

Beat Oswego
Team!

Maroon and Gold

Welsh Choir
Tonight

State Teachers College, Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania

VOL. X—NO. 4

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1932

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DR. FRANCIS HAAS ADDRESSES A. A. U. W.

Contribution to National Education Week is the Theme; Films Presented Followed by Informal Social.

WAS HELD IN SCIENCE HALL

The Bloomsburg Chapter of The American Association of University Women sponsored as its contribution to the celebration of National Education Week, an open club meeting held in Science Hall, Monday evening, November 7. Dr. Francis B. Haas was speaker of the evening. His address was devoted to the current problems of educators in Pennsylvania.

He began with an explanation of the inter-relation of the social and educational ideals which are in some instances linked with the governmental ideal, as in Russia and Italy at the present. Dr. Haas differentiated between the terms schooling, which is to be understood as the participation in school activities and education, which is to be understood as an activity which conditions man's response to a situation. He traced the thread of this educational ideal through Greek, Roman, Early Christian, Medieval, and Reformation periods, down to our own time.

In the early history of the race the family bore the responsibility of conditioning the child's responses or informal education. But as civilization became increasingly complex an outside agent had to be provided to meet this need; the school. This is the agency which man has established and to which he has assigned the task of training the future citizen that he may function efficiently in the social unit.

Dr. Haas continued by pointing out the essential difference between the older and contemporary conceptions of education. The older of the two interpreted education to mean the training of a child while he was a child for the responsibility of citizenship which he should come into suddenly when he became an adult. The present conception interprets education as the whole development of a child, which should include such activities during childhood as the child will be called upon to participate in on a larger scale, when he reaches the adult stage of development.

At intervals of approximately ten years, education in Pennsylvania is subjected to the spotlight of public attention. The light is about to be focused on Education this year with the coming meeting of the Legislature. Certain definite agencies have been set to work on the problem to

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First Formal Dance Will be December 3

A Washington Bi-Centennial dance, by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A., will be held in the gymnasium on the evening of December 3. Decorations will be of red, white and blue, symbolic of this year's National celebration. Mr. Keller is working out a unique decorating scheme, and all committees will begin work immediately after vacation. All members of the student body and guests are invited to attend. Bids have been received from several orchestras so a good program of music is promised.

Home Coming Drew Large Crowds

FRATERNITY INITIATES SEVERAL MEMBERS

Alpha Psi Omega Initiate Five New Members; Working on Play to be Produced Before the Christmas Holidays.

The members of Alpha Psi Omega Fraternity held their initiation services Thursday, November 3. Five new members were pledged to the fraternity, each having completed the National and local requirements for admission. The new members are: Mary Ruth Rishe, Sarah Lentz, Tom Davis, Harold O'Brien and Dick Kelly. On Saturday, November 5, a delightful banquet of old and new members was held at the Hotel Magee. Many alumni members were present at this reunion which has become an annual feature of the fraternity social calendar. Tom Coursen proved himself a very able toastmaster and past presidents responded readily at his call. Dean and Mrs. Sutliff and Miss Helen Sutliff were our special guests at the dinner.

Each fraternity member is working very hard at the present time on the annual fraternity play which will be produced the Thursday night before Christmas. The play which has been selected is a Christmas play, "The Pool," by Channing Pollock, which has an especially fitting theme of "Service" underlying it. This play will give the students an opportunity to instill the Christmas spirit in their hearts as they leave for home celebrations.

The officers of this fraternity for the year are as follows: President, Thomas Coursen; Secretary, Mary Betterly; Treasurer, Aldwin Jones.

Bloomsburg High School Issues Paper

The first number of the Bloomsburg High School publication, "The Red and White," was issued November 18, 1932. This high school paper is a member of the Pennsylvania State Press Association and the National Scholastic Press Association. Miss Dorothy DuBois, Editor-in-chief and Erma Keeber, Associate Editor, have a very large and capable staff to help them make their publication a great success. The Misses Winifred Edwards, Esther Girton and Charlotte Mears, former B. S. T. C. students, are acting as faculty advisors.

The paper is of special interest to those Seniors who are doing student teaching in the local high school and thus come in immediate contact with the students and their activities.

CHORUS REHEARSES

The Girls' Chorus, under the direction of Miss Patterson, has been for some weeks preparing a program to be presented in chapel in the near future.

WORKING THEIR WAY

It is astonishing that in these times of depression seventy per cent of the students of Temple University are working their way through college.

