

Advertising For Peace

At a summer camp which I attended several months ago, I participated in a forum discussion of peace and world problems. Many points of deep contemplation were brought out.

I learned there that Dan West says the odds for chances for peace are only ten to one. Think of it! Only one chance out of ten that we shall have peace with our present nation-neighbors.

If we, the Christian youth of America, a group whose everlasting goal is international peace, do nothing to lower those odds, then will we not be partly to blame for the expected "third world war"?

Most newspapers play up and emphasize the futility of peace. They blast stories across the front page about, for example, a flare-up in Palestine between Jews and Arabs, or between Moscow and Washington in Berlin. But do they ever give much space to an agreement, a peaceful treaty, or something in that category? I think that since the vast group of journals over the world seem not to care to propagate peace, that it is our duty to perform that task. We can promote peace with the proper propaganda just as the militarists do by way of the news-sheets.

This peace propaganda, this peace education, is a sort of panacea which every nation, every citizen of each nation, needs in order to remedy national and international ills.

Advertisers use the device of repetition to cause gullible people to buy their sponsored product. By pounding their product into our brains, by flaunting it before our eyes at every opportune moment, or by telling us about it every fifteen minutes over the various radio networks, these mercenary business men impress upon our minds an image which influences our spending.

Why cannot we use the same device? Can't it be that we pacifists have not done enough advertising?

We must live as pacifists throughout the whole cycle of wars and the intervals between them. We tend to let our enthusiasm for peace lapse into a lethargy after the war is over. Perhaps some day we will learn that these intervals between wars are the periods which precipitate the armed conflicts.

Immediately after a war is not the only time that Christians with a non-combatant heritage need to make themselves heard. The "advertising" for peace should be released on our neighbors at a more or less constant rate.

Probably the best way to advertise peace is for the individual person to live it. It always has been true that "actions speak more loudly than words." Remember this: THE WAY WE LIVE IS OUR ADVERTISEMENT FOR PEACE.

How SHE Advertised

A new way of fighting war is slowly emerging. The widow of an American Admiral, a Quaker woman, has refused to pay that portion of the Federal tax which would go for war purposes. She paid her income tax with the deduction of 34.6 percent, which is that percentage of the national budget going to military expenditures. She sent the Treasury Department receipts for the amount she had withheld which she turned over to charitable and peace-promoting institutions.

—Between the Lines, June 14, 1948.

The Spectator

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The Optimist



With an optimistic view toward achieving harmony between the two major political parties of the U. S., the Democratic and the Republican, we, the optimists present you the following information.

The following significant and decisive issues have been agreed upon by both parties. We, the optimists, think these quotes are very encouraging.

"Our streams should abound with fish."

"Everybody that rides in a car or bus uses gasoline and oil."

"The miners of our country are vital to our welfare."

"You and I have a great responsibility to our children and toward the generations to come."

"You know that your future is still ahead of you."

"Ours is a magnificent land. Every part of it."

"I firmly believe that depression need not be inevitable."

"The Communists have a long range scheme."

"We are troubled by high prices and we must end the maladjustments which caused them."

"We need more homes for our people."

"We've got to keep this a free and growing country."

Keep in mind that the preceding vital issues have been sanctioned by both the Democrats and the Republicans as major problems for the current political campaign.

A grudge is too heavy a load for any man to carry.

Collegian Column

From the Baker News-Bulletin we note that several improvements have been made on the gridiron. No, not the team, but literally the gridiron. New lights—rather lights (they had none before) have been installed to light the field and parking lots.

Also a score board and a clock (eight feet in diameter!) have been installed.

The project is costing the college approximately \$5,000.

So what! Blue paint's expensive too!

In the "Daily Kansan" we see a fair size article informing us that scientists believe uranium was used by the Romans.

Now comes the timely question of whether you'd rather read of uranium and Romans or Spike Jones.

I favor the "Spike-tator" over the "Kansan."

And at Midland College—you don't know where Mid-land is? Well, neither do I, but it's somewhere in Nebraska. Well any way, in a recent storm, lightning struck the Gym and knocked the chimney down.

I wonder what our heating plant would look like minus a few hundred bricks. Messy, No?

(Continued from Page One)

Choral Organizations

Merrill Sanger, Bill Albright, and Orrin Wolfe.

