



The faint stirrings we have been hearing ever since school started burst into life the other night at the Morgan-Calhoun basketball game. They remind you of flowers, we won't say what kind, that are just now promising to spring up from the ground. The "winter" of the rivals' spirit has been unduly prolonged, and we hope that they make up for their slowness in arising with a rapid growth now.

But even though the spirit of the two societies may eventually run both high and wide, there will be none of the spirited egg battles in which students arouse the whole town this year. That is, unless eggs have a sudden and decided decline in price.

Someone cries "Hold It!", a light flashes, and scenes of JSTC and her students are recorded on film. From that film those impressions will be transferred to their places in the new picture bulletin of our school. At last we of recent vintage will be able to see ourselves at work and at play, not only as others see us, but also as the camera sees us. Remember—the camera doesn't lie.

Talent here is not lacking, as the recent student talent assembly program proved. We'd like more assemblies like that one. They give us a chance to learn what the other fellow can do.

A mania has struck every student who frequents the lounge. The malady is caused by a bug, the "bridge-bug" to be exact, and the bites have certainly taken. At any hour of the day (with the exception of lunch hour) passers-by will see absorbed faces leaning close together over a bridge table. Whether the players lean toward the center of the table because of interest in what is being played or to peer in

Arts Group Presents Concert And Reception

Monday night, January 18, the Freshman Arts group presented Corporal Arthur Darack, pianist, and Private Rolf Persinger, violinist, in a joint concert at Bibb Graves Hall.

Both of these brilliant musicians are stationed at Fort McClellan, and since being there, have presented a number of concerts in the surrounding communities.

Corporal Darack was graduated from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and has been playing concert piano for a number of years.

Private Persinger was graduated from Columbia University and took graduate study at the Juillard School of Music, New York. He is the son of Louis Persinger, teacher of the famous Yehudi Menuhin, and has been playing concert violin since he was twelve years old. He also plays a clarinet for the I. R. T. C. Band.

The program by these two splendid musicians was as follows:

1. Chaconne, by Tommaso Vitali—Persinger.
2. Polichinelle, Prelude in C Sharp Minor, Rachmaninoff—Darack.
3. Concerto in D Major, Paganini—Persinger.
4. Nocturne in D Flat Major, Chopin—
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11, Liszt—
Sonata in B Flat Minor, Chopin—
Darack
5. Sonata in D Minor, Ysaye—Persinger (unaccompanied).
Nigun, Bloch—
Caprice Basque, Sarasate—
Persinger

All accompaniments were played by Corporal Darack.

NEW FACULTY MEMBER



Miss Lucille Branscomb

Miss Branscomb Now Head Of Commercial Staff

Joining the college faculty as head of the Commercial Department after the holidays was Miss Lucille Branscomb, of Montgomery, former secretary to President Cole, when he was director of the Office of Price Administration of Alabama. She resigned her position under his successor, Dr. A. H. Collins, to accept an offer to teach here.

Miss Branscomb is an honor graduate of Huntingdon College where she was a member of the Tri Sigma Society, an organization in which membership is based on scholarship, leadership, and service. She served two years as editor of the college newspaper and was active in the glee club and other extracurricular groups.

After teaching French and English several years in high school

Former Student Wins Commission And 'Wings'

U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION, JACKSONVILLE, FLA. —After almost a year of aviation instruction involving ground school and flight training Kelt Lamar Thomas, of Hazel Green, Alabama, completed the final stages of flight study and has been commissioned an Ensign in the Naval Reserve, it was announced here today.

The 22 year old flier was presented his Navy "wings" and commission by Captain J. D. Price, commandant of the Jacksonville Naval Air Station, at brief graduation ceremonies.

Thomas completed eliminations flight training at the Naval Air Station, Atlanta, Georgia, in June and was then sent to Jacksonville for advanced flight instruction.

Since Navy pilots fly over uncharted waterways, Thomas' Jacksonville studies in celestial navigation and communications were exacting. Combat flying demands professional skill in all branches of aviation training. Proficiency in the classrooms, at the gunnery range and in actual flight was necessary to give him a thorough background in aeronautics.

The young officer is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Thomas, of Hazel Green, Alabama. He is a graduate of Hazel Green High School and had attended Jackson-

Jacksonville Graduate Awarded Navy's Distinguished Flying Cross

Pilot Lt. Lowell Davis, a former student at the college, was the subject for an interesting Associated Press story recently which will be of interest to the alumni who knew him.

The story is as follows:

LONDON — Out where the U-boats are swarming like "schools of porpoise" in Germany's intensified drive against Allied ships and Allied lines, the best hope ever

PROMINENT SPEAKER



President Houston Cole

President Cole will make the baccalaureate address at Snead Junior College on Friday morning, January 29th, the occasion being the graduation exercises.

He is in great demand as a speaker and makes appearances several times each week in all sections of the state. Recently he spoke at the Ensley Merchants' Association, to the LaFayette Rotary Club on Ladies Night, in Pickens County, and at the Calhoun County Farmer's Mobilization Day.

He was a member of Jacksonville State Teachers College before enlisting in the Naval Reserve.

ever to the bottom, the story of how long training and longer patrols paid full dividends.

They are young men such as we all know, the ones who joined the Navy before Pearl Harbor and got in a front seat for these days when London and Washington, as never before, were realizing just how serious, how desperately serious, the U-boat menace has become. A couple of them would have been

Navy College Plan For Reservists Given

Rev. Charles Bell Guest Speaker

The Wesley Foundation began a series of programs dealing with the part the church will play in the peace after the war last Wednesday, January 20. The guest speaker who opened the series was the Rev. Charles Bell of Anniston. Mr. Bell was a delegate to the Delaware Conference which was sponsored by the Federal Council of Churches. While there, he served on the political panel of the assembly, and it was on this phase of the peace that his message was centered.

"There are three points upon which the peace after this war must be based if the peace is to be a just and durable one," said Mr. Bell.

The first point was concerned with the fact that the white people of the world must give up the idea that they are the superior people. He called to mind the millions of people in Asia, Africa, South America, and the Islands who are colored. If we don't recognize the important part of the colored people of the world play, there will some day be the greatest war of all time—the war between the races of the world.

In his second point the speaker made clear the fact that all nations must give up imperialism. England, whose prime minister has definitely announced that England will not give up her colonial possessions, must relinquish her hold upon her colonies. "I've seen imperialism in India, and it's hell. That's the only word that will describe it." But the need to give up imperial possessions was not confined to other countries. The United States must also set hers free. "Imperialism has three great faults," Mr. Bell said. "It's undemocratic for it binds the most

V-1 And V-7 Classes To Be Called Soon

Students To Continue Study At Colleges As Apprentice Seamen

Clarification of the status of students enlisted in the Navy's reserve program was effected by a statement from the Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, concerning the utilization of college facilities for specialized training. This plan calls for the training of Navy reservists in carefully selected technical courses at colleges and universities yet to be chosen.

Members of V-1 and V-7 will be placed on active duty, as apprentice seamen with full pay, subsistence and uniforms. V-5 reservists who are college students and who so requested at the time of enlistment in or transfer to Class V-5, may be deferred for assignment to specific aviation cadet training until the end of the current college year.

Students in V-1 and V-7 will be allowed to complete all, or at least a major portion of their college work under Navy supervision. They will be allowed to indicate their preference as to the college or university to which they wish to be assigned, and these preferences will be respected as far as possible.

Must Continue Study

Upon being placed on active duty at a later date to be announced, reservists will be required to spend full time in pursuit of their academic work. Their courses of study will be given throughout the calendar year.

At a date to be announced shortly, students now holding such

A mania has struck every student who frequents the lounge. The malady is caused by a bug, the "bridge-bug" to be exact, and the bites have certainly taken. At any hour of the day (with the exception of lunch hour) passers-by will see absorbed faces leaning close together over a bridge table. Whether the players lean toward the center of the table because of interest in what is being played or to peer in the other players' hands has not been admitted.

The other day the principal purpose of the assembly was to sing our college songs. When we reached the "Alma Mater" the pianist played a crashing chord, but no one rose. And through the whole song everyone sat. The action, or lack of action, didn't show enough respect for our college. After the meeting we heard several people say that they had started to stand, but were afraid that they might rise alone. The next time the "Alma Mater" is sung, don't hang back. Rise on the first note and show that you respect and love your college.

Hats off to the students government and the way its members put things over! They planned the benefit bridge on Monday, and on Friday when it was held it was a big success. We may well be proud of the representatives that we elected.

Warning! There will soon be a new menace to the food rationing program right here on our campus! The danger will lie in the fact that the dining hall at Daugeette Hall is taking on such a new and lovely appearance. Of course, hungry students could gobble enough over there as the room was, but in its new coat of baby pink and cream paint the walls look good enough to eat. Being unable to eat plaster without having some sort of queer mania, the diners there will probably turn with more than usual gusto to the plates before them. Better watch the scales, girls. You can't eat a lot of cake (or anything for that matter) and have "it" too.

And so some of you are still on the border line trying to decide whether you will be a Morgan or a Calhoun. How the heck can you go to the basketball games and yell with all the pep students are supposed to have if you don't care which side wins? And how can you take part in the programs both societies will be giving? Surely you know which group you want to be a member of by now! We'd like to tell you in no uncertain terms which clan has definitely the better qualities, but this is supposed to be an unprejudiced column and we can't help you make the wise decision. Whether your decision is wise or not, please make it soon. We say that for your sake because you are missing all the fun being an "on the fencer."

Liszt—
Sonata in B Flat Minor,
Chopin—
Darack
5. Sonata in D Minor, Ysaye—
Persinger (unaccompanied).
Nigun, Bloch—
Caprice Basque, Sarasate—
Persinger

All accompaniments were played by Corporal Darack.

As an encore, two preludes from Shasta Ronitch's Symphony No. 5 were played. This is a comparatively new symphony written by a contemporary composer, and has been received quite enthusiastically by music critics.