Threatening Weather Proves No Obstacle; Program For Day Real Success; Dance Held in Evening.

DEFEATS SHIPPENSBURG 6-0

Home Coming Day this year was one of the most successful ever staged by our College.

Despite the threatening weather Alumni from all parts of the State together with many parents and friends of the student body gathered for the day's events. An estimated crowd of 2,000 attended the game and more than 800 were served at dinner.

The streets, campus and buildings were decorated with the colors of Shippensburg and Bloomsburg. Various committees were up early in the morning getting things in readiness before the visitors began to arrive. The crowd appeared early and increased up until time for the game.

Band Concert.

The Maroon and Gold band, looking natty in new uniforms, made its debut with a splendid concert. Because of the damp weather the concert was given in the auditorium instead of on the front campus. The program began at 11:00 o'clock and continued until 11:45, with the band in charge of Sam Green, drum major and student leader. There were several hundred present to enjoy the music.

Open House.

Immediately after lunch the majority of the parents and Alumni inspected the buildings. Hosts and hostesses appointed by the Social Central Committee were stationed in the Alumni room, along the halls, and in the Day Girls' and Day Boys' Rooms. Waller Hall and North Hall were also open for inspection until game time.

Real Game.

Bloomsburg has never lost a Home Coming game, and proceeded to live up to the tradition by downing a much heavier Shippensburg team 6 to 0. Mt. Olympus was never more col-

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Leap Year Dance Tomorrow Night

Saturday evening, November 19, there will be a Leap Year Dance, the first of its kind to be held here at Bloomsburg.

The entire college is invited to attend. Everyone comes on his own "hook." There are to be no outside guests, no programs, and no couples. Every woman for herself! The girls are to ask the men for dances. They will take the men's places in the stag line while the men take the seats along the side of the floor. The stag line of girls is free to cut in on any dance. There is to be a tag dance, and a Paul Jones. The mode of dress is to be strictly informal. Street clothes are the order of the evening.

Men! You are guaranteed to be in demand. No male wall-flowers. Absolutely the only chance until 1936. Come and get the thrill of being rushed.

Girls! Here's a wonderful chance to dance with those men you've been wanting to for a long while. Don't forget, every woman for herself!

Only twenty-five cents admission. Phil Guinard's orchestra will play. Tickets may be secured from any member of the College Social Committee.

REVEREND CLEMENS ADDRESSES STUDENTS

The Challenger Confronting the Youth of Today; Two-Fold Purpose in Life; Y. M. C. A. Sponsors Program.

The Reverend Norman Clemens delivered an inspiring address to the college assembly on Monday. His topic was "The Challenge Confronting the Youth of Today."

Reverend Mr. Clemens analysed the present day in terms of its great inventions, great governmental changes, great economic upheavals and a new attitude toward the human race. The challenge to youth in this changing world was expressed as being two-fold: First, to Christianize the social order and second to purify the personal life.

"Great work can be done only by great characters. For great characters, are needed physical health, mental keenness, moral mastery and religious faith and idealism. The supreme goal of all life is found in Jesus of Nazareth who offers the noblest character, the noblest teachings, and the noblest cause."

Reverend Mr. Clemens impressed upon the assembly the potent power of each of us as future controllers of future leaders. In Russia the youth cries "We're changing the world"; in America the youth cries "We want a touchdown."

The Reverend Mr. Clemens implied that ours should be a nobler life if we believed and cried "We're changing the world," but in a manner different from that of the Russian youth.

Squad Ends Their Season Tomorrow

The B. S. T. C. football squad will complete this year's schedule with the Oswego game tomorrow. Although the team has been handed several reverses, the season was a highly successful one. Never has a Bloomsburg team faced as strong competition as this year. Several varsity men have been out all season with injuries, others were lost for several games. Tomorrow several men will play their last game for this school. Members of the squad graduating this year are: Turse, Yozviak, Jones, Coursen, Williams, and Potter. Manager Griffiths will also graduate.

Members of the Squad.

Members of the squad who reported, giving the name, residence, age, and weight of each member, follows:

- Rocco Turse—Hazleton, 21, 175 pounds.
- Rostand Kelly—Bloomsburg, 20, 170 pounds.
- Clyde Kitch—Columbia, 21, 170 pounds.
- William Young—Hanover Township, 19, 200 pounds.
- Stove Wozney—Northumberland, 21, 165 pounds.
- Howard Kretzler—Mechanicsburg, 21, 160 pounds.
- Fred Jaffin—Berwick, 20, 165 pounds.
- John Brennan—Carbondale, 19, 180 pounds.

