

A good heart is better
than all the heads in
the world.

The Spectator

Light may disclose a jewel,
but it takes darkness to
disclose a star.

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McPHERSON COLLEGE, McPHERSON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1945

NUMBER 6

Naylor, Sheets, Corwin, Scofield Compose Quartet

Professor Nevin W. Fisher announced the second male quartet. The personnel is as follows: first tenor, Kent Naylor, junior; second tenor, John Sheets, freshman; first bass, Gordon Corwin, freshman; second bass, Donald Scofield, junior.

After a period of rehearsals, this male quartet will sing at college functions and will also represent the school away from the campus.

On November 25, they will journey to Beatrice, Nebraska, and represent the college at the Holmesville Church of the Brethren. This is Kent Naylor's home church.

Recreational Council Meets Monday Night

The Recreational Council met Monday evening. In the absence of Lucy Blough, the council chairman, Professor Dell took charge of the meeting. There was a short discussion about the campfire service held the preceding Thursday evening, and then the meeting took an extemporaneous form of order.

It was decided to proceed in the meeting as if they were at a party where something had gone wrong with the program committee. A member was chosen to tell the group what to do. As it came about, Dave Albright told one of his ghost stories; it was very effective; (Anyone having a Hallowe'en party might invite Dave to their group.) The games ended with Marvin Blough using his fertile brain in trying to pick out an object, which could be anything in the whole universe. After some difficulty, he found that only Jerry Hedges used the pupil in her left eye. The meeting ended with some lusty singing of camp, college, and religious songs.

Show Leper Film

The college BYPD group was entertained and inspired last Sunday night by silent movies shown by Mr. Drescher.

The film was entitled "Song After Sorrow." It portrayed in an interesting fashion how in the Bibanga Leper Camp the lepers with skillful guidance learn how to build their own houses, master trades, tend their gardens, educate their children, and manufacture their own medicine, chaulmoogra oil, from the fruit of the hydnocarpus tree.

In its closing scenes, the film showed inspiring scenes of lepers who had established their own Christian Church and who appeared as grateful for this new-found religion as for the medical treatment they were receiving.

Question Box

1. What is the capital of California?
2. Where was George Gershwin born?
3. What was number one on "The Hit Parade" last Saturday?
4. When is the Penny Carnival going to be held?
5. What time does the 2:15 Rock Island arrive here?

Here are the answers:
1. Sacramento. 2. Brooklyn, N. Y. 3. I'll Buy That Dream. 4. This Wednesday night. 5. That's a good question!

District Meeting Held At Norton

Frantz, Elrod, and Miss Schaeffer are Speakers

The District Meeting of Northwestern Kansas was held at Norton, Kansas, at the Maple Grove Church October 19-20. Six students and three leaders from McPherson attended the meeting. The speakers at the conference were Reverend Earl Frantz, Reverend James Elrod, Reverend Harrison Frantz and Miss Mary Schaeffer.

Miss Schaeffer and Reverend Elrod gave the missionary addresses Sunday morning at which an offering of nearly \$400 was taken for missions.

There are three McPherson students on the B. Y. cabinet that were president, Eulia Crist; Sec.-Treas., president Eulalia Crist; Sec.-Treas., Betty Lou Jamison; News Editor, Wayne Bowman. The District Administration Board is appropriating \$100 for a district leader this summer. This youth leader is a special project of the district for the coming year. Also the local churches are going to sponsor various projects for relief such as gathering clothes, making soap, and so forth.

The conference ended Sunday afternoon. The group stopped at Portis, Kansas for the Sunday night service; Reverend Frantz gave the sermon. The carload of freezing, sleepy kids and driver pulled on the campus about 2:00 Monday morning.

International Relations Sponsor Conference

The Kansas Institute of International Relations is sponsoring a conference for students and faculties of Friends University, Bethel College and McPherson College, Newton, next Saturday, October 27-28, beginning at 10:00 p. m. The purpose is to study and plan for the next steps to promote peace among nations, classes, and races. McPherson College sent a good delegation.

President Peters States Viewpoint On Conscription

Peacetime Conscription
Proclaimed Unnecessary
In Chapel Wednesday.

In the Wednesday morning chapel, Dr. Peters called our attention to President Truman's speech which he made the previous evening. President Peters stated that armaments and preparedness will not prevent another war. The only way to prevent another war is through moral armament.

We will betray our generation if we do not do everything possible to prevent another war. We will betray those who have died if we do not keep ourselves informed on the great issues of the day and use our influence whenever we can to make friends and create peaceful relations.

In the first part of his talk, Dr. Peters read several letters that he had written to the President both in opposition to the conscription measure and commending him on his previous accomplishments. He also spoke briefly on the causes of war.

All School Skate Held Saturday Night

A successful skating party was held at the Peterson Roller Rink Saturday night. Students arrived there at approximately nine o'clock for which thanks go to Professor Dell who had charge of transportation. Those who went, met in front of Sharp Hall, and cars were waiting to take them to the rink.

With many tumbles and spills the party got under way. Literally speaking, the floor was quite crowded at times. Those who were new at the art had the assistance of veteran skaters, and a few who are usually, the moonlight skate, and the rest how it was done.

Some of the skates that the guests participated in were the couple skate, the whistle skate, the triple skate (two girls and one boy, naturally), the moonlight skate, and the grand march.

The grand march proved to be interesting in several ways. It was interesting to those who watched and to those who participated. It looked like a Chinese puzzle, but everyone got untangled when the "All Skate" was sounded.

At eleven o'clock the cue was "skates off," and tires skaters wended their way back to the hill.

Men may come and men may go,
and it's probably just as well.

SCA Attend Conference

Friday afternoon a large delegation from our student SCA journeying to Emporia State Teachers College to attend the annual fall state-wide college and university SCA conference. These delegates will represent McPherson college there. They are looking forward to a splendid conference.

Reverend R. E. Dewey Talks To SCA Group On "Pagentry Of Life"

Reverend R. E. Dewey, the new pastor of the Methodist Church of McPherson, was introduced as the speaker of the evening at SCA Thursday, October 25. The theme of his discourse was "The Pagentry of Life." All who attended the meeting should have a better understanding of life and of our part in it.

The soft music which was playing as worshipers entered the meeting room helped to instill in them the attitude of worship. Bernadine Schafer then favored the group with a piano solo, after which Anne Oberst led the devotional thinking. Miss Marlys McRoberts presented a message in song entitled "Christ Be With You." After the speaker's address, Mrs. Gertrude Wilkins led the group singing which closed the evening's program.

The town girl's organization was responsible for the meeting.

Sophomores Take Interclass Debate

Coppock-Schnorr Defeat
Freshmen in Close Contest

Speaking on the negative side in the second interclass debate the sophomores won the right to meet the juniors for the school championship. Doris Coppock and Elsie Schnorr scored a split decision to defeat the freshmen team of Bernadine Schafer and Robert Kelm. Judges for the contest were Dr. Boitnott, Mrs. Ikenberry, and Professor Olson, with Annette Ronk, president of Pi Kappa Delta, serving as chairman.

