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FREY EMBEZZLES HUGE SUM

April Fool
Edition

How Wow

"It Covers The Campus"

April Fool
Edition

VOL. VI — No. 12

MONROE, LOUISIANA

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1937

Cafeteria Cowboy Caldwell Rides Again

THE SCENTINEL

- Inventor of Pills
- "Toar" Will Be Expelled
- Collects Moth Balls
- That New Girl Out Here
- Too Cold For A Fan Dance
- Editor Is De-Lovely
- Goose Has Troubles
- Shouldn't Have Done It

By WRECKS GARTER

Unwittingly, some chap on the campus thought he was making a cute remark when he said that Mr. Redditt would get somewhere some day. Well, Mr. Ralph Kiper, you hit the proverbial nail on the head. Mr. Redditt has invented a pill, a capsule which does away with absent-mindedness. "No more," shouted the match teacher with the gleam of genius in his eye, "will I bring my car out here and then ride the bus home. No more will I try to meet my classrooms and find empty seats because it's Saturday." Wrecks Garter, the great columnist, was the first to interview the inventor. Mr. Redditt says that he couldn't find any guinea pigs, so he asked Dr. Caskey, who is also a trifle forgetful, to offer his services. Now, the two profs are carrying chips on their shoulders, so don't try to pull any wool over their eyes.

"Toar" McNeese will be expelled from school today or I'll lose my guess. When the Dean is in conference, I usually listen through the keyhole, and that's where I get my column fodder. I told old Ruth Morris that Parker was looking for her, and she almost broke her neck getting out of the office. It was only until then that I got the opportunity to eavesdrop. Toar and Steve were arguing over some little detail, and it seemed as if the Dean was getting the worst end of it. So the old boy was at the end of his rope; therefore, he told Toar one of his stories. "Toar" is such a big fellow that he fears no man; thus, he had the nerve, the intestinal fortitude to tell the Dean that he had heard the joke (?) ten years before. Then Stevie got mad and smoked an El Ropo. The fumes of the pernicious weed fumigated Toar, and the Dean hog-tied him. Then the old boy called up the railroad station and rented a box car, so I guess they'll be carting Toar home pretty soon.

George Thomas Walker has a new hobby. He is collecting moth balls. I'll bet he got plenty out of that old bunch of sewed up rags he honors with the name of "suit". Mr. Walker says that he doesn't mind hearing a butterfly cry, but he said he sure hated to hear a moth bawl.

Nan Buckner, that new girl out here, sure has caused us a lot of trouble. First, she involved "Liver Lip" Apgar and "Mattress Chest" Holloman in a fight in which the only lethal blows exchanged were love taps. Now she has "Degenerate" Colson, the

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ADVENTURESS



OLIVE BYERS
See story at bottom of page.

MUSICAL COMEDY ATTRACTS A LARGE CROWD OF SISSIES

JEFFERSON'S SWINGSTERS FURNISH CACOPHONY FOR OPERETTA

Northeast Center's first operetta, "Barbarosa of Barbary," was presented last night under the able direction of Dallas Goss, former Metropolitan opera star. The attendance was beyond all expectations. It was the largest crowd seen at Northeast Center since the Speech Club's major production, "Wings of the Morning."

The music was furnished by Lowry Jefferson and his world-famous swing band. The band gave as an introduction an old favorite, "Light's Out."

The curtain was pulled and the dark-skinned, dark-eyed Algerian beauties danced and sang "Alone." They were joined meekly by the chorus on the refrain. There being no encore, the operetta continued. Tinny (Frank Smith) announced to Barbarossa (Garland Shell) the arrival of a Spanish ship with four hundred women aboard. Barbarossa sang, "Happy Days Are Here Again."

The blonde, blue-eyed Spanish beauties entered, dancing and singing "Underneath the Harlem Moon." It can be truly said they danced with "rhythm in their hips, in their lips, and in their eyes."

The American sailors and Decatur, Chester Decatur to us, entered singing "Marsailles." They threaten to "rack furniture," but Barbarossa refuses to abdicate.

The scene changes and Decatur goes to town in a love scene with Althea (Johnette Register). He really has the technique, girls, but you could tell by the look in his eyes he wished it was Isabella (we call her Kate Pennell).

