



The Pow Wow Newspaper

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The Pow Wow, April 6, 1950

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NO, IT'S NOT A BEAR IN A TRAP, but Cadet Captain Charles Mitchell showing the wrong way to crawl under a barbed wire entanglement. Located back of the ROTC building, the wire is used for practical class work by cadets. "Get me outta here," yelled Mitchell, after the picture was snapped.

Pow Wow

'It Covers the Campus'

Vol. XIX—No. 7 Northeast Junior College, L. S. U., Monroe, La. Thursday, April 6, 1950

Grainger Festival Sponsors North State Music Talent

Monday night's full rehearsal of band and choral groups marked another stage in preparation for the Percy Grainger Music festival, an event being sponsored by the Music department on April 17, 18 and 19.

Rehearsals followed auditions of students from high schools throughout this area. Those selected to participate in the affair are being supplemented by chorus and band sections of the college and the choir of St. Matthew's Catholic church. These musicians will form the hundred voice choir and the sixty-five piece band to be featured in the festival program.

Mr. Grainger, eminent pianist, composer and conductor, will take over the direction of both sections when he arrives April 17 for the three-day clinic.

Rehearsals will culminate in a matinee performance at 3:30 p. m. and an evening concert at 8 o'clock in Brown hall auditorium on April 19. The two programs are open to the public.

"We believe that we have secured some of the best high school musicians in this part of the state," declared James F. Monroe, acting head of the Music department. "Many excellent band players could not be included, since

(Continued on Page 4)

H. M. Lemert Receives National FMC Prize

Harry M. Lemert, head of the music department, has been named winner of a prize for his composition, "Trio for Violin, Clarinet and Piano." The work was chosen for the annual award made by the Louisiana division of the National Federation of Music Clubs as the most outstanding composition entered in the contest sponsored by the organization.

Mr. Lemert was notified in Austin, Tex., where he is on leave, doing work toward the doctor's degree at the University of Texas.

Military Promotions Up Nicholson, Wegley

Two cadet appointments have just been made in the Military department. Ray E. Wegley has advanced to Cadet Captain, attached to plans and training office, and Thomas G. Nicholson is now a Cadet First Lt., attached to Co. "A."

Wegley, football player from Greensburg, Pa., has steadily moved up in position throughout the year. His duties as cadet captain will consist of setting up the drill field for parades, and as an inspector of plans and training during drill. He will alternate with Cadet Capt. Mitchell as adjutant during parades.

Nicholson, who is from Shreveport, retains his former post as platoon leader, but is now an executive officer, and will take over the company in the absence of the company commander. Nicholson took three years of ROTC at Fair Park High school, Shreveport, and it was his platoon that won the coveted "honor guard" for Brig. Gen. John Weckerling during the fall inspection here.

Ball Date Near

Military Queen Election in Full Swing

Thirty-two coeds received the honor of being nominated by members of NJC's ROTC battalion for the coveted queen's title which is to be conferred on the night of the annual military ball, April 21. These candidates were given cardboard containers in which to gather votes. To vote a person had to contribute a nickel, and each individual was allowed to vote as many times as he wanted for as many different candidates as he desired.

One week's voting narrowed the long list of hopefuls to the top five candidates: Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, Monroe freshman; Jackie White, Monroe sophomore; Katy Dyess, Sterlington freshman; Ann Bower, Monroe freshman, and Freddie Jo Wilson, Calhoun sophomore.

The five top-ranking girls were allowed one week for campaigning purposes. A committee composed of cadets from the ROTC Activities club was delegated to aid each candidate. Posters appeared everywhere. The girls were presented to the Cadet corps at one Friday drill and then introduced to the crowd of students that gathered in the military building one Tuesday during the fifth period to see movies sponsored by the ROTC department.

Voting entered the final phase last week and was scheduled to last through this week. Two voting stands were set up, one in front of Brown hall and the other in the bookstore. Upon these stands were placed five containers with pictures of the respective candidates.

The winner will be kept a secret until the night of the ball. The remaining four contestants will be designated as the queen's maids. All five finalists have the privilege of choosing their escorts from cadets of the ROTC battalion.

