

The Teacola

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Summer Carnival Season's Big Event

**KATHRYNE KNIGHT
IS CHOSEN
"MISS JACKSONVILLE"**

When we were tiny tots we used to count time by years, but now we've changed matters somewhat and count time by days and even hours. That, of course, refers to the time when we'll close our books, grab our traveling bags, and be off for a great and glorious vacation of three weeks. Those days will fly all too swiftly, and before we can do half we've planned September 11 will be here, and the bells will be ringing for our return.

Mr. Cole had a very good idea in mind when he stated that students won't have to attend classes the day Germany surrenders. In fact, it's good for two reasons: first, we hope the war will soon be over, and second, we want a holiday. We cannot afford to be too optimistic, but we hope this day is not long in dawning.

Speaking of celebrations—Jacksonville really had one when the Street Carnival was staged—and we mean a real celebration. Students laughed until their sides felt like splitting and even the faculty members grinned from ear to ear. You can search high and low, but more beautiful girls in greater number you will not find this side of Atlantic City. Those contestants for "Miss Jacksonville" really looked beautiful that night, and the groups supporting each one worked tirelessly and incessantly. All couldn't win, but everything was all right, and all of them won, for they were good sports. This carnival has gone down in history as the biggest and best yet, from the minstrel to the white elephant sale.

We began to wonder a few days ago if they hadn't moved the swimming pool over here when we started to class and almost had to swim all the way. Those indenta-

The annual summer carnival, sponsored by the social committee and carried out by the entire student body, faculty, and townspeople, was held July 21 on the Bibb Graves Hall terrace.

The grounds were brilliantly lighted with electric bulbs, and appropriate decorations and billboards gave the surroundings a very gay and festive appearance. Mr. Lance Hendrix, in charge of the "barking", told the crowd about the entertainment they had access to, and at frequent intervals gave news of the "Miss Jacksonville" contest.

Some of the special attractions were as follows: a freak show, fortune telling by the famous Madame Nazimova and her two assistants, the wheel of fortune, and a Negro minstrel featuring Lena Horne. Bingo, darts, penny games, and other games of chance were there for any who wanted to play, and watermelon, fruit, cakes, lemonade and other soft drinks were sold.

Miss Maude Luttrell, adviser to the Social Committee, and Mrs. Margaret Stapp, assistant social director, were in charge of all planning arrangements, and working with them were the following heads of committees: Mrs. Guy Rutledge, popularity contest; Mrs. Reuben Self, freak shows; Miss Audrey Dobbs, bingo; Mr. Hendrix, chairman of the barkers; Stella Cromwell, white elephants; Mrs. R. L. Crow, Miss Bullock, Miss Keller, and Miss Bolton, in charge of tent shows; Mary McWhorter, Negro minstrel; Mr. Mc-

Three French Cadets Visitors On The Campus

Three French cadets, Messieurs Du Pont, Calade and Albe stationed at Van de Graffe Field, Tuscaloosa, visited Jacksonville on July 29 as the guests of Miss Mary Helen Rollins.

Dr. J. H. Jones, head of the French department, entertained the boys in his home Saturday evening, and honored them with an informal luncheon at the Recreation Center on Sunday.

When asked about their opinion of the length of the war, they said they thought Germany would be out in a month or two.

The cadets like the Air Corps very much, and like being in America. They are very anxious to return to their homeland, however. They haven't had any news at all from their relatives during the past four years.

M. Du Pont said from his observation all Americans have five outstanding things in common: They drink Coca Cola, sing "Shoo Shoo, Baby", jitterbug, read Superman, and buy more war bonds.

Garden Of Memories Assembly Feature

A Garden of Memories was portrayed in assembly recently on August 7 by the Junior Class, directed by Lillie Norris, the class president.

The stage was decorated with

"MISS JACKSONVILLE"



Kathryne Knight being hailed as the winner in the annual contest for the place of "Miss Jacksonville" by President Cole. She received a handsome bracelet and a ribbon bearing her newly acquired title.

C. C. DONEHOO GUEST SPEAKER AT COLLEGE

Tuesday, July 11, C. A. Donehoo, superintendent of Gadsden City Schools, and president of the A. E. A., spoke in assembly on "The Power of Education".

Mr. Donehoo began by saying that everyone ought to know the power of education and no modern nation could rise to a prominent position without education. The Germans and Japs have designed education to take tender children



Summer Graduation Friday, August 18

Sophomores Present Variety Show

In assembly on July 25, the sophomore class presented a variety show which featured acts by each of the dormitories.

Katherine Painter was master of ceremonies and introduced the announcers for the four skits.

Alene Hanson announced the Weatherly Hall act, which was in imitation of the familiar dormitory house meeting. Mrs. Elna Pardue, taking the part of Mrs. Blackburn, was in charge of the little get-together, and Weatherly Hall girls grouped around her to hear the reading of the rules and to take a few reprimands. Frequent interruptions by the telephone made the meeting very realistic.

The Apartment Dormitory was represented by a kitchen orchestra composed of nine girls armed with wash boards, combs, pot lids, and spoons. Conducted in a true symphonic manner, the "Jam Makers" gave out with renditions of "Show Me The Way To Go Home", "Pistol Packing Mama", "She'll be Comin' Round The Mountain", and "Down Yonder". Stella Cromwell introduced the Apartment group.

Nell Inman presented the Daurgette Hall girls, some dressed in formals and others in sports clothes, who sang war songs of the first and second wars and gave demonstrations of the waltzes and jitterbug pieces.

The last act was that of Forney Hall, announced by Fred Williamson. The boys gave a short skit which might have been entitled "A scene from any Forney Hall boy's room on any school night". Two beds were filled with

**DR. A. F. HARMAN
PRES. ALA COLLEGE
TO DELIVER ADDRESS**

Exercises for the summer graduates at the Jacksonville State Teachers College will be held Friday morning, August 18, at 11 o'clock, in the Student Activity Building. Dr. A. F. Harman, president of Alabama College, will deliver the baccalaureate address.

President Houston Cole will confer Bachelor of Science degrees on twenty-six candidates.

The following are candidates for degrees: Velma Anderson, Nell Lawrence Emerson, Frances Bedwell, Spring Garden; Emma Lee Cryar, Albertville; Maxine Burge Faulkner, Lincoln; Katie Sue Hill, Boaz; Bovine Knight Holder, Lineville; William Auby Lowery, Viva Rosser, Blountsville; Ila Blake McMahon, Vecoy Hollis Striplin, Heflin; Helen Meade, Union Grove; Fannie Adamson Blankenship, Alexander City; Frances Bobo, DeArmanville; Mary Ann Broughton, Mary Gertrude Stewart, Anniston; Aubrey Dobbs, Fort Payne; Mabel Duran, Guntersville; Theda O. Godwin, Oxford; Myrtle Herren, Fayette; Nota ones, Berry; Elna M. Pardue, Gadsden; Maudie Lee Pollard, Borden Springs; Capitola Stanfield, Altoona; Marie Tuck Ragland.

**DR. JOHN MAGUIRE
SPEAKS TO STUDENTS**

The assembly speaker on August 1 was the Rev. Dr. John Maguire, minister of the Calvary Baptist Church, Birmingham, who conducted a revival at the local Baptist

thing as all right and the white elephant sale.

We began to wonder a few days ago if they hadn't moved the swimming pool over here when we started to class and almost had to swim all the way. Those indentations in the sidewalk make fine pools, and if one doesn't wear a bathing suit and galoshes to class he isn't prepared for whatever may come. These rainy days are rather painful, but it's all in life.

Everyone has enjoyed the assembly programs we've had recently. No one could have convinced us there was that much talent in our college. Everyone enjoyed them because they had an opportunity to participate. We're hoping that we will have as good programs this fall as we've had so far this year.

The Student Handbook for 1944-45 must be quite a booklet from all we've heard about it, and the work the council members are putting on it ought to make it a real help to the Student Government Association.

Praises are certainly due the Social Committee for sponsoring such a lovely dance. Why don't we do this more often? All the fellows and girls seemed to be having a jolly good time every minute. And what could have been a lovelier theme than a Paper Doll dance? Those girls certainly didn't look like paper dolls though; they looked like real live dollies, and they certainly danced like bundles of humanity instead of lifeless puppets.

Thoughts of graduation always fill us with pleasant memories of our associations with graduates but there's a feeling of sadness in that they are leaving us and going out to make their way in a very unkind world. The training they have received here will be a very good foundation to work upon and strive to climb higher.

When we see those who have had so many troubles bear up so well, it gives us renewed hope and courage to press forward because we are so fortunate.

A lot of our former students have been back to visit us, and, needless to say, we're always glad to have them. We want this to always be their "college home" and want them to come here when they feel like it.

Well, the column is filled and the days are almost gone until August 18, so—don't forget to leave home for vacation, and may you eat, sleep, and go to your hearts' content in the days to come. We'll be seeing all of you in September, happy, recreated beings ready for another year of hard work.

all planning arrangements, and working with them were the following heads of committees: Mrs. Guy Rutledge, popularity contest; Mrs. Reuben Self, freak shows; Miss Audrey Dobbs, bingo. Mr. Hendrix, chairman of the barkers. Stella Cromwell, white elephants. Mrs. R. L. Crow, Miss Bullock, Miss Keller, and Miss Bolton, in charge of tent shows. Mary McWhorter, Negro minstrel. Mr. Ingram, games of chance; Grace Sharp, wheel of fortune; Marguerite tewart, darts; Mrs. James Williams, assisted by Mr. Bruce, in charge of the refreshments and helping her were Dr. Clara Weishaupt, Mr. Arnold, Dr. Allison, Beth Cole, and Jane Stewart.

