



The Pow Wow Newspaper

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4-5-1935

## The Pow Wow, April 5, 1935

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### Recommended Citation

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"It Covers The Campus"

MONROE, OUACHITA PARISH, LOUISIANA

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1935

# EDITOR KIDNAPED BY?

## Co-ed SHOTS HOODLUM

TRAGEDY ENDS WEEK-END BRAWL FOR TWO

(By Jay Cornett)

Herbert "Sour Puss" Cooper dapper young sheik of the N.E.C. (Never Entirely Conscious) of L. S. U., received his just deserts about 3 a.m. Sunday morning at the Cherrytree Terrace Nite Club. Shot twice in the rearward portion of his anatomy as he was making a very hasty exit, the young hoodlum is said to be resting well, but not easy.

When the police, led by Sergeant Koza, entered the club a few minutes later, they immediately placed a young girl named "Wild Willie" (nee) Boxley, under arrest for shooting with intent to kill.

It was later learned that "Wild Willie" had been young Cooper's erstwhile girl friend until he had jilted her for a new sweetie.

Undoubtedly, young Cooper owes his life to his friend J. U. "Vergie" Morrison, who was standing near the door when the young woman commenced shooting. Morrison seized her and managed to take the weapon from her. In the struggle that followed, it has not been decided whether Mr. Morrison seized the girl or the girl seized Morrison. The young man is also in the hospital with two black eyes, four missing teeth, and a broken nose. His body was badly bruised from numerous kicks, and one ear has all the appearances of becoming a beautiful cauliflower. According to Doctor Fendel, the main cause is nervousness and shock.

Sergeant Koza immediately began to hunt for Cooper's companion. After a ten-minute search they found the young lady hidden under the table she and Cooper had occupied. The young woman, whose name is Georgine Murphy, appeared to be Cooper's new girl friend, and the cause of all the trouble. Sergeant Koza held her as a witness.

Miss Boxley was released this morning on a \$50 bail. Judge Small first set the bail at \$1000, but immediately dropped it to \$50 when he heard who the defendant was. He also admonished "Wild Willie" to change her 38 for a .45, and to report to the Police Shooting Gallery for a month so as to learn to shoot accurately.

## DON'T rEAd 'eM, PLEaSE

Jane Warren, famous authoress, linguist, and connoisseur of liquors, has abandoned fiction for the present, to write her biography. The book is vividly entitled "Confessions of a Co-ed," and is the answer to the college girl's prayer. The book deals with Miss Warren's adventures in college and out, of her meeting different boys, and of her secret ambitions to become an authoress.

Miss Warren creates a new style of writing, by describing the story in the third person with "Jane Warren" as the main character. Like Miss Warren's other books, "Honeygal Cobb," "The Social Room Murders," "Who Killed the Dean?" and "Yes, Mr. Smith," her latest contribution to literature, "Confessions of a Co-ed," is destined to become a best-seller. Tripleday-Paige—\$5.



An old photo of J. Paul Kemerer when he was a youngster—yep, you guessed it, he took his profits out in the merchandise.

## Crime DON't paY, SaYS CLerK

"ALL I WANT IS ANOTHER CHANCE," MOANS MYERS

Through persistence of two staff reporters the diabolical person who perpetrated the book store robbery has been found, and according to her confession, arrested. Book-Store Mayme, the moocher, feeling a strong desire for Baby Ruths, sneaked in the store, unlocked the door, reached under the counter, grabbed an entire carton of Baby Ruths, and prepared to leave. A sudden thought, however, entered her mind. She picked up a "Political and Social Growth of the United States," and smashed a pane in the lower section of the window, so that the robbery would not look like an "inside job." If it had not been for the enterprising reporters, who were out for the \$50 reward, the robber would not have been caught. These reporters gave Mayme the third degree, and finally exacted a confession.

When the arrest was announced, the students were startled, surprised, and bewildered. They had been unaware that under the mask of a pretty and smiling face, the erstwhile custodian of the book store was a clever and wicked pilfering hag.

Mayme was sentenced to six weeks in jail, but the case was suspended until June. Meanwhile, Mayme, remorseful and conscience stricken, still stays in the book store, an example that "crime does not pay."

## SqaWKers VISit TaLLuLLah, LA.

Another highly successful Glee Club trip was made Wednesday. In high powered streamlined buses 100 members of the Northeast Center Glee Clubs journeyed to the large metropolis of Tallulah, Louisiana. The men in gleaming tuxedos—the women in colorful evening gowns—presented a delightful appearance, and rendered an excellent concert. The Purple and Gold Jazz Orchestra—fifteen "hot" players—added extra entertainment. Mr. Frisbie, our famous torch singer, imitated Cab Calloway, as he led the orchestra through "Minnie, The Moocher," rendering the vocal chorus himself. His long black hair quivering with the beat of the music, Mr. Lowery Jefferson plucked and slapped the bass viol proficiently (in fact with the same ease he used to play it with in Duke Ellington's orchestra), and joined in the singing of "Alma Mammy."

