

Renew Acquaintances

Maroon and Gold

Beat Stroudsburg

Vol. VII No. 7

Bloomsburg, Pa., Saturday, November 16, 1929

Price Ten Cents

WELCOME ALUMNI

PROGRAM FOR THE DAY

A. M.

8:00-10:00-CLASSES — Visitors Welcome

10:00-12:00-SIGHT SEEING AND RENEWING ACQUAINTANCES — Guides on Campus

12:15-12:45-LUNCH

P. M.

2:00-4:00-FOOT BALL GAME — Bloomsburg vs. Stroudsburg. Mt. Olympus. Everybody on field

4:00-5:30-TEA—Gymnasium. Alumni and parents invited

6:00-DINNER—College Dining Room. TICKETS 50 cts.

7:30-10:30-DANCE — Gymnasium. For Alumni and guests

MUSIC:

GAME—Elks Band; Bloomsburg High School Band

DINNER—College Symphony Orchestra

DANCE—Sherman's Orchestra

To the Alumni

Home-Coming Day is a very popular annual event. It is a splendid opportunity to see old friends and classmates, and recall memories of student days.

It also offers a good opportunity to witness the growth and development of the institution and to keep informed regarding the progress of our Alma Mater.

Any institution of learning is judged by the loyalty and interest of the Alumni. The College authorities have arranged a wonderful program for our pleasure and entertainment.

Join the "Booster Club" for the College. Cheer the team to victory and help keep the Home Fires Burning on "Alumni Day"

Sincere good wishes,
R. Bruce Albert, Pres.

Bloomsburg--East Stroudsburg Line-ups

Bloomsburg—	East Stroudsburg—
l.e. Wadas, MacKenzie	l.e. Banchoff 2, McGrath
l.t. J. Fritz, D. Baker,	l.t. Green 15, Call 20
l.g. Pennington, Kanjorski	l.g. Weeks 17, Kyle 19
c. Hall, Wadas	c. Kupzewski 4, Nash 12
r.g. Krafchick, Taylor,	r.g. Mendelis, Capt, 10
Bitler	r.t. Dolan 16, Zaia 15
r.t. Beyers, Perch	r.e. Zavikowsky 13, Mathna
r.e. Kirker, Kanjorski	q.b. Maloney 14, Najaka 6
q.b. Kraynack, Warman	r.h.b. Roedel 5, Rogowicz
r.h.b. Jaffin, Keller,	l.h.b. Reap 23, Manze
Coursen	f.b. Burke, Hoffman 9
l.h.b. Thomas, Yaretski,	Kasisky 11, Nathanson
Morgan	
f.b. Rudowski, Jones	



Left to right—1st row—Hall, Paul; assistant manager, Hess; manager, Yaretski. 2nd row—Fritz, Coursen, Rudowski, Kraynack, Ruch, Captain; Morgan, Jaffin, Keller, Thomas. 3rd row—Jones, Maus, Bitler, Getz, Byers, Taylor, Hower, M. Pennington, W. Pennington, Krafchick, Wadas, Booth, Coach. 4th row Baker, Kanjorski, MacKenzie, Warman, Perch, Palsgrove, Mausteller, Kirker, Marcin.

A Message From the President

To the Friends of Bloomsburg:

Saturday, November 16, has been named as Home Coming Day for our College. An educational institution gets its spirit from the Trustees, the Faculty, the undergraduate body and the loyal Alumni. This is the reason we believe in homecoming day. It means that there is an opportunity for old friendships to be renewed and for the undergraduate body to find out what the institution means in the life of its graduates. This is the inspiration that grows out of personal contact with the institution. I welcome this opportunity to reinforce the cordial invitation which has been extended to you to visit with us on Saturday.

Very sincerely yours,

James B. Haas

General Committee

Miss Mason	Dean Koch
Mr. Reams	Edgar Richards
Mr. Shortess	Margaret Swartz
Dean Kehr	Dorothy Foote
Lois DeMott	Edward Devoe
Gertrude Schreder	James Williams
Gilbert Gould	Clarence Ruch
	Miss Patterson, Chairman