Many others, whose names are not on the list, helped to make the carnival a big success by serving on committees and doing just anything to help.

Music was furnished by a group of professional musicians. Street dancing started immediately after the close of the popularity contest and lasted until about eleven-thirty o'clock.

"MISS JACKSONVILLE" CHOSEN AT CARNIVAL

Miss Kathryne Knight, member of the junior class and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Knight of Abanda, was elected "Miss Jacksonville" in the popularity contest at the carnival.

Five campus beauties, Kathryne Knight, Cleo Stamps, Jeraldine Thornton Wylene Cash, and Margenia Casey, competed for this honor, and a week prior to the contest was set aside for getting votes.

During the first part of the evening at the carnival, the campaign managers and other workers were allowed to get votes for their candidates, totals being posted at intervals on a bulletin board to keep spectators informed about how the race was going. At ten o'clock each contestant's votes were totaled, counting a vote for each cent, and it was found that Kathryne Knight led with a total of 10,018 votes. Cleo Stamps was second highest with 10,008 votes.

Miss Knight, beautifully gowned in a white chiffon dress trimmed with silver sequins, was presented a "Miss Jacksonville" ribbon by President Cole, who, after saying a few words about the contest and the carnival, introduced the winner to the crowd of excited spectators.

DR. THOMPSON MAKES GIFT TO LIBRARY

Dr. Samuel Thompson, assistant professor of history at the State Teachers College, made a gift of 180 volumes of history and economics books to the college library.

Having got a leave of absence from J. S. T. C. for the duration, Dr. Thompson is connected with the OPA work in Atlanta and has been living there for several months.

Memories Assembly Feature

A Garden of Memories was portrayed in assembly recently on August 7 by the Junior Class, directed by Lillie Norris, the class president.

The stage was decorated with flowers and shrubbery, which gave it the appearance of a large garden in which the narrator and her daughter sat, comparing the songs of today and yesteryear.

Stella Cromwell, a member of the senior class, acted as narrator, telling her daughter about the changes in song hits during the period from 1920 to 1944, and songs representing the years in that period were sung and illustrated by the following juniors: Lillie Norris, Kathryne Knight, Clyde Baker, Katherine Killebrew, Maxine Ashburn, Ruth Upton, Cleo Stamps, Miriam Wood, Edna Bailey, and Marion Coffee.

The pianist for the program was Billie Lowery, a freshman.

NOTICE

Students are requested to leave forwarding addresses with Dormitory matrons in order that mail may be forwarded without unnecessary delay.

Schools, and president of the A. E. A., spoke in assembly on "The Power of Education".

Mr. Donehoo began by saying that everyone ought to know the power of education and no modern nation could rise to a prominent position without education. The Germans and Japs have designed education to take tender children and educate them to terror and cruelty, and we, as a democracy, do not know how near we came to being conquered by them. Nations that are winning the war have the best educated soldiers and men behind the lines.

Mr. Donehoo said there are many things in the educational system that are taken for bad which people do not know about. The measure of education is "Has it produced a strong citizenship that is able to take its place among the nations of the world?"

The speaker quoted a Jap soldier who said, "Jap he good jungle fighter, Australian good jungle fighter, too, but American soldier, he move jungle." The superintendent attributes this to education of American soldiers. He said that Russia, also, was a great country who had educated herself to her present powerful position.

In closing, Mr. Donehoo stressed the power and importance of present day teachers in education. He said, "Ours is the strength of Alabama twenty years from now. Let Alabama double its educational expenditures. Every dollar will come back to the welfare and good of the state."



MRS. W. J. SMITH

Mrs. Smith, supervisor of the Cherokee County Schools, is leaving in September for Columbia University for special study. During her absence, the extension teachers of the college will assist the teachers of these schools in a supervisory capacity.

Mrs. Smith has participated in the various conferences held at the college, and has worked in cooperation with the college for more progressive and more efficient schools in this section of Alabama.

The past Saturday she accompanied Mr. Brannon, principal of the Sand Rock school, and six of his faculty members to the college for a day of observation. Special attention was given to beautification and room arrangement.

formals and others in sports Ragland. clothes, who sang war songs of the first and second wars and gave demonstrations of the waltzes and jitterbug pieces.

The last act was that of Forney Hall, announced by Fred Williamson. The boys gave a short skit which might have been entitled "A scene from any Forney Hall boy's room on any school night". Two beds were filled to more than capacity with boys, lounging and telling jokes, and one member of the group was vainly trying to study. The climax of the skit was the arrival of Doc Gary, who had become alarmed at the Bedlam being created and came to get the boys into their own rooms.

When all the performances were over, judges, who had been previously chosen to pick the best group, decided on Forney Hall as the winner, and Doc Gary was presented with a smoking stand for the dormitory.

DR. JOHN MAGUIRE SPEAKS TO STUDENTS

The assembly speaker on August 1 was the Rev. Dr. John Maguire, minister of the Calvary Baptist Church, Birmingham, who conducted a revival at the local Baptist Church July 31 to August 6.

His text for the sermon in assembly was "And the door was forever shut", from the Twenty-fifth Chapter of Matthew.

The Rev. George Threadgill, of Fairview, who was in charge of the singing at the revival, directed the group in singing several hymns.

Dr. Maguire conducted a series of afternoon services at the student activity building for the benefit of students and others who wanted to attend.

Graduation Exercises

August 18, 1944

ORDER OF PROGRAM

Processional	
Invocation	The Reverend E. S. Butterley Pastor of the First Methodist Church
Music—"Open Our Eyes"	McFarlane
"This Is My Country"	Jacobs College Choral Group
Address	Dr. A. F. Harman President, Alabama College Montevallo, Alabama

Conferring of Degrees—	
Benediction	The Reverend E. S. Butterley
Recessional—	

CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION

Bachelor of Science Degree

Velma Anderson	Spring Garden
Mary Frances Bedwell	Spring Garden
Fannie Adamson Blankenship	Alexander City
Frances Olene Bobo	DeArmanville
Mary Ann Broughton	Anniston
Emma Lee Cryar	Albertville
Mary Audrey Dobbs	Fort Payne
Lina Mabel Duran	Guntersville
Nell Lawrence Emerson	Spring Garden
Maxine Burge Faulkner	Lincoln
Theda Owens Godwin	Oxford
Anna Murrell Hall	Oneonta
Myrtle Erwin Herren	Fayette
Katie Sue Hill	Boaz
Bovene Knight Holder	Woodland
Nota Adelle Jones	Berry
William Auby Lowery	Blountsville
Ila Blake McMahan	Heflin
Helen Meade	Union Grove
Elna M. Pardue	Gadsden
Maudie Lee Pollard	Borden Springs
Viva Beatrice Rosser	Blountsville
Capitola Irene Stanfield	Altoona
Mary Gertrude Stewart	Anniston
Vecoy Hollis Striplin	Heflin
Marie Tuck	Ragland

The audience is requested to remain standing during the recessional

SCENE AT ANNUAL SUMMER CARNIVAL



Youngsters mingle with college students at the annual Summer Carnival around the Wheel of Fortune. This was one of the many attractions offered the hundreds of spectators who assembled for the festivity.

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 Sports Editor..... Fred Williamson
 Reporters..... Betty Fitzgerald, Rosamond Luttrell, Cleo Stamps, Lillith Moore, Nita Rhea Patterson, Nell Inman, Marie Tuck
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NEARING THE END

Each day brings us nearer to the end of school and the beginning of vacation. It is inevitable that our thoughts begin to wander away from our studies, to dwell upon plans for the three weeks of intermission that we are eagerly anticipating.

The atmosphere is charged with a current of excitement, and almost every person on the campus is wearing a fascinating smile these days, because each individual is making numerous plans to suit his own ideas of a perfect vacation.

These ideas may vary from sight-seeing tours to days spent at home in idleness and relaxation. However, it is a mutual agreement that school or anything requiring much concentration is to be excluded from the plans.

We experience joy and satisfaction from the meditation of pleasant episodes, but there is another point to be considered. Are we working as diligently now as we were a few weeks ago? It is just as important that we do our work well now that we are nearing the end of the quarter as it was in the beginning.

Of course, it is essential that we plan our wardrobes for our vacation, but to do that during vacation that we are supposed to be studying biology is a serious offense.

Education is one of life's most important factors, and its advantages and capacity are unlimited to those who choose to seek it. Vacations are soon forgotten, but we do not easily forget the things we learn in school. If we are wise, we treasure our gift of knowledge and nourish it so that it may

the new Pelham Inn to take its place. Just beyond Pelham Inn, lots are being sold very rapidly, and new houses are springing up. From Four-Mile to Fort McClellan, civilians and army people have built new homes. Then, approaching the north gate of Fort McClellan, one sees part of the vast field of army buildings which constitute Fort McClellan. Row on row of barracks now stand where once the willows, oaks, and pines grew. Little man-made creeks flow where the pasture fences used to run. All along the road, Fort McClellan is plainly visible, and in 1941 persons passing along the highway in a car scarcely got a glimpse of buildings over the tree tops. There are patches of new dwellings all along between the middle gate and Anniston. The houses are almost as thick as in town itself. And service stations! More and more have been constructed to suit the growth of the traffic. The Prisoner of War Camp, located at the very edge of the road, is also new. One of the outstanding features which motorists comment upon is the large garden growing on the side of the barracks of this camp.