When the concert was over, the (Continued on page four)

## WolFe BookED at ASyLUM

INVESTIGATED WHILE AT CONVO IN PINEVILLE, LOUISIANA

Miss Kathryn Wolfe, of the Bugology department of Northeast Center of L.S.U., who was recently voted the most beloved, and most popular instructor at the Center in an impromptu election sponsored by the freshman chemistry students, journeyed early Friday, February 29, to Pineville, where she attended a two-day session of the annual convention of the Louisiana Academy of Sciences. Miss Wolfe delivered two addresses, "Sciences in Grammar School," and "Methods of Teaching Gas Law Problems." If there is any connection between these two addresses—that is, teaching gas law problems in grammar school, the addresses are of no avail, for it has been next to impossible for the freshman chemists of the Center to learn the intricacies of solving the various gas law problems. Pity the poor grammar school children!

It is surprising that Miss Wolfe would consent to discuss grammar school methods, for often, during the course of her lectures in freshman chemistry, she gives vent to feelings of utter disgust for high school and lower methods of teaching.

Other faculty members attending the convention were W. B. Hammond, and J. Paul Kemerer. There were rumors that these instructors did not go to Pineville to attend a convention, but that they went through necessity. Burdened with the cares and worries of teaching dumb college students, they were taken to Pineville, where they sought the services of a pycopathist.

These rumors were found to be groundless, for our esteemed instructors are back with us, hale and hearty, and none the worse for their experience.

## WHO ARE YOU? NOTHING

On April 1, 1935, the students of Northeast Center assembled in the auditorium to elect the candidates in the popularity contest.

Mrs. Wilma Frisbie played the "St. Louis Blues" on her violin as a preliminary to the election. Dean C. C. Colvert gave a talk, "The Proper Etiquette of Dunkin' Bread in Coffee." The address was enjoyed by the assembly, and the dean received much applause.

"Plug" Roddy then took charge of the program. Mr. Roddy announced the candidates in each division, and ballots were distributed to the congregated students by Mildred Breard and Jack Nolan.

Most of the elections were close, although some were one-sided.

In selection of the prettiest girl, Martha Garrison and Martha Culpepper ran neck and neck. A second vote gave Miss Culpepper a majority of 208 to 13.

The most popular girl chosen was Marjorie Chambers. Mildred Cohen ran her a close second, but as Marjorie loans out more cigarettes, Mildred found herself a few votes short.

"Buttercup" Fields was elected handsomest boy after a second vote. Leonard Paxton and Ira Portis were hot on his heels, but

## Victim



## ROUGH SAYS SoMe

"Jumping Jim" Malone, athletic coach at Northeast Center, announced yesterday that miniature golf, otherwise known as "putt-putt," will be adopted as the major sport of the school. The golf course is being mapped out, and the football field will be devoted for the nine hole field of hazards.

The Putt-Putt team will consist of four players. College students out for this sport are Kenner Day, Squatty Young, Karl Stevenson, Howard Howell, "Sweetums" Griffis, Roland Fink, Paul Colvin, Minard Holt, Gene Brusca, Jimmie Wyatt, Lee Thompson, Bully White, Buttercup Fields, Kent Breard, Louis Guerriero, "Grassy" Johnson, Frank Parker, and Billy Burford.

The only bad quality of the game is its roughness. Already three players are in the hospital, P. J. Wilfert, with a broken collar bone; DeWitt Embry, with a broken nose; and "Noisy" Sanford, with a fractured cranium.

Games have been scheduled with Stanford, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Alabama, and Sophie Newcomb.

## STAFF gOeS On SPReE WhEn HEaRS of CrImE

### kNUT THrU THE WaveS

COMMISH GRANTS POWER FOR NIUSANCE

On April 1, 1935, Dean C. C. Colvert signed papers giving the Northeast Center of Louisiana State University the power to own and operate a broadcasting station.

The call letters of the new station will be KNUT, and the station will be designated as the "Voice of the Diaphragm." KNUT will operate on an assigned frequency of fifty thousand motorcycles by the authority of the Federal Radio Commission at Washington D. C.

On Monday the initial program will be given. Dean Colvert will make a speech on "Using Phonographs as a Medium of Lecturing in Social Science Classes." It was announced that J. Paul Kemerer will be one of the announcers of the station. The other squawkers will be "Foghorn" Hayward, "Stud" Mays, and "Jumpin' Jim" Malone.

Dean Colvert announced that Monday's program would be as follows:

8:30—"The Early Birds," a quartet of songsters consisting of Zollie Meredith, Philip Kulcke, Boly Lemak, and Edwin Cashon. This program will be sponsored by "The Roughneck Sandpaper Company."

9:00—Setting-up exercises, given by Mrs. C. C. Colvert. Music by Lowery Jefferson.

9:15—"Goon" Stroud, soloist. She will sing "Kiss Me Again," "I Love You Truly," "They Cut Down The Old Pine Tree," "Just Keep On Doin' Whatcha Doin'," and "The End Has Come." This program is sponsored by the "Laxo Chewing Gum Company."

9:30—"Rubinoff" Mallette and his Violin. Mr. Mallette will play "Stay as Sweet as You Are,"

(Continued on page four)

## P.c.B. CLUB Will MAKE TriP

Members off the P.C.B. club will assemble tomorrow, April 6, at the Northeast Center, from where they will go to Ruston to celebrate Engineers' Day, on their annual field trip. Only requirement for the trip is the payment of the club dues to treasurer, Harold Cannon. All non-members who are eligible for membership in the club may go on the trip, if they see Mr. Cannon and pay the required amount.

In the past the field trips have been most successful. This year's trip promises to be more interesting than ever before.

The next meeting of the P.C.B. club will be held Tuesday, April 9 at activity period. All members are urged to be present.