Jim, alias Sam Dunlap, arrives on the scene with Barbarossa and Tinny just in time to keep Isabella from throwing things out from behind the curtain.

Jim explains the art of kidnapping members of the House of Poultry to Tinny and Barbarossa. In case his art doesn't quite work, he suggests "Let's Face the

(Continued on page two)

PREXY PLANS LONG CAMPUS TOUR WITH IDEAS IN HIS MIND

DOES HE HAVE A MIND? STUDENTS WILL HEAR HIS STORY

"Cafeteria Cowboy" Caldwell, famous cigar smoker, announces that he will make another notorious seven-day ride. This time he plans to make a round-the-campus tour of Northeast's Corners. The purpose of this ride is to introduce his new ideas in the places he stops.

He will start from his hangout, the cafeteria, on the second Monday of next week and will make his first stop on Tuesday at Gymnasium. There he will demonstrate the modern trend in natural dancing. He plans to have Miss Ada Bess Hart display the latest fashions in physical Ed attire.

Wednesday he will spend in Socialville. While there he will draw up plans for air-conditioning and installation of Beauty-Rest Lounges.

Thursday he'll stop Psychology long enough to retell one of his famous stories.

Friday he will spend the entire day at Campusology. He will make a very interesting lecture on the latest discoveries of the campusologists.

Saturday he will visit Honest Jim's famous Mouse-House. He intends to give the boys a few pointers on modern interior decorating and entertain them with some of his most select tales.

Sunday he plans to write an account of his ride to be presented over the loud-speaker on Monday. Listen in to hear Cafeteria Cowboy Caldwell's report.

Olive Byers Has Lived Colorful Life Of Intrigue And Romance

By William Laughler
(Editor: Pow Wow)

Skillfully concealing a rugged personality with a veneer of platitude and naivete, Olive Byers has really been places and seen things. The casual onlooker's first impression of Olive includes coyness, misogamy, and innocence. In reality she is just the opposite from the personality she portrays as a co-ed at Northeast Center.

Olive's complexion signifies that she is still in her teens, but, after consulting several sources of authenticity, your reporter discovered that she is really twenty-seven years old. Miss Byers has inhaled and exhaled in twenty-four different countries, and she speaks fluently more than forty languages and dialects.

Born in the slums of New York in 1910, Miss Byers began life on the wrong foot. When she was six years old, she sold newspapers on the sidewalks of New York. In 1917, when the United States entered the World War, Olive Byers stowed away on one of the ships bearing human cargo (cannon fodder), and accompanied the boys to France where she sold buddy poppies. In 1918 she was decorated by the Frogs over yonder and Marshall Foch kissed her on both cheeks, causing Olive to blush profusely. Seeing that bewildered men were not above

osculation, seeds of hatred against the stronger sex were sown in the young girl's mind.

(Continued on page two)

FUTURE BALDHEADS OF AMERICA FOUND NEW MEETING SITE

DELEGATES RETURN FROM MAMMOTH CONVENTION AT COOCHIE BRAKE

Seven delegates and three faculty sponsors of the Northeast Center chapter of the Future Baldheaded Men of America have returned to the alma mammy after attending the mammoth convention held at Coochie Brake, La.

Frank Mullen, president of the F.B.H.M.O.A., said that a new meeting site had been founded at Wham, La., and in that city the next convention will be held. Mullen was recently elected national president, and he was so delighted that he became all bald up.

Several issues were brought up at the convention. One of them disparaged and calumniated hair tonics, indicating verbally that these potent ichors were menaces to the future of the F.B.H.M.O.A. Another argument planned the suppression of advertising carried on in the magazines by these hair tonic companies. The F.B.H.M.O.A. will begin an advertising campaign next month, glorifying dandruff and mineral water, two vital elements in taking away the hair.

A new slogan, "Grass does not grow on a busy street," was adopted as the countersign or password of the society. During the second day of the convention, the assembly arose as one man and proposed a sit-down strike against barber shops.

Those students who attended

(Continued on page two)

Auditor Assisted In Theft By Grace Ingledue; "Frog-Eater" Phillips Tells It All

STOLEN SWEETS



Gracie Frey

Here is a candied camera shot of Gracie Ingledue Frey who was an accessory before and after the fact in the case of Jewel J. Frey's embezzlement. The reason she is biting her lips puzzles us. Is she baring her teeth to her aggressors and persecutors? Read the sensational expose.