The recently built four lane drive from the South Gate to Anniston is another attractive feature brought about by war.

Yes, you have only to drive along the road to glimpse the changes the war has wrought. The optimists, who still do not realize how the war affects the home front, should drive along the highway between Jacksonville and Anniston.

CULTURE

What is culture? To answer that question, we should say that culture is that complex whole which includes a knowledge of art, beliefs, morals, customs, and any other capabilities acquired as a member of society. After defining culture, look about you and see if the people with whom you associate can be classed as cultured.

In early days culture was unknown. People did not have advantages as they have now, but as time passed people began to see the need of enriching their minds and in doing this they developed culture. So often people fail to see the necessity of an education beyond that of contents found in text books. Today there is little excuse for a person to be uncultured if he has the desire to better himself. It's true that not all of us are born with the same financial background, but opportunities are awaiting us if we will only wake up to the fact that they are ours.

Many homes have things in them today for cultural development; those homes which are lacking in them have the opportunity at school, church, and other public places.

BOOK REVIEW By L. J. Hendrix

JOURNEY THROUGH THE DARK
 BY MARTIN FLAVIN

After getting around to "Journey Through the Dark", one can readily understand why it, instead of "So Little Time", was awarded the Pulitzer Prize last year, in spite of the remonstrances of several literary critics.

Unlike "So Little Time", with its suave, its elegance, its brittle satire, "Journey Through the Dark" comes to grips with life, with poverty, with the old American idea of a poor boy surmounting obstacles, making a large fortune, and winning the hand, if not the heart, of the girl of his dreams, the rich girl, to whose birthday party he and his sister had not been invited, because they were poor.

If Sam Braden is a little too much like the hero of any of Horatio Alger's books, he is glorified. He is the old-fashioned type of hero,

son of a no account father and a noble mother, who, at the age of nine, resolves not to be poor when he is grown and allows nothing to interfere with this resolution. The reader follows him breathlessly from childhood to about sixty. Having lost his beloved second wife, his only son, who was killed in World War II, and his beautiful home by fire, he is aging and lonely but undaunted.

The style is colloquial, realistic, and reminiscent. It pulls at the heart strings and brings tears to the eyes, but it is neither cheap nor sentimental in spite of this emotional quality.

The only objection to "Journey Through the Dark" is that it is too short. With all the space that it covers, some fifty years, two world wars, and a tumultuous career, it could easily have been three times as long.

TRIVIA

A patter of light feet sounded on the walk outside, then stillness. A door opened noiselessly, admitting a ray of sunlight and a small overalled figure into the cool recesses of the room. Silently the door closed again. Bare feet tiptoed over the cool, linoleumed floor, past the table, the old range, and the cabinet, and beside a tall, narrow door that hugged one corner. One hand tremulous on the knob, the figure threw a furtive glance about the room, then slowly inched the door open. The pantry was but dimly lit. Only the outline of the shelves and the dull gleam of their contents showed through the dusk. Wide eyes darted eagerly along the shelves until they found the object of their search, there on the second shelf at a seemingly impossible height for the small prowler. But wait—the sharp eyes discover too readily for chance, a stool in one shadowed

corner with legs conveniently long. It is commanded into service, but not without protest; as it is lifted, one leg rasps loudly on the stone floor. The figure became quite still, clutching the stool close to his pounding heart; he listened, but no sound came from within the house. With elaborate caution, the stool was placed in position under the shelves; slowly the figure drew itself up, stood erect; one hand carefully lifted the lid from an earthen jar while the other emptied an alarming portion of its contents into various overall pockets. Still cautiously, silently, the lid was replaced, the stool withdrawn, and the small figure slipped again from the pantry, across the kitchen, and out the door it had entered. With half suppressed glee, it darted off heading for the barn and the hay-mow.

BETWEEN US GIRLS

Although it may seem so, dancing isn't just being able to dance. The belle of the ball has something on the ball besides looks and gliding feet. She knows the "how" of

Please refrain from applauding the orchestra. That is for the boys to do.

If the dance is a cut-in dance as most of our dances are—it is al-

Ye Olde Gossipe

You say it isn't nice to gossip? Well, according to Emily Post maybe it isn't, but don't we love it? So I guess we'll forgive you if you turn to the gossip column before you read even the headlines on the front page—and we know that's just what you'll do.

With so many co-eds having their Pvts., Cpls., and Sgts. packing up and going off to O. C. S., it looks as if a whole week from school will have to be given next fall for the girls to go pin those Lt. bars on. How 'bout that, girls?

I just heard that Fred Williamson is planning to be a telephone operator. Now it seems to me that he should start his training somewhere besides in the Chemistry Lab. Shame on you, boy!

About the latest thing out is that new ring on Susie Cochran's finger. When asked about it she just smiles, but the inscription inside is "I love you, Joe".

Painter, we don't hear much about Dick anymore. Is it Buddy now or 'Sir Isaac Newton'? Just remember, they say you can't love but one, not more than four at the most.

Have you heard about Lucy Carleton's new job at Daugette Hall? She's taken on some sort of police duties or something. Mr. Anders can give information on that statement, I believe.

Wydene, the Captain seems to think you might go out with him if he would pull his bars off. You don't have rank prejudices, do you? Go on and give him a break.



Cootie Walls seems to have many talents. One night she is black-faced, doing a hot dance number; next, she has set up a beauty parlor. What next, Cootie?—No, don't tell us yet.

Here's one for you. Some G. I. was absolutely positive that there were two Mary McWhorters on the campus. He couldn't seem to find the right one. What are you keeping from us, Mary?

Norma Corley got a little confused the other day. She mistook "St. Louis" for Lieutenant. There must be some-

during vacation that we are supposed to be studying biology is a serious offense.

Education is one of life's most important factors, and its advantages and capacity are unlimited to those who choose to seek it. Vacations are soon forgotten, but we do not easily forget the things we learn in school. If we are wise, we treasure our gift of knowledge and nourish it so that it may respond to the stimulus as a flower responds to sunshine.

Yes, we realize that our future depends upon a good foundation, and we are determined to do our best, even though we are nearing the end of school.

THE HOW OF IT

Many people know what to do in certain situations, but not how to do it. There is quite a difference in knowing what and in knowing both what and how. To many speakers this difference is either too subtle for their own comprehension or too obvious to be elaborated on. To the average individual, however, this is not true; he not only wants but needs specific explanations and instructions concerning the procedure of any task assigned to him.

A noted educator, widely learned in his field, takes the stage before a mediocre audience and forcibly presents the intricate problems of the current curriculum, sharply emphasizing the critical nature of the problems, giving ample proof that something must be done. But what? And how? Should such decisions rest with an uninstructed audience?

An eminent politician speaks to an audience, informing them of some political crisis facing their government and the need for immediate action. That they must act is clear, but in what way?

A preacher, sincere and enthusiastic in his faith, enters the pulpit to warn his people against sin, impressing upon them the fact that they must prepare for the coming of Christ. But how to prepare, what actual procedure to take? That point seems too obvious for further explanation, disregarding the fact that many people in the audience have only a vague idea of how one should approach God.

Any speaker, dealing with any subject, who really desires action from the members of his audience must first state the situation clearly, then specifically outline the course of action to be followed in achieving the desired end. That is the duty of every speaker and the right of all people.

CHANGES OF SCENE

Since the war began on December 7, 1941, many changes of scene are noticeable along every highway in the U. S. Even the metamorphosis reached out to Jacksonville. Between Jacksonville and Anniston, particularly many old things along the road are gone, and new ones have come.

Going south, the first thing one notices is the absence of the N. Y. A. building, with

Today there is little excuse for a person to be uncultured if he has the desire to better himself. It's true that not all of us are born with the same financial background, but opportunities are awaiting us if we will only wake up to the fact that they are ours.

Many homes have things in them today for cultural development; those homes which are lacking in them have the opportunity at school, church, and other public places.

How many parents today can point with pride to radio programs broadcasting famous musicians and composers and can say, "My family is always interested in that beautiful program?" Before the radio few people could listen to both light and grand opera. Now with a turn of the dial we can sit comfortably in our living rooms and feel ourselves a part of the audience. Not only can we hear the music, but we are able to familiarize ourselves with it if we will only take time to read intelligently in the many books contained in our libraries.

Do we know art? It is just as easy to buy copies of famous artists as to put our money in some scene that tends to cheapen instead of beautifying our homes. These things are ours if we will only realize how much they enrich one's life.

How many boys and girls attend college who are going because they are made to go and study only enough to get by. There will be a time when they will look back and wish they had improved themselves more than they did. Look about you and see if you admire the ways of other people, and if so, strive to acquire some of their good characteristics. Every day manners reveal one's culture. Your actions on the street, in the home, at the table, in every walk of life are being watched and judged by their signs of culture.

