

Courage
Under Classmen!

Maroon and Gold

Good Luck
Graduates!

State Teachers College, Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania

VOL. X—NO. 7

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1933

PRICE FIVE CENTS

GRADUATES INVITED TO PARTICIPATE IN MAY EXERCISES

Dr. Haas Congratulates Group in Chapel Upon Completing Their Work; Invites Two-Year Graduates to Continue For Degree.

NO NEW STUDENTS ADMITTED

The end of this semester finds a good-sized group of our students finishing their work at B. S. T. C. To them Dr. Haas dedicated a chapel address on Wednesday in which he stated that they should not become alarmed by talk of unemployment in the teaching field since the unemployment was due largely to the present economic conditions and that the teaching profession afforded a stable employment. Dr. Haas remarked that this time was a good time to get professional degrees since it was a good time to buy anything and on the whole teachers were paid quite regularly even under existing conditions.

The list of mid-semester graduates who will be invited to partake in the May Commencement exercises are:

Secondary Education, Bachelor of Science Degree

Kathryn Abbet—English, Math.; James Bittenbender—English, Social Studies; Fred Kester—Science, Social Studies; Harriet Kline—English, Science; Charles Paulus—Science, Geog., Social Studies; Mary Wolfe—Geog., English.

Two Years; Teachers' Certificate For Elementary Field

Catharine Albertson, Charles Artman, Donald Bangs—Rural; Helen Chapman, Lena Middlesworth, Catharine Quick, Mary Wash—Intermediate; Helen Furman, Gertrude Hornberger, Helen Lachowicz, Helen McDonald—Primary.

Degree Teachers Who Are Receiving Teacher's Certification

William Cunningham, LaRue Daniels, Charles Hathaway, Ellen Hess, Edward Horne, Helen Keyser, Frank Kostos, Marie Nelson, Stephen Olszeski, Rosalie Shaw.

Elect Obiter Officers

Two-year Freshmen and Juniors are requested to meet in the auditorium Wednesday at 10:00 o'clock to elect Obiter officers for next year.

SPAIN AND THE UNITED KINGDOM IS SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION AT MEETING

At a recent meeting of the Geographic Society interesting illustrated talks were given by Miss Mildred Ford and Marvin Wojcik, members of that organization.

Miss Ford gave an account of a quaint old shrine in Spain and showed illustrations from a recent copy of the Geographic Monthly Magazine. The shrine is high in the mountains and consists of a colored nun amid beautiful surroundings. The fact that it was built so high challenges the spirit of the people as they attempt to climb up to its present position. Pilgrimages are many and the historic interest interwoven with the geographic surroundings make it a worthwhile point of interest today.

Sunbury High Takes Honors In Third Annual Play Tournament Sponsored By Alpha Psi Omega Fraternity

COLONIAL SEXTETTE TO APPEAR HERE

Music of Colonial Times to be Featured; Some of the Artists Visited at Our College Last Year and Met With Great Favor.

On Friday evening, January 20, we are to have with us again the Boston Colonial Sextette. This company gave a concert at the summer session of this college last summer and met with great favor.

There are seven musicians in this company—Yvonne DesRosieves, soprano; Beulah Hildebrandt, contralto; Eugene Conley, tenor; Raymond Simonds, tenor; Philip Dundon, baritone; Hudson Carmody, basso; and Howard Slayman, pianist.

Those among the students who recall the concert of the Boston Male Choir last year, will no doubt remember Miss DesRosieves and Mr. Conley who appeared with them at that time.

Miss DesRosieves has a voice of rare beauty and is an unusually gifted artist. Mr. Conley was a great favorite with the audiences last year. It is interesting to note that the pianist is from Millinburg, Pa. He has just returned from Munich, Germany, where he has been studying.

A very colorful and varied program has been chosen, featuring especially compositions from the music of Colonial times presented in authentic costumes of that period.

ANNUAL BAND CONCERT WAS SUCCESSFUL EVENT

The second annual concert of the Maroon and Gold Band was held on Friday, Jan. 1. This was the first public appearance that the organization has made to gain money to pay for instruments. The band was very well received by students and outside guests, who supported the organization.

Mr. Howard Fenstermaker has been the moving spirit behind this efficient musical organization in his capacity as faculty advisor. The organization and student body express their appreciation to him.

Mr. Wojcik showed lantern slides of the United Kingdom and pointed out the geographic significance of each scene along with the historic background. Some of the scenes included the new London bridge, already over one hundred years old, the birthplace and home of Shakespeare, the financial center of London, scenes along the Thames River, and ancient castles of Scotland. This proved to be a real background for the lecture at the Friday morning chapel exercises.

Such talks prove of much value to students in that they supplement the regular work in geography and literature and act as a stimulation for regular reading along that field of endeavor.

Sponsored by Alpha Psi Omega Fraternity; Four Alumni of the Fraternity Enter Casts; English Teachers of College Are Judges.

WINNERS PRESENT O'NEIL PLAY

Sunbury High School Saturday captured honors for the second time in the three years of the Bloomsburg State Teachers College High School Play tourney, sponsored by the Alpha Psi Omega, National Dramatic Fraternity, of the local institution.

Winners of the first tourney in 1931, Sunbury students did an exceptionally fine piece of work Saturday evening when they presented Eugene O'Neill's "Where the Cross is Made." They were given keen competition by casts of North Scranton Junior High, Hughestown, Edwardsville and Lake Township, North Scranton, winner in 1932, was accorded honorable mention by the judges.

Hughestown and Edwardsville presented their one act plays during the afternoon and the other three gave their presentations in the evening. The prize winning play was the last given and was directed by R. S. A. Abbott. It was the third year Sunbury and Hughestown have been in

Continued On Page Four

Dr. Hemingway Speaks in Chapel

"England," Topic of Address; Stresses Beauty and Atmosphere of His Native Land.

Dr. Hemingway, former minister of Bloomsburg, and since retirement from the ministry, a resident of town, was the guest speaker in chapel last Friday. The program was sponsored by Phi Sigma Pi Fraternity whose members each year secure some prominent citizen to address the student body. Alfred Vandling conducted the opening of the exercises and introduced Dr. Hemingway.

Dr. Hemingway is a native of England, although a citizen of the United States for fifty years. He has made many visits to his native land, the most recent being last summer. His topic was "England."

In his address Dr. Hemingway stated that there are three main advantages of travel: It enlarges ones views of life and people; travel validates our reading; it corrects our misconceptions of places and things.

He stressed mostly the beauty of England, saying that it is a "Land of Paradise" and like a "fairlyland." In a vividly descriptive manner Dr. Hemingway described West Minister Abbey, Canterbury, and London. He described Oxford University, a combination of twenty-one colleges, some of which are over one thousand years old. He stressed the fact that money did not build this great cultural and educational center, but great men who gave their lives for the great cause of education and whose spirits are embodied in the traditions and atmosphere of this great institution.