THINGS GO AWRY IN CAFETERIA WHEN BIG THYRA RETIRES

CHAOS REIGNS SUPREME AND RECIPES TAKE A HOLIDAY

Mrs. Holt was graciously granted a week's reprieve through consideration of splendid behavior. During her week's absence confusion reigned supreme. The first catastrophe occurred when a whole bag full of onions went rude and got into the potatoes' eyes causing total blindness.

On St. Patrick's Day Shamrock soufflé was served piping hot in the true old Mexican style. The recipe for the famous dish was written by Monsieur Valentine, that great doctor of the fearful heart disease that seizes so many victims every spring. Well, anyway the ingredients were not measured out in the correct proportions and as a result two severe cases of toe main poison ensued. The victims, one of which was Reuben McKellar, and the other a lady of blond coloring who makes you want to say, "Virginia the fair, Virginia the lovable, instead of Elaine the lily maid of Ask er not." The two victims are now recuperating in the Didermore Hospital after the amputation of an excessive phalange. Now they must feel just like all the rest of us ordinary mortals who have only the minimum number of toes to stomp.

One ton of carrots was consumed during the week after the hint was dropped that two quite famous teachers, both noted for

(Continued on page two)

Criminal investigators were hot on the trail of Jewel J. Frey, Northeast Center auditor, who embezzled 25c from the funds of the freshman class. (Just like taking candy away from a baby.) His partner in crime was the notorious cigar smoking gang Moll who had been previously pulling the wool over the public's eyes through disguising herself as an elocutionist under the alias of "Gracie Peabrane Ingledue," 40 years old. Authorities insisted that Frey's act was a result of many months of "leading on" by the dramatist. She first got her hold on Jewel through the dramatic interpretation of "Hags at Bay."

Further investigation reveals that the two embezzlers were held together in the bonds of matrimony and intend to remain in such a state "till death do them part." This came as a surprising shock to their only friend and satellite, "Frog Eater" Phillips, another faculty member at Northeast Center.

Phillips Is Informer

When Phillips learned that his true love went vice versa and jumped from the fire into the Freying Pan, he tragically staggered into the police office, and broke down. (By the way, Phillips' best imitation is that of a model T Ford.) Although Gracie's marriage to Frey had almost broken his heart, the thing that really caused the breakdown occurred when Mr. Frey plucked out one by one all of Huzzie's mustache. He said he just couldn't afford to let Gracie like this because she had always been so fond of his mustache.

Students are all sitting on needles and pins waiting to see what the jury's verdict will be concerning this great embezzlement case. The jury was carefully selected from the faculty of Northeast Center. They are as follows: Plumpy Hart, Junior Malone, Curly Brow Smith and daughter, Mush Mouth Holt, Fish Face Frisbie, and last, but not least, Teenie Stahl.

Va. Faulk Given Surprise Party

Friends of Miss Virginia Faulk were very much surprised when they were invited to her birthday party last week, as it was her second birthday party this year. But Miss Faulk was as much surprised as her guests when, after serving them delicious ice cream and cake, all members of the party departed without bestowing upon her any gifts. Several smart guests noted at the party were: Mr. Leon Apgar, Miss Jane Gregory, Miss Eleanor Colbert, Dr. Hosea Phillips (Why, Doc! What would Alice say?), Mr. Billy Bob Coenen, Miss Virginia Buckner, and some others not so smart (they brought presents, but when they discovered all, they decided to keep them for themselves).

Pow Wow

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WHY GO TO CLASSES?

In a recent survey made by the U. S. Bureau of Universities and Colleges concerning students cutting classes, it was discovered that ninety-eight per cent of the students cut classes because they do not want to go to them. The other two per cent cut classes because they do not want to go either.

There are many immediate causes for cutting classes. The statistics show that 45 per cent cut classes to go to the movies. They are afraid that if they do not patronize the picture shows the movie houses will have to go out of business. Statistics show that forty per cent cut because of slight illnesses. As sickness is no respecter of persons, it is logical that they get sick once in a while; however ninety-five per cent of those never call the doctor because they are economizing. There are fifteen per cent who cut classes on examination day because the poor teacher is so overworked. They think they can lighten her work if they do not hand in their examination papers to be graded.