In the final debate to decide the school champions next Tuesday evening, the junior team will meet the sophomore team in the SUR.

Peters Speaks At Scott City

Ladies' Quartet Assists
In Series of Programs

Saturday afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Peters, Charles Dumond and the Ladies' Quartet, Jo B. Brooks, Esther Miller, Doris Coppock and Lucy Blough, and accompanist Alice Ruth Bailey, left McPherson for Scott City. They were to present the Sunday morning service at Dumond's Church, Prairie View. Due to impassable roads there was no morning service, however, by evening the roads were better, and Dr. Peters preached to a full house. His sermon concerned "What We Need to do to Insure Peace."

Monday, Dr. Peters with the quartet presented an hour program at the Scott City High School and one at the elementary school. These programs were arranged by Reverend Dumond.

Calendar of Social Events

- Tuesday, October 30, Sophomore-Junior Debate, 6:45.
- Wednesday, October 31, Penny Carnival.
- Saturday, November 3, Sadie Hawkins Party.
- Tuesday, November 6, Men's Debate Trout, 6:45.

Soldier (finding wasp in soup)—
What's this?
Cook—Vitamin Bee.

DuBois Wins Schubert Award For Cantata, "Christ's Commission"

Mr. Jack DuBois, assistant piano instructor of McPherson College, will receive the Schubert Club Award for a cantata which we wrote during the last year. "Christ's Commission," the cantata, won second place in a nation-wide contest. The first place winner received a special award, and Mr. DuBois is to receive the first prize.

Jack is a member of the Mary Carr Moore Manuscript Club, which sponsored the contest. To retain membership in this organization, at least two manuscripts must be submitted each year. He will receive his award on or about November 18.

In January, parts of this cantata will be sung by the Chapman College Chorus in Los Angeles.

"Christ And The Fisherman" Is Chapel Theme

An effective worship service, centering around the painting "Christ and the Fisherman" by Zimmerman, was conducted by Dr. Burton Metzler at the chapel service Monday, October 22. Three students, Catherine Little, Waltine West, and Warren Hoover assisted in the program as readers.

A special number was presented by Gordon Corwin, who sang, "Bless This House."
Dr. R. E. Mohler was chairman of the service, and singing was led by David Albright.

Students Ministers Plan Church Contest Project

Last Monday noon the Student Ministers met and made plans and work assignment for a project that they have undertaken.

They are going to send out letters to all the colleges (numbering about 475) in the Western region of the Church of the Brethren, to find out the names and addresses of all Brethren students there. The names received by the Student Ministers will be sent on to Norman Harsh, the student representative of the Brethren Student Christian Movement.

It is hoped that in this way our young people may be kept in closer contact with their church.



IN STUDENT COUNCIL

Student Council met on Wednesday, October 24 in the SUR. Lois Kaufman reported on the amount in the SAR depreciation fund which is to be used for the repair of the curtains in that room.

It was also reported that the magazines for the SUR have been ordered.

The need for a permanent snack bar was discussed.

Dr. Hartsough Talks With Student Ministers

Last Thursday morning, during the activity period, Dr. H. L. Hartsough, stressing the fact that he was here to talk with them and not to them, discussed with the Student Ministers some of their problems and questions pertaining to the ministry.

His talk was enlightening and challenging. He brought out three definite points: there is a great need for ministers in the Christian churches now; the ministry is perhaps the most challenging and responsible field of service that one can enter; and the demands of the church are more exacting now than ever before.

Patronize Spectator Advertisers.

Miss Lehman Uses Ancient Doctrine As Today's Guide

Miss Della Lehman, head of the department of literature at McPherson College, addresses the student body in chapel on Friday morning, October 19. She based her talk on Aristotle's Doctrine of the Mean.

"Happiness is virtue, and virtue is a mean between extremes. There are three phases of every moral act—excess, defect, and the mean between excess and defect. . . . the golden mean is not, however, the absolute middle between the extremes, but varies in relation to persons and circumstances."

Miss Lehman brought out the point that there is a golden mean in almost every phase of college life, and that students should learn to distinguish what is virtue and what in excess or defect.

Each student has a God-given power of judgment which he should use in determining the golden mean. A student should not try to walk in "the middle of the road," she said, but should have his own convictions of wrong and right, or too much and too little.

Professor Fisher opened the meeting by leading the audience in the singing of two hymns.

National Youth Director And Regional Secretary Come To Our Campus

Betty Mansfield, National Youth Director, and Myra Lou Willmson, Regional Secretary of International Relations, were on our campus this week. Betty has been in Mexico doing voluntary relief work under the Friends Service Committee.

Some of those students that are fortunate to get a secondary education in Mexico are coming to the United States for further knowledge.

Myra Lou is taking the place of Marjorie Hyre whom many of the upper classmen will remember from last year. Myra Lou is very capable of helping college students in their adjustment to college and also helping us to understand racial equality, peace relations, and economical standards of the world. To be more capable of understanding these problems she will help any one to find his place in a work camp project, or by the World Student Christian Federation.

Betty Mansfield Reveals Mexican Life At SCA

Miss Betty Mansfield from Philadelphia, Penn., addressed an interested audience at a special SCA meeting Wednesday evening. She spoke of her work in Mexico and of the work of others who, as she, are working on their own initiative time, and self-sustenance in order to help those who so desperately need able assistance.

Miss Mansfield said that the people are typical Mexican people—brown and straight-faced, but they are neither extremely filthy nor are they exceedingly lazy as American tourists would lead us to believe.

They have no electricity, gas, farm implements or other necessary equipment with which to work.

Because of the need for the children's help in the home, education is sadly lacking. Financial inadequacy is another factor causing this slump. They have both a public health system and an education system worked out on paper, but as yet that is as far as it has gone.

The speaker told us that many of the officials can and do understand our wanting to help them, but the ordinary people cannot believe that we are not making some personal and large "haul." This is true because profiteers from our country having in the past stirred up economic conditions in Mexico for their own gain. Some of the people even thought the girls were war widows with nothing else to do.

There is yet much to be done in this field of service, and those who are willing and qualified are needed badly.

The Finer Points of Duck-hunting

It seems as though a female is never completely happy unless she has at least made a good try in leading a man's life. Consequently and after an excessive amount of begging and pleading and promises to act like a dog, they consented to take us duck hunting.

Duck hunting does not appeal to one at five fifteen in the morning as it does at more civilized hours (say eight o'clock). But being verra verra determined we leaped out of bed and hastily donned our clothes (layers and layers of them) so that we looked like typical north woods-men ready to go out and play tag with the deer.

