



The Pow Wow Newspaper

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4-5-1940

## The Pow Wow, April 5, 1940

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THESE CLOWNS  
PREVIEWED  
THE 1940  
CHACAHOULA  
LAST WEEK  
AND ARE STILL  
LAUGHING!

## Boos and Hisses Mark Second Speech Club Flop

Boos and hisses rang out in the college auditorium last night when the curtain came down on the last and worst act of "Him and Her," the second major speech club flop. The cast left the stage with a police escort, when murmurs of "tar" and "feathers" roared from the enraged audience.

### Cast Stinks

Appearing in the stinkeroo were Blanche Etta (Horsefeathers) Hair and Arthur (Alley Oop) Auerbach, who were cast in the title roles. Their performances were positively disgusting. Supporting them (and did they need support!) were Freddie Norris and Gayle Morris. No comments.

This outrageous drammer was first presented on the Broadway stage April 1, 1939, and closed the following night. The plot develops around a yearbook editor who resigned his position to disgracefully marry the woman he loved. She turned out to be a botany teacher who studied mushrooms all of the time. The last scene shows him in an insane asylum chuckling over "The Grapes of Wrath."

To get more atmosphere in the story, "Alley Oop" Auerbach followed Charlie Regan around for a week to find out how yearbook editors act. "All he did was shoot pin ball machines and smoke cigars," Alley Oop stated.

## C.A.A. Students Will Fight

Word was received late yesterday that N. J. C.'s outstanding aviators are to be sent to help the Norwegian air force in its heroic fight against the Nazis. Our heroes when interviewed were engaged in celebrating the event, so our account is slightly incoherent.

"I am confident," said P. D. McHenry, "that we will have no trouble from them Dutchmen."

Troy Guillory, who was appointed head of the ten, said, "We will practice gunnery and bombing till we leave. We will use the Chacahoula staff as targets."

Speedy Speers: "Ah-er-well, I don't know."

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," said Dizzy Morris, "I wish to express my deep appreciation for the honor."

The rest were so filled with joy or something that they were unable to express their feelings on the subject.

## Glamour Girl Gets Go-by

Monica Liles, campus glamour girl, was left sitting on the curb near her Bastrop home last night completely "stood-up." It has caused her great anxiety and embarrassment because a series of articles entitled, "Secrets To Glamour," edited by Miss Liles, were published in her hometown paper.

### Grissette Gives Dope

A Pow Wow reporter was sent to Bastrop to get the "low-down" on the case and found Monica desperately looking up and down the street. She refused to give the reporter a statement; but, Jean Claire Grissette, jealous because she was not selected a glamour girl, was delighted to give us the story.

It seems Billy Stevenson, N. J. C. glamour boy and ex-Chacahoula member, made a date with Monica, but was forced to stand her up due to insufficient funds caused from over-indulgence in pin-ball machines. So financially embarrassed was Glamour Boy Stevenson that he was unable to even telephone the young lady of his plight.

### Regan Appears

Red Regan, gallant young Chacahoula editor, decided to be chivalrous by saving Monica from further distress and motored out Bastrop way. It was then one o'clock in the morning. He arrived just in time to see Miss Liles reluctantly walking toward the house. When she heard a car drive up she madly dashed back toward the street. On seeing Charles, she heaved a sigh and expressed her regrets.

Miss Liles is quoted as saying: "I would rather sacrifice my reputation as glamour girl, than go with anyone affiliated with a yearbook."

### WILL TOUR AFRICA

Mr. Dallas Goss of the music department announced yesterday that the glee clubs will tour Africa this spring. "We're going to try to teach Mendelssohn's Spring Song to the natives," he said.

Presenting . . . Annual Burlesque Issue of the

# POW WOW

Dedicated to the Chacahoula

Z254

VOL. X. — No. 14.

