

The Teacola

A STUDENT PUBLICATION, JACKSONVILLE STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

VOLUME EIGHT

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1943.

NUMBER EIGHT



When you picked up the Teacola, did you notice anything that added a great deal to the whole appearance of the paper? Think now! To lessen the suspense we'll tell you to glance up to the top of this column and notice the new head (it's "head" in newspaper lingo—"title" in everyday language) that As We See It proudly bears. You'll notice just such heads scattered through the paper, a few this issue—more next time. They are doing a wonderful job of glamorizing your school paper.

Our artist is the same person that you see peering intently over her glasses as she labors tirelessly on the mural in the "Grab" that seems all too large for such a little girl to do. But she does it, and does all the other work that people pile upon her, with the same cheerful smile. You know of whom we are speaking now, of course, and you can join in our chorus of thanks to her.

One of the chairs in the student lounge has already been broken! We realize that it was not broken intentionally, but rather the damage was caused by carelessness. At any rate, we hope that was the cause. But whether carelessness caused the accident or not, it is broken. When things like that happen, we wonder if we realize just how fortunate we all are to have such a lounge. Just the other day the writer of this column read that another college is trying in devious ways to get a lounge and we have one. And what happens right away? The furniture gets broken!

Remember that one of the arguments in favor of having no rules for the student room was that all of us, since we are old enough to be college students, would surely know how to treat a room provided for our benefit? And that we all treat our living rooms at home in a very nice manner? If all that was spoken in truthfulness, what

Seniors Complete Four Year Course

Six JSTC Students Await Graduation Exercises In Spring

The students who completed their college work at the end of the Fall Quarter and are candidates for graduation are Mary Noma Braden, Wedowee, Alabama; Marie Louise Brown, Jacksonville, Alabama; Glen Howard Sides, Dora, Alabama; Mrs. Margaret Wood Bishop, Centre, Alabama; John Roy Stewart, Piedmont, Alabama; Bessie Orene Warren, Guntersville, Alabama.

Noma Braden is the daughter of Mrs. Jerusha Braden of Wedowee, Alabama. While at Jacksonville Miss Braden has taken part in many extra-curricular activities. During her last quarter she was especially interested and took part in many college activities. She has participated in assembly programs and was in a play enacting the story of the Star Spangled Banner, which was presented to a district meeting of the P. T. A. at the college. Upon completion of her work last quarter, Miss Braden accepted a position at Fairfax, Alabama, where she is now teaching.

Louise Brown is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Brown of Jacksonville. Louise came to Jacksonville with her family to live in 1933. She attended the Jacksonville High School and was graduated in 1939. The fall following her graduation from high school, Louise entered JSTC majoring in English and the commercial subjects and has completed her college work in three years and three months. Music is her hobby and she likes to read. Her plans are to do commercial work in a defense plant temporarily and probably to go into the teaching field later.

Glen Sides is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sides of Dora, Alabama.

Students Hear Methodist Pastor

'Facing the New Year' Is Rev. Charles Ferrell's Topic At Assembly Address

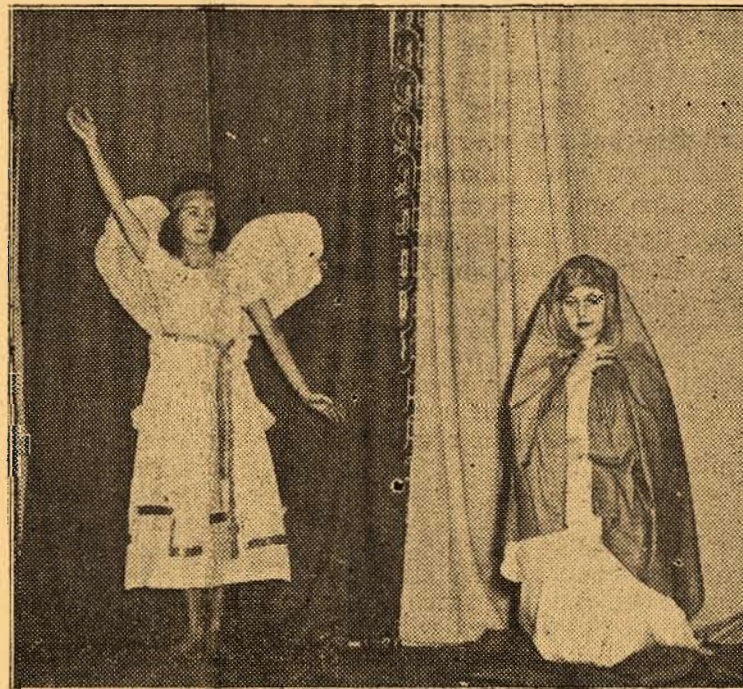
Last Friday morning at the regular assembly program the students had as their guest speaker Rev. Mr. Ferrell, pastor of the Jacksonville Methodist Church.

Mr. Ferrell's talk to the college students was one of primary concern to young people in school. His topic was: Facing the New Year, or Going a New Way. The first point of the interesting talk was concerned with making wise decisions in 1943. To illustrate his point, the speaker used this word picture: If a family were going to take a trip to New York they would carefully consider the different ways to go. They could go by boat; they could go by bus; they could go by train or automobile. Finally the group would choose the route most suited to them, and take it. We could work out our moral decisions the same way if we would study the various alternatives that lie before us, decide upon the best and highest one, and then act upon the sure decision with our whole beings.

Making new habits and breaking the bad ones was the next point. Mr. Ferrell emphasized his point by the story of a little girl who ran to her mother one day and said, "Mother, remember that vase on the piano that you value so much and that has been handed down in our family from generation to generation?"

"Yes," replied the mother. "Has anything happened to it?" "Well," said the child, "this generation just dropped it!"

Impressive Pageant Scenes



The scene pictured above was one of the most impressive ones from the recent freshman Christmas pageant. It pictures Edna Bailey, at the left, as Gabriel, and Louise Bonino as the Madonna.

The pageant is an annual presentation of the Freshman Arts Group, and is one of the highlights of the school program.

Annual Pageant Given By Frosh Arts Group

On December 11, 1942, the Arts Group of the freshman class presented their annual Christmas Pageant in still-life scenes portraying the birth of Christ from the Annunciation through the Nativity.

All phases of the preceding quarter's art work were used in the production of the pageant under the leadership of Miss Stella Huser, Miss Ada Curtiss, Dr. William Calvert, Mrs. William Calvert, and Mr. Lance Hendrix, professors of the Arts course.

The class was divided into committees which planned the scenery

who were represented by Frances Kimball, Maxine Ashburn, Margaret McBrayer, Julia Kellett, Mildred Lott, Dorothy Meeks, Katherine Knight, and Ephie Pickett. The choir sang, "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing." The Nativity scene had all figures represented with the supposed manger in the center of the stage, surrounded by the angels and the shepherds. Nancy Mel Treadaway as Joseph was kneeling at the head of the manger with the Virgin Mary behind it. The highlight of the pageant was the entrance of the Three

War Training Courses Offered To Students

Co-Eds Offered Aviation Training

Aviation Firm Seeking 800 American College Women For Training As Air Engineers

The engineering profession is no longer reserved "for men only," it is emphasized by G. W. Vaughn, president of Curtiss-Wright Corporation, in a statement explaining how this organization is now seeking approximately 800 American college women for special training as engineers in eight universities. This project is especially significant, he said, since less than 20 women throughout the United States received engineering degrees in the past year.

According to plans made by Curtiss-Wright Corporation, America's largest producer of warplanes, engines and propellers, the women candidates, to be known as "Cadettes," will be enrolled February 1, 1943, as engineering student employees of the company in custom-built aviation courses of 10 months. In December, 1943, the "Cadettes" will enter various plants of the corporation in the East and Middle West to take over engineering positions, thereby releasing already overloaded engineers for more creative duties.

The corporation announced that "Cadettes" will receive tuition, room, and board free plus a salary of ten dollars per week. They will be registered as special students living in special sections of college residence buildings and will receive all benefits and privileges given regular students.

Recognizing its inability to send representatives to all the schools for interviewing, the corporation

Students In All Fields Sought For Engineering Training In Federal Career Service

College-trained persons are sought for on-the-job training in engineering in the Federal service, the U. S. Civil Service Commission announces. Graduates and senior students majoring in any field are urged to make themselves available for engineering activity which may lead to an attractive career. Women particularly are sought.

Positions are as junior engineer. The entrance salary is \$2,000 a year, not including payment for authorized overtime, which under certain conditions may amount to as much as 20% of the yearly salary. For those who have not had previous training in engineering, a war training course has been specially planned, covering the fundamentals of junior engineer work in a Federal agency.

Applications may be made to the U. S. Civil Service Commission by graduates or senior students in any field, provided they enroll in the special ESMWT course, "Engineering Fundamentals, Junior Engineer-Supplemental." Engineering senior students or graduates may qualify without further training, as may also graduates or senior students in astronomy, chemistry, geology, physics, mathematics, and engineering sciences who can show 6 semester hours in strictly engineering subjects. In lieu of these 6 semester hours in engineering subjects, the completion of any ESMWT course in engineering will be accepted.

Engineering, Science and Management War Training courses are tuition-free, sponsored by the U. S. Office of Education, offered at about 200 colleges throughout the country.

ways to get a lounge and we need one. And what happens right away? The furniture gets broken!

Remember that one of the arguments in favor of having no rules for the student room was that all of us, since we are old enough to be college students, would surely know how to treat a room provided for our benefit? And that we all treat our living rooms at home in a very nice manner? If all that was spoken in truthfulness, what is the reason for a new, perfectly healthy looking chair being broken? We don't know, do you?