Boots and all, we literally plodded our way down the halls of Arnold, out into the starlite morning to be greeted by two bodies with guns. The implication here is that these bodies had not yet awakened. After a ten mile drive out into the country, which involved the typical, stupid early morning conversations, we arrived at said destination.

We discovered by keen observation that in order to hunt ducks one must needs be able to walk like a duck; one also has to be able to locate the fields which have the most cockle-

burrs in them, the most mud, and the most tangled barbed-wire fences conceivable.

The process of duck hunting consists first of leaping through afore mentioned barbed-wire fences. If when you arrive on the other side, you still have all your appendages and are not losing too much blood and are still being good-natured about the whole thing, then you really get enthusiastic about hunting ducks. (as yet no duck has been seen).

Und zo now being a female as the two of us were, we are told to no longer talk and to walk behind the longer talk and to walk behind the longer talk. Now the duck hunters assume a position which resembles a cross between a crippled duck and an adagio dancer. (Still we have seen no ducks). They creep along in this strange position, and in the meantime, we are wondering if we should be creeping like them, or walking up right like human beings. Just when we get nerve to pierce the silence with a real faint whisper, as to whether we should be walking or crawling, they frantically motion for us to get behind them fifteen paces. We are sorry to disappoint you, but we still are unable to spot any ducks. In the meantime, we are happily leaping

across mud puddles, stopping only to extract cockle burrs from our hides. Just when we are getting ready to talk again, they turn and tell us to go back twenty paces. Feeling like a social outcast, and not even a good dog, we give up and sit down in the meadow and make daisy chains. As yet there are still no ducks in sight—time passes on, but the ducks seem to have already passed on, and the men in this little episode, become blood thirsty, and start shooting at anything that flies or runs. (Like rabbits or crows—we were still walking.)

Conclusion is as follows—we didn't even see a duck. There was plenty of compensation though in the fact that it was a beeee-oooo-tiful morning—story book sunrise, and real brisk air. There was also compensation in the fact that they let us shoot their guns—and believe me it was a matter of taking one's life in one's hands.

The best part of the whole morning, though, was the waffles, and sausage, and eggs, and hot chocolate that we consumed in a piggish like fashion upon getting back in civilization. Moral—gee, it is fun to go duck hunting—even if there aren't any ducks.

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Unnecessary Evil

The Greek organizations, fraternities and sororities, have a large and important status on many of today's campuses. Here on the McPherson College campus, there are neither social sororities nor fraternities. This I believe to be a fact for which we can be grateful.

While I am not making it a point to state that all accomplishments of the organizations are dishonorable ones, I do believe that there are many ill effects brought about by the traditions of these societies, if not by the members themselves.

For example, a house of some large college collects and files the tests which professors give year after year. Some professors give the tests again and again, often alternating two or three sets of them. Unfairness of this nature is largely practiced.

Morals in a Greek house may not be a great deal lower than those of the average dormitory, however, from what I have seen, if this is true, then the average is not high.

Sheer heartbreak is an all too realistic by-product of the famous "rush week." Some sororities are discriminating beyond the point of tolerance. A personal acquaintance once told me that a lovely, talented, and gracious girl had been refused admittance to a particular sorority because she was the daughter of a blacksmith. She said that she herself had voted against the girl, even though she knew that act to be against high principles. The grief of some who have been turned away from the Greek doors is in itself reason enough for the abolition of those same doors.

Sororities of Hendrix College, Conway, Arkansas, voted to disband all social sororities this fall. Three of the four voted unanimously, the other by a large majority.

The problem arose this fall when a group of girls representing all four sororities, were discussing the unclean politics and the change of friendly atmosphere on the campus to one of a clannish spirit, brought about greatly by sorority rivalry. Similar action is expected to occur on other campuses. (The Associated Collegiate Press of Minneapolis, Minnesota, is the source of this latter information.)

In a democratic country, with all of its supposed freedom, equality, and "square play," must we be forced to submit to an existing evil such as this? Certainly we are to be congratulated for lacking in fraternity and sorority life.

Tale of the Tortured Tortoise

Once there was a turtle who, having reached the dangerous age of six or eight, decided to roam. Unfortunately, for him, he chose to roam in the wrong places and soon got himself caught. And before he could say "Pffft," he found himself being carried up three flights of Harnley stairs by his tail. And before he could say "Pffft, pffft," he was dumped on his nose with a thud, right on the Biology lab floor.

You can guess what happened. That turtle's last moments were numbered. After several timorous attempts, Burton succeeded in picking him up by the tail, and, with the turtle opening a surprisingly large portion of his face and snapping in all directions, in getting him to the part of the floor that had been designated as the impromptu operation table.

The storeroom was ransacked and large bottles of ether and chloroform, a hypodermic needle the size of a good grease gun, cloths, and much etcetera was cluttered round about. The interested gallery gathered about on tables and stools as three of our scientifically-minded upperclassmen prepared to operate. There was a tense silence in the lab as Burton, firmly planting one foot on the turtle's back, said "ether."

Royer nervously poured half a cup of ether on a cloth and forced it on the reluctant turtle. He started to leave (the party was getting rough) but was met by two wads of cotton, also ether-soaked. The effect was not all that could be desired. Bur-

ton held him by the tail to keep him from taking a bite out of Royer's leg while Evelyn and Jo B. forced more and more ether on the turtle. And then they ran out of ether! A whole quart of ether gone and the turtle still frisky. Then came the idea.

All the doors and windows were closed and the turtle was put under a large wooden bucket, and chloroform soaked cotton was slid under to him until the floor was wet with chloroform and the spectators' senses were reeling. He must have had claustrophobia, for as the gallery got sleeper and sleeper, the turtle kicked harder and harder. It was conjectured that soon someone would see a wooden bucket walking down the hall and would come in to find them all laid out cold in neat rows.

Finally, just as the quart bottle of chloroform was getting very low, the turtle stopped kicking. The bucket was lifted off and there was the turtle, out like an old light bulb. A quart of ether and a quart of chloroform had been his undoing. It was thought by some that the wads of ether-soaked cotton he had chewed had finally done him in; others thought he drowned in the deluge. But whatever it was, he was out cold. Then, cutting down to an artery, (and the red, red blood ran all over the floor) the king-sized hypodermic needle full of formaldehyde was injected time and again to keep parative anatomy class gets around to continue operations. It was a great fight, Ma, but we won!

Board Approves Budgets

Roberta Mohler, business manager of the Spectator, and Ra Verne Lobban, business manager of the Quadrangle, presented the budgets of the Spectator and the Quadrangle to the Board of Publications at their meeting Thursday, October 25. The budgets, a tentative one for the Quadrangle, were approved.



From The Library

Almost every mail delivery to the college brings to the library new pamphlets, charts, or other material from different organizations or industrial firms. These are placed on the display table in the east reading room for you to read and examine.

