

Annual Morgan-Calhoun Debate Monday Night, Bibb Graves Hall

Morgan
Edition

The Teacola

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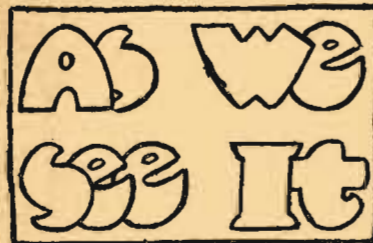
A STUDENT PUBLICATION, JACKSONVILLE STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

VOLUME EIGHT

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NUMBER FOURTEEN

TO HAVE THE LAST WORD AS USUAL



"Who laughs last laughs best."

The literary-minded culprits of that lowly clan of Calhouns contaminated the last edition of The Teacola with false praises of themselves and false condemnation of the great Morgan Literary Society. This week the true facts of both societies will be presented to you as the Morgan might triumphs in the literary field as it has on the athletic field.

Everywhere we go on our campus we hear Morgans, innocent bystanders, and believe it or not, even a few Calhouns criticizing the last publication and declaring that the creators of the same had laid a "literary" egg—a bad one.

Laughs—laughs! The Calhoun paper was full of them—but not on the Morgans. Such a conglomeration of exaggeration and prevarication has never before choked up a printing press. Quote from the Calhoun mess: "You cannot steal what our flag stands for." Now, if there is a Calhoun flag standing anywhere, we must have overlooked it. Please forgive our negligence, Calhouns, and pray tell us, where does it stand?

In last week's "As We See It" we noticed that the Calhoun debaters are "clothed in a foliage of facts." There is apt to be a bit of embarrassment at the debate Monday night when sharp sentences from three Morgan lassies start making Calhoun "facts" fall apart.



Above are three lovely reasons why the Morgans will emerge victorious in the annual debate Monday night. They are shown laboring on the speeches that Calhouns will painfully remember for years to come. In the center is Mary Rivers of Jacksonville, first speaker for the Morgans. Mary is a freshman, the first freshman girl ever to speak in the classic Morgan-Calhoun debate. Despite the fact that she is only a freshman, she has already proven to be one of the most outstanding students on the campus. Her work as a member of the TEACOLA staff is especially praiseworthy.

The second speaker for the M.L.S. team, Wynelle Riddle, seated at right, hails from Ashland, Alabama. Wynelle's fine record that she has made here deserves more praise than space allows us to put here. She was associate editor of THE TEACOLA during her sophomore year, and her contributions now as feature editor are invaluable. She is a junior and a member of the student council.

The third speaker, Edna Bailey, seated at left, also hails from Jacksonville and is also a freshman. She will not actually speak in the debate but her ideas and her hard work will be a mighty factor in the winning of the verbal battle. Edna is one of the most scholarly and best liked students on the campus.

Talented Morgans Entertain Backwoodsie Calhouns At Assembly

HIGHLY CULTURAL PROGRAM PROVES TOO DEEP FOR CALHOUNS SO THEY ALL FIVE RUDELY DEPART

On a Friday morning not so long ago when Spring gave her first warm smile to our lovable ole campus the Morgan Literary

CAMPUS ORGANIZATIONS OFFER TRAINING FOR LEADERSHIP

The many student organizations on the campus offer to students valuable training which the regular class room does not. Hundreds of students have gone out from Jacksonville after being active in

Morgans Make Monkeys Of Calhouns

MUSICAL CONTEST PROVES THAT MORGANS ARE MORE INTELLIGENT THAN CALHOUNS

Friday morning, April 16, the long talked of Morgan-Calhoun musical quiz program took place. After a few announcements and a few cute remarks Charles Johnson, the master of ceremonies, took charge. Lester Sims provided the music and the Morgans later provided the answers.

The Morgans were well represented by Sara Nell Stockdale, John Deason, and Jane Tompkins. Edna Frances Patrick, Allan Humphries, and Hascall Sharp sat on the stage with the Morgans.

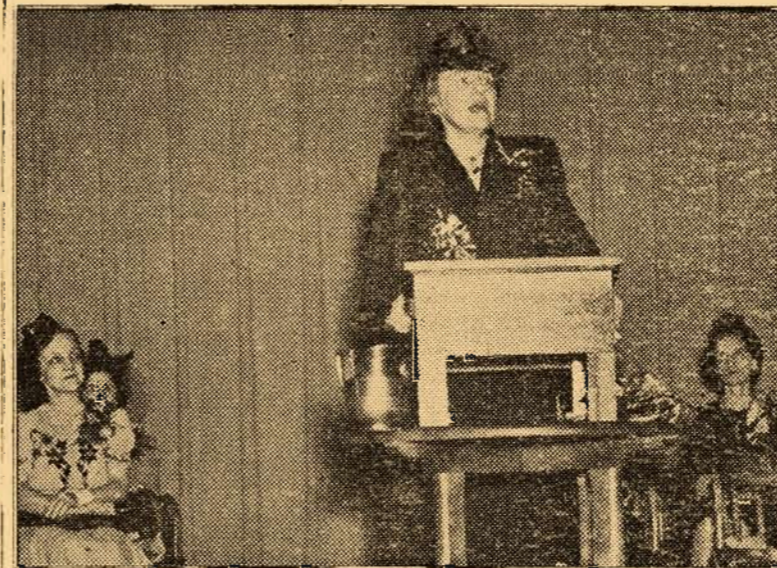
The first four scores were easily gained by the Morgans. Allan Humphries finally broke the spell by remembering his "Dearly Beloved."

Out of the twenty-four renditions the Calhouns managed to salvage only seven song titles from their brains (?). This wasn't such a feat when you consider their classification, but the Morgans seemed to be able to surmount any obstacle.

Clay Brittain took the program back in his hands when he saw that the Calhouns did not have a chance. To keep the Calhoun's spirits high, he tried to quote some proverbs, which the Morgans turned off by retarding reversing remarks. The score showed that John "Dashing" Deason was high man without missing one title. The other Morgans only missed one title each.

It is no wonder that the Calhouns are worried about their next clash with the mighty Morgans.

Mrs. Warner Discusses Woman's Place In War Effort At Forum



Mrs. H. D. Warner, president of Gulf State Paper Corporation, Tuscaloosa, as she spoke at the Town Meeting last Tuesday night.

EIGHTH IN SERIES OF TOWN MEETINGS FOR WAR HELD AT COMMUNITY CENTER, APRIL 6

The people of Jacksonville had as their guest speaker at the recent Town Meeting for War, which was held Tuesday, April 6, Mrs. Herbert Warner of Tuscaloosa.

The program was opened by Private Ed Bowles of Fort McClellan, who led the group in singing "America", followed by a novelty song, "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree".

Mrs. Reuben Self, the chairman of the Calhoun County Clubwomen's Institute, for which the Forum was a part of the program, introduced the guests who have been important in the club work of the Second District and the town women who have been instrumental in promoting the Town Meetings for War.

Private Bowles, accompanied by Mrs. R. K. Coffee, sang "Honing" and as an encore, "Little Old Lady".

Mrs. Moreland, president of the Alabama Federation, was introduced by the Chairman, and in turn introduced the speaker.

Mrs. Warner's talk dealt with Women's Place in the war. "From the women's point of view", Mrs. Warner explained, "war is how can they serve. The men have to do the fighting, but women are anxious to do their part. The question then, is "How?"

The speaker set forth three re-

Many High School Graduates Expected To Enter Next Quarter

TWO-YEAR COURSES IN ACADEMIC SUBJECTS ATTRACTING MANY STUDENTS

When the Summer and Fall Quarters begin, many high school graduates will enter Jacksonville to take the two-year academic courses, in preparation for transferring later to a college where they may specialize in their chosen profession. They will be taking advantage of the opportunity to attend a college of high standing at low cost, convenient to their homes

PROSPECTS BRIGHT FOR SUMMER AND FALL ENROLLMENT

Officials of the college have been greatly encouraged during recent weeks because of the large number of applications received and the reservations made in the dormitories for the Summer and Fall Quarters. The prospects are the best that the college has had in several years.

Because of the crowded housing conditions of Jacksonville, the

where does it stand?

In last week's "As We See It" we noticed that the Calhoun debaters are "clothed in a foliage of facts." There is apt to be a bit of embarrassment at the debate Monday night when sharp sentences from three Morgan lassies start making Calhoun "facts" fall apart.

We would like to call the attention of the Calhoun editors that they omitted a few things from their paper other than commas. Indeed, they must have been in sort of a coma when they wrote their sports page. They seem to forget the fact that the Morgan Cagers won three successive games before the Calhouns knew what it was all about. They seem to forget the fact that they, the Calhouns, begged the Morgans to play when they were crippled by the absence of two of their star players who had joined the armed forces. They seem to forget the fact that before the last game they anticipated another inevitable Morgan victory, asked that the game be only an exhibition game and not one of the series.

History is being made in our Alma Mater! For the first time three young ladies will match wits and adjectives with three young ladies in the classic Morgan-Calhoun debate. There is no doubt in our minds as to the outcome of this year's verbal fracas. Three ladies as lovely and talented as our Morgan speakers can hardly be expected to lose a battle of words to a group of so-called men who have not won an athletic or physical battle this year.

According to authorities more learned than any member of our Morgan Literary Society and much more learned than the combined members of the Calhoun clan, women are weaker, sex—physically, but not mentally. According to the outcome of an actual test of physical strength that took place in front of the Community Recreation Center the strength of Morgan females surpassed that of the weak Calhoun men. The entire male population of the C.L.S. was unable to keep the group of M.L.S. lassies from taking one of their prized possessions from them. Even the Calhouns will admit this defeat. Therefore we may conclude that if our feminine contenders are superior physically there can be no comparison of the mental capacities of the two teams.