The six boys in the second tenor section are Billy Kidwell, Gerald Strickler, Ellis Powell, James Hoover, John Messamer, and Glen Nicholson.

Baritone are Bob Christiansen, Charles Lindberg, Harold McNamee, John Firestone, Bernard Ebbert, Harold Smith, Jack Baker, and Beryl McCann.

In the second bass section, one finds nine persons. They are Norman Zweifel, Sylvus Flora, Charles Royer, Bill Daggett, David Metzler, Stanley Watkins, Donald McDonald, Dean Sigle, and Irwin Porter.

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How Risque!

Last evening, say about 7:45 (that's a quarter to eight,) a few million (O. K., so there was only three of us) people from McPherson College literally invaded the town.

It couldn't have happened in Boston, for much to the chagrin of a few modest souls, the entire student body was dressed, or rather undressed, in pajamas.

Well, anyway, we had the pajama parade; and was it ever fun!

First, we started down Euclid Avenue taking up as much space as possible. Then we did one of those things that look like something we should have had for breakfast (donut!). Next we proceeded through several of the business houses of McPherson. After making a general nuisance of ourselves, we (all of us) attended the show.

When we entered, rather invaded, the show, everyone (already in the show, that is) was sure the Russians had landed. After a rowdy intermission, the crowd settled down to enjoy the show. P. S. We hear there were several penalties for too much time in the huddle.

Obsession On Canterbury Tales

When that Lit. with his sores come, I find myself exceedingly dumb;

But biff that on the due date I mete,

Nyne and twenty who knew it little betuh.

But then the teacher cannot ask of mee

To sleep like smale fowl with open ye.

—Don Shultz

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Fashion For The Fairer Sex

by Carmina San Romani

The new look first made its appearance on the fashion pages of this nation's magazines about one year ago, and it has slowly spread across the nation. With the opening of school, McPherson boys have noticed that it has hit this campus with a splash, and they are destined to spend the next few months content with the 11-inch from the floor hemline.

The fashion plates of McPherson College are seen daily strutting around the campus in skirts that dangle down around the ankles. We still see many of the last year's faddish ballerina skirt, with yards of material floating around the hemline, but the straight skirt is also coming into prominence this year. These skirts are supposed to give the girls that "hour glass look" and are exactly the opposite of the ballerina, with the full hemline. The straight skirt hemlines are hardly generous enough for normal leg movement. What these girls won't go through for the dictates of old Dame Fashion!

The houses this year are much the same as last year with plenty of ruffles, bows, and the Gibson girl effect. The sweaters, too, are still an important part of the MC coed's wardrobe, and it seems that the

short-sleeved variety are becoming more and more popular. Some variations are seen with the girls' initials woven into the sweaters.

For leisure the girls stick to their old faithful blue jeans, and almost any thing from one of Dad's old shirts to one of the McPherson College T shirts is acceptable with them. The more faded the jeans become, the better the girls like them.

Last we touch upon the foot fashion of the campus. Saddles are again popular, as always, and various other types of footwear are seen tromping up and down the campus. One of the most discussed (and laughed at) varieties is the green, red, or yellow suede crepe-soled loafer which is the favorite of several of the girls on the campus. They are not, as yet, wholly accepted by the follows, but in time they will become used to them.

All in all MC coeds are looking pretty good this year, and the fashions seem to flatter them. Now that the girls have furiously worked to let down hems and make the most out of their "old look" clothes, they can only sit back and sigh, "What will they think of next!"

The Old Look

Esquire magazine is this year emphasizing the "bold" look, but after a slight glance around campus we feel our accent is on the "old" rather than the "bold" look.

Esquire recommends candy stripes with plain ties. Joe College (McPherson that is!) recommends "T" shirts. Saves a fortune in laundry bills!

Esquire states that every "Collegiate" MUST have at least three suits. Joe (McPherson again) finds sport coats very comfortable. As for shoes, Esquire says "Oxford" are the things. But Joe says, "Have you ever tried to polish those things. Give me Army surplus!"

Well, we may not be dressed according to the elite, but I ask anyone to find a more comfortably dressed campus.