Since the above report has been received at Northeast Center, Dean Caldwell has decided to change the rules of the school by permitting five cuts a month in each subject instead of the customary five a semester. In order to help the students make the most of these cuts and to enable them to save bus fare, he has arranged for a movie house to operate on the college campus.

SOCIETY NEWS

The Layton Place was again the scene of much merry making last Tuesday night when Jerry Wilkes entertained her friends in a hit-dog toasting. Miss Wilkes welcomed her guests in a Schaparrilli model of red chiffon with white orchids at her waist. Among the early arrivals to sign the dainty hamburger guest-book were Miss Mildred Johnson, looking very small and slim in a formal white mouseline de soie, and Mr. Bumps Gormley, who looked, as usual, tall, dark and handsome in a tuxedo. Misses Carrie Jo Hill, Billie Ryan, and Jeanne Wyatt arrived simultaneously with three new football heroes, Gordon Jordan, Travis Howard, and Walter Lee Hill. Miss Tiny Harris came with Mr. Joe Cooper Harrell. Eleanor Bennett arrived with another new one. Wish she'd decide on one and settle down. Miss Grace Ingledue was announced with Dr. Phillips — followed closely by Mr. Frey. Thyra Holt, Lucille Brown, Maud S. Gill, and Roberta Neal staggled, wearing patched gingham dresses of knee length. "Lady" Stahl came with Dr. Albritton. It seems that Ruth Morris has changed trainers, for she and Homer Adler were seen alighting from the same cab. Dot Bennett came alone. Jim Malone, Louis Guerriero and Scherck Bogen arrived, wearing white linen suits, white ties, white shirts, white shoes and sox. Bob Kellogg wore a football suit and Snyder Parham came as a policeman. Nibby McKenzie arrived late in slacks and sweat shirt, with Lea Thompson on her arm, and was snubbed by all.

FUTURE BALDHEADS OF AMERICA FOUND NEW MEETING SITE

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from Northeast Center were Frank Mullen, Wilmer Shea, Joe Toddy Harrell, Harris Neill Bell, national secretary, Edison Walker, Dawson Kennedy, and Marion Chapman's brother. Faculty sponsors who accompanied the delegates were Mr. Dallas Goss, Mr. W. R. Hammond, and Dr. Hosea Phillips.

Homer Adler, president of the Steel Wool Hair society, was burned in effigy as the convention closed.

HONOR ROLL ANNOUNCED

Dr. W. M. Caskey announced the first honor roll yesterday, and said that he was pleased with the progress made by some of our students. The first honor roll is as follows: Tommie Nicholson, 3.00; Leon Appgar, 3.00; Billy Laffler, 3.00; Garland Shell, 3.00; Booby Stevenson, 2.98; Phil Dunning, 2.90; Homer Adler, 2.75.

KATTY KORNER

We hear Maud S. Gill goes all the way to Baton Rouge for a blind date! What's wrong with the local boys, Maud?

From all accounts we think "Tiny" Mason had a big time swimming in the sewer ditch near the tennis courts, but the kids on the Bastrop bus didn't enjoy it so much.

Why does Stella May always say, "not now," when offered a piece of gum?

THE SCENTINEL

By WRECKS GARTER

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erstwhile Hitler fiend, trying to elect her president.

Sybil Renaud doesn't know her seasons. You know it's too cold to try a fan dance out here, don't you, Sybil?

If this issue is censored, it's because "Lady" Stahl is trying to persecute the editor, a very likable young fellow who has a very bright future ahead. Personally, I think the editor has a lot of personality, and, girls, he has plenty of money, plenty of brains, and makes Robert Taylor look like Frankenstein. So, girls, if I were you, I wouldn't waste my time on these other fellows out here.

Dallas Goose is really sweating on his current production, "Barbarous Odor of the Barber Shop." He's having trouble with

MUSICAL COMEDY ATTRACTS A LARGE CRWOD OF SISSIES

(Continued from page one)

Music and Dance." Decatur nearly tears down the scenery during a love scene between Isabella and Ferdinand (Billy Regan). And when they sang "My Blue Heaven," he got so violent it was necessary to tap him lightly with a chair, so the show could go on.