"Rhapsody in Blue," sent to the library by the Warner Bros., is a recent arrival. It is a description of the new moving picture about George Gershwin and his music.

One of the great discoveries of this century is radar. The British Information Services has published the pamphlet "Radar," which is an official history of this new science.

The Automobile Manufacturers Association's beautifully illustrated booklet, "A Car Traveling People," tells how the automobile has changed the life of Americans.

"How We Live" by Fred Clark and Richard Rimanoczy deals with the workings of the American economic system, with particular emphasis on the relationship between management, workers and owners. This was sent by the Chrysler Corporation of Detroit.

Watch the table to your left as you enter the library for new and interesting material.

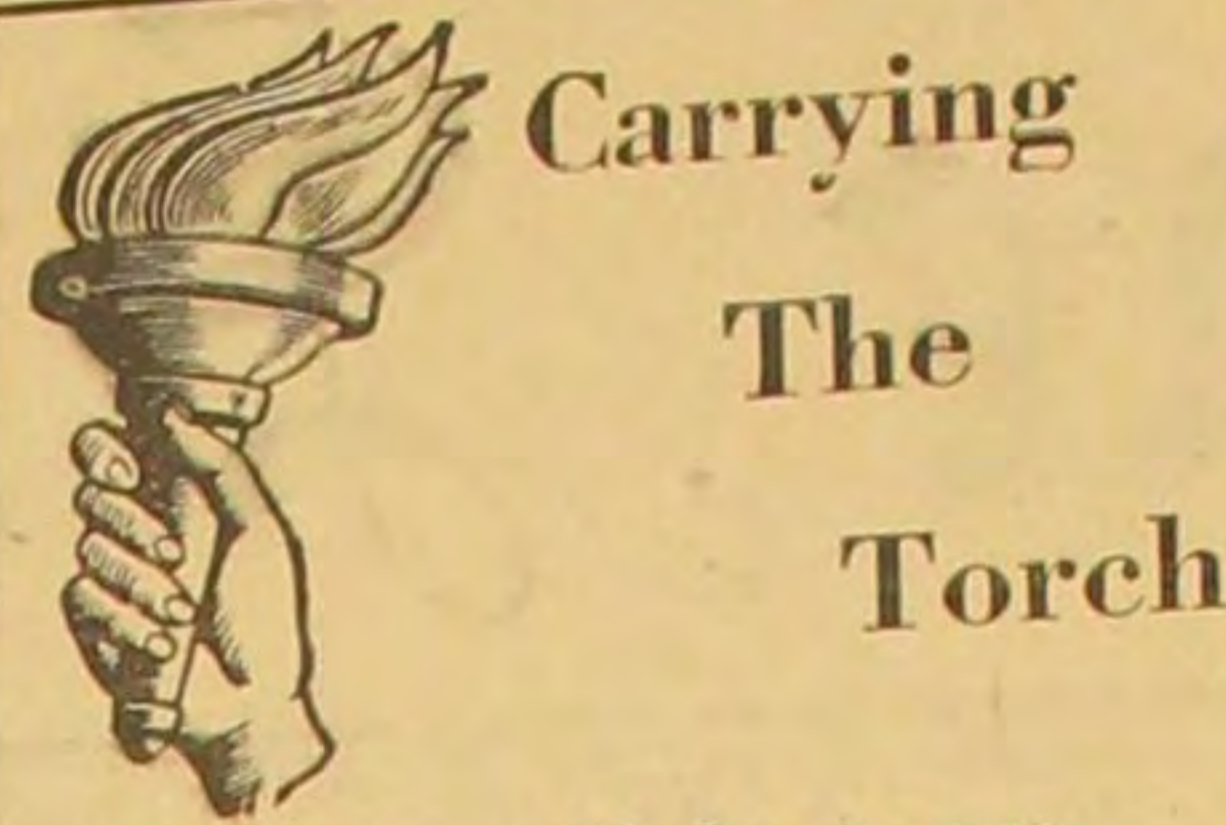
So Saith



The Forest

In this age of the future the past is oft forgotten. Much of the past is well forgotten, yet much of our future lays in the past. The teachings of the ancients apply today and tomorrow. In this column we will look into the past, looking through the eyes of the past we will better guide our future.

We will listen to the ancient forest, the silent forest with its myriads of trees standing side by side. Do we hear the mummings of the doubters. "A forest cannot speak!" Have you listened to the songs of the pines? Have you listened to the wisdom of the Hemlock? Or the



Carrying The Torch

Student Volunteers

Student Volunteers continued to ply the needle and the brawn in their various service projects. After a brief worship period, conducted by Susan, the fellows journeyed to Elrod's garage where they proceeded to transport bundles of relief clothing to the Industrial Arts building where it will be sorted. Some of the girls continued to fashion the Greek baby jackets while others ventured into new fields as cuddley oilcloth toys took form under their nimble fingers.

20th Century Recreation

20th Century Recreation met Tuesday morning, and plans were made for a play night to be given for Central College in honor of their freshmen, sophomores and faculty. It will be held here in the gym in the near future. Each member will be held responsible for one game that will be played during the evening.

Political Action

"Control of the Atomic Bomb" was the subject for discussion in PAC Tuesday morning. Professor Berkeley, Eula Wolf, and Ernest Ikenberry served as forum members with Dale Brown as chairman. Forty-one students and faculty members attended the interesting meeting—this being the largest attendance to date.

It was the general conclusion of the group that the United States could not keep the atomic bomb a secret, neither would it prevent another war, but the best answer to the control of the bomb was to change men's hearts to the way of peace and love. Love can be stronger than atomic power.

gossip of the populars? Have you ears and hear not? Under the character of the forest, the two trees standing side by side through the ages, look into the past and heed.

Pause a moment and listen to the words of Confucius, sage of Cathay. In his fourth book speaking of the student he taught thus:

VIII. If a man in the morning hear the right way, he may die in the evening without regret.

X. The superior man, in the world, does not set his mind either for anything, or against anything; what is right he will follow.

XI. The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man thinks of favors which he may receive.

A rolling stone gathers no moss but it sure learns its way around.

The President's Corner

What I have to say from my corner this time was prompted by a problem of mutual interest and concern growing out of conditions in reference to food that seems to have provoked a number of students to sign a petition and someone to write an article for the Spectator.

In the first place, I should like to make it clear that in a democratic institution such activities are permissible and for this we ought to be grateful. Personally, however, I think there are better and more intelligent ways of getting results. In my years of experience, I have received a number of papers signed by groups of individuals. All have been destroyed and the one recently received will be destroyed so that as the years pass I can more easily forget.

The problem is being studied and it is hoped that at least a reasonably satisfactory solution can be found. It is certainly not the intent of the College to deprive knowingly any student of having enough and the right kind of food. However hard we may try, we probably will never be able to satisfy all at a common dining hall. I have observed that not all are equally satisfied at all times at our home tables.