Several of the Calhouns have been seen wearing the Morgan colors, blue and gold, pinned on themselves. This is probably a shy way of letting us know that you want to be a Morgan. Sorry, Calhouns, can't possibly use you.

HIGHLY CULTURAL PROGRAM PROVES TOO DEEP FOR CALHOUNS SO THEY ALL FIVE RUDELY DEPART

On a Friday morning not so long ago when Spring gave her first warm smile to our lovable ole campus the Morgan Literary Society brought laughter, song, and talent to the Assembly Hall in a futile attempt to thaw out those musty, moping faces that belong to the Calhoun Literary Society.

Miss Mary Rivers, pride of the Morgans and fly in the Calhoun's soup, presided at the program. She opened the program by reading of the five talents from the Bible. She then explained that everybody already knows—about how the Morgans have all the talents and things like that. She talked on for a while and then all the audience decided to sing "God Bless America." And they did.

Next on the program was Miss Louise Perdue, who gave a reading, "Ma's Tools." She told about how women can fix everything with a hairpin.

The next feature on the program was the Morgan trio composed of Morgans, namely: Edna Bailey, Mary Rivers, Katherine Killebrew. They sang songs, of course. In fact, they sang two songs, "In Your Easter Bonnet" and "There's a Long, Long Trail."

The highlight of the program was the bridge game played by four of Apartment Morgans. The Calhouns especially enjoyed this. It was more on their level. The Calhouns really wanted to play but the Morgans told them to get up a game of their own.

Next on the program was Kittrell Agee, our president, who worked difficult mathematical problems.

Then the audience decided they wanted to sing again, so they got up and sang "America."

Last came fifteen or sixteen rahs for the Morgans. The Calhouns just could not stand it. They longed to belittle themselves by getting up and running away—and they did.

PRESIDENT COLE ACCEPTS MANY SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS

President Houston Cole has received more invitations to speak at commencement exercises in this district than he can accept. He has accepted as many as was physically possible, but had to send his regrets to a number of schools because of the stress and strain of filling so many engagements.

Since coming to Jacksonville last September, he has spoken on an average of three times each week at Rotary and other club meetings, patriotic rallies and public occasions of various kinds.

CAMPUS ORGANIZATIONS OFFER TRAINING FOR LEADERSHIP

The many student organizations on the campus offer to students valuable training which the regular class room does not. Hundreds of students have gone out from Jacksonville, after being active in the literary societies and other extra curricula organizations, to take places of responsibility in their respective communities. Some have developed leadership qualities in the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Wesley Foundation or the Baptist Student Union, and have later become ministers or trained church leaders. Many who have been speakers in the literary societies' debates have carried on to greater heights in the field of oratory. Students who have served on the staff of The Teacola are now succeeding on newspapers as editors and reporters, and in radio stations.

Perhaps one of the outstanding departments for leadership development has been in physical education. Every year graduates of the college go into the high schools of the state as athletic coaches. The winners of the state tournaments and many of the county and district tournaments, have been coached by graduates of the college. Today the U. S. Navy has given commissions to many of the graduates who are serving as physical directors in its program.

These are only a few of the benefits to be derived from attending a college which is not too large to offer an opportunity for individual development to every student.

U. S. MARINE CORPS OFFICER PROCUREMENT OFFICE

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 14.—It was announced here today that Captain Garnelle G. Wheeler, U.S. Marines, and officer in charge of the Marine Corps Officer Procurement Office in Memphis, will be Station in Birmingham on Friday at the Marine Corps Recruiting and Saturday, April 23 and 24, for the purpose of interviewing applicants for enlistment in the Marine Corps Women's Reserve.

Women between the ages of 20 and 36 may enlist for general service of high have had at least two years of high school, are normally and can furnish evidence of good moral character. They will receive their basic training at Hunter College, New York City. Women from 20 to 50 may qualify for Officer Training, if they have had two years of accredited college work and two years of business experience. They will be sent either to Smith College or Mount Holyoke College, both of which are located in Massachusetts.

"Every woman who enlists in the Reserve," Captain Wheeler pointed out, "frees a Marine for fighting.

sights high, he tried to quote some proverbs, which the Morgans turned off by retarding reversing remarks. The score showed that John "Dashing" Deason was high man without missing one title. The other Morgans only missed one title each.

It is no wonder that the Calhouns are worried about their next clash with the mighty Morgans.

DR. ARNOLD SPEAKS TO ASSEMBLY MONDAY, APRIL 5

"I would like for you this morning to think a little while on 'prejudice,'" began Dr. Ross Arnold, minister of the Baptist church, as he spoke to the student assembly Monday, April 5. "The word 'prejudice,'" he continued, "really means prejudice, or making a verdict without sufficient evidence. It means now, though, the mental attitude that carries with it a feeling of aversion." He went on to say that the people who talk the most about it and charge others with it are the ones who have the most of it, for like murder, prejudice will out. A preacher will hammer the most loudly against something that he has himself been tempted by. An illustration of this can be found in the Biblical quotation: "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

The main thing to remember about prejudice, as Dr. Arnold pointed out, is that it cannot exist without fear. A girl is only jealous if she fears the other girl has what she hasn't. Jealousy and prejudice die when one becomes unafraid.

"If your religion is so weak that it cannot stand, something is wrong with it." And if it is that way, its people are prejudiced. A religion that is truly Christian will brook no fear. However, by that Dr. Arnold didn't mean not to be loyal. It is not necessary to hate other religions to be loyal to your own. People need to work that principle in all walks of life; to stick to the great things. By doing that, a great deal of the tension of living will be relieved.

In conclusion the speaker said: "Make your life with breadth of soul minus the littleness. Do away with fear. Don't be afraid of anything, except low standards and shallow living."

There are thousands of Marines and that is the important thing, performing duties in this country today that could be performed just as well—in many instances better—by women. These men are needed in the Pacific area and the only way to get them there is for women to take over their jobs here at home.

Women who are interested in becoming Marines may obtain official application forms from any Marine Corps Recruiting Station and are advised to do so and to have these forms prepared for Captain Wheeler's arrival in Birmingham.

Quarters begin, many high school graduates will enter Jacksonville to take the two-year academic courses, in preparation for transferring later to a college where they may specialize in their chosen profession. They will be taking advantage of the opportunity to attend a college of high standing at low cost, convenient to their homes in this district. It has been pointed out to the high school seniors of this district that Jacksonville affords many advantages and that two years of their college course may be taken at a minimum expense. When they transfer to a more expensive and less convenient college they will receive full credit on their courses for the work done here.

The academic courses offered include basic training for almost any professional course, medicine, law, dentistry, engineering, the ministry and many others.

It has been pointed out also, that Jacksonville is the only institution of higher learning in Northeast Alabama and offers the opportunity to many to become day students, commuting back and forth to their homes every day. It also enables many to hold down a full-time job at Fort McClellan while carrying a full load of work at the college. A number students attending classes during the day and work at the Fort from 4 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 or 11 in the evening, making a sufficient amount to keep them in school.

In these days of streamlined economy, Jacksonville offers opportunities for the boys and girls of this section of the state.

Seen In The Calhoun Edition:

"Raymond Strother, who hails from Fyffe, Alabama, has a melodious voice as heard in Bibb Graves attic while putting up a flag."

"Bill Hamilton—from Alexandria—has a voice."

"Charles Johnson, the most experienced of the three—is third speaker and will not be able to say a word."

"The Morgans have the affirmative—such sanity was never known to exist before." Gee, such predictions should appear earlier.

"Our boys write—An editorial by Lester Sims."

"Calhoun PERSONALITIES."

"Billy Grissom, MORGAN."

"On the Calhoun Quiz program—Each participant was then asked to read the question and answer." (Then one was missed of the six-teen).

"No picture of Britain."

"Admiral Johnson."

Officials of the college have been greatly encouraged during recent weeks because of the large number of applications received and the reservations made in the dormitories for the Summer and Fall Quarters. The prospects are the best that the college has had in several years.

Because of the crowded housing conditions of Jacksonville, the townspeople are being asked to list their rooms and apartments with the college so that all who wish to enter here may be taken care of.

Arrangements are being made to take care of all students in the dormitories who desire to live there, and the prospects are for them to be filled to capacity.

YEAR'S CREDIT IN THREE MONTHS IN INTENSIVE COMMERCIAL COURSE

Persons interested in the intensive commercial courses to be offered during the Summer Quarter will be glad to learn that they can secure a year's credit in three months' study. An intensive course has been planned to make this possible for those wishing to prepare themselves for immediate jobs.

A full year's credit in elementary and advanced shorthand and typing, and a full year's credit in accounting in the three months will be offered. Also a quarter's credit in money and banking for those who desire it.

In addition to the intensive course the regular college course in elementary typing and shorthand, three hours per week, will be scheduled.

The intensive course offers an unusual opportunity for any who may wish to qualify for civil service positions at nearby defense projects.

FORMER STUDENT BECOMES SUPERINTENDENT OF CHILTON COUNTY SCHOOLS

D. P. Culp, who was elected superintendent of the Chilton County schools, has succeeded Rascoe Maddox. Mr. Culp is a graduate of this college and is an alumnus of which the school is proud.

More than one-third of the city and county superintendents of the seventeen counties, which compose the college's district, are Jacksonville graduates. Approximately one-sixth of the superintendents of the state are alumni of JSTC. President Houston Cole completed the two-year course here in 1923, and many other outstanding citizens in varied fields of activity claim Jacksonville as their Alma Mater.

turn introduced the speaker.

Mrs. Warner's talk dealt with Women's place in the war. "From the woman's point of view," Mrs. Warner explained, "war is how can they serve. The men have to do the fighting, but women are anxious to do their part. The question then, is "How?"