In closing Dr. Hemingway stated that although England is rich in beauty and distinction, after all there is no place like home. He also compared the economic conditions of England with those of the United States.

CONTEMPORARY CLASS PRESENTS PROGRAM

Varied Program Proves Interesting to College Group; Many Comment on Effectiveness of Delivery and Interpretation.

On January 1, the members of the Contemporary Poetry class, taught by Miss Shaw, presented an interesting chapel program. This program grew out of classroom work and had for its purpose and object the sharing of some excellent qualities of modern verse with the student body. It can well be said that there are many fine human qualities in contemporary verse which make an hour or two of reading a pleasure.

The program consisted of the following choral and solo numbers:

1. "The Congo" by Vachel Lindsay.
2. "The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken," by Vachel Lindsay.
3. "The Harp Weaver," by Edna St. Vincent Millay.
4. "Cargoes," by John Masefield.
5. "Florette," by Robert Service.
6. "Boots," by Rudyard Kipling.

Many favorable comments were heard concerning the effective manner in which each number was given.

MISS RUTH A. EISMANN NEW NEW ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Miss Ruth A. Eismann has been appointed Assistant Librarian to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mrs. Breitenbecker.

Miss Eismann graduated from Flora Stone Mather College of Western Reserve University, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science and a Librarian's Certificate, having taken the combined course of Literary Work and Library Work. She attended the University of Michigan, and in June 1932, received the degree of Arts in Education and a teachers' certificate.

Last fall she took care of a small branch library at Edison School in Erie, Penna, and taught in a newly organized "Depression College."

STUDENTS GIVEN DEMONSTRATION OF THE POST-O-GRAPH DUPLICATOR

The meeting of the Junior Chamber of Commerce held Thursday afternoon, January 12, was devoted to a demonstration of the Post-O-Graf Duplicator.

This duplicator is built on the same principle as the ordinary Mimeograph. The machine itself has several advantages over the Mimeograph—the ease with which stencils are placed upon the machine and the low cost.

The chief selling advantage of the company, however, lies in the tools which it manufactures for cutting stencils. With an ordinary stylus it is impossible to effect shadings on a stencil. It is impossible also to produce a solid effect as it weakens the stencil.

This company manufactures a wheel pen which resembles an ordi-

BLOOMSBURG CAGERS LOSE TO MILLERSVILLE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Drop Hard Fought Game by Margin of 30-24; Third Defeat of Season; To Meet Stroudsburg on Saturday.

TEAM SHOWS IMPROVEMENT

The Bloomsburg quintet lost to Millersville State Teachers College, 30 to 24, in a game that was filled with thrilling excitement and interest up until the final minute of play.

The score was close all the way, especially in the first half, with Millersville holding a bare one point lead, 15 to 14. Players on both teams were unable to play consistently due to the slippery condition of the floor, and Referee Greiner announced that he would not call sliding, when they attempted to halt suddenly.

The Maroon and Gold five was unable to offer any offensive threat in the second half, and Millersville gradually stepped into the lead.

Continued On Page Four

UNIVERSITY WOMEN HOLD AN INTERESTING SESSION

The Bloomsburg Branch of the A. U. W. met in the Alumni room January 5. The guest speaker of the evening was Mrs. W. H. Bristow, Chairman of the Pennsylvania-Delaware Fellowship Unit, who addressed the meeting briefly concerning the matter of Fellowship funds.

Miss Rachel Turner gave a very complete and interesting report of the Fourth Biennial Conference of the Pennsylvania-Delaware Division held October 28-29 at Wilmington, Delaware. Miss Turner served as delegate for the Bloomsburg branch.

EXCHANGES IN LIBRARY

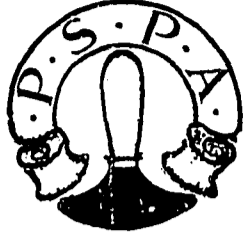
Exchanges have been placed in the Library and are for your use. Please do not carry them out of the room or cut out articles for selfish usages. New issues will be placed at intervals by the Exchange Editor. If you have a particular college you wish us to exchange with, please notify the Exchange Editor.

any pen with a small cogged wheel on the tip. This wheel cuts short lines in the stencil and by filling in with this instrument a solid effect may be obtained. Shadings are also effected with this instrument. Another device for obtaining such effects is placing a 60-gauge metal screen beneath the stencil and going over the surface with an ordinary stylus. Another use has been found for cellophane. By placing a piece of cellophane over the stencil, it cannot be torn by heavy pressure on the stylus.

A very interesting feature of the demonstration was a page made up of pieces from seven different stencils. This illustrated the use of the white stencil.

The demonstration was given by Mr. Husband and Mr. Scott of the Wilkes-Barre agency for the Post-O-Graf Company.

MAROON AND GOLD



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FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1933

ATTENTION! CLASS OFFICERS!

"PLEASE PAY YOUR CLASS DUES." This is the theme song for class officers about this time of the year. Various committees are appointed to make extensive drives to get the members of the class in a paying mood. Then there is the question that always comes up like Perennial flowers: What shall we do with members who refuse to pay their dues? Shall they be allowed to attend the class dances along with members who do meet their obligations?

The percentage of non-paying members of organizations on this campus is on the increase. Maybe the class organizations can profit by using the same strategy that the "Day Girls' Organization" used this Fall in collecting its dues. Officers of the organization stationed themselves at the tables where locker keys, library cards, and chapel seats were being obtained. Thus the student was reminded that she could pay her dues for the semester then and there, and rid herself of the obligation. The girls collected dues with one hundred per cent efficiency. There were no refusals. The girls had a financial basis upon which they could formulate their plans for the year.

This method of handling dues eliminates the necessity of appointing committees and staging extensive drives which consume too much of the students' time.

Now, what to do with members who do not dance. It is unfortunate that this faction of the class should acquire the I-Will-Not-Pay attitude. Since a large percentage of the money in the class treasury is used for financing the dance, we find about thirty per cent of the class refusing to pay because they do not dance. However, there are other expenses to be paid, including the Obiter picture, Flower Fund, etc., and these have to be paid also by the members who wish to attend the dance.

Members who can, should pay, whether or not they are planning to attend the dance. Every student of the College upon enrolling becomes a member of some class organization and as a member of this organization should assume a share of the expenses equal to that of the other members.

In order to carry out the system we propose class officers would have to be elected in the Spring instead of the Fall. This change can easily be made. Class officers would then be given time to plan activities for the next year and could also be on the job the opening day of the term to collect dues.

To avoid the trouble now encountered by the classes trying to sponsor their annual dances, we recommend that the classes petition for a change of the date when officers are elected from the beginning to the end of the year. Also that officers of all organizations avail themselves of the opportunity to collect their fees at the beginning of the year. Senior and Freshmen classes would have to use other means, but Sophomore and Junior classes could use these plans advantageously.

POST-MORTEM!