BLOOM WINS FROM MANSFIELD— TAKE OVER LOCK HAVEN

Both Victories by Passes

Bloomsburg surely spoiled Mansfield's Homecoming Day. Mansfield with a powerful aerial attack, mixed with a few end runs now and then, had succeeded in coming out of every game so far in the long end of the score. They tried everything they had against Bloom, but that was not enough. The game was hotly contested by both sides as the number of first downs each team made will readily show. Bloom made 12 and Mansfield made 10. Most of Mansfield's first downs were made in center field and when they got to the 35 yard line Bloom held and forced Mansfield to kick. In the third quarter, Bloom worked the ball up to the 30 yard line and Jones went in for Jaffin. After a series of plunges, Jones was stopped six inches from the goal line. The ball went to Mansfield who kicked out of danger. In the fourth quarter, the Bloom backfield alternated in carrying the ball and placed it on the five yard line. Jones took it over for a score. The try for the extra point failed. Mansfield received and threw many passes but lost the ball on downs. Shortly after the game ended.

The lineups and summary:

Bloom 6		Mansfield 0
McKenzie	left end	Rhysingo
Beyers	left tackle	Squires
Krafchick	left guard	Sims
Hall	center	Price
Pennington	right guard	Snyder
Fritz	right tackle	Norton
Kirker	right end	Brock

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Maroon and Gold

November 16, 1929



MEMBER PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL PRESS ASSOCIATION

Published weekly during the school year of 1929 and 1930 by the students of Bloomsburg State Teacher College for the interest of the students, the alumni, and the school in general.

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News About You—Of You—For You

EDITORIAL

PAGING THE ALUMNI

Welcome Alumni! The student body and faculty extend to you the most hearty greetings. Home-Coming Day is your holiday and we want you to use it as such. It is a real gala day to anyone interested in the college.

In today's program, an attempt has been made to select activities that will be of interest to everyone. In the morning we invite you to attend our classes. Teachers Col-

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T. W. BELLOWS, Manager Bloomsburg, Pa.

leges have the reputation of being up to the minute in their steps of modern education. Attend our classes and see what we are doing.

Recently there have been many improvements made upon the campus. We ask you to visit the places and know what your Alma Mater is doing for its student body and education. The football game will be in the afternoon. We are confident that East Stroudsburg will be defeated. Among you there will be members of other Bloomsburg teams who fought on Mount Olympus. To them the game will bring back fond memories. Others will remember being in the bleachers cheering on fellow-students, while they gave everything for Bloomsburg.

Alumni! This day is your day. We want you to enjoy yourselves. We ask you to make yourselves at home. You are our guests of honor. Please keep this in mind during your stay with us. We feel that there is nothing too much for us to do to make this a real holiday for you.

Rev. J. T. Heistand Armistice Day Speaker

A thought provoking address commemorating Armistice Day was delivered in Chapel Monday morning by the Rev. J. Thomas Heistand, Episcopal rector. Rev. Mr. Heistand is especially well equipped to deliver such an address, having served over seas for more than three years during the World War.

"The first decade has passed and we have had time to consider what a fallacious thing war is. In your hands and those of people like you rests a great deal of the responsibility that such a thing shall not happen again," Mr. Heistand said.

During the time of the war and for some years after it was accepted that the association of a Grand Duke was the beginning of the conflict, but facts have been brought forth since which show that for eight years before its beginning Europe and many Americans had been wanting war, the speaker said. He also stated that after many young college men had seen service over seas they wrote to the presidents of their college stating their convictions that war was not right and a folly.

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To Our Guests

Welcome, guests, from far and near;
Yes, indeed, we're glad you're here.

All—alumni, fathers, and mothers,
Sisters, brothers, sweethearts, and others:

Take off your hats, you are here to stay
Join in the fun on this gala day.

Go visit our classes, hear us recite
To faculty members who teach us just right.

Then inspect our campus, the lobby and gym
That the Frosh have honestly worked hard
to win.

Next to the dining room for lunch,
Meet your old friends, chew and munch.

Now up to the field where our boys will
show

East Stroudsburg the way that they ought
to go.

Shout and yell, laugh and cheer;
Let them know that you are here.

Get back of the team that is fighting for
glory

To properly wind up this part of the story,

After the game at the hour of four,
Cheerily go to the old gym door.

Enter in, drink of the tea;
Look about, your friends you will see

They are chatting and humming here and
there;

Why they're having a good time every-
where.

Dinner is served to all in the mood,
Pleasure to find in mighty good food.

But at seven thirty by some odd chance,
You'll hear music to which you'll want to
dance.

Come, choose your partner, forget your
own age,

Take off all airs that are lofty and sage.

