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Monocel

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The

★ L A C C O Z O M ★

1939

★ C A L I F O R N I A ★

★ S T A T E T H E A T I C A N S C O L L E G E ★

★ A - Z R O F - C A L I F O R N I A ★

★ A - Z R O F - C A L I F O R N I A ★

*A Record*



A WORD IN  
OPENING



*of 1934 and*

OURS is the problem of expressing California not in terms of solid granite or the response of the student body at a pep meeting, but in terms of the best that a teachers' college gives to a group of men and women—in terms of those qualities of life which are the most subtle, the most intangible, and yet the most constructive— aspirations and ideals. Our training for the teaching profession aims to give a coherent framework for this structure of ideas and ideals. Indeed our whole professional heritage whispers: "You alone are not enough! Be of great spirit! Let the soul stand in the open door of life and death, knowledge and desire. Let it feel, think, and live intensely the present moment. Thus, let it make way for a greater future day."

Of such is the spirit of the teacher, for unto her the nation gives her children saying, "Lo! My treasure I entrust to you!" Of such also is the spirit of every Californian.

The 1935 Monocal has attempted, between its covers, to catch this spirit and preserve its pleasant memories. If the Monocal has succeeded, it has accomplished its aim as a yearbook.

THE EDITOR

1935

CALIFORNIA

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

CALIFORNIA

MONOCAL 1935

*Published by the*



Editor  
HELEN J. SOKOL



Business Manager  
WARREN E. BOYDSTON



*Junior Class of*



Seated: Warren Boydston, Business Manager; Helen Sokol, Editor-in-Chief.  
Standing: Leonard Peters, Photography Editor; Elizabeth Roach, Associate  
Writer; John Frazier, Art Editor; Elaine Hauck, Associate Writer.



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## *Dedicated to the Mothers*

OUR fathers and mothers! Consider the instinct of their parental love, the profound impulse of every father and mother to raise their children beyond themselves. For this end they sacrifice; to this end they must attain. A wealth of idealism is necessarily theirs; within it the biological leverage of human progress itself is mortised. All that the world is, all that it hopes to be, we owe to our fathers and mothers, but our words are woefully inadequate to express the





*and Fathers of students of*

debt of gratitude due them. Flowers and cards can't express it; the most beautiful poem can't convey it. There seems but one gift worthy enough to give, and that indeed is theirs already. It is life itself—the life for which they hoped, planned, sacrificed. Would you be grateful? Live well, then, your life, because it is theirs. No more significant gift could be given.

With these thoughts in mind, this, the Monocal of 1935, is dedicated as a gesture of love and gratitude—to Mother and Father.



STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

CALIFORNIA

QUZZSY-JAZ-A



*"So Raise Thy Standard"*



# *High Above” . . . . alma mater of*

WE CANNOT analyze it; we cannot understand it. We can only feel it with a certain intensity of feeling,—this invisible reality, this ideal of human welfare, this spiritual and temporal beauty which pervades the common life of the college. We seek for something that might befittingly symbolize these infinite, intangible attributes. The Towers suggest themselves,—lofty, beautiful, peaceful,—truly representative of all that is ideally harmonious.

Beauty: Standing like two ivy-clad sentinels, they tower into the clear blue of the morning sky. Man responds, reaching ever higher . . . higher . . . higher. Within the shadows of the Towers a marvellous metamorphosis is continually taking place. Student life is constantly casting off its worn-out chrysalis of selfish individualism and is taking upon itself a new raiment, a new humanitarian duty. The world looks on in reverent awe, and the Towers reach still higher, as there emerges—a teacher.

Harmony: The gentle sighing of the noon-day wind, the rustling of ivy, the tramping of feet, all blend into the music of the Towers. Within their radius, subdued murmurings reach the ear: the low hum of an industrious classroom, the stir of the business world, and the prattle of the social world. Other melodies complete the harmony: the measured cadence of students strolling on Main Walk, the patter of running feet bent on some hurried mission, and the hourly tolling of the bell high in the Clock Tower. Each measured beat of the bell's clapper dictates the regimen of our own small academic community; and yet each reverberation is a part of, keys in nicely with, and keeps time perfectly with, the life of the whole universe.

Peace: The moon beams in placid contentment. The quiet Towers cast long shadows on the front campus. Stars twinkle in acrid merriment upon the man and the maid lost to time and sense. Lamps are lit. The student loses himself in a world of academic profundities. A door is closed; footsteps recede. All is quiet. Peace reigns. Night.

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# One Hundred Years of



FROM a reluctant recognition of the right of a child to literacy, to a realization of democracy's obligation to care for the education, welfare, and happiness of its youth—all this within a century. The change from an antiquated little red schoolhouse to the contemporary ultra-modern, ultra-scientific institutions of learning is of untold significance. We find our world remade by public schools, teachers' institutions, colleges, and teeming universities. New life, new vigor, and a new prospect of the future is ours for the mere desiring.

In the perspective of history the experiment but begins. It has not had time to prove itself; it cannot in a generation undo the ignorance and superstition of a thousand years. But, already the results appear, and America finds herself going forward,—all for an ideal!



*Free Education in* ★

QUZZZY-JAZZ-IA  
★



*Section One*



★ *The College*





D I V I S I O N  
O N E



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... Where men grow tall  
In purpose, thought, and  
deed ...



“... Some boundless con-  
tiguity of shade and  
sunshine...”

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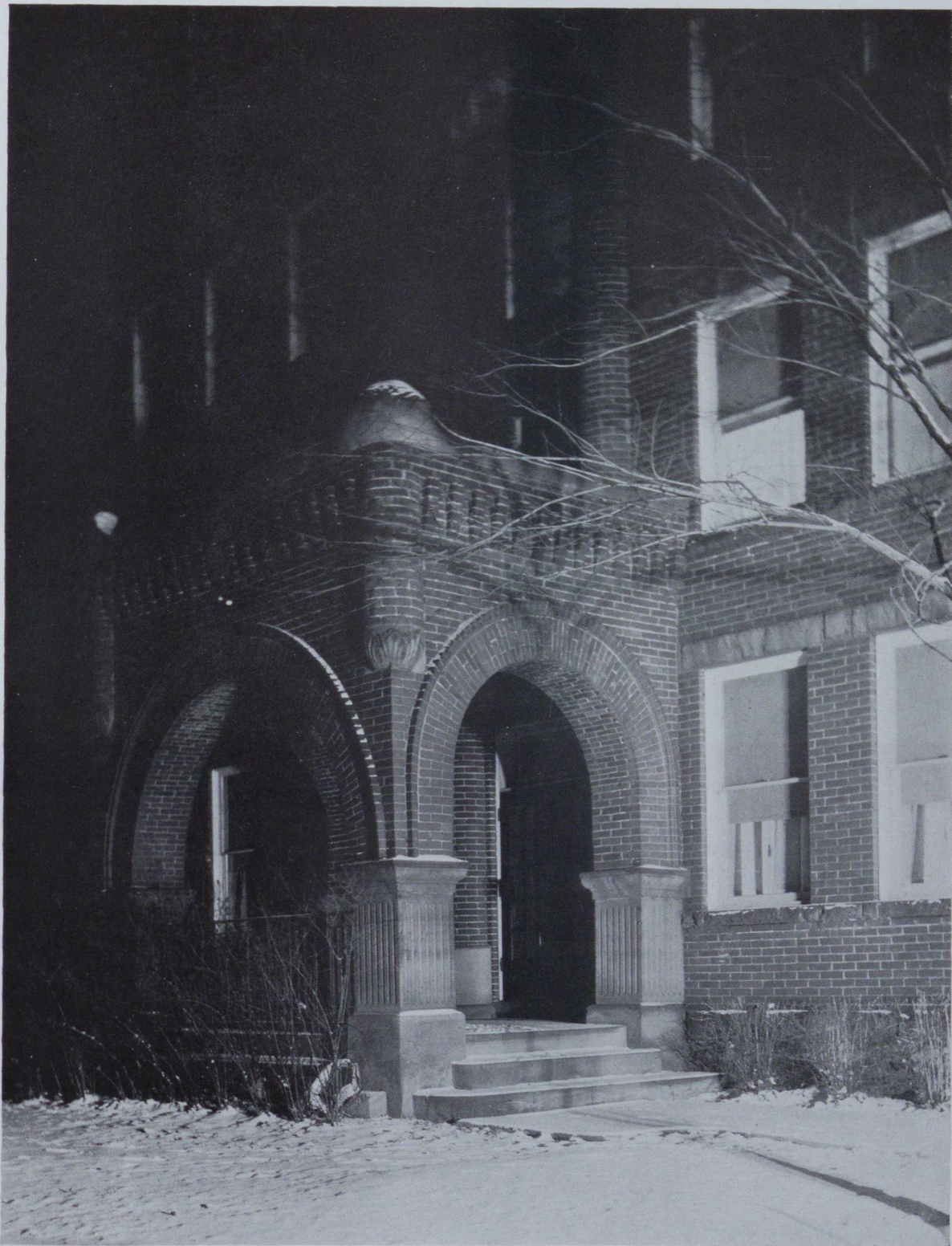
“... And all amid them  
grew the Tree of  
Life...”



“ . . . Vistas of eternal things,  
Shrubs and trees and gifts of spring . . . ”



"... Boughs, so bending,  
veil the matchless boast,  
The mingled beauties of  
existing things..."



“... For here beyond these  
doors  
I've found the things that  
live forever...”



FIRST FAMILY  
OF THE COLLEGE

# THE PRESIDENT WRITES

CALIFORNIA came into being at a time when the opportunity for more than a common school education was the privilege of the few.

It was founded by the sacrifice of men and women who desired for their children a better chance in life than the parents had had. California served in her early years as a preparatory school for thousands of young men and women for whom there were no public high schools. Her graduates for nearly sixty years are found in positions of honor and trust serving their fellow men as this institution served them. While California opened the door of service in this way, she remained true to her primary purpose and sought to provide in every school room in her area a competent teacher. Her service to the public schools has been enriched by the devoted work of hundreds of men and women who composed her faculty and by thousands of her students.

Rich in her heritage from the past, California faces the future confident in her ability to serve even more effectively through trained teachers, the men and women of tomorrow. She sees beyond the student in her classroom today to the boys and girls who will be taught by that student. California envisions a better society developing where social justice is a reality, where houses are homes, where cooperation, tolerance and humanity have replaced competition, distrust and misery. She looks forward to the day when public office is in truth regarded as a public trust—a day when the Golden Rule governs the associations and the affairs of men, and rejoices in her opportunity to hasten that day.

*Robert M. Steele*





## DEAN OF INSTRUCTION HARRY L. KRINER

FOR one reason that a hobby must recreate both the mind and body, replacing, not merely supplementing, ordinary activities is to hold a common view with Dr. Kriner. In support of this belief, he has wisely chosen athletics as a side interest. In his pursuit of outdoor sports, Dr. Kriner always finds time to dismiss his duties as Dean of Instruction to follow the athletic teams on their jaunts about the state, a practice which he has consistently followed for years. Founded on loyalty such as this, it can be truthfully said that Dr. Kriner's hobby is not merely a temporary alternative in occupation for sheer variety's sake, but a constant source of pleasure and an avenue leading to a greater understanding and cooperation between the student body and the administration.



Dean of Men, Paul N. Walker



Dean of Women, Ella Bernstorf

**D**EAN OF MEN: While not untangling some perplexing problem of a student, or teaching his regular classes, Mr. Walker, our Dean of Men, makes a merry chase about the campus in search of these minute creatures called bugs. This merry chase really fascinates him; indeed so great is its fascination that Mr. Walker has taken it unto himself as a hobby. Each hour spent with his secondary vocation added to its age, broadened it in its scope, and attached it more firmly to its possessor. Now both the hobby and the man stand as one.

Dean of Women: In keeping with her duty, offering social guidance to co-eds, Miss Bernstorf, Dean of Women, has taken another task,—that of caring for the flowers at the corner of Dixon Hall. This she has adopted as a hobby. What pleasure she must realize in the course of a season,—she sees life begin, mature, and end,—each phase offering something new and interesting.

# FACULTY



Left to right: Mr. Middlesworth, Mr. Neagley, Mr. Kerstetter, Education; Dr. Kriner, Mr. Gilmore, Social Sciences; Mr. Wilson, Education.

WE STUDENTS early conclude that we have learned to know the various faculty members. Although we meet them in our classes, we really learn to know only a small side of each of them, for humans are like many-faceted gems,—their beauty can be seen only under proper lighting and from various angles. A catalogue of degrees and the contacts of the classroom cannot truly show the individual who is our teacher. Someone has said, "Show me a man's hobby and I feel as though I know him;" for hobbies are really personal.

Mr. Middlesworth is one of our faculty whose hobby is flower gardening,—especially roses. All care ends for him when the roses bloom, and his neighbors tell, too, of gorgeous blue morning glories. If you would be a successful gardener, follow Mr. Middlesworth's magic formula: "Wear a broad-rimmed Mexican sombrero,—while you work."

Pennsylvania's hills have a peculiar fascination for Mr. Neagley when hunting season comes around, for he is very fond of stalking small game. Mr. Neagley also believes that youths should be taught the proper use of firearms; the campus Rifle Club is a manifestation of this credo.

"Who'll buy my violets?"—you've heard the old English air. Now here's a man with zinnias, but they're not for sale. Mr. Edinger likes to garden, and to him zinnias and tomatoes are "the top." Then when there's snow on the ground, give him a good, fast, basketball game.

"In science, read by preference the newest works; in literature, the oldest. Classic literature is always modern." This quotation is very applicable to Mr. Kerstetter's hobby—the collecting of rare, old books. The latest is a special edition of "Don Quixote," illustrated by Dore.

Mr. Gilmore's hobby takes a more social cast than most others: his liking for active association with others has led his interests toward lodge and service club work. In the spring, forensics also take up much of his time.

Mr. Wilson evidently believes that grown up men would do well to "blow more soap bubbles, and spin more tops." Would you believe that C. B. is a toy-maker? His hobby, creative carpentry, was begun in childhood and has led him to evince considerable interest in the work of the wood-shop.

## FACULTY

RODIN'S "The Thinker,"—there's something inexpressibly fascinating about this masterpiece in sculpture. We gaze into the deep set eyes, the earnest face, the work-worn hands; we wonder at his intense deliveration; we admire his thoughtfulness; we feel the power of his concentration—and then we suddenly remember the chess player;—his deliberation, concentration, deep thought,—and finally his move. As we remember, there flashes through our mind memories of Dr. Cunningham and his chess club, for chess is Dr. Cunningham's favorite pastime. While writing his doctor's thesis on spectroscopy at Yale, and as he waited for certain pictures to develop, his interest in chess developed too. "The game is fascinating," says Dr. Cunningham, and who are we to dispute his statement?

Mr. Hurst and Mr. Sutherland both have a common interest—photography. Mr. Hurst's interest in the activity came through a friend who had purchased a camera, and ever since, he has been on the lookout for good scenic views. Incidentally, the gentleman not only snaps pictures but develops and prints them, too. Mr. Sutherland also is interested in nature views and portrait work. He still treasures his first camera which he has had since he was ten.

He has never played at St. Andrew's, but he's still a good golfer for a' that, for when skies are fair, Mr. Crawford makes straight for the golf course. He has also known the sinking sensation that comes to all golfers when the "pill" trickles into a sand-trap. When the golf course is blanketed with snow, a good game of bridge suffices.

If fond father discovered his saw had a few teeth missing, he could conclude that little Shriver had been at work again, for Mr. Coover's hobby since childhood has been the designing and building of tools. Today most of his creations are made right within our own Industrial Arts shop.

The national parks form Dr. Salisbury's chief avocational interest, and he really believes in studying them intensely, for he reads all available literature about the historic spots and other features of his destination before he gets there. Grand Teton in Wyoming is still his favorite haunt.

Left to right: Mr. Walker, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Hurst, Science; Mr. Crawford, Mr. Coover, Industrial Arts; Dr. Cunningham, Dr. Salisbury, Mathematics.



## FACULTY

ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." Man is born; he acts his part; and then he is no more. How strange it is to pause on a crowded thoroughfare and watch each one intent upon his role; the haughty, richly-clad socialite; the rough-shod, unshaven working man; the sweet, young mother; the tired financier; the tottering beggar. Each has his place, and each one silently waits for his cue. Mr. Mase finds pleasure in studying these players,—their words, their faces, their reactions. Thus traveling has become the acme of his activity, and traveling is no fool's errand for one who carries his eyes with him. He keeps his own itinerary, drives his own car, and favors Michigan and the South for his excursions.

A devotee of Samuel Morse, Mr. Hughey's avocational interests are centered in the early wireless telegraph and telephone, and he can also speak quite fluently about Marconi's mechanical coherer. Now that the day of television is here, there is no telling to what heights Mr. Hughey's hobby will carry him.

"To be or not to be" . . . The affirmative claim . . . Poe, the master of horror . . . "Enough of this!" says Dr. Keller, "I need recreation." Recreation comes to Dr. Keller in the form of athletics, his hobby, with baseball and tennis preferred. It is no wonder that his interests are centered here, for at one time Dr. Keller coached high school baseball and basketball and when he was at Albright, he occupied the pitcher's box in America's grand old game.

Miss Carroll spends much of her time adding pitchers to what is rapidly becoming a large collection. Before she accepts a specimen however, it must have a pedigree or some claim to fame. Miss Carroll proudly displays two that are over a hundred years old, a hand-carved rose-wood ewer, and several vases from European countries.

Miss Pardoe's hobby of long standing was bridge, until she became intensely interested in knitting. In her spare moments, her knitting needles fairly fly, for at last she is launching out on her long-cherished ambition—to make a hand-knitted dress.

Left to right: Mr. Hughey, Miss Carroll, Dr. Keller, Miss Pardoe, Mr. Mase, English.



## FACULTY



Left to right: Mr. Steers, Mr. Schreiner, Mr. Grove, Miss Hildreth, Physical Education; Mr. Harding, Mrs. Grimes, Geography.

If a man's house is his castle, then surely it must be a woman's palace, for woman has always been interested in changing a mere house into home, sweet home. A hooked rug before the flickering fire, a candlewick spread on the bed, needle-point decorations about the room, crisp, white curtains at the windows,—these are the testimonials of a woman's homemaking ability. These, too, are the things in which Mrs. Grimes finds her greatest pleasure.

For Miss Hildreth, however, out-door life holds forth the greatest promise of a recreated life. Camping, swimming, fishing, boating—just give her some touch of nature's genial glow and she'll find her happiness.

Mr. Grove, too, goes back to nature to seek enjoyment. Last summer, the Michigan woods served as the panoramic background for his camping adventures, but New York's Lake George is still his favorite haunt. Wherever there's water, there also is Mr. Grove's tent, for camping isn't camping unless there's swimming too.

Mr. Harding modestly refers to his hobby as "baritoning," for his avocational interest is music, with emphasis upon vocalizing. At one time he was drum-major of a band,—tall, fur hat, baton, and all. Furthermore, he likes to play the piano,—and he occasionally paints chinaware, too.

When summer comes, Coach Steers seats himself behind the steering wheel,—and away he goes. The motto "See America First" being his guiding principle, he has toured all parts of the United States. Of all the places he has visited, the state of Arizona and the Black Hills of the Dakotas remain the choice spots of the continent.

A hobby is usually thought of as a relief from the presumably serious vocational duties, but Mr. Schreiner, unusual in every respect, also has an unusual hobby: the study of philosophy. There is no better way of explaining this peculiar interest than with his own quaint words: "My hobby is to be alone,—by myself,—and to commune with the old-time philosophers; to learn what they believed, what they knew, and what they were. And when I'm not alone, I like to travel the wide world over."

## FACULTY



Left to right: Mr. Halstead, Miss Myers, Dr. Veon, Music; Miss Hazen, Miss Leacock, Art.

A GARDEN is a wondrous thing. In it are placed seeds and fragile plants and then through weeks and months they are tended with care. Surely anyone who has planted a seed and seen it sprout has felt the thrill that comes from observing quickening life,—the promise of repaid care and nurture. The gardener perhaps sows, and plants, and invests a bit of his own personality in his beds. The flowers by grace of the beauty of form and color and perfume mirror it back to him. He is a part of his garden; the garden is his. So with Mr. Halstead, who directs a vocal chorus in school, and goes home to direct a silent chorus of growing flowers and vegetables. He is quite proud of his products, yet quite modest, too, for they are entered only in a home table exhibition. The stately dahlia is his choice among the kingdom of the flora.

Miss Myers chooses to go "way down South" each time she seeks diversion, for traveling is to her the greatest thing in the world. She uses her own car, drives it herself, and seeks no back-seat drivers. To see things as they really are in travel, rather than letting an active mind run away with one, Miss Myers believes, is perhaps the best thing for regulating one's imagination.

"Reading maketh a full man," and traveling adds to that fullness, so Dr. Veon is evidently a well versed personage. His spare time is divided between the two activities. He has trekked all over Europe but, liking all of the Old World, he has no favorite spots.

Since art is long and time is fleeting, Miss Hazen combines her work and play to outwit the hands of time. Wherever she goes, there goes her brush and easel. She is also interested in the local arts of different communities, especially that of the native Indians of our Southwest. Work with stage settings is her second choice.

Hardy perennials first, and then all other members of the flowery kingdom demand much of Miss Leacock's time. She likes best to transplant wild plants although she is very fond of the Bitter-sweet vine, the Iris, and the Delphinium.

## FACULTY

**D**ID you ever stop to think that flowers, like humans are possessed of expressive countenances? Some seem to smile; some have sad expressions; others are sweetly pensive; others again are cheerfully joyous; and some are plain, honest, and upright. Looking upon them in this light, there must then be some proper way of putting these flowers together in forming bouquets, and that art is Mrs. Brown's hobby. Although she does some floral gardening, she finds no greater happiness in anything than arranging flowers into bouquets having expressive and distinctive personalities.

Philately and genealogy are the erudite titles of the hobbies which fascinate Miss Cleaveland. To say that she is a stamp-collector and explorer of family trees would be a more informal way of expressing it. Miss Cleaveland became interested in genealogy through the work with the Daughters of the American Revolution, and we are also told that her father was a stamp-collector before her.

A bibliophile working in a library seems like one of those ideal adjustment situations that is often discussed but seldom realized. This is, nevertheless, the case with Miss Wickersham. Her love of books is a love which requires neither justification, nor apology, and if a librarian chooses it as both a vocation and an avocation,—why that's quite all right. Her regard for books must certainly find ample room for expression in a library of about fifteen thousand volumes.

A weighty problem engrosses Nurse King, for she is chiefly interested in getting the students at California to tip the scales at just the proper angle. She likes to give chocolate milk to those who are very thin, for she believes that excessive thinness,—like excessive obesity,—prevents the students from doing the best piece of work they are capable of producing.

Miss Van Cleave, dietitian, is another devotee of flower-gardening. Lacking a private plot of her own, she proceeded to make the campus her garden, and certain spots have blossomed forth at her touch into bowers of beauty. Tulips in the spring, and zinnias in the fall keep Dixon's end of the campus aglow with color the year around.

**Left to right: Miss Wickersham, Assistant Librarian; Miss Cleaveland, Librarian; Miss Van Cleave, Dietitian; Mrs. Brown, Matron; Mrs. King, Resident Nurse.**





# FACULTY

ISTZ'S piano was to him what a boat is to the seaman, what a horse is to the Arab. It's yielding keys obey the player's every whim and mood,—whether it be capricious or lilting, joyous or melancholy. There is no diviner way of seeking self-expression. Perhaps this is why Miss Hornbake considers the piano her hobby. Even now she is studying the king of instruments under Dr. Veon, for she prefers above all else the classical music. It speaks the universal language of all mankind.

The grand, divine, eternal drama furnishes Miss Sell with a peculiarly satisfying hobby. All phases of the theatre appeal to her,—and it has ever been thus,—for amateur experience has served to add the necessary personal touch. Miss Sell evinces her dramatic instincts in her travel, even in foreign lands, for she is continually studying character types.

To Miss Ward, cooking is an everlasting diversion. If the culinary art may be classed as a fine art, then Miss Ward's hobby should inspire a great deal of artistic appreciation, for at one time she prepared a prune and date souffle which won a prize. Unlike so many feminine aspirants, she has truly been successful in that phase of home life which makes for better or for worse.

Another culinary artist appears in the person of Miss Connelly. She likes to concoct the fancier dishes,—anything as long as it appeals to the eye and stirs the appetite. In being concerned mostly with the appearance of her creations, Miss Connelly forgets the old adage: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," for she reasons that "if it looks all right, it is all right,—so why worry?"

If all the inhabitants of the Monongahela Valley had Mrs. Conlon's enthusiasm for flower-gardening, ours would be one of the world's wonder-spots of beauty. In the summer, when her duties as Bursar are forgotten, she spends endless hours working among her flowers. Even her young daughter has become imbued with this great interest, and she too helps her mother to reap a harvest of blossoms.

Left to right: Miss Sell, Registrar; Miss Hornbake, Clerk; Mrs. Conlon, Bursar; Miss Ward, Supply Room Manager; Miss Connelly, Secretary to the President.



## FACULTY



Left to right: Miss Johnson, Miss Jones, Miss Sacco, Demonstration School; Dr. Gilland, Director of Training Schools; Miss Escher, Miss Graham, Mrs. Montgomery, Demonstration School.

HERE'S never a mind so young but that it bares a challenge, nor is there ever a heart so tiny that it cannot demand its share of sympathetic understanding. All things around a child interest him, all things are strange, all things demand explanation,—and happy is she whose lot it is to satisfy his tiny yearning. Miss Escher long ago responded to the call, and has made all of nature her hobby, "For one must know nature," says Miss Escher, "if one wants to teach a first grader; how, otherwise, could one hope to answer such a question as this: 'If a worm comes out of the same hole he crawled into, does he have to come out backwards?'" Little wonder that she also spends her summers camping—gypsy-style, too!

Gounod wrote "Funeral March of a Marionette," but Miss Sacco hopes that her marionettes will have better fates than that which befell his dramatic doll. She collects materials on puppets, and wants to have her own collection of model dolls some day.

The average person's repertoire of birds consists of the sparrow, the robin, and the crow; but Miss Jones can name every bird that appears on our campus. She studied birds while at Cornell, and they are still her favorite hobby.