The holidays have been gone for quite a while; everyone has said what he or she was so happy to get on the twenty-fifth of last month; we're in the swing again; and furthermore, it's an entirely new year. All that being the case, it's a little late to mention how dead the town was when all the college folks were gone, and how good it seems for everyone to be back in town again, and how we hope this will be the happiest new year ever. Whew! it seems we have already said what was "a little late to be said"; so our remarks will have to stand.

Gather around, my children, and we'll tell you a little story we happened to hear of two "almost juniors" who pulled a dumber stunt than any green freshman ever dreamed of pulling. It seems, according to their story, that the two whom we are to tell of had, in the stress and strain of three weeks of keeping blank minds, completely forgotten their schedule. Now what can anyone do without working knowledge of his schedule? So what did these two do but unconsciously cut a class.

Not being content with this outrage, the two gaily flitted up and down the halls of our institution of learning, in no wise conscious of the puzzled eyes of a prof who had never seen such brazen "cut-tees" (to coin a word).

Imagine the red faces of these two when they discovered their mistake, as inevitably they did. And imagine the long explanation at the next class. They swear that their teacher is a very understanding person though, and we hope for their poor muddled souls' sake that he is.

There is a moral for this, or there should be, but we'll be swiggered if we know what it is.

We don't know any remedy for a situation that irks us, but it might do us some good to get it off our chest. Here goes. It seems awfully hard to struggle out of bed before day to get ready for an eight o'clock, and to top that hill before an icy wind just as the sky is getting good and pink. If nothing can be done, we had just better sit back and say, "Thank heavens I don't go to school in Georgia where they have Eastern Standard Time," and make the best of our lot. December the twenty-first has come

1939. The fall following graduation from high school, Louise entered JSTC majoring in English and the commercial subjects and has completed her college work in three years and three months. Music is her hobby and she likes to read. Her plans are to do commercial work in a defense plant temporarily and probably to go into the teaching field later.

Glen Sides is the son of Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Sides of Dora, Alabama, and has been at JSTC since 1939. While at Jacksonville, Glen took part in many extra-curricular activities. He was a member of the Calhoun Literary Society and took a leading part in that organization. He was a member of the Baptist Church here at Jacksonville. Glen was very popular on the campus and is looked upon by many of the Freshmen boys as being rather paternalistic, because of his unusual interest in the indoctrination of the Freshmen in the ways of college life. On July 10, 1942, Glen enlisted as a candidate in the officers' training class of the United States Marines. Glen is six feet, six inches tall—said to be the tallest man ever to be taken into the Marine Corps—and had to obtain a waiver from Marine Corps headquarters before he could be enlisted. He went on active duty December 21, and is stationed at the Marine training center at Paris Island.

Margaret Bishop is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Sims of Centre, Alabama. Margaret entered JSTC in 1941, coming from Montevallo, where she took part in many college activities. While there she was a member of the Glee Club and the Montevallo Dance Group. Since she has been at Jacksonville, she has taken part in many of the college activities. She was recently married to Burney Bishop of Lineville, Alabama, a graduate of Jacksonville in the June, 1941, graduating class, and now serving in the United States Navy. Margaret has accepted a position in South Alabama where she is now teaching.

John Roy Stewart is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stewart of Piedmont, Alabama. John Roy was a very popular student on the campus and took part in many of the college activities. He was a member of the Calhoun Literary Society. He also stood high scholastically. In his senior year, John Roy left Jacksonville to accept a position at a school in South Alabama. He later returned to Jacksonville to complete work for his degree. He enlisted in the Army Air Corps Reserve and is now in training in California.

Bessie Orene Warren is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Warren of Guntersville, Alabama. She has been teaching and returned to Jacksonville to complete work for her degree.

and gone and the days will be longer soon—very soon we hope.

the bad ones was the next point. Mr. Ferrell emphasized his point by the story of a little girl who ran to her mother one day and said, "Mother, remember that vase on the piano that you value so much and that has been handed down in our family from generation to generation?"

"Yes," replied the mother. "Has anything happened to it?"

"Well," said the child, "this generation just dropped it!"

Just so, we need to drop some of our habits. To break some of the old, bad habits, decide definitely upon the necessity for breaking those habits and act mentally, physically, and spiritually upon your decision, letting no exception to that decision occur.

"The people you meet in college in 1943 will not be like meeting people upon a train," Mr. Ferrell continued. These friends you make will not be just casual acquaintances but probably your lifelong friends. Be sure that the ones you cultivate are the right kind. "If I were in college again I'd follow some advice I've heard," Mr. Ferrell declared. "I'd pick a few friends below my level to be at complete ease with. And finally I'd pick a great many friends above my level mentally and spiritually so that I would have to reach up and grow to be on their level." What kind of friend you are was made a point of. Do you elevate, or drop down? To have real friends you must be a real friend yourself.

And last—choose a real religion. Too many students go through life with a "Now I lay me down to sleep" religion when the religion should be maturing as the person does.

Mr. Ferrell quoted Dorothy Thompson as saying that the church had failed in its duty. This statement Mr. Ferrell denied. He said the churches had not failed, but rather that the people had failed the church. "I know nothing about music, but if I sat at a piano and someone placed one of Beethoven's compositions before me and I started banging away, do you suppose someone would say, 'Dear me! Beethoven has failed. Throw his works away?' If a musician played the music it would lift the listeners. That's what is wrong. We don't do the work of the church correctly and we fail it. It never fails us."

He announced that a bus would be sent to all dormitories to carry the students to church if enough students wanted this service. The expenses are to be defrayed by the local churches.

ATTENTION CO-EDS!

The war department has placed a large display advertisement in the TEACOLA of concern to college girls interested in winning the war! See back page.

traying the birth of Christ from the Annunciation through the Nativity.

All phases of the preceding quarter's art work were used in the production of the pageant under the leadership of Miss Stella Huger, Miss Ada Curtiss, Dr. William Calvert, Mrs. William Calvert, and Mr. Lance Hendrix, professors of the Arts course.

The class was divided into committees which planned the scenery and made it, and each member of the class was given a part in the pageant itself. In the Annunciation scene were Louise Bonino as the Virgin Mary and Edna Bailey as the Angel Gabriel. During this scene Ovelle Tumlin Kent sang the "Magnificat." In the Shepherd Scene, the shepherds were represented by Katherine Killebrew, Ruth Upton, Frances Lockridge, and Sara Nell Stockdale, while the college choir sang "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night." The next scene was the same except for the host of angels

Katherine Knight, and Ephie Pickett. The choir sang, "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing." The Nativity Scene had all figures represented with the supposed manger in the center of the stage, surrounded by the Angels and the shepherds. Nancy Mel Treadaway as Joseph was kneeling at the head of the manger with the Virgin Mary behind it. The highlight of the pageant was the entrance of the Three Kings, represented by Lester Sims, R. C. Smith, and John Deason, who approached from the rear, each singing one verse of "We Three Kings of Orient," as they singly advanced to the stage to offer their gifts to the Christ Child.

The last scene was the Temple Scene showing the dedication of Christ's life to God. The Priest, Ervin L. Shirey, stood facing the altar while Dr. William Calvert sang the "Nunc Dimittis."

The Scripture for the between-scenes reading was prepared and read by Dr. Calvert.

Noted Musicians To Present Concert At College Monday Evening

Arthur Darack Makes His Second Appearance Before Student Body

Next Monday evening, January 18, at eight o'clock, under the sponsorship of the Freshman Arts Group, there will be presented a violin and piano concert at Bibb Graves Hall.

Arthur Darack, the pianist, is remembered by those who heard him here last summer as perhaps the finest musician ever to have appeared in Calhoun County, and certainly one of the finest to have appeared in this section of the South. A graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, he has played on the concert stage and as concert pianist with the Cincinnati and other symphony orchestras. He is possessed of a brilliant technique, and plays with overwhelming passion and power.

Rolf Persinger, the violinist, and the son of a musical family, himself comes to us enthusiastically recommended.

Both musicians are members of the army and stationed at Fort McClellan. It is to this fact that Jacksonville owes its good fortune in offering a musical combination such as one may seldom enjoy.

All the public is cordially invited to attend the concert and the reception that is to follow it immediately. There will be no charge for admission.

EXCHANGE CLUB FETES SOLDIERS

On Friday night, December 11, the members of the Exchange Club entertained with a banquet for a group of soldiers from Fort McClellan. Each member invited a service man.

The dinner was held at the Recreation Center in the clubroom. The room was decorated in the holiday motif. Pine boughs and red candles were used and fruit, nuts, and candy were the able decorations.

A program was centered around the officers, new and old. Mr. A. C. Summers made a farewell speech, after which each member introduced his guest. Carols were sung for a while after dinner.

Those present were:

Thomas Mulvihill, Oil City, Pennsylvania; Harry Hallmark, McKinney, Texas; Rev. T. L. Collins, Leeds, Alabama; John A. McRae, Charlotte, North Carolina; E. J. Hodges, Rochester, New York; Arthur Darack, Cincinnati, Ohio; Samuel J. Prenskey, New York City; Joe Hogan, New Haven, Connecticut; Hugh Faulkner, New Orleans, Louisiana; John Krchniak, Little Falls, New York; Paul Cecala, Buffalo, New York; George F. Bentley, Nashville, Tennessee; R. E. Fillingim, Jacksonville; Albert T. Zorr, Buffalo, New York; Irvin Hintz, New Haven, Kentucky.

New Officers Named

Dr. F. M. Lawrence, chairman of the nominating committee, made the following report which was unanimously adopted: L. W. All-

(See EXCHANGE CLUB, Page 4)

more creative duties. The corporation announced that "Cadettes" will receive tuition, room, and board free plus a salary of ten dollars per week. They will be registered as special students living in special sections of college residence buildings and will receive all benefits and privileges given regular students.