Till half after ten be gay as you will,
By ten forty-five, all must be still.

Oh, guests of ours, we would like you to
know

The fun we have entertaining you so.

At Teachers College glad we are when
You can come back to Bloomsburg again.

Thursabert Schuyler

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LITERARY

The Leaf

A little leaf lay curled
Brown and wrinkled,
Cracked and sere,
Like a wee elf
Curled up for a nap,
As if he were all unaware
Of passing summer's beauty
Or coming winter's care.

A. Margerite Eaton

Les Miserables

Yes, Freshmen, we're just out of High School.
We hear it from morning till night.
I suppose that the teachers consider
That our High School career was not right.

They frown at our terrible conduct,
Our thoughts of what's right and what's
wrong,

Till you'd think we're the worst group created,
And we're trying so hard to belong.

But we Freshmen are sports and take "razzing"

From students and faculty too,
For someday we too will be nagging
At what other poor freshmen do.

But yet in our hearts we're forgiving
Don't you notice how sweetly we smile.
Don't worry—we're wise—we remember—
Our report cards come out after while.

Miriam Hartt

The Slight Mistake

At one-thirty that day we came to a fork in the road. Both roads were marked with State Highway Markers, "To Denver." The Commodore asked me, since I had the maps in my lap, to see which road was marked the best. I looked at the map and told her that the one to the southeast look best. We took the southern-most of the two, and soon the Blue Swan was winging her way over its gravel bed, but with no great speed; for it was rough.

All that afternoon we traveled through beautiful country. The road wound through low golden sand dunes pastelled here and there with pale green-gray sage that threw its spicy tang out on the hot dry air. The dazzling golden sunlight tintured the whole world with a radiance that made every detail of the landscape stand out in relief. Away in the distance, sometimes nearer, sometimes farther away, as the road approached and receded, the mountains, like blue castles, towered in the distance. As the afternoon waned and evening approached, snow capped turrets pearled to pink and gold as the sun sank lower into the western sky. At sunset they flushed and finally deeped to royal purple. The sky had deepened from the pale afternoon azure to pure turquoise flecked here and there with tiny barque, like clouds of purest gold. The golden sand dunes showed wine-red tints.

It was in the midst of such beauty as this that we came to a sudden stop. Not six car lengths ahead of us, the bottom seemed to have dropped out of the road. The Commodore and Captain got out to investigate the matter at once. They returned with the report that the bridge was washed out. As

matters stood, we had traveled since one-thirty, over miserable roads, were just forty miles off our route, and the road ended in this washed-out bridge! I had picked the route! It was sunset,—we were in a strange place, and had no idea where we could camp for the night. In fact, we had not even a place to turn around. About two o'clock that afternoon we had passed a gas station, but that must easily have been ten miles back, and that far at least we must go for a place to camp. The Commodore looked at me—the Captain looked at me—and Kit looked at me.—All the furies that Gods might rent on mortals were rent on me. A storm of frowns broke on me—then a rain of angry words. It was all my fault, and if ever mortal were made to feel that anything was her fault—it was I!

Mildred Elmstead

My Habits of Study

Every night from seven-fifteen until nine-thirty we have study hour. As soon as the bell rings, I set to work with my books determined to finish as soon as possible. During the first hour I work very hard, trying to concentrate on my subjects. Then I decide that I have done enough of my work, and I think about something to eat. I go traveling through the dormitory in search of food, but most of the time I can't find any. I come back to my room without being lucky. Now I will study. I open my book and count the number of pages I have to read. I decide that the teacher has given me too much work. I can't spend all my time on his subject. Well, I have to study, so I guess I will begin. I read about two pages—and I think of something I'd like to eat. I know there isn't anything in the dormitory, so I try to study again. I sit looking at the page for ten minutes and then decide it's too deep for me, anyhow. I wonder how soon the nine-thirty bell will ring. It rings! and I go rambling through the dormitory. A Freshman

The Tale of a Skunk

One fine May morning about the time the sun begins its laborious journey to the zenith, I awoke to go over in my mind the prospects for the days entertainment.

A day off should, perhaps, suggest rest and quiet when one has been used to the rush and racket of a boiler factory, but I wished, rather, something exciting or a bit unusual. In this peace and quiet what could there be.

Birds singing, blue skies, fragrant breezes—satisfaction for some moods but not for mine. Nature's harmony! It almost disgusted me; I didn't want it. Oh, for something to break it!