Not in defense but to explain, it is well to remember the following:

1. Food at the College is provided at a very low cost and the College is not making profits. We must depend upon gifts from interested friends to purchase all needed furniture and cooking equipment.

2. Complaints in reference to restaurants and hotel dining halls are multitudinous. Service Clubs change meeting places because of poor food and high costs.

3. It is still difficult to purchase the desired and needed food at the time demanded. This condition is improving.

Dining hall complaints seem to be traditional and some of us are able to build up our "ego" and to get attention and following by being promoters. Personally, I hope the time never comes when we cannot complain and protest. At the same time, I am concerned as to how character is affected both on the part of the promoters and protesters and on the part of those against whom the protests are filed.

In conclusion may I say, "thank you" for reading this and I pledge to you students, parents and interested friends, the best efforts of the College to do all possible and feasible to provide food adequate both as to quality and quantity.

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SOCIETY

Last Saturday, Oct. 20, the girl's quartet and Alice Ruth Bailey accompanied Charles Dumond to Scott City to give a full music program to his congregation. Dr. Peters spoke to a full house at the Sunday evening service following solos and special numbers by the quartet. On Monday morning, Dr. Peters, the quartet, and Charles visited the grade and high schools of Shallow Water and Scott City. At the Scott City grade school they finished the program in time to get an invitation to lunch with the kiddies. Pretty good timing. After lunch they were swamped with autograph seekers. Woo! Woo!

The trip was made without mishap with the exception of Chief Dum(b)-One's lost clothes running loose somewhere out in western Kansas and the flat tire they accepted following an hour hunting for them. Then Brooks had to leave her glasses in Ness City about eleven o'clock Saturday night and didn't miss them until they were too far to turn back. How Brooks ever missed that man when she was aiming at the tin can (no glasses) is beyond us.

They had a speedy, noisy (Alexander) and safe trip home. By the end of the journey Dumond had satisfied himself that women are all alike, hopeless and not worth the trouble! (So he says as he picks out another of the fairer sex.)

Last Friday evening a general migration from our fair campus started towards Newton and the Bethel college campus. No, it wasn't a good will tour in full swing, it was just that a lot of MacCampus-ites recognize culture when they hear about it . . . and so they went to hear their fill of the famous negro tenor, Roland Hayes, who was presented by the Memorial Hall Series sponsored by Bethel College and the city of Newton. This series will offer other numbers in the near future, which will result in like migrations, but this time the kids really received their money's worth. Mr. Hayes proved all he was supposed to have been and then some. Those of our faculty and student body who attended came away with the feeling that they had had an evening well spent.

Last week-end Mary Beth Losh-

FAIR FASHIONS

by ELSIE SCHNORR



The Charm of Jewelry

We couldn't go too long without mentioning jewelry, something that is dear to the heart of almost every girl. We still find an abundance of Indian jewelry on the campus this year. There are more and varied designs and styles. Some of the new silver bracelets are often very wide and have barettes to match. Incidentally almost every girl we meet has a twinkling, silver barette in her hair.

This year we find more earrings and dressy lapel and sweater pins to give your outfit a new, bright look. "Mademoiselle" says that it is very good taste to have several jingly charm bracelets and wear them all at once. But if you don't have several, one will do.

Another new fad is bangle bracelets. Several girls on the campus have some of these large, simple bands. This seems to be a case in which just one won't do. You have to wear at least three and more if you have them.

haugh and Dorris Murdoch visited in the home of Miss Loshbaugh's parents, in Westphalia, Kansas. They returned Sunday. Reverend and Mrs. Loshbaugh stayed over in McPherson the next day to visit with Mary Beth and Royce Loshbaugh.

Miss June Landes entertained as her guest over the week-end Phil Snell, who seemed to be a very special friend of the above said Miss. Mmmmmmm! Not bad, June! Have him come around again.

At last we know what he looks like and who he is. The proud owner of the flashing diamond that spends its time on the third finger, left hand, of Miss Rozella Haley, paid Miss Haley a visit, whereupon she left the campus to spend a few days with him at the home of her parents in Wichita.

Once more some grads of last year came back to see how we were getting along without them, and especially to see how Keith and Dave were getting along without them, (we don't mean Keith Howard.) By now all the old kids know we mean the bright and shining faces of Anne Metzler and Blanche Geisert, the happy twosome of last year's senior class. It was good to see the four of them trotting around the campus again. Sunday night both girls left again to go back to their jobs of teaching school.

Dayton Rothrock and Marvin Blough spent the week-end in Hutchinson.

Tuesday evening the dining hall was again the scene of a birthday celebration. This time it was Dot Frantz, who celebrated her nineteenth birthday by having a special table. She and her celebrating friends merrily did away with good food, with birthday cake, candy, potato chips, and hot rolls as trimmings. Those who helped celebrate were Phyllis Strickler, Roberta Mohler, Joan Finrock, Donnis Wampler, Annette Ronk, Gernelda Sprengel, and Johnette Spengler.

No, you weren't seeing double at the skating party or over at Kline Hall or around the campus . . . that was Dorothy Lehman from Kansas State, visiting her twin, our own Doris Lehman. A bit confusing, wasn't it, but even so we would like to see her around again sometime.

We hereby herald the good tidings! Fanny Markham, famed brother of our famed Paul, and one time athlete of McPherson college, is due home, and will be arriving in McPherson shortly.

Food, fun, and the usual chattering held sway at a surprise party honoring Betty Lou Jamison on her eighteenth birthday. Refreshments of ice cream and two kinds of cake were served and Betty Lou proudly displayed her brand new "String of Pearls."

Other girls present besides the honoree were Lois Kaufman, Eula Wolf, Eulalia Crist, Theda Flory, Carrie Belle Lewis, Arlene Prentice, Arlene Rolfs, Donna Bowman, Sybil Miller and Joyce Riddlebarger.

This past week-end Dr. and Mrs. Mohler, Edwin, Roberta, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harter went to Red Cloud, Nebraska, to visit their relatives. Dr. Mohler and Mrs. Harter, Dr. Mohler's sister from Los Angeles, California, spent their childhood on a farm near Red Cloud. On Sunday noon, dinner was held at the community church for all their friends, and a good time was had while they reminisced "old times."

Most accidents happen on Saturday and Sunday. It's a great life if you don't week-end.

Meet The Freshmen

Ever hear of Durham? Yes, it's in Kansas! Under the shy demure exterior, Wilma Geis presents to the public, is hidden a fountain of pep and vitality.

Mac's only genuine redhead is none other than vivacious, pretty Marilyn Horner. And believe it or not she nobly foregoes her down-town home to share the mutual woes and shows of dorm life.

Dwain Nelson, that tall, wavy haired specimen from downtown, draws a sigh of the romanticism from many a freshman lass as he strolls nonchalantly over the campus.

