indeed desperate, going to any lengths to get the least plausible idea for a composition in English. In fact, it has been reported that several upper-classmen were found dead in their rooms and their old freshman themes were missing. (Biology tests were passed and failed but one freshman was confused by the grade she received—who ever heard of an F-plus?)

Martha Freeman, although human, was up on her themes, passed her biology test, and still had time to talk to us. We went down to the grab and sat at one of the tables and, despite many interruptions, had a nice heart-to-heart talk. There's a girl who was born in Ider, Alabama, March 17, 1923, and finished high school in 1941, who looks and acts exactly like Martha Freeman; she is Martha's twin sister, Mary. The main difference between the two of them is that Martha is in school here at JSTC and stays at Weatherly Hall, while her sister is at home. Her favorite subjects in school are science and physical education. Her favorite sport is volley ball. There's a gentleman that she frequently keeps company with. His name is David, but unfortunately, he's only a child, a soldier's child, whom she keeps quite often when his mother is gone. Martha plans to be a physical education teacher. As we sit talking, in walks Florence Jenkins and takes a seat with us. "Flossie" is not quite so fortunate as Martha in regard to themes. Florence was born and has lived all her life in Anniston. College life is a new experience to her as it is to most of us, but she seems to be making the most of it. Florence's sweet smile and continuous chatter add much to our square table discussion. Her ability as an artist is well known, and we have quite a bit of fun watching her draw caricatures of the people who are unfortunate enough to be lounging in the grab at this time. While she draws for us, we continue to talk. Florence tells us about her work at the Ritz Theatre in Anniston where she stars every Saturday, Sunday, and Wednesday nights. She makes the best popcorn in all of Calhoun County. She talks about her studies, and about the work of art she is doing at the moment, about which she comments, "Gee, I wish I could draw men." From all appearances, all she "draws" is men, because about that time, in march a few and off flies Flossie in the midst of them.

Martha has to run to her next class and we, you and I, are left at the table alone, but not for long. Our radiant selves attract Ruth Anne Jones all the way from Anniston to our side. Ruth Anne is an

office this summer and has aspirations to become a dental hygienist. Her course here in school is one which will be the most advantageous to her. She is still bubbling over with excitement from last Saturday night when she "led out" in the Sophomore Hop. This was an honor even for a freshman. She talks about her father who is in the Army and about another soldier or two. There is one Lieutenant whom she is interested in especially. We sit and talk about things which are interesting to everybody. She mentions that she has a few themes that Mr. Hendrix has never seen and she adds, "He never will." She voices the sentiments of everyone when she says that JSTC is made up of the friendliest group of people she has yet seen. Her ideas about our student government are identical with those we all have, "It's tops."

By this time the people begin staring at us and letting us know that we don't have a priority on that corner table as yet, and rather than make a scene, we walk out to the library. Ruth Anne goes off somewhere on the second floor to a class, of all things!

The freshman reading room was made especially for freshman; so we enter it. Tom Irwin is writing a theme on his first airplane ride but his mind is not really on his work; so we interrupt his train of thought and talk to him. He explains that he was thinking about basketball. This subject strikes a responsive chord, and a discussion of it ensues. While discussing this, we somehow find out quite a bit about Tom himself. He, like most of the freshman boys, is taking a pre-engineering course and will, if possible, transfer to Auburn some time later on. Tom will probably be a sophomore by the time you read this, but right now he's a third-quarter freshman and belongs to us; so we feel safe in talking to him. He tells us that he is now living in our fair city and has a sister or two in high school. He hails from Randolph County originally. A girl who works in the library comes in at this moment and asks us to speak a little softer and we continue our conversation in whispered monotones, but gradually our voices become stronger and we forget ourselves and speak as loudly as we do when we are "down on the farm." Tom is, of course, eligible for the draft and he's quite willing to be drafted if they will let him start off with a general's rating. When we get to this point, in walks James Jones, Jr., and immediately our conversation shifts to football, another great American sport. "Frenchie" to date has seen 22 games this season and fully expects to see as many more. He finished high school at JHS and was cheer leader there for several years. Tom, too, thinks football is a wonderful game, but doesn't carry his enthusiasm quite so far as does James. We discover that James is

entertained in honor of Mr. John Temple Graves II.