The desire of every person is to be self-sufficient, but to be able to do so in a superior way is to grasp every opportunity to develop yourself in mind and body so as to be able to rise to all occasions. When we go to apply for a position, we first must sell ourselves to the employer. Can the employer say you will be an asset to the firm? Can a teacher fill her place in a cultured way? A person who lacks culture should never be in a school room, for children are emulators, especially of the people they look upon as their superiors. Many times a teacher is looked upon as an example of perfection and is invited to the home of her pupils. Does she fit into the cultural environment existing there? Her speech, her manners, her personality, and her dress are being weighed by the parents.

To be an integral part of a community means to be able to do in an admirable way the things expected of you. Maybe you can do much to change the ideas existing around you. Develop yourself. Have the courage to put your training into effect, and soon you will have people wishing to grow as you have grown. Is your community one which has culture? Then if it has and you have not, it is your duty to make every effort to acquire the culture that exists around you. If it doesn't have culture, it is your duty to improve it in that respect.

BETWEEN US GIRLS

Although it may seem so, dancing isn't just being able to dance. The belle of the ball has something on the ball besides looks and gliding feet. She knows the "how" of dancing. A few pointers on what to do and what not to do might bring you away from the wall and send you strictly out of this world.

According to the rules, the boy should ask, "May I have this dance?" The girl replies very sweetly, "With pleasure", or "You may, or "I'm sorry, but I have promised this one."

The girl always precedes her partner in going on and off the dance floor.

If your escort is inclined to feel a bit coltish, by all means, restrain him. An act that draws attention should be avoided. No matter how romantic the setting, or how romantic you feel, never dance cheek to cheek or with eyes closed. You may feel romantic but you look stupid.

Don't ever twine your arm around your escort's neck in a strangle hold. And don't go in for the sink—or swim attitude.

The girl never apologizes when collisions occur—unless, of course, she causes a broken leg or some other casualty.

Please refrain from applauding the orchestra. That is for the boys to do.

If the dance is a cut-in dance as most of our dances are—it is almost an impossibility to refuse a dance, but there is always the "shiny-nose" excuse as a means for escape. This, however, calls for tact if you don't want to be considered rude. Make your escape to the powder room as quietly as possible—and don't spend half the evening there.

Never refuse one person and dance off with another.

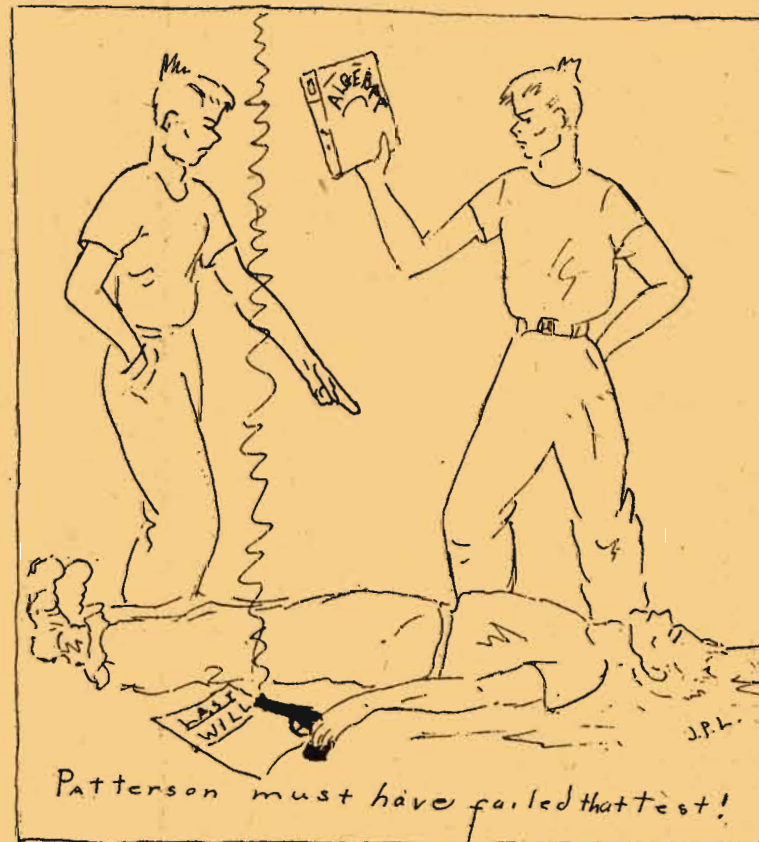
While dancing concentrate on your partner and dancing instead of the stag line. Don't let your eyes wander all over the room.

If you find that you absolutely can't dance with a boy, excuse yourself. He'll be grateful to you.

Don't feel as though you have to comment on the orchestra, or the music, or the dancing. Dancing goes perfectly with or without conversation.

Always nod or smile when the boy expresses his thanks for the dance—even if he did walk all over that corn.

These are very simple rules, so give them a try and you'll forget the meaning of the word wall-flower.



up a beauty parlor. What next, Cookie?—No, don't tell us yet.

Here's one for you. Some G. I. was absolutely positive that there were two **Mary McWhorters** on the campus. He couldn't seem to find the right one. What are you keeping from us, Mary?

Norma Corley got a little confused the other day. She mistook "St. Louis" for Lieutenant. There must be something to the statement that one sees what he wants to see.

Wonder what happened to **Levis's** ambition to become a locomotive. Remember that one?

Hugh Morris has something to add to our Fashions for Co-eds Column. After extensive research and even actual experience, he heartily recommends swimming in dress clothes rather than in swimming trunks.

Buck, they tell us you had to see a physician about your foot. You should take better care of yourself when crossing bridges; those clod-hoppers are pretty necessary sometimes.

Like to dance? Well, there's a jam session every afternoon just before and after supper at Weatherly Hall.

Mary Cobb's Sgt. was really disappointed the other night when he came to the carnival and found her dressed just like a little pickaninny. He didn't seem to let it bother him, though.



The girls of the Apt. Dorm. are considering joining the J'ville Police force. They feel fully qualified after the midnight escapade of Saturday night. Their weapons are not guns, though. Just shoes and coke bottles.

Locklyn Hubbard appears to me to be a glutton for work. She's learning German now, just to be able to translate those poems she's been getting from "Johnny". Better be sure it's German, Locklyn; then too, the words in those poems might not be found in any grammar book.

Clara Mae Wallace seems to be doing pretty well these days. The boys at McClellan are really going to miss her when she leaves.

The academy award of the month goes to **Clyde Baker** and **Pity Knight** for the best love-making scene of the season. Didn't know we had so much dramatic talent around, or maybe that was just acquired through practice.

The "Madame Curie" of the laboratory, **Cookie**, has made an important discovery. He lunches with her now. (Note from **Ye Old Editor**:—Maybe I'll take up chemistry myself.)

For real-live examples of "sad sacks" come over to Apt. 220 at the Apt. Dorm. on Sunday afternoon. At that particular time **Norris**, **Bailey**, and **Stamps** are three perfect examples of what no co-ed should look like.

Dot Ewing is one of those lucky girls who get telephone calls. Just between the two of us, I think it was from **Lester**, too.

(Continued on page 3)

Fashions For Co-Eds

Having watched June slip into July, and July into August, I realize that summer is waning, but here in Miami there are no signs of a change in the seasons and I am informed by native Miamians that until one has remained here for a few years, one won't notice the change in the seasons. It's that hard to detect.

Miamians also say that regardless of the warm weather, they get the yen to wear dark clothing for fall and winter, so everyone chooses a fall wardrobe, the same as do we in the colder climate. Yes, it may sound strange to be speaking of Alabama as a colder climate, but natives here speak of all our sister states as north.

We noticed, in a fashion review the other day, that jumpers will reign again this fall for the college wardrobe. The only difference is the addition of the ledge sleeve. This affair is a little widened in the shoulders. Looks quite attractive with long sleeved blouses.

But here we're speaking of fall, while warm weather is still with us. Some coolers for the warmer days are the new drawstring shorts. They're pleated all around with a drawstring at the waist. Cute enough for any college girl's wardrobe.

Hairdos here in Miami truly are original—wound in coils on the top of the head, or curls galore, or even braids are popular. It's more or less—"anything goes".

Remember way back last spring when we raved about crocheted items? Well, they're "in" down here, too. Bags, "the arrounds" for the head, and all those little things that help make a costume. Where ever one goes, it seems that the person most adept at sewing and such is always the most eye-catching. There are so many little things that one can do to dress-up last year's favorite suit or make over that well-worn basic dress.

There is one particularly noticeable thing about the Miami girls. They wear no make-up save lipstick! Not even powder. And they surely aren't to bad on the eyes either. Of course, the tans take care of the ghastly pale look one would have without a tiny bit of make-up.

All in all Miami is a lovely place, and it's been pleasant looking at fashions from one of our most important centers. Will surely remember all the hints to beauty we learned here. Perhaps next fall will find us with new personalities. A vacation is a perfect time for remodeling one's self. So, girls, the place is yours—let's go.

Paper Doll Dance Is Big Event Of Summer Quarter

The Social Committee, with its chairman, Mary McWhorter, and its faculty adviser, Miss Maude Luttrell, sponsored a paper doll dance on Friday night, August 11, at the College gym.