MORES VINESQUE LAUDO QUI PRIMI ad Bloomsburg venerunt, and if you're weak in Latin, the literal translation is "I praise the customs and men who first came to Bloomsburg." It's just a Virgilian way of stating that this is a post-mortem on Freshman customs. If you're not interested, look elsewhere for your education, but never say you were not told.

May chance it is fraternal concern we are manifesting for our Freshmen, we might be disturbed over their being deprived of an experience which we have had and would enjoy sharing with them. Perhaps, but regardless of the motivation some policy should be adopted in regard to customs. We understand that a committee has been appointed to dig and delve into that dominant but mysterious force "student opinion" and to make some sort of a report with recommendations. We are vitally interested in that committee's report since customs are a part of the life-giving stream of B. S. T. C. The students of old saw fit to establish them and bequeath them to us in the same fashion that the Alma Mater was given to us realizing that a college is thought of in terms of its richest experiences. Take away the glorious part of Harvard or Yale and what have you? There are many arguments for and against customs, but if we decide to hold fast to this inherited legacy of ours let us treat it with respect that is due college traditions. Let us have vigorous enforcement for a reasonable period, let us have none of this dilly-dallying far into the year with half of the frosh obeying and the other half openly defying. If on the other hand we decide that Freshman can orient themselves into the ways, manners, and spirit of B. S. T. C. without

customs, let us bury them openly, giving them, at least, a suitable grave. This year we left the body of customs lying upon the wayside. Let us resurrect him or bury him decently.

THE CONTROVERSY!

DEATH HAS REMOVED ANOTHER MAN who served as chief executive of the United States. Calvin Coolidge was a man whose very simplicity attested greatness. The nation mourns the loss of this wise counselor and clear thinker.

Our Government is becoming complex. We demand too much from our public officials and expect them to cure all the ills of the nation without thought in regard to the impossible demands we make. For the last ten Presidents the average span of life has declined fifteen years. It brings to mind the old saying: Mental work is more exhausting than physical work.

College students more than any other group realize what a large toll prolonged mental activity exacts from health. Not only do they have to be mentally efficient for long periods during the day, but must continue work for several hours at night. We ask the question: "How much time does this leave for leisure or recreation?"

Proposed cuts in school appropriations and school taxes have resulted in many surveys to combat the common idea that teaching requires a minimum of effort during a short period of time. Short hours, high salary, easy work, et cetera, are terms unjustly attached to the teaching profession.

Tax payers who work hard in offices and are exhausted at the end of the day, laborers, skilled workers, who find mental work exacting and undesirable, professional men, who realize that long hours, much study, research, and sacrifice are necessary for success, all are likely to forget these realities when criticizing the teaching profession. And yet the teacher is expected to have the best of training, and give the community real value in return for a minimum salary.

Citizens demand the finest kind of instruction for their children but balk at paying the price. We were almost convinced that people had given up trying to get something for nothing. We believe that the teachers' salaries should be regulated in accordance with the standard of values at different intervals, but we decline to accept willingly some of the remedial proposals made.

A Director recently made this statement: "Teachers' salaries should be reduced fifty per cent along with the rest of us." We wonder sometimes just whose fault it is that such misinterpretations of the value of teaching should exist. It gives prospective teachers something to think about.

Getting Even With Jim

An air of mystery shrouded the old Russell shack at the head of Fox Hollow. It was surrounded on three sides by deep wood and faced the narrow country road. The house bore no sign of paint, half the window panes were gone with rags stuffed in their places while rotten sills allowed the front porch to lean at a peculiar angle.

The few neighbors in Mt. Pleasant Township looked with disdain on the Russells. Some whispered, "Bootleggers," when the boys drove by in their Chrysler coupe; others looked wise and said nothing, though it was quite evident that their suspicion was aroused. High-powered cars swept up to the old house in the late evening and early morning hours, and departed in a few minutes whence they came. It was rumored that local police obtained their liquor from the Russells and perhaps that was why no officer, searching the place, had ever disclosed any information. There had been several unsuccessful attempts to prove the family "bootleggers."

Late in June, State Trooper Stone from Harrisburg, hid for two nights in the grass on the brow of a little hill overlooking the Russell home. Those hours of watch were a nightmare to him for he was nearly devoured by mosquitoes. After he'd seen a number of cars come to the house, he crawled on his hands and knees to a point where he could hear bits of conversation.

"I'm very sorry, I haven't change for a twenty."

A gruff voice returned, "Well, never mind; let it go on next week's order."

"Very well, it will be the same next time."

"Yes. You were right, sir; it is safer this way. Good night."

Soon an old, rickety wagon jogged down the road and two men came out to meet it. No words were exchanged but Stone was positive they carried bags from the wagon into the house.

The following day, confident that his prize was within his grasp, Stone, after summoning two fellow troopers, drove to the place about 3:30 in the afternoon.

They found Mr. Russell, sitting inside the open kitchen door, smoking his pipe. Two boys in their teens were playing checkers near the table where the mother was mixing bread. Not one of them showed the slightest confusion when Corporal Stone showing the warrant, asked whether he might have a look around.

"Go right ahead," replied the father, shifting his pipe and tilting his chair to allow the three men to pass.

The boys continued their game with an air of indifference until Stone addressed them: "Which one of you fellows will show us down cellar?"

Arden jumped up with, "I will, sir!"

He was the younger of the two boys whose bright eyes, alert manner and broad smile at once won the interest of the policemen. Stone thought the boy must be under-fed and surely under-weight. He noticed also that Arden's clothes were wet with perspiration.

The youthful guide led the way down the wobbly stairs. "Well, here we are. Ma has her canned fruit all around the place. Be careful you don't fall over the benches."

The cellar was small and cluttered. Peering flash-lights disclosed cupboards and benches loaded with boxes of fruit or canned vegetables. One corner was filled with wooden crates and broken furniture while a large cherry table occupied the center of the remaining space.

"Hello! What's this?" called Trooper Buck, from the darkest end of the cellar.

"Oh, that is an old still Dad used to run years ago. The law made him stop making whiskey, but he always kept the still."

Arden may have been right, for the wooden still was dark with age and covered with cobwebs and black mold.

"Then he isn't in the business any more?" inquired Trooper Newman.

"No, sir, not any more"—and the boy leaned against the table of empty jars.

Two of the men, satisfied with their investigation, started up the steps when the third spied a pool of water under the table.

"That's funny," said Stone, nudging Arden. "Do you always have water in your cellar?"

Arden caught his breath sharply and stammered, "No, sir, well—that is—yes, sir. Most all of the time. You see this hill is full of springs." A look of despair crossed his face as the policemen began to investigate.