Campaigning and voting during the past month have quickened the spirit of campus life. With the Military ball less than three weeks away, students have turned their minds to problems of dates and dresses for the extravaganza.

Dean Cline Chairman Of AAJC Committee

Dean Rodney Cline was named chairman of the committee on aims and problems at the national convention of the American Association of Junior colleges held in Roanoke, Va., on March 26-29.

This position places the dean on the fourteen-member coordinate committee of chairmen, made up of the five chairmen of various committees and the board of directors of the AAJC which represents nearly 500 junior colleges.

A meeting of these members will be held in August at Denver, Colo. There this policy forming group will solve urgent problems and plan the national conference for the coming winter.

Dean Cline reported that one of the most important features of the Virginia convention was the attempt of the National Junior College Athletic association, an unofficial organization, to obtain official recognition by the American Association of Junior colleges, of which NJC is a member. At a panel forum, the request was voted down.

"A wonderful convention where interest never lagged" was Dean Cline's opinion of last week's meeting. "The keynote speaker, Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, brought the conference to its feet at the close of his address. Whether it was just his words or his magnetic personality, I do not know, but he is one of the few great lecturers of our time."

Religious Emphasis Will Open April 18

Official approval to set aside three days for religious emphasis has been granted, announced Bob Stewart, president of the Interfaith council. April 18, 19, 20 are the dates.

The council, which comprises representatives from each religious organization on the campus, appointed a committee to make final preparations for the three-day event.

Rev. Guy Hicks, pastor of the First Methodist church in Shreveport, will be the principal speaker for the program. He will base his message on a verse from the Book of Proverbs, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."

Rotarians Offer \$250 Scholarship

Encouraging interest in farm activities, the Rotary Club of Monroe will award this spring a scholarship to an outstanding high school graduate in Ouachita parish for two years of study at NJC. The announcement was made last week by H. L. Rosenhein, president of the organization.

The cash prize of \$250 will be awarded to a girl or boy in recognition of achievement in farm life.

Recipient of the scholarship will be a senior member of the 4-H club. His work and integrity must be of such high standing as to warrant this financial assistance to enter college.

Granting the award this spring will make it possible for the student to enter college next semester.

Achievement records in 4-H club work will be a primary factor in determining the winner, explained J. J. Joyce, Ouachita parish agriculture agent, who spoke of the method of selection at last week's Rotary meeting. The announcement followed an address made by L. L. Price, head of the NJC Agriculture department.

Seven Ramblers

Enjoyable Trip for Musicians

A train whistle blasted through the still, evening darkness. Seven people gathered their motley assortment of bags, took a hasty mental roll call and loaded into the northbound passenger car.

St. Louis bound. Home of the big lights and breeding ground of excitement. Away from Monroe's warm spring air and straight into cold climates.

First, there was a transfer in Little Rock to that streamlined nightflier, the Eagle. There was no time to waste. By next Saturday, this same group would have to be on their way back.

Sunday morning, the tired group of NJC musicians, accompanied by Mrs. Florence Z. Allbritton, lined up to register in St. Louis's mammoth DeSoto hotel. The Music Educator's National Conference was about to get underway.

A colorful pageant Sunday night set the tempo for the entire week. Every night was filled

with music and every day was used for student rehearsals. The sessions were taught by famous names in the musical field.

Wednesday night was even better, when Igor Stravinsky presented his composition, Dumbarton Oaks concerto. His music held the audience spellbound, but his name would have anyway.

Vladimir Golschmann broke all precedent and permitted Jane Birdsong and Mrs. Allbritton to attend his rehearsal Thursday for the St. Louis Symphony. Friends of Mr. Golschmann informed the two NJCers that it was a rare honor to be allowed to watch the famous conductor rehearse.

By Friday, Cloteal Jones, Joan Bandy, Charles Littleton, Willoughby Thomas, Bill Windham, Jane Birdsong and Mrs. Allbritton had become accustomed to St. Louis's soggy snow. According to schedule, they returned home the following day, to await next year's national conference.



PLEDGE AND PRESIDENT confirm the old adage that two heads are better than one as Janie Graham, left, and Betty Cruthirds go into a huddle over plans for the National Phi Theta Kappa convention in Tyler, Tex., April 20-22. They will represent Gamma Gamma chapter.