The lovely home was beautifully decorated with fall flowers in the living room and dining room. The dinner table was lighted with candles. The central decoration was a colorful bowl of fruit.

The menu consisted of turkey and all the fixings.

Covers were laid for the following: Mr. Graves, Colonel Harry M. Ayers, Mr. Houston Cole, Dr. C. E. Cayley, Dr. H. B. Mock, Dr. R. P. Felgar, Dr. W. J. Calvert, Dr. Frank McLean, Mr. Robert B. Gilbert and the host.

MRS. HOUSTON COLE DINNER HOSTESS

Mrs. Houston Cole was hostess at a dinner given in honor of Mrs. John Temple Graves II Monday evening preceding the forum session at which the honoree's husband spoke.

The plates were served by Miss Maude Luttrell and Mrs. James Williams who sat at either end of the table. The table was centered with a pretty arrangement of roses and candles burning in silver holders. The menu consisted of chicken salad, asparagus and peas casserole, potato chips, sliced pineapple topped with cranberry sauce, hot biscuits, individual cherry pie, and coffee.

The guests were members of the committee which sponsored the forum meetings: Mrs. A. C. Shelton, Mrs. Homer Weaver, Mrs. James Williams, Miss Catherine Ashmore, Mrs. Margaret Stapp, Mrs. E. J. Landers, Mrs. R. K. Coffee, Mrs. Reuben Self, Mrs. A. J. Kitchens, Miss Maude Luttrell, Mrs. J. F. Rowan and Mrs. A. C. Summers.

interested in other things too, such as baseball, and that the St. Louis Cardinals are his favorite team. But he insists, there's another side to himself. He is a very studious boy and makes comparatively good grades. He is taking a pre-engineering course, too, and will transfer to either the University of Alabama or the University of Mississippi. He worked at the fort this summer in the hospital area. He also works at Hudson's Department Store in the shoe department on Saturdays when there is not a good ball game that he wants to see. By the time we gather this bit of information, Mrs. Wood herself asks us to please leave. We wander out of the library and into Bibb Graves Hall. We sit down and write the themes we have been postponing. We don't get far before we become excited over the expectations of visiting Katherine Killibrew, Frances Kimball, Earl Lindsay, Julia Kellett, and Frank Payne.



The girls at Weatherly Hall are glad to have Nancy Treadaway join them. She makes another Rat. That brings to mind the Rat Meetings we had the other night. For a long time we've been sitting around listening to the boys tell tales about their Rat Meetings and how they "spanked" the boys.—We upperclassmen decided we would try "spanking" our Rats. After about four sound licks to each Rat, everyone felt tender-hearted and let it go for awhile.

Visitors during the past few weeks included Mrs. A. H. Tompkins of LaGrange, Georgia, who came to see her daughter, Jane, and Cpl. Floyd Dendy of Gunter Field, Montgomery, Alabama, who came to see Weatherly Hall girls, but in particular—Mary James Patton.

APARTMENT DORMITORY NEWS

The Thanksgiving holidays had naturally taken toll of students in the dormitories, but Sunday night in the Apartment was much the same. The telephone jangled as usual, and all the girls were rushing to "sign in" at 10:00 o'clock as usual.

The Apartment is happy to add to its group of students a young lady from Cullman, namely; Mildred Lott. Mildred is a Freshman and has already decided she's going to like college life.

Because of the holidays, news is quite brief, except to say that all the girls have fallen for all the "army wives." They're so sweet, accommodating, and helpful.

Daugette Hall has gained a new member that the Apartment reluctantly relinquished in Harriet Lonnergan, but we still feel that Harriet is close to us.

DAUGETTE HALL NEWS

Wynelle Riddle of Ashland, Alabama, was elected President of Daugette Hall Tuesday night. Wynelle will succeed Margaret Sims Bishop, who graduated last week.

Miss Harriett Lonnergan has moved to Daugette Hall from the Apartment Dormitory.

Miss Helen Hart spent Thanksgiving with Miss Mary Jo Sharp in Piedmont, Alabama.

Miss Madeline Shaddix of Ragland, Alabama, was the guest of Miss Gwendolyn Anders this weekend.

Miss Miriam Wood spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Miss Marilyn House in Anniston, Alabama.

Mrs. Herbert Cramer has returned from a visit to her home in Indiana.

Lt. and Mrs. L. V. Berleffi have taken an apartment in Anniston.