Stone called to the other men who helped move the table. There covered with several inches of water they found a trap-door. After hastily removing the door, the men dropped down several feet, crawled thru a small opening and came into a fairly-sized room. They found a fifty-gal-

Continued On Page Three

BOOK REVIEWS

HEAD TIDE

By Joseph Lincoln

In "Head Tide" Joseph Lincoln gives us another refreshing novel with a salty tinge. A shimmering thread of adventure unwinds itself in the picturesque little town of Wellmouth, Massachusetts. Wellmouth has its two distinct sections, "Four Corners" and "South Side." In "Four Corners" are found stately old mansions surrounded with emerald-green grass, willow trees and flower gardens. "South Side," congested with squalid fish markets, borders the sea with weather-beaten piers that are always lined with fishing smacks and crowded with boisterous, slovenly seamen.

In one of Four Corner's old homesteads resides Elisha Dodson, editor of the "Eagle," the daily paper. With him lives his daughter Nellie—a lovely, tantalizing young woman who is ever faithful to her father. Into their inviting little home Franklin Cobb, a brilliant young man who has suddenly become heir to the "Eagle" newspaper establishment, is welcomed on the eve of Independence Day.

This night is one of wild excitement because of the unique custom reigning in Wellmouth. Each year on the eve of July Fourth, "Four Corners" and "South Side" struggle for the possession of the historic old cannon that sounds the early morning salute. It was during this struggle that Franklin Cobb became initiated into the life of Wellmouth. While spying on the "South Side" he sees Victoria Bates, a flashing co-ed silhouetted against the darkness of the night. She helps him in the conspiracy of gaining the cannon for "Four Corners."

At the celebrated ball, in the evening, Nellie introduces her lover, Carmi Bates, to Franklin Cobb. Carmi Bates, a sturdy, successful seaman, is a nominee for an important office in the town.

Captain Blake, the man-about-town, lives in the principal old mansion in "Four Corners." He is the typical "old salt" always pictured in Mr. Lincoln's stories.

Of course, as in most modern novels, the big interest here is in the romance. The rivalry between Nellie's two suitors, Carmi Bates, the bold bad seaman, and Franklin Cobb, the clever young heir, furnishes the main attraction for the reader.

—Ellen L. Veale.

OLD WINE AND NEW

By Warwick Deeping

"New wine and old; youth, crude and greedy, woman in the ripeness of her wisdom. Raw April, wide-eyed June." The World War left us with two types of people—the old, and the new. The young generation had taken its place while the old was off fighting. The new generation moves swiftly. We youngsters think a lot of our speed, efficiency. But this book gives us a hollow, doubtful feeling. Maybe we are missing something worthwhile in our rush.

Spenser Scarsdale went to war as a nursing orderly. He did not like the war. It had shaken him out of his rut as a gentle, trite, effeminate journalist. When he comes home, he found everyone jolted out of their ruts. No one read the dry "Sabbath" magazine. There was no place for him; his writings were not accepted—they were not real.

Spenser met two women—the first a young girl—new wine; the second, a mature woman—old wine. The girl was partner in a real estate firm. Speed cars were her hobby. The woman did housework. She moved silently, effortlessly. There was no hurry and rush about her movements. She bespoke quiet strength.

Scarsdale loved the young woman for a while; but she was a creature of a different age. Mrs. Richmond literally saved Scarsdale. He liked her masterful silence. She liked his delicate, hesitant ways. She gave him

Continued On Page Three

SANTA FE—THE CITY BESIDE THE TRAIL THAT LED TO GOLD

Santa Fe is a delightful old city. Rich in the charm of the Indians of the Southwest and tinged with the influence of old Spain.

After the long trek from Las Vegas over a sun-baked plain dotted here and there with deserted rough houses, the old city is a welcome shelter from the desert of heat. The narrow streets wind in and out, threading their way around unexpected corners, through the old business district. Here the dingy shops, hung with a myriad of Indian wares line the streets for blocks. Blankets of red and black and yellow, pottery of geometric designs decorated with vegetable dyes, are on display.

The Indian jewelry, which is for the most part silver and turquoise matrix ornamented with symbols from tribal history, ranges from rings, simple in design, to the very ornate bracelets and necklaces. The matrix shades form the palest robin egg blue to the deepest shades of green veined with a network of brown which is the result of an iron combined in the stone.

The symbols often include the ram prayer of these agricultural people which has been handed down from generation to generation. Some of the jewelry is wrought by heating the silver and pounding with tiny iron hammers into the shape desired.

Indian blankets in wool, dyed with vegetable dyes, are to be found in most of the shops. The Sivasitka is frequently found as the center of the design. These blankets and rugs are made in brilliant shades of red, orange, and blue and are highly prized among collectors.

The Indian section of the city consists for the most part of adobe houses where the Indians live in great squalor! Now and then as you wonder through this section a high-eyed Indian boy, clad in an orange shirt, his ragged trousers rolled to his knees, darts by you humming a quiet little strain from some old Indian song.

A Hiduia woman in highly colored cotton dress bends over a beehive oven of mud in which she has placed the family bread to bake. A fire is built some distance from the house on an open piece of mud, and stones are piled in the embers until they are heated. Then a long, wooden pole is used to roll them into the oven. With the oven thus ready the bread is placed in upon the stones and a larger flat stone fitted against the outside hole.

Over the cobbled streets the purple shadows of afternoon lengthen and as we wander toward the edges of the town we come upon small irrigation ditches which are lined with warping willows. From off the desert the hot winds bears the mingled odor of sage and dust.

The sun sets over the towering peaks to the west and suddenly the whole city is transformed by a thousand lights all yellow and sparkling against the dark of the desert. Finally when we step into a shadow for a moment is the glory of the desert sky revealed. The clear air, free from moisture in the mid-summer season, plays magic upon the stars until they seem so near that we feel we can touch them with our fingers.

The contrast to this is part of the old city is the residential section which still retains a vestige of the Spanish influence to be seen in the little iron balconies and stucco houses with arched doorways and tiled roofs.

Even more marked contrast to these true aspects of the city is the modern state house patterned mainly after the capitol building at Washington. Santa Fe is rich in that picturesque beauty of the southwest characterized by the Indian influence and by things Spanish.

This was a city beside the trail followed by those who sought gold. The gold of California which they thought of as ore; gold which we today think of as the gold sunshine. It is little wonder that some of the pioneers were lured by the way to stop and make their homes in this old city.

Snacks By Snick

The recent chapel programs presented by student groups have shown a marked increase in time and effort expended to make them of real professional value to the student body. We feel that most of the credit is due to the faculty committee for working out a scheme whereby extra-curricular and class groups are afforded an opportunity to present worth while material for our benefit. We are beginning to feel that if this type of program be continued, compulsory attendance will have its advantages.

We wish that some aspiring poet would write a poem similar to Kipling's "Boots" appropriately entitled "Steps." Our College is one built of seemingly endless steps. The reason why this writer is unable to write the poem is that he is already crazy dreaming about climbing, creeping, sliding, falling, over steps, steps, steps, steps, steps.

Some of the students have found it hard to leave their vacation flames when classes resume. However, we do not believe it is nearly as hard to say adieu in that case as it is to say good-bye to some high grades that we never expect to see again.