Eating—Installment Plan

On Saturday evening shortly before 7:30, the residents of Kline Hall nervously stood in front of their closed doors in an attempt to keep out nosy marauders as the first guests started to come to Open House. The visitors were directed first to third floor—living quarters of the girls who have not yet qualified for an apartment on first or second floors.

After carefully examining each room for beauty and cleanliness, and after signing their names in numerous guest books, the guests were invited to indulge in the first course of tomato juice.

They ambled down to second floor and visited the apartments of the married couples living there. Bob and Sybil Kelm, head-residents, served the second course of sandwiches, and Miss Harris served the salad course while prominently displaying a shelf of cookbooks.

Coffee and cake were served for dessert on first floor, and to top it off, the Loshbaughs administered after-dinner mints.

As the guests left, they remarked to one another about the beauty of the rooms and the novelty of the manner of serving the refreshments.

A judge who was asked to ban a book ruled that it was not obscene. The author is expected to appeal.

The Family Barber Shop



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No charge for room when meal is served.

Players Build Milestone

Next week the College Players will present their fall production, "The Hearty Heart." This play, to be presented in the Little Theatre in Sharp Hall, represents a milestone at McPherson College.

We look at the cafeteria improvements with marvel and praise for they came about all at once, but the changes made in the Little Theatre are so great that it hardly seems believable to the student of a few years ago when he remembers this "room" as a drab, dry place.

Let's look back, not too many years, at dramatics at McPherson. The players lacked a full-time director, lacked equipment, and lacked spirit.

Now the department has its own theatre, an army of spotlights, dimmers, sets, enthusiastic students, and a dramatics teacher.

Yes, a milestone has been reached in dramatics at McPherson College.

Crazy Like A Fox

Doodles Weaver is afraid people will think he is crazy.

You would be, too, if you'd done all the things he'd done.

Anyway, from now on he says he's going to confine his rany antics strictly to working hours, on the "Spotlight Revue" radio show, heard each Friday evening on CBS, and on his vaudeville tours with Spike Jones.

EeEeEeE!



"Outside of business hours," says Doodles, "I am now probably the most serious minded guy in the world, unless you are going to drag in Einstein or Peirillo or characters like that."

Being tagged as a full-time screwball, he explains, has been costing him money.

"Whenever my agent suggested me for a good movie role," he recalls, "some director would say, Doodles Weaver? Why, he's crazy. He'd burn down the sets, or something."

"All this," says Doodles mourn-

fully, "just because I used to like to indulge in a practical joke now and then."

Doodles advises that from now on when he is introduced to somebody he is just going to shake hands and say "How do you do". He's anybody else? He used to acknowledge introductions by taking a "drag" on his harmonica, flapping his arms like a seal, and vocalizing his A-flat (all his notes are flat).

Furthermore, from now on he is going to drive his car forwards, not backwards, and he is going to cross busy streets with the signal. (He used to cross against the signal for a block while he painfully dragged himself across the intersection, he would leap like the air-crick his heels twice like a ballet dancer, and run gleefully down the sidewalk.)

"While I am trying to make like a man of distinction," says Doodles, "one of the toughest things to buck is that every screwball in the country seems to recognize me as a brother. The other night I am sitting in a restaurant having a dish of tea when a tall, cadaverous guy leans over my shoulder and whispers, 'you know what?'"

"No," I say, "what?"

"I got tattoos on the bottoms of my feet!" the guy whispers.

"Naah! I say."

"Yeah," he says.

"I got tattoos on the bottoms of my feet!" I tell him—so the guy takes off his shoes and socks and sure enough, know what he's got on his feet? Trees! Just trees. Why do these things always happen to me?"

Doodles Weaver is a rich man's son, but he always preferred the rollerdrum to the Brown Derby. Once he mystified his family by refusing to go along on a vacation trip to Europe. The day after they left he converted the family estate into a night club, with a neon sign in front and midget cars racing around the outer perimeter. Advised of this outrage by a cable from nifty neighbors, the elder Weaver called back, "Are you making any money?"

During his college days he was known as the "mad Monk of Stanford." What happened to Stanford from 1933-37 shouldn't happen in a reform school. His ex-plot of this outrage by a cable from nifty neighbors, the elder Weaver called back, "Are you making any money?"