Immediately following the concert, a reception was held in honor of Corporal Darack, Private Persinger and Private Persinger's mother, Mrs. Persinger. In the receiving line were Mrs. Wm. Calvert, Mrs. Persinger, Corporal Darack, Private Persinger, and Mr. Lance J. Hendrix. Delicious fruit punch was served to the guests by Frances Kimball, Ephie Pickett, and Frances Lockridge.

Former Teacher Publishes Book

Appearing in the January 17 edition of The Montgomery Advertiser was a review of the book, "Clubwomen's Parliamentary Guide" by Irene and Winthrop Munro, of Montgomery. Mrs. Munro was the former Irene Brinson, of Brinson, Georgia, and she was a member of the Summer school faculty here several years.

The book was prepared to help club women as much as possible and the material included in it was essembled after a study of year books from clubs in all sections of the country from Maine to California. The result is a concise, well-written volume on a subject that holds the interest of most educated women of today, according to the reviewer.

Mrs. Munro will be pleasantly remembered here.

Variety Show Thursday Night

On Thursday evening, January 28, Bibb Graves Hall will burst forth and all but shake on its foundation midst the most mysterious of all magical performances, the most melodious of all music and the craziest, side-splitting contortions. This Variety Show is being sponsored by Daugeette Hall and will be put on by our own boys of the U. S. Army from Fort McClellan, Alabama. The admission is only 10 cents for all students and 15 cents for others.

where she was a member of the Tri Sigma Society, an organization in which membership is based on scholarship, leadership, and service. She served two years as editor of the college newspaper and was active in the glee club and other extracurricular groups.

After teaching French and English several years in high school, she decided to take business training. She completed this course and was employed in Birmingham for a time. She then went to Montgomery where she had the unusual assignment of serving as private secretary to three successive directors of the State Highway Department. She left this branch of the state government to take the place as secretary to Mr. Cole.

The new instructor is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Branscomb, of Union Springs. Her parents died when she was a young girl and she has made her home with her aunt and uncle, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Beasley, in Geneva, and with her stepmother, in Midway.

Since coming to Jacksonville, Miss Branscomb has adapted herself to her new surroundings and is entering into the spirit of things on the campus. She has been appointed counselor to the Wesley Foundation, and is rapidly making friends among the students and faculty.

Pilot Lt. Lowell Davis, a former student at the college was the subject for an interesting Associated Press story recently which will be of interest to the alumni who knew him.

The story is as follows:

LONDON — Out where the U-boats are swarming like "schools of porpoise" in Germany's intensified drive against Allied ships and Allied lives, "the best darn crew in the United States Navy" put down just one depth charge alongside the blue-green conning tower of a German sub.

Then, as a glorious reward for all their thousands of patrol miles without even sighting an enemy submarine before, they looked down their U. S. Navy PBV-5A bomber patrol plane and saw that the sea wolf had been thrown back to the surface, bleeding oil and throwing out debris and crew members.

When they went in for the attack, the surfaced sub opened fire at them from the conning tower at 1,200-yard range.

The Navymen returned the fire from blister guns back aft until the sub began to blow ballast and start down. Until it was ended and the PBV hovered over the scene in a tight circle photographing the wreckage and the churning water, no one in the crew knew whether the plane had been hit or not. She had escaped—how no one could say.

This is the story of the crew members told in London—the story of another German sub gone for-

ever to the bottom, the story of how long training and longer patrols paid full dividends.

They are young men such as we all know, the ones who joined the Navy before Pearl Harbor and got in a front seat for these days when London and Washington, as never before, were realizing just how serious, how desperately serious, the U-boat menace has become. A couple of them would have been school teachers if they hadn't left normal school for the Navy; another was a soap salesman; another was a toolmaker in an airplane motor factory. Another was a cow puncher in Colorado.

The pilot, Lt. (jg) Lowell Davis, of Vina, Alabama, is pleased, of course, that he is being awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for this sub kill. But he is more pleased that he can write his bride back in Hoxie, R. I., that finally he had not only seen an enemy sub but has got one too.

Behind this successful attack, as announced by the U. S. Navy in London, emerges evidence that the U-boat packs are getting more numerous and more daring. Before Lt. Davis and "the best darn crew" made their kill, they sighted all in one morning enough subs to rival a school of porpoises, perhaps as many as five or six.

The audacity of the sub crew in holding off their dive until they had a burst of gunfire at the PBV diving straight in for them shows a casual regard for precious seconds that could only come from a spirit of bold defiance. Unlike

will not give up her colonial possessions, must relinquish her hold upon her colonies. "I've seen imperialism in India, and it's hell. That's the only word that will describe it." But the need to give up imperial possessions was not confined to other countries. The United States must also set hers free. "Imperialism has three great faults," Mr. Bell said. "It's undemocratic, for it binds one great people under another. It's un-Christian. And it's unintelligent."

The third point dealt with the need of a world government to keep all the nations of the world in line. Due to the short length of time, Mr. Bell was unable to conclude the third point of his interesting and timely talk.

Mr. Bell was no stranger to the students. He has spoken to many groups here before, and every time he comes to speak, he is gladly welcomed by the student body.

Italian sub crews, the Germans have not been given to risking their lives by delaying a dive with their own gunfire as your correspondent has often seen. Only a sub captain rendered unduly bold by successes would ever waste time in getting protective water covering over his ship as soon as possible.

This particular attack—when and where it happened it nobody's business right now — emphasizes the difficulties of meeting Hitler's ever-increasing U-boat production and his wolf packs operating as a unit in the sea. Lt. Davis and his crew actually had four submarine sights that same day before their fifth sight brought them the kill. They couldn't get there in time with the other sights.

"On our fifth sight we were cruising at 2,200 feet, searching for subs we had lost," related Lt. Davis. "My co-pilot (Ens. Earle Barnes Abrams, of Clinton, Conn.) sighted a U-boat six miles away. She was riding her vents and taking spray over her bow with a wake behind her.

"We took to a cloud for cover and turned for a beam approach. Two miles away we started to fire at her. She began to return our cannonfire. We came in low over the water until close, then I made a sharp flipper turn to run over her from bow to stern. Our depth charge went into the water only three or four feet off the starboard side of her forward deck. It couldn't have been better.

"Then there was an explosion just aft the conning tower and the U-boat lifted out of the water."

Ens. Wallace Pierce, of Wellfleet, Mass., who, like Lt. Davis, left normal school for the Navy, added, "Then I saw brown scum coming up and a large oil patch 300 or 400 yards wide with much wreckage in it. Escape floats of some kind began to come up. Then I saw at least two men hanging on wreckage.

"A few moments later, two or

will be respected as far as possible.

Must Continue Study

Upon being placed on active duty at a later date to be announced, reservists will be required to spend full time in pursuit of their academic work. Their courses of study will be given throughout the calendar year.

At a date to be announced shortly, students now holding probationary commissions, on inactive duty in a deferred status, in the Naval Reserve will be permitted to resign and accept assignment to the college training program as apprentice seamen on active duty. At satisfactory completion of prescribed professional courses they will be again commissioned to their previous rank.

Engineers Deferred

Engineering students who are in good standing will be allowed a total of eight equivalent semesters since their matriculation to complete their studies regardless of the number of semesters completed by July 1.

Enlistments of college students who have not passed their 18th birthday will be accepted in the present V-1 program until March 15, 1943, only. Thereafter college students are eligible for selection for the Navy College Training Program only through the regular procedures established for all other applicants. High school students will be chosen on the basis of their officer-like qualifications including appearance, physical fitness and high school scholarship records. Methods for the selection of students are being prepared by the Bureau of Navy Personnel and shall be made available in the future.

Technical Students Aided

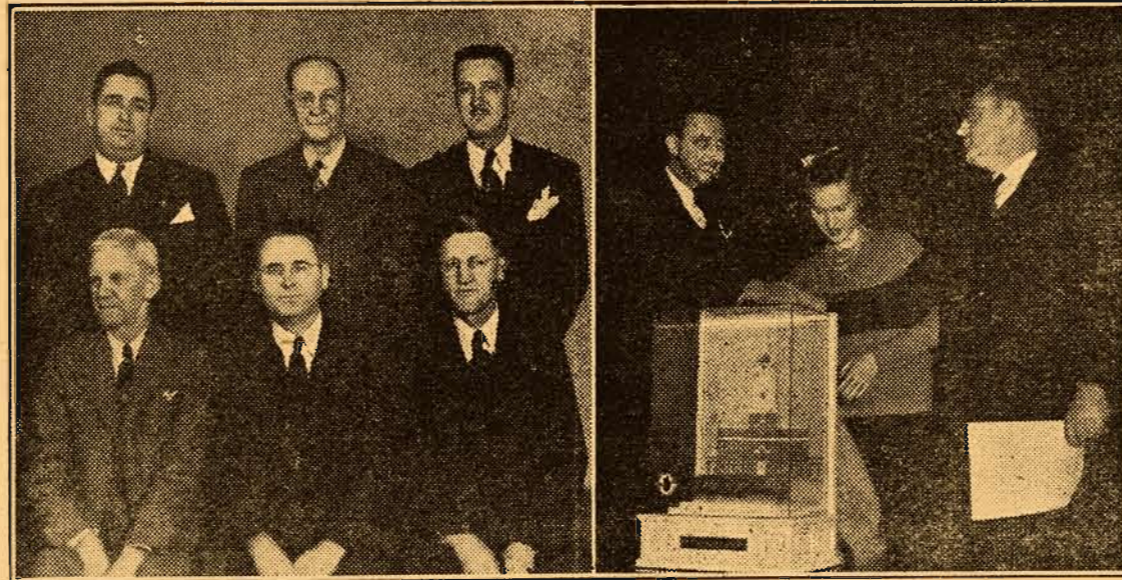
Special provisions have been made for students who have completed sufficient work in math, physics and chemistry, making them eligible for training in the specialists division.