The speaker set forth three responsibilities that women have during time of war. The first was the providing of men to fight. It isn't the women who are sacrificing really, it's the men. Mothers did not raise their sons to be soldiers, but mother are not willing for their sons to stay at home if they are needed. The mistake made was that when the women provided the sons they failed to provide a world in which their sons would not have to be soldiers. Their only hope lies in the fact that they have provided standards that will support their sons when they return from the hazards of war.

The second responsibility was conservation by which they can provide materials for battle. Women do so many relatively unimportant things that can cause success or failure. They do the buying, and therefore they should understand the economy of war and be able to meet its needs.

The third and most important responsibility is morale. "Although we hate this war," said the speaker, "we're getting partly what's coming to us. We failed after the last war," she explained, "because we built upon the false gods of gold and dependence. Now, no matter how dark it seems, women must keep the idea that there will be a bright future. I speak more of that to the younger women." Her reason for this was that the wives and sweethearts of our fighting forces are going to have the big job of helping them readjust themselves successfully.

"The Eternal Road" was a play that had a very successful run on Broadway. It pictured the road as one the Jews traveled. Sometimes it went up, sometimes down, but always it went on. We must take this war the same way; despite anything that happens, life goes on.

We were put on this earth for a purpose. We've got to learn that what we do is what counts; we've got to realize that the hard things build character for women and children; we've got to build and not let bomb holes come in the eternal road. "And," the speaker concluded, "we've got to go above the problems of this world and build a peace that will have no room for war."

The forum was concluded by the group's singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

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CALHOUNS: A DEFINITION

A Calhoun is a difficult thing to define. One can hardly say that they are human; yet they cannot be called dumb animals. They are indeed dumb enough but their physical prowess is too inferior to compare them with even the smallest beast of the field.

One can hardly blame them for wanting to hide. They are indeed frightful creatures. The Calhoun speakers plan to hide behind a bunch of posies to do their debating so as not to scare the audience away.

A Calhoun is composed largely of hot air. Every once in a while, a draft is felt in the assembly hall but no one minds so much. They just reason that if a Calhoun is talking it can't be of any importance other than to create a nice breeze.

To become a member of the C.L.S. one must have an I.Q. of less than 60. He must be able to sleep good on a jailhouse bunk, because they are always getting themselves involved in embarrassing and costly situa-

TENNIS AT JACKSONVILLE

April has come and with her has come the inevitable showers, the alternating hot and cool days, the beginning of Spring! Things in addition to romance and agriculture attract young men when Spring comes to Jacksonville.

Tennis has become almost a tradition at J.S.T.C. For years the students and faculty have enjoyed this lovable old standby which happens by the way to be the most scientific game of all our American sports.

A game that requires as much accuracy and precision as tennis must be played under near perfect conditions to enjoy it to the fullest. Above all things the court should be hard and smooth. The courts at Jacksonville this year, we regret to say are far from perfect.

A PLACE FOR WOMEN IN MARINES

When the Marine Corps finally gave way to the trend of the times and conceded that young American women might have a place, after all, in that organization, it did so with the distinct understanding that no pet or abbreviated names were to be recognized for their women reserves.

It is a rather wise and farsighted policy for they've given the women a mark to shoot at—to be able to say when the war is over that they are ex-Marines, thereby enjoying the prestige accruing from association with the Corps and its traditions.

The woman accepted into the Corps does not say, like her sisters, that she is something with an abbreviated name, the Corps has given her the right to say, "I'm a Marine," and when they did that they went all the way out in recognizing the part women can play in the war.

The Marine Corps Women's Reserve wants 18,000 enlisted personnel and 1,000 officers between the ages of 20 and 36, with marriage no bar provided there are no children under 18.

The recruiting office at Memphis will accept applications, and for those with earnest desire to serve their country here is a grand opportunity. Every woman entering the Marine Corps Women's Reserve releases an able-bodied man for service at the front.

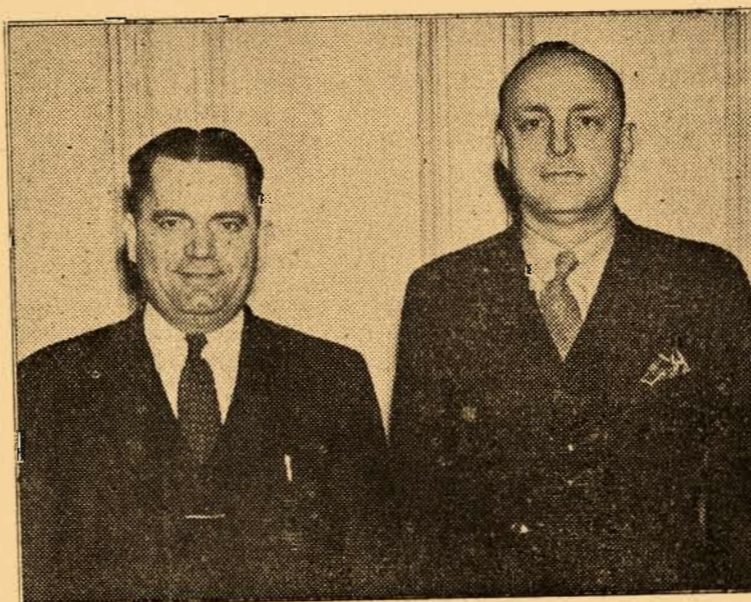
AMERICAN HEROES

BY LEFF



Marine Pvt. 1st Class M. C. Hoffman, survivor of the U. S. S. QUINCY, was a loader on one of her big guns until she was sunk during an engagement with the Japs off Savo Island in the Solomons.

SENATORS



Senators Elvin C. McCarey of Calhoun County and Reuben Newton of Walker County, who were guests at the Jacksonville A.E.A. breakfast.

Marana, Arizona
April 2, 1943

Dear Dr. Calvert:

After "sweating out" my Cadet call since applying last December 24 while in Philly, at last I am to realize one of my dreams. Come Sunday, April 4, I'm to leave this desert waste for the more civilized Sheppard Field, Texas.

Ye Olde Gossippe

For advice about torn pockets, Clay, see DR. CALVERT.

HATTIE, do you really like your new picture better than your old one—or better than KIT.

LUCILLE REDMOND is still wondering. "How in the world WALT DISNEY got those animals to talk in 'Bambi'!"

June is lonesome now that six J's have been broken up. You never see JEFFIE and JIMMY; JEAN and JOHN; nor JANE and JACK together again; do you?

Wonder who will be ENELL AVERY'S next heart throb now that JOFFRE has left?

ELEESE can testify that two certain Calhouns can't take a little friendly playfulness. Ask MRS. ROWAN.

Why did two certain Calhouns across the hall from a MORGAN at Forney, put a lock on their door recently?

Rumor has it that the MORGANS at the Apartment Dormitory are a long way in the bad in devilment pulled at their places of business—(syrup on door handles, salt in beds, etc.)

To show the love and patience of MORGANS note the six-thirty phone call from Anniston to LENORA from CUTENESS.

Why did JACK get so patriotic recently- Could HOMER dating JANE have anything to do with it-

To show the Calhouns' lack of chivalry, gentlemanliness, respect, etc., check CHARLES JOHNSON'S misadventure the night of the Junior Prom.

For advice about torn pockets, CLAY, see DR. CALVERT.

THE MORGAN girls should be good W. A. A. C. recruits because they can hold their own against Calhouns, or other trash.

LILLY, have you found out who slugged you? He probably isn't able to answer.

Hats off to MRS. STAPP, MRS. ROWAN, DR. GARY, and MRS. DILLON for their wonderful display of sportsmanship during the entire MORGAN-CALHOUN campaign.

We have found only one use for the Calhoun flag, as a mat for the MORGANS to dance on.

Where there is a will there is a way. Even locked doors can not keep MORGANS out, as any Calhoun in the Apartment Dormitory can testify.

Wonder just how the Calhoun girls would stack up against the MORGAN girls? You wouldn't have men to dodge behind girls

Every once in a while, a draft is felt in the assembly hall but no one minds so much. They just reason that if a Calhoun is talking it can't be of any importance other than to create a nice breeze. It is a relief to find that they are good for something.

To become a member of the C.L.S. one must have an I.Q. of less than 60. He must be able to sleep good on a jailhouse bunk, because they are always getting themselves involved in embarrassing and costly situations such as entanglements with bathroom fixtures. He must be an expert flag maker because his clan has quite a bit of difficulty keeping a supply of them.

To define a Calhoun is not only difficult; it is impossible. There is not another species anywhere that can compare with them. Let us all be thankful.

The Marine Corps Women's Reserve has 18,000 enlisted personnel and 1,000 officers between the ages of 20 and 36, with marriage no bar provided there are no children under 18.

The recruiting office at Memphis will accept applications, and for those with earnest desire to serve their country here is a grand opportunity. Every woman entering the Marine Corps Women's Reserve releases an able-bodied man for service at the front. That is an accomplishment for the country within itself.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The office to which women from your section should direct their letter of application for enlistment in the Marine Corps Women's Reserve is located at Room 1209 Sterick Building, Memphis, Tenn.

« Our Boys Write »

Camp Robinson
March 28, 1943

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Calvert:

No, I didn't think you had forgotten me. I realize that you are awfully busy these days. Don't see how you answer all your letters from former students.

So next week is A.E.A. week. Gee, but I'd like to be back in Jacksonville to get those two days off—I suppose the students are getting a couple of days, aren't they? We're lucky if we get Sunday off out here. I didn't catch a detail today, so I'm off.

I have about one or two more weeks here, I think. You never know from one minute until the next just what's going to happen in the army. I have no idea where I'll go or what I'll be doing. I was offered a chance to go to O.C.S. and also cadre school, but refused both. I haven't soldiered enough yet to become an officer, and I do not like the infantry so I turned down cadre school.