PTK Group Names Texas Delegates

Betty Cruthirds and Janie Graham will represent NJC's chapter of the Phi Theta Kappa honor society at the national convention in Tyler, Tex. April 20-22 are the dates.

The meeting, which will include representatives from 127 colleges, is to be held at Tyler Junior college, often called the "College of Champions."

Five years have passed since an NJC delegation has participated in one of the big national conventions. The choice of Phi Theta Kappa president, Betty Cruthirds, and pledge Janie Graham constitutes a signal honor for the two.

At the last meeting of the honor group, plans were submitted for a juke-box party, the funds of which are to be used to finance the two-day trip to Texas.

Be Careful

Dynamite and Organisms Come in Small Packages

By Louie Mathis

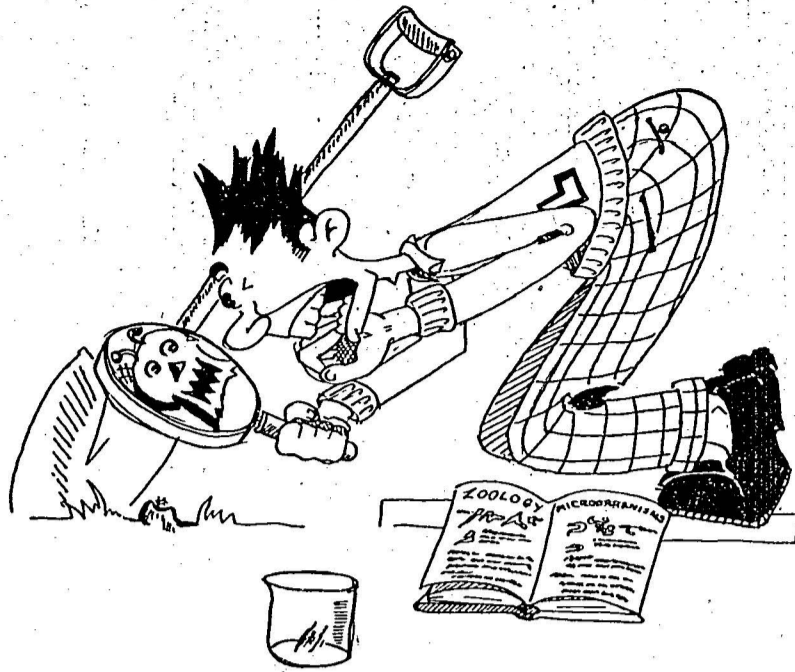
Take at least one science, says the faculty adviser. "O.K.," sighs the innocent freshman, "sign me up for zoology." Those are famous last words.

Edward Whatley's zoology class is a constant source of surprise. Spring, it seems, always fills Mr. Whatley with a powerful urge to find microorganisms. These people you see stalking around the campus with a haggard look and an empty jug in one hand are not headed for Joe's Liquor store. They're searching for those strange and loathesome gents with big eyes, fuzzy faces and forked tails. The text calls them microorganisms.

One student here who seems fairly intelligent in his other classes was seen crawling under the ROTC building with a jar in one hand and a huge shovel in the other. When the anxious spectators crowded around, he shouted, "Stand back, it may be dangerous." The onlookers took him at his word and left, but for all we know, Mr. Whatley is still minus one zoology student.

As the enthusiastic fellow disappeared under the building, a trim young trick who was obviously on the same assignment came tiptoeing around the corner of the library. She, too, carried an oversized jar in her hand. Still curious but somewhat dubious about asking, I tottered nervously along behind for a few moments.

Suddenly the fair lady halted beside a large mudhole. Remembering the episode with the first



Bliss -

zoologist, I backed cautiously away. I should have used more speed and less caution.

With a fiendish cry of glee, she jammed both hands into the water. "I found it! Here it is!" she cried, flinging mud all over my Sunday shirt. The scream woke up 30 history students 100 yards away.

That was too much. I started to the College Friend, which is better than the library for learning. A congenial loafer provided me with his zoology text and one

or two reference books.

On the first page of one was engraved a glaring enlargement of an old-fashioned biscuit, filled to the crisp brown crust with monstrous, repulsive organisms. I set my hamburger back on the counter and reflected heavily upon the manifold miseries of mankind.