MONROE, LOUISIANA

Friday, April 5, 1940

## Chacahoula Secrets Revealed

### Katy "Woof Woof" Wolfe Reveals Secret of Her Great Glamour

"Ah! Sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you," sings the prim piano teacher, Dr. Katie "Woof Woof", while scores of bewildered coeds stand about, wondering what her secret for glamour could be.

Thanks to a certain nosy student, this secret has been discovered and is about to be divulged. So gather 'round, all ye with lonely hearts.

### Scientific Stuff

One night this nosy (also obliging) student went over to Katie's estate to give her a few pointers on how to teach piano lessons. (Of course, you understand that some students always know more than their instructors; that is, from the student point of view.) To get back to our story—just as this accommodating person appeared at the doorway of Katie's home, some molecules embedded themselves in the mucous membrane lining his nasal passages. Then a group of neurons, chemo-receptors, etc. (have the brilliant Edward New explain the details to you sometimes) went to work, and within a short time our friend sensed a very peculiar aroma emerging from the kitchen. Having a curiosity similar to that of Emale Gattis, he began investigating.

### Adds Nitro

Inside the kitchen Dr. Woof Woof was busily stirring an odd mixture, to which she added a cupful of cortin and a small amount of nitro-glycerine. It was impossible to discover what had already been put in the mixture, but these last two were the ones which got results.

Bootsie Pitts then appeared, exhausted and weary from a hard afternoon of practice with his football team. As he flopped into a chair, Katie offered him a

(Continued on page two)

### Pre-Med Elopes With Engineer

Splash! Splash! Splash! Hot off the wires of the Sourgrape Press comes the news (and I do mean news) that a PRE-MED, known as Carolina Holloway, and AN ENGINEER, known at N. J. C. as Walter Parrish and at Sing Sing as 131313, are eloping!

The date was set for April 1, 1940, but as Walter wanted to be a June groom, it was moved up to June 1, 1940.

We don't know what will happen to the Pre-Meds and the Engineers after this has happened because, as you know, they are feuding now, but we do know one person that is happy and that is Carolina's dad. He is so exuberant, we hear, that he has placed ladders at every window to make the getaway easy for the romantic couple.

Tee Hee Hinkle and Red Regan are going to be the witnesses of this pompous ceremony. But wait, I'd better not tell any more of this secret because no one is supposed to know about it, and we wouldn't tell anybody for the world.

### Announcement

A recent announcement from the dean's office urges all students to cut corners and keep on the grass. This came as a result of repeated requests from Mr. Derby, official grass mower and weed extractor of Northeast Junior college. He said that he had failed miserably in convincing students that it would prove beneficial to the campus to have "pig trails." This failure necessitated the official announcement.



### Miller To Play For Pow Wow-- French Club Hop

Hep! Hep! C'mon all you students, get in the groove! Come one, come all to the big spring formal shindig being thrown in the college gym April 12 by the French club and the Pow Wow. The two organizations (by hook and crook) have been most successful in securing none other than that favorite of all dancers and listeners, Glenn Miller, with Alley Oop as his featured vocalist. Your eyes will pop and your feet will sizzle to such grand and glorious swing arrangements as "Johnson Rag," "Tuxedo Junction," and "It Ain't What You Do, It's the Way That You Do It" and many other favorites.

### Janey Will Dance

Jane "I'm a Stogie" Shear, Chacahoula staff member, has finally consented, after much persuasion and begging (?), to do a dance specialty to Mendel-

(Continued on page four)

### Yearbook Will Be Dedicated To Maynor

Last year's edition of the Chacahoula, N. J. C.'s yearbook, was bad enough, but wait until you see the 1940 Chac. Confidentially, it stinks.

Last night your trusted reporter sneaked into the shack occupied by the staff and saw all the proofs. And here's what will be in the book if it is ever published:

### Staff Wears Halos

The cover is decorated with flattering pictures of all the staff members, each picture marked by a halo appearing above each head. (Are they trying to fool somebody?) Page 1 of the book features a picture of Charles Regan, editor-in-grief. The yearbook is dedicated to Ray Maynor, Regan's stooge who will probably be next year's editor. Maynor's picture is on page 2 and is printed in sloppy technicolor.