Say, Dr. Calvert, some of the boys are accusing me of having a double chin—can you imagine? I'm not that bad off, but I have regained about twenty pounds. I'm thrilled to death over it, and what's more, I'm still gaining. Hard work, regular sleep, and excellent food is doing wonders for me.

As for the training here, well, I don't believe there are better instructors to be found in any other army camp. Some of our lieutenants and captains have seen actual combat and they really tell us lots about modern warfare. Here in Robinson, we fellows have had a little bit of training in every part of the infantry. Yesterday, we studied the Mortar. In my estimation, the Mortar is the most interesting of all the weapons which we have studied.

Last week our company won first place in a parade which included some twelve companies. We were certainly proud of that rank. It sort of thrills you, down inside, to march with a rifle on your shoulder to the tune of a blaring band,

at least it does me.

The ping pong tournament, bridge and debate sounds good to me. However, it makes me kinda homesick, I'll admit. I'm so proud that things are doing so well there. It should be that way. The morale back home in the schools, the churches, and the homes must be kept up as well as the soldiers' morale. And I must say that the morale of the soldiers at Camp Robinson is excellent.

Gee, I'd better close now before I write a manuscript. There's so much I'd like to tell you that, well, I'll just have to see you to give you the news.

Don't know when I'll get a furlough, but when I do I'm coming to Jacksonville to see you.

My regards always,

ROBERT COX.

Pvt. Robert Cox
Co. D., 72 Br., Reg. 381
Camp Robinson, Ark.

Dear Dr. Calvert:

Chancing the fact that you haven't forgotten our correspondence to such an extent as to be unable to recall me to memory, I write with the hope of receiving another of your very interesting letters. I would like to extend my thanks for your invitation to visit with you and Mrs. Calvert which I received just before leaving the States. I might even be so impolite as to ask for a rain check on the same when I get back to the dear old U.S.A. I don't know what mail awaits me. I haven't received any since I left and don't hope to within a month or two yet.

At present I'm in Iran. I think you realize that it is impossible to give the exact location. You could not guess too far wrong due to the size of Iran. It is also impossible to reveal the kind of country or the set-up here. I find the Arabs to be very much like descriptions I have read of them, or even more so. (Hope you get the meaning of the last statement.) Ornithology here would correspond in part to that which you are accustomed.

The English sparrow being one of the more common species. There is a big portion that is quite different, though, including certain native sparrows and a great number of large vultures. Animals seem to be very few in number. The most common is the small ass used as a pack animal by the natives. My first night here I noticed a continuous howling or laughing of jackalls. Now I pay no attention to it.

Since I left the States I've seen several kinds or races of people and much foreign territory. I've seen very little country that I would appreciate as a permanent home. We really have a country to be proud of in the dear old U. S. A.

If I were talking to you in one of our usual conversations I could probably think of several things of interest to tell you. Censorship is so strict that I limit my thought along with my writing. I would hate to write you and have you not have the letter arrive only a greeting and an ending to it. At its fullest it will vary from that only slightly.

At your convenience please tell my other friends around school to write and I'll get around to writing them as soon as possible. I would like nothing better than to walk in at J.S.T.C. and receive one of the customary warm warm welcomes. I haven't time to write all the teachers and students that I would like to, but I will promise an answer to any letter received if it takes two years.

Hoping to see you in the not too distant future I remain,

With deepest respect for you
and yours,

FLOYD DENDY.

Cpl. William F. Dendy, 34332189
A.A.F. Weather Filler Replacement Unit
A.P.O. 3494 c/o Postmaster
New York, New York

Dear Dr. Calvert:

After "sweating out" my Cadet call since applying last December 24 while in Philly, at last I am to realize one of my dreams. Come Sunday, April 4, I'm to leave this desert waste for the more civilized Sheppard Field, Texas. It's impossible for me to predict exactly what's in store for me there. Most of us in this area expected to be sent for classification to Santa Anna, Calif. At any rate, it will be refreshing to see an abundance of green again—green grass and trees (tall enough to be classed as a goolly bush, anyway). I would hate to spend the time when Spring is supposed to emerge in this deserty condemned place, with all its desolate beauty, mind you, where no evidence of Spring could be seen, felt, or smelt. No, there could be no Spring here. There's one season throughout the year. It passes through two exaggerations: too torridly hot to be Summer and too biting chilly to be as Summer yet not as Autumn or Winter. The season is that of a desert and no more is necessary to be said.

The desert soldier has his own unique grievances and conditions to "cuss" along with the usual army gripes. But there is one consolation to ease the disgust and pair of tribulations the desert soldier suffers. Yes, our hereafter is clinched. We're obliged to rest in heaven when St. Peter determines the place in which we'll eternally camp. We've already served our stretch in hell.

In spite of our determined dislike for sand, cactus, mountains, sand, and the overbearing heat of a day following the chill of night, I enjoy myself. I get a hop in a plane every now and then. So help me, it's about the only way out of here. The other day I went up on a test hop in a BT-134 and received more thrills in an hour than in my lifetime so far.

Sheppard Field, Texas
Sunday, April 11

It was as pleasing as I thought it would be to come into dear old Texas, through many towns and cities I spent time back in 1938: El Paso, Amarillo, Wichita Falls (Sheppard Field is just outside Wichita Falls.)

We "gadgets"—another name for cadets—who have seen some months service already are in a peculiar position here. The officials scarcely knew what to do with us since we've had no basic drill and training the "rookies" are being treated to here. Tests and more drill have pushed at us to feel out our abilities and toughen even more preparatory to the most rigorous period of mental—and physical training outside commando requirements. From here, in a few days we go to college where we take up studies preparing us for a more scientific and understandable knowledge of what we intend to do—fly.

Whether you know it or not, every soldier must have some pet grievance to harp on in his despondent moments. For that reason, no camp, field, or post escapes the wrath of the men stationed there. Many adjectives and modes of military profanity have been applied to Sheppard Field. However, I'm liking my stop-over here so far. This is much more likable than the desert, but it has not the characteristics of a lawn party even at that. It's the only place in the world where you can march knee-deep in mud and have to bow and turn to keep the blowing dust out of your face and eyes.

When we leave for school we'll have the privilege of placing A/C before our names instead of Pvt. O happy day! Give J.S.T.S. my kindest regards. It was good to be on the campus when I was on furlough. I enjoyed seeing all of you and talking about this and that. Congratulations, too. Everything is moving along remarkably well in spite of all the present influencing conditions.

Your friend,
LEE.

We have found only one use for the Calhoun flag, as a mat for the MORGANS to dance on.

Where there is a will there is a way. Even locked doors can not keep MORGANS out, as any Calhoun in the Apartment Dormitory can testify.

Wonder just how the Calhoun girls would stack up against the MORGAN girls? You wouldn't have men to dodge behind, girls.

Where was the vivacious, flaming, flashing vice president of the Calhoun Literary Society Tuesday night? She was out with one of her battalions?

Fifteen rahs for the MORGAN speakers—RIVERS, RIDDLE and BAILEY.

Wanted:

A good seamstress who would stoop to mending a Calhoun's clothes.

POLLY SIDES, a typical Calhoun. We, the MORGANS, are glad to refer to POLLY as a Calhoun. She is one of the few Calhouns whose blunders are comparatively mild enough to be put in print. Take for instance the time POLLY and her Calhoun roommate, FRANCES LOCKRIDGE, went to the Fort to visit her "Aunt." Of course, all the Calhoun "ne-cells" believe that to be so, but certainly not Mrs. Dillon, who is a MORGAN and therefore has some sense. Now there is another thing we want to say about POLLY. We knew her intentions were cool but not good enough to accomplish what she wanted. She even went so far as to get a piece of a MORGAN flag to wear on her dress. Naturally all MORGANS like to see their flag worn over the heart, but even this act of honor to the MORGAN flag could not pave her way into the MORGAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

After a careful and unprejudiced examination of the principles and standards of the MORGAN and Calhoun LITERARY SOCIETIES, I am convinced at the conclusion that the MORGANS have something. Everybody wants to be a MORGAN. At one time that CLAY BRITAIN'S highest hope. He came up for examination, but the examination was so rigid that he was classified in 22W. Since then he has joined the Calhouns and they have placed the bell of leadership about his neck.

What are the Calhouns made out of—

Not a thing to be afraid of.

Hot air and bluff—

And that sort of stuff—

That's what the Calhouns are made out of!

What are the MORGANS made out of—

What are the MORGANS made out of—

They're made of stuff

No Calhoun can bluff

That's what the Morgans are made of!

MEET THE FROSH . . .

For almost three-quarters now, you and I have been meeting the members, new and old, of the Freshman Class. Many of them have left favorable impressions with us—all of them have left impressions. Perhaps, although you'd never get an upper-classman to admit it, the Freshman Class is the most important class in school, here you find young people in the raw—people who have opinions of their own, but who quite willing listen and accept views of those with whom they wish to and will come in contact, provided those views are sincere and suggest a small amount of thought and imagination.

When one become a Sophomore, he is no longer a Freshman (magnificent deduction, eh what?) This is realized by Sophomores and anticipated by Freshmen. Off come rat caps and clipped hair—on goes a studious look spiced with a gleam of devilment. Now the erstwhile Freshman has become an uppy and is entitled to be a member of the famed belt-line. But the people whom we shall meet today are not Sophomores, as you might easily suspect, but Freshmen; a special group of Freshmen—not just the usual run we meet every day but the most important and outstanding ones: Those Freshmen who belong to the Morgan Literary Society.

Of the forty-seven members of the Freshman class twenty are Morgans, eleven are Calhouns, and the rest either don't know, don't care enough to let us know one way or the other.

To top the list (alphabetically, of course), we have Eleece Adamson, you've met her across the bridge table, across the tennis court, or on the dance floor—even sometimes behind a book.