The Navy's contracts with the educational institutions will provide for training, housing, feeding and medical service. The curricula to be taken will be prescribed by the Navy. The amount of time devoted to this work will not exceed three class hours per week during the first two semesters.

three other men were thrown out of the sub. I could see them floundering about, but they didn't last long. The water continued boiling for a long time."

Lt. Davis and his men believe that this sub was one of the 517-tonners which Germany is turning out from factories located in the interior, the parts for which are sent down to a dozen or more coastal points for assembly. This class of U-boats, so much more maneuverable than larger submarines, carries one deck gun forward of the conning tower. The sub, killed by what Lt. Davis calls the "best darn crew," had such a gun forward.

"VICTORY BRICK" ARRIVES TO BOOST SCHOOLS AT WAR PROGRAM IN ALABAMA



The above scenes were taken at Phillips High School in Birmingham last week when the "Victory Brick" was presented to the school students of Alabama. The brick is shown in case at right. It was taken from the "Liberty Bell" Tower in Constitution Hall in Philadelphia which is shown in the background. At the dedication ceremonies were the men who are in charge of the War Bond and stamp campaign of the Schools at War Program in Alabama. They are: top row, left to right: Marc Ray Clements, associate administrator of the Alabama War Savings Staff; B. B. Baker, vice-president of the school administrators of Alabama; L. F. Holt, of the Curtis Publishing Company; bottom row: Frederick Archer, associate administrator of War Savings in charge of Schools at War program; Dr. E. B. Norton, state superintendent of education, and H. G. Greer, president of the Alabama Education Association. At right, Mr. Holt is shown congratulating Dr. Norton on his speech while Miss Lillian Culp, of Phillips High School, unveiled the brick.

THE TEACOLA

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THE REVIVING SPIRIT

Though it is news for many freshmen, two great Literary Societies—Calhoun and Morgans—have played an integral part in the life on the campus at Jacksonville. These two organizations, dating back to the blazing years of the nineteenth century, were formulated by the late Dr. C. W. Dugette. The accomplishments of CLS and MLS are beyond narration, so great is their scope. They have been a means toward many desirable ends in the past. Enthusiasm among the students, a great deal of fun, trained orators and debaters, students trained in the rudiments of leadership have been among their fruits.

Foremost among the activities of the campus has been the annual debate between the Calhouns and their arch rivals, the Morgans. A trophy is given by the Anniston Star to the winners of that contest.

This debate was the primary purpose of the societies during their beginning back in the gay nineties, but times have changed since then and into their scope has come sporting — inter-society basketball games, touch football, ping pong, and a host of other things.

Last Wednesday night the age-old rivals engaged in the first bit of competition of the current year—a basketball game. This was a significant step because it meant the revival of a tradition that deserves to live. The Morgan and Calhoun Literary Societies deserve to live not merely because this existence is a tradition, but because of the many fine things they offer. These things are listed above and need not be enumerated again, but to them might be added these three thoughts: First—Mr. Houston Cole, beloved president of JSTC, attributes much of his ability as a public speaker to his early experiences in the annual Morgan

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

"Harking Backward"

Editor, The Teacola:

In your issue of December 9 you review the lecture given at the Forum meeting, November 23, by John Temple Graves II. It reminded me of a lecture I heard delivered by his distinguished father the fall of 1898. I had graduated from the Jacksonville State Teachers College that June, and secured the principalship of the Sycamore school, Talladega County. The fall of 1898, the people of the city of Talladega put on a Chautauqua. I attended several of the numbers. One was an address by John Temple Graves, then editor of the Atlanta Journal. Even when I was in college I loved public speaking and attended every one I could. I got to hear William Jennings Bryan in Anniston twice. It was a treat to hear Graves. I have heard many great speakers, but believe in the flow of words and eloquence, he came second only to Bryan. of all speakers I have ever heard. His subject was "The Twentieth Century Woman." I recall one of his expressions: "With all her faults, we love her still." Later I quoted that be-

fore a crowd and a guy spoke up and quoted: "With all her faults we love her still, and the stiller the better."

Another great man I heard at the Talladega Chautauqua was the late Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage. I believe he was the most scholarly preacher and lecturer this country has produced. When I was just a child, I joined in with a brother to subscribe for the Christian Herald, of which Dr. Talmage was then editor. I take that magazine now, and believe it is the most inspiring religious journal I know of.

On the above occasion I heard Dr. Talmage lecture and preach also. In his lecture he told this anacode: "One morning a man got up feeling grouchy. His cow got out and started down the road at a fast pace. His neighbor down at the foot of the hill was chopping wood. The man hollered to his neighbor to head that cow. His neighbor hollered back: "She is already headed." "Turn her then." "The right side is out now." "Well, speak to her then." "Good morning, Madam Cow," while she shot past him as if out of a cannon.

W. A. Bynum,
Abilene, Texas

« Our Boys Write »

Pvt. Clarence S. Chastain,
Co. C, 3rd Ord. Tng. Bn.
O. R. T. C.
Aberdeen Proving Ground,
Maryland
September 28, 1942

Dear Dr. Calvert:

I really appreciate the letter of a few days back,
And now we'll discuss that informal crack,
In a friendly letter, as you shall see.
It really doesn't matter to me;
And I am right, and you are right,
And all is right, as right can be.
(We will pause slowly now to allow Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan to each turn in his grave.)

Since last writing (?) or making a brazen try,
I've watched the sun bow many times in a pale western sky.

Went to the beach and got myself a tan,
While leisurely resting on the glowing white sand.

Went to see and hear Jeanette McDonald the other day,
Just sighed and remarked, "I could go for you in a big way."

She was the most glamorous creature to ever walk,
Cause when I'm left speechless, well it's time to talk.

Am reading "You Can't Go Home Again," now,
And saying, "Well I didn't want to anyhow,"

Pvt. James L. Honea
434 W. Ruscomb Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Tuesday

Dear Charlotte:

Wait a minute. I wouldn't say that I'm finishing at the top of my class. I haven't been outstanding, or anything so spectacular. My ambition hasn't been to try to outstrip everyone else in grades, even though I've done all right.

I would like to see one of the Teacolas. It's a honey I'm sure.

It has been pretty cold and snowy. The coldest has been around zero, which lasted several days. Christmas was cold and clear. No White Christmas, the snow was gone.

I sent Connie a picture, such as it was, and may dig up another or so to accompany this.

How about playing the "Evening Star" for me tonight, huh? I haven't heard it since I left, I don't think.

The last time I heard from Crump he was in New Orleans, but expecting to be moved any time. I'd like to see the kid. Maybe when we're both shifted around we'll be near enough to see each other some weekend.

So help me, when I come back if I have the slightest bit of "double-blank yankee" sticking to my tongue, kick me. I get so tired of the almost irritating way that some of these people talk, and their loudness is disgusting. Some, of course, talk as though they had been influenced by the better qualities of good old Southern speech. I'm fed up with "Didn't you get your pay yet?"

Ye Olde Gossippe

What would MISS LUTTRELL have thought had she arrived in kitchen 117 at the Apartment a few minutes earlier? . . . There was a great deal of rejoicing in room 114 when LILLIAN arrived. The girls of the Apartment welcome her back . . . Wonder what has happened to LILY'S JOE? . . . JOHN'S eating supper with MATTIE MAE one Saturday night must have been the cause of her happiness . . . It seems that someone should take pity on DOT MEEKS and call her over the telephone sometime. She wants to get a call so badly.

MILDRED LOTT is one of the sweetest girls at the Apartment . . . How many belts does ELINOR have? It seems she has enough to give one to every inmate at the Apartment, yet she is still making more . . . Goodness EDNA, what happened to you and LESTER the night of the concert? Did HOMER have anything to do with it? . . . You should see EDNA FRANCES and DOROTHY when they get a letter.

Married life seems to agree with BEATRICE rather well. She seems so happy and content . . . DOT MEEKS saw her one-and-only in town one day . . . It's really true that ELINOR'S STANLEY has proposed to her . . . If MARY could have her way, wonder how serious she and TOM would be?

"BAR C." has been dying to get a date for the last three days and hasn't gotten one yet. Please help him out, girls . . . WYNELLE RIDDLE wants to know where JIMMY McDONOUGH has been all of her life . . . EDNA PATRICK tries to give her boy friend's picture away, pretending that she doesn't want it; then, when someone offers to help her with her correspondence, she says she needs no help. We wonder what kind of a girl EDNA really is . . . Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition, HACK SHARP got a date with HATTIE O'NEAL . . . What Forney Hall wants to know is where KITTRELL AGEE has been keeping himself these moonlit nights. Three guesses, and the first two don't count.

Seems that BIG BILL HAMILTON has been doing a little snooping these days too!

DOC GARY seems to be getting in the groove these days. What about meal time, DOC?

During the annual Celtic affair we noticed that MARION COFFEE and her squad were present!

Believe it or not it's so. ALLAN HUMPHREYS got a date with "CHUBBY" RIDDLE." O. K.?

One thing that is bothering KITTRELL AGEE is that he cannot be two places at one time. And ain't it so?

How about some of those guys and gals supporting the college rather than supporting the soldiers.

The absent minded professor leaves home, slams his wife and kisses the door!

EUCLID wants to know if DEAN WOOD has filled that blank yet?

Yes sir, I'd say that DASHING DEASON and his little JERK had a fuss (and what a fuss) this past Wednesday night. Making up is so much fun tho', isn't it, JOHN?

Well, well, if LAMAR HYATT hasn't finally decided that the dancing class is worth his while. RUTH ANNE, you are in the class, aren't you?

Everyone is so glad that ALICE CLARK decided to come back to college.