New York University students have a new cribbing method. They write notes on spectacles in grapefruit juice which become visible when the spectacles are breathed upon.

## FACULTY ADVISED SCANDAL ISSUE, BUT NERTZ

Not since the abduction of the Lindbergh baby has there been such a daring crime as the kidnaping of Edward Gill, famous editor of the LSU Northeast Center's bi-weekly newspaper, the Pow Wow. The kidnaping took place on the night of March 30. Latest reports have brought no signs of Gill's safety. The police are baffled as usual. "Squatty" Young, world famous detective, agreed yesterday to take over the case.

Young's first step was to question the missing journalist's sister. Miss Gill stated that her famous brother had retired early on the night of the kidnaping. She also mentioned the fact that he slept in the attic.

In his inspection of the editor's room, Detective Young found shreds of cloth strewn on the floor. He also noticed that sheets were absent from Gill's bed. The attic window was open, and on the sill was a brand new nail. Finding no ladderprints, Young reconstructed the crime and gave this statement:

"Somehow, in some way, Gill was lured from his room via the window. The threads on the floor, the absence of sheets on the bed, and the nail in the window suggest that Gill made a rope out of the sheets, threw the rope out of the window, and slid down into the kidnaper's, or maybe kidnapers', hands. Then he was spirited away."

Young immediately motored to the residence of Miss Georgine Murphy, who resides at 1015 North Fourth street. Miss Murphy is the college vamp, and she once stated to Kenner Day, a student, that she thought Ed was "so cute."

When Detective Young accused Miss Murphy of being an accessory before, or after the fact, she broke down and cried. However, Miss Murphy had a perfect alibi, as she was with Dudley "Stud" Mays on the night of the abduction.

The young detective questioned Mrs. Penick, faculty advisor of the Pow Wow. When questioned (Continued on page four)

## HoNoR ROLL

It is with much pleasure that Dean C. C. Colvert presents the first honor roll:

Rush Poulan, 3.00; Annie Mae Davitt, 3.00; Stud May, 3.00; Frank Moseley, 3.00; George Aubert, 3.00.

There is no second honor roll, and it is feared that Dean Colvert is seriously considering issuing Roads Scholarships to the following unless their grades are raised within the next few weeks:

Carolyn Meyers, .03; Walter Savage, .06; John Calvert, .30; Minnie Etta Rhodes, .—4; Edward Cain, .10; Hodge O'Neal, .25; Garland Shell, .33; Marie Winkler, .—1; Sallie Honea, .50; Leon Ware, .53; Marjorie Chambers, .12.



# The Pow Wow

Official Publication of the Student Body of Northeast Center of Louisiana State University, Monroe, Louisiana.

Published every two weeks during school year.

Editor-in-Chief: BILLY LAFFALOT  
 Assistant Editor: WALTER BARBARIAN  
 Associate Editor: RUTH PHEASANT  
 Society Editor: RUSTY LOOK  
 Sports Editor: JASON BURY  
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 Walter Winchells: RACHEL HANDS, JIMMY CUNNING, GAUGE AWBUT, ELIZABETH COULD, H. C. NEEDLES, ARTHUR DOUGHLA, CURL STEVENSON, JACK TROMBONE.

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1932, at the post office at Monroe, Louisiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



For some time we have all dreamed of an ideal school now we have it!

Girls and boys may cut classes at any time they choose, walk out whenever the subject becomes dull; or do anything they desire to amuse themselves if they wish to remain in the class. Gum popping is the favorite pastime of many, and others have made an art of throwing spitballs.

A lounging room, or hall, has been built where the book stacks once stood; no teachers are allowed to enter, and no spectators tolerated. One may go there with his latest flame at any time.

Cigarettes are rolled in every class room, and cokes are served every hour to keep your eyes open so that you may not miss all that is going on.

Six-weeks tests are no longer being given; you are graded by the expression on your face. This doesn't seem fair to the boys, because girls can hide so much with make-up.

Nothing is required of you. Whatever you care to do is accepted. Of course no one will do too much; the shock would probably slay the instructor.

The swimming pool, just completed, is the favorite haunt of hundreds; the girls are giving the handsome life guards plenty of work to do.

The gym, now called the "pink room," is an ideal spot for those who love to dance. Cocktails are served at any time, while Jan Garber makes one's feet light with popular hits of the day. The charge is only five cents.

A new five-story field house has been built, and dedicated to the efforts of Jim Malone. On the first floor is a lemonade stand which is sponsored by Mr. Kemerer, who is head bar-tender. The building is equipped with elevators so that the boys may not exert themselves in climbing stairs. Each boy has a private room with bath. Each room has a radio—each boy turns his radio on every morning as loud as it will go, and each gets a different station. From the outside the effect is marvelous; in other words, the sound is swell.

Northeast Center has one desire—to grant the wish of every student; so ask, "and you will receive." Anything you want at any time—no matter what it may be.

And here's to a bigger and better April Fool!

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Mr. Goodwin: Goodness, I've forgotten my umbrella.  
 Mr. McKee: How did you discover that.  
 Mr. Goodwin: When I put my hand up to close it after it stopped raining.—Generator.  
 Bob Davenport: You know, people who live together often get to look alike.  
 Mary Tomlinson: Here's your ring, Bob.—Generator.  
 My radio is so little that when Amos and Andy are on, I can only get Amos.—Flor-Ala.  
 Definition of the honor system—The teachers have the honor, and the students have the system.—Flor-Ala.  
 Miss Breland: "Billy, what is a metaphor?"  
 Robert E.: "It's a place to keep cows in."—Flor-Ala.  
 Mud thrown is ground lost—Flor-Ala.