Next is Edna Bailey—Her charming personality and ability to make friends have aided her in making herself one of the most popular girls on the campus. Edna is third speaker for the Morgan debating team and is certain of the victory which shall no doubt be won. Edna is the morale builder in Apartment 220.

Homer Cole comes next. He lives at Forney, works in the Grab and patronizes the tea dances. He is well known on the campus and always has a pleasant word in passing. He is escorting Wynelle Riddle, second speaker, to the debate.

John Deason: John is the pride and joy, not only of Walker county, but J.S.T.C. as well. His good manners, and considerate nature have, at last, outshone his tendency to act his age. John is one of the best-liked and friendliest boys to be found, here or there. He also is playing escort—and to Edna

one of the mainstays of Jacksonville. He's a sport fan from way back and is a Morgan to the last atom. His loyalty is appreciated not only because of his charming self but also of his ability to make noise and arouse enthusiasm.

Ruth Anne Jones: Well, Lamar is a Morgan, so—But then Ruth Anne is an intelligent girl, anyway. Her cute hats and novel hair-do plus her ability to follow just anybody, mostly Calhouns, on the dance floor have made her a, shall I say, spectacle, and I don't mean glasses, on the campus.

Katherine Killebrew: Her "talent" is singing, remember? She doesn't hide her light under a bushel basket, either. Killy plays cards like a psychopathic case and has at last made her bid at five spades. The Apartment Dorm is her hiding place but her fame is campus-wide.

Frances Kimball: A member of the Student Council, and Vice President of the Morgan Literary Society. Her ability to study and to retain the knowledge she gathers from such procedure is entirely unaccountable. Frances is an attribute to any organization.

Katherine Knight: Pity has a peculiar attraction for lieutenants and as far as concerns the M.L.S. she participates in every function of said society. Pity takes part in just about everything, in fact, and still manages to pass her exams.

Mildred Lott: A sweet and pretty girl with her heart in the right place. Her cooking is renowned and her stickability is to be congratulated. Mildred stays at the apartment dorm, with a room full of Morgans. Her bread is buttered but usually she does her own buttering.

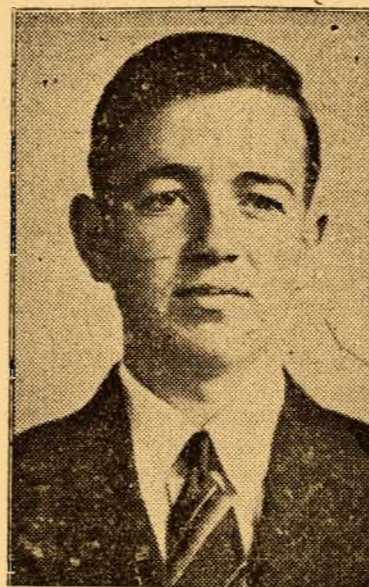
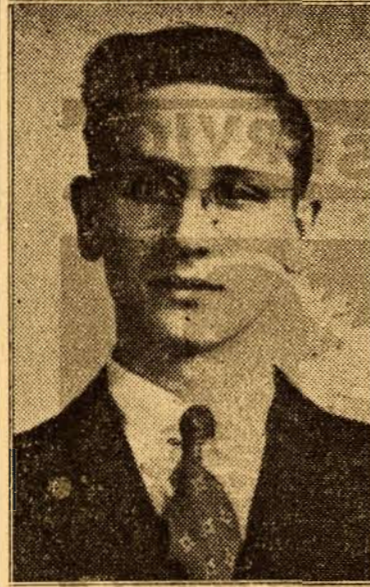
Margaret McBrayer: A gal from Dauge Hall. She can be seen any afternoon laboring up that steep hill that leads to the front entrance. Who made those steps, anyway? Margaret is a Morgan and the salty beds in Dauge Hall have been acquainted with her, I'm sure.

Jimmy McDonough: A boy after every girl's heart—and I do mean literally. His popularity with the opposite sex is due to no small amount of charm and brains—both of which usually, and in this case do, make up a Morgan.

Jean McGouirk: She'd just as soon be a Morgan than eat a bug. Thus: Jean became a Morgan. Jean is always at the tea dances and goes about her card playing scientifically to say the least. Her cute expressions cause constant laughter at the Apt. Dorm.

Lillie Norris: My, but that girl can swing a hoe. Proof: Monday afternoon in Apartment Dorm garden. Also she can swing a song—

To Escort Morgan Debaters



Here are three lucky lads—lucky because they are MORGANS and because they have been chosen to escort three luscious young debaters to the battle scene and share the honors of victory with them. They are, from left to right: Tom Irwin, Jacksonville, who will escort Miss Rivers; Homer Cole, Ft. Payne, who will escort Miss Riddle; John Deason, that dynamo from Jasper, who will escort Miss Bailey.

« Campus Personality »

Although Dr. Calvert is a well-known friend of all the students of this campus, he is also one of those terrifying figures—English professor—that haunted the dreams of so many poor bewildered freshmen. They didn't LIKE to write themes, in fact, they COULDN'T write them, but, incidentally, they DID write themes. He is also one of those astounding people—also English professor—who can read a sonnet of fourteen lines and find enough on which to talk for fourteen hours while we sit trying so hard to look wise and wondering how on earth one could be so learned.

According to his calculation, he is forty-one years of age. He was born in Pittsburg, North Carolina, and was reared in Virginia. In 1920, he graduated from Virginia Military Institute and in 1922 received his M. A. from Harvard. He also received his Ph. D. from Harvard in 1929.

He lays no claim to high scholastic honors but says that he was an average student and that he passed everything but drawing. He was, however, a "distinguished graduate" which is the equivalent to Phi Beta Kappa.

Maybe he can't draw but he is quite an artist in another sense. You see, he plays the piano quite well and he admitted a bit modestly that also sings, but only to himself and the cook.

One thing that all of Dr. Calvert's friends and even acquaintances associate with him is his knowledge



DR. W. J. CALVERT

is evident. They resent tourists who are too nosy and curious as to how they act and live.

"I have come to the conclusion," he says, "that the better you know any foreigner, the better you like him."

The spot which he was most eager to see was Bonn—you all know that it is the birthplace of Beethoven. Beethoven was a great hero to him at the time and still is as he is to all music lovers.

And speaking of this country, the South is his favorite. For one thing,

Before coming here he taught at Washington Lee and Williams College. This is his tenth year as professor of English in this school. He arrived as far as possible by way of the Seaboard about 9:00 one morning. He was told that he could change at Tredegar but that he would have to wait till about noon or afternoon. So-o-o he announced that he would wait at that station. There was, unfortunately, no station there. So he got off at Piedmont and took a truck to Jacksonville, passed the school and landed at the drugstore. At first, he thought that he had arrived at the torrid zone; the temperature was around 90 to 100 degrees. Thus he began his hard, tedious task of teaching people English and literature.

When they didn't get their themes in on time, he raised Cain—and how! Then he waited very patiently 'til they were in.

At the present he is engaged in growing cabbage and onions and also every other vegetable in his Victory Garden.

He is also employed in coaching the Morgan teams for the approaching debate which is to be held April 19.

About JSTC he says, "The tradition of debate persisting to present day is nearly unique in American College Life. Around the 'feud' between Morgans and Calhouns much of the vitality and folklore of this institution is centered. I should like to see the activities of the two organizations in a

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

ALUMNI OFFICERS

C. W. Dauge, Jr., President Catherine Ashmore, Secretary
R. LISTON CROW, Treasurer
MRS. R. K. COFFEE, Editor

Private Cecil Phillips Has Furlough

During the session of the Alabama Education Association in Birmingham, March 25-26, friends of Private Cecil O. Phillips were glad to meet him and to renew their acquaintance. He was at home on furlough after attending a school of instruction in Illinois.

Private Phillips is stationed at Camp Beale, California, with the 197 Ordnance Company Depot.

Mr. and Mrs. John Harbor Have A Son

A son, John Evans, was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. John Harbor. Mrs. Harbor and the baby are in Piedmont at the home of her parents while Mr. Harbor is stationed in Monroe, Louisiana, with the Army Air Corps.

He is studying in the field of navigation for active service.

News Of Norman Tant

Many inquiries have been received about the whereabouts of Norman Tant. So far, nothing definite has been received, but his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Tant, of Carrollton, Georgia, have heard some encouraging news which will be of interest to his many friends.

A war correspondent who knew Tant and who escaped after the fall of Bataan wrote them recently that he had seen Tant a short time before the fall, and that he felt reasonably sure that he had been captured and was now a prisoner of the Japs. He predicted that they would soon get a report from the Red Cross that he is in Japanese hands but alive.

Max Davis, of Pell City, a former popular student, recently spent a furlough at his home in Pell City. He is stationed in Oklahoma, and holds the rank of pharmacist second class.

Hugo Parkman, brother of Miss Ruth Parkman, who was enrolled here in Summer school one session, is stationed in Tulagi, Solomon Islands, with the Seabees.

Lieutenant John McCluer, of Camp Gordon, Georgia, spent a week with his parents and expects to be transferred to New Jersey shortly.

EARL CRAFT AND TOMMIE CHILDERS WED

Ensign Earl H. Craft and Tommie Childers were married March 8 at the home of the bride in Pensacola, Fla.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Childers, formerly of Jasper. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Craft, of Blountsville. Both are former students of the college.

Ensign Craft is now attending special school in New York, and Mrs. Craft is remaining with her parents in Pensacola.

WILLIAMS-FITE WEDDING SOLEMNIZED

The marriage of Miss Ruth Fite and William R. Williams was solemnized at the residence of the Rev. L. N. Claxton, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Anniston, who performed the ceremony.

The bride was attended by Miss Imogene Simmons and Corporal James Baird served as best man for the bridegroom.