A very nice looking couple that FLOSSIE JENKINS and BILLY FARRELL . . . The man of the year is BATTLING BAR C. "CALHOUN" SMITH. You never look any way without his coming into view . . . We regret to hear that "CALHOUN BRITAIN" and "MORGAN GRISSOM" have decided to reside in the same room. All MORGANS are asked to overlook this mistake on the CALHOUN'S part, for

revival of a tradition that deserves to live. The Morgan and Calhoun Literary Societies deserve to live not merely because this existence is a tradition, but because of the many fine things they offer. These things are listed above and need not be enumerated again, but to them might be added these three thoughts: First—Mr. Houston Cole, beloved president of JSTC, attributes much of his ability as a public speaker to his early experiences in the annual Morgan-Calhoun debate. There is a need for people in the teaching profession who can express themselves, here is a good place for prospective teacher-orators to learn. Second—These societies have long been the breeders of enthusiasm, there is a need on college campuses for that sort of thing now, and this college is no exception.

Third—Their success (the societies') depends not on huge numbers but rather on effective leadership. Calhouns and Morgans of yesteryear, should take the reins, and make the ball games a time reviving agent. Newcomers should be told of the merit of the wares, be they CLS or MLS. The societies should be organized and some debaters chosen. Freshmen should line up with one side or the other.

By so doing the potentialities of a tradition can come into their own, and the Calhouns and Morgans will be as dynamic and real as ever they were.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

The terrors, unhappiness, and bloodshed that this war has forced upon the entire world are much too numerous to be mentioned. The shortages of fuel, food, rubber, etc., are considered a curse and called worse than that. But right off the bat we can think of one shortage that has, in a way, brought about a blessing. It's the rubber shortage, and its existence has forced a definite speed limit upon automobiles. To protect those precious tires motorists will abide within that speed limit, an action they have never before fully accorded such a restriction.

It seems odd, doesn't it, that people in pre-war days drove like fury with no regard for caring for anyone's life, but that now they may easily be persuaded to take it easy to save rubber in order to get a few more miles out of those tires.

We talked to a former nurse the other day who could tell a great many interesting things about life in a hospital. And do you know that she said the most horribly mutilated patients that she has ever seen were those that had been in automobile accidents! The accidents were all probably caused by speeding and recklessness, and they were all probably so needless.

Though in some cases there is a demand for great hurry, there isn't in most. We can't expect a doctor rushing to a patient to drive slowly, but we can expect joyriders to. When motorists of the last order are slowed, most of the accidents disappear.

We don't welcome the shortage of rubber that is vital to our war effort, not that at all. We're saying though, that in a round-about, crazy way rubber shortage has brought about a blessing to civilians that they themselves don't realize.

the other day, Just sighed and remarked, "I could go for you in a big way."

She was the most glamorous creature to ever walk, Cause when I'm left speechless, well it's time to talk.

Am reading "You Can't Go Home Again," now, And saying, "Well I didn't want to anyhow," As I imagine myself in my puppet tent, Denied a furlough, but homeward bent!

Would have planned this careful in meter and rhyme, But really, Doctor, I haven't got the time. It would probably take a day, a year, And according to local board I won't be here.

Some night before long I'll try to see you, And we'll talk everything through. Until then, Your friend, Clarence Chastain.

Dear Dr. Calvert:

There is a word called draft. I don't know Mr. Webster's definition, but mine is, "It's an evil wind that blows no body no good."

The army is swell. I've been in a week and one day. So far I've had four shots, tomaine poisoning, followed by attacks of vomiting which lasted 12 hours, followed by a hypodermic, two laxative days, 24 hours guard duty (2 on 4 standing by), Kitchen Police, Garbage Collector, Housemaid, travelled some 1,000 miles, 2 1-2 hours waiting in the rain, stopped up head and ears and a cold that shows. The Good Lord only knows what comes next. But I love it. (The army I mean.) The other is just an extraadded attraction.

Gues you can tell by the letter where I am, or at least where the remnants of me were when I wrote this.

Spent some enjoyable hours in Washington the other day at the Smithsonian Institute and the National Zoological Park. Saw some of my relatives in the latter place. You remember the one hanging on the limb?

Plan to visit New York City and the Metropolitan Opera Company when I get a pass.

You know many people have laughed about paying \$26 for Long Island, but let me say he who laughs last laughs longest and I'm sure any Indian to come back here will laugh.

My first time over the Mason-Dixon line and if I ever get back South I hope they make it illegal to some North.

Good luck to you and Mrs. Calvert from what's left of me.

Your friend, Clarence Chastain.

P. S. Dr. Calvert, I have never given up the idea of coming back to school. What I'm trying to do now is gather pictures to use. Common sense with books. Hope sometime to go abroad. If I teach I really want to understand people and my subject. Can't you get me the position as Opera coach by the year 1949. No, but really I want to teach History and Music. Not singing just musical thoughts.

near enough to see each other some week-end. So help me, when I come back if I have the slightest bit of "double-blank yankee" sticking to my tongue, kick me. I get so tired of the almost irritating way that some of these people talk, and their loudness is disgusting. Some, of course, talk as though they had been influenced by the better qualities of good old Southern speech. I'm fed up with "Didn't you get your pay yet?" Sis, will I be glad to hear some soft sweet Southern drawl sometime.

Here's hoping all of you had a grand Christmas, and I'm sure you did. You always seem to have a good time at everything you go about. Thank all of you for having let me know you. I enjoyed it so much, and look forward to peeping in on you again sometime.

How is William Bill? I wrote him a card when I first came in the army, but never heard from him. Maybe he didn't get it. Give him my regards will you.

Tell Dr. Mock that I'm reading a very unusual book dealing with the predictions of the French-Jew doctor and prophet, Nostrodarnus. The book is *Nostrodarnus Sees All* compiled by Andre Lamont. You've probably heard or read of this fellow's remarkable writings. His prophecies include events from 1555 to 3797. It is interesting how some of his verses can be translated so to apply to past, present, and future happenings. Naturally I think it's a lot of bunk about his being able to foretell anything, except sunrise, sunset, etc., and I could do that. He was just another fortune teller with a little science and astronomy splattered over him, and with a vivid imagination, making it possible for him to put into writing in a vague, distorted way the inclinations over a lengthy period of time. He is only of many men associating with many men able to pick out the extreme types of people and unusual, yet not so unusual, experiences which might result from their typed traits. He was just a good manufacturer of yarns and possibilities. He wrote them so that the interpreter could twist them to suit almost any event, just so it was remotely related. Well, it's something to read, anyway.

I must go to bed, and let music from the radio in my room put me to sleep, when Fibber McGee and Molly finish.

Write me when you have time.

Love,
Lee.

Chattanooga, Tennessee
Box 577, Route 2
December 6, 1942

Dear Dr. Calvert:

I have waited so long to answer your letter that it has become very embarrassing. How is the family and everyone around Jacksonville? Clara and I often think of visiting the school but working in a war plant as I am makes it almost impossible.

I am still working at the T. N. T. plant near Chattanooga. I have been here about eight months and don't know just how much longer it will take to complete the job. Speaking for one I wish this plant and all others connected with the war program

(Continued On Page Three)

in the class, aren't you? Everyone is so glad that ALICE CLARK decided to come back to college.

A very nice looking couple that FLOSSIE JENKINS and BILLY FARRELL . . . The man of the year is BATTLE BAR C. "CALHOUN" SMITH. You never look any way without his coming into view . . . We regret to hear that "CALHOUN BRITAIN" and "MORGAN GRISSOM" have decided to reside in the same room. All MORGANS are asked to overlook this mistake on the CALHOUN'S part, for naturally the CALHOUN sought the MORGAN'S company . . . Is there anyone here in school who knows the slightest thing about the life of said BILLY WILLBANKS? He seems to be the mysterious man of the campus.

WYNELLE RIDDLE wants to know where JIMMY McDONOUGH has been all his life.

We hear that BAR C. and CHARLIE JOHNSON had a delightful evening last Thursday. What else comes in 6 ounce bottles besides Coca-Cola?

LAMAR HYATT is seen every night, somewhere, with a different girl.

What has DOYLE KIRK been worrying about, his GIRLS?

LAMAR HYATT wants to know if there is anyone who wants his TIME beaten?

Is DOYLE trying to beat KITTRELL'S time with MAC? Why is DOYLE KIRK so crazy over DIMPLES?

Grand Finale:

DOYLE KIRK'S BATTING AVERAGE:

DENTY	.600
LAND	.499
BONDS	.498
DIMPLES	.399
McCRACKEN	.299
BAILEY	.299
COFFEE	.250

GRAND TOTAL 2.844

VERSE

By Euclid Rains

EVENING SHADOWS

Now fades the sun and daylight slowly wanes,
The earth a gentle murmur doth impart,
An universal sighing of the heart;
A requiem to sorrows, cares, and pains.
Twilight is burning low but dusk remains,
And silently within the lonely wood,
Dark shadows lend a voice to solitude:
A sombre solitary stillness reigns.
Like day the youth of man is fading fast,
Too soon the frost of years will bleach his crown,
Too late he stops to mend his ragged past,
He gazes westward—ah! sundown.
And soon shadows of death will still his breast,
And lure his soul into eternal rest.

LIFE

Our life is just a flimsy thread,
That joins the cradle with the grave;
It marks the path we mortals tread,
And is the cause for which we slave.

Our moments come but once: then fly
Into a mistic yesteryear,
Where soon our fondest hopes will die,
Where soon our lives will disappear.

So we should spin our thread with care
And weave into the skein of years
A life of love, for there—somewhere
Beyond the grave the Master steers.

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D. P. Culp Becomes
 County Superintendent

Appearing in the January edition of The Alabama School Journal was a photograph of D. P. Culp, who recently succeeded Roscoe Maddox as superintendent of education of the Chilton County Schools.

He completed the two-year course here and received his B.S. and M.S. degrees from the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. He has been teaching for the past nine years in Chilton and Butler counties.

In completing work for his graduate degree he wrote his thesis on the subject, "Alabama School Revenue from 1900-1939."

Mr. Culp married Miss Edith Street, of Glencoe, also a former student.

He was an outstanding student while attending Jacksonville.