Then it came. The light breeze that was stirring suddenly brought to my nose the pungent odor of a near-by skunk. At the same time my Mother's voice called excitedly from the kitchen window. Jumping out of bed, I dressed hurriedly and hastened to the scene of the excitement.

Apparently curiosity is as strong in the lower animals as in man, or could I say woman, for outside just back of the wood-pile was an unhappy brush-tail kitten who had evidently been investigating the mysteries of a mayonnaise jar. At any rate it was frantically trying to work the jar off its head.

To much interested in its own trouble. it

paid little attention to my Father who was bravely circling the woodpile with a 32 calibre revolver in his hand, hoping to end the trouble with a single shot.

He drew a bead and while the female members of the family stuck their fingers in their ears, he pressed the trigger. Nothing happened. I turned my eyes from the skunk and saw that Father was doing something to the gun and muttering under his breath. The gun had jammed and as he was due at the office he left me in charge and I soon succeeded in putting the pistol in order. Fine! But by this time the animal had gotten under the house and was frantically knocking the jar against the dining room floor. Mother, who had been laughing till her sides ached up to this time, suddenly lost the humor of the situation.

Gradually the knocking ceased and one of the neighbors suggested that the "jarred" animal had suffocated, while another with a rather perverted sense of humor set "Rover" and "Shep" on the trail.

A few minutes later two frightened, crest fallen, well perfumed dogs emerged from under the porch. We understood the skunk was not dead.

My sister arriving upon the scene about this time, pointed out the fact that the poor animal was suffering. Couldn't someone take the jar off its head? She saw the dogs, sniffed and wished she hadn't said anything.

All became quiet except for the monotonous thumping of the jar against the dining-room floor. Then suddenly it ceased and the object of interest or rather center of excitement appeared unexpectedly. I took quick aim and fired, the glass jar immediately smashed and the skunk stood stripped of his crown.

A double-barreled shot-gun finished the story for everyone but me. With a pick and shovel, the longest-handled rake I could find and a wheelbarrow I performed the funeral services.

It was almost all over. Again the birds sang, the sky seemed even a more perfect blue, but nature produced her own discord. There were no fragrant breezes.

Bluffing a Teacher

They say it cannot be done, but I know that it can be done. Teachers always find a lot of satisfaction in saying, "No student can bluff me and get away with it". Poor foolish teachers! They are bluffed by half of the students they pass and still do not know that they are being bluffed. I know it can be done because I have tried it and "have gotten away with it". As far as the teachers were concerned my bluffs were successful. It was I who lost out in the end.

I never really worked an algebra problem in my life; yet my final average in algebra was around eighty-five. I can tell you just why this happened. Because my first teacher didn't care whether I did my work or not, and because my second teacher was a lovely, old man who felt so sorry for poor, ignorant me, I came through algebra with a fairly good grade.

Let a man teacher think that you need his strong arm to help you through, and you will get through. Because I did not know algebra, I had to bluff my way through chemis-

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Rev. J. T. Heistand Armistice Day Speaker

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In that conflict fifteen million young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three were killed. Many of them had careers and bright futures before them.

Rev. Mr. Heistand stated emphatically, "I believe so thoroughly in peace and in the folly of war I would be put in prison rather than serve in another war." He told the cost of the war in his own company in which out of 450 men, of whom over 370 were college men, only 56 came back. The others were left "over there somewhere." Some of those who came back were hopelessly crippled.

As teachers we can impress on children the uselessness and barbarity of war. And as America possesses two-thirds of the wealth of the world she correspondingly holds two-thirds of the responsibility for world peace.

Rev. Mr. Heistand left the impression that we have a moral and civic responsibility not only to talk of peace, but to back our speech with acts in its favor.

Dinner Committee

Jack Taylor, Chairman	Lois Demott Laura Schultz	Regina Williams Clarence Wolever Miss Ward
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Dance Committee

HOSTS: Social Committee of the Community Government Association.

Members of the Committee:

Gertrude Schraeder, Chair.	Mabel Gearhart
Congetta Pecora	Ethel Keller
Miriam Forsythe	Marion Klinger
Grace Lord	Jack Hall
Maudrue O'Connell	Dave Shoemaker
Nancy Haynes	Thomas Beagle
Vid Jones	Robert Dew

Bluffing a Teacher

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try. My teacher being a man, I got through. Then to bluff a woman teacher, just let her think that you think she is always right. Women glory in thinking that they are always right. Let her think that she is your young ideal of a teacher. So it goes.