On page 3 there is a picture of Mrs. Dotty Yahoo Younse, who tells Charlie how to edit the book. Besides her picture are likenesses of the rest of the staff. (It's the laugh sensation of the year.)

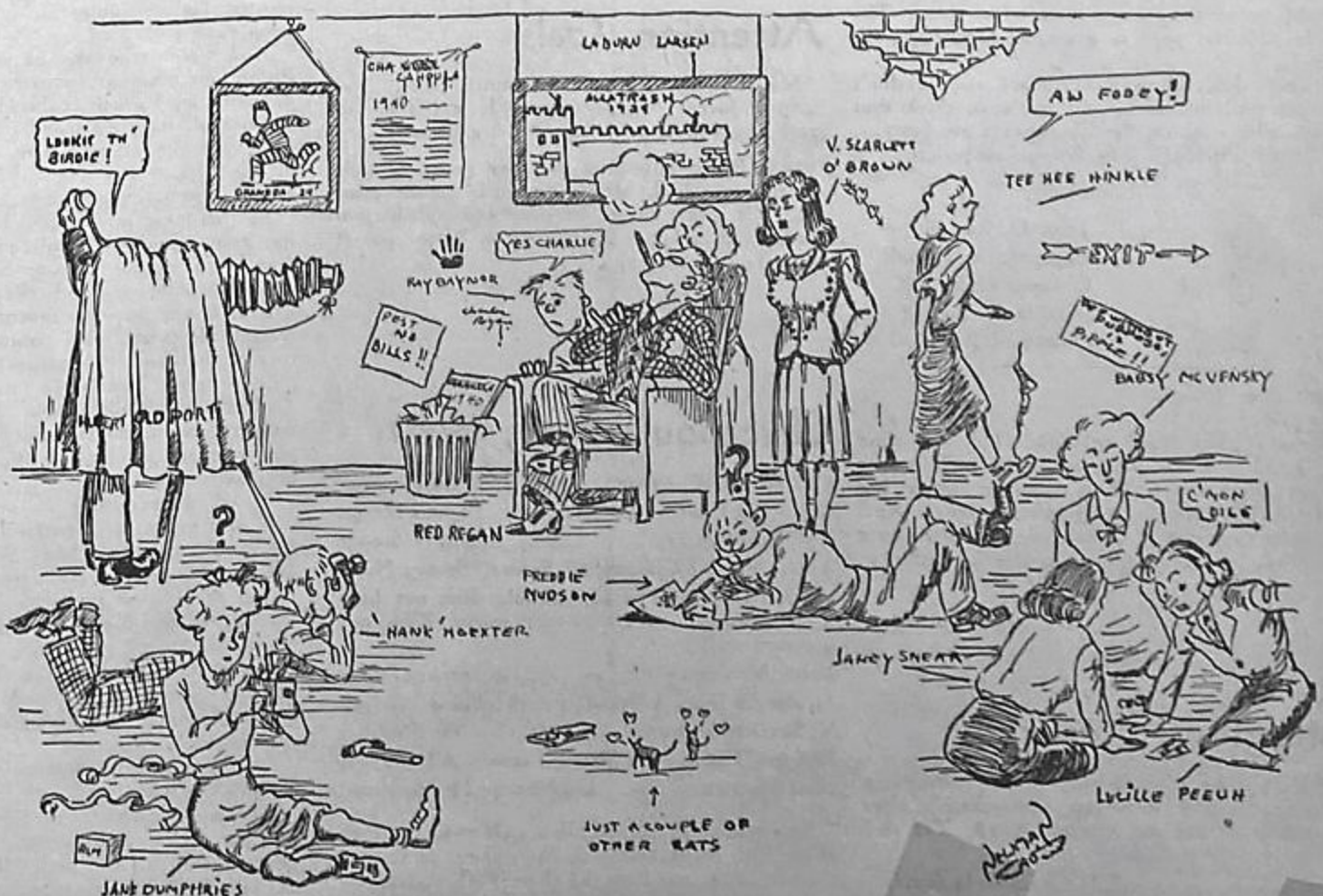
Scoop—The campus beauties are Katy Matilda Woof Woof, Maisie Read, Dot Yahoo Younse, Annie Lee West Cowboy Stahl, and Gracie Dew Drop Ingledue.