Audrey Scott's Engagement
 Announced

Announcement was made the past week by Mr. W. H. Scott of the approaching marriage of his daughter, Helen Audrey, to Lieutenant Robert Owen.

Both are graduates of the college. The bride has been teaching for the past several years in the White Plains High School. She was reared here and has been active in the young people's work of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Owen completed the requirements for a commission in the U. S. Army Air Corps and is now a ground instructor in Roswell, New Mexico. He is a native of Cleburne County.

Lucy Williams Married

Miss Lucy Garnet Williams, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Williams, was married to Lieutenant Paul Donald Lampru Saturday, January 16th, at the Methodist Church, at a joint ceremony with Miss Berkeley Shackelford and Lieutenant Kirk Morley.

She was one of the youngest students ever to receive a degree at Jacksonville and was an outstanding student. She taught physical education in Anniston for several years before accepting a position at Fort McClellan.

Lieutenant Annie Bell Cochran, of Fort McClellan, a former student, was a visitor on the campus Thursday.

John Thomas Black
 Commissioned

John Thomas Black, of Crossville, was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army of the United States recently upon completion of the Officer Candidate Course at Fort Benning, Georgia. He is the son of H. B. Black, Sr., of Fort Payne.

He attended the college here after graduating from the Crossville High School. He was inducted into the Army September 10, 1941, and served with the 26th Training Battalion, Camp Croft, South Carolina, and the 8th Motorized Division, Fort Jackson, before going to Officer Candidate School.

Clarence Daniel, principal of the Roy Webb School, was recently appointed a chairman in the executive committee of the Boy Scouts of America, Jacksonville District. His responsibilities are concerned with camping activities.

Turner Williamson Distinguishes
 Himself in New Guinea

Turner Williamson, of Anniston, a former student here, now a lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Corps, was recently cited for unusual bravery when he led an attack against a Japanese base in the Southern Pacific, off New Guinea.

Young Williamson left school to enter the Air Corps and received his commission at Randolph Field.

He is one of the many students of Jacksonville who have distinguished themselves in this war.

It will be of interest to the friends of Lamar Triplett to learn that he is now directing the Guntersville High School Band on Saturdays. This band was formerly under the direction of Lanier Cowart, or "Snooks," as he was familiarly known, who recently joined the armed forces.

Lamar also directs the Emma Sansom High School Band, and is organist at one of the Gadsden churches.

« Campus Personality »

We have recently been talking to Catherine, "Miss Ashmore" to some, but "Catherine" to the lads and lassies of our school. Having lived in this town since she was six months of age, she would probably be called a native of Jacksonville, and in the past few years she has taken quite an active part in the civic work of the town.

She has served as president of the local chapter of the U. D. C. and director of the Forney District. In November she was page and color bearer for her district at the National Convention held in St. Louis.

Miss Ashmore, a graduate of this college, received her degree in the spring of '41. During her senior year she was assistant to the Secretary and upon the day of her graduation, assumed the duties of Executive Secretary.

In November of the past year she resigned the job to take up her work as teacher in the commercial department but at the end of the six weeks she will again fill the office of Secretary.

Quite a versatile person, we must say, but that isn't all. From the time when she first entered college until she graduated, she went to school, taught school, man-



CATHERINE ASHMORE

aged the dining room in a hotel, and completed a business course, and she is still quite young; although, she says, she has seen quite a few changes in the school. There has been the addition of subjects in chemistry and physics as well as the commercial department.

Even though she entered in a freshman class of 400 (imagine the life of luxury the upperclassmen must have led), she managed to put in her "two cents," as the slang expression goes. She was a member of the History and Geography Clubs and represented the Geography Club in a southeastern conference held at the University of North Carolina. We might add that she was able to make a "B" average throughout. About the most outstanding work that she did we would say was as a member of her literary society. At least it attracted most attention. It seems that she in her enthusiasm helped other members paint a mule in honor of another certain society. Incidentally she had the pleasure of helping work to pay for said mule.

She really likes football, movies, like "Sergeant York" and Mrs. Miniver," steaks, ice cream and alas, candy. A real Southerner is she and, honey child, above all other delicacies, she sho do like her cornbread and collards.

She's a real Southerner, and a real person with a real heartwarming smile. She is our personality of the week, Miss Catherine Ashmore.

Forney Follies

BY
 BILLY
 GRISSOM

Never has this column deliberately uttered in its bold black type a bold black lie, but many's the time a small truth has been crudely distorted, greatly exaggerated, and otherwise revised to make it suitable for the press.

Amusing incidents and amazing situations are bred in Forney Hall, many of which will never see print because they would choke the press even if they were sneaked by the censor.

And so, my frolicsome Forney chums, if you want to get your names in the paper, get yourselves involved in a mild scandal. Don't do anything too drastic; leave room for a little elaboration and a touch of prevarication.

The other night two of our newly acquired frosh boarders — Allan Humphries and William Willbanks, they are fondly called by their mothers—were nice and comfy in their new quarters, peacefully reading magazines, and possibly worrying about future examinations, though not probably.

All of a sudden when things were comparatively quiet, the chubby Allan with a dreamy look in his eye laid down his magazine and spoke softly to his roommate: "Don't you think I look like Hedy Lamarr?"

Whereupon the wondering Willie jumped hastily from his bed and ran madly up and down the hall shouting: "Get a gun! Get a gun! Allan thinks he's Hedy Lamarr!"

Something has been going on! Everybody goes home for the holidays except Seaman Brittain. He stays here. When we come back, we find that our dear shipmate has dived from the solid shore of

bachelorhood into the sea of matrimony. At any rate it appears that way. His mail now comes addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Clay Brittain and family." The identity of the family still remains a mystery, despite quite a bit of sleuthing on the part of his closest friends. Since Mr. Brittain so emphatically refuses to reveal the identity of his new wife and family this column can only wait for further developments, promising to keep you posted as these developments develop.

The washwoman and Bar C. are on the outs again. Those two never could get along. It's surprising how they remain such good friends. The other day I overheard one of their frequent arguments in which Bar was complaining about the price of laundry.

"But washerwoman," said Bar in his most agitated voice, "seems like you would let me have my washing cheaper. I've been a good customer so long. Haven't I always cheated you fair? Don't I always pay you as soon as I can? Why do you always have to pick on me?"

"Mista Bar," said our colored laundry woman, "they is so many reasons why Ah charges you so much. In de fust place, my work is wuth mo, because Ah is easy on clothes. Ah don't rub them very hard and therefo' makes 'em last longer. In de next place, Mista Bar, I charges you because I has to wake you up every morning. If it wa'n't for me, you wouldn't get any breakfast, and you would never git to school. In fact, Ah guess you would sleep the rest of yo' natcheral life. In de last place, snuff is gin' up and Ah has to have mo' pay 'cause Ah has to have muh snuff."

The Smiths Come To Jacksonville



The Smiths of Pisgah, Alabama, seem to like JSTC, at any rate, five of them attended school here. They are, from left to right: Mrs. Jewell Smith Wheeler; Lt. Virgil E. Smith, stationed at Ft. Van Dorn, Mississippi; Louise Smith; Richard C. Smith, now in

MEET THE FROSH . . .

Routine is something which people finally settle down to—but you seldom find a settled Freshman. Habit is a thing which must be broken—and you seldom find a freshman who isn't "broke." So the word which naturally follows is just what preceded: The habit of going to classes at the right place and time has finally been re-acquired by the students here at school, after the recent holiday, but some few still sit in the lounge wondering idly if he or she shouldn't actually be in a class but not caring particularly. A few of the some are upperclassmen but most of them are freshmen—as you shall see.

that he gave a very good performance. He plays a swell game of rummy and it's been rumored that he makes A's on his themes. Just as G. W. suddenly remembers that he has a class, Jimmy Donough comes in and takes his hand (not literally, but rummerically (new word)).

Jimmy is that nice boy who has transferred here from the University of Alabama. Jimmy's home is at Fort McClellan, Alabama, and he finished school at Anniston Hi. He is the only boy (no girls either by the way) who lives at Fort McClellan who went all the way through the Anniston school system, including kindergarten, grammar school, high school, and

THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

Whoosh! Bang! and we're off again on our bi-monthly trip to catch up on what other colleges and universities are doing. First

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Sancom High School Band, and is organist at one of the Gadsden churches.

THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

Whoosh! Bang! and we're off again on our bi-monthly trip to catch up on what other colleges and universities are doing. First Stop—University of Tennessee. From U. T.'s paper, the Orange and White, we gather that the students are making plans to leave the gym open every Thursday night for socials. Games and dancing, with a "juke-box" to furnish music, are to be provided for entertainment. The plan was hit upon when the students demanded some from of recreation to take the place of joy-riding which gas rationing will put an end to.

The money that was accumulated in a drive to raise money for a recreation cabin was put into excellent use by the Sphinx Honor Society of Auburn, owners of the fund. When it was found that on no account could they build a hall now, the members placed the money in a safe place. It has gone to work for Uncle Sam. It purchased a one hundred dollar war bond.

Also in the Auburn Plainsman were notes warning students against the wiles of student politicians, called by the writer "election friends." That warning might be a good one for all students everywhere to remember when voting days roll around.

One edition of the Carolinian, Women's College of North Carolina's paper, furnished us a lot of interest. This year the seniors there bequeathed the freshmen a "no campus-cutting" program that the present seniors started while mere sophomores. It is carried on to prevent students from carelessly cutting across the grass on their way to and from classes. It's a difficult program to carry out successfully, but it is also a worthwhile one.

The president of the student body at W.C.U.N.C. received a rather pathetic appeal from "a bunch of lonely boys here wanting to correspond with someone who is willing to write." The letter was signed by a group of boys in service. The boys were unable to disclose their exact whereabouts, but explained that they were in a combat zone where the work was very dangerous. They assured any possible correspondents that they would answer any letter that was written to them, because "a letter to a boy in service means more to him than anything else. Our mail, what little bit there is, is few and far between." Here is our wish that the fourteen boys were literally swamped with mail from patriotic college girls.