A dance was given by the Sun-beau girls and the chorus sang "Goodnight My Love." The curtain fell and Mr. Goss sighed with relief as this was only the dress rehearsal.

the sopranos. He claims that he can't hear Eleanor Bennett, and that Johnette Register shatters his ear drums.

Johnnie Curry shouldn't have married Kalil. That makes it tough on Lillie V. Sapp. Well, once a sap always a sap.

The Sentinel wishes you a foul week-end.

THINGS GO AWRY IN CAFETERIA WHEN BIG THYRA RETIRES

(Continued from page one)

their linguistic ability, cultivated their luxuriant dark tresses by the consumption of that delicious fruit.

There will be no more spinach served in the cafeteria. This good fortune was brought about through the efforts of one of our doctors in science. He has discovered that spinach possesses no nutrition value at all and is also quickly melted in the esophagus therefore, useless as a filler.

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Wendell Harris, Editor

SPORTS

MARY ESTHER BROWN
WOMEN'S SPORTS EDITOR

Papoose Peeps

(By Heap Big Chief Give 'em Wrong Dope)

Maybe you don't like this stuff I write. Well, you know what you can do—give me my correct grades and I'll get kicked out of school.

Found on Football players registration card filed in office: Name of Parents: Mamma and Papa. (Name on request.)

Say, wouldn't it have been quite cunning when Freeman got knocked out in the Centenary fight to have "Grace Moore" Ingledue jump into the ring and say, "This is Northeast Center Signing Off."

The athletes that live over in the shack could just kill that old Meanie of a fellow who cut the pretty clover off of the football field. It would have made such pretty Easter Egg nests. They told me to tell this heartless Joy-killer that they hoped he woke up on Easter Morn and found rocks in his nest.

I ran upon the annual inventory of the athletic department the other day and this is what I found:

- 12 prs. Summer pants (summer here, summer there) \$.66
 - 13 1/2 jerseys (no laundry marks, also assorted colors) .250
 - 11 headgears (two sizes—too big and too small) 3.50
 - 12675 prs. Football shoes (no strings) 1000.09
 - 1 Football (or maybe it's a basketball) (price less)
 - 11 Pieces lead pipe (used only at home games) 150000.00
 - 10 prs. Shoulder protectors (parts of others found) .65
 - 1 Wet Hankie (used by coaxing staff after game) .01
 - 0000 Sox (only holes) .00
 - 2 Managers (not responsible for same) worthless
- This list was not added up because of the fact that negative numbers are pretty hard to deal with.

"WILL NOBODY LET ME FINISH?"

Without Recourse.

FOOTBALL CLASSIC INTERRUPTED WHEN RAT CRASHES GATE

TROUBLE ALSO ARISES AS SONNY BROWN PURLOINS ELONGATED BASKETBALL

The stadium at Brown Field was fast nearing its capacity. There was almost two or three people other than the band. This was the day of days, the day when the terrible Northeast Indian would try to stick his tongue out farther than the Southeastern Wolves (in cheap clothing).

Just before the mighty Indian warriors were driven out on the magnificent "corn row" gridiron of Brown field, there was a jubilant cheer that rose up from the stands, when "Oscar," and exceedingly large rat, came in the west entrance of the stadium and in his own cute way took his seat beside the woman fan. Someone shouted, "kill him." Upon hearing this shocking and uncalled for remark one of the Indians rushed into the grandstand, taking a position immediately between the would-be-assassin and the "shack" rat. Now wasn't that

nice, just like any other Center athlete, always willing to help a buddy in need!

Well, anyway, when the excitement was all over the football players went back on the field only to find that they had missed the whole first half of the game. Then one of them got up enough courage to ask "Toar" Malone what had happened during the first half. He replied, "nothing much, except I put 'Shrinking Violet' Bell in there but had to jerk him out the next play because he had forgotten to put his pants on."

Nothing much happened between the halves except that a few guys got beat up in a couple fights. Oh, yes, Coach Malone conducted a football clinic in which was shown (for the benefit of the doubters only) the illegal points of the game. The boys picked from the Indian squad to perform in this pantomime enacted the rule-breaking perfectly. In the closing moments of the recess the band played "Take Him Out of the Ball Game" for the benefit of "P.W." Pittman.