Although Euclid has been in Jacksonville only a short time, he has already won the friendship of everybody at Forney Hall, and of a great many other students who are in his classes. All of them comment upon his ability to learn voices so that he is able to call most of their owners by name.

In a personal interview with Euclid, this writer asked him about how he prepared his lessons. He stated that he subscribed to the Regional Library for the Blind in Chicago, which sends him text books in Braille, and also some talking books. There are twenty-seven similar libraries in this country, and by an act of Congress, even the postage is free. He said that blind students are not able to do extensive work in science; but with this exception, he was able to get all the books he needed. In addition, he pointed out that numbers of students, boys and girls, had volunteered to read for him. The professors, he said, are "swell," and have offered their assistance in every way.

One of the pleasantest conclusions to be drawn from Euclid's experience here is the very evident fact that Jacksonville has unselfish and thoughtful students. On no occasion has Euclid wanted for a companion to guide him to meals or classes, or to perform the many small kindnesses which help him to be an active college student. He sums it up like this, "I don't want to go to Heaven as long as I'm in Jacksonville."

SOPHOMORE HOP

On Saturday, November 21, the Sophomore class sponsored the annual "Sophomore Hop." It was a very gala affair and all who were not there missed one of the affairs of the year. The gym was beautifully decorated in a patriotic motif with red, white, and blue streamers hanging from the rafters. The background for the stage was a softly-draped white curtain with a huge red "V" on it. Flags of the Allied countries were hung in the windows, and a cluster of balloons was suspended from the center of the ceiling.

At mid-time a grand march was held, led by Dr. C. R. Wood and Mrs. Rowan.

The Sophomore Leadout was led by Bill Hamilton, president of the class, and Ruth Anne Jones. The song used was "Serenade in Blue."

At the climax of the evening, the balloons were lowered from the ceiling. There was a great scramble for these balloons.

The music for the occasion was very ably rendered by Kenny Goodwin and his Royal Knights. Their music included some of the latest numbers.

At the conclusion of the evening, Mr. Webster of the Apartment Dormitory and Cpl. Woody Woods of Fort McClellan gave the attendants a real jam session on the piano and drums.

toed." You've probably heard about the inmate of a lunatic asylum who was white-washing the ceiling atop a tall ladder. A fellow nut called up to him.

"Hey, Nicodemus," he yelled, "have you got a good grip on that brush?"

"Sure thing," the first answered. "Good. I'm taking the ladder."

At the Rec Hall dance the other night Marion stood about all she could, but her enthusiastic partner seemed ready to go on forever. At last she became desperate.

"What's the difference between dancing and marching?" she asked him.

"I don't know," he replied. "I thought so," she snapped. "Shall we sit down for awhile?"

There was another lunatic who was nailing shingles on a wall. It

sax players and a little support from the faculty and student body. If anyone has any suggestions or can play an instrument, please see Lester Sims or Dowling Wheeler right away for a try-out. It is something worth while.

seems that most lunacy stories require very energetic and workman-like maniacs. Anyway, this character was wearing a pair of overalls with two large pockets. As he extracted the nails from one pocket he looked at them, hammering some and throwing the rest away.

"Say, Wellington," said still another inmate who sauntered by, "why are you throwing half the nails away?"

"Heads on the wrong end," was the curt answer.

"You dope," said the other. "What do you think the other pocket is for? Save those wrong ones for the opposite wall."

"The Coke's in"



"That's the happy greeting heard today when a new supply of Coke arrives at a cooler. Folks wait for it... wait because the only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola itself. Customers smile and start moving up to pause and be refreshed.

"There's a cheerful spirit about this way of accepting wartime restrictions. Morale is high."

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Basketball Prospects For '42-'43 Promising

BY JOHN DEASON

Jacksonville always has a triumphant basketball team and this year is not going to be such a bad year for the team, even though the shortage of men will have a decided influence.

To get you a little better acquainted with the members, we'll start at the bottom of the team, in size, and work upward, member by member.

The smallest of the players is Coolidge "Cuteness" Sims. He is an experienced player, however, having played high school ball with Ashland.

Next, is Charles "Fats" Pyron. He is a resident of Jacksonville and expected to star on the team in ten or twelve years.

Hascall Sharp hails from Anniston, represents his home city to the best of his ability.