## LOVE-TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

(A scientific treatise from which you'll derive no benefit whatsoever.)

By Jason Berry

As some of the wiser have said, "Love is a grave misunderstanding between two (?) fools. Quite true—in some instances, but you haven't heard the second verse, or any verse as far as that goes, until you've been nibbled on by the love bug, and want to hear babbling brooks and turtle doves coo.

"Many people write about love without ever having come in contact with it. But until you have brushed a woman's cheek with your trembling lips, and brushed your shoes on the wife's new bath towels, you know nothing of love—or your wife." That statement was taken from one of America's greatest authorities on love—none other than our own dear Groucho Marx, a celluloid celebrity of some note. Continuing, "Love is not something you can learn from books—for love is an elusive sprite that leaps from nook and cranny and taps you with its magic wand, then flits away like the hounds of Spring."

But, getting back to love—check. At this point I want to assure you that this writing has no sense whatsoever, and anyone finding a sensible thought herein will be given \$1,500 and a shetland pony, gladly.

Love started in the amoeba, or monocotyledonous stage, and continued into the stone, or oyster age—thus bringing us to the glacial period—(now we're cutting some ice). Well, you see, love got along o.k. this far along, so why let's worry it any more?

Nevertheless, we're getting somewhere now, to the "Dark Ages." There's nothing much to speak of about the Dark Ages, as most of us couldn't see. Moreover, those who could see were so embarrassed that they were

scared to discuss it. Plenty did go on during the dark ages, though—don't be fooled. Little Joe, looking for the football, had to play with the maid, and little Jim, looking for the maid, had to content himself with the football, thus making him a big shot at LSU in later years. Now there are two things we've thrashed out of the dark ages—with a match we could get some real scandal, or maybe set the house afire.

As I've tried to indicate, life in the dark ages was a complete turmoil, and state of confusion. Social Science, according to Kemerer, Hoyle, and other authorities, tells of a poor Neondesthal man who ate rocks, thinking it rock candy. (Note: That might be a bit off, but on account of the aforementioned Kemerer's poor enunciation, that's the idea gathered.)

Now we're out of the dark ages, and everyone sees a new light on this love business. In the "Iron Age" is supposedly where the women got their irony, sarcasm, etc. I know it seems most impossible for a tribe of females to develop these unfortunate traits in a mere 1,000 years, but we're blaming it on this age. Not satisfied with borrowing one of man's ribs, she takes everything he gets, and then continues to "rib" him. It's getting grave. (Note 2: This was to be a footnote, but my feet are sore, making it plural, and you an April fool if you've read this far, and a crazy fool if you read further.) Rather than have a bunch of fools, I will burst forth into my grand finale, and briefly state my conclusion in some two thousand words, and tell you that love was not easy for the prehistoric man. Poor thing, he had no language—he hasn't till yet, as women do all the talking. Now, I'm running away from my subject—it's a shame that the Neon-

(Continued on page three)

## LIBRARY NEWS

It's In The Air

Glancing over the shelves of the books that have just been received by the library, I found "How to be Popular in ten Lessons," by Edward O. Gill.

On opening this magnificently bound volume, I saw a picture of this celebrated author, who has won the national cup for the most popular boy in the United States. He decided not to keep his secret from all of his friends, who are wondering how he does it.

"First," he says, "never be immaculately dressed. This goes over big with the feminine sex." Next he gives several "do's" and "don't's". Never should one speak to one's neighbor, and never should one say things that will make anyone laugh.

Mr. Gill states that he always wears clover on his coat, and always trips down the street as if he is happy.

Another book that claimed my attention was "The Flirtation of a Brunette," by Frances Browning. This book has secured the attention of the critics. Everyone has shown great enthusiasm over this scumdrumptious novel. Miss Browning told in an interview that she received her first experience while attending the Northeast Center. Blondes have been her greatest attraction. Their magnetic personalities seem to charm her. They possess qualities that aren't found elsewhere.

She confides that she always wears socks and high heels. She attracts attention that way, and then she starts the machine that gives her that gaga look which captivates the males. She would not give names of the men that have fallen at her feet, because she says that her best girl friends would cut her throat. So there is a Mr. X, a Mr. Y, and a Mr. Z.

Mr. X was her first conquest. He was completely a numbskull

(Continued on page three)

Mind blank, but here is my advice on how to keep an effeminate look.



Signed,  
3 C'S.

Tell me not in mournful language  
 Twelve-wks. test will soon be here,  
 For it fills my heart with anguish,  
 And it haunts my soul with fear.

How can any mortal being  
 Study when the Spring is here?  
 For in Spring, a young man's  
 fancy  
 Turns to thoughts of love, my  
 dear!

Not to thoughts of mathematics,  
 Nor to themes and grammar,  
 either;  
 They belong up in the attics,  
 And right now, O would they be  
 there!

Mater, dear old-fashioned Mater,  
 Says I must bring home an "A",  
 And my doing, but stern, Pater,  
 Looks at it in the same way.

Go get me a Coca-Cola,  
 Then sit here and rub my head,  
 While some brilliant honor roller  
 Tells me all I have not read.