Make them believe that they know everything, but do your own thinking, student. If you care only about getting through, go ahead and bluff. But those of you who really want to get all you can out of a subject, don't bluff but work your way through a course.

A Freshman

"Marty" Sekulski: What's the difference between a girl and a horse?

Beck: I don't know.

Sekulski: You must have some wonderful dates.

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Nature Has Its Way

With tin cups rattling and boys making a lot of noise, the Nature Club started out Saturday afternoon. There were twenty-one members counting our sponsor, Professor Hartline. Not until we had assembled at Science Hall did he tell where we were going. After winding through two or three alleys we reached the Brooklyn bridge separating East Bloomsburg from the main city, and we crossed over to the railroad tracks by which we traveled for about fifteen rods. Then we took an abrupt turn seemingly straight up.

Caroline Roller brought her camera, so she walked up the hill backwards in order to be able to snap a picture at a moment's notice. The new Frosh members were fond of giving advice, but no one thought much about that.

At last the top was reached and everyone gave a lingering look toward the Susquehanna and bade farewell to the mountain path. The popular name for the mountain is Hogsback because it is a high narrow ridge of rock and rough on the top. In a little nest in the woods overlooking the river we built three campfires. Honorable mention should be given to our president, Ivor Robbins, for blowing a big blaze. Mr. Hartline always makes the coffee and whether he puts in five tablespoonsful or seventeen it's always good to the last drop. Ask Frosh Kafka and Evancho how many 'hot-dogs' they ate. We threw dirt and water on the campfire, assembled our paraphernalia, and began to wind our way down the mountain-side. Because of the slippery leaves some of the girls had to walk only part way down. At various times we stopped to view the different stars and to hear the brook below. Somebody, either Esther Yeager or Harriet Harry, started a song service with 'Sweet Adeline' or 'Old Black Joe.' Frosh George began to holler something about too much mustard, but Palsgrove smothered his war cry and peace again reigned until we approached B. S. T. C. when Karleen Hoffman said she had left her handkerchief. Oliver Krapf saved the day by pulling out a red bandana and handing it to the lady in grief.

Another Organization

Waller Hall girls continue to organize for various reasons. Recently a group of girls met in room 480 to sing a few favorite hymns, read the scriptures and discuss relative matters. Before the session was over the decision was reached to hold a weekly meeting of the group and from indicated interest there will be an increase in members. Officers will be elected and everything carried along in parliamentary order.

Alumni Personals

Elias P. Morgan, President '24, is principal of a junior high school in Hazleton.

Joe Gallagher, '24, is teaching in Hazleton.

Mathilda Mench is teaching in Scott township High School.

Frances Shaughnessy is a student in the dental school at U. of P.

Alice Pennington, '29, is teaching in the Benton Vocational School.

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PHILLIPS

PHOTOGRAPHY

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Senior Girl's Show Much Enthusiasm

The Freshman Volley Ball Season closed this week with 10 teams winning at least half the games played. Volley Ball proved to be much more satisfactory as a girls' outdoor sport than Hockey because each girl played twice a week instead of once as in Hockey, season was short but plenty of activity was experienced, there were less casualties than in Hockey, the game is more practical for teachers in both cost and time, and it is one of the finest posture training games in existence. Many girls regretted not being able to play Hockey but this cannot be done until a larger space is available.

Team 2, Kelley, Captain, was the only team who tied Hubler's score. The team scores were very high the first part of the season but slumped later.

Team 6, Slowey, Captain, lost only one game and this was to Hubler. The fine showing of this team was due principally to Slowey's accurate volleying and the fact that not one player was absent. Most of the girls on this team are day students..

Team 7, Graybill, Captain, won one half of their games and made a very creditable showing due to the fact that they were handicapped by the absence of one player during most of the season.

Team 8, Dunn, Captain, won one half of their games and lost others by scores of only 2 or 3 points. They practiced quite hard outside and made a fine showing.

Team 10, Roachford, Captain, lost only one game. Her team was handicapped by lateness and absence which lowered the team morale. Quoos and Roachford deserve much credit for their fine playing.

Team 12, Betterly, Captain, won one half of their games and put up a hard battle for the others.