When the referee blew the whistle to start the second half of the game, it was discovered that the ball which was used in the preceding quarters could not be

New Grading System Adopted By Physical Education Leader

Miss Doehne Hart, lassies leader, announced today that the athletic program will be changed to better meet the needs of the student body. She is of the opinion that for such a many-sided body, this one was easy to fit, even if she is no dressmaker. The new requirements for making points have been given value according to the amount of use to which the students put them. (The evaluation was made by Miss Hart from her specially built snooping corner and her two colleagues—Youneder and and Marryon.)

The new system is now as follows:

Instead of:	It now is:
Beating around the race track	5 Beating around the bush
Goal throwing	1 Gold Digging \$1.00
Playing tennis	5 Playing hands
Pinch-hitting	5 Bench-sitting
Shooting marbles	1 Shooting bull
Excelling the girls	10 S L ing the boys
Wrapping leg around neck	1 Wrapping boy-friend around little finger
Chinning the bar	1 Chinning at the bar
Passing the ball	1 Passing the buck

For 600 points a loving cup will be given. For 300 a booby prize will be given and if no points are made Miss Hart will quit and let you take her place. She's in no danger.

The new physical education course will be called Collegology instead of Physiology. Her able assistants—Coaches Malone and Frisbie, and her student helpers—Higgs, McNeese and Holliman, and Kellogg will be on hand at all times to render their valuable assistance.

found. It was rumored that Anti-romance Brown's young upstart son had confiscated the said pigskin. This statement is not authentic, for the simple reason that the officials could not find the Brown offspring.

The game was resumed when Mooseface Malone sent one of his thermometer-legged managers to the supply room and drug out an old football which without a doubt had been used as a teething ring for L.S.U.'s World Champion team of '08. The football pump was not in shape, therefore was out of wind, so the ball was stuffed with paper upon which was written such mess as this.

The second half turned out to be a strictly passing . . . out affair. The game ended just after "Bird Dog" Apgar woke up long enough to catch a pass that gave the Indians the edge.

The game was not broadcast, because, after all, people breathe the same air.

Dr. Hosea Phillips was unable to visit his "skirt" in Baton Rouge last week. We reckon if he calls her that we can, too.

SPECIAL TO POW WOW

Could it be that Professor Johnson is seeking an answer to his problems through the medium of Dorothy Dix's column in the daily paper? It is the first thing he turns to every day, and he reads it to the last word. Now the Professor is a mighty nice fellow, and any of us would be glad to lend a helping hand, if he'd just confide in us. Is she doing you wrong? Or is it that you hope to find some hints on "How to Pop the Question," or "What Every Girl Falls For?"

Which reminds me (now, I'm not trying to steal the Sentinel's stuff) that I nominate him for the next blustering bridegroom on the staff. We haven't had one since Professor Hammond.

Mr. Fred Coon was awfully entertained by friends in Coonville not long ago.

Margaret Sullavan says Luckies are the answer for her throat



"I am not sure which is more critical—a Broadway audience or the movie microphones. At any rate, whether in Hollywood or New York, an actress has to be certain that her performances are always up to the peak. And that means being careful of the voice and throat. That's why, though I enjoy smoking thoroughly, I try to use judgment in the cigarette I choose. When I first began smoking, Luckies were my choice, because I found this light smoke advisable for my throat. And that's as true today as ever. Luckies are still my standby."

Margaret Sullavan



THE FINEST TOBACCOS—
"THE CREAM OF THE CROP"

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, more than 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Sullavan verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

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Gordon JONES
E. E. CLIVE

Plus 'Ready to Serve' with Tim and Irene

—SATURDAY ONLY—

A DIAMOND MINE AND LIVES AT STAKE!

Jungle Thrills To Keep You Gasping!

GENE RUTRY
Round-Up Time IN TEXAS

SMILEY BURNETTE
MARINE BOYLE

—plus—
Cartoon 'Ace Drummond' with John King

—SUNDAY - MONDAY—

Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur
In Cecil B. DeMille's
"THE PLAINSMAN"



THE Poultry Column



(The Poems Are Fowl)

(Edited by "Butch" Bogen, with poems lifted from here and there among our contemporaries).

In she came and down she set—
She laid her egg and up she got.

There was a young man from Chicago,
Who wanted to see a buzz-saw go,
So he put down his face
And the doctor said, "Where did his jaw go?"