Realizing the lack of man power for swing bands, the girl musicians of the same school have formed their own band. From the offers

which they have received, including one from Fort Bragg, they must be plenty good.

A head from the front page of that paper reads "Gone Forever Are Days When Ladies Eat Like Birds," which is all too true.

An interesting article from the College Heights Herald, from Western Kentucky State Teachers College, struck our fancy with a bang. It's a little long; so we can only put a part of it here. It's the story of a girl who donated a pint of blood to the Red Cross. This bit we print here is her reaction after it was all over: "The friends took her home, and she went to the neighborhood theatre to join the members of her family. The criss-cross bandage seemed as good as a sergeant's stripes to her, and although the arm throbbed a little, a certain Johnny Doughboy at embarkation point was marching across her mind, and he seemed a little nearer to ultimate victory."

Tea Dance Talk

You're doing okey, students, in your support of the tea dances. You are now beginning to cook with carbonated hydrogen on the front jet. Just keep up the good work and everybody will be happy.

The well known and well loved two step has lost some of its popularity lately, since the oncoming of that conga-mad Corporal who has spread his pleasant madness throughout our student body. Now, all of our activities take place to a one-a-two-a-three kick. Our Physical Ed. teachers no longer worry about our lack of strenuous exercise, cause when one does the conga, one doesn't need one's daily dozen. A conga a day keeps the doctor away.

Thursday night's dance was formal and the students loved it. The amazing transition of sloppy, would-be sweater girls into graceful, flowing young ladies, and of grimy, inky school boys into smooth, well-dressed young men, was a sight to be seen.

There is one danger in our newly developed love for the dance and "La Conga," and that is the neglect of our studies, a crime which simply must not happen. Watch out for this because no one wants to be known as a "Hot little jitterbug, and death one the dance floor, but with all his brains in his feet."

Homer: "See that girl over there? I would have married her if it weren't for something she said."

Allan: "What was that?"

Homer: "No."



The Smiths of Pisgah, Alabama, seem to like JSTC, at any rate, five of them attended school here. They are, from left to right: Mrs. Jewell Smith Wheeler; Lt. Virgil E. Smith, stationed at Ft. Van Dorn, Mississippi; Louise Smith; Richard C. Smith, now in school here, a member of the Naval Air Corps Reserve; and Mrs. Hattie Pearl Smith Gant.

OUR BOYS WRITE (CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO)

were completed, but there seems to be many about me whom have a different attitude. This job has had the poorest of supervision and the progress of construction can be compared to the speed of a sloth. Incompetent supervision, combined with unconscious labor, with a foundation of hunger and jealousy have to my opinion hindered construction seventy per cent.

For some time I have been foreman and have charge of all pipe bending on this job. There are many miles of pipe in these plants and you can easily understand why I haven't done much writing. I was fortunate in getting this job and hope that I can continue to do the work as it should be done. With my lack of experience in this type of work, I feel that the two years as Jacksonville has helped me tremendously. I do not think that two years spent elsewhere could have helped me more.

I was told about three months ago that I would be inducted into the army during December or January. I want to apply for enlistment in the flying cadet or officers training school. I understand that those who apply for this must have a record of their college work. I would greatly appreciate you asking that these records be sent me at my present address. I have neglected writing for these records, but trust that I will receive them before Uncle Sam calls me. When I am inducted I will strive to show my sincere appreciation for your kindness by being a good American soldier. Write more often and tell all the news.

Sincerely yours,
Winfred (Bing) LeCroy.

Pvt. Glenn H. Sides, U.S.M.C.
Platoon 1107, Recruit Depot
Marine Barracks
Parris Island, S. C.
January 4, 1943.

My dear Dr. and Mrs. Wood:

I have been here something over two weeks now and I am liking the Marines more every day. When I first came here I neither liked or disliked the whole set-up, but I am making adjustments fast.

I am now in "Boot" camp and am known as a Boot, Yard Bird, and any number of other names. Our Drill Instructors (hereafter referred to as D. I.'s) are fine teachers, especially one. The one I refer to is a real Marine. All civilians are stupid in his line of thinking. (Don't take it too hard.) Getting back to the original subject; a Boot has no freedom. We cannot leave the Battalion area without the D. I.'s going along counting cadence. We get no furloughs. We

can't even go to the Post Exchange without permission from the D. I.'s.

I have not as yet been able to get more than a glance at the ocean. That may sound funny when the ocean is not more than a mile from our quarters. We go to the Rifle range next week, I think, (We never know what is going to happen next at this place) and leave for Quantico, Virginia, February 9. We have a fine rifle. It is the new MI (known as the Gerand in the army). Incidentally, if you drop your rifle you have to sleep with it that night. Two boys from our platoon have had to sleep with their rifles thus far.

By the way, one boy in the camp somewhere, not our platoon, called his rifle a gun. The poor kid had to go all over the camp, into each hut, come to attention and say, "You guys are lucky. You have a rifle but I have a gun." Another thing that seemed very funny to me and most of the other boys here goes like this:

One of the boys in the mess hall asked one of our boys if he wanted to ride the range. (Get it, if you don't; to ride the range means to clean the cook stove, from what I hear it is not a pleasant job.) To drive the colonel's car here is to push around a little two wheeled cart that they haul dirt around in.

Up to date we have had close order drill, The Manual of arms, extended order (I liked that), Physical exercise under arms (sometimes called Physical torture) (I didn't know a nine pound rifle could weigh so much). Today we had a little self defense which was more or less off the record. When it officially comes we will get a more thorough course in it. I can well understand why the marines are the best hand to hand fighters in the world. After the course an efficient Marine should be able to permanently disable or kill a man in about 3 to 5 seconds with the bare hands after contacting an enemy in a hand to hand fight. This can be speeded up if necessary (sounds rather gruesome doesn't it? But we get a different outlook when we think that we might have to use it someday.)

I can well understand Scott Little's plea for some letters after going to mail call here and seeing everyone else get mail, so write soon.

Glenn.

P. S. There is a book out by the name of "Lee's Lieutenants." Please try to find the name of the author and where I can get a copy of this book and its price.

Thanks,
G. S.

just proceeded. The habit of going to classes at the right place and time has finally been re-acquired by the students here at school, after the recent holiday, but some few still sit in the lounge wondering idly if he or she shouldn't actually be in a class but not caring particularly. A few of the some are upperclassmen but most of them are freshmen—as you shall see.

We were quietly sitting in the lounge glaring at our schedule and discovering placidly that we were just 30 minutes too late to get to that class we had got up to meet, when who should wander in but Louise Angel? She too has lost her way, which is quite understandable since she entered school here only a few days before. Louise finished High School at JHS a couple years ago and we naturally fall into that old groove and discuss our high school days and evidently, Louise was an industrious girl in those days. Louise was rather quiet and was soon discouraged by her steep competition and went off in search of her misplaced class.

Once more we glanced at our schedule and glared at each other. We were just working up enough courage to broach the subject of going to class when another freshman walked in. Now this freshman had no excuse whatever for not knowing just exactly where she should have been, because she was a wide-awake second-quarter freshman in a cute green dress, and a glint in her eyes. Katherine Knight, who made such a hit at the 18th Battalion dance. Katherine is taking a general education course and you probably remember her as the angel, in the Christmas pageant, on the end of the second row. Katherine sat down a moment to get her breath and to tell us that our teacher is hunting for us. All three of us slink out of the lounge and to a safer place.

After the danger had receded, we returned to the lounge, and there we found Jeffie P. Landers—whom all of you know as that small dark-haired girl who paints. Now, since Jeffie paints, it's only natural to assume that she is interested in art. She finished high school at JHS. Her father is the principal of the training school. Not only does Jeffie paint but also she writes—themes, TEACOLA copy, etc. Once she was a very talented tap dancer and the talent became buried as she has grown older, but if you wonder at the graceful rhythm she possesses when dancing, you can easily find the explanation. We went over to play a game of rummy and in came G. W. Angel—thus a foresome.

G. W. finished school at JHS and is now a first-quarter freshman here. He is taking pre-engineering and hopes to transfer to Auburn later on. G. W.'s school record was better than any other in the graduating class last year and he was official valedictorian. He had a leading role in the Senior play and it's everyone's opinion

word)).

Jimmy is that nice boy who has transferred here from the University of Alabama. Jimmy's home is at Fort McClellan, Alabama, and he finished school at Anniston Hi. He is the only boy (no girls either by the way) who lives at Fort McClellan who went all the way through the Anniston school system, including kindergarten, grammar school, high school, pool school, etc. Jimmy's taking a pre-engineering course and plans to follow in his father's footsteps and become an electrician. Already he has acquired a magnetic personality. As he and Jeffie walk off together we decide to look at our schedules again, and lo and behold we see that next week we will see Irene Boozer, Frances Lockridge, Alice Clark, Charles Pyron and Hascall Sharp.

The Grapevine

Never let it be repeated that I said Willie Jo Denty has a one-track mind. She gets on a train, goes quite a piece, gets off the train, boards a bus and returns to the place from which she started. Then quite a few hours later she takes a vehicle back to the destination for which she first started. Must have been "madness in her method."

"Shorty" C. Sims has been trekking home "to see his brother." Hope he found HER in the very best of spirits.

I have been told that we have STUDENT government in our school now. Evidently just idle rumor.

From all sources come mysterious whisperings that Charlie Johnson is engaged. Now Charlie, I ask you, is that fair?

They say that if there's anything that Clay admires more than a red dress, it's the girl with the red dress on.

Heavy rain was reported in the vicinity of Jacksonville on Sunday night, January 17.

We finally realize that Bar C. Smith is the most patient, the most persevering man in all of Forney Hall.

There was an unexpected black-out and Ruth Anne and Lamar were out walking.

"What a lucky break for me—I'm going to kiss you," said Lamar. "You mean," said Ruth Anne, "That wasn't you?"