Recognizing its inability to send representatives to all the schools for interviewing prospective "Cadettes," the organization has set up temporary district offices. Students on this campus who are interested in the program are urged to contact by letter, telegram or telephone, Miss R. Morrison, a Curtiss-Wright representative who will be located at the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel in Atlanta, Georgia, between January 7th and 15th inclusive to arrange for a convenient interview.

Curtiss-Wright representatives have visited 110 colleges to interview interested students and have accepted several hundred for the training program, it was announced.

The program will be administered by Cornell University, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Pennsylvania State College, Purdue University, University of Minnesota, Northwestern University, Iowa State College and the University of Texas.

To qualify for "Cadette" positions, women students must have passed their 18th birthday prior to February 1, 1943; should have a sophomore standing, or better; and, must have completed college algebra or its equivalent. It is interesting to note that of those accepted to date, the average "Cadette" is 19 years and 8 months of age, is completing her junior year in college and has studied college mathematics for 1.9 years.

Another interesting fact was revealed by Curtiss-Wright interviewers as a result of hundreds of individual conversations with applicants. That fact was that many young women expressed a long-standing interest in engineering, some wistfully stating that they might have entered engineering colleges had the field not been recognized at that time as being "for men only."

HIGH SCHOOL AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF HONOR

The High School has been presented with a certificate of honor for meritorious service during the state salvage campaign, according to Principal Reuben Self. The certificate was signed by Governor Frank Dixon and the Secretary of State. It bears the state seal, also.

Students of the high school went "all out" for collecting scrap and were among the ten highest in the state for the amount collected per capita, their average being 500 pounds.

They are to be congratulated upon receiving this recognition.

semester hours in strictly engineering subjects. In lieu of these 6 semester hours in engineering subjects, the completion of any ESMWT course in engineering will be accepted.

Engineering, Science and Management War Training courses are tuition-free, sponsored by the U. S. Office of Education, offered at about 200 colleges throughout the country.

Countless new people are urgently needed in the engineering field in the Federal service because of the induction of Federal employees into the armed forces and the growth of engineering problems in the conduct of war. Besides offering a certain amount of prestige, the work is performed in Federal agencies throughout the country under conditions that are pleasant and attractive. Opportunity for advancement in engineering in the Federal service is good, depending upon the abilities of the individual.

Senior college students and persons enrolled in ESMWT courses in engineering, who are otherwise qualified, upon applying to the Commission may receive provisional appointments to Federal positions as junior engineers, with entrance on duty deferred until completion of the course.

Announcement No. 281 of the Commission, stating the new requirements for entrance to junior engineer positions in the Federal service, may be obtained at first- and second-class post offices. Forms for applying, obtainable at first- and second-class post offices, must be sent to the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., and will be accepted until the needs of the service are met.

Besides widening opportunities for college men and women in junior engineer positions in the Federal service, the Commission also announces greatly modified requirements for engineering draftsman positions, and for the higher grades of engineering positions. Announcements 283 and 281 should be seen for these positions.

TEACHER STUDENTS

Mr. Hendrix Learns Again Students of Dr. Jones' second-year French class were amazed on discovering Mr. Lance Hendrix tucked quietly in their midst during a class this week. He cheerfully took part in singing the favorite French songs and ballads. Before the class recitation, he told Dr. Jones that he knew little or nothing about French, and during said recitation, convinced him. But his heart was in the right place, and his attitude was fine. In fact, he kept the class alert and on its toes, creating a new and competitive attitude.

The students put their seal of hearty endorsement upon this new order of things, where the cycle becomes complete, what with student teachers and teacher students.

THE TEACOLA

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A BOY DIED LAST NIGHT

"A boy died last night. It doesn't make much difference now about his name. The important thing is that he died, in poignant and awful loneliness, out somewhere on a waste of sand, out in a starless silence, ten thousand miles from home.

"Missing in action," read an obscure line in this morning's communique. That was all. Now he lies there, crumpled beside the twisted wreckage that yesterday was his plane, riding high in the sunlit heavens. The fine head and the shining face and the broad shoulders remain only in a picture that looks out upon a quiet living-room on a shaded street an eternity away.

"Last night, in those agonizing hours of unspeakable isolation, he went through a thousand deaths without the one thing that might have helped a little—the sound of a familiar voice, the pat of a friendly hand. Many people died last night in their beds at home, surrounded by those who cared. Last night he died in utter desolation, in an unimaginable loneliness.

"The pain was terrible enough. But then there had to be that dreadful burden of thought in those endless last hours. Mom and Pop. The flowers blooming again in the back yard. The good old roadster in the driveway. The last sweetheart kiss at the station. Those dances last summer. That half-finished letter in his blouse. All those plans for the future. Couldn't somebody find him please? The racking pain again.

"Too much for you, all this? But it really happened last night, just like that. If people could only understand it, if they would just grind deep into their thinking the stark, terrible reality of it, every petty, selfish interest would be swept away. They would sacrifice anything and everything just to make themselves worthy of that boy.

"If people who have basked and prospered and walked secure in a land that has felt

IS THERE A VICTORY WON WHEN FREEDOM CEASE TO BE

Was Wordsworth right when he said, "The world is too much with us"? Yes, I believe he was, but we immediately ask ourselves how to get away from it all, and is there a possible escaping the blare of bugles, the drone of planes, and the morning headlines. But must we do that?

Are we too old, too set, to taste again the spirit of our childhood joys over a stick of candy, over a toy, or over the feeling of free play. What would we now give in exchange for this? All over the world men are giving red blood, but is it enough to say, "I gave my son"? Will this earth ever simplify itself and say instead, "I gave my heart."

Someone once said something like this, "Men are born free but are everywhere in chains." Certainly we must disregard the present-day situation, and think of the statement in its own light. If this is true, then the world is an unkempt place, and freedom is a vanishing legion.

What of ourselves? Are we bound by the chains of everyday routine, do we live in a dull drab world? If we do it is because we can't see three inches across our own noses and we deserve exactly what our colorless imagination gives us.

—Ovelle T. Kent.

A VICTORY CHRISTMAS

Christmas of 1942 has gone. We all know exactly what was in the big square box under the Christmas tree marked with our names. We got through it successfully without shedding a tear for the things that were here a year ago and were gone then, the sugar, the silk stockings, the metal toys, the girls, and the boys. Now it follows naturally that a chatty little article should appear in your Teacola discussing the little things that weren't there, but somehow the extreme quantity of these times make the frivolous things of life seem rather superficial and utterly unimportant. It's been said, though, that a lightsome article is better for the morale of the country than one that faces the facts as they are. Despite the many articles of this kind which have appeared in numerous magazines and papers, the morale of the American people seems to be rather low. So many of us gripe about the small inconveniences of rationing, and so many people are unsatisfied with their salaries, which are higher than they've been in quite some time, and even go to the extent of striking, and therefore causing the cessation of some vital defense plant. People in our own community see fit to sell diseased animals to merchants who subsequently sell them to the American people, thus spreading disease and delaying the final victory we all are fighting for. The thing American people need is a good strong shake—one strong enough to wake them up—not one of salt. If you want your brothers, sisters, mothers, or sweethearts, or yourself to be at home around your Christmas

STUDENTS CAN HELP IN FOOD RATIONING

Very few of our college students, excepting Apartment's culinary artists, are familiar with the interior of a grocery store, and even fewer are familiar with the price and quality of groceries. The only groceries that hold any allure for the college man are after the goods have been converted into tempting and edible dishes. Only then is he concerned. If food is present, his only concern is toward its rapid disposal; if it is not there, then there is much concern over its absence.

These absences are occurring now in ever-increasing numbers. Sugar, bacon, and coffee are topping the list of scarcities. Though few of us are aware if it, there are alarming decreases as well in the milk, butter, cheese, and flour stocks. Hoarders have greedily gobbled up all large surpluses, leaving the more considerate in confusion and dismay.

We have no Gestapo to snoop around the pantries. Our only control in the matter is our conscience. May it guide us to shout forth our disapproval of this practice of hoarding.

Perhaps small, but, nevertheless, worth consideration is the practice of frugality at mealtime. Avoid letting the judgment of the eye reign over the capacity of the stomach—thus save groceries and preserve your youthful figure simultaneously.

One pound of fat in the nitro-glycerine of ammunition is worth ten times that amount stacked around the mid-section of a hoarder.

WAR CHRISTMAS

"On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, dropping bombs by the ton—"

And that's the way it started. We were at war. Immediately everybody forgot everything but trying to join some branch of the armed forces. Everybody began stacking up his pantry for the rationing, which the wise said was to come. Everybody except the very old and the very young forgot about Christmas. Then the rush started the day before, and was it a rush!

It didn't quite seem like the last Christmas, but we still had tires, gas, fireworks, etc., so it was quite a Christmas, in comparison with the one of 1942.

Then dear old 1942 rolled around—and rationing. The disaster of the "Texas," of Manila, and the Ukraine Sector; the triumph of the raids on Tokyo, Wake and Solomon Islands, put the fighting spirit in Americans.

Before we knew it, Christmas rolled around again and we all thought about how much we didn't have then: the boys in Australia, England, and Africa who had been at home; the girls in the WAACS, WAVES, WAMS, and WOWS instead of at home; our tires and gas, all gone to war, leaving lots of lonely hearts miles away from each other. All this made us think of what it was going to take to beat the Japs.

With all these happenings, good and bad, recorded on the sands of time, we hereby vouchsafe that all the crimes committed by the Axis shall be avenged.

Ye Olde Gossippe

DASHING DEASON has been having quite a time with his girl friends! The public is beginning to wonder, DEASON, who it is—RUTH ANNE or JEAN. Maybe LAMAR HYATT has something to say that will have some influence on your choice!

Yes, if I had anything to say about this affair, I would say that the feeling between LILLIE and WOODY seems to be quite mutual. Especially with WOODY coming on Christmas holidays.