Earl Lindsay is a recent enrollee of Jacksonville from Alexandria. Great things are expected from the handsome Lindsay before the year is out.

Lamar Hyatt is the fast-breaker of the team from White Plains. He is expected to star this year as forward.

Tom Irwin now resides in Jacksonville and looks mighty good at this point of the season.

There's "Battling Bar C" Smith from Pisgah, who is expected to play some good ball this year.

Pat King is from Alexander City and if he does as well as he did last year, he will be the mainstay of the team.

Another regular is Joe Wilson from Woodland. He and Pat are expected to co-star at the guard position this year. They have played together at Southern Union and Wadley before they came here.

The biggest member of the team is Doyle Kirk who comes from Fort Payne. He is a bull rat from Auburn. Great things are expected from him this year.

All in all, I think this year's team will parallel any team so far; so, student body, the team is expecting some ample backing from you.

ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

(Picked by "Frenchy" Jones)
FIRST TEAM

L. E.—Dave Scheiner, Wisconsin, from Lancaster, Wisconsin.

L. T.—Dick Wildung, Minnesota, from Luverne, Michigan.

L. G.—Harvey Hardey, Georgia Tech, from Thomaston, Georgia.

C.—Joe Domnanouich, Alabama, from South Bend, Indiana.

R. G.—Alex Agase, Illinois, from Evanston, Illinois.

R. T.—Al Wistert, Michigan, from Chicago, Illinois.

R. E.—Bob Shaw, Ohio State, from Massilon, Ohio.

Q. B.—Bill Hillenbrand, Indiana, from Evansville, Indiana.

L. H.—Roy Gafford, Auburn, from Fort Deposit, Alabama.

R. H.—Mike Holovak, Boston College, from Lawsford, Pennsylvania.

F. B.—Frankie Sinkwich, Georgia, from Youngstown, Ohio.

SECOND TEAM

Dove, Notre Dame.

Whitmine, Alabama.

Houston, Ohio State.

Mosely, Yale.

Taylor, Stanford.

Csuri, Ohio State.

Poshner, Georgia.

Governall, Columbia.

Dobbs, Tulsa.

Castleberry, Georgia Tech.

Hennedy, Washington State.

THIRD TEAM

L. E.—Currivan, Boston College.

L. T.—Palmer, Texas Christian.

L. G.—Cawale, Boston College.

C.—Naumetz, Boston College.

R. G.—Frawks, Michigan.

R. T.—Rymbus, Notre Dame.

R. E.—Hust, Tennessee.

Q. B.—Steuber, Missouri.

L. H.—Black, Mississippi State.

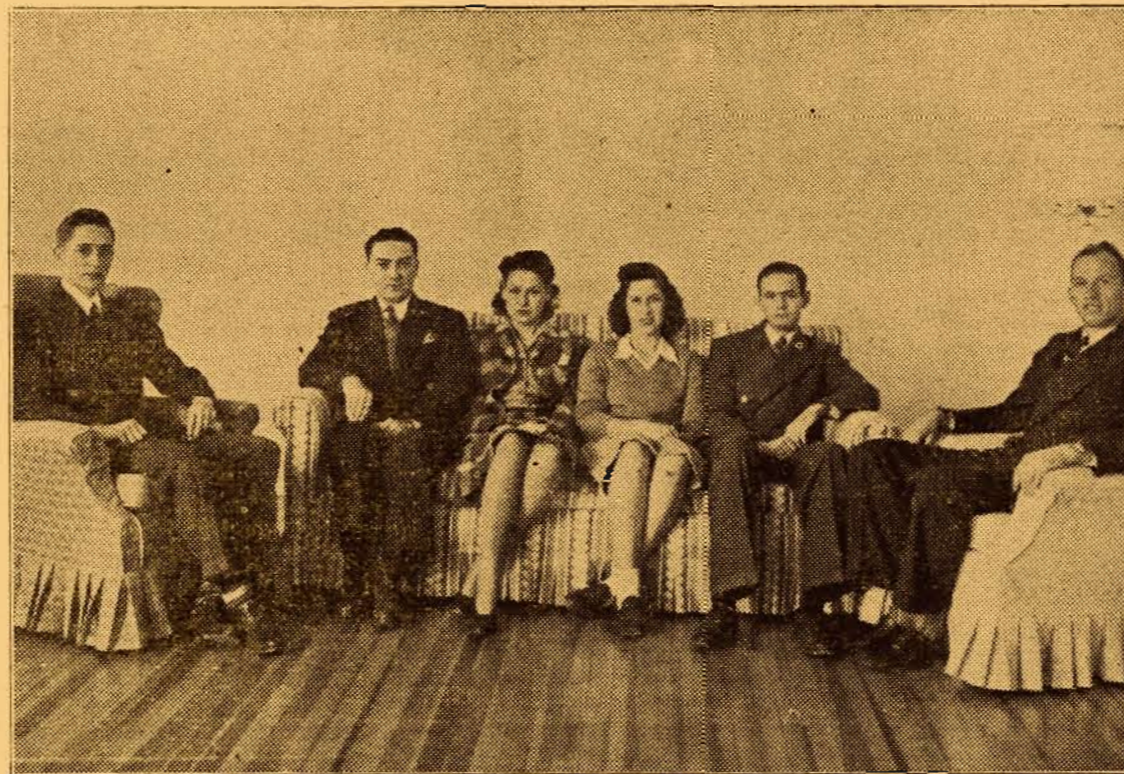
R. H.—Mobley, Hardin Simmons.