Edna: "These flowers are beautiful. I can see there's still some dew on them."

Lester: "Yes, but I'll pay up tomorrow."

Waiter: "Would you mind paying your check now? We're closing!"

Jimmy: "But waiter, I haven't been served yet!"

Waiter: "Then there'll only be the cover charge, sir!"

JSTC Holds Celtics 39-42

Jacksonville Forward Outscores Champion's Star Performer

Saturday night, January 16, the Eagle-Owls almost outdid themselves by almost upsetting the world's champion cage outfit, the New York Celtics. The champions found no time for pranks and clowning as is usually the case. They were on the alert every minute, trying to prevent our fast moving team from slipping in the lead. The game ended with the Celtics in the lead however, 42 to 39.

The Jax cagesters surprised themselves and everyone else by playing much better ball than was supposedly possible. Perhaps our boys thought they would beat the New York sharpshooters, and perhaps the whole crowd thought so too when the scoreboard tilted toward the Jacksonville side early in the second half. But it was not to be. The experience, accuracy, and perhaps we can say the reputation of the champs reigned over the youth, speed, and fighting spirit of our near-great five.

For the Eagle-Owls, Lamar Hyatt was the high-score man, sacking up 13 points. Indeed, he was high-score man of the game, ringing one point more than the great Davy Banks who scored 12 points for the Celtics.

A large crowd attended the game expecting to see a great performance from the great New York basketeers. They were not disappointed. They saw not one, but two great performances. The improvement that the Eagle-Owls displayed over their contest the preceding Saturday with Howard College was remarkable and was acclaimed by every one who saw the game. Coach "Steve" Stephenson deserves a world of credit for his uncanny ability to turn out winning basketball teams.

The line-up for the Eagle-Owls was as follows: Smith and Hyatt, forwards; Kirk, center; King and Wilson, guards. Willis and the Sims cousins substituted at intervals.

For the Celtics there was no substituting. The line-up was as follows: Saunders and Adamo, forwards; Synott, center; Banks and Mills, guards.

Campus Etiquette

Etiquette on the college campus is as essential as in the king's court. We students of the modern age are

Mighty Morgans Mash Calhoun Cagesters

The Morgans and Calhouns formed their respective crews of basketball brawlers last Wednesday night and played the initial of a series of games that is expected to revive the spirit of rivalry between the two societies. The Morgans, still feeling the humiliation of losing last years debate, and perhaps, too, the outcome of last years basketball games, took the lead early in the game and held it until the final whistle to win 16 to 11.

Coach of the Morgans was Lamar Hyatt, member of the varsity and a true Morgan. His team consisted of such stars as Seymour West, Clarence Mitchell, Jack Willis, Coolidge Sims, and John Deason. Coach Hyatt substituted freely with equally capable cagesters, Jimmie McDonough, Tubby Pyron, Frenchie Jones, and Floyd Oliver. Coaching the Calhouns was the invincible Bar C. Smith, also a varsity player and one of the Calhoun clan. Bar's mighty hardwood quintet was composed of such polished performers as Hascall Sharp, Bill Hamilton, Lester Sims, Earl Lindsay, and the Great Brittain. Substituting for the short-winded members of the long-winded society were Billy Willbanks, Jeffrey Lambert, and Vernon Whittle.

The game was played before a crowd of empty bleachers, probably due to the fact that it was not properly advertised. The next of these classic battles will be Wednesday night (that's tonight) and a large crowd should be there—not only because being there and supporting your society is the proper thing to do, but because, even though expert ball playing will not be seen, a masterpiece in horseplay and fun will be enough to warrant your presence.

Antics Of The Apartment

The Apartment Dormitory is situated a little northwest of the college and near the library. The position is such a handy one that even the President of the college saw its advantages and has made his home there. Others, too, have come to know that it is the only place to live.

Coach 'Steve's' Brother Praised By Cub Manager

Probably only a few of us know that our basketball tutor, Coach "Steve" Stephenson, is a brother to Riggs Stephenson, outfielder for the Chicago Cubs and former manager of the Birmingham Barons. In a recent issue of the Birmingham Age-Herald, our Coach's brother was acclaimed by Gabby Hartnett, manager of the club. We give you the article as it was in the Age-Herald:

"Riggs Stephenson was the greatest clutch hitter I ever saw. He'd not only get a hold of one when we needed it, but he'd get a good piece of it."

The words were Gabby Hartnett's, quoted in the Chicago Daily News in an interview on Gabby's 19 years as a Chicago Cub. Hartnett was pointing out that the 1929 Cubs probably were the best club in National League history.

Stevie, whom we all remember as a great University of Alabama athlete before he entered professional baseball and as manager of the Birmingham Barons for two years, also was praised by Hartnett for his defensive ability.

"And, say, did you ever realize that Stephenson was one of our greatest defensive outfielders?" Gabby continued. "Oh, I know he wasn't as fast as some, and he had that football shoulder that kept him from throwing hard. But if you look it up, you'll find that he threw out more men at the plate than any outfielder we ever had. That was because he knew how to play those hitters."

Hartnett named Stephenson, along with Hack Wilson and Kiki Cuyler (a staunch friend of Stephenson) in the outfield of his all-Cub team for his 19 years as a Cub.

Eagle-Owls Trim Cedar Springs

STARS IN SERVICE



STRIKE OUT THE AXIS!

INVEST 10% OF YOUR INCOME IN WAR BONDS

FSS 713 A

U. S. Treasury Dept.

Student Council Plans Valentine Party

Once a long time ago in a dreary, forbidding prison cell, there sat a lonely old man. Why he was there the lapse of time prevents us from saying, but we do know that he missed his friends so, oh, so dreadfully.

While pondering over his unhappy situation the idea came to his mind that if he couldn't go to see his friends, he could do the next best thing and so he sat about composing cheerful verses and messages which he sent by pigeon. The man's name, as you probably know, was Valentine—St. Valentine—Thus goes a slight account of the version of the first Valentine day long, long ago, and—

Thus goes a slight version of a Valentine party that is yet to be. Don't send a message, but COME to Kilby Hall on Saturday night, February 13 at 7:30, and come with

Students Fling Swing Session

Monday morning, January 18, the Students of JSTC really "swung out" with an all swing program consisting throughout of student talent. The assembly was opened with R. C. "Bing Crosby" Smith leading the student body in "Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition." Following this pep song—Lester Sims played a melodious medley of "White Christmas," "Jealous," "Doll Dance," and "Why Don't You Fall In Love With Me?"

Then came the surprise of the hour when our new, popular student, Euclid Rains, gave us a strictly hot rendition of "In The Mood" on his trumpet. Judging by the applause, everyone was ready for an encore on that. After this "Wolfie" Wolfe, in his inimitable

OVER THE FENCE

Definitely and conclusively, a half dozen (more or less) JSTC boys are proving that the words of an Anniston Star sports writer are true beyond reproach. The words of this writer were in substance that JSTC always managed to turn up with a flashy group of basketeers in spite of the material of which the team was builded. Who of you doubt, after witnessing the narrow margin that made the New York Celtics victor instead of victim on the local floor, that the Jax fellows are really growing in cage ability, and you, you students who found loyalty within you in force enough to support the boys as they bowled over the Goslins of Birmingham Manufacturing Company. You who always find time to support the fellows are holding Jacksonville Cage stars up to par and you know, the rest of you can take our word for it that the Eagle-Owls are by now as skilled and high spirited a group of performers as ever Eagle-Owls have been.

But as those fellows go about vouching for the words of the above mentioned reporter, they prove an implied falsity in his words—that material at Jacksonville is under par. Who can lift a finger in reproach against the material that constitutes the present Eagle-Owl team? Against Doyle Kirk, that lanky center who slaps them thru the loop from the "spot" as easily as you could roll an apple thru a wagon wheel rim at six paces—against Battling Bar C. Smith whose specialty is pitching one-handed shots into the net as he paces across the floor—against Lamar "The Romantic" Hyatt who can bring the feminine fans to their feet and work the menfolk into a frenzy with his passing, breaking, and shooting—and there are no doubts, among those who KNOW, as to the material thoroughness of those two robust roommates, Joseph Wilson, who gets a thrill out of antagonizing the opposition with those long "net strippers" from the center of the court or thereabouts, and Paschal King, captain and able floor boss of the crew. Trailing not too far behind these varsity men come the Sims boys! Cousin Coolidge, and Cousin Lester; Jack Willis, the attractive red head; and Jimmy McDonough, Anniston's contribution to the host. Of course, it cannot but be affirmed that the Army has taken a lot of basketball material from the campus, but the outstanding need of the present is not material, but support, the overwhelming support of an enthusiastic student body.

Preceding it went a lot of talk and planning; a lot of arguing and speculating, but now the only thing necessary to go along with it is a lot of enthusiasm and a lot of fun. The Calhoun-Morgan basketball fracas is at last under way. Round one, and the Morgans are on top by the close count of 15-11, but the Calhouns are up ready for round two, the outcome of which will probably be known ere this goes to press. No matter what it is, Calhouns!—Morgans! make the most of these games. They are a good place to promote that competitive spirit—the thing they tell us is essential to America these days.

Valentine Party

stituting. The line-up was as follows: Saunders and Adamo, forwards; Synott, center; Banks and Mills, guards.

Campus Etiquette

Etiquette on the college campus is as essential as in the king's court. We students of the modern age are prone to believe that we can still be charming, sought-after persons even though we don't observe the rules of proper etiquette; however, this belief is rapidly proving false. Make a mental note of all those people you know who are popular. Their manners are their crowning glory. Usually one doesn't take any particular notice of a well-liked person's manners, because his manners are so much a part of him, but an analysis will bring out that characteristic which Margery Wilson believes to be the basis of good manners, kindness. Really kind people are kind not only to their friends, but also to those acquaintances that they hardly know. In such a way will they get a name for being polite, sweet, and agreeable. Lady Mendl said that in her girlhood her mother advised her to "be pretty if you can; be witty if you must, but be agreeable if it kills you!" How simple, and yet think how effective this advice can be toward making one more popular. The student who is always disagreeing about even trivial things will have to get used to being alone quite often, as he is not the type that fellow students enjoy being with in their spare moments.