Teachers all like to remind us,  
 We should study every day,  
 Would they tax our eyes and  
 blind us?

Tell me, how'd they get that way?  
 (O that twelve-weeks tests were  
 over,  
 And on each I'd made an "A"!)

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**Jason Berry**  
Editor

# SPORTS

Football - Basketball  
Track - Tennis - Baseball

## Who ARE YOU? NotHING

(Continued from page one)  
Coverdale.  
Cutest Co-Ed—Bob James.  
Ugliest Girl—Kathleen Albright.  
Ugliest Boy—Burt Trichel.  
Best Couple—M. D. Swayze and Margaret Chase.  
Best Cigarette Bum—Edward Cain.  
Best Crooner—Dennis Sanford.  
Best Orator—Nubakis Stegolf (Boly Lemak).  
Prettiest Smile—Cox.  
Most Thrilling Winker—Lloyd Woodell.  
Loudest Mouth—Marie Winkler.  
Softest Voice—Bully White.  
Refreshments, consisting of radish marmalade and spinach sherbet, were served by Squatty Young and Ace Guin. The program was brought to a close by the assembly's singing "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle."

A coed at Ohio State University (Columbus) recently sent a picture of her aunt to Ballyhoo magazine. And—it was accepted and published.

Professional definition of a kiss, as given at Wake Forest College (N. Car.)—"A kiss is a symbol of pure affection, or a blister of burning passion, or a smoke-screen of evil design."


Somebody estimates 42 per cent of students' worries is due to grades; 30 per cent to finance and only nine per cent to love affairs.

Now that the fad of tinting the toe nails has become boring to the American coed, we suggest the newest stunt, inaugurated by girls in a woman's college out in the pioneering state of Colorado.

There they sign their letters with a kiss, each striving for her own particular shade of lipstick for the signature.

Recent gain to the world of thought: "Men are just as dumb as women," said art authority George Opdyke at Purdue University (Lafayette, Ind.).

**We Excel  
In  
Rebuilding  
Shoes**  
**SAM LADART**

**WHOA!**  
  
Characteristic pose of our coach (Jim Malone) upon his arrival at the institute from his home in Alabama.

## LIBRARY NEWS

(Continued from page two)  
—whatever she told him was true, and her words seemed to be the words of an angel. He is a tall, dark-and-handsome type who dances marvelously, but has an obsession for boxing with the ladies. As he is a brunette, she merely broke his heart and cast him away.

Then came a tall, red-haired boy of the football category. He succumbed to the magnetism of her dark brown eyes that shine as the light of the stars. She threw him over for a plump blonde boy who has a line that he throws to the girl and she falls—hook, line, and sinker. This vivacious blonde was a veritable match for the authoress, and she ends her book with the question, "What am I to do?"

Short stories by well known writers should not be omitted. They are "The Perfect Dancer," by Charles Fields; "Rubbing-Alcohol," by Edwin Cashion; "Who Am I?," by Nettie Lewis; "The Men Move On," by Ella Mae Herren.

This concludes today's column. April Fool!

—Voice of Experience.

College editors, who may some day be Washington correspondents, already know—at least some of them do—how closely President Roosevelt is guarded by the secret service. A group of them was waiting in an anteroom to see the president. The door opened and they began to file inside. One editor said good naturedly to another: "Come on, comrade." The word "comrade" was enough—the lads were immediately grabbed by huskies and thoroughly inspected.



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## WAR WHOOPS

BY JASON BERRY

A Companion . . .  
After due consideration and hashing the matter out, the human race (of which Doehla and Nettles are not members), has come to the gigantic conclusion that the difference between these aforementioned Doehla and Nettles, and April Fool, is that April Fool is only here once a year. For the benefit of some of our slow thinkers, that makes these stupid, dull, self-centered, scandal mongers, fools the year around.

Note: The author wishes to make an apology; all of this space has been taken for naught, as this comes under the head of repetition. What has been stated in the upper paragraph has been a known fact for some two years.

Your scribe had the pleasure (?) of being in hearing distance of the head-pealer, Jim Malone, April Fool night at the girls' gym class banquet. It was worth the price of a good show to see the way that food was attacked, and demolished. Between bites and olives our own dear coach (so labeled by Miss Haynes), gave as soliloquy on "the evils of eating olives." He related that in his

home town in Alabama, olives were taboo. The result, a healthful atmosphere prevailed. In fact, so healthy were the citizens of this community that they had to shoot one of his uncles to start a graveyard. After looking at Stanford, also an Alabaman, it's not difficult to believe this story—especially on April Fool's night.

There isn't, seemingly, anyone living right at Northeast Center. Everyone has someone to put on the black list, from Dean Colvert on down. So the blacklist this time includes the whole student body and faculty. Even Cox's name was submitted for being a slave driver.

Doehla and Nettles would be the ones to squawk about the benches, etc., to be furnished by the student fee—especially after being politely shown the door since the book store has changed hands.

Ji mMalone April fooled us; we ain't gonna have a baseball team.

Faculty members of Baldwin-Wallace College (Berea, Ohio) are in the money again, for they were recently given bonuses amounting to approximately 10 per cent of their yearly salaries.

Dr. D. B. Hill, of the Harvard Medical School, says there's no such thing as sun-stroke. Heat prostrations, he claims, are caused by physical exertion.

Huron College (London, Ontario) is reputedly the smallest college in the world—its enrollment totals only 20 students.