### Regan Who's Who

The Who's Who section features four characteristic poses of Charles Regan, who, in the opinion of the Chacahoula editors, is the biggest shot (sot?) on the campus. Colorful Charlie is shown telling R. Maynor how to run a yearbook, dodging bricks thrown by sophomore class members, attempting to establish a dictatorship in the student council.

(Continued from page two)

## The Chacahoula Staff at Work . . .





# Snails and Bahoos

By Mortimer and Charlie.

## New Training Methods . . .

Alarmed at the apparent softness of today's football material as compared to that of his playing days, Coach Man Handler Malone has decided to see that his Indians will be fit as a fiddle for next fall's gridiron wars.

"Why back in the good ole days," he said, "football players were men. Today's crop of gridiron performers are virtually cream puffs."

"I remember the brand of men who played football back in my high school days in Mississippi. Most of us were farmers' sons and we were 'rough as a cob.' Late every evening, I used to slip off from the cotton field, strip off my clothes, and, holding my clothes above my head to keep them dry, I would swim the creek to play football with the boys. I was selected all-state before my parents knew that I even played football."

"Next fall, I can assure you that my team will be in condition. I'm going to shoot cornbread, peas, and milk to that bunch of cream puffs from now on. They're going to bed at eight o'clock every night and getting up at five to run a half mile. They're gonna be rough next fall."

## L Club Throws Gala Party . . .

Deciding to take one last fling at the gayer life before Coach Malone initiated his new training rules, the L club of N.J.C. went on a bender. Yes, sir, they really threw a swell beer party the other night, from the profits of their recent dance. They had everything, including the trimmings—ice-cold beer, pretzels, etc.

Rest assured that every one present had a swell time even down to the cook, who had a little too much and decided to put on a floor show. L club president, Ralph "Blondie" Taylor, was named chief beer guzzler for his ability to outswing the others present. The party broke up with the singing of "Show me the way to go home."

## Traxler Named Basketball Coach . . .

Something has finally been done about that basketball situation that has been causing so much trouble on the N.J.C. campus!

L. E. "Tops" Traxler, fast-stepping intramural basketball star, has, through popular demand, decided to remain at center next year and lead the Indian cagers through the next season.

Interviewing Traxler, I found that being popular had fast gone to his head. When I entered his office, I could barely see through the dense cloud of smoke pouring from the oversized cigar butt which he had stuck in his mouth.

"Well, Mr. Traxler, (noticing the new suit of clothes and hat which he was sporting) what do you think of next year's prospects?"

"Nothing to it kid, nothing to it. We'll win every game we play next year. Why with me in there giving my all for old N.J.C. our opponents will be swamped. I've been doing some reading and I've found out that I will be the only playing coach in college basketball."

"Well, Mr. Traxler, just what salary is the school going to pay you for next season," I asked.

"They're starting me off at 5000 dollars a year. I'll expect a raise after one year though."

## Hoy Hoy Hart Tells How to Catch Fish

Upon entering the office of the women's physical education director, Miss Hoy Hoy Hart, you are sure to see the twelve-foot fishing pole neatly arranged behind the door. Then, in the top drawer of her desk you'll see a couple of old tin cans. (These are to hold fish bait, we are told.)

Yes, Miss Hart really takes me off for fishing on the bayou. Her favorite time is during her vacant periods on Tuesday and Thursday. She often asks Olive Musk, assistant registrar, and Mrs. Betty Younse, Chacahoula sponsor, to go along with her. Miss

opens its mouth to plead for mercy.