Team 13, Lyons, Captain, won more than one half of their games and those lost were by a very small margin. No member of this team missed a game.

Team 14, Banta, Captain, won more than one half of their games but lacked cooperation of all members. There were several absences and much indifference.

Team 18, Maddox, Captain, won one half of their games and took their defeat like real sportsmen.

Team 17, Hubler, Captain, were the champions, winning all games but one and tied this with Kelley's team. This tie was played off on Thursday. She won by very large margins and her scores are as follows:

41-28, 42-35, 60-29, 67-31, 68-17, 42-26, 68-45, 34-8, 71-44.

Each team played 10 games. If they won one half of their games and were not late or absent they received 100 points toward their numeral. For every game lost under one half they lost 5 points and for every one won over one half they received 5 extra points. Each late detracted 3 points and each absence detracted 10 points.

Senior Volley Ball Scores To Date

There are 12 teams in the tournament, this means more Senior girls are interested in athletics this season than for several years.

The captains and games won or lost are:		
Captain	Won	Lost
Klischer	3	1
Reitz		4
Ivey	1	3
Ramsavage	3	1
Donahoe	1	3
Jones	1	3
Wilson	4	
Pennington	3	1
Richards	3	
Novak	1	1
Davis	2	
Machie		3

Slang to the Rescue!

A stalwart senior girl was doing her utmost to quiet her little room-mate, who had just received a deficiency.

"Aw for bawlin' ink, kid, cut it out," said the senior, gently patting her friend. "Don't tie your hair in knots over a little slip of paper 'cause that old tomato-blond teacher is half-baked anyway."

But the poor freshman heaved another sigh.

"Don't cry little girl, we won't sell the farm, we'll give the darn thing away," said the big sister, in a sympathizing voice. "Snap out of it, now, kid! You've done enough. Come, kid, you're going with me to the snazziest little movie in town. So step on it!" exclaimed the senior, as she pulled her little roomie to her feet and rushed to the closet to get their hats.

The freshman was feeling better and why not? Big sisters are not always so kind to helpless ones, and it surely is a rare occasion when a senior parts with her pennies to show a freshie a good time.

"O, Boy!" cried the freshie, as she looked in the mirror. "Just look at my eyes!"

Then the powder puff was called into action. A daub of rouge on each cheek. A flourish of the lipstick. And presto! there emerged a perfectly adorable baby face.

"Gee, kid, you've got the cutest little baby face" said the senior, smiling as she cocked her own hat on one side of her head.

"Well, old dear, you're not such a bad oil-painting yourself," returned the freshie with a smile.

Then, after another hurried glance in the mirror, the senior exclaimed reassuringly, "wish I could wear clothes like you can. Gee, dearie, you look just like Astor's horse."

The door banged and the two girls went arm in arm down the hall, humming the old familiar tune, "We Are Two Jolly Cosumptives." A Freshman

Y. W. Notes

"Testing Our Faith," the Y. W. C. A. topic for the week, was admirably handled by Dorothy Schmidt, the leader. The first chapter of James formed the basis of the discussion. It stated the need of faith for salvation, and in prayer. Faith without works is, as we know, valueless, and the man with true faith can be discovered through his works. "Be ye doers, therefore, and not hearers only."

A beautiful vocal selection, "The Lord Is My Shepherd," was rendered by seven girls and formed a charming conclusion to the meeting.

BLOOM WINS FROM MANSFIELD---

TAKE OVER LOCK HAVEN

continued from page 1

Warman	quarter back	Shellapy
Yaretski	left half back	Pish
Coursen	right half back	Hartman
Rudowski	full back	White

Score by periods:

Bloom	0	0	0	6-6
Mansfield	0	0	0	0-0

Touchdowns: Jones. Referee, Bartholomew; Umpire, Stanley; Head-linesmen, Engle.

Substitutions: Bloom, Keller for Thomas; Jaffin for Yaretski; Jones for Jaffin; Baker for Pennington; Wadas for MacKenzie. Mansfield; Sunday for Shellapy; Moyer for Sims.

In a drizzling rain which made the field a veritable sea of mud Bloomsburg mud heroes defeated Lock Haven 6 to 0. The mud was so deep that both teams were greatly handicapped by it. Both teams resorted to a kicking game as neither team could do much by carrying the ball. The only score of the game came in the first period when Rudowski threw a forward pass over center to Yaretski, who only had to take two steps to the goal line.