Exigencies of modern civilization make headaches more prevalent, Dr. J. M. Robb, professor at Wayne University (Detroit, Mich.) says.

Randolph - Macon Woman's College, (Lynchburg, Va.) is the only woman's college in the country which publishes a humor magazine.

Six students at Colby College (Waterville, Me.), composing "The Colby White Mule Dance Band" will furnish music on transatlantic trips of the S. S. Berengaria and the S. S. Majestic this summer.

During the last 28 years, retired faculty members of Harvard University (Cambridge, Mass.) have received more than \$2,500,000 from the Carnegie Foundation.

While working in the Tulane University Medical School (New Orleans, La.) dissecting laboratory, a student discovered his father's head.

Exactly 271 students, out of 405 questioned at the University of West Virginia (Morgantown), favor capital punishment.

University of New Hampshire (Durham) students studied by candle light in the main library recently when the building was thrown into darkness by a short-circuit.

Beloit College (Wis.) students were told recently that "the art of living consists of finding the place between too little and too much," by one of their professors.

## LOVE - TAKE IT Or LEAVE IT

(Continued from page two)

desthal man didn't run away from woman in the Dark Ages instead of eating rocks. It'd save (meaning what?) man from doing it. Back again to the subject: When this prehistoric man wanted to tell his gal that he was hot for her, he bopped her on the chin. When he wanted to say, "I'm hungry," he bopped her again (on the same chin). Some time he socked her just to see if she could take it—often very confusing to the little woman. She seldom talked back. When she did, he'd bopp her again on the chin—thus we have the origin of chinning.

We've gotten nowhere fast, and are still going strong, so now we have the big climax—April fool—it ain't none.

Students at Muhlenberg College (Allentown, Pa.), range in ages from 15 to 29 years, with 18 year old freshmen, 19 year old sophomores, 20 year old juniors, and 21 year old seniors predominating, statistics released by the college registrar, Harry A. Benfer, reveal.

Of the 426 students of the college, 250 are between the ages of eighteen and twenty, inclusive. There are nine freshmen registered who are 21 years old.

The 17 year old group includes the three youngest juniors and the five youngest sophomores, while the youngest seniors, two of them, are 18 years old.

Sharks are afraid of man and will not attack him unless cornered or first attacked by man, according to Dr. Clinton L. Baker. (Memphis, Tenn.)

## SOCIETY & NEWS

Mable Hunt, Editor

Miss Eloise Coming was hostess at a lovely garden party at her home last week. Miss Brunette Haynes rendered a song in her beautiful soprano voice, and Miss Peggy O'Wrench gave a splendid interpretation of a spring dance. Among the guests were Misses Erlene Thin, Evelyn Walks, Jo Sweaters, Margaret Pursue, Louise Lumber, Period Calvert, Frances Tanning, Ella Mae Fish, Doris Chair, Martha Stockade, Evelyn Plain, and Gloria Pink, and Virginia Yellow.

Last Wednesday the Glee Club entertained at the Missouri Pacific Booster Hall. They all reported a nice time, especially at the dance.

The most hilarious story of the week comes out of the deep southwest, from the University of Texas (Austin) where a young man got an "A" in a course for the first time in his mental career and immediately wired his folks to tell them about it.

To be sprightly, he added humorously that he had suffered a nervous breakdown as a result. Four hours later, a dust covered car skidded up to his fraternity house door and out stumbled his parents.

The lad's "stopless" telegram had read, "Offspring Gets A Nervous Breakdown May Reecover."

Two persons of 46 years and 13 students of 15 years are registered in the freshman class of the University of Utah this year.

## VOTERS NOTICE!

I am formally announcing my candidacy for the office of Dog Catcher of the City of Monroe. Remember, I am your friend.

**F. F. SMITH**

Notice: Adv. paid for by friends of Mr. Smith.

## You're invited to visit our MEN'S SHOP

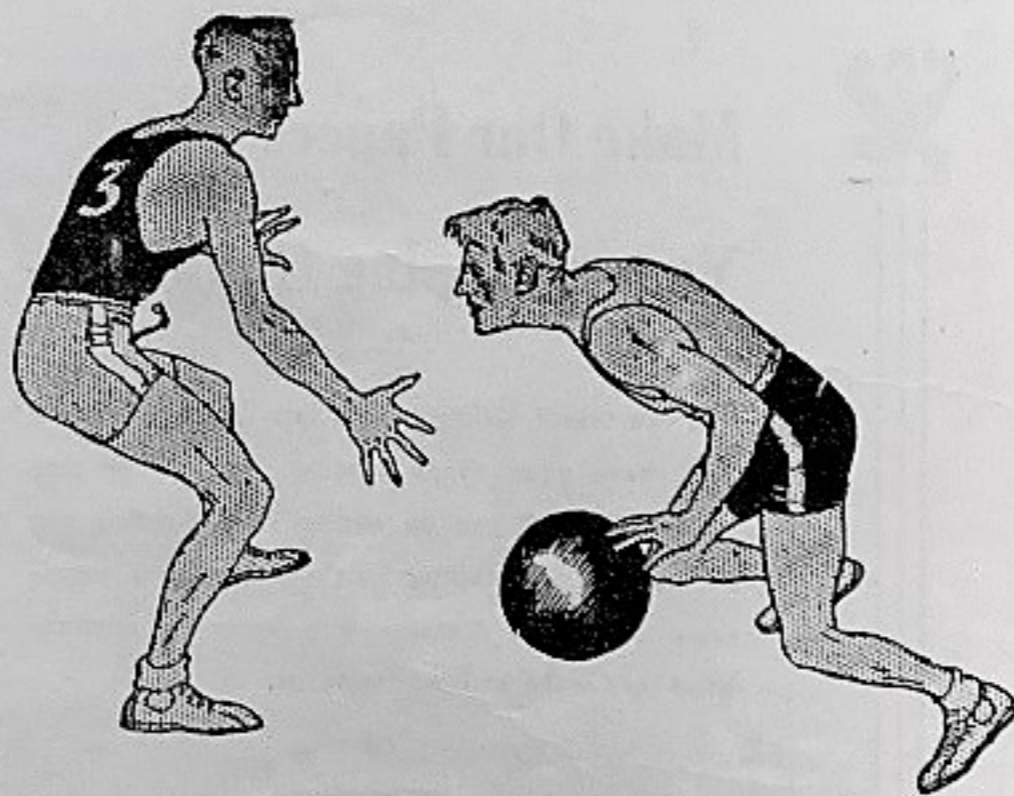
This new department which opened the first of the year was planned to serve young men and men who wish to stay young . . . men with young ideas . . . men who insist on always looking well groomed.