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STROUDSBURG DEFEATS BLOOMSBURG 45-0

Team Shows Fight Even in Defeat; Forward Passes and End Runs Conquer Maroon and Gold Squad.

WAS PLAYED AT STROUDSBURG

Stroudsburg's big red football team defeated Bloomsburg's Maroon and Gold eleven in the annual Home Coming Day battle at Stroudsburg. The big red team revenged two former defeats at the hands of the Maroon and Gold after being picked as a favorite to win both games.

Morgan was key man of Stroudsburg's aerial attack which sent Bloomsburg to its first defeat from the big red eleven. Morgan passed and ran the ball completely bewildering our team. He hurled more than a score of passes that found the desired mark. Nathanson, halfback for Stroudsburg, provided a thrill for the Home Coming Day crowd by receiving a punt on his own 40-yard line and raced 60 yards for a touchdown. Bloomsburg's ends were taken out several times by interference and the secondary defense had trouble in making the tackles. Stroudsburg's line refused to be driven back and most of Bloomsburg's passes were broken up.

The line-up:

Bloomsburg	Stroudsburg
Line ----- L. E. -----	Drummond
Kitch ----- L. T. -----	Reeser
Turse ----- L. G. -----	Hershey
Potter ----- C. -----	Dubeck
Harter ----- R. G. -----	Johnson
Davis ----- R. T. -----	Ringer
Wozney ----- R. E. -----	Kennedy
Coursen ----- Q. B. -----	Morgan
Jaffin ----- L. H. -----	Covena
Moleski ----- R. H. -----	Nathanson
Mericle ----- F. B. -----	Olshefski

Substitutions—Bloomsburg: Litwhiler for Wozney, Rompola for Mericle; Stroudsburg: Shebby for Covena, Metcalf for Shebby, Shebby for Nathanson, Menze for Covena, Daling for Olshefski.

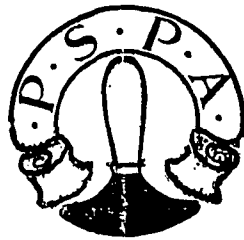
The Maroon and Gold Band Parades

Making their first appearance in a street parade on Armistice Day, the Maroon and Gold Band, outfitted in their snappy new uniforms, gave the people of this community a good impression of their fine organization. Directed by the capable drum major, Mr. Green, they marched and played throughout the parade. In front of the judges stand they formed a letter "B"; while their music, throughout it all, added much to the spirit of the occasion. No student needs to feel ashamed of this worthy organization, as shown by the marked approval of the Armistice Day gathering; and furthermore all should join in and give it their continuous support.

FREE COURSES AT LAFAYETTE

Lafayette College's unemployment college has entered its free courses. Forty students have enrolled in a course in government and law and sixty in an engineering course. The college provides instruction free of charge to any unemployed person who is 30 years old or over and who has had at least two years of high school education.

MAROON AND GOLD



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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1932

About Thanksgiving

NOVEMBER 24 has been officially declared a day of Thanksgiving. We venture to say that thousands of people will celebrate without a thought for the real reason of the holiday. Official thanksgiving is one thing; personal thanksgiving is another. To go to church, to kneel, to try earnestly to be thankful, certainly that is a form of thanksgiving. It is another to realize suddenly in the midst of work the fortunes that have come your way and say "I'm so thankful."

Why should we be thankful? We have a new winter coat? Our grades are satisfactory? Those are certain fortunes which require gratitude, but surely our spiritual selves are bigger, mightier selves that can not be confined to winter, coats and grades. Let us look for bigger, mightier reasons for thanksgiving.

We could mention many reasons for being thankful. One main reason is usually overlooked. It is hardship. The real test of thankful spirit is to be found in gratitude for a reasonable amount of hardship. We work hardest, think best, when the lash of necessity is on our backs.

This year there is a particular reason for thankfulness. The depression has left millions destitute. We should be glad that there are charitable organizations and various means whereby these hungry and desolate persons will be fed and clothed. If we all do our share in helping these people we shall have a real reason to rejoice on this day.

Mistakes

WE ALL make mistakes, but not all of us are willing to own them. Too often we are willing to find some loop hole or alibi whereby we may escape any responsibility for such errors. In a recent Pennsylvania football game, the referee blew his whistle, cancelling a play which had resulted in a touchdown scored legitimately. Both teams were called back; the referee explained that he had erred by blowing his whistle while play was in progress. He said that there was nothing he could do about it. Play would have to be resumed from the spot where he made the mistake.