Hunger won out. I picked up the frayed old hamburger and took a big bite. If they're good to eat, I decided, then thank God for that little organism.

Underwater Sidewalks Double As Deep Swimming Pools

Several days and several nights the deluge continued. Then one day, a lowly freshman stepped out of the library building, his boat sunk, and he drowned. The moral of this story is: WHY CAN'T WE HAVE SOME SIDEWALKS?

At NJC we have a unique custom. We repair the roofs and walls and forget all about trivial matters like sidewalks. Now, our sidewalks are by no means just ordinary sidewalks. No indeed. Our sidewalks are SUBMERGED. No other junior college can make that statement -- not with the same accent.

Judging from complaints when it rains, a lot of people here are trying to be different. These young rebels are alternately pleading and screaming for higher sidewalks. That is a bad indication. People, says the sociology text, should conform to the folkways and customs of their associates. The folkways here are a bit peculiar in some cases but textbooks are seldom wrong.

In the folkways and customs at NJC demand submerged sidewalks, then rebellious people must reform and accept the consequences. The consequences, incidentally, are slushing shoes, muddy trousers, and any dis-

ease that happens along. After all, this is an educational institution, not a hospital. If you thought it was a swimming pool, you may have been justified but you were wrong.

Mechanical Brain May Offer Inventor Tough Competition

Scientists have at last come up with a machine that thinks. After much time and labor, they have invented a device made up of wires, switches, light bulbs, leftovers from a 1924 Buick and perhaps a stray Ouiji board that gives, quickly and correctly, the answers to questions that would make the noted Einstein tear his grey thatch.

A machine that thinks. We should have known something like that was coming. In the olden days, alchemists tried to make gold from lead and searched for the fountain of youth, but did not succeed. Yet now, in the year V of the Atomic Age (or is it the year I of the Hydrogen Age?) present day men of science have gone the old boys one better. They've made a mechanical brain that is far superior to the pitiful original. Better, these man-made thinkers have no emotions to clutter up facts. Just feed the monstrosity some questions on an old player piano roll, and out comes the correct answer.

A machine that thinks. Of course, it isn't perfect yet, the brain is only able to answer mathematical problems. It can't tell you whether or not yellow toothpick shoes would go well together with your favorite pink and green plaid shirt. But give the scientists time. By 1975 we'll be buying chromium plated brains on the installment plan, and maybe your little home thinker kit will even tell you how to beat the company out of payments.

What has all this do with NJC? You guessed it. Some wise gentleman has already ransacked the Sears and Roebuck catalog in a mighty effort to locate a few final exam answers. It was a fruitless quest.

Mechanical brains are not for sale yet. At present, several longhaired scientists are still trying to psychoanalyze the motley mixture of wobbly screws and tempered steel.

From the layman's point of view, it looks as if some inventor has almost invented himself out of a job. Let us hope for the best. When progress reaches the point at which machines cease doing the labor and begin thinking, it's high time man reclaimed his rightful place.

Hillbilly Madness Shades Long Hair Melody

What this college needs is more than can be printed in one editorial. If the students were asked, they would unanimously shout that we need more and better sidewalks. They would sit up all night and argue the good points for more athletics. Without flinching, they would shoot their sorority sisters and fry their fraternity brothers for a uniform, understandable grading system. They would promote but never support a powerful student council. In all likelihood, they would eliminate tests and devote eight hours a day to ping pong and idle chat-

everyone who has a heartstring to tap. Anyone who doesn't have isn't worth touching. Last year the Collegiate Ramblers furnished this school with some fine entertainment. The band members graduated and are now practicing their lowbrow, S. maritanism at LSU.

While the band was here, every one knew everyone. There was a common topic to discuss. Old songs were dug from beneath their respective spiderwebs and used to energize a group of people who evidently were sorely in need of energy.

That badly beaten phrase "school spirit" took a dip for the depths at the same time that the band took a bus for Baton Rouge.

To borrow an innocent word from a psychology text, there is a high CORRELATION between hillbilly music and participation in campus life. There is an automatic and all-powerful feeling of friendship and easy good humour when a washboard and a bullfiddle vie for the low notes. Local speakers, visitors from the big campus and musical geniuses can never compete with a hillbilly band.