The bride will remain at her home while her husband is stationed at Barry Field, Nashville, Tennessee.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Fite of Weaver, and is a senior at the college. She has a wide circle of friends who will be interested to learn of her marriage.

MISS OGLETREE WEDS G. C. WELDON, Jr.

Miss Sarah Lynn Ogletree became the bride of Grover C. Weldon, Jr., at an impressive ceremony performed at the home of her sister, Mrs. Hinton Boozer, and Mr. Boozer, in Anniston, recently.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. S. O. Kimbrough, district superintendent of the Methodist church, in the presence of the two families.

Music for the occasion was played by Miss Zannie Boozer and included At Dawning, I Love You Truly, Because, and the traditional wedding marches. The bride was given in marriage by her father, Thomas B. Ogletree of Sylacauga. Miss Dorothy Ogletree, sister of the bride, lighted the candles and

ing. He is escorting Wynelle Riddle, second speaker, to the debate. John Deacon: John is the pride and joy, not only of Walker county, but J.S.T.C. as well. His good manners, and considerate nature have, at last, outshone his tendency to act his age. John is one of the best-liked and friendliest boys to be found, here or there. He also is playing escort—and to Edna Bailey.

Martha Freeman: She has a darn good backhand in ping pong. She knows just how to hit a shuttle cock and no wonder, she works in the gymnasium. Weatherly would be at a loss without her.

Odie Gregg: A new and delightful citizen of a Freshman. He's almost as famous as Abe Lincoln himself for his Gettysburg address. Also his ping pong is not to be sneezed at. Odie is surely well known, considering the short time he has spent here on the campus.

James Jones: A professor's son, but no teacher's pet. Frenchy is

be a Morgan than eat a bug. Thus: Jean became a Morgan. Jean is always at the tea dances and goes about her card playing scientifically to say the least. Her cute expressions cause constant laughter at the Apt. Dorm.

Lillie Norris: My, but that girl can swing a hoe. Proof: Monday afternoon in Apartment Dorm garden. Also she can swing a song—and a leg—and if you've ever heard she can beat anybody at poker. But Lillie is a true Morgan and lends her aid and comfort to the society.

Cleo Stamps: Cleo works at the library, and that's good enough for me. She has a personality unlike that of anyone I have yet met. She's sweet, good, quiet, but vivacious, too. She has sympathy for the Calhouns but her heart is deeply in favor of the Morgans.

Sara Nell Stockdale: Well, look who's here. Stocky—that well-loved inmate of Apt. 220 and friend of Pvt. William Mishler. Sara Nell

he says, "that the better you know any foreigner, the better you like him."

Maybe he can't draw but he is quite an artist in another sense. You see, he plays the piano quite well and he admitted a bit modestly that also sings, but only to himself and the cook.

One thing that all of Dr. Calvert's friends and even acquaintances associate with him is his knowledge of birdlife. The thing in which he is most interested is their songs. In hundreds of instances he has recorded them to the extent of filling eight notebooks.

Being the son of a true Englishman, he has traveled quite a bit abroad. Strange though it may seem, the people which he liked best, next to those of England, of course, were those people in South Germany—they were "friendly, honest, and rather unspoiled."

In fact, he says that he liked all Europeans and found them to be very considerate but that one thing

he says, "that the better you know any foreigner, the better you like him."

The spot which he was most eager to see was Bonn—you all know that it is the birthplace of Beethoven. Beethoven was a great hero to him at the time and still is as he is to all music lovers.

And speaking of this country, the South is his favorite. For one thing, he was born in the South; his roots are here. Some of his most sincere and lasting friends have been Southerners. Another thing about the South is that the mass of Southerners are not lazy, they're simply less upset by modern fads and fashions. In fact, he is really astonished at the vitality of the people in this part.

This attitude no doubt accounts for his being so understanding about late papers and those unfortunate late comers. I'll have to admit that he understands them well enough—but only too well.

Ruth Parkman, who was enrolled here in Summer school one session, is stationed in Tulagi, Solomon Islands, with the Seabees.

About JSTC he says, "The tradition of debate persisting to present day is nearly unique in American College Life. Around the 'feud' between Morgans and Calhouns much of the vitality and folklore of this institution is centered. I should like to see the activities of the two societies increase rather than decrease."

He goes on to say that the most precious thing to any school is its own personality and that he thinks every school has a tradition of its own that ultimately makes up the school. And, too, he thinks that the small colleges can achieve more in the direction of democracy and preparation for democratic living than the larger and more unwieldy institutions and also that "we've always been close to the average people in this section of the state and will, I hope, remain so."

Ruth Parkman, who was enrolled here in Summer school one session, is stationed in Tulagi, Solomon Islands, with the Seabees.

Lieutenant John McCluer, of Camp Gordon, Georgia, spent a week with his parents and expects to be transferred to New Jersey shortly.

Lieutenant Herbert Blair, son of Mrs. H. L. Warren, who lived on the campus while his mother was a student, is stationed at Camp Sibert and has visited friends here recently.

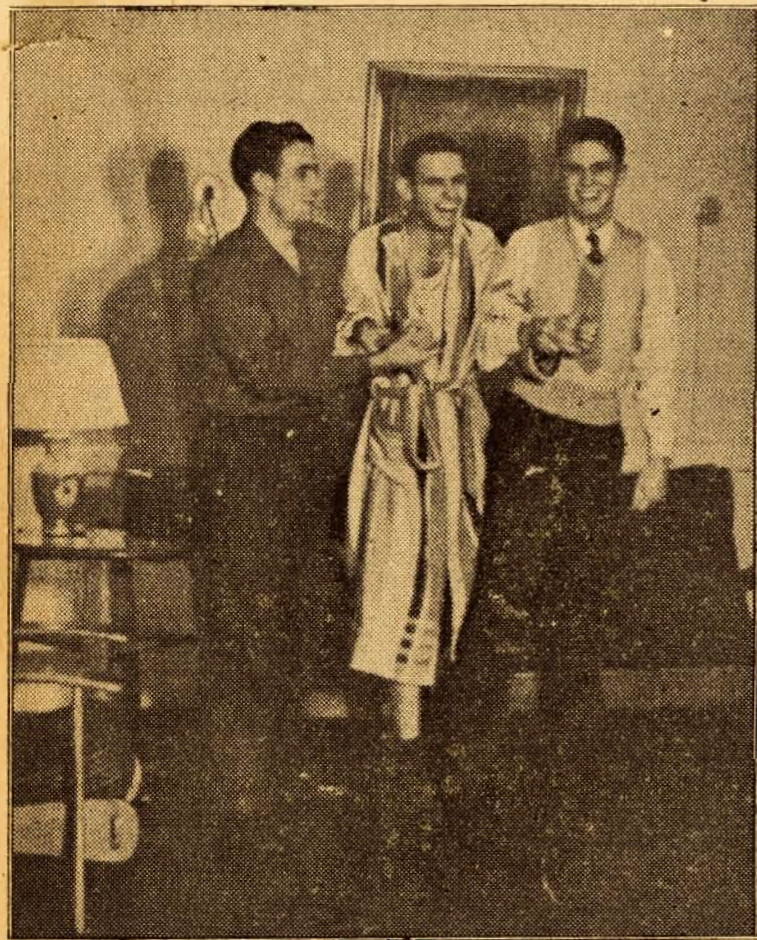
The friends of Sergeant R. S. Funderburk will be interested to learn that he is stationed at Camp Forrest, Tennessee.

Music for the occasion was played by Miss Zannie Rooser and included At Dawning, I Love You Truly, Because, and the traditional wedding marches. The bride was given in marriage by her father, Thomas B. Ogletree of Sylacauga.

Miss Dorothy Ogletree, sister of the bride, lighted the candles and served as maid of honor. Mrs. James T. Tillon, another sister, was Matron of honor. Hinton Bouzer was best man.

Immediately after the ceremony the couple left for Salt Lake City where the bridegroom is serving as a technical sergeant with the United States Army Air Corps. Both are graduates of the Jacksonville State Teachers College, where the romance began.

A FREAK IS DRAGGED TO HIS ANNUAL BATH



Our apologies for the Calhouns omitting this most freakish of freaks in their last week's slanderous publication. We feel certain that our friends (?), the Calhouns, forgot to mention their prize boob, Clayball Chesty Brittain, in their column, "College Freaks." RATHER than hurt his feelings by leaving him entirely unpublicized, we MORGANS sacrifice this valuable space to advertise his shortcomings.

"Nightowl" Brittain, held by one of his own clan on the left and a MORGAN on the right, is a bit camera-shy as you can see. He is far from shy around the women-folk, however. We understand that he is having a few difficulties with his feminine admirers at the present. It seems that the brother of a Morgan girl has taken his place over on Eighty Oaks. He is now wisely keeping company with a Morgan girl and longs for the day when he will be permitted to join her superior society.

is a Morgan who has a darn good chance of winning that ping pong tourney and she's taking that chance. We feel sure that the kids will forgive her for that fudge she made the other night at the party if she wins the tourney—here's hoping.

Miriam Wood: Another Daugette girl who's little and cute. Miriam's loyalty to the M.L.S. is denoted by the frequent mishaps of the Daugette Calhouns or, maybe I should say Calhoun. She really mows 'em down. Her difficulty in dragging the gang home from the Rec Hall has been solved at last. Tell us more.