Reading about so many suicides lately reminds us of a statement made by Gilbert K. Chesterton. He said, "Long before I think of killing myself, I think of killing a whole lot of other people."

The fact that some of the commuters are finding it hard to get to the 8:00 o'clock classes on time brings to mind a story we heard recently:

Boss—"You're late again Jones. Do you never use your alarm clock?"
Jones—"Yes, Sir, but I no longer find it alarming."

We have heard it expressed this way: "When a girl finishes college, she always believes that she is going to make a big career for herself—and at the same time hopes, subconsciously, that some nice, irresistible man will come along and persuade her to give it all up for love."

Records show that in 1932 films the word "Woman" appeared 283 times in titles, "Love" 155 times, and "Man" 222 times.

Well, tomorrow we will have a chance to clean the slate and start all over again. A period of adjustment, of bartering for books, and then back to work again. Some will have finished and are leaving us. We wish them much success in their future work.

This one happened in Prof. Ream's class some time ago and is worth the space we allow it:

Marie Ford came to class late one day. No, this isn't a habit, that wouldn't be allowed, you know.

After Miss Ford was seated, Mr. Reams kept staring at the floor in a contemplative manner. Then:

"You know, it always was hard to get a Ford started on a cold morning."

Maybe some day the men of this College will learn that it doesn't pay to date a co-ed with a boy friend back home. That is, if he happens to pack a wicked wallop.

We hear protests. It is claimed that on a Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday one cannot walk down the halls without bumping into couples examining the window frames. No, they never seem to get them all inspected, at least we have not seen any report to substantiate this theory. Anyway, we are tiring of the endless exertion of "pardon me's." In answer to our protest we hear that there isn't enough furniture in the lobby to accommodate everybody. Bog pardon all over

again. We are sorry, but our nerves are on edge.

Now begins a period of extensive campaigning for two of the major offices of the campus; Editor and Business Manager of the *Obiter*. All is fair in war, love and politics and may the best man win; that is, if he can prove that he is the best man to the satisfaction of the voters.

We notice that good old B. S. T. C. has gone in for bigger and better lighting systems, the latest addition being in the vicinity of the post office.

About which some one is said to have remarked, "Why, it's just like a full moon glaring down on you." Oh, my! Is any one using those potted palms that once adorned Long Hall? Why not set them by the post office? Palms and a full moon! What more could any one desire?

We mustn't forget to whisper to you the latest Frosh boner.

Dr. Russell—"Miss So and So, can you tell me what the Hedjaz is?"

Miss So and So—"I'm not quite sure but I think it means Paul White-man leading his orchestra."

It may be treason but we can't help wondering what a good many Seniors would reply if asked the same question.

Some unkind person said, "When bigger fools are grown, our colleges will grow them." Naughty, naughty, Mister. Anyway that couldn't include State Teachers Colleges, do you think?

Take this home and try it on your tongue: Susan shineth shoes and socks. Shoes and socks shineth Susan. She ceaseeth shining shoes and socks for socks and shoes shock Susan.

Just incidentally—research workers in a London hospital have discovered a drug which they claim eliminates fear, breeds courage and stimulates intellectual and physical strength. Oh—Lon-don—here we come.

We ask you to ponder upon the words of Lao Tu

"To know, but to be as though not knowing is the height of wisdom. Not to know and yet to affect knowledge, is a vice."

Talking about Freshman reminds us that we promised ages ago to relay an incident from the sidelines of a basketball game. Red Williams was sitting in front of Sonnenberg who was admiring and inspecting the general contour of Red's left ear. Red turned around and said "I wish you'd stop that. You know I'd be in a terrible fix if you'd pull off my left ear; cause then my right ear would be left."

Logis is logic, but wouldn't you love to know what he scored in the College Info. Test?

BOOK REVIEWS

Continued From Page Two

the keynote to successful writing—realness, living figures, vibrating with life—real life! It was hard for him at first. Reality was illusive. But at last, from that man on the bench, he found the character and theme for his first novel—"Smith." "Smith" became a great success—overwhelming. Seardsdale was the object of unbelievable publicity. People wrote letters of praise and blame, contradicting each other specifically. One feels that perhaps he is having a peek at the author's own life, his first success.

—E. L.

GETTING EVEN WITH JIM

Continued From Page Two

lon, modern still in operation. The room was well constructed but contained no ventilation. A gas stove used to run the still was fed by a pipe leading to a shed at the rear of the home.

A hundred thoughts flashed thru Arden's brain. What could he say now? What should he do? What would brother Jim think? Would he curse him again? They were caught and somebody must take the blame. Would that be shifted to him, too?—And where was Jim? He should be here by this time. He always came at 3:00 o'clock to help mix the mash. Yes, the good mash! He heard them now destroying the bins which held over three hundred gallons. Arden shivered with fear and cold, for the cellar was damp and he had come, dripping wet, from the still room at a signal from his mother. Ah! He heard the Chrysler's purr—Jim was here—he would fix things up. Jim always did. He ran to greet Jim, just as the troopers crawled back through the hole.

"What's wrong Arden? What do these men want? What have you done?" blurted Jim.

"I'll answer for him," Stone said. "I'll wager we have found the neatest distilling outfit in the State of Pennsylvania. Now you tell me who is responsible."

"Well, officer, you have me stumped." Jim paid no attention to Arden's pleading eyes and went on with "I don't live here, my home is in Bloomsburg now. I own a garage there, but I run out to see the old folks nearly every night. I never dreamed Dad was a bootlegger. I thought he stopped making the stuff years ago." Jim nodded to Arden. "What do you know of this, kid?"

Arden's eyes blazed but his face went ghastly white. "Jim! Dad doesn't even know about the still. I'm the guilty one."

Even as the words left his lips, he felt his whole body shake and pictures of iron bars danced before him.

Stone, seeing the boy's need for fresh air, waved them all upstairs. That night found Arden held for court under fifteen hundred dollars bond on charges of manufacture, possession and sale of intoxicating liquor. Jim, considering himself lucky to get off so easily, took care of the bond in town and later returned to help Arden frame up a suitable story.

Jim had always been the brains of the family, having obtained a fair education and being an adept at mechanics. He had worked out the plans for the still, for the piping of water from the spring and directed all operations but left his brother to do the work and take the rap. Jim's job now was to frame a story to clear himself, for he must start a new still somewhere to pay for this slip.

Arden met him with great anxiety. "Will I have to go to jail, Jim? Can't you buy your way out like you did before?"

"I'm afraid not, kid. You see we were, I mean you were, caught with the goods this time and like I instructed, you admitted your guilt. It is possible you will have to go to jail for six months or a year, not more than two years at the most."

"Oh, gee, Jim! Why should I? You made me do it. All last winter I had to miss so much school that I flunked and now I'd be ashamed to go back even if I could."

"Shut up, you fool! Didn't you get two dollars every day you missed? Two dollars is better than sitting in school any day."

"But Jim, I liked school until I got so far behind."