For example, Doodles denounces as a vicious capard the colorful story of how he hid under the canvas covering of a newly-completed statue all night so that, when the cord was drawn at a campus ceremony, he appeared in the arms of the statue, in his underwear, smoking a cigar.

However, he freely admits the one about how he had another student's car dismantled, and re-assembled in his room. (It almost filled the room and the poor guy slip in the back seat for a week.)

Doodles also admits that he was,

A Snoop In The Dog House

The other evening (last Sunday to be exact) your inquiring reporter was seated in the dog house when an interesting group of freshmen entered. And being the extravert I am, I proceeded to get acquainted with them.

Now take Kenny Kinsie. No, he didn't write it. He's from Chicago, but he's a good kid in spite of it. Kenny, tall, dark, and friendly, says his main interest is women. His campus residence is Dr. Peter's home, third window from the left.

Then a voice said, "What 'y'all doin'?" and who nuff, there stood Barbara Carruth, that "interesting" creature from down Pampa, Texas way. Barb, who lives in Arnold, says her hobby is yelling and from her spirit at the Sterling game, we know she goes in for it

in a big way.

Then who popped up but Fredrick, not prof, but Goerner. Fred's from Zenda, Kansas; he says he has a charming personality not in spite of it, but because of it. Fred, shy and awfully nice, lives at Earl Frantz's and claims for his main interests wild oats and praying.

Then sweet and friendly from Adel, Iowa, is Eleanor Stein. Eleanor likes drawing and Arnold Hall, where she lives.

Oh, and let's not forget Gilford Ikenberry. Gilford is one in a million. (Thank heavens.) He hails from Stillwater, Ooooklahoma where the wind comes sweeping o'er the plain. Pardon me, but I was in Wichita and I got carried away easily, which is a good idea, my being carried away I mean.

indeed, the "Pied Piper of Catalina," who invaded the ballroom on the island-resort one night tooling on a clarinet, and invited the dancers to follow him, single-file. He finally marched off the end of the pier, tooling until he hit the water, and most of his loyal followers marched right off after him, clothes and all. It got to be a nightly feature.

"Now that I lead the quiet life, know where I stay when we're on the pier," says the ex-playboy. "At YMCA's. Nobody bothers me there. In the afternoon I sit in the sun until my brains start to fry, and then I write."

Doodles writes all his own material, including the "Professor Feltelbaum" routines for the radio show. He's even written a biography of his boss, Spike Jones. It's called "The Golden Spike" and is tagged for publication soon.

An omnivorous reader, Doodles is addicted to science-fiction and

the study of etymology. He is also a serious student of all comedians, past and present. One of the greatest pantomime artists since Chaplin, he can get a terrific laugh just by absent-mindedly picking up the cord on the microphone and inquiring, "Oh—a wire for me?"

He gets two fat paychecks every week—one from the airshow, the other from his personal appearances with Spike. He has them spread over 12 months, so he can enjoy the off-seasons without having the feeling that he ought to be working.

Crazy? If Doodles is crazy, a lot of comies around the country would like to know how he got that way. But still he's worried.

"Tell 'em about my Phi Beta Kappa key from Stanford," he says, "and use my full name. It might add some dignity."

Okay, he asked for it. His full name: Winston Sheffield Glendinning Dixon Weaver!

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RED-WHITE



Bulldogs Meet Wildcats TONIGHT AT EIGHT

Tonight at 8:00 p. m., the McPherson College Bulldogs will tangle with the Baker University Wildcats on the College stadium field for the opening home game of the season.

Last year at Baker the Bulldogs were edged by a score of 7-6 but were outweighed almost twenty pounds per man.

Baker dropped its season opener to Southwestern College at Winfield by a score of 27-6 while the Canines were 12-0 losers to Sterling College.

The Dogs came out of the Sterling game with minor injuries, but not enough to keep anyone from seeing action against Baker. There have been a few pulled muscles, bruises, minor ailments, but the over-all picture is good.

Coach Spear of the Wildcats will have seventeen lettermen on his squad with a good deal of experience. Spear, with a squad of 84, will bring about 30 men to McPherson. Both teams will be looking for their first victory of the season.

A definite starting lineup has not been announced but here is a probable line-up:

Wolf, I.; Reinecker, I.; Stevens, I.; Reed, C.; Tillman, R.; Flory, R.; Blickestaff, R.; Fisher, G.; Arnold, I.; Sullivan, R.; Delay, I.