While the cat's away the mouse will play . . . or is that the statement we should make about HATTIE O'NEAL and the ever longing beau, HASCALL SHARP?

Every one is glad to see EARL LINDSAY back into circulation again. Maybe we won't see JEFFIE LANDERS lonesome any more.

A new entry in "Cupid's Batting Averages" will probably read: GRISSOM-UNDERWOOD, 999.999.

HATTIE O'NEAL has always enjoyed playing leap-frog, and recently learned to enjoy blackouts!

TUESDAY—the plot thickens. What's hatching in the evil minds of the villains that reside in Forney? Results are to be made known at a later date!

MR. JIMMY McDONOUGH has decided that WYNELLE RIDDLE'S being idle on dating nights is a mistake, so he wishes to remedy the situation.

It seems that one EARL LINDSAY worked in Anniston during the holidays, causing a slight agitation among Anniston girls.

HELEN LANDERS also took her pick of hearts in Anniston during the holidays.

What secret does FLOSSIE JENKINS hold over JOHN-NIE "DASHING" DEASON which makes him so placable?

Remember the song that was popular a few years ago about a "simple sort of person on the sentimental side"? HENRIETTA says that she is just that. She likes poetry too. There's an interesting story back of it that she'll be glad to tell anyone who'd care to hear.

Who were the girls who insisted on cleaning the hall floors right in the midst of the bridge party?

Jack and Jill went up the hill, etc. RUSTY went up the City Hall steps to see the Superintendent of Education (she says) and fell down and broke her knee.

DEASON, when somebody has a person waiting with them while they wait for somebody who's going to hike home with them, that person had better get the other person in because more than likely, the housemother is WAITING for HER.

JO DENTY went home, somebody else is going home—nuff said.

It's that peaceful, serene country atmosphere that SARA NELL likes about the place. She has a high-faluting word for it, though.

find him please? The racking pain again. "Too much for you, all this? But it really happened last night, just like that. If people could only understand it, if they would just grind deep into their thinking the stark, terrible reality of it, every petty, selfish interest would be swept away. They would sacrifice anything and everything just to make themselves worthy of that boy.

"If people who have basked and prospered and walked secure in a land that has felt no more than the shock of a Fourth of July firecracker since 1865 would understand about this boy, they would rise up and demand that their government take anything, exactly everything needed, make them walk, blackout every city, take away every last penny of profit, render uncertain every commonplace comfort and easy security, just to avenge that boy.

"He died last night, you see. There's no way to get around that."—(From the Louisville Courier-Journal.)

1943?

What will the year 1943 bring? Many predictions have been made as to what 1943 will bring the United Nations in the way of victory. Many predictions have pleasant ramifications and are encouraging, others are pretty gloomy. Some outstanding news correspondents, statesmen and military men see the end of the war in 1943. Some others do not see victory this year or the next but think that it will be some time before we can say that the war is near its end.

Although there are many different opinions and predictions on the length of time it will take to win the war, there is one thing we all agree upon and that is that there must yet be great battles fought, much blood spilled, untold sacrifice, and many heroic deeds before the end will come. Of this we can be certain. We can also be certain that the longer it lasts the more fighting and bleeding and sacrificing it will take. It will last just about as long as we want it to last. If we wanted it to end in 1943, we could do it. We are doing a great deal now; we have already done in the past year what it has taken the Axis countries to do in many years, yet we have not done what we are capable of. We can do more, much more, and the sooner we do it the sooner the war will be over.

We, who are here in the United States within the safety of its shores cannot possibly comprehend the situation facing our men on the firing lines, and for that reason we seem to have a tinge of indifference about us, a holding back, which we must get rid of if we want the war to end as soon as it could. The men on the firing line know what they need to fight the enemy to win the war. Eddie Rickenbacker, after his safe return to this country, said that if the men on Guadalcanal were taken out of there and put in to war production plants, the production of war materials would double over night. If production could be doubled and soon, there would be little worry about the length of time the war would last.

We are now outproducing the combined Axis countries. We have superiority over the enemy in many respects, and in time will have a preponderance in all; but the shorter the time, the sooner the war will end.

cessation of some vital defense plant. People in our own community see fit to sell diseased animals to merchants who subsequently sell them to the American people, thus spreading disease and delaying the final victory we all are fighting for. The thing American people need is a good strong shake—one strong enough to wake them up—not one of salt. If you want your brothers, sisters, mothers, or sweethearts, or yourself to be at home around your Christmas tree next year, you would be wise to cooperate to the utmost with the governments,—students, city, county, state, and national—to establish a firmer background for our men on the battle ground.

« Our Boys Write »

A/C Laurine S. Suggs
AAFBS—43C
Bainbridge, Kentucky

Hello Dr. Calvert:

They teach us in the army, three answers, Yes sir, No sir, and No excuse sir. The last one is the one that I will have to use for the question, Why haven't you written sooner? I didn't hold off because you said that you would be busy and couldn't answer, I assure you of that.

After I finished pre-flight at Maxwell, I was sent to Charlestrom Field in Arcadia, Florida, for primary training. That place was recognized as the toughest, but the best primary training field. They really put you through in ground school and flight training, but if you got through you had a pretty good chance of making the grade in the rest of your training in base and advanced schools. I got 60 flying hours there and passed my ground work with a much higher mark than I ever made in college. I didn't get to see much of Florida because we were restricted to a 25 mile area from the field, but on one cross-country flight we touched Panto Godra, boy and it was pretty from the air. The country down there is laid off by section lines and that really helped us a lot in flying because so many of the maneuvers that we have to learn have to be done in reference to the ground.

Prickett was stationed a few miles from me down there and he was still getting along all right. He is two months ahead of me in training. He and I are lucky in one respect and me especially in that one respect—you see, I'm in the last class of flying cadets that will be commissioned Second Lieutenants. Congress has passed an act making the fellows who signed up after July eighth, flying officers and only the highest 10 per cent of the future classes will be commissioned officers. I didn't know how much I wanted that commission until there was some talk that we may not be commissioned.

Dr. Calvert, about our ground school work. It is taught wholly differently from other school work. They state a law or fact to you and tell you to take their word for it being so. They don't attempt to tell you why it is so. A lot of information has been crammed into our skulls in the last few months. Here though, we mostly review

Australia, England, and Africa who had been at home; the girls in the WAACS, WAVES, WAMS, and WOWS instead of at home; our tires and gas, all gone to war, leaving lots of lonely hearts miles away from each other. All this made us think of what it was going to take to beat the Japs.

With all these happenings, good and bad, recorded on the sands of time, we hereby vouchsafe that all the crimes committed by the Axis shall be avenged.

Maybe Christmas, 1941, had a different meaning, a sinister forewarning, but, whatever it was we hereby lower to the gloomy depths of the past, and hope that all the coming years will not be as war-torn as 1942.

what we have already had at Charlestrom. I just arrived here Monday and I took my first ride in a Basic training plane today. It was just like stepping out of a T-model Ford and getting into a V-8.

Our barracks are situated in a pine grove and you can really sleep at night. We have a post theatre here, but we'll have to become upper-class-men before we can go to it at night other than open post night. They really keep us close to camp. We are restricted at all times to a 10 mile area here. It is pretty country, though from the air. Jack.

Lt. Arthur G. Allen
Patterson Field, F. A. D.
Fairfield, Ohio
November 29, 1942.

Dear William and Palmer:

It's been quite some time since I've been down that way and I just got a batch of mail that has been following me around for two months or more. One of them had clippings about Dr. Doughty's death and I was sorry to learn of it. It's something we've all got to face though. My mother's health has been a source of worry the past few years (Dad and Mom are both getting pretty old, you know), I don't like to think about it though.

I've just gotten back from Alaska. Had quite a trip up there. Was sent up to Minneapolis where we rendezvoused (is that spelled correctly?) with (anyway we met in) a squadron of B-17-E's. From there we went to several fields in Eastern Canada and then cross country to Alaska and the Aleutians. Some place up there and growing like the devil. We had a few brushes with Japs that ended with 8 of 13 of their planes shot down to none of ours. However, we had the bad luck to have two fatalities. Two navigators. My mission was checking armament equipment in all types of planes, availability and maintenance of such equipment which turned out to be quite an order.

From Alaska, we came down to Hamilton Field near San Francisco for a short school period. Had a grand time.

We headed east from Hamilton Field and stopped at Colorado Springs for a weekend of skiing before coming on here. (I'm still sore from it in spite of last winter's learning

(Continued On Page Three)

them while they wait for somebody who's going to hike home with them, that person had better get the other person in because more than likely, the housemother is WAITING for HER.

JO DENTY went home, somebody else is going home—nuff said.

It's that peaceful, serene country atmosphere that SARA NELL likes about the place. She has a high-faluting word for it, though.

He came and then he went—LEO in person.

The neighbors complained because Santa Claus was staying so long at the SHARPES' house on Christmas eve. On inquiring, they found out that it wasn't St. Nick but only PRICKETT who had missed his bus or something. glaoW emftobo ETAOIN SHRDLU CMFWYP VEGKQJ NU

Some people carry a chip on their shoulders, but FRANCES WEAVER carries a heart on her arm . . . Flash! CLAY'S chest expansion has reached a new high! He's feeling pretty high since the holidays . . . "BATTLING BAR" is taking jitter-buggin' lessons. As if he needed 'em . . .

"The draft has come,
ROBERT has went,
HATTIE'S gonna miss 'im,
An' it ain't no accident."

ELINOR BANKS' birthday party was a howling success. The howlers were the inmates of the Apartment. Her age was unrevealed . . . Why did "CHESTY" BRITAIN take up chorus? It couldn't be because he likes to sing, but because F. WEAVER does . . . Another red-headed boy, JACK WILLIS—hope he's not as "uninterested" as ROY DAVIS is . . .