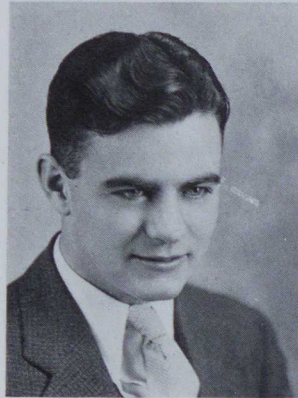
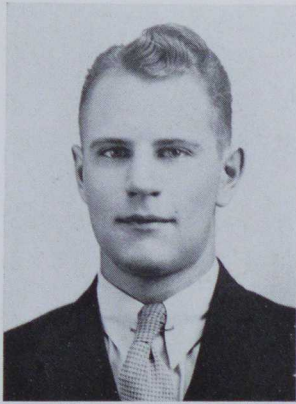
Miss Johnson is another disciple of the revived art of knitting. Although the hobby is new with her, it affords many pleasant hours, and is yielding gratifying results.

A spoon to most people is an eating implement to be used in particular situations at the dinner table; to Dr. Gilland, however, a spoon is a golf club to be used in particular situations on the golf course. This game is his boon vacation companion, although he supplements it with reading of a varied nature.

Miss Graham's hobby, collecting antique glassware, started when she became interested in completing a rare berry set of the grape-vine pattern, which her grandmother had owned. Today she has an extensive collection of odd pieces that she has found in queer, out-of-the-way shops.

Mrs. Montgomery likes to read, but doesn't consider that her hobby. She claims to have, instead, more of a besetting sin: "talking on subjects which perhaps interest nobody but myself."

# THE CLASS



President, Andrew Willson  
Vice-President, Alan Beamer



WHEN the class of 1935 came to California four years ago, Dr. Steele leaned over the pulpit and told the youngsters that teaching was a noble profession; Dr. Kriner added the exclamation point; "Hoppy" ran Herron Hall; and Sam Cravotta talked about his Brother Joe.

During that memorable Freshman year, the Sophomore class invited them to run the gauntlet. They did. On the second invitation they did not. That group of diplomats argued with the Freshmen saying, "It's tradition! If you let us paddle you this year, you can paddle the Freshmen next year." The beginners did not choose to run. Rather, they complacently wore the ordinary dinks and armbands. Among the wearers of the green were Beamer, Braunger, Bennett, and Cravotta, who banded together for mutual protection. They're still banded. Doug Phillips was there, too, with a big Pepsodent smile. He still has it. And Carleton Squires still bears the Wilson epithet of "Uncle Sam."

The Freshman Mixer came into vogue then and these Freshmen danced a few scared steps, for they

sinned in the name of a great cause. Aside from instituting a famous "card system" for certain history classes, they sinned no more, until they became Sophomores.

In '32, hey became Sophomores and inconsistently began to "pick" upon the new Freshmen—much to their own sorrow—even though Titus and Towner could wield meaner paddles than anyone in Western Pennsylvania.

Buell, Buell, and Buell became famous for their brotherly love.

The Traveling Men shifted headquarters from you know where to you know where. Everyone north of Roscoe was pleased, including Mike Herk. The Colonial Room was also opened as the social spot for socializing students.

Many new identities were established. Billy Young started to run Hammer and Tongs, and the latter began to run Bob Johnston. "Toady" Yarnall became identified with College Players; Maxine Coulson belonged to W.A.A.; and the Provincial Room belonged to Helen Smith.

The new-fangled goo on the tennis court caught fire. Mr. Pollock absent-mindedly put it out while Dick Fleming argued it pro and con.

Somebody said that "Boomer" Shrader was a Montana cowboy. He wasn't. Some other else said Elgie would never fall in love. He hasn't.

Val Kovacs came to California from W.-J. The class is still rejoicing because they found somebody who could do their calculus for them.

Mr. Sutherland lost his Biology notes one day; Dr. Keller still liked powerful poetry; and "What do you have to urge?" rapidly became traditional.

This class gained for itself the distinction of having had the last "Sophomore Day" in the school's history. Jim Hare carried off the tin "marble tournament" trophy, but it still isn't known who won the chariot race.

Somehow the group became known as Juniors, and at about this time Probert became

## OF 1935



popularly identified with the California Cadets, and the Cadets became identified with each and every school dance.

Holliday, Bridge, Thomas, and Johnston almost let Shutterly's Fraternity go national on us, but there was too much objection from the side-lines.

Herb Lewis popularized the Monocal while Chuck did the dirty work. Moore Pop-corn and Mahaney's "Lizzie" survived the verbal onslaught, while the Wilson brothers continued running a taxi concern, and Squires and Hanel competed in the milk distributing business.

Someone in Washington, D. C., became benevolent and the boys began washing walls, raking leaves, painting, and collecting Federal Aid checks.

"Dwight Barkley discovered that he too appealed to the co-eds."—Our apologies, Probert.

Dr. Steele took time out during the mid-year graduation to explain that a lemon-colored tassel on their mortar boards means that Miss Cleaveland and Miss Wickersham hold Bachelors in Library Science degrees.

Someone discovered that the Boswell sisters were living incognito in South Hall; whereupon the boys promptly decided to spend "Ten Nights in a Bar Room."

Horwitz came tearing in from Pitt with first-class lessons in bridge, and Langely came too—from West Virginia—bringing the Mountaineer disdain for the Panthers. Horwitz lost popularity with the Industrial Arts men.

Baseball took on a new light, with one Bob Klare holding down first base. Meanwhile, "my dog Howdy" and all the dialectic flourishes belonging therewith became the chief topic of conversation in South Hall.

After final examinations, the class discovered that in '35 they'd all be Seniors. Some started to worry about student teaching. Others considered the critic teachers' side, too.

The chapel programs became bigger and better—what with dancers, symphony bands, choirs, et al. So the administration put one over and created a compulsory weekly chapel. Whereupon Mr. Halstead and the Men's Glee Club set up a great rejoicing, whereas in other sections there was weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Buddie's Harbor was still a favorite hang-out, and if the gang wasn't there, you'd find it up in the dormitory playing "Depression Rum."

This new thing called Student Cooperative Government was ratified once-and-for-all. As luck would have it, this auspicious body opened up the Provincial Room for all ping-pong enthusiasts.

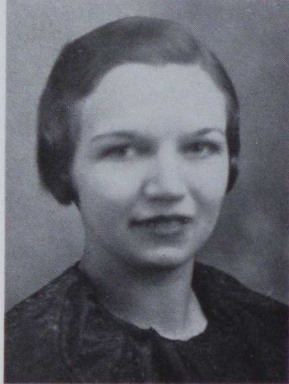
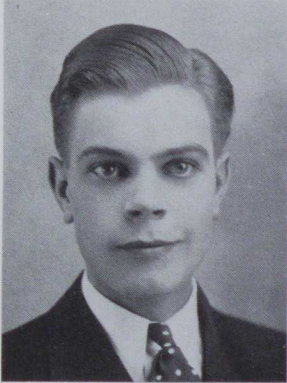
The last few high spots, as of course they always are, are the Senior Ball, the Senior Banquet, Baccalaureate, and then—sheepskins.

Now that they are about to leave California, they find that Dr. Steele still leans over the pulpit and tells the youngsters that teaching is a noble profession, that Dr. Kriner adds the exclamation point, that "Hoppy" still runs Herron Hall, and that Cravotta still has a Brother Joe.



Secretary, Martha Kilpela  
Treasurer, Herbert Lewis

# SENIORS



Isabelle R. Aitken, Belle Vernon, Pa.  
Elementary Education

W.A.A.; Monvalea; Photography Club;  
Secretary, Gamma Pi Chi; Traveling Women's Council.

Dwight W. Barkley, Somerset, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Y.M.C.A.; Rifle Club; Science-Math Club;  
Cross Country; Vice-President, Clio.



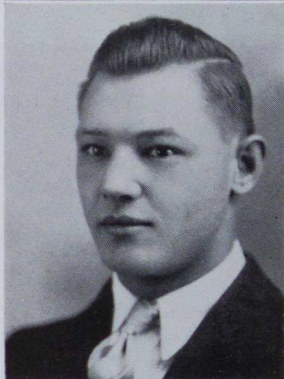
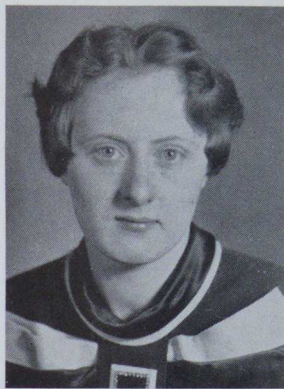
Gertrude A. Bell, California, Pa.  
Secondary Education

W.A.A.; Science-Math Club; Vice-President,  
Pi Gamma Mu; Secretary, Junior Class;  
Monvalea.

Dave F. Bennett, Keisterville, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

Football; Baseball; President, Rifle Club;  
Varsity Club; Intra-mural Basketball; Glee  
Club; Y.M.C.A.

# SENIORS



Alda E. Blackburn, Belle Vernon, Pa.  
Secondary Education  
Science-Math Club; W.A.A.; Monvalea.

Cietta N. Bozier, California, Pa.  
Elementary Education  
Philo; W.A.A.; Y.W.C.A.

Thomas P. Braunger, Turtle Creek, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

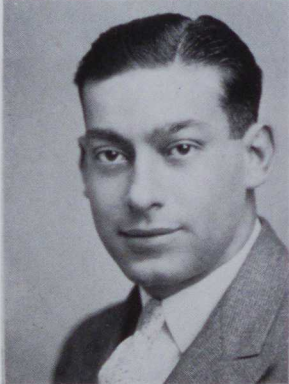
Football; Intra-mural Basketball; Varsity Club; Y.M.C.A.; Eleusium Club; Baseball, Manager.

Edward B. Bridge, Latrobe, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Y.M.C.A.; Football; Varsity Club; Tribunal; Rifle Club; Intra-mural Basketball.



# SENIORS



James B. Buell, Belle Vernon, Pa.  
Secondary Education

President, Y.M.C.A.; College Players; Student Cabinet; Traveling Men's Council; Track; Chess Club.

Norma G. Bugle, Wilson, Pa.  
Elementary Education

Vice-President, Gamma Pi Chi; Representative, Student Congress.



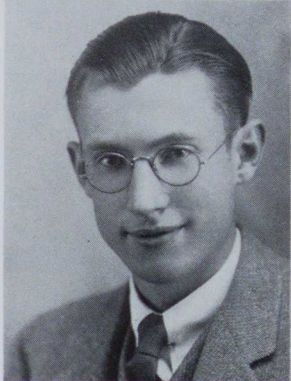
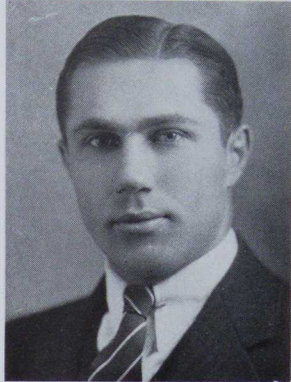
Maxine L. Coulson, Donora, Pa.  
Secondary Education

President, W.A.A.; College Players; Student Congress; President, Traveling Women's Council; President, Gamma Pi Chi; Student Handbook.

Samuel A. Cravotta, Greensburg, Pa.  
Secondary Education

President, Hammer and Tongs; Men's Glee Club; South Hall Council; Y.M.C.A.; Rifle Club; Intra-mural Basketball.

# SENIORS



Virginia L. Coatsworth  
California, Pa.  
Secondary Education

President, Sigma Tau Lambda; College Players; Secretary, Alpha Psi Omega; Student Congress; W.A.A.

Leon R. Dal Canton, California, Pa.  
Secondary Education

President, Varsity Club; Football; Baseball; Intra-mural Basketball; Science-Math Club.

Richard M. Fleming, Monessen, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Traveling Men's Council; Science-Math Club; College Players; Alpha Psi Omega.

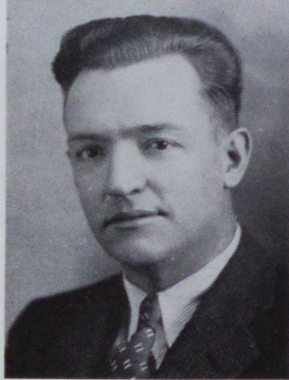
Mary J. Glott, California, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Geography Club; Clio; Monvalea.





# SENIORS



Ethel J. Grossman, S. Brownsville, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Treasurer, Traveling Girls' Council; Pi Gamma Mu; College Players; Monvalea; Photography Club.

Charles L. Hanel, Roscoe, Pa.  
Secondary Education

College Players; President, Alpha Psi Omega; Men's Glee Club; Student Congress.

James E. Hare, Fayette City, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

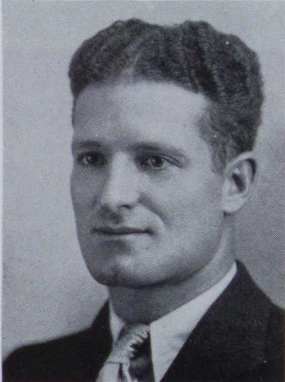
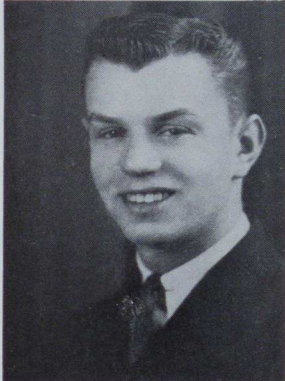
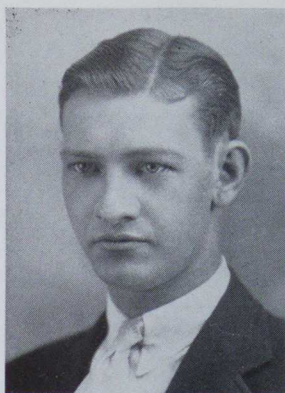
President, Philo; Tumbling; Eleusium Club; Glee Club; Track; Recreation Council; Y.M.C.A.

Charles L. Haney, Uniontown, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Tennis; Debating.



# SENIORS



Joseph C. Hayes, Donora, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Glee Club; Student Congress; Phi Sigma Pi;  
Inter-Collegiate Constitutional Convention;  
Science-Math Club; Intra-mural Basketball.

Edmund J. Haywood, California, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Student Congress Representative; Y.M.  
C.A.; Rifle Club; Intra-mural Basketball;  
Tumbling.

Michael J. Herk, Donora, Pa.  
Secondary Education

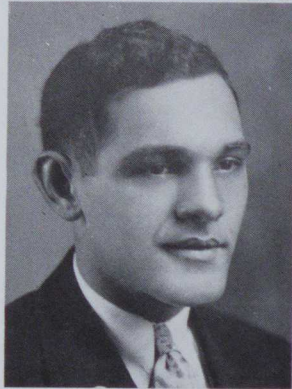
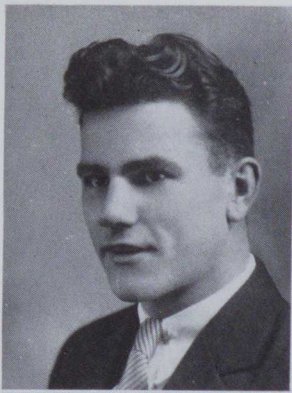
Varsity Club; Varsity Basketball.

John R. Holliday, Scottdale, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Tribunal; Football; Tumbling; Varsity Club;  
Rifle Club.



# SENIORS



L. Walter Hornbake, California, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

Varsity Football; Varsity Club; Y.M.C.A.;  
Intra-mural Basketball.

Arthur A. Horwitz, Cokeburg, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Y.M.C.A.; Student Congress; Sports Editor,  
Hammer and Tongs; Science-Math Club;  
Intra-mural Basketball.

Martha E. Houtari, Monessen, Pa.  
Elementary Education

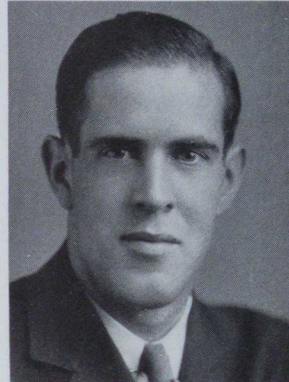
Gamma Pi Chi; Monvalea; W.A.A.; Geog-  
raphy Club.

Robert Johnston, Clairton, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Y.M.C.A.; President, Sophomore Class;  
Hammer and Tongs, Director; Intra-mural  
Basketball; Science-Math Club.



# SENIORS



Donald J. Langley, Uniontown, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education  
Rifle Club.

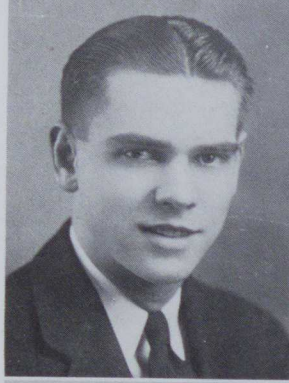
Julia V. McMurray, California, Pa.  
Elementary Education  
Geography Club; Monvalea.

Olan T. Mahaney, California, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education  
Y.M.C.A.; Rifle Club.

Walter P. Martin, Washington, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education  
President, Eleusium Club; Rifle Club; Varsity  
Wrestling; Art Editor, Monocal '33, '34.



# SENIORS

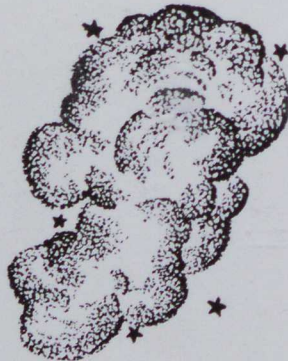


Grace A. Mundell, Mapletown, Pa.  
Elementary Education

Glee Club; Orchestra.

Charles F. Moore, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

Varsity Club; Varsity Basketball, Manager;  
Intra-mural Basketball; Y.M.C.A.; Dad's Day  
Chairman; South Hall Council; Rifle Club.



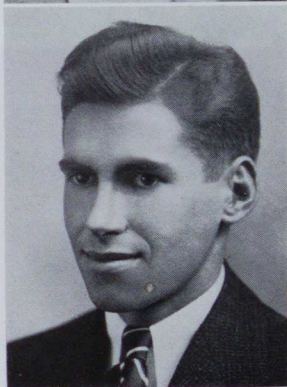
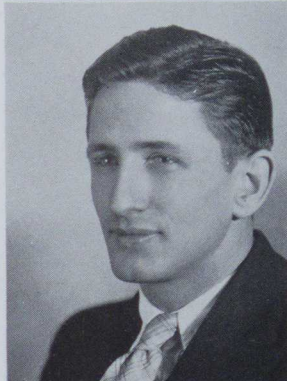
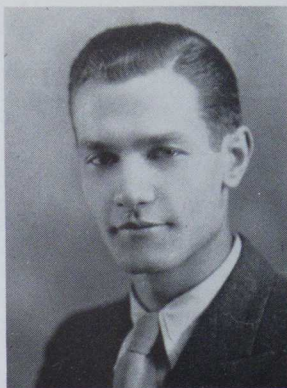
Ethel E. Neasom, Coal Center, Pa.  
Elementary Education

College Players; Y.W.C.A.; W.A.A.

Douglas J. Phillips, Jerome, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

President, Freshman Class; Football; Track;  
Y.M.C.A.; President, South Hall Council;  
Cross Country.

# SENIORS



Charles W. Probert, California, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

Editor-in-Chief, Monocal '34; Vice-President, Phi Sigma Pi; Varsity Club; Tennis; Glee Club; Representative Student; Student Congress.

Paul B. Redinger, Washington, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

Secretary, Rifle Club; Y.M.C.A.; Student Congress; Track; Men's Glee Club.

Mary M. Robertson, California, Pa.  
Elementary Education

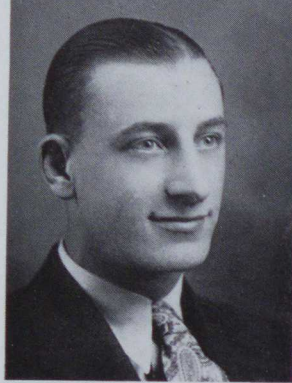
W.A.A.; Gamma Pi Chi; Pi Gamma Mu; Staff, Monocal '31.

James N. Shaver, West Elizabeth, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Vice-President, Junior Class; Y.M.C.A.; College Players; Intra-mural Basketball; Track; Science-Math Club.



# SENIORS



Eleanor V. Shorraw, Monessen, Pa.  
Secondary Education

W.A.A.; Geography Club; Photography Club; Monvalea.

Wilbur D. Shrader, New Stanton, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

Y.M.C.A.; Football; Varsity Club; Intramural Basketball; Baseball.



Martha R. Smallwood  
Coal Center, Pa.

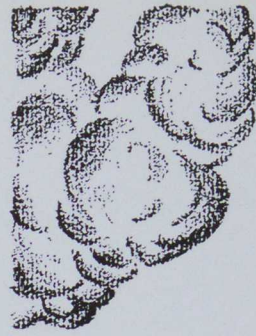
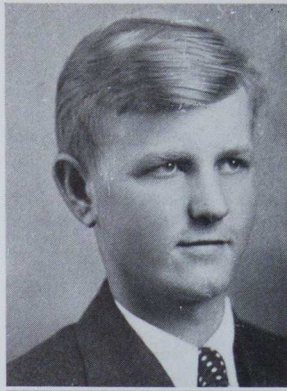
Elementary Education

Clio; Geography Club; Y.W.C.A.; Monvalea.

Helen M. Smith, California, Pa.  
Primary Education

Secretary, Freshman Class; President, Y.W.C.A.; Inter-Collegiate Constitutional Convention; Vice-President, College Players; Student Congress.

# SENIORS



Carleton D. Squires, Bentleyville, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Rifle Club; Science-Math Club; Y.M.C.A.;  
Track.

Mabel L. Stephens, Charleroi, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Debate Club; Geography Club; W.A.A.

Claude R. Titus, Carmichaels, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Secretary, Varsity Club; Glee Club; Y.M.  
C.A.; Boxing; Football.

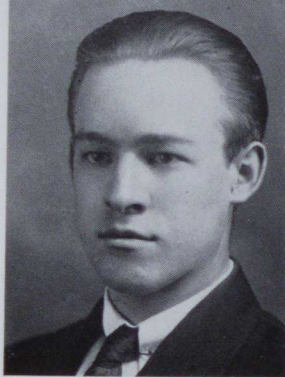
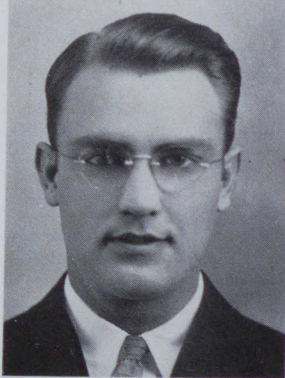
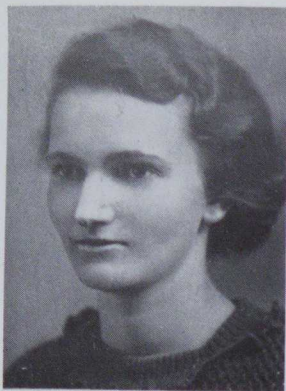
Walter E. Towner, Charleroi, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Football; Captain, Wrestling Team; Presi-  
dent, Traveling Men's Council; Varsity  
Club; Science-Math Club; Student Con-  
gress.





# SENIORS



Garnet E. Trowbridge, California, Pa.  
Primary Education

President, Y.W.C.A.; Treasurer, Glee Club; College Players; Gamma Pi Chi; Representative Student; Chairman, Big Sister Movement.

Paul C. Thomas, Boswell, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

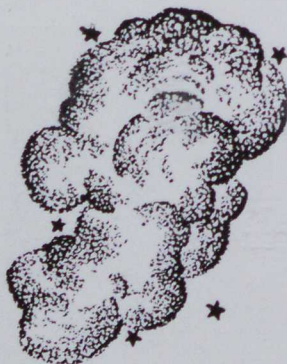
Treasurer, Sophomore Class; Football, Manager; Y.M.C.A.; Varsity Club; Track; Intra-mural Basketball.

Harold J. Underwood  
Belle Vernon, Pa.  
Secondary Education

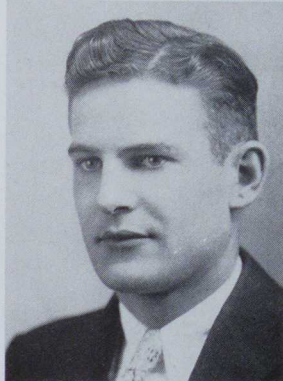
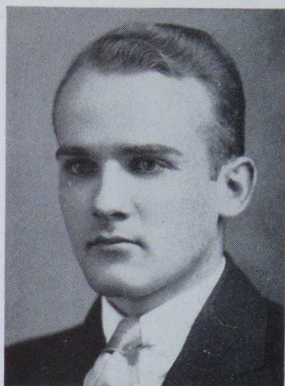
Y.M.C.A.; Science-Math Club; Geography Club; Student Congress; Traveling Men's Council; Chess Club.

Elgie J. Underwood, California, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

Football; Varsity Club; Intra-mural Basketball; Y.M.C.A.



# SENIORS



Dale S. Wilson, Belle Vernon, Pa.  
Secondary Education

President, College Players; President, Y.M.  
C.A.; Student Congress; Traveling Men's  
Council; Chairman, Recreation Council.

T. Keith Wilson, Belle Vernon, Pa.  
Secondary Education

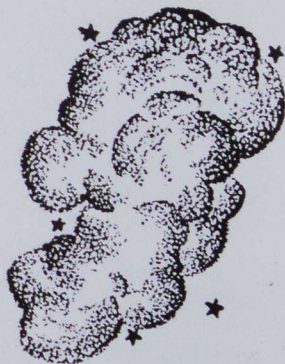
Alpha Psi Omega; College Players; Y.M.  
C.A.; Geography Club; Boxing; Rifle Club;  
Vice-President, Photography Club.

Mildred U. Yarnall, California, Pa.  
Secondary Education

College Players; Student Congress; Repre-  
sentative Student; Y.W.C.A.; Alpha Psi  
Omega.