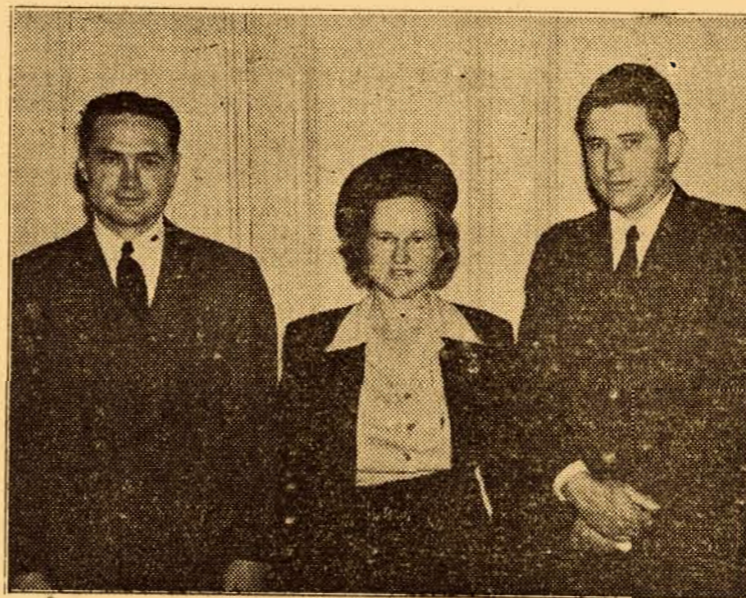
Charles Pyron: Last—and well may be he is—least. Charles is a savage. He belongs to the best organization this side of the north pole. Just now what this organization is is a matter of opinion but he's of the opinion that it's the M.L.S.

Nancy Treadway: Nancy stays over in Weatherly Hall where every girl with the exception of one very important person, is a Morgan. Her quiet ways have not made her so well known on the campus as the utterly different manner of some people have made them. But she is not wanting in friends, to say the least.

Mrs. Corine Robins: She lives in the Apt. Dorm. where many other Morgans make their home. She's a new member of the fold and will prove to be the most valuable judging from the way she goes about doing other things.

Margarite Stewart: Margarite, a third quarter freshman, from Piedmont, has joined the Morgan Literary Society for various and obvious reasons. An intelligence which makes her personality so charming was, of course, the main reason.

ALUMI OFFICERS



At the recent A.E.A. meeting in Birmingham the above trio were elected as breakfast officers of Jacksonville State Teachers College Alumni. They are: right, Ernest Stone, principal of Crossville High School, president; left, Paul Jones, principal of Brookwood High School, (at present with the OPA at Birmingham), vice president; Mildred Merona, secretary.

A PLEA TO FATE

Take me, mighty fate; into your hands,
Bind me, if you choose with your great hands.
And make me famous, obscure, happy, or sad.
But I'll be contented when one request I've had.
My desires is this, oh magnificent and powerful one.
It is only one condition I have to shun.
Mold me, shape me, fix me, buy or sell,
But never make me a Calhoun and all will be well.

CUPID'S BATTING AVERAGE

Morgan-Calhoun	1.000
Lindsay-Agee	1.000
Deason-Annie Body	1.
Lindsay, Sims (since Ear C left Washwoman)	1.000
Strother-McCluer	.999
Yarborough-Weaver	.999
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FALL OUT FIVE
MINUTES."



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FOR A PAUSE."

"AND AN ICE-COLD
COCA-COLA."

"I'VE BEEN
LONGING FOR
THIS MOMENT."



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Mighty Morgans Crush Crumby Calhoun Cagers

MORGANS TAKE THREE STRAIGHT GAMES BEFORE CALHOUNS FINALLY WIN ONE

The Morgans have done it again, but to no one's surprise who knows the strength of the Morgan Literary Society.

The Morgans, as ever, were eager and ready for the tournament, and as soon as it was learned that the evening Calhouns would have enough players for a team, gates were for the games. The tournament was very easily won by the Morgans winning the first three games as they came.

But since the Calhouns had done so well this year—getting enough players to have a team—the Morgans decided that they would give the Calhouns another chance to win a game.

In this game the Morgans substituted so as to make this game not too one-sided and to make the game more interesting.

At the close of the game there was some confusion about the score. The score board showed that the Morgans had a clear margin over the Calhouns, but some of the Calhouns claimed to have made points which were not added—they must have made these points at the half. Nevertheless, the Morgans agreed that the Calhouns could add the extra points to the final score, but after these points had been added the Morgans had still made the most points.

In the fifth and final game of the series, most of the Morgans disgusted about not having any competition from the Calhouns.

So in this final game some of the Morgan cage stars decided that they had more important things to do than to watch the Calhouns try to play basketball. In the first of the game the Morgans quickly ran up the score. At the end of the first quarter the Morgans had a good lead over the Calhouns.

At the quarter one of the Morgan players told his team that he had heard the Calhouns talking about not competing with the Morgans in anything else unless they won this game.

Since the Morgans are always wanting some competition, even though sometimes it may not be as much as it has been this year, the Morgans decided to let the Calhouns win this game.

So the tournament ended with the Calhouns winning the final game by a slight margin.

The Morgans sincerely hope that maybe by next year the Calhouns can offer more competition and make the basketball tournament more interesting.

A FRESHMAN'S VIEW-POINT OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

A Freshman's viewpoint should be unbiased and fair to both societies; but when one society rates so far ahead of the other one a person can't help giving the edge to the better society.

Upon arrival at the college of knowledge, this humble Freshman was ready to be inducted into either of the societies. He waited, and waited, and waited; nothing happened. The first quarter went by, and then half of the next one before the literary question was so much as mentioned. Then on a bright and sunny day, this Freshman mentioned the fact that the two societies ought to have a basketball match to decide between one society or the other.

Then one day in assembly an invitation was offered by both societies. Then all the Freshmen started running through all the past records of competition between the societies. We found that the Calhouns had a slight edge over the Morgans. Then and there it was decided that a change must be recorded on the records of competition. The elite of the Freshman class then proceeded to join the ranks of the Morgans. Then the worm turned. The Morgans won game after game of basketball until one night the Calhouns issued a challenge to the Morgans after the now famous Morgan quintet had been knocked apart by Uncle Sam's beckoning finger. The Morgans accepted, despite the handicap of three of their first string players absence.

The Calhouns luckily triumphed over the Morgan team and since that date we have heard no end of how the Calhouns finally evicted one win to three losses.

To any sensible person this would signify that the Calhouns take unfair advantage of any person.

Now the ping pong tournament is coming up and the Calhouns are making big boasts about how they are going to win. Well, just judge by the final outcome of the match which society is the better.

The Calhoun Flag Waves No More

Flags were first instituted to signify a nation's faith in itself. During the past two weeks flags of all

SOFTBALL SEASON OPENS WITH A BANG

This article is completely unbiased and is meant to advertise the Jacksonville State Teachers Softball team. The team has played the Jax Hi team and the Piedmont High team. Although our boys were defeated in one game we believe that with the help of a college cheering section our team could go places. It means a lot to a team to have somebody behind it, and if everyone will try and come out. Tuesday April 20, at 2:00 o'clock, we believe that our boys will give the Piedmont High boys a game worth coming to see.

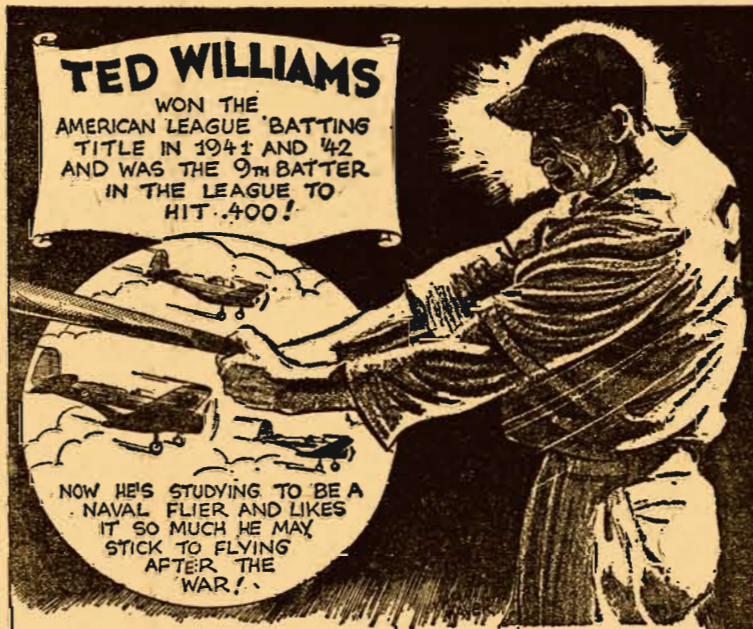
The J.S.T.C. boys will play another game Friday, April 23, with Alexandria. If our boys are clicking we will have a team that will make you proud, but they cannot click without a little support from the student body.

The team is composed of boys from the Morgan and Calhoun societies. Since there are not enough boys in each society to form society teams, they have combined forces to make a college team. The players are: Bill Hamilton and James McDonough alternating as catcher; Vernon Whittle, pitcher; Lamar Hyatt, first base; Hascal Sharp, second base; Earl Lindsay, shortstop; George Mitchell, third base; Kittrell Agee, short field; James Jones and Charles Pyron alternating at right field; Homer Cole and Clarence Mitchell alternating at center field; Billy Wilbanks and John Deason alternating at left field.

Bill H. (after a physics experiment): Do you believe the statement that seeing is believing?

Homer C.: No, for instance, I see you every day, Bill.

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CONTRASTING MORGANS TO CALHOUNS

Cantankerous Calhouns speak well for that struggling organization is literally going to the "dogs" name of the Calhoun Literary Society.

Now we have the answer to why the student government association is literally going to the "dogs"—the president is a Calhoun—no other than Clay Brittain.

And what about that Calhoun's head that was at the bottom of the stairway at the Morgan Fudge party. The Morgans certainly have a way of dealing with crooked Calhoun. Just ask the Morgans.

Of all things, the Calhouns couldn't get out their issue of The Teacola alone, and had to call in a few intelligent Morgans to write the news. However, we certainly weren't surprised. We know their capacities.