JEFFIE LANDERS was awfully pretty at the Sophomore Hop . . . LESTER SIMS' orchestra is progressing right along, despite all difficulties . . . HOMER COLE has proved to be a good sport.

JOKES and JINGLES

When Calvin Coolidge was in the Massachusetts legislature, another member in session asked him whether the people where he came from said, "A hen lays, or a hen lies."

"The people where I come from," Mr. Coolidge replied, "let her up to see."—From Reader's Digest.

Rookie: "You say you want to get some feathers for you to trim your hat with?"

Giri: "Yes, get me some feathers from one of those yard-birds I read about."

Rookie One: "Look! There's a cigarette butt in my stew!"

Rookie Two: "Wanna trade?"

A drill sergeant was putting a squad of recruits through their paces. Try as he would, he could not get a straight line. Finally, in disgust, he snouted: "What's the matter with you? Can't you line up? All of you fan out and take a look at the line you've made!"

"What makes Gladys so unpopular with the other girls?"

"She won a popularity contest."

Betty: "Harold must be leading a dog's life in the Army."

Edith: "How so?"
Betty: "He wrote me that he was living in a pup tent!"

TO BE OR NOT TO BE
I sometimes think I'd rather grow
And be a rooster than to roost
And be a crow. But I dunno.

A rooster he can roost also,
Which don't seem fair when crows
can't crow,
Which may help some. Still I dunno.

Crows should be glad of one thing,
though;
Nobody thinks of eating crow,
while roosters they are good
enough.
For anyone unless they're toUGH.

There are lots of tough old roosters,
though,
And anyway a crow can't crow,
So mebbey roosters stand more
show.

It looks that way. But I dunno.

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Woodrow Wilson Sanderson
 Honor Man

Woodrow Wilson Sanderson, 29, formerly of Birmingham, and a graduate of the college, was recently graduated as honor man of his class at the United States Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Illinois.

A bedeaux checker for two years at the Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, he left his job to enlist November 11 as an apprentice seaman. Through a series of aptitude tests given the 130 men in his company, he has been selected to attend one of the Navy's Service Schools. The honor man was graduated from Vina High School and received a bachelor of science degree in history here.

While in recruit training, he was apprentice chief petty officer of his company.

Sanderson recently spent a nine-day leave with his wife in Talladega, and his mother, Mrs. W. C. Sanderson, of Tremont, Mississippi.

Lillian Williams Married
 During Holidays

A wedding of interest to alumni was that of Lillian Williams to Frank Hornick, of Anniston. The ceremony was a lovely event of the holiday season. They are making their home in Anniston.

The bride was formerly a popular student here and for several years has held an interesting position in the office of the Monsanto Chemical Company.

Evelyn Espey Teaching
 In Anniston

Miss Evelyn Espey, '41, is now a member of the faculty of the Anniston city school system. She will begin her duties at the beginning of the new semester this month.

After graduating at the college, Evelyn continued her studies at the University of Alabama where she received her Master's degree last August. She was elected to the Roanoke High School faculty where she taught until Christmas, when she was offered the Anniston position, succeeding Mrs. James Wil-

liams, Jr., the former Elizabeth Weaver.

The friends of Robert Cox will be interested to learn that he has left school to be inducted into the army.

The friends of Jack Keith, brother of Mrs. C. C. Dillon, and a former student, will be interested to learn that he has been recommended for flying school and is expected to arrive in the United States soon from Hawaii.

Jack completed the course in ground mechanics and for several months has been engaged in active service with U. S. planes in the Pacific. His new assignment will prepare him for pilot duty.

Wallace Morton, one of our graduates who is preparing for the ministry, writes from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Kentucky.

He states that it is a great school, but that the memories of JSTC are very pleasant with all its glory, as the unsolved problems grow daily.

He sends his greetings to the faculty and students.

Paul Hyatt, formerly of Arab, was a visitor at the college this week. He is now a pharmacist's mate, third class, in the United States Navy, stationed at the Naval Hospital in Key West, Florida.

Paul left school nine months ago to enter the service and was stationed in the Naval Hospital at Pensacola three months before being transferred to Key West.

As a pharmacist's mate he is under the direction of the medical corps. At the present time he is in the receiving room where he admits patients, files their records and sometimes administers first aid.

The duties of this department of the Navy consist of ward duty during medications; service in the operating room where they assist the doctors in operations; laboratory work, office assistance and supply management.

He said that he is enjoying his service and finds his college training helpful.

« Campus Personality »

Once again summer vacations were over. The year was in its wane, yet there was that feeling of anticipation, of excitement in the air. The first day of school had rolled around again!

Midst the hustle and bustle and joyful confusion of old friends meeting again, of new acquaintances and even friends being made and the thousands of questions and the fun of it all, could be seen quite a few new and somewhat bewildered faces—faces that belonged to those freshmen just entering school that September day of 1940.

One of those faces belonged to Mr. Robert Hinds Cox. He's one of our outstanding campus personalities now, but on that day he was a freshman.

It seems, however, that he got things all clear and categorized in short time. As a freshman, he missed nothing, not even that free haircut. Neither was he to be daunted. Was he afraid of the upper-classmen? No sir, we have definite proof, that is, shall we say, a trifle too intricate and lengthy for this short space and is probably

LOST—A newspaper cut of Robert Cox, good-looking bespectacled young man, until recently a student at the college. When last seen the cut was at the Jacksonville News office, but its whereabouts are not known at the present. If returned to the office no questions will be asked and a fair reward will be given the finder.

he served as president of his class. He was also president of the Morgan Literary Society (long may it flourish) and did a splendid job as assistant editor of the Teacola.

As a junior, he was again president of his class. Not only has he had time for those extra-curricular activities but has maintained a "B" average throughout, despite many distracting influences.

He likes dancing best of all forms of recreation. What else does he like? Well, for one thing, he likes sweets—most all sweets too, he says.

Mr. Cox is a native of Guntersville, Alabama. He is a graduate of the Marshall County High School. He is majoring in Math and Science, but has discontinued his study there because he has a much bigger problem to concentrate on. You see, he is leaving for the army in a few days.

He is going to be missed by his roommate, Billy, as well as others on the campus and oh, so terribly, terribly much by the executive department of Jacksonville State Teachers College.

to our advantage to leave unsaid. Well, the days lengthened into weeks, the weeks into months and Robert progressed. As a sophomore,

In Time of War Music Still Holds Sway



The Christmas Cantata was presented December 6th at the Methodist Church by the JSTC Choral Club, pictured above. Miss Ada Curtiss, director of the club, is at left. The musical composition sung by the group this year was "The Prince of Peace," by Ashford.

Forney Follies BY BILLY GRISSOM

Forney's open doors inhale a breath of young manhood once more as the new year brings boys joyfully back to the blessed confusion of "college life." Unmade beds and unstudied books greet you when you return, glaring at you, and daring you to keep your New Year's resolutions to be neat, to be studious. A trash can screeches as it is being dragged across the cement floor, the telephone rings its fool head off, the coke machine gyps you, army babies howl and howl and howl. You just stand there, blissfully aware of the fact that you are home again. Then you unpack and let your presence be known by pouring forth your contribution to the sea of clamor.

Whodunnit? Mystery resides in Forney Hall! A few nights ago when the rest of the world was asleep some prowler, maybe an inmate of this dormitory, maybe not, fired three shots in rapid succession, each one more severe than the one preceding it. As it happened, only fire crackers were shot, but a thirty-inch cannon couldn't have done much more moral damage. Every fellow in this calamity house, from rowdy first to bloody third, swears that shots were fired in his room. Some even think they were shot at. Battling Bar-C vows and declares that he jumped three feet at the sound of the first shot, and before hitting the bed again he jumped six feet more at the sound of the second!

What I want to know and what we all want to know it: Whodunnit? If it was a freshman—woe be unto him!

Clay Brittain, student president who delights in telling jokes and making speeches, is quite a newspaper fan. It is said that he reads several daily newspapers from

"kiver to kiver"—that is, if newspapers had "kivers."

One afternoon I saw him dashing up the stairs to his room with an armful of editions. About an hour later he came bursting into my room, his face flushed with excitement, his eyes alive with emotion. "Do you take the Birmingham News?" he asked breathlessly. "Sure," I said. "Why?"

"Don't you just adore Little Orphan Annie!" he exclaimed feelingly, departing to express his elation to someone else.

Speaking in behalf of the fellows of Forney this column wishes to express its deepest sympathy to Doyle Kirk who just received a letter of resignation from the girl back home. It seems that there was something in the gossip column that did not escape her watchful eye. I believe it went something like this: "Doyle Kirk is called 'Papa Kirk' by his Forney Hall friends. Wonder why?"

Well, it seems that this girl wonders why too. Since Mr. Kirk unreasonably accuses some boy from this dormitory of contributing such a damning bit of evidence (for the life of us we can't see why he would think a Forney boy would do a think like that!), since he is so insistent that the note came from here, this column will explain just why he is called "Papa" with the hope that his girl sees the explanation and understands.

Doyle has just naturally got a way with kids. Every army child on the campus dotes on him. They follow him around from sunup till sundown. Perhaps some of you have noticed him over at school with the kids following him around. They call him "Big Ole Boy"—but we call him "Papa." That's all there is to it, so help me.

MEET THE FROSH . . .

We made a New Year's resolution on New Year's Day—Resolved: "We shall do all within our power to refrain from making the lives of those who surround us more miserable than they are already."

This meant we could not heckle our teachers unless they heckled us first. We couldn't leave our clothes around for our roommates to put up. We had to laugh at everybody's jokes as if they were quirps from the lips of Bob Hope, himself. We could never frown or cast a slighting glance or remark on anyone.