F. B.—Harder, Wisconsin.

ANNIVERSARY

(Continued From Page 1)
spoke on "Why We Are Fighting." She listed the reasons as: The Japanese infamously and viciously attacked Pearl Harbor; the cause is a righteous one; we are determined to keep a constitutional government, and it is important for the American democracy to live, particularly for the sake of world peace.

At the conclusion of the program several members of the faculty en-



Above are the students whose outstanding personalities and accomplishments have gained them a place in this year's publication of Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges.

They are, from left to right: Robert Cox, a junior, from Guntersville;; Charles Johnson, a senior, from Anniston; Margaret Simms Bishop, a senior, from Center; Charlotte Mock, a sophomore, from Jacksonville; Clay Brittain, a junior, from Alexandria; Ervin L. Shirey, a senior, from Anniston.

A Letter To Santa Claus The Grapevine

My Dear Mr. Claus:

We're awfully glad that you don't drive an automobile, 'cause that would be tough what with the gas rationing, etc. You shouldn't have any trouble getting around this year unless they're rationing snow; so we're dreaming of a white Christmas.

Santa, we know, of course, that you're busy with the kids of the country, but the students of JSTC are hoping you won't forget them. Your helpers inquired of all the students they met in the halls and in the popular hangouts as to what they wished for Christmas. What a confusion of answers! Seems that everyone wants everything—and more too!

The first person we encountered was Levis McKay who says in her own inimitable way: "Don't matter." When we questioned Charlotte Mock, her quick reply was "Hose!" So you see we still have some practical people. Also among the practical were Mrs. Coffee who expressed a desire for matching drapes and bedspreads (she hopes Mr. Coffee will read this), and Harriet L. wants a watch and fur coat—what more?

a man.

Mary Nell Colvin expresses a wish for her husband (away at Camp Crowder, Missouri), while Sara Fryar doesn't much care what you bring her: Laura Burns, when asked, said, "I'll tell you lots." I guess you will have to think something up for her. Flossie J. wants a "White Christmas" and that's all, she said, but we don't believe her. Marjorie Pyron wants a letter from Hawaii and a nice one too!

Mr. Cole, when quizzed by your helpers, answered, "A wristwatch, a new overcoat, and a new car." All we can say is: "Bingo!"

Another one of our new students, Clarence Mitchell, wants 500 gallons of gasoline—wonder what for? We found one girl in school, Santa, who wants everything to be strictly capasetic. If you know what that means, give her a lot of 'em, will you? She's Mary Rivers, the double-talk girl.

So, Santa dear, if you don't think this list is too, too long, please visit us all on Christmas morning and make the Christmas merry for all these, also for those whom we were not able to question as to their wishes. We'll leave the latch string outside just for you.

I just want to tell you that I heard that everybody said that they liked all of our new students and were really glad they came.

Many and many a time have I heard people ask this question, "Where was Moses when the lights went out?" Well, what I want to know is this, and it's no catch. Where in the world was Robert when—yes, when the lights went out?????