The players and the fans seemed to be satisfied with his explanation. No criticism has arisen as the result of the blunder.

This referee is a great man. When he realized what he had done, that his decision might change the result of the game, what did he do?

It would have been easier to have pretended seeing some violation by one of the players, but he frankly said, "I have made the mistake." One man admitted his error to thousands. This is one of the truest examples of sportsmanship known.

It is stimulating to find a man with shoulders broad enough to carry the blame belonging to him.

WHAT YOU THINK

A NICKEL'S WORTH

Editor of Maroon and Gold:

I have written several letters of criticism in the past and they were not printed. Are you ashamed of just criticisms or are you simply ignoring the students who read the paper and are not getting what they want.

When the first issue made its appearance this year I heard much favorable comment, but when the Home-Coming issue appeared this was reversed.

Why don't you encourage students to hand in original material? I know of one instance when you refused to publish a parody of a well-known musical hit. It was original and when shown to some students received much praise. The only good column in the paper is Campus Chatter and this was punk in the last issue.

Let's have a Library corner where we can learn if new additions have been added to our library and a description of some of them.

I think these changes would benefit the paper and please the readers.

—A Grumbler.

River Romance

Rivers have always fascinated me. Whether it be the narrow river, whirling and dashing through a gorge or a languid shallow stream winding its way leisurely over a flat grassy plain, there is in either a certain magic which holds me.

I can remember even as a child that going to the river was always a great delight. In spring just as the willow twigs began to show the first signs of green, when only tiny patches of snow remained at the feet of trees on the north side of the hills the river became a great torrent which grew boisterous until its roar could be heard several squares from the banks. Bundled into coat, mittens, and rubbers I can remember going to watch with Grandfather to see the flood. The white birches shivered at the edges of the banks as they stood knee deep in the cold silvery water. Again I can remember going in summer when the river lay blue.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of the Le Platte in Western Nebraska. Here was a great river, which would move so slowly that its flow was almost imperceptible. So thick was it with black sediment that it had a half rucus appearance. Like a great sleepy chameleon it silently meandered on toward the Mississippi. Either shore was boarded by a narrow margin of reeds. To east or west, north or south, any direction you turned, there was only open space and dull green grass. Silence was everywhere and it was broken only by the sudden cry of a reed bird which started from the opposite margin and sailed off toward east where his reflection swiftly followed him as he flew above the river.

Again I recall a swift river in a canyon. The afternoon sun was falling on the north wall of the canyon, and the rocks were splashed with the grey green of sage and lichens.

Suddenly the canyon widened and I came upon a dome hut, with a flat roof, and low door. Just outside was an Indian woman half kneeling as she put corn cakes into the beehive oven of mud. She smiled at me as several bright-eyed children scurried to her side. When I tried to speak English to her she only shook her head, and turned her palms toward me. Close by the river under a popper tree, stood a sleepy little burrow who flecked his ears lazily. Long purple shadows began to ascend the northern wall of the canyon—I was reminded that I must hurry to reach the rim before dark. I climbed up, and up and at last stood on the rim. Below, in the canyon, lay the thread of turquoise which wound its way to the east.

—M. N.

CAMPUS CHATTER

Sam Cohen was recently seen attempting the "Open Sesame" act on the second floor of Waller Hall. There he stood, pounding with clenched fists upon a door, all the while heaping invectives upon him who had lock it. Imagine his embarrassment upon being informed that he was not at the infirmary as he had supposed, but at an entrance to the girls' dormitory. (It is said that he went out and smoked an entire package of Murads in a vain endeavor to be nonchalant).

In Oral Expression class, Richard Thomas was asked to define vowels and consonants. A furrow creased his massive brow; a look of bewilderment enveloped his otherwise pleasant features. But at last—enlightenment. Rising to his feet, he cleared his throat, and in stentorian tones gave the following answer, which is a perfect example of the average Freshman recitation: "The alphabet is made up of letters, some of which are consonants. The remainder is composed of vowels."

This one happened quite some time ago, but like my father's home brew, it has gained flavor with age. In Miss Shaw's Literary class John Krepich was very much engrossed in a tete-a-tete with Ruth Welliver. (What it was all about we haven't been able to find out as yet, but don't get discouraged; we have hopes). But, to go on with the story, there they were, in close (How close? Too close for Literary class; are you satisfied?) conversation, in blissful ignorance of the fact that class was in session. All of a sudden, like lightning out of a clear blue sky, came the question: "Mr. Krepich, what do you know about metrical romance?"