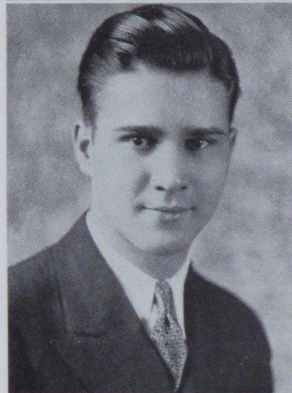
Evelyn B. Young, California, Pa.  
Secondary Education

President, Pi Gamma Mu; Treasurer, Sigma  
Tau Lambda; President, Gamma Pi Chi;  
Student Cabinet, Secretary; Hammer and  
Tongs Council; Traveling Women's Council.



55675

# SENIORS



# SENIORS

Carrie F. Isaac, Monongahela, Pa.  
Secondary Education

W.A.A.; Geography Club; Photography Club.

Dorothea A. Buhan  
Fredericktown, Pa.  
Elementary Education

Hammer and Tongs; Monvalea; Y.W.C.A.;  
Senior Ball; Y-Conference Committee.

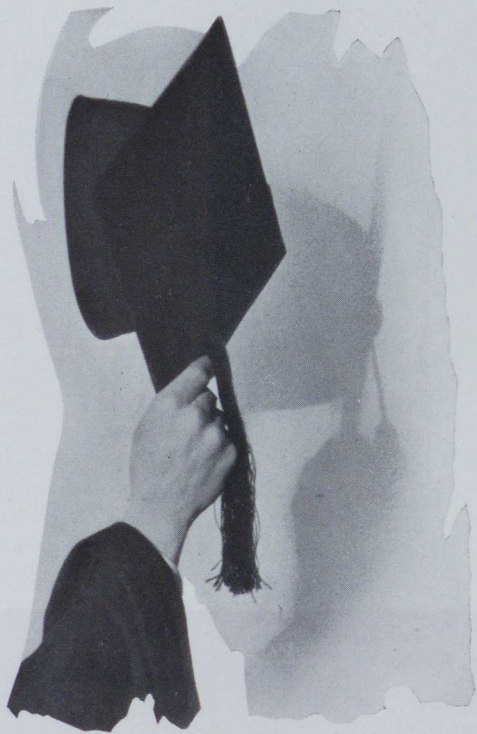
Walter Kromer, Aspinwall, Pa.  
Industrial Arts Education

Football Manager; Intra-mural Basketball;  
Y.M.C.A.

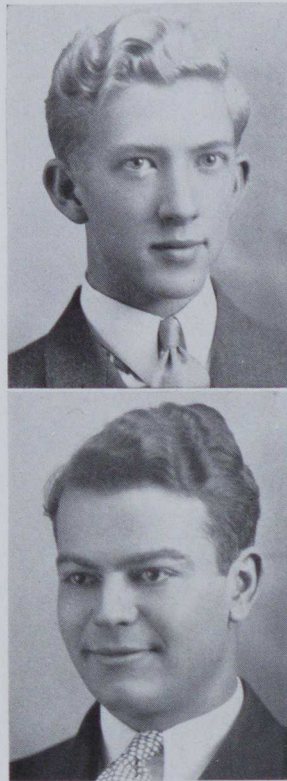
Valentine Kovacs, Brownsville, Pa.  
Secondary Education

Men's Glee Club; Hammer and Tongs; Phi  
Sigma Pi; Chess Club; Traveling Men's  
Council; Representative Student; Student  
Congress; Student Cabinet.





## THE CLASS



President, W. Donald Parsons  
Vice-President, Harold Buehl

IT HAPPENED one night. The class was new, the place was strange, the majority was suffering from homesickness, and the setting was perfect. That is, a party was in full swing, as the result of an attempt to make the scared group feel a little bit "at home." Matt Huttner was waxing warm in an imitation of Eddie Cantor, and Morton Zacks was sawing on a fiddle in Rubinoff's best style when Mac McAndrews, newly elected Class president, made his novel debut, with a brand-new hair-cut, a bathrobe ten sizes too small, and all other appropriate accessories. No one had missed him, no one knew where he had been and nobody cared particularly—until someone said the Sophomores were responsible for his unconventional appearance in the midst of the party. At that point, things began to happen.

"For Mac, for revenge, and for fun!" That was the battle cry that stirred the violent pacifists, Huttner, Edwards, and White, to instigate the "Battle of the Green Cap" that took place on the athletic field the next morning. The war raged furiously with every loyal Freshman and Sophomore on the scene, but the

whole thing resulted in a "draw" because the goal posts which held the Freshman dink aloft were most expediently knocked over. Not satisfied, the two classes decided, after a verbal, barrage to have a tug-of-war. Result! The Freshman pulled the entire Sophomore class the length of the field and would have pulled them on through the Monongahela River, but their principles wouldn't permit them to be so cruel. Thereafter, the Sophomore class admitted that this was a superior group and all Freshmen went their way unharmed,—without dinks and armbands.

As we were saying, this all happened in one night and one day, but the effect lingered afterward. The class maintained its high degree of superiority throughout its Freshman year. Its members wisely avoided "making" Dr. Kriner's team, but Frazier, Norton, Weaver, and McAndrews did fine work on Coach Steer's team. Furthermore, one of the boys, Boydston by name, was actually admitted into the Intelligentsia Club before the year was over, and our Andor Kovacs came under the entire school's close scrutiny, for—I vow!—here was something that was human, and walked, and talked, and talked, and talked, and talked. What's more, it was soon discovered that Bill Hanley was the National Junior Rifle Champion. Perhaps that's the biggest reason why everyone conceded a degree of superiority as being the class's birth-right.

Be all that as it may, however, the group spent a long summer vacation between the Freshman and Sophomore years, and still came back with all the ear-marks of preeminence in every respect—even unto a keen appreciation for skill and beauty. Never before did

# OF 1936



any class stand in such wide-eyed awe at "that man's" peculiar ability to carry a gallon of water on his head, and who but they could admire Miss Hazen's new car so whole-heartedly? Furthermore, the class admitted that "phonetics" as introduced by Mr. Mase, newly acquired professor, were the real thing, and many of these Sophomores doted on making speeches in his English Activities class. Lee Philips became noted for beauty of eloquence and dexterity of gesture, and George Sotak was heralded throughout the student body as a real authority on Shakespearian quotations.

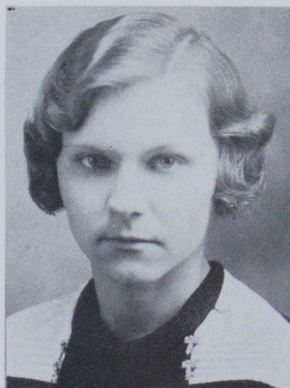
Bill Edwards moved to Richeyville at about this time, too, and thereafter he independently provided the whole school with profound discourses on "The Necessity for Civic Improvement." He was assisted on the public rostrum by Genevieve Hough's discussion on "How to Get to School on Time"; by Elaine Hauck who spoke freely and fluently on "How to Get an **A** from Dr. Keller"; and by Anna Westcott, official exponent of the aesthetics of music.

Amidst this conglomeration of mixed talents and abilities, the group grew and prospered. The present year found it, as the Junior class, unsurpassed and unsurpassable in many respects. We modestly sing its glories:

The class was found to be almost unbelievably well-versed in the ability to join hands and play "Ring Round Rosy," and to make Freshman collect wood for big bonfires. But these rare capacities went for nought, even though the school boasted a crack football team, for all that ever came as a result of these efforts was a "Victory Dance." Anyway, we've seen them start a new thing, and there's no telling to what end "tradition" will carry it. This class also furnished the mainstay players for the afore-mentioned football team, and eight of the twelve men on the basketball team were Juniors. That's not bad, you must admit.

During the course of the year Hilda Zeidman showed the school how to play bridge, George Ziders demonstrated the "Continental," Bob Fenwick created "Vulcan's Egghead," Joe Tantillo gave the world an undaunted example of heroic persistence, and Ike Troutman took all laurels for being the school's perfect lover. Paul Lewis gave him the most competition, but that's all right because he's a Junior, too, you see. Furthermore, the class has its own Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, Ernest Hixson, and Harold Buell. And did you know that "Chuck" Bennett aspires to be Uncle Sam's protege,—and that Lew Colvin claims the glory of being the man who was the model for the Indian head appearing on that same dignitary's nickel?

Thus without end we could sing their praises. As Juniors they have complete mastery of local affairs, and have even dabbled in things national. We just happened to think—what will they do when the class turns Senior?



Secretary, Hester W. Thrasher  
Treasurer, Daniel Connair



Henrietta Ammon

Fond of eccentric millinery. . . . A member of the exclusive Donora triumvirate. . . . Knows her routine in school and in tap-dancing.



Edna Ashton

Hails from 'way up thar in Coraopolis. . . . Queen of all she surveys in the ping-pong world. . . . Spends much of her time keeping things quiet in the dormitory.



John Balas

John had that pedagogical yearning—and came back for more. . . . An excellent warbler in the glee club.



Peter Balog

"Peter Barr" . . . With eyes that a Svangali would envy. . . . Give him a bag of Mail Pouch and a good basketball game, and he's satisfied.



Martha Bayha

Quiet as a titmouse. . . . Always conscientiously working. . . . Has a gypsy's passion for beads—and more beads.



Charles Bennett

"Chuck" prefers to sail the seven seas for Uncle Sam. . . . A good history student . . . with a marked preference for blondes and horn-rimmed glasses.



# JUNIORS



Adelia Berkinsha

Has that missionary zeal. . . Works hard at anything she undertakes. . . Actually likes to study.



Warren Boydston

The man of a million cognomens. . . If he ever fell down, he'd be halfway home. . . Has two big interests—Monocal and Mary.



Mary Louise Brady

Petite . . . Has a diminutive boy-friend, also. . . High Mogul of North Hall's Council.



George Bucher

Ex-traveling salesman. . . Knows every hamlet in the state. . . The Dorm's iron-man in intra-mural basketball. . . "A bucket a minute"—his motto.



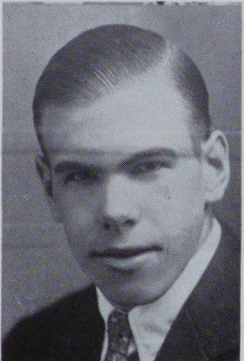
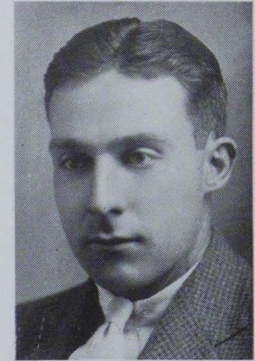
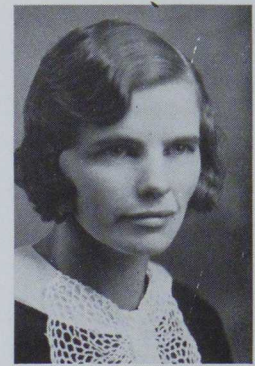
Veronica Buglak

The girl who is responsible for the clack-clack of the typewriter in Dean Walker's office. . . Studys American Government conscientiously. . . A very gracious person.



Merrill Campbell

An excellent example of what ambition will do for one. . . Slate picker by night. . . Student by day. . . An excellent scholar.



JUNIORS





Thomas Carroll

Used to drive a Potter-McCune truck. . . .  
Now he has himself to drive. . . . Work and  
more work. . . . A big gun in the Rifle Club.



Louis Cober

Inclined toward the geographical. . . .  
Even sailed the Atlantic on a freighter. . . .  
The first of a long line of Cobers.



Lewis Colvin

You'll find his Reo parked behind the  
laundry, and Colvin parked behind the  
wheel — at any time. . . . Has a peculiar  
fondness for the Sophomore Class.



Harvey Cooper

May be found at any time working—or  
clowning—in the shop. . . . Proud owner of  
a bicycle. . . . Keeps the Boston beaneries  
from going broke.



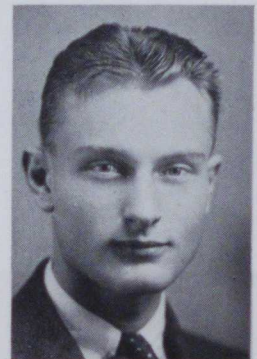
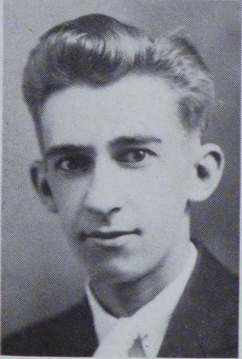
Olive Dowlin

A dweller among Greene County's hills.  
. . . Has an intense interest in all phases of  
dentistry—practical, and otherwise. . . .  
Back among us for more "book larnin'."

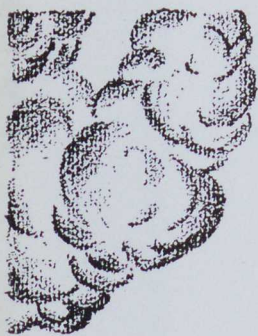


Norina Diulus

"Minnie Mouse" . . . Microscopic in size.  
. . . Given over to talking—about boy-  
friends and pretty clothes. . . . A live wire  
in the class room.



# JUNIORS



### Nelson Edwards

Good-natured oaf. . . Has a big hand and a bigger line for everybody. . . Proud wearer of an intra-mural champs' jacket. . . Keeps Wrigley from going bankrupt.



### William Edwards

Bears a resemblance to Will Rogers in manner and in speech. . . Talks a lot about Richeyville. . . Keeps Math classes alive.



### Laura Mae Elliott

Likes perfumes and Scotch plaids. . . She "drives her own" to school every day. . . Sees fun in everything.



### Kathleen Feeney

Charleroi's big contribution to College Players. . . Hibernian to the extreme—even unto the freckles and a certain air of pugnacity. . . Forever in a hurry.



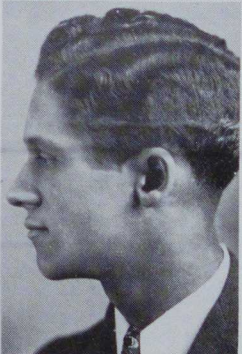
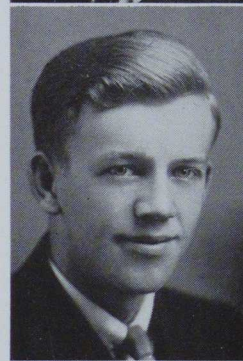
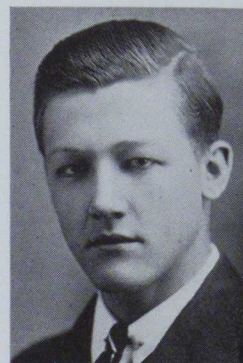
### Robert Fenwick

Bob's artistic inclinations have been a boon to the campus publications. . . Creator of "Vulcan's Egghead." . . . Famed for his faculty caricatures—and his frequent trips to Brownsville.



### Elliott Ferguson

Congeniality personified. . . Also very ambitious. . . May be found busily at work at all times in the Demonstration school or in our own library.



## JUNIORS



Catherine Finsinger

"Cassie" is one of the German Finsingers—and proud of it. . . . Takes her time about everything—but always had her work done. . . . A crack science student.



Alice Flinn

Slow, easy speech. . . . Slower, easier action. . . . Usually lounging in the Traveling Women's Room. . . . Her slogan: "Rest as you study"—as well as after you study.



Donald Fornwalt

Happy-go-lucky Epicurean. . . . Has a Ford, a girl, and rates a gentleman's grades. . . . His world is rosy!



Abram Foster

A sense of humor behind the sober mien. . . . Laconic speech. . . . Won a Heinz Cat-sup top for attending all inter-collegiate debates last year.



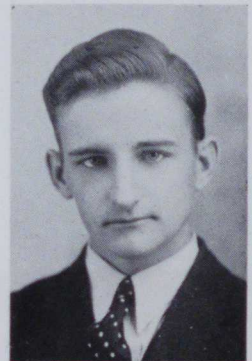
Robert Frazier

A contemporary of the famous hamburger addict. . . . Small but mighty on the football field. . . . May be found at any time asleep in the Traveling Men's Room.



Margaret Garbart

Plays the role of mother to the dormitory girls. . . . Knows all the answers. . . . A big source of original and inherited entertaining ability.





Martha Gates

Patronizes the P.R.R. every morning and evening. . . . Mischievous . . . Always in a good humor.



William Gibson

Bill's draw-back is that he can't look serious even when he tries. . . . Resembles one Rudy Vallee.



Anna Gill

Plays nurse-maid to the young Wilsons. . . . Very congenial. . . . Has a smile and a nice word for the whole world.



William Hanley

Amiable,—but he can handle a mean rifle! Also has that enviable school-girl blush. . . . Talks a lot about Phi Sigma Pi and Point Marion's girls. . . . Ambitious to become the mayor of Newell and do away with ferries.



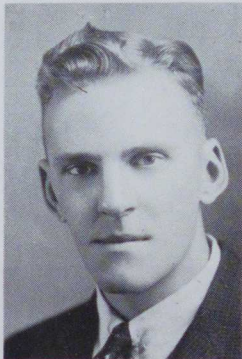
Grace Harkess

Tall, willowy, graceful. . . . Likes automobiles in her spare time. . . . Spends her busy hours finding things to giggle about. . . . Gets a real kick out of life and living.



Gladys Hartley

Proud possessor of a Ford. . . . Drives all the way from Greene County's hills. . . . Noted for her earnestness.

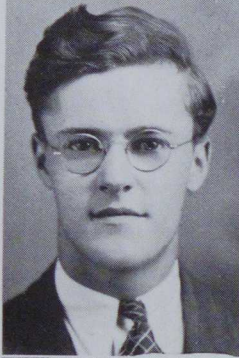


JUNIORS



Elaine Hauck

Chewing gum parasite. . . Has a flare for the dramatic. . . Believes that black-haired men who carry brief cases are adorable. . . Her puns help to keep Hammer and Tongs going.



Frank Henderson

Master mechanic and pilot of the streamlined car. . . Carries insurance on his passengers because of "those things over which he has no control." . . . Brings a load of the fragrance of new-mown hay and violets down from the farm.



Thelma Hicks

A bundle of good nature. . . Also a firm supporter of the football team,—especially the back-field.



Ernest Hixson

Literary exponent of modern Vulcan optimism. . . Inseparable companion of another—well, optimist. . . Famed for contributing six cents to the "Mountain Echo"—for the poor kiddies. . . Hammer and Tongs office boy.



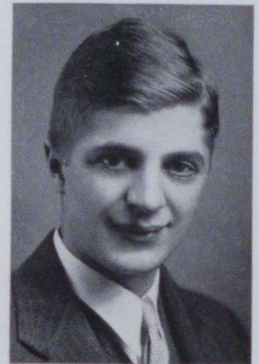
George Hopson

George thought that establishing a hearth and home was much more important than courses in education.

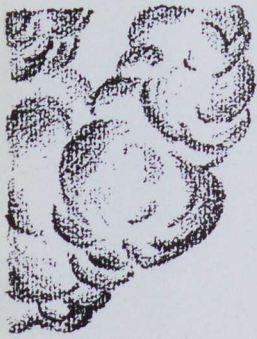


Marion Hornbake

Soft, mellow voice. . . Dignified and gentle. . . Resembles Ann Harding. . . Stars in dramatic leads. . . Her other big interest is also in school.



# JUNIORS



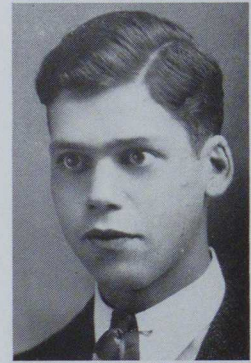
### Genevieve Hough

Spends much of her time informing people that her name is pronounced "Hoe," not "Huff," nor "How." . . . Characterized by a peculiar fondness for dried beef sandwiches. . . Engineers W.A.A. . . . A real hockey player.



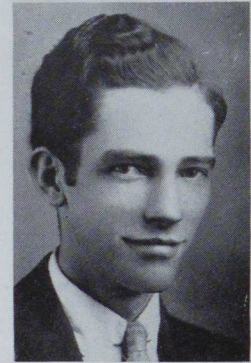
### Matthew Huttner

Matt's a politician and a debater, but his other habits are all right. . . Chess King, and would-be actor. . . A smooth, rhythmical dancer. . . A master-mind in the physics lab.



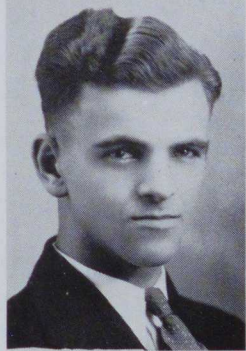
### James Jamison

One of Henderson's Daredevils. . . Likes to ask questions in class. . . A devout believer in the rule: "Might makes Right."



### Mary Jane Jeffries

Roscoe's famous mushball player. . . Vim, vigor, vitality. . . Likes any kind of laboratory work—and sardines.



### Cecil Johnson

One of those shop boys. . . Has a fancy for socializing off the campus. . . Likes button-down collars. . . Hasn't been quite the same since brother Gadd went back on him.



### Doris Johnson

A woman of few words. . . Yvonne's twin sister. . . A permanent fixture in the Traveling Women's Room. . . Very friendly.

# JUNIORS



Yvonne Johnson

The bigger half of the Johnson "duet."  
... Goes in strong for bangs and dotes on  
education courses. ... Drives a Ford.



Janet Jones

Quiet, refined manner. ... Very inter-  
ested in College Players—and Bob.



Dorothy Kane

Sometimes chases the train out of the  
station at Donora. ... A pianist, with  
beautifully graceful hands. ... Likes to read  
poetry.



Sarah Keibler

She presides over the Traveling Women.  
—and helps control the Traveling Men  
as a sideline. ... Rides contentedly in the  
risky Philips omnibus.



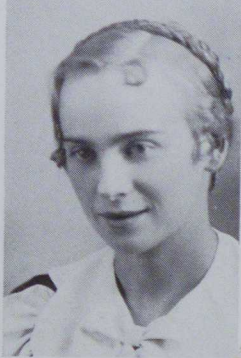
Morton Klein

"Mort" is biased toward pipes,—and  
reckless with his life. ... But he's still  
Henderson's friend.



Olga Kobasa

Mr. Mase's right hand in correcting those  
who lisp when they say "thoft thoap" and  
other "thoft thubstanthes." ... Makes de-  
bates interesting. ... Teaches the folks in  
Brownsville how to add, and write letters,  
in night school.





Florence Leiber

An excellent conversationalist. . . . Re-  
lates happy tales of the night before. . . .  
Tries her hand at modeling clothes.



Bernard McAndrews

Perpetual motion man . . . football, bas-  
ketball, dancing. . . . Master of ceremonies.  
. . . . Alert and witty. . . . Recently took to  
writing letters to Oberlin.



Paul Lewis

One of the three lovers at Shutterly's. . . .  
Intensely interested in North Hall. . . .  
Keen, analytical mind. . . . Runs Einstein a  
close second in Math.



Eunice McCue

Another member of Donora's exclusive  
trio. . . . Very business-like. . . . Methodi-  
cal. . . . A steady thinker.



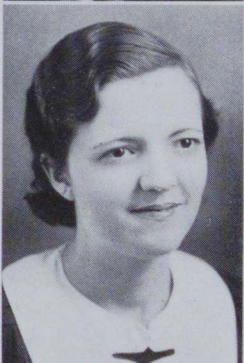
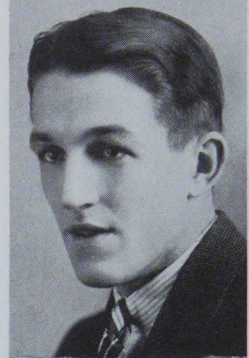
Ethel McGinty

Quiet, sweet, demure. . . . Spends much  
of her time studying and traveling to and  
from Brownsville.



Augustine Moreau

"Augie" . . . Jolly all day long,—and  
humors everyone around her. . . . Endlessly  
writing letters.



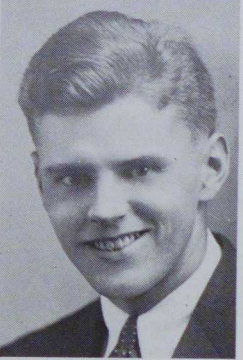
JUNIORS





Enid Morris

"The Venus" . . . Takes dancing seriously as an indoor exercise. . . Has a two-fold purpose in coming to school—education, and . . . well, her eyes do it!



W. Douglas Parsons

Supreme Commander of Phi Sigma Pi. . . Uses his authority as an excuse for profound class room discussions. . . A hard worker over in the Black-hand Department.



Gladys Paxton

Crescent Heights' donation to the Eleusium Club. . . Neat, petite, and very neighborly.



Mary Pesognelli

Possesses a most infectious giggle. . . Clear soprano voice. . . Noted for beautiful one-handed shots and a high score in W.A.A. basketball.



Leonard Peters

The little boy with the great big camera. . . His work in photography has been of untold value to the school's publications. . . Versatile,—sings, plays, paints, tumbles. . . Likes boyish bobs.

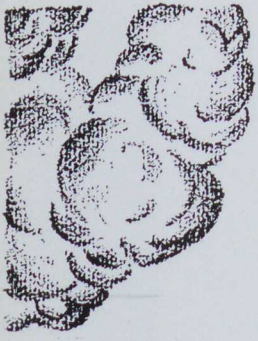


Lee Philips

Academically inclined. . . Can discuss everything from prunes to pills,—with a lot of gestures. . . Drives one of the cars that makes the highway unsafe for travel.



# JUNIORS



Anne Puglisi

Dances divinely, talks rapidly, and has great hopes for Donora. . . . A faithful attendant at all Monvalea meetings.



William Pykosh

A remarkable amount of common sense. . . . Extremely industrious. . . . May be found buried in a ponderous tome at any time—day or night.



Edmund Regrutto

One-time Lothario. . . . Has now a single pursuit—in Brownsville.



Ruth Richardson

Give Ruth a stack of sandwiches—and someone to talk with,—and she's contented.



Virginia Schreiner

Short and sweet. . . . Follows Elmer's eurythmical footsteps. . . . A brief edition of personality who likes to hang on boys' arms to avoid mud puddles.

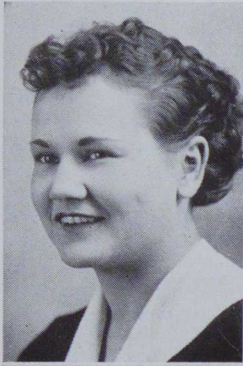


Eleanor Shepler

"Sis" . . . Snappy brown eyes. . . . Distinctive profile. . . . Just loves student teaching. . . . Optimistic and happy the year around.