With these humdrum ideas, we started out in search of a new

note book, and you, my friend, sit on her history book. Frances, like Judy and Killy, is taking a general education course but is undecided as yet as to what kind of career she shall follow. We talk a little while longer but she mainly talks about her history and finally, becoming aware that I am also sitting on her sharpened pencil, we rise and leave her to the Mohammedans.

There is a game of Black Jack in progress at one of the tables at which several boys are busily en-

THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

Every once in a while, no matter who you are, you need rejuvenation. Some need it in their skin; so they buy a bottle containing

bert. That in itself takes in a great deal of variety. For the most part "hill-billy" music was definitely out and sweet swing was definitely

OUR BOYS WRITE

THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

Every once in a while, no matter who you are, you need rejuvenation. Some need it in their skin; so they buy a bottle containing "rejuvenating cream." That is for women with wrinkles—JSTC girls with their school-girl complexions need no such cream. And some need it in health; so they go to the doctor. But if the crowd that walks this campus isn't healthy looking, there aren't any healthy people. Maybe then, JSTC students need rejuvenation sometimes in ideas. For those we can turn to other schools, and they to us. That's the reason for this column—to keep you posted on what other schools are doing.

Down at Alabama's college for women a slight revision has been made in the usual plan of college dramatic activities. When a play at a school is announced, one usually expects to see a cast of characters containing students, with the play presented for the faculty and the student body. But in this case the faculty will perform for the students in highlights from the popular book, SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE. Quite a unique way for people to discover what dramatic talent lurks among the faculty members.

"Campus Supersalesmen Raise Funds by Ingenious Methods" reads a head from the Carolinian, Women's College of North Carolina paper. And do they have methods! They are selling war stamps, thus being patriotic as well as getting mere funds. The zealous salesmen practically high-road the money for the stamps from fellow classmates. Posters by coke machines shout, "Buy a bond with every coke." Other plans were for each dorm to give a party to raise enough money to buy a small bond. This money will go to a chapel fund.

To the winners of a cross country cake race two miles in length go twenty-five beautiful cakes, and 125 hopeful freshmen lined up this year at Georgia Tech to try their luck. Only seventy-five crossed the finish line. The others got lost or fell by the wayside. (Something must have been wrong with their sense of direction or their wind.)

Way out in Washington the Western Washington students are holding rallies to bolster a student lounge. We hope they get it, and that it will be even one half as nice as ours.

You know all about the Gallup poll, but Howard College has a popular poll of its own. Recently this poll discovered that in a Howard student's choice of music there is infinite variety. "Mister Five-by-Five" ranked right with Schu-

bert. That in itself takes in a great deal of variety. For the most part "hill-billy" music was definitely out, and sweet swing was definitely in, with the classics running the middle road.

Down there too, they have gone in for the C. P. T. program, and have a Piper Cub of their own. Name of the plane—the Baptist Bomber. Quite contradictory words in the name, but they make up an eye catcher.

At Converse College, South Carolina's fashionable girl school, the girls are making preparations for civilian defense. Twice a week the girls who are interested drill under the direction of an officer from nearby Camp Croft. According to reports, they are getting to be quite good.

CUPID'S BATTING AVERAGE

King-White	1.000
Strother-McCluer	1.000
Wilson-Guice	1.000
Cox-O'Neil	.966
Brittain-Weaver	.966
Bill-Stockdale	.966
Grissom-Mock	.875
Sims-Bailey	.875
Farrell-Jenkins	.875
Soldier-M. Pyron	.875
Sims-Dempsey	.750
Willis-Tompkins	.750
Prickett-House	.750
Kirk-Dell	.750
Joe & Woody-Lilly	.750
George-Marion	.750
Johnny-Marion	.700
Lieutenants-Dot	.750
Lieutenants-Levis	.750
Lieutenants-Mary	.750
Hyatt-Bonino	.500
Whittle-McGourk	.500
Deason-Jones	.500

"Don't tell your troubles to others," a Nantucket sea captain once advised me. "Most of 'em don't care a hang; an' the rest are damn glad of it."—From Reader's Digest.

Phil, the Puzzled Poet, thought he swiped this from Kipling, 'cause the title over it was If:

If flies are flies because they fly,
And fleas are fleas because they flee,
Then bees are bees because they be.

She: "You say that you were a diamond-cutter before you joined the Army?"

Yard-bird: "Yea! I ran the lawnmower at the Polo Grounds!"

Pvt. Joe: "Why do they call the mess hall here the halfback?"

Pvt. Doc: "Because of the kicking!"

The Christmas Cantata was presented December 6th at the Methodist Church by the JSTC Choral Club, pictured above. Miss Ada Curtiss, director of the club, is at left. The musical composition sung by the group this year was "The Prince of Peace," by Ashford.

OUR BOYS WRITE (CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO)

—White Plains just doesn't ski, you know (though I did have a tobaggan run of pine needles once!)

From Colorado Springs we decided to fly straight in to here but a short circuit in the electrical system of the plane created a magnetic field near the compass that threw us off about 150, so we found ourselves running out of gas near Lafayette, Indiana, and the pilot sat her down on Purdue Campus field! We saw a football game there and went to a Frat dance. It just happened that I had a good friend from there so I called his family and they came out after us. They insisted that the entire crew go out to their home (a huge farm house) and treated us wonderfully well in general. They fed, rather stuffed, us with good Indiana cooking and then drove us out to the field the next day.

Incidentally, they almost jailed us for flying so low over town.

It looks as if I'll be here for some time doing bombsight and armourment work (entirely experimental). We test our armourment over Lake Erie so as long as I can do that I'll like here OK. Am coming home next week for a day or so if the leave I've applied for goes through. Will try to come up and see you if the folks have a "C" book. If I don't see you, write me—

Love to you both,
Arthur.

Pvt. Gordon Scott
Co. A, 381 Inf.
A. P. O. 98
Camp Breckinridge, Ky.
December 26, 1942.

Hello Mr. Shirey:

I'll almost bet you'll be sorta bumbfuzzled when you get this, and then I'll believe you still thought I might up and write you just on the spur of the moment.

Well, anyway, how did old Santa Claus treat you? Shoot, I guess I must say he really was good to me, even if I was cooped up in the hospital. Yeah, he came on Christmas day. I asked them if I could hang up my socks, and they said, "Yeah," if I wouldn't peep. He didn't come that night, but did yesterday until my socks ran slap dab over and then some. Clubs from nearby towns sent us bags of things to see and eat. Then the Catholic Chaplain (who I started teaching school under) sent me a big box of candy, and then my first Lt. and several boys from my company came over to see me and brought a magazine and big box of candy, cookies, nuts, apples, oranges, etc. Shoot, we have lots of good people up here, too.

The people up here are really swell to the

soldiers. I've never known of such hospitality as I've received myself and others have experienced.

Say boy, I've got a cute little nurse. (A blonde). She's a Lt. but told me I could call her "Miss." She comes around and plays hands with me two or three times a day. Oh boy—But dad-gone it, every time she does that she just looks straight at that pretty watch of hers—my, that minute goes fast.

Tell everybody (and your wife, too) hello, etc. for me and have that Teacola sent to me. Several told me they'd have it sent, but I haven't received one yet.

Don't forget me—

As ever,
Gordon Scott.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, in case you should get mad if I didn't tell you—I have an infection of the middle ear and am sorta blank on that side, even to the nurse's sweet voice.

P. S. Again — ha — What is Pauline McAuley's address? Please sir.

December 24, 1942.

Dear Mr. Hendrix:

Surprise, surprise! I know you never expected to hear from me, and I would have written sooner, but when a person is a flying cadet, his time is plenty limited.

Now don't get technical about my English mistakes, because I realize that I still make plenty of them. You need not grade this and mail it back to me.

I spent five weeks in Nashville, Tennessee, and then I was moved to California. Little did I realize it was so far across this country. We rode the train for five days. California can best be described as a land of sunshine. The climate is really wonderful and I like this section fine but it can't compare with the hills of North Alabama.

I guess you are having to do quite a bit of walking now that gas rationing has gone into effect. It is really hard for the people out here to take gas rationing when you can see oil wells any direction in which you look.

Army life really isn't so very bad. All the fellows in the Air Corps are of the higher type person and most of them have had some college education so that makes it more interesting to listen to each other's experiences. I have been wondering how you now stand with your draft board. I understand there are a few openings in the WAACS. Why don't you apply?

Well, fellow, I know you are keeping Jacksonville straight and best of luck ever.

Your friend,
John R. Stewart.

miserable than they are already." This meant we could not heckle our teachers unless they heckled us first. We couldn't leave our clothes around for our roommates to put up. We had to laugh at everybody's jokes as if they were quirps from the lips of Bob Hope, himself. We could never frown or cast a slighting glance or remark on anyone.

With these humdrum ideas, we started out in search of some unfortunate creature to cheer up, when whom should we meet but Judy Kellett.

We had met her before at the league at the Methodist Church, and she had been mighty nice and congenial with us so we stopped for a little chat. The first thing we did wrong was to knock Kitchens' Drug Store. We discovered unhappily that Judy was Mrs. Kitchens' niece. With a quick comeback we switched the conversation to her home, Geraldine, Alabama. She was more than liberal with her information concerning her school days. There was the time in grammar school when she read a poem before the class and had to stay in bed for a week to recuperate. But she has long since been over that sort of thing. She is taking a general education course here at JSTC and plans to be a teacher. We had to go on and were confident that during the course of our conversation we had not broken our resolution but twice and both times through ignorance. We went over to the Apartment Dormitory where all the girls live, all those who don't live at Weatherly or Daugette, that is, and the first girl we saw was Katherine Killbrew, better known at "Killy." We all went down in the "cellar" and talked a while. "Killy" lives in Anniston, Alabama, and was graduated from high school there. She is a member of the honor society but she doesn't want it to get around to the teachers—"Bad psychology," she says. But then what does she know about psychology? Also she has the reputation of being the biggest talker in the Apartment Dormitory and that's saying something, what with Stockdale, Jenkins, and Norris to compete with. "Killy" seems to be a leader in many things—in fact it's she who leads us out of the door and directs us to B. G. H.