John looked up, and with an angelic smile on his face, replied, "I have not got that far yet." And was his face red?

They were having Parliamentary Practice in Miss Johnson's class when this incident occurred, which goes to show that the Frosh aren't so green after all. A vote was being taken on a question up before the group.

"All those in favor give their consent by saying 'aye'."

"Aye."

"All those opposed signify by the same sign."

"Aye."

"The 'ayes' have it."

During a heated argument in Parliamentary Practice, Ernest Lau got up and made a few remarks. He was cut off by the chairman, however, who said, "Mr. Lau, you are out of order." Whereupon Ernest replied, "Mr. Chairman, you don't look so neat yourself."

It is just as well that we didn't have Stroudsburg scheduled for the Homecoming Day game this year. Imagine our embarrassment. Tut! Tut!

When we see the trouble the editor of the Obiter has to find convenient dates for group pictures, it reminds us of the trouble the senators must have in working out tariff schedules. There are so many individuals to be satisfied in their own little way.

Hurrah! One vote for Prof. Reams, candidate for President on the Snobless party ticket. In a recent straw vote Reams ran only two votes behind Norman Thomas. He wouldn't, however, announce what his platform was.

Whisper! Whisper! Whisper! Whisper! About this Leap Year Dance: We hear that some of our popular young men are beginning to feel a little shaky. You know, there is always that possibility—you never can tell what a woman will do.

BOOK REVIEWS

NICODEMUS

By E. A. Robinson

In this volume of poems, Robinson demonstrates his ability to unmask the human mind and emotions, an accomplishment which is not new in his field of endeavor. Through this medium of interpretation Robinson has touched such themes as the triumph of patriotism over love and the uselessness of fame when it has been won as the expense of human suffering.

In the poem from which the volume takes its title, we have such a momentous theme treated as the relative value of man-made tradition over against the higher spiritual law as represented in the Master. Nicodemus pleads for the upholding of this higher law, but Caiaphas champions the cause of the temporal law, and insists that Nicodemus shall remove "the mad carpenter" from Jerusalem if he wishes to protect his friend. Robinson's subtle irony creeps in when he remarks, "God knows what ails us in Jerusalem today."

Or again
 "There's no security in a subterfuge
 Where truth is marked a madness."

In "Sisera" he treats the triumph of love of country over personal love, in Jael's murder of the Canaanite warrior who throws himself on her mercy. All fulfills the prophecy of Deobrah at the expense of the death of a man who loves her. The poem ends with the husband's comment that he has all to learn so far as women are concerned.

In "Ponce De Leon," the poet reveals the life of this hero in a conversation between the explorer and an old doctor. The theme touched here is the futility of material fame, especially when it is purchased at the price of human suffering.

"Ponce De Leon" reproduces the conversation of the dying explorer and his doctor. The man at death's door has lived a colorful life rich in glory, fame, and wealth, which he reviews with the doctor. In contrast to all this material glory is the emptiness which he knows is all of it that remains. He pictures the hollow welcome that will be his when he arrives home. Here Robinson plays upon the theme of the futility of material wealth and fame.

In "Toussaint L'ouveture" a black man, a leader of the Hatitian people, who has been imprisoned by Napoleon, speaks his mind concerning hate and the blind power of leaders who struggle to heights and there are so blinded by their power that they see nothing but themselves. Here Robinson reiterates the theme which he has touched in earlier volumes, the penalty of hate which falls on him who entertains it.

"The March of The Cameron Men" reveals a woman and her lover who is a physician. The physician has murdered the woman's husband through neglect, and he now seeks the reward of her love. Quietly, with a certain bitterness, she points out that the march of the "Cameron Men" will always stand between. She cannot accept the doctor's love knowing that he has murdered her husband, despite the fact that she hated him and wished him dead. Robinson pictures the doctor's realization of the futility of the deed, and his great loneliness when he understands that he cannot have her love.

In addition there is included in this volume several short poems which are as lovely as any Robinson has ever written. "Hector Kane" and "The Spirit Speaks" are especially fine.

In short Robinson has dealt with universal themes, which he has revealed chiefly through the analysis of human emotions and intellect.

—M. N.

Well! It won't be long now until Thanksgiving and then we can all catch up on a little sleep, or cotera. (Mostly at cotera).