"It is too late now to talk about that. I always keep my promises. Can't you keep yours? Sure you can!—You daren't tell anything on me, do you hear?" and Jim brought his heavy fist up under Arden's nose.

"Yes, I know, but I can't stand it to sit in jail with nothing to do but think," replied Arden, almost tearfully.

"Stop worrying! You haven't gone to jail yet. Now listen. All you need to do is keep a stiff upper lip.

tell the same story and no difference what happens, don't give me away. I'll get the best lawyer possible and you'll be paid for every hour you sit in jail."

"How much will I get, and Jim—how do I know you will pay me?"

"Two dollars a day, the same as before, and my word is as good as yours. If you don't squeal on me—why shouldn't I pay?"

"Well, all right. I think I can keep things straight."

"Sure you can, kid." Jim slapped Arden's shoulder confidently, said good night to his Mother, and, telling her not to worry, was gone.

Arden's mother begged him to go to bed and forget about the trouble. She, too, trusted Jim and hoped the law would be lenient with her youngest.

But the law is not always lenient with a bootlegger. After Arden's perfect testimony that the still was owned and operated by himself and that the profits were used to keep the old parents, the judge sentenced him to pay all costs and spend one year in the county jail.

Jim tried to encourage him by saying: "Now see, kid, what my story and the smart lawyer did for you? Just one year in jail! Why that will fly around in no time and at two dollars a day, you'll have enough for a brand new car when you come out. You are the luckiest one yet."

Arden did not reply. It was hard enough to keep the tears back when his mother waved good bye and the iron gates closed between them. That was the last time he was ever to see his mother alive. She died with pneumonia and Arden was allowed only two hours under guard to attend the funeral.

Back in jail, he weighed events carefully: two months behind bars! Not a cent from his brother, who shrewdly avoided any reference to money matter and who lately had failed to appear on visiting days. His mother, his own dear old mother, could never comfort him again. His home was broken up. His father was living across the river with a married daughter. What would become of him, a "jail bird?" How he hated that word! Did he deserve it? Jim had no right to ask anyone to serve sentence for him. Why didn't he take his own medicine? Why didn't he pay up as he promised?

The days dragged slowly by and each one brought increased longing to get even with Jim. He had not kept his end of the bargain; Arden no longer felt obligated to keep his. Another Wednesday's visiting hours were over. Jim had not come. He would show him! He saw the sheriff close the front door behind the last departing caller and Arden's mind filled completely with the desire to bring Jim to justice. He sprang to the door of the iron cage and called frantically, "Sheriff, sheriff, come here! I must tell something!"

"Why Arden, what is it?" asked the old gentleman, coming swiftly to the boy.

"Get me a lawyer—the District Attorney. I'm going to squeal on my brother. It was his still, not mine. He bought it and showed me how to run it. Jim sold the booze and took all the money. He promised me two dollars a day for sitting here in jail. I've never seen a cent and I want to tell my story straight this time. Please call the District Attorney, Sheriff, please!"

The sheriff scratched his bald head and looked bewildered.

"Go on, send him word right away," pleaded Arden. "I'm on the level this time. I want to tell the truth about that double-crossing brother of mine."

Sheriff Blott studied the youth's serious face for a moment, then answered, "All right, boy. I hope you know what you're doing."

Arden's face was drawn and white as he watched the sheriff walk slowly to the telephone. "Hurry, Sheriff, hurry! I want to get even with Jim!"

A low, soft whistle escaped from the Sheriff's lips. Then he muttered: "You'll get even with Jim, all right! But do you know what you're doing? Confessing to perjury. Perjury! A penitentiary offense."

—Alma Wilson.

DAY BOYS ROOM

It was always suspected, but it has never been proved to this time, that the Day Boys' Room has gone to the dogs. Now, however, we have the goods on the boys.

A few weeks ago a small dog of what appeared to be several breeds nonchalantly walked (and without a Murad, too) into Carver Hall, where it sought the warmth and atmosphere of the Day Boys' Room. In the room it received a very cordial reception from the boys, who have been no, not studying—playing cards. It was, therefore, in this room that the dog spent the morning.

Noon found the dog eating its dinner—the cast-offs from the boys' lunches. Supper was also enjoyed in the Day Room. Breakfast the next morning indicated that the dog liked the boys, and by noon the boys had formulated the opinion that the dog had acquired the habit. It had; the dog eats several meals a day in the room now.

Perhaps it would be worth while to mention that the dog leaves less refuse from its lunch than do the boys. This is not due to the appetite of the dog as much as it is the indifference of the fellows. In fact, it wouldn't surprise us to learn in the near future that the canine will have refused to eat from a floor so strewn with papers, crumbs and pieces of furniture!

BLOOMSBURG CAGES LOSE TO MILLERSVILLE TEACHERS

Continued From Page One

The summary:

Bloomsburg			
	g.	f.g.	pts.
Yaretski, f.	4	1-3	9
Ellis, f., g.	0	1-2	1
Blackburn, f.	1	0-0	2
Jaffin, f.	0	0-0	0
Malone, c.	3	5-6	11
Phillips, c.	0	1-2	1
Shapela, g.	0	1-1	1
Reed, g.	0	0-1	0
Totals	8	8-15	24

Millersville			
	g.	f.g.	pts.
Palmer, f.	2	1-3	5
Stinson, f.	0	0-0	0
Fox, f.	5	0-4	10
Shaub, c.	2	2-5	6
Dissinger, g.	1	1-1	3
Lauder, g.	0	0-0	0
Bender, g.	2	2-4	6
Totals	12	6-17	30

Referee—Greiner.

Substitutions: Bloomsburg—Blackburn for Ellis, Ellis for Blackburn, Jaffin for Ellis, Ellis for Phillips, Reed for Shapela, Blackburn for Malone; Millersville—Stinson for Palmer, Sauder for Dissinger.

College Co-Eds Show Ability in Basketball

The Senior girls' basketball is progressing reasonably well under the new schedule in use since the beginning of the year. Games are played every Monday and Friday afternoon from 4:00 to 6:00 o'clock. The former plan was to schedule games after the beginning of the new semester, but this has already been done and the basketball season has consequently opened three weeks earlier than in former years.

The standing of the teams at the present time:

Captain	No. of Team	Lost	Won
Wenner	7	3	0
Hauseh	10	1	2
Welliver	8	2	1
Acker	5	0	3
Shipman	0	3	0
Landis	0	2	1
Merzonshe	2	3	0
Garrison	4	0	3
Honszoter	1	3	0
Astleford	3	0	3

Book List for Literature and History Students

To History and Literature Students Using This Book List:

The purpose of this list is to group those novels, dramas, and poems dealing with certain periods of American history in order that the reader may have increased interest in the history of and literature about the period.

We would appreciate any constructive criticism of the list, as to:

1. Books to be added to the list.
2. Books to be taken from the list.
3. Regrouping of books on the list.
4. Comparative value of books on the list.