Once more trudging the halls of Bibb Graves, we move on in search of new quarry. We detour at the Student Lounge, deciding to relax for a moment. We see Frances Kimball, one of our freshman representatives on the student council, and run over to where she sits, and ask her about the political situation. She is very discreet in that she discloses none of her secrets—likes and dislikes. Now Frances finished high school in Jacksonville, just as we did, and we happen to know that she was Salutatorian of the Senior class. So we just sit down and have a nice friendly chat with her. I sit on her

decided as yet as to what kind of career she shall follow. We talk a little while longer but she mainly talks about her history and finally, becoming aware that I am also sitting on her sharpened pencil, we rise and leave her to the Mohammedans.

There is a game of Black Jack in progress at one of the tables at which several boys are busily engaged. One stands over to one side though, seemingly uninterested in any game except basketball perhaps, for he is Earl Lindsay, a boy who has seen quite a few basketball games. We engage in conversation with him and discover that he hails from Alexandria, the home of our beloved Student Council President, Clay Brittain, and will follow Clay in his choice of a literary society and become a Calhoun. Earl is taking a pre-engineering course here and plans to transfer to Auburn, but if this becomes impossible because of the war he hopes to join the Naval Air Corps. That kinda leaves us up in the air and we switch the conversation to his high school days where he was a member of the Beta and "A" Clubs at Alexandria High. We express our delight in having him back in school with us after his recent illness and take ourselves away to class.

After the class is dismissed, we see Frank Payne, Mary Ann's husband, and ask him how she is. After duly giving us our requested information, he goes on talking as if he too had made a New Year's resolution. During our enjoyable conversation, we learn that Frank is taking a pre-medical course here in our school, that he lives in Anniston and has a quarter's credit from the U. of A. He is now a third-quarter freshman. Since Frank doesn't live on the campus, there are quite a few people who do not know him but would like to. Maybe he will be forced to move up here later on and we shall then have him and our own Mary Ann too. Their marriage this fall was a surprise to all and a pleasant one.

We move on to our class and sit down to count the numbers of times we have as yet broken our resolution.

Next week the following people will patter across the threshold of publicity:

Louise Angel, Katherine Knight, Jeffie P. Landers, G. W. Angel, and J. McDonough.

"Which is of the most use, the sun or the moon?"

"The moon."

"Why the moon?"

"Because the moon shines at night when we need the light but the sun shines all day when light is of no consequence."

"Girls are the most biased of all people."

"Why do you say that?"

"All they ever say is 'Bias this and bias that.'"

Celtics Meet JSTC Saturday

World's Champion Cage Outfit To Make Annual Appearance In Jacksonville

The original Celtics, world's basketball champions, will return to Jacksonville Saturday night, January 16, when they will play their annual game with the JSTC Eagle-Owls at the college gymnasium.

The Celtics, said to be stronger this year than they have been in several seasons, boast such old favorites as Davey Banks, Nat Hickey, and Rusty Saunders, along with several youngsters who have set professional basketball afire.

At first it was feared that this great group of basketweavers would be unable to come South this winter on account of transportation difficulties, but the problem has been solved, and we will be very fortunate in having them with us again. The Celtics will travel in day coaches wherever possible in order to conserve rubber and gasoline, and their tour of the South has been arranged so as to save thousands of miles of travel.

Tom Humphreys, manager of the champions, says that this is the finest array of talent that he has ever brought to this section, and fans from all over Alabama will have a chance to see the clown of clowns, Little Davey Banks, maybe for the last time.

This year two Junior High teams will begin the preliminaries at 7:00 P. M. The Jacksonville High School will take on Piedmont High at 8:00 o'clock.

The Celtic game will begin promptly at 9:00 P. M. A capacity crowd is expected.

The line up for the Celtics will probably be as follows: Bobby Mills and Rusty Saunders, forwards; Snyott, a six foot, three inch boy from New York, center; Paul Adams and Davey Banks, guards; Jake Polinskin and John Weithe, substitutes.

EXCHANGE CLUB

(Continued From Page 1)

son, president; C. T. Harper, vice-president; C. C. Dillon, secretary-treasurer. Board of Control: J. F. Gidley, John B. Nisbet, and L. F. Ingram. Old members of the Board who remain: L. J. Hendrix, F. M. Lawrence and C. A. Stephens. Retiring members of the board: Dr. C. E. Cayley, G. C. Currier and R. Liston Crow.

Members of the club present at the meeting were: A. C. Summers, Charles T. Ferrell, L. J. Hendrix, W. J. Calvert, C. E. Cayley, John B. Nisbet, C. R. Wood, J. M. Wood,

Howard Bulldogs Trim Eagle-Owls

By Earl Lindsay

Last Wednesday night the Howard basketball team journeyed over to our fair city to play the Teachers a game of basketball.

The game got off to a slow start, but after the first few minutes, it was a fast game. Howard broke the ice and scored first, getting off to a two-point lead. Then the boys from JSTC came back to score four points and double Howard's score. Although the Teachers played hard to hold the small lead they had racked up in the first few minutes, the advantage was soon gained by Howard. After those first few minutes the boys from Birmingham led the rest of the game.

The first quarter was more evenly fought than any of the others. At the end of the first quarter, the boys of JSTC were trailing by a small margin of three points.

The second quarter was much faster than the first, for the Teachers were trying to overcome the small lead that Howard held. But though Jacksonville was trying to hard, the Howard boys were slowly increasing their lead. The half ended with Howard on the big end of a 21 to 13 count.

The Howard reserves were the deciding factor of the ball game. The Howard Coach substituted frequently while Coach Stevenson had few substitutes.

Although the boys fought hard, they were only able to score five points the last half. In the meantime, Howard had accounted for twenty-three points. Although Jacksonville seemed beaten after the first half, they never gave up. One can't help but admire the boys from JSTC for their courage and determination.

For the Teachers, Smith and Kirk were the big guns on the offensive, while King, Hyatt and Wilson showed their ability on the defensive. Smith sacked nine points and Kirk got seven points.

Peterson and Fleming were high-score men for Howard. Peterson was also high-score man of the game in racking up thirteen points.

On Saturday, the sixteenth, the nationally known Celtics will play the Teachers here at Jacksonville at eight o'clock. Everyone is invited to come and also, if possible, bring along a friend. The Celtics

LT. AND MRS. BARTLEY HODGES VISIT CAMPUS

Among recent visitors to the campus were Lieutenant and Mrs. Bartley Hodges, of El Paso, Texas. Mrs. Hodges is the former Ruth Stockdale, a sister of Sara Nell Stockdale, now a student here.

It will be recalled that when Ruth received her degree here in June, 1942, she was met on the outside of the college gymnasium, where the graduation exercises had been held, by Lieutenant Hodges, who was armed with a license, the minister, and a trailer all ready to live in. In the twinkling of an eye, she became Mrs. Bartley Hodges.

At that time he was in charge of a CCC camp in the National Forest near here. Later he entered the armed forces and has been stationed at Camp Swift. He expects to be transferred and for that reason accompanied his wife to her home at Childersburg where she will remain for several weeks.

When Ruth was a student she was called upon frequently to sing on various programs, and was a great favorite of our late president, Dr. C. W. Daugette.

B. S. U.

The Baptist Student Union met last Tuesday night at 6:30 in the parlor of the Apartment Dormitory. Miss Elizabeth Bell, president of the B. S. U., was in charge of the meeting. After a short program, a business session was held, and a meeting was planned for the following week. All Baptist students will be invited to attend. This meeting will also be held in the Apartment Dormitory at 6:30.

She (at dance): "Do you truck?"
Pvt. Smith: "No, I jeep."

Sports Gossip

BY EARL LINDSAY

Edna Bailey, you should try taking some physical education class that boys can take also. Maybe you could persuade Lester Sims to take some exercise. The piano has been moved from the assembly hall, and now he has nothing to do with his excess energy. If you don't make him take some exercise he will soon get fat and lose all his charms. A new quarter is coming up; so see what you can do with him.

Wonder why Collins Watson likes to run all the balls that are knocked out of the court in Coach Stevenson's class. Could it be that he has an eye on some co-ed in Mrs. Calvert's class, (which, in case you don't know, has all the beautiful girls in school. Well, that is, most of them, anyway.)

We have a new star in our tennis class, if you didn't know it. She is Miss Pauline Sides. She is hardly as large as her brother Glenn, but she can still swing a mean tennis racket, as some of the boys have already found out.

The basketball team played a good game against the medical division, though our boys lost. A little more practice will straighten most of the boys out okay. At least we all hope so.

Since Roy Davis has been coming out for basketball there have been quite a few girls at practice. Although Roy has no particular one as yet, he may have soon. Listen, girls, all of you have a chance now, but you can't wait too long or someone will beat you to "Red" Davis.

Hey, fellows, we have all got to support our basketball team if we expect the players to give their best. We should elect some cheerleaders to put some life in the stud-

MONDAY EVENING'S TEA DANCE

By Florence Jenkins

Monday, January 4, 1943, JSTC had its first tea dance after the holidays. The occasion was a gala one, although many of our boys were unable to attend, owing to basketball practice.

The dance started rather slowly with record after record being rejected. Halfway through many a dance the music would stop and leave the dancers standing foolishly about the floor! The situation was looking rather grim when two kind souls offered to get records—satisfactory ones—from home and come back later with the goods. Then, with music sweet and hot, the party swung into action.

Owing to JSTC's "A" ration card on men, the girls did the cutting and rushing. Don't get the swell-head boy, C'est la guerre. Boys danced with girls, and girls danced with girls, and a good time was had on all sides, or should I say, feet.