The gym was colorfully decorated in red, white and blue, with paper dolls bordering the stage walls. Blue lights were on the dance floor, and potted plants, and shrubbery were placed around the stage.

Miss Mary McWhorter, wearing an egg-shell crepe skirt and blouse led out, escorted by Sgt. Al Hermansen. The others in the leadout were the following members of the social committee: Mrs. G. L. Moore, dressed in blue and white sports dress, escorted by Sgt. Moore; Miss Cleo Stamps, wearing a white and yellow printed cotton, escorted by Sgt. Bob Smith; Miss Jerry Thornton, wearing a red and white chintz skirt with a white blouse, escorted by Cpl. Hardy Shelby, and Miss Margie Lee Jones wearing white pique, was escorted by Fred Williamson.

The chaperones were Mrs. J. F. Rowan and Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Coffee.

Music was furnished by the Rhythm Kings.

MRS. COFFEE CONTINUES MUSIC TOPIC AT TEA CHAT

At the Tea Chat in the student lounge Monday July 31, Mrs. R. K. Coffee led the discussion on music and its appreciation.

The punch table was decorated with a lovely centerpiece of zinnias, cornflowers, and marigolds. Petunias were in other vases about the room. Grape punch was served by Doris Norton, Nita Rhea Paterson, and Eugenia Bowling.

Mrs. Coffee used humorous poetry by Lawrence McKinney to illustrate the various instruments of a symphony orchestra, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was heard on record.

To illustrate the part of the conductor, Mrs. Coffee told an incident at which Toscanini, the great eighty-year old conductor, let his silk handkerchief float to the floor to show his trombone players how to get the effect of a certain bar.

Mrs. Coffee also quoted a famous line by Robert Schumann: "Revolution may be confined within the four walls of a symphony and the police would be none the wiser. This quotation brought the significance of the "V" signal for victory of the United Nations, which was heard around the world at the beginning of the war.

This Tea Chat was a continuation of last week's tea chat, which also was under Mrs. Coffee's direction.

After Quiet Hours

Wearing a pair of horn rimmed spectacles, Grandfather Cockroach crept along the third floor of Weatherly Hall. Determined that he would arrive in time for the usual Sunday night treat, he slowly dragged one wiry leg after the other; two flights of stairs were a problem for any cockroach who lived to be a grandfather. Peering through the thick glasses, he smiled a stiff, lifeless smile. He had reached his destination. Before proceeding to the scene of the festivities, he braced himself to his full height, one-half inch, whisked the dust from his glistening brown back, and set his head for a triumphant entrance.

Having successfully slid under the door, Grandfather Cockroach surveyed the scene. Plenty of space was provided in the closet for any party; a shelf over a lavatory was laden with delicious fool. Minnie Cockroach stopped her singing, the members of the cockroach orchestra ceased their music, and the swaying couples rested active legs as the "King of the Tribe" entered. At a signal from the King, every insect scrambled for a portion of the trunk which served as the regular meeting place for the mass meetings. In the scurrying to and fro, poor Jimmie Cockroach fell into the lavatory—a sure sign of death.

Grandfather's lecture this particular Sunday night stressed the importance of safety. To approximately one hundred attentive listeners, he told grotesque experiences of fellow roaches. With beady eyes protruding from expressionless masks, or should we say faces, they heard of a new fluid which was sprayed into closets in Daugeette Hall; the odor was fragrant, but the effect of its power was fatal to the most perfect cockroach.

The guest for the afternoon was Oscar, a pet roach from the Apartment Dormitory. He, too, had bits of advice to pass on to his friends. Relating the details of his narrow escape the day before, he insisted that all shoe heels be carefully avoided. He pointed out the advantages of darkness rather than light for successful raids in securing food.

Grandfather Cockroach, having added a few remarks, dismissed the meeting. As he made his way to the shelf for refreshments, he looked

DIGGIN'S FROM DAUGETTE HALL

Daugeette Hall has been the scene of many reunions as former students have returned to visit their old Alma Mater. In recent weeks we have been glad to welcome back Martha McDaniel, Marguerite Biddle, Blanche Biddle, Frances Mulkin and Hattie O'Neal Emmett. Hattie and her husband, Lieutenant Hugh Emmett, stopped by on their leave from Denver, Colorado, where Hugh has been in the hospital.

The silvery tones of wedding bells were heard pealing out their happy summons to one of our girls recently. Wylene Cash and James Cole, USN, were married in Attalla at the Methodist Church August 5, 1944. James has a 30-day furlough and after he returns to duty Wylene expects to return to school for the Fall Quarter.

The friends of Kathryn Knight extend their sympathy to her and her family in the death of her little nephew. She was called home recently by his serious illness and death.

We are sorry to see so many of our students leaving Daugeette Hall at the end of the Summer Quarter, and hope they will return to the campus for visits. Now that the end of school is here, it is hard to tell where the summer has gone. We'll all be saying goodbye to each other soon until this fall when school begins once more.

Apartment News

By the happenings at the Apartment Dormitory, a person would surely know that vacation time was almost here.

Willie Mae Wesson, of Florence, is visiting Peggy Jean Cromwell.

Elinor Banks was visiting her parents in Rock Mills this week end.

All the girls at the Dorm. surely miss Blondene Coan. She is a "Mrs." now and has gone to California with her husband, Private Bill Sterud.

Ruby Segler was here the week end of the Carnival.

Mary Ingram's brother, Robert, of Camp Dix, N. J., came to see her while he was home on furlough.

Sara Jo Fikes spent the week end at her home in Warrior.

Wylma Walker was home last week end.

Louise Griffith spent the week end with her aunt and uncle near Attalla.

Inez Roebuck, a former student, visited Apt. 117 the week end or

House Meeting

Everything was quiet at Daugeette—so quiet that the stillness was deafening. Suddenly the pealing of a bell disturbed the studious atmosphere, and the halls filled with the noise of doors banging open and girls emerging from their rooms in various stages of undress. I jumped up from my comfortable seat, ran to the door, opened it, poked my head out, and asked the first girl that ran by if the "Jerries" had invaded Jacksonville, or if the men from Mars had arrived. She assured me that it wasn't anything spectacular as that, only a house meeting.

Not knowing how I got there, I suddenly found myself seated on the hard floor in the parlor. As I sat there I heard interesting bits of conversation. A bunch of girls in the left hand corner were buzzing about the beautiful convertible that Helen McGhee has been sporting lately and the one that Gwen Anders was seen in a few Saturdays back. Six girls sitting on a sofa that normally seats four comfortably were rejoicing with Perk over her recent news of Ben and with Susie over that beautiful ring she received from Africa. The girls diagonally across the room were whispering excitedly about some secret matter. What gives with the latest Whittle communique, Nan? The sextet by the piano were debating whether to sing "Oh Johnny" for Madge or "I've Got Spurs that Jingle" dedicated to that man-about-town, "Cowboy".

About that time I was brought from my reverie by a co-ed yelling from an unseen corner to ask me if I'd done my Trig for the next day. Before I could answer her Mrs. Rowan came in to take over.

"Girls, I have something that I want to take up with you", she said as she glanced around the room to see if everybody was there. Just as Mrs. Rowan was beginning to go over the general rules of the dormitory, Wydene was called to the phone. By the time she had scrambled over the intervening feet and legs our housemother had finished her review. As Wydene returned with a smug look on her face, Mrs. Rowan had just finished explaining that the house meeting was really for the purpose of planning a party for Daugeette Hall. Since Wydene had missed the explanation, Mrs. Rowan told her briefly the purpose of the meeting, then put the subject for general discussion. After toying with the idea for a few minutes, girls began to protest that they had to get back to their rooms to study, each knowing very well

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

ALUMNI OFFICERS

Ernest Stone, President
Mildred Marona, Secretary
R. LISTON CROW, Treasurer
MRS. R. K. COFFEE, Editor

SUE SHOTTS WED TO JOHN WEST

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Shotts, of Vina, announce the marriage of their daughter, Selma Sue, to John F. West, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. West, of Hodges. The wedding took place June 14 at the First Methodist Church in San Diego, Calif., where the bridegroom is stationed. Dr. George A. Warner officiated. A reception followed the ceremony.

The bride is a former popular student at the college and taught for several years in Franklin County before going to Chattanooga, where she was employed.

Mr. West has served for the past two years in the South Pacific.

The couple is at home at 1227 31st Street, San Diego.

FORMER STUDENTS VISIT COLLEGE CAMPUS

Two former students and graduates of the college visited here recently and were given a warm welcome. They were Effie Hollingsworth and Ruth Drake.

Effie is in the Nurses' Training Cadet Corps and is receiving her training at St. Vincent's Hospital in Birmingham. She has been teaching since her graduation until she enlisted in the Cadet Nurses Corps.

Ruth has been teaching in Madison County since her graduation, and will teach in her home town of Madison this winter.

ROBERT HALLMAN RECEIVES WINGS IN AIR CORPS

Air Cadet Robert E. Hallman, of Empire, who attended Jacksonville State Teachers College 1939-40, graduated as Military Pilot in the 17th class of Aviation Cadets at Blackland Army Air Field, Waco, Texas, on August 4.