JUNIORS



Helen Sokol

Vivacious,—and a good student. . . . Sets the style in coiffeurs. . . . Monocal is her brain-child. . . . Really plans to put Millsboro on the map.



George Sotak

A good athlete—with a critical eye for the women. . . . Has been known to have bought a text-book—once.



Robert Stahl

Bob spends quite a bit of time racing up College Avenue lately. . . . The other half is divided between running the mimeograph works in Dixon Hall basement—or wrestling with the ivory keys in the Y-room.



Stephen Sterbak

Industrial Arts man and grocery-man—that's Steve. . . . A striking difference between his white "American Stores" uniform and his usual shop raiment. . . . A hard-working man.



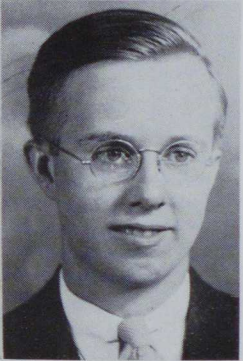
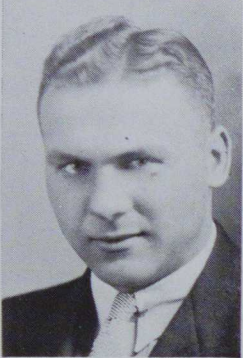
Claire Strem

W.A.A. stand-by. . . . Misses Faye terribly. . . . But she still presents a happy countenance.

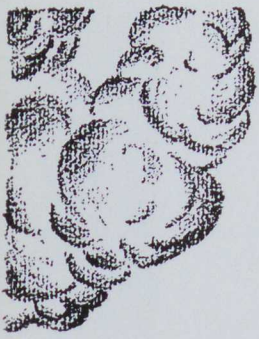


Joseph Tantillo

Found a secret passion somewhere in Hammer and Tongs. . . . Believes that persistence leads to success.



# JUNIORS



Isaac Troutman

Speed King of the Provincial Room. . . .  
Recently decided to start saving his pennies.  
. . . You know the rest.



Arthur Walker

Art's week-ends always begin on Thurs-  
day from necessity . . . A hard worker, and  
a Phi Sigma Pi man. . . Used to be seen  
frequently at the extreme end of Second  
Street.



Walter Weaver

High score man in varsity basketball. . . .  
An attractive athlete. . . Reserved and  
sedate. . . Prefers blondes.



Thomas Webber

Socially ambitious, with a yen for running  
school dances. . . A good basketball man.  
. . . And a crack history student.



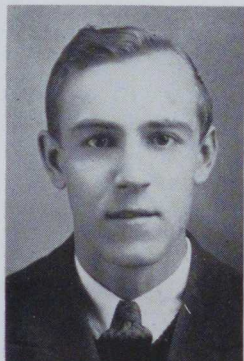
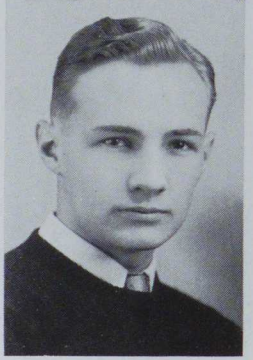
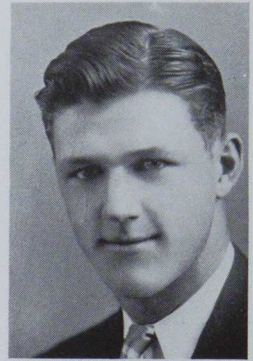
Anna Westcott

One of the "Harmonizing Trio." . . .  
Adds that aesthetic touch to the Traveling  
Women's Room. . . Evidently had Music  
Appreciation.

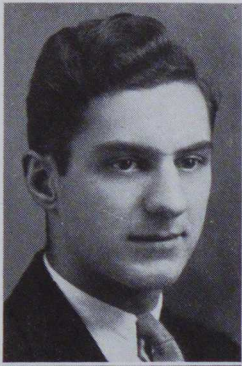


Paul White

Has the same characteristics as the other  
three members of the quartette . . . chisels  
cigarettes and matches . . . a good dancer  
. . . has a girl . . . and contributes much to  
Traveling Room discussions.



**JUNIORS**



Wade Whitlatch

Wade has neglected Harold and Ernest terribly since Esther came along.



Audrey Woods

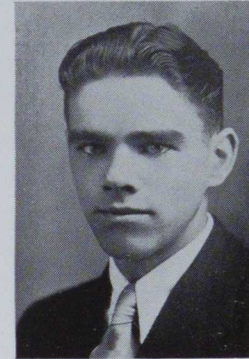
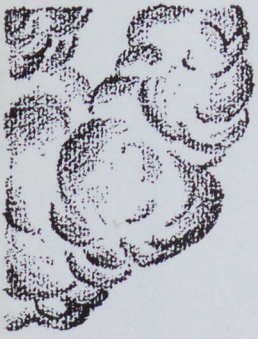
Congenial... Very pleasing in manner and in mien... A typical example of that group which comes to college to gain all that is to be gotten.



James Wolfe

The boy with the lowest pedal voice... Often seen behind the footlights... Incessant grin... Adept at juggling trays in the Dining Hall.

**JUNIORS**



Morton Zacks

Another who is dramatically inclined, and also a Glee Club man. . . . Always speaks with an air of authority. . . . Used to have a car. . . . He now drives a Ford.



Hilda Zeidman

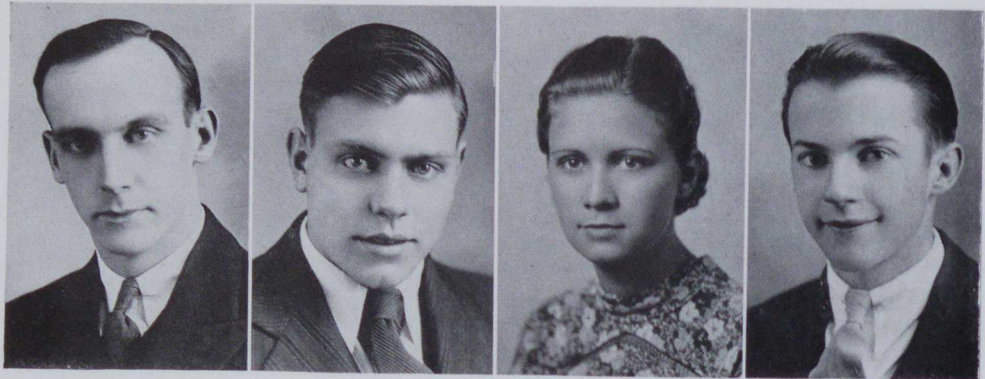
Winning bridge prizes her specialty. . . . Forever seeking the happy balance between study and pleasure. . . . Has a peculiar affinity for the Irish.



George Ziders

"Continental Kid,"—and guiding genius of the Hammer and Tongs. . . . Is reported to like "bing-bang" movies. . . . Big-hearted.

**JUNIORS**



President  
H. LEWIS

Vice-President  
R. ANSELL

Secretary  
T. WARFEL

Treasurer  
A. BERRY

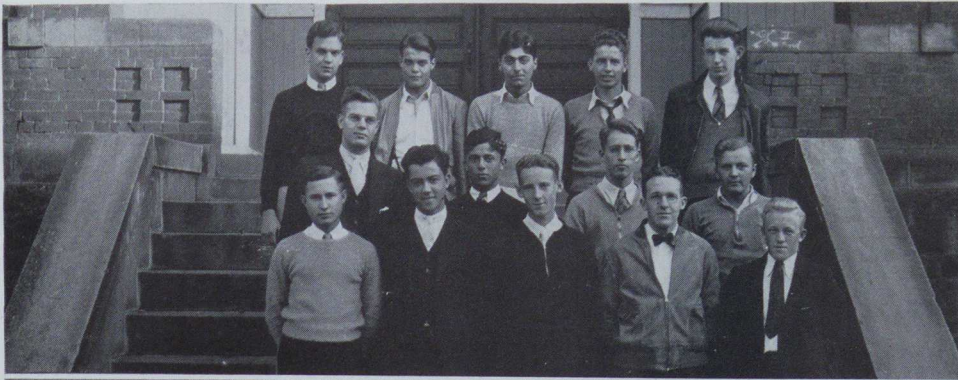
## THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

THE Sophomore Class, having put off the indignities of the Freshman dink and armband, came back to school in September of 1934 with a firm determination to make the shop-worn adjective "sophomoric" a word of distinction, and not of derision.

Their task began immediately with a problem: the Freshmen. What was to be done with them? They solved it by treating the Neophytes with a measure of heretofore unheard-of leniency. Their new state of dignity wouldn't permit them to indulge in the traditional college horse-play, hazing, and class fights. Thus, they have contributed much to the unity of the student body by setting forth a new and commendable precedent. They then became interested in things curricular, and within their ranks are found many examples of admirable scholarship. A goodly share of the spoils of competition and of the pot-luck of cooperation came their way when they shifted their heavy artillery upon extra-curricular activities, too. As a group, they've won the respect of the upper classmen, because they dared to eliminate bombast, inflation, and showiness from the adjectival sophomoric demesne, replacing them with scholarship, broad-mindedness, and enthusiasm.

The class was led in this philological about-face by a most capable group of officers. May they now assist the class to carry its sophomoric qualities into the Junior year.

**ROSTER:** Alexander, Anderson, Ansell, Archer, Armstrong, Arnold, Balogh, Bamford, Bardella, Becker, Beggs, Behm, Bell, Berry, Betts, Bigam, Birch, Bittner, Boylan, Brant, Brooks, Bronakoski, Burkey, Burkholder, Butler, C., Butler, G., Cadzow, Cappalonga, Carpenter, Carroll, Casserly, Cinci, Clark, Coben, Colen, Cober, Cole, Cooley, Connelly, Corder, Cornell, D., Cornell, G., Covalesky, Crow, Crawl, Crowthers, Cunningham, Dague, Daniels, Darby, Dearth, Deffenbaugh, DeFigio, Delbarre, De Sue, Dix, Dixon, T., Dixon, M., Downer, Ducoeur, Duran, Dwyer, Ficks, Fisher, Fitzmaurice, Fogarty, Fogle, Funk, Genovese, Glessner, Gorun, Goss, Gough, Gottesman, Graham, Gregg, Grimes, Grover, Hall, R., Hall, W., Harper, Harris, Hay, Hayduk, Hentz, Hess, Holman, Hopwood, Hughes, B., Hughes, V., Jackson, Jenion, Jones, Katilius, Keisu, Kett, King, Kosanovich, Kovach, Kriger, Krieger, Kyle, Kuzdenyi, Lalentta, Lambert, Lancaster, Langley, La Presta, Larmi, Lebder, Leeper, Lewis, H., Lewis, I., Linsley, Lowe, McCloy, McCormick, McMillen, Martin, Mathias, Moats, Moloskey, Mountain, Moussiaux, J., Moussiaux, R., Muchant, Nasser, Nedley, Neil, Ney, Niccolini, Patterson, G., Patterson, R., Pierce, Poletz, Pollock, Pusso, Rankin, Reitz, Rice, Richards, Rittenhouse, Roach, Ropp, Rose, Ross, Rossi, Schwartz, Seghi, Seper, Serenta, Sickie, Sickles, Simpson, E., Simpson, J., Simpson, M., Simyak, Skinner, Smiley, Snider, Snodgrass, Snyder, Solomon, Sopkovec, Sossa, Soverns, Sparks, Stefanik, Stella, Stemberg, Stone, Strenske, Strickler, Sweitzer, Tassone, J., Tassone, M., Temple, Tissue, Trickett, Tyrrell, Umbel, Valoon, Walker, Wampler, Warfel, Wasalasky, Washburn, Wasson, Watkins, Way, Weyandt, White, M., White, R., Williams, Wilson, Withers, Wolf, Wright, Yannazzo, Yanos, Zeiger, Zingle.



Industrial Arts Education



Intermediate Education



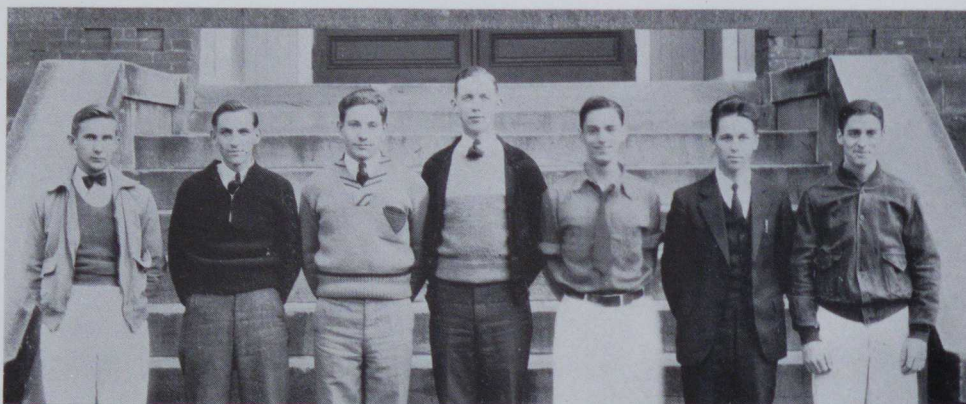
Secondary Education



Primary Education



Industrial Arts Education



Secondary Education

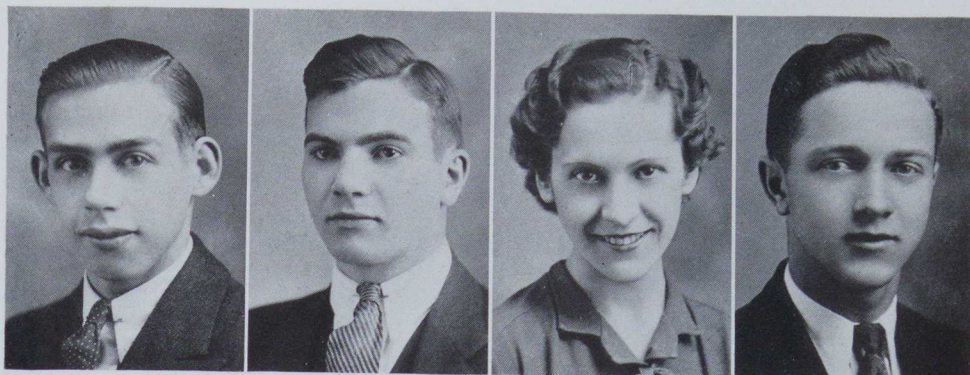


Intermediate Education



Primary Education





A. HUTTNER  
President

T. COBER  
Vice-President

M. CROMBIE  
Secretary

H. ELSON  
Treasurer

## THE FRESHMAN CLASS

IN THE beginning, this was an ordinary Freshman class, but ere a week had elapsed,—yea, even ere the formal baptism in the campus fountain—it was found that this group was extraordinary, indeed, for it was the only Freshman class, here and everywhere west of East Lynn, that didn't have to purchase its own dinks and armbands. Verily, we say unto you, the Student Activities fund benevolently doled out the shekels for them. Whereupon, each Freshman spent the fifty cents Dad had given him for "dink-money" buying sodas for the Sophomore women.

Whereupon, too, an irate Tribunal began punishing with prodigious prodigality. Had that austere body taken time before the new blood had become obnoxious to sift the sad and wise from the gay and foolish, it would have found the new blood of a consistency like unto its own. For lo! it was found to be affable and educable; some could behave like collegians; most of them knew Dante and Emily Post; a few weren't afraid of the classroom; and some could actually play football! They passed the Inquisition, and the Inquisitors grudgingly acknowledged them fit timber from which to repair the school's traditions and upon which to build her future.

Thus endeth the beginning, not in panegyric, and yet not in diatribe. 'Tis but a mere statement of facts. More succulent ones were never written.

**ROSTER:** Abel, Abramson, Alaimo, Alberta, Andrews, Backstrom, Badger, Bailey, Bamford, Barker, Basorka, Beazell, Bedogne, Benucci, Bertrand, Billingsley, Blackburn, Bleiler, Bower, Brewer, Budris, Buk, Chalfant, J., Charlton, Check, D., Check, J., Charmi, Cober, Cole, Collier, Conklin, Cooley, E., Cooley, G., Connelly, Copenhagen, Cox, Crockett, Crombie, Cuppett, Dalaidi, Daniero, Davidson, Davis, Dearth, Deliere, Dixon, Duff, Durjer, Edwards, Elson, Evans, Everly, Fenwick, Foster, Franceschini, Gable, Gamble, Geary, Giltner, Glasser, Glott, Goldstein, Grimes, Guesman, Hall, Harbourt, Harford, Harper, Harris, E., Harris, J., Harris, W., Hawthorne, Hay, Hazy, Herklotz, Hickie, Hoke, Honchalk, Honeychuck, Huffman, Huttner, Isenberg, Ivill, James, Janscic, Kelley, J., Kelley, T., Kemp, King, Klinkhamer, Koestman, Kotlar, Kovach, Kusago, Laughland, Lee, Leeper, Lehman, Letrick, McCrory, McDonald, McGrew, McMullen, McParland, MacDowell, Majoros, Martin, Marshall, Masten, Mendola, Mitchell, Moore, Morgan, Morris, L., Morris, J., Morris, M., Moyer, Nalevanko, Nagy, Naylor, F., Naylor, C., Netting, Newman, O'Brien, Oelschlager, Patterson, Paul, Pavlak, Payne, Peirsel, Pepper, Phillips, Pile, Piper, Plova, Povlish, Primavena, Rafferty, Randlett, Raynal, Rebarnick, Remaley, D., Remaley, R., Renne, Renstrom, Rishel, Rohrer, Robinson, Rose, Rousseau, Rutkey, Rutter, Rybar, Sager, Sabec, A., Sabec, T., Sadler, Sakino, Sale, Sasanko, Schuck, Shivler, Shutterly, Sickle, Sunwright, Sliga, Smell, Smith, G., Smith, H., Smith, P., Smith, R., Snowberger, Sneed, Snowdon, Snyder, Sowers, Spaw, Sprows, Springer, Steeber, Steele, Sterback, Stewart, Stone, Swartz, Toth, Venneri, Van Sickle, Vigne, Wainiski, Warman, Waxman, Weaver, Webber, Wheeler, Wiggins, Williams, Wilson, Wist, Wolford, Wright, Young, G., Young, S., Zaharewicz.



*Section Two*



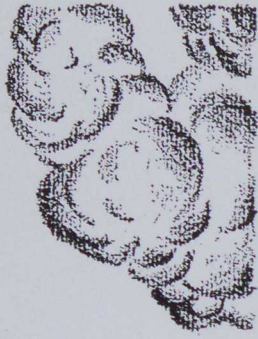
★ *Organizations*





D I V I S I O N

TWO



First Row: Sokol, Keibler, Hornbake, Feeney, Hauck, Strickler.  
Second Row: Smith, Jones, Young, Wolf, V. Kovacs.  
Third Row: A. Kovacs, Parsons, Boydston.  
Fourth Row: Probert, Phillips, Philips, Buell.

## MOST REPRESENTATIVE STUDENTS

LOOK at a map of Pennsylvania and you will see California represented thereon as just another dot—but that dot is worth keeping there. At least, that's what the Student Congress thought, and for that reason the whole college voted again this year for its most representative students whose biggest job, according to Alan Beamer, Student Congress President, was "to keep California on the map." This delegation of duty didn't give our representative students power, however, to bribe the printers of the Gulf Gasoline maps or to hire a special map projector all our own. What they were asked to do was to represent California State Teachers College fully and actively at the New York conference of the Eastern States Association of Professional Schools for Teachers, and at the Intercollegiate Congressional Convention in Harrisburg. The former conference found Andor Kovacs, Harold Buell, Evelyn Young, Sara Keibler, and Guinivere Strickler grappling not with piddling details of professional or academic finesse, but with real problems that may at some time determine the very existence of our institution, and at the latter we found a goodly sized delegation mimicing our politically-minded elders and sitting wisely in a unicameral congress made up of Pennsylvania's students. This Congress was run solely on the basis of a student-made constitution drawn up in a similar session in 1934. Thus, California's place on the map seems secure for another year.

The most representative women, in order of rank, rated on the basis of student popularity, faculty rating, and scholarship, were: Helen Sokol, Evelyn Young, Guinivere Strickler, Marion Hornbake, Sara Keibler, Helen Smith, Kathleen Feeney, Elaine Hauck, Helen Wolf, and Janet Jones.

The most representative men, in order of rank were: Valentine Kovacs, Andor Kovacs, Harold Buell, Charles Probert, James Wolfe, Lee Philips, Douglas Phillips, Warren Boydston, Lemoyne Pollock, and Donald Parsons.



First Row: Snyder, Keibler, Yarnall, Young, Bugle, Hough, Sparks.  
Second Row: Buell, Ziders, Nedley, Underwood, Philips.



## STUDENT CONGRESS

ACCORDING to Mr. Edinger, there are all sorts of governments,—big governments, little governments, tyrannical governments, democratic governments, and the United States government. We hasten to add another: our cooperative student government, which is based on the belief that best results can be obtained only through cooperative efforts. Like all good governments, ours has a congress, a Student Congress, which, like all good congresses, is divided into two houses, the upper house or the Cabinet composed of class representatives and members appointed by the president, and a lower house consisting of representatives from each of the recognized student activities. And it actually works! Nor is it coercive. What it says goes—that is, if Dr. Steele says it's all right—but never does it threaten "to part anyone's hair with a baseball bat," as Val Kovacs, ex-president, laconically puts it. Alan Beamer's administration has proved to be just as effective, and just as mild, although we must confess that disputes within the congressional body have been rife, especially when it came to the apportioning of the student cooperative funds for the various student activities. The word "apportion" is the cue for all representatives to dig up their very best arguments for the disposal of the money, each organization hoping that more will come their way than in previous years. However, this is really a necessary evil, and just as soon as it's over the congress returns to normalcy, every faction running as smoothly as ever. Action of real worth to the whole school comes out of this conglomeration of ex-officios, de jures, and other legalities. We point with pride to the opening of the Provincial room for recreational purposes, improved study conditions in the library, stunt night, major social functions, and a satisfied student body. What more could any school want? Great thing,—this cooperative government.

The officers: President, Alan Beamer; Secretary, Lee Philips.



Left to right: Miss Bernstorf, Archer, Wolfe, Sossa, Garbart, Brady.

## NORTH HALL COUNCIL

THE whole world knows that our councils, our congresses and our parliaments are dubious inventions, and yet where would North Hall be without its governing council? One can easily say that for the eighty girls today living in North Hall, their council is a gift unfelt, because they are introduced abruptly into its protection, and never fully understand its value until they wander into the world's disorder.

For sixty-one years North Hall has had a Council which has taken upon itself the responsibility of governing the women's dormitory and of helping the Freshman girls in making the proper adjustment to dormitory and college life. Through its system of proctors, it sees that the rules are obeyed, that the quiet hours are quiet, and that each girl is accounted for at all times. Its members are elected by the residents within the dormitory, and are responsible to Miss Bernstorf, dean of women.

Theirs is a dignified group which, by a certain, subtle force changes the native anarchism of the girls into a spirit of good-will and cooperation. There is never a birthday in the dormitory but what it is hailed with a party, and often times, birthday or no,—there's a party, anyway. The first floor kitchenette is a favorite haunt of the perpetually hungry girls, and when food isn't available, talking and lounging in the "wings" suffices. There are untold tales of friendship and harmony housed beneath North Hall's roof—friendly gatherings in a favorite room, (a favorite room being one to which boxes from home are most often sent), studiously executed pranks, serious scholastic endeavor, and often times, a little needed work in the way of social reform. Thus, without consciousness of it, the girls partake of a luxurious patrimony of social order built up through years of trial and error, accumulated experiences, and transmitted wealth.

The officers: President, Gladys Archer; Vice-President, Mary Louise Brady; Secretary, Margaret Garbart; Treasurer, Elsie Dix.



Seated (Left to Right): Walker, Phillips, Bucher, Lehman.  
Standing (Left to Right): Peters, Shrader, Genovese.



## SOUTH HALL COUNCIL

YOU'D never think it, to look at them,—but the members of the South Hall Council, the popularly-elected governing body of the Men's Dormitory, are all firm supporters of Aristotle's Golden Mean, exalting it as the principle of life and conduct of the dormitory residents. "Nothing in excess," says the Council. Their purpose is well-stated, and it is recognized,—but from observation and inference, we gather that a few of the governed "approve the better course but follow the worse," or else disagree with Aristotle in entirety.

We are not attempting to be calumnious; rather, we are trying to avoid calumny by setting forth factual evidences. Council, behold! Are you not familiar with the type who lead in Y.M.C.A. one week, and, in a directly opposite extreme, act like a crowd of dissipating chorus girls the next? Others, with a test or examination facing them, maintain a rigid quietness and actually study hard on the night before, but the night after—well, well, well!—lots of noise! shouting! laughing! disturbances! mock battles! and a general inferno of fun-making! You have your battles of music, too,—when every fiddle, saxophone and radio in the dormitory is going full-blast, and you also have your extremes of social negligence when someone is either so absent-minded that he has mislaid the community toothbrush, or so anti-social that he has deliberately hidden it. And what's to be done when some sluggard refuses to clean his room for Mother's Day, or, at the other extreme, some dolt cleans his to such an extent that it outshines the rest?

Council, take heed! It's your problem! If they don't behave, make them recant; and if, on the other hand, they're too, too good, force them to be a little "sociable." Realize that "happy medium." Isn't that right, Mr. Walker?

The officers: President, James Hare; Ex-President, Douglas Phillips.





First Row: Poletz, Moussiaux, King, Keibler, Paxton, Pesognelli, McGinty.  
Second Row: E. Snyder, Abel, Warfel, Holman, Morris, Frederick, Simpson, J. Snyder.

## TRAVELING WOMEN'S COUNCIL

WOMEN always have done things in a big way, and they still are. We don't care to argue the point, boys, but as it has been justly observed, a mere specious illustration often serves the purpose of an argument. We cite our example: the Traveling Women's Council has the privilege of governing the largest organization on the campus, the Traveling Women's Association, and as an afterthought, we hear that it has been rumored that this group also has the largest per capita wealth in the college. Nor are they in the least miserly with their horde. Ask McAndrews if they didn't buy gobs and gobs of fruit for the football boys when they were leaving on trips. Then, too, they've used some of it for magazine subscriptions, some to help the big and little sister movement, and some of it to improve the looks of their Traveling Women's Room. Now they have dishes, and pictures on the walls, and curtains, and a telephone booth,—and beds, and everything! How do you like that, boys?