POETRY

THE UNSEEN TEMPLE

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill:
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said, as they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay.
Great is thy skill, O builder;
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts,
None knew of her wondrous plan;
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.

—Anonymous.

TEST

The teacher enters, grim and tall
The clatter and the chatter fall
One moment premonition tells
"A test," she hands the papers out,
Confirms their fears without a doubt;
And wild dismay their laughter falls.

"A test" is heard in undertone.
"Oh dear, a test," they faintly groan
As the disaster's realized
The students petulantly seek
To put it off another week
Till they are firmly subsidized.

Their grief and consternation grows,
They mutter many "aws" and "ohs"
For they can see their end is near
Their faces long, a heavy gloom
And deep despair pervades the room
The timid even shed a tear.

At last the fatal test is o'er
The pupils headed for the door
The questions soon are well discussed
And then three minutes later,
All is quite forgotten in the hall
Of lighter things they talk with lust.

—E. A. L.

MAYBE SO

"Positive knowledge I have none
Maybe it's true or just in fun
But my cousin's husband said
That his neighbor with hair so red
Heard an officer on his beat
Say to a hobo on the street
Who said he'd just come from Rome
And had heard from the orphan's
home

That he had a telegram
Just arrived from far Siam
About a man from Mandalay
Who hear the Japs in Suez say
That a farmer's lad had seen
A lovely Broadway chorine
Who stated the fact 'twas true
A negro who lived near a Jew
Had been told by his brother's niece
That it was written in a piece
Of a man working in Peru
Whose father said that he knew
A student in B. S. T. C.
Who hails from Southern Italy
Who said that now he felt
Sinse we'd put in Roosevelt
Things would follow an upward
trend,
And let's hope, the depression end."

—W. G. H.

PEACE

There may be quiet by a hearth
Where embers are grey and the fire
burns low
There may be a peace in the quiet
tick
Of the hall clock measured and slow,
But I have known another peace
Like the sail of white gulls' wings
Across the foam-frilled beach of sand
The peace of you when you said,
"Dear, I know, I understand."

—M. N.

Down at Pine Knob

My second meeting with "Old Louie" was probably more unusual than my previous meeting. As you remember, "Old Louie" has charge of the fire tower at Pine Knob. Usually the watchmen have left their posts before November, but this year, due to the fact that there has been a lack of rain and much hunting in that section, "Louie" was still there, diligently following his duties. I was hunting in that vicinity when I heard the quack of a duck. I looked up saw a solitary duck flying toward the tower. I followed the trail leading to the lookout and came upon the duck. I was going to shoot when I recognized it as an eider duck. Knowing that the eider duck is marine and seldom found in the interior of Pennsylvania, I held off, and later I was thankful that I had done so. The duck wobbled about the tower, quacking and flapping its large wings, seemingly offended at my appearance, but nevertheless unafraid I continued to watch the antics of the strange bird for several minutes when "Old Louie" came plodding up the trail behind me.

"Morning," he said. "Some bird, eh?"
"Yes, indeed," I responded. "He seems to be a queer duck."

"Ezackly. That there duck is queer. He is as mysterious as those Sherlock Holmes novels I been areadin'". I don't understand that duck."

"Well, just what do you know about him?" I asked.

"Know? I knows plenty about him 'though I can't figger him out. I only had him fer two weeks. Me an' him are very friendly-like. Come up an' I'll tell you how I come by him," he offered.

Having been entertained by "Louie" before, I readily assented and followed him up the tower ladder where we settled ourselves in the homey cabin.

"Wal, 'twas three weeks ago this Tuesday acomin' that it all started," he began his singular story. "I was awalkin' about in the woods jes' kickin' through the leaves an' thinkin', when I hears a loud quackin' noise. I looks up an' there is a flock of fifteen ducks flyin' in a big wedge shape. They kept aflyin' in a big circle about a particular spot an' I sees somethin' queer is up. 'Somethin' queer somewhere,' sez I to myself, an' I starts out to investigate. Soon I comes to the edge of a cliff. Sure 'nough. No wonder them ducks was excited. Right there to my amazement a man's head bobs up afore me an' then disappears sudden like, then bobs up agin an' down an' so on an' forth. Wal now, I ain't no scary feller that believes in ghosts an' spirits so I sez to myself, 'somethin' mighty queer about here.' I peeps over the cliff an' sees to my own satisfaction what has happened. Wal, this here bobbin' man was awalkin' along the edge of the cliff an' he slipped over the edge. Now that ain't unusual, but this feller had on big rubber boots, an' he hits the rocks at the bottom of the cliff, an' bounced up inter the air like a rubber ball an' kept on abouncin' ever since. I hollers at him 'Can't you stop?' and he yells back.
"Stop! Say, I been abouncin' here three days an' if I don't get somethin' to eat soon I'll starve to death."