A member of one of the largest graduating classes at this pilot school, Hallman received his pilot wings at a ceremony on the flying line at the field.

LT. EUEL VINES IN SOUTH PACIFIC

The Birmingham Post of July 15 carried a long article about Lt. Euel Vines, of Bessemer, with a large-sized cut of him in the supply headquarters where he is stationed.

Lt. Vines, at the age of 24, the article read, handles the complex supply problems of headquarters for U. S. Army forces in the South Pacific. Clothing is only one of the many items in his inventory, which includes everything from

Teachers College. Lt. Vines began military service November 25, 1940, when the National Guard was called to the colors. He trained with the infantry as a private. Coming overseas with headquarters September 1, 1942, as personnel sergeant major, he was commissioned May 1 of last year. A month later he took over his present job.

The article concluded, "When he returns to college after the war it's not to resume his physical education course. 'You can strike that', he says, 'and put me down for business administration. Army style.'"

JOHN S. RUSSUM RECEIVES AIR CORPS DECORATION

Award of the Distinguished Flying Cross to Technical Sergeant John S. Russum, son of Mrs. Dora Russum, of Dora, for twenty-five pre-invasion missions over Continental Europe has been announced by the Ninth Air Force Headquarters. Sergeant Russum is a gunner on one of the B-26 Marauder bombers now operating in close support of the ground forces on the Western Front.

He was cited for "extraordinary achievement while serving as a Radio-operator-gunner. Displaying keen professional skill, he was an integral part in the success of these missions. His undaunted bravery and imperturbable coolness under the most trying circumstances reflect credit on himself and the military forces of the United States."

Of his many missions over Continental Europe, Sergeant Russum especially remembers two—both to St. Omer in France. "Both times we came back in a single engine as a result of flak hits", he says. "That's what I remember most—flak and St. Omer. The first time we got hit during the bombing run and the second time just as we had completed the run. Many of our ships were hit that day, but the entire formation got back."

Before joining the Army, August 6, 1942, Sergeant Russum was a student at Jacksonville State Teachers College. He was promoted to technical sergeant in March of this year. Besides the Distinguished Flying Cross, he has also the Air Medal.

Lt. and Mrs. Hugh Prater Emmett, Jr., (Hattie O'Neal) spent a day and night at Daugeette Hall recently. Lt. Emmett is stationed at Denver, Colorado.

All in all Miami is a lovely place, and it's been pleasant looking at fashions from one of our most important centers. Will surely remember all the hints to beauty we learned here. Perhaps next fall will find us with new personalities. A vacation is a perfect time for remodeling one's self. So, girls, the place is yours—let's go.

AN ORCHID TO:

The Seniors—because you're graduating soon and certainly deserve something for the hard work you've done and the inspiration you've been. May the orchids of the future be many and real for your many successes.

The Juniors—for always being able to put on such fetching assembly programs in which your masculine talent is always utilized. For your good grades and outstanding leadership qualities, you certainly deserve a spray of orchids.

The Sophomores—for having been such nice freshmen and leaving such a good record behind them. They had their ups and downs in "ratting" as freshmen, but they made up for it in their achievements and contributions to school life. You surely deserve those flow-

ers. olution may be confined within the four walls of a symphony and the police would be none the wiser. This quotation brought the significance of the "V" signal for victory of the United Nations, which was heard around the world at the beginning of the war.

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ers.

The Freshmen—for being new here with all the future before you. Chance for improvement galore—socially, intellectually, and incidentally ask some of those students who are sophomores now about this matter of "ratting"! You have the whole of your college career before you, and may it literally be strewn with every lovely flower, but especially orchids.

The Faculty—for your patience of Job, your great tolerance, your willingness to impart your knowledge to us, and every other admirable characteristic you possess, we give you the orchid plants, so that you can raise many lovely blossoms throughout the years. We offer you this merely as a token of appreciation of all the things you've done for us.

YE OLD GOSSIPPE

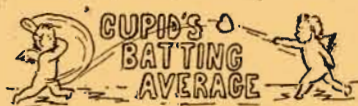
(Continued from page 2)

Wyrna Anderson must be starting a "Rognes' Gallery". Her pictures are all of the same thing though—a man.

One of the sunniest, most likeable co-eds around is none other than Mrs. Vick. She always has a friendly "hello" for everyone. Give us more like her, we say.

If you hear some little boys singing "Tell us more, oh teachers, tell us more", just look around and you'll find that it's just Killy and Bailey with their high school proteges.

In parting let me remind you not to study during vacation. As for me, I'm quite delighted with the idea of letting my alarm clock ring without even stirring—at twelve noon. See you in September.



Cash-Sailor	10,000	Mr. and Mrs. is the Name
Moore-McDowell	1,000	The Same Old Story
Bailey-Mayne	9,999	Ain't Misbehaving
Norris-Green	850	Stepping Out With a Memory
Hines-Jack Bailey	800	The Sunshine of Your Smile
Carleton-Simms	750	Getting Sentimental Over You
Knight-La Boubra	750	All The Things You Are
Thornton-Pete	700	The Music Stopped
Norton-Plunkett	650	My Heart Tells Me
Anna Dell Cash-Patterson	600	Kitty, Kitty Blue Eyes
Patterson-Morris	550	Moonlight Serenade

of advice to pass on to his friends. Relating the details of his narrow escape the day before, he insisted that all shoe heels be carefully avoided. He pointed out the advantages of darkness rather than light for successful raids in securing food.

Grandfather Cockroach, having added a few remarks, dismissed the meeting. As he made his way to the shelf for refreshments, he looked upon the floor where there were waltzing couples of cockroaches swaying to the weird music; he chuckled because he was so happy—"Nothing like one of these conventions," he said to himself.

Suddenly the door flew open, and a great beam of light flooded the closet; someone screamed; a hundred cockroaches fled in a hundred directions. The party was over! Grandfather Cockroach, hidden among some feminine garments, sighed heavily as he saw Jimmie Cockroach carried away by a spray of water. He heard a voice cry excitedly, "Roommate, I got another one!"

Grandfather Cockroach began to realize the need for a permanent home for the entire cockroach family. We are trying to help him with his problem. Do you have any suggestions?

There is one in our midst who has the great asset of being able to collect money "with the greatest of ease". In fact, she is so good that she usually leaves the donor with a smile on his face. If for no other reason than this, our campus personality this month deserves our attention; so we talk to Mrs. J. O. Pyron, assistant treasurer of the college.

Mrs. Pyron has been at the job of collecting money, or, rather working in the college treasurer's office for ten years. After finishing at Jacksonville when it was a two-year school, Mrs. Pyron, like many other J. S. T. C. graduates began to teach in Calhoun County. She didn't like teaching and returned to the college some ten years ago to begin work in the treasurer's office—a type of work that she liked better than teaching. Since that time, Mrs. Pyron has received her B. S. degree here at the college and become assistant treasurer of the institution.

Mrs. Pyron's main job is to take care of the "finances" on registration days. This she does well, along with her other jobs in the treasurer's office.

How Mrs. Pyron met her husband should be of interest to you girls. During the last war an entertainment was given for some soldiers stationed at Fort McClellan at the Masonic Hall here in Jacksonville. And Mrs. Pyron went, "just as all of you girls go to the Recreation Center", she said. It was at that party that Mrs. Pyron

met her future husband, Mr. Pyron, a soldier from Mississippi, went overseas not long after but returned after eleven months' service "over there". Mr. and Mrs. Pyron were married four years later and went to live in Birmingham because "didn't want to live in Mississippi". About where Mrs. Pyron met her husband is a fact easily remembered and talked about by her daughter, Marjorie, who likes to go to the "Rec" Center, and Mrs. Pyron says she cannot say a word.

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Sara Jo Fikes spent the week end at her home in Warrior.

Wylma Walker was home last week end.

Louise Griffith spent the week end with her aunt and uncle near Attalla.

Inez Roebuck, a former student, visited Apt. 117 the week end or the thirtieth.

Florence Jenkins was here last Friday. She keeps a close check on her "uster be" room.

Mrs. C. J. (Celia) Van Velkinburgh is at home in the Apt. Dorm.

The two Marys of Apt. 121 entertained some of their friends with a dinner last Sunday.

Otis Stapp was honored on her thirteenth birthday with a party given by Mrs. Cecil White.

We wish to welcome to our dormitory Lt. and Mrs. Kunkle and Marlys formerly of California.

Little Margaret Ann Van Velkinburgh is the favorite sweetheart of the Apt. Dorm.

Recently, Peggy Jean Cromwell visited her grandmother, Mrs. G.

DeLoach of Roanoke. We are very sorry that Inez Shaddix is ill. Hope she'll be O.K. Mary Rivers, a former student of J. S. T. C., had Sunday night dinner with Pvt. and Mrs. Jack Todt. We are happy to have four army wives—Roslyn, Helen, Mary, Beverly—living in our dorm. They are from New York and Pennsylvania and are living here while their husbands finish their basic training at Ft. McClellan.

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« Campus Personality »

Jorie, who holds a B. S. degree from J. S. T. C. is a teacher in the Gadsden City System and likes her work. Charles, of whom Mrs. Pyron is especially proud, is in the Navy V5, going to school at Mercer University in Macon, Ga. In a letter that she received recently Mrs. Pyron learned that Charles was one of the ten who were not eliminated to go on to pre-flight. Charles was a student at J. S. T. C. before going to Mercer. Steve Pyron is the youngest of the three and is in the tenth grade in Jacksonville High School.