Yes, it's great fun being a Traveling girl, but it has its drawback, as we overheard someone saying to Mrs. Minck the other day. It isn't always pleasant to be disturbed by the shouts and halloos of those of you who are on your way to the Traveling Men's Room. And they can't bring the neighbor's dog down to say "Howdy" to the folks, like you can, either. Nor is there a checker board in the place, and chess men!—why, all men are absolutely out! What's more, there's something dank, mysterious and unholy about the place. For days and weeks they tried to figure it out,—and then, one day Sally Keibler let the cat out of the bag. It's the ancient smell of cabbage, boys! Oh, didn't you know? Why, fellows, the Traveling Women's headquarters used to be North Hall's dining room. **Didn't you know that?**

The officers: President, Sarah Keibler; Vice-President, Isabel Aitken; Secretary, Elizabeth Snyder; Treasurer, Ethel Grossman.



Left to Right: Berry, Parsons, Underwood, Whitlatch, Washburn.



## TRAVELING MEN'S COUNCIL

THE Traveling Men's Council finds itself responsible for governing the Traveling Men's Association, a motley crew, indeed. From East, West, North, and South, you'll find them coming in by train, by shoe leather express, by auto, and by "rule of thumb," and they all go straight for their own headquarters. (That is, they go to headquarters after each one has been duly examined by Parsons' detective agency, famed for reprimanding victims of vanity who have dared let mustaches grow upon upper lips.) As we were saying, they go to the Traveling Men's Room, the happy hunting ground of connoisseurs on sport, and the place where meditative scholars gather to play chess and checkers. Indeed, the former even don the robes of soothsayers by making naive predictions of actual sport movements and outcomes weeks before schedule. Nor does the confabulation end there. Weird tales as to the accuracy of their original prophecies are heralded from all sides of the room for quite some time after the physical conflict has been completed.

Outstanding, however, is the incessant "battle of wits" that rages from semester to semester. If there is anything that you want to know, go to the Traveling Men's Room. The boys modestly say that their conclusions are at least plausible, and one is certain to find a commendable diversification in opinionated reasoning. Their conversation might come only spasmodically—that is, between healthy mouthfuls of food—but don't give up hope, because from after luncheon on, ample ground is covered to warrant your stay. The trends of discussion have taken such a hold on some of the outsiders, especially the janitors, that it is quite late every evening before the lights are out.

In spite of their puerile undergraduate pondering and bickering the Traveling Men represent the backbone of the college, and extra-special mention is due their Traveling Men's dance, and their big part in "Dad's Day."

The officers: President, Donald Parsons.



Council: Kovacs, Cravotta, Johnson.  
Staff: Hauck, Ziders, Frazier, Foster, Ney, Birch, Hixson, Horwitz, Buell, Dwyer, Mathias, Linsley, Wolfe, Moussiaux, Anderson.

## HAMMER AND TONGS

IT IS Tuesday morning of any school week. The clock in the tower bongs eight times. The buzzer sounds for first hour classes. For several minutes the corridors are filled with the easy hum of student chatter. A hush descends over the halls. Soon copy begins coming into the Monocal office brought by Hammer and Tongs staff members. As the morning progresses, the amount of in-coming copy increases in volume until at about eleven o'clock the activity in the office is at fever heat: rewriting, headlining, copy reading, typing, conferences, laughing, flying pencils . . . The Tuesday noon deadline is at hand. If the deadline is not met, it will mean burdening the Print Shop. At twenty minutes of twelve the buzzer sounds for luncheon. The Monocal room population dwindles until at twelve-thirty it is again given over to emptiness and silence. The deadline has been met.

Hammer and Tongs has had a brief but eventful history. Begun in the spring of 1933, it was followed by the Council of School Newspaper Sponsors, which was organized in the fall of the same year. Hammer and Tongs is unusual among the smaller college newspapers in its being student printed, the print shop of the Industrial Arts Department handling the mechanical end of the weekly issue. Mr. Walker is adviser to the student-printers of the paper. Then, of course, there are those who do the writing. These twenty staff members are taking a newspaper writing class under Mr. Hughey, their adviser. In this class, newspaper writing and problems of school newspaper sponsorship are studied. On the editorial staff a system of shifting of positions is maintained to give each participant a thorough training in the preparation and publication of a school newspaper.

As a vital force in the school, Hammer and Tongs has a **very bright** future.

The officers: President, Samuel Cravotta; Vice-President, Robert Johnson; Secretary, Evelyn Young; Treasurer, Valentine Kovacs.



First Row: Mundell, Geary, Kellman, Soverns, Mendola, Ilar, Labutta, Fogle.  
 Second Row: Miss Treasure, Smith, Huttner, Mathias, Pyle, Langley, Rohrer, Sheppick, Sprowls, Bayha, Ashton.



# O R C H E S T R A

HERE is the infant among our campus organizations. With a handful of instruments, two handfuls of musicians, a capable leader in the person of Miss Treasure, and Dr. Steele's cheers from the side-lines, our orchestra was begun just this year. A group of instrument-loving musicians gathered in one place at one time was all that was needed,—and here they are.

Aside from the blue notes, there is something inexpressibly sad about an orchestra. Must we explain? Very well! Years ago, so mythology runs, Pan, god of the shepherds, fell in love with Syrinx, a beautiful water nymph. But, Pan left much to be desired in physical beauty, for he had the legs of a goat, the body of a man, and the ears of an ass.—Enter: "Beauty and the Beast" motif.—Whenever Pan approached to proclaim himself, Syrinx would run. One day, Pan determined to catch Syrinx and force her to listen to his protestations of love.—Enter: the "Flight and Pursuit" motif.—The chase! Just as Pan was about to seize her, Syrinx asked the gods for aid, and was metamorphosed into a reed.—Enter: the "Curses! I am foiled!" motif.—Pan, enangered, cut the reed to pieces, causing the death of the poor little nymph. Grief-stricken, he gathered up the fragments and bound them together, caressing them with his lips.—Enter: the "I'm terribly sorry I killed you, and I won't do it again!" motif.—Pan's lamenting caused his breath to enter the reeds, bringing forth a beautifully melancholy strain of music. Syrinx became the embodiment of all that Pan loved, and hence he is the first musician on record to have loved his instrument. That ends the story. The moral? Oh, yes—if you are a musician, you love your instrument, and if you love your instrument, you belong to the college orchestra. How sad!



First Row: Buell, Leeper, Cooper, Leeper, White, Horwitz.  
Second Row: Frazier, Foster, Klinkhamer, Toth, Brewer, Bowers, Rice.  
Third Row: Hanley, Burkholder, Morris, Crow, Duff, Barkley.  
Fourth Row: Downer, Plava, Rohrer, Bennett, Pierce.

## Y. M. C. A.

WHAT queer creatures,—these things called men! Poor souls, here for so little cast among hardships, filled with inconsistent desires, and weighted with imperfect virtues! *Les Miserables*, with one single thought crowning the heart of their miseries: the thought of duty; of something owing to themselves, to their neighbors, and to their God. These are the bosom thoughts upon which their organization, the Young Men's Christian Association, is founded. They have taken upon themselves the fostering of a high standard of ethical Christian life.

Their task is not light, because man is marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But, since it is true, that many consistently miscarry, how remarkable that all should continue to strive. We behold them gathering every week to sit together amidst this momentary academic life, to think upon duty and the deity. There is something admirably valiant about it all, because they bring the essence of goodness—even for the brief space of their short meeting hour—into a world of organized wrong and injustice. On the other hand, there is within its own organization something infinitely childish, too. In spite of a strong universally recognized purpose, they still are never certain of which of their faithful members will conduct the weekly devotions, and therein lies Skinner's great tribulation. It has been reported that the organization is fortunate in having Dr. Salisbury upon whom to depend. It has been reported, too, that the singing is sometimes woefully weak despite Jim Wolfe's masterful leading, and they do say that there is internal dissention when President Dale Wilson announces an inter-collegiate conference. It's not that they weary in well-doing—no, not that. It's simply that they are an infinite part of creation, and "whole creation groans in mortal frailty."

The officers: President, Dale Wilson; Secretary, Richard Crow; Treasurer, Carl Skinner.



First Row: Anderson, Berry, Yanos, Hentz, Cadzow, Umbel, Harkess, Hartford, Crombie.  
 Second Row: Roach, Strenske, Kasanovich, Richards, Williams, King, Schreiner, Rittenhouse, Smell, Neasom.  
 Third Row: Schuck, Deliere, Warfel, Wright, Hicks, Elliott, Way, Simpson, Wolfe, Bamford, Bertrand.  
 Fourth Row: Sprows, Young, Masten, Alberta, Zeiger, Renstrom, Payne, Glessner, Edwards.  
 Fifth Row: Backstrom, Badger, J. Harris, V. Harris, Sossa, Connelly, Carpenter, Muchant, Paine, Smallwood, Fogle, Gough, Richardson.  
 Sixth Row: Everly, Spaw, Kusago, Archer, Alaimo, Soverns, Moyer, Harper, Blackburn.  
 Seventh Row: Holman, Katilius, H. Smith, Trowbridge, Simpson, Fogerty, Corder, O'Brien, Smith

## Y. W. C. A.

**M**AN glorifies the present age. Certainly, there never was an era which offered so much enlightenment to its people. There are evidences of great works and great minds everywhere. However, can we truly say that these have helped to elevate manhood and womanhood? All about us we see life in the busy hum-drum of automobiles, airplanes, radios, and factory whistles. From the moment the alarm clock buzzes this human machine is started anew on another round of incessant duties, toils, and pleasures. Cautious man must use every moment to his full capacity. The god of efficiency holds sway.

Indeed it is a glorious age if its value is to be measured in things concrete. However, Ruskin tells us that a nation's most lucrative production is the souls of its people. We cannot let ourselves search for a superficial bronze halo; we must not let our souls be blunted or insensitive to duty or deity. American womanhood has realized the need for insight into the finer things of life and in consequence has given rise to the Young Women's Christian Association. Theirs is not a canting moralism telling of right and wrong; for after all, there is no universal congruity in such rules, but at most a municipal fitness. Rather, it is theirs to seek out goodness and truth, both of which are of a nobler strain than the relative right and wrong, and, hence, the search must necessarily be more painstaking. Do they have their rewards? Not seemingly, for neither success, nor peace of conscience crown their ineffectual efforts to seek to do well in a world of ostentation and hypocrisy. Their frailties are invincible, their virtues barren. The battle seems sore against them; and yet, a reward is theirs. They've tried!

The officers: President, Guinivere Strickler; Vice-President, Helen Wolfe; Secretary, Muriel Kaiser; Treasurer, Lucretia Corder.



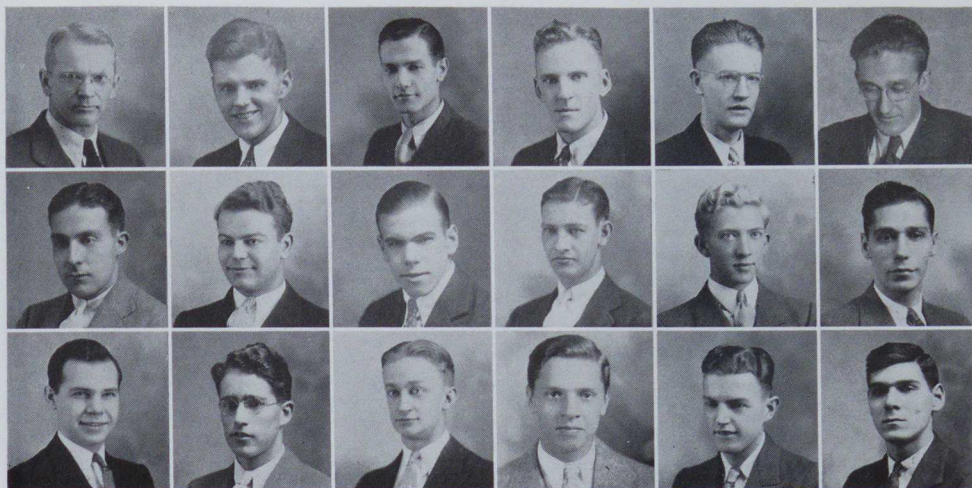
First Row: Simpson, Smith, Holman, Ammon, Kobasa, Aitken, Robertson, Shepler, Schreiner, Coulson.  
Second Row: Trowbridge, Finsinger, Keibler, Gates, Williams, King, Rittenhouse, Hough.  
Third Row: Graham, Huotari, Strem, Simpson, Wolfe.

## G A M M A P I C H I

GAMMA PI CHI—the name sounds portentous, and it was once rumored that the group was somewhat cabalistic, but these convictions are all unfounded. Take Monocal's word for it. The organization is purely social in character, a good rate of scholarship and a nice sociable mien being the only requisites for admission. They're just a harmless little group who take great delight in donning their newest gowns and creating the hospitable air of an English drawing-room in our own Colonial Room, nodding, smiling, and conversing pleasantly over their tea-cups. In fact, one of the aims of the organization is to help its members acquire that certain ease and grace of manner so befitting to a hostess and so essential to one who intends to be a teacher. If there is some little point of etiquette that you are uncertain of, and that Emily Post doesn't cover satisfactorily, page any member of Gamma Pi Chi. She's bound to know!

Pink tea and wafers certainly must be excellent building material for back-bone and gumption, because they haven't let their activity stop at the Colonial Room doors. They've actually let it expand into the field of social service work. Many a tiny heart in some near-by hospital has been gladdened by the picture scrap-books so thoughtfully made by these girls, and what would Christmas be for these tots, hadn't the members of Gamma Pi Chi dressed the dolls for the Children's Wards in these same hospitals? They've even made clothes for needy children, and, in direct antithesis, they conduct an annual fashion show for the college women. In view of such a pleasing, kindly panorama of activities we are almost tempted to shout: "Give us some pink tea, too, please."

The officers: President, Olga Kobasa; Vice-President, Catherine Finsinger; Secretary, Gladys Paxton; Treasurer, Henrietta Ammon.



Top Row: Mr. Wilson, W. Parsons, Probert, Hanley, Philips, Mr. Mase.  
 Next Row: Boydston, Buell, Campbell, Hayes, D. Parsons, V. Kovacs.  
 Bottom Row: Birch, Crow, Dwyer, Walker, Hotchkiss, A. Kovacs.

# P H I S I G M A P I

ONCE upon a time,—May 2, 1930, to be exact—a stray philosopher up at Indiana State Teachers' College got an idea and organized Phi Sigma Pi, national honorary educational fraternity, and ever since he has felt good, which is all right. People always feel good when they think they've caught a whale of an idea. That accounts for the happy countenances of the personnel of the local crew. Yessir! They've got big ideas, one of which is: if the Physical Ed Department can hold classes for physical improvement, why doesn't someone dig up a scheme for organizing a mental improvement class someplace in this school?

Of course, now, none of the members will be required to attend such a class, but for the sake of Alma Mater, the group is working hard upon the problem. In fact, President Parsons is thinking so hard about it that he's forgotten whether he's William Douglas or William Donald, and Secretary Hanley has been heard to mutter ominously, "Reading test, Riting test, Rithmetic test! Ah-ha! Let us brace ourselves for the light of a new day!" Whereupon he began to look for the minutes of the last meeting which he took on the back of his Botany notes, long since discarded.

Other members have pet theories with regard to the improvement of Education, Treasurer Boydston insisting that education means socialization: hence, bigger and better stag parties. Mr. Wilson holds that education is dependent on pure psychology and Birch agrees, adding that individual exaltation must also be considered. The rest are all agreeing and disagreeing, while the Kovacs brothers discuss the situation in Hungary.

However, from inference, deduction, keyhole observation and the articles appearing in Hammer and Tongs, the organization, they say, is doing real work to advance teaching as a profession.

The officers: President, Douglas Parsons; Vice-President, Charles Probert; Secretary, William Hanley; Treasurer, Warren Boydston; Historian, Lee Philips.





First Row: Moring, Holsopple, Swartz, Hill, J. Wolfe, Wilson, Strickler, Hanel, Mase.  
Second Row: Pollock, McDowell, Feeney, Wolfe, Yarnall, Jones, Buell.

## ALPHA PSI OMEGA

LIGHTS! Stage set? Curtain! Enter: Alpha Psi Omega. The drama is on and with it comes the dramatis personae led by the celebrities, Wolfe and Pollock. The former acts as president while the latter is the power behind the throne. Campus chatter qualifies the esteemed offices as belonging to those persons who can make the greatest facial inflection with the least amount of effort. Indeed, under the circumstances, it seems that the qualification has merits. Yessir! Right down dramatic alley. But don't let the requirements of office fool you. These dramatic people don't even need the three "r's" . . . only a good memory and light eyelids. To verify the last statement you ask any of the brothers who drill with midnight oil on "auditorium field."

The Quaker spirit of Alpha Psi Omega is two-fold,—one, inter-fraternity, the other as the big brother for the College Players. It is understood that each member of the junior set has, in a secluded brain crevice, the sole desire and unique ambition to be someday recognized by the dramatic pin worn so modestly by the Alpha Psi's. This one aim leads to outstanding performances which the "do and die" spirit designates. Brothers of the dramatic fraternity are never tardy so how could an up and coming "hope to be" pledge account to his superiors by breaking fundamental laws of practice? Thus the fraternity not only serves as a big brother to College Players, but as an inspiration to punctuality.

With the fall of the curtain another act is ended and another chapter is closed in the history of the fraternity. With each succeeding conclusion the fraternal hopes soar high with ambitious yearning for greater success behind the flickering lights.

The officers: President, James Wolfe; Vice-President, Lemoyne Pollock; Secretary-Treasurer, Janet Jones.



First Row: Zacks, Hauck, Fenwick, Jones, Sokol, Anderson, Rose, Hickle, Harper.  
 Second Row: Hornbake, Whitlatch, Buell, Lambert, Kobasa, Strickler, McMillan, Whetzel, Grover.  
 Third Row: Jefferies, Hough, Cooper, Hicks, Snyder, Gough, Sovers, Pesognelli, Neason, Webber.  
 Fourth Row: Frazier, Walker, Crawford, Mase, Harkess, Hanel, Dwyer, Linsley, Neil, Feeney, Pollitz.  
 Fifth Row: Hixson, Wolfe, Simpson, Birch, McAndrews, Smith, Gibson.

## COLLEGE PLAYERS

MAN takes great delight in playing the sedulous ape, and here is an organization that offers him a chance to cavort and caper at his will, whether he feels the villainous urges of the famed Hank McSneer or the more subtle yearnings of Romeo. In fact, their opposition to Darwin's theory of the evolution of man is so great that they go to no end of trouble to return to the original state twice every month for the benefit of their own kind, and for any others who may be interested. Surprising as it may seem, audiences do come to see them perform—real audiences who laugh and guffaw and stamp their feet, and smack their lips when the players are so indiscreet as to kiss each other on the stage. And would you believe us when we say that even faculty members come when the sign on the bulletin board announcing the next play bears the inscription: "P.S. Buell will be in it"? After one of these performances it's not a rare sight to see Mr. Mase and Dale Wilson loading up the Reo with enough vegetables to last the Wilson family until the next performance.

Once during the past season the organization became quite dignified and formally extended "The Monkey's Paw," and we don't mean the receiving line, either. Later on, they went a little high hat, so "The Late Christopher Bean" put a clamp on the monkey business. But, alack, and alas! He let the dire, dire secret out. No more will we gaze with such awe and wonder upon their artful acting. Even now we hate to think of it—but 'tis true! 'tis true! What? Why, Yorrick, college players' footlights are also headlights—really!

The officers: President, Lemoyne Pollock; Vice-President, Elaine Hauck; Secretary, Ernest Hixson; Treasurer, Wade Whitlatch.



First Row: Pesognelli, Fogle, Vaughn, Springer, Williams, M. Simpson, Trowbridge, B. Simpson, Westcott, Keibler, Beazell, Polletz.  
Second Row: Hazy, Sprows, Bamford, Shutterly, Hall, Wolfe, King, Garbart, Holman, Larmi, Badger, Anderson.  
Third Row: Davis, Kosanovich, Renne, Venneri, Weaver, McDade, Bertrand, Winchell, Deffenbaugh, Hartbarger, Copenhagen, Hormell, Sterback, Young, Mundell, Davis, Snodgrass, Smith, Frederick.

## WOMEN'S GLEE CLUB

WONDERFUL! . . . Singing in the heart, singing in the heavens and singing in the auditorium—every Monday evening at 7:15. That's the time when all good little girls who can sing soprano or alto without feeling self-conscious join their voices in a magical rendition of harmony that gives the tinge of romance to the most unromantic things. Were the world privileged to listen in, it would find that their lilting melodies make glorious chimes out of silly cuckoo clocks, fairy fingers out of big splashy rain drops, and balmy breezes out of the cold winds that steal around the house at night. In truth, their magical power is such that by mutual consent of its own members, the club decided to stop singing the Alphabet song because it sounded too much like soup.

Wonderful, you say? So it is, but even the wonderful must smack of the commonplace, else how can there ever be criteria for self-comparisons? Despite their extraordinary aspect, the group is quite ordinary in at least one respect. Its members sometimes forget the dignity of the organization and sing with the same unchecked, enthusiastic abandon as they do it in the Traveling Women's Room and at home. Loud and long, their voices swell through the stillness of the night, until Miss Myers has had sufficient time to recover and pronounce the words for which she has long since become famous: "Softer, girls! Not so loud!" And then the girls remember that they are the glee club. That is, everyone remembers but Ann Westcott, High Potentate of Vociferous Incantors, who must needs jealously guard her integrity and who, on such occasions, renders her own Soliloquy in D Minor as a protest against the unceremonious interruption of her practice period. But the glee club goes on, toward bigger Pink Elephants and better benefit bridges. . . . Wonderful!

The officers: President, Vera Williams; Vice-President, Mary Simpson; Secretary, Ann Westcott; Treasurer, Sarah Keibler.



First Row: Wolfe, D. Remaley, Geary, Herklotz, Temple, Comito, Goldstein, Rossi, Kovacs, R. Remaley, Hughes.  
Second Row: Dearth, Abramson, Neil, Stahl, Zacks, Boydston, Wasson, Ansell, Pollock.  
Third Row: Moore, Sickles, Genovese, Rohrer, Pile, Halstead, Titus, Yanazzo, Schwartz, Hayes, Sager.  
Fourth Row: Balas, Ficks, Milliron, Bennett, Rice, Cairns, Netting, Lehman, Check.

## MEN'S GLEE CLUB

**P**ITCH, duration, intensity and timbre,—all are attributes of the Men's Glee Club. Mr. Halstead's understudies furnish a dulcet chorus of song for the plastic but appreciative college students, along with a series of district concerts which have led to distinction for the club throughout the Monongahela Valley. The eminence of the club members is even more pronounced since the student body has taken to weekly musical assemblies, because the trained melody of the veterans is conspicuously advanced beyond the untrained euphony produced by the "laity." Consequently, a giant's share of prestige has come their way.

Mr. Halstead's instruction possibly stops at the end of club practice, but the effects are felt for days afterward in every nook and spot on the campus. But some of the boys don't stop at that. No sir! They carry the songs even to the Herron Hall showers and there batter and tear at the melodies, resulting in a simultaneous exit by the audience through all available doors. Possibly an excuse for this degree of expression could be found, but it is sometimes difficult to maintain this lenient attitude toward one Mr. Ficks. 'Tis commonly consented that singing is rapidly becoming a vanity with him. Some say that Ficks is for more and better class recitations via melody, but it would be better to take a more conservative stand and doubt it.

The Glee Club, however, is one of the most prominent organizations of the college, and many worthy compliments are due its members. It seems only proper, too, that mention should be made of the fact that some of them are looking into the future with high hopes. Did we say they were looking forward to distinction in the field of classical music? We did not! For—(God save the mark!)—they're actually ambitious to become **crooners!**

The officers: President, Arthur Cairns; Secretary, James Wolfe; Treasurer, Robert Stahl.



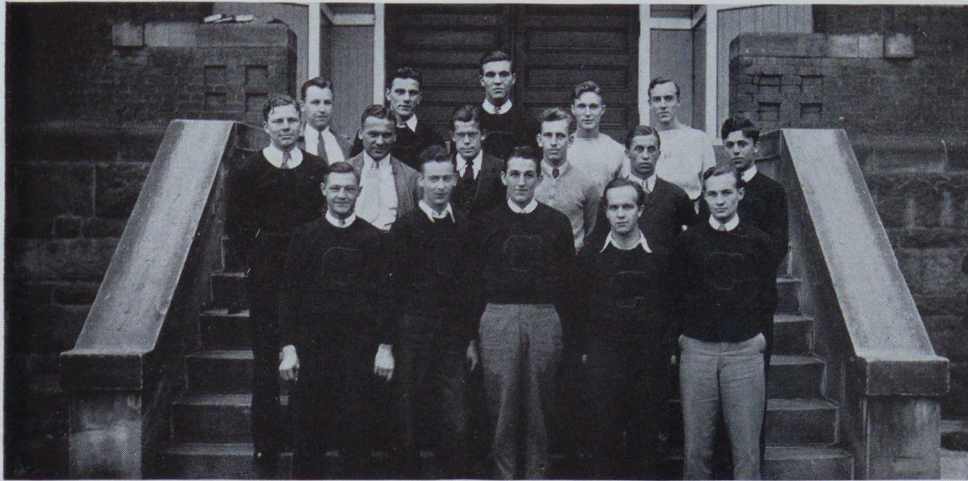
First Row: Letrick, Katilius, Lowe, Paul, Hough, Pesognelli, McCue, Berry, Sweitzer.  
Second Row: Hauck, Hicks, Alberta, Elliott, Weaver, Sovers, Muchant, Wilson, Strenske, Diulus, Connelly, Wilson.  
Third Row: Westcott, F. Connelly, Kreiger, Zeiger, Wasalasky, Serenta, Covalesky, Moyer, Archer, Cornell, Bittner, Hoke, Seper, McMillan, Giltner.  
Fourth Row: Keibler, Lambert, Sprows, Ropp, Harbourn, Fisher, Fogerty, Hall, Becker, Buk, McGrew, Van Sickle, Rose.  
Fifth Row: Ashton, Funk, Brady, Renstrom, Crockett, Kreiger, Sossa, Snyder, Wygandt, Carpenter, Hay, Clark, Lewis, Payne.

## WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

"SPORT for every girl, and every girl in a sport." So the decree was passed by the National Amateur Athletic Association, and our local Women's Athletic Association has done a nice job of playing "yes-man" to that edict, for they've managed to set forth one of the fullest, roundest programs of activity on the campus. From the day school opens until the day it closes, athletic events are in progress for the college women. If they don't like hockey, they can bat a ball around on a ping-pong table; if they are basketball enthusiasts, they can enter the winter tournament, or if they prefer tennis, W.A.A. has provided a tournament there, also. Then, too, they manage to have great fun throwing bean bags, pushing shuffle boards, tossing quoits, or having a quiet game of badminton. Nor must we forget hiking, roller skating, and archery, although one can scarcely say that these activities are confined solely to the college women. Didn't we see Boydston "borrowing" a pair of skates once? Doesn't the whole football team beg for "chances" with the bows and arrows? And we know it to be a fact, too, that the dormitory men like to carry skillets and tin-cups for the girl hikers. If you ask us, it's an all-college activity, this W.A.A.

Nor do the girls, in their zest for activity, overlook the socializing and integrating powers of their organization. Throughout the year they manage to have banquets and play-days galore, not only for local women, but for girl athletes of other colleges, and even for high-school girls. The Association sponsors, Miss Hildreth and Miss Carroll, go to no end of trouble to make these events indicative of the spirit of California's co-eds, and of the college as an institution.

The officers: President, Genevieve Hough; Vice-President, Velma Paul; Secretary, Mary Pesognelli; Treasurer, Ruth Hall.



First Row: Bridge, Connair, McAndrews, R. Frazier, Weaver.  
Second Row: Wolfe, Sotak, J. Frazier, Titus, Hayduk, Cappalonga.  
Third Row: Skinner, Hornbake, Danna, Bennett, Webber.

## V A R S I T Y C L U B

YOU know and I know that on a certain night in Spring, a number of people pass along the walk toward Herron Hall, and this number is exactly divisible by two, the quotient being the number of men belonging to the Varsity Club. You guessed it: the big annual Varsity Club dance! Somehow, these athletes have a great fondness for dancing, as we were saying to Mr. Gilmore the other day. In fact, they all like dancing so well that they haven't much time for athletics.

However, they do conduct an intra-mural sports program, but the real purpose of this is that there will ultimately be a Sports Night where there'll be dancing after Hare runs up the wall and Danna puts up his hard fight for the jackets.

Epicurean to the nth degree, they must also have an athletic banquet every year too, where a great deal of eloquence about the successful football season is spilled, along with a lot of other things.

Who is to blame for this sad state of disillusionment? Well . . . we aren't prepared to say . . . but Dr. Kriner organized the club way back in '28, when he came back from Pitt with a fresh idea about extra-curricular functions growing from the curricular, —or was it vice versa? Anyway, he started it, because he knows that the fellows like to dance. We wouldn't be a bit surprised either, if he hadn't given them their watchword: Don't mind anyone or anything; just be yourself. In fact, some of the boys take that watchword very seriously and most of the time make a race track out of the dance floor. Be all that as it may, however, the club members are of a good sort—and they don't charge an admission to their dance—really!

Officers: President, Leon Dal Canton; Secretary, Claude Titus.



Seated: Mr. Gilmore.  
Standing: Bell, Young, Robertson, Mr. Edinger, Dr. Salisbury, Bennett, Boydston, Buell, Grossman.

## P I G A M M A M U

INDICATIVE of May 10, 1933, was the emergence of another chapter into the Pot-Pouri of Greek Letter Fraternities at the California State Teachers' College. To this event may be dedicated the commencement of the Lambda chapter of Pi Gamma Mu, Social Science honorary and pride of Kriner, Gilmore, Edinger, and Company. The increment of the Greeks has been remarkable. Indeed twenty neophytes were duly pledged to abide by the sanctified ritual. But would it be fallible to suggest that reality has proven some of the brothers to have been guilty of sanctimony? For it is said that anyone with a nominal fee can get the "grip."

It is understood that a philosophy of the social sciences is the basic principle of the chapter. Supposedly then, could such a back-ground have had an effect upon the destination of Charles Bennett who is to be Uncle Sam's right hand protege? And should it be assumed that Pi Gamma Mu will have international prestige when "Chuck" takes his "see the world" trip? Perhaps a more concise conclusion would be available through the administrative channels of Evelyn Young and Gertrude Bell. However, at the present, the executive department is recuperating from a state of perplexity caused by Andor Kovac's recent citation of Central European Problems and shouldn't be bothered with any irritating queries.

Aside from the rituals, sanctities, philosophies, and domestic influences, the chapter actually has merits. But, as is the destiny of many other notable organizations, the worth will not be realized entirely until the propensities of education have been imparted to posterity. On that day an awakening cry will be heard and then,—with due recompense, the Pi Gamma Mu's will have been endowed.

The officers: President, Evelyn Young; Vice-President, Gertrude Bell; Secretary-Treasurer, A. S. Gilmore.



First Row: Mountain, Dearth, Moussiaux, Zeidman, Leiber, Wilson, Sweitzer, Puglisi.  
 Second Row: Hartley, Bittner, Becker, Strenske, Berry, Zeiger, Seper.  
 Third Row: Withers, Snyder, Schwartz, Crowl, Rousseau, Smith, Harris, Sharraw, Wampler, Smallwood.  
 Fourth Row: Crockett, Funk, Ropp, Fogerty, Valoon, Rybar, Cornell, Molosky, Clark, Charmi, E. Wilson, Richardson.

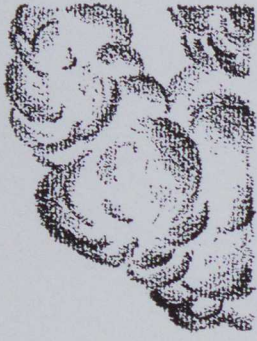
# M O N V A L E A

QUOTATION is a mere surrogate for original thought, and yet we find ourselves bringing to you none other than our own Dr. Kriner's familiar Sociology and Extra-Curricular Activities class quotation: "This club is one of the finest on the campus. We ought to have more like it." We aren't prepared to say whether Dr. Kriner has attended any of the organization meetings, but he has undoubtedly read the purpose of Monvalea: "To train girls, as teachers, to be leaders in extra-curricular activities, especially in the elementary schools." Surely! Any organization that helps to further extra-curricular work is the real thing, isn't it, folks?

Next to quotation, agreement with another's expressed thought is perhaps the best surrogate for original thinking, and yet, we find ourselves agreeing with Dr. Kriner, too. Monvalea is undoubtedly one of the best as well as one of the biggest organizations on the campus, and they're also characterized by an ultra-activity complex. They've sponsored three training classes for Girl Scout Leaders, offered by the National Girl Scout Council. Once per month they also carry out type programs especially suited to children of the elementary grades. The remaining three meetings of each month are given over to bridge instruction to the members, without ever so much as a barked shin in the way of "sub rosa" casualties. (The only trouble is that Hilda Zeidman wins too many of the bridge prizes). The organization also held a dinner bridge for its immediate members, and an evening bridge for members and their friends during the past year. The fine program of action is due largely to the thoughtful work of the club sponsor, Miss Pardoe, and of the President, Rita Moussiaux, and is a real source of aid to prospective teachers needing guidance in things extra-curricular.

The officers: President, Rita Moussiaux; Vice-President, Ruth Withers; Secretary, Norma Delbarre; Treasurer, Hazel Hartley.





First Row: Diulus, Kobasa, McGinty, Alexander.  
Second Row: Cober, Underwood, Mathias, Frazier, Tantillo, Mr. Harding.

## G E O G R A P H Y C L U B

EVERY once in a while some physicist, awe-stricken by the boundless immensity of the Universe, tries to impress man with his relative insignificance in the scheme of things. The physicist at least admits that man has existence. The geographer can be no less impressive by telling man that his hold on this world is very precarious at best. He states that if it were not for the elevations of the earth's surface, it would be covered everywhere with water to the depth of a half mile. The geographer's supposition does not even provide for man's existence, unless it would be in some fish-like form. The latest news concerning the average fish has it that it has an I. Q. of practically zero, so California students would not like forming a "school of fish." On such grounds as the foregoing do Geography Club members attempt to prove the fundamental importance of geography. "For," argues a club member, "before we can have business cycles and wars and ping-pong tournaments we must have some place to hold them. That is where geography and the earth come in."

The Geography Club was organized in 1928 by G. E. Harding. Since its inception, the club's activities have included securing speakers for chapel programs, buying apparatus for use in the geography laboratory, and sending delegates to important conventions in Pittsburgh. The Geography Club members are encouraged to make individual projects, preferably in the field of cartography, and during the latter part of this school year under the presidency of John Frazier, the club has been engaged in an intensive study of Pennsylvania.

The Geography Club members have come to realize that, as a science, geography offers many opportunities for application of the scientific method in its study.

The officers: President, John Frazier; Vice-President, Harold Underwood; Secretary-treasurer, Donald Mathias.



First Row: Ziders, Ropp, Fisher, Whetsel, Crowthers.  
Second Row: Gorun, Parsons, Seghi, Lewis.



## SCIENCE - MATH CLUB

SCIENCE and Mathematics! This way madness lies! This way, also, is man at his best. Behold the Nedleys, the Fishers, the Cornells, and the Lewises standing on a little planet, measuring, weighing, analyzing and predicting. There seems to be no real substance to the solid globe on which they stamp: nothing but ratios, symbols, and porportions. Gravity that swing their suns and their worlds through space is a mere figment varying inversely as the squares of the distances. Indeed, their world itself is an imponderable abstraction of N and H and O. And among the atoms you'll find such people as these tracking down new mathematical formulae, both of the practical and of the unpractical sort!

Perhaps we leave with you the impression that here we have a monopoly of the world's master minds. Not so! There's no Einstein in their personnel, but who can, nevertheless, place a qualification upon their potentialities? They may live only to teach the sum-total of their own knowledge to the nation's youth, but even then they will be clearing the way for a chain of inventions that will multiply the powers of our race. Here we will construct a city-like building, lofty, and guarded against strain by the courage of man's calculation. Here is a bridge; a hundred thousand tons of iron suspended from steel ropes flung bravely from shore to distant shore. There is a mighty wall, damming up the powerful waters of unmitigated sources, straining synthetic strength against natural strength. Then you will find new elements, new atoms, new dimensions and new powers. Then, too, you will see biologists preparing to make living organisms with the same facility that physicists have remade the face of the earth. Scientists and mathematicians! Their study is unpretentious; their work is unrewarded. But they go on.

The officers: President, Donald Cornell; Vice-President, George Gorun; Secretary-Treasurer, Marion Whetsel.



First Row: Peters, Korenko, E. Young, S. Young.  
Second Row: Martin, Gottesman, Ross, Hicks, Mr. Hurst.

## PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

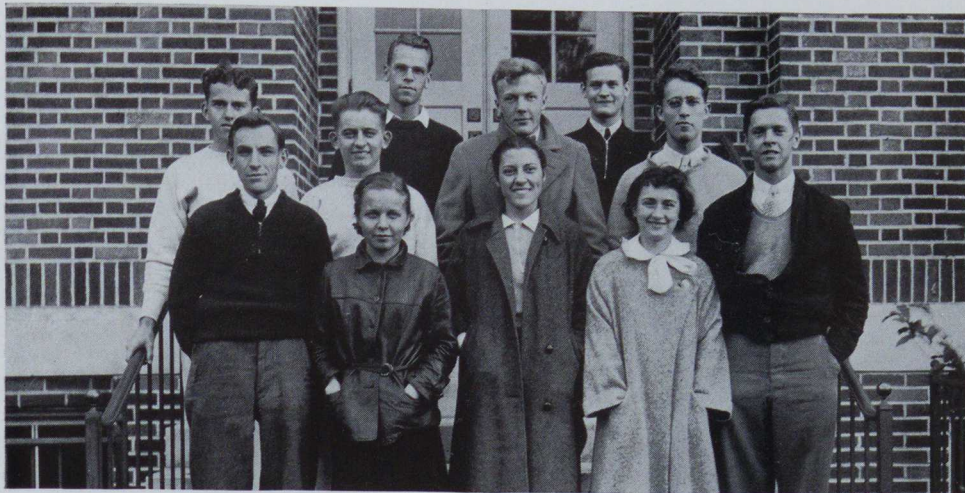
THE Photography Club, sponsored by Mr. Hurst, is an outstanding organization of practical value. The photographers, weekly, steal away to a dark and secluded room in Science Hall to survey the innocent subjects of curious pictures. Here numerous discourses on photographic procedure are administered by the sponsor and co-workers. Many projects are propounded for study, some of which prove very interesting. Bill Hicks is making a survey on "hands,"—so look out, lest you fall prey to the demon photographer. Others have taken to an elevated study, this being of clouds; and still others go adversely into Micro-Photography to satisfy their incentives of query.

Nature, indeed, has been good to the photographers, for everything but inspiration and camera supplies is theirs for the asking. Their field is every field and the sky is the limit. The veracity of this limitation was recognized by one of the members who really did, it is said, with dire ambition, try to enlarge this vast body of infinity, but was recompensed only in his folly. And here, we see, as antiquity has taught us, "Experience is a great teacher." So be it with the photographers.

It is understood that some of the members are hoping and praying for occasional opportunity to break into the Traveling Room discussions with their theories on photogravure, photolithographs, and photoheliographs. We humbly ask, "What could the laymen do then?" The mere words mean little to the average and the "picture men" undoubtedly would swoop down on them like vultures and carry away the spoils of verbal victory unharmed. However, success with that procedure has never gotten any farther than the Botany class where it is usually checked at the slightest uprising.

The benefits derived from the organization are based on personal initiative, and ample opportunity is offered to the members for experience that is by no means abundant elsewhere.

The officers: President, Leonard Peters.



First Row: Nalevanko, Paxton, Fogerty, Schreiner, Walker.  
Second Row: Cuppett, Herklotz, Carlson, Crow.  
Third Row: Martin, Honeychalk.



## E L E U S I U M C L U B

NONE is more absorbing as an object of study than an artist. Shakespeare might easily have made him the fourth in his immortal group. The lunatic with his fixed idea, the poet with his fine frenzy, the lover with his idolatry, and the artist with his idealized doting on his own creative abilities are all of an "imagination compact." In fact, the artist more than any of the others, takes on all of these characteristics at some time, and the members of the Eleusium club, although they are amateurs, and although their work is confined largely to the popular crafts, are not immune. Like the lunatic, they persist in a fixed idea: "This must be completed! This must be completed!" Then, with the fine frenzy of the poet, they apply themselves to their craft, idolizing the art, the progress, and the product with the lover's unremitting passion.

Out of the cornucopia of their productive powers come pouring all sorts of creations: bracelets, pins, purses, fabrics, moccasins, lampshades, belts, and bookcovers. Proudly they display their wares and then the world wonders: how? and when? and where? With diffidence we approach the artists, and ask, but the response is always an enigmatical smile. The secrets of production are confined solely to their own little work-bench world. Neither Martin nor Braunger, Paxton nor Deffenbaugh,—no, not even the liberal Virginia Schreiner—will drop a hint to the outer world. In fact, the only way in which one will be admitted into their darker secrets is by consenting to don a holly wreath, and parade around the campus in candle-light, guarded by two tin-helmeted soldiers, while someone dolefully beats upon Elmer's tom-tom. That much we know, because we've seen it. Beyond that—nothing. The artist remains an enigma.

The officers: President, Walter Martin; Vice-President, Margaret Deffenbaugh, Secretary, Gladys Paxton; Treasurer, Virginia Schreiner.



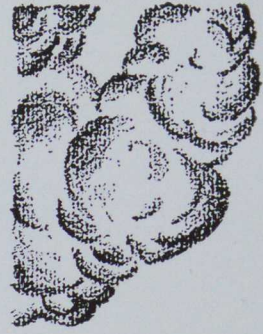
First Row: Sokol, Stephens, Connelly, Snodgrass, Dixon, Covalesky, Kobasa.  
Second Row: Dr. Keller, Levine, Philips, Buell, Birch.  
Third Row: Applebaum, F. Tyrell, Oelschalager.  
Fourth Row: Huttner, C. Tyrell, Dwyer.

## D E B A T E C L U B

"WHAT is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. However, his question had a bent toward the philosophical and theological, and to pass from the philosophical and theological and ask the same question concerning our modern civil, social, political and industrial problems—well, that's a different story.

What is the truth? Should the world disarm? Should it retain its arms? The debate club doesn't know—the world doesn't know,—but the world is willing to stay for an answer, and the debate club is attempting to argue it through. In inter-collegiate debates and in arguments presented before interested service clubs, our debaters have attempted to discern the truth, and we might say that it is all done with a most commendable perspicacity. There is, in fact, something commendable about everything a whole-hearted, earnest debater does. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unloads his stock of knowledge and materials in perfect order, and it is not done without the unique presentation of a Kovacs, the profound philosophy of a Philips, or the humor and witticism of a Kobasa or of a Buell. Such qualities make debates interesting. Nor can one ever cry "halves" to anything he finds. He doesn't find; he brings. With him, there is no border land between the affirmative and negative, and surmises, guesses, misgivings, half intuitions or conceptions have no place in his brain or his vocabulary. In truth, a debate club, and Dr. Keller's is no exception, is a little brain-trust all its own, and we sometimes wonder if they never tire each other with their vast profundities. No, they're brainy enough not to permit that, because after every debate they lay aside argumentation for a refreshing little party at Tarr's, and do you know what they do on debate trips?—they sing all the way over and all the way back, while the world stays for an answer.

The officers: President, Harold Buell; Vice-President, Andor Kovacs; Secretary, Anna Louise Connelly; Treasurer, Matthew Huttner; Manager, Lee Philips.



Prone: Sickles, Carroll, Squires, Tantillo, L. Cober.  
 Kneeling: J. Cober, Langley, Redinger, Hanley, Bennett.  
 Standing, First Row: Middlesworth, Labutta, White, Solomon, Wist, Duran, Johnson.  
 Second Row: Sutherland, Wainiski, Daniero, Patterson, Beggs, Tippen, Butler, Kovach.

## R I F L E C L U B

VICKERS, Du Pont, and the C.S.T.C. Rifle Club, these are all synonymous, but it is contended by the authorities that the aims of the latter are to establish a more potential efficiency in target shooting and to supply a framework for future patriotic construction. The "Dinosaurs," that is, the Cober regime plus William Melford Hanley, Executive Officer, represent all interests, both inside and out, including the faculty. The program of the club formerly included the extension of discipline; but the Executive Officer discovered that his voice would need too much training to personify those typical "bull dogs" of the army. Thus a severe laxity developed in the club functions. Indeed, at one time the club officials were forced to announce that a luncheon was to be served at the meetings to attract members. But it failed to move the social lions for they insisted that the early evening gatherings at the Tea Room were more suggestive than shooting at the Bul's Eye; nor could the playful boys be persuaded to believe that the domestic ability of the officers could render anything palatable.

Aside from the adolescent and truant nature of the members, they do find occasional moments to shoot a few rounds in the Demonstration School basement—and then the janitor complains about the sieve-like impressions made in the upper floor. It is no wonder that streaks of baldness are conspicuous on the heads of some of the members. (May lilac water be suggested?) But they follow the philosophy of Pershing, "Bend the shot until it hits the mark," and keep on plugging.

However, one should not be too critical of the organization. It must be remembered that the club is still in its mere infancy. In a few years, the optimists say, the home talent will be up and doing with the best of them. So, fight hard boys, and go to Annapolis.

The officers: President, Joseph Cober; Vice-President, Joseph Tantillo; Secretary-Treasurer, Robert White; Chief Executive Officer, William Hanley.



*Section Three*



*★ Activities*



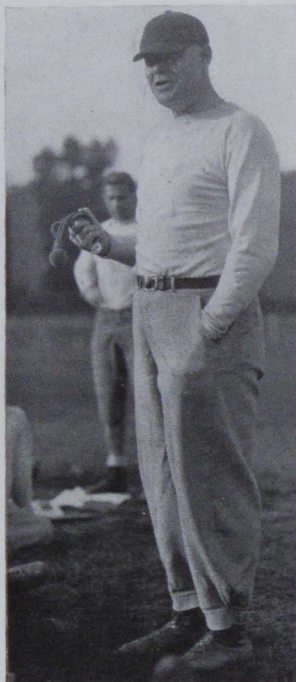


D I V I S I O N  
T H R E E



# FOOTBALL

WILLIAM STEERS, Coach



ONCE again during the 1934 season Coach "Bill" Steers proved to the followers of Vulcan football that a small, fast team can go places on the gridiron. Starting the season with a veteran crew, but one that lacked the customary "averdupois" of most football aggregations, Coach Steers turned out a team that gave California one of its best seasons on record.

The Vulcans were most fortunate in having a schedule that allowed them to open the season against a Teachers College rival. The past year found the Vulcans opening against Geneva at Beaver Falls with disastrous results, but the 1934 season found a well conditioned Red and Black eleven entertaining in its opening game a highly favored Lock Haven Teachers College team on a day that was featured by rain and thick black mud. A goodly sized crowd turned out in spite of the inclement weather to see the local team force the heavy Lock Haven eleven to bow, 2-0.

The following week found the Red and Black hosts to Edinboro, an old rival of the California team. The big Red and White team of Edinboro, favored over the Vulcans by the sports authorities threw a scare into the local fans by scoring an early touchdown on an intercepted pass. Later in the game, however, the Red and Black powerhouse got under way and at the end of the tussle had their up-state rivals trimmed to a tune of 19-6.

Without a letup, one the following week-end the Vulcans took their first trip of the season. The team traveled to Millersville and found a host of giants awaiting them. The undaunted Red and Black, however, carried the fight to the Eastern boys. At the close of a grueling contest they found themselves on the long end of a 13-0 score, and saw an amazed and bewildered Millersville team wondering how it all had happened.

Returning home, the jubilant Vulcans spent a hard week preparing to meet their West Virginia rivals, Fairmont, who the year before had upset them, 19-2. An added incentive to the game was given by the fact that the boys knew that their Dads would be in the stands cheering them on to victory. The day of the game dawned clear, and the kick-off was greeted by a packed grandstand. The game was fought back and forth for three quarters with no particular advantage to either team. With the local fans predicting a scoreless tie, Barker, a substitute back, suddenly electrified the home crowd by taking a forty yard pass from Zelaska as he crossed the goal line. An extra point put the game on ice for the fighting Red and Black and the contest ended with everyone, except possibly Fairmont, contented in a 7-0 victory.

Front Row: Captain Frazier, Holliday, Dal Canton, Ross, Towner, Danna, Bridge.  
 Second Row: McAndrews, Kilonsky, Balog, Sadler, Moore, Hayduk, Hughes, Norton.  
 Third Row: Troutman, Watkins, Kelley, Barker, Shrader, Beveridge, Underwood.  
 Fourth Row: Zelaska, Zaharewicz, Edwards, Hornbake, Titus, Manager Cappalonga, Braunger.



The four early-season victories were not gained without a price however, and the week of October 27 found the Vulcans traveling to Shippensburg for a game with a rival, who, undefeated, was in the pink of condition for the Red and Black. The Vulcans, tired from their hard fray with Fairmont held the heavy Shippensburg eleven to a scoreless tie in the first half, but during the last half the Shippensburg team crushed out a 12-0 victory. It was the Vulcans first defeat of the season.

Hardly had the Red and Black recovered from the Shippensburg defeat when they traveled to Indiana for the season's most important game. A predicted close game turned into a debacle and when the final whistle blew, the Indiana eleven was on the top side of a 41-7 score. The Vulcans were fairly successful in stopping the Indiana running attack but forward passing by the "I" varsity proved to be the nemesis of the Vulcans. It was the worst defeat suffered by a California eleven in years. A large California crowd who had followed the Vulcans to Indiana went home convinced that the Red and Black was not up to par on the day of the game.

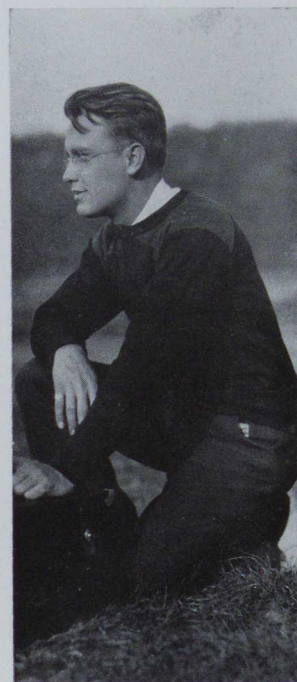
The last game of the season was played at Clarion on a field of mud. A heavy snow which had fallen two days before the game and had melted before game time, made football practically an impossibility. The two teams fought back and forth for the sixty minutes of play, but scoring chances on each side were spoiled by the condition of the field. The game ended in a scoreless tie.

A summary of the season shows a record of four victories, two defeats and one tie. Such a record by a school which does not subsidize athletics is one of which every follower of Vulcan football can well be proud. The future of football at California was very doubtful during the early spring of 1935 but an arrangement has been worked out by which a full season will be played next fall. Games for next season have already been arranged with Clarion, Edinboro, Shippensburg, and Indiana, and negotiations are also under way with two other teams to round out the six-game schedule. With eleven letter men back and a wealth of material coming up from the Junior Varsity this next campaign is being anticipated with high hopes. Another high class season for local football fans seems assured.