"Wal," sez I, "I could shoot you to prevent you from starvin' to death, but I belongs to the Society fer Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals." Then I gets an' idee.

"I allus carried a feather cushion with me so's when I get tired I kin sit an' rest. I don't believe in playing tricks on enybody, even ducks, but this I decided was O. K. (if I kin be so bold as to use or'nory slang). I sees those here ducks was eider ducks an' I knows they hates feather pillars an' cushions because sometimes people use eider down fer such things. So I takes my cushion which was only chekkan feathers (but the ducks did not know that) an' throws it out to the bouncin' man.
"Kotch this," I hollers. He didn't know what I was tryin' to do but he ketches it onyhow. Wal, these here ducks got so mad seein' that there piller they jes' flies right at him an'

DAY BOYS ROOM

The Day Room Glee Club is undergoing silent reconstruction after having been severely assaulted during its first practice of the season.

It is sincerely hoped that the organization will be in perfect enough condition, both physically and vocally, to resume its singing while we are home during Thanksgiving vacation.

Walter Hiney seems to be spending his time, formerly devoted to the Day Room, in the library.

The fellows of the Day Room are extremely worried about his health.

The occupants of the Day Room have become scholastically handicapped by their newly acquired habit of playing bridge. Pinochle, consequently, seems to be slightly overshadowed at the present time by the new wave of enthusiasm.

Jay Hagenbuch seems to be having a difficult time trying to explain to the boys that his lock-picking talent has not been formed from experience, but has been acquired naturally. Mr. Hagenbuch, you know, exhibited such talents recently when he picked the locks of the Day Boys' Room, that he and two few Frosh might avoid the embarrassment of having to climb out the window to get out of the room.

There has been much talk of a new Day Boys' Room among the boys. Or is it just "talk?"

We warn you: don't go into the Day Room with a magazine in your possession—unless you're big and can stand the gaff!

Lost! Last Tuesday—One Lunch. Finder please return to Lawrence Piatt at once, so that he might return it to the person from whom he borrowed it.

Now since the election is over the Day boys will have much more time for study. At least several of them were deeply engaged in colorful arguments before, and now all that is settled—unless after Thanksgiving vacation hunting tales and bear stories cause a clash.

We probably won't see any Frosh now until after the football classic. Backyard practice possibly.

Calendar

- November 18:—
Welsh Male Choir—Auditorium, 8:15.
- November 19:—
Football—Oswego—Here.
- November 23:—
Thanksgiving Recess begins at noon.
- November 28:—
Thanksgiving Recess ends at noon. Executive Com.—Board of Trustees 3:30.
- December 3:—
Y. W. C. A.—Y. M. C. A. Formal Dance.
- December 9:—
Men's Glee Club Concert.

knocks him down on the ground an' starts peckin' at him. He jumps up an' chases away the ducks. I must have my joke; so I sez to him "That's one way of gettin' down from a duck." Then we laughs.

"That was the end of that epsode 'ceptin' that this here duck, Elmer (that's what I named him after my cousin Elmer) had a swollen throat so I coaxes him up to me an' I sees he has a goiter. I figgers, bein' that he is a duck that lives by the sea, that he ain't gettin' enough ideon in his food, so I gives him ideon every day which seems to help his goiter. The rest of the ducks flew away, but not Elmer, he seems to like it here."

—W. G. H.

ALUMNI

Home-coming was a great success judging from the number of alumni seen on our campus over the week-end.

"Bill" Walsh, 1926, was one of the Home-coming guests at B. S. T. C. "Bill" was a member of the football squad while at Bloomsburg.

Wilbur Hibbard, a member of the class of 1932, is doing work for his Master's Degree at Columbia University.

"Tom" Henry, 1931, who is teaching at Fleetville, was in town for Home-coming. We will remember "Tom" as President of the Community Government Association in 1930 and 1931.

Mary Bray, Mildred Dimmick, Betty Jones, and Edith Peterson, 1932, were Waller Hall guests for Home-coming.

Frank Gerosky, 1932, who is doing substitute teaching in Pittston, was a North Hall guest over last week-end.