June Landes is another of the "dashing brunettes" come to grace our campus. The sole representative from Ill., she gives her state a wholesome boost.

And speaking of brunettes there's that little Haley gal—did you notice the soldier with her the other day! Sorry fellows but he belongs to the sparkler adorning Rozella's finger—or visa versa.

Just call her mom! The unofficial title attached to petite Madaline Ziegler—wife and better half of Pop Ziegler. A Virginian, mom has a delightful accent all her own.

This isn't supposed to be a gossip column—or is it? At least one can't help but couple Mary Metzler (president of the freshman class) and Paul Wagner (vice-president) together. Seems Paul has developed a decided crush for the Prof's daughter. What some people won't do to get grades!

Bernadine Schafer is the versatile lass that is interested in debate. Blonde, she holds her own in any man's company—we're rooting for her in the forthcoming debate season likewise.

Meet John Sheets, father of little Norman, mascot of the college. Starting college life early, Norman and his little brother are prospective students and help to make papa's life one long exciting adventure. And if perchance you've been in the business office no doubt you've seen John busily engaged juggling the books.

Lowdown on



A Year Ago

By Mike

"Cats, my dear," said the spinster. "I hate the very sight of them. I had a sweet little canary, and some cat got that. I had a perfect parrot, and some cat got that, too. I had an adorable fiancee, and—oh, don't mention cats to me!" . . . We had oodles of jokes in the Spec this time last year. Even the one about what one light said to the other light, i. e.,

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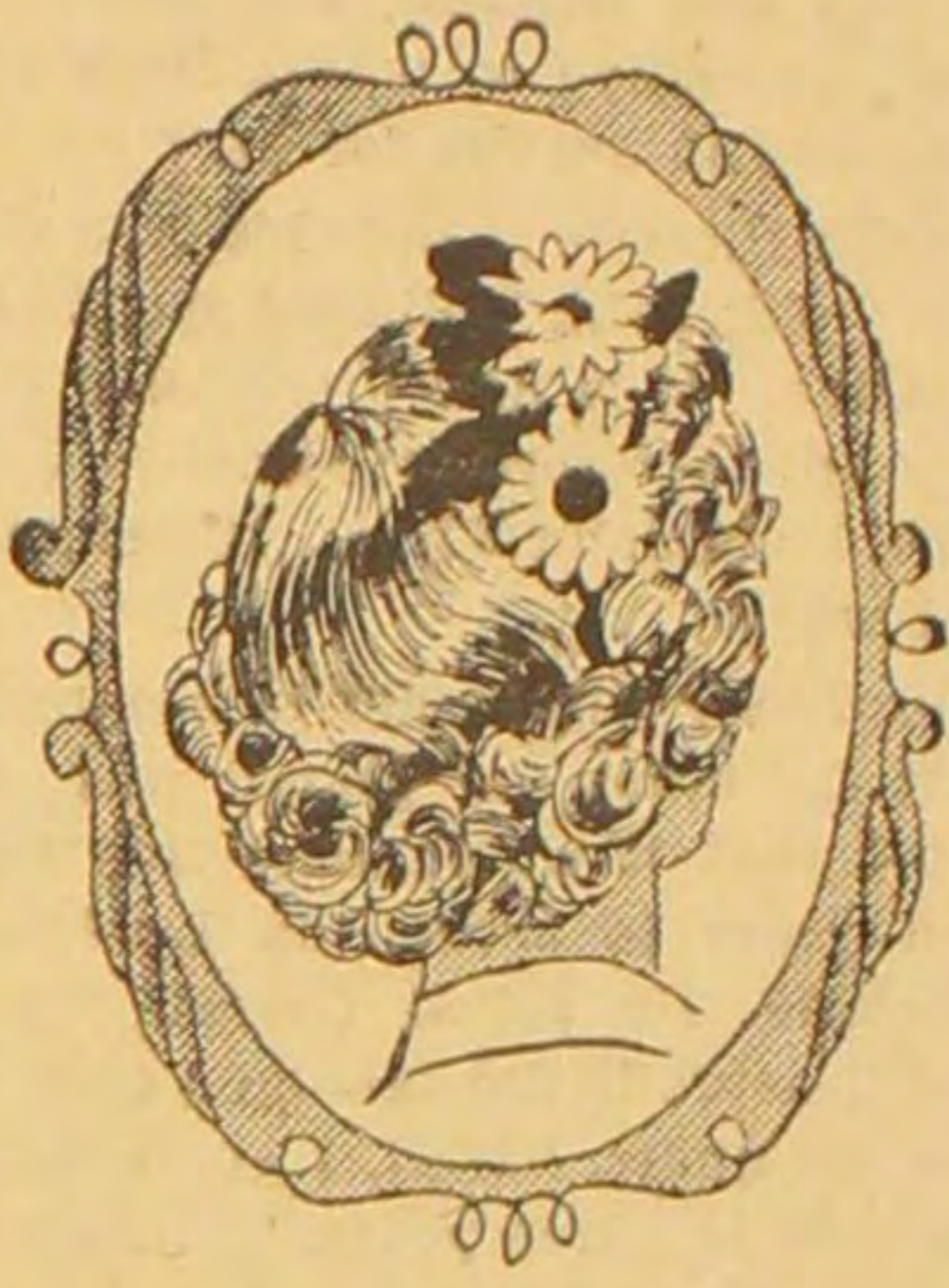
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Let's go out together. And all that old corn. . . Phrenology was the rage that week. Some avowed phrenologists had moved in temporarily downtown and were taking in money right and left due to the large amount of bumps on the heads of the local populace. Some students also patronized these bump-readers, but the greatest enthusiasm was on the part of the faculty. Yes, I said the faculty. So many professors became so interested that it was for a while thought that the phrenologists should move their headquarters here to Macampus. Leaders in this movement were Miss Lehman and our dear Dean, who of course took only a scientific interest in the whole thing. . . . Paul Wagoner's introduction of Miss Selk in the dining hall the other day may lead to more interesting developments than a good laugh. More or less the same thing happened last year at this time and the dining hall became involved in what was known in polite circles as an "Etiquette Drive." It was called many things, however, by some of the less appreciative students. Rules were handed out and the juniors and seniors who serve as Papas and Mamas were invited to dinner by Miss S. Seven by seven they had a meal with Miss S. at a dining hall table that was nicely screened from the view of the uncouth freshies and sophs. According to them, many interesting and hitherto unknown things were learned and not a few were not only found wanting, but were found blushing. The upperclassmen learned to divide their bread into four quarters; the freshmen said they would rather divide their into four fifty-cent pieces. And so it went. I wonder if the same thing will happen to us this year. Keep your fingers crossed. . . . Around this time last year, Mr. Burton and Miss Finrock were keeping company. Not Gracie, not Annie, but Joan. At a hayride Keith was rather embarrassed to find himself holding hands with Dale Brown while Joan was left out in the cold. Moral: Man who holds hands in dark should look before he squeezes. . . . Jo B. Brooks kept the Bible class amused by stating that a mandrake was a male duck. Something about that reminds us about the way Pat Kennedy livens up physiology class. She rather loosely stated the other day that a pelvis was something to sit on. Was her face red!!! . . . Thirteen loyal Bulldogs reported for basketball training last year, in spite of which we did pretty good. . . . That's all for now.