The man or woman, musician or maestro, playboy or plain piddler, who organizes a complete band and produces one program will have the heartfelt appreciation of every one of 400 students on this campus.

Who would organize a hillbilly band large enough to draw a crowd on its own merit? No one. And that band would supply the answer to ever social ailment that afflicts this college. Yes, that's right. A good, complete hillbilly band would eliminate every major social problem on the campus. If that sounds like Hadacol, just remember that Hadacol is making millions.

A famous pianist, if he is lucky, can attract two percent of the student body to hear his music. An equally famous baritone can enchant nothing but a few members of the faculty and one or two others who sing baritone.

But listen. A hillbilly band reaches out and taps the very roots of the heartstrings of

Smoke Signals By Bill Hair

Pascal Norris, young Monroe attorney, talked recently at an EHS club meeting. His discussion gave many students a new slant on what lay ahead on the main campus, and after graduation. A youthful graduate can usually command more attention when speaking on this subject, and the multitude of questions asked Norris after the meeting proved it.

James Carpenter, Wayne Franks and Joseph Jean compared grades after a rough calculus test. The bad news gave them the idea of doing away with individualism, and having a court of law declare them one person, with a total grade count of 95. I don't know if science or law could do it, but to imagine such a combination is hard on the nerves.

Overheard--somewhere:
"I can't eat these beans, I see something in them."
"Eat 'em, it's nothing."
"Yes it is, it . . . sees me too!"

After the blows and buffets of 9 weeks' tests, these few welcome days of rest during the Easter holidays are here. Too, everyone will have grades, good or bad, to take home. Here's hoping there will be no worries over the holidays.

Lyndel Guice recently had trouble with a sore and puffy nose. As he walked into phys ed. class, Coach A. S. Huffman spied Guice, his sore nose, and his Sicily Island jacket, with the big I. S. initials. "What's the I. S. for," asked Coach Huffman, "Inflated Schnozzola?"

As March marches out, flowers are blooming and so are poets. Warm weather brings the bugs out of rocks and brought this ditty from the pen of Addie Boggs, poet low-erate:

Sweed sprig is here,
Achoo! For me i fear,
It's the worstd of the year.
Flowers their tendr shoots lift
But I'll just (pardon) honk!
sniff!
(Let us spray my cold geds beddr)

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"YER OUT!" "AW PIPE DOWN!" "You big jerk, you couldn't see a cyclone." That's Speedy Long scraping a dusty path homeward in spite of the determined expression worn by catcher Benny Bridges. Scenes like this happen every few minutes on the baseball diamond. Mud is just as common, say the players.

Maulers Hit Ball Diamond With First Hard Practice

"Batter-up, S-t-r-i-k-e three. You're out. S-l-i-d-e. Foul ball. Two-bagger. Home run. Pop up. Kill the umpire." Lingo to quicken anyone's pulse. These resounding echoes got the 1950 Indian baseball season off to an early start with practice seasons already three weeks old.

Thirty candidates have been favoring over the diamond in the opening phases of spring training sessions, under the practiced eye of Coach Edward Payne. In their exhibition opener the Redskins split a double-header with the Northwestern "B" team. J. B. Nolan, Bob Cole and Freddie Taylor held down the mound

position for the two games with Benny Bridges as catcher, "Gov" Long at first, Harold Short on second, James Holly holding down third, Speedy Long in left field, David Jones in center field, Shelby Cogdell snagging them in right field and Nolan and Cole alternating on the shortstop slot.

A definite schedule has not been announced due to the late start of several neighboring clubs. However, Coach Payne promised that at least one or two games would be planned for each week of the season.

The local hurlers are hopeful of turning in a good season this year but they face arduous workouts in order to field a seasoned

Square Dance Tops Coed Gym Features

No longer will it be possible for you to pass by the gym and spend a few spare moments watching girls playing basketball. At least, not this semester.

For the past two weeks, another sport has taken top billing, although it could hardly be called a sport. It is square dancing. The girls have had a small taste of this between basketball and softball.