Conference Schedules

THURSDAY—
Ottawa vs. Missouri Valley.
FRIDAY—
Bethany vs. Kansas Wesleyan.
McPherson vs. Baker University.
College of Emporia vs. William Jewell.

Bulldogs Lose First To Sterling Team, 12-0

Last Saturday afternoon the Bulldogs were defeated in their opening game at Sterling by a score of 12-0.

Fumbling and blocked punts told the story for the Canines as Sterling cashed in for the twelve points. During the first quarter, two blocked punts resulted in six of the points, while a fumble in the second quarter set up the second and final score.

The Dogs showed up better defensively than they did offensively. Blocking and tackling showed up poorly. Probably the outstanding star, defensively for the Bulldogs was Vernon Blickestaff, who caught several passes. Delay, Unruh, and Arnold also showed up well for the Dogs.

Conference Scores

Kansas Wesleyan took Smoky Hill Army Air-Base 35-0.
Ottawa University trounced Bethel 47-12 at Ottawa.
College of Emporia held Pittsburg Teachers to a 7-7 tie.
Baker lost to Southwestern 27-6.

SPORT SHORTS

One season a locker-room debate developed among the University of Michigan squad. The argument had to do with which position was most important.

Each player apparently suffered the firm conviction that his position was the most essential. Each player, that is, but Bob Ingals, a center who was very quiet and had been listening for days to the hot debate.

At scrimmage one day, the quarter-back called for one of the super-deluxe, razzle-dazzle plays which promised a touchdown. The team lined up, the shift took place—but no ball came from the center! Ingals wheeled around, sat down on the ball, glaring smugly at the ten confused players and drawled:

"I just wanted to see how far this play would go if I didn't throw the ball."

Captain John Goldsberry of Indiana University tells this story on Howard Brown, a guard. Brown failed to get on his feet after a play in an Indiana-Nebraska game and Goldsberry rushed over to him.

"Howard, are you okay?" John shouted.

Finally Brown opened his eyes and said "Yeah, I'm okay, John, but how is the crowd taking it?"

Adds Goldsberry: "There really wasn't anything wrong with him. All he did was get up, put his headgear on backward and ask, 'Which way did they go?'"

It's not his ability to kick, but his ability to pull that makes the mule such a valuable animal.

W A A



There is very much interest being shown in the softball club this year. On September 22, thirteen girls came out to join in the fun. The girls who participated were Arlene Mohler, Esther Mohler, Mary Jo Christy, Pat Gentry, Patty Barnett, Lois Colberg, Marianna Stinette, Donna Johnson, Joyce Harden, Betty Redinger, Betty Hanaarne, Louise Johnson, and Hazel Hornbaker.

Marianna and Arlene chose teams while Pat Gentry played the part of "umpire."

A game will be played each Wednesday from 3:30 to 4:30. The W. A. A. extends the invitation to all girls to come out and be placed on a team.

By the time we are ready to admit we have reached middle age, we are somewhat older than that.

SCORE-A-LOG

"One Dollar to the best percentage each week." Last week's Score-A-Log games will be played tomorrow and the results will be posted next week. The games listed below will be played October 9 and the results will be posted in the Spectator the week after.

Turn in your "pickins" to the Sports Staff before October 4.

- California—Wisconsin.
- Colorado—Nebraska.
- Cornell—Harvard.
- Drake—Wichita U.
- Duke—Navy.
- Illinois—Army.
- Indiana—Texas Christian University.
- Iowa State—Kansas U.
- Missouri—Southern Methodist U.
- Northwestern—Minnesota.
- Notre Dame—Michigan State.
- Purdue—Michigan.
- Sou. California—Rice.
- Texas—Oklahoma.
- Yale—Columbia.

No matter what effect the pure egoist has upon others, he always fascinates himself.

"48" Football Schedule

- Oct. 1—Baker University at McPherson (night).
- Oct. 9—College of Emporia at Emporia (day).
- *Oct. 16—Kansas Wesleyan at McPherson (day).
- Oct. 22—Ottawa University at Ottawa (night).
- Oct. 30—Bethel College at Newton (day).
- Nov. 5—Bethany at McPherson (night).
- Nov. 12—Eastern New Mexico College at McPherson (night).
- Nov. 19—Open
- * Homecoming

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Radio Cinderella

Dorothy Shay's billing, the "Park Avenue Hillbilly," is a Cinderella story in itself—and Dottie has a real life story to match.