At this point you are to thrust the fish hook down the throat of the worm. Before throwing your hook into the water, you must first put some snuff on it. (Wonder which of the three fishermen does this.) Next, lean up against a big tree on the edge of the bayou, gently let your hook fall into the water, and wait fifteen minutes. If you're not asleep by this time, it means one of four things: (1) It is not spring; (2) You were not out late the night before; (3) You really are about to catch a fish (minnow); or (4) Someone has let a stray golf ball come your way which hit you in the head. (In the last case you will still probably be asleep.)

## Cosper Tells . . .

When interviewed as to the training rules he employed in order to cop the best trainer award, Cecil Cosper, end on the Indian football squad elaborated:

"This old bunk about getting plenty of good food and sleeping eight hours has been exploded as far as I'm concerned. I go to bed about two o'clock every night, drink all the good liquor I can hold, eat my cocoanut pie three times a day, and take care of my feminine admirers. I keep in training by playing two sets of ping pong daily.

I guess that I'm just an iron man. (P. S. I'm a big shot, too.)"

# POW WOW SPORTS

## Gym-Jammers

Remember the day: When we had a swell boat dock on the bayou? When Lodi Cann played something besides first base in softball? When Virginia Brown met only one gym class a day? When Nadine and Marjorie Burrus did not look so much alike?

In the past few days Miss Hart has appointed some student assistants to help her in the gym class. Willie Edna Tarbutton is to have complete charge of the tapping class, Dorothy Dennis, five feet, six inches tall, is to teach all freshmen how to play basketball, and Nitsie Guynes will teach the physical ed majors how to catch (softballs, not beaus). If you want to learn the technique of batting, report to Noves Roye. For the last word in ping pong see any of the music students. Lucile Doyle has accepted the position as teacher of folk-dancing, with Maxine Calhoun furnishing the music on the piano. (The only music we get is a new version of "Chopsticks.")



Printed above are exclusive shots of the N.J.C. gridsters on their recent spring training spree.



Shown above is Ralph Taylor wielding the club that killed Lenard.

## L Club Murders Lenard; Editor Russell Is Next

It was ghastly.

There lay the horribly mutilated body of Sports Editor, Lloyd Lenard, of the Pow Wow staff. His arms and legs were missing. His head had been battered in with some blunt instrument. He was dead, dead, dead.

My phone had jingled at 6 o'clock that morning. An excited voice said, "Chief, this is Stoolie, come to N. J. C., quick. Lenard has been bumped off." I had broken all records in getting to the scene of the crime, because Lenard owed me 13 cents. I had to find some clues and apprehend the murderer or murderers quickly, for I couldn't stand to lose 13 cents.

### Threatening Note

Searching for clues on and around the body, I found only one thing—a note. It read:

"Pow Wow, take notice! Lay

off us, see. Youse guys can't git away with the things you've been writing in that dirty scandal sheet. We won't stand for it. That bum Russell is next."

Signed: L. C.

Now who was L. C.? What could the motive have been? Now I have it. It was the L Club. They had a feud on with the Pow Wow. Yes, the L Club.

Sure enough when I accosted President Ralph "Blondie" Taylor in the dormitory he readily admitted it.

### "Blondie" Taylor Talks

"Sure we bumped him off. What are you gonna do about it? Nothing, I'll tell you, because we run things around this school, see. We run things!"

"Yes sir, Mr. Taylor," I replied. "All I want is my 13 cents which Lenard owed me."

The L Club paid me, but I hope they don't get Russell. He owes me a half dollar.

Read Save

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Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"	Sun. and Mon.	The Marx Brothers, Kenny Baker, Florence Rice, in "AT THE CIRCUS"	
Victor McLaglen, Basil Rathbone, Segrid Guire in "RIO"	Tues.	Allan Lane, Linda Hayes in "CONSPIRACY"	

## Woe Is Us! Regan Dictator of Student Council

Woe is us! Students and faculty members alike are now doomed to unhappy days of oppression under a tyrannical group of nine students. The eight members already in office are: Ray Maynor, Vera Jones, Henry Hoexter, Ralph Taylor, Charles Regan, Mary V. Beard, Jimmie Russell and Gayle Morris.