**Palace Shirts, \$1.95**

Here is one of the outstanding achievements of that department. Palace shirts are made to our specifications and have every feature of a custom tailored shirt plus the new Harerized collar, which never wilts or wrinkles and needs no starch.

—STREET FLOOR

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After Warming Up  
REFRESH YOURSELF

**COCA-COLA  
BOTTLING CO.**

## PARAMOUNT THEATRE MONROE

SATURDAY, SUNDAY AND MONDAY — APRIL 6, 7, 8  
DICK POWELL, GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU, HUGH HERBERT  
IN THE NEW VERSION

**"Gold Diggers of 1935"**

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY — TWO DAYS — APRIL 9, 10  
ANNA STEN — FREDRIC MARCH  
IN THE BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE

**"We Live Again"**

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY — APRIL 11, 12  
MARGARET SULLIVAN - HERBERT MARSHALL  
REGINALD OWEN — FRANK MORGAN  
IN THE COMEDY DRAMA

**"Good Fairy"**

COMING NEXT  
CLARK GABLE — CONSTANCE BENNETT

**"After Office Hours"**





**KNUt ThRu  
The WAVES**

(Continued from page one)  
"Stay as Sweet as You Are," and "Stay as Sweet as You Are."  
10:00—Miss Heiley, Librarian. Book reviews on latest detective stories.

We have our opinion of school teachers who play guardian-angel for students after school hours. We don't like Miss Wolfe's interference with our dates. She took special pains to tell Mrs. Bennett that "Pinky" wasn't studying enough, and shouldn't go out nights. Needless to say, Pinky went.

Notes taken in English class:  
Did you see the moon come up? About 11 o'clock.  
Mama said I can't go. Why not?  
You will not take that blonde! All right. I'll go.  
And then the bell rang. No more English till Friday.

(Cut by the censor)

Speaking of those notes and their writer, where did we see Thaddeus Smith Friday night? That green roadster surely is good looking.

Helena Hayward doesn't seem to give Wroten so much of her time lately. Wonder if it is because of Robert Faulk's return from Cornell?

(Cut by the censor)

"Minnie" Hondlink seems to be taking the name "Moocher." She and John D. make a swell looking couple, but Clarissa is complaining.

Trichel and Doc Calvert have it bad. He even takes her to class with him. Physics class, at that.

Just whom was Mrs. Penick referring to when she said, "There are some people who are not expected to get anything out of this class; they couldn't if they wanted to; they're always doing something else." Tch! Tch!

(Cut by the censor)

What does Woodrow Hawthorne tell Annie Mae to make her face light up so?

If you want to see Margaret Chase blow up, just mention something about blonds. We are sorry, Margaret; how were we to know that Jack had a weakness for fair-headed damsels?

Jason Berry, one of our newest gas and oil magnates, who considers himself second only to Andy Mellon, is now applying his somewhat superfluous and polysyllabic vocabulary in an attempt to inveigle a few more pennies from some unsuspecting motorist. Go to it, "Pinchpenny."

(Cut by the censor)

We can not help noticing the array of outstanding and expensive automobiles that grace our campus, such as: Smith's flivver (somewhat ill from a recent adventure); that sports model that

**EdiTOr KIDNaped**

(Continued from page one)  
tioned, Mrs. Penick remarked to Mr. Young and members of the press: "On being informed that someone on the Pow Wow staff had been kidnaped, I hoped that the victims were Berry, Nettles, and Doehla, that triumvirate of newspaper pests." Mrs. Penick made no further statements.

No ransom note was left by the kidnapers. Detective Young announced that he would question Walter Savage, who edited the previous edition of the Pow Wow. It seems that Mr. Savage told his sweetheart, Eloise Goyne, that he would like to be editor of the college paper. Miss Goyne spread the news around the campus, giving the ever alert Mr. Young an important clue.

Another suspect is Dorothy Mauldin, also a student at Northeast Center. Miss Mauldin, when questioned, replied that she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the Knight of the Blue Pencil, but hoped that he would be returned. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her eyelids were swollen. It was Detective Young's theory that Miss Mauldin had been crying.