That somebody said they hoped they had a good Christmas and got something they really and truly liked—just any number of beautiful and exquisite things like a gorgeous fur coat and new housecoat (a nice one), and some of those comfortable, cozy bedroom shoes like I've always wanted, and some real luggage, and some expensive perfume, or something. Well, I told 'em that it appeared to me that maybe some of our boys in Alaska might be sort of chilly too, or that maybe some of the ones in the Solomons would be glad just to have a bed, say a feather one, to rest their weary bones in and wouldn't worry much about a bathrobe or trimmings. And too, lots

Over The Fence

Boy, oh boy, it's almost Christmas and time for Santa Claus and a three weeks vacation. Whoopee, but that special Christmas feast takes the emphasis, it's turkey and all the fixings. Thinking of food (what a tantalizing thought), we think of utensils, knives, forks, spoons, plates and b-o-w-l-s. Thinking of food we think of ourselves; we Southerners, we are crazy about eating. Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. We eat and eat and eat.

Thinking of Christmas and bowls of good things, thinking of Christmas and New Year's Day, thinking of Christmas and the "hogs" we are. We think of the bowls on New Year's day that the Southerners will be hogging. Georgia takes the roses because Sinkwich and Poshner blossomed. Tech got picked for the cotton bowl because of the record she kept white so long, despite the control of the O. P. A. Tennessee was "stamped" for the Sugar bowl, but for dear ole 'Bama after scenting the aroma of the California Classic, and witnessing the warmth of reception in the Lone Star State, there will be Orange blossoms later.

If there had been two more bowls, I do believe dear ole Aunt "Dixie" would have had a "set" for the holidays.

Games make their exits and their entrances in the great American theatre of sports. As the curtain of Winter begins to fall on the gridiron fracas of the land, the crowds pour from the stadium and into the gymnasiums to witness and participate in another game that rivals football in speed, accuracy, and endurance. Cagesters, young and old, amateur and professional, don their shorts for the preliminaries to another season of basketball. Coach "Steve" and his boys join this group. For days, and nights to be more exact, the Eagle Owls have been regularly and religiously working out for the games ahead. It isn't known, as yet, just how gasoline rationing will affect the JSTC basketball schedule. Maybe training will be less rigid and trips shorter, but there will be basketball games.

Students, why not join that army of basketball lovers of the United States? Who of you shall say unto himself, "I don't have time to see basketball games." Who say that, when Coach "Steve" practices two hours each night? Usher basketball in with enthusiasm, and the season will end with victories.

STATES' RIGHTS

(Continued From Page 1)
what its name says it is. It is both freedom and enterprise. The freedom of goods to go to market, of raw materials to go to manufacture, of supply to fill demand, of prices to seek their competitive levels, of invention to come to use, of capital to find investment. It is freedom from all interferences with that umpired play of opposing forces which is the only way to liberty, progress, justice and abundance on this small round planet of ours."

Mr. Graves pointed to the spiritual attitude of the American people. He said that we should be

DEAN WOOD

(Continued From Page 1)
needs of the present emergency, and thus not only hasten the end of the war, but secure a lasting peace.

3. An address by Dr. Ben D. Wood, temporarily with the Civil Aeronautics Authority in Washington. His subject was the importance of geography in current life. He gave an historical review of geographic maps of the world, and pointed out that most of us have been taught geography improperly by means of incorrect maps. He stated that there is no such thing as eastern and western hemispheres, and insisted that this is an air age and that distances should be measured by the nearest air

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spoke on "Why We Are Fighting." She listed the reasons as: The Japanese infamously and viciously attacked Pearl Harbor; the cause is a righteous one; we are determined to keep a constitutional government, and it is important for the American democracy to live, particularly for the sake of world peace.

At the conclusion of the program several members of the faculty entered into a discussion of the subject. Some of the points discussed were the selling of scrap iron to Japan until the attack took place; the control of this country's financial policy by a small group of millionaires; the isolationism of the people of this country, and the failure of teachers to train their students in citizenship which contributed to their indifference.

All agreed, however, that this nation has been aroused, and that although the war is not being directed in the most perfect manner, this country will win the war.

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own inimitable "Don Juan" matter." When we questioned Charlotte Mock, her quick reply was "Hose!" So you see we still have some practical people. Also among the practical were Mrs. Coffee who expressed a desire for matching drapes and bedspreads (she hopes Mr. Coffee will read this), and Harriet L. wants a watch and fur coat—what more?