The council just informed us that they added Emale Gattis to their gang as representative from the student body at large. She will be expected to chisel money from the students for big weekly blow-outs.

Under the fictitious name of "Student Council," these persons have obtained control of all student activities and even of the students and faculty members themselves. Charles Regan has taken over as supreme dictator and is now studying Hitler's

policies under Ham Hammond. The group initiated its program by placing Beard, Jones, and Hoexter as bouncers on the college buses. Their job is to do away with the loafers attempting to board them during school hours. Another example of the group's tyranny is their punishment of students caught jitterbugging in an extreme fashion. The students convicted of such are enrolled in a special class which gives detailed instruction in this fine art.

Other radical policies which the council advocates are: official acceptance of cuts; installation of a nickelodeon in the social room, and permission to dance there; and approval of students leaving class if the instructor is more than five minutes late.

N. J. C. has never before witnessed such a complete upheaval as it is now undergoing. "Freddie the Flea" has been assigned a private English instructor and is being forced by his owner to attend class daily.

College life will never again be the same with such revolutionary changes taking place.

## Doc Ingledue Causes Heap Mess in Okla.

We quote from the Lawton Heap Fulla News:

Doc "Me Talk Em Right" Ingledue caused heap big commotion in the wild lands of Oklahoma at the Aye Tappa Keg annual jam session.

Each afternoon at 6:00 o'clock she tucked Big Chief "Be Quietum" Heninger and Squaw "Tee Hee" Hinkle under bright green and red blankets that were brought along for the sole purpose of keeping the Louisianians from being conspicuous up there in the Indian country. Princess Uh Huh Sattis remained until 6:55 to read her bed time stories from the classified ad section of the Chacaboula, debating at which one of the three (there were only three) places that advertised she should spend her 15 cents that she made off of slot machines.

### Doc Skips Out

With the princess's assurance that she would go to bed alone, "Me Talk Em Right" left the dormitory for a sponsor's pow wow . . .

Hours gallop by and so we change to present tense. The time is 4:00 a. m. Doc has not yet returned. All the police, the soldiers from Fort Sill, that large army base near Lawton, the mayor, and Indian braves from the reservation are out scouring the country for our lost heroine. The princess is walking the floor, not daring to disturb "Tee Hee" and "Be Quietum," who are still in dreamland.

### Climbs In Window

Several hours later the ace reporter of the Heap Fulla News spies a gay couple skipping merrily over the campus. They stop at a certain dorm window. She climbs gracefully upon his shoulders, and after a lengthy good-night, he shoves her through the opening.

Yes, it is "Me Talk Em Right" and a K. P. from Fort Sill returning from a moonlight promenade through the "Me Catchum Bow" mountains.

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## Henderson's Masterpiece

Above is pictured "Baby Boy" Henderson's contribution to the Northern (extremely northern) Group of paintings. This is a great work of art depicting Admiral Byrd fighting a huge polar bear at the North Pole beside a snow bank. In the background can be seen other bears rushing to help their comrade. This accounts for the tense expression on Byrd's face. Note the admiral's soft fur parka with its lining of white downy silk. This is the latest in arctic styles. To the left can be seen several white igloos. The large one with two entrances is where Mr. Byrd resided during his stay at the Pole. "Baby Boy" expects to win the Ig Nobel Prize with his depiction of the furious snow storm raging in the foreground.

## Albert Myatt Flunks Out

Albert Myatt, ex-president of the Gamma Gamma Chapter of Phi Theta Kappa, has reached the zenith of failure. He has flunked out of school. For several weeks the professors have been wondering why their ace student has been falling down so rapidly in his studies. For the first time in his career Mr. Myatt has gone home to face the music of eight pink slips. (Some of us know how the music sounds.) We have definite information that Albert received F in everything but Physical Education, in which he rated a D.