Our Morgans are even athletically superior to the scrawny Calhouns. Four out of five basketball games have been taken by the Morgans. No competition—tut, tut.

What are all the Calhouns made of? Nothing to be afraid of—Cats, snails, and puppy-dog tails—that's what cripplly Calhouns are made of.

Mr. Crow, efficient keeper of the lucré, and most enthusiastic Morgan. Mrs. Pyron—assistant to Mr. Crow and one-time flower-girl for the Morgans. All the intelligent students of the campus are now Morgans.

This little tale starts with Dashing Deason and ends with Dashing Deason. One night about a month ago, Dashing was awaken-

TEA DANCE TALK

The air is warm, students lazily stroll to classes, boys and girls sit on the grass to enjoy the sun.

Favorite topics are the debate, the parties, and the draft. What has happened? Only this—Spring, 1943 edition has descended to our J. S. T. C. campus. We feel like turning over our new leaves, and really begin to live.

Our favored tea dances are, once more, coming into prominence. More gals are beginning to flock from Weatherly and Daugeite, to think that spring has that "new" feeling. For the past two tea dances all the dormitories have been well represented (just as it should be).

To those faithful few who kept the tea dances going this winter, we give three cheers; but to those scores of other who are going to build them up this spring, we give fifteen cheers.

Last Thursday night, quite a universal thing happened. To all the Morgans present, this was very apropos, but to the Calhouns—we'll that doesn't matter anyway.

It happened like this—a group of girls—all Morgans—entered the hall singing the Battle Hymn of the Morgans. Since the spirit of the Morgans is what it is, this song was taken up and in a few moments, the whole tea dance was broken up by the singing of the Morgans.

Things like this are always happening at tea dances. Won't you come over and get in on it?

ed by the realization that someone was in his room; and hot up to any benificent tricks, either. He switched on the light only to find meek little Earl Lindsay, dioxilated prey of the Calhouns, kneeling by the bed asking the Lord to make Dashing into a Calhoun.

U. S. Army Announcement

To College Women in their Senior Year



though sometimes it may not be as much as it has been this year, the Morgans decided to let the Calhouns win this game.

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WEATHERLY HALL NEWS

Weatherly Hall officers for this quarter are: Mrs. Dillon—the sweetest, bestest housemother going; Loneti White, Weatherly's only senior, president; Enell Avery, vice president; Jane Thompkins, secretary; Ferrell Gamble, reporter, and Enell Avery, Martha Freeman, and Pauline Sides, Social Committee.

With our Nancy Treadway, Frances Lockridge, Lucile Redmond and our new student, Mrs. Merson, the Weatherly Hall circle is complete.

With this group of able-minded girls you're pretty apt to see Weatherly Hall circle is complete. happy occasions.

We hope the boarders aren't disall the dormitorie. have been welling around asking themselves, "Are you a Calhoun? Yes!"

They're just trying to keep themselves company.

"Then be ye therefore loyal, faithful, and obedient to thine own society. Let not the false doctrine nor the chastisement of the unrighteous turn ye away from that which is right and good."

This bit of scripture was called to our mind when we saw Lucile Redmond reject the call to join the Calhoun society. Even the dark closes, Pauline Sides, Frances Lockridge, and the thought of being late for a date, could not make her even think that she would like to be a Calhoun. Congratulations, Lucile!

News! News! Pauline Sides and Frances Lockridge have been applying rotten orange on each others face to bleach them. Also on the bed clothing and floors. We hope the results were all right. The girls had to wash their faces, mop, the floor and wash the bed clothing. What'll they think of next?

Lt. Harry Frost, Pvt. Hinds Frost, and Miss Ann Hill were the guests of Mrs. W. A. Frost this week.

Misses Jane Tompkins and Nancy Treadway spent last week end visiting their families.

Sergeant and Mrs. James Davy have been a much welcomed bride and groom of Weatherly Hall. We regret to see Mrs. Davy leave but hope she has a pleasant trip home.

Several from here are attending the study course at the Baptist Church this week.

We all miss Lorene Guice, Joe Wilson, and Pat King. Our best wishes follow them wherever they may be.

The Calhoun Flag Waves No More

Flags were first instituted to signify a nation's faith in itself. During the past two weeks flags of all kinds and colors have been displayed by Morgans and Calhouns.

This little banner-planting fad was started when a certain member of that lowly tribe, the C.L.S., placed a somewhat dilapidated flag on the uppermost point of Bibb Graves Hall. Needless to say, the flag was soon removed by a group of faithful Morgans. The flag was burned at the Forney Hall picnic over the merry picnic fire. Some little note of thanks was printed in the Calhoun edition as to the respectful way the flag was disposed of. If burning a flag over a picnic fire while Morgans laugh and spit on it is respectful, then Calhouns are even more ignorant than they get credit for being. Another "old timer" of that infamous society declared that the flag had achieved its purpose. Well, it kept a lot of Morgans warm for a few seconds. If that is the purpose that the Calhouns had in mind when they put the flag where Morgans could conveniently get it, then I guess we owe them an apology.

Since that time several flags have been raised and lowered. The Calhouns have been staying up all night trying to put a flag where Morgans can't reach it. But all in vain.

Quite a bit of damage to public and private property has been brought about by the combined efforts of both societies. Of course the damage was done unintentionally, but on the face of things it looks as if we ought to have a little good time without bringing about destruction. This goes for both societies.

Certain signs have been painted on the sidewalks and other places which read ".048." We wonder if this is the percentage of chance that the Calhouns are given to win the debate.

A MORGAN WONDERS

Why Clay Brittain moved from a single room to a room with a Morgan.

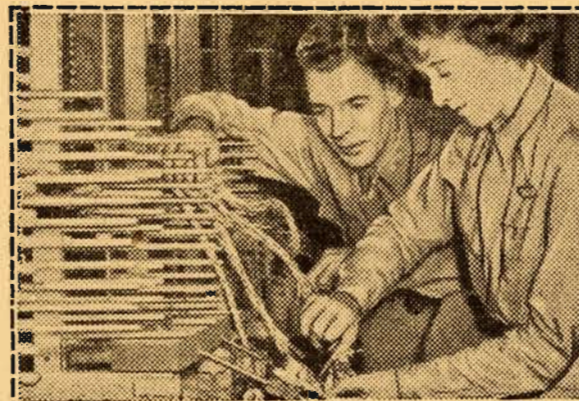
Why certain Calhoun girls at Daugette can't take a little fun from a Morgan.

Why certain Calhouns rave about the age of certain Morgans when in every form of competition the "younger generation" wins!

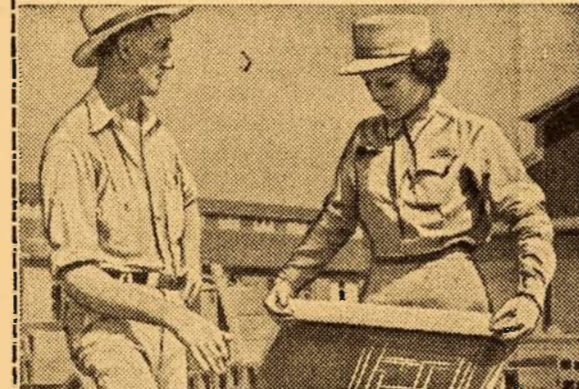
When Bill Hamilton is going to get up nerve enough to ask Marion Coffee for a date.

Why Morgans always show up at tea dances with dates and Calhouns don't.

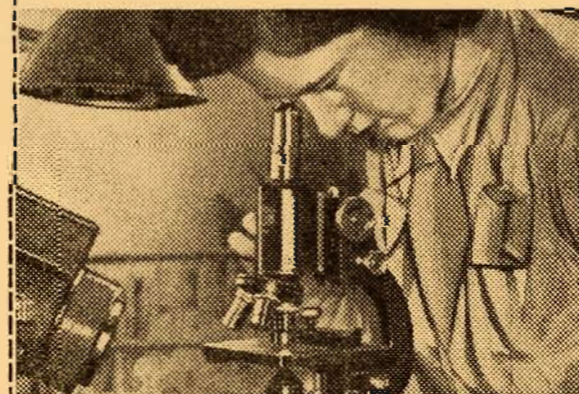
To College Women in their Senior Year



WAAC learning line testing



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Officers	Equiv. Rank	Base Monthly Pay
Director	Colonel	\$333.33
Asst. Director	Lt. Colonel	291.67
Field Director	Major	250.00
1st Officer	Captain	200.00
2nd Officer	1st Lieutenant	166.67
3rd Officer	2nd Lieutenant	150.00
<i>Enrolled Members</i>		
Chief Leader	Master Sergeant	\$138.00
1st Leader	First Sergeant	138.00
Tech. Leader	Tech. Sergeant	114.00
Staff Leader	Staff Sergeant	96.00
Technician, 3rd Grade	Technician, 3rd Grade	96.00
Leader	Sergeant	78.00
Technician, 4th Grade	Technician, 4th Grade	78.00
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Technician, 5th Grade	Technician, 5th Grade	66.00
Auxiliary, 1st Class	Private, 1st Class	54.00
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New horizons . . . new places and people . . . interesting, practical experience with good pay . . . and, above all, a real opportunity to help your country by doing essential military work for the U. S. Army that frees a soldier for combat duty. These are among many reasons why thousands of American women are responding to the Army's need.

You will receive valuable training which may fit you for many of the new careers which are opening to women, and full Army pay while doing so. And by joining now you will have excellent chances for quick advancement for, as the WAAC expands, many more officers are needed. Every member—regardless of race, color or creed—has equal opportunity and is encouraged to compete for selection to Officer Candidate school. If qualified, you may obtain a commission in 12 weeks after beginning basic training.

Go to your WAAC Faculty Adviser for further information on the list of openings, pay, and promotions. Or inquire at any U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Station.

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