At The End of Euclid



Three girls from McPherson plus three fellows from Lawrence make a super six-some. Did you notice the activity this past week-end? Some girls have all the luck (or is it appeal?). In spite of the uneven ration of men vs. women, Finrock rated both Roberts and Nelson Monday night. Mail call can boost morale 100%. Just ask Johnny what she plans to do Thanksgiving. We were wondering what Coach meant the other night in basketball practice when he told Krehbiel if he would reach towards the basket, as far, when he shoots, as he does in "some other things," he would hit the basket much better. Girls, here's your chance—Rothrock was overheard saying that he,



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Beau-Mart

Mgr. - Daisy Grooms

"hadn't had any scratching since last February. Rothrock says—just complaining." Line forms to the right, says Landes. Kids, it might have just been a good show for the benefit of eager first floor watchers, but it looked too good to be a show. It's O. K., Landes, we're glad he got here, and I guess after all the waiting you did

(Continued on Page Four)

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Women's



Athletics

Hockey

Monday afternoon again found a group of energetic girls playing—no you're wrong, it wasn't Hockey, it was softball. In view of the fact that we are planning to play softball with the Central College girls, the girls are making an "all-out" effort to get in shape to win, we hope it was encouraging to note that twenty-eight girls went out Monday afternoon to limber up their unused muscles. Let's keep up this good work, girls, as we know the old adage that "Practice makes perfect" is certainly true. The Bulldogs have always had a good record. Let it not be said that the girls aren't capable of setting as good a record.

Outing

Outing girls met Monday night. The girls trooped over to the gym after snack bar, and with them came the fellows. All who came had a screaming time and Annette had a hard time making her calls heard above the uproar. The boys really took her at her word when she said, "swing your partner" and swing 'um they did. By fifteen minutes until ten everyone was tired enough to sit down and rest. Cup cakes were served as refreshments.

At The End of Euclid

(Continued from Page Three)

for him, you deserved more than one—

Honestly people, some kids are dumb, you know a gripe about our mattresses and springs being hard, so what do ten of our first floor girls do but take their mattresses out in the hall and spend a morbid night in that gruesome place. But it was fun, so they say. The next morning saw ten cheery, noisy girls returning from a morning hike, singing in cracked voices the songs no one likes to hear so early in the morning. Stupid girls, why don't you sleep when you have the chance and let everyone else sleep too?

One rather bitter definition of the object of the Comparative anatomy

class was "We compare Burton's A's and B's to our C's and D's." End of quotation.

Paul Klotz, while taking his flashy striped sock off the line, came across a very small pair of very pink ones. Not his obviously . . . Some one he knows????

We missed that flashy all-red outfit of Helms on the baseball field the other Thursday. Too bad he had to give it back to the d—pardon me, Satan.

You weren't really seeing double this week-end, kids. Just Doris Lehman's twin, Dorothy, who is a sophomore at Manhattan. We sure wish she were a sophomore here. She's just as nice as Doris—and just as mischievous.

Dorothy Grove was out a couple of times last week-end with—let's see—it was her girl friend's boyfriend. That's her story and she sticks to it.

The methods class and the Dean were jointly surprised the other day when, with about 15 minutes of class left, Kent Naylor crept in with that late-for-class look on his face. The funny part of it is, the methods class is all girls! . . . is there a doctor in the house? Sounded like a comedians convention from what we could hear. Time: Saturday afternoon. Place: bio. lab. Characters: Keithmer and Gracie.

Jo B. wonders if studying all that biology and anatomy will make her more attractive to men. Does anyone have an answer for her?

John Ditmars spends his free time at Arnold; John Williford spends his at Kline. It is now proclaimed that they are therefore to be called John Arnold and John Kline. It's simpler that way.

Professor Olson said in economics class the other day that it was predicted that it would take five hundred years to settle the Louisiana Purchase. He asked Gerlach how long it actually did take and Gerlach said, we quote, "Well, I guess about a couple or three years." Unquote. Laugh now.

By the way, are you looking for some good business to start making your millions? Ivan Lobban has a wonderful idea for waving hair, but you'd better make sure that he hasn't patented it.

Students got a rude shock the other morning, after thinking for six weeks that they were in a college course, when Pat Kennedy began to recite "Humpty Dumpty" much to the pleasure of Dr. Fleming and the embarrassment of the class.

And one more thing about Dr. Fleming. He takes a back set for nobody including President Truman and his speeches—as Dr. Fleming says, "After all he is just someone else from Missouri."

Ronk Outlines Athletic Season

Women's Softball Team Play Central College

Something new and different in the way of athletics this year on our campus is the way in which women's athletics has come into its own.

Coach Annette Ronk announced recently that a girl's softball team would compete against Central College women's team next Tuesday afternoon at Central College beginning at 4:00.

She announced the probable starting line-up as follows: catcher, Geneva Agee; pitcher, Doris Coppock; first baseman, Phyllis Erb; second baseman, Jerry Hedges; third baseman, Dorothy Frantz; short stop, Masako Nakamura; roving short stop, Betty Reeves; right fielder, Rosella Hale; center fielder, Theda Flory; left fielder, Gernelda Sprengle. Some of the girls who have tried out will substitute.