A situation like this calls for investigation so we hung out our ears and eyes in the near vicinity and what do you think we found? That's it. Albert's in love. Old Dan Cupid and the spring fever finally nabbed him. Instead of studying literature, chemistry, psychology, etc., he now spends his time finding out how wonderful it is that they both like Bette Davis, ice cream sodas, short en-

gagements, and small cottages. Now that we have bared his innermost secrets, we will leave Albert and his lady wrapped in love's young dreams, blissfully unaware of the furor they are arousing.

## Snarbo Hefley Reveals Past

Miss Snarbo Hefley today revealed, in a formal statement to the press, that she gave up a most brilliant career on the Metropolitan stage to become librarian at Northeast Junior college.

This startling information was

## Miller To Play

(Continued from page one)

ssohn's "Spring Song." Mr. Miller's orchestra has agreed to arrive a few days early in order to give Miss Shear a chance to rehearse with the group. We haven't been informed as to what kind of dance routine she will execute, but we assure you it will be perfect. (What else could we expect from a member of the Chacaboula staff?)

### Photographer Might Attend

It is rumored that Hubert Oldport will be on hand to snap a few hi-lites of the dance—per usual.

(May we interrupt here to say that if anyone has a convertible coupe to rent, please answer Paul "Frenchie" Duet's unclassified ad 'cause he has a date with Gracie "Dewdrop" Ingledue and he must escort her in full fashion!)

Please don't forget the blow-out is to be formal so all you guys and gals wear your shoes and let down your braids.

brought to light when a snoop-ing reporter heard Miss Snarbo warbling Sohan Mouse's immortal selection, "Tamour, Loujours, Tamour."

Miss Snarbo confessed that she was once quite intimate with Madame Mallafurchi of Metropolitan opera fame. She also confided that she and Michard Snooks were the "best of friends, but nothing more."

When asked why she had kept her interesting past a secret, Miss Snarbo modestly said, "I didn't want my dear students to know what a great sacrifice I had made for them. I told my closest friend, Chunky Gray about it, but she swore never to tell."

## Firemen, Save Katy Woolf

Fire destroyed the ancestral home of Dr. Katy Matilda Woolf last Wednesday. The residence, located on beautiful Bayou DeSiard, was completely destroyed and with it many precious heirlooms and relics, among them a priceless collection of human bones and pickled bugs, which is impossible to replace.

A natatorium in the spacious living room in which Dr. Woolf kept specimens of garfish, whales, tadpoles, snakes, and frogs was entirely lost. Dr. Matilda's little six-foot pet alligator,



Prometheus, also perished in the blaze. This was the chief loss to Dr. Woolf Woolf, who was simply heartbroken. "He was like a brother to me," she sobbed.

The cause of the fire has not yet been determined. It is thought by the police, however, that the Pre-Med students were so jealous of Dr. Woolf Woolf's fine skeletons that they destroyed the whole house to get rid of the competition.

The loss was covered by insurance with the exception of the snakes who insisted upon shedding their skins out of season.

## Colvert for President

The political spotlight turned this week to Dean Constantly Conventioneing Colvert, who threw his last year's straw hat into the national presidential ring. This was a distinct surprise to many of his cronies, who were unaware of his burning political ambition.

Although not officially announced, his running mate will be Twinkle Toes Norton. The honorable dean asked Twinkle Toes, "Had you rather be right than



vice-president?" "Yes," answered the vocabulary whiz, in a Ray Maynorish manner.

The planks in the wooden platform are as follows:

1. Cement sidewalks to cover the entire nation.
2. A trade school on every corner.
3. A convention every week.
4. To put all students in the air.
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ALSO— COLOR CARTOON  
NEWS EVENTS

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AND ON THE STAGE AT 4:30  
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