Rachel Turner
Nell Maupin

Period of Discovery and Conquest

- (1) Finger, C. J.—Courageous Companions.
- (2) Haggard, Sir H. Rider—Montezuma's Daughter.
- (3) Johnston, Mary—1492.
- (4) Johnston, Mary—Sir Mortimer.
- (5) Kinsley, Charles—Westward Ho!
- (6) Noyes, Alfred—Drake.
- (7) Rogers, Cameron—Drake's Quest.
- (8) Moon, Carl—Flaming Arrow.
- (9) Wallace, Lew—The Fair God.

Period of Colonization and Colonial Life

- (1) Albert, Edna—Little Pilgrims in Penn's Woods.
- (2) Austin, Mrs. J. J.—Standish of Standish.
- (3) Bradley, A.—Captain John Smith.
- (5) Fraser, Georgia—The White Captain.
- (6) Hawthorne, Nathaniel—The Scarlet Letter.
- (7) Hough, Emerson—The Mississippi Bubble.
- (8) Johnston, Mary—Prisoners of Hope.
- (9) Johnston, Mary—To Have and to Hold.
- (10) Longfellow, H. W.—The Courtship of Miles Standish.
- (11) Longfellow, H. W.—Evangeline.
- (12) Masfield, John—Lost Endeavor.
- (13) Meigs, Cornelia—The Trade Wind.
- (14) Meigs, Cornelia—As the Crow Flies.
- (15) Plye, Howard—Story of Jack Ballister's Fortunes.
- (16) Sublette, C. M.—The Scarlet Cockerel.

Period of Trail Blazing and Indian Wars

- (1) Cather, Willa—Death Comes to the Archbishop.
- (2) Cooper, J. F.—The Deerslayer.
- (3) Cooper, J. F.—The Last of the Mohicans.
- (4) Crownfield, Gertrude—Jocelyn of the Forts.
- (5) Johnston, Mary—The Great Valley.
- (6) Parker, Sir Gilbert—The Seats of the Mighty.

Period of Revolution and Incidents Leading Up to it

- (1) Bacheller, Irving—In the Days of Poor Richard.
- (2) Benet, Stephen—Spanish Bayonet.
- (3) Boyd, James—Drums.
- (4) Boyt, T. A.—Mad Anthony Wayne.
- (5) Chambers, R. W.—Cardigan.
- (6) Chambers, R. W.—The Maid at Arms.
- (7) Chambers, R. W.—The Reckoning.
- (8) Churchill, Winston—The Crossing.
- (9) Churchill, Winston—Richard Carvel.
- (10) Cooper, J. F.—The Pilot.
- (11) Cooper, J. F.—The Spy.
- (12) Crownfield, Gertrude—Freedom's Daughter.
- (13) Fitch, Clyde—Nathan Hale.
- (14) Marshall, Bernard—Red Coat and Minuteman.
- (15) Meigs, Cornelia—Master Simon's Garden.
- (16) Mitchell, S. Weir—Hugh

Wynne Free Quaker.

- (17) Mitchell, S. Weir—Red City.
- (18) Sabatini, Rafael—The Carolinian.
- (19) Shaw, G. B.—The Devil's Disciple.
- (20) Thackeray, W. M.—The Virginians.
- (21) Thomas, L. J.—Hero of Vincennes.
- (22) Thompson, Maurice—Alice of Old Vincennes.

Period of National Life to the Civil War

- (1) Atherton, Gertrude—The Conqueror.
- (2) Atkinson, Mrs. E. S.—Johnny Appleseed.
- (3) Aldrich, Mrs. B. S.—A Lantern in Her Hand.
- (4) Allee, Mrs. Marjorie—Judith Lancaster.
- (5) Barr, Mrs. A. E.—Trinity Bells.
- (6) Boyd, T. A.—Shadow of the Long Knives.
- (7) Brooks, Noah—Boy Emigrants.
- (8) Bush, B. E.—A Prairie Rose.
- (9) Cable, G. W.—The Grandis-simes.
- (10) Cather, Willa—O Pioneers.
- (11) Cendars, Blaise—Sutters Gold.
- (12) Eggleston, Edwards—Roxy.
- (13) Eggleston, Edward—The Circuit Rider.
- (14) Garland, Hamlin—Trailmakers of the Middle Border.
- (15) Hergesheimer, Joseph—Balsand.
- (16) Hough, Emerson—54-40 or Fight.
- (17) Hough, Emerson—The Covered Wagon.
- (18) Hough, Emerson—The Magnificent Adventure.
- (19) Lovelace, Maude—Early Candlelight.
- (20) Lynn, Margaret—Land of Promise.
- (21) Meigs, Cornelia—Clearing Water.
- (22) Nicholson, Meredith—The Cavalier of Tennessee.
- (23) Phillpotts, Eden—The American Prisoner.
- (24) Quick, Herbert—Vandemark's Folly.
- (25) Roberts, Elizabeth Maddox—The Great Meadow.
- (26) Skinner, C. L.—Becky Lander's Frontier Warrior.
- (27) Vestal, Stanley—Kit Carson.
- (28) White, E. L.—El Supreme.
- (29) White, S. E.—Gold.
- (30) White, S. E.—Silent Places.
- (31) Willisle, Mrs. H. M.—We Must March.
- (32) Hawes, C. H.—The Mutineers.
- (33) Mitchell, S. Weir—The Red City.

Period of the Civil War

- (1) Allee, Mrs. Marjorie—Susanna and Tristram.
- (2) Andrews, M. R. S.—The Perfect Tribute.
- (3) Babcock, Bernie—The Soul of Ann Rulledge.
- (4) Bacheller, Irving—A Man For the Ages.
- (5) Bacheller, Irving—Eben Holden.
- (6) Benet, Stephen—John Brown's Body.
- (7) Boyd, James—Marching On.
- (8) Brown, K. H.—The Father.
- (9) Churchill, Winston—Coniston.
- (10) Churchill, Winston—The Crisis.
- (11) Dawson, S. M.—A Confederate Girl's Diary.
- (12) Crane, Stephen—The Red Badge of Courage.
- (13) Drinkwater, John—Abraham Lincoln.
- (14) Glasgow, Ellen—The Battle Ground.
- (15) Johnston, Mary—Cease Firing.
- (16) Johnston, Mary—The Song Roll.
- (17) Sandburg, Carl—Abe Lincoln Grows Up.
- (18) Singmaster, Elsie—A Boy at Gettysburg.
- (19) Singmaster, Elsie—Emmeline.
- (20) Willisle, Mrs. H. M.—Forever Free.
- (21) Willisle, Mrs. H. M.—With Malice Toward None.

College Subdues Shippensburg Five

Last Half Spurt Surprises Visitors and Bloomsburg Scores 34-33 Victory; Jay Vees Win.

After waging a hopeless battle in the first half of the game with Shippensburg, the home team came thru in the second half with a scoring drive that "swept" the visitors off their feet. It resulted in a 34-33 victory.