When Jeffie was quizzed as to her wish for Christmas, she decided on a sable coat. Deat Santa, she must be kidding. Robert Cox's answer was quite a broad one. "Lots of things." Frances K. came back with a desire for a million dollars; so did Mrs. Pyron. We wonder what they're gonna do with it. Jean McGouirk has that studious wish to be able to learn to write shorthand. Stockdale wishes fervently for themes. When Lester Sims was asked, he replied with: "Bailey, and I'm gonna get 'er too!" He's sure of himself, isn't he, Santa?

Our new faculty member, Miss Ashmore, says she doesn't want anything, unless it's you, Santa, and among that group who doesn't know what they want are Julia Kellelt, Lillian Mize, and Mildred Lott. Don't know what happened to them, but we believe they just haven't had time to decide yet.

Our new red-head, Jack Willis, says please send him a good tire, and Dashing Deason wants a bicycle so that he can cope with the gas problem. Billy W. and "Woolfie" Woolf asked for draft exemption (of course they were only kidding).

Among our professors, Dr. Calvert wanted home-made fruit cake, and he said if you wanted to, you could soak it in good wine. Mr. Hendrix only wants a trip to New York, but he thinks it isn't patriotic so he won't take it, he says. Dr. Weishaupt said if hadn't occurred to her to want anything, and Mr. Gary said he hadn't given it any particular thought. The rest of the faculty were so busy we didn't have the heart to disturb them, so Santa, we're depending on you to take care of them for us.

Those lil' gals wanting dolls were Lillie Norris, Ephie Pickett, and Frances Weaver. Frances wanted a rubber dolly, but if the rubber shortage makes that impossible she says she will be satisfied with any kind.

Some of our "Don Juan" students expressed wishes for pretty girls. Of course, among this bunch was Frenchie Jones who says, "I want gals, gals, and more gals." Hascall Sharp wants the best looking gal you can find. (We'll bet she'll be at JSTC, whoever she is). Homer Cole only wants two gals, one on either arm.

Mrs. Wright says she'll take just any ole thing. Bill Hamilton says, "Anything nice," and Ruth Ann Jones wants all the "cakes" in Santaland.

When we asked the man-of-the-year, Brittain, he replied with, "It's a long story," so we'll leave him to you, Santa, 'cause maybe only you can decide what will please such

means, give her a lot of 'em, will you? She's Mary Rivers, the double-talk girl.

So, Santa dear, if you don't think this list is too, too long, please visit us all on Christmas morning and make the Christmas merry for all these, also for those whom we were not able to question as to their wishes. We'll leave the latch string outside just for you.

—JSTC Student Body.

JUDGE FIELD
ASSEMBLY SPEAKER

Judge Lamar Field, of the Circuit Court, was the speaker at the Friday morning assembly. He was introduced by A. C. Shelton, who praised his ability as a jurist and orator.

Judge Field, upon request of Dean C. R. Wood, had prepared a brief outline of the court system of this country.

He began with the lowest court in the system; the municipal recorder's court, presided over by the mayor, having three branches, the clerk, the police and the recorder. He mentioned also the probate and justice of the peace divisions, which are concerned with deeds and mortgages, and the settlement of minor offenses.

He explained the jury system and told how a three-man board compiles a list of reputable citizens as prospective jurors. The judge then draws a sufficient number of names from this list to make up juries for the various trials. The Grand Jury, he said, is composed of not more than eighteen and not less than fifteen members.

The second branch of the courts is the Circuit Court, presided over in this district by Judge Field and Judge R. B. Carr.

He mentioned briefly the Court of Appeals, at Montgomery; the Federal District Courts, and the United States Supreme Court of nine members who are appointed by the President.

PAGEANT

(Continued From Page 1)

trayed by Martha Freeman, Hene-gar; Julia Kellelt, Crossville; Katherine Killebrew, Anniston; Frances Kimball, Jacksonville; Kathryn Knight, Abanda; Frances Lockridge, Rock Run; Margaret McBrayer, Phil Campbell; Sara Nell Stockdale, Childersburg; Dorothy Meeks, Wellington; Ephie Pickett, Dutton; Louise Upton, Crossville; Maxine Ashburn and Martha Stapp, Jacksonville; R. C. Smith, Pisgah, Lester Sims, Lineville, and others.