They feel very proud of themselves for having learned "Put Your Little Foot," "Texas Star" and even the "Can-Can," as some of the girls call it.

It is planned to use some of the dances the girls learn in "Redskins of '50."

On March 27, the girls began practicing, for what is hoped to be a successful softball season. Later, they will try their hand at golf, tennis, badminton and even archery. Who can tell? Maybe we even have some feminine Robin Hoods at NJC.

team. The squad is comprised almost wholly of new material since the Indians were inactive last year.

Wails And Wahoos

By S. T. Howell

A new form of baseball has been inaugurated on the campus. Now you take a swing, drop the bat, grab a paddle and start rowing for dear life for first base. The damp diamond also makes it easy for a good two-mile slide into second.

NJC is fast swinging into a well-balanced athletic program. Miss Ada Bess Hart handed me a copy of the girls' Phys Ed program which covered sports of every form and fashion. To list a few: badminton, volleyball, golf, archery, tennis and volley ball.

Arthur Murray has nothing on NJC stompers. The mixed physical education class has mastered the square dance, waltz, schottische (a colonial ballroom specialty), polka, and the Varsouviana (put your little foot). Some of the Fred Astaire copyists have trouble putting their big foot where a little foot is supposed to go.

Mild confusion reigns on the baseball diamond. The roster reads something like this: "long" Long, "short" Long, "long" Short, "short" Short. The proper handles to these Long Shorts—I mean Short Longs—Longs and Shorts—are "Gov.," Speedy, Harold and John.

Around the campus we've heard several inquiries regarding the whereabouts of three NJC football players who graduated at the end of the fall semester. To whom it may concern: End Ray Clement is attending school at Stephen F. Austin college, Nacogdoches, Texas; Al "Hot" Murdock is at Southwestern Louisiana institute, Lafayette, and Charles Dean Corbell, also an end, is playing football at Mississippi State, Starkville, Miss.

Wilson Wins Nat'l Basketball Rating

Distinction was scored by one of NJC's basketball enthusiasts last week when Audrey Wilson was awarded a national rating in basketball officiating. She becomes the third person to achieve this honor at the college.



Audrey Wilson

Miss Mary Lea George, director of physical education for girls at Ouachita Parish High school, and Mrs. Colene Hart Mann, former coach at Ouachita, are the other two who received this rank when they attended school here.

It is unusual for a junior college student to be awarded this recognition, declared Miss Ada Bess Hart, women's physical education director at NJC. Ordinarily, it requires a person four years of study and experience to become nationally rated, she explained.

The Women's National Official committee, which is in charge of national rating of women's basketball officials, gives two tests (Continued on Page 4)

STUDENTS . . .

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Dramatic Society Adds Four Members

Four nervous persons were pacing up and down in front of Brown hall auditorium Thursday night. They could be heard mumbling, "Alpha, Beta, Gamma Delta . . ."

Occasionally someone would appear at the door and bark at them. The poor sufferers were pledges of Delta Psi Omega, waiting to be initiated. Freddie Jo Wilson, No-weeta Waldon, Willoughby Thomas and Bobby Joe Jackson were trying frantically to memorize at the last minute the things they had been told two weeks before to learn.

While the pledges suffered in waiting, the fiendish members, Addie Boggs, Agnes Jones, Beverly Martin, Alice Rolleigh and Bill Pegues, were preparing unmentionable ordeals for them.

Delta Psi Omega, national honorary dramatic society, had issued bids to these students on the basis of their work in the three-act play, "Snafu," and their appearances on NJC broadcasts.

After a gruelling initiation, President Pegues administered the solemn oath of membership, then refreshments were served.

Generally speaking — Spring football practice has cut down on the horseplay that usually brightens life in the stadium.



THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE FIRST PLACE, and the winners of the basketball intramurals beam to prove it. Left to right, and front row first, Beverly Martin, Joyce Ann Wilson, Clauzelle Bryan, Barbara McIntyre, Susie Kennedy, Gladys Roussell and Bobbie Nelson, all members of the 2-B team.

What's Your Opinion?

Did you ever ask yourself why you came to NJC? Yes, it's a bad sign to hold conversations with yourself, so representatives of the Pow Wow ran around asking people, "Why did you choose NJC?" Here are some of the comments:

Louise Guthrie: "What a question! You don't really want me to answer, do you?"