The team-work of the Buchheit clan was outstanding—every man working together to get the ball in a scoring position.

In the preliminary game, the Bloomsburg Jayvees defeated the Lake Township High School.

ALUMNI

"Vid" Jones, 1930, was back to B. S. T. C. to witness the Shippensburg-Bloomsburg game on January 17. "Vid" was assistant coach while a student here.

"Shorty" Edmunds, 1930, returned to Bloomsburg for the game with Shippensburg.

Pearl Quoos, 1931, was a Bloomsburg visitor Saturday, January 7.

Frank Golder, 1931, varsity guard in basketball for four years, was back to B. S. T. C. to see the game with Shippensburg.

"Tam" Kirker, 1931, also a varsity basketball man was in Bloomsburg for the first home game of the season.

Helen Sutliff was home from Harrisburg last week-end.

"Nick" Rudowski, 1932, refereed the game between the Junior Varsity of B. S. T. C. and Lake Township High School, coached by "Bob" Sutliff of the class of 1931.

Ruth Wagner, 1932, who is teaching at Dushore, was a town visitor over the week-end.

(22) Stowe, Mrs. H. B.—Uncle Tom's Cabin.

(23) Page, Thomas Nelson—Two Little Confederates.

Period of National Reconstruction and Expansion After the Civil War

- (1) Custer, Mrs. E. B.—Boots and Saddles.
- (2) Ferber, Edna—Cimmaron.
- (3) Dixon, Thomas—The Clansman.
- (4) Dixon, Thomas—The Leopard's Spot.
- (5) Glasgow, Ellen—The Voice of the People.
- (6) Dixon, Thomas—The Traitor.
- (7) Hough, Emerson—North of 36.
- (8) Jackson, Helen Hunt—Ramona.
- (9) Page, Thomas Nelson—Red Rock.
- (10) Stoddard, W. B.—Little Smoke.
- (11) Twain, Mark—Roughing It.
- (12) Wister, Owen—The Virginian.
- (13) Zangwell, Israel—The Melting Pot.

Period of the World War

- (1) Bluscol-banez—Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
- (2) Wharton, Edith—The Marne.
- (3) Nordoff, C. B.—Falcons of France—The Derilect.
- (4) Remarque, E. M.—All Quiet on the Western Front.
- (5) Heminway, Ernest—Farewell to Arms.
- (6) Poole, Ernest—The Blind.

National Types

- (1) Cable, George Washington—Old Creole Days.
- (2) Connor Ralph—The Man From Glengarry.
- (3) La Farge—Laughing Boy.
- (4) Martin, Helen—Tillie, the Menonite Maid.
- (5) Norris, Frank—The Octopus.
- (6) Norris, Frank—The Pit, Epic of Wheat.
- (7) Rolvaag—Giants in the Earth.
- (8) Stowe, H. B.—The Ministers' Wooing.
- (9) Volmer, Lulu—Sun Up.
- (10) Wallace D.—Lure of the Labrador Wild.
- (11) Melville, Herman—Moby Dick.
- (12) White, S. E.—Blazed Trail.
- (13) Wharton—Ethan Frome.
- (14) Howells, W. D.—The Rise of Silas Lapham.

SUNBURY HIGH TAKES HONORS IN TOURNAMENT

Continued From Page One

the tourney while Lake Township and North Scranton both competed in 1932. It was Edwardsville first appearance here.

A loving cup was presented to the prize winning school and medals were given to one member of each of the other casts, whose work was judged to be outstanding. Medal winners were: Miss Dudwesky, of Hughestown; Miss Jayne Bryan, of Edwardsville; Miss Patricia Murry, of North Scranton; and Miss Hilda Allen of Lake Township.

Four of the directors are graduates of Bloomsburg and members of the sponsoring fraternity. They are: Raymond Hodges, of North Scranton; Miss Helen Jenkes, of Hughestown; Robert Hutliff, of Lake township; and Daniel Thomas, of Edwardsville.

The judges were: Miss Mathilda G. Kulp, Miss Rachel S. Turner, and Prof. Samuel L. Wilson. Mr. Wilson made the announcement of the awards and Mr. Hodges presented the cup and Mr. Sutliff the medals.

Girls of the fraternity acted as ushers and all of the members of the fraternity and other students were busy during the day entertaining the visiting Thespians. The officers of the fraternity are: Thomas Coursen, president; Aldwin Jones, vice president; Miss Mary Betterly, treasurer; and Miss Alice Johnston, faculty advisor.

The prize winning Sunbury cast that presented "Where the Cross is Made," follows: Captain Isaiah Bartlett, Thomas Lewis; Nat Bartlett, his son, Fred Elster; Sue Bartlett, his daughter, Miss Olda Shortess; Doctor Higgins, of the schooner Mary Allen, Elwood Foltz; Silas Horne, mate, Fred Derr; Cates, bo'sun, Byron Jones; Jimmy Kanaka, harpooner, Belville Kauffman.

Other casts and the names of the plays they presented follow:

North Scranton Junior High, "Dust of the Road," Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, the uncle, Frank Burkenhouse; Peter Steele, Jack Donis; Mrs. Stelle, Miss Patricia Murry and the tramp, Dunston Abel.

Lake Township High School, "Spreading the News," Lady Gregory, Bartley Fallon, Clyde Moyer; Mrs. Fallon, Miss Florence Mensch; Jack Smith, George Wesley; Shawn Early, Harold Mayer; Tim Casey, Daniel Boyle; James Ryan, Elmer Deater; Mrs. Tapey, Miss Cecelia Kupstas; Mrs. Tully, Miss Hilda Allen; Jo Muldoon, Walter Sorchik; magistrate, Henry Deater.

Hughestown High, "Quality of Mercy," Beatrice Mansfield—William Norton, president of Dinsmore College, Lawrence Ditoro; Florence Folsom, formerly Sally Brown, Shakespearean actress, Miss Dorothy Budwesky; Randolph Brown, her son, student at Dinsmore College; Louis Cheviacci; Harker, butler in President Norton's home, George Naylor.

Edwardsville High, "The Minister's Wife," Miss Bennett, dean of women, Miss Rachel Williams; Ruth Trenton, Mildred Albertson, Molly Frazer, Gertrude Rose, Misses Florence Jones, Jayne Bryant, Dorothy Jenkins, Estelle Nysluski; Mrs. Aldwin Parsons, the minister's wife, Miss Sue Morgan.

George Elias, one of the case of the Lake Township High plays, took seriously ill late Friday night and Henry Deater took his place. The latter did exceptionally well considering the short time in which he had to prepare his part.

The regular annual clearance sale of "used" text books has begun in the room. One student was overheard saying the following: "Who wants to buy a good Psychology text? Just like new; never been opened."

All we can say to that is, Oh! Oh! We might add, however, that the instructors of Psychology may, upon payment of five dollars to this department, receive the name of the person concerned. More Oh! Oh!