Score Bloomsburg 6—Lock Haven 0

Do You Know That,---

Our Home-coming is going over with a bang? We again take this opportunity to express our thanks to the various committees who were diligent in carrying out their respective tasks. As for the Alumni, all we wish to do is—make you feel at home and proud of the fact that you can claim B. S. T. C. as your Alma Mater.

It is your duty to tell the Alumni that next week we play Wyoming? Ask them whether they can come to that game and see the traditional B. S. T. C. foe, bite the dirt?.

If the football men play these next two games like they did at Mansfield—well all I can say is "taps—for Stroud and Wyoming."

You can't imagine "how sorry we are that we can't print any personals, this week?" What'dya say—Jhin Jhin Cabbage?

Some ignoble Frosh are raising a fund to be used for the purchase of ear-muff's and mittens for the poor little squirrels that are scampering about our campus? Come around I have three cigar coupons which you may have—with which you can build a bon-fire for them. (By "them" I mean both Frosh and Squirrels.)

We have one student on our campus who surely upholds his Harvard tradition "You can always tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him anything"?

The funny part about this column lies in the fact that we endeavor to get the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? What's your name?

We can walk, or even run a mile for a Camel, because Luckies never affect our wind?

Well, customers, I'm up and rarin' to go, so I'll loosen up and come across with a rare bit, and I don't need no chafing-dish for it, either. But I digress—I must remember to keep off digress. Heh, Heh. Well to return to my subject; it seems like a smart Senior asked a dumb Frosh "How would

continued on page 6

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The management of the Capitol Theatre takes this opportunity to welcome all the Alumni of B. S. T. C. and their many friends on the occasion of the Annual Home-coming Day. We trust that you will make the Capitol a stopping place for 'sound' entertainment during the day and renew old acquaintances

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TALKING PICTURE
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WELCOME BACK
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PROGRAM WEEK OF NOV. 18
Monday and Tuesday

Richard Dix

In his latest
All-Talking Romance Drama
"The Wheel of Life"

Wednesday and Thursday

Ken Murray

R-K-O VOD-VIL ARTIST
In the All-Talking and
Singing Sensation
"Half Marriage"

Friday and Saturday

Conrad Nagel

In Vitaphone All-Talkie
"Kid Gloves"

Columbia County Girl's Outdoor Basketball
Title Decided on B. S. T. C. Court

Second Half Rally Gives Millville Victory

On the college court, Wednesday evening, amid cheers of over 500 interested spectators the Millville Vocational High School girls took the Orangeville Vocational High School girls into camp for an 11-9 victory, to determine the championship of the County High School Basketball League.

The game was close all the way and was hard fought. Orangeville held to a 7 to 4 advantage at half time but was unable to withstand Millville's rally during the last half. M. Bowman starred for Orangeville and Watts and Taylor played well for Millville:

Lineup and Summary

Orangeville (9)		Millville (11)
R. Bowman	forward	Taylor
M. Bowman	forward	Watts
Pennington	center	Demott
Mordan	side center	L. Taylor
Hippensteel	guard	Piatt
Megargell	guard	Lawton

Substitutions: Orangeville—Dildine for R. Bowman. Dodson for Hippensteel. Two point scores—M. Bowman 4, Taylor 1. One point scores—Dildine 1, Taylor 4, Watts 5. Referee—Harold Hidlay; linemen—Frank Golder and Haven Fortner; scorer, Charles John, all of Bloomsburg State Teachers College. Time of periods—8 minutes.

The Bloomin' Sentinel

Waller Hall girl: I don't like these pictures. They don't do me justice."

Photographer: "Justice? Lady what you want is mercy."

Dan Minor: "Tommy, tell the class about Lindbergh's great feat."

Tommy: "I never saw them but I can tell about Charlie Chaplin's."

Frosh James: A steamboat 340 feet long and 35 feet wide has two smoke stacks painted white. What is the captain's name?

Frosh Wilkes: I give it up.

Frosh James: Bob Smith.

Frosh Wilkes: How did you find that out?

Frosh James: I asked him.

Do You Know That,---

continued from page 5

you like to know how to make a cigarette lighter for nothing?" and the D. F. evinced a desire to know how, so he says, "Just cut the end off it." Oh, boy, ain't that awe-inspiring?

It was time for roll call at the Polish Institute. The Professor sneezed and six students jumped to their feet and cried "present."



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