Miss Ada Curtiss has charge of the music. Miss Stella Huger has been working on the stage decorations and scenery. Mrs. Margaret Stapp is assisting with costumes, and L. J. Hendrix and Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Calvert are assisting with the general direction.

The freshman class cordially invites everyone to be present.

like me, I told 'em that it appeared to me that maybe some of our boys in Alaska might be sort of chilly too, or that maybe some of the ones in the Solomons would be glad just to have a bed, say a feather one, to rest their weary bones in and wouldn't worry much about a bathrobe or trimmings. And too, lots of them ain't needing any luggage to carry along with them where they're going.

Maybe Santa Claus'll be good to us and bring us what we want, but there're a few things like the ones I just mentioned that St. Nick can't carry in his pack, especially when he has too much for us.

They tell me: That Dorena is really and truly just a mere child at heart.

That Jeffie Landers is one of the nicest little freshmen they know.

That Lester Sims is a Lord Byron, a Robert Burns, a Romeo, and a Don Juan all combined.

That freshmen should never forget that they are still freshmen.

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Wilson-Guice	1.000
Thompkins-Soldier	1.000
Gamble-Soldier	1.000
Avery-Soldier	1.000
L. Hyatt-Any Body	1.000
Smith-Wash Woman	.999
L. Sims-Bailey	.875
Grissom-Mock	.875
Brittain-Weaver	.875
Farrell-Jenkins	.875
Whittle-McGouirk	.750
Irvin-Lockridge	.750
C. Sims-Dempsey	.500
Cox-O'Neil	.500
Kirk-Meconi	.500
Hamilton-James	.500
Wood-B. Cole	.500
Davis-H. Landers	.350
Lindsay-J. Landers	.350
Stockdale-Johnson	.334
Stockdale-Jack	.333
Stockdale-Bill	.333
Deason-Bonino	.300
Deason-McGouirk	.000

NEW FRESHMEN
IN SCHOOL

With th beginning of the Winter Quarter comes a horde of new students, or "secosd hand" students, green or transfers, to the doors of JSTC. A goodly number of these students are Freshmen. The Freshmen Class extends its welcome to the following and hope their stay here will be pleasant and only four years long:

- G. W. Angel, Cedar Springs.
- Louise Angel, Cedar Springs.
- Jack Willis, Ashland.
- John Johnson, Boaz.
- Jimmy McDonough, Fort McClellan.
- Floyd Oliver, Joppa.
- Mildred Lott, Cullman.
- Irene Boozer, White Plains.
- Nancy Treadaway, Fyffe.

tal to find investment. It is freedom from all interferences with that unpired play of opposing forces which is the only way to liberty, progress, justice and abundance on this small round planet of ours."

Mr. Graves pointed to the spiritual attitude of the American people. He said that we should be thankful for Pearl Harbor; because of easy living the people of this country have become soft and had drifted away from God. The adversities which have followed that momentous day, he said, are bringing the people of this nation to prayer.

At the conclusion of his address, a discussion period followed.

Next Forum Meeting
December 8

Mrs. A. C. Shelton, president of the High School P. T. A., announced that another Forum meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, December 8th, at which time Citizenship Day will be observed. Local young people and young men from Fort McClellan who have reached their twenty-first birthdays and who have come to voting age will be honored. An outstanding speaker will be present for the occasion, she said.

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ton. His subject was the importance of geography in current life. He gave an historical review of geographic maps of the world, and pointed out that most of us have been taught geography improperly by means of incorrect maps. He stated that there is no such thing as eastern and western hemispheres, and insisted that this is an air age and that distances should be measured by the nearest air route. He emphasized the fact that the public, as a whole, is grossly misinformed about distances from one place to another on the globe.

4. A report by the secretary-treasurer in which the colleges and high schools of Georgia were promised reinstatement as soon as the Georgia Legislature takes the steps promised by the Georgia governor. The Memphis State Teachers College was dropped from membership on account of bad administrative practices, such as dropping teachers without proper reason, and changing records of students.

Dr. G. W. Humphrey of Mississippi was elected by the association as president for the coming year.

There was an unusually large attendance at the convention this year, which Dr. Wood agreed was rather strange, but heartening in a time like the present one.

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—for Sweetheart
—and for all the Family