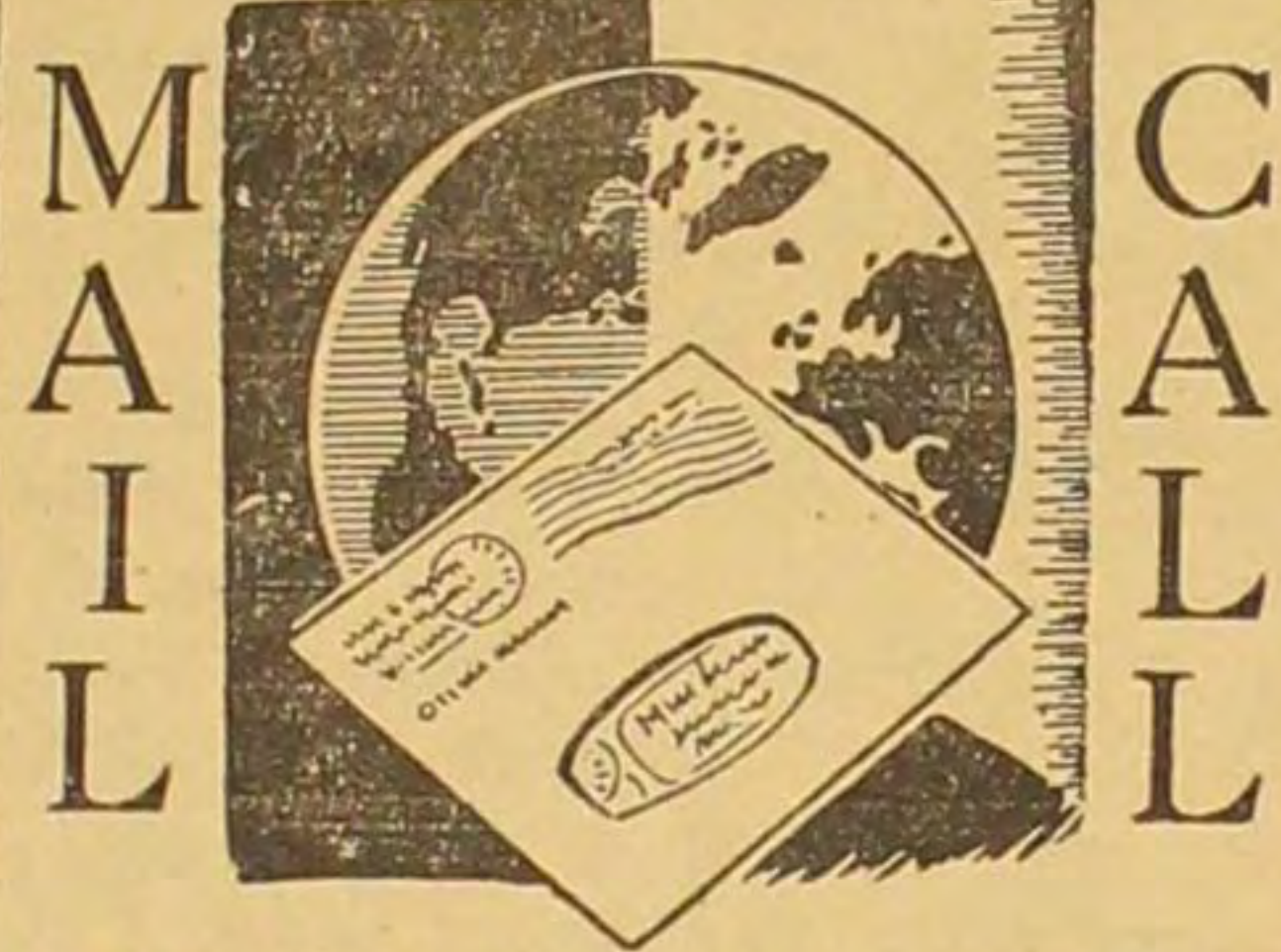
The second game will be played against the high school here Thursday. Other sports such as volleyball and basketball will be put on a competitive basis and be played against the high school throughout the school year.

The only difference between a rut and a grave is their dimensions.

She: "What were you doing after the accident?"

He: "Just scraping up an old acquaintance."

Teacher: What is an infantry?
Student: An infantry is where you keep babies.



Part of a letter from Mino Koide, student of Mac in '44-'45, reads as follows:

The army gave us a break again. We were off from Friday afternoon till today. That's 3 days so my friend and I went to Hot Springs, Ark. First thing, we got a real good room at a hotel, took a real bath and slept in a bed that was actually soft. Boy, it was a great feeling. After that we went fishing in one of the lakes. I really caught some too! That afternoon, my friend and I went boat riding, and we swam off and on. We also visited all the springs that everyone has been talking about. I must admit it is a pretty scenic place. Well, we lived there for three days and it was just like paradise, but as always, every good thing must come to an end so we had to go back. We went back all right and with an empty pocket!

The army went into a peacetime army last week so we just have to work 40 hours a week and get Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off.

Bryant Fisher, a former Mac College student, writes: "I am Private Fisher now—I do not particularly like it, but I am afraid there's not much I have to say about it."

I was at Leavenworth from Wednesday night until the following Friday a week later. In that time I was processed, that is, given classifications, tests, took several shots and was issued my G. I. clothes. The last few days while we were waiting to be shipped out we had a good many details to perform. I had K. P. one day from 3:30 a. m. till 7:30 in the evening and had to help serve several meals.

The fellows were glad to leave Leavenworth, but after seeing this place we would be glad if we were back there. This is the great Sheppard Fields—it has rained here several days and this place is nothing but mud. The streets have been almost curb full of water.

This place is overcrowded—about 75,000 are here and sometimes you have to stand in line an hour for meals. I did today.

I must thank you all again for your thoughtfulness when I left. To be truthful I never dreamed you all would do anything like that. Things like that are what help make army life bearable. That bag is the handiest and most useful thing I have.

I am supposed to be in the air corps I guess and get their nine weeks basic training. There is practically no chance for specialization since the war is over and I honestly do not know what I will do when this basic is over.

How is college going, and how is calculus class? I will be very glad to hear from anyone."

His address is Pvt. Bryant Fisher 37819114, 3706 A. A. F. B. U. (B. T. C.), Squadron T, Barracks 722, Sheppard Field, Texas.

CHUCKS BY CHUCK

The other day a freshman suggested to me that I should write this column in this fashion. "He stepped to the plate, dressed in britches of purple and white, the variety which come to the knees, clutched the bat in his manly hands, and swung at the ball vigorously." At that point the freshman stopped, and I am still wondering if the ball player hit the ball.

The drizzling, dreary, dismal rain made us forget about the game Tuesday. Feeling rather sad about the whole affair, our attractive athletes turned to another sport. Maybe if we had played, we'd have seen another "sad" game, or we may have seen our coach bring in a run by signaling for a bunt at the proper moment. What coach did along that line at our last softball game was a bit of coaching art.

Dribbling down the court, Markham throws that ball to Krebbiel, who in turn throws it to Howard, who loops it through the net for a basket. Basketball again is the popular sport around our campus. The Bulldogs are beginning to drill in earnest. Frankly, they haven't drilled in deep enough, but just give 'em time!



"Yes, mam," and "yes, sir," that Keith Howard can jump. Here is evidence of it; he jumped skyward the other day, reaching up so high that he hit our little "Slim" Heidebrecht in the head. What more proof could one want for a good center? (wait and see how he "pans out" before you answer).

Wouldn't it be interesting to walk into the physical education building and see it fully equipped with rings, swimming pool, and other facilities which go into the building of physical bodies?

Enough Chucks!

RITZ

Sunday - Monday

Oct. 28-29

"That's The Spirit"

Plus

"CLIMAX"

Tuesday - Wednesday

Oct. 30-31

"Frozen Ghost"

Plus

"Jungle Captive"

Thursday Thru Saturday

Nov. 1-2-3

"Here Come The Co-Eds"

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"The Brighton Stranger"

Selected Shorts - RKO News

MANOR Sun - Mon - Tues

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