Not so many years ago, she was singing for 25 dollars a week in a night club in her home town of Jacksonville, Florida; now she's co-starred with Spike Jones every Friday night on the coast-to-coast CBS show, "Spotlight Revue."

The first time she tried Hollywood, she sang at a bowling alley, mostly for tips; on her most recent visit, she packed the swank Coconut Grove every night for four weeks, smashing the all-time record there and averaging \$4,000 a week as her share, under a percentage arrangement.

In 1944, a well-known network executive said, "Dorothy Shay—never heard of her," when she tried to get a job; in 1947, an Associated Press Editor's poll named her "Woman of the Year" in radio, and enthusiastic members of the national fan club, "Shay's Shadows," staged a small riot wherever she appeared.

Actually, the "Park Avenue Hillbilly" is neither a hillbilly nor from Park Avenue, but the tag fits anyway. It fits her style, if not her life.

Dorothy Shay (originally, Dorothy Sims) is just a small town girl who hit the big-time singing mountain songs to the city folks. Only they're not just ordinary mountain songs.

"This gal," said Spike Jones the first time he heard her, "is a cross between Noel Coward and Burl Ives. Besides that," he added, "she can sing."

Besides that, she is lovely to look at.

As for her remarkable vocal technique, Dorothy explains: "Mother teaches me the correct way, and I mess it up a little to make it popular." Her mother, Frances Sims—an ex-operative contralto—travels everywhere with her, serving as vocal coach, social secretary, and companion.



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manor
NOW - SATURDAY



STARTS SUNDAY—



Like the love-lorn mountain girls of whom she sings, she is unmarried, being apparently more interested in her career than in her numerous admirers.

The question most frequently asked of Dorothy is, "Where do you get those wonderful songs?" It is asked admiringly by her fans and enviously by her fellow performers in the radio and night club business, who know there is nothing so rare in Tin Pan Alley as a really good novelty number.

The answer—a good part of it, anyway—is that she writes them herself.

Ten of the best numbers in her repertoire are Dorothy Shay originals—ranging from the hilarious "Efficiency," a rollicking lampoon of the machine-age as seen through the eyes of a mountain gal who comes to the city to work in a factory, to the hauntingly beautiful "He's The One," a simple, sentimental ballad which strikes home with double impact by reason of its contrast with her usual comedy style.

"I can't resist doing a straight one now and then," she explains, "like the clown who wants to play Hamlet."

The difference is, she does it and the crowd loves it.

She has sung "Fendin' A-Fightin'" and "A-Fussin'" 1800 times and got so weary of answering requests for it that she composed an extra verse to help break the monotony. But no matter how many times she sings it, it always has the same boisterous enthusiasm because Dorothy can't help giving her best anytime more than two people are listening.

"It's the ham in me," she says. "I can always turn it on."

Like most success stories, Dorothy Shay's began by accident.

There wasn't any accident about her getting into show business. She began day dreaming about the stage and Hollywood, even before she earned the title "most witty member of her class" as a high school student in Jacksonville.

There wasn't any accident, either, in the chain of circumstances which finally landed her a New York hotel super club engagement as a straight ballad singer.

But right there, old Lady Luck—or Fate—stepped in. She isn't sure yet what unpredictable impulse prompted to answer a call for an encore by doing "Uncle Pud."

"It just popped into my mind," is the best explanation she can give.

She had learned "Uncle Pud" from a piano player in Santa Monica, California; and it never had been sung in New York before. It had never been sung anywhere as she sang it. Bathed in the light of an amber spot, the slender, beautifully groomed and exquisitely groomed Dorothy—looking like an ad out of Harper's Bazaar—suddenly struck the awkward pose of a mountain girl, heels skimbo, and began to sing:

"Oh, I was born in Tennessee, An' I was married when I was three..."

The sophisticated New York audience loved it. They demanded encore after encore, beating time on their tables while Dorothy sang.

Right then and there Dorothy Shay recognized her particular niche—and a star was born.

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