Mayme D. Myers, manager of the college book store, told members of the press that Gill owed her two cents for candy, and she, also, hoped that he would return.

Gill, known as "Gertrude" by his intimate friends, was a favorite with the student body. His perpetual smile quickened the heartbeat of many a girl, and his genial nature made him popular with the male sex.

Further police investigation may reveal new clues. The entire student body has been searching the woods for a possible sign as to his whereabouts.

**NOT NOISY**



Snapshot of typical Northeast Corner student chatting in the hall.

**OUR ADVERTISERS**

- Hunt & Whitaker.
- Hollywood Cotton Shoppe.
- D. Masur & Sons.
- The Palace.
- Haddad's.
- Pilcher's Barber Shop.
- Griffin's Studio.
- Paramount Theatre.
- Ouachita Coca-Cola Bottling Company.
- Joe Airoidi.
- News-Star--World
- City of Monroe.
- College Book Store.

**Classified Advertisements**

**WANTED**—A medium pipe—of Billy Burford's. Please see Minnie Hondlink.

**WANTED**—One hard working annual staff, especially a worthy editor. Phone 376, Mr. W. R. Hammond.

**WANTED**—One preacher equipped with a license. Tib Kornegay and Milton Coverdale.

**WANTED**—One track team that trains consistently, and stays in town week-ends. Phone 4212. James L. Malone.

**WANTED**—One sweetheart, preferably tall, blond, and athletic. Get in touch with Kathryn Newman.

**WANTED**—Someone who will let her bring horses to bed. Please see Jo Coates.

**WANTED**—A tall, dark and handsome man. Friendship motive. A. Dizzie Co-ed.

**WANTED**—One honest math class. Please notify Bruce Reddit.

**Lost, Found, Strayed, Borrowed, or Stolen**

**LOST**—A good disposition. If found return to M. D. Swayze. Reward offered.

**FOUND**—Lipstick on certain trackman. Owner please see "Squattie" Young.

**BORROWED**—Please return object without hayseed, or pay fine. Miss C. Davis.

**STRAYED**—Attention and affection of "Pinky" Bennett. Please return to Horace B. Jossey. Reward offered.

**STOLEN**—One object of affection, small pretty brunette, with green eyes and dark curly locks. If found please return to Risdon Wood, and receive reward.

**REWARD OFFERED**—For information concerning night life of a certain coach. Please call Nettie Lewis.

**LOST**—One heart-throb (dark and handsome). If found notify Miss M. Chase.

**STRAYED**—One blond "thweety." If found please inform Stud Mays and receive reward.

**WANTED**—One gigolo, Fat salary. Notify Dewdrop Hill.

**WANTED**—One bed that does not revolve, and non-pushable bed-fellow. Please see Miss Mutt Culpepper.

**WANTED**—A girl who swims instead of washes her hair. Please notify either Cary Nettles or Jack Cornett.

**WANTED**—More freedom and less training. Northeast Center Track Squad.

**WANTED TO BORROW**—One handsome doll with new car, preferably a chemist. Applicants see Mr. H. Cagle for try-outs.

**WANTED**—New brains. Student body.

**WANTED**—One more drink of "Virginia Dare." Please notify Miss Vera Eads.

**WANTED**—A small corner built for cuddling. See George Hunter.

**WANTED**—A good tenor, baritone and bass. Applicants see Roger Frisbie.

**WANTED**—Either trees for the new benches, or removal of benches to bushes. Student Body.

**WANTED**—Less memory work and more cuts. Mrs. Penick's English Classes.

**WANTED**—Bridge with no toll. Applicants please see Mr. Jimmy Davis.

**WANTED**—One Dorothy Dix. Please notify the writer of this column.

**WANTED**—More furniture for Social Room. Applicants see the Student Body, Northeast Center.

**WANTED**—One director for Class Play. Applicants see Miss Frances Browning.

**WANTED**—One good case of measles. Please see Miss Dorothy Nolan.

**WANTED**—Information concerning one Jenny, and a rumbly seat to fit a certain blond. Please see A. Doehla.

**WANTED**—One set of glasses to fit portable bar. Applicants see Ophelia.

**LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN**—One Big Moment. If found return to E. Cudd, and receive reward.

**LOST**—One mind. If found return to Mr. F. Smith, and receive reward.

**FOUND**—One good parking space. For information see Marshall Allen and pay for this advertisement.

**BORROWED**—Please return the class ring at once. John (Doc) Devereaux.

**LOST**—One heart. If found treat kindly and be rewarded by Marjorie Chambers.

**LOST**—One moon. Last seen on Bridge at Oak Ridge. If found please return to the Lovelorn.

**LOST**—One director to Senior Class Play. If found please notify the cast.

**LOST**—One half-wit. Please return to Billy Laffler.

Co-eds seem to be taking it on their un-shiny noses all over the landscape. A psychology professor at Northwestern University (Evanston, Ill.) insists publicly that girls try to make lower grades so as to appear inferior to the men, thereby making dating easier.

Then comes the male survey at the University of Oregon (Eugene) wherein the majority of men queried reported their belief that co-eds are pseudo-sophisticates. Furthermore, one group of them voted 15 to 5 that "downtown girls" were more suitable for dates than the campus beauties.

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"ON THE CAMPUS"

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NORTHEAST CENTER OF L. S. U.**

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D. A. BREARD, Com. Finance and Utilities  
R. D. SWAYZE, Com. of Streets and Parks**



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