Joyce Hicks: "To be near my boy friends."

Eleanor Claire McGee: "Dirt cheap and darn convenient."

Jimmy Hollingsworth: "To get 105 bucks from Uncle Sam."

Lynn Nix: "Well, confidentially, I came mostly to loaf awhile."

Jack Facundus: "I came to NJC because I didn't have anywhere else to go."

Betty Hodges: "Cause I was just starving for knowledge but I'm losing weight daily. (Don't quote me.)"

Wilma Lois McDaniel: "I heard it was five boys to ever girl over here, but was I fooled!"

Katy Dyess: "I wanted to get away from the only state in the union (Texas) and see what the rest of the world looks like." (At least she admits there are other states.)

O. J. White: "Who me? Look at all the girls around."

Hugh Bradshaw: "To larn a little."

Jo Wilder: "When I got out of high school I wanted to work, but I didn't meet any boys while working and here I am at NJC." (I haven't found any boys yet.)

Joyce Ann Wilson: "I have been asking myself the same thing for two years."

Evelyn Antley: "To get exercise. There's no better way to get exercise than to hang on the seat of a bus while the driver tries to collect his daily quota of fenders and passing paint."

Arnold Zeigler: "Because my brother and sister came out here and I didn't have to buy any books."

Wilson Wins . . .

(Continued from Page 3) which must be passed by the candidate before she is eligible for the high rank.

The first test consists of theory and knowledge of cage rules. The second is a practical examination in which the prospective official umpires for a quarter and referees for a quarter in an actual basketball game.

Rolling Riot

Student Bus Life Hectic but Fun

By Bill Hair

Students on their way to the cafeteria or stations east are seen maneuvering around huge cylindrical objects. Three of these elephantine landmarks are painted orange-yellow, two are green. For your information, they are busses — school busses.

Every afternoon at 3:45, NJCers board the dark interior of these vehicles, on their way back to their home town. These same persons climb aboard each morning from their local tank town or whistlestop, ready for another day of college.

At present, 60 students ride the busses to Northeast Junior college. As you can well imagine, these daily excursions from home to classes and vice versa have become an integral part of the life of these students. Also the everyday associations with the few classmates who are fellow-travellers make for better friends.

As a battle scarred bus veteran of over a year's service, I can pass on to those interested the rules to abide by when riding daily with persons who can be just as friendly or obnoxious as yourself. First, the shooting of firearms over .30 caliber is prohibited on all five busses. Second, agriculture majors are forbidden to keep chickens or pigs on any bus except the Oak Grove vehicle, where in the general uproar they wouldn't be noticed. Probably eaten, but not noticed. Third, cement dipped spitballs are out; etiquette demands it.

A fourth, and important rule to follow if you ride an NJC bus is to know and make friends with your student driver. You can't ignore the man, as he assumes a great importance during the travelling part of the school day. Tacks placed in the driver's seat may be funny, but can be amply

revenged with an extra block walk on a rainy morning to the bus.

So, in the next issue of the paper, we'll give a brief rundown of the maniacs, or pardon the gentlemen who gear and steer

Dorm Coeds Enjoy Moonlight Picnic

Dormitory girls and their dates recently enjoyed a moonlight picnic at Bernstein park. The evening started with a treasure hunt planned by Mrs. Mayme Strouss, dormitory housemother.

The event proved a gay feature despite plenty of mud and water that had to be waded through in order to find the treasure. The prize, a large bag of yellow beans, made up for all the discomfort, the winner declared.

After the hunt everyone gathered to eat, and this seemed to be the greatest treasure of all. There was a dash for swings and seesaws.

The group had so much fun with the affair that they want a similar party to be included on the calendar of late spring events.

Grainger Festival

(Continued from Page 1)

this section has to be limited to requirements of the music to be performed," he explained.

The band will present some symphonic compositions, plus with Mr. Grainger as piano soloist and accompany the choral group in several numbers.

Members of the NJC music faculty who are assisting in directing include Miss Gertrude Sandrock, in charge of the chorus and Francis H. Burke, band conductor.

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