For enjoyment, Mrs. Pyron likes to cook but has little time in which to do much of that or to keep house. Along with doing these things, she has a garden on the side. She also likes to go to the movies as does almost everyone. Playing tennis used to be one of her favorite pastimes, but now she doesn't have time to play.

Mrs. Pyron is an active member of the Business Women's Circle of the Baptist Church. She is treasurer of this organization, which goes to prove how good a handler of money she really is.

Mrs. Pyron doesn't have many concrete plans for the future because of the insecurity of the times these days.

Besides the many duties that she performs, Mrs. Pyron is just one of those persons around J. S. T. C. that everybody likes, and we think that she deserves being our August personality and much more, don't you?

The Birmingham Post of July 15 carried a long article about Lt. Euel Vines, of Bessemer, with a large-sized cut of him in the supply headquarters where he is stationed.

Lt. Vines, at the age of 24, the article read, handles the complex supply problems of headquarters for U. S. Army forces in the South Pacific. Clothing is only one of the many items in his inventory, which includes everything from typewriter ribbons to airplane parts and oats for horses.

Reviewing Lt. Vines' background, the article by United Press stated, "A junior at Jacksonville State

Forney Follies

By HUGH MORRIS

Well, here we are again with all the latest mischievous "doings" and "carryings-on" at Forney Hall.

"All rats pile out!"

Given by an upperclassman, this order echoed throughout the rooms and halls. After hurriedly pulling on two or three pairs of trousers, the freshmen dragged themselves out into the hall and lined up for the belt line. Looking down that line was enough to give any freshman heart failure. They were all there—long boards, short boards, thick belts, and slender belts and behind each stood an upperclassman grinning from ear to ear, swinging his belt back and forward to get his "long-time-no-use" ratting arm into position. Each "rat" took his place at the head of the line and started the long, gruesome journey to the other end. They were helped along occasionally by the impact of a long swing from a paddle. A few oh's and ah's could be heard along with the continual rubbing. That's one good thing about being a freshman; you learn to sleep on your stomach that way.

In a poll taken among the college boys at Forney, it was discovered that nine out of the fourteen boys will remain for the fall quarter, with five going out to teach school. Doc says that he is looking for several new boys next

Weatherly Hall

It was very pleasant to hear the voices of see the faces of Coach and Mrs. Dillon in our dormitory for a week end.

Anna Dell Cash celebrated her birthday with a steak fry at Snider's Lake.

Mrs. Vick was all smiles last week end when her husband paid her a visit.

Mary Marker, Ann Sharp, and Reba Sharp spent last week end at their homes.

Louise Beall, a former student,

visited her sister Melba. Louise is now training to be an air hostess in Atlanta.

Lt. and Mrs. Hugh Prater Emmett, Jr., (Hattie O'Neal) spent a day and night at Daugette Hall recently. Lt. Emmett is stationed at Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. Joe Whitehead, Jr. (Catherine Ashmore) has returned to her home for the duration. Her husband, Sergeant Whitehead, left for overseas duty a short time ago.

quarter. "But", he added, "if they are going to cut up and make a lot of noise, I don't care if they stay at home." It seems that as long as Doc has been in dormitories, he should have learned by now that boys are boys, and boys are going to make noise.

You may think that boys show a lot of enthusiasm over meals at the regular meal times, but you don't know anything until you see them looking for something to eat about twelve o'clock at night. If the rumor gets out that anyone has anything to eat, he had just as well share it peacefully, for where there is some grub, there are boys, also, and when boys and food get together, there is going to be some eating done. No one says, "Pass the bread, please" and then sits there peacefully waiting for it, for he would surely starve to death, but, instead, he reaches out and grabs a piece and draws his hand away quickly before he gets it forked.

As usual, there is much excitement over the coming holidays. Everyone is eager to tell what he is going to do, but when it comes time to do it, they will probably end up by sleeping and eating the entire three weeks.

Well, that's about all there is for this time, so from all of us to all of you, a happy vacation.

visited her sister Melba. Louise is now training to be an air hostess in Atlanta.

Annie Ruth Anderson and Margie Lee Jones visited their homes in Springville last week.

The girls are all working so hard now to get all their work finished that they do not have time for much else. Everyone is looking forward to August 13 and the three weeks' vacation. Comes September, we shall be just as anxious to come back to school to see old friends and make new friends.

Until September, everyone in Weatherly Hall wishes for everyone—a happy vacation.

» Our Boys Write »

Dear Dr. Calvert:

Time is limited, so this message will have to be more or less a note. My activities in camp are dull and uninteresting and will be discussed later. However, I went to Carmel Sunday with friends. When I made known the purpose of my visit, they laughed and asked me if I really expected to see Mr. Jeffers. Well, I told them that I was going to town just for the ride—bus ride. They said that seeing such a famous person would be impossible, so then I resolved to move Heaven and Earth to see him; but the task was simpler than that. I just had to move Heaven. You know me for stubbornness. Well, then we reached Carmel, my friends went one way, and I walked along the coast in a heavy mist, until I came to a home, knocked at the door, and was greeted by a nice-looking lady, who invited me in. After telling her the purpose of my visit, she told me that Mr. Jeffers' home, knocked at the door, and was was kind enough to call him and ask him to see me. The nice lady is Jean Arthur's mother. I nearly fell over when she introduced herself.

Continuing my journey down the road, I came to Mr. Jeffers home, knocked at the door, and was greeted by him and a ferocious bull dog about the size of the "Hound of Baskervilles" and whose face looked like a V-8 that has smashed into a tree. The dog barked as if it could swallow me with one gulp. Mr. Jeffers said, "Oh, he's a good dog. He won't bite". Then I came down off the chandelier. My visit was most successful, and Mrs. Jeffers proved to be a charming conversationalist, hardly interrupted me, just agreed with me and laughed. Oh, I had a great time. Then I left, visited Carmel Mission before coming back to Monterey, where I visited another Mission.

My friends want me to go to a show, so I shall have to close until later.

Give my best regards to Mrs. Calvert and please accept them for yourself. I shall write later, and your giving the post office some business my way will be appreciated.

Best wishes,
Joseph

Sgt. W. J. Wilson 34109908
Co. F 1st Reg.
AGF Repl. Depot No. 2
Fort Ord, Calif.

Dear Dr. Calvert:

Well, Dr. Calvert, how's everything back at J. S.-T. C.? I wish I were there to see for myself, but I'm afraid conditions won't allow it for quite awhile yet. I received your latest just a few days ago, and it really did me good to hear from you.

My life on the U. S. S. *Monrovia* is the same as usual; I'm still Radar officer—my physics and math in college were my main reasons for going into this as soon as I got my commission at Northwestern. I may well remain in Radar for the duration; and it would be an excellent field after the war.

There is not too much that I can tell you, Dr. Calvert, but I've been in four major engagements...

28 July 1944

Somewhere in Italy

Dear Lillie:

Greetings from sunny Italy; the land of wine and spaghetti. I guess you knew I was shipped overseas and I ended up in a pretty good theater of operations. (I hope.)

We had a pretty good crossing. The weather was perfect all the way, and the Atlantic and Mediterranean were as calm as kittens. For sheer beauty I've never seen a body of water to compare with Mer Nostrand. It resembles a gorgeous dark blue carpet, stretching across the horizon. The trip was very long; reading novels and playing cards were our means of diversion.

I've seen the Isle of Capri, Mt. Vesuvius, Pompeii, Casserta, the Voltveno River, and a number of other places we've all read and wondered about.

Capri is one of the most gorgeous spots on this earth. Everything that has been said and written about it doesn't do it nearly justice.

The phrase "sunny Italy" is no under-statement. It sure is hot! I go around practically nude all day, and I'm black as charcoal. But it doesn't compare with heat in Alabama. We're situated in a valley and there's always a cool refreshing breeze.

Naples is a great city. Beautiful and picturesque buildings. (I mean, what's left of them.) The Italians are extremely religious, and everywhere you see monasteries and churches.

There's plenty of good wine and champagne. All you want; certainly nothing like Alabama.

I have an Italian-English dictionary, and I'm picking up the lingo. It's very easy, if you've got the accent. At the present rate, I'll probably return to the states talking like Henry Armetta.

I can't write about what's going on or what I'm doing. But it sure looks like the war will be over soon. (At least in this sector.)

It's good to be among a bunch of veterans, and not trainees for once. Thank Heaven, I'm through with the Japs. For the first time since I've been in the army, I'm doing some real soldiering. (Rough!)

I've been overseas for sometime, and it isn't bad at all. It is a brand new experience, and the things that are happening I'll probably always remember.

From the present outlook it looks like this mess will be over before long. If I feel the way I do now, I'll probably try to get transferred to the Pacific theater.

Well, I'd better close this letter or else you'll never receive it.

Give my regards to all my friends.

Sincerely,
Arty

Cpl. Arthur S. Bablav
3688 Repl. Co. 30 Bn.
A. P. O. 372
Postmaster, N. Y., N. Y.

The Long And The Short Of It"



The littlest freshman, Norma Corley, faces the test before the class adviser, Mr. Hendrix. Luckily her brilliance is not measured by her size.