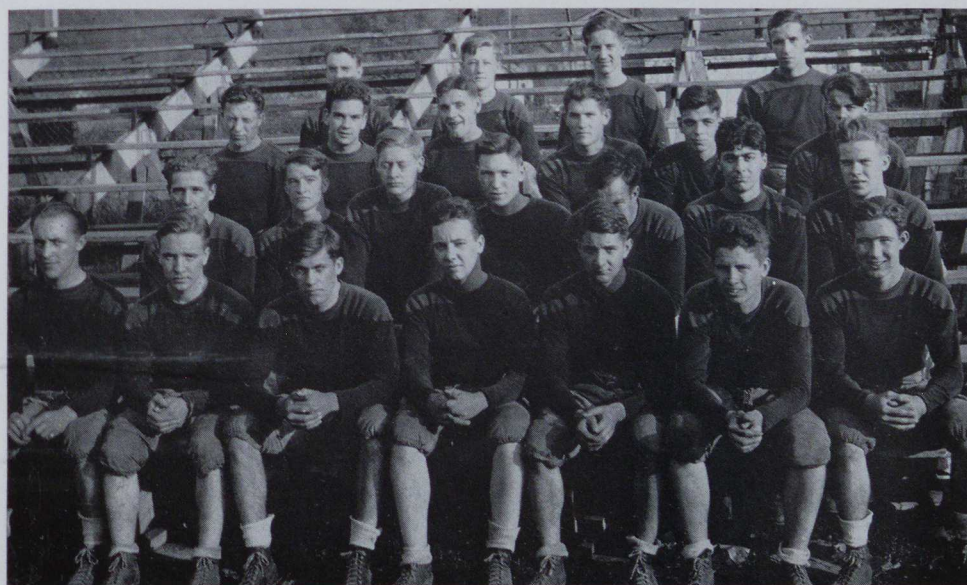
At the annual football banquet given early this spring, Coach Steers announced the following letter men for the past season. Seniors: Underwood, Dal Canton, Towner, Hornbake, Shrader, Bridge, D. Bennett, and Thomas, manager. Juniors: Weaver, R. Frazier, Beveridge, Norton, and McAndrews. Sophomores: Watkins, Ross, and Hayduk. Freshmen: Barker, Sadler, and Zelaska.

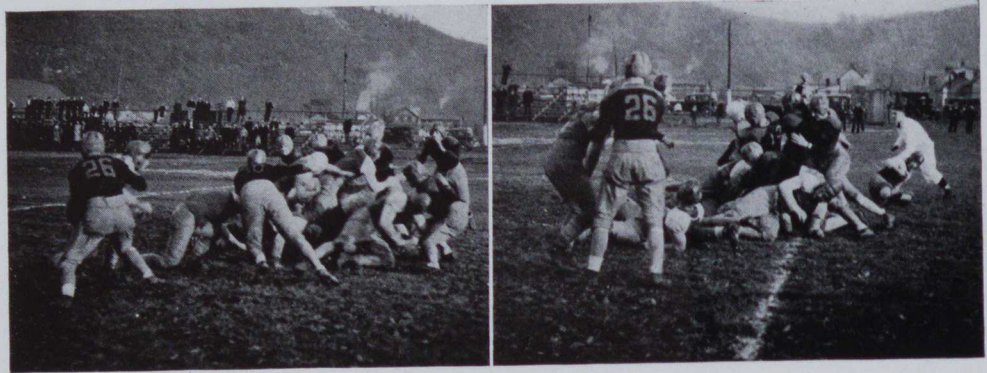
Other members of the squad who strove mightily to insure a successful 1935 season for the Vulcans were Titus, Holliday, Braunger, Troutman, Kilonsky, and Danna.

PAUL THOMAS, Manager



First Row: Washburn, Lehman, Pierce, Cox, Bowers, Neil, Smith.  
 Second Row: Pavlak, Naylor, Oelschlager, Gregg, Hall, Nasser, Lee.  
 Third Row: Basorka, Brooks, Moussiaux, Phillips, Cole, Dixson.  
 Fourth Row: Thomas, Manager, Edwards, Bennett, Nedley.





★  
**GAME**

CALIFORNIA 2—LOCK HAVEN 0

It rained the first half, and poured the second half, but inclement weather didn't prevent the Vulcans from showing the Lock Haven giants how real football is played.

CALIFORNIA 19—EDINBORO 6

An intercepted pass in the first quarter scoring a big six points for Edinboro was the spark that caused the Red and Black to open up with a bag of tricks.

CALIFORNIA 13—MILLERSVILLE 0



A big, tricky Millersville team made the Vulcans fight all the way, but the evening star heard the tower bell at California ring out the third victory of the season.

CALIFORNIA 7—FAIRMONT 0

Dad saw California rise to the season's heights against a favored Fairmont eleven and by a spectacular last quarter pass get sweet revenge for last year's set-back.





### SHIPPENSBURG 12—CALIFORNIA 0

Surprise! Although favored to defeat Shippensburg, the Red and Black struck a big snag and was forced to lower its colors for the first time. Two touchdowns turned the trick, and the Kutztown tutors went home feeling recompensed for last year's drubbing.

### INDIANA 41—CALIFORNIA 7

One touchdown against Indiana usually determines the winner. The Steersmen scored a touchdown, but they were soon snowed under by a smooth forward passing barrage, and Indiana scored six to turn the big game into a rout. Better luck next time, Vulcans!

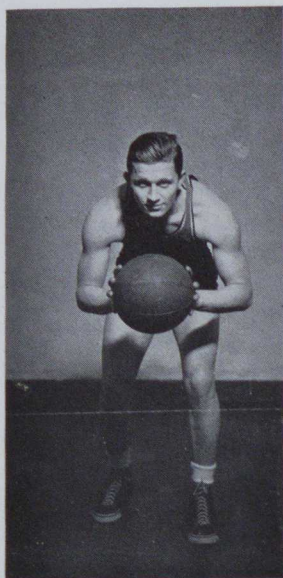


### CALIFORNIA 0—CLARION 0

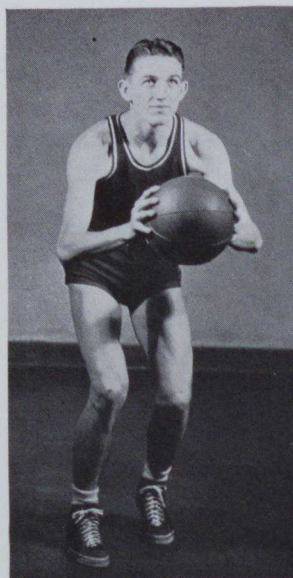
Late November saw California and Clarion, two old rivals, battling out the final game of our checkered season over a snow-covered field. Both teams threatened, and Clarion gave the Vulcans stronger opposition than ever before, but the snow proved the final victor.



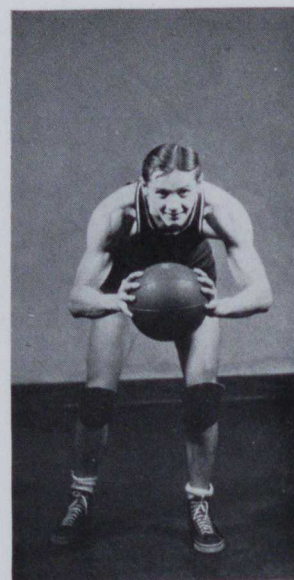
## A REVIEW OF



**NORTON**  
Guard



**McANDREWS**  
Forward



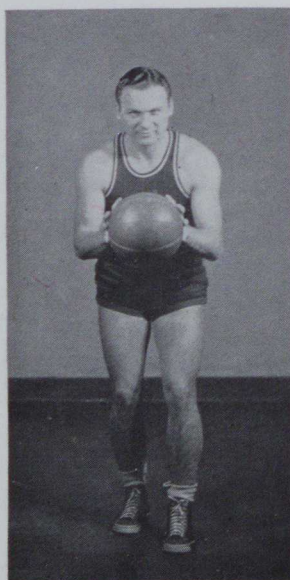
**MOUSSIAUX**  
Forward

★ **A**FTER several drab years, varsity basketball took a new lease on life and the supporters of the Vulcan hoop-throwers were rewarded with a fine brand of passing and shooting. The official record shows a schedule of twelve games with Teachers College opponents. Of these seven were won and five lost. Among the victims of the Steersmen were Lock Haven, Fairmont, Indiana, Clarion and Edinboro. Lock Haven and Clarion were each defeated twice while an even break was registered with Fairmont, Indiana, and Edinboro. The final two games of the season saw Shippensburg and Millersville take the measure of the Red and Black in single engagements.

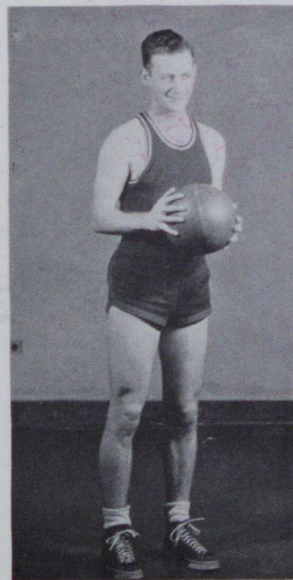
The Varsity was composed of a veteran team with the exception of big Bill Watkins, the Sophomore center. With every member of the starting line-up back in school next year the followers of Vulcan basketball can look forward to a team of championship caliber.

The Red and Black scored a total of 405 points against 379 for their opponents. The scoring was led by Buck Weaver with 83 points, followed by Jimmy Norton with 82, Bill Watkins with 65, John Moussiaux with 61, McAndrews with 59 and Dan Connair with 25.

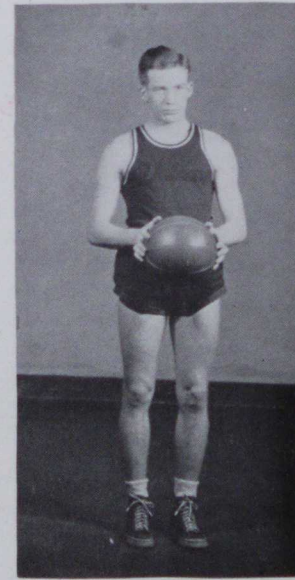
**SOTAK**  
Center

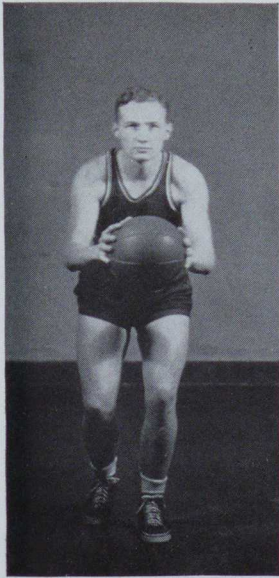


**CONNAIR**  
Center

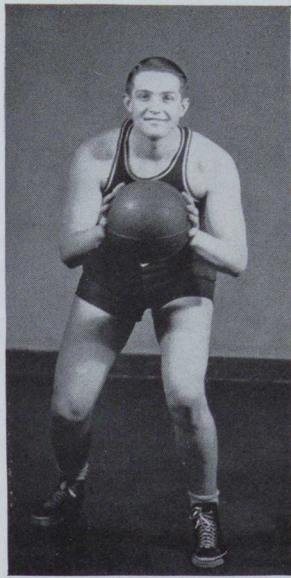


**BEVERIDGE**  
Guard

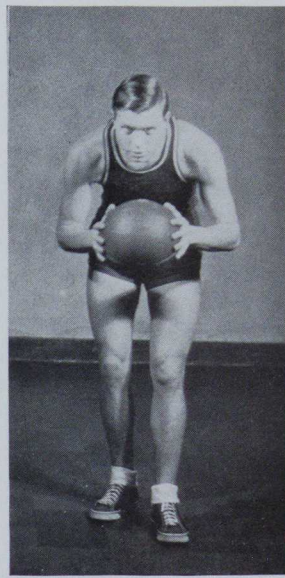




**WEAVER**  
Guard



**WATKINS**  
Center



**ANSELL**  
Forward

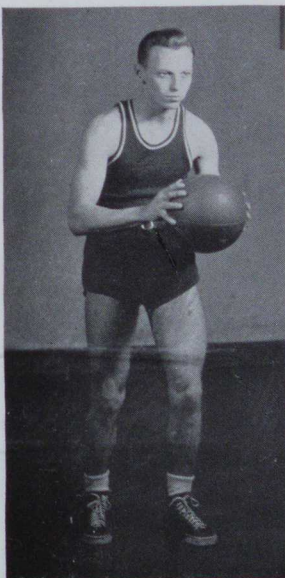
# BASKETBALL

## SEASON'S RESULTS

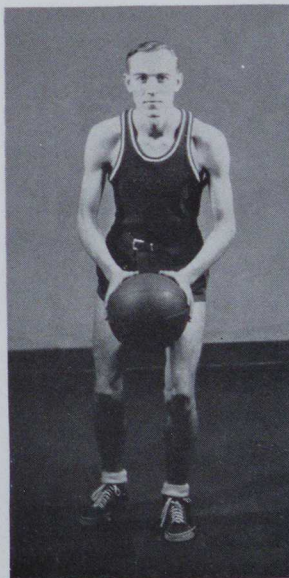
California . . . . .	40	Lock Haven . . . . .	21
California . . . . .	37	Fairmont . . . . .	38
California . . . . .	38	Indiana . . . . .	25
California . . . . .	36	Fairmont . . . . .	28
California . . . . .	32	Edinboro . . . . .	50
California . . . . .	27	Clarion . . . . .	19
California . . . . .	38	Lock Haven . . . . .	37
California . . . . .	23	Indiana . . . . .	30
California . . . . .	39	Edinboro . . . . .	36
California . . . . .	35	Clarion . . . . .	32
California . . . . .	29	Shippensburg . . . . .	41
California . . . . .	31	Millersville . . . . .	32



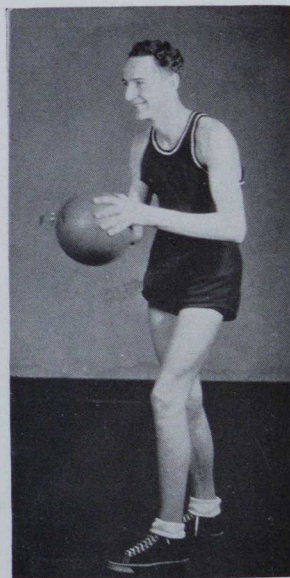
**PETRAS**  
Guard



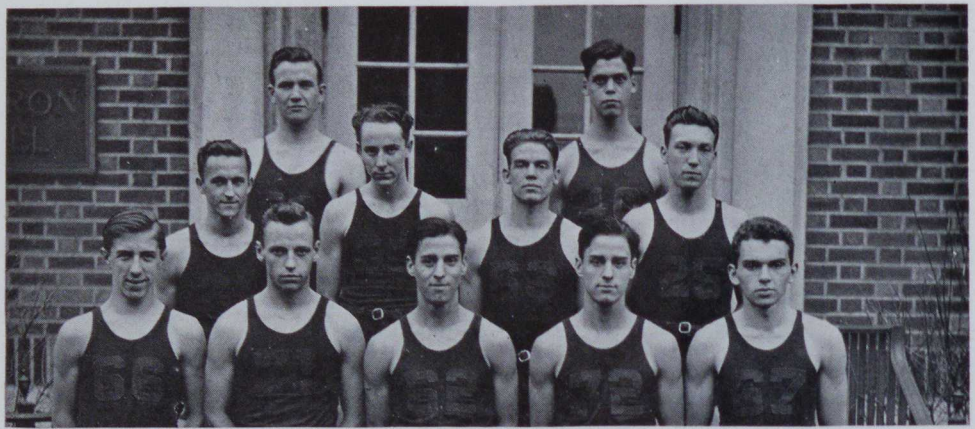
**WEBBER**  
Forward



**FORNWALT**  
Forward



★  
**JUNIOR  
 VARSITY**



First Row: Stone, Petras, D. Remaley, R. Remaley, Goldstein.  
 Second Row: Check, Fornwalt, Moore, Gregg.  
 Third Row: Cober, Huttner.

THE Junior Varsity, under the direction of Coach Grove, continued to turn out a remarkable brand of basketball. During the course of the season the Yearlings met nineteen classy opponents and were forced to bow but twice, both times to the W.-J. Frosh.

The Junior Vulcans opened the season with a 30-11 victory over Donora High School and then proceeded to wallop in turn East Pike, Brownsville, Charleroi, Latrobe and Charleroi for the second time. The Yearlings were forced to lower their colors for the first time when they met the classy, smooth-working W.-J. Frosh. Then followed consecutive victories over Centerville, Latrobe, Scottsdale, Indiana Frosh, East Bethlehem, and Glassport, before bowing for a second time to the W.-J. team. The season closed with victories over Brownsville and Scottsdale.

SOMETHING new was tried this year in intramural basketball when instead of the usual "Dorm" League and the Traveling League, the passers were organized into eight districts with a team to represent each district. The teams chosen were two dormitory teams, California, Belle Vernon, Brownsville, Republic, Bentleyville, and Monessen. The teams met each other once and at the finish of a strenuous season, "Nocky" Edwards' Brownsville Eagles, and Al De Figio's Republic Turkeys tied for the lead. The playoff found the Eagles plucking the Turkeys to a tune of 43-30. The work of the Stone boys and Danna was outstanding all year for the Eagles. The Stones were responsible for no less than eighteen points in the deciding tilt, while Danna garnered sixteen.

The squad: James Stone, John Stone, Schwartz, Gottesman, Danna, Steele, A. Kovacs, and Edwards, captain.

First Row: Simyak, Stone, Gottesman.  
 Second Row: Edwards, Captain; Steele, Kovacs, Danna.



**INTRAMURAL  
 CHAMPS**





The team: Anderson, Betts, McCloy, Poletz, Schreiner, Harper, Ficks, Hare, Ross, Toth, Whitlatch, Weaver, Zelaska, Balog, Sager, Hicks.

THE "human flies" under the direction of Elmer Schreiner go through their antics faithfully each year. The purpose of this organization is to achieve bodily grace and to coordinate the mind and the body. Tumbling is not a major or minor varsity sport and no letters or sweaters are given to the performers. The group meets once a week for one hour and as a reward for their Herculean efforts, they exhibit their skill before the student body and friends of the college on Sports Night.

Some of the work of the club consists of forward rolls, somersaulting, pyramids, work on the parallel bars and swings, and flip-flops. The club is open to all students interested in this activity and the tumbling season usually finds a turn out of approximately thirty or forty agile tumblers.

THE Republic "Turkeys" had class, grit and real determination, but unfortunately they lacked the vital spark necessary to "champs" and were forced to be contented with runner-up honors for the past year's intramural campaign.

In the playoff game with the Brownsville "Eagles," they started with a bang and at the end of the second quarter led, 14-13. Unable to stand the fast pace of that first half, they wilted badly in the final stanza and were forced to accept bitter defeat.

The "Turkeys" uncovered two fine players in Kelley and McMullen. These boys were in the thick of the fight at all times and were the leading scorers for their team throughout the season.

The personnel of the squad: McMullen, Sabec, Kelley, Davidson, Ficks, Burkey, Sabec.

First Row: McMullen, Ficks.  
Second Row: Kelley, De Figio, Langley, Davidson, Burkey, Sabec.



★  
TUMBLING

INTRAMURAL  
RUNNERS-UP





# BASEBALL



First Row: Snyder, Grass, Potts, Moreno, Pykosh, Braunger, Manager.  
 Second Row: Bennett, Wolfe, Zoretic, Patterson.  
 Third Row: Dal Canton, Wilson, Kleckner, Shrader.

A VETERAN squad with a group of promising rookies turned out for spring practice last season when the call was issued by Coach Grove. Early spring rains kept the Vulcan baseballers off the field a great deal of the time and as a result a much abbreviated season was played. After two exhibitions with near-by independent teams as opponents, the Red and Black officially opened the season by dropping an 11-7 game to Fairmont. Although outhitting Fairmont 10 to 8, unexcusable errors at crucial moments led to the Vulcan downfall.

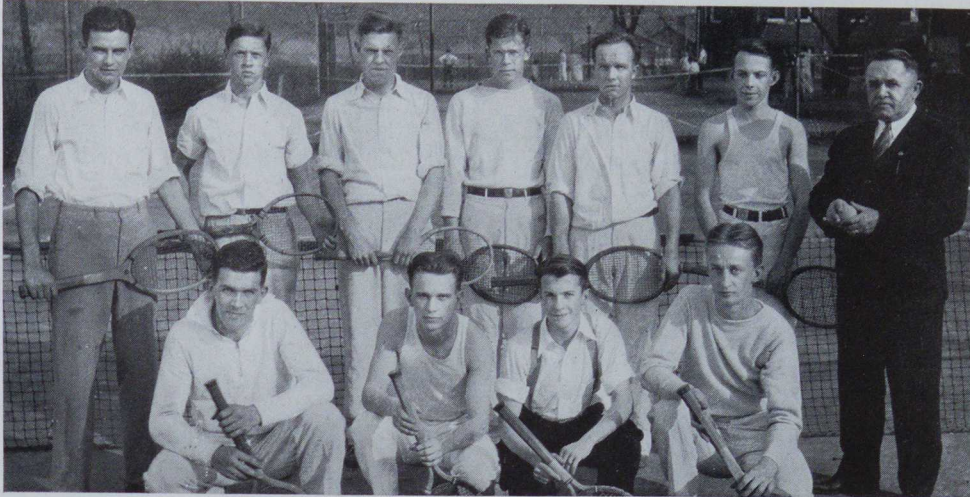
The following week-end found the Californians entertaining Shippensburg in a two game series. The first, played Friday afternoon, saw the Vulcans rise to the season's heights and defeat their eastern rivals 6-4. Saturday morning saw a complete reversal of form and the Red and Black finished on the short end of a 14-1 score.

The last game of the season at Indiana found the Californians losing a heart-breaker 11-7. The team: Klare, Wolfe, J. Wilson, Moussiaux, Petras, Sowden, Slosky, Frederick, Potts, Moreno, D. Bennett, M. McAndrews, Shrader, Bigam, and Pollini.

## SEASON'S RESULTS

California . . . . .	3	Monessen . . . . .	4
California . . . . .	5	Glassport . . . . .	7
California . . . . .	7	Fairmont . . . . .	11
California . . . . .	6	Shippensburg . . . . .	4
California . . . . .	1	Shippensburg . . . . .	14
California . . . . .	7	Indiana . . . . .	11

# TENNIS



First Row: Thorpe, Temple, A. Berry, Dwyer.  
 Second Row: Beamer, Walker, White, J. Frazier, R. Frazier, R. Berry, Dr. Keller, Coach.

UNDER the able tutorage of Dr. I. C. Keller, the Vulcan tennis team turned in a season's record of which the followers of California tennis may well be proud.

A series of seven matches were staged, with the Vulcan colors flying triumphant at the conclusion of six. The only setback of the season came when the Red and Black racqueteers bowed to the superior playing of the Albright College team,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ .

An eastern trip was taken by the Vulcans who started out auspiciously by defeating Shippensburg, 8-1. Dr. Keller's Alma Mater proved too strong for the locals and the Eastern joust ended in an even split. Other victims of the Vulcans for the 1934 were Fairmont, Waynesburg, and Indiana.

The outlook for the coming season is particularly bright as Beamer, R. Frazier, J. Frazier, Al Berry, and Art Walker, all veterans of previous campaigns, are available.

The lettermen for the 1934 season were Beamer, J. Frazier, R. Frazier, A. Berry, Walker, Martin, R. Berry, and E. Thorpe.

## SEASON'S RESULTS

California.....5	Fairmont.....4
California..... $1\frac{1}{2}$	Albright..... $7\frac{1}{2}$
California.....5	Indiana.....1
California.....5	Indiana.....2
California.....8	Shippensburg.....1
California.....4	Waynesburg.....2
California.....5	Waynesburg.....2
California.....7	Fairmont.....2

# WRESTLING



First Row: Cappalonga, Cober, Bigam, Temple.  
Second Row: Ross, Smith, Toth, Balog, Lehman, Skinner, Manager.

FROM a standpoint of victories and defeats, the past season so far as Vulcan wrestling fans were concerned was disastrous. California entered the Pennsylvania-Ohio Conference for the 1934-1935 season and was forced to meet such powerful teams as Waynesburg, Washington and Jefferson, and Kent. The opposition provided by these schools proved entirely too strong for the Red and Black and in a series of four matches, the Sismondo coached wrestlers were forced to bow no less than four times.

Wrestling at California, however, is run on a basis of training for physical development and for the socializing influence that it gives. Although only eight men were carried on the trips made by the local "grunt and groan" boys, wrestling practice at Herron Hall frequently found fifteen to twenty men engaged in this manly sport.

Due to a new athletic program which goes into effect next year, wrestling is to be cut out as a major sport. The future of California wrestling is to be confined to practice and intramural competition.

California journeyed to Waynesburg for the first match of the season and found the Greene County lads too fast and experienced for them and were defeated by a shutout, 38-0.

A return match with the same team found the Vulcans trying as hard as ever but experiencing only slightly better luck, for they again bowed, 28-3. The only ray of sunshine during the match was provided by Bigam, a veteran of two campaigns, when he defeated Waynesburg's 135-pound man by a five minute time advantage.

The third contest found the Red and Black holding W. and J. to a 21-13 score. Bigam, 135-pound man, Cober, 165-pound man, and Ross, 200-pound man were responsible for the local victories.

The season's final was staged at Kent, Ohio, where the local boys met the conference champs. The experience of the Ohio team proved the undoing of the Vulcans, and they again bowed in defeat, 38-0.

The squad consisted of Temple, Cappalonga, Bigam, Balog, Zaharawitz, Zelaska, Cober, Lehman, and Ross. The team was coached by Louis Sismondo and managed by Carl Skinner.

# W . A . A . B O A R D



Left to Right: Miss Hildreth, Hall, Paxton, Brady, Betts, Hough, Ashton, Pesognelli.

WHEN the old normal school became a college in 1928, the Girls' Athletic Association was reorganized and became the Women's Athletic Association, which controls all the women's athletic activities on the campus, and which is directed by the W.A.A. Board under the sponsorship of Miss Hildreth and Miss Carroll. Immediately after reorganizing, the W.A.A. joined the National Amateur Athletic Association which aims to have every college girl in America engaging in some sport.

In an effort to cooperate with the National Association, the local Athletic Association is so organized as to offer the college women a great variety of activities at all times of the year. Each activity is under the supervision of one member of the board. During the past year, the managers were listed as being: Ruth Hall, Tennis; Gladys Paxton, Hockey; Mary Louise Brady, Hiking; Esther Betts, Basketball; Edna Ashton, Ping-Pong; Mary Pesognelli, Roller Skating; Ann Letrick, Baseball; Velma Paul, Badminton; and Claire Strem, Volley Ball.