The day was warm, the hour was late
But the editor's work all had to wait
With nervous steps he paced the floor,
And looked askance at the card he bore . . .
Then suddenly, quickly . . . a timorous rap!
With puzzled expression he answered the tap,
It was a frosh, with face scared and wet;

"I—sent you a joke—did you get it yet?"
The editor groaned, as he looked at the card . . .
"Not yet," he shrieked . . . "But I'm trying hard!"

A dentist whose surname was Moss,
Fell in love with a charming Miss Ross,
But he held in abhorrence
Her Christian name Florence,
So he called her his dental Floss.

Maiden's Prayer

Breathes there a man
Around this school
Sufficiently
Restrained and cool,
Enough to limit
His demands
And say "Good night,"
Just holding hands—
Who has the decency
To wait
Until at least
A second date
To reach a warm
Romantic state,
And give a girl
Some preparation
Before expecting
Osculation
At least an hour
in duration?
If such there be
Go mark him well.
I'll date the guy
And make him tell
Me what the hell
He had for dinner,
That makes him so sick.



Jack and Jill went up a hill.
Upon a moonlight ride;
When Jack came back,
One eye was black;
His Pal, you see, had lied.

"I draw the line at kissing,"
She said in accents fine;
But he was a football hero,
So he crossed the line.

Oh, John, let's don't park here.
Oh, John, let's don't park.
Oh, John, let's don't.
Oh, John, let's.
Oh, John.
Oh.

A man was once caught by his Mrs.,
To maidservant giving some Krs.
On perceiving his plight,
He suggested in fright:
What a most inconvenient mess
Thrs.

George Thomas Walker
I once did use m'bwain.
I was a car conductaw.
But now I need no bwain.
I am a young instructaw.

The more we study, the more we know.
The more we know, the more we forget.
The more we forget, the less we know.
The less we know, the less we forget.
The less we forget, the more we know.
So why study?

NUTS to school
Nuts to books
Damn the spring
Damn the brooks
To hell with birds
And turtle doves
I'm the fellow what I loves.



In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
That your face is powder-painted,
How am I, sweetheart, to know?
Twice this month I've had to bundle
Every coat that I possess
To the cleaners—won't you darling,
Love me more and powder less.

Grandpa never shaved his whiskers,
(As for me, I've only fuzz)
Yet, my grandpa kissed my grandma,
I ain't the man my grandpa was!

He stood on the bridge at mid-night,
And tickled her face with his toes;
For he was only a mosquito,
And he stood on the bridge of her nose.

"Daughter, dear daughter, what's in that drink?"
"Water, just water, what do you think?"
"Come let me taste it, it looks like fizz."
"I'm ashamed of you, daughter, water it is!"

A duck can't roost on the limb of a tree
Because he ain't got no toes on his feet.
But then a hen can't swim with the fish in the sea,
Because she don't have a water-proof seat.

Willie had a dynamite cap.
He didn't know what to do with it.
Curiosity never pays—
It rained Willie for seventeen days.

Peas porridge hot; peas porridge cold;
Peas porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Phew!

Two old maids sittin' in the sand.
Each one wishin' the other was a man.

Moses supposes his toes are rosy,
But Moses supposes erroneously.
'Cause nobody's toes could be as rosy
As Moses supposes his toes to be.

"Lady" Stahl
Is six feet tall! April fool!

O'l Grace Ingledue
Looks very glum.
She's all out of shape,
From chewing chewing gum.

With Apologies To Winchell

Handkerchiefs to Ralph Kiper,
We are sorry "Winnie" refused you a date for the Easter dance.

Draperies to Maudie Gill.
Those she's been using on Dawson are about worn out.

Braces to Dr. Caskey's neck.
We bet it's tired from his bowing to everybody.

Toothpicks to Mr. Johnson's eyes.
He needs them in church.

Sticks to Bob Kellogg to beat the women off with.

Stories to Dr. Caldwell. His old ones are getting tiresome.

Speech to Zu Zu Duke. We can't understand that Ge Ge brogue of his.

New lines to Dot Williamson.
The sex appeal one is about worn out—especially on the orchestra players.

Camping outfit to Dot Lively for the next time she goes out to a camp on Phillipps Lake after the night club.

Poses to Gracie Ingledue for the next time she has her picture in the paper.



Why Let April Fool Be On You?

—SO—
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I'm not saying a word



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