SENIORS PRESENT COUNTRY WEDDING

A country wedding was enacted in assembly on Tuesday, August 15, by the senior class.

The stage was decorated with shrubbery and flowers, and a vine-covered arch centered the stage.

The nuptial music, "Just Before the Battle Mother", was given by Mrs. Gladys Freeland, soloist, accompanied at the piano by Marion Coffee.

The ceremony was interrupted by a jilted sweetheart, who objected to the wedding and held the bridegroom at the point of a pistol while he pleadingly sang, "Lay That Pistol Down".

At last the couple were united and were showered with beans as they left the room.

Those participating were: Minister, Fred Williamson; bride, Mary Gertrude Stewart; bridegroom, Mr. Lance Hendrix; jilted sweetheart, Stella Cromwell; bridesmaids, Mrs. W. H. England, Evelyn Davis, and Mabel Duran; best man, Mr. Bowling; flower girl, Lillith Moore; ring bearer, Fannie Blankenship;

a formal dinner will be given at Daugette Hall, followed by group singing in the dormitory parlor.

MISS RANDOLPH IS HONORED BY COLLEGE FACULTY

Miss Ethel Randolph, who retired recently from the teaching profession, was the honoree at a reception given by the college faculty of which she had been a member since 1916.

The affair took place in the lounge of Bibb Graves Hall and was attended by the members of the faculty and staff, their wives and husbands.

Standing in the receiving line were President and Mrs. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Landers, Dr. and Mrs. Wood, and Miss Randolph.

Mrs. J. F. Rowan, Mrs. W. J. Calvert and Miss Emily Goodlett presided at the refreshment table where ice cream and cake were served.

During the evening, Lance J. Hendrix presented Miss Randolph with a handsome set of bookends of antique design with several current books as a gift from the faculty.

OVER THE FENCE

Hello, sport fans! Here we are again peeping over the fence into the world of sports.

Well, it is still with baseball that we are mostly concerned. Our hearts are sort of jumpy before every game that is played, wondering whether the predictions we made last month will come true or not.

The New York Yankees have moved into third place in the American League. The Boston Red Sox are holding second place very firmly. The St. Louis Browns are still leading the Red Sox by a three-game margin. Who will it be, we are asking you again? Will we have to stick to the prediction we made last month? We will take the Yankees again this year.

In the National League, it is still the usual team—the St. Louis Cardinals—leading by a very large majority. We are almost positive that the Cards will take top place very easily.

In the Southern League we find Nashville leading. They are followed by the Atlanta Crackers. It is a very hot race for the pen-

nant flag. Our pick will be the Nashville Vols.

Just imagine, football games starting again. Doesn't it make you wish you were back in high school? The various high school teams over the state will begin fighting against each other in about a week. Some games have already been played. Boaz and Gunterville played the first game we have record of on August 11.

Just imagine our all-time favorites of Alabama—the University and Auburn supporting real football teams. They have given credit for having very good material for real ball teams. We are all behind them and are hoping they win every game they play.

More than that, we're looking forward to the time when wartime difficulties won't be present to hamper the efforts of college athletics when we'll again have unrationed inter-collegiate sports to thrill the hearts of sports fans all over the country.

Until then, we'll have to make the most of what we have, so, see you in September.

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I received your latest just a few days ago, and it really did me good to hear from you.

My life on the U. S. S. Monrovia is the same as usual; I'm still Radar officer—my physics and math in college were my main reasons for going into this as soon as I got my commission at Northwestern. I may well remain in Radar for the duration; and it would be an excellent field after the war.

There is not too much that I can tell you, Dr. Calvert, but I've been in four major engagements so far—one in Africa and three in the Pacific.

I was fortunate enough to spend a few days in San Diego about a month ago. I got six days, and Tommie and I spent it together in Los Angeles and San Francisco. I did not have enough time to come home as much as I'd have liked to have done so. And I do consider myself fortunate in this respect: it had been about a year since I'd seen my wife.

You asked me if the Monrovia was named after Monrovia, California; it was named after Monrovia, Liberia, in Africa. It is a good ship; as a matter-of-fact, we were commissioned, but I'd sure like a change of duty; our job is for invasions only, and it gets monotonous after awhile. I think I'd like a smaller ship—a tin can maybe.

I hear from Floyd Dendy regularly, but I've lost Bill Adams. Would you be kind enough to send me his present address if you have it? I'd certainly appreciate it.

Well, the old man finally caught up with me and I was promoted to Lt. (jg) about a month ago.

Write me all the local news you can for I'll appreciate it. Forgive me for being so late in answering. Give my regards to your new family member and to Mrs. Calvert too.

Your student
Earl

Lt. Earl Craft
U. S. S. Monrovia.

Pacific theater.

Well, I'd better close this letter or else you'll never receive it.

Give my regards to all my friends.

Sincerely,
Arty

Cpl. Arthur S. Bahlav
6686 Repl. Co. 30 Bn.
A. P. O. 372
Postmaster, N. Y., N. Y.

Dear Miss Luttrell:

How are you? How is June 1 back in the States and especially back at J. S. T. C.? No doubt the summer session is under way now, and wouldn't I love to be in on it? I could stand a few evenings at the old Rec-Hall, and maybe an outing or two at Germania Springs as well.

We've pitched our tents along a palm-lined beach somewhere in New Guinea. There are high mountains in the background, coconuts overhead, lizards underfoot, and mosquitoes in between. You'd like the many flowering trees here and the huge, gorgeously-colored butterflies. Dr. Calvert could imitate a different bird every day in the year for a long time. Mrs. Stapp would find the native costumes interesting to say the least—and "least possible" is a good description of some of them, too.

Give my regards to friends and write when you can.

Sincerely,
Woodrow Boone

Pvt. Woodrow Boone
Hq., Hq. Co. 4th E. S. B.
A. P. O. 159
Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

they left the room.

Those participating were: Minister, Fred Williamson; bride, Mary Gertrude Stewart; bridegroom, Mr. Lance Hendrix; jilted sweetheart, Stella Cromwell; bridesmaids, Mrs. W. H. England, Evelyn Davis, and Mabel Duran; best man, Mr. Bowling; flower girl, Lillith Moore; ring bearer, Fannie Blankenship; family and relatives were Braxton Tatum, Marie Tuck, Theda Godwin, Waymon Ellis, Ruth Upton, Jeffie Landers, Louise Waters, Viva Rosser, Frances Bedwell, and Maxie Blackburn.

PRESIDENT COLE TO SPEAK AT AUBURN COMMENCEMENT,

President Houston Cole will deliver the commencement address at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Alabama, on Friday, August 25. His topic will be "A Frame of Reference".

One hundred and twenty-five graduates will be awarded degrees at the exercises, which are to be held at the amphitheatre at Graves Center at 7:00 p. m.

SENIORS HONORED WITH SOCIAL EVENTS

The members of the graduating class are being entertained at several occasions during their last week at J. S. T. C.

Dr. L. W. Allison, class adviser, and Mrs. Allison, are giving an informal tea for the graduates on Thursday, August 17, at 4:30 in the afternoon in the student lounge.

Mr. Cole is to talk to the group and cake, and ice cream will be served by Mrs. Margaret Stapp and Mrs. C. R. Wood.

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Mrs. J. F. Rowan, Mrs. W. J. Calvert and Miss Emily Goodlett presided at the refreshment table where ice cream and cake were served.

During the evening, Lance J. Hendrix presented Miss Randolph with a handsome set of bookends of antique design with several current books as a gift from the faculty.

Miss Randolph wore a black evening dress trimmed in gold, with a corsage of pastel colored flowers.

The committee on arrangements was composed of Dr. Clara Weisaupt, Miss Louise Bullock, Miss Sue Ketter, Miss Emily Goodlett, and Miss Fanny Bush.

Anniston, Alabama

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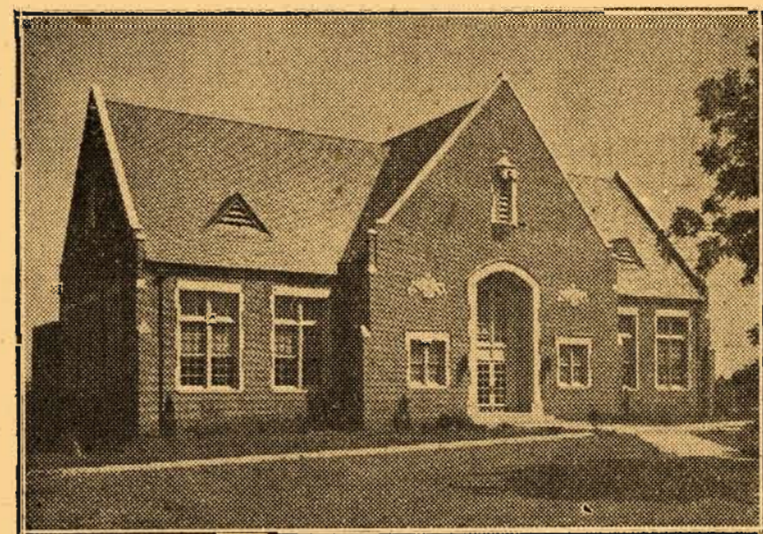
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