Once again, we should like to encourage the attendance of those JSTC students who have not come to any of the previous tea dances. These dances are for the benefit of these very students. So if you do not dance, come and learn; whereas, if you do, come and teach. After all, this is a teachers' college.

If we don't do our best for the team how can we expect the athletes to do the best they can? Since basketball is the only competitive sport in school we should try to make it a success.

OVER THE FENCE

A new year, a new leaf, a new head over our chatter (thanks to the ingenuity of the editors and the skill of the artist) and so we begin to make a new beginning in the sports arena of America. We begin 1943 with new problems to solve in the field of fun and frolic. "Turbulent times are in the making for 1943, Sportsters" is our prediction.

With transportation facilities being taxed by the conveyance of a team (a million strong and more), a team of "All-Americans" who are playing over the widest circuit for the biggest stakes in history, players of lesser games are heirs to what is left. Trains and busses, automobile and trolley car, airplane and steamship are speeding to and fro to carry these skilled performers—sailors, soldiers, coast guardsmen, marines, and defence workers—from home to factory, from Carolina to California, from Kentucky to England, from these United States to all points North, South, East, and West; and the professionals and the college stars must be content to carry on without the usual convenient modes of travel.

Problems, worries, troubles—my! my!—but this is war, and the college stars and professionals of a few months ago have gone to bat for Uncle Sam. Cagesters, triple threats, home-run kings, and strike-out artists have become cadets, marksmen, pilots, and machine gunners. Managers and coaches are now Majors and Commanders. And under that situation the athletic enterprizes must carry on.

And CARRY ON they MUST! for the sake of home morale, and as one high ranking Army officer coined it the other day, "It is up to colleges and secondary schools to build (through competitive sports) that aggressive spirit that is necessary to win a war."

At the crux of the matter, what part can we play in helping to carry on? Well, it is a cinch that there are certain things we can't do. The transportation problem, the major-league baseball situation—we can't do a great deal about that. But we can help to carry on by carrying on ourselves, by supporting our basketball team as enthusiastically as we would were there a thousand pupils in school, by participating in intramural games as if we were really good. And the first step toward all of that is for every student to turn out to see the Howard game and every other one on the campus this season.

U. S. Army Announcement

To College Women in their Senior Year



To College Women in their Senior Year

treasurer. Board of Control: J. F. Gidley, John B. Nisbet, and L. F. Ingram. Old members of the Board who remain: L. J. Hendrix, F. M. Lawrence and C. A. Stephens. Retiring members of the board: Dr. C. E. Cayley, G. C. Currier and R. Liston Crow.

Members of the club present at the meeting were: A. C. Summers, Charles T. Ferrell, L. J. Hendrix, W. J. Calvert, C. E. Cayley, John B. Nisbet, C. R. Wood, J. M. Wood, R. K. Coffee, J. C. Bruce, F. M. Lawrence, L. W. Allison, C. T. Harper, L. F. Ingram, G. C. Currier, J. L. Townley.

TUITION-FREE COURSE FOR GOVERNMENT POSITIONS OFFERED WOMEN GRADUATES

There is a great demand in the Government for civilian junior engineers. Women with college degrees in any field may now qualify for junior-engineer positions in the Federal Civil Service by taking a short tuition-free course, it was announced by the United States Civil Service Commission today.

This course has been developed by the U. S. Civil Service Commission and the U. S. Office of Education as a part of the Engineering, Science and Management War Training Program, to prepare women for engineering activities in order to supplement the rapidly diminishing supply of male engineers, many of whom are entering the armed forces.

Arrangements have been made for any college offering engineering training to give the course, provided that a sufficient number of persons enroll. It may be given as a 10-week, full time, day course or as a 27-week evening course covering 320 hours of lecture, recitation, and problem work in such subjects as engineering computations, engineering drawing, elementary mechanics of materials, surveying, and job processes and methods.

Persons who successfully complete the course and who are otherwise qualified are eligible for junior engineering positions paying an entrance salary of \$2,000 a year in Washington, D. C. and throughout the United States. All appointments will be war service appointments. The duties, in general, are to perform such work as testing and inspection of engineering materials, design or testing of apparatus and machinery, assisting in experimental research, drawing plans for minor projects, preparing maps, making computations, compiling reports, and handling technical correspondence.

College graduates who have not yet turned their efforts to war tasks are urged to secure complete information about the course from the nearest institution which offers college engineering training. Selection of enrollees may be based on personal interviews combined with aptitude tests at the institution where the course is to be given.

Wilson showed their ability on the defensive. Smith sacked nine points and Kirk got seven points.

Peterson and Fleming were high-score men for Howard. Peterson was also high-score man of the game in racking up thirteen points.

On Saturday, the sixteenth, the nationally known Celtics will play the Teachers here at Jacksonville at eight o'clock. Everyone is invited to come and also, if possible, bring along a friend. The Celtics are not only known for their superiority as ball players but also because of their clowning.

DOWLING CITIZENSHIP DAY SPEAKER HERE

Dr. H. G. Dowling, superintendent of the Tuscaloosa City Schools, spoke at the Town Meeting Tuesday evening, December 7, at the Community Recreation Center. The occasion was the observance of "Citizenship Day" by the Parent-Teacher Association of the elementary and high schools. In addition to local young men and women students of the State Teachers College, a group of soldiers from Fort McClellan who reached their twenty-first birthdays during the past year, were honor guests.

Mrs. A. C. Shelton, president of the high school P. T. A., presided. The Rev. A. C. Summers led the invocation. She introduced Mrs. A. C. Summers, president of the elementary P. T. A., who in turn presented officers of the two organizations who were seated on the stage.

Dr. Dowling was introduced by President Houston Cole, his former co-worker in Tuscaloosa.

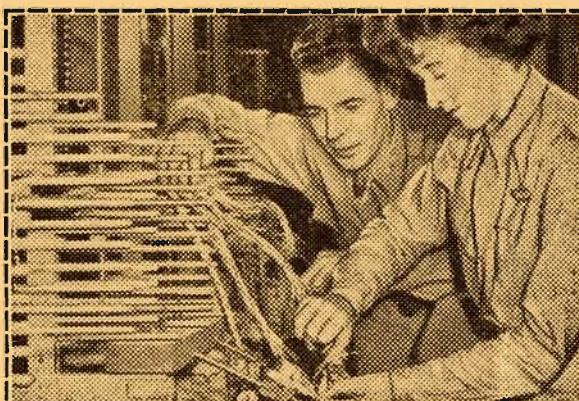
Dr. Dowling pointed the audience, and particularly the younger citizens to the development of liberty and democracy, and warned that the destiny of the free states of the Union at this time.

Comparing the growth and development of democracy, liberty, and freedom, which he termed indistinguishable, to that of the chambered nautilus, which builds through thirty-six successive cells as he outgrows each, he declared that we are approaching a new era of living; we move along from one stage to another, as does the nautilus, holding on to the old things and reaching out for the new.

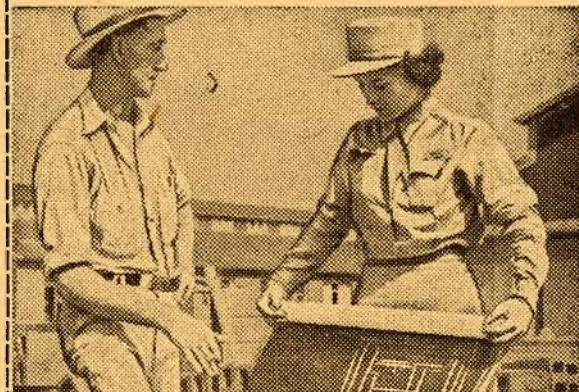
"A new phase of liberty is pretty close, but the thirty-sixth cell is not going to be reached at once. Democracy is a rule by very common people, the core of humanity who know that all men are equal. The time is coming when the rights of people cannot be infringed upon, but no sudden laws will accomplish it."

Al Strauss, of Fort McClellan, sang, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," "The White Cliffs of Dover," and "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," accompanied by Mrs. J. L. Townley.

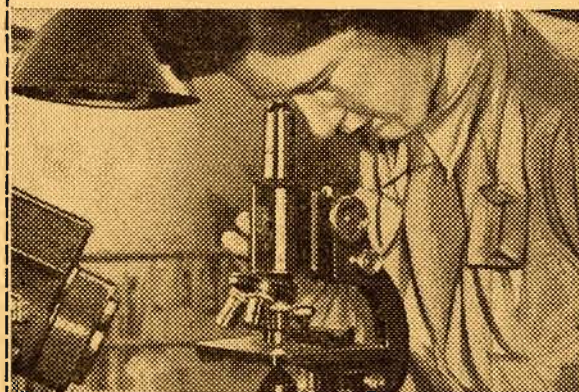
At the conclusion of the meeting the guests of honor were invited into the club room for refreshments.



WAAC learning line testing



WAAC Draftsman



WAAC Laboratory Technician

WAAC PAY SCALE

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
Enrolled Members		
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
Jr. Leader	Corporal	66.00
Technician, 5th Grade	Technician, 5th Grade	66.00
Auxiliary, 1st Class	Private, 1st Class	54.00
Auxiliary	Private	50.00

* To the above are added certain allowances for quarters and subsistence where authorized.



YOUR Army has scores of jobs in the WAAC for alert college women . . . jobs vital to the war . . . jobs that will train you for interesting new careers in the post-war world. And here is good news indeed — you may enroll *now* in the fast-growing WAAC and be placed on inactive duty until the school year ends. Then you will be subject to call for duty with this splendid women's corps and be launched upon an adventure such as no previous generation has known.

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.

U. S. ARMY 
RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE

WOMEN'S ARMY AUXILIARY CORPS