Kathryn Meade, 1932, was a guest of her sister Margaret, in Waller Hall for Home-coming. Kathryn is teaching in Pittston.

Hope Richards, who graduated in the class of 1932, returned for Home-coming. Hope is teaching third and fourth grades in Overlook.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wolever, both of the class of 1931, returned to B. S. T. C. for Home-coming. Mrs. Wolever was formerly Miss Mary Gorham.

Bob Dew, 1930, who is teaching in the Nescopeck High School, was one of our Home-coming guests.

Grace Callender, 1932, is teaching Latin and Science at Huntington Mills. Grace was also one of the B. S. T. C. Home-coming guests.

Mary Kelley, 1931, visited Bloomsburg friends over last week-end. Mary is teaching in Edwardsville.

Florence Isaacs, 1932, was another of the Waller Hall guests over Home-coming. "Flo" is teaching second grade at Forty Fort.

Indian Summer

It is a certainty that Indian Summer is here. The gay leaves have fallen. The frosts too have come. Mornings—and the horizon is misted as with the smoke from a thousand campfires. Nights—and the tang of fall brings a remembrance of the past summer.

It is a pleasant time—as if all the forces of nature have agreed that mankind shall have a few weeks of perfect weather to loiter in the open. Hunters go out to the woods. Farmers can hustle the last of their autumn work without interruption from the elements. The workaday man knows that his lightweight topcoat will not leave him victim to an unexpected burst of northeast cold between down and dusk.

It is well that the roll of seasons include such a time, a pleasant pause. It gives time for breath-taking—before the world in plunged into the snowdrifts of winter.

The Election of 1912

"Closer examination of the election results persuades many a Republican and Independent editor that the Democratic victory was far from being a real landslide."

"The Democratic party must meet the fair and just expectations of the American people, or it will be hurled from power at the earliest opportunity."

Says the G. O. P. elephant, as he sees the donkey take the stage:
"Oh, well, this thing of being the audience is going to have its advantages."

From Literary Digest, 1912.

SNACKS

BY SNICKS

After the recent college information test, one of the most discussed questions was, "Why is a cow?" Can you answer this? After many sessions in the halls and in various rooms, the Freshmen have come to the agreement that the answer is "Maybe."

Recently we were looking through a metropolitan daily when we came across this one by Jack Harwick, "Loving people in general requires constant tolerance, but loving them individually is even more difficult. That requires constant tact, to say nothing of oodles of discretion."

We recently saw a lady member of our faculty out on the campus hunting mushrooms. We deduce this: Either she did not see the warnings in the local papers concerning poisonous varieties that have been eaten in this section lately, or she is trying to chisel the college out of a free meal. Take your choice, the burden of proof rests with the student body.

A psychologist says women cry less than they used to. This isn't surprising. The world generally isn't having as good a time as it did formerly.

Talking about predicaments, the other day Jim Karnes, from up in that rising metropolis of Espy, had this one ready for us. Describe a man with rheumatism suddenly acquiring an attack of St. Vitus dance. We can explain Jim's attitude more fully if you happen to know that Espy is the place where Bill McCollum, the Wilkes-Barre Record sports writer, gets his inspiration for his Lem Edgar snake stories.

There is a little girl in our house who wishes to know whether a whispering gallery is anything like a speakeasy. The best we could do in the way of an explanation was to say that the speakeasy was brighter, not because of what was said but because it lit up more.

—Phila. Inquirer

California complains that people do not appreciate the health value of lemons. We disagree. Of course everybody knows about lemonade.

The man who says "I run things at home" usually refers to the lawn mower, washing machine, and errands.

According to recent reports, the U. S. dare not go broke because about the only thing we can borrow is trouble.

Someone says that jazz is dying. Maybe that's its death rattle we hear every night.

They laughed when I started to make a new kind of dynamite. But when I dropped it, they exploded.

—Cornell Widow.

Now that the election is over we feel that the Social Science teachers will have tough sledding for a while. As prospective Social Science teachers, we sympathize with them. Maybe there will be a revolution or mayhap a new depression soon. We hope neither, but you never can tell. In the favorite words of our popular professor may we say "There is nothing now under the sun."

Then there is the student who was asked to use the word "horizon" in a sentence. It seems he had a friend in the class for his sentence was: "When I stand up before the class, she sits back there with horizon me."

"This one yet." Have the Frosh in our school lost their dictionaries? The other day the first year men were asked to use the word "expectorate" in a sentence. This was it. "I expectorate an 'A' in Psychology."