The association is one of the largest organizations on the campus, having at present one hundred and fifty active members. From the moment the first Get-Acquainted Hike begins, until the end of the school year, these girls participate in an endless round of athletic activities as well as social events. High-spots of the year were: the Hockey Banquet at which each member of the team winning the hockey tournament was presented with a giant chrysanthemum; Play Night, round after round of fun for the immediate members; the Inter-Collegiate Play Day, when the girls from surrounding colleges gathered at California to play together in good fellowship; the High School Play Day, which is held annually for the purpose of building a stronger bond between the college and the surrounding high schools; and the annual Membership Banquet which crowns the activities of the year and at which the officers for the coming school year are formally installed.

The W.A.A. Board, through its fine spirit of cooperation and inter-activity, is one of the strongest unifying forces within the school.

# GLORIFYING

## TENNIS

Physically and mentally alert, California's co-eds take great delight in active sports, and these gay pursuers of Wimbledonian happiness keep the tennis courts well dusted every spring and fall. Racquets flash, balls are produced, and the matches are on with much calling of ads in, ads out, duces, and games. Nor do they ever offer alibis for their style of playing. In fact, they needn't.



## ARCHERY

A visit to the athletic field on any clear autumn evening will bear sufficient attestation to the fact that our co-eds do more than merely arch their eyebrows. A few minor refinements of the longbow competition of Robin Hood's day has made archery the perfect sport for America's young women, and here they are, tall, straight, and strong,—(for there's a thirty-pound pull behind every taut bow string). Side by side they assume the correct position, take cold, calculating aim,—and there! The arrow quivers where it struck!

Wholesome and fascinating, a more worthwhile sport is hard to find.



## HOCKEY

The Irish knew it as "hurley," the Scotch as "shinty" and the Welsh as "bandy," but our fair Vulcanites know it as plain hockey with plenty of "zip and dash." Dribbling, driving, shooting, and bullying, the girls are motivated to stimulating physical activity and scientific team play, which also involves much individual skill and dexterity, and aside from penalties and broken sticks, hockey is their favorite sport for the crisp, cool days of late October.

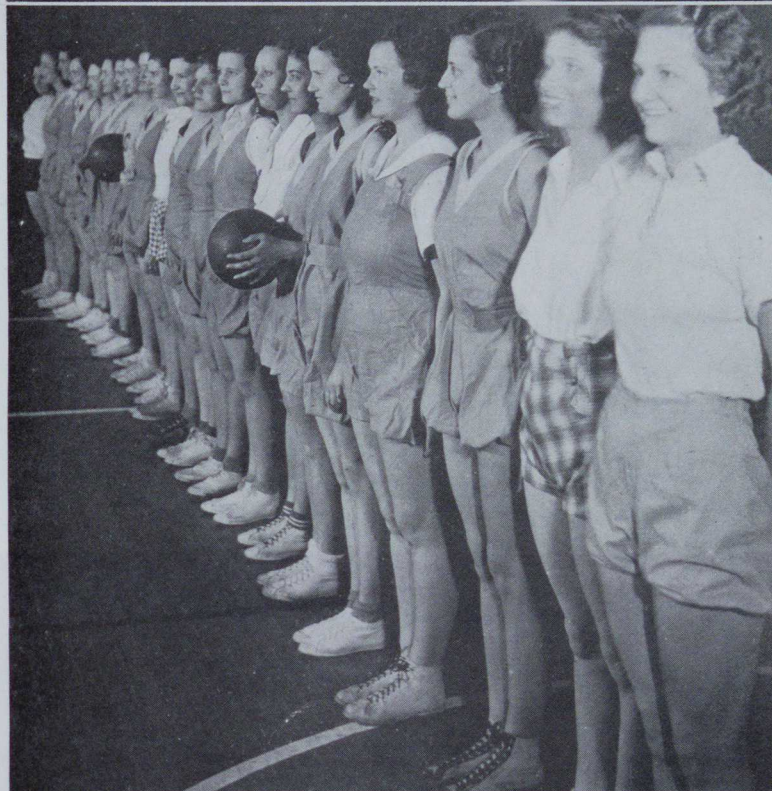


# OUR CO-EDS



## EURYTHMICS

Plato said, "The whole of life stands in need of rhythm." Our co-eds agree, and since music is the strongest psychic force for awakening a sense of rhythm, we find them coordinating the impulses of mind and body to the pulsation of sound from Elmer's tom-tom. Their purpose is to learn, through eurythmics, grace, dexterity, and nimbleness in all bodily motion.



## BASKETBALL

Muscle control leads to coordination, coordination to reflex action, and reflex action to skill. That's psychology. That, also, is basketball, for all winter long our co-eds practice diligently the fundamentals of the sport in order to develop the skill and proficiency so necessary to win tournament games. Their activity is one big round of shooting, passing and dribbling—those things which develop nerve control rather than brawn—and whatever else it may be, basketball holds a large place in the scheme of women's athletics. More of our co-eds engage in this sport than in any other.



## FENCING

They have no questions of justice to settle, nor do they have any grievances to vindicate. Our co-eds fence for the pure joy of fencing. The whole "point" of their game is to touch the opponent and to avoid being touched, for a "touch" in fencing is equivalent to a wound in the old time duel. The values of their sword play lie in increased agility, poise, nervous control, and speed in decision.

# College---A Drama of Miniature Life:

The passive status of a cat in Anatomy Class » » » »

« « Joe College midst his funny cronies » » » »

« « Pensive indolence » »

« « The Dean's turn to burn midnight oil » » » »

« « And there she goes! »

« « Admiring bystanders: all eyes and ears » » » »

« « Construction or destruction? » » » »

« « Sweet sleep for a weary shop boy » » » »

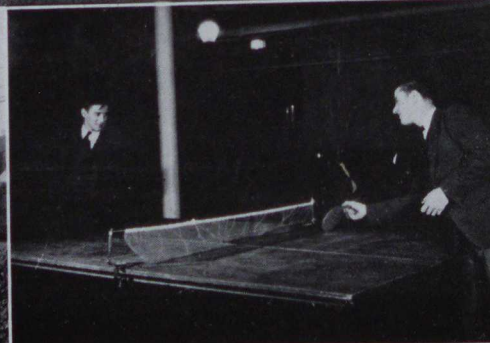
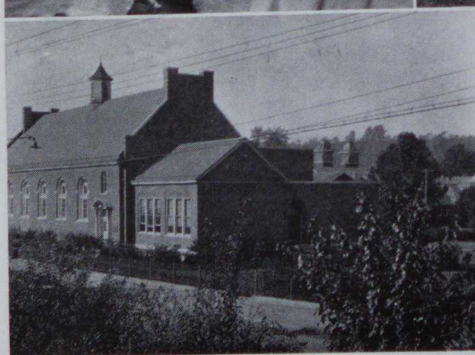
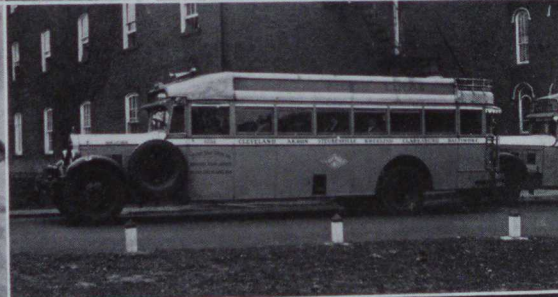
« « A glimpse at our co-eds

« « The morning after the night before » » » »

« « Loading up for Pittsburgh

« « The Gym » » »

« « Rus and Gus train for basketball season » » » »



# An Atmosphere of Harmony and Close Association:

T. Z. Koo Seminar » » »

« « Back to nature with the  
College boys » » » » »

« « Klomp-klomp holding his  
own » » » » »

« « Sophomore-Junior foot-  
ball officials, incognito » » »

« « Rice in the kitchen,—  
where rice belongs » » »

« « Famous indoor sportsmen

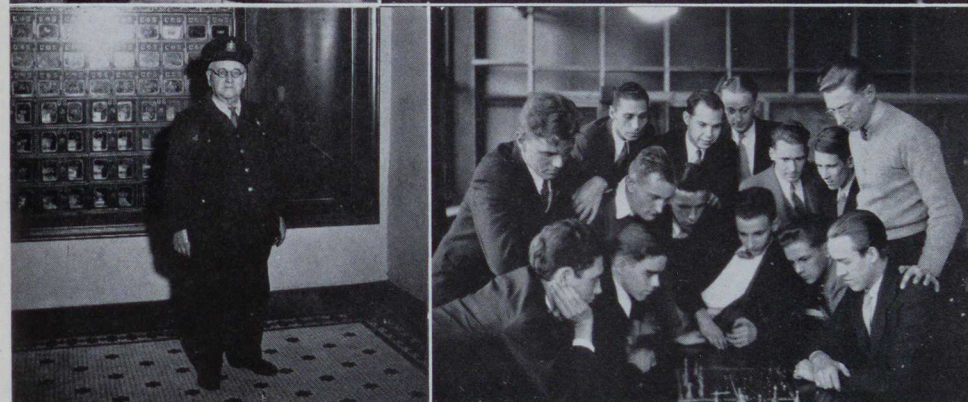
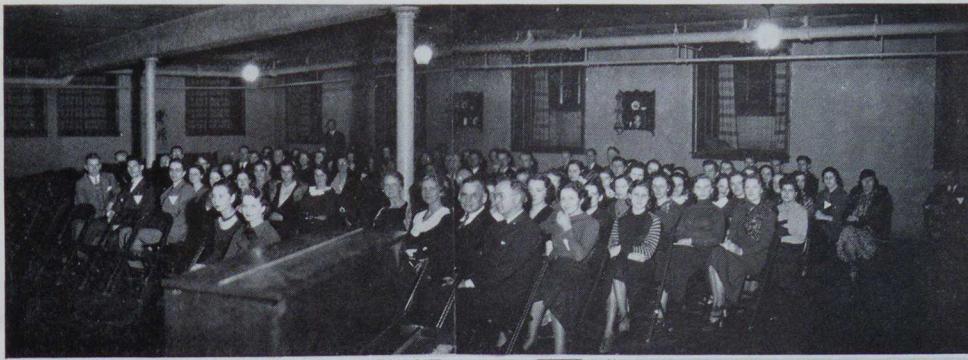
« « Daddy Cross waiting for a  
murder » » » » »

« « The real "McCoy" in  
chess kibitzing » » » » »

« « Heroes are made, not  
born » » » » »

« « Harry getting the low-  
down » » » » »

« « That thing called form »

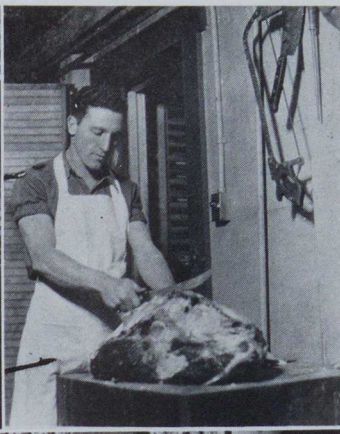




# Another Slide in the Drama of Student Life:

Building a human pyramid »  
 « « Early morning daredevils take close shaves » » » »  
 « « The coach is caught un-awares » » » » » »  
 « « Exit: Kryl Symphony Band » » » » » »  
 « « More close association, by mutual agreement » » » »  
 « « The Dean comes out to play » » » » » »  
 « « Little Match Boy » » » »  
 « « Reception Committee waiting for opportunity to knock » » » »  
 « « "Lucky in cards,—un-lucky in love" » » » » » »  
 « « Icky and Wicky writing love letters in the sands » » » »  
 « « Sweet Siesta » » » » » »  
 « « Herb gets moral support » » » » » »  
 « « Dr. Kriner gives the team the once-over » » » » » »  
 « « Master mimeographer » » » » » »  
 « « The boys looking natural behind bars, as per F.E.R.A.'s edict » » » » » »  
 « « Virginia sitting pretty » » » » » »  
 « « An adolescent Sophomore "warms up" » » » » » »





**Good-Natured Fun;  
Sincere Endeavor:**

“The Late Christopher Bean”  
stirs up dissention » » » »

« « Doug struggles with a cow

« « Snow-man time » »

« « Official bull-throwers’  
convention » » » » »

« « Bear hug » » » »

« « The twins yodel at the  
faculty steak fry » » » »



« « What price nonchalance?

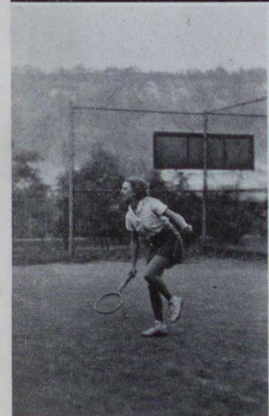
« « Debut of the naive » »



« « Toady puts over a “dark”  
one » » » » » » » »

« « Y-Room piano undergo-  
ing an ordeal » » » » »

« « Starring Hixson, now as  
Dr. Jekyll,—now as Mr. Hyde » »



# The Merry-Go-Round of College Life:

After conspiracy, the deluge »

« « Presupposing "Sweet  
Adeline" » » » » »

« « The Height of Ecstasy »

« « The spark that sets the  
philosophers going » » »

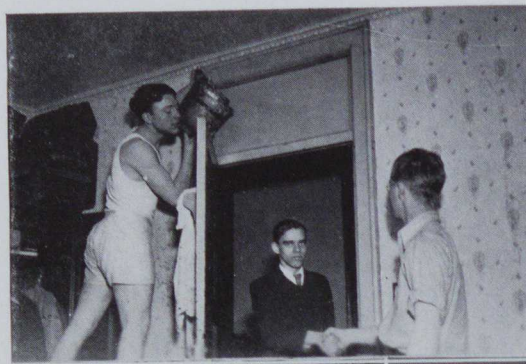
« « On display: Cause and  
Effect » » » » »

« « Aftermath of the Junior  
Prom's classic struggle » » »

« « Many hands make light  
labor » » » » »

« « Prof. John Van Sickles  
and protege » » » » »

« « Unreserved display of  
sentimental values » » » » »



## The Slide Moves On:

A true revelation of California's energy: Roslyn rushes to Art Class

« « Probert reels off a million dollar smile » » » » » »

« « Waiting for . . . a street car » » » » » » » »

« « The pause that refreshes » » » » » » » »

« « Camera-shy » » » » » » » »

« « A "sandwich hour" reality » » » » » » » »

« « Down the old ox-road » » » » » » » »

« « Guarding the sun dial— for heaven's sake! » » » » » » » »

« « The rural instinct comes to college » » » » » » » »

« « Old Sol does tricks with the under-grads » » » » » » » »

« « Cassie boils an egg » » » » » » » »



# WHILE EVER PASSIVE MAN LOOKS ON

CALIFORNIA . . . once a normal school . . . now a State Teachers College. Need any more be said? . . . Everyone knows California . . . with its funny Main porch . . . its archways . . . its Twin Towers . . . its campus puddles during the spring thaw and sleek sidewalks during the winter freeze . . . its ancient air of richness and superiority . . . with trees adding an air of security . . . and a fountain giving the spice of romance . . . That's California.

Everyone knows California . . . but everyone does not know California's traditions,—mellow as only time can mellow them . . . her quaint customs . . . her campus familiarities . . . Only a real Californian, one who has been here and knows, can appreciate it all. Everyone does not know Main Hall as a Californian knows it . . . Main Hall . . . with its quaint, high ceilings . . . its arched corridors . . . its mosaic floors . . . its library . . . its endless babble of Education, politics, football, and calculus . . . Main is sometimes perplexed . . . She doesn't understand why Freshmen occasionally write their names upon her walls,—nor can she understand the sparkling gems of wisdom appearing on her bulletin board. These little things bother her,—but Main knows! . . . Main knows everything. . . . Hasn't Main a telephone booth with a door that shuts? . . . She hears a lot about Proms, a little about the faculty, more of "my girls" . . . and less of "my girl" . . . She sees Freshmen agog with college life,—and Seniors smug in their own illustriousness. Main is also used to cabals and intrigues,—for Main is old . . . She has grown up.

Class politics . . . big men in monogramed sweaters . . . four-legged, iron monstrosities for beds . . . radios . . . saxophones . . . subservient Freshmen made to memorize the campus "Who's Who" . . . creaking stairways . . . That's South Hall. South Hall has a quaint, cemented back porch, too . . . Freshmen studiously avoid passing here in spring . . . (Senior idlers have such sharp tongues) . . . South Hall also has her own caste system—with no greater glory than to dwell amidst the third floor elite. Wimpy, Blimpy, and Skimpy live in South Hall, too,—and South has better snowball fights than the day students. . . . Even the building must suffer emotions, for she suffers the slings and arrows of ridicule, and the banter of worldly-wise Sophomores. . . . South is one of the halls that students never like to live in, but always like to talk about when they are gone.

South Hall has traditions,—and so does North Hall,—women's dormitory, and official hide-away for "Little Audrey." North complains: "How can we manage to cultivate traditions before 10 o'clock at night?" . . . but those who call North "home" say that traditions are made there,—and after ten o'clock, too. . . . Sly mention of "My aunt Mary" . . . flashlights . . . Limburger cheese . . . butter plates from the dining hall . . . the endurance of the bell in the morning . . . the locked lounge . . . the light signal system for river boats . . . high school jokes . . . suppressed laughter . . . real beds . . . and the Traveling Women's headquarters in the basement. They are fortunate,—they who have lived in the North Hall. . . . What if they had lived in Dixon? . . . the ultra-ultra residence hall . . . whose biggest traditions are its emptiness,—its dining hall,—and its front porch, once used for a public rostrum . . . Much better . . . prefer North.

Then, too,—Science Hall . . . temporarily permanent . . . or permanently temporary . . . or both. Science Hall has exclusive claim to a maize of supporting beams and two-by-fours. . . . Science Hall almost fell down. . . . That's tradition. . . . Science Hall once housed the training school. . . . That's tradition also. . . . Print shop . . . Geography maps . . . ferns . . . projecting machines . . . microscopes . . . earthworms . . . cats . . . mushrooms . . . the reek of sulphur dioxide . . . even the bird's nest on the fire escapes . . . all belong to Science Hall. . . . And in her basement,—Traveling Men's Headquarters,—home of the cigarette tree . . . Philosopher's paradise. Freshmen . . . Xeno club . . . Lockers . . . Sandwiches . . . More Freshmen. Science Hall.

Herron Hall and the Noss Demonstration School—our first departures from the old idea—the first of the porchless era. . . . Neither has the wealth of traditions the older buildings have. . . . They proudly point to the workmen's finger-prints still fresh on the window panes. . . . Far flung outposts of Californian civilization,—the one for the sports of college youth,—the other with a more serious import. . . . Both vaunt colonnades and buttresses,—and no porches.

"And the meek shall inherit the earth." . . . The off-campus students,—some traveling, some rooming in town. The former arouse the jealousy of the dormitory students with tales of home-cooked meals,—fun on the train,—the conveniences of the Travelers' headquarters. The latter also incite jealousy with stories of motherly landladies who press their clothes, invite them to Sunday dinner, and a-l-w-a-y-s bring cookies to their rooms.

And so it goes . . . this thing called college. In later life, when years have somewhat clouded these recollections, at least one memory will shine forth . . . the memory of having been,—a Californian.

# DOWN OUT OF THE CLOUDS

FOR days, for weeks,—nay, for months,—the editors have been up in the clouds and stars. Riding in precarious security upon the milky way, they've spent endless hours twenty thousand feet above the earth in youthful idealizing, in airy converse with the nebulae, in exalting the nobility of and the lofty aspirations behind the teaching profession, and in pinning stars to our every deed and word. Now that the last hectic days are nearly over and the editor has signed her final "H.J.S." on the last form, we find ourselves fallen back to earth with a healthy thud. The staff is even yet picking up the pieces, and within a few days, this idealistic production which you now see will be ready for the public. You, and you, and you, will never know the travail of soul that goes into the building of such a book as this. Wait! This is no baring of souls by an editor. Rather it is the inside story of how this book was made and who is responsible for its making.

Last spring when Helen Sokol accepted the editorship of the Monocal and Warren Boydston agreed to be the Business Manager, we wondered just what sort of a book they would produce. A few days later, Helen appeared in the Monocal office with a few ideas, the biggest one being that her Monocal would excel the 1934 edition—the conventional idea for all embryonic editors. (And now that the book is finished and the Hammer and Tongs thinks it's all right, Miss Sokol's ambition is to be a Monocal editor again so that she could surpass her initial Monocal effort.) So when June came, Helen hied herself off to Millsboro with a dummy under her arm, and six or seven annuals from other schools for inspection and inspiration. Before anyone could say "Jack Robinson," there came Phillip Linne from the Canton Engraving Company,—and the engraving contract was signed. By that time Helen had the layout for some half a dozen pages, and some excellent ideas for the rest of the book, so with the cooperative efforts of Mr. Linne, Mr. Hitchcock, and Mr. Hurst, faculty advisor, a tome was laid out, not however without due regard for the present financial status as it had been outlined by Mr. Edinger, financial adviser.

As we were saying, the book was laid out,—and then came September. Came Jack Frazier, art editor, also, and he began his monumental task by copying the dummy over three times in rapid succession, until he got tired and made Bob Fenwick do one. Came Leonard Peters, too, and he immediately picked up his camera and began snapping furtively at six hundred and twenty-five physiognomies, when they were aware of it, and sometimes when they were not. Leonard is responsible for every picture in the book with the exception of the individual Junior and Senior portraits which were taken care of by the Harris studio, where cooperation was the first and the last word. Finally, there came H. B. Weaver from the Pittsburgh Printing Company, and the printing contract was signed. By that time, the situation was well under control, for Elaine Hauck, Elizabeth Roach, and Don Mathias, editor-elect for the Monocal 1936, were willing to help whenever they were called upon. The book was actually beginning to look like a book!

Time passed, as time always does, and then numerous problems began to present themselves: Coaxing some of the more backward Seniors to visit the Harris studio. . . . Selecting an appropriate cover and end-sheets for the book. . . . Getting copy in on time. . . . Worrying about the budget. . . . Building up respect for the two-dollar and fifty-cent copyrights appearing in other books. . . . Art work. . . . Hoping for good photography weather. . . . Trying to get the members of the various faculty departments into the Colonial Room at the same time. . . . Calling organization officers into the Monocal office to identify strange faces appearing on various group pictures. . . . Sending Elaine out to question the faculty about their hobbies. . . . Attempting to answer the Hammer and Tongs reporters' question "When will the Monocals be out?" . . . Mailing letters to prospective customers. . . . The thousand and one minutiae of assembling the editorial work of such a book as this.

The Monocal is finished. For the first time since their sudden descent from the clouds, the staff is able to catch up on their studies. The business manager can now walk down the street more frequently, and the art editor can spend more time playing tennis. Within two weeks the student body will see the book and say, "It's all right, but the Monocal is just about always the same"—and the editor will feel like making a sudden ascent and casting a host of meteors upon the place beneath. But this, however, is the end, and the staff is still picking up the pieces.

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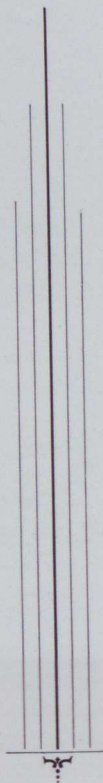
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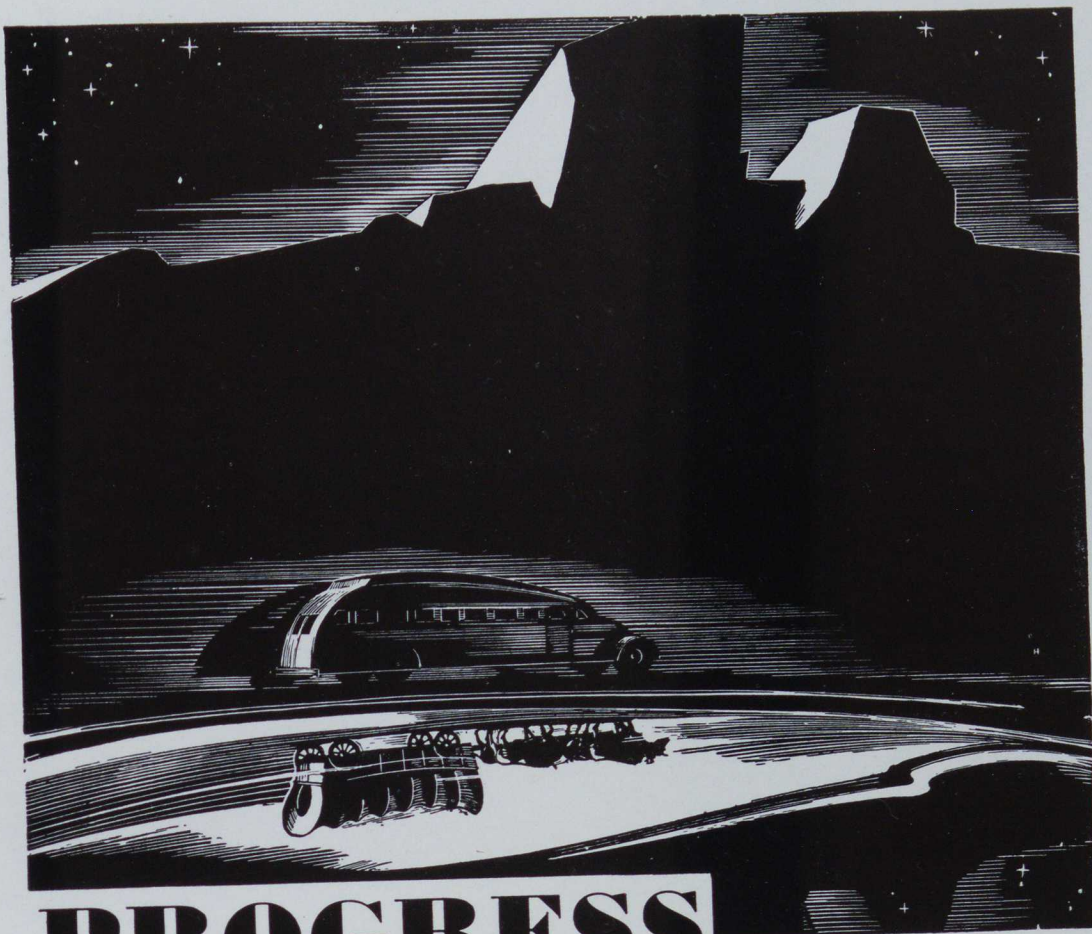
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