The well known clique that all schools, regardless of size, are famous for can be a hot-bed of rudeness. When kept within their bounds, cliques on the campus can make life more interesting for individuals, but even sometimes within bounds their rudeness is like a family quarrel, deplorable but private. Cliques, as a whole, must watch their attitude because if they don't, other cliques certainly do!

Some students, even at college age, are apparently oblivious of good manners. On our campus such favorite spots as the "Grab" and the lounge are perfect places to observe the courteous and the discourteous, but, of course, in speaking of these places, we must not leave out the classroom, the dormitory, and the college activities. These will be discussed at length in future issues of the Teacola.

In conclusion, we again turn to Margery Wilson, who says, "The more we put our recurring movements into form, the more mind we have left for purely spontaneous living that is refreshing and pleasant." Bear this in mind, students, for a more popular you.

Clay B.: "Why did you call that girl you danced with 'Mustard'?"

Billy G.: "Because she was always on my dogs."

Apartment

The Apartment Dormitory is situated a little northwest of the college and near the library. The position is such a handy one that even the President of the college saw its advantages and has made his home there. Others, too, have come to know that it is the only place to live.

There are quite a few of the most popular students in school residing in the Apartment Dormitory—including Lillie Norris, Lennie Smith, Jean McGouirk, Kat Killibrew, Cleo Stamps—Apartment 120; Inez Roebuck, Inez Spears, Mattie Mae Ryan, Anna Hall, Lillian Mitchell—Apartment 117; Elinor Banks, Lillian Mize, Mrs. Beatrice Saffels Maxwell, Edna Frances Patrick, Dorothy Meeks—Apartment 113; Noel Hand—Apartment 110; Helen Landers, Mary F. Braswell, Mabel Duran, Erlene Bodine—Apartment 201; Mr. Johnson—Apartment 122; Sara Nell Stockdale, Edna Bailey, Mildred Lott, Florence Jenkins, Mary Rivers—Apartment 220; Mrs. Snow Sherrer—Apartment 217.

The Apartment is run by Student Government. The government is comprised of a President, Lennie Smith; Vice-President, Helen Pate Landers; Secretary and Treasurer, Mattie Mae Ryan; Junior Representative, Erlene Bodine; Sophomore Representative, Mabel Duran; Freshman Representative, Sara Nell Stockdale; Representative at Large, Edna Bailey; Reporter, Mary Rivers.

Mrs. Stapp, the House Mother, teaches school, chaperones the tea dances, and sees that the girls get to bed in time to get up the next morning.

Recently, Miss Maude Luttrell, of the faculty, visited in Apartment 117, bringing with her the fixings and all. Mattie Mae, Inez Roebuck, Inez Spears, Mabel and Erlene partook of and prepared the feast.

The girls of 120 and 220 together with Clyde Wolfe of Piedmont had a hamburger supper (at 2 p. m.) and took in a show Sunday.

Birthday parties have been the perpetual thing in 220. What with Flossie's together with Helen Pate's last week—and Sara Nell's Bill's together with Mildred Lott's—Saturday night.

Apartment 113 has the rep of being the quietest apartment in the Dorm, but every now and then—such as last Thursday night—

Mr. Lewis Cannon of Atlanta visited Jean McGouirk Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Quinn visited Killy Sunday night and Monday.

Bill Mishler of Fort Benning, Georgia, has been visiting at Forney Hall, but most of his time is spent in the Apartment Dorm's parlor.

Waiter: "I'm sorry I spilled water all over you, sir."

Coolidge: "That's okay—my suit was too big anyway!"

Harriet named Stephenson, along with Hack Wilson and Kiki Cuyler (a staunch friend of Stephenson) in the outfield of his all-Cub team for his 19 years as a Cub.

Eagle-Owls Trim Cedar Springs Independents

BY EARL LINDSAY

Last Tuesday night the Jacksonville Eagle-Owls tripped the Cedar Springs Independents by a 44 to 30 count. The Teachers showed quite a bit of improvement over their last few games. The boys from JSTC held the lead after Hyatt connected from the corner of the court for the first score of the game.

The Cedar Springs Independents were not as smooth on the floor, or as accurate on their shots as were the Eagle-Owls. King and Sims did a great job of getting the ball up the courts and in to the forwards. Because of their accuracy on passing the Teachers hardly ever lost the ball until they had scored.

The first quarter was pretty evenly fought until the last few seconds. The game got off to a slow start because the teams were only getting warmed up until the second quarter.

In the second quarter both teams began to click with several of the boys knocking the bottom out of the net. After such a scoring spree, the teams began to concentrate more on their defense. When the Cedar Springs Independents began hitting the basket the Eagle-Owls switched from man to man defense and tried a zone defense, which was very effective. The half ended with the college boys leading 20 to 12.

The second half got off to a very fast start with both teams trying to run up a high score. When the boys from Jacksonville intercepted the ball, Hyatt and Smith used a fast-break down the court to score quite a few goals.

The game was played very clean with neither team trying to get rough. Neither of the two teams fouled very much and therefore most of the goals were field goals.

Kirk and Hyatt led the scoring for the Eagle-Owls with Kirk getting 16 points and Hyatt connected for 14 points.

Curtis Johnson of the Independents was the leading scorer of his team, getting 14 points.

All the boys played exceptionally well and are improving each game. The boys expect us to support them, and we should cooperate to the fullest.

Bill H.: "Say, do you have enough confidence in me to lend me ten dollars?"

Billy W.: "Sure, but I don't have the ten dollars."

messages which he sent by pigeon. The man's name, as you probably know, was Valentine—St. Valentine—Thus goes a slight account of the version of the first Valentine day long, long ago, and—

Thus goes a slight version of a Valentine party that is yet to be. Don't send a message, but COME to Kilby Hall on Saturday night, February 13 at 7:30, and come with the purpose in mind that before you leave you will most surely SEE the object of your affection.

If you have a pretty friend, why not enter her name in the contest to decide who is the Valentine of all Valentines? The results of the contest will be announced that night preceding the dance. Not only will there be a dance but there will also be that favorite, the Cake Walk, as well as the other fun that goes with a party—especially a Valentine Party. For information concerning the contest contact any member of the Student Council of Jacksonville State Teachers College.

Tongue Twisting Tune Titles

The following sentences are popular song titles disguised by grandiloquent phraseology.

1. The alabastine calcareous precipices of oriental Britannia.
2. Melancholy rhythmic vibrations preceding the termination of the diurnal phase of the globular revolution.
3. I am in an enigmatic status quo as to the return of the object of my affection to his paternal acres.
4. I am experiencing nocturnal visions of an immaculate Yuletide.
5. I am not desirous of a perambulation void of your propinquity.

Answers

1. White Cliffs of Dover.
2. Blues in the Night
3. Wonder When My Baby's Coming Home
4. I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas
5. I don't want to walk without you.

Bill: "We could be married on my next furlough. Do you think you could live on my salary?"

Sara Nell: "Sure, but how will you get along?"

Pyron: "Boy, she certainly gave you a dirty look."

Whittle: "Who?"

Pyron: "Mother Nature."

Ben Franklin Store
"Everything A Good 10c Store Should Have"

Lester Sims played a melodious medley of "White Christmas," "Jealous," "Doll Dance," and "Why Don't You Fall In Love With Me?" Then came the surprise of the hour when our new, popular student, Euclid Rains, gave us a strictly hot rendition of "In The Mood" on his trumpet. Judging by the applause, everyone was ready for an encore on that. After this "Wolfie" Wolfe, in his inimitable manner, sang "There Will Never Be Another You."

More surprises came when Kit-trell Agee and Lester Sims sang a duet of "Idaho." "Moonlight Becomes You" was "Bing Crosby" Smith's confession, and well did he confess, too. After which Jane Tompkins twinkled her toes all over the stage in a novelty tap dance. Jane was such a big hit that the rafters of the assembly hall are still resounding her applause.

Once more the audience was allowed to do its bit by singing "The White Cliffs Of Dover," with which the program was closed.

On noting comments, the student body is much in favor of having a student-talent program quite often hereafter.

CUPID'S BATTING AVERAGES

Smith-Wash Woman	1.000
C. Sims-Wash Woman	.999
Grissom-Mock	.995
Mishler-Stockdale	.995
Prickett-House	.875
C. Sims-Dempsey	.750
Brittain-Weaver	.750
Hyatt-Jones	.750
Cox-O'Neal	.750
Watson-Freeman	.666
Farrell-Jenkins	.650
McDonough-Riddle	.550
Humphries-Riddle	.500
L. Sims-Bailey	.500
Kirk-Denty	.500
Whittle-McGouirk	.500
Agee-Clark	.500
Wolfe-Rivers	.333
Sharpe-Bonino	.300
McDonough-J. Landers	.300
Cole-Sharpe	.001
C. Jones-Sharpe	.000

WHEN YOU THINK OF

Something Good TO EAT

THINK OF THE

COMMUNITY KITCHEN

(At The Community Recreation Center)

Valentine Party

'Tention, Folks!

DAN CUPID IS "AIMING" TO HAVE YOU AT HIS VALENTINE PARTY JUST FOR FUN—

BINGO—

CAKE WALK—

DANCING HEARTS—

CUPID'S CONTEST—

JITTERBUG CONTEST—

AND THE OBJECT OF YOUR AFFECTION!

MISS VALENTINE TO BE CHOSEN

A PENNY A VOTE IS A PENNY FOR YOUR VALENTINE

CONTEST HAS ALREADY BEGUN

ENDS WITH DANCE HONORING MISS VALENTINE

Kilby Hall

JSTC

Friday Nite February 12

7:30 o'clock

No